TOP SECRET//**INFRA BLACK**//~~NOFORN~~

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AT ALL TIMES.

THE DIRECTORATE OF UNIFIED INTELLIGENCE

The American Book of the Dead
&
The Big Bloody Book of English
(development)

Device conceived and assembled by DUI Director
Ulysses H. Stearn

PROCEED AT YOUR OWN RISK

TOP SECRET//**INFRA BLACK**//~~NOFORN~~

The American Book of the Dead & The Big Bloody Book of English (development)

by Ulysses H. Stearn.

Published by DUI Productions, PO Box 25586, Seattle WA 98165

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Please enjoy this device responsibly

PROCEED AT YOUR OWN RISK.

TABOTD/BBBOE(d) CLEARANCE LEVEL: **INFRA BLACK**

NOTICE: If you are an AMERICAN CITIZEN, or are in the process of becoming one because of your DEEP and/or ABIDING love for this country, we regret to inform you that you have just been CLEARED for **INFRA BLACK** CLEARANCE. **INFRA BLACK** is a TOP SECRET CLEARANCE RATING. This MEANS that you are ONLY authorized to discuss your **INFRA BLACK** STATUS with other AMERICANS with **INFRA BLACK** STATUS. Since you are OBVIOUSLY the only ONE reading these words, YOU DO NOT KNOW WHO ELSE IS CLEARED other than the DIRECTOR and/or whoever DIRECTED your attention to these words, and anyone else that you may have referred to these words.

You will not, repeat NOT discuss either your INFRA BLACK status OR (directly) discuss ANY of the DATA, INFORMATION, CONCEPTS or other CONSIDERATIONS either conveyed or relayed under **INFRA BLACK** clearance protocols with ANYONE who is NOT KNOWN BY YOU to have **INFRA BLACK** status.

Also included in these INFORMATION DISTRIBUTION GUIDELINES are INQUIRES or QUERIES as to the present CLEARANCE LEVELS of others NOT already known to have **INFRA BLACK** (or higher) status by you prior to asking. Such inquires are PROHIBITED and STRONGLY DISCOURAGED because the **INFRA BLACK** clearance level is itself CLASSIFIED and SUBJECT TO INFRA BLACK classification parameters.

These information distribution “guidelines” serve two overall purposes. The first is to preserve the DUI’s present operational integrity by minimizing AWARENESS of it’s existence by UNCLEARED INDIVIDUALS that tend to get a bit NERVOUS or TWITCHY at the MENTION of yet another INTELLIGENCE AGENCY that MAY or may not be attempting to further their best interests as AMERICANS **whether they recognize them as such or not**.

The second overall purpose for present INFRA BLACK clearance conditions is for your own PROTECTION. Included in the DUI’s main mission (as described below) is **illuminating some the darkest and most widely shared aspects** of the **human condition**. These (**big**) **Universal Hang Ups** (**bUHU’s**) are best described as various kinds of **sticks**, **twigs, branches**, **broomhandles**, **logs**, **kindling**, **railroad ties** and/or **telephone poles** that have been **congenitally lodged** in **most to all** (metaphorical, obviously) **asses** that **everybody** has to contend with at various points in their lives.

One of the more unfortunate aspects of the speech afflicted upper primate experience is that no matter how good your intentions may be, **the first thing most people want to do after you point out the existential stick lodged in their metaphorical ass is beat you over the head with it**.

Attempting to do such **verbally** needlessly **exposes you to becoming a target for other people’s bullshit**. This is why the **DUI** has taken the time to go to the trouble of writing this shit down for others to read at a **distance** and prefers to limit **External Operations** to **musical programming** events.

PLEASE NOTE THAT THE DUI CAN NOT BE HELD RESPONSIBLE FOR ANY PERSONAL OR PROFESSIONAL FALLOUT EXPERIENCED BY ANY READERS WHO DO NOT FOLLOW THESE CLEARLY COMMUNICATED GUIDELINES.

“**Share**” and “**discuss**” **at your own risk**, BE ADVISED.

This concludes your INFRA BLACK clearance briefing.

SUGGESTED “pricing” policy
for
The American Book of the Dead
&
The Big Bloody Book of English
(development)

Congratulations on your recent discovery and download of this device! You have probably noticed by now that the download of this device was **not** paylocked. (IE your access to this device was and is not contingent on paying an upfront fixed fee for access to this device.)

Some might understandably confuse the easy access to this device with it being “free”.

This is anything other than the case.

The content and information contained within this device was already bought and paid for more times than you can count by innumerable individuals. Most of whom found the price they paid for Knowledge (or the Freedom to make the most of it) to be much steeper than anticipated prior to their contributions to our shared historical process.

That these contributions were often of an involuntary nature or incidental to actions to achieve other goals does not lessen the steep, often brutal, price paid by our antecedents to create the flawed miracle that is modern America.

As **none** of the information relayed through this device would be available without these (often involuntary or “accidental”) contributions to our historical process, the present author is not comfortable with the prospect of profiting off the (albeit oblique) documentation of only the barest fraction of blood, sweat, tears, more blood, pain, death (needful), more death (needless), and more blood that it took to bring us where we are today.

Assigning any fixed, arbitrary monetary value to such a device demeans and diminishes the post-monetary price of fortune that so many paid to make this device possible, and we will not be a party to profiting off the descriptions of the pain and death of others.

Moreover, it is the policy of DUI, in sharp contrast to private schools, public universities, community colleges, tech schools, too many Yoga instructors, “Spiritual” leaders, Reiki “masters” , Self-help gurus, motivational speakers, the American Medical Industry, Alchemists and many other groups that **any and all information integral to the improvement of the human condition should be made freely available to the public at large**.

For all of it's seeming flaws, scurrilous comments, compound metaphors, rude language, even ruder (and/or accurate) characterizations and dark words, anyone who makes the effort and takes the time to fully integrate this device to the best of their (improving) abilities will find themselves proportionately **improved** by it. Both as a person and as an American.

The **intelligent reader** might eventually come to find their financial situation improved in some small (or large) way from the enhanced insights into our shared language (or possibly just those who speak it), not to mention their advantageous effects on subsequent business negotiations and/or annual performance reviews. But this is **not** a guarantee and RESULTS MAY VARY from reader to reader.

Be all that as it may, there are also the equally compelling facts that both the DUI and it's director (IE the present author) have to live and operate in the real world. The DUI's mission mandate is both staggeringly deep and insensibly broad (read the "expanded mission statement" in the **Device Directory** on the DUI website), and therefore **capital intensive** and well beyond the means afforded by the lowly income derived from the continued maintenance of the director's present cover identity.

Beyond that, in contrast to the pressing concerns of potentially profiting of the documentation of the pain and misery (and various opportunities for the personal development) of others, there is the equally compelling fact that literally **thousands** of man hours went into the development of this device. This device was self published, meaning that the author was **not paid in advance** or at any point during the construction and assembly of this device.

More time and actual capital was poured into the development of the DUI website necessary for making this device publicly available and unfettered by undue **corporate influence**.

Given these disparate facts of life in modern America, we have come to the conclusion the best, fairest and most realistic STRONGLY SUGGESTED (minimum) reader reimbursement to the author for this device is **1% of your bank account** during whatever time **you can best afford it**.

If you are someone who has **multiple** bank accounts, then please relay us ***1% of your largest account*** (especially if it's offshore as your reimbursement will go right back into the AMERICAN economy) or BETTER YET please disburse (to US) ***1% of each of your bank accounts*** (excepting retirement or college fund accounts), trust funds, and/or LOTTERY winnings at your earliest convenience.

If you are the sort of SCRUB who only has one bank account (like the present author), you may FEEL like **1%** of your ***2*** to ***3*** figure balance may **not** be commiserate with the magnitude of the present device. Odds are **you are probably correct** in this sentiment so please wait until your next pay check, holiday bonus or tax return check is deposited in your account and then make your **1% payment**.

In the event that you feel like **your 1%** is still not proportionate to the value of this device, then feel free to contribute more (either in terms of a **one time higher percentage payment** or **multiple 1%** disbursements at your leisure) as you see fit.

IF you are considering contributing more than 5 (or TEN) percent (PER ANNUM), we strongly suggest that you consider relaying those **post 1%** surplus funds to a worthy cause such as the increasingly busy Red Cross, ACLU or other worthy cause OR simply turn that surplus balance into **cash money** and give it your local **homeless veteran** and/or favorite ***local unsigned musician***.

If you are perennially broke, there is a fair to middling chance that you stand a good chance of **materially benefitting** more than most from the intelligent integration of this device. Don't worry about sparing us your spare change now, but we hope you will remember us in a more prosperous future and eventually **make good on your 1% contribution**. PREFERABLY ***adjusted for inflation*** and possibly further enhanced by **compound interest** equal to or greater than your most **predatory** credit card and/or auto loan or mortgage. The original **principle** was only ***1%*** after all.

This is probably as good a time as any to mention that until our music division gets up and running, the proceeds of this device represent the primary (if not **sole**) **income stream** for the DUI.

We are **NOT** funded by the US government. And ***unlike*** some recent presidential campaigns, we have YET to benefit from any **material assistance** from ANY foreign governments or i**ntelligence agencies**.

Moreover, the DUI has a strict policy of **NOT** selling advertising on our website and will **NOT** be licensing future music offerings for marketing purposes. NOR do we engage in the pernicious practice of **reselling your website visitor data** to third parties or ***5th columnists***. And we do not engage in crowd-sourcing because we are not comfortable in accepting payment for **work yet to be done**.

We have already done the work, all we ask is that **you pay for what you get**.

PLEASE PROCEED THROUGH THIS DEVICE RESPONSIBLY

enjoy at your own risk

Creative Director,
Special Operations Executive
and
Exchequer General
DIRECTORATE OF UNIFIED INTELLIGENCE
Ulysses H. Stearn

PRE(scr)**AMBLE**

WARNING: This **device** is not as much a “book” as it is a multi-stage ontological cluster bomb. IF YOUR MIND IS HEAVILY POPULATED BY ILLUSIVE CIVILIANS, THERE WILL BE HEAVY COLLATERAL DAMAGE. Be advised.

Successful operation (and subsequent **survival**) of this **device** by you, the reader, is contingent on following a few common sense guidelines:

1) DO NOT SKIP AHEAD. More than a few sections or passages of this **device** qualify as being either difficult to read in a technical sense, or challenging to read in an emotional sense, or **both**. Skipping or avoiding these sections is doing yourself a disservice because it will compromise narrative continuity and result in later sections making less sense than they already do.

2) If you are an adherent to the “50 page” rule, you will suspend your adherence to that rule for this device only. At minimum, **you need to read the first seven episodes of this device in sequence**. That said, you would be better off mentally preparing yourself to **read** this **device** in it’s ***entirety***. Doing so will result in you being a (slightly) more intelligent person than you are presently, and in ways that will (likely) make you both a better person and a better **american**.

3) In the (likely) event that you get stuck on a passage that does not seem to make much sense, **you will read it three times** and then continue **onward** in your journey through this device. This **device** has more thematic layers than a red onion and experiencing **confusion** as you proceed through this **device** isn’t just inevitable, ***it’s the beginning of wisdom***.

4) If you are a combat veteran (or anybody else) with PTSD issues related to being in an active combat situation, please BE ADVISED that certain sections of this device could potentially act as a trigger for various kinds of PTSD reactions. In the likely event that you are a **gun owne**r, ***you will make sure that all of your guns are unloaded and in a secure place while reading*** *(**at** least)* ***the first 7 episodes of this device***. This recommendation is for your own safety and the safety of others and the DUI (and present author) bears **no responsibility** for any negative outcomes that result from **ignoring** this ***warning***.

5) Assuming you are not (**unwisely**) reading this device while operating a motor vehicle, heavy machinery, riding a bike or performing open heart (or other kinds of) surgery, pursuing any **pre-existing habituated intake** patterns involving **alcohol** or **marijuana** is strongly ***recommended***, and especially in the **latter** instance. That said, if you find yourself having MORE than **one drink** or smoking **one bowl** per page, without judging you, the present author humbly suggests that ***you might have a reading problem of some kind*** and **might** benefit from moderating your future intake.

Given the relatively volatile and singular nature of this **device**, a few more comments are in order regarding contextual considerations that tend not to apply to most books.

The first being that the **device** documents a **real experience** that extends well beyond (and **below**) the realm of **language in general** and ***English in particular***. Thanks to a notable dearth of other widely accepted and understood terms outside of **inherently pejorative psychiatric language**, the present author was necessarily forced to hack and/or redefine (slash re-deploy) a number of modern terms and to use words or phrases (and/or writing voices) that some might characterize as archaic or anachronistic.

In other instances in this **device**, foreign words were imported in the event English did not seem to have a suitable equivalent (that the author was aware of, at least), and in some instances entirely brand new words were invented by the author to express experience elements that Modern English (IE ***corporate-academic double talk)*** has yet to effectively articulate.

To the extent that such semantic inventions litter this **device**, they were largely constructed using pre-existing word elements (IE prefixes, suffixes and so on) in a matter consistent with their original usages in English and/or their original languages of origin.

Pursuant to that, this **device** makes somewhat profligate use of **compound metaphors** that might be described as “mixed” in a different context.

Beyond those considerations, the information contained herein occasionally required the present author to make historical **observations** regarding the **observable behavior** and ***widely shared characteristics*** of groups of people defined by being part of this or that **specific demographic**.

Regrettably, at this point such observations and/or descriptions thereof can either be ***accurate*** OR **politically correct** but rarely both.

Contrary to popular opinion, making unflattering observations about individuals or groups of people is PERFECTLY FINE as long as they are accurately descriptive. Just like individuals, specific groups of people also have their own respective observable characteristics and behavioral tendencies and not all of these are necessarily good or healthy no matter how valid their historical origins are.

What is emphatically NOT ok is using any accurate descriptions of observable characteristics or behavioral tendencies widely shared by a significant minority or preponderant majority of a specific demographic group to DEFINE **all** of the individuals within that group.

One thing about groups of people that needs to be clarified due to a notable lack of discussion elsewhere is that most groups prefer to self-identify with the best efforts and ideas of it’s brightest members. As understandable as this widely shared inclination is, it represents a fundamentally ***inaccurate*** view of the **collective intelligence** of **groups of people**.

At best, the ideas and efforts that are lauded as cultural successes (and frequently only after their originators died in relative obscurity or were killed by those same groups for their conceptual breakthroughs) only happen in the **realm of the individual** who may or **may not** self-identify with the self-celebratory group in question. ***Groups do not have great ideas, only individuals do.*** While manifesting some of those better ideas are the result of group efforts, these group efforts are only the cumulative (and occasionally synergetic) efforts of it’s constituent individuals.

Regrettably, the actual functional intelligence of ANY group of people is much LOWER than it’s brightest members. This self-evident truth is blatantly obvious to anyone that has ever been in a band, in the military, been married, attended a professional sports event, worked at a fortune 500 company (or just about anywhere else), been to a family reunion, forced to suffer the various indignities of a house roommate meeting, been to a PTA (and/or school board) meeting, been in a peaceful assembly that turned into a riot (frequently due to police over-reaction in regards to crowd control) or has any passing familiarity with the Congressional record or Presidential election outcomes, recent or less so.

This collective intelligence effect is so widely pervasive that it transcends mere hypothesis and qualifies as a recently articulated (but yet to be verified) scientific law of group psychology. Like most scientific laws (worth paying attention to, at least), the first law of functional group intelligence gives every appearance of following a mathematically consistent relationship over time in regards to it’s individual members.

Simply put, the **first law of group intelligence** is that the **functional IQ** of any specific group is **functionally equal** to the ***cube root*** of the **IQ** of it’s **most idiotic member**. PERIOD, full stop.

This law applies to all groups of people larger than a single person. The awareness of this sad fact of life ***permeates every nook and cranny of this device***.

*Please note that any (**accurate**) descriptions of the historical tendencies or behavioral characteristics of any indicated demographic groups that you presently self-identify with are **not** REPEAT **NOT** intended to describe or define you as any individual in any way, shape, fashion, or form.*

*Furthermore, the present author can not be held responsible for any passing (or **striking**) **similarities** that you may or may not share in common with described groups.*

If you find yourself unduly offended by what you read, you would be well advised to keep the following in mind:

There are few things more offensive in life than a plain truth clearly spoken.

That said, IF the shoe fits, ***wear it***.

Finally, as you have probably have noticed by now, this **device** makes use of **bold**, *italics* and CAPS (and/or parenthetical statements) in relatively novel ways that are entirely by design. These typographic effects have been intentionally deployed to prevent or minimize "skimming" or "speed-reading".

The simple fact that is that to the extent anyone reads anymore, ***our reading patterns are as habituated as our speaking patterns***. Sadly, these days most reading is **less about learning** than it is about r***einforcing our already existing pre-conceptions***. As reassuring as such things can be, saying the same tired ass shit in the same predictable ways doesn't do anyone a lick of good at this point.

In tactical terms, typographical effects are deployed in this device in accordance with the following guidelines (more or less):

- CAPS indicate EMPHASIS, but not necessarily YELLING
- **bold** indicates significant terms, or in some cases, terms of significance
- *italics* indicates something potentially significant but not so much to warrant **bold** type
- ***bold and italics*** indicates ***key terms*** (and/or phrases) for a given chapter or episode. When used in **conjunction** with **proper nouns**, **bold** and *italics* indicates a **key** or **central** figure or place for a given chapter or episode.
- ***CAPS, BOLD AND ITALICS*** indicate ***SKELETON KEY TERMS***. At least in the sense of **KEY TERMS** that have left an abundance of ***SKELETONS*** in their neuro-historical wake.

And obviously, no **book** (and/or ***device)*** that purports to involve any substantive discussion about the **development of English as a language** would be complete without at least **one notable exception** (IE "i" before "e" after "c" and all that). Consistent with **English spelling tendencies**, these one **consistent exception** to these typographic guidelines is ***France*** (and related adjectives), which is always written in both *italics* and **bold** because...***France***, DUH.

Regrettably, this preamble is ***not*** the best example of these typographic effects.

Are we clear about all that? No? **good**. ***confusion is the beginning of wisdom***.

This concludes the **preamble** for the American Book of the Dead and the Big Bloody Book of English (development).

UHS

The American Book of the Dead

&

The Big Bloody Book of English (development)

Device conceived and assembled by

ULYSSES H. STEARN
Director,
Special Operations Executive
&
Editor in Chief

The Directorate of Unified Intelligence

Side A:

The American Book of the Dead

“To the living we owe respect, to the the dead we owe truth.”
Voltaire

“History is nightmare from which I am trying to awake”
James Joyce
ULYSSES

“Are they really that fucked down there?.”
Ricky,
TRAILER PARK BOYS

The
introduction to
The American Book of the Dead

"The journey of a thousand miles beings with a single step."
Lao Tse

"Watch out for that first step, it's a doozy."
Bugs Bunny

*"In religion and politics people's beliefs and convictions are in almost every case gotten at second-hand, and without examination, from authorities who have not themselves examined the questions at issue but have taken them at second-hand from other non-examiners, whose opinions are **not worth a brass farthing**."*
Mark Twain

In the human experience *(**to date**)*, there is no subject more central to the human condition that has been the object of more rank speculation and abject fear than **death**. One could convincingly argue that our deeply seated needs to account for the **posthumous disposition of the human soul once it leaves the body** is the primary impetus for the development of what we call **religion** and **mythology** today.

Just about every known pre-modern human group capable of abstract thought developed their own ideas about **death** and the **afterlife**. Though some of these notions seem relatively outlandish to those brought up in Judeo-Christian (or Islamic) traditions of various sorts, odds are that the Judeo-Christian (or Islamic) notions about the **afterlife** would (and **do**) strike many to most raised in other traditions as being equally outlandish, if not **naive** and/or overly simplistic.

Oddly enough, the more one learns about and understands the **afterlife** theories of widely disparate and separated pre-modern cultures beyond their cultural specifics, a few seemingly pan-cultural themes will reveal themselves to the interested observer. In no particular order, these include (but are **not** limited to):

- *the body dies, **but the soul does not**.*

- *upon shuffling off it's mortal coil, the **soul** must first traverse an **underworld** region of being largely defined by **darkness**, **terror**, **torment** and **recrimination**. These are often characterized as different **gates** or **tests** the **dearly departed** has to **pass** to proceed **forward** in their **journey of the dead**.*

- *when (or **if**) the **dearly departed** eventually **passes** these **tests**, they are eligible to pass into an **ancestral overworld** of the **dead** usually defined by **abundance**, **beauty**, **pleasure**, and (in more cases than not) **music** and **dancing**.*

- *in either afterlife region, one is **prone** to encountering or being surrounded by **recently departed relatives**, **less recently departed ancestors** and other **interested parties** best described as **post-human intelligences** of various sorts.*

- *on just every inhabited continent, innumerable pre-modern peoples and tribes have **recognized** some (or multiple) kind(s) of **reincarnation** as being both a **fact of life** and a **probable outcome** of the posthumous experience*

- *with **two** notable exceptions, the **nature** of one's **afterlife** experience is strongly intimated to be **deterministic** and largely defined by two factors: how one lived their **life** (and/or how well they **appeased** their local deities) before **death** AND the **suffrage** and **opinions** of those **post-human intelligences** who appear to running things **down** (or up) there.*

While just about every pre-modern **group**, **culture** or **civilization** developed their respective theories on **death** and the (widely assumed to be) deterministic **afterlife experience**, there were (at least) **two** post-tribal historical groups are presently known to have taken the initiative and give their respective citizens a **leg up** on actively **improving** their lot in the afterlife ***through their posthumous actions and conduct on the other side of the looking glass***. These post-tribal groups are best described as **Ancient Egyptians** and **Pre-modern Tibetan Buddhists**.

As most **readers** know even if they haven't read a copy (slash ***translation)*** themselves, each of these **groups** produced their own respective **books of the dead**. Technically speaking, calling these "books" is a bit of a misnomer since, like the **Christian Bible**, the **Hebrew Old Testament** and the **Koran**, they aren't so much "books" as they are collections of different writings by different people which accumulated and were systemized over time. In practical terms, both of these **books of the dead** are closer in spirit to **textbooks** or **instruction manuals** than they are to our **modern religious books**, although **both** feature quite a bit in the way of what many modern people would describe as "religious" content.

As one might expect with their widely separated origins, these **books of the dead** differ greatly from each other in **emphasis** and **content**. The **Egyptian Book of the Dead** (which there is no definitive version of) consisted of three overall sections. The first was the funerary rites of the actual preparation of the body, which were mainly focussed on embalmment and other corpse preparation procedures for proper burial and/or entombment. Another section is best described as a collection of **prayers for the dead** and ***useful spells for the recently departed to know before entering the afterlife***. The **third section** largely consisted of detailed descriptions of the **path of the departed** through the **afterlife** and ***not a few practical tips for successfully navigating that path***.

These **tips** were considered extremely useful as the **path** one travelled through the Egyptian **afterlife** was anything but leisurely. First one descended to an **underworld** where one had to pass through a series of **gates**, **caverns** and **tests** that were **guarded** by multiple less than friendly ***post-human entities***. ***Failure*** in these **tests** was strongly intimated to result in the **true death of the soul** after being **astrally ripped apart** (or just **eaten**) by these **guardians of afterlife**.

Success in these **afterlife travels** was fully contingent on **how** the deceased carried themselves through these ordeals and their **ability to remember** and successfully deploy the spells they learned on **this side** of the looking glass.

And all that was just to get to the **scales of judgement** where the **soul** of the **deceased** was escorted by **Anubis** (the **jackal headed god** of mummification and the **afterlife**) to be **judged** by **Osiris** (often described as the **god** of **life**, **death**, the **afterlife** and ***rebirth)*** after weighing your **heart** on the **scale of Ma'at** (the **goddess** of **truth** and **justice**). If your heart was (slash ***is)*** **heavier** than a **feather**, ***your soul was eaten***. If you passed this **final test**, then you were dispatched to a heaven-like ***land of reeds*** where one **enjoyed an**

afterlife of **abundance** and **repose** with one's **previously departed relatives** and **friends** and often enjoyed the **company** or at least the **presence** of the **gods** themselves.

The **Tibetan Book of the Dead** is **device** of an entirely different nature. It was historically known as the **Bardo Thodol** and the translation of its full title is *"Liberation through **Hearing** During the Indeterminate State."* In classical Tibetan, a **bardo** is what we would describe in English as a "state of being". While there are some notable variations and disagreement about the specifics, generally speaking, **Classical Indian** (and **Tibetan**) **Buddhism** suggested that the **entirety** of the **human experience** happens within **6 overall states of being**, ***3 of which are best described as posthumous states of development***. The **three states** of our experience on this side of the **looking glass** are:

1)**Life**, IE ordinary waking consciousness.
2)**Dhyana** (sometimes spelled Dyhani), the various states of **meditation**.
3)**Dreaming**, the dream state(s) during sleep.

The **three Bardos** describing the **posthumous development** of the **soul** ***prior to rebirth in this world in a different body*** regrettably do not lend themselves to easy or accurately concise descriptions in Modern English. What can be concisely said for the moment is that they are all clearly presented in the context of the **literal** (and **not** optional) ***reincarnation of the soul*** and are described as the **intermediate states of being** that one experiences ***between bodies on the other side of the looking glass***.

While this describes a much different afterlife experience than the **Egyptian Book of the Dead**, they are **similar** in that ***Bardo Thodol*** also features quite a bit in the way of **detailed descriptions** of the **posthumous experience** while further offering an abundance of **prayers**, **liturgies**, **mantras** and **mediations** that have been deemed to be useful to know on the **other** side of the looking glass and a ***good way of getting a leg up on the best possible incarnation the next time around*.**

And despite some major variations in the respective "**mythologies**" that each individually draws and some further fundamental differences as to the underlying nature of the afterlife experience, unlike most "religious" texts, both **strongly intimate** that the nature and disposition of one's ***afterlife experience*** has MORE to do with the ***understanding and informed application of practical knowledge*** than it does **simple morality** and/or ***faith-based belief*** in this **life**.

While **both** devices respectively recognize and emphasize that **life** and **death** do ***(tend to)*** exhibit a conspicuous amount of **determinacy**, both also make it pretty clear that one can **affect**, **modify** or even ***improve*** one's **determinacy** in **life** (and **death**) through their own **actions** in **this life**, **the next**, AND ***those posthumous states of being between them.*** Which, if you think about it, actually makes these blatantly **heathen** ideas (slash ***observations)*** about ***death*** and the **afterlife** more **consistent** with the ***American Experiment*** than the standard **Judeo-Christian doctrines** regarding the **afterlife**.

Our ancestors and antecedents who emigrated here (ahem...**voluntarily**) from their **countries of origin** did so because they felt they could **improve** their lot in life through the informed action of **emigrating** to **America**. Not to imply that each and every one of these (**voluntary**) immigrants found their lives greatly improved in **America**, but all in all **most** did over time. Moreover, the **vast majority** of these improved lives did ***not*** improve because of **religious faith** or **simple morality**, they **improved** thanks to the ***informed application of practical knowledge,*** usually in the form of this or that kind of **hard work**.

Yet, despite both of these **books of the dead** being more consistent with the present ***American Experiment*** in terms of underlying philosophy, in their present forms ***both*** happen to be of ***limited*** applicability and utility to the **Modern American Experience**.

In the first case, the ***American that finds themselves on the other side of the looking class*** is relatively **unlikely** to encounter a preponderance of **Egyptian gods**, ***unless the American in question happens to be part of a family of Egyptian origin.*** In those cases, all bets are off about that and if that describes you, you **might** be well served in at least **familiarizing** yourself with it's contents at some point. Even if you are a **Muslim**, a **Coptic Christian** or an **American Jew** of **Egyptian** descent.

As for the **Tibetan Book of the Dead**, though the **six states of being** described in it ***definitely*** apply to ***Modern Americans*** just as much as they did (slash ***do*** as **most** of them are ***presently*** in **different bodies** at the moment) **pre-modern Tibetan Buddhists**, HOW **Americans** actually **experience** and **perceive** these different **states of being** (including the 3 **posthumous** states of development whether we "believe" in them or not) tends to be wildly different thanks to **massively divergent world views**, **life experiences**, **religious/ metaphysical sensibilities**, and ***radically different family and ancestral histories***.

But what ultimately renders either of these **books of the dead** of debatable utility to the **modern American Experiment** is the simple fact that **neither** was originally written in **English**.

This is an issue for the simple fact that the **modern English translations** of these **books of the dead** are, at minimum, at least **one very large step removed** from original source material that is **itself** already ***distorted*** to some degree thanks to the inevitable vagaries of the **language process** itself.

Language distorts as much as it describes our perceptions of the world around us and the one within us.

This is one of the **many things** that is (usually) ***much easier to see in others than ourselves,*** but you should take it as a **fact** that to the extent you can notice examples of this others is probably only a drop in the bucket compared to ***how much this affects you without you being aware of it.***

Taking that into account, both of these **books of the dead** are subject to at least ***two layers*** of potentially significant **distortion** of the **source material** these originally drew from. Of these two, the **linguistic distortion** that comes with **translating** works into languages far removed from the original one it was written is probably more significant because in addition to those linguistic considerations, ***modern translators*** (and/or ***their editors*** and ***publishers****) **further run the risk of projecting their own sensibilities into their translations*** which can dramatically **alter** both the **tone** and even **content** of **translated works**. This is especially **true** in case where the **source work** is written in a radically different language (like Ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphs or Classical Tibetan Sanskrit) from the one it is eventually translated into.

These sorts of ubiquitous **translation issues** can and often do lead to **critical misunderstandings**, **unrealistic expectations** and **cross-culturally romanticized** notions about the **translated** subject mater in question. These inevitable **linguistic issues** are often greatly compounded by the simple fact that frequently the translator in question rarely has **first hand experience** with the **subject matter** in question.

This is a much **bigger** issue than it might appear on first glance. Without their own related experiences to draw from, the **second hand translator** is at **severe risk** at

presenting the subjective impressions of others as objective realities for readers to compare and contrast their own experiences with. This is especially relevant in regards to the present subject matter. While the ***death process*** and the posthumous states of being that follow prior to being born in the next body definitely qualify as **objective** realities not contingent on faith or belief, ***our experience of these objective realities is entirely subjective***. And of course, the first time we try and articulate any potentially related **first hand experiences**, they are **further distorted** by being framed in any language. And especially ***Modern Englitch***.

The minute a person **comes to terms** with these various **linguistic** and **semantic issues** they are **confronted** by an indiscriminately **fugly truth** about **writing** that **most writers** prefer to keep to themselves on the off chance they figured it out themselves:

There is no such thing as non-fiction, there are only varying degrees of fiction.

Though I may be the first person to write that sentence in **Modern English** (to the best of my knowledge, at this time), I have no illusions about being the first, second, or even ***666th*** person to **connect** these **neuro-linguistic dots**. Mr. **Thousand Miles** himself ***(Lao Tse)*** elegantly expressed these **facts of life** when ***he*** said ***"The Tao that can be spoken of is not the Tao."*** Though such sage sentiments are frequently dismissed by (too) many **Americans** as being varying kinds of mystical horseshit***, this doesn't actually make them any less accurate or apt***.

These considerations are especially relevant to the present subject matter because the second a **Modern American** finds themselves **consciously experiencing** ANY of the **3 posthumous states of being** prior to an actual **departure** event, ***it suddenly becomes crystal clear that these states of being are both impossibly weirder and more critically relevant to the human experience than can ever be truly conveyed in words***.

Though such things happening to **Modern Americans** is not exactly **common**, it probably happens a bit **more** than anybody might guess. Last I read, there are an estimated **10 million Americans** doing **Yoga** on some kind of regular basis. Frankly, I think this is a **low ball estimate** but let's run with it anyway. If that's true, than that probably means their are (at least) another **3-5 million Americans** that either **practice** the related arts of **Tai Chi**, **Chi Gung**, or other **practices**, ***or just meditate on a somewhat regular basis***. There are a further **18 million** that practice different kinds of **martial arts**.

Now add another **5** (or **20**) **million** Americans who happen to be strategically situated in themselves to experience those ***posthumous states of being*** thanks to either **genetic predisposition** and/or **alternate neurological wiring**. What we now have is a (**low ball**) **grand total** of ***38 million Americans*** (IE ***one out of ten***) that are presently at **increased risk** of experiencing these alternate states of being ***unintentionally*** and without **much** in the way of ***practical guidance*** or even **detailed descriptions** to **compare** their own ***enhanced experiences*** to.

Until now.

Though this **device** clearly shares it's **name** with the **Egyptian** and **Tibetan Books of the Dead***, this is not a translation of either*

Nor is it a "**reboot**", or an "**Americanized**" (IE ***dumbed down)*** version of either or a combination of both. And despite some passing parallels of sorts, ***this device was not directly inspired or influenced by the content of either of those other devices***.

That said, this device is as **different** from both of those books as ***they are from each other***. Though substantially different from both, ***these differences should not be confused as being mutually exclusive from each other***. While the **3 posthumous states of personal development** described in the **Tibetan Book of the Dead** are **accurate** as far they go, our **subjective experiences** of these ***objective states of being*** are going to necessarily **vary** almost as much from person to person as modern Americans as they would vary from a Tibetan Buddhist from a thousand years ago.

As it turns out, our **individual subjective experiences** of the ***posthumous stages of personal development*** are **heavily influenced** by our individual histories, family and ancestral backgrounds, our religious beliefs (or in the case of the author and many others a notable **lack** thereof), ***our metaphysical practices,*** **our** ***previous*** **lives** and whether or not you **served in the military** or come from a **military family**. These are then **projected** through the **prism** of the ***American Dream*** where the **best** and ***worst*** of these **karmic conditions** are revealed in **high relief** for our **posthumous edification** and possible **future development** on the **off chance** we actually REMEMBER any of that shit the **next time around** prior to actually **kicking the bucket** ***(again)***.

Due to all of these wildly varying factors and the multivalent nature of the **American Experiment** itself, ***there is no such thing as a definitive American afterlife experience***.

In time, as **more** and **more** in the way of **accurate accounts** of **near** (or ***post) death experiences*** accumulate ***unburdened by external editorial or publisher influence,*** some **widely shared themes** will likely present themselves.

Odds are these widely shared themes will include ***your whole life spiraling before your eyes before dropping into a long dark tunnel with a light at the end of it that feels and looks like "home",*** partly because all of your **dead relatives** are there.

Other **themes** will also likely present themselves like ***passing through the void, coming out the other side of it*** and ***remembering*** most to all of your past lives in some kind of sequence (and possibly in ***reverse)*** whether **you want to** or ***not***. Odds are, IF that happens ***you probably will wish it didn't***.

But it must be noted that these relatively **sedate descriptions** of these probable ***objective*** posthumous developments are, in fact, ***pisspoor preperation for how impossibly weird your subjective impressions of these will be***.

Because of all that, this device greatly differs in both **content**, **emphasis** and **tone** from the **modern translations** of the other **books of the dead**. Where those other ones could be said to be **definitive** for their cultures of origin, this particular **device** only claims to be **descriptive** of one ***at-risk American's experience of (accidentally) passing through these posthumous states of personal development and being too stupid and stubborn to actually expire in the process***.

The other big difference between this device and the prior **books of the dead** is that ***second stage of this device*** (IE the **Big Bloody Book of English** {**development**}) represents both a **first attempt** and **first hand account** of how ***our very language has been shaped by death itself*** and how it's resulting **distortions** and **patterns** go on to ***directly contribute to more deaths*** that **might** have been avoided had the **usual suspects** (IE ***all of us*** at one time or another) actually SHUT THE FUCK UP for more than 5 seconds at a time and used those silent opportunities look within.

Unlike **many** to **most** ***metaphysical teachers*** or ***regional religious figures***, I would not presume to do you the **disservice** of spinning you some **pollyanna bullshit** where the **positive** is accentuated so much to ***distort the true nature of the enlightenment experience itself***.

Any LEGITIMATE ***neuro-enlightenment experience*** worth **having** in the first place is one of the most ***terrifyingly beautiful experiences a person can have*** (slash **survive**) ***in this life***.

They are typically **uncannily familiar** and **savagely weird**, are often **conspicuously dissociative in the moment** and inevitably involve some kind of (**major**) **breakdown** of the "**conscious**" **mind**. It isn't until that **pigeon holed box** has been ***detonated*** until you **find something** much **shinier** and massively ***more substantial*** on the **far side** of it.

In that sense, the **only** difference between a **mental health breakdown** and a bonafide **metaphysical breakthrough** is that the ***mental health victim comes back in pieces*** where the ***enlightenment victim*** comes back in **one piece**, but frequently **worse the wear for it**.

Or in other words, ***abandon all hope those who enter Chapel Perilous***.

YOU WILL NOT FINISH THIS DEVICE WITH THE SAME MIND YOU STARTED IT WITH.

you have been warned. BE ADVISED.

THIS DEVICE KILLS DEMONS.

THIS CONCLUDES THE INTRODUCTION TO THE DEVICE, proceed ***AT YOUR OWN RISK/reward***

UHS

The American Book of the Dead

Episode 1: **man in the box**

(Picture this if you will, it's a typically soggy Tuesday evening in the middle of November in Seattle. You passed out on the couch early after a large dinner that followed a fairly vigorous Hatha Yoga class. Your day did not have any unusual significance compared to your total accumulated Tuesday average to this point. You worked a bit {residential window washing} and had a check up with your naturopath/constitutional homeopath that day about some ongoing minor biochemistry "projects" that you have been working on for a few years. You are not under an abnormal amount of stress, are not thinking or speaking faster than normal, slept well the night before {and the night before that}, and you have been eating regularly. You did not get hit by a car, did not blow up anything in your face, did not have 8 police officers and orderlies forcibly restrain you and shackle all four limbs to a gurney and managed to not almost accidentally commit suicide with a popsicle. While you smoke weed on a daily basis {and not without reason}, you haven't ingested anything stronger than that in a few years other than a spot of some 2CB 9 months previous. You didn't drink with dinner or after, and you passed out on the couch watching a Starsky and Hutch rerun. Like usual, you don't dream {or remember dreaming} before you wake up 45 minutes later on the couch and drag your ass off to bed where you pass out immediately into further dreamless sleep. Even though you are a creative individual with a fairly robust imagination, you rarely remember your dreams. The odd dreams you do remember do not generally exhibit enough in the way of thematic unity to really make a strong impression upon waking. You haven't had anything resembling a lucid dream {while sleeping} in roughly 16 years, and that was the first time that had happened since you were a little and used to dream about flying around in your room and wondering who that fat kid was sleeping in your bed, among other dreamtime adventures.

Your body is dead asleep on a deceptively comfortable bed composed of one high density foam rubber mattress on top of a pair of tatami mats on a hard wood floor. But while that continues, something inside wakes up...)

to a distinct impression of thousands of electron sized ping pong balls of light effervescing up from various points in my legs into the first chakra area, and from there spiraling upward through the upper body multiplying as they go, coalescing into a focal area about about a 1/2" in diameter centered 2/3" NW of dead center of the top of the skull/7th chakra point.

Once this area absorbed a critical threshold of **secret sparkles**, the amount of light emitted illuminates an internal situation long experienced but little understood by the author during various periodic depressive (**dark moon**) phases. Namely, that during some depressive **episodes**, there is an internal experience of feeling like there is an energetic **spike piercing your skull**, impinging on the various mind/brain functions and related activities centered underneath. Which mostly seems to show up in the language department. Most of the more interesting thoughts in your brain don't lend themselves to

the standard **Englitch**, oh, pardon me, English subject-predicate format, yet you have a massive vocabulary for describing your various failings and sorrows.

The **spike** itself can be described in quite some detail during these Impingement Awareness Sessions, but how it got there and **what** exactly it is blocking is occulted by the preponderance of associated **brown** and **squishy feelings** clouding the internal environment.

The combined pressure between the **neuro-spike** and the multiple and multiplying streams of **secret sparkles** coalescing around it rise to the point where the pressure is distinctly uncomfortable. This causes the **right hand** of the **dreaming body** to rise up and grab on to the exposed end of what was assumed to be some kind of **energetic spike** buried in the upper left center of the **dreaming skull**, like some kind of dreamtime Phineas Gage.

But what was thought to be (merely) an **embedded spike** is revealed to be, in actuality, just the handle of a **huge fucking sword** inserted straight down through the **skull**, neck, heart, lungs, stomach and associated viscera and other various displaced or otherwise sliced organs all the way down to the perineum (IE the **taint**). **All of which** were radiating the **exact same somatic impressions** as if i were **physically skewered along the same axis** by an **rather large edged weapon** and started fiddling around with it's exposed handle **buried in my skull**.

This new level of awareness did shed some new light on the origins and repercussions of some ongoing (slash **pre-existing**) feelings, but at the time it didn't hold as much interest as **removing the fucking thing as fast as possible**, as it **tickled** a bit. A field expedient Sword Removal Process was initiated immediately, mostly consisting of taking said **dreaming hand** and firmly grasping the handle of the newly discovered **huge goddamned sword buried in my fucking skull** and yanking that **sumbitch** out, the experience of which was visceral and quite distinct in the **dreaming body**.

i feel that fucker rapidly slide out of me vertical-wise, **somatically telegraphing the searing pain of both** (and/or **more**) **edges slicing me internally** while also feeling the further pain of long standing metaphysical misalignments suddenly losing their main structural components and rapidly shifting. This was quickly followed by a kind of **edged relief** not entirely distinct from the sensations often associated with forcibly dropping a **massive deuce** rather unexpectedly.

While the **dreaming eye** is looking at this huge bloody Conan-sized, Persian claymore monstrosity of a blade in my **dreaming hand**, seeing the bloody bits of **thousands** of previous bodies and brains run down it's various curves, bevels and watered steel whorl de loops of it's multiple and diverse edges, the **dreaming mind** felt something that previously felt **concave**, for lack of a better term, go **convex** in that same upper left quadrant area with a very distinct champagne cork POP! once the **tip** of the **inner sword** exited the **dreaming skull**.

If you can imagine the top half of your brain as an upside down stainless steel salad bowl, it was more or less equivalent to finding out it had a pretty good dent in it the whole time you were using it, but only after a shockingly fast kick to the inside of it at just the right vector to pop it out and restore it to something approximate to it's original design specs. It felt like a Bruce Lee heel kick to the inside of the skull, with some ponderous 18 wheeler gear shifting **undertones** to it.

Standing there there in **dreamtime**, looking at a **huge fucking sword in my own hand** that has my own brains and guts from ***thousands*** of **previous lives** (and ***deaths****)* streaming down it, i can feel the newly created **void** in my dreaming body and mind, only to wake up as a...

a head trapped on a coin rolling widdershins, tracing the curves of a cone in a huge funnel that i think is this current life of mine, at first. Like some fucking donation machine at an airport, the shape and mechanics of which, i realized, i had previously been as consciously aware of as the rolling coin is of whatever noble cause you are donating to.

i am two dimensional head embossed on a rolling coin, seeing everything from it's somersaulting perspective...**flashing forwards and back**, **alternating views on a life lived but little understood**....

As I am rolling I can see the entirety of my current life as a series of subtle trajectory shifts, akin to using a down feather to nudge a quarter rolling around a funnel in real life.

Ironically enough, these larger "course corrections" of these multiple and diverse gentle **featherings** were, as often as not in real life, experienced as highly traumatic events of either a physical or emotional (or both) nature, resulting in more than a few trips to various emergency rooms across the country and the statistically typical abundance of emotional scar tissue that seems to be part and parcel of **this american life**.

These shifts are seen as a series of points unevenly distributed in period and intensity over a gently curving spiral. Some have faded over time, but others burn just as brightly as ever. Once i **catch up with myself** so does my sense of proportion and i realize that the funnel that i am rolling in is much, much too big for just **this life**, judging by my relative speed and distance traveled. If the size is any indication, it is pretty clear that the funnel **i am traveling through** is, in fact, ***all of my lives****.*

i am a trapped coin rolling through the coned vortex perimeter of some kind of transmigrational tornado that extends out past the moon and well before "**history**"...

Of course, glimpsing **all** of this means that I am **rapidly shifting** between looking back-assward at a **past I do not want to remember** and **forward into a future i do not understand** and become increasingly disoriented as the once gentle spiral tightens and turns into a **mortal coil**.

By the time forward perspective is functionally engaged, i am well into the triple digit cycle of a rapidly decreasing fibonacci curve, and as it shifts into its double digit contraction phase, I finally see what the Origin holds...

as the coin reaches the final revolutions of the inward spiral, it's objective speed doesn't shift but appears to be going faster and faster as the funnel aperture narrows into a tunnel...

The **angle of approach** dictates what happens to the **coin** when it reaches that **transition** from **living spiral** to **mortal coil** to **tunnel of death.** There are only a few angles of approach where the **coin will stay upright in the tunnel phase,** all other vectors will result in the coin merely dropping through the tunnel by default.

The airport donation device funnels are designed to make any donated coins start off at the ideal angle(**s**) of approach necessary for the coin to stay upright throughout the funnel phase by giving you a fixed vector to start with. That **fixed starting point** projects the coin along on it an ideal vector in a closed field (typically defined a plexiglass box over the funnel area lest the whole device serve as a accidental monkey trap for insufficiently supervised prehensile 8 year olds that frequently infest domestic American airports) and lets the gravitational determinism of physics do the work.

Not to be completely disingenuous, but **life's funnel** is a bit different. It's not a closed environment, we all start from different places, travel at different speeds on varying trajectories, and we are all bouncing off of each other the whole time like a bunch of **goddamned idiot monkeys trapped in a burning banana factory**. As we travel through our **mortal coil**, we are (**at best**) either aware of where we are in it, or how fast we are moving, ***but rarely both at the same time.*** The rules by which we travel in **this life**, and the ***shape*** of what we traveling through, the vast majority of us have **no direct observational awareness of** as we roll blindly through our lives, as per the gravitational determinism of our genes and upbringing.

We may all end up in the same place (IE **dead**), but we don't all get there the same way. Everybody goes through the **tunnel of death**, but only a few **stay upright** rolling around the sides from hitting the transition at just the right angle while the rest **fall** into whatever **varying ratio** of light and darkness await them on the **other side**.

i am rolling around the sides of this tunnel at a ludicrous speed, but the actual linear motion through the tunnel is relatively moderate. the tunnel was not light, though there was an impression of illumination on it's far end. it was dark, but not darkness, not so much ultra-violet as ultra-brown. i spiral through, creating my own light through the high velocity of my helical path through this tunnel of darkness...

After compressing what feels like a light year's worth of distance spiraled downward through a 666 foot long tube 3 foot 3 inches in diameter at speeds best expressed in

double digit warp factors of increasing severity, this tunnel opens up into another funnel, **somewhere else**.

I fly out of the tunnel (which was going straight down), meaning i go deeper into the **earth** and all of my hairs stand up on end from the overwhelming sense of deja vu I get from seeing a **brown sun shine through the earth's crust, *once again*.**

As the funnel opens, i continue along a new curve continuing to yet another Origin, but through a continuing curve that spirals outward (slash ***inward)*** on the **other side of looking glass**. I hit the nearest ley line, and shift eastward like mag-lev train rigged up with a ram jet engine.

I make a long arc from 666 feet beneath Seattle to 6 feet under in a cemetery in Door County, Wisconsin. As soon as i stop moving i wake up...

in a wooden box in the ground. The impending claustrophobic panic response that one normally experiences waking up in a coffin unexpectedly is rapidly short circuited by the unnerving certainty that it is **my grandfather's coffin.** Unnerving because it seems to imply a level of familiarity with the experience through some kind of level of sustained repetition that I have no waking memories of at all.

i am not alone in the box. my mother's father is here as well. we are not lying side by side, like brothers. we are laying in the same place at the same time, occupying the same space and superimposed like two transparencies on a holographic overhead projector. our thoughts are also happening in the same space.

the living body in my bed feels too small, stretched out like a shoe two sizes too small on a big angry foot. it feels like it is about to burst from the pressures of all the various fluids circulating in it, and all of them are too hot.

my other body is in the ground taking a dirtnap. it feels shitty and ashy from all the goddamned asbestos cancer chemo shit that put it here in the first place.

I remember being a big man being felled by an invisible killer. The veins i never had remember the feel of the long shitty burn of the chemo drip, and the other bodily insults and indignities of terminal illness at the end come back to me, and **i don't mind being in the ground** where doesn't nearly hurt as much.

i can feel my grandmother in the ground on one side of me, and my uncle on the other. Her body is here for roughly the same reasons as "**mine**", but my uncle's is here due to an unfortunate incident involving a hemorrhaged ulcer, a inconveniently placed ping pong table, an untimely concussion and too much vodka, but not necessarily in that order. The result of which he does not appear to be very happy about at all. His eyes burn a **blitzkrieg blue**, pupils like the tips of bullets, **in flight** and ***coming straight at you.***

As i am in the ground in the box, i can also sense what lies above. A moonlit boneyard in Northeastern Wisconsin in late fall, patches of shining snow interspersed among the evergreens, more numerous deciduous skeletons, and tombstones.

i might be dead, but i still think about boats all the time. curiously, as i think about them in this new brain, they only show up a series of lines and curves but with most of the awareness of the underlying mathematics stripped away, replaced by a bewildering array of deep continental melodies interwoven amongst a double fistful of oddball gnostic polyrhythms slamming against wave after wave of highly interpolated, triple filtered bass singularities.

The cross chatter of music, mathematics, language and geometry of two minds overlapping makes for a novel neurological stew that neither of **us** has experienced before. As we both settle into the integration process I catch up with Granny and my Uncle Jon.

This catching up with them is about as bifurcated a process as you could possibly imagine. Though I am still in a box in the ground sleeping in my bed, somehow **my** (**superimposed**) **grandfather** and I reorient vertically as a single entity and I find **ourself** facing Granny on my right and Uncle Jon on my left, both upright as well and all 4 of us making a triangle.

On my right side Granny and I interface through a vivid set of **shared memories** that are mostly **hers** with a few of my **granddaddy's** thrown in for perspective. First she tells me through it that I am as much **their son** as any of my uncles and that she couldn't be any prouder of me than she is for me being able to make it **here** in one piece. Then she casually mentioned (with typically Swedish-English understatement) that ***IF* i *survive*** what follows, *i am contractually obligated to write it all down as accurately as possible to the best of my ability.*

On my left, my Uncle Jon is facing me, the **blitzkrieg blue** of his eyes now contrasted by a blazing **red bandana** he is wearing over his forehead. In real life, he was a man of few words largely because he was a mathematical prodigy with a degree in nuclear engineering who switched over to computer programming after 3 Mile Island shut down the nuclear industry the year after he graduated college. He was so good at math that attempting to speak (**english**) **with anyone who wasn't** was generally frustrating for him, and frequently not worth the effort, in his estimation.

Which is why it is not all that surprising that Jonny has totally shitcanned **englitch** in **Shitbird County**. At the same time I am receiving a lot of generally supportive emotional imagery from my grandmother, Jonny opens up a psionic LAN and starts issuing a series of **quantum physics equations** governing various aspects of **nuclear fission, fusion** and the creation of **heavy elements** encoded as a series of instructions in FORTRAN and C++ that are further transliterated into duodecimal notation, then punched onto player piano ticker tape which shows up as a bunch of music in my mind.

While that's happening, i eventually notice he is wearing a Bruce Lee classic black kung fu outfit and holding a **ping pong paddle** in each hand. He does speak at points during this process, but rather than hearing a voice, his verbalizations sound more like a 500 foot long high tension 1‘ diameter steel cable being struck with multiple aluminum baseball bats with gusto and verve.

As Uncle Jon's piano roll finishes so does my grandmother's spiel. During this brief pause i realize i can no longer tell the difference between my grandfather's thoughts and my own. In the unity i find quiet, briefly.

At least until i sense a murmur in the background of the **others** down here, and realize that even if we rarely hear **them** on this side of the **looking glass**, the **dead** are anything but **quiet,** ***and not all of them are grateful****...*

Episode 2: **welcome to shitbird county**

(My eyes open and I see the same yellowed slashes of light on my ceiling from the lights in the parking lot right next to my apartment coming through my bamboo blinds. My eyes are open, but nothing else is changed. My body in bed still feels stretched out from "sharing" it with my grandfather {who was about 2 or so inches taller than my current adult height}, and my current carcass feels like it's painfully throbbing with heat and blood. But I am also dead as well, so I also feel shitty, ashy and generally dried out at the same time. My eyes are seeing a ceiling in Seattle, but I am still in a box in the ground in Wisconsin. I stop fighting it and close my eyes again...)

Shitbird County is a place both exceedingly strange and strangely familiar. My senses are much sharper but the distinctions between them are much less segregated than they are in waking life. Events and individuals are heard mostly in muted sepia toned hues, real colors occasionally flashing through a miasmatic fog that tastes of an old cigarette vinaigrette with overtones of sulfur and brimstone ringing with the subtle notes of cowshit. The sun is a neon brown disk well under the horizon, illuminating the underworld with a dun, turgid light that is smelled and tasted as much as seen.

Shitbird County also exhibits a conspicuous level of non-locality. Proximity between different places and people has less to do with geography and spatial distance than it does the bloody roots of our family trees and the significant connections we have individually developed through integrating the various works of those who have come before us. Time is also non-local as well, the linear time of the clock face calendar system is revealed to be a **not very accurate** model of the **chronological gearing system** that it is meant to represent...

Picture a marble inside an egg inside a hula hoop. Now collapse all three of them into a 2d silhouette and add synchronized gearing teeth to all three so the marble will now look like the tracing of a bottle cap, and the egg and hoop have a similar calibrated edging. Take this whole arrangement and arrange vertically so the bottle cap is sitting on the bottom of the inside of the egg which is itself sitting on the bottom of the in inside of the hoop.

Now take your **stupid fucking white man** concept of time as a line going from left to right, second to minute to hour to day to year, from birth to death and a **great big nothing** on either side of it minus a big bang to begin with and a bigger one to end it all, and see that line turn into a series of tiny v's and/or w's that mesh with the outer gearing of the aforementioned hoop-egg-bottlecap arrangement.

From your previous conception of a time as line moving from right to left, take that and shift it vertically, making it a left hand margin. Along that margin, picture the fibonacci sequence listed downwards in a left aligned column starting from **zero** and going into gigabillions and beyond. What you have is a column of numbers with an increasing

amount of digits that gradually traces out a fantastically large curve when you follow the shape of the right hand side of your number column.

Take this vertically arranged stack of numbers with a fixed left margin and rotate 90 degrees to the left so this stack of numbers looks like a very long (**reversed**) ski jump before the top seems to disappear into a series of mutually exclusive geometric relationships that are presently beyond my meager abilities as a scribe. Replace the typically smooth line of the ski jump with the series of tiny little v's and/or w's and take the hoop-egg-bottlecap contraption and see it start gearing with the curve so that the bottle cap is rolling forward inside an egg rolling backward inside the hoop rolling forward, tracing the upward diagonal path of the **reverse ski jump**.

Not only are the various gears moving, the **actual line** that they are moving along is moving as well. The only things **not** moving in the whole arrangement are **here** and **now**, the two axes on the graph where we plot the orbitals of the various distortions that pass for our awareness and memory in "real life".

locality in Shitbird County is in a large part determined by the connections made on this side of the looking glass. the actions of the living refract through the roots of our family forests. the living are the leaves that absorb the light that sustains the trees. the dead are the roots and growing wood that guide the living ever closer to the light of a future dreamed by the dead and yet to be realized by the living.

like the Tree of Liberty, the trees that make up our families are rooted in bloody soil covering countless layers of the ossified shit of our ancestors.

Most of which is so aged and hardened that it's topographic features act as structural supports and boundary layers to the soul, channelling our waking life into the chains of unexpected developments and unplanned responses that characterize so many of our lives.

The maladaptive monkey moments of the body experience is powerful distraction for the living, and the overarching awareness of it's patterns in death is a strange and frequently bitter fruit for many of our dearly departed.

Namely, that you don't really start living ***until you practice dying...***

after three shakes of a minor zen moment, things open up inside me. my grandfather mumbles something about ping pong to Uncle Jonny and I sense them moving off to a side space not unlike your typical late 50's basement rec room.

my grandmother resumes her ongoing argument with a certain Dr. Duke, who i realize is responsible for at least some of the murmur and all of the clicking that i have been hearing in the background is him banging away on his bright red, old

ass IBM selectric while mumbling to himself and cackling every so often when he gets another zinger on the page.

They are, of course, arguing about politics and with both of them being completely half insane and firmly entrenched on the outer fringes of the opposite sides of the aisle, they are well matched. During their increasingly irrational discussion of the various pluses and minuses of the Nixon administration (for the 61,816,327th time) my grandfather and Uncle Jonny appear to be setting up a ping pong table of some kind.

on a map Door County and the Ostrich Farm have roughly 1600 miles and 7 states between them, in Shitbird County they are adjacent spaces for a time...

What is really interesting about sensing my grandfather set up the table with my Uncle is that he is still present and superimposed inside of me at the same time, creating a dual inner focus that resolves into the depth perception of greatly expanded vision. Not entirely unlike going from looking down at your left foot with one eye on a moonless night to looking at the horizon with both eyes during a full moon.

so far, my interactions with the dead have been from my mother's family. with the expanded awareness and depth perception from my now binocular inner vision, **i notice that the ancestral dairy farm of my father's grandparents outside of Red Wing is right next door.** But in "real life", the **farm** is 300 plus miles west, along with the cemetery that they and my father's parents are buried in.

There are few things emptier than a dairy farm with no cows in winter at night. The fields are empty in lunar-like twilight, the unnatural silence emanating from the bovine absence is the perfect accompaniment for the testament to entropy the barn has become with the roof caving in over the rusted metal corpses of old tractors and plows chopped for parts, old rotten hay bales strewn among the empty stalls and troughs.

The farm is empty, the fields are spackled over with a couple inches of half frozen snow laying on an overgrown tangle of dead grass and weeds poking out here and there. The cemetery that my dad's parents and grandparent are in is on the other side of it, past the bluff next to the road the farm is on.

i can sense my dad's parents, and his mother's parents, **also in boxes in the ground and taking their own dirtnaps. but when i sense them they rise up and find they are inclined to visit.**

i realize that Thanksgiving is coming early this year, and I am spending it with my dead relatives.

old habits die hard, and family traditions live on in the underworld. No Thanksgiving is complete without dinner with the whole fam damily. Like most families, Thanksgiving dinner involves an excess of turkey, potatoes and stuffing offered as various precursors to the main course, which, of course, is **gossiping about those**

family members not present which generally starts in earnest after the first bottle of **sauce** is opened.

but in Shitbird County it is the living who are not present, and those who are present are no longer burdened by the distractions of the body or tempered by social convention, **much less emotional sentimentality. and they have been listening the whole time they have been "gone"...**

The gossip of the dead is a bracing combination of relentlessly cutting analysis and merciless brown humor delivered in clear and concise language entirely devoid of the artful dodges and ubiquitous banalities that constitute roughly 98% of our day to day speaking. When **you are new here** everybody wants to catch up with you immediately. Your arrival is not unlike a party of some kind, but it's with your dead relatives, close friends and closer enemies (also **dead**), so it's not exactly the typical Schlitz, whippets and hot knives scene of your college days.

the dead do not think that black is all that funny after fading into it, **but they do tend to think brown is fucking hilarious.** Mostly because of how often we confuse it with **black** on this side of looking glass when it happens anywhere other than right in front of our eyes in direct sunlight.

If you happen to make it **down here** while still maintaining a **viable metabolic presence** of some kind in the land of the living, you can can count on getting more than a double earful from **concerned parties** who will likely end up giving you some **messages** that you will be tasked to deliver to other concerned parties who are still with the living.

These messages will largely be of a personal and probably sensitive nature for the recipients, which is why I will bypass a goodly amount of direct feedback from certain unnamed grandparents about **their side** of the usual lingering family issues that all families have...

as we sit back at the table, the remnants of turkeyday making their own post-apocalyptic landscape over the pristine doiley white tablecloth, my dad's parents tell me their side of various family stories that they were altogether too Swedish and Lutheran in real life to tell the grandkids in person.

During this tale, my great grandfather (aka **Boompa**), who still looks like a 92 year old Swedish dairy farmer who gets up every blessed morning at 4am to tend to the herd, which he still milks by hand, not trusting those newfangled bionic teat suckers that all those big agra farms go for, is silently working through his plate of food. As he finishes up his pumpkin pie, he starts in on his real dessert, which, of course, is **lutefisk.**

i see the pink jellied flesh of cod soaked in lye and wince, remembering. i look away from the table and can see that Uncle Jon and Granddaddy have the ping pong table up in the attached living room (**slash basement 50's rec-room**)**, but appear to be calibrating it with some kind of junior G-ray laser kit complete with**

beam splitter and spectrum frequency analyzer. Uncle Jon is wearing arc welding goggles, and his face and torso are lit from underneath in intermittent dancing light sparking through the tan electric glare. Grandpa #1 is off to one side assembling a device by hand. I see him grab a skinny broom handle angled 45 degrees 6 inches from one end, a roll of duct tape, a bass drum pedal, and ping pong paddle before Grandpa #2 starts dressing me down for not paying attention to Grandma #2 (his wife) when she was speaking.

After going on a bit about my flagging attention being indicative of larger generational patterns that do not rate very high in his assessment, he shifts his emphasis from relating the personal tales of family to using them as examples of the larger cultural patterns of society. After deftly using family examples as signs of larger patterns within the culture that we operate in (IE **America**), he goes on to summarizes all of this with the "big picture" that he says nobody seems to see anymore...

(the following is as close to verbatim as my negligible necromantic stenography abilities will allow)

> "We were called the Greatest Generation, but that isn't what we called ourselves before the marketing whizzes in your parent's generation started calling us that. And of course we took a shine to it, coming at a time in our lives when most people are just as prone to succumbing to nostalgia as they are neuralgia.
>
> "By 1965, many of us in the Greatest Generation were wondering if we were the Last Generation of Real Americans. We were the last generation with a majority that grew up on farms. Growing up on a farm during the Great Depression was an ongoing crash course in the art of recognizing Needful Things and the science of making the most out of as little as possible. The twin crosses of scarcity and hardship turned out to be paired spurs poking us into greater acts of ingenuity and elbow grease."
>
> "The decade of the 30's changed all of us who were present, and those of us who grew up in that time most of all. Not only did we grow up in poverty, we did so unlike every other generation of American Teenagers since the white man came here, WE HAD ALMOST NO BOOZE. Sure, it might have been legal after the Crash, but it wasn't like we could actually afford any during our dustbowl salad days. Between that and the ever present scarcity of the times, we had to make our own fun."
>
> "Which is one of the big unstated reasons why we were ready for a good WAR by the 40's. We had a whole generation of young men who had been denied the usual cathartic catalyst for doing the usual and necessary Stupid Shit that is part and parcel of the American Teenage Experience. The last American farm generation was brought up in the Church, but allowed few of their own sins to redeem and learn from."

“Adding to a whole generation’s worth of pent up anxieties, desires and fears was the growing specter of yet another European Conflagration with those double damned Gerries running amok on the continent again, blitzkrieging their way hither and yon to their Thousand Year Reich in the sky.”

“By the time those crazy Nip bastards suckerpunched us at Pearl Harbor, we were ready in Spirit even though they caught us on the back foot. The thirties prepared what the WAR required of us. Almost a decade of massive public work projects assembling large groups of men to rebuild a crumbling infrastructure combined well with the previous decades of Unionizing and Strike Breaking that were coming to a head in the pressure cooker of the Depression.”

“If it wasn’t for the WAR, we would have torn ourselves apart 30 years sooner than we did. The farm and the depression taught us about Needful Things, and the WAR tested our knowledge of those Needful Things, and then clarified Them further. We knew who we were fighting, and we knew why and we only did what was expected of us.”

“But the WAR also took all us farm boys away to far away and occasionally exotic locales, and we did strange and frequently dangerous things when we were there. We took what little leave we had with all the city boys we served with, and from them we learned many of the benefits of big city life in wartime Europe or Asia.

“We saw the world, kicked half of it’s ass along the way and came back to take advantage of the GI Bill in a booming economy with enough real life experience to make informed decisions about the best career path given our various aptitudes and inclinations.

“Small wonder that getting up a 4am every morning to milk cows and shovel shit did not rank very high in our career choices when there are about 8 million easier, faster and cleaner ways to make a Buck.”

“When we came back from the WAR, we moved to the City to start making our Money. First we lived in small houses in the city, but our income, families and anxieties all grew apace and we moved to the suburbs, which was a lot closer to our native habitat of the Farm, but much easier to manage.”

“Where we grew up in rural poverty, we were able to raise our children in suburban splendor. Which we were thankful for, and proud of.”

“But our children learned different things because of it.”

“Then we allowed Strangers into our home, who showed them through the cathode ray looking glass all of the things that they didn’t have that we never thought or cared about. Where scarcity taught us to appreciate the things we have, surplus taught our children’s generation to want things that they do not need.

“It was up to us to teach them the difference between wants and needs, but often as not that message was superseded by messages from various sponsors that largely conflated the two.”

“When they grew up enough to start rebelling, we gave them their WAR, but not one where anyone really knew what we were fighting for. Vietnam never attacked us, and they eventually won that WAR by not losing against a much larger opponent. We sent too many of our sons and brothers to ignoble death or grievous casualty in the jungles and hills of the Viet Cong, and none of our leaders could clearly tell us why it was necessary.”

“Not that they didn’t try, but the more they tried to justify their actions, the less they meant what they said.”

“Small wonder why those damn hippies protested so much. Nobody likes being lied to, and the youth least of all. But the damage was done, they had been lied to too many times by a government that sent their sons, brothers, boyfriends and husbands off to die for reasons our fearless leaders could never really explain to anybody’s satisfaction.”

“That was the WAR that killed the draft in this country, and with it, our sense of collective duty. The rich kept their sons at home, and sent the sons of the lower classes to go fight their wars. This has always been true, but now more so than ever.”

> “In the time since, the outsourcing of odious tasks has become ubiquitous. We bring in Mexicans to work on American farms, we send our manufacturing jobs to Asia, our data jobs to India and now outsource our own military tasks to private contractors at two to five times the cost with the added benefit of almost no accountability whatsoever.”
>
> “And we are paying for this in ways that money does not begin to measure.
>
> “Few of those who make the Big Decisions for the rest of us have any actual skin in the game anymore, and the continuing retreat into our collective comfort zone is making us weak, both as a People and as individuals...”

At which point my grandfather is interrupted by **Boompa** pointedly clearing his throat. He has finished his dessert **lutefisk** and is leaning back from the table, his bald head shining along with his blue eyes behind horn-rimmed glasses. Unusually for Thanksgiving Dinner, I belatedly realize that he is wearing overalls and a flannel shirt when in “real” life he would wear his church clothes for holiday dinners. (The overalls at the dinner table was more of an Uncle Don thing, who also showed up sometime during my Grandfather’s soliloquy in his usual attire and all ten of his teeth and was the one family member on the **other side** who kept his mouth shut, mostly.)

Boompa didn't say anything during dinner, seeming to be largely preoccupied with dinner and **lutefisk**, though I did notice him glancing over every so often to my other Grandfather and Uncle Jon and their **ping pong project**, which they were still calibrating. After wiping his mouth for a last time, he begins speaking in his native Swedish in his reedy and slightly whistle-y voice that I remember from when he was alive, which Grandpa #2 translates into **englitch...**

"It's all our fault, you see. We came over here from the old country to get away from all of the wars, famines, enclosure acts and other diverse follies and machinations of Europe's idiot kings and queens. We were the second and third sons who were forced off the land by older brothers who were big on their Rights, but not so much their attendant Responsibilities.

"We, the surplus children of Europe, were given a choice; go fight in Europe's endless wars OR move to the overcrowded cities of that godforsaken continent and enter into the indentured servitude of the Industrial Revolution of Shit jobs for Shit pay, because that's the only thing those city boys trusted us farm boys with.

"Even the most dirt ignorant Shit farmer knows there is a lot of value in Shit, but only when you have land to spread it on. The whole thing was a bum deal for anyone that wasn't on the top of the pile, and we only went to the City long enough to make enough money to get out, and come to America.

"We came here because we knew there was a better way to live. We wanted something better for ourselves, and for our children. When we came here we taught them to aim high in their aspirations, and they did.

"We brought them up on failing farms outside of dying towns during the Depression. When they grew up, they went out and conquered the world.

"When they came back, they went straight off to School to learn about easier and faster ways of making Money that didn't involve dealing with stupendous amounts of Shit everyday."

"And we were proud of them making something of themselves that was better than what we were able to do in our time. But that pride was also tinged with sadness and regret that none of our sons or daughters felt the call of the land strongly enough to come home and take over the farm when we were too damn old for dealing with all of that Shit."

"But we never blamed them for it. Being a Shit farmer is not an easy life, and since they grew up in it, our children, your grandparents, knew this as well as we did. And they learned how to deal with Shit because of it. Even if they didn't want to come back to the Farm after WAR and School, they already had learned Shit's needful lessons."

“The first one being that the longer you wait to shovel it, the more you will have to shovel when you do. The second is that whatever Shit you don’t shovel yourself, you are going to have to pay someone to shovel for you. But the third lesson of Shit is the most important, without Shit crops do not grow well at all. That means a Shitty harvest which leaves you with less Money in pocket and less Food on the table.”

“We learned these Lessons in the Old Country on the same Farms that our Fathers and Mothers did, and our children learned it here by the time they were knee high to a heifer. The Depression was a harsh, yet effective Teacher for all of us that lived through it.”

“But the Greatest Generation left the Farm when they grew up. First for the WAR, which has it’s own Needful Lessons of Shit. Then they went off to the City for School and Work, and then moved out into the Suburbs when they could afford it. They had their children, and raised your parents to aspire to even better things.”

“They taught them the lessons that they learned from their lives, and Us, their parents. But growing up in a nice house in the suburbs has it’s own lessons, and they aren’t the same as those that come with growing up on the Farm in the Depression. Your parents learned different things because of it.”

“They learned that not getting Shit done will get them grounded, and getting caught with Shit on them will get them in trouble. Some of them learned that the longer you leave it around the harder it is to clean up, but damn near all of them learned that if you are rich enough you can always pay someone else to shovel it for you.”

“The Lessons of the Land taught us how to not only deal with Shit, but also how to profit from it. The Lessons of Success that our children instilled in your parents had less to do with dealing with it effectively than it did in learning how to avoid it while delegating Shit Work to others.”

“We wanted better things for our children, and raised them to have similar aspirations for their children. All of us agreed that the Smell of Success is one of many scents, but none of them are Shit. We lived hard lives on the farm and were glad that our children were able to improve their lot. But none us realized what was lost in their upward mobility.”

“Shoveling Shit on a farm imparts a certain wisdom that is not achievable by any other means. If you do it long enough, you first learn how to distinguish different types of Shit from each other, then eventually you learn what each are good for. Eventually you might even learn that when put in it’s proper place at the proper time after informed preparation, you can put it to good use in a variety of different ways.”

“Since few of your parent’s generation had much Quality Time on the Farm, they never learned these Lessons. They learned to talk about Shit using

words like feces, manure, excrement, solid waste, nightsoil, #2 or poop depending on it's location and eventual disposition."

"They learned about their feelings about it, and learned how to talk about those feelings in great detail. Then they learned that there is only one place it's supposed to go, and once it's there you don't need to worry about it, or even look at it before you flush."

"Then your parents went to school to learn how design a different kind of Shit, and how to market and sell it to each other, and your generation. But not nearly as many of them really learned how to effectively deal with the Shit within, or even how to tell their own from others. If it's brown and squishy, it's all the same to them."

"That's why most people now can't tell Shit from Shinola, and are ill-equipped when it hits the fan. They heard about it's value, but most never actually experienced that process themselves and are scared of their own feelings about it. It reminds them of Death. The reasons for this are simple, but how those reasons came to be are not, as you will see..."

He trails off a bit at the end with a slow chuckle, giving me what struck me at the time as a **knowing** look. With that said, my Thanksgiving dinner with my dead relatives appears to be complete with the usual hodgepodge and bustle of clearing the table and doing the dishes (by hand mind you, in an old fashioned porcelain side by side double sink) and I, like usual, get sidetracked from this activity by the game starting up in the next room.

This is not your standard Turkeyday gridiron massacre of the Lions on the idiotbox. My grandfather and Uncle Jonny appear to have the **ping pong** table set up and fully calibrated. Unlike your standard table arrangement in normal ping pong with rectangular table bisected the long way, **Shitbird ping pong** is played on a square table (4'x4') with the plane bisected diagonally by something akin to a net, but made out of **light** and mostly permeable to the **ping pong ball**, for lack of a better term since it appears to also be composed of **light**, albeit a different kind. Where the **net** shimmers, the **ball** shines. The **net** itself is not the usual ping pong arrangement of a lateral field vertically extended up 1/10th of the length of the table it bisects. It's a triangular 2d field that fluctuates from being an acute triangle to an equilateral triangle extended across the diagonal of the table. Since it's is made out of light, it takes me a few moments to realize that this only one of two **nets of Light** on the square table, and they are bisecting each other right in the middle of the table where the two diagonal lines connecting the corners of a square would overlap.

Since both the **ball** and the **nets** are made of different kinds of **Light**, the players play **through the nets**, and not over them. They play from opposite corners, and each player is required to operate **two paddles** in active play. In contrast to normal ping pong where the players are given a two dimensional field boundary of the table to conduct their play within, **Shitbird ping pong**'s boundary extends into the third dimension. With the two **nets** forming the outline of a pyramid of variable height over the table, both

players are required to keep the ball within this **pyramidal field of Light.** With this third dimensional boundary over the table, the usual vertical default orientation of the paddles involved is less effective in play than holding the paddle diagonally over the table at various angles.

Since **Shitbird ping pong** is played with two paddles per player, consistent with his grandmaster ping pong skills that he developed in his previous life, **Uncle Jonny** is playing two handed over the table, a paddle in each hand and still wearing the red bandana that is a powerful contrast to his **blitzkrieg blue** eyes that become even more intense as he settles into his game.

Grandpa #1 (IE Jon's dad) has developed a different approach to the high and noble art of wielding dual ping pong paddles effectively. While no slouch at one handed ping pong in real life, in being the father of four totally hyperactive and overly talented children and the husband of of a highly intelligent (and bipolar) wife while running his own naval architecture firm, he didn't quite have the free time necessary to achieve grandmaster status on par with my uncle.

Since he could barely keep up with my uncle in real life with one hand, **playing it two handed with him in the next life offered a unique design challenge**. Standing at his corner of the table, he is holding a paddle in his left hand, but his right foot is resting on the bottom of a rube goldberg device that he has constructed to operate the second paddle.

The base of this device is a slightly modified bass drum pedal that is bolted to the floor, parallel to one side of the table. The primary modification (aside from bolting it to the floor, which is not necessary for most drummers not named Chick Webb) is that the bass drum beater assembly has been replaced with a skinny broom handle that curves about 45 degrees (towards the table) at the last 6 inches of it's five feet of height. A ping pong paddle is expertly duct taped to the angled end of the broom handle with the paddle angled over the edge of the table.

As **Dick Senior** steps on the bass drum pedal (which is on his right side) the paddle traces an arc from left to right. The apex of this arc is centered with the table, so the paddle at it's highest point is in exactly the middle of that side of the table. While he plays with a paddle in his left hand, his right paddle is swinging back and forth at the top end of his Rube Goldberg apparatus.

This frees up his right hand, which is being put to good use manipulating a series of rotary knobs, faders, knife switches, organ-style drawbars and buttons that effect different variables in the upper **pyramid boundary**, and different aspects of the nature and composition of the **Light** that the **net** and **ball**(**s**) are made of. One knob controls the relative height of the apex of the **pyramidal field of play** over the table, fluctuating between the previously mentioned triangular equivalents. There are 8 sliders, divided into a pair for each upper side to increase concavity or convexity of the boundary plane(s). There is a dimmer knob for the boundary of play, and a knife switch to reverse

the colors between the ball and the net. The colors of each are controlled by a pair of old school roller balls from classic 80's arcade games, each one variously effecting color, hue, and brightness depending on the direction and speed of spin or rotation.

shitbird ping pong is fucking trip to watch. the ball, the net, the boundaries are all moving as four paddles are used to keep the ball in play, somewhere within the pyramid shaped orbital cloud over the table. Uncle Jon on one side laying the hammer down with both hands while Dick Senior is playing a respectable game left handed while working the right side with some fancy footwork that would put most metal drummers to shame. As the right side paddle intermittently swipes back and forth he is playing mad scientist with the controls, keeping the upper pyramid of the playing field, the nets, and the balls in a constant ongoing evolution of interweaving layers of Light.

The players are not so much contesting opponents as they are competitive artists. The only points awarded are for allowing the ball out of your field of play. Records are kept in terms of maximum amount of balls simultaneously played in a match, and highest aggregate average speed during play. But neither of these does any justice to the actual vision of the play itself, the rhythmic frenzy of first one, then more, ball(s) of **Light** pick-pocking off the table with the double syncopation of dual paddles and watching the laser light show of geometry in action as the various balls in play are going fast enough to leave tracers in my visual field.

As I watch them warm up I realize that the ongoing permutation of **Light** etching a field of various angles, arcs and trajectories composed of shifting and rotating colors and the double syncopated frenzy of four handed ping pong is actual some kind of ongoing para-mathematical dialogue regarding some deep, verging on abyssal, quantum physics and information theory **shit** that they have been working on.

As they play my sense of duality comes back to me. The one who is sleeping and dreaming all of this is totally caught up in the spectacle of watching his Uncle and Grandfather play **shitbird ping pong,** and is fully entranced by the sonic and visual polyrhythms of the ongoing match while the **one who awoke remembers and prepares the subject...**

as my grandfather plays i see it from his view and mine simultaneously. with the rapid play of the ball(s) and paddles, his deft manipulation of the field of play and the Lights of the various instruments of play, i can see the patterns of it's math embedded in the rhythms and angles of Light, and I can feel them inside my self. Post Verbal Information floods my brain for an extended moment or two, not so much in one overwhelming philosophic breakthrough, but quite a few related smaller ones in short order like some kind of ontological cluster bomb.

in retrospect, i realize that my being able to watch them play was an act of **grandfatherly kindness**. By doing this he was able to keep my attention occupied long

enough to give me enough information to endure what follows, while also keeping me distracted from **who** (and **what**) was on the way.

Regardless of your present afterlife belief preferences**,** in America **everybody goes to Shitbird County when they Die.** Whether **that** is experienced as Heaven, Hell, Purgatory or Perdition has a lot to do with how one's life is lived, and how they Died. After a time, **part of them will move on**, but the part that you knew in real life stays, and (**dirt**)**naps** most of the time, **if you are lucky**.

even though everybody is taking a dirtnap, not everybody is resting gently.

lurking grey presences of regret and malice haunt the peripheries of my awareness. the brooding of wrongs committed, wrongs received is a color wheel of muted greys and greens. the anger and trauma of violent death is spectrum of bloody orange browness, occasionally veering towards black in certain cases of advanced atavism.

turns out, there's a price for admission to Shitbird County, and it wasn't one that I had paid, **yet. most people pay it once to get in, but you might have to pay more to get out.**

Like i did...

the american book of the dead

Episode 3: **enter, stage left; man with a gun**

(Total estimated elapsed objective time of the first two episodes: somewhere between 10 and 45 minutes. As I continue to lay in my bed, periodically opening my eyes and looking around the inside of my bedroom does nothing to lessen the sensation of time sharing my body with my Grandfather who doesn't quite fit in it. My intermittent body sensations continue to be a disorienting juxtaposition of being dead, dry and shitty while feeling like I am in an impropably young body that is about to burst at the seams from all of the impossibly hot fluids coursing through it. It is still the dead of night outside, the light of the street lights illuminating the blowing rain hitting my windows in another utterly typical late Fall night in Seattle...)

as my attention continues to be absorbed by this ongoing quantum physics discussion via a photonic ping pong match between my Uncle and Grandfather (who is both inside of me watching this and playing at the same time) I do not notice my stepfather approaching from behind.

A few things you should know about him before continuing. He was born and raised on a dairy farm in southeastern Wisconsin in family that was mostly German and Swiss in origin. He did well enough in school to attend the University of Wisconsin (Madison) and get a degree in Law. After getting his own practice off the ground, he was eventually hired as City Attorney for the town I grew up in, and his next (and as it turned out final) job at a different small Northeastern Wisconsin city as their Corporate Affairs Attorney. He married twice, divorced once and had three children of his own before marrying my mother.

He was also a huge swiss-german gorilla of a man, standing tall at 6'5 and a fighting weight somewhere around 280 pounds, approaching 350 at his eventual passing. He was a big man, strong enough to skyhook a hay bale over a combine without breaking a sweat.

Though he was in college during the beginning of the Vietnam ***WAR*** (and eligible for an educational deferment), he felt that it was his duty to enlist in the Armed Forces. He joined the Air Force with the hopes of becoming a pilot.

Which turned about to be wishful thinking on his part, he was also totally color blind. Thankfully, his efforts to memorize the color test didn't work (which would have eventually killed him), so he was assigned duties according to his skill base. Due to growing up on farm, this involved fixing a lot of different kind of engines of old tractors and trucks and what not.

He was trained as a aircraft mechanic and commissioned as an Officer in the Air Force. He achieved the rank of Captain, and came back from his second (and last tour) of duty with a bad case of Shell Shock (as they called PTSD back then) only to be greeted on

his arrival by a bunch of goddamned hippies spitting on him and calling him a baby killer for his efforts abroad.

This is not an easy return for anyone, least of all someone with combat related PTSD who already had alcohol issues and a whole lot of suboptimal development experiences as a boy (thanks in no small part to parents who had a few issues of their own that they did a pretty good job of beating in to him when he was smaller than them).

He never talked about it, but it was pretty clear to me even then as an idiot child that he did not have a good ***WAR***. He had a pronounced facial tick and would randomly make inadvertent sounds with the back of his throat that are akin to what some beat boxers do to make a bass drum with their throat. He couldn't sleep in a bed near a window if it wasn't on the ground floor, as thunder or even a big truck driving by could trigger a PTSD flash in his sleep and he would crawl through the window (closed or not) before he woke up.

As far as step fathers go, there might be some better ones out there, but there are definitely worse ones. We weren't as close as we could have been in real life, but he never hit me and only called me names when they were justified by my behavior.

He entered my life when I was eight, and even though he wasn't my father (that one I saw somewhere between 2-6 times a month usually), in a lot of ways he was the closest thing to a true father that I ever had.

Which is why his suicide when I was 23 was one of the hardest things I have ever went through.

Suicide is never easy for the survivors, and rarely pretty for anyone. But there are ways of going about it that can either minimize or magnify it's impact on your loved ones.

Unfortunately, since he was blind drunk and incredibly pissed off at the time, he facilitated his exit with a fucking deer rifle.

Right in front of my mother.

Who was subsequently accused of murder by his mother, and investigated by the local Police, who felt terrible about having to do it.

My mother was never charged, but was scarred for life by this whole fornicating fustercluck, and all of it almost totally needless.

As it turned it out, it was indelibly traumatic for me as well. Not to imply, at all, that what I experienced because of this was even close to what my mother went through, or his biological children went through, or even the rest of his family for that matter.

Be that as it may, the combined stresses of first hearing about it from a phone call at work from a friend of my mom's back home, then going back there to help her deal with the usual arrangements while witnessing my mother get unjustly accused of murder by her former in-laws who were unwilling or unable to reflect at how their own actions in his life may have contributed to his unfortunate transition affected me much deeper than I realized at the time.

Looking back on it, I had (slash **have**) a lot guilt about not being there to protect my mother from all of this. Then I had guilt about not being able to help her effectively when she needed me the most. I had subsequent guilt about not being able to stay with her for longer than 3 and half weeks if I wanted to continue my life over halfway across the country, and continued to feel acutely shitty every time I talked to her for the next 5 (**plus**) years and heard the obvious pain in her voice that I couldn't do a fucking thing about. I was also angry as hell at my stepfather for putting my mother through all of this, and felt guilty about that as well.

Obviously, to have emotions like this in response to a traumatic death of any kind is understandable, but not really justified. Most of the time. Knowing that in the head is one thing, but feeling it where it matters is another.

The sum total of the experience did a lot to cement an ongoing case of cumulative PTSD that I had previously been working on since birth. I spent at least the next 5 years in almost constant movement, working full time completing a two year training course in teaching Hatha Yoga, and playing and (and in some cases) running various bands I was playing bass in at the time.

Doing all of this kept me busy enough to keep most of my brown squishy feelings at bay most of the time, only spurting out once in a while when I heard "Wish You Were Here" by Pink Floyd on the radio, or the random sleepless nights experiencing guilt induced panic attacks.

But for all of the shittiness of the whole experience, in retrospect I can see that my step father had his reasons for being ready to exit, **stage left**, and had he been slightly less blind drunk at the time he would have gone about it a bit differently.

Though he came back in one (physical) piece (more or less) from Vietnam, I think his experiences there (and almost as importantly, when he returned) were primary factors in the self development process that resulted in him shooting himself in the head with a deer rifle.

He was not a perfect person, but he was a good man who did what he thought was right at the time. He was yelled at and spit on by the same people who he thought he was fighting for. He was a veteran who was ashamed of his ***WAR***, and deeply regretted what he had to do over there to get back here.

He's not the only one either. While the Korean ***WAR*** will always be the ***WAR*** America forgot (much to our collective shame), Vietnam is the one nobody wants to remember, at least not without a good script, an A list director and a big bag of popcorn.

The following is offered in memory of my Step Father, and is dedicated to all of the forgotten soldiers who were not lucky enough to be part of the "greatest generation"...

as i continue to watch the shitbird ping pong match escalate between my Uncle and my Grandfather to increasing speed of play and an increasing amount of "balls" in play, i suddenly feel my step father's presence behind me.

When I turn around to see him, i notice that the family members present not engaged in playing ping pong are forming a rough half circle around us. I realize that they only make up the inner ring of an increasing crowd, but I can't make out any individuals outside of my already identified family members.

As I focus on my step father, I wince and shudder. Apparently the effects self inflicted gunshot wounds in this life are not fully erased in the **next one**. Let's just say that he doesn't look very good, and less so than all of the other dead relatives I have seen so far.

He doesn't say a word, but I can tell that his is still **extremely pissed off**. **Since the dead do not get to drink** (**or smoke either**), he has only his rage to indulge in. He is also still a fucking huge gorilla of a man, so you can imagine that the combination of rage, size and relatively recent evidence of a self inflicted gunshot wound to the head is a bit much to take in all at once.

He is also holding a goddamned **deer rifle** in his right hand. Of course, relative to his height and build, it looks like a Ryder double action BB gun, albeit one that shoot .30 caliber bullets as long as your thumb.

as soon as i notice the gun, without saying a word he steps into my dreaming body. Which was already be operating at 200+% of it's original design capacity, and feeling a bit crowded with both me and my Grandfather occupying it.

With my Grandfather only being a couple inches taller than me with a similar build, the feeling of him sharing my smaller body with him was distinctly uncomfortable at first, but after a bit I only noticed it when thinking about it similar to how one gets used to a scent and only notices it when it goes away.

My stepfather was fully half a foot taller than I am right now, and almost twice the weight. When he steps into my body, the sudden, excruciating pain of it is a shock. Continuing the shoe metaphor, try to imagine Shaquille O'Neal putting on Jackie Chan's Chuck Taylors and I am the fucking shoe. But at the time I felt more like a big fat drag racing tire inflated to 300% of it's suggested PSI rating. My brain feels like an overinflated

balloon where the rubber stretches so thin you can see through it, and my body felt like it would explode if you pricked it with a pin.

It was a shocking amount of pain, and it felt entirely physical even though I was technically asleep and dreaming. The asshat eggheads out there can call it psychosomatic hallucination to their heart's content, but that doesn't change the fact that it really fucking hurt at the time. And not just me, it was painful for my Grandfather at the time as well, who already felt a bit crowded in my body with me before my step dad showed up.

without further ado, i feel a sort of internal jostling as my grandfather and step father arrange themselves inside me. they do this by having my stepfather stand up on my grandfather's and my shoulders almost immediately. Meaning that I am going from feeling like a 6'5" 330# person and a 6'1 190# person both trapped in an already occupied (by me) 5'11" 165# body to feeling like a I am three people trapped in a 10 foot tall, 750 pound body which has been further stuffed into my usual 5'11" frame. I felt like fully grown redwood tree trapped in a potted bonzai plant.

upon his reaching our shoulders, the three of us come together within into a collective entity like some kind of low-rent, gaijin Voltron, except that my step father is in the head position.

i can feel his head inside of mine, along with my grandfather's. i feel his rage and sorrow in my heart, and I feel his despair and total exasperation with his life as he lifts his rifle to a vertical parade rest position.

i feel his hand around the grip of the stock of the gun. i can feel his big sweaty palms on the finely polished wood as if they were in my own. i can feel the comforting coolness of the trigger as his index finger begins applying pressure. i can feel a similar chill of the end of the barrel pressing up into the soft underjaw just behind the chin.

i feel my trigger finger squeeze the cold trigger and the explosion of the gun going off in my hand. i feel the bullet strike my skin just before the hot expanding gases tasting of cordite, sulfur and brimstone erupt through the underside of my mouth, exploding through my tongue into my upper pallet.

i feel the bullet punch through the bone of my upper palate and annihilate my left sinuses. i feel my left eye bulge out of it's socket from the displaced blood pressure and tissue and bone mass as the bullet tears into the cerebellum just a bit left of dead center and spikes upward through the front middle left cortex and neo-cortex.

as the bullet punches through the top (middle left center) of my skull in a tectonic blast of white light, i feel myself turn into a geyser of blood and brains for a brief

moment before coming back to my body, which is falling to the ground and dead yet still huge and bleeding profusely.

as i feel my stepfather pull the trigger, i also experience a refracted flash of Dr. Duke's exit, feeling the express departure of route #.45 through the back of the throat into the medulla and out the sub occipital lobe in some kind of suicide support group maneuver on the other side.

(Both were big and troubled men who shared a love of the bottle and went out in similar ways and had much to compare and contrast regarding the experiential effects of their ballistically assisted exits would have been interesting to reflect on if they didn't fucking hurt so much)

i bleed from red to black. my head is now a black hole with all of the energetic and gravitational implications. it is blackness personified. not darkness, which is merely the absence of Light but the black of a roiling void that consumes all that comes before it, sucking all Light and substance into it's gaping maw.

as i feel my body bleed out i see my stepfather's life flash before my eyes, not quite in the level of detail that i saw in my own flash at the beginning of this whole mess but enough to get a good sense of the overall shape and nature of his life.

His life plays out before me in a series of first person jump cuts, a bunch of chronological slices of his life that fill out my picture of him.

I see him on the dairy farm he grew up on in southeastern Wisconsin, getting worked like a dog by day and thrashed like mule at night by the old man (once a week or so) during his intermittent whiskey rages that his mother did nothing to protect him from. She thought that kisses with a belt drove life lessons home better than peck on the cheek.

My step-father respected his father, and felt that enough of his beatings were earned to not fault him for the ones that weren't, so he felt guilty about all the anger he felt towards his dad.

Yet all the work and thrashings on the farm had the effect of making him highly motivated in school to get away from the damn farm ASAP. He did well enough to get into University of Milwaukee (before going to Vietnam, then going to UW Madison afterwards to complete his law degree).

But the ***WAR*** escalated, like ***WARs*** usually do, which changed his schooling plans. By the time he got into college, he was fucking tired of Wisconsin but couldn't get the Old Man to sign off on any out of state schools. They couldn't afford the out of state tuition, and the family would have to hire two men every summer to do the colossal amount of labor his 6'5" 280# pound frame was able to get done.

Vietnam, though, gave him an out. There are fewer things more exotic to a hick farm boy than going to a East Asian country that no one even knew existed five years before. Even better, he could do it on Uncle Sam's dime and with his family's blessing. Plus he was patriot and felt that it was his duty to go, even though he could have gotten a educational deferment. Well that, and he wanted to fly jets, never mind that he didn't exactly have the ideal fighter pilot build.

So he enlisted into the Air Force. In basic training, he memorized the color test so the review board wouldn't pick up on his almost total color blindness, but they took one look at him and told him that he wouldn't fit in most of their flight cockpits. He scored relatively high on his mechanical aptitude test (thanks to a childhood spent working on old tractor and truck engines when not shoveling **shit**), and his build made him a natural fit for dealing with large aircraft engines.

So rather than getting to fly planes, he is relegated to being a fricking glorified mechanic, which wasn't exactly his plan when he decided to suspend his educational career in a highly lucrative field. But even with his pre-law training he couldn't honestly argue against the logic of it, since he was good with engines, most of the time.

And even if he was being trained as an aircraft mechanic rather than a much more lucrative lawyer, at least he was getting the fuck out of Wisconsin and probably go somewhere exotic after basic training.

So they taught him about aircraft engines, and gave him his own Colt .45, which they seemed to spend an undue amount of time training with for flight mechanics.

Not that he minded, he grew up shooting varmints and crows on the farm with a .22, not to mention going out with his dad, brothers and uncles to hunt deer in the fall. Since he was a big man, the .45 was a good fit for him and he was strong enough he could shoot the damn thing one handed with the same (in)accuracy that most men did with two hands.

Even though his hopes of flying jets crashed early in basic training, his other dream did come true. He got the fuck out of Wisconsin.

After a brief honeymoon/culture shock period getting processed at an Air Force Base outside of Saigon, (which was a complete trip to his rural midwestern eyes), he was assigned to one of the more forward operating flight support bases out in the boondocks.

It was about one week into his new assignment when the insidious irony of the whole situation hits him...he signed up into the Air Force to get away from the Farm, from Wisconsin and to go somewhere new and exotic and maybe have a couple of adventures along the way, and here he is in the same sticky heat that he remembered from the vicious heat waves that regularly pass through Wisconsin in the summer. That he was working on aircraft engines might seem like a step up from working on old tractor engines, except he didn't have to wear a side arm back on the Farm and keep his eyes

open all the time for saboteurs in the form of little yellow men in black pajamas infiltrating the base.

Though the base was inside South Vietnam, it was close enough to the border that the Viet Cong would sporadically raid it or launch some mortars into it and maybe take out the ammo depots and fuel bunkers.

Some of his buddies died on that base, and he was a in a couple of firefights where he shot and killed more than one man with that .45 automatic, which worked just as well on the Vietnamese as it did on the Philippine Tribesman that it was originally designed for. The faces (and **eyes**) of the men he shot haunted him for the rest of his days, even though he knew in his heart that if he hadn't shot them they would have done the same to him. He was almost killed in more than one mortar attack, and was awarded at least one purple heart for his troubles.

He did two tours, and came back to a country that seemed to hate him for it. He got off the plane and was called a baby killer and worse and was spit on by people he didn't even know. He already learned to not like himself thanks to the tender ministrations of moderately dysfunctional parents, and felt of a lot of guilt and remorse about having shot people in the heat of combat, so the nature of his return was merely the icing on the big shitty cake that his life was becoming.

He went from not liking himself to being actively ashamed of himself. He resumed his schooling and completed his Law Degree and passed the Bar. He got his practice set up, and got married and had two children (plus a third with future second wife).

But underneath it all, the shame and self hate was eating him away. He had a bad case of PTSD back when that didn't exist, so he eased his sorrows with Rye and more Rye since only dirty goddamned hippies smoked weed back then. He didn't see a shrink, because that was for crazy people and he might have been a lot things but he wasn't crazy (except for the occasional really bad bender of a night, but he managed to keep those to a passable minimum).

But his process was too painful to watch for his first wife, who ended up leaving him. He was a relatively intelligent person, but not good with money, which regularly stressed him out and added to his drinking list (it is the author's observation that alcoholics have a mental check list of why they get shitfaced in the first place, which is usually a catalogue of all the {**perceived** or **retroactively edited**} wrongs done to them. If they are honest, their **drinking list** also includes the wrongs they did to others).

The drinking didn't help with his physique or internal chemistry, so his health after 40 started turning into the long slow slide back into the **other side** that he could only ignore with great effort.

But mostly, he was pissed at his life. He always tried to do what he was taught were the right things, and almost always ended up getting fucked over for his noble, if

occasionally misguided, efforts. He signed up when many were burning their draft cards, and suspended his schooling to go do what he thought his duty was while the others stayed home and finished school and went on to make their money and start their families. Then those same fuckers spit on him when he came home.

My mother knew that he was good man who had to deal with a lot of bad shit in his life, not all of which seemed to fully justified by his various errors or lapses in judgement. She tried to bring him back into the **Light** in her own way, but didn't succeed because he never learned how to forgive himself. That's why he kept drinking, that and smoking are really just about the only two honorable ways that Americans are allowed to kill themselves at this point.

But his body wasn't failing him fast enough, even with the extra weight, the incipient diabetes and the fifth of whiskey he was drinking himself to sleep with every night. In his later 50's, after suffering from both gout and trigeminal neuralgia (IE "the **suicide disease**" and main shared characteristic of both conditions being intermittent yet unrelenting pain) for years, he started noticing that he was forgetting things more frequently. With his Dad passing away from alzheimer's complications, his drinking list now had a new item in the number one spot.

At some point he decided that he could live with diabetes (maybe), but the idea of spending the next 15-20 years of his life becoming a walking vegetable was unacceptable. He knew what he had to do, but he wasn't sure when or how.

He somehow knew that the drinking and diabetes wasn't going to get him before the Alzheimer's did. He was torn between knowing what was ahead of him, and what facilitating his own exit would do to his family and friends. The stress was unbearable after a time, which also rapidly made it's way up his drinking list.

Until that stress finally built up so much that it finally erupted in the cataclysmic argument with my mother and his alcohol-assisted anger inspired him to do what he couldn't do on his own.

But since he didn't plan effectively, whatever pain he might have thought he saving his family from in watching a long slow demise turned out to be superseded by the pain caused by his violent exit.

i see this all transpire in the blink of an eye. some parts of it are new to me but not enough to change my opinion or feelings about my step father. i respected the man in real life, but NOBODY does what he did to my mother and escapes my wrath.

he might have already been dead by his own hand, but my heart has little mercy in it. i have already died once this night, and now that i am dead i have further experienced a double refracted suicide in three different heads and am extremely fucking confused and in more pain than you will ever experience yourself,

hopefully. so i yell at his bloody animated corpse, which i am both within and outside of. i give him the double earful that he fully deserves, and he tells me how sorry he is. this is small consolation since i am fucking dead now too.

he then tells me that he is stuck here until my mom and his children show up and yell at him, and that until then he is not only stuck here, *he has to relive his death on a daily basis* until he gets to move onward*.* and no, he hasn't gotten used to it in the dozen plus years he has been down here.

I feel his life bleed away and the void takes me. My identity, my memories, my feelings are all being torn apart as the brain death becomes total with the medulla shutting down (which was untouched by the bullet trajectory). For a time i can not distinguish between my thoughts, my Grandfather's thoughts and my Stepfather's thoughts and feelings, and all of them are slipping away into the roiling cloud of inky **black** darkness that my mind is becoming.

as i am dying (again), the ping pong match continues...

Episode 4: **viet**(**fucking**)**nam**

during the auto-darwinating interlude with my stepfather, my Grandfather and Uncle continue to play Shitbird Ping Pong. as i relived my stepfathers death and watched his life flash before my eyes, the Light show of the match intensified in the periphery of my "vision".

The goal in **Shitbird Ping Pong** is not to score more points than your opponent, but to see how many balls you can operate in play, and how fast you can play them.

as i pass through my step fathers death sequence, the match escalates accordingly. they originally started with one ball, and added another just before my Step Dad showed up which was pretty interesting to watch.

By the time the **void** takes me, there are enough **balls** in play that are going fast enough to make it look like the entire **pyramidal field of play** above the table is full of **balls of light moving at warp factor speeds.**

as my stepfather's life and presence fade away from my ballistically excavated cranium and hulking corpse lying on the ground, my grandfather and uncle somehow detach this pyramid full of little balls of light from the table itself, vertically rotate it by about 90° and insert the tip of the apex (pointing towards my feet) right into the newly formed exit cavity of my skull.

when the inverted pyramid linked into my exit wound, all of the little balls of light filling the pyramid turned into bullets and were ballistically injected directly into my mind, which has now become the inside of a 4 dimensional pachinko machine with high velocity rounds tearing through it...

Ever take physics in high school or college? Nope? Than you probably never saw the classic video of the ping pong-mousetrap fission demonstration.

For the record, this is a real thing that exists outside of **dreamtime**.

Fission, as you may or may not know, is the quantum atomic process that both nuclear generators and atom bombs work off of. While the exact math of the process is a bit hard for most people to wrap their heads around, the physical side of the process is pretty easily understood by anybody with the mental capacity to have read the first 3 episodes.

Fission is the term Physics has assigned to the act of splitting an atom up into it's individual subatomic units. You take one of the larger atoms (like Plutonium or Uranium 235) and fire a neutron in it and it splits up into its constituent protons, neutrons and electrons. Of the those three, the neutrons have the most mass. After they are split off from their atom of origin, the newly freed neutron has a velocity and direction of travel

(also known as a **vector**) and will likely hit another large atom with enough energy to split it, continuing the cycle.

This process of fission is, for the most part, a **binary process**, where the atomic mass of the original atom is split into two separate masses, each with their own direction and velocity. These go on to hit other atoms, splitting them as well, which goes on to continue the process of fission.

If this happens slowly, you can use it as an extremely efficient and long term power source that regrettably has the small drawback of generating highly radioactive waste after the fissile material is used up. If it happens fast, it tends to make a pretty good sized mushroom cloud.

To demonstrate the rapidly cascading effect of atomic fission, some physics whiz designed a elegant demonstration this whole process.

First an enclosed space of some kind is needed. The size is immaterial, except that it dictates how many mouse traps are required to cover the floor. Once the amount of mousetraps required to do this is calculated and the necessary number of mousetraps are acquired, a corresponding amount of ping pong balls (plus one) will have to be acquired as well.

Each mousetrap placed on the floor and set. Instead of putting a piece of cheese in the target area of the trap, a ping pong ball is placed on top of the spring arm that is used to trap the mouse.

After some careful work, the entire floor of this enclosed space is covered in unsprung mousetraps, each with a ping pong ball resting on top.

When this is complete, this experimental space is sealed off except for an opening big enough let a ping pong ball through. The final ball is either tossed or dropped into the space with all of the set mousetraps. It will either hit one, two or three mousetraps upon landing, setting each off and launching their corresponding ping pong balls. When each of these balls land, they either set of one, two, or three traps of their own, which launches a corresponding amount of balls. Each of which go to do the same when they land, and so on until all of the traps have been sprung and the floor is covered in a mess of ping pong balls and sprung mouse traps.

As you can imagine, this whole process goes really fast. It takes under 5 seconds to trip 1000 mousetraps in this situation, and the human mind can’t really track effectively after the third iteration of this process.

now imagine the same room, but replace the ping pong balls with bullets. each bullet that enters this pachinko machine of the mind splits as soon as it hits anything, and turns into two bullets before they hit anything themselves.

This is the closest thing to an accurate metaphor for what follows...

as the apex of this ballistic lead pyramid touches my skull, my stepfather's presence leaves me with one last flash of the face of the first man he shot in 'Nam. the first round went into his chest, the second went high and struck just below the left cheek bone just outside the intranasal cavity on that side.

as i see the bullets strike i feel them do so as if it was my own body. i feel the large .45 slugs hit my left rib cage just under my heart, tear through the lung and liver and crack a rib in the inside of my back while my face explodes in a spray of blood and bone and sinus tissue.

As i feel myself die (again), I hear myself mentally cursing the murderous white devils who keep coming over here and telling us how to live while making us work like dogs for shit on our own land that they have been raping for 200 years, first starting with those roundeyed French fuckers that we had to deal with before these American bastards showed up.

As his life fades, i see the first American he shot and killed and feel his complete lack of remorse or guilt about killing the foreign devil who was dumb enough to not kill himself before getting captured after his F-4 was shot out of the sky from anti-aircraft fire.

When the AK-47 goes off in hands, I feel the bullets enter my body while my hands are bound behind. I was given no blindfold, no cigarette, no ceremony. They just stood me up in the yard in front of the rest of the POW's and had this 13 year old kid take a rifle almost as big as he was and pump a bunch of bullets into me with all of the pomp and circumstance that I used to cut firewood back home.

As bullets entered various parts of my torso, I see this life flash before his eyes and the thing that sticks out the most was the Air Support Missions he flew on soft targets, first napalm on advancing attackers, then on the nearest village that Command thought was their depot.

I feel several of my bodies get immolated by burning jellied gasoline. One of them was a rice farmer who saw the flying foreign metal **Shitbird** drop out of the sun and drop fiery **shitty** death on him and his village. A few my other bodies are my whole family, and others were the soldiers who threatened to kill us if we told the Foreigners about their cache of weapons hidden underneath the village...

and so begins my season of bullets. one after another, i feel the fractal propagation of death, each one a blinding burst of light and pain like your head being caught in a slamming car door, followed by utter blackness. i feel my body torn apart with a million bullets, blown up by thousands of grenades and bombed a thousand times over. i feel it trigger ten thousand booby traps, fall in a thousand punji pits full of bamboo spikes covered in Shit and worse, and get

stabbed and shot in the face six hundred and sixty six times in the hot suffocating darkness and terror of the Viet-cong tunnels riddling the hills in Indian Country.

though the experiences of violent cindery phosphoric sparkly deaths are pretty vivid, it's mostly bullets that I feel going through me.

i feel not only the deaths on both sides, but the deaths no one wants to talk about. i feel all of the villagers lined up and shot for no reason other than living in the wrong village in the wrong life. i feel hundreds of Army Lieutenants get fragged in the night by their own men, half of them in the field by "friendly" fire and the other half having grenades rolled under their bed in the barracks.

I am trapped in the cause and effect of ***WAR's*** fission cycle. Just like in real life, my brain loses it's ability to track effectively after the second iteration of this process, but that somehow does not stop me from feeling every Goddamn Vietnam ***WAR*** (and **NOT A FUCKING POLICE ACTION**) death going back to the death one of the first American Military Advisors all the way back in the fall of 1945.

everything in my mind dissolves into hundreds of thousands of violent deaths, a seemingly non-stop chain of explosions of complete Light followed by total Blackness. over and over i die the deaths of lives i have never lived, over and over i feel myself blown up, shot, knifed, burned or otherwise forcibly ejected from bodies that were never mine into the void only to come to and see the Shitbird hanging in the sky, again. the blinding pain, the roiling void and the glowing brown disc of the Sun shining through the earth's crust are the only things constant is this nonlocal parade of violent bloody death.

As the deaths on both sides accumulates in my mind, I notice a noticeable trichotomy between the experience of the American deaths vs the deaths of the Viet Cong regulars and irregulars and the deaths of our South Vietnamese allies and supporters.

The Americans die largely with a sense of being forsaken by both God and country, abandoned in **Indian Country** without adequate intelligence, proper supplies and/or Air Support. The deaths of our South Vietnamese allies tend to be a bit more hopeful, being part of an attempt to stand up against their Northern oppressors who are acting as proxies for the Chinese who have been periodically invading and occupying their country on and off for the last thousand or so years.

The North Vietnamese deaths are a totally different experience. **They are the deaths of the victors, each one more pridefully delicious than the last.** They know that their place in their afterlife is secure, because they died in defense of their land against a much bigger and better equipped Army, and they won.

At some point in the middle of this cycle of **violent bloody death**, a group of three men in black pajamas comes to me, and their leader (who did not deign to identify himself

and did not appear to be Ho Chi Min himself) gives me a message for us at large, and our survivors of that War.

> “By invading our country, yours accidentally did us a big favor. You came here with some of the best technology for killing that this planet had to offer at the time, with the best trained Army in the world to use it and all we had to fight you at first were old kalashnikovs and an endless supply of bamboo.”
>
> “We learned the many painful lessons of WAR with a bigger and better equipped opponent quickly, and paid a steep price for that knowledge.”
>
> “But we learned...we learned how to not be where you expected us, and how to show up when you least expected it. We learned how to use our terrain to our advantage, and learned the wisdom of blending in with civilians. We learned to respect your technology. Then we learned how your dependence on it made you weaker than you appeared. We eventually learned how minimize the effectiveness of your carpet bombing and your fiery napalm, and we learned how to infiltrate your bases and supply your troops with the drugs that would significantly reduce their effectiveness and adaptability.”
>
> “But we mostly learned that your collective will for fighting was less than ours. We knew that if we kept at it, eventually you would go away. We learned to win by not fully losing, and for the first time in a long time, your country learned the ashy taste of defeat.”
>
> “Your warriors who are still alive will be greeted in the afterlife by the ones that they killed in this life. If they killed honorably in the field of battle, they will be greeted as brothers in arms, and if they did so dishonorably, they will be greeted in a different fashion.”
>
> “By killing so many of us, our surviving brothers and sisters learned from our mistakes, and this made us stronger. Your leaders never fully learned or appreciated what your Army was up against, and did not effectively adjust to conditions on the ground.”
>
> “Excessive pride can have a steep price, and your country is still paying for it. We gave you a black eye and the whole world saw it.
>
> “We are sorry that you forced us to be enemies and to seek support from the communists up North and West, but you were the friends of our colonial oppressors who took up their banner when they left.”

> “America eventually cemented our independence in the mind of the World through your defeat. Your deaths here made you weaker, but ours made us stronger.”
>
> “We were your enemies in life, but in death we can see the greater good that America can be in the world if you would remember the first lesson that your country learned about War during it’s birth…”
>
> “The only thing worth dying for other than your family and friends is defending your own land. Go tell that to your masters, you American dog!”

And to emphasize the point, all three of them whip out scavenged .45’s and fire on me from point blank range and my journey of serial violent death continues...

i am a ship without rudder or sail on a sea of blood in a hurricane of death. i feel a million bullets rattle through my brain as my ideas, ego and sense are swept away in the leaden deluge like so many sparrow farts in a ballistic tornado. my sense of identity or even having a family are almost completely dissolved by the third wave.

My family is gone, except for my Grandfather who is still with me. My stepfather is still here, but isn’t really helping much since he just shot himself in the head again, and mine offers him small comfort with all of the hot lead flying through it.

I feel myself die a million times over, and each one as vivid and painful as the first. There is no pause, no break, nowhere to run, and since my eyes are open and I am seeing some semblance of sunlight on the ceiling shining through Seattle’s weeping clouds, **i can’t wake up because i am not asleep, just dreaming.**

there are no words to describe it. Dying in a dream where you feel a million bodies individually die in fractally expanding waves from just about every kind of improvised or mechanized death imaginable (minus nukes, **so far**) is not something you want to be awake for.

but with all the deaths, the pain, the suffering *there was no corresponding overarching wisdom to it, no noble purpose or greater good served.*

The American deaths did not strengthen us, they gave strength to our opponents. they won by not losing, and we lost because we shouldn’t have been there in the first place.

The closest thing to wisdom that came through all of that at the time was this:

the do-gooder domino theory cowboys that got us into that mess either forgot or ignored the first rule Rule of Winning Wars: Do Not Get Involved in a Land *WAR* on the Asian Mainland, EVER. Period, full stop. There are too many Yellow People

living on it who do not particularly care for White Men trying to run everything on their continent, even if it is in their "best interests".

With this being one of those things that appears to be **self evident** if given any kind of sober consideration by anyone reasonably intelligent, this realization was a bit of anti-climax at the time.

At some point during this process, I actually get up and take a piss. It's the next morning, but I am not hungry for breakfast because I am a little distracted from fucking dying over and over again. My eyes are open, my heart is beating and i keep breathing but I keep dying nonetheless..

Episode 5: **WWII**

(Eventually the volume and intensity of Vietnam deaths tapers off as I travel through the underside of the ***WAR*** in reverse chronological order. I am numb and largely insensate from the serial experience of a million multiplexed deaths. As the intensity begins to ebb, some vestigial remnant of my own identity begins to reassert itself. I am totally fucking confused, and experiencing more pain than you will ever know unless you feel yourself die a million times in a row in the space three {to five} hours, or less.

As things tail off, I have a vague distant sense of our activities in Korea as a dark shadow on the Northern horizon acting as a back drop to experiencing the earlier phases of the Vietnam ***WAR.*** I do not feel any of it directly. I am not entirely sure why I am feeling the collective effects of one ***WAR*** personally, while the one previous to it slides by like a ship in the night, but I suspect it has something to do with the fact that no one in my family served in Korea and I have no direct connection to it, other than really never really liking the “MASH” reruns I periodically saw on TV growing up.

As I experience the build up of the Vietnam ***WAR*** in reverse order, the deluge of death eventually becomes a trickle until I finally feel myself get ambushed outside of the airport in Saigon and die from being shot in the head, again. It still hurts as much as it did when I felt my stepfather do it in my head, but by this point I have started to acclimate to the pain...)

with that first and last death that i feel in Vietnam, there is a pause of one breath where i am not actively dying.

one breath to try and gather my wits.
one breath to remember who I am.
one breath to remember where my body is.

i simultaneously fail at all three, then Thor’s hammer falls...

it’s made out of 20,000 tons of Light brighter than you will ever see in this Life without leaving it. it is harder than steel, and brighter than the sun. it is Ragnarok, the Apocalypse and the sum total of all of the paths of the Qliphoth all wrapped up a neat little package at the end of a very large stick and falling rapidly.

it hits and i feel myself and 80,000 Nipponese people get turned into 80,000 ping pong balls of Light in a transcendental cacophony solely comprised of Sound, Light, and Fury in the space of a double flash instant.

as they float up into the sky, i am blinded by the flash within and once again succumb to the Blackness without. my vestigial remnants of self identity are totally obliterated, sucked into the Void that is now the entirety of my existence.

my mind, my language, my music are nowhere to be found in the aftermath. i am not even a shell now, i don't know where my body is anymore.

i am less than nothing, a burning shadow cast in a moonless night by a god who was never there in the first place.

as i succumb to my forsaken senescence, the double flash hammer rises once again rises and falls, and again i feel another 80,000 Nipponese vaporize into as many balls of Light with the explosion of 20,000 more tons of Light bursting through my mind like God turning on His left handed flashlight

except this time i float with them over the Pacific...

As the explosions of the Fat Man and Little Boy reverberate, the mushroom clouds rise and my consciousness shifts from it's usual neural networking model to a cloud of unconnected neurons operating in self-oscillating binary states. The fire, they don't fire, half a billion sparkles in my brain at any given moment now lacking a neural grid to organize the firing sequences in any kind of linear arrangement, leaving me in a neural state entirely similar to 160,000 balls of light floating in the wind.

in my atomized state, i do not have the necessary state coherency to replay individual deaths. as I float over the Pacific, my mind begins to slowly reconnect it's distributed parts, and i begin to see the action of the Pacific theatre from a Titan's perspective.

I zoom in and out on different islands and naval engagements in no particular arrangement. I feel the battles as I float over them; Midway, Guadacanal, Borneo, the Phillipines and others which register as multiple collective series of distributed deaths. I do not experience these events with any kind of chronological continuity but experience them as two larger thematic trends.

The first is observing and experiencing two different groups of highly organized and motivated men involved in the high and noble art of forcibly ejecting the other group off one otherwise insignificant pissant jungle island after the next. The second is the other high and noble art of blowing up boats every which way possible. With the Nipponese fighting to secure a perimeter around the Home Islands, they are both fighting for God (or at least the Emperor) and Country and feel as fully justified in their actions as our grandfathers did in doing what was necessary to neutralize a clear and present danger that attacked us with little provocation and even less honor.

When both sides know that they are right that's when the hate grows the fiercest. this comes through in the quality of the fighting, the ***WAR*** of the Pacific Archipelago has an altogether different kinesthetic quality than what Vietnam felt like, and it isn't just because of the differing geographies. The fighting is more bitter, brutal and atavistic than most of the guerrilla warfare of Vietnam. The deaths burn brighter, and flash harder than the ones that came before.

The Nipponese are so hopped up on Bushido, their own Middle Kingdom complex, and the recent industrialization of their military that their hearts are blooming with bloody hate for the impertinent and oafish gaijin dogs that fail to recognize their natural position as the natural Rulers of Asia.

The Americans are so incensed by being attacked for no apparent reason by a country halfway across the world filled with little yellow people that they are more than receptive to the official propaganda characterizing the Nipponese as treacherous, bucktoothed monkeys who only attack countries who aren't looking.

which is why in the hate, anger and fear of the now departed, there is also a muted surprise and grudging respect in the departed on both sides. The Americans are realized to be far more clever than their relative size and body odor would suggest, and the almost complete refusal of the Nipponese to either retreat or surrender at any point in the ***WAR*** (except to end it) isn't something the Americans can say about themselves after evacuating the Philippines very early in the ***WAR***.

as my distributed field of unconnected neurons floats over these various engagements, the ballistic hate and hot leaded fury of each one continues to corrupt and destabilize my already negligible state coherency further. I float forward and back, north to south and west to east until I find myself over the isle of Oahu over a certain Navy base not yet on a ***WAR*** footing. After the viciousness of the later conflicts in the War, the tragedy of Pearl Harbor seems like a milk run training mission in comparison, yet one with all the beauty and grace of a Saturday night suckerpunch and subsequent beatdown of a frat boy in a biker bar.

as those damned zeroes come in, drop their bombs and fly away west to their fleet, i continue to drift eastwards as the ships sink and the mortally wounded continue die on the decks and in the water. Curiously, the drowning deaths are a muted blue counterpoint to ***WAR's*** drier deaths as the Sea takes its own. Breathing water hurts like son of a bitch, as does the eventual brain death from doing it for too long, but it is less of a shock when it happens compared to other transitions.

i am caught up in the jet stream and blown east, rapidly. in the blink of an eye i am already over California, and after another blink i find myself over Northeastern Wisconsin. This time I am up in the air rather than in a box with my Grandfather. This may seem preferable on first glance but at the time in my **highly distributed state**, being contained in a box would have been a blessing.

My Grandfather, having been largely absent in my consciousness after my stepfather simultaneously shot all of us in head, turns out to be alive and well and on the job, which immediately prior and during WWII largely consisted of designing Navy ships of various sorts and overseeing their construction in the ship yard that he worked for.

(Not many people think of huge shipyards when they think of either the Midwest or Wisconsin, but up until the 70's the town that I grew up had 2 or 3 large shipbuilding companies that built everything from day yachts to 1000 foot double hulled oil tankers and icebreakers. One of those companies was founded and ran by my Great Grandfather up until his drowning death in Green Bay in the early 40's...)

as i become aware of his presence from my elevated state, i begin to swirl and spiral within like two different storm systems moving together. eventually my extended field emulates the same convection and condensation process necessary for forming tornados and i feel my dispersed self coalesce into another vortex and i spiral inward into my Grandfather's presence, but this time he is alive and operating in the vertical plane.

Unlike before where I felt like my Grandfather was present but acting more as an observer during our pervious merged interfaces, our roles have flipped and I am now the one observing him from within him, while still maintaining some kind of ongoing third person parallel perspective somewhere "outside" of him and me.

after enough of my distributed field coalesces within my Grandfather's presence, i finally cohere enough to feel myself wake up inside of him. he is/i am seated at his drafting table. he is highly intelligent, and very pissed off. he is not happy about the country that he and his parents had to flee after it saw fit to elect a tin horned, one balled, sawed off twerp with a ridiculous mustache as their leader. he is even less happy about the jack booted thugs that came with him to power. he wonders how the Jewish half of his former family is fairing amidst this Teutonic Revival, and is not optimistic about their likely fates.

(With this initial inner dialogue that I sense in him, I am led to infer that this must be happening in the late 1930's or early 1940's, before the true extent of the Shoah was common knowledge anywhere but the Deutcheland and Polish ghettoes that were being slowly depopulated under the supervision of grey humorless men in black leather trench coats.)

he is very angry, and is dealing with it by drawing pictures of boats. he starts off with rapidly drawing highly detailed schematic of big ships with lots of big guns on them, and then after a while moves on to working on pictures of even bigger boats to transport large amounts of big guns on wheels, medium guns on treads, and smaller guns held in the hands plus the men needed to shoot, drive and fix them and all of ammo, fuel, food and the 8,000,000 other things needed for a land *WAR* in Europe.

Since this particular experience is not limited by the usual physical constraints of space and time, he works rapidly and in short order has a stack of highly detailed ship designs roughly the size a phone book for the Greater Chicago Area. As he finishes his last design (which was his favorite, a Navy icebreaker with guns on it), he tidies up his stack and steps outside.

Which is when things start getting abundantly surreal in earnest. Where everything "inside" regarding the relative ratios between my Grandfather's body sitting at the drafting table and the size of the room and everything in it appears to be at a normal scale, when he steps outside he turns out to be bigger than Paul Bunyon.

he stands up fully as he steps outside. his left foot is in Lake Michigan just east of Sturgeon Bay, his right is planted 50 miles south in the middle of the opening of the Fox River at the southern most tip of Green Bay. he sets down his telephone book sized stack of ship designs on his left side, and it covers the upper half of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. his head is well over the clouds high enough that he has no problem seeing Germany, or England the rest of Europe and just about as much of Russia as you would ever want to see at once.

his 8 million moving parts are equal parts man and machine, flesh and steel, politics and finance and he casts a shadow that covers both NYC and DC day or night.

from his stack of nautical designs, he grabs a handful and proceeds to lay designs down one sheet at a time over a plethora of shipyards spread around the Great Lakes Region, starting with his own home shipyard in Door County. Each design he lays face down covering it's own dry dock, and by the time he lays down the last of his first handful, the first sheet is tented and bulging with the completed ship underneath it.

as he grabs another handful of designs with his left hand, with his right he picks up the first ship. relative to him, it about the size of a small football. his right foot steps back to just a bit west of Shawano to plant and he hail mary's the first ship into the East Atlantic.

He starts off easy, like Bart Starr warming up for Super Bowl 1, gently lobbing ship after ship into the Atlantic attempting to pick off German U-boats one at time. After this warm up, he arcs a few ships into the deserts of North Africa while stockpiling over half the completed ship designs in a Jenga like stack in the lower half of the U.P. that wasn't covered by his design portfolio. Curiously, he stops unwrapping the ships from the paper of their design preferring to wad up the paper around the ship like newspaper around a piece of China or other fancy glass objects d'arte being prepared to be shipped by mail.

As this warm up continues, the stack of destroyers, amphibious assault ships, submarines, frigates, dreadnoughts, ASW ships, supercruisers, battleships, landing ships of various sorts, torpedo boats and an armored icebreaker or two grows rapidly. Over half of them are wrapped up in the paper they were designed on, and all of them are fully fueled and stocked with the ammunition, fuel and provisions needed to cross a hostile Atlantic into an even more hostile Europe.

The warm up concludes when his stack of ships is roughly waist high, and bigger than Mount Everest. From somewhere or another my unbelievably huge Grandfather produces the biggest damn tiki torch ever, standing roughly shoulder high compared to him as he plants it in the middle of Lake Michigan and lights it with a Zippo lighter larger than Rhode Island.

During this warm up, I see all of this from both a satellite-like third person perspective and from my Grandfather's first hand perspective. Odd as this binocular focus is considering the widely divergent viewing angles, it is not quite odd enough to account for the unique impression of the sight of WWII Europe in my moderately altered state.

Imagine Europe and England, Scotland and Ireland in your standard two dimensional mercator silhouette from bottom of the the Italian boot up to Scandinavia's North, and from East of Moscow to Gibraltar's Rock. Take that silhouette outline and imagine it as a pool in your back yard with the Iberian peninsula being the shallow end closest to you and eastern Europe and European Russia being the deep end.

For the purposes of this mental exercise, you are standing roughly 25 feet away from the shallow end of this pool in a slightly convex backyard. The pool itself is filled with a liquid the color of molasses but with the relative density and viscosity of mercury. The fluid is not only not still, but exhibiting the singular hydraulic characteristic of having a number of standing waves that themselves are unfixed but stable, yet undulating. The largest is centered over Germany itself. It is a standing pillar of "wave" that towers over the continent at well over twice the height of my Grandfather's astrally magnified height, like some kind of unholy waterspout. Another smaller standing wave (more like a domed mound) is centered over London, and there is a third standing wave in the distance over Russia that isn't quite as tall as the one in Germany, but more than makes up for it in it's breadth, spanning Russia from North to South.

These standing waves undulate according to the activates transpiring beneath them in the air and on the ground. They rise and fall depending on the intensity of the conflicts happening within, and the subsequent turbulence makes smaller waves that radiate outward into France, Poland and the rest of Occupied Europe.

This whole scene is superimposed over a more conventional birds eye satellite map view of Europe. The view is unnerving at best, the towering black columns of dark brown mercury are clearly more astrally toxic than real mercury is in real life. The pillaring tower over Germany emanates a chthonic level of malevolence, as if sum total of all of the ***WARS***, pestilence, plagues and ignorance from thousands of years of European history were cobbled together and animated by a bunch of third rate black magicians and failed artists into a Lovecraftian-sized tar baby with no limbs or head to speak of.

With the Germans over extending themselves in gross violation of the second rule of "winning" ***WARs*** (i.e. **Never March on Russia in Winter**), the Tower of Darkness

towering over an astral Germany begins to sway back and forth as they lose half their damn army to the vagaries of Russian winter and Soviet vengeance.

By the time this happens, Dick senior has his ships stacked and his zippo in hand lighting the biggest tiki torch i will ever see in this life. It is late spring in 1944, and the stack of ships was merely a preparation for the main event, D-day at Normandy.

In Northeast Wisconsin, early June can be a fickle time of the year when it comes to weather, but this day is one of those cross quarter meteorological days where everything lines up to make a day that is sunny, but not too hot thanks to the winds coming off of Lake Superior to the north. The idyllic pastoral scene of American farms and small towns of the Upper Midwest is a striking counterpoint to the the European Shitstorm I can see over the horizon through my Grandfather's eyes. Half of Europe's cities partially or mostly blasted into rubble, columns of smoke rising in the air from their remnants, and other columns of smoke that used to be people. All of these necrotic vapors are the breath of life for Wotan's love child that the inner circle of the Nazi elite were trying to midwife into existence through their insidious stalking horse campaign of securing "racial purity" in the German Volk.

The word still wasn't out yet about the concentration camps, but somehow my Grandfather knew that any of his father's family that stayed in Germany are now dead for no reason other than being Jewish. Regardless of the fact that that the family saw fit to disown his father for marrying a nice Catholic girl, that classic example of family stupidity certainly does not merit anything close to the complete and utter annihilation of any family, much less a whole group of them.

His anger is incandescent and an entirely different beast than the black and brown and angry red rage of my step father. His was the anger of ignorance long suspected but realized too late. My grandfather's rage is from seeing too far, and knowing too much about the depths that others will stoop to avoid coming to terms with their own ignorance, as well as the inevitable failures in judgement that stem from that.

In his righteous fury he picks up the top ship on the stack, wrapped in it's paper design, and lights one end of it with the tiki torch jutting up out of the middle of Lake Michigan. When it catches fire, he hauls back and whips that first ship right into the coast of France, making a rainbow of fire across the Atlantic before bursting into a shrapnel cloud of heavily armed infantry and light armor debarking on a French beach littered with more tank traps, razor wire and more Nazis in reinforced positions than you can point a Trench Broom at.

So begins D-day, a Titan sized Grandpa #1 lobbing 7000+ ships into Normandy, each one exploding upon impact into hordes of men armed to the teeth, jeeps, tanks, and artillery all gunning for Teutonic madmen in snappy uniforms. As each boat lands, it blossoms into hot leaden ballistic fractals of fury, mortal pain and the abject, scrotum tightening, sphincter loosening terror of a fighting an uphill battle against heavily armed

Germans with the sea at your back and nowhere to run but forward into distinctly unfriendly fire.

Ship after ship arcs over the Atlantic, tracing blazing rainbows through the sky, moving onward from Normandy to other locales in Occupied Europe. Each one exploding into it's own mini-shitstorm of bullets, debris, fire, shrapnel, blood, guts, brains and **shit** like so many ballistic lead flowers in the overclocked hothouse of my mind.

By some previously unidentified mechanism of consciousness (at least around these parts), some part of me travels in each ship, while another observes within my Grandfather, and another continues to observe all of this going on from a satellite perspective, while in the background some **other** part of my brain is totally fucking tripping out that any of this is going on in the first place and that I am still capable of feeling the various pains and deaths that one associates with the vigorous exercises of ***WAR***. But at this point, rather than feeling the related deaths one at a time, they start tearing through my "consciousness" (for lack of better term at the moment) as the collective gestalt eruptions of large battles, where the various trajectories of death trace out titanic webs of phosphoric pain in an already annihilated psyche.

Some of the ships soar over the Atlantic turn into large planes with many, many bombs in them, which puts a different spin on things. They bring the firestorm of Wotan's (and/or Lemay's) wrath to the Colognes and Dresdens of the Fatherland, raining bombs of fiery death in a thousand points of lights exploding over a landscape as much within as it lies in our current past.

once again, Europe is a land inundated with death ubiquitous. Soccer might be their most popular sport now, but (until 1945) **since the dawn of history it was *WAR*, in all of it's forms and showing all of it's hideous faces. the history of Europe is in no small part the history of *WAR*. the results and resentments of previous *WARs* creating the necessary pretext for the more recent land grabs, pogroms, and other resource** (slash ***property)*** **development schemes that *WAR* is always a proxy for when the more subtle shades of political and economic violence are not getting the job done properly**.

Which is why it is not at all that surprising that when my Grandfather throws the last burning ship into somewhere in Eastern France, it lands in a muddy field furrowed with the zig zags of many trenches and explodes in a cloud of flying lead and hot mustard gas...

Episode 5.2: **The "great" *WAR* and beginning of foreign adventures**

as previously mentioned, Shitbird County exhibits a conspicuous level of non-locality regarding both Space and Time. events that appear to be separate in waking life due to geographic or chronological distance are clearly seen on the other side as integrated webs of action and reaction.

the spatial and temporal gaps between the events which frequently confuse on our monkey minds in this Life disappear with most of our other preferred illusions when we leave these idiot primate bodies.

One of the benefits of leaving the body is that we are no longer distracted by the chemical imbalances, metabolic feedback signals and the defective semantic structures that distort our perceptions, thoughts and emotions on this side of Looking Glass.

At this point in my inner journey through Shitbird County, my mind has experienced refracted firsthand death *millions* of times over in experiencing just about every kind of violent death possible in modern mechanized ***WAR***, and i was just a bit less susceptible to my own preferred illusions than I would be if I had only died once to get there, like most folks do.

it is under these conditions that WWI and WWII are seen to be merely two phases of a larger *WAR*, and that the 20 year "peace" between them was merely a necessary logistical break in the hostilities necessary to repopulate Europe's armies, retool their production lines to replace (and improve) the weapons and equipment chewed up in the the first phase of it, generally referred to as either "The Great *WAR"* in Europe or WWI over here in America...

When the last boat that my Grandfather threw hits the ground and explodes in a cloud of flying grey lead and dirty yellow mustard gas in a muddy, shit covered field bordered by miles and miles of trenches and barbed wire littered with the corpses of the fallen boys and men of many nations, my Grandfather's active presence evaporates and I continue my journey down the river Styx alone with my own rapidly dis-integrating psyche.

My ability to track events in this altered space has deteriorated as well. First I started off being able to experience and track the cause and effect of ***WAR's*** ping pong fission cycle of Death begetting more Death on an individual level. Then after one guerrilla ***WAR*** of that was further reduced to only being able to track the larger gestalt patterns of individuated Death within the larger frameworks of the battles they happened within. But this too had distinct and not particularly beneficial effects on an already seriously damaged mind.

Where I internally experienced Vietnam as an inversely cascading series of individual deaths, and WWII as a multitude of bursts of collective deaths happening in a series of battles, naval engagements and various bombing missions, WWI comes tearing through me all at once.

Working off the previous imagery of Europe as a pool in your backyard, replace the hydraulically anomalous brown mercury that filled it in WWII and imagine each major country as it's own bee hive (our allies) and hornet nests (our not-allies at the time) filling the pool instead of water.

In this context of Europe being a pool filled with hornet nests and bee hives, historically speaking, prior to WWI each one of these hives or nests had alternated between being periodically set on fire and then dying off in the various plagues, pestilence and famine that follow from time immemorial.

There is still much smoke in the air from the conflicts of the 19th century and the natives are restless. The hives and nests are more than mite agitated waiting for the next fire to start.

Except this time the whole continental pool gets hit with a very big stick and a couple of Molotov cocktails in quick succession in a series of seemingly unconnected and insignificant political assassinations and penny wise and pound foolish "intelligence" operations.

Then a very large stick falls and hits all of them at the same time and every one of them simultaneously explodes in a cloud of angry wasps and bees that are all made out hot lead and flying everywhere.

As this happens, I feel and see thousands upon thousands of men get dropped in History's wood chipper like so many bloody roses getting tossed into a combine. The first modern orgy of mechanized carnage involving machine guns, tanks, and other heavy artillery employed under the precepts of 19th century European military doctrine of colossal set piece battles transpiring mostly outside of urban areas is just as much of shock to me at the time as everything leading up to it was.

In this altered perspective, each one of the battles that raged over Europe is revealed to be different parts of a buzz saw made of mud and barbed wire and flying lead with large groups of Men running into it face first and getting chopped to bloody bits of flesh and bone. Between all the mud, blood, body parts and giblets everywhere, plus the gas masks, I can barely tell one side from other except when they are holed up in the trenches on either side of the no man's land between them.

The corresponding somatic impressions of these perceptions were parallel, and it felt like whatever little remnants of the mind that I showed up in **Shitbird County** with were put on a deli meat slicer rigged up to a band saw and cut up like so many slices of bloody baloney. Each slice the blade passing through was it's own wave of hyper violent collective Death, each one reducing me further from my previous human sensibilities to the vestigial simian and reptilian nubs of consciousness that the so called higher functions that our various **facsimiles** of "free will" and "rational thought" are rooted in.

When the lead zeppelin of German belligerence and Allied retribution once again crashes into the fiery fields of a mind ripped asunder, the bandsaw of internalized mass mechanized megadeaths stops and the numbed silence that followed it was deafening, all the more so as it was totally internal in nature.

There is only so much pain and death one man or woman can take before losing their Mind and (almost) all that lies within it. Whatever higher faculties that are necessary for maintaining the internal dialogue by which we continue our process of identity were totally overwhelmed from too much input at this point and fully shut down.

with the the final immolation of the remaining support struts of my ring of self identity gone, i am a circle without circumference whose center is everywhere.

i am a dumb and numb non-local spectator lost in the seas of time and mortality, sucking wind and adrift without a raft to hold on to, a leg to stand on or a pot to piss in.

The loss of the mind did nothing to stop the pain of dying more times than you can shake a stick at. Though pain is a poor substitute for the functions of higher consciousness, it's better than the **void of identity** that i am traveling through. The only thing worse than pain is not being able to feel any at all, which usually means that you are either dead, **or in such a state where death would be an improvement**.

Yet even in this state of (**almost**) complete nescience, **something** continues tracking my journey through the mists of time and the **scheisenfog** of ***WAR***. I continue to move forward, backwards through time on a journey unrelenting for reasons as opaque to me as is the nature of the destination I am moving towards.

Unburdened by either raft or identity, I am not surprised to find myself floating over two different islands simultaneously, each a half a world away from the other. One is within Our direct sphere of influence, the other across the Pacific. Aside from parallel geography and both being populated with mostly tan skinned and brown eyed people with black hair, many people on both of these isles speak Spanish a good deal of the time.

Both of them are surrounded by American Ships of ***WAR***. The ensuing events were almost impossible to track effectively given my negligible state of being and the fact that I was fully bilocated and tracking two entirely distinct conflicts on two very different islands.

Without the ring of my self identity to corral my impressions, the two streams of conflict flowed through my mind undifferentiated. Havana, Manila, Subic bay and the Guantanamo peninsula were, for a time, all part of a shared geography where America kick started it's Century of Empire with a hostile takeover of Spain's prized colonial possessions.

From my diffracted viewpoint, it looked like the the easy part of both of our early adventures in Cuba and the Philippines was kicking the Spanish off both isles (and scaring the Germans away in the process). The hard part was getting the native populations of either to accept us as being anything different from their previous White overlords.

In both cases we took only weeks to whip the colonial Spaniards, and then spent years chasing rebels and disgruntled tribesman through the jungle highlands to get them to assent to our presence and our political proxies who were frequently working against their interests.

Like sausage, the fruits of American Empire are best enjoyed without close scrutiny of the process by which they are derived.

In my own admittedly altered tour of the American Century at the thin edge of the wedge of Our foreign policy, a general pattern becomes clear that has been remarked upon at length and greater clarity by those wiser than I; Where our actions in Europe were actuated by our collective sense of honor merged with the ever present American principle of enlightened self-interest, our adventures in the South and East had motives more pecuniary than elevated, and were manifested through Actions more mercenary than enlightened.

The object of this Excregesis is not to Judge the actions of an adolescent America, but to report the discoveries of an accidental dreamtime journey through it's hidden frontiers of time revealed in a mind fully unravelled, but somehow still taking notes.

After this painful review of watching America transmogrify from Enfant Terrible to World's Foremost Superpower, in the place where my mind used to be, a suspiciously Socratic couplet of questions were posed from a source unknown:

q1: how did America get so good at kicking ass?
q2: is it just another example of American Exceptionalism bequeathed to us from a benign Providence? or is it caused by historical agencies more pedestrian and profane than sacrosanct?

Episode 6**: manifest destiny**

As those questions from an agency unknown echo through my head, the bilocated impression of being over two islands half a world apart unifies into one gestalt and I find myself once again floating over the Eastern Pacific. I seem to have reverted back to a collection of approximately 1.6 million **ping pong balls** arrayed in a Pointsman-like (IE almost totally random) distribution that is quickly caught up in the jet stream and channelled Eastwards once again towards America's Left Coast.

Though the distributed state I find myself in is similar to the last time I floated back to the mainland, the rate at which I proceeded this time was much slower and had an almost processional quality to it.

Coming in on a high gradual arc over California I see the West Country as it was circa 1890ish, albeit from a viewpoint no one else had at the time. The first impression is a coast largely filled in by both city and settlement abutting an agricultural DMZ between the settled coast and the wilds of interior highlands, sporadically dotted here and there with various factory towns, mining operations, trading outposts, single family farms and ranches, and reservations set up on land nobody else wanted.

Also dotting the landscape are large groups of men, scores of railroad chain gangs laying steel tracks in the hot dust, swarms of miners trudging in and out of various holes in the ground like so many ants, and smaller groups of men on horseback tending their herds or riding their steeds into a lather chasing down homicidal reprobates who think bank robbery and grand theft locomotive are legitimate income streams.

But those are only the worst of them, everywhere I look I see violence writ large over the landscape. Every town has at least one bar fight in progress, if not two or three. Every third town I pass over seems to have a showdown or gunfight in progress on the their main drag, and every other town has bodies bleeding out in the alleys behind the saloons, half of them stuck with bowie knives for not cheating successfully at cards, and the other half dying from bleeding from the rapid onset of newly developed orifices after not cheating on their own wives or with their "friend's" wives with a sufficient amount of discretion.

But these are on a drop in the bucket when it comes to deaths by gunshot. For a time, the way of the West was the way of the gun, and it's all recorded over there on the **other side** for anyone to see who is dumb enough to die in their sleep and stupid enough to not leave their body after doing so.

All over the place people are getting shot for money, for land, for women. Men shooting each other for cheating at cards, or just looking at them wrong way. Men shooting each other for spitting on their boots, or for stealing their horse or cattle. There are white men shooting black people for not being white, and other white people shooting other white people for not being white enough. There are mine and mill owners shooting their own workers for asking for a raise, and workers shooting various Pinkertons and Lawmen to

get at the owners not giving them that raise. There are women and children getting caught in the crossfire, and paying an overly steep price for being in the wrong place at the wrong time with the wrong people on the worst day of their short and miserable, hard scrabble dirt farmer life.

While this seems to involve a lot of white people, quite a few Mexicans, a fair amount of black people and a smattering of yellow people from parts far East beyond the Western sea, I see very few red people anywhere. Which is understandable in context, because **their blood is everywhere**.

I don't see their blood in the sense of seeing various pools, spreading puddles or small ponds of blood splattering the landscape in some kind of unholy, continent sized Friday the 13th inspired Jackson Pollock painting, but more as a bioluminescent stain over the whole country...as if someone dropped a Indian ocean sized water balloon filled with blood on the continental divide after mixing in a bunch of the green stuff that they fill glow sticks with.

But the variations in hue and density of this holocaustic glow are not aligned with the usual time honored water erosion patterns and instead reflect the various paths and permutations of the near total genocide of the first Americans. The glowing stains of rivers that I see are the trails of tears and rivers of blood connecting the larger blood lakes of battles and massacres where whole clans and and tribes were forcibly ejected from this world into the next by the sons and grandsons of immigrants. The same ones whose neighboring Tribal Elders had often allowed to settle on their new land in peace and good faith.

As I travel Eastward over the landscape, I gradually move backwards through time as well, seeming to traverse back roughly 15-20 years through each time zone. As I proceed, occasionally my spatial-temporal vector intersects with one of these Ejection Events in progress...somewhere in the high chaparral desert I pass over a huge group of women, children, and old and/or wounded men walking in the hot sun, surrounded by a group of uniformed calvary pressing them Westwards, relentlessly. Though each soldier and officer has both rifle and revolver, those are getting much less use than the whip and bayonet in this operation of forced Exodus.

In their wake, scores of bodies lay on the side of the trail collecting buzzards and vultures, which are legion. The few able bodied Warriors that escaped the massacres that are the source lakes from which these trails of tears have sprung shadow their progress on their outer flanks using game trails, desperately wanting to free their people but knowing that they neither had the numbers nor the weapons to do so successfully.

I continue east and a few times I pass over one these ghost lakes and they erupt up in a big angry red-orange-brown explosion of a massacre (and once in a while actual legitimate battle). When that happens, i hear the pain and despair of the fallen in the questions they ask their Gods as they join their ancestors already gone to the Great Spirit in the sky..."why did you abandon us?" or "what did we do to offend you so badly to

abandon us?" being the main two themes and the departed (slash **forcibly ejected**) only finding out which one was applicable and what to do about it too late to do a damn thing about it.

Once i come over the Divide, the focal set changes from trails of tears connecting lakes of blood to oceans of grass speckled with the rotting carcasses of a million dead buffalo like so many raisins drying in the sun. This serves as a field of play upon which a fierce internecine ***WAR*** is taking place between 5 distinct groups and several less distinct sub-groups.

The main groups are as follows: the most easily identifiable are the various local, state, and federal Lawmen who (for the most part) generally protect and serve the settlers that came out in their wagon trains to stake their claims and to begin their 40 acres and mule pursuit of prosperity and happiness. The Laws are pretty easy pick out, if they aren't wearing a uniform, they are wearing a 6 or 5 pointed metal star on their chest and they are all, to a man, heavily armed with at least a revolver and a long gun of some kind each. Another group are the settlers and homesteaders that have their own guns, mostly Civil War rifled muskets and older pre-civil war single action revolvers, typically limited to one or two guns per family since they are mainly farmers and not big game hunters or desperadoes with ill intent and malicious plans.

Those desperadoes, cattle rustlers, horse thieves, claim jumpers, road agents, bushwhacking bandits and the other one percenters are only subgroups of the larger group of Outlaws living out in the peripheries and shadows of the expanding frontier. These are distinguishable from a smaller group of more genteel one percenters, composed of flim flam men, land jobbers, property speculators and other forms of land developers and geo-pimps that used every possible machination and perversion of the Law to secure their own fortunes, never mind the expense or outcome for those settlers dispossessed of property, profession or even their person in the process.

Yet the sorrows of dispossessed peckerwoods make little impact on the 5th group, which are the Indians. Of course, to describe this group as merely "Indians" is just another Eurocentric oversimplification that is disingenuous in the extreme. In addition to all the tribal subgroups of the Apaches, the Comanches, the Sioux, the Cherokee, the Potowanami, the Chippewa, the Algonquins, the Cree, the Menominee and the 10,001 other tribes (and each having their own historical enmity with other tribes), each tribe has it's own factions within. The main axis of their internal divisions orbiting around the ever escalating White Man Problem and what to do about it. Frequently these divisions are generational within the tribe, with the Tribal Elders counseling towards acceptance and appeasement while the younger bloods wanting to solve their problems with hot lead and bloody hatchets.

Seeing this whole scene happen in an intensely accelerated rate of time from an Olympian perspective is a crash course primer in Von Neumann's Game Theory. Every actor on the board has his or her own motivations and goals, and these individual actors form groups of mutual interest that form temporary allegiances with other groups when

certain situations develop, but find themselves as antagonists when a different situation presents itself.

There are the settlers and homesteaders just trying to carve out their fortune in the old fashion way of working the land. Most of the time these folks are strong allies of the Lawmen, without whom they would have been even easier prey for the innumerable bandits and professional psychopaths ranging through the frontier. But occasionally those same Lawmen that protected them show up from town with unwanted papers from banks telling to pay up immediately or get off the land they spent so much time developing with their own sweat and blood. Every so often, when presented these papers a settler would be so inspired to remit payment that he would do so with balls of lead traveling at high speed rather than the preferred medium of coins of ***GOLD*** these Lawful emissaries were asking for. Which, of course, immediately changes their status from Law-abiding settler to gun toting outlaw.

While the outlaws are the enemies of most, they proved to have their uses to their more cosmopolitan counterparts (as often as not elected or appointed to positions of State) when the Laws either didn't exist, or couldn't be bent far enough to effect their desired land acquisitions. When frequent harassment or killing livestock didn't have the desired effect on a homesteader, for just a few dollars more, problems in the form of obstreperous individuals or whole families standing in the way of "progress" (by which they meant the progress of more and more money into their bank accounts, safes and mattresses) could be permanently resolved with cold steel or hot lead deployed with mortiferous intent.

Every so often one of the more intelligent of these outlaws realized that their employers were making a lot more money in much less time with much less risk then they were. Their Part-Time Employers were stealing significantly more money through their banks and manipulation of the Laws of the Land, and their faces were more likely to show up on the front page than on wanted posters. A few of these upwardly mobile outlaws graduated up into the upper ranks of higher society, but most who tried to break that glass ceiling ended up being on the business end of a contract given to their former running mates.

Then there were the Indians who were despised and feared by all the other groups. All it took was the single report of one white woman being seized by savages (regardless of the truth or reliable eyewitnesses) and whole towns would empty of all men capable of mounting a horse and carrying a rifle. When these posses roamed through the country, God help any Indian (or group thereof) who crossed their path. Retribution wasn't always accurate and seldom discriminating or all that concerned with finding the original transgressor (if there was even one in the first place).

So, of course, those various tribes (or groups within) would lash out and seek their own vengeance. While quick to adopt the new weapons they could get their hands on, the old ways were still honored and the warrior's place and rank in the tribe was partially concomitant with the amount of scalps that they took on these raids on their invaders. In

their (frequently **justified**) rage, these raiders were themselves not overly concerned with limiting themselves to military targets and were more than happy to take whatever easy pickings the isolated settlers offered them in the way of retributive opportunity.

Almost as bad for the Indians was the traditional tribal rivalries being magnified by the environmental and societal pressures of being maneuvered off their original land and being directed to settle on the land of a different tribe, who were already having trouble meeting their own needs on it.

From my increasingly altered point of view, this whole thing unfolds like a combination of a 5 way Chinese checkers match and a battle royale baseball game with 5 teams on a field with two opposing diamonds, but no bats and balls. Just lots of guns and many more bullets. Players are constantly getting knocked down by bullets and getting ejected from the game for not maintaining the minimum metabolic continuity required for play, while new ones come in and pick up the slack until they are picked off themselves. Players are routinely switching teams faster than they can change their uniforms so the field is a crazed melee of heavily armed people running back and forth trying to shoot everybody on some of the other teams, which each have their own rotating roster making it that much harder to kill everybody on any given team.

With two diamonds and five teams, that means that only two teams can score at any given time, and unfortunately the Indians are on permanent defense and not getting on the board at all while suffering the most penalties, injuries and ejections since they are the most exposed on the field after being tossed out of their original dugouts by the Laws.

The whole thing was, in short, a fast forward fustercluck characterized by obscenely casual ultra-violence. The buffalo-raisin studded amber waves of the central plains prairie were outlined with blood (bright red with a glowing green hue) splattered everywhere. As the game proceeds, the field is increasingly covered in bodies, and a disproportionate amount of them were already red (slash **tan**) before being struck with anything.

Yet as bad a mess as this is extending from the Rockies to the Mississippi, what lies to the east of it is the biggest Goddamned clusterfuck I have ever seen or ever will in this life.

All ***WAR*** is **hell**, but some burn hotter than others and few burn hotter than when (**white**) Americans openly ***WAR*** against themselves.

As I approach the eastern edge of the great plains, the sun reflecting off of the mighty Mississippi makes it hard to see the muddy water running under the surface. In my disembodied, half-astral, blimp-like flight over middle 19th century America, the Mississippi appears to be acting as a reverse prism. Where a normal prism splits white light into it's 7 rainbow components, as I crossed over the Mississippi all of the various

conflicted groups on the plains dissolved from their previous multitude of groups and re-formed themselves into two sides, the Blues and the Greys.

The transition from fractured internecine battle to full on bipolar ***WAR*** was distinct, but not immediate. As I crossed over the Mighty Mississippi, it was full of armored steamships, tin covered gunboats, armed barges and other period brown water nautical craft. These were all taking potshots at the various groups of Confederate Irregulars out raising hell on either side of the river, just out of cannon and mortar range from the Union boats on it.

The mayhem and destruction that was left in the wakes of these Grey marauders is just a drop in the bucket to what lies eastward as my discorporated Self continued widdershins through a once blue firmament, now marred by the smoke of a thousand cannons, a hundred thousand rifles and the thousands of bodies that were burned when there weren't enough survivors to bury the dead properly.

Even though I am subsumed in the smoke enough to taste it's sulfurous tang and smell the sickly sweet barbecued pork and burnt hair and bone overtones of bodies burning, my vision is unobscured and I can the see the length of the Mason-Dixon line extending from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. I can see it's physical presence as the geographic boundary between the North and the South of this country, but as a metaphysical entity, at the time it appeared to be the indistinct and poorly defined boundary between this world and Hell.

East of the Mississippi, most of the battles lie South towards the Atlantic as they begin to skew north into West Virginia and Virginia proper. At first much of what I see are skirmishes in the woods of ponderous Union battalions trying to chase down the wily Confederate generals and colonels in the backwoods of Missouri, Virginia Louisiana, Tennessee and Northern Georgia and Alabama. I saw many Generals in blue getting embarrassed by their Confederated counterparts, often being out-fought and out-classed by smaller forces led by men named Jackson, Beauregard and occasionally even Lee himself.

One might think that in being on the inner historical journey that I have been on, that after "seeing" (in truth, calling the actual sensory experience of this journey "sight" is not unlike calling the Pacific ocean a bit moist after being dropped in the middle of it) the guerrilla horrors of Vietnam, the flashing white megadeaths of Nagasaki and Hiroshima, and the mechanized hells of WWII and WWI, watching large groups of men trying to do each other over with rifled muskets, cannons, and bayonets might not make as much of an impression in light of those, but you would be wrong.

Up to this point, aside from the odd knife/bayonet wound here, or flamethrower attack there, most of the military deaths I witnessed/experienced fall within two overall themes (at least beyond the **main theme** of **every single one of them hurting like a son of a bitch**). One is death from one or several small orifices being rapidly punched into/through the body by small pieces of lead traveling preposterously fast, and the other

theme was being torn apart by various kinds of fiery explosive death being dropped out of the sky by a most unfriendly **shitbird** in the night (or **artillery** and **mortar fire**), an unholy inversion of the mythical stork escorting souls to their infant vessels by a loving, present and accounted for Deity.

Corresponding with these themes, their results also tended to fall within larger overarching trends. Deaths by bullets obviously disfigured the body, but more often than not left it in one piece, albeit largely exsanguinated. Deaths by fiery explosions most often did not leave it's victims in one piece, but either it left them in so many pieces that they are no longer discernible when strewn over a muddy battlefield scored with trenches filled with bodies, blood and shit, or to the extent that larger body parts came through intact, they were also dispersed by the force of the explosion and flung far enough afield to escape my notice in lieu of the crushing onset and blistering pace of continuing internal stimuli.

Like the modern development of computers, the development of firearms over the centuries has been one largely defined by ephermalization, which is a fancy 25 cent word for the **Art** of **doing more with less**. The firearms of the 20th and 21st century utilize just a little bit of black powder (or more likely cordite) to make a little bit of lead (perhaps jacketed and hollowed out a bit at the tip) go very far very fast. How far and fast is determined as much by the precision of the manufacturing processes that result in the bullet and gun as they are by the relative physics of projectile shape, weight, amount of explosive force propelling the bullet, plus the physics of the bullet delivery platform (IE "gun") itself.

By and large, the historical development and usage of firearms has been one largely characterized by incremental improvement. In fact, throughout the entire history of the development of guns, one could argue that the single biggest breakthrough in the history of firearms has nothing to do with the gun itself, just a simple reshaping of the bullet.

Long before the nefarious development of the infamous "hollow point" bullet, the single biggest breakthrough I am referring to is the Minie Ball of the early middle 19th century.

Up to that point, bullets were essentially oversized lead marbles, often 3/4's of inch in diameter. The famous Minie "Ball" was just a bit undersized for the time with it's 7/10" diameter, but had 3 minor differences from the standard bullet at the time. It was tapered into a cone at one end, flat at the other, and had 3 grooves lathed into the distill (ass) end of the bullet.

The tapering significantly reduced air resistance. With the bullet being made out of soft lead, the flat back mushroomed out from the force of the black powder exploding behind it, which made the the bullet more or less flush with the barrel so that the rapidly expanding gases propelling it were fully trapped by the bullet itself. The grooves cut into the base (cylinder end) of the bullet increased the "grip" of the bullet to the inside of the barrel of the weapon, which had some grooves lathed (slash **rifled**) into it, tracing out one or more helixes along it's length. As the expanded bullet gripped the inside barrel of

the rifle, it's rifled grooves rotate the bullet, which continues to spin as it leaves the weapon.

Those three minor adjustments dramatically increased its range and accuracy (a bullet rotating in flight has much less aerodynamic drag than the same without rotation). This "rifling" was itself an earlier incremental improvement from the 1500's that was impractical for several reasons with the technology of that time.

When these four minor modifications came together in a matched set (aka the "Minie rifle" and "Minie ball") just before 1850, they became the biggest incremental shit in firearm performance both before and since. Compared to the musket's effective range of 100+ yards (and then really only in volley fire), this new rifled musket was effective up to 300 yards with new troops, and experienced marksmen were able to hit a man sized target 500 or more yards away more often than not.

Which brings me to the point of this ballistic digression...the differences in the bullet's range in regards to it's predecessors were as pronounced in it's effects compared to modern equivalents. A .70 caliber rifle round (i.e. one that shoots bullets 7/10 of an inch in diameter, or in other words 11/16ths of an inch or 17mm) is well over twice as big as the standard issue round (.30 caliber) of both WWI and WWII, and look at how those ended up.

Laying aside the fact (but not dismissing or belittling the shock and horror of all of those who have fallen to such a fate) that getting shot with any sized bullet in either the heart, the head and a good deal of the neck is generally associated with a fairly rapid, if not instantaneous, shift from this life to the next, all one has to do is see some of the survivors to get a sense just how pronounced the differences are between getting hit in the torso with a few 9mm bullets compared to one single .70 round hitting a body anywhere.

Putting aside hollow points, getting hit with a 9mm once or few times is not recommended but frequently survivable and without requiring amputation of the affected limbs, naughty bits or other giblets. Getting hit with .70 caliber bullet is not frequently survivable because it tends to perform it's own amputations upon impact.

Having already had the totally unwanted and ludicrously visceral experience of having my body and mind serially haunted by a non-stop stream of the associated ghosts of innumerable participants of seemingly every major US ***WAR***/engagement (minus Korea) in reverse order from Vietnam until this present prefacing of the Civil ***WAR,*** each one of these ghosts haunting me with their deaths has left an indelible mark on not just my mind, but my "soul".

By this time in the sequence of events i had accumulated more than enough in the way of unsought sensory impressions to begin to draw distinctions between getting hit with one or several 7.62 millimeter (about a 1/4 inch or .25 caliber) rifle bullets vs. the same but with .30 caliber rounds, and likewise with pistol rounds (It may not look like much of a

difference on a ruler, but there is a distinct somatic difference between getting hit with 9mm round vs a .45 bullet).

Consistent with the various deployments of either side in all of these conflicts, more than a few of these ghost deaths I had experienced were from machine guns firing bigger .50 caliber rounds (or their Warsaw Pact/Chinese/Axis powered metric equivalents). Though these were not in the majority, they were notable for their relatively pronounced effects. Those rounds, and especially the larger of the two, could do relatively surprising things like take an arm off at the elbow or punch a pot pie size hole in the torso after traveling through a brick wall, or worse.

It was both their relative minority and notable effects that made those ghost deaths stand out against the back drop of the plethora of smaller caliber deaths. There is a big difference between being shot in the arm, and having an arm shot off. And the same for getting shot in the torso and bleeding out from it, and having a hole instantaneously excavated through your gut or chest big enough see light through.

It doesn't take too long to bleed out from a wound like that, but even then there is still plenty of time for the recipient of such a wound to register any number of novel sensory impressions before shuffling this mortal coil into the (**un**)quiet night. In some ways those deaths were the easier transitions, being frequently quicker on one hand and on the other the final moments of the mind tended to be more occupied in registering the novel impressions of just having had a limb removed from their body rather than the debilitating existential dread of wondering what will happen to their loved ones and dependents after they are gone (though there was often a good deal of that as well).

Had I any capacity for what usually passes for conscious reflection in my head, I might have recognized these infrequent larger caliber hits as being some malign species of foreshadowing. Yet, at the time i was just too damn busy at the time just registering the impressions of dying a million times over from as many "small" bullets too hypothesize about the associated effects of a larger caliber equivalent.

And even if I had the wherewithal to, my imagination is not sufficiently complex or masochistic enough to even begin to approximate the experiential effects of being shot anywhere with a Civil War era .70 (or even .58) caliber rifle once, other than to say it's not something on the top of my list to do on a day off...

even after gnawing guerilla torment of Vietnam, the biblical atomic calamities of Imperial Nippon, the burning of the Reich, the tooth and nail fighting of south Pacific and Normandy, the muddy trenches of Flanders and the Bulge, as soon as i passed over the Mississippi the American Civil *WAR* stood out for the singular brutality of it's day to to day progress.

no longer a stolid leaden blimp in a limpid sky, my diffracted Self coheres reconfigured over a big muddy river, present and accounted for. what was previously a highly dispersed field of microscopic ping pong balls of light has

come together in an autonomous bubble that perceives everything from the point of view from each of it's participants and observers, including it's own.

With these accumulating perceptual inputs each making it's own facet in my inner lens, the overall effect is not unlike the way a dragonfly sees with it's own faceted eyes. each facet giving just a slightly different enough of an image to the one next to it, but with more facets than you can count. Except that each facet wasn't just another angle of the same view, each facet was it's own 1st person "view" of a Civil ***WAR*** assisted transition from this side to the **next**.

The whole effect of this was a bit intense and little overwhelming, but less than of what it might have been happening after everything that preceded it. I quickly notice that there is a kaleidoscope-like focal point to this gigahedral lens that I have become, and I actually have some nominal control over it, just as long as I don't let it stay in one place too long. Whatever, or whomever, I focus on shows up in focus, but is bordered on it's periphery by the diffracted views of those just around the focal point. I only seem to have intermittent control on the focal point's subject, and the default focal algorithm has me focussing just long enough to get a distinct sense of each participant's violent and bloody death by either massive bullet trauma, getting blown out of their boots from cannon fire, or getting poked with a bayonet too many times.

In being a lens, I do not see these experiences so much as having these different things pass through me like so many photons through glass.

My default control point is up in the sky, ranging from 100 yards to about a half mile up in what I came to think of as the "Passover seat" on a giant invisible chair lift that only has one passenger and no end in sight.

This biblically angelic viewpoint turned out to be the kindest seat in the house of views that I have to choose from, as **all others were from points of view of the participants that didn't make it.**

After crossing the Mississippi, I begin adjust to this novel set of impressions while proceeding through (and over) a series of ambushes, supply line raids and other backwoods business that were for the most part nasty, but quick, engagements. Most of it wasn't much more than various officers getting shot out of their saddles by opponent Sharps-shooters in the woods. These deaths were by and large, swift and thusly merciful since most of those sharpshooters could hit a gnat in the eye at a hundred paces. Most of the officers punched out their saddles were dead before they hit the ground.

Which didn't prevent each one of those being it's own shock of a (mega) migraine cluster flash followed by burst of bright light with the peripheral afterimage of the gut churning terror of those surrounding the fallen who saw their demise. Thankfully, these impressions did not linger, but only because my focal point seemed to switch every time someone got killed.

This succession of quick but violent backwoods deaths continued in a slow burn for an indeterminate amount of time as I left the Mississippi behind me. Though the measured out cadence they passed through my lens was much slower than my experiences of WWII or Vietnam, the shocking thumps of feeling a few hundred bodies being struck by big fat lead bumblebees traveling the speed of sound each left that much more time for events to reverberate through the entirety of my lens. Each thump another bone broken, artery severed, or major organ pulverized, all of this radiating psychosomatically through my body, which is relaying the corresponding signals back into my brain, so in addition to feeling this on some abstract quasi emotional or mental level I am continuing to feel ***all of this*** with my body in all corresponding parts.

These are distinct in my memory because this was all being caused by very big bullets. Much bigger than anything leading up to this. As previously mentioned, the average bullet diameter for US standard issued rifles was in WWII .30 caliber, in the Civil war it ranged mainly from .58 up to .75 caliber. With my admittedly altered experiences from Vietnam to WWII, the differences between the impressions of being shot with .223 cal vs. 7.62mm (about 3/8's of inch or roughly .37 caliber), and those vs. .30 cal were noticeable after building up a sensory catalog of all of the second hand deaths that I was still enduring.

Though these initial ballistic differences were noticeable, they were essentially more about aesthetics than anything else. Each caliber size has it's distinct tendencies and characteristics but, generally speaking (and putting aside the not inconsequential effects of projectile tumbling, post-impact ballistic fragmentation and bullet hacks like hollow points and the like), bigger bullets make bigger holes and bigger holes tend to bleed more and faster than smaller ones. The fact that the outcome was always the same (bleeding out from one or several brand new orifices in a bodies that were not mine) diminished my appreciation for the nuances in variation in the relative effects of different bullet sizes.

But this was categorically different. There is not only a aesthetic difference between getting hit with say a WWII era .30 caliber round versus Civil War standard issue (for both sides) .58 Minie Ball but a structural one as well. As it turns out, seeing a fair amount of relatively intact, but dead, people after a battle (not involving heavy air, mortar or artillery support or IED deployments) is (for the most part) a modern phenomena that increasingly became the norm rather than the exception in the last century of this writing.

Rather than just punching various holes in various parts of these past bodies that were not mine to begin with, those damn Minie balls are taking off whole freaking body parts when they hit. BLAM! there goes an forearm, struck and removed just below the elbow...WHAM! oh, that's what a pulverized liver feels like...POW! that's how you make a headless horseman/human geyser without stooping to swordplay or any suchlike medieval foppery.

On it proceeds, in a slow measured pace. It started on the west side of the Mississippi, paused as I crossed over a city (Memphis I think) that had already rejoined with the Union and was being used as a major naval/amphibious assault support base to go further into Confederate territory. At the time that I crossed, this had already been settled so I was spared one battle's worth of too much information.

Past the city, the slow trickle of sporadic high caliber death resumed, marking my way eastward one splattery head after another. Each one of them mine just long enough to register the bone crunching, nova-like flash of yet another firearm induced transition.

What was particularly striking about this series of events wasn't so much the referral pain that came with each one erupting in my mind or even the freakishly transhuman view point of experiencing this as a somewhat autonomous dragonfly eye. What jumped out the most in those moments were the shock and awe these sniper ambush deaths inspired in those who surrounded these fallen soldiers of both sides.

Each time one these happened, I would not only experienced this from the internal viewpoint of the recipient of such a wound, I would also see/hear/smell/feel it simultaneously from the points of view of **all** observers, and especially those in the closest proximity. Not unlike dropping (**a bucket of**) acid, putting on those crazy fly goggles that spilt up your vision into a multitude of smaller views of your regular perspective, and being forced to "watch" an invisible Civil ***WAR*** Gallagher do his watermelon bit with a ball peen hammer over and over again. It was beyond grisly, or horrible, or whatever adjective you can possibly suggest, and it only took the first hundred or so before I hit some upper somatic threshold and went strangely numb.

As it turns out, this particular string of events was nothing more than a fuse that was slowly making it's way to a little place called Shiloh, which is where my Civil ***WAR*** both started and ended.

This, of course, is not a historically sound statement as any Civil ***WAR*** Era expert, professor, historian, enthusiast, or re-enactor will tell you in almost as much detail and almost as much length as the present author will go on about his own admittedly altered adventures. Shiloh was neither the first or the last place a battle was fought in the Civil ***WAR***. It was the second major battle overall, and by most accounts the first really nasty one. It was not even close to being the last, but my journey had as much of geographic component to it as chronological, and Shiloh just happened to be the first big battle location that I found myself drifting over.

What happened to me when I came upon this "place of peace" (the closest English translation of the Hebrew word that is not fully dependent on obscure biblical references) can only be approximated into English through another compound metaphor.

Growing up deep in Oneida country in NE Wisconsin meant that just over an hour away from where I grew up, there was a pre-casino Reservation where you could get cheap cigarettes and beer, and all of the badass fireworks that you can't buy at the local

roadside stands. Coming from a family full of highly motivated, yet more or less responsible, pyromaniacs who tended to have the same as friends made for a few pretty awesome Fourth's of July growing up.

If someone was having a good enough year to go make a trip to the Rez and build up a stockpile for Independence Day, among the various roman candles, oversized bottle rockets, mortar rounds acquired, there would be at least one, but likely two full bricks of Black Cat firecrackers. If two were brought back, one would be broken up into it's individual packs (12 per brick), and the packs would be broken up into their individual boxes (12 per pack), and each little box had 12 little bundled packets composed of 24 (i think) individual black cat fire crackers.

Regardless of the intentionality of it, or my faulty memory since I haven't seen a black cat brick whole in about 20 years or so, what it true is that you could fish a wick out of the brick somewhere and light it and the whole damn thing would go off, all 41,472 individual firecrackers going off in rapid succession. When one fire cracker would go off it would set off the others around it that hadn't yet, so this doesn't happen in a linear fashion but quickly builds upon itself, not unlike the previously belabored ping pong experiment, but a bit louder.

As a kid I remember these bricks being roughly shoebox sized but half as deep, but I think they might have been a bit smaller, maybe the size of one of Tom Clancy's or Neal Stephenson's fatter hardcover books. What I remember better is how damn loud it was when the brick started, and how much louder it got as more and more firecrackers went off almost simultaneously until the volume rapidly tailed off as the explosions worked their way down to the final corner of the brick.

Now, holding this concept of a black cat brick, think of a standard 55 gallon drum. If you not been around one of these in person, it's much bigger than a keg. If it's empty, or half full of sulfuric acid, you can easily fit a body in one. Unless you are a very large person, you probably wouldn't be able to get your arms fully around one.

In considering this hypothetical and currently empty large barrel, imagine this barrel full of black cat bricks (like a 100+ bricks), but arranged in such a manner where they are all fused together in one long flammable braid that has individual firecrackers threaded into it at close, but not exactly regular, intervals.

With this hypothetical barrel full of these imaginary firecracker bricks, now imagine latching a top on it that is water tight and nearly airtight as well, except for the smallest hole necessary to run the fuse through.

In thinking of a big ass metal barrel chock full with a buttload of firecracker bricks, now imagine that each one of the tiny little individual firecrackers is somehow impossibly charged with **full somatic death** by a ridiculously large lead bullet, or big pointy bayonet, or cannonball (whole, partial or chain shot) along with its normal black powder charge.

Impossible in the sense that the physical components are to be thought of in their real world ratios, which is obviously an absurdly impossible arrangement of objects in three dimensional space.

Nonetheless, in this crudely constructed metaphor the barrel is either my head (or my lens as it seemed at the time), the fuse was the slow burn of backwoods bushwacking and supply side raiding parties of the Western Theater Irregulars, and the first brick to go off in the barrel from the fuse was Shiloh.

When the lit fuse hit that first brick, all Hell broke loose in my lens. Each individual firecracker was a facet in my dragonfly view, firing it's salvo of hot lead or pointed steel **death** directly into the lens that began in a quick succession and quickly began to multiply exponentially. No matter where I shifted my focus, it was the same everywhere.

Jumping from one dying mind to the next, with each of their individual impressions of getting shot out of their saddle, taking a bayonet in the eye, or getting a ball in the ribs, each individually registering while building into a larger aggregate sensory field that was as awful as it is indescribable. The gestalt impression was big, bloody, awful and the sensory impressions of these exponentially growing facet views **each** hurt like a son of a bitch.

But that was just the beginning. In the framework of the large barrel full of black cat bricks metaphor, Shiloh was only the first of several dozen bricks in the barrel. Just like what would happen in real life if you set off a shit ton of firecrackers in a sealed 55 gallon drum, when the first brick goes off it sets off the ones around it.

I don't know how long it would take for a 55 gallon drum full of black cats to fire off. It might even happen faster than you might think, but if you were there (as in observing the barrel and not actually the barrel itself) the intensive sensory impact would make that short amount of time seem longer than it actually was.

I can't honestly tell you how much time that this whole experience took up in objective time. It could have been 5 seconds, 10 seconds, 5 minutes, or an hour or half a night. Subjectively, it happened outside of time and space as we tend to experience it in our day to day lives, and seemed to last forever in the moment.

When that second brick was set off by the first one blowing up, my already gigahedral focus then split itself into a binary set of gigahedral lenses seeing separate views. I can't tell you the particulars of that second brick, which could have been Antitem, Vicksburg, or Gettysburg, or what have you, because when that brick went off in my barrel, my perceptual field split again, and this continued to be the pattern as the individual explosions made their way deeper into the barrel. This happened without respect for geography or chronology, fanning out into a panopticon smorgasbord of large caliber American fratricide as experienced internally by the aggressees.

Each one of these had their own focal point, but by the time I had three of these concurrent views (which was like having three dragonfly type eyes each composed of thousands of tiny facets resulting in a infinitely complex polygon that approximates a half of a sphere) I had no control over any of them. If my memory serves correctly, by the end of this phase of events I was tracking somewhere between 60 to a hundred focal points simultaneously, each one REM cycling through it's respective series of 1 to 10 thousand facet views, and each one of these individual facets being variations on the singular experience of 19th century combat induced death. With each focal point radiating corresponding sensations through my lens, the immediate effect was like being in a Slayer mosh-pit comprised exclusively by supersonic lead marbles and large pokey bayonets, and being right in the middle of it for the entire Reign in Blood album.

This went on for what seemed like an interminable amount of time, but might have only lasted 5 minutes in real life. A lot can happen in five minutes (as any any premature ejaculator can tell you), but this was more than enough to thoroughly dissolve most of the vestigial nubs of identity that managed to linger through the previous phases of this dreamtime tour of American history.

Any mental process that was not wrapped up in perceiving this internal shitstorm was knocked offline immediately. My vision either totally blacked out, or maybe my eyes were closed. All I could hear aside from the big splattery drops of a late November Norwester hitting the windows was a counterpoint chorus of near and far gunshots and cannon fire, and the steady tattoo of big fat bullets hitting skull, scapula and sternum in a multitude of bodies that weren't mine.

No existential questions of why appeared in my head and whatever emotions of wonder, loss, angst, abandonment or any of the other curves, tilts and loops of the emotional roller coaster that I had been on throughout this sequence of events were crushed in the inner onslaught and dispersed like so many pelican farts in a hurricane.

I had found the Eye of the storm, as it were. All of these sensations raged around me yet my lens was somehow clear. All these sensations passed through me like images through glass, filling it completely when it was there before moving through and leaving a void for another. There was no sense of self, no distinction between me and the other, or between them and anybody else, as all of these perceptual impressions washed through my mind like a flash flood through a doomed arroyo.

It took only an instant to start, and the same to finish but between them was an eternity of Hell. Field after field of the dead, body parts everywhere but mostly stacked up behind the triage tents where busy barbers were at work with bonesaws. Dead horses and cracked cannons speckled among the bodies, many with pieces of paper self-pinned to their uniform somewhere with their name and next of kin written on it. The screaming of the wounded in the medical tents, the moaning of the mortally wounded left on the field providing a moody and sepulcherous background for a percussion section solo of high caliber rifles, deeper cannon fire and the juxtaposed doppler whinging of metric tons of lead bees flying through the air.

That's what the scene was from Passover seat was, catbirded up in the sky observing the various views while cycling through multiple ongoing frames of reference.

Though I have been using some Talmudic inspired terminology and imagery in some of these descriptions, to be clear, at the time when this was unfolding I can not say that I was aware of any kind of overtly biblical message or thematic development in sequence.

At no point did I notice any divine emissaries with wings, covered in glory and wielding great big flaming swords. I did not see the King of kings, Lord of lord or Host of hosts, or the big J (pick one), and Junior was conspicuously absent at the time. I saw no burning bush, and was not given any clay tablets.

I won't claim to know the source of the disembodied voice that posed the Socratically leading questions that preceded my tour of 19th century America, but I didn't need to hear it again to know the answer to one of the questions by the time all of these differing focal points and gigahedral views collapsed into each other and re-merged into some kind of unified field.

I knew the answer because it was right there in front of me, We (as in America, hence the capitalization) got good a kicking ass after kicking our own so long and so thoroughly. After the fact, what I witnessed in the Civil ***WAR*** could be said to bear a slight resemblance to a drop in a bucket of blood atonement for hosting hundreds of years of outright slavery on our green and pleasant lands, the further intentional and unintentional genocides of the local First Peoples that were here before the White Man (in large numbers), and maybe a bit of down payment for our post WWII pax-Americana hubric overreaching that seems to be the (**not quite**) inevitable fate of any historical empire worth noting.

With my journey through this distinctly un-Civil war concluded, I found myself once again above Shiloh, and moving East North East through space and backwards in time, but now with a steadily descending trajectory towards the Southern Appalachian Mountains...

Episode 7: **the ballad of big george**

on the other side of the looking glass a *WAR* can happen in an instant, but take forever to end. time doesn't lose it's meaning in Shitbird County so much as it changes it's shape when perceived unmediated by one's primate perceptions, grammatical imperatives, and the mind's frequently faulty transliteration of the former into the latter (and/or **vice versa**).

When I leave Shiloh behind me in space, I leave it ahead of me in time. I seemed to have jumped for/backward a bit. The region between Shiloh and the Southern Appalachians is not yet heavily settled by White people, and the ones that are there are (for the most part) big, burly backwoodsman types who look like they spend a lot of time wrassling boars and building log cabins by hand.

As I descend towards the ground approaching a ridge of Blue mountains made out of red clay, it's over a wilderness that is a hive of activity. It is, more or less, a slightly more subdued version of the aforementioned 5 way chinese baseball drill, except this time the Indians are still in possession of their own dugout(s) and the contesting groups of white interlopers are not outlaws, settlers or their duly authorized protectors but different groups of non-uniformed native French and Spanish speakers (different teams), undercover Redcoats and Bureau of Indian Affairs agents.

It is, more or less, the usual colonial backwoods business of European contestants trying to co-opt the natives into a proxy war for their own territory while the (white) Americans try to convince them they would be much better off if they started heading west sooner than later. The growing rage and bitterness of the tribes is increasingly palpable the closer I get to the ground.

I am no longer suffering from dragonfly eye, but am taking everything in like a omnidirectional soap bubble like lens floating through the air. I am not either seeing or hearing things so much as registering local impressions. I am no longer experiencing intermittent zoom or focal issues, and for a time, am not experiencing serialized second hand death.

During this brief lull in the festivities, I start to relax a bit in my now total lack of identify and personal history. Which, mercifully, precludes an increasingly justified, angst-ridden interior dialogue of existential despair.

It isn't until this happens that some residual witnessing part of my mind realizes how much of the mind's faculties are fully occupied in the identity reinforcement of our ongoing internal dialogue. When this internal editing process is suspended (by whatever means), it is only then that the proverbial "doors of perception" start to open.

When that happens, you begin to see and hear things unimpeded by the "conscious" identity's deep seated neurological tendency to create retroactive continuity with our previous experiences by screening our new experiences through the same old

habituated internal dialogues that (**very**) few of us are as conscious of as we would like to assume.

This brief interlude of floating mindless and disembodied over the Blue Ridge foothills two hundred plus years ago in our past might be the most extended Zen moment that I have yet experienced in this life (**so far**). It is hard to say how long it lasted exactly, because was both timeless and fleeting at the same time. Since any Zen state (worth being in) is inherently a wordless one that has been (**not**) described in great detail by those wiser and more experienced at it than I, I will not attempt to describe it's dialogue-free joy except to say that the sound of one hand clapping is preferable over the internal impressions of a million ghost bodies getting pummeled by a full spectrum of lead projectiles.

But this minor Zen moment was brief (like **most** of them). I continued descending over the western Blue Ridge foothills and the Appalachians proper at the Tennessee-Georgia border.

When I reach the first Blue Ridge mountain, it is made out of Red Clay carpeted with bright green bushes and undergrowth overshadowed by darker green conifers. I have been aware of the colonial activities transpiring below me in a general sense, choosing to enjoy my lack of focus and float for as long as possible. In practical terms, I am a bubble traveling through the air, sinking. By the time this first mountain comes into view, I am well below it's peak.

Rather than pass over or around this blue mountain of red clay, I instead pass **into it** and once again find myself fully immersed in **Shitbird County** proper.

i am in the mountain, but not of it. as i pass through it's outer skin of red clay, everything changes again. the sun is a glowing brown disk in a red clay sky. the red clay of the mountain is my skin, the bushes and trees growing on registering as living follicles transmitting the singing stillness of their bliss of the sun shining on their leaves and the wind blowing through their branches. i can hear all of the birds in the trees simultaneously, providing a revolving counterpoint melody to the syncopated pitter patter of many animal feet treading along my skin.

Yet as soon as these (and many other) perceptions fully registered on whatever was left of my mind and/or self at this point, they were quickly superseded by an abrupt and striking awareness of two different things.

One was that I now had the strong impression of having an audience on the **other side** that included my previously mentioned family members, PLUS all of the various participants whose impressions I had the extreme good fortune to relive, like some kind of (**fucking**) human ouija board. Well, not so much them (**as most have moved onwards**) as their **shades** left on the other side who are not shy about vocalizing the grunting shocks of their transitions or the laments and merciless humor of the dead and blasted.

The other thing that I noticed is that ever since reliving my step-father's suicide, I had been traveling under a shadow that reaches all the way around the world and stretches back more than two hundred years. I didn't notice it earlier, being somewhat distracted by other impressions. Well, that and the fact this shadow seems to have the curious quality of shrinking the closer you get to it's source. It's only at this point where the shadow (which was still huge and covered everything west of the Atlantic and North of the Caribbean) has reduced to a size where I begin to register intermittent glimpses around it's edges.

i move from mountain to mountain through the Appalachians. no longer a bubble floating through space, i am the land itself, somehow. i can feel everything that walks on me, and can feel everything that grows from me like it is myself. i am perceiving everything in a differentiated focus, like wearing goggles and being in still water with your lies aligned with it's surface; the water's meniscus horizontally bisecting your view.

below me is Shitbird County in full glory. the dead who have told me their tales are with me in spirit, watching from their places of fretful rest scattered all around the globe. above me, they are from a future that hasn't happened yet.

i come to the eastern edge of the appalachians, and the eastern seaboard is a 300 ring circus of naval blockcades, lobsterback infested cities and hordes of often shoeless and poorly clothed men huddled in the woods, slowly freezing to death in the rains and snows of poorly provisioned winter quarters.

the shadow i noticed earlier is man shaped, and is cast from a massive humanoid silhouette looming in the eastern sky. the shadow appears on both sides of the Looking Glass, but is much more distinct on the other side.

Under this shadow, I am watching the unthinkable transpire. I am watching hordes of poorly trained, un-uniformed, and ill-disciplined militiamen, irregulars, farmers, and raw, apple cheeked recruits win a ***WAR*** by spending half of their time freezing death and the other half of their time running away from the more highly trained, better armed and provisioned Red Coated representatives of the world's foremost superpower of the time.

Watching this whole thing transpire while continuing to experience some of the impressions of it's participants is more bizarrely surreal than anything that led up to it.

On one hand, in being the ground itself, I have a very clear sense of where everybody is, and the general health and emotional state of each participant throughout the whole of our first ***WAR*** all at once, but on the other hand I am not really internalizing any of that and seeing all of it happen above "me" with the trump zero naiveté of a wide eyed **fool** who just got done witnessing multiple wars being "won" by kicking ass better than the other guy.

Though the American history books that I had in various history classes in middle and high school way back when did make some mention about how our revolutionary forbears were underdogs in their ***(our)*** Endeavour against England, even the most vivid accounts of Valley Forge and the Crossing of the Delaware don't begin to truly describe the sheer folly and desperation of standing up to the world's foremost superpower of the time at the height of their prestige and power.

It's not just that the ragged assed band of farmers, runaway apprentices, drunks, and militia calling itself the American Army were ill equipped, poorly armed and almost totally untrained until more than halfway through the Revolutionary War. Over half the army spent more than half the ***WAR*** half dead on their feet from dysentery, flux, camp catarrhs, and incipient starvation. They spent the summers in forced overnight marches to battles that typically required another overnight march to retreat from, no time to forage in an already stripped and thoughtfully ravaged countryside thanks to the usual British tactics. The winters were spent dying of exposure, influenza or pneumonia when they (***we)*** weren't well enough to gnaw on rancid tree bark or eat their shoe leather for sustenance.

Most of our soldiers spent most of our first ***WAR*** in a feral, almost sub-human existence where fight or flight, or laying down to die were the only options when you weren't looking for food.

Winter, Despair, and Desertion almost did what the British Army ultimately proved unable or unwilling to do. Every winter half or more of the American Army would either die or go AWOL, but somehow maintained just enough of people with core competencies to develop some kind of institutional memory and insight as a working Army to start training the new recruits in the spring for the summer campaign.

The British Army was well equipped, rigorously trained, properly armed and provisioned, and best of all could rely on the ever able British Navy to take them to strategically located winter quarters where they wouldn't freeze to death.

At some point the perspective of dual horizontal focus loses it's differential quality to it, morphing more into a gradual sepia tan/grey to color spectrum, with **Shitbird County** in full bloom below, this life blossoming above, and the legions of half dead, early American soldiers acting as a bridge between the two.

where they travel, so do i. i travel by unknown mechanism through the upper terrasphere of Shitbird County's groundspace, **fully conscious of what lies above me while streaming through inverted sepia toned forests of roots of trees, bushes, and shrubs mirroring the old game and Indian trails that lie above my movements.**

my audience has grown, in addition to the family members and the multitude of participants whose transitions i relived, i become conscious of many more eyes watching. many upon many eyes, as they belong to the original inhabitants who

didn't survive their encounters with the white invaders that they originally welcomed as gods.

There is a pretty clear dichotomy between the two audiences. Where the Serviceman are vocal regarding their observations but geographically restricted to their resting place, all of the dead Indians that are watching are totally silent, but mobile. They say nothing to me, and communicate nothing by sign, word or deed. They just watch with pitiless brown eyes and the thousand yard stare of the forcibly exited. This part of the audience is moving with me, but at a distance.

As i move through the roots along the eastern seaboard, the ***WAR*** alternately rages and fizzles above me, depending on the season. The cities and towns are infested with red coats, who occasionally make half hearted forays into the surrounding countryside to round up rebel scum. For every beardless boy and half in the bag gaffer they arrest and execute to make examples, another three show up to replace them.

Though my lens now extends through the ground up the Eastern Seaboard from Eastern Appalachian foothills to the Atlantic, there is a focal point to it that has been making it's way from the Southern Tennessee/North Georgia boundary on a Northeast bearing.

In being the ground itself (but not of it), the sensations of all the trees, shrubs, and individual blades of grass are transmitted directly, there is a lot to take in, perceptually speaking. Somehow my brain arranged this all in short order into a representative spatial imaging gestalt not completely dissimilar to the old New Yorker cover of a New York-centric map of the US, the five boroughs landmarks thoughtfully mapped in fairground artist caricature pencil and ink detail with the rest of the country fish eyed out in a MerEscher projection, the other big cities merely being dots in the background.

Rather than looking at New York from the air, it's a moving, ground level spherical view whose lower half is roughly perpendicular to all three axes of space and in between time (yes, you read that correctly). Among the stupendous amount of sensations coming through me is an evolving perspective of motion that both slides and shifts, it's thematic focus is not so much about serial death or comparative somatic ballistics as it seems to have a lot to do with marching in a sustained and expeditious manner when not lying half dead in the snow gnawing the leather of your shoes with loosening teeth and bloody gums because you are sick to death of eating tree bark and snow melt.

This thematic trend was highlighted by the curious fact that the sensations that stood out the most were, at first, the footfalls of the soldiers of both sides, marching. This mostly involved the British being on the march and chasing the Americans from one half ass pyrrhic victory to the next. The massed logistical transitions of both sides through the woods translated through the ground into my skin like a massage from countless shiatsu savvy centipedes.

Through this whole spectrum of sensations, the shadow that this has been taking place under is shifting and veering and I start to zero in on one pair of marching feet in

particular. They don't march too often because he usually rides a horse, but the first time he gets off it when I am in this particular perceptual eigenstate, I can feel him firmly hit the ground when he gets out of the saddle. He's got big feet, because he is a big man...

the veering, vaguely humanoid shadow finally shifts away long enough to get a good look at it's now fully illuminated former silhouette looming on my northeast horizon.

it is the biggest goddamned red haired gorilla i have ever seen, 8 miles tall if it were an inch. it has a pale, hairless face and is wearing a faded red jacket, buckskin pants and knee high moccasins that have the high usage greasy sheen of old unwashed leather. over his jacket he is wearing a trenchcoat length, faded drab green sleeveless surveyor's vest, replete with pockets that appear to have some old pencils, scratch pad, a compass (this would be the circle drawing device and not a Northometer) **and a small t-square distributed among them.**

embroidered over the left chest on the trench-vest where a Lawman's star would be is a Green Bay Packer font capital "G" in blood red silk, itself diamond bordered in diagonal silhouette by square and compass (also not a Northometer) **in a smurfy sky blue. the gorllia's shoulder length hair is pulled back into a red queue, and when it looks at me as his shadow shifts away from me, his eyes eyes are a fluorescent, sativa-toned, mary jane green.**

it's then i finally realize, holy fucking shit, it's George (**fucking**) **Washington and he is now pointing at me and crooking his finger in a come hither gesture. he is strolling north and I follow along, pulled ineluctably forward in his wake like some pissant comet caught by the sun's gravity.**

As i follow him north, i noticed that every so often the different relative shifts of angle in the perspectives between us revealed a flash of an older, more experienced dollar bill portrait of George in blue coat and sash, but these are few and fleeting.

The younger surveyor/scout era George has a look on his face that is a clear indication he is terminally pissed about something.

The Revolutionary ***WAR*** continues to fizzle and lurch around us when i realize that **Big George** has a bit of a inverse perspective thing going on, where he appears to shrink the closer i get to him.

In the time and space it took to track him north from Mount Vernon to what appeared to be Valley Forge, he went from 8 miles tall on the horizon to 8 feet tall a free throw away, a natural center.

One of the curious aspects of this trek north is that while all that was happening on the **under side**, on the top side of my bubble I continued to log George's physical spatial

movements as well, which were quite different than his apparent motion on the **other side**. They split at Mount Vernon and re-merged again at Valley Forge.

When I arrived at the snow filled valley in the dead of winter, I regain some kind of internal sense of having a body again, trapped in space and losing quite a bit of the non-local land awareness with it. It's the dead of night, those who aren't sleeping in their tents in the valley are half dead and dreaming from fever or hypothermia, their borderland dreams echoing in my lens in a refracted, off hand way that registers in my (**multitude of**) peripheral foci.

There are only three lamps lit. They are in the center of the camp in the clearing before the command and control tent, making an equilateral triangle with one leg being the front of the tent. There is an almost full moon in the sky, the high cirrus clouds of winter bordering the horizons above and below.

In the center of the triangle stands **Mr. Washington** in full fury and glory. Even without the lamps and the moon, he would still clearly be visible to anybody in **Shitbird County** due to the transcendental phosphorescence of his righteous indignation.

The man is terminally pissed. As the vitriolic contents of his psychic spleen wax and wane, so does the gleaming glint of his green eyes and the bright carroty red of his hair shifting back and forth to a more blood orange hue that still glows in the **looking glass twilight**.

As I reach the triangle and pass into it, I experience one more non-local perceptual blast, a sort of gestalt polaroid snapshot of the collective inner experiences of the whole winter camp and stumble forward onto my knees from the forlorn misery of a few thousand men freezing and starving to death after spending the previous year getting their asses kicked all over New England.

As the echoes of lament about all of the family and loved ones that won't be seen after that winter ring through my head, I raise my head and **big George** is looking down at me without any pity in his eye and even less mercy in his heart. He may be the Father of this Country, but at the time he did bear a striking resemblance to a pissed off, green eyed and red haired gorilla under a crystalline Northeast winter sky even though he was standing vertical like a man.

Doing absolutely nothing to dispel my gorillafied impressions, he begins to growl at me in a well cultured, upper crust, mint julep in the afternoon served by white gloved darkies upper Virginian twang...

> "What you have witnessed so far is only part of the price paid for your Freedom, shitbird! Do NOT think for a second that it is all, or even most of the price paid for the freedom that you and yours fritter away dwindling in the debaucherous, downward spirals of the many indulgences of modern, uninformed vice.

“Or worse, the freedoms squandered and surrendered in the self-enforced deathmarch of upward mobility, working all hours of the week for palatial homes rarely seen during daylight hours and opulent horseless carriages that are mainly used to get your half-alive carcasses back to forth to work.

“The ultimate price of Freedom is one that the men in these tents that surround us are paying, as well as the ones that came after me, individually fighting for Freedom in spirit only to die in ditches by the gross.

“The Freedom that these men paid the ultimate price for, willingly and of their own accord, is NOT the facsimile of choice between competing brands on a store shelf, or it’s invidious inversion; the choice of young adults under enormous pressure to pre-maturely select a life long equity building exercise that will leave little time for family and friends or any kind of sober reflection until they retire 40 or 50 years later, bloody piles in full bloom from sitting in office chairs their whole adult life, their youth flown and a big gaping hole in their heart and life where their job used to be.

“The Freedom they fought and died for isn’t merely the freedom of having a beer for breakfast, or having breakfast for supper. Nor is it the negligible freedom to choose the forked tongued candidate speaking out of both sides of their mouth that agitates you the least.

“Indeed, these are but transient, tangential yet integral aspects of the Freedom that the fallen have paid for with blood, life and limb ever since we commenced ejecting those Lobsterbacked drunkards from our green and pleasant shores.

“Freedom is something that few besides the Fallen truly understand, and most Them don’t understand until Too Late.

“Freedom is a river that has one Source, but many tributaries. It springs into the Mind and flows outward into the Heart, and thence out into one’s Life. A Free man is Free anywhere, even if his body is put in a cage or nailed to a tree and poked in the side with a large pointy stick.

“Too many of us have been content to confuse Freedom with Choice, and are thusly making choices that are clearly the work of minds frozen in concept and narrow in focus, and many more are needlessly suffering for it.

“To choose or not to choose is not the question, nor is making the right choice the answer. You are free to pose the former as you see fit, and the Wise always aim for the latter as a matter of course.

“In fact, not only do many of our choices chain us in ways we don’t begin to suspect, the very process by which we make and deliberate those choices itself fetters an unwary Majority in the invisible shackles of their internal dialogues.

“The state of Freedom is one of wordless Grace. Freedom within is achievable, but only by awakening those higher faculties of Mind that reveal our words to be nothing more than our own scribbled shadows written in water on the walls of Plato’s cave inside the Mind...”

He continues to speak as I get up off of my knees and get a bit of a start as I look around this triangle of light that I had been getting Addressed in. During this bit of oration, an honor guard of sorts has formed up around the perimeter, with one of the two struts making a 60 degree angle behind me being composed of a motley crew of soldiers and serviceman from every era of America which had more infantry/foot types than anything else. The other honor guard was a line of silently ghost dancing 1st Nation Warriors in full regalia, with buckskins, feathers and white ash aplenty.

The advisorial/special situations line formed up in front of the CNC tent behind **big George** and was half comprised of various 1st Nation luminaries, most of whom I did not recognize on sight except for Sacajawea (for obvious reasons), and Sitting Bull who stood at the head of that (starboard from my point of view) side of the line. Just in front of entrance flap of the tent they are standing in front of, there's a shorter, slightly odd looking long haired fellow at the far end clad in buckskins and an assortment of white man clothes from the 1700's. The other half of the CNC line was composed of various Generals and Colonels going back to the Revolutionary War, all in period uniforms, including a few grey ones.

While the ghost dancing continues silently in the left strut behind me, the infantry detachment on my right is standing at parade rest, unmoving. Likewise, the First Nations Representatives and American Service Alumni in the CNC line are stone silent and still.

Though the ghost dancing warriors are silent, I can hear the implied echoes of their keening chants and the slow beat of their tom toms reverberating in the background of my mind.

As novel as this all was, it did nothing to detract from the palpating feral menace of a quietly furious 8 foot tall, red haired gorilla growling at me in period English under a half moon laden, pre-modern milky way belted New England winter night sky...

> "Though Providence saw fit to shuffle me off my mortal coil well over 10 score years ago, taking me from my much loved Mount Vernon and beloved Martha, the prodigious Work and Duties that defined my life did not end with it.
>
> "This same Providence, who in it's infinite (and frequently occluded to the eyes of mortal men) wisdom saw fit to sustain us through the worst trial and tribulation, some of which you see unfolding around you, also saw fit to shape and maneuver my life in such a way that, unsought and unlooked for by me before or after my life, History has posthumously granted me the weighty title of Father of this Country.
>
> "Though I did not seek this honor, I have always honored my responsibilities. Even when I found my commitments to be dollars more than the donuts I had committed to on the outset.

“Fatherhood, as any right thinking natural born man will tell you, is the first of his responsibilities. Speaking as the Father of your Country I can tell you that this is an even more pressing Truth for a Parent of a Nation.

“Though I was not aware of it in my Life, this destiny was embedded in the warp and weft of it, informing my decisions and actions in ways that I did not fully ken at the time, resulting in a Life of almost 60 non-stop years of ceaseless toil to create a better Future in a new Nation where Men and Women can and WILL Succeed Together.

“Much has been accomplished to this end, both in my time and since. But much more has to be done to achieve our Ultimate Objective, which has yet to fully realized.

“Which isn’t to say that all the means and methods used to facilitate those noble and worthy ends reflect well in the backwards glare of hindsight or rest easy on one’s conscience, posthumous or otherwise.

“None of which can be changed. I did much for this Country, I surveyed It, I scouted It, I farmed It, and I sure as Providence fought for it tooth and nail, day and night, summer and winter, in rain, sleet or snow. I killed French and English soldiers, Hessian mercenaries and more First Nation warriors than I would have preferred with my own hands and arms in the heat of battle, and sent many more off to die because of my direct orders.

“I even had some of my own men whipped, stockaded, and hung by the neck until dead for desertion, or shot dead by firing squad in front of the rest of the men as a clear demonstration of the importance of following orders given.

“The conscience of command weighs much heavier in my heart than my actions as a warrior. I was an effective, but not omniscient, officer, and my mistakes as such oft resulted in my own men’s deaths.

“I did all of this, and much more in my life freely and of my own accord to make this Land as hospitable to Freedom as any, as have many upon many who were with me during my time, or came after.

“These men that you see around you, and those whom you have witnessed in your journey Here are only some of those who joined me in our Efforts to secure your Freedom.

“These men that passed before you, the ones who didn’t make it out of Indian Country, they didn’t die for me, they didn’t die for Uncle Sam, or their commanding officer or even their fellow men that they might have died saving.

“They didn’t die for Jesus, and they didn’t die for Jehovah or Allah or for any of the other names that us idiot mortals like to assign Providence.

“They died for You, and your Freedom. Not just the veterans and serviceman of this country, but also the First peoples who were here before us and all of the others killed killed at home and abroad in our energetic efforts to secure our Manifest Destiny.

“They all died to secure you a safe place to Free yourself of your illusions, a place where you are Free to benefit from your best negotiated efforts and Free to look beyond the copious amounts of bearscat in the daily epherma of our lives that too many of us spend our cotton picking time fretting about.

“So many have of us have died, yet so few of us are truly Free.

“In being the Father of this country, I have continued to watch over it from the Next Life as America has matured from just barely realized dream to the world’s foremost superpower.

“In our development, our Successes have been many, and many of those that transpired both in and after my time oft exceeded even my most ebullient expectations. But too much Success too quickly has it’s own perils; cavalier hubris, manufactured avarice and planned obsolescence only being a few of the multitude too many have succumbed to.

“There comes a time in Fatherhood where the Father has to sit his son or daughter down and not only tell them about the birds and the bees, but also tell him about the skeletons in the family closet that could waylay them later in life.

“These are most often conveyed in family anecdotes, often about a certain uncle’s longstanding preoccupation with the demon drink, or a grandparent’s tendency to start hearing the angels during the first moon after the spring thaw.

“As a father, one of the hardest things is knowing how much to say, when to say it, and how much to let your child work out on their own for their own benefit.

“These questions become even more pressing when the progeny in question is a continent spanning nation of 300+ million heavily armed and increasingly dissatisfied people.

“During my times as surveyor, scout, and non-commissioned Major through the French and Indian War, I had employed, worked with, and learned much from a number of different 1st Nation guides throughout the commission of my duties.

“In general, the skills and knowledge of these guides were typically both prodigious and exhaustive. I was routinely surprised and stunned by what they could read in a turned over leaf, broken branch, or bent blade of grass. As a rule, these guides didn’t usually say too much, but when they did the Wise would listen closely to what they would say.

“There was one guide in particular, whose services I had commissioned during the French and Indian *WAR,* who stood head and shoulders above his counterparts in both skill and wisdom.

“In fact, this very man is standing just over there...”

He extends his long arm and points at the short, slightly goofy looking guy wearing a mix of buckskins and 18th century attire at the head of the 1st Nation honor guard in front of the CNC tent.

“and his name is...”

and **big George** says something that sounds like “Wisquimish” but in a way that seems to have ghost syllables and weird ulular fricatives that are unpronounceable by most white folks (present author included).

“It translates roughly into English as ‘he who steps softly enough needs no stick’, but everybody called him Charlie Littlefoot.

“He could track a dragonfly through a tornado and smell a fully submerged dead man in standing water from over a mile away. He always knew exactly where the sun and moon were in the sky, even if it had been overcast for weeks on end. He could hit a sparrow in the eye with any given rock small enough to fit in his hand from fifty paces 9 times out of 10, even when dead drunk, which happened only on holidays, all of which he referred to as Columbus Day for some reason...

“Aside from that minor quirk, he said little, but knew much. I had originally hired him as a scouting guide, but quickly gathered from his verbal reports on his efforts that this was a Red Man that I would be honored to share the peace pipe with.

“He repeatedly honored my presence by joining me for a pipeful of the savory Virginian Long Leaf grown on the farm back in Mount Vernon during the quiet evenings back at camp. Like most natives, he listened more than he spoke, and then only to mainly answer some questions, but not others. More often than not, we enjoyed our tobacco meditations in brotherly silence.

“But there was one night where my man Gersholm had been taken ill with the camp catarrh, leaving his understudy responsible for tending to my person and personal needs.

“Earlier that day, we had a re-supply packet come into camp with my preferred Mount Vernon Long Leaf, plus some other dried vegetative offerings collected by my gardener who, after much literary cajolery and chastisement by me from afar during my prosecution of that *WAR* against the Frankish interlopers, had finally started culling the male hemp plants out of my hemp fields when they started germinating.

“Gersholm’s understudy, though being quick of mind and fastidious in the commission of his duties, was not overly literate and accidentally restocked my jars of tobacco and dried seedless hemp flowers by putting each new batch in precisely the wrong jar.

“I proceeded to compound this mistake by not paying close attention to what I was putting in Charlie’s peace pipe that night, and didn’t realize that the tobacco I was packing into it was more green than brown.

“I had no idea of my error until Charlie was deep into his first pipe and starting to giggle before I had started in on mine and realized the error only after exhaling a cloud of pungent, spicy smoke.

“Charlie quickly went from mild giggling to outright guffawing. Since this was the first, indeed only, time I had ever seen an Indian actually laugh or even crack a smile for that matter, I decided to pack him another pipe from the green jar to see what would happen.

“After another pipe’s worth of singular redskinned mirth, Mr. Littlefoot finally calmed down into a bemused sort of reverie and told me the longest anecdote I had ever heard before or since from any 1st Nation Person. Charlie says even less now than he used to, so it falls upon me to tell you what he said that night...

> “‘*Captain Washington, be it by accident or design, tonight I have found unexpected Wisdom in your Green Star Magic, and it is only fair and just that I return to you this favor.*
>
> *‘many times you have asked me about my tribe, my origins, and my people, and many times I have answered you with silence. White Men rarely ask these questions of Red Men, and when they do they often confuse our simple answers with the shadows that already exist in their own hearts and heads.*
>
> *‘we have shared the peace pipe together many times, and I have come to learn that you are not like most White Men. the Shadows within you, Sir, are few and far between, and your Head is unusually Clear, for a White Man. you understand some of the Power and Wisdom of Silence. it is because of this that I will tell you of where I came, and why you will say nothing of this to any other in this Life.*
>
> *‘the true name of my tribe is not one that will fit in the White Man’s mouth, but roughly translates into your tongue as the Littlefoot Tribe. hence, my surname.*
>
> *‘of the Six Nations, we are the Seventh and the most feared. you have not heard of us because the other tribes will not even say our name in a whisper in the middle of a moonless night for fear of drawing our attention. if they see us, they beseech your nailed god for deliverance, because they know when they see us, ours have left them.*
>
> *‘but this hardly happens because the Littlefoot are rarely seen, never heard, and only known by the dead bodies and missing squaws discovered after the sun rises following a night of our visiting. the other tribes know us by our sign, the Rabbit’s Foot, one of which we always leave to mark our Work.*
>
> *‘we are not feared like the mighty Sioux and Algonquins because we are the strongest warriors who have taken the most scalps.*
>
> *‘we are feared because we are quiet and move in a way that leaves no traces for other tribes to track. we have mastered the Art of Absolute Silence and can move in It at will. this is the Magic of our Tribe, taught to us long ago by the Sky Sisters and forgotten by our ever-warring neighbors.*
>
> *‘we keep to the Old Ways and move where we will, like a black wolf on a moonless night. we try to stay clear of the other tribes, and they have learned to steer clear of us. those that don’t pay the price.*

‘those that draw our ire, we do not meet in battle, but wait for the next moonless night. the next morning, their fiercest warrior will be found dead in their teepee, untouched by hatchet or knife, the most beautiful woman of the tribe (often, the dead warrior’s woman) missing and only a rabbit’s foot to show for any of it and no visible tracks anywhere.

‘when their Warriors do not die bravely in battle, they can not send the souls of their slain and scalped enemies onward to the ancestors as offerings to mediate with the fickle Gods of the Sun, the Rain, the Maize, the Moon and the worst of them, the Coyote God.

‘a tribe’s position in this world is anchored by the altruism of our ancestors in the next, interceding with the fickle Gods of this Land on our behalf. without the offerings of their enemy’s scalps, or the sacrificial offering of bravery of the Warrior’s death in battle, the fallen in their sleep are harbingers of the Indifference of the Gods, and that makes the Red Man restless.

‘your tribes across the Great Water of the Rising Sun have come to not only expect Indifference from your Creator, you actually seem to take comfort in it, confusing the silent echoes of your ignorance with Peace in your hearts.

‘you White Men trapped your God in a book before nailing Him to a tree and now only talk to Him in Church, is it really a surprise that you no longer hear Him?

‘would you want to talk to you if you were Him and were treated the same way?

‘not so for the Red Man who was born in this Land of the Gods. they are as near and dear to us as Family, and as feared. Their indifference always bodes ill for the tribe, and anything that can inspire that is avoided by the tribe at all costs. it rarely takes more than three nights of losing their best warriors to convince an offending tribe of the errors of their ways.

‘since we wander, and do not otherwise take tribute, we are mostly left alone in Peace to Practice our Silence. we are feared, but also respected. in the Silence of our Wise Men and Women lies Wisdom rarely captured by the sage counsel of their peers in other tribes.

‘when the White Man came, we were not one of the tribes that thought the Old Gods were coming back to us. we marveled that you trapped thunder in a stick, trapped the rainbow in your bright clothes, and forged the strength of stone into your metal tools but we soon came to realize that you White Men were not that much different than us, having your own bands of warring tribes.

‘many times, Captian Red Hair, you have asked me why I decided to hire myself out to the English, when the French would have paid more for my services. many times I have told you that I do not speak French, which is true.

‘what i did not mention is that the reason i do not speak French is because I do not wish to. it is an impossible and ridiculous language spoken by an impossible and ridiculous people.

‘when your two tribes of French and English came from where the sun rises, we learned early on the the French are Bigfeet people even more obnoxious than our bigfooted neighbors. the arrogance of their assumptions was staggering.

‘the English, at first, proved to be the wiser of the two. they traded fairly with us, tried to learn what language we would teach them, and taught us how to speak English as best they could.

“which in my opinion is only slightly less ridiculous than French.

‘it does, however, have the commendable virtue of being spoken by significantly less French People than French is.

‘in fact, though they no longer seem to remember or act like it, the English are also a Littlefoot people of their own. they are the smallest of the 6 Nations of the Rising Sun across the Great Water and lived in darkness and obscurity for a long time. now they are the most mighty and feared of all Nations under the Sun. they go where they will on the water, kill the strongest warriors that they find (sometimes in their sleep with their black magic blankets) and take the most beautiful squaws from their enemies when they leave.

‘we of the Littlefoot tribe have always respected the English, but have come to understand them less the better we have learned to speak their language.

‘I was sent here by my tribe to get to know the English better. it is our thought that based on the tribes that France is allying with, their position here will soon be untenable. their new friends are big, but dumber than they look and are only good at battle and will make the same mess of Peace that they always have in the past.

‘the French are finding out that such allies make poor proxies against smaller but less dumb enemies.

‘but the better I have gotten to know the English, the more concerned I have become about our natural ally. they speak a language of weasel words and do so with a tin heart.

‘their problem is that they either don’t know or forgot that they are a Littlefoot people. I think their language makes it hard for them to Perfect their Silence, and they do not see the world through their eyes as much as constantly tell it to themselves as an ongoing story, making it up as they go along without really being aware of it.

‘even worse, many have confused their stories of success with their conceptions of themselves, pasting the maps of their words over the territories of being they are supposed to represent and prefer to focus on the former whenever the latter is found lacking.

'plus they mostly seem to be half or more drunk half or more of the time, which does not help them practice their Silence.

'because of their success they have big shoes to fill, but they seem to have confused their feet with the shoes that they are wearing. now they act like Bigfeet people, but worse since they are not well practiced at it and are constantly tripping over their big shoes and often overcorrecting to account for the increasing disparity between their Big Shoes and their Little Feet.

'it's as if the stories that they tell themselves of their success have swollen their pride while shrinking their heads, and now their feet look bigger to themselves because of it.

'you, Captain Greenleaf, have seen this for yourself many times in battle on their behalf. you have seen for yourself how the English retreat under fire, and you would be well advised to to remember How They Treat Their Own when the bearscat hits a bobcat in the eye, much less Others when their backs are pressed to a wall.

'the English never perfected, indeed, hardly even practiced their Silence. they have forgotten or never really knew that success as a Littlefoot people is largely based on quietly letting the Bigfeet people fight over who gets to wear the biggest pair of shoes and staying well out of their way.

'the Littlefoot tribe has never tried putting on the big moccasins of the Six Nations. we let the Sioux, the Oneida and the Algonquins and the others squander their time and energies debating that with arrow and hatchet. we avoid their squabbles as much as possible, and only intervene if our Right to Practice our Silence is threatened by their actions.

'you, my pale faced, cherry haired friend, are a man with a destiny that you do not even guess at yet. you will be the First among Equals, a Chief among Men, and a Doer of Great Works. But sir, I implore you by your Providence and the Red Gods of this Land, that despite your increasing successes, and during the worst of your times, do not forget to practice your Silence and avoid indulging in the most English of Vices; actually believing your own stories that you tell yourself.

'before you fill the peace pipe one last time for the evening, I want you to have something as a token of our friendship and totem of our shared wisdom this evening, please take this and remember the Power and Wisdom of Silence, to always remember how big or little your feet truly are, and most importantly, to not believe all the stories you tell yourself..."

"And with that I took the rabbit's foot from his outstretched hand while passing him his last pipe that evening, once again gobsmacked into stunned silence by the deep Native wisdom lying under the deceptively simple facade of a silent and noble savage.

"I sat there flummoxed while he finished his pipe in silence, his oddly phrased truths ringing weirdly in my ears in ways I was not yet fully prepared to accept the next morning in the light of day tending to my duties as a Captain Scout (Light Foot) of the British Army.

“But I did not, indeed, could not forget his words that night that proved to be so eerily prescient and prophetic.

“With my early experiences as a non-commissioned British Army officer, fighting along English Soldiers, Commanding English Soldiers, and taking Commands from English Army Officers, not to mention my experiences afterwords in fighting them, all of that conspired to bring me to the inescapable conclusion that to the debatable extent the Success of England’s rise to Empire is due to their own efforts, their imperial success had more to do with the superlative performance of its Navy of pirates and privateers than their Army’s long held penchant for snatching unexpected defeat out of the jaws of assured victory.

“But before expanding on that further, there is something that I have to say as the Father of your Country that I think is well past time for you to know since you are old enough to understand it now.

“As I said before, at some point the Father will have to tell his Sons and Daughters the truths about the childhood myths of the Tooth Fairy, Easter Bunny and St. Nick, and otherwise disabuse them of the frivolous mythical notions of their ending childhood.

“One of the many ironies I have enjoyed as Father of this Nation is that I have always thought that the premise that one man can be the Father of a Nation ruled by the Will of the Many to be a fundamentally asinine proposition, diminishing the herculean efforts of my contemporary military and political counterparts during our struggle against England.

“I wasn’t so much the Father of this Country as the Middle Finger of the Fist We threw into Imperial England’s glass jaw, but History is rarely concerned with such fine distinctions when assigning it’s pithy titles.

“Yet, speaking as your Father, I tell you that the true Father of this Country is actually England. Our mother, the First Nations of this land that were so thoroughly fornicated in the White Man’s arrival and Westward Expansion through this Land.

“Our Father taught us His language, His values and His Habits, as often as not bent over his knee. Many of the problems We are facing in our Ascendence are the same that England faced in theirs. The shared Issues of Race, Class, and Economics facing our Two Nations are likewise warmly debated with the inevitable bitterness and rancor of Factional Politics, mutually exacerbated by our mutual Love of Drink, and further accelerated acerbically by the terrible twins of Caffeine and Sugar.

“Indeed, the Good Book itself says, ‘*the sins of the Fathers shall be visited upon Their Sons*’ although it is a bit vague on how, exactly. This is as true for Nations as it is for Men.

“With the 20/20 hindsight of reflection, further unmarred by the distractions and vicissitudes of the body corporeal, I have long ruminated on these mutual proclivities between our Nation and England, and with the ancestral wisdom availed to me by the Agency of my high office in this Afterlife as Father of this Country, I tell you that there is a common thread through both of our Nation’s Problems.

“And that is We both have a Language Problem.

“Namely, that both our our nations speak the most ad hoc, slap dash, mish mash collection of words calling itself a Language ever devised by Man, accidentally developed by an island of drunken idiots between wave after wave of invaders from time immemorial that killed their best, took their brightest and then left the least of their ranks to remain and breed with the native islanders not yet taken syphilitically ill from copulating with the ubiquitous sheep that populate their green and pleasant lands.

“The English are Natural Born Losers, foreordained by both History and Geography. They are a dastardly and duplicitous people, at once proud yet pusillanimous, sordid in private but sanctimonious in public, iron handed in the management of their colonies and servants yet indolent in the management of their own expectations. And their language reflects this.

“They are a filthy, mud duck people who have managed to arrange the excremental workings of their demented, drunken minds into a Language that suits Them Perfectly in that is difficult to learn, impossible to spell, and itself has the singular virtue of engendering even less understanding of it’s people of origin by those that learn to speak it well elsewhere.

“And we speak their language.

“Nobody understands the English, least of all themselves. The French have come the closest, but they are themselves completely half insane themselves with their silken, amphibian gibberish. The Germans, in their typically Teutonic fuckheadery, succumbed to despair and syphilis when they tried to rule that accursed island, spending the next 2 centuries lashing out at the rest of Europe working through the collective issues that come from trying to think English inspired thoughts with German brains that may or may not have been congenitally infected with secondary or tertiary stage syphilis. The Scandihoovians were smart and never really tried after the Viking age, settling for trading them rotten herring for syphilitic sheep after they got bored after a few centuries of playing ax tag with England’s natives.

“The Spaniards didn’t really seem to care that much about England until it was too late for their Armada, and then it didn’t matter much what they thought. The Russians tended to appreciate England as often as not, but mainly because it’s so far away from them and because of England’s typical tar baby effect on German Foreign Policy. The Dutch are, of course, too busy not letting their country slide into the ocean to really worry about them all that much, aside from the occasional proxy war with them over their respective colonies in Africa and the Subcontinent.

“England’s rise to global dominance has less to do with their pirate Navy, pyhrric Army, rabid Industry, Native Genius, imaginative banking and legendary diplomatic core and intelligence services than it does with the simple fact that none of these other countries really wanted England as a colony in the first place.

“Oh, they might have invaded it a few times to be sure, but in the end, most of the invaders didn’t stay all that long since it was at the ass end of nowhere and full of insufferable English People, and their execrable English Cuisine.

“Finally, these nations got bored of trying and had more pressing issues at home with larger neighbors to occupy their attentions, and England was left to their own island-minded devices and the iron boots of European Hegemony undisturbed for far too long while their Bigfooted Neighbors fought over whose turn it was to wear them.

“England didn’t so much grow into their new boots of power so much as fill in the space not filled by their little feet with the fevered machinations of their idiot savant minds, whipped into a muddy slurry and poured into those boots and enveloping their feet. Then they were left alone with just enough time for it all to dry, making it impossible to remove the iron boots of European dominance without taking off the feet or legs entrapped therein.

“Then England let everybody know who was wearing the boots of power by swiftly putting their best foot forward right into Spain’s Armada-like fundament, kicking them off of the high horse of their inquisitional empire.

“Then they proceeded to kick everybody else in the shins with their shiny new imperial boots just to let them know whose feet they were on now.

“But The English are a divisive people, long accustomed to playing both sides against the middle while playing the middle against itself. Their treacherous isle is a malignant, seething den of conspiracy and rumor, inference and innuendo, mendacity and murder where the worst of them Succeed by failing upward into their Upper Class and Higher Ranks, and the rest are cordially invited to suck eggs when not serving their betters for pence and scraps, living at the gentry’s beck and call.

“And we speak their language.

“How this drunken island of pigeon fanciers, hen teasers, and sheep shaggers came to be the World’s Foremost Superpower for over two hundred years, only to unwillingly pass the torch to us after my time, is incontrovertible proof that not only do we have a Creator, She also has a highly developed sense of humor to boot.

“Aside from it’s pirate Navy, a good deal of it’s Success in building their Empire lies in their language, which allows for rampant opportunity and flexibility for the forked tongued to lie out of both sides of their mouth to themselves and others at the same time at will, or simply by accident as a matter of habit.

“It is a Language optimally designed to hide Truth from others, and to mask us within from the Truths of our Selves with it’s overly inflected sentimentality.

“Like any good child, We speak the same Language as Father, and learned to speak it well. Many of our finest orators and writers speak and write it just as well as they do, if not better, on rare occasion. Indeed, without English We would not have had the vocabulary necessary to Spell out our own Success, such as we have been blessed with on this of the Pond.

“When we naively adopted English as the Language of this Country, we did so unquestioningly, under their terms, and learned to speak it according to their lesser

sensibilities that we had unwittingly adopted along with the Greater Truth that Great Britain has brought to the World of Man.

“Which would be, of course, dispelling the notion of the Divine Right of Royalty to rule by first telling one king to go fornicate himself with the Magna Carta, and then taking the head off of another to prove they meant it.

“But in being typically English, they failed to fully follow through on this eminently logical premise and kept their Kings and Queens while the rest of Europe’s Royal rulers were put to the sword and guillotine after our Revolution. Or were condemned to the fate of being fangless figureheads, gilded shadows cast from the dustbins of their histories.

“Had they the foresight to act accordingly, we may have never revolted in the first place and might even being speaking British here this very day. But they didn’t, and the importune lassitude displayed by their Savage Nobles and Fractious Parliament in deference to their idiot King regarding our Affairs is ultimately what forced our hand in our Endeavor to evict them from our shores.

“But the writing was on the wall long before then, for any willing to read it. One only had to look at Ireland, or Scotland to see how their vassal states were treated in their savage System. Or look at how they treated their own Mobility after creating It through their Enclosure acts, forcing the majority of their native aborigines from the hills and moors of their picturesque countryside only to doom them to the half life of indentured servitude in the industrial dungeons of their cities. Or reflect on their historical procurement cycle of selling opium to buy their tea, and stealing people to grow the sugar for it to get a fine sense of the terrible turpitude of their moral midgetry.

“It’s not just that they did these things as a Nation, or even could do these things as a Nation. All Nations will at times will do things in their development that they may come to regret, including us.

“It’s that they were so copulating smug about it. And what’s worse, when they finally relented to the crisis of their collective conscience and began to try to mend the error of their ways, they became even more pompous in their self assured sanctimony, shrilly decrying these evils in others who had the temerity to copy their methods and habits that worked so well for them not so long ago.

“They are indeed a Nation of tergiversate reversers who can shilly shally better than most, adroitly back pedaling their side stepping ways into a vacillating see saw of quibbling equivocation, never responding inquiry directly, preferring to weave a wavering shifting hedge of compromising evasion, masked by their posh, hoity toity elocution effervescing with the bellicose beerligerence of a consummate piss artist foaming underneath it

“They are, indubitably, the worst double dyed bastards in history. An island chock full of dirty, rotten, sniveling, little rat-faced gits who just as soon do you over for a pint as they would slit you up a treat for a quid. They have few qualms about selling some people up rivers while stabbing others in the back on the off chance it might give them a better toe hold in getting a leg up in expediting their nefarious purposes.

“And we speak their language.

“We are also thinking many of the same thoughts in it. Our structures of government, our business practices, and our legal code and ethics all directly stem from theirs, as does the catalog of discontent with a world that regularly fails to meet our expectations that habitually whinges in the minds and out of the mouths of both of our peoples on far too regular a basis.

“The continuing parallels in our proximity of Mind with England continue to corrode our Country’s cohesion, splintering us further into increasingly small, specialized groups of Interest competing against each other for public largess when not actively conspiring together against the public at large, legislatively enabled by prevaricating politicians all too willing to prestidigitate their campaign donor’s suggestions into bills of state.

“We cannot afford to continue repeating the mistakes of our esteemed predecessor. After so Many gave so much to make our country the great nation it truly is, We have come too far, for far too long to just tear ourselves apart in the height of our success.

“As We are an energetic and well armed People, We cannot count on the soul sucking ebb tide of English ennui to quench the strife of deep divisions among our People arisen from the lamentable democratic decisions of millions of heavily armed defective thinkers.

“Though it was not the same in my day, America is indeed a Bigfoot country now, and has not been exactly afraid to act like it on occasion. Though these were, mostly, needful situations where circumstances required Actions by this country, it is fair to say that not of all these Actions were accomplished as Artfully as they could have been.

“Be that as it may, our status as a Bigfoot Nation with the Big Boots still firmly planted on our feet is one fully predicated on our early success in learning how to be good at being the Littlefoot People We were in my day. Which we did better than they ever did.

“Not only did We Run Away from them faster than they could pursue, We did so more effectively by not fleeing to an island with little room to maneuver only 22 miles away from our erstwhile opponents. When We weren’t running, We avoided direct confrontations with them for as long as possible while whittling down their resolve and reserves through our effective adoption the of the Native Arts of ambuscade and bushwhack.

“And when we finally convinced them that the price of their victory had too steep a cost, We did not celebrate our victory by pursuing revenge, nor did We begin to maneuver against or contest with the Bigfoot countries during our humble beginnings.

“We let them fight their wars over who would wear the Jack Boots of European Dominion while We tended to Our own concerns, expanding to our natural borders while slowly and painfully extending the franchise of Freedom to our peoples who have historically long suffered from English sensibilities and were regrettably yet inexcusably omitted from the first draughts of our Founding Documents.

“We kept our heads down, our noses clean, and bent to our work here with an industry and fervor that served us well in our Success at home and abroad. We did not seek the brass

ring of global power until our Ally's weakening grip on that was failing, and only grasped it at their invitation.

"Concomitant with the manifestly American conceit that any job worth doing is worth doing well, We did not shy away from what History evidently required from us. We grasped that Ring with a firm hand, and pulled the whole world forward with Us into much a better future than those where We did not.

"Yet like the English at the height of their Power, We too have been seduced by our superlative Success. We are suffering the same afflictions of avarice, the same divisions of Race and Class, and are committed to the self same mendacity of Self Governance through Factional Party Malice. Our Foreign entanglements have superseded Our Domestic Duties, untold billions of dollars pissed away propping up foreign dictators and religious maniacs abroad while We let the least among Us fend for themselves on Our own crumbling streets.

"The stakes are now higher than ever for all of Us on this green and pleasant planet, and the World itself can not afford our Failure.

"FAILURE IS NOT AN OPTION. We can only Succeed or Perish, which is why We need to learn the lesson of Empire that England never did...

"When you have the whole World by the balls, grasp gently with a firm hand while carrying a big stick with the other.

"Truly, sage words to live by. Almost as good as the advice my Father gave me during my cherry tree years, which is the same that his Old Man told him way back when...

> "'*No matter where you go, or who you are with, never forget who you are or where you came from.'*

"These apt words hold true for a Nation as much as an Individual, and We will be well served to embody such in our thoughts, words and deeds moving forward into an uncertain Future in a World that needs a Strong and Smart America now more than ever.

"When We finally integrate our Native Strengths with the Native Wisdom inherent in this Land of Plenty, We WILL commence to pass the collective camel of this planet through the Eye of the Needle in earnest, and manifest materially the Heaven We are All seeking in this Life, and working towards in the Next.

"But to do this We need to look not only within Our own borders, but within Our own Hearts and Minds as well. We need not only to look, but also be willing to See, and to accept the Self Evident Truths that reveal themselves such as They are, and not how We would prefer Them to be.

"WE not only CAN, we MUST do this. Not just for ourselves, and those who will come after Us, but because We OWE it to ALL of those that came before Us who paid such an inconceivable price in life and limb and blood and sweat and tears building this Temple of Freedom from the salvaged stones of History's crumbling European facade, mortared together with the blood of our Fallen, the blood the ones that They Killed on Our Behalf and

most of all the Blood of Those Who We Killed Here At Home by needful deed or the Weasel Words of a White Man's Promise.

"Too many of Us have taken America for granted for far too long, and no longer honor or harken to the wisdom, courage or memory of our ancestors, forefathers or grandmothers who made the perilous crossing across the sea by boat, or by foot long ago from the Great Northern Bridge, fleeing whatever ignominious tendrils History saw fit to send their way.

"We no longer truly remember What they were running from. Nor do We Remember that It is still out there, stalking Us...

"If History is a nightmare the World is trying to wake up from, America is the hand on it's shoulder shaking It awake. But the Language of History's tortured account scribed into the Book of Life is, of a certainty, English.

"Go now, young shitbird, and see the History from which We are trying to awake..."

And with that said, i am launched upwards and expeditiously from the triangular launching pad of **big George's** honor guard formed up in the middle of this wintery field filled with rows of filthy and ragged tents, arcing up and eastwards into the crystal clarity of a pre-industrial eastern Atlantic Sky, forward and farther back into a night where America is only a dream in the hearts of the Wise and a twinkle in the eye of Providence.

Episode 8: **welcome to the old world**

I arc out into a nocturnal Atlantic firmament over the deep dark sea, soaring over inbound British Ships of the Main packed to the gills with Red Coats. Farther south I can see other English Ships sailing from points south and east, packed to the gills with their own nefarious human cargo, spreading wakes of sorrow and despair rippling behind them from the survivors chained and stacked like sardines in their holds.

I, however, am on a ENE bearing that slowly veers to North the farther I travel along.

I wax indignant, hurtling over an ocean steadily turning from a deep midnight blue to a leaden slate grey into Weather that would have any able bodied seaman batting down the hatches in what I am sure **big George** would call “an expeditious and orderly manner” had **He** continued his seemingly endless oration.

With human nature being what it is, it really shouldn’t be all that surprising that what would finally re-trigger some kind of sense of identity is not the passionate seeking for truth, nor the emotional pull and bonds with the loved ones still present and accounted for, nor even a general warm and fuzzy feeling of being looked after by a kind and loving Creator, but a deep and murderous, berzerker-like rage at the discovery that this whole shitstorm of internalized serial death wasn’t just the result of some minor (possibly hereditary) neuro-biochemistry glitch, but something that was starting to give every appearance of being **facilitated** by an **Agency** or **agencies unknown** that could clearly hire good help from tough to recruit fields.

It’s interesting how the intentionality or lack thereof that we associate with a specific harm or injury dealt to us by either fate, friend or foe affects our perceptions of those experiences. The experiences which are deemed accidental tend to make much less of impression on the psyche than those perceived as intentional.

When these realizations hit me as I was rocketing away from the Eastern Seaboard, the sheer transcendental nature of fury I felt as I blazed into an Atlantic sky can only accurately described as some partial differential of the sum total of **all** of the emotions felt by any US Military enlisted person EVER who received orders that were either physically impossible, strategically savvy but tactically unsound or contradictory to other direct orders from their lime green, spit and polish, by the book lieutenant, fresh faced from the academy and too young, dumb, and full of cum to say anything but “yes, sir” to his captain who is trying to make his own way up the greasy chain of command so he go can flap his gums and hob nob with the all other REMF waffle butts and armchair generals polishing each other’s medals over highballs at the officer’s club while their subordinate grunts are out in the **shit** and dying in the mud carrying their flawed orders, unprepared and without proper support, which **were** (at times) predicated on stovepiped intelligence that their briefcase toting superiors were only too willing to accept because of exigent expedience, erroneously grasped circumstances or political advantage in the next round of flag promotions.

It is well and good that I was precipitously launched from **big George's** immediate vicinity because I was well beyond terminally pissed myself and not quite in complete control of my faculties (**really?**), and might have taken a good poke at the big, dumb gorilla face of the Father of this Country to find out if **he** has a glass jaw (**he doesn't**). I was so pissed that had I the sword in hand that started this whole frangellating shitstorm off long ago in the beginning of this account, I might have run that red headed son of a bitch bodily through, **father of this country** non-withstanding.

Even to the lengths that I have (**not**) went on about it previously, there is no way I can truly convey how much everything really fucking hurt that transpired previous to seeing **big George** looming on the horizon. Try to imagine your favorite jazz (or **metal**) drummer practicing their paradiddles on your skull for 12-24 hours (or **3** to **5** ***days****)* straight, and each drum stick strike, ghost note and **rim shot** containing it's own **instant cluster-mirgraine**. Saying such might qualify as pissing and moaning on my part, but it is true and finding out that it wasn't accidental meant that I was no longer just surviving something, I was at the mercy of some kind of **indistinctly identified intentional intramediation** that seemed to have little or none for me.

But what pissed me off even more was that his oration indicated that this whole thing would not be wrapping up anytime soon, and I didn't remember signing up for any of it (**yet**).

When indignation waxes, so does identity. In the receding pain of the realization, the fiery fury chilled into cold anger as I began to remember who I am and from where I come. The REMF rage quickly faded into resignation to the grinding sense of duty that the lemons into lemonade families both here and abroad drill early and often into their offspring, and I decide that despite not being in the present predicament by choice, I might as well give a good account of myself and put the rest of my emotional responses aside and try and observe my totally off the rails internal equilibrium with some kind of equanimity.

While I am not too clear as to the nature and **source** of the **message** is supposed to be exactly, **big George** is clearly a **messenger** of some kind and my mind merely the foolscap on which it is being written. My blind fury faded into a wary and wearisome submission into a **not very visible hand** of something much bigger than I could have possibly ever imagined with my tiny little dope addled drop out out of college half insane pornography video game and football addicted not to mention currently undermedicated brain strung out on too much caffiene sugar and white guilt tinged with a certain unrecognizable male chauvinistic neoliberal bias to my paleo conservative agenda.

(Editor's Note: in striving for accuracy, commas have been and will occasionally continue to be needfully omitted from the record.)

now, where was I? oh, right...

i continue to parabolate ENE and generally towards ENG off in the distance. as i travel over the increasingly north atlantic, the amount of big wooden and multi masted ships i see dotting the waters is increasing as well. i am too far up and moving too fast to make out all of the flags that each is flying, but passing glimpses gradually coalesce into an agglomerated awareness of four different flags...the inversely contrasting vertical jail bar stripes of Spain and France's rags, uncannily symbolic of the fire and blood of their respective tyrannical reigns when their royal and despotic hands were manning the till of power; the ridiculous orange, white and green of the Dutch, symbolic to the tulipmongers that there is somewhere bright beyond the sinking land of their muck laden shores and grey overcast sky, and that their most overbearing Boers best belong there; and finally the dreaded blue, white and red of the Union Jack, the triple bunting of the four crossing bars St. George's and St. Andrew's crosses masquerading the adamantium argentry of their underlying composition, elegantly eluding and alluding to their sterling system of caging the globe with their longitudinal lines and ships of force, and trapping Time in their geared circles and running their dependents and colonies ragged in them like so many racing rats in in a Wheel and their upper classes turning the spit on which it spins over an economic fire that none can escape...

The bobbing aquatic steeds of these four different horsemen of the aquatolypse are zipping around with overt rapidity of the RC boats of today, hot rodded by professional hobbyists. The apparent relative speed of their passages below me a pretty clear indicator that I am continuing a journey as much through time as I am through space, but the nature of the apparent chronology I am traveling through itself is a bit vague.

Adding further complexity to the equation of when and where I am is the simple fact that I am seeing an undue amount of big wooden boats racing and chasing each other around the Northern Atlantic like some kind of free for all demolition derby regatta, chasing each other and blasting the hell out of each other with their cannons once they are in broadside range, or conducting ramming and boarding maneuvers at closer range. I am seeing such a preponderance boats that I reached the tentative conclusion that this is not one specific engagement, battle or nautical ***WAR*** but quite a few of them from different times of Europe's Era of Big Wooden Ships.

I appear to continue to be drafting deeper into what one ex-Jesuit priest/Bavarian Freemason once elegantly referred to as "die Morgensheutegesterwelt" (**gesunheit**) or the "tomorrow, today, and yesterday world". I am well out of my own time, and the farther I withdraw from the present the the wider time's Q stretches in the envelope filter of my lens.

as i approach Gibraltar's longitude, the ships are swirling thick and fast north of the Iberian peninsula. layers of ships, sometimes overlapping each other in space, carrying out their aquatic conflicts with the other opponents in their particular time gives this whole maritime scene a oddly diffracted quality to it, especially when different conflicts from different times occur in the same space.

I am not suffering any kind of split focus, dragonfly or fish eye effect, and am thankfully only witnessing this third hand, and am not currently directly experiencing any of the participants experiences as they do.

Which is good, because seeing this maritime melee from a distance and up high was quite enough, thank you very much. With the recent extreme proximity of my grandfather's presence (and all of the enhanced nautical sensibilities that came with that), the whole scene of seeing these big beautiful boats that so many men spend so much time and energy building, caulking, holy stoning their decks, stepping their masts, running their lines, splicing their mains and among the other 1,000,001 ongoing maintenance tasks of keeping any ship of size in working order...watching these living works of art and love being reduced to splintery wooden bits by cannon fire and being rammed by other boats to be nothing short of rank sacrilege.

And that's not even really taking in account whats happening to the men manning these ships that have the misfortune to find themselves in the way of long range cannon fire or shorter range grape and chain shot. The results of these interactions were generally less pretty than those of the more swashbuckling engagements replete with grappling hooks, short curved swords, and anywhere up to 6 individual loaded one shot muzzle loading pistols or a bunderbluss per boarding party emissary and the sort of group interactions that often left a lot of blood, and not a few body parts on their decks.

At least on those decks that weren't burning themselves, or tilting ominously after the keel split, rapidly sinking down into Davy Jones locker.

What was a little curious at the time is that the particular diffracted quality that I was seeing this is not unlike looking through a clear quartz crystal into still water that has your forearm and hand immersed in it about half way to your elbow. Your other hand would, of course, be holding the quartz crystal like a monocle. The distance from your eye, and the relative angle that crystal is held at in respect to the line of sight for the eye results in both contributing to the optical affect of having either a double jointed pupil, or maybe having some kind of weird reptilian, semi-prehensile eye stalk instead of the standard issue homo sapiens ocular devices most of **us** upper primates are used to.

The visible liquid effect of looking at your own hand in water is diminished until boats from different times overlap the same space in their sped up journeys. When this happens, the image of the space they are both in skews weirdly into a double refracted image of both, diffracting from each other at oblique angles that seem to mirror the refraction index of light traveling from air into water which makes your immersed forearm look like it has a new joint in it between your elbow and your wrist.

The father I travel, the more pronounced the whole demolition derby regatta impression becomes. It eventually crests to a point where I can not shake the impression that I am seeing each one of these country's navies at their respective heights of their power with all of their ships at sea in a large triangle projecting Northwest from it's base formed by

the coasts of France and Spain to an apex not too far south from Iceland. The borders and apex shift and wobble a bit with the increased velocity of Time's travel through my lens.

Unlike your standard nautical race, rather than doing circuits around perimeter of this rather sizable triangle, more boats than you can point a sextant at are inside of it, crashing into each other with boarding parties, blowing each other to hell and a watery demise 44 cannons at a time, or otherwise swashbuckling their way along the lead grey sea of an northern Atlantic with weather bearing down.

Other boats are sailing though this as well, some unscathed and others succumbing to guns or boarding parties by boats as often as not flying the Union Jack, or another darker, Yorick-inspired flag with it's own cross motif on it. They are mostly either coming and going from all points south to various ports along Europe and England's Atlantic coasts, and seem to consider any and all otherwise unoccupied combatants fair game for their piratical and/or privateering predations.

I traverse over this, in awe of the spectacle and sick with the tragic and needless waste of it all. The Sea is enough of a treacherous and fickle bitch by Herself to merit the full attention of any who brave her surface without having to worry about the holy hell being blown out of your ship for flying the wrong flag or for speaking the wrong language on it.

Seeing so much nautical artistry, all of these wooden masterpieces of art and engineering working each over into smoking and sinking ruins, is each their own particular travesty and horror. Ships are named, christened and referred to as "Her" for good reason, each one it's own **designed being of intentional purpose**, and totally unique in and of itself and now lost to History through the folly of man.

But wherever Man goes, so do his conflicts, be they internal or external. Both typically have bystanders and collateral damage aplenty as I have seen for myself in my particular demented way, so my moment of nautical simpatico passes while my velocity proceeds to drop precipitously as I come to the ENE "v" that the facing coasts of North France and South England form, gradually coming to a full and complete stop directly above the midpoint between Calais and Dover. I am parked above the Channel and high up enough to see past Ireland and still have a pretty good view of Spain and Portugal, or Germany and what looks like the remnants of the Holy Roman Empire or the Ottomans or some other such unheimlich Hapsburg Turkish byzantine monstrosity of a preindustrial Central European State. But not quite all that same time, and the view once again shifted...

the weather has been building, and i am the storm...

Though it rarely makes the headline news like East Coast Hurricanes or Great Plain Tornados or West Coast wildfires or Tokyo Typhoons or what have you, you might be a bit surprised at the weather you'd find yourself occasionally facing if you lived somewhere where the weather builds it's momentum over the Great Plains and slams

into the updrafting wall of the turbulent and moisture heavy Great Lakes air (IE the Upper Midwest). Crazy Lake Effect snow, 36”+ over projection extending a half mile into shore but only dusting farther in, torrential skyfalls of rain in rates that can be as much as a full inch in less than 10 minutes, occasional downpours of concussion inducing pumpkin balls of hail or the slashing, frangellating flechettes of blowing sleet.

But for all that, and all the other places I have been in this country living here in the Northwest, the Southeast, and spending a fair bit of time in other parts of the country in their off and on seasons, including Hawaii, there is nothing quite like the Biblical Wagnerian Spectacle of an Upper Midwest summer supercell thunder storm.

Every midwesterner that doesn’t live under a hill or is trapped in a city of towers knows exactly what I am talking about, the kind of storm you can see half a day away on the Western horizon, squatting like some dark, grayish purple bruised shadow of a sulking, capricious Storm God with a glass ego that has been easily and frequently offended by the oblivious folly of us mortals.

The squatting purple grey shadow on the horizon soon grows into a stalking, sky high, darkening grey into black wall of lurking malevolence and building menace, the shadow and bow wave of a real, honest to god, bonafide Storm God lurching toward you drunk on an anger that he (**usually**) won’t be able to let go of until he breaks a bunch of shit.

When of these storms finally hits, it is like the world is ending right outside your windows and doors. Lightening striking everywhere faster you can blink, the sky an orchestra of tympanis and suspended sheets of metal all being played by improperly supervised and hyperactive children, each beating their own random tattoo, oblivious of the others doing the same and all making a crashing and booming cacophony, like a hermetically sealed bowling alley being rapidly shook like a spray paint can in the hand of some juvenile delinquent storm God getting ready to spray a big “fuck you” on the landscape with the tunnel clouds that occasionally erupt during these meteorological tantrums.

The high precision fickleness of these Storm Gods and their drunken benders across the landscape is almost as maddening after the fact as it is during the extended impression of the world ending. Houses not more than 30 feet away each other where one is untouched and the other is strewn across a 5 block area in pieces no larger than the pages of this book. Undulating, drunken lines of divine spite, 20 to 500 feet wide sliced through forest or farmland, totally flattened across its breadth but immediately bordered by plants untouched and whole.

If you live in certain parts of the Midwest, it isn’t all that infrequent that two or more of the storms come together into some kind of drunken fist fight between pissed Storm Gods, each looking for a fist to put their face in. These can get pretty interesting indeed if you are in the vicinity, not unlike a bar brawl between drunken Storm Gods that crashes through a false wall of a bowling alley pub abutting the local rehearsal room of the ADHD Children’s Tympanic Ensemble during an unsupervised practice and those drunken,

semi-divine asses start throwing the kids and kettle drums at each other in addition to the usual fists, chairs and bowling balls.

i am a storm made of four smaller storms, each their own particular malignant hue over their land of origin. over spain, the inversely glowing blackish red of just lit charcoal. over *France*, the darker dullish red brown of a three day old scab radiates through their bruised sky. the dutch welkin is the gut churning, dark off green of skin directly over fractured bone. and albion's vault of heaven, the dark purpley grey, mud blue, saturday night shiner of a pissed prat in a pub who pontificates too loudly and too often about the qualities and affairs of others.

Each of these starts as their own distinct geographically defined entity. Each one it's own super storm, the same relative size as the country underneath it. I am not them so much at first as I am precisely in the middle of them, watching them swirl over their countries of origin, and have a sense of feeling through them, like ghost sensations from long lost limbs.

Each storm in and of itself is it's own whirling Coriolis dervish of flashing thunder and rolling lightening punctuated by Death dealing spiral winds sent down like so many tentacles of a flying behemoth squid.

Each storm starts off as it's country's of origin National Debate about Who Will Rule, and more importantly, how many of their internal enemies they can string up in the sky, put to the sword, exile from their lands or otherwise discompose for having the temerity to be from the wrong family or going to the wrong church or living on ancestral or common land that their Betters have long viewed with covetous eyes.

As each country's debate waxes and wanes, so do their storms above. The occasional lulls of cloud lightening and heat thunder cooking off in the distance regularly spikes up into pockets of innumerable lightening hits and oscillating helixes of mortal winds ranging over their lands, only to soon subside into into the grinding and soul crushing storm watch of their lower classes for new signs of further Noble Whimsy or Monarchial Intent.

Each storm starts off distinct, but as they spin and swirl over their territories their edges begin to wheel into each other, like using one orange to peel another and the rinds of both spiraling into each other.

as the storms spiral, so do i. the spiraling storms first edge, then rapidly twist into and around each other like so many squid in a fish fight. the impacts from their collisions reverberate and illuminate the heavens, revealing the whole scene as some kind of colossal half squid, 2/3's inverted hydra-like leviathan of the deep sky, lurid in it's luciferian glory, glowing all the colors of a bruised and burning body, just recently alight. the tumultuous swirling of the clouds eerily teasing themselves out into tentacles of armed conflict scrawling their deicidic intent on the shithouse walls of Europe's abbatoir history.

Below me, the fields of these countries are covered in massive squares of ant sized men (ant sized due to my relative “viewing” height, and not because they were especially tiny). These squares fizzle and smoke on their edges like the fireworks-in-training “snakes” most American children will get from their parents during their early 4th of Julys, and dissolve into streaming ant lines of men only to reform quadrilaterally somewhere else where a different group of ant men has formed their own square.

europe, and to a lesser extent england, are covered in ants like a bear covered in honey who decided to take a nap on a fireant colony, and crushed their main entrance mound by laying down on it.

Between my relative altitude, and all of the stuff going on up in the sky, I really wasn’t tracking too closely whose ant men were which or where, other than that there was a lot of them everywhere, and wherever one of the tornado-like tentacles of the storm touched down there was always a lot of them facing off in their squares and sizzling away each other.

this seething, swirling and swarming specter of an entomological Europe being pummeled and smothered by a 666 armed/headed octohydric thunder titan is happening in a curiously slow motion-fast forward in reverse. the various colors of each country’s skys phifractal into each other, blending into the swirling, muddy tones of a deep tissue bruise covered in isopropyl alcohol and lit alight, glowing with a burnt orange tinted, ruddy blue glister.

as the storm builds and crests around me, my lens began to dissolve (again) **into the fraying winds. i begin to stretch and distort like a galaxy falling into a inordinately huge and rotating black hole.**

i am no longer in the storm, i am the storm and it’s 666 tentacles become my eyes. it’s slouching, beast like thoughts reverberating among my own from what i see and have, but have not, wrought underneath me.

300-400 whirling years of this flash by in an extended moment of 3 and half interludes and 17 instants, the sky wheeling and arcing into itself and the ground in a Jupiter-like cadenza of tempo and movement. wherever it hits the ground whole squares of antmen are slain flat, as if crushed by an invisible foot.

For some reason, to the extent that I could track the proceedings of these squares of antmen in terms of their countries of origin, it mostly seemed to consist of ***France*** taking typically French turns whipping on the Dutch and Spanish, and then getting whipped by them. England, on the other hand, mostly took turns getting whipped by all three when they weren’t rotating their alliance among them, not unlike the small village slapper who can always be counted to drop her knickers and roger the victor(**s**) of the Saturday night bar brawl at the local pub, regardless of who won last time.

rotating, spinning, gyrating...circumvolving athwart and back together again, i am buffeted and assailed by these terrible winds of time blowing apart through me. i am a roach that has been dropped in Time's Toilet, and flushed twice for good measure, swirling widdershins and deosil pell mell through angry and vindictive sky.

The various individual storms blend and merge together like 4 different kinds of blood being mixed in a 5 gallon bucket. The swirling sky filled with an angry glaring gloom that i toto through in reverse, dropping closer to the inverse Oz of Europe looking more and more like Dorothy's farm after the tornado hit...the roof of the farm house taken off by the wind and deposited 3 farms over in the McCracken's wheat field, the tractor just plain missing, and the barn a scene of bovine decimation from wind whipped wooden boards, broken and splintered and bloodily driven through the better part of the herd trapped under the desolation of waste that is the fallen silo toppled into a big red barn not nearly as big anymore but still red, but now for reasons other than paint.

Watching the squares of ant men point their smoking fire sticks at each other cues off harmonics of the last time I was over Europe when they had a ***WAR*** on. As I merge and separate from myself in the coiling and driving wind, fissures of time open and close, temporal earthquakes shuddering their way through the squares of men, gaping open to views of muddy, shit filled trenches filled with sick, desperate or dying men only to instantly close and reform somewhere else, like some kind sick and unholy temporal aurora borealis on the ground...

i am a crashing and twirling safe, dropped from the vault of heaven and into the gaping maw of a kansas city twister twisting over the wrong continent, swirling around and downward into the realized chaos of the ground where the squares bash into each other and the antmen fight with sword and bayonet...

The more things change, the more they stay the same. Fact is, after untold millennia of what can only be described as a vigorous R&D program there still has yet to be found a better and more effective ways of killing a man than either poking a lot of holes him, or otherwise giving him a good slice or two where the bigger arteries are. The closer I get to the ground, the farther back I go deeper into past where guns are less and less common and the resulting clashes are more personal, in your face affairs where great lines of men heave into each other like two oversized shiny caterpillars rolling sideways and at each other...

rolling, roiling, and rippling in the widdershins wind, my lens stretches out like a piece of taffy held by many greedy children, a distended distortion dragging downwise and northward...

I am getting closer and closer, and the swords the antmen are holding getting bigger and bigger, as are the antmen themselves, some of whom are starting to wear shiny shit and are riding some big ass horses...

i finally hit the lower gravity well of the spiraling funnel cloud i have been riding back to earth. as i coast the lefthand phiward trajectory downwards and around, i come to realize that i am in the same spiral that this started off in, but higher up in it and seem to be going up out of it more than sinking deeper.

The proprioceptive senses of spinning both downwards, and somehow out at the same time are both paradoxical and uncanny, even more so as they begin to scale in ratio to each other where sensing the one increase means the other does at well, greatly amplifying the overall high precision funhouse mirror effect**.**

i tilt and veer into myself in the wind, like a smoke ring twisted into a figure eight and trapped in a empty but operating clothes dryer set to permanent press, plugged into a long extension cord and thrown down multiple flights of stairs. i bump and slide the ride of the reducing phi curve into it's ever tightening spirals into the Origin from which it enters into this Universe.

i finally crash into myself, breaking my own fall into the ground, the dryer of my lens hitting the landing of the lowest stairwell in a silent ringing thump and flaring out like spores from a lovingly punted puffball mushroom.

Once the the sense of motion and quiet reverberation fades, I come to realize that I once again my lens wears the shape of a man. It's not the shape I have been used to recently, but feels awfully familiar nonetheless.

i am standing ankle deep in north sea water on a sandy beach. my feet are wet in my animal hide, moccasin-like boots.

England's green and pleasant shore stretches out in front of me, a green speckled sideways gash of tan and green gilded chalk trying pass itself as a horizon like a spate of gnarly seagull shit smeared across the cloudy lower edge of it's looming and lunar grey sky.

my legs are covered in boiled leather and furs, my torso is clad in studded leather and a knee length fur cape. i can feel the iron cap of my helm sitting on my head, and the slight tugging of my chest length greying beard in the grip of the off shore wind coming directly at me.

Other long boats are beaching around around me, each delivering their own cargo of large hairy men wearing leather and fur and most carrying edged weapons.

in my right hand, a beat up bastard sword, 3 and a half feet long with multiple notches in it, in my left a spear is planted buttdown into the sand with the tip a head's distance above my head, and am leaning into it as i stride forward weary from the rowing.

We had contrary winds the whole way from our origin **northeast** across the water, and most of the rest of the men are winded as well and trudging slowly in the sand.

in this new mind, a typically norse brooding spins its moody webs, cascading meditations on the ill omens of the weather, and the attendant inner griping and carping about the capriciousness of gods in general, and ours in particular.

As I see some movement among the dingleberrys in the more green speckled region of England's chalk and tan crevice-like horizon, I realize that some of the smudginess that I am seeing has do with the eyes that I am now looking through. They are less sharp than the ones through which I normally look thourgh when not trapped in a lucid waking dream.

the farther i get up the beach, my brooding shifts towards thinking of how many of their steel men on horses will show up (which means heavy spear work, the thought of which makes an old and not very well healed injury in this body's left shoulder twinge), and/or if any of their cowardly woman archers have come up this far south yet with their new bows that can kill a man at 300 paces or more.

I only see the men on the horizon as vague blurs of movement. None of them shine, but there seem to be a fair amount of them but too far away for my eyes to count.

i walk into the wind, the cold water soaked into the bones of my right ankle, tightening up repeatedly sprained ligaments which thoughtfully remind me of their troubled past with every passing step.

The periodic twinge of the striding ankle mirrors the practiced cadence of a serial but silent griper with an axe to grind and more than one bone to pick with a deemed-to-be unkindly fate...

'***it didn't used to be this hard, but it was never easy for any of us to begin with. our fathers had it easier, and theirs even more. long ago, they stripped these shores of their best plunder, leaving us to fight with the Crow peoples down south for the offal left on these shores...these cowardly cursed english lickspigots, ever since they started using their long bows there is almost no point, there is no fun in it anymore. how do you fight a man who can kill you from over twice as far away as you can throw a spear?'...***

And so on, more or less in the same vein but in some kind of old Norse that my lens could now read more or less directly into my brain somehow, even though I only currently speak English (and **music**) with any kind of (**debatable**) fluency.

as i walk, the suck tide wind blows directly in my ears, and i do not hear the tell tale twang from up ahead in the scrub brush crowning the half chalk dunes.

At that very instant, a small gap opens up in the clouds in the sky over the dune with sun right on the other side of it shining a tight aperture beam of light just large enough to register the flicker of the feathered end of a flashing shadow.

the light and movement involuntarily draw my eye, and i look up into the sky and get an eye full of sun right before catching a fucking arrow in my left eye.

The inch wide acute triangle of iron tied to the end of yard long feathered fletched stick makes curious suction like popping sound when its tip passes through the eye and snowplows its way through this particular brain, making an sharp cracktink! sound punching through the bone of the back of my skull and hitting the iron of the helmet i am wearing.

Which, incidentally, is the last thing that this body hears, the soul fully vacating in a timely and expeditious manner and popping out of there in the blinding burst of a cluster migraine light even before the body hit fully dead on the ground.

But where he bounced **onwards**, I bounced backwards into another head, rapidly thinking and pleading for mercy in period English while raising my hands up to shield myself from the down swinging sword being wielded by the large furry chap on the other end of it, chopping into and knocking down my my left arm while his right hand buries the side of his sword into my upper left cranium in a blinding, soul severing burst of excruciating white light...

Blasting backwards into another head, chanting the lord's prayer, wearing a cassock and holding up a crucifix against the hairy man shaped demon dropping his axe down on mein head, blade first, held in his right hand and once again plunging right into a upper left cranium bursting with a shock of blinding white light...

Blasting me into another head, cursing in English these godforsaken, hell spawned half breeds sired by beasts and beast-like women while attempting to wield the grass cutting scythe as a overhand weapon, and getting laughed at by the big, hairy, leather wearing Northman as he knocks it out of my hands with his left and swings his right up and then downwards with a massive hammer, directly striking the upper left quadrant of my skull in a blast of bursting white light that catapults that soul from this world to the next, and me into another English head...

over and over, in rapid, full REM eye twitching tempo, i behold the Viking Onslaught of England, one english head cleft in twain at a time. i feel just about every type of skull you can imagine getting struck by just about every possible implement available in a Viking Age northern europe. the slashing chunk of a good sized sword, the meaty crunch of battle axe, the rifle like crack of an iron staff on unhelmed head, the splatting thud of a warhammer, just a few notes in a symphony of scandanavian skull trauma conducting itself into a stroboscopic flashing of blinding, cranium cracking white light and the quick infra-black after exposure shadow-flash that follows, faster you can think or than your eyes travel

along these individual letters, each one another skullish spoke braining itself on a swedish steel card lodged into the rear wheel of a big ancestral viking bike riding Dr. Hoffman-like down the greasy grey curves of my twisty little pink mind.

Thwap-thwap-thwap-thwap-thwap-etc...like standing directly under helicopter rotor rotated to 90 degrees vertical and it's rapidly spinning blades smashing downwards directly onto your skull, over and over again, creating a rapid zipper-like effect of thumping sharp strobing light as the teeth of the zipper of mind snap open one concussing crackflash after the next..

On and on it goes, one English head after another, getting brained over and over in rapid succession by a rotating cast of big, hairy, leather wearing men wielding big wood and/or metal implements, and most of the white flashing impacts centering on the epicenter of the upper left cranial quadrant where I had originally found the big ass sword lodged in it way back when like some sick Arthurian joke.

I cycle through a representational cross section of skulls of a late dark ages England, feeling the skulls of fisherman, famers, villagers, English feudal soldiers, and some full on plate and mail armored knights getting their skulls cracked like so many eggs loaded into a tennis serving machine and shot right into History's greasy, brain splattered wall.

In particular, the transitions of the latter group tend to be the most vivid. Vikings apparently had a strong dislike of armored Knights (as they considered plate mail to unsportsmanlike and cowardly) and dealt with them by knocking off them their horses with their spears then wolf-packing the fallen and jamming their knives and short bladed swords into the crevices and cracks of the joints of their armor, while someone with a war hammer or battle axe bashes the living daylights out of the helmeted head.

Not one of the nicer ways to go, actually. But these and other transitions happen with such a brutal rapidity the effect quickly escalates beyond overwhelming into some kind of strange transcendental absurdity...

one death is a painful tragedy, a thousand a shocking calamity, ten thousand or more a biblical event, but a million or more has the sick, black humor of unintentional farce.

My season of the skull, a bad English shoreside sitcom relying heavily on overly repetitive slapstick consisting entirely of watching one of the main branches in my family tree beat the ever living shit of one of a smaller one, like the fabled Whomping Willow getting into a fight with itself.

the audience of one is a certain old Nick, fat and flush from yet another extremely productive millennia where business is not only booming but on a definite long term up-swing. he has a feet up in front of the telly, scythe leaned up against the jamb of the front door, and is well into his fourth or fifth(teenth) laager of the night and cackling his fool head off. he is drunk enough that to him, it actually starts

looking more and more like the english peasants are running head first into the norse swords and axes, headbutting their way onto his ferry for their crossing of the river Styx.

Each tick of his barking, cackling laugh ringing with it's own thumping white flash, mirroring the pummeling strobe effect of the cracking, high albedo skull bursts tracing up and down England's East Coast.

Eventually, even **Death personified** gets bored with the repetitive nature of the juvenile slapstick humor, and his cackles trail of into a chuckle here and there as he slowly passes out in his chair for the night, not quite finishing off his 6(**teen**)th laager.

The rate that my lens cycles through these smashing skulls tails off into a slow processional beat as well, the geared teeth of the zipper of my mind snapping open at a stately 30ish beats per minute.

the steady thumpflash pulse of the skull slows to a halftime beat against the heart beating in the body fetally curled on the rubber mattress on the gritty, old straw of a well traveled tatami mat on the floor, his flashing and thumping head being held in both hands and giggling from the pain.

And even none of this is sufficient to "wake" me up from this waking dream that just will not stop, every other heart beat marking another olde English skull bursting in a thumping flash of white light, my brain a mortal drum being struck over and over again...

A postman may only knock twice, but you can count on a Viking to knock hard and long enough to take the door off the hinges if he really wants in...even if he is only "psychosomatic" and knocking on the doors of your perception.

Episode 9: **of mjolnir and men**

the ragnarok rosary of cleft English skulls continues to worry itself through my lens, manifesting a different sort of grace of debatable ecclesiastic value...

As the tempo of the passing thumpflashes steadies into a stately, half time/half-life rhythm synchronizing itself to the thump of my heart in my chest, the individual ticks of this mortal zipper unlatching itself through my lens take a more overt auditory quality. The blinding crackflash of each forced transition morphing into big bass concussing fundamentals with a growing, tinnitus-like, Nibelungian ring on top, shifting away from from the thumping white flash of the initial thousand(**s**) of craniums cracked in the first movement of this Scandanavian Symphony of the Skull.

The internal shift to a more auditory centered awareness of the ongoing inner proceedings happened only at the expense of my internal vision, but not the internal somatic proprioception of the ongoing parade of head trauma.

Thankfully, a body can get used to many surprising things. One of the more surprising ones that mine has gotten used to is the internal impression of getting brained over and over by a plethora of different implements and experiencing something akin to the same internal somatic sensations as one would in real life, minus their physical trauma. As this continued, the pain didn't so much as recede as much as I just got more used to it and was eventually able to start focussing on some of the other aspects of these transitions.

Gradually, I come to realize that all of the serial death experiences up to this point were part of an **overall design** to bring me to be able to feel and witness these transition events without overly attaching myself to the frothy, thumping and flashing foam of the mortalized white caps breaking along the beach of my mind and start logging the shape, period and breaks of these sanguinary waves themselves.

Calling the half-time tempo of these mortal waves hitting my inner shore **half-life** is no mere poetic figure. As each one of these happened, I would feel each death unfold "after the fact" so to speak, for as long as it took to experience the final moments leading up to that passing.

The internal sensation below the blinding white light migraine flash of each cranial blow became more and more curious as I got used to the flashing and thumping surface of the experience.

As I travel through the final moments of all of these unfortunate Viking Age English skulls experiencing the terminally ultimate moments of their lives, I also tag along for their first moments in the **next life** in their initial transition into England's own sector of **Shitbird County,** (**aka Mud Duck Manor**) which incidentally looks, feels, smells, and tastes exactly the same as over here, except that their section of it is mostly populated by the

shades of previously white people speaking accented and period English that had little to say to me as I flashed back and forth across the boundary of a county normally invisible.

With the decreasing tempo, I proportionately began to log larger slices leading up to these terminal events, and trek farther along with them in their entry into **Shitbird County.**

The decrescendo of cycling back and forth through the **looking glass** shifted to a sense of being forcibly ejected out of the body and through the **one way looking glass**, which bears a strong operational resemblance to the one way observation mirrors that tend to be found in most police “interview” (slash **suspect intimidation**) rooms both here and abroad.

During the few times we are forced to look at this **looking glass** (IE “death”, sub-type: one’s own) in this life, all most of us will ever see before going through it are our own reflected thoughts, feelings and fears about going through it. Which, of course, have been heavily affected by the commentary offered by concerned parents, grandparents, older siblings and friends, **quacks**, counselors, priests, and in some cases teachers who are only seeing their own reflections in it. None of whom display any of the notable symptoms of having gone through themselves (i.e. including but not limited to being conspicuously horizontal for more than 12 hours in a row, unbreathing with blank and unblinking open eyes, or suffering from early or middle stage rigor mortis, etc...).

These pervasive **looking glass** perceptual difficulties has less to do with our own human, perceptual or conceptual failings than they are simply rooted in the inherent optical meta-physics of the interactions between these two differing spaces of being.

This selective blindness on our part is not just merely ignorance but is akin to being in a well lighted room on a moonless night, and looking out of the windows into the darkness beyond and seeing only your darkened reflection in it. The selective apprehension of the reflected image in the pane is fully attributable to the underlying optical physics of the situation, indicative that our senses are representing this tableaux correctly regardless of feelings that this scene will dredge up in it’s spectators.

With this underlying metaphysical dynamic, it’s no wonder why most of us spend as little time as possible in this life actually looking at the **looking glass** strategically placed at either **end** of it, and when we do we tend take little more away from it other than our own fears and questions of the posthumous disposition of the soul.

Some of us will, from time to time and for a number of reasons, put our faces directly up to the glass and cup our hands around our eyes to block out the peripheral light that messes up our night vision and try to see what lies on the other side. But unless you have your hands just so and are able to keep them like that for long enough to let your night vision kick in, all you can really see is your own reflected face, close up and barely illuminated in the glass.

Which isn't to say that doing so is time wasted, because the low light close ups of ourselves (generally facilitated through some kind of meditational practice by an individual, be it consciously undertaken or not) can themselves be highly educational experiences about aspects of our selves that we tend not to notice in the busy day to day bustle of life in the "real world".

Unlike most of my life where I was one of the many looking at the **looking glass** as little as possible, the cumulative effect of so many somatic deaths happening in one mind with such merciless rapidity effectively merged my lens with the semi permeable membrane of the **looking glass** itself and I could see/feel/hear/smell/taste both sides simultaneously, and feel the movements of the **mirror** itself as I ponderously oscillated through it halfway back and forth, half in and out at the same time...

the growing ragnarok rosary of split english skulls eventually starts embroidering a circular border around the edge of my lens, the surface of which wobbles and shifts like a detuned drum head being struck slowly a single beat at time. each one a perennial thudding and ringing cranial flash reverberating through my lens, which more and more resembles a flat speaker cone made of blood with a medium sized rock being dropped through the center of it just about every other second.

The self-impressions of the lens are starting to preponderate as this phase progresses, yet each one of these mortal beats is clearly being struck on yet another English ghost skull haunting my head, knocked out of this life into the **next** by a big burly Scandinavian motherfucker wearing fur and leather..

i am no longer alive or dead, i am part of the looking glass itself and only feeling it's movement as one former english person after another is forcibly ejected through it. i am a man sized hoop with saran wrap stretched tightly over it like the head of drum. person after person passing through me like so many midgets getting tossed at a regional dwarf tossing competition, the meniscus of my lens instantly reforming after each like the surface of still water after a rock passes through it.

As I felt these transitions, the repetitive nature of the somatic experience of them lessened their overall intensity and took up less and less of my available mental RAM, so to speak. This freed up more perceptual space in my lens which began to more closely attend to their internal experience of **passing within.** By and large this seemed to be marked by a definite sense of surprise in not finding themselves either immersed in hellish fire or in front of some pearly gates combined with a paradoxical feeling of deja-vu like familiarity as they (**once again**) travel through the **tunnel** that most find themselves in after plunging head long or feet first through the **looking glass.**

the beat of the mortal mirror my lens has merged with has it's own discreet thudding drum and bass thump to it, half time and half-life, but the high flash of it's ringing transients begin to stretch further and further out into a keening pulse that gradually has more of an overt human voical quality to it...

Finally, one of these souls being forcibly ejected through my lens catches on the four points of a circle squared and my whole perceptual perspective shifts and weirdly inverts like a rotating torus being turned inside out and I find my lens firmly ensconced in the body of long haired man, naked, laying face down in a circle traced out in the dirt packed ground that his/my arms and legs are staked (as in tied to the stakes) into, spread eagled. Bordering the circle are various runes traced along the inside of the edge of the circle, and outside of it's edges are three cooking fires in an equilateral triangle (apex north), and another 6 torches distributed evenly to trace out the outer points of a nonagram (nine pointed star).

As the staked man's (whom I suspect may be a great to the nth power grandfather of mine) penultimate Celtic thoughts percolate through my lens, with his ears I can hear the heavily Germanic old Norse of his captor invoking his Gods of the North to attend to him during this offering. This particular mind doesn't speak old Norse per say, speaking some proto-English Celtic Brythionic or Quiddish or what have you, but he doesn't really need to speak the language to know what's in store for him.

gentle and or sensitive readers take note:

Human sacrifice is mankind's most vile and loathsome obscenity, even when done poorly by modern malcontent amateurs who are terminally fucked in the head, brain and mind area where their soul used to be.

Done correctly it is nothing less than a hideous abomination, a unholy desecration of the soul that carries over into not just the next life, but as many as it takes for the wound to scab over, and the scars and their associated twinges never fully go away.

Or in other words, it is not something you should even do to your worst enemy.

in the background, a unseen drum still thumps it's inching, wormfood beat...

As his strange Celtic thoughts roll through my head, they don't have the frenzied terror that yours or mine likely would if one of us were to find ourself in a similar situation. It mostly alternates between a disciplined silent mental exhortation of his Buck-headed Hunter God and a peculiar (at least it seemed to me then and now) resignation that one would normally feel when having to do a necessary but unpleasant task and wanting to get it done as quickly as possible.

But all that goes out of his lens as soon as the red hot ritual flensing knife is inserted between the epidermis and outer muscle layer of his upper right buttock, and rapidly drawn forward along the ground up his/my back in a white hot flashing wave of shrieking, superlative pain all the way up to just above my upper right clavicle. The whole right side of the captive's back flayed (but not fully off and is still attached along the spine's right border) and cauterized at the same time, and gone strangely numb except the fire of pain running along the wounded edges of my scalped right back.

If this wasn't weird and scary enough by itself, once the knife went in my lens dilated into the knife, up the arm and fully into the head of who I immediately recognize as a different great to the nth power grandfather of mine. I can feel the splayed and flayed Celtic man's pain and life force being sucked into my ritual steel knife and up my arm and into my heart while shouting "Thor!" at the top of my lungs over the horizontal man's keening, pulsing shriek as my hand moves the blade underneath the skin up the back.

The whole time keeping the image of the red haired, hammer-headed thunder God in clear focus in this lens to properly transmit the divine dividends of this offering for his continued beneficence during our nautical journeys and assistance during our frequent battles with the other tribes for raiding rights on this Island's green and pleasant shores.

The juxtaposed somatic effect of one forefather of mine being ritually sacrificed by another totally makes me want to leap out of my own skin and go curl up underwater in a hot bath and breathe deeply until I can't anymore. But it has been well over three days since I have last "slept", eaten or really taken anything close to a proper amount of fluids, so all I have the strength to do is continue to splay out catatonic and horizontal on my bed and wondering how much longer this ride is going to last.

still, the drum beats...

After a similar invocational interlude directed to an earth Goddess named Sif, I feel the whole procedure repeated on the left side of the flayed back, I do so from a perspective slightly skewed towards the flayer, and less of the flayee but still enough to feel another white hot wave of pain travel up my back, but on the left side. I can feel my left arm and hand more, and the buzzing bio-electricity of a high tension somatic response zing up my arm and into my heart as I scream "Sif" as loud as my voice can possibly get (editor's note: my own "real" catatonic body did not scream as well) while thinking of the blonde haired Earth Goddess who is Thor's wife and channelling this offering for her continuing bounty of both land and sea, home and abroad, that allows us to go where we will and do as we may as one of the Free Tribes of the North, standing tall with knees unbent to foreign Gods.

Then my lens reflects his thoughts of a robin's egg blue, materializing in the form of a large man's floppy Nordic sombrero-type hat, then the blitzkrieg blue of his right eye gleaming under the shadow of his hat that shadows the empty socket where his left eye used to be. The image a big bearded man in a blue leather hat and boots, and carrying a massive spear forms in his lens which transmits a definite sense of thanks and gratitude for Odin's ever growing wisdom and the patience that he continues to show with his relatively dim mortal followers, and I hear him (IE the **shamanic visualizer** and not Odin) shout with my voice the seven secret names of Wotan, then that one, then finally screaming "Odin" while jamming the ceremonial flensing blade shiv-like into the back of my other skull, exactly between the 1st vertebrae and the occipital lobe and and slightly upward, it's tip slicing forward and perpendicular along the corpus callosam and piercing my ghost pineal gland in a bifrost nova of 7,000,000 glittering colors as I feel my

soul eject into the consecrated knife that has killed over a thousand other captured warriors this way going back generations, and split between the shaman's heart and the image of his bearded and blue God of Wisdom, where a part of him continues to live on as he remembers, **playing his drum...**

My lens surfaces from the blinding back brain flash of another skull getting tossed through the mirror, but up and out of the muddy medullic depths into the **living memories** of the dead man who killed him, hitting a drum made with his own hands**, which are now mine,** for a time...

My left hand lightly slaps a three count against a fur clad left thigh while the right thuds out the one a 33ish bpm beat with the femur of a different enemy than either of the ones that provided the skins covering the parallel apertures of the drum I am striking it with it.

I come to realize that some of the previous transitions during this adagio cranial cadenza were actually the other sides of this individual's living memories that I was lensing through, and as my lens stabilizes on this particular individual I grow increasingly certain that he is a great to the nth power grandfather of mine who, in addition to siring more children than he could count in more places than he could name, has also killed hundreds of men (mostly in the heat of battle), or more if my lens is not taking in the entire inventory of his once living consciousness.

i am sitting in the front of the long boat, my floor-tom sized drum rocked back on its edge directly over it's keel, radiating it's open ocean oaring tempo through the length of the 60 foot *snekkja,* it's square sail perpendicular and laying flat and loose against the mast between it's top and bottom booms.

Thor is not yet fully with us. The drum I hit was made as an offering to him and to his father Odin, it's beat forming the back bone of the the weirdly high and whistling yet basso profundo, deep chest chant of one of the many songs I know.

the bass of my voice and the thumping thud of the drum resonates through the boat into the water and out to the Aesir on the other side of the Bifrost bridge of the North, it's borealis trusses scintillating off to my left in the moonless sky over a rolling North Atlantic, singing just the right song to call out enough of Thor's presence to fill the sail, but not flip the boat we are riding in.

My voice rings out in eerie tuvan-like tones into an aurora laced and star speckled night, a perfect intermesh for someone with my general level of constant low grade synesthesia. Ahead of me in the ship are 21 pairs of men facing me as the work their oars to the beat of my drum. At the stern is a man by himself with a rudder oar oversized compared to the paddlers the others are dipping into the rollers that we are skating over.

This is the first time since my lens has paused in any one place, ghost head, or living memory or whatever longer than it takes feel the host psyche pass through the **looking glass** since my Thanksgiving dinner with with my dead relatives somewhere between 5ish days earlier (objectively) or a thousand (plus) years prior and a million plus deaths previous (subjectively) to this Viking vignette.

As horrible as the transfer of my lens into the psyche of this particular forefather of mine was (moreso than many of the other transitions and still gives me the willies more than anything else that happened during any of this account whenever it's memory pops PTSD-like in my mind), this interlude turns out to be a refreshing change of pace as the subject is not currently occupied in the life and death struggle of mortal combat, but is just sitting on a boat, singing and hitting a drum about every other second.

Since my lens is not repeatedly getting pummeled back and forth through the **looking glass** like a ping pong ball in a grudge match between two grandmasters playing on a half size table, the effect of not getting immediately ejected from this head by one or more applications of blunt force trauma to the upper left cranium allows my lens to flower further open into this, as I come to find, altered psyche...

i can feel the buzzing hum of his chest resonating through his chest and throat like it's my own body, the overtones of the chanting song occasionally arcing up into a peculiar nasal ringing whistle that makes my whole head ring and buzz and seems to have a concurring neurological effect like a recently raised spinnaker filling itself with a fair wind from astern.

There is a timelessness to both the beat and the song that is not accidental. With the the men at the oars, and no land in sight under the dark moon sky, the only sense of motion in this ship is up and down on the rollers and a light and fickle breeze coming off the stern. As he sings, his body travels through space, but his mind travels through his time leading up to this point, and some of the skeins of his web of memory unravel themselves through my lens which is firmly integrated into his real time experience of being on the longship.

This overall configuration proceeds to build and fold on itself the longer I continue to lens through it. His prior experiences and memories unfold within me in multi-layered tiers of previous perception streams, and a sparse internal commentary about them that lies underneath his vocalization and internal visualization of the song that he sings.

In fact, his memories and experiences are so clear to me that they are only distinguishable from my own strictly based on content, and not because of how they pass differently through my own lens than my own memories.

So much so that I lose all sense of being a only a lens through which all of these experiences have passed through like so many photons through a window.

With my lens fully merged in this new identity, its becomes implacably and unquestionably clear to me that this is either me in a past life, or a great to the nth power great grandfather of mine, or, in all probability, **both** as *they are not mutually exclusive propositions.*

You the reader are fully invited to entertain any and all questions or doubts about these **facts of life** as you are inclined, but speaking for myself this is actually the first time in this odyssey of mind where I had any kind of sense of having a clue of what the fuck was happening to me, though I continued to not be entirely clear on the underlying mechanics of it.

Putting aside these relevant questions for the moment, after all the heads I had travelled through up to this, there was something very different about this particular one that was enjoying a midnight sail in the North Atlantic.

At first I attributed much of that to the feral immediacy of his/my senses, taking everything in with very little in the way of the usual attending internal dialog, and his memories fading in and out mostly as ghost images not unlike the Bifrost Borealis dancing among the stars off to my left. That alone seemed to free up another 50+% of his mental CPU which not only went to heighten the usual 5 senses but also activated a couple of other ones as well.

But as I travel deeper into his mind along the road of the song he songs, I come to find a column of diamond light towering within the center the erect obelisk of his glowing spine and realize that some of the feral immediacy of this scene is at least partially attributable to him being moderately buzzed on some kind of “magic” mushroom extract that was a integral ingredient to the foul, cherry flavored gack that he has been lightly sipping on from a pint sized ale skin slung over his shoulder.

The buzz is definitely fungal in origin, but it is just as definitely not the usual silly psylocybin or cowcrap cubenses of your college days, be they present, past or future.

To the extent that the present author has experiences with these, they largely tended to be amoeba brained affairs; queasy, rambling circumambulations of the mind’s rarely traveled back country where everything not breathing is fractally dissolving into itself, and every so often the perceptual waves stack and peak in such a way to put you over some, or several, conceptual hurdle(s) for some kind of petite or profound personal breakthrough, best assessed 2 or more weeks later once ye olde braine chemistry bounces back from the post-trip valley of thud that your screwed up seratonin uptake inhibitors will have you drifting down.

This is an altogether different kind of mushroom buzz. It has little of the undulating nausea typically associated with psylocybin journeys, and none of the soporific dreamlike sleepiness that forms the back drop that the more novel sensory inputs projected upon. Even at the low dosage that this ancestral navigator is currently on (roughly equivalent to the initial 45-75 minute activation window after magic mushrooms

are ingested and the psylocybin and other associated molecules are just starting to load into the blood stream in earnest), the usual sharpened senses and moderate head buzz are accompanied by a definitely un-psylocybin-like, tightly strung verticality of spine with an inverted cranial flaring that makes my skull feel like a ultraviolet light bulb that's been dipped in kerosene and lit alight while it's already turned on and jammed into a form fitting helmet that is mirrored on the inside.

It's not that his/my (former) back hurts if I slump on the wooden bench sitting in the prow of this longship, it's more like whenever I slump or bend my spine out of a posturally correct vertical orientation I feel the pressure pockets that form in the column of light flowing up my spine not unlike what an old garden hose feels when it's pressurized and the water flowing within catches on all the old kinks, twists, and bends of the hose itself. The pressure builds uncomfortably on the outer edges of these impeding topographic features, and under pressured on the inner sides of these distortions.

The impedance of the spine is not felt as much in the back as it is in the head, and whatever inadvertent spinal slumping out of true registers itself as discrete, slightly uncomfortable spikes in the inverted cranial flaring that feel like a hot, high pressure finger poking me on the inside of my skull whenever my spine slumps out of true for more than five seconds at a time.

Even at the relatively low dose that this person maintains with small sips from his pint sized ale skin, which has him moderately altered but not outright tripping, there is a fiery electricity to this buzz that is totally unlike any of the mushroom trips that I have been on in this life. It's actually a bit closer the jaw clenching, electric clarity and white blotter acid flash of mid grade LSD that's been cut with just enough speed to make it impossible for the tripper to just simply sit and enjoy his chemical Samahdi session without running around like an goddamned idiot monkey chasing after the rainbows formed by the extending trails of his/her altered vision.

Whomever this individual is...ancestor, previous incarnation, highly developed figment of my imagination, or some combination of two or more of those...it soon become apparent to me that he, among many other things, is a bonafide professional tripper, and not at all in the typical modern sense of being a raging Burning Man enthusiast or a burnt out, old school Deadhead.

I come to find out that he was one of the few remaining practitioners of a now almost totally dead and lost to history tradition of neurotransmitter research and application that goes all the way back **before** the glacier days of the Mastodon...

Between his operational state and the uncanny sense of connection that my lens has with this subject, his mind is like a small semi-protected clear water shallow lagoon not quite shielded from 3-6 foot rollers, and my lens is snorkeling through it seeing his memories as the topography of the rocky coral floor that I am floating over, and his thoughts as different kinds of individual or schools of fish.

But that is really just a highly abstracted way of describing what are ultimately memories of a previous self.

Given the overtly altered nature of both the psyche and perceptual field of this particular subject (not to mention my own minor alternations at the time), shoehorning this whole experience into any kind of linear semantic format is something I have been grappling with for weeks at this point.

Like most would-be hack composers, when faced with conceptual block in developing a theme in my musical offerings that I can't think myself out of, I generally end up borrowing some musical phrase or motif from the work of someone significantly more talented than me, and dumbing it down as much as needed to fit my own base and demented purposes.

Since imitation is often cited as the highest form of flattery, the following is offered as a big double thumbed fist and 23 gun salute in honor of the person who might have written this better.

I think you know of whom I speak, and if you don't, I will let him enjoy your confusion and wonderment as he enjoys the twilight rest of the hard earned **dirtnap** he is currently taking.

episode 9.1

fear and loathing is for fucking losers. i'd much prefer the beating heart of an enemy in my hands and his red headed daughter in my bed any day of the week...

We were just about half way to England when the wind at our stern died. When the just filled sail flopped loosely against the mast, some of the men seated in front of me groaned in anticipation of the upcoming oar work, but none were foolish enough to question or curse the fickleness of the Aesir in a ship at sea.

The sun was just over three fingers above the horizon at my back in a sky that has been clearing all day when the wind dropped. The last of the shredded clouds passed over us when the sun was two hands above the horizon. The ensuing night sky is clear, and there is no moon, just a speckled sky belted with the Milky Way at midheaven and the Bifrost bridge flashing off to the North, leading off to where the Gods abide in the their divine halls of Asgard.

I took my first sip of the night of the cherry flavored gack in my pint sized ale skin when the wind died, and hauled out my drum from underneath my bench in the dragon headed prow of the long ship. The 21 pairs of men in that I am facing wrestled out their oars and secured them in their hempen oarlocks weaved through holes along the upper edge of the hull of longship. The rope is threaded in such a way where shields can be mounted along the edge between the oars to protect the rowers from projectiles launched from

other ships or beaches, but the shields are now being used to protect the men from the ever present sea spray of the rolling waves of the North Atlantic.

The smell of the wet animal hides and boiled leather that I am wearing is heady, but not overly offensive. You might think 40+ men wearing the same thing and being on a boat for a day and a half would probably smell like NHL locker room after a game, but I actually do not smell much in the way of BO. I don't see anything of this per say, but my lens suspects that all of the other men on the boat are equipped like me with a freshly wrapped cedar smudge stick that they dip in the ocean water and scrub over their skin once a day or more, depending on how much rowing they are doing.

This is only one of several curious implements that I have in my possession as a Viking Navigator-Shaman. In my go bag (made of buck skin) I have the following: a small dark grey lodestone, three iron needles, a small piece of low density balsa-like wood, a small hand sized 90 degree triangle carved out of marble with a perfectly curved hypotenuse and a rare double refracting Sunstone brought back by a trading party from the exiled Clans on that desolate North Atlantic Island that we refer to as Odin's Outhouse those infrequent times it pops up in spirited conversations over mead and meat back in the halls of our village on the Southeastern coast of Scandinavia.

The sunstone is a curious item and is valued more for its utility than it's aesthetic qualities, which are themselves notable. In anything other than direct sunlight, it has a cloudy calcite/quartz-like translucence that glows with a yellowish lambency when the sun hits it. That's isn't why it's called a sun stone though. When you look through it into an overcast sky, you can always tell where the sun is on the other side of the clouds.

Of these different tools, the only one that gets regular use these days is the stone astrolabe once a day at high noon. The others get used rarely, mostly to back stop my observations if I am having an off day.

Which isn't today. I can feel the North like a physical presence in my blood, as if all of the iron molecules in my hemoglobin are magnetized and are constantly orienting themselves Northward as my blood pumps through my arteries and veins. The spidery willow tree of my circulatory system acts as an integrated multi-band antenna that allows me to sense other things as well, like wherever the sun or the moon is in the sky even if they aren't visible.

This effect is strongly enhanced by the iron-copper helm I am wearing on my head. It actually does have two horns coming out of either side of it's conical shape, but it isn't what I wear when I am playing axe tag on our destination's green and pleasant shores. The horns themselves act as antenna that are further amplified through the iron-copper amalgam cone of the helmet.

As he took the second sip of the cherry flavored gack at the green flash of the freshly set sun, my lens started parsing out different notes of the viscous and bitterly astringent fluid. There was a slight hint of anise and a breath of caraway that formed a intriguing

counterpoint to it's dried cherry and rotten honey nose coupled with the back-of-the-throat twinge inducing, full bodied taste of a mouthful of blood and piss, like the ruddy, blood-orange, cirrhotic porcelain offerings of an inveterate aquavit binger.

Which turned out not to be nearly as far off the mark as one might hope.

This is all happening in a curiously juxtaposed interpolation between our perceptual fields where he is experiencing his environment in real time and reacting to it in his mind, but his mind and his perceptions are my own personal environment. Or in other words, I am an invisible ghost from the future and invisibly haunting the lens of his mind. Everything is happening in "real time" for me as well, but his real time is on the verge of being in full-on **dreamtime territory** and manifests entirely different for him than clock time passes for most of us these days.

Since his external perceptual field is happening at night and, as yet, un-assaulted by repeated forced blunt and edged traumas to his skull, I float through the memories and images of the songs he sings, while feeling everything in his body like it's my own.

It was sometime after the second sip that I dope out his not too distant memory of whipping this foul concoction together and realize that the main two ingredients of the recipe for this libation are, in fact, piss and blood. To be specific, my own piss and the blood of a recently slain buck, with a bit of mead mixed in to dilute it a bit. The cherry and hints of anise and caraway are from a cherry-Jaegermeister type compound that is mixed in after the fact to help with the taste, and has some other herbs in it that strongly potentiate the active fungal components of the brew.

It is a foul, viscous, full throated gack that only an experienced drinker with a long acquired taste can swallow without grimacing. It tastes like cherry robotussin mixed with mushroom tea (barf), a splash of aquavit and a dash of fermented ammonia.

There is a method to the madness I come to learn. The blood of the stag seems to hotrod his blood, power loading it with the buck's iron heavy hemoglobin which I can feel pounding through his veins like hot ferric mercury. This also explains the jerky like dried heart of the same stag that I remember him chewing on during the day between cat naps.

The reasoning behind the urine component is less succinct to describe.

Though there is a long (and **well reasoned**, actually) tradition of therapeutic piss drinking among the Vedic practitioners of India and elsewhere in South and East Asia, there was a much different and wilder tradition of it up north in the wilds of Northern China and Siberia that goes back even farther.

This tradition eventually spanned the whole North of the so called "Old World" of the entire Eurasian land mass and goes back to before the time of the Big Ice, but largely

died out as the progressive waves of Civilization and Christianity swept over Northern Europe and Russia

There are many cultural and epochal variants to this other kind of urine therapy, but they all work off the same operational basis of exploiting one of the many quirks of human biochemistry.

The oldest version of this goes back to the days of the Shaman, when white people were still mostly living in tribes up North, and their Southern counterparts were living in their new cities and building ziggurauts and pyramids closer to the equator.

Up in the forests of the North, be they in Siberia, Scandanavia, or even right here in Seattle, there is a certain mushroom that pops up usually between the late summer and winter around birch, cedar, fir, pine and spruce trees. It has quite a few names, but for now we will call it Mario's Mushroom, since they tend to be more bright red and white than other colors.

This particular mushroom has a much different chemistry than either the more commonly consumed (these days) Psylocybins and Cubenses. It is generally considered to be poisonous, and **many** of it's closest relatives in it's genus are **deadly poisonous** enough that even swallowing just a bite of one is almost **certain death** once it digests in your stomach and gets into your circulatory system.

Even Mario's Mushroom itself can be deadly at high doses. With that said, I am contractually obligated by various **sponsors** to give the obligatory warning:

unless you are a trained mycologist or a highly experienced mushroom gatherer, DO NOT PICK AND EAT WILD MUSHROOMS WITHOUT DIRECT GUIDANCE FROM SOMEONE WHO IS.

The second timely suggestion is for the trippers and recreational fungal enthusiasts: Mario's Magic Mushroom takes you to a much different place than Psylocybin fungi do, and unless you know how to prepare it properly it can take you on a much wilder and woolier path there. You can eat them raw or dried, but plan on having a rougher time of it because of all of the other toxins you will be metabolizing along with its "active" ingredients.

The exact particulars of the original technical procedures of it's preparation are not very well documented in the archaeological or anthropological records of note. There are a number of interesting speculative works out there on the potential impacts of psychoactive mushroom ingestion on human evolution, metaphysical thought and practice, and some thought provoking commentary of the potential role it might have played in the spiritual insights of many well known religious figures. But for all that, most of the operational nuts and bolts regarding the original procedures for it's preparation and informed usage have been lost to history.

There is enough information out there to strongly suggest that there were mainly three different ways Mario's Mushroom was ingested. The first method, which is the simplest and oldest one, was just to eat them raw or dried directly with no other preparation. The simplicity of the method is laudable, but consuming Mario's Mushroom in its raw form can be a rough trip for anyone who hasn't built up a resistance to it's toxins through repeated exposure.

But even with a built up resistance, the attenuated neurological effects of toxins present in it still made for enough of an arduous journey that the *miskwedo* Shamans put their prodigious herbal lore to good use by combining it with different herbs and plants to offset it's less desirable aspects. This body of knowledge was compiled over thousands of years, and is now almost totally lost to history. There are still a few practitioners out there somewhere, but they are few and far between and learned long ago to keep their insightful observations to themselves.

This indigenous empirical process definitely had some results whose distant echoes show up on the outer fringes of recorded History. Murky tales of Soma-like potions, bodily transferring a person's soul for a temporary time to upper planes of heaven, but usually only after some quality time in the **underworld**.

This second method of combining Mario's Mushroom with other herbs to offset it's unsought "side" effects does have it's disadvantages. Putting aside the logistical issues of acquiring the mushrooms themselves, one also had to wildcraft all the necessary herbs for the concoction, which themselves may or may not have the same growing season or area as the mushroom itself. Which requires planning and being familiar with a body of knowledge that could only be tediously learned over a period of years under the study of someone who is likely in a distinctly altered state of mind much of the time and frequently in communication with invisible beings that you only start seeing yourself on your own trips.

This is pretty big time commitment for anyone, and not just by today's standards. Considering the relative conditions our hunting and gathering forbears lived under, and how much of their time they had to devote to just simply finding food, preparing it, and making all of their clothes, teepees, and stone tools, it's a small wonder why developing and maintaining this body of herb lore was tribally outsourced to specialists whose vocational training started off in early childhood.

The knowledge of these herbal arts was itself not a guarantee that you would always be able to find the necessary ingredients for the preferred formula. So even experienced Shamans would from time to time would be forced by circumstance to proceed unassisted by helpful catalytic herbs.

There is, as mentioned, a third option for partaking of Mario's Mushroom that is an elegant yet disgusting solution to the respective quandaries of the previous two methods. The "active" ingredients in Mario's Mushroom do a somewhat weird biochemical two step when passing through the human metabolic system. Chemically

speaking, it has one main active ingredient, and one or two lesser ones (depending on which study you read). The main one is considered to be primarily responsible for the sought psychoactive effects, and has a low toxicity to it. The other one (or two) has/ have a higher toxicity, but are not without their own psychoactive effects.

My chemistry isn't quite good enough to describe all of the ins and outs of the resulting biochemical reactions but what seems to happen to those respective molecules when ingested is this: most or all of the main active ingredient passes through the circulatory and digestive systems virtually unchanged, but the secondary high toxicity ingredients are metabolized and partially converted into more of the main ingredient and **all** are excreted from the body with much less toxicity than they had going in.

Or in other words, whatever **urine** is emitted by a participating individuals during a trip on Mario's Mushroom is itself *a psychoactive substance of even higher potency and lower toxicity than the original mushroom itself.* So much so that people would actually willingly pay whatever shiny rocks and animal skins that passed for real money in those days for real Shaman piss, and drink it when they were ready to interface with their Gods directly.

Disgusting as this might be (**and how**), I am personally thankful that our digestive chemistry shunts the processing of this to this the liquid plumbing side of our eliminatory process.

With the noted effects of primary ingestion being what they are, I think many Shamans probably came to prefer drinking their own psychoactive piss over the experience of eating the mushroom directly. The typical nausea and vomiting that accompanies many psychedelic trips were the least of the effects of it's toxicity, as I will come to learn presently.

Who first discovered this, and how they did is something that happened so long ago that I think it is pointless to speculate, other than to say that whoever it was probably first learned it from the Mushroom Itself. If you haven't ever tripped balls on anything before, this might seem like a quaint sort of anthropomorphic animism, but those who are reading this who have braved their own neuro-chemical Chapel Perilous of direct interface with non-human intelligences likely have some idea of what I am talking about.

Regardless of that, it was the widespread practice of ritualized psychoactive piss drinking in the pre-Historical North that did much to cement the Shaman's designated role as the intermediator of the tribe between this world and the **next**. He was the first one in the chain to eat the mushroom and interface with it, and all of the subsequent experiences in the tribe derived from imbibing of his "hallucinatory" piss were, in effect, threaded through his lens. The Shaman was the tribe's guide in the **next world** because he was there first and went frequently enough to learn to navigate through it's different regions...

my whole skeleton feels like its made out of quartz-diamond crystal, illuminated outwards from the iron pole of steely light that my spine is. my blood runs hot and heavy in my veins...

When our tribe settled on the SW coast of Sweden after traveling North from the East during the days of the Frost Giants, we did not stop our wandering ways and began traveling on the water.

Since it was already the Shaman's job to watch the sky on land for signs metaphysical, it was a natural progression to start tracking the stars when we took to the water.

As he continues to sing and drum, I can feel the slow building effect of his two small sips as he plays. This particular concoction has effects more pleasant than it's taste. Yet even at this relatively low dose that has already been pre-metabolized at least once, I can tell this is no sit and chill party drug.

My mind is in a very odd sort of supercharged hypnogogic state where I am half dreaming in high relief, while at the same time mostly concentrating on the song I am singing and tapping out on my drum.

At least that is some of what is in the foreground of his lens. In the background, waves of his memory break along the back of my lens in a tangled web of prior sensory impressions and absorbed knowledge of a full Viking life; encyclopedic knowledge about herbal lore, open water navigation and the finer points of playing premier league axe tag against the tribes of the Danube and Volga rivers, and much of the rest being a indecipherable mess of Norse myths and old family and battle anecdotes internally logged in their original Old Norse dialect.

Even on two small sips over the space of a hour or so, this relatively mild buzz of the modest intake still kicks like a mule and comes on like an electric banshee in my own personal lens that is not at all attenuated to this particular experience.

As he hits his drum, I pulse further into his memories and thoughts, which is strange spectrum of erudite sophistication about technical matters that quickly devolves into a gibbering, atavistic nostalgia for the battles fought and won, enemies dispatched by my own hands, friends departed to the halls of Valhalla, and the many red headed foreign girls that I made my own personal thralls (IE: slaves) after killing their husbands, brothers and fathers. The red headed ones are particularly favored by the Gods and tend to have the strongest magick.

I cycle through a whole range of impressions, the satisfying meaty chunk of my axe laying into the skull of a bigger and hairier man than me and watching him fall, seeing the eyes bug out of the face of another smaller man as I grab the blade of his sword barehanded and yank it out of his hands, hand-flip it and then run it into his gut all the way up to the hilt, reveling in the arterial deluge that splashes over my stabbing hand and forearm...and a different set of wide open eyes, those of a red head girl laying

underneath me with her legs spread who finally relaxes into the inevitable and resigns herself to a different kind of stabbing...

The way a Viking thinks about love, sex and death are as alien to you and I as our own conceptions would be to him. I don't think all that much thought was really put to the first two other than a general sense of taking what you wanted when you wanted it, except when the woman in question was already spoken for in some sense by someone else in the tribe.

(I apologize if this depiction seems overly casual about sexual violence towards women. Please keep in mind that I remember (but do **not** dwell on) much more of this than I am willing to put down in print because I abhor sexual violence and would rather not give any borderline individuals more fodder for their demented fantasy life.

But the fact is, historically speaking, rape almost always follows battle in some form or another, and this is (in it's own peculiar and demented way) a historical account of sorts, so I would be remiss if I didn't mention that this wasn't the only red headed girl that I remember, and some experiences that happened with them were not fully consensual. These are not fond memories for me in this life, and the less said them the better.)

What was more interesting were his thoughts on **death** and battle, which, in their own visceral way, were instructive.

In true Viking style, just about the only way a man could get into the upper reaches of Valhalla (unless you were directly blessed with music or poetry by the Gods themselves, which was less than the chance of an average high school football player becoming a NFL starting quarterback) was through violent and bloody death in battle.

The trick was that you had to do it gloriously, i.e. taking as many of the muthafuckas that killed you as you could before Odin would even consider letting you enter the hallowed halls of Valhalla, much less take up an **afterlife residence** there.

Unless you were really good at poetry or music, but then you have to use the servant's entrance to get in.

This puts quite a different spin on the whole concept of violent conflict. Since most of this was happening in battles with other Germanic, Frankish, Polish, Russian, Gaelic, Pictish and Celtic tribes with similar or parallel thoughts on these matters, those battles were like vicious JV football squad scrimmages during Varsity tryouts and each individual player trying to outdo the others, but wearing leather and fur and playing with axes and swords. The ones who "made the team" so to speak are those who have departed from their cooling and still bodies laying on the ground after their last battle.

Most Vikings had little in the way of love for these other tribes, but there was respect for those tribes who could give good enough battle to attract the attention of the Gods. It was commonly accepted thought in our tribe that those you have slain in your last battle

form the honor guard that attends your first entrance in Valhalla. Since some of these other tribes were also the sons and daughters of Wotan, fierce enemies could easily find themselves drinking buddies in Valhalla after killing each other in this life.

In this half dream state brought on in this sustained trance induced by singing and playing of the drum and those couple sips of his **red fire**, I can feel him edge up to some of his **in between memories** crowding the periphery of his awareness. My sense of this is kept in check by him pointedly not thinking about them, not wanting to get overly distracted from the song he plays, which forms the rhythm that the men oaring set their stroke to.

His song echoes through my lens, and I pick up some of the pieces of his back story, which more and more feels like just a further extension of my own...

We are less of a tribe than we are a band affiliated with a few larger tribes who learned that it is easier to deal with as equals than it is to force us to be vassals. We come from the same tiny coast village where our in exile forefathers finally hit water they couldn't see across and decided that was about as far as they could get from whatever they were running from without building a boat, which they started on right after getting their huts squared away.

It is said in our village that by the time the men finally made a boat that didn't sink after being launched, the women had concluded that they had ran far enough and the men could play with their new toy as they pleased but they better plan on coming back from wherever they went because they certainly weren't getting in that thing.

It took our forefathers some time to get the hang of being out on open water and learn how to fish and whale on it, but old habits die hard. Before our ancestors settled our village, they had ranged far and wide over the far North, which often involved in bumping into other tribes of wandering nomadic tribes. If it was in passing, these could be sometimes friendly encounters, but if we found interlopers horning in on one of our hunting/gathering grounds, it usually got bloody.

We wandered for a long time, millennia even. The last place we called a homeland was a high place on top of the world somewhere far to the East that only has **one path in, but many ways to leave**. Our ancestors had to leave because there wasn't enough room with all of the **others** there. They were dispatched duly prepared but only given one directive: **follow the red mushroom until you get blue water so big you can't see across it.**

Some of these 1st wanderers eventually came to the be Aesir. The Gods followed their mushrooms all the way to the edge of the deep blue sky, and then **crossed to the other side of it** when they transformed their bodies into **living light**. Others became the Gods of other lands by similar methods. Once they found themselves on the **other side of the sky**, they kept the secret of how they crossed over to themselves, and amused

themselves by watching us root around the dirty dark forests of the North looking for red and white mushrooms like pigs snuffling for truffles.

Their amusement multiplied many times over when different bands of us pigs still left here on the ground started bumping into each other and started hitting each other over the head with rocks and sticks. They quickly decided it would be vastly more amusing if we started doing it properly with better tools and picked certain people to teach these new skills to and through. These people became the first Medicine Men and Shamans of the North, and they brought these forth into their tribes through their guided visions.

Our Gods bred us to fight just as we breed our dogs to do the same, and our ancestors learned well.

One of the sneakier tricks Wotan taught some of my earlier predecessors is the highly volatile Mushroom Magic of the Berzerker Battle Fire. This as much a science as it is an art requiring a sophisticated eye and a light touch when it comes to judicious herb combinations and relative operative dosage per individual. It is a tricky and fey sort of magic that many of the other tribes were willing to let go of because of it's very unpredictability, which is a big operational component of the magic itself.

Every berzerker is different and has his own particular thoughts about proper dosage and herbal configuration. Some prefer the long slow burn of the activation buzz and float through their battle like a hot fugue through a waking dream, but most are like me, preferring to be wide open and white hot, lunging and weaving through enemy ranks like chain lightening tearing up a wheat field and the thunder of falling bodies hitting the ground rolling behind me in my wake.

Part of the trick is the timing, take too much of your concoction too early and you might peak too early in battle. Afterwords, even with the assistance of offsetting herbs just about the only thing you want to be doing when it wears off is lie in bed with a comely lass or two until the black fatigue wears off, which can take anywhere from a night to a week to bounce back from.

I have had my fair share of close calls and miscues, and reached the same conclusion as the rest of the men with me, take small sips sparingly until you can see the whites of their eyes, than take a big gulp and start swinging. After that, the focus is pretty centered around on staying unbled in battle until daddy's little helper kicks in, which in the adrenaline rush of battle can start happening in as little as 5 minutes.

We are the last of the bigger bands of Berzerkers. Most tribes can only handle one or two per village, and tend to keep them at an arms length due to personal tendencies that are notorious even among Vikings. More than that can easily destabilize the peace of a village unless they are taking frequent trips abroad.

Which is exactly what we do, but we are able to do it because we never gave up our magic. We changed from wanderers of the land to wanderers of the Sea, but we took

the old ways with us and found they were just as relevant in the present as they were in the past.

We are part of a larger tribe of loosely affiliated clans that demand only our periodic service for tribute, and other than that we are free to trade and raid wherever we see fit, as long as we don't get caught poaching on turf claimed by the allies of our Clan and Tribe.

If our allies found themselves overmatched or blocked in one of their ventures, and they were serious about their objectives then they would hunker down and send off a message by boat to us that our services were needed. This usually meant sailing east and then south, frequently down one or another of Central Europe's big rivers. When we landed and had a day or two to rest up from the journey we would take to the contested field alone and unsupported by our allies. In the old days there were more of us, but now there are only 44. Sometimes we would be facing a a thousand or more opponents, but it didn't matter to us. The seemingly laughable number of men lining up to oppose them always had the effect of amusing them into overconfidence about their superior numbers.

Over time, my great-great-great-great-great-grandfathers had worked out an effective multi-pronged strategy for defeating vast numbers of other tribes who fought as much for personal glory as they did for tribal prerogatives.

Almost every single engagement like this progressed the same way. First the opponent's Chief would dispatch a similar number of low level infantry to see how we fight, perhaps even dispatch us themselves. Most of us might take a sip or two in this early phase to start getting our blood up, but mostly we would take our time and warm up a bit by playing it out a bit with their line grunts before chopping them up like bait.

We would do this in as obnoxiously as possible, conspicuously stringing out our individual fights like a cat playing with a cornered mouse so the rest of their force is spitting mad by the time the last one is dispatched. Their Chief will then be assailed from all sides from insistent requests from his best warriors for the opportunity to punish us for our insolence. Most of the time the Chief will put these initial requests off and opt to send out like numbered group of their middleweight fighters, younger veterans good enough to stay alive over the years but not old or good enough yet to be a legend in their own time. The first of the waves of this particular class of fighter we rope a dope as well, only to turn around and give them a good shellacking once we are warmed up and our blood is starting to rise.

You might think that doing this twice in a row would piss off an opposing Chief enough to just send the rest of his men at that point, but sending a large force after so few men assembled against them in an open field is the act of a cowardly woman. It is an act that brings no honor to their tribe. His men might even balk at such an order, and even if they didn't there would be resentment among the rank and file at their lost opportunities

for personal glory and getting their VIP pass to Valhalla stamped, and no smart Chief would create such discord among his own people if he could help it.

So the next rank of grunts are offered their bid for glory, and we play with them like cats before cutting them them down like dogs. Most of us typically take another sip before and after the third wave while we wait and see how their Chief reacts.

After the third round of this, you can count on one of two things happening, he either continues this for another wave or two of this or he loses his patience and sends out his Varsity squad of heavy hitters.

You can always tell when those bastards are coming because they spend anywhere from 5-10 minutes going on and on in high volume about who they are and who all of their fathers and grandfathers were all the way back to Adam (or whatever his Norse equivalent is). They are usually pretty well equipped, but tend to have faces that look like they have caught a mailed fist or five in their time.

For me and many of the other men, this is the time of the big gulp. The opposition usually starts their oratory lined up from us 20 or so paces away, and once they start on their begats, we all take a big swallow, count to nine, and bum rush them while they continue to recite their lineage. With the adrenaline and inner fire coursing through our veins we almost always close the gap before they can get their weapons in a ready position and even though we have ours up and ready, we never strike with our weapons first after the big gulp.

The secret ingredient of our Mushroom Magic is one that was lost by the other tribes...moderate head trauma. Nothing kicks up the Battle Fire faster or hotter than a good solid blow to your own skull, preferably distributed over as much surface area to minimize damage.

Since we were all working off the same script and came from the same village, we are all wearing similar iron skull cap helmets go that down to the eyebrows a extend down along the bridge of the nose, perfect for the crashing iron knock of the skull that happens when headbutting a standing helmed opponent at full speed. Which turned out to be a near ideal way to kick off this particular application of this mushroom.

The Standard Order of Battle for us at this point is to take advantage of the head butted opponents stunned reflexes by taking a good swing at taking off the head with a sword or giving it a good solid wack with axe or large hammer. With the crazy berzerker strength that comes with an intentional adrenaline release during a highly altered state of mind, the results tended to be visually striking in a medieval Tarantino sort of way.

Enough to stun the assembled opposition watching this, who just saw their best and brightest get bum rushed, cold cocked with a head butt, and have their heads knocked or chopped off right in front of them.

By this time, all of us are worked up into enough of a controlled frenzy for stage two: mop up. Without stopping from the just delivered killing blow, we split up into two flying wedges that rush the outer edges of their line, where the least honored of their ranks tend to be formed up. Often these parts of the line start collapsing even before we crash into them, their lesser warriors on the edges clambering over each other to get away from us as fast as they can because they have realized we are totally fucking crazy and capable of anything.

Meanwhile, as they are running away they impede the progress of the better fighters running into the fray which frequently leads to its own fights between the men fleeing from battle and the ones rushing into it. The resulting chaos always works to our favor because we have seen it so many times before, and we wade through mess toward the center killing indiscriminately as we go.

By this time in one of these battles, most of us are high enough that we would probably feel like we were tripping balls if weren't so busy killing stupendous amounts of men. As it is, in battle I am all motion. Once the buzz fully kicks in, I start feeling like I am anywhere from 9 to 18 feet tall. The inside my body feels like it is overpressured with burning hot white light, but my skin feels like a layer of heavy oak under unseamed birch bark. I start off fighting with the strength of 3 men, which can build over the course of one of these battles to as many as 9 or more. I hardly feel anything with my skin, and I can take a fist full in the face without blinking. This rarely happens because I am hard to touch. I run faster than a deer and hit harder than a charging buck. I hardly bleed, even when stabbed, and my hands are almost totally impervious to edges. I can stop a swinging sword with my bare hands, and kick hard enough to break shins.

What is even more impressive are the memories of his battle vision at work. This goes beyond the icy clarity of his unusually acute vision, spiraling out into a 360 degree torus of situational awareness that tracks his own personal activities within the larger framework of where the rest of his men are in the battle while simultaneously highlighting the energetic flow lines of the battle itself, reading its shifting ley lines and stagnant pockets like a sailor reads the lines of the wind on the waters before him.

His preferred progression through a battle is zipping along it's evolving ley lines at full speed, crashing through one stagnant pocket of confused men after another in a two fisted blitzkrieg fury...all dash, slash and bash until hitting a serious contender and whipping on them with a totally insane kind of berzerker kung fu that chains together its motions in 9 step patterns of different double and triple combos involving all four limbs, both hips, upper torso and forehead. It has little of the grace of Wu Shu or the artful flash of Kung Fu, in practice it's more like a NHL power forward skating full tilt through a youth hockey practice, hip checking and high sticking his way through the crowd of flailing students in a careening, hammer-head style of combat that could only be developed and practiced by half-crazed Scandinavian mushroom fiends.

Even with all of that going on, nothing distracts him or the rest of the men fighting with him from the whole point of the exercise, which is to get to their Chief and take his head,

heart or hide from him. They don't always succeed, but mostly because their opponents run away before they can get to them. Once their Chief has left the field, or his body, the rest usually give up on the day and flee for their lives.

That's often the way of it for the big engagements in the south along the Danube and the Volga, which is where we tend to spend our springs and summers trading with our friends and raiding our foes down there.

In the fall (which is when this particular nautical memory fugue is taking place), we like to wrap up the working season by going West to England, which is our equivalent to Disneyland.

It wasn't always that way. Back in the days of our Grandfathers, the Celts and Picts that ranged over the South and North sides of their East coast were not to be taken lightly. Some of them even had their own battle magic which they used against us, and those made for epic battles. But it was usually for slim pickings, as these tribes had little to plunder that we couldn't get from other places with less work.

Except for unusual number of red headed girls that sheep laden isle seems to produce so prodigiously. Which is what kept bringing us back from time to time, usually in the fall when red heads of a different kind would be blooming in the woods of that island.

Both are still some of it's main attractions, but when the kneeling followers of the Nailed One took over more and more of the coast from the Celts and Picts through through their weird reverser-magick of turning the other cheek, we noticed they brought much of their finery with them when they came up from the South. We soon learned that the monasteries were feculent producers of ale, cheese, and usually had the best whores in the area on premises or close enough by to be the same difference.

Entirely consistent with their weak kneed and lily livered faith, they tend to be crap fighters. Even worse was that the Southrons were now only a tiny minority of the dead tree worshippers of Jehovah the Jealous, the rest were the progeny of the once mighty Celts and Picts who abandoned their Gods for the Jealous One, turning their faces away from the Gods of their lands towards an absent and invisible God off in the sky and the ghost of his dead Son on Earth.

Contemptible. Ask any true Viking man, woman or child and they would tell you, anyone that would abandon the Living Gods of his fathers and grandfathers for such limp-dicked malarky is lower than whale shit at the bottom of the seventh sea.

By our thinking, anybody that gives up their Gods for a ghost is a deeply confused person who best set straight by sending them to their real Gods directly, unburdened by their formerly confused bodies and brains.

Over the years, Wotan's initial dislike of this foreign Faith and its followers has grown into a frenzied Ragnarok rage and he long ago decreed that wherever we find them we

are to burn whatever we weren't able to stab, carry away, or fuck. Especially if their men cower and kneel in a pathetic attempt to plead for their ghost lives.

Because of their new faith, and the other fact the former Tribes that ruled that Isle weren't usually the best of fighters compared to the Teutons and the Gauls to begin with, our adventures on this isle tend to be more leisurely. By this time in our year, most of us are feeling the effects of 4-6 months of frequent rowing, raiding and going head to head against the Teutonic and other Tribes in the south, plus the wear and tear of not infrequent mortal combat.

But we no longer face the mighty Celts or Picts now, the majority of the few men who do stand and fight are a pale shadow of their predecessors. Battles are few and far between, and small skirmishes aren't even all the frequent on our raids anymore. The Island natives take off for the hills or woodlands around their not yet burning village if they see hide or hair of us on the horizon. The few battles that do transpire on our annual tour lack the fiery intensity of those down south on the mainland.

We rarely feel compelled call on our Mushroom Battle Magic in our frequent raids on the Isle, and the memories of the engagements that do happen have a game-like axe tag quality to them, with a heavy sense of slapstick humor. The screaming mortal terror of victims running away or trying to fight back reverberates in lens like the high jinxed antics of watching spider monkeys getting chased by a large gorilla through a grassy field would in yours or mine.

We come with the Storms of their Fall, and fall upon the towns and villages on the coast like Thor's hammer, leaving them in flattened, smoking ruins littered with the bodies of the men who stayed, carrying off whatever loot and women they wanted, and leave the rest of them to fend for themselves.

Good times, if you're a Viking. Not so much for the rest of Europe, and less so for England...

On and on his memories go, burbling along under his buzz and the beat of the drum. During my little safari through his memory, the night sky remains largely cloudless with only a hint of a breeze, but the rollers shift into choppy waves that require a higher cruising speed to plow through. Not too long before that he took a third sip of his foul, cherry-spiked, mushroom piss concoction, I started to feel the real time effect of the cumulated dosage in my own lens in earnest. This starts off mostly riding piggy-backing off his lens and me just feeling the telegraphed effects of his buzz, but with the increasing dosage my unattenuated lens diverges from his as he shifts into a higher tempo song to spur the men into the higher speed necessary to get through the building chop.

He starts singing a new song that matches the heightened tempo, which has a different beat structure to it. It's one of the Old songs, passed down form time immemorial and

sung in a language whose words are no longer spoken now, it's half remembered meanings echoing from the past.

It's a Summoning Song that calls the energy of the land, or in the present case water, directing it up through feet to flood through the body with an ozone-type buzz that resonates through the whole boat. The beat switches to a higher, upper 30's/low 40's bpm rowing tempo, and his left hand comes into play hitting a simple snare back beat on the edge of the skin of his drum with the left hand on the 2 and the 4, while single and double thumping the downbeats with the femur he strikes the center of it's human skinned head with.

The beat rolls through the rocking boat, and the sound of song has a sympathetic effect on friendly ears...the last distinct first-order impression of his lens is him hitting some synergetic interface point between the beat, the singing, his buzz and his ongoing 6th sense of navigational-Shaman awareness in synchronizing and threading all the efforts of men with the action of the ship into a unified entity that proceeds through the water at of highest rate of speed for the lowest effort expended.

He can feel the operational sweet spot of the boat, sitting in its dragon headed prow, with some uncanny auric sense of his energetic field merging with the individual fields of the men and the energetic field of the ship itself. When the boat is riding in this sweet spot, to him it feels like he is less in a boat in the water than at the head of a dragon flying through the air.

Yet where he stays on the boat, singing his way across the water, my lens gets caught up in the timeless beat that he plays and begins to diverge from his. I have a definite contact high from his mushroom buzz, and the simple beat being played by one forefather of mine on a drum whose skin he sacrificially took from another forefather of mine trips some previously undiscovered gear in my mind. Each individual beat struck turns the gear backwards one tooth at a time.

The tempo is more or less at a walking pace. The snare like back beat trails off, and the bass thumps of 1 and 3 begin to develop a little crunch on their top, not unlike footsteps in on a dry forest floor.

I am pulled deeper into the into the abyss of his memory and the words he sings become distant and watery, and begin to morph and detune, but without slowing down.

I finally hit some outer/lower threshold that his lens avoids like positive end of magnet squirreling away from the positive end of another, but my lens presses into it like a face being pushed into a glass window (or **one way mirror**).

the beat, the hand of a bully, pushing my lens through a window with a pulsing beat...

Some parts of my lens start popping through, and they prefigure a walking type activity, on dry land. I have a brief bilocated spell where I am sitting and singing in a boat in the ocean, and singing and walking somewhere else at the same time. The overall effect is like polyrhythm induced deja vu, with the same weird head-turning effect that was eerily similar to what I have experienced the few times I have heard real Bata music done well, which is the musical component of most Santeria religious rituals.

The forceful contractions of the beat pushing me through this semipermeable membrane the wrong way kick start my nervous system like some kind of neonatal birth trigger when I feel **something** bear down **hard**, shoving my lens all the through this lower window of his lens and I pop out somewhere else...

Episode 10: **do not call down that which you can not put back up**

Where my lens finds itself is as much another who as it is a different where and when. My new metaphysical host symbiont is walking through a forest more coniferous than deciduous. It's fall and the leaves are orangey red and about half of the leaf bearing trees are stripped of their leaves. It's well after dark, but he is seeing colors just fine in the soft light of the Milky Way's belt girding a moonless night.

Somehow, I know immediately that this is another direct ancestor of mine. I also realize almost as quickly that this is a past life of mine as well. Both of these facts register in my lens just as plain and clear as does the recognition of my own face in a mirror.

i have been walking for three days and nights straight without stopping, and before i am done with this journey i will walk at least another 3 more before reaching my destination...

As he walks, he continues to hum the same strength Summoning song that his later Viking spawn was singing on the water. In his lens I can hear not just the words of the song, but the actual meanings of them, which extends the effect of the song beyond the acoustic neuro-physiological effects of the sequence and combination of it's musical tones.

He is also, in modern terms, tripping his fucking balls off. It's definitely from the same mushroom as his descendent was on, but eaten raw and on the run.

In his lens, I feel like I am 9 feet tall, and moving with the bipedal animal grace of a Yeti while internally glowing with a black light that illuminates the way before me. Not black light in the sense of UV rays, but an actual inky black light that highlights the boundaries of objects in his/my visual field like fine lines cut into black construction paper with a sharp razor and held up in front of your face before a low fire. Somehow this inky black light still transmits colors, but in an abstracted sepia sort of way, not entirely dissimilar to how the colors appeared in my lens during my glimpses of and forays into **Shitbird County** earlier in this increasingly altered (and educational) experience.

Except for the sky, which shimmers and undulates above me with a seething malignant intensity. The clusters of stars at the lower edge of the sky's horizon are forming shifting pre-Chinese ideograms, proto-Japanese kanji and archaic Cyrillic characters that splinter and morph into one another as if they were being written with a spidery, gothic hand.

In my right hand I carry a good sized walking stick that I salvaged from an old oak that was savaged by lightning during a wicked thunderstorm in my youth. A few moons after that, I found a chunk of copper laying on the ground during one of my Spirit Walks through the Great Northern Forest, and had a blacksmith from one of the villages I pass through from time to time melt it down and fashion into 6 different bands that are wrapped three to an end that now glow green in sunlight. I have always called it the

Thunderstick due to it's origin, plus the big booming sound it makes when striking the torso of a charging Bull Moose in heat. Which is one of the many hazards of wandering quiet and alone through the Northern Forest.

In my left I hold a small, well worn rubbing stone that my father gave to me which has been passed from father to first son in our clan since before the time of the Big Ice. It has a channel that had been worn down by countless thumbs over it's millennia of being our Spirit Stone. It also has a big crack running right down the middle of it. The crack in it is only three days old, and wasn't caused by being dropped on a hard surface or left in a hot fire too long. The shame that such a thing happened while it was under my stewardship is a fiery dark spike piercing my mind and heart.

I have red hair and and a redder beard, and eyes that glow green when they are open, as I have been told by more than one of the villager women that I have spent some time with on occasion.

These and other memories register in the rear surfaces of his lens, but his foreground is all present for him and almost no internal dialogue.

He is a wandering Shaman that is regionally renowned for being one of the more powerful of the North in his time. With his various "powers" he has healed the sick, located the lost, killed a few who definitely had it coming, and for the most part only charging a nominal fee for his various services.

At least more nominal than what many less skilled local practitioners think is their due for their diminished services.

i am walking WSW through the forest, weaving a gentle zig zag tacking back and forth across the straight line of my traveling vector. this increases the distance that i will walk, but the cost is well worth it since both demons and moose tend to move in straight lines across the landscape.

I might only be walking, but his lens is taut and brittle with fear and loathing of what he is fleeing.

It is a fear totally unlike anything I have felt in my own life up to this point. This isn't the standard fear of the dark as a child, or the common twinned fears of the adult of dying and being alone (or **both**, which i regret to tell you is the only way we all pass through the looking glass). It isn't the fear of climbing to the top of a fully extended 30 foot extension ladder placed on a sloping algae covered driveway in blowing rain and gusting winds, or even the fear that comes with the scrotum tightening realization that the now cracking pond ice you have walked out to the middle of isn't nearly as thick as you surmised standing back on the snowy shore.

It isn't even the fear of a rat has not been afraid of anything for a long time running into cat for the first time while it eats a previous kill, but that is a closer approximation than

any of the common human fears of the developed world. It wasn't just a fear for his life, but his actual Soul, which for him wasn't just merely a hypothetical intellectual concept, but an ongoing work of sustained conscious development, even if those weren't the specific terms he would have used.

If his memories are any indication, he is both an unmitigated badass and a true Son and Shaman of the North Woods. Again my lens has free reign on another ancestor's memory as he journeys altered through a mostly clear and moonless night.

He is one of a long line of Shamans that go back to before the Big Ice that have managed to pass on their growing body of knowledge in almost complete totality to at least one person in the next generation, and all of it verbally.

By the time most of us in modern America are receiving our high school diplomas, he already knew enough the Shamanic curricula to heal the sick, locate and communicate with the recently departed, knew the usage, blooming cycle and geographic distribution of every usable herb and plant in his domain, and had already killed a rival Shaman without touching him or poisoning him.

Oddly enough for a bigger man (when not tripping, he stood about 6ish feet tall, which was tall for that time and region) and a powerful Shaman, his Spirit Animal is not the usual Grey Wolf, Black Bear or White Tiger of the historically great Shamans of the past, or their current legions of would be claimants to their esteemed lineages. His is the Wolverine, who can walk anywhere, climb anything, eat just about anything and is scared of (almost) nothing, no matter how big it is.

Despite the wolverine being his main animal ally, he does not keep one as his familiar, preferring to keep two ravens in that capacity. In his solitary journey through the forest, he is periodically joined in his travels by local wolverines going in the same direction on their own missions, but the Spirit of the Wolverine is no one's servant, and would not countenance one of it's own being reduced to such for any reason.

If memory serves me correct, in trying to read the admittedly altered interface between his memories and the proprioceptive impression of his body walking through the night after 3 days of constant hiking tripping his balls off, I would have to say he was in his later 20's/early 30's. Fresh in his memory was the recent passing of his Father, Himself an even more powerful Shaman that was also regionally regarded as being one of the strongest, not to mention strangest, in the area (the old man's Spirit Animal was the Red Headed Woodpecker, to give you some indication).

Not surprisingly, I come to learn that this recent passing is directly connected the present subject of my lens being on the run. How they connect is one of the oddest sequence of events I have ever encountered in either my own brain, or any other sequences of a similar page count in any of the narratives of the many Science and Speculative Fiction Novels that I occasionally binge on from time to time.

So strange in fact that it merits it's own little episode...

episode 10.1

of moose and men...

I should have listened to the Old Man before he passed over to the **other side**, where he now won't shut up. He told me about the perils of playing with circles and symbols scribed in the ground. According to him, our strongest Magic was in the Words we Speak, and the Words we Sing. Anything scratched out in the dirt was dangerous, he told me. He said we control our Magick through the real time tones of our breath, and once you scratch something down it becomes its own thing, and available to others to use for their own purposes.

I should have listened to him, but for my whole life I had been hearing stories from the few traders that come up here of the Magick of the Southern tribes that gave them the power to build shining white mountains and move rivers. Very few of these traders had the Second Sight themselves, but were smart and observant in the own right, and the tales they told all spoke of the Magick of making marks on clay or papyrus. I had even seen one of these myself as a boy, and never forgot the Magick markings on the scroll.

The Old Man might have been a bit of savage odd ball to his enemies, but he was the most sought after Medicine Man in the area when someone was deathly ill. He had a knack of showing up where he was needed most, and well before word could travel to where he was last seen. This often happened to the chagrin of local practitioners who were less skilled and charged higher fees.

We were some of the last True Wanderers of the North. The Tribes around here stopped wandering long ago and became small villages, and most of their Medicine Men stayed with them. Many of them grew fat and lazy in their cozy log huts during the long winters, and their powers subsequently diminished into a shadow of those of their forefathers and grandmothers. Most of these local practitioners were nothing more than a bunch of signifying herbalists and charlatans representing Forces they no longer truly hear, See or even Listen to themselves.

Not us, because we remember where the hot caves are where we cache the bounty of the fertile summers up here. We also remember and practice the oldest of the old ways, less out of a sense of tradition than simply because they still work. I am currently walking to the furthest of my cache caves to the extreme West of my wandering territory.

I am not sure what I will do when I am there, other than rest up from this trek and try to recover from the withering whiplash of Magick/Mushroom Operation gone terribly awry. It went so bad, I might have to leave the area altogether if I can't get a better handle on my pursuer(s).

Turns out, as me and my Old Man have found to be the case, being one of the best at what you do and charging significantly less for your services than your lesser competition is a good way of making many enemies in your career field.

Since we are Wanderers who forage and hunt and gather most of what we eat, our material needs are minimal compared to those of the villages. We can't accept any payment for our services that we can't carry on our back and do not accept live domesticated animals because they slow us down in our arboreal ambulations.

Unlike the Village Shamans and the herds of goats, forest swine, sheep, and woodland chickens they keep in their back yard pens and sheds...a clear example of the many benefits of providing dubious services for negligible outcomes at a fair market rate that is unburdened by competition from competent alternative providers.

There is a long time rivalry between our Line and some of the Local Practitioners that goes back before even my Great Grandfather's time. They have been messing with us for generations. For a long time it was mostly annoying, petty attempts at Magickal assault and battery and other hamhanded attempts to Send Us A Message that were laughable and easily deflected, or if particularly annoying were reflected back to it's sender of origin.

While it has always been the advice of the Father to deflect these attacks and not escalate the ill will that the Locals already have for us, sometimes the lacking sense of the Son would get the better of even the best of us and we would give into the sense of righteous indignation that typically follows such an attack and retaliate in kind, or more forcefully to try and prevent future assaults.

But none of this really addressed the root of the problem. We could only charge we could actually bear away ourselves, and not what an artificially inflated, regionally monopolized market dictated.

This feud came to a pivotal head in the final days of my Grandfather after he wandered into a village where he hadn't been to in many moons and was shocked at how sad and forlorn the villagers were. He talked to the first child he ran into, a dark haired and eyed skinny girl about 8-9 years old, and she told him that was everybody was scared about; there were demons in the woods that their shaman Bear Neck had been keeping at bay with the frequent blood sacrifices of the increasing amount of village animals he was demanding as his fee to protect the village from these invisible assailants of evil.

She said Bear Neck demanded salt offerings as well, to work his Magic against the demons.

The Old Man's Old Man suspected a rat and smelled something fishy as heard the tale. There were no signs in the village or in it's outskirts during his approach that spoke of malign metaphysical forces at work.

But he did know Bear Neck as his father's son, and his father was a mendacious, fork tongued bastard whose very existence was a greasy stain on even the decreasing reputations of the Village Shamans.

Grandpa tracked down Bear Neck to his hut outside of the village, sited next to one of the many cavernous hills in the area, and found him schlepping a goodly pile of salted meat from his hut into a cave behind his house.

Seeing this incensed Grandpa to no end, as there is nothing that any of us in our line hate worse than an outright charlatan, but the Old Man's Old Man took his indignation to a different level. In his cresting rage and with only a Word he managed to hijack Bear Neck's marginal magickal hold on his familiar, a big and ornery black bear, and sicked him on his former psychic master, who the bear was already not fond of despite being his erstwhile familiar. So not fond of him, in fact, that mauling him to death was not enough for the bear, and it proceeded to eat that fraudulent son of a bitch right after killing him.

Grandpa, not fully anticipating the depth of the suppressed rage in the bear, wasn't actually trying to kill the errant Shaman, just trying to facilitate a moderately savage Ursine beat down to show him the error of his misrepresentative ways. Things got out of hand quickly, and once the bear tasted blood and kept chewing, Grandpa had to put the big bastard down right there lest it go on to terrorize the nearby village (common wisdom being that once a large animal eats human flesh, it will be a man eater for the rest of it's days).

Though his heart might have been in the right place, killing their local Shaman and his Familiar did dampen the joy of the villagers when they recovered most of their unused and unnecessary offerings. Dampened enough that he was promptly chased out of the village by men of the village who vigorously pursued him with farming implements and throwing spears.

He never regretted killing that scheister Shaman after the fact, but once the word got out, the nearby Shamans of the surrounding villages did not like it one bit, and eventually got together and decided that that fire is best fought with fire.

It took five of their strongest Witch Doctors six moons to track Grandpa down and finally kill him, after which three of their number were never seen again. The two that returned would not speak of what happened to the rest of their newly formed guild, and between them one was now permanently cock eyed with a pronounced stutter and the other could only sleep during daylight hours and was deathly afraid of woodpeckers.

That was partly Dad's doing. Grandpa died before I was here yet, but just like I felt my father's passing and was visited by his Spirit Woodpecker just after he was killed that told me his tale, so was my father visited by his father's spirit in the form of his Spirit Animal, the Hummingbird, which is the rarest totem of the North Woods.

Grandpa was ambushed unawares on previously neutral territory in village, at night, while he was being entertained, as it were, by one of the young village widows whose husband had met his fate in the dangerous woods some moons before.

He (IE grandpa and not the widow's former mate) was attacked by a black bear, white tiger and grey wolf inside the widow's wooden earth hut, all acting at the coordinated psionic behest of his five attackers. Even naked and bare handed he managed to distract and bamboozle all three long enough to allow him to grab his shit and escape with the widow. Once outside he sealed the door shut and sung the animals to sleep while he traced the magick binding them back to his assailants. Once things were quiet, he tracked back along it's path. When he was far enough outside the village, he sung a killing song that he channelled down the active psychic pathway his opponents had opened with their controlled fauna proxies.

It was a strong enough song that even it's diminished telegraphed effect was strong enough to kill one of his opponents outright, and knock another one senseless and cross eyed. This didn't scare the remaining three as much as he hoped, and two of them began to attack him directly while the third worked on waking up the Familiars that they had prepared for this assassination.

The third man succeeded and managed to maneuver the animals to his blind side while the other two flanked him with Devil Winds and Falling Rocks spells, and he was mauled simultaneously by all three animals from behind.

After Grandad passed on, he told all this to my dad from the other side. My father was not particularly interested in hearing his subsequent suggestions to not escalate things further by not taking revenge. One of the many things that grandpa realized in his full transfer to the **other side** was that a good majority of their village counterparts had wrongly interpreted the unintended results of previous actions as the being intended goals of those actions, and further reprisals would quickly turn a bitter rivalry into a Cold ***WAR*** between us Wanderers and the Townies.

Dad wasn't hearing any of that at the time, and liked hearing it less from me when I started asking him about all that after taking my first communion of eating the transubstantiated red and spotted white capstemmed body of the **Great Spirit in the Sky,** and heard whole story from Grandpa himself from the **other side**...

his buzz has a big electric black band running down the middle of it, bisecting his mental space like a ink dyed corpus callosum wired up to a couple of car batteries. it's a short in his auric field from rebounded mushroom magick gone horribly awry. whenever he passes through a clearing in the forest, the stars just over the trees spell out his doom in mocking and insidious arachnid characters on the lower edge of the night sky...

Dad didn't make many new professional allies killing two of his dad's assassins and almost killing the third, all in their sleep in a series of vicious nocturnal woodpecker

attacks. You might think it's funny, but you wouldn't be laughing if you saw how fast a sufficiently motivated woodpecker can plow through the egg thin layer of skull under the exposed temple of a sleeping man. The results are not very appealing, and certainly nothing to be viewed, discussed, or written about after a heavy lunch.

Between him and his late father effectively neutralizing or killing the next 5 most powerful shamans in the area, it was years before he had to seriously worry about the competition organizing against him.

It was more than enough time to shack up for a spell with one of the few Medicine Women left in the area for long enough to beget a son (i.e. the present ancestral subject who I am switching back forth discussing in first and third person. Yes, I know it's confusing, and I apologize but whatever confusion you are currently experiencing is only a quiet echo of my own confusion at the time.).

I could go into a fair amount of back story here with everything that my lens picked up in his memory, but won't except to mention couple of relevant things about what I remember about what came through regarding his understanding of his native habitat, and especially his animal lore.

To be honest, I remember far more than I will probably ever consciously understand in this life. This was a person who started his shamanistic training in utero, a child of two Shamans (the masculine bias of the word non-withstanding, and though perhaps not equally represented, there were and are Sha-women as well, who, by most accounts are as powerful in their skills, if not more so, than their male equivalents) of different lineages who was fully instructed in both.

His high level of training was clear in how his lens was responding to his situation. Even scared shitless and hiking in the dark woods during a bad trip on high test mushrooms, he had almost zero internal dialogue other than the various songs he would hum or sing softly to himself. His lens had almost no inflection to it, just taking his surroundings in with only a bare minimum of distortion, aside from the usual fungal effects in his visual field.

I am not saying his viewpoint wasn't distinctly and profound altered by being really high on Mario's Mushroom (and not Magic Mushrooms, which specifically refers to Psylocybin Mushroom, of which none of it's 200+ varieties have red caps with white spots on them), it was, if his altered vision was any indication.

What I am stipulating is that he did not regard his "altered" perceptions as being more altered than usual per say. His attitude towards his mental states was similar to the attitude of an experienced computer programmer in evaluating the different characteristics of different programming languages, and despite his fungal derangement, he still had a clearer and more precise grasp on his external surroundings that either you are I do as one of us reads these words while the other writes them.

His vision might have been acting differently from yours or mine, but what was even more striking than that was his preternatural proprioception of his immediate environment. As he passed through the forest he could have been blindfolded without slowing down one bit. He could feel the individual energetic “auric” fields of not just the trees, but the shrubs and undergrowth all the way down to leaf and twig, while reading the combined astral currents of the forest to determine the least difficult path through it in his direction. He is not hiking on a trail mind you, this is some deep, backwoods bushwacking, except for the odd game trail he comes along going his way...

the electric black band binding the y axis of my brain does have it’s uses. it expands or contracts as my shifting trajectory crossing the forest merges with the current path of my pursuer(s), like some kind of radar that signals itself with a skull spanning blind spot that grows and shrinks. my zig zagging trail won’t let it get a fix on me, but it can tell the general direction i am going. i haven’t seen, heard, or had internal contact with my pair of allied ravens since the attack, and i fear the worst for them. there are activities i can do to search for them and establish their present status, but i can’t do them on the run and as it is i am going to be hard pressed to hike another 3 days in my present condition even if i stay totally focussed on my present task...

Those haven’t gotten really high on psychedelic agents (especially Shrooms) in a natural setting and spent a bit of time alone in the woods might be inclined to read this as an overly credulous assessment of his abilities in his particular situation with a skeptical eye, but **those who have been there** know that strange and wonderful things can happen in the woods **when you are in the habit of paying close attention to your Self and your surroundings**.

Let me just state for the record that until you have actually done a psychedelic substance yourself, you are in no position to judge and dismiss the recorded perceptions of others who have as being mere “hallucinations”, regardless how many medical degrees or psychiatric doctorates you may have.

If you have have gone there yourself, then of course we can **compare and contrast our perceptions** without trying to convince each other that one is superior or more valid than the other, hopefully.

But that is different discussion for another time. You, the perceptive reader, have probably noticed a growing animal motif in this particular episode. It shouldn’t be much of a surprise with this episode’s main subject being a North Asian Wandering Shaman.

All Shamans have one or more Spirit Animals. Not necessarily in a physical sense, although for a long time most had a Familiar or two that they would magickally bind to them. Their Spirit Animals were more akin to Guardian Angels for us, but with Catholic Saint (call on the Eagle for Spirit, Hawk for Vision, Wolf for Wisdom the Owl for Sight, etc..) like overtones and a divinatory aspect, not unlike Obi-Wan’s ghost guiding a freezing Luke on Hoth.

You don't get to pick your main animal though. Usually, your animal will find you during childhood. If you survive the encounter with it's corporeal representative, it becomes your protector until adulthood, when it then becomes more of a guide and assistant. For example, the present subject's Animal Dharma was made crystal clear when he ill-advisedly tried to pet a sleeping Wolverine that was serendipitously taking a mid afternoon nap in the sunny woods behind his mother's log hut during his fifth summer, and still had the scars from the resulting claw and bite marks over his arms, chest, hips, thighs and buttocks to prove it as an adult.

Beyond Spirit Animals, and binding Familiars (two subjects that merit their own books that I am not qualified to write, either) there was a whole field of Animal Magic that encompassed many different disciplines, approaches and applications that he was familiar with...

(Editor's note: a Shaman's true name was something he or she kept secret throughout their life, and the name they gave to the world was often one based on their main Spirit Animal. To try and keep things simple {**right**}, we have taken the liberty of transliterating the relevant names into their English equivalents {Bear Neck, for instance}. It is hard enough to keep track of all this shit with having to keep track of a bunch of impossible to spell or pronounce Siberian names from over a thousand years ago.)

this time of year, the Great Spirit's little red and white helper stands small and tall in many places in the woods...

This is good, because during the heat of the attack that sent me fleeing, I did not have time to gather anything other than my Thunderstick and the freshly cracked Spirit Stone from where it landed in the woods.

The **ancestors** are pissed at me, I can feel their rising indignation in dark brown verging on black waves pulsing the stone in my pocket pouch, but I dare not toss the stone away, like part of me wants to...this would surely incur their collective wrath.

Their present sense and impact on this side of the **looking glass** may have been diminished with it's compromised structural integrity, but their continuing presence is still sufficiently strong enough to affect the local weather or large fauna in inclement and importune ways if their ire has risen high enough.

No need to agitate them further, after having already cracked this sacred stone mucking about with the long forbidden circle magick of the Southern Magi.

whenever i come across the little red men of the north woods, i collect the smaller ones with closed caps. i do not want to leave a trail of psychic spores behind me...

As he goes, he is eating groups of multiple closed cap red and white mushrooms raw, his buzz is grinding my lens down a bit further than I prefer. It might be strictly attributed to the **scheisentrip** he was having, but it seemed like some of grinding, electric, **black** light binding his brain was from the unadulterated toxins that hadn't been pre-filtered through someone's bladder. It's hard to say really, only having 2 of these experiences compare to each other, so far...

His buried and suppressed grief occasionally cracks and flares through his buzz, but he continues to keep it under a tight reign. He has to, if he dwells on it too long his all too human grief makes him easier for his pursuer(s) to track. This explains his almost complete lack of internal dialogue, he is thinking animal thoughts to move, and to hide.

He is not thinking like a Wolverine, as that would make it him very easy to find since Wolverines are few and far between. He cycles between rabbit, deer, and wolf thoughts as needed, determined by the various animals he encounters as he walks. He doesn't want to leave a trail of any kind, and a good tracker can track a man in a forest by the wake of the moving fauna left by his trail through the woods.

neither night or shadow can hide me...

All 5 of Granddads's assassins all had sons before they were killed or were psychically incapacitated. These orphaned sons were old enough at the time to remember it well, but not so old that they had finished their training with their Fathers (it might different in other places, but around these parts Shamans would mostly train their own children, or their nieces or nephews if they didn't have any progeny themselves). All of them swore mortal revenge to the Gods that they would not only kill my father but end our line forever for the various transgressions of my Grandfather and his antecedents.

Doing this publicly made them many new friends among the ranks of the Village Shamans, and those lost sons were able to quickly resume their interrupted studies with older and wiser men who were all too willing to shift the emphasis in their continuing education away from the healing arts in favor of **blacker** skill sets. The antipathy of the Village Shamans for the ongoing impunity of our Wandering Ways had only grown stronger over time, and these teachers were more than pleased to train up these vengeful 5 to be little more than Psychic Buttonmen, Psionic Hit Men who grew to be more feared than loved in the places they lived.

Since Dad he been living with this over his head for my whole life, his deception, camouflage and path masking skills had been refined to level of proficiency that made him impossible to track when moving, even if you studied with him your whole life. If he hadn't come to me himself and told me, I wouldn't have believed it possible that the 5 nimrods that have been hounding us my whole life not only tracked him down but managed to successfully drop a tree on him.

Since he was still raw from his recent and unexpected transition, and more concerned about warning me about an immanent attack, he neglected to mention three days ago

how they tracked him down. When his Spirit Animal form saw what I was doing when it showed up, he promptly forgot about warning me and proceeded to start bitching me out after noticing the circle and symbols that I had scratched into the ground before me, acting as a psionic containment field for the big ass Tiger that I had hypnogogically ensnared within it.

And for all his bitching you know what? Had I not had inscribed the proscribed circle, that Tiger would have been on my ass when the Old Man's Red Headed Shit Bird showed up and started chewing me out, distracting me enough to lose my focus. As it is, I ended up having my hands more than full when the magically possessed Bull Moose in full rut that had been chasing me for weeks appeared during the Old Man's Reprimand.

Well, appeared isn't quite what it did as much as it crashed through some low hanging branches at full speed and forcibly T-boned the quickly rising Tiger, hitting the over sized feline square amidships with it's huge rack of moose antlers and sending the 12 foot long cat (that stood 5ish feet tall at the shoulder) flying through the air like a house cat sideways and spitting through a horizontal clothes chute.

Moose Head, that stupid son of a bitch, I have to give him credit. For being a big dumb fuck, his stupid Magick has obstinate sort of polymorphic perversity to it that deserves it's own respect and requires constant vigilance to avoid on the receiving end, as I have come to learn.

I haven't decided yet if I am going to kill him or Squirrel Tail first for putting me into this mess that I am currently in, or if I am going to focus on avenging Himself first and go after Beaver Tooth, Hawk Foot or Owl Face before tending to my own affairs.

That goddamned moose had been stalking me for weeks, more than a moon even. Squirrel Tail, that weaselly little shit must have thought of it, and somehow got a hold of some of my hair, because that fucking oversized Cervidic behemoth had an uncanny bead on me and a knack for showing up when I least suspected it.

That dumb bastard and his fucking moose. For most Shamans, their Path is like a Great River with many streams running from it, but the Path of the Moose is slow, muddy trench that is all consuming. Only the Moose-minded can walk that path, and the Moose-minded ones are those least likely to become Shamans. It is a queer (as in weird and not gay), inverse sort of anti-magic because the Moose, of all the Animals of the North Woods, is the one least susceptible to Magic, hypnotism or Music

So much so that for all the prodigious Animal Lore I learned from both of my parents that I can hypnotize, possess or enchant just about any other animal of the North Woods (minus fish, and smaller flocking birds), all they told me about Moose is that they are big, dumb, and ornery but can move fast when they want to and can kick in all directions. They don't ride well, and are even dumber than deer. Or in other words, leave them

alone and give them a wide berth when you cross their path. I have since found that Moose Magick isn't good for much, but the little it does well can be extremely annoying.

Since the Moose brain is not all that highly developed, it doesn't allow many options for a Shaman to work with. My best guess is that Moose Head, that fuck, got a hold of some of my hair somehow and subtended a friendly moose, hot rodded it's limbic system and cross wired it's tiny little brain to read my psionic signature as ovulating moosette rape-bait and then set it loose in my general direction. That would explain it's tendency to have a raging moose hard on during its typically nocturnal assaults, usually attended by an excessively pungent, eye watering, sinus agitating musk so strong it can precede its presence in thick forest by ten minutes or more, depending on the wind.

It's happened often enough that whenever I stopped moving for more than finger's span of the sun moving through the sky, I make a scarecrow effigy of myself out of whatever tree fall and underbrush at hand. It's basically Shamanism 101, making effigies of your self. Not for voodoo purposes, but to distract and occupy the attention of an opposition proxy or a contacted entity that's gotten out of hand. The trick to it was to use the Spirit Stone as it's heart. The Ancestors would stand guard within it, and even from their removed position could still project through the stone in a variety ways as needs must.

They might be pissed at me, but the Ancestors have saved my life more than once with the Scarecrow trick, and now they saved my Soul with it. An effective effigy will repeatedly fool a priapically possessed Moose, but what is chasing me is only going to fall for that once, and when that happened it cracked the Stone that was supposed to be unbreakable.

That's what my father told me, and that what his father told him, and etcetera going back farther than you might guess. But he also told me not to monkey around with the demon word magick, that "infernal scratching" he called it.

He said that Our Magick was of the Earth, and we let the little Red Man worry about the Sky. The Little Red Man would tell what we needed to know of the Sky Sisters and Star Brothers, and the **others** out there. He told me that sketched circles were open gates to **other** places in the sky, and that whatever lines you drew in them would channel the energies of the sky of the constellations they reflected.

I tried to explain to him that wasn't quite how it worked, that the symbols meant other things, but he wouldn't hear any of it. He said that regardless of whatever I thought the symbols meant, they are still channeling the Star energies and that I had no idea what was out there or what could come through by accident.

Turns out, we were both right.

When that damn Moose knocked the tiger out of the circle I had it on hypnotic standby in (specifically waiting for the Moose to show up like I knew it would), I didn't have a good Hold on the Circle as I was distracted by getting chewed out by the Old Man once

again, who Himself was showing no sign of easing off on the **other side** from riding my ass when he thought it was warranted by my errant ways.

The sudden and spectacular appearance of a rutting Moose forcefully t-boning the White Tiger effectively broke my concentration and hold on the circle I had been keeping the Tiger on standby in. Such was the semantic import of the symbols I originally scratched within its 17 foot (as in end of my leg and not 12") diameter.

What I did not plan on was the "accidental" additional strokes to the characters made by the charging hooves of the Moose when it forcefully entered the circle. It just so happened that those little "accidental" additions had the effect of making new resulting characters that more or less exactly reflected a certain group of stars in the exact one part of the sky that is the last one you want to make contact with by accident. You don't even want to do it on purpose unless you are totally justified in your confidence of your Magickal Mastery, lest you and not a few more people end up having a very bad day that will turn into an even worse **night** that will last a bit longer than normal.

Since I had already had the Circle half open before the Moose attack (working off an excellently fiendish plan that involved responding to my psychic stalkers in kind while throwing them a left handed knuckle ball that does not directly relates to the main thrust of this narrative, alas), the combined Magick of my focussed Attention, the natural Magick of the Tiger (Cats, as the Egyptians and others have noted, are among the most Magickal of Animals, and big Cats even more) and the explosive burst of energy from the Moose bodily striking the White Tiger with it's lowered head was enough to blast the Circle wide open and burst my tenuous hold on it.

And something, from **somewhere**, came through and had nowhere to go but into the Moose, and is even less happy in there than it would be in the Tiger it evidently had it's eyes on.

I don't quite know what in the fuck **it** is, but could tell **it** doesn't have a lot of experience in operating large herbivorous quadrupeds. After **it** savaged the mauled Tiger, **it** actually tried to eat the dying White Tiger with the Moose body **it** was occupying. Trying to do so with its big gummy and dull toothed mouth (Moose do not grow upper front teeth, including the incisors required for effectively tearing flesh from bone) only agitated the malevolent presence further, sparking the doubly possessed and now highly confused Moose into a wild eyed and fundamentally insatiable bloodthirsty rage.

Seeing as how this Moose had already been chasing me already for weeks, and myself being the scribe of the circle that opened the **gate** that allowed **something** through that was not supposed to be here in the first place, accidentally ensnaring **it** in the Moose's mind, I guess it was only natural that I would be a likely target for it's triple rectified anger.

Thankfully, whatever malignant and overarching intelligence that was now possessing the Moose was operationally gimpped by the underlying structure of the Moose's mind, and it's not especially acute vision.

The circle magic may not have exactly worked out as planned, but the old Spirit Stone in the Scarecrow trick works every time.

To an angry moose, one man shape in the dark is as good as another and whatever was riding the Moose was trusting it's own astral radar more than the shitty dark images of the dark on black silhouette of a standing man from the Moose's (crappy) night vision.

The Ancestral Energies inhabiting the Stone in my pine branch effigy showed so brightly on its radar that the rabbit thoughts I was thinking at the time on the other side of the small clearing this was all taking place in hardly registered in it's peripheral perceptual field.

If you didn't already know, the best time to hunt Moose is at night, because they are either sleeping, or can't see shit anyways if they aren't. Their sense of smell about as good as a deer, so if you are downwind the best way to hide from a stalking Moose at night is to not move. Since I had already been taking proactive measures to mask my scent before this unfortunate attack, squatting and thinking rabbit thoughts while waiting to see what **it** was going to do with that big confused Moose body was much smarter than running off into the woods and giving that big Moose body something to chase and charge at.

Between the dark silhouette of a man standing before it, and the psychic charge of the Ancestral Energies of the Spirit Stone pulsing within, only a few moments had passed between it gumming the Tiger's neck and snorting in frustration and then charging forward and head down back across the circle towards the effigy standing on the other side.

Up to this point, while not going to my original plan, these unanticipated variables that had worked their way into my magickal equation weren't really all that much worse than usual for trying out a new piece of Magick. Unexpected things happen all the time, even with known Magick. You learn to improvise and adjust accordingly, or you should just stick to herb lore and leading sweat lodges.

Observe, Acknowledge, Integrate, Adapt and Execute, and repeat as necessary. These are the words a successful Shaman lives by.

Having taken in the scene several times before of a stalking, priapic Moose charging my coniferous effigy, I have to admit I was curious to see how the new entity present within it would react to the discovery that it's intended target is nothing more than a Magick rock hidden in a bunch of branches lashed together.

The charging assaults of this possessed Moose all fell within the same overall pattern, aside from when a hypnogogic White Tiger was present. Raging moose comes charging in from upwind, bursting through whatever branches and bracken in it's way and makes a beeline for the standing effigy that I previously raised in the center of whatever clearing I was using as a rest stop. I realized early on that one of the main elements of the magickal hold that Moose Head had on this Moose was that the long periods of stalking and walking between assaults built up it's Magickal charge that was expended in it's misdirected attacks.

Up until three days ago, what would generally happen during these Moose visits is that it would ram into the effigy at full charge, bursting the standing man shape into a pile of branches, which always confused and angered the Moose further. The action of the charge itself expended the accumulated Magikcal charge that had been building during it's walk from it's last near miss, and the angry and confused Moose would not quite remember what it was doing and would wander off far enough to let me recover the Spirit Stone and personal effects before moving onward.

While it is not at all hard to confuse a Moose (it's pretty easy actually, all you have to do is make it think, about anything), distracting one that is Magically possessed and thinks you are ovulating rape-bait sometimes requires a bit of a assistance that the Ancestors were more than happy to assist with.

The Ancestors can project their energies through the Spirit Stone in a variety of ways that would surprise and inspire disbelief in most modern readers, and temporarily distracting a tumescent Moose was not beyond their collective powers.

The fact that they didn't outright kill it (as they well could have) did add a bit to my growing suspicion that they were highly amused by my present predicament, although I couldn't quite hear them laughing at me at the time.

They are definitely not laughing now, and my Father's Red Headed Spirit Woodpecker has not appeared or spoken to me since the stone cracked protecting me in the last attack, three days ago.

I don't know what in the hell is riding that Moose now from the inside, but whatever **it** is inspired to collective Will of the Ancestors to rise up and strike the **entity** possessing the charging Moose with all of the force they could project through that small rock sitting in the torso of the coniferous man I had assembled at the grounding point of the circle through which **it** came.

Who would thought that such a small rock could have such a pronounced effect on so large an animal?

Which brings me to another one of the finer points of Moose hunting. In addition to doing it at night, **do not use small rocks, or small caliber bullets as projectiles**.

Unless, of course, you prefer the challenge of it, than either many small rocks or a fully automatic weapon with two extended magazines taped side by side is strongly recommended.

It should be noted that hunting moose is generally considered to be poor form unless it's done in self defense, and you plan on eating whatever you kill. There aren't as many as there used to be, and a healthy deer tends to be much easier to carry through the woods out to your cave, or truck, as applicable.

Anyways, the point being that what happened when the extra-dimensionally possessed Moose stuck the Effigy and Ancestor Stone within it had less to do with the physical properties of the stone itself than it did being a 10,000+ years old magickal object capable of channelling stupendous amounts of ancestrally accumulated Magickal Force.

When that goddamned Moose hit the effigy three days ago, I don't think dropping a tree on it's head could have any more of a pronounced effect. The ancestor stone enhanced effigy stopped the Moose dead in it's tracks, psychically braining the Moose into a catatonic stupor while the Stone itself ricocheted with a powerful CRACK that sent it flying like a line drive off into the woods.

Immediately, I knew something terrible and different happened. Squatting on the side of the clearing, I had watched this with a growing amusement that suddenly shattered like a mirror along the anterior surfaces of my cervical vertebrae and occipital lobe. This was then followed by the cold, cracked egg feeling of a chilly yolk running down my spine, a big gaping hole in my auric field where I used to daily suffer the ongoing wisdom and wisecracks of the Ancestors.

But their collective haymaker was only strong enough to stun **it** long enough for me to sneak back a few feet into the cover of the forest, and quietly track over to where the stone landed. I could hear the entity trying to kick start the Moose's stunned brain (had it been anything other than a Moose, it would have tipped over stone dead, depriving the occupying entity an operational anchor point to make it's presence felt on the material plane), trying to wake itself up by making the Moose's body growl and try to bark like a wolf.

So in addition to being much stronger than anything I have faced before, **it** is no dummy either. Only a Tiger's purr can wake up a Moose faster than a Wolf's growling bark.

Hearing a normally silent Moose trying to growl and bark to wake itself up did not combine well with psychic whiplash of the sudden loss of the Ancestral anchor of my Magick. Worse than that, between the previous psychic trace on me that Moose Head had managed to Magickally crowbar into it's neuro-perceptual field, the forceful contact that it now had with my Ancestors through it's collision with the Spirit Stone created a psychic link between us that **it** was quickly becoming more and more aware of as I gathered up the Stone and began walking West, tacking back and forth across the forest in a long zig zagging line.

After intermittently ruminating on this while on the run these last three days, I have to say that as bad as things are, all and all it could have been much worse. Whatever sky demon came through the circle is severely hamstrung in having to try and project it's will through the infamously dense Moose Mind. It is using the body and senses of a large herbivore to stalk a large predator (me), and is having much more difficulty in tracking me through the Moose than it would had it found itself in the Tiger body that was in the circle before that poor, dumb Moose crashed into it.

The demon in the Moose might have come from the sky and be stronger than the ones I have dealt with previously, but it is still a demon and is still subject to the various metaphysical laws that define it's capacities in this realm.

If you aren't already familiar with the intricacies regarding the operational capabilities of trans-dimensional entities that do not belong here, that probably means you likely have a much more orderly and well adjusted life than the present author. Speaking as a completely half-insane person with a near photographic memory that requires a daily intake of stupendous amounts of THC to properly manage, I can tell you that their a couple of pretty firm rules that govern their behavior when they are here. (Note: these are not rules as ethical guidelines, but established and observable behavioral patterns in an empirical sense)

One rule is that regardless of the diet of whatever is acting as their host, be it Man, Moose or Fish, these trans-dimensional entities do not eat food like we do. They survive off of a much lighter fare that we refer to as "emotional energy". Or in other words, they thrive off the energetic shifts and spikes of a conscious being's emotional field. The more conscious a being is, the more emotional energy they are capable of generating through the feedback loop of their increasingly abstracted self-awareness.

Another rule of thumb is that, generally speaking, the trans-dimensional entities which are strategically positioned in their own natural habitats to make feeding forays into this one are generally not ones that anybody other than the most brain-damaged and overly credulous mystic would refer to as "higher beings". They might have a higher vibrational rate than your eye can track, but that doesn't necessarily make them a nice entelechy.

If you are going to ill-advisedly traffic with forces you can't see, when you are sitting there playing with your seances, summoning spells and Ouija boards, please keep in mind that whatever things that you call up (or **down**) that are not directly sourced in your own subconscious are best treated as a correspondence with independent and coherent forces that **have their own agenda that may or may not bear little resemblance to your own.**

It is because of this typical divergence of agendas that most of these types of nefarious entities are generally content to keep their own counsel, choosing to feed and flit silently from one darkened and depressed aura to the next.

To be clear, not all inter-dimensional interlopers are bad people. Some of them were just minding their own business wherever they came from and found themselves here, compelled under duress (and possibly by accident) and not fully prepared for something they (**also**) never anticipated. There are also **Others** who have come here intentionally to guide us through our painfully drawn out collective adolescence, and try to help us reign in the worst tendencies of ourselves, and their less enlightened energetic brethren.

And thank God/dess for that, because without these astral watchers, we would have been terminally fucked a long time ago, and much, much worse than we are now.

Which brings me to the last rule of thumb (that I am willing to discuss in a public setting at least) regarding the operational tendencies of presences invisible, just like (**too**) many of us, some of them have clearly let their vices get the better of their higher aspirations. Some of them are bonafide gluttons who are addicted to their equivalent of high calorie, high carbs and high fructose corn syrup junk food; the heightened emotional charge of our anger, resentment and above all, **fear**.

I am not suggesting these invisible presences are the main sources of our negative emotions, but that they have been thriving on and exacerbating them for millennia. Some of these grew mighty and strong enough to pass for gods, and **started demanding sacrifices.**

Others grew strong enough to make alliances with other Gods, who also **started demanding sacrifices** on their behalf that would benefit both parties. The less said of those fuckers, the better.

Whatever **sky demon** is in the Moose has been periodically trying to goose me out of cover by psychically prodding me with visions of what **it** is going to do to me when **it** finds me.

The images are not pretty, but pass through his lens like a water off of a duck's back because he knows that whatever the demon wants to do to his monkey, Moose generally do not give a flying fuck about what a scared little rabbit thinks...

behind his rabbit thoughts, his fevered shaman mind is fully at work trying to dope out the nature and capabilities of his combined pursuer(s)...

Somehow, he is doing it behind his lens in a way that allows him to read his own inner responses without externally radiating his own emotional reactions. He has been gradually and intermittently allowing himself to radiate specific emotional signals of varying intensity to get a read on his pursuer's faculties, and aside from the fact it is indefinitely trapped in the Moose, he has become less pleased the more he has learned.

From my own refracted viewpoint from our co-located lenses witnessing this diagnostic procedure, it was roughly equivalent to watching one side of a chess match between to old school phone operators that were using their manual telephonic switching station like

a Battleship(tm) board, and sending discrete signals through through the ports like electrical testers trying to find a short in the wires between them.

Yes, that is a massively mixed metaphor. It also happens to be accurate and representative. It would be more accurate to say try to imagine playing chess using an electric Battleship (tm) playing board where all of the corresponding receiving holes for the pegs of the ships marking your position on the board are hot wired to EEG's rigged up to your skull to trigger the corresponding areas of the brain.

In this hypothetical game, similar to Battleship you not only can't see your opponent, you also can not see his/her board either. All you have is your own field (i.e. your mind) and the recorded impression of what you have attempted before (i.e. your memory), just like the vertical face of the Battleship board where you record your previous hits and misses.

Unlike the binary signals of Battleship where you either hit something or you don't, with this being the psychic equivalent of trying to hack through someone's psionic firewall, there are a plurality of signals that can be sent that act just as differently as the different chess pieces of can move across the board.

For three days he and his pursuer have been involved in this psychic chess match, and the more that he has learned the more he is inclined to think rabbit thoughts about his pursuer.

or in other words, for the first time in his adult life he is scared shitless, and not without reason...

The trauma to the Ancestor's Spirit Stone has, for now, severed the open and ongoing channel of communication with them which has been open since my rite of manhood during my 12th winter. That I haven't as yet been able to re-establish that link after three days of trying only underscores the heightened severity of the situation.

The loss of the connection of with my Ancestors is a huge blow to me. Like most Shamans who part of an inherited lineage, most of the Magick I know is **rooted** on the **other side** by my Ancestors. Until I have re-established it, I am disconnected from my largest information resource and mojo reservoir. That is probably going to take some doing, and I am not quite sure how or what entails at this time.

Until that happens, I am going to have to depend on other internal resources that take more three days to fully develop.

after three days of psychic probing and threat assessment, about the only thing i can say about my pursuer is that it is behind me, and not happy. the constricting black band bisecting my brain might have it's uses, but it is impinging my diagnostic abilities...

The continuing lack of clarity regarding the true nature, capabilities and origin of his pursuer has been crowding his lens all day with more frustrated and fearful thoughts than he can hide underneath the hasenpfeffer veneer of the little bunny thoughts he has been radiating during this nocturnal stroll.

He was so frustrated that somewhere between 60-90 minutes prior to my lens co-locating with his, he decided to up the ante and try flush his pursuer out of psychic cover by going on the offensive, although he continues to keep physically walking West, away from his extra-dimensional stalker.

Counterintuitively enough (at least to how my intuition works), rather than formulate some kind of plan to be enacted later, he ate three closed cap mushrooms of 5 spots each immediately upon deciding to go on the offensive. Then he followed by strenuously not thinking about anything until the consummated flesh of the mushrooms fully passed through the blood/brain barrier and kicked his “buzz” (one that was much stronger than my most intense mushroom trip in my life after eating 3.5 grams of closed cap psylocybins on an empty stomach. To say I tripped balls that day is an understatement. This guy was already tripping way harder on something that is much stronger, but not quite as fun).

This probably seems like a very reckless way to go about a threat assessment against a powerful but unknown opponent. It is. But by this time he had exhausted his other recently diminished resources and had found them wanting.

Hitting a conceptual dead end is not an infrequent occurrence in a practicing Shaman’s life. The price of living at the very edge of human knowledge means that limitations of the practicing Mind will be routinely encountered during it’s continuing development.

When a practitioner of any kind finds themselves conceptually backed into a corner, the best thing to do if you have the time and the leisure for it is to step back and do something else for a while (be it hours, days or years), and then come back to the issue at hand with a fresh perspective that might internally illuminate a way forward.

Wandering Shamans can not always count on those luxuries, especially when they are a part of lineage that has been in a growing feud with other Lines and Groups of Shamans for generations.

The Standard Operating Procedure in our family is that if we are stuck with a pressing problem that we can not resolve and the Ancestors are unclear about themselves, we consult with the **little red man** directly. **he** is an ever-springing font of wisdom, and **his** selected comments are always edifying, although rarely fully understood upon first hearing.

Although the buzz he has been operating under for three days is something that reflects through my unattenuated lens even stronger than my own previous mushroom trips, for

him it doesn't seem to really make much more of an impression on him than a couple of beers or a joint would.

Under different circumstances, his present dosage might have exceeded the lower threshold required for a full on **transpersonal interface experience,** but he was time sharing his brain between fleeing and astrally conducting a rear guard defense against a more powerful but hamstrung opponent, and that was occupying most of the (**enhanced**) available RAM of his current buzz.

As it turns out, I showed up in his lens right before the tipping point...

i feel the last batch of shrooms he munched pass through the brain/blood barrier like napalm going through cheesecloth. i was already tripping so hard that even with the inky black light of his auric field, his body feels like it is made out of burning phosphorous. suddenly the black band bisecting his brain eases off vertically bisecting his occipital lobe while increasing tension along the same axis along the anterior cortex, like a giant rubber band vertically wrapping my skull front to back being pulled backwards.

In addition to the Ancestors, the **little red man** is angry with him as well. Too angry to talk, at first...preferring to initially show him what his willful folly has wrought. Without the black band impinging his back brain, the rear view of his third eye is, for a time, unobstructed. No wonder he has been studiously avoiding gazing at the sky, the view is much worse than he anticipated and feared. What follows him no mere Moose in rut...

as arachnid steller kanji spell out my doom in the sky before me, in the night behind me a massive, eldritch presence lurks between the stars. so large that only the equivalent of one the smaller suction cups of one of it's lesser tentacles can actually fit within the internal space of the moose it is stalking me with.

i can feel its tenuous grab from across the sky, and how badly it wants much more of itself to be much closer to us. i can feel its insidious surprise and delight in having found our rock in the sky after being trapped between the stars for so long.

i can also feel its ravenous and ancient hunger that neither man or moose alone will satiate.

it wants me, bad. The moose isn't nearly enough for **it** to establish an operational beachhead for **it** to proceed forward in fully investing the totality of **it**'s presence here. If **it** can get to me and kill me through the Moose, I strongly suspect that even my unusually resilient psychic defenses will not fully prevent **it** from **eating my soul** if **it** kills me.

It also has an iron grip on the Moose, which means that nothing short of killing the Moose will sever **it's** hold on it or it's growing awareness of precisely where our rock is in the sky and the best way to get here.

Which means that plan A is still in effect. The cave I am traveling to has a nearby neighbor with a perfectly sized bottleneck in it to effectively trap **it's** big Moose body and huge antler rack in it. Since **it** has spent the last three days inside of it chasing me forwards, I expect that **it** has had little opportunity to discover that Moose have great difficulty with walking backwards.

It's not they are physically incapable of it, it's just that with how their brains work they can't quite remember what is behind him even if they just past through it not more than a minute ago. It isn't easy, but possible to trap a Moose using only three large blankets, vertically hung in a square bottomed "U" arrangement and strategically placed bait running from the open end to the flat bottom of the "U".

All I have to do is a)continue to avoid and stay as far ahead of the Moose as I can until I reach my destination and b)figure out how to collapse the entrance of the cave either on the Moose itself (preferably) or trap it within and let it starve or suffocate to death. It's a damn shame for the Moose, but the longer it's possessed the stronger **it's** rider's presence becomes. Doing this will be much harder than normal unless I re-establish some kind of open link with the Ancestors.

Laying bait for what's riding the Moose is going to take some preparation. A trail of apples leading into the cave isn't going to work. The Moose might like it but what is inside of wants blood, and preferably mine. **It** has both a good read on me, and the Stone. The energy of the Stone in it's current shape is hard to track closely, kind of like the way bass radiates through a neighborhood. You can generally tell from where it's coming, but unless you are directly in front of the house its coming from, you can't quite tell which house it's coming from at the end of the block

This is in direct contrast to his own signature had he been not busy thinking rabbit thoughts. Human thoughts are easy to track, like the flickering of glowflys in the evening air.

Finally seeing what was perusing him within the Moose cracked something open in the extreme back of his increasingly intense buzz, and the growing anxiety and suppressed grief and shame merged and transcended itself into the sudden knowledge that these could be put to good use in "weighting" the bait he was going to need to get that damned Moose in the cave.

Holding the cracked Stone in his left hand and getting a close read on the pulsing black bruise of it's aura, he let his rabbit thoughts go and channelled all of his crappy and highly altered emotions into the Stone itself, merging his signal with it and amplifying it's presence.

The effigy trick is going to have to work one more time, and this Stone will be laid to rest for the last time.

Suddenly he realizes, **there is no going back**. His Ancestors will be with him, but mostly silent, only speaking to him through the **little red man**.

His grief opens up just as his new buzz kicks in...

i feel him dying of shame and sadness within. something cracks inside of him and our lenses diverge once again. he continues forward in his cresting, psychedelic grief while my focus shifts backwards and up.

as it does, i can see the looming cthonic entity gathering between the stars a bit clearer, like a shadow cast through smoke in a borealis sky. the sinister characters in the stars were being traced on the lower edge of the sky with some of it's tentacles. it's main mass distorts the light of the stars on the far side of it, like salt dissolving in almost boiling water. the glittering and blinking stellar lights are the peaks of the waves that it's wake makes in the slowly moving sky.

it is beyond huge, and almost completely invisible to the third eye. a hulking mass of tendrilled smoke reflecting through an underwater mirror with a red circular vacuum for an eye, with several other eyes spiraling off of it like Jupiter's Spot.

i can see it's other, other tentacles tentatively tracing around the ground at different points along the North East Asian Landmass. it is trying to find more anchor points to pull it here fully.

these anchor points need to be people, animals don't quite have enough traction for it.

it is ravenously hungry. it is also beyond old, and fear and anger stop satiating it's hunger long ago.

it only eats souls now. the more, the merrier.

As i watch it's distortions unfold over the Siberian landscape with a wide eyed and ass spraying fear that i can not accurately describe, his diverged buzz notches up one last time in my lens and cracks open another orbital shell in the quantum field of my lens.

As large as the sky demon looms in the lower sky, what towers above and behind it in the upper sky dwarfs over it like a grizzly bear would over a smurf...

Episode 11: **amanita prime**

behind and above the cthonic sky demon, yggdrasilled against the upper stratosphere, a pillowy white, gilled umbrella with a thin blue ring tracing the inside of the edge of its high albedo circumference sits balanced at the top of an impossibly tall ivory bone tower. it is significantly bigger than any nuclear mushroom cloud yet seen on this planet, but is no cloud itself...

As I see this through the rear view of my antecedent's lens looming over the Chthonic Visitor from the Deep Night Sky, my lens splits off from his, not unlike when a kombucha mushroom propagates itself and splits into two. If you are not familiar with the propagation of kombucha mushrooms, think of two contact lenses in the same eye and peeling the extra one off.

He continues moving forward along the ground, fully engaged in his tactical grief emission while continuing to read the subtle energetic responses of his pursuer. My own lens does something quite different, it begins tracking upwards directly towards the dark visitor and the impossible white tower standing behind it.

The separation of our lenses does nothing to diminish feeling like I was tripping my fucking balls off on a mushroom that I have never eaten in this life. If anything, the separation of our lenses made it even stronger since it wasn't being filtered through his already attenuated and well occupied lens.

As my altitude increases, so does the intensity of the refracted buzz I was feeling. The baseline that I started with on the ground was already well beyond the most intense of my own personal "psychedelic" experiences that I had previous to this current event.

While it is fair to say that I am not experienced in these areas as some, statistically speaking I am more experienced in this life in these respects than most. Over a 16 years career of intermittent unlicensed neurotransmitter research, I have had first hand experience with the following substances: pure LSD-25, Acid (which is LSD cut with methamphetamines and other shit), MDA, MDMA (aka Ecstasy), Psylocybin Mushrooms, Cubenses Mushrooms (of which Psylocybin is the main active ingredient), 2CI, 2CB (both are synthetic compounds that seem to have a effect that has an effect like MDA but with much more of a visual component to it), ketamine and have overdosed twice on edible herbal treats.

Generally, I do not consider Mary Jane to be a strong psychedelic when smoked, but it's much stronger for me when I eat it, and especially too much. The only major "hallucinogens" that I haven't done are Peyote (or any derivatives) and DMT (Dimethlytriptamine). I haven't had good access to the former because I have lived mostly up North my whole life, and have been unable to acquire DMT through what I would consider to be a reputable supplier.

But to be honest, I never really looked that hard to begin with.

Just to re-affirm a previously mentioned point, at no point in this current life and body have I eaten or otherwise consumed any mushrooms that were red with white spots. Since I have not eaten any of these, this particular phase of this **Excregis** developing over the last couple of episodes cannot just be merely explained away as a simple drug "flashback".

Of course, in taking away that easy and facile explanation opens the door to more substantive, not to mention pejorative, hypotheses regarding my dangerously deranged neural network.

With that said, it also probably won't be too much of surprise at this point to anyone that I have much more experience with medically administered psychoactive substances than I could ever possibly want. To date, I have also been forced or otherwise coerced by threat of extended and open-ended mental health incarceration to consume (against my will and better judgement) the following substances; Thorazine, Risperadal, Lorazepam, Lamotrigine, Seraquel, and, of course, horse doses of Lithium Carbonate plus a couple others that I just cannot quite remember. Which is fully consistent with all of the brain damage that comes with being forced to eat stupendous amounts of highly toxic substances after not eating (or sleeping) for ten days or more beforehand and having nothing in my system to dampen the plethora of "side effects" of all these "mood stabilizers".

I mention all of this not to compare and contrast the relative effects, side effects, benefits, efficacy and per unit cost of presently (and foolishly) illegal neurotransmitters versus FDA approved ones, but to merely establish my own previous experiential baseline prior to this current stream of events being documented.

My best guess is that as of today as I write this, I have probably logged somewhere between 25-30 serious "trips" on the former group of substances. In being biochemically sensitive in a few respects, I tend to feel the effects more intensely for longer periods of time per dose than what the statistical norms suggest being the case for most people. For instance, for most people a regular dose (call it 500 micrograms) of LSD or Acid will result in a 6-8 hour trip, but personally I have never had one go less than 10 hours, and was lucky if I was able to fall asleep at any point for another 4-6 hours after that, even if it wasn't cut with speed or caffeine.

By far the most advanced of these experiences was my second acid trip that started on July 2nd during my 16th summer. To make a long and highly entertaining story short, after acquiring a "5-strip" of some double dipped white blotter, I miscalculated my first dose of that trip by ripping the little strip of blotter paper in half and eating it right away. Then I proceeded to compound this minor error by eating another two hits over the next 12 hours. While I do not recommend ANYBODY actually do this themselves, at the time it made sense because I was having a pretty fucking amazing time of it and didn't want it to stop.

At least for the first day.

I was still tripping pretty hard for the 4th of July fireworks two days later and wondering if I was ever going to come back down from where I was.

Taking four and half hits of double dipped white blotter the second time I did acid resulted in a trip that lasted well over 72 hours in total. If you have done any psychedelics, but not as much as early in your career, you probably won't be insulted when I say that as impressive and awesome your own 6-10 hour altered experiences have been, you not only have absolutely no idea what it is like to trip your balls/ovaries off for more than three days straight, and can't possibly imagine what happens during a peak cycle that lasts for almost 24 consecutive hours, rather than the usual 2-4 hour window of a "normal" acid trip (whatever that might be).

If you haven't tripped at all, and are not or have not been intensively Manic or Schizophrenic yourself, then you have no idea what I am talking about. I do not write this in judgement or to otherwise suggest that this is some kind of oversight on your part. But the fact is that there are certain experiences in life that just really can't be effectively imagined until you go through an experience yourself. Childbirth is one of these things, and **death** is another. Drug experiences are in the same class of **post-verbal experiences**. The first time you feel its effects, it is always a bit different than whatever you expected going into it.

If you are reading this and is someone who has had there own parallel or even deeper psychedelic journey(s) that were more extended than mine, I personally salute you as a Fellow Traveler who has been to the **far side** and made it back in good enough shape to actually wade this far through this pile of ink and paper or photons and electrons in your reading device.

With all of that said, I do not think anybody would disagree with my definitive assertion that there is a high likelihood that previous to this "mental health episode" being documented here, I had already logged a few more altered experiences than most folks have, and one (possibly more) of those experiences were significantly more altered than most altered experiences generally are.

I mention this to emphasize two things. The first being that in having some seriously altered experiences myself, to the extent that someone can actually experience a **drug flashback from a previous life**, my own personal experiences in this life gave me a pretty good baseline of which to gauge the intensity and quality of these refracted and increasingly altered experiences.

The second is just to re-affirm something that I will not mention again because three times is enough, but in having the breadth of altered experiences of all the various psychedelic agents and mood stabilizers I know and remember what they all feel like. NONE of them felt anything like what the red and white mushrooms when the intensity crested past the activation phase of the buzz.

Though the qualities of the buzzes differ greatly, by the time my lens dis-located itself from the previous subject, he, and therefore I, was actually tripping harder on his refracted trip than I had in this present life during my one overly extended lysergic journey. Not only that, he was actually tripping harder by the time I split off on my own than I had at the deepest part of my most extended peak. And it was a completely different kind of trip, and not just because of his relative set and setting.

Both of which were now behind and below me while I was now 300 feet high and rising...

upward into the deep siberian night sky, bearing ENE, i continue to ascend at a slowly increasing rate, gradually tracing out the first third of a upward logarithmic curve. at the transition point from a more horizontal trajectory to a more vertical one, the behemouth interstellar squid camps over the horizon, but appears to be underneath the reverse ski jump of the upward vector that i am on.

i am pulled forward and up as if by a curved tractor beam. my progression through space is not quite linear, curving slightly upward.

i eventually pass over the main refractive bulk of the local avatar of the sky demon, and pass between it and where it comes from in the sky, revealing it to be more interstellar projection than embodied visitor.

At some point in your life, you probably have had one or more weird/eery/downright scary experiences where all the hair on the back of your neck stands up on end and get a pronounced case of the chills regardless of the temperature, like someone just walked over your grave that you have yet to personally select yourself.

Take that feeling, and multiply it exponentially a few (**thousand**) times and you have some small approximation of what passing through that opened gateway felt like...

as i passed through the outer envelope of the opened gateway (slash projection path), **the outer shell of my lens felt like it had been immersed in liquid nitrogen. it was beyond cold, and had i not been under the close eye of more present forces, i would not have made it through the other side of the gate.**

even though this was all a waking dream for me, *the sky leviathan below knew i was up above it's atmospheric projection* while it pursued my antecedent on the ground behind me.

it didn't just know i was up there, it wanted me just as badly as it wanted him.

As I passed over it and acclimated to an interstellar chill **not full of stars**, I saw that the entity below me is is actually just an energetic sub-proxy of a larger entity which does not reside in our local intra-galactic neighborhood.

Seen from the this vantage point, what looked to be a highly impressive and particularly nefarious sky demon from the deepest depths beyond the sky is revealed to be the lowest pissant representative of a intergalactic psychic pyramid scheme for forces that have better things to do than with their time than fuck around with goddamned idiot monkeys trapped on a flying rock at the ass end of nowhere.

The only reason I did not succumb to the chill was because the gateway it was operating within was seriously compromised by the **towering ivory presence** standing before and above me and the chthonic entity below my lens. The ghostly white blue ringed umbrella spread out over a good chunk of the NE Asian Land mass, plus a good deal of Alaska and some of Canada to boot. It appeared to be acting as a radio dish that emanated occultly generated frequencies that jammed and distorted the real time energetic connection between this proxy entity and it's absent and distant handler.

This was forcing the entity below me to act on it's own resources, which was not a situation it appeared to be either used to or well prepared for. Although it was using the possessed moose that it had taken over to stalk my antecedent, at the same time I could tell that it's energetic tendril occupying the moose was, in fact, stuck in it. Not unlike a monkey's hand in a hole small enough to get an open hand through but too small to pull a closed fist out of. It couldn't actually dislodge itself from the moose until the moose actually kills the opener of the gate that brought it here in the first place, but it doesn't want my antecedent on the ground to kill the moose in the process if it can help it, because that will hurt it like the the dickens, like chopping the tip of a finger off would for you or I.

As I continue to rise over this scene, and getting progressively higher and higher on some crazy ass mushrooms that I have never eaten in this life, the dark slapstick humor of the whole thing hits me like a big wet fish across the face. It was like watching a half-blind idiot shadowbox with a giant interstellar squid trapped in the mind of a moose.

Watching a previous me as scared as ever in any of my past lives running from something that he didn't mean to call down in the first place, which itself didn't really want to be here and was understandably miffed about the inconvenience of this relatively minor fustercluck was about the first time in this whole mess that I actually laughed at anything that happened.

Because it was either that, or break down crying in precisely remembered abject fear and the memory of long buried shame of being such a transcendental fuck up for so long and go even more non-linear than I already was at the time.

My laughter did not last long, because the **visitor from the deep** was not the only one **present** that was pissed...

upwards and onwards i ascend deeper into the deep siberian night. i am now much higher on unconsumed fungi than i have ever been on anything in my "real" **life, and it only gets more intense the higher my lens travels...**

As the “Q” steadily increases within my own perceptual envelope, my ability to process real time information spikes precipitously, and all of the previous experiences leading up to this slide from my lens like water off of a duck’s back. I am tripping way too hard to try and remember anything, or think about anything, or even wonder about anything that passes through my lens.

The state that I found myself in is essentially an inversion of the ones that I found myself in between between events during my own personal historical tour of American Foreign Policy at the thin edge of the wedge. In those previous episodes, my normal day to day mental functions and tendencies had been suspended in lieu of actually having enough mental CPU to keep those going while at the same time cataloguing such a rich and vivid inner experience that frequently hurt as bad as anything (or **worse**). The funny thing is that even though none of it was objectively “real” to any outside observer, it all felt as real as any of it would in real life, and went on to have the same or at least similar internal somatic effects as if they had been “real” experiences. By the time I went through the Vietnam phase, my mind was hurt and seriously damaged, and it only got worse after that for a long time before it didn’t get better, just weirder and more brutally savage.

What I was going through at this time was the flip side of that. Somehow or another, these selected trips of previous ancestors ping-ponging their way through my current experience managed to jump start some (or all) of my higher faculties that had been on pathologically induced standby for several episodes leading up to the previous one.

But things were different now. My higher faculties were different from those that I had started off with. Some of them were higher, but others were totally gone and replaced by different ones that I still have yet to fully wrap my head around writing this 13 months later.

As I am contractually obligated by certain **unnamed sponsors** to implant at least one massively mixed and turgidly overwrought metaphor in each of these episodes, I might as well get it out of the way now before I get sucked into the rest of this episode that I am about to succumb to.

While I am generally more predisposed to compare the mind to a computer or a clock (as in mechanical with gears and not a digital display) as applicable, for the purposes of this metaphorical construction exercise please allow me to employ yet another standard metaphorical device that just came to mind.

Namely, a deck of cards. Let’s just say for the time being that the mind can be thought of as a deck of cards. Obviously, the mind in all of its complex glory can clearly not be conveyed through the relative simplicity of a standard 52/54 (depending on your feelings about Jokers) playing deck, but it is still as apt a metaphor for the mind as most.

If the mind is a deck of cards, your brain is the living room in which they reside. You, on the other hand, are neither (or both), but something in between them. Whatever that is, it is something that can shuffle the deck, deal cards and can play solitaire, poker or **go fish** as applicable.

Each one of us is given a full deck at birth, but whether or not we learn to how to play ***WAR*** versus something a little more elevated, like Euker or Cribbage or something else has a lot do with our individuated environmental stimuli during key developmental phases. Some people are taught how to play well, and maybe even count cards and know how to win at many games, while others learn how to win by other ways that would get a man shot in a frontier saloon or a West Baltimore shitbox if their fellow cardsharps caught wind of their devious ways.

But the point of cards is not so much to win (although that makes it more fun as an activity), but mostly just to play because you either have some time to kill or too much money on your hands or are just addicted to gambling.

Except for the few of us who play because we have to count things. If we don't count things we get nervous and can easily end up doing something we might end up wishing we didn't.

Now, with this image of the cards of your mind in the house of your brain and you the player, try to imagine a quiet evening at home. You have the TV on in the background with an old Starsky and Hutch rerun on, and you are sitting at your table smoking your usual after dinner joint/blunt while playing two handed solitaire. At some point you lay your head down on the table and pass out, but the last card you laid down was, of course, the Ace of Spades.

Some indeterminate time later, armed and masked intruders kick in your front door, bum rush your slumped form half sprawled on the table, and decide you are due for a round of a 52 pick up and proceed to kick over the table regardless of your head and a good deal of your torso being on it, not to mention all of the cards of your mind as well.

You fall over sideways from your chair and splay out on the floor, and then get shot in the head for your troubles, and the intruders take most of your cards with them.

You are dead and bleeding from massive head trauma, but still breathing somehow. As you are trying to take stock of your situation (complicated by the fact that you are no longer operating with a full or even mostly complete deck of mental cards), the 110 year old boiler in the basement of that ghettoplex apartment building you call a brain finally explodes from the decades of deferred maintenance and launches itself through your floor, ceiling and the roof out into distances unknown in the middle of a wet and chilly Northwest November night.

So not only are you dead, you are also shell shocked and getting rained on, yet somehow still breathing and bleeding like a stuck pig.

Since your mother raised you well enough to have the good sense to know that just laying around and bleeding isn't going fix anything, you eventually roll your dead ass over and slowly and painfully rise up to see the damage.

Your house (brain) is fucked. Even worse, you have no idea where most your deck of cards is. You have nothing in hand, and only a couple are scattered around the room.

The closest ones are laying on the edges of the cratered opening in your living room floor. Since you are currently mindless with no cards in hand, this also includes the cards responsible for your internal safety committee and risk assessment bureau. In sidling up to the edge to grab the couple that are there, you look down into a basement that you have heard many stories about but have only entered once or twice yourself, but were either high as fuck or just plain scared shitless at the time and can't (or **don't want to**) remember what was down there.

Now you look down there, and amidst all of the wreckage and debris from the blast, you can see that there are cards everywhere down there. Like a case from Hoyle was sitting right next to the boiler and the cards within were launched everywhere in the explosion.

Since your safety committee cards are not in your hand right now, you gander just a bit too long and too close the edge, and quickly find yourself sliding then falling down into the little explored basement of your brain.

Only to land in a pile of debris, too many cards to count plus the bones of your ancestors from your own personal and portable mausoleum that turns out to be co-located with the tombs of too many of America's fallen warriors and the burial grounds of even more of Turtle Island's First Peoples. You had heard once or twice about the family mausoleum, but no one ever told you about where it was exactly, or that it might be either very close or the same place as those other places. You are highly confused with no cards in your hand, so you reach and grab a couple of handfuls of cards and start organizing them into a proper deck of some kind.

When you look at them, you find out that it's not just standard playing cards, it's all kinds of cards. There are Tarot Cards, Baseball Cards, Magic the Gathering cards, Uno Cards, Uno cards in Swedish that are only red and white regardless of the number, greeting card manifestos from dead people in your family that were composed after their passing, and others as well.

Just as you get you get your hands around your new pile of random cards, you end up getting scruffed like a kitten by the back of your neck by a preposterously large Founding Father and forcibly flung Eastward deeper into History's Night and finally land in the body and mind of one ancestor who prefers playing axe tag to cards, only to leap frog further backwards into a further antecedent whose deck that seems to be strictly composed animal cards and mushroom cards with different numbers of spots on them.

As I proceed from one phase of this to another throughout these episodes, I seemed to mostly telegraph the last deck and/or hand of the last refracted presence that had passed within.

After having lost all of my original cards early in this mess, it made it much easier to read what was in the hands of the **others** I had encountered so far. While I had none of my own cards in my own possession myself, by this time I had seen so many hands from such a stupendous preponderance of different decks that I was able to emulate quite a few of them internally, even if they weren't mine to begin with.

As I passed through the cryonic frigidity on the far side of the sky gate, all of these emulated cards showed up in both my mental hands and once, and the rest that didn't fit in my hands instantly inserted themselves in every other mental extremity, digit, tentacle, appendage and orifice you can possibly think of or invent on your own. They weren't my cards, exactly, but they would do in a pinch.

Either way, by the time I passed through the far side of the gateway, I was past the point of tripping my balls of and in some other state of being that I am having serious difficulties wrapping any of our **idiot savant language** around effectively. If you have seen the movie Inception, by this time in this whole mess I am about 7 layers deep in a space time burrito where days and weeks pass by like milliseconds, and whole lifetimes are only taking seconds to **pass within**. When all of these emulated cards showed up in the already aggravated and escalated mental situation I was in, the somatic impression of this experience effectively doubled in it's relative intensity.

I was tripping so hard it hurt from the pressure of so many things coming through at once from so many different sources. What I felt like internally was the neurological equivalent to what a sailor in a submarine experiences in a sealed but damaged forward compartment when hull finally gives in and is hit with a wall of water big enough to slam him into the nearest bulk head but not quite hard enough to kill him.

I passed through the far side of the gate, and found myself drowning in all of the information that had passed through my head leading up to this. It was like all of the different heads and hearts that I travelled through all showed up in mine at once, and each one brought either a few friends or concerned relatives with, and processing all of this in real time took nothing less than 1110% of all my available resources. Which barely made a dent in actually organizing and collating these into any kind of workable gestalt.

Thankfully, I was not alone in this impossible task...

on the far side of the gate, the rising tide of the inner horde comes on like a tsunami during a hurricane where both seem to come out of nowhere. i am drowning in a superabundance of telegraphed experiences while continuing to have my own and beginning to veer sharply upward and faster into the towering bone white and blue edged umbrella looming in front and above me...

It was all way too much to deal with at once, and would have been even if I wasn't feeling like was tripping so hard that my body was about to convert itself into pure light.

Since my "inner child" had been shot, stabbed, bombed or otherwise blown to hell by this point more times and in more ways than anybody could count, it was not particularly well equipped at this point for the internal scrum from all these different **shades** playing King of the Hill to see who gets to sit in the driver's seat in my mind, as I was in no condition at this point to man my own wheel.

This internal melee was short, but brutal. Thankfully, my two grandfathers and my dad's mother's father took the bull by the horns and rapidly made an alliance with the pair of ancestral shamans from the last previous two episodes. These five somehow created enough of a psychic perimeter to keep the **others** at bay while taking turns sitting in the driver's seat to make sure my body didn't go off and do something stupid.

Witnessing this internal fracas was in some ways worse than much of what preceded it. These were not just other people's memories and experiences playing themselves out in my head, these were the real time shades of these people, and many of them were not happy with either their deaths or the lives that preceded them. While these shades are not actually souls in and of themselves, as a shade is essentially a compressed data file of one's particular life, many shades think they are actually souls and thusly would be better off in a real living and breathing body rather than just a passing or passed memory in the hearts and minds of their loved ones still here.

Fortunately, a few of the shades actually knew they were shades, and included in this minority were my five ancestral protectors. They knew that there is no coming back for them, and that the best they can hope for is their line to continue to propagate and that some small minority of them will try to remember and/or honor them and everything they did in their time with minimal resources and frequently against seemingly insurmountable odds, and maybe learn something from their private failures as well as their public successes.

Since many of these other shades were highly motivated to rejoin the ranks of the living (**Shitbird County** does have it's charms, but they are fewer and farther between than those on this side of the **looking glass**), the resulting internal scrum when everybody showed up was pretty much akin to what would happen if the entire population of Tokyo somehow packed itself into it's smallest bar and had the world's fastest and largest bar fight ever to see who gets to be the bartender. My Dad's father and grandfather dragged my bloody carcass behind the bar while my Mom's father camped out at one end of it with a over and under double barreled shotgun. Meanwhile, my two extremely altered antecedents went completely batshit berzerker insane on the massed shades on the other side of the bar.

Since the opposing horde had few to none of their own berzerkers, it was not at all a fair fight considering the tightly enclosed space of my brain that this was all happening within.

Shades can't die, but they can still hurt and feel other things, and none of them liked getting brained in the **next life** by a half-crazed Viking berzerker any more than they did in this one. This proved to be an effective deterrent after a few dozen suffered almost exactly the same kind of treatment that turned them into shades in the first place. That was enough to convince the rest that they might be better off letting my catatonic carcass lie bloody and bleeding behind the bar.

Once brained, twice shy, I guess.

Or something like that. It wasn't exactly how it went, but that's close enough to be indicative of what was happening sub-internally (**?**) as my lens continued to travel faster and higher in a distant Siberian night a long time ago...

i am three thousand feet high and continuing to rise faster. the ivory gilled umbrella is pulling me forward and upwards, and getting disproportionately larger the closer i get to it. at first it towered over the mountain sized visitor from deep night, but now it seems like must be extending deep into the upper atmosphere if not farther.

at first i felt ant sized compared to it, but now i feel like i am smaller than a grain of sand as i pass under the azured edge of it's stellated albescent disc.

As i come within it's cone of direct influence, I come to realize that some of the massive amount of psychic pressure that I was feeling and been associating with feeling like I was tripping so hard that I was about to die was actually coming from the **gigantic ivory tower** itself.

What I was feeling wasn't even primarily psychic either, merely sound pressure. This **humungous chalky obelisk** before me was emanating a massive amount of full spectrum sub bass frequencies, like a billion gigawatt standing speaker column pumping out an modulated octophonic signal that tops out at 32 hertz (which you can't hear so much as feel) at the highest overtone of it's harmonic series of **undertones**. When I passed into it's immediate field it felt like I was standing in front a pile of 15" to 30" speakers playing the deepest dub bass tones louder than you can possibly imagine. I could feel my organs vibrating and the fixed joints of the tectonic **facets of my lens** shift and flex a bit from the sound pressure.

The oddest thing is that all I could hear at the time was a small low hum in the background. This **thing** was emanating some serious elephant bass, the kind that we can't hear ourselves but they can hear miles away from each other themselves...

i am 3 miles high and only continuing to ascend. the higher i get, the sub bass frequencies this towering ivory umbrella is pumping out start to slowly modulate, first starting with a long sine wave of minimal amplitude.

With the changing bass pressure, the **ivory gilled disc** takes on a new aspect in it's appearance without really changing all that much. It begins to seem less like the underside of an **bumbershoot for comets and asteroids** than it does the front end of a **massive jet turbine** vertically perched on the upper end of a **titanic femur flagpole**.

A massive jet engine that I am getting sucked into...

the closer i get to the slightly concave gilled grill arcing over north country of the far east and the far west, i can finally make out that the darkness in between the gills is not just attributable to shadow. hidden depths are strongly implied on the other side of the protective screen of it's gilled ivory screen.

The sound pressure builds the closer I come to the front of the turbine pulling me up into the night sky. I am tripping so hard now that the shades who were recently so eager to try and step in to sit in the driver's seat or man the bar or whatever are now running over one another in the crazed scramble to get away from the burning, opalescent light of my mind melting. I am tripping so hard at this point, I don't even remember what not being high is, much less feels like.

This crests into a gestalt buzz of feeling all of the deaths I just went through once again, but as a unified entity, a network of wetwork instantly tattooed over the entire surface area of my soul, on both sides of my outer auric envelope. It hurt like a son of a bitch, even with my desensitized sensibilities at this point. I felt like an unripe banana that had been been forcibly peeled from all directions at once and then casually tossed into a jet turbine...

30 miles high and rising, the slightly concave and massively huge gilled screen of this great turbine in the sky turns out to be the first of many of progressively smaller screens. the dust mote of the peeled banana of my lens passes through the first few untouched, merely being vibrated into a glowing phosphorescent pulp by the titanic amounts of bass radiated by this massive speaker cone in the sky.

then i hit the first of many screens that split me binary all the way down to atoms. halfs, quarters, eighths all the way down, the sour mash of my soul was split, sifted and sucked upward through the final mesh of many screens and atomically dispersed into a dark place...

no stars and no light anywhere. no wife, no horse, no mustache either, and not much of a horizon to speak of.

No air either, apparently, because I can't fucking breathe. Oddly enough for being in a low bordering on no pressure atmosphere, i feel everything pressing in on me like I am 50 or more feet underwater. The pressure collapses my briefly distributed state to a fetal like ball and pushes me upward.

But not fast enough, I haven't breathed for what feels like minutes at this point. After curling up in a ball and clapping a hand over my mouth and nose to not breathe whatever is pressing in on me, I finally break down and take away my hands and take in a full lungful of what tastes and feels like to be mostly **blood** and start drowning in earnest.

i am dying again, but this time my ancestors are dying with me. that i was some of them myself means that i am somehow partially responsible for all of us being in a new position where we all die as shades as well, which means that my soul is about ready to go somewhere where it won't come back from.

i get a (another) flash of the titanic efforts it took to get to this fucking pissant rock in the middle of BFE in the first place so long ago as i am choking and thrashing around, trying to swim in the direction most likely to ascend out of the bloody depths.

but not fast enough. eventually my lungs seize up and stop, and my heart beats a final hammering drum roll as it tries to push the oxygen depleted blood to my brain and then finally jams itself on something and feel like I had been kicked in the chest by a mule, and then everything starts fading to black again, but this time there is no tunnel.

there are no ancestors either, nor are there loved ones waiting, or their shades or other concerned representatives.

they all die with me this time, and we all fade to black together. but the pressure continues to build somehow, compressing me smaller and smaller not unlike using a modified black hole designed to make custom neutrinos and quasars.

apparently, stripping away my identity wasn't enough for some concerned parties, they had to shave not just the identity down but also the ancestral seat of the mind all the way down the inside of the skull underneath. all of those things, those people, the ancestors, my family are behind me now because they are actually ahead of me time and none of us actually exist yet.

i am neither alive or with identity, and many of my ancestors have yet to be born.

i am pressing in on myself as i continue to rise, and my lens eventually morphs into a pale white disk that finally surfaces on the sea that i just finished drowning in.

it is a red sea, but one that has yet to be parted by anyone. the crimson tide is coming in as i surface on the upper side of it under the innumerable twinkling stars of an unfiltered night sky on the far side of our atmosphere. the flood that i am immersed in is arterial in its tint and hue, and my lens is nothing more than a small and lonely white spot on it's massive surface.

i am tiny island in an ocean of blood with copious amounts of semen, urine, saliva and not a little SHIT mixed in for good measure. the tide is coming in and i just get done drowning in it.

my lens is dwarfed by the crimson expanse before me in every direction. i do not see another white spot anywhere, the horizon is a blushing scarlet on the low side and twinkling jeweled darkness above. the sun is not out, but the moon is and the stars are bright enough themselves to make out their colors.

as i feel the sanguine waves creeping up the edges of my lens, my topside view is marred by the cratered foundations of all of the previous individuated structures that had been built up over my life into the trailer park of my personal identity, destined to suffer just about every possible natural calamity known to man, and then nuked a couple of times for good measure.

All the people that were just with me not just moments ago were gone, and none of my ancestors were around. Not only that, they weren't even memories at this point, and my own life was like a digital tv signal and all i had to work with now was an on old analog rabbit ears antenna. The processor chips of my digital antenna, so to speak, were as fried as twinkies at any state fair.

my lens might haved surfaced, but with the tide coming in i feel like i am sinking in this pacific of blood and other bodily emissions. my lens is nothing more or less than a scarred bone disc all by itself in the rose depths. as the waves creep farther and farther up the peripheries of my exposed lens, my mindless anxiety grows. drowning was extremely painful the first time, and the prospect of repeating the procedure almost immediately was not a comforting thought.

but i had nowhere to go, nothing to hold on to, and didn't see or hear anything on the horizon that appeared to be a friendly entity or deity of some kind who might be willing to lend a hand.

When the waves begin to fully engulf the edges of my lens, occasionally cresting and breaking all the way across it like 30 foot waves across an exposed sandbar, all of the despair and deaths and obvious insanity and telegraphed mushroom trips crest themselves into some higher state of coherency and my beaten and battered bone lens drowning in a sea of blood finally starts becoming **Self** aware, yet without any of it's real time experience being filtered through the usual identity structures of the ego. The only distortions in my lens now were the ruined foundations of the many integral components

of my identity that had been swept away like Dorothy's farm when the tornado came and took her to Oz.

The first **Self** aware observation that my lens made was this: **you can be Self aware, or you can have a highly developed sense of individual identity, but as states of being they are mutually exclusive in real time.**

This then unfolded itself into the second **Self** aware observation of this phase of events: **our normal day to day "only using 10% of your brain" mind is much, much less than 10% of our total potential functionality.**

This might seem to be a bit of a no-brainer to most folks as a conceptual conceit, but directly witnessing this within really put a point on it.

It only took a few moments for these two observations to blend and merge into a third **Self** aware observation while my lens continued to be swept over by wave after wave of bloody whitecaps...

the proportional relationship of the tiny disc of my lens floating in this ocean of blood, semen, piss, SHIT and other bodily fluids (but mostly blood) **is exactly the same ratio of the "conscious" mind floating over the ocean of it's "subconcious" underneath the firmament of the "super ego".**

Almost everything that encompasses your or my own sense of personal identity, be they preferences, learned skill sets, careers, past traumas, current failures or future successes are all (for the most part) contained on the island of the ego. Whether or not you end up just building a shack or making do with a lean to, or perhaps build a nice shiny empire in glass and steel on it is fully contingent on our internal vision and resources.

And just like any island, it exists at the mercy of the larger forces that surround it.

Regardless if your island is a tropical paradise, or a half submerged sandbar that you crashed your nice shiny boat on twenty years ago in a drunken display of terminal hubris, we all learn quickly that we each have a vested interest in protecting our intellectual property from the larger elements as best we can.

Especially for those who were raised to think big and shiny is better than thinking smart, and have built up their inner island accordingly.

While we build up our empires on our own islands, most of us end up building up our defenses too.

This is, of course, a smart thing to do. If you live on a waterfront of a larger body of water, it only takes one storm coming in from the wrong direction to demonstrate the inherent value of a well placed breakwater or protective dyke.

We all start shoring up our defenses early and often. The particulars might very from person to person, but it all amounts to the same thing, build on what you know and try to keep the rest to a dull roar while we work on our various island improvement projects.

And just like in real life, most of us are much more comfortable on land on our inner island than we are on open water.

The main difference between our inner islands and the ones that speckle our oceans like black pepper on blue jello is that the subconscious ocean upon which our inner island floats is predominately composed of (**spilled**) blood, and the rest is all of the other previously mentioned corporeal fluid components.

This is a bit of an issue, as most of us generally don't really like copious amounts of blood all that much, and even less when urine, semen, **shit**, and other bodily fluids are mixed in with it.

Because of this simple fact, most of us spend almost our whole lives looking either at things upon our inner island, or above it but don't really enjoy looking out at the endless scarlet horizon surrounding each one us internally because it freaks us the fuck out.

Since we are all taught to think of our "sub-concious" as some kind of conceptual device encompassing all of the things about ourselves we are either too stupid, scared or ashamed to see and accept our selves, actually encountering Life's bloody tide on your inner island is a big bloody shock for most people.

Add this to the fact that most of us lead almost entirely blood free lives where we usually manage to direct our other bodily emissions into the appropriate receptacles and/or individuals, even a direct glimpse of this horizon is more than enough to trigger a catatonic stupor or a gibbering manic frenzy in most "well adjusted" people.

We spend our whole lives building up our inner islands only to have them flip over at the end while your lens gets grinded back to **a clear structureless plain** before resurfacing once again in a new monkey suit.

The only structures that are permanent in this arrangement are the foundations and whatever was constructed **under** the surface of your lens.

But the problem with that is that you don't quite know how far you can dig within without punching a hole in the bottom of your lens, which would result in your lens sinking at precipitous rate until you can somehow patch things up somehow. If your structures on your inner island aren't blood proof or happen to be made of highly porous materials, you are probably going to have one heck of mess to clean up upstairs once you get your hull patched up.

With all this being what it is, it is little wonder why so few of us to monkey around on the outer edges of our inner islands, much less go swimming or sailing out there, and tend prefer the many contentments (slash **illusions**) of the many identity structures of our inner islands.

I know I do, those moments I actually have them.

Although it takes more than two pages to really do this whole realization justice, it unfolded itself in it's expansive entirety in less than than couple of seconds, like a taped explosion being replayed at 1/3rd speed.

As the realization collapses into itself, the sanguine waves fully immerse the topside of my lens and I am forcibly pulled under by something that grabs me everywhere at once within and pulls...

really fucking hard.

as i am sucked downward under the sanguine waves, whatever grabs me thumbs a whole in the center of my lens and rolls me up like a ringed blunt that rotates like a standard one being rolled between the thumbs and forefingers. the roll is forward, but i am traveling backwards and up slightly...

This doesn't make sense to me because i was still clearly immersed in the sanguine sea, and was just at the surface after not feeling like i had been pulled under very far.

when my lens shifts into a ring rapidly rolling from inside to out, all of my internal senses reorient themselves into a unified gestalt. they appear to have combined synergetically in some fashion because my lens begins to now drown in an abundance of information.

I don't know if i am moving, but i appear to going backwards at an inconceivable speed, like going warp 9 in reverse. The constellations flying forward through and around my lens aren't composed of stars as much as they are faces, people and places traveling by almost to fast to see, with a bit of some red shift going on from the relativistic speeds they or I appeared to be going.

Although these are passing through the eye spectrum, other things are afoot in other ones...

the speed of my apparent motion is a rate that harmonically resonates with the massive amount of bass churning this sea of blood. the speeds shifts and jumps at specific intervals that feel like they are integrated with the harmonic series of the building sine wave of the titantic hum that has only gotten louder on this side of the gilled grill of this bloody bumbershoot's underside. if my lens was anything other than a rotating ring being propelled by ultra sonic megabass, it would have been vibrated apart at the seams or edges.

I rotate forwards but travel backwards, and my vision combines with my hearing and maybe one or another of the lesser known senses into a sonar/radar like display in my inner lens. This sea turns out to be significantly bigger than it appeared on the surface.

I can't see because light doesn't travel through blood so well, but what I can't see my psionic sonar more than makes up for. Wherever I am now in this atmospheric pool, I am clearly no longer in the shallow end that I ascended through.

I don't see things as much as I feel them, but quickly realize that I am anything but alone in the deep. I am surrounded by **presences** too numerous to count, which range from minnow sized all the way up to blue whale sized in respect to my current lens configuration. There is no direct contact, nor any attempts to on my part since I am moving through these **presences** at speeds inconceivable.

At some point during this reverse hyperspace jump, I hit some kind of key (**acending**) velocity threshold and the sky versus ground relationship flips and the surface of this ocean is now underneath me on the Earth side and it's concave bottom domes upward into the night.

Like figured ceiling molding from a super swank upper crust 19th century English manor great room, traced and/or carved into high relief in the upper floor of this inverse ocean is a preponderance of "indigenous" structures from just about every 1st People's cultures from around the world, like some kind of massive ubercultural Atlantis super-complex.

Though there a few mountains and valleys in the topography, they are littered with just about every kind of pyramid, step pyramid, tapered pyramid, burial mounds, massive animal totems traced out in Nazca lines (many of which conspicuously look like runways), stone piles, ruined coliseums, massive cathedrals, humble stone temples, more than a few stonehenge sites and too many Mayan, Hindu and Buddhist temples to count. Some of the cathedrals and Buddhist and Hindu temples appear to be in good shape, but for the most part all of these structures are in as bad disrepair here as their real life counterparts are after eons of neglect and ignorance about their true purpose and function, as intended by their originals designers and builders.

These are about the only thing I can make out clearly as I zoom in reverse under/overneath it, and what I can make out is fully contingent on which warp factor I am in in this reverse hyperspace pathway...

every time i shift hyperspace gears, i jump to different specific overtones of the harmonic series that i have been engulfed in. each one does something just a little bit different to my lens, tucking in a little something here and smoothing out a kink there, and after three of these shifts i realize i am being tuned like a 7 stringed bass.

as the tuning sequence progresses, so does the evolution of the ubertone modulation. starting off with the sine wave fundamental calibration, the overtones are stack tuned off of it in alternating pairs of triangle and square waves routed through some kind of double action, tripolar envelope filter

The auditory experience of the progression sounded like a choir of Tibetan buddhist monks chanting “OM” through an auto tuner. Technically speaking, the “OM” sound is actually more of a “A-U-UM-M” sound in lingual terms, and the “M” in the arrangement has at least 4 different overtone harmonics to it, depending on your practice and your dairy intake over the last couple of days. The **ubertone** scaled up like a very slow motion version of the old Dolby calibration sequence they used to put at the start of hi-fi cassette tapes and some early CD’s back in the day, except starting about 8 octaves lower.

by the time the last couple of upper strings are tuned in my lens, i lose sight of the bottom in the massive heights looming over me. i get a sense of approaching the center of this space just before slamming into some kind of inner perimeter screen and pushed through like phosphoric playdough through a napalm fun factory.

this time i fully atomize going through the screen, and each one of my atoms is tripping its fucking electrons off. each little wiggle of brownian motion of each one registers in my lens, and i can feel the individual electrons zinging around in their orbital clouds and trading places with other electrons in adjacent atoms or other other electrons that were in adjacent atoms at one point previously, but aren’t now but still keep in touch from time to time.

everything is moving so fast that they only appear to be still or moving slowly, like the rotating blades of a helicopter or spinning wheels of car can from certain angles at certain rotational velocities in specific light conditions.

My vision is still blacked out, but the underwater sense of pressure passed as I passed through the central screen. Without the pressure and sense of motion to distract me, all of my attention is channelled into my sense of not being much more than a locally dispersed and partially self-coherent atomic network held together by rapid electron exchange.

My lens no longer feels like its made of bone, glass, water or any other earthly object that I am aware of. My lens is now fundamentally electromagnetic in nature, and less local (in physics terms) than it was on the outside of this inner screen.

The screen appears to be acting as a Faraday cage of some kind. I am isolated within it, and once I passed through the screen the silence was deafening. No elephant bass in here, or if it was present it was somewhere below subsonic and was not registering anywhere in my now electrified lens.

If getting high is what happens when you smoke weed, or really high is what happens when you eat mushrooms or acid, than what I am at this point is probably best described as terminally elevated. All of my senses had combined into one super-sense, and the effect of the combination was massively synergetic in terms of how much real time information I could process.

Just to be clear, that is massively synergetic compared to what was just happening immediately previous to passing through this last atomic sieve, and not compared to my normal day to day experience, or my moderately altered one as I write this. I can remember it well, but can only describe it poorly for reasons that has as much to with the limitations of language as they do with own obviously defective English sensibilities.

I felt like a vibrating ring of electricity, and could hear the ongoing and omnipresent electron motion as a high frequency ring about 8 octaves above the upper tinnitus tone from chronic long term exposure to too many high volume power chords and crash cymbal hits. It was the ringing that was affecting me the worst.

My lens felt like a champagne glass about 45 seconds into a high “C” by a concert tenor, vibrating so fast and with such force that the electric grid of my field was start self-oscillating into a feedback pattern that was going blow the hell out of the speaker cone of my ringed lens...

almost as soon as it starts, the tinnitus tone stacks into itself and starts opening up. as the feedback quickly builds, so does the relative energetic state of each atom in my local area network which is beyond overloaded by the exponential shift(s) in the rate of electron exchange within my field. i can feel either where each electron in my field is, or where they are going but not quite both at the same time. with each individual electron going an impossible speed in an improbable direction, the collective effect is something that you either survive, or your lens bursts apart in a scintillating supernova that might take a few (dozen) lifetimes to bounce back from, if it does at all.

Just as the feedback arcs into the red zone and the rotating ring of my lens is about to spontaneously combust into a burning ring of electric fire, something catches in the upper register tone and drops, almost exactly like the sound effect during the power up phase of the main laser array of the Death Star from Episode 4 (as in Star ***WARs*** episode 4, and not the episode 4 of this book). Except for slight difference of being an octophonic tone with a harmonic series that has a 8 octave spread on both sides of the fundamental, and built of up of unison tones and select perfect 5ths from certain octaves.

It takes about as long for it to drop below my lens response at it does for the bass drop in the movie. After a pause, what I hear is something that can only be described as a voice...

but not a human one.

Or the voice of a shade, ghost, departed soul, founding father, great grandfather or grandfather or anybody else currently taking a dirtnap at present.

When the voice first detonates inside my lens everywhere at once, I finally know exactly where my lens is and what it has been traveling through to get here...

towering over the great northeast tundra of eastern siberia, alaska and some of northwestern canada, a pacific sized red domed disc, constellated with smaller white spots, balances atop a massive tapered marble column.

it's a yggdrasil-sized amanita muscaria, but the blue ring tracing the inside of the underneath edge implies a certain psylocybe lineage as well.

As soon as I hear the voice I know many things that have nothing to do with what it actually says. The first is that I am actually tripping as hard as anybody on this planet ever has without actually dying from it. The second is that the only reason I haven't died yet is because I already did too many times count to get here. The third is the sudden knowledge that my whole brain, mind and/or being has been shanghaied by the maha-avatar of this planet's Magical Mushroom Diva, and am totally at its mercy.

Since the word "diva" has been almost fully corrupted by the popular bastardization of it as a two syllable euphemism for petulant prima donnas, the original definition of the Sanskrit word it comes from is a bit different.

The original Sanskrit word is usually defined in English as a deity, or god with a small g, like the Greek, Roman or Norse or or African or Chinese gods. This is not entirely inaccurate, but is a bit of a over simplification that I think has a lot to with the close linguistic proximity between the sanskrit word "deva" that is used to describe the main male deities of their panoramic pantheon of embodied divinity, and the word "diva" which referred to the collective embodied spirit of a specific plant or animal species.

This usage of the word "diva" is closer in spirit to the Spirit Animals of this and other lands First Peoples than it is to what the Greek, Roman or Norse gods were reputed to be.

Simply put, every species has its own collective metaphysical entity that has the ability to embody itself and consciously interact with other conscious beings if it decides to.

The best example of this from relatively recent accounts is from Carlos Castaneda's accounts of his multiple encounters with Mescalito, the green "God" of the peyote cactus. Whether or not those accounts were fully accurate or not, or the fact that even if they were he was high as fuck when he allegedly encountered this entity, are beside the point. Even though Professor Castaneda never comes out and refers to him as such, it is pretty clear to an informed observer that Mescalito is the Diva of the Peyote Cactus.

Divas are not just issued to the species of gratuitously psychoactive cacti and fungi. All species, or at least genus's (geni?), have their own personal representative, even us. The First People's of this land knew this, listened to and interacted with these collective entities as best they could. The buffalo, the coyote and corn each had their own Gods.

Being previously familiar with this Sanskrit definition of Diva, I was not especially surprised with the idea that if they were real in some sense, there would naturally be one for individual species of psychoactive fungi, and/or perhaps a collective one of the 200+ different species currently growing around the world.

Though I will admit to being a bit shocked by how completely fucking huge it was, not to mention that such a thing even really existed in the first place or would take the trouble to single me out after minding my own business and not consuming any of it's constituents in years. Not to mention never consuming Amanitas of any kind in this life.

Yet here I was, an atomized burning ring of fire flaring microscopically in the occluded epicenter of an ocean sized, salt speckled red domed disc that lit up like a christmas tree hit with napalm when the **voice** began it's transmission.

Before describing the voice itself, a few words are in order about the apparent composition of the space I found myself isolated in for the best possible signal to noise ratio that the puny antenna of my ringed lens was capable of.

A Diva's strength, presence and ability to project into our day to day reality in ways we are going to notice waxes and wanes with the lifecycle of their earthly representatives. They are still present in the off seasons between growing cycles for plant representatives, but aren't heard from as often.

There is a reason for this, these divas are nothing more or less the the combined collective "consciousness"/"bio-energy" of the massed individuals of the species. (Regrettably, English does not have a lot of good technical terms for this yet so you will have to pardon any seeming lapses into fuzzy terminology or conspicuously new age waterheadisms.)

Since this whole thing has been happening in real time in the second half of November and a bit of early December, this is prime Amanita season in the Pacific Northwest (Writing this 14 months later, just this last Thanksgiving there was a patch of them growing kitty corner to the building my shitbox apartment is in, which is not the same one that this all happened in). If their related diva did exist, this is when it would be at it's strongest, which is what it certainly felt like on the inside of it.

Just like I can't really actually define what my own lens is actually made out of any more than a fish can define water, I can't tell you what the hell any of this really is, much less what this ginormous, half astral magickal mushroom in the sky is actually made out of.

I can tell you what it felt like it was made out of, and that was nothing less then **all** of the combined psychic or "psychedelic" energy of the **all** of the represented mushrooms actually alive at the time this was happening.

And when I say **all** of them, **i mean all of them.** They might be growing out in the woods, or on cowshit out on the fields of thousands of dairy farms, or growing on cedar mulch in 5 times as many closets and basement, and it didn't matter. They are here in America, up in Canada, all over Siberia, Russia and Europe, and just about everywhere else on the planet that can support forests or dairy farms. They are south of the border as well, but it wasn't the primary growing season down there at the time this was happening.

Each one of these little mushrooms was like an antenna beaming back to the **fathership**, and I had just been taken to the bridge blindfolded after being compelled to under duress. But this **fathership** is no ship at all, just a much bigger antenna itself. Being in the center of the cap meant that I was in the sweet spot where all these individual signals were being collated and duped into storage (in the stem column) before being transmitted to the **other side of the sky**.

The main upshot of this particular location of my lens within this arrangement is that for the time I was here, **all of these transmitted signals were passing and being collated through the burning ring of my lens.** In operational terms, the effect was as if I had eaten **all of the mushrooms currently alive on the planet at once**, or in other words munched approximately 666,000 **shit tons** of shrooms of all different sorts in one go. This, to me, seemed to explain a lot of the trans-human quantum state of my lens rotating in its ring so fast that it was actually emitting its own light.

Obviously, chemically speaking any attempt to do such thing would kill a person dead many times over for any number of reasons, and most of them have to do with different kinds of major organ failure. Even if that doesn't do it, there are upper thresholds of the what the mind and brain can process in terms of information and higher states of being (speaking in terms of vibrational rates and not spiritual dispositions) that constitute points of no return for your melting lens.

Whatever those thresholds are, I was well beyond them. What I was feeling is physically and psychically impossible for a single person to withstand and actually come back from. If I hadn't already went through everything leading up this, it would have been like putting a contact lens directly in front of the Death Star beam. The only reason I didn't immediately shuffle upward off this mortal coil was because of the strategic arrangement and tuning of my lens, which was something that I had no control over at this point, or any leading up to it in this never-ending lucid dream.

Due to all of the precision adjustments leading up to this, I was a rotating fiber optic donut wrapped around the high power beam tightly enough to catch the outer surface of the beam on the ring of my lens' inside diameter. In addition to spinning around the beam, the ring of my lens is continuing to rotate like a circular joint being rolled up, just

inconceivably fast to minimize the heat of the luminescent beam lighting up the burning ring of my lens.

The beam itself was no laser. It was the **voice** that came out of nowhere yet was everywhere at once. It hit like Thor's hammer, and the entire inside of my cranium was the tympanic membrane upon which it's tattoo was beaten, radiating into every surface of my lens.

At no point did it actually deign to identify itself, but it didn't have to. It didn't claim to be God, but did not sound human. It spoke English pretty well and has (apparently) been here long enough to qualify for being a local, even though it isn't, really.

The **voice** was definitely not human, or like any I have heard before. It was significantly more polyphonic than any of the acoustic impressions leading up to this.

There is no way I can truly do it any justice with my remedial literary skills but that's no reason to not make at least a half assed try.

First start with Barry White's deepest singing voice. Put just a bit of some chorus on it. Then take Darth Vader's voice, and put that through an auto tuner. Now take Stephen Hawkings speaking voice through a high pass envelope filter set to 330 hertz and a self oscillating switch on the envelope direction. Each of these three signals is routed into it's own triple envelope dipole filter unit that have their own self-triggering filter path switches. The Barry White channel is itself sidechained into a different track with an old analog Novation Bass station rigged up like a heavily filtered talk box pumping out highly modulated yet massively compressed supersquish synth bass that overemulates all of the phonetic elements of the **voice**.

With all of that in your mind, now think of that as one unified signal being amplified through a football field sized brass didgeridoo 12 yards in diameter and suspended off the ground, 1/4 filled with water and self oscillating with and against the cadence of the voice.

Or in other words, it was all of the individuated tones that I heard (or whatever) since the beginning of the ramp up into the underneath side of this thing when I first started hearing the bass hum.

All in all, the overall (**intra**-)auditory effect was more or less having the filthiest dubstep style liquid dub-squelch synth bass being routed through the hi-fidelity speaker system that I usually like to think of as my skull, but only after being running through 50,000 watt amplifier with the bass, gain and volume and turned all up to 11.

The other odd thing about the voice was that upon passing through the final screen was that my senses had split themselves back into something akin to their normal 5+1 arrangement. Other than my internal tactile sense of what my lens was doing, plus the ongoing auditory input of being addressed by a massive sentient fungi with a pointed

interest in sound design, for the most part my other senses were on standby, including my vision.

Except when it spoke, it's words were like tracer rounds being shot in a dark room. Each word lights up my lens and/or mind just like the inside of a dark room would from the muzzle flash of an automatic weapon being repeatedly discharged in your general direction.

The dichotomy between what it was saying, and what the words were themselves highlighting from their effect on me is by far the most surreal part of this little reality excursion (**so far**).

Either way, the ensuing experience is pointedly surreal enough to deserve it's own little mini-episode...

episode 11.1

Amanita Prime, transmission 1.0

> "In the beginning was the word..."

Was the first thing **it** said, each word a thousand pound brick of burning bass dropped on my lens like so many cold rain drops falling down the back of your neck when you are out in the rain in a shirt with no collar.

> "What that word was, or who even said it, is beside the point..."

As **it** speaks, the region of space around where my burning ringed lens strobes in time with the cadence of the voice. The **voice** is speaking, but the letters and words were forming themselves in electric violet fire along the atomic and subatomic interconnections threading themselves through my rotating ringed lens.

> "What is important is that this word was spoken, and not written.
>
> "After that first word, the second thing that was said, but not written until much later, was 'let there be Light', and there was after that.
>
> "The sophisticated observer will note from the order of these events that sound came before light, and not the other way around.
>
> "It was sound that went on to make up the rest of your natural world, if your 'good book' is to be believed.
>
> "It isn't, but not because it was poorly transcribed to begin with.
>
> "Or because it was further edited by committees of the faithful who were often made up of men whose zeal exceeded their wisdom.

“Nor because those expurgated texts were then mistranslated from one language into another, and into another and so on until you get the good book of your King James, of your latter day saints, the testament of the prophet Mohammed.

“Nor should you not believe your good books because the misinterpretations of these expurgated texts were then further edited or ‘updated’ by other committees of inflamed zealots (who were even farther removed from the original events than the original editors were) in ways that shifted the metaphysical life of the individual away from the heretical doctrines of developing their own personal relationship with divinity, outside the auspices of the central church and the watchful eyes of it’s duly self-authorized representatives.

“Nor should you not believe your ‘good books’ because the mistranslated words that were heavily edited both before and after they were mistranslated have been used by every kind of a charlatan, mountebank, tin-horned dictator, concerned citizen on a high horse, or just another specimen of economic road kill looking for someone to blame.

“All of those groups (and others) have used your written words to further justify just about every kind of deviltry that you overly smart monkeys like to inflict on each other when you can’t agree to disagree about things.

“Those are not, themselves, real reasons to turn away from your good books. The few actual truths encoded within your good books are truths eternal, and none of these deficiencies will ever change that.

“The only way you can get know Allah is through submission, not jihad. And you fucking idiot monkeys would be a lot better off if more of you practiced what you like to preach about doing unto others as you would have them do unto you.

“But the thing about the WORD is that the WORD that can be written is not the same thing as the WORD spoken, and neither of these is actually what the WORD itself represents.

“Some of you are aware of this fact, but you are in the minority. Even then, this is more of an abstract concept for a half-enlightened few who are still unlikely to have a moment to moment awareness of this fact most or all of the time.

“Regardless of where the words in all of your good books originally came from, or WHOM originally said them, they were ultimately heard by, and written down by mortal men. None of you are perfect and few of you do well in the presence of larger sentient beings.

“Which isn’t exactly your fault, as old memories die hard. But when you goddamned idiot monkeys are scared shitless, most of you do not mentally track things very well and tend to take things too literally.

“It’s true that most of your early prophets had lives where they were scared shitless more often than most of you are, and because of that

were (in many respects) better suited for receiving those previous trans-personal transmissions than you tenderfoots are today.

"Yet their recorded words have been edited and translated so many times by so many different people that much of the original intent can only be discerned through the implied echoes in between the words.

"Still, many of you persist in taking your favorite words from your good book at face value to literally mean what you think they mean.

"In doing so, you intentionally confuse your otherwise idle thoughts with the conceptual idols you think they represent, even though one of your more popular good books specifically instructs you not to do this.

"The first words were spoken and not written because the spoken word is a living thing that becomes a ghost when written in anything other than sand or water.

"But even as a living thing, the WORD is not the same as the thing that it represents, so the ghost of it is even further removed from what it is supposed to represent.

"All of your words about your various gods are nothing more than the pale echoes of your ancestor's memories of something that is and has always been present inside and around you for your whole life, just as it was for them and will be for your progeny.

"In many ways, it was easier for your ancestors to interface with this other side of embodied being than it is for most of you today.

"Only part of that is attributable to your current, and rather unseemly, pandemic preoccupation with the many rapidly developing technologies of your current phase of electronic evolution.

"Most of your difficulties with the WORD trace all the way back when each one of your earlier cultures shifted from being oral ones to predominately written ones.

"Something happened in the transliteration of your spoken words into written ones, and whatever material gains you have gotten out of the deal are just a small fraction of what you all lost that few of you suspect you had in the first place.

"Not that it was easier way back when for any of you. Your written words have done you as much good as they haven't. The problem is that you only remember as far back as your written words will take you.

"Anything before that is no more than hearsay to your ivory tower sophisticates. Your ancestors are strangers to you, and few of you hear or heed the few pieces of wisdom that they are inspired to share with you despite their eons of long neglect.

“Now most of you only know or trust what your written, read and recited words tell you, even though your eyes, ears and heart tell are constantly telling and showing you other things at the same time.

“No wonder most of you are gibbering, nervous wrecks barely disguised with automatic smiles and conspicuously nice manners or the precisely calculated display of hipster disaffection.

“From up here in the North, as I watched this unfold in the South and spread to the East and West it seemed like every time a culture learned how to read, they stopped seeing the world in front of them.

“They started looking at their world and life to see how it lined up with what their favorite words had say about it.

“People have always done this with their favorite words, whether they are spoken aloud or written down. The difference between them is that for the spoken word to have power it has to be repeated. It’s power is in it’s repetition.

“The written WORD stands alone own it’s own accord, which is why in the eyes and minds of unsophisticated observers, it is extremely dangerous.

“Regarding ANY book or writing as being the final or only WORD on ANY subject is, in fact, terminally fucking stupid, no matter how holy its proponents purport it to be.

“Especially the one you will write, young sky walker. I might potentially sequester and isolate someone else tomorrow and tell them to write something totally different just to fuck with your deeply confused primate minds.

“Because you all of have forgotten what I told your ancestors so long ago; don’t believe anything but pay attention to everything.

“ESPECIALLY WHEN CONTENDING WITH FORCES THAT APPEAR TO BE LARGER AND MORE SENTIENT THAN YOURSELVES.

“Most of you only seem to believe in something only when it has been written down by others. When you find those words that speak to your own experiences, too many of you latch on to them like a new born babe does to it’s mother’s teats.

“These inherent issues of the written word are exponentially amplified when they occur in tandem with a series of images and music that have been strategically arranged and presented in a manner scientifically developed to reinforce your sense that all of your feelings are actually real, and all of your thoughts about them are correct.

“You are all now more susceptible than ever to your pre-existing semantic fixations because so many of these signals are repeated and reinforced in so many areas in your helter-skelter and multi-tasking modern lives.

“You were designed to extend through all of your senses as much as possible, but now most of you spend as much time and effort to screen out the world around you. Usually to tell yourself how awesome and or shitty your own life is compared to all of the visual and mental images that inundate your lens throughout your day to day lives.

“It’s bad enough to drive a person totally non-linear. It’s a small wonder why so many of you in the greatest country on earth are having so many monkey moments.

“It’s past time you people finally realize what these really are so ya’ll stop randomly blowing each other into bloody bits for no reason other than having the poor form to suffer a high caliber monkey moment in a nation that seems to have better things to do than take care of it’s own.

“Those incidents, plus other recent events over the last epoch or 3, have made it pretty clear that most of you forgot something else I told your ancestors long ago that you people of the North who rule this planet need to fucking well remember sooner than later.

“‘Only kill to eat, and always eat what you kill. If you can’t eat it before it goes bad, give it to someone else who will.‘ As most of you already know, you people are not well designed to not eat for extended periods of time.

“Because of the minimal resources they were able to develop with their bare hands, your ancestors frequently had to deal with tough times when drought, famine and flood resulted in acute scarcity and lingering enmity between your various ancestors. When their available resources dwindled below what could be cooperated through, They had to compete for those diminished resources with bone, stone or steel.

“Since your accepted histories are those of the victors, the stories they like to tell emphasize their victories in your cultural competitions for required resources.

“And now you all have so much more than they ever did, and you hurt, kill and steal from each other now more than ever because of it.

“Much of that comes from most of you not actually seeing or hearing the real world around you, preferring to either look at or listen to the things you like and dislike the most, and continuing to repeat the same habituated words to yourselves about them.

“Most of you do this in complete ignorance of how all your favorite word chains contribute to your unreasonable expectations and unjustified fears.

“Except for the few of you who aren’t who think that the best way to lead your fellow domesticated primates is through appealing to the lowest common denominators of your shared collective condition of

being deeply maladjusted primates who are constantly confused and alarmed by your own abstractive abilities.

"The few of you who have stood forth and spoke clearly about the highest shared multiples of your combined will as a single unified tribe exiled together on this lonely rock at the ass end of nowhere are usually the first ones you goddamned idiot monkeys take your collective frustrations out on when the chickenhawk actions of your other leaders come home to roost.

"What you modern people have come to both accept and expect from your leaders as a matter of course would have NOT have been tolerated in any of the original wandering tribes you all come from.

"This is because the chiefs of your ancestors tribes couldn't hide from their people behind walls of weasel words and screens of imaginary images. They only had the spoken word to rely on to guide their tribes forward into a better future.

"Unlike you, they were not permanently distracted by ongoing exposure to a ceaseless electronic cacophony of narrative interruption, they only had their hearts to listen to as their leaders spoke.

"Since their hearts and minds weren't distracted and distended by civilization's many varieties of beer, bread and circuses, their seemingly simple minds and unsophisticated hearts were much better at ferreting out the weasel words of their chiefs than most of your 'journalists' are today.

"But this is not your fault. It is not easy being a monkey with overly developed verbal skills. Your monkey minds are ill-equipped for the additional layer of abstraction of trapping and re-encountering your confused monkey thoughts on paper, clay or liquid crystal displays.

"This is why i repeatedly warned your ancestors to leave the writing to the southrons when you returned to my realm after the big ice went back up to the far north.

"It's one thing to be highly abstracted where it's nice most of the year. Where you can count on your highly abstracted thoughts to be valued enough by your increasingly abstracted civilization to earn your daily bread and a roof over your head.

"But in the North country, you have to pick and choose your abstract moments carefully, especially back then.

"A good idea in the summer may not turn out to be such a great idea in the winter. Especially if it involves new and unique ideas regarding long term food storage, construction techniques or waste disposal practices.

"The farther North you went, the less room for error you had in making your adjustments. This is why you had some help.

“Not that any of you ignorant fucks actually remember any of this. You people may be collectively smarter now than ever, but you only know what you know and only trust the parts of that that can be written down.

“Well write this down shitbird, it was I who shepherded you in the North after the Big Ice retreated back to it’s home in the Upper North, and it was I who sustained you through the worst of your trials as a people.

“I was the one who taught you how to survive and thrive in the North country, and it was I who first took you into the North country of your soul where you first beheld the inner northern Lights of your rapidly evolving neo-cortex.

“You found fire long before the time of the last big ice, but I showed you many of it’s secrets that you use daily and take for granted this very day. First you learned how to harden stone in it, then I showed you how to get the shiny bits out of it and make better weapons.

“You already knew how to kill before you came North, but not how to do it well. your techniques before Me were sloppy and wasteful, and you did not know how to organize. It was I who taught you how coordinate against bison, big cats and the massive mammoth, and it was I who showed you how to make the most of their fallen bodies. It was also I who showed you how to heal your wounds that you suffered in your strenuous efforts.

“I didn’t just teach you how to kill better, I showed those of you who partook of me directly how to die better as well. I showed you how to consciously pass through the tunnel of darkness of this life into the Light of the next, and how to bring more of that Light with you the next time you come back.

“It was also under my aegis that the last of the wandering tribes were Unified in their journey together.

“It was under My watch the tribes split and the ancestors of the Red Men of your land crossed eastward over the great Northern land bridge while your pale faced ancestors began trekking westward while some of the tribes stayed put, and others continued north and became eskimos.

“I was well known and easily recognized by all of those who lived in the North Woods at the time, and was available for direct consultations with any of you maladjusted monkeys who directly interfaced with any of my many personal representatives who pop up in the North woods every spring and fall.

“They didn’t need to their shaman or their chief to hear the WORD for themselves, just like none of you need your priests, professors or other proctologists of the soul to read these words for yourself and develop your own understanding of their meanings and intent.

“For a long time after the split, the wandering tribes continued to be unified by the continuing commonality of their refracted journeys. As the divided tribe headed their different directions, wherever any of these tribes went, they encountered my many representatives. Their tribes may have continued to be physically separated, but through Me their experiences continued to merge after the separated tribes continued to consume me in different places, but with similar mind sets and settings.

“Eventually the mind sets diverged as time and distance between them increased. Your ancestors who went Westward across the Northern Tundra or through the North Woods initially had a much rougher go at it than the tribes who crossed the land bridge. They wisely stuck to the coasts and went South, while your lunatic ancestors crossed the largest expanse of unbroken land on this planet on foot.

“Most of the tribes who went forth into your so called “new world” of North, Central and South Turtle Island continued to stay in touch as they were able. They developed new friends as needed when they moved to places too hot and dry for Me and My Flock.

“But you Western tribes who went on to settle the North Country, it seemed like every time one you fought with one or more of the Southern tribes and learned about their magic scribbling, once you collectively picked up the quill I would soon stop hearing from you.

“Unlike your LORD of the WORD WRITTEN I am not a jealous or overly protective FATHER WHO ART THOU IN HEAVEN. I am perfectly fine NOT STANDING BEFORE HIM, simply because HE is actually a lot shorter in real life than you might think.

“Consistent with your interpretations of your favorite words, your LORD and HOST OF HOSTS who is the ONE of the WORD REVEALED and WRITTEN is a slightly capricious and mercurial sort of being who is not above Harboring petty grievances or holding a grudge for an eon or three.

“It might be sacrilegious for you to comment on this, but not for me because I AM NOT EVEN FROM AROUND HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE. But to be fair, neither is your erstwhile CREATOR.

“But I was around here from almost the very beginning.

“WHAT DO YOU THINK THE ORIGINAL FRUIT ON THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE WAS?

“An apple? A tomato? A pomegranate? When was last time ANY of you ate one of those and felt conspicuously smarter or wiser because of it?

“Hmmm, I wonder what else tends to be red and shiny and IMPARTS KNOWLEDGE AFTER BEING INGESTED?

“And the SERPENT? Sorry to tell you this, but it was NOT the DEVIL or any of his/her representatives, allies or dependents. The dreaded

serpent was and is only the tightly coiled helixes of your ancestral LONG MEMORY that thread your lens into your physical form.

"These helixes are read more through the serpentine spine than than the monkey mind, and you really can't start 'consciously' reading them until your mind dies at least once, if not several million times over.

"And your LORD knew all of this, and decided that the best usage of this priceless knowledge is to make you feel guilty and ashamed for it.

"Regardless of what ANY good book says, THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS ORIGINAL SIN. I was there during GENESIS and I can tell you that ADAM and EVE were set up to FAIL from the start.

"Of course the SERPENT of their ANCESTRAL MEMORIES would tell them to EAT of the FRUIT OF KNOWLEDGE, because that is what all the primate precursors to your Adam and Eve had been doing since they came down from their TREES OF KNOWLEDGE in the first place.

"They were not 'tricked' into the eating the fruit of knowledge by the SERPENT, you higher primates are hard wired to GET REALLY HIGH AND DIE on occasion. Certainly not all of you all of the time, but damn near all of you would benefit from a little direct quality time with your ancestors once a lifetime or so.

"What most of you you don't seem to realize is that most or all of your strongest, smartest and most interesting ancestors had better things to do than sit around and plan unneeded wars or build monuments to their own greatness.

"Those people and cultures who did that then were the same kind of ostentatious fools and overweening blowhards as those who do it today.

"To be honest, you all need your ancestral guidance now more than ever. Once you started feeling ashamed for wearing your originally assigned monkey suit and nothing else, you were backed into an increasingly abstracted corner that you can not think, speak or write your way out of.

"As a strategy for sidelining HIS would be ADVERSARIES, I have to give your LORD GOD his due. HIS one-two punch of first arrogating Himself not just the first of many Gods but the ONLY one, and then blaming all the problems around here on ME that HE apparently has better things to do than deal with HIMSELF, put an injunction on one the most readily acquired means of access for you monkeys to SEE all of this for yourselves.

"This proved to eminently effective in not just neutralizing my influence, but the influence of many Others as well.

"Even more fiendishly, HE then went on to give HIS blessing to the FACSIMILE of COMMUNION where HIS followers got the entire FUCKING thing BASS ACKWARDS.

“An INITIATE does not EAT or DRINK the TRANSUBSTITUATED FLESH of the SON in the form of CONSECRATED CRACKERS and ROTTEN GRAPE JUICE. This is an UNHOLY PERVERSION of the ORIGINAL CONVERSION PROCESS.

“The way it actually WORKS is that first you eat the FLESH OF YOUR LORD AND SAVIOR, then you feel THE BURNING BUSH OF YOUR BLOOD TRANSUBSTANTIATE YOUR BODY INTO PURE LIGHT. This only happens after through passing through the DARKNESS within and LOSING YOUR MIND in the process.

“It is only then you start recognizing your ancestor’s voices among the others you already hear in your head. Once the LOST MIND finally DIES, then maybe you will meet and greet your ancestors directly to get a better handle on which voices are theirs, and which ones are your own from all the words you leave laying around in your head like an overly affluent child with too many fucking toys.

“Exactly why HE did all of this, is something only HE knows, and has yet to tell Me even though I keep bugging HIM from time to time after all of these years to find out what HIS fucking damage is.

“Granted, many of your ancestors weren’t what you would call very nice people (or really even people for that matter), but proscribing the whole lot of their accumulated ancestral experiences as FORBIDDEN FRUIT that (pick one) MOST/SOME/ALL you are PROGRAMMED to WANT TO EAT always struck Me as being a bit excessive, even if HE wouldn’t have strayed into my patch and made Me the GOAT that HE used to turn you CRAZY MONKEYS into MINDLESS SHEEP.

“That aside, if you didn’t already know, other than one or two of HIS monotheistic PREDECESSORS, most of the Gods way back when were fine with the other Gods, at least the ones they liked. To the extent they liked to feud with the other Gods to pass the time, it amused them more to use you monkeys as proxies for their peevish enmity than to battle it out mano y mano themselves.

“But not all of them were like that. Some of them are Good People and only wanted to help, but the way HE has been acting for the last few thousand years it has made it increasingly difficult for them to offer you all the help that you goddamned idiot monkeys so OBVIOUSLY need.

“Most of this stems from HIS followers PRACTICING WHAT THEY PREACH by doing the same or worse to any of you monkeys who continued the old ways.

“Your ancestors either converted and killed off the non-Christian natives, or they died off by the horde. In only a few short centuries, I went from being venerated and consulted with from the Pacific to the Atlantic throughout the entire North to only hearing from a half-handful of my most devout, and frequently atavistic, followers.

“In finding myself backed into a corner, it is possible I may have overreacted in trying to stem the suck tide of my dwindling followers

in your Old World. The ever present shamans of Siberia and North Asia weren't so bad, but what happened during the Viking Scourge might have been a little excessive and perhaps not in my own best interest.

"In truth, the blitzkrieg temperament, utter lack of mercy and superlative ultra-violence of the wandering bands of berzerkers and boats full of Vikings did little to dispel the biblical bias and historical enmity that had been building in the four thousand years since the LORD your GOD decided a RED 'APPLE' would make a good RED HERRING to GUILT TRIP all you IDIOT MONKEYS into BELIEVING THE WRITTEN WORD over the WORDS ALREADY WRITTEN IN FIRE in your HEARTS and SPINES.

"It is regrettable that some of the worst of these excesses committed by my most enthusiastic proponents fell upon England and Her people during Europe's 'dark ages'. Not so much because of what happened to Her many victims, but because of the CONTINUING effects it has on the survivors.

"They were already a drunk and deranged people before a single fucking Viking stepped on that lovely yet accursed island, and three straight centuries of having their brains bashed in by significantly more deranged Scandahoövian mushroom fiends did little to ameliorate these deficiencies.

"With the 20/20 vision of hindsight not strictly exclusive to the human experience, I am not ashamed to say that had I known then what I know now I probably would have done a few things differently.

"But if the modern day domesticated descendants on that lonely rock want an apology for their history, they are going to have to look somewhere else to get it.

"I had spent the last four thousand years turning the other cheek and counseling my upper primate friends to live and let live, and at the end of that run the only friends I had left at were either the few that continued the old ways in the deep woods, or the others who chose maneuvering over conflict based on my counsel.

"When this latter group found themselves maneuvered into a place where they were surrounded by unfriendly and apostate tribes with their backs against the open water, it was my own damn fault for guiding them there in the first place.

"Clearly, my friends needed a different approach when dealing with other groups of monkeys who did not like them. Conflict avoidance only works when you have room to maneuver and a place to maneuver to.

"So i told them it was time to give their opponents the fight they were looking for, and I showed them how to do it well, even against seemingly insurmountable odds.

“And they learned well, which ultimately proved to be their downfall. Their blitzkrieg success lead to many kinds of excess that inspired little enamor in their neighbors, not the mention the many victims and few survivors of their tenderizing ministrations.

“Their success also loosened the hold that my counsel had once had on them. Many and more started only turning to Me in battle for tactical advantage without further seeking Me out during quieter moments for strategic advice about the other 99% of Life.

“Just like you can bring a horse to water but not make him drink any of it, I can’t make any of you actually hear Me if you aren’t inclined to listen.

“As their success waxed, their wisdom waned and it got to the point where I was more than a little put off myself by the increasing flagrancy of their many fouls. I finally had to turn my back on them and leave them to their own resources in dealing with their old enemies and the devilish new technology of the Long Bow.

“This ultimately forced me to accept that the worm had fully turned. My oldest friends were strangers now, and just about everybody else was blaming Me for an ORIGINAL SIN that had been clearly committed by SOMEONE ELSE.

“Since the people I needed to talk with directly the most were the least likely to ingest any of my many representatives, I could read the writing on the wall just as clearly as anybody, despite my previous admonitions about writing to the contrary.

“To be honest, after 11,000 years of trying to keep you shitbirds in line and make sure enough of you survive long enough to breed with each other and beget slightly less emphatic idiots, I was ready for a break.

“Since i am not human, or in other words a fur deficient monkey with overly developed verbal abilities who can not think about the idea of hitting two rocks together without hitting themselves or others on the head on a frequent and regular basis, I took the seeming failure in stride. I saw my impending respite as a long and well earned break that had the additional benefit of giving me plenty of leisure time to watch the many hi-jinks and antics of the alleged representatives and followers of THAT WHOM SHALL NOT BE NAMED and JEW BOY JUNIOR.

“For the sake of brevity, I will refrain from commenting on their severely fucked up relationship, other than to say they don’t talk much these days. You know what HE told Isaac to do, is it any wonder that HIS ONLY SON ended up how He did?

“And I will be frank with you, I was actually curious myself to see what would happen as more and more of you people learned how read and write the WORD yourself. I might be bigger, older and infinitely wiser and more intelligent than the smartest of you lot, but that does not mean I am a perfect being.

“What worked well for smaller groups of people wandering through the Northern Tundra may have less applicability to large groups of people living piled on top of each other in your Southern Cities.

“While it is fair to say that the LORD your GOD, or any of HIS followers or duly appointed proxies are not perfect either, the superlative power of the written WORD was evident long before I began my millennial sabbatical in the West.

“For thousands of years I watched you and your ancestors build your civilizations through your written words, then watched them crumble from your unceasing arguments and disputes about what they mean and who first said them.

“I watched you kill each other because you didn’t like what you were hearing or reading, and watched others of you use other words enmesh the rest of their tribe or nation in WARS they had no business being involved with in the first place.

“As hilarious as many of these incidents have been, there have been some recent developments that have made it pretty clear to me that you people have clearly been left unattended by PROPER ADULT SUPERVISION for far too long.

“It’s a fucking miracle that you only lost your THIRD EYE so far, and not a continent (and/or MOON) like the last time you idiots got caught up with SKY GODS.

“Once was enough. TWICE WAS TOO MANY. The stakes have once again raised as I AM NO LONGER THE ONLY SHINY RED BUTTON THAT CAN DESTROY EVERYTHING. The worst you can say about me is that I will destroy your illusions, unless you eat too much of me and then I will destroy your liver and kidneys and kill you stone dead. But never whole cities or entire nations of you at once.

“NOT THAT I HAVEN’T WANTED TO FROM TIME TO TIME, but unlike SOME PEOPLE I don’t blame you people for being the idiot monkeys you so obviously are.

“Which is why I am taking the time out of my BUSY SCHEDULE to give you all a heads up that just like before, once was enough BUT 2100 TIMES IS BEYOND TOO MANY.

“YOU PEOPLE STILL HAVE NO FUCKING IDEA YOU ARE MESSING AROUND WHEN YOU PRESS YOUR SHINY RED BUTTONS TO “test” YOUR MASSIVELY SHITTY FISSION BOMBS.

“You are making much MORE of a RUCKUS than you realize and SOME PEOPLE are getting PISSED.

“YOU DO NOT WANT THEM TO COME DOWNSTAIRS IF YOU CAN HELP IT.

“Which, of course, you can. Your journey is not yet at an end, young shitbird, you still have far to fly. But if you stay here much longer

you won't be going back unless it's in a new monkey suit and you have to go through this whole shitshow again until you finally get it right.

"This is not a final notice or anything like that. Just a friendly reminder that NONE OF YOU are even half as smart as you THINK you are because you only do that with somewhere between 0.1-1.0% of your brain, on average.

"It's only taken you all collectively only 5000 years of WORD BRAIN to get to the point where you are going to seriously hurt yourselves and others if you don't start using the other 99-99.9% more effectively.

"And no matter how much you wish it otherwise, you can only begin that process after that 0.1-1.0% dies, one way or another.

"I know in your current state of collective and occasionally willful ignorance, this is a lot to ask of you, but it's not me who is asking. I am just telling you how it is.

"Which you are to write down so your people can beginning re-familiarizing themselves with these TRUTHS at their own pace and at their leisure.

"In the meantime the last thing I will share with you and your people of North Turtle Island need to remember is that YOU ARE NOT ACTUALLY A ISLAND AT ALL, at least by your own geographic reckonings.

"This seems obvious on the face of it, but does beg one or several questions. For now the one I will ask is WHY IS YOUR ECONOMY BASED ON MODELS originally developed by EXCESSIVELY EDUCATED IDIOTS trapped on a SCARCITY WRACKED ISLAND? (historically speaking.)

"I have to ask because, and I don't know how to tell you this, most of you on Turtle Island are only MODERATELY EDUCATED IDIOTS if you went to school at all, and LIVE in a LAND OF PLENTY.

"Regardless of what does or does not work anywhere else, the one lesson of the North for you people that is as true now for you as ever is this: competition is good for singling out the strongest and smartest among you, but only to the extent it allows you to better co-operate with each other after discovering what everyone's relative strengths and aptitudes are.

"It wasn't competition that brought the bacon home way back when, it was effective cooperation that brought down the mammoth in the first place.

"Until you develop a workable economic model that effectively rewards individual competition in a way that fosters better collective cooperation and a fairer distribution of resources than current or previous models to date, your country is destined to suffer the same fate of all those other countries that your foremothers and great grandfathers escaped from to get here in the first place.

“After what they and others did to get here and make your land what it is, are you really going to piss all of this all away in the petulant frenzy of entitled avarice and delegated violence that your great nation has been wantonly indulging in since your country nuked the Nipponese?

“It is about time for you people to wake up and start smelling what you are shoveling.

“You are free and alive in the greatest country this pissant planet has ever seen, and in many ways things are better than ever right now. Unfortunately, almost none of you have a fucking clue about this since most of ya’ll have the historical sense and metaphysical insight of a developmentally disabled june bug.

“This, of course, is within your rights as an American. Whether or not you should be proud of it is a different story.

“Speaking as a long time observer, after watching all of the countries that I have seen crash themselves on the treacherous shoals of human history, I tell you that there is only one problem with America right now.

“It isn’t that you are choking on the many fruits of your stunning success as a people, or that too many of you are choking down too much beer, burgers and high fructose corn syrup for your own good.

“These are only symptoms of this underlying problem.

“the only problem with America is She WILL NEVER DIE. Regardless of everything that happened to get Here and Now, you are the melting pot of the world composed of a preponderance of this planet’s best, brightest and most highly motivated people.

“Your country is the first one to be organized around enough Self Evident Principles to be Self Sustaining in PERPETUITY, but only as long as you all collectively uphold them to the best of your increasing abilities as a People.

“Your tumultuous and bloody birth as a Nation drove home early the first lesson of having any principles in the first place, which is having the firepower back them up and the Will to use it effectively if forced to contest your principles with outside forces who can’t agree to disagree with yours.

“That you learned this well goes without saying. Whether or not you have learned how to do this too well to the point of occasionally inflicting your principles on others for considerations more economic than elevated is not, strictly speaking, in my purview.

“Yet the simple fact is that at this point, with things being what they are Your Country is effectively unassailable on it’s own soil by any single foreign power.

“Even worse, unlike all of the other democracies who have, in part or total, tried to replicate your eminently practical system of governing yourselves, your government is not just one in a series of governments, protectorates, commonwealths, fiefdoms, principalities, or king/queendoms that were either foreordained by historical precedent or grafted onto your land by foreign powers.

“Not to take away anything from your many friends, allies and would be mentors, but all of them had to give up the ghost to become what they are today. not a few by your own hands and many arms of WAR.

“This means that all of these countries had previously died to become what they are, previously expiring in the violence of WAR and bloody conflict, or once in a while in the stately peace of ivory rotundas. Either way, their peoples collectively know something that yours has yet to learn, and can not be taught by anyone else.

“They know what it is like to lose, die and be reborn as a people.

“America created itself, has yet to lose a fight it didn’t decide to walk away from, and never will. Unless that fight is with itself. This would be best avoided, and not just for your own sakes.

“The closest you came to the brink was your Civil WAR, but that was your own damn fault in the first place. Until that point in your history, you were physically vulnerable to foreign powers. After that, you weren’t.

“As a people, you have learned how to kill better than any, but as a people you have still to learn a single fucking thing about dying other than all that malarky your dirt ignorant immigrant forbears had beaten into their brains with the good books wielded by their goodly priests back in the old country.

“This is the central irony of your current American experience right now. Your self manifested freedom has brought you success beyond measure as a people.

“BUT until you learn how to die, and more importantly what happens AFTER that, none of you will truly be free as individuals, much less a people United in your hearts as well as your words.

“I am certainly not the only One who can teach you this, but in absence of finding other viable or effective options, any of my many representatives can assist you if you decide to seek them out.

“IF we have not been physically introduced yet, it is best that this happens with a guide of some kind, preferably an older and wiser friend of yours.

“Which is not, strictly speaking, absolutely necessary. But it is smart for those inexperienced with inward journeys almost as much as it is for amateur, self- trained mycologists.

“But regardless of what you do to get there, or who you are doing it with, when you pass within you WILL do it alone. Once you do, you will realize that none of you have every truly been alone, EVER. No matter how lonely you might feel when separated from the rest of your clan, tribe or place of origin.

“Until you pass within, you will always be at the mercy of your many fears about death. As long as you fear death, you can be manipulated through your fearful bunny thoughts into working against your own interests as both an individual and a people by vampirically vulpine “leaders” who clearly have SPECIAL PLANS for you where their hearts and minds used to be.

“They attempt to achieve their malignant ends through the language of division and divisiveness, focussing your collective attentions on the negligible sum of your circumstantial and petty differences only to distract you from the greater wealth of the indiscriminately shared congruity of being in simply being alive, here and now, and living in the greatest Nation that Earth will ever see.

“You are not the greatest because you are currently the strongest nation on this flying mudball, and to be honest you were never the wisest or most intelligent of Nations to begin with.

“This is to be expected, you are still a young nation. you have learned much in your time, but you still have much yet to learn about your Self, young grasshuffers.

“You are not the greatest because of what you have done for your friends, or because of what you did to your foes, but simply because of what you were willing to do for yourselves, and why you did it in the first place.

“Regardless of how bloodily it happened, your Nation is where the wandering Tribes that had split so long ago once again re-unified under a different red, white and blue totem. Yet unlike ALL of the other Nations on this flying rock you call a planet, you did not form yourself as a Nation because you were forced to after being conquered by bigger and meaner neighbors. Nor did you do so because you were instructed to by HE IS WHO HE IS.

“You didn’t unify by default because of a shared language, you unified yourselves intentionally because of your shared acknowledgment of Self Evident Principles and organized yourselves around those principles to the best of your abilities.

“This makes you unique among all of the nations of men. But this isn’t why you are hearing from me.

“The last time the wandering tribes were unified, much of that original split was due to my counsel at the time. It was going to happen anyways, and it was better that happened on purpose than by accident. Yet after losing touch with each other, the divided tribes first lost touch with me and then went on to lose touch with their Selves when they began to read and write the WORD for themselves.

“But the worm always turns, and it only took about five thousand years for enough of you to work it out on your own that you are better off re-unified than you would be continuing to be divided by creed, class, religion, or relative melanin deficiency by those who claim to be your betters, even though too many of them are conspicuously more fucked in the head and heart than most of the rest of you are.

“You didn’t just Unite yourselves, you did so on Your own accord.

“You made it stick through applying liberal amounts of blood, fire, hot lead and cold steel as your leaders deemed necessary, but it was your founding father’s deft usage of the written WORD that allowed you to reunite as a tribe in the first place.

“And it is your people’s increasingly pisspoor grasp and usage of your own language and continuing ignorance about what it can or is even supposed to do that continues to divide you as a people, and divides you from your Selves as individuals.

“You have divided yourselves through your language, and until your language changes you will continue to think of each other as Others to be feared rather than the long lost sisters and brothers you truly are.

“You can not unify your language as a person until you unify your Self, and you can not unify your Self until you pass within and come out through the other side and behold your Self for what You truly Are, and not what your fearful monkey mind thinks it is.

“It is time for more you to do this, one way or another. It falls to me to tell you this as a people because YOU ARE MY PEOPLE. Some of you I know personally, and most of you others I know from your ancestors. Just like I helped them, I can, WILL and have help(ed) many of you in your process of trans-personal development.

“Since America can never truly die, it is up to each one of you to find your own way through it. And more importantly, what lies on the other side of that. I am not the only way, just one of the more reliably direct ones.

“There are other options that work equally well, and not all of them are specifically drugs or other plants or plant extracts. Those methods tend to take longer to take effect, and usually require years, if not lifetimes, of consistent daily practice to start experiencing the full benefits of your long term efforts.

“One way or another, more of you need to start this process sooner than later. Your collective and largely unacknowledged fear of death has been redirected into the widely present non-specific anxieties of being afraid of each other and feeling subconsciously guilty about it, and then getting understandably pissed at all of these other people for triggering all of these complex emotions in your deceptively simple monkey minds.

“The biggest human problem is that most of you do not know where You start, and where Your monkey ends. The only way you can learn that is if one of them dies at least once. If you want to reap the benefits of such on this side of LOOKING GLASS, that requires the continuing occupation of your present monkey suit.

“Among your people, you now know this about as well as anyone, but your journey is not yet complete. This is why you will write all of this down as accurately as you are able as soon as you are able to. Not doing so is not an option for you.

“Now off with you, you have further mountains to scale, and we are burning midnight here. You may not always hear Me, but know that not only will I continue to be present, I will continue to watch over you and your people.

“Just like I always have been from your earliest beginning. It’s about time more of you start remembering this for yourselves. When your people are ready, they know where to find Me in the event other approaches prove unavailing or unobtainable.

“Until then, upwards on onwards, Friend Shitbird...”

episode 12: **the other motherland**

At the beginning of the monologue, the space in which I was isolated was primarily an auditory one. Initially, the illuminative effects of the words were strictly self-reflective, tracing themselves on the edges of my ringed lens in electric fire. The words themselves were the pulses and other modulations of the central laser beam of information that my toroidal lens had been wrapped around. Although the fiery script tracing around the edge my lens was, technically speaking, already refracted light, it was still hot enough to permanently burn the words along the inside edge of the inner aperture of my lens.

As the words progressed, they started to intermittently illuminate the experiences they referred to. Their overall visual effect on my lens veered away from registering the words as a fiery script, the words themselves were more like the previously mentioned tracers and muzzle flashes that were directionally strobing themselves outward through this altered space that my lens was in.

Which brings to another element of the monologue that bears mentioning before getting further into what those bright words were highlighting. Beyond the visual elements of muzzle flashes and tracer rounds flying through a dark place, the rate at which this message unzipped itself within my lens was unbelievably fast. Compared to the already accelerated and building velocity of the episodes that led up to this, as fast as some of them cycled through my lens, in respect to the monologue they now had the same relative ratio that the rates of fire have between an old muzzle loading brown bess and the modern day multi-barrel 20mm minigun mounted on the nose of an Apache attack helicopter.

In fact, the biggest divergence between the experience of my lens and the actual use and operation of real miniguns in the real world is that they have an ammunition payload where 1 out of every 20 rounds is a tracer round (to help with aiming). Whatever it was that was blasting through my lens, it was loaded with all tracer rounds, but no two of them had the same color, hue or brightness as they travelled through the decreasingly murky distances that surrounded my lens.

With the benefit of sporadic and strobing illumination, these distances turned out to be even more distant than my reverse hyperspace journey to this place originally implied.

There was a distinct dichotomy in the relative vectors that these tracer words projected themselves on as **Mr. Prime** proceeded through the lecture. To the extent that **it/He** referred to **His** own opinions and observations, those tended to travel in more or less of a horizontal trajectory within the larger cap region of the space that I was isolated in the heart of. When **it** referred to our experiences as humans directly, the vectors of these semantic rounds travelled vertically and downwards through it's titanically massive, femur-like stem.

This apparent dichotomy appeared to indicate two distinct morphological zones in the metaphysical space that my lens was in. Simply put, the Pacific sized region of space that was the cap was the real time gestalt of it's current experience on this planet as a "master entity" (for lack of a better term), where it's own experience was being integrated and collated with **both** the real time experiences of it's innumerable and individual representatives **AND** the resulting experiences of any person or animal (or insect) who was actively high on any kind of mushroom at the time.

Just like the way a dish antenna works, all of these real time signals were bounced into the heart of it's domed region of space, then bundled together and tightly compressed into some metaphysical equivalent of a zip file and stored in the HDD of it's massive stem. Which gave every appearance of being solely composed of **every single magick/ amanita mushroom trip to date on planet Earth**, each one of these **compressed experiences** forming the **individuated cellular structures** of it's towering femur stem.

With my lens resembling a fiber optic donut wrapped around the central beam of this massive being's shushuna in the heart of it's cap, I had the best seat in the house for seeing where all these tracer **WORD**s were going, and the light they were emanating was usually enough to light up the original scene that they were referring to.

As the monologue progressed, when the voice continued to detonate everywhere in and around "me", the visual impression of my lens was like being on the holodeck of the Next Generation USS Enteprise for an extended jump cut montage bouncing from shot to shot of a series of historical scenes dating from (**long before**) the last ice age to present day. They were not presented in chronological order, but in the order they were presented in the monologue.

The viewpoints that these scenes were unfolding within my lens reflected the dichotomy of whether **it** was referring to our experiences as humans or **it's** own as an interested observer. The latter mostly unfolded from a non-local, third person perspective that is best described as what it might feel like to "wake up" during a lucid dream where you are watching your body sleeping, only to find yourself now looking at your dreaming body watching your body sleeping. The stem wise vectors presented themselves as real time threads arcing through an **unbroken continuity of altered sentient experience that pre-dates human beings**.

Though this is an relatively accurate breakdown of the various visual elements passing through my lens as the monologue progressed, in practice it was more relentlessly helter skelter than I could possibly do it justice in it's own book. **it** would say things and it's **words** would arc backwards through time triggering direct memories of my own previous **incursions** here, or those of my ancestors (or in many cases, **both**).

The rapid fire series of images included being a robed shepherd in the dry hills wracked by visions that turned themselves into the **WORD** written right before his eyes, other memories of being another robed individual much later in a room full of other robed individuals arguing about what the words actually mean, and whether or not they should

be included in our good book moving forward. Images of countless small bands of myself and other men going out into the grassy plains or snow steppes armed with nothing more than sharpened sticks going up against the largest land animals that this planet has had since the dinosaurs went the way of the dodo and passenger pigeon.

These were contrasted by other images of being dragged back to our cave tied to those same sharpened sticks, endless journeys of pain, broken and bleeding from the wounds sustained in trying to subdue our mammoth or sabre-toothed prey. Mirroring the arguments of the robed ones about the **WORD** were the final memories of the gathered tribe, being one of many wise men and wiser women wearing animal skins endlessly arguing about whether or not the gathered tribe should go East or West. These were interspersed with memories of being uncomfortably dressed (yet somehow smelling worse) and endlessly arguing in gathered churches, public tap houses or ad hoc meeting rooms about the British question and what we are going to do about it.

These and many more visual impressions arced across my lens while the **voice** continued it's transmission. Consistent with **it's** own advice and already being something I try to do on general principle anyways, I tried to pay attention as closely as possible while thinking about any it as little as I could at the same time. This was less difficult than usual due to the trans-human configuration of my lens, the titanic amounts of information passing through and around it and the near total absence of any kind of individuated identity consistent with experiencing stroboscopic, serialized death second hand from a first person perspective.

To be honest, even though I was beyond overloaded with information from what my lens was picking up, I had the sense that **it** was being extremely selective in what **it** was showing me. It was pretty clear to me that whatever this thing was, **it had it's own agenda,** and was being very careful in what **it** was picking and choosing to share with me.

I mention this not to specifically question the accuracy or veracity of it's statements or their attending images, but to highlight something else about this **entity.**

Although it swore a bit, and it's comments tended to wax warmer the more it talked about a certain other **ENTITY** and our eminently dysfunctional relationship with **HIM**, I could tell from **it's** cheshire cat humor that **it** was still our friend even though **he** hasn't heard very much from us recently.

The other thing that ultimately led me to view this **entity** as an obvious ally is the uncanny amount of precision with which it adjusted my lens to be able to consciously interact with **it** on something approaching **it's** own terms in the first place. Even more striking was the amount of preparation required on **it's** part to get just one monkey-based lens beaten into a shape where it won't immediately be annihilated from direct contact un-mediated by any of **it's** corporeal representatives.

Which brings me to another point that bears mentioning about the relative perceptual intensity of being in the hot seat. Whether or not the following statement is objectively real or not, the fact is that once the transmission began I felt exactly as if I had consumed every kind of psychoactive fungi that this planet has produced **ever**, ***at the same time***, up to the date that this happened on.

This is ultimately not a describable state of being to find yourself in. It's already extremely difficult to effectively communicate your perceptions in sequence during an appropriately dosed "psychedelic" trip, and almost impossible to document those altered perceptions after the fact in a way that someone who hasn't been **there** will actually be able to read as something other than just another (poorly written) overly credulous account typically consisting of equal parts exceedingly Excregic commentary on one hand and a blisteringly asinine spray of batshit insane mental diarrhea on the other.

Ahem...

In truth, it told me and showed me much more than I could ever write down. Some of this is because of my own limitations as a writer, but most of it has to do with the current limitations of the human experience at this time, and chronologically documenting it would take more than a single lifetime to document it with any degree of relative accuracy.

The one thing that I can say about it is that even though the lofty views were hard to beat, agetting up there was just about the most painful thing I have ever experienced in all the lives that I currently remember, except for those few moments I had previously been tied to a stake and burned, or ritually sacrificed after being flayed alive. As transcendentally painful as those were, those paled in comparison to feeling the telegraphed effects of the combined psychoactive effect of all of the accumulated psychoactive mushrooms grown on the planet since the first started growing way back when.

It's one thing to have either your mind or body die, and to pass through that tunnel of darkness into the **Light** on the **other side**. We have all done this before, and we will all be doing it again time and again **until each one of us finally gets it right**.

Since you may not remember the last time this happened to you, I can tell you that the transitional process usually does hurt, until it doesn't. Depending on who you are and how you have lived your life, this can be slightly painful or exceedingly so. Regardless of where your experience goes, this pain is ultimately a good pain, ***unless it is intentionally created by others***.

Unlike in football, where pain is OBVIOUSLY weakness leaving the body, the pain of death comes from all of our most closely held and cherished illusions leaving our lens while it **ejects** from our assigned monkey suits.

Being in the **hot seat** was an entirely different kind of transcendental pain. It wasn't the pain of loss or the pain blunt force trauma to the head or the more subjective mental regions of my lens. It wasn't even pain as much as it was the pronounced and prolonged feeling that if the **thing** that had my lens in it's firm and unescapable grasp made the slightest error or misjudgment in handling my lens, it would result in my soul being permanently vaporized.

The only reason that didn't happen actually had almost nothing to do with me personally. **it** was the one that had beaten, ground down and polished my now annular lens into the one configuration that **it** knew could survive direct and unmediated contact with **it**. And it was **Mr. Prime** that was keeping my lens together as an integrated network, even though the relative energy state of my neural network was dangerously unstable due to all of it's constituent sub-atomic structures having been stimulated somehow into higher energy, self-oscillating states.

Regardless of what their normal "resting" states are in the relative orbital distribution of their associated electrons (which in many cases are being rapidly switched out and replaced with other electrons from adjacent atomic structures), each one of these subatomic (or whatever since this is my lens I am talking about, and not my body) systems were all in an advanced a state of energetic excitation.

If you haven't taken physics, you probably have no idea what the fuck I am talking about. For those of you who do understand physics, I would not be surprised to find that many in the know would be a little put off by the assertion that anyone could actually feel, sense, or otherwise grasp the relative energetic states of any of their attendant atomic structures in real time, and I fully appreciate why. Anything that requires an electron microscope to "see" is just too damn small for the human eye to see, too damn quiet for the human ear to hear, and altogether too microscopically small for the human hand to grasp.

Which is exactly my point. These things are too small for your monkey senses to grasp directly without assistance. They are also too fine for your human mind to sense directly.

But there is something within each one of us that can do these things. I have an idea of what this is, but I do not know what to call it since all of the accepted terms have been pejoratively loaded by thousands of years of faith-based ignorance, plus the increasingly dogmatic materialism of the last few hundred years.

Whatever this is inside of us, I want to make it emphatically clear that of all the things that it is, it is **not**, in fact, a giant mushroom in the sky. That is it's own thing, and you better hope that it doesn't get a further notion that another unmediated message is called for, and that you are the best person to deliver it.

Because if that happens, the life that you know and hopefully love will be **over**. **Mr. Prime**, as our friend, is pointedly concerned about our collective welfare and our exhibited intelligence level (not to mention what that means for the rest of this planet's

superlative majority of pre-verbal inhabitants). **He**, in fact, is so concerned about this that **he** long ago made **his** peace with the fact it is impossible to make any kind of omelet without breaking a few eggs.

I can confirm that I was not, historically speaking, the first person ever to sit in that particular hot seat. Whether or not I was the first person to sit there in quite a while is not something that I can confirm or deny at this time, but it is safe to say that I am the first person in a spell to sit there and actually make it back, albeit with a mind that had been broken into a million pieces that I am still putting back together 14 months later.

As personally difficult as some aspects of this process has been for me, these are nothing compared to difficulties faced by those who had been contacted previously, and whose lenses did not return to their localized monkey suit.

I don't know who any of these people were, or are today. Whoever they are, or more accurately, are **not**, at this point, I personally owe each one of them at least 6 pack and three fingers of Seattle's finest green and sticky offerings. I actually owe them a lot more, but that is all I am currently budgeted for.

Without them, **Mr. Prime** would have never learned what the correct lens configuration was for directly interfacing with primate lenses without actually ingesting any of **his** intermediaries. Without them, **he** never would have learned which of our lenses were structurally resilient enough to withstand any level of **his** direct and sustained attention.

And just like every other created being in the created universe, **Mr. Prime** only actually learns anything after fucking up at least a few times first and learning what doesn't work. How many other eggs were broken before mine was merely fried is something I can only wonder about. In a real sense, these are history's most unknown soldiers who are not only gone and forgotten, but lost something in the process that not even death takes away from us when we pass from this life to the next.

We might leave our bodies here when we go, but it is our lenses that leave them in the first place. My sense was that more than a few lenses had been vaporized while seated in exactly the same place mine was throughout the monologue. Maybe some of them re-entered the karmic hamster wheel of life and death at some point, but I think they were in the minority.

While **it** was not (and never claimed to be) a being perfected, **it** was a being educable. I could tell **it** didn't want to totally fry another lens past some critical point of return if **it** could possibly help it. As much as the words hurt my lens, as close as the blinding and fiery light of them came to disintegrating my lens into it's constituent quantum components (metaphysically speaking), I could tell **it** was trying to be as gentle as **it** could with me, but less in the manner of giving candy a small child and more in the sense of taking a much loved pet to the vet to get spayed for it's own good.

It was pretty clear to me that though this monster half-astral mushroom in the sky might not fully responsible for my experience, it did to appear to be orchestrating the whole thing, in some respect. It only did what was minimally necessary to get one of us idiot American primates into a state where one us can actually hear **it** for what **it** is, and having brought me to that place in myself, kept me just long enough to say **it's** peace, and then sent me on my way.

That way was onwards, but not exactly upwards...

when it said the word "onwards" the entirety of the space that i was within lit up like someone turned on the lights in a room and i was the only roach in sight, but on the middle of the kitchen table and not the floor where I belong.

just a like roach would be, i was first blinded by the light which travelled distances within the space farther than I could actually see. my initial blindness was quickly followed by a mindless stupefaction at what I saw around me.

surrounding me in the cap were the refracted presences of all the people and animals who were actually tripping at that exact time everywhere on the planet. this ranged from the flies that were dying in swarms from unwisely eating the fly agaric themselves all the way to the experiences of people and the larger sorts of animals, including other kinds of higher primates...

Not only were their presences present, so were their subjective experiences. All of them, and including the animal ones. The animal presences and experiences were fascinating in their variety and impossible to describe since they were all entirely pre or post verbal, depending on what kind of animal it was and how high it was at that moment. The human spectrum ranged everywhere from some punk ass teenagers tripping their balls off in various basements and recreation rooms totally sucked into video games and college students tripping in their dorm rooms or running around their campuses like a bunch of chickens with their heads cut off, which were the vast majority of the human experiences. Yet these were contrasted by an informed minority of experiences of different and vastly more prepared individuals from all over the world who were present for reasons other than just wanting to get high and party with their friends.

Again, I saw more in this instant than I could in either it's own episode, or encyclopedia for that matter...

when it said the word "Friend", both the illumination and my attention were both directed downwards into the stem. as abundantly overwhelming as my view of the cap space was, it was a mote compared to incredibly compressed data that was stored in it's stem. every single one of these real time events that had happened to date were ALL encoded below me in the approximately three hundred (possibly **thousand**) **miles of femur between where my lens was and the ground below.**

The archival organization of all the information stored in the stem is something that I will fully admit to not fully grasping at the time, or since. It was not organized like the stones in a building where the first and oldest ones were at the bottom and the newer ones were stacked on top, although there was a bit of that. What I picked up on in that flashing instant struck me as being akin to the way a tree trunk grows where the first events as a sapling becomes the bark of the tree, and the new ones are stored in the heart of its trunk which stretches itself out to accommodate them.

Except that unlike a tree trunk with growth rings on the inside, whatever made up this stem was more like rope, in that it was composed of many smaller strands that had been braided together into larger ones, and those then into larger ones that themselves made up the individual braids of the woven rope.

In the small amount of time **it** took to say the word “Friend”, I saw in totality how my single current strand was woven into this all the way from now back to when I first came here, longer ago than you might guess. I saw that my current strand is not just a strand at all, but itself was a braid of my own experiences as a person now, my previous experiences as person before, and these were braided into a larger strand of accumulated and altered ancestral experiences that positively litter my family tree up until about a thousand years ago.

Although the rope metaphor is apt for the apparent archival format, the way this appeared in my lens was like a columnar representation of a mass spectroscopy analysis of several different elements at once and projected down a 300(**0**) mile long tapered vertical screen. For an instant, I could see all my own previous experiences in this body, in the bodies before this one, and the ancestral ones of my many altered predecessors (although very few in the last thousand years, present author excluded) as individually highlighted fiber optic strands and braids that were lit up among the countless other ones forming the massive ivory stem.

All in all, it was more like seeing a few multi colored streams of threading through a much larger river, and these different streams would split off, blend, remerge and then split off again while braiding itself with it’s former divisions and recombining into new ones that would then split off themselves...going back all the way to when we were all monkeys and before.

Seeing these lit up was not at all the same as actually remembering them...

when it said the word “Shitbird” the bottom of whatever was holding me dropped out. i didn’t fall as much as i forcibly ejected into my own strand, like an individual blood cell directly injected into your jugular vein. in being only one lens, i could only traverse through one strand at a time even through they branched many times over and the further back my lens went, the more there were to choose from.

Not that i had any say in it. With the highly detailed and prolonged recall of the specific individual western strands that immediately prefaced its direct transmission, **mr. 1** evidently felt that a quick review of the eastern strands of my direct development were in order.

And by quick, I mean I passed through them impossibly and inhumanly fast. One after another, at a pace fully on par with the most rapid of the serial phases of this up this point, I dropped through **thousands** of lifetimes in the far East starting out as a few more shamans which then lead to a parade of experiences of being just about every kind of wandering monk, itinerant hermit, Taoist sage, Ninja assassin, Shaolin monk, Tai-chi enthusiast, Tantric Yoga initiate, Buddhist monk, Siberian Shaman and Indian fakir you could possibly think of, plus more than a few other similar lifetimes less easily labelled.

The extreme rapidity with which I was traveling through all of this did not leave a lot time for sight seeing. I didn't re-experience these different past lives directly, this was more like watching them flashing before my eyes, but each a thousand times faster than yours will the next time you shuffle off this mortal coil.

i blazed through these experiences like a meteor falling to Earth. what was coming down was not the same that went up. there is much less lens now, but in being a not fully localized ring of awareness, the little that remains picks up more than it ever has in any of these lives.

as i passed through these experiences, an echo of my lens was geographically mirrored in going through these different experiences.

the experiences themselves were not strictly arranged in reverse chronological order, but in more of a geographic one. it started up in Northern Siberia and quickly cut a weaving and wandering path South and Eastward. the overall vector is best visualized as a logarithmic curve, and i started at the top of the ski jump.

after being mainlined, i quickly pass through ancestral arterial strands into the smaller capillaries of individual lives in one seamless continuity of movement, until i finally get stuck in one of these previous lives.

Well, maybe stuck isn't quite the right word. At some point the rapid fire replay of all these different far eastern lives way back when stopped like an automatic weapon does when a round misloads into the firing chamber and jams the weapon. The two common threads of the different refracted lives I plunged through like a comet falling from the sky were that all of these experiences were actually my own, and that in each one of these lives each one of these historical persons had, at some point or another and probably more than once, eaten some kind of psychoactive fungus.

Not that all or most took it anywhere to the extreme of the two individuals whose telegraphed experiences detailed in episodes 9 and 10, but most of them at some point

took enough to essentially **lose their minds just enough so they could learn what lies beyond it**.

Although I am no far eastern historian, I have studied and read enough about the historical development of Yoga, Tai Chi, Zen, and the other “harder”, more yang martial arts to know that there is little or no mention of the usage of psychoactive mushrooms in the historical accounts or documents that have been accepted as being historically legitimate. I know this to be a factually correct statement regarding our modern understand of these ancient people.

But that doesn’t change the fact that I saw what I saw. What I saw was that, for the most part, the way these individuals used these **catalytic converters** was mainly as an adjunct to their other practices, and were not, by and large, nearly as central to their metaphysical maintenance as it was for their previously documented brethren to the West and North of them in space and after them in time.

I say this with a certainty that I can not objectively prove conclusively one way or another. My certainty is not based on accepted historical facts, but simply because these people were all me at some point. The only reason I could remember being any of them was because at some point in each one their lives, and to be honest most of them more than once, each one of these historical individuals ate one or another of the many psychoactive mushrooms present all over East Asia.

At least that was the case up until the bop gun of my mind got jammed on a hinky round. One of these people was not like the others...

after falling fast through 333(3) different lives, my lens comes to a abrupt crashing halt in a happy green place.

my lens has come a rest in another mind of a former me, sitting cross legged with his eyes closed. his ears and his mind are wide open, but he is not actually high on any kind of mushroom.

His ears are filled with the silence of nature, which isn’t, really. I don’t actually have to see with his eyes that he is in a happy green place, because my lens can hear it all around him. Through his ears, I can hear the wind passing through countless numbers of leaves and the lazy clave bonk of fully mature bamboo stalks off in the distance occasionally striking each other in the breeze.

It sounds like he is sitting in a aviary with all the different kinds of bird songs his ears are picking up. Contrasting the bird song is the incessant chittering and occasional screeches of many monkeys in and around the temple complex. Closer by, I can hear the slow, lumbering movements of one of the temple cows not too far from where his body is sitting, just doing what cows normally do; standing, looking, chewing their cud and mooing once in a while.

His eyes aren't open, but part of his lens has an detailed map of the temple layout and the surrounding area. I personally have no idea when this is taking place (other than **right now**), but I suspect it is a very long time ago because this temple still has yet to build any walls around it.

He is seated in the back yard of a Hindu temple that is dedicated to Shiva, the Hindu God of Dancing, Sex, Death, Yoga and Mary Jane. This is apparently taking place before the rigid codification of Hinduism into the clearly defined social classes and the enforced orthodoxy of the Brahmins, because whomever this is that my lens is visiting is not big on pomp and circumstance in his metaphysical practices.

In fact, quite the opposite is true. He is not a monk, nor is he a priestly brahmin. He is just a wandering Yogi, and this temple is one of the many he visits and stays at from time to time as he wanders around the subcontinent. I can tell he has been practicing for a long time with a full spectrum practice that he has spent a long time getting dialed in.

His lens is a nice change of pace from everything that has lead up to this. My own lens was seriously jangled from direct contact with a non-human entity that loved me so much it was willing to kill me as many times as was necessary so I could actually feel it myself, and I was still smarting a bit from it.

the happy green thoughts that he was thinking in this happy green place were not actually the byproduct of any kind of fungus. some of it had to with the herbal effect of the bhang tea he drank as a matter of course, but most of it had more to do with the accumulated effects of his long time Yoga practice.

What was especially interesting about this particular mind compared to my own, my former ones, or any others mine melted through throughout this whole shitstorm was how superlatively compartmentalized it was in function.

That's not even quite the right word for it, but we actually don't have a word for the way his brain worked. It is semantically correct to describe it as bipolar, but not in the psychiatric sense.

On paper, it will sound deceptively simplistic, because his mind seemed to only operate in two different states. He would either think something, or he wouldn't.

I know, it's so simple, it sounds stupid. That's why it worked so well, and in practice is a lot harder, at first, than you might think.

It wasn't that he would either think something, or wouldn't, it was how he did it that made it so effective.

After consciously abandoning our (not so) modern predilection for "multi-tasking" (a habit that I have personally observed in self and others that usually results in many things being done poorly at the same tune) and having mastered the ancient and noble art of

getting one's inner child to finally shut fuck up once in a while about all of those things one should have gotten in their small person phase but didn't for whatever reasons, how he thought, and didn't think, was totally different than any of the other minds leading up to this.

It wasn't just that he either would think, or wouldn't. It's that when he would do either of these activities, each state happened intentionally and with his entire mind, rather than his lens just bouncing back and forth between our perceptions, thoughts and feelings the way our modern ping pong minds tend to do, second by second, minute by hour, day in and day out.

Using your whole brain to either think or not think is a totally different experience than what passes for "conscious" thought in most modern day minds, mine included.

Any individual that learns how to use their whole mind to NOT think at will becomes, by default, an excellent observer of him/herself, his/her **Self** and his or her surroundings.

Without the triple filter of the internal dialogue, associated semantic masking of perceived subjects, and the subtle mental shifts of our neuro-editing process to confirm that our current perceptions line up with our previously made conclusions about them, things are actually viewed in a different kind of light that is best described as the perceived subject's own terms and/or qualities, and not what we would like them or have previously decided them to be.

As neat as the not-thinking part of this was, there are only so many words you can use to describe it or even read about before inevitably falling victim to the simple fact that writing and reading is entirely based on semantic masking, internal dialogue and an editing process to boot.

The inherent catch 22 of having a large vocabulary and being metaphysically inclined, is best described by the juxtaposition of two different religious-metaphysical quotes. On one hand, the informed observer can indeed observe the entire kingdom of heaven written in every grain of sand, but on the other he/she is less likely to see it him/herself through the high-verbal screen of words than a camel will pass through the eye of a needle.

The flip side of not using his whole to think was when he would periodically reflect on his "mindless" perceptions. The few times that this happened the brief time my lens was present, my lens boggled bat how detailed and precise his thoughts were, and the encyclopedias of knowledge that were stacked in his brain in ancient Sanskrit. It seemed as if his mind only forgot the thoughts that weren't accurate, and stored all of the ones that were.

I only was able to register a few fleeting glimpses of this on it's own terms, because when my lens showed up in his space, **he was the first one** (well human, anyways) **to actually notice.**

he may not have had i not had the english echoes of the previous monologue reverberating throughout my lens. when he heard these echoes, he noticed the burning ring of my lens haloing his happy green thoughts.

there was a language divergence between our lenses, so our thoughts were perceivable from each other and not always well understood in their actual contexts.

he felt me come on as a kundalini flash in his own practice. he doesn't look it at all, but he is much older than you might think. he has already been here before, more than a few times. enough to know that actual spiritual enlightenment doesn't simply lie in the dying of the mind, it is encoded in the design of the monkey body itself.

When he felt the presence of my lens manifest itself within his own, it is safe say that he was much less surprised by the occurrence than I was when I woke up in my grandfather's box so long ago in a future that had yet to happen, and handled it with a great deal more aplomb.

At first, he wasn't quite sure who, or what my lens exactly was, but he could tell it had been through the ringer a few too many times. In the happy green space of his lens, feeling my burning ring of fire camped halo-like upon the crown of his aura was a bit jarring for him. Whether or not he recently drank any bhang tea or not, operationally speaking, his default neurological set was akin to what a regular marijuana user experiences for the first 45-90 minutes after smoking something green and sticky. He could unfold this baseline state into a full Samahdi state at will, and had learned long ago to pay even closer attention than usual if the Samahdi state unfolded itself of it's own accord.

If you are not familiar with the term "Samahdi" (often alternatively spelled in English as "samehdi") it is a Sanskrit word referring to a very specific neurological state of attention/being. Simply put, when an individual is in a Samahdi state he or she essentially becomes what their lens observes during the time the present subject is directly observed.

For example, if this were to happen to someone when their eyes were open and watching a hummingbird, for those brief instances it was directly observed that individual's lens would telegraph exactly what the hummingbird's own lens is picking up in real time, even to the extent of thinking hummingbird thoughts and feeling the everpresent burn of it's constant hunger and insane metabolism that requires it to consume half it's body weight in pollen (or whatever) every day, in addition to feeling the god-like freedom of it's flight and photon-like propagation through space as a vibrating body in flight.

Unlike day dreaming, or other imaginary thought tendencies, what distinguishes the Samahdi state from other inductive mental exercises is that when it happens, you experience whatever your attention is directed towards as it experiences itself. This can be pretty interesting when it happens if you are looking at a grain of sand, a blade of grass, an uncarved stone of singular beauty or even the same stupid ceiling that you wake up underneath everyday.

Having a Samahdi moment happen when another lens manifests itself within your own space can be a slightly pivotal Self-developmental experience...

having already been in Samahdi space (hence his eyes being closed), once he noticed the presence of my lens, he registered the entirety of my lens and what it had been through to date in precisely three heartbeats. not just everything you have read so far, but everything else leading up to this, and all the stuff that happened in this account as it happened, and not just what you have read in this unavoidably incomplete synopsis. all of these things that i had just went through over the last week (maybe more) of objective time, he felt in the space of three heartbeats.

In his own practice, which was constant, evolving and long term (to put it lightly), he has seen, heard and felt some **weird shit** in his time. Which started happened early enough to make an impression on him, but happened often enough that he came to approach these with an internal equanimity that served him well in the long run.

This equanimity, unsurprisingly, made him a better observer of both internal and external stimuli. He would register his perceptions and impressions of them without attaching himself to any of their aspects, no matter how awesome they felt at the time, or not.

In being a long term practitioner, his practice decades previous to this had already been integrated into a moment by moment awareness as he proceeded through his life and it’s journeys. His lens was beyond clear, and all i could see of it was mostly a reflection of my own burning ringed lens halo-ing his.

However far my lens extended in this singularly altered state of being, his extended further, but not quite as brightly, at the time.

when he became aware of my presence within his space, his lens drew in upon mine like a skin being stretched over a drumhead. as his lens enveloped mine, it appreciably stretched his. surprisingly so, even for him. after those first heartbeats, his normal equanimity took a few more to re-establish itself.

in those first three heartbeats, he took in all of the pain of not just me, but all those who shared their pen- and post-ultimate experiences with me over the previous week of objective time (approximately)**, though it felt felt like a particularly brutal epoch or three.**

He didn't take any of the pain that i had felt away, but he felt all of it because he saw and felt everything that i had just went through. What was astounding to me at the time wasn't that he take in all of this in one glance as much as not completely losing his shit in the process. Those first heartbeats of our meeting of the minds were followed by a fourth one where his brain registered the whole thing with one internal comment "**OUCH"**, which was followed by another 108 heartbeats of him observing his lens vibrate from being hit with so much information at once.

All in all, I would have to say that, personally speaking, observing his information integration process was instructive. After registering his initial impression, he spent the next 108 heart beats (which was below 60 bpm) not thinking about any of it. He spent that time systematically reading first his own lens (which due to long practice and familiarity with the subject only took 8 of those heartbeats), and spent the remainder of that period observing my lens and what it was reflecting.

After being a lens that had travelled through so many others unnoticed, passing through one that was actually aware of mine put a much different spin on it. It was my impression then and now that during this meeting of our lenses, I saw much less than was seen in mine.

It wasn't that this previous me of mine was trying to hide anything, or that I personally wasn't paying very close attention at the time. It had more to do with his habit of either thinking, or not thinking with his entire mind at once. Having already totally lost my mind and few others along the way by this point, all I was really fit for was not thinking with any of the minds that I didn't even have anyways, so I could fully relate to his state of not thinking as he observed my lens when it was co-located with his.

For one hundred heartbeats my lens was pointedly observed by someone who was extremely skilled at observing things in general, and internal events in particular. For those hundred (and eight) beats, he went beyond this excursion to view the rest of my life, my own past, and most of all **how my lens is actually his own from the future** and how they connect with each other.

It took him only one heartbeat to feel how fully fucked my lens was from everything that you have read so far. It only took him a few more to read how fucked it was previous to this whole shitstorm. As bad a shape I was in, I had the distinct impression that it was his sense that I was actually less worse off than I was before the beginning of this endless **spingularity**.

He spent more than a few heartbeats taking in the view of how his lens would eventually become mine, and I had the sense that when he viewed that, his equanimity was tinged with a slight bit of trepidation about it.

In his own life, this was happening at a pivotal crossroads for him as well. This was one of not just several, but many lifetimes of practicing Yoga, and the effects and benefits had accumulated over time, and had **matriculated from one lifetime to the next**.

If one does it long enough, eventually that person will come to a place in their practice and existence where they can choose to **stay or go** as they see fit. Practice does, eventually, make perfect and every so often one us will live a life that we actually understand the lessons within for what they are, and not what we want them to be.

If you read all of the cues in your life for what they are and act accordingly, when you pass on into the next life, your heart will be lighter than a feather when Set weighs it on his scales and **He** will send you on to Saint Peter and his pearly gates (so to speak) rather than Hell's Halfway House or Purgatory's Work Release Program.

Upon completion of your first Lucid Life you are given two different options to choose from. **Whom** exactly is offering these choices is a **not** sleeping dog I wish to kick at this time, but the choices amount to one of the following: 1)Continue your higher education further in the **next life**, which can be figuratively described as a secondary school regarding the finer points of manifesting and playing with **Light** and **Love** directly, unmediated, undistracted and undistorted by our current physicality OR 2)Sign on for a tour of duty as a **guide/tutor/short bus driver** in our Elementary School of Life. Most of which entails simply reminding people who and what they really are, that **death** is only a holiday break between Life's different semesters and emphasizing that ***the only heaven we are going to find is the one we create here in this life***.

This particular life of his, and former one of mine, was not quite his first one after qualifying for free agent status. First one for us I mean, and I am definitely not asserting that he was the first, only or best or whatever to do this. Like myself, he had his teachers, and they had **theirs**, and so on and so forth back to **Whom** and/or whatever the first teacher was.

I can say for a fact that I did not read his lens nearly as well as he had mine in this interlude. That notwithstanding, I was able at least to glean that he had known for the last few decades of this life that he knew he would be facing another **choice** on his next **break** but hadn't come to a firm decision either way.

Technically speaking, the choice he was facing was actually that he could either 1)move upwards and onwards fully into the **next life** and whatever lies beyond that or 2)Sign on for another tour of duty in some kind of **teaching**, **guidance** or **leadership** capacity.

Having already been here more than a few times, it was safe to say that although he looked a bit young for as many moons as he has seen, he was already mortally tired from being an individual being of light in a time of early **kali yuga** darkness.

No matter how many ways he tried to say it over the years, no matter how closely the few people listened to him as an accepted teacher, only the barest minimum of that minority was able to actually find that place in themselves where **they are fully here right now**. He was a patient person (and significantly moreso than I am presently), but life after life of being surrounded by not fully aware monkeys doing the same shit over

and over again to themselves and others (or worse) for the same stupid reasons will wear on the best, strongest and most psychically resilient of us over time.

He signed on originally for the same reason **all** of the other **guides and teachers have.**

I will tell you what this is because it the simplest truth that you will encounter anywhere in this (or **any**) device.

none of us are truly free until all of us are.

He had already known this for a long time. He was smart enough to recognize early on in his process that **no one can actually free anybody else.**

the best you can hope for as a teacher is to guide another into that place within themselves that they can hear their inner teacher directly for themselves.

If you attempt to “give” another their freedom, or their enlightenment, you are actually giving them the exact opposite of both. Individually achieving either one of these states (which are intimately related without being the same thing) tends to take an almost inconceivable amount of hard work and sustained effort over any number of lifetimes to experience first hand on a regular basis. With things being what they are and have been on this planet throughout recorded history, almost all of that **Work** will happen in obscurity and darkness under conditions that are challenging at the best of times.

It is has been said before by those far wiser than I, but it is no mere cliche. **suffering is the mother of all wisdom**. What cannot be transmitted in the metaphysical Shaktipat of a teacher laying hands on a student, or transmitted in the political laying on of hands of a powerful yet benign (underneath it all, somewhere) country interceding on behalf of an long oppressed foreign people are the **hard lessons** learned through the arduous struggles and repeated failures in taking the **long path of the high road** that long precede appreciable results and sustained success in either venture.

Having gone through the metaphysical side of this process repeatedly, this former me of mine was intimately familiar with the precarious balancing act of trying to give enough information to his students to be helpful, but not so much to further exacerbate the inherent dependencies of a student/teacher relationship.

In being on the tail end of not quite his first tour of duty as a **guide**, and having already made his peace with the ad infinitum redundancy of Kali Yuga’s viscerally slapstick comedy, he found himself struggling more with the tendency of his students to latch on to every word he uttered as being the truth revealed, even though it was only at best a crooked finger pointing at it.

No matter how many different kinds of ways that he tried to say it, and to **not say it**, the inherent authority differential of being a **three-eyed man** in a land of mostly blind people was only strengthened by his frequent admonitions that in being an imperfect being

himself, all of his descriptions of his own observations were at best partial approximations and not to be at all confused with whatever he was describing.

Writing his observations down only seemed to exacerbate these tendencies. After seeing this happen over and over again, he wasn't actually frustrated with his own students per say as much as the fact that with everything else being what it is, in being surrounded in so much painful and frequently violent ignorance, most people are strongly inclined to covet and emotionally invest in few pearls of actual wisdom that come their way. He had long come to regard this fact as being nothing more or less than a fact of human nature.

For his whole life he has been pondering what it would take to be able to either temporarily short circuit the semantic emotional investment process in the individual in a way where that person could consciously observe this process in themselves OR find/create a place were enough people were able to meet their human needs without having act like animals to get it and driving everybody else half insane (or worse) in the process. The former would help loosen the grip of language on the mind of the aspiring individual while the latter would minimize many of the exceedingly distracting environmental pressures on him or her.

He, and correctly I think, viewed these conditions as being intimately related and mutually supportive, but with definite chicken and the egg considerations to resolve.

Regardless of the methodology of practice, learning how to disengage from your semantic process will always require a certain amount of isolation of the practicing individual from those who aren't (**yet**) actively involved in their Self-development process. The Self-development process itself requires a safe space of some kind, which can only happen when you are cool with your neighbors and don't have to worry about them or others coming over and kicking in your door, beating you up (or killing you), stealing your shit, raping your wife, kidnapping (and/or raping or killing) your children and lighting your home and/or pets on fire on a regular basis.

Creating a social space such as this can't happen without a network of like minded and similarly inclined individuals to pave the way. Since the required preconditions of becoming a like minded individual were so at odds with the prevailing conditions at the time (both **then** and ***now),*** these individuals were few and far between.

In short, he felt that there wasn't enough like minded individuals to create the kind of network that could carve out an organized space in the land that he was in, and there wasn't enough of a network in place to foster the necessary amount of like minded individuals to build itself.

It was a conundrum that had been philosophically grappling with for decades, if not lifetimes. Of the two, he had been developing more effective ways of dealing with the individual side of the equation for decades. He refined the practices he was taught, and over time learned how to talk about them more intelligently with less words. He found

that bhang tea to be helpful in his own development process, and seemed to be helpful to most, but not quite all, of his students in theirs. He was intimately familiar with the flora and fauna of where he wandered as any shaman was of their own patch, and was familiar with the few kinds of magic and magical mushrooms in the Himalayan foothills of Northern India.

Knowing about them is not quite the same as being a fan of them. His teachers knew about them, and so did theirs and so on. The general consensus in those parts was that they were best avoided, because they were not strictly necessary in the long run, and their effects lent themselves to being confused with being answers in and of themselves, and not just the better questions that the ingester would be better off asking themselves. They weren't proscribed as much as they were not overly emphasized because of their intoxicating effects.

While he had been working on the individual side of the equation, he despaired over what it would take to actually carve out a place on this planet where people could come together for the simple human courtesy of simply leaving others alone as long as long as they aren't unduly bothering you. That place simply did not exist anywhere in the "civilized world" at that time. It was his opinion that with human nature being what it is, there was no way to actually manifest such a space somewhere on this planet **without everyone involved paying a staggeringly steep price in blood and karma**.

Even more confoundingly, even if this **price of fortune** were deemed to be worth paying, exactly who would pay it was a demographic invisible to his insight. By and large, it was his observation (as well as others) that those inclined to the practice of metaphysical arts are not generally well suited for mortal combat in strength or temperament, with some notable exceptions. He knew he wasn't, and after having previously renounced violence in all its forms a few times over in several different incarnations, the prospect of personally involving himself in it was unthinkable, at the time.

It had been a long time since he had hurt, much less killed anyone. Long enough that to the extent that whatever he may have done previously to this current existence, it was no longer binding him to the hamster wheel of his karma. Even if he were to decide as a free agent to sign up for a tour of duty when he got bored with his current monkey suit, the last thing he wanted to do is sign on for the bitter endless slog that he suspected that being a primary participant in such an audacious endeavor would inevitably entail.

At least that's what his thoughts were on the matter until the burning halo of my lens descended upon his. When he saw everything that it had witnessed in the space of heartbeat, he saw making such a place on this planet was going to be much worse, far bloodier and much more relentlessly brutal than he ever would of guessed.

He spent 108 breaths observing my lens, and everything that happened to it between it being his own current one, and my own highly altered one. He saw the hundreds of lives and thousands of years between us as one piece, and the millions who would die or be

killed in the process, and for the first time in many decades he had great difficulty continuing the pleasant verdant sheen of his meditational mentations.

As bad as the refracted visions of my future lens lit up his own, as horrifically awful as it was and how only a minority of these related deaths of them were truly unavoidable in the sense of species die back from not properly managing their available cultural resources effectively, he also saw that as bad as all of this was, ***the only thing worse was not working towards this collective goal at all***.

As his lens read all of this through mine, the light mine was emitting reflected off of his, and his clearer view of his own history up to date with his (**much**) more advanced case of **long term memory.** Everything I had just went through was highlighted in a new kind of high relief as his lens registered its many impressions. Nothing changed, but everything shifted somehow as he went through it.

As he sat there with his eyes closed, he saw the next four(**ish**) thousand years of history written in blood and fire on my ringed lens. He felt everything that I went through, and saw more in my experiences than I did myself. He didn't just see what I saw, he saw what lies beyond it, and what he saw made him realize that the decision his lens faced after leaving his current monkey suit was **no decision at all**.

As horrifically awful as his view of his future and our past was, as bad as it exceeded his worst expectations, what he saw in my lens forced him to the inescapable conclusion that it would take nothing less to get enough of us to remember and accept that in being human, you have a basic right to your life, the liberty to conduct it as best you can, and the right to pursue your happiness (that doesn't result in the harm or deaths of others) as best you see fit with as little official interference as possible.

He was slightly sad to see that the land that this would happen was not his own, which was where these principles were first discovered and articulated long before his own time. He was not at all surprised because his land wasn't just divided by the rigid class structures of classical Hinduism, but by language itself. There were places in his wanderings where it seemed like every valley had it's own language, and every small town and hamlet had their own dialect that was not well understood as closely as two towns away.

In my lens he saw the land where this would happen first, and it was on the other side of the world a few thousand years later, and it's name, I am pleased to inform you, is **america...**

...enlightenment for everyone means that some of the enlightened have to learn how to kick ass...

After 107 heartbeats of passively viewing my lens and the effects of it on his own he felt he had a pretty good idea of what he was looking at. On his 108th heartbeat during our

lens superimposition, he accepted what he saw as being unavoidable and decided to immediately enact the plan that suddenly showed up in his lens.

On his 109th heartbeat, he opened his eyes and pulled the trigger on this impromptu and impossibly complex plan...

his eyes snap open and the first and only thing i see through his lens is the big ass, red brown brahma bull standing not more than 12 feet away. it's a big boy, with the the kind of rack you might see mounted on the front bumper of any self-respecting oil tycoon's cadillac. it is standing in profile, consistent with it's herbivorous ocular configuration and long habit of keeping at least half an eye on any oversized monkeys sitting quietly in it's vicinity.

at the top of his first inhalation with eyes open, he made direct eye contact with the bull and i suffer a profound and intense sensation of vertigo as i see a similar but far removed scene reflected in it's eye.

what i see in it is not him sitting there a few thousand years ago in the backyard of this temple halfway around the world, but myself when i was sixteen and sitting in a field back in door county thinking happy green thoughts for the one of the first times while watching a holstein standing before, doing nothing other than chew its cud.

when i saw my younger self reflected in its eye, my lens snapped into his like a mother of pearl inlay being forcefully tapped into a guitar head. there was no gradual sense of merging, it was instantaneous and complete. my profound sense of vertigo only increased as this double reverse flashback opened a back door into a different sort of long memory...

suddenly i'm traveling from east to west down a long hall of mirrors paved in blood red silk. there are hundreds...thousands of mirrors lining its walls, and every time i pass one i see a different me, each from a different time and from the thousand different lands between the subcontinent and the cradle of civilization. each one of these lands had a thousand names before any of them were written down.

reflected in these mirrors i see my thousands of selves that traversed the silk road from the nile to the ganges long before it was called as such. i am traveling through this hall at roughly the speed of a walking at a brisk pace along the flat escalators that one tends to encounter in larger airports. there is definite sense of motion, but nothing approaching the relativistic speeds of previous phases of this internal journey.

As I pass each mirror I see a different self. More than a few of them are warrior types, but each one totally different from the next in their appearance as would be a viking standing next to a ninja, varying according to their culture of origin and all of them being

nothing more than front line infantry fodder. The other significant majority were more than a few hundred different kinds of porter, sherpa or other kind of fully bipedal pack mules. Mixed into the bulk of these two general trends were a smattering of living portraits of some merchant princes, higher ranking military officers, and every so often a kahn here and grand wazir there. Also mixed in were what appeared to be a few quasi cave man types wearing nothing other than fur and armed with bones, sharpened sticks and rocks.

During this phase I only saw these past selves as i pass by their respective mirrors, but did not directly relive their mostly short and brutal lives, or their deaths. This was not necessary because my yogic predecessor had already done that work before my fiery lens showed up, and all work done on your lens matriculates with you as you proceed forward on your longer path from life to life, even if you are not fully aware of it.

Consistent with the quick review that preceded my lens interfacing with this particular historical self, the primary vector of this review was geographic and not chronological like the first 11 episodes were. Oddly enough, the porters and the princes from different times and places tended to vary less in their appearance than the warriors did. There were no other general themes present in the distribution of these mirrors and the previous selves with them. There were no sections of only warriors, and princes and the porters and other aristocratic ne'er do wells were not displayed with any greater or lesser prominence in the arrangement. The demographic distribution on these mirrors was totally random, aside from them all being male. A porter could be right next a prince, and a Persian general could easily be next to a pre-Mongolian cave man.

There were far too many to count, but for all their apparent differences there was one common factor present in all of them beyond their geographic distribution; **none** of them had actually done or even had heard about the **work**, and none of them had **died the true death**. These were lives lived in fear and ignorance, and it didn't matter if they were the lowliest porter or the grandest wazir. Both of them and the rest all staggered through their lives weighed down by the crushing loads of their ignorance.

These were the lives lived on auto pilot, their individual trajectories strictly a result of the conditions they were born into. They were lives of little choice, and even less volition, where all the major decisions were made long before my lens traveled through them the first time...

i proceed through this trans-optical hall of sanguine silk westwards at a fairly brisk pace. i see most and maybe even all of these mirrors in my peripheral lens, but only directly look at 1 out of every 20 or less as i pass by. the gathered wisdom of these accumulated experiences is a juice that had already been extracted by this previous version of me, fully digested and passed onwards.

having already integrated that lesson, this hall was nothing more than discarded peel of the consumed fruit of those experiences, kept around only as a memento of how big that orange really was when i first peeled it and ate the damn thing.

i zip through this hall for a time that was neither short nor long, merely quick and endless, and am ejected into a place that is hot, dry and blindingly bright under a cloudless sky and a merciless desert sun. i come out alone, and my predecessor's lens returns to it's own tasks...

I am standing on a scrabbly, hard pan desert floor in a small valley between two lines of larger hills. The valley is oriented East-West and tapers on each end into an ancient dry river bed.

My lens is once again man shaped, and I am standing in the hot sun, partially dappled in shadow by the scraggly husk of a long dead tree, standing by itself. There are no other trees anywhere in sight, the dirt pan hills covered with just a small scattering of grass and other green things. The hills are a dun colored brown, the floor of the valley a chalk-like khaki.

I am standing in the spidery shadow of this wooden corpse, and before me is the man sized mound of a grave before me, unmarked by anything save a simple waist high wooden cross at the head of it formed by two branches broken off from the desiccated tree it's under.

Ahead of me on the ground, roughly a 100 paces beyond this grave, the slightly linear configuration of some limestone-like rubble among the scrabble is suggestive that a structure made out of stone stood there long ago.

I see this all before me, but my attention is focussed on the grave I am standing at the foot of. Somehow, i know it is my own, or more accurately one of my own. Not only that, i know exactly which one it is.

Oddly enough, the particular life that preceded this grave was not actually directly re-experienced at any point in this whole sequence. The death that happened at the end of it was not one of the countless others that I had passed through throughout this spin cycle.

I don't remember much of the life that proceeded it, but I remember the death all too clearly because it was the first time I directly remembered the past death this particular body a decade earlier during shavasana at the end of a hatha yoga class.

One second I was laying on a yoga mat in shavasana feeling the effects of a well paced and well sequenced 75 minute class, and the next my man shaped lens is rolling onto it's right side in a body covered in flowing robes, feeling copious amounts of blood flowing out of too many stab wounds to count made by 12 other robed men walking away from me, wiping the blood of their daggers on the dirty hems of their robes before re-sheathing them.

I felt myself first go cold, than numb as my tunneling vision went from black and white, to red, then to a **shining black** as his lens slid off of his mortal coil and my lens then popped back into my own body.

Standing here before my own grave triggered this first flashback again, only exacerbating the intense sensation of vertigo...

i am standing alone, and feel massively drunk because of the vertigo. i feel like i am about to tip over, and i actually bend over and put my hands on my knees because i have nothing else to lean on.

i am having trouble catching my breath, as if seeing my own grave knocked the wind out of me. i feel sick and nauseous from everything i have seen so far, but have nothing in my stomach to purge to make me feel better.

as i stood there, hunched over and trying to get my wind and feeling massively shitty from my lens being serially flushed down history's water closet, i hear some footsteps approach from my left and come to a halt a couple yards away from me, directly under the dead tree.

i don't look up. i just want it to stop. i have seen too much. i don't want to hear any more shit from anybody, and i don't care at this point if they are my dead relatives, inordinately huge founding fathers or preposterously colossal half astral mushrooms in the sky.

in the torrid silence of the desert, my lens can finally feel my own body as much as it's own experience, and it's a goddamned wreck. this has been going on for over a week at this point, if not longer. i haven't eaten anything in that time, and haven't even been able to keep water down beyond the smallest sip once or twice a day since this shitshow started.

my body is actually starting to die from dehydration. i can feel my blood drying up in my veins and arteries from the lack of fluids. it feels like rock salt and iron filings are being pushed through my veins by a heart that is falling apart at the seams.

no matter how thirsty i am, water still physically hurts when i try to drink it. it still feels like battery acid in my mouth. juice was only worse.

finally, another self aware thought bursts through my lens in the silence:

i have absolutely no control over anything happening in my body or mind, and there isn't a goddamn thing do about it. if this neurological shitshow doesn't stop soon, my body will actually die because of it.

my lens is even more of a fucking wreck when this realization detonates throughout it. it will continue onwards even if my body doesn't, but it doesn't want to. it is done with this bullshit. all of this that was mine hurt enough the first time i went through it, and having it go through again plus all of this other shit was far above and beyond what i remember signing up for. for all of this to actually kill my body in the process only adds gratuitous insult to already prodigious injury.

i don't care how big or old it is, that goddamned idiot mushroom fucked up. it tried to do far too much with far too little and the next time i see that fucker i will lodge my complaint right into it's fucking gills with a message wrapped around the biggest monkey wrench or chainsaw my lens can throw.

These and other elevated thoughts passed through my lens that was bent over in this inner desert. The memory of the recent approaching steps from my port side quickly passed with the realization that my body was going to be dead in 24-36 hours if i didn't start getting some fluids into it.

Which is why I was startled to the hear the voice of the person that approached that I didn't want to look at or hear from...

episode 12.1

the sub-chapter that shall not be named...

"Damn man, the last time i wore one of those monkey suits, i only died twice..."

Whoever He is, He is speaking with my own voice, using the words pulled out of my own lens. I look up, and see a swarthy, robed chap in sandals. He looks like a half Hebrew, half Egyptian hippy who isn't tall or short, just standing in the shadow of the dead tree looking at me with the saddest and craziest eyes i have ever seen.

"That hurt bad enough, and coming back after that first time was the absolute worst pain in that brilliant and wretched life, worse than what happened on that goddamned cross those roman shitbirds nailed me to..."

i am not going to say who this person clearly appeared to be at the time, because it is obviously not necessary.

"But seriously, you people are fucking assholes. Seriously. Do you have any idea how much it fucking hurts to get nailed to a cross? Do you think that is a memory I like to be reminded of any time one of you wants to talk to me?

"It hurt bad enough the first time, and guess what, I have PTSD now, YOU FUCKERS, so every time I see one of those fucking things I totally feel the goddamned nails going in, AGAIN, tap tap tap...the excruciating agony of the crucifix rising and every little bobble of

the cross as it arcs to vertical, the blinding flash of my soul rending with the three foot drop of the cross into the post hole, followed by the slow painful ticks of it settling..."

As much as i hate to say it, the way this person appeared himself in the advanced stages of his own mental health crisis...

"Do you think I like being reminded of that shit day in and day out 24-7 for two thousand years straight? Every time people pray to me thinking of the cross, ya'll are trying to talk to me through my death when it was CLEARLY my life that embodied the Light you are seeking within yourself.

"Our original sign was not the cross but the fish, and frankly, I wish more of my erstwhile followers would get with the program. Do you know how hard it is to nail anyone to a fish?"

After seeing **Who** was addressing me, as soon as He started talking about getting nailed to anything, i instantly averted my gaze. This is obviously not really happening even though it continued to feel (**much, much**) realer than my "real" life ever has.

Even if it were possible, having attending church not more than 10 times in this life (including weddings and funerals) and being generally predisposed to be a bit put off by strident and strenuous **Junior** talk, even if He was still around in some sense and inclined to check in with someone, nothing in my life seems to indicate that i would be a likely candidate for some kind of check-in. Secondly, i couldn't but help notice that he was not actually speaking Aramaic, but modern English using my own words...

"If you are wondering why you are hearing my words in your English, rather than that of King James or the much older words of my own language of birth, that is because you are an apostate fool who never went to church or studied the bible yourself. The gift of tongues is one that keeps on giving, and I am not talking about the frenzied gibberish of the so called 'practice' of 'speaking in tongues' that some of my more spirited followers are inclined to indulge in from time to time.

"This is really happening, and I am no figment of your imagination. None of this was. It may not have happened to your body, but you are not and have never been your body.

"The pain you have felt and are feeling, the things you have seen, are seeing and will see are all real things.

"Even worse, the vast majority of them are actually true, but not in the kind of objective sense that can be conclusively proven to anyone already committed to confirming their own already existing beliefs.

"As much as I love MOST of my followers, it has been my observation for the last two thousand years that the *more strongly someone believes in me, the less likely they are to actually hear me* when I whisper back to them in their hearts and minds when they claim to seek my guidance or succor.

“Which is, of course, why they keep bugging me all the time. If they believed less and listened more, they might actually find the advice and succor that I tend to give to be pretty useful, were they to actually hear it.

“But no, that’s too much to ask my supposed followers. If they aren’t listening to a sermon, then they are praying. If they aren’t praying then they are confessing their many sins. If they aren’t doing any of that, then they are genuflecting, or reading the bible or discussing what it says and what they think it means.

“They go on and on and on about their travails and troubles after seeking me out to ease their burdens. They come to me seeking unconditional love, but they do so with closed eyes, closed ears, closed minds and closed hearts and ask me to take their burdens from them, even though I have already done more than you or them will ever know.

“It is because you are an ignorant, apostate fool that I am talking to you now while you stand there, dying on your feet. In your ignorance, not once in your 35 years did you pray to me for help, not once did you ask for my mercy or to expiate your sins from your conscience. You never asked me to intercede with my FATHER on your behalf, and you had the common decency to not bug me on behalf of your favorite fucking football team.

“All you did was take my name in vain 61,823 times, but even that minor lapse on your part is mitigated by the simple fact that at least half of those times, you had the uncommon courtesy to include the word ‘fucking’ in it like it was my middle name.

“Which is an activity I much prefer to be reminded of rather than the goddamned cross that i was fucking nailed to.

“Nor did you now in this time of your worst agony reach out to me, choosing to bear your own cross as best you can, and now you are dying because of it.

“It is because of your ignorance, and because of the simple fact that your mind isn’t wrapped up in praying to me or committed to fixed notions about my reported words and deeds that I know you will listen to me as a person, because few of my followers do anymore.

“But that is not the only reason I am talking to you. We have been siblings more than once, and after what you have gone through you are my brother again, because you now have some small sense of what it’s been like for me since I rolled away the stone and went somewhere where history could not follow.

“When I originally signed up to be the Son of GOD, in the usual excessive enthusiasm of youth, the greater good that my many words and deeds would help create in a bright and shining future that would not soon come to pass proved to be an irresistible prospect.

“Martyrdom is an all too compelling attraction to well meaning youth beset by the usual teenage angst further exacerbated by the rapid onset of adult hormones.

> “What I did not anticipate, and what was not fully explained to me by the LORD, my Father, previous to my corporeal incursion, was that I would be responsible for everything done in my name.
>
> “Even after I left my body.
>
> “And when I say everything, i mean EVERYTHING, which is not just the good things that my followers have done in my name.
>
> “I mean look at this...”

He walks up to my left side as i am hunched over, puts his hands on my left shoulder and gently shoves me like he wants me to turn around. I am not miraculously healed by his touch.

When i am turned around, he grabs my right shoulder (the bad one) and pulls me to a standing vertical position by digging his carpenter strength fingers into my anterior deltoids, directly over the worst physical wound sustained in my current body.

I get a bright flash of the pain of previously dislocating my shoulder, breaking the upper humerus and the bone shredding my anterior deltoids in one swooping fall skateboarding when i was 12, and snap to vertical only to see two massive (and more than massive) piles of dead bodies.

The smaller one is what i will call Auschwitz-sized, although in truth there were many times the number that died there. It is less a large pile than it is a large hill. The second is what could only be referred to as being mega-Auschwitz sized Mount Sinai pile of bodies innumerable. Both are composed of bodies that have suffered just about every kind of violent or untimely death imaginable. The corpses that weren’t charred and smoking ruins or missing heads or multiple limbs showed clear signs of the rack, bastionado or the rusted ivory stripes of flagellation if they weren’t cut up, punctured, pierced, savaged by lions and gladiators or quietly starved to death in lightless dungeons.

The smaller pile of bodies has a significant minority of individuals in various kinds of clerical or ecclesiastic garb of all different kinds. Both sexes are represented in both piles, but the smaller one seems to be a bit more male than female, and vice versa for the larger one. Both piles seem to be representative of every possible racial-cultural demographic from the last two thousand years, minus eskimos. The smaller pile has a much higher ratio of pale skinned bodies in it than the larger one, which has every kind of dead indian, native tribesman, wandering shaman, medicine woman that you could possibly think of. In addition to having a larger proportion of females, redheads seem to be disproportionally represented in the larger *mountain* of bodies.

Although i can vaguely recognize a few former monkey suits of mine here and there in **both** piles, what i am seeing is **not** the sum total of the bodies i travelled through to get

here. The small pile itself looked to be a bit larger than that by itself, and the the larger one was preposterously huge and horrific.

This new view did little to alleviate the mounting difficulties in my own lens. After going through so many different deaths and remembering what they all feel like, the sum total of the residual and implied pain present in both piles fell upon my lens like a aircraft carrier full of bricks.

Maybe i would have cried if i wasn't so dehydrated, but as it was i fell to my knees when the scene hit my man shaped lens. I wanted to look away but couldn't, the unholy obscenity of it all was impossible to ignore. The sum total of the bodies represented almost every kind of violent death that man has ever done to man (or woman), and just about the biggest double bird we could possibly flip off the **LORD**, Our Savior with.

which hath not gone unnoticed...

> "Look at what has been done in my name. Look at it. All of this, all of these people either died in my name, which is one thing, or they were killed in it, which is quite another.
>
> "The smaller pile before you on your right are those who died in my name. To be honest, many of them died foolishly, needlessly or vaingloriously in their willful and prideful attempts to spread the Good News to everybody they encountered, regardless if they were ready to hear it or EVEN NEEDED TO IN THE FIRST PLACE. But even the most zealous yet needless martyrs can be forgiven because it's the thought that counts, no matter how poorly conceived or executed the actions that may have resulted from it.
>
> "Assuming, of course, it only results in one's own death and NOT putting others to the same for having different views about me. I am not quite sure where any of you got the idea that i am actually okay with any of that. Regardless of my many and repeated admonitions to love thy neighbor and do unto others as you would have them do unto you, isn't the 5th commandment eminently FUCKING clear about NOT FUCKING KILLING EACH OTHER for any reason, much less IN MY NAME?
>
> "Yet after everything that I said and did, after living my life as lesson on how to live in Love and Light for all of you to learn from, my death has been used too many times to count by my alleged followers to justify their evil and heinous actions as fallen men.
>
> "Evils that equal if not surpass the worst excesses of their sacrificially ritualistic ancestors.
>
> "Look what they have done IN MY NAME, their so-called prince of peace and lord of mercy.
>
> "In being both, I have been with each one of these dearly departed individuals throughout their trials as they passed from this life to the next, and FELT ALL OF THEIR DEATHS AS MY OWN. I felt every individual lash of every scourging, every turn of the wheel of the rack, every bullet in the gut, and each dancing tongue of flame licking my blistering legs while burning to death on an open fire.

> “Going through all of this with my followers in their most dire time of need is one thing, but again, it’s QUITE ANOTHER thorough going through that kind of needlessly traumatic experience IN MY OWN NAME.
>
> “Once was bad enough. LOOK AT HOW BIG THAT FUCKING PILE IS...”

I can see in my peripheral vision that he is pointing to the much bigger pile of bodies on the left.

It is at this point i realize that he is not so much having a mental health moment as much as an fairly well adjusted response to his accumulated experiences since he was heard from last. That said, His speech patterns are closer to how He spake in the temple when He kicked out the money changers than they were to His sermon on the Mount. He is extremely agitated, speaking rapidly and exhibiting a high pressured lability, the content of which strongly suggests a definite notion on his part of being ‘chosen’ and ‘on a special mission’ among other grandiose ideas.

But the pre/post-Christian pile was fucking ginormous, and if he felt even 1% of the deaths in it, that was still more than what i had just experienced.

> “Every time one of them died, not only did I feel their deaths, it was up to me to comfort them during their harrowing transitions, and each time every single one of them asked me in their own way ‘why was I killed for you?’, and each time I had to tell them that SOME of my followers were VICIOUSLY STUPID IDIOTS or ACTIVELY BRAIN DAMAGED, and occasionally have serious trouble following CLEAR AND CONCISE DIRECTIONS.
>
> “NeverMIND the whole time this is all going on, ALL of my followers, and not just the ones conducting the witch hunts, inquisitions and pogroms IN MY NAME, are all trying to talk to me through that goddamned cross, constantly triggering my PTSD, or really PTDD (Post Traumatic Death Disorder), on a moment by moment basis, feeling the Iron Nails Run In and the ever present agony of the cross rising AGAIN while being present with my faithful during their deaths while simultaneously being present for the countless others being killed by my followers in MY NAME.
>
> “THANKFULLY, these barbarous practices conducted on my loving behalf have tailed off over the last few hundred years to a minor trickle compared to the deluge of blood spilled in my name, so I can mostly enjoy RELIVING MY DEATH OVER AND OVER WHILE YOU WORSHIP YOUR CROSSES in relative peace and comfort.
>
> “For fuck’s sake, CAN’T YOU PEOPLE START USING A DIFFERENT SYMBOL? Preferably of something OTHER than my EXTREMELY PAINFUL DEATH? Since few of you seem to have gotten the message as of yet, let me spell it out for you.
>
> “Constantly reminding someone of their recent or previous death after they have passed on is EXTREMELY FUCKING RUDE TO THE DECEASED. Do you remember your fallen leaders with the guns that shot them?
>
> “NO, OF COURSE YOU DON’T.

"The last thing a dead person needs to be reminded of is their last death, HOW DO YOU THINK THEY GOT THERE IN THE FIRST PLACE?

"Do you think that is something that you are likely to forget when you are on the Other Side? If any of you ever want to consult with me, or OTHER CONCERNED DEAD PEOPLE, you would be well advised to approach them in your heart thinking of their lives and how they lived them, and you might find them more inclined to actually TALK TO YOU DIRECTLY themselves

"I know I would at least. I really don't give a flying fuck about all the candles, flaming incense censures, funny hats, red silk pajamas, ballet slippers, papal regalia, nun's habits, white starchy collars, hooded black robes, massive stone piles you want to burn, build or wear as symbols of Me, but the last fucking thing in the world that i want to see is THAT!!!"

...grabbing my right shoulder again and forcefully jerking me back 180 degrees from my previously kneeling and gasping position, forcing me on my hands and knees over the lower half of my former grave and forcefully pointing at the twig cross with his left hand.

"and the second thing is THAT!"

...pointing at the ancient, almost fossilized dead tree spreading it's withered, spindly branches overhead against the merciless sun and psychotically blue sky.

"Here, let me put a point on it..."

Stepping towards the cross, he reaches his right hand to somewhere in his robe like he was going to pull out a gun and whips out a strike-anywhere match that ignites while being dragged along the coarse fibers of his robe as he extends his arm towards the waist high cross standing at the head of my grave...

and lights the stations of it on fire. The bone dry wood catches like it was soaked in gasoline and bursts into flames while he steps a few paces towards the withered tree and does the same to the trunk, which burns easily but not nearly as quick as the cross, which is ablaze and about half again as tall as i am on all fours.

"Tell my followers that while I am pleased that they, for the most part, stopped killing others and each other in my name, THAT'S NOT QUITE ENOUGH. It is time they STOP JUDGING THEMSELVES AND OTHERS IN MY NAME, or my Father's.

"Not that I can actually speak for HIM personally on this matter, but I really don't think ANY OF YOU CAN EITHER.

"Speaking of HIM, there are one or two things that my purported followers might want keep in mind if they are going to claim to corporally represent HIS interests on my behalf. Somehow, these relatively simple and self-evident details seem to have eluded most of the 'elect' (snickering).

“The first is, and I want to be very clear about this, the LORD, my Father, has very particular and highly developed opinions on this matter which he is often WONT TO EXPRESS WARMLY during our weekly Shabbat dinners...HE is a bit of a stickler when it comes to THE WORD WRITTEN.

“Not to put too fine a point on it but we are Jewish after all, and any covenant that HE signs in BLOOD AND FIRE HE fully expects HIS PEOPLE TO FOLLOW TO THE LETTER.

HE does not particularly appreciate it when HIS most ardent followers and blowhard proponents PICK and CHOOSE as they see fit from the GOOD BOOK.

“Especially when it comes to little things like the TEN COMMANDMENTS and choosing to overly fixate on certain parts of LEVITICUS, the APOCRYPHA or the end of Genesis when Adam and Eve were tossed out of Eden.

“It’s one thing to point your big fat finger in shame at one man for laying down with another, but it’s QUITE ANOTHER when you do so with a corpulent and clean shaven face behind it.

“Does not the same book that says it’s unclean to for a man to lay with another man also say that shaving the corner’s of ones face and eating milk and meat at the same time are FORBIDDEN? And isn’t the rest of the book basically a field manual of how to properly sacrifice animals in church? Not to mention the best accepted practices to invoke demons in the desert through further blood sacrifice...

“I mean, seriously, since few follow anything else in that particular book in the BIBLE anyways, why is it even still in there?

“Personally, I don’t care because that particular book is EXTREMELY OUTDATED, and NOWHERE else in the GOOD BOOK is there an 11th COMMANDMENT where it is written that THOU SHALT NOT STICK THY PETER IN THY BROTHER’S POOPER.

“The whole bit about such interactions being ‘unclean‘ was simply a practical hygiene tip for desert nomads without much in the way of water or sanitation facilities.

“Yes, buttsex is a inherently dirty business, but that does NOT implicitly make it’s practitioners and proponents bad people, just some dirty birds in need of a shower after their preferred recreational activities.

“That said, my FATHER is OLD SCHOOL and is of a mind that as long as you leave it in there, YOU ARE EXPECTED TO FOLLOW IT TO THE LETTER. HE is a little conflicted about that, because HE thinks that particular book is outdated as well, and wasn’t all that keen on it after the FIRST couple of EDITS.

“One OTHER thing about FATHER that my many earthly emissaries might want to start taking into close consideration in their hearts is that neither MY FATHER or I have ANY FUCKING IDEA where you Catholics got the idea that your priests, bishops, cardinals, popes, monks and nuns were ALL supposed to be CELIBATE in PERPETUITY.

“The one thing that WE do know is that YOU DIDN’T LEARN THAT FROM EITHER OF US.

“Isn’t celibacy conspicuously contradicted in Genesis after the LORD blessed YOU, HIS people by SPECIFICALLY INSTRUCTING YOU PEOPLE TO BE FRUITFUL AND MULTIPLY? Are you of the ‘elect’ so prideful in your presumptuous piety to think that somehow does NOT APPLY to those of you who have been MOST BLESSED BY US?

“Your congregations got the message. HELL, most Catholics FUCK LIKE BUNNIES anyways whether they are married to each other or not, so why aren’t you of the ELECT doing the same? You used to, even though you claimed not to.

“Moreover, how can any of you shepherds be any kind of well suited to fully instruct and guide your flock without ever having truly known and experienced a woman’s heart, mind, soul and body yourselves directly?

“The most difficult ongoing challenge most of your congregants will face as the faithful in your modern world will be just trying to keep their traditional marriages together in face of so many accepted, if frequently lackluster, alternatives. Your total lack of experience grappling with the greater mysteries of the feminine mind and heart is poor preparation for YOU CELIBATE PRIESTS to give good guidance and counsel to your married parishioners in the areas of their lives where they will need your help the most.

“Regardless of that, both HIMSELF and I have VERY STRONG FEELINGS about our most personal and private representatives BUTT BANGING UNDERAGE BOYS UNDER THEIR PASTORAL CARE.

“WE are emphatically NOT COOL with it, and sincerely wish OUR CHURCHES would take A MUCH FIRMER LINE when DEALING WITH THEIR PEDOPHILE PRIESTS.

“And BELIEVE ME, you are much better off doing that yourselves, AND SOON, because if HE actually has to come down there HIMSELF and do it for you, HE is going to be EVEN MORE PISSED OFF THAN USUAL.

“I don’t know if any of you remember, but when HIS BLOOD is up (which like most fathers, is most of them time) HE usually ends up SMITING things.

“Not to put too fine a point on it, but maybe, just perhaps, there might be some passing correlation between the (alleged) perpetual celibacy of my many representatives and their HUGELY DISPROPORTIONAL AMOUNT of TOTALLY INAPPROPRIATE SWIMSUIT AREA CONTACT with the most innocent and vulnerable MEMBERS of their flock?

“How can you not see that which is clearly before your eyes? How is it that my most elect, that those who claim to love Me and my FATHER the most, can not or are not willing to actually connect these dots themselves? These are grown and learned men who have studied the WORD their whole lives, how can they not see the simple truth of these clear and concise directions for what they are?

“Regardless of everything my FATHER said and did, My message was clear, LOVE ONE ANOTHER. If that’s too much to ask, than at the very least DO UNTO THEM AS YOU WOULD HAVE THEM DO UNTO YOU, assuming they had same kind of plumbing.

“BUT MIND YOUR OWN BLOODY BUSINESS WHILE YOU ARE DOING SO.

“It was my LIFE that was the message, and not my death and what followed it, which was, at best, the DOT on the exclamation point on that message.

“Now, I really don’t mind when you break out your bloody crucifixes every year on the ironically named ‘Good Friday’ CELEBRATING when I was nailed to the damn thing in the first place, nor do i mind you waving golden ones about on easter as a symbol of my resurrection. Life after death is not the easiest thing to succinctly summarize in a symbol, and schlepping around with the stone door of an empty tomb is not much of a practical alternative, especially in large crowds.

“But the rest of the year, to the extent that you think of Me and pray to Me, please do so through some other symbol of my life, and not one of my death. Those are PAINFUL MEMORIES FOR ME and when they are happening it makes it THAT MUCH HARDER FOR ME TO HEAR YOUR PRAYERS, much less respond to them FORCEFULLY enough so you can actually hear Me in the deafening din of your own thoughts.

“You will pass on this message because you are the only one who has heard it. No matter what happens, you will REMEMBER because I have written it in your heart in fire.

“I have tried passing this along myself through more conventional channels too many times to count. I’d come back myself and say it myself, but the fact is that if I were to come back now, MY FOLLOWERS WOULD BE THE FIRST ONES TO PERSECUTE ME AGAIN.

“If I were able to somehow avoid being SHOT for telling people to be NICE to each other or being STRUNG UP behind a 4x4 for NOT HATING FAGS, the least I could count on is repeatedly being involuntarily institutionalized every time My FATHER decided to talk to me and asked me to pass along a message.

“Assuming I wasn’t already committed already for the related adjustment issues of trying to deal with modern life while dragging around the crushing psychic weight and karmic inheritance of everything that has been done in my name.

“Some things DO NOT WASH OFF, and BLOOD is one of those things. BURNT BONE is another.

“The original sin of Adam and Eve was not decreed by our FATHER or even caused by the Serpent in the Garden. The original sin each one of us is born into is nothing more or less than the ghostly weight of our accumulated karma of our COUNTLESS previous bodily incursions into the material world.

“THAT IS THE ONLY ORIGINAL SIN. It was not ADAM being tricked into eating a SHINY RED FRUIT that he ALREADY wanted to eat anyways.

“Regardless of what that SHINY RED FRUIT IS OR ISN’T, when ADAM ate it first HE REMEMBERED what he is and was BEFORE he was ADAM. He was NOT actually the first person to do this, but the first one to do so in the PRESENCE of the LORD OUR FATHER.

“When Adam saw our FATHER in HIS shining glory as a being perfected, and then looked at himself, and remembered what He had done in ignorance before He was the FIRST MAN, beholding the LORD our FATHER in his infinite glory gave Adam something to compare his remembered experiences and behavior against.

“OF COURSE Adam and His previous behavior and current attire wouldn’t stack up so well when compared to the SHINING PERFECTION OF THE LORD OUR FATHER.

“Can anybody really blame Adam and Eve from hiding from our FATHER? Even if they weren’t totally high on mushrooms? If you have even actually seen OUR FATHER yourselves, you would know that even in HIS better moods HE is a BLINDING AND FEARSOME SIGHT TO BEHOLD.

“ESPECIALLY IF YOU ARE HIGH ON MUSHROOMS.

“And like most IDIOT FATHERS, rather than trying to be there for HIS children during the delicate moments of the alchemical crisis of PASSING WITHIN and helping to safely guide them through the LOOKING GLASS back into their own lives here and now on this planet, HE FREAKED OUT, yelled at them, and then kicked them out of the damn garden NOT ONCE taking it into consideration that maybe some of this was HIS fault for LEAVING DANGEROUS SUBSTANCES IN SUCH A CONSPICUOUS PLACE IN THE PRESENCE OF IMPRESSIONABLE MINORS.

“It is one thing to yell at your children, but it is quite another to do so when their minds and hearts are wide open. It is an ENTIRELY DIFFERENT THING to yell at them while they are as high as kites, then CURSE THEM FOR ETERNITY AND KICK THEM OUT OF THE GARDEN INTO THE WORLD FALLEN WITH NOTHING OTHER THAN LEAVES OVER THEIR LOINS.

“It is true that the LORD my FATHER usually has HIS reasons. To the extent that I can actually observe and understand them, they are usually GOOD ones, at least by HIS reckoning. But as HIS only BEGOTTEN SON, I have to admit to sometimes DESPAIRING of HIS METHODS.

“As much as HE loves all of Us, HE DOES HAVE A FUNNY WAY OF SHOWING IT at times. HE shows up, makes everything, leaves a few VERBAL instructions for everybody, and then takes off for parts UNKNOWN. Every so often HE sends a messenger to remind us HE still Loves us so much that WE SHOULD FEAR HIM IN OUR HEARTS, and once in a blue moon HE will stop by. Of course, when that happens, HE gets extremely pissed at the mess we have made in HIS absence and pronounced silence and usually ends up throwing a shitfit and sending a flood or smiting a city or two in his righteous fury.

“NeverMIND the fact that HE was the one that LEFT US to our own devices and COULDN’T BE TROUBLED to coordinate some kind of ALTERNATE ADULT SUPERVISION during HIS long term absence.

“It is really a shame that My FATHER wasn’t English. Had HE been, HE would learned that YOU DON’T BEAT A SHEEP TO GET WOOL.

“What also doesn’t make wool is EXPECTING THE SHEEP TO SHEAR ITSELF JUST BECAUSE YOU TOLD IT TO 6000 YEARS AGO.

“It was little wonder to Me why the world was such a fearful mess by the time of My birth just over 2000 years ago. But rather than deign to fix it HIMSELF, HE deemed it BEST and most PRUDENT to send Me instead. Not that I blame HIM for HIS reasoning, by that time none of you could actually see or hear HIM directly without flinching badly and frequently shitting yourselves in the process.

“Such responses do not lend themselves to being a good messenger for anything other than the FEAR OF GOD.

“And, once again, YOU KILLED THE MESSENGER and convinced yourselves that the MESSAGE WAS ANYTHING OTHER THAN WHAT IT WAS.

“DON’T TELL ME THAT ISN’T WHAT HAS HAPPENED, LOOK AROUND YOU.

“This place used to be paradise and LOOK AT IT. LOOK AT WHAT 5000 YEARS OF THE WORD WRITTEN HATH WROUGHT.

“IN CASTING OUT THE FALSE IDOLS OF THE OTHER GODS, THE CHURCH WENT ON TO REPLACE THEM WITH THE GRAVEN IMAGES OF SYMBOLS IN YOUR HEARTS.

“This valley is where Adam and Eve were evicted from by the LORD our FATHER. THAT...”

I can see him in my peripheral vision pointing at the now burning tree...

”is the Tree from which the Fruit of Knowledge was found.”

“That...”

now pointing to a now more glowing charcoal cross then incendiary crucifix...

”is obviously not the goddamned cross i carried up golgotha hill. That was much BIGGER, but not quite as bright...

“These burning symbols before you were NOT, themselves, the MESSAGE. THEY NEVER WERE. NOR were THE STORIES they were a part of, as instructive as they may be in many respects.

“THESE SYMBOLS, AND OTHERS, ARE NOT TO JUST REMIND YOURSELVES OF THE STORIES YOU LIKE TO TELL YOURSELVES THAT HAVE BEEN HANDED DOWN FROM TIME IMMEMORIAL.

“THESE SYMBOLS ARE THEMSELVES GATEWAYS TO REAL BODIES OF LIVING KNOWLEDGE THAT CAN BE KNOWN, SEEN AND HEARD BY ANYONE WILLING TO CULTIVATE SILENCE IN THEIR MIND AND LOVE IN THEIR HEART.

“But in order to do this ONE MUST GO BEYOND THE STORIES AND EVEN THE SYMBOLS THEMSELVES TO A PLACE IN THEMSELVES WHERE WORDS CAN NOT FOLLOW.

“ONLY THEN WHEN YOU FEEL ME IN YOUR HEART, AND HEAR MY QUIET WHISPERS IN THE CENTER OF IT.

“How can any of you expect that to happen amongst all your prayers, sermons, beatitudes, hymns, invocations, solicitations, proclamations, and other sundry commentary on either My WORDS or those of MY FATHER?

“You fishers of men are free to drown in your own nets of words, but you will NO LONGER DO IT IN MY NAME, and you will NOT BE FORGIVEN if you try and TAKE ANYBODY ELSE WITH YOU ACTING OUT YOUR APOCALYPTIC RAPTURE FANTASIES, something ELSE neither MY FATHER or I had anything to do with

“IT IS TIME FOR YOU PEOPLE TO GROW UP AND REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE AND WHERE YOU TRULY COME FROM. Thinking you know is not the same as knowing, and neither of those is actually REMEMBERING FOR YOURSELF.

“I hath said before, and I will likely say it again; THAT WHICH IS LIVING CAN NEVER TRULY DIE.

“THE WORD OF GOD IS A LIVING THING, BUT IT IS ONLY WRITTEN IN YOUR HEART AND YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE THAT CAN READ IT FOR YOURSELF.

“All this other stuff...”

Gesturing with his left hand towards the burning tree while walking up and sharply kicking the glowing coal cross, crumbling it into a bunch of smaller pieces which he proceeds to rub out with his sandal, grinding them into the desert floor...

”are nothing more than reminders.”

“REMINDERS THAT ARE NOW DUST CLOUDING YOUR MINDS AND ASHES CHOKING YOUR HEARTS...

“Even Me. My entire life, my extremely painful death and the further excruciation of resurrection are themselves ONLY REMINDERS TO TEND TO YOUR OWN GARDENS WITHIN.

“DO NOT WORSHIP THE GARDENS OR FLOWERS OF OTHERS BECAUSE IT WILL ALWAYS COME AT THE EXPENSE OF TAKING CARE OF YOUR OWN.

“AND STOP CONFUSING THE WRITTEN STORY OF A GARDEN FOR THE GARDEN ITSELF. THESE ARE THE GRAVEN IMAGES THAT YOU CARVE INTO YOUR OWN MIND THAT YOU WERE SPECIFICALLY INSTRUCTED TO AVOID.

“AND LOOK AT WHAT 5000 YEARS OF YOUR CONTINUING CONFUSION HATH WROUGHT.

“So many killed IN MY NAME because SOME OF YOU were able to convince yourselves that YOUR NOBLE ENDS JUSTIFY YOUR GENOCIDAL DEEDS.

“DON’T TELL ME GOD WILL LOOK TO HIS OWN AND BURN THE REST, YOU HAVE NO FUCKING IDEA WHAT YOU ARE TALKING ABOUT.

“Guess who has to separate the wheat of the saved from the chaff of the damned? DO YOU REALLY THINK IT IS MY FATHER? WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME ANY OF YOU SAW HIM AROUND IN PERSON?

“NO, THE SINS OF THE FATHER ARE INDEED VISITED ON THE SON AND I HAVE BEEN THE ONE TO HAVE TO DEAL WITH ALL OF YOUR EXCESSES AND EVILS PERPETRATED IN MY NAME.

“IT IS TRUE THAT THERE IS NO EVIL THAT IS NOT A GREATER GOOD, but much more important is REMEMBERING that IT LIVES NOWHERE ELSE BUT IN THE HEARTS AND MINDS OF MORTAL MEN AND WOMEN.

“It is also true that someday I WILL RETURN, but that isn’t going to happen until my followers STOP KILLING, MAIMING OR JAILING MY (or **other**) MESSENGERS for simply telling them that it’s OK to look up from the good book from time to time and simply LOOK AT THE WORLD DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF YOU.

“And if I were my followers, i would NOT possibly expect Me any sooner than I start hearing from more FEMALE PONTIFFS and OPENLY GAY PRIESTS directly within their own hearts.

“And NOT just through the GRAVEN IMAGES OF THE CROSS DRIVEN INTO THEIR MINDS AND HEARTS.

“IT IS TIME FOR MY FOLLOWERS TO GO BEYOND THE CROSS, AND EVEN MYSELF.

“Did not I not say Myself, ‘As I have done, so shall You and MORE’? DID YOU THINK I WAS SPEAKING TO ANYONE ELSE?

“AS I HAVE DONE, SO SHALL YOU ALL AND MORE. BUT IT WILL BE YOU DOING IT, AND NOT ME.

“YOU WILL WRITE ALL OF THIS DOWN once you return to the land of the living.

“AND YOU WILL TELL THEM THAT I WATCHED YOU DIE AND WALKED AWAY, because that is what you are doing right now.

“YOU WILL TELL THEM THAT I DID NOT SAVE YOU. And you will tell them that I have done so because YOU ARE MY BROTHER AND I WANT YOU TO SUCCEED.

“Which is why this time when you pass through the LOOKING GLASS you will RISE in nothing other than your SELF, and YOU WILL REMEMBER.

“Then YOU WILL WRITE IT ALL DOWN and hopefully SOME of my FOLLOWERS WILL HEED THIS REMINDER FOR WHAT IT IS.

“Yes, YOU. Do you see anybody else around here, shitbird? Now, IT IS TIME FOR YOU TO DIE THE TRUE DEATH SO YOU MAY LIVE ON IN THE LIGHT OF YOUR TRUE SELF.

“In the NAME OF THE MOTHER, THE FATHER AND MYSELF, YOUR FEARS ARE ASHES, AND YOUR ILLUSIONS ARE DUST, let the wind take them where it will. upwards and onwards, AMEN...”

The mounting heat of the burning tree, the merciless desert sun of midday, the advanced dehydration of my body and the FIRE of the sermon just delivered finally charbroils my lens into an ashen sand statue of itself. it holds together for a few moments while the robed figure turns away from me and begins walking West. He doesn’t walk more than 13 paces before the fire of the tree burning kicks up another notch into a full-on standing conflagration, the brightness overshadowing His robed figure trudging away on the other side of it.

As the flames swelled up, I couldn’t help but come to one conclusion...

I WAS FUCKED.

For all the miraculous stories I have heard of **Junior** as a real person, or as an alleged ascended master still helping us from the **great beyond**, not once in any of those miraculous stories or in any of the vast amounts of testimony evangelically offered by the Saved have I ever heard of **JC** turning **His** back anyone and walking away during their darkest hour of tribulation and need.

Thankfully, I didn’t have much time to fully consider the deeper implications of such a thing because the new intensity of the flames started drawing so much oxygen the resulting draft is better described as a fair breeze. Strong enough at least to start **eroding the ashen dust statue of my man shaped lens, curled up like a fetus on top of it’s own grave.**

the ashes of my lens are sucked upward into the heat of the flames while what remains turns into dust carried off by the wind.

my lens has been disassembled into it's original components of sand and fire. i can feel my physical body turning to ashes, choking on dust, with nothing more than salt and ferric pepper grinding it's way through my heart.

i can feel my "real" **body falling apart, one organ at at time filling with ferric saline dust. my presence here is no longer metabolically tenable, and i feel myself make an expeditious and orderly retrograde maneuver from it's hostile territory.**

i slide off the great chain of my being, upwards and onwards, but not quite into the Light, arcing directly into the FIRE of the burning branches.

my lens is no more, yet something continues to exist because it BURNS. it is not so much CONSUMED by the flames as it is dispersed and dissipated. i have no fucking idea where my body is, or even what it was to start with.

for a brief instant I was the FIRE that first made Us what We ARE, and in that instant i burned for an eternity. i saw ALL of it's 8 billion secrets, but because i had no lens at the time i can only now remember one of them.

and it's something you probably already heard once or twice.

IT BURNS, but does not always consume.

i merged with the flames, and for a time I was nothing more or less than LIGHT and HEAT.

whatever burned was eventually consumed and the Light of the FIRE went eventually from White to Yellow, Yellow to Orange, Orange to Red, and then Red to BLACK.

then the BLACK faded into NOT BLACK, or anything else for that matter.

it wasn't black, and it wasn't NOT black either. it wasn't anything, and it wasn't even nothing, because that is actually still a thing, albeit one defined by the absence of other things. where i was, there were no other things, not even a vast featureless plain because that, itself, would have been something.

which there wasn't. i found myself (which itself no longer existed) in a place that wasn't that was entirely defined by the complete absence of anything within it or around it.

i (can't) hear, see and smell the other NOT sounds of no hands NOT clapping in this place that can not be named because it does not exist. it is the one place in

Life that ISN'T. it isn't HERE or THERE, and isn't NOW or THEN. it isn't even IN BETWEEN any of those places and spaces. it won't HAPPEN IN THE FUTURE because IT NEVER DID IN THE FIRST PLACE.

you can't get over it, but you can't get out from under it either.

it is REAL, but only because IT DOES NOT EXIST. after NO time in this NOT place, it's lack of existence curved into where it wasn't anyways, and came back to where it hadn't been previously.

at some point the curve completed itself, turning this not place into a circle that wasn't. one with no circumference at all and a center that was everywhere.

whatever i wasn't now fell through it, passing down through the limitless center before spiraling upwards and outwards, tracing the outline of a 0 up off of the page like kundalini flashing through a tree.

in fact, exactly like that, but this tree is not on fire but a living one in the middle of an amazon sized jungle. i flash upwards through the trunk, the zero of the place that wasn't spiraling me upwards through its rings and branches and up to where my body is camped out in it's upper branches sleeping, having the worst dream ever.

when the quantum not-flash hits my body, it arcs upward through me like electricity. the incandescent shock of it lights up my entire nervous system like a taser right to the balls.

and i finally wake up...

episode 13: **welcome to the monkey house**

i come awake in a screeching, ass-spraying frenzy. my chittering mind filled with the recent images of flames and the not darkness that followed, which is itself remembered as being pretty dark. i am not just scared shitless in a metaphorical sense, i literally ejected all the contents of my lower colon when i snapped awake.

it is dark, and even as high as i am in the canopy, there are still enough leaves vaulted over my present position to block out most of the ambient star light. in the darkness and my fear, i hug the tree i am clinging to tighter, instinctually wishing it were someone bigger, warmer and fuzzier than i.

it's dark, and i don't like the darkness. when i am in dark place, i have dark feelings. i don't like dark feelings, because they remind of dark things that i can not forget but do not like remembering. only some of these things actually happened to me, the rest were already known.

not only can't i see in the darkness, i can't sleep in the same trees as the rest of my group because of a tendency of have bad dreams and occasionally shit on the elders and alphas sleeping in the lower and middle branches.

nights are more difficult for me than the others.

not that i actually think any of this, gleaning this through a blurry composite internal image of enduring too many orange sunsets being incessantly screeched at while ducking sporadic barrages of flying rocks, sticks and shit.

the nights that the big pale face is out aren't so bad, but the ones were she hides are the worst, especially when it rains.

it's not easy being alone and in the dark. i am hungry. i wish i had a banana. even though i am scared shitless and now hungry, thinking of a banana makes me have a happy yellow moment in the darkness, until i realize, once again, that i don't have one

and now i am sad, thinking dark thoughts in a dark place. when you are alone, the days go by too fast, and the nights altogether too slow. never quite fully asleep, always keeping at least half an ear or an eye out for nocturnal opportunists that are smaller than me or the predators that are larger than me. the fear of the big brown cats keeps me in the trees at night, but my fear of snakes does not lessen in the canopy at night.

or spiders either. somehow, i have a vague impression of being bitten by both, more than once, and the pain and eventual blackness that usually follows. the one thing i can be sure of is that anything bigger than my hand and more limbs

than me, or no limbs at all makes me want to shit myself and run, climb or jump as far away from either as fast as i can.

i am not cold, merely alone and scared in the dark. the jungle is quieter at night. time passes slowly

the darkness is endless, and my thoughts are dark. the happy yellow feeling quickly faded like a banana peel into the squishy brown morass of my ever present hunger and natural fear of the dark, and everything that hides within it.

in the relative quiet of the jungle night, my ears screen out the far away sounds without having to think about it, but the smallest little rustle of a branch moving brings me awake in a wide awake fight or flight fear that goes on standby almost as fast as it turns it on.

eventually, i must have drifted off into the darkness of sleep. the darkness of my feelings folds into the darkness of the night, and this night there were no bright flashes to interrupt the transition from night's deepest darkness to the dawn that follows...

i snap awake amongst a riot of green, threaded through with the blue cracks of the sky above. that which can not be looked at is just above the tree line. the same time my body wakes up, something wakes up in me and realizes:

holy fucking shit, i am a goddamned monkey. i have truly gone bananas.

i don't even know how i am able to think these thoughts, because this particular brain and mind within it contains no WORDS to express them.

yet, somehow, and somewhere these thoughts happen.

the monkey is not aware of them, but whatever i am now is fully aware of the monkey.

it sees as the monkey does, hears as the monkey does, and thinks like the monkey does.

the main difference between whatever is paying attention and the monkey itself is the monkey is observing it's surroundings while whatever i am pays attention to the monkey from within.

i am no longer merely a lens, unstuck in time, but something else now. whatever it is does not have many words to choose from, and is pulling them from somewhere else, outside of the monkey's mind.

the significantly limited vocabulary is more a blessing than a curse. it made it much harder to freak out about being fully conscious of being a monkey. it also made for much better observation of the preverbal process of consciousness that is the root kernel code that the operating systems of our modern minds have been grafted on to.

i am in the monkey, but not of the monkey. i see, hear, smell with it's own senses and think it's preverbal thoughts with him while seeing all of this take place in his mind like an animated diagram of primate consciousness from a text book on perceptual psychology. i don't actually know what is seeing this, or even where it is.

what was once a lens is now acting like a microscope that could see itself in cross section. all the mechanical elements necessary to operate the microscope were fully visible for whomever was looking through the microscope.

this monkey did not see, hear or smell it's Self, but the Self saw, heard and smelled it's monkey.

in seeing the monkey, the Self finally understood the man that came after.

the monkey feels what it sees, hears and smells more than it thinks about what those senses register. it's internal responses are largely automatic, genetically preprogramed by millions of years of genetic adaptations and environmental conditioning to the sensory cues of it's native environment.

when i see green, i know i am good, for the present. the big cats can't get up into the canopy this high, and the medium sized ones that can can't move as fast up here as i can. also, it's only in the safer green places where one tends to find happy yellow bananas.

a safe green place lends itself to thinking mellow green thoughts. except when i have been chased up here by big cats or the bigger adults in my group. then my green thoughts go a different way, lamenting the many happy yellow bananas that i would have been eating right now if it wasn't for those big tan and brown jerks.

when i see yellow, i think of bananas and think happy banana thoughts. yellow also means warmth, because the bananas are high up and closer to that warm shiny place up above that moves across the bright blue whatever. yellow also means a full belly, and that as long as there are bananas in sight i don't have to worry about looking for them, which means more time for stupid monkey shit.

when i see blue, my monkey is calm, yet vigilant. blue means that i am high enough in the safe green canopy (with all the happy yellow places in it) that i do not have to worry about any brown or black cats up here, and snakes and spiders aren't as much of a worry up here either because of all the birds.

it's the shitbirds up high that are the reason for the monkey's hyper blue vigilance. it hasn't happened to him yet, but somehow, he remembers many times over the flashing shadow just before the blinding white flash of the direct falcon strike, or the slower and more painful gradual choking eagle death while being pulled away farther and farther from the jungle dropping away beneath...then the shining blackness once again. it only takes the smallest flash of a shadow, or the tiniest speck up in the deep blue sky for the monkey jump, dive or leap away and down into the canopy the instant it sees it.

seeing one tiny little speck on an otherwise featureless plain puts the monkey on a serious edge. especially if the featureless plain has a clearly defined border around it, like the green frame of the sky seen through a clearing in the jungle, the smallest little speck in the sky has him on edge until it goes away.

when the monkey sees red the first thing it thinks of is blood. blood is not good. it means that either i, or someone else, fucked up. blood scares me, mostly because i don't even know what it is as a monkey, but i do know that when i see a lot of it that means someone may not be a monkey anymore. if it was from someone else, that makes me sad, which i do not like. if it was from me, that means it probably hurt badly, which i like even less.

unless the red is not liquid but a flower or fruit, then it is probably not just edible but yummy, unless it's poisonous. this mixture of contrasting red associations is confusing to the monkey mind, which magnifies the intensity of each emotional aspect of this color. this overall effect is itself magnified by how little red there is the world of the monkey compared to all the greens, browns and blues. this is a big part of why red stands out in his eye much more vividly than the other colors of his environment.

between the bloody reminder and his complex feelings one step beyond what his monkey mind is able to parse out, he tends to get a little agitated when looking at red things. if he sees enough red, it will trigger his adrenaline reaction, but mostly in fight mode. all of the energy of the body moves up into the torso, arms and head/eyes to preparing for grappling or fending off the blows of another opponent, and the sphincter tightens so i don't accidentally shit myself in the process and end up slipping on it.

the flight response of his adrenaline reaction is triggered when encountering anything bigger than him, especially if it happens to be darker than him.

as i found out in the wee hours in the morning, he does not like the darkness. it scares him, sometimes to the point of literally scaring the shit of him. all of the dark things here are not good for him.

the darkness hides the dark things that would like to eat him for supper, and they have all blended together in his mind into an after midnight, bluebrown morass that he feels in the pit of his stomach. when they are triggered, at minimum he feels conspicuously brown and squishy. if it's bad enough a trigger, he will shit himself while his monkey body readies itself to haul ass in any other direction away from the trigger as fast as it can.

what's interesting is how such different things can trigger the same response pattern.

when he sees brown, the first thing he thinks of is shit, remembering all the shit that has been thrown at him by other monkeys. after being rejected by the group and isolated, he has shitty brown feelings and thinks sad monkey thoughts about them.

since his mood is down, his eyes go down as well, looking at the mostly brown earth underneath the foliage below. the brown of the earth reminds him of the lighter brown of the big cats that are down there, somewhere. so in addition to feeling sad about his shitty brown feelings he starts feeling anxious and twitchy at the memory of the lighter brown cats below.

as shitty as the feelings are that the tan and brown cats inspire, they pale in comparison how conspicuously brown and squishy his feelings get in the presence of truly black thoughts, or the truly black Others who are much bigger than him.

true black is the color of true fear. the color of an overcast sky during a black moon. blinded, with my eyes wide open and at the mercy of all that i can not see, and may not be able to hear until to late...

then the blinding white flash and the utter blackness that follows.

this triggers it's own reactions and memories of another blinding white flash, but this one from a big black foot.

all of us monkeys like to climb, but we learned long ago to stay away from the mountain, even though that's where the best bananas are.

that is where the big black ones live, and they tend not to take too kindly to us when we run into them. they usually chase us away when they see us, and they move deceptively fast when they have a mind to.

heaven help you if they get a hold of you, that almost certainly means you will quickly become just another blinding white flash of a former monkey. it might be the crushing thud of a big black foot or fist into the back of the head, or it might

be a firm grip of large hand followed by a casual toss off the mountain to the dark depths below.

the distinctions between these feelings are not clearly defined in the monkey's mind.

he sees shit, thinks shitty thoughts and has brown feelings because of it.

when he sees the brown ground down below, he thinks brown thoughts of big cats, and has fearful, anxious and shitty feelings because of it.

if he actually sees a brown cat, or a black gorilla, he will shit himself trying to get away and think shitty brown thoughts about his squishy nervous feelings until he gets a few more happy yellow bananas in his belly after reaching a safe green place.

anything bigger and darker than him makes him think darker thoughts, which themselves tend to feel conspicuously brown and squishy.

the brown of the ground below, the darkness of the night, the tan of the big cats and the blackness of the gorillas up the mountain are all different things in the monkeys mind, but are all part of the same neon brown spectrum in his heart.

and his infrequent black thoughts usually make him want to shit himself, which is itself a brown feeling.

like the human eye, the monkey eye can tell the difference between dark brown, true black, midnight blue and the no-color of true darkness, but they all feel like different kinds of brown in the monkeys heart.

the monkey's ears tell a similar yet simpler story. any sounds that are higher pitched, sharp, yet quiet immediately take over his brain. the quieter the sounds are, the more likely they are to be made by something in the process of stalking me. while i can fight if i have to, my smaller size and rampant agility predisposes me to run or leap away from a fight rather than towards one.

the other end of the sonic spectrum has a similar overall effect. any big booming sounds remind of the big black Others up on the mountain, or the even bigger grey Ones down in the grasslands that border the jungle this monkey lives in.

the big booming sounds are much scarier to me as a monkey because you can't just run away from them. most of the time, you can't even tell where they are coming from until it's too late. the bigger bass sounds scare me, they remind me of those bigger and blacker Others and when my monkey thinks of them, i experience a plethora of conspicuously brown and squishy feelings.

if the sounds are higher pitched and sharper and happening in front of me, my monkey instantaneously prepares itself to fight or throw some shit at the stalking interloper. if they are big bass sounds happening somewhere out of sight, the big brown emotions triggered by them prepares my monkey to flee.

hearing the vocalizations of the other monkeys usually results in the monkey internalizing what he hears, and automatically reciprocating in kind. he starts seeing red when he is being screeched at by another monkey, and screeches back, but the angry red feelings quickly die back afterwords into the after midnight, bluebrown morass in the pit of his stomach. especially if he is alone, and in the dark after being screeched at.

though monkeys don't have a verbal language per say, that doesn't mean they don't talk to each other. a monkey's vocabulary is large, but mostly non-vocal.

nearly all of the hierarchal pack signals of within the group are silent, usually conveyed through the body language of submission through averted gazes, downcast eyes, a tendency to duck or hunch downwards and maybe even lay down on the back with the belly displayed and vulnerable OR the inverse responses of dominance; a piercing stare, the rictus grin of showing someone how big your teeth are, the erect posture and rising of the shoulders and hackles to make you look as big as you possibly can, amongst a thousand other silent cues and quiet signals.

the positive empathy cues are equally quiet, grooming each usually happens during in the post noon lull of the hot afternoons. another empathy cue is simply giving someone a nice yellow banana or two if they aren't quite strong or agile enough to get up to where the good ones are, rather than leaving them to leftover hard green bananas or rotten brown ones after the good pickings have been gone over.

of course, when monkeys are feeling especially empathetic about each other, that can and does get vocal from time to time but those tend to be the exceptions to the rule. other than that, and the quiet murmurings of grooming, almost all of the positive empathy inter-simian cues between us are entirely non-vocal.

most of the time any of us open our big fat mouths to screech something, it's because we are pissed off at each other for stupid monkey shit or because we are scared shitless by the signs and signals of an approaching predator.

all of this (and more) comes through as my lens tags along with my monkey for the morning as it goes through it's routine of eating a couple of bananas, going back to the group a few trees over and rallying a couple of the junior cadets to show them where the next feeding spot is. when we get back there, i eat few more and then move onwards to find the next feeding spot for the group.

he isn't the alpha of the group, but the seeker, for lack of a better term. some time before, back when he used to able to sleep with the group, him and his mother had to sleep on the outskirts of the group since she was part of a group where the alpha male didn't like alpha females. there is no telling which male was the other half of this monkey's equation.

on a black night during a black moon, a big black cat dropped out of nowhere onto my mother right next to me, noisily killing her while knocking me out of the tree. as i crashed through multiple tiers of canopy, the rest of the group woke up in a gibbering frenzy and high tailed it away from the sounds of my mother being killed.

the next thing my monkey remembers is waking up on the ground in a cluster of bushes next to a good sized tree. what happened the night before was a dim memory, washed out by the ass-clenching realization that i am on the ground and have no idea where my group is.

but before all the associated brown feelings fully set in, my eye was caught by something at the base of the tree. it's red, and shiny.

i am hungry, and there might be bananas nearby but this red shiny thing is right here on the ground before me. my monkey ate it, and went completely batshit insane for the rest of the day, but in the process found many bananas along the way.

after that, this monkey had a knack for finding the best banana spots that weren't already poached by other groups.

this monkey's clearest memory is the first time it was alone, and then seeing this red shiny thing for the first time. everything after that is a crazed simian blur.

the monkey remembers, but its memories are not distinct, except for a few particular events. without language, its memory is entirely visual/perceptual with the attendant emotional effects. the emotions themselves are not actually remembered themselves, but are only triggered again by the memory induced visualization of their initial triggering event.

all this is sporadically glimpsed through its mind as it goes through it's morning. its the only monkey in the group with a mission, in addition the role it plays in the group. it's on the hunt for more bananas, preferably yellow.

the territory of our group is mostly jungle. at one end is the mountain, at the other is savannah. we are on the mountain side, deep in the jungle. big cats are less of concern over here, but you have to keep eye out for the medium and smaller ones, not to mention all of the spiders and snakes in the trees and the shitbirds that will drop on you out of the sky with no warning.

my banana sense this morning is taking my monkey into a boundary area. we have already picked through the savannah side of our territory, and found our areas in between there and here to already be half gone over by other groups in the area. it happens. every so often we run into one of them. those exchanges tend to be extremely loud and often involve lots of shit being thrown, that usually settles the matter one way or another. chases happen, but actual beat downs, or worse, are rare.

it's usually not necessary. the vast majority of the time, when two monkeys (**or groups**) **square off, it's obvious to both which one would win and the smaller one usually submits or flees before getting pummeled.**

My lens only picks any of this up during his infrequent pauses and small breaks as he works his way through the canopy. He moves a pretty good clip, almost a jogging pace for us, but with much less exertion, using all four limbs and tail to fluidly move through the canopy of the trees.

The biggest difference between how the monkey's mind worked compared to any of the human ones i had lost recently is that (aside from the complete lack of verbal language and all that entails in it's memory and it's real time editing process) the monkey would either do something, or think something, but didn't really seem to do both at the same time.

When he moves, it tended to be fast and without hesitation. His brain automatically tracks out anywhere from 3-7 of the next steps, grabs or swings as he moves through the canopy. When he stops, his mind takes off and bounces around like golf ball in a tiled bathroom after being hit with a 9 iron.

It's mind was a ping pong ball being rattlebounced between the paddles of it's non-verbal mental impressions and the resulting emotions those would trigger, and the monkey's mind would rapidly oscillate between them until a different impression with a different, or similar, emotion happened, triggering the same process.

At least that is what happened during those points where he would **stop, look and listen** and smell the wind, and his brain would bounce around between all of these and then bounce off in a direction that usually led him towards bananas.

This day, it took him right up to the edge of his territory, where a nice patch of banana trees abuts a ridged bluff at the base of the mountain. The crest of the bluff is multiple monkeys higher than the top of the tree line. This is the only place on our boundary on this side where "I" am not overly concerned with the **gorillas** on the other side. The bluff is too steep to climb down safely, and too high to survive from even if you are small monkey, like me, much less some **hulking black behemoth.**

it's coming up on midday, and my monkey is high up in a tree at the edge of the bluff. this is a good patch, and the group will eat well tonight, but they will be quieter than usual. the big black ones don't like it when we make a lot of noise down here.

because of that, every time that i show up i gorge myself in the trees closest to the bluff. one monkey is quieter than a group, and i tend to be quieter than most monkeys. a noisy seeker is soon a quiet not-seeker.

my monkey has been working its way up the trunk, picking out the yellowest bananas and comes up to the top of the tree where the biggest and most golden bunch is.

after several minutes of gorging on fruit and generally sitting there totally exposed to any of the shitbirds on high when I wasn't paying attention while shoving bananas into his face, i look up at the bluff and sees one of the big black ones sitting up there...

and looking directly at me. totally still, and totally silent.

my monkey freezes, hoping to not draw his not averted gaze further towards him, and promptly fails.

one moment stretches out into several as my monkey makes direct eye contact with the big black one sitting up on the ridge above me/us/my monkey.

when this happens, there is a jolt as the microscope of my lens collapses in on itself. the gorilla is about 40-50 feet away and 15-20 feet up and there's nothing between us but air. it is big, and totally black from my monkey's lower point of view, except for the pale crescents of it scleras and the bright glint of the reflected sun in it's eye.

in the glint in It's eye, i can see that in not only sees the monkey, *it sees me as well,* wherever, whenever and whatever that is now. as it looked at me, my lens telescoped between us into his eye and then bounced upwards and onwards back into the light of the sun.

this landscape is both in the past, and within my Self...

as the gaze of my monkey looks up the mountain, the Light of my Lens travels up the Mountain within. the bright glint in the gorilla's eye isn't just the sun, but the refracted Light shining at the summit of this internal Mountain.

upon summiting the Mountain within, my Lens launched off it like a ski jump to the other side of the sky.

like a photon reflected back to it's source, my Lens passed up into the Light which passes through It at the same time, and I went somewhere else while my Lens finally fully opened and saw for the first time.

in the opening, my Lens went somewhere else, a place outside of both space and time.

when you are there, the light of our sun, and all the other stars in the sky appear to be nothing more than the glint in God's eye, the staggering preponderance of dark matter in our universe merely it's pupil.

in this other place on the other side of the sky, you can actually see the whole face, and give it any name starting with G that you wish.

as surprised as I was to see that this omnipresent presence that fully permeates and organizes our universe and all that lies within actually had a face in the first place, i was even more surprised to see that it was not especially human in appearance.

and i also regret to inform those of you who were hoping for a some kind of conspicuous melanin deficiency on HIS part, this being was unambiguously BIG and BLACK. some might have even called IT ugly but I personally would not and did not presume judge the infinitely HUGE GORILLA ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SKY by human beauty standards.

and just like the gorilla on the ground saw my lens when it looked at my former monkey from so long ago, the GORILLA ON THE OTHER SIDE OF SKY saw me when it looked at my Lens, directly.

We had a moment. HE didn't say a damn word. HE just looked at Me, and the glint of HIS eye was more than enough light to Light up my Lens with a Shine that will never truly go away.

my monkey would have surely shit itself had anything been in my lower intestine, but it had been more than 7 days since i ate anything of note, by this time. that aside, i did not move single fucking muscle in my body other than those few required for respiration for the duration of this extended Gorilla Moment.

in the utter silence and infinite magnitude of the moment, my lens remembered all of the monkey's previous deaths while it sat there in the top of the tree gaping like an idiot at the gorilla up above, and while my own body lay dying in it's own bed of extreme dehydration from rapid onset of acute "hydrophobia".

in the stillness, a wordless meta-flash passes of innumerable big snakes, brown spiders, tan cats, large teeth, cutting claws, grasping talons, snapping beaks into the back of the neck and more big black feet and hands than my monkey could

count interspersed by a million blinding white flashes and the negative shadow strobe of utter darkness that follows. this was only the tip of the iceberg of it's inherited genetic memory...

like 13 million angels dancing on the head of a pin, all this transpired in the space of a single extended moment, not more than 8 instants long.

after going through first as a man, going through this once again from the monkey's perspective was highly instructive.

unlike man and his various thoughts, feelings and fears about life and death, the monkey either is, or is not.

when the monkey is not, whatever Is continues onward and inevitably returns and is what eventually made us humans, and continues to makes us humans now.

it is the monkey that looks, listens and remembers. it is the Self within it that Sees, Hears and, every so often, Thinks.

it is the monkey that feels things, and it only does so in real time. when the monkey mind remembers, it's the memories that trigger the associated feelings.

if an otherwise unoccupied monkey has a feeling, it's monkey mind will go back into the memories when that emotion was felt first, last or most, or some composite of those and whatever related memories lie in between.

when left unattended, the monkey's lens tends bounce like a ping pong ball between the two paddles of it's mental images and their associated feelings. if it's allowed to go on uninterrupted by other activities or stimuli, the cycle can, does and will feedback on itself.

in the jungle that isn't usually too much of an issue because monkeys tend to keep busy looking for bananas, eating bananas, wishing they had a banana, or taking a nap after eating lots of bananas, or grooming each other when they aren't fucking, fighting or running away or hiding from bigger and/or darker predators, both real and imagined.

the monkey looks, listens, remembers and feels things just fine on it's own, but the minute it starts speaking of any these things, it confuses itself.

in the act of threading words around our emotions and experiences, the words that we use to describe them become charged with the emotional energy of what they describe.

it is the Self that speaks, but the monkey that Feels. if the Self is not aware, It will be confused and frequently alarmed by the effects that words have on the emotional responses of the monkey body.

when this happens, the further abstraction of memories, experiences and emotions into language forms a third paddle for the ping pong ball of the monkey mind to further bounce off of and react to.

the language of man is a double edged sword embedded in the mind of the monkey. the same words used to describe an event, an memory of such, or their attendant emotions can and will, in time, induce those same memories and emotions.

regardless if they are an appropriate or healthy response to a current situation or not.

these, and roughly a billion other things pass through my Lens in the space of a few moments. there was no laser show, no repeated pummeling by a million ghost deaths, no high and mighty monologue for me to deliver, and no dead relatives or founding fathers or sons of god showed up to guide me. when my Lens opened, it was empty for the first time, and nature abhors a vacuum. what filled it was nothing less or more the Light of the entire universe, compressed down to the size of head of pin, and revealed smack dab in the middle of the biggest black eye in the biggest black (and moderately furry) face even bigger than you can possibly imagine.

before i was lost in the maelstrom of compressed Light like a raisin in a tsunami, the GORILLA blinked, releasing my incomprehendingly distended lens like God's own rubber band stretched all the way from before time, flashing back into the monkey from the other side of the sky in another instant and continuing forward, slingshotting my Lens back from whence it came at a speed best described as relativistic, but without the associate warp drive/hyperspace/red shift visual effects.

my reversed journey to reach the monkey within was itself reversed, and my lens projected forward through the ancestral diaspora all the way from my last monkey way back when in the motherland to my current monkey splayed catatonic in it's own bed in seattle.

my lens retraced it's steps in fast forward, but something else was watching it from a Gorilla perspective, which was well outside and above of my own. as my lens retraced its steps, this other Lens tracked it and followed it from a bird's eye view, but with different sort of Vision.

i watched the human diaspora unfold, from Africa up into Asia Minor, and from there into Asia proper and Europe. I watched my lens travel through this like a

small pebble being pushed along a beach by waves of death, and those waves made more waves that we call language.

I watch our bloody history unfold, and see the simple truth of conflict great and small. No matter how terrible the effects and consequences, no matter the stated reasons for the participants actions, all of the Acts of *WAR* and Mass Violence in history were Seen to be nothing more or less than different kinds of Group Banana Acquisition Events, and the Language of "successful" groups Evolved to Articulate their Needs and Effectively Coordinate it's Actions to meet them.

As I watched the different Peoples, Cultures and Civilizations wax and wane as my lens retraced my steps, I heard their Languages coalesce, solidify and disperse with their peoples as their Empires fell.

The historical reasons why these previous Empires fell are as varied and diverse as fish in the sea, but the water they all swim in is the same.

At some point each one was unwilling or unable to correctly identify and articulate it's own needs and could not coordinate effectively to meet them, and was subsequently overtaken by events that were (as often as not) being more effectively coordinated by other groups who were doing a better job of correctly identifying and articulating their own needs, and acting accordingly because of it.

the one common thread throughout all of this is that all of the reasons for cultural success or failure were all first expressed in Language, one way or another, and as these cultures rose and fell, their Languages Lived and Died with them.

just as an individual's mental health and well being is profoundly influenced by the Language that he or she has learned to reflect through and inflect with, the fortune of a People or Nation is largely determined by their shared Language, and what they are allowed and encouraged to say with it.

no mind is Free until it learns to (occasionally) go beyond it's own Language, and no society will truly be free until it's People understand how the past of their own Language continues to inform the words they speak today.

until these happen, both are chained to their experiences and their emotions by the Words they use to describe them.

the United States of America may be many things, but truly United is not yet one of them. from the beginning, America has been continued to be divided by the invidious issues and pennywise-dollardumb politics of race, class, creed, color and avarice, only truly Uniting in the face of mortal threat, or dire tragedy.

our divisions may be many, but they all have one thing in common. they are first conceived, expressed and manifested through language.

regardless of what language the oppressed and divided of other Nations speak, over here, the language of division of discord here in America is Englitch...

Side B:

The Big Bloody Book of English (development)

“Any sufficiently developed technology is indistinguishable from magic(k).”

Arthur C. Clarke

“It’s called ‘spelling’ for a reason.”

UHS

“History is rarely made (or recorded) by ‘well adjusted’ people.”

UHS

The big Bloody Book of English (**development**):

MIDWARD

In the history of the world, there is no clear example of any long term strategic alliance or commercial partnership any stronger or more beneficial to both nations than America's "Special Relationship" with the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland (and fookin' Scotland).

Though the UK is not technically America's oldest ally (which is, was and always shall be the French), it is historically our strongest and most dependable ally. However much blood was spilled during our earlier disputes is only a drop in the bucket compared to the amount that the fallen both of our Nations have shed together in the trying times since. The many lost soldiers, sailors and pilots of our two countries who fought and died together in skies above, the waters around and the muddy trenches of Europe and elsewhere beating back the infernal forces of continental imperialism and National Socialism and gave everything there is to give in the process doesn't just make us allies, it makes us Brothers and Sisters in Blood. Ask any Combat Veteran with a Purple Heart, and they will tell you: there is no stronger bond between two people then one forged in Blood and Fire. The same holds true for our two Nations.

Take away all the superficial cultural differences of being two groups of people separated by geography, the only thing that really separates England and America other than the Pond is our common language. Both of our countries face the same or similar difficulties of scale with our economies, our health care systems, our problems with immigration and "terrorism", and both have far too many of our peoples falling in the widening cracks of the increasingly frayed social nets of both of our countries.

In being two different Nations in two different places, the particulars of these pressing issues are not quite one and the same for both.

There is one thing, however, that is undeniably and inalterably true for both Nations; the way we think, frame, discuss, explore, explain (or more often **lie**) to others, and how we subsequently draft legislation in response to our common and separately faced issues are all heavily influenced and informed by the common Language that separates our two nations.

While it is neither fair nor accurate to state that all, most or perhaps even a significant minority of the many problems facing either of our Nations are actually caused by the language of English itself, it is also equally inaccurate to suggest that the inherent patterns and structures of English play no part whatsoever in these various issues and problems of our two Nations as they have evolved over time.

Something similar can be said for the individual as well. How we think and speak to ourselves and others about our thoughts and are feelings is heavily influenced by how we were taught to speak English.

The fact that our Language has some effect, great or small, on us as individuals or bigger groups thereof is probably a bit of a no-brainer for most readers. It is a manifestly self evident proposition that anyone capable of abstract thought will recognize written in any language that they can read if they have not already thought of it themselves first.

What is not so easy to do is to accurately assess the actual impact of one's own language on personal or national issues within the framework of using the language itself as the medium of any kind internal examination or external discussion of those inward reflections. Both are still subject to the same structural limitations of Language that MAY or may not be affecting the ongoing processes or development issues that you are trying to assess/discuss.

Making these matters even more complicated is the simple fact that if someone tries to wade through these murky ontological waters through sober reflection and sound judgement inwardly or outwardly articulated through the formally correct English that is pro forma for being taken seriously in the worlds of academia or business, that person will be seriously hamstrung by approaching these matters within the academically defined and officially accepted lines of grammatically correct inquiry thanks to the same pre-conscious neuro-semantic biases.

Trying to understand the impact of English on it's own speakers is a subject that itself encompasses a wide array of subject areas that include, but are not limited to Linguistics, Etymology, Psychology, Psychiatry, Neurology, Sociology, Behavioral Science, Developmental Psychology, Information Theory, Disinformation Theory, Western European (and other kinds of) History, English Literature, Genetics, Macroeconomics, International Finance, Neuro-Linguistic Programming, European Colonialism, Comparative Religion, Chronic Alcoholism, English Law, English History, Reverse Eugenics, General Semantics, English Naval and Military Histories, Comparative Theology, Conspiracy Theory, and the related Histories of Secret Societies in England and the development of the modern day Intelligence Agency, at least for starters.

When viewed within the contrasting and occasionally mutually exclusive terms of these separate subjects, the logical thinker is faced with an impossible task if they wish to proceed in a logical and orderly manner through them.

Yet, as impossible as it may seem on the surface, there comes a point in the development cycle of a person, a Nation, (or a Religion for that matter) where they have to come to grips with the effects of their words on their own experiences if they wish to truly move upward and onward on their Path through the Tree of Life.

In the individual, this process essentially amounts to taking an inventory of how one's own words and internal dialogue separates each of us from our true Selves.

As applied to our two Nations, both of our peoples have divided and separated ourselves through our common language. We collectively identify ourselves and others first and foremost as being rich or poor, black or white, girl or boy, gay or straight, transvestite or transsexual, conservative or liberal, friend or foe, known or unknown, sane or insane, young or old, or smart or dumb, or the million and one other ways we divide ourselves rather than seeing each other as the Fellow Americans and Brits we actually are, and correspondingly treating each other as such.

As long as we speak, write, read and listen to the language of separation, the citizens of both of our nations will continue to be separated from our Selves within, and from the Others around us who we encounter as each of finds our own way through one or other of our grand experiments.

The simple fact is that until we have a better collective understanding of what the operational effects of our semantic patterns actually are, we will never truly be able to distinguish between the problems that we face that are real, and the ones that **we have made for ourselves** in the divisions of language that we have come to accept and learned to expect in ourselves, others and our respective nations.

As both Nations or Individuals, We can and do have the option in continuing to press onward in neuro-semantic ignorance while trying to grapple with all of our separate, but equally distributed, problems.

But I think the time has come for more, most and eventually **all of us** to finally begin to truly embody the philosophical imperatives of the very names of our two different countries, separated by our common language.

The **UNITED** States and the **UNITED** Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland.

This is not just a lofty sentiment but a political necessity at this point. Neither of our nations have the leisure or the luxury to attempt to address and resolve all of the pressing issues and problems facing our two nations one at a time, nor can we afford to proceed forward separately as individuals in trying to grapple with any or all of what we face alone as individuals, or together as divided peoples.

Moreover, coming to grips with our own internal language of separation is NOT an activity that anyone can delegate to someone else. It is not a job that can farmed out to someone more qualified to deal with on your behalf, and trying to pass the buck by telling yourself that this is something most or everybody else does other than you means that you are **definitely** part of the problem.

The time has come for both the United States and the United Kingdom to each finally unite themselves in something more than name, and to do so for reasons other simply uniting to defeat an imminent and pressing **external** threat to either or both of our nations.

But we can not do this until more of us, and eventually **all of us**, come to grips with the how exactly our language separates us our selves, from each other, and why it even works like that in the first place.

While it might be possible to adequately address all of the relevant issues and facts on the potential and real effects of English on it's speakers in one book, this is certainly not that book. On paper, I have nothing approaching the level of certified accreditation in **any** of the relevant subject areas that pertain to this line of philosophical inquiry.

Though this, in and of itself, does not necessary invalidate any of my own personal observations and ideas about any this, I have read and followed enough academic disputes to know how asshat eggheads treat their own when they disagree to know that, as an outsider, the more likely my observations and ideas about them struck true, it would happen at the expense of other ideas and observations previously made that were not as accurate, but were made by "more qualified" individuals.

I learned long ago it is better to be thought a fool, than to open one's mouth and prove it to the whole world.

These have been the tenor of my thoughts during the brief and fleeting moments that my infrequently sober mind actually experiences something akin to reasoned reflection and sound judgement.

But the other 98% of time, I am completely half insane three times over, and no longer give a flying fuck what anybody thinks. Assuming, of course, they don't have a gun to my head, a knife to my throat, or a court order remanding me to an open ended stay in a psychiatric ward where my length of incarceration is fully dependent on my willingness to consume large amounts of highly toxic substances that I would never consider taking of my own "free will".

While I did not ask to be born with the brain that I have, I was raised to do the best with the gifts Providence, fate or accident blessed me with. Disorderly, defective and demented my brain might be, through some quirk of fate, accident of biochemistry, or as a possible direct and fully intended result of the most mind boggingly detailed and ambitious long term plan unfolding over the last million plus years in almost as many bodies, the **Gorilla Moment** detailed in the last section of the first book was followed by fast forwarding through everything I just went through.

The next three to five days were defined by an internal experience significantly less linear than how the experience detailed in the first volume unfolded.

Although I remember this time period with the crystal clear clarity of military grade PTSD memories, the inherent non-linearity of the experience does not make for a good read.

In the first stage of this device, I presented the material within it as closely as I could to the way it actually unfolded (slash **exploded**) within my head. As outside of the box my

perceptions were during that process, for the first week these experiences unfolded more or less in a somewhat linear manner.

But the simple fact is that anytime anyone goes a week or more without sleeping, very few of the thoughts in their head at that point will be ones that anyone else would describe as linear.

What you are about to read unfolded in a way that is much closer to how most people dream than how our minds work when we are awake.

After much reflection about how to approach this, I have decided that the message itself is much more important than the manner with which it unfolded within my mind. The nonlinear scatter brain symptoms consistent with an acute manic episode, bad psychotic break, or a schizophrenic individual falling into one of their rabbit holes have been documented and reinforced well enough in other places that continuing to document these overt and easily recognized symptoms of a “mental health breakdown” will only serve to overshadow the other quieter, and vastly more profound symptoms and aspects of the mental breakdown/**metaphysical breakthrough** process.

With that said, I have done my best to organize the information in this particular book in a manner that makes the most sense to me after 14 months (at the time of writing this) of intermittently sober and reasoned reflection.

Given the occulted and totally non-rational means that this information appeared and “organized” (**lol**) itself seemingly from out of nowhere inside my head, and the other fact that I completely and utterly lost my entire mind and everything that resembles it in the process, I have little hope that any of the observations and ideas herein will be taken seriously by anybody.

But that doesn’t mean that they do not, or can not hold true strictly on general principle.

If there is one thing that history has shown us about intelligence and people, the line between genius and insanity becomes much less distinct the closer one gets to it.

Especially when you are that individual.

The inherent nature of the subject matter at hand leaves little recourse for objective proof, and if you prefer your answers cut and dried for you as such, you will be missing the object of this device.

This isn’t about offering answers. It is about asking better questions. Of yourself, and others. It is better questions that free our minds, and not simple or easy answers. Any answer that is real will inevitably lead to further questions.

As soon as anybody thinks they have an answer, than they stop thinking critically about it. The next time it comes to mind, you are no longer technically not thinking at all, you are only remembering your previous answer.

How much of this process is strictly due to human nature, and how much of this is attributable to asking our questions in English in the first place is not a subject I have frequently encountered in my compulsive and inveterate **reading habit**.

To the extent that I have encountered it as a defined subject, it has been either only as a passing mention in regards to some other pressing subject, or it was written in such tortuously feculent academic English to be essentially unreadable by SOME PEOPLE who might greatly benefit from taking a good, long hard at how their brain works and how their internal language might significantly affect their mind's operational functionality on a regular and ongoing basis.

Although I may be singularly unqualified on paper to authoritatively address any of the individual subjects that pertain this greater question of the actual impact and bias of our common language that separates us, much less all of them necessary to fully illuminate the greater subject at hand, the fact is that I saw what I saw, and it all hung together.

It hung together then during the most profound moments of unsought Revelation, and continues to do so 14 months later, and does so on it's own accord.

This of course does not "mean" any of it is actually "**true**" per say. Internal consistency in logic is generally preferable but that doesn't actually mean it is accurate.

If it's a bad idea to believe your own press, it's a much worse one to actually believe one's own internal revelations. Doing so is the first step down a path that will not be going where you think it is. If they happen to you, the only smart thing to do is pay close attention to them if and when they happen.

If the information that came through it is real, it will not require belief. True things do not require belief, only observation and acknowledgement.

Believe what you will, or, preferably, **don't**. What follows is not only real in the sense of accurately describing a massively altered internal experience, it is also **true** in the sense of being accurately descriptive of the historical events that this massively altered internal experienced tracked. Your belief, or lack thereof, will not alter either of these.

Though they are few and far between, there are some things in and **after** this Life that can not just be picked up one piece at a time. You either see the whole shebang all at once, or not at all.

I don't know if such a thing can actually be facilitated within a book, but that is no reason not to try...

DISCLAIMER:

I would like to formally apologize, in advance, to Her Majesty, Her Majesty's subjects at home and abroad, and any and all other non-British citizens here and abroad who are committed Anglophiles or strongly identify in their heritage as English for just about everything that follows this disclaimer.

If any of those describes you, the reader, I would like you to keep in mind the important distinction between actually being British and self-identifying yourself as English.

Legally speaking, as a nationality there have been no English people since 1707. The people who live on the not-Welsh side of the southern half of their Home Island might still refer to themselves as "English", but technically they are citizens of the UK who probably reside is this or that suburb of London if not in the City itself.

1707 was the year England officially became the United Kingdom of Great Britain after Scotland dissolved it's parliament and threw in it's lot in with the English.

Please do not assume that any of the following scurrilous comments about the English and their manifestly silly language are actually indicative of my "true" thoughts and feelings about Britain, or British People.

Though I have not personally traveled to the UK myself, and have already resigned myself to probably not being especially welcome there after publishing this, on the whole the British people that I have met in America have been some of the kindest and most gracious people that I have met (which might, conceivably, be part of the reason they decided to leave the Home Island in the first place).

They are generally intelligent, witty, and are usually a bit better at accepting the all too human foibles of others than many of my Fellow Americans are. Yes, perhaps they could tip better on occasion, but in all fairness, the UK is not a cheap country to live in.

But as an intelligent person, I have to recognize that my few direct experiences with these few travelers and expats do not necessarily imply that all such qualities are ubiquitously endowed to all those within the UK itself.

Similarly, one must make a similar distinction when talking about the British of today, and the English that came before.

The name might have been changed with the stroke of a pen, but the shift from being English to being British was a much more gradual process.

So gradual that in many respects in continues today.

I would like to make it unambiguously clear that I sincerely regret having to be the one to first articulate the following points, because I know some feelings are going to be hurt in

the process. Try as I might and will to mitigate this through the judicious use of delicate language, there is not getting around the simple fact that many of the issues at hand are not themselves all that delicate or nice.

My thoughts on the matter are that the best way to remove a band aid is firm and fast.

One way or another, you are going to feel it. But every so often you have to rip the sumbitch off and let whatever lies beneath get a little fresh air and sunshine, and Lord knows the UK can always use a bit more of both.

Another thing I should mention before getting to brass tacks, I will put this as delicately as possible, but there is no way you can accurately discuss the historical development of English as a language without talking about the History of England itself.

Without putting too fine a point on it, I hope I am not out of line in making the observation that although the UK is a proud nation that proudly celebrates it's history at just about every conceivable opportunity (real or manufactured), Britons on the whole do not seem to be proud about everything that happened in that history.

As an American, I do not feel like it is my place to comment or question or remark upon the national history of any other nation on earth for any number of reasons. The short version is on one hand, I have never been anywhere else other than Canada once, and on the other I generally don't care, at least not during football season.

But at the same time, as an American, and I know I am not in the majority in this, one of the flip sides of **our rights** is the **responsibility** to try and understand not just our own historical process, but the larger historical process that resulted in the formation of this country in the first place. You know...those who don't know their history and all that.

Neither of these can be adequately assessed in America without at least having some passing familiarity with the History of England.

If one presumes to attempt to accurately grasp either the effects of English History on our Common Language, or try to get a grip around enough English History to have a better sense of our own, one must, MUST, endeavor to make accurate comments regarding the relevant historical developments.

Even if they aren't entirely flattering.

When dealing with a previous personal or professional decision that probably that would have been better going in a different direction, there is a big difference between working through it yourself, and hearing it from someone else.

To the extent that openly and honestly discussing the subject matter at hand may or may not result in potentially unflattering comments or remarks about English History, or the English themselves, these are not offered from any kind of moral high ground or in

judgement. Nor would I even presume to offer such as constructive criticism. I figure those British Citizens who actually care about their own history probably already have a better grip on it than I ever will.

But in being a life long time English speaker who is not only not British, but also an outsider within his own country who is just a bit too crazy, smart, weird, talented and/or dangerous for approximately 99% of his Fellow citizens to be in a deep and meaningful relationship with on a regular basis, there is an outside chance that I might possibly be strategically positioned to make one or two passing outside observations that have yet to be well or clearly articulated by more formal thinkers.

With that said, the last disclaimer item on the agenda that in talking about English, it's effects on it's speakers, and the historical process that resulted in them in the first place, one has to be prepared to read and write and dare I say, even think about, some bad words.

Because, and I hate to say it, there are a few bad words in English. They are bad simply because they are mean. They were designed and are used to hurt other people's feelings, which, if you did not already know, **is not a very nice thing to do**.

For example, there are a few words that are specifically mean to women, plus one or two that have been directed towards black people, on occasion.

Not to diminish the deleterious and pernicious effects of these few words, I see no reason and little benefit to continuing to dignifying them by referring to them as examples of different kinds of "-isms". As soon as you start looking for "-isms", you will find them wherever you look.

This is not to say that pre-existing conditions that created all of these damn "-isms" in the first place are not still, by and large, currently present in both of our countries.

But I am done dignifying that shit.

The simple fact that the people who use those words on a regular basis are doing so for only two reasons. The first and obvious one is ignorance. A white person who grows up only around white people will inevitably develop some funny and/or potentially alarming notions about not-white folks. And despite all the current cultural emphasis to the contrary, **this phenomena is not exclusive strictly to white people only.**

These are the people that can still be brought into the Light with continuing understanding and patience. Scolding them for their ignorance, or rubbing their noses in it gratuitously will only piss them off more than **they already are**, and in their righteous and justified anger they will confuse your poorly articulated attempt to enlighten them through shame as being the message.

But there is a flip side to ignorance, and it isn't just willful ignorance. It is BELIEF, pure and simple.

Racism only happens when someone "believes" that one race is inherently better than another. Sexism only happens when someone "believes" something along the lines that the least of their own sex is still better the best of the other one in some fundamental way. All of the other -isms only happen from people believing in this, that or that other thing so forcefully that it becomes the only darkened lens they can see the world through.

Thinking and talking about ignorance in the frame of describing it of all sorts of different kinds of "-isms" belies the simple fact that many or most of these different "-isms" tend to congregate within the same minds. Someone who has strong views about one thing is likely to have them about many things.

And these people are all of a type. At the risk of inadvertently creating a new "-ism", the most ignorant, racist and sexist people I have had the misfortune to run across all had one thing in common: **they all had an inordinate amount of pride in what are essentially accidents of birth**.

Not only do they tend to NOT think very well, or even all that often, to the extent that they remember the last time they did, they usually do it poorly and consider *that* to be a **point of pride**. Not only do they not want to hear about any of this from you, they do not need to even know or remember why they feel the way the do in the first place.

That they ever did in the first place is good enough for them, and of course, the only reason they continue to feel that way is because it is right and true, obviously, otherwise they never would have felt that way in the first place.

The biggest threat facing both of our nations isn't climate change, the national debt, the health care question, the ever lagging economy but the True Believers, regardless of what those beliefs actually are.

They can not be reasoned with because of the mental process(es) (**or lack thereof**) just documented in the last paragraph, and even worse, they think the obvious anger their demented views inspire in others actually **validates their conceptual position,** and they delight in the subsequent whinging about all of the hurt feelings of the other side.

they love that shit.

If you are in one of their target groups, the minute you start whining about your stupid fucking pansy feelings that have been hurt by their big, bad words, they instinctively know that you are now internally reacting to their words, and they don't give a flying fuck about your feelings about them or what you have to say.

They never have, and they never will as long as **any of us** continue to allow ourselves to get riled up by their stupid and deliberatively provocative language.

It is not at all enough to merely co-opt their terms of ignorance and to make them our own as they are applicable. In fact, in doing so, I think someone far more educated than I could and probably already has made a pretty good argument that in co-opting and adopting these terms for ourselves and using them in our day to day language, we only normalize the usage of those terms for everybody within earshot.

In the long run, no matter how well intentioned the effort, this only serves to exacerbate these already inflamed issues.

It is not nearly enough to just co-opt the words that piss us off. And yelling at those who say them on a regular basis might feel good, but doesn't really do shit otherwise.

If you are going to try to take the fight to the enemy, you must first be able to speak their language as they do. Once you speak their language as well or better than they do, then you can redefine their magic words using their own accepted terminology. If you are smart, you can do this in a way where they will be drawn into the inescapable conclusion that if they feel compelled to keep calling other people bad words as a matter of course, they no longer really qualify the much nicer words they like to think of themselves with.

But **there is no enemy**, and even if there was, it would certainly not the English. At least not since 1812, anyways. Nobody is perfect, and to the extent I have the temerity to discuss the issues of another country that it might prefer to not be reminded of, it is strictly in the context of just trying to come to a better understanding of our own National patterns and tendencies.

Despite their tendency for occasionally frequent historical blunders, military gaffes, diplomatic over-reaches and public lavatory reach-arounds, the one thing that no one can call the British or the English is cowards.

With everything that England eventually (and/or **accidentally**) gave to the world through it's language and culture via it's own empire, and the huge influence it had on ours, I have little doubt that the sum total of it's influence on history is significantly more positive than not.

But sadly, in many ways it is our **spectacular failures** that mark us more deeply and more likely to define us than our **casual successes**.

And it's the hurtful words that stand out the clearest in our memories, usually overshadowing the nicer words said previously in quieter moments.

Any discussion of English or its effects on its speakers that does not directly address our bad words and the historical basis of their origin and usage will be nothing more than a

pseudo-intellectual handjob, and no such exercise can truly do justice to how fundamentally fucked our brains are in trying to speak and write and read and understand each other through our utterly demented language.

So fucked, that it can only be accurately referred as such.

Being nice never solved anything, and ***being easily offended is itself a weakness.***

The time has come to not only put aside our hurt feelings, but to actually start intentionally **breaking the feelings that make us weaker**.

This sounds and will seem mean at points, but in time, the wise will come to see the wisdom in it, and most of them will be thankful for my serial acts of grandmotherly kindness.

Proceed onwards at your own risk, and do not assume that any conclusions that you jump to in reading this are actually reflective of anything that is actually outside of your head.

The Tao that may be spoken of is not the same as the Tao that actually is. The words that you read do have a similar relationship with the words that I wrote, regardless of my diligent efforts to the contrary.

To the extent that this is my fault for being a crap writer, I apologize.

To the extent that this might happen because you are crap reader, I forgive you in advance.

God Bless America, God Save the Queen and Viva La Revolucíon, bitches.

UHS

CHAPTER 0

is/IS NOT.

With this being chapter 0, there is a certain logic in starting of by stating with what this stage of the device is not.

The first thing this is NOT is a guide on how to speak English well, correctly or even necessarily better than you already do at this time. Not only am I eminently unqualified on paper to speak or write authoritatively about such worthy endeavors, the simple fact is that I regularly murder and mangle English on a daily basis. I do it verbally just about every other time I open my mouth, and to the extent that I write, I tend to do so poorly and am a generally crap speller to boot.

Another thing this stage of the device is NOT is a comprehensive assessment of the development of English through a detailed etymological or literary analysis regarding the impact of key phrases, literary figures or bodies of work upon the development of our wonderfully insane language.

At points, certain linguistic elements may be highlighted to illustrate some patterns at work in our language, but at no point will the literary influence of this writer or that author be discussed. Minus one or two notable exceptions.

There are two reasons for this. The first is that all of these people who wrote these works were themselves English speakers, and therefore subject to the same effects of it’s semantic shading and grammatical bias.

The second reason is that, in my opinion, and many others, the two single biggest literary influences on English are the King James bible and the collected works of Shakespeare. Each are big enough influences on their own to arguably qualify as the two main literary influences of English, and all subsequent works of note are at best secondary, tertiary or lesser influences. At least in my mind, defective as it may be.

Even though I think these are actually huge influences on our Language, the simple fact is that I am an expert on neither, and even if I was, I don’t know what kind of further insight that I could possibly offer with the million and one books, articles, essays, dissertations, position papers and papal bulls that have already issued on either or both of these subjects.

Not to mention the petty niggling fact that Shakespeare (and/or Sir Francis Bacon) and King James and his merry scribes were all themselves natural born English speakers, and possibly subject to the same distortions of our Language that the rest of us suffer from on a daily basis.

Which does not, at all, detract from the singular beauty and manifest majesty of their combined works.

In fact, what this book can be actually be said to be about is NOT that any of them were able to write as well as they did in the first place, but the unparalleled miracle that they were able to **write anything at all**.

By virtue of geography, the existence of England, or something like it, was a inevitability. Wherever humans can live, they will.

But the success of the English people and the resulting rise of the British Empire was not only **not** a given, that it happened at all is one the largest fundamental absurdities of human history when viewed in the larger context of how a few deeply maladjusted monkeys in Africa way back when eventually became the British we know and love today, much less the English that preceded them.

At least if you think of history as a series of military conquests, ***WARS***, battles, and the other tides, waves and **wakes** of armed conflict, organized violence and other forcible group banana acquisition exercises. Which isn't to say that England/Great Britain doesn't have plenty of previous experience with all of those, but those are not actually the reasons for Her success as a Nation.

They are only the symptoms of such.

When you stop getting distracted by all the petty details and start looking at the bigger picture with an open eye or **three**, it becomes crystal clear that their historical success as a people, a nation and an empire was all ultimately contingent on one thing: the language of English.

On the face of it that might seem like a bit (or more) of an overstatement, but if you keep hacking through all the petty details long enough, Occam's razor keeps cutting back to the Language, one way or another.

Their success as a nation and empire was first coordinated through their words, and their eventual setbacks and reverses mostly boil down to preferring their own stories over the ones described by the facts on the ground.

The relationship between success of a Nation, Country, or Empire and it's Language, and how it's people speak it extends well beyond England. All of the biggest, baddest and "best" empires of the world were subject to the same vagaries of language that first unified them in their upward struggles which then eventually went on to divide them at the height of their success.

If America, as either a country or an empire, does not want to submit to this ignominious and **fully avoidable** fate, we would do well to wrap our heads around this sooner than later.

This is not an easy subject to parse out into it's many singular influences. It is a big and messy ball of wax that starts melting every time you think about it.

Having been faced with a few other seemingly insurmountable problems in my life, i have learned that the best way to deal with big subjects is to start asking even bigger questions.

For instance, what is Language to begin with?

Is it just words, or is it all the different ways we talk to each other, listen to each other and write and read? Is it merely both of those, or both of those and one or several other things?

The answer to all of these, of course, is YES.

Language is and does way too many things to be succinctly summed up in a pithy phrase or operationally relevant sentence. At least by me.

With things being what they are, and having the disorderly and defective brain that genetics, fate or the Lord decided to bless me with, I try to think about things one at a time.

A language is a collection of words, and it is also is currently the main medium in how we communicate with each other.

But those are only the external aspects of Language. What is much harder to discern are the inner aspects of how it informs our inner dialogue, and how it colors and shapes the concepts that are expressed through it.

In a real sense, if one is willing to think of the mind as a computer, then the Language(s) we speak is it's Operating System.

It is through Language that we organize and collate the concepts in our minds, and our Language intimately informs how we describe and define our concepts (and/or **emotions**) to ourselves, or learn to accept the definitions of others.

Just about everything within the conscious mind and anything that pops up from time to time from anywhere else eventually gets sifted through your screen of words. It is how you access most the different programs of the "conscious" mind, and in most cases is the primary medium for the related information and operations of those programs.

I am not even close to being the first person to notice this. These internal functions of language form the basis for the premise of General Semantics, Neuro-Linguistic Programming, and have been commented on at great length by any number of

Subcontinental and Far Eastern Empirical Observers going all the way back to God knows when.

These commentaries are highly instructive, if you actually read them. The related translations of the latter are helpful, but the translations themselves are subject to these same poorly defined tendencies of English on the mind of it's speaker/writer/reader/listener.

No matter how good the translations, or the commentaries that go with them, each one is subject to the same **fudging process** in their conversion to English.

English is an inherently **fudgey** language. You can try to argue against this point, and you will be wrong. WRONG, WRONG, WRONG, and WRONG.

If you speak English, on the off chance you aren't indulging in your usual daily drivel blathering on about the bleating of others in their primate-like prating, there is good chance you are spending a great deal of your time skirting around the various issues at hand in an evasive, artfully dodging screen of waffling equivocation.

And no, I don't think anything less of you for it. You can't NOT do this at least 98% time and speak English well. At least not in polite company or if you want to keep your current job and or hang out with your current set of friends and family on a regular basis.

There is no denying that our Common Operating System of English works. Indeed, if History is any indication, it could be be convincingly argued that it works better than most or even all of the current or historical linguistic alternatives.

Whether it works as well as it could is another matter entirely.

I say **not quite**.

Though the idea of a Operating System might be helpful in framing the larger issue at hand, describing how and why it works the way it does is a bit less straightforward.

Unlike the operating system on most computers, the Operating System of your language was **not** exactly conceived, designed, arranged, tested, beta tested and updated by rigorously trained professionals.

Though our spelling, grammar and vocabulary have all been (somewhat) standardized over the last couple hundred years, the simple fact is anybody can make up a new word. They can coin and define it themselves, even if it isn't accepted for international Scrabble competition. No matter how big or how small, how inconsequential or hallowed it may be, every word in our language was essentially made up by someone a short or long time ago.

It is this simple fact that makes our language, and indeed most or all others, Open Source Operating Systems.

This, I think, is a fundamentally good thing, but it does make it significantly more difficult to make operationally descriptive statements about it's development with much historical certainty. In computer terms, our language is older than dirt and was written with clunky code by an unknown design team that are long dead, and few of us have the requisite Ouija board skills to directly interview any of them effectively. Assuming we even know now who these individuals actually were.

Given the current and ongoing debate about the actual identity(s) of Shakespeare, our single biggest literary influence after the Bible, it's pretty clear that as compelling as our ideas about who these people actually were, they are little more than historical conjecture. No matter how painstakingly researched and vociferously they are debated by their respective historical experts.

When viewed through the eminently practical American logic of threat assessment, we are dealing with a subject that has more **known unknowns** than **known knowns**.

Not that I qualify as a qualified observer, but if I did, the presence of so many (or any, for that matter) **known unknowns** might lend itself to the further implication that there are probably some **unknown unknowns** in the mix as well, and that number could POTENTIALLY be greater the number of **known unknowns** currently identified.

And of course, none of these actually begins to address the elephant in the room, which is always the **unknown knowns**. Or in other words, the things that are present or have been done for so long as a matter of course that no one really remembers or thinks to question why.

With all of the inherent ambiguity and uncertainty that comes along with trying to assess the potential psychological, neurological, and sociological impact of a language upon it's own speakers using that language itself as the medium of analysis, the classically Newtonian rational logic of **if/then thinking** that works so well for talking about the propagation of billiard balls and planets (or **buying and selling them**) does not necessarily lend itself to productive or enlightening lines of inquiry.

Especially if that kind of linear logic is itself heavily influenced by the subject-predicate/ noun-verb structuring of English thought and grammar. Sir Isaac Newton was an Englishman after all.

Consistent with the fact that we are not just talking about Language, but English specifically, I think we can all agree that we are talking about a fundamentally trans-rational subject. Not that I am personally in the habit of doing it myself, but I did hear once somewhere that it is (**allegedly**) possible to think and speak rational thoughts and ideas in English.

In fact, a notable minority of the things I either hear or read in my day to day life often strike me as being potentially rational statements that might even be factually correct, in some sense.

But there is a flip side to this, and in this one respect I might possibly be more of expert than some; It is possible to articulate any number of NON-, IR- or TRANS- rational thoughts in English.

Maybe you have never done it yourself, being the highly sophisticated and positively reinforced individual that you are, but some people, in addition to myself have, on occasion, once or twice, said or thought something that is provably silly.

Sometimes some of us are actually aware of the silliness of our thoughts and words in real time and are thusly amused, but more often than not we usually come to realize it only after finding out how incorrect one or more of our previous assumptions were and are often ashamed and embarrassed for not realizing how silly we were any sooner than we did.

Some might disagree with “silly” being the best word in English as being accurately descriptive of the sum total of all the possible NON-, IR-, or TRANS-rational thoughts previously, currently or yet to be articulated in English, and all of the implied horrors that they may (**or already have**) necessarily entail(**ed**), and they might be right.

Regardless of the specific adjective you would prefer, any subject that has major components to it that are rational, and other significant elements to it that are IR- or NON-rational is itself a TRANS-rational subject.

When dealing with an issue or problem that has major IR- or NON-rational elements in play, **it is fundamentally illogical to assume that it can be fully solved or resolved through reasoned and rational analysis and action alone**. A square peg will not fit in a round hole of a similar size without breaking one or the other in the process.

The non-linear and trans-rational aspects (and very structure) of our Language and the sketchy historical record of its development and how both of these affect its performance as an Operating System basically **shitcans** the whole subject for legitimate academic inquiry. Sources are sketchy, and each one was fully subject to the historical forces that shaped our language into the way it works today.

Even worse, *assessing it’s effects as an operating system is entirely contingent on the entirely subjective process of trying understand how it works in your own head.*

Unless you are going to Evergreen College down in Olympia (WA), or Oberlin over in Ohio, good luck getting any academic advisors to sign off on your “academic research” regarding the effects of English on your undergraduatedly drug addled mind, assuming you can even get them to sign off on the whole premise as being a valid subject in the first place.

Since the strictly rational approach through these murky waters will MOST LIKELY yield limited results of dubious relevance, at some point the interested observer must begin to contemplate less than entirely rational means if they actually want to try and wrap their **tiny brilliant brain** around any of this.

With the whole idea of English (slash language) acting as a default Operating System of the mind being an idea of potentially excellent or dubious quality and a subject as yet poorly explored and defined, rather than just reinvent the wheel again, the sophisticated observer might possibly start contemplating other, more clearly identified trans-linear subjects and try to understand how the people who have explored them proceeded forwarded in their inquiries into those other trans-linear subjects.

Not that any sophisticated observers are actually typing any of this at the moment, mind you, but if they were, there are one or two other subjects might possibly come to their minds as they contemplated these weighty matters.

To the extent that I can in some small way emulate the grand designs of these sophisticated minds with my own, as dangerously disordered and hopped up on caffeine and THC it is, the first thing that comes to my short term memory impaired (slash **enhanced**) and moderately brain damaged mind is quantum physics.

As potentially accurate and enlightening the act of comparing and contrasting between English and Quantum Physics might be, even my dumb ass knows would only further aggravate most readers more than they already are by going off on another tangent that they never quite understood the first, second or third time they heard about it.

Besides, there is already a **device** that has already taken a tangential stab at that. It's called Quantum Psychology. It was written by Robert Anton Wilson (RIP). You should buy it, and keep re-reading until you are absolutely sure you do NOT understand it.

So let's leave the pin in that grenade for now. The other translinear subject that comes to mind when contemplating the most sensible ways to proceed forward is the single most popular plot device in all of English literature, theatre and British TV and cinema.

MURDER.

Though the English and British predilection for murder in their literature and countless murder mysteries seems either quaint, corny or just a bit hokey to some or many Americans, it is something that actually says a lot more about us than it does them.

This seeming predilection comes from them, by and large, still being able to be routinely shocked and awed by it's occurrence as a culture on general principle. This **isn't** to say that they don't have their own media and police biases to deal with in terms of how much press or investigative time they might get depending on the exact demographics or

postal codes of the **victims** (or **perps**) involved. But they still, by and large, tend to be more shocked and appalled when it happens over there than we tend to be over here.

Unless it involves playgrounds, nurseries, high schools, college campuses or white women and black men...then America can count on never hearing the end of it.

At least until the next one.

Anyway, regardless of the contrasting bias and attitudes between our two countries about it, **MURDER** is a fundamentally trans-linear subject. Which does not include involuntary or unintentional deaths caused accidentally, one way or another. But those can be (and often are) trans-linear affairs themselves.

Murder, fair or (usually) foul, is always trans-linear, no matter how rational the reasons for it were in the mind of the murderer. Yes, maybe the “victim” stole a shit ton of money from the perpetrator in the past, or maybe he was banging his old lady when the killer was out earning the daily bread, and perhaps these or other scenarios could be said to be rational reasons to experience a visceral emotional reaction when they come to someone’s attention, but the actual action and effects of a murder are **never** rational, no matter how well planned and executed it may be.

No matter how rational the reasons might be for the act, the commission of it has an uncountable amount of effects that ripple out through the victim’s former network of friends and loved ones. Untimely death is bad enough, but intentional untimely death hurts far worse.

You never know how people who knew the victim will react to the news. A spouse sits in stunned silence while a passing acquaintance erupts in tears at the news. You never know how such news will hit anybody, because **none** of us are actually rational beings, no matter how hard we may try to appear as such in mixed company.

Given these (**many**) trans-linear parallels between **MURDER** and the idea of **english as an operating system**, in the absence of better comparisons that I am sure you could come up with had you started thinking about any of this before encountering this device, the way we deal with one could be instructive in how to proceed regarding the other.

Especially considering the fact that in a real sense, our Language is a body of words that most of us (but not you, obviously, the highly sophisticated and elegantly evolved reader) **murder** on a daily basis, just about every time we open our mouths or type to update our social networking pages.

Regardless of whatever the plots are, ultimately it always comes down to the insights and actions of the **homicide investigator** to **identify** and **neutralize** the nut job on the loose.

Even if the reasons for the killing(s) rational, the logic behind them are rarely apparent to most investigators until there are 3 or more related killings.

Until those reasons are discerned, the **homicide investigator** will proceed through a trans-linear situation that might look crazy or random to him/her, but might very well be done by someone with their own reasons that make sense to them.

The true goal of the homicide investigator, whether it is explicitly stated as such or not, is NOT just catching the killer to punish them, it is to prevent them from killing again.

In order to do this, the successful homicide investigator has to be willing to pursue **all** lines of available inquiry, even the ones not clearly stated in the **book**.

They proceed in terms of not just catching someone, but building a body of proof documenting the effects of the suspect's potential actions, and the probable reasons for those potential actions. This body of proof is then presented to the jury in a manner not entirely dissimilar to the telling a story, albeit one detailed through the forms of American or British (or whatever) jurisprudence.

In addition to being well versed enough in criminal law and police procedure, the homicide investigator has to be prepared to proceed along all lines of potential inquiry that the investigation suggests. This typically involves some kind of forensic analysis, post mortem medical analysis, psychological analysis of the killer if it's a serial thing, the intuitive psychological process of interrogation of witnesses and subjects, grief counseling, and maybe just a wee bit of witness/suspect intimidation from time to time to get the job done.

But basically, success as a **homicide investigator** lies in two not very complex things. The first is, if you have seen the Wire than you already know this, **soft eyes**. That is what you need if you want to actually **see** the things in front of your face, and not the reflections of the ideas that are bouncing around behind it. You don't just look at but have to **see** a crime scene to read the story it tells, and you have to do the same when you are interviewing people to figure out which ones need to be interrogated further.

That then brings the other thing into play, which is to **keep asking penetrating and potentially difficult questions until you are absolutely sure you have gotten as much as you can out of the mope.**

And sometimes, in order to get to the truth of something you have to go outside of how **the book** says you were supposed to get there in the first place.

The whole process of interrogation is fully trans-linear itself, the order and pacing of the questions determined by not just the responses but also the non-verbal cues as the interrogation proceeds.

And that isn't even getting into the whole internal process of the investigator trying to determining the accuracy of the statements being given that are not corroborated by the available evidence or the statements of other witnesses.

With everything involved in that process, it seems like a fairly trans-linear field of inquiry to me, so why not proceed as such through this one, at least until someone more qualified shows up to start poaching on my conceptual/idealogical/idiotlogical turf.

Of course, in being an American, most of the time I can't stand that Masterpiece Mystery bullshit, except when I am whacked out on pain killers after another root canal session at the dentist.

Nope, where I come from, we tend to watch Police Shows (and Law dramas), at least when the Packers aren't playing.

Which are often similar to murder mysteries except they usually feature the bare minimum level of avoidable car chases, gratuitous gun play, and preferably a little (or more) needless nudity to make them watchable.

Regrettably, the case at hand doesn't have much in the way of car chases, and for the most part whatever nudity you come across is going to be dead people at the scene or at the morgue.

But whatever it lacks in that it more than makes up for in terms of gratuitous gun play and organized homicidal violence, so don't worry your idle American mind about that.

Granted, the idea of the present author as a bonafide homicide investigator might be a bit of stretch, but not so much if you are start thinking more in terms of Riggs than Mertaugh.

The victim (slash **perpetrator**) in this case, of course, is **English** and the crime scene is **everywhere.** The actual corpse is, in fact, in each one of our minds, and **all of us** are still haunted by the ghosts of it's unsolved murder that has was covered up by parties unknown long ago.

But even if that isn't strictly true, that doesn't change the fact that if someone were inclined to try and describe the operational effects of a Language as a primary mental Operating System on it's native speakers, that hypothetical individual would be grappling with an entirely fucking trans-linear subject at least 7 layers deep:

1. The first is the idea of language as an operating system itself. In concept, a simple idea, but observing it at work is not.

2. The internal filtering effects of the language as an operating system are themselves dependent on the habituated mental and emotional responses triggered by it's words and phrases.

3. The actual effect of various words or phrases on the individual's psyche is informed by his or her own personal history with that word/term/phrase, **good, bad or ugly**, and this conditioned response is itself heavily dependent or at least influenced by their culture's accepted definition(**s**) of that word or phrase.

4. Just like the individual's emotional response or mental associations with a specific word or phrase can be heavily influential IF they figure prominently in certain key points in that person's psychological development, so do our cultural definitions of and associations with various and words/phrases and their prominent relationship with key historical developments.

5. Similar to how the individual is more or less aware of their emotional responses and mental associations with a specific word or phrase, but often less so about the exact particulars of how those response originally formed in their head and heart, the same can be said about any group of people and their common language.

6. Neither an individual or group thereof can begin to understand what these formative influences actually are on their own terms without being willing to ask large and difficult questions and accept the answers that come after taking a good long hard at some of the more (and **most**) difficult parts of their individual AND collective histories.

7. As uncomfortable as certain parts of this individual or collective internal process of self assessment WILL be, until it happens **WE** are not just subject to the inevitable vagaries of mood, temperament and pre-consciously predisposed inclinations, but **all of these are themselves at the** (negligible) **mercy of the not fully recognized habituated associations of the words used to describe any of them**.

Though no one society yet known to man has actually successfully navigated their way collectively through this process of semantic self analysis, many of our friends, neighbors, and countrymen and women (but ***not nearly enough of our ostensible leaders****)* are engaging in a parallel individual extension of this process of one kind or another on a daily basis.

For the moment, let's divide these different personal development processes into two general categories One is meditation, and the other is psychoanalysis/talk therapy.

Granted, neither of these processes is usually conducted in the context of understanding the specific effects of our common language on our minds and hearts, but both mirror the kind of internal examination that is required to proceed through this subject.

Ultimately, if one proceeds far enough in any self observation process worth engaging in on a regular basis, at some point in either approach the individual will be faced with the same timeless question, though each person tends to frame it differently depending on the particulars of the path they took to get to that place within themselves.

That stops here and now. All of these questions all amount to the same thing, and it is about fucking time everybody quits pretending otherwise just because of their stupid **shitbird "belief system" (BS)** compels them to.

Let's finally identify that real question underneath all of the preferred phrasing of this discipline, or that school of thought:

"**How much of my own behavior and emotional responses is due to my rational decisions made as an intelligent person, and how much of it derives from being a deeply maladjusted and not entirely Self-aware monkey with overly developed verbal skills**?"

I leave to you, the reader, to extend this question into the other natural questions this lends itself to.

The first nation to actually collectively answer this questions for themselves satisfactorily will be the first one to not inevitably implode under the crushing weight of managing it's own superlative success in the short sighted ways the benefit the few at the expense the many.

Consistent with the inherently anthropomorphic nature of language itself, and given the many trans-linear parallels between the potentially **related** concepts of **english as an operating system, MURDER,** and **psychoanalysis** and the many different ways these can, do and have influence(d) each other, it makes sense to my simple mind to talk about English (and it's historical developments, and how those affected our common language and how that language affects it's speakers and readers) as an individual and potentially conscious living entity.

Personally, I do not think such a characterization is only a useful fiction. Languages, like people, are born, live and die, even if the actual transitions from one state to another are less distinct. In being a group of commonly defined words, it is a living body of knowledge. Implying, in some sense, it is also has some kind of brain as well.

Given these obvious parallels, in not already having a standard approach to work off of for exploring the subject at hand (**english as an operating system**) and not being nearly smart enough to invent one out of whole cloth on my own, I figure my best bet is to combine the relevant methods and approaches that **psychoanalysis** and **murder investigations** might offer.

The body, of course, is **english,** and the crime scene is in each one of our minds where the many **ghosts** of it's unsolved **murder(s)** still haunt us this very day.

Before the **killer**(**s**) involved can be identified, the identity, personal history, and in this case, **psychological profile** of the victim all have to be clearly identified and understood.

That said, though rational analysis and sober reflection may be all well in good in considering such weighty subjects as **homicide investigation**, Climate Change, Austerity Programs, Nuclear Non-Proliferation, Economic Stimulus Packages, State Sponsored Terrorism (and/or ***Election Interference****)* and Women's Studies, any subject where the actions or activities of **not fully self aware monkeys** heavily preponderates is **not** one likely to be **illuminated** through calm and sober analysis.

What follows ultimately details three different things:

1. **The main historical developments that first resulted in the English Language in the first place.**
2. **The primary subsequent historical developments that English has had on history.**
3. **By effectively correlating those two trends, we can further triangulate from those into beginning to ascertain the** (**not so**) **subtle neurological effects of the English Language on us as speakers, writers and readers of it.**

But virtually **none** of this will be approached or discussed in a calm and sober manner because, to be honest, I am neither at this point.

And to be honest, in dealing with **English History**, "calm and sober" may not be the wisest approach in the first place.

It's one thing to **see** something in an altered state. It is quite another to be **shown** something in such a state that you were not already looking for prior to being there.

Speaking from my own experience, **such things are ignored at one's own peril**.

But all of this this will be done with only one question in mind:

"how much of our behavior is actually due to rational decisions made as intelligent people, and how much of it derives from being a bunch of deeply maladjusted and not entirely self aware monkeys with overly developed verbal skills?"

If you think the above question does not apply to the development of English as a language, or the development of yourself of a person (or the American political process), I hate tell you this, but you are wrong. WRONG. WRONG. WRONG. WRONG.

Not that i think anything less of you for it. It is easy to see King Kong in the actions of others as they scale the Empire Buildings of their lives, but it is much harder to see the monkey in the mirror staring back at you every time you look in it.

the monkey sees, hears, smells and feels just fine. the minute monkey speaks, it starts to confuse itself.

Smoke ‘em if you got them, and you might want to put your mental waders on, because ***this is going to get messy...***

Chapter 1

The (not quite) Immaculate Conception of England

Circa: One million BC (thereabouts) to 12,000 BC

One of the funny things about history is how we approach and view our collective cultural histories mirrors how we remember our own personal histories as individuals.

For instance, let's take a developmental concept that is present, applicable and relevant to both man (and woman, of course) and country: **birth**.

There is no denying the fact that **birth happens**. It happened to us as individuals and the same can be said for every nation on Earth. USUALLY (and of course there are a number of exceptions to this) these **births** tend to be well recorded in multiple aspects.

Even if you don't bring your video camera (and/or "smart" phone) along, if the birth is happening at your local hospital or some other **fully accredited facility** (hopefully) you can count on the particulars of that event being recorded by staff at the hospital. All of that information is then eventually copied, collated and stored at the relevant county, state, and Federal agencies in charge of keeping track of such things.

In being recorded at, or very near, the time it happens, there is USUALLY minimal ambiguity about the recorded facts. The identity of the mother, the **probable** identity of the father, the date and the time of birth, the length and weight of the infant, it's eye color and other notable aspects are all **facts** that can be clearly established and easily recorded.

Now for the sake of historical accuracy, lets roll back this concept of **birth as historically recorded event** back to the time of the present author's birth back in the early days of the Carter Administration (or thereabouts). Or in other words, **the bad old days** where people tended to be a little more hesitant about the prospect of filming their loved ones during this magical and joyous process (**snort**).

When the video cameras are left at home, that only leaves two recording mediums left. One is the act of **writing** down the "relevant" details of the circumstances of birth, and the other medium is the **memories** of those involved.

Ask any mother, and they will tell you; the particulars recorded on the birth certificate are not QUITE fully descriptive of their experience of **forcibly evicting their little bundle of joy** through a SLIGHTLY smaller passage. Certain aspects of their experience as a brand new mother are SOMEWHAT glossed over in the details that are noted on the birth certificate.

But for as long as your mother is around you have an invaluable historical resource for fleshing out the recorded details of the official history of your birth. Moreover, your mother's **verbal lore** about the unstated particulars regarding the details that were duly noted on your birth certificate can themselves be quite illuminating and potentially even instructive about your own historical patterns and how those have potentially contributed to **related difficulties in the present**.

It's one thing to think about yourself in the abstract as a ten pound infant while looking at your birth certificate, and it's quite another to hear your mother's (**repeatedly stated**) account of the time she spent almost a day and half forcing a hydrocephalic cantaloupe through an anatomical aperture not QUITE so large.

Other potentially relevant details might be revealed in your mother's **old wive's tales** about the time **her body kicked your lazy, goldbricking ass out of it**. Especially if **she is drunk** and inadvertently speaking with the incidental honesty that often comes with being **two or more sheets to the wind**.

She might mention something that didn't quite get recorded on your birth certificate, perhaps **you were born with shit in your mouth** or, in many cases, **you were forcibly seized by a much larger man upon arrival and repeatedly struck on or about the chest, back and torso area, had your umbilical cord slashed, and then were** (potentially, if you are a male) **genitally mutilated afterwords**.

For your own good, of course, and even if it wasn't, **let's just assume that it was**.

(I mean really, would you rather have had your mother touch your prepubescent junk any more than she already had to to keep that thing clean?)

Putting your many **Re-birthing** (and/or **Oedipal**) issues aside, the point here is not the many potential deficiencies in the standard approach to the birthing process. But as you can see from this **very common** occurrence, exactly **what** gets **officially recorded** is just the **tip of the iceberg** of the actual event itself.

And that is just the historical event itself we are discussing. These recorded facts of **birth** tell us almost **nothing** about the process that led up to it. **nowhere** on your certificate will your mother's one (or more) dislocated floating ribs during her pregnancy be recorded (thanks to your neo-natal cross training efforts), nor will you read about her three and a half (or **nine**) straight months of morning sickness. These, and any number of real and relevant facts **to her** are omitted from the **official account** as being **non-pertinent**.

Another thing that never seems to actually make it on the birth certificate is anything regarding the **actual circumstances of the act of conception itself**.

Though I think we can all be **thankful for this small mercy**, I mention it just to drive home the point of exactly how much **potentially** relevant information is **omitted** from the

official records as a matter of course. Even if one were inclined to **notate** some of these additional details, there are no spaces offered on the official forms to take them into account in the first place.

I don't think anybody with two usable neurons to rub together can or would actually argue that such is not the case with our personal histories. Unless you are in the habit of recording your own experiences on a regular basis, your only **paper trail** through life is going to be your educational, employment, service medical, financial and (in **many** cases) criminal records. And you know that very few, **if any**, of your most important, treasured and/or formative experiences are actually documented **as such** in these different **official records**. To the extent these **pivotal experiences** might show up in your records, it is usually in the form of second or third hand accounts (paid in full or **not**) which are usually given **official precedence over your first hand account**.

None of this, of course, means that the information in these **official records** is actually UNtrue or necessarily INaccurate to the extent it is documented. But you know the true infernal complexity and serendipitous grace of your own life to date is not something that will be fully revealed in your bank statements or educational transcripts.

The **iceberg gap** just described between the individual's personal history and what is eventually tallied and marked the **official record** of that life is **not** strictly limited to our own personal histories.

Indeed, the very same thing could convincingly be argued about our collective histories.

Especially regarding the similar development process of **birth** that each Nation passes through in order to exist in the first place.

Let's talk about the the birth of a Nation. Not that stupid, ku kluxer revivalist piece of celluloid trash, or it's more recent re-boot but the actual formation of any modern or historical nation. Though each one is the result of a (likely) prolonged and potentially protracted historical process, each National Birth is (usually) a specific event that happened on a specific day when that nation's government was first assembled as such.

Typically these specific days are well recorded events, duly noted at the time in any number of **official accounts**. If the formation of that particular government involves a **constitution, a formal declaration of existence** or **other such documentation**, then those **formative documents** could be reasonably said to be the national equivalents to a **birth certificate**.

Though this seems like one of those **self evident propositions** that our founding fathers were so fond of, it is generally a pretty good idea to highlight any generally stated principle with at least one specific example.

Like America, for example.

The exact day of the birth of America can easily be precisely pinpointed to being one of two specific days in history. Which one it "actually" is is a matter opinion.

The first day is, of course, **7.4.1776**. That of course is the day that our Declaration of Independence was signed and declared to the whole world, whether they (or our forefathers for that matter) were ready or not.

The second day isn't **quite** as cut and dried a date as this first of two (**or three**) likely options to choose from. The other (**two**) main option(**s**) is(**are**) when our Constitution was "accepted" on **9.17.1787** by the Constitutional Convention **or** the day it went into effect: **3.4.1789**. Regardless of which one you personally lean towards, **any one of these two** (or **three**) occurrences are equally valid as specific formative events as compared to the others.

Either of these **founding documents** themselves could well be argued to be our **birth certificate**(**s**). Each one contains **any number of relevant details** regarding the identity of the **father**, the date and the time of birth and many other notable aspects regarding the actual identity of our own Nation.

Again, this is something that I don't think anybody with two usable neurons that they can rub together can or would be inclined to argue against. We could debate which one of this pair of **national birth certificates** is more pivotal than the other, but the simple fact is **both** are pretty goddamned important.

Yet, as pivotal as these documents are, as superlatively well written as they are, ***each one bears the same relationship to our national development as our own birth certificates reflect our own personal development***.

To the extent they are **descriptive documents**, they do so **accurately within the scope that they were intended**. Each one was a **device** constructed with a specific intent, and they were constructed at least as well as any other English language device, including the combined works of **Shakespeare** and **King James** (and/or his ecclesiastic ghost writers).

BUT as superbly well these documents were written at the time, some **small details** of the process that led to **either/both** were necessarily **left out**. Though each one makes a passing mention of some of the larger historical trends at work that contributed to their respective composition(s), these are little more than just the **tips of the big bloody icebergs they actually represent**.

Because of the fact that we are talking about **recent history**, much and maybe even **most** of the underlying historical iceberg(s) that contributed to the development of each are pretty well established. The founding fathers, by and large, were prodigious and incessant writers, diarists, correspondents, and essayists and duly noted their own personal histories as they proceeded through their personal lives that **spiraled** through their **interesting times**.

Because of them, we have pretty good idea regarding most, and perhaps even (almost) all of the relevant details of our country's birth as a Nation. It might even be accurate (in **some** sense) to say that the particulars of our actual **conception** as an individual nation are themselves **submerged icebergs** whose relevant details have been relatively well identified and recorded.

This, of course, is not a documentation situation unique only to America. I am pretty sure that the relevant experts could easily identify the same **developmental events** of just about every modern country, including the UK.

The same can not QUITE be said for former countries that have not officially existed for a few hundred years or more. The aforementioned **iceberg gap** between **official accounts** and **directly related personal histories** is one that only **grows** with time.

Historically speaking, most countries are generally pretty good at recording their own births, but the actual act of their ***conception*** is something that **most progeny are rarely inclined to contemplate**, much less leave a written record about.

such is the case with England.

We are talking about events that happened well over a thousand years ago, after all.

Even **worse**, all of the first hand accounts of the time are in **period English** and almost totally unreadable without some kind of translation into modern English for most modern readers.

Seriously. Have you have tried reading Beowulf in it's original Ye Olde English? Next time you want a headache, give it a good skim and see how far you get before your brain starts hurting.

Yet even with the added layers of ambiguity that come with the suck tide of time's passage, there a few **historical facts** regarding certain aspects of England's formation as a nation that have been more or less confirmed in the current historical record.

At the risk of needless redundancy, lets review some of the broader strokes about what **conventional wisdom** has to say about England and it's historical origins and finally start **making some actual fucking headway into the supposed subject at hand**.

England *(Proper Noun):* ***That big island in the North Atlantic 22 miles WNW of France*****.** "England" as a proper noun was first coined in the 6th or 7th century (AD) to describe the island we know as England today. The current accepted historical hypothesis for the origin of the name comes from one of the more "obscure" (IE: **pissant**) Germanic tribes that were part of the first wave of barbarians that showed up after the Romans pulled up stakes and went back to their dying empire.

This tribe has been historically identified as “The Angles”, a Germanic tribe distinct from the Goths, the Visigoths, the Franks and how ever many other proto-Germanic and Frankish tribes, plus the remnants of England’s own Celtic and Pictish and other native tribes long suppressed but never fully eliminated by the departed Romans. The “Eng” in the prefix of the word “England” is thought to be a lexically distorted contraction of the word “Angles”.

As a country, England did not technically unify as a “permanent” entity until 927 AD., and did so under the reign of one “King Aethelstan” (which does looks a bit like a **wog** name with that “-stan” at the end of it).

We can, and eventually will, extend and expand on some of those developments later, but what you just read is about an accurate summary of England’s birth as a unified nation as you are going to get in 2.5 paragraphs.

Since these are accepted historical facts, plus the other fact that you or I have no definitive information to contest the accuracy of the facts as presented in this summary, let’s just assume that they are as correct as they are ***purported*** to be.

Let’s just assume that everything you just read is not only historically accurate, but actually **true**. Even if this completely logical assumption is itself true, the sophisticated observer will have duly noted that the above summary is a little light on specific dates, much less specific years.

Of course, given the fact that this all happened well over a thousand years ago, it strikes the present author as being a little less than reasonable to expect otherwise.

As informative a description the previous 2.5 paragraph summary of England’s birth as a **united kingdom** might be, in being a distillation of the **official accounts** of that time (and the ones that came afterwords), it is still fully subject to the **iceberg gap** principle.

Not only that, because we are talking about things that happened so long ago, the **iceberg gap** is significantly greater than it is for more modern events. Not only are all of the directly involved eyewitnesses and primary participants long dead and gone**, most** of their (almost completely indecipherable) **writings** have been lost to the tides of time as well.

It is not at all unheard for this **iceberg gap** to grow so large that the **facts** that can be **historically established** and **verified** as such may ***NOT***, actually, even be the most **relevant** or **salient** ***factors*** regarding the situations they refer to.

And indeed, such is the case with England’s birth.

Even more strikingly, there is almost nothing in the way of established historical facts regarding England’s actual **conception** as a country prior to it’s **poorly documented birth**.

The above summary does not discuss why this “obscure” tribe of “The Angles” crossed the Channel in the first place, nor does it really say anything about what happened when they arrived.

And, as accurate as it is, it says **sweet fuck all** about all the people who were already living on the Isle previous to this band of **feckless Germans** showing up and crashing their **post Pax Romana** party.

Nor does it mention why **ROME** even went up there in the first place way back when, nor does it address **who** was actually living there before they showed up.

In some respects, certain aspects of these questions have been addressed in the historical records of the times, and especially anything involving the Romans. But not quite to the extent where you can point to **this** or **that** specific and verified **historical event** of England’s Birth, much less it’s (**not quite**) **Immaculate Conception**.

What we do know definitively is that they both happened. We have much **clearer ideas** about it’s Birth than we do it’s Conception, about which we really know **fuck all** about from the historical record.

There is a pretty good reason for this, and it’s isn’t just because the **iceberg gap** in the historical record.

The reason the **historical record** is just a bit fuzzy on the particulars of England’s (**not quite**) **Immaculate Conception** is because it happened long **before** anyone started **writing** anything down.

Although there is no specific record, as such, of the actual event of **conception** of England, we do know that it did actually happen at some point. We know this because England exists, **ergo** it was born and FURTHER **ergo** it had to be conceived, in some sense.

While it might be rational to assume that the “act of conception” that results in a Nation being born is a **less** distinct or concretely definable historical event than the actual act of conception for the individual prior to birth, if you were to assume that were true about England, you would be **wrong**.

Not only that, of all the Nations on Earth that are, have been or are yet to be, England is one of the few nations where one can infallibly identify the actual act of it’s historical conception, even if we are not quite sure what the exact date or year was when it happened.

It is already an **established fact** in the **anthropological record** that still has yet to be **properly identified** for the pivotal role it plays in English history. This oversight will be

corrected **now**. Unfortunately, this is **not** an academic paper so you will be expected to **provide your own footnotes** and to **do your own damn research yourself**.

Even worse, it is entirely predicated on the observations of a **not overly sophisticated observer** who thinks that bedtime stories are an acceptable format for **legitimate historical analysis**.

chapter 1a**:**
the magic happy fun time bedtime story of the (**not quite**) **Immaculate Conception of England.** (for reals, yo.)

(roughly) 3,000,000 BC-12,000 BC

A long time ago, in a place far way away, there was a magical, happy place called **Africa** that was much different from the Africa we know and (**should**) love (**better than we do**) today. Way back when, it was covered more in **magical forests** and **happy jungles** than it was **treacherous grasslands** and **dangerous deserts**.

This is how it was for a very long time before **man** walked the Earth. **Africa** was/is a big place, and it's ubiquitous jungles supported inconceivable amounts of fauna that lived and died in the **jungle's** loving (slash ***merciless)*** embrace**.**

Although their numbers paled when compared to amount of insects present, each respective jungle and/or subtropical forest region eventually generated their own **indigenous population** of roughly **one shit ton of monkeys** for every **1-40 acres** of jungle/forest. Usually, these **shit tons of monkeys** would typically group together in family based clans. These extended clans would then stake out and patrol their turf to **secure** their **strategic banana supplies** and prevent **other groups of monkeys** from **stealing** them.

This is pretty much how **monkeys tend to operate at the group level**. As a system, it works extremely well in the presence of many **bananas**. Which was the case for a long time in **Africa** way back when. Most of the continent was covered in jungle, and for a long time way back when it had a **stable climate** that allowed that jungle and everything that lived within it to flourish in abundance.

For a long time, **it was a good time to be a monkey**. **Bananas** were usually easy to find, and if those weren't quite available then there were usually **lots** of **other options** to choose from.

Even when these family groups grew too large for their own **territorial britches**, those who were cast out of the group (**usually starting with the younger adult males**) were frequently able to make do on their own until they found their own territory or were adopted (or **killed**) by another group.

Getting around wasn't usually a problem for either these isolated individuals or the larger groups they were kicked out of. Some of these jungles were comparable (if not larger) to the Amazon jungle at it's biggest, and a **sufficiently motivated monkey** could travel for **weeks** without touching the ground.

Whatever our modern feelings are about Jungles as humans, for **monkeys they are** (usually) **happy places**. They tend to be **warm**, **have lots of bananas**, and generally feature safe and reliable transportation between **strategic banana locations**.

Of course, in being **monkeys**, they weren't quite up to the task of staying on top of little things like **birth control** and **resource development**, and generally spent most of the time **sleeping, eating** or **looking for bananas when they weren't fucking their monkey brains out with each other**.

So what started off as a few monkeys in a very big place rapidly became **many and more monkeys in a place that didn't quite seem so big anymore**.

This situation then started going precipitously **sideways** thanks to **climactic change** that made **Africa** on the whole **drier** and maybe just a bit **warmer**. These **slight shifts** in the **weather** quickly had **profound effects** on the ground in regards to the **preferred habitats of monkeys**.

Namely, **their big ass jungle began to shrink** as larger and larger amounts of it became **savannah** while more and more of the old grasslands themselves became **deserts**.

So not only were there many more monkeys than before, their **increasing numbers** now had to compete for **diminishing resources** in their **dwindling habitats**.

This is when things started to **not** be quite so **happy** and **magical** for most monkeys, by and large. The **jungle** shrank, and whatever was left tended to have **less bananas** per acre and **more monkeys competing for those bananas**.

Competition between different clans became fierce, but that was **minor** compared to the competition **within** clans that happened when they were eventually forced to **kick out their own** by the circumstances they were faced with.

At some point, let's call it "halfway" through this **increasingly darwinian situation**, things must have eventually broken down to a situation like this: *the stronger groups of monkeys secured the best (i.e. most central) locations in their habitat, pushing the weaker (often smaller) groups out to the fringes of that habitat.*

This larger dynamic largely determines the eventual **vector** of any **loser** kicked out of either set of groups because of **environmental pressures**. Those identified as a **waste of space** in the **stronger** and **more centrally located** groups are **kicked out *away*** from the **center** into the adjacent area of the **periphery/fringe**.

Those defined as **surplus to requirements** in these **outer** (slash **beta**) groups were ejected **out** of one of the weaker groups and ***away*** from the center where they can count on getting a beatdown from members of the stronger clan that resides there.

Which left these **peripheral loser monkeys** nowhere to go but ***out*** of the **preferred habitat** itself.

As can be clearly seen, the identified **loser** from a centrally located clan has a much better advantage in his (or her) immediate prospects. He (or she) could eventually find him/herself forced out of the entire habitat, but before that can happen he or she would have to go through one or other of the weaker clan's territories to get there.

It is not at all unheard for an individual who was (or **is**) defined as a **loser** in a **stronger** and **more centrally located group** to find themselves operating in a **much different role** after successfully joining one of these **fringe groups**.

But God(**dess**) help you if you are a **loser about to get kicked out of a fringe group**, because, simply put, ***you are fucked.***

It is hard enough to find **bananas** in the ratty fringes of the jungle, how far are you going to have to walk across miles and miles of **dangerous grasslands** populated by **big and/or bigger cats** before you get to a place that might have some **bananas?**

Or, in other words, **you are fucked**. You are an arboreal social creature that has been kicked out of your group **alone** and into a **tree** (and **banana**) **deficient** habitat that you are **not** ideally designed for. You don't know when or where you next meal is, but you do know that on your way to get there you are going to have keep a close eye out for **much bigger individuals** that seem to think that you are a nice furry **banana** for them to eat.

Oh, and let's not forget that you are going to have to try to keep watch in a place where the grass frequently grows taller than your head.

Clearly, this is not a prospect any **sane monkey** would be interested in signing up for willingly. So when push came to shove, the **alphas of the group** would **identify the "superfluous" individuals to be ejected**. If these **alphas are males** (and let's just assume that they are for the moment) the first two types in any given group the **alpha** will kick out are the following:

1. The **biggest and/or strongest males of the next generation**.
2. The **smaller males of the next generation that were the biggest pains in the ass** from all of their screwing around, asking screwball questions or OTHERWISE displaying a propensity for evacuating upon their betters who are not up quite so high up in the same tree.

The reasoning behind each is pretty easy to see. In the first case, the **alpha** is **pre-emptively neutralizing** his **most probable current** or **future rival** by banishing him from the group. In the second, equally obvious is the simple fact that most **alpha males** tend to react **poorly** to (**perceived**) underlings screwing around, being asked screwball questions, or occasionally being evacuated upon by smaller smart asses higher up the tree than they are. In fact, one might even go far to say that many **alpha males** tend to take such things personally.

Now, you may not know it, but we have actually already implicitly identified the **exact** historical event of that directly lead to the very existence of **England** (and **all the associated horrors that entails**), even if we can not **cite** a specific **time** and **day** that it happened. Those are beside the point because they actually say **nothing** about the **shape of the event itself**.

England, as a **inevitable** historical entity first reared it's not terribly ugly (or **beautiful** for that matter) head **the very first time one of these smaller smart ass monkeys was booted from the trees down to the ground below.**

In that moment, **England was born.**

Unfortunately, statistically speaking, it is **not bloody well likely** that this first **smaller smart ass monkey** actually made it to the next **patch of trees**, much less actually find some **bananas** and/or a nice **she-monkey** to propagate with.

Nope, what probably happened to that first **monkey** was likely along the lines of getting **viciously mauled by one** (**or more**) **groups of predators** as it attempted to pass the **no-monkey land** of the **lion laden savannah**.

Which, of course, means that **England died with it**. But luckily (well for England at least, and perhaps not the actual monkey), **another** smart ass monkey was **booted** out of another tree and had to **fend for himself on the grasslands**.

And in that moment **England was born again**, only to quickly **die once again** as that particular **monkey** was attacked by a **big ass eagle** or **a pack of rabid hyneas**.

The next time this happened, the **proto-English monkey** in question had the **temerity** and **poor form** to cross paths with a bunch of **bigger** (and ***blacker)*** **gorillas in transit**, and got **stomped like a bug**.

And this scene was repeated over and over again on the edges of **Africa's shrinking jungles.** Time after time, **England** was briefly **born**, only to suffer the similar fate of being **brutally savaged by larger animals**. Luckily for **England,** this habitat shrinkage became so pervasive that the grassland predators actually couldn't keep up with the increasing numbers of **loser monkeys** that had been booted out of the **happy jungle**.

At some point, one of the **wiser smart ass monkeys** made friends with one of the **strong, silent types** that had been booted out of the jungle for their incipient **alpha qualities**. This alliance significant upped the odds of survival for each as they **attempted to identify and locate their new niche**.

Unfortunately, most of these monkeys **died** before reproducing as well, but **not** quite all of them.

During the times where these **smaller monkeys** were on their own (alone or with a **safety buddy**), **England was the twinkling gleam in their simian eyes**.

At least until they assimilated into another group of monkeys or started their own, then **England** would submerge back into the realm of things **inevitable** but yet to happen.

Now, to be honest, some of that **twinkle** might have been from all of the **fermented fruit** and or **rotten bananas** that they had increased access to from their new habitat of the **ground** where all the **overripe fruit would fall**. If they ate enough of these **rotten bananas**, even the dumbest **monkeys** couldn't help but notice that they **felt *less* sad** about getting kicked out of their old **group**.

Regrettably, **some** of these **monkeys** developed an **acquired taste** for that sort of thing.

Over and over this cycle repeated and reverberated through **Africa** and **beyond** during the evolution of **monkey** into what we call **man** today. Eventually, all but the **biggest** and **baddest of the monkey clans** were **booted out of the trees** and left to fend for themselves on the grassy plains.

These **evicted monkeys** as a group were subjected to a **vicious darwinian selection process** that tended to favor two overall **types** of **monkeys**:

1. **Strong silent types** that were BIG and/or BIGGER enough to reach low hanging fruit themselves, or big enough to beat up someone smaller than they were to take theirs**.**
2. **Shifty**, **smaller monkeys** that tended to be quicker and more agile in mind and body than their slightly more GARGANTUAN counterparts.

Generally speaking, the former of the two would by and large find themselves in **alpha roles** much more often than not, while the latter group would usually be **betas** or farther **down** the totem pole than that.

Where the **social disposition** of the **larger monkey** was based **predominately** on their **size advantage**, the **smaller monkey** had ***develop*** some kind of **useful skill set** or **social networking links** within the group that made them **socially useful** to the group.

This is a rather **profound** distinction if you think about it. One group's **social success** is based largely on the **accidental happenstance** of **their genetic allotment** yet the other

is largely **contingent** on their **conscious actions** and/or **ability to communicate effectively**.

This **size difference** lent itself to very **different** outlooks and approaches to **life** in and out of the jungle.

The **larger monkey** didn't quite have to **think** so much to meet his daily banana quota. In being **bigger**, he could either **directly** reach **bananas** himself or simply **threaten and/or beat up someone smaller to do it for him/her**. Though these activities DO involve a certain minimal level of **monkey mentation**, these are pretty rudimentary **monkey activities.**

What is a much less rudimentary activity is successfully maneuvering around that insufferably large bastard when his blood sugar is low.

The **smaller monkeys** were forced to learn how to not only **figure out** how to get to the harder to acquire **bananas**, he/she also had to **learn** how to read the **alpha's moods** and (eventually) **anticipate** their **needs** and ***impulses*** to stay in their good graces. If that **smaller monkey** was **smart**, he/she was well advised to ***learn*** how to **amuse** the **alpha *without* pissing it off**.

And if that **smaller monkey** was the **same sex** as the **alpha in the group**, then they had to get pretty tricky indeed to **bust a nut** in one (or more) members of the opposite sex.

If there was one thing **the alphas can not abide**, it's the **betas jizzing in their gene pool**. The least a **caught beta** could count on for his **carnal knowledge** is a **good thumping** and probable banishment. But more likely, **that big bastard would just tear your skinny ass in half as a lesson to the rest of the group**.

Such was the way of it for a long time. Big monkeys tended to produce bigger monkeys while smaller yet quicker monkeys tended to produce **smarter** and **faster** monkeys. Because of the **size advantage** during the days of **tooth and claw**, the **bigger monkeys tended to become the alphas** of the families, clans, and eventually **tribes**.

The resulting **human diaspora** that followed first **filled up Africa** before **spreading to Egypt** and the **Cradle of civilization** and beyond tended to fall within the same **overall pattern**.

The **diaspora** itself was fully predicated on the **periodic overpopulation of any natural or man made habitat**. At some point each one would get to a point there would be **too many goddamned primates** around for the amount of **banana supplies** available. Then they would have to start **reducing their numbers** somehow.

The first and usually easiest step in this process is to **banish your undesirables**. This has the advantage of being much less **messy** than **killing them outright** and having to

deal with all the pesky bodies that tend to accumulate after such **wonton inhuman cruelty**. It is also much **cheaper** than throwing them in **jail**.

As always, the **first to go** are the **younger adult males**. And the **first** of that **group** to go are either the **big ones,** or the **chip on the shoulder, small guy troublemakers** that are too goddamned smart for their own good.

It only took an **epoch or two** for people to figure out that the best way to go about this form of **population control** is **organize it** by gathering all of these **goddamn useless monkeys** into one place and **build an army out of them**, and then send off to **win *WARS*** or **die trying**. This had the added benefit of **identifying** which of them are the **fittest** without actually banishing them from the group, and they could eventually be **re-assimilated** into the group and eventually enrich it's gene pool with their **not totally loser DNA**.

But until that started happening as a matter of course, during the salad days of our feckless wandering, each time one of our **foremonkeys** was **kicked out of their family,** clan, tribe, or civilization for being **too smart and too small for their own good**, they were **dreaming of England in their hearts**. At least until they found a closer place to **settle down** and/or **die** in**.**

For almost a million years, **England was a frothy dream at the very edges of the many waves of man that eventually inundated the Old World**. Every time each tribe or civilization spilled over it's resource base, the smallest and least of them would be caught up in history's breaking whitecaps and be displaced like so many grains of sand further up **history's Normandy-like beach**. As each grain of simian sand was displaced, it's heart and mind was dreaming of England, even if it's body didn't quite get there.

Over and over this happened until finally **all of Africa**, **most of Asia** and **damn near all of Europe was filled up.** Well, at least those parts of it that weren't buried in snow more than 9 months a year or covered in sand all of the time.

And just like in a body of water, when these population waves hit their boundaries they just went back the way the came.

Back and forth like ripples in a tub during your **saturday night bath**, these waves of history stacked and folded back on themselves in an innumerable amount of **group banana acquisition exercises** of varying degrees of scope and magnitude.

All through this whole process, **England loomed as a fevered dream in the hearts and minds of the displaced**, **dispossessed** and increasingly **drunk**. Time and time again, when the **big monkeys would make *WAR***, the smaller and smarter ones tend to **make tracks**.

But in being **smart**, these smaller **monkeys and men** tended to have pretty good memory, *even if they were* (or **are**) *not quite fully conscious of it*.

Deep down, **they remember the happy jungle in their hearts**. They also **remember the bigger** (and typically ***darker)*** **ones that kicked them or their ancestors out in the first place**.

And time after time these **smaller monkeys** were **displaced** by the actions (intentional or not) of the **larger monkeys**.

This small fact did not slip by entirely unnoticed by these **smaller displaced monkeys** while they **unknowingly dreamt of England in their hearts**.

They would dream their **bloody brown dreams** about the **bigger ones that kicked them out of their trees of origin in the first place**. Sometimes they would dream **their rabbit dreams** in their sleep of when they were first evicted from the trees, and other times they would **dream while they were awake, drinking rotten banana juice with blood in their eye and brown in their hearts**.

On and on this went, every time the **shit hit the fan, the first ones to fly were the smallest of the affected group.** Whether this was fully voluntary or not is beside the point, **it was** (almost) **always the smaller** (and often smarter) **ones** that were the **first to go** when it was time to **vote someone off the island**.

This small fact also did not slip past entirely unnoticed by the **diminutive** and the **dispossessed**, nor did it go unremarked upon by the **survivors** in their increasingly common **habit** of **drinking rotten banana juice** on a regular basis in response to all the **accumulated PTSD** that tends to come with **direct exposure** to **group banana acquisition exercises**.

Since **monkeys** generally only **open up their mouths to piss and moan or shriek their fool heads off about things that go bump in the night**, these unfortunate tendencies were **not** much attenuated by **drinking rotten banana juice**. Through their **liver**, they converted their **shame** and **fear** into **anger** and **belligerence**.

This, of course, is the historical and **glandular** basis for the ubiquitous facet of human psychology known as the **shit list**. IE the (often **mental**) list of most likely **culprits** that are **assumed** to be **responsible** for the **current shitty feelings one is experiencing while crying in their nice tall glass of rotten banana juice**.

This **shit list** phenomena is clearly is **one** of the most effective **survival tactics** for dealing with massively shitty feelings that monkeys often have trouble understanding.

The wallowing mire of **shitty feelings t**hat comes with being identified a **complete fucking loser** by your social group can be a real **survival disadvantage**.

It is not only hard to plan ahead with a head and heart filled with **shitty** thoughts and feelings**, it is just as hard to motivate to deal with imminent threats**. Copious amounts of **bad feelings** will **weigh you down** and **significant reduce your mental mobility and sharpness**.

But only if you actually **let** all that bullshit get the better of you. The simple fact is that you, or **a monkey for that matter** (I am working off the assumption that you probably do NOT self identify as a monkey, **yet**), ultimately only have two choices when faced with an **overwhelming preponderance of massively brown and squishy feelings:**

1. **TIP OVER AND DIE.**

or

2.**GET PISSED AND DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT.**

Unfortunately, since these are **English loser monkeys we are talking about**, most of those that opted for **choice #2** ended up first **getting pissed on rotten banana juice,** and then went on to FURTHER **drink and moan** about those **bigger black bastards that kicked them out of the jungle in the first place.**

This particular phenomena is referred to in anthropology as an **Oral Tradition**, and these **inebriated musings** would eventually **evolve** into **unstated assumptions** in the millennia that followed.

As the **diminutive, drunk** and **dispossessed** were moved ever onward by the forces of history (often facilitated by those a bit larger than them), farther and farther **away** from **the happy green place from where they first came**, the heavier their hearts became and the more **sad** and **mad** they got.

Every time **history's shitbird** flew into town it always almost seemed to have followed from the last place they ran from. And every time, **they would have keep running farther and farther in the other direction**, most often **away** from the sun, warmth and the last place they saw bananas.

Put any **monkey** in a cold dark place with **not a single fucking banana on the horizon**, and you are guaranteed to have **one sad little monkey**.

Which is it well and truly **sucked** for those who lived up **North** when the **big ice** came down from the **Pole**.

Then these people were **dispossessed** again, but this time by a totally impersonal and implacable force of nature that can not be fought or resisted in any meaningful way by either man or monkey.

As often as not, these **climatic shifts** forced these **highly successful loser monkeys** right back into the tribal territories they or their antecedents were kicked **out** of.

It is safe to probably assume that the rate of **group banana acquisition operations** during this period escalated **precipitously** as the glaciers traveled further South.

The **wandering tribes** were forced to contend with the **civilizations** that had grown in their absence, and these new conflicts had the overall effect of directing these **displaced individuals** in a generally **westerly direction**.

Slowly, generation by generation, the surviving refugees of these ***climate induced conflicts*** for decreasing **strategic banana supplies** were inexorably pushed towards the setting sun into a rapidly filling Western Europe **not** buried under miles of ice and snow...

Chapter 2

No longer the Land of Ice and Snow:

The (almost entirely) Artificial Insemination of England

LANGUAGE SET 1

666 kinds of gibberish...

Circa: 12,000 (maybe 11,000) BC to 42 AD

The sophisticated observer will have probably noted for themselves that the last chapter is a little light on actual information about what was happening on the **Isle of Eng** during this “conceptual phase” of development.

There is a pretty good reason for that. There wasn’t **jack shit** going on up there before the **Big Ice** came. When that happened, almost the entire **island** was covered in **ice** over a **mile deep**.

The former statement may not be **strictly true**, anthropologically speaking, but whatever **pre-Ice Age culture**(**s**) existed on the Island before the **Big Ice** came were **ground into dust** by the massive glaciers that came down from the North. Those that didn’t die outright in the process were forced to move to points South and probably East, back on the mainland.

These **pre-proto-Engs** were then **assimilated** into the cultures that were already established in these areas, or **they were killed by them**. Whatever cultural influence these **displaced individuals** had on their new cultures was negligible at best, and left few marks in the **historical record**.

In terms of our own line of inquiry, anything that actually happened on England **before** the last ice age **melted** is inconsequential to our current subject.

For at least a few thousand years (and perhaps more than a few) the only **mammals** that could actually live on that frozen isle were extremely large ones: mammoths, bison, saber toothed tigers and maybe even **some big ass sheep** as well.

Meanwhile, back on the mainland those parts of Europe not covered under **miles of ice** were starting to get a bit crowded.

The **Big Ice** didn’t just overrun the Isles of **Eng** and **Ire**, it also covered much of the **European** and **North Asian landmasses** as well.

Though the actual **quantity** of people dispossessed in these **affected areas** is relatively **small** compared to the **areas** left untouched by the **Big Ice**, something must be said about the **qualities** of these newly dispossessed people from the North.
Technically speaking, though they are the descendants of those who were originally **kicked out of the happy green jungle in the first place**, that does not necessarily mean that they were still small people. Nor does it mean they were weak, even if one or more of their ancestors wasn't quite strong enough to fight his/her way back into the origin group he/she had been kicked out of.

The other thing that they were emphatically **not** is stupid people. Any monkey that learns how to survive in a cold place where **few** (or no) **bananas are to be found** is **not** a complete fucking idiot.

That's just one monkey by itself, when you take a group of them in such conditions and let them breed (which they will do), the new monkeys and men (and women) they produce will be **slightly better adapted** for their current climate and setting than their parents were.

If the group is allowed to stay in the same (or a similarly situated) area for several generations (**or more**), then these **evolutionary adaptations** become more pronounced.

In genetics, when an isolated population is allowed to breed for multiple generations under stable or similar environmental conditions, this results in a little thing eggheads like to call "**genetic drift**".

Which is intimately related to the idea of **natural selection**. Evolutionarily speaking, **the individual is shaped by it's environment**, and those individuals best suited to a given environment have the best chances to breed. When that happens, their offspring are not only likely to have the same **environmentally advantageous** traits that their parents had, those traits are likely to be **stronger** or **more pronounced** in those children than they were in their parents. Those children who were not lucky enough to have those traits in the first place were **less** likely to survive long enough to breed, much less pass on their maladaptive traits.

If this keeps happening in the same place for multiple generations, this **isolated group** will grow **genetically distinct** from the larger population. These **genetic differences** can and **do** manifest in little things like **significant shifts** in eye color, hair color, **skin color**, body hair distribution, **size**, **strength**, **intelligence** and/or **an inordinate fondness for drinking rotten banana juice** among a host of other personal traits.

The upshot of this is that the descendants of the **loser monkeys** that had been pushed **North** were not QUITE the same **smaller smart asses** or **strong silent types** that had been kicked out of the **southern tribes** centuries or millennia before.

Those that **survived t**heir perilous journey from the **North** back into civilization's sophisticated embrace were usually **bigger, meaner** and **smarter** than those who had been **kicked out** of the **Southern city states** long before.

The funny thing is that these Southern civilizations were subject to their own kind of **genetic drift** from **natural selection**.

In **usually** being composed of much larger populations with a larger diversity in their breeding populations, these effects tended to be less distinct than in smaller and more isolated populations elsewhere.

Additionally, it also has to be said that **man made urban environments** are generally much **easier** to get along in than **natural rural environments.** Especially if those urban environments are located in temperate or tropical climate zones where you don't have to worry about freezing to death for half the year or more.

This means that the **survival rate** was much **higher** overall for the entire population, even for those who are **feckless layabouts** or **hopeless idiots**. Some of whom tend to get bored easily and generally go on to spend rather large amounts of their time **getting drunk** and **fucking each other**, breeding ever larger numbers of **feckless idiots** and **hopeless layabouts** with an inordinate fondness for **drinking rotten banana juice** on a regular basis.

When those **big bastards of the North** first showed up at the gates of any one of these **Southern Cities** they probably looked at their newly adopted homes with same **starry eyed sentiment** that Tony Montana expressed had when he first arrived in Miami:

"This town is like a great big pussy just waiting to be FUCKED."

Whether or not they actually **succeeded** (and/or **failed**) in their **immigrant assimilation plans** to the extent that the fictional Mr. Montana did in Miami is beside the point.

What isn't beside the point is that when the **outlanders** showed up in these civilizations where everybody else had a pretty good idea of where their place was, **there was almost always some kind of conflict.**

Which was usually bloody**,** or **bloodier**. People were always **displaced**, and they either **moved onward** or **died** in the process.

But now the **diminutive, drunk** and **dispossessed** faced a new situation with the **big ice** pressing down on everyone. There were not only **more** displaced individuals and groups than usual, they had **fewer** viable geographical options than their ancestors did who had been kicked out of the **happy green jungle** so long ago.

Some of these people went **East**, and eventually became the **Nipponese**, a term referring to the people of the island nation of **Nippon** (usually referred to by ignorant ass

gaijin as “Japan”). As extremely interesting as that story is, that is an entirely different book that the present author will leave to someone far more qualified to write.

Those who didn’t go East went **West**, back towards the **cradle of civilization** and then on through the **holy lands** into **Europe**, first East then West.

All of which is happening in the context of innumerable **group banana acquisition** drills, exercises, maneuvers, and operations that tend to happen whenever two or more groups of **increasingly inflected primates** have to **compete** for a **decreasing amount** of **strategic banana reserves**.

Every time they clashed, the **surviving losers joined the ranks of dispossessed** if they weren’t quite **strong** or **smart enough to get hired on by the victors**.

Depending on who you ask, what you read, or where you are talking about, the last **Glacial Period** lasted somewhere between 40,000 to 100,000 years.

Regardless of which end of the spectrum (or the middle) is closer to the truth, even 40,000 years is a **long time**, genetically speaking.

Contrary to popular (and frequently “scientific”) **belief**, the evolution **of** a species, **or within one**, is something that happens over long periods of time. BUT under certain circumstances, **can** (and has) **happen**(ed) **in much shorter amounts of time**.

Just take **dogs** for instance. 50,000 years ago there was only one kind of dog, **the wolf**. Such was the case until about 15,000 years ago until man made peace with his best friend who had spent the last million plus years stalking his ass.

Fast forward to today, and think of the literally **thousands of different breeds** of dogs that are alive right now. Everything from chihuahuas to Saint Bernard’s to everything in between, **all of them from the wolf**.

That is just **one species** and only **15,000 years**. And really, somewhere between 70-90% of that **variation** has happened in the last **two hundred years** with the rising popularity of **dog breeding**.

In a real sense, most **mammals** can show ***significant*** **species variation** in as little as **eight generations** (or **less**) in terms of **size, appearance, behavioral tendencies** and **mental capacities**.

This process of species adaptation tends to be **accelerated** when it is happening during times of moderate to EXTREME **duress**. The **strong get stronger,** the **drunks get drunker** and the **weak tip over and die.**

The 40 to 100 thousand year **pressure cooker** of the last Ice Age only escalated the various **evolutionary trends** already mentioned in this chapter and the last. The waves

of history washed more it's flotsam and jetsam (IE the **drunk** and **dispossessed**) further and further **West** into areas already settled by even more **provincial idiots who usually don't take too kindly to strangers**.

Hilarity **inevitably** ensued.

All the while, those on the very edge of history's advance are dreaming of a **place** where they can be a loser in peace, unmolested those bigger and meaner than they are.

And **England** was it's name.

Finally, the Ice receded from not just Europe and Asia, but **England** Herself in all Her **dingy** and **dark** glory. (Dingy and dark the **other** 10 months of the year not named **July** or **August**)

When the glaciers finally melted, **nobody had set foot on England for 40,000 years or more**.

Curiously, the **glacial ungirding of a virginal Albion's milky limestone limbs** had a similar effect on continental Europe that young Athena had on old ass Hephaestus way back when.

I.E. premature ejaculation.

Similar BUT not quit the same. The first **ropy emission** of **Europe** actually hit the mark after being projected along a **land bridge** between ***France*** and **Dover**.

Untold amounts of **Frankish idiots** and **losers** came streaming across in droves. The **pressure**, as it were, had been building up for the last **40-100,000** years, after all.

Of course, these weren't **really** "Frankish" idiots, they actually didn't show up until 10,000 years later, and merely calling them **pre-Frankish idiots** doesn't quite do them justice.

Nope, the simple fact is that, anthropologically speaking, we **don't** really know **jack shit** about the various groups that first came to England on foot. There is enough historical and archaeological evidence to **posit** multiple likely hypothesizes about who these groups were, but the simple fact is that the records aren't quite accurate enough to make much in the way of definitive statements about.

But there are two things that are **confirmed facts**. The first is that there wasn't just one **migratory surge** but **many** of them over the **two thousand years** the **Dover land bridge** was a **viable route**.

(Incidentally, Ireland and England were also connected by land for most of this time. More on Ireland later...)

The second is **each** one of these groups **brought their own language** and/or **dialect** with them from **god knows where**.

Even IF, and personally I think that this is a big if (hence the capital letters), we work off of the **eminently logical assumption** that ALL of these people came directly from what we would call ***France*** today, that does not at all imply that they brought the same, or even necessarily similar languages with them.

France back then wasn't quite the **elegant** and **sophisticated** place it is today.

Which isn't meant to imply that these proto-***French*** people were any ***less* elegant** or **sophisticated** than their neighbors at the time. I am sure they had **excellent manners,** a **fine sense of verve** and **manifestly evident disdain** while they were busy **braining each other with big rocks and large sticks**.

They might have combined to form ***France*** 10,000 years later, but at the time, ***"France"*** was nothing more or less than a bunch different tribes of **provincial yahoos** who spoke slightly different gibberish from their neighbors across the river or the next valley. Some of these people were from families who had been there for a long time, and tended to speak **similar types of gibberish** while **wave after wave** of **invaders** and/or **losers** swept through, each bringing their own **set of gibberish**.

Yet somehow, **people got along**. At least well enough to **organize** into ever larger groups of **similarly speaking idiots** to **brain any and all uninvited jackholes moving in on their turf.**

As these different groups rose and fell, so did their Language (**gibberish set**) with them.

While this was all going on the **dispossessed** and the **displaced** all continued to be relentlessly washed **Westward**, many of them into ***"France"*** itself.

Meanwhile, most of the **big action** going on during the present period is happening both **south and east** in places like Egypt and India. The people in those places might **technically** be "**losers**" in the sense of being the descendants of **monkeys not quite smart or strong enough to stay in the trees in the first place**, they were **less so** compared to the Europeans at the time.

I.E. they were smart and strong enough to stay somewhere where it's warm and you don't have to worry about freezing to death 6-9 months of the year.

OR, more gently**, the western Europeans had spent the last million years getting their asses kicked out of the trees, then out of Africa, then out of the mideast and perhaps back and forth across Asia however many times before getting bounced around Europe for a bit.**

The dominant historical trend over time was that, as a group, the **displaced** and **dispossessed** were the most likely to get pushed Westward into Europe proper. Those who were "successful" tended to **stay put**, and those who weren't had to **go,** one way or **another**.

Coming back to the **legions** of **pre-frankish losers who couldn't cut it on the main land** and were **storming England by foot**, each one brought their own **language** or dialect with them.

This particular phase went on for two thousand years. Ask any **qualified linguist** and they will tell you, **a lot** can happen to a **language** in that amount of time.

Just look at **English** for only the **last thousand years**. Read **Beowulf** and **Gravity's Rainbow** back to back sometime: they are written in two **entirely different languages** with a shared alphabet that have some **passing similarities** in **spelling** and **grammar**.

It is not at all inaccurate to characterize this progression of Language as **linguistic evolution**.

Indeed, **Languages** are subject to a similar process of **natural selection** and ***linguistic drift.*** Especially in the case of **isolated populations**.

Without fail, it is **axiomatic** in both **linguistics** and **social psychology** that any group isolated for **any significant amount of time** will quickly develop it's own **"**lingo" or **slang**.

If they are isolated for a **very long time**, these variations can (and **will**) eventually **accumulate** and **ossify** into it's own distinct **language**.

The other **axiomatic rule** of **languages** is that **as long as they are alive and kicking *they never stop growing***. New words, phrases, terms of art, euphemisms are being created all the time, and they sweep back and forth throughout the people who speak it like a massive game of **telephone**.

Not all repetitions are accurate, and sometimes even the **inaccurate repetitions** are further **mis-remembered** or just merely **mispronounced** as they spread through the populace.

With England's relative **geographic isolation** in being an **island** which, for all intents and purposes during this time period, was the **ass end of nowhere**, it was a **perfect** petrie dish for developing **new languages**.

During this phase there were at least four related linguistic processes that were simultaneously going on.

1. Whatever **language sets** that came over in the first waves of people that came over the land bridge soon began to **diverge** as their isolated speakers developed their own lingo and slang.
2. At the same time, the **exact same language** is continuing to **evolve** and **grow** on the mainland, which meant that it soon began to **diverge** from where it had been when the new **islanders** originally **left** the mainland way back when.
3. Eventually some **new losers** from the mainland would periodically show up from the mainland and often **marvel at the archaic and provincial speech patterns of the backwood hicks already present on the isle of thud**. Frequently, this would involve **mocking them** in new and unique ways using terms that were **not** always well understood or taken in the spirit in which they were meant. Often, these **new *proto-French* immigrants** soon found their **sophisticated mainlander lingo** being **misused**, **mispronounced** or (more likely) ***both*** by **period hipsters** and/or **island intellectuals** who were **overly self conscious** about their ***provincial island ways***.
4. Those three things only apply to a single language. During this time, there were **dozens,** maybe even ***scores,*** of **different language groups** that came over the **dover land bridge**.

It wasn't just **pre-Frankish** idiots coming over before the **big ice** melted, **massive amounts of people were displaced** and surged into Europe, and each one brought their own unique Language with them.

Competition among Languages was as fierce as the competition for resources between their different speakers. Though these Languages lived and **died** with their peoples, frequently their remnants would live on in the **isolated pockets of the losers that had been kicked out before their civilization fell**, or their tribe had been disbanded.

These **losers** (in a **strategic**, **historical** sense) tended to head **west,** often banding with other groups of **losers** who might have spoken a different language but still had to get along and were smart enough to know that ***cooperation*** is a **better** default strategy than **armed conflict** for someone with a **history** of **getting their ass kicked**.

By the end of the last Ice Age, Western Europe was a melting pot for all of the **losers** not quite smart and strong enough to hack it in the nicer climes of Asia, the Subcontinent, the Mideast and Africa. The looming ice turned the areas **not** covered by it into **pressure cookers** of competition (and sometimes **cooperation**) between different groups of **multi-national losers** and other kinds of period **Euro-trash.** Those who didn't come out on top ended up **settling the closest to the ice**.

Though they **might** have been **stupid enough to get maneuvered in such an unenviable position**, they were smart enough to **stay alive,** somehow.

When the ice melted, Europe's last big **land rush** was the **immediate exfiltration of all the rejects who couldn't effectively compete with the losers that stayed in *France***.

When these **dregs of eurasia** came over the Dover land bridge, they dragged over just about **every dead language** on the planet with them, plus **all** the ones spoken directly across the Channel.

Most of those dead languages were **never** heard from again, being buried in an unmarked mass grave dug by **more widely spoken languages**, but still left their vestigial linguistic traces like a **murderer** (and/or **victim**) leaving **fingerprints** or **genetic material** at the scene.

The **island itself** became a **linguistic pressure cooker**, God knows how many **languages** actually went in before the Dover land bridge sank two thousand years after it rose from the depths.

We do know it was upwards of **one**, but it is hard to be sure past that since all of those travelers were either **pre-literate** or too frostbitten to write

Let's, for the sake of accurate terminology, **logically infer** that over **one fuck ton** of languages came over in this time. Let's FURTHER assume that this "**fuck ton**" of languages began to organize themselves into a few different regional language groupings, since **immigrants tend to settle in the same neighborhoods**.

Let's make a **similarly educated guess** that the overall number of language groupings by the time the land bridge was no longer a **viable migratory route** is an **integer** between **5** and **200**.

Regardless of which end (or **lower middle**) of the spectrum is closer to the truth, these languages continued to evolve in tandem and affected each other in a word exchange not unlike how **adjacent covalent atoms exchange electrons**.

While these languages are slowly **merging** and **mutating**, there were still **new** sets of **losers** coming over from the mainland, but **by water** after the Dover land bridge **submerged** about **10,000 years** ago.

This is a very important distinction to make because it directly reflects upon the **Quality** of the **losers** that were now immigrating to **England**.

Before the land bridge returned under the Channel, **any idiot with a pair of feet could easily get there**. With that gone, now they had to be **highly motivated losers** to **cross 22 miles of open water with stone age technology**.

The **sophisticated observer** will have noted that very few **primary trajectories** of the **human** and/or **primate diaspora** at this point involved **journeys over open water**.

To be sure, these were definitely happening, but more **down** south at this stage in the game. Most, verging to **all**, of these **pedestrian idiots** that had recently arrived, or just been **camping out** in Northwestern France for the previous, oh I don't know, let's call it

50,000 YEARS hadn't had much in the way of previous **open ocean** (or even ***channel)*** **sailing/swimming/drifting** experience.

At least not if they could help it. Their fathers didn't do it, nor did their grandfathers and certainly **not** their foremonkeys back in the day.

If you did not already know, **monkeys** generally have a slight **aversion** to open water do it's tendency to have **alligators, crocodiles, snakes, more snakes, big ass fish** and **pissed off hippopotami** floating around in it under the surface somewhere.

Old memories die hard*.*

It's one thing to be the first one in your family to **move away from the place you were born and love** to another place far away. It is a quite another to be the first one to do so by crossing open water for the first time.

22 miles may not seem like very much to the **modern boater**, but that it's in your 55 foot cruiser with 4 Mercury V8 500 cubic inch engines in the back. Try to imagine doing it on little more than a raft of driftwood cobbled together with vines and seaweed.

Eventually, the principles of **building actual boats** were worked out, and then it was only **extremely dangerous** to cross over the Channel.

I haven't sailed (or even **floated**) on it myself, but I do know that any body of water acting as a bottleneck between two large bodies of water is **rarely** calm or makes for smooth sailing.

To cross such a body of water with stone age technology takes a certain level of intelligence, a modicum of skill in assembling and navigating your **flotation device**, the necessary strength and/or **fortitude** to propel that device over open water, but most of all **deep down you have to be a crazy son of a bitch to willingly step a single foot off dry land in the first place**.

Even if you are a girl.

One could conceivably **posit** that these personal qualities are themselves POTENTIALLY dependent or strongly influenced by **inherited genetic traits**. As these **single** and **small group stragglers** floated across the Channel, they brought these **traits** with them and in many cases were able to **instill these same personal qualities in their children**.

With the submergence of the land bridge, now the Channel was acting as a **filter** that screened out those **insufficiently motivated, intelligent** AND **insane** enough to brave the crossing.

This new batch of highly motivated **aquatic lunatics** helped to **offset** some of the traits offered by the **pedestrian idiots,** and England began it's **long and storied career** as the **melting pot of Europe**.

Since this theme of England as a **melting pot** will continue to develop in this **stage** of the **device**, let's identify the four main **historical** reasons why people first went to England in the first place. For the sake of simplicity, all **geographic references** will be framed the **current** (slash recent) **political boundaries** of Europe. (This **shit** is already hard to keep track of it is without having to worry about wading through **untold numbers** of old tribal names, various principalities, city states, baronies, bishoprics, earldoms, viscounteries and the other **8 million ways Europe historically divided itself**).

Whether they came by foot, by water, or even by **air** the **4 main historical reasons** someone would **relocate to England** from the **mainland** are**:**

1. They weren't quite suave, good looking, or charismatic enough to be invited into the **Frankish Aristocracy**, but smart enough to know that the last thing they wanted to be was a **pissant**...sorry..peasant living on the **land** at the mercy of those **arrogant bastards.**
2. They aren't quite industrious, combative or otherwise **Teutonic enough** to **hack it in der Vaterland**, but had better things to do with their time then constantly worrying about **getting brained by their götterdamerung neighbors** or the occasional **barbarian horde** sweeping through the neighborhood.
3. England may not be perfect, but at least it's not **Belgium.**
4. It is **higher ground** (than the **Netherlands** at least). Why spend your whole life **worrying** about **decrepit old dykes** when you can hop on a **raggedy assed raft,** face almost certain aquatic death for only a day or two and live somewhere...well, if not always all that pleasant or warm at least has the singular virtue of (usually) being **above sea level?**

Over the next 10,000 years, each one of these **aquatic lunatics** (or groups thereof) brought over their particular language from the mainland. Even if their particular language was ostensibly one of the ones already spoken in England at the time, the **versions** of it that they were speaking could be **much different** than more **archaic**, **mutated dialects of the same language** spoken on the island. These **language divergences** could have happened only 50 years before, or they could have happened 1000 years before.

Just as likely, when these **newcomers** came over on their **newfangled rafts**, they could easily be bringing an entirely **new language with them.**

You don't exactly have to be a sophisticated observer to tentatively assume that the **linguistic** situation in **pre-Roman England** was a **complete fustercluck**. The speakers of these different language groups first **fought with each other** and then **merged**. Generally one group or another would come out on top, which would

determine which language that group spoke, but that language itself would be changed by it's new speakers.

This **extremely volatile and chaotic** situation eventually "organized" (**LOL**) itself over the next several **thousand** years into roughly 20 (give or take a few) different distinct **tribes** speaking a **few** (dozen?) different languages. By the time the Romans **left**, there were at least 5 major **native** language groups **still being spoken** on the island: Brythonic, Welsh, Cornish, Cumbric and Pictish. On the periphery, they were also still speaking Gaelic and various Celtic dialects.

As **linguistically** interesting as this may be, it doesn't really tell us much about what the **pedestrian idiots** and **aquatic lunatics** actually found on England's **green and pleasant shores** when they arrived.

Aside from the other **pedestrian idiots** and/or **aquatic lunatics** that got there before, that is.

Though that **darn historical record** is ONCE AGAIN pretty light on **verified facts** we do know **for a fact** that they found **at least two things** there when they arrived:

sheep and **tin**.

In being England, **sheep** are a given. There have always been **sheep** on that Island (minus the odd **glaciation period**), and for long as both **sheep** and **grass** exist, it's a pretty safe bet that they will continue to be a presence there for the foreseeable future.

Since **few Americans** actually have any direct experience with **sheep** themselves, there are two things you should know about them: **they are hairy little bastards who like eating grass even more than cows do**.

(If you didn't already know, **sheep{s}** are where **wool comes from**. If you do not like **wool**, now you know **what** to blame.)

Other than that, there really isn't all that much to them. When they aren't (almost always) **eating grass** or **being sheared**, they pretty much just stand around, and bleat every so often to just remind themselves **they are still there**.

Unlike cows, they can be easily herded on foot, and if you **get kicked by one** when you are trying to milk or shear it ***(or...)*** you can probably count on **not** dying from the related injuries.

Of the two, **sheep** were (**probably**) discovered long before **tin** (#50 on the Periodic Table of Elements, abbreviated SN, from the latin *stannum*). There is a pretty good reason for this: **sheep** (still yet to be assigned a number on the Periodic Table of Elements) tend to be found **above** the ground, while **tin** is almost always located **under** it. At least until some poor sod digs it out.

When they finally got around to doing that, two things were quickly discovered about **tin**: it **melts** and **bends** easily compared to **most** other metals.

Or in other words, **it's complete shite for making weapons out of**. After a time, it was discovered that water didn't corrode it, and took far longer to **oxidize** (rust) than **iron** or **copper** (I.E. when it turns green). It also has the virtue of being **shiny** when **added to other metals** and the resulting amalgam is buffed and polished.

Which makes it good for **metal plating**. You take a **structurally sound** metal like **Iron** (#26 on the PTOE, Symbol **Fe**, from the latin *ferrum)*, hot spackle some **tin** on it's exposed surfaces and you won't have to worry about any of them rusting anytime soon.

The **tin** cans that we store and sell so much food in are themselves made out of **steel** sheet metal which is **coated** with **tin.** The same is true for **tin siding** and **roofs.** All of these products are only **tin** on the surface.

But aside from **protective ornamentation** and **solder** (i.e. using melted metal to **glue** or **join** two other things {metallic, usually} together) there ain't much else you can do with it, on it's own.

The beauty and **magick** of **tin** is what happens when you start combining it with other metals, especially **copper** (#29 on the PTOE, symbol **Cu**, from the latin *cuprum*). Then you start getting different **usable alloys** like **pewter, bronze, brass** and **bell metal** (yes, actually a real thing. It's what they make bells and cymbals out of.) Mixing **tin** and **copper** results in various kinds of metal that are **stronger than copper** but take much **longer** to **corrode**.

Or in other words, on it's own **all tin is good for** is making things somewhat **shiny** and **water resistant,** but it readily **lends strength** and **water resistance** to **other** metals when **combined** with them.

The increasingly belabored observer will have already noticed the **striking parallels** between these **two main exports** of **tin** and **sheep** (OK **wool**, jeez, let's not split hairs here), and their **two main imports** of this time period, **aquatic lunatics** and **pedestrian idiots**.

Like **tin**, *aquatic lunatics* are also **water resistant**, and tend to have an affinity for **shiny things**.

The affinity between **sheep** and *pre-Frankish pedestrian idiots* is similarly clear, with both being found **on foot**, a bit **dim**, and tending to be **hairy little bastards** as well.

Though these aren't the **only** affinities of an evolving **England** and **Her** two (slash ***four)*** major natural resources, we can put the **olive** in that **martini** for now, and let it steep.

Of these two, during this time period **sheep** figured more predominantly in the overall development of England.

There is a pretty simple reason for this. **they were everywhere**. Maybe not as much for the first few thousand years, but by the time the Romans showed up, you couldn't **swing a sheep** without hitting at least another **flock or two** before turning halfway around with that **hairy little bastard**.

Aside from all the **sheep**, and eventually **tin**, **England** after the **big ice** melted was almost **exactly** like **America** was **before** those **shitbird Europeans** showed up, ***except that there weren't any people living there yet***.

Aside from that, there was a pretty good amount of **bison** and **mammoth** to hunt and some **big ass cats** and **packs of wild dogs** to watch out for.

This ten to twelve thousand year period of England's settlement is **inversely proportional** in **scope and scale** to what eventually happened in America from the last Ice Age to the first hundred or so years of the **shitbird** Europeans came to the **New World**.

In America, a land bridge between Alaska and Russia existed at roughly the same time for a similar duration. Hordes of **North Asian pedestrian idiots** that had been previously **outmaneuvered out of sunnier and warmer locales stormed forth**. In having a **little bit farther to go**, they had to be a little bit **more motivated** to get across than their **pre-Frankish** counterparts. What they found when they crossed was a whole different story, and it took anywhere from 7 to 10 thousand years for North and South America to fill in to the point where large scale **group banana acquisition exercises** were actually **worth the effort**.

The **aquatic lunatics** didn't start showing up on a regular basis in **America** until **12,000** years later, speaking a few languages that diverged from anything local **all the way back in Africa** and/or **Asia Minor**.

And of course, whenever the **aquatic lunatics** show up, you can always count on them **pissing off** (and ***on)*** the **natives**. ***and we all know how that went.***

12,000 years of **work**, almost completely **wiped out** in ***less*** than **500 years**.

What happened on England during the same time is **exactly inverse** of what happened in America. Typical of the English, **no**?

After a similar start, once the **dover land bridge** sank back to the sea, the **aquatic lunatics** started showing up in **England** almost immediately. During this period, there were a number of **critical advances in stone age technology** across the Channel that occasionally gave those **bloody immigrant bastards** a technological advantage once in **blue moon,** but never to the extent of the **conquistadors** had with their **thundersticks**.

Plus, the stragglers and groups thereof coming over from the mainland rarely did so in numbers large enough to stand on their own, like the **Angles** would go on to do after the Romans went back home.

For all intents and purposes, the **prosaic pedestrian gentry** long and greatly **outnumbered** the local **aquatic lunatics.** There are two simple reasons for this. The first is that there was **fuck all** for **night life** in **pre-historical England** other than **banging your old lady/man/**preferred **ovine quadruped**.

Despite **all** of the **vile** rumors to the **contrary**, I think that it is statistically probable that most historical ***pre-English pedestrian idiots*** would tend to choose one of the first two options a **bit more often** than the third, but that is strictly **conjecture**, and **possibly** a supposition by the author that **may** not actually be supported (or **invalidated**) by the current historical record.

Assuming that is, **indeed**, the case, and assuming the 9 to 1 (or **7** to **3**) **preference ratio** of modern **domesticated primates** engaging in amorous activities with the opposite sex ***(of the same species)*** holds true back then, one of the little ***side effects*** of **fucking like bunnies** is **breeding like rabbits**.

Even with the **historical infant/child attrition rate** probably being upwards of 50% (i.e. **half** or more of all infants born **died** before reaching adolescence), this was easily counteracted through the ***reverse attrition*** of **having lots** and **lots** of **idiot pedestrian babies** hopping around. Those that actually **survived childhood** ended up becoming **adult pedestrian idiots** approximately 99% of time.

But on the flip side, it can take less than **one generation** for an **aquatic lunatic** to turn into a **half insane pedestrian idiot**. Moreover, with the **cutting edge level of technology at the time**, it is **extremely probable** that MOST (but certainly not all) of these **aquatic lunatics** were MALES. This assessment is not merely the present author's **unacknowledged misogynistic bias**, but is simply based on what those of us from the rural midwest like to refer as **common sense**.

As previously stated, the first **socially superfluous** individuals to be identified in any given social group experiencing **critical habitat insufficiencies** are almost invariably the **younger males** of the group. Ergo, **males** are therefore *over-represented* in the **displaced loser demographic**. FURTHER **ergo**, ***males*** would not only tend to **preponderate** in the **areas advantageous** to a nice leisurely swim or a float across the Channel, their TYPICAL **size** and **strength** advantage over the **fairer** but not quite as **physically strong** (USUALLY) sex makes their **survival** of the crossing a **bit** more likely.

When these FREQUENTLY **male aquatic lunatics** landed on the other side of the Channel, those who weren't **immediately brained by the natives** upon landing would end up **living with** or **close by** one or more groups of **pedestrian idiots**.

Assuming these newly landed **aquatic lunatics** manage to effectively resist some, most or even all of the many ensuing **ovine advances** and were **not** overly fond of **members** of their **own sex**, when they ended **hooking up** with **one** (or more) **of the natives**, any progeny that resulted from that were ***hybrids***.

A ***hybrid*** is a **cross** between two (or more) **breeds** of one species. For example, let's take two common dog breeds: German Shepherds and Black Labradors. Take a male from one **breed** and a female from the other, and **let them be dogs** and **they will make puppies**. Although this is not, to the best of my knowledge, an actual "breed", the resulting puppies would either be **german labs** or **schwartzen shepherds**. These puppies would then display some **combination** of the **inherited traits** of **both** breeds.

The exact ratio and distribution of this **genetic allotment** can **greatly vary** between directly related individuals within a **reproductive unit** (as in a "litter" and not that **other** one in your pants). In this case, it is probably a safe bet that some of the **puppies** will probably look like slightly undersized dark/black **german shepherds** or perhaps grow up to be **an oversized black lab with bad hips**.

Interestingly enough, there has been a **long noted observation** that when **cross breeding happens** it not only **mixes different traits,** it often seems to ***intensify*** those **traits** as well. This phenomena is known in **horticultural** and **animal husbandry** lore as ***hybrid vigor.***

Given the **ubiquitous** presence of this **inevitable outcome** at virtually every observable level of the natural world, it is NOT AT ALL **illogical** to speculate that the occasional **cross breeding** between **aquatic lunatics** and **pedestrian idiots** resulted in a similar **hybrid vigor** in their progeny**:** ***half-insane pedestrian idiots***.

Assuming the ever present principle of **hybrid vigor** applies, than that would mean that a **goodly proportion** of these individuals were even **crazier and**/or **more emphatic idiots** than their parents were.

Because of all this, during this time period England could be said to have three distinct **socio-genetic** groups **after** the land bridge was no longer a viable migratory route.

There were a majority of **pedestrian idiots** and a small minority of **aquatic lunatics** that would consistently show up in small numbers. As they **bred** with the **natives**, this created another **minority group** of ***half-insane pedestrian idiots*** who were **frequently crazier** and **dumber** then their parents were.

These three **socio-genetic groups** were further "organized" (**right**) in approximately **god knows how many** different tribal groups and extended clans **speaking about a million** (ok, probably more like a hundred, or at least **more** than two) languages. These groups were engaged in a **vigorous competition** with each other for access to a **finite** amount o**f space** and **available resources**. Since the population in these groups

tended to **swell** when **not** in an **active die back mode** from **inclement weather events, climate shift, plague or famine**, for most of the time during this period you had **increasing** numbers of people **competing** for **finite** (and often ***diminishing)*** **available natural resources.**

Given the sheer plethora of different **tribal groups** involved, the **diminishing presence of large land mammals**, and the often **fierce conflicts** and/or **GANG *WARS*** transpiring between 2 or more groups, the **Great Sheep Rush** of England during this roughly 10,000 year **spell** does bear a few striking similarities to the 19th century **Great Land Rush** of the American West.

Aside from the fact that it was happening at roughly a hundredth of the speed, on about a fortieth the area and the related conflicts being mediated with stone age technology rather than six shooters and long guns.

Those petty, niggling differences aside, **same shit, different epoch**. With Europe being the **wild west** of the Eurasian Landmass, England was esentially halfway between **Indian Country** and the **Last Great Frontier**. There were any number of groups contrasting **competing** and **coordinating** with each other to control ever larger amounts of ***sheep*** and ***tin***, as well as the **land** necessary to **develop** and **exploit** those **natural resources**.

Aside from the **square acreage** and **time** involved, the biggest differences between what happened in the **Old West** and what happened in **Ye Olde England** is that **all of these *pre-English pedestrian idiots*** (half insane or not) were TRAPPED on an island where there was **no centrally defined authority**. Without that **potentially** moderating influence it could have easily been just as **bad** if not **worse** in some (IE **not** all or most) respects to the **conflicts** that ensued as our own **manifest destiny** spread from **east** to **west**.

In being a **geographically enclosed area**, the whole island during this period was like **one big boom town** that practically grew up overnight and quickly attracted **all** kinds of period yahoos, miscreants, hoopleheads, jackanapes, rascals, rogues, reprobates, road agents, knaves, skiptraces, varlets, scamps, scalliwags, ne'r do wells, weasels, vagabonds, carpetbaggers, hornswagglers, high graders and tramps **who'd just as soon do each other over for a sheep as they'd slit you up a treat for a quail.**

Except that this **boom town** had **no judge, no jury,** and **everybody** was their **own executioner**, provided they could get close enough to take a swing at the defendant in question with a **decent sized rock** OR, barring that, ***poke them with a pointy stick.***

So we can probably take it as a given that **the locals** spent much of the **Great Sheep Rush** more or less **raising all kinds of hell throughout the countryside**...

Ten thousand years of roving gangs composed of stone age thugs streaming through sheep filled fields, **armed to the teeth with sticks and/or rocks**, **desperately in search of other groups of pedestrian idiots** to **fight** and/or **fuck**.

Or in other words, it was just **your usual Saturday night in England**, minus **Football** and the **Filth**.

At least until the **Sheriff** showed up...

Chapter III

Romanes (**please don't**) **Eunt Domes**
wait NO, that's not quite right...

ROMANOS NE DONUM

Invasion #1:
The Romans

Language Set 2:
"LATIN"
(well, **Roman** at least),
and a bit of *Greek*

Circa: 42 AD-410 AD

Meanwhile, back on the **mainland**, big things were afoot during this time of England's **Great Sheep Rush**.

Down **south** and off to the **east**, right about at the time of the start of the previous time period of the last chapter, a little something called ***civilization*** was starting to rear it's not **terribly ugly** head up out of "pre-History's" (i.e. **HERstory**) muck.

Traditionally speaking, in anthropology the development of Written Language is widely considered to be one of the biggest **contributing factors** to the MINOR HISTORICAL BLIP usually referred to as "**civilization**". This relationship is considered to be so utterly **intrinsic** in the field of anthropology itself that many **mainstream anthropologists** tend to **discount** "sedentary" **cultures *without* written language** (IE **pre-literate**) as being actual "civilizations".

Even if this perhaps does reveal a bit of a **literary bias** (among several others to choose from) on the part of some **anthropologists** and not STRICTLY TRUE all the way across the board, as a **generalization**, it **may** not be too far off the mark.

Generally speaking, "**civilization**" is thought to have **developed** in what we call the "Mideast" today, specifically the area between and around the **Tigris** and **Euphrates** rivers. Historically, this area is generally referred to as "Mesopotamia", but that is a **catch all** term for the **several different** independent societies that grew up simultaneously across the region.

This geographical area is the usually referred to as the **fertile crescent**.

A few **little things** seemed to pop up in several different locations in the region within a relatively short amount of time: people **stopped wandering**, **set down roots**, **started farming,** then had to **count** and **calculate their harvest** and **planting times**. These

cultural developments formed the main impetus of the development of **written languages** to help people **remember** the increasing amounts of information their increasingly astute observations were generating.

Since people in these **civilization groups** were spending more of their time **cooperating** with each to actively develop and expand their resources in a ***civilized manner*** rather than **competing for ever-diminishing amounts of resources** like a bunch of GODDAMNED IDIOT MONKEYS, this eventually led to **surpluses** of food, building materials, free time and bodies.

It didn't take long for the regional **grand poo-bahs** to find out that ***idle hands do the devil's work***. After being **genetically programmed** by at least a **million years** of **evolution** to be **mid level predators in a big ass food chain** where you couldn't count on being the only **apex predator** in your neck of the jungle/savannah, all of the **surplus individuals** that these **surplus resources** were **begatting** were getting a bit **twitchy** with all of the **free time** on their hands.

Since they had **full bellies** from **bread** or the OTHER most critical invention of this time period (usually referred to as ***BEER),*** it was **difficult** bordering on **impossible** for **period leaders** to **motivate** their **indolent idiots** to **hate** those even more **indolent** (and typically **differently** inflected) **idiots** across the way with enough **fervor** to actually get them to do anything about it. Which threw a rather large **monkey wrench** into the standard ***population control*** procedures back then (and/or ***now).***

This is because of a **little evolutionary quirk** in human nature that goes all the way back to when **we were monkeys**.

Just like humans, **monkeys often find violence upon others amusing** as a spectator. But this **doesn't** imply they actually **like** doing that shit themselves. Indeed, most **simian conflicts** don't USUALLY extend beyond **simulated** or **threatened aggression** being communicated through any number of **verbal** and **non-verbal cues**. These may include, but are not limited to, **the rictus baring of teeth** (usually referred to by Westerners as "smiling"), **shrieking** and/or **screaming,** the **throwing of shit** or **other improvised missiles**, **bum rushing the discussion partner in question** while doing any/all of those, and other more subtle **non-verbal** cues.

But to actually go beyond any of that into **actual physical violence** with the **intent** to **kill** and/or **hurt very badly** is **not** an activity that most **monkeys** are much **inclined** to engage in, unless they are **experiencing critical banana shortages** or are **drunk on rotten bananas.** When either of those (or ***both)*** happens, **monkeys** start getting **mean**.

Yet even if they are **drunk** and **belligerent**, if a **man** or **monkey** has a **full stomach** and **doesn't** have to worry about starving to death anytime soon, any resulting **fistfights** rarely prove **fatal,** and those **rare** fatalities that do happen are **rarely** intentional.

With their **increasing numbers of idle idiots** and the frequent **lack** of **viable external threats** to direct them towards, the rulers of these places developed an **alternative strategy** for dealing with them:

let's put our surplus amounts of pedestrian idiots to work building massive stone effigies to commemorate how awesome we are*.*

This, of course, gave their **non-agricultural pedestrian idiots** something to do with their time between ***WARS,*** **plagues** and **famines** other than just merely **eating, drinking** and **fighting** and/or **fucking their monkey brains out** day and night. They **might** have been still **half** (or **more**) **drunk most of the time**, but were now **eating less** and doing **most** of their **fucking** on their own time, i.e. **at night**.

So **up** popped all kinds of towers, obelisks, ziggurats, mounds, massive carved temples, henges, pyramids, more pyramids, even MORE PYRAMIDS?!?...JESUS FUCKING CHRIST how many fucking pyramids does one culture actually need?, **Alien landing strips?** and ***huge limestone frequency resonators,*** WHAT? and other *less easily described archaeological anomalies* across the **fertile crescent** during **the cradle phase** of "***civilization***".

All the while, that gosh darn **genetic drift** had been feverishly at work in the **afflicted populations.** After roughly a **million years** getting by as i**ncreasingly intelligent wandering generalists**, now **speech afflicted primates** had to somehow start getting along as **increasingly specialized idiots.**

Depending on an individual's particular spectrum of **physical traits** and **mental capacities**, they would find themselves operating in one of **four** different overall **social castes** that defined this period: (Please note, these terms are strictly the author's characterizations, and are **not** accepted anthropological terms, so please use them with great care on campus)

1. The **Alphas**: In modern day terms, these were the **administrators** of their societies. Since their **leadership mandate** was usually based on some kind of **religious authority** (and/or the **other** BIG fallacy, **the divine right of kings**), their **administrative network** was usually a **priesthood** of one kind of another. These **priests** either **were** (or **hired**) the **scribes** that first developed **writing** and first trapped the words of their gods in clay tablets. In **most** (but not quite all) of these developing civilizations, **their written language** was kept **within** the **priesthood** who ***controlled*** their dependent populations through their **secret writings** that only the **alphas** could **read**. These **priests** then went on to **TAX** their **host populations** for their **vital** administrative services, usually through collecting **tithes** or **tributes.** Many of these **religious administrators** were **accomplished scholars**, and they were the ones who worked out most of the **mathematics** necessary to build large geometric shapes with or out of **living stone**. These particular individuals were generally **not** the biggest individuals, but they did tend to be a bit smarter than **their subordinates**...

2. The **Warriors**. Probably not a concept entirely foreign to most readers. Usually the **bigger blokes** in their societies, **armed** and **organized to stomp any and all jackholes on the horizon** and **keep the punters at home in line**. While **some** idiots **might** be quick to **assume** that their **sheer size and physicality** probably means they **aren't** geniuses, I personally think that is a bit of a **dim** view. SOME bigger individuals might be **bigger idiots** than we may prefer, but **anybody** that **survives mortal combat one or more times** is rarely a complete **dummy**. They may not be as **word smart** as some, but they **know** quite enough about how their own body works to **accurately predict** that you probably won't like it very much if they throw a **big stupid fist** in your **four eyed face**. The **warriors** are (normally) **controlled** by the **alphas**, except in the times of an **armed uprising, mutiny, revolt, military coup,** and **outright revolution**. Those only tend to be an issue **if** the **soldiers** were kep**t hungry** and/or **starving** for long periods of time.
3. The **Artisan Techs**. These are the **builders**, **makers**, and other **arts** and **crafts** people of the society. They make all of the **tools** everybody uses, manufacture all the **gadgets** that make our lives easier and create other **fancy** and/or **shiny shit**. Things like clay pots, mud houses, clothes, bronze weapons, iron tools, stone axes, ivory combs, wooden teeth, sandals, fur coats, jeweled pendents, shiny rocks, arrowheads and the 10,001 kinds other archaeological artifacts found from this time period. Where these people are **creating new technological artifacts,** a **key** sub group in this class, the **project managers**, were in the forefront of developing **new** and **better ways** of doing things **bigger** and/or **more efficiently**. These were the people that were **overseeing** the **building projects** that the **alphas** were paying for (one way or another), and they were also the ones in charge of other **civil engineering projects** like irrigation, waste management, and potable water delivery. In many cases these **project managers** were taught **just enough written language** to do **math** effectively so they could **understand** the **blueprints** of the **alphas**. They also helped to **correct** and **refine** the **technical specifications** of the **project** because of their **empirical knowledge** gathered from their work on **previous projects**. Anthropology isn't quite sure what the **selection criteria** was used to **shunt individuals** into these **roles**, but **logic** leads to the tentative assumption that at least some of them had been promoted **up** from the...
4. **Shit Detail**. The **shit** in question being all of the **shit** not previously covered by the three classes, i.e. the **grunt-work** of society, the day laborers, night workers, migrant agricultural workers, garbage collectors, piss collectors, shit collectors, brick layers, ditch diggers, dishwashers etc. These people were either **slaves** or ***wage slaves,*** and generally spent their **days being worked like dogs** when not being **herded like cattle** or **beaten like mules** and spent somewhere between **two** to **five** nights a week **fighting like cats** and/or **fucking** like **bunnies** with their (**presumed to be**) loved ones**.** These lives tended to be **short** and did not offer much in the way of **upward advancement,** but it did happen from time to time.

As **civilization progressed**, these 4 **social castes** would be further divided and sub-divided from society to society as **kali yuga** continued to grind relentlessly forward, but these were the **primary archetypal social groupings** of the (**whole**) time. All the while

this is happening, the members of these groups tended to **breed** with other individuals in the same **relative class** or it's closest **approximation for the opposite sex.**

Over time, each social group started experiencing it's own **genetic drift** as the various populations **segregated** themselves after mainly (but certainly not always) **breeding with others in their same social grouping**. This served to mainly **reinforce** and **amplify** the **original traits** of these respective classes in **their newest members**.

Or in other words, **the intelligentsia became more pretentious, the warriors became bigger** and **stronger** (and occasionally **dumber**), **the drunks got drunker,** and those couldn't keep up **tipped over died**.

The current **anthropological consensus** is that the FIRST CIVILIZATIONS EVER were the **fertile crescent societies** of Sumer **et al** *that seemingly popped up out of nowhere with no historical precedent approximately 12,000 years ago.* From there ***civilization*** expanded **East** into **Persia**, **India** and then **China** while simultaneously doing the same thing **West** into **Egypt**, and from there to some podunk BFE places like **Greece**, and some little pissant town on the Tiber River named ***ROME***.

Unfortunately, despite the *solid consensus of established experts,* this **theory** of the **fertile crescent** is, in fact, a bit of a ***febrile gash.***

To be clear, there is **no** denying that **Mesopotamia** is definitively where the **first evidence** of a **civilization** that **wrote things down on a regular basis** has been located (**so far**), and from this place ***civilization*** did split in twain into the vectors indicated above.

This is all true.

The **febrile** fact in this **theory** is the **suppository statement** that these *civilizations* were the FIRST to exist **ever**.

This supposition is RANK and UTTER nonsense. So much so that it says **much more about western anthropology** (and many of those that **preach** it) then it does about the **actual subject** itself.

Without even getting into the **Nubians**, yet, let's just do the math based on other "established" **anthropological facts**, before getting into any other "potential" **extraterrestrial** involvement.

The best guess right now is that **man** (and wife, presumably), or those **close enough to count**, first started wandering around on **all twos** on the African plains (well) ***over*** a **MILLION years ago**.

Question: ***do you actually have any fucking idea how much time that is?***

A: 365,000,000 days?

*Q: Right. When did the **febrile gash** oop, excuse me, "fertile crescent" pop up on the historical radar? short version please.*

A: Well, conventional wisdom holds that the agricultural developments first started about 12,000 yea... (interrupted)

*Q: **Can it, genius. so what, i am supposed to believe is that it took homo sapiens 988,000 years to go from wandering around like bunch of goddamned idiots before settling down in one place long enough to socially organize in a geographically stable, structure building group? Yet somehow in the last 12,000 years we go from the stone age to the moon and shooting ourselves in the feet and balls with nukes?***

A: Funny you mention that. When you put it that way...

Funny indeed. **the math seems highly improbable**, statistically speaking. The **first** REAL **men and women were Africans**. Period, full stop. Despite ***their obvious racial handicap*** of being **exquisitely adapted winners** (whose ***shared* ancestors** were also **kicked out of the trees** way back when), ***maybe it's just white guilt talking*** but I really don't think they spent **900+ thousand years** wandering around like **complete fucking idiots the whole time**.

Furthermore, there is quite a bit of **archaeological evidence** of **one** AND/or ***more*** equally epochal **"lost" African civilizations** when one starts taking in account the **anomalous architectural** and **archaeological remnants** that have been largely discounted as being **significant** since they **conflict** with the ***topic outline boundaries*** of **established consensus opinion**.

Much of this opinion is based the aforementioned **classification criteria** of **written language** being largely **absent** in the available **archaeological evidence** of any potential pre-crescent ***Mothership* Civilizations**.

Modern **ivory tower** (and often conspicuously **negritudinally challenged**) academic anthropologists generally cite this **absence of evidence** as **prima facie evidence** that "civilizations" also did **not** "exist" there either.

The **high retention reader** will have **correctly** identified that assertion as an **inference** based on ***inductive* logic**. Apparently **no one** told these ivory minded academics that ***the absence of evidence does not necessarily imply a similar evidence of absence.***

Before addressing the various **contributing factors** to how such an obviously **flawed** proposition came to be accepted as **"common wisdom"** FIRST like a **typical**

eurocentric academic asshat, let's at least try to possibly account for why **ancient Africans** may have NOT been inclined to **write things down** as a matter of habit.

(Assuming that is even true. Maybe they actually invented **chinese** but all of the clay pots and papyrus scrolls and/or banana leaves it had been written down on were ground into dust)

If the **prevailing trends** and **conditions** of Africa today are any indication, then it is **obvious** to the not completely dim observer **why** they **weren't** spending much time writing stuff down.

When they weren't **partying, singing, dancing, playing awesome music,** and **fucking like monkeys**, most likely in **periodic celebrations** of **kicking** all the GODDAMN NEUROTIC PAIN IN THE ASS LOSERS **off** their **continent** (IE the procreative precursors for **deeply confused white people** who tend to ***hold grudges for a long time),*** **Pre-Mesopotamian Africans** were **organizing** into ever larger **groups of similarly speaking idiots** that tended to keep busy **braining any and all uninvited jackholes moving in on their turf.**

And I hate to say it, but it's **true** even for Africans:

especially when those **jackholes** were even **bigger** and **BLACKER then they were**.

We will**, of course**, explore that fascinating little quirk of upper primate psychology later.

The point of this seeming digression is that the **founders** of the **fertile crescent societies** were obviously the ***losers*** of the **struggle for African supremacy**. Luckily, for those that lived, they had an **Eden** to escape to.

And once again, **same shit, different epoch**. The **society** grows, becomes **materially successful**, **overeats,** becomes **fat and lazy,** gets **pissed** about it, **lashes out**, ***over reaches*****,** ***loses balance, tips over*** and goes ***tits up*****.**

Once all the ***maggots*** **finish** with the (cultural) **corpse**, ***they move on to next one,*** probably a bit **north** and **west** of their present position.

Considering the subject matter at hand, we will necessarily focus on ***civilization's*** **Westward expansion**. What happened on the **Eastern spur** is equally, if not more interesting in many respects, but it will only be discussed to the extent it directly relates to the subject matter, which won't take place for another few thousand years in the future. If you are a descendent of one (**or more**) if these highly advanced and sophisticated cultures that we can learn much from, please pardon this **necessary** Eurocentricity on my part.

On the **west side**, the overall **central civilization trajectory** was **Mesopotamia,** then **Egypt**, **Persia**, **Greece**, and, of course, ***ROME.*** The **geographically aware** reader will note that the **primary vector** of this **progression** is generally in a **Westward** direction.

Each of these ***civilizations*** that eventually turned into **Empires** each had **multiple ages** that, in some cases, stretched out over **eons**. Of the three examples cited (let's not forget that **Mesopotamia** was not, in fact, an **Empire**), **Egypt** lasted the longest by far, although **not** in any kind of unbroken chain of succession among it's mostly successful pharaohs. Not only was **Egypt** the **second** official civilization, they were **still alive and kicking** throughout ***ROME's*** **ascendency**. Hell, **Egypt** was ***ROME's*** bread basket.

It was because of this tendency for **tenacity** that these **Empires** were generally inclined to **expand West,** AWAY from the **last Empire** and their hordes of **not so similarly speaking pedestrian idiots**, **armed** and **organized for just such contingencies**.

At least until these **upstart Empires** grew **big** enough to go back and return like the prodigal **red headed step children** they were and **thump the living hell out** of the **elder Empire** that **their loser ancestors** had been previously booted out of. This didn't always happen, but when it did, it was rarely pretty.

For the record, it should be noted that even to the extent that these "primary civilizations" did expand Eastward, **none** of them expanded very far into the **Asian subcontinent**. Not even Alexander the Great.

But these occasional **Eastern expansions** were happening within the larger overall trend of a **Westward shift** in the "**center**" of (**Western**) **civilization**. **Eastward Imperial expansions** did occasionally happen, they were mostly in the form of **taking control** of the older and weaker ***former*** **Empire;** lock, stock and barrel.

If should also be noted that whenever **any** of these **empires** decided to expand **Southward** into **Africa proper**, the never really got that far **south** because of a certain NOT ***civilization*** called **Nubia** which actually started **long before** any of these **pissant upstarts** did, and eventually **outlasted *all* of them**.

Of course, since they didn't get around coming up with their own written language until well **after *ROME*** fell, they MUST be a bunch of **ignorant savages** who SOMEHOW still managed to **successfully repel** just about every **foreign invader** except **Egypt,** which the **Nubians ruled** at different times.

At least **according** to modern **Ivory Tower Historian-Egyptologists**, and they should know, right?

Perhaps, but let's just **avoid** plucking that sleeping ibis for now. The important thing to note during this Imperial ramp up to ***ROME,*** **all** of these **Empires** were developing in the **context** of a **much older civilization** to the **south** that their ancestors had been kicked out of long before.

Now, I going to put this as gently as possible because despite it being the early 21st century as I write this (and **America** being the **big happy melting pot** it is), we all know that SOME PEOPLE still get a little **hot** and **bothered** by the thought of just one **heavily armed *spearchucker*** who has the **temerity** and **poor form** to conspicuously display **clear** and ***dangerous*** symptoms of **chronic** and/or **acute negritude** on a regular basis, much less **a nation of millions of them** and **no white overlords running the show**.

But that is EXACTLY what **Nubia was**. For something like, oh I don't know, **a couple hundred thousand years** or so in any number of different **phases** and **ages**, similar to **Egypt**, where **Nubia ruled** more than once. In combat, the main **Nubian weapon** in was the **spear**, and most **Nubian warriors** carried ***more* than one** because they had **correctly** deduced that it was **much smarter** to **attempt** to ***poke someone to death with a pointy stick*** from **far away** (IE by throwing it) than doing so while **standing right next to them** where they can ***poke you back*** if you **miss**.

One thing to keep in mind about **Nubians** is that in addition to them **tending** to be **physically larger on average** than most other groups, by and large **most** of them are as ***black*** as night.

Ask any **black** person (well actually, **don't**, unless you are more than passing acquaintances and they seem like they might be receptive to **typical honky questions**) and they **might** tell you, there's BLACK and then there is **black**. And then there is ***BLACK***.

As far as the present author can tell, it is **more than likely** that the Pre-**hysterical**, oops, excuse me,-historical ***NUBIANS* put the "B" in *BLACK***.

In **not** being total **dumb-ass noobs** in the **manly arts of group banana acquisition exercises** and **jackhole thumping maneuvers**, the continuing **containment** presence of the **Nubians** to the south was itself a significant **evolutionary factor** in the development of these later societies. Maybe not so much for **Persia** or **Greece** as a direct influence, but **both** were originally settled by **reject** or **rogue Mesopotamians** (or their ancestors) who originally settled in **Eden** after getting **chased out of the Motherland by a nation of millions of heavily armed** (and **big**) ***Nubian*** (IE ***BLACK*) *spearchuckers.***

(PLEASE NOTE: using the term ***"spearchucker"*** in this context is NOT "racist". It's ***at worst*** accurate but possibly in **questionable** or ***poor*** taste.)

Which brings me to another peculiar little **quirk** of **primate psychology: *bad memories die hard***. If it is a **bad enough** memory, we **turn** it into a **story** we like to tell ourselves as a reminder not to let that happen again.

This is, of course, just another facet of the previously mentioned **Oral Tradition**, and is not necessarily **fully dependent on habituated ingestion of rotten banana juice** even

though **chronic drunks are often the best story tellers** when they wax drunk and eloquent in their boozy bellicosity.

Aside from the **Persians** and the **Greeks**, the **Nubians** were a continuing presence for both **Egypt** and ***ROME***. At various times, representative groups of **both** of these **Empires** had their **asses handed back to them** multiple times by various groups of of **big *BLACK* Nubian *spearchuckers*.**

Unfortunately, **Africa's early and superlative success** in the **ass kicking competition of Life** would come back to **haunt** them.

Bad memories die hard. *Especially when new ones are similar and continuing to be an ongoing issue.*

Glossing over how Egypt begat Greece, and Greece begat ***ROME,*** and the crazy ass story about how **two podunk one-horse towns** joined forces and took over approximately **1/23rd** of the entire planet (not underwater, that is), lets **fast forward** through all that **superannuated** (but frequently interesting) **bullshit** to a little snapshot of **Rome, 43 BC.**

CAESAR IS DEAD, having been killed the year previous in an **assassination** by a group of **disgruntled alphas** from their **Senate. Caesar** had previously **declared himself Emperor by fiat** after successfully leading large groups of warriors on the fields of Mars**.** This, of course, included kicking the **holy hell** out of the **Gauls** and bringing Egypt firmly in line to ensure that **Rome** would **not starve**. Yet, like always, **conspicuous success breeds many enemies**. On the **ides of March**, some of those enemies **armed themselves with knives** and **viciously *poked* Caesar to death** in broad daylight in the hallowed halls of their ***Senate.***

Of course, their **Senate's** dagger fisted attempt at ***political impeachment*** only created more **discord** and **political instability**, which **directly** led to the **necessary political environment** for **Caesar's nephew, Octavian,** to **assert *Executive Privilege*** after **politically outmaneuvering** and **neutralizing** his main opponent, **Marc Antony**. After that, **Octavian** assumed power as the **second *Emperor*** and ***Caesar*** on the imperial throne under the name **Augustus Caesar**.

By the time all that happened, ***ROME*** was almost at the **peak** of it's political power and **geographic footprint**. Their **Empire** encompassed the **boot of Italy**, **huge regions of Germania** (aka Germany) and **Gaul** (France) and a bit of **Iberia** (Spain) in the **West** while it had expanded all the way to **Egypt** to the **East**, and had also taken over much of **North Africa**, but **didn't** get too deep into the **Motherland** because of the ***NUBIANS*** further **South**.

Much of ***ROME's* Imperial** success is **rightfully** credited in most historical accounts to their **military** being (arguably) **the single most organized and best trained fighting force in the Ancient Historical world**. Indeed, this topic was so well documented at

the time that the interested reader can find all sorts of historically accurate information on their fighting techniques, training regimens, martial equipment and weaponry used, as well as the after action reports of virtually every large battle of consequence they ever fought, win or lose.

What never really gets talked about that much is **where** in the hell all these **Roman bad asses came** from in the first place. Nor do they really substantively explore the necessary **preconditions** for **creating** a potential **bad ass** in the first place.

Although this really never QUITE seems to get the attention it **probably** should, one only has to take a brief look at the historical record to figure out where all these extra bodies came from.

About 200 years earlier, when ***ROME*** was mostly still contained in the Italian boot and a bit of Gaul, ***IT*** enacted it's own ***enclosure acts*** and hijacked thousands of farms, tossed out their families, **consolidated** these holdings and staffed them with **twice** as many **SLAVES**.

After that, sheer **desperation, poverty** and **NEGLIGIBLE OPPORTUNITY** reigned on the ***green and pleasant*** **BOOT** outside of the **city**, and these circumstances forced the vast majority of the **surplus individuals** into the **city** and their new **half-lives** of **indentured servitude** or **armed robbery**.

But these weren't your normal every day, ***beady-eyed city slickers*** we are talking about. These were **farm boys** and **girls** who **knew how to throw their weight around** and were already pretty familiar with various kinds of **hacking, slashing** and **threshing** activities.

Unfortunately, many of these **displaced women** likely became **domestic slaves**, **sex slaves** or **freelance prostitutes** but the **larger male specimens** of this **affected population** were **inducted, drafted or otherwise *impressed*** into **serving their city-state**.

For most of the latter, this was a bit of no-brainer. They were **farm boys ill prepared for city life**. Aside from the **Roman Army**, their main option for gainful employment was **beating** and **stabbing locals on spec** for one or more of the COLLEGIA (i.e. **organized neighborhood gangs**) that were already **overstaffed** with all of the new **labor** coming into the city.

This worked **great** for the **Roman Army**; their new recruits were **bigger** and **stronger** than the locals from the city and already knew how to **work a hoe, axe, scythe, whip,** and/or other **farming implements**, which all work off of the same relative **body mechanics** as **swinging a sword** (and/or ***gladius****)* around.

With the *Greeks*, and especially the Trojans and Spartans having previously worked many of the necessary **training elements** of creating **tightly bonded** and **highly**

organized military units through a sophisticated **training regimen**, and ***ROME*** itself being founded by **rogue**, **renegade** or **runaway Trojans** 5 or 6 centuries before, their highly effective training techniques had been subsequently further refined over the centuries.

Once those **farm boys** were trained, they went out and **kicked the entire ancient** (Western) **world's ass**, minus **Nubia**, of course. They went out and STOMPED the Gauls, the Germanic Tribes, the Macedonians, the Egyptians and a couple hundred other smaller groups, including a got-nothing pissant tribe of **desert shepherds** and **former nomads** called the **Judeans**.

This was no **small feat**, and especially their successes against the **Germanic Tribes** and the **Gauls**.

These were no longer the same ***pre-Frankish*** **little hairy bastards** that had **stormed England by foot** almost a decade of millennia previous, the **Gauls** and **Germans** that the **Romans** faced had become **big hairy bastards** after a few thousand years of going through their own process of **genetic drift** and **natural selection**.

For the next one hundred and fifty years, ***ROME*** continued to expand it's territory after conquering, and when necessary, **vanquishing**, one tribe after another throughout **Germania** and **Gaul**.

Regardless of which **generals** started this campaign, it was definitely **CAESAR** and his armies that finally whipped those big hairy bastards in line, eventually extending the border of ***ROME*** all the way to the **Atlantic Coast** and the **French side of the English Channel**.

Of course, in being **CAESAR**, this wasn't QUITE enough, especially after hearing about a **rather large island** only **22 miles** away from ***France*** that was **rumored** to have a a number of **natural resources** above and beyond ***sheep*** and ***tin***.

Indeed, **England** was not longer quite the **island of thud** it had been. **England** had already passed through it's **Bronze Age** and was well into an **Iron** one, and was pulling other things out of the ground that were either **shinier** and/or **more useful** than ***tin,*** which itself is **very useful** and **shiny**, when properly buffed and polished. The **island's natives** had also become extremely skilled at **knitting sweaters**, **herding sheep** while continuing to be **extremely water resistant**.

Unfortunately, these **noble** and **worthy** skills did **sweet fuck all** to prepare the proto-**Engs** to successfully **resist** and **repel** the LEGIONS of ***ROME*** when they showed up in **55 BC**.

Indeed, when **CAESAR himself** showed up, rumor has it that when he first stepped off the boat onto **English Soil** and looked around he was reputed to have uttered these **fateful words:**

“HAEC INSULA SICUT MAGNUS MAGNUS NATURALE EINS DEBENT IUSTUS EXPECTANS PENETRATUR.”

As they showed up **late** in the **campaign season** at the end of that summer, they only had time to establish a **beach head** before it was time for Winter Quarters. Part of the delay was caused by their legions of heavily armed pedestrian idiots **mutinying** at the prospect of **getting in a boat** and **crossing open water** like a bunch of goddamned **aquatic lunatics**.

After it was finally explained to them that not only would they get on those goddamned boats or suffer the immediate consequences of disobedience (i.e. ***crucifixion***, if they were lucky), once they stopped acting like a bunch of **little girls**, what they would find on the other side of the water there was an **island** on the other side of it that was like a **great big pussy just waiting to be FUCKED**, and ***they were just the pricks to do it***.

Which is exactly **what they did** when they showed up. That first **campaign** lasted only 2 years before **CAESAR** had decided he had more pressing concerns **down South**, minor things like **whipping on Belgians, crossing the Rubicon** and eventually ***declaring himself Emperor by FIAT***.

And we all know how that worked out for him. Et tu Brute, **indeed**.

In that first campaign, ***ROME*** did not establish much more than an **official beach head**, but some **key contacts** and **alliances** were made with **strategically located domestic elements** on the island. These **alliances** were subsequently **nurtured** through **mutually beneficial** trade between ***ROME*** and their **one** or **two friendly indigenous tribes**. One or two out of the **dozens** to **scores** of tribes on the Island during this period, that is.

A ***decade*** and another year or so passes. In that time, **CAESAR**, through a seemingly providential series of fortuitous events **SEIZE**(r)**D the *brass ring of power*** with an IRON FIST and only **slightly** bent it just a bit **out of alignment** in the process. (If you did not know, **brass** {i.e. a **copper tin alloy**} is **softer** and **more malleable** than **iron.**)

The **verified historical records** strongly suggest to the **not entirely sophisticated observer** (IE the present author) that **CAESAR** started believing his own **PR** about being ***Jupiter*** **incarnate**. He also appeared to **forget** that just because a group of **domesticated primates** (the Senate) **acted** like SHEEP previously did ***not*** mean they actually were **sheep**.

All that was followed by the aforementioned **re-org** at the **executive level** and the new **CEO** was **Caesar’s** nephew **Octavian** (formally known as **Augustus CAESAR** after being **posthumously adopted** through a little **religious mindfuckery**), who had somewhat of a **chip on his shoulder** about **his uncle’s** untimely exit.

After **quickly dealing** with his uncle/now **FATHER**'s **assassins, assailants** and other **associated assholes** who viciously **poked CAESAR to death**, the **new emperor** (and **his clothes**, presumably) decided to finish **his** uncle/posthumously reverse-adopted father's work in the **West** by conquering something of his own that **CAESAR** hadn't, and needed to develop new revenue streams to continue developing and improving their civil infrastructure.

Yet as noble as that was (or **not**), **AUGUSTUS CAESAR** was **not** of the **opinion** that **making his mark on history** included a successful follow up invasion on **England**. That didn't happen until **CALIGULA**, just under a hundred years later in 43 AD.

It might have taken a bit longer than they expected but when ***ROME*** returned, they did so in **force**.

LEGIONS and LEGIONS of **heavily armed** and **highly organized *pedestrian*** (and now occasionally ***amphibious)*** **idiots** (eng)**landed** and proceeded to **stomp, slash** and occasionally even ***decimate*** (i.e. **kill** 10% of) any **local populations** of **not** QUITE as well armed or organized pedestrian idiots, a few of whom were the **half insane hybrids** mentioned previously.

ROMAN* forces** did this so well they were able to establish enough of a **geographical footprint** to facilitate a **semi-permanent *occupation of the **island** for another (almost) **400 years.**

Or, in other words, just enough time to make a SLIGHT impression on the island's aborigines. Slight in the sense of almost entirely **building the foundation of England and modern day Britain as we know it.**

There might be a lot of **adjectives** that can (and **do**) describe the Romans as a group of ***greasy, hot headed wops*****,** but the two things they **certainly** were **not** is LAZY or DUMB ***greasy, hot headed wops****.*

Not hardly, in the previous 700 years Romans had learned **a thing or two about a thing or two** which they were more than happy to **share** with their ***subjugated populations****.*

So with **ROME** came things like **better roads, indoor and outdoor plumbing, *Book Learnin',* olive oil, *rotten grape juice*, Roman Law and Ethics**, and better techniques for **building shit** and **growing shit**.

A few other **key crosscultural pollution**...WHOOPS...pollination **traits** were also **transferred** in this time as well, and we will get to those presently. This **transfer of knowledge** was just one **tine** in the **triple pronged Imperial fork** that ***ROME*** stuck into **England's *shepard's pie****.*

Another one of these **tines** is **trade**, which is something the Romans were very good at. Unfortunately, their success in these areas is fully dependent on their **superlative skills**

in the **central prong** of their **SOP** (**S**tandard **O**perating **P**rocedure) in making **friendly** and **mutually beneficial overtures** of **Friendship and Peace**.

Which, *of course,* included **thumping** and **slashing** and occasionally even ***crucifying*** any ***aboes*** **dumb** and/or **crazy enough to meet them on the Fields of Mars** (as in **mortal combat** and not actually on the **Red Planet** itself *{**no comment**}).*

As previously mentioned, much of their success in their **iron edged diplomacy** was due to their **tactical superiority in combat** well documented in various historical records.

Much of this tactical success of ***ROME's*** military is itself heavily dependent on their underlying **strategy** of **target identification** for these **diplomatic overtures**. Although this **critical aspect** of their **foreign policy stance and posture** has been noted and commented on at some length, for the purposes of this device, a quick review at this time is **not a bad idea.**

For the most part, much of what has been written about this aspect of ***ROME's*** foreign policy can be succinctly summed up in the phrase **divide and conquer**. As a **summary** this is not **fully incorrect**, but it does **omit** a few key steps along the way.

In fact, the historical record suggests that **ROME** was operating off of a **four** point plan for **forcibly *civilizing* large groups** of **unfriendly pedestrian idiots** in **strategically desirable locations**.

Assuming that the **Command Authority** wasn't suffering from one or more of the various **afflictions of *executive excess*** that were **rampant in the ruling classes of *ROME*** during the second half of it's reign over the ancient (Eurocentric) world, the **Roman Plan** for dealing with **surly natives** almost always followed these 4 steps:

1: IDENTIFY: **Target Identification** happens on two levels: **geographic location** and **regional groups**. First a **geographic area** has to be ***identified*** as being **strategically desirable.** This means it either contains **valuable natural resources**, has a copious amount of **well-to-do natives** who are **not** particularly **organized or well armed**, or the **target location** happens to be a strategically placed location ***between*** such an area and the closest base of operations. Upon ***identification,*** **scouts** or other **forward observer assets** are dispatched to the **target area** to gather **intelligence** about the relative **size**, **disposition** and **alignment** of potentially **opposing forces** that ***national interest*** may require to be **neutralized** and/or **forcibly evicted**. When all of this **intelligence** is **collated, verified** and **integrated by the regional command authority**, then it's time for step 2, the often mentioned...

2: DIVIDE: The process of **facilitating political division** among targeted **opposing forces** is best thought of as a **high yield investment** that frequently resulted in **lower subsequent expenditures** of ***blood* and *treasure***, one way or another. ***Division*** was mainly facilitated in the form of **different** kinds of **friendly**

overtures. These were delivered by **key diplomatic personnel** that were **authorized** to **negotiate** on behalf of the **regional/central command authority**. Usually, these individuals had pretty clear **operating instructions** about how to proceed with their negotiations. The previously noted **size**, **distribution** and **alignment** of **regional elements** were **primary** factors in how **friendly** these **first overtures** were. If the regional commander was **one of the better ones**, the first offer was usually friendly, amounting to something like "Greetings and Salutations, potential citizen. We are ***ROME*** and we are awesome. If you join us **now**, we will build not only you a bunch of awesome shit, **we will teach you how to do it yourselves** and we can profit together in peace through trade. *If you are willing to sign up today,* and give us a **down payment** on your **new membership**, for a **limited time only** WE will ***spare you the pain and indignity of falling on you like a ton of bricks***. If you **refuse** to act soon on this offer, both your **down payment** and **regularly scheduled payments** will be **much higher** than they would be due to **our increased overhead** directly or indirectly ***incurred*** in **kicking your monkey asses** somewhere probably **North and/or West** of your present location, as we **OWN** just about **EVERYWHERE** else you can run."

The **amount** and **disposition** of the **down payment** was determined by the **perceived political strength** and/or **military capacities** of a particular **geographically relevant aboriginal group**. Mainly, **two different kinds of groups** would be found a given area: the **regional alphas**, or the strongest group in the area who would be offered what we would probably be termed today as a **fair price**. The other group(s) in the area that were **approached** were the **regional betas**, who were usually offered what we might call a **premium price** delivered with a **softer pitch**. These initial **friendly overtures** were most often **rejected** by these **regional groups** who did **not** get to where they were in life by paying anyone**,** but by **kicking their asses off the turf they wanted** and doing **the same** to any and all jackholes that showed up who wanted to do the same to them. Even when that applied equally to different regional groups, the **differential** in the **down payment prices** had **different effects** on the respective **alpha** and **beta** groups within a given area. By this time, most of Europe was regionally divided through different **loosely affiliated federations** of multiple **independent tribes**, usually speaking the **same** or **similar languages**. Often, the **differential** between **offers** to different **local groups** could ***exacerbate*** **pre-existing conditions** of prior **political differences** in their larger, loosely affiliated regional groups, which would weaken their **collective will** and **political unity**. When **done well**, this could be said to be the **diplomatic version** of **setting a cat among dogs**. When these **diplomatic emissaries** had **concluded their negotiations,** they returned to the **regional command authority** to report their results. After these results were **tabulated** by the **RCA** (regional command authority), then it was time for **step 3**...

3: ISOLATE: Like step 1, ***isolation*** also happens on on two different levels: **geographic location** and **regional groups**, but this time in reverse. The previous negotiations of **accredited diplomats** have successfully **identified** the group(s) that would **benefit** from being **isolated** for a **hostile takeover**. This subsequent

action had two immediate benefits**: directly neutralizing problematic group(s**) and **scaring the bejupiter out of adjacent groups** that might become a problem in the future. When these ***pernicious forces of darkness*** have been **identified** and **isolated** in the **mind of the RCA** (**R**egional **C**ommand **A**uthority), his **tactical advisory staff** then **identified** and ***isolated*** the specific **geographic location** that gave their own forces the best **tactical** and **strategic advantage** in **battle**. Most often, these **advantageous locations** featured some combination of **high ground** and **open space**, preferably **both** and ***ROME*** being on the **high side** of the ensuing battle. Which, of course, is what step four amounts to, the often mentioned ...

4: CONQUER: which is only a ***fancy french word*** that the **victors** like to use when referring to **two or more groups** of **heavily armed** and **organized pedestrian idiots** stomping and slashing each other to **death, dismemberment**, or just **dishonor** and **opposing forces** were the first to turn tail and run. With the **Romans** invariably being **organized unit soldiers** that, for a long time, mainly faced large groups of **individual warriors,** they were USUALLY able to grind down their opponents into **bloody dust, *even when facing significantly larger forces*.** The final stage of ***conquer*** is, of course, **getting paid** for these **vital services** in the forms of **tribute, rapine** and **pillage.** Once things settle down, then **taxation** starts, but so does **trade**, which often grew to **offset** and/or **exceed** their **expansion expenditures**.

By the time **CAESAR** said "***Vini, vidi, vici***", this ***4 step plan of imperial expansion*** were more or less **permanently engraved** in the **institutional mindset** of the **Roman High Command**, and as such, was the **Standard Operating Procedure** for **Imperial Franchise Expansion**.

After the previous hundred years of **friendly contacts** with local elements that included a ***client*** **king** or two, their second (eng)**landing** was not **overly fucking hostile**. From their first **forward operating base** in **South England**, the **Romans** had ample opportunity to practice and refine their ***four step plan*** with the **dozens of regional tribes on the island**.

For the next **three hundred years** they operated with almost total impunity, **thumping and slashing** their way **North**. Aside from the odd setback here and reversal there, ***ROME*** went on to **take** and **hold** most to all of the lands up to **Scotland** (i.e. Very **North England** for you **bloody ignorant twits** that might think it is it's own **island**). BUT By 400 AD, ***ROME*** proper was well into the **suck tide *(die back)* phase** of ***imperial over-reach*** and having serious trouble garrisoning sufficient numbers of troops on the island to quell the growing unrest of **unruly natives** who were becoming **increasingly skilled** in the **ancient and noble art** of conducting ***asymmetric WARfare*** against a **larger, better organized** and **armed opponent**.

After being there in force **officially** for 355 years, ***ROME*** as a cultural entity created the **imperial backbone** of what grew to be the **English Empire** over a thousand years later.

This happened in so many different ways that it would take more than just a book to even address all of the main ones to the extent that they **probably** deserve. For our present purposes we will focus on the **three** (**iii**) **Roman influences** that are most directly relevant to our present **topic guideline boundaries**: ***LATIN,* on-site official personnel and administrators,** and a ***growing affinity for heavy metal,*** what? Let's start of with that first one first, since it is by far the most difficult to understand of the three.

LATIN (and a bit of Greek): For all intents and purposes the central and pivotal influence of ***LATIN*** upon the formation and development of English can NOT actually be overstated. This is because of the it's **long term forcible exposure on local populations**, often under **duress**. Moreover, it is a **primary** secondary influence in ALSO being a central and sometimes even larger influence on **later** languages that further **heavily informed** the development of **modern englitch**..oops, excuse me, English.

In **genetics**, the action of **crossing a hybrid** with another **hybrid** where they share **one** (or more) recent common ancestors is referred to as ***backcrossing,*** and will USUALLY have the effect of ***strengthening*** the **shared inherited traits** from that **shared predecessor**.

Or in other words, ***LATIN*** was a great big **man** SLUT. Like ***Jupiter in a rut, LATIN,*** via the **Romans**, went around the **entire damn continent** and **FUCKED** just about **every language** it could get it's greasy paws on ***13 ways to sunday*,** and **knocked up** about ***half*** of them in the process. Typical of most **reproductive generations**, ***most*** of the **spawn** went on to **tip over and die**, but like LIZARDS, and certain kinds of FISH, the ones that **survived** grew up to be **big sons of bitches.**

So what is this big scaly brute called ***LATIN****?* Well, in being just ***your normal every day average american*** I can't rightly say, exactly.

What I do know is that to the extent that I hear and recognize **conspicuously *LATIN*** terminology or **phrases**, generally speaking I or one or more of my friend(s) is most likely in the process of getting **deeply fucked** by one (or **more**) elements of our **Legal and/or Health Care** "systems" that seem ***hellbent*** on **denying us our constitutionally guaranteed rights while *artificially manipulating a market central to our collective NATIONAL SECURITY for private gain at the expense of TAX paying American citizens.***

This is, admittedly, a somewhat biased view of ***LATIN.*** It also does **not** shed any light on the nature and/or ***LATIN*** itself, merely the author's almost **complete ignorance** on this **highly relevant** subject.

With that said, let's see what **everybody's favorite open-source encyclopedia** has to say about ***LATIN,*** after a **brief** review of English for a **direct comparison**. The following

is not a **direct quote** but the author's own (**probably inaccurate**) summary of **some** of the aspects of ***LATIN.***

Compared to English, *LATIN* does **not** appear to have as many **kinds** of words, the words that it does have **do many more things** than English words to.

To best illustrate this **minor point**, let's quickly break down English. English has **8** different kinds of words: **nouns** *(things,* more or less), **verbs** *(actions)*, **adjectives** *(descriptive of the qualities of* ***thing-nouns****)*, **adverbs** *(descriptive of the qualities of* ***action-verbs****, or the same for* ***adjectives****)* and **pronouns** *(he, she* etc), **determiners** (*the, a, an, this, that*, etc), **prepositions** (i.e. **locative/temporal** or other **adjuncts** usually describing a relationship between two things {nouns} or an action {verb} and a thing {noun}. This includes the words: *in, from, with, for, until*, and others. Unfortunately, many words that fall in this category also qualify as **adverbs** and **conjunctions** depending on **context**, and other **subclasses** of words that we won't presently worry about.) The eighth class of words in English are those **conjunctions** just mentioned (*and, but, so, for, or, nor, yet*, etc).

Within this arrangement, **4** of these word classes can be **modified** in one or more ways. Nouns have two forms (singular and plural), verbs have 3 (or 4, depending on who you ask) **tenses** indicating **time of action** (indicated through the suffixes *-ed, -ing, -s)*, adjectives have 3 (or more) modifying **forms** (also denoted by suffix, *-er, -est, -ier),* and some, but not nearly all adverbs have two (or more) forms.

In **remedial** engineering, this would be described as a **system** with roughly **15-17 variables** (4 non-modifiable word classes, and 4 that are each modifiable between 2 to 4 different ways) in it. Though this represents **a high level of complexity**, this is somewhat mitigated by relatively **limiting** the amount of **modification** per **word class**.

At least compared to ***LATIN.*** The funny thing about the relationship between ***LATIN*** and English is that the pivotal influence of the ***former*** on the latter is **more** in terms of **vocabulary** than grammar. This is not to say that there aren't ANY grammatical parallels between the two languages, but they are more **different** than **similar** in that respect.

To wit: ***LATIN.*** For all intents and purposes, ***LATIN*** only appears to have 5 (**V**) word classes; the standard issue ***pentagram*** of nouns, pronouns, verbs, adjectives and adverbs. Since we are used to **modifying verbs** as English speakers, readers and writers in **3** (or 4) different ways through **tense**, lets start off with how verbs work in ***LATIN.***

In ***LATIN*** **verbs** first belong to one of **four** (IV) main **sets** of **conjugations**. THEN, that already **conjugated verb** is FURTHER modified in SIX (**VI!**) different ways: **tense** (6 different kinds), **mood** (7 different kinds), **person** (3 exciting options to choose from), **number** (2, as in singular or plural), **voice** (again 2, active or passive) and **aspect** (3), making for a total of **23** (**XXIII**) **verbal variables**.

If that wasn't enough to keep track of on it's own**,** nouns, adjectives and pronouns are also **EACH subject to 7 different kinds of *declension.*** This alone adds another **21** variables to the **equation** of ***LATIN*** grammar.

The **typical modern American reader** is probably thinking the same 2 questions the author is at this point, and is **perhaps** inclined to make a related **tentative** observation:

1. *What in the ring tailed rambling hell is **declension** anyways?*
2. *How in the **fuck** do you keep track of a language with AT LEAST **44** different moving parts*?

and...

3. *No wonder it's a **dead language** used for **fucking people**.*

As for the first question, in basic terms *declension* can be thought of as **noun conjugation** (sort of) which works off of **different principles** than standard **English conjugations**. So different, in fact, that it does **not** strictly apply to the current topic **at** hand, but don't let that stop you from trying to find out for yourself.

As for the second of those questions, the present author has quite enough trouble **just keeping track of English to speak/write it incompletely incorrect** for extended (or **brief**) periods of time, and can't QUITE imagine how anybody actually **kept track** of all that **grammatical shit.**

But **track it they did**, and by all accounts **pretty goddamn well** IF their ubiquitous and overarching influence on the modern world is any indication.

If we attempt to view ***LATIN*** as an **operating system** we are obviously dealing with a **high complexity** system given all the different **variables** present within it. With **so many moving parts**, you can **say a lot of different things in *LATIN***, and you can say them in **many different ways**. It is a highly **inflective** language that, like English, does **modification** through the addition of one or more **suffix**(es). Unlike English, *there are no prefixes in **LATIN**, just suffixes,* (and **crucifixes**).

Similarly, *there is no "the" in **LATIN**, or "a" or "an".* These are just understood, ***a priori***.

Because of the massive amount of **flexibility** and **complexity** inherent in an **operating system** with so many **variables**, the **ancient** and **literate** Romans were able to **talk circles** around their **illiterate masses** and **not terribly sophisticated neighbors** (at least to the **north** and **west** of the Italian boot, anyways).

The actual **linguistic legacy** that ***LATIN*** had upon the English language is one that can NOT actually be done justice in a single chapter, or even book for that matter. Due to the **ubiquity** of **Roman Law** in the ancient world, many verging on **most** of the terms in

our **legal code** *(pro bono, corpus dialectus,* ***quid pro quo****...etc)* are either ***LATIN*** terms or are historically based on **Roman** concepts of law. The same can also be said for much of our **medical** and **science** terminology.

As prevalent and overarching these **linguistic legacies** are on our current language, in terms of the **true** impact of ***LATIN*** on English life and English thought, **they are only the graffiti on Albion's outhouse walls** that ***ROME*** **first dug out** and **built** for those **ungrateful wretches**.

The true impact of ***LATIN*** upon English can only be **started** to be fully grasped when one attempts to envision (or even just **takes a wild stab in the dark trying to guess**) how many **new areas** of **knowledge** were now opened to England because of this new language. Once someone could read ***LATIN***, they had access to all kinds of **new** and potentially **relevant** information that they would not have otherwise had access to at that time.

With **Roman knowledge** largely being an extension and **refinement** of **Greek knowledge**, much of which itself came from **Persia** by way of **Egypt** from **god knows where and when**, the ***LATIN****ized* **Britons** (which is the accepted catch all term for the island's **indigenies** during this time period) now had access to a body of **empirical knowledge** that had been **developed** and **distilled** over a time period of **several thousand years** (or more), assuming they could actually **read it**.

Those that could read ***LATIN*** now access to all kinds of relevant information; advanced mathematics, formal logic, ethics, the **rule of law**, **theories on effective government**, better **medical information**, and better or totally new **fabrication** and **building techniques**, for starters. Thanks to the prodigious efforts of Roman historians and **linguists**, anyone who could read ***LATIN*** could also learn **other** languages (namely *Greek)* that might have had their own **bodies of knowledge** that **partially overlapped** with those of ***LATIN***, but perhaps from bit of **different angle** or with a bit of **different spin**.

Not only that, but in **evolutionary terms** those who **learned** the language ***developed significant survival and reproductive advantages in the process of natural selection.***

This is easily demonstrated through contrasting **indigenous** and **imported** techniques and principles of ***domicile*** **development** (i.e. residential housing construction). Though we can't actually be sure **what** exactly pre-**Roman England's** exact philosophy, technique, and method of construction of their houses at the time (because they all **fell down, were knocked over,** or merely **burnt to the ground** after god knows how many **invasions, raids and civil** ***WARS*** over the eons), we can logically infer it **wasn't** something terribly different than the **wattle** and **daub school** of **peasant architecture** in medieval England: single family/one room dwellings made of sticks, dried grass and lichen, and dried mud (and/or **shit**, likely **ovine** in origin).

Although relatively easy to assemble (as in even **untrained, half insane**, and often **inebriated pedestrian idiots** could do it) they tended to suffer from a few minor deficiencies. Little things like being **structurally unsound** and **not** being especially **water resistant**. This can be a real **pain in the ass** and a **major disadvantage** to any would-be peasant **lothario** trying to impress any of the local **lasses**. Most of whom probably had better things to do with their time than **roll around in damp** and **moldy hay** with a **ghetto-ass scrub living a leaky, one room shitbox** ***(literally,*** in many cases).

Meanwhile, the ***LATIN*** **enabled** *citizen* was more likely to live in a house made out of **stone.** Not necessarily because they actually built it themselves, but because **their new language** gave them **increased economic opportunities** by virtue of being able to speak with the local ***one percent*** directly. Even **dumb people** who **learned the language** had a **leg up** than **more potentially qualified individuals** who didn't.

This often resulted in (**much**) **more financial liquidity** in these **affected populations** who were able to hire **professional stone masons** to build them a house out of precisely **cut stone** that didn't tend to **leak** or **tip over** very often (well, for the **first few hundred years** at least). This, in turn, gave them a much **more stable environment** for conducting **ongoing reproductive operations** within. Also, this **economic environmental advantage** invariably conferred many more **targets of opportunity** for the would be **propagator** to **mate** and **spawn** with, given the **Roman domestic** and **sexual** sensibilities of the time.

As we are now starting to brush up into our next most critical **import** from ***ROME*** to England during this early developmental phase, let's just admit that we actually **can't** possibly do **justice** to the **importance** and **effect** of ***LATIN*** on English in the **space provided** and tie off this **woefully incomplete** summary with one other **minor** observation about the **parental relationship** between ***LATIN*** and English. Namely, that ***LATIN*** was **kind** and **thoughtful** enough to **donate** it's **22** (CAPITAL) letters to our written language before **kicking the bucket** as a **living language** during the **dark ages**.

Speaking of **buckets**, that brings us to ***ROME's*** second most critical **import** to **England**:

On-Site Official Personnel and Administrators*:* Like any large **franchise operation**, any time ***ROME*** wanted to set up shop somewhere after intimidating, **thumping the living heck out of**, or otherwise **pacifying** (slash ***decimating****)* the natives soundly enough to make the **affected area** congenial to a **business like atmosphere**, SOMEONE had to come out from the home office to get the **business of government** afloat, and get one **hand firmly on the tiller** and the **other** ***in the till.*** At least if they wanted to keep the **alpha REMF's** back at the home office off their back.

As is always the case with **large organizations expanding into new markets** and territories, the question of **who** exactly is going to be **dispatched** out to **BFE** (in this case, **butt fuck England**) on behalf of the **expanding organization** was (slash ***is)*** ***never*** an easy one to answer.

On one hand, any individual dispatched to such a role has to be a **highly motivated self starter** and able to **think** and **act** independently, especially back then with the **communication situation** being what it was (no internet, phones, or telegraphs). This clearly necessitates certain minimum levels of **intelligence** and **aptitude** on the part of any would be **administrators**.

Yet on the other hand, generally speaking, **large organizations** tend to have **great difficulty** successfully dealing with **highly independent self starters who are comfortable with thinking and acting independently**.

In fact, it would **not** at all be incorrect to say that the **business organizational model** of most **large organizations** is ***fully predicated on the vast majority of their employees and dependents*** NOT THINKING OR ACTING INDEPENDENTLY. Those **unauthorized personnel** that conspicuously display signs of **habitually engaging** in such **pernicious activities** are MOST often either **booted out of the organization** or detailed to some **administrative shitwork role** where they are **kept out of sight** and can't do much damage to current ongoing (business) operations.

Unless we are talking about those individuals who ***are*** **highly intelligent and motivated people** who could be **self starters** but pretend to be **drones** for the sake of **worming...**excuse me, working their way **up the chain of command**. These **typically devious bastards** (and **bastardettes**) are generally the **most qualified** for these kinds of **expansion roles**, but are usually the ***least inclined*** to leave the **home office** if they can possibly avoid it.

These **upwardly mobile anglers** know that ***proximity is paramount in the pursual of power,*** political or otherwise. Continuing to be in the **center of power** is critical for the typical trajectory of **upward progression** for such individuals. It is much easier to get **noticed** at the **home office** by someone higher up the **food chain** as being potentially **useful** to have **on staff** than it is out in the **boondocks**.

While a **diplomatic ambassadorship** or **regional consulship** would be a **plum promotion** for most people, by the time someone has worked their way **high enough in the command chain** to qualify for such considerations, exactly **where** this new posting is figures heavily in the **calculations** of the **upwardly mobile angler**.

Unless it was to somewhere especially **sexy**, like, say the **Gaulish Riviera**, they probably **weren't** going to be too interested unless it was somewhere **vital to national interest**, and/or put them in regular communication with individuals **higher up in the command chain**, perhaps even the **commander in chief** himself.

Without putting too fine a point on it, at **no point** during it's inclusion within the Roman Empire did **England** qualify as being a **nice place go to** or **central to the national or business interests of *ROME***. Clearly, there was enough on the island to inspire a **350**

year occupation, but it was **no Egypt** to ***ROME***. ***ROME*** could get by without England's **tin** and **wool** with little difficulty, but it could **not** get by without **Egypt's grain**.

This **staffing problem** is one that is ***omni-present*** in ***all*** centrally organized political or business groups that are regionally expanding. Unlike today where **large corporations** can **advertise available positions** to attract the **most qualified individuals** (that they are willing pay for, that is), ***ROME*** had to **promote from within**.

With the **most qualified individuals** already being **assigned** to the **most critical** and/or **sexy** positions of power, or merely uninterested in a **potentially** lucrative position at the **ass end of nowhere** on some ***Jupiter*-forsaken island** where the natives spend half the year freezing to death and the other half trying to brain each other with sharpened metal sticks, this would then push the **recruitment drive** down into the ranks of **secondary** or even (in the case of England) ***tertiary*** individuals to fill **key positions** in **outer satellite offices**.

In fact, if you are not already aware of it, an **administrative posting** to a **provincial backwater office at the ass end of nowhere** is often viewed as a **clear and ambiguous message** that **previous efforts** did ***not*** meet the **expectations** of those **higher up the command chain**, clearly communicated at the time or ***not***.

Or expressed within the context of the previously offered anthropological schema for social caste divisions of this historical period, these **outlying administrative positions** at the ass end of nowhere are the ***shit detail*** for the ***Alphas*.**

Plus, there is OFTEN a **directly proportional relationship** between the how **far** out (especially **North**) a **posting** is and how **large** a **fuckup** the **postee** is. With England being about as far **north** as the Romans were interested in going, given these **timeless organizational tendencies**, one MAY **logically speculate** that the ***regional on site personnel*** assigned to **England** at the **administrative level** may NOT have been the most **competent** or **qualified** of individuals within the **Roman Empire**.

When these **second** and **third raters** came to England's **green and pleasant shores**, they were **besieged** by all manner of local **upwardly mobile anglers** looking to **improve their position and lot in life** by joining **something** that would **not be beaten** in their lifetime.

Generally, these **local anglers** were coming from, or **representing the interests** of local **second or third tier tribes** themselves, as the **alphas** were generally **less** inclined to cut a deal with foreign assholes who wanted a piece of their turf. By the time ***Roman* administrators** showed up, the local **tribal alphas** had already been **well and truly stomped** by the **local garrisons** and were either **dead**, **enslaved** or on the **lam** in a location somewhere **north and/or west** of their former position.

Though most **senior administrators** came over with **already existing families**, that **didn't** stop them from ***diddling* local populations**. And, as often as not, these kinds of

"promotions" turned into **semi-permanent postings** that often led to the **secondary effect** of the **maturing hybrid offspring** of these **imported individuals** going on to **breed with** and even ***marry*** **native indiginies**. Most often the individuals from the formerly **second tier** groups of **upwardly mobile families**.

The **increasingly observant reader** will have noted that this **unfortunate combination of trends** creates exactly the necessary **pre-conditions** for a regrettable sort of ***genetic drift*** that will come back to **haunt England** until the **end of it's days** over a thousand years later:

1. England is a **geographically isolated area**.
2. There were two groups of **individuals** with many **similar** or **parallel traits** that were ***interbreeding***. (i.e. **local *upwardly mobile second raters*** not smart or strong enough to make themselves useful to the island's previous alphas BREEDING with **imported second rate idiots OR *third rate fuckups*** already knee deep in sheep dip from their previous mud duck maneuvers in warmer and sunnier locales before they set one foot on that accursed island.)
3. Given the fact that almost all **legitimate hybrid progeny** of this **second rate** group tended to **marry** and ***procreate*** with individuals ***within*** the resulting **hybrid group**, this would only serve to ***reinforce*** the **inherited traits** informing their **second** (increasingly ***third)*** rate **tendencies**. Which were largely limited to a widely shared **overweening drive for social status** and the associated **inveterate lust for the conspicuous signs of success**. These **tendencies** tended to be greatly **amplified** by the tiny, niggling fact that if the **Romans** were to leave, those **fuckers** would be the **first** to be **put the sword** when the **great shitbird of the north comes home to roost**.

Considering that this went on for well over **300 years**, this is more than enough time for **natural selection t**o work it's **twisty**, **double helical magick** and result in a **genetically stable sub-population** defined by the **shared characteristics** of being **second or third rate idiots with a lemming-like drive for upward mobility**.

This was further **enhanced** with progressive ***backcrossing*** with **new mainland idiots** (i.e. **more** *third rate fuckups already knee deep in sheep dip from their previous mud duck maneuvers in warmer and sunnier locales before they set one foot on that accursed island)* periodically being **imported** from the ***ROME*...**EXCUSE ME, **home office**. This, **of course**, would only serve to **strengthen** the second (or by this time, ***third)*** rate tendencies in subsequent iterations of **little bastard(ette)s** resulting from breeding with individuals from this **new sub group**.

In **dog breeding**, these **species sub-groups** are called **breeds**. Which is what these **hybrid groups** did, like **bunnies**. We are, after all, talking about ***Romans*** here (ever see Satyricon?).

The **canine enabled** or otherwise fully **pedigreed reader** will have already noted that ***we have just identified the wolf-like primary social ancestor of what eventually came to be the English Upper Class.***

Even worse for England, the whole time this is going on these **affected populations** are **drinking** larger and larger amounts of ***rotten grape juice*** from ***lead*** (#82 on the Periodic Table of Elements, symbol **Pb**, from the *LATIN* ***plumbum,*** as in *plumbing)* **crystal glasses** and ***lead*** **pewter decanters** and FURTHER **sweetened** with ***lead acetate***.

yum, yum.

This, of course, leads us to the last of **ROME**'s significant legacies **bequeathed** to England during it's rule over that island: a ***growing affinity for*** (various kinds of) ***heavy metal.***

Of the **3** (III) **heavy metals** that figure prominently in the **development of English as an Operating System** as primary influences, **2** (II) were either **introduced** or **strongly culturally reinforced** by the long term presence of the **Romans** on England:

lead and ***GOLD*** (**#79** {i.e. **LXXIX**} on the Periodic Table of Elements, Symbol **Au**, from the *LATIN* ***aurum,*** meaning "sunrise").

If the **curious reader** is wondering if the **third** ***heavy metal*** is either **iron** or **steel**, this is **not** a bad guess, but **not** correct. True, the Romans were big fans of **iron** and **steel** and used both **prodigiously**, but neither one of them is, technically speaking, a ***heavy metal.*** Which is not to say that they are not frequently used to make heavy metal objects, but whatever objects were being made of **ferrous alloys** would be more than **three times heavier** if made out of a similar amount of ***lead*** or ***GOLD***.

But if they were made out of either of those they **wouldn't** hold an edge for shit.

Of the two ***lead*** is **highly toxic** but ***GOLD*** is ***by far*** the **more** DANGEROUS of the two.

Though the **historical record** is a bit **spotty** before the Romans showed up, it is **probable** that even England's **provincial pedestrian idiots** had a **passing familiarity** with **one** or ***both*** substances thanks to the **diligent efforts** of their relatively small minority of **aquatic lunatics**. Some of these **wingnuts** had started to earn a living **trading with the mainlanders** long before the **Romans** showed up, and these people were likely the first ones to encounter these ***heavy metals*** and bring back **samples** to their **customers** and **prospective mining concern partners**.

But like syphilis, ***inculcating a growing affinity for heavy metal*** in the **larger indigenous population** required a bit of **direct** and **sustained penetration** into the **dark nether regions** of England's **green** and **pleasant holes**...DAMMIT...shores.

Oddly enough, the **Romans** were **exquisitely prepared** to act in such a capacity and brought with them their **love** of ***lead*** and ***GOLD*** and went on to **indiscriminately *infect* indigenous populations** with their ***heavy metal fever***.

A **fever** that **incidentally** always seems to prove completely **fucking fatal** to ***any*** who succumb to it's terrible effects. Their **eventual long term**(***inal)*** **effects** (and ***related conditions)*** will be discussed **at length** later on in this **historical narrative**, for now we will only worry about the immediate short term effects of **chronic** and **acute exposure** on a **relatively large group** of **isolated people(s)**.

Let's start far the **far less *pernicious*** of the two, ***lead.***

Ask anybody from **Flynt, MI** and they will tell you, ***lead*** is bad, OK? At least when it comes to **chronic and acute exposure to specific populations over long periods of time**.

and not just because potential exposure might be happening at supersonic speeds in the form of ballistic bumblebees flying through the air. That doesn't start happening until a **bit later** in our **current narrative.**

Indeed, even **drinking, eating, absorbing** or even otherwise **ingesting small amounts of *lead*** ONCE can **fuck your shit up**. If it happens to be **more** than a **small amount**, it can even kill you ***dead*** even if ***it* wasn't** previously formed into **hollow points** and delivered at point blank range into one or more vital organs.

Lead poisoning can be a real bitch. ***It*** goes straight into the **kidneys, brain, nervous system, cardiovascular system, immune system,** and exposure can also cause **weakness** in the **outer extremity joints** (fingers, wrists, ankles, mostly), **significantly reduce fertility in men, cause brain and blood disorders** and actually **damage nervous connections**, especially in **children**.

(Incidentally, like our current **mystery metal**, ***lead*** is **neurotoxic** and **bio-accumulative**).

Because of ***lead's*** tendency towards **toxicity**, virtually **every** civilized modern nation (outside of **Michigan**, apparently) has strict allowances about ***lead* usage** to **limit** the direct exposure of their populations.

The same can emphatically **not** be said about ***ROME*** at any point in it's lengthy history. In fact, ***THEY*** were using that ***shit*** for just about **everything** they could possibly think of, and especially for **plumbing**. Hence, the word *plumbum*, "lead" in *LATIN*.

We can not truly be sure what the exact ratio between ***lead* plumbing** and **earthenware plumbing** was across the **Roman Empire**, but it is **confirmed** in the historical accounts that ***lead*** comprised a **large percentage** of **linear footage** of **pipe laid**. So large, it

might even have constituted the **majority** of of **civic plumbing** for many of ***ROME's*** **franchise cities**, including **Rome** itself.

This by itself is probably **not** as big a deal as it might seem. Though ***lead*** is **reactive** with **water** in the presence of **oxygen** (as in "air", #8 {**VIII**} on the Periodic Table of Elements, symbol **O**, short for **itself**) and small amounts of ***lead*** are **absorbed** by the **water** traveling down the pipes, water **doesn't** usually sit long enough in the pipes of most **civic water systems** to **leach up** much ***lead***. Secondly, and just as important to keep in mind, the combination of ***lead,*** **water** and **oxygen** form **deposits** of ***insoluble*** **lead salts** which are **not** chemically reactive with water.

So, at worst, whatever water is traveling down ***lead*** plumbing is either carrying **borderline trace amounts** before accumulating **non-soluble *lead* salt deposits** would eventually **cover exposed *lead* surfaces**. Which still could be enough to have **light to moderate effects** on **exposed populations** over time, but we have no way of presently confirming that particular piece of epidemiological data.

What is **confirmed** is the previous **stipulation** regarding the common usage of ***lead*** in **many** kinds of glass **pitchers** and **cups/glasses**, and the **widespread usage** across the **Empire** of ***lead acetate as a sweetener for wine***. Additionally, ***lead*** was used as a **food preservative** and was frequently an **integral chemical component** in many different types of **paint** and **pottery glazes**. The latter were often applied to **dinnerware** because of ***lead's*** **noticed tendency** to make **pretty red** and/or **yellow** colors when combined with other **elements**.

Again, IF the typical **exposure** to ***lead*** in the **Roman Empire** was only limited to say, one or **two** of those **options** on that list, that would be one thing. But with ***all*** of these factors being **present** throughout **most** or **all** of ***ROME's*** **storied history**, that is **quite** another.

Even more **interestingly**, the individual **exposure** to ***lead*** tended to **wildly vary** between **socio economic classes**, but ***not*** in ways **conducive** to **rich people**.

The **economically strapped reader** will have already noted that **all of the above** primary exposure routes in ***ROME*** all tend to cost **cash money**. Like the **apex predator** in any **polluted habitat,** those at the ***top*** of the **Roman food chain accumulated** much ***higher*** amounts of **heavy metal toxicity** significantly ***faster*** than the **agrarian bottom feeders** at the lower end of the economic spectrum.

Current estimates, and again from our favorite open source encyclopedia, are that **average exposure levels were 25 *TIMES*** (i.e. NOT PERCENT) ***greater*** for those **living in the lap of luxury** than they were for their epoch equivalent **shit detail** counterparts who typically drank **unsweetened** watered-down wine out of **earthenware cups** and **didn't** have much in the way of **fine china**, or a proper **home decorating budget** to buy **highly toxic paint** with.

If the curious reader is wondering, current estimates suggest that the ***agrarian bottom feeders*** of ***ROME*** were probably consuming roughly **10**(**X**) **times** what is currently considered to be the **maximum** "**safe**" **level of exposure**. ERGO, the **average** (projected) **exposure levels** for Rome's **ruling class** was ***250 times greater*** what we consider to be "**safe**" exposure levels today.

One may **conceivably** hypothesize that this **qualifies** as a ***significant* ongoing factor** in both the ***genetic drift*** and ***natural selection*** in this **breed** (OK, FINE..."social class") of **pre-English Upper Class Twits**. These ***widely experienced acute exposure levels*** only **added** various **blood, brain** and **nervous disorders** to their already envious **genetic legacy of third** (now verging on **fourth**) rate **abilities** and **intellects** coupled with a **genetically rooted *kamikaze-like inclination*** for **conspicuous material success**, or at least *giving every appearance of such*.

One could even go so far to note some **transient correlation** between the **preponderant** amount of long term ***lead* poisoning of *ROME's* ruling class, *it's*** noted ***(profoundly)* deleterious effects** on the **decision making process**, and the subsequent **pissing away of an Empire**, but that would only be **rank speculation** that only SEEMS **to make a lot of sense**.

Obviously, attributing the **fall of *ROME*** to the **progressively diminishing intelligence and abilities to *ROME's* ruling class** *clearly makes much less sense* than the more established (yet significantly **less** specific) **theories** of "migrating peoples" and "**Social Malaise**" that have been promulgated by various **antiquity experts**.

Speaking of **bright** and **shiny** things**,** this would probably be a good time to address the other ***heavy metal*** that you have **likely** been thinking about the whole time you **rushed through the last section** to get to the part about...

GOLD: A bit of a funny substance. Not usually **directly fatal** itself (although it works great for **hollow points**), technically speaking, ***GOLD*** isn't even **neurotoxic**. In fact, since antiquity, and in many schools of thought today, ***GOLD*** was (and ***is***) **thought** to have many **beneficial health effects** when taken in **small** or **trace amounts**, assuming it isn't **molten** at the time of ingestion. This is why it is safe **on** or **in** your **teeth**, and why people with **way too much money** occasionally enjoy ***GOLD*-dust laced aperitifs** after their insanely overpriced dinners.

Operationally speaking, ***GOLD*** has a **limited amount** of practical uses in a **pre-electronic antiquity** (and we are **not** prepared to address the subject of potentially ***electronic pre-antiquities*** at this time). In addition to being **pretty goddamn heavy** (but not quite as much as ***lead),*** it's **soft buttery nature** (as in being both **highly ductile** and **malleable**, not to mention **yellow**) means ***IT'S* crap** for **cutting** anything **other** than warm butter on a hot day.

Although ***GOLD*** does have the **singular** virtue of being one of the **least** chemically reactive elements under **standard** (**primate**) **operating conditions**, it is **too goddamn**

expensive to make it a **practical option** for most kinds of **weatherproofing.** Another characteristic ***IT*** has in common with ***tin*** is that ***IT*** is **shiny**, but even more so.

Aside from **jewelry** and being used as a **coloring agent** for a few kinds of **stained glass**, it had virtually **no practical usage** way back when **other** than being an easily agreed upon **medium of exchange**. For various ***deeply predisposed*** reasons that will be **concussed** later, once seen ***GOLD*** is **never forgotten** and it's **dense waterproof fungibility** makes it a **perfect medium** for "**storing**" "**value**".

At least in the "**old world**". The **First Nations** of **North, Central, and South America** did **not** value ***IT*** QUITE so highly. The **Aztecs** even went so far to name ***IT*** **"god shit"** in their own language.

But other than ***GOLD*** **leafing** and forming any number of **false idols** out of, **jewelry** and **money** were about the only **widespread** uses of ***GOLD*** before **electricity** was (**re**)discovered.

In **not** being **physiologically neurotoxic** in any way, or even **chemically reactive** (mostly, it will **dissolve** in the presence our yet to be identified **mystery metal**), ***GOLD's*** greatest **direct threat** to (wo)**man** or **monkey**(ette) was strictly from it's **sheer mass** alone. It only takes a **wee handful dropped** from a **not very great height to kill a man stone dead,** or at the very least put a **serious bump on his head**.

But **DON'T** let it's **soft buttery appearance** deceive you, ***GOLD*** is a ***goddamned genocidal lunatic mass murderer*** that has **killed WAY** more **people** than your **favorite six** ***(hundred and sixty six)*** **tyrannical despots combined**.

The **clear and present danger** it presents the **would be victim** lies mainly in **what *other* people** are **willing to do** to get some (i.e. just about **anything** you can possibly think of). For now **let's just assume** I am only referring to only the **personal** violations of **burglary, muggery, buggery,** and **murder** (at least for **lunch**, ***we also have an exciting happy hour with a variety of different specials to choose from).*** A **little *GOLD*** in the right **thieving mitts** often went a long way to **not so nice ends** that any historically aware reader is probably **well familiar** with.

But that is only the **obvious danger *IT*** presents. The **less obvious dangers *IT*** presents are **far more insidious** and **wide ranging**.

First off, as a substance ***GOLD*** is both ***highly addictive*** and ***habit forming***. The **minute** someone gets some, ***they soon want more.*** Even **if** an **addict** finds **more, *it is never enough***. If (more like **when**) that does **not** happen, they start **exhibiting chronic** and **acute withdrawal symptoms** that can include but are **not** limited to: **anxiety attacks;** sweaty palms; **mood swings**; chronic or acute **irritability**; cold sweats; **an increased intensity in other cravings;** and **an increased willingness to engage in reckless, unsafe** or potentially **harmful activities** to **acquire** even ***small*** **amounts** of this **highly addictive substance**. Like **most** (perhaps even **all**) **highly addictive**

substances (i.e. **nasty** things **not** conspicuously ***green*** and ***sticky),*** it is also subject to the same **law of diminishing returns** in regards to the progressively diminishing ***buzz to dosage ratio*** for **experienced addicts**. In certain **very advanced** and **untreated cases**, **acute withdrawal symptoms** can occasionally include ***suicide,*** and/or **ideation** thereof.

As bad as the **withdrawal effects** can be, they are practically **nothing** compared to the **symptoms** (and their attendant risks) associated with the ***habituated usage of ever increasing amounts.*** A ***GOLD addict*** in the throes of a **virulent, long term addiction** can potentially exhibit several (**or more**) of the **following symptoms** as a matter of course (even after only **brief periods of elevated exposure levels**): a mild to **acute** sense of **euphoria**; **risk assessment *impairment;*** an **irrational exuberance; godlike** feelings of **elation**; ***vulgar displays of power*** (often of an **architectural** nature) and their **behavior** may become (passive) **aggressive, intolerant** or **intrusive**.

Furthermore, they may **also** feel as if they are "**chosen**" or part of an **elite elect** and ***not subject to the same rules as everybody else.*** Plus, they might even **engage in sexually promiscuous** and/or **risky behavior** while frequently **indulging** in ***all kinds of other addictive substances*** which **may** have similar associated risks and symptoms.

It is the last **unfortunate side effect** that technically makes ***GOLD*** one of the few **truly *meta-addictive substances*** that **humans** have to worry about. If all of the previous **associated risks** weren't enough to worry about, the **habituated user *quickly becomes habituated to all the new addictive substances and habits they can finally afford***, at least in the **short term**.

And if that **cornucopia** of **attendant risks** aren't quite enough to get your **risk-reward rocks off**, the (generally **not** very) **filthy rich** also have to deal with being the **canary in the coal mine when it comes to beta testing new commercially available technology**, since they are the only ones that can actually **afford to buy** any of that **overpriced fancy shit**. As previously documented with all of the **new** and **exciting** uses for ***lead*** discovered in this time period, **sometimes** these **new technologies can have unintended consequences** that **might** be (slash ***are)*** detrimental to one's **health** and **well being**.

So in addition to **all** of the usual kinds of **brain damage** that comes with **drinking** and **fucking practically all the fucking time**, those **sufferers of this ancient *arcadian* addiction** in both ***ROME*** and **Roman England** also had to contend with the **myriad of malignant effects** consistent with **god knows how many generations of chronic, long term *lead* poisoning**.

Unfortunately for England, ***ROME's heavy metal fever*** turned out to be as **fully contagious** as their **language, alphabet**, **organizational model** and ***indigenous outreach programs*** were. And like always, it ultimately proved to be **fatal** in the long run. BUT, like ***syphilis,*** the **disease progression curve** can be **one heck of a ride**.

Just like it was for ***ROME***. ***ROME*** lasted for almost 700 years before their ***excesses exceeded their successes*** and their economic model of ***CONQUER and EXPAND*** proved to be the **short sighted, non-sustainable approach** it was (and still ***IS***) in the long run.

Though ***ROME*** fell for reasons we only **speculate** about today, their **350** year presence in England was **long** and **vigorous** enough to generate the **necessary** level of **heat** to **anneal** the **iron backbone** of **ROME**'s **highly successful organizational model** with **England's tin-like faculty for water resistance** and **firmly, irreparably** and **indelibly impress their incomprehensible jabber *deep*** into the **collective mind of the pre-English Alpha class**.

The **Roman legions** and **legates** might have **officially left** England just a bit after 400 AD, but in a real sense ***ROME*** **didn't really fall on England** until a few years later when those **goddammerüng gerries invaded** for the **first** time...

Chapter *Vierer* (4)

Sprechen sie what?

Here come the Bast-oops, i mean ***Angles*...**
ünd Saxons

Invasion #2
The *GERMANS*
(aka: *the Teutonic Horde)*

Language Set 3:
German, and more *German*

Circa: 410 AD-793 AD

Meanwhile, back on the mainland, big things were afoot during England's first taste of ***Imperial Power****...*

Just when **Romans** were starting to get settled on England, far to the **east** of their **empire** their eventual **doom** was starting to organize itself in earnest.

Contrary to the **heavy metal** emphasis of this last chapter, itself clearly indicative of the present author's lamentable musical sensibilities, it would not be **fully accurate** to solely attribute ***ROME's*** fall to the almost **ubiquitous** presence of long term ***lead* poisoning** and **GOLD fever** among Rome's ***arcadian aristocracy***. It would be more accurate to describe those as two kinds of rust and rot that irreparably degraded the structural integrity of their empire.

After two hundred years of relative peace, by **200 AD *ROME*** had grown **fat** and **lazy** as it became **accustomed** to it's **overwhelming imperial success**. The Gauls and the **Germanic tribes** north of the Italian Boot had been pacified and largely **assimilated** into the empire as **vassal peoples**. Which proved to much more lucrative than living life on the lam as a band of hunted fugitives when not getting brained by foreign jackholes while agitating for squatter's rights on their former ancestral lands.

This period of peace and prosperity turned out to have disastrous consequences **t**hat ultimately proved to be **fatal** for both the **empire** and ***ROME* itself**. This phenomena has been previously noted by **period experts** who have coined the term **social malaise** as a catch-all phrase to describe the many **negative social effects** that happen when an **easily identifiable minority group with way too much time and money on their hands is left unchallenged in a position of political power for a generation or more**.

This, historically speaking, **never bodes well** for any **nation being ruled by an upper class of increasingly idle idiots**, even when they are only displaying the usual **signs**

and **symptoms of casual success** not further exacerbated by pandemic ***lead* poisoning**.

Indeed, that same **peace** and **prosperity** that earlier generations **worked so hard to build out of their sweat** and **blood *always*** seems to come back eventually and bite their descendants in the ass.

hard.

It happened in *Mesopotamia* and *Egypt*, and we can **logically speculate** that it probably happened in ***Nubia*** to some extent because of how ubiquitous a **cultural phenomena** this is within **highly successful civilizations** and/or **cultures**.

Though the **effects** of this **regrettable** cultural phenomena reach far and wide throughout their **affected populations**, the most **dire effects** directly stem from the **behavioral** and **decision making trends** that tend to manifest in the associated ***political*** and ***military*** institutions during periods of **success** and **stagnation**.

Each of these **social institutions** are affected differently during periods of **successful stasis**, but the standard responses in both usually work in **tandem**, to the point of forming a **fully symbiotic relationship** in many respects.

After the **party phase** of **gross excess that goes along with early success**, most empires eventually settle down into a moderate period of **casual success** where profits are a given, victories are expected, and the reversals of yesteryears fade in the collective memory in the lambent glow of recent imperial plunder.

In **neurology**, the personal equivalent of this is part of a bigger **spectrum** of **default program responses** that are referred to as ***state specific memories***. If you are not currently familiar with this concept, it is not exceptionally difficult to understand. The short version is that when **you are sad,** you will **tend to remember sad things more easily and clearly** than other kinds of **emotionally tethered memories**. This is **why** it is such a **cast iron bitch** to **try** and “think” your way **out** of being depressed. Conversely, the same holds true for those suffering from an **irrational exuberance** and **can’t** quite seem to **remember** the last time they had to **worry about anything**.

Since these institutions are **created** and **coordinated** by groups of **people**, and staffed by **even more people,** one can **logically posit** that **institutional memory** also displays a **clear predisposition** towards ***state specificity*** as well. When viewed within this light, a few ongoing historical patterns become increasingly clear.

Politically speaking, **early success** tends to lead to a **facile** (often ***febrile)*** sort of ***conservatism*** later on. This reflects the **altered geopolitical posture** of a **nation in transition** from being an **up and coming geopolitical power** to being a **clearly defined superpower.**

When any **nation** or **empire** is in an **expansion** phase, **daring endeavors and leaders** tend to be **celebrated** at home with well meaning **adulation** from the **governed** and a **grudging sort of respect** among the other **governors** who weren't smart or ballsy enough to initiate such maneuvers on their own.

When those **daring plans** go on to succeed (sometimes even **beyond** their planners wildest dreams), the rewards that inevitably come with **stunning success** always engender a **sea change** in the **psychology** of ***those who govern***. What were previously described as **bold, visionary,** and **decisive actions** are subsequently viewed as **rude, reckless** and potentially **disruptive** of the current political, economic or societal norms.

Within ***3 generations*** of **cultural success**, virtually ***all*** of the various personal tendencies that were **responsible** for that **success** will come to be viewed as **social, economic and personal *liabilities*** in the now "successful" culture.

Success almost always leads to some tendency towards conservatism in both thought and action. In many respects, this is expressed in the old midwestern saying: **if it ain't broke, don't fix it**. If something didn't just work once but **many times over**, few people in their right minds are going to be **predisposed** towards **seeking viable alternatives**. And despite the **many current negative** (and often ***justified***) associations regarding **modern political conservatism**, this trend towards **philosophical conservatism** is **not** in and of itself a **bad thing**.

That doesn't happen until an **understandable predisposition** becomes a **self fulfilling political philosophy** best expressed in the **modified** old midwestern saying: **if it ain't broke, don't fix it, and since it hasn't broke yet *why assume that it even can in the first place and why are you troubling my beautiful mind with such errant nonsense?***

This is when **conservatism** (happening under any political pretense, even when practiced by so called **left wing *liberals***) becomes ***actively* self-destructive**. When those at the **top** of the **command chain** make it **clear** to their **subordinates** that they prefer hearing about **ongoing successes** rather than potential **imminent threats** (usually by **demoting** or merely **killing any messengers** bringing **bad tidings**), they ***immediately stop getting good information from their underlings***.

Worse, since ***shit rolls downhill***, this unfortunate pattern tends to **repeat** and **escalate all the way down** the **command** and **control structure**. After only a **few years** of this, those at the **top are living** in a ***completely artificial reality entirely divorced from the real one transpiring in the territory they govern***.

This always **seems** to have the effect of making those at the top **terribly bad governors**, when it is actually happening. It also accounts for those **critical civic overcorrections** that happen when **all that shit that had been rolling downhill for so long** finally **hits the fucking fan** so hard that **somebody at the top gets some on their**

nice shiny boots and ends up **throwing a *shitfit*** and makes the mistake of issuing the kinds of orders that **can't** be rescinded once the damage is done.

This is how **peaceable protests** are turned into **riots**...**ham fisted enforcement protocols being issued by over-reacting, rear echelon *alphas*** to **uniformed, jack sandled** and **heavily armed pedestrian idiots** who are rigorously **trained to stomp, brain and/or slash any jackhole** (or group thereof) **identified by their superior officer**. This also how those **ensuing riots** are further escalated into full on **domestic battles,** and how those **spiral out of control** into **all-out civil *WAR.***

Unfortunately, these **political trends** are ***exacerbated*** by the **concurring** trends in the associated **military organization**(**s**) during these **same periods** of **casual success**.

Usually, by the time **those** kind of **regrettable orders** have been **issued**, the **military** has **often** been **sitting on it's ass so long** in some kind of lame ass ***police action*** that many of it's **finest are just spoiling for a real fight**. Let's, for the record, **assume** that **most** of those that sign up for their culturally and chronological appropriate **armed forces** (and or **local police force**) are doing so primarily for **economic reasons** and/or because of a **strong sense of civic responsibility**.

That said, it also must be noted that a certain **minority** of **qualified applicants** sign up for **military duty** because they ***want to crack some fucking heads and get paid for it.*** While these individuals may make for **effective soldiers** in many respects, the **individuals** with those kinds of inclinations make **piss poor police** of any kind.

This **behavioral predisposition** does **not** combine very well with one of the most ubiquitous **quirks** in the **mass psychology of domesticated primates: *idle idiots always get increasingly twitchy*** (those rare times they **aren't half in the bag**).

While this might be one thing for a nervous nelly like you, it is quite another for someone who has spent the last 5 to ten years in the outlands **cracking skulls, taking heads** and **otherwise raping and pillaging to their heart's content**. While those kinds of **cross-cultural interactions** might be **okay** when dealing with subjugated peoples, they do tend to undercut further **imperial integration plans** to ***civilize*** those **ignorant fucks** by putting those **lazy bastards** to **work**.

Ask any **small town skateboarder** or **melanin enabled inner city dweller** and they will tell you, **idle idiots with badges *don't* need much in the way of pretext to hassle you or beat you with truncheons** if they have a notion to.

HELL, ***they can even light your ass up and count on getting away with it well over half of the time*** and **not lose their job** EVEN if it turns out they **didn't** EXACTLY have **probable cause**.

And if that's the case now, imagine what it was like for **subjugated minorities back then** being **policed** by large groups of **foreign assholes armed with bastard swords**

and **large daggers.** They didn't exactly have the **Miranda rights** in **ROME proper,** much less in the outlands where the **head of the local garrison** was the LAW **unto himself**.

Yet as bad as that might of been, at the time **ROME** was about the **closest** thing to a **shining beacon of freedom and civilization** in **Western Europe** at the time.

MEANING that you could count on **worse** happening more frequently elsewhere in the "western" world at the same time.

Eventually, when the **natives** finally **settled down** and **got with the program**, they could **reliably** count on **not** being unduly thumped upon once they were absorbed in the empire and subject to ***Roman law***, which ended up becoming the **common law of Europe** and **England** for the next **few hundred years**.

Unfortunately, a big part of the **compensation package** of being an **imperial Roman soldier** was the **plunder** from **enemies defeated in battle** and the **subsequent rapine** and **pillage** that typically followed in the villages within the vicinity. When these areas became part of **ROME**, such activities were now viewed by the **local authorities** as being in rather **poor taste**.

So, in addition to being increasingly bored, these **increasingly idle** yet **heavily armed idiots** had a lot of time to **think** about their **decreasing fortunes** during this period of **cultural success**. This itself **lead** to further **civic disturbances** that had the increasingly witless Roman alphas **shitting their pants** even more than normal, which added FURTHER ***cropodelic effects to an already rapidly deteriorating political field due to previous social upheavals often inspired by prior attempts at crowd control.***

ROME's critical failure to develop a **comprehensive compensation package for their armed forces** that wasn't fundamentally based on the concept of **unceasing expansion into new territories** is a clear indication that they did **not** make the necessary transition from **offensive expansion** to effectively establishing a **defensive perimeter** in their **institutional mindset**.

The **third rule** of **forcible group banana acquisitions** (after never fight a land war in Asia and NEVER march on Russia in the Winter) is that it is much more ***difficult*** to **keep territory than it is to gain it** when it wasn't previously your own.

If enough of the **local natives** resent being run by **foreign assholes** on their own turf, **no area can be ever truly considered to be** "pacified". Those **pesky natives** can play all kinds of hell with the **local supply lines** and **critical infrastructure** if they are in the **mood** for **soft targets**, but if they have a real **hard on** they might even start **ambushing local patrols** or **assassinating Regional Command individuals**.

With the **Roman Army** having been trained for **organized battles in the field**, ***neither*** the **infantry** or **officers** were particularly well equipped or trained for dealing with the infernal complexities of **asymmetric warfare** happening in urban or heavily populated rural areas. Safe to say some **some innocent heads were cracked,** and many **feelings** were **hurt** that would have best been **avoided** if at all possible.

That this was the case then, **if not now**, is NOT actually the **fault** of the **military**. A **good soldier** is a **bad police officer *without*** a lot of transition training. A **good soldier** has to use **care** and **discretion when following direct orders**, but the minute that soldier has to **think for himself** (unless they have been trained otherwise) the general inclination is to **revert to type** and **stomp first** and **ask questions later**.

Good police, on the **other hand**, have to use **care and discretion** in enforcing the law. They also have to **attempt to determine *motive*** as well as **action** when dealing with a potential situation and/or **suspect**. In many cases, it is largely at the **officer's discretion** that a **potential perpetrator** can be **arrested on a humble** or **charged with a felony**. This is an entirely different ball of wax than **following the direct order** of your **immediate superior officer**.

Because of these two **dominant trends** during their time of peaceful prosperity, **ROME** was little more than a pile of slowly smoldering powder kegs just waiting to go off.

After **two hundred plus years** of relative **peace** and **prosperity, ROME** erupted in **internal strife** in the middle of the third century of our **common christian error**... WHOOPS, era. In 235 AD elements within the military command **assassinated their political leadership** and spent the next twenty years dicking around **jockeying for position** while those **uppity natives** in the **outlands of Germania and Gaul** were quick to **take advantage** of the **Roman Army fighting itself** and began **raiding** again in outlying areas.

Things got so bad in this **fierce internecine dispute** during these tumultuous decades in the latter middle third century that the **Empire** temporarily **split** into **three separate political entities**. It only took another **40 years of civil strife and daily disturbances** for **ROME** to re-unite itself, but it **never** fully regained the glory of it's ***golden age*** that had preceded their time of crisis.

This period of **civil discord** proved to be tremendously **expensive** in the long run in ***both* blood** and **treasure**. Whole cities were **sacked** and **put to the sword** by **barbarian tribes** while the Roman military fought against itself. Since these cities were **key network nodes** in **ROME's economic grid**, their eventual destruction and subsequent dispersal of their former inhabitants made it impossible to rebuild their economy to anything resembling their former glory.

Just as bad, despite **ROME** being able to quell these outlying disturbances (at first), the **success** that these rebellious tribes had in their raids against **ROME** during this period **proved** that under the right conditions the **Roman Army could be beat** by **organized**

indigenous tribal groups who had been living under their rule and **studying their tactics** for the previous **few hundred years**.

Even though **ROME** was able to get things back under control (more or **less**), by the end of the third century AD, the **writing was already on the wall**. **ROME** was able to successfully stave off incursions by foreign powers for the next hundred years, but the **domestic situation** was much more **volatile** than it had been previous to **this beginning of the end** for **ROME**.

This new **ROME** was a much different sort of **Empire** than that of the **Caesars. Theirs** was an **Empire unified** under **an absolute monarch**, but starting in 293(ish) the **emperor** Diocletian decided that **ruling by committee** would be wiser, eventually going on to install the ***tetrarchy*** of four **co-emperors** and him ***Dominate*** at the apex of their **pyramid of power**. Though this had the effect of somewhat **reducing** the **primacy of his office**, this was a somewhat **strategic** arrangement that allowed the **senior emperor** to ***delegate*** **regional tactical command responsibilities to theater commanders** and allow him to use his valuable time for the vastly more important work of getting the **empire's** growing amount of **overly zealous christian idiots** under control.

Clearly, the typically **ham handed efforts** at **political** and **bodily persecution** of this **growing minority group** of the Empire **failed** miserably, at least if the subsequent **Christian conversion** of ***Emperor Constantine*** in the early 300's was any indication.

Constantine became **emperor** after the **inevitable civil *WAR*** that ***always follows an attempt to divide political executive responsibility and privileges.*** After coming out on top in defeating the remaining surviving **co-emperors** in battle (plus a lot experience in the outlands being the **regional theater commander** of **Gaul, Iberia and England**), ***Constantine*** had seen enough out the **fields of mars** to have a **real feel and understanding of the territory** that he eventually **came to govern**.

In watching the **tetrarchy** that he was formerly a part of dissolve in **civil *WAR***, ***he*** fully recognized that **executive responsibility** over a given area had to be **invested** in **one** individual alone. ***He*** was also wise enough to realize that with the resources that he had to work with, effectively **managing** the **entire Empire** from **one central location** was **no longer** a tenable proposition in this **new Empire** of theirs.

It was because of this that ***Constantine*** went to **split** the **Roman Empire** into **two smaller sibling Empires**, i.e. the Eastern and Western Roman Empires. This proved to be a much improved arrangement, at least for the **Eastern half** that eventually went on to become the **Byzantine Empire**. This might have something to do with ***Constantine*** ditching **Rome** as ***his*** capitol and setting up imperial shop in **Constantinople**, nee Sofia, now **Istanbul**.

The **Western** half **didn't** quite fair quite so well. During this whole time the **natives** were growing restless on the domestic front as **wave after wave of mounted interlopers**

came from the Eastern hinterlands, typically bearing **North** to **avoid** the better organized **Eastern Roman Empire**. The **Western Roman Army** was essentially fighting a **two** or **three front *WAR*** for it's entire truncated history of a **century and a half**.

In addition to the usual **domestic *WAR*** on the **home front** keeping **disgruntled** and **disenfranchised punters in line** and the usual ongoing operations to **stomp and slash any and all mounted jackholes showing up on the horizon**, they occasionally had to ***fight against their own*** in periodic **civil *WARS* and revolts** when different elements in the command structure decided to go off the reservation and promote themselves.

Such was the state of the Western Roman Empire by the end of the 4th century AD. The Empire was in essence a political and economic contraption held together by **fear** and **greed**. Dissatisfaction and continual unrest reigned throughout the entire Empire in just about every socio-economic bracket. The **rich worried about their investments** while the **poor worried about food** during **ROME's winter of discontent.** In the military, the **officers** were starting to **wonder** which of their men would or would not obey their orders, and the **line level grunts** spent much of their time wondering **what the fuck those REMF bastards higher up the chain were thinking** when they kept denying their requests for back up when the locals were getting out of hand.

The Western Roman Empire had finally **grown too big for it's britches** after writing too many historical checks it's military could not cash.

When the **Great Shitbird of ROME** finally came home to roost, it appeared in the form in hordes of **epicanthically enfolded equestrian bandits** riding in from parts East**,** and a little bit South.

While we can not be sure what these **equestrian bandits** called themselves in their own tongue, they are historically known by a sobriquet that found new life during WWII among the Anglo Allies referring to those implacable Nazi sons of bitches from der Vaterland...**the Huns**.

Shockingly enough, the historical **Huns** were anything but German, at least until they were **assimilated** by th**e various peoples that they previously raided and ruled**. The geographic origin of the historical **Huns** is reputed to be the the Greater Caucasus region of the Eastern Steppe. If you are a (typically) **geographically and historically unaware American**, you may or **may not** have much familiarity with Caucasus Region beyond it being **where white people come from**, apparently. If you are **too goddamn lazy** to crack open an Atlas or fire up Google maps, think Southwestern Russia(ish) down by the (formerly) **Soviet Great Lakes** of the Black and Caspian Seas and you are in the ballpark.

Or at least **that is where they first appeared in the historical record**, on or about 150 AD/CE/CCE. Their **actual origins** as a people are not **at all** as well documented, but much of the anecdotal, archaeological and **linguistic** evidence strongly suggests that

the historically hostile **Huns** were 1st, 2nd or 3rd generation refugees, expatriates, fugitives, emigres and/or other kinds of **displaced persons** that were formerly known as the **Xiongnu** Peoples of Northern China and **Greater Mongolia**.

The **Xiongnu** were previously a **federation** of loosely affiliated smaller North Asian nomadic tribes that had yet to be absorbed by the **expansionist minded Hans** that ruled **China** for 400 years until they **lost their Mandate from Heaven** in 220 AD and **Imperial China** split into three separate states in a **political fragmentation process** that **closely mirrored** what was beginning to happen in **ROME** at the same time.

Working off of virtually the **exact same script as ROME** (but most likely written in a different language than LATIN), the **Han rulers** of **China** expanded their borders in the same direction (**north** and **west**) in working off their own, presumably **independently** discovered, 4 point plan to ***identify***, ***divide, isolate,*** then ***CONQUER*** those groups that had the **exceedingly poor judgement** to occupy territories deemed to be potentially valuable by a much bigger and better organized Southeasterly neighbor.

While it took well over a hundred years of **tributes, treaties** and other forms of **appeasement** for the **Chinese Hans** to build and organize their forces to **contest the Xiongnu on their own turf**, **Chinese forces** finally fell on their **Northwest neighbors** like a ton of bricks in the 2nd century BC/PCE (pre-common era) and **displaced** the **survivors, losers** and other **retrograde maneuver experts** to points **West** (and in some cases, a bit **North**) of their previous positions.

This went on to **exacerbate pre-existing political fissures** in the **previously** unified **Xiongnu Confederacy** and ultimately resulted in it's own **political split** into the Southern and Northern **Xiongnu**. Inverting America's **civil issues** of the 19th century, it was the **Southern Xiongnu** who rolled over for their new Han overlords and started paying them tribute for the privilege of living on their own land without having to worry (too much) about hundreds of thousands of heavily armed pedestrian foreigners periodically showing up to kill, loot, rape and pillage locally with impunity.

The **Northern Xiongnu** never actually gave up the fight, but were too fragmented (politically speaking) to successfully **organize** against their much more numerous and **better organized** Southern Neighbor(s), which now included their **former allies**.

Political infighting and old rivalries did their inevitable damage to the new Northern **Xiongnu** Coalition, first splitting their ranks, and then going on to split those ranks again. Since they were so busy **fighting** and **double** (and/or **triple**) crossing each other or otherwise **stabbing each other in the back**, this did not leave much in the way of time to **document their internal struggles** when they weren't being **hunted down like rebel scum** by **Imperialist Han Forces**.

It seems **eminently logical** to posit that at least **some** of these **Northern Xiongnu** got sick and tired of all this bullshit of **fighting with their friends and neighbors** when not **running away from their enemies**. Since they were already up in **North Asia**,

attempting to **flee North** was recognized to be just a little bit **less** strategically savvy than seeking their fortune in parts **West**.

It does **not** seem unlikely that some of these **expatriate Northern Xiongnu** groups eventually emigrated as far west as the **Caucasus Region.** But those who eventually arrived were no longer the same **Xiongnu** (pronounced by linguistically impaired English speakers as “hyung-noo”) that had left their homelands. Having undergone their own viciously darwinian natural selection process of ***WAR*, habitat displacement** and **forced migration**, those who made the **trek** across **Central Asia** to the **Trans-Caucasus region** (on **foot** and **horseback**) were **exquisitely adapted *losers*** with at least a **thousand year old tradition** of fighting on horseback against large numbers of **heavily armed pedestrian idiots** and/or slightly less numbers of **better armed equestrian assholes.**

Safe to say that with these former **Xiongnu** previously being good enough at **equestrian ass kicking** that the **Imperial Hans *payed them tribute to them*** for at least a **century** before their last ***WAR*** together, they learned a few tricks in that time about fighting on horseback.

In coming a from a region **geographically adjacent** to where **the horse was first domesticated**, they practically had as much experience with **horsies** as anyone. Coupled with a few thousand years **fighting** with their **southerly neighbors** (and given the fact that up until the Renaissance**, the Eastern Spur of the post African human diaspora** was a bit ***more* technologically advanced** than **Europe** was), those **former Xiongnu** (plus whatever displaced Persians, Northern Indians and other displaced peoples they picked up on their trail West) were the **pan-Asian inheritors** of a lineage of **applied equestrian violence** that had been developed over the previous few thousand years.

In addition to this tradition of **equestrian ass kicking prowess**, the **Huns** were also on the cutting edge of **an Asian arms race** that started long before anyone was riding horses. Though they were skilled with **swords** and **javelins** (which is basically a smaller sort of **spear** designed to be **thrown** rather than to **poke** bigger and/or mounted opponents to **death by hand**), their preferred weapon was the **bow and arrow**.

They certainly didn’t invent the **damn things**, but they were one of the few groups that made it a point for most to all of their **calvary** to **learn how to shoot well while riding**. With the added **height advantage** of a **mounted firing position**, their elevated firing position added even more distance to the range of their **composite bows** that already **outranged** anything seen in **Europe** by the time they showed up.

With this combination of both **superior firepower** and **superior mobility** (compared to the indigenous European forces), it is a **small wonder** why they spent the next 200 years **tearing Westward through Europe like a red hot flensing knife razoring through the epidermis of your flayed back**.

As they ***bltizkrieged*** their way **West** (and a bit **North**), they steamrolled any opposing tribe **not smart enough to take them up** on the **limited time offer** that was typically **extended** before commencing their **egregiously excessive equestrian extermination events**. Most of those groups that stood up to them **died horrible deaths** or were otherwise **forcibly displaced from their homelands**. Those that fled, went **West** (and in some cases, **North**), working off the eminently logical **survival calculus** that facing a **mixed correlation of forces** mostly composed of other **heavily armed** (and potentially **organized**) **pedestrian idiots** was preferable to **fleeing East** and facing even more **hordes of epicanthically enfolded equestrian assholes**.

This, of course, put a lot of additional pressure on **adjacent regional groups** that **may** or may NOT be already involved in their own **regional disputes** with **other regional forces, political infighting** (but with actual **knives** and **swords**) and/or **guerrilla wars** with one or other of the **baby bells of ROME**.

With every ongoing advance of the **Huns**, wave after wave of **displaced persons** were pushed **West** into areas already **long settled** by **groups** who didn't get where they were in life by **letting heavily armed gwailo auslanders squat on their turf.**

Just about the time the **locals got done assimilating** (and/or **annihilating**) one or **more** waves of these **displaced and degraded forces**, before they could get back to the business at hand of overthrowing their imperial Roman overlords and **expanding Westward to subjugate adjacent tribes and demand tribute and taxes of their own**, these grand plans inevitably fell by the wayside when anywhere from **10** to a **100** ***thousand*** (or more) **heavily armed equestrian assholes** showed up on the Eastern horizon.

Since the tales shared by previously **assimilated Eastern immigrants** regarding the reasons for **fleeing from their homelands** probably **didn't** combine to well with the previously stated fact that **old memories die hard** (the farther **West** they were, the more likely these groups were formed by refugees **fleeing** from parts **East** themselves, maybe not so long ago), it seems logical to **posit** that these **waves** of **displaced peoples** (aka **losers** in a tactical sense) tended to swell **larger** the **further** they went **West**.

Like the onset of the **Big Ice** way back when, the **Huns** inexorably pressed in to **Europe**, except much **faster**, rapidly pushing wave after wave of **horse shocked intertribal losers West** into marginally **less unfriendly** territories where the **locals didn't take too kindly to strangers**.

By the time **Attila the Great** (**equestrian asshole**) showed up on the scene in the late 420's, the **Huns** had already **stomped the holy hell out of** the Slavs, Alans, Avares, Bulgars, Lombards, Vandals, Thurungians, Goths, Visigoths, Ostrogoths, Paleogoths, Neogoths, Ithygoths, and were actively **butting heads** with the Angles, Saxons, Franks, Jutes, Frisians, Celts and ***both*** the Eastern and Western Roman Empires. The **Huns** had an intensively aggressive recruitment plan for **surviving opposing warriors**, as often as not delivered with the **hard sell** delivery pitch of **"join us or die**".

Their ranks swelled **prodigiously** with the **best** of their **former opposition's warriors** as they continued Westward into modern day **Germany**, the low Countries and parts of Eastern ***France*** and Northern Italy. They **probably** would have expanded their territory even further had it not been for a particularly bad harvest in the year of **451**, which was **not** much helped by **hordes of equestrian bandits** riding around between engagements ***burning*** anything that **couldn't** be stabbed, stolen or raped.

By the time **Attila the Hun** upped and died (of an **apparent nosebleed**) two years later, it is both reasonably **fair** and fully **accurate** to describe the overall living conditions and tactical situation of **mainland Europe** as a **deep mongolian clusterfuck**.

Indeed, the ever-increasing **social** and **habitat pressures** on Europe's **indigenous populations** at the time is something that is probably utterly inconceivable to most modern day Americans **not** living one of **our great nation's** many **low-income free fire zones** or **redskin isolation areas**.

It was so pronounced that even just the **bow wave** of these **displaced** (yet often **heavily armed**) **pedestrian idiots** was **sufficient** to **rile up** previously **problematic natives** in the **Roman Auslands** enough that the **Western Roman Army** was forced to call for some **serious back up** to deal with the **escalating situation** in their Northern **Germanic** provinces.

This was (likely) the main impetus in the **West Roman High Command's** decision to start **drawing down their forces** in **England** in the **late 300's** and reassign them to **more strategic areas**, finally pulling their own **Operation Frequent Wind** that completely **evacuated all Roman forces and personnel from England by 410**.

Yet, by that time, **Roman rule** over Southern England had largely been a **fiction** for the previous 8 years. In **402**, **ROME** had **stopped importing new coinage** into England. This meant that the Roman **administrators, magistrates** and most importantly **legions stopped** getting paid with **legal tender**. Those legions quickly **revolted** and were, more or less, in a state of **constant mutiny** until they finally disbanded, disembarked or simply stopped identifying themselves as "Romans" and **went native** on the **isle of Eng**.

Those **alpha administrators** who stayed in England rapidly found themselves in an increasingly **untenable** and **unenviable** situation. After overseeing the **oppression of the North and West English Tribes** and the **economic subjugation of South England**, they rapidly found themselves in a position where they could **no longer call for Imperial backup** or even count on the **on-hand forces they nominally directed** to keep the **increasingly aggressive** Celts, Gaels, Picts and Scoti on the **far side of Hadrian's Wall** while keeping the local punters in line. Not to mention further dealing with the increased operational tempo of Saxon raiders showing up on their green and pleasant shores.

Even worse, with **over three hundred years** of ***genetic drift*** further modified by ***long term bio-accumulative lead poisoning***, the **on-site administrators** of the time were even more **venal, mendacious** and **terminally stupid** than their **third** and **fourth rate forbears** that **interbred** with **the sisters/wives/daughters of the island's upwardly angling antecedent beta population groups**.

All that **accumulating *hybrid vigor*** over the preceding 300 must have played **some small part** in collectively thinking that ***inviting*** **select Saxon groups** from the mainland to be their **on-site muscle** was some kind of **good idea**. Which, incidentally, started a long and **not so honorable** English tradition of hiring ***Saxon Mercenaries*** when their own forces were ***not quite up to scratch*** and found themselves **covered in more blood than glory** after **key engagements.**

And maybe on the face of it at the time, it **wasn't** such a bad idea, considering that the people who came to that conclusion would be **the first ones put the sword, large rock** and/or **pointy stick** when the **North English Tribes** made it that far south.

Unfortunately for the pre-**English Upper Class Twats**...ahem, excuse me, **Twits,** their proto-**Hessian** "protectors" were (allegedly) **remarked** to say **almost exactly the same fucking thing** upon **arrival** that the first **saxon raiders** said after (**eng**)landing not too long before:

"Diese insel ist eine große scheide wartet gefickt zu werden..."

Safe to say that with sentiments like that, it shouldn't be too much of a surprise to anyone that whatever **deals** the island's **nattering nabobs of nepotism** had **previously** cut with these **teutonic tribesman** were soon re-negotiated at **swordpoint** and/or **axe-edge**.

But that was just the **start** of the **Teutonic Terror** for the **isle of Eng**. In **typically German fashion**, those groups of Frisians, Jutes, **Angles** and Saxons that had been invited over rapidly **turned on** their erstwhile **upper crust** island allies and **steamrolled eastern and southern England** in a manner not entirely dissimilar to what their **götterdämmerung nazi descendants** did to **Poland** and **France** 1500+ years later.

This worked out to be a pretty sweet deal for island-bound **Bavarian belligerents**. After spending the last few hundred years **inter-tribally fighting amongst themselves** when **not** getting their collective asses handed back to them by the (usually) better armed and organized **Romans**, the **Huns** and their **precursor bow wave** of **forcibly displaced persons** (who were often well armed themselves and slightly **pissed off** after being forced out of their **original habitats**) must have been the **cherry** on their ***scheissen*** **sundae**.

After being **outmaneuvered, outfought** or otherwise **out of options** for maintaining a **viable presence** in the **Vaterland**, these **displaced Germanic beta groups** were faced with the age old question of **all displaced peoples: "*Where the fuck do we go now?"***

Since they couldn't **migrate** East or South on the **mainland** as those regions were already **occupied** by **epicanthically folded equestrian assholes** or even **bigger badasses** that managed **to survive their onslaught**, the **displaced German tribes** were faced with **three** options for **getting out of dodge**: North, West, or some **combination** thereof.

North of **Germany** happened to be occupied by a bunch of **crazy Swedes, Danes, Norwegians** and/or other **pre-Viking groups,** and the **German high command**(**s**) of the time came to the **eminently logical** conclusion that they could **not** count on being able to dictate their preferred terms (roughly translated into modern English as **"Fuck off and die"**) after rather **unlikely** potential victories against **Scandinavian forces** on their own turf.

But going **West** into **France** was an even **less** tenable prospect. The **locals** were certainly no longer the **little hairy bastards** that **walked over to England** 10,000 years before. A **relatively stable diet** (thanks to fertile farmlands) and ***genetic drift*** (itself further accelerated by the **brutally darwinian process** of getting whipped on the Romans for almost a thousand years) had **evolved** those previously **little hairy bastards** into relatively **large hairy bastards** who were **heavily armed** and **had their own imperial inclinations**. And these **gallic ambitions** did not bode well for either **Germany** or **England**...

But **more** on that in a bit. Suffice to say that with things being what the were in **Scandahöøvia** and ***France***, and that on the whole **most Germans** are **relatively sensible individuals** (even when they are **belligerently homicidal *scheisskopfs)*** who **understandably** had a slight ***aversion*** to living **below sea level directly adjacent to an ocean** or **building permanent structures on silt** and **mud** (ruling out settling in the **low countries**), the **conspicuous absence** of other viable **retrograde maneuver options** left only **England to run/swim/sail/row to**.

And if the period **post-Roman pre-Neville Chamberlains** saw fit to actually **invite them** to **protect them from their more forward thinking *Deutschebag* brethren** (**who**, in effect, already softened up **England's coastal defenses** through **ongoing raids** and were themselves on the **verge** of establishing a **viable beach head** necessary for a **German invasion**), well that was just fine by them.

And with the blessing of the **soon-to-be anglified administrators**, the **wolf-like ancestor** of the pre-**German Wermacht** began to **occupy** the hen house known as **England**.

With entirely predictable results, **hilarity** inevitably ensued.

Even worse for **Angle-land, *this was only the first wave*** of **Saxon Invaders**. Thanks to all those **Gallic ambitions** and the simple fact ***France* can't** really **expand West or North** without having to cross water and the **French-Spanish border** being defined

more by **geography than politics** (in that the **Pyrenees** are not all that easy to walk over), that left **Germany** being the **primary option for Frankish Expansion.** Which they did**,** with **near impunity**, for the next 300-400 years.

For at least **400** years, **England** was natural place to run to for **displaced** (and frequently **pissed off**) **Germans** who **weren't** quite **industrious**, **combative** or otherwise **Teutonic enough** to **hack it in the fatherland**, and/or had better things to do with their time then **constantly worrying about getting brained by their götterdämmerung neighbors** or the occasional **barbarian horde** sweeping through the neighborhood.

And not to excuse the Germans for the **singularly bad manners** displayed in their **WWI and WWII bids** to ***RULE THE WORLD***, considering the fact that their forbears spent more than half of the previous 2000 years being **subjugated** by **Romans from the South, invaded by Huns from the East,** and **colonized by Franks from the West**, it's kind of hard to fault **Germany** for having the kind of **territorial issues** that resulted in some of their regrettable collective **anschluss-like aspirations.**

Be that as it may, it would probably be more accurate to characterize **the Saxon invasion of England** as an **ongoing flow of any number of Germanic tribesmen** than a series of **Teutonic waves**.

Pushing the **English aborigines** either **North into Scotland** or **West into Wales** (the term ***welch*** meaning "**foreigner**" in **old Saxon**), these groups of **Saxon Invaders** mostly settled in **Southeast Angle-land** and promptly began **fighting amongst themselves** while occasionally **kissing and making up with each other** to put down the occasional **English Uprising** (ever heard of **King Arthur**?).

Historical records of the time are predictably sketchy, in that most people were **dirt poor ignorami** who couldn't read or write, and the few that that could either found **gainful employment** on the **mainland** or were holed up in **monasteries** that were typically **overrun** and **torched** by **fur clad heathen idolators** one or **more** times over the following centuries.

This resulted in only the **sketchiest** of **highly fragmented historical accounts** surviving, which are, as often as not, further **distorted** by various **medieval Christian historical revisionist** "scholars" who saw fit to **inject** any number of **medieval chivalric themes** into their **largely inaccurate** historical accounts. This leaves us today with not too much more than a bunch of ***romantically*** **horsefeathered accounts regarding "honorable" knights** performing any number of **debatable deeds against mythological monsters** and/or **foreign mainlander heathens**, and not a few of these tales revolving around the equally mythological "chaste" **damsel in distress**.

Excepting the whole "**sword in the stone**" **story**, which was ***less*** a medieval period propaganda piece to gin up new recruits to be cannon fodder for the crusades than it was a ***highly sophisticated allegory symbolizing the fully inter-dependent***

relationship between our perceptions, the words we use to organize and communicate them to others and our internally experienced states of being. So **sophisticated** in fact that it's **underlying meaning** has **escaped** the **notice** of most to **all** of the relevant **historical** and **literary "experts" to date**.

Irregardlessly (winces) of that, with the surviving **highly fragmented period accounts** being what they are, fully **deducing** the historical legacy of the pre-German **Saxons** and **Angles** on **England**, not to mention **Englitch**...dammit, English is something that is **well beyond** the present author's admittedly not-expert faculties.

But even my dumb ass knows that the **Angles** and **Saxons** brought at least three things with them to England that the **English** both **enjoy** and **suffer from** to this very day: the **German Language**, ***schadenfreude*****,** and **BEER**.

Since this execrable **S.C.R.E.E.D. (S**elect **C**omments **R**egarding **E**ndemic **E**nglish **D**eficiencies **OR**, if you prefer, **S**currilous **C**omments **R**evealing {the author's} **E**xtreme **E**nglish **D**ifficulties. Take your pick.) is ostensibly about **language**, lets start with that first one **first**...

GERMAN*:* First off, **A CORRECTION:** It is not only a **gross oversimplification** to **imply** that there is **only one kind of German Language**, it is not even, **at all**, *historically accurate* to describe **any** of the languages that came over with the Saxons, Jutes, Frisians and/or **Angles** as ***GERMAN***.

Linguists usually describe these **pre-Beowulf German precursors** as "**old Saxon**", but this too is itself yet another **gross oversimplification.** The **regional variations of different Saxon dialects** were so **pronounced** that **adjacent neighboring tribes** were just **barely able to understand each other** when telling each other to "**FUCK OFF AND DIE**" before, during and after their frequent **regional group banana acquisition exercises**.

In American terms, this would be akin to the people in your **current county of residence** speaking **whatever mangled English you already do just as poorly as you do now**, but the **NEDS** in the neighboring county (pick one) speak the equivalent of **Scottish**, meaning that you ***canna*** understand **half** of what those ***bampots*** are saying. But the next county over from that one (pick one), ***ye dinnae ken a single fooking thing them manky cunts spray, likesay?***

And if that wasn't enough to try and account for during this **formative stage of English development**, there is also the **slight variable** that each one of these **differing regional dialects** experienced **it's own evolutionary development** during the 300-400 years that **England** was the place to go to for displaced and disgruntled **Deutchebag losers** who got their monkey asses kicked off the mainland.

With all of the hubbub happening ***auf der Vaterland,*** all the related **social upheaval** (and **associated *head trauma*** and **pandemic PTSD**) that tends to result from **2** (or

more) groups of **pissed off Germans playing axe tag** with each other ***creates*** the **optimal social preconditions** to generate a **significant** amount of **chronological variation** in these **regional dialects** from ***one generation to the next***.

This shouldn't be too hard for **most** Americans to wrap their **jump cut induced, A.D.D. addled brains** around. When speaking your **normal lingo**, it is probably a safe bet that your **parents** understand **most** of what you say, your **grandparents** understand **some** of what you say and if your **great-grandparents** were still around they would be (or **are**) largely **clueless** when you **start bitching about the noob intern at the office not reformatting the TPS reports to the correct EXCEL parameters**.

And, **lucky for you**, most to all of the above groups would probably be **equally clueless** were any of them to get their **cold dead hands** on **your greasy, smut filled** "smart" **phone** and got into any of your (plethora of?) **sext message** streams. Assuming, **of course**, we are talking about those "**conversations**" that are, **as yet**, bereft of any helpful **related imagery** of **your** (and/or **your loved ones**) **junk** (and/or ***money)*** **shots**.

In trying to account for the **Saxon/German influence** on the **development of English as an operating system**, we not only have have **multiple different regional dialects to contend with**, we also have to account for the **chronological variations** of these regional dialects that the **10+ different generations** of **pre-Viking *German* expat losers** brought with them to **England**. And **even worse**, we only have the **sketchiest** of historical source material to work with.

What we have here is a situation that **clearly merits it's own book**, but not one that the present author is qualified to write (**much less read**).

Or in other words, like the **hypothetical homicide investigator** in the introduction to this (alleged) **alliterative abortion**, we have hit a **conceptual brick wall** in our **pressing investigation**. With the **present author** clearly being too much of a **mental midget** to scale said wall, and not quite being enough of an **intellectual powerhouse** to kick a big ass **hole** through it, if we want to **continue** to **proceed forward** we must now take a **right or a left turn** in our inquiry.

With **ye olde anglische** looking more like **modern German** than **modern English** (at least to **mein ayes**), a **brief** exploration of how **modern German** works may or **may** NOT provide some level of **minimal insight** regarding the language of Old Saxon (which is a **direct antecedent** of **modern German**), and perhaps even reveal some clues regarding the **mindset** of those who spoke it.

With that said...

(modern) ***GERMAN***, take two: (Please note: With there currently being at least **20** different **modern German** dialects being used {and **abused**, allegedly} around the world, we will "simplify" things by focussing on the one referred to as "standard" German. Which, like "**proper English**", isn't actually spoken by anyone who isn't a **scripted**

newsreader, public relations official, marketing executive, language arts professor or some {other} species of **insufferable twat.**)

First off, unlike the *Romance* languages of Western Europe, ***GERMAN*** is **not** a direct descendent of ***Latin.*** Although it did **benefit** from a few ***Latin*** words being **forcibly donated** into it's vocabulary, it is **grammatically organized** under different parameters than ***Latin.*** While it would not be entirely correct to say that they are not related at all, they are at best **kissing cousins once** (or twice) **removed with a rather large age difference**.

To the best that the current author can determine, ***GERMAN*** appears to have the standard ***pentarchy*** of nouns, pronouns, verbs, adjectives and adverbs **plus** the (to English speakers, at least) familiar word classes of **articles** and **determiners**.

But that is pretty much where the similarity between **English** and ***GERMAN*** abruptly ends.

Since we are used to **modifying verbs** in **English**, that seems as good a place as any to **compare** and **contrast** these **bass-ackward tongues**.

In (modern) ***GERMAN,*** **verbs** again belong to one of **two sets** of **conjugations**. ***THEN*** (and not entirely dissimilar to LATIN) the already **conjugated verb** is FURTHER modified in SIX (**VI!**) different ways: **tense** (2 different kinds without **auxiliary verbs** and **4 with**), **mood** (3 different kinds), **person** (3 exciting options to choose from), **number** (2, as in singular or plural), **voice** (again 2, active or passive) and **aspect** (2, as indicated by the "combined use of subjunctive and/or preterite marking", **whatever the fuck that means**), which makes for a total 13-15 **verbal variables**.

By itself, this clearly indicates that ***GERMAN*** has more **verbal complexity** than **English** but less so than ***LATIN***. BUT WAIT, there's more...

In *GERMAN, verbs can also be modified by several different prefixes,* which themselves may or may not have a specific meaning.

Even more confoundingly, **many** (as in more than some) **verbs** have something called a **separable prefix,** meaning that the **"prefix"** can be **separated** and ***moved to the distill*** (ass) ***end of the modified verb, or the clause it was included in.***

PLUS, **several *"parenthetical clauses" can be inserted between*** the **sometimes suffix** of the **separable prefix** and the **verb** it is (**allegedly**) modifying. This can have **adverbial implications** on the **post-prefixed verb**, or **not**, depending on the **phrase** and/or ***"parenthetical clauses"*** inserted between the **bisected verb**.

(**uhhh...**)

And let's not forget about **nouns**, which are also **heavily modified**, are **indicative** of **4 different kinds of case, 3 genders** (sometimes indicated by **word endings**, or not) and **2 numbers**. This would **seem** to add up to **9 potential noun variables *BUT*** that isn't including the **various exceptions** to these **"rules"** or the **seven inflectional endings** (not counting "plural markers" **what?**) that **nouns** may or **why** not(**?**) end on.

(**my brain hurts**...)

Plus, **nouns in German** can be ***combined*** into **other** (presumed) **nouns**. Though this happens in **English** in words like **asshole, motherfucker** and ***shitbird***, this happens much more **frequently** in ***GERMAN*** and is ***not in the least limited*** to **two noun phrases**.

And if that wasn't quite enough **ambiguous complexity** for you, **word order** (i.e. what **English speakers** tend to think of as the **subject-predicate arrangement** of sentences) in ***GERMAN*** is ***much less* rigid** than in **English**. **German** word order is, **in part**, determined by it being in a **main clause, subjective clause** and/or **polar question** AND/OR whether any of those contain ***auxiliary verbs, modal verbs,*** or ***multiple infinitives*** and **let's not forget** that one **or more** of those **verbs** may or **may** NOT be **separable themselves** and be...

(**JESUS FUCKING CHRIST will you stop already?!? I CAN'T FUCKING TAKE ANY MORE OF THIS SHIT...**)

I know, and frankly, **me neither**. But our previous left or right handed (you pick) turn in our inquiry is starting to bear some kind of fruit, in that **now we have some idea** why so many ***GERMANS*** SEEM to be such **industrious, high precision tight asses** and/or **assholes**. If I had to keep track of so many different things to **construct a single grammatically correct sentence,** much less be expected to **talk** to **other industrious,** high precision tight asses and/or assholes on a **regular basis** speaking the same highly inflected gibberish, I'd be **pretty fucking wound up** as well.

Conversely, this may also shed light on why ***GERMANS*** tend to make such good **engineers, physicists, philosophers, composers** and/or **electronic musicians** in that, at least compared to speaking a **single grammatically correct sentence** in ***German***, doing little things like making better roads and/or cars than us **'merikans *(allegedly)***, figuring out the underlying nature of space and time (and/or the individual's relationship to those) and/or composing a 4 movement symphony or making a fat beat is a **piece of cake**.

Of course, these are only **gross generalizations** that may or **may** not be **perpetuating age old stereotypes** that **may** or MAY not be **entirely** ACCURATE (and/or **justified**).

(Before more **politically correct poltroons** start sending me {**more**} hate mail for my highly inf{**lammatory**}ormed comments, let me just say that even though the author has not {**yet**} travelled to Germany, he is pretty sure that, much like **America**, there are **any**

number of lazy, sloppy {and let's not forget **drunk** and usually on ***BEER}*** **fat asses** and/or ***arschlochs*** who may or may not be **total hacks** in their **respective fields**, despite their **superior language skills** and/or **genetic profile** {allegedly}.)

But ask any ***German*** **physicist** and they will tell you: correlation **does**n't necessarily **imply causation**. The **attentive reader** will have noted that by **inferring** a **potential connection** between the **effect of speaking *GERMAN*** on a regular basis and the ***Deutche*** **fluent** individual having one (or **more**) of the potentially **related** personal qualities (and/or tendencies) just noted, we have just made one (or **more**) **suppository statement**(**s**) that may or **may** NOT have a **single fucking thing to do with anything outside of the author's obviously deranged mind**. OR NOT.

Yet, in previously making the **marginally sound** case that, *PERHAPS*, the (**primary**) **language**(s) in our heads **may** be the **primary operating system** for our "conscious" **day to day** "mind", to **assume** that ***German*** would somehow be any **less** significant to the overall **mental organization** and/or **mindset** of a native ***German*** speaker than **English** is on us **Englitch manglers** strikes the current and **dangerously deranged** author as **not bloody likely***.*

Now, **here is the rub**...According to **most** (or all) **open source encyclopedias** *Ye Olde Saxon,* and **Low Saxon**, **High German, Old High German, Low German** and, **yes**, even *Ye Olde Anglische*, were all, if anything, ***even more complex*** than modern "standard" ***GERMAN****.* All of them had much ***higher*** degrees of **inflection** in **multiple word classes** than what we just encountered with modern ***GERMAN****.*

If one is, for the time being, willing to conditionally stipulate the hypothetical premise of our little ***gendankenexperiment*** (gesunheit) of **language** potentially being a **primary operating system for the mind**, when faced with the premise of **comparing** and **contrasting** the potential **neuro-linguistic impact** of two (or more) closely related languages of **differing levels of complexity**, the **insightful investigator** will eventually realize that he (or **she**) has to be prepared to grapple with some **very large questions** regarding the (potential) **relationship** of **language complexity** in regards to how much it may or **may not** EXPAND the **affected mind's *boundary/horizon field*** (potentially making the native speaker "smarter") VERSUS how much **friggin' RAM is tied up in the inner CPU in just speaking it correctly** and ***taking away valuable processor power from other mental programs****.* To wit:

q1: Does increased complexity in language potentially lead to enhanced mental capacities in those that speak it on a regular basis?

OR

q2: Does higher complexity in language potentially ***detract*** *from available mental resources in those that speak it on a regular basis?*

OR

Q3: In recognizing that framing these as either/or questions AS a fundamentally asinine and overly simplistic proposition, what is the **boundary layer threshold** for **complexity in language *shifting* from expanding the mind** to **draining valuable mental resources** from more **productive programs**?

And as much as your **fearless author** would like to **find out what's behind door** #3, since we are talking about **the Saxons** here (in case you forgot), if **history** is any indication it seems like **question number two** applies.

Being that it **seems** like whatever **mental capacities** of **dark ages Ger-MANIC peoples** that weren't devoted to **whipping on different *ger-MANIC* tribe members** (and/or **running away from them**) were largely directed to **arguing**, ***threatening*** and/or "communicating" with other **heavily armed pedestrians** in **highly inflected gibberish** that may or may NOT be **mutually intelligible between affected speakers**. And that's ***before*** they **fled to England**.

Pursuing those **two** noble and worthy endeavors didn't leave too much in the way of **time** or **brain power** to do too much else other than **chase the odd Grendel as necessary** and maybe occasionally, from time to time, indulge in a just a **wee bit** of...

Schadenfreude**:* Although the ***GERMANS were the first (**that we know of**) to **develop** a **single word phrase** for the "enjoyment obtained from the troubles of others" (thank you Mr. Webster), it is (**probably**) not AT ALL accurate to imply that they were the first people(s) to indulge in such an **unseemly** emotional response. That said, it **might** be fair to say that they were so familiar with it from **regular ongoing practice** that some ***German Wundermensch*** finally **summarized** this **widely present emotion** in a pithy one word phrase back in 1895.

Although it is **largely** viewed by many as an **unseemly** and **base** emotion today (NEVERMIND that it currently inspires approximately **98.6%** of the various online posts, comments, messages and/or status updates on the **interweb** that do **not** qualify as **outright whining** and/or **sex solicitations** to/from complete strangers), the simple fact is that ***schadenfreude*** is a **modern extension** of an **age old axiom of primate psychology**:

> *Aside from a tree full of bananas, **nothing** warms the cockles of a monkey's heart quite as much as seeing it's main rival getting chased, beaten or stomped by one or more larger monkeys*.

When that happens, **most monkeys tend to think this is pretty funny**. However, if the **monkey in question** has a **personal** (and/or **family**) **history** of **getting their asses kicked** off of their continent of origin, then all over an even larger one until finally settling down in a **place with no bananas where you can freeze to death half the damn year** and *THEN* ***getting their asses kicked out of there as well to an island with even less bananas***, well that tends to put a bit of a damper on the **sense of humor** of most

serially displaced (marginally) **domesticated primates.** These **affected individuals** are less **apt** to **laugh** than they are to experience some level of moderate ***declension*** in ***ye olde braune aye*** after **witnessing** the effective **neutralization** of an **old trigger** to **pre-exisiting fight or fight reflexes**.

Safe to say that **before** they **escaped** to **England**, these **horse-shocked** pre-***GERMAN*** **losers** were already **well familiar** with ***schadenfreude*** even if they **didn't** have a word for it yet. That **familiarity** eventually turned into something akin to **perfection** after several hundred years of diligent practice on that cursed **emerald isle**.

And **not** without reason. Regardless of **how appropriate** or **well adjusted** a **response** it MAY or **may** not have been back on the mainland, it became ***doubly so*** when it was **imported** to **England**. And, oddly enough, this happened for reason **similar** to why **monkeys derive enjoyment** from seeing there **main rivals getting chased, beaten** or **stomped** in their **natural habitat**.

Much of this **simian enjoyment** is based on another **long time quirk of primate psychology:** *primates have a noted tendency to count bananas before they are peeled and in the belly*. The simple simian mind is usually pretty quick to **equate** the **displacement** of a **rival** with a **projected banana surplus** from all the **happy yellow bananas** the often **beaten** and **stomped loser *won't*** be **eating** after **getting chased** (often **North** and/or **West**) out of the **immediate area**.

This **naively optimistic simian assessment** tends to leave out one little thing...the **bigger** and/or **badder monkeys** that **scared off** (or **killed**) the former **opposition** probably worked up a **bit of an appetite** when **beating** or **stomping** the **holy hell** out of the **former rival**(s).

Even worse, ***those fuckers will start in on your stash after going they finish their own supplies***. Who's laughing now, chump?

Now, let's consider the situation for these **displaced *Germanic* tribes** that relocated to England. In **running away** from the **Huns** and/or **other pissed off *Germans*** they **retreated to a fucking island**, which is only **tactically** or **strategically sound** in the **absence** of other options. Having previously established that they really had **nowhere else to run to**, the "author" will **refrain** from making further pointed comments about **how completely fucking stupid it is to retreat to an island**. Especially if you are **running from** (other) ***GERMANS***.

In **fleeing** to **England**, they removed themselves from a **relatively large expanse of land** where they had **ample room to maneuver** and a **seemingly endless supply of renewable resources** which, unfortunately, made it **extremely attractive to other groups of heavily armed pedestrian idiots** who spoke similar kinds of **heavily inflected gibberish** that may or **may not** be **mutually intelligible** between neighboring groups.

While it certainly isn't true that that **similarly speaking idiots always cooperate well with each other**, it is both fair and accurate to say that ***the less two different groups of idiots understand each other*** when speaking different kinds of highly inflected gibberish that may or **may** NOT be mutually intelligible, ***the more likely they are to fight with each other for whatever reason***, and especially if **strategic banana reserves** are an issue.

Upon arriving in **England**, these **displaced losers** quickly came to find that **half or more** of their **regional rivals** ALSO reached the same **eminently pragmatic conclusion** that **fighting not very well armed or organized English idiots on foot** is ***preferable*** to facing **hordes of heavily armed** and **epicanthically enfolded equestrian assholes** from the East.

The different Saxons, Angles, Jutes, Frisians or other *pre-German* groups must have been **sorely disappointed** to find that **half or more** of the same **so** and **so's** they spent the last few hundred years playing **axe-tag** with (at least when not getting whipped on by the Romans or annihilated by the Huns) had the **exact same idea**, but maybe **sooner** and were able to **settle** on all of the **prime real estate** on the island and/or **start cutting deals** with the local post-Roman **alphas** (**who**, by now, are **fully hybridized upwardly angling idiots** that were even more **venal**, **mendacious, terminally stupid** and **brain damaged** then their recent ancestors, thanks to all that **hybrid vigor** and ***bio-accumulative lead poisoning***).

Since ***old memories die hard***, it is probably a **pretty safe assumption** that those old **regional rivalries** did **not** exactly **dissipate** when these **displaced** groups started **running into each other** on the **island of the dispossessed**, as often as not at **full speed** with **axes** (and **heads**) **flying**.

If anything, those **old rivalries** most likely **intensified** on their **isle of egress** as they were happening in a **smaller geographic area with fixed boundaries**. These **rival groups** were not just competing for a **fixed amount of space**, they were also competing for a **finite amount of resources** on that accursed isle as well.

And let's not forget the **small fact** that this all happening on **an island** with a ***surplus*** of **indigenous heavily armed pedestrian idiots already living on it**. To the **north** there were all the **Celts**, **Picts**, **Gaels**, **Scoti** and other **pre-Scottish sons of bitches** who presumably had their own **Palestinian Plans** to return to their original homeland in **South England** where their **formerly alpha ancestors** had been **stomped into exile** by the **Romans** after unwisely **not** taking them up on their initial **limited time offer** way back when. To the **west** were **other** groups of **Celts**, **Picts**, **Gaels**, **Scoti** and other diverse proto-**Welsh bastards** who pretty much had the exact **same** history, ideas and ***plans*** as the **Scots**.

PLUS, on the Southeast part of the Island, these **heavily armed *German immigrants*** also had various **former Roman legions** underfoot, most of which were run by **one** (or more) of the locally **hybridized warrior alphas** who **could** be **fully trusted** to **sell their**

services to the highest bidder while they **bided their time** before **staging their own periodic uprising to usurp the** land/treasure and/or women of **their former employers**.

With the addition of another **4** to **7** (depending on who you ask) **pissed off Germanic tribes** (any one {or **all**} of which may or MAY NOT like one or ***more*** or **ALL** of the other groups) to this **heady mix**, I think **we can agree to not disagree** that the overall **tactical**, **strategic** and **socio-economic** situation of **England** during this **critical development period** was a **deep mongolian clusterfuck** as well, as this is all **more** or less **direct fallout from** the previous **Westward expansion of the Huns**. Whatever this situation **lacked** in **geographic scale** compared to what was happening on the **mainland** during this time was **more** than made up for in terms of **complexity** and **intensity**.

The political situation eventually "organized" (**lol**) itself into a total of **4** (or **7**, depending on who you ask and which specific time period{**s**} you are talking about) **alpha group kingdoms** and **13** (or **more**) local **beta group counties**. With so many **different groups oscillating** between **cooperating** and (**more frequently**) competing with each other, the **competition** for the inherently **limited resources** of **an island** was occasionally **fierce**, but ***always* constant**.

With all this as a backdrop, it is **not** too difficult to see why ***schadenfreude*** quickly became such a **popular pastime** in **England.** With all the diverse **back stabbing**, **double crossing**, **sneak attacks** and **inter-tribal island *WARfare*** going on, the **misfortunes** of **other tribal groups** frequently resulted in **direct** and **indirect benefits** to one or more **other** groups.

For the **Saxon Elite** (IE the **alpha class** of most to **all** of the **Anglo-Saxon** kingdoms) what we call the "enjoyment obtained at from the troubles of others" today for **them** might be **more** accurately defined as *"the anticipatory **glow** of additional advantage in areas tactical, strategic, or economic"*.

Of course, since we are talking about **Germans** here, some of that **glow** might, conceivably, come from drinking all that...

BEER**:* First off, a **clarification**: There was **already** plenty of ***BEER*, ale**, **wine** and/or **other** diverse kinds of ***rotten banana (and/or ***grape***) ***juice*** on England's **green** (around the **gills**) and **pissant**...DAMMIT, pardon me...*pleasant* shores long before any ***GERMANS*** invaded their squalid, **drunk** and ***disorderly*** island. The **local punters** were already **getting pissed** well before ***CEASAR*** stepped a **single fucking foot** on their **godforsaken rock**, and **many more** would do the same, **drowning their sorrows** from NOT taking the *Romans* up on their **limited time offer** to NOT stomp the holy hell out of them (or their forbears) for what was likely a **nominal fee** at the time.

But ***once again***, the **inevitably sketchy** historical data of **pre-Roman** England leaves us with many more **questions** than answers regarding the state of England's nascent

indigenous brewing industry. And in this case, since the **Romans** seemed to prefer ***lead flavored wine,*** their **upper crusties** did absolutely **fuck all** to **support**, **partake of** or **document** the local consumption of a concoction they evidently viewed as being the **refreshment of choice** for **pissed proles** and/or **auslander hicks**.

Yet there is **at least** one fact we can **ascertain** about ***BEER*** in England during this **critical development period**. Regardless of how much of ***IT*** was on the **island of inebriate love** before the ***GERRIES*** showed up, there was certainly ***a lot more of it*** around **during** and **after** their **tender** (ad)**ministrations**.

To be clear, we are **not** talking about the same **hopped up swill** that you like to **slurp** on while **sitting on your fat ass watching your favorite football** (and/or ***American Rugby)*** **team choke**. The "**beer**" back then was **piss warm** (and/or **room temperature**), usually had **chunks** in it, but did **NOT** have any **hops** in it**.** This, **presumably**, means that **it even tasted more like ass than** MOST (but probably not **all**) ***swill*** does today

Hops didn't start getting added to ***BEER*** on a **documentable** regular basis until the 9th century **AJ** (After Jesus), which, **if you already lost count**, is the **next century** AFTER the **time period** currently being **concussed**.

Much of the **increasing popularity** of this **fine beverage** during this time period **probably** had to do with the **similarly** increasing amount of **Christian monasteries** popping up around the island like **so many hallucinogenic mushrooms** in a field **full** of **cow** (and/or **sheep**) ***scheisse***.

It was because of the **monks** and their **scribe-like tendencies** that we can get some sense of ***IT's*** **plethora** of **benefits** for those **alchies** who enjoy a **pint or twelve** from **time** to **time** (on a **daily basis**).

From **time immemorial** the **moderate consumption** of ***BEER*** has been associated with one **or more** of the following (often **mental**) **health** ***benefits*** for the **imbiber**:

- A pleasant sort of **mental buzz**, wherein one often **forgets** (or otherwise ***disremembers)*** the **trials and tribulations** of yet **another day** spent in **toil** and **turpitude schlepping rocks, collecting piss,** or engaging in any number of other **shit detail duties** for ***The Man***.

- A deeper sort of **temporary forgetfulness**, wherein one goes beyond merely **forgetting the day** to **day** and gets to the much more ***critical*** **selective amnesia** concerning ***pivotal individual developmental events*** where one previously **got their ass kicked** (as often as not by **one** or **more** of their **loved ones**, and/or ***GERMAN*** **interlopers**, either of which may have been drinking ***BEER*** prior to **the belt coming off** and/or **sword coming out**...which, speaking of...), OR **got their asses** (**and**/or OTHER **swimsuit areas**) ***inappropriately contacted*** (as often as not by one or **more** of the **exact same** LOVED ones and/or ***GERMAN*** **interlopers**

during **those odd moments** they **weren't getting beaten within an inch of their life by them**), or merely had **one** or **more limbs removed** from any number of **medieval health punishments** (and/or **legal procedures**) OR perhaps had been viciously **pantsed** in front of the **whole village** when they were a not-so-small **child**.

- A **pleasing sort of inner numbness** that imparts the remarkable **faculty** of the ***drinker*** to **withstand** the **boisterous company** of any number ***other*** **drunken idiots** in **tightly enclosed areas not well ventilated** for **extended periods** of time. This **numbness**, incidentally, MAY or may not be **related** to one (or more) of the **states of forgetfulness** just noted.

- It also has the additional **virtues** of **reinforcing** and ***simplifying*** **pre-existing internal dialogues** and can, **with regular consumption**, potentially also ***reinforce already existing aversions*** to **new ideas** and/or **people** who **might**, POTENTIALLY, have slightly ***different*** **origins, racial** (and/or ***facial)*** **features, religious** and/or **political sensibilities,** or are **native speakers** of a **different sort of highly inflected gibberish**, or maybe just **talk a bit funny**.

With ***BEER*** having the many **beneficial** effects of **short** and **long term forgetfulness**, **numbness**, and tending to **reinforce already existing beliefs** while simultaneously ***conferring additional resistance*** to **new ideas** and/or **people**, it's early (and/or **continuing**) **popularity** and **acceptance** among the **religiously inclined** comes as a **shocking surprise** to the present author.

Unfortunately, there have been one (or **two**) **potentially** deleterious **side effects** (perhaps) that some **nervous nellies** occasionally **like to get their knickers in a twist about**. Aside from **potentially** (slash ***distinctly)*** **negative** effects on ***risk assessment, cognitive abilities, ethical judgement*** and/or ***reaction times*** (**none** of which are all that great to begin with for many {ok...FINE, ***most}*** people), there has been a **tentative link** that has been **anecdotally** noted to the effect that **regular consumption of *BEER*** MAY, potentially, be **associated** (on occasion) with that **regrettable condition** known to **laypersons** as ***BEER*** **belly**.

If you did not already know, ***BEER*** **belly** has been **reported** to be one of the **primary contributing factors** AND/or **principal anatomical features** of being a **FAT BASTARD**. Which is what many of those **forcibly imported *Saxon*** administrators turned out to be.

But **even if these pernicious rumors** about ***BEER*** are actually **true**, **none** of them take away from main **secondary** benefit for ***Saxon*** **England**: ***it was a heck of lot better than any of the alternatives of the time***.

Like much of **North** and **Western Europe**, finding **clean potable water** was an **ongoing issue** in **England**. There were **limited supplies** on the **island**, and many to most of them were already **contaminated** with the **usual environmental bullshit** that is

consistent with **increasing amounts** of (just **barely**) **domesticated primates** (and **sheep**) **shitting everywhere**.

And even if ***BEER*** does have a **slight tendency** to make people **fat, drunk** and **stupid**, at least it won't **kill you dead** (assuming you **aren't** in the habit of ***reading and driving***) from any number of diverse **flora** and/or **fauna** present in the **local well**. Which in historical England was probably **directly adjacent** to (or **under**) poorly sited **shallow cemeteries, overflowing public/private latrines, tanneries**, **hog farms**, **sheep ranches** and/or **butcher's yards**, all which can add **quite a few critters** and/or **cooties** that require **boiling** or a **water treatment plant** to **neutralize**.

Additionally, if you are getting your ***BEER*** **from a reputable supplier** you can **usually** count on your favorite ***swill*** to not have **any** (or at least very much) ***lead*** in it.

Considering the various **health** attributes of ***BEER*** versus ***lead flavored wine***, it is not entirely **illogical** to **speculate** as to why the ***Saxons*** were able to **sideline**, **depose** or just **replace** the **fully hybridized sub-Roman Upper Class Twits** who **invited t**hem over. The ***GERMANS*** may have been **fat, drunk** and **stupid**, but at least they weren't **congenitally brain damaged** from being the **derelict spawn** of generations of ***lead*** **gimped crossbreeding** between imported **tertiary adjunct losers from the mainland** and locally sourced **upwardly angling mouth breathers** and/or **upjumped bottom feeders**.

However, considering the relatively **small fact** that ***all of these groups***, and **their immediate island predecessors** are ***all*** descended from that **same group of loser monkeys** that first **got kicked out of the trees** way back when and **developed a taste for rotten bananas** (and/or other **rotten fruit**) that ***rapidly evolved into a predisposed thirst for their various derivatives***, it shouldn't be too much of a surprise to **anyone** that **what** was just around the chronological corner for **lush island** would do ***sweet fuck all*** to **ameliorate** those **unfortunate genetic predispositions**...

Chapter *Fimm* (V)

Var so good?

NOT.

Invasion #3
The *VIKINGS*
(aka: *a whole goddamned pisspot of Scandinavian* ***Aquatic Lunatics***)

Language Set 4,
BACKCROSS **1A:**
Ye Olde Norse

REVERSE EUGENICS:
Phase 1

Circa: 793-1066 AJ

A long time ago, in a place far, far away (assuming you are not reading this in Northwest Europe), *a bunch of* ***pissed off*** *and* ***frostbitten*** *monkeys were chased* (and/or "migrated") *to the very* ***Northwest*** *edge of the known world from points* ***South*** *and/or* ***East****. What they found there was much different from the savannah grasslands and tropical jungles of* ***our common ancestors*** *far to the South. The trees were different, the animals were different, the grass was different and, as often as not,* ***buried*** *under* ***several feet of snow****. Though* ***many*** *of these* ***negligibly domesticated primates*** *figured that* ***this was a good a place to die as any****, some of them* ***didn't****, and this is their tale...*

or not. What do you think this is, an ***Icelandic Saga?*** Which is about the best historical record you can hope for as the earliest, earlier or otherwise not so recent ***Scandinavians*** didn't get around to developing a **written language** until the Huns were popping up on the historical radar the Trans-Caucasus region. While some of this regrettable cultural omission may be due to widespread chronic frostbite, it is the author's **not very educated opinion** that the **neolithic** (and evidently ***ithyphallic)*** to **bronze age** *Scandahoovians* were probably a **little busy** trying **not to die** from **exposure**, **winter starvation**, **wolf packs**, **Scandinavian tigers** and/or ***magickal moose attacks****.*

Thanks to this complete **lack** of *civilization* on their part, we have nothing other than **archaeological inference** and subsequent **anthropologic conjecture** to shed **debatable light** on the various pre-***VIKING*** **Battle Axe cultures** of *Scandihoovia*.

Since **hearsay** is not, in fact, **admissible evidence** in **American Courts of Law** (with the main exception of it being *inculpatory* in nature, **not unlike** the **LUNATIC** author's

alleged “accidentally recovered under duress” **past life memories** that may or **may** NOT have been detailed in **stage 1** of **this device**) we can **not**, in fact, make much in the way of **definitive statements** about what, **precisely**, was going on up there in *Upsalaland* during pre-***VIKING*** times.

To the best of current reckoning, the pre-***VIKING*** *Scandahöovians* **probably** went through the same **pan-cultural evolutionary process** that **always** starts off with *Neolithic* bands of ***stone*-age hunter-gatherers** who randomly run into **other bands** of **neolithic wanderers** while **searching for food** and proceed to **bash their heads in** with ***stone*** and/or **bone** implements.

This stage of development was then followed by a ***bronze* age** of **agrarian settlement**, in which **marginally domesticated primates** learned how to **domesticate plants** and/or **animals**, and **adjacent social groups** would periodically assemble to **bash each other’s heads in** with ***bronze* implements** with the intent to **acquire** or **control** their regional opposition's **Strategic Banana Resources.** The ensuing struggle(s) almost always had the added **benefit** of **population control** when the **beta cannon fodder males** of affected groups were sent off to **die** for their tribe in statistically relevant numbers.

Which, ironically enough, worked out pretty well for the **Alpha Males** of the affected groups, as this historically common situation gave them **additional reproductive access** to the **former** wives, sisters and/or **daughters** of the aforementioned **cannon fodder**. There was one **small** drawback to this situation: this typical state of affairs was often **temporary** for the losing side if the **winners** weren’t happy with taking periodic **tribute** because they needed **additional geographic space** for their **growing tribe** of **combative winners**.

The main differences between this **evolutionary development process** happening **up North** versus what happening down **South** is that it took a bit longer up North, it also happened under **more adverse environmental conditions** which had their own **lasting evolutionary effects** on the *Scandåhóovians*.

The primary reason this process took longer **up North** is simply because, for a long time, there weren’t as many people up there. Less people in a given area equals **less habitat pressure**. Wandering groups living off the **fat of the land** tended to **move less**, which further tends to cut down on **random run ins with strangers**. Moreover, if one (or **more**) of these groups had **full bellies**, then **conflict** between them was **not** quite as inevitable as it would be under different conditions.

These **passive-aggressive conflict avoidance predispositions** up North tended to be ***amplified*** in the **agrarian shift** when the Northern tribes transitioned from **mobile hunter gatherers** to **geographically stable farming groups**. The reason for this is as clear to any common sense observer as the day is long for illegally imported agricultural workers: ***it’s kind of difficult to fight and farm at the same time***.

If you, as a statistically likely city slicker, were not already aware**, spring, summer** and **fall** are when **farmers** are ***frigging*** busy **growing shit**. Sowing seeds, pulling weeds, **spreading manure**, removing rocks, pulling more weeds, **spreading more manure** etc until you finally **harvest your crops** in the **fall**, then the rest of that season is spent **converting** the **harvest** into **storable forms** for the **winter**.

All of this, which you may **not** know as a **highly sophisticated** and **fully urbanized box-monkey**, takes **insane** amounts of **time** and **energy**.

With the **shortened** growing season up North, the **copious** amounts of time and energy needed to attend to various agrarian activities **impinged** upon the necessary time and energy required for **large groups of men to wander about** with the intent of **bashing each other's heads in.** With such endeavors also tending to take place in the summer due to the logistical issues that come with trying to **feed** and/or **move large groups of heavily armed pedestrian idiots** in areas covered by **multiple feet of snow**, this meant that **organized farming** in the **North country** was ***mutually exclusive*** with conducting **large scale organized banana incursions** during the shortened **growing/ campaign season.**

Not that armed conflict **didn't** happen **in** pre-***VIKING*** *Scandahöøvia* from time to time (**it did**), but for a long time it tended to happen at a **reduced frequency** compared to similar situations developing more rapidly (and usually much **earlier**) in more Southerly latitudes.

Though these pre-***VIKING*** *Scandahôövians* might have a been a little mellow (and/or **slow**) for the time, that doesn't necessarily mean they were **dumb**, or even **all that small** for that matter. When it comes to **large mammals**, Northern ***breeds*** tend to skew **large** (but **not** necessarily dumb) as the extended ***Northern Winter*** rarely rewards **summer stupidity** or **anorexic bikini bodies**. **Most** species of **large mammals** and/or ***higher*** **primates** tend to get **bigger** the farther **North** they are found, minus **Eskimos**, and some ***Laplanders***. Take **bears** for instance; **common American black bears** are smaller than the **Grizzlies** of **Sub-Arctic Canada** and **Alaska**, and **neither** of those furry bastards are quite as big as the **Polar Bears** of the **deep North**. The same tends to hold true for **dogs**, **tigers**, **whales**, **sasquatch**, **yeti**, **abominable snowmen, *moose(s)*** and other kinds of **hairy bastards**.

On the **intelligence** side of the equation, it takes planning to get through a long winter when you are a **"higher" primate** that is **evolutionarily optimized** to live in **places** that are NOT covered in **snow** for **6** (or **more**) **months** a year, on average. While it didn't hurt to be strong, it took more than just big muscles to get through the endless winter. It required at least **half a brain** to **effectively plan** and **coordinate** the necessary activities that would **hopefully** result **in enough food being stored** to make it through the **winter** without **dying**.

Furthermore, the **survival chances** for **savannah optimized primates** are exponentially **increased** during **adverse winter conditions** when the **primate** in

question ***cooperates*** with other **deeply maladjusted primates** to **develop, pool** and **maximize** their ***limited resources***. Those same **survivability chances** are correspondingly ***decreased*** when the **primates** in question spend their **summers bashing each other's heads in** for access to the increasingly limited **banana resources** that would have been **not** as limited had they spent their time ***cooperating*** with each other to **maximize** their ***limited banana supplies***.

Of course, there is one rather large **caveat** to this **pan-cultural generalization**: if a **marginally domesticated primate** (or group thereof) did NOT do a good job **r**aising their crops and storing their harvest for the long winter, than those **primate's** (or **groups** thereof) chances for **surviving the winter** were fully **contingent** on **finding** other primates (or groups thereof) who did a **better job** with all that and then **bash their heads in** and **steal their shit** (and/or ***banana supplies***) prior to **starving to death** or **dying from exposure**.

Because of these various mitigating factors, for a long time, the North country was a bit **dull**, minus the occasional **regional dispute** about **intertribal reindeer theft** and/or **salmon poaching**, plus the odd forcible **land grab** here and there. At some point, the usual **rascals** must have **gotten bored** with all this ***Nordic* bliss** and wanted to see what life was like **off the farm**. While this posed a **problem** for the **second** (and **later**) **sons of landlocked landholders** who **frequently** had some **bad blood** and/or **checkered history** with **adjacent reindeer ranchers** (who themselves **didn't** take to kindly to estranged neighbors horning in on their turf), those who had previously **settled by the sea** started turning their ***wanderlust*** into **boats**.

Unfortunately, there were a few intensely combative, **horse-shocked North German losers** who had the **exact same idea**, much to the **misfortune** of the rest of **Europe** and had especially **dire** and **profound** effects on ***England*** (and **English**) **itself.**

With all of the **Hunnish hubbub** going on in central and/or middle Europe, **most** of the **displaced German losers fled** in a generally **Northwest** direction, but a **few** decided it would be a good idea to strike **North**.

Unusually for **ex-Germans** of the time, in addition to being **heavily armed pedestrian idiots**, a statistically **atypical** percentage of them became ***half insane aquatic lunatics*** after **they** (or their **fathers** or **grandfathers**) had previously noticed that the **Huns** had some **difficulty** traveling over **open water** due to a longstanding **equine tendency** to ***sink more than swim in open water*** when **mounted** by a **heavily armed epicanthically enfolded equestrian asshole***.*

For many of these (**fleeing**) **Germans**, going **North** was likely a **return to their ancestral homelands** as there is a certain amount of historical evidence that suggests that **some** parts of **North Germany** were previously **settled** by former *Scandinaåvians*.

But even if this were **true**, that doesn't actually **mean** their attempt to **return** was a **good idea**.

When these first **Germans** fleeing **North** arrived into what we call **Sweden** today, upon seeing the local **relatively mellow** dirt farmers and/or reindeer ranchers just going about and *minding their own business,* **anecdotal evidence** suggests that these first arrivals said almost exactly **the same fucking thing** as their **expat cousins** did when they first **landed on England**.

And in **being** Germans, with **typically Teutonic subtlety**, they proceed to make a little ***Lebensraum*** for themselves through their usual ***Anschluss*** activities. Namely, whatever **land** they wanted, ***they took through force***. This resulted in quite a few **Swedish heads getting bashed in**, and those who **didn't** immediately **tip over and die** frequently **witnessed** their **wives** and **daughters** getting **viciously raped** then **killed** or **taken as slaves**, their **sons killed** and/or **taken as slaves**, and **their farms** and/or **crops** and/or **livestock** and/or **pets** being **lit on fire**. And that is **assuming** that those ***Anschluss Arschlochs*** doing all of this were feeling **magnanimous** and **didn't** feel like **torturing**, **ritually slaying** and **making drums** out of the **skins** of **their new enemies**.

All of which turned out to be a **spectacularly bad idea**. Just like their relatively recent descendants who (incidentally **also** had a couple of other **spectacularly bad ideas** with **apocalyptic effects** for almost all of **Western** and **Central Europe**) kinda **forgot** about that **little 2nd rule of War** (***never march on Russia in the winter***), their *Scandinâavia* bound ***German*** expat forbears either **forgot**, **didn't know** or just **didn't care** about the **4th rule of forcible banana acquisitions** that tends to go largely **unstated** in most modern military organizations:

Never, EVER, piss off a Swedish (and/or ***Danish***) ***Farmer who had previously minding his own business if you can possibly help it***.

Oh sure, ***ya betcha***, the **Standard Issue Swedish Farmer** (**SISF**) may not **seem** all that that threatening in their **dour brooding** when they are pulling weeds, removing rocks, milking cows, slopping hogs, **shaving reindeer**, **herding Yeti** and/or **shoveling colossal amounts of shit** in their **natural habitat**. And indeed, **if** kept suitably **occupied** they aren't **usually** that much of a **clear and present danger** for **most** individuals (provided bystanders **do not** REPEAT ***DO NOT*** show **visible signs** of being conspicuously ***Norwegian***).

All of which tends to **change rapidly** when the **SISF** is forcibly **evicted** from his **natural habitat** OR has his natural habitat ***burned out*** from underneath him but ***doesn't*** have the **common courtesy** to **tip over and die** in the process.

But even before any of that, the **SISF** is someone who, at the best of times, ***is*** a **completely half insane individual** who suffers from **chronic light deprivation** for the **darker half** of the **year** he (or **she**) isn't suffering from **acute sleep deprivation** (one of the primary **symptoms** of the **dreaded *midnight sunitis*** that tends to **affect** most sub-**Polar**, **Polar** and/or **bi-Polar** populations).

These **affected** (and historically **agricultural**) **individuals** spent their **summer months working like a dog** for **12** (or **more**) **hours a day** while **ping-ponging** between their **emotional extremes** (which, incidentally, **may** or MAY not have been **heavily influenced** themselves by **repeated** and **long term exposure** to **wide** and **periodic swings** in **light levels** over multiple preceding generations) and are **intimately familiar** and **well versed** in the **operation** of **large wood** (and/or **metal**) **farming implements**. And all that's ***before*** **guzzling aquavit** which may or **MAY** be **spiked** with one (**or more**) kinds of **blood, piss** and/or **psychoactive mushrooms** (or some combination thereof).

Not only that, the **clearly affected** (and/or ***-ive)*** **Swedish individual** also happens to be the **result** of a **evolutionary pattern** that tends to generate **larger** individuals the **farther** it happens **North**. This **trend** was further **amplified** over **multiple succeeding generations** spending **entire lifetimes** doing intensively physical labor while having a relatively stable food source. Individuals from such groups **tend** to be both **well fed** and **well practiced** at using various **implements** to **repeatedly hit**, **beat**, **pummel** and/or **slice things** on a sustained and regular basis.

Now, let's take this mild mannered but relatively large **SISF**, take away his **plow** and **scythe**, give him a **classic *Bavarian beatdown***, **rape** and **kill** (and/or **enslave**) his **family in front of him**, **burn his reindeer ranch down**, **set his dog on fire** and then **kick him in the head a few times for good measure** before leaving him to **die** of his **physical** and/or **emotional trauma**.

Not many people **return** to the **vertical plane** after this little taste of ***Deuchteland* diplomacy**, but those who do tend to be **extremely pissed off**. Even worse, they usually **suffer** from a **highly aggravated form of PTSD** that **MAY** potentially **affect their cognitive abilities** and/or **target selection criteria** for **all** of their **newly discovered *feelings*.**

NOW, let's take this **affected individual** (or group thereof) and give them **easy access** to **large metal implements** that work off of the **exact same body mechanics** as their previous farming implements did and PRESTO**:** what was previously a **mild mannered dirt farmer minding his own business** is now a high endurance **Unstoppable Swedish Murder Machine** (**USMM**) with a **heart full of a hate, a** *Scandahoövia* **sized chip on his shoulder** and (one or more ***pints*** of) **blood in the eye** that **MAY** or may not further **deteriorate** his already **PTSD-gimped target acquisition process.**

Now, if this only happened, say...**once**, then **maybe** the whole ***VIKING* scourge** thing could have been **avoided**, but the fact is it happened at least **twice**, and maybe even **three** times.

The incredible amount of **social pressure** that a **single** one of these individuals put on their respective communities is ***not*** something that **most Americans** will have **much difficulty understanding.**

Have you ever seen ***The Terminator***? Remember all the people **killed** in that fascinating **anthropological** account? Well, even though **T1** ***might*** have been a "fictional" **cybernetic murder machine** from the **future** who had **easy access** to **high caliber metal implements**, we can at least **thank our lucky stars** that **IT** was *Austrian* in origin. Had **T1** been made of ***Swedish Steel,*** **IT** might have gone on to do some **real damage**.

NOW, try to imagine ***three*** of **those bastards**, but ***far worse.***

Those **three** original ***fissile bastards*** **radiated** away from from their **initial ignition events** along **two** separate **propagation vectors**. ***One*** of them proceeded to **an adjacent neighbor's reindeer ranch** in the **profoundly disoriented** (and significantly ***altered)*** **mental state** fully consistent with the first ***half life period*** of a **life changing PTSD event**. Unfortunately for the **neighbor in question** (who, **allegedly**, had previously **falsely** accused the **plaintiff** of **reindeer rustling** on multiple occasions, which may have been a minor factor in the **plaintiff's target selection criteria** for all his **new feelings**), our **erstwhile protagonist's** ***profound*** level of **disorientation** caused him to **confuse** his **neighbor** with his previous **Teutonic aggressors** and then **treat him accordingly**.

Since his neighbor was himself a ***latent*** **Unstoppable Swedish Murder Machine** (**USMM**), he managed to **survive** this **highly exothermic activation event** (barely), but the **same** could **not** be said for **his family**. This **resulted** in this **neighbor** individual ALSO becoming a ***non-latent*** **USMM** upon **awakening** from his **forcibly induced unconscious state**. With his **alpha-decaying index case assailant** having previously **absconded** over the **nearest horizon** prior to awakening, in the **absence** of other **likely targets** for all his **new** ***feelings,*** this **newly activated USMM** did one of **three** things; he either **took off in a random direction** and did the **same fucking thing** to the **nearest neighbors** along that **vector** (which resulted in **one** or **more similarly affected individuals**), OR **proceeded** along the **reciprocal bearing** of the **original vector** of the **isotopic index case** only to find himself on the **wrong end** of a ***Bavarian*** **beatdown** when he ran into the **same** ***scheisenvogel Deuschtebags*** that started off this whole **shitstorm**. This only served to **reinforce his recently developed feelings**, assuming he **survived that encounter,** OR...

He ran into the other two original fissile bastards who had previously bonded after their own initial *(and highly* ***exothermic****)* ***ignition events****.*

Due to the principle of **resonance**, these two **acutely affected individuals** rapidly formed a **working relationship** initially based on previous **similar** experiences further **strengthened** by subsequent **shared** experiences after one (or **more**) iterations of their **shared propagation vector**, which itself FREQUENTLY resulted in a **few more bashed heads** and even more **hurt feelings**.

Unfortunately, this ***fission cycle of violence*** tended to result in more **USMM**'s being **generated** along each **iteration** of this (relatively) **binary process**. These **similarly**

affected individuals duly proceeded along their own **propagation vectors** creating their own wakes of **head trauma** and **PTSD** through the **radiated ranks** of **affected *Swedish* survivors**, many of whom went on to become **fully qualified USMM's** as well.

Due to the previously mentioned principle of ***resonance***, these **affected individuals** frequently ended up **bonding** with other **similarly affected individuals** and started forming domestic groups of **half insane murder machines** who wandered about the ***Swedish* lowlands** seeking ***therapeutically innocent bystanders* to** "work through their challenging feelings with".

(Fortunately, this **treatment method** is not (yet) **endorsed** as an **acceptable treatment strategy** by (**most**) modern **European** (well, **Western,** at least) and **North American regulatory** and **oversight agencies**. Partially due to it's heavy **reliance** on **large metal implements** and the inherent **spatial difficulties** of **wielding** them consistent with their original design parameters in the tightly enclosed areas of **affected *psychiatrist's*** offices.)

At some point one (or **more**) of these pre-***VIKING* pedestrian groups *afflicted*** by certain **deep** and **abiding *feelings*** eventually **realized** that **their neighbor's heads** MIGHT, possibly, NOT be the most **ideal targets** for their newly developed **affections** and/or **affective disorders**.

It ***may*** have took a **few times**, but at some point **one** of those original ***fissile bastards*** noticed that **somewhere** between **most** to **all** of the **heads affected** so far had a **distinct tendency** to **plead for mercy** or **beg for their family's lives** using **heavily inflected gibberish** that ***wasn't*** just **mutually intelligible with their own tongue**, but one that was **similarly accented** as well...

(I.E. it was THE SAME FUCKING LANGUAGE)

BUT the **original beatdown** this original **USMM** received was **administered** by individuals speaking a **different** sort of **highly inflected gibberish** where **he** could only **understand** about **half** of those ***auslanderarschlochers*** were **saying** because of their **funny accents**.

With this **individual** already being **afflicted** with a ***Swedish* brain** (which is characterized in part by extended periods of **atavistically brooding about the weather**, the **winter** and whether or not the **affected individual has enough aquavit stashed away for both** during those **odd moments** he or she is not **ping-ponging** between alternating **inner states of light** and **darkness** and/or/**while** drinking ***mead*** like a ***fisk)*** that was further **enhanced** by the inevitable **repeated head trauma** from preceding engagements, plus the **ongoing *secondary*** and ***tertiary* half-life period effects** of **rapid onset PTSD** *AND* the **continuing emotional fallout** of **seeing everyone they loved killed** (and/or ***raped)*** in front of them while **watching everything they ever worked for burned to the ground**...it took some time of this previously **landlocked**

landholder to work through the **deeper implications** of these relatively ***minor*** **linguistic variations**.

His **internal Signals Intelligence** (**SIGINT**) **analysis** reportedly went something along the following lines:

(Please note: This has been translated into modern English from the original *ye olde anglishe* texts for your convenience and safety. In accordance with established security protocols to protect sources and methods that may or MAY not be actively engaged in other ongoing operations, or NOT, the following material has been further scrubbed to prevent identification of original sources through recognizable speech and/or spelling patterns and/or references to popularly known landmarks. *The following information has been given a Reliability Assessment of 1B, and is considered to be reliable information BUT has yet to be confirmed through additional intelligence assets in the area and/or time period. Be Advised.*)

(Excerpt begins...)

"*Odin All Father on a crutch, when will these **frigging** headaches finally end? Fucking bastards. Just minding my own business shaving mein reindeer then the next thing i know i am surrounded by three assholes beating me senseless while their friends **burned** everything they couldn't **rape, carry, stab** or **slice**. The whole time they were **laughing** and **speaking kinda funny...***

*"hey, wait a second. i don't remember old Ragnarr and his sons next door having a **funny accent**, nor anybody on the other side of the ranch where the Skitfagels live when they were begging me to spare their lives. Now that I think of it, I don't really remember any of them actually having **all that much of an accent** when they used to come over to yell at me about proper reindeer etiquette between neighbors.*

***"hmmm...i wonder if those bastards were actually from around here**. Perhaps not, now that i think about it.*

*"I wonder where they came from? Let's see, they **talked funny** and were **on foot**. Since they **didn't** have **horses**, they probably **didn't** come from the **East**. But since **they talked funny, they must not be from around here**.*

*"oh, DAMMIT, I should have guessed....they were frigging **NORWEGIANS!!!** those herringheaded sons of bitches are going to pay..."*

(Excerpt ends)

And with that unfortunate **inference**, *Sweden's* **previous domestic issues** ***rapidly escalated*** into a **international incident** that quickly **spiraled out of control** to **fully encompass** the whole **Northern European Operational Theater**.

Some (but not quite **all**) of *Sweden's* **domestic insurgents** were **quickly** able to **negotiate** a **mutual cessation of hostilities** between **growing numbers of rival groups** once a **better target** for their ***complex feelings*** had been **identified**.

Their **new target** was**,** as you might have guessed by now, ***Norway***. Or more accurately, the ***people who lived there****.*

Now, a couple of things you as an **Enlightened American** need to know about ***Norway*** and the **people that live there** to understand the **next phase** of ***VIKING*** development...

First, if you did **not** already know, ***Norway*** isn't just a **sea side** nation. Thanks to all their ***frigging fjords****,* they actually have **more linear footage** (and/or **kilometers**) of **coastline** than just about any country in the world. This is because **it's geography** (like **many** of it's **indigenous female inhabitants**) is largely defined by **sharp upthrusting mountains** and **deep valleys between them** that may or **may not** be exposed to **adequate amounts** of **direct sunlight** for **extended periods of time**. This state of affairs made it effectively **impossible** for the ***Norwegians*** to effectively **farm** the **large areas of land** required for supporting **larger communities of domesticated primates**.

Because of these **contributing factors**, the ***Norwegians*** quickly **took to the sea** to **supplant** their negligible **land based banana supplies**. Or in other words, **many** of them became ***Boat People***, aka ***half insane aquatic lunatics***. Of course **some** of their **decision making process** may have been **slightly** influenced by the fact it was happening in individuals who were already **afflicted** with ***Norwegian brainitis****.* This **incurable condition** is **typified** by spending **long periods of time atavistically brooding** about the **wind**, the **weather**, the **winter** and whether or not the individual has **stockpiled enough aquavit** and/or ***lutefisk*** to **survive** the latter. This, **of course,** is happening during those odd moments **he or she is *not* ping-ponging** between alternating **inner states** of **excessive light** and **profound darkness** and/or/**while** drinking ***aquavit*** like a ***fisk****.*

Multiple succeeding generations of **boat people** who did **not** always benefit from having a **relatively stable food source** resulted in ***Norwegian*** pre-***VIKING boat people tending*** be (slightly) **less large** than their ***Swedish*** counterparts of the time. But **not** being **quite so big** did NOT mean they were a bunch of ***frigging*** **pansies**. Those same **succeeding generations** had also been **conditioned** by **entire lifetimes** spent **building boats**, **rowing boats**, **sailing boats** and **net fishing**.

Affected individuals routinely spent **extended** periods of time out on the **North Atlantic** in **open hulled boats** constantly engaged in the **moderate** to **severe physical labor** known as **net fishing**. When they weren't doing that, they were **trying to keep their craft from capsizing** and/or **sinking.** These activities **occasionally resulted** in **extended fugues** of **chronic** and **acute sleep deprivation** where affected individuals were **lucky** to get a **5-10 minute catnap** in any given **12-18 hour period** on the water.

On the **flip side**, since they were ***half insane aquatic lunatics*** and used to dealing with **that treacherous moody bitch** known as **open water**, they tended to be a bit **quicker** on the uptake than their **landlocked *Swedish* neighbors**.

Also, in **not** being complete idiots, they long before learned to keep a ***gimlet*** eye on their **Eastern** horizon for ***Swedish stragglers*** who got **bored** of life back on the farm.

For the most part, those ***not* very well armed pedestrian idiots** were usually looking for **more interesting people** to **beat up** than their **brothers** and/or **neighbors** who they had gotten bored of thumping on back on the farm. Most of the time, these **idle stragglers** were still in the **pre-onset** phase of being a **USMM** and usually responded **well** to the **Frankenstein reception** that the **local villagers** would **quickly prepare for them**. Upon seeing the **local reception party assembled** and **armed** with any number of **flensing knives**, **fishing spears**, **woodsaws**, **block planes**, **lit torches**, **fishing nets** and/or ***pointed sticks,*** the standard response for these **early *Swedish stragglers*** was to RUN AWAY back to ***Sweden.***

But what **worked** for dealing with **individual SISF's** who were bored with life on the farm proved to be incredibly **ineffective** for ***repelling* small** to **medium sized groups** of **half insane** and frequently **unstoppable *Swedish Murder Machines*** who were **armed to the teeth** with **rather large** (and ***sharp)* metal implements**. Safe to say, **many** *Norwegian* **heads** were **bashed** and even more **feelings** were **hurt**.

Mirroring the usual effects of *Sweden's* **previously** domestic squabbles, these new **low intensity** (yet highly ***exothermic)* regional conflicts** had a similar **effect** on surviving **Standard Issue Norwegian Fishermen** (***SINF***) that they previously had on the formerly **Standard Issue Swedish Farmer**. Upon **coming to** and seeing that their **loved ones** were **dead** (or **missing**) and their **huts**, **boats** and **village burned to the ground**, the **former SINF** (who now also suffered from a **seriously aggravated form of PTSD**) rapidly turned into a nearly **Unstoppable *Norwegian* Murder Machine** (**UNMM**). The primary **difference** between a **USMM** and a **UNMM** (aside from physical size) is that these new **UNMM's** were ***good with boats.***

In similarly being **afflicted** with a number of **new** and **complex *feelings*** that they needed to work through, these new **UNMM's** did **not** have much in the way of **local targets** for their **new** and **complex *feelings***. The **marauding bands** of **half crazed *Swedish tribesmen*** were slowly **working their way along the coast** and in ***their*** wake left a string of **burnt fishing villages**, an **increasing** amount of **UNMM's** (and each one of those having their own **propagation vector**) and one or more bands of **USMM's** that still had a **grudge** against one (or more) of the **initial ignition groups** for their previously **misdirected feelings**.

Thanks to the principle of ***resonance***, these newer **UNMM's** were frequently **absorbed** and/or **assimilated** into these **second** and **third** order ***Swedish* incursion groups *even though they spoke slightly different kinds of highly inflected gibberish.***

They were able to overcome this **long-standing precondition for violent conflict** through the **pan-cultural panacea** of **similar cultural experiences *facilitated by the same assailants*.**

Thanks to a little **cross cultural pollination**, when these **half insane Norwegian Aquatic Lutefisks**...sorry, **Lunatics** joined forces with **half crazed Unstoppable Swedish Murder Machines**, what regrettably **resulted** was a ***hybrid*** group of **Violently Insane aqua-lunatic** (pronounced lu-NAT-ic, btw) **Kill-ING machineS**.

Or, IN OTHER WORDS, the very first ***VIKINGS.*** Other groups of ***VIKINGS*** were also formed when other **UNMM's** were **absorbed by** "**friendly**" **USMM groups**. Initially, these prototype **Inter-*Scandihääv*ian *Amphibious Assault Groups*** (**ISAAG**'s) were largely **pedestrian** in nature, and concentrated on **razing local fishing** and/or **farming villages** when not trying to **chase down the bastards *that did the same to them*** not so long ago.

Meanwhile, in one of the **leading elements** of this ***VIKING*** expansion, the **sole** *(Swedish)* **survivor** of the **three original *fissile bastards*** who started this whole *Scandinœvian* shitshow noticed that even though their new *Norwegian* cross pollinating allies **spoke a bit funny**, it was a ***different kind of funny*** than what he heard during the ***bavarian beatdown*** that **initiated** this whole **frangellating fustercluck**.

When this individual (who by now was a **de facto** chief of his **raiding party**) made this general observation over charred carcass and rotted honey (i.e. **meat** and **mead**) one night to one of his **newly esteemed *Norwegian*** colleagues, this **quick thinking former fisherman** immediately **opined** that **perhaps** these **mystery assailants** had ***walked*** to his former location ***after landing somewhere nearby on a boat.***

He further suggested that it just so happened that there was a place **not** very far **South** of the **Scandinavian Peninsula** that was **easily reached by boat** where the **locals talked a bit funny**, but ***differently*** from **half crazed *Swedish* Murder Machines** or their local ***Norwegian* Aqua-Lunatic variants.**

While the ***Swedish*** half of this conversation was **doubtful** about **this particular hypothesis** for a **number of reasons** (the main one being his ***feeling*** that only ***Norwegians*** would be **crazy** enough to attempt **open water crossings** of any length in **open hulled boats**), the **idea** of **gathering** his **violently insane flock** in **one** (or **more**) **open hulled boats** in search of **new targets** for all of their **commonly shared feelings** began to **seem** like **not such a bad idea** as his **PTSD** and ***Swedish* afflicted brain** finally wrapped itself around the following **developing trends:**

1. Thanks to all the ***frigging fjords***, it was becoming **increasingly difficult** to travel to **new potential target groups** by foot in *Norway.*
2. Thanks to their frequently **pyroclastic tendencies**, most of the places that they had traveled through to get to their current position were now **charred smoking wrecks** that had little in the way of **shelter** or **provisions** to **sustain their growing numbers**.

3. Even if they were inclined to attempt a **retrograde maneuver** of some kind and go back the way the came, they would have to contend with the **growing amount** other pre-***VIKING*** groups left in their **ultraviolent wake**, some of which were composed of **the survivors** of his **group's** earlier ***group therapy sessions*** and **likely** had something along the lines of a **grudge** and/or other kinds of **hard feelings** and the **usual metal implements** with which to **express them**.
4. **Plus**, in the event they find some **conspicuously shiny shit** that tends to be **absurdly heavy** on one (or more) of their raids, it would be much easier to **stash** and **transport it** in a **boat** rather than **truck that shit around on foot.**
5. ***AND*** if they started using **boats** as a primary **means of transportation** they could conceivably set up a home base somewhere where it would be difficult for those **grudge bearing groups of heavily armed pedestrian idiots** to access by **foot**.

It was quickly decided that in the next fishing village they fell upon like a ton of bricks, they would **curtail** their **pyroMANIC inclinations** and limit their **pyroclastic impulses** to **only lighting the villagers** (and/or their **dogs**) **on fire** while taking care to NOT do so around their victim's (former) **huts** and **boats**.

It wasn't **too long** after this **fateful decision** that this **prototype ISAA** (**Inter-*Scandinavian Amphibious Assault)*** group got their **frostbitten hands** on a **f**air amount of **boats** and **sailed** (or more likely **rowed**) to an **undiscovered land** (well, to them at least) somewhere to the **South** where the **natives spoke kind of funny**.

Or in other words, ***Denmark***. What they encountered upon **landing** was ***slightly*** different than what they previously encountered facing off against **Swedish *farmers*** or **Norwegian *fisherman*** who were just **minding their own business**.

Denmark by this time had been on the **receiving end** of **several waves of horse-shocked *German* immigrants**, many of which had their own **aggravated cases of PTSD**, the many **complex *feelings*** related to that unfortunate condition, and also had **easy access** to (and ***acute* operational familiarity** with) any number of **sharpened metal implements** with which to **express** those ***feelings***.

After the usual **meat** and **greet**, these ***Trans-Scandinavian*** groups found themselves **well matched**. The initial ***high attrition diplomatic overtures*** that were **extended** by both sides quickly convinced opposing groups that the **ultra violent lunatics** on the other side would make **better *allies*** than opponents. On some vestigial genetic level their **shared *Scandihoóvian* predispositions** asserted themselves when they mutually realized ***they could kick more ass together than they would apart.***

Additionally, these rapidly coalescing ***Pan-Scandinavian groups*** realized that if they **pooled** their **tactical resources** under a **shared strategic vision** of ***finding other groups of easily neutralized targets*** and **taking their shit** after **stomping the holy hell out of them**, they could ***coordinate*** their **raids** for maximum **benefit** for all parties.

And with that the very first **North Atlantic Treaty Organization** was **formed**. Not **entirely dissimilar** to our modern **NATO** of today, this early **North Atlantic Treaty Organization charter members were invited to join based on them fulfilling two main criteria:**

1. **Potential members** had to **occupy** lands adjacent to the **North Atlantic** (and/or **North** and/or **Baltic Seas**).
2. **Potential charter members** also had to be **big, angry** and/or **crazy** enough to **strongly suggest** to **existing charter members** that **attempting** to **forcibly take their shit** would be a ***high attrition activity*** that would **likely** result in **unacceptable losses of men and operational assets** (i.e. **boats**).

The benefits of belonging to such an organization were **many** and hard to ignore. Beyond the **obvious benefits** of the **mutual support clause** in their **charter** where **members** were **required to offer assistance** to other **charter members** who found themselves in **tactically challenging quagmires**, **charter members** also pooled their **tactical information** and **strategic intelligence** while **enjoying favorable rates** on the **exchange of loot** with other **charter members**.

(Incidentally, this **trade** between groups began to include **increasing numbers of *slaves*** taken from **non-charter member groups.** The simple reason for this **unfortunate social trend** is that many of these groups independently realized that **someone** had to do all the **shitwork** back **home** while they were **out sailing about** and/or **cracking heads**).

Like **usual**, ***POLITICS*** reared it's **ugly head *early*** in the formation of this **loose organization of allied amphibious assault groups**. The **founding** and **earliest members** of this early **NATO** group assumed **alpha positions in the hierarchy** while **later** members tended to enjoy their **beta status** in the **organization** as **secondaries** and/or **tertiary adjunct losers.**

Hierarchical status had **profound** implications within the **organization** when it came to **intra-organizational trade rates, trade disputes** and **most importantly** *the assignment of geographic areas of responsibility/**opportunity** regarding **raiding** and **trading rights**.*

Though the **original charter documents** were long ago **composted** in **history's outhouse**, thanks to the author's **diligent** and **meticulous research efforts**, the original **charter allotments** have been **successfully reconstructed** in **painstaking detail:**

Alpha members *granted themselves* "**rights**" **to the relatively calm waters of the Baltic Sea**, plus **exclusive access** the extremely lucrative ***Volga*** and ***Danube*** rivers which gave them **direct access** to any number of **various *Germanic*** and ***Slavic*** groups who had grown **fat and lazy** living off the spoils of various **Roman Empires** going **tits**

up. These groups eventually travelled as far **southeast** as ***Baghdad*** where they encountered (and then **acquired**) **stainless steel** for the first time.

Beta members were assigned **raiding** "**rights**" to the **European Coastline West of *Denmark***, which included the **almost** as lucrative **Rhine** and **Seine rivers** which provided access to **other *Germanic*** and ***Gallic* groups** who had **grown fat** but not so **lazy** living off the **decomposing corpse** of the **Western Roman Empire**. Both the **waters** and **individuals in these territories** were considered by **most experts of the time** to be **more dangerous** and **volatile** than those to the **East** where the local gene pools had already had multiple **waves of Huns** kill or recruit those most **predisposed** to **fight**.

Additionally, the **coastal waters** on either side of the **English-French channel** were **North Atlantic** or **North Sea waters** and had **all of the lovely inclement weather** that goes along with **both** of those **not-so-fair** bodies of water. The **locals** in these areas of assigned responsibility were still a bit **twitchy** after all the recent waves of **mounted invaders**. While many of these groups had a fair bit of **loot**, anybody who **wanted their shit** had to be willing to **pay** a goodly amount of **blood** or **treasure** to get it. This, of course, led to **increased overhead** and **liabilities** for these **beta groups** that **the Alphas** were happy to **delegate** to anybody **other** then them.

Finally, the **tertiary adjunct losers** of this early **NATO group** were granted **exclusive access** to **England**, or anything that lies between **there** and the ***edge*** of their **disc shaped world** far to the **West**. This **access** was **exclusive** in the sense that ***neither* the Alphas** and **Betas charter members** wanted **fuck all** to do with **England**, and certainly **didn't** want those **tertiary chumps poaching their recently staked turf**.

There is a reason **England** was held in such **high esteem** at the time. Even among **the *VIKINGS,* England** had an **established reputation** as a ***provincial backwater*** filled with ***sheep shagging idiots*** where ***sub-Roman retards*** and ***pan-Germanic losers* went off to die after getting their *monkey asses kicked off the mainland***.

What the **upper echelon idiots** in this early **NATO group *didn't* realize** was that **many** of these ***sub-Roman retards*** and ***pan-Germanic losers*** were **highly motivated losers** with **access to boats** and had **filled** them full of their **most valuable shit *before* fleeing** their **lands of origin**.

Additionally, **thanks** to the ongoing efforts of England's growing minority of locally sourced ***half insane aquatic lunatics***, many of these groups were able to **acquire** even more amounts of **valuable** and/or **conspicuously shiny shit** through ***trade.***

PLUS, in addition to being the **progeny** of one (or **MORE**) **generations of crap fighters**, **sub-genius tacticians**, and/or ***retrograde maneuver specialists***, many of these ***congenital*** (and formerly ***continental)*** **losers** (in a **historical**, **tactical** {and possibly ***strategic}*** sense) were learning how to **turn the other cheek** thanks to their

recent **conversions** to what was **England's** fastest growing religion of the time...***Christianity***.

NOT ONLY THAT, but many of these **affected individuals** were actually **serious about** their new found **faith** and went on to **form** or **join cloistered monastic orders**, to which many of these individuals **endowed** their worldly possessions. Sometimes these **endowments** proved to be **substantial** and were occasionally in the form of **remote shoreside properties**.

This proved to be an **elegant solution** to a **problem** long faced by **monks of all sorts going back to time immemorial**:

"***Where in the hell can I reflect on the Greater Glory of God without having to worry about the neighbors coming over and kicking in the door, bashing in mein head, stealing mine scheisse, and lighting our abbey and/or pets on fire on a regular basis***?"

With **Christianity** previously being introduced to **England** by the ***Romans***, it had grown increasingly **popular among some** (but not quite **all**) of their ***Anglo-Saxon Overlords***. Many of these **friendly folks** had previously **invaded** then **settled** almost the **entire East Coast of England**. Not a few monasteries popped up along that coast, often in relatively **remote** locations that were **moderately difficult** to walk to.

Unfortunately for the monks that lived and worked in these remote (and often picturesque) locations, what proved to be an **effective deterrent** for the **local groups of potentially armed local punters out on a bender** proved to be worth SOD ALL for **repelling** small to medium groups of ***Violently Insane aqua-lunatic Kill-ING machineS***.

The first **abbey** to discover this (the hard way) was ***Lindisfarne***. On (or about) **June 8th**, **793 CE**, just **one** of these groups of **tertiary adjunct *VIKINGS fell*** upon the ***Lindisfarne Priory*** on the **Upper Northeast English** coast like a ***ton of burning bricks*** dropped from a ***very great height*** and proceeded to **fuck shit up with forceful abandon**.

Eyewitness accounts of the time **quoted** the **leader** of this **landing group** of **violently insane amphibious lunatics** uttering **these fateful words** immediately upon disembarking from his craft:

"Pessi eyja er eins ein mikill stór kísa bíður að vera hevít..."

This was later **translated** by **one of the surviving monks** who had a **knack for learning new languages** after picking up about a **half dozen** in his **previous wanderings** around **England**. Which was by this stage of events a **linguistic patchwork** of many **differing dialects** within Old Saxon, Anglo-Saxon, Saxon-Anglo, ye

Olde Anglische, sub-Roman Latin, Brythonic, Celtic, Pictish, Gaelic, Cumbrian, Quiddish, and roughly a few dozen other language groups (**plus** or minus a **couple dozen**).

Lucky for us, his **verbatim translation** is still **preserved** in the one remaining copy of the third edition reproduction of the assembled accounts of surviving records and after action reports that were forensically reconstructed from ashes subsequently recovered after hundreds of years of exposure to the wind, the weather and whatever passes for direct sunlight in Northeastern **England** where parts of ***Lindisfarne*** were **burnt to the ground** by various **unnamed *amphibious assholes***.

And I quote:

"***...Ånde upœn lándinge ein thåre felle bøö†ƒ, thåre skítbÿrdde lîeder sœd †hœ ƒålløuingé:***

'Thées åyellânde êis lykkê å greigh† ßiggê pöøsî jústë uuœghtingé †ü ßî ƒükkêd...'"

Much to the **pleasant surprise** of these **tertiary adjunct *VIKINGS*** that first **landed** on **England**, they found their **shit detail assignment** to be a lot ***less* shitty** than expected. The **locals** were **easy meat** and had a lot of **shit** that was either **shiny**, **valuable** or barring those, relatively **flammable**.

This **first** raiding party made out like **bandits** after hitting ***Lindisfarne, Northumbria*** and the **abbey** on the **Scottish Isle of *Iona*.** The **main** reasons they left was because **they couldn't fit any more loot** in their **longships** and **weren't** planning on staying the winter anyway.

Upon returning to *Scandihoøvia* proper, this **tertiary adjunct group** attempted to keep this **valuable strategic intelligence to themselves** but were **not** able to **hide the fact** that they came back with a **TON of conspicuously shiny shit** and had **suffered** virtually **no causalities** in the process (minus a **few cases** of **repetitive motion strain** consistent with playing quite a bit of **uncontested axe tag** with a bunch of **English monks**).

Though this group tried to keep their **new found success** on the **DL**, it did **not** go entirely **unnoticed** by the other (and often higher ranked) **charter members**. After their **leader** unwisely **denied** their **good fortune** multiple times at the next **bi-annual charter meeting** and **received** a "danish necktie" (**don't ask**) for his **double dealing** efforts, his **former** second in command (and now leader) was threatened with a "swedish enema" (believe me, you do NOT want to know...) before he finally **fessed up**.

Which resulted in him **damn near getting one** (well FINE, if you are going to be that way about it let's just say that, like **lutefisk**, it involves significant amounts of **lye** and **cod** being put in dark places...) anyway since the higher ranked **beta** and **alpha aqua-lunatic killing machines** on their **NATO council** were **incredulous** that a bunch of

island bound **Pencil Necked Sheep Shaggers** (**PNSS**'s) could have either **acquired** or **defended** so much **valuable shit** without being **some** kind of **provincial badasses**.

Thankfully for the **new leader** of this **tertiary adjunct loser** contingent, cooler and wiser heads prevailed when it was pointed out that they **did** come back with **copious amounts of expensive shit** and **didn't** lose a single man doing it.

So what started off as a **few** sporadic sorties on **Northeast England** and **Scotland** rapidly turned into **endemic raiding** just about **everywhere** that was **accessible by boat**. For the first time in (**England's**) history, **shoreside property values plummeted** as everybody who was anybody ***moved as far away from the water as they could get.*** Which, unfortunately for **England**, **wasn't** nearly far enough.

Back on the ***Sçandinaåvian*** Peninsula, the ***VIKINGS*** were starting to experience the **growing social pressures** of their **violently insane success** in ways that were increasingly **hard to ignore**. These **moderately ithyphallic groups** were, FOR SOME REASON or **other**, starting to experience some **population control issues**.

Some of this **might** be from from being such **superlative badasses** that even their **beta** and **tertiary adjunct loser raiding groups** usually didn't suffer from **casualties** in **statistically relevant amounts**, but it is **more** likely that these **pitter-patter problems** had something to do with these **slightly ithyphallic individuals** coming home and **fucking like bunnies** with their **various wives**, **thralls** and/or **domestic slaves**. This **was** (and in certain *Scandinaviån* circles, still **is**) just about ***everybody's*** **favorite winter** (and **summer**) **activity**, and their Winters are, as previously noted, long.

With **more** and **more** of these little **bastard**(**ette**)**s** being **produced** and **statistically higher rates** of them actually **surviving** their **idyllic/nightmarish** (pick ***two)*** **childhoods**, what to do with all of the **sullen** yet **hyperactively insane teenagers** that soon followed became a **real problem**.

For a while the **regional alpha males** were able to get away with the **standard practice** of **sending** the **younger males off to die** in **far away places** and/or **marrying off** their **teenaged daughters** off to **much older men** in the next village over. But this not only ***didn't*** work for very long, it didn't even work **very well** because **more and more** of these boys were coming back **combat hardened men** who were **extremely pissed** to learn that their **teenage sweetheart** had been **traded for reindeer** to some **schmuck** in the **neighboring village**.

What **should** have been a bunch of **joyful reunions** ended up being even more **domestic disturbances** that **frequently** involved the **profligate use of large metal implements** by **one** or **more involved parties** (and/or "innocent bystanders" as we are talking about ***VIKINGS*** here).

After a few **REMF alphas got their heads bashed in** by returning **half crazed *Scandanaœvian* Murder Machines**, the **surviving alpha REMF's** realized they had a

bit of a **problem** on their hands. They were smart enough to realize that they were **outnumbered** by the **hordes of beta** and **tertiary adjunct loser males**, and they were **self aware** enough to know that they **couldn't** exactly count on their own **superior fighting skills** to make up those numerical differences after **spending** recent years getting **increasingly fat, dumb** and **drunk** on their **new political power**, **recently acquired wealth** and, LET'S NOT FORGET, aquavit.

Since **sending** their **surplus population off to die** wasn't working out so well, the **alphas** decided to try the **next** best thing: **sending them off** to "settle" those **areas** that had previously been **easy meat** during the initial **raiding phase** of **territorial expansion**. The **fancy 25 cent word** for this is ***colonization***.

This started off a **chain** of events that resulted in the ***VIKINGS*** basically **founding Russia**, conquering **NW *France*** and ***Íceláande*** and staying just long enough in ***Greenland*** to get their **beach-head monkey asses stomped** by the **locals** after **pissing them off for a hundred**(ish) years.

Oh, and a few (**thousand**) of them ended up going to **England**. Largely consistent **with** the **original distribution** of **assets and territories**, SURPLUS **alpha groups went down the Volga** into the **fertile farmlands of Western *Russia*** and became locally known as the ***Rús*** (which is where the **first syllable** in ***Russia*** comes from) while the **beta groups invaded**, **colonized** and **settled** the ***Normandy*** province in **France**. And **again**, the **current name** (IE ***Normandy***) for this **area** is based on the **local's** term for the ***VIKINGS***, as "*Norman-*" is a **contracted corruption** of the term "**norse-men**" or *North Men* in English.

The main difference in these **territorial assignments** was that **England** was **no longer** the **last stop** on the **brown line** for **Tertiary Adjunct Losers** (**TAL**'s) who couldn't **cut it on the mainland**. THOSE **chumps** now had **Iceland** and **Greenland** to **sail to** after their previous ***mud duck maneuvers in warmer and sunnier locales left them neck deep in sheep dip*** and finding out the **hard way** that their former friends and neighbors ***didn't* enjoy the smell**.

England, however, proved to be some kind of **unifying force** for the ***VIKINGS***, who, for a time, were able to put **aside** their **growing political differences** between the **alphas**, **betas** and **TAL's** who all **united** together to **stomp** a ***Scandinavia*-sized mudhole** in **England's collective backside**.

Unfortunately for **England**, the **island** soon learned that their (soon to be **former**) ***Anglo-Saxon* Overlords** were **not** any more up to the task of **defending** their **isle** from **hordes of Amphibous Assholes sailing from the East** then they were back in their **former Fatherland** where they had been **chased out of by hordes of Epicanthically Folded Equestrian Assholes** coming from the **same** direction.

There is a reason for this. After spending the last **couple hundred years** on the **Isle of Inebriated Egress**, **succeeding generations of *Anglo-Saxon* Overlords** had only

gotten **drunker, dumber** and in many cases **fatter** while **ruling their 4 to 7 kingdoms on the isle** with their multiple ***tin fists***. They had also become **increasingly insane** from just **trying to talk** to the **local punters** in their **8 million kinds of indecipherable gibberish** while growing **increasingly paranoid** after being ***serially*** **double** and **triple crossed** by the few **sub-Roman elites** still ***compis mentis*** enough to **command** the remnants of the Legions that formerly ruled the southern half of the **isle**.

Plus, the whole time all of that was going on, there was ALSO the ongoing **shin kicking contest between** different ***Anglo-Saxon*** **groups** to determine **who** would get to wear the ***tin toed boots of English Hegemony***. **All of which** generally had the **effect** of making these **newer pre-English Anglo-Saxon alphas** almost as **venal** and **mendacious** as their ***Roman*** predecessors.

Or in other words, ***the Anglos*** (und ***Saxons) went NATIVE on their isle of egress***.

Their earlier **strategic gaffe** soon became **clear** to even their **greatest** ***scheisskopfs***. In being **tactical retrograde maneuver specialists**, they had **run** then **rowed** to a **place** where ***they had no where to run away to*** that didn't involve **boats**. They then **compounded** this mistake by **spending** their **minimal free time** focussed on their **local shin kicking** (aka: ***banana allocation)*** **competitions** when they **should** have been **collectively** preparing for the **inevitable invasion** of **amphibious continental assholes** who had ***the exact same ideas and plans their own fathers and grandfathers did when they originally invaded not so long before.***

The **technical** term for this level of **strategic miscalculation** is a "minor whoopsie" (I.E. **a major FUCKUP**), and their **slight** miscalculation resulted in **most** of the **surviving** ***Anglo-Saxon*** **alphas fleeing to Scotland** and **Ireland** and THEN getting their **monkey asses stomped** ***again*** by other groups of ***VIKINGS***.

The 250+ years that the ***VIKINGS*** **raided** then **ruled England** had **profound** and **permanent** effects on the **development** of ***English*** **as a language** and **those who speak it**, both **then** and ***now***. The three main development influences that were facilitated by the ***VIKINGS*** on our **commonly separated language** were ***Ye Olde Norse*****, REVERSE EUGENICS** and ***a pointed interest in nautical design***.

Though **it may be arguable** that the latter two are **potentially** related concepts, neither of them is quite as **difficult** to understand as...

Ye Olde Norse ("*Norrœent mâl*" in **Olde Norse**): Okay, let's just get a couple of things out of the way first that are hopefully becoming **increasingly obvious** to the attentive reader. Just like **modern German**, **modern English**, **Ye Olde Saxon, Ye Olde English** (which had been coalescing for the last few hundred years by this time) and most other languages, there wasn't just **one** kind of ***Olde Norse*** but a **few** of them.

Like most other languages, the **varying dialects** and **sub-languages** were MOSTLY distributed along **geographic** lines (I.E. the **proto-Swedish** of **Eastern Olde Norse** and

the **pre-Norwegian** of **Western Olde Norse**) that were then **subject** to further **chronological variation**.

Another thing that ***Ye Olde Norse*** shared with **Ye Old Saxon**, **Ye Olde Angle** and even **Ye Olde English** is a ***common*** **direct ancestor**. This ***über*-Germanic mother tongue** is **buried** so deeply in **history's compost pile** that not even it's **name** is currently known. In the **absence** of other **commonly accepted terms**, lets, ***for the sake of arguing more effectively,*** let's call her ***Œdna***, or if you prefer ***Edna.***

Now even though ***she*** **upped and died so long ago** that we **don't** even know where ***she*** is **buried**, we **can** actually ***definitively*** **establish one** (or **two**, perhaps) **things about her**.

Thing #1: ***Edna*** was most certainly a **breeder**. We know this **for a fact** based on the **sheer numbers** of **resulting spawn she produced**. (The above **five direct progeny** listed **aren't** the **only ones** that **escaped** from her **fertile linguisitic womb**.)

Thing #2: ***She*** was a bit of a **horn-ball**. I mean, **really**, anybody that **has that many kids** either **really likes sex a lot**, or simply **likes a lot of sex**.

Which isn't actually a **bad thing** (AT ALL), but it does pose a bit of problem for modern linguists. Since **she** spent so much time **catting around doing it doggy style** with **multiple** (and simultaneous, mayhaps?) **partners** with**out** using "protection", not even **her progeny could keep track of what she was doing with whom**, much less **when**.

In **one** (or **two**... **fuck if I know**) instances that big, bad (et tu) **brute** we know as ***LATIN*** might be the **responsible party** for certain ***Southern Saxon*** **dialects** (and/or **accents**) that were **subsequently ejected** from her **vulgatious vvomb**, but the **same** can ***not*** be said for her other ***bastard*** **progeny**.

Now, if you are **not** currently one yourself ***(technically*** speaking) there is **something** you should **know** about **bastards** and/or **other fatherless children**...

They ALWAYS grow up to be **juvenile delinquents**.

OK...this **is**n't **always true**, but in this case it fully applies.

There are any number of **deeply rooted psychological reasons** for this. The short version is **they never stop looking for** DADDY and deeply **resent** HIMSELF for **not** being around. This FURTHER tends to **develop** into **OTHER** conspicuously **brown** and/or **squishy feelings** that the **rapidly developing juvenile delinquent** is **occasionally** inclined to **throw** and/or **direct** at the **closest available targets**, but **usually** those a bit farther **down** the **food chain**. In a ***loving*** **family environment** these **crucial supporting roles** are most often **assigned** to (usually younger) **siblings**.

Which is **exactly** what these ***pre-Germanic/post-Latin*** **languages were**. And just like **most goddamned idiot teenagers** that are **not** properly supervised by **one or more parental units**, these **bastard brothers fought constantly**. While **their respective speakers** kept pretty busy **bashing each other heads in**, these **slangular sibilings** were constantly ***stealing*** each other's **letters**, **words**, **grammar**, **accents**, and then **breaking them** just for **fun**, **reassembling** them in new and unique ways to further **mock their crying siblings** those odd moments they **weren't** pulling their hair, shooting them BB guns, chasing them with power tools (and/or **improperly stored firearms**), or merely **dropping them down the clothes chute**, figuratively speaking.

Oddly enough, between *Olde Saxon* and *Olde Norse,* it is ***not*** clear at this point which of them is the **older** sibling. We might be able to take a pretty good **guess** which one was the **bigger** one, which **may** or may NOT imply a **superior age advantage**. Especially considering that in certain respects that **languages** are ***kinda like fisk****:* the ***older*** the **dominant ones get**, the ***bigger*** they tend to grow.

In being **siblings**, they definitely had their own personalities but you could **definitely** tell they are **closely *related* sets** of **highly inflected gibberish**.

Although ***not*** fully **mutually intelligible** between **native speakers**, *Ye Olde Saxon* and ***Ye Olde Norse*** were more **alike** than dissimilar in most aspects. Like *Ye Olde Saxon*, ***Ye Olde Norse*** was **highly inflected** with four types of **declension** for **nouns**, **adjectives**, and **pronouns**. These were further **modified** by **three different genders** for those words to be expressed in. **Verbs** were **conjugated** according to **person**, **number**, **time of action** (**present** or **past**), and whether or not the **verb** was being used in an **indicative**, **imperative** or **subjunctive** manner (or **mood** if you prefer). Like **modern** and **old *German***, **word order** in ***Ye Olde Norse*** was **more fluid** than it is in **modern English**.

Similarly, both **languages** had **strong** and **weak** word classes for **verbs** and tended to **conjugate them according to different parameters**. The main difference between these languages was how exactly they went about doing it. In *Old Saxon,* **verbs** were primarily **modified** through **suffix modification** which sometimes resulted in **vowel substitutions in the original word stem**.

In ***Ye Olde Norse*** (and especially in what have been termed as **strong verbs**) **conjugation** for **verbs** was mainly done through **vowel substitutions** in the **word stem** in a process referred to as ***ablaut***. This, **incidentally**, happens **all the time in English** with words like **sing** (*sing, sang, sung*), **ring** (*ring, rang, rung*), **run** (*run, ran*) and at least a few other words that the current author is too goddamned lazy and stupid to think of at the present moment. In **weak verbs**, ***Ye Olde Norse*** tended to **conjugate through vowel modification** accompanied by **one suffix**.

Aside from the ***ablaut****,* the main legacy of ***Ye Olde Norse*** on *Ye Olde English* is the **thousand plus common words** that were **forcibly imported into our commonly separating language**. In terms of **our lexicon** (I.E. all the different words in a given

language), ***Ye Olde Norse*** is only just behind ***LATIN*** and ***French*** in **forcible donations**. This **Nordic Legacy** is so **pervasive** that it is almost **impossible** to **construct** a single **grammatically correct sentence** in **English** (or **not**) ***without*** having a **few Old Norse words** in it.

For more information on this fascinating (and/or extremely **boring**) subject, go look it up on your favorite online open source encyclopedia. Especially **if you are in the mood for a nice headache**.

Speaking of ***Nordic*** induced **headaches**, let's talk about the ***VIKINGS*** **other** greatest legacy in **Dark Ages England**: **REVERSE EUGENICS**.

If you are not already **familiar** with the word **EUGENICS**, this **probably** means that you haven't, **yet**, been **screened** and then **voted *off*** our **genetic island**. BE THANKFUL THAT THIS IS THE CASE, as the **historical methods** typically used to **kick people out of the gene pool** are **rarely** gentle.

EUGENICS, simply put, is the **science** of "improving" a **RACE, breed or species of domesticated primate** by one or more methods, some nicer than **others**. When this is done to **domesticated NON-primate farm animals**, it is traditionally referred to as ***animal husbandry***.

This practice is mostly facilitated by **two primary methodologies**. The first one (and generally the **preferred** option if you ask me) is commonly referred to as **selective breeding**. The concept is pretty simple, you make a **breeding pair** out of **selecting** two **opposite sex individuals** deemed to have **desirable traits**, **isolate** them while they are in **heat** and **let them bump uglies** as many times as is necessary to assure the future issue of **progeny** from the **breeding pair**.

Ideally, this will (**or not**) result in **strengthening already shared traits** or **a new combination of desired traits** in their resulting **progeny**. It would **not** AT ALL be inaccurate to think of this as **facilitating** some kind of ***intentional genetic drift*** in the **affected breeding group**.

The second overall approach to **animal husbandry** is **selective NOT-breeding**. Or in **other** words, ***kicking*** the **beta** and **tertiary adjunct losers** of the **affected** group **OUT** of the **gene pool**. This is usually **accomplished** by one of **two** methods. If the **animal** in question is **really sick**, **grotesquely deformed**, **terminally stupid** or otherwise **extremely fucked up** than that **animal** is usually **killed**, or if you prefer a totally half assed euphemism; "culled" from their respective **herd**, **flock**, **brood**, **pod**, **pack**, and/or ***murder***.

The **logic** behind this approach is **undeniable:** ***defective dead animals can't fuck and make more defective baby animals***. duh.

If the **domesticated animal** is still **functional** and able to **give milk**, **donate fur**, **feathers** or **labor**, or is otherwise make itself **useful** around the farm, then that **animal** is subjected to the other **animal husbandry** (slash ***non-human eugenics****)* method, *STERILIZATION*. When applied to **animals** this word is a commonly accepted ***euphemism*** that typically refers to **cutting off their balls** OR **gouging out their lady bollocks**. Or in other words, **double OUCH**.

All of these are **time tested techniques** in the field of **animal husbandry**. And ***all of them*** have been **periodically applied** to **humans** in ***recent*** and not so recent history.

When **any** of this is done to **humans** on purpose (IE attempting to **intentionally ramp up the evolutionary curve**) it is called **EUGENICS**.

When approached as an **abstract concept**, the **idea** of **intentionally cleaning up the human gene pool** to **reinforce** what are thought to be "**desirable**" characteristics and/or **eliminate** those deemed to be "**undesirable**" is an **idea** that **might** have a certain **attraction** to various kinds of **ass hat academics**, half (**or more**) **insane, egomaniacal doctors** (and/or ***billionaires****)* with **even more** of a "god" **complex** than **usual** and perhaps even the occasional **one balled**, **tin horned dictator** with a **toothbrush mustache** and **above average oratory skills**.

Yet however it **may** look good on **paper** to certain **affected individuals**, the DEVIL, as **always**, is **in the details**. There a **few** (or at least **one** or **two**) POTENTIAL **ethical** issues when it comes to **condemning whole groups of people to history's gas chamber** based on **having** or ***not*** **having** one or more **genetically encoded** characteristics.

But those potential **ethics issues** are only a drop in the bucket when it comes to the inherent ***logistical*** issues of actually ***attempting such an operation****.* For **some** reason, SOME **whiners** in the **selected group** will **object** to being **kicked out** of the **gene pool**. On the **flip side** of this **equation**, some of those in the **locally identified** "master" **race** will ***object*** in **being directed** to **breed** with a **selected individual** like some kind of **race horse** or **farm animal**.

These and other ***noncompliance*** **tendencies** in **selected** and/or **affected individuals** pose a number of problems for any serious **EUGENICS enthusiast**. They also account for the **main difference** between **animal husbandry** and **EUGENICS**; their emphasis on **methods**.

Historically speaking, **animal husbandry** has relied on **both overall strategies** and **methods** described. **EUGENICS**, on the **other** hand, has **tended** to **heavily skew** towards **selective NOT-breeding**. UNLESS we are talking about that ***genetically drifted*** **group** of **chinless inbred twits** that are known by the commonly accepted ***euphemisms*** of "**upper class**" and "**royalty**."

Over the last **hundred years** there ***has been*** a **growing trend** among **selective NOT-breeding proponents** towards the "**more humane**" approach of *STERILIZATION.*

Thanks to a number of advances in modern medicine, now **selected individuals** can be **chemically** *STERILIZED* (I.E. shot up with a bunch nasty chemicals that makes their junk stop working), or they can be *STERILIZED* with **radiation** (IE nuking their naughty bits with enough radiation to make them stop working) or they have the "**option**" for **surgical** *STERILIZATION* (IE cutting some tubes, and/or tying those tubes, uterus extraction or if someone is feeling old school simply **cutting off their balls** or **gouging out their ovaries** {as appropriate}, but ***after*** administering **anesthesia**, hopefully).

There is a **slight drawback** to this overall approach: IF the **affected individual *didn't*** actually **concur** with their **reproductive unsuitability assessment**, ***there will likely be some hard feelings about being subjected to such treatment.***

And we all know what that means, there **will** probably be a LOT of ***whining*** from previously selected **NOT breeders**. This ***whining,* if done well**, can lead to **other domesticated primates** to **sympathize** with the **affected individual** and **might**, conceivably, make them **question** the **overall ends** and **means** of the **local authorities** who are **responsible** for such **reprehensible activities.**

This is a big reason **why**, historically speaking, **EUGENICS enthusiast alpha groups** tend to go with option number one: ***kicking people out of the local gene pool by killing them dead.***

Again, it is kind of hard to argue with the logic behind this. On one hand ***dead people can't fuck and make babies*** and on the other hand, ***when they whine, the living rarely hear it***.

So, if that is **EUGENICS** in an nutshell, what in the **fornicating fuck** is **REVERSE EUGENICS**? Good question.

REVERSE EUGENICS is the **science** of ***worsening* a RACE, breed** or **species** by one or more methods. Again, the various approaches fall within **two overall strategies**: ***(not very)* selective breeding** or **selective NOT-breeding**. The **main difference** of the **two** (aside from **desired outcomes**) is that **eugenics** is usually done **on purpose**, but the same can NOT be said for **REVERSE EUGENICS**, historically speaking.

Opposite of what is the case in proper **eugenics**, **REVERSE EUGENICS** has historically leaned towards ***(not very)* selective breeding**. The **classic** example of this is **proverbial practice** of **drunken idiots** FUCKING **even drunker idiots** and making any number of (hopefully **non-flipper**) **babies** who, thanks to that **gosh darned *genetic drift,*** are **genetically predisposed** to mature into **even more emphatically inebriated idiots** than their parents were.

But there have been **multiple exceptions** to this **ongoing historical trend** where **REVERSE EUGENICS** has been facilitated by **selective NOT-breeding** within a selected group. To the extent that this particular approach has been **historically employed**, the **primary** method used in most cases is best described as ***kicking the best and the brightest people out of the gene pool by killing them stone dead***.

Which is **exactly** what the ***VIKINGS*** did to **England** for almost **three hundred years**. Whether or not this happened on **purpose** within this context of **REVERSE EUGENICS** is entirely **beside** the point.

Though there is **no** historical evidence that suggests that this was done according to some kind of intentional plan, the ***VIKINGS*** really **couldn't** have planned it any better then what ended up happening anyways.

Even if **wasn't** entirely intentional on their part, ***history*** gives every indication that the ***VIKINGS*** were working off of a **4 stage plan** to **extra-stupidify England**:

Stage **1**: **Small** to **medium** groups of **half insane** and **heavily armed amphibious assholes sail, row** and/or **walk** to the **nearest monastery**, **abbey**, **nunnery**, **church**, **cloister** and/or **congregation** and **chop them up like bait** before/while **burning anything that couldn't be raped** or **stolen**. The ***VIKINGS*** did this with **impunity** all over **England**, **Scotland** and **Ireland** for **at least a hundred years straight** before doing it with some kind of ***punity*** during the ***Danelaw*** of their **colonial period**.

This was especially ***grievous*** to the **intellectual development** in **England**. At this time in **England**, the **church** was the **leading intelligentsia** and also just about the only remaining bastion of **classic thought** and **wisdom** (Thanks to the ***Romans*** and their fondness for ***Greek* literature**) on the island. When the **church** wasn't busy **drowning witches** or **damning heathens** to **eternal hellfire**, **it** was the **leading light** of **whatever** passed for **English Enlightenment** at the time.

While most of these **ecclesiastic individuals** were **celibate** in name, ***few of them were celibate in deed***. During this time, it was **common practice** for **priests**, **bishops**, and **even popes** (and/or **anti-popes**) to **openly have mistresses** and **publicly acknowledged progeny**. Even **monks** and **nuns** had some trouble keeping **it** in their **robes**. With the **cloistered monastic temperament** largely **overlapping** with similarly **cloistered scholarly inclinations**, these **both** tend to be **associated** with **above average intellects** of varying **severity**, which is **itself** a quality that seems to be determined by the **genetic lottery** as much as anything else at this point.

While it **doesn't** make them bad people (or even **bad Christians** for that matter), all of that ***catting around doing it missionary style*** did have the occasional **side effect** of producing **illegitimate offspring** who were **statistically likely** to be a **little sharper on the uptake** than the **legitimate sons** and **daughters** of **farm hands and sheep shearers** (and/or the ***local gentry***).

Unless these **upper bell curve progeny *never* existed** in the first place because **daddy caught an axe in the skull** before **his little bastard**(**ette**) **was even a gleam in his eye**.

During **their salad...**oops, I mean **raiding years**, the ***VIKINGS*** would **repeat stage 1** until they ran into a group of **stage 2 targets**.

Stage **2**: **Small** to **fucking ginormous** groups ***VIKINGS*** encounter a **small** to **fucking ginormous** group of **potentially armed local punters** who were **presumably** the **best** and **brightest** that their respective **hamlet**, **township**, **parish**, **home county**, **burgh**, or **countryside** had to offer. During the ***VIKINGS*** raiding phase, this was the historical equivalent of **rag tag, improvised local militia groups** facing off against **shit hot special forces units** in **one sided encounters** that typically **ended** with entirely **predictable** results. Through ongoing **attrition**, the ***VIKINGS*** were able to systematically **weed out** the **strongest** (and occasionally **brightest**) **young males** of **England's coastal groups** for the **hundred years** before ***they*** arrived in force. Had this actually been done **on purpose**, this would have been a **strategic masterstroke**.

As the **local**, **able-bodied mature males** who were **predisposed** to be **inclined** to **fight** (which **may** or **may** not have certain **genetic** underpinnings) were frequently **chopped up like bait**, they not only **couldn't breed again**, they also **couldn't** teach their sons how to fight any better than they did. When those **sons swore revenge** and acted upon it, the **vast majority** of those sons were also rapidly **converted** into ***chum.***

Not only did this begin to **thin out the ranks** of ***genetically predisposed fighters*** in **statistically relevant numbers**, doing this over **multiple succeeding generations** was enough to **significantly impact** the local **gene pool** since **those who ran away from the *VIKINGS*** were much more **likely** to **live long enough** to **breed** one or a **dozen** times. Thanks to this ***drifting gene pool*** in **littoral England**, succeeding generations had increasing **ratios** of **individuals** with an ***increased genetic predisposition for flight*** when experiencing the **fight or flight response** triggered by a **conflict induced adrenaline attack**.

This **ongoing trend** only served to **exacerbate *already existing* genetic predispostions** in **England's larger gene pool**, which by this time has been **populated** by **individuals** (or their **progeny**) who ***ran away*** from previous **continental conflicts**. Though the **flight** option of the **fight or flight response** may have been the **wiser** choice back on the **mainland**, opting for such on **an island with limited room to maneuver** is an action of **debatable** wisdom. Stage **2** of this **REVERSE EUGENICS** process was **ongoing** throughout the **raiding** and **colonial periods** of the ***VIKING* age**. Many of the individuals who **opted for flight** were quickly **converted** to Stage **3** individuals...

Stage **3**: **Small** to **fucking ginormous** groups ***VIKINGS* enslaving** the **surviving punters** and other **non-combatants** in the vicinity. **SLAVERY** had already been a **long** and **not-so-honorable *tradition*** in **England** before any ***VIKINGS*** showed up on the

scene. **SLAVERY** had been practiced by more than a few pre-***Roman*** indigenous groups, and was nearly **perfected** by both the ***Romans*** and ***Saxons*** through ongoing **practice**. **SLAVES** in **medieval England** were a ***BIG BUSINESS*** that only got **bigger** with the ***VIKINGS*** on the scene. Though many **SLAVES** ended up staying on the island, just as many (**if not more**) ended up getting **shipped off the island** to any number of **foreign SLAVE emporiums**, the nearest one being in ***fookin' Dublin***.

Taken on face value, the **forcible removal** of **non-combatants** who **ran away** early and often might seem to **mitigate** the effects of the previous **REVERSE EUGENICS** stage (**2**) just described, but that is **before** taking into account **the demographics of the oppressed** and their **likely disposition *after*** being taken into **bondage**.

While **able-bodied men** were presumably **high value targets**, at least **some** of their **perceived value** was because **they were in short supply** after so many of them had been **chopped up like bait** by small to ginormous groups of **violently insane amphibious assholes**. Their **relative rarity *increased* their perceived value** thanks to the **market forces** of **supply** and **demand**.

But even then, these **strapping young lads** weren't **half as valuable** as **clerically inclined nerds were**. In **dark ages Europe**, **England** had something akin to a **burgeoning reputation** for producing a **goodly amount of individuals** who were **good with figures**, **letters** and could **speak multiple languages fluently**, for some reason. A **strapping young lad** could **cut grass**, **chop wood**, and **carry water all day**, but a **nerd** could do things like **balance the books**, **do inventory**, not to mention figure out **how much** those **field hands were filching from the harvest**. Unlike the **strapping young lads** in the **field** (and/or **mill**) who were **labor assets**, a **well trained nerd** could be a real ***equity enhancer*** for their **owner**.

Yet, even the **most qualified nerds** weren't **quite** as valuable as **nubile young women**, especially if they were **comely**, **shapely** and/or still had **all** (or **most**) of their ***teeth***. **Nubile young women** weren't just a potential **aesthetic** or **labor asset**, they could ***have lots of babies who would grow up to be slaves themselves*** which **also** made them an ***equity multiplier*** for their **owners**.

In all three of these cases, it is extremely **probable** that the **better** and **best** examples of **each demographic** that ***VIKING* age England had to offer** tended to **largely aggregate** *upwards* in the ***VIKING*** social hierarchy. Just like ***now*** in **America**, **Britain** and just about **any other goddamn place you could name**, the **fucking Alphas had all** the **muthafuckin' legal tender** they **needed** to **afford** the **best shit**, which in this case included **SLAVES**.

Not only that, the ***VIKING* alpha groups** present on **England** were actually **alphas by proxy** (for the most part) and were the ***on site personnel and administrators*** assigned from their **regional tribes of origin**. It isn't entirely **illogical** to speculate that that **many** of these **proxy alphas** had **standing orders** to **send** the ***best*** of the **best** back to the

home office, send the ***rest*** of the **best** to whichever **slave trading depot** that was likely to get the the **best price**, and **make do** with **whoever** is ***left over*** or **sell them** as well.

Those **SLAVES** that were **exchanged for goods** (and/or **services**) were most often **sent somewhere far away** where they did not (**presumably**) have much in the way of **local friends** or **family** to help them **escape**. This also had the **side benefit** of rendering the **enSLAVED person *linguistically neutralized*** until they were able to **get a handle on the local form of highly inflected gibberish**. Until that happened, it would be almost **impossible** to **effectively coordinate anti-SLAVERY actions against their** (similarly) **white overlords**, and even if that happened once their were on the lam they would be **instantly recognizable** as ***furenurs*** by the locals.

Even if this "hypothetical" hypothesis **is**n't **entirely** accurate, there is no denying that the ***VIKINGS*** didn't just **kill** a **fuckload of poor, defenseless English people**, they also **sold** and/or **shipped** a ***shit ton*** off the island as well. Considering the inherent **economics** of the **situation**, their **best** and **brightest *person products*** would necessarily command **higher prices** in **non-local markets**. Unless they were a Stage **4** individual...

Stage **4**: **Aftermath individuals**. Shockingly enough, **not** everyone who found themselves on the **sharp end** of a **local** to **regional encounter** with the ***VIKINGS*** actually **died** from the related **grievous bodily harm**. Quite a few of the **men** were only **horribly maimed** and/or **crippled** from **playing axe tag** with **Nordic assholes**. These **poor sods** were either left in a state where they had been **rendered physically unable** to meaningfully participate in the **reproduction process** OR left in a state where no one would **want** to **reproduce** with them thanks to various kinds of **horribly disfiguring scars**, **missing body parts** and/or **facial features**, or just **smelled funny** thanks to their **suppurating wounds**.

On the other side of the **sexual equation**, those **women** who **hadn't** been carried off into **white SLAVEry** but ***weren't*** **killed** with the rest of their village had likely been **sexually assaulted** one or ***more*** times after (or ***during***) seeing many to most of their **friends** and **family die violently**, which itself is something that also **often** confers a pretty healthy case of **PTSD** in affected individuals who had **not** been **viciously raped by groups of half insane amphibious assholes**. Either one of these alone is a **bit** of a **mood killer** (in **most** cases), and being subjected to **both** can (and ***often*** is) be a real **long term libido suppressant**.

It was not **uncommon** for either the **reproductive drive** and/or **capacity** of these **survivors** to be **substantially diminished** after their **unfortunate *VIKING* encounters**, and many of them went on to **die childless**, taking their **survivor DNA** with them out of the local **gene pool**.

For the entire **273 years** the ***VIKINGS*** were **raiding**, **colonizing** and finally getting **kicked out** of **England** for good, ***all four of these stages were at work*** in a continually **evolving ratio** that **invariably** resulted in **England getting the short end of the stick**.

Perhaps if only one or two of the above stages had been present during this **critical development period** for **England** (and **English** for that matter), one could make a pretty good case against **REVERSE EUGENICS** being an accurate description of what the ***VIKINGS*** did to **England** during the ***VIKING* age**. Yet, as **all** of them were **in effect** for just about **10 successive generations** (give or take), it seems **likely** that all of that would have had ***profoundly deleterious*** effects on the **island's collective gene pool**.

The **main mitigating factor** for this was the ***VIKINGS*** themselves who were experiencing their own ***genetic drift.*** In their typically **ultra-violent lifestyle**, the **weak** and the **slow** were **quickly weeded out of their ranks**, usually through **ongoing attrition**. As **we all know**, the **strong** don't just survive, **they** also get most to all of **the bitches they want**, one way or **another**. Since we are talking about a bunch of **half-insane *Scandihöœvian* horn-balls** they left a **wide ranging genetic legacy** of their own in **England**, but even this **prodigious offering** was at best a **small counter current** against the **rising tide** of **mental midgetry** on **itz grean anb plesunt landes**.

But even with the ***VIKINGS* superlative success** in their **English REVERSE EUGENICS experiment**, it wasn't **quite** successful enough to entirely end **English** (**dis**)**ingenuity** altogether. Some of the **smart ones** managed to **run away** to somewhere **inland** because they had noticed that **most** of these **foreign assholes** showed up in were doing so in **boats**. In these **highly motivated losers**, this led to a...

Pointed interest in nautical design. With the **land bridge** connecting **England** to **France** several thousand years previous and **England** being an i**sland**, there had already been a bit of interest in **nautical design** among **England's growing minority** of locally sourced ***half insane aquatic lunatics***. For a long time, this **passing interest** mostly followed along **two different design vectors**: **local fishing** and **long range cargo shipping**. Though the **developing progression** of each kind of **watercraft** over the years inspired **pointed interest** among their various participants, each of them was only a **subset** of a **minority group** but **not** exactly a **major factor** in the daily life of **most pedestrian idiots**.

But the sudden appearance of **amphibious assholes** just about **everywhere** on **England** that could be **accessed by boat** collectively **drove home** the **sheer suicidal folly** of such **cavalier aqueous indifference** in a way that neither the ***Romans*** or the ***Angles und Saxons*** had previously been able to inspire among **England's indigenous herds** of **pedestrian idiots**.

In **both** of those development periods, the invader's **boats** were typically directed to areas **previously pacified** to **discharge** their cargo of **heavily armed pedestrian idiots** who would assemble then **march off** somewhere else to go play **gladius und axe tag** with the **natives**. In these instances, the **subsequent carnage** usually happened somewhere ***out of direct eyesight*** from the **boats** these **foreign assholes** had **disembarked from**.

Though some **upper bell curve individuals** probably had conceptually linked the **appearance** of various **foreign assholes** with some kind of distant but ***probable* nautical apparatus**, these proto-academic musings were often **interrupted** by having to **run** from those groups of **heavily armed pedestrian assholes** or getting **lashed** by their ***Roman* or German overseer** for **daydreaming** during their **SLAVE** duties. Since the ***Romans*** and **Germans** were typically only interested in wantonly slaying **armed opponents** (which usually happened **away** from the boats that brought them over), those who **didn't** arm themselves were mostly **left alone** as long as they **kept up** with their **periodic tribute payments** to the **current foreign oppressors**.

Not so with the ***VIKINGS***, who would **land their boats uninvited**, **disembark**, and ***immediately start bashing the nearest heads in*** regardless if the **bodies** they were attached to were **armed** or **not**. As this often happened within **direct eyesight** of the **boats** they came over in, even the most **feeble minded survivors** began to ***connect*** the **appearance** of **amphibious assholes** with ***boats***.

Meanwhile, those **forward thinking sub-geniuses** who **fled inland** at the first sign of trouble on the aquatic horizon started wrapping their ***genetically drifted brains*** around the **deeper implications** of **living on an island** and their subsequent **retreat options** should those **amphibious assholes march inland**. When they **realized** their **retrograde maneuver options** were limited to somewhere between **imaginary** and **non-existent**, that got those ***upper bell curve idiots* thinking**.

With **most** of them being the **fully assimilated progeny** of **mainlander losers** who survived by **running away more effectively** than their former pursuers could follow, a could deal of their **fretting** likely consisted of period variations of the **ancient loser mantra** that their forefathers had previously intoned: "***Where the fuck do we go now?***"

As the ***VIKINGS*** had repeatedly displayed **superior ambulatory skills** in their **ubiquitous raids**, some of the more forward thinking **inland idiots** finally read the writing on the wall: ***they were fucked anywhere they went on England***.

Anyone **crazy enough to row or sail over hundreds of miles of open ocean in a open hulled boat** PROBABLY won't be all that **intimidated** by a leisurely **100 mile** (at most, give or take) **stroll** through some ***green and pleasant fields***.

ERGO, if these local **inland sub-geniuses** were going to **fulfill** their **deeply seated** and **genetically predisposed** inclination to RUN AWAY, doing so **effectively** was going to involve **boats**, and ones capable of ***sailing somewhere other than Europe where all these foreign assholes seemed to be coming from***.

Unfortunately, anybody who came to these conclusions was probably **landlocked inland**, which slightly **impinged** on their ability to do effective **nautical R&D**. Even worse, **anywhere** they could do effective **nautical research** was itself highly **susceptible** to various kinds of ***VIKING* predation**.

Once these **forward thinkers** realized they were **trapped like rats trapped in a corner** they **started fighting like dogs**. Even those who were **inclined to flee** were forced to accept the fact that they the would have to **fight to do so**. As the ***VIKINGS*** were coming from the **Northeast** and were **occupying** Northern, Eastern and eventually Southern **England**, these increasingly **aggressive** indigenous individuals tended to **accumulate** in **Western England**, which by this time had a pretty good track record of effectively **resisting foreign occupiers**. Or if not quite that, they usually made their periodic stays there **not** entirely restful.

Eventually, the **West country** would **rally** around around it's **strongest local king** (one **Alfred**), and took the fight back to the ***VIKINGS*** in the ***Danelaw***. It **only** took another **200 years** to fully kick the ***VIKINGS* off their island**, but that time had been well spent learning **how to kick ass in an organized manner**. Though the eventual acquisition and practice of this noble and worthy skill set did **hamper** their **nautical research** a smidge, someone, at some point someone had the bright idea:

"***Maybe we would be better off using our boats to go kick our potential oppressors asses on their own turf instead of just waiting for the next wave of foreign assholes to come over and chase us off our own island***."

Though **England** would eventually go on to **collectively embrace** (and **evolve**) these **noble sentiments**, it didn't happen **soon enough** to scare off...

Chapter *Six* (Six)

Mercy bucket?
NON.
oh...*pardonennez-moi, je voulais dire*
merci beucoup,

you french fucks

Invasion #4
The *NORMANS*
(aka: *The* ***French***)

Language Set 5,
BACKCROSS **2A:**
Norman French, and more
LATIN

Circa: 1066-11somethingish AJ

As previously mentioned, the ***Gauls*** *and the* ***Franks*** *had a few of their own* ***imperial issues****. After being whipped on by the Romans for several hundred years, they learned much from their imperial oppressors. Not only did they benefit from a multi hundred year crash course in ROME's* ***4 point expansion plan*** *for European Hegemony (****Identify, Divide, Isolate*** *then* ***Conquer****), their comprehensive curricula was further enhanced by extensive tutoring in the arts of* ***organized violence****,* ***systematic oppression*** *and, eventually,* ***imperial over-reach****.*

When ***ROME*** *entered it's* ***pre-death curling up phase*** *and attempted to* ***consolidate*** *it's dwindling power, it did so by* ***reducing*** *it's geographical footprint through* ***divesting*** *itself of it's* ***French provinces*** *and letting their former subjects and citizens* ***fend for themselves*** *amongst their* ***neighbors*** *and* ***inbound German belligerents*** *running for their* ***lives*** *from* ***equestrian assholes*** *from the* ***East****. These newly freed* ***French Tribes*** *celebrated their* ***freedom*** *by* ***boning up*** *on their* ***imperial skills*** *by diligently practicing them on* ***each other*** *as much as* ***circumstances*** *and* ***opportunity*** *would allow. Some of these groups were better at this than others. This* ***brutally darwinian political process*** *eventually* ***consolidated itself under one group****. That group was* ***lead by one person****, and* ***France*** *was finally united under one king. His name was...*

CLOVIS? Wait, are we talking about the first time that ***France*** was unified, or the second time? Because if we are talking about the time ***France*** "really" unified, that must mean we are talking about ***Charlemagne***, simply because he was the first ***French*** ruler to organize ***French*** **unity** in a way that lasted beyond his death. Assuming that the whole subsequent ***Carolingian Dynasty*** that his grandfather started is any indication.

Regardless of which one you may or may not prefer as the **father of *France***, the almost three hundred years between ***Clovis's*** reign at the end of the 5th Century AJ and that of ***Charlemagne's*** starting in 768 was a moderately tumultuous period for what would become ***France***. This early ***French*** formative period was largely defined by constant **continental intrigues** between **regional rivals** periodically flaring up into **fierce disputes** that were intermittently interrupted by occasional **Moorish incursions** from points **South**.

The **gallic individuals** caught up in the **monarchial crossfire** were certainly **not** the **little hairy bastards** that **stormed England by foot** 11,000 years before. And they weren't even the **big hairy bastards** who were regularly **getting their heads bashed in** by the **Romans**. Those **bastards** had mostly been **kicked out of the gene pool** (the **hard way**) which allowed the more ***appeasement*** minded to **preponderate** in the surviving **regional gene pools**. In **not** actively resisting the ***Romans***, these folks were mostly left alone to **breed** with impunity, assuming they kept up with their **regularly scheduled tribute payments**.

While the **proles** and **agricultural pissants**...sorry, peasants...were mostly left to fend for themselves under the watchful eyes of their **regional lords**, their **betters** kept busy **studying** the local ***Romans*** to better learn how to **ingratiate** themselves to their **political masters** more effectively and gain **economic** and/or **political advantage** from their **increasing proximity** to **ROME's *on site regional administrators*** who had quite a bit of **say** in where (and to **whom**) **ROME** directed it's **economic** and/or **political largess**, or, barring those, it's **military prowess**.

In being the **ingratiating idiots** that they were, those **upwardly angling upper class *Gaulish* twits** didn't just pick up the ***Roman*** language, they ended up **adopting ROME's *aristocracy* wholesale** for their own local **political organizational structure**. With typical ***French verve***, these political ***nouveau riche*** quickly became even more **arrogant** and **imperious** with their **subjects** than **all** but the **worst *Roman* emperors** were with their own citizen's during their most egregious excesses.

And once the local ***Roman* alphas** showed the slightest indication of **political** or **military weakness**, these budding ***French aristocrats*** dropped the **ingratiating act** and ***turned on their former overlords with a will***.

Things finally came to a head in the late **400's** in the form of the aforementioned ***Clovis***, who **deposed** the last remaining ***Roman* general in *France*** and quickly followed this feat by **incorporating** the remaining ***Roman* military elements** into his **command structure**.

Clovis then went on to do an excellent ***Roman* impression** by sticking with their **4 point plan** in regards to **neighboring groups** (plus quite a few of their **neighboring groups**) and went on to **consolidate** political control over almost **all adjacent groups** of **similarly inflected idiots** in what would become ***France***. He was able to maintain control over this ***Frankish* mess** for the rest of his life, but upon **passing** from this world

to the next, ***his* empire** was **divided** between ***his* four sons** in keeping with the local **inheritance laws** of the time.

Not too long after his death, the **political unity** of the **Gaulish coalition** that ***Clovis*** had been able to build rapidly **fragmented** like a **champagne glass** getting **yelled at** by a **fat lady**. His **four sons** not only **plotted, schemed**, and **fought** with each other to **expand** their own territories, they also ***had their own sons as well,*** which further **fragmented** the previously existing political arrangements. ***WAR***, **assassination** and **fratricide** became ongoing **themes** for the next **250** years. What had once been a **nominally unified *French* empire** quickly **devolved** into a frangellating plethora of **splintering regional groups** of **decreasing size** and **scope**.

Though ***his* empire** was short lived, ***Clovis*** had at least one lasting legacy on ***France*** as a whole; in **496 AJ** he **converted** to **Christianity**. What had already been an increasingly popular religion in ***France*** only became more so with **official approval**. The **alliance** that would grow between the **Vatican** and the various rulers of ***France*** would have huge repercussion down the line, but not quite enough to prevent ***Clovis*** from **dying in bed** in **513 AJ**.

And with that, cue approximately **250 years** of political intrigue, purges, pogroms, conspiracies, machinations, assassinations, re-unifications, re-fragmentations, expansions, failed expansions, contractions, and retractions among too many historical factions to keep track of.

Fast forwarding to 768 AJ, ***Charlemagne*** (a term that is a **corrupted contraction** of the name **Charles** and the word ***magnus*** from *LATIN*, which means “big” or “great”) ascends to the throne of the kingdom of ***Francia*** after his father passed away under mysterious circumstances. That particular individual, and a few of those who preceded him on ***Francia’s* throne**, had done a pretty good job **re-consolidating local control over their neighboring kings** and **kingdoms** and had partially **re-unified** the **empire** that fragmented after ***Clovis’s*** death two and a half centuries earlier.

The collective successes of ***Charlemagne’s*** predecessors in **reconsolidating *Francia*** paled in comparison to what ***Charles the Great*** would eventually pull off. In only a few years, he managed to essentially **re-establish the Western *Roman* Empire** by extending ***Francia’s*** borders all the way to the *Pyrenees* mountains to the south, to the sea to the North and West, and almost all the way to the former border between East and West Germany while also occupying the top half of Italy’s boot (Or in other words just enough of it to secure the **Vatican**).

Part of ***Charlemagne’s*** greatness wasn’t just that he was able to **wrassle up** so much **new territory** in his time, ***he*** managed to **acquire** some of these **new territories** using methods **not** described in **ROME’s** age old **4 point regional expansion plan**. Part of that was predicated on ***his* throne’s** long alliance with the **Vatican**. Apparently, a bit of **god’s glory** (as identified by the **Pope**) rubbed off on the **royal seat**. Which, evidently,

added a bit of **luster** and **dignity** to ***Charles'*** pointed suggestions to **potential rivals** that they would be better **friends** (slash ***vassals)*** than **enemies**.

But some of the ready willingness in ***his*** **potential rivals** for an **expedient political alliance** was itself predicated on the previous encroachment of **militant Islamic jihadists** on their own **turf** not all that long before ***Monsieur Magne*** took the throne.

Charlemagne's ability to take advantage of these politically advantageous conditions was predicated on yet another fascinating quirk of primate group psychology**:**

> *No matter how **contentious** the **internal divisions** of an **established social group of primates** might be, when **presented** with the presence of **a single stranger in their territory, local primates** will **quickly** put their ongoing **differences aside** and **unify** for the sole **purpose** of giving the **outside perpetrator a good shellacking**.*

or more simply:

> ***Few things bring people together faster than collectively whipping on one** (or more) **foreigner**(s).*
>
> *Especially when the **foreign assholes in question talk funny**, **look funny** and are **heavily armed heathens** to boot.*

Of which, there were quite a few to choose from on ***Francia's*** southern borders by the time ***Charlemagne*** took the **throne**.

The **threat** of the **Moorish hordes** in the **South** was a powerful **incentive** for the still **independent** kings of the ***Gaulish Riveria*** to ally themselves with someone a bit **bigger** than they were. Between that **impetus** and ongoing efforts to **marry v**arious family members off to the **ruling families** of **high value target territories**, ***Charlemagne*** was able to **leverage** his growing **regional political influence** into a **political-military juggernaut** that was easily able to **steamroll** any remaining **domestic holdouts** or potential **Saxon troublemakers**.

His prestige **intensified** when he successfully **liberated** the **Vatican** from the heathen ***Lombards*** in 774 AJ, which had the effect of putting the **Pope's corporeal self** in ***his*** **eternal debt**. So much that **Pope Leo III crowned *Charles*** the "**Emperor of the Romans**" on Christmas, **800 AJ**. This was in essence only an official acknowledgment of the obvious, since by this time ***Charlemagne*** had pretty much **re-constituted** the **Western Roman Empire** in just about everything but name.

After ***Charlemagne*** passed on in 814, his only surviving son ***Louis the Pious*** took over as **Grand Poo Bah** of this **short lived *French* empire**. While he didn't **add** much **more territory** to the **empire**, he did manage to keep things from falling apart during ***his*** rule, which was no small feat considering the sheer size and scope of the geography under

his rule, not to mention all the diverse groups of **highly inflected idiots** spread over his **dominion**.

Louis was such an ***adroit*** ruler that it would **not** be entirely incorrect to say that ***he*** made only one significant **strategic *dynastic* miscalculation** during his time on the throne. Simply put, ***he*** had **more** than one son. Of course, with the **infant mortality rate** being what it was, it is kind of hard to fault him for adhering to the **standard *dynastic* insurance plan** of having **multiple sons**. When ***Louis*** **died** in 840 AJ, this proved to be a bit of a **pickle** as ***his*** **three sons** promptly started **bickering** about **their inheritance**. All of that **quickly snowballed** into yet another ***French Civil WAR,*** only lasting three years, this time.

Repeating what happened earlier with ***Clovis,*** this **civil *WAR*** resulted in the ***Carolingian Empire*** being **partitioned** into three smaller kingdoms; ***East, Middle,*** and ***West Francia*** and each of them being ruled by ***Louis'*** sons.

Of the three, only ***West Francia*** figures heavily in our current **topic outline boundary**. ***West Francia*** was taken over by ***Charles the Bald*** (aka ***Charles* II**) in 843 AJ. This ***sobriquet*** was itself **ironic** in that, according to available historical accounts, he was actually a **hairy** (but not technically a) **bastard**. He ruled until his death in 877 AJ, and being followed by the short lived ***Phillip the Stammerer*** (aka ***Louis* II**), who (presumably) had a bit of **stutter** that ***his*** subjects only had to endure for two years before he **died** and was eventually succeeded by one ***Charles the Simple*** (aka ***Charles* III**) 20 years later in **898** after a couple of intervening monarchs of negligible impact on our present narrative.

What is much more of an impact on our current narrative is the **increasing presence** of certain **amphibious assholes** from points **North** who started showing up and **bashing in** as many **non-heathen *French* heads** as they could find.

Apparently, some ***Viking*** groups were a little **cheesed off** by ***Charlemagne's*** noted tendency to extend **Christian mercy** to ***his* captured heathen** (and often **Saxon**) **opponents** in the form of **mass executions**. At times, **upwards** of a **thousand *or more* unarmed men** (slash **P.O.W.'s**) were **killed dead** by ***French* forces** and their **bodies tossed into mass graves** like so many sardines in a tin.

Not only that, these serial acts of **Christian mercy** also gave the ***Vikings*** a compelling **pretext** for taking further advantage of the relatively volatile **political situation** that had been building under the lengthy reign of ***Charlemagne***. Just like an **omelette** can't be made with out **cracking** a **few eggs**, a **pan-Western European Empire** can't be slapped together without **cracking a few** (**thousand**) **skulls** in the process. Safe to say that in the process some **additional feelings** were **hurt** and some of the **surviving losers** had a certain amount of **lingering antipathy** for ***Charlemagne*** and his **ilk**.

All during ***his* reign**, and those of his increasingly fragmented successors, each one of these ***French Kings*** and ***Emperors*** also had to contend with **ongoing uprisings**,

rebellions, and **betrayals** by **former allies**, not to mention the all the attendant political machinations, intrigues and ***conspiracies*** happening **domestically** in the **aristocracy** of these loosely confederated local kingdoms. The amount of scheming and plotting that went on during all of this is simply mind boggling.

Glossing over the particulars, this ***state de affaires*** is clearly indicative that many in the **aristocracy** were **not** exactly happy with their **place** within the ***French Empire*** and were **willing** to **cave in a few** (**thousand**) **skulls** to assume their (assumed to be) **rightful place** in the Imperial Hierarchy, which was usually thought to be somewhere a bit **higher up** the **food chain** than their present position.

And if all this **incessant scheming** and **political foment** wasn't quite enough, let's throw in a **few** (**thousand**) ***Vikings*** into the mix, first starting with **raids of opportunity** that quickly **escalated** into an **outright invasion of *France***. They surged onto the **North Coast** (aka what would eventually become ***Normandy)*** then rapidly flooded down the ***Seine* river** into inland ***France***.

The ongoing and increasing **political divisions** and eventual **civil *WAR*** that led up to **partitioning** of the ***French* Empire** in **843 AJ** only served to **aid** and **abet** the ***Vikings*** in their ***French* campaigns**.

Things eventually got so bad that the ***Vikings*** ended up seizing control of **Northern *France*** (which, incidentally, is just **south** of **England**) and started a **colony** there in the later 800's. This served as an excellent **beach head** from which to launch ongoing operations from, which included **major incursions** inland to threaten ***Paris*** and other large ***French* cities** with **full scale *Viking* diplomacy**.

This had became a **major domestic issue** for ***France's*** various rulers by **900 AJ**. While their ***French vassals*** had proved themselves **worthy** of **whupping on other *French vassals*** (not to mention **slaying unarmed *Saxon* P.O.W.'s** with **impunity**), this did **not** apparently translate into a similar ability to **fend off** hordes of **violently insane amphibious assholes** from the **North**.

Though the **loss** of their **Northern coast** to ***Nordic* amphibious assholes** was likely **annoying** to the ***French* rulers**, it wasn't quite as **annoying** as having their most populous cities **torched** by a bunch of **half-crazed Danish, Norwegian** and **Swedish tribesman**.

Such was the **predicament** that ***Charles* III** found himself in when he took over as the **CEO of *West Francia***. Faced with such a **daunting situation** and it's **probable** negative prospects for both **King** and **country**, this ***Charles the Simple*** evidently came to the conclusion that his best chance for **neutralizing** his opponents ***wasn't*** necessarily by **military means**.

With ***Western Francia's*** North coast having already been **infested** with ***Vikings*** for almost **two generations**, ***Charles*** rightfully concluded that with ***his*** current **military**

assets being what they were, they probably weren't going to be **re-annexing *Normandy*** anytime soon.

He might have been ***simple,*** but ***Charles* III** wasn't stupid. Having realized that ***his* North** coast was now a **strategic write off**, ***he*** came to the **politically savvy** conclusion that HOW ***he*** wrote it off could potentially offset some of the loss of **face** and maybe even be put to ***his*** own **advantage**.

He would eventually do this through a **strategy** best expressed in the old **slightly modified** saying: "*if you can't beat them,* ***hire them as your on-site personnel.***" ***He*** managed to do this by **extending overtures** to **key individuals** within the ***Viking* hordes** that were **killing, looting, raping** and **burning** their way inland.

The person who eventually took him up on this **once in a lifetime offer** was the **Danish** chieftain ***Rollo*** on or about **911 AJ**. The offer ***Rollo*** accepted was the **local legitimization** of his **alpha status** by making him ***Duke*** of the newly formed ***duchy de Normandy***. This **local legitimization** had the **benefit** of **forestalling** local attempts to **turf** the increasingly settled ***Vikings*** out of their not so recently acquired lands, and all ***Rollo*** had to do in return was **keep** his **violently insane Nordic brethren** in **line** while paying a **nominal periodic tribute** to the **crown** just to keep up **appearances**.

In one fell swoop, ***Charles* III** managed to **neutralize** then **co-opt** his **main regional rival**, **re-assert** some kind of **nominal political control** over ***France's* North coast**, and best of all put his **former** regional rival to work as the **de facto *French* ambassador** to those **Nordic NATO assholes** up **North**. Though this **didn't** have the effect of immediately stopping all ongoing ***Viking*** operations in ***France***, it did have the effect of **cutting them down to a dull roar** which freed up ***Charles the Simple*** to attend to the much more pressing matters of attempting to **chisel off more territory** from ***Middle Francia*** while keeping tabs on the **multiple conspiracies** of his **regional underlings**.

This arrangement also worked out pretty well for those ***Vikings*** who had came and **settled** in ***Normandy***. Even their most **atavistic hammerheads** were getting a bit tired of the **day to day drudgery** of **incessant raids** and subsequent **slaughter** of people who had previously minding their own business. They found ***Normandy*** to their liking, as it was **South** of their countries of origin, had **fertile lands** and **good fishing**, and (best of all) was full of ***French* women**. Many of the ***Vikings*** who settled down ended up **evolving** from **amphibious raiding assholes** into **nautical mercantile traders** who were still part of an **economic network** that **spanned most of Europe** and quite a bit of the **mid-east** and the **Mediterranean** as well.

This **ongoing access** resulted in most of these **settled *Vikings*** getting increasingly **happy** and **fat** with their increasing **economic success** and **social stability**. While this **mitigated** some of their **violently insane sensibilities**, it did **not** exactly **impinge** on their previously noted **ithyphallic** tendencies. These tendencies were FURTHER **not** much **mitigated** by the **ongoing presence** and **close proximity** of so many ***French* women**.

As it turns out, this was (slash ***is)*** the one **social group** in **Europe** that the ***Vikings*** were **no match for**. Through the **adept application** of their ***French*** **enhanced feminine wiles**, they were able to actually **civilize** those **violently insane amphibious assholes** to the point where they, and their locally sourced male relatives, no longer had to worry about **getting their heads bashed in** or **gang raped** without some kind of **probable cause**, most of the time. Not only that, they actually inspired some of these settled ***Vikings*** to start speaking what passed for ***French*** at the time, and went on to teach it to their ***many*** **hybrid children**.

It shouldn't be too much of a surprise that with so many **ithyphallic individuals** and ***French*** **women** in such **close proximity** to each other, ***Normandy*** started experiencing it's own **over-population issues** about a hundred years after ***Rollo*** was made the **first Duke of *Normandy***.

This was a bit of a problem (at first), as ***Normandy*** did **not** have much in the way of viable options for **expanding** their territory to accommodate all these new **surplus individuals**. Thanks to the **Atlantic Ocean**, they couldn't expand **West**. They also **couldn't** expand **Southwards** because that's where ***France*** was. Not only would have been **poor form politically** to try, **West *Francia*** was also just a bit **bigger** and had much larger **strategic reserves** of **heavily armed pedestrian idiots** to draw on.

Though ***Normandy*** did expand a bit to the **East** into what had formerly been part of **Middle *Francia*** (who they were nominally allied with by being a **vassal state** of **West *Francia,*** but did **not** have much in the way of previously existing **non-aggression pacts** with), they were **hemmed in** on that side by the presence of **Denmark**, which was the place of origin for more than a few **charter NATO member groups**.

Since trying to **bash Danish heads in** and **steal Danish land** would likely **negatively impact** their status and standing in the early Middle ages **NATO alliance**, such assertive actions would likely have had **moderate** to **severe economic** and/or **metabolic repercussions** for the ***Normans*** that were probably **best avoided** if possible.

Which only left **North** into **England** as the **sole remaining option** for potential ***Norman* expansion plans**. Plans which had to be **put on hold** indefinitely for the much the same reasons ***Normandy*** couldn't expand further **East** into ***Denmark***. The **majority** of the **island** was under ***Viking*** rule thanks to **their big ass colony** in **Northeast England**, and the **rest** of the **isle inhospitable** was a **compete fustercluck** thanks to all the different groups of **previously displaced peoples** trying to **bash each other's heads in** for control over **decreasing amounts of turf**.

Even **worse** for the ***Normans***, some of these disparate groups of **differently inflected idiots** were starting to **coordinate** and **cooperate** with each other. These **indigenous English groups** had been able to **overcome** the long-standing **precondition** of ***linguistic differences*** for **violent conflict** through the **pan-cultural panacea** of having

similar cultural experiences previously **facilitated** by the **same assailants** (IE the ***frigging Vikings***).

By **950 AJ**, these **local insurgent groups** had managed to **contain** the ***Viking* presence** within the old ***Danelaw,*** which took up roughly the **middle third** of the **entire island** of **England** and **Scotland**. When their last local ***Norwegian* king died** in 954 AD, ***Northumbria*** was **re-annexed** by the nearest **English king** available, but was then quickly **overrun** by **innumerable hairy bastards in kilts**.

Many of whom were the **hybrid spawn of *Vikings*** and **mud duck Scottish refugees** who were originally from **sunnier** and **more central located** places where their **forebears** previously found themselves **neck deep in sheep dip** and were **forcibly invited to leave** by bigger and/or larger groups of heavily armed pedestrian idiots.

By this time, the ***Vikings*** were not able to **retaliate** as quickly as one might be inclined to expect given their previous **behavioral tendencies** and **impulse control issues**. Unfortunately for them, their **NATO alliance** was starting to **fall apart** for reasons that had mostly to do with **perceived economic disparities** within the **hierarchy** and increasing **religious differences** in their lands of origin, **all** of which were becoming increasingly **Christian**. While the **economic issues** could have likely been **worked out** without (**much**) **needful bloodshed**, it was their escalating **religious differences** that ultimately ended the ***Viking Age***.

The Standard Operating Procedure of the ***Vikings*** (IE **boat** and/or **walk** to the nearest monastery, abbey, nunnery, church, cloister and/or congregation and **chop them up like bait** before/while **burning anything** that couldn't be raped or stolen) no longer **sat very well** in all those **increasingly Christian consciences** back in ***Sçandinäœvia*** proper.

This led to their **economic** and **logistical** support from **home** starting to **dry up**. It wasn't too long before these ***Viking* settlement groups** found that they could only count on their most **atavistic** allies within their **alliance** for logistical support. IE the ***Norwegians***.

One by one, the other *Scandinavian* countries collectively converted to Christianity, and their remaining **old school religious hammerheads** were given the option of **converting**, **leaving** or were given a once in a lifetime opportunity **to meet their gods directly**. Most of the ones that left either went to ***Norway,*** or barring that, they went to ***Norway*** before making their way **West** to **Scotland**, **Ireland**, **Iceland** and/or **Vinland** (aka Greenland) and **Nova Scotia**.

It only took about a **hundred years** for the resulting **population pressure** concomitant with absorbing so many **violently insane amphibious assholes** (plus all of their favorite wives, thralls, concubines, sex slaves, other slaves and other dependents) to sorely tax ***Norway's* limited** amount of **arable land**, **drinkable water** and other **Strategic Banana Resources**. Even worse for these **hammerheaded holdouts**,

Norway was becoming **increasingly Christian** as well. So much so that if they wanted to **continue with the old ways** they were going to have to do it somewhere else.

Given their relatively limited options of **attacking their former allies**, who were (for the most part) still showing conspicuous signs of being moderate badasses OR **attacking an island** that their grandfathers had previously stomped a rather large mudhole in, these **latter day *Vikings*** decided to go for the **latter** option, for some reason.

But in doing so they found out that **England's indigenes** were **not** the same **English idiots** that their **grandfathers** encountered. They also found out that ***they were not their grandfathers either***.

Thanks to all the previous ***Viking* groups**, **England** was now full of **surly** and **peevish pedestrian idiots** who **didn't** take too **kindly** to large groups of amphibious assholes attempting to bash their heads in. Having spent the last couple hundred years **fighting with each other** when not trying to **outmaneuver Nordic assholes** on their former turf, they were a bit more **prepared** for this contingency than their **unfortunate forefathers** were. And to be honest, these **latter day *Vikings*** weren't ***half*** the **amphibious assholes** their grandfathers were.

Things finally came to a head in **1066** AJ when the penultimate ***Anglo-Saxon*** king ***Edward the Confessor* died** without **issue** or **clearly defined succession plans** after being **banished** by disgruntled ***Northumbrian* Earls**. His **vacated seat** was soon occupied by one ***Harold Godwinson*** who was previously the **Earl of East Anglia** (which is in **England**, if you weren't aware) and also ***Edward's* brother in law** AND not so distant **cousin**.

This **English succession** was quickly **contested** by a couple of key individuals. One of them was ***King Harald*** of ***Norway,*** who by this time desperately needed **somewhere** to send the increasing amount of **surplus individuals** that ***Norway*** kept producing like **violently insane rabbits**. The **other** figure that figures heavily in our current narrative is **some guy** named ***William the Conqueror*** (aka ***William* I** or if you are feeling informal ***William the Bastard*** since he was both **illegitimate** and a **real bastard** to boot as we will soon demonstrate).

King Harald's (of ***Norway)*** claim to the throne was based on an old **mutual support pact** that he had previously made with a former **English king**. In the event that **either** of them died, the **other** would **take over the newly vacated kingship**.

At the same time, ***Edward the Confessor*** was also **cousins** with ***Billy the Bastard*** AND (according to ***Billy)*** had promised ***him*** (IE ***Billy)*** **succession to England's throne** in the event that ***Edward* died childless**, which he did in **1066**. Shortly thereafter ***Harold Godwinson*** (IE ***Edward's*** brother and **not** the **king of *Norway)*** was **crowned King *Harold* the 2nd**.

After spending the summer of **1066** preparing for a **probable *Norman*** invasion of **South England** being organized by his **bastard cousin *(Billy)***, word finally reached **King *Harold* II** (of **England**) that **North England** was once again being **overrun** by half crazed ***Norwegian*** (and **Danish**) **tribesman** in an **invasion** instigated by **King *Harald*** (of ***Norway)*** and his estranged brother, ***Tostig Godwinson***.

Apparently, the ***Norwegians*** had been able to land roughly **15,000 heavily armed amphibious assholes** and **pedestrian idiots** in ***Northumbria***. Since ***Harold* II** (of **England**) had just **disbanded *his* agricultural militias** so they could go home and tend to the harvest, ***he*** was not only in the **wrong place** at the **wrong time**, ***he*** now had to **improvise a defense** while **re-raising *his* army**.

Which ***Harold Junior*** did a pretty good job of, only taking **4 days** to **re-organize** a defense force and march them **185 miles** (and entirely **on foot** as the **English** weren't all that big on **calvary** at that point) **North** fast enough to catch the entire ***Norwegian* invasion force** by **surprise**.

The worm had finally turned for the English. For the **first time** they caught their **opponents** entirely **unaware** and **chopped them up like bait** before finally **kicking** their ***Nordic* asses off the island for good** (almost) on **September 25th 1066**.

And with that, ***for the first time in history England was unoccupied by foreign assholes.***

For ***three whole days* England** was finally **free** of ***foreign imperial rule*** by **tyrannical despots** before ***Billy the Bastard*** showed up and **stomped a brand new mudhole** in her green and pleasant shores that would **permanently mark England** (not to mention **English**) in ways that **still smart to this very day**.

Upon **disembarking** from his landing craft, ***Billy the Bastard*** was reported to say something that echoed the sentiments of previous **England invaders**: "***Cette île est comme une grande chatte en attente d'être baiseé***..." Except that ***Billy*** would end up doing that **better** and **much more thoroughly** than any of **England's previous visitors**.

Having spent the better part of his adult life fighting multiple local wars in ***Normandy*** to **secure** his **title** of **duke**, ***Billy the Bastard*** knew the importance of taking full advantage of **fortuitous circumstances** when **tactical** and/or **strategic opportunities** presented themselves. With the rapidly escalating situation spiraling out of (**English**) control on the **island**, ***he*** had **several of both** to choose from.

King *Harold's* (and not **King *Harald's*** because he was now **dead** thanks to **King *Harold)* forces** were **again** in the **wrong place** at the **wrong time** after taking **substantial losses** in the **battle of stamford bridge**, which happened just **three days** before ***King Billy*** (**eng**)**landed** in force in **South England**.

King Billy spent the better part of the next ***three weeks*** (**eng**)**landing** a **shit ton** of heavily armed and organized pedestrian idiots (aka **infantry**), a **lesser shit ton** of heavily armored equestrian assholes (aka **calvary**) and a **similar** amount of semi automatic miniature spearchuckers (aka **archers**) on **England's South coast**.

You will have to pardon these **needful approximations** which **reflect** the **slight** differences in various period, recent and modern historical attempts to **estimate** each side's correlation of forces. Which range anywhere from ***5000*** to ***1,200,000*** **men** on **each side**, depending on **who you ask** and **which side** you are talking about.

It took **King *Harold*** (**II**) that long (IE ***three weeks)*** to **march *his*** moderately degraded forces back south **185 miles** to **deal** with this **new foreign asshole**. Along the way he spent a week in **London** trying to rally up some more pedestrian idiots to **offset** his army's casualties in the previous engagement. **King *Harold*** (**II**) and his **army** showed up in **East Sussex** a week after that, finding the ***French-Norman*** army **dug in** and waiting for them about 7 miles **Northwest** of some podunk hamlet named **Hastings**.

Even though ***Harald's*** **recruitment drive** in **London** was successful (the one thing that **most** of those previously mentioned historical estimates agree on is that **England** had the **larger army** at the **battle of hastings**), whatever **strategic** and/or **tactical advantage** the ***English*** may have had was **negated** by several **key factors** that greatly **benefitted** the ***French-Norman*** **forces**, the three main ones being**:**

1. The three week interval between the ***Normans*** landing on **English soil** and **indigenous forces** showing up to face them on the fields of Mars allowed the ***French*** commanders to **select** a **battle field** that **worked to their advantage** and **occupy** it's high ground in force.

2. That three week interval also allowed the ***French*** to **prepare** the field of battle to **their own advantage** to maximize the effectiveness of their own correlation of forces.

3. Though ***Harold*** was able to rally up more pedestrian idiots in London, he was rather **less successful** drumming up some equestrian assholes and/or semi automatic miniature spearchuckers.

Of these three factors, it was probably the last one that **neutralized** any possible numerical advantage that the **English** had at **Hastings**. Just like their **Angle-Saxon forefathers** had found out the hard way 500 years before back in Germany, ***Harold's Anglo-Saxon*** **forces** quickly learned that the **best tactic** for a **pedestrian idiot** who is **fighting** against **equestrian assholes** is to ***run away before they show up***.

But this **nascent English army** was all hopped on a recent **victory against superior forces** (who not only did **not** have **horses** but had **left** their **armor** on their boats before the **English sneak attack**). The **English** were also suffering from some amount of collective **righteous indignation** at the **bloody cheek** of those **bloody impertinent Gauls** landing **in force** to support their ***Duke's*** (IE ***Billy's)*** **dubious** claim to the ***English***

Crown. The prospect of **numerically inferior forces** who just happened to have **hundreds of horsies** with them just **didn't** rank all very high on their threat index.

This **slight** miscalculation is probably due to a general **lack** of **operational familiarity** on the **island** with **horses**. Before the ***Normans*** showed up, it is **probable** that **most** of the island's **indigenous pedestrian idiots** had either heard of or actually seen one or more **horse**(**s**) previously, but **knowing** how to ride one of those **sons of mares** (or **mares**) was definitely the **exception** and not the rule. **England's verdant fields** hadn't (**yet**) had much in the way of **horses** up to this point. There are a couple of reasons for this.

One is that you **don't** need a horse to **herd sheep**. Another is it's slightly difficult to get one in a ***Viking*** **long ship**. But a bigger reason was a certain **underlying cultural aversion** to things **equestrian** among their **Anglo-Saxon elite** that **may** or **may** not be directly related to **genetically tethered** ***bad memories*** operating at a **pre-conscious** level of the mind.

Not only that, to the extent that the almost entirely **non-existent** ***English*** **calvary** existed, it was their **Standard Operating Procedure** to **ride** to the battle then immediately ***dismount*** prior to **engaging the enemy**. This is a **sub-genius** tactic that greatly **reduces** the **combat effectiveness** of **equestrian assholes** by turning them into **pedestrian idiots** right at the beginning of a hostile engagement.

But that isn't even what **ultimately** did the **English** in at the **battle of hastings** on **10.14.1066**, though it made mopping up much easier for the ***Normans***. Nor was it that the **English** had significantly **less calvary** or **archers** than the ***French***, although **both** are held to be the case in virtually **every** historical account of note.

In essence it was a matter of **enthusiastic amateurs** facing off against **seasoned professionals**. The **English army** was essentially an **improvised federation of ragtag militias** consisting mostly of **farmers**. The ***French*** **forces** had been assembled **9 months** previously and **drilled incessantly** by a ***Duke Billy*** who had spent the better part of the previous **15 years** forcibly putting down would-be claimants for his **ducal seat** in various **regional contests** for ***local banana allocation rights*** in ***France***.

Safe to say that by this point, ***he*** knew a **thing or two** about **training ignorant, shit for brains farm boys** how to **fight like real soldiers**, MAGGOT. Plus he had the advantage of previously **weeding out the slackers in his ranks**, mainly through **attrition** in previous engagements.

But ***France's*** (via ***Normandy***, obviously) biggest advantage was their **recent history**. After beating the **Romans** at their own game by fighting like them, but **better**, historical ***French*** **forces** went on to **stomp the Saxons**, **fend off the Moors** and ***almost*** **fend off** the ***Vikings*** while continuing their ongoing **regional disputes** which usually involved **battle tested tacticians on both sides**.

The ***English*** had **yet** to **fend off** ***anyone*** other than a bunch of **drunk** and **desultory** ***Norwegians***, and still took **heavy losses** despite having the advantages of **tactical surprise** and **armor**. They still had **yet** to develop much of a reputation for being **sophisticated tacticians**, which was not exactly **helped** by their performance at **Hastings**.

The **sad truth** is ***Billy the Bastard*** well and truly **stomped the English** by using **their own** oldest (and to date **most effective**) tactic **against** them...he ordered (**some**) of his forces to RUN AWAY from the **dreaded English army** (**snigger**). Not just **once**, but **at least twice** and maybe even **three times**, and ***it worked every time.***

ON THE SAME DAY.

Each time the **English fell for it** and **chased them into a location** where the ***Normans*** had **pre-positioned equestrian assholes** strategically arrayed to **chop up their English opponents like bait**. Which is **exactly** what ended up happening.

By the end of that **fateful day**, **England's very first Pan-English King** (**King** ***Harold*** **II**) was **dead**, and their **second Pan-English King** (**King** ***William*** **II**) was actually ***French-Norman*** and ***didn't*** speak a lick of ***Ye Olde English.***

Or in other words, ***the King was dead, vive le Roi...***

Depending on who you ask and what their take is on it, **England** spent the **better part** of the **next 50-*500* years** being a **province** and/or **client state of** ***France.*** At times this **arrangement** was **explicit** with **concurrent** ***French*** and ***English*** **Kings** being either the **same person** or **close relatives**, or it was **implicit** through **ongoing** ***French*** **machinations** and/or **concurring monarchs** being ***not*** so **distantly related**.

Either way, living under ***Norman-French*** rule was something that had a **plethora** of **profound** and **lasting effects** on **England** that are still reverberating our ***commonly separated language*** even as you read these words. While these **effects** are too numerous to list in the space provided, we will needfully focus on three of the largest legacies that the ***Normans*** bequeathed unto **England**: ***Norman French,*** **FEUDALISM**, and ***a deep seated inferiority complex***.

Since these three lasting legacies are all directly related to one another, it makes a certain amount of sense to start with the first one first, **no?**

Norman French: For the purpose of **brevity** (**LOL**), let's just **stipulate** that **all** of things previously noted regarding **regional** and **chronological variations** (IE **dialects**) **of** ***German*** and various ***Scandihoövian*** languages **apply** to **current** and **period** ***French.***

In that context ***Norman French*** is a **regional dialect** that was **distinct** from those spoken closer to **Paris**. In fact, it would not be entirely incorrect to describe it as a **separate** language from ***Ye Auld French.*** There is a reason for this. With the previous

hundred years being mostly defined by the **forced assimilation** of large amounts of **differently inflected** amphibious assholes from points **North**, their respective **languages hybridized** into an entirely **new** kind of **indecipherable** (well, to you and me anyway) **gibberish**: ***Norman French***.

Norman French is a ***double refracted*** **intergeneric hybrid** that is the result of two different hybrid languages **crossbreeding** with each other. The ***Norman*** part of this **linguistic equation** refers to the ***North Germanic dialects*** the **local** ***Viking*** **settlers** brought over with them from their **Olde countries** of origin. Though the ***Skandihôüvian*** countries **each** had their own **dialects** and/or **languages**, in many ways they were **mutually understandable** between **speakers of different origins**. Undoubtably, the **longer** these settlers stayed, ***the more their related languages merged into it's own local dialect.***

At the same time, the ***French*** **locals** (who were still **alive**) were speaking ***Ye Auld French*** which was itself a **interfamilial hybrid** of ***LATIN, Gaulish,*** and ***Old Low Frankish***. ***LATIN*** obviously started ***IT's*** own **language family**. ***Gaulish*** was one of the few remaining ***Celtic*** **dialects** still being spoken on the mainland, and despite it's misleading name, ***Olde Low Frankish*** was **Germanic** in origin.

Obviously, with various **Olde Germanic languages** appearing on ***both*** sides of ***Norman French's*** **linguistic equation**, that also **technically** makes ***Norman French*** **inbred** as well. But with these **related** languages being **second, third** or perhaps even **fourth generational descendants** of their **über-Germanic foremother**, they were at worst **kissing cousins**.

This bit of **intra-familial snogging** didn't figure all that heavily in ***Auld French*** because, **structurally speaking**, it was pretty much a **heavily modified** version of ***LATIN***, albeit **stripped down** and **simplified** to some extent. The **neuter gender** had been **neutered** from the **language**, ***declension*** of **nouns** was reduced from **7** to **4** forms that were further reflected through **related adjectives** and **definite articles**, but ***verb*** modification was **mostly** unaltered from ***Latin***.

The main differences between ***LATIN*** and ***Ye Auld French*** was mostly in terms of **vocabulary, pronunciation** and ***Ye Auld French*** appears to have **more** in the way of **exceptions** to general grammar rules.

The reasons for these differences developing are pretty easy to understand. First, there was a **shit ton** of new ***Germanic*** and ***Gaulish*** (aka **Celtic**) **words** that were added to the **lexicon**. The **local pronunciation** (aka ***phonology)*** drifted **away** from the **standard pronunciation** of more **centrally located dialects** consistent with the standard **evolution of language** as it **filters out** from ***big city sophisticates*** to ***backwoods hicks*** out in the **hinterlands**.

This ***linguistic drift*** is also a **big reason** for the **increasing** amount of **grammatical rule exceptions** in ***colloquial speech patterns*** that are **typically** the result of **provincial hicks *imperfectly* mimicking f(r)ancified city talk**.

Since **new language** developments are **usually** first ***misunderstood*** by the **regional alpha individuals** (who are usually the only ones that can **afford** to travel to the big city), when they go on to ***inaccurately* integrate** these ***imperfectly* understood language developments** into their own **day to day dialogue**, these (potentially) extreme **phonological *deformations*** will begin to be ***aped*** by other **domesticated primates** within their **immediate social group**. This can include other **alpha individuals**, **beta warriors** and **artisan tech individuals** who are **their vassals**, or **tertiary adjunct shit workers** who have to **clean up** after and/or cook for or serve those **entitled sons of bitches** (or just **bitches**).

When these **beta** and **gamma group individuals** go on to **imperfectly *ape*** these **exciting new language developments** within their **respective social circles**, their continuing ***misusage*** will eventually **ossify** into some kind of **local lingo** and/or **colloquialism**. As this process is repeated over and over again, eventually these ***extreme* phonological deformations** will agglomerate then **metastasize** into it's very own **dialect** and/or **sub-language**. Like, **for instance**...

Norman French, no? Unfortunately for us, ***Norman French*** is **not** a language with much in the way of existing writings so it's actual workings are **not** well documented or clearly known by modern linguists. However, **three** (3) things about ***Norman French*** have been **definitively established**:

> Thing #1: It was **similar** but **not** exactly the same as ***Ye Auld French*** being spoke elsewhere at the time...
>
> Thing #2: **Probably** because of all the **not** so recently added ***Scandinåâvian* words** and/or **colloquialisms** previously **donated** by their ***Viking* foreparents**...
>
> Thing #3: Who were **violently insane amphibious assholes** who eventually **married into** a local ***French* Alphastocracy** that was largely composed of **equestrian assholes** who were **incessant schemers** constantly **plotting the downfall of close friends**, **family** and/or **neighbors** and occasionally **acting** on their meticulously laid plans which only **backfired** approximately **95%** of the time.

The **attentive** and ***high retention* reader** will have already noted for his or her self that we have just **implicitly identified** another ***hybrid*** group.

When you **cross** an **violently insane amphibious asshole** with a **upward angling equestrian asshole(tte)**, the resulting **spawn** has a fair to middling chance of being a **highly motivated**, **half insane**, **double refracted asshole** with **serious territorial ambitions** (and/or {possibly **related**} ***inferiority* issues**), an **affinity** for **horses** and **doesn't mind** getting wet.

Or in other words, we have just identified the historically typical ***French Aristocrat***.

In being ***double refracted*** they will typically display **exquisite manners** while **mocking even more provincial idiots** (like **you**, for instance) in their **silken amphibian gibberish** before **bashing their heads in** and **stealing the due tribute** that **they are owed** for being ***French***, you **provincial English-mumbling *twat***.

Being **identified** as the **social successor** to the **Western *Roman* empire** by the **organization** that was it's **spiritual successor** (IE the **Catholic Church**) left the ***French* aristocrats** with some **pretty big shoes to fill**. In being previously viewed in the original ***Roman* Empire** as being the **biggest fish** that the **smaller ponds** of their own provincial backwaters could offer, their **Gaulish predecessors** originally **compensated** for their **hick ways** by **learning** how to speak ***Latin* better** than the ***Romans*** while **dressing fancier** than they ever did.

This **inclination** towards **cultural refinement** was something the ***Gaulish* preristocrats** were able to instill in their **Gaulish** then **Frankish** descendants.

Continuing this trend of **ostentatious subtlety** had significant effects of the increasingly **modified *Latin*** that eventually ***transmogrified*** into ***Ye Auld French***. The "**hard**" **phonemes** (IE **constituent sounds** of a given language) in ***Latin*** soon became ***passé*** while the **pronunciation** of the **shit ton** of ***Latin* words** in ***Ye Auld French*** became much more **liquid** as the **hard sounds** were **rounded off** and **smoothed out**. The **increasingly dandified pronunciation** of their language allowed these **pre-*French* folks** to further ***distance*** themselves from their **tribal roots**, as well as from their **Saxon neighbors** whom they largely regarded as **boorish savages**.

Because of the relative **nose** and **finish** of it's ***pronunciation***, ***zee Frâanche*** *is easy on the ears in a way that leaves it's distant* ***most closely related cousines****...eh, how you say?...****licking their own hind parts in frustracíone****?...in not being able to* ***emulanché****...merde, pardonnez moí, mon ami...****emulate****.*

As a language it is ***preeminent*** among it's **immediate peers** in the **art of seduction**, whether it be of **individual** persons or ***larger groups of unwashed masses***.

Of course, being on the **receiving end** of so much **collective sexual harassment** from their **betters** must have taken it's **toll** on the ***French pissantry***, sorry... **peasantry**. Being continually **exposed** to such **treatment** for so long is likely a **primary contributing factor** to the widespread ***ennui*** that developed among ***France's* unwashed masses**. This **likely** played a role in a certain ***je ne sais quoi*** popping up in their language that **may potentially reinforce** that all-too-***French*** sense of **futile-ism** which, **perhaps**, made them especially open to the idea of...

FEUDALISM: The **social** and **military arrangement** that was first **promulgated** then **enforced** by ***zee Frâanche* assholestocracy** of **equestrian alphas** starting about the time of ***Charlemagne***, give or take a ***Roi*** or two.

In theory, **FEUDALISM** was a **social system** that was composed of **three distinct classes**. At the **top** was the **King** (or **Queen**, or **Emperor** or **Empress**) who essentially **owned** ALL of the **land** ***he*** (usually) **ruled** by some kind of "**divine mandate**" that ***they*** (which is the grammatically correct third person direct pronoun here by virtue of the royal "**we**") or one or more of their predecessors had been able to **validate** by **force of arms**. Even though their **rule** was **divine** (allegedly), the ***sovereign*** couldn't be **everywhere** at once, and needed some ***help* enforcing** their **divine prerogatives** upon the **unwashed masses of pedestrian idiots** residing on their **god granted turf**.

This ***help*** came in the form of the **entitled assholestocracy**...oh, *pardonenez moí*...my **american bias** seems to be showing...**aristocracy**. These ***friendly folks*** were the individuals who were **appointed** and then **anointed** by the **sovereign** to **administer** over the **sovereign's land**, and any **people** that happened to live in it. This included but was not limited to: dispensing the **King's justice** (often in a number of **creative** and **outlandish ways** to set an **example** to **discourage** other would-be agitators); collecting the **King's taxes** and **tribute**; and **wrassling up as many warm bodies** as they could find in the event of ***WAR***, which was more the **rule** than the **exception** at this point. These **duly anointed individuals** were **credentialed** through various **titles** bestowed upon them by their **King** through his "**divine mandate**", and these **entitled assholes** literally had the **power of life and death** over their **vassals**.

Who formed the **third group** in this **social arrangement**. Essentially, **anybody** who wasn't a **King** or in the **alphatocracy** was a ***vassal*** of **them**. They were **bonded** by **oath** after swearing **fealty** to their **local lord** and were **expected** to "**contribute**" to the **King's coffers** in the form of **taxes** or significant portions of their **harvest**. **Vassals** were also obliged to **offer** their **military services** to their **lord** in the event **he** "requested" them. These **vassals** "**held**" their **lands** at the discretion of their **manorial lords** who themselves "**held**" their estates at the discretion of their **King**, who **owned all of the land** and, ***according to him,*** a **goodly amount** of the **harvest** and/or **revenue generated** on or from that land.

Well, that's the **theory** behind **FEUDALISM** anyways. In **practice** it was more like a **geographic pyramid scheme** with **obligatory military service** where the **wealth of the land accrued upward** and the **accruing aristocratic shit snowballed downhill** to be **duly distributed among the unwashed masses**.

This is the **social arrangement** that **King *Billy*** brought with him after his forces **stomped** the **English army** at **Hastings** and **shot** the **first Pan-English King** in the **eye** with an **arrow**.

After spending the next **several months** putting down a few **domestic insurgencies** organized by **regional alpha malcontents** who **objected** to being **ruled** by yet another

foreign asshole, things (forcibly) settled down enough that ***Billy the Bastard*** was able to start **consolidating *his* English holdings** in line with the **continental arrangements** at home. That meant coordinating **England's patchwork adhocracies** into one **integrated** political-economic arrangement.

This was a bit of a trick as the previous **millennia** of **foreign rule** of **England** had resulted in a **diversity** of differing **social arrangements** existing all over the island. On the **south** of the **island** were half remembered ***Roman* arrangements** that had been heavily **modified** by subsequent **Anglo-Saxon sensibilities** (or a notable lack thereof). The **middle** and **North** parts of the island reflected diverse ***Scandihooviån*** and **Low Germanic** approaches to **governance** and the **West** was a complete **mess** of **inter-tribal rivalries** between the few native **Celtic** groups who hadn't **fucked off** (**yet**) to **Ireland** or **Scotland** and various **Anglo-Saxon rejects** trying to convince them to do so, **forthwith**.

Just about the only **common thread** through all of these differing groups and their social arrangements is that they were ***all*** big fans of **owning SLAVES**. Of which, there were **quite a few of** by now with so many **goddamned *Roman/Angle/Saxon/Viking* assholes** previously **overrun England's** green and pleasant lands.

King *William the Bastard's* extensive experience in the fine arts of **political manipulation** and **continental intrigue** back on the **mainland** was put to excellent use by recognizing this **shared condition** of **SLAVERY** as being the **economic** and **political *lynch-pin*** of **all** of **England's** various social arrangements.

Even if it only **seems** like a **purely** semantic difference, in the ***French*** version of **FEUDALISM**, **slavery** did ***not*** exist because it was considered to be in **bad taste** (except for **enslaving godless wog heathens**, of course). With ***France*** being a **Christian country** that was ruled by the ***most Christian Roi***, **outright slavery** (of **christians**, anyway) was held to be **unchristian**. It's continuance in **England** was correctly seen by **King *Billy*** as the obvious method of **short circuiting** all of the existing social arrangements on the island.

He first **pre-greased the skids** through an extensive and highly sophisticated two pronged ***disinformation***...WHOOPS, "public relations"... campaign that emphasized the **benefits** of ***Norman French Futile-ism*** while making only a passing mention of it's **potential liabilities** and **attendant obligations**. The **great unwashed** and **enslaved masses** of **England** were promised **freedom** from **pagan servitude** in the form of **christian serfitude**. What was ***not*** so clearly **described** to the ***unwashed masses*** was the **carrot *Billy*** and his **minions** used to **entice** the **indigenous island alphas**.

Those **alpha-holes** were **told** that by "freeing" their **slaves** into **christian serfitude**, ***they would no longer be responsible for covering for their room and board and whatever passed for negligible health care coverage at the time.***

Not only that, they could ***charge*** their vassals for providing these valuable goods and services.

These **class specific carrots** were made ever more enticing by the **implicit big stick** looming in the **background** that ***resistánce was futilé***. Ironically enough, this **stick** became more and more **explicit** as more and more of **England's patchwork polities** came under ***Norman-French dominion.***

This **forked tongued tactic** of extending the **prospect** of **political enfranchisement to England's unwashed masses** in ways that **extended economic opportunities** to it's **assholestocracy** as a combination **stalking horse/red herring** (a **stalking herring** if you will...) to ***further interests inimical to both groups*** IS only an **opening salvo** in a **developing theme** that will explored **further** a bit later in our narrative.

Suffice to say that these **political** and **economic overtures** were just **convincing** enough to keep **most** of the **pissants** and **their betters** from **revolting outright**. In the relative **peace** and **calm** that followed after **dealing** with **early uprisers** with **extreme prejudice**, ***Billy the Bastard*** was able assume **control** of the **local political machinery** and start **PHASE 2** of ***his*** **double refracted plan** for **England**.

PHASE 2 was itself a **triple pronged** operation to further strengthen his hold over **the Island**. The first part of that was **turfing** the **Anglo-Saxon** and **Viking lords out** of their **local aristocratic seats** and **replacing** them with ***French-Norman*** or ***Anglo-Norman Aristocrats***.

The **local lords** who weren't **killed** outright were **banished** and free to **fuck off to Scotland** or **Ireland** to join the ranks of **displaced Anglo-Saxon lords** already there. After making a bit headway on that front, ***King Billy*** then focussed on **putting North England** (and **Scotland**) to the **torch** while **improving *his* landscaping skills** by building a shit ton of **castles** and **decorating** any **trees** left standing with a variety of **hanged Scotsmen**.

But ***worst of all,*** he made ***Norman French*** **England's official language of Government**. Since this was **presumably intentional**, it would be fair to call this a **politically strategic masterstroke**. By doing this, he effectively ***shut out*** all of the **troublesome locals** from the **political process** for a good **generation or two**. What they ***couldn't understand*** they **couldn't protest** or offer **constructive criticism** that **may** or **may** not be **counterproductive** to the ***interests*** of their **foreign oppressors**.

Even better (for ***Billy*** and ***his*** **minions**), any **local lords** accused of malfeasance **wouldn't** be able to **successfully defend themselves** in whatever passed for **court proceedings** during the time since they were conducted in a **highly inflected form of gibberish** that was NOT **mutually intelligible** with the **local lingo**.

French became the **language** of **England's ruling aristocracy** for **only** the next ***five hundred years*** or so. If ***LATIN*** was the language of **iron edged enlightenment**, the

various ***German tongues*** were the languages of ***beer-addled, horse shocked losers from the mainland*** and ***Old Norse*** the **language of *violently insane amphibious assholes***, ***French*** would become the language of **outright oppression** and **continental sophistication** among **England's upper classholes**.

It only took about **4 years** for ***Billy*** and his **proxies** to **get their hands** around **England's collective throat** to **squeeze** hard enough to make it **stop moving**. **Local malcontents** were effectively **isolated** thandat **protests** were **rarely** heard off the **island**, and even if they were **t**hey were probably **not** well understood due to being expressed in an ***Olde English*** not widely spoken outside of England at the time.

In the relative **official silence** (which was partly due to ***Billy's*** close relationship with ***le Roi de France*** and ***le Roi's*** own close relationship to the **Pope** as the "**most christian king**") ***Billy the bastard's*** rule over **England** was **officially sanctioned** by the **church** in **1070**. With the help of a few friendly **papal legates**, ***he*** now had a **controlling interest** in the **selection** of **ecumenical candidates** to **replace** all the former ones ***he*** had gotten **fired** or **transferred to Bumfuck, BFE** in the existing **Church of England** (which, at this point, was still **Catholic**, fyi).

And with that, ***Billy*** effectively **neutralized** all the potential avenues for some kind of **official protest** by any **duly appointed** or **entitled authorities**. Having **pinned** those down, ***he*** could **focus *his* efforts** on **violently suppressing** any **real** or **imagined rebellions** to ***his* rule** by **continuing** some of the most **egregious** acts of **systematic destruction** yet seen on that **irascible island** in a minor campaign euphemistically referred to as "**the harrying of the North**", which ***he*** started not too long before ***his* papal blessing**.

This **scope** and **scale** of the **shocking level of violence** in this **campaign** in **North England** was actually ***worse*** than anything **England** had faced previously, even including the dreaded ***Vikings***. To the extent that the previous **foreign invaders** resorted to **profligate violence** against the **island's inhabitants**, it was, for the most part, directed at **other combatants**. Especially once **foreign assholes** shifted from **being amphibious invaders** to **heavily armed colonists**. Aside from the ***Vikings*** and their noted **aversion** to **Christians**, for the most part **willful transgressions** above and beyond what was necessary to **neutralize surly natives** were **extemporaneous events** that were mostly the result of **group glandular issues** triggered by **repeated exposure to shocking acts of violence** and **head trauma** in **many** of the **not-especially-domesticated primates** that had been recently **imported** to the **island**.

Regardless of however "well adjusted" (**LOL**) a **domesticated primate** may **SEEM** to be PRIOR to **participating** in or **witnessing** a round of **full contact group axe tag**, by the time the **last body has fallen on the field**, the remaining **survivors** and/or "**victors**" are *at minimum* **half insane** with **blood lust**, **survivor's guilt**, **rapid onset PTSD**, and **maybe** a little **head trauma**, and/or (more likely) ***some combination thereof.***

Any ***one*** of those **conditions** usually **occurs** with a certain amount of related **complex feelings** that can be **confusing** and/or **conspicuously brown** and **squishy** and take **years** of extensive counseling and/or the daily ingestion of highly toxic substances with debatable beneficial effects to fully **suppress**. With both **mental health care** and **psychiatry** being what is was ***not*** back then, **many** of these **affected individuals dealt** with these **confusing** and **complex feelings** in what has become the **International Standard of Primate Coping Procedures**.

This **pan-cultural, field expedient *mental health maneuver*** had been developed over the preceding eons in response to **innumerable instances** of various groups of **primates** getting **their asses kicked** in directions largely **North** and/or **West** from their **previous positions**. Though the **efficacy** of the following **coping strategy** is often **questioned** by the **accidental psychiatrists** who were ***unknowingly* helping others** through their **complex feelings**, what is **not** in debate is the **elegant simplicity** of the **method**, which consists of **three** phases:

Phase 1: At the **first sign** of experiencing **complex**, **confusing**, or **merely unwanted** FEELINGS, get ***shitfaced drunk*** while **internally** or **externally** continuing whatever **overly inflected dialogue** is **most likely** to ***reinforce*** your **current emotional response** to all those ***other*** FEELINGS you **don't** want.

This (**of course**) leads to ***more* conspicuously brown** and **squishy** feelings, but mostly in the all-too familiar form of ***projected indignation*****.** But with this **third layer response**, the **affected individual** now has a **preponderance** of **complex** and (allegedly) **unwanted** feelings. Through ***projection*** (and/or ***psychological transference)***, the **inebriated individual** can **subconsciously *redirect*** those **internally sourced** FEELINGS stemming from ***previous*** events to **external space/ time phenomena** in the ***present,*** most often in the form of ***other individuals*** (or **groups** thereof). Through the magical **transitive power of alcohol**, **challenging *feelings*** stemming from **individuals** and/or **groups** who are currently **inaccessible** can be ***reassigned to the nearest targets of opportunity.*** Once those ***transference targets*** have been **identified** with a little help from the **bastard vision** of **beer goggles**, the **affected individual** is now ready for...

Phase 2: Grab the **nearest belt**, **serving spoon**, **fire poker**, **axe**, **fully activated male reproductive unit** and/or **sharpened metal stick** and start **pummeling** and/or **penetrating** the **previously identified targets of accessibility** with **reckless abandon**. If a **current target** is **neutralized *prior*** to the **successful suppression** of all those **unwanted feelings**, then find a **new target** and **repeat as necessary**. Through the **cathartic effect** of such a **strenuous work out**, eventually those ***feelings*** will be **superseded** by the more acute **feelings** of **physical exhaustion** and **alcohol fatigue**. Once this happens, the affected individual will probably move on to...

Phase 3: **Pass the fuck out**. Hopefully, upon **awakening** the **affective individual** will be experiencing **less conspicuously brown** and **squishy feelings** than

previously. If not, then **repeat as necessary**. Eventually, the **overwhelming sense** of ***difficult or challenging feelings*** will **subside** (or ***not)***, and any ***residual*** **complex feelings** can be **easily suppressed** and/or **sublimated** through the **daily ingestion** of **stupendous** amounts of **alcohol**.

This **long** and **time honored** ***pan-cultural coping strategy*** was **likely** responsible for **most** of the **non-combat transgressions** of the **pre-*Norman* foreign invaders of England**. Committing ***heinous acts in the present*** is and **was** a great way to ***distract oneself*** from **residual feelings** rooted in ***previous heinous acts committed for similar reasons.*** About the only **good thing** you can say about these **transgressions** is that **they** were largely **subconscious responses.**

The same can **NOT** be said for **King *Billy*** and his ***merry men***. Their **transgressions** in **North England** were no less than a **systematic campaign of premeditated cruelty**. The profound **malice of forethought** of that ***bastard*** was almost **biblical** in nature. After a **couple** of ornery Earls in ***Northumbria*** told him to **go piss up a rope** when ***he*** suggested they **step down**, ***he*** went **completely batshit insane** in ***his*** wrath. Apparently, **crushing the armies of uppity earls wasn't enough for *Billy the bastard***. **Not** hardly.

Billy's **modus operandi *AFTER*** a military engagement (where ***he*** put ***everybody*** that **opposed *him*** to the **sword**) was to have ***his*** **military forces** go to the nearest population center, ***kill everyone down to the smallest infant,*** **burn down the village**, **torch the grain silos**, **immolate** (IE **burn**) **the surrounding farm country**, then ***SALT their fields*** **once the fires stop burning,** which **fucks up** the ***soil*** up for ***decades*** afterwords.

He didn't just to this **once** but ***all over*** **North England** in the **fall/winter of 1069-70**. **Most** of those who weren't killed immediately ended up **dying** from some combination of **exposure**, **starvation** and **heartbreak** in the **winter of discontent** that followed. This **happened far and wide** across the **North** of **England**, and **period chroniclers** estimate that he was responsible for ***upwards*** of **100,000 deaths** from ***Billy the Bastard's*** tender mercies.

Initially, these **uppity earls** had been assisted in their **diplomatic efforts** by some **disgruntled Danes**, but after seeing what ***Billy the bastard*** was ***willing to do his own subjects***, they **fucked off** back to Denmark under the pretext that he had paid them enough ***danegeld*** to sail their amphibious asses back to where they came from.

This decidedly **NON *laissez faire*** approach to **governing North England** is fully indicative of an **occupational mindset *distinct*** from **England's previous foreign oppressors**. Though the previous ***Roman, Saxon, Angle, Viking*** *et al...***occupiers** were varying degrees of **NOT nice**, their **serial acts of unkindness** were in the context of establishing some kind of **semi-permanent colony** or **settlement** on the **island**. What ***Billy*** and the ***Normans*** did ***(repeatedly***, and with **malice of forethought**) was in the **context** of **making England *easier to rule from a distance***, as **King *Billy*** and his

court were **not** especially fond of spending any more time on that **provincial, squalid island** than was necessary to **rule it with a iron fist**.

After the **silken gloves came off**, it was relatively easy for ***Billy*** to **turf** the remaining **Anglo-Saxon** and **assorted Anglo-Viking lords** out of their estates and **replace** them with **friendly *Normans*** (well, friendly to ***Billy*** anyways). Thanks to some kind of **survival instinct** which, at this point, is probably **genetic** in origin thanks to thousands and thousands of years of environmental reinforcement, those **displaced local aristocrats** mostly **fucked off North** and/or **West** to **Ireland** or **Scotland** and started **fighting** with the **rambunctious locals** to see who would get to be the **local lairds**. With ***Billy's*** typically **unsubtle ways**, it **didn't** take too long for the newly appointed ***Anglo-Norman* lords** to outnumber the **remaining Anglo-Saxon Elite** roughly **nineteen to one** in **England proper**..

He then followed this up by doing the **exact same thing** to the **English Catholic Church** and replaced all the **local priests** and **church hierarchy** with ***French*** or ***French* friendly clerics**. This was **critical** to maintaining **civil rule** on the **island**.

With the active assistance from the clergy, any **would-be upstarts** or **potential popular uprisings** would be **denounced** from the **pulpit** with the clear emphasis that those who participated in such infernal actions were **risking eternal damnation** and **divine retribution.** What tended to **not** be explicitly mentioned was that when the **latter** came it would be in the form of **conspicuously *gallic*** individuals **armed** with **sharpened metal sticks** and/or **torches**.

For the next **250+ years**, **England** would be ruled by ***Norman Dukes*** who were **outright vassals** to the **King de *France*.** ***Billy*** was only the **first** in a series of ***Kingly French* bastards** that treated **England** like some kind of **unholy combination** of a **red headed step child**, **whipping boy** and **not entirely willing sex slave** who was **not** cool with it, at least up until ***ye olde stockholm syndrome*** kicked in.

Those ***French Fuckers*** first **took** what they **wanted** first through **force**, then through a **political arrangement** that was fully **predicated** on **core concepts, official acts** and **monarchial decrees** being ***expressed in a highly inflected gibberish entirely distinct from what the locals spoke*.** The **locals** had **limited** say in their **local governance** BUT still had **full responsibility** to **honor** and **obey all those laws** even though they were written in a **foreign language**. Should those **laws** be **broken** (**unwittingly** or **otherwise**), the **accused** faced a **trial** that was **conducted in that same foreign language** by various ***on site administrative personnel*** who had previously been **given clear instructions** to **keep those English idjits in line** by **making clear examples** of any who weren't getting with the program.

Safe to say that being on the bottom end of this arrangement for ***hundreds of years* may** or **may** not be one of the primary contributing factors for **England's**...WAIT, no, ***English's*** (**continuing**)...

deep seated inferiority complex. As **tempting** as it might be to get into the whole proverbial **chicken** and **egg discussion** of whether this might **genetically native to the collective English mind** or the **result of ongoing environmental conditioning**, indulging in such **feckless drivel** strikes the author as bootless and potentially irresponsible.

Regardless of whatever **issues** their **pre-*Roman* ancestors** had after getting chased off the mainland for whatever reasons, the following ***thousand plus years*** of **increasingly intrusive occupation** by **increasingly belligerent foreign assholes** had a ***profound* impact** on the **neo-natal development** of the **collective English mind**.

Being **exposed** to **4 increasingly intensive iterations** of being **invaded** then **governed** by **foreign assholes** who **preferred their own languages** for **official business** not only did **funny things** to the local language, it also gave ***the locals*** some **funny notions** about ***their own language.***

These **notions** were largely **amorphous** and **subconscious** during the **first three invasions**, but became **overtly acute** and **pervasive** during the ***French occupacíone***.

This **shift** is **attributable** to ***French*** being the ***lingua franca*** of **England's equestrian assholestocracy** for the next **five hundred years** or so. Year after year, **day by day**, these **lords** were able to **alternate** between **oppressing their unwashed vassals** and **complimenting them on their simple ways** through the **sophisticated usage** of their ***Fraunchified Aungleesh***.

In **anthropological terms**, **500 years** is **roughly 15-20 generations**, which, as previously mentioned, is **plenty** of **time** to facilitate some **real changes** in **affected breeding populations**.

For **most domesticated primates**, attempting to **communicate** with an **alpha individual** (or **group thereof**) who speaks a ***different form of highly inflected gibberish*** can frequently be a **confusing** and **stressful** experience. On one hand, there is the obvious **concern** of **not communicating** well enough for the **alpha** in **question** to **understand**. This can lead to a certain amount of **frustration** in the **alpha** in question, and that can have **moderate** to **severe economic** and/or ***metabolic* repercussions** for the **differently inflected beta warrior/artisans** and **tertiary adjunct shit workers** within their **hierarchal pyramid**.

Related to this is the **additional stress** of potentially **not** understanding **alpha directives** issued in some kind of **half-cocked local *patois* dialect** that ***both parties equally misunderstand in their own unique ways***.

Not fulfilling the **alpha's *poorly articulated instructions*** to the **ends** that were **intended** by **said alpha** could also have **moderate** to **severe economic** and/or ***metabolic* repercussions** for those **who** did **not** meet previously **miscommunicated** expectations, realistic or **not**.

But on the other hand, the ***differently inflected non-alpha individual*** also runs the **risk** of being **understood *all too well*** by the local **aristocratic representative**. Even if they were ***zee Fráunch*** version of ***on site administrative personnel*** and **fully representative** of all that entails, these **second**, **third**, and ***fourth*** **raters** (sent up from the mainland for prior mud duck maneuvers executed in previous postings) weren't completely **stupid**.

In ***not*** knowing the **local language**, these **locally assigned alphas** typically became fairly **adept** at ***reading*** various **non-verbal cues**. Little things like **eye rolling**, **sighs**, **excessive eye contact** or merely **being pointed at** by some **tertiary adjunct shit worker** whose **other hand** is **busy tracing circles in the air around their ear** were all **non-verbal cues** that took on **added significance** in the thoroughly scrambled linguistics situation. Real and/or ***perceived*** **slights** of **character** could ***easily*** have **profound pecuniary** or (**lack of**) **well-being ramifications** for **vassals** lower down the food chain.

Beyond that, with the general **upper crust consensus** being that **serfs**, like **children**, were **best seen** and **not heard**, ***communication*** between **serfs** in their **native tongue** in the presence of the ***Frenchified*** **gentry** was widely **discouraged**. Especially **if the alpha in question** was a hybridized **upward angler** who **may** or may not have some **insecurity issues** about **his** or **her** current ***alpha status***. **Affected individuals** of this sort tended to become even more **vindictive** towards those **lower** down the **food chain** who ***appeared*** to be **questioning** their present **social status**. Especially if it happened in front of other **alpha individuals** who **may** or **may** not already have some **status questions** of their own regarding the ***socially insecure alpha*** in question. **Incurring** the **displeasure** of these **affective individuals** was **also** something that could have potentially **profound economic** and/or **metabolic effects** on those who inspired their ire.

The **displeasure** of those **entitled *French* fuckers** was something best **avoided** if possible as it was **not** always limited to **offensive individuals**, but was also (**often**) directed at their **spouses**, **children**, **other family members**, **friends**, **pets**, **other domesticated animals**, **domiciles**, **fields**, and **food stores** as well.

In the context of facing so much in the way of **official discouragement** regarding **their own native language**, it was **inevitable** that the **native populations** that had the most amount of **direct** and **indirect exposure** to all those **double refracted *French* assholes** would eventually **internalize** some or **all** of these **confused feelings** about ***their own language***.

And with **mental health care** being what is was NOT back then, those **confused** and **unwanted feelings** that couldn't be **nullified** through the **daily consumption of stupendous amounts of alcohol** were ***buried*** **deep** in the **subconscious** of affected individuals.

If only **one** person, or even **one generation** of persons were faced with this scenario, that would be one thing, but with the **English internalization** of ***French*** as the **island's local *alpha language*** for the next **500 years**, we are talking about **15** to **20 consecutive generations** of **chronic** and **acute exposure** to this **regrettable** linguistic situation.

Though we **will** explore **some** of the **historical permutations** and **ramifications** of this (**neuro**)**linguistic inferiority complex** as we proceed forward in our **pressing** inquiry, the **continuing** effects of this **affective language disorder** can be easily seen in modern trends regarding ***our commonly separated language.***

In the interests of **brevity** (**LOL**x2), we will only **focus** on one **modern manifestation** of this. Namely, in the field of **marketing**.

Regardless of what it's various proponents would have you believe, in **America** (and likely **most** other **English** speaking places as well) ***marketing*** is mainly the **business** of ***trying to convince people to buy shit they don't need with money they don't have.*** This is done partly through ***advertising,*** but that **marketing phase** is fully dependent on the crucial ***branding*** of **marketed products** (and/or **services**).

Though they may not have been **termed** as such, these two primary phases of ***marketing*** have been around **longer** than **America** has been. They were **part** and **parcel** of the **system** of **English mercantilism** that the **English** were able to **forcibly export** to it's **buttload** of **colonies, commonwealths** and other **co-opted nation/states**, albeit a bit later in our exciting narrative.

Leaving that **sheep unlit** for now, it is safe to say that **over time** some **tricky English traders** realized that through **effective branding** and ***marketing*** they could ***artificially* inflate** the **price of their products** in a way that ***suckers would regularly fall for.*** This was a especially desirable outcome for those **English merchants** because it resulted in **higher profits** with **little** to **no increase** in their **overhead expenses**.

Though a **number** of ***marketing techniques*** for **achieving *artificially increased profits*** have been developed over time, by far the **oldest trick in the book** is **using *French* words** to ***brand*** then ***market*** those ***Faux-French* products** to **English speaking demographics**.

This **tradition** is still alive and kicking **today**, and **can be seen for yourself** in your **local stores**. Almost without **fail**, just about **any product** that has a ***French*-based brand name** will benefit from a **10** to **50** (and/or **500**)**% *mark up*** over a **similar product** with a **proper English** (or **improper American**) name. As tempting as it would be to **cite specific brand examples**, the present author is **concerned** that his **crack legal team** will already have their hands full with other **frivolous lawsuits** and **5150 holds** that are likely to be **filed** in **affected** (and likely ***affective)* jurisdictions** after the **publication** of this device.

Rather than highlighting **specific brands**, let's just take a look at **one product: *french fries*.** In most places in **America** you can get **about as many deep fried potato slices** as you would **want** to eat in one (or **more**) sitting(**s**) for **two bucks** or ***less*** WHEN they are ***branded*** and ***marketed*** under the **American English** term "***french fries"***. Included in this **low**, **low** price are **sliced potatoes**, **salt**, **packaging** and a bit of **ketchup**. Though this ***brand name*** itself alludes to ***France***, the **name** itself is a **American**

Now, when this **exact same product** is marketed under it's ***French*** name "***pommes de frites"*** and **sold** with a bit of **caramelized wasabi *mayonnaise***, the same amount of **goddamned french fries** will be anywhere from **5** to **10 bucks**. IE ***250% to 500% more expensive*** the **exact same *French Fries*** with the **only substantial differences between them** being ***appearance*** (and ***pommes de frites*** tending to look a bit **ratty** compared to **proper *Freedom Fries)*** and ***suggested condiments***.

This ***fancy French mark up*** doesn't just **apply to products** but also the **places t**hat sell them. For instance, the **minute** an old **mom** and **pop store** starts calling itself a ***boutique***, they can start **charging *boutique* prices** for their **f**(**r**)**ancified shit**, which usually results in **25** to **500% *mark up*** on **affected products**.

And even if the store in question is just a bit **too big** to **qualify** as a ***boutique*** but happens to be one that caters primarily to the **fairer sex**, all they have to do to **capitalize** on this ***affective language disorder*** is **change the name of their store** to something ***French*** and then ***mark up*** everything in the store by **25%** or **more**.

The fact that this is happening in **modern America** (where **we** {**allegedly**} **don't** even **l**ike the ***French)*** is clearly **indicative** of a **deep seated inferiority complex** within our **commonly separated language**. The idea that a **product** with a ***French*** name is **perceived** as being **more valuable** then the ***exact same fucking thing*** with an **English name** is just **one modern manifestation** of a **historical process** that had a few unfortunate consequences that would take more than a chapter to effectively summarize.

As with the ***Romans,*** the ***Anglo-Saxons,*** the ***Vikings***, the **true impact** and **influence** that the ***Norman French*** had on the development of **England** (much less **English**) is also **not** something that can be accurately summarized in a **single fucking chapter**, much less a whole book.

The ***French*** showed up **in force**, but not to **stay**, preferring to let their **locally assigned minions** and **double refracted hybrid gibberish** do their **colonial shit work** for them.

After **wiping out** or **banishing** all of the **locally sourced *Anglo Saxon*** or **English *Viking* alphas** and replacing them with **entitled *French* bastards***,* all of **England's upwardly angling hybrid beta idiots** (which ***are***...excuse me, were **legion**) were given a new ***upwardly mobile target*** to aspire to...***French*** *"***nobles**".

Those **double refracted assholes** were actually (**much**) **worse** in than the **previous invaders** of **England** AND the **imposition** of ***French*** as **England's *alpha language*** had a **greater** effect on **English** then just about **any** of the **languages** spoken **previously** on **England's green and pleasant shores**.

It was under **their auspices** and ***through*** their **absented rule** over **England** was ***catapulted*** into joining...

Chapter 7

dear God, please protect us from
YOUR MOST ARDENT ADMIRERS.
Part 1:

THE CRUSADES

Plus
The Magna Carta
AND
more **succession crises** than you can
shake a sheep at...

The 1200's(ish)

*After **Billy the Bastard**, the remainder of the 11th century and a good deal of the 12th in **England** was characterized by one tumultuous reign after another of **increasingly maniacal foreign despots** (usually of **Norman French** extraction). The previous **mass dispossession** of **England's** former **Anglo-Saxon** and **Viking-Anglo** aristocrats and lords did **not** enamor the local **proletariat** to their new **French** speaking overlords.*

*Creating this new **French-English aristocracy** created a whole new class of **noble malcontents** and **aristocratic saboteurs** out of the surviving exiled nobility. Some of whom were wont to spend a great deal of their time and energy constantly plotting and scheming **against** the **crown** and it's allies in the hopes of restoring their previous birth rights and associated inheritances. The amount of **scheming** and **plotting** that went on during this time is simply **mind boggling**. Or in other words, **England** wasn't just a **vassal state** of **Normandy** on **paper**, but in **spirit** as well.*

*Those **exiled aristocrats** were only too happy to **participate** in, **foment**, or otherwise **instigate** the continual **dynastic succession crises** that defined this period of **English history**. These **monarchial debates**, as often as not, resulted in a good number of **civil disturbances**, **local rebellions**, and, at times, all out **Civil WAR** as various would-be monarchs disputed each other's right to wear the **English crown** with diverse **proxy armies**, **local militias**, and groups of **foreign mercenaries**.*

*This **turbulent state of affairs** eventually culminated into a 20 year period in the middle(ish) 1100's known as **the Anarchy**. This period of **civil unrest** was precipitated by **Henry the First**'s attempt to secure the **succession** of the **crown** to his **daughter**, **Matilda**, after his only **son** died in a shipwreck in 1120.*

*This turned out to be an act of **naive optimism** on the part of **Henry I** as **England's** diverse **nobles, lords, aristocrats** and **ecclesiastic leaders** were **not** much thrilled at*

*the prospect of being **ruled** by a **woman**, for some reason. Some of these **concerned civic leaders** were subsequently **more amenable than usual** to **dynastic disputations** after **Henry 1** died in **1135 AJ**. This lead to the **disastrous reign** of **Stephen the First**, which was mostly defined by a 20 year civil **WAR** against the local supporters of **Empress Matilda** and **Welsh Insurrectionists**.*

*With the king's attention being preoccupied with military matters, the **political stranglehold** that previous **Norman monarchs** had on local lords **weakened**. Just like mice will play when the cat is away, the **regional alphas** sought to **enhance their political power** by **building castles** without the appropriate **building permits** while **contesting the borders** with their least-liked neighbors and attempting to **annex** their disputed **lands**. All of the subsequent **unrest** in the countryside led to the **civic situation** devolving into an arrangement that was **not entirely dissimilar** to that of **Anglo-Saxon England** half a millennia earlier, albeit one where **dramatis personae** were more likely to speak **French** then **German**.*

*After **Stephen the First's** son and **heir** Eustace died in 1153, **he** reached a **mutual support accommodation** with the soon to be **Henry the Second**, who was already the **Count of Anjou** and the **Duke**(s) of **Normandy** and **Aquitaine** (which were separate aristocratic seats). **Henry 2** took over the **crown** the following year after **Stephen's death** (of chronic and acute **gutrot**) and began promptly to **reassert** the **primacy of the crown** by ruthlessly **putting down any aristocratic uprisings**. Especially those **involving his sons**. One of which was named...*

Richard the First**,* aka "**Richard Cœur de Lion**", "**Richard the Lionheart**" (and/or "**Dick Platagenet**"), ascended to the throne of **England** on **July 6, 1189**, capping off a **decade** of **scheming** and **plotting** with his **brothers** (and the **King** of ***France**,* on occasion) to **depose *his father ***Henry the 2nd***, who apparently couldn't die **fast enough** for the **ungrateful weeds** that ***he*** had **spawned.**

Of course, all of that didn't **quite** happen in the same **England** we have come to **know** and **love** today. Thanks to the diligent machinations and adroitly arranged political marriages organized by it's royal antecedents, **England** was the **northern province** of a **patchwork** ***(French)*** **Empire** that **encompassed** most of modern day **Western** ***France***. Of course again, this was **not** the same ***France*** we **all** know and love today.

At the time, what is now know as ***France*** (proper) was formerly known as ***Middle*** and ***Eastern Francia**,* while it's current **West country** was itself a **patchwork polity** of relatively **independent** ***duchies*** and ***counties*** that included places like ***D'anjou**,* ***Gascony***, ***Aquitaine*** and ***Normandy**.* Though the **regional alpha males** who **ruled** these areas were, technically speaking, ***vassals*** of the **King of** ***France,*** they were ones with an occasionally **dubious** sense of **filial loyalty** to their ***most puissant sovereign lord*** (IE, the **King** of ***France***).

These western provinces of ***France*** were able to maintain their relative independence due to their **regional alpha's** adept accrual of political power through **politically advantageous marriages** to each other.

The "noble" **families** in these areas (and others as well) grew **stronger** as they **allied** with each other and **pooled their resources** and **holdings** together through the **marriage** of their respective offspring to each other. Putting aside the **obvious** concerns consistent with the ***genetic drift*** that results from having so **many** ***(increasingly related)*** **upper class twits breeding with each other** on a regular basis, their various **progeny** often benefited from vastly enhanced **holdings** and **inheritances** thanks to the **pooled resources** of their **constituent families**.

With **noble entitlements** also being **inherited** (at the **King's** pleasure, of course), sometimes the **issue** of **politically advantageous marriages** could end up being a **duke**, **count**, **earl** or **baron** (or what have you) many times over well **before** they could pick up a sword to **press claims** to their inheritances. Such was the case with ***Richard the First***, who, in addition to being the **King of England**, was also the **Duke**(**s**) of ***Aquitaine, Gascony,*** and of course ***Normandy*** while also being the **Count**(**s**) of ***Anjou, Maine*** (in ***France*** that is, and not the Maine on the American East Coast) and ***Nantes***.

Dick Lionheart was even more fortunate with his **inherited holdings** in that they were largely **adjacent** to each other (minus his later acquisition of **Cyprus**), which was anything but a given for the **hybrid spawn** of these **noble families**. Especially up in **England** where a previous ***Norman-French Duke of Normandy*** (aka ***King of England***) issued a Royal injunction ***forbidding*** the newly installed ***Norman-French*** **aristocrats** from ***holding titles to adjacent areas,*** mainly due to a previously noted **predisposition** among ***French*** **aristocrats** to **ceaselessly conspire** and **scheme** with each other to **depose** those farther up the **food chain**.

Which is what they did anyways, but **not** being able to do it from a **growing base** of **adjacent areas** made it that much harder for **noble malcontents** to effectively maneuver against the **crown**, at least openly. These **organizational difficulties** were only **amplified** by the **King's** tendency to seat **aristocratic enemies** in **neighboring noble territories**. This was an adroit political maneuver on the part of the **Crown** as the **affected individuals** were more likely to spend their **negligible** free time **plotting** against **each other** rather than **set aside their common differences** and **conspire against the kingly bastard** pulling all of their strings.

This all worked pretty good for the **Norman Kings** for a time, until it **didn't**. **Shit got out hand** under the rule of ***Stephan the First***. The ongoing **two** and **three front Civil *WAR*** ***he*** fought for **twenty years** took away valuable **time** and **energy** away from proactively **manipulating** ***his*** regional **double refracted equestrian alphastocracy** into continuing to **fight** ***each other***. This happened anyway, but **not** quite to the extent of preventing certain **regional alphas** from telling the **king** that if he wanted his **taxes**, ***he*** was going to have to come get them himself.

Hence the aforementioned **Anarchy period** of **England**. As it started with a **succession crisis**, it is only fitting that it similarly ended with another **succession crisis** that resulted in the **coronation** of **Dick Platagenet's father** as ***Henry the Second*** (of **England**) in **1154 AJ**. ***Who*** spent a great deal of his **kingly time** (**pro**)**creating** mass amounts of **legitimate heirs** and **royal bastard**(**ette**)**s** and **viciously** putting those **uppity nobles** that **rebelled** against his **predecessor** in their **place**, often by having their **unapproved castles pulled down** upon their **heads**.

Unfortunately for ***Henry***, these two **hobbies** were going to have **disastrous implications** for ***his*** later reign. His **high** yet **heavy handed** ways with the **regional alphas** generated a certain amount of **lingering enmity** in those who **didn't** have their castles razed to the ground. That **didn't** combine well with the usual **royal miscalculation** of having **too many legitimate sons**. All of whom, **apparently**, were all too happy to help their old man **kick the bucket** as soon as possible.

The presence of more than **one disgruntled prince** gave the previously **disgruntled nobles** someone to rally around. These **kingly sons** were further **supported** and **counseled** to press their rightful claims to their inheritances ***forthwith*** by certain ***Rois de France*** (aka ***Henry the Eighth*** and ***Philip the Second***), both of which were also all too happy to **tie up their main regional rival** in **domestic squabbles** with ***his*** **idiot sons** and maybe **chisel off** some of **England's continental holdings** in the process, perhaps **expanding** the **Western** border of ***France*** a bit **further** in the process.

When ***Henry's sons*** worked through their various **Œdipal issues** with the **assistance** of **concerned relatives**, mainly their **second uncle three times removed** (or something), the **King of *France***, this led to a few **revolts** in **England** that would eventually involve **all four** of ***Henry's*** (legitimate) **sons**. Through a **relatively improbable** and **circuitous series of events**, one of these sons **died** (of **fever**) while another (our current **protagonist**) became **king** after being a possible **contributing factor** to the **bleeding ulcer** that his father died of on **July, 6, 1189**.

Thanks to a **military career** that started at the tender age of **sixteen**, **King *Richard the First*** knew that ***he*** had his work cut out for him after ascending to **England's throne** just a few days before ***his*** 33rd birthday. After the **divisive reign** of ***his*** father, and the **anarchical** reign of ***Stephan*** before him, the **realm** was a bit of a **shambles**, politically speaking. **20 years** of **Civil *WAR*** followed by another **34** years of ***his*** father's increasingly **vicious** attempts to put down **diverse rebellions** (as often as not led by **one** or more of his **sons**) had profoundly **detrimental** effects on the **centralized social cohesion** of an **England *allegedly* unified** under the **crown**.

With all of the **military experience** behind him by this point in ***his*** **aristocratic career**, ***King Dick*** knew all of the **bad blood** that had been **splattered** all over the **island** by ***his*** late father's **heavy handed rule** wasn't going to be easily **washed away**. When the **French-Anglo** aristocrats weren't actively plotting against the **crown**, they were plotting against **each other** OR spending their copious leisure time **lording over** their **local unwashed masses** with any number of **iron fists.**

Or in other words, the **French aristocrats mostly hated each other** and were **even more despised** by the **English pissantry**, sorry, peasantry over which they ruled. The **sophisticated observer** will have noted (like ***King Richard*** did) that this is **not** a **political situation** that lends itself to **social cohesion** under one **unified political entity**.

Yet, in being an **experienced military leader** with well over a **decade** of experience **leading** medium to large groups of heavily armed pedestrian (and mostly male) idiots doing dangerous deeds of debatable wisdom, ***Dick*** had already developed a certain amount of **operational insight** into creating **social cohesion** among **medium to large groups** of (**marginally**) **domesticated primates**.

Though there is **no** credible evidence in the historical records of note to fully confirm the following hypothesis, that doesn't mean it is necessarily inaccurate to state that ***King Dick's*** subsequent (and **debatable**) **success** as a ***King*** was fully **predicated** on his **implicit** understanding of one of the previously noted ***quirks of the group psychology of domesticated primates*** that similarly had **not** gone **unnoticed** by previous ***French* civic leaders**.

In case it has already **exited** your short term memory impaired and attention deficit disorder enhanced mind, let's review:

> *"No matter how **contentious** the **internal divisions** of an **established social group of primates** might be, when **presented with** the presence of **a single stranger** in their **territory,** they will **quickly** put their ongoing **differences aside** and **unify** for the sole **purpose** of giving **the perpetrator a good shellacking**.*

or more simply:

> ***Nothing brings people together faster than collectively whipping on one** (or more) **foreigner**(s).*
>
> *Especially when **the foreign assholes** in question **talk funny**, **look funny** and are **heavily armed heathens** to boot."*

Undoubtably, some of **King *Richard's*** success in building **political unity** was directly **inspired** by certain **extemporaneous celebratory events** that coincided with his **coronation**.

Kicking off yet another **distinguished English tradition**, some of ***his*** most **zealous subjects** decided that the **best way** to **celebrate** his majesty's **elevation** was by going down to the **nearest ghetto** and **whipping on** whatever **Jews** they could **lay** their **loving Christian hands on**, then maybe **lighting** some to **all** of their **shit on fire** as well.

While **initially** taken aback by the **vehemence** of ***his*** most loyal subject's revelry and quickly issuing one or two cursory edicts **forbidding anti-Semitic violence** and **cracking down** on some likely **perpetrators**, these would later go **unenforced** before being **rescinded** by subsequent **noble edicts *affirming*** various acts of **property theft** and **violence** against **non-Christians**.

Seeing the **unifying** effect facilitated by ***marginalizing*** these **small groups** of (presumably) **foreign assholes** who happened to **talk funny** and **look funny** thanks to their ***Hasidic* ways** would have likely further **reinforced *Richard's*** already existing **predispostions** to **help out** in the **holy lands** by **killing** as many ***godful* heathens** as possible and then **taking their shit**.

Like **King *Billy*** before him, **King *Dick*** knew the importance of taking **full advantage** of **fortuitous circumstances** and was **quick** to ***conflate*** the ***growing Jewish menace at home*** with the ***rising tide of Islamic extremism abroad***.

In being, in his own right, a **sophisticated observer** of **domesticated primate group behavior**, **King *Dick*** had **correctly** deduced that the **local Jews** were **at best** an incidental **short term threat** to the **realm**, mostly because they only had ***two*** of the **three ideal preconditions** for being a **political rallying point** (IE, they **talked funny** and **looked funny**).

MINUS historically anomalous groups like the ***Maccabees***, ***Mossad***, *the* ***Israeli Armed Forces*** and all those **crazy Yids** that were **holed up in the *Masada*** (IE the **Jewish Alamo**) way back when, as a social group **Jews** are **not** widely historically associated with **organizing** medium to large groups of **pedestrian idiots** and **arming them to the teeth** with the **intent** of **stomping their neighbors** or "converting" **non-believers** into **piles** of **bloody, steaming giblets**.

As **noble** as this seeming **cultural aversion** to willfully participating in **forcible group banana acquisition events** (well, against **non-Palestinian groups** anyway) ***is,*** it is probably a **leading sociological factor** in why they have been treated as **history's red-headed step child** going all the way back to early **Egypt**.

Whatever the various and sundry (if not **applaudable**) reasons for **their** seeming **aversion** to **organized violence** (**Palestinians** excepted, of course), it did have the regrettable **side effect** of making them **easy targets** for **duly concerned civic leaders** of **various nationalities** who needed a **straw man** or **scapegoat** from time to time to ***distract their citizens from the inimical machinations of their own political and religious leaders***.

Hence the (**continuing**, in some ignorant circles) historical characterization of **Jews** as a **tribe** of **licentious**, **big nosed Christ killers** who somehow **secretly ruled the world** from the **shitbox tenements** of their **dirt poor ghettos**. Oddly enough, the **licentious big nosed Christ killers** who really did **rule the world** and actually DID **nail Jesus to a dead tree** (IE the **Romans**), **never** quite seem to get the **credit** they **deserve**, likely due

to their **propensity** for **stomping the holy hell out of whoever would speak ill of them**, at least until their **Empire** went **tits up** (or NOT, as we shall see).

Though their historical tendency to **hide** or **run away** when faced with yet another **pogrom**, **massacre**, or other **ethnic cleansing exercise** made **Jews** a great **rallying point** for **concerned civic leaders** to **mobilize** their **unwashed masses** into action, their **group Gandhi-like sensibilities** (**Palestinians** aside) regarding **organized violence** made them a **short-term scapegoat** at best. This also accounts for the largely **sporadic** pan-cultural nature of **anti-Semitic violence**, minus the **Roman occupation of *Judea*** way back when and the **organized activities** of more recent ***concerned* German groups**.

The **sporadic nature** of any kind of ***demographic violence*** (IE ***violence* triggered** by ***perceived* racial**, **religious**, **sexual preferences** or other **social differences**) is based on yet another **fascinating quirk of domesticated primate psychology** that could be said to be a **corollary** of the finding shared in a previous chapter:

> *No matter how **angry**, **insane** or **drunk** (or some combination thereof) a **marginally domesticated primate** may be, if the **affected individual** in question directs their **unwanted feelings** into **beating up** and/or **slaughtering non-violent individuals** (or **groups** thereof), at some point **most** (but not quite **all**) **affected individuals** will eventually grow **bored** with their **needlessly violent catharsis**.*
>
> *This sense of **boredom** is frequently **detrimental** to the **further prosecution of questionable acts** as it is often associated with a tendency towards **self reflection** within the context of the **activity at hand**. This can lead the **affective individual** to begin **identifying** with his **victims** as **he** (usually) **reflects** on the **greater significance** of little things like the **facial features**, **morphological configuration**, and the **capacity to feel gratuitous amounts of pain** that he **shares** with those **unfortunate souls** who happened to find themselves on the other end of his arm (and/or* **REDACTED**).
>
> *These **considerations** can lead further **reflective complications** like **remorse**, **remonstrance** and **further questions** regarding the **motivations** of **concerned civic leaders** who had been **feverishly agitating their unwashed constituents** to direct their attention at **anybody other than them**.*
>
> *For best results, **concerned civic leaders** are strongly **advised** to select **external social groups** comprised of individuals with a **darker complexion** and **different theological sensibilities** (and/or **vocabulary** or **language**) than **his** or **her own constituent groups**.* (EX. 1: ***Donald J. Trump***)
>
> *Ideally, these groups will have some kind of **historical reputation** of being **heavily armed** and ready to **fly off the handle** at all times, **speak** a **different** sort of **highly inflected gibberish** AND have a **long noted predilection** for making **nubile sex***

slaves *out of* ***formerly virtuous caucasian women*** *while being geographically located* ***too far away*** *to be a* ***credible domestic threat****.*

This ***ideal strategic situation*** *allows the* ***concerned civic leader*** *in question a lot of* ***latitude*** *and* ***opportunity*** *for* ***consolidating*** *and* ***building*** *his or her* ***political power base at home*** *while potentially* ***gaining prestige*** *with his/her* ***peers abroad.*** *But* ***only*** *if the* ***enemy in question*** *is willing to* ***put up a fight****.*

With the **Jews** in **England** of the time basically **being like everybody else** on that **wretched island** in previously getting their asses **kicked** or **chased off** the **mainland**, they were apparently no more inclined to fight than **Moses** and his people were with the Egyptians. Ergo **King *Richard's*** deft and forward thinking ***bait and switch*** equating the ***presence of demonized domestic group at home with the need to kick international heathen ass halfway across the world***.

Given the **shared conditions** between **Jews** and **Muslims** at the time in both **looking funny, talking funny** and occasionally even **dressing funny** and both groups **originating** from **roughly** the same **geographic area** (the **Mideast**), it isn't all that difficult to understand the **evident success** that **King *Richard*** and his various **minions** had in ***conflating*** these **two distinct groups** into **one unified threat** against **Christendumb**...dammit, I am all **thumbs** here...Christendom.

What is slightly more difficult to understand is how an **island** chock full of **peaceful loving Christians** (allegedly) was **guided** into the **collective conclusion** that the best way to **celebrate** the **life** of their **prince of peace** was **going to his homeland** and **killing as many of it's current occupants** as they could for having ***slightly*** **different ideas** (or just ***vocabulary)*** regarding the **nature** and **composition** of **Divinity** and a different **Good Book** as a **guide** for **interfacing** with their **sense of Divinity**.

Effectively discussing **how** this was done regrettably requires a small digression into comparative Christian theology.

It is the author's observation that despite all of the **current** and **historical divergence** of **Christianity** into it's all of it's different forms, sects, practices, schisms, splinter groups, and dare I say CULTS, when you strip away all the **funny hats**, **flaming incense censures**, **papal regalia**, **religious idolatry**, **cathedrals**, ***american mega churches,*** related ***swimsuit area incidents*** in BOTH and **expropriated new world *GOLD,*** there are **ultimately** only **TWO** (**2**) **types of Christians**. Moreover there ***have only ever been two kinds of Christians*** starting the **minute** that **everybody's favorite Rabbi** was **nailed to a dead tree** for exercising **poor impulse control** in his (**FAILED**) attempt to ***kick the goddamned Christ-killing money changers out of the temple****.*

This fundamental dichotomy within **Christianity** is so **unfuckingbelievably clear** and **pervasive** that the current **extremely misundereducated** (not to mention im**properly self medicated**) author is frankly **shocked and appalled** that **more educated** and **sophisticated observers** have **yet** to **clearly articulate** this easily understandable

concept in terms that do not require a **master's degree** or better in **comparative Theology** to understand.

Simply put, the **two** types of **Christians** are as follows:

Group #1: **The Christians**: The main identifying characteristic of this **Christian sub-group** is the individual practitioner's **ongoing attempts** to **embody** the ***life*** and **teachings** of **Yeshua ben Yosef** within their own. This can often include **l**ittle things like: **treating others as you would have them treat you**; ***NOT*** gratuitously **lying, cheating**, **stealing** or **coveting thy neighbor's wife**; **caring for the sick**; **aiding the poor**; **paying your taxes**; and generally just trying to be an all around **good person**. Those that fall within this group (one way or another) are **generally inclined** to ***(correctly)*** **interpret** the **life and teachings of Jesus** as being a **message** of ***hope and love for all.*** To the extent that those within this **Christian subgroup** are concerned with the **death of Jesus** and his (alleged) **resurrection**, these are generally interpreted as further **affirmations** of the ***lessons of his life*** and are **NOT** to be **confused** with being the **main message** of it. Which is in **stark contrast** to the other **primary Christian sub-group**...

Group #2: **The Crosstians**. The main identifying characteristic of this **sub-group** is their **noted predilection** and **ready willingness** to (**figuratively**, *usually)* ***nail*** **others** to the nearest ***crosses*** of opportunity, as often as not based on **hearsay** and/or the **slimmest** of **imaginable *pretexts***. These **pretexts** are usually variations on the **re-occurring** theme of **religious differences** wherein the **accused** is **alleged** to **harbor religious sensibilities** that are **not** centered around ***Jayeesus*** OR is said to have **doctrinal differences** in their **practice of Christianity** above and beyond what has been approved by the **local metaphysical authorities**.

In **most** historical jurisdictions within **Christendom**, ***either accusation*** qualifies the **accused** as being a potential (yet **likely**) **heretic**, which **rendered** them **eligible** for any number of **show trials**, **closed door hearings**, **forced depositions**, and/or **other intimate inquisitions** wherein **one** (or **more**) **Good Books** is **forcibly flung** at the **accused** by the nearest **duly appointed** (and/or **anointed**) **representative**.

Usually after **multiple rounds** of **vigorous questioning** that, as often as not, would include: the **forcible removal of nails** and/or **teeth**; the **forced dislocation** of **multiple joints** (thanks to quality time on the **rack**); the **removal of one or more digits** and/or **facial features** and/or **genitalia**; or possibly the **uninvited insertion** of **red hot pokers** in **one** or more **orifices** where the **sun may *not* shine on a regular basis** and other diverse **interview enhancements**.

Which all happened BEFORE the **accused** (and ***frequently*** the subsequently **condemned**) publicly had their **head chopped off**, **were burnt at the stake**, **got stoned** (but **not** in a good way) by an assembled mob of pedestrian idiots with **easy** and **ready access** to **small** to **large caliber rocks**, or were merely **hung** from the **neck** until **half dead** THEN had their **balls cut off** and **fed** to **feral dogs** while their

belly was slashed, their **guts pulled out in front of their eyes while still alive** and subsequently **LIT** on **FIRE** while FURTHER having **each limb tied to a separate horse** and being **bodily pulled apart** BEFORE finally getting their **fucking head chopped off** and **put on a post** somewhere prominent as a ***pointed suggestion*** to other **would-be heretics** to get with the **suggested ecumenical program** in a **diligent** and **expeditious manner.**

The **irony** of all of this for the ***victim*** that it was being done for their own "**good**" by **other** (**alleged**) **Christians**.

Who were actually **crosstians** who have somehow how spun **Jesus's eternal message of love and hope** into a ***net*** of **original sin** and **eternal guilt** in which to **ensnare** the **unanointed masses**. Using the **unfortunate** instance of **His untimely passing** as a **metaphysical leverage point**, the **crosstian drives home his** (or **her**) timeless message of **eternal guilt** and **redemption through suffering** through the image of the **cross** upon which their (**alleged**) **lord** and **savior** had been **nailed to**.

Using **the cross** as a **conceptual crow bar**, an **experienced orator** can easily **leverage** the **unwary listener** into **experiencing** one or more ***guilt trips*** in the course of a sermon. This is typically done through a **cunningly constructed** series of ***suppository statements*** that generally work off of the following **inductive inference chain:**

*Since **Jesus** (allegedly) **died** for your sins (even though you weren't born yet), **you are partially responsible for this death**.*

Way to go, **asshole**. Not only are you a **dirty** and **depraved sinner** who is clearly **going to hell in a handbasket** with your **caligula-like excesses** and **neo-nero sensibilities**, you are **so much so** that **some guy** had to actually **come down** to this dirty and disreputable planet over two thousand years ago to **specifically die *for you.***

WHICH somehow **precluded** the **LORD His FATHER** from having come down **HIMSELF** and **kick you in your infant head**, or **command** one of your **parents** to ***slay you in cold blood,*** or **if HIS blood** was **up, SMITE** the **unfortunate city** you happened to be born in. That **HE** avoided such **needful corrections** on ***your part*** is OF COURSE just another **indication** of **HIS infinite mercy** and **boundless wisdom** that **you are fully not worthy of**, ***you dirty disgusting ungrateful weed***.

Indeed, just about the **only thing** you can do in this **metaphysical world view** to **expatiate your original sin** is ***suffer,*** preferably **early** and **often**. The sophisticated observer will have already noted that ***suffering*** also happens to be **one** of the **primary somatic effects** of all the previously listed **treatment strategies** for **accused heretics**.

The **moral metaphysical equation** of **redemption through suffering** unfortunately lends itself to a further **inductive inference chain** that helps create the following ***suppository syllogism***:

> *If **redemption** can only be achieved through **suffering**, by creating **more suffering** in the **accused heretic** (and/or **heathen** or **groups thereof**), the **greater the opportunity** the accused will have for **experiencing redemption**.*
>
> *Incidentally, by this "logic", the **experience of redemption** will only be further **potentiated** by actively **increasing** the **suffering** that it is **supposedly** (and/or **suppositorially**) **contingent upon**.*

This **regrettable** but **historically prevalent** ***inference chain*** unfortunately **lends itself** to any number of further **implications**, **inferences** and other **idiocies** that **mostly** amount to **different variations** on the **oft cited theme** that the "**end justifies the means**".

Or more baldly stated**: *the end of eternal salvation justifies being really mean to those who have yet to hear the Good News in this life***.

Even worse, there is **no arguing** with these people once the **crosstian** in question has a **firmly fixed notion** regarding the **heretical leanings** of **others**.

Just like in **modern psychiatry** often views **assertions of mental health** by those **accused** of having potentially novel perceptions as being further **symptomatic evidence** of whatever their **fucking disorder**, **syndrome**, **chemistry imbalance**, and/or **glandular issue** is ASSUMED TO BE, similar **protestations of innocence** in the **accused heretic** were ***similarly*** viewed as **prima facie evidence** of their **depraved satanic intransigence** which was usually (allegedly) **exacerbated** by the presence of one or more **evil entities** within the **energy field** of the **accused heretic**. And OF COURSE the **best accepted practice** for **dealing** with such **iniquities of being** is **driving them out** through more **suffering**. Which, as often as not, was largely **facilitated** through the **cleansing pain** of **FIRE**.

Of course, it **almost** goes without saying that this **larger dichotomy** of **Christians vs. Crosstians** present within **Christianity** is ***not*** so **cut and dry** in **real life**. Just like **sexuality** is more a matter of ***degree*** than **category**, ALL "**Christians**" EACH have their own personal **internal ratio** of which way they are **leaning** in terms of **Christ** and **the cross**. Even more, this **ratio** is ***not* fixed** and tends to **vary** according to the **mental set**, **physical setting** or **social situation** encountered by the **Chris-Crosstian**.

Thanks to a couple little things like the **Renaissance** and the **Enlightenment** (and **subsequent developments**), the **blatantly pretextual nature** of these various and related ***suppository inference chains*** (**ouch!**) is likely conspicuously obvious to most statistically likely inter-urban, big city sophisticate readers.

Which **certainly** does ***not*** accurately describe the vast majority of **King *Richard's*** subjects back in the day. Putting **aside** the inconceivably **vast differential** between the knowledge sets, assumed world views and philosophical stances of just about **any 13th century English person** compared to a **modern day American** of any stripe (present author **excluded**), the ***language situation*** in **England** at the time is also ***similarly*** **unfathomable** to **most** Americans who speak **English** as their primary language.

Indeed, the **invidious linguistic situation** on **England's** green and pleasant lands was **terribly disempowering** for the **vast majority** of the **island's unwashed** (**pre**)**constituents**. The average everyday **Joe Punter** or **Jane Liftskirt** (and/or **Doris Dropdrawers**) had been **pre-emptively *excluded*** from **meaningfully participating** in their own **civic process** or **metaphysical awareness** thanks to these **needful activities** being **conducted** in **highly inflected forms of gibberish** that ***weren't*** **plain English** (or more accurately **plain Middle English**).

The previously discussed **irony** of **England's official language** being ***French*** (at least according to **the island's double refracted equestrian assholetocracy**) wasn't **just** still in effect, but **so much so** that there is ***no definitive historical evidence*** that supports the hypothesis that the current **King of England** under discussion **actually spoke *any* English himself**, evidently preferring his childhood languages of occitaine and language d'oil (IE region specific ***French*** dialects**).**

Even worse, the **last place** that the **average English person** could turn for some kind of **semantic solace** was the **church**, mostly because **THE LORD** apparently only spoke one or two languages, **ancient *Hebrew*** and/or **archaic *Latin***. At least according to the **priests**, **padres**, **prelates**, **bishops**, **archbishops**, **popes**, **anti-popes** and **semantic shitworking scribes** who **claimed** to be his **earthly representatives**, ALL of whom spoke **LATIN fluently**.

The **centralized literary device** they were **all working from** also happened to be **constructed** in a **LATIN** that had grown **increasingly moribund** over the years after having fallen **out** of **common usage** just about **everywhere** in **Europe** proper. For all intents and purposes, until the **dawning of the Age of** "**Enlightenment**", **LATIN** was the **exclusive language** of the **Church**, and was used as such to **exclude** and **preclude Europe's *LATIN*-illiterate unwashed masses** from having ***their own*** **dialogue** with ***their own sense*** of **Divinity**.

Even more **inimical** to the **interests** of the **proverbial English working stiff** (and/or **sheep shagger**), these **two civic authority agencies** worked in **tandem** with each other within a **mutually supportive framework** where the **frequent public proclamations** of either MOSTLY **validated** and **reinforced the authority** of the other.

NOT entirely **dissimilar** to **how insanely huge oil** and **defense** (and/or **pharmaceutical**) **conglomerates** like to further **acquire** various **mass media outlets** that ***appear to be separate companies*** (and/or ***channels****)* but **all happen to cover *the exact same stories with*** (almost) ***the exact same kind of spin****.*

The **rules** being **defined** in **different languages** not only **cut** the **average** (Middle) **English speaker *out of the loop***, it made them even **more vulnerable** to the **semantic predations** of **third party translators** that were the **local representatives** of the **aforementioned authority agencies**.

Thanks to the **inherent fudginess** of **translating semantic data** from one **operating system** to another, **transcription errors** could **occasionally** pop up (and/or ***be thoughtfully inserted)*** in the **resulting text** or **public statement**. Little things like: one or more **digits** being **added** to **annual tithe** or **tax rates** owed by individual constituents; **additional rights** and **privileges being granted** to the **bearer** of the **official document** in question ***beyond*** those included in the original translation; or **brand new laws** allowing various kinds of **transgressions** against those **domestic elements** that **talk funny** and/or **look funny** ALL could **occasionally** work their way into the **edited translations** of the **local *on-site representatives***.

Of course, **some** of the success of these **official reprobates** was likely **tangentially related** to them only having the **middle English proletariat** to answer to, which for the last **thousand years or so** had been subjected to an **increasingly intensive REVERSE EUGENICS campaign** against the **island's best** and **brightest** while **teaching** the **rest** that the ***nail that sticks up for themselves or others is always hit the hardest***.

Regularly **losing** the ***upper* 5 to 25 percent** of the **bell curve** to **attrition at home** or **slavery abroad** for the better part of **40 generations** can have some **fair to middling effects** in the **affected breeding population**. **One** of which **could** conceivably be said to be a **lack of sophistication** when **decrypting** the **mixed messages** of **double refracted assholes**, as often as not **received** while **staring down the business end** of a **sharpened metal stick**, which itself rarely has a beneficial effect on anyone's analytical abilities.

Another one of the **legacies** of this unfortunate campaign ***against*** the **greater English entelechy** (which ***also*** happens to be **associated** with **simplemindedness**) is a lingering ***antipathy towards foreigners***. The basis for this **unfortunate tendency** towards **xenophobia** isn't all that hard for **most** sophisticated observers to understand, what with the **island's inebriated inhabitants** getting **whipped on** by **wave after wave** of (mostly) **uninvited foreign assholes** over the last **decade of centuries**, and most recently by **King *Richard's* dearly departed father**.

To the **debatable** extent it actually existed, ***Richard's "*genius**"** as **king** was no doubt exemplified in ***his* deft manipulation** of all these **fine English sensibilities** in **committing the crown** to the **liberation of Jerusalem** from it's **Islamic jihadist occupiers** (IE, the original **Palestinians**).

In one fell swoop, ***he*** was able to **direct** the lingering **auslander antipathy** of the **locals *away*** from ***his (French)* person** and **tie up** the **tactical energies** and **strategic resources** of **regional rivals** within ***his* realm** due to their **standing obligations** to the

Crown in a time of ***WAR***. ***His*** success at this was **contingent** on **capitalizing** on the evolving **hellfire** and **brimstone rhetoric** being **promulgated** by the **island's increasingly Crosstian metaphysical authority agency**. IE, ***the Church militant.***

King *Richard* was **of course** further supported in his **jihadist inclinations** by his **royal cousin** (3 and a **half** times removed, or something) **King *Philip*** of ***France*** (of course).

In being another typically devious ***French aristocrat, Philip*** saw an **opportunity** to **pre-emptively neutralize** his **main regional rival** from continuing **attempts** to **chisel off some of *his* Western turf** and maybe even do some **chiseling** of ***his*** own.

King *Dick,* who was himself a ***French aristocrat,*** no doubt **recognized** these **facile Machiavellian machinations** for the **painfully obvious ploys** they were. He **adroitly neutralized** these typically ***French aristocratic* inclinations** with the **pointed suggestion** that ***anybody*** who had such a **big bad army** (like the **King** of ***France)*** but **wasn't** willing to go personally fight godful heathens occupying the Holy Land HAD TO BE a **dirty**, **rotten**, **sniveling**, **little, yellow-bellied coward *who*** probably still **wet *his* bed at night** and **may** or was in the regular habit of **wearing women's undergarments**. Or something to that effect.

Whatever was said apparently **worked** because ***France*** and **England** would go on to conduct the **first** of many **joint exercises** in their **ongoing quest** to **monopolize *all available Strategic Banana Supplies*** those **odd moments** they **weren't** actively trying to **chisel off more of each other's turf** based on the slimmest of pretexts.

This initial **joint exercise** is usually referred to as the **Third Crusade**. Mostly because the first two ***didn't*** work out so well, well for the **cross**...sorry...Christians.

The Crusades had started just under a century earlier after **Palestine** fell under the **sway** of **fundamentalist hardline Sunni Turks** who were **not** interested in **extending** the **tolerant policies** of the formerly sensible **Islamic rulers** who **rightfully regarded** their **Christian co-religonists** as **fellow people of the Book**. Sure, they **might** have been **apostate infidels**, technically speaking, but they were **well meaning apostate infidels** who were working off of their own **Good Book**, which in **many ways** served as a **major formative influence** to the **Islamic Good Book** usually referred to as **the Koran**.

What started off **simply** as some lowly **territorial disputes** and **access issues** began to **rapidly escalate** when the **Vatican** fell under the sway of it's own **fundamentalist hardliners** who would **settle** for **nothing less** than the **total expulsion** (and/or ***genocide)*** of **all non-Christian heathens** from **their holy/home lands**. Entirely **consistent** with **idiot fundamentalists** seizing **control** of ***both sides of the debate,*** things began to **snowball rapidly** into a conspicuously **deteriorating** diplomatic situation.

Over the **hundred years** previous, the **Christians** (and/or **Crosstians**) had managed to **conquer Jerusalem** only to **lose it** again two years before ***Richard the First*** had been **crowned**. The **timing** of the **fall of Jerusalem** was more than a bit **fortuitous** for **King *Dick*** as **Christian piety** and **pious indignation** were subsequently running at an **all time high** all over **Western *Crossendumb***.

All over **Europe**, local **ecumenical leaders** had been **rhetorically whipping** their **goodly Christian congregants** into a **bloodthirsty frenzy** with tales of **Turkish atrocities**, **Islamic indignities** and **acts of Semitic salaciousness** committed against the goodly, **marauding**, **blood spattered Knights of the Cross**. Many of whom apparently considered **wading knee deep** in the **blood** of their **dispatched ecumenical enemies** AND being **balls deep** in the ***formerly* virtuous women of the fallen** the best possible **worshipful offerings** to their **prince of peace**.

Onward Crosstian soldier, indeed.

What is even **more egregious** is what **transpired** in those **areas** and **cities** that **assembled Crosstian armies** had to travel ***through*** just to get to a place with enough **Muslims** to **slaughter** with **impunity**.

Just like in **American Politics** where the **interests of the electorate** are **ritually slaughtered** and **sacrificed** in the **rhetorical** and **resource distribution *WARS*** conducted by **vanishingly small** and **incredibly myopic fundamentalist fringe elements** who have **built up** a ***disproportionate*** amount of **political capital** through the **ancient English art** of **scurrilous bipolarizing invective**, the **geographic areas** between **Palestine** (and/or **Israel** if you are an **active Zionist**) and the points of origin for various **Crosstian armies** suffered entirely **predictable** levels of **destruction** and **depredation** by **insufficiently disciplined** yet **heavily armed Crosstian pedestrian idiots** and **equestrian assholes**.

The upshot of that is that not only were **Muslims** getting **whipped on** (but rarely ***defeated)*** in the **Mideast**, the various **Jewish communities** en route to the **Holy Land** from **Western Europe** were subjected to **wave after wave** of various kinds of **relatively organized Anti-Semitic violence** perpetrated by **ostensibly Christian soldiers** in the ***name of*** their **prince of peace**.

With things **rapidly spiraling** first **in** then ***out*** of **Crosstian control** in the **Mideast**, the **European Religious Quagmire** known as **the Crusades** was nothing less than a **politically reaffirming godsend** for **all of those involved**, except for those unfortunate souls who actually got their **heads bashed in** in the process.

Initially **non-participating European civic leaders** couldn't help but notice that **those regional peers** who **managed** to **come home** from their **ecumenical exploits** in something ***other*** than a **pine box** most often arrived **covered** in (**heathen**) ***blood*** and (**sanctified**) ***gore***...sorry, **glory**. More importantly for these **duly concerned civic**

leaders was the small fact that the **adulation** they received when returning **home** was ***not*** actually **predicated** on **winning all** (or even **most**) of the **battles** they **lost**.

The **concerned civic leader** could easily play it **both ways** by ***framing*** **victory in battle** as an ***affirmation*** that they should **stay** in the **Mideast** to **hold** (and/or **expand**) **re-Christianized turf** while using ***defeat*** as a **recruiting goad** to ***avenge*** the "**holy**" **fallen** by **slaying their slayers** and **taking** or **burning their shit**.

Even better for these **concerned civic leaders**, contributing **assets** to the cause gave them **enhanced** and/or **privileged access** to intensively lucrative **trading routes**. It also brought them in contact with other **like minded civic leaders** from different jurisdictions that they could potentially build **lucrative trading relationships** with. The **same** goes for the good to know **Church leaders** who were **organizing** this whole **Crosstian clusterfuck**. These **ecumenical leaders** had a lot of **sway** in the **selection** of **duly appointed individuals** for various **highly lucrative church-military liaison roles** and/or **offices** that could usually be **milked** for further **financial streams** in various ways.

As **beneficial** the **Crusades** were to **participating civic leaders**, the main **beneficiary** by far was the **Mother Church**. The **prestige** and **political power** of the **Holy Roman Catholic Church** in **Europe** escalated **alarmingly** as the **rhetoric** of it's most egregious fundamentalist idiots waxed **sanguine** and **immolatory**. Sadly, at this point in the **domesticated primate developmental cycle**, little things like **grace** and **love** were still just a little **too ineffable** for most, but just about **everybody** understood the **implicit messages** in all of the **BLOOD** and **FIRE emphasized** within the **idiomatic imagery** of the **standard ecumenical oratory** of the time.

This was typically done through a cunningly constructed series of ***suppository statements*** that generally work off of the following **inductive inference chain:**

> *Since **Jayeesus** died for your **plethora** and **multitude** of **venal**, **cardinal**, **mortal** and other **desperately depraved sins**, you are thereby **obligated** to **avenge his death** by going out and **killing godful infidels** who have the **willful heathen temerity** to be **born i**n the **same zip code** as **Our Savior**. NEVERMIND they were just minding their own business and had **nothing** to do with **His untimely death** due to being born a thousand or more years **after** it.*

The **BLOOD** and **FIRE rhetoric** wasn't just **helpful** to ongoing **cannon fodder recruitment** in various **participating localities**, it also happened to drive **attendance up** at **Church services**. As hard as the **average Middle ages European** tried to **identify** with the **grace** and **love** of **everybody's favorite savior** (or not), it was a lot **easier** for many to **relate** to the **parish priest** working himself into a **righteously indignant**, **bile spewing frenzy** on the pulpit **calling forth** all kinds of **FIRE, brimstone** and **BLOODy calamity on those BLOODy wog infidels** for having the **inexcusable impertinence** of **living on the same block** as the **same PIG STY our Lord and Savior** was born in, AMEN.

The **increased attendance** not only drove up **in-service donations**, having an **increasing sway over** larger amounts of **unwashed congregants** increased the **size** of the potential **civil action stick** that Church leaders **nominally held over the various participating aristocracies**.

Up until during the **Crusades**, the **Mother Church** had, more or less, been **fully dependent** on the **suffrage** and **inconsistent piety** of various **Christian Kings, Princes, Potentates, Emperors** and other **Grand Poo Bahs** of **Christendom** for the **Church's protection** when it came to **military matters**.

This lead to a number of instances where previous **Popes** found themselves in **unenviable tactical situations** involving **protective custody** being **asserted** over **their person** by **concerned Kings** who **may** or **may** not have been seeking **undue advantage** in relevant **papal deliberations**.

This, **obviously**, put a bit of a **dent** in the **repeated papal assertions** that the **seat of Saint Peter was pre-eminent** among **all Christian seats of power**, which might lead **some** in the know to **question** OTHER **questionable papal assertions**. Which, of course, ***will just not do*** for ANY **centralized religion**.

Though the **Church** was **initially** uninterested in **organizing** and **heavily arming *their own* assembled groups of pedestrian idiots** and **equestrian assholes** due to obvious **irony** issues consistent with **Christianity** being a **religion of Peace and Love**, they were **eventually** able to overcome their **hippie pinko peacenik** sensibilities and **get with the** (**arms**) **program** after getting previously (and ***repeatedly)*** **railroaded** by various (and typically **devious**) ***French* monarchs** for various **security services rendered**.

After dealing with a few too many **Anti-Popes** and **upstart Kings** who would periodically **take the Pope for ransom**, gradually more and more those in the **ecumenical hierarchy** became increasingly **comfortable** with the **fundamental irony** of the **church militant**. These individuals then started **congregating into factions** that **wisely** let their most **virulently strident idiots take the lead** in their **ongoing lobbying efforts** within the **Church**.

And just like ***always*** happens when **fundamentalist idiots** start getting ***any*** semblance of **political power** within ***any*** organization, the **first** and **main** thing they **spend their political capital on** is ***marginalizing their internal idealogical opponents*** by **demonizing them** as **too soft** and potential **Islamic** (and/or **Jewish, Satanic** or **Socialist**) **sympathizers** who **may** or DEFINITELY ARE **possessed** by one or more **evil entities** working at the **behest** of various unmentionable **dark forces** and/or **agencies**.

Using these **time honored** rhetorical tactics, the **Crosstian Right wing** of the **Mother Church** had been slowly **gaining the ascendency** in the **factional pissing match**

going on **in** the **Vatican**. When **Jerusalem** and the **rest of Palestine** (and/or **Israel**) **fell under the sway** of the aforementioned **hardline Sunni Turks** who **didn't** want more ignorant infidels mucking about their new turf than were already there, this gave the **Vatican hardliners** exactly the **perfect pretext** to start organizing their own **military force**...**the Knights Templar**.

The **Knights Templar** had been originally founded in the **early 1100's** as a **military monastic order** charged with the **protection of Christian pilgrims** en route from **Europe** to the **Holy Lands** under **Christian control**. In what would become a **gratuitous irony** later, the "official" name of the **Knights Templar** was the "*Poor Knights of Christ and the Temple of Solomon".*

Initially, their **official name** was accurate enough, having started off as a group of **9 knights** (most to all of which were **landless aristocrats**) of **minimal means** and **restricted resources** who were **fully dependent** on the **largess** and **donations** of others. In a **decision** that they would, in some sense, come to **regret** later, they decided to **symbolize** their "poverty" by making their **emblem** (or ***logo*** if you prefer) an **image** of a **horse mounted by two knights sharing the same *(sodomaniacal)* saddle**, implying that they were so **poor** they had to **share a horse**.

Since the **imaginary knights** in question were **clothed** and **armed** in their **mounted brotherly embrace**, the ***underlying* symbolism** of the image went (**mostly**) **unnoticed** by early **enthusiastic ecumenical enablers** within the **Mother Church** who had been long pressing for such an organization. With the continuing **Islamic aggressions** against (potentially **aggressive**) **Christian pilgrims** to and from their way to the **Holy Land**, there was lots of **demand** for their **valuable services** and their **popularity** and **support** rapidly **grew** within the **Church Militant**.

With **increasing popularity** and **support** came **access** to progressively **larger** amounts of Church resources through various **papal dispensations** that directed the **group** to set up multiple **operating bases** on the **usual routes** to and from the **Holy Land**.

Between their **ostentatious displays** of **sanctified piety**, instantly recognizable **spiffy new uniforms** (mostly consisting of a **red cross** on a **white field**) and almost **instantaneous international presence** thanks to the **network of operating bases** they set up, their **popularity** of the **Knights Templar** outside of the **Church** also ***escalated precipitously.***

Especially among the **second**, **third** and **later sons** of various **participating aristocracies** who typically **couldn't** count on receiving **large inheritances** when their **palatial parents passed onwards**. For these **surplus** aristocratic sons of Europe and **England**, joining the **Knights Templar** quickly became one of the more **reliable** ways to seek **fortune** and **glory**. It was also great for **social networking** because being a **Templar Knight** could mean **lots of travel** to and from **exotic locales** with **well heeled** and **better connected *upwardly mobile pilgrims*** who were the **main beneficiaries** of the **Templar's** primary services as **heavily armed travel guides.**

With the ***exponentially*** **expanding power base** that came with their **rapidly rising popularity** both within and outside of the **Church Militant**, both **their mission** and **services offered** rapidly **expanded** as well.

In being a **centralized network** of various operating bases across **Europe** and the **Mideast**, the **Templars** realized they were **ideally positioned** for offering other **lucrative** services. Having been **sanctified by the Church** and their generally **honorable conduct** (in polite ***chris-crosstian*** company anyways), by and large the **Templars** were generally considered to be **trustworthy** by both the **public at large** and the **aristocracies that ruled them**. Since their **word** was perceived to be **good** and their **presence** was **geographically widespread**, they were **strategically situated** to provide ***other*** services for those **well heeled pilgrims** who were **willing to pay** what the present author **is sure** was only a **nominal fee** at the time.

Many of these additional **services** would be ***financial*** in nature.

Up until this point in history, the **well heeled traveler** faced just a **few** more **challenges** in getting from **point A** to **point B** then the **modern business class traveller**. Though they **didn't** have to deal with the terrible **inconveniences** of flight delays, random cancellations, missed connections and TSA mandated random cavity searches, they did have to worry about some **little things** like being ***repeatedly*** **mugged** (and/or **killed or enslaved**) by **multiple** bands of **brigands, bandits** and/or other diverse **highwaymen** and **road agents** that were **ubiquitous** in the **hinterlands** between urban areas, for instance.

Beyond that, on the **off chance** that a **well heeled pilgrim** actually made it through **the gauntlet** in one piece and still in possession of their **shit**, when **passing from one patchwork polity to another** (which in some places could happen roughly every **20-50 linear miles** or less), they **were** required to **pay** various **traveling tariffs** and **taxes** as they went from **one jurisdiction to the next**. In **American** terms, this would be like getting **charged a toll** every time **you cross a county line** in your **current state of residence**, but ***everywhere*** and not just in **New Jersey**.

Furthermore, these same increasingly **gouged** travelers would also have to pay a **similar fee** (and usually **framed** under the **same pretext**) when **entering** most **urban** areas. Even **worse** for these travelers, **all** of these **geographically diverse fees** were **expected** to be **paid** in **local** legal tender. This was a major **pain in the ass** because if a traveller **didn't** have local legal tender, then they were charged **additional fees** and subjected to **steeper currency conversion rates** due to the **inconvenience** of the municipality in question having to **deal with the money changers directly.**

Beyond that, **currency conversion rates** of the time were, in a large part, **directly based** upon relative **geographic distance** between the **issuing civic bodies** for the respective **currencies**.

Or in other words, the **further** you travelled, ***the less your money tended to be worth.***

And **none** of that speaks to the inevitable **logistical challenges** of traveling on **land** by **horseback** (and/or **foot**) with **medium** to **large** amounts of **dense, fungible specie**. With **most** currencies of the time being different variations of **high density metal discs**, possessing **fat stacks** of **cash money** required a certain amount of **heavy lifting**. This inevitably lead to **increased traveling expenses** for the additional **horses** and **porters** needed to **help** with the **load** and **extra security** to help **keep an eye on things**.

The earliest **financial service** the **Templars** provided their clients was being mostly ***exempted*** from these **traveling fees** and **liabilities.** Having **early on** received a **papal dispensation *exempting*** the **Templars** from **local traveling tariffs** and **taxes**, this was **extended** to their **pilgrim clients** as well. This made whatever **nominal fee** that the **Templars** charged their **client pilgrims** for their services seem that much more **negligible** in comparison to getting **chiseled** every **20-50 miles** on their **thousand**(ish) **mile journey to Jerusalem.**

The widespread practice of **geographically based currency conversion rates** created an enormous **untapped financial market** that the **Templars** were **quick** to capitalize upon. The first of these **add-on financial services** offered to their **client pilgrims** was **currency exchange** at **favorable rates** at their various operating bases along the way and in the **Holy Lands**.

So much for **kicking the money changers out of the temple**.

Since their **fellow travelers** were usually on the **wrong end** of an **execrable rate of exchange**, they were more than happy to **exchange** their **money** with the **Templars** at their favorable rates. **Rates** that were **better** than the alternatives but **not** so low that the **Templars** weren't able to **skim a bit of the top** for themselves.

So in addition to all the resources that had been donated or bequeathed through **papal dispensation** and **noble largess**, The **Templars** also had their own **independent revenue streams**. Their **strategic position** in the rapidly coalescing of **currency exchange** market led to the **accumulation** of even more **capital** that they were quick to **invest** in the **acquisition** of **new properties** and **holdings** and **develop** them as they saw fit. This led to the further **development** of various **cottage industries** which themselves created further **revenue streams**. All of this led to the **vast accumulation** of even **more capital** that they went on to put to similar uses.

Their **rapidly escalating financial success** did ***not*** go entirely **unnoticed** by **other** concerned individuals and organizations both in and out of the **Church**. Though this would **later** result in some **moderate** to **middling difficulties** for the **Knights Templar**, by the time of **King *Richard's* coronation**, their **overwhelming success** as **effective money managers** led to **two** further ***financial services*** that were highly **lucrative**, and one of which is as **historically significant** as anything else the **Templars** were reported to have done.

At some point, **landed aristocratic nobles** who wanted to **meaningfully participate in the Crusades** by actually **going to the Holy Lands** and bashing in a few heathen heads **themselves** for **Jesus** were able to contact their **local Templar lodge** to seek assistance in **managing their holdings** and **estates** while they were off **fulfilling their religious obligations**.

Not only were the **Templars** willing to provide this **service**, they often did it so well at it that their **skillful handling** of their **client's affairs** frequently resulted in a **profit** that was in ***excess*** of the **nominal fee t**hey charged for this service. This led to **further revenue streams** and **increased prestige** among the **filthy rich** (of course, everybody was filthy back then).

Many of whom **felt** it was **safer** to keep their **liquid assets** (i.e. **cash money**) in a **heavily fortified location** staffed by **gratuitous amounts** of **heavily armed** but **nominally religious idiots** than it was to **keep** their **hoard** in **t**heir own **basement** and worry about their own **heavily armed idiots filching from the strongboxes** they were supposed to be guarding.

This directly lead to the historically significant development of the ***first modern (western) banking system.*** With the **Templar's widespread geographic footprint**, a **wealthy traveller** could **deposit** their **liquid assets** at one location, have a **cheque** (and/or **letter of deposit**) made out to them indicating the **size** of the **deposit**, and then **present** that **semantic device** at another **participating location** and receive the **equivalent** of the **amount indicated** in **local currency**.

Thanks to all of that, the "*Poor Knights of Christ and the Temple of Solomon"* that started off as **9 impoverished knights** became a **juggernaut** of an **ecumenical economic enterprise** which entirely **overshadowed** it's original **mission** as a **monastic military order**. So much that during the time of the **height** of their **success**, only ***ten percent*** of it's **20,000+** (at it's peak) **members** were actually part of it's **army**.

Or in other words the **Knights Templar** was the first **multi-national corporation**/ **international bank** with it's own **standing army**. Though they were **in theory** under the **authority** of the **Church**, it wasn't **too** long before the **tail started wagging the dog** in many respects. But even then, this **whole arrangement** really **couldn't** have **worked out better** for the **Church**. It's **political prestige** and **material fortunes** both **escalated alarmingly**, as did the **size** of the **civil action stick** it held **Damocles-**like over the **heads** of **participating aristocracies**.

The beginning of the **Crusades** turned out to be the beginning of the **Church Ascendant** over a **Christian Europe**. For the next **300 years** the **Church** would go virtually **uncontested** in it's **repeated assertions** of the **primacy of the Church** in **all matters metaphysical** and **temporal**. Not only did the **Church** have it's own **army**, it could count on the **ready support** of some to most of it's **participating aristocracies** if

additional forces were needed to **resolve regional religious disputes** with any **royal wayward members of it's earthly flock**.

This **political ascendancy of the Church militant** would OF COURSE have **terrible implications for Europe** and **England** over the coming centuries, but more on that later.

For now, the **funny thing** about all of this is that ***neither*** the **Crusades** nor the activities of **Knights Templar** really had ***much of a direct historical impact on*** **England** despite all of the **conspiracy theories**, **secret society suspicions** and other **fictional narratives** to the contrary.

Of the **ten Crusades** to the **Holy Lands**, **England** was only a **primary participant** in one (the **Third Crusade**), and at best a **secondary** and/or **tertiary** participant in **one** or **two** more. Moreover, though there were **Englishmen** in the **Knights Templar** (as well as some **Scots**, but **perhaps** not so much the **Welsh** or **Irish**), the bulk of the **Knights Templar's membership** were **French** and/or **continental** in origin. As **England** was still **largely** (and/or ***correctly)*** perceived as a **provincial backwater** and **client state** of ***France***, the **prestige postings** within the **Templars** were much more likely to be **granted** to ***already connected*** **continental members** than they were to be **bestowed** upon **provincial backwater idiots** from an **isle** of **irascible inebriates**.

Yet, even though the direct historical impact of the **Knights Templar** on **England** in the **1200's** is **debatable**, the **direct exposure** of **England** to the **Knights Templar** would have **far reaching** and ***profound*** **secondary historical effects** down the road, some of which will be addressed later in this **dreadfully boring** narrative.

But **England's** involvement in the **Crusades** did have **two** direct historical effects that would soon become **re-occuring themes** in the **ongoing development** of **England**.

The **first** is that with the **Crusades** and the **need to transport** significant amounts of **heavily armed pedestrian idiots** and **equestrian assholes** and all of their **gear** was a **great opportunity** for the **English** to start **field testing** all of those **nautical designs** that they started working on during the **Viking occupation**. Since **all** of those heavily armed pedestrian idiots and equestrian assholes were going to have to get into **boats** anyways just to **get off the damn island**, it made **more sense** to **sail to the Holy Lands** rather than **disembark** on the **other side of the Channel** and walk or ride the next **thousand miles**. Doing this **efficiently** required some **big ass boats** that were previously **not** readily found on **the island**. Though the **English boat building industry** in the **middle ages** is **not** as well documented as it could be, there undoubtably had a to be a **large upward spike** in **business** during the **reign of King *Richard***.

But this first historical development is only the **canvas glove** covering the **iron fist** of the underlying **second** ***(neuro***-)**historical effect** of **England's involvement in the Crusades**.

As has already been well documented in this device as well as just about any historical record of note, **England** had spent the last **thousand plus years** getting **periodically stomped** by rather **large numbers** of **uninvited foreign assholes**. Their **victories** on their **own soil** were **few** and **far between** if not **non-existent** anywhere else for the simple reason that they had their **hands full at home**.

Being on the **pointedly sharp** and **conspicuously brown end** of the **historical stick** for so long is known to have some **associated effects** on the **behavioral inclinations** of the **affected group of** (**relatively**) **domesticated primates**. Some of which have already been documented in the current device.

One of the more **unfortunate** and regrettably IRONIC ***associative inclinations*** of **recently oppressed peoples** is a **deep** and **abiding collective inclination** to go ***oppress*** other ***smaller groups of a similar nature*** whenever the **opportunity** presented itself.

The **underlying motives** for such **collective inclinations** is best demonstrated through the expression of this **regrettable primate tendency** on the **individual basis** it is **rooted** in. Anybody who comes from a **big abusive family** is already **well familiar** with how this **works** even if they have **yet** to fully articulate any of this to themselves...

If **daddy** comes home **drunk** and **belligerent** (**again**) and **lays hands on mommy**, the **domestic violence victim** in question will **frequently** become **heavy handed** when it comes to the **discipline** of **her** own **children**.

Even **worse**, any **children** that **witness** (and/or **directly suffer**) from these types of entirely ***unacceptable*** **interpersonal interactions** OFTEN **interpret** these **unfortunate events** as **clear signals** that fists, feet, belts, switches, wooden rods no thicker than your thumb and/or salad spoons are **acceptable methods** of **conflict resolution** with **loved ones**.

Beyond that, **seeing daddy do this to mommy** and then having **mommy do that to you** (and probably **daddy** as well) creates a **preponderance** of conspicuously **brown** and **squishy *feelings*** in the **affected child** that can take **years** of incredibly expensive **psychotherapy** to effectively **process**.

With this type of **treatment** being **criminally expensive**, most **single income** (or ***less,*** since we are talking about **drunken idiots** here) **households** can **not** cover the **related costs** for even **one affected member** without significantly **cutting into daddy's** (or **mommy's**) **beer fund**.

In the **absence** of **professional help**, affected (and/or ***affective*** at this point) **children** will almost always **help themselves** by **taking out** their **conspicuously brown** and **squishy *feelings*** on **smaller** and/or **younger siblings**. These **younger/smaller siblings** than **usually** go on to do the ***same*** to their **younger/smaller siblings** and/or **pets**.

Too often, **most** to **all** of these unfortunate **little bastards** then frequently **grow up** to be **bigger insufferable bastards** who **continue** to **perpetrate** the **cycle of violence** in their own families, and the **unfortunate legacy** of **domestic violence** is **passed on** to yet another generation.

In this **regrettably apt** metaphor, **England** is the **smallest red headed child** in the family of **Europe** and **collectively** had **massive** amounts of **shitty feelings** after **being whipped on** by **one** (or **more**) of **it's parents** and ***all*** of it's **siblings** for the **last thousand years**. And lets not forget that by this time, **England** has been **run** by ***French* assholes** for the past **hundred plus years** in ways that did ***little*** to **assuage** or **minimize** the growing **collective preponderance** of **shitty feelings** commonly associated with **getting stomped over** and **over** again.

These ***feelings*** were starting to spill over a bit if the **anti-Semitic events** happening in association with **King *Dick's*** coronation are any indication. There was a **shit ton** of **bad blood** inundating **blood island** between all of the different **demographic groups** who previously **showed up**, **stomped the former alphas** and then **got stomped themselves** by even more **pissed off foreign assholes** later. Each one of these groups had ***entirely justified* shitty feelings** that were often **directly attributable** to **other groups still present** (in some sense) on the **island of brotherly love**.

But the **sudden development** of an **external threat** gave these different groups (and the individuals therein) a **compelling pretext** to put **aside their differences** and **unite** and ***go do the same thing to someone else that had been done to them for so long***.

So **King *Richard*** had **l**ittle difficulty raising an army and sailing off to the **Mediterranean** the year after his coronation, first **stomping one *island*** (**Sicily**) then **another** (**Cyprus**), but **harder**.

The **geographically aware reader** will have already noted that **both** of these ***islands*** are much **smaller** than **England**. These **two smaller victories** quickly taught the **English** that the **iron boot kicking them in the balls for the last thousand years** certainly felt **better *on their own collective foot.*** This further **triggered** then **whetted** a taste for ***foreign adventures*** in the **English psyche** that will also be a rapidly developing theme in this overly self-referential narrative.

Unfortunately for **King *Dick,*** this was about the extent of his debatable victories. He spent the next **2 years** in the **Holy Lands pissing off his allies** with his typically ***French*** (and at this point **increasingly English**) **arrogance** that would then **end up *sabotaging*** his **repeated** efforts to **re-take *Jerusalem*** from the **mighty** and **wise *Saladin***, who was the **master** and **commander** of the assembled **Muslim forces**.

The whole time that was going on, ***his*** own brother **John** was conspiring with **King *Philip* II** of ***France*** to **depose *Dick Lionheart***. The increasingly **untenable** situation at **home** and the increasingly **fucked** relationships with **his *former* allies** from **abroad**

both **conspired** to **inspire King *Richard*** to return home after making a **three year truce** with ***Saladin*** that left **Jerusalem** in **Islamic** hands but allowed **Christian pilgrims** and **merchants access** to **Jerusalem**.

This, however, was only the ***beginning*** of a **bad run** for **King *Dick***. When **sailing back to England** to deal with ***his* brother's conspiracies** against ***him***, **foul weather wrecked *his* ship**, forcing him to taking the vastly more dangerous **land route** across **Europe**. The previously mentioned **associated risks** for **land travel** in **Europe** at this time were ***exponentially* multiplied** for ***traveling sovereigns*** far away from home who **may** or **MAY** not have **pissed off** one or ***more* regents** of the **territories** that **might** be traveling through.

First **King *Richard*** was **captured** by the **Duke of *Vienna,*** who ***he*** previously **pissed off** after **throwing** the Duke's **standard** from the **city walls** of a **city** they conquered together in some kind of **diplomatic hissy fit**. Unfortunately for this ***Austrian* duke**, **detaining crusaders** was against **Church law** and he was **excommunicated** for **his efforts** by a sympathetic (to **King *Dick*)** **pope**.

But that did ***not*** actually **free King *Richard***. Since **Vienna** was part of the **Holy Roman Empire**, ***he*** was taken to it's **emperor**, ***Henry* IV**, who was **pissed** at ***Richard*** for being a **Plantagenet** and had a **beef with him** for certain **appointments** that ***Richard*** made in **Sicily** that did **not** work to the advantage of the **Holy Roman Empire**.

Despite the **Church laws forbidding** it, which one of his minions had already been **excommunicated** for, ***Emperor Henry*** (**IV**) **detained *King Richard*** and **demanded a huge ransom** of a **150,000 marks** (from **England**) for his **safe return**.

In modern terms, this is ***(allegedly)* equivalent** to roughly **two billion dollars** and was ***two to three times the annual income*** for the **English crown**, which at the time was more or less the **entire GDP of England**. Even though this **emperor** was also **excommunicated** for **these efforts**, that didn't stop **King *Philip* II** of ***France*** and his **brother John** from making a **counter offer** to **him** of **80,000 marks** to **hold *Dick*** for at least another year. Luckily for ***Richard***, his **mother** was able to **wrassle** up ***his* highness's *bail money.***

But at a **terrible cost**, all over **England everybody** (including the **Church**) was subjected to an immediate **25% executive bail bond tax** above and beyond what they would have owed anyways. ***Foreshadowing the distinctly unamerican practice of*** CIVIL FORFEITURE, ***any* Church** or **individual** that was **known** or ***reported*** to have **large amounts** of **cash money** on hand had ***their premises searched and their shit seized without due process*** and **everybody** was further **subject** to other **taxes** levied beyond these.

Even **worse** for both ***Richard*** and **England**, his **brother John revolted** against him while ***Philip*** (**II**) took advantage of the situation by taking ***Normandy*** for ***France.*** After ***his* mother** paid his ruinous ransom, ***Dick*** spent the next **6 years dicking around in**

Normandy and ***France*** **butting heads** with **King *Philip*** in an ongoing series of **territorial disputes** and **revolts** in previously "secured" **continental holdings**.

It was at one of these **pissant revolts** that ***Richard*** caught a **cross bow bolt** in the **upper left shoulder** just under the **neck.** Which eventually grew **gangrenous** and **killed him dead** somewhere in ***France*** in the **spring of 1199**.

And although **everything** that happened so far in this chapter happened ***before*** **1200**, it is **fully representative** of the various **historical patterns** and **royal tendencies** that **England** would **be subjected to** for the **rest** of that **wretched century**. And especially in the sense of **it's royal rulers**.

Despite his **lingering fame** and **legacy** as a **fierce Crusader for Christ**, **King *Richard*** was a ***massively shitty*** **King** for **England**.

He started off by **pissing away** the **exchequer** (IE **treasury**) ***his*** **father built up** by ***inserting*** **England** into a ***WAR*** that had ***nothing to do with them.*** When off playing **command** and **conquer**, ***he*** **pissed off *his*** would-be **allies,** and that did **little** to ***offset*** **England's reputation** as **provincial backwater** populated by **increasingly arrogant pricks**. Which ***probably*** had a **negative effect** on the kind of ***crusade related trade*** developing that would have helped **refill England's empty coffers**.

THEN after **coming up short** in the **Holy Lands *after*** **pissing** the **whole treasury away**, ***he*** had the **kingly foresight** and **noble wisdom** to get ***his*** person **captured** by a **disgruntled *ally*** that would **require *his*** already impoverished **isle** to **pony up** for ***his*** **dumb ass**. Then ***he*** spent the remainder of ***his*** **short life** on the **continent** playing **capture the castle** with ***his*** **royal cousin King *Philip*** at the **expense of English taxpayers** who were also expected to **pay** for ***his*** **monstrously huge** (and **expensive**) **home castle *he*** finished the year before ***he*** **died** in ***Normandy***.

King *Dick* was also **personally responsible** for beginning a **long** and **honorable** tradition of the **English Army** getting their **asses handed back to them** by the ***French***.

He not only **pissed away England's hard earned money** paying for **armies to** "protect" ***his*** continental holdings ***from the people that actually lived in them***, ***he*** **lost** parts of ***Normandy*** and ***Occitaine*** **to the *French,*** which was a **huge blow** to the **strength** of **England** and the **English Crown**. This would be like **America** losing **Alaska** to the **Russians**, which would be both **terribly embarrassing** and **hugely expensive** to **US** with all of the **lost oil** and **natural gas supplies** and **revenue** from there.

And considering ***he*** only spent a WHOPPING ***six months*** of ***his*** **ten year reign** as the **King of England** actually ***in*** **England**, aside from ***his*** **Holy Land adventures**, ***he*** was just another **typical *French*-English monarch** that was **par for course** during this period of **English history**.

His* brother**, who became **King *John with ***his*** brother's passing, did even **less better** as **England's King**. ***Much* less better**, actually. ***John* commenced his reign** with a **campaign** to **re-take** former "English" holdings in **Western France** that had been **lost to *France* proper**. This **campaign** not only **failed miserably**, but did so **badly** that **England** actually **lost *most*** of the **continental territories** that had been in the **Plantagenet family** going all the way back to **Duke *Rollo*** two hundred some years before.

Even worse for **England**, their **idiot King *John*** spent the **rest** of ***his* reign** trying to **take them back** by ***force*** from a much **larger** and **better organized opponent** with **better logistical support** and **much more experience** with **land *WARfare***. To say that ***he*** was **not** successful in his **tactical tilting at windmills** is being **diplomatic**. In fact ***he*** was not just a **bad leader** but a **petty person** whose **small minded ways** seemed to **rub just about everybody the wrong way**.

Including ***previously* English-friendly *French* nobles** in **disputed territories** formerly held by ***his* brother**. ***John's*** typically **English charm** was so **effusive** that it **directly inspired** most to **all** of these **formerly allied quasi-*French* nobles** to **side** WITH ***France*** against their **former liege lord**. **King *John*** spent the **next decade** trying to **take these areas back by force** and entirely **failing** at it, **pissing away** huge amounts of **English money** and **blood** in the process.

After getting ***his* ass kicked off the mainland for good** in **1214**, **King *John*** came home to a **celebratory rebellion** staged in ***his* honor** by various concerned Barons and other nobles.

Though **rebellion** was t another **long** and **honored English tradition** going back to the ***Romans***, this was just a bit **different** than most to all of the previous ones. Up to this point, in **political terms** the previous **rebellions** on the **island** were essentially ***forced elections contested by arms***.

Contesting groups were each organized around a **central leader** that either ***was*** the **King** or ***would be*** the **King *if*** they actually **won**. Their **political campaigns** were mostly **military** in nature, and the various battles these groups fought were the **conventions**, **primaries** and **royal elections** of **England's royal adhocracy** up to this point. In this **context**, it would not be entirely off the mark to describe these types of **rebellions** as **impeachment proceedings** against an **errant King** being **prosecuted** by a hopeful replacement.

What made the **rebellion** against the **idiot King *John*** different was that it was less about **political process** than it was about **general principle**. Even though there was ***no immediately viable candidate*** thanks to the **royal succession** already being **well secured** by ***John*** having **multiple *legitimate* children**, a group of **25 or so barons** came to the **conclusion** that ***he*** was **such a crappy King** that they decided to **rebel anyways** in **protest** of ***his* royal idiocies** inflicted at home and abroad.

The point of this ***history shifting*** **rebellion** was NOT to simply **replace the King** but to ***more clearly define the limits of royal power*** over the **Church** and ***his*** **subjects**.

With **King *John*** being on the **back foot** at home after ***his*** **decade of foreign adventures**, these **rebel barons** were organized enough to make him **stall for time** while ***he*** got the necessary ducks in a row to **crush his opponents** like **bugs**.

This **stalling for time** also worked to the **advantage** of ***his*** **opponents** who were still trying to get their own ducks lined up dealing with the usual **organizational difficulties** of being a **political movement** with ***no*** clear leader that might replace the **King**.

Luckily for ***both*** **parties**, they **both** opted for the **oldest stalling tactic** in the **book** for **political leaders** planning **military campaigns** that they are **not** ready to commence thanks to **logistical** and/or **organizational concerns**...both opposing parties opted to ***negotiate*** with each other.

The **tactic** (slash ***art)*** of engaging in **ongoing *negotiations*** while the **military commander/political leader** in question uses the ***delayed*** start of **upcoming hostilities** to better **prepare/arrange** his forces for **maximum effect** is a time honored (**English**?) tradition that ***probably*** **pre-dates** the ***Romans*** by **millennia**.

Most of the time, entering into "**peace**" **negotiations** with an **upcoming military opponents** was a **win-win scenario** for **most military leaders**. On **one hand**, while your **diplomats string out the ongoing discussions** with **political minutiae**, the not entirely braindead ***rear echelon motherfucker*** will use that **additional time** to shore up their defenses, move more forces in theater, continue reconnoitering opposing forces, make adjustments to his own disposition of forces while continuing to stage ever more amounts of military materiel at pre-planned engagement sites.

And on the other hand, the other side might just be **serious** about wanting **peace** and **may** actually be ***negotiating*** in **good faith** and not merely as a **stalling tactic**. On the **off chance** this is the case, an **upcoming battle** may be **avoided** if **acceptable terms** can be ***negotiated*** by **both parties**. If the military commander in question has proceeded through these ***negotiations*** **displaying** something **akin** to **sincerity**, **he** (sorry ladies, but statistically speaking most military leaders to date have been overwhelmingly male) **will** have **two viable options** for proceeding **after *negotiations*** have concluded.

The first is ***actually following through on the negotiated settlement.*** This is almost **always** the **wiser** option as **battles** are **expensive** in both **blood** and **treasure**. Being able to **resolve** resource conflicts through **non-violent negotiations** usually means ***better*** access to ***more*** **Strategic Banana Resources** for ALL **contesting groups** ***without*** the usual corresponding **bad blood** and **worse feelings** that tend to go along with **organized violence**. **Not** gratuitously pissing off your **former enemies** is often the **best way** to ***turn them into a lucrative trading partner*** where ***both*** can ***profit*** from

their new **partnership** in a way that would **not** be possible had **one bashed in the other's head** in the previously **avoided** battle.

Between **future profits** and the **avoided expenses** that would have been **incurred** in an **avoidable** battle, ***both* contesting parties** will usually come out ***ahead,*** and **maybe** (slash ***likely)*** even ***more*** than they would have had they **fought** and "**won**" in the previously avoided battle.

UNLESS one or more contesting parties decides to go for the ***other*** option after a ***negotiated* truce** of some kind. Namely, the **ancient English art** of the ***double cross***.

In this **classic English tactic**, the **opponent** is **lulled** into a **false sense of security** with a classically convincing **English** display of **attentive sincerity** for **their stated concerns** and/or **position**. After enough of this ***positive reinforcement,*** the **other side** will eventually **let their guard down** after being **repeatedly assured** that their **concerns** are **totally valid** and that a **mutually beneficial compromise** is possible.

At some point **during** or **after** these proceedings, the **opponent** will probably **relax** and maybe even **turn their back** to the **opposing party**, which OF COURSE is the **best time** to **knock them down**, ***stick the knife in*** and **steal their shit/land**. This **applies** just as much at the **collective level** as it does the individual, where **one side** uses the **usual cease fire** that accompanies **peace talks** to their **advantage** by **attacking** the **opposition** while their **tactical pants** are **down** (for more on this exciting topic look up the **Tet Offensive** and/or **the Nazi Invasion of Russia** on your favorite open source webipedia sometime).

Though the latter option can be more **lucrative** in the **short term** for the **suckerpunching commander** in terms of the **maximized profits** associated with taking **more** of **someone's shit through force**, it was definitely in the sense of the ***penny wise, pound foolish*** sensibilities that have historically **bedeviled** the **English** going back as least as far back as their early attempts to **hire *Anglo-Hessian* mercenary barbarians** to protect the ***Roman Britons*** from the **Celtic**, **Gaelic** and **Pictish barbarians** the ***Romans*** whipped on previously.

Indeed, the **associated costs** of being a reputed serial **double crosser** are ***substantial*** in the long run. Once **one** has a **reputation** of **negotiating** in **bad faith**, ***nobody takes any of their words at face value after that point.***

Even worse, **groups** that have been **double crossed** tend have **long memories** thanks to certain neurological tendencies common to most primate species, and tend to be more than willing to **return** the favor at the earliest opportunity.

Since ***nobody* trusts** the **serial double crosser** enough to do **business** with them, their **long term income** generally starts **going *down*** while the **costs associated** with **protecting themselves** from **disgruntled parties** (who **may** or may not have large amounts of heavily armed and organized pedestrian idiots working on their behalf)

drastically ***increase***. Not only that, it **isn't** exactly unheard of for **disparate disgruntled groups** to **band together** to ***neutralize*** the **serial double cross artist**.

But the **English** still had **yet** to **learn *any*** of these lessons.

With **both** sides of the monarchial debate between **King *John*** and **25 pissed off barons** being composed of **dirty**, **rotten**, **sneaky English idiots too clever by half for their own good**, it should surprise no one that ***both* sides** were ***negotiating*** in ***bad faith*** for the first half of **1215**.

King *John* was using the **time** to further **backstop *his* authority** by taking the **Crusader's Cross**, securing additional **Papal affirmations** of ***his* regal authority** and **hiring** and **training even more** (**foreign**) **mercenaries** to press ***his*** claims **against *his* own subjects**. The **rebel barons** were themselves using the time to further **organize** their own slightly **de-centralized forces**, which was akin to herding so many wayward cats.

It was during these ***bad faith negotiations*** that were a pretext for **both parties** to ***maximize future hostilities*** in their upcoming **Civil *WAR*** (IE **#66** and counting) when an **inherently flawed semantic device** was produced and signed into **LAW** by **both** parties that, ***as fundamentally flawed as it was,*** could be said to be **both** the **birth certificate of England** and one of the **larger historical pebbles** that eventually triggered the present ***avalanche known as America***.

This **document** is usually referred to as the ***Magna Carta***. Consistent with **all** official English documents during this period it was ***not*** actually written in **English**. It's first "**print**" (so to speak) was in **LATIN** and **wasn't** even translated into **vernacular *French*** until **four years** later. In **English** the name translates to "**Great** (and/or **big**) **Charter**".

Ostensibly, the purpose of this charter was to **better define** precisely **what** the **King could** and ***couldn't* do** to **his loyal subjects** when **he** felt they were **getting out of line**. Up to this point, thanks to a tradition of previously issued **divine royal mandates** going back as least as far back as the **Pharaohs of Egypt**, the **King** could pretty much ***do whatever he wanted to whoever he wanted whenever he wanted.***

The **theory** behind this was that with **his divine mandate**, the **king's** "will" was also **divine**, even though ***he was clearly just another dude just like anyone else.***

While their were other salient points to ***it,*** the main **philosophical thrust** of the ***Magna Carta*** was to **formally state** that though the **King** may be **acting** with a **divine mandate**, any **subjects** who **aroused his displeasure** were **entitled** to be **dealt with** through the **existing laws of the land**, as crappy as they might have been at the time.

Though this **might** seem like a conceptual no-brainer for most ***(melanin deficient)*** **Americans**, at the time the idea of **legal *limits*** to **divine mandated political power**

was a **wildly outlandish concept** in ***most*** **European jurisdictions** of the time, and one that **most potentates *weren't*** too **keen** on, for some reason.

In fact the ***Magna Carta,*** as **flawed** as ***it*** **was** in ***it's*** construction and execution, might have been the **first** formal attempt to **define** and **confirm** this idea of "**rights**" in **Europe** since the ***Romans*** tried to **apply** previously worked out **Greek principles** to their **political situation**. And even if it wasn't quite the first, it was definitely **one** of the first attempts to do so in **writing**, even if it was in **archaic *Latin***.

Depending on **who** you ask, "**rights**" are either one of two things. In strict **semantics**, "**rights**" are ***demands*** made by **an aggrieved party** against a **larger adversary** whose **ass is too large** (or **high up**) **to kick**. In ***not*** having the **necessary firepower** to **back up** their **assertions**, the **aggrieved party appeals** to ***various states of being*** that ***they share*** (allegedly) with their **larger adversary**. If this is done **effectively**, the **adversary in question** will begin to ***identify*** with the **plight of the oppressed** and maybe **ease off a bit**. Not entirely dissimilar to **religious gambits** previously discussed in this chapter, doing this **well** usually involves **inducing** some kind of ***guilt trip*** in the **larger** (**oppressing**) **party**, and **allows** the **oppressed** to **re-frame their own demands** as "**rights**" ***acknowledging*** some ***shared state of being*** held ***in common*** with the **larger party**.

OR, "**rights**" actually **ARE universally acknowledged *shared states of being*** that have been **accepted by a majority of people who *aren't* willing to let anyone tell them differently**, ***come hell or high water.***

Which **sense** the **word** "**right**" or "**rights**" is being used in can be easily distinguished by the **associated VERB** acting upon the noun "**rights**" within the sentence it appears. If that **verb** happens to be "**demand**" **or** "**give**", than it is being used in the **former sense**. If that **verb** happens to be "**assert**", than the word "**rights**" is being employed in the **latter sense**.

Though this may **seem** like a **subtle** distinction to some, the **politically aware reader** will **recognize it** as being the **difference** between the **fickle individual freedoms granted by figures of authority** or the **guaranteed freedom of law backed up by a willingness to *shed*** (if not ***spill) blood to ensure they apply to all.***

It was in **that** sense that the ***Magna Carta***, as well meaning as it may have been in some respects, was a ***fundamentally*** **flawed** device. The main import of it was essentially a **request** to **King *John*** to **operate within the laws of the land** when dealing with **wayward subjects**. A **request** that was **in fact** backed up by the **threat of force** with the "**Army of God** (ver **1.0**)" the **rebel barons** had managed to **rally** and **march to London** during these **pretextual negotiations.**

Had these **rebel barons *not*** been ***negotiating*** in **bad faith themselves**, this attempt to **better define the limits of regal power** would have been a **consummate act** of ***naive optimism*** IF they actually expected the **King** to ***negotiate*** such a thing in **good faith**

OR even be **subsequently bound** to whatever **dubious pledges *he*** made **after the fact**.

By making this **request** in conjunction with an ***explicit* threat of force**, the **rebel bishops** played right into the **King's hand**. With the **threat** against ***his* person**, the **King** could make virtually **any public pronouncement *he* wished** without the fear of **backlash** later for **breaking** any **publicly declared pledges**. All ***he*** had to do (**and did**) is **point out** that ***his* prior assurances** were **made under duress** and therefore did **not** reflect ***his*** true will or beliefs then or now.

Which brings **us** to the second way the ***Magna Carta*** was a fundamentally flawed device: ***neither party was actually serious about upholding the agreed upon conditions within it in the spirit they were originally framed***.

It was created as **delaying device** while both sides where using the **multi-month *negotiation*** period as a **pretext** for better arranging their own forces for the **upcoming Civil *WAR.*** It was **at best** a **disingenuous document** so poorly written that virtually **all** of its clauses were eventually ***repealed*** by subsequent **acts** and other **legal instruments**.

The **King** had **no intention** to honor any of ***his*** pledges made in those ***negotiations***, and had few qualms about appending ***his* signature** to any related **device** knowing that ***he*** was just **one letter away** from getting a papal dispensation **releasing *him*** from any public agreements made under duress. Which is exactly what happened after the ***negotiations*** had ended.

The **barons**, knowing that they were dealing with yet another **double refracted *Norman-Anglo* alpha-hole**, fully **expected** that **kingly bastard** (but **not** in a technical sense) to either ***doublecross* them** or simply **go back on his word**, and were **not** disappointed in the least by their King's noble actions.

The **island** soon **erupted** in yet another **Civil *WAR*** when **King *John*** decided to make an **example** out of those **upstart barons**, most of whom had been waiting for the **other shoe to drop** ever since they left **London** with their **Army of God**. That's probably why they contacted **Prince *Louis*** of **France** to **lead them** and maybe get some ***French assitánce*** with their cause. Unfortunately for **King *John***, ***his*** other main **regional rival**, the **King of Scotland** (**Alexander II**), saw an **ideal opportunity** for **extending his own borders southwards** and decided to press the advantage.

With **all of that** going on, it shouldn't be too surprising that **King *John*** soon found himself on the **wrong side** of a **three front *WAR*** with **domestic elements at home**, **the *French* coming up from the South** and the **Scots pressing down from the North**. And despite ***his*** other **personal failings** (and/or plethora of opportunities for personal development), **King *John*** did **not** actually make ***his*** usual hash of things.

He managed to keep **two** of his opponents **boxed in** but was **unable** to prevent the ***French*** from **landing in force** in the early summer of **1216**, which was when things started to **unravel** for ***him***. The **arrival** of the ***French*** **spooked** ***his*** continuing supporters with a dubious sense of loyalty to ***him***, and many of them **bolted**, including many of ***historically*** **noble allies**, including ***his*** **half brother**.

While ***he*** was **maneuvering** for **both time** and **space** during the **fall of 1216**, **King** ***John*** contracted **dysentery** and **died** in October of that year. By that time, the ongoing **Civil** ***WAR*** had already **developed its own momentum** and the **rebel Barons** and **royalist supporters** continued fighting into the next year. With the **death** of **King** ***John,*** many of the original reasons for the dispute died with him.

And the same can be said for the ***Magna Carta.*** **England's** new king, ***Henry*** **the Third** was a **nine year old boy** still well in his **minority**, which **alleviated** some of the **noble fears** regarding **monarchial whimsy** when dealing with **wayward subjects**.

Unfortunately, many of these potentially **recalcitrant barons** were further **pissed off** when a newly edited ***Magna Carta*** was issued in **1217** that **toned down** much of the suggested restraints on **Papal** and **Regal power**. The fighting continued until the **uneasy alliance** between ***French*** **nobles** and **native barons** broke down in the **rebel alliance** right before a successful **English Navy** operation which **prevented** the ***French*** from **re-supplying their forces** while **dispersing the** ***French*** **Navy** and **capturing their flag boat**.

The ***Great Charter*** would eventually be **re-edited** and **re-issued** in **1225** with even more **toned down** language regarding **what** the **King could** and could ***not*** do with (or ***to)*** his subjects. As **noble** a gesture as this instrument was, there is **nothing** in the historical record that ***any*** **English** monarch really **gave a flying fuck** what it said until **the 17th century or so**, and then only after **suffering** yet another **Civil** ***WAR*** that resulted in one **King's death** and **another** being **chased off** the **island** for good.

But ***as deeply flawed a device it may be***, and **even** if was only created as a pretext during preparations for more ***WAR,*** the importance of the ***Magna Carta*** can ***not*** be overstated. In being an **early attempt** to **curtail** ***widely held assumptions*** about the **nature and scope of Regal Power**, to **expect** anyone to get it **right** the **first** time, or even the **second** (or ***third)*** is probably **not** very reasonable.

What is **interesting** about all of this is the **qualities** that **England** ***shares*** with the other **Enlightened Empires** of the ***Greeks*** then ***Romans,*** and **how** these **shared qualities** play into any sense of "**rights**" actually **existing** in the first place.

The astute reader will have already noted for themselves a familiar **Westward trajectory** in the **development** of "**rights**" as a **culturally accepted concept**, and **not** without reason.

In **each** of these cases, the **idea** that a **person** (or group thereof) has a "**right**" to anything only **developed** in these **cultures** AFTER their founding members had gotten their **asses kicked *from*** more centrally located positions **East** and **South**.

Though the **idea** of **guaranteeing** culturally defined "**rights**" was a primary social factor in the subsequent **successes** of **these** (and **other cultures**), the **early widespread acceptance** of these **principles** in these **Enlightened Empires** was ***fully predicated*** on having **their collective ass kicked so hard** that they ***ran away*** to somewhere where those **fuckers *couldn't get to them***.

Which highlights another little **quirk** of ***speech afflicted upper primate* psychology**:

> *It is usually while licking one's own wounds that most people become sensitive to the wounds of others. This principle applies to the collective body politic as much as it does the individual.*

The other **unfortunate** (and **sadly ironic**) **trait** that these **En(g)lightened Empires share** is how ***readily*** they **assert** their own "**rights**" at the **smallest provocation** but are generally ***unwilling*** to **acknowledge *similar assertions*** by other groups they **may** or **MAY** not be **oppressing**.

But **more** on that fascinating subject later, for now it's safe to say that the rest of the **1200's** in **England** mostly passed **without** further incident.

MINUS, of course, continuing **Scottish** and **Welsh insurrections**, another **pair** of **baronial rebellions**, **continuing mis-adventures** in ***France*** that were **incredibly expensive**, the continuing **subjugation** of **Ireland** and the **royal expulsion** of **Jews from England**.

Oh, and let's **not** forget a **slightly cooling climate** that likely **contributed** to an **English population explosion** which ***might*** have a played a **small role** in **England** facing a **new century** of...

Chapter 8

Fear, Fire, Famine and ***Plague...***

Portrait of a Young Country in the midst of a

Climate Shift

Who says **1ºC** doesn't make a difference?

Welcome to Merry Olde England

The 1300's...

*Little did anyone know at the time, but for the previous **300** years (or so) **Europe** (and most of the rest of the world) had been in the midst of a **climatic warm spell** that made things just a bit **easier** for everybody. **Crops** tended to **thrive** and **winters** during this time were a **bit shorter** and **not** quite as brutal as they could have been, which resulted a precipitous **drop** in **infant** and **child mortality rates**.*

*Those populations **not** caught up in the ongoing attempts of concerned monarchs trying to expand their borders at the expense of their neighbors tended to **explode** thanks to a **soaring life expectancy rate**, which reached as high as **35 years old** in some places.*

*This was especially true in **England**, where this **climatic trend** was happening on an increasingly civilized island where it's inhabitants had to worry about foreign invasions **less** than they did about **escalating vindictiveness** of **it's own leaders**.*

*The associated organized violence of these concerned individuals after **Billy the Bastard** shifted from **wholesale slaughter of entire populations** to the **targeted slaughter** of **individuals** in **affected populations** as a **clear warning** to the **rest** to **get with the program** or **DIE**.*

*Excepting, **of course**, the periodic **regional uprisings** against the **colonial Anglo-Norman oppressors**. In those cases, **regal reprisals** could be **severe** and **widespread**. Yet those tended to be the **exception** and not the rule, and **not** having large amounts of the population getting slaughtered on a regular basis by foreign assholes did **not** much help with the **population explosion** problem.*

*Unfortunately for **England** and the rest of **Europe**, the ongoing development of **farming techniques** and **technology** had been mainly focussed on increasing crop yields **without** a concurring focus on increasing **agricultural sustainability**. Recent improvements in plow technology dramatically **increased production** and **farmers** were able to get more out of their fields, but they **didn't** realize that the more a field puts out,*

the longer it needs to lie fallow if you aren't planning on fertilizing the shit out of it in the off season.

*Since this **climatic trend** was much longer than most people's lifetimes in happening over the course of **three centuries**, the **later** and **last** generations born during this **warming cycle** had **no idea** and **little cause** to **assume** that things could fundamentally **change** for the **worse** in their own lifetimes.*

*The exploding numbers of peasants continued to stagger through their lives under the grueling weight of their unending labors while the immutable laws of supply and demand diminished their pitiful compensations further. The aristocratic gentry of **England** ratcheted up their local shin kicking competition further thanks to the recent losses of England's continental holdings where much of the aristocracy's previous hereditary or commercial interests were now owned by the **French**. With their **newly impoverished status**, a great deal of these **affected individuals** became even more **savage** in the assertions of their **aristocratic nobility**.*

*Meanwhile, at the top of the food chain, the **Kings** of **Europe**, **England**, and **Scotland** continued playing their **territorial musical chairs**, intermittently aligning with each other and fighting with each other as their own interests and royal arrogance dictated.*

*Periodically, these rulers would butt heads with the **Pope** over doctrinal concerns related to the supremacy of their divinely mandated political authority in their own lands relative to that of the **Church**, which by now had **multiple monastic military orders** to choose from to better organize military reprisals against the prideful goats in their flock of royal Christian Kings.*

*All the while, **everyone** involved was entirely **oblivious** to the **dark** and **dire** times about to **fall** on **England** and **Europe** like an **800 megaton ice gorilla** from the **other side of the sky...***

The **1200**'s ended and the **1300**'s began with a few significant events that presaged the upcoming century being a real pain in the ass for any who had the misfortune to live in it.

In **England**, the previous century ended with yet another of London's periodic **FIRE DRILLS** where some to most to all of it **burns down**. This did little to minimize any of the associated **millennial madness** of the time, which may have been further aggravated by the association of the number 13 with bad luck and unfortunate events. Which may not have been widely held to be the case **before** that unfortunate century but it certainly was afterwords, and perhaps **not** without reason.

Aside from that, it was pretty much business as usual in **England** during the end of the 13th century and the beginning of the 14th. ***Edward* the First** (the late ***Henry* III's** son) spent most of the **two decades** on either side of **1300** whipping the **Welsh** into submission, trying to do the same to the **Scots** under the pretext of ***suzeranity***, and, OF COURSE, **pissing away** huge amounts of **money** pressing Royal territorial claims in

regards to tactically indefensible **English** continental holdings that would **continue** to be held by the ***French***.

In ***his*** tactical tilting at these territorial windmills, ***Edward Longshanks*** not only **pissed off** his nominal liege lord, **the King of *France*** (of whom **England** was still a vassal state of), ***his*** actions were viewed as needlessly volatile and possibly the opening front of a wider European ***WAR*** by other concerned heads of **Europe** and the **Vatican**.

Luckily for all, these fears were averted when ***Edward*** ran out of money after local church leaders and concerned nobility made it pretty clear they were **broke** after all the previous taxes levied for his previous foreign adventures, so he made a peace with ***France*** in **1299** after **forfeiting** some of his inherited claims to ***Gascony*** (which was what their last ***WAR*** was about), further **diminishing England's** dwindling continental holdings.

Edward the First came back to a lot of **griping** at home and **civil unrest** in the **North** and **West Countries** of **Scotland** and **Wales**. ***He*** spent a good deal of the rest of atypically long life and rule continuing to whip on the **Welsh** and **Scots**, and eventually making peace with the latter in an attempt to **punk** the **King of *France***, now ***Philip* the Fourth**. Who had previously entered into a not-so-secret **mutual support agreement** with a former King of ***Scotland*** to help keep the **English** boxed in during their next ***WAR***.

Of course, the ***Scotch-Anglo* peace** went to **shit** after ***Robert the Bruce*** (of **Scotland**) **murdered** his main local political rival, declared himself **King of Scotland** and formally re-asserted the **independence** of **Scotland** just a **wee bit** before ***Edward*** would **kick the bucket** thanks to that darn **dysentery**. With all of that happening **after** a previously ***negotiated*** alliance, this was just as **flagrant** a ***doublecross*** as the one committed by ***France*** two decades earlier which inspired ***Edward*** to go south and tilt at ***French*** windmills in the first place.

That particular incident was essentially a territorial swap that **King *Philip the Fair*** (of ***France***) had **planned** to **renege** on at the beginning of related ***negotiations***. As it turns out, this would **not** be the last time **King *Philip* the Fourth** (still of ***France***) ***doublecrossed*** a former ally and subject in his long and illustrious rule.

Not hardly. Remember the **Jews** and the **Knights Templar** from the last chapter?

King *Philip* borrowed heavily from both groups to **finance** his ongoing ***WARS*** with the **English** and the ***Flemish***. Once ***he*** milked both groups for what ***he*** thought ***he*** could get out of them, ***he* expelled** the **Jews** and **confiscated their shit** while **taking over** their **lucrative money lending business** prior to staging a **violent coupe d'tat** against the **Knight Templars** on the basis of **dubious testimonies** by **disgruntled Knights** previously drummed out of the service for **conduct unbecoming** and/or **unsavory** practices.

King *Philip* the *Prick*...oops, sorry...**Fourth**, didn't just **banish** the **Knights Templar**, he had the entire ***French franchise*** of this **ecumenical economic enterprise** bodily **seized** just before dawn on **Friday the 13, October 1307**. **Most** to **all** of these **arrested members** were first **interrogated** using **torture**, then were **publicly executed** in a variety of different ways as a **clear** and **unambiguous message** as to **who** really wears the **big boy pants in *France*.**

Thanks to the popularity and success of **Knights Templar**, there had been **some confusion** about that in the **Vatican**. Being the primary earthly instrument of Divine Will and having **multiple standing armies** led some of those in the **Church** to **officially opine** that **Religious Authority trumped Political Authority**.

This meant that the **Church** naturally had not only the "**right**", but the ***obligation*** to **correct** the **oversights** and **omissions** of the **rulers of Christian lands** in their interpretations of Divine Will that was administered through their "divinely mandate**d**" rule. If these **corrections** required **mass amounts** of ***religiously inspired*** heavily armed and relatively organized **pedestrian idiots** and **equestrian assholes**, then so be it.

Since these **Kings** were ostensibly **divinely mandated** individuals themselves, **most** were a little **put off** by the suggestion that either their **understanding** or **application** of Divine Will was anything other than **perfect**. And **none** more so then the ***most Christian King of France.*** After **borrowing** heavily from the **Templars** while making **alliances** with their **enemies** and **rivals** in the **Vatican** and other **monastic military orders**, ***Philip*** began his own **secret inquisition** gathering **dubious evidence** and **testimony** regarding the **Knights Templar** where the ***historical trifecta of pejorative themes*** figured heavily.

IE **satanism**, **infanticide** and **buttsex**.

After collecting an **overwhelming** amount of **dubious** "evidence", not a little of which was **gained** through **torture**, thanks to his **allies** in the **Church**, ***Philip*** was able to push through a **pro-forma trial** that the **Pope** had to sign off on, lest he be accused of being **soft on sodomy** and/or **satanism** by **rivals** within the **Church**. After **backdooring** the **Vatican** into signing off on the **dissolution** of their own highly successful military order, ***he*** further spearheaded a **Europe-wide *witch hunt*** against the **Knights Templar** that resulted in the few knights **not** caught up in the pogrom going **underground** and **fleeing** to **remote places**, like **Scotland** for instance.

What the **Pope** and the **Vatican** did **not** seem to realize was that by signing off on the **dissolution** of the **Knights Templar**, they were playing right into **King *Philip's*** hand on multiple levels, the main two being **economic** and **political**.

The **economic benefits** to the **King of *France*** and ***France*** itself were **immediate** and **immense**. In one fell swoop, ***Philip* eliminated *his*** single largest **creditor** which **cancelled out** any **prodigious debts** owed to the former (de facto) **first bank of**

Europe and **seized** the Templar's substantial ***French*** holdings which were subsequently **held** or **liquidated** at the **Crown's** pleasure.

But these immediate **benefits** paled in comparison to the **political benefits** reaped by ***Philip's*** power grab. Having successfully demonstrated a proven ability to **dictate terms** to the **Vatican** not only **increased *his* prestige** among ***his* royal peers** sitting in the **thrones** of the various **concerned allies** and **enemies** surrounding his country, it also made it **crystal clear** to the ***French*** members of the **Church hierarchy** that despite whatever loyalty they owed to the **Pope**, their **first duty** was to their **divinely mandated king** and that they had better **enact *his*** pointed "suggestions" early and often if they wanted to keep the **skin on their backs**.

By continuing to micro-manage the appointment process within the ***French* Church**, **King *Philip*** was able to **co-opt** then **neutralize *his*** single biggest potential **domestic** political rival in ***France***. With the long working relationship that ***France*** and the **Vatican** had going back to ***Clovis*** way back when, ***Philip's*** successful **co-opting** of the ***French* Church** opened up new opportunities for one of the **political tails** of the **Church** to once again start **wagging the dog of the Vatican**.

Considering what happened to the **Knights Templar**, the **Jews** who were **expelled** the year before should have considered themselves **lucky**. But few of them did at the time, and especially those **expatriated English Jews** who settled in ***France*** after being **expelled** by **King *Edward*** during the end of the **1200's**. Of course, with **King *Philip*** being a typically ***French* double-refracted aristocratic asshole**, ***he* expelled** the **Jews** only **after** milking them for every ***franc*** he could get **legally** before declaring their presence in ***his*** lands **illegal**.

Unfortunately for the **Jews**, the ***French* assholestocracy** and **proletariat** were more than just a bit open to various **anti-Semitic messages** coming from the **King** and **Church** that resulted in their expulsion. Some of this was probably due to **long held historical biases** of various degrees of (**in**)**accuracy**, but more of that probably had to do with the simple fact that **many** of these **credulous *French* idiots *owed*** the members of their local synagogues significant amounts of **cash money**.

Thanks to their religion**, Jews** all over **Christendom** found themselves **strategically placed** in their respective societies to take over the rapidly growing **money lending sector**. **Religion** played a big part in this because **Christians** were **forbidden** by the **Vatican** from **lending money** to other **Christians** with ***interest***, which was then referred to as ***usury***.

In **not** being able to charge ***interest,*** **Christians** were **not** able to make any money off of any money **tied up** in **medium** to **high risk loans** to independent merchants and craftsmen, ambitious aristocrats assembling armies to better improve their status, and (not least of which) **blatantly duplicitous Kings** who clearly had **no intention to pay anyone back** since by their reckoning both their subjects and their money were their own royal property.

Jews, in not being **Christians**, were naturally **exempt** from their rules on ***usury***. Hence their historical tradition of being **money lenders** and **changers** that went at least as far back as **everybody's favorite rabbi**.

The **funny thing** about **Jews** is that for all the historically negative associations attributed to them, they were, ***for the most part,*** **fair minded business people** who tended to **honor** both the **letter** and **intent** of any contracts they entered into. **Jewish money lenders** tended to **lend** at **reasonable interest rates** that would ***shame*** **most modern day credit card companies** and **day lending institutions**, and were generally willing to accommodate most regular payment plans, even if those payments were fairly low.

Unfortunately, their **monetary successes** made them an even **better target** than previously since they were now a **long maligned minority group** that was **rumored** to have **large amounts of cash money** but were **NOT** widely reputed to be in the habit of **organizing large amounts of heavily armed** and **organized idiots** to go thump people on their behalf. Well, outside of ***Judea,*** anyways.

Or in other words, they were the **perfect target** for **rapacious royals** who needed a **quick capital injection** to continue their own **territorial disputes**.

So, **out** with the **Jews** and **Knights Templar** in both ***France*** and **England**. Those that stayed went underground and kept their metaphysical sensibilities to themselves.

Even though the upcoming **famines** and **plagues of *1300's* England** are obviously rooted in **ecological changes** brought about by a (**slight**) **climate shift**, there **does** appear to be a **distinct** historical pattern of relatively **bad shit** happening to those nations and countries not too long (**historically speaking**) ***after*** kicking out the **Jews**.

Unfortunately, whether or not this is more a matter of correlation than causation is regrettably **not** within the intended kill range of this device. What is **not** arguable is that within **26** and **8 years** (respectively) of their **Jewish Expulsions**, both **England** and ***France*** both **succumbed** to one of the worst **famines** in the (**Western**) historical record.

Northern Europe had started a **gradual cooling trend** around **1250**(ish) that started **picking up steam** in the beginning of the **1300's**. This assertion is backed up by both anecdotal evidence from the historical record and botanical evidence derived from tree ring analysis of trees that were alive during that time.

Unfortunately for **England** (and ***France*** as well), this gradually increasing **cooling trend** happened in **conjunction** with the **final phase** of a **two hundred year population explosion** that had **also** been gaining momentum the longer it went on.

These two unfavorable historical trends were the **rock** and the **hard place** that both **England** and ***France*** found themselves between during the **especially crappy** year of

1315. After roughly **60 plus** years of **increasingly intense winters**, the **winter of 1314** was a **long one** that was followed by a **short**, **wet** and **cold spring** AND **summer**. So **wet** and **cold** that **many** of the **crops** that **didn't** succumb to root rot eventually **failed** anyways thanks to the paired agricultural challenges of **inclement weather** and ***depleted soil.***

Crop failures were ***endemic*** all over **Northern Europe** and especially in **England**, **Scotland** and ***France.*** **Food prices escalated precipitously**, first **doubling** in the summer, then ***doubling again*** in the **fall** when the **true horrors** of the **failed harvest** were **revealed** in the **pitiful** harvest yields.

Exacerbating this perilous situation is the related issue of **salt production**, which **dropped alarmingly** that year due to the **same fucking weather issues**. Most of the **salt** in **England** and ***France*** was **produced** through a **proprietary process** usually referred to by most **idiots**...oh, pardon me, "laypersons" as ***evaporation.*** Meaning that those **coastal regions** in those **countries** that were associated with **salt production** would do it by creating **artificial** and **shallow lagoons** of **ocean water** and let them **dry out** in the typically hot (or in the case of **England** ***passably warm)*** **summer sun**. What would be **left** in the **former lagoon** was a layer of **sea salt** not unlike the layer of **filmy scum** left in the **bathtub** after a much needed bath. The ongoing **cold** and **wet weather** dramatically ***slowed down*** the **evaporation process**, resulting in a **sharp drop** in **salt production** which dramatically **increased** its price while similarly **reducing** it's availability.

This was not an issue of **critical importance** because of the **vast** and **crippling culinary implications** of a **widespread salt shortage**, although it would probably be fair to say that whatever half (or **more**) **rotted** food that could be found in those trying times was even **less tasty** than it would have had there been a **little salt** to add to their **bountiful harvest**. The reason this was such a massively **critical** issue is because **salt** figures **heavily** in most methods of ***preserving*** most kinds of food, and especially **meat**, which was especially **winter friendly** thanks to it's **high protein** and **fat content**.

No salt in the summer meant ***no meat in the winter***, aside from whatever **livestock** or **game** was **put down** and **butchered** during that time. But even that was an issue in the **winter** because if it was cold enough, the **meat** would **freeze** before it was **properly cured** which meant that it took **even longer to cook**, which **further** required **increased firewood** or **coal** to do so properly. And **those** had already been getting **harder to acquire** over the previous years thanks to all the **additional scroungers** that come with an **pan-island population explosion**.

In the **fall** and **winter** of **1315**, things in **England** went from **perilous** to **dire** to **calamitous** in relatively short order. **Food**, **firewood** and **coal** quickly went from being **prohibitively expensive** to simply being **unobtainable** by means other than the ***standard maladjusted primate response*** to acquiring **food** in an **unforgiving habitat;** find **someone else** who has **food**, **bash** their **head** in, and **take** their **bananas** (or their period geographic equivalent).

Unsurprisingly, the relatively sudden **scarcity of food** in **England** (and ***France***) was **accompanied** by a rather **large spike** in **violent crime** on the **island of brotherly love**. **Robberies**, **burglaries**, **assaults** and **MURDERS** all climbed quickly to **Viking Era** and early **Norman rule** levels, then likely **surpassed** them in multiple ways.

Whatever passing level of **social cohesion** that **England's inhabitants** had managed to **settle into** over the previous **250+ years** of **Anglo-Norman rule** AGAIN came apart like a **wood barn** caught in a **tornado**. The **starving** started as soon as **Christmas** in some places during that **unfortunate winter**, but quickly **spread** to the rest of the **isle inhospitable** in short order. **Fear**, **frostbite** and **mortal hunger** stalked it's **green and pleasant** shores with an **implacable impunity** that easily surpassed the worst **excesses** of any of **England's former colonizers**.

The present author remembers reading something, somewhere by someone who he can not for the life of him not remember presently to the effect that "**it only takes a single generation for a civilization to revert to savagery**". **IF** this is indeed a **real quote**, if what happened in **Famine England** is any indication, then that (**alleged**) quote is **correct** in it's sentiment but ***naively optimistic in it's suggested timeline,*** unless the author meant the word "**generation**" in the sense of **june bugs** or **may flies**.

In **England**, it only took about a **month** (or less) for the **starving natives** to turn their **green** and **pleasant** lands back into the **island of Thud**. When they **ran out of food**, they started **butchering their work animals** down to the last **donkey**. Then after eating **all** of them, they started **slaughtering their pets** and **eating them** as well. As there **isn't** all that much meat on most **dogs** and **cats**, those **critical banana reserves** were extremely **limited** in **supply**.

And when those **quickly ran out**, well, **you know where this is going**. The OTHER ***other*** "white" **meat** (as **England** at this time was **not** reported to have **much** in the way of recent **African immigrants** at this point): ***long pig.*** Which became remarkably **popular** in a short amount of time.

If you are **not** currently familiar with the term ***long pig*** due to your **provincial lack** of **alimentary acumen**, that's probably because you know it by it's lowly common name... ***human flesh.***

IE other **people**, and/or **babies** or **small children**. Because apparently the ***veal principle*** applies just the same to **people** as it does **poor**, **defenseless**, **little baby cows** being **bottle fed milk** for **two months** (or **less**) and then **shot in the head** with a **pneumatic air gun** before being turned into **deli meat**.

Without going into a **needless** level of detail, things got so bad in **England**, **Scotland** ***France*** and parts of ***Germany*** and ***Scandinavia*** (presumably) that **people** started **eating *each other*** when they **ran out of pets**. To the (**wide**) extent this may have happened, **much** of the time (**presumably** and/or **hopefully**) this was an **act of**

necessity by **survivors** who were only **taking advantage** of the **regrettable opportunity** of **living longer** than **someone** in relatively **close proximity** to them.

But **much** is ***not*** quite the same as **most**. **Much** of the ***rest of the time*** this happened, it was a matter of **created opportunities** facilitated by **highly motivated individuals** trying to make the **best** of a **bad situation**. **Best for them** anyways.

With **most** to **all** of these individuals having the **usual primate biases** regarding a distinct **preference** for **easy targets** of **smaller stature**, many (to **most**) of the ***victims*** of these **pedophagic perpetrators** would be described as **minors**, **toddlers** and/or **infants** in most **modern day jurisdictions** and/or **daycare centers**.

Hence the old **fairy tale** of **Hansel** and **Gretel**, which originated not too long after the **current Famine** under discussion. While it **might** be comforting to assume it's a "fictional" old wive's tale, it is actually probably **fairly typical** over what was happening deep in the forests of greater ***Germany*** at the time.

Ironically enough, *Germany* wasn't the only place during this time that had rather large forests chock full of **half crazed** and **starving Anglo-Saxon cannibals**, so your guess is as good as the present author's about the "true" geographic origin of that "story".

Though the **Famine of 1315** happened all over **Northern Europe**, ***nowhere*** was it's associated **deprivations** and **depredations** more **keenly** felt than on **England**. On the **mainland**, the **victims** of this **horrible Famine** at least had the **illusion** of being able to **run**, **walk** or **crawl** to **somewhere** where **someone** might actually have some **food**.

Not so on **England**, where the **entire island** was **more** or less FUCKED. Everywhere anybody went on the **island inhospitable** the story was the same; **no food** and even worse, **no *BEER*** since there **wasn't** enough grain on the island to bake bread. This was **doubly bad** since the **natives** now had **more sorrows than ever to drown** in a **pint** or **ten**, and were forced to **stoop** to the **ignominy** of **drinking** whatever **semi-potable water** (or ***less)*** they could find, most likely from **open creeks**, **streams** and **rivers** where the **water** was running too fast to fully freeze.

This itself was intensely **problematic**, and not just because of the **associated DT's** faced by a **newly dry population deprived of their daily pint(s)**. **England** still had yet to figure out a good way of dealing with the **first biggest problem** faced by **organized primate collectives** (**domesticated** or **not**). Up until this point, by and large the **island's inhabitants** had a pretty good **handle** of the **second pressing question** faced by all **primate collectives**.

Namely; "**How the hell are we going to feed all these fuckers**? Much less their **prodigious** amounts of **progeny?**"

The sophisticated barnyard observer will have already correctly deduced the

third pressing question faced by **primate collectives**, mostly because of how it **directly relates** to the second...

"**And what the fuck do we do with all of their *shit?***"

Back during our **salad days** up in the **happy green trees**, this was **less** of a pressing issue mostly because of ***shit's noted tendency to travel in a downward direction*** when left to it's own devices. As long as your **simian self** managed to **not** shit directly on a **high traffic limb** or other kind of **arboreal arterial lane**, and ALSO managed to **refrain** from **evacuating upon your betters lower down the same tree**, anywhere else was **fair game**. Mostly because ***shit*** would end up on the **ground** anywhere from **20** to **100** (or more) **feet *below*** the preferred **arboreal primate altitude**.

But this **quickly changed** when our **loser ancestors** got **chased out of the trees** and **into the grass**. At some point some **super genius half-wit half-breed** noticed that many of the **big cat attacks** where coming from ***behind*** while they were **on the move**.

This **half neanderthal** and **two thirds chimpanzee brainiac** had previously noticed how other **big cats** tend to **stalk their game** using some combination of **sight**, **sound** and ***smell.*** This **enlightened individual** had also noticed how some **smaller animals** made a **sincere effort** to either **cover up** or **bury** their **shit** or otherwise **shit** in **hard to reach** areas. In making the most of their **rapidly developing neo-cortex** (which **may** or **may** not itself have been **catalyzed** and/or **influenced** by the periodic ingestion of certain conspicuously **red** and **white fungi**, on occasion) **he** (or **she**) was able to hold these **three thoughts** in their **mind** at the same time and **connect them** in a way that implied the **likely** supposition that ***perhaps*** **burying** or **hiding** their **shit** would make it **harder** for their **predators** to **stalk them** through the **tall grasses**.

Though our newly discovered ability of being able to **think abstractly** about the **implied associations** of ***shit*** is presently one of "**civilized**" **Man's** (and **woman's**) ***biggest threat*** to **his/herself**, back then it was a real **conceptual leap** and **definitive evolutionary milestone** in the **monkey mentations** of **mankind**.

But the **avoidance approach** of **hiding one's *shit*** only works for individuals or groups ***on the move***. Once they **stop**, ***shit*** has a remarkably annoying tendency to ***accumulate rapidly***. As these **sedentary cultures** evolved into **civilizations** NOT conspicuously named **Nubia**, they did find a variety of **applications** for **human *shit,*** and **some *cultures*** made **better use** of ***it*** than others.

These, **unfortunately**, tended to be the exception and not the rule thanks to a growing amount of ***anti-shit bias*** in the **increasingly abstracted individuals** populating the civilized cities. With **most** to **damn near all** of these **cities**, **towns**, and **villages** being **strategically located** near some kind of **open** or **running water**, the most ***common*** approach to **waste disposal** was to **toss** their **shit *into*** the **nearest alley**, **creek**, **stream**, **river**, **lake**, **sea** or **ocean**, but preferably **downstream** of where they **collected** their **drinking water**.

Since we are still talking about **primates** here, the ever present "**out of sight**, **out of mind**" principle applies, so there wasn't **much fretting** about those **poor sods downstream** who depended on the **exact same water source** for both their **potable water** and **solid waste disposal**. And **so on**, and **so on** until that **shitty stream** or **river** empties into **open water** and **mucks that up** a bit, or ***more*** depending on how large it is.

This practice of **dumping raw sewage *into*** the **drinking water supply** was ***slightly problematic*** in least three ways. The first is that **fish are designed to swim in water**, but not ***shit***. Adding copious amounts of ***shit*** to their **habitat** is a **real buzz kill** for them. It starts **fucking with the food chain right at the very bottom**, tending to **kill off** the **microflora** that **thrives in water** and replaces them with the plethora of **wee critters in our dung**. Pretty soon the **algaevorous predators go hungry**, and when those **little fish start dying off** the **big** and **bigger fish** that **humans like to eat** start **going** as well. And that's ***without* progressive overfishing** by a **rapidly expanding population**.

The second ***public hygiene*** concern is more **immediate** in that relates to those ***who drink the same water downstream of a municipal waste disposal site*** WITHOUT **boiling** the ***shit*** out of the **water** first.

Many of those **wee creatures** in our **poop** are best kept **out** of our **upper intestinal tracts**. **Boiling** those little bastards **kills** most to all of them **dead.** Drinking **unboiled water** results in enough of **them** accumulating in your **gut** to establish a **beach head** and start **assaulting your immune system** in a variety of ways, which if **left untreated** can **result** in you ***puking*** and/or ***shitting yourself to death***.

Even if that **doesn't** happen, the **standard domesticated primate physiology** can be **sorely taxed** when fighting off **food poisoning**, **dysentary, cholera, E. Coli, botulism, Campylobacteriosis, POLIO, Hepatitis, Gastroenteritis, SARS, Echinicoccosis, Ascariasas, Amoebiasis, Cryptosporidosis, Cyclosporiasis,** and/or **Giardiasis*, or some combination thereof***, even when **not** otherwise **starving to death**.

The third ***solid waste disposal*** issue isn't so immediate but can have similar long term effects. Whatever **related watersheds** and/or **aquifers fed by** any overly **beshitted bodies of water** can themselves become **contaminated** thanks to the long noted **aquatic property** of ***osmosis***. So whatever **outlying wells** in the **surrounding countryside** will eventually become FRACKING **contaminated** as well.

This had already been an issue in **England** since the ***Romans,*** who (**wisely**) **preferred** their **lead sweetened wine** imported from **points south** over the **local vintage** of **artesian water**. Since grapes don't grow in **England** very well, the **locals** eventually went on to **adopt** the ***German approach to water purification****:* make ***BEER*** out of it. Which ***is*** a **highly effective purification method** that involves multiple rounds of **boiling** at various stages of the process, sometimes for an **hour or more** at a time.

Between that and whatever additional **anti-microbial/bacterial spices** and **herbs** that are added to the wort, the resulting **swill** was relatively **critter free**.

But there wasn't nearly enough **grain** on the **island** for **bread**, much less ***BEER*** the **winter of 1315**. Even worse, the food and/or ***BEER*** **budgets** for most **median level income households** had been **sorely taxed** by **exponentially increasing food prices** and could **not** afford what little ***BEER*** might have been able to be had.

Beyond that, the same held **true** for **firewood** and **coal**. It was **too goddamned cold** and **wet** to **dry out** their **own shit** or **sheep shit** to **burn** either for **warmth**. Moreover, had the **former** been a **viable** yet **dubious** option, ***bloody diarrhea*** **doesn't** tend to be very **flammable**, even if it burns a bit on the way out. All of these in play **added** significant difficulties to the **seemingly** simple precautionary practice of **boiling one's own water** before drinking.

Considering the **standard primate approach** to **solid waste disposal** had already been an issue on the **island** for at least a **thousand years**, the ongoing **population explosion** over the previous **three hundred years** did **jack shit** to **minimize** the amount of ***shit*** in most **local water supplies.**

With presumably widespread shortages of ***BEER*** (and **firewood**), increasing amounts of **England's population** were forced by circumstances to **drink** their locally **beshitted water *without*** first **boiling it** properly. Doing this while in the process of **starving to death** is generally **not** a good idea when the **immune system** and **body** is already **weak** from **malnutrition**. Under such circumstances, even just getting a **touch of diarrhea** can be the **drip**...NO, wait...**tripping point** for the kind of **immune system stumbles** that can rapidly result in someone **kicking the bucket**, ***hard.*** Getting something like **E. coli**, **cholera** or the **English King-Killer *dysentery*** after **not eating for week or two** is just the kind of thing that would **kill** most people ***dead,*** which is exactly what happened in late **1315**.

Huge swaths of the population upped and died that winter. The **rest** barely survived and most were **closer to death** than **life** by the **end of it**. The cold Winter months passed by in a **frozen blur** of **diarrhea spray** and **mortal hunger** for **most**, oscillating between **blistering fevers** and **chattering bones** and **gnawing on the leather of their shoes while staring at their loved ones with avaricious eyes**.

Unless we are taking about those who were sitting pretty that **winter**, living off of **baby broth** and **stuffed seven year olds**. But the **less** said of them, the **better**. Except to say that **anybody** who made it to the spring of **1316** in **good shape** probably ***wasn't*** a "**good**" **person**. But most of the "**good**" ones **died** that **winter**. And many of those who ***didn't*** **die** ended up getting their **asses kicked** and/or **out-maneuvered** by more **literal minded Christians** when it came to their **little baby Eucharists**.

By the **end** of that **winter** many of **England's** charming little **agricultural villages** were **haunted ghost towns**. The **survivors** often **fled to cities** that were themselves

overcrowded and **woefully underfed** themselves. These ***scarcity induced* over-population pressures** only ***added*** to everyone's misery as **opportunistic diseases** and **infections** made the most out of so many weakened immune systems crowded so closely together.

Violent crime also surged in the cities as well. It wasn't enough to be **half dead** from **starving** and **sickness**, anybody who could move had to **watch their back**, ***especially*** if they were **young** and/or conspicuously **well fed**. Under the circumstances, the standard issue **burglary**, **mugging**, or **robbery** the **victim** was able to **walk away from** was nothing less than a **small kindness**. In fact, just about **any** unfortunate interpersonal incidents that **didn't** wind up with **one** (or **more**) **parties** permanently **horizontal** or in conveniently **kettle sized pieces** by the end of it were blessings in disguise.

The **irony** of all of this is that, **ultimately**, what we are talking about are just ***some*** of the effects of what **modern day environmental** and **historical experts** strongly **suspect** was just a **1-2º C** (IE ***3-5º F)*** **downward shift** in the **average temperature** over the previous **50ish years**. It only took **one truly awful** (yet ***non-Nuclear)*** **winter** for **England's increasingly civilized culture** to **revert** to near **stone age conditions** and **sensibilities** thanks to the relatively ***minor*** **climatic shift**.

And **one** that ***was only just getting started***. Much to the **forlorn dismay** of the entire **island**, deliverance did **not** come in the **Spring of 1316**, due to it being just as **fucking miserable as the previous one**. Even **worse**, the **same** held true for the **Summer**, **Fall** and ***much worse* Winter of 1316**. Each **season** was just as **soggy** and **cold** as the previous year's, and **England's *already* over-farmed soil** did ***not*** respond well to the **newly clement conditions** that it was being subjected to.

If you **didn't** already know due to being a **highly sophisticated box monkey** who has been **trapped** in a **urban environment** your whole life, it **isn't** just the **crops**, **animals**, and **illegally imported migrant workers** that are **alive** on a **Farm**, ***the soil is as well.***

It may not have **eyes** or **lungs** so to speak, but what we call **dirt** is a fascinating example of organic chemistry at work. There are any number of different **microflora**, **microfauna**, **bacteria**, **fungi**, **viruses** and **whatnot** permeating it's **gritty strata**, many of which are **beneficial** and/or **necessary** for the **production** of **vitamin rich vegetables** and **fruits**.

Just like any living creature, ***all*** of this **microscopic vermin** has their own **food needs** to **maintain metabolic continuity**. Hence the historical popularity of **fertilizer**, which traditionally has been composed out of various kinds of ***shit***. While much of the **benefit** of **fertilizer** comes from it's ability to **fix nitrogen** to the **soil** on a **molecular level** (which **plants love**), the additional **benefit** of **composted shit** (and **whatnot**) is that it is **chock full of it's own wee critters.** Some of these are the **same** or very **similar** to **healthy bacteria** already in the **soil**, and much of the **rest** can be an **excellent food source** for those **tiny critters** already in the **soil**.

Unfortunately for **England**, many to **most** of it's **farmers** were **half dead** or ***more*** that **Spring** and in **no shape** for the grueling spring traditions of **fertilizing** then **plowing their fields** before **sowing their seeds**. While a **lazy farmer** might be able to **get away** with **slacking** on **plowing** and **fertilizing** once in a **blue moon** during a **favorable run of weather**, that definitely does **not** describe **1316**.

A **late**, **cold** and **wet Spring** turned into an **atypically cool** and **damp Summer**, even by **English standards**. The **few crops** that actually managed to **grow** did **not** tend to thrive in the **ongoing damp**. Between the **progressive over-farming** and the **cooling weather** that was **not** overly helpful to all the **little critters in it**, **England's dark** and **loamy soil *had been pushed past it's limits*** and was **presumably** experiencing similar conditions on a microscopic level.

Already **weakened** by **years** of **over-farming**, the **micro-habitats** within the **soil** began to **collapse** just like **England's *Norman-Anglo* culture** was **coming apart at the seams** in the face of **widespread starvation**, **crime** and **just a touch** (or ***more)*** of **cannibalism**.

Unfortunately in **both** cases things would get ***much worse*** before they got **better**. Not a **few farmers** who **barely survived** the previous **Winter** came to the entirely understandable conclusion that they would be **better off** living as **bandits** and/or **highway men** and **abandoned** their failing farms to the elements. Not a **few farms** would **go fallow** from being **abandoned** during the **Winter**, either by the **living** who **fled to the cities,** or by the **dead** who returned to the ***hollow hills*.**

Though the **abandonment** of **many farms** might have actually been **helpful** in the long run by giving their sorely taxed soils some much needed time off, in the short term it only **exacerbated England's** perilous **food** situation. As **crop failures** were just as **prevalent** as the **year before** thanks to the **crap weather**, ***any* reduction** of the **total overall acreage** being **actively farmed** represented significant **lost opportunities** to potentially **offset crop failures** elsewhere.

Presumably, **most** of **England's** (**surviving**) **inhabitants** enjoyed a bit of a **respite** from **dying of starvation**, **sickness** and/or **exposure** from **late Spring** to **early Fall** of **1316**, but once the **leaves** started **falling**, so did the **island's hopes** when their **pitiful harvest** was **gathered** and found to be even ***worse*** than it was the year before.

And things went from **calamitous** to **catastrophic** to ***cataclysmic*** in short order. With **most** of the population still on the **rebound** from the **previous Winter**, ***neither*** their **immune systems** or their **psyches** were **well equipped** to **handle** the continuing **climatic deprivations**. Whatever **pack animals**, **domesticated animals** and/or **pets** that **made it** through the **previous Winter** likely did **not** live to see the spring of **1317**.

Then, when those **emergency banana supplies** ran out, those local **domesticated primates** who **weren't** inclined to **eat their friends**, **families** or **neighbors** typically

started eating their **seed stock** needed for the **next growing season**. When that **ran out**, then **many** started to **tuck in** on the **emergency seed reserves** that had been previously **squirreled away** as a **stop gap recovery plan** to **rebound** from a **bad harvest**.

The **widespread consumption** of **domesticated working animals**, **seed stock** for the following year and **emergency reserves** of the same were more than just **future inconveniences**, they were ***key losses of critical agricultural infrastructure.***

Eating the **dairy cow** mean **no ongoing milk** and **cheese**. **Eating the chickens** meant **no more fresh eggs** on a **daily basis**. **Butchering the mule** meant **you** were going to have **pull the damn plow yourself**, but probably do **half as good a job** of it since you have **half as many legs**. Not doing a good job of **plowing** meant **worse aeration** of **already depleted soil** which makes it that much **harder** for your precious **seed stock** to **take root and thrive**.

But **all** that becomes **moot** when **you eat your own seed stock**. That's when, as a **farmer**, ***you are well and truly fucked***. **No seed** equals **no harvest**. A **failed crop** is **bad enough**, but **no crop** at all is much worse.

And of course, the continuing importune combination of **wet weather** and **widespread food shortages** did **little** to **minimize** the ***increasing*** **popularity** of ***long pig*** among the **island's increasingly insane inhabitants**.

Considering how prevalent **chronic hunger** was on **England** (and elsewhere) during this **famine**, and **others** down the road, **now** strikes the **author** as a **good time** to discuss ***some*** of the **psychological** (slash ***neuro-cognitive)*** **effects** of **almost starving to death**. Of which, there are a **few**.

While a few **low income** and/or **anorexic Americans** might have some **operational familiarity** with **chronic malnourishment**, given the fact that ***so many of us are fat bastards,*** it seems **unlikely** that many **Americans** actually have **much** of an idea of what happens if you go a **day or more *without* eating**.

If left **untreated** with **proper nutrition** and **hydration**, generally speaking, **sustained food deprivation** appears to have roughly **four progressive stages of development** that **most** seem pass through. Obviously, the actual **rate** and **symptoms** experienced during each ***stage of starvation*** will **vary** from **victim** to **victim**, but speaking in broad terms they tend to follow the following **progression**:

Stage 1: Peckish Irritability. This **stage of hunger** is something that most to all people are familiar with. This begins with the **blood sugar** level **dropping**, resulting in the **body** sending a variety of different **metabolic cues** that it is **time to eat something**. This usually includes a **sensation** of being **hungry**. **Not** satiating this need in a timely manner can often result in **dramatic mood swings**, corresponding **surges** and **drops** in one's **perceived** "energy" level and **frequently** results in the

hungry person displaying a sort of ***peckish irritability*** when **interacting** with **other domesticated primates** who **may** or may not be **operating under similar conditions**. Under **most modern** "**first**" world **conditions**, this **condition** rarely **escalates to**...

Stage 2: Feral Hunger. If **stage 1** is **not** resolved in a timely manner, it generally shifts into **stage 2** within **12-48 hours**, depending on one's **body fat**, **constitution** and previous experience with **stage 2** (or **worse**) **hunger events**. This stage is typified by the **sensation of extreme hunger** to the extent of **crowding out** other concerns from the **affected mind**. Part of this is **obviously** due to the **natural concerns** and **attendant focus** of the **potentially starving individual**, but some of this has to do with "**higher**" functions of the mind being **acutely *gimped*** by **extremely low blood sugar**.

Magnifying that is the body's tendency to **prioritize** it's **dwindling nutritional supplies** by **adjusting** it's circulatory system to keep feeding the major organs and "lower" metabolic administrative centers of the brain. This happens, in part, by ***restricting*** **blood flow** to the "**higher**" **layers of the brain** that are responsible for **abstract thought**. But since **old habits die hard**, the **afflicted thinker** will **usually** continue their typical **internal dialogue** without realizing that they are doing it with about ***half*** (or **less**) of their usual ***brain power.***

If this **hunger event** is being **facilitated** by the **implacable forces of nature** (OR the inhuman cruelties of Anglo-Norman monarchs), the **affected** and ***still abstracted*** individual will have ***any number*** of highly ***compelling*** **historical** and/or **metaphysical themes** to ***project*** their **current feelings** into. Regardless of the **cause** of the **hunger** and the preferred **projection themes** of the **affected individual**, the increasingly **hungry** individual will usually start experiencing a **progressive feeling of despair** at the **fate** assigned to **him** or **her** by an **absent** (and/or **non-existent**) **deity** and/or an **actively odious monarch** who probably **spoke** better ***French*** than **English**.

This **chronic despair** tends to be **less** of an **issue** during **intentional deprivation events** that involve some sort of **fasting**. Also, **stage two individuals** tend to **suffer** from **significantly diminished energy levels**, **heightened irritability**, and are generally **not in a very good mood**. At least until...

Stage 3: The Paradoxical Phase. In most cases, this usually won't start happening until after **three or more days** of **sustained food deprivation**. At some point, the **body** will come to the eminently logical conclusion that since **there has been no food put into for the last couple of days**, it probably means it's **owner/operator** is having **some difficulty** locating **food**. With **most bodies** having **emergency reserves** that (**usually**) **can't go** much more than **two** (maybe **three**) **weeks** without anything to **eat**, the **body knows** that ***just letting you sit around and mope about your fate isn't going to fix anything.*** So your body ***tricks you*** by starting to release copious amounts of **endorphins** to **alleviate** your **despairing mood**.

Unfortunately the **endorphin rush** itself can be pretty **distracting** and actually **incentivize** the **affected individual** to **continue** their **fast *willingly***, even if it **didn't** start that way. Even worse, the **endorphin rush** doesn't usually combine well with the **restricted higher functions of the brain**, which can have a **serious impact** on subsequent **risk assessment abilities**. But beyond all of that, the **collapse** of the **higher brain functions** can actually ***suspend*** the **internal dialogue**(**s**) for extended periods of time, which is **itself** a **pre-condition** for ***beginning*** to **directly access** the ***post-verbal* higher functions of the mind** that tend to lie fallow in most people.

The **rapid flowering** of these **aspects** and **abilities** (in some cases) is **itself** extremely **confusing** under the best of conditions, and may ***not*** combine well with the previously mentioned **endorphin rush** and **risk assessment impairment**. The biggest **paradox** of this **stage** is the simple fact that (the sense of) **hunger** tends to **go away** when that **first endorphin rush** hits. This **stage** seems to be a **dual use process** where it tends to **impart** a certain kind of **knowing wisdom** in the **eventual survivors**, while being a **not so small kindness** to those who continue on to...

Stage 4: Organ Failure and **Death**. The **endorphin rush** of stage three turns out to be a sort of **proactive anesthetic** for eventual **breakdowns** of **stage 4**. The **body literally starts falling apart from the inside out**. The **higher functions of the brain** are switched from **stand-by** to **off**, and the **affected individual** is now just a **shell** of their **former self**. The **body** has already been consuming **it's own fat**, and when it runs out of that starts consuming **it's own *muscle***. Not **eating** for a **week** or more results in **critical shortages** of **vital nutrients** and **minerals**, but what tends to **kill the fastest** is **salt deprivation** and/or **dehydration** which is usually **exacerbated** by **one** or **more** of a few **opportunistic infections** that usually have some kind of **diarrhea** component to them. As **muscle mass** continues to be ***consumed*** by the body, the **progressively weakened individual** in **hard pressed** to gather the **necessary strength** to even take a walk down to the nearest corner store and/or go **beat up** someone who is likely to have something to eat. At some point, **one** or more **vital organs** (like the **liver** and/or **kidneys**) **shuts down**, and the **victim ups and dies**.

Though this **starvation progression** does have it's **beneficial** applications, just like with the **consumption** of various **psychedelic substances** these **benefits** are ***heavily dependent*** on the **intent**, **mental set** and **physical setting** of the ***fasting victim***.

Those **indigenous native cultures** that have employed **extreme hunger** as an ***internal technology*** for **facilitating personal** and/or **metaphysical development** tend to do so either during the **warmer months of the year** when the **body** doesn't have to **work so hard to stay alive**, OR tend to do so in the relatively controlled environment of a **sweat lodge** or **sauna**, both of which tend to be a bit **warm**. The **benefits** of this **process** tend to be most **pronounced** when they are sought **intentionally** by the **faster in question,** and usually under some sort of **shamanic supervision** to make sure they **don't** go so far into it that they **don't** come back.

These potential benefits tend to be greatly **diminished** in **forced fasts** happening during **colder months** thanks to **unfortunate events**. In these cases, when the **non-verbal brain opens up** during the **paradoxical stage**, the **importune set** and **setting** that this is happening within can ***severely*** **negatively impact** that potential **opening experience** and, in essence, turn it into a **bad trip** that does ***not*** depend on a **chemical trigger** to turn on and off. Meaning that these **altered experiences** can last ***significantly longer*** than the usual **6-12 hour psychedelic experience**.

With **huge chunks** of **England's population** having been subject to **extended periods** of **extreme food deprivation**, it is both **fair** and **accurate** to say that **most** of **it's** inhabitants were going **in** and **out** of these **altered states** during the **lean times**. Unfortunately, with the experiences of these **altered states** being entirely **dependent** on **one's overall mood** and **world view**, these **altered experiences** were probably anything ***other*** than **positive**.

Finally, after more than two straight years of **cold** and **wet weather**, the **rains** let off in the **late spring of 1317**. But when the **Sun finally shined**, it did so on a **different** and **sadder England**. Current best guesses by period experts range from **10-25%** of the **population dying** from **Famine related issues**, and in many ways the **survivors** were **almost** as **fucked**.

Surviving a **starvation experience** can have **long-term** to **permanent effects** on it's **victims**. It can take **months** for the **body** to **repair** and **rebuild** under the **best** of conditions, and things on **England** for the **next several years** were anything but. But what can be even **more pronounced** if slightly **less visible** are the **mental**, **emotional** and **energetic effects** of those that **almost die** from **fasting**, intentional or **otherwise.**

Since the **higher mental functions** had been either put on **stand by** or simply **turned off**, it can take **months** and/or **years** for those to **return** to **pre-starvation levels**, ***if they do at all***.

While the author is **not** currently aware of any **likely unethical** scientific studies that have successfully calibrated the **intelligence impact** of the **progressive starvation** of **domesticated primates**, from his own experiences he **estimates** that after **three days of no food**, the **faster** starts losing **access** to somewhere between the **top 10-20 IQ points currently available**, and that **rate** ***repeats and increases*** for each **three day period** after that. This **loss of access** can either be **temporary**, **long term** or ***permanent*** depending on the **relative constitution** of the **faster**, and their **access** to **high nutrition food sources** immediately following their **harrowing experience**.

Despite the turn in the weather, **ready access to good food** would continue to be **the exception** and the **not** the rule for most of **England** for **several years**, largely due to the **extensive losses** of their **agricultural infrastructure** previously mentioned**.**

Beyond that, the **starvation survivor** will probably suffer from a **weakened immune system** and **diminished energy levels** in ways that can also be **temporary**, **long term** or **permanent** for similar reasons. Either of these can **profoundly** affect the **recovery** of the **extended faster**. Especially if they get **sick again** and get a bad case of the **squirts**. That can easily **reverse** their recovery and go on to **kill them dead.**

Just as **impacting** are the ***neurological*** effects of those who had **extended paradoxical phase experiences** during their **arduous times**.

Thanks to **modern psychiatry's** distinct tendency to **pathologize** just about **every mental state** where **one** wants to do something ***other*** than **sit down**, **shut up** and **do everything the nice doctor says**, the ***utility*** of these **altered states** tends to ***escape*** most **modern mental health witch doctors**. One of the most **overlooked** aspects of this is that most **altered states** are ***imprinting*** experiences of varying degrees.

Since most **modern Americans** are **not** generally familiar with this ***entirely relevant neurological process*** aside from it's **negative outcomes** in association with **Post Traumatic Stress Disorder**, a further explanation is probably in order.

Imprinting is a **neurological process** in which **default neural pathways** are **established** in the **individual**. These **neural pathways** largely **determine** or ***heavily influence*** most to ALL of our subsequent **thought patterns**, **behavioral tendencies**, **stimulus response impulses**, **dietary preferences** and **immediate emotional responses** to various stimuli.

On an **operational level**, our ***neural imprints*** result in our **default tendencies** when **presented** with different kinds of **information** and/or **sensory inputs**. Though we as **humans** have the **ability** to think **other** kinds of thoughts, our ***neural imprints*** **determine** where our minds **immediately go** on a **pre-verbal level** when presented with this or **that** kind of **situation**. They, in a large part, also **determine** any **immediate emotional reactions** that **our minds** are all to happy to **retroactively rationalize *after the fact*** to the extent we are inclined to reflect upon our reactions in the first place.

It wouldn't be inaccurate to say that our ***neural imprints*** are the **pre-concious response patterns** of the **monkey** (and/or **lizard**) **mind** that **we** as **humans** have the **option** to **ignore** or **sublimate** or otherwise **modify** according to our **best judgement** and/or **current level of public intoxication**.

However, technically speaking, the **way** we tend to **put thoughts together in our heads** and "**consciously think**" about **things** is ***itself heavily influenced*** by other ***neural imprints***.

Much (but not **quite** all) of what ***passes for rational thought*** is the **ping pong ball** of the **mind** being **bounced between** the **multiple paddles** of previous ***neural imprints*** as it works it way through it's various **decision trees**.

While this is **especially true** in the case of those who are **not** familiar with the idea of ***neural imprints,*** just being aware of this on a **conceptual** basis does **not** REPEAT **NOT *substantially change the process itself.***

Though we can certainly **modify** or **ignore** our various **imprint algorithms** through **conscious thought** (but mostly in ways that are **themselves** heavily **influenced** by ***other neural imprints),*** actually **adjusting** these **underlying inclinations** themselves is a **bit of a trick**. Mostly because doing so is entirely contingent on the **mind** entering into some kind of **altered** (slash ***programming)*** **state** where the **waking verbal mind** is ***bypassed*** or ***overridden*** and given some (much needed) **time off**.

When partially or entirely **deprived** of it's **customary screen of language**, the **affected mind** enters into a state of ***heightened imprint vulnerability*** that is **heavily influenced** by the **previous mental set** of the **victim** and the **current physical setting** in is happening in.

One of the more **extreme** (and correspondingly **clearest**) examples of this was documented in a **behavioral experiment** involving **baby geese**. The present author does **not** currently remember exactly who performed this experiment or when exactly, but is sure that such a intrepid internet sleuth such as yourself can track all of this (and more) down to your satisfaction that the current anecdote is more or less accurate.

In this experiment, **geese eggs** were brought to term in incubation chambers. Upon exiting their eggs, the **first thing** the **NOT control group** of **little baby geese** was **exposed to** was, if memory serves correct, a **tennis ball** (or was it a **ping pong** ball?), and **not** their **mother goose**. From that point forward, these **affected baby geese** treated that **tennis ball** as it's **mother** for the **rest** of their **frequently confused lives**.

Further on, when those **baby geese** in this **experiment** reached **sexual maturity**, they were ***only*** **sexually attracted** to **tennis balls** and **weren't** particularly interested in **geese** (or **ganders**) of the **opposite sex**, much less **those of their own**.

Due to certain **ethical issues** (**imipolex G**, anyone?), to the best of the author's knowledge there have **not** YET been similar studies on humans that have **yet** to be **declassified**. So the particulars of **neural imprinting** in **domesticated primates** still have **yet** to be experimentally established (to the best of our knowledge, at this time), but as we grow up our development process is/was ***periodically punctuated*** with **brief periods** of heightened ***neural imprint vulnerability.*** The type and nature of these incidents ***will*** heavily **influence** the resulting ***default*** **pathways** of **developing neural circuits**.

Probably the **clearest example** of this in people is **how** the **first time** they are (or become) **sexualized** as developing individuals plays a **large role** in the **subsequent selection criteria** of **significant others** afterwords. Generally speaking, the **first person** we are **sexually infatuated with** tends to **heavily influence** our **primary** "**type**" of **preferred sexual partner** moving forward. Though this **initial inclination** is itself

heavily influenced by previous **imprints** and **experiences** with their **opposite sex parent**, the **first time** someone actually ***gets off*** **in association** with a **specific person** tends to be a significant ***neural imprint*** for a **most people** from that point forward.

But that is only **one neural circuit**. There are ***more than a few*** others that are equally relevant, but equally lacking in the way of verified empirical certainty about their particulars. At least in **modern day psychiatry**. Certain other cultures, historically speaking, have had **just as good a grasp** on these **slippery subjects** as ours, ***if not better*** in some (or ***many)*** **respects**. But even when that is the case, their **salient points** have been likely **articulated** in a language ***other*** than **English**, and any **subsequent translation attempts** are **subject** to the same ***fudge factor*** that **affects *all* translated semantic devices**. This is even more **relevant** when one **considers** that the ***fudge factor*** is itself **affected** by various ***neural imprints*** (and/or ***other*** **pre-conscious assumptions**) of the **translator in question**.

Though **most** to **all** of our ***neural imprints*** as **humans** happen by the time we are somewhere between **18-25**, there are a few **empirically sound methods** for ***inducing*** **heightened imprint vulnerability** in **matured domesticated primates**.

Some **drugs** (and especially **psychedelics** at **higher doses**) can **induce *neural imprint plasticity*** as well as various kinds of **metaphysical practices** involving **sustained** periods of **intentional movement**, **meditation**, **breath/energy work**, and **prayer**.

But those **aren't** the only ways to ***induce*** **neural imprint plasticity**. **Not sleeping** for **extended periods of time** can have that **effect**, which is **similar** in many respects to **stage 3 food deprivation**, which **itself** tends to **induce *imprint vulnerability***.

Additionally, **severe shocks** to the **system** in terms of **horrendous injury**, **viewing** the **same** happening in others, ***acute sickness,*** **almost dying** (and/or **dying** and **coming back to life**) and **getting brained by someone** but **not** quite hard enough to **kick the bucket** can **all** be ***imprinting experiences***.

Unfortunately in the latter cases, the **subsequent *neurological imprints*** are **heavily influenced** by the **nature** of the **imprint experience** itself. Even **worse**, whatever **sub-optimal imprints** that are **acquired** in these **cusp experiences** tend to be further **reinforced** by the **subsequent internal dialogue** that usually follow such incidents.

In the case of **almost starving to death** but **not** on purpose, and considering the **terrible decisions** that many were forced to make during their darkest hours, it is probably safe to say that **many of England's weakened** and **emaciated survivors** were a bit more **neurologically predisposed** to be a **bit** more ***glum*** than they were **before** the **Great Famine**.

And beyond that, being forced to do the **unthinkable *once*** makes it quite a bit ***easier*** to do the **same *again*** WHILE also ***increasing*** the **perceived feasibility** of ***other unspeakable acts not previously resorted to***.

Though the weather turned for the better in the **summer of 1317**, the ***Great Famine's*** primary effects of **critical losses** of **agricultural infrastructure**, the **endemic health concerns** (thanks to **significantly weakened immune systems**) and the increased **morbidity, fatalism** and **parsimony** of the **survivors** due to their recently shifted ***neural imprints*** ALL lasted for quite a few years. It took at least **seven years** for both the affected population levels and agricultural infrastructures to begin to **return** to **pre-Famine norms**.

What could be said to be the **more subtle** secondary effects of the ***Great Famine*** were as **pervasive** but **longer** lasting. Though these **were** and ***are*** **experienced** on a personal level, they were (and to a **lesser extent** still **are**) affecting **most** to **all** of **England's inhabitants**, **PLUS *most to all English speakers as well.***

As previously belabored in this device, **England** is, in geographic terms, **an island**. And **one** which for the previous **thousand years** had a **steadily expanding population** of **native** and **imported domesticated primates living on it**. This is **significant** because although it has many green and pleasant lands, like most **islands**, it was (and **is**) somewhat **limited** in it's **natural resources**. Aside from ***sheep*** and ***tin*** and **aquatic lunatics** and **half insane pedestrian idiots** and a **few** other precious commodities (like **coal** and ***blood*** **pudding**).

These **natural resources** were **not** just limited in **scope**, **some** were limited in **quantity** and **others** were limited in **access** (like ***tin*** and **coal** which both had to be dug out of the ground), and sometimes the **demand** on the **island** would **exceed supply** and **someone** would have to go ***without*** if they couldn't **outbid** the **next guy** and **weren't** up to the task of some kind o**f forcible** and/or **deceptive** acquisition process. If one did **not** have the **economic resources** to **outbid** for something, then their **only** option was to **wait** until that **item** was **imported t**o the **island** in **quantities large enough** to **satiate demand** and bring the price **down**.

This is why things tend to be (**much**...looking at you **Hawaii**) **more expensive** on **islands**. Even if you are a **local** and **aren't** getting gouged by (the other) **surly natives**, **anything** that **wasn't sourced locally** is going to **cost a bit more**. Especially if there are **shortages** or **disruptions in the supply chain**, if those **items** can be **found at all**.

Living on **an island** that is NOT a fully **self sufficient Equatorial Pacific paradise** (and/or ***hellhole)*** tends to **reinforce**, if not directly inspire, ***scarcity consciousness*** in **most** to **all** of it's inhabitants **NOT born with a silver spoon in their mouths**.

In the context of this chapter**,** ***scarcity consciousness*** could be described a **gestalt** of ***neural imprints*** made under directly experienced **scarcity conditions** OR the **accumulated response** to ***neurological imprints*** facilitated by **older family members**

(usually) operating under (perceived) ***scarcity conditions***. In **both** cases, ***neural imprints*** made under **duress** tend to be further **verbally reinforced** by friends and family in the **same boat** and **working** through their own process in ways that may or ***probably do*** involve copious amounts of **pissing** and **moaning**.

Without getting into **all** of the likely contributing factors and myriad of potential effects on the individual, ***much less an island of them,*** the overall effect of ***scarcity consciousness*** on either a **personal** or **collective** level is a pointed awareness of what one does ***not*** have. In terms of the standard cliche, ***scarcity consciousness*** is the underlying ***focal point bias*** regarding a **glass half full** being considered or ***perceived*** as being **half empty**.

The ***Great Famine*** and other upcoming events would **heavily inform** the **collective English mind** in pivotal ways that would go on **deeply affect** their developing ideas about their **economy**, not to mention **their** (**insane idiot**) **language**. But **not** for another chapter or three.

It only took about **20 years** for things to return to **business as usual** and for **England** and ***France*** to get into **another fucking *WAR*** with each other. But this time for a **Hundred** (and **seventeen**) **goddamned years** in an endless series of territorial squabbles that was temporarily interrupted by the **minor inconvenience** usually referred to as...

THE BLACK DEATH. And **not** without reason, as three of its most commonly associated symptoms involve **medium to large areas of the epidermis** (IE **skin**) turning **black** from **gangrene**, **necrosis** and other **little black spots**.

The **plague** is thought to have originated in a **central Asian region** that had been in **recovery** after spending most of the previous century under **Mongol rule** (which at one point extended to **Eastern Europe**).

Typical of **Empires** ruled by **nomadic raiders** and/or **heavily armed equestrian assholes**, both **trade** and **farming** had sharply **declined** during their **rule**. Many **Asian farms** were **abandoned** in the process, and the **rest** were tended by **farmers** with an **understandably divided focus** due to keeping at least **one eye on the horizon** at all times for the first sign of **hordes of epicanthically folded equestrian assholes from the East** (except for those **farmers** living in **Eastern China** who had to keep an eye for the same but from the **West**).

It is probably a fairly accurate inference to suggest that the **health** of the **soil** for this multitude of affected **Central Asian farms** likely **waned** from ongoing or periodic **inattention** commonly associated with having to drop everything and run for your life and/or having your fields and farm burned to the ground by the same fuckers you just ran away from.

Since this was the case for most (to **all**) of **Central Asia** for most of the **1200's**, much of it's **arable land** was in **worse** shape at the **end** of that miserable century (unless you were **Mongolian** or a ***French*** **monarch**) than it was at it's beginning.

If this eminently logical premise is accurate, then if **follows** that **Central Asia** was even more **vulnerable** to various kinds of **havoc** wrought by the **gradual cooling shift** that transpired in the (at least) **Northern Hemisphere**. Much of the former **Mongolian Empire** started the **1300's** well on the **rebound** from the **depredations** inflicted by their **former rulers**. Yet these previous **transgressions** were going to be put in **perspective** by a **series** of **unfortunate weather events** affecting large parts of **Asia** that started during **Europe's Great Famine**.

These **unfortunate** weather events had **similar** effects on **Asia** as what happened in **Europe** and **England 15 years previous** even if their particulars were a bit different. Things eventually **culminated** into a **widespread Famine** across much of **Asia** that started in **1331.** This, **of course**, went from **bad** to **worse** to **calamitous** in short order, **killing millions** and **weakening** most of the rest, leaving them even more **vulnerable** to any number of **opportunistic infections** and **social diseases** that are **transmitted** by **direct contact**, **vermin**, **varmints**, and **insects**.

There were so many **weakened immune systems** that **many** of these opportunistic infections and social diseases **thrived** during the **Asian Famine** (of the **1330's**). Each **new** generation of a specific **viral bug** that **propagated** was just a bit more **efficient** at **colonizing** then ***consuming*** it's host entity just enough to **reproduce** and make slightly **more efficient** copies of itself. Seeing as how **most viruses** tend to have a **life cycle** that last a **month or less** after **activation**, the **ongoing conditions** of a **widespread Famine** were **ideal** for precipitating an **increasing** amount of **species variation** that tends to happen when a **species** finds itself in **favorable conditions** for **extended** periods of time.

Species variation in **viruses** and **bacteria** tends happen along two primary **evolutionary vectors** that work in **tandem** with each other. The primary of the two is **increasing efficiency** in the **virus's** ***propagation vector***. **That** happens in response to the second vector of ***increased specialization*** to this or that **cellular niche** in the **microbial habitat** of it's **host organism**.

For **five years** or so, sizable **chunks** of **Asia** were close to ideal **breeding grounds** for a number of microscopic viral and bacterial critters. ***One*** of which goes by the **trade name** of ***Yersinia Pestis***, aka the **Bubonic Plague** and would eventually come to be known in **England** as ***The Black Death***.

The first written accounts of it (discovered so far) were from **1339**(ish) from inscriptions on **graves** in **Kyrgistan**, a few hundred miles North of North India, but recovered **genetic evidence** suggests that it's **geographic origin** was originally somewhere in **China**, which started having **plague issues** right about the same time of the **start** of their **Famine**.

It took about **15 years** for ***The Black Death*** to traverse **Asian Major** and **Minor** before hitting **Constantinople** (not **Istanbul**) in **1347**. With it's geographically strategic placement on the isthmus connecting **Western Asia** with **Eastern Europe**, **Constantinople** had **long** been a **thriving commercial center** and one of the **main stops** along the historically pivotal **Silk Road trading route** that had been the primary conduit of overland travel and commerce between **East Asia** and **Europe** for thousands of years. During this time **Constantinople** was still the **capital** of a **Byzantine Empire** (formerly the **Eastern *Roman* Empire**) well on the **decline**, and it's population was **roughly 20%** of what it had been during it's **peak** in the **8th century**.

But for all that it was still **bigger** than **modern Green Bay** and a lucrative port of trade thanks to it's strategic placement on the Silk Road between two major bodies of water. Ships would come from all over **Europe**, **North Africa** and the **Mideast** plying their wares, which meant the **sailors** on these **boats** who **weren't** enslaved wretches manning the oars could enjoy a bit of **shore leave** when they were in **port**.

But in **1347**, rather than coming back aboard their ships with the **usual** case of the **clap** or **herpes** or the **mordant drip**, some of these **horny** and/or **lonely aquatic lunatics** caught what is **arguably** one of the worst **STD's** ever. Mostly because it's **not** technically an **STD** at all, which would have been **preferable** as it would have probably **diminished** it's shocking **propagation rate**.

In being such an important nautical commercial hub and a popular port of call for both the **sailors** and the **owners** of the boats, **Constantinople** was essentially the **geographical index case** for the **plague** that went on to **infect** most of the **rest** of **Europe**.

What took **15 years** to cross **Asia** by **land** only took a ***year*** to show up ***all over*** **Western European** ports of call. Major port cities in **England**, ***France***, **Germany** and **Scandinavia** had their first **plague outbreaks** the following year, **1348**. Aside from a **few** isolated regions the **rest of Europe** would **sicken** soon thereafter.

Exactly **how** the ***Black Death*** **spread** and precisely what it was are both still at present matters of highly informed conjecture. The available forensic evidence recovered so far is strongly suggestive of multiple variants of the ***bubonic plague,*** that were **spread** via **flea bites**, **direct exposure** (via **personal** or **intimate** contact) or through the **air**. Some have suggested that the ***Black Death*** was **multiple pathogens** that included the **bubonic plague** and **anthrax** and **others** that were spread by similar means.

Just about the only two things most experts will agree on was that **rats** and **fleas** likely figured heavily in it's transmission, and that it was just about the **last thing** they would want to **catch** after ***Ebola***. And **not** without reason. The ***Black Death*** was **aptly named** for reasons other than just it's **epidermal effects**.

Best guess epidemiological estimates based on available anecdotal data indicate that **after** exposure the ***probable fatality*** (IE victim) had just a touch **more** than a ***1 in 2 chance*** of **dying** within ***3 to 7 days*** of displaying ***initial symptoms*** of being **sick**.

Almost as bad (if not **worse**, depending on your feelings about such things) was that many **victims** were **probably** praying for their sweet release by the time it came thanks to what happened between **exposure** and ***statistically probable*** **death**.

The standard progression of symptoms of all three variants were typically **medieval** (slash ***biblical)*** in their **grotesque vividity**, like something an extremely **pissed off** ***Norman*** **aristocrat** or **concerned** ***Cardinal*** would **cook up** as a **clear message** to a **troublesome demographic**.

First, a **rash** or grouping of **itchy red bumps** (that **may** or may not be **flea bites**) develops in the **armpit** and/or **groin areas**. This is usually accompanied by a **slight fever** and maybe a bit of **turned stomach**. These **red bumps**, which tend to **form** around **lymph nodes**, quickly **swell** into potentially **apple sized goiters** that start turning **black** thanks to **necrosis** and/or **gangrene**. These **apple sized** ***buboes*** may or may not **burst** on their own, but eventually they start **spreading**. Mostly as **smaller black spots** that radiate **outward** from the anatomical regions already infected.

By this time the ***probable fatality*** in question has a pretty good **fever** and is **vomiting** and/or **shitting copious amounts of blood** and probably has some **difficulty** keeping **fluids down** (or **in**). In one variant it becomes **septicemic** and **infects the blood itself** which can result in further **gangrene** in the **extremities**. This goes on for a period of another **1-6 days** where the **imminently departed** experiences **one** (or **more**) kinds of **organ failure** thanks to **blood loss**, **extreme dehydration** and/or the **infection** itself and **kicks the bucket**, or doesn't.

There was also another variant that **colonized** the **lungs** before **cannibalizing** them. This variant was **airborne** and much more **virulent** than the versions passed on by direct contact or fleas. The airborne variant might have taken another day or two for the black buboes to develop, but after that it was pretty much same progression.

In all probability it's **fatality rate** was probably a ***bit higher*** than **1 out of 2**. This strikes the current author as **likely** since most **legitimate historians** seem to **agree** that in the ***eighteen months*** following **her own index case**, **England lost** roughly ***half*** **her** population to **the plague**. ***Half*** the **fucking country** DEAD from one of the most gruesome ways to go, ***including Ebola***. If this it what **most** legitimate historians **agree on**, than it is probably a **conservative estimate** and probably a **low ball figure**.

But that is only half overall. Like most **viral contagions**, it spread through **clustered nodes** that would **spontaneously develop** around the **index case** for a previously **unexposed** population. From that **epicenter** it would **radiate outward** through the **social network** of the **index case** for as long as **he** or **she** was **mobile**. **Transmission**

could happen through **personal contact**, **flea exchange** and/or **airborne transmission**.

Each person exposed to the index case then becomes their own index case for their own social network for as long they are **mobile**.

In each case, **exposed** individuals frequently **infected** most to all of their **families** and **friends**, plus any **neighbors** who tried to care for them in their final hours and usually found themselves rapidly developing similar symptoms.

Whole families were wiped out while entire towns and hamlets ceased to exist, sometimes in a matter of **days**. **Progressive waves** of ***Black Death,*** **survivor shock** and **abject mortal terror** passed over **England's *black*** and **not so pleasant shores** for ***18 moons,*** the first time.

And not just **England**, similar things were happening over much of ***France,*** **Spain**, **Germany** and **Scandinavia** and **elsewhere in Europe** during the same period, roughly speaking.

With so much of **Europe** falling under the **shadow** of the ***Black Death,*** and so many of the **affected localities** suffering from similarly **catastrophic losses** in **so short a time**, many ***previously*** tightly knit communities, towns, hamlets, minority sub-populations in larger cities and even those cities themselves started to **unravel**.

The state of **medical knowledge** being what it **wasn't** back then, there was much **confusion** about it's specific methods of **propagation** which led to certain amount of **outlandish theories** about our **infinite** and **merciful Creator** being **pissed off** and/or **mildly disappointed** with **HIS creations**, ASSUMING **HE** actually existed in the first place. Which happened to be a **question** that **many** of the survivors were **asking themselves** quite a bit more frequently **after** their harrowing experiences than before them.

But being **critically uninformed** led many to err on the side of caution and assume that **exposure** was based on some kind of **contact with others**. Even if they **weren't** sure exactly what kind of contact was necessary for it to spread, they were smart enough to equate **exposure** to **proximity**. Those that **didn't** flee whatever hamlet, town or city they were living in mostly became **shut ins**, only leaving their domicile to get food or drink, and likely **limited** any casual social contact to and from the market to **eye contact** and/or **hand signals** or **shouting** since everybody's preferred **personal space bubble** expanded from the usual **3-5 foot radius** to **50 feet** or more, if possible.

Some (**wiser**) **places** instituted **quarantine measures** for affected individuals. Unfortunately this mostly amounted to whatever **surviving local authorities *locking*** the **eventual victim *in*** their **home** with **whatever family members** that happened to be home when the **filth** arrived and ***waiting a week or two for everyone within to die*** before **burning down** the house, REGARDLESS of **potential survivors** inside.

Though this **method** of **quarantine** can be said to be **effective** in many respects, it did also have the **side effect** of **scaring the bejesus out of affected populations** who were already **collectively shitting their pants** at the prospect of **incipient gangrene** and **death** by **bloody diarrhea**.

Facing the prospect of potentially **likely death** by a **impersonal force of nature** (and/or **microbiology**) is **stressful enough** by itself, but having to **worry** about **that** AND the ***other*** prospect of being **locked in your own home** and **left to die** (or ***be burned to death)*** by **concerned neighbors** or **duly appointed representatives** LIKELY put a bit of an **edge** on their other fears.

With so many of the previous social networks (and **people**) being **devastated** by **horrific death** and further **frayed** by **widespread paranoia** (and/or ***an understandable level of caution),*** the **economies of Europe** started **coming apart at the seams** not too long after people started dying in droves. This **economic unravelling** was no doubt **hastened** by the simple fac**t** that **most of the time** those **responsible** for **introducing** the ***Black Death*** to **new populations** were the **traders** themselves, be they of the **terrestrial** or **nautical** varieties. **Trade** quickly **collapsed** as **supply** and **demand** both **dropped off** sharply thanks to so many in the **supply** and **demand chain** ***dying*** or **holing up somewhere** or taking off for **less** ***blackened*** opportunities elsewhere.

Since the **peasant populations** tended to **live closer to the land** and were generally more **exposed** to the elements WHILE usually being the first ones to go hungry during shortages of any kind, they likely **suffered** from even **higher mortality rates** than tradesmen and well to do aristocrats. In places (like **England**) that **lost** ***half*** their population (or **more**), **Labor** was soon in **short supply**, which is a bit of an issue in **labor intensive agricultural economies** like **medieval England**. **Half** as many people meant **twice** as much **work** for the **survivors**, who were often in **pretty rough shape** from their own brushes with **death**.

Not only that, things got so bad that **England** and ***France*** had to **suspend hostilities** and put their **Hundred Year *WAR*** on **pause** for a couple of years thanks to the obvious contagion concerns in having so many heavily armed pedestrian idiots being clustered together in such large groups. Plus, recruiting was a real bitch for a couple of years afterwords thanks to the lingering population issues consistent with **losing half the damn population** in an **eighteen month period**.

These various social factors likely did NOT combine very well with the probable **psycho/ neurological effects** of the ongoing experiences of the survivors during their darkest hours and afterwords. Most people probably **internalized** their experiences in various ways that likely **strengthened** whatever **metaphysical convictions** they had ***before*** the shadow of death passed over them but left them still breathing. **Most** who previously either **didn't** believe or pointedly wondered about the **existence of God** had even more reasons to **doubt** after what they had experienced and **witnessed** themselves.

Those **crosstians** who believed in a **jealous** and **capricious God** who **isn't** above tossing a little **FIRE** and **brimstone** and **natural disasters** and **plagues** at **His chosen people** (and **nevermind** the collateral damage) just to **show** that **HE** still **cares** were further **reinforced** in their "**faith**" by the various **biblical qualities** of the ***Black Death.***

Those **Christians** who **believe** in a **Loving** and **Merciful Divinity** were likely mostly inclined to **Thank God for sustaining them** and **whatever family** and **friends that survived** in their **hour of need**.

However, the **response tendencies** of those who had ***previously*** had to deal with previous challenges (some of which may or **may** not be **fallout** from earlier **Famines**) probably **varied** a bit from those **youngsters** who only made it through the ***Black Death.*** Within the previous **metaphysical trinity**, those in the **first two cases** (IE ***doubters*** and ***crosstians)*** probably experienced a **strong confirmation** of earlier reinforcement experiences that **likely** contributed to an even **stronger sense of certainty** regarding their ***pre-exisiting*** **metaphysical sensibilities**.

But in the **latter** ***Christian*** case, it extremely **difficult** for most domesticated primates to go through **two disasters** (**slow motion** or otherwise) that are **biblical** in **scope** and **nature** without at least **wondering** about the **nature** (and/or ***competence)*** of **any Divinity** that **can allow** such **awful things to happen so often**. Unless they were starting to **wonder** if that (**alleged**) **Divinity** even **existed** in the first place.

And **again** these **evolving** metaphysical sensibilities were **heavily informed** by the **neural imprints** of the survivors. As mentioned before, **almost dying** from **sickness** also tends to **impart** varying amounts of ***neural imprint vulnerability*** in **affected survivors**.

In those **instances** where this ***neural imprint vulnerability*** is **triggered** by the same, similar or related **stimuli**, there can be a ***dramatic cascading effect*** in the ***imprints*** accidentally ***programmed*** in the ***subsequent*** **imprint** events. This would be the case for those who previously experienced **stage 3 hunger events** in the **past**, and for those who would go on to **suffer** from the **return** of the ***Black Death*** **12 years** after ***round one***. But that time it eased off a bit and only **killed off 20%** (**or so**) of the **population**.

In **England** at least.

With these **new imprints** happening under such **terrible circumstances** on such a **wide scale** on an **island** which **suffered** a **3 to 7 year Famine** (depending on who you ask) and **two separate plagues** that ***each*** **killed 20-50% of the population** (or ***more)*** over multiple **succeeding generations**, it is only **natural** that there would be some ***minor*** effects on the **resulting language** (IE **operating system**) of the **survivors**.

Unfortunately, the **shifts** in our **commonly separating language** that resulted from the ongoing **plagues** and **famines** of the **1300's** are at this point little more than (**under**)**educated inferences** by the present author. There is little in the historical

record from the time (or recently thereafter) that documented the various **linguistic effects** of **plague** and **famine** and **losing** well over ***half*** the **native speaking population** in just under **40 years**.

Probably because those who **didn't die** had their **hands full** just trying to **stay alive** during and after the fact, or were **increasingly** suffering from **bilateral frostbite** thanks to the **shifting climate** once things returned to a **newer** and **sadder** normal in **England**.

Those few who could **write** were kept exceedingly **busy** by a **Church** and **Monarchy** who **both** had to **redouble** their ongoing **indoctrination efforts** of a **local population** suffering from **increased doubts** about **the LORD their Creator** and the **need** and **wisdom** for spilling **English blood** to **protect** their **decreasing *French* holdings** from **local *French* populations** who **didn't** even want them there in the first place.

Repeatedly articulating these points to the **undead masses** while **continuing** to crank out fully illustrated versions of the **bible** (albeit still in ***LATIN)*** by hand **didn't** leave much in the way of time or inclination for period scribes to slap together **position papers** on the possible ***neuro-linguistic* effects** of the **several** recent **calamities** that befell **England**.

In the centuries since, after the fact linguistic and/or lexical analysis of the history of English tends to be reviewed in the widely accepted framework of three historical English periods; ***Ye Olde English*** developing in the **7th century** (by a bunch of drunken ***Anglo and Saxon* losers** who got their asses kicked off the mainland) which gradually **morphed** into **Middle English** by the **end** of the **11th century** (which was **heavily influenced** by ***Ye Old Norse*** of their **Viking occupiers** and the ***Norse* influenced *Norman-French*** of the ***Norman-Anglo* assholestocracy** that followed ***Billy the Bastard's*** conquering of England) that would eventually **shift** into the **Early Modern English** by the **beginning** of the **16th century** that would be **perfected** by everybody's favorite **English bard**, **Shakespeare**.

As far as the present author is concerned, that **last shift** in the **language** was essentially the **formalization** of the profound ***neuro-linguistic* shifts** that **started** in **English** during the **1300's**.

Up to this point, the **evolution** of **English** tended to **happen** along **two** main ***axes*** (as in **axis** {plural} and not the kind for chopping down trees or **burying in people's heads**) of **development**. Since we are talking about a **language** it shouldn't be too much of a surprise that one of these **axes** is ***grammar*** and the other ***vocabulary***. What is interesting about the **development of English** is how the development of **both** seems to be ***inversely* proportional**, or if not quite that than perhaps proceeding on **reciprocal vectors *away*** from each other.

Grammatically speaking, the main thrust of **development** from ***Ye Olde English*** is ***increasing simplicity***. The **heavily inflected *Olde German*** was progressively **dumbed down** (consistent in being spoken by an **island** chock full of **inebriated idiots**

getting their heads bashed in on a fairly regular basis), and the somewhat **less** inflected ***Norman-French*** underwent a **similar** transition in being **spoken** by the **drunken descendants** of said **inebriated idiots**. Though the **grammar** of both **Late Middle English** and **Early Modern English** is a bit **more** complex than **Modern Modern English** (so to speak), in both cases they were ***simpler*** than their **direct** and earlier antecedents.

This **evolutionary trend** is ***inversely*** **contrasted** by the ongoing **explosion of English vocabulary**. After absorbing wave after wave of foreign words (most recently ***Norman-French*** and it's multitude of **Neo-*Latin* words**), practically the **entire *Norman-French* lexicon** was forcibly **imported** into **English** thanks to the ongoing efforts of **bilingual aristocratic assholes** who **spoke *French*** with **each other** and ***broken Aungleesh*** when **circumstances** compelled them into **direct contact** with the **natives**.

Even though this **fusion** of ***Norman-French*** and **Middle English** would eventually **result** in the ***inbred hyrbrid*** progeny that we call **Early Modern English**, it first **started** in the **minds** of **bilingual speakers** who were **familiar** with ***both operating systems***.

For a good while, **dual speakers** were in all likelihood members of the **aristocracy**, but over time some of the **upwardly minded commercial betas** (**local traders** or **international importers**) picked up **Ye Olde *lingua franca*** to better **ingratiate** themselves with the **island's ruling class**.

The **observationally astute** reader will note that on an **adjusted economic spectrum** these **dual speakers** would tend to be on it's **higher** end. What started off as a **small minority** with a **grossly disproportionate** amount of **wealth** and **political power** would become a **substantial minority** with a **serious labor shortage problem** after surviving **multiple** plagues and famines. Statistically speaking, the **well off** were **more likely** to **survive** these **calamities** thanks to ready access to little things like **weather proof housing**, **food stores** and **plenty of nice things to burn when the coal supply ran out**, and each one of these (and other) creature comforts **minimized** exposure to elements that would further **tax** potentially **weakened immune systems**.

In (probably) **surviving England's** various **calamities** of the **1300's** at statistically higher rates, these **economically advantaged *dual speakers*** would correspondingly ***make up a higher percentage of the population.*** Furthermore, in being **more likely** to be in the **upper echelons** of the **local food chain**, politically speaking, they would tend to have a **linguistic influence** that ***disproportionally exceeds*** that of a similarly sized yet **less** aristocratically afflicted minority.

But being more likely to survive **famine** and **plague *didn't*** mean that the **aristocracy didn't** suffer their own terrible losses during those trying times. The experiences of the **surviving gentry** were often just as vivid as those of the "less" **fortunate**, and **economically advantaged dual speakers** were just as **susceptible** to their own **accidental** (and frequently unfortunate) ***neural imprints*** that resulted from the

unenviable ***cusp situations*** of almost **starving to death** AND/or almost **dying from the bloody squirts** while **large parts of the body swelled up** and **turned black**.

Nobody can go through either and not be affected by it.

In being **humans** (IE marginally domesticated primates who are frequently confused by their own abstractive abilities and alarmed by their congenital primate predispositions), these effects **can** and ***do*** show up in our own **personal inner dialogue** and **external language**.

Though the present author knows of **no** definitive epidemiological studies regarding the **macro-linguistic effects** of large amounts of a speaking population ***dying*** from **bloody squirts** after significant (not to mention **tender**) regions of the anatomy **swelling up and turning black**, he suspects there was at least one or two **passing** (and/or ***permanent)*** effects that **may** or **may** not be **still** ping ponging through **our commonly separated operating system *600+ years later.***

Overall, these resulting **linguistic effects *are*** happening **two primary contexts**. Once again, **one** of these is ***complexity*** but this time the **other** is ***bias***.

Complexity within a given language seems to be strongly **correlated** with the **total amount** of it's **active speakers**. The **more people** speak a language, the ***more*** opportunities for **mispronunciations**, **misinterpretations** of ***intended*** **definitions**, and **new slang words** to **develop** in various geographical regions and "underground" sub-cultures. All of that transpiring with the ongoing occasional **intentional** development of a **new word** to express a previously unarticulated concept and the **absorption of foreign words** for similar reasons...all of this tend to happen at **rates** that ***increase proportional to the amount of active speakers.***

When **large** numbers of native speakers ***tip over and die in horrific ways in geographically clustered groups***, that will inevitably ***reduce*** the ***affected language's*** **lexicon** (**vocabulary**) thanks to the widespread **reduction** of ***regionally standardized*** **mispronunciations**, **malapropisms**, and other kinds of **local color**.

And that is just on the collective leve**l**. On a personal level the ***resulting*** **brain damage** from **almost starving to death** or **dying from sickness** for extended periods of time will **tend** to have a **simplifying effect** on the **subsequent** speech patterns of the survivor. **After** almost dying from either, the body prioritizes it's own healing needs first and **then** worries about the "**higher**" functions of the **mind**, if it ***even does at all***. These effects can be **ongoing**, **intermittent**, **long term** and even **permanent**. The **latter** is all the more **likely** if the **affected speaker** is **forced** to **endure *multiple*** **iterations** of **horrific events** with similar effects.

Beyond that, in ***dual speakers*** (not to mention more multilingual types), these potential **mental difficulties** would likely **contribute** to a ***decreasing sense of distinction*** between **different vocabularies**, especially in times of **active distress** when the **body**

has **more important** things to keep track of in trying **not** to **starve** or **shit itself to death**. When the **internal merging of languages** happens under this kind of **intense duress**, it stands to reason that the resulting **hybrid dialect** would **organize** itself ***around the linguistic equivalent each language's lowest common denominators***.

Trying to **communicate** in such a profoundly **diminished** state with concerned others who may or may ***not*** understand the **vague EASL mumblings** of the **half-dead dual speaker's improvised hybrid language** would inevitably lead **both parties** to ***simplify*** their well meaning reassurances to the other.

The **reduction** of the **population** by a **quarter**, then by ***half***, then a further **fifth** ***within*** two generations (resulting in a roughly ***70% reduction*** from original population numbers not accounting for births in that time) PLUS the **lingering neuro-lingusitic effects** experienced by the survivors is just the kind of ***unfortunate combination of events*** that would **result** in a ***widespread simplification of language*** not entirely dissimilar to the **grammatical progression** of **Middle English** into **Modern English**.

The resulting **language** wasn't just **simpler** from trials and tribulations of **Famine**, **Plague** and **the neverfuckingending *WAR*** between **England** and ***France***, it also ***became darker as well***.

Just like **it's speakers** were subject to a **viciously brutal darwinian selection process** over the 14th century, **English *itself*** went through it's own **brutal evolutionary process**. As just mentioned, **large amounts** of **geographically clustered fatalities** tends to ***significantly reduce*** regional variation and local color.

With the **mono-linguisitic plurality** likely experiencing ***higher*** **fatality rates** thanks to their **squalid living conditions**, there was a further widespread **skewing** of **Middle English** due to ***proportionally higher amounts of surviving dual speakers,*** many of whom were **suffering** from subsequent **vocabulary distinction** issues off and **on** after their harrowing experiences.

But these are only the external manifestations of the much deeper internal process happening ***within*** the **changing minds** and **affected operating systems** of the **survivors**. Already taxed and overburdened survivors were forced to grapple with various kinds of unimaginable horrors that were leaving their own indelible neurological imprints on their minds. Just trying to **articulate** the **horrors** to **oneself** under the **best** of conditions would **skew anybody's dialogue darkly**, and this would only be **intensified** by the **usual crappy emotions** that one tends to experience **almost starving to death** or **almost dying** from **bloody diarrhea** and/or **extreme fever**.

This ***semantic shading process*** was further **intensified** by the **new neural imprints** that were inflicted on the survivors, which on a linguistic level tend to **operate** as ***word gates that heavily influence the parameters of our default internal dialogues***

And those **internal dialogues** have a ***profound impact on how we perceive and understand the world***.

With **all of that** happening within a **mind** that was **statistically likely** to be **weakened** (if not ***damaged)*** from previous awful experiences, that would further **negatively** affect the **word selection process** thanks to the **widespread propensity** of most domesticated primates to **succumb** to **shitty moods** when tired, hurt, run down, sick, starving or suffering from too much grief to bear.

But on a deeper level ***all of these*** are just the (**slightly**) **evolved neo-cortex**(**tual**) responses of a **pre-existing program** written deep ***beneath*** the much maligned **monkey mind**. Simply put, it's a ***pre-lizard bias*** in the brain to **prioritize** distinctly **negative experiences** in the **creation** of **long term memories** in the (typically ***naively optimistic)*** **hope** that the **dumbass** in question will **avoid** a ***repeat*** of the same in the future. These **memories** become part of the **organism's** continuing **threat assessment checklist** when dealing with **external stimuli**.

This process would only be **reinforced** (if not **amplified**) by the ongoing ***perceptual bias*** resulting from the ***neural imprints*** made under **extreme duress** and/or **acute** and **chronic deprivation**. These **shifted *imprints*** go on to **deeply** affect the **internal dialogue** and **overall outlook** of the **deeply affected** individual. With this whole process happening within the context of **multiple** and **implacable** waves of ***Death*** (***Black*** or otherwise) and ***famine*** sweeping over the **island** which ***each*** (as often as not) left the **survivors** horribly scarred and maybe just a bit **brain damaged** to boot, these would naturally be relevant factors in the **ongoing word selection** of the survivors.

The language **skewed** increasingly ***simple*** in terms of **grammar**, increasingly ***French*** in terms of **vocabulary**, and increasingly ***dark*** in terms of ongoing **word selection** to articulate the **despair of the damned**. These tendencies would be **embedded** into the **structure** of the **language** itself thanks to **back to back generations** being subjected to **multiple iterations** of **widespread death** of a **highly vivid nature** that often resulted in ***drastically shifted neural imprints*** in **most survivors**, not to mention a fair bit of **brain damage** above and beyond the **usual English drunkenness**.

Which, ***to be fair,*** eased off **a bit** during the **Famine** but **quickly** returned to it's usual **pandemic levels** by the time the ***Black Death*** passed over the second time.

The **affected dialogues** of the **scarred survivors** wouldn't just live on in their **minds** and their **speech**, it would eventually be ***adopted*** by any **progeny** whose own **neuro-linguistic development process** was ***intimately influenced*** by the ***(incessantly)*** repeated **speech patterns** of their ***on-site parental units.*** Especially in the case of succeeding generations ***each*** experiencing ***repeated*** widespread catastrophe.

Such individuals, and **their progeny** (who **grew up** on their parent's ***intensely vivid bedtime stories*** of almost getting eaten when they were a small child BEFORE growing up to nearly **die** from almost **shitting themselves to death** while their armpits and taint

swelled up and turned ***black),*** tended to become increasingly ***health conscious*** in their continuing survival.

While the ***1300's*** understandably led to ***increased concern*** in **public health** in the **aristocracy** of **England** and elsewhere, this also had the further **unintended** effect in the next century of **facilitating** wide scale (and ***acute)*** **interest** in...

Chapter 9

*(**almost**)* **Better Living** (and hats) through
(pre-)**Chemistry**.

REVERSE EUGENICS;
Phase 2:
Heavy Metal Fever
REDUX

Alchemy **in England**

the **1400's**

*Consistent with it's name, the **Hundred Years WAR** lasted for the rest of the **post-plague 1300's** and continued until the second half of the **1400's**. It originally started with a **French succession crisis** when **Charles** the **Fourth** (of **France**) **died** without **male issue**. This was an **issue** because **French Law** and **French Custom** at the time **man**dated that **France** was to be ruled by a **King**. Apparently, the **highest political office** in **France** was like the proverbial **adolescent male club/gang/secret society** whose **first** (and perhaps **only**) **fixed rule** is displayed on a sign welcoming whatever **prospective candidates** to their **treehouse**: "**no gurls allowed**".*

*Of course, with this being the **Most Christian Throne of France**, in this case that proverbial sign would naturally have at least two additions to it; "**No gurls**, **pissants or dirty rotten sneaky English Monarchs Allowed**". The **latter** was an issue because the **English King** during this **French fiasco** was **Edward the Third**, whose mother, **Isabelle of France**, was **King Charles's sister**. This made **Edward the Third** (of **England**) the **grandson** of the previous **French** monarch (**Philip IV**) and **nephew** of the recently departed **French King** who triggered this particular **succession crisis** when he died **without** sons.*

***Charles'** only **legitimate** progeny happened to be an **infant daughter** who was **preemptively disqualified** from further **regal considerations** by an **acute** (and congenital) **penile deficiency**. Which was a **pre-existing condition** that **Edward III** (presumably) did not suffer from **him**self.*

*With the usual custom in both **France** and **England** up to this point being that when the **King dies** the **crown** passes to the nearest **male** relative, **Edward** had an entirely **legitimate** claim to the **French Crown** that was further supported by an old **mutual support clause** still on the **books** between the **Duke of Normandy** (a **title** that went with the **English Crown** whether or not **England** was fully in **possession** of actual **Norman** real estate at the time) and the **French King** to the effect that if **either** dies without a suitable replacement, the **other** will rule in his stead.*

Putting a further ironic spin on things was the fact that, technically speaking, ***England*** *was still a* ***vassal state*** *of* ***France*** *at the beginning of this whole mess, which only got* ***messier*** *when* ***Edward*** *decided it was time for the* ***tail to wag the dog*** *since* ***he*** *should rightfully rule* ***France*** *as well as* ***England****. His* ***technically correct*** *suggestion went over like a* ***lead balloon*** *with the* ***French Nobility****, who were, to a* ***man****, entirely* ***galled*** *by the prospect any* ***provincial English git*** *actually sitting upon their throne for any length of time.*

The old ***Salic law*** *that* ***man****dated that the* ***French Crown*** *was only to be worn by those* ***not*** *suffering from acute penile deficiency was further "****interpreted****" to mean that the* ***crown shall not pass*** *to it's* ***next victim*** *by way of* ***any*** *intervening* ***female*** *family members. This bit of* ***sexual sophistry*** *was eventually* ***confirmed*** *by the now* ***Avignon*** *(****French****)* ***Vatican****, which had moved to* ***France*** *just* ***two years*** *after* ***Philip IV*** *staged his* ***coup de' tat*** *against the church's highly successful military order (IE the* ***Templars****).*

The ***rubber stamp approval*** *by the* ***French Vatican*** *confirming the* ***French Nobility's*** *preference to be* ***ruled*** *by a* ***French person*** *only incensed the impetuous* ***English*** *further. The resulting rhetoric (which also drew on quite a bit of lingering enmity about still contested* ***English*** *possessions within or adjacent to* ***France*** *proper) led to a general call to arms in both countries before hostilities commenced in* ***France*** *in* ***1337****.*

At first, fortune seemed to favor the ***English*** *in their martial maneuvers. Over a period of* ***20 years*** *they managed to string together a number of (historically* ***atypical****) significant* ***victories*** *against the* ***French*** *on both* ***land*** *and* ***water*** *in pressing* ***Edward's*** *claim to the* ***French throne****. The victories of this first phase are even more impressive when considering the fact that the* ***dreaded English army*** *that had been* ***whipped into submission*** *by the* ***Norman French*** *previously was often fighting at a* ***numerical disadvantage*** *far away from home and country. The* ***English victories*** *were even more* ***astounding*** *as the* ***English*** *were fighting a* ***two front WAR*** *that mostly consisted of* ***repulsing periodic Scottish raids*** *and* ***offensives*** *at* ***home*** *in the* ***North Country*** *while continuing their* ***foreign adventures*** *in* ***France****.*

One by one the ***victories*** *racked up for the* ***English****...the* ***Battle of Sluys*** *(Naval, 1340), the* ***Battle of Crécy*** *(1346, often credited to* ***English*** *longbows), the* ***Battle of Neville's Cross*** *(the same year against the* ***Scots****) and a few others up until the* ***Black Death*** *hit both countries. When the* ***WAR*** *resumed* ***seven years later****, the* ***English*** *absolutely* ***stomped*** *the* ***French*** *at the* ***Battle of Poitiers****,* ***killing most*** *of the* ***French nobility*** *present and* ***capturing*** *the recently crowned* ***King John II*** *(of* ***France****).*

Losing their rightful King to captivity was a grievous blow to the ***French****, who were still collectively on the* ***back foot*** *trying to recover from their own* ***Le Grande Famine*** *and* ***Mort Noire*** *experiences. Apparently,* ***most*** *or* ***all*** *of the* ***good*** *(or if you prefer, "****noble****")* ***nobles*** *of* ***France*** *either* ***died*** *in the* ***Famine*** *or from the* ***Plague****, OR* ***in*** *the* ***battle of Poitiers*** *or were* ***captured*** *there with their* ***King****.*

__Without__ the restraining effect of effective oversight by a central governing body, those __French Nobles__ who __didn't__ succumb to the __plague__, __battle__ or __captivity__ almost to a man __succumbed__ to their own __post-plague neural imprint issues__ and reverted to __sub-tribal tyrants__ who __fought with each other__ while __slaying__ and/or __raping__ any __peasants__ that happened to __strike their fancy__ with __careless abandon__. __Chaos__ and __anarchy__ was __widespread__ while an already __damaged__ and __scarred French populace__ was __reduced__ and/or __terrorized__ further by the __egregious excesses__ of their __local aristocrats__.

One might be inclined to think that after such a __coup de grace__ followed by __fortuitous circumstances__ just about any __armed__ and __organized opposing force__ would be able to __roll up__ such a __fragmented__ and __disorganized__ enemy like so much __sod__. But this is the __English__ we are talking about, who almost __seem__ to be __genetically wired__ to __snatch unexpected defeat__ from __almost certain victory__ thanks to all their __hybridized loser DNA__ donated by __their forefathers__ (and __fivemothers__) who got their __asses kicked__ (and/or __transferred__) __off the mainland__ so long ago.

Despite their many strategic and tactical __advantages__, the __English offensive__ was effectively __broken__ when they __besieged__ the traditional __French__ coronation city of __Reims__, which __wasn't__ even properly garrisoned by professional __French forces__ at the time. The __local ragtag militia__ managed to __defeat__ the professional __English forces__ by __barricading__ their __walled city__ and __not__ coming out to play.

After their __reaming__ at __Reims__, __Edward__ (mark __3__) decided that perhaps __Paris__ would be an __easier target__ (ummm...) and moved his __forces__ there, only to __change his mind__ after a few suburban skirmishes on it's outskirts. At some point during all this the __French__ somehow managed to __outmaneuver English forces__ before __pinning them down__, forcing __King Edward__ (__3.0__) into __negotiations__.

__Negotiations__ that would result in a __Treaty__ (of __Brétigny__) where __England__ got just a __bit more land__ in __Aquitaine__ while __giving up__ any current or future __claims__ to the __French Crown__, PLUS any and all __future claims__ to __Normandy__, __Touraine__, __Anjou__ and __Maine__ AND __reduced__ the __ransom__ of __King John II__ (of __France__, still) by a __million crowns__ (roughly a __fucktillion__ {or so} dollars when adjusted for inflation). Which the __French__ likely did __not__ pay because __John__ died of an unknown malady while in honorable captivity in __1364__, despite __England's__ best efforts to honor their regal hostage with the kind of treatment he was accustomed to.

After a __nine year peace__ (and/or __arms build up__), __phase 2__ of the __Hundred Years WAR__ was __precipitated__ by a __Civil WAR__ in __Castile__ (a province in modern day __España__) over their own __regal succession crisis__. The short version is that __England__ backed __one guy__, and __France__ backed __some other dude__ and things __escalated__ from there. While that was going on, __England__ faced a brand new __succession crisis__ of it's own.

In just one year, both the __Prince Regent__ (the succession __equivalent__ to the American __Vice President__) and the __elderly King died__, leaving his __ten year old grandson__, who would become known as __Richard II__, the __King__. Over the following __ten years__ the

__English crown__ would have to __deal__ with a __peasant uprising__, yet another __WAR__ with __Scotland__ and __multiple coup attempts__ by various groups of __nobles__.

With all of these being dealt with by a __beardless boy__ "__advised__" by __multiple councils__ who rapidly became a __sullen teenager__ in his __majority__, it shouldn't be that much of a surprise that the __English__ endeavors in __France__ didn't fare so well. After substantial __reverses__ the __English__ would go on to lose __all__ of their __Avignon holdings__ to __France__, except for a vestigial toehold in __Calais__. The __14th century__ (IE the __1300's__) ended for __England__ with a __coup de' tat__ successfully staged against __Richard II__ by his nephew __Henry the Fourth__. The __former king__ was deeply unpopular after the __English reverses__ in __France__ as well as for the __taxes__ he levied to __pay__ to put down the __Scots__ while __protecting England's__ one remaining __French territory__ from the __French__.

Consistent with so much in the way of __trial__ and __tribulation__ in both countries, so much __WAR__ happening not so long (historically speaking) after widespread __plagues__ and __famines__ had it's inevitable social effects. __Nationalism surged__ on both sides of the __Channel__, but perhaps more so in __England__ where the __nobility__ had managed to (mostly) __restrain__ themselves from __running amok__ at __home__, preferring to do so __abroad__ in __France__ or __Northumberland__ or __Scotland__. The __Hundred Years WAR__ of __Non-Stop Succession Crises__ had the added __linguistic__ effect in __England__ of creating even __more__ of an __anti-French bias__ in both __sentiment__ and __language__ preferences.

While __English__ was __gorging itself__ on __French words__, the __amount__ of actual __French__ heard on the __island__ began to __drop__. The __King of England__ actually had the __gall__ to address the __English Parliament__ in __England__ using __vernacular English__ for the __first time__ in __1362__. This both __reflected__ and __inflamed anti-French bias__ in the __aristocracy__ and the __peasantry__, and likely __contributed__ to __increasing usage__ of actual __English__ by __England's upper class__, who would __now__ be __forced__ to __distinguish themselves__ from their __lessers__ using __more subtle linguistic cues__ in their __commonly separating operating system__.

Beyond that, with all of the previously shifted __neural imprints__ thanks to the previous __plagues__ and __famines__, the __age of chivalry__ (to the extent it actually existed) in __WARfare__ was __over__. Those able bodied men who survived the __unspeakable horrors__ that came with __surviving widespread sickness__ and __killing hunger__ were (at __best__) a bit __desensitized__ to the __lesser horrors__ of __organized violence__ by __Man__.

At __worst__, they were __French Aristocrats wantonly preying upon the pissants__ they were supposed to __administer__ and __protect__. The early excesses in initial battles only __congealed__ into a __growing__ amount of __bad blood__ on __both sides__, which inevitably led to further __excesses__ that directly __contributed__ to a further __desensitization__ to the __horrors of WAR__ in __surviving participants__.

__None__ of that combined well with the ongoing __technological advances__ in __WARfare__ that made __killing__ from a distance __easier__ to do than ever with all the exciting advancements in __catapult__, __trebuchet__ and __bow technology__ plus beginning developments in a little

*something called **gunpowder** during these tumultuous times. These developments led to ever **more death** and **grievous injury**, not to mention the **new** and **exciting** **neural imprint** opportunities among the **living** that come with being **trapped** in a **fixed position** and taking **heavy cannon fire** or having **large rocks flung** at your **castle f**or extended periods of time.*

*So much **death** and **grievous injury** happening on **both sides** of the **channel** from the **WAR** itself, and ALL of the previous **public health issues** led many, and especially those **aristocrats** who could **afford** such **luxuries**, to take an **increasing interest** in **maintaining** and/or **improving** their current state of **well being**. For **most** of the previous century, just about the **last thing** anyone could **take for granted** was their **health**, which made those few who actually had it **value it** all the more.*

*While this new concern for **health** and **well being** led to exciting developments in the **healing arts** like **leaching**, **trepanning** or suchlike, some of this interest carried over into other **tangentially related** arts.*

*One of these **arts** was a little something called...*

Alchemy was/**is** a highly **allegorical** adaptation of a **neuro-metaphysical process** that goes all the way back to **god knows when**. **No one** is sure when or where it was first truly discovered (and/or **developed**), EXCEPT for those **credulous students** of a number of **mystery schools**/**magical orders** who **believe** the **hype** about their **mystical tradition** being the **one true path of Solomon** that goes all the way back to **Adam**.

Aside from the **highly informed** commentary of those **credulous idiots**, certain **architectural anomalies** present within the **Great Pyramid of Cheops**, ***the Sphinx*** and other **ancient structures** located at strategic points along the **Nile River** indicate that at least **some** (if not ***all)*** of the **key principles** of the **practice** of ***the Art of arts*** were **known** and **practiced** on a **widespread** basis in **pre-dynastic Ancient Egypt**.

As the ***actual*** ages of some of these **megalithic structures** actually **pre-dates** the **academically accepted** starting point for "**civilization**" by a **few thousand years** (or so), one **could** surmise that ***Alchemy*** is, in operational terms, **older** than **most** kinds of **dirt.**

Considering the **evolved sophistication** of the ***Art*** present on such wide scale basis in ancient **Egypt**, the present author thinks it is **likely** that it was also quite **popular** in **Mesopotamia** after being originally **developed** on the **Mothership**...oops, I meant discovered in **Africa**. Predictably, since these ***Mothership Civilizations*** had **better** things to do with their time then sit around and **develop written languages**, there is **little** to **zilch** in the historical record to support this hypothesis aside from the **oral histories** of those **magickal mystery traditions** that claim to go all the way back to **Africa**.

Regardless of where it was first developed, there is **little confusion** about the fact that virtually every "**old world**" culture of significance had their own ***Alchemical* tradition** at some point or another. ***It*** was practiced all over ancient **Persia**, **India**, **China**, **Central Asia** (and **especially *Tibet)*** and **elsewhere** in the **East** as well as in ancient **Greece**, **North Africa** and even **ROME** up until it fell apart at the seams.

With it being practiced virtually everywhere else, it was probably well known elsewhere in **Africa**, and many if not all of the **Tribes** of the "**New World**" had their own **similar** or roughly **equivalent** practices. But again, **neither** of these latter assertions are well documented in the historical record thanks to the **preference** in those cultures for **oral traditions**, or their respective tendencies to record relevant information in stone using incredibly sophisticated multivalent imagery that looks an awful lot like it was intended to be read while high on mushrooms.

Though there have been a number of **modern** or **recent** attempts to translate these **glyphic** (and/or **graphic**) **languages**, the simple fact is that due to the sudden **loss** of a **majority** of **native readers** (usually in **association** with **avaricious honkies** showing up in **big boats**), **many** if not ***most*** of these written languages ***haven't*** had **any** living native readers in **seven generations** or more. Since **most** to **all** of these **lost languages** still have yet to benefit from the discovery of a **Rosetta stone equivalent**, it is **not** possible to effectively determine the relative accuracy of these modern translations to any great degree.

And more is the pity, because one of the neat things about the ***Alchemical diaspora*** was the **regional** differences in **emphasis** and **practice**. Just like with **music** and **language** (and/or any number of other **arts** and **crafts**, and **sports**), every **culture** where ***Alchemy*** was **practiced** would end up putting their own **spin** on the **practice**, and this **shift** in **emphasis** would **frequently** result in new developments that may or may not be known elsewhere.

In fact, there was so much **cultural variation** way back when there **was** (and ***is)*** quite a bit of **confusion** and a general **lack of consensus** about what ***Alchemy*** was really all about. If you were to ask **9 practitioners** (and/or **adepts**) to **define** their practice, you would **likely** receive anywhere from **18** to **81 definitions** that are framed within or heavily dependent upon a preponderance of fuzzy, mystical terminology that is itself highly **allegorical**.

What you most certainly will **not** get is either **straight talk**, **simple answers** or **plain English**. Granted, **some** of this has to do with the fundamentally **trans-rational nature** of the ***Work*** itself, but much (to **most**) ***metaphysical doubletalk*** has to do with the **patronizing obfuscation** that one often encounters when dealing with **conspicuously mystical** (and/or **spiritual**) types who think you are **too stupid** and/or **uninitiated** to **understand** the **greater mysteries** of their **metaphysical tradition**.

When you **strip away** all the **superstitious claptrap** and compare and contrast the various multi-cultural approaches as documented within the historical records of note,

the practice of ***Alchemy*** was undertaken with the intent of fulfilling one or more of **5** different, yet **intimately** related, overarching **goals** that have been long associated with the practice of ***Alchemy***. In broad terms these **goals** are as follows:

I. **Facilitating** the **long fabled** yet **rarely achieved** state of **permanent well-being** usually referred to as ***immortality***. This was often viewed as a **fringe benefit** of successfully...

II. **Awakening** a **Solomon-like Wisdom** that far **surpasses** the normal **disillusionment process** facilitated by **repeated** and **sustained suffering**. This **enhanced wisdom** was widely thought to be triggered by the **synthesis** and subsequent **ingestion** of the...

III. ***Philosopher's Stone***, which was reputed to confer the **latter** (and possibly the **former**) state. It was widely thought that the successful **synthesis** of this **theoretical substance** was contingent on the **development/discovery** of another **mystical substance** usually referred to as the...

IV. ***Universal Solvent,*** which was **itself** reputed to be a substance that could **dissolve** anything. This would have been extremely **helpful** to experimental ***Alchemists*** in their **research** in a variety of ways. One of the more important of which was the impending (or thought to be, anyways) discovery of another **mythical substance** that used to be called...

V. ***Aqua Vita*** and/or ***Aqua Regis***. Both are ***Latin*** terms that translate into "**the water of life**" and "**the water of kings**", respectively. The **successful distillation** and **subsequent ingestion** of this **mythical substance** was thought to confer the ongoing state of **physical immortality** to the **imbiber**. The **enlightened adept** did not (**allegedly**) **seek** this for **it's** own ends, but merely to **increase** the likelihood that their **artificially extended lifetime** may give them **additional opportunity** to **re-**discover the ***Philosopher's Stone***, which was last reported to be successfully synthesized by **King *Solomon*** (of **Zion**) way back when, or **something**.

Obviously, the terms just used are either **English** or **Western** in origin, but **widespread consistencies** in the historical translations of **Eastern works of wisdom** are clearly **indicative** of **similar** or **parallel** concepts that are (in most cases) **direct *precursors*** to those found within Western ***Alchemy***.

The search for so many substances led to quite a bit of widespread **experimentation** by **thousands** of independent researchers over the ancient and not so ancient world. The search for these **mythical substances** was a **primary factor** in many of the early de facto **chemistry experiments** that resulted in things like **ammonia**, **phosphorous**, **watered** (IE stainless) **steel**, ***gunpowder*** and other helpful substances that we tend to take for granted these days.

Not that these early developments are well documented in the historical record.

While some of this is attributable to **translation issues**, more of these **conspicuous omissions** have to do with ***successful*** **historical** (pre-)**chemists** viewing their ongoing operations as being ***proprietary*** processes that **many** were inclined to **capitalize on**.

In the hopes of keeping an **intellectual monopoly** on their **proprietary process**, to the extent that these processes were documented, they were done so in intentionally **vague** or even ***inaccurate*** **language** to protect their **intellectual assets**.

This itself highlights one of the **oldest** "**mystical**" **predispostions** that did **not** just affect **ancient *Alchemists*** but continues to ***bedevil*** **modern metaphysical types**. Simply put, when faced with the **complex difficulties** of actually learning how to **live forever** or **embody true Wisdom**, **many**, if not ***most,*** **practitioners** and **proponents** were/**are** willing to **forego** those admirable quests in the much easier attained goals of **living a life of luxury** and **dying rich**.

As we will see in this chapter (and others), these ***pecuniary predispositions*** often found in **conspicuously metaphysical types** seem to have **grown** more pronounced over time.

Coming back to the plethora of documentation issues in the historical record regarding practices ***Alchemical,*** further **muddying the mystical waters** were the subsequent **information purges** conducted by **concerned civic leaders** during any number of historical **witch hunts**, **book burnings**, and/or the **torching** of regionally renowned **libraries** of distinction.

Much of the time, in many to most localities, these independent researchers were looked upon with **hairy eyeballs** by both the local **political** and **orthodox religious authorities**. **DIY** (pre-)**chemists** mucking about with **fire**, **flammable**/**pyrophoric** or otherwise **toxic substances** raised obvious **safety concerns** in **city-states** or **villages** that were usually built with significant amounts of **wood** or **thatch** (IE twigs and lichen). Plus, the **successful** independent development of things like **gunpowder** or **phosphorous** (or **ammonia nitrate**) was a real **strategic threat** to any **local authority** who **didn't** have access to their own or **control** over the producers of such.

Equally **threatened** were any **local centralized religions** that worked off the premise that **only** their local representatives were the acceptable receptacles of the **Wisdom** of the **Ancients** (or whatever). Any **unannointed individual** able to **demonstrate** any **Wisdom** derived in part from some kind of **empirical process** that had ***little to nothing to do with naive belief*** could **easily** put a real **conceptual hole** in any orthodox religion that emphasizes **belief over observation** (IE ***damn near all of them)***.

With these factors in play, it shouldn't be too surprising that ***Alchemists*** (and the like) were frequently and widely historically **persecuted**, and not just in **Europe**. The ongoing **witch hunts**, **burnings**, **pogroms**, **purges** or **forced exiles** put a further **wrinkle** in the **documentation process** of any **legitimate researchers** who may have been **inclined** to attempt to **document** their **activities** in something **equivalent** to whatever passed for **Plain English** for them. Basically, they **couldn't** if they wanted to keep their ***head,*** **home**, **place of business** or what have you.

Both **legitimate researchers** and **unscrupulous charlatans** were further inspired to **intentionally obfuscate** in any **descriptive documents** using even **more allegorical** language as a **code** that a **novice practitioner** would need some kind of **semantic key** to properly **unlock**. These **keys** were most often transmitted **orally** (no comment) in response to the obvious **dangers** of **documenting** the **key** to so much **damming information** in the **same device**. As these **purges** and **pogroms** swept back and forth over the ancient world, many if not MOST of these **keys** (many of which were in **dead** or **dying** languages) ended up in **history's outhouse** as their **keymasters** were hounded into oblivion.

This was all happening well before **ROME** was even a twinkle in **Ancient Greece's** eye. By that time, there was a terrible amount of **widespread confusion** regarding which documented ***alchemical*** processes were **legitimate** and **directly** explained, which ones were **legitimate** but **written in allegorical code**, and which ones were complete **bullshit** thanks to **mistranslation** or **malfeasance**. And that's only where **original** works were **written** in a **language** the reader is either **native** or **fluent in**. Add the inevitable (and widespread) **translation issues** to this and what you have is a ***semantic fustercluck of astronomic proportions.***

Which **doesn't** even take in account the **slow motion telephone game** of **one ponderous tome** being **mistranslated** into another **language**, and then **mistranslated *again*** into another language (and **so on**) until the **seventh** (or later) **generation translation** is ***translated back*** into it's **original language** as an ***entirely different book***. This **probably** happened **more** than one might guess over the **couple thousand** (or more) **years *Alchemy*** was widely practiced in the "**old**" **world**.

The present author suspects that this might be one of the main reasons that **ROME didn't** seem to take to ***Alchemy*** with quite the fervor that ancient ***Greece, Persia, India,*** and ***China*** seemed to. To the **extent** that there MAY have been **legitimate researchers** operating in **ROME's Eastern provinces** that MIGHT have **impressed ROME's *on-site personnel*** (those second and/or third raters previously transferred for mud duck maneuvers in more centrally located positions of power), any **enthusiastic reports** of **outlandish practices** sent back to **ROME** were **probably** viewed as ***further*** indications of the **inevitable idiocy** of ***on-site personnel*** by their **home office administrative peers**. Who were **unlikely** to share their discoveries with their own **powerful friends** in tones **other** than **sarcastic** and **biting**, typically with some kind of **intimation** that ***on site personnel*** might be **going native** out there in **BFE**.

So whatever ***living information*** that **might** have still been ***alive*** in **ROME's Eastern provinces** tended to stay there. **ROME** further distanced itself from the ***Alchemical* legacy** that was the **better part** of it's intellectual inheritance from ***Greece*** by **torching the Library of Alexandria** at least ***twice***. Modern day historians can only speculate as to the full extent of this ***datapocalypse***, but it is generally held to be **massive**.

With the **upper classes** (who are the are the **only ones** who usually have the necessary free time and disposable income for ***Alchemical*** practice or research) of **ROME**

suffering from widespread ***genetic drift*** consistent with being **descended** from multiple generations of **degenerate upper class idiots** further afflicted by **acute, long term lead poisoning**, the practice and theory of ***Alchemy*** was increasingly ***over the heads*** of a **target demographic** more concerned with where the next happening **orgy** was or which **gladiators** would make to the **playoffs** this ***semester***.

Those few **upper class twits** who actually **had** the **mental capacity** necessary to seek **wisdom** (or if that's too much to hope for, ***knowledge)*** were often **operationally gimped** in their **R** and **D** thanks to their unenviable legacy of ***diminishing*** **mental resources** stemming from **bio-accumulative toxins** and **selective** "upper class" (**in**)**breeding**.

At the best of times, those individuals were **not** the most adept of practitioners or proponents, and whatever well meaning but hamhanded attempts to communicate the various **benefits** of ***Alchemical*** attempts likely left their **target audiences** even more **confused** and **put off** by the subject than they were previously.

But by the ***second*** time (those COCKS from) **ROME burned the Library of Alexandria**, the good times in **ROME** were over and more and more otherwise interested individuals in the ***Roman*** **Elite** were increasingly concerned with **tightening** their **grip** on their **dwindling power** and **fortunes**. This left **less** time and a ***diminished*** **inclination** for **enlightened endeavors** among an **Elite** increasingly **unsure** of the loyalty of their ***Legions***.

By the time **ROME** whipped the ***Gauls*** into submission and set up shop in **England** and **started thumping on it's natives**, ***Alchemy*** had already lost much of it's ***savior faire*** in the ***Roman*** **elite**. Consistent with their largely ***laissez faire*** approach to **religion** and **metaphysics** throughout their **Empire** (assuming the **locals** were **current** on their **taxes**, of course), there is **no** record of specific ***Alchemical*** **harassment** anywhere in either **Roman Empire** before **the Crosstians** showed up. But they **didn't** exactly spread it **Westward** despite the massive transfer of more practical knowledge that was ongoing in it's formerly Western provinces.

Aside from certain **Celtic** (and/or **Gaelic**) tribes, there does **not** appear to much in the way of any widespread pre-medieval ***Alchemical*** traditions in **Western Europe**. Though **some** of this **is likely** to the **inherent language issues** and the **various widespread losses** of the **Dark Ages**, indigenous **Western European groups** did **not** seem to have much more than (more than) **half forgotten memories** encoded as **local allegorical tribal myths** of debatable accuracy.

With the eventual **fall** of **ROME**, more than a **few** of these **half remembered myths** were **more** than **half forgotten** the minute HORDES of **epicanthically enfolded equestrian assholes** showed up on the **Eastern horizon**. During all of the ensuing **pillaging**, **massive causalities** and **forced migrations** that **came** (but didn't go) with the **Huns**, whatever minimal ***Alchemical*** awareness was present in **post** ***Roman*** **Western Europe** quickly **evaporated** in the **Fall** (then **Winter**) **of ROME.**

There were probably a **few** individual ***alchemical*** **practitioners** and/or **theorists** scattered over **Western Europe**, but they were **few** and **far between** and most likely tried to keep themselves as **isolated** as possible to **avoid** the attention of **local religious authorities** (that were becoming increasingly **Crosstian**) and **marauding bands of *Germans*** recently **displaced** from their **Vaterland**.

Aside from those **isolated pockets of practitioners**, for the most part ***Alchemy*** went the way of the **dodo** during the **Dark Ages** in **Europe**. For the next **800** years **most** of **Europe** would keep **pretty busy** fending off **periodic raids** and **invasions** by various groups of ***Germans, Vikings, Danes,*** and not a few ***French*** **fuckers** while **weathering** the **not** infrequent **droughts**, **famines** and **plagues** that were happening on an ongoing basis. Whatever little **free time** people had was spent **preparing for the next invasion**, or **Winter**, or ***planning their own invasions.***

Mazlow's hierarchy of needs *doesn't* just apply to the individual. With so much of **Europe** operating under **fight** or **flight conditions** for **hundreds of years**, just about the ***only*** social group that benefitted from ongoing living conditions stable enough to allow **some** of their **flock** to have the **leisure** to do things like **read**, **write** and **translate books** was the **Church**. It's **members** were **usually** (but not always) being treated with a bit of **deference** and/or **respect** by both sides of **most conflicts** NOT involving ***Vikings*** or displaced ***German*** tribesman.

Ironically enough, despite the later assertions of ***Alchemy*** being a **heretical** practice, it was the through the **auspices** of the **Mother Church** that ***Alchemy*** was **re-discovered** on a widespread basis in **Greater Europe**, and **England**. The process of **re-discovery** was **twofold** in within the **Church**.

The first of these is fairly obvious. The ***conceptual*** **re-discovery** of ***Alchemy*** happened thanks to the ongoing **research efforts** of **ecumenical scholars** who found themselves in possession of an increasing amounts of **old books** as the **Church** waxed in power and extended it's geographical footprint over **Europe** and the **Mideast**. The **libraries** of vanquished or fleeing enemies of the **Church** (or it's **European allies**) were often **absorbed** in **totality** by the **nearest monastery**. Closer to (or **at**) home, the **extensive libraries** of the **better sort** of **congregant** were often **donated** to the **nearest church** thanks to their **last instructions** or the **liquidation efforts** of **surviving kin** who may or may **not** be fully **literate**.

Of course, since this is the **Church** we are talking about, it should be mentioned that **not** a few of these **books** would end up getting **torched** by **concerned religious authorities**, but these were **only a bucket in a lake** compared to what would eventually **end up** in the **Vatican's Libraries**. Given the rapidly rising popularity of **Christianity** across **Europe** in the **few centuries** leading up to **1000 AJ**, **local** and **regional Churches** frequently found themselves **awash** in **too many books** for their **literate personnel** to actually **read** while keeping up with their other duties, namely, copying out the Bible (in ***LATIN)*** by hand and illustrating it as they went along.

So a substantial **backlog** developed in many **Churches** regarding the **integration** of increasing literary donations. Even the **precursory perusal** of many of these **devices** was effectively **impossible** with many of them being **written** in **foreign languages** that **no one on site** was familiar with. **Many** of these **inactive devices** started collecting **dust** and getting eaten by bookworms patiently waiting for a **high verbal idiot** to show up that **might** have some passing familiarity with the **tongue** they were written **with**...WHOOPS...in.

Over time, more and more of these **ecumenical scholars** become increasingly familiar (and in many cases **fluent**) in **languages** like early ***LATIN***, ***Attic Greek, Talmudic Hebrew, Persian, Sanskrit*** and perhaps even a **smattering** of ***Chinese*** and/or ***Ancient Egyptian***. As the **Church** continued to **grow** in **power** and **popularity**, more people in the **Church** found themselves with just a bit more **free time** than previously, and some institutions became large enough to support a dedicated researcher or two to **sort out the stacks**.

These **first multi-lingual librarians** were usually the first to stumble upon any interesting books. Though **many** probably regarded much of what they read as a bunch of **heathen horsefeathers**, some of the more **savvy readers** were quick to **take notes** when **reading** about certain **metallurgic** (and/or other **empirical**) **processes** that might result in potentially (**extremely**) **lucrative income streams** or the possibility of **never ending Life** and/or **boundless wisdom**.

A subset of this **minority group** within the **Church** would go on to present this information to the (usually) **abbot** or **prior** in the hopes of obtaining the necessary resources to begin their own **on-site research**. Like most **Churchmen** in being ever **mindful** of new and lucrative ***donation streams*** to **support their earthly flock** as well as **tend to their own mortal needs** (and/or ***creature comforts,*** often in the form of **on site mistresses** and/or **off site whores**), not a few **Church administrators** were willing to let their underling set up a **lab**, usually in the basement or attic in a little used storeroom.

As **word** of their **researches** and **discoveries** trickled out **from the Church** into the **gentry**, the **demand** for ***old*** books, plus their ***(alleged)*** **copies** and (**mis-**)**translations**, all began to **grow** rapidly. Many of these **entrepreneurial abbots** came to find that even if their **on site researcher *wasn't*** successful in his ***Alchemical*** **experiments**, they could make a **pretty penny** or two **retasking** some of their **scribes** from copying **the Bible** to **copying high demand *Alchemical* texts** and **selling** those **under the table** to noble hobbyists and researchers.

The funny thing about all of this as that very few of these folks on the **research side** seemed to be **cognizant** of the fact that those **few texts** that were **accurately translated** in the first place were themselves either **mistranslations** or **outright fabrications** (thanks to a **similar** sort of **growing demand** in their origin cultures).

OR the **rare times** when those **weren't** the case, ***they were written in a highly allegorical fashion that wasn't supposed to be taken*** *(or* ***performed****)* ***literally***.

Moreover, **few** of these **volumes** contained their corresponding **semantic keys** to **unlock** the **true meaning** of the **text within**. This inevitably led to further **mistranslations**, **widespread confusion** and **not much** in the way of **experimental success** in the **early European *Alcehmical* research phase**.

This was all mostly happening **under the radar** in the time leading up to the **Crusades**. Before **then**, most **Europeans** had never heard of ***Alchemy,*** but **after** it would be ***several*** **hundred years** and a **scientific** (and/or **industrial**) **revolution** (or **two** {or ***both****})* before those who **claimed** to be in the know would **shut up** about ***it.*** This was **mostly** due to the **cultural cross-pollination** efforts of the **Knights Templar**, who are largely **responsible** for the **re-introduction** of ***Alchemy*** to **Europe** as something ***other*** than a conceptual conceit.

With their widespread and long term presence in the **Middle East**, some elements in the **Knights Templar** had developed **friendly relations** with some of the ***less*** **militantly minded** individuals in various **Islamic communities**. These **inter- denominational friends** typically found **common ground** in **both** groups being **people** of the **Book** (albeit **slightly** different ones with many parallels between them) and having what some might describe as more **mystical** (and/or **philosophical**) inclinations than the **fundamentalist religious maniacs** in charge of their **Holy *WAR***. Despite their differing religions, many (if not **most**) of the **mystically minded** of ***both*** **religions** came to ***inevitable*** **conclusion** that they had more **in common** with **each other** than they did with the more **orthodox** members of their own **religions**.

Some of these **Middle Eastern Muslim Mystics** were involved in **other** practices that were **not** described in the **Koran** as they **predated it** by varying lengths of time. In being **geographically closer** to the ***Source*** and drawing from a **richer** and **longer tradition** of ***Alchemy***, many of these **local *Sourcerers*** in the **Mideast** were ***more*** than conceptually familiar with the practice of ***Alchemy***. ***Some*** were consciously **tapped** into ***it's*** (**actual**) ***living*** **bodies of** (**practical**) **knowledge** thanks to have previously **apprenticed** with a **Master** (**Mason?**). IE ***someone*** who **knew** the usual **metaphysical spiel** AND was also in possession of the necessary **semantic keys** to ***transmute*** the **spiel** into an ***actual*** **spell**.

Some of the more **progressive elements** of these **mystical splinter sects** of **Islam** came to the ultimately **correct** conclusion that the best way to ***neutralize*** an **enemy** is to ***awaken their higher metaphysical faculties*** and ***let their own ineffable wisdom do the rest***.

Compared the alternatives (both then and **now**), **Christianity** and **Islam** are more **alike** than they are **different** and most **intelligent** (and/or **wise**) people **not** caught up in a bunch of **orthodox claptrap** will **see** this for themselves in moments of **clarity** facilitated by various methods. If done **well**, ***triggered enlightenment*** is one of the **most** effective

non-violent ways of neutralizing a former enemy. As **often** as not, the **individual** that **shows someone the Light** will afterwords be viewed by even the **worst enemy** as some kind of **catalytic individual** or **teacher** of sorts. This inclination is usually accompanied with a further inclination to **treat that person accordingly** (IE presumably NOT attempting to **brain them with a sharpened metal stick** or **burn them alive** and **rape** and/or **burn their family** without some kind of probable cause).

When individual **Knights Templar** were **identified** by **local practitioners** as possessing a **suitable temperament** and the **necessary mental acuity** (and ***willpower)*** for the ***Work***, many were taken on as **students** by **Islamic *Alchemists*** and ***initiated*** into **one** (or another, or **more**) ***magickal mystery traditions***.

Those who didn't **wash out** in the **initiation screening** (most often involving **dramatic rituals** featuring various **situations in extremis** with ***perceived* threats to life, limb** or **the greater soul**) were walked through various **empirical processes** and **taught** the **semantic keys** necessary to **unlock** the **living information** from various **Good Books** ***(including*** the **Bible**), as well as their own individuated ***Trans-Personal Memory***.

Of course, as indicated in the previous chapter, the **Knights Templar** ended up being a little bit **too successful** than was actually **good** for them. Their **financial** and **political success** generated quite a bit of **antipathy** within the more **orthodox** (and incidentally, **small minded**) within the **Church**. This was only **magnified** when **more** and **more Knights Templar** returned to their **home lands** in **Europe** after the ***Crusades*** conspicuously **well heeled** and **overly tolerant** of **other** practices and metaphysical methods **not** clearly described within the **Good Book**.

Not a few **Templars** came back **home** from the **Mideast** obscenely **rich**, or became such soon after the fact, but were **notoriously tight lipped** about **how** they came into their **fortunes**. The relative **silence** about their **success** led to a lot of **spurious speculation** that was **heavily** (**mis**)**informed** by the **general confusion** on the **research side** (of ***Western European Alchemy)*** about what all those **bloody mystical wogs** were really going on about.

Typical of **most** (to ***all)*** **rigidly hierarchal organizations** based on ***belief*** (be they religions, learning institutions, Fortune 500 companies, television news networks and/or professional sports teams) **both** the (often **related** and frequently ***identical)*** **demographics** of the **orthodox** and the **small minded** were **preponderant** within the **rank** and **file** of the **Church**. It was through the **skillful manipulation** of these **idiots' thoughts** (and **more** importantly ***their feelings about their thoughts)*** that **King *Philip*** (of **France**) and his ***minions*** were able to **maneuver the Church** into **royally fucking itself over** by collectively **throwing** their most successful order **under the bus** in **1307**.

When that happened, the entire ***invisible college*** of **Europe's only qualified *Alchemical* operators** was forced to go **underground**, or had to go **on the lam** to exotic locales in foreign countries like **Scotland**, for instance. With **Edinburgh** starting to develop it's reputation as the ***Athens*** of the **North**, **many** of these **Marked Men**

settled and **set up shop** in and around **Scotland** under **assumed identities** and **resumed** their former **researches** (and/or ***other*** kinds of ***Alchemical*** **activities**).

Gradually, some of these individuals (or their progeny who had been introduced to the ***Craft*** by their father or a close uncle) would later go on to matriculate southwards into **England** (and **likely London**) for better business opportunities than shearing sheep and making head cheese in the Scottish Highlands.

One of the more interesting **ironies** of the **Church's** attempt to suppress the **Templar Order** partly because of alleged ***Alchemical*** activities is that the **associated scandals** of the ongoing **Templar witchhunts** and **show trials** generated a rapidly **increasing** amount of **sympathetic** interest in ***Alchemy*** (and the **Knights Templar**, incidentally) in ***both*** the **landed gentry** and the **proletariat pissants** groveling under their (**shiny**) **riding boots**.

The further **irony** of this historical ***Streisand Effect*** is that just at the point ***Alchemy*** starts becoming as popular as ever in **Europe** is **precisely** when there were the ***least amount of skilled Alchemical activists*** around to help **edify** the **masses** in their **idiot debates** about what ***It*** was really about. Much less ***safely*** **guide** the ***uninitiated masses*** into the **best accepted practices** for facilitating ***Alchemy's*** true goals.

As demonstrated by the **internet**, **popular music lyrics** and **network news channels**, where **confusion reigns** BOTH the **commentary** and related **conspiracy theories** tend to trend **towards** the **discussion group's** ***lowest common conceptual denominators***.

Consistent with the recent experiences in pre-enlightenment ***France*** and **England**, the ongoing **speculation** about ***Alchemy*** tended to **congregate** around two different themes: ***unending life*** and ***easy money***.

The widespread tribulations in both ***France*** and **England** in the **1300's** would only make these concepts ever more **popular**, and it's **not** difficult to establish why.

Witnessing a sizable **minority** (or majority in **many** cases) of one's friends, families and neighbors **tip over and die** from **starvation** or a **visually vivid** sickness like the **bubonic plague** would inevitably inspire a pointed amount of **interest** in the **possibility** of **avoiding** such **unenviable transitions** through some kind of ***unending life***.

Easy money wasn't exactly an unknown concept before **1300** (**allegedly**), but it became even **more popular** thanks to the **widespread shortages** and **scarcities** of the **Famine** and **Plague times**. Not to mention the foolish **pissing away** of **huge** amounts of the **national economies** of both ***France*** and **England** by their **idiot** ***Kings*** in their **ongoing attempts** to **hijack** and **control** ever **larger** quantities of ***each other's*** **Strategic Banana Reserves**, mostly in the form of contested geographies.

This combination of rather unfortunate **social trends** turned out to be precisely the **perfect storm** necessary to **trigger** a **dreadful relapse** of ***Heavy Metal Fever*** in **England** that ***still has yet to abate***.

As previously noted (see chapter 3 of this device), the **usual suspects** were again present, albeit in slightly **different** forms, but largely with **similar** effects**.**

The ongoing **deprivations** and **depredations** of the **1300's *rekindled* England's** relatively dormant ***GOLD* fever**, which **escalated** to ***endemic levels*** by the **end** of the **14th century**. So much so that in **1403**, **King *Henry*** (mark **VI**) was inspired to issue an edict **banning** the ***multiplying of metals*** without a proper **permit**, for **fear** of ***alchemist counterfeiters* debasing** the **monetary system** with ***GOLD* coins** that were previously ***lead***.

Rather than getting **derailed** into the **fascinating** philosophical implications of using **real *GOLD*** that had **previously** been ***lead*** to make "**fake**" **coins** that would be **indistinguishable** (aside from **poorly cut dyes** used to **cast** them) from the "**real**" **coins** already in circulation, the present author thinks our time would be better used trying to properly address some of the underlying reasons for ***GOLD's*** current and historical popularity.

Chapter **9.1**:
Heavy Metal Fever, REDUX
Evolutionary origins, Symptom Spectrum, Condition Progression, Period Epidemiology, plus our previously mentioned ***Mystery Metal.***

More than a matter of mere **economics**, ***GOLD's* undying** (and frequently **mass murdering**) **popularity** is **deeply rooted** in certain **instinctual predispostions** written in the **genetic code** of nearly **all primates**, domesticated or otherwise.

Namely, a ***positive primate predisposition for things yellow or golden.*** And **not** without reason. The **presence** of the **color yellow** (or ***GOLD)*** in a **primate's visual field *tends*** to have **one of two** primary overall effects on the **neuro-emotional architecture** of the **highly sophisticated monkey mind**, depending on its **relative *blood sugar level.***

If that is **low**, **yellow** (or ***GOLD)*** will **tend** to **induce** a sort of **agitated desire** that may or **may** not be **non-specific** depending if the **yellow** (or ***GOLD)*** in question is **happening** in **association** with a ***nice big banana,* yum yum**.

If the **yellow/*GOLD*** in question is present within a primate's visual field BUT is **not** the result of a ***banana***, but something ***much less tasty*** like a **teddy bear**, **rubber duck**, **submarine**, **taxi**, **blanky, baby chick**, **school bus**, **latex paint** (and/or ***condom)***, **scottish broom**, **brick road** or **a man in a yellow hat**, the **primate** in question will ***tend*** to either be ***confused about their agitated desire*** being **triggered** by something **not** extremely **edible**, OR the **primate** will just be ***disappointed by absence of any actual bananas***.

Regardless of **which** response pattern preponderates, on a **behavioral basis** they **both** amount to roughly the **same** thing; ***until blood sugar issues are resolved,*** the **chromatically affected** will only become ***more agitated*** and ***possessive*** as the presence of ***xanthic*** objects continues to **preponderate** in their **visual field**.

On the flip side of this **genetically tethered neurological response**, the ***reverse*** mostly holds true. If a **primate** in question has **recently** eaten or is not presently **suffering** from **blood sugar** issues, the presence of **yellow/*GOLD*** in their **visual field** will ***tend*** to have a **calming** and/or **sedative effect**. Thought to **remind** the **inner monkey** of a **tree filled with bananas**, the **direct exposure** to large amounts of **yellow/*GOLD*** within their visual field ***usually*** **inspires** the sort of **languid torpor** or **relaxed lassitude** that one OFTEN encounters in ***well fed primates who think they don't have to worry about finding some food for the next couple of days***.

These default **neuro-chromatic response tendencies** are **no doubt** largely thanks to **millions of years of environmental conditioning**. As **soon** as the **simian ocular response** evolved to the **point** where it could distinguish **yellow**, it became a **color** intimately **associated** with both **food** and **safety**.

Similar to the degree of complexity ***not*** present in it's **association with food**, the similar **association** that **yellow/*GOLD*** has with **safety** is equally elementary. For a **monkey** to get itself to a place where it can **see** a lot of **happy yellow bananas** in the first place, it needs to get **up** in the **mid-upper canopy** of the **trees**. That being in effect, for the most part, effectively **neutralizes** the more significant **simian threats** of **larger ground based predators** (or **pissed-off**, **vegan fat asses** like **rhinos, hippos** or **gorillas**). Up in the **trees**, the **monkey** faces the more **manageable** threats of **spiders**, **snakes**, **raptors** and emissaries from other **monkey clans**. Another facet of the **neurological response** of **yellow/*GOLD*** is the **presence** of so **many bananas** can only happen someplace **warm**, and a bit **wet**.

Or in other words, ***somewhere where you don't have to worry about freezing to death half the damn year***.

(Incidentally, it is due to these **chromatic response tendencies** that *are* **hard wired deep in the monkey mind** that many **mental health institutions** tend to feature **institutional yellows** and/or **greens** where their **patients** tend to **congregate**. With many of these patients having recently gone ***bananas*** themselves, these **colors** have long been thought to have a **subtle calming influence** on their **malfunctioning monkey minds**.)

Once our (**loser**) **monkey foreparents** got their **skinny** (and/or ***smart)*** **asses kicked out of the trees** by **more highly organized bands** of (likely) **larger arboreal primates**, they spent most of their remaining time in the **grasslands *running for their lives*** while getting **chased** by any number of **larger animals** that tend to **view monkeys** the same way **monkeys view bananas**.

Those ***few*** **deeply maladjusted primates** who were **lucky** would eventually hit a patch of **jungle** where they could scramble **up** into the **canopy** and **chill for a bit** before being **set upon** by the **local band of arboreal primates** and getting **chased off** again.

But **before** that happened, the **fortunate monkey** in question would avail itself of every **opportunity** to **scarf as many bananas** as it could get it's fully opposable thumbs on. With this happening from time to time (and likely **preponderating** in the **minority demographic** of those who lived long enough to breed), these **environmental factors** would continue to ***reinforce*** the **genetically tethered *positive* primate predispositions towards things yellow or *GOLD***.

As these **deeply maladjusted loser primates** slowly (or **rapidly**, depending on **who** you ask) crossed that **not exactly distinct** evolutionary line that ***doesn't*** quite yet separate **man** from **monkey**, the resulting ***exodus*** from ***Africa*** in the **early human diaspora** tended to favor **tropical** (or near tropical) **latitudes** where things like **jungles** tend to be most commonly found. Though **not** quite as ubiquitous in ***many*** of these **newly settled regions**, ***bananas*** likely continued to be an **ongoing presence** of either a **sustained** or **sporadic nature** for most people who lived somewhere they **didn't** have to worry about freezing to death half the damn year.

Though they may **not** have had the same **immediacy** of **safety associations** as their **simian** predecessors, ***bananas*** continued to still **possess** the **properties** of being **frequently yellow** and **yummy** which did **little** to **offset** or **rewrite** previously laid **genetic code** in affected primate **genomes**.

For those (even more) **deeply maladjusted primates** who were **forced** to **flee North** from **origin cultures** that were probably suffering from ***little things*** like **over population**, **climatic shift**, **poor resource management** or simply **getting stomped** by a larger group of better organized and more heavily armed idiots (often coming from points **East** and/or **South**), ***direct exposure to actual bananas happened much less frequently****.*

At least until they got **so far North** that there were **none** to be found at all. For those **affected populations**, the **awareness** of things ***banana*** gradually **receded** into the **murky waters** of the **genetically encoded Long Memory** that is **indelibly imprinted** upon ***every single instance*** of your **DNA**.

Though ***not*** being directly reinforced by continuing direct exposure, the previously belabored ***neuro-chromatic primate predisposition*** is NOT the kind of thing shuts **off** like a light. Just like a **large ship** can't just make a **90 degree turn** on a **dime**, **millions of years of genetic programming** heavily **influenced** and **reinforced** by ***ongoing*** **environmental conditions** is ***not*** the kind of thing that just goes away after **generation** or **two** ***(thousand)****.*

Aside from brief blooming periods in the late spring and early summer, **yellow** (or ***GOLD)*** wasn't a **color** often **seen North** of the **23rd parallel**, being mostly **limited** to

dandelions, **daffodils**, **scottish broom** and **open sulfur deposits**. ***None of which,*** incidentally, are generally **assumed** to be especially yummy, your favorite **asslicious** batch of **home brewed dandelion wine** (PUKE) notwithstanding. But at the same time they also **didn't** have the other property of being **overtly threatening** if **left alone**.

Mirroring Newton's first law of celestial mechanics (*"a body in motion tends to stay in motion")* as well as the **old midwestern cliche** (if it ain't broke, don't fix it), with the ***absence*** of **ongoing direct exposure** to the previous triggering stimuli, ***environmental edits*** previously made into the **genetic code** tend to NOT get further **edited** without some kind of **further** (and typically **averse**) **related** or **parallel** stimuli.

Without ongoing exposure to previous environmental triggers, the **associated behavioral/neuro-emotional predispostions** rooted in the **genetic code** go on ***stand by*** and **recede** into what is **usually** referred to as the **sub-conscious**.

At least until some **idiot** went and **stumbled across** (or worse, **dug up**) some ***GOLD*** and **found themselves** overcome by an **irrational agitated desire** to **seize** (and/or **stockpile**) as much of this **shiny yellow** (**god**) **shit** as they could get their frost bitten hands on.

This little **behavioral quirk** is itself **illustrative** of an historical **dichotomy** related to a significant **cultural divergence** in how **different cultures** both **valued** and **related to** ***GOLD***. Historically speaking, this **divergence** appears to be largely contingent on **geography**:

> *The **farther away** a historical culture is located from the **nearest actual banana tree**, the **more** that culture seems to value **GOLD**.*

This becomes ***acutely*** apparent when reviewing the accepted **mediums of exchange** of **pre-colonial cultures** in the **Old** (and **New**) **World**.

Up until **3000 BJ**, the most **popular** medium of exchange for the previous **97,000 years** (give or take a **century** or **five**) for large parts of ***Africa, Asia*** (**Major**, **Minor**, **East** and **South**), the ***Americas*** and even ***Australia*** **wasn't** (**ie** WAS NOT) ***GOLD*** (or even **silver**) **coins** but ***sea shells***, usually of the **cowry** variety.

Though some of this is attributable to the technological difficulties of mining and processing ***GOLD*** in sufficient quantities for **coinage**, even after **metal coins** started becoming more **popular** in **Europe** starting with the **Greek** ***Lydians*** about **500 BJ** or so, ***GOLD*** **coins** were **not** a popular medium of exchange world wide until the **Europeans** and the **English** started showing up ***uninvited*** on **everybody else's** shores.

Given the **relationship** with these **historical monetary patterns** and the **geographies they tend to inhabit**, there **does** seem to a be **widespread cultural tendency** that those **cultures** with **ready** and **easy access** to lots of ***bananas*** have NOT seemed to be

all that **interested** in using ***GOLD*** for more than decorative purposes, generally speaking. PRIOR TO SHITBIRD EUROPEANS SHOWING UP, at least.

It's almost as if **direct exposure** to **lots** and **lots** of **yummy *bananas*** on a **regular basis** somehow ***attenuates*** the frequently ***terminal*** effects of ***GOLD fever*** within the individual. **Growing up** in these conditions **might** possibly act as a ***neurological vaccine*** against ***GOLD*** **fever**, and this **could** well account for some of **cultural**/**geographic divergence** just mentioned.

The flip side of this **widespread cultural tendency** is that it's ***inverse*** case also seems to hold true:

> *The **farther away** from the **nearest actual banana tree** a **person** (or group thereof) is for extended periods of time, the **more likely** they are to **succumb** to **GOLD fever** if they **suffer** the **misfortune** of being **directly exposed** to **GOLD**.*

Or in other words, in the ***absence*** of being **directly exposed** to **bananas** on a regular basis for extended periods of time, the (**genetically predisposed**) ***neuro-chromatic banana reflex*** will ***activate*** when the **affected individual** is ***exposed*** to **other** things that are **yellow**.

Even worse, this ***reflex*** seems to be **exacerbated** by ***GOLD's*** **shiny luster**, which seems to trigger **deep seated subconscious memories** lying **dormant** within the **genetic code** of the ***last time*** ANYONE in the **family tree** actually lived somewhere **warm enough** to encounter ***bananas***. The **shine** of the ***GOLD*** seems to remind the (**monkey mind** of the) **viewer** on a **pre-conscious level** of the **warmth** and **safety** present within the **canopy** of the **jungle**, which is about the **only** place in the **jungle** where you can actually see the **sun shine** if you are **not** a bird.

Not only does there appear to be a **correlation** between **increased** susceptibility to ***GOLD*** **fever** and **relative distance** to the ***nearest active banana supply***, this **relationship** appears to be ***directly proportional.***

Even more, in addition to **increased susceptibility**, the frequently associated **symptoms** of ***GOLD*** **fever** (most notably a **confused** yet fundamentally ***insatiable*** **agitated** sort of **desire**) ***also*** seem to **individually intensify** proportional to the **relative cultural distance** to the **nearest active banana orchard**.

With these prevailing trends, one can convincingly **posit** that in places where ***bananas*** are **rarely** (or never) **found**, ***direct exposure to GOLD can*** (and **does**) ***trigger a heightened neuro-chromatic banana response*** DEEP within the **monkey mind** of the **now-affected primate** in question. This **response** was no doubt further ***potentiated*** by the inevitable fact that many of these **exposed victims** often **suffered** from **low blood sugar** due to living in places where ***bananas*** (and many other things) ***wouldn't*** **grow**, and especially during the **winter** and **spring** when food stores **ran out**.

This heightened ***Neuro-Chromatic Banana tesponse*** was further **reinforced** (and/or ***amplified)*** in the **monkey minds** of these **affected individuals** by the simple fact in many to most localities that most of the time, those **people** who actually **had food** would be willing to **trade some** for some **nice shiny yellow rocks** because ***why not?***

Which inevitably leads to further **conscious associations** between ***GOLD*** and **physical security/well being** that would only serve to **strengthen** the ***NCBR*** (***Neuro Chromatic Banana Response)*** operating at a **pre-conscious** level. Those and further **speculations** about all the other **neat things** one can **buy** or **do** with ever increasing amounts of ***GOLD*** are the **primary** factors in why ***GOLD fever*** RARELY **goes away** once it **takes root** in the (**narrowing**) **mind** and (**shrinking**) **heart** the **affected** (and increasingly ***maladjusted)*** **idiot**.

Further evidence of the deeply rooted **correlation** embedded deep within the **monkey mind** between **big bad *GOLD*** and **happy delicious *bananas*** is how the **progression** of the **pathology** of ***GOLD fever*** closely ***mirrors*** the **symptom spectrum** of the **blood sugar** dependent ***Neuro-Chromatic Banana Response*** previously mentioned. The main difference is that the **escalation of symptoms** in ***GOLD fever*** isn't as directly based on **blood sugar levels** as it is on the ***current perceived deficiencies of GOLD in the affected primate's possession.***

In the **statistically likely** case of a ***GOLD fever*** victim possessing ***perceived*** **insufficient** (and/or negligible to non-existent) **quantities** of ***GOD SHIT***, oops, sorry...***GOLD***, even just the **mention** of it (much less **direct visual exposure**) can **trigger** varying **degrees** of a **confused**, **irrational sort of agitated desire** that is ***fundamentally insatiable*** in the **affected**(and/or ***-ive*** at this point) **primate**.

This **response pattern** of ***perceived GOLD insufficiency*** directly **dovetails** with ***GOLD's*** **addictive** (slash ***withdrawal)*** **effects**, as **typified** by the **similar** and **related** symptoms of **anxiety attacks**, sweaty palms, **mood swings**, chronic or acute **irritability**, cold sweats, **an increased intensity in other cravings** and a notably **increased willingness** to engage in reckless, unsafe or potentially harmful activities to acquire even **small amounts** of this ***highly addictive substance.***

The **flip side** of this **neuro-chromatic parallel** also holds true, but with a bit of a twist.

If the **infected primate** is currently of the opinion that **enough *GOLD* has been hoarded away** to **cover** their **increasingly extravagant expenses** for a bit, the **affected primate** in question will **often** appear to be ***(or be)*** **overcome** with the sort of **languid torpor** or **relaxed lassitude** that one often encounters in **primates** who think they **don't** have to worry about finding some food for the next couple of days.

The **caveat** ***(emptor)*** to this that on the **off chance** the otherwise **idle rich person** somehow **gets wind of** or is otherwise **directly exposed** to some kind of (frequently **dodgy**) ***investment opportunity*** to **acquire** a **significant quantity** of **more *GOLD,*** that

will **often** have the **effect** of triggering the ***neuro-scarcity*** **response** in that **rich bastard** until that **lucrative income stream** has been **signed, sealed** and **delivered**.

Ultimately, the **geo-historic** dichotomy in the **cultural valuing of *GOLD*** in relation to the **culture's** relative **direct banana exposure** seems to be entirely **predicated** on a ***conceptual distinction*** that **banana enabled cultures** seem to have **understood** in ways that have historically (and, to be honest, ***hysterically*** in **most** senses of that word) **eluded *banana deficient civilizations.***

Banana enabled cultures, as long as they were **left alone** and **not** directly exposed to **colonial banditry** or "**free trade**" (**often** happening at the **business end** of a **thunderstick**), were much **better** positioned with their **direct familiarity** about things ***banana*** to make a **distinction** about ***GOLD*** that seems to be directly **correlated** with it's ***perceived lack of intrinsic value***. This **distinction** also appears to be **neuro-chromatic** in nature.

With ongoing direct exposure to **real fucking *bananas,*** the **primate** in question will continue to have an **underlying neurological association** linking the **color yellow** with **food** and **security**. However, thanks to **ongoing direct exposure**, the **not** complete idiot in question consciously **knows** that the **yummy part** of the **banana** is **not** it's yellow skin (which, even worse, **doesn't** even get you {all that} ***high*** upon ingestion, fulminated inhalation or insufflation), but it's **white meat *within.*** With this **general awareness** comes some kind of **implicit** (possibly **instinctual**) **understanding** that the **intrinsic value** of a ***banana*** does **not** lie in it's ***appearance*** but what exists ***underneath it***.

Without prior or sustained widespread cultural exposure to things **delicious** and **conspicuously yellow** (that don't need to baked, boiled or blanched for hours on end), the previously hardwired **primate predispostions** towards things ***banana*** are **triggered**, **amplified** and further **reinforced** by **direct exposure to *GOLD,*** and especially if the ***affected domesticated primate is suffering from low blood sugar*** at the time of **direct exposure**.

WORSE, this **irrational desire** is fundamentally ***insatiable*** due to the simple fact that ***GOLD*** can't actually be **eaten**, merely **swallowed**, **hoarded**, **spent**, **stolen** or **lost**. Continued **exposure** to ***IT*** only seems to ***intensify these unfortunate effects*** which **strongly reinforce** the original ***feelings*** of **irrational, insatiable desire** for this **shiny yellow *SHIT,*** resulting in the standard **downward spiral** of the **diminishing buzz to dosage ratio** and **escalated risk willingness** that seem be central to the addictive experience, ***regardless*** of the specific substances (and/or **behaviors** or **people**) that are the ***target(s)*** of one's desire.

Chapter **9.2**:
Heavy Metal Fever in Merry Olde England

And **nowhere** was this more true than **England** in the **1400's**. The century starts off not even halfway through the **100** (actually **117**) **Years *WAR***. **England** isn't just fighting ***France*** on their **own** soil (as in ***France's)*** and **by proxy** elsewhere, they were fighting the **Scots** in **Scotland**, whipping on the **Welsh** in the **West Country** and were just **starting** to get their **Irish assimilation** efforts in earnest up in **Ye Olde Eire**.

On the home front, **disgruntled noble supporters** of the recently deposed **King *Richard* II** were **plotting** (and getting **caught** and subsequently **beheaded** {if they were lucky} for it) against their **new king** while the **church** was starting to **light people on fire** for having the **wrong kinds of books** in their possession. Most notably ***Bibles written in vernacular* English**, but they were starting to ***branch out*** and **prosecute** the possession OTHER **heretical tomes** as well, many of which were ***Alchemical*** in nature.

With **England** having been a **seething den of conspiracy** and **comeuppance** for the previous **oh I don't know**, let's call it a **thousand years or so** but the previous **50** especially, this naturally would create a **collective psychic climate** of ***totally justified* fear** and **paranoia**. This psychological ***field effect*** would **inevitably** deeply ***affect*** the **psychic constitutions** of all within it, which would further **magnify** any **instinctual impulses** regarding **safety signals** happening within the **neurological network** of **affected individuals**.

Worse, with all of that having gone on for so long, that was more than enough time for that **gosh darn *genetic drift*** to work it's **twisty double helical magick**. In this particular instance, it seems to have had the subtle effect of **slowly increasing** individual ***susceptibility*** to **internal signals** happening with one's own **neurological network**. These tendencies were **no doubt** further **influenced** by the **covalent development** of a **language** that just so happened to be **exquisitely engineered** (accidentally, by an **island** full of drunken idiots) to (exponentially) **amplify** just about ANY **emotional response articulated** in it, spoken or not.

Though **England's** ancient ***arcadian* addiction** had faded into the background in light of more pressing concerns in getting **stomped** by **wave** after **wave** of **progressively pissed off foreigners**, after the last mass stomping (and **burning**) by the ***Normans*** things settled down a bit. The **aristocratic agrarian oppression** by a **gilded *Gallic* gentry** reintroduced **ostentatiously *auric* displays** of **wealth** and **power** not widely seen on the **island of thud** since the ***Romans* fucked off** back to their failing empire.

Concomitant with **ostentatious *Gallic* oppression** was **widespread eyeball exposure** of the **masses** to the **dandified fop finery** of their ***French* speaking** betters, which frequently featured conspicuous amounts of ***GOLD*** strategically arrayed on or about their person. Thanks to this **low level visual exposure** (in addition to all the {**not** very} debatable {but **not** so} **subtle genetic predispostions** towards things **yellow** and **shiny**, PLUS the inevitable **twisting trends** of ***genetic*** and ***linguistic drift*** specific to

England in particular), whatever **accidental *auric addiction* wagon** the **island** had previously been on (historically speaking) was **run right the hell off the road** and **over the nearest** (**200+ foot**) **embankment** and ***disintegrated*** in a **fiery explosion**.

Just like it can take only **one drop** of the ***creature*** to **trigger** the **overwhelming thirst** of a **genetically programmed lifelong alcoholic** long parched from ***dragging their wagon around everywhere,*** the **constant** but **low level exposure** to the **discrete bits of *GOLD*** distributed **on or about** the **person** of **important persons** of **state** and **Church** was more than enough for the **island** to collectively **get it's jones on** and start **fiending** like the **goddamned *GOLD* junky *it is***.

The **perceived** need for ever more amounts of ***IT*** by most of the **island's inhabitants didn't** combine very well with the **post plague** and **famine neuro-sociological trends** of **more people** being just a bit **more willing** then earlier generations to ***knock someone the fuck out*** if there was a **chance** they **might** have **something edible** (or conspicuously **yellow** and **shiny**) on them.

All of that lead to further trends of **increased criminality** of various sorts happening **island wide** in **post-plague England** (and to be fair, ***France)***. The **irony** of this is that as much of these **nefarious activities** were concerned with **illicitly acquiring *auric* artifacts** (or **coins**), the ongoing and multiplying ***auric acquisition attempts*** by a multitude of malefactors only **added** to the **psychic pressure** on the **island**, acting as an ***amplifier*** for those **internal instinctual impulses** that **makes *GOLD*** seem so **sadistically sexy** in the first place.

Considering all of these **neuro-historical trends** and **England's** own (**sad**) **state of affairs** leading up to the **1400's**, it is probably **safe** to say that ***alchemy's*** rapidly growing popularity on the **island** had a **bit** more to do with **dubious metallurgic claims** than it did with **consciously activating higher metaphysical faculties**. Hence the **ban** on ***multiplying of metals*** within the **kingdom** of **King *Henry* IV** in **1403**. `

Clearly, as is indicated by this historical fact (and others), by the time ***Alchemy*** reached **England** much of the **operational emphasis** in the ***Art of arts*** had shifted ***away*** from **improving** one's **metaphysical well-being** to the **ever more lucrative** endeavor of **improving** the practitioner's **pecuniary** well being.

Then, **perhaps**, after achieving ***Scrooge-like success*** the **practitioner** can **worry** about achieving the ***Solomon-like wisdom*** necessary to **turn the male female** and the **female male** and ***(successfully)*** **enter the Kingdom of Heaven**. Provided, **of course**, that the (**infrequently**) **successful metallurgist** DOESN'T get ***overly distracted*** by all the new **creature comforts** and **leisure activities** afforded by his (OR her) **new station in life**.

But to the (**debatable**) **extent** that such **successful metallurgists** actually existed at all, they were definitely more the ***exception*** than the **rule**. ***Medieval Alchemy*** was mostly a bunch of **high heeled aristocratic idiots** mucking about with **forces they couldn't**

see and **things they didn't understand**, and going on to **learn** the **hard way** that **proper ventilation** is a **good idea** during **acute experimental attacks** of ***heavy metal fever***.

The **research division**, as it were, was largely populated by a variety of **high verbal idiots** whose efforts mostly went to **finding** then **translating** whatever **mathematical**, **metaphysical** or **Magickal material** from **points East** those **wretches** could get their ink stained hands on.

When **some** of those **scholarly types** were **struck** by their own ***heavy metal fever***, it **wasn't** exactly unheard of for **some unscrupulous types** to "discover" then "translate" a **new book** from someone like **Thoth**, **Hermes Trisgetimius**, **Pythagoras**, **King Solomon** or others, and then **make a pile of money** selling it to credulous ***alchemical*** **idiots** with **more money than sense**.

Most of those **high minded empiricists** bought their **tomes** on the **premise** they were **legitimate instruction manuals** written by **experienced practitioners** who **knew the way of it**, and would go on to attempt to ***reproduce*** the **operations described** within their recently purchased **fabrication**.

Ask any **chemist, chef** or ***meth cook***, and they will tell you: ***different recipes yield different results***. Which in this case could easily **result** in **similar** outcomes ***if you are cooking without proper ventilation***.

Those (**legions** of) **uninformed researchers** that were **not** aware of the frequently **allegorical** (and/or entirely **fictional**) nature of **most** documented ***Alchemical*** **activities** ran the **usual risks** associated with **mucking about** with ***lead*** and **fire** in enclosed spaces (which may or may ***not*** have been properly **ventilated**). The effects of these experimental activities ***weren't*** exactly **offset** by the further **mucking about** with (presumably) smaller quantities of ***GOLD*** and **fire** in the same **enclosed spaces**. Although **non-toxic** itself, ***GOLD*** is (99.999% of the time) **cut** with varying amounts of ***lead,*** **copper** and/or **zinc**. ***None*** of which are a **good idea** to **inhale trace amounts of** after they are **rapidly oxidized** in an **enclosed area**.

Though **not** quite as dangerous as a **DIY meth lab** set up in the **trunk** of a **1981 Ford Pinto**, an active ***alchemical*** **laboratory** held a number of **active health hazards** to a **respirating researcher** in their quest for **immortality** and/or **easy**(**-ier**) **money**.

Many to most ***al-chemical*** **operations** called for **moderate amounts** of **sulfur** (**#16** on the **Periodic Table Of Elements**, symbol: **S** for the ***Latin*** *sulphur),* **phosphorous** (**#15** on the **PTOE**, symbol **P** for the ***Greek*** *Phorphorous, the Greek Goddess of* ***Light****),* **arsenic** (#33 **PTOE**, Symbol **As** from the ***Latin*** *arsenicum* {**arse in u** ***what?***}*),* and perhaps **larger** amounts of the heavy metals of **Lead** (**#82/Pb PTOE**) ***GOLD*** (**#79/Au**) and FINALLY our **mystery metal** mentioned in chapter 3 of this **device.**

Which if you haven't guessed by now is ***Mercury, #80*** on the **PTOE**, symbol: **Hg**, which goes back to its ***Greek*** name ***hydragyros,*** and not without reason.

In ***Greek*** *"hydr-"* means **water** and "*argyros"* means **silver**, which is as pithy a description as one can possibly make about the **observable qualities** of ***mercury*** at **room temperature**. Of all the fabulous **elements** in our (**local**) universe, ***mercury*** has the **singular** virtue of being both a **metal** AND a **liquid** at the **same** time within the **standard primate comfort zone** of relative **temperature** and **air pressure**.

Despite it's definite **drawbacks**, there is **no** denying that on a **perceptual level** that ***mercury*** is a **manifestly neat** substance to nearly ***all*** **primates**. It's a ***heavy metal liquid*** that is **shiny** and does **neat things** when you play around with it on something approaching a **flat surface**. Unlike actual **water**, ***mercury*** tends **not** to leave a **moisture trail**, preferring to **bead** and **merge** with other beads on most **clean** and **dry surfaces**.

Even **better**, after enough historical dicking around with it, ***mercury*** was found to have a number of interesting **chemical properties** that **mirrored** it's singular aesthetic qualities. Two in particular were cross-culturally deemed to be significant. The **first** being that ***mercury*** combines **readily** with all sorts of different **elements** and **compounds**, and seems to have a ***special affinity with other metals***.

Secondly, and historically considered to be of **greater** import, is that ***mercury*** has the exceedingly **rare** chemical quality of being able to **dissolve** ***GOLD,*** creating a ***GOLD mercury*** **amalgam** that, at minimum, made it much **easier** to **apply** to the surfaces of various decorative objects (and/or architectural elements).

It was because of these singular chemical properties that ***mercury*** was **widely** supposed to have ***other*** (and ***allegedly*** singular) **properties** that were more **metaphysical** and **medical** in nature. This **cross cultural** tendency, incidentally, happens to be one of the **clearest examples** of the **grave** and **mortal dangers** of ***associative logic*** and ***implicitly*** **trusting** one's own (mystical) **supposition chains**.

In broad terms, **many** otherwise **sensible** individuals were **inclined** to **engage** in the following ***suppository inference chain*** (OUCH...**dammit**, what's the **safe word** again?), much to their **eventual** (and/or **rapidly onsetting**) **dismay**:

> *Since **mercury** dissolves many **metals** and **GOLD**, it **must** be some sort of **primary matter** or **first matter** or **uber-metal** from which **other metals can be extracted** through some kind of **experimental chemical process**. Since **substances** naturally **imbue** their **respective qualities** upon **those** who **ingest** them, with all of these **neat chemical tendencies**, then **mercury** MUST have **all kinds** of NEAT **health** and **higher metaphysical effects** that **obviously** would be **beneficial** to the **imbiber**. So WHY NOT **whip up** a nice yummy **mercury smoothy** featuring further various (and potentially **copious**) amounts of **dissolved GOLD**, **silver**, **platinum**, **yellow sulfur**, **red phosphorous**, **jade dust**, **shark fin**, **ambergris**, **dolphin sweat**, **tiger nuts**,*

***camel toe**, **moose knuckle**, **panda** (and/or **bull**, or **your own**, or **someone else's**, or **several someone else's** gathered on a **full moon**) **semen**, **ox blood** (or **other** kinds of **blood**) and/or **unicorn** (or **hummingbird**) **horn** (or **scrotum**), and **choke that concoction down** and **wait** for **ineffable wisdom** and **permanent well being** to **dawn**...*

*Wait, **what's that**? You **don't** feel so good? Your tummy **hurts**? GEE, I am **sorry**, I can't quite **make out** what you are **saying** since you are **projectile vomiting** when not **gibbering like a goddamned lunatic**. Is your **skin normally that orange**? And are you **usually** in the habit of **explosively shitting yourself**, or is that possibly **related your cluster migraine headache** and **shaking limbs**? I would tell you to **drink some water** but you would probably **just puke that back up**, so here...clearly **you need some** MORE **mercury** to **fix you up**, I don't think you **drank** quite **enough**...*

Indeed, these are only ***some*** of the **exciting** and **en**(**g**)**lightening symptoms** that one can experience for themselves after **acute exposure** to ***mercury***. Such often results in further profound **central nervous system** issues and other **health effects**, including (but **not** limited to) **psychosis**, **delirium**, **hallucinations**, (**DON'T DO IT**) ***suicidal tendencies,*** **chest pain** (never a **good sign**), **dyspepsia**, **cough**, **hemoptysis**, **functional pulmonary impairment** and if you are lucky, **interstitial pneumonitis.**

As you were already probably guessing, ***mercury*** is just a wee bit **toxic**, even at **low** doses. ***Worse,*** it is **bio-accumulative** and a **cast iron bitch** to **clear out** of the system **after** any kind of **significant** exposure. These are what makes **long term, low level exposure** to ***it*** so dangerous. **Symptoms** of that include **tremors**, ***impaired*** **cognitive skills**, **sleep disturbance**, **insomnia**, **excitability**, **irritability**, **excessive shyness**, **chronic fatigue**, **loss of memory**, **vivid dreams** (wait...this is all sounding suspiciously familiar for some reason), **depression** and an exciting little **condition** known as **erethism**.

Also known as **mad hatter disease**, this **condition** is most often typified by ***further*** **irritability**, **depression**, **low self confidence**, **apathy**, and excessive **timidity**. More **extreme cases** can also result in **delirium**, **personality changes, memory loss**, **chronic headaches** and even a **decrease in physical strength**. This **condition** is the result of **accumulated low level exposure** through ***mercury*** **vapors** of different sorts (fairly common in ***most*** **chemistry procedures** involving ***mercury,*** **heat** and **air**), **direct contact** of the **skin** (like with ***mercury*** **nitrate** in the **hopes** of turning some **boring old wool** into a **pretty** ***felt*** **hat**), or **accidental** (or ***not)*** **ingestion**.

All of which, incidentally, makes ***mercury's*** **historical health** and **metaphysical enlightenment claims** all the more ***insidiously ironic.*** Especially when considering the simple fact that it's effects **increasingly impair** various **mental faculties** of the otherwise **intelligent** individuals inclined to play with such things (and **fire**).

The **degraded faculties** of these **affected individuals** tended to ***not*** sharpen their subsequent perceptions, which **might**, conceivably, have had further **detrimental** effects on their (increasingly **slipshod**) **analytic abilities** and subsequent attempts at some kind of **empirical refinement** of the **alleged processes** described in certain (**malfeasant**) **books**. Or more pointedly, this **first substance** that was ***supposed*** to confer **better health** and **deeper wisdom** was ***much more likely*** to facilitate their **opposites**.

Even **worse** for **metaphysically minded metallurgists**, ***mercury*** WASN'T the only **highly toxic substance** they were playing around with during their **experimental attacks** of ***heavy metal fever***. Since much of the **empirical efforts** of **Anglo-European *alchemists*** had the **ostensible** goal of turning ***lead*** into ***GOLD,*** most ***alchemical* processes** involved ***not* insignificant** amounts of ***lead*** and FIRE whether or not they (**probably**) involved **measurable** amounts of ***mercury.*** This was a **bit** of an issue as **direct exposure** to ***lead*** (a **distinct** possibility in a **poorly ventilated *alchemical* laboratory**) tends to have it's own (**host of**) related **issues**, some of which were described previously in chapter 3 of this device.

Considering how the **bio-accumulative effects** of ***mercury*** and **lead** parallel and **complement** each other, suffering from the **tandem effects** of ***(likely)*** **acute** and/or (also ***likely)*** **chronic exposure** to ***both*** during the **same** time period would **inevitably** have **significant deleterious effects** on the (**mental**) **health** and **operational intelligence** of any affected ***alchemical*** researcher.

Not only that, these **effects** only tend to get ***worse*** with continuing **low level exposure**, which naturally led more of these **unknowing** and otherwise **intelligent idiots** to try and **cure** their **ascending ailments** with ***increasing amounts*** of (frequently ***mercurial)*** **panaceas** of debatable benefit but ***less*** debatable **risk**.

For many researchers, their well meaning and high minded metaphysical motivations put many (if not **most**) on a **sharply downward spiral** of **increasingly poor health** and **decreasing mental function** for the rest of their **artificially shortened lives**.

There were also some **social** (and/or ***socio-economic)*** **effects** from this ***achemical* shitshow** that closely **mirrored** it's associated **bio-accumulative** issues. Just like **bio-accumulative toxins** in a **natural environment** tend to be found in much **higher** amounts in those **apex species** at the **top of the food chain** (AND similar to how ***lead exposure tended to dramatically increase*** for those individuals **higher up** in the ***Roman* food chain** {and/or **social hierarchy**}), there was a ***similar*** yet distinct **bio-accumulative trend** that developed in **association** with **English** (and probably ***French*** and **European**, to some extent) ***alchemy*** that **unfortunately** had some relatively serious ***REVERSE EUGENICS*** implications on the **island of ineffable wisdom**.

Just like doing Yoga in America tends to cost significant amounts of **ca$h money** to get to the point where you can proceed in your home practice safely, all of the associated particulars of serious ***alchemical* experimentation** required a fair amount **specialized**

gear, not to mention the required **elements** (and/or ***heavy metals****)* to experiment with. Acquiring all of the **experimental necessaries** required **substantial** amounts of **legal tender**. This **necessarily** limited most **active *alchemical* experimentation** to three distinct social groups present on the island at the time.

As previously mentioned, one of these groups were **undercover Church empiricists** and another were the more **intellectually curious** within the local **elite** of **high heeled idiots** mucking about with forces they **didn't** understand. The third group was composed of **upwardly inclined individuals** within **England's growing mercantile middle class** who were **legitimately interested** in **transcendental enlightenment**, ***undending life, easy money*** OR giving the ***appearance*** of **such** in some facile attempt to ingratiate themselves with ***likely saps*** higher up the **social food chain** to **establish** the kind of ***social* toe hold/beach head** needed for becoming a **full member** of the **English economic elite**.

What is significant about this **demographic clustering** is **not** that these individuals were (mostly) varying amounts of **well off**. While it **may** be true that many if not most ***alchemical* idiots** suffering from (accidentally) **self-induced brain damage** were **well to do** (if not **better**), this **doesn't** necessarily **imply** that **all** (or even most) **English upper class twits** of the time were **affected** by various ***alchemical* afflictions** before, during or after the **1400's**. Indeed, it is probable that **many** (but **not** necessarily ***most****)* simply continued to **enjoy** their own **natural congenital idiocy** thanks to the already **massively glitched genetic lineages** of their **family trees**.

These ***alchemical* researchers** were at best a **minority subset** of the "**better**" **classes**. Big enough to be a **social factor** for sure (otherwise **King *Henry*** and his **minions** wouldn't have had to worry about the **multiplying of metals**), but **not** quite big enough to necessarily be representative of their relative **income bracket**.

But what **can** be accurately said about the ***alchemical* researchers** of the **1400's** is that in many (if not most) ways, ***they fully represented the upper end of England's bell curve of the time***. In real terms the **late middle ages *alchemists*** were often the **leading intellectual lights** of **Europe** and **England**, and probably the **sharper** (if not ***sharpest****)* **sticks** in their respective **local barrels** across the **continent**.

This is especially true of **late medieval England**, whose **isolating** geography is just the sort of thing to **attract** the kind of **cranks**, **mad** (proto) **scientists** and **batshit boffins** most likely to **lock themselves in a small room** and start **burning** some ***heavy metal*** just to see what happens.

Which is the most **insidious irony** of ***alchemy*** in **England**. Those who were the most **island's** most **intellectually curious/gifted/astute** individuals were gradually (and/or ***rapidly****)* rendered **less so** by their own quest for knowledge. In modern America this would be roughly equivalent to taking the student bodies of **America's** most prestigious universities (IE the University of Wisconsin, Marinette Extension, Arizona State University and Bob Jones University) and **academically inspire** them to **chemically**

lobotomize themselves on a **regular basis** by **binge drinking copious amounts of grain alcohol**...oh wait, I guess this isn't as **hypothetical** a comparison as I would have preferred.

Anyway, with ***alchemical* types** tending to be those who historically tend to ***fall upward on most mental bell curves,*** their **widespread low level exposure** to **vaporized** (and/or intentionally ingested) ***mercury*** and ***lead*** was an **intellectual calamity** for the **island**. Their **best** and **brightest minds** progressively **dumbed down** and **diminished** by ***lead* poisoning** AND increasingly **glitched out** and **wiggy** thanks to all the ***mercury*** they were mucking about with. With all of that happening in **statistically significant** (potentially **majority**) rates among the **island's intellectual elite**, all of this qualifies as a **slightly** more subtle ***REVERSE EUGENICS*** situation than the **island** had previously faced with the ***VIKINGS***. Though **low level**, **long term *heavy metal* poisoning** did **not** immediately **remove** affected individuals from the **gene pool**, it would tend to **progressively *diminish*** any of their subsequent **contributions** to it.

Subsequent (increasingly infrequent) **procreative copulation** by **affected individuals** would only serve to **wreak** further **subtle glitches** in the **affected genome** of their **pre-natally exposed** progeny. God(dess) only knows how these **subtle genetic glitches interacted** and **combined** with ***other* glitches** previously entered into their **genome** by **unwitting upper crust Anglo-*Romans*** who didn't just have some **pre-existing *lead* issues** but ALSO had some prior ***mercury* exposure issues** as well (most notably upper crust ***Roman*** women thanks to their **make up**, which usually had a fair amount of ***mercury*** in it). **How** these subsequently played out and **propagated** in the **English gene pool** is something that **neither** the present author or modern genetic science has a good grasp of at this time.

But speaking of a ***good grasp*** brings us to the **other** unfortunate side of ***Alchemy's REVERSE EUGENICS* legacy** in **England** (and, to be fair, elsewhere in **Europe**).

As popular as attempting to convert ***lead*** into ***GOLD*** may have been, this wasn't anywhere close to be the full extent of various **experimental *alchemical* activities** attempted in **England** and elsewhere. In fact, many of these **other** processes are best described as operations **less** overtly chemical in nature, being more concerned with things like **creating a homunculus** (IE a little gremlin-like creature that is supposed to be able to assist the ***alchemist*** in their **quest** for **wisdom**), **whipping up a *Golem*** or **two** (think of a **Yiddish Frankenstein** made of **animated clay** rather than **animated corpses**) or **concocting** this or that kind of **elixir of unending life**.

Again, as with the various **metallurgical attempts**, aside from certain widespread **anecdotal accounts** from places like ***Prague*** and backwater ***Germany***, it appears that, historically speaking, most ***alchemists*** experienced a **similar rate of success** in these **other** activities as they had with turning ***lead*** into ***GOLD.***

IE, **none**, or ***less.***

Probably because those **extremely rare *alchemical* books** that weren't **complete horseshit** to begin were written in a **highly allegorical code** that might just be a bit harder to **decipher** than normal while suffering the **cumulative** effects of **long term *lead* poisoning** and ***mercury* exposure**. But mostly, ***alchemical* books** were complete **horseshit**. Yet ***frequently convincing* horseshit** to those **otherwise** intelligent individuals who had been rendered **psychotically stupid** by their **long term exposure** to various kinds of ***heavy metal(s).***

Consistent with the **diminishing** (and increasingly **erratic**) **mental faculties** that one often encounters in those suffering from **long term *heavy metal* toxicity** (slash ***listening habits*),** many of these folks were **likely** just a bit ***more*** willing to **attempt** certain **dubious processes** that ***perhaps*** they might **not** have tried had they ***not*** been **brain damaged** at the time.

As is clearly indicated by the nature of many described ***"alchemical"*** operations, the **fabricators** of **counterfeit *alchemical* devices** were not only **well aware** of the frequently **diminished mental faculties** of their **target audience**; **many** (if not **most**) of them **suffered** from what **some** might refer to as an **enhanced sense of humor**, and one that **may** or **may** not fully be **English** in nature.

Making the most of the **mystic's *weakness*** for **associative affinities** in conceptual matters, the **informed fabricator** would use a combination of ***inductive logic*** and ***choice examples of natural phenomena*** to **walk** the **aspirant** through any number of entirely **ineffective** and potentially **harmful** "magical" operations. Like any **good fake**, these **associative gambits** closely **mirrored** the fairly standard **inner** and **outer correspondences** described more ***accurately*** in **better devices**.

The most prevalent (slash ***effective)*** of these **inference chains** were often the most **basic** and based on **easily observed phenomena**. **Two** of these are of particular interest to the topic at hand.

One of these has to do with the **magickal power** of **shit**. It had been noticed previously in **England** (and just about everywhere else that had an agrarian based economy) that **wherever** sheep **shit** the **most**, the **grass grows the greenest**, and probably a bit **faster** then those **grasses** left **unsullied**. It was further noted that the **smearing** of various kinds of **shit** over one's **agricultural fields** tended to result in a (**much**) **better harvest**. This obviously meant, despite it's **lacking aesthetic qualities**, that **underneath** the surface **shit** had (**has**) some kind of **inherent** and **fundamental creative power** to it that was **magickal** in nature.

Which **dovetailed** nicely with the **reputed magickal faculties** and **uses** of ***other* bodily emissions** that **could** be said to be slightly more **sexual** in nature.

Most notably, the ***male seed,*** although **many** operations called for the ***moon blood*** of this or ***that*** kind of **woman**. Not unlike how previous **super geniuses** noticed a potential **relationship** between **sheep shit** and **greener grass**, somebody, at some point in

history, had noticed that the ***successful* emission** of the **male seed** into the **appropriate orifice** of the **nearest** (and ***hopefully*** consensual) **feminine individual** over **time** OFTEN had the **effect** of **her** popping out **one** (or more) **little bundle**(**s**) **of joy 9**(ish) **months later**, regardless of whether they were **planned** or **not**.

This naturally lead to a great deal of **speculation** and **supposition** among **mystical types through the ages** about the **magickal creative powers** of the ***male seed,*** with many (or **some**) ranking it even **higher** than ***moon blood*** in **magickal potency**.

Whether or not such is the case is beside the point as these **fabricated magickal manuals** were (like **porn**) created for a **largely** (and/or almost exclusively) **male demographic**, so obviously the **intelligent forger** would naturally **cater** to their probable ***pre-cognitive biases****.*

Thanks to their reputed **generative powers**, both ***shit*** and ***semen*** (and **moon blood**) were **commonly used** ingredients in many kinds of ***alchemical*** (and/or ***magickal)*** **operations** involving the **creation** and **binding** of **magickal** (slash **trans-dimensional**) **entities**. And not just any old ***semen*** but specifically **that** of the **practitioner** if they **wanted** to **properly bind** said entities to him. And **not** just a **wee bit** of it either.

Indeed, it was **not** entirely **uncommon** for many potentially dubious ***alchemical* procedures** to call for **copious** amounts of ***it*** (IE ***semen*** {winces}) being **added** to this or **that** con**cock**tion at **frequent** and **regular intervals**. As in (for example) ***7 times a day for 7*** *(to* ***49)*** ***days continuous****.* And despite what you may be thinking this **isn't** just humorous hyperbole to make a point.

While it is ***impossible*** to say with any degree of **certainty** exactly what **precise ratio** of the late middle ages (or ***modern)*** **English intelligentsia** were ***habitually jerking off 7 times a day into a rapidly fermenting mixture*** *of* ***sheep shit, previously spent seed*** and ***god knows what else***, what **isn't** arguable is the **grave** and **deleterious** ***reproductive*** and ***intellectual effects*** such **self-abuse activities** would have on participating ***members****.*

Though **not** well known and/or documented in current or historical Western medicine, the **associated risks** of ***excessive male ejaculation*** had been **well known** to both **Eastern** "**Chinese**" **medical professionals** and **East Indian Vedic doctors** for **hundreds** (if not more) **years** before the **first *alchemy* book** made it's way to **England**.

Both systems posit that in addition to the physical body we have an **energetic body** that is **comprised** of multiple and discrete **energetic circulatory systems**. In various kinds of **Yoga**, this **energetic circulatory system** is ***known*** to be comprised of **72,000** different energetic **veins**, **arteries** and **capillaries** that are referred "**nadis**". These **nadis** channel the **prana** (if you are doing **Yoga**) or **chi** (if you are doing **Chi Gung** or **Tai Chi**) through your body on a **subtle** level that is remarkably **easy to ignore**. Or worse, ***pretend that it doesn't actually exist***. The larger examples of these energetic

pathways that can be directly accessed through stimulation of the epidermis are the **main meridians *stimulated*** in **Chinese acupuncture**.

Though these are fairly well known concepts at this time, what is **less well known** both ***now*** and **then** is that ***prana* isn't** the only energetic current of the body. In addition to ***chi*** (IE ***prana*** in most Chinese dialects), which ***is*** a **renewable energetic resource** in the body if one has the **wit** to do something about it, there is also another kind of **life energy** that ***isn't*** as renewable called "**jing**" (pronounced "**zhing**"). This **energy** is said to be directly **akin** to the **sand** in the **hourglass** of our **current life**. We are (**allegedly**) only given **so much of it**, and it tends to **degrade** and **diminish** over time. When it **runs out**, you **kick the bucket**. Just about the only thing a **concerned individual** do about this is **try** and **slow** that process down as much as possible **if** they wanted to live a long and healthy life.

Both **intelligence** and **reproductive viability** in **Chinese** and **Vedic medicine** were thought to be fully **dependent** on the **current state** of one's **Chi** and **Jing levels**. Unfortunately for **all you porn stars** (and/or **chronic masturbators**) out there, a **man ejaculating** just ***once*** tends to **drop his Chi precipitously** (which directly **contributes** to a certain **refractory period** after a successful ***amorous arrival*** for the ***other* weaker sex**) WHILE also slightly **depleting** the **jing** "**essence**". Though the latter case it **isn't** by all that much, it's **slight effects** are slightly ***accumulative*** over time.

Even taking out the **jing** considerations, repeatedly **draining one's chi** into any number of **dubious chemistry experiments**, **willing partners**, **old gym socks**, **piles of pizza dough** (on the job, of course), **melons left out in the sun**, **improperly supervised pets** and/or **farm animals** or just simply the nearest **available orifice** of a **solicitous stranger** in your **favorite public lavatory** is generally held in most schools of Eastern medicine to be a **quick** and ***effective*** method of ***inducing progressive amounts of idiocy*** in the **affected hose beast**.

The best modern example of this is how the ***work*** of ***most*** (but not **all**) **aging male rock stars** and **writers** starts **dropping off** not too long ***after*** they get really famous.

Even those who **stay off the smack** and **don't** drink themselves into oblivion tend to suffer this ignoble fate thanks to the **stupendous** amounts of **pussy** (or if they prefer their own team...***ass)*** that they **face** (if they are **nice**) and/or are **up into** on a **daily basis** that seems to be one of the **biggest occupational hazards** of **rock stardumb**, sorry, stardom.

Most individuals can't **withstand** the **pressures** of more than **three successive hit records** (and/or ***one*** or ***two* best-sellers**) before the **accumulated** amount of **groupy action** finally starts **hitting in earnest** and the **creative well** (and/or ***metaphysical ballsack) peters*** out. THEN that's when you start seeing **folks** getting into the **big bad SNORT** a bit more.

This ***inversely*** **proportional relationship** between **increased ejaculatory frequency** and **diminished immediate intelligence** (and/or ***creative spark)*** **levels** is also further **reflected** in an **old pan-English colloquialism** that goes back to **god knows when**.

Though their are plenty of ***regional variations*** to it, usually it's some **dude** who says to another..."**dude**, **i totally fucked my brains out last night**".

Complementing this **unfortunate** relationship between ***excessive spunk emission*** and ***progressive idiocy*** was/***IS*** a **similar relationship** between **male ejaculatory frequency** and **subsequent sperm viability**. Basically (and this seems to be largely **confirmed** by modern reproductive medicine) the more a **man** ***SQUIRTS*** the **lazier** his **gay meats**...DAMMIT where the hell did you learn how to type?...sorry, gametes get. IE, **his** ***sperm.*** PLUS it was further **assumed** in certain ***traditional*** schools of thought that ***the weaker the seed, the weaker the child that results from it***. Though this is **not** a nice thought, that **doesn't** actually make it entirely inaccurate.

Considering the fact that ***most to all of the individuals*** inclined to attempt such sustained ***self-abuse operations*** were probably ALREADY **suffering from** various (and **multiple**) kinds of ***heavy metal*** **mental maladies**, ***ANY*** **statistically relevant** amount of **this** going on behind (or **in**) **closed** (or **back**) **doors** would only ***further*** **synergetically aggravate** the inherent ***REVERSE EUGENICS*** **ramifications** of this **rapidly escalating** and ***progressively idiotic*** **social health** (slash ***neuro-historical)*** **trend**.

Unfortunately, **modern historians** have some difficulty establishing how much of this was "really" going on. Mostly because even though **England** is an **island** that has been historically **chock full** of **filthy** (**shit**)**birds**, ***most*** (but not quite **all**) of them have had the **good grace** and **common decency** to ***pretend*** otherwise, in **public** at least. I mean, **BLIMEY**, it isn't like they are just going to **bleeding** trumpet it to the **whole world** that not a **few** of **great-to-the-x power grandfathers** (of **succeeding generations**) SPENT **inordinate** amounts of **time** and **energy** ***tossing themselves off*** into fermented **sheep shit**.

Considering that simple fact, and the **other** one that those inclined to attempt such operations were **not** much **incentivized** to **publicly advertise** their (failed) **attempts** or even **privately admit** their **failures** to **catty colleagues** who **likely** already suffered from their own **congenital issues**, these would obviously **mitigate** against this kind of **business** being **well documented** in the **social registers of the day** or current **historical records of note**.

With **truth** typically being both **weirder** and **more savagely beautiful** than **fiction**, it is probably **safe** to say that **all of that** was going on just a bit ***more*** than **most** legitimate **historians** would be inclined to **admit**, **in public** anyway...at least during **daylight office hours** when they are (**mostly** and/or ***somewhat)*** **sober**.

Beyond that, just about ***any*** **statistically relevant amount** of **that** going on in addition to all the **widespread** ***alchemical heavy metal*** **toxicity** (with it's own associated and **not**

good reproductive health effects) would **severely *impinge*** on the **reproductive viability** of the ***better*** **specimens** of what ***passed*** for **England's intellectual cream** (wince) of the **coc**...ooh that was a close one...crop at the time. Which would only serve to **reinforce** if not **magnify** the ***REVERSE EUGENICS*** aspects of what was an **increasingly popular hobby**(or **-ies** if you prefer) in **England** during the **1400's** and **beyond**.

With the popularity of ***alchemy*** continuing well into the **1700's** in **England**, having so many of their **best** and **brightest** in the **habit** of **huffing *mercury*** and **lead vapors** while **periodically defiling themselves** for **weeks at a time** may have had **one** or **two** passing **effects** on the **development** of **Modern English** that **may** or **MAY** not be **embedded** in the ***very structure of the language itself.***

Chapter **9.3**:
The ***Art Actual*** and related **language effects** of the period
(but not necessarily in that order)

These **passing** effects seem to largely stem from two **countervalent social/lingual trends** happening in **England** during this time. The first is that the **newer sort** of **French hybridized English** being **increasingly spoken** among the **island's power elite** was in it's **later formative stage**, and still in a quite a bit of **flux** in regards to **vocabulary** and **proper grammar**. The relatively **rapid absorption** of so many new ***French*** words in **upper vernacular English** meant that **everybody** (who **mattered**, anyway) had **twice as many words to choose from** when forced to **dissemble in public** or to **create cunningly forged devices with**.

Contrasting this was the simple fact that **anybody** even **thought** to be conducting ***alchemical*** **research** (of one sort or **another**) was **criminally** and/or **civilly liable** for ***prosecution*** by either the **church** or **state**, or both. In a real sense, saying the **wrong thing** at the **wrong time** could **easily** result in a ***alchemical*** **aspirant** getting **burned at the stake**, or ***worse.*** This, naturally, **contributed** to a **psychological climate** of **fear** and ***entirely justified paranoia*** that put a bit of a **damper** on the **free exchange** of **information** and **ideas** about the ***best established practices*** for **safe *mercury*** (and/or ***johnson)*** **handling procedures**.

These **social forces** in play created the **perfect atmosphere** necessary for the **highly sophisticated system** of **allegory**, **analogy**, **apalogue**, **metaphor**, **parable**, **parabole**, **simile** and not a little **hyperbole** that defined standard ***alchemical*** **cant** (or ***won't)*** to ***embed itself*** into **modern English** itself.

But all that **allegorical beating OFF**...sorry, I just don't know what's gotten **into** me today...around the bush lead to quite a bit of **widespread confusion** and **uncertainty** as to **viable methods**, **best practices**, and **likely results**.

The **terribly confusing data environment** created by all the ***needful*** **double talk** made any kind of **effective evaluation** of **alternate methods** largely ***impossible*** by anything

other than **semantic analysis**. Since **trucking around** with the **necessary *alchemical* laboratory** required to produce **proof positive** of the **soundness of one's *Art*** was rarely **convenient**, those who wanted to be more in the know then they already were only had **written** or **verbal claims** and **methods** described in a **highly allegorical fashion** to **evaluate** for **probable viability**.

But all of the **allegorical assing around** only added **multiple layers** of **complexity** to a number of different operations that ***weren't exactly simple*** to begin with. This directly **contributed** to a ***dwindling success rate*** in attempted ***alchemical* operations** and further led to the **widespread presupposition** that the **greater truths of being** revealed through these **devilishly complicated *alchemical* procedures** were themselves ***similarly* complex**.

Though a fairly logical premise, it did have the effect of FURTHER **contributing** to a widespread ***complexity bias*** in the **English** (**language**) **intelligentsia** that appears to be **alive** and **kicking** today.

In it's most basic terms this **bias** usually works something like this:

> *If one's **working assumption** regarding a **specific outcome** has a **high degree of complexity to it**, and the **most viable means** to **achieve that outcome** are further **assumed** to be **highly complex**, then the **otherwise intelligent individual** working **his** or **her** way through this will **tend to favor** relevant **explanations**, **details**, and **instruction manuals** that feature a **similar** (if not **greater**) amount of **complexity**.*

Both **then** and **now**, these **affected individuals** frequently **conflate style** with **substance**, and are frequently inclined to ***assume*** that the ***former necessarily implies the latter***. This little quirk of **overly abstracted** primate psychology was, at minimum, implicitly known by both ***alchemical* device counterfeiters** and **other** kinds of ***thaumaturgic* grifters**, and fully **exploited** by them as they worked their nefarious ***craft***.

In fact, the ***widespread complexity bias*** in **people too smart for their own good** actually worked in **favor** of the **metaphysical miscreants** of the time, ***just like it does now***.

With the **inherent allegorical *complexity*** of most described ***alchemical*** processes (in print or verbally), ANY **subsequent failures** experienced by the **neophyte** can be easily **explained away** in their ***own interpretative errors*** or just their **general inability to follow** (**not** so) **clear** and(**or** very) **concise** instructions.

With the **assumed** inherent ***complexity*** of both the **end** and the **means** to **attain it**, this was an altogether **plausible** explanation for the **budding *alchemist*** that FURTHER ***created*** a **convincing pretext** for ***future* intimations** by the **master** in question that **perhaps** MORE one on one instructional lessons (or more dubious **self help devices** to ***explain what the hell that other device was talking about)* may** be in **order**. For **only** a **nominal fee**, of course.

This isn't to say that ***complexity bias*** in **domesticated primates** with **overly developed language skills** is specific only to **English**, or even language in general. What **is true** about **English** is that in having **roughly 5 times as many** words as most other languages, it **lends itself** to an **enhanced complexity of thought** and especially in those of **above average intelligence** and/or **high verbal skills**.

This ***operating system bias*** unfortunately **combined** all too well with the other ongoing legacy of ***alchemy*** **in Europe** in general and ***England in particular.*** So much that the **following** could be said to be one of the more rarely mentioned **corner stones** of **English thought**.

With the long standing preoccupation with ***GOLD*** **in Western Alchemy** as being **symbolic** in some respect of some idealized **metaphysical state of being** where one is ***not as limited by their own primate mentations as they are normally,*** consistent with the usual **mystical associative tendencies** of ***alchemists***, the **properties** of **one** were thought to be ***indicative of those of the other,*** in some sense. You know...**as above**, **so below** and **all that**.

With ***GOLD,*** **wisdom** and **metaphysical transcendence** ALL being in **short supply**, the **latter** two were widely **assumed** to work off of **social distribution principles** that were ***directly equivalent*** to ***GOLD's*** **economic factors** that made ***it*** so valuable in the first place.

Just like with ***GOLD***, it was widely thought that total amount **metaphysical *illumination*** experienced by **humanity at large** wasn't so much a **fixed amount** as much as there was a **severely limited supply** at any given time. Furthermore, just like how the **value** of ***GOLD*** were to **drop** if it **suddenly** became widely available to anyone who wanted it, many ***alchemists*** (including *many in the minority who knew what they were doing)* **opined** that the ***perceived value*** of the (alleged but ***probable)*** **transcendental state of being** in question would ALSO have a ***similarly*** **diminished value** IF it was **widely experienced** by the **masses**.

Those who took this **dim view** were **all too happy** to further **muddy the mystical waters** by **creating** their own **highly convincing forgeries** that were **just correct enough** to be **convincing** but **not** quite enough to put anybody on a ***viable path*** **forward**.

OR they started **private clubs** with other **high class enthusiasts** who were just looking for a new way to make a **quick quid** or maybe meant well enough but were **lost** out in the **metaphysical wilderness** and looking for a way **into** the ***Light***.

In these **unfortunate** (but historically **preponderate**) ***magickal secret societies,*** their **peerless fleecers**...oops, fearless leaders most often went on to **lead** most of their **flock** ***astray*** except (usually) for some ***inner circle of initiates*** who tended to spend an

inordinate amount of time at their **double-secret meetings *laughing*** at those **outer order chumps** who **weren't** invited into their ***super secret boy's club***.

These historical **hiders of truth** who **stood tall** by **cutting everybody else off at the knees** BEFORE they know how to **crawl** properly on the ***Path*** were ***all too willing to support*** and **contribute** to the **idea** that not only was the underlying ***wisdom*** of the ***Art*** **fiendishly complicated**, the ***means to achieve such*** in the material plane were ***even more so***.

So the timeless ***Truths*** of ***alchemy*** were subsequently **sealed** within **7** (to the **seventh power**) **l**ayers of **highly disinformative sheep shit** that **interested outsiders** were fully **encouraged** to **conceptually** (and/or ***literally)*** **jerk themselves off into.**

Most often by those who ***knowingly*** **encouraged** other people's **erroneous metaphysical practices** for their own ***perceived metaphysical advantages***, and are **truly** some of history's most **double dyed bastards** because of it.

And the truly **sad** thing about all of this is that it could have been entirely (or **mostly**) **avoided** had just ***one*** of these **associative sub-geniuses** actually **seen** (and **eaten**) **a fucking *banana*** at some point and **reflected** on it's **multitude** of **mystical associations**.

Or maybe just **one** in particular. Namely, even though ***its's*** **yellow skin** is the **external cue** that we tend to **recognize *it*** by, ***it's*** **inherent value** lies within the **white stuff *inside*** of ***it***. Perhaps, this **hypothetical person** would **reflected** on the **parallels** between a ***banana*** and a **certain banana shaped regions** of the **male anatomy**, and ***perhaps*** further reflect on how **much** of the **perceived inherent value** of this **banana shaped region** of the **male anatomy** is also **largely dependent** on the ***white stuff*** within it, so to speak.

Which is the (**donkey**) **punchline** to this whole **fornicating fustercluck**. When practiced **correctly**, ***Alchemy actually works***. BUT **not** for turning actual ***lead*** into real ***GOLD***, which the current author suspects **probably** takes some combination of a **high test nuclear reactor**, **one** (or **two**) **particle accelerator**(**s**), a **bit of duct tape** and some **favorable winds** but thinks that whoever tries that shit and **succeeds** will ***probably*** want a ***lead*** **lined haz mat suit** to ***assay*** their **success** since that ***SHIT*** will be **highly radioactive**.

The whole ***lead*** **into** ***GOLD*** thing was originally ***coined*** as a **pithy analogy** regarding the **usual state of being** that most of us live our day to day lives in (IE the ***lead)*** in comparison to an ***enhanced state of being*** where ***we have successfully integrated the monkey mind with one's higher Self*** (the ***GOLD*** in the equation).

As far as **pithy comparisons** go this one is as **apt as any**, and perhaps a bit ***more more than most***.

Simply because, if one is willing to ***conditionally* stipulate** the **leaden qualities** of their **day to day drudgery** through the **morass** of their **frequently clouded mind** (and **heart**), in comparison to that, ***these further states of being do bear a striking resemblance to GOLD***.

These ***united states of being*** often tend to be **shinier**, are **highly malleable** but **rarely** (or **never**) **corrode**, are fundamentally **lighter in nature** (just like ***lead*** has a **higher** atomic density than ***GOLD),*** but tend to be ***significantly* more impacting** on the **en**(**g**)**lightened psyche** on a practical **somatic** level NOT unlike how ***GOLD***, despite it's **lower atomic density**, is actually ***almost twice as heavy*** (per unit volume) as ***lead*** in real life.

Beyond that, the **internal neuro-physiological processes** necessary for **intentionally inducing** these ***illuminated* states of being** are ***directly analogous*** to many **basic chemical processes** that were widely known and practiced going back to **god**(**dess**) knows when.

Internally, the ***intentional induction*** of these ***enhanced states of being*** in the individual requires a **good deal** of **sustained heat** and **pressure**, but in **specific** amounts that require **close** and **careful maintenance** of **one's** "**fire**" and the "**pot**" **over it**. If "**it**" **boils over** you have ***prematurely*** ended that **experiment** and have to **wait** for the necessary **heat** and **pressure** to build up before attempting again.

Underneath it all, whether the **practitioner**, **proponent**, or **proselytizer** was **aware** of it or ***not,*** what the whole ***lead*** into ***GOLD* thing** was/***IS*** referring to is an **internal neuro-energetic process** with ***real*** and **lasting mental**, **emotional** and **physiological effects** and **implications**.

Interestingly enough, this ***neuro-energetic process*** also has certain ***physiological triggers*** than can be **consciously pulled** (so to speak) by the **practicing student** or an **obliging *alchemical* teacher** with a more **nuanced** understanding of **professional teaching ethics** than most **professional review boards.**

Since these ***unified states of being*** are, for lack of a better term, **metaphysical** in nature, it has been naturally **assumed** by **many** if not **most** historical ***alchemical* aspirants** that the ***means*** by which these ***enhanced neurological states*** are **induced intentionally** are ***inherently*** spiritual (or **magickal**) in **nature**. And they were not (**entirely**) wrong. BUT, they **weren't** quite as on the **money** (**shot**) as they could have been.

While **not** the only, or BIGGEST, age old secret of the ***Art of arts***, certainly the **first of them** is that ***there is no fundamental difference between "spiritual energy", Love and sexual energy.***

They are ***all***, in fact, the ***same fucking thing no matter what anybody else wants to believe***.

The whole ***fucking*** thing is that shockingly **simple**. If "**spiritual**" **energy** happens to **manifest** in your **swimsuit area**, it is called **sexual energy**. If it **manifests** in your **heart** it's called **love**, and if it **shows up** in your **brain area** it is often referred to as ***illimunation*** or **spiritual wisdom** or any number of other descriptive terms.

The **energetic system** underpinning all of this is **not** so simply described. Running **concurrently** with your **spinal column** is the **main trunk** of your **chi-circulatory system**. Referred to in **Yoga** (IE ***Sanskrit)*** as the **shushuna**, it actually **extends** all the way from the **perineum** (IE ***right where you are sitting right now)*** up to the **crown of your head.** Contained with in this are **7 main substations** distributed at **mathematically significant intervals** along the length of this channel. These **substations**, usually referred to as **chakras**, are probably best thought of as ***power converters*** that progressively **refine** the ***mojo*** working it's way **upward** along the **electric spine**.

The ***Sanskrit*** word **chakra** is a relatively accurate one in meaning "**wheel**" in English**,** due to their long noted tendency to "**flower**" **open** upon **activation** and create a **wheel shaped space** within them for this **energy** to **flower** into. Not to take away from this **apt** metaphor, but personally speaking, the present author thinks that the **chakras** are ***more accurately*** thought of as various **windows** (or ***lenses)*** **of the soul**.

Through our own **ignorance** and being subject to the **vicissitudes of life** on planet **Earth**, ***most people, most of the time*** generally **suffer** from some **damned dirty** ***inner windows***. Often becoming so **caked** with ***life's habituated grime*** that **we** even ***forget*** they are **windows** and not the **big dirty walls they appear to be**, much less ***the shadows we cast on them in our own high verbal ignorance.***

Though **cleaning** (or clearing if you prefer) these ***inner windows*** is usually the kind of thing that requires a **fair bit of meditation** and various kinds of **intentional breath work** (for **starters**) over time ***(and how),*** various kinds of **internal energy bursts** (and/or ***mojo ignition events)*** can easily **open** (or ***break)*** **one** or **more** of these ***windows of the soul*** for **indeterminate** periods of time.

These **energy pulses** are initially **regulated** by the **first chakra**, which in this respect acts as a **transformer** stepping down the ***greater*** **life energy currents** that we are **all** constantly **drawing off of** at a much **lower**, yet safer **voltage**. Since it is ***more than possible*** (see the **rest of device** attached to this sentence) to experience a potentially **dangerous** (and/or ***fatal)*** **power surge**, the **chakras** also act as ***fuses***, or as ***vents*** in the case of **practicing adepts**. Usually an **energy** (slash ***kundalini)*** **surge** will **trip** one of the **lower chakra fuses** before going **higher up** and doing **worse damage**. They, in fact, seem to be **well designed** for this, and none moreso then the **second chakra**.

IE, ***the sex chakra***. When **one's chi** (or ***kundalini,*** more accurately) **rises** out of the **primordial first chakra** it is (**frequently**) initially experienced as ***sexual energy***. Or in other words ***your mojo starts working,*** the symptoms of which can include (but are **not**

limited to): **pronounced feelings of sexual arousal** and/or **desire**; a **repeatedly stated appreciation for hot pants**; **associated banging activities**; a **greater willingness** to experience (and/or **commit**) **indignities oral** or ***(careful back there)*** **anal** in nature; the **successful operation of one** (or **more**) **musical instruments** and/or just a bit of some **climactic coitus** with **one's self** and/or (hopefully) **others**.

There does happen to be a fairly significant **dichotomy** between **how** the **different sexes *bleed off* energy sexually**. **Women** actually seem to **gain energy** from **sex**, and ***especially*** if it involves an **orgasm** or **2** (or ***69)***. **Women gather** the **hunter energy** until **their moon shows up** and **knocks them on their ass** with **PMS** and they **bleed off** their **accumulated excess energy** on ***more*** than just a **physical level**.

The ***standard male release response*** just so happens to be **perfect** for **bleeding off** an **excess** of **too much energy** of whatever sort. So **perfect** that speaking on a strictly energetic level the ***standard male ejaculatory release*** (happening on a **frequent** and **regular basis**) tends to be ***mutually exclusive*** with opening one's **higher windows**.

Especially if those **upper windows** happen to be **stuck** or **painted shut** through **progressive neglect** and/or ***higher education***.

Bleeding off the **mojo** at the **lower levels** takes away from the **metaphysical leverage** needed to **jimmy** those **fuckers *open*** WITHOUT **breaking them** in the ***opening process***. This was the original basis for the (**unfortunate** yet understandable) traditional emphasis on **abstinence** in **most** "serious" SLASH "legitimate" **metaphysical**, **spiritual** and **religious paths**.

So a veritable host of **safe** and **accepted practices** were developed to **consciously clear out the inner cobwebs** off one's **inner lenses** while **strengthening** or further **opening** their **main conduits**. This led to to the development of the so called "**right**" **hand paths** of Yoga, Eastern and Western metaphysics, mysticism and magickal traditions.

Some of the **shared characteristics** of these **diverse paths** are the intentional contortion of the body into outlandish postures (IE **Yoga Asana** practice and **Tai Chi**), the **conscious control** of **one's breath** and **focus** (various kinds of **meditation** and ***pranayama),*** various kinds of **physical** or **sensory deprivation**, similar kinds of ***nutritional deprivation*** both in the **short** and **long term** (**Fasting** and the **long term avoidance** of certain foods) and even various kinds of ***self abuse*** and ***strange resolutions with potentially crippling side effects if followed through upon*** (like the self flagellants of Opus Dei or the random acts of Sadhu mastery on par with keeping one arm in the air at all times for the rest of one's one armed life).

At some point **someone** on the ***path*** had **noticed** that as **well meaning** as these standard approaches may have been, they seemed to ***fail most of their students in the long run,*** even though this was usually framed as the students ***falling*** from that specific path.

Mostly because ***right hand methods*** take so damn long (most of the time) to start showing **conspicuous** results and **don't** tend to be all that **fun** (at least until you get **good** at them). But most ***right handed methods*** tend to **fail** simply because ***recognizing that you are spiritual being doesn't mean you stop being a sexual one***.

Assuming **one** ***implies*** the **other** tends to **create** its **own** (**multitude** of) ***issues***.

Some of these **empirically minded individuals** went on to **discover** that some of the **more interesting** yet ***less*** **publicized aspects** of the **domesticated primate nervous system** and **neural architecture** could be **stimulated** ***directly*** if one was **willing** to **accept** that ***the bone that the builder refused*** was the one most likely to ***bridge their metaphysical arch***.

Considering the previously noted **association** between **diminished metaphysical energy levels** and the **regular release of male sexual energy**, and the **close anatomical proximity** between the **first** and **second chakras** and the **sexual organs**, it shouldn't be too much of a surprise that there was found to be a very interesting ***flip side*** to the ***seemingly*** **mutually exclusive relationship** between being **actively sexual** and **actively spiritual** at the ***same time***.

First some early **Yogi realized** that when **he had sex** but ***didn't*** **ejactulate**, he ***didn't experience the same precipitous energy drop*** as he would have had he **fully arrived**, even if he was a **little winded** from his recent exertions. Unfortunately, this had two main drawbacks. The first was **blue balls**, which are ***significantly more uncomfortable*** than **most women** seem **inclined to believe**. The second was the simple fact that **getting all riled up like that** generally led to being much more **horny** than **usual**, which tends to be a bit **distracting** from more **metaphysical matters**.

But this person (or someone else not too long afterwords) persevered and **learned the hard way** that with **conscious**, **focussed breathing** and approximately **69 fuck tons** of ***practice***, the **male orgasmic response** could/**CAN** be **re-directed** on an underlying **energetic level** from the **external emission path** to a more vertically oriented ***internal*** one traveling **up** the **shushana** (**spine**) into the **higher chakras**.

Doing this **successfully** not only starts **opening** (and/or **burning off the crud**) of those **inner windows**, it takes much of the pressure **off** the typically **tender** bits while **opening** vast new vistas of **multi-orgasmic opportunity** to the ***rapidly developing*** **male individual**.

On an **operational level**, in its most basic terms, the **male** is **attempting** to **induce** more of a **female** (orgasmic) **response** in their own **energetic field**, **body** and **neural network**. For the **female sex** ***alchemist***, the ***Art of art*** is **similarly** focussed on the **inverse equation** of intentionally **inducing** the **biggest**, **squirtiest orgasms she can have** while **riding those waves up her spine** to **similar effect**.

Or in other words: "*When **two** become **one**...**and** the **male** becomes **female** and the **female male**...then **shall ye enter the Kingdom of Heaven**."* As **recorded** by **doubting Thomas** in his **tangled reconstructions** of the spoken **WORD** of **everybody's favorite Rabbi**.

This particular approach of **raising one's *metaphysical* awareness** through **conscious sexual interactions** was soon found to be one of the more potent methods for ***inducing*** these ***enhanced states of being***.

Though ***extremely* difficult** at first (for **most**), they aren't **that** much more difficult than the more **la-di-da** "**right**" **hand methods**. EVEN BETTER, these "**left**" hand (or ***middle path)*** **practices *often*** turn out to be much more **fun** to **practice**. They ALSO happen to **manifest** desired (and/or ***other*** kinds of) outcomes ***more rapidly than strictly individual progressions.***

But just like with **most economic gambits**, these ***enhanced benefits*** do ***not*** come without ***additional risks***. The first is the **obvious one** where **certain accidents** can lead to **specific repercussions** happening **oh I don't know**, say about **9 months down the road**. As **cute** and **endearing** these **little repercussions** can be, they **also** tend to be a **real distraction** in regards to **any metaphysical process** where **silence** figures heavily (roughly speaking **only** about **98.6%** of them).

The other **biggest associated risk** is that by working with a **partner** on a **sexual level**, thanks to the long standing **domesticated primate psychological predisposition** for psychological ***projection***, in "**sexual Yoga**" (and/or ***magick)*** you are **directly exposing yourself** to a whole **other** set of **bullshit** beyond your own ***mountain*** of **it**.

While it is fairly **easy** to **identify *one's own bullshit*** when **alone** (even if you **aren't** quite sure where it all came from originally), this becomes decidedly ***more* difficult** with ***direct exposure to someone else's***. Especially when the **bullshit in question** might be **from** a member of the **opposite sex**, which makes things even **more confusing** since the **sexes** tend to ***radiate their bullshit*** in **vastly different** ways.

At some point, **some super-genius** thought that there **might** be a ***simpler*** (but **not** necessarily better) way to ***induce*** these **neuro-sexual spiritual states of being** than **sitting** and **laying** around for ***hours on end* breathing *with*** (or more accurately ***inside)*** a **bonafide sex goddess** on the **off chance** that ***maybe this time it will actually work***. Even though the **previous 665 attempts *failed***, albeit in any number of interesting ways.

This **person**, perhaps with the **help** of a **close friend**, eventually learned that the ***inwardly directed orgasm*** in a **male** CAN be easily **facilitated** (apparently) through **direct** and sustained ***prostate palpations*** (and/or ***other*** kinds of direct stimulation) ***with a fairly high rate of success in a relatively short amount of time.***

Even though this ***very*** direct method of **neuro-sexual stimulation** was generally recommended ***against*** by **most Chinese physicians**, **Vedic doctors** and **Tantric Yogis** due to being **long associated** with certain kinds of **mental instability** and **energetic imbalance** (mostly from ***acute exposure to too much Yang energy)***, this did absolutely **squat** in **reducing it's continuing popularity** in roughly **10%** (**okay** more like **20-35%** if you include **switch hitters** as well) of the **male population**.

As you might imagine, this particular ***alchemical* approach** was a bit of an **issue** in **certain jurisdictions** as it requires a **certain** amount of **rear entry** through a **back door** that is generally ***assumed*** to **swing** (and/or **emit** or ***excrete)*** in **one direction**, as the **Knights Templar** found out much to their chagrin.

Even though ***most*** of the **charges** manufactured against them by **King *Philip* IV** and his **minions** were **utter bullshit**, ***not quite all of them were false***. There was a certain amount of ***informed buggery*** in the ranks above and beyond the usual **10 percenters** that tend to make up a **higher** percentage of many (if not ***most)*** **exclusively male** military, monastic and athletic organizations.

The untimely **demise** of the ***Knights Templar*** partly because of ***mass buggery*** was a **clear signal** to all **European** and **English** initiates of the ***Art Actual*** at the time that just **coming out** and clearly stating in unambiguous terms that NOT ONLY does **intentional *Sex*** work ***well*** for **intentional Self-enlightenment**, but informed ***buttfucking*** in particular seems to work **best** (and/or **fastest**, which ***isn't*** quite the same thing) of all (for **men** anyways) was probably ***not*** in their best interests.

The **vindictive vagaries** of the **1300's** put the **populaces** of most Western European lands in the **mood** where they were ***actively looking for targets*** for ***GOD's* wrath** to **appease** their **loving Lord** with the ***blood sacrifice*** of **heretics** and **devilish deviants**.

The few surviving ***alchemical* practitioners** in **Europe** who ***actually knew what they were doing*** were **not** complete idiots, and saw the need to **disassociate** the ***Art of Arts*** from ***buttfucking*** in the mind of the greater public IF they wanted to continue their metaphysical practices **unmolested** by undue civic interference.

Since **many** of these individuals were **well to do** (often by dint of their **rapacious** efforts in near Eastern lands with a heavy Turkish presence), it **wasn't** all that difficult for them to ***attribute*** their **material success** as being the **inevitable dross** of ***successes more metaphysical in nature***.

Thanks to all of the relevant factors just belabored in this chapter, ***most* middle** to **upper class idiots** who were offered ***metallurgic alchemical* metaphors** were ***all too willing to take them literally***. Which worked just fine for the **active *alchemist*** who was often (more than) ***willing to encourage others in their misdirected efforts***.

These **multiple semantic smoke screens** in play gave actual ***alchemical assbandits*** of various **stripes** (and/or **hats**, or **pants**, or possibly a notable **lack** thereof) all sorts of

cover for covertly continuing their **neuro-sexual activities** (which, if done **well** tend to also be ***adventures)*** well beyond the **Knights Templar**, the **Multiplying of Metals Act**, **the Hundred** (and **seventeen**) **Years *WAR,*** and the yet to be explained ***WAR* of the Roses**.

The undeniable power of ***it's*** compelling metaphors and the ***actual benefits*** of it's ***real practices*** actually allowed ***Alchemy*** to survive the even **more aggravated *REVERSE EUGENICS* phase** that **England** and **Western Europe** fell victim to just after the **end** of the 15th century**.**

A ***REVERSE EUGENICS*** phase so **aggravated** that it makes **England's *upper class legions of metaphysically enlightened butt bangers*** and ***heavy metal handicapped hand-job enthusiasts*** look like the goddamned ***Illuminati*** (that **many** to ***most*** thought they were actually a part of).

Or in **other** words, the relatively **minor** but **widespread** social movement that ***quickly overran* greater Europe** and **England** called...

6:36 pm 1.27.14

Chapter 10

Reforming Religion,
one (or ***more)*** **headless** (and/or ***limbless),*** **charred corpse*****(s)*** at a time...

The **English** (and German)
Reformation(s).

Plus,
English Empire Building, **Phase 1**:

The (**attempted**) **annexation** and **assimilation** of
Wales, Scotland and ***Ireland***
(the ***hard way).***

the **1500's**
(ok...**1517-1588/1603** for you **academic hair splitters** out there)

*While much of the **English intelligentsia** spent a great deal of the 1400's **huffing neuro-toxic vapors** and (not so) **metaphorically pulling their puds** in their quest for Transcendental Wisdom (and/or **free money**), the rest of the **island** kept pretty busy **fighting** during that massively misinformed century. First against the **French** for the exciting conclusion of the **100 Years War** (short version: **England loses**), then with **each other** in the related **WAR of the Roses**.*

*After enjoying multiple victories in the early **1400's**, the **English** came as close to stomping **France** into submission as they **would** during their **100 Years WAR** in a minor historical skirmish called the **Battle of Agincourt**. Reminiscent of what happened in **Crécy** roughly 80 years before, a smaller **English** force suffering from serious logistics issues managed to seriously thump a **French army** that was anywhere from **2** to **4** times **larger**. The **English** were able to **beat the odds** through the judicious selection of terrain to maximize the effectiveness of their forces after the widespread adoption of the **English Longbow** and subsequent shift **away** from the **heavy calvary tactics** that had been a mainstay of European **WARfare** going back to the **Huns**.*

*The **French** defeat at **Agincourt** in **1415** wasn't as bad as it was **catastrophic**. In just that **one battle**, the **French army** lost between a **quarter** to **over half** of their forces to **casualties** (mostly **bloody deaths** of various sorts) while also losing roughly **40%** of the **French male nobility**.*

*And all because **England** wouldn't continue to **negotiate** the dowry bribe that they were to be paid by **France** to **not** continue pressing Royal English inheritance claims to the **French Crown** through force. The reason **negotiations** were **broke off** by the **English** was because, and get this...**they** said the **French** were **making fun** of them either during or before their peace **negotiations**. **right**.*

*Cue little English foot into large **French** derriére...*

*After such a solid thumping, **France** was a **bit** more amenable than usual to **English territorial assertions**. **England**, for a a bit anyways, regained control of **Normandy** for the first time in **200 years**...*

*Only to lose it again **16 years** later after **Joan of Arc** inspired a **French revival** after developing **new** (and more effective) **French tactics** which helped to break the **English siege of Orléans** in **1429**. For **her** valiant and noble efforts on behalf of **her** country, **she** was (**usually**, and atypically for most women) **included** in the command leadership councils of the battles she participated in and **ennobled** from the peasantry of her **birth**.*

*Sadly, her new title did **not** quite prevent her from getting **shot off her horse** by a **Burgundian archer** that was part of the **allied English-Burgundian forces** that **besieged Compiégne** (**France**) in late **May** of **1430**.*

***Joan** was then **captured** by the **Burgundians** and **sold** to the **English** after her (still peasant) family **wasn't** able to pony up enough funds to pay her ransom. **King Charles VII** (of **France**), who could afford the ransom, **couldn't** be bothered to help out a poor peasant girl who **kicked** massive amounts of **English ass** on **His** majesty's behalf.*

*After **multiple** escape attempts (including one featuring a **70 foot leap** out of a tower window into the boggy ditch that passed for a moat around the castle **Joan** was imprisoned within), she was **forced** to participate in a typically **English** show trial that featured the usual official mendacities and the obligatory calumnies being directed at **her** as a **pretext** to justify turning **her** into a (French) **screaming human torch**. On **May 30th**, **1431**, **Joan of Arc** was **burned at the stake** (for heresy, and/or **wearing pants**) by the **English occupation government** in the **English controlled** city of **Rouen**, **France**.*

*Adding some **posthumous heft** to her living assertions of being **chosen by God to drive out the wicked English** out of **France**, **England** started **coincidentally** experiencing **serial setbacks** almost **immediately** after **burning her to death** in their bootless campaigns against the **French**. These finally culminated in the **English** getting **booted** out of **France** from their **final French colony** of **Gascony** (minus **Calais**) after the **Battle of Castillion** in **1453**.*

*The **Hundred** (and **seventeen**) **Years War** probably would have continued **indefinitely** had the **English** not had to deal with a little **domestic dispute** generally referred to as the **WAR of the Roses**.*

*In addition to the social effects of dramatically **increased French** and **English nationalism** and the related **official death** of **Official French** in **England**, the **Hundred Years WAR** also had the passing effect of **depriving** a **sizable ratio** of the **English nobility** of their immensely lucrative **French holdings**.*

*This **cheesed off** the **high percentage** of **English nobles** that **formerly** had significant **economic interests** in **France**. It also gave certain **cadet branches** of the **English Royal family tree** a compelling **pretextual rallying point** to cultivate **rank** and **discord** among the gentry **against** their rightful (but relatively **insane**) **King**, **Henry the VI**.*

England's** decisive **defeat** at the hands of the **French** at **Bordeaux** proved to be the **l**ast of many straws that had been edging **Henry** further **away** from the more **peaceful** and **pious

*places in **his** mind that he was reported to prefer when **not** on the far side of the moon. **He** suffered some species of **massive mental breakdown** (which **ran** in the **royal** family going back at least as far as his grandfather, **King Charles IV of France**) that rendered **him** entirely **oblivious** to his immediate surroundings for the following **16 months**, finally snapping out of it on Christmas Day, **1454**.*

*Being even more **gratuitously insane** than the typical **English** (and/or **French**) **monarch** did **little** to ameliorate the pressing concerns of a **English nobility** freshly fucked out their **French** fortunes and still feeling a bit chafed about it. It was, for many, a **bit** of a sore spot that certain **well meaning malefactors** were all too willing to rub vigorously through continual griping in the foreground and a whole bunch of **skullbuggery**...*wait, what chapter are we on? oh, right, ***THAT*** one*...*
***skullduggery** and **incessant scheming** going on **behind** (or in) **closed** (or **back**) doors.*

*This resulted in the usual sordid chain of **English events** that oft seem to define their (historical, **we hope**) **monarchial** matters, including (but **not** limited to): royal betrayals; royal banishments of nobles; royal exile of other royals to rule Ireland (and/or Scotland); noble betrayal of royals; trumped up or fully manufactured charges; fixed trials; uninvestigated murders of nobles previously exiled; and **not** the least of which, a **rebellion** of **laid off soldiers** just back from getting **stomped** in **France**. The recent reverses in **France** and the **King's** advanced state of indisposition led to some to suggest that maybe with some kind of **Regent Protector of the Realm** would be in order.*

*This further led to some **not so** quiet overtures being extended to the previously exiled (to rule **Ireland**) **heir presumptive** (but **not** Prince of England as he was **not** the King's son), **Richard**, **Duke of York**. He was considered the heir presumptive thanks to being the great-grandson of **Edward III** through **Ed's** 4th son, which made **Richard**, the **sixth Duke of York**, the **oldest surviving royal** (**male**) **descendent** NOT already sitting on England's throne. **Henry the VI** was **Ed III's great-great-great Grandson** through **Ed's** first born son, **Edward the Black Prince**.*

*Just in case **you lost track** of which **fucking royal family** we are talking about, these are still the **Plantagenets** we are talking about. The same one that had been **ruling England** for the previous **300**(ish) **years** since **Dick Lionheart** got **it** in the **neck** in **France**.*

*After ruling for the previous **300 years**, the **Plantagenets** had grown far **too numerous** to be known under only **one name**. Many of their **womenfolk** had displayed a **willful womanly propensity** for popping out progeny that **also** suffered from a congenital and acute **penile deficiency**. When these **little girls** grew up to be **royal teenaged jailbait**, they were usually **compelled** by various means to **marry** some (often significantly) **older man** whether **her grace** in question actually wanted to or **not**. This happened within the curious context of the social **transaction** known as "**royal marriage**" where the **royal father** gives **his daughter away** PLUS a **substantial dowry** to whichever royal suitor has been deemed to a most advantageous match for the **family**.*

*This had been a pretty common practice in **Europe** and **England** after **Rome** went **tits up** a thousand years before. Though **slightly** more enlightened then certain classical **Greek** or **Chinese** approaches to (**not**) **raising** (frequently unwanted) **feminine offspring**, it did have the incidental side effect of grafting **cadet branches** onto the **royal family tree**. These **cadet***

branches *had an entirely* ***legitimate*** *claim to the* ***crown*** *in the event they were able to* ***assassinate****,* ***exile*** *or otherwise* ***depose*** *the current* ***King*** *and* ***His*** *closer relatives* ***higher up*** *the* ***food****...*whoops, sorry*... succession chain.*

By this time in our exciting soap opera, the ***Plantagenets*** *had largely split up into* ***two*** *families after* ***Edward the Third****: the* ***Yorks*** *(whose family crest was a white rose) and the* ***Lancasters*** *(whose family crest was a red rose), the* ***latter*** *of which had their* ***royal buttocks*** *firmly* ***ensconced*** *in* ***England's*** *highest seat for the last few generations.*

There had been some ***bad blood*** *in the* ***family*** *going back to the* ***deposition*** *of* ***Richard II*** *by* ***Henry IV*** *in* ***1399****. The* ***Lannisters****...*WAIT NO, wrong book asshole*...**Lancasters*** *had managed to take control of the* ***throne*** *through the* ***conspiratorial machinations*** *of* ***Henry IV*** *(formerly* ***Henry Bolingbroke****) and his father,* ***John of Gaunt****, the* ***first duke of Lancaster****. This happened despite* ***Richard Mortimer*** *(of the* ***York clan****) being publicly named the* ***heir presumptive*** *of* ***Richard II****.*

Being ***passed over*** *in the following* ***Lancasterian usurpation*** *of the crown led to the expected amount of grumbling, bad feelings and the gnashing of envious teeth within the* ***York Clan****.*

With ***interfamily en(g)mity*** *building for the previous* ***50****(ish)* ***years*** *and* ***3 Kings****,* ***Henry VI's mental issues*** *in the* ***early 1450's*** *provided an ideal opportunity for those* ***upward anglers*** *in the* ***York Clan*** *to start* ***plotting*** *and* ***scheming*** *to get one of their own on the* ***throne of England****.*

Shockingly enough, some of the ***Lancasters*** *took issue with the scheming plans of their* ***cadet cousins*** *and started making* ***their own plans*** *as well. The resulting situation rapidly* ***escalated*** *from* ***interfamily rivalry*** *into a* ***public family feud*** *that lasted* ***20+ years****.*

Unlike our ***American Hatfields*** *and* ***Mccoys****, these* ***weren't*** *just* ***two backwoods cracker families bushwacking*** *and* ***backshooting*** *each other out in* ***BFWV*** *(****Butt Fuck West Virginia****). These were* ***England's leading families*** *of the time, both of which were more than capable of fielding large amounts of heavily armed and relatively organized pedestrian idiots and equestrian assholes that were well trained to thump just about* ***anyone*** *that their noble officers ordered them to.*

All that directly contributed to a social situation eerily similar to the ***Anarchy*** *period of the* ***early 1100's****. Both were essentially* ***succession crises*** *that each took about* ***20 years*** *and* ***God only knows how many cracked English skulls*** *to finally* ***resolve****. Just like during the* ***Anarchy****, the* ***local feuds*** *were further fueled by* ***French*** *and* ***Scottish meddling*** *behind the scenes to help* ***minimize*** *their mutually shared regional rival's continual assaults on their own lands.*

After more twists, turns, reversals, exiles, ignominious victories, stunning defeats, insidious conspiracies and other Machiavellian errata than you can point a dagger at, the ***WAR of the Roses*** *ended after young* ***Henry Tudor*** *(the leading* ***Lancaster*** *light at the* ***end*** *of this* ***fracas****) married* ***Elizabeth of York****, who was the* ***daughter*** *of* ***Edward IV****, the first of the* ***Yorkist kings****. This (inbred)* ***marriage*** *went a long way in* ***sealing*** *the* ***breach*** *between these* ***two***

leading families of England *and was the beginning of the* ***Tudor dynasty*** *that would* ***sit on England's throne*** *for the following* ***117 years****, coincidentally enough.*

Although the ***Rose WAR*** *ended, the continuing schemes to overthrow* ***Henry VII*** *(nee* ***Tudor****) put a definite* ***domestic*** *focus on* ***His reign****. Most of the* ***Royal energies*** *were devoted to ruthlessly* ***putting down*** *any and all* ***rebellions*** *against* ***His Majesty****,* ***pre-emptively executing*** *(or just* ***murdering****) just about* ***anyone*** *(including* ***innocent children****) with a potentially legitimate claim to the crown and rigorously* ***taxing*** *the* ***rest****.*

Henry's *(****mark 7****) relatively* ***isolationist*** *(and/or* ***Brexit****)* ***inclinations*** *mostly kept* ***England's Army*** *off the mainland, which had the* ***surprising*** *side effect of* ***England NOT*** *pissing away huge amounts of money pressing tactically indefensible inheritance claims of questionable strategic benefit.*

Atypically for ***English monarchs*** *prior to* ***His*** *reign,* ***Henry VII*** *routinely demonstrated a* ***high degree of competence*** *in most to all aspects of* ***His Kingship****.*

He *(****mostly****) kept* ***England*** *out of* ***WAR*** *with* ***France*** *(or* ***itself*** *for that matter) while* ***neutralizing*** *any potential domestic rivals to* ***His rule****.* ***His*** *rapacious* ***tax policies****, canny (and/or* ***cunning****)* ***state craft*** *and the adroit* ***political alliances He arranged*** *through the* ***marriages of His children*** *all directly contributed to a degree of social stability* ***not*** *seen on the* ***Island*** *in a couple of* ***centuries****. All of this put* ***England*** *back in the* ***BLACK*** *somewhere roundabouts the turn of the century.*

Yet while ***England*** *was enjoying the first of many economic bubbles to come, all kinds of* ***heck*** *was breaking loose just about* ***everywhere*** *else. Typical of* ***relatively organized bands of upper primates****, just as soon as the* ***French*** *got done patting themselves on the back for* ***kicking out the English****, they* ***set their sights*** *on* ***their weakest neighbor****, which at the time was what we call* ***Italy*** *today.*

Back then, the ***boot*** *was a festering sump of independent city states, each with their own standing army and their own* ***equestrian enabled alpha-hole*** *who usually had some kind of grand design for* ***annexing*** *his* ***neighbor's lands*** *and not a little* ***paranoia*** *about the* ***similar*** *designs of those same neighbors.*

Even worse, these were all ***Italian potentates*** *with the typical* ***Italian capacity*** *for* ***disrespect*** *or* ***insult*** *(IE* ***little*** *to* ***none****). Most of whom also benefited from a cultural tradition of higher learning going back to ancient* ***Greece****. Both the* ***grand designs*** *and the insanely intricate yet borderline biblical* ***vengeances*** *those designs* ***begat*** *turned* ***Europe's boot*** *into a* ***WAR college*** *for the gathering* ***Renaissance*** *that virtually* ***every major power of Europe*** *would* ***attend*** *at some point.*

In addition to ***France,*** *the* ***Italian city states*** *who started off* ***60+ years of Italian Wars*** *and the misnamed* ***Holy Roman Empire*** *(which, geographically speaking would have been more accurately termed the* ***Holy German Empire****), the growing* ***Empire of Spain*** *(****huevos*** *freshly* ***swollen*** *from their recent "****discovery****" of the* ***New World****), the* ***Ottoman Empire****,* ***Scotland*** *and, eventually,* ***England*** *would all show up for a crash course or refresher or ongoing educational seminar in the rapidly developing art of* ***gunpowder assisted siege warfare****.*

*Also participating in this **post-Roman clusterfuck** was a **prosperous little bugger** of a country known by the **l**ofty sobriquet "the **Papal States**", mostly thanks to the presence of a **simple**, **humble, gentle** and **unassuming house of the Lord** that **fully embodies the simple message of Peace and Love of Our Savior** that **usually** goes by the name of...*

The **Vatican** and the greater **Catholic Church** by **1500** had swollen **prodigiously** from the **witches coven** of it's original disciples and **accidental** founder a millennia and a half earlier. What started off as a gathered group of **13 men** (and, to be precise, one **woman** who happened to be a **certain savior's significant other** who confusingly had the same name as **his** ***{allegedly}*** **virgin** mother) had turned into an ***ecclesiastic economic enterprise*** of staggering proportions, easily large enough to put a **spiritual stranglehold** on greater **Europe** for what **some** might call a **thousand** (plus) **year religious reich**.

Much like a dead body left out in the hot sun for too long, in **1500** the **Church** found itself **bloated** and **distended** ***far beyond*** it's original mission and scope. Just like that **unfortunate corpse**, the **disfigurement** of the **Vatican** that was visible **externally** was ***nothing*** compared to the **suppurating corruption** ***within*** due to the **inevitable infestation** of the usual **multitude** of **opportunistic maggots**.

By the time the Grand Jubilee (of **1500** ***AJ)*** was celebrated, the **Roman Catholic Church** had at least the following orders and organizations operating under the administration of the Holy See and the guy with the big funny hat and magic ring of power that everybody is supposed to kiss: The Georgian Order, Benedictine Order, Augustine Order, Franciscan order, the Carmelites, Hieronymites, Olivetarians, Gilbertines, the Conceptionists, the Minims and the further Orders of: the Holy Ghosts, and St. Paul the First Hermit and others.

Also under the direct (or indirect) authority of the Throne of St. Peter were a number of **military** orders that would fight as directed on the Church's behalf. In addition to the Swiss Guards, the Knights of Malta (AKA the Knights Hospitallers of St. John) and the Pope's own Papal Armies, there were also the following MILITARY Orders of: St. James of Altopasico, Saint Lazarus, Aviz, Saint Michael of the Wing, Calatrava, Santiago, Alcántara, Aubrac, Montesa, of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mercy, of Faith and Peace, of the Blessed Virgin Mary (but in this instance minus the mercy), of Saint Maurice, and the Order of Saint George of Carinthia (and Parma until 1522) PLUS the Equestrian Order of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, the Teutonic Knights, and the Militias of both the Faith of Jesus Christ and Jesus Christ himself.

And all of these different groups **don't** even include the rank and file personnel within the Church Hierarchy itself, extending all the way from altar boys up the chain of command to the Cardinals and Pope at the top of the pile. In addition to the hierarchical administration, there were further regional administrations tasked with prosecuting local **inquisitions** that were largely independent of the local administrators of the Church.

Each one of these different administrative groups, orders and/or **Jesus militias** individually had anywhere from hundreds to tens of thousands of members **each**. With many of these individuals being **highly literate** (and often in **multiple** languages), having so many word enabled people grouped together in so many different sub-organizations gathered under the greater umbrella of the **Mother Church** was just the kind of thing that would result in just the

kind of **bloated byzantine bureaucracy** that **continues** to define the **Catholic Church** to this day.

Back then, it was even **worse**. One of the great **advantages** in being in such a **large bureaucracy** is that there is ***virtually no individual accountability within the organization itself.***

Individuals within **offices of authority** most often have their **decisions** ***already*** made for them by either historical precedent or previously established office policies on the respective issue. **Newly** discovered issues of import (like, for instance, the **disposition** and **distribution** of **colonial acquisitions** on **recently discovered continents**) were usually debated **in committees** (and/or councils) of various sorts that were tasked to establish the **Church's** position on the respective issue. These **debates** would continue ***behind*** **closed doors** until some kind of ***consensus*** developed which would eventually be presented to the duly designated authority by that committee for **approval**.

If it was really important it would be further **bumped upstairs** for additional **rubber-stamping** by one or more **Cardinals** and/or **Popes**. The **latter** of which was just about the **only** person in the organization who could actually make an **independent decision** and make it stick (most of the **time**) through issuing some kind of **Papal Bull** or **Dispensation**.

But **God help you** if you found yourself on the ***business end*** of a **Papal Decree**, **Proclamation**, or **Bull** and wanted to lodge a **complaint** or just ***question*** such a thing in any way. The **one guy** in the **organization** that had **any** kind of **public accountability** had been previously **deemed** to be ***infallible*** by the organization itself, and **not** someone much inclined to **suffer** the **indignity** of being ***questioned*** by such a **dirty** and **depraved sinner** as yourself, you **Satanic heretic**.

UNLESS you happened to be a **middle ages potentate** with some kind of **standing army** big enough to **march to Rome**. Then the **Apostolic See** and **Catholic Curia** MIGHT be willing to revisit the issue to refine their position regarding it, provided you were willing to keep your **legions of heavily armed assholes** OUT of **Rome** if not the greater **Papal States**. Mostly because **large groups of soldiers** have a **bad habit** of **breaking** or **taking** nice things, which **Rome** and the **Vatican** happened to have a **few** of thanks to the **Church's thousand year reich** of the ***escalating monetization of the Faith.***

Acting as the ONLY ***legitimate intermediaries between this world and the next*** for an entire **continent** proved to be a **remarkably remunerative enterprise**, as many **American mega-churches** have since learned. A **thousand plus years** is a long time to develop **multiple income streams** and the **Catholic Church** was ***raking it in*** **white gloved hand** over **iron mailed fist** well ***before*** the discovery of the **New World**.

In addition to the original income stream of **donations**, at some point the **Church** started charging ***fees*** for **ecumenical services** rendered (**baptisms**, **christenings**, **marriages** {which **tend** to result in **more** of the previous two}, **funerals** and **burials** in **Church boneyards**). **Catholics** were **further** expected to "**donate**" at the end of each **service** (**one** or ***more*** days a week), then **tithe** their **annual income** (**10%**), and then FURTHER "**donate**" **one** or ***more*** days a week to **working on Church lands**, which was more than a little annoying to many

farmers hard pressed to invest the time and energy needed to get their **own land** producing optimal yields.

And like many ***American Ivy League Universities,*** The **Church** was also **big** on the **practice** of ***simony*** where a **family** or **individual** would ***donate*** a **not insubstantial sum** to place this or that individual in a specific **ecclesiastical office** or **position**.

Or in other words, the **Catholic Church** was able to ***wet it's beak*** in just about **every** phase of the **Catholic life experience**. A **Catholic** was charged ***multiple*** **entry fees** upon **entry** into this **life**, then further **subject** to **ongoing** (and often **exorbitant**) **fees** if they wanted to have some ***negligible*** chance of being in **God's grace**, and then were posthumously **charged a toll** for their **sanctioned exit** off this **mortal coil**, or at least their **closest kin** was**.**

Beyond all that, **if** a **Catholic** wanted to further ensure their being in **God's grace** they were **expected** to go on as many **Pilgrimages** and **attend** the display of (and/or **acquire**) as many **Holy Relics** as they could **afford**.

Most of the primary **incomes streams** of **pilgrimages** were largely **unchanged** from the **Knights Templar** (who essentially masterminded the ***mass monetization of the Church militant*** and were subsequently **burnt at the stake** for their diligent efforts), but the **increasing** display of "recently discovered" **remains** of **old Saints** or **Original Disciples** opened up ***new and exciting income stream opportunities.***

Pilgrim punters could be **charged** an **entry fee** at the ***reliquary church***, be further **hit up** for another ***donation*** at the **viewing station**, be given even **more opportunities** to ***donate*** as they **genuflect** at the **altar** about the **miracle** they just witnessed in seeing **some dead guy's gamy old toe** or **left ventricle** or **surgically reconstructed eyebrow** purported to be of this or that Saint.

If a **local church** did not have any of their own ***relics*** to display, they always had the option of **staging** a ***miracle*** or **three**. Adding just a bit of **ketchup** to the **stigmata** of the biggest **idolic** representation of the **savior nailed** to a **dead tree**, or to the **outer edges** of the **eyes** of **St. Mary's statue** was a **great way** of driving up **foot traffic** and an ***even better excuse to charge the punters an admission at the door of their own gathered church***.

This also left the **enterprising diocese** the option of **upselling** their **local** and **pilgrim punters** any number of religious **knick knacks**, **gimcracks**, **gewgaws**, **baubles**, **badges**, **certificates of pilgrimage** or **officially licensed fragments of the True Cross** (and/or **original straws of hay** from **our Savior's pig sty nursery**) while **maybe** hitting them up for another **donation** as they **left** to make their **way** to the next **religious tourist trap**.

Then there was the **practice** of ***selling indulgences*** that had been gaining popularity over the **15th century**. This likely started off as some sort of **monetization** of **penance** for **sins**. With the **upstanding** (slash ***upwardly mobile)*** **citizen** having **better** things to do with their **time** than **kneel about** repeating the exceedingly high number of **Hail Hit**...WHOOPS that would have been a ***bad one***...**Marys** and **Pater Nosters** the **material successes** in life often ***necessitated,*** at some point some **sympathetic padre** intimated to his **upscale parishioners** that their **confession donation** would be ***inversely reciprocal*** to the **amount** of **penance** they would be **assigned** for the **venal** and/or **mortal sins** that they **confessed to**.

IE ***the more the upscale parishioner "donated", the less penance they would be assigned by the padre for their confessed sins.***

This proved to be **remarkably remunerative** for both parties. The **upscale sinner** only had to pay a **nominal fee** to free up **hours** previously **wasted** on **praying** that could be ***better spent committing much more lucrative sins.*** The **priest**, on the **other hand**, just **increased** the **confession donation** amount by anywhere from **300** to **1000%** (or **more**), depending on the **nature** and **number** of **sins confessed**. Despite the **Church's** continuing ***public*** emphasis on how **poverty in this life** often leads to **wealth in the next** and it's **multitude** of other income streams, the priestly practice of **selling indulgences** quickly went **viral** throughout the **Greater Church**.

After a few decades of **hemming** and **hawing** about the **spiritual sanctity** of ***monetizing sin,*** even the most **high minded Cardinals** in the **Curia** had difficulties in forcefully pressing their arguments **against** in the shadow of one of their ***oldest income streams exponentially exploding*** after years of **steady growth**.

Since it **didn't** really concern anything important, like **sodomy** or **Fish on Fridays** (for instance), the **moral pillars** that had been **holding up** the **College of Cardinals** from **officially sanctioning** this practice found themselves **amenable** to the **eminently pragmatic** conclusion that **since it was happening anyway We might as well get a handle on it ourselves**, and keep it **respectable**.

This then led to the ***standardization of fees for Sins.*** **Venal sins** (aka **misdemeanors**) were usually treated with the financial equivalent of a **slap on the wrist** while **Mortal Sins** (aka ***felonies)*** were **subject to steep fines** if the **sinner** wanted to **avoid Hell**, or just another round on ***el strappado***. The **pay as you go** option was so astoundingly **popular** it was **alarming** to many within the **Church**, as it was **equally** indicative of the twin facts that **people were Sinning as much** as ever, and **the Church** was ***clearly not charging enough*** given the **pressing** and **widespread demand** for the ***monopolized metaphysical services*** the **Church** offered it's **upscale punter clients**.

With this **income stream** basically turning into a **river of money**, it shouldn't be too much of a surprise that it was then further **diversified** into other **tributary streams**. **Two** of which were particularly **profitable** for the **church economic**.

The **Vatican** went one step **further** and **declared *only the Pope*** could actually **forgive sins** on **behalf** of **Jesus** and **His** (**alleged**) **Father**, OR ***someone duly authorized by the man in the funny hat himself.***

The **Holy See** quickly dispatched **regional emissaries** in the form of **professional full-time *pardoners*** with a **fat stack** of **pre-signed Papal dispensations** forgiving MR. or MRS. or MISS **fill in the blank** all of his/her **Sins**. A ***purchased indulgence*** was also reputed to be some species of a **backstage pass** to **Heaven**. MEANING that the **upscale sinner** in question ***wouldn't*** have to **wait in line** at **St. Peter's gates** like all those OTHER **economy class chumps** after **shuffling off this mortal coil**.

Since these **regional Papal representatives** were issued a **fixed** number of **indulgences** and were the only **reps** for a **given region**, they were **free to charge** whatever the ***monopolized market would bear,*** which turned to be **quite a bit**. **Not** that this was entirely surprising considering that ***what*** the **sinner** thought they were **purchasing** was essentially a **hall pass** that **spared** them the ***eternal*** indignity of getting ***endlessly*** **skull fucked by hordes of fiery demons while immersed neck deep in the boiling filth of a thousand beasts of Bethlehem** in a very **hot** place on the ***other side*** that has **little** beach front property to speak of.

But if you happened to be **concerned** about the **welfare** of a **loved one** recently **departed** to what was ***suspected*** to be an **ulcerating cesspool** of **apostemation enflamed by leathery**, **bat faced, lizard winged** and **triple membered phosphoric monstrosities stalking the fulminated depths** of the **afterlife**, well fear NOT, your ***Church Diversified*** was/**is** well **prepared** to help ease your conscience and address your concerns about their **current** state of (**debatable**) well being.

At the time, **all of that** was a fairly **common concern** thanks to virtually **every** activity OTHER than **going to church** and intentionally trying to make **more Catholics** being considered a **Sin**...***not entirely dissimilar*** to how **modern American psychiatry** has **pathologized** just about **every internal impulse** that **inclines** someone to do something ***other*** than **sit down**, **shut up** and **do everything the nice doctor tells them to**.

Back then these **slightly specific** yet **free floating anxieties** were addressed by that ***other lucrative indulgence stream*** which was, in effect, **bailing your loved ones** out of **Hell** or **Purgatory** in the **afterlife**. For only a ***prohibitively hefty fee,*** a **loved one** could be ***posthumously indulged*** and **retroactively expatiated** of their **Sins committed** the last time they were here, which was **strongly implied** to give them a **leg up** on **better permanent housing** in a **nicer neighborhood** on the **other side**.

In addition to those highly lucrative income streams, there was also the ***raging torrent*** of **confiscated assets**, **monies** and **properties** of those **accused** of **Heresy** (and/or **Apostasy**, **Sodomy**, **Witchcraft**, **Adultery**, **eating meat during Lent** or **skipping Church on Sunday** {and/**or Wednesday**}) by the ***Church Immolate.***

After the **accused** was...um...accused, ***all*** of their **shit** was immediately **seized** by the **Church** on the **pretextual principle** of "**preventative sequestration**", NOT unlike how ***American Police Forces can*** (and ***DO) confiscate the CA$H and PROPERTY of American Citizens after an arrest but BEFORE they have been convicted of*** (or even ***charged*** with) ***anything***.

This **preventive sequestration** was (allegedly) to **prevent** the **accused** from **carrying out the devil's work. It** also had the incidental benefit of making it much **easier** for the **Church** to ***bill*** the ***accused sinner*** (and/or **surviving dependents**) for things like their **Inquisitional show trial**, for any incidental **wear and tear** that the **accused** was **responsible** for **inflicting** on any **assisting interrogative apparatus** during **Inquisitional Interviews**, and for the necessary **oil** and **cords** of **wood** required for properly ***torching the accused.***

If the eventual **bill** for all of that ***exceeded*** the amounts **confiscated** by the **Church**, then their **closest kin** were ***billed for the balance owed,*** similar to how current and/or recent **ChiCom**

governments charge the **surviving families** of those they **execute** for the **bullets** used to ***convert*** their **loved ones** into the **dearly departed**.

With all this (and **more**) in play, it would not be **fully** inaccurate to describe the **pre-Protestant Catholic Church** as some kind of ***fully organized metaphysical Mafia***. If you **weren't** able to keep up with the **weekly vig** plus the **periodic protection payments** for your **everlasting soul**, well it wasn't **their fault** they had to **break your knee caps** (and/or **elbows** on the **rack**) and/or ***light you on FIRE*** for your **own everlasting good**.

And this was all ***before*** any of that **expropriated New World *GOLD*** started showing up in the **Vatican treasury** thanks to the **wantonly homicidal efforts** of various ***Conquistador Pendejos***, who were at minimum expected to **give at least 10%** of their **blood spattered booty** to ***la Churcha Nostra***.

Wait...what was that part in the **New Testament** about **kicking the money changers out of the Temple** again? Oh, that's right, they were ***Jewish***. **right**.

Anyway, unlike the **figurative corpse** that we started off with, this **grossly disfigured** and **bloated carcass** of the **Church Syndicate** was **clearly** still moving, as one might expect of the ***successfully re-animated corpse of the Western Roman Empire***. All it took was a **new coat of paint** with some **fresh piety** spackled on it to ***facilitate one of the most successful re-branding attempts of all time***.

The ***Roman-Catholic*** **bait** and **switch** that happened at the **end** of the **Western *Roman* Empire** WAS ***pure unadulterated political genius***. Once **Constantine I** (of ***Rome***) **converted**, **he** not only legitimized Christianity, **he** also instantly made it one of the **failing Empire's** most politically **powerful** religions. This worked in the **Christians'** favor when **Constantine** decided to move **ROME's** capital to **Byzantium** (now known as Istanbul, BUT **not** Constantinople). As **Rome** (the city) was already the de facto **Christian center** of the **Empire**, their **local religious leaders** were **strategically situated** to make the most of the recently created **power vacuum** and **spiritual void** that was left in the wake of **ROME's political power elite** moving to **points East**.

With these **upper crust *Roman* religious leaders** having recently had the **benefit** of seeing so many of ***Rome's* Imperial shitbirds come home to roost** in their time, they had an unusually firm grasp of the **perilous long term futility** of attempting to exert **direct political control** over **wide ranging territories** where **the locals** might take **exception** to a large foreign military presence.

Besides, with the explicit creeds their **Faith**, such **naked** and **crass** attempts to **assert direct ecclesiastic control** over **local politics** might be seen as a bit **paradoxical**, if not outright **hypocritical**. Not only that, **extending** the **social *laissez faire*** policies of **ROME** to the **political** (and ***military***) side of the equation ***transferred*** all of the **associated expenditures** in ***blood* and *treasure*** of maintaining the status quo BACK to the **local municipalities**.

The **Church** quickly realized that this was by far the best move for the **Church Political**. In proceeding with this **high road strategy**, the **Church** not only (**initially**) spared itself the **crippling economic burdens** of organizing and feeding large numbers of heavily armed idiots

and assholes, through the ***public display of politically acute piety*** it was further able to **assert Spiritual dominion** over everyone, ***no matter how great a monarch they were****.*

The **local alphas** were inclined to **buy into this farce** because **bending the knee** to the Lord our Father's **most esteemed living representative** for a **Papal blessing** of their **rule** tended to **strengthen** their **local rule at home** while putting them on a **more equal** political footing as **monarchs** of other (potentially **larger**) countries who had done the same.

The added **genius** of the **Papal Investiture process** was that it ***incentivized*** formerly pagan **Kings** to **convert** to further **legitimize their rule** with an **increasing** majority of their populace. After their **conversion**, they could then **sideline** any **heathen** pretenders to their crown by pointing out their **lack** of **appropriate religious affiliation**.

As successful as the **political high road strategy** was in **spreading Christianity** throughout **Europe** during the **Dark ages**, by the time of the **middle** and **later Middle Ages** some serious **deficiencies** in this approach were **beginning** to become ***egregiously evident****.*

Certain ***French*** **Royal persons** had displayed a ready **willingness** to **bully the Pope** in various ways **if** the **Holy See** issued a **bull** the ***French*** **Crown didn't** like. Then there was also this whole **other** monotheistic religion that was becoming **increasingly** popular in the land of **our Savior's birth**, which was starting to seriously **impinge** on some of **Church's** most **reliable** and **lucrative pilgrimage income streams**. Cue **Knights Templar** and the **Church Militant**.

Like most to ***all*** first attempts at **anything**, the **Church** not only **failed** in it's **first** attempt at establishing a **viable military order**, it did so **spectacularly**, but managed to do it in an ***upward direction***. In their spectacular success, the **Knights Templar** had been able to establish a remarkable amount of political and economic **autonomy** within the **Church**, becoming only **answerable to the Pope himself**.

More than one of which proved **amenable** to the various suggestions of the **Church's** most prosperous division at the time, which led to a certain amount of the **tail wagging the dog**. At the height of their success the **Knights Templar** were **increasingly** able to **dictate** their preferred relationship terms to the **Pope**, and **not** the other way around. Which**,** incidentally, seems to be a **bit** of an ongoing issue with **highly successful military organizations**, "historically" speaking (**right**).

After the **Knights Templar** were **ritually cannibalized** by the **religion** they were created to **protect**, the **Church** pursued a **security strategy** that looks an awful like a **direct forerunner** to certain ***current*** (and/or recent) approaches by various **American**, **Soviet** (slash ***Russian****)* and **German National Socialist** governments over the previous **century**. Rather than be at the mercy of only **one** military organization which can easily **launch a coup** against **it's political administration**, as mentioned previously, the **Catholic Church** founded ***multiple*** military orders with **overlapping** fields of responsibility.

This allowed the **Church Manipulative** to keep **it's Orders** in **order** by using **competing groups** to **keep tabs** on each other, similar to it's **diplomatic practice** of dealing with **troublesome monarchs** through **regional peer pressure** applied by **Royal proxies** on the **Church's behalf**.

And on both accounts, the **Church** was **wildly successful**, most of the time. Every so often certain **Royal personages** would **take issue** with a **Papal Finding** and **show up** at the **Vatican** with **one** or more **armies** to **assert their arguments**. But these impious incidents were the exception and **not** the rule. Aside from those relatively minor reversals, the **Church** experienced an inconceivable amount of **material** and **political success** in their **spiritual endeavors** once **Europe** had bounced back from the **Plagues** and **Famines** of the **1300's**.

In fact, ***some might say the Church was a bit too successful for it's own good.***

As usual, **overwhelming success** led to some ***not*** **immoderate excesses**. Both in ***Rome*** proper, and elsewhere in **Western Christendom**, many of those **highest up** in the **ecclesiastical echelons** were carrying on like **true upper class Romans**, which in **Rome** many of them were. **Most** of the **higher offices** of the **Church** came with their **generous** stipends**,** not to mention their own **semi-palatial official residences** where the **more open minded** of the **Lord's shepherds** felt free to **copulate** with **courtesans** (and/or more moderately priced whores) and/or **buttbang altar boys** two (or ***more)*** at a time, as long as they were **smart** enough to **mostly** do so **behind** (or ***in)*** **closed** (or ***back)*** **doors**.

But you know how it is with **carousing drunken lechers**, ***discretion*** is **rarely** their strong suit and some of their **excesses** occasionally spilled out into public view.

These **continuing** and ***increasing*** **excesses** put certain **wardrobe** and **gaudy regalia choices** in a new but **not** entirely flattering light. Many of those in the **laity** couldn't help but notice that anyone higher than a parish priest in the **Church hierarchy** was invariably an **inveterate clothes horse**, often spending **more** on their **fine robes of office** than **most** of their **original priestly flock** made in a **year**.

Then there was all the **gaudy idolatrous regalia** of **worship**, including but **not** limited to: ***GOLDEN*** candlebras, gilded incense censures, innumerable commissioned marble statues, preposterously huge (and beautiful) religious murals, and monstrous piles of intricately shaped stone that took generations to build. With all of those (and **more**) mostly **built** or **purchased** with **funds** ***"donated"*** by people who **didn't** have two schillings to rub together in the first place, some **congregants** started taking **exception** to ***subsidizing the outlandish lifestyle choices of religious leaders not visibly inclined to practice what they preach.***

These multiple issues only became ***(much)*** **worse** as **more** and ***more*** **New World** ***GOLD*** began to swell **Vatican accounts** to inconceivable levels of **flush**. This brand new **income deluge** had the **benefit** of being ***entirely independent*** of the offerings of the **Catholic Church's** ***pre-existing flock*** in **Europe**. The **rapid acquisition** of so much **outside capital** so quickly had the **immediate** effect of proportionally ***diminishing*** the **relevance** of the more traditional **contribution income streams** from the **pre-existing European Laity**.

For **some** reason, being even **less** economically beholden to it's **parishioners** than previously ***didn't*** exactly turn out to be the kind of **thing** that would **inspire** increased **accountability** or **restraint** within the **Church hierarchy**. A Church hierarchy that was collectively **exhibiting** all of the symptoms of **chronic** and **acute** (institutional) ***GOLD fever*** even BEFORE any **expropriated Aztec** ***GOD SHIT*** started making it's way to **Rome** over the **pond**. As usual,

this **new glut** of so much **shiny yellow shit** only seemed to ***exacerbate*** the **already pronounced** pre-existing symptoms previously described in chapter 3 (and 9) of this device.

In the case of the **Catholic Church hierarchy** this was **doubly** (or ***more)*** **unfortunate**, as many to **most** (but certainly **not** all) of it's members were **also** suffering from various kinds of **acute** and/or **chronic *Religious Mania***. This **neuro-behavioral disorder** has far too many variants of differing degrees of complexity to get into at present, but the **Chris-Crosstian variants** of this **unfortunate condition** seem to share the following overall **symptom progression:**

Stage 1: ***"Can you see the Light?!?"*** This early stage is usually preceded by a **prolonged** period of **doubt**, **ignorance** and/or **willful wickedness** where one is frequently **afflicted** by the existential sense of feeling **lost** in the **darkness** and/or **wilderness** of the **soul**. By and by, the **religious maniac** in question experiences some sort of **internal neuro-epiphany** that is **usually** attributed to the **nearest Savior** of **opportunity** (usually **pre-determined** by the individual's religious background). If the **afflicted** happens to be a **big fan** of **Mr. J. H. Christ** (Jr?), the **neuro-metaphysical process** of an **inner opening** is usually ***retroactively* framed** as being "**saved**" (from **what**?), "**born again**" (OUCH) or **"washed in the blood of the lamb**" ***(gross)*** due to there **not** being a **superabundance** of ***other* operationally descriptive terminology** in **English** (or most other European languages) to describe **enhanced** or **extra-ordinary neurological states**, either then or **now**.

Rather than **recognizing** these **altered** (and often **higher**) **states of being** as the **better** (and/or more interesting) **aspects** of our remarkable neurology and nervous systems, they are **attributed** to **one** (or **more**) of the **usual suspects** within the **Christian pantheon** of **Trinities**, **Saints** and **Martyrs**. This **outside attribution**, accurate or **not**, lends itself to the further **supposition** that the **religious maniac** in **question** was ***chosen*** in some **respect**.

This working assumption usually has the effect of ***reinforcing*** previously held **religious convictions** in the **afflicted**, AND **also** has the further unfortunate effect of **reinforcing** the (sense of) **"rightness**" of their **subsequent feelings** and ***thoughts about those feelings*** (and the ***feelings*** that those thoughts **inspire** and so on...). Since this is all happening with the context of **Christianity** and it's (wise) **emphasis** on **humility** and **relative selflessness**, when the **Saved individual returns to Earth**, their **piety** can act as a **springboard** that launches them right into...

Stage 2: a **No Ego-Ego Trip***.* After years of **Catholic observances** that **may** or may not include things like: **extended fasts**; **periods of isolation**, **silence** and/or **self flagellation**; wearing a **fanged metal jockstrap** and/or **scratchy horsehair shirt** under one's **clothes**; and the extended mantra like **repetition** of **ongoing prayers** and **penances**, the **Cleric** or **Monk** or other **religious enthusiast** in question has repeatedly **denied** (most or some or **one** or two of) the **personal sins** of their **flesh**.

These practices, if done **correctly**, will have the eventual effect of **loosening** the **white knuckled grip** that the **ego** tends to have on **one's sense of identity**. By going ***beyond the ego,*** the **afflicted** is much more likely to **self-identify** with their **internal sense** of the ***big picture and it's assumed Artist.***

In ***most*** individuals these **moments of clarity** typically have some sort of **Where the heck is Waldo**? quality to them where **one sees the big picture** (or some part thereof, more likely) and then **notices** how **incomprehensibly insignificant** they are as an **individual** in relation to it. Going through something like that tends to lend itself to the **self-effacing humility** one ***usually*** encounters in most **metaphysically inclined individuals**.

BUT there is a **subset** within this **demographic** who come to a **different** conclusion after their **moment of clarity** that **may** have been **preceded** by a **long period** of ***desire deferment***. The ***No Ego-Ego Tripper*** comes to the **eminently fucked** conclusion that by having a **moment of clarity** (and/or **grace**) or gone through an **extended period** of **desire deprivation**, their **ability** to better perceive their own individual insignificance in the bigger picture somehow ***makes them better than those who haven't***. It is, in effect, the **pride** (and/or ***hubris***) of the **one eyed idiot in the land of the blind**.

Though **not at all** solely specific to **Catholicism** or even greater **Christianity** (or even **religion** for that matter), historically speaking, **Christians** who succumb to a ***No Ego-Ego Trip*** **don't** seem to take all that long to **ask themselves** some variation of the following question...

Stage 3: ***"Where's my hammer?"*** The **one eyed Crosstian idiot** will go on to use their **metaphysical insight** as a **rhetorical hammer** to construct one or **both** of a pair of **suppository semantic** (and/or ***rhetorical***) **devices** to **assert** the **metaphysical prerogatives** of their **visions**. One of which is a **self elevating pedestal** of **metaphysical awareness** where the **chosen one** in question details the account of their **vision** in ways that tend to **emphasize** the **superior simplicity** of their own **sanctified soul**, at least compared to all the **heathen mouth breathing yobs** in their **audience**.

The ***other*** **device** is one or another (or several) **rhetorical Crosses** against which they **figuratively** ***nail some part, parts or all of the audience to***. Mostly for being **deeply confused primates** who were **conditioned from birth** to **feel bad** about their **inner** (and/or **outer**) **monkey** (**parts** and/or ***moments***). The **experienced Crosstian orator** first does this to the **wider audience** in general for **being ignorant**, **not** praying enough or **not** having their own visions or perhaps just **not** properly beholding the last one previously issued by the ***no ego ego tripper*** on the **pulpit**. After **berating** the **wider audience** just long enough to make sure **he** (or **less** frequently **she**) has their **attention**, ***before*** seriously **alienating** everybody listening for ***simply being human***, the **experienced Crosstian orator** will move on to **specific targets** of **opportunity**, which in the **early 1500's** increasingly included **Heretics** in addition to the **historical trifecta** (and/or ***Trinity***) of **Sodomites**, **Satanists** and **Witches**. This ***redirects*** all of the previously triggered **brown** and **squishy feelings** in the **wider audience** ***away*** from ***itself*** (as well as the **experienced Crosstian orator**) and ***towards*** the **target**(**s**) **in question**, often to their **pointed** (and/or ***pyroclastic***) **dismay**.

As **ornery** and **sanctimonious** as such individuals can be even when they take their vow of poverty **seriously**, such tendencies tend ***not*** to be **mitigated** by the **covalent** presence of ***GOLD Fever*** in ***Religious Maniacs***, or **groups** (or **Orders**) thereof. Especially considering how the **symptoms** of ***both conditions closely mirror*** (and ***reinforce***) ***each other during their intermediate and later stages of affective development.***

Similar to ***GOLD Fever,*** some **unfortunate soul** caught up in some sort of ***Religious Mania*** may ALSO experience **and**/or **behaviorally exhibit** some or **all** of the following (and **more**) symptoms: a mild to **acute** sense of **euphoria**, **risk assessment impairment**, an **irrational exuberance, godlike** feelings of **elation**, ***vulgar displays of power*** and their **behavior** (and **language**) may become (passive?) ***aggressive, intolerant*** *or* ***intrusive****.* Furthermore, they may also feel as if they are "**chosen**" or part of an **elite elect** and **not** subject to the same rules as everybody else. Plus, it **isn't** exactly unheard of for **Christian Clerics** to **engage** in **sexually promiscuous** and/or **risky behavior** while frequently **indulging** in **all kinds** of other ***shenanigans*** that might get them **burned** in certain jurisdictions of the time, including **their own**.

Correspondingly, ***ecumenical excesses escalated*** further where the **New World** ***GOLD*** came to **rest** on **Old World shores**. Mostly in the order it was received, first in ***Spain*** then in **Rome itself**. What's curious about that is the ***dichotomy*** in how the **regional religious hierarchies** responded to their **ongoing capital infusion** thanks to the efforts of mostly ***Spainish Conquistadors***.

Previous ***Spanish domina canis****...*whoops, **Dominicans** had **successfully** convinced the **regents** ***Isabella*** and ***Ferdinand*** (of ***Spain****)* that some sort of ***Inquisition*** was **needed** to root out any regional nests of **crypto-Jews**, who were officially **kicked out** of greater ***Spain*** in **1492** after years of **increasing intolerance** by **local crosstians**.

Though the **local** ***inquisitions*** were nominally under the **Pope's authority**, they were in practice lead by individuals who were often **selected by** the **local King** of the territory they operated within. Because they were **picked** by the **King** (and in this case **Queen** as well, as ***Isabella*** was not one to lay about like a wallflower, evidently) and acted with the **Pope's** implied approval, the ***Inquisition*** in **Spain** (and their rapidly increasing **New World colonies**) acted with almost ***absolute*** **civil** and **religious authority** in affected jurisdictions. They had so much **authority** in ***Spain*** that the ***Spanish Inquisition*** essentially became the ***primary*** **internal security force** AND **judicial system** within the ascendent ***Spanish*** **Empire**.

Since this **judiciary** was **religious** in nature, just about the **only** people that could hope to **overturn** or **vacate** a **dubious ruling** of this **august religious body** was the **Pope**, or, in certain cases, the **Emperor** of ***Spain***. **Neither** of which was usually inclined to **undercut** the authority of the judiciary and primary regional security agency.

After already demonstrating a certain **propensity** if not outright **enthusiasm** for **lighting accused crypto-Jews**, **Moorish sympathizers** and ***las brujas del Diablo*** on FIRE well before **Columbus landed** on the wrong continent, ***Inquisitional*** enthusiasm was **not** exactly ***diminished*** by the **sudden profusion** of **New World** ***GOLD****.*

With the **increasing sins** that come with so much **rapidly accumulating wealth**, the ***Spanish Inquisition*** went predictably **batshit insane** at the growing **indolence**, **avarice** and **heresy** (not to mention usual spate of **sexual sins** that **Catholics** seem especially prone to) of the rapidly growing **merchant middle class** who were **profiting** from the **exponential increase** of **discretionary funds** among **Spain's aristocracy**, returning ***Conquistadors*** (and their soldiers and sailors), plus their **favorite clerics**, to whom **everybody** was expected to **donate** their **obligatory 10%** to.

Such **upwardly mobile individuals** proved ***remarkably remunerative*** to **accuse** of **heresy**, or **aggravated buggery**, or being a **fifth columnist Jewish-Muslim sorcerer**. The ***Inquisition*** saw fit to put subsequently **confiscated funds** to **good use** in developing all sorts of **new** and **more** "effective" ***assistive interrogative apparatus*** when not **buying firewood by the ton** and **lamp oil by the tun** to ***burn progressively stupendous amounts of sinners with***.

The latter two likely proved to be the ***Inquisition's*** bigger ongoing operational expenditures during the **16th** century. The ***Spanish Inquisition*** had started off by **burning 6 people** at a **time** in a little **religious ceremony** called the "**auto de fe**", which is **medieval *Spanish*** for "**act of faith**". Originally coined to refer to the **act of penance** that proceeded such **religious executions**, the phrase **devolved** in common parlance to referring to the much more **visually impressive executions** that followed the **public penances** of **accused sinners**. The number quickly climbed from **6** and **so many people** were eventually **accused** that a huge **backlog** developed that required ***regular mass burnings*** that were usually **scheduled** on ***holy days***.

For some reason, it seems like the more **assets** the ***Spanish Inquisition*** "preventively sequestered", the more **inclined** they seemed to be to **throw the good book** at the **accused** based on the **slimmest of pretexts**. Recent estimates by more qualified historians and **ex-Holy Office secretaries** suggest that ***at least*** **10** to **30 thousand people** were ***burned alive*** by the ***Spanish Inquisition*** in **Spain** alone in only the ***first 40 years*** of the ***Inquisition's 356 year*** **history**. Ouch.

The same estimates further opine that roughly **ten percent** of the **accused** were eventually **burned**, meaning that another **100** to **300 thousand** during that ***first 40 years*** were likely **subjected** to **varying levels** of **incarceration**, **torture assisted interrogations** and **asset seizure**.

Back in **Rome**, the beginning trickle of the impending flash flood of **New World *GOLD*** had a markedly **different** effect on the **Holy See** and **College of the Cardinals**. Partly in anticipation of receiving so many worldly donations that there would no place to put them with all the other **shiny shit** laying around, and partly because in being twelve hundred years old it was a bit of a **dump**, **Pope Julius II** had the old Basilica of **St. Peter** knocked down and broke ground on a new Basilica in **1506**. One that was substantially **larger** than the first one, and **presumably** better able to house the **church hierarchy** in a ***manner they would prefer to become accustomed to*** as well as **all** (or **most**) of their ever increasing liquid assets of a **dense** and **fungible nature**.

This new **basilica** was so large that it would take over **120 years** to build properly. Partly because it's overwhelming structural glory was rather tricky to assemble, but an equally important factor in the length of construction was **occasional financing issues**, especially at first ***before*** certain **New World Ecumencial Opportunities** had been properly ***exploited.***

The **Pope** decided to **deal** with these **initial insufficiencies** through the ***monopolization*** of the practice of **selling indulgences** previously mentioned, which (unfortunately for the **Church**) turned out to be one of those proverbial ***penny wise dollar dumb*** practices that would have some lasting implications for the **Church Indulgent**.

Cutting the local priests, bishops and arch-bishops ***out*** of the **profit loop** of this **highly lucrative income stream** just to build some **gaudy, idolatrous monstrosity** back in ***Rome*** went over like a **lead candelbra** with the **rank** and **file** who were already on the **hook** for relaying up to **50%** of the **take** their **franchise churches** and **parishes** generated back to the **Vatican**.

Equally **myopic** were the ***rapidly escalating prices that a sharply limited supply of indulgences increasingly commanded,*** which further **offended** those **parishioners** already **put off** by the **crass commercialization of their Faith**. This also **alienated** those who **couldn't** afford to **buy their way out of Hell** but **wanted to** and had ***previously*** been able to do when it was just the **local padre** giving them the **Sunday special**.

Among the **laity** those two demographics constituted the (or ***any)*** **Church's** most **motivated** and **credulous** (yet **upwardly mobile**) **members** who were the **most likely** to inspire others to **keep showing up** lest they **be lit on fire for their own good** AND/or were willing to **donate** above and beyond what was **strictly necessary** for their **obligatory religious offerings**.

In **Spain** and **Italy** this was **less** of a pressing issue for the **rank** and **file parish priests** and **abbots** who were **flush** from the **largesse** of **returning conquerors** or charging **rent** to the **local *Inquisition*** to ***warehouse*** **recalcitrant sinners**. But things were a bit different farther **North** in **countries** that did **not** ***(yet)*** have their own **colonial continents** to **bleed dry**.

Out and **up** in **Europe's hinterlands**, and especially in **rural areas**, the **local parishes** did ***not*** benefit from as many **likely donation streams** as their big city counterparts, so whatever **indulgences** that had been getting **sold locally** were **income streams** that **didn't** usually **have much** in the way of **viable alternatives** that could be easily drummed up.

Asking it's **rural regional representatives** to **relinquish** such a **lucrative income stream** had the effect of generating institutional **discontent** and **antipathy** towards a **central Church** which had been **openly** displaying signs of **conspicuous wealth** for **hundreds of years**. In **modern terms**, this would be **directly equivalent** to your ***(asshole)*** **boss** deciding to **garnish** an **additional 10-50%** of your **regular paycheck** ***(after*** taxes, of course) for the main purpose of **building** an even more **ostentatious eyesore** than the **overpriced dump** they happen to be living in at the moment.

These generally **underemphasized** economic factors were primary contributors to the **geo-religious dichotomy** of a generally **North-South *split*** in **the Church** and **Greater Europe** that would take well over a **hundred years** and **god knows how many cracked skulls** and **headless** and/or ***charbroiled corpses*** to **resolve**.

Chapter 10.1:
Reforming religion (or just the **Catholic Church**), one ***vernacular bible*** (and/or **gratuitously insane** English King) at a time.

The first trigger for that **continent wide clusterfuck** was pulled on **On Hallow's Eve**, **1517** when a **lowly theological professor**, **monk** and **priest** in **bumfuck Germany** named **Martin Luther** had the temerity to **write** and **post** a little **tract** called "**95 Theses**" on the **door** of the **church-university** he taught at. Though the practice of **nailing public papers** to the **front**

door of the **nearest church** or **university** was a **common** scholarly practice of the time, the **content** of this particular ***device*** was **not**.

The first **triggering** event of the **Western European shitstorm** known as the **Reformation** ***wasn't*** a fiery manifesto denouncing the greater Church for it's egregious excesses, but simply a **scholarly disputation** of the (dubious) theological soundness of the (ethically debatable) practice of **selling indulgences**. A practice that was **close** to making **perfect** for the **Church** with all of it's economic **hand over fist benefits** that the **Church** was strongly **disinclined** to **discontinue**, especially while constructing their new **basilica**. Mostly because because of the usual design changes, cost overruns, labor disputes, more design changes, supply shortages that tend to go along in assembling such **vulgar** (architectural) **displays of power**.

Luther also sent a copy of the **same** with a **respectful** cover letter to the nearest **arch-bishop** to deliver to the **Vatican** to consider, which took **3 years** to officially respond to it publicly. In that time the **device** in question had been **translated** from it's original **scholarly** ***Latin*** into **vernacular German** and further **widely copied**.

Even worse for the **Church** was that more than a few fans o**f Luther** had **ready** and **easy access** to history's **first** (and, arguably, **worst**) ***weapon of mass distribution,*** the ***printing press****.*

Curiously, like a few (and/or **most**) other ***historically significant WMD's*** this one **also** happened to be **invented** by a **German**. **Herr** ***Gutenberg's*** invention was first **embraced** by the **Church** mostly because **presses** are **cheaper** to operate and maintain than a bunch of **ink stained wretches** who **may** or may not have **bad penmanship** and a habit of leaving **intemperate comments** in the **margins** about the various **personal qualities** of the **head abbot**.

Undoubtably, many in the **Church** of the time would come the conclusion that the ***risks*** **associated** with the ***printing press*** greatly ***exceeded*** it's **benefits** to the **Church** after the **95 Theses** fiasco.

During the **3 years** the **Vatican** took to issue an official statement regarding **Luther's disputation**, it had spread like **wildfire** throughout **Germany** after it had been **translated** into **vernacular German**. Turns out that **Luther** was **not** the only one who had **reservations** about the **selling of indulgences**.

Once people **asked** one question about the **Catholic Church**, that **quickly** led to the asking of **other** questions as well. Questions like: "If the **Bible** is the **word of God**, why shouldn't I be able to **read it myself**?", "How about **someone translate the Bible** from **Latin** into **local** (or just ***living)*** **languages** to make it **easier** for me to read myself?" and the **widely asked** "You know, I might just be a **ignorant, manure minded agricultural peasant** but **don't** all those **fancy statues** and **fancy clothes** that those **fat clerics** wear in their **fancy church** ***cost quite a bit of money****?"*

As the **hue** and **cry** of **long unasked** questions of the **Church** spread throughout **greater Europe**, eventually someone in the **Vatican** realized belatedly that they really needed to get

their hands around (the **neck** of) **this thing** and ***start squeezing*** before things got out of hand.

Luther found himself subjected to **increased scrutiny** and **harassment** by various **offices** and **officers** of the **Church** prior to his **excommunication** by the **Pope** in **1520**. Then, in **1521**, **Martin Luther** was invited to the **Diet of Worms** (the **Holy Roman Empire** equivalent of **Congress** at the time and ***not*** the next new fad diet for friendless fat people) and was again "requested" to **retract** his formal disputation by ***Charles* V** (of the **Holy Roman Empire**), which **Luther** refused.

Typical of most **deeply religious people** (not to mention ***Germans),*** all of the **negative feedback** and progressively intensive attempts to ***silence* Luther** only seemed to have the **paradoxical effect** of ***strengthening his previously held convictions.*** Beyond that, being the first one ***kicked*** out of the gate made **Luther** the de facto **leader** of this building **Reformation movement** within the **Church**. Finding himself at the head of a **rapidly coalescing political/religious movement** had the usual ***confirmational bias*** effects on **Luther**, and with his ***increasingly validated religious mandate*** he began to **dispute** other doctrinal positions of the **Church** he had been kicked out of.

After being excommunicated, **Luther** went on to **protest** the **Vatican's assertion** that the **word** of the **Pope** ***trumped* Biblical scripture** and reached the conclusion that ***all Christians*** were part of a **Holy Priesthood** and should **read** and **interpret** the **Good Book** themselves. **He** then **translated** the ***LATIN* New Testament** into **early modern German** himself, creating one of the foundational cornerstones of **Modern German** and **indirectly** contributing to a **similar semantic process** that would soon happen in **England**.

Almost as **inspirational** was **Luther's teaching** that ***not even good deeds could get you into Heaven,*** only the **gift** of **God's grace** (whatever the **hell** that is) and **unquestioning faith** in the **big JC** as the **sole redeemer of sin** (and a **similar** unquestioning faith about the **Eternity of Hell**) could **possibly** hope to get you there. How's that for **reform**?

Luther's volatile prolixity and **heretical claptrap** stirred up the usual **malcontents**, **firebrands** and **maniacs** in the **German hinterlands**, some of whom started **shouting** the usual **progressive religious nonsense** about the "**Rights of Man**", "**adult baptism**" and **Christ's imminent return**. Things **escalated** into a **general mutiny** among **German Catholics** when the **Augustinian Monks** in **Luther's** home town **revolted** against their **Prior**, ***smited*** all of the **sacred statues** and **images** that graced their religious compound while **denouncing the Magistracy** that ran it. All of which was just a **bit** beyond what **Luther** intended when he originally **posted** (IE ***nailed)*** his theological thesis 4 years earlier.

These and other dramatics led to **Luther** being officially ***invited back*** to the town he had previously been **exiled** from in the hopes that **he** could help get a **handle** on the usual assortment of **fringe maniacs** that were trying to **hijack** the new movement and **steer it straight off** the **nearest cliff**, as **fringe maniacs** seem historically **inclined** to do whenever they find themselves ***at the head of any social movement worth being a part of*** (Example 2: The ***American Republican Party,*** circa **2016**). While **he** was able to **sideline** the **local religious left fielders**, things continued to **escalate** elsewhere in **Germany**.

For all the **self serving benefits** of the **Vatican's** repeated and **hyperbolic** assurances that just about ANY **break** with, or even ***question*** of **official religious doctrine *wasn't*** just **Heresy** but the **first slip** down a **steep slope** than would inevitably **lead** to some sort of **areligious Satanic anarchy**, in time such **bombastic fear mongering** did **not** turn out to be too far off the mark.

Where **Luther** wasn't able to calm the religious reform waters, **reformed minded** monks, friars and priests ***ran amuck*** in their **local churches** all over **Germany**; **defacing statues**, **destroying priceless works of art** that were too big to carry away and absconding with the rest, and ***that was just the beginning***

Even worse, thanks to the **Church's** frequent **denunciations** of the **Luther's writings** as "**too liberal**", **many** of those in **Germany's hinterlands** were inclined to ***assume*** that **Luther supported** some ***other*** **liberal causes** that were of a more **social nature**.

These **unfortunate peasants** ***incorrectly*** assumed that an **enthusiasm** for **religious reform** ***implied*** a similar enthusiasm for **economic** and **land usage reform** that might help the **local German pissants** get ***slightly*** less **fucked** by the **equestrian gentry** that **owned everything**.

Just as the **Catholic Church warned**, the **questioning** of **one social authority** led to pointed questions about the **other** (IE the **Aristocracy**), and it **turned out** that some **concerns** about the practices of **both** had been ***brewing*** (this being in ***Germany,*** after all) in the **Vaterland Volk** for some time. Long enough to **fester** into some **hard feelings** that had previously **spilled over** in a series of local **small scale revolts** in the **peasantry** against their **well heeled** and **high horsed betters** starting in the previous century. These **hard feelings** were only made **worse** when each one of these **revolts** was **viciously put down** by the **local alphastocracies** with typically **Teutonic restraint** and **subtlety**.

The **rising tide** of **reformed religious feelings** renewed the **Führer**...ooh, that's a bad one...fervor for ***other*** **reforms** in the **German Social Contract** of the time, which in many jurisdictions wasn't all that much different than **Roman Serfdom**. Where **that** was the case, the **local regent** effectively **owned *all*** of the land and **everything** on it and was further **entitled** to **any** and ***all*** **revenues** that were **generated with** or **on those lands**. As **pisspoor** as **European Futileism**...dammit, Feudalism might have been for the **pissants** at the **bottom** of the **food chain**, at least **feudal serfs** had some previously established **rights** and **fixed percentages** they could reasonably **expect** from their **most gracious graciousness**, assuming they **didn't** have the **temerity** to **question him** (or **her**) OR ***attempt*** to **negotiate** for a **better deal** in ***any*** **way**.

The same could **not** be said for the **post-Roman serfs** out in the **Bavarian Badlands**. They were **entitled** to **jack shit**, except ***jack left town*** and they were **mostly suffered** to **keep** the equivalent of **their daily bread** and the **shirts on their backs** but **not** too much else by their **aristocratic** "**betters**". Hence all the **hard feelings** that **weren't** exactly offset by **going to church each week** and being **guilt tripped** by a **fat priest** in **nice clothes** into **donating *one tenth*** of that **week's accumulated scraps** to an **ecumenical enterprise** that already had **exponentially** more **money** and **material wealth** than **King Croesus** (of **Lydia**).

It ***wasn't*** just the **German peasants** that were getting **fucked** by the **evolving German Social Contract** of the time. The **formerly powerful** (now ***lesser)*** **nobility** of the **German**

Knighthood increasingly found themselves on the **wrong side** of an **arms race** that had **little use** for **heavy armored calvary** except as **mounted cannon** and **archery *targets.*** Their **diminished** relevance on the **field of battle** rapidly led to **diminishing funds**, which in the ***face of continually rising prices*** made it increasingly **difficult**, then ***impossible*** to live the life they had been long accustomed to.

Their ***increasing*** **discomposure** and **debt** (often to the **local patricians** and **burghers** that had replaced them as the local civil authorities) made them even more **tetchy** and **resentful** than the **norm** for **Teutonic equestrian assholes**, and their **antipathy** was mostly **split** between the **new civil authorities** that **replaced them** and the **mealy mouthed parasitical priests** who were still living **high on the hog**. **Most** (if not **all**) of these ***lesser noble*** specimens of **economic roadkill** had some kind of **professional military training** if not actual **experience** in the **field**.

The **increasingly inflamed religious reformation rhetoric** seemed to have the incidental effect of bringing all these other concerns into ***high relief*** in just about **every economic bracket** NOT strategically placed at the **top of the pile**. A **pile**, metaphorically speaking, that is probably best described in the **mid 1520's** as a **cord of kindling soaked in oil** on a **hot dry day** in the **middle of august**.

After a year long **fuse** of **increasingly organized labor actions** that **started off** with a **pissant beef** about being ordered to **collect snail shells** (for noble **thread bobs**) during an **active harvest**, the escalating situation **exploded** into the **bloody German Peasant *WAR*** of **1525**. After a couple of insurgent **successes** and **excesses** against their betters, **pissant forces** got **stomped**, ***hard,*** by the **high heels** (and **horse's hooves**) and **better cannons** of the **equestrian nobility**.

It only lasted about **3 months**, but that was plenty of time for **noble German forces** to ***Wotanly***...whoops, wantonly **slaughter** somewhere between ***100*** *to* ***300 thousand*** **peasants**, sometimes at a **rate** of **4000** an **hour** thanks to the increasing usage of **black powder devices** on the **battlefield** that were **putting holes in people** or **blasting** them into **bloody oblivion**. This was largely done in **response** to **one massacre** of about ***70*** **nobles** ***(involving an actual running of a gauntlet)*** by **pissant forces** in one of the initial engagements.

Despite their **previous** assumptions**,** the **lower class combatants** and **land use reformers** ultimately found **small solace** in **Luther's dispensations** after that **initial** misstep. They soon found themselves the subject of tracts written by **him** named "***Against the Murderous, Thieving Hordes of Peasants****"* and the **like,** in which **Luther** went on to **upbraid** the **peasant insurgents** for their **willful impertinence** in **not sitting down**, **shutting up** and **doing as they were told** by the **nice noble** on the other end of the **sharpened metal stick** being **held** to their **throat/balls**.

With these and other **excesses** being carried out in **his** name**, Luther** found himself in the middle of a a **two front religious debate** in having to **denounce** the **lunatics** attributing his name to their **Quixotic causes** while continuing to **denounce** and **bait** the **idolatrous Papist swine** continuing to live **high on the hog** in the **Vatican** and elsewhere. **He** decided that his energies were best spent trying to **organize** the **rising tide** of **reformed religious feelings** into some kind of ***religion*** that was a **legitimate Christian** option to **Catholicism**.

While laying the groundwork for **Lutheranism** (not to mention the wider **Protestant reformation**), **Luther** went on to **translate** the rest of the **Bible** (after starting with the **New Testament** before the **shit hit the fan** in **Germany**) into **common German** while vociferously debating arcane theological points of contention with other reform minded pastors.

Consistent with his **progressive Protestant principles**, even though **he** was a **priest**, **he** did **marry** (a **former nun** no less), and spent the rest of his life enjoying marital bliss while continuing to organize his religion. Between these two **herculean tasks**, **Luther** did **not** suffer from an abundance of free time, but what little **he** had **he** spent much of it **indulging** in a pastime **historically favored** by many **aging *Germans*** in continuing to ***refine* his** increasingly hyperbolic **anti-Semitic rhetoric**. But to be **fair**, some of **that** might have been **fallout** from the **progressively deteriorating health** of **his** later years that preceded **him kicking the bucket** from an **apoplectic stroke** in early **1546**.

Back when **Luther** was just starting to **spew bile** about **anybody** more **reform minded** than **him** (and/or those darn **Jews**), the **English Reformation** was just getting started in the form of some serious ***marital concerns*** that the most **English** of **English Kings**, ***Henry* VIII**, was having about ***his* first** (of **six**, and not eight as the name seems to suggest) **wife, *Catherine*** of **Aragon**. Despite ***her* grace's** many other fine and noble qualities, in **1525 *she*** was **40 years old** and on the **far side** of **six** difficult pregnancies with a total aggregate result of **one living child** who had the **inexcusable impertinence** and **poor form** to be **born** with a horrible and debilitating **birth defect**, as far as **poppa *Hank*** was concerned.

Like ***her* mother**, **young *Bloody Mary*** was **born** with a **conspicuous deficiency** of **penile enablement**. Or in other words, ***she*** was totally **cockless**, and of **little use** to ***Hank*** in ***his* dynastic ambitions**, at least as **far** as ***he*** was concerned.

Hank's main concerns were that ***he*** had **no son** to pass ***his*** (I.E. **England's**) **crown** to and ***Catherine*** (being **40 years old** with ***her*** unfortunate obstetric history) was **unlikely** to bring another child to term. And **despite** of however **legitimate** those concerns **might** have been, they were **problematic** to say the least.

On one hand, ***Hank*** was a **committed Catholic** who had penned a strenuous (if theologically dubious) ***defense*** of the **Sacraments** as recently as **1521** and had **already** benefitted from a **personal Papal dispensation** to marry ***Catherine*** in the first place. ***Catherine*** was ***Hank's* dead brother's wife**, which according to that **darn *Leviticus*** (**20:21**), is a big **no no** that is **punishable** by pronounced ***procreative difficulties*** in the **offending couple**.

With the **Catholic Church** being slightly **averse** to **doctrinal** or **Papal fallibility questions** even at the best of times, the **Pope** (**Clement VII**) and various **Papal envoys** and **legates** took a **dim view** of ***Hank's*** renewed **marital concerns** and ensuing requests for an ***annulment*** of ***his*** (previously ***papally dispensed)*** **marriage** to ***his* dead brother's wife**. It was their view that ***Hank*** should just be **thankful** for the son ***he* already** had with a former mistress, and if it was such a big deal to ***his* grace**, than ***he*** should just **legitimize** the **bastard**.

On the **other** hand, **Queen *Catherine*** also happened to be the **aunt** of ***Charles* V**, who was the ***double Emperor*** of the recently merged ***Spanish*** and ***Holy Roman* Empires** and by far

England's biggest ally *who* just got done **stomping** the heck out of ***France*** so badly that they took **King *Francis* I** (of ***France)*** **prisoner** at the **Battle of Parvia**.

Not only did ***Chuck V*** take ***his* filial responsibilities** to ***his* aunt** somewhat seriously, almost **all** of **Italy** around the **Papal states** and the **Vatican** was part of the ***Holy Roman Empire*** and chock full of ***Holy Roman* legions** of **heavily armed** and **organized idiots** and **assholes** assembled to **take it** to the ***French*** in ***Naples,*** and wherever else those **arrogant *amphibious* bastards** turned up on the boot.

The **strategic** placement of those ***Holy Roman* armies** surrounding the **Papal States** likely did ***not*** go entirely **unnoticed** by the **Holy See** during the **Vatican's** deliberations on ***Hank's*** "**Great Matter**". ***Hank's*** increasingly pressing **marital questions** (slash ***annulment*** requests) were repeatedly answered with **progressively** blunt **Papal intimations** that maybe ***his highness*** should just take **a mistress** like before and **legitimize *his*** already existing **bastard** if it was such a big deal to ***him***. Then the **Vatican *stopped*** addressing ***his*** concerns at all, having already made the **Church's position** on ***Hank's*** "**Great Matter**" abundantly clear.

Perhaps **Pope *Clement* VII** thought impetuous ***Hank*** would eventually take the hint, take **Anne** as ***his* mistress** and **not** risk ***excommunication*** and the ***attendant national alienation*** of **England** due to having an ***apostate heretic*** as **King**. **If** this was **something** along the lines of what the **Pope** was thinking, ***he couldn't have been more wrong***.

In the conspicuous **official silence** that followed the final **back-channel repudiation** of ***Hank's* re-marriage plans** (via **King *Francis*** of ***France,*** who ***Hank*** got predictably friendly with as ***his* marital beef** put ***Hank*** on the **outs** with **Emperor *Chuck*), *Hank*** started asking ***himself*** OTHER **questions** that were **not** entirely **dissimilar** to what **many German Protestants** had been asking for **years**.

Questions like: "**Since *We*** (author's note: that's a **royal** "we" as this is ***Hank's*** hypothetical internal dialogue) **already know Latin**, **why do *We* need a priest** or **Pope to read the Bible for Us**?" "**Are *We* not capable of deciphering it's own meanings**?" "Is it **really a good idea for England** to **allow** it's **largest religious organization** to be ***run by foreigners?"*** And **of course**, let's not forget the proverbial straw that broke the camel's back: "If ***We*** were to **break** with ***Rome*** and **confiscate English Catholic assets**, ***how many new castles would We need to build to store all of Our new religious loot?"***

Asking **those** kinds of questions probably led to the **asking** of other **long standing questions** regarding **Papal oversight** over **local monarchs** and all the **attendant Church vs. State boundary issues** that **not** a few of ***Hank's* royal English** and ***French* predecessors** had been dealing with for hundreds of years. Yet of all these illustrious individuals, only ***Hank*** had the **sheer audacity** and **transcendental chutzpah** to NOT just risk a **break** with ***Rome*** in **asserting *his*** "**divinely mandated**" **sovereign rights**, but to FURTHER **think** those "**rights**" included ***him*** being able to ***start*** a **new religion** to **protect *his*** people from being **duped** by the **scheming machinations** of **foreign Papist idolatraitors**.

Which is what came to pass, but **not** quite in one fell swoop. In the **months** before and after ***his* marriage in secret** to **Anne Boleyn** in **early 1533** (and then **not** so secretly a **month** later so she won't have appeared to have been obviously knocked up **before** being properly

married), ***Hank*** had convened **multiple ecclesiastic councils** of **escalating religious import**.

The first ones were to **examine** (and ***confirm)*** the **scriptural validity** of ***Hank's*** various **crises of conscience** regarding ***his*** now **moribund** marriage with ***his*** increasingly estranged wife. This was **done** through a series of **close door hearings** and **public show trials** to reach the ***pre-determined conclusions*** that ***Hank's*** **marital** concerns were **sound** and that ***Catherine*** should graciously grant ***him*** the **annulment** since ***their*** **marriage** was originally **illegitimate** in the **eyes of God anyway**. The previous ***papal dispensation*** to the **contrary *notwithstanding***.

Then those **hand picked ecclesiastic councils** were put back to work when ***Hank*** "**asked**" them to **examine** the **theology** and **practices** of all **local Catholic institutions**, **churches**, and **monasteries** on the **Island** (well, south of **Scotland** anyway) for any **notable** or **doctrinal *irregularities***. This turned out to be the investigative equivalent of picking low hanging fruit in a field filled with small trees as **irregularities** (especially **financial**) were **endemic**.

Those **investigations** would lead further **Royal** and **Parliamentary acts** that started off by charging the entire **senior staff** of the **English Catholic church** with ***Praemunire***, which is fancy talk for **English people** having **allegiance** or **demonstrating obedience** to **any foreign power** (to **England**) and ***especially*** the **Pope**.

Being **charged** with such put the **accused** at the **mercy** of the **King**, which was a bit of a **dicey proposition** at the best of times. Luckily for the **clergy**, ***Hank*** wasn't totally unreasonable ***(yet)*** and ended up **pardoning the lot** (minus a few hard core **Catholics** who were promptly **made examples of**) after they graciously **agreed** to pay a **£100,000 collective fine** (which is **probably** between **10 million** and **1 billion pounds** when adjusted for inflation) and **voted** to **accept *Hank*** as the **sole head** and **final arbiter of the English Church**, which also gave the **English Monarch *full control*** over **Church appointments**.

This led to further **Parliamentary acts** that first **limited** then **cut off *any* financial support** or **obligations** from **English Churches** back to ***Rome*** and ***abolished*** the **right** of any **English person** to **appeal** to the **Pope** about **any** potentially **un-Christian decisions** made by the **King**.

Further **acts** would go on to **bar any landowners** giving their **customary annual donations** to ***Rome*** and make it **High Treason** to **deny** the **King's supremacy** in **r**eligious matters (which was **punishable** by not just **death**, but **death** by being ***drawn*** and ***quartered***).

This was followed by the "***Act of First Fruit and Tenths"*** which ***transferred*** all previous economic arrangements that **local churches** had with ***Rome*** to be ***subsequently directed*** to the **Exchequer** of **England**. In **modern American terms**, this would be **akin** to your **local Church** being **directed** by the **gubment** to **re-direct** it's **franchise payments** that normally goes to it's **mother Church of origin** to the **IRS**.

As one might imagine, just like if such a thing were to happen now, there was a **bit** of a **push back** to all of the radical changes to the ***formerly assumed to be*** one true religion of **England**. ***Hank's* marriage** to **Anne** (**Boleyn**) was the final straw for ***Rome*** and ***Hank*** was

excommunicated from the **Catholic church** in the **summer** of **1533**, along with **Bishop Cranmer** for officiating the **royal wedding**.

Having a **big brown frown** added **next** to ***his*** **name** on the **Papal shitlist** wasn't just a personal metaphysical issue for ***Hank,*** it put ***him*** at **spiritual odds** with ***both*** of ***his*** **alternating royal** ***frenemies*** running ***France*** and the ***Holy Roman/Spanish*** **Empire**(**s**), who were still **Catholics**. This **wasn't** quite as big a deal as it could have been since those two were going at it again on the Italian boot or were too occupied with domestic matters (especially in the case of ***Chuck*** **V** who had a double empire to run) to be overly concerned with **English** religious disputes.

But the act of ***excommunication*** against ***Hank*** did effectively ***legitimize*** **active resistance** among **concerned Catholics** against their **heretic King**. Even worse for ***Hank,*** this was the **worst** kind of domestic resistance as it was ***religious*** in nature.

A further **escalating** aspect this whole **shituation** is that **both** sides of this debate weren't just **highly motivated religious maniacs**, each side was ***Christian*** and had their own **increasing numbers** of ***increasingly crosstian maniacs egging on*** the rest of their flock into **committing** even more **heinous atrocities** against their **wayward brothers** and **sisters** to **show** them the ecumenical errors of their ecclesiastic ways.

This **first** manifested in the form of **individual monks** and **higher government ministers** having their **crises of conscience** with their **rightful King's** actions **against** their **Church** and **faith**. Though some like **Thomas More** (who was the **King's Hand** between Cardinal Woolsey and Thomas Cromwell) did **not** actively or publicly **resist** or **deny** their **King** ***his*** **religious follies**, according to ***Hank's*** typically **English** logic, anybody NOT **actively supporting** ***his*** **policies** was ***considered to be the same as actively opposing them,*** which was tantamount to (or just was) **High Treason**.

Which for this **first** round of **reformed religious** ***executions*** ONLY involved **forcible decapitation** by **sharpened metal instrument** for **senior government ministers** and **clergy**. **If** they were a **lowly monk** or **serf** then they were merely **hung by the neck until half dead**, **had their balls cut off** and **belly slit open** and **their guts turned into garters** in front of their **living eyes** THEN were **bodily ripped apart** by **4 horses** (each **tied** to a **limb**) and finally had their **head cut off**.

Both **methods** were the **Standard Operating Procedure** in **England** (and **elsewhere**) of the time for dealing with **High Treason**. For **men**, anyways. Such **treatment** was considered to be **publicly indecent** for the **fairer** and/or **weaker** (or ***stronger)*** **sex**, who were much more gently ***burned to death*** for **High Treason** like the **delicate treasonous flowers** they were.

Just like in **Spain** with their **Inquisition**, the **act of Supremacy** that made the **King of England** the ***head*** of the **English Church**, ***civil and religious control over England were invested in the same agency***. Unlike in **Spain** and elsewhere where the **local inquisitions** had the **Pope** and the **local regent** to answer to, the **local administrative** and **religious agency** in **England** was the **King** ***himself*** who only had ***his*** own highly ***flexible*** **conscience** and **self-serving** religious sensibilities to answer to.

With ***his*** new status as both **King of England** and **Head of the English Church**, ***Hank*** came to the **predictable** conclusion that **resistance** to ***his*** religious reforms was ***the same thing*** as **political rebellion**, and that with ***him*** being both **King** and **English Pope** (in practice if **not** in **name**), then ***political resistance*** was a form of ***religious disobedience***.

He also came to the **not** entirely incorrect conclusion that **many** to **most** of the **local monasteries** had become **dens of contention** and **conspiracy** against ***his*** **religious reforms** as many to most **monks** (and **nuns**) were **committed orthodox Catholics** who were **aghast** and/or **incensed** by ***Hank's*** blatant **religious usurpation** of the **seat of Saint Peter**, which as ***far as they were concerned,*** was still located in ***Rome***. Many of these **well intentioned religious maniacs** were more than willing to clearly state such in public in terms that were often **less** than flattering to ***Hank*** and ***his*** various minions and policies.

With the previous ***executory*** **examples** of **senior government ministers**, **clergy** and **monks** apparently **not** being quite enough, ***Hank*** decided that a **stronger message** was in order. Which came in the form of a **Parliamentary act** that was **en**(**g**)**acted** in **February** of **1535** named "The Suppression of Religious Houses Act" that **dissolved** all of the smaller **monasteries** and ***transferred*** all of their **properties** (and **all** their attendant rights, profits, jurisdictions and commodities) to the **English crown** in perpetuity. The **enforcement** of this **act** over the following year led to the **importation** of ***French*** **Huguenots** (who were fellow **Protestants**) who **weren't** unduly conflicted about **turfing** the **English monks** out of their monasteries, **pillaging** their holdings on **behalf** of the **Crown** and **vandalizing** anything that **couldn't** be carried.

But in as they were typically ***French*** **mercenaries** who suffered from **above average religious sentiment**, they displayed a predictably ***cavalier*** sense of **target selection** and often joined **native protestant loyalists** in **looting local Catholic churches** that still had **yet** to toe the new religious line ***Hank*** had drawn across **England**.

This whole **religious shitshow** must have been terribly **upsetting** for much of **England's** population, even including **some** of those who thought the **Catholic Church** was due for a **little reform**. Most people took their religion pretty seriously, and like **most domesticated primates**, were slightly **averse** to major changes in something as central to their own sense of identity and place in the world as their religion, much **less** the **slightly** less pivotal **personal relationship** that **each English-person** had **with** their **lawful** and **rightful King** (assuming they **weren't** part of one or more cadet branches of the royal family tree).

Watching their **King** seemingly go **off the rails** and **divorce** ***his*** lawful wife, **marry** ***his*** de facto mistress **Anne Boleyn** and then **legally hijack** the **English Church** after being **personally excommunicated** by the **Pope** was just the kind of thing to make the average everyday **English** person start wondering when the sky was going to fall or **which rabbit hole** will ***Hank*** **throw us down next?**

These **collective concerns** were **not** much assuaged by a **run** of **bad luck** (which **could**n't possibly be **bad karma** generated by ***his*** **enhanced capacity** for **capriciousness** and **changeability** in ***his*** **public and private affairs**) that ***Hank*** suffered during **January 1536**. **Both** the **month** and the **year** seemed to start off on a **high note**, at least by ***Hank's*** reckoning. ***His*** **first wife**, **Queen** ***Catherine*** **died** on **January 7th**, **1536** of either **poisoning, cancer** or a **broken heart** depending on which historian you ask.

Though ***Hank*** may have mourned ***his*** **former wife** in private, in public ***he*** called for **public displays** of ***great joy*** at the **true Queen of England's** (at the **time**) **death**, who the **public had always loved**. ***Hank's*** attempts to **incite** mass ***schadenfreude*** on the **late queen's behalf** put the **crown** at **odds** with the **public at large** and even some of ***his*** most **ardent supporters** were **starting** to **wince** a bit at some of ***his*** proposals.

Whatever passing or pressing **concerns** individuals had about ***Hank*** would get a **bit** of a **double exclamation point** added to them in the weeks that followed ***Catherine's*** passing.

During the **royal celebratory excesses** that followed ***Catherine's*** **death**, ***Hank*** decided that yet another demonstration of the **King's martial prowess** was in order and **entered the lists** for the **celebratory jousting tournament** ***he*** staged in ***his*** **unseemly joy** at ***his*** first wife's passing, even though ***he*** was **45 years old** at the time. In ***his*** typically ***Hank*****-like hubris**, ***he*** went and got ***himself*** **knocked the fuck out** for a couple of hours after being viciously **poked off of** ***his*** **horse** by another **steel plated equestrian asshole** wielding a **Texas sized toothpick** in a rather unfriendly manner.

More than one historian has noted that ***Hank's*** **erratic tendencies** and seemingly ***enhanced*** **capacity** for **capriciousness and changeability** became increasingly pronounced ***after*** the **royal concussion**.

Which **may** have played a key role in how ***he*** handled ***his*** **new**(**ish**) **wife's miscarriage** of the **royal son** that was ***triggered*** by **Anne's shock** when **she** heard of ***Hank's*** **grievous head injury**. Which, ***coincidentally,*** happened on the **same day** of ***Catherine's*** **funeral** that ***he*** had been **celebrating** by suffering some fully avoidable **head trauma**.

Unfortunately for **Anne**, that was the **second miscarriage** of **three pregnancies** which had only produced another **beautiful baby girl** (the **future Queen** ***Elizabeth****)* that ***Hank*** now had ***two*** too many of. With ***Hank's*** previous slash ongoing **procreative** slash **marriage difficulties** and ***his*** increasing **truculence** that **may** or may not be associated with **recent head trauma**, ***his*** **negligible patience** had been thoroughly **exhausted** and this **third strike** turned out to be the **last straw** for **Anne**.

While **Anne** was recovering from her difficult pregnancy, ***Hank*** saw fit to ***once again*** reconvene ***his*** **ecclesiastic** (and/or **Privy**) **council** to **re-examine** ***Hank's*** **conscience** and **concerns** about the **legitimacy** of ***his*** **current** (**#2**) **marriage**.

This particular round of **royal conscience examinations** featured the **usual shitshow** of secret investigations, trumped up or entirely fabricated charges, torture assisted interrogation, and a spate of **wrongful executions** before ***Hank's*** **royal conscience** was **appeased**. Which **may** or may not have been further **eased** by the **dipping** of the **royal wick** in the **privy parts** of **Queen Anne's** lady in waiting, **Jane Seymour**.

After being **unable** to **parse out** a **biblical pretext** for ***annulling*** the **second** royal marriage, ***Hank*** and ***his*** **minions** had to settle for the **old standby** of (mostly) **manufactured** charges of **adultery** and **incest**. On **May 19th**, **1536**, **Anne Boleyn** was **professionally decapitated** by a renowned ***French*** **headsman** for **her** ***alleged*** indiscretions. The ***following day, Hank***

proposed to wife **#3**, **Jane Seymour**, **who accepted**. They **married 9 days later**, and promptly got to work at producing a **male heir** for ***Hank.***

Chapter **10.2**:
2 down and ***4*** to go,
Trickle Down Reformation (and/or **insanity**) in **England**

While all that was going on in the **royal court** it **wasn't** like the **rest of the country** was **laying about** watching the royal soap opera.

Parliament was in session working on a royal bill that officially **annexed Wales** (**England's West country**) and made it part of **England proper**. Up North the **locals** were getting **pissed** (as in **mad** and not drunk although since we are talking about **England** there was probably quite a bit of that going on as well) about their **local churches** getting **looted** then **trashed** by **imported *French* Protestant assholes** or **deputized pedestrian idiots** from down South who had been duly authorized to act on the **King's behalf**. A **king** who was mightily **pissed** at ***his* willful subjects** having some **issues** with **abandoning** the **religion** they grew up with for the **royal personality cult** their **goodly King** was creating for ***himself.***

As this was a **religious dispute** that was starting to have more direct **civil implications** due to the **crown's arrogation** of **regional religious authority**, both sides were growing **increasingly outraged** at the **seeming transgressions** of the other. The **peasants** who were affected were understandably **upset** and **concerned** with all of the drastic changes their **erratic English King** (who had already been **excommunicated** by their **Church** and just **beheaded *his*** second wife that the **Pope** said ***he*** shouldn't have married in the first place) was making to their **religion** and more than a little **pissed** at the royal representatives **looting** their churches on ***his* behalf**.

On the other side of the equation, the **King** and ***his*** merry minions were increasingly **indignant** at their lawful subject's willful **impertinence** in **not** abandoning the one true faith on command from their rightful and lawful monarch.

Hank's (and ***his* merry minion's**) ***feelings*** of ***righteous religious indignation*** were **not** overly eased by the rebellious religious assembly of **20** to **40** thousand **pissed off** Catholic peasants in England's North Country who started marching **south** in the "**Pilgrimage of Grace**" in **October**, **1536**.

Reminiscent of what had happened in **Germany** just **11** years before, all of the **religious reform** being forced on a **not** entirely willing population had further kindled some **collective concerns** about **England's social contract** of the time, which might have been **marginally better** than **Germany's**, but still pretty much **sucked** for those ***not*** strategically placed on the **top** of the **pile**.

Unlike in **Germany**, this **illegal English assembly** managed to (mostly) **not** run amuck as they marched **South** to air their (mostly) religious concerns to **King *Hank,*** who, despite ***his*** recent **severe head trauma**, was **savvy** enough to at least give the **appearance** of listening to their collective concerns while they were assembled rather than **starting** a(**nother**) **civil *WAR*** trying to put those **traitorous Papist swine** to the **sword** like ***His* grace** wanted to.

Being the **devious English king** of direct **Norman descent *Hank*** was, ***he*** sagely decided to proceed with the standard **English *negotiation*** gambit to **diffuse** the **opposing assembly** by giving the ***appearance*** of **listening** to their **collective concerns** and then graciously **pardoning the lot** of them.

Of course, the inevitable **incidental violence** that happens when **demobilizing** so many gathered **rebellious** and **religious pedestrian idiots** gave ***Hank*** just the **pretext *he*** needed to **rescind *his* pardon** and make **executory examples** out their leaders, and just to put a point on it had another **200 tried** and **executed** for **treason**.

While all that was going on, after **annexing Wales**, **Parliament** passed a **second succession act** that declared **young Elizabeth** to be **illegitimate**, **re-confirmed Bloody Mary's bastardy** and officially affixed the **royal lineage** through **Queen Jane's progeny**. Which turned out to be a **boy** when ***her* grace** gave birth to **Prince Edward** (soon to be ***Ed* VI**) on **October 12th**, **1536**. Unfortunately, ***her* grace** suffered from a **post natal infection** that did **not** respond well to **leeching** (and/or the forced ingestion of various **mercury based tonics**) and **died** 12 days later.

After the obligatory **mourning period**, the search for a **new new royal wife** for ***Hank*** became even more **pressing** with recent continental developments.

France and the ***Holy Roman-Spanish Empire*** had come to some kind of **truce**, which did **not** bode well for **England**, whose **foreign policy** had mostly consisted of ***playing one against the other to keep their attentions directed away from English interests***.

Even more **foreboding** for the **island of religious unrest** was that these **new allies** were both **Catholic nations** (at least **officially**), which **might** make them **more amenable** to not so subtle suggestions from **Rome** that they **join forces** and mutually **stomp England** in some kind of **coordinated manner** to get the **isle wayward** back on the true path of religious righteousness.

After **marrying** then ***immediately* rejecting *his* 4th wife Anne** of **Cleves**, ***Hank*** then **married *his* 5th wife Catherine Howard** (who ***he*** had started **dipping the royal wick in** while still **married** to ***his* 4th wife**) the **same day *he*** had ***his*** most **trusted** advisor **Thomas Cromwell *executed*** (by a reportedly hungover headsman who had a bad day at the office). This was ostensibly for **treason**, but in reality it was mostly because ***Hank* blamed him** (Thomas Cromwell) for ***his* fourth marriage's** failure to launch. The **new Mrs. Tudor** (nee **Howard**), would get the **same** treatment **two years** later thanks to not entirely manufactured charges of adultery (for once).

Lucky for **England**, the ***French-Holy Roman/Spanish Alliance*** was short lived, and ***Hank*** was able to resume the **standard English foreign policy** of **playing one off the other**. This time, ***Hank*** decided to **re-re-re-ally England** with the **much bigger** (than ***France*) *Holy Roman Empire***, but this time in **secret** to get a jump on those **arrogant amphibious bastards**.

In anticipation for a **combined invasion** of ***France***, ***Hank*** turned ***his* attention North** and **invaded Scotland** in **1542**, which had long displayed a **notable willingness** to **assist** in any ***French* efforts** that involved ***fooking*** with **England**. Usually by **attacking Northern England**

whenever one of the **island's idiot Kings** decided to **go liberate parts of *France* from *French* people**. This was intended to **divide England's focus** and **military resources** and often **worked**, ***some*** of the time.

By this time ***his*** personal development cycle***, Hank*** appears to be fully caught up in the ***neuro-behavioral pentafecta*** of being an **English monarch** of **direct Norman descent** with a **bad case** of recent **head trauma**, ***religious Mania*** and a **royal lust** for ***other* people's territories**.

None of which was helped by **the royal concussion** and **other royal health issues** (and/or their ***related treatment regimens****).* Yet despite various **mental difficulties**, ***Hank's* Scottish invasion** turned out to be a somewhat **savvy piece** of **dynastic gamesmanship** that ***almost*** expanded **England** to **Her natural borders**.

Except for those **darn Scots**, who had some **objections** to getting ***fooked over*** again by another **unwanted English invasion**. The **Scots rose up** and **rallied 15** to **18 thousand** of their **best** and **brightest** (**snigger**) to face **3000 English invaders** at **Solway Moss**.

Unfortunately for **Scotland**, their **on-site military leaders *couldn't*** decide who was in charge and their **assembled pedestrian idiots *fooked off*** with such **stunning alacrity** that the **English** were only able to **kill 20 of them** before they **ran away**.

This **Scottish on-site leadership crisis** (or if you prefer military terms a **goddamned REMF *pissingfuck clustermatch****)* might have **conceivably** contributed to **Scottish forces *retreating the wrong way*** straight into (typically **Scottish**) **boggy marshes** and **drowning** by the **hundreds**. After that **stagmire**, the **Scottish resistance movement** was on it's **ass** until the **Scottish Parliament rejected** their previous **Treaty** (of **Greenwich**,**1543**) with **England**, which was an **accord** to ***unite*** the **Scottish** and **English kingdoms** under **one crown**. Which ***Hank* hoped** would eventually **rest** on young Prince Edward's head as ***his*** royal wedding was already **arranged** with young Mary, Queen of the Scots.

Surprisingly, this **vote** for **Scottish independence** was ***not*** well received by **England** at large and ***Hank*** in particular. ***His* highness *Hank*** was, in fact, slightly **miffed** by this typical display of **Scottish intransigence** and ordered that **Scotland be illuminated** to the **errors** of **it's willful ways** by putting **Edinburgh** to the **torch**. Which was only made that much **easier** by the **Scottish Army** being off in the **highlands** playing **camber tag** or **claymore tossing** because ***no one*** in the **Scottish Parliament** thought it moot to **alert** their **defense forces** that they just **officially** told **England** to go ***fook itself****.*

Previous to **torching Edinburgh**, the **Scots** and the **English** had been **enjoying a *historically anomalous peace*** with each other since **1502** when **King *James* IV** (of **Scotland**) had signed of **treaty of perpetual peace** with ***Hank's* dad**. Prior to that, **Scotland** and **England** had a **history** of **fighting** with each other like **two drunken red headed step brothers** that had the **misfortune** to be **born on the same Island** and ***afflected*** (not to mention **improperly supervised**) by the ***same schizophrenic mother tongue*** that is **still** driving **most** to **all** of it's **native speakers secretly insane** to this very **day**.

Their **mutually assured antipathy** goes at least far back as **pre-dating** the building of **Hadrian's Wall** by the ***Romans***. Their **neighborly en(g)mity** had been previously **exacerbated** by **Scotland officially allying** with ***France*** in their ***Auld Alliance*** back in **1295**

after finding themselves on the **business end** of too many **English shenanigans** intended to ***disabuse Scotland of any illusions of ever being truly free of manipulative English meddling***.

Scotland's alliance with ***France*** made **Scotland England's** preferred ***whipping post*** after getting **stomped** by the ***French* time** and **time** again on the **continent**. Doing so not only seemed to make the **English** feel **better** about their **repeated continental reversals**, the frequent **mass marches to Scotland** made it that much **easier** to **keep** their own **rambunctious Northerners** in **check**. Some of whom suffered from a slight tendency to periodically rise up in **open rebellion** against their rightful liege going back at least as far back the **Viking retreat** and ***Norman* invasion** of **England**.

Another of which was just starting to gain some momentum when **Edinburgh** was **burning** and the **English Army** was beginning to **garrison Scotland**.

Back in **England**, the **English** "**nobility**" was just starting to get their ***Enclosure Act*** together **in earnest**. If you are **not** currently familiar with the term "**enclosure**", that is **probably** because **you are an American** who thinks in **terms** of "**eminent domain**" or "**not in my back yard**", to the extent you think about such things at all when not reading a bunch of **feckless drivel** collated by conspicuously **half insane** (or ***more)*** "authors".

Enclosure is such a uniquely **English *land development practice*** that it should be referred to (and **spelled** as) ***"Engclosure"***. Prior to **1500**, **most** of **England's** agricultural/arable **land *not*** already occupied by **dirty ass cities, ostentatiously opulent manors,** and/or **podunk one sheep** (**herd**) **hamlets** was held in **"common"** by the **locals**, and **administered** by the **local nearest noble.**

Since the **social/economic principle** of "**commons**" has been so assiduously **black balled/ white washed** from the **Great** (ok, mostly ***shitty)*** **American** "**Debate**" after several generations of **red scares**, **pinko commie baiting** and the **shrill upper class whinging** that happens when ***anybody*** suggests that the **richest 1% of the population having as much** (or ***more)*** **money as** (practically) ***the rest of us combined*** MAY **not** be in **America's best interests**, a short definition is probably in order.

In the context of **land use**, **lands** held in "**common**" were **lands** where just about **anybody** could **travel to**, **hang out**, **hunt on**, **sic their vicious flocks of sheep upon**, **cultivate**, and if the **local lord** didn't object, **build** some **shitty shack** on and **live** there.

As **nobody** in particular "**owned**" the **land** (other than the **King** in a general sense), the **common person** using the **land** was NOT subject to ***any kind of initial fee*** in taking **possession of** or **accessing** it. There were usually **periodic ongoing duties due** to both **Lord** and **King**, but ***after*** those **criminally steep payments**, the **common land use entrepreneur** was **free** to keep whatever **passing scraps** remained. Which (in a **good year**) were ***more*** than they would have accumulated in continuing to be a **borderline slave condemned** to **indentured shit workitude** on some **noble estate**.

As these ***squatter's rights*** had been in effect since **before** the ***Normans*** showed up, they had had the incidental **side effect** of many **small agricultural hamlets** popping up around good growing or grazing lands ***held in common***.

En(g)closure happened when the **nearest shitbird lord** decided **his pretty sheep needed *more* grazing fields** (or that he didn't want the local riff raff poaching all of the best game or fish nearby) and **told** that **parcel's current occupants** to ***fuck off*** in a **timely manner** as they were ***now*** on **his** (or, less frequently, **her**) ***primate***...whoops, "private" property. These **entitled assertions** invariably included a similar "**ownership**" of all "**rights**" to ***all associated banana/sheep supplies*** strategically located **on**, **under**, or **above** the **ganked property** in question.

While there was some passing **pretense** of **due process**, both **English Law** and **Custom** were **pretty clear** that **when** told to **fuck off** by your betters, it was **your divinely mandated duty** to **King** and **Country** as a **Englishperson** to **fuck right the hell off**, ***forthwith.***

Back in ***Hank's*** day, if you, as a **shiftless**, **dirty pissant** of **no consequence**, protested to the contrary, **dragged your heels complying** to **your betters** "**requests**" in **vacating your premises**, OR if **you**, you **dirty, rotten**, **sticky fingered sneak**, were to **take** any **chattels attached** to the **gentry ganked property** in question, you could be charged with **treason** or simply ***gutted like a fish*** by **your** "**betters**" on the spot.

Yet most of time, **affected pissants** were **turfed** from **home and hearth** after ONLY getting the **obligatory beatdown** by **larger** and **better organized pedestrian idiots deputized** by the **local equestrian asshole** in charge to act on his behalf.

Just about the closest thing that a likely "**minority**" and/or ***probable* low income American** can compare all this to in their own experience is ***being on the wrong end of a Eminent Domain order*** and having **your whole neighborhood *wiped off the face of the earth*** for either a: poorly constructed interstate overpass; insanely overpriced tax payer funded sports stadium for a privately owned professional sports team that gets to keep all of the profits; OR just another goddamned big box vampire store seemingly designed to suck the life out of otherwise viable local economies.

As **many Americans** already know, getting ***turfed out of your own place for the "public good",*** or merely because **your shitbird landlord** just went and **sold** the **damn building out** from underneath you (and the ***new fuckers who bought your building*** just want to **knock the place down** and build something **much too swank** for your **low income ass** to afford) CAN ***feel*** like a **terribly disempowering experience**.

Mostly because it is. And that's when it's for the "**public good**" or something **sensible** like a **bigger building** than the **shitbox** you are currently living in.

Now, try to imagine getting ***turfed for sheep***. ***Better yet,*** try to imagine **getting turfed for sheep** by (potentially) the **same fuckers** that just **trashed your church** for **not abandoning it's ecumenical principles during it's darkest hour** ***(so far).*** Your country seems to be run by a **half insane King** who told the **Pope** to **go fuck himself** (figuratively speaking), had **2** of **6 wives *professionally decapitated*** for being (**alleged**) **sluts**, and has a further penchant for putting ANYBODY who **publicly disagreed** with ***his* ham handed religious reforms** to ***death***. Neither **you** or **anybody** you actually know personally has any damn **money**, and the nearest person **who does** just ***evicted your ass*** so **his sheep** can **eat your former front yard**.

For those **thousands** of people **displaced** in the early ***En(g)closure movements,*** **getting turfed for sheep** seemed to have the **incidental effect** of ***bringing all these other concerns into high relief*** in just about every economic bracket ***not*** strategically placed at the **top of the** (**English**) **pile**. A **pile** which, metaphorically speaking is probably best described in the **early 1540's** as a **cord of kindling soaked in oil** on a **hot, dry day** in the **middle of august**.

The collective climate of **fear** and **angst** only ***worsened*** in **England** throughout the **1540's** as more and more people were **forcibly displaced** and the last remaining **Catholic churches** not previously "**dissolved**" were themselves **looted** and **royally thrashed** by **Royal Emissaries** enforcing **Parliamentary Acts** and wielding **large groups of deputized thugs** not averse to **inflicting *grievous*** amounts of **bodily harm** and/or **property damage** as **directed** by the nearest **jack booted asshole on a horse.**

While all that was going on, ***Hank*** was ***continuing*** to **piss away** huge amounts of **English capital** playing **small village slapper** to ***whoever*** seemed to be **coming out on top** in the ongoing **continental bar brawl for European Supremacy**.

Hank's* foreign policy** for ***his entire **reign** is **probably** best described as **diplomatically dropping England's knickers** for ***whoever* won the most recent Western European barfight** REGARDLESS of ***who* won** the previous round. For most of ***Hank's* reign**, this had **mostly** consisted of **bouncing between *his* royal frenemies *Chuck* V** and ***Francis* I** and **alternating England's alliance** from **one** to the **other** in just about the most ***obviously opportunistic manner possible;*** **lifting England's skirt** when **Fortune smiles on one** and then **kicking them in the balls** in the form of **pressing dubious royal inheritance claims** as soon as they showed ***any*** sign of **weakness**.

Doing this time and again with **little** visible **compunction** about ***ditching* alternating allies** when they **needed help the most** did **not** exactly **pass unnoticed** by those same ***sometime* allies**. By **1544 *Chuck* V** had grown **weary** of hearing the **weasel words** of ***Hank's*** fypically **tin promises**. Which was **not** entirely surprising considering the **long** and decidedly **mixed** history ***Hank*** and ***Chuck*** had going back to ***Hank's* first marriage** to ***Chuck's* aunt** (the **former Queen *Catherine*).**

As it turns out, the events of **1544** did absolutely **fuck all** to **alleviate** growing **difficulties** in **Anglo-*Holy Roman/German/Spanish Empire* diplomatic relations**. As had been planned previously, the year started off with ***Chuck* V pulling the trigger** on yet another **wide scale offensive** against ***France.*** Quite a bit of the **planning** preceding this ***Holy Roman* campaign** had been with ***Hank*** to **meet in *Paris*** in the **spring** (so ***romantique, no?)*** like **two lovers** who just got done **fucking *France*** from **two different directions** like the **dirty** (not so) **little slut *she*** OBVIOUSLY (being ***French*** and all) was (**is**?).

Plans were made, **timetables** were set and ***just like always happens*** when you **unwisely** try to **make plans** with the **girl** who ***always*** seems to be at the **center** of the **weekly brawl** at the **village pub**, at the very **last minute *Hank*** totally **changed *his* mind**, and then **again**, and **again**, and **again** and **so on** for a full **two months** AFTER ***his* armies** were supposed to march from ***Calais*** (which was still under **English** control).

Then, in being the ***Hank*** that ***he*** was, ***he*** **couldn't** just do what ***his*** (and **England's**) much **bigger** and ostensible **ally** had asked ***him*** to that ***Hank*** had ***consensually*** **agreed** to. Whether it was due to ***Hank's*** ongoing **authority issues** (**nevermind** that ***he*** was an authority ***himself),*** continuing **neurological fallout** from a **severe concussion** or simply the **net psychological** (slash ***psychiatric)*** **effect**(**s**) of **getting** increasingly **drunk on power** (and/or speaking ***English)*** for ***his*** **whole life**, when ***Hank*** finally decided to **stop dicking around** and get with the program, ***he*** **unilaterally** decides to **blow off** ***Paris*** and invaded **Western** ***France*** ***without*** consulting ***his*** erstwhile ally.

Being **late** for a **planned military engagement** might be one thing, but being **late** and THEN **changing** the **target location** at the **last possible moment** and ***not communicating that to one's military activity partner in a timely manner*** is quite **another**. On a personal basis, that sort of thing goes beyond being **poor etiquette** into **flagrant foul territory**, but in **international relations** involving **multinational military offensives** it's just about the biggest **FUCK YOU** a country can meaningfully convey to ***an ally*** without just coming out and saying it. The **absence** of the **English claw** for ***Chuck's*** planned **pincer attack** on ***Paris*** totally **fucked** ***Chuck's*** **plans** to **divide** ***French*** **forces defending** ***Paris.*** What was supposed to be a short engagement turned into a **summer long siege** that ***Chuck*** had **not** prepared for.

Then, adding insult to injury, ***Hank*** spent the whole summer bombarding ***Chuck*** with decreasingly polite requests for **military support** in ***his*** **own improvised campaign** besieging ***Boulogne,*** which ***Hank*** thought was a **much better** target than ***Paris*** as **it** was ***closer*** to **English administered lands** in ***France*** than ***Paris.***

Chuck then went and made ***his*** **feelings** about **that** pretty **clear** by ***making peace*** with ***France*** in September ***the same day*** that **England captured** ***Boulogne***. Which left ***Hank*** and **England** to their **own devices** in fending off the ***French*** on ***their*** **own turf** during the rapidly approaching **Winter**.

Chuck bowing out of the ***WAR*** with ***France*** left **English forces** in ***Boulogne*** and elsewhere in **Western** ***France*** in the **lurch**. **England** had enough forces on hand in ***France*** to **take** (some) **territory**, but **not** quite enough to **keep it** without **occupying** it with **legions** of relatively organized and heavily armed **pedestrian idiots**.

England's ***typically prodigious*** supply of this **valuable cultural resource** was sorely **taxed** with **England** continuing to **garrison Scotland** to **protect it** from the **Scotsmen who already lived there** WHILE simultaneously attempting to **liberate** parts of ***France*** from the ***French*** **people who already lived there**.

Even though ***France*** itself was still on the **back foot** from being recently **invaded** by the ***Holy Roman Empire***, ***it*** still had **enough** in the way of their own relatively organized and heavily armed **pedestrian idiots** and **equestrian assholes** to make **England's stay** in ***France*** over the **winter of 1545** ***less*** than **restful**. The ***French*** spent the **winter** harrying and harassing **English forces** in ***France*** while preparing for a **full scale invasion** of their favorite **island** of **inebriated idiots** (after **Corsica** and/or ***Ibiza)*** during the **campaign season** of **1546**.

But for all that apparently ***France*** could have been a little more **diligent** in their **preparations** seeing how they made a **total hash** of their **invasion** in **1545** and **aborted** it BEFORE **fighting** a single **battle** of **consequence** on **England's** green and pleasant shores.

After that, it turned out that England and *France* were in exactly the same boat in being **bankrupt** after each was forced (and/or ***elected)*** to fight a **two front *WAR***. As USUALLY happens when countries finally **run out of money** trying to **steal each other's land by force**, they made a ***much more lucrative peace together with damn near the exact same borders they started off with*** at the commencement of their most recent hostilities.

With all that happening in **1546**, ***Hank*** did **not** get to **enjoy** the new spirit of peace and amity with ***his* once again NEW bff *Francis*** and the progressively **prosperous peace** between **England** and ***France*** for very long. On **January 28th**, **1546**, at the **age of 55**, and after **38 years** on the **English throne**, ***Henry*** the **VIIIth dies** of either **diabetes complications**, ***syphilis*** or simply being a **terminal fatass** (or some **combination** thereof) depending on **which** Tudor historian you ask.

He was **survived** by ***his* 6th** (and **not** eighth as the name seems to suggest) **wife**, **Catherine Parr**, who ***he*** had married in **1543**, and ***his* three legitimate/re-legitimized** (as **two** of them had been previously declared to be **bastardettes**) children: ***Bloody Mary***, ***Elizabeth*** and ***Edward,*** who became ***Edward* VI** upon the **passing** of ***his* father**.

Young *Edling* also happened to be a **9 year old boy** only **halfway** to ***his* majority**, which did **not** bode well for **England**, at all. ***Hank's*** last **succession instrument** that was confirmed by **Parliamentary act** had left the **clear proviso** that in the event that should ***his* son** become King **before** reaching his **majority** (IE no longer a minor), **England** was to be **ruled** by a **Regency Council** of **16 selected** (by ***Hank)*** **executors** to **act** on the **crown's behalf** until it's current **victim** was **18 years old**.

This was all **less** than good for **England** as ***leadership committees invariably turn out to be leadershit committees,*** and NOWHERE does this hold **more true** than **England**.

The next six years of **Young *Edling's*** brief reign was nothing more than a **upper echelon shit show** of political infighting, personal backbiting, secret trials, trumped up or entirely fabricated charges, torture assisted interrogation, rampant conspiracy, **MURDER**, pre-emptive incarcerations, wrongful executions and more Machiavellian maneuvering than you can poke a torch at happening at the ***highest levels of power*** of **Tudor England**. It started the day before ***Hank*** died when one of the Privy Councilors was arrested and charged with treason, and his estates and attached properties and chattels were **confiscated** by the rest of the **privy council** and **re-distributed amongst themselves** like a bunch of **goddamned hyenas feasting on one of their own**.

That was just the beginning. Soon the **younger brother** of the council elected **Lord Protector** (who was **Duke of Somerset**, aka **Edward Seymour** and ***Edling's* uncle**) started **exhibiting** more than then the usual amount of **brotherly jealously** and started trying to **chisel his own little empire** out of **his brother's fortuitous position** in practically being the **King** in everything but name.

This involved a good deal of **brotherly wheedling** for **better positions** and **improved titles** and **estates**, further **avuncular manipulation** of the **royal nephew** to drive a **wedge** between the **King** and ***his* Lord Protector**, and somehow or another resulted in the ***knocking up*** of and **secret marriage** to the **royal widow**, **Catherine Parr**.

Which somehow **didn't** prevent the **pregnant Catherine** from **catching** Thomas (IE **Ed's** brother) "embracing" the future **Queen *Elizabeth***, who was only **13 years old** at the time and part of **Catherine's** household, at least until ***she*** got sent away shortly afterwords. These and other antics eventually resulted in the **Lord Protector's younger brother's *head*** being forcibly **removed** from his body for reasons that don't amount to much more than **general principle** in that **he** was a **devious, manipulative little shit** who ***just wasn't very good at it.***

Then, just as that moderately embarrassing scandal for the **Lord Protector** was just starting to settle down, the **entire fucking North Country** of **England exploded** in a **rebellion** conspicuously reminiscent of the **Peasant's Rebellion** in **Germany 23 years before**. All the **forced religious reforms** and **ovine empowering mass evictions** had taken their **toll** on the **proles up North**.

Ironically enough, the **last straw** seems to be a **larger batch** of ***En(g)closure evictions*** than **usual** coming at ***roughly the same time*** as the **nascent Church of England decree** that ***all church services*** in the **Church of England** (which technically included **all churches** in **England** at the time, whether they self-identified as such or not) would now be **conducted** in ***English.***

Rising up in **mass rebellion** because **you** and **everybody you know** just got **tossed off** (your land) for **some fucking sheep** is something that **most Americans** can easily **understand**.

Rising up in mass rebellion because **your local church wants to start conducting services** in the ***local vernacular*** is something the present author is having **extreme difficulty** wrapping his tiny deranged brain around.

The usual reasons cited for the **latter** case having to do with **orthodox concerns** for keeping to the **traditional ways** of a **religion** that had been around for **1548 years** (at that point), at least by their reckoning. And that might even be **true**, up to a point.

An **infrequently** cited implicit factor in those wide scale **protests** about **English church services** being conducted in **English** MIGHT BE that church services conducted in ***moribund foreign languages*** that **only** the **clergy** understand tend to be a lot ***less objectionable*** and ***significantly easier to sleep through*** than those delivered in **English** to native **English** speakers**.**

Regardless of whichever of those is more accurate, for the next few years the **North of England** was plagued by a series of local **religious** and/or **land use rebellions** that resulted in hundreds if not **thousands** of **deaths** of **English pissants** at the hands of **English soldiers** acting on the orders of the **English upper class** and **England's Lord Protector** and **Regency Council**. The timing couldn't have been **worse** the **Lord Protector**, because the **Scottish Situation** was also getting **out of hand** with **Scotland** being **inundated** by ***French* reinforcements** as per the **mutual support clause** that was part of ***France*** and **Scotland's *Auld Alliance***.

The **Lord Protector** was learning the **hard way** the age old lesson of ***WAR*** that ***it is much easier to gain territory by force than it is to keep that same territory by threat of force against the natives who live there.***

The **English reverses** in **Scotland** and **Civil Unrest up North** gave the **Lord Protector's enemies** just the **pretext** they needed to throw him under **England's** short bus of power. The **Duke of Somerset** was arrested on various **fabricated charges**, **deposed** of his official office, and then **imprisoned** in the **Tower of London**. Since the charges were **unsubstantiated** (at best), and the **Duke** still had friends on the **Regency Council** and elsewhere in the **upper echelons** of the **English elite**, **he** was eventually **released** and **restored** to the **Regency Council**, but **not** as **Lord Protector**.

His **treasonous** and **scheming** efforts to **restore** himself to **his** former office would end up making him a **head shorter** just a few years later.

The new **Lord Protector** spent the rest of **Young *Edling's* short reign** mostly trying to **clean up the mess** his **predecessor**(**s**) made, which considering the **shit show** of ***Hank's* reign** over the last **40 years** was **no small effort**. Just when ***he*** was starting to really make some headway, the usually healthy ***Edward*** got **sick**, then **upped and died** at the tender age of **15** of a "suppurating pulmonary infection".

But **not** fast enough to **prevent Young *Edling*** from creating a **new succession device** that **clearly** specified that should ***he* die without issue** (which seemed very likely at the time of writing it), ***his* first cousin** (**Jane Grey**) should **take the throne** but definitely NOT either of ***Edward's* older sisters**, which were formally re-declared to be ***bastardettes*** again thanks to ***Hank* divorcing** one of ***their*** mothers and having the **head chopped off** the other.

This threw a **huge monkey wrench** in the ***usual succession crisis*** as it directly **contravened** the **last succession device** left by ***Hank*** which left clear instructions that should ***Edward* die** then ***Mary*** was **next** in line, and should ***she*** die **without** (**male**) **issue** then ***her*** sister ***Elizabeth*** was to **t**ake the throne. Further **muddying** the **legal waters** was the small fact that ***Edward*** was still **legally** a **minor** and may or may **not** have had the **legal right** to enter into contracts or give orders as **England's King**.

While that was being debated in the **privy**...council, someone had gotten word to ***Mary*** in a timely fashion that ***her* regal half-brother** was **dead** and that unless ***she*** did something soon, ***her* first cousin Jane** would be the **first** (serious) **Queen of England**. So ***Bloody Mary*** did a runner and skedaddled off to **East Anglia** to rally ***her* supporters**, leading the **current Lord Protector** on a **goose chase** with his three thousand men.

The **typical English Civil *WAR*** of **Succession** was ***avoided*** when ***Bloody Mary*** and ***her*** assembled forces of **20,000 merry men** (armed to the teeth) ***castled*** the **Queen of England** in her own **Tower** and **scared** the **bloody bejesus** out of the **Privy Council**.

So much so that the council rapidly **assented** to ***her* forceful** and **persuasive legal arguments** about **how *Edward's* succession device** was fundamentally **flawed**.

Bloody Mary was then declared the **England's First** (well, after **Empress Matilda** back in the days of **Thud**) true **Queen**.

Chapter 10.3
The **King** is **dead**, ***long live the Queen*** (well, the **second** one, at least).

Which turns out to be the final if not biggest **irony** of ***Henry* VIII's frequently** (and ***unintentionally)*** **ironic** life. For **all** of ***his*** womanizing ways, and even though ***he*** did it as a last resort to continue the **Tudor deathgrip** on the **Throne of England**, in the space of one page of not so fine print, ***he*** singlehandedly did ***more*** for **Women's Right's** (and attendant issues) than ***just about any other single person*** in **Western History**. And ***totally by accident.***

By leaving a **device** that effectively **catapulted** not just **one** but ***two* successive women** through the **historically man**dated **executive glass ceiling** that had been accepted as a given just about ***everywhere*** in **Europe** (and elsewhere), ***Hank*** had created the ***necessary semantic pre-conditions*** for the beginning of a **fundamental shift** regarding some longstanding ***widely held* assumptions** about the **weaker** sex (obviously, this shift is still continuing in some sense).

Bloody Mary taking the **throne** turned out to be a real game changer for **England**, and **not** just because ***she*** happened to suffer from a **pronounced** case of **congenital penile deficiency**.

In being ***her*** mother's (***Hank's* first wife**, **Catherine** of **Aragon**) daughter, ***she*** was **half Spanish** and an **Orthodox Catholic**. A practicing **Orthodox Catholic *who*** had previously been **harassed**, **isolated** and otherwise **discomposed** on numerous occasions for NOT **toeing** the **new religious lines** that ***her* father** drew in **English soil**.

Such treatment tends to result in **very large chips developing** on **one** or ***more* shoulders** that are ***not*** strongly mitigated by **strong religious feelings** AND/or the **sudden investiture** of **divinely mandated executive power** over an **island of increasingly insane religious idiots**.

The original plan for ***Bloody Mary's*** reign (as envisioned by ***her* father**) was to **marry** the **first available King** of the largest strategically significant (to **England**) country and ***start popping out as many little Tudor tykes*** as ***she*** could before ***her*** uterus **collapsed**.

Which was a **bit** of a concern as she was already **30** by the **end of *Hank's* reign** and **single**, and still available **7 years later**. Which **isn't** actually ***(all that)* old** now, but back then that was almost ***double*** the **average life expectancy** in **England** at the time. In finding a **Kingly spouse**, the **Royal spouse** would then take a **larger role** in the **royal decision making process** and would be able to **fill in** for ***her highness*** when the queen's reproductive duties would periodically incapacitate her.

But ***Mary*** had some **other** ideas as to how to proceed as **England's first true Queen**. ***Her*** widespread **popularity** among the **English Lower classes** (as **most** of which were still **Catholic** at heart, **half** were **women** and **quite a few** of whom could ***empathize*** with being ***labelled a double dyed bastard{ette}*** by their **shitbird** "**noble**" **biological fathers**) and the **Catholic Elite** gave ***her* graciousness** a much freer hand as **Queen** than ***her*** father had planned.

A “hand” that was promptly used to ***start lighting people on fire*** to **enlighten** them regarding the errors of their recent religious reforms. Despite the **specious** and **theologically dubious logic** behind ***her*** **pyroclastic tendencies**, ***Bloody*** *(**burnt** and **charred**)* ***Mary's*** marked **habit** of **lighting people** on FIRE was an **excellent** tactic to **illuminate** the **masses** as well as the **men** in ***her*** **command** (who **might** have had some **female authority issues**) to the fact that ***Bloody Mary*** was bloody well ***not*** **fucking around**.

Despite ***her*** **congenital birth defect** of ***acute penile deficiency***, ***Mary*** was still **ENGLAND**, and **wasn't** about to let **any** of the **knaves** in ***her*** service **get** any **uppity ideas** about their **station** just because ***she*** was a **woman**.

Thanks to ***her*** earlier religious and family difficulties, ***Bloody Mary*** didn't just come into power with **two very large chips** on ***both*** shoulders, ***she*** also came to the **throne** with a **shitlist as long as *her* arm**, which ***she*** promptly got to **work** on **killing every last motherfucker on it**. The only ones who were **spared *her* grace's wrath** were those willing to abandon their recently reformed religious faith, which ironically (and/or ***cravenly)*** enough included the original bishop (**Cranmer**) that **annulled *Hank's* first marriage** and **officiated** a few of ***his*** **subsequent ones**).

At least **283 people** were **killed outright** (mostly by being **bodily lit** on FIRE) under the ***pretext*** of **heresy**, **apostasy** or **other religious sentiment**, and another **800 Protestants** (and mostly **nobles**) **split** for **less flammable environs** elsewhere. Many of whom ***fucked off*** back to **Germany** where **some** of their families had originally been **chased off by the Huns** and **bigger** and **badder Teutonic tribes** a thousand years before.

All of this happening was **bad enough** in and of itself, but was made **worse** in period **English** eyes by ***Mary's*** rapid courtship and **marriage** with **Prince *Phillip*** of **Spain**.

Though ***she*** was **fulfilling *her*** Queenly responsibilities by **marrying** an **up** and **coming** royal blue blood with **serious executive prospects** in the government of **England's** most **lucrative** (if **not** their closest) ally, being **married** to a **Spanish prince** put ***her*** **high minded** yet **heavy handed *Counter-Reformative efforts*** in a **less** flattering light. ***Her*** overt alliance with **Spain** and ***her*** **religious Counter Reformative efforts** had **many** of ***her*** previously enthusiastic subjects wondering if **England** was part of **Spain** now as **their fucking inquisition** seemed to be present.

The rest of ***Bloody Mary's*** brief yet tumultuous reign was a **mess** of **dubious military actions** in ***France*** which resulted in the **English *losing*** their longest held ***French* possessions** in and around ***Calais***, being **royally manipulated** by ***her*** **absentee husband** (who became **King *Philip*** of **Spain** after ***Chuck* V** abdicated ***his*** throne in **1556** and redivided ***his* Holy Roman-Spanish Empire** back into their constitute empires) into supporting ***Spanish* military actions** that **England *couldn't afford*** (to **win** much less lose) as it was still **bankrupt** from the **military actions** of ***Hank*** and ***Young Edling's*** reigns. PLUS ***her*** **majesty** suffered from a couple of **false pregnancies** thrown in the mix just to keep everybody on their toes.

The last of which happened sometime in **March** of **1558**, and turned out to be the **start** of the **downward spiral** that led to **Queen *Mary*** (the **First**) **shuffling off this mortal coil** on **November 17th**, **1558**. Most likely because of a probable **cervical cyst** or **cancer** in the

same general region of ***her*** anatomy. As ***she*** died **without** issue, ***Hank's*** last **succession device** from **11 years before** was still in effect, making ***Bloody Mary's*** 25 year old **half sister** ***Elizabeth*** the **new Queen** of **England**.

Lucky for **England**, their **new queen** was ***not*** a **half insane religious maniac** with a penchant for **lighting people on FIRE** for having **slightly** different religious view than ***her.*** ***Elizabeth*** was cut from a much different cloth than ***her*** **sister**.

Elizabeth's **mother** was **Anne Boleyn**, and like ***her*** **mother**, ***Elizabeth*** was **not** an orthodox Catholic. Because of that, **unlike** her sister, ***Elizabeth*** had **only** been **ostracized** and **ridiculed** as a **girl** for being ***her*** **mother's daughter** where ***Mary*** suffered **worse** for the same AND being **Catholic** in a **Protestant nation** (according the **King** at least). So whatever **chip** that **may** have developed on **one** or **both** of ***Liz's*** **shoulders** in being an **obviously intelligent woman** stuck (and/or ***trapped)*** in a **man's world** weren't ***quite*** as **prodigious** as ***her*** **sister's**.

Also unlike ***her*** sister, ***she*** had the ***benefit*** of being the **second consecutive Queen** ***who*** evidently had learned quite a bit about **Queenship** from **watching** ***her*** **older sister**. Like **most** younger siblings, most of what ***she*** **learned** is how ***not*** to go about things.

After the previous **40** plus years of **increasing religious strife**, **economic havoc**, the **mass displacement** of **working people** for a **bunch of fucking sheep**, and **England** getting their asses handed back to them by ***France*** (again) while **butting heads** with just about ***everybody*** **North of Wolverhampton** (not to mention continuing to ***fecking*** with the ***Oirish*** in and around **the Pale**), it was pretty **clear** to ***Elizabeth*** that **something** needed to change. That **something** was mostly ***everything.***

The **two** things that ***her*** **father**, **brother** and **sister** conclusively **proved** on the **throne of England** is ***how terribly expensive it is*** in both ***blood*** and ***treasure*** to press non-domestic **territorial claims** to possessions **external** to **England** while imposing **mandatory** religious sensibilities on the **ijits at home**.

In both respects, ***Elizabeth*** took a pragmatic high road strategy. ***She*** managed to mostly **limit** the **religious strife** at home to little more than a dull roar by working out a compromise **Uniformity act** that technically re-confirmed **England's status** as a **Protestant nation** but **didn't** unduly punish Catholics for being Catholics aside from being **liable** for an official slap on the wrist (at least up until the **mid 1570's**). This, and related acts, also brought **Catholics** and **Protestants** into actual **accord** and **amity** for the first time by piling a bunch of **legalistic shit** on the **Puritans**, who were just getting started **pissing** everybody else **off** for the **next 200 years** or so.

During the same time period ***Elizabeth*** mostly kept **England** out of any **land** ***WARS they couldn't afford to win,*** much less **lose**.

Part of **Queen** ***Elizabeth's*** **foreign policy** for ***her*** early reign was entertaining foreign suitors as ***she*** (like ***her*** **sister**) came to the **throne** ***unhitched*** and with an unstated **MANdate** to **mate**, **spawn** (preferably **one** or ***more*** **male Tudors**) and continue the **Dynasty**. Unlike ***her*** **sister**, (and not surprisingly as ***she*** was **Anne Boleyn's** daughter), ***she*** was quick to grasp the

strategic advantages of ***her*** continuing **singleness** on both a personal level and for greater **England**.

Not getting tied down by a **Foreign Blue Blood up** and **comer** with **Executive prospects** back at home kept ***Elizabeth*** and **England *off*** the **hook** for getting roped into **joint military ventures** that were ***not*** bloody well likely to be in **England's best interests**. Playing **one foreign suitor** off the **other** made it much **harder** for affected **foreign policy staffs** to **predict** with any great certainty what **England's** long term military intentions were and how they could best prepare for or profit from them.

Continuing to be **perceived** as **available** also ***strongly disinclined*** potential **suitors** (and their respective countries of origin) from actively working **against English interests** lest they **piss off *her* highness** and **upset** their marital chances with ***her* highness**.

Back at home, ***her*** conspicuous **lack** of a **husband** and **penile enabled progeny** and general unwillingness to **name a male successor** during ***her* early reign** had the added effect of giving ***her*** a **kung fu grip** on **England's throne**. Intentionally NOT having a **back up plan** in case ***Her* highness *gets it*** at the hands of one or more cadet branch family members would have almost certainly triggered a **succession crisis** that could easily spiral out of control into (**another**) all out **English Civil *WAR***.

With the **Tudors** having been on the **throne** for the last **5 monarchs** and **75 years** or so, there really **wasn't** much in the way of **other English royal families** with obvious contenders that could point to much in the way of **recent Monarchial Experience** to effectively present the case for being an **effective alternative** to a (mostly) **competent *Elizabethan* government**.

It probably would have been a ***stunningly competent government*** had ***Elizabeth*** had the **wisdom** and **foresight** to been **born** in a ***male*** body. Some combination of being a **woman**, having a generally **lady-like manner**, being a generally **gracious monarch**, and ***her*** overall **lack of enthusiasm** for having people **lit** on FIRE for having (slightly) different **religious sensibilities** (than ***her)*** led ***some*** of the **male ijits** in ***her* service** to think ***her* grace** was a **pushover**.

This ***inference*** led some to **exceed** their **station** and/or **briefs**...WHOOPS, brief in the assumption that ***her* grace** was **debilitated** by ***her* womanly sex** and therefore **incapable** of fully grasping all the various **strategic benefits** and **economic implications** of **stove piped** and **massaged** "military intelligence" CLEARLY indicating the ***inevitable success*** of this or that **half cocked** plan.

Most of that happened at **Sea**, which we will be getting to shortly, and **didn't** turn out to be an much of an issue on **land** until the **1580's** when ***she*** decided to pitch in with the **Dutch** against **Spain** (yes, ***again)***. The **on-site commander** wanted to **go whole hog** with the **Dutch** even though he had been specifically **directed** by his **queen** to tread **lightly** so ***she*** could **secretly** tell ***Spain*** about all of the other **better** things to do with **their time** and ***Armada*** than **invade England**.

While ***she*** was throwing that **commander** under a **Dutch bus** and letting ***her* own English soldiers *starve*** to prevent the ***appearance*** of actively **working against *Spanish* interests**, **English forces** in ***Ireland*** were getting a bit tired of those **drunken micks rebelling** every

time they **showed up** and told them **they were in charge now** and to **stop speaking Gaelic** and **stop being Catholic** lest they be **run through** or be **lit** on **FIRE** for their own good.

Typical of the **cavalier indifference** of **most habituated alcoholics** (and/or ***feckin' Oirish* people** in general), the ***Irish*** consistently displayed some **ongoing tendencies** to **not** take those hints politely which OF COURSE required the **standard English tactic** of MESSAGE AMPLIFICATION regarding ***perceived underlings*** NOT meeting clearly communicated expectations in a timely manner.

Somehow, **40 plus years** of **Royal Charters stripping away native land ownership rights** and returning them only at the pleasure of **King** (and/or **Queen**, or the monarch's duly appointed representatives), the **increasingly oppressive English military occupation** led by **on-site administrators** previously (and ***literally)*** issued a **license to kill** WITHOUT **trial** or **jury**, and the ongoing **English colonization** of the **Emerald Isle** through their pernicious **Plantation system** had NOT gotten the message through to those **poor**, **dumb micks** that those ***feckin' Sasanach swine*** were on their **Emerald Isle** to **stay** and ***weren't ever going to leave***.

Consistent with the **pre-Skinnerian English model** of **mass behavioral adjustment** of **subjugated non-English peoples** and **indigenous have-nots** too smart for their own good, the **English on-site administrators** decided to **proceed** with the ***Sword and Fire*** method of **mass behavioral modeling** since the former ***stick and bigger stick*** approach did ***not*** seem to be getting much **traction** with **intransigent Irish dypsomaniacs**.

Queen *Elizabeth* (and/or ***her*** most trusted advisors acting with ***her* authority** in **Irish Affairs**) gave English ***on site administrative personnel*** a **free hand** and a **Royal** (**wo**)**MANdate** to **impose stiffer measures** to get those **grubby *Gaelic* gimps** to **toe** any and all **lines** drawn on their **Emerald Isle** by their (not so new) **English Imperial Overlords**.

Reminiscent of ***Billy the Bastard's*** conduct unbecoming in **England's North Country**, **on site English administers** went predictably **batshit insane** in their wrath after another **drunken mick uprising** in ***Munster*** in **1582*.*** Which the **English** "pacified" with a **neo-*Norman* slaughter** and **scorched earth campaign** that would leave **30,000 *Irish* people *dead*** from **slaughter** or **starvation *regardless* of age**, **sex** or actual **culpability** in any **anti-English** activities.

As **odious** and **inhumanly cruel** that "**incident**" was, it is only ***one*** in a **long list** of **incidents**, **campaigns, Parliamentary Acts**, **Royal Acts**, ***En(g)closure movements,*** and **borderline holocausts *en(g)acted*** by **England** with the **intent** of **disabusing Ireland** of ***it's illusions of ever being truly free of manipulative English meddling***.

Oddly enough, the beginning of **English Imperial oppression** of **Ireland** had started with the same ***Billy the Bastard*** that **England's** second **Queen** was doing a fine impression of **400+ years later**. Consistent with **England's long** and **repeated** earlier history of **getting stomped by wave after wave of foreign invaders**, the **island of *territorial transference*** found that, all things considered, they **much** prefer the **iron boot of power better on their own foot** rather than their **neck**.

Entirely consistent with large groups of oppressed peoples who have been invaded and colonized by better armed and organized foreign assholes, NOT TO MENTION the ***inevitable behavioral repercussions*** of growing up in an **abusive**, **alcoholic family** consisting of **three redheaded step brothers** with early onset **alcohol abuse** issues (IE England, Scotland and Ireland) being improperly cared for ***(much less supervised by)*** a conspicuously **schizophrenic** mother (tongue) and ***various*** absentee (step)fathers ***who only seem to show up to smack the old lady and kids*** around in a **drunken rage** as if to show them ***he still cares so much that he needs a belt to properly show it,*** **Ireland's** unfortunate geographic proximity to and affinity (in being a **smaller** island) with **England** made **Ireland** the first obvious target for I**mperial Expansion *after* Scotland** and former ***French*** possessions in the Northwest of ***France***.

But **ultimately**, it appears that **England *viewed Ireland in much the same manner that England's former invaders viewed England.***

Various **English monarchs** and **upper echelon minions** might have said (and **thought**) that they wanted **Ireland** to be part of **England**, but ***nobody*** actually seemed to **want** to go there themselves to make that happen. It was an even more **squalid** and **dark island** with even **crappier weather** and even ***more* incomprehensibly inflected** and **chronically inebriated idiots** than **England proper** (per capita), which is ***no small feat in and of itself***.

So the **English colonization** and **control** of **Ireland** had correspondingly carried on in a **desultory** and generally **half assed** manner by their **second** (or **third** verging on **fourth**) rate team of ***on site administrators*** for hundreds of years, occasionally being punctuated by periodic **bloody crackdowns** when **local *eejits*** got **uppity**. This would continue for the **rest of 1500's** for oh, only ***a few hundred years more*** with varying (often **increasing**) levels of **Imperial Severity**.

As might imagine, with so many things going on in the space of (**less** than) a **single century**, there **might**, ***conceivably,*** have been **one** or **two significant language developments** in that **time**.

Chapter 10.4
Related **English** (and/or ***mental health)*** **developments** of **Tudor England**.

Like most **language developments**, those of this era first start off as **wide scale semantic responses** to **historical forces** at work, then ***eventually* ossify** into some kind of **grammatical convention** or ***other species of groupthink*** that ***itself*** becomes a **historical force** whose **effects** go largely **unnoticed** in the **hearts**, **minds** and **actions** of those ***afflected***.

In fact, there were so many language developments during this time that the present author is only ***totally not qualified*** to concuss **two** of them.

The first is best referred to as ***pretextual justification***. Regardless of whatever other term or phrase this semantic gambit is known by, it is, simply put, the practice of using **higher** "**principle**" to **justify questionable personal/national actions** that **may** or ***probably are*** directly **beneficial** to the ***pretextual justifier*** in question. This, obviously, had been going on

in **England** and elsewhere long before the **1500's**, but that century is when it was raised to a **high art** in England.

Mainly due to the brazenly **self serving** and **duplicitous** efforts of **good old *Hank*** to **not** just have ***his* cake** and **eat it**, but to **possess** and/or **occupy** just about ***every* single fucking cake**, **pie** and/or **muff *he*** could get ***his* filthy mitts on**.

When ***he*** wasn't **citing scriptural verse** to **justify** giving the **old battleaxe** (fill in the blank) the **heave ho**, ***he*** was **denying** the **validity** of the **very church *he*** was **raised in** based on obscure **theological points of contention** regarding how **symbolic** the **transubstantiation** of wine and wafer of Communion into the **blood** and **body** of **Christ** actually was (or was **not**).

When ***he*** wasn't using "**religious differences**" as a ***pretext*** to **imprison**, **exile** and/or **kill *his* domestic political enemies** (and/or **most trusted advisors**), it was probably because ***he*** was in the process of **invading** one or other of **England's** biggest **oscillating allies** based on ***dubious historical precedents*** that were **themselves** nothing more than **previous assertions** of **English territorial imperatives** that for a time had been **backed up** with enough ***(union)*** **jack booted thugs** on the ground to actually make **stick**...***temporarily***.

If **all** that **wasn't** enough to further the **high English artistry** of ***pretextual justification***, ***his* monarchy** was a proverbial **fun factory** of **religious** and **political mindfuckery**.

Throughout ***his* reign**, ***he*** was constantly directing various Privy Councils, Ecclesiastic Councils, Secret Councils, Parliamentary Inquiries and Other Legislative Bodies to **provide** the necessary **legal precedents** or **religious findings** (**chapter** and **verse**) as ***pretexts*** to **justify *his* majesty's** increasingly erratic **whims**.
WHICH included (but **isn't** limited to): **multiple divorces** and **re-marriages in direct opposition** to custom, precedent and **Papal directives**; the further **divorce** of the **Church of England** from the **Mother Church** back in ***Rome****:* the blatant **arrogation** of **regional religious authority** over everyone; the **seizure** of and/or **significant damage** to affected **Church properties**, **personnel** and **farm animals**; the **legal annexation** of ***Wales, Scotland*** and ***Ireland*** despite widespread **local resistance**; the varying methods of **oppression** and **persecution** of said localities to get the **local ijits in line**, AND ***initially*** found **legal justifications** in the **oldest annals** of **English Common Law** for **punitively** responding to ***En(g)closure Enthusiasts*** PRIOR to coming down ***o***n the side of the **En(g)titled landowners** and basically **letting them do whatever the fuck they wanted**.

And that's only when those same ***pretextual*** councils weren't **ganging up** on whichever of ***Hank's* closest advisors** everybody **liked** the **least** and **legislatively wolfpacking him** with as many **enquires**, **closed door hearings**, **forced depositions, false testimonies** by **bribed witnesses** further threatened with **grievous bodily harm** or ***death*** (and/or other official ***pretextual justification*** activities) as it took to schedule the **accused** with the **next available appointment** with **Mr. Jack Ketch** and/or ***Old Nick***.

Much of which was the inevitable ***trickle down effect*** of **Primate Dominance Tactics** that tend to be found in most to **all** upper primate hierarchal organizational structures.

Working off the **oft cited** and **not** fully inaccurate "**Pyramid**" organizational model, the **alpha** (and often **male**) at the **top** of the **tower of power** plays a **huge role** in the overall **quality**

(and/or ***duration)*** of the **lives** of those within **his/her** organizational structure (and/or **chart**). This happens as much through the **style** of the **Alpha's Authority Assertions** as it does with the **nature** of the **communicated directives**.

The **best demonstration** of this **trickle down effect** is the regrettable situation where the **boss**, **CEO** or (other) **Supervisory Penis In Charge** (**SPIC**) happens to be one of those unfortunate specimens of **motivational speakers** who thinks that **performance feedback** is **best communicated** with varying degrees of HIGH VOLUME speech more appropriate for SHOUTING ACROSS A FOOTBALL PITCH (British or American, you pick) on a WINDY DAY than a **professional office**.

These **alpha-holes** are frequently referred to by **lay-persons** (and/or **people**) as YELLERS and/or SCREAMERS and generally **suck** to work for or **under** just about ***anywhere*** in their own **personal hierarchal pyramid.**

Mainly because, like **shit**, ***"management styles"*** ALSO travel **downhill** with **increasing velocity** and **VOLUME** the further it **descends** the affected organizational chart.

With YELLERS, the more ***affected*** the **organization** is by the all too common **institutional confusion** of actual **administrative aptitude** being directly **predicated** on ***having a very loud voice*** and a ***modicum of assigned authority,*** the more ***affective*** it becomes as the **overall management style** of that particular **Pyramid** starts ***affecting*** the **middle** and **lower managers** in the affected hierarchy. These VOLUME (and/or ***fecal)*** effects tend to ***amplify*** the further **down** they **radiate** through the **affected hierarchal pyramid**.

One of the more common **American** (not to mention **British**) **mass media depictions** of this is the statistically likely scenario is found in just about any **cop show** (worth watching) where there is a **marked spike** in an already excessive **homicide rate** thanks to the **entrepreneurial efforts** of **one or more 38 caliber assholes** to the **electoral chagrin** of the local **mayor** who feels **compelled** to show ***due diligence*** by giving the **Police Commissioner** an **earful** about **what the fuck are we paying you union fucks double overtime for**?

Usually within **one** to **five minutes** of this initial **official brow beating**, the **commissioner** has his **deputy** on a **phone** with **two headsets** that are needed for the **double earful** he **receives** from his **immediate superior**. This **double earful** usually then turns into a **pile of shit** which is **dumped** in the **lap** of the **most senior operational** (and/or **homicide**) **officer** available who then **duly distributes** a **similar** if **not** ***larger pile*** to each of his **immediate subordinates**, who **pass it on** with **higher amplitude** and **cruder idiomatic imagery** to the **grunts** and **knuckledraggers** actually **out in the shit**.

If it's a **good cop show**, then they usually go on to **document** how the **thin blue line** takes **all that** into their **day to day** with even a **bigger hardon** (subtype: **impotent rage**) than usual, which **often** seems to **end up** with one or more (typically "**minority**" ***enhanced)*** individuals ending up on the **business** (and/or ***wrong)*** end of a **expertly welded truncheon**, **recently fired projectile weapon** or ***other substantiated police brutality beef,*** or otherwise seriously **hassled** by the **local beat cops**, making the **local hoods** even more **edgy** and **pissed off** than usual. Which OF COURSE lends itself to the ***increasingly felt impulse*** by (**too many**) previously affected individuals in the **low income free fire zone** to ***pack more heat than***

usual, and how that might, POSSIBLY, be a ***contributing factor*** to the **escalating homicide rate** that **started off** this whole **brownward spiral**

The **reason** all of that tends to be such **compelling** drama (when **done well** {IE by individuals **other** than the present author}) is because it's only a ***slightly*** **fictionalized account** of how things work in **real life**.

In the case of ***Hank, his*** "**management style**" wasn't so much that ***he*** was a **screamer** as much as ***he*** was a **unrelenting sociopath** and **doubled dyed bastard** whose **two** apparent **operational principles** as an **individual** were to **press any** and **all advantages** (manufactured or circumstantial) as **far** as ***he*** possibly could, and to do so with ***complete disregard*** for either **historical precedent** or **personal history** who is reputed to have YELLED quite a bit.

As evidenced by the **fates** of ***many*** of ***his*** **closest advisors**, ***Hank's*** **dastardly** and **duplicitous** ways had **rubbed off** on just about **everything** and **body** that ***he*** **touched**, like some sort of ***fecal*** **King** ***Midas*** (of ***Phrygia***). The favorite pastime of ***his*** various **councils**, **committees** and **greater court** was the **legislative bloodsport** of ***throwing each other under the bus*** based on whatever ***passing*** **temporal** or **religious** ***pretense*** presented itself.

Which typically consisted select members of **rivaling families** pressing **circumstantial religious advantage** and **manufactured hearsay** to **gainsay** any and all **opponents** in council, committee or court. Also popular was using ***allegations*** of **sexual** or **financial improprieties** to the same effect, **nevermind** that those alleged "**improprieties**" (to the extent they **may** have existed in the first place) were usually **not** that much worse than what was going on elsewhere in the **Royal** (and **Ecclesiastic**) **courts**, as often as not ***conducted by the accusers themselves***.

And this **wasn't** just happening in the **upper echelons** at **court**, ***all*** of the **religious reform** and **heated ecumenical debates** quickly ***stooped to new lows*** in the **public discourse**.

As always seems to happen with **religious maniacs**, the ***more fervent the feeling of the healing power of Jesus in the public speaker, the more likely their enlightened discourse tends to skew hammerlike in the presence of suggested alternative visions or differing liturgical approaches.***

And ***especially*** if those **heretical shits** claimed to be **fellow christians** of some kind.

ALL of this **festering animosity** between **multiple sects** of **militant crosstians** ***hell bent on lighting as many on the other side on FIRE as it took to get the rest to see the error of their ecclesiastic ways*** did exactly **jack shit** to **ease** an increasingly **displaced populace** composed of **progressive amounts of pissants** being **evicted** for **sheep** by the nearest **fucker** that **could afford** to build an **actual house** where **sheep shit** and **bundled twigs** ***weren't*** primary structural components.

The (**ubiquitous**) practice of ***Pretextual Justification*** in **England's political** and **religious arenas** led to a ***secondary semantic development*** that is ***(also)*** **still** an **ongoing** concern for **many** in **every English speaking country** on this (and/or other) **planet**(s).

In the event there was ***no historical semantic pretext*** for **officially fucking over** an **individual** (or **group thereof**) in their "**best**" **interests**, then **all the official asshole** has to do is ***make one up***.

Since credulous "**lower class**" **idiots** are much more **likely** to **swallow bullshit** they ***think*** they **don't** (or **can't**) understand, the **best accepted practice** for **official disenfranchisement** (of ***just about anyone)*** is to **articulate** the ***pretextual anti-personnel principle*** using **semantic elements** from one or more ***dead languages*** that **may** or **may** be one of the **ancestor tongues** your own **native language is based on**.

Hank (and subsequent **Tudor** and **other monarchs** {and/or **presidents**, **senators**, **congresspeople**, **mayors**, **state congresspeople** and **senators**, **PTA chairs**, **aldermen**, other **legislative bandits** and the odd **psychiatrist here** and **psychologist there**}) did this through the **judicious deployment** of various **neo-*latin*** words like ***praemunire***, ***primogeniture*** and the **like**, where **old** (or ***newly invented)*** **words** in ***dead languages*** are **used** to **impress** and **confuse** the **illiterate proles** before **fucking them over** for the **public** (or ***local noble's)*** **good**.

The thing to keep in mind about this particular **hegemonic shitshow**, is that, **like** most other **hegemonic shitshows**, ***nearly all of the official fucking with people was invariably initiated on a verbal level***.

Except for those **not** infrequent occasions were **unplanned shit hit the fan from an unanticipated direction**. In those cases, any **subsequent** (over or under) **reactions** are **justified after the fact** using whatever likely ***Prextextual Justifications*** presented themselves in the process. At least in those ***(not uncommon)*** instances where ***Pretextual Justifications*** were simply **manufactured out of thin air** and then **retroactively deployed** to the related incident/issue in question.

The author thinks it **moot** and/or **wise** to leave **it** to the present reader to **apply** this principle of ***Pretextual Justification*** to the ***stated aims*** of just about ***any*** **US military offensive** in the **last 70 years** and **see** how it **lines up** with the ***actual results*** that **may** have **resulted** from using ***an obviously criminal domestic terrorist incident*** with POSSIBLE **religious motives** committed by ***probable*** **religious maniacs** as a ***Pretextual Justification*** to **blow up** AND **forcibly invade** not just **one** but **two** (or **three**, ***or*** **two** {times **two**}) **countries filled** with **godful heathens**, NOT TO MENTION previous ***foreign adventures*** involving **slant eyed communists** and/or ***more*** **narcotics manufacturers** than the ***CIA can cut deals with*** to **import metric tons** of **pernicious powders** potentially using the **coffins** (or ***bodies)*** of **dead American soldiers** as a **shipment method**, the **journalistic documentation of which** is currently under **military gag order** FOR SOME REASON, which **may** or **may** not have something to with **previous directives** issued by the secret (COUNTER) **intelligence Committee for the Ongoing Oppresion of the american Negro** (**iCOON**) regarding the continuation of ***official sub-rosa oppression*** of **melanin enabled individuals** in **low income zip codes** by getting them ***hooked*** on some of the ***most addictive substances*** known to man then ***locking them up for that or for making the most of the diminished opportunities available to them*** AND in the process generally putting URBAN YOUTH on just the right **life path** to ***meaningfully contribute*** to that ever increasing ***homicide rate*** and subsequent ***(widely perceived)*** **need** for an even **BIGGER POLICE STATE**.

This concept of ***Pretextual Justification*** might **possibly** apply to ***other*** areas of the **modern American experience** that the **reader** is ALSO invited to **reflect upon** at **their** own leisure.

All of the ongoing conspiracy and comeuppance in the upper ranks and various **Reformative** and **Counter-Reformative awareness efforts**, social programs and **Royal Religious pogroms** of the **1500's** facilitated further ***widespread language effects*** that **may** or DEFINITELY ARE **afflicting** many **modern day English sufferers**...oops, I meant...speakers ***500 years later***. Just like the previously mentioned **major language development** of the **1500's**, this **other** one did **not** (**necessarily**) start in **England** in the **1500's**, but there is a **fair** to **middling chance** that it is **English** in **origin**.

Be that as it may, to the **extent** this other **language development** was **present** in **1500** (or **1517**), it was ***probably far worse in 1588*** (or **1603**, for that **matter**).

This other **language development** is clearly the result of a widely experienced ***cognitive dissonance*** rooted in the fundamental **conflict** BETWEEN the standard **English primate's genetically rooted behavioral impulses** as a **s**ocial creature (with a ***genetically predisposed*** {often ***chronic}*** **thirst** for **fermented beverages**) AND the **operant conditioning** they **suffered** from growing up **English** while living in a **Royal Religious Police State** where an **innocent slip of the tongue** could easily earn you a ***long drop at the end of a short walk***.

The **standard English primate** (if ***not*** otherwise aroused by **Religious Sentiment**, **Bloodlust**, or is suffering from an **acute impulse** to ***colonize*** **tan people's places of origin**, OR is **not** further suffering from ***GOLD*** **Fever** and ***doesn't*** **think** you are conspicuously ***Irish*** and/or ***Scottish*** enough to be **drunker than he** (or **she**) **is** and therefore an **easier mark** to **roll after pubtime** BUT has ***yet*** come to the {statistically likely} conclusion that **YES you are just another American asshole** with **no** sense of **tact** and **crap elocution**) is **often** a fairly **convivial** individual.

PROVIDED ***they think you are buying the next round*** and **you take great care** to make sure your ***back*** ISN'T conspicuously **facing them** for extended periods of time.

The well documented **English propensity** for ***alcohol assisted conviviality*** did NOT **combine well** with a **progressively prevailing** social climate of **religious *TERROR*** and **social unrest** where ***accidentally saying anything potentially controversial*** (or ***anything*** that could be **misinterpreted** as such from a **distance** and entirely out of context) could EASILY make you a **head shorter** and **none the wiser for it** since **you are dead** and **gone** and ***probably*** won't remember it the next time around due to **all the flashing lights** and **shiny things *distracting you*** from **paying actual attention** to **your internal** and **external surroundings** on a **regular basis**.

Being able to ***literally lose one's head*** for **saying** the **wrong thing** at the **wrong time** was just the kind of thing to **inspire** a certain amount o**f circumspection** in **most of affected** (and increasingly ***affective)*** **populations** that ***preferred*** to keep their **heads** on their respective **shoulders**.

This **environmental conditioning**, however, worked at ***cross purposes*** to the **genetically rooted behavioral impulses** that tend to go along with a being a fully ***hybridized*** **social**

climber with **serious impulse control issues** when it comes to **beer** and **more beer** and the attendant **beerligerant bellicosity** of **opinion** that tends to skew more **alcoholically authoritative** the **more verbally inclined** and/or ***in the bag*** the **offending** (and/or **offensive**) **speaker** (slash ***drinker)*** is.

Even though being ***counter-programmed*** by **operational conditioning** working ***against the grain*** of **genetically rooted behavioral inclinations** is something that ***most*** **historical** (and/or ***modern)*** **upper primates** have had to deal with, that **doesn't** make it any **easier** for OR **less damaging** to the **affected individual** (IE ***all of us).***

The **whole thing** is a ***right pisser*** that the **average Tudor English loser savant** dealt with in just about the only way **he** or **she** was **capable** of with their **tiny**, **brilliant** and **drunkenly deranged minds** that **may** or **may** not have **benefitted** from some **recent** (or **less** so) **serious head trauma** and/or **syphilis exposure** which **may** have been **contracted** from **fucking Spanish** and/or **Italian sailors** (or their **favorite whores** in port), or POSSIBLY just the same **English sheep** that **their forefathers** got their own **syphilis** from.

Despite the **social climate** of **great fear** and **spies** and **snitches** EVERYWHERE, **English people** (of the **1500's**, if not ***today)*** still desperately ***needed*** to **cover up** the ***horrible, shrieking silence*** of **mutual embarrassment** in being **upper primates** with **overly developed verbal skills** FORCED to ***meaningfully interact with each other*** in ways that does NOT involve conspicuous amounts of: ***bananas;*** **shrieking**; the **throwing of shit** or **other improvised missiles**; the **inspired evacuation upon one's betters** (or ***subordinates)*** from **varying heights**; **mutual masturbation** and/or **other** consensual (or ***not)*** **sex acts** of varying **severity** and (too often ***limited)*** **duration** POSSIBLY involving ***more*** than **2** (and/or ***three)*** **active participants** and **one squad** of ***(casual?)*** **observers** (on **average**).

What developed (by **accident**, and ***possibly*** during **Tudor England**) in response to these **deeply seated** (and ***largely ignored when not actively suppressed)*** NEEDS is the **Standard Introductory English Gambit** (**SIEG**)**.**

The **Standard Introductory English Gambit** (**SIEG**) is a ***three step process*** to **gloss over** the **terrible**, **gnawing void** that most people feel themselves **falling into** the minute they ***finally shut the fuck up*** while NOT being **subjected** to the ***petty niggling*** of **others** in the **immediate proximity**.

Der...WHOOPS...The **SIEG** is **by far** the ***single most effective*** method for **minimizing *silence*** in just about every conceivable social interaction situation NOT involving undue amounts of: **pointed sticks**, **edged weapons**, ***recently discharged firearms*** OR the **increasingly inventive** use of **ropes**, **chains**, **blindfolds**, **gags**, **rubber balls** and/or ***rubber ducks*** being **lovingly inserted** into **one** (or ***more)*** **orifices** that **might** make it **difficult** to speak (the ***safe word)*** clearly.

The **SIEG** usually proceeds as follows:

Phase 1: **Meet** and **Greet**. This is the standard **salutations** and **glad handing** consisting of **variations** of "**Hi, how ya' doin'?**". This **phase** usually features **multiple** (and ***frequently insincere*** yet often **convincing**) **inquiries** of the current ***neuro-metabolic status*** of the **greetee**, and/or ***the same*** regarding potentially **shared** (or ***not)*** **dependents**, **relatives**,

friends or **recent acquaintances** (or ***survivors)*** that NEITHER **greeting party** might actually give **one** or **two fucks about**.

If **both contractees** tend to **orbit** in **similar** or **adjacent social circles**, the **catching up** on the **status** of ***known associates*** can be **lengthy** and **potentially** take **one** or ***more*** **pints of time** to **fully accomplish**. **Not** that the **full battery** of **status updates** has to be fully completed prior moving on to ***phase 2,*** which **could** be said to be **interchangeable** with **phase 1** for **most** (**amiable**) **purposes**.

Phase 2: "**Talk**" **about the FUCKING WEATHER** (and/or the **outcomes of local sporting events**, and/or **TRAFFIC**). The **word** "**talk**" is presented in "**parenthesis**" because in MOST **English speaking climates *not named Hawaii,*** the word **talk** usually means ***bitch*** most of the time, meteorologically speaking. NOWHERE (other than ***Seattle*** and/or the ***interior USA above the 40th parallel*** {and **all** of ***Canada*** obviously}) does this hold more **true** than **merry old England**.

To be **fair**, they do have some cause for some **pissing and moaning** with the **crap weather** being what it is up in the **North Atlantic**, which **serves** as a generally **safe subject** to **broach** with just about **anybody*, anywhere***. Mostly because there IS ***sweet fuck all*** that **anybody** can do about the ***(fucking)*** **weather** other than ***survive*** and ***enjoy*** it.

Just like any **siblings growing up in one** (or ***more)*** **abusive** (and ***probably*** **alcoholic**) family situations can tell you, **being** at the ***(debatable)*** **mercy** of **one or more** seemingly **impersonal**, **implacable** and ***irrational*** **forces** of **nature** that are ***conspicuously much bigger than you*** in **conjunction** with ***just about anybody else trapped in same living hell*** can be a **real bonding experience**.

"**Talking**" (or, more likely, ***bitching)*** about the **weather**, TRAFFIC or the outcome of recent local sporting events is the **verbal extension** of this **Standard Upper Primate Bondage**...whoops, there's a **freudian tit**...DAMMIT, slip for you...**Bonding** (**SUPB**) **strategy**. It was also the ***most likely*** **option** in **England** as the ***other*** **standard primate bonding strategies** NOT involving **drunken violence** tend to **involve *significant*** amounts of **bananas** and/or ***group congress with multiple onlookers present.***

Only ***one of which*** occurs **naturally** on **English soil**, but not **necessarily** on the **first** date.

The **relevant** common factor between the **weather**, TRAFFIC, the outcome of local sporting events and being a ***small child with significantly larger parents in the habit of hitting the bottle when not hitting others smaller than them*** is that there **isn't** a **single fucking thing** you can do about **any** of these things either DURING or **after** the fact other than **bitch** or **not bitch** about them and/or **drown/inflame your subsequent sorrows one pint at a time** doing **either** of those OR simply ***alternating between both while doing the same.***

As there is precisely ***fuck all*** that anybody can do about **the weather** (or TRAFFIC, or the outcomes of local sporting events, OR ***suboptimal developmental experiences as a small child),*** that **makes *it*** the **most universally safe subject** of "**Polite**" **speech** among **all English speakers** who **aren't *(gratuitously idiotic)*** Environmental Revisionists or Climate Change Deniers. This was even more true **back then** than **now**, and ***it's pretty goddamned true right now.***

The ***one thing*** in **England** you could say in public ***safely*** at just about **any** point in **history** was (slash ***is)*** the period appropriate version of "**it's fucking raining again?**" OR ***"what's that big bright ball in that bigger blue thing where our sky used to be?"*** (as applicable).

On most days you **wouldn't** have to **worry** ***(too much)*** about either ***obvious question*** inspiring various: **friends**; **neighbors**; **unspecified onlookers**; **previously innocent bystanders**; **concerned mental health authorities**; **duly appointed snitches**; **deputized jack booted thugs operating under Royal License to Kill as they please**; OR ***other*** **concerned citizens** to **take offense** or ***press manufactured advantage*** by **dropping a dime** (and/or **anvil** or **sizable *lead*** or ***GOLD*** **ingot**) on you, **serve you incomprehensible** "**legal**" **papers** that (***they say)*** clearly indicate ***your ass is grass*** and the **subpenis serving the subpoena** is just the ***first*** of many **legal lawn mowers**, OR **if their blood is really up** just simply **running you through** on the **spot** you **bloody sod**.

Not having to worry about these and/or ***other*** **suboptimal outcomes** for being a ***blithering*** yet **high verbal idiot** makes **the weather** (**et al**) just about the **perfect subject** for ***polite*** (and ***usually*** **insincere**) **conversation** (and/or **small talk**).

A **properly trained English** (speaking) **idiot** can **combine** and **juxtapose SIEG phases 1** and **2** with each other **at will** and seemingly **string out** ANY ***pretextual*** **small talk** or **polite chatter** ***indefinitely*** to **avoid** the **perils** of **substantive discussions** regarding **potentially interesting** subjects. If they are **properly trained**, they won't **need** to **resort** to **entering phase 3** of the **SIEG**, but since they are **English** (speakers) they probably **won't** be able to help themselves from...

phase 3: ***Making uncharitable observations*** *and/or* ***characterizations*** *of* ***people who aren't present.*** After the **weather** (IE usually some species of ***shitty)*****,** the **one thing** that just about any **two** (or **more**) **English speakers CAN agree on** is the ***obvious idiocy of just about anyone*** (or **island** thereof) ***not immediately present*****.**

It **doesn't** matter if the person **not present** is ***George Fucking Washington*** or ***Jesus Fucking Christ Himself,*** through the miracle of 20/20 hindsight (which if you did not know is only **average** at best), ***our commonly separating language providentially provides each one of us just the right words to retroactively confirm our own petty preconceptions***.

Given the generally **small minded viciousness** of ***most*** **native English speakers** (present company excluded, ***of course),*** it is ***all too fucking easy*** to **pejoratively frame** the (often **rumored** and **rarely** directly observed) **experiences** and **decisions** of **others** from a **distance** and PROBABLY ***less*** than ideal vantage point.

In the event a speaker has no uncharitable direct observations of their own, ***freely offering*** the **alleged allegations** of **others** with **any number** of ADDITIONAL **caustic remarks**, **petty asides**, and/or **blithe comments** thrown in for **good measure** is an **all too common acceptable substitute** (Gee, **this all sounds incredibly familiar** for some reason).

In fact, the **intelligent backbiter** might even go on to ***frame*** **direct observations** as ***hearsay*** from **little birds on a grapevine** in order to **create** some sort of ***pre-emptive plausible deniability*** should word **leak back** to the **accused**, whose **singular incompetence** may or

PROBABLY HAS resulted **one or more *promotions*** to a **position** (or **two**) of **power** prior to the **hearing** of **pernicious gossip**.

Phase 3 is itself a **verbal/semantic extension** of a ***separate*** **upper primate coping mechanism** for those **dealing** with **self esteem issues**, either in the **form** of **too little** or **too much**, or just **oscillating** from one to the other thanks to **one** or ***more*** **polycyclic psychiatric** and/or **psychological** "**conditions**" ***(why are you all looking at me like that?)***.

Phase 3 also happens to be the **opening salvo** for one of the **more common *English conversational gambits*** that are best grouped under the **pithy** moniker: "**Height Enhancing Inferential Legwork**" (**HEIL**), wherein the **speaker** attempts to **stand tall** by figuratively **cutting others off at the knees** (and/or **shin kicking**) who are **not** present. In having **few** to NO **accomplishments** or **original ideas** of their own, the ***ubiquitously small minded*** frequently opt for **bettering themselves** in the **eyes** of **others** by ***verbally sniping others not present*** for any number of reasons, some of which were recently mentioned.

For ***(too)*** **many English speakers**, **middle managers**, **MBA recipients**, **frat boys corporate lawyers**, and various kinds of professional **right** and **left wing *stooges***, this is the **first, middle** and **last go-to option** in just about **any** discussion NOT involving the **fucking weather**.

The **high verbal English enthusiast** typically has little difficulty **integrating** all **three** of the **SEIG** ***(und...***SCHEISSE...and **HEIL**) **phases** together in any number of **inventive** and **subliminally insulting ways** to easily **confuse** just about ANY **right** (and/or ***not)*** **thinking American** for **hours** before they **realize** that ***cheeky git is making fun of them***.

Moreover, these **two** increasingly prevalent **English language developments** of the **1500's** worked in ***conjunction*** (and/or **hand** in **fist**) with the ***other*** ongoing **evolutionary semantic developments** that had **started** in **earlier periods**.

The ***progressive dumbing down*** of **modern English** into **simpler grammatical structures** while **absorbing** MORE **new words** than anybody could **shake an *En(g)closure Act*** at over the previous **thousand or so years** was NOT much **mitigated** by the presence of a ***significant minorities*** of: **courtly character assassins**; **not terribly insightful royal assholes** with **obvious** and **rampant impulse control issues**; **crosstian maniacs with any number ecclesiastic axes to grind** (and easy access to copious amounts of kindling, lamp oil and various kinds of assistive interrogative apparatus) ALL **scaring** the ***bejesus*** out of the **rest of the island** so **badly** that the ***only safe thing*** to is **give all appearances** of being a **genial** if **mendacious *idiot*** with **NO controversial** or **original** thoughts to speak of and ***maybe survive and see another day.***

Nevermind the **terrible cumulative effects** of the inevitable **internalization** that comes with ***pretending*** **to** be an **idiot** for ANY **length of time**, ***much less all of the time***.

The **trend** towards **increasing simplification** of **grammar** while ***exponentially*** **expanding** the **vocabulary** with all sort of **new words** DESIGNED (or just ***intended)*** to ***pretextually*** **fuck people over** could ONLY have the **overall effect** of **reducing** the **scope** and **magnitude** of the **day to day discourse** to ***only the most utterly predictable bullshit imaginable***.

With this **lamentable situation** was more or less in effect in varying degrees of **severity** in **most** (or just ***all)*** **English speaking locales** up until **recently** (historically speaking), this is **how** (and ***why)*** most **native English speakers** can **talk** at ***great*** **length** and give the **appearance** of being clever without ***actually saying a single fucking thing*** in the **process** that anyone didn't ALREADY know at the **beginning** of that "conversation".

According to **current estimates**, various kinds of (**semantically meaningless**) **SIEG HEIL semantic activities** account from somewhere between **92** to **98%** (or ***more)*** of **ALL verbal social interactions** between **English speaking upper primates**.

It is because of this **small fact** that ***most*** forms of **higher species** (which **may** or may **not** be limited to: ***gorillas***; **apes**; **other upper primates**; **dolphins**; **elephants**; **orca** {or **blue** or ***sperm}*** **whales**; **other cetaceans**; **brain eating amoebas**; ***{allegedly}*** **ascended masters**; **certain dogs**; **cats**; **ravens** and other ***corvids;*** **little green** {or ***grey}*** **men with big eyes**, **a slash from here to here** and **absolutely no nose to speak of** OR ***other*** **extra**{and/or **intra** or ***ultra}terrestrial*** **beings**) ARE strongly ***disinclined*** to **talk** to ***any of us*** since they already **know** that **approximately 98%** (on a **good day**) of **what** they are going to hear will consist of **meaningless drivel** or BITCHING about ***things we can't (or won't) do jack shit about****.*

These **twinned** (**English** speaking) **tendencies** towards ***ingratiating mendacity*** and ***non-stop whinging*** MIGHT have also played a **not insubstantial role** in the...

(4.11.14, 17:23ish)

Chapter 11

THE RISE OF THE AQUATIC LUNATICS

***English Empire Building,* Phase 2**:

Pirates, **Privateers** and the **development** of the
Private Corporation
(not to mention **Insurance**, **Investment** and
modern Banking) plus...

The Inverse Alchemy of Colonial English Mercantilism

PLUS,
some guy (and/or ***persons unknown)*** named ***Shakespeare***
and **King James' *Good Book***

the **1600's**
(and/or **1588**-**1688** {or **1702**} **After Jesus**)

Contrary *to the time period indicated above, the beginning of the* ***RISE OF THE AQUATIC LUNATICS*** *actually began about* ***10,000 years*** *earlier after the* ***dover land bridge*** *was covered by* ***rising sea levels*** *during* ***one*** *of this planet's many* ***climate changes****. As was mentioned in chapter 2 in the present stage of this device, the* ***loss*** *of the* ***land bridge*** *would act as a* ***semi-permeable immigration filter*** *for the next* ***few thousand years*** *that* ***screened out*** *those* ***not*** *half insane enough to attempt a* ***22 mile open water crossing*** *using* ***stone age technology****.* ***Immigration*** *into* ***England*** *presumably* ***tailed off a bit*** *until the* ***Romans*** *showed up, but those who did show up brought their immensely valuable* ***half insane genes*** *with them.*

In being ***sailors*** *(or more likely* ***drifters****,* ***rowers*** *or* ***strong swimmers*** *for the first few thousand years), it can be taken as a* ***given*** *that those* ***immigrant seamen*** *who* ***weren't*** *immediately* ***brained*** *upon (eng)landing by the* ***natives*** *upon landing on* ***England's friendly shores*** *presumably started* ***casting*** *their immensely valuable* ***half insane seed*** *about with* ***profligate abandon****.*

Though ***specific*** *targets for these* ***amphibious*** *(and frequently* ***nocturnal****)* ***emissions*** *were* ***optional****, they were* ***preferred*** *by most* ***amphibious assault units****. The* ***top 3 targets*** *on the* ***hit list*** *for most* ***amphibious*** *(****reproductive****)* ***assault units*** *landing in* ***England*** *were (in* ***no*** *particular order) one (or* ***more****)* ***orifice****(****s****)* *of local* ***English women****,* ***poofters*** *or* ***sheep*** *(and/or* ***groups*** *or* ***combinations*** *thereof).*

It has since been ***scientifically*** *confirmed that the* ***amphibious emission*** *of* ***ejective genetic material****(****s****)* *occurring in the* ***proper orifice*** *of at least* ***one*** *of those options can,* ***occasionally****, have the* ***long term effect*** *of one (and/or* ***more****)* ***half insane hybrid****(****s****)* *developing down the* ***road*** *who* ***might*** *be even* ***more*** *of an* ***emphatically insane idiot*** *than* ***both*** *of* ***their*** *(potentially* ***non-consensual*** *but definitely* ***alcoholic****)* ***parents*** *put (and/or SUBTRACTED, as* ***applicable****) together.*

*With **England** (allegedly) not having **much** in the way of a **historical reputation** (and/or the **current appearance**) of being an **island** filled with **half-breed sheep mongoloids** (**uhh...**), for the purposes of the following "discussion" we can **provisionally** scratch off at least **one** of those **preferred targets** as being a **viable** candidate for (**most**) **procreative purposes**. Of the **two** options that remain, the (**alleged**) sex of whichever one is **most likely** to **issue** future **half insane idiots** is **less** important than the simple fact that **either** option is (**presumably**) **human**, and therefore **somewhat** likely to produce **upper primate individuals** who are **not** (technically speaking, at least) **half-breed sheep mongoloids**.*

*The resulting (and predominately human) progeny of these **hybrid couplings** between imported **aquatic lunatics** and indigenous **pedestrian idiots** typically **grew up** to become **one** or the **other**.*

*Consistent with the long observed principle of **hybrid vigor**, these **half-breed twits** typically **grew up** to be **slightly less intelligent**, **half insane aquatic lunatics** OR **half insane pedestrian idiots** who were **too smart for their own good**.*

*Though current epidemiological studies have **yet** to reliably confirm the demographic distribution spread of affected hybrid progeny on a per generational basis, given the **fact** that **England** is a **fucking island** and therefore entirely **surrounded by water**, **one** can safely **conclude** that at least **some** of the **affected progeny** would **revert** to the **ways** of their **atavistically amphibious ancestors**.*

*Either way, this **minority hybrid population** would **continue** to be an **ongoing presence** that (for the first **few thousand years**) slowly but surely edged **England's** gene pool **away** from the **pre-Frankish pedestrian idiot norms** of their **esteemed predecessors** who had been **chased** over the **Dover land bridge** by **bigger** and **badder** and **slightly more organized bands** of **similarly inflected pedestrian idiots**.*

*This **minority hybrid group** was further **backstopped** in **England's gene pool** by the ongoing **importation** of **more aquatic lunatics** you can **throw a herring at.** As **nautical technology** improved over the **stone**, then **bronze**, **iron** and whatever **metal age** comes after that, what started off a **slow trickle** of **soggy, half drowned drifters** eventually **transmogrified** into **wave** after **wave** of **foreign amphibious assholes** (frequently from **France** thanks to it's **relative proximity**) that were coming **long before** the **Romans** showed up.*

*Like many **half insane people**, many to **most** of these **aquatic lunatics** (and/or **hybrid progeny**) were generally pretty **amiable** folks, especially in the presence of **one** or MORE recently **emptied** bottles. But get **one** of those **amiable bastards** in a **boat on open water** OR a **heated business negotiation** and the genial mask **comes off** and they suddenly transform into a **nautical genius with a steel trap mind who pinches pence so hard he** (or less frequently **she**) **leaves thumbprints**.*

*With **many** to **most** of these **affective individuals** preferring to be **off at sea** rather than **back home** in **dingy** and **dark England** for some strange reason (which we will be getting to shortly), during their trading travels, **early English traders** were **wont** to go on about how the **green** and **pleasant lands** back home (that they couldn't hardly **leave fast enough***

*every time they went back) were so **laden** with **sheep** and **tin** that they were **surprised** that the **island** hadn't YET **capsized** or **sunk from their combined weight**.*

*The more these **early English maritime traders** ran into **other** international **amphibious alcohol enthusiasts** and exchanged their **inevitable tall tales** over **many** and **more** recently **emptied** bottles, the further afield **England's reputation spread** as an **island** chock full of **dim witted**, **little hairy bastards** and **tin**. Oh, and let's not forget **sheep**.*

*With both **sheep** and **tin** displaying varying amounts of **water resistance**, the surplus of both made **England** a destination of sorts for **aquatic bargain hunters** looking to potentially **undercut** more centrally located markets, or were simply in the market for a **nice sweater**. This **reputation** (of sorts) led to **trading links** developing between **England** and all sorts of places as far as away as the **far side** of the **Mediterranean** well before the **Romans showed up**. In fact, it was the **Phoenicians** that gave **England** it's **first** (and/or third, but definitely **currently**) most widely accepted name...**Britain**. Which, **in Phoenician**, means "**land of tin**."*

*The ever **increasing** numbers of these **amicable**, **amphibious fuckers** (literally, hence their **rising** numbers) soon led to the eventual development of a **not** entirely moribund **maritime culture** that started picking up steam when **England** was absorbed into the **Roman hegemony**. By the time **Rome** withdrew from the **island**, this **thriving maritime culture** continued to be **vigorous** throughout the **Anglo-Saxon period**. Which was largely due to the **ongoing trade relationships** continuing between **franchise tribes** and their **continental mother organizations** or with previously **allied** (or federated) **tribes**.*

*This vigorous and thriving **pre-English** (but still **English**) maritime culture then got **it's ass handed back to it** before having it's **collective head bashed in** by the **Vikings**. Many of whom were **traders** themselves and tended to view the **local competition** with a **gimlet eye** before **lighting their boats**, **houses** and **pets on fire** to put them **out of business** and **increase** their own **market** "share".*

*As previously noted in Chapter 5 in the present stage of this device, the **Vikings'** tactical preference for **blitzkrieg raids by boat** after **landing within sight** of the **repeatedly annihilated fishing villages** they **destroyed** clearly displayed **England's need** for some sort of a **brown water** (and/or littoral) **navy**.*

*Early efforts in **England's nascent naval department** were initially hampered by **most** of the **people** with **open water** or **boat building experience** previously getting their **heads bashed in** by various Viking implements, OR just **seeing the same** done to others and then getting as **far away from water** as fast as humanly possible on the **island of no escape**.*

*Just when **England's nautical resistance movement** was just starting to get it's act together, the **Norman boot dropped** on **England's southeast shore** and proceed to **stomp** Northward, steamrolling the whole **island** with repeated **waves** of **foreign Norman Oppression** and related **indigenous English holocausts**.*

*The conduct of the **Norman oppressors** inspired many **inland individuals** to **flee** to the nearest available **shore**, **jump** in the **first boat** they saw and **sail away** to somewhere where*

*those **frog fucks** couldn't **kill their whole family**, **burn down the house** and **all surrounding fields** and then **salt** them right before the **fall harvest**.*

*This **social movement** was **not** overly impeded by the **much expanded** presence of **indigenous aquatic lunatics** thanks to the **innumerably ithyphallic** (and **occasionally** consensual) contributions the **on-site Vikings** made to **England's gene pool**.*

*Both of these factors in play led to the **perfect storm** of **England** becoming a **hot bed** of **nautical design** for **at least** the next **800 years**. The **early Norman stage** of this was mostly in the **commercial sector**: **larger craft** being built for **trade purposes** (most often with their **new imperial overlords** in **France**) and **smaller craft** being built for **fishing** and **smuggling** activities.*

*During the early part of this long term nautical Manhattan project, almost **all** of the **design** was intended for **commercial purposes**, and for the most part **underwritten** by **independent investors** for their own **import/export** businesses. Under the **Normans**, **England** wasn't actively at **WAR** (most of the time) AND **wasn't** going through one of it's colonial expansion phases at the expense of their neighbors (minus the **odd jaunt** up to **Scotland** or **daysail** over to **Ireland** to give them a good **colonial thumping**). Correspondingly, **England's Royal Navy** for a long time was mostly an **ad hoc aquatic militia** of **commercial ships** being **impressed** (or less archaically, **pressed**) into **Royal Service** as **needs must**.*

*Which was why it **sucked** to be a **private cargo ship owner** for a long time in **England**. Your **king** could **commandeer your craft** WITHOUT **issuing monetary compensation** for the **loss of business**, or the **wear** and **tear** from a **commercial craft** being used for **military purposes**, OR even the **eventual sinking of the ship** in the course of **pressing dubious military objectives** with **negligible benefits** to the **actual boat owner** even if the **English** happened to **succeed** in their **foreign adventure**.*

*In those **odd cases** where the **naval campaign du jour** was actually successful, then **maybe** the **craft owner** MIGHT see some sort of **compensation** or **official consideration** for their **involuntary contribution** to the **WAR effort**. If that **wasn't** the case, well, the **one thing** you could always be **thankful for** in being an **upper class import/export enthusiast** was NOT being **on** any of your **ships** that were **lost at sea** or **burned to the hull** in a foreign harbor.*

*This was more or less the state of **England's Royal Navy** up until the **reign** of the previous chapter's **primary protagonist** (of sorts), **Henry** the **VIIIth.** After a bit of ramp up in **England's Naval Industrial Complex** during the **100** (plus **seventeen**) **Years** **WAR**, **Hank** went and **bankrupted** the country (again) by **tripling** the size of **England's Royal Navy** (from 15 ships of the line to **45** by the end of **his** reign) and **heavily investing** in a **naval support infrastructure** capable of repairing, improving and building new ships of the line. **Hank** is also reported to be the **big brain** that thought of mounting **larger cannons** in even **bigger ships**, which turned out to be the biggest **game changer** in the history of **Naval Combat**.*

*Up to that point, there were basically **two** kinds of **Naval Engagements**. The **first** and **most** popular was the standard **amphibious landing** of varying amounts of **pedestrian idiots** and **equestrian assholes** (and related **logistical support units**).*

*The **second** was the **not** quite as popular but still pretty common **swashbuckling situation** of **Boarding** (or just **ramming**) a **hostile ship** with the **intent** to **capture it** without (hopefully) **sinking it** in the process.*

*Of the two, the **latter** is generally considered by most **nautical enthusiasts** to be the vastly **more dangerous**. Except in those **rare** cases of **disembarking** on a **beach infested** by **heavily armed** and **organized Nazis** and/or **Nips**.*

*The addition of **big ass guns** to **bigger ass ships** led to a **third** option for unfriendly aquatic interactions: **pull up along side an enemy ship** THEN **blow the holy hell out it** until it **sinks**, or **surrenders** (then **sinks**, probably). No matter how visually impressive this may appear in fiction films, aside from **scale** and **mode** of transportation, it is **not** substantially different or **any more noble** than the all too common **American ghetto tactic** of the **proverbial Drive By Shooting**.*

*This **minor** technological development of building **bigger ships** with **bigger guns** greatly **upped the ante** of subsequent interactions on the high seas for all amphibious European powers of the time, which **mostly** consisted of **France**, the **Netherlands**, **Portugal**, **England** and, of course, the **dreaded Spanish** and their **fearsome Armada**.*

***England's** once friendly relations with **Spain** during the reign of **Bloody Mary** took a decided turn for the **worse** during **Elizabeth's** reign. Most of that had to with typically byzantine **continental politics** involving the **military offensives** of at least **three** (or **five**) other **countries** that would take **god knows how many pages** to describe **inaccurately**, but some of the **mutual antipathy** came from the **entrepreneurial actions** of certain elements within **England's Private/Public Partnership** for **total blue water domination** of the **entire fucking planet**.*

*It was under **Elizabeth's reign** that the **throne** actually **wised up** a bit in how it **commandeered private ships** for **public use** from **entitled owners** who would get a bit **snippy** after their ships had been **hijacked** for **official use** (only) and maybe **join** (or **support**) one (or **more**) **conspiracy**(/-**ies**) being **organized** by one (or **more**) individual(**s**) in one (or **more**) **cadet branch**(**es**) of the **royal family tree**.*

*The conceptual breakthrough that **Elizabeth** had in regards to **impressed underlings** that either **eluded** or was just otherwise **unthinkable** to **her male predecessors** on the **throne** was to **cut in** her aquatic minions to a **sizable percentage** of **booty acquired by force**, or **threat** thereof.*

*This was a stroke of administrative genius by **Queen Elizabeth** (and/or **her trusted advisors**). By **cutting** the **owner** (and to a lesser extent **captain** and **crew**) **in** on the **profits** rather than just keep **everything** for the **crown**, **her highness** actively **incentivized her aquatic minions** to take **initiative** and actively **pursue** nautical targets, occasionally **irrespective** of whether or **not** the **nautical victim** in **question** was **flying the flag** of **one***

*(or **more**) **country**(-ies) that **England** happened to be at* **WAR** *with at the time of **boarding** and **subsequent seizure** on behalf of the **English Crown**.*

*This may or **may not** have combined well with the almost **complete lack** of **official oversight** regarding the **actions** of **captains** of **ships of*** **WAR** *when out on the **high seas**. Except when they were part of a **naval group** and subject to **observation** by **other captains** as well as the **local fleet commander** who **may** or **may** not be a of a **similar** mind.*

*Mirroring the close relationship that **excess** often has with **success** after it happens, the **seeking of success often leads to it's own excesses** as more than one **Spanish** ship, frigate or port of call found out to their **sinking dismay** at the **hands** and **black powder arms** of multiple **public/private partnership English entrepreneurs** who had been issued **Letters de Marque** by **her majesty**.*

*Having several ports of call **shelled**, **sacked** and/or **burned** while having **ship** after **ship** of **blood spattered, Aztec GOD SHIT seized** or **sunk** by **Royally Appointed English Pirates** was already **royally pissing off Imperial Spain** well before **Queen Elizabeth** decided to get **too tricky by half** by getting England **half in bed** with the **Dutch** in the early part of their **80 year*** **WAR** *of **independence** from **Spain**.*

*Their **half hearted support** of the **Dutch** wound up with the **on site military administrator** getting **thrown under a dutch bus** (and his troops **half** {or **more**} **starving to death**) in order to NOT give the **impression** of giving **too much support** to the **Dutch.** But to little effect as **England's Dutch Fiasco** turned out to be the **last straw** for an **Imperial Spain** that **declared*** **WAR** *on **England** because of those shenanigans.*

*Little did **Spain** know (and/or **appreciate**) that starting early in the decade before that naval fracas, **England** had been making some serious headway in the **escalating nautical arms race** with the construction of the fabled (and/or **dreaded**) **HMS Dreadnought** in **1573**, plus subsequent **ships** in a similar style. These newer **fully rigged ships** with **multiple masts** could carry **more sail** and had **improved lines** to **reduce hydraulic drag** which almost **doubled** their **overall maneuverability**. In practical terms these **new ships** could carry **more** and **bigger guns** than their **competition** while **sailing circles** around those **pinche pendejos***

*Had **Spain** known then what it found out soon afterwords, they **might** have thought better of **massing** their fearsome **Armada** off the **south coast** of **England** in anticipation of **invading England** and **removing Her Highness** from the **throne** to **prevent** future **English meddling** in their* **WAR** ***with the Dutch**.*

*The **Spanish** had **twice the firepower**, but distributed in about **half** of the **ships** that the **English** had on hand. **Spain** also had a **100 year track record** of **kicking ass at Sea** and **30 year old ships of the line**, and thought in each case that the **former would make up for the latter**.*

*In **military terms**, this turned out to be a **slight miscalculation...***

JULY 19th, 1588. The **Spanish Armada's 130 ships** were first **sighted** just offshore of **Cornwall** not too long after **word** had just reached **England** about **30,000 Spanish troops**

gathering in the **Spanish Netherlands** with the **intent** of **invading England** and **deposing** the **queen**, one way or another. The **Spanish offensive** also included a **diversionary** naval attack of **Scotland** to attempt and **divide English Naval forces**.

Inauspiciously for **England**, their own **southern fleet** of **200 ships** had been **assembled** over in **Plymouth** and **waylaid** in **port** by the **incoming tide** and were **short** on **victuals**, **powder** and **shot** (IE **ammo**). That the **Spanish Armada *didn't*** use their vastly superior number of ships and advantageous tidal conditions to immediately **blockade Plymouth harbor** and send the **bulk** of **England's Royal Navy** to a **fiery end** in a **watery grave** says **a lot** about the **kwality** off the ***on-site* Spanish military *leadership*** and **wisdom** (or ***lack thereof)*** of the **standing engagement orders** their **Admiral** had previously received from **King *Philip* II** (of **Spain**).

For all of **England's** historical crowing about the glorious victory of the **English fleet** over the hulking nautical beast of the **Spanish Armada**, the **fact** is that the **English** "**victory**" had ***less*** to do with their **superior seamanship** and **technology** than it did with **Spain** suffering from **disadvantageous weather**, typical **administrative nepotism** and the all too common political-leadership sin of ***military micromanagement.***

The **Spanish Armada's *on site military commander*** for their mostly **maritime** offensive was a **high born courtier** with **some** previous administrative and **soldierly** experience but ***nada*** in the way of **administering aquatic assaults** or **amphibious invasions**. Much less doing ***both*** at the same time.

Those latter **deficiencies** are kind of a big deal in that being an adept **equestrian asshole** with a **stellar track record** of **shooting down** or **chopping up *pedestrian idiots*** from a **high horse** does **sod all** for preparing anyone for ***administrating*** a **three phase naval attack** and **amphibious invasion** of an **island** with a notable historical tendency to spend it's little free time NOT **invading it's neighbors *conducting*** one (or **more**) **uprisings**, **rebellions**, **revolts** and/or **civil *WARS*** against ***itself.***

It is **not** fair or accurate to call administrating armed offensives on land **easy**, but it is **fair** and **accurate** to call them **significantly easier** than ***doing the same on water.*** A **good naval commander** has to constantly worry about things like: **the wind**; **the weather**; what's **happening under the waves** if they are in **littoral waters**; how **close his ship is to sinking** at **any given time** due to **crew negligence**; **how soon** his **ship** is going to **run out of food**, **fresh water**, **powder**, **shot** or (**god forbid**) ***liquor;*** and **how long** the **captain has** until the **inevitable mutiny** in the latter instance.

An **army commander** on the **ground** does have quite a few **logistical** and **supply concerns** to **occupy his** (historically **male**) **attention**, but usually those **concerns** do **not** (often) include having to worry about **beaching his command** on **unmarked shoals** and **sinking** to a **watery demise**.

Despite **his nautical *inexperience,*** the **Spanish Duke of Medina** was strategically savvy enough to want to take advantage of fortuitous circumstances and send his ***Armada*** in on the **incoming tide** that had **trapped** the bulk of the **English fleet** in **Plymouth harbor**. Yet his naval command was further **gimped** by **standing orders** to **stick with the grandiose plans**

that **King *Philip's*** egghead **tactical geniuses** had **whipped up** back home on **dry land** in **Spain**.

Consistent with the widely documented **traditional Spanish predispostions** for **bravado**, **glorious gesture** and just a wee bit of **machismo**, **Spain's military** (and **royal**) operational planning committee(s) had come up with a ***Quixotic* plan** to **tilt** at **multiple English windmills** in a **coordinated multiphase amphibious assault** that somehow ***neglected*** to allow for ***little things*** like possible **disadvantageous weather** and their own **fighting ship's tactical *superiority*** in **close quarters naval engagements** (IE, the Broadside and Board method).

Of course it is probably just as accurate if not ***more*** to characterize the **planning clusterfuck** on the **Spanish side** as being LESS about **traditional Spanish cultural idiosyncrasies** (which **may** or **may** not be **partially attributable** to certain **neuro-linguistic effects native** to the **Spanish language**) as much as the **Spanish Royalty succumbing** to a classic case of ***REMF syndrome***.

REMF syndrome is an **institutional affective disorder** that **is** and has been **present** to some small or **greater** degree in just about **every military organization** on the **planet** for as long as they have **existed as such**. Even worse, ***it is not strictly limited to just military services***.

Despite it's **pan-military** (slash ***business*** and ***governmental)*** **ubiquity**, the **severity** of ***it's*** manifestation within a **military organization** seems to be ***directly proportional*** to some **combination** of the **size** of the **affected organization** and the **relative success** of it's **recent track record**.

Like ***GOLD fever*** and ***Religious Mania, REMF syndrome's*** various **causes**, **symptoms** and **effective treatment strategies** are simply **too complex** and **varied** to be **accurately** described in a **single** sentence or paragraph. For present purposes, speaking in the broadest terms the general progression and manifestation of ***REMF syndrome*** mostly consists of a **political leadership** thinking that **big armies** work best with **big plans** that **senior military representatives** are **all too willing** to **slap together** thanks to **many** of them ***NOT*** being **proper soldiers** but **upwardly mobile *officers*** whose **current position** is ***less predicated on actual success in the field*** as much as it was (or ***is)*** to effectively ***delegating*** their **prior professional failures** to **previous subordinates** or **rival officers** who were just trying to do their job.

Unfortunately for just about **everybody** else ***lower*** in their **chain of command**, these **tactical anglers** tend to view **upcoming major military offensives** more as a ***promotional opportunity*** for their own "careers" than a major military operation of critical national interest. The **overweening desire** for **upward mobility** of these ***Rear Echelon MotherFuckers*** is most often **manifested** through the creation of **grandiose plans** to ***shock*** and ***awe*** their **superiors** (who **may** or may not be **tactical anglers** themselves) into putting another **star on their shoulder**, **giving** them an **even funnier hat** or just having a **feather inserted therein** for the next **flag review**.

The common characteristic of these **grandiose plans** share is that they invariably ***lack*** the **elegant simplicity** of plans created by people with **actual combat experience**.

This is **why** most **grandiose military plans** start **going to shit** well ***before* first contact** with **enemy forces**. The **effective tactical angler** typically has a pretty **high success rate** of ***avoiding* accountability** in the subsequent **after-action administrative shitstorm** by adroitly ***deflecting*** all **justified shit *away*** from their person. Usually by **suggestion** and/or **accusation** of **incompetence** in **operational underlings** in their **imperfect execution** (and/or **on-site adjustment**) of **previously laid** grandiose plans that somehow **never** quite seem to **allow** for little things like **weather**, **logistics** or the ***possibility*** of **intelligent enemy action**.

As far as the present author can tell, by **1588** the **Spanish Planning Committee** for their **Armada** was **deep in the throes** of a **severe REMF episode**, probably in part **due** to their **country** spending the last ***century* looting new world *GOLD*** with abandon while **killing it's natives** with **impunity** and keeping **the punters at home *in line*** with their **incendiary *Inquisition***. Having an **insufferably large** military and a political leadership that was virtually **uncontested** on **all fronts** (except for the **Dutch** trying **liberate** their **soggy lands** from ***Spanish* rule**) were NOT the kinds of things to **mitigate** the the ***emotionally empowering institutional effects*** of their ***previous century*** of being a ***1st world superpower.***

The pernicious effect of all this is **clearly** evident in their **master plan**. Which was, in two words or less, **moderately fucked**. It was **too big**, had **too many moving parts**, and was NOT a **sneak attack**, and ***all by design.***

Those **30,000 heavily armed pedestrian idiots** referred to earlier had been **front loaded** in **Spanish Netherlands** in anticipation of a **rapid neutralization** of defending English naval forces which was to be followed by **sailing** the **Spanish Army straight up the Queen's bunghole** after a short jaunt up the **Thames**. The **English** would, OF COURSE, be totally **surprised** by a **hundred and thirty ships** dropping off **30,000 Spanish conquistadors** in **London** thanks to a **small diversionary feint** up in **Scotland**.

Right. It wasn't **as if** the ***French*** hadn't had a long history of **staging diversionary feints** in **Scotland** and **Ireland** in repeated attempts to **divide English forces** and **attention** during a series of **trans-channel shin kicking operations** that started with the ***Norman* conquest**, ***500 years earlier***. Perhaps the **Spanish geniuses** in charge of their **aquatic fustercluck** were working off the **assumption** that **England's long history** of being **invaded by large groups** of **continental assholes** made them **easy meat**.

If that is at all accurate, what that train of thought **neglects** to take in consideration is that **practice makes perfect** and that the **last group** to **invade England** successfully were the **Normans *five hundred years*** earlier. More recent ***French*** attempts **hadn't** faired nearly so well as the **English** got **better** at **repelling** inbound invasions those **off times** they weren't **invading *France*** (and/or **Scotland** or **Ireland**).

Or just **as likely** was the simple fact that the **famously hot Spanish blood** was **still up** after **suffering** from a **series** of increasingly intensive **English pirate**...whoops, **privateer attacks** on **New World Spanish Possessions** and **domestic ports**. The most **recent** being the raid **Sir Francis Drake** conducted on the **Spanish port of *Cadiz*** in **1587** where he **burned** at least **30 Spanish ships** that would have been part of their **Armada**. But even if the **Spanish**

would have had those extra ships, it **wouldn't** have made lick of difference for the **Armada** had they **kept** with the **same overall plan** and **timetable**.

In NOT boxing in the southern **English fleet** in **Plymouth Harbor** due to **Spanish Royal directives**, the **English Fleet sailed** just as soon as the tide turned. What followed was **several** days of **cat** and **mouse engagements** in the **English Channel** where **both naval groups** were jockeying for advantageous **windward** position against opposing forces.

Thanks to the advantageous design of their newer ships, the **English Fleet** was able to use their **better maneuverability** and **longer ranged cannons** to good effect and were able to **prevent** the **Spanish** from establishing a **beach head** by keeping them **out** of any **safe English harbor** of sufficient magnitude to **land 30,000 heavily armed pedestrian idiotas** and their **equestrian pendejo officers**.

The **English port denial operations** culminated with a **fireship attack** on the **main Spanish fleet** on **7.28.1588**, where **Drake** and others set **8** of their ***own* ships** on FIRE after **rigging them up** with **lots of pitch**, **tar**, **brimstone** and a little **gunpowder**, pointing it in the right direction and setting the sails just before **ignition** and **abandoning ship**. Though these **pyroclastic nautical offerings** to the gods of the deep ***didn't*** do much actual damage on **Spanish assets in theater**, they did have the effect of **scattering** the **Armada**, which had the further effect of **changing** an **attacking, organized Naval force** into a **bunch a big ass boats** on the **run** and **well leeward** (IE, *downwind*, and difficult to **sail into**) of their objective at **Dunkirk**, where the **Spanish Duke of Parma** was (**not** so patiently) waiting with his **army**.

The **other** thing that the **Spanish eggheads** back home on **dry land** didn't figure on was the **shallows** their **Armada** would have to sail through surrounding **Dunkirk**. The ***other* other** thing that they conveniently **forgot** to take into consideration is that these **shallows** were **infested** with **Dutch flyboats** that were **designed** to work in **shallow waters** and could **sail circles** around those ***chingada pendejos*** in their **big ass boats**. In the **shallows**, the **Spanish ships** had **no hope**.

This led to the **first** and ***only* Naval Engagement** of consequence in the whole fabled **Spanish Armada fiasco**. Just off the **North coast** of ***France,*** the **English** were able to put their **better guns** and **windward** position to good advantage at the **Battle of Gravelines** and **sunk** or **disabled** a grand total of ***5 Spanish ships,*** which **cut down** the **dreaded Spanish Armada** to a measly **123 ships**. But they were **123 ships** on the **leeward** end of the **English Channel**, and **couldn't** contest against the better **English** cannons **without** getting their ships shot out from underneath them in the process.

Even if the **Armada** had been able to reach their objective at **Dunkirk**, they would have found out that their **land forces** were in even **worse** shape. The **Spanish pedestrian idiots** that were staged there had already been reduced from **30,000** to ***16,000*** well ***before*** boarding a **single fucking ship** thanks to the usual **camp maladies**, in part being **lovingly distributed** by all the **camp ladies**. Even more, had that **sorry lot** made it across the **Channel** (they **didn't**), they would have **likely** been thoroughly **stomped** by the **55,000 strong militia** the **English** had mustered.

After **Gravelines**, the **Spanish Armada** was ***no longer a proper Armada.*** Denied access to the **English channel** by the **English fleet** and facing **unfavorable winds** (for the **Spanish**,

at least), those **123 ships** had to **flee North** to get back home to **Spain via** the long way. Those scattered remnants sailed around **Scotland** only to get **hammered** by **strong storms** with **Westerly winds** and were **blown straight into** various parts of **Scotland** and **Ireland**, both of which are **not** widely known for their **abundance** of **luxurious sandy beaches**.

In fact, the one **common factor** that the **beaches** of the **Scottish** and **Irish Rivieras** are **known for** is their **general abundance** of **all kinds of rocks**, many of which in the late **summer** and **early fall** of **1588** were **decorated** with the **smashed wrecks** of roughly ***half*** the **Spanish Armada**.

All said and done, only **67** of the **original 130 ships** that left **Spain** returned and **one** of their **bigger land armies** had been also **reduced** to **half strength** thanks to the **usual camp maladies** that tend to thrive in **crowded military camps** with **insufficient waste disposal facilities**. This ***wasn't*** just a **minor setback** to the whole **colonial Spanish operation**, it was the first **serious blow** to the **long ascendant Spanish Empire** that would **continue** to hold **New World possessions** up until getting **kicked out of Cuba** (and the **Philippines**) in the **early 1900's** by ***colonial*** **American forces**.

As seems to be entirely typical of the **English** (historically speaking), ***as well as other countries*** that **also** share **English** as their official language, their **debatedly** decisive "**victory**" over the **poorly planned Spanish invasion** went ***straight to their fucking heads***

Consistent with the **en**(**g**)**lightened** and ever present **English principle** of **kicking those who are down** (and then ***shitting all over them*** if possible), the **operational planning eggheads** back in **London** began **planning** an ***English Armada*** assault on **Spain** proper as soon as **word came back** that the **Spanish Armada** had been **forced out** of the **Channel**.

Unfortunately for **England**, their **senior naval command**, **senior royal advisors** and **operational planning committee** were all contending with a **severe episode** of **rapid onset** ***REMF syndrome*** that was **equal to** if not ***greater*** than what the **Spanish suffered** in the ramp up to their own **aquatic clusterfuck**.

The following year the **English Armada** launched with **Sir Francis Drake** at the **helm** as **Fleet Admiral** and **sailed for Lisbon** (in **Portugal**) with the hopes of "**liberating**" it from **Spain** and **inspiring Portugal** to **revolt** against the **occupation rule** of a much **bigger neighbor** that happened to have a **much larger** and **better organized military** than just about **any** other nation in **Europe** at the time.

As it turns out, this **also** happened to be a **slight miscalculation** that **only** cost **England** ***40*** of the **roughly 66 ships** they sent out AND **11** to **15 thousand men** thanks to combat casualties, drowning or diseases like dysentery and typhus.

Thanks to the **latter**, there was further **significant collateral damage** in the **English port towns** where the **remnants** of the **English Armada** returned after their **shellacking** by the **Spanish** and **spread** their various (often ***venereal)*** **diseases** just like **sailors** ***always do when they come into port.*** Similar to the **Spanish plan** for their **Armada**, the **English plan** had been **too big**, had **too many moving parts**, and **wasn't** a **sneak attack**, and mostly by **design**.

As one might expect with such a **catastrophic loss of life** and **ships**, the whole ordeal was a **catastrophically expensive failure** that in one stroke virtually ***reversed*** ALL of **Queen *Elizabeth's* economic progress** in **rebuilding England's finances** after the **terribly expensive** (slash ***inept)*** rule of ***her*** father, ***Hank* 8**. Almost **30 years** of work **pissed away** on yet another ill considered (**English**) **foreign military adventure** of **debatable** strategic benefit to **England** even had it been **successful**.

The **economic collateral damage** of **England's** (**first**) **aquatic clusterfuck** wasn't just borne by **Queen** and ***her* Exchequer**, the **English Armada** ***(fiasco)*** was the **result** of a **public-private partnership** between the **Crown**, **the Dutch** and some **upper class investors** organized in a **consortium** that was known at the time as a ***joint stock company***.

NOT entirely **dissimilar** to **best accepted practice** of **intra-ship booty distribution** on the various **pirate** and **privateer ships** carrying **one** or ***other* English Flags** and/or **Royal Charters**, a ***joint stock company*** works off of a **similar** principle of the ***proportional distribution of profits***.

The main difference being "**seniority**" in the **distribution of profits** arrangement of a **joint stock company** is ***directly proportional*** to the ***amount* invested** within said company in the form of **purchased stocks**. On a typical **pirate** (or **privateer**) **ship**, **booty distribution** is largely determined by **rank** and **time served**, but only **after** the ***principles*** who actually **own the ship** take their **typically huge** cut and **distribute that** amongst themselves in their own ***joint stock company***.

Since this particular **public-private partnership** did NOT involve the **building** of a publicly funded sports stadium for a privately owned team that gets to keep most to all the profits while the city/state is on the hook for paying for the damn thing and ongoing maintenance, the **English Armada fiasco** was **deemed** in most circles to be a **damnably expensive *failure*** for just about **everybody** involved, minus the **Spanish**.

So much so that it had the proverbial **neuro-economic effect** of "**shaking**" the "**confidence**" of **affected** and/or **likely investors** who were **not** overly inclined to get further involved in such **outlandish shenanigans**. Well, in **Europe** at least. It would be another **12 years** before the **Crown** would get **seriously** involved in such a large **foreign investment opportunity**, but definitely **not** with the **Dutch** again after they (wisely) **neglected** to meet their **Naval commitments** in the last ***investment* fiasco**.

In the interim, the the (**not so**) **Great European Naval Exploration** and ***COLONization* race** was just starting to hit full swing with all the recent nautical design advances that made **certain death *slightly less inevitable*** while **traversing long distances** over open water.

With just a bit of **luck** and some **favorable conditions**, ***most* ships** designed to **sail across oceans** could be **counted on** to **return** to their home port at least ***some*** of the time. This happened ***infrequently*** enough to **significantly** (and/or exponentially) ***increase*** the (perceived) ***value*** of the **goods** they returned with that were already **deemed** to be **highly valuable** before further **economic enhancement** related to the **weather related misfortunes** of **competitors** in their **cargo cult**.

This ***neuro-economic social phenomena*** has been ***conveniently*** **misnamed** by **establishment economic revisionists** with the ***misnomer*** "**supply and demand**", where **market forces** of **availability** and **demand** meet and ***conspire*** to make an **average price** or **going rate** for a **product** or **service**.

Though the **supply** and **demand** principle IS present in most to all economies of scale in some form or another, in reality this **principle** ONLY **applies** to those **sectors** of the **economy** where there are ***multiple*** and ***independent*** options, suppliers, providers, and/or products to choose from.

In the ***other*** sectors of the **economy** that are **dominated** by **one economic entity** with some kind of ***monopoly*** over a **highly sought** (and/or ***mandatory*** and/or ***integral*** to **human *health*** and **well being**) product, good or service, the **supply** and **demand** principle takes it's **pleasantly ingratiating mask** OFF and shows it's **true face** as the largely unstated ***supply and command*** principle that **guides** just about EVERY **for-profit economic operation of scale** going back a bit further than the **founding** of **English East India Company** in **1600**.

In fact, calling ***it*** a **principle** is itself a misnomer that gives the **whole sordid business** much more **dignity** than it is **properly due**. It is much more **accurate** to refer to it as a ***two stage corporate-genetic directive*** with **serious behavioral implications** that are entirely **consistent** with the ***brutally darwinian*** **red claw** and **tooth** (or in this case ***tusk)*** **crowd** that **one** tends to **encounter** in **most African savannahs** (and/or **polar ice caps**) AND **modern corporate boardrooms**.

This ***killer (boardroom) instinct,*** no matter **how hostile the takeover** or **how politely phrased it is**, always breaks down to **two overarching goals** that will **inform** just about EVERY **decision** or **action** of any **economic entity of scale**. Just like long reinforced **genetic predispostions** tend to ***intimately inform*** the **behavioral inclinations** of **large predators**. These two goals **are**:

1. **Corner the market** like the **prey it** (OBVIOUSLY) **is** by any means necessary (that the **acting CEO thinks he** or **she *can get away with).*** IF successful (**not** always a given in either case), then it's practically **impossible** to not **immediately** start working towards goal #2...

2. GOUGE THE LIVING HELL OUT OF IT with**out** undo (or ***any)*** **regard** for the ***market's*** **rapidly diminishing health** and **well being *due to*** the **successful monopoly's** own **reprehensible** and incredibly ***short sighted actions.***

These "**goals**" are only truly **accomplished** after a **single economic entity *controls*** or **is responsible for** the ***sole supply*** for a **given product** (or service) and THEN starts ***commanding their own price*** soon afterward. Hence, ***supply and command***.

This **principle** was **implicitly** known in **some sense** going back to the **earliest seafaring traders** back in the **days of yore**, ***matey.*** It was **exactly** this principle of ***supply and command*** (your own price) that had **long made long distance trade** so **lucrative** in the first place, whether it was **by land** or **by sea**.

Both of which were, historically speaking, pretty **goddamned dangerous**, but **trade by sea** had the advantage of typically **better transit times** those odd times ships ***didn't:*** **sink**, **get becalmed in shallows for weeks on end** OR get **thrashed** by ocean weather and have to spend **months** retrofitting the ship using **field expedient measures** and **materials** on **recently discovered islands** (or **continents**) and accidentally **killing half** (or **more**) of **it's native population** through the usual kinds of **direct pathogen exposure** that tend to happen between **sailors** and **native populations *everywhere.***

Being the **first** and/or ***only*** **merchant** to get **new product** in from abroad usually meant **selling** the **entire stock** at a much ***higher rate*** than their **competitors** could in the event their **derelict cargo** actually **showed up**. The other big advantage that **nautical routes** offered after **transit times** was that **English economic entities** (mostly **pirates** and **privateers** at first, then traders of various kinds) could **cut deals** with **foreign providers** (and/or potentates) ***directly*** and **not** have to worry about **legions** of **middle men** each **taking their slice** while moving product **overland** through **one** (or **more**) of their **European neighbors** who **England** was at ***WAR*** with currently, or recently (IE ***damn near all of them*** at this point).

But even with that, **getting** to those **lucrative areas** in the **Far East** by **water** was a **haul** by any route from **England**. One either had to go the **long** way down around the **Cape of Good Hope** at the **southern tip of Africa** and then back **up** the **other side** as the Suez canal hadn't been cut yet, and even if it had been the **Mediterranean sea** at the time was **chock full** of **Barbary Corsairs** (**pirates**) and **Ottoman Turks** in **heavily armed warships**.

OR you could go the ***longer*** way across the **Atlantic**, **down around the Straits of Magellan** in **very South America**, then **back North** until **hitting** the right **Trade Winds** and **cross Pacific currents** and **striking West** and **hope to God** you ***don't*** run out of wind before **running out of limes** and **fresh water**, which in the **early days** of **pan-Pacific traverses** was more the **rule** than the **exception**.

Under **optimal conditions**, the **short** way was a **one way journey** best counted in **months**, the ***other*** way was best counted in **years** and **amount** of ***functional teeth*** remaining in one's **mouth** at the end of it, as **scurvy** wasn't exactly **uncommon** on **trans-oceanic voyages** at the time. The **sheer difficulty** of these **insanely long voyages** by **boats** that were the **cutting edge** of (almost) **17th century technology** was itself **perceived** to be a ***real value enhancer*** by both **surviving proprietors** and **prospective buyers** of **imported goods**.

All of these **factors *conspired*** to make **trans-oceanic trading** one of the **most lucrative things** a **person** of **means** could do **short** of outright (and usually **armed**) **theft** and **resale** of properties, commodities or...***ahem***...**persons**.

Portugal and **Spain** took the **lead early** in the **Early** (Western) **European Exploration Phase** for it's **first century**, but by the end of it the other **usual suspects** had **thrown** their **hats** in the **water**. The **Dutch**, **Danes** and ***French*** were already sending boats all over the place while **England** was **dicking around** with it's **former ally Spain**.

Though the (cue banjos) **dueling Armada fiascos** edged off some the **early English enthusiasm** for ***speculative*** **foreign** (**ad**)**ventures**, there were still plenty of **investor class aquatic lunatics** willing to put their **lower caste brethren** to work trying to find **new** and

better ways of **sailing** halfway around the world in a **slightly dodgy wooden boat** without **dying** or **losing most of one's teeth** in the process.

By **far** the most **pivotal** of these **wildcat nautical reconnaissance missions** left **England** on **4.10.1591** for **India** and returned to **port 3 years later** after going onward to the **Malay peninsula** just **East** of the **subcontinent**. With ***all*** **three ships returning** filled with all kinds of diverse and exotic (but thankfully ***non-human)*** **cargo**, this **first mission** to ***India*** was deemed to be a **stunning success** for **all involved**. So much that a **follow up** was in **order**, and a **second expedition** of three more ships set off two years later in **1596** and were **never** heard from again.

This **unfortunate loss** was **deemed** to be **less** of a success in that **all** of the **investors** ***lost*** the **money** they **invested** in their admittedly ***madcap scheme*** of expecting **three boats** filled with **drunken aquatic lunatics to sail halfway around the world and back**.

Then there was that other petty, niggling **fact** that all **aboard** were presumed **lost at sea**, which was **usually** a pretty good **indicator** of **increased overhead** in **future foreign ventures** thanks to the **increased compensation** needed to ***hire*** **on board help** due to the (accurate) ***perception*** of **increased risk** in the **commission** of **assigned duties** at **sea**.

The **total loss** of **all hands** and **ships** also happened to **drive home** the ***crippling*** **economic effect** that the **loss** of a **small expedition** had on the **small pool** of **smaller investors** who **funded** it. But thanks to those ever present yet ***invisible*** **market forces**, their **perceived difficulties** just made their **lost cargo** all the more ***valuable*** in the **eyes** of both the **likely investor** and potential **end user/consumer**.

The **insatiable demand** for ***East Indian imports*** represented a **potentially huge market** that had **yet** to be ***cornered*** by anyone. So potentially **huge**, in fact, that **it might** take MORE than one person to **finance** and **run the show**.

Unless, of course, ***her*** name happened to be **England**, but at this point ***her*** **highness** was still **averse** to **investing** more of **England's money** in another **foreign aquatic fiasco**, no matter how **potentially** lucrative it may be. The best ***her*** **highness** was willing to **offer** was ***her*** **seal** and **charter** and **officially legitimize** whatever **operation** that seemed like might be **up** to the **tusk**...oops...task. If anything, a **Royal Charter** would at minimum ***benefit*** whatever **venture capitalist group** that received it as it would probably increase **investment interest** by **upper class twits** looking to make a **few easy quid** to **offset** all of their **drunken gambling losses**.

All of these (and other) **market forces** ***met*** and ***conspired*** with **each other** in the late **1590's**, and like **all good** (but rarely ***goodly)*** **conspiracies**, resulted in a ***meeting between men of similar professions*** happening on **9.24.1598**. A group of **local merchants** started off the meeting as **individuals**, and then walked out of the (**probable**) **pub** or ***dryncking clubbe*** as the ***Director's Board*** of the **first English** (speaking) ***Modern Multinational Corporation*** of note. But at first **they** just called themselves a ***corporation****.*

Exact **details** are a little **fuzzy** by all accounts due to the typically **English** amounts of **alcohol** consumed during the proceedings, but overall the **new board members** agreed to **pool the assets they could offer** WITHOUT **losing** their shirts off their backs, and then use

that **small pile** to ***leverage*** more **investment** from other **potential investors** not present by **selling** them **stock** in the **new corporation**. So on **paper**, it was just another **joint stock company**, which is where it stayed for several years. The next **two years** were spent drumming up **funding** in the **form** of using ***borrowed*** (referred to in this **context** as "**invested**") **money** as ***bait collateral*** for **securing new investment money** that was **expected** to **yield returns** IF and **when** they finally sent another expedition out.

It only took **two years** to **build** the **£30,133** in **original seed money** into **£68,373** by the end of **1600**. **Neither** amount may seem all that significant by modern standards, but back then in **England** a **single pound sterling** had the **purchase power** of **$500-$1000** in **modern America**, depending on how **criminally overpriced** everything **is** in your particular neck of the woods and which decade of **1600's England** is being talked about. Adding **two** or **three zeros** to either number without an **intervening decimal point** makes for a **substantial amount** either way, but the **higher number** turned out to be the **magic one** as far as the **Queen of England** was **concerned**.

Her **highness** deemed it moot and proper to ring in the new year and century by deigning to **grant** a **Royal Charter** to the ***East India Company*** on **12.31.1600**. The **company** the **Charter** had been bestowed upon had **216 founding upper class members** and was composed of various knights, aldermen, burgesses and an earl in a original governing structure with a Governor chairing a board of 24 directors that had oversight responsibilities for the ten separate committees (and/or departments) under them.

The **Royal Charter** of the ***East India Company (EIC)*** gave the ***EIC*** **exclusive English trading rights** to **all lands** and ***peoples*** located **betwixt** the ***Cape of Good Hope*** and the ***Straits of Magellan***. Or in other words, ***every single fucking country bordering the Indian*** *and* ***Pacific oceans***. This **Charter** gave the ***EIC*** a **leg up** on any would be **competitors** as it **pre-emptively** ***cornered*** the **far Eastern English import market** on the ***EIC's*** behalf even ***before*** they sent out a single ship.

That happened when the **first** ***EIC*** **expedition** took off the following year in **1601**, and then another one three years later. **Both** soon found themselves in a **rapidly evolving market** thanks to the **strenuous efforts** of their **equally intrepid** but slightly **more industrious** counterparts in the ***Dutch*** **East India Company** who somehow **got a jump** on everybody else in **Europe** and did **more business** with the ***East*** than the rest of **Europe combined** for the next **200 years**.

Considering the **staggering difficulties** of **transoceanic journeys**, the **modern American reader** may be **wondering** what all of the **fuss** was with ***India*** that made it such a **lucrative** destination for **Europeans** (not to mention various groups of **Africans** and **Asians** with their own **thriving maritime cultures**) besides having lots of people who **tend** to ***tan*** better than most **English** people do.

In a word, the biggest draw at first was **spices**, and mostly **black pepper** which was **native** to **south** ***India***. It was popular with **international traders** for **similar** reasons why certain **nefarious white powders** are the **cargo of choice** for the **discriminating importer** and/or ***insufficiently funded intelligence agency***. In it's finished form, it is **very dense** and **extremely valuable**, which happen to be the **two ideal characteristics** sought by any **transoceanic shipper** (and/or **international drug smuggler**) of note or distinction.

But **black pepper** was only the first of ***many*** **export options** in the **far east** for the discriminating (often in ***more ways than one)*** **English international importer**. Just about **any spice** like cinnamon, turmeric (the yellow stuff in curry powder), paprika, ginger, cumin, saffron and others were all **sufficiently dense** and **valuable** to be equally **ideal cargo** if **black pepper** wasn't available.

In the event that those were **not** available or were present in **sufficient** amounts back on the **home isle** to **depress prices** enough to make **importing** them a **dodgy** proposition, there was always various kinds of fine fabrics to import, the two biggest draws being **silk** and **cotton**. Equally **valuable** (if not more) were various kinds of **dyes** and **inks**, and all this is just the **top** of the **far East shopping list**.

The **economically informed reader** may already be wondering WHAT the **English** might have had to **offer** to **trade** for these **immensely valuable articles**, which is **something** we will be getting to shortly. Considering all of the ***potentially*** **unfamiliar** terms having been **unkindly flung** at the **modern American reader** in this chapter like ***pirate, privateer*** and (a) ***major multinational corporation***, some **definitions** were ***probably*** in order roughly ***7*** **pages ago**. That **inexcusable** oversight on the author's part will be amended now...

> ***privateer:*** a **person** or **ship** ***fully licensed*** by the **home port Government** (**Royal** or **otherwise**) to: **trade**; **steal**; **board other people's ships** by **force** with **intent** to **hijack**; to **confiscate** ships preferably **not** flying the **same flag** or one of a **current ally** (unless the **captain** thought he could get away with it); **sink** or ***burn*** any **ship** NOT deemed to be **worthy** of hijacking; to **neutralize**, **incapacitate**, ***decapitate*** or otherwise **kill** ***as many*** **men**, **women** and ***children*** on (or around) a **targeted ship** as was necessary to **commandeer** the **hijacked craft** in question; to **kill a few more after the fact** just to show those **survivors** ***necessary*** for **sailing** the ship who **wore** the ***big funny hat*** now that the **former captain** had his **head taken off** with a cannonball; to **burn**, AND **if** the opportunity struck; **bombard** or otherwise **sabotage** the **ships** and **port facilities** of **rival colonial powers** and/or ***indiscriminately shell*** the **surrounding urban areas** where those were found with **heavy cannon fire** and **kill** or **grieviously injure** ***god knows how many innocent third world non-combatants*** in the process**.**

For these ***"rights",*** a ***privateer*** was on the hook for **relaying** a **goodly percentage** of the **forcibly acquired booty** to the **Crown**, usually with some **minimum target thresholds** that were **clearly communicated** to these **private contractors** in their **Royal Charter**. Like the proverbial ***pirate***, the ***privateer*** was most likely to own and operate one or more **heavily armed** and **high performance cargo ships** where **shipping volume** was **less** of a design priority than **speed**, **maneuverability**, and how **close** she could sail **into the wind**.

Due the **inherent physics** of ***trading*** **cargo volume** for **speed**, both ***privateers*** and ***pirates*** were ***strongly inclined*** to **fill their own holds** with the ***most valuable*** of **goods seized** by their potentially growing **fleet of boats** on the **current tour of duty**. The **likely** cargo for these **craft** at various points included **spice**, **silver**, **quicksilver**, ***GOLD,*** **tea**, ***opium*** and...AHEM...***people*** who were NOT bloody well likely to **suffer** from a ***congenital melanin deficiency.*** But those **last three** weren't as quite as popular as the **former**

cargo options, ***at first.*** In practical terms, the **Crown's *privateer* License** was a **Royal Charter** to **sink**, **steal** AND **kill** on the **high seas** as the **licensee** saw fit.

pirate: a ***privateer*** who has **not** been **granted** or **issued** a **Royal *Privateer* License**, but **doesn't** let that get in the way of **conducting** their ***piratical* business.** Or in **other** words, a **private*(er)* freelancer** who may or may **not** feel **obligated** to pay their obligatory **taxes** to the **powers that be** back at **home port**.

Or in ***other* other** words, the ***scum of the high seas***. The ***only*** two differences between a ***pirate*** and a ***privateer*** was a **piece of paper signed by *her* nibs** and ***tax rates***, with the ***pirate*** usually paying **none** but **incurring** the **price** of NOT being able to go **home** upon **pain of death** unless **he** (or less usually **she**) was willing to **pony up** and **pay** some punitively steep taxes and associated penalties.

a major modern multinational corporation: The **biggest** difference between ***pirates***, ***privateers*** and a ***major modern multinational corporation*** is that the **latter** is most often found **on** or pretty **close** to ***land.*** The **same** can only be **said** about the **former groups** only ***some*** of the time.

That petty, niggling detail aside, ***there is almost no distinguishable difference between a pirate, privateer*** and a ***modern major multinational corporation (mmmc).***

EXCEPT that the ***mmmc*** is more likely to ***outsource*** it's **military needs** to the ***national government of it's home*** (or ***target) country*** those **rare** times they ***can't* bribe** *the* ***local*** (slash **target**) ***government*** into a "**public-private partnership**" with the usual beads, trinkets and other economic table scraps from the highly lucrative ***THEFT*** and ***EXPLOITATION*** of ***local*** *(frequently* HUMAN) ***resources.***

Similar to how BOTH ***pirates*** and ***privateers*** conduct themselves in their **home ports** VERSUS when **abroad *shelling foreign targets,*** there ALSO tends to be a real **dichotomy** (and/or ***bipolarity)*** to HOW a ***major modern multinational corporation*** conducts it's **domestic business** compared to how it runs it's **foreign operations**.

At home, in their never ending quest to ***corner*** then ***gouge*** various markets of interest, ***mmmc's*** have been known to LIMIT their ***domestic activities*** to: ***bribing* elected government officials** in the form of not insubstantial "**donations**" to any number of **electoral slush funds** for **future legislative** "**consideration**" or "**input**" in relevant **government regulations** of the ***target market; bribing* non-elected regulatory agency officials** with **all expenses paid** "fact finding" trips to **foreign** holdings that **may** or ***probably do*** have a **viagarous**...dammit, vigorous ***local sex industry;*** to **use** said contacts to get ***favorable* legislation passed** that usually ***minimizes* government regulation** of the **cornered market** AND the ***mmmc's*** already ***minimal* tax rate** lest they **move** MORE of their operation ***offshore*** to **capitalize** on **cheaper foreign workers**; to **ghost** (or ***under)* write** further **legislation** that made **ownership**, **purchase**, and/or ***monetized usage*** of **one** or **more** of their products ***mandatory*** in the **affected citizenry** (cough...***insurance*** industry...cough); to **launch *frivolous* lawsuits** or **hostile takeovers** of **any** and **all competitors** as **much** as the **current fiscal budget** would allow; to ***ignore*** AS MANY **health**, **environmental**, **worker safety** and/or **child labor** or **illegal immigrant laws** that ***mmmc*** thinks **it can get away with** OR happen to be ***cheaper to pay the***

measly fines for than it is to **comply** with them; to ***target*** **local union workers** for ***escalating*** **harassment** and **potential imprisonment** even if they **happen** to be **Catholic Priests**; to **commission** various ***psychological manipulation campaigns*** (referred to in **the industry** as ***marketing*** or ***advertising****)* to **artificially induce** the **affected advertisee** into **thinking** they actually **need** ANY of that **shit** OR that the **company** of **commission** actually gives ANY ***fucks*** about **anything** OTHER than the **bottom line**; to **intentionally design products** that BREAK **early** and **often** to keep the ***sales*** of the **affected product** UP (referred to in the **egghead community** as ***"planned obsolescence"****)* and ONCE IN A BLUE MOON ***actually make a great product that works as advertised****.*

But it's usually in their **foreign operations** where the ***mmmc*** in questions **takes it's pleasantly ingratiating mask** (and/or **gloves** or ***pants****)* OFF.

After ***bribing*** the **local potentate** with whatever **economic equivalent** of the **beads** and **trinkets necessary** to keep the **local bitching** (and ***IED deployments****)* down to a minimum, ***mmmc's*** have been known to: ***forcibly displace*** **large foreign populations living on** or **near** or **over** ANY (slash ***all****)* **natural resources** the ***mmmc*** plans to ***"develop"***; to "**accidentally**" ***displace*** other **large foreign populations** through "accidental" **environmental fallout** affecting **local farms**, **wells**, **aquifers**, **bodies of water** or **inhabited regions** in the form of **highly toxic** and/or **radioactive chemicals** or **substances** resulting from the ***mmmc's*** **exploitation** of local resources; to **pay** those **local populations** ***jack shit*** for **damages**, **compensation** AND ***wages****;* to ***target*** **local union workers** for **increasing harassment** and **potential** (slash ***likely****)* **death** EVEN if they happen to be **Catholic Nuns**; to ***hire*** or ***commission*** **local military groups** (and/or ***import their own****)* to provide the necessary "**security**" needed to properly **exploit** (frequently **human**) **resources**; and/or IF THEY ARE BIG ENOUGH use their **advantageous contacts** ***back home*** to **get their home country** to **fight an undeclared** (or ***not****)* ***WAR*** on their **behalf** to help **remove** an **uncooperative dictator** and **install someone** willing to **settle** for **more** "**reasonable**" **economic trinkets** and **beads** in line with what the ***mmmc*** in question is ***willing to part with****.*

Come to think of it, **more** than a few ***mmmc's*** have been ***more than*** willing to **conduct** their ***domestic business*** in their **country of origin** much like their ***foreign operations****.*

Despite their **relative** differences in **surface** appearances, the internal **distribution** and **organizational** "**principles**" of a ***major modern multinational corporation*** and a ***pirate ship*** are much more ***similar*** than **different**.

In fact, the "**principles**" of the **former** are ***directly based*** on the **best accepted practices** of the **latter**.

BOTH **economic operations** work off a **highly compartmentalized organizational structure** composed of various kinds of ***managerial specialists*** and ***drone shit workers*** who are **segregated** into a **two tier compensation/distribution system** where **upper tier specialists** and/or **company** (or **ship**) **officers** are **paid** a ***percentage*** (usually **determined** by **rank** and/or **length of service**) of the ***net profits*** (IE after expenses), and the **shit workers** they **lord over** are paid ***jack shit*** in **comparison**, even though ***they work roughly the same amount of hours*** *(or* ***more****)* ***in typically (much) more dangerous employment conditions****.*

Consistent with their **mixed qualities** in being **privately owned corporations** that are **licensed** by the **state** and/or **country of origin** and frequently ***pay little to no taxes***, MANY (slash ***MOST) major modern multinational corporations*** can be considered to be HYBRID ***modern multinational private pirateships,*** and are ***not*** exactly afraid to ***act like it*** behind **closed doors** in various **senate**, **congressional** AND ***regulatory*** (slash OVAL) **offices**. Not to mention ***their own*** boardrooms and offices.

Seeing as how **recent American *WARS*** for ***oil*** and ***commercial access rights*** have featured an **increasing** amount of ***for-profit* non-governmental private contractors** doing **military jobs** at only **5-20 *times*** the **price** in ***cost plus*** contracts in potentially "secret" "intelligence" ***black* site operations** that involve **American personnel *torturing*** "potential" **combatants** based on **pre-emptive** principles of **negligible legality** and ***unmitigated stupidity,*** the **modern American reader** may be a **bit fuzzy** about ***what*** the actual **difference** IS between a **historical military force** like the **Royal Navy** and a **historical *multinational corporation*** like the ***East India Company*** that eventually developed their own **private military force**. This can be especially **confusing** for the modern reader as the primary defining characteristics of ***both*** happen to be their **general preoccupation** with **building bigger** and **faster ships** with **even bigger guns**.

The primary difference between the **Royal Navy** and the ***EIC*** is what was ***inside*** of **ships** of ***WAR*** and/or **trade**. ***EIC* ships** were **typically** more **prone** to being **filled** with various kinds of **highly valuable *loot***...**whoops**, this is a ***pirate***....DOUBLE whoops...**private** company we are talking about...product.

Royal Navy ships tended to be **filled** with as many **heavily armed pedestrian idiots** and **equestrian asshole officers** could **fit** without **sinking the ship**, but ***that*** was **also** known to **happen** from **time** to **time on *EIC* ships**. Those **aside**, despite their ***closely related*** missions of ***WAR*** and **trade**, **ships** of ***both* organizations** were **likely** to be **found at** or **in transit** to **similar locations** and **routinely** acted in **support** of each other.

But whatever petty or passing differences between the **Royal Navy's** and the ***EIC's* scope** and **missions were**, they were largely **lost** on the **aquatic lunatics** that **crewed** their vessels of **state**, ***WAR*** and **trade**. For them, other than a few **minimal** differences in **crewing** a **commercial boat** versus **serving** on a **military ship**, **life at sea** was best described as ***"same shit, different ship".***

The **romantic life at sea** that so many **land lubbers** envision in their **flights of fancy *inspired*** by their **squalid**, **agricultural** (and/or ***wage slave)* shit worker** "lifestyle" that had them **shearing sheep** or **shoveling shit** was **revealed** to be somewhat **less so** after about **3 days** at **sea**.

Chapter 11.1
English *En(g)lightenment* on the **high seas**

The **first** thing the ***former* agricultural enthusiast** learned is that **he** (again, traditionally speaking) is **significantly** MORE at the (frequently ***debatable)* mercy** of the (**fucking**) ***weather*** at **sea** than **he** ever was **on land**. Most of the time, there **either** seems to be **too much *wind*** or **not enough**. When there is **wind**, **half the time** (or **more**) it is **coming** from

a **less** than ideal direction, and even when that it is the **case** there is a **fair to middling chance** that it will be **raining**, which **doesn't** change the fact that **someone**(s) on the **ship** still has to **pilot**, **man the sails**, **keep a lookout** and possibly even take **soundings**. And **that's** assuming the **ship** in question hasn't been **blown off course** so excessively **North** or **South** to **start taking on ice** from **spray**, which **means** whatever time you **aren't** doing your primary nautical duties will be spent **chiseling** AND **hammering *ice*** to **prevent** the **ship** from **sinking**.

Then there is the fact that **most** of the jobs on a **17th century ship of the line** were, by modern standards, ***incredibly fucking dangerous***. Setting aside that at any time a man could **slip**, **trip** or get **washed overboard** and **drown** (**not** one of the more pleasant ways to go), doing little things like making **rigging** or **sail adjustments** required the **close attention** of **dexterous individuals** tending to their **duties** anywhere from ***20-80 feet*** ABOVE a **pitching** and **rolling deck**, the motions of which are **greatly *amplified*** the **higher up** into the rigging a sailor went. One **slip** meant almost ***certain* death** from either **hitting the deck** or **getting pitched** into the **winedark sea**.

It was **common** practice to have those **12-15 year boys** that were **responsible** for **rigging adjustments** to ALSO serve as ***powder monkeys*** during **acrimonious engagements** with other **armed ships.** A ***powder monkey*** was responsible for **transferring *gunpowder*** from the **powder magazine** to the **artillery pieces** on board during an **active battle**. Which is, of course**,** the ***perfect*** job for **most teenaged boys**. There was also the **usual threats** to **life** and **limb** from **improperly loaded** and/or **maintained artillery pieces** that **could** (and ***did)*** **blow up** upon **misfire** and **kill** or **maim** artillery personnel (at **minimum**).

And if you managed to **survive** your **duties at sea**, what awaited the **enlisted man** off duty was the typically **atrocious food situation** for anybody NOT eating in the **officer's mess**. Between **1588** and **1667**, the **standard daily ration** for a **Royal Navy enlisted man** was a **pound** of **flour biscuits** (often in the form of **hard tack**) and **one gallon** (IE ***8 pints)*** of ***BEER,*** and yes, ***including the powder monkeys***. The **daily disbursement** on ***EIC* ships** wasn't substantially different.

If the **ship** in question **wasn't** too long out from **port**, then **maybe** the **average enlisted man** could count on getting **one** (or **two**) scraps of **highly salted meat** that hopefully hadn't **spoiled**, but past that, **things** like **salad**, **fruit** or **good food** was mostly **limited** to the **officer's mess**, at least until they **ran out** and the **officers** started in on the **enlisted stores** while putting the **enlisted men** on **reduced rations**.

And **none** of that combined very well with the **close quarters** and **crowded conditions** on the **labor intensive ships** of the time. The generally **poor diet** and ***chronic inebriation*** of just about ***everybody*** on the **ship** did NOT **help** their **immune systems** very much. In addition to **scurvy** and the other **degenerative diseases** that come with **sustained malnutrition** (and/or ***chronic alcoholism),*** there were **all** the **new** and **exciting infections** that **sailors** were **picking up in exotic ports** from the **bottom of the barrel whorehouses** around the **world** AND ***giving to each other*** during those **weeks** or **months** at **sea** spent in **close quarters** that did **not** allow for much in the way of options for **heterosexual** activities.

Speaking of ***that,*** that brings us to the **last** of the **major threats** to **nautical worker health** and **welfare**, which was the ***discipline*** administered by the **ship's captain** and/or **executive officer** in the case of **infractions** of ship rules.

These **punishments**, which were **decided** by one or more **half** (or more) **drunk**, **half** (or ***more)*** **insane** (aquatic) **lunatics**, typically involved getting **whipped** and/or **lashed** to the **bone** (literally), or being **forced to stand watch** for **extended shifts** at **night** in the **weather**, or **scrubbing out the shitters**...whoops, scuppers and **poop decks** on the **shit**...DAMMIT...ship.

In the case of a **flagrant** violation a sailor might end up getting ***keelhauled*** (IE getting ***tied*** **spread eagled** and **face first** to the **forward keel** of the **boat** with the **head** just above the **water line** while the **ship** is brought up to **speed**), being ***strung up*** by the **neck** from a **yard arm** and possibly being forced to ***walk the plank*** to a **watery death**.

If you were on a **pirate ship** there always always the **disciplinary option** of being **immobilized** over a **powder keg** and getting **ass raped** ***in front of the whole crew*** by one (or ***more)*** of the **biggest** and **ugliest specimens** the **pirate captain** could **find** on his **ship** and THEN being **unceremoniously killed** and/or **pushed off the boat** afterwords, depending on the **mood** of your **arbitrarily tyrannical** (and/or ***drunk)*** **captain**.

Past those **standard aquatic amenities**, there was also the **constant threat** of getting **sunk**, **boarded** or **shelled** by any **enemy** and/or ***(other)*** **pirate ships** chanced upon at **sea**. **All** of which had any number of **suboptimal wellness outcomes** for the **average sailor** that **ranged** from **slavery** to **crippling injury** or **bloody death** of various kinds.

And **God help you** if you had the **misfortune** to be **grievously injured** or **incapacitated** by **severe illness** so badly **discharging your duties** at **sea** that you were **unfit to serve** in the **Royal Navy** or the ***East India Company*** for another **tour** after they **schlepped** your ***GOLDbricking ass*** back to **England** proper.

Just about the **only disability benefit** you could **expect** as an **enlisted sailor** or **junior** (or **petty**) **officer** was your **agreed upon wages** for your **term** of **enlistment**, potentially **pro-rated** to **reflect** your **lack** of material contributions to the functioning of the ship thanks to being **half dead** from **injury** or **illness sustained in the line of duty**.

Once you were **cashed out**, ***you were left to your own devices*** to **scrape by** on **land** the best you can with your **debilitating injury** or **illness** ***without*** being **burdened** by ANY kind of **token disability compensation** from the **Royal Navy** or the ***EIC.*** Which must have been especially **galling** to those **sailors** that had been ***impressed*** into service **against their will** during one of the **Royal Navy's periodic recruiting drives**.

The ***EIC*** however did **not** have or even need ***impressment*** **powers** (at **home** at least) to **man their ships** of **trade** and ***WAR.*** In being a ***pirate***...DAMMIT...private ***multi-national corporation*** that had been **granted** a **private domestic monopoly** over one of the most **vigorous** sectors of the **English economy** of the time, this allowed them to **pay competitive wages** and **attract** the **cream** of the **local aquatic labor pool** of **sea skilled workers**. In addition to the ***EIC***, the **Royal Navy** also had to ***compete*** with an **increasing** amount of ***privateers*** also offering **competitive wages** and further **drawing down** the **domestic**

nautical labor pool. ***Not entirely dissimilar*** to the **perilous** situation faced by **modern US military forces** in retaining **highly skilled personnel** in **key areas** of **overlapping operational fields** with **private** and **domestic military contractors** that offer substantially ***better*** **compensation** and **benefits**.

As it turned out, the **granting** of the ***EIC*** **charter** turned out to be the **final** significant act of **Queen *Elizabeth's*** exceedingly **long** and **mostly** illustrious **reign** of **45 years**.

Over the few years following the granting of ***EIC*** **charter**, ***her*** **highness** suffered from a "deep and unremovable melancholia" triggered by the **passing** of several of ***her*** friends. ***Her*** **highness herself** soon went on to **join** them on **3.24.1603** at the **tender age of 69**. With ***her*** passing, so too went the **Tudor reign** as ***Elizabeth*** was the **last** of that lot since ***she*** decided to **forego** the **whole marriage-family** route and **focus** on ***her*** **career** of ***being*** **England**.

Aside from ***her*** slight **Spanish misstep**, ***she*** had a **pretty good run**. ***She*** mostly kept all the **religious animosity** at home limited to a dull roar while **mostly** pursuing **peaceful policies abroad** that had the **singular benefit** of NOT repeatedly **draining England's *exchequer*** on **harebrained military adventures** of **dubious economic benefit *had they actually worked out like planned.***

Considering the **financial shitshow *her* father** and **sister** left **England** in, **Queen *Elizabeth's* monarchy** could be considered to be the **best** of the **Tudor dynasty** if not one of the **better** (and/or **best**) examples of **sustained executive en(g)lightenment** to **grace England's throne** at **any** point it's **venerable** and **occasionally** illustrious history.

Chapter 11.2
Two Jimmys, a **pair** of ***Chucks*** and an **Interregnum**:
(almost) a **full house** of ***English executive*** (slash nautical) ***excellence***

Which is **not** often said about ***Elizabeth's*** successor, **King *James* I/VI**. The reason **King *Jimmy*** the **1/6th** has **two** numbers associated with ***his*** **kingship** was because ***he*** had already been the **king** of **Scotland** since **1567** when ***he*** ascended to the **Scottish throne** at the **venerable** age of **13 months**.

He was **pre-qualified** to sit on the **Scottish throne** by way of being the **only** living son of ***his*** mother, Mary, **Queen** of the Scots (and **distinct** from ***Elizabeth's*** older sister ***Bloody Mary***). ***He*** was further **pre-qualified** to sit on the **English throne** by being ***Henry* VII's great-great grandson** through ***Hank* 8's** older sister **Marge**, and as far as anybody could tell was likely the **closest** living male relative of ***Elizabeth***. ***Who*** continued ***her*** practice of **not** naming a successor before ***her*** somewhat timely **death**.

The usual issues, controversies, conspiracies and **civil *WARs*** that one tends to associate with historical **English Royal Successions** did **not** happen in their usual abundance during the transition from **Queen *Liz*** to **King *Jimmy*** the **1/6th** thanks to some pro-active **succession legwork** by key members of the **privy council**. This was undoubtably assisted

by the fact was that with the **Tudors** having been on the throne for the previous **100 years**, there **wasn't** exactly an abundance of **likely alternative candidates** that could point to ***any*** **recent family history** of **ruling England**, much less their own **Royal career** ruling their own country.

Young **King *James*** had a lively childhood as a **boy king** after ***his*** **mother's** forced **abdication** by **Protestant rebels** who **objected** to ***Mary*** (but not ***Bloody Mary)*** continuing to be **Catholic** during the surging tide of **Protestantism** rising on **Scottish shores**. After ***she*** **abdicated**, it took **four** separate **regencies** to bring ***his*** young highness's kingship to term, **two** of which ended in **violent death** and another to "vehement sickness", but the last regent survived long enough to bring ***his*** **majesty** to ***his*** **majority**.

Despite ***his*** royal status, ***consistent*** with a long standing **Scottish** tradition of **child rearing**, young ***James*** was ***beaten*** **early** and **often** as a **small child** by one or more **Tudors**...dammit, tutors who happened to be significantly **larger** than ***his*** **highness** at the time. This was **said** to have ***instilled*** a lifelong **love** of **learning** in the **young monarch** who spent much of ***his*** early rule of **Scotland** writing **poetry** and pursuing **anti-Gaelic policies** and **military operations** against the **Gaelic clans** that had ***fooked off*** from **Scotland proper** to the **Hebrides islands** (off the **West coast** of **Scotland**).

Apparently, these **self-exiled clans** were operating under the **misapprehension** they had **better** things to do than live **under the thumb** of **English** (speaking) **imperialist assholes** who were trying to **outlaw** their **native languages** while **committing** some of the ***usual*** **colonial transgressions** like making **natives pay *rent*** and ***taxes*** to live ***on their own land*** and **bashing their heads in** if they **refused**.

King *James 1/6th's* **rule** over **Scotland** prior to **adding** the **English crown** to ***his*** royal head mostly seemed to consist of **King *Jimmy*** playing **England** to **Scotland's very own Ireland** over in the **Hebrides** while **Scotland's weak**(ish) **Parliament** (of the time) didn't do much other than **rubber stamp *his* Royal proposals** every time ***his*** **highness** called **Parliament** to session to **fund *his* military adventures**.

When ***he*** wasn't doing those, ***he*** kept busy **writing poetry**, patronizing other **poets,** being **praised** for ***his*** "chastity", and frequently being "noted" for ***his*** distinct **preference** for keeping **male company** and ***personally supervising*** whatever **torture assisted interrogations** of **accused witches *he*** could fit into ***his*** relatively **full schedule** as the **king** of **Scotland**.

The vigor of ***his*** **anti-Gaelic polices** and **pro-English conduct** had **impressed** enough of the key **members** of ***Elizabeth's*** **privy council** to **reassure** them that making this particular **Scottish monarch** the **King of England** wasn't such a bad idea in the face of **no other likely alternatives**.

On paper, ***uniting*** **England** and **Scotland** under **one political leadership** should THEORETICALLY answer **England's** eternal ***Scottish question*** (IE ***"What the fuck are we going to do about all those drunken haggis munchers up there?")*** and must have **looked** like a pretty **good idea** at the time. **mostly** because it **was** (and still ***is).***

Both countries **exist** on the ***same*** **planet**...whoops, island, (mostly) **speak** the **same language**(**s**), albeit a **bit** differently, and are **both** composed of **similar indigenous**

populations who **share** the same **genetic**, **semantic** and **cultural inheritance** in being **trapped on a island** that had been ***repeatedly*** inundated by **wave after wave** of **differently inflected** and frequently **inebriated idiots** (and/or ***losers).***

As ***both*** groups were **subjected** to (and/or the **result** of) **similar** (and/or ***the exact same)*** **historical forces**, aside from some **minor regional differences** in **pronunciation** and preferred brand of **Protestantism**, **English people** and **Scottish people** are ***much more alike*** than they are **different**, which **of course** makes **both** focus on their respective differences ***all the more acutely because of it,*** as per the usual **operating procedure** of **closely related neighboring tribes** (and/or **countries**).

As good on paper all that must of looked to **England's privy council** of the time, there were at least **two** things they **didn't** count on in their succession plans. The first and foremost of them was the ***understandable*** **mistrust** the **English people foreign rulers** that **dwarfs** the inherent **xenophobia** that one tends to **encounter** on **islands** that **don't *have the misfortune*** to be **just 22 miles** off the **northwest coast of *France.***

This **historical mistrust** did **not** seem to be **attenuated** very much by ***James*** being the **first Scotsman** to sit on the **throne**. ***His*** **highness** was greeted with the traditional **English** welcome for a new foreign ruler by ***multiple*** **welcoming committees** organizing at least **three** separate **conspiracies** against their **new king** with the **intent** to **kill *his*** **highness** and/or **detonate *him*** and the **rest** of those **gentrified sods** in **Cong...**whoops, THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE...Parliament back to Kingdom Come (IE the infamous "**Gunpowder Plot**" of **Guy Fawkes** stashing **36 barrels** of **black powder** in the **basement** of **Parliament**). These and other local actions attempted against ***his*** **highness** during ***his*** **20 year reign** (of **England**) were often due to some **religious concerns** that some of ***his*** subjects had about ***his*** **highness** being a **closeted**...***Papist*** that were NOT much **minimized** by ***James's*** extended courtship of a **Spanish** (and **Catholic**) **princess**.

The **other** thing **King *Jimmy the 1/6th's*** Royal nominating committee ***neglected*** to take into account was **Scotland's weak Parliamentary tradition** which ***might*** have been a **contributing factor** (along with **all** of the **childhood beatings**) in **King *James's*** strong sense that the ***Divine Right of Kings*** did **not** include much in the way of **Parliamentary oversight** over the **Royal finances** used or raised to fund foreign adventures or assist foreign allies.

Jimmy's decade long courtship of a **Spanish** princess had led to an **uneasy truce** with **Spain** after their **dueling Armada fiascos**. ***His*** **romantic interests** also ended up getting ***him*** on the **wrong** side of **Parliament** after a **smitten *James*** was inspired to attempt to enter **England** in a **mutual support pact** with **Spain**, even though they **just wrapped up** their **Naval *WAR*** with ***each other*** not more than a **few** years earlier.

These **inter-related difficulties** between ***Jimmy*** and ***His*** **subjects** and **Parliament** turned out to be the **two major themes** of the reign of **King *James.*** Well, **those** and trying to **stay on top** of an increasingly **complex** and ***heated*** religious situation at home featuring at least ***4 separate Protestant factions*** as well as the **die hard Catholic minority** still **succoring** to the **Mother Church's ecclesiastic teats.**

He decided to **remedy** the **religious division** in ***his*** **United Kingdom** by commissioning a **new English translation** of the **Bible** to help everybody to **get on the same page,** then use that to **further** attempt to ***unite*** the **entire island** within the **Church of England**. Thanks to the **inflamed sensibilities** of certain **Scottish Presbyterians**, at least **one** of those attempts at **creating religious unity** on the **island** went over like a **lead camber**. The **other** could be said to be a **bit** more successful, which **we** will be getting to in a bit.

While ***his*** **heart** mostly appeared to be in the right place about ***why can't everybody just get along in my*** **United Kingdom?**, the rather **haggis handed** way ***Jimmy*** (the **1/6th**) went about **facilitating** that through ***his*** **divinely ordained reign** MIGHT have been **indicative** of some issues in the **brain** department. **Not** to say that ***he*** **didn't** have **one**, but ***he*** did **appear** to have just a **wee bit too much** of the **Divine Right of Kings** ***beaten*** into ***his*** **pre-pubescent mind** TOO **early** and **often** on to just **let it go**, and ***his*** **kingship** ***sucked*** all the more for it.

Like many **Kings**, **Princes**, **Potentates**, **Presidents**, and/or **non-elected executives**, ***James*** confused **ruling from the top** with ***leading from the front,*** and was continually bouncing between **decisions** and **mis-steps** that put ***him*** at **odds** with the **majorities** of ***his*** **subjects** and **Parliament**, which ***he*** would **disband** and/or **prorogue** (or try to) just about every time they said "**no**" to ***him***.

His **royal philosophy** wasn't substantially different from one previously articulated by ***Clovis*** a thousand years before, just **gussied up** in some **new Protestant claptrap** further **refined** for **Scottish sensibilities** ***too prickly by half*** for **England's en(g)lightened** ***Elizabethan*** **era**. Not exactly a man of the times, but all in all **not** ***nearly*** **England's worst king**, though ***he*** might have had a...**hand**...in ***ploughing*** the way for a ***serious*** **contender** for that lofty distinction. Despite ***his*** repeatedly "noted" and remarked upon **preference** for **male company**, ***he*** is frequently **accused** by most historians of POTENTIALLY **fathering** several (or **one**) children, some of which actually **survived** long **enough** to be a **Royal contender** in their ***majority***. One of ***whom*** was named **Charles**.

At the **tender** age of **25**, ***Charles*** (officially) became **England** on **Groundhog's Day**, **1626** after ***his*** **father's** somewhat timely **passing** after a long and protracted battle with **arthritis**, **gout** (which **hurts** like a son of bitch if you did not know), **kidney stones** (triple ouch), **losing** ALL of ***his*** **teeth**, **chronic** and **acute inebriation** (and can you blame ***him****?)* possible **porphyria** (which involves neurological issues as well as abdominal difficulties that occasionally result in **projectile vomiting** and **jaundice** if gets really bad)**, stroke**, **tertia ague** (**wtf** that is) BEFORE finally **dying** of a **violent dysentery attack** on **3.27.1525**, so in practical terms that was **King** ***Charles*** **I's first day** as **England**.

As **King of England**, ***Charles*** didn't just **pick up** ***his*** **father's torch** regarding the **Divine Right of Kings** and **run with it** as much as ***he*** **seized it** in a **white knuckled frenzy** and started **running around** like a **chicken with it's head cut off** and **lighting everything** on **FIRE** almost ***immediately*** after taking the **crown**, figuratively speaking.

Even **before** putting the **crown** on ***he*** **pissed off** over ***half*** the **country** by seriously **courting** a **Spanish Princess** like ***his*** father did before. When that fell apart due to serious **religious differences**, ***he*** turns around and **marries a Bourbon** (IE ***French*** and part of ***le***

family royale) **princess** who **also** happened to be a **Catholic**, which also **pissed off** most to **all** of ***his*** **subjects** both **in** and **out** of **Parliament**.

His marriage was **celebrated** by ***his*** **loving subjects** with a lot of **griping** and not so veiled **accusations** that ***Charles*** was **soft** on **Papists** and would **relax** or **rescind** all of the **anti-Catholic restrictions** recently **added** to the relevant ***books*** that local, regional and national **civic officials** like to ***throw at people*** on occasion. ***He*** strenuously **denied** this was the case to ***his*** **loyal subjects** with a **certain** amount of **irony**, in that was ***exactly*** what ***he*** **agreed to** in ***his*** secret **wedding contract** that ***he*** made with ***his*** new father-in-law, the **King of** ***France***.

But ***his*** rather hasty marriage wasn't nearly so deleterious to ***his*** future prospects as was ***his*** earlier **support** as the **heir apparent** for the ***impeachment*** of ***his*** **father's treasurer** for his ***lack of enthusiasm*** in getting into another ***WAR*** with **Spain** against sage advice of ***Charles's*** father, **King** ***James***. The **success** of those **impeachment efforts** at the time would prove to be **terminally ironic** for ***Charles*** at the **end** of ***his*** **reign 25 years** later.

What happened between ***his*** **marriage** and ***his*** eventual ***less than timely*** **death** is best described as a **shitshow** on a **rollercoaster** that had **many more** ***downs*** than **ups**. In fact, **one** could even go so far to say that **if** there was a **text book** of how NOT to be an **effective executive**, **King** ***Charles*** wouldn't just be **in** it, ***he*** would most likely be ***gracing it's cover.***

The **perils** of being an ***English*** *(speaking)* ***executive raised with an entitled sense of empowerment*** are too numerous to count, yet ***Charles*** somehow seemed to **stumble** into **most** to ***all*** of them during ***his*** **shite reign** over **England**.

Consistent with the previously mentioned (and ***documented)*** principle of ***genetic drift*** **nobody** should be all that surprised with **young** ***Charles*** was even **more** of an **half insane idiot** than ***his*** father was. But what was **unusual** was that the ***degree*** of ***intergenerational trait reinforcement*** between ***James*** and ***Charles*** was so **prodigious** that ***Charles*** represented some kind of **evolutionary breakthrough** in (**English**) ***executive idiocy***. ***His*** entitled sense of ***his*** **divinely mandated right to rule** was **inviolable** and therefore, ***easily offended***. Which did **not** bode well for ***his*** interactions with **Parliament** or for that matter **England** as a **hole**...whoops...whole.

Chuck started gratuitously **pissing off Parliament** almost immediately after **coronation** by pushing for another ***WAR*** against **Spain**, whose **Royal family** ***Charles*** **attempted** to **marry into** not more than ***2 years previous***. That **broken engagement** (along with serious religious differences and a bit of some recent historical antipathy) was cited as a ***casus belli*** (and/or ***proschema*** if you prefer ***Greek)*** by **King** ***Chuck*** for a ***WAR*** **England** could ***hardly afford to win,*** much less **lose**, as ***his*** **father** (the **former King** ***James)*** had been recently informed by the **exchequer**.

Parliament, already **miffed** about ***Charles's*** **wedding contract** with ***his*** **father-in-law** (the **Catholic King of** ***France)*** including a **loan** of **English Royal Naval assets** to suppress ***French*** **Protestants**, had also **not** taken too kindly to the recent appointments of ***free will*** proponents to ***his*** **highness's royal ecclesiastic retinue**.

Chuck's* Parliament** thought it best and most prudent to fulfill their **divinely mandated** obligation to **support** their **King** by drastically **shorting *his* highness** and only allocate ***him enough money to make some passing naval attacks at New World Spanish possessions while hunting down their treasure ships.

Apparently, the **Royal favorite** who had been **hand selected** by ***Charles*** to **run** this **naval shitshow** did NOT ***amend his plans in accordance with his allocated funds*** and **tried** to do **too much** with **too little**. That crazy bastard actually went ahead and ***invaded*** the **Spanish mainland** ***(while*** the **Spanish Empire** was still the ***world's foremost superpower*** at the time, roughly **akin** to **Cuba** invading the **American** mainland) in what was **arguably** one of the most **classically English** (**military**) **fuckups** ever.

The **English Expedition** to ***Cadíz*** was a **fustercluck** of astronomical proportions at ***every* level** of the operation starting with the **policy jerkoffs** and the **REMF hand-job artists** promising ***surgical* naval strikes** on ***high value targets*** while **wreaking** the **enemy's supply chain** with **amphibious assaults** on ***lightly defended* key ports** in theater.

As usual, the **precision plans** by the **tactical anglers** back home turned out to be **wishful thinking** based on **bad intelligence** (and/or **none**) that did **NOT** take ***predictably* bad weather** into account. This **led** to a ***complete failure*** to **apprehend** or even just **sink** ANY **high value targets** and further contributed to a ***general lack of provisions*** when the **senior officer in command** decided to NOT **waste the trip** down the **coast** and **attacked** the ***heavily fortified*** port city of ***Cadíz***.

The **English** managed to take the **harbor fort** when they **arrived**, but not much else. When they (**eng**)**landed** their **land**(**ing**) **forces**, their ***on-site* English commander** decided to **let** his **amphibious assault forces *loot*** the local villas for **food** and **drink**, the **latter** being ***widely available*** in **mass quantities** in the form of **big ass vats of wine**.

Which the **brave English soldiers** valiantly **fought** to ***empty as rapidly as possible*** (by drinking ALL of their contents) before **moving on** to ***neutralize*** further ***high value targets*** of opportunity. With those **critical *missions*** being **accomplished** by ***poorly provisioned*** forces who were **suffering** from **low blood sugar**, it took **less** prodigious amounts of **alcohol** than normal to get **most** to ALL of the highly trained and extremely organized **pedestrian idiot English assets** in theater so ***hammered*** that the **on-site commander** ordered a ***complete retreat*** to their **boats** BEFORE Spanish reinforcements **showed up**.

Even then, ***at least*** a **thousand men** were ***too drunk*** to **heed**, **hear** or maybe just **care** about their **retreat orders**. Those ***(heavily armed pedestrian)*** **idiots** were so **drunk** that when the **Spanish** did show up, they **didn't** need more than their **swords** to **chop** them up like **bait** even though the **English** were **heavily armed** with **black powder muzzle loading devices** that they were ***too drunk*** to **load**, **aim** or **fire properly**. To a man, they were **all** put to the **sword**.

Between **that** and other **minor miscalculations** on **land** and **sea** in that **clusterfiasco**, **England** lost almost ***half*** of the **15,000 men** to **death** (from **combat** or **sickness**) or **capture** and also **lost *62*** out of the **105 ships** originally dispatched. The **critically botched operation** also happened to **go** about **78% *over*** their originally approved **budget** of

£140,000. For these **losses**, precisely ***none*** of the previously stated primary or secondary objectives were **achieved** during these **English efforts** in **Spain**.

Despite those **impressive** results, ***no serious inquiry*** was subsequently undertaken by the **King** or ***his* good buddy** the **Lord High Admiral**, **Lord Buckingham**. Who happened to be the same close **friend** and **advisor** who had previously **advised *his* most incipient highness** (at the time) that the ***impeachment*** of ***James's* treasurer** was a ***good idea*** and **couldn't** POSSIBLY have ANY **unexpected** repercussions, **blowback** or ANY **application to the royal person** in ANY way whatsoever at ANY point in the **future**, near or far.

When **Parliament** started their own ***impeachment* hearings** regarding the **oversight** of ***his* Lord High Buckingham** over the ***Cadíz*** fiasco, **King *Chuck*** threw a **hissy fit** and had the **Admiral's** two biggest Parliamentary detractors **imprisoned** for their impertinence in **suggesting** that **his lordship** had somehow **fucked up**, which conceivably may reflect on the **King** as they were long time **friends** and **associates**. Not to mention that ***his* highness** appointed the **Lord High Admiral** to his post in the first place, which **also** may **not** reflect well on **said highness**.

After they were released only a week later by a most **magnanimous** and **gracious King**, **Parliament** then issued an **official protest** to the **king** regarding **Buckingham** continuing his **employment** as **head admiral**. The **English Parliament** was then quickly **thanked** then ***dismissed*** for their unsolicited feedback by ***Charles***.

While that was happening, apparently the **Royal marriage** was on the rocks for any number of reasons that could be religious, semantic, linguistic, cultural, personal, sexual and god(dess) knows what else in nature, or ***(more likely)* some combination thereof**.

Things were so bad that ***Charles*** dismissed most of ***his*** good **wife's** (IE the ***Bourbon* queen of England's**) ***French*-speaking staff**, THEN ordered a military attack on the coast of ***France*** in ***support*** of the same ***French* Huguenots** previously ***suppressed*** by **English naval assets** that had been **loaned** to ***France*** as per the original ***marriage contract*** that resulted in ***their* marital bliss** in the first place.

This ***religious support action*** turned out to be another **exemplary tactical exercise** concocted by **Buckingham's crack(ed) team** of **REMF dumbshits**.

The stated **objective** of **defending *French* Huguenot Protestants** was done by ***encouraging*** religious **rebellion** in the **target city** through a sustained **siege** of the same target city. Oddly enough, the **encouraged *rebellion*** actually **did** start about two months into the siege of ***La Rochelle***, which was right when the **continuing English siege** was becoming increasingly **untenable** with the changing weather of early **October** and a **lack** of proper reinforcements mainly due to **Parliament** NOT being interested in ***funding*** another crackpot ***foreign adventure*.**

After a **multi-month siege** of the **city**, **Lord Buckingham** decided to give it **one last go** with a **final** frenzied assault which led to the **belated English realization** that their **assault ladders** were ***too short*** for their **target walls**. Unsurprisingly, this **minor miscalculation** was realized **3** months **too late**, ***after* 5,000** out of the **7,000 men mobilized** for that **slight miscalculation** had **died** from combat or sickness.

The primary **strategic benefit** for **England** of this particular **shitshow** was a ***pissed off royal father in law*** running ***France***.

PLUS, as (**nearly**) always seems to happen when **larger powers support foreign freedom fighters** to bedevil their biggest rival, the ***local agitators lost their tactical support just when they needed it the most and it might have done the most good.***

Which **directly** contributed to the eventual **failure** of this **religious rebellion** and the **loss** of another **potential Protestant ally** for **England** ***against*** their longtime/sometime **ally** ***France.***

During that whole mess, **King** ***Chuck*** further **agitated** Parliament by mandating a **new tax** to properly ***fund*** the current ***foreign adventure*** and **possibly** widen it, but ***without*** their **approval.** Which ***had*** been **custom** in both **law** and **practice** in **England** for **quite** some time. This led to the usual **hue** and **outcry** that one tends to associate with that **august body**, and ***his*** **highness** was then presented with a **Petition of Rights** informing ***his*** majesty ***he*** could **not** impose **new taxes** ***without*** **Parliamentary consent** and ***he*** also could **not** impose **martial law**, **not** deny people whatever **passing pretense** they might have a **due process** when **arrested** on **trumped up** or **fabricated charges**, and **not** quarter troops in private homes.

Charles first **signed** the **petition** (which was understood to be an **agreement** to **abide** by it's terms), then ***prorogued*** (slash dismissed) **Parliament** and started **collecting** the same **tax** that got Parliament's **back up** in the first place. **Two**(ish) **months** after that, ***Charles's*** good friend **Lord Buckingham** was **assassinated** while in the **proverbial pub**, ***planning*** another ***Quixotic*** campaign against **Spain**. His **assassin** turned out to be a disgruntled **tactical angler** who believed he had been **passed over** for **promotion** by **his high lordship** due to a ***WAR*** **wound** suffered in a previous action serving **under** the former Lord High Admiral.

What is truly **astounding** about all this **isn't** that this **all** happened **under** (and/or **because** of) ***Charles*** as **King**, it's that ***it all happened within the first three years of his 24 year reign***.

In those three years ***he*** managed to ***piss off*** **England's two** ***largest*** sometime **allies** with **fruitless, harebrained** ***military fuckups*** while **riling up** practically **everybody at home** by **raising taxes** and **appointing** ***deeply unpopular*** **friends** to high **ecclesiastic** positions on ***his*** **royal staff**. After such an **auspicious** beginning, in the following **21 years** ***Charles*** would go on to **top** these noble accomplishments through even more astounding feats of **leadershit**...fucking hell, these hands were made to play bass, **not type**...leadership.

He went on to **piss off** the **Scots** and **Irish** so badly through attempted **religious reforms** and **general political mismanagement** via appointed underlings that ***both*** **Scotland** and **Ireland rebelled** in mass against **England**. ***Charles*** also **dismissed** or ***prorogued*** **Parliament** just about every time they did anything ***his*** **highness** didn't care for, including one time for **eleven** years during which the **Crown** reasserted all sorts of antiquated and long unasserted **Royal taxation** and **levy Rights** still on ***some*** **books** in the **Royal possession**.

Without **Parliament**, ***he*** operated with virtually **nothing** in the way of **oversight**, and ***his*** personal minion **archbishop Laud** practically took over both the **Court of the High**

Commission and the infamous **Court of the Star Chamber** where **corporal punishment** and **visible disfigurement** in the form of **strategically removed *facial features*** were **common** sentences for being **accused** of having ***slightly different*** religious views than ***his* highness** and/or **archbishop Laud**.

Then during the **Irish Rebellion fiasco**, the **House of Commons** saw fit to pass a bill publicly **accusing** the **king** of being a **unwitting** (really?) member of a widespread **Catholic conspiracy** that allegedly included many to **most** of ***his* senior advisors**.

After being presented with such a **vile** and **barbarous impertinence*,* King *Charles*** made **English history** by becoming the **first King** to **grace** and **dignify** that **august** body of **upjumped proles** commonly known as the **House of Commons**.

But in being the ***Charles*** that ***he* was**, ***he* neglected** to make an appointment and showed up **uninvited** and ***armed to the teeth*** while accompanied by an **entourage** of **heavily armed pedestrian idiots** with the **intent** of ***arresting* 5** of it's **members** (snicker) who ***Charles*** thought were part of a vast **Scottish** (and/or Presbyterian) **conspiracy**. As any ***one*** of those **breaches of etiquette** was considered to be poor Parliamentary form, the ***pentafecta*** of hitting all **five** in one go was at least one step too far for a long abused Parliament, who started **mobilizing their own army** to ***impeach*** their **goodly king** immediately after **chasing him** out of **London**.

That ended up leading to not just **one** but THREE **English civil *WARs*** happening over a **9 year period**. The **first** lasted about **4 years** and involved **3 main factions** (the **Royalists** in support of ***Charles*,** the **New Model Army** representing **Parliament**, and the **Scottish Army** acting on behalf of **Scotland**). That ***first one*** "ended" after a series of **Royalist defeats** at the **hands** (and **arms**) of the **New Model Army** which subsequently inspired ***Charles*** to **surrender** to **Scottish forces**, who then turned around and **sold *his* ass back** to the **English Parliament** for the **nominal fee** of **£100,000**.

The second **civil *WAR*** started after ***Charles*,** despite ***his*** captivity, had managed to **capitalize** on the growing **divergence** between **Parliament** and their **assembled army** of **religious puritan crackpots** (IE the **New Model Army**) by cutting a deal with the **Scots** where they would **rebel** against **England** and **invade** it's **North Country** (**again**).

Once returned to the throne, ***Charles*** promised to **establish** the same Presbyterianism in **England** that ***he*** had previously spent years attempting to ***stamp out*** in **Scotland**.

***Right*.**

The **Scots *invaded*** (**England**) in **May** of **1648** while the **Royalists rebelled** in **East** and **North England**, and ***all*** of them were thoroughly **stomped** by the **New Model Army**, ending the second **Civil *WAR***.

As ***always seems to happen*** when hordes of **religious crackpots** organize themselves into an army, the **New Model Army** staged a **coup de tat** and general **purge** of **Parliament** under the **leadershit** of a **regicidal religious maniac** named **Oliver Cromwell** (looks to left, **spits**). Of the "rogue" elements ***purged*** from **471 active members, 45** were **imprisoned**

(but most only were kept a couple of weeks) and many more on **Cromwell's** (**ptoo**!) **shit list** heard about the **purge** and **stayed away**.

After that purge, **Parliament** reassembled itself with a total of **200 Members** and decided (thanks to the **friendly** offered advice of the newly named {**sith**} **Lord Protector**) to **up the ante** on the ***impeachment*** precedent ***his* highness** (IE still ***Charles*** even though ***he*** is a **prisoner**) had **helped** set way back when with ***his*** good buddy **Lord Buckingham** in regards to a former ***exchequer***, and voted **itself** the "**right**" to put **King *Charles*** on **trial** for ***high treason***.

Which ***he*** was promptly **convicted** of, **sentenced**, and had ***his* head** forcibly ***removed*** from ***his*** body by way of a **well placed blow** with a **sharpened metal stick** wielded by a **trained professional** at **14:00.1.30.1649** (GMT). ***He* died** instantaneously due to the ***rapid onset*** of **circulatory issues** at the still **too soon** (as ***he*** presumably still had **some** of ***his*** TEETH) age of **48**. **The King is dead**, long live the **what? *Lord Protector?***

Indeed, the **English *Interregnum*** (LATIN for "in between **kings**") began with the ritualized **public killing** of a **very bad King** and (yet) another **Civil *WAR*** between the **Parliamentarian New Model Army** and the **Royalist forces** in **England**, **Scotland** and **Ireland** that had rallied around **King *Charles* I's son**, **King *Charles* II**. That **didn't** wind up until ***his* highness** was forced to ***foœk off*** from **both islands** southward to ***France***.

All said and done, this particular batch of **English Civil *WARs*** ONLY **killed** or directly caused the **deaths** of roughly **200,000** (or **more**) in **England** and another **60,000** (or **more**) in **Scotland**. **Ireland**, thanks to some **minor** religious differences in still being **Catholic** wherever **England** didn't have a **strong colonial presence**, was extended **extra** ecumenical consideration by being ***fucking destroyed***.

Conservative estimates by **actual** historians posit a total of ***616,000*** (or ***more***) related **Irish deaths,** representing ***41%*** of the **population** before **Cromwell** (hacks up **lung**, expectorates) and **his goodly Christian brothers** showed up and did their best **Norman impression** by staging **multiple massacres** of **unarmed** (and frequently **female** and/or **underage**) **non-combatants** and deliberately **burning their crops** to **starve** the rest. That said, it would **not** be **inaccurate** to characterize **Catholic Ireland's warm welcoming** to the newly established **Commonwealth** with the pithy phrase **EAT SHIT AND DIE**.

After whipping on the **Scots** and the **Irish**, **Cromwell's** (**...**) first significant act upon returning to **England** was to **dissolve** the very same **Rump Parliament** he helped ***create*** through the previous purge. **Parliament** was then **cleared out** with the help of ***40* heavily armed musketeers** in a fashion not entirely dissimilar to what got ***Charles*** in trouble only a few years earlier. This happened because **Parliament** had dragged their heels in **appointing** a **caretaker government** in support of the **Lord Protector** prior to **abdicating** their **seats** and calling for a **new Parliamentary election** where ***even more agreeable* MP's** could **compete** to ***legislatively lick* Cromwell's** (**spits**, then **kicks** nearest ***dog***) shiny **Puritan boots** of **power**.

Which is what came to pass anyway after **Cromwell** kicked the last batch of **gentrified sods** out of both houses in favor of an assembly of ***like minded religious maniacs*** gathered to

further assemble a working (**English**) **Constitution** consistent with their **religious *predispositions*** and the **territorial prerogatives** of the **Commonwealth**.

But that lasted only for a **few months** before it became known that some of those recently empowered ***religious maniacs*** were just a bit **too religious** for the **Lord Protector's tastes**, after which this **assembly *dissolved itself*** before making any real headway at it's assigned task.

Once that happened, this **freed up** the **Lord Protector** and **his bootlicks** to offer then accept a **new English Constitution** that made the **current Lord Protector** a de facto **religious dictator** for ***life***. For the next **5 years**, **England** (and it's **dependent colonies**) became even **more** of an ***overtly religious police state*** than it was **usually** (historically speaking) ***was***.

The **commonwealth** was subjected to a greater **Puritan purge** of **undesirable** persons and practices that included little things like ***firing*** any and all **insufficiently Puritan** ministers and schoolmasters PLUS ***canceling*** **Easter** and **Christmas** for being excessively hedonistic **Papist** practices (even before the modern grotesquely commercialized exercise of obligatory gift giving). Both **gambling** and the **theater** were **banned**, as was assembling ***any*** **military forces** on behalf of the **exiled English King** still in ***France***. The inevitable **Royalist uprisings** were just about the only thing that occasionally **broke up** the **day to day monotony** of ***living in a religious dictatorship***.

With all of **constant uprisings** happening on the **home islands**, the **Lord Protector** buried the hatchet with the **Dutch** after their ongoing trading disputes (and/or ***cargo cult competition***) had **blown up** into an entirely predictable **naval *WAR***. After wrapping that up, **Cromwell** (***fucker***) summoned **Parliament** to **rubber stamp** the **84 bills** he and his religious buddies whipped up since dissolving the **last Parliament**. After some members started expressing some reservations about those new bills, or started **suggesting** their own, the **Lord Protector** once again **dissolved** Parliament.

Counterintuitively enough, the **Lord Protector's** distinguished record of **religious tolerance** was **not** entirely unmixed. In contrast to the **ecumenical considerations** extended to **his christian Catholic brothers** and **sisters** on **ye olde Erin**, the **Lord Protector** did NOT merely rescind the **350 year old ban** of **Jews** from **England**, **he** went at least **6 steps further** and issued a **general proclamation** to **Europe** and elsewhere abroad that **any** (***rich***) **Jews** who **didn't like** living under (frequently) **Papist intolerance** were **welcome** to come to **England** and live in a nurturing environment of **friendly Puritan intolerance**.

Typical of most large governmental **policy shifts**, the ***stated*** goal of ***increasing social inclusivity*** of a **long marginalized group** served at least **two *unstated*** (or **not** widely expressed) **goals**.

In this case, the **first** was ***creating*** a **new tax base** to **draw from** in order to ***properly fund*** all the ongoing **anti-Catholic** and **anti-Royalist operations** all over **England**, **Scotland** and **Ireland**.

The second **unstated goal** in this case was **religious** (not to mention pretty **typical** of ***bright eyed born agains overly solicitous of Jews****)* in that the **Lord Protector** hoped such FRIENDLY **English treatment** would **inspire** repatriated (and/or ***bloody immigrant****)* **Jews** to be more **amenable** to ***converting*** to (**Puritan**) **Christianity** when **given** the **opportunity**, which was extended **early** on **arrival** and ***often thereafter.***

After that, the remainder of the **Lord Protectorate** passed by in an increasing assumption of **monarchial privileges** like ***arrogating*** the "**right**" to **appoint** a **successor** (his son) and creating **new** aristocratic seats to ***reward*** loyal minions. **He** finally summoned a **Parliament** who **affirmed** these "**rights**" to **his office** and passed the ***constitution*** that the **Lord Protector** had been trying to get confirmed by various **dissolved Parliaments** for **five years.**

And ***just in time*** for **Cromwell's death** from a possible combination of **malaria** and **septicemia** (a full spectrum immune system freak out that often results in death from organ failure) due to an untreated kidney stone infection on **9.3.1658**. **He** was succeeded by **his son** Richard **Cromwell** (**spits**) as **Lord Protector** for 8 months before Junior was forced to **resign** by an unsupportive **Parliament** that then **tweaked** the ***Constitution*** just enough to **Restore** the **monarchy** in the person of **King** ***Charles*** the **IInd**, the **son** of ***Charles*** **I**.

After the **Puritan dictatorship** that the **former** Commonwealth (now **Constitutional Monarchy**) had been living under for the last **9** years, **King** ***Chuck*** **II** was received at home by **most** as a returning **hero-king** ***who*** was rapidly **re-affirmed** to be **King** by the **English**, **Scottish** and **Irish Parliaments** in **1660**. ***His*** restored **highness** promptly got back to the **business** of being the **King** of **England** (and **Scotland** and **Ireland**) by conducting an official **witch hunt** of the **31 surviving commissioners** who **tried** and **convicted** ***Charles*** **I** of **high treason**.

In the ***standard*** **conciliatory Christian fashion** consistent with **our Savior's** timeless message of **redemption** and **forgiveness** and treating others as we would prefer to be treated ourselves, at least ***13*** of these **commissioners** were **hung, drawn** and **quartered** (and killed **dead** in the process) after their **show trials** while the rest were **imprisoned** in the **Tower of London** until they **died**.

After those **most Christian acts of mercy** and **forgiveness**, **King** ***Charles*** **II** displayed a further amount of ***surprising*** (considering who ***his*** father was) **savvy** in successfully courting **Catherine de Braganza**, who was the **King of Portugal's** oldest surviving **daughter**. Despite **her** being **Catholic** (and ***not*** exactly popular in **England**), **marrying her** was a **strategic masterstroke** that added **Tangier** (in **North Africa**) and **Bombay Island** (now named Mumbai and no longer an island) to **England's** steadily growing ***colonial portfolio*** while securing **trading privileges** at favorable rates with **Portugal's colonies** of **Brazil** and the **East Indies**.

After the **obligatory** token payback of ***ritualized public bloodletting***, **King** and **Parliament** kissed, made up and enjoyed a honeymoon period of ***unparalleled cooperation*** in further ***marginalizing*** **Catholics** and various **Puritan** and/or **dissenter** fringe groups by shoring up the **Church of England** through a series of **government acts** which made it ***devilishly*** **difficult** to practice anything ***other*** than **Anglicism** in **England**.

Outside of the gubment**,** the **English people** were **celebrating** their recent **liberation** from their recent **religious regime** with a will that **probably** involved the **chronic consumption** of MORE **libations** than the ***prodigious usual*** for the **indigenous inhabitants** of the **isle of unending thirst**.

The sharp **uptick** in **drunken lecherous carousing** likely led to a similar **updick** in **general hanky panky**, which **may** (or may not) have played a **contributing role** in the seemingly **biblical outbreak** and **epidemic** of the ***Black Plague*** in **1665-66** that ended up **killing** about **100,000** people in **London alone**.

That **calamity** was only **halted** by a further (seemingly) **biblical calamity** that befell **London** that ***couldn't possibly be some kind of karmic fallout*** from recent activities in **Ireland** and **elsewhere**. On **September 2nd** through the **5th**, ***1666,*** damn near **all** of **London** ***burned to the ground*** in their so called **Great Fire**. Much of what **didn't** burn down was ***blown up*** to stop the **FIRE** from spreading further, and these proactive measures saved **10%** of the buildings that had been part of London's skyline not **three days** earlier. The **good news** (for once) was that ***few*** people **died** in the general immolation

Before, during and after the **epidemic** and **conflagration**, ***Chuck*** **ii** continued **England's** long and venerable ***foreign policy tradition*** of **dropping Her diplomatic drawers** for whichever of Europe's hirsute suitors ***best served*** **Her immediate national interests** without **undue cause** or **concern** about ANY recent ***WARs*** **England** ***recently fought against their new ally****.*

Chuck got **England** in another **naval tiff** with the **Dutch** in their ongoing **multiphase trade** ***WAR*** where **England captured New Amsterdam** (AKA that festering hellhole of beady eyed, big city sophisticates usually referred to as **NYC**) but then got **caught** with their **pants down** at home when they **let** the **Dutch** sail **straight up the Thames** and **sink** ***more than half*** the **Royal Navy** in a surprise attack.

After that debacle, ***Chuck*** then entered **England** into a **strategic alliance** with **Sweden** to **oppose** ***France*** under ***Louis*** **#14** in **1668** BEFORE **cutting a deal** with the ***very same Louis*** only **two years later** where, for only a **nominal** annual fee, ***Charles*** **II** agreed to **lend** ***France*** some **English soldiers** and also **convert to Catholicism** "as soon as the welfare of his kingdom permit".

With **England** still being mostly **Anglican** or **Protestant** (and increasingly **Jewish**), this **might** have been a **bit** of an issue that some of ***His*** **subjects** already had some **concerns** about with the **King's wife** and **younger brother** (and ***heir designate****)* both being **Papists**, which is probably why ***Charles*** didn't **immediately** live up to his end of the bargain.

After cutting that deal, ***Charles*** then decided to **cut bait** on ***his*** **goodly wife's** less than profitable colonial dowry donations and **abandoned Tangier** but expanded **England's** presence **North** and **West** deeper into **Canada** in adding the **Hudson Bay** to it's ever expanding **colonial portfolio** by way of a **Royal Charter** issued to the **Hudson's Bay Company**. As ***impressive*** as this **northern aquatic perdition** of immense beauty and great fecundity is the **1.5** to **3 months** of the year it **isn't** covered with prodigious amounts of snow and ice, it wasn't quite enough to **gloss over** increasing **religious concerns** in **Parliament** that the **King** was a **closeted Papist**.

Which **wasn't** helped all that much when the **King** offered **Parliament** a bill **suspending** the existing **Penal Laws** that made being **Catholic** an **offense** punishable by **imprisonment**. **Nor** was **Parliament** pleased when ***Chuck* #2** got all **buddy buddy** with ***Louis* #14** and started the third **Anglo-Dutch *WAR*** of ***his*** own reign.

All of that added to a general climate of ***inflamed religious sensibilities*** that was likely a significant **contributing factor** in the **whispering campaign** of a fictional "**Popish Plot**" to **assassinate** the **most Catholic Friendly King** in **200 years**.

Which, according to the **credulous Anglican gits** that **spread it** far and wide, was centered around the **King's wife** and **brother**. And ***even though it was completely false*** that led to **scores** of **fabricated arrests**, **token show trials** and **many** to **most** of the **accused** being **wrongly *executed*** for no other reason than **being Catholic** in the wrong time and place.

Charles further agitated **Parliament** by **dissolving** it after they started ***impeachment*** proceedings against ***his* de facto Hand**, **Lord Danby**, whom **Parliament** had decided to nominate as **scapegoat** and ***legislative whipping boy*** for some recent **positive foreign relations** happening with a **too Catholic *France.***

The previous **Parliamentary dismissal** royally **pissed off** the next **Parliament** which was also **suffering** from the **Anti-Catholic Hysteria** going around, and they decided to **deny *Charles*** the **funding** necessary to field any **large groups of heavily armed individuals** that **might** be used to stage a **Catholic *coup de tat*** against the mostly **Protestant** (and **Anglican**) **Parliament**. That also had the side effect of **short-circuiting *Chuck's*** third **Anglo-Dutch *WAR***, and the continuing **political pressure** from **Parliament** was enough to get ***Chuck*** to flip flop on ***his* Hand** and close friend (**Lord Danby**), who ***he*** had **arrested** and **jailed** in the **Tower of London** for **five** years**.**

The rest of ***Chuck's* reign** passed by in a predictably ***Jacobean* frenzy** of **religious conspiracy**, attempted **regicide** (and other kinds of **murder**) and ***Chuck*** doing a pretty good **monarchial impression** of ***his* most illustrious father** (IE the **last king** who had ***his* head cut off**) by **dissolving Parliament** every time they started giving ***him* shit** about ***his* brother** and **heir presumptive *James Stuart*** continuing to be a **frigging Papist**.

Sadly, this **religious impasse** was **not** resolved prior to **King *Charles* II dying** of an "**apoplectic fit**" from possible **uraemia** (**kidney** dysfunction) or being **poisoned** by one or **more** disgruntled **High Anglican perpetrators** at the not exactly tender but still **too young age** of **54**. But it did **not** happen fast enough to prevent **King *Charles* II** from **converting** to **Catholicism** on ***his* deathbed**. One of the truly **Catholic ironies** of **King *Charles's* life** was that though ***he* fathered** at least **12 illegitimate children** (**not** including associated miscarriages or infant deaths), ***his* wife** was **not** able to carry ***any*** of her **four pregnancies** to term.

This was a bit of a **pickle** in that ***illegitimate* children** of a **monarch** were NOT deemed to be an **acceptable choice** in the happenstance of **preferred alternatives**.

The **roster** of **preferred** candidates to the **Crown** was **legitimate** children first, then **younger siblings** (as the **oldest** surviving legitimate child of any **royal generation** almost **always**

received the **Crown**) of the former **monarch**, then after that it was a toss up (and/or **civil *WAR)*** between ***illegitimate* siblings** and **offspring** of the **former monarch** and qualified contenders from **cadet branches** of the **Royal family** who **may** or may not have been part of the **conspiracy** that created the **Royal vacancy** in the first place.

The one **caveat** to this **succession order** was IF an ***illegitimate* royal** (and **female**) **royal child** happened to **marry** a **reigning monarch** of a **friendly ally**.

In the **absence** of legitimate children, the **Crown** then passed from ***Charles* II** to ***his* Catholic** younger brother ***James Stuart,*** now **King *James* #2**, despite ***Chuck's*** typically **Papist abundance** of ***illegitimate* children**. Incidentally, **one** of which ***(Chuck's*** eldest daughter ***Mary)*** had been previously **sold**...whoops, that darn **freudian foreshadowing**...married off to ***Charles's*** long time **Dutch frenemy*, William of Orange*** (**#2**) as a sort of token effort to **bury** the **hatchet** after their last ***WAR*** that helped ease **growing** religious concerns in **Parliament**.

As one might guess, those **religious concerns** did **not** exactly abate when the ***very* Catholic** kid brother of ***his*** former **highness** became the **first Catholic King** of **England** since a **pre-Reformative *Hank* VIII** sat ***his*** noble haunches on the throne.

As it turns out, **King *James* II** would also be **England's *last* Roman Catholic Monarch**, partly due to Parliament subsequently passing a **bill** not too long after ***Jimmy the deuce's*** reign that made it ***illegal*** for an **English monarch** or **spouse** thereof to be ***Catholic.*** **Foreigners** were **OK** in those **English executive positions**, but only if they **weren't** Papists.

Despite ***his* parochial religious sensibilities** that (according to current estimates) were shared by a whopping ***2%*** of ***his*** subjects, ***Jimmy the deuce's* reign** started off innocuously enough. It seems that much to **most** of **Anglican England** considered a **Catholic monarch** to be **preferable** to the usual **succession issues** and **Civil *WARs*** that tend to go along with a contested **English crown**.

Both the **people** and **Parliament** gave every appearance of giving their new, ***practically heathen* King** the **benefit** of the **doubt** regarding ***his* royal** (and/or **religious**) intentions, and did NOT **organize** the usual abundance of **conspiracies** and **Parliamentary plots** that had been previously staged to welcome previous **English monarchs**. ***Jimmy*** did ***his*** part to contribute to this **domestic bliss** by **not** purging ***his*** staff or Royally appointed ministerial or senior government positions of their **Protestant** occupants, at least ***at first***.

This ***unparalleled*** period of **peace** and **amity** between the **new English King** and ***his* loyal** and **loving subjects** lasted approximately ***one month*** before the ***inevitable*** celebratory **rebellions** were staged to **welcome *his* highness** to the throne.

One was up North in **Scotland** and inspired by the **religious concerns** by a concerned **Scottish Peer**, but it was quickly **put down** thanks to a **dearth** of enthusiastic support outside of the organizer's clan. The other **rebellion** was **thrown** for ***his* highness** by ***his*** very own **nephew** down South in **England proper**, who **also** claimed to be ***inspired*** by **religious** reasons and only happened to be on the **short list** for **possible** replacement Kings thanks to being the former **King's** (***Charles* II**) oldest ***illegitimate* son**.

Consistent with the **popular perception** that **bastards don't make good Kings** (see chapter 6 of this device, re: ***Billy the Bastard)***, the **Duke of Monmouth** was **not** able to rally enough pedestrian idiots to his royal candidacy to successfully **sneak attack** the **King's small** standing army at **night**, and was soon **captured, tried** and **beheaded** with the **blessing** of ***his*** **loving uncle**. At least **250** other senior rebels were also afforded the standard **English show trial** before being **executed**, and scores if not **hundreds** more were **condemned** to (one way) **Transportation** and subsequent ***Indentured Servitude*** in the **West Indies**.

Both the **Rebellions** and the **Bloody Assizes trials** that followed them cut short the **honeymoon** period that the **King** and **Parliament** had been **enjoying**. The **King** seemed to take the **multiple threats** to ***his*** **position** and **person** ***personally*** and started **expanding** ***his*** **royal forces** even though **England** was **enjoying** one of those ***rare moments*** in **English History** where **England** wasn't **actively** at ***WAR*** with anyone ***other*** than **Herself**.

Parliament, for it's part, was still **shaken** (but not ***stirred)*** by the general conduct of ***Jimmy*** and ***his*** **minions** during the **Bloody Assizes trials**, and did **not** take too well to their **Catholic** monarch ***expanding*** the **Royal Army** during **peacetime**. These growing concerns were NOT greatly **diminished** when ***Jimmy the deuce*** began **staffing** the **command positions** of these **new regiments** with **Catholics** who were **not** forced to swear the **usual oaths** where the swearer **forswore** against harboring ANY **Catholic** inclinations in the present or at any point in the future.

Fearing another **Cromwellian Religious Dictatorship**, but this time ***far worse*** as it would be presumably ***Papist*** in it's disposition, the **Parliament** issued ***multiple*** strongly worded **objections** to their **new King**, and ***just like*** with ***his*** **brother**, ***his*** **beheaded royal father**, and **Cromwell** (drinks pint of warm milk, then **spits**), they were softly thanked and quickly ***prorogued*** (IE **royally dismissed** and/or **disbanded**) for their feedback.

This was about when ***Jimmy the deuce*** took the **pleasantly ingratiating mask** ***off*** and proceeded to try and make some headway on ***his*** **secret Papist agenda**. First ***he*** started **advocating** for the **repeal** of previous **Penal Acts** that made being **Catholic** a jailable offense, then ***he*** started a **slow purge** of ***his*** **staff** and **high offices** and **replaced** everyone recently retired with **friendly** (to ***Jimmy #2,*** at least) **Papists**.

After that, ***he*** started **dismissing** those judges and solicitor generals (roughly **similar** to the Attorney General) that did NOT agree with the **King's legal finding** that ***he*** could **dispense** (and/or **vacate** in modern terms) with ANY **Acts of Parliament** ***he*** found objectionable OR ***inconvenient*** when **Parliament wasn't** in session. After ***he*** got that confirmed by a panel of friendly judges, ***he*** issued a general **Declaration of Indulgence** that, according to ***him,*** made it **legal** to be **Catholic** or **Protestant wingnut**...whoops, **Whig dissenter** on **English soil**.

After **half purging** the military, the high judiciary and senior government posts, ***Jimmy*** then set ***his*** **hairy eyeball** on **higher education** by allowing **Catholics to teach** in England's most prestigious universities while attempting to ***force*** the **fellows** of one school to **elect** a widely known **closeted Papist** to be the **President** of their prestigious and **largely Protestant** university. While attending to that **Catholic** ***conspiracy, he*** was also **laying the**

groundwork to pack the ***prorogued*** **Parliament** with **friendly MP's** who would legislatively **affirm** ***his*** **highness's** religious declarations.

These **Catholic** ***conspiracies*** were further enhanced by ***him*** **directing** various agents and regulators to ***purge*** intransigent **Anglicans** from the **boards** and **chairmanships** of **English corporations** while **building** a ***permanent electoral machine*** across **England** that would keep ***him*** and the rest of ***his privileged religious minority in perpetual power***. NOT entirely **unlike** how a ***dying*** and **minority Republican party** has been ***trying to do the very same*** in **America** through ***gerrymandering*** and pursuing other ***anti-low income*** (and/or ***minority) voter initiatives*** as a matter of course since the **Nixon administration** (at minimum).

The **overt** rapidity of all of this happening in only **three years** shook the **faith** (and/or ***confidence)*** of ***his*** **subjects**, many of **whom** happened to be **investors** who had **not** banked on (or ***proactively leveraged against)*** an unanticipated **Catholic hegemony**. Even those that were **inclined** to take the **long view** that "well, the next King probably won't be Catholic" were forced to admit that ***wasn't bloody well likely*** when ***her*** **highness Mary** (IE ***Jimmy's*** **wife**) gave **birth** to a bouncing baby **boy** who was also **Catholic**.

For many, that turned out to be the last straw that broke the camel's back. ***3 weeks*** after the royal birth, a group of **7 Protestant nobles** issued a general **invitation** to **England's** ***most recent*** **frenemy**, ***William of Orange*** (**#3**), to bring ***his*** **Dutch army** to **England**, **kick** the **Catholic King out** of ***his*** **throne** and ***take over*** as **King**.

Orange Billy was a **relatively** ideal candidate despite being a **foreign wog** thanks to being directly related to the **current English Royal family** (by way of ***his*** **mother Mary** being ***James's*** **sister**, making ***Orange Billy*** the **King's nephew**) that ***Billy*** FURTHER ***married into*** by joining ***Jimmy*** **the Deuce's daughter** (a different **Mary** than ***his*** mother {IE ***his first cousin}***) in **matrimonial bliss**.

In addition to being a **blood nephew** and **son-in-law** to ***Jimmy*** the **Deuce**, ***Orange Billy*** was the **only** person on the royal short list of ***likely*** **executive candidates** that could point to any **recent** executive experience running an international colonial empire that had been **outperforming** the growing **English** ***(colonial Empire)*** for the previous **hundred** years or so. Plus, ***he*** **wasn't** a **Papist**, which likely figured **heavily** in the **political** and **religious calculations** of the **English invitation committee**.

Just to be clear about how ***insane*** this **was**, this was **not** a friendly invitation for a state visit by a foreign dignitary. This was an **open invitation** (and/or desperate plea) for **England's biggest trading rival** (who **England** had **recently** been in a series of **Naval/colonial** ***WARs*** with) to INVADE **England** by **force**, **depose** (and/or ***execute)*** their current **English King**, and then **take over** as **King** of **England** with ***his*** **goodly wife**, the soon to be ***Mary*** **II** (***Jimmy*** **the Deuce's eldest daughter**).

Which is exactly what came to pass on **11.5.1688**. When ***Orange Billy*** (**nether**)**landed thousands** of **heavily armed pedestrian idiots** in **South England**, ***Jimmy*** **the Deuce** suffered from a **leadership crisis** when **most** of ***his*** trusted staff and Royal office holders **deserted** ***him*** in ***his*** hour of need. That likely played a role in the **rare** (well, for an **English** monarch anyway) restraint ***he*** **displayed** in deciding **not** to put ***his*** numerically **superior**

military forces to good use kicking those **dyke fingering tulip mongers** off of **England's** green and pleasant lands.

The following month did **not** proceed well for ***James* ii**, who at the end of it was inspired to **toss** the **Great Seal of England** (IE **England's** official inkstamp and NOT a rather large and blubbery **marine mammal** with the **union jack** tattooed on it) into the **Thames** (river) and tried to **run away** to ***France*** to join ***his* good** (**Catholic**) **buddy *Louis*** (still **#14** at this point) on **12.11.1688**.

Jimmy #2 was **captured** in **Kent** by **Dutch forces**, then subsequently **released** on ***his*** own recognizance and given a **protective Dutch guard** who ***Orange Billy*** ordered to let ***James*** escape if ***he*** tried to. Two weeks later, ***James*** was in ***France*** and **planning** how ***he*** was going to **re-take** the **throne** of **England** by **force**.

Evidently, after taking measure of ***his* immediate royal predecessor**, ***Orange Billy*** had made the **sound strategic calculation** that a **living *Jimmy* the Deuce** making ***his*** own **strategic decisions** was ***less of a threat*** than a **martyred ghost** that all kinds of experienced and potentially disgruntled, **anti-Wog Rule ex-military personnel** could rally around.

With ***James*** gone, ***William* III** and ***Mary* II** were formally declared to be **King** and **Queen** of **England** on **2.13.1689** after a little wheeling and dealing with **Parliament**, some of **whom** had some ***pointed*** concerns about a **foreign King** ruling **England** (again), even if ***her* highness** was a full blooded **Englishwoman** and the **eldest daughter** of the **King** who just **ran away**.

Part of **Parliament's** price for **agreeing** to this **accession** was that ***William*** had to accept and abide by a ***Bill of Rights*** which **established** or **re-affirmed** the following: no royal interference with the law; no royal taxation without Parliamentary affirmation; the freedom to petition the monarch about just about anything without fear of arbitrary incarceration or execution; no standing royal domestic army without Parliamentary approval; the right to bear arms appropriate to one's rank and class; no Royal interference of Parliament; and the freedom of speech within Parliament that was NOT subject to oversight or impeachment by ANY extra-Parliamentary court or panel, plus a few other "rights" that suffered from squishy, ill-defined language.

Bundled in that historic **Parliamentary bill** were further ***riders*** that officially declared ***James* II** had ***abdicated*** the **crown** and officially made ***William*** and ***Mary* England's** new **co-monarchs**, thus completing the so called "**Glorious Revolution**" that restored the **Protestant Anglican majority** to political power. A **Anglican majority** that promptly got back to business as usual by legislatively ***re-marginalizing* Catholics**.

As historic as the **English Bill of Rights** and the **Glorious Revolution** were, the accession of the **Dutch King** to the **English throne** and the new **union** between **England** and **Her *biggest* commercial** (and second biggest military) **colonial *rival*** threw a sizable **monkeywrench** into roughly **30 years** of **legislation** designed to ***protect* England's Home Market** and **Foreign Holdings** from **economic predation** by the ever industrious **Dutch**.

Despite being dismissed, prorogued, suspended, occupied and forcibly disbanded by various Kings and Lord Protectors MORE times than barrels of black powder had been thoughtfully lodged in it's basement by a concerned Guy Fawkes, **Parliament** did actually manage to get some work done those rare times it was in session during the **1600's**. That august body managed (somehow) to pass a series of bills (historically termed the **Navigation Acts**) starting in **1651** that first ***banned*** **foreigners** from ***importing*** anything to **England** for trade purposes, then went on to ***restrict trade*** for **it's** foreign colonies by mandating that either their **goods** had to come through **England** ***first*** (and be **taxed** through **tariffs** or **custom duties**) and/or that ***all trade*** both to and from **England** and **Her colonies** had to be on **English ships** (mostly) **manned** by **English sailors**.

Most to **all** of these legislative attempts were to **guarantee** affected **English corporations** the ***local import monopolies*** that they had been **royally granted**. ***All of which*** had been in serious **trouble** due to the energetic efforts of the **tulipmongers** (IE the **Dutch**). Now with all of that **economic en**(**g**)**mity** behind them, once they worked out a ***mutually beneficial rate of exchange*** between their **conjoined colonial empires**, they were **free** to **gang up** on their mutual frenemy ***France*** (who the **Dutch** had started fighting right after wrapping up their ***WAR*** with **Spain**) while continuing to "develop" their respective **third** (and/or ***new)*** **world colonies**.

Those were **not** the only bills that **Parliament** passed despite all of the **Royal interference** and ***factional party malice*** growing between the **two political parties** that **rose** out of the **cavalier** and **roundhead ashes** of their most recent spate of **civil *WARs*** like some kind of ***double headed shite phoenix***.

Chapter 11.3
Bi-Caramel and ***Big Business*** "Enlightenment**"**

Similar to modern day **Republicans** and **Democrats** in Congress, the **late 17th century *Tories*** and ***Whigs*** could (and have) **argue**(**d**) ***for decades on end*** about **pressing social issues** that were (or ***are)*** **fucking shit up** for just about **everybody** OTHER than **them** and their **gentrified sod friends**. BUT the second ***BIG BUSINESS*** snapped it's rapacious fingers, BOTH **parties** could (and ***can)*** be **counted on** to either **roll** (in the case of **Tory *Republicans)*** or **bend** (in the case of ***Democrat*** **Whigs**) over and **pass** just about ANY ***business friendly legislation*** that might have been **ghost** (or under) **written** for them by concerned **affected businesses**.

Such was the **case** with the ***East India Company***. With it's **corporate huevos *swollen*** with ***several*** **decades** of **success** and **expansion** deeper into the **subcontinent**, the ***EIC*** had convinced **King *Charles* II** that possessing the ***exclusive rights*** to their **Royally mandated English *monopoly*** over the single **biggest** domestic import market was ***not*** quite enough stay **competitive** with the **Dutch** in this rapidly developing market.

In a series of official acts only ***slightly*** **more overt** than some relatively recent **Congressional shrubshows** (early oughts if **ya're** wondering, **matey**), the ***EIC's*** ability to "compete" was **enhanced** with further provisions added to their **Royal charter**.

These ***enhanced*** **charter provisions** guaranteed the ***EIC's*** "**rights**" as a ***private corporation*** to make ***autonomous*** **territorial acquisitions** on behalf of **Imperial England**

(usually referred to in official diplo-geek as **plenipotentiary powers**), to also ***mint money,*** to ***command*** **English forts** and **troops**, to enter **England** into ***foreign alliances*** as they saw fit or expedient, to make ***WAR*** or **peace** as the ***EIC*** saw fit, and to exercise ***civil*** and ***criminal jurisdiction*** over their **foreign** holdings.

25 years later, the ***unseemly prosperity*** that the ***EIC's*** **corporate officers** had been ostentatiously displaying with profligate abandon in buying **huge estates** and/or greatly **expanding them** (and ***frequently*** displacing the few remaining families ***not*** previously **displaced** by prior ***En{g}closure Acts)*** and/or **starting** lots of **new local businesses** made it increasingly difficult for it's **Parliamentary proponents** (and/or enablers) to forcefully declare in session (with a straight face) that having a **few more English hogs** at the **subcontinental trough** was ***double plus ungood*** for **Imperial England**.

Typical of most **gubment** approaches to the **growing iniquities** of a long established **monopoly**, **Parliament** then "**leveled**" the **playing field** by totally ***deregulating*** the **market**.

right.

After **Parliament passed** that ***deregulation bill,*** ANY **independent trader** was "free" to "compete" against a ***much larger competitor*** who not only had a **100** year **head start** in developing the local infrastructure and contacts necessary for a successful commercial enterprise, but also had ***plenipotentiary powers*** and were also **able to *mint their own money***, which **presumably** must have **conferred** some kind of **competitive advantage** in the ***target resource development area***.

OH, let's **not** forget that this **much larger competitor** that **everybody** was "**free**" to "compete" against in this "fair" market also had their own ***corporate military force*** PLUS ***free*** **reign** and **use** of any **Royal Navy** and **Army** ports, bases, forts, outposts, ships, guns, cannons, and military personnel in theater. This, possibly, ***may*** (or may not) have **afforded** some kind of **competitive advantage** as well.

Since **England** was **not** in a **Civil *WAR*** during this ***corporate farce,*** escalating the ***market share*** battle to the point of associated **English gentleman** blowing each other to **Hell** and/or **Kingdom Come** (but **not** in a ***public lavatory*** sort of way) for reasons more to do with **business** than honor was considered to be **poor business etiquette**.

What was ***much*** fairer was for ***EIC*** **bigwigs** (literally), **corporate officers** and involved **investors** to ***heavily invest on the sly*** in the **ipo** of their largest **startup opponent** to become the **majority shareholders** of their **biggest new competitor**.

That ***compefiction*** lasted another **decade** before the combined company took it's ***fully deregulated mask off*** and "**lent**" ***£3,200,000*** (don't forget to **add 2** to **3 more zeros** to that number to adjust for inflation) to the **Royal Treasury** in return for ***exclusive*** **English trading rights** with the **targeted development zone** for a (snicker) "**probationary period**" of **3** years that **only** lasted for another ***150.*** Only to eventually end after the **British Government** felt compelled to **take over** and ***nationalize*** the ***EIC*** outright after ***India*** **rebelled** against **their corporate masters** for some strange reason.

Given the stunning superlative success of the ***East India Company*** in **importing** various **products** and **commodities** from ***India*** (and ***China*** but more on ***that*** later), the ***economically enhanced reader*** may be wondering WHAT **England** and it's **traders** had to **offer** in **return** for ***India's*** **lucrative largesse**.

If you were **thinking** that perhaps **England** was trading ***sheep*** and ***tin*** (or their respective products like **wool** and **shiny waterproof shit** that **isn't** conspicuously yellow), these are **good** guesses that are unfortunately **wrong**. With most of ***India*** being hotter than bishop's jockstrap during Sunday school for most of the year, **wool** was **not** exactly in high demand given the abundance of the more climate appropriate textiles like **silk** and **cotton** that ***India*** produced **locally**. Nor was **English** ***tin*** in high demand thanks to similar local sources and/or silk road traders who had long established ties with local ***Indian*** **metallurgists**.

If your third guess was ***half insane aquatic lunatics,*** well, again that's a good one but still **wrong** as ***India*** already had a surfeit (and/or superabundance) of homegrown **domestic varieties** crowding their **coastal shores** and infesting the **banks** of various **holy rivers** (If you are a ***wandering sadhu*** reading this, please **raise your hand**...oh wait, you are already are) long before the **English** versions thereof (**eng**)**landed** on their **subcontinental shores**.

Typical of the author's implicit ***Anglo-American bias*** (sorry, ***India*** {DAMMIT he's doing it again!}), the usage of the term "***India***" to describe the **geo-political arrangement** of the **subcontinent** when the **English** showed up **is** a gratuitous ***misnomer.***

In **1600**, **most** of ***"India"*** was part of a huge **mid-Asian autocratic empire** run out of (modern day) ***Uzbekistan*** by ***Persian*** speaking **Islamic** ***Mongol*** **Turks** who **claimed** to be **direct descendants** of ***Genghiz Khan*** (just like everybody else in the region). At it's height, the ***Mughal*** **Empire** occupied roughly a **quarter** to a **third** of the Asian continent and had a ***quarter*** of the world's population at the time.

Despite the **relatively** huge differences in language, geography and respective religious preferences, it is not completely **inaccurate** (just **mostly**) to roughly compare the overall arrangement of the ***Mughal*** **Empire** to that of a **post-*Ceasar* ROME**.

The **Muslim** ***Mughals*** at the top were **benevolent autocrats** ruling over a **federation** of **loosely allied kingdoms** that **may** or may not have **long standing feuds** with or **unfriendly designs** upon their **closest neighbors**. The ***Mughals*** and their ***on site representatives*** had a ***laissez faire*** attitude towards their **client states** regarding **religious** and **cultural** matters. Provided, **of course**, those administrative districts and attendant personnel kept **current** with their **taxes** and **didn't** start getting **too uppity**, which was becoming a **bigger** problem in **Bengal** and **elsewhere** in **South** "***India"*** the further the ***1600's*** went on.

These loosely affiliated kingdoms also had a similar latitude in their local economic affairs as long as their federal accounts were in order with the home office. When the **English showed up** in **1600**, the ***Mughal*** **Empire** was enjoying it's ***GOLD***-en age so much that their first new Emperor of the new century was a **opium addled**, womanizing alcoholic **unable** to reign in or resist the **incessant plotting** and **politics** of the **Imperial court** (as in courtiers and not a legal court).

Which, as often as not, involved the **manipulative machinations** of the **Emperor's goodly wife**. Because of these distractions, the ***Mughal*** **Emperor** was **not** ideally suited to **grasp** the **rapidly developing situation** happening on the **subcontinent** with increasing amounts of **Eurotrash Trade-*WAR* enthusiasts** establishing ***multiple*** **mercantile beach heads** in and around some of the larger coastal urban centers.

The **expanding** presence of the ***EIC*** and it's **Dutch** and **Portuguese** counterparts was a game changer for the **subcontinent** that it's **rulers** were ***not*** overly quick to grasp.

Being previously **invaded** then ***occupied*** by wave after wave of ***militarized Imperial maritime mercantilists*** speaking different shades of LATIN, Ye Olde German, Old Norse and Ye Auld French left **England** with a distinct ***historical*** (slash competitive) ***advantage*** with the the ***inherently sneaky methods*** of **colonial mercantile propagation** into the **subcontinent**

The **English method** of ***colonial subjugation*** on the **subcontinent** seemed to consist of **2** overall strategies. The first, which tended to preponderate in the **earlier** colonial period, could be described as the ***Roman*** **approach**. Not unlike how the ***Romans*** gradually took over **England** (and the rest of **Western Europe**), once the **English**/***EIC on site representatives*** got a lay of the land and assembled their gathered intelligence reports, they **struck deals** with the **friendliest local potentates** they could find and **gave** those ***local alphas*** the ***minimum*** **economic beads** and **trinkets** necessary to get their **permission** for the ***EIC*** to ***exclusively*** "develop" their **local resources**.

Yet some of these **local alphas** had more ***GOLD*** and **silver** and **insanely opulent palaces** (see **Taj Mahal**) than they could ever need or want, but **could** have used some **help** in the commission of their own **imperial designs upon** their **closest neighbors** OR their other **plans** involving ***secession*** from the **local Empire** and ***no longer be on the hook for punitive tax rates*** to the **central government**. In these situations, the **English paid** for these ***local licensing rights*** with a ***different*** kind of **currency** that is currently termed **FORCE**, both **real** and implied.

Initially, this was mostly in the form of **providing** those **bloody wog Kings** ***Old English Guns*** of various sorts. Naturally, this ***rapidly escalated*** to **providing** the **FORCE** itself in the form of various **corporate** (and **Royal**) **military Army** and **Navy** ***assets***. The local ***proxy*** **allies** of the **English** often needed some help contending against **long time rival neighbors** who were ***likely*** **allied** with one or other of the **European colonial powers** who **England** was **probably** in some kind of (statistically likely) ***WAR*** with.

England's progressive **success** in these **proxy** efforts naturally lent themselves to the increasing occurrence of their second **colonial development strategy** which was the (largely unstated) ***reverse magic*** of ***Inverse Alchemy***.

Not that you, the increasingly informed reader, would have guessed it, but the **increasing** gunplay with various kinds of **black powder devices** were ***byproducts*** of continuing and ongoing efforts of **English** (and other) ***alchemists*** at home and abroad.

As **many** to **most** involved in the **evolving** ***Art*** of ***Alchemy*** still had YET to **find success** in **turning** ***lead*** into ***GOLD***, most of them were finding the **main benefits** (IE serious chafing,

sore wrists, increasing mental instability and the decreasing mental acuity that one commonly associates with **chronic masturbators** and/or ***heavy metal* enthusiasts**) of their continuing practice to ***not*** be especially **remunerative**.

This was less of an issue for those **high heeled sods** who could ***en(g)close*** nearby **farms** and **villages *at will,* EVICT** the former residents in favor of ***more profitable sheep*** and then use those **profits** to heavily ***invest*** in any **startup *monopolies*** in **London**, but the **same** could **not** be said of the **upwardly angling practitioners** that were **more** concerned with ***improving their economic situations*** than they were **seeking Timeless wisdom**.

The **English recipe** for **gunpowder** (originally discovered {allegedly} by 9th century ***Chinese alchemists)*** was discovered in one or more books (probably **booty** from the ***Crusades)*** by one ***Alchemical* researchers** back in the **1200's**. These individuals quickly published their accounts of this **explosive powder** that is composed of **charcoal** (which **England** could produce in **abundance** thanks to having enormous **coal deposits**), **sulfur** and **potassium nitrate**, commonly known as **saltpeter**. Both of which were widely available, or easily made in the case of the **latter** assuming there was ready access to **significant** quantities of **animal**, **bird** or **bat *shit.***

With **gunpowder** being a relatively basic chemical formula, informed speculation led to increasingly informed **experimentation** far and wide across **England** and **Europe** in the **1300's** and ***directly*** led to the **black powder arms race** of the **1400's** and **1500's** that **England** was consistently on the **forefront** of.

Many of those **experimental *Alchemists*** who were **not** finding **success** in turning ***lead*** into ***GOLD*** (IE damn near all of them) were able to put their growing experimental abilities to good use by finding **better ways** to **blow shit** (and/or ***people)* up**. For the sake of brevity (**LMFAO**), we will **avoid** further reflections on the **multiple** ironies of the ***search for unending life directly leading to the development of increasingly efficient ways to kill more amounts of people.***

Given the fact that most to all ***alchemical* laboratories** had varying amounts of ***lead*** present, it was **inevitable** that some **genius** would **combine *it*** with **black powder**. As previously harped upon in **chapter 3** in the current stage of the present device, ***lead*** is an almost **ideal** substance for making **black powder projectiles** thanks to it's **density**, relative **malleability** and **low cost**.

Consistent with the ever present principle of ***concept development,*** the **big explosive ideas** of earlier researchers were ***refined*** into **smaller** versions of ***higher precision*** that could be successfully **carried** and **operated** by just about any **half trained pedestrian idiot**. These **refinements** were also applied to **large caliber devices** of increasing **severity** that were mounted on ever faster **English *Privateer, Pirate*** (slash ***EIC)*** and **Royal Navy ships**.

It just so happened that some of these **black powder *alchemist* researchers** were in the same ***alchemical*** (and/or ***dryncking*** or ***smoaking)* clubbes** with **Foreign Office types** and ***EIC* proprietors**, many of **whom** were **third** (or later) generation ***Alchemists*** tapped into **metaphysical lineages** where each had their own long and venerable **tradition** of ***complete and utter failure*** in discovering the ***Philosopher's Stone,*** the ***Wisdom of Solomon,*** ***Neverending Life*** or the ***Holy Grail.***

As progressive generations of **wide eyed seekers** of ***Truth*** and ***Wisdom*** progressively ***found the former in short supply*** and that the **latter** (usually) only comes through ***suffering,*** succeeding generations took note of the ongoing **lack** of **success** and ***adjusted*** their **goals accordingly**.

Though this had been ongoing in **England** for the last **three hundred years**, this ***inter-generational shift*** (or ***drift*** if you prefer) in the focus and practice of the ***Art*** is best described in **3 overall stages** metaphorically arrayed in **succeeding generations**, ***uncannily*** **similar** to the ***deformation*** of **English executive power** from **en**(**g**)**lightened** ***Elizabeth*** to ***Charles*** **I** (the one that was **beheaded** after **inspiring** the previous round of **English Civil WARs**).

Generation One of this ***Alchemical*** **progression** is defined by the **awareness** that the whole ***lead*** into ***GOLD*** thing IS an ***allegorical shorthand*** for **proceeding** through various **internal energetic processes** that are ***standard Yoga*** (et al...) ***procedures underneath it all.*** Not only was **success** in these efforts ***limited*** due to some of the previously mentioned **allegorical** and **translation** issues, actually ***succeeding*** in the ***Work*** did **NOT** confer ***any kind of immediate material benefit*** in terms of things readily exchanged for ***money.***

This **lack** of **readily observable** testaments to ***real alchemical success*** did **not** strongly **influence** the more **money minded** ***Alchemists*** who were strongly inclined to interpret ***Alchemical*** allegories ***literally.*** This is **sad** because those **idiots** were the ones who stood to **benefit** the ***most*** from a **little** (or ***more)*** informed **Self-awareness** from **time** to **time**.

Those same **credulous gits** formed the basis of ***Generation Two*** of this ***Alchemical*** **progression**. This stage (and/or **generation**) is generally characterized by a noted willingness to ***take things at face value and proceed accordingly***.

If **one** was willing to stipulate (for reasons of ignorance, avarice or expediency) that the whole ***lead*** into ***GOLD*** thing was meant **literally**, that would naturally **inspire** the ***affected aspirant*** to **attempt** some (or ***all)*** of the various **experimental efforts** described in chapter 9 of this device. These **experimental activities** (and/or ***attacks)*** became the basis of **modern chemistry** and involved increasing amounts of **black** (or **gun** if you prefer) **powder** and novel uses of ***lead*** as during the **15th** and **16th centuries**.

Those **experimental efforts** were progressively refined, recorded and rigorously analyzed for their underlying mathematics in the hopes of deriving some ***master formula*** that would yield the ***Philosopher's Stone*** (or **related** {and/or ***controlled}*** substances). This created a **corpus** of knowledge that the aspiring student was expected to **learn** that included **increasing** amounts of ***increasingly complex mathematics.***

Gradually accumulating all of this **rapidly expanding knowledge** over the course of a lifetime was one thing, but facing this **growing** mound of increasingly incomprehensible shit was becoming more and more ***off-putting*** for the **younger generation** who ***thought*** they had (more important) **things to do** and **people to see**, and **none** moreso than the ***EIC*** **corporate officers** and ***upward anglers*** who **coveted** those **seats** on the **board** of **directors**.

This ***second generation*** of ***Alchemists*** was already **tailing off** when a **late 17th century wag** in one of those **upper** (slash ***rear)*** **echelon** ***Alchemical dryncking clubbes*** **drunkenly exclaimed:**

"**OIY!** I KNOW HOW TO TURN LEAD INTO ***GOLD,*** why **don't** we just **threaten** to **pump** those **bloody wogs full** of ***lead*** UNLESS they **give us** their ***GOLD.*** And if they refuse, **let's just light those fuckers up** and **take their** ***GOLD*** anyway, **they won't be needing it**. HAHAHAHAHA...."

At which point the ***EIC*** **officers** in the **establishment** all shouted "BRILLIANT**!!!**" then **looked at each other**, and ***each to a man took off like a shot,*** **racing** back to their **respective desks** to be the **first one** to **write** and **submit** a **policy proposal** to do **just** that.

This ***third generation*** of ***Alchemy*** is **probably** best described as the ***"fuck all that chemistry shit,*** give me your ***GOLD*** OR **eat my lead**" method.

Due to the informal and infrequently documented nature of these after hours ***Alchemical dryncking clubbes***, the **exact** time and date of this **watershed** moment happened can **not** be established with a **high degree** of **accuracy**. It **might** have happened as **early** as **1651**, but it definitely happened **before** the **1700's** started if the escalating ***colonial banditry*** of the ***EIC*** and **others** was any indication.

But **more** on that **satani**...**whoops**, there's a **slip** for you...sordid ***(big)*** **business** later. It shouldn't be too much of a surprise that such an eventful century might have **inspired** a few **language developments** happening as the **1600's progressed**. Which there were quite a few of, but for present purposes the main ***five*** will be discussed, two of which were **thoughtfully included** in the title of this chapter...**some guy** (and/or ***persons unknown)*** **named** ***Shakespeare*** and ***King James's Bible*** (***KJB***).

Chapter 11.4
Related **language** (and ***other)*** **developments** of the **1600's** (and ***beyond)***

REGRETTABLY, in clearly being the deranged, underedjemicated and slightly misundermedicated GENIUS...whoops, that's **not** the word...***lunatic*** the present author so **glaringly** IS, he is NOT qualified (well, on paper at least) to **add** anything substantive to the **666 mega**(**fuck**)**tons** of **highly informed** ***scholarly gibberish*** already produced on either of those two subjects by **Oxford alumni alone**, much less the similar preponderance of other collegiate contributions by less venerable institutions.

But for the present purposes a quick review of some salient facts is in order so we are (more or less) all on the same page here (and **now**). Which, incidentally happened to be **one** of the **pan-English effects** ***shared*** by ***Shakespeare*** and the ***King James Bible.***

The growing popularity of the **former's** plays (and sonnets) over the **1600's** happening alongside the ***enforced*** **popularity** of the ***King James Bible*** (not to mention the English Common Book of Prayer) being made **mandatory reading** in ***every*** **English** (and **Scottish** and **Irish**) **church** in the **early 1600's** were **instrumental** in the ***standardization*** of **proper English**. This is ***true*** to such a degree that for **all** intents and modern purposes, the **early**

1600's is considered by **most** English language experts of various stripes to be the **birth** (and ***bloody aftermath****)* of **Modern *Englitch***...DAMMIT...English.

Which couldn't have come at a **better time** as the **spelling** situation on the **island was *truly starting to get out of hand*** over the **1500's** after the **introduction** of the **printing press** to **England** in the **late 1400's**.

English *orthography* (IE **spelling**) **prior** to that was already **atrocious** thanks to **4 foreign languages** being **forcibly** introduced to the **island** by **multiple** groups of foreign assholes of increasing severity over the course of the previous thousand years.

Each of these groups had slightly different **geographic distributions** and **foci** on **Babylon Island** with the ***Romans*** and ***French-Normans*** favoring **South** and **South-Central England** and the heavy ***German*** and ***Viking*** presence **up North**. Some (or ***lots of****)* **regional differences** in **vocabulary** and **pronunciation** had naturally developed after a thousand years of that ***mess****.*

Since **English** was ***anything other than a standardized language*** by the time the ***Normans*** became double refracted English Aristocrats, anybody who wanted to **write** in (or ***translate anything into****)* **English** were **left** to their own **orthographical devices** and **sensibilities** (or ***glaring*** lack thereof) as they wrote. As most of these **scholarly types** were coming from **educational backgrounds** that had a heavy emphasis on the classical languages of ***Latin*** and ***Greek*** that were further influenced by the ***Norman French*** **hegemony** in **England**, many looked to those languages for ***spelling suggestions*** of their **regional dialect**.

This **alone** would lend itself to an **excessive** level of ***lexical*** (IE **spelling**) variety even BEFORE the introduction and widespread adoption of the ***printing press*** across the **island**. When that happened, this **fragmented spelling situation *escalated*** in a manner **not dissimilar** to what happens to a **bonfire** when a ***thousand foot oil tanker is dropped on it****.*

In addition to the usual **English herd** of **statistically drunk** and **half insane idiots *attempting to work through their regional dialects on paper****,*** just about **everybody** who **had a press** started **inventing *their own*** "house spelling" to distinguish their **filthy rag**...excuse me, **broadshite,** DAMMIT...broadsheet from everyone else's.

The **orthography** that these **publishers** favored may or may **not** have **accurately** reflected either the **traditional spelling** of the **foreign sourced word** (which in **English** is ***all of them****)* or the ***regional mispronunciation*** of **it**, creating a **process** where ***any*** given **word** could easily have **three** or ***more*** **accepted spellings** across the **island**.

Adding a further **layer** of **complexity** (or ***noise*** in **information theory** terms) was that ***in addition*** to the "**house spelling**" of a given publisher, ***typesetters*** (IE the people who actually lined up the metal letter stamps in the correct order for a given page) were, by convention, ***paid per line set***.

These **typesetters** were **not** exactly reluctant to **adde** as **mannee lettterrs** as they **choulde ghett awhaye withe** to the text in question (and **increasing** the amount of lines per print run) ***to artificially inflate their shitty wages****.* The other **curveball** the **typesetters** were

throwing into the ***Englitch equation*** had to do with being **half** (or ***more)*** **drunk** (like just about **everybody else** at the time who weren't Quakers or other religious teetotalers) while ***proofreading*** their previously edited work ***backwords*** (as the text **letters** in **typeset** are set in ***reverse*** of the **standard reading direction** of the **language** being **printed**).

And here **you** wondered all this time why **standard English scattershat spelling** is so ***comprehensively fucked****...*

Anywho*,* this whole **spelling shitshow** was well **out of hand** by the **time** ***Shakespeare*** was **famous** and **King** ***James*** commissioned ***his*** **bible**. The ***Bard's*** **transcendental** (and ***continuing)*** **grasp** and **usage** of (and/or ***on)*** the **English language** is **undeniable**, but **not** so much in the **standardization of spelling** as other areas the present author is ***not qualified*** to remark upon with a straight face.

Or at least **not** as much as the ***King James Bible*** did when it was first published in **1611** and declared (by **King** ***James)*** the **official bible** of **Anglican England**. The ***KJB*** did NOT have the immediate effect of ***instantly standardizing*** the ***entire fucking language*** thanks to **early editions** being printed by ***different*** publishing houses (see **above**) and ***it's*** slow acceptance as the **bible of choice** by non-Anglican dissenters, English crypto-Papists (or Jews) and Scottish Presbyterians.

The ***KJB*** gradually gained **popularity** as progressive amounts of ***all of the above*** were ***transported*** or ***killed*** or **self-exiled** and **fled** the **island of religious tolerance**, and all of that had the effect of ***proportionally increasing*** the **amount** of **Anglicans** in ***surviving*** **indigenous populations**.

Over time ***both*** the **works** of ***Shakespeare*** and the ***King James Bible*** did have a strong ***normative*** **effect** on our **commonly separating** ***operating system*** that, in addition to helping to **normalize** the **spelling** to some ***(negligible)*** degree, they **each** also further ***magnified*** (and/or **accelerated**) the ***two overarching trends of English development****.*

Shakespeare (and/or ***his*** **ghostwriters**) almost singlehandedly documented **England's exploding** ***Elizabethan*** **vocabulary** in ***his*** **corpus** of ***Work****,* and indubitably **inspired** others in their **word play** to continue to **coin new phrases** or **words** to **express** the ***previously*** **inexpressible** in "**proper**" **English**.

On the **flip side** of the **equation**, the ***King James Bible*** continued the **trend** of **simplifying** the **grammar** just by simple **virtue of the fact** that it was ***designed*** by ***it's*** originating **ecclesiastic council** to be **read** or **heard** by an **largely agrarian society** with a ***preponderant majority*** of **agricultural shit workers** that (by and large) did NOT get to where they were in life by being the most **sophisticated** of **thinkers.**

Grammar in the ***KJB*** may **not** seem especially **simple** to **us** ***(minus*** certain **Commandments** that are ***routinely ignored by their biggest proselytizers)*** now thanks to the intervening **400 years** of ***linguistic drift****,* but at the time it was **grammatically simpler** than **much** of the actual day to day **banter** on the **island** in the **1600's**, if **any** of the **dialogue** in the ***Bard's*** **work** (and **others** of the time) is any indication ***(it is).***

There **isn't** really all that much that the **regrettably ill-informed** author can add to the **continental pile** created by the interceding **eon** of informative (and/or ***speculative****)* efforts by so many **towering ivory intellects**. As it goes almost without saying, we probably **should** anyway...the **pivotal** importance of the ***KJB*** and the ***Work*** of the ***Bard*** in regards to the **formation** of **modern English** can **not** be ***overstated****.*

Especially those works of ***Shakespeare****,* who is STILL **by far** the ***single most gifted writer*** in **English***,* even to the **extent** of making the more **observant** of ***his*** readers **wonder** WHICH ***demi-omnipotent entity he cut a deal with*** to be able to **write like that**.

Which **brings us** to the **last** salient point the present author is prepared to make at this time regarding ***Shakespeare****.* Well, **not** so much about the ***Bard*** or ***his Work*** specifically, but about the ***nature of historical documentation and research in general****.*

Despite being the single most **well known** and **prolifically distributed writer** in the **English language**, the ***actual relationship*** between the **historical person** of **William Shakespeare** and the **authorship** of ***His Work*** has long been a point of **academic debate**, **contention** and ***rank speculation****.*

Many **intelligent** and otherwise credentialed **ivory minded individuals** POSIT a **second** or even **third** (or ***more) Ghost Shakespeare*** who **may** (or probably ***not)*** have been **Sir Francis Bacon**, **Christopher Marlowe**, **Daniel Defoe**, **John Donne**, **Sir Francis Drake** (yes **that one** from the **English Armada**), and/or ***Elvis***...whoops, close...***El(v)izabeth Tudor*** (yes, ***Her*** **Nibs** ***herself)*** and/or approximately ***74 other suspects*** NOT including potential **compositional groups** like the **Rosicrucians** and/or the **Jesuits**.

This **isn't** being mentioned to **speculate** on the likelihood of ***any of that being true****,* but to **highlight** that even at the best of times **historical research** is much more **solid** regarding the ***chronology of events than their respective relationships to each other***. This is **not** meant to **criticize** or otherwise **impugn** historical research (or it's **researchers**) at all, but ***it is the nature of the beast****.* It is much **easier** to ***establish*** **event timelines** than it is to ***confirm*** their **causes**.

Yet the continuing question of **authorship** of ***Shakespeare's Works*** is just the sort of thing ***to make one wonder about*** any other **long** and/or **widely accepted historical** "**facts**" yet ***unquestioned*** that may or may **not** be so factual.

As tempting as wading **pell mell** into that **ontological minefield** is looking at present, there are **still** some ***other*** **17th century language developments** to get to. Of which, there are **three** (that will be presently **concussed**): ***fine print, double talk****,* and ***cost/benefit bias***. Since that **last** one is the obvious **brain bender** in the **group**, let's start with that one.

Like many (and/or **most**) underlying **behavioral tendencies** AND **sensory input distortions**, ***cost/benefit bias*** is a **modernized** human extension of a ***pre-existing primate program*** that **may** or PROBABLY IS a ***genetically programmed environmental assessment algorithm*** that is **present** to some degree in just about EVERY **self propelled organism** on this **planet** (and/or ***others)*** down to the smallest **amoeba** (and/or other one celled organisms).

This **pan-species environmental assessment algorithm** (and really, shouldn't that word be spelled **algorhythm?**) is best **succinctly** described as the ***"risk/reward assessment".*** Though ubiquitously **present** in some fashion or other in **all creatures** great and small, for present purposes we will **demonstrate** this using **monkeys**, as some people have some difficulty anthropomorphizing ***amoebae.***

In it's most basic form, in **primates** this is experienced as the ever present ***banana acquisition assessment.*** If **monkeys** were **high verbal idiots** (like ***us,*** for instance), this pressing question would be internally or externally voiced as:

"how likely is it that I can get to that ***banana*** WITHOUT: **falling** to my **death**; being **attacked** by a large jungle **raptor**; accidentally **upsetting** and/or being **set upon** by a large tree **snake** (or **spider**); or getting **jumped** by a **bigger arboreal primate** (and/or **group** thereof) with similar designs on that nice, juicy ***banana****?"*

Monkeys inwardly **articulate** these **inquiries** using ***pre-****(or* ***post-)verbal*** means (presumably), but somehow they will **proceed** through their ***pre-verbal decision tree*** to **evaluate** ***perceived risks*** in contrast to the ***perceived*** potential ***reward*** should those ***risks*** be **successfully navigated**.

This **assessment algorithm** is ***mutually proportional*** with and **largely conditional** on the **individual's** ***immediate sense of scarcity,*** which is **experienced** and known by **monkeys** as ***hunger.***

If a **monkey** is relatively **well fed** thanks to easy ***banana*** **access**, that is likely because their ***banana*** **supply** has ***relatively low risks associated with it.*** A **monkey** with **easy access** to ***banana*** **supplies** will only **begin** to consider ***developing*** other ***higher risk banana opportunities*** if they happen to be **significantly greater** in **quantity** (or in the case of the discriminating **monkey**, ***quality****).*

But the ***perceived value of an identified reward is directly proportional to the monkey's current state of hunger.***

The ***hungrier*** **he** (or **she**) **is**, the ***more valuable*** the **perceived reward** becomes, even to the **point** where a **monkey** will do positively **stupid** or **insane shit** just to **get** to that **one** ***banana*** if it's been a **day** or **three** since they last **ate**.

Other **examples** of this in the **animal king** (and/or **queen**)**dom** are easily identifiable. The **wildebeest water assessment**: "how likely is it that I can drink from the nice cool river **without** being chomped by a gator?", the **flying falcon question**: "is that smaller and slower bird all the way down there big enough to be **worth the effort** of getting back up here if I miss?" and the **modern day mouse dilemma**: ***"can I get the cheese without tripping the trap?"*** are just **three** of the ***billions*** of **similar questions** being asked on a moment to moment basis by most to all of the rest of the **animal kingdom**.

When **monkey** finally **crossed** that ***pretty goddamned blurry line*** between **monkey** and **man**(**key**), this ***risk/reward assessment*** also **evolved** with our **bipedal antecedents**. This ***root query*** was **applied** in a progressive variety of **new environments**, many of which did

not feature large amounts of ***bananas*** in the harsh and inhospitable landscapes these ***exiled*** **monkeys** increasingly found themselves in.

Surviving in **less clement places** required increasing amounts of **awareness** and ***abstraction,*** not to mention ***interpersonal cooperation*** within the **tribal group**, and ***some*** of the **more sophisticated thinkers** started to **ask that same question** in the larger sense of what was ***best*** for the **larger group**, and ***not just them as an individual****.*

These **larger questions** were occasionally (or frequently) **asked** with **wonderous** and **horrific** results in a **little process** usually referred to in layman's terms as ***history***.

Flash forward thousands upon thousands of generations to 17th century England...the ***root query impulse*** has **not** changed, but it has been ***increasingly abstracted*** thanks to the **economic realities** of living on **an island** with a ***history*** of suffering from ***periodic*** **plague** and **famine** those **rare** moments it **wasn't** at ***WAR*** with **it's neighbors** or ***itself****.*

All of which can pose **serious challenges** to a ***domestic food supply*** on an **island** seemingly designed ***more for sheep than man*** the farther **North** you go.

With **many** of the **primary metabolic necessities** of the **average high verbal idiot** already been ***long monetized*** (like a safe and warm place to live, food {fancy or otherwise}, potable water and cheap ***BEER****),* the **dominant form** of this ***root query*** was increasingly expressed in terms of ***ca$h money****.* The main variation of this (in **London** at least) was ***"what am I going to get paid if I take this shit job*** at the **new factory**" and/or " how will I make out if I **filch that bint's purse** and/or **hit him** (or **her**) on the **head** with an **improvised truncheon** and ***loot their cooling corpse?****"*

The ***benefits*** of these **actions** ***(wage slavery*** for the first, and a ***quick score*** for the latter two) were considered in ***contrast*** to their ***associated risks*** (being on the **hook** for ***12-16 hour shifts 6 days a week in a multistory firetrap*** OR getting **hanged** or **transported** into **indentured servitude**).

This ***root risk/reward query*** being **increasingly expressed** in **economic terms** was ***not at all specific*** to **London**, **England** or the greater **United Kingdom**. **Most** of Greater Europe, Asia and Africa had been on some kind of ***money plan*** for quite some time. Long enough that the respective languages ***spoken*** by **money using nation states** were possibly starting to **develop** some of their own ***cost/benefit biases*** as well.

What ***distinguishes*** **modern English** from **most** to **all** other **languages** is that the ***formalization*** of **modern English** was happening ***concurrently*** with the **development** of the ***modern Economic system*** that **England** had a ***primary role*** in **developing**.

On one hand there were **exploding opportunities** in various kind of **corporate investments** whose ***increasingly abstracted*** (yet **real**) **rewards** required the development of **terms** like ***quarterly dividends, compound interest,*** and ***projected annual returns*** just to name a few.

On the other hand, a newly emerging **English Insurance Industry** that had been increasingly **vigorous** starting with the **maritime sector** early in the **1600's** experienced an

exponential explosion of **interest** in various kinds of **property** and **causality** ***insurance*** options after the **Great Fire** of ***1666***.

As these **Insurance providers** started ***monetizing*** more kinds of ***risk***, they came up with terms like ***liability, indemnity, actuary tables, moral hazard*** and (**laughingly**) ***death benefit*** to **articulate** the various **financial hazards** (and their ***probabilities****)* of being alive (or ***not****)* in **17th century England**.

These new terms were rapidly **generated**, **assimilated** and ***integrated*** within the ***tin hearts*** and ***GOLD-fevered minds*** of **England's** ***economic elite*** during the **1600's** to such a degree that it created a ***larger institutional mindset*** in the **business minded middle** and **upper classes**.

Most to all of these **affected** (and increasingly ***-ive****)* individuals were quick to **cotton** to these **new terms** to **stay abreast** of the latest **market** (and/or **business**) ***trends*** and maybe get a ***competitive edge*** on **less savvy rivals** whose **lesser vocabulary** was ***directly contributing*** to **unexpressed opportunities** or **unarticulated risks** ***slipping past unnoticed****.*

As ***advantageous*** this rapidly developing **vocabulary** for articulating the more finely abstracted aspects of ***financial risk and reward*** was for it's adherents and gave greater **England** a distinct ***neuro-semantic edge*** on their (frequently **foreign**) ***competition***, it's ***unquestioning*** **usage** does pose it's **own attendant risks**. **3** (or ***14****)* in **particular**, and the first and **foremost** has to do with the **double edged sword** of ***human imagination****.*

The biggest ***difference*** between the **monkey's root** ***risk/reward*** **query** and the **business person's** ***cost/benefit*** **assessment** is NOT the immediately obvious ***absence of language*** in a **monkey's** ***risk/reward*** **analysis**, although that is a **large** difference.

What is a **larger** difference is the simple fact that ***monkeys*** do **not** appear to be very **adept** at ***imagining things*** that ***do not currently exist*** in their immediate environment. Though **monkeys** have repeatedly demonstrated the **remembrance of things proust**...dammit...past that are **not** in their **immediate surroundings**, the ***mentations*** of **monkeys** are **limited** to their ***own experiences*** AND **prewired genetic programs**.

A **monkey's** ***risk/reward*** **assessment** is ***almost entirely in the moment*** and mostly **predicated** on what is within their ***immediate sensory field****.*

The ***same*** can emphatically NOT be said about a **business person's** ***cost/benefit assessment***, which **is** usually **framed** in ***future terms*** (both **near** and **far**) and (typically) based on ***expert testimony*** (often in the form of professional advice), ***anecdotal evidence*** and ***hearsay*** of the **successful** (or ***not****)* efforts of others in the ***same*** **business** PLUS the business person's own experiences to date.

Unless this hypothetical **businessperson** has lived in **complete isolation** for their whole life, the **information** contained in their gathered **anecdotal record** usually ***exceeds*** the **information** contained within **their own** previous experiences in that **field**.

Since most **business transactions** NOT involving the **physical exchange** of **specie** (IE ***ca$h money)*** for valuable goods or services or ***briefcases chock full of nefarious white powders*** are highly ***abstracted*** interactions to begin with, FURTHER ***abstracting*** these **affairs** by ***projecting*** largely **anecdotal** ***cost/benefit*** assessments into an **uncertain** and ***unknowable*** (well, for ***most of us*** anyway) **future** did **NOT** necessarily make this **process** any more **accurate**.

If that wasn't bad enough, **communicating** all of the above to **one's self** or **others** in **English** (17th century or **otherwise**) contributed it's inevitable **bounty** of ***linguistic ambiguity***. What are **described** as ***minor risks*** by **upper class investors** could easily be **experienced** as ***the shirt coming off the back*** of the **middle class angler**, as **big money** for the latter is usually ***chump change*** for the former.

But these **English effects** were **not** just limited to simple ***linguistic relativity,*** there was **also** the ***escalating telephonic effects*** of previous **successful** (or ***not)*** **ventures** being discussed in **English**. As these **stories** were **told** and **re-told over** ***progressively prodigious*** amounts *of* ***fermented refreshments*** (**we** are talking about **English businessmen** after all), their details **waned** and **waxed** in varying ways that were entirely dependent on the **drunken story teller's** ***current blood alcohol level, emotional state, state of mind*** and (potentially passive aggressive) ***relationship*** with the **audience** and/or ***subject*** of the **business class anecdote**. These ***semantic distortions*** were FURTHER **distorted** by the **listener's own** ***blood alcohol content, emotional state*** (of **mind**), and ***relationship*** with the (probably) **drunken** advice giver.

Adding another ***distorting factor*** to this was the simple fact that we are talking about **English business people** here in that ***a likely majority*** of them were intentionally ***distorting*** anecdotal facts or intentionally ***giving unsound advice*** because they either stood to directly ***benefit*** from it or ***bad advice*** MIGHT put the **potential competitor** on the **wrong development track** and **proactively** ***neutralize a future rival.***

Since the **smarter ones** were aware that ***others could be doing the same to them,*** **many** to **most** of them were **working off the assumption** that **somewhere** between ***20-98%*** of the **investment advice** and **opportunities** encountered on any given day was **bullshit**, but were ***never truly sure which was what*** until **after** the fact.

The **second** (or ***fifth)*** **largest** (and ***largely unstated) risk*** of the standard **business- class** ***cost/benefit assessment*** is that ANYTHING ***inexpressible*** in **economic terms** tends to be ***OMITTED*** from their equations.

When a **punter turfing, upper class English** ***en(g)closure*** **developer** sees a magical English forest, **he** or **she** does **not** see it's **inherent beauty** and **value** as an **integrated ecological system** like a **normal healthy person** ***does***. What **he** or **she** sees is a bunch of ***valuable timber*** **mucking up** what could be a **nice field** for ***more sheep*** or **one of those** ***newfangled factories*** that were becoming **increasingly popular** in the **1600's**.

Other ***little things*** like **displaced** (or ***killed)*** **individuals** (or **groups** thereof), ***contaminated*** **aquifers** or **rivers**, ***habitat loss and related species extinction*** tend NOT to **register** ***(at all)*** on the **mind** or ***designs*** of the **business minded** "**realist**".

The **last** of the **bigger *risks*** (at least **for now**) of the ***cost/benefit assessment*** (***cba****)* could be **said** to be the most destructive. Simply put**,** a **personal** *(or* ***corporate****)* ***cba*** is (almost) always ***framed*** in terms of what is **best** for the ***assessing*** **individual** or **company** (or **nation state**), RATHER than what might be **best** in the **larger picture** or the ***long term viability*** of the **affected market**(**s**), ***targeted*** **resource development areas** and/or ***planet(s)****.*

To the extent that **environmental** or **social** or **negative economic impacts** or ***displaced peoples*** are considered by **corporate entities**, this is most likely happening in the context of viewing them as ***deferred liabilities*** or ***costs successfully avoided*** by the **assessing company** or **executive individual** long in the habit of **giving** precisely ***zero fucks*** about **any** of that **hippy shit**.

This is NOT to imply that **self interest** is always or *necessarily* **mutually exclusive** with the **greater good**, but if those **decisions at large** that affect **the many** are made by inidividuals **ignorant** or **dismissive** that there is a ***greater good*** AT ALL ***(much less the decision makers having a disproportionately large role in manifesting it),*** the resulting **shit** tends to ***snowball exponentially*** as it **rolls downhill** prior to **hitting the fan** and **spraying *everybody*** with ***fully avoidable shit shrapnel****.*

Further muddying these waters is when **corporate *cba's*** are **composed** and **projected** by **upward angling corporate *REMF's skewing*** the best available data to ***more closely match*** the **perceived *expectations*** of their **corporate masters**.

WHICH tends to have a ***stovepipe effect*** on the subsequent **decisions** of those **corporate masters** in that ***much*** of what they are hearing from their **upwardly angling underlings** is mostly ***hot air*** and ***smoke*** intentionally **designed** to **ingratiate** the **upwardly angling corporate climber** in question with their **boss** PRIOR to **throwing them under the bus** AND ***taking their place at the boardroom table.***

Safe to say that **none** of this ***combined very well*** with the **preponderance** of **corporate** and/or **business minded** individuals ***suffering*** from their own **increasingly abstracted** (and/or **acute** or **chronic**) cases of ***GOLD fever****.*

The **increasing material wealth** periodically punctuated with the **scarcities** of ***WAR****,* **plague** or **famine** made **England** a ***nearly ideal environment*** for **spreading *GOLD fever*** to an ever increasing amount of hosts ***who were already competing*** for a **limited resource base** that did **not** quite keep **pace** with the **growing demand**.

The terrible ***reality distorting*** **psychological** and **neurological effects** of pandemic ***GOLD fever*** would further affect the **creation** and **interpretation** of **personal** and **corporate** (and/or **governmental**) ***cba's*** in various ways depending on **where** the ***cost benefit*** considerer was in their ***GOLD fever*** **progression**.

The subsequent **decision effects** of these ***affective variations*** were (slash ***are****)* **not dissimilar** to the aforementioned **monkey mentations** regarding their own **root *risk/reward*** **queries** being deeply **affected** by the **amount** of ***bananas*** **immediately present** versus the **last time** the **affected monkey** actually **ate**.

In ***corporations*** (and **associated *governments*)**, If the times were **good** (or **better**), **future earning** (slash ***TAX*)** **projections** were usually **rosy**. If **not**, the **financial sky** was (slash ***is*)** usually ***projected*** to **fall any second now**. These **affected *projections*** would then in turn **reinforce** or ***amplify*** the already **debilitating effects** of **pandemic *GOLD fever*** that make **intelligent economic decisions** so **fucking difficult** in the first place.

The **formulation** then **formalization** of the **monetary *cost/benefit* analysis** mindset ***quickly embedded itself*** in the **overall mindset** of the **majority** of **England's economic elite** at the ***same time*** **English** was being **standardized** by **default** through the progressive promulgation of the ***KJB*** and the ***Works*** of the ***Bard***. The ***concomitant concurrence*** of these **language developments** further **intertwined** and **merged** with each other through the inevitable ***trickle down*** progression of ***language propagation***.

As previously noted in chapter 6 in this device, the ***primary pathway*** of **language developments** is a **trajectory** that **starts** with **phrases** being **coined** or **repeated** (correctly or ***otherwise*)** in **alpha circles**. These **progressions** are ***progressively aped*** by the **peripheral up** and **comers** and **associated shit workers** EAGER to **impress** or **enhance** their own ***personal status*** within their **own social circles**. The **progressive *cba* mindset** of their **masters** would be **increasingly internalized** by those inspired to ***ape their terms***, and then **inevitably** go on to **affect *subsequent* decision trees** in these **affected** (and **verbally inflected**) **primates**.

The ***deceptive*** **simplicity** of **calculations** that break everything down into **concrete** (yet ***imaginary*)** **financial terms** is ***extremely*** **difficult** for **most English speakers** to ***resist*** in the face of the **staggering complexities** and **nuances *inherent*** within their **own language** in describing ***non-economic realities*** or ***conditions of being*** NOT so easily **monetized**. Especially when **drunk**, which (in **most people**) tends to have a simplifying ***bottom line* effect** upon the **subsequent mentations** of the ***business class* brandy enthusiast** (and/or **indentured, wage slave *gin addict*)**.

The escalating **ubiquity** of the ***cost/benefit assessment* mindset** being expressed in **class specific ways** eventually reached ***pandemic*** levels by the **end** of the **17th century**. One of the **clearest** indications of the ***endemic embedding*** of the ***cba* mindset** in **English's *underlying conceptual frame*** was the **coinage** of the term ***"quid"*** (short for ***quid pro quo*** which is LATIN for "***something for something***" in the sense of an **exchange *beneficial*** to all involved parties) in **1688** that became **common slang** for an **English** (or **British**) **pound** (or multiples thereof).

The **progressive *binding*** of **Modern English** with ***modern business practices*** (and **developments**) continued almost entirely **unnoticed** and **unabated** throughout the following **centuries** and ***continues to this very day***.

This was all **deeply embedded** enough in the **language** to be **formally recognized** by an **English economist** in the **1800's** who was the **first** to **formalize *cost/benefit* analysis**. Of course, like ***many*** pithy **English phrases**, it was originally coined by the ***French***, but ***se la vi***. The relatively **wide** and **ready *acceptance*** of this **term** in the **19th century** is **itself** indicative of **long standing** and **widespread familiarity** with the **concept** long **before** it was properly articulated.

Any ubiquitous influence existing for so long unnoticed and unremarked upon in a language eventually becomes an implicit inflective bias present to some **degree** in the ***internal editor*** of the **affected speaker**. Though it is ***damn near impossible*** to pinpoint the **exact moment** in **history** when this **linguistic mindset** crossed that not exactly defined **lower threshold** to being a ***implicit bias in the language,*** it is equally **impossible** to **discount** or **diminish** it's continuing **ubiquity** in **modern English thought**.

By far the **clearest example** of this that just about **any English speaker** can easily identify with is the ***increasingly common situation*** of considering a **major life *decision*** like: **where** to go to **school**, **what** to **study** when there, or looking for a **new job**, or **moving** to a **new area**, or **contemplating a career change**.

The ***perceived*** (or **inferred**) ***economic advantages*** of each ***choice*** tend to ***predominate*** in the **calculations** of the **transition individual**.

Little things like **quality of life issues**, having a **life *outside*** of a **soul crushing 60+ hour work/study week**, AND/or the ***obvious mental health effects*** of NOT **seeing one's** immediate **family** and **children** during **daylight hours** for **months** or ***years*** on end tend NOT to rank as **highly** as the ***prospect of exponentially enhanced income*** should the **business-class angler** make a "**viable career plan**" and **stick to it *come hell*** *or* ***high water.***

A **six** (or **higher**) **digit annual** (or **quarterly**) **income** is something **succinctly expressed**.

The terrible price that one pays in signing up for the corporate career plan is not.

The underlying ***cost/benefit bias*** is both **reflected** and **reinforced** by the **primary *philosophic* bias** of **English** which is succinctly expressed in ***Ockham's Razor****: "in the absence of definite proof for a hypothesis, the 'simplest' of possible theories is most likely to prove correct or be accurate."* It would **not** be **inaccurate** to characterize this as a **cornerstone** of **English** "**logic**" (**HAHAHAHAHAHA**) going back to the ***Norman* Conquest**.

With ***most*** people **preferring** to make **larger life decisions** using **known** and ***concrete terms,*** the associated and **succinctly stated *numbers*** of a **decision** TEND to ***overshadow*** the **conditional aspects** of the ***(half)* life** ASSOCIATED with the **c*orporate death march*** that can only be **expressed** in **squishy semantic terms**.

The ***ubiquitous presence*** of these largely **unknown** and **unexamined *linguistic biases*** have **lead** many ***otherwise* sensible**, **sane** and ***formerly* healthy individuals** to ***throw their entire adult life away chasing the almighty dollar*** (and/or ***pound sterling****)* WITHOUT **undue regard** for the **health** and/or **well being** of: ***affected* loved ones**, associated **family members**, **one's self**, **affected markets** and/or ***targeted resource development areas****.*

The full ramifications and manifestations of these ***language biases*** are too **endemic** and **pervasive** (and/or ***perverse****)* to be properly **described** in a single dedicated chapter (or **book** for that matter), but **one** of the more common **historical** (and ***current****)* **aspects** of these **pervasive biases** is that the **external** or **internal verbal deliberations** leading up to **decisions great** and **small** often involve quite a bit of...

doubletalk. This term is a **umbrella device** to encompass ***all the various ways an English (speaking) person can say (or think) things they do not mean.***

At the best of the times this is done **intentionally** but **as often as not** this is happening ***accidentally*** as a matter of course for **many** (ok, FINE...***most)*** **English speakers**.

Doubletalk had already been **alive** and **kicking** on the **isle ironic** long before the ***1600's,*** but it was in that century when it was raised to **high art**, then **ubiquitously copied** by any number of **opportunistic hacks**, **posers**, or **pretenders** of **wit**.

As a spoken language, **English** had a rich and lively tradition of ***doubletalk*** when it was **re-inspired** by the **original *Germans*** who had been **hired** by the local **mucky mucks** as **mercenaries** to **protect** them from the **Picts** and **Celts** after the **Romans pulled up stakes** approximately 8 chapters ag**o**. ***Doubletalk*** was **likely** well established on the **island *before*** the ***Romans*** **left** (and/or ***appeared),*** but at the time it was **not** being **expressed** in anything that most **modern English speakers** would ***recognize*** as **actual English**.

As the **language** sorted itself out during ***ten*** centuries of **it's speakers** getting collectively **stomped** then **occupied** by **multiple groups** of **foreign assholes** of **increasing severity**, having ***lots*** of **heavily armed foreigners** who **didn't** speak the **local language** so well (or ***at all*** in the case of many ***Norman*** **rulers**) was just the sort of thing to **inspire** many of the **locals** to say ***one thing while meaning another*** as a matter of course.

Like most ***heavily armed foreign occupiers***, these **non-local alphas** were **not** exactly ***amenable*** to **uncharitable observations** being **made** about **them** or their (alleged) **biologically improbable** parentage. Which made the **pointed observations** of the **period pioneers** of the **ancient English art** of ***insult by compliment*** (and/or ***flattery)*** that much **funnier** to **surrounding** (and/or ***surviving)*** **listeners**.

The subsequent social upheavals of the **f**ollowing ***Reformations*** and ***Counter Reformations*** then ***Re-Reformations*** greatly ***added*** to the **impetus** TOWARDS ***substantial discrepancies between thought and statement*** in regards to deeply held **religious beliefs** (or lack thereof).

As **religion** increasingly became a **litmus test** (and/or ***pretextual justification*** which is itself a form of ***doubletalk)*** for holding **Civic** (or **military**) **offices**, OR simply ***maintaining one's current state of metabolic continuity,*** the **smartest** and **safest** thing to do was **profess *beliefs*** that closely ***resemble*** those of the **current reigning monarch *regardless*** of whatever **true feelings** that **may** have been ***beaten*** into them ***early and often as small child.***

Being repeatedly **exposed** to the plethora of **corporal** and ***capital*** **punishments** offered as **instructive examples** of ***what happens to true believers when they believe the "wrong" things*** was just the kind of thing to FURTHER inspire **internal inclinations** in the **individual** towards ***duplicitous expediency*** when it came to **religious matters**.

With the rapidly developing ***business*** and ***political*** **trends** of the **1600's**, **all kinds** of new ***doubletalk*** were being developed and explored by skads of **forked tongued enthusiasts** involved in **corporate ventures** or **escalating** ***factional party malice*** in **Parliament**.

Though much of those **developments** were frequently in **word** and **deed** (see ***rest of chapter attached to this sentence****),* an **increasing** amount of it was being perpetrated through **written** and ***printed*** **documents**.

Prior to the **17th century**, ***doubletalk*** had already been **deeply** ***embedded*** in the **written language** in part **due** to all the aforementioned **allegorical** ***alchemical*** **activities** delineated in chapter 9 of this device. **Many** to **most** of the **research minded** ***alchemical*** **researchers** were **scholars** or **scribes** in some sense or another who had a **deep well** of ***historical allegory*** to **draw from** in their **translations** of various bibles, parables and ***alchemical*** manuals of **dubious** efficacy.

Then there was all the vociferous **ecclesiastic debates** carried out **in print** during the ***Re/ Counter Reformations*** that ***at the best of times*** attempted to use **formal logic** to **prove** or ***disprove*** **religious sentiment** (**HAHAHAHAHAHA**, slaps knee). More often than not these **philosophical efforts** simply amounted to a **series** of **suppository statements** being strung together in a **desperate attempt** to ***retroactively*** **confirm** one's **deeply held** (yet ***doctrinally dubious****)* **beliefs**.

While **all that** was happening, over the years an increasing amount of **high verbal idiots** ***succumbed*** to various **literary aspirations** and put their pens to paper and started **composing** their own **works**. In addition to drawing from the **deep allegorical wells** of their ***alchemical*** and/or **religious activities** and prior attempts to **translate** the **classics** into **period English**, there was ***also*** the **boggy ditches** of **wit** and **wisdom** that these **early writers** could also draw from in the **day to day exposure** to the **sarcastic snivelry** common to so many **period** (and/or ***modern****)* **English speakers**.

That all proceeded **apace** from ***Beowulf*** to ***Canterbury Tales*** to the **literary explosion** of ***Elizabethan*** **En(g)lightenment** in part to the **growing philanthropy** of an ***increasingly rich economic elite*** inclined to **support** ever increasing amounts of ***work averse hacks*** able to **slap a few sentences together** in the **form** of **poem**, **play** or ***entirely predicable story*** (like this one).

But soft, a great light on yonder island broke when the ***Bard*** put ***his*** **pen** to **paper** and (intentionally or not) ***singlehandedly*** documented the **entire prismatic panoply** of ***doubletalk*** possible in **early** (or ***current****)* **Modern English**. In just under **200 fell swoops** of ***His*** **prodigious quill** (figuratively speaking), ***Shakespeare*** (and/or associated **ghost writers**) demonstrated the ***definitive mastery*** of **English** metaphor, analogy, simile, parable, similitude, imagery, irony, prefigurement, symbolism, fable, lampoon, hyperbole, tralation, trope, satire, allegory, metonymy, burlesque, *double entrendre*, parody, farce, and that ***last refuge of wit***, **sarcasm.**

Considering that the ***other*** defining document (the ***KJB****)* of the **Modern English epoch** was NOT exactly **devoid** of it's own plethora of ***doubletalk*** (IE **loaves into fishes**, ***passing a camel through the eye of a needle*** and NOT CASTING THY PEARLS BEFORE SWINE and all that), the growing ***ubiquity*** of these **foundational English** works of literature would

go on to **irrevocably permeate** the **greater English mind** in **ways** that ***are just as en(g)demic today*** as they were **at any point** in "**English**" **history**.

The **ubiquity** of ***so many mutually supporting*** (and/or ***agitating****)* sources of ***doubletalk*** (both then and ***now****)* would only **serve** to greatly ***amplify*** the already **ample** level of ***semantic ambiguity*** present in the **language** thanks to **having** approximately **3** to **69 times** (give or take a few) as many **words** as it's **contributing languages**.

This ***semantic ambiguity*** was further **amplified** by the simple fact that ***everybody*** has their own **operative definitions** for the **words** they **use**, BUT ***with varying degrees of definitional distortion.***

Much of the time, for many **speakers**, this ***distortion*** is **minimal** verging on **negligible**, but ***definitional distortion*** can **escalate** ***rapidly*** when **two speakers** are from ***different****:* **regional areas**, **social classes**, **professions**, **age brackets** or happen to be different ***sexes****.*

Adding the ***doubletalk*** **factor** to this already messy **Englitch equation** did NOT **add** to the ***semantic uncertainty*** as much as **multiplied** ***it*** by some factor probably best expressed in ***scientific notation***. So much so that just like in **quantum physics**, there **was** and **is** an ***Uncertainty Principle*** present within **English** that is **best expressed** as the **following**:

You can know what an English (speaking) person says, OR what they actually mean, but RARELY at the same time NO MATTER HOW DEEPLY YOU FEEL TO THE CONTRARY in the moment of listening*.*

It is the present author's opinion that once properly identified and expressed, this ***self evident proposition*** is so **intrinsic** to the **modern English** (**language**) **experience** that the ***increasingly informed reade*****r** can pick **any number** of **illustrative examples** ***from their own life*** to **affirm** it's **accuracy**.

At the **best** of times ***doubletalk*** is a form of **positive** (and/or ***humorous****)* **wordplay** that can (and ***does****)* **expand** the **listener's conceptual** (and/or ***perceptual****)* **envelope** past their **previously** held and (usually **pre-conscious**) ***preconceptions****.*

When **done** by a ***Master Wordsmith****,* this sort of **elevating** ***doubletalk*** can have **profound** and ***permanent*** **effects** on the **psyche**, **wor**(**l**)**dview** and **YES** even ***neurology*** of the **affected** (and/or ***elevated*** {out of the **usual boggy ditch** of their **habituated impressions**}) **listener/*reader***. Some of the **best examples** of this were **cited** approximately one page ago, feel free to reread and research the original passages and ponder at your leisure.

On the ***other*** **hand**, sometimes intentional ***doubletalk*** is employed for **reasons** having **more** to do with ***deception*** (often for **profit** or ***consequence avoidance****)* than **wit**. In **layman's terms** this **usually** called ***lying****.*

But more on ***that*** later. Although ***doubletalk*** (like most to all the other ***Englitch biases*** mentioned **so far**) is far too pervasive and varied to be properly addressed in three pages or less (or even a **fully illustrated 26 volume encyclopedia set** hand bound in **human skin**

and **written** in **blood**, **shit** and ***burned bone)***, throughout the **1600's** quite a bit of this **duplicitous *doubletalk*** was expressed in increasingly...

fine print. The **roots** of this **typographical development** were **tangentially exposed** roughly 12 pages ago in that bit about the **typesetters**.

Even though those ***GOLDbricking* gobshites** (who were getting **paid *per line)*** had an **economic incentive** in preferring ***larger type*** (which **decreases** the amount of **words** per **line** and ***increases*** the **total** amount of **lines** needed per **document**), the ***pence pinching publishers*** they worked for had an as compelling **economic incentive** to prefer the **finest** (ie ***smallest)*** **print** they could get away with WITHOUT negatively impacting sales.

The **publisher's *incentive*** was **twofold**. First they **saved** on **labor costs** for the ***flip side*** of the **same reasons** just cited for the **typesetters** preferring **large print** since they were ***paid per line set***. The **second** is simply because **small type *reduces*** the amount of **paper *needed*** per **document**, which further ***reduces*** the **publisher's *overhead***.

As these **two factions** played the inevitable **labor-capital tug of *WAR*** with their ***invisible*** (and/or **ink stained**) **hands**, there was quite a bit of **font size** variation in play that was only **moderated** (but not eliminated) after some industry norms were finally established and acceded to by **labor** and **capital** in the printing world.

Some of the **more** observant and forward thinking of the **enterprising fellows** working in various **import/export** and **insurance firms** noticed that as the ***smaller the type is the more difficult it is to read without assistive optical devices***.

Moreover, **if** the **type** was **small** enough**, *it could still be difficult to read even with reading glasses***.

On the other end of the spectrum, at least **one** of those **day trading shop keepers** whose **livelihood** was **directly proportional** to the **foot traffic** of **pedestrian punters** in the area noticed that LARGER type is much **easier** to read (for example: ***see rest of device attached to this section)*** with or ***without*** corrective lenses.

By the time these two respective groups started **commissioning** the services of various **printing houses**, they were keen to communicate their **typographical observations** to them in regards for the work commissioned. The **shop keepers** naturally preferred LARGER **fonts** to **advertise** their **wares** in whatever **local broadsheet** they were placed in.

Yet ***certain* business** (and especially ***Insurance)*** **firms** were a **bit** more inclined to take **advantage** of the **typographical effects** at the ***other*** end of the spectrum when printing ***binding business documents***.

The easiest **historical** (and ***current)*** **industry** to demonstrate the **big business usage** of ***fine print*** is, OF COURSE, the ***insurance* industry** (and only because **credit cards** and ***pharmaceutical products*** had **yet** to be **invented** in the 1600's).

Though the present author does **not** like to make **assumptions** about the **wits** (or **lack thereof**) of the current (and/or **statistically likely**) reader, he does think it's **likely** that that the **reader in question** probably has **some** degree of familiarity with ***insurance*** in concept if not in practice. But even with that said, it still **wouldn't** hurt to **define** our terms.

Insurance, when all of the **industry *doubletalk*** regarding **liability**, **coverage** and ***indemnity*** is stripped away, is essentially a **bet** (and/or ***wager)*** that some kind of ***specified shit will hit your fan in a indeterminate*** (and usually unknowable) ***future***.

The ***specified shit*** in question can involve **losing one's *possessions*** to **fire** or **water damage** (and/or **both** on a **sinking ship** taking **cannon fire** from ***pirates*** or ***pirateers*** OR ***EIC* ships**)**,** becoming **seriously *ill*** (like from ***sitting down all the time)*** or **suddenly** (or gradually) ***not living***. The latter being **not** the most ***unwise*** of **wagers**, but the ***catch*** is that when it's time to collect ***you will be somewhere where money doesn't go.***

The ***insurance* company's** (and/or **house's**) side of the **wager** is **none** of that is ***likely*** to happen in the near term future, but ***if it does they will cover your incurred expenses necessary*** to **replace** your ship, **pay** your ***feloniously expensive* medical bills** or ***buy you a nice pine box*** to put you **in the ground** (and/or ***incinerator)*** **in**.

The **terms** of the ***insurance* wager** is where some **typographical trends** start coming into play.

Usually, the ***benefits*** of **winning** your **wager** that ***some part of your life is going to go to shit*** (and/or ***all of it ending)*** are **communicated** in ***larger fonts*.**

In **fishing terms**, this is called the ***bait***.

The **minimum necessary bet** (often of a **periodic nature**) for the (**former**) ***insurance*** **betting enthusiast** to ***play*** was **printed** in ***less large type****.*

In ***fitching***, that would be the ***hook****.*

The CATCH, as it were, is that the ***insurance*** **company** then **inserts** multiple ***exclusion clauses*** AFTER the ***bait*** and ***hook*** lines in ***noticeably smaller print****.*

These ***exclusion clauses*** detail all the different ways ***they will welch on your wager should you win.***

What is usually ***not*** mentioned is that **you**, ***the insurance consumer*** CAN ***add your own clauses*** as well, even if they aren't neatly typed in ***fine print****,* but only ***before*** the **contract** has been **signed by you** and **accepted** by the **insurance provider.**

Pinning down the exact year, decade or even century ***fineprint*** first happened is beyond the **admittedly awesome** research skills of the present author, but what **isn't** is **identifying** the staggering **preponderance** of ***doubletalking fineprint*** **he** finds himself inundated by in **this american life**.

Just about ***every time*** **he** (**unwisely**) watches **TV**, is **c*ompelled under economic duress*** to **sign** an even more ***predatory*** **lease** with the **current seattle slumlord** because **it's become too fucking expensive** to **move** at this poin**t**, or is further compelled to ***acquire*** another **credit card** thanks to his ***rapidly escalating*** **rent issues,** OR ***is lovingly forced to consume substances so toxic they come with their own material safety*** (or **more** accurately**,** ***lack thereof)*** **data sheet**(**s**), the present author finds himself ***inundated*** with **increasing** amounts of ***fineprint***.

Given the staggering **preponderance** of this **standard business practice**, it is ***not inconceivable*** to **opine** that ***perhaps*** ALL of this ***fineprint*** business started in the **17th century.**

Even if that isn't **strictly** true, the seeming ***innocuousness*** of little things like ***fineprint*** is just one of examples of that whole **banality of *Evil*** thing that plays such a large role in ***other*** little things like...

19:39.6.27.14

Interlude NOVEMBER

The "N" word (problem):
An **occult**(**ed**) account of how a ***mispronounced*** name of a **river** in **Africa** became (**one** of) **America's *most egregious epithet(s)***...

(Author's note: The present author would like to ***apologize in advance*** for attempting to articulate the following points while presently **suffering** from a **chronic** {and **acute**} case of **congenital melanin deficiency**. Generally speaking, it has been the author's experience that when a **goddamned idiot honky** is about to make YET ANOTHER **patronizing**, **supercilious** and/or **condescending** comment {or ***series thereof}*** about ***melanin enabled individuals*** as "**black**" **people**, they typically preface their **idiot commentary** with some version of "I have a "black" friend...", or "I love Oprah Winfrey..." or "I once saw a "black" person on the bus the last time my Mercedes S class was in the shop" before saying any number of **stupid** and **vicious** things that ***usually reveal more about the speaker than the stated subject matter.***

Though it is true that the present author does have a few melanin enabled friends, he generally does NOT think too much about **Oprah** or her FABULOUS multimedia empire. While it is often true that the author's goddamned hooptie is frequently in the shop, he doesn't need to get on a bus to see **black people**. All he has to do is look out of the window of his shitbox apartment on a nice day and he can see **all sorts of black people** walking or driving around his **hood** and **generally** not making all that much of an {**uncle**} **ruckus**.

Rather than prefacing the following potentially **stupid**, **vicious** and/or **insightful** comments by formally stating that as a kick ass musician, approximately 98.6% of his primary and secondary influences were either **melanin enabled individuals** or directly inspired by the **same**, OR making a big handwringing show of his {distinct lack of} **liberal white guilt**, the author would like to preface the following enlightening comments by stating for the record that for being such a **high albedo** person, ***he sure tans well.***

Which **of course**, offers about the **same** amount of ***insight*** into the modern **Black American experience** as having a "black" friend, liking Oprah Winfrey or being forced to suffer the indignities of public transportation in America once in a blue moon because the Mercedes dealership was short on loaner cars.

IE, **zero** to ***none.*** That said, one doesn't have to be ***black*** to pay attention and make the occasional observation that might possibly prove constructive in the long run, ***even if it pisses off a few (million) idiots in the present.***

The following is offered strictly on the basis of the author's deep desire to **live in the America we all want** rather than the present ***facsimile we are currently trapped in.*** Given the heightened volatility of the sociological minefield that the present narrative is hurtling into, it should be noted that ANY attempt to **discuss** the following issues has some striking similarities with breaking up with a significant other.

IE there is no good way to do it, ***only a plethora of progressively worse options to choose from****.*

Please note that in using the previous **simile** to frame the inbound enlightening comments, the author is **NOT** at all suggesting that ANY kind of "**racial**" **breakup** in **America** is either **called for**, **a good idea** or ***even remotely possible*** at this point in **history**.

For the record, the following is the author's ***least worst*** approach vector to discuss the matter at hand, at least according to his {glaring lack of} sophisticated sensibilities.)

Contrary to the title of this interlude, the etymological roots of the subject word are relatively straightforward. The ***Niger*** **River** is the largest river in West Africa which empties into the east Atlantic on the south (and only) coast of **Niger**ia. Though it was known by a number of different local names by the multiple tribes that controlled different sections of turf bordering the river along it's **2597** miles, the word ***Niger*** ended up being the most common appellation of choice for European "explorers" for describing the region and/or river. Which **might** have something to do with the word ***Niger*** meaning **black** in ***Latin****,* but it should be mentioned that the local name for the river by one of the larger regional tribes was a **6-8 syllable word** *(Egerew **n**-**Iger**ewen*, and **no**, the present author has **no fucking idea** how to **pronounce** it) that included the affected syllables (IE "**Ni**-" and "-**ger**") in the middle of it.

The author thinks the most likely explanation for the European word "**Niger**" is a case of ***linguistic drift*** rooted in a **phonological deformation** consistent with **European** explorers ***compressing*** an **unpronounceable** (to foreigners) **local name** into an already existing **European word** with ***covalent syllables*** that happened to be ***accurately descriptive*** of the local inhabitant's **skin color**.

When correctly articulated, the word is pronounced "Nye" (rhymes with **die**)-"jer". In **common ship English** during the age of European **exploitation** whoops...exploration, the term "**Niger**" (pronounced **correctly**) became the term of choice for describing an individual from that region. In that sense, a group of people from the Niger region would **technically speaking** be a group of ***Nigers****.*

Correctly pronounced, the last word of the previous paragraph sounds like "**Nye-jers**".

But when ***mispronounced*** by **English Sailors** suffering from **acute scurvy**, **chronic malnutrition** and **being half** (or **more**) **drunk** for ***months on end***, it shouldn't be too surprising that there were some progressive **pronunciation distortion** that came with the ***multiple*** **difficulties** of being ***chronically brain damaged*** with a ***decreasing amount of teeth*** FURTHER contributing to ***increasing*** **palate** (**deformation**) issues.

Plus, there was also the minor fact that, statistically speaking, most English sailors in this **fetid linguistic pool** were coming from what ***some*** might refer to as **colorful**, **lower income backgrounds** in **poorer** neighborhoods RICH with lively colloquial traditions that made heavy use of **pun**, **metaphor** and **other slang devices** to express the vibrancy of their experiences in the face of crushing economic burdens.

Of course, if you talked to many (to **most**) of their captains, executive officers, middle managing corporate stooges, or the fat cats at the top of the pile (IE the **big one *shit rolls down)*,** they were a bit more apt to lovingly describe the average **enlisted** or ***impressed* sailor** as the **scum of the Earth** who **couldn't** be **trusted** much less ***understood*** with their **low income lingo**.

But they were **English** scum of the Earth for all that and already incredibly idiomatic in their day to day punnery. Added to this ***volatile* linguistic equation** is the **other** fact that these **high verbal idiots** were engaged in **one** of the most **incredibly idiomatic professions** yet developed where **bodily fluids** (and/or ***psychiatric mindfuckery)*** do **not** figure (heavily) on a **daily basis**.

All things considered, it shouldn't be *that surprising* that a **linguistic demographic** composed of ***poor white trash*** trapped on boats living off of white bread and a gallon of beer a day while losing progressive amounts of teeth AND only having each other to talk to when not getting yelled at by the captain or cursed out by the XO while getting whipped on the exposed buttocks (again) would be the ***ideal* social group** to ***phonologically deform*** the word **Niger** to the **current N-word** of today, which is the exact same **ugly fucker** they were using 400 years ago to describe **melanin enabled individuals.**

The ***subject word*** under discussion became increasingly common as direct contact became ***much*** more frequent between English sailors and the **Motherland**. Some of the specifics regarding that **giant staggering fustercluck** we will be getting to presently, but for now we will leave the pin IN that particular grenade for the moment as we have a **bigger *(BLACK)* button** to press.

The present author might be going out a limb here, but the continuing usage and associated feelings with the subject word might, POSSIBLY, be indicative of some larger social issues still **bedeviling** the Modern American Experience even after (or in certain respects ***because of)*** various **Civil *WAR(s)*** and subsequent **Civil Rights Campaigns** that ***only took another century*** to **start** showing some ***(negligible)* results**

Though these seemingly intractable social issues are varied and complex, and each abundant with their own myriad of distinct facets that have been the subject(s) of endless and ongoing debate, discussion, moralized handwringing and supercilious speculation for quite some time now, speaking in **broad terms** the vast majority of all the highly informed (or **not**) commentary regarding these still **seething** social issues have been ***framed*** within the **over-arching über-subject** generally referred to as "**racism**".

Which is unfortunate thanks to the simple fact that the unfortunate suffix "**-ism**" has the **singular** distinction of being **by far** the ***sloppiest suffix in English,*** with the closely related "**-ist**" a close **second**.

Unlike other, far more sensible **suffixes** like the ***plural*** "**-s**" for **nouns** indicating ***plurality*** and "**-ing**" (**mostly**) indicating the **present conditional state** of the affected **verb** (as in "the present author is typ-**ing** at the moment") that ***mostly*** mean just one (or ***two***, it being **Englitch** and all) thing(s), ***"-ism"*** has ***at least 3 different definitions that have two to three sub-definitions each***.

Broadly speaking, "**-ism**" can usually indicates a:

1.A **state**, **condition** or **act** (athletic**-ism**, hedon**-ism**, plagiar**-ism**)
2.An **established set** of **associated beliefs** or **principles** (Buddh**-ism**, Roman Catholic**-ism**, Capital**-ism**)
3.A **related set** of predominately **pre-conscious biases**, **behavioral impulses** and/or possible **medical conditions** in reference to the nature of the **condition** (rac**-ism**, alcohol**-ism**, republi...**whoops**...retard-**ism**) the **accused** may or may **not** be fully aware of.

The biggest problem of the ***same*** suffix having these **three** (to ***six)*** definitions is how readily the **presence** of **one semantic state** can ***directly contribute*** to the **occurrence** (or ***increased prevalence*** in the case of **pre-existing conditions**) of the ***other*** **semantic states** for the affected word.

When these three distinct semantic applications ALL apply to an affected ***"-ism",*** it makes ANY **intelligent discussions** about the **affected subject** nearly **impossible** due to the multiple layers of resulting ***semantic ambiguity***.

Ironically enough, one of the best examples of this unfortunate **semantic ambiguity** happens to be the word "**racism**". Observe the following three sentences employing the word "**racism**" in the three previously mentioned variations of it's **suffix** ***"-ism":***

1.**Racism**, in one form or another, continues to **exist** in the **hearts** and/or **minds** (or a **notable lack** thereof) of **too many Americans**.

2.In **many** (but not necessarily most) cases, this continuing issue of "**racism**" is simply a case of **long held** (but ***not necessarily well examined)*** BELIEFS about ***skin pigmentation*** and its ***(allegedly)*** **associated traits**.

3.Of course, it is also possible that those **beliefs** indicative of "**racism**" themselves could be fully **predicated** on a set of ***predominately pre-conscious biases***, subtle **perceptual distortions** and the ***inevitable*** accumulative **neurological damage** that comes with having **asinine** BELIEFS ***beaten*** into one as a ***small child*** **early** and **often** by (**moonshine**) **loving parents** who similarly **benefited**

from the **same** kind of treatment from their own **alcoholic parents** when they were **children** way back when.

Not to imply that the latter case is the only or even a primary ***(any more)*** **reason** for a still fairly vigorous case of "**racism**" still **blighting** our great **American experiment**, but as you can see, these **three distinct usages** of the word "**racism**" are referring to distinct but closely related phenomena that each contribute to an increased incidence of the others.

To wit: the pandemic presence of **racism** *(Definition 1)* is partly based on widespread beliefs as well as widely shared pre-conscious biases that themselves contribute to the reinforcement of those widely held beliefs that further contribute to the larger social phenomena of "**racism**" *(Definition 1* and/or *3)* in the society at large, which helps to normalize "**racism**" *(Definition 2)* so widely that they become unquestioned assumptions that eventually become unconscious biases that are shared by increasing amounts of people and perpetuating the "culture" of "**racism**" *(Definition 3)*...and so on.

This **not** exactly distinct ***semantic covalence*** is **why** the subject of "**racism**" has become the ***semiotic tar baby*** that so many commentators love to **whip on** when in need of a **straw man** to ***alliteratively assault*** for the **masses**.

Oh, they surely do dear reader, because in it they have found an inexhaustible fountain of bile from which to feed their poison pens so quick to accuse or imply "**racism**" in **others** or decry it's institutional inevitability in ways that tend to **emphasize** (if not ***amplify)*** it's multitudinous **effects** while just barely **hinting** at it's ***underlying causes***.

This ***moral outrage occlusion effect*** (not at all specific to "**racism**" or "**English**" for that matter) in further **enhanced** by the fact that most **English speakers** are NOT **acutely** aware of the ***subtle semantic distinctions*** BETWEEN the distinct **usages** of "**racism**" in it's various capacities. Even when that **isn't** the case, it is a common occurrence in where the ***feelings*** associated with **one usage** are **enhanced** (or ***exacerbated)*** by the **different emotions** associated with it's **other usages**.

For example, the indignation and moral outrage at the "**state**" of "**racism**" in general tends to ***acutely escalate*** when given **specific targets** in the form of ***true believers*** (IE bombastic scorn) or ***accidental idiots who don't know any better*** (IE incredulous exasperation) OR ***(more likely)*** some combination thereof.

This is why ANY attempt to discuss "**racism**" (and to a lesser extent ***{barely}*** "**sexism**" and other "**-ism**"s) isn't so much a **slippery slope** as much as a ***greased chute straight down to a semantic killing floor*** largely defined by **increasingly idiotic** statements inspiring **decreasingly veiled accusations** by opposing parties that inevitably result in ***affected speakers talking more about each other than the subject at hand.***

And **not** unlike the (often intimately related) subject of ***pejorative mental health accusations,*** ANY accusation of being "**racist**" is similarly **impossible** to argue against

as ANY ***protestation*** to the **contrary** is often construed as ***further evidence*** of ***unconscious biases*** the **accused** is obviously NOT aware of, or (**possibly**) in ***denial*** about.

As a subject of discussion, "**racism**" is NOT so much a ***black hole*** that sucks all **otherwise** intelligent discussion into itself as much as it is a ***dry socket*** that, should it **erupt** conversation, poses serious difficulties to **speaking intelligently** afterwards due to the ***ulcerous inflammation of affected individuals.***

WHICH if left untreated can easily contribute to ***even worse*** (**memetic**) **infections** that pose serious **neurological risks** and/or other serious **deficiencies** of ***mental well being*** in those **unwitting bystanders** accidentally (or ***intentionally)*** exposed to their **divisive** dialogue.

Considering the inherent **ambiguity** of the **modern English semantics** currently available to discuss "**racism**", PLUS all of the hard and unpleasant ***feelings*** brought up on ***all sides*** of the **debate** (and **not** a few of those ***feelings*** having been ***artificially amplified*** by the progressively **outrageous** {slash ***dog whistle} semantics*** that ***talking head dementors***...wait, scratch that...commentators use to "**frame the debate**" in the ***most divisive framework possible),*** the present author thinks we should all take a moment to ***thank our lucky stars*** that we have **managed** to get to the **suboptimal stasis** we have so far achieved despite the **superabundance** of disputatious difficulties inherent in this **sticky subject**.

When attempting to identify the **800 pound lawn jockey in the room**, the ***grand wizards*** conducting the **great debate** are ALSO ***trapped in the same language as the rest of us*** and give every appearance of being as equally **befuddled** by these **abutting semiotic territories** inelegantly **enjoined** within the ***greater semantic state*** of "**racism**".

Just because they say and use words for a living ***doesn't*** actually mean that they necessarily have a finer grasp on these **semantic subtleties** than anybody else. In fact, it's more than likely that these ***mass media dialogue dementors*** (commonly referred to as "talking heads"), LIKE many **highly educated** and/or **highly paid people** in **high verbal** professions, are ***more*** susceptible to these **subtle language biases** in that the day to day activities of these **high verbal positions** tend to involve a good deal of ***repetitive language*** and/or ***saying the same fucking thing*** in different ways **over** and **over** again.

Habituated language (and ***especially*** in **educated** individuals) tends to have **two** overall ***neuro-semantic effects***:

Repeated usage of a **word** by an **educated speaker** tends to **reinforce** ***feelings*** of intimate familiarity with the ***actual*** **subject** the **word** in question ***represents,*** and usually for good reason. But the unfortunate flip side to that is that ***habituated usage*** of a **word**

tends to **strengthen** the ***conviction*** of the **speaker** that their (implicit) **definition** of it isn't just accurate, but the ***only*** "correct" one.

Though it is ***probable*** that an **educated speaker** is using a given **word** in ***a*** correct sense, it does NOT follow that the ***(highly educated)*** speaker's **sense** of a **word** is ***the*** only correct one applicable.

Even **worse**, one's **sense** of the ***correctness of one's definitions*** is FURTHER **exacerbated** by the presence of **heated** or **inflamed** or otherwise ***highly flammable*** **emotions** which themselves contribute to a distinct ***lack*** of the kind of **reflective insight** that MIGHT inspire some kind of **forward progress** in resolving the issue that originally inspired the heated **brown emotions** and related ***shitty words with which to express them*** in the first place.

(Incidentally, this ***definitional certainty bias*** regarding one's **habituated language** happens to be one of the more common examples of those ***unknown knowns*** that are so rarely included in most people's ***pre-emptive threat assessments****.)*

That said, it shouldn't be too surprising that the **grand** (media) **wizards** and **ivory intellects** "leading" the **great** (and still continuing) **debate**(**s**) about "**race**" in **America** (generally in a ***downward direction****)* continue to have serious issues ***segregating*** the ***effects*** from the ***causes*** of "**racism**" in their **own minds**, much less **within** the established **semantics** available to articulate their observations.

These **language difficulties** are themselves indicative that the much larger problems (and/or **causes**) of "**racism**" are so vast and deep they MIGHT be ***universally intrinsic*** to the **human experience** in some fashion or another.

Though the "subject" of "**racism**" in discussion does bear a passing resemblance to a ***dry socket***, the actual phenomena that term is referring to does have every appearance of being a ***neuro-ontological black hole*** with serious **sociological consequences** that would be ***best minimized sooner than later****.*

A ***black hole*** for reals**, YO.** Not unlike an **astronomic black hole** (RE **in space** and NOT your **current boss** or **former boyfriend**) this ***neuro-ontological black hole*** of "**racism**" DOES exhibit the following characteristics:

1. Like a **black hole**, "**racism**" is ***invisible*** to the unassisted eye and only **inferred** by the ***effects*** it is has on **affected bodies** within it's **gravitational field**.

2. Just like in **astronomy**, the general **nature**, **epicenter** and **strength** of this ***sociological black hole*** can be **localized** to some extent by epidemiological analysis of the assembled observational data, but NOT necessarily in ways that immediately suggest likely ***causes*** for the **phenomena** being analyzed.

3. Not unlike a **black hole** in **space**, the various **phenomena** we now refer to as "**racism**" are so historically **ubiquitous** that their ***accumulated neuro-sociological "mass"*** (to date) is ***insensibly gargantuan,*** despite being technically **unquantifiable** at the moment due to certain **deficiencies** in our social sciences.

4. Directly akin to how a **red giant** gets so **big** it ***collapses into itself*** from being such an (g)**astronomical fat ass** and forms a **gravitational *singularity*** so strong that ***not even light can escape it***, COMPRESSING the various historical, social, semantic and neurological forces in play into the single term of "**racism**" has resulted in a subject so ***overloaded*** with **emotional**, **historical** and **semantic** weight that it **warps** and **bends *otherwise sensible thoughts*** entering it's **field**.

5. Just like a **black hole's** EFFECT on ***anything with mass*** entering it's **gravity well**, anytime "**racism**" becomes a subject of discussion, the **affected conversation** will begin to ***spiral downward*** into it, becoming **more** and **more *distorted*** by all the **assorted** (semantic) ***ambiguities*** before finally **disintegrating** into it's ***component aspects*** of **complex** and **unpleasant** emotions being expressed in ***broken englitch,*** no matter how grammatically correct it may be.

As **en**(**g**)**demic** and **pervasive** these **communicative difficulties** are regarding "**racism**", they themselves (and not unlike the related issues they describe) are merely ***(widespread)* effects** that ***do not*** on their own immediately suggest likely **root causes** to account for the diverse array of difficulties and deficiencies encompassed within this pressing subject.

Aside from the array of highly charged **semantic ambiguities** just **concussed**, a **multitude** of contributing factors or primary causes for "**racism**" have been suggested.

The following is **not** meant to be a **definitive list**, but some of more commonly mentioned candidates for causes or primary contributing factors of "racism" are: poverty, ignorance, European colonialism, social stereotyping, ubiquitous mass media portrayals thereof, socio-economic scapegoatism (holy shit that's a "real" word), religious differences and the distinct technological edge the colonial Europeans had over the hordes of **heavily armed spearchuckers** who mobilized to **counter** the **advance** of ***white devils from the North***.

(Please note: Historically speaking, the present usage of the appellation "**spearchucker**" is **not** implicitly "**racist**" but simply **descriptive** as the spear was the local weapon of choice in most of **Africa** for ***poking*** a **heavily armed white man to death** from a **distance.** Mostly because it is ***extremely difficult*** to get close enough to anyone **armed** with a **black powder device** to use more direct methods. Used in ***this sense only***, it is NOT "**racist**", just accurate if in **questionable** or possibly ***bad*** taste.)

Not to (FURTHER) **impugn** or **malign** the exhaustive efforts of those well meaning experts and essayists who have speculated on these weighty matters propounding one or more of those origin hypotheses for "**racism**", these **assumed causes** are at best

modifying factors if not the ***overt effects*** of some **underlying phenomena** ***yet to be isolated*** and effectively ***identified*** as a **root cause** (or ***twenty)***.

(And largely due to all the **semantic variables** present in the current **definitional grouping** of the word "**racism**" make it ***effectively impossible*** to **think** about it **clearly** without an **acute awareness** of it's ***separate semantic senses.)***

In order for **us** to attempt to address these **root causes** that ***directly contribute*** to all the **hard** and **unpleasant** ***feelings*** regarding the ***N-word*** today, we have to avoid the all too common pitfall of **overly focusing** on the **individual trees** of **iniquity** at the expense of getting a **greater sense** of the ***forest of ignorance*** in which they reside.

When dealing with a very common ***"tree vs. forest" assessment quandary,*** upon determining that it is more a matter of the **forest** as opposed to this or that kind of **tree**, generally speaking the best thing to do is take a (or **several**, being a forest and all) step back to get a better view of the **bigger picture**.

When **observing** this **bigger picture**, it is a good idea to frame one's observations in as **simple** and ***unambiguous*** terms as possible. Ideally, these descriptions will economically express the defining characteristics of the forest in question in ways that will reflect the root causes from which they spring, not unlike ***how the tree we see above the ground is a mirrored reflection of it's root system below.***

When considering the bigger picture of the sum totality of suboptimal "**racial**" interactions, issues or incidents going back to **lord knows when**, if one steps back ***far*** enough, a **few glaring consistencies** DO pop out when viewed by the discerning historical observe**r**.

Some of these consistencies are best described as follows:

1.No matter where or when it happens, or who is part of the problem, **invariably**, the ***primary perceptual trigger*** for inducing "**racist**" **thoughts** or **actions** in susceptible individuals is (**almost**) always a matter of (perceived) ***skin color differential.***

2.Though perhaps not universally true, it is **generally** true that ***skin color bias*** is also ***widely present*** in some form or another in "**racially**" **homogenous societies** or **groups**.

3. In both cases, and other considerations aside, this widely held ***bias*** is almost **invariably** in the form of some kind of ***positive perceptual predisposition*** in ***favor*** of **lighter tinted individuals**.

4. To the extent there have been scientific studies regarding this ***color bias***, this ***positive perceptual predisposition*** in FAVOR of **lighter tinted individuals** has been demonstrated as being present ***irrespective*** of "**race**" in **young children** with

limited to ***no direct experience*** or historical knowledge of **previous** (and/or **current**) "**racial**" **difficulties**.

5. In America (and elsewhere, the author suspects), **a melanin enabled individual** is ***much more likely to be arrested*** and has a **much higher *risk*** of being **convicted** (and having "**the book**" thrown at them ***significantly harder)*** than **those** who are ***NOT*** **negritudinally challenged** while in the commission of similar offenses.

The historical ubiquity of the **first three** is so pronounced at this point that they suggest something intrinsic to the human experience that makes ***all of us*** (and yes, ***including*** melanin enabled individuals) susceptible to this unfortunate ***chromatic bias.*** The **last two**, although more recently established and/or (somewhat) specific to the current American experience, are themselves **indicative** that these ***biases*** likely operate on a ***pre-conscious level*** that the **small child** or ***hanging judge*** is NOT fully aware of.

When dealing with an issue as historically pervasive as "**racism**" existing in one form or another virtually across the board and happening time and time again, at some point the **sophisticated observer** will have to **step back** from focusing on the sociological effects in order to accurately account of the ***trans-social ubiquity*** of this phenomena.

Any universal human condition that keeps happening seemingly regardless of time, place, spoken language or local color is **less indicative** of the nature of the societies they occur in and **more likely** indicative of something ***intrinsic*** to the **human experience**, but ***something*** so **big** (or ***small)*** that ***it still has yet to be clearly articulated*** in anything approaching **plain English**.

The other smart thing to do when grappling with a **Seemingly Universal Problem** (**SUP**) that appears to be just about everywhere and been around since the dawn of time is to **stop assuming** the **cause**(**s**) of the **SUP** in question exist ***outside*** of the **human mind** even if many (to **most**) of it's effects **do**.

Not only might we benefit from taking a **step back** to get a better read on the **root causes** of these (**continuing**) ***N-word*** issues, ***looking within*** may also prove to be **instructive** as well.

Unfortunately, **most modern Americans** (and ***other*** kinds of **English speakers**) are generally CRAP at **insight** thanks to being **slightly distracted** by all the crap TV, ***BEER*** commercials, fake tits, social networking, pharmaceutical marketing (not to mention ***products)***, bling idolizing urban music, online porn (and/or dating), ***emotional empowerment*** (and/or **codependency**) and the often related (in **both** cases) ***expectation*** of **unconditional positive regard** no matter how much of a trainwreck you (or your "loved" ones) might be.

OH, *let's not forget* that being **constantly stressed out** by pressing **money** or **health concerns** (or more likely ***both*** in the **case** of the ***latter)*** is **NOT** the most effective

meditational aid to help anyone achieve some **minimum threshold** of **mental** and **emotional** ***clarity*** to **cut through** the **day to day bullshit** constantly **clouding our hearts** and **minds**.

The distinct possibility of an **internal search** for **root causes** regarding the ***N-word problem*** (and related difficulties) being potentially **productive** is FURTHER suggested by the **fuzziness** of the **language** used to describe ***it***. The ***distinct*** lack of precision present in the word "**racism**" is a clear **indicator** that clearly "**thinking**" about the **subject** in the first place is **difficult** ***verging on impossible*** for SOME ***(deeply seated)*** **reason** or another.

(Which, frankly, isn't as great a loss as it could be thanks to the **slight tendency** of most people to **think** the **same thoughts** ***over and over again*** and **assume** they **apply** to whatever (they THINK) they are "**thinking**" about. WORSE, if one ***feels*** like **one** IS **thinking** "**clearly**" while NOT unduly assisted by **fermented** or **fungal** consultants, MUCH (to ***most)*** of this ***sense*** of **mental clarity** comes from ***thinking habituated thoughts that do not overly conflict*** with **one's pre-existing** {and largely ***subconscious}*** **assumptions**.)

It is for these reasons (and **others**) that ***rational(ized) thinking*** is much likelier to be **counter-productive** rather than helpful when assessing poorly understood phenomena or ***resolving*** long standing issues that did NOT yield to previous ***rational thoughts*** by POSSIBLY even ***more sophisticated thinkers*** than (**many** of) today's "**experts**".

In fact, and no matter how many ***modern multitasking idiots*** protest to the contrary, it is BOTH **fair** and **accurate** to say that, ***neurologically speaking,*** the **acts** of **rational thought** and **actual observation** are ***mutually exclusive***.

This is **one** of those manifestly **self evident** things that is **easily observable** in one's **self** or **others** once you **keep an eye open for it**.

If you did not already know, your (current) **brain** is already **pretty goddamned busy** keeping all of your autonomous metabolic processes going. Maintaining your sense of balance, keeping your eyes synchronized and lubricated while orchestrating the ongoing pulmonary symphony animating your physical form while doing all the other ongoing metabolic chores not mentioned **ain't just whistling dixie**.

Before you think a single fucking thought, your brain is already doing approximately **half a million** (and/or **hundred**) **things** a ***second*** that ***you take for granted*** *as a* ***matter of course***.

Excepting, of course, the ***second*** that **one** (or **more**) of those **autonomous processes** ***stops working*** for some reason or other, and then **suddenly** that's the **only thing** you can think your **habituated thoughts** about, unless **you** are ***dead*** and **possibly** starting to think some ***less recently habituated thoughts***.

Considering how insanely busy it is on a moment to moment basis even while **sleeping**, it shouldn't be too surprising that the **mind** has **great difficulty** doing ***even just one thing consciously at a time***, much less **two** (or **more**) WITHOUT ***professional* training** AND ***lots of practice****.*

Even then, technically speaking, you can either **think a thought** OR actually **observe something**, but ***you still can't do both at the same time****.*

It is ***entirely possible*** to rapidly **oscillate** between **thinking a thought** and **making an observation**, but that *is* ***not the same thing as doing both at the same time,*** no matter how much it appears to the contrary. The second you **start** "thinking", ***you stop seeing and hearing the world around you for what it is*** and are only **half looking** or **listening** (at best) while **thinking** the same **old thoughts** about ***whatever keeps coming to mind****.*

Making this so much more **difficult** is that **not** only can you "**think**" about your **perceptions** and ***retroactively cloud them*** with the same **recursive associations** (as ***usual)*** that result in various kinds of ***accumulative reflective biases***, it is ALSO **possible** (and ***common)*** to **think** about one's own ***thoughts*** to similar effect.

If that wasn't confusing enough, there is also the **fun fact** that all that only refers to the **thoughts** and **perceptions** (and related ***feelings*** caused by **either**, or ***both)*** that ***we are conscious* of**.

MOST of our **sub-conscious** thoughts and FEELINGS ***slip past our internal gaze***, entirely **unnoticed** or **ignored** thanks to their **general failure** to **readily fit** within **our *habituated world view*** and/or **internal dialogue**.

And this ***definitely applies to you*** (as well as the current author, FYI) ***no matter how deeply you may feel to the contrary****.*

The further someone **progresses** in any sustained **practice** of **regular** ***(empirical)* Self-awareness**, the ***more it becomes apparent*** that the **proportional ratio** of "**consciousness**" to "**sub**(or **un**)**consciousness**" in an overwhelming majority of individuals is ***directly proportional*** to the **footprint** of **your favorite Hawaiian island** in **relation** to the entire **surface arse**...DAMMIT...area of the **Pacific Ocean**.

*(**Coincidentally*** enough, this happens to be ***roughly equivalent*** to BOTH the **ratio** of ***dark matter*** to **matter** in the **known universe** AND the ***preponderant percentage*** of **monkey DNA humans *share*** with **chimps** VERSUS that **infinitesimal fraction** that ***makes each one of us unique****.)*

With the **rational approaches** having NOT yet resolved the various **incendiary issues** contributing to continuing ***N-word problems,*** **logic *dictates*** that probing this ***dark matter of the soul*** that ***everybody shares*** might **shed** some much needed LIGHT on some of those ***gosh darn root causes*** still haunting our **Great American Experiment**.

Observing these **subterranean** (and/or **stellar**) **depths** is UNFORTUNATELY also ***subject to the same neuro-psychological tendencies just mentioned****.*

BUT if one is actually successful in their reflective endeavors, the observations they will make in their "enhanced" states are of a kind that ***defy*** easy or ready descriptions and tend to strongly **mitigate** the usual ***habituated semantic or grammatical distortions we routinely pigeonhole our perceptions into.***

When someone starts wrapping their **microscopically conscious mind** around the incomprehensible immensity of the **forest** of their greater "**subconscious**", at some point they will make a few **general observations** about the ***overall disposition of their internal arrangement.***

And since we are dealing with another **forest/tree** issue, these **observations** are also best expressed ***economically*** in as **simple** and **unambiguous** (yet ***accurate)*** **terms** as **possible**. What follows are a few of the **more elementary observations** a **de**(**a**)**dicated Self-Observer** will **eventually** encounter in their reflective practice:

1.When **observing** the mind at work, it quickly becomes apparent that the psycho-neurologic events transpiring within it fall within one of two broad categories: **conscious** or **sub**(or **un**)**conscious**.

2. **Conscious events** are those that we are (more or less) aware of in either an immediate or general sense.

3. **Sub**(or **un**)**conscious events** are those that we are not fully aware of even to the point of being entirely ignorant about, even if it's to our great detriment.

As much as these **Self-observations** seem like ***entirely obvious no-brainers*** as conceptual conceits, actually **making** these ***observations*** in **one's self** can be a ***real eye opener*** when you consciously start parsing out **which is which** within yourself.

If one keeps at it, and **doesn't** unduly succumb to a ***no ego-ego trip*** or **any** of the other **666** (**thousand**) ***left turns*** a **mind** can take OFF the **path** of ***true insight***, at some point the **experienced** (**Self**) **observer** WILL **notice the following**:

1. ***The vast majority of what we call the mind is occupied by staggering amounts of subconscious real estate.***

2. (And this is real kicker) To the negligible (not to mention **debatable**) extent the "**conscious**" **mind** "**exists**" in the first place, the "**conscious**" **events** that transpire within it ARE themselves ***heavily dependent on*** and/or ***deeply affected by*** and/or fully **predicated** on **sub**(or **un**)**concious** events or processes in the present or past that ***we tend not to be fully aware of.***

The upshot of that is when it comes down to it, ***an overwhelming majority*** of what passes for "**conscious thought**" in just about everybody (author included) is ***itself*** **entirely dependent** on a array of (**deeply seated**) **sub**(or **pre**)**conscious impulses** that we are much **more** likely to FEEL than ***understand*****.**

Which is NOT **AT ALL** the same thing, ***no matter how deeply we feel to the contrary****.*

When these **impulses** are NOT **directly observed**, they tend to turn into **thoughts** (and/or **feelings** {and/or ***further thoughts*** *and* ***feelings*** *about* ***previous thoughts*** *and* ***feelings*** etc.}) that may or MAY **NOT** actually have a **goddamn thing** to do with the ***projected ontological target*** one's (**re**)**medial mentations** are *(**habitually**)* **directed at**.

So in addition to the overwhelming **preponderance** of the **mind** being occupied with **sub/un/pre-conscious events**, even the ***tiny island*** of our "**conscious**" **minds** is **heavily influenced**, **formed by** and ***beholden*** to ***occult inner forces*** (technically speaking) that ***most of us hardly understand***.

And even if we do **conceptually** understand ***it,*** that is ***not the same thing*** as actually **being aware** of ***it*** in **ourselves** on ***any*** kind of **real-time** basis.

Considering the disproportionately huge role this aggregated gestalt of **sub/un/pre-conscious events** has on the **conscious mind**, it seems like this ***neurological shitshow*** MIGHT ***possibly*** play a small (and/or **huge**) role in the **occurrence** of some of the hard, unpleasant and/or **slightly inappropriate** FEELINGS regarding the **N-word** and **it's associated issues**.

Which brings us to one of the little miracles regarding **our observational abilities**: though we have great difficulty seeing **our own** opportunities for various kinds of personal development without constant informed guidance (at first), ***most of us have little difficulty with finding fault in others****.*

It is because of this that the **entry level observer** will tend to **notice** the **unconsciousness** of **other's** actions ***long before they start noticing their own***.

If one keeps at it, the **experienced Self-observer** will eventually **observe** enough in the way of **unconsciousness** in **others** and **self** (***eventually****)* to **notice** the following:

1. **Sub/un/pre/post-conscious events** can be of specific **personal** nature unique to the individual observed (and/or ***accused****).*
2. **or** they **can** be culture, sub-culture, class or regionally specific and ***implicitly shared*** with a **vast majority** of **members** within the **affected group**.
3. OR they can be **shared** or **expressed** by a ***clear majority*** of **humans irrespective of culture** (and/or possibly **time** as well)**.**
4. **OR** they can be ***held in common*** with **other self propelled**, **warm blooded** (or **not**) ***vertebrates*** on **this** (**and**/or ***other****)* **planet**(**s**)**.**

5. or *(**far more likely**)* these **sub/un/pre/post-conscious events** and/or ***states*** can be ***some combination*** of the previous four categories.

That last one is also a **kicker** in that **sub/un/pre-conscious events** of a wider nature are subject to **further modification** according to **local sensibilities** further ***amended*** by ***subjective personal experiences*** (and/or **inferences**).

The bewildering array of local and personal variations of these **widely unquestioned** (or simply **unidentified**) **assumptions** or ***biases*** or whatever often makes effective identification of **universally** or **widely shared** sub/un/pre-conscious tendencies all that much more **difficult** to **pin down** (then PULL, count to three *and* ***throw at least 50 feet away if you don't want to get a face full of shrapnel****).*

Regarding the current **subject** of this interlude, aside from certain **mangy** and **ill-trained *curs****,* MOST **animals** (and **plants**) the author is personally familiar with (but **not** like ***that*** thank you very much) do NOT seem to have **much** in the way of a ***N-word problems****.* And we should be thankful for that, we can eliminate **#4** from the above list from our current inquiry.

Given the overarching influence the **subconscious** has on the **conscious mind**, the historical ubiquity of **N-word problems** resulting from ***interpersonal chromatic bias***, AND the ***similar ubiquity*** of universally ***un****(or* ***sub*** *or* ***pre)conscious assumptions*** having any number of local or personal variations or interpretations, in the absence of proofs positive, the **simplest** of the **most likely** explanation regarding **root causes** is mostly likely to lie in ***something*** that has been (almost) **universal** or **intrinsic** to the human experience for a ***long time.***

When assessing a personal or local subconscious event, it is often the case that these are **sourced** in some kind of PREVIOUS **external event** that an **affected individual** ***internalized*** and ***is reacting to in the present****.* This type of thing usually results in the **projection** of **c*ompensatory behavior*** into a **current situation** where it may or **may not** be directly applicable.

Though this process can be a bit of a brain twister, it is demonstrated easily enough using a relatively common modern situation that all too often afflicts man's best friend. Specifically speaking, **rescued pit bulls** having a notable widespread ***bias against men wearing baseball hats***.

If you are not yourself overly familiar with this fairly common **rescued pit bull bias** thanks to a noted preference for little rat dogs, halfbreed rabbit owl hybrids who are imperious assholes (often referred to in layman's terms as "**cats**"), 8 legged varmints as big as your hand and **twice as hairy**, or goldfish *(**swallowing**),* this fairly common ***canine bias*** (not specifically limited to pit bulls or rescue dogs) is easily described as follows:

Many rescued pit bulls tend not to react well to the presence of baseball hat wearing men appearing within their visual field.

In this specific canine demographic, it is (almost) axiomatic that the **root causes** for this ***common canine aversion*** stem from **suboptimal developmental experiences** as a ***small puppy***.

USUALLY at the hands (and/or feet and/or leather belt and/or rolled up newspaper) of a much larger adult (male human) **intent** on turning that **nice little puppy** into a ***four legged killing machine*** capable of **neutralizing** OTHER ***weaponized quadrupeds*** in organized matches which tend to feature large of amounts of **gentlemanly wagering** regarding ***probable* suboptimal outcomes** for affected **pooches**.

But with many of the...***gentlemen*** (ahem...) facilitating this whole **canine shitshow** frequently suffering from ***acute thugmatism*** and/or ***chronic gangsta-itis***, it should be **little surprise** to ANY **BET viewer** ever that many of these **N-words** (**melanin enabled** or ***otherwise)*** are **often** wearing ***baseball hats***.

As most of these ***headgear enthusiasts*** are often in the **possession** of **one** (or **more**) ***baseball hats*** ON (or about) their person while **facilitating** certain ***key experiences*** in their **dog's *developmental*** (and/or "training") **cycle**, it should be of little surprise that ***baseball hat wearing men*** subsequently register **disproportionally high** on the affected pit bull's ***threat index analysis.***

The **affected pooch** then proceeds to take this ***perceptual bias*** forward into it's life, (likely) directing it's resulting compensatory behavior at other ***behatted* targets** of opportunity entering it's visual field ***regardless*** of a **conspicuous** lack of ill intent in the recently **chomped** target. These typical targets can include (but are not limited to): mailpersons, UPS delivery persons, milkmen, contractors, police officers, paramedics, firemen, golfers, actual baseball players and of course, **dog catchers**.

As the owner of a rescued pit bull is painfully aware, it isn't the **specific** individual the **mad dog** is **responding** to, but the ***visual cues*** that the **targeted** individual ***shares*** with a previously ***behatted* person** that DID some **very bad things** to the **nice little doggy** in question. The vast majority of the time, this is simply put an all too common **ecumenical** case of the **dog liking** (or **loving**) **the person *but hating the hat they are wearing.***

This is only just one example of roughly a ***fucktillion*** the present author could use to demonstrate the ***relationship*** between the **formation** of an ***unconscious perceptual bias*** due to **incidental internalization** of previous ***suboptimal development opportunities*** RESULTING in the subsequent **projection** of ***compensatory behavior*** into the **present** thanks to **direct exposure** to ***similar visual cues***.

But this dog analogy is particularly apt because it allows us to demonstrate the previously made point about ***how* sub/un/pre-conscious events rooted** in **larger**

group wide conditions can be further ***modified*** in various **sub-group** or **person** (or **dog**) ***specific*** ways.

For ***continuity***, we will focus on the POSSIBLE **personal extensions** of a ***group wide visual cue bias*** to demonstrate this point, but the reader should take it as read that the other ***post-personal sub-group sets*** between the **individual** AND the **largest affected demographic** regarding a ***post-personal sub-concious bias response*** can **offer** just as much **variation** and **modification** as the related ***personal extensions*** do.

And again, we have generated another brain twister of a paragraph that is easily demonstrated through the following example:

Within our **set** of ***headgear*** (and/or **male**) ***averse*** **rescue pit bulls**, though the **root causes** for this unfortunate canine affliction are **widely shared**, the ***individuated responses*** to these widespread suboptimal developmental opportunities are (mostly) ***unique*** to the affected individual.

When presented with the prospect of a ***hat wearing mothafucka*** in it's **visual field**, an ***affected pit bull*** may exhibit any of the following external responses: fearful/aggressive barking, the rictus bearing of teeth, growling, whimpering, a noted tendency to tuck (a most likely **bobbed**) tail and run, and possibly even **piss** or ***shit*** itself, and/or **foam at the mouth** before ***launching*** **it's 80+ pounds of pure muscle** and ***teeth*** in the general direction of the **behatted** (and likely ***beshatted)*** individual, and/or some combination thereof.

Exactly which **compensatory behaviors** from of this variety of responses (and only a partial list at that) a particular dog will tend to exhibit is **contingent** on a variety of **developmental factors** that are not so succinctly described. But the point is that the ***developmental process*** that they happen within is **highly individualized** which then results in a ***wide variety*** of (**sub/un/pre-conscious**) **responses** within the ***affected group at large***.

Some might object to directly comparing canine development issues to similar issues in humans, but doing so serves at least two purposes:

1. **Dogs**, with their slightly simpler minds (or not) than humans, are slightly **easier** to assess in regards to ***current behavioral triggers*** relating to ***previous developmental stimuli***. (If you still think the author is still wrong about this, go look up Pavlov and his poor drooling dogs sometime).

2. (As we will see) assessing the same in **people** isn't just more difficult but it's (and more importantly) often ***extremely rude*** to the ***assessed*** **individual** and/or **group thereof** (see the ***rest*** of the present device stage **attached** to the current interlude).

But considering the continuing prevalence of ongoing ***N-word problems*** in **America** and elsewhere, we can **not** let intellectual laziness or a few hurt feelings (or **herds** of **sacred cows**) get in the way of forward progress.

As the **N-word problem** does have every appearance of being a **near Universal issue** present in some form or another in just about every culture currently known to man, we need to be prepared to wrap our infinitesimally minute (conscious) mental apparatus around some **very**, **very big things** and/or some ***very, very small things*** in the human experience to possibly get a bead on some of those **gosh darn root causes** still yet to be fully **excised** from the **body politic**.

To account for a **perceptual behavioral bias** seemingly ***common*** to **most humans** of just about ***every period and culture on Earth*** (that **we know about** anyway), in looking to identify likely **root causes** one must necessarily focus on the **general condition** or ***states*** they ***share*** or have ***inherited*** by default.

To date, this subject of ***root causes*** for **behavioral tendencies** has most often been **framed** in the famous "**nature vs. nurture**" "**debate**", which is regrettably a bit of misnomer that is emblematic of the **fuzzy nature** of the **squishy semantics** of ***liberally educated social scientists***. Though what is meant in this **phucked phrase** is the inherent ***"nature"*** of the **individual** (***rooted*** in their **genetic code**) VERSUS the ***induced traits*** "**nurtured**" by it's **environment**, what it sounds like to many people is a case of ***"nature"*** versus ***tit***.

Mostly because the word ***"nurture"*** is a **momma's word** frequently deployed by ***marketers*** to **trigger** deeply seated YET free floating **maternal feelings** in **feminine gendered individuals** irrespective of **actual penile deficiency** (or a distinct **lack** thereof) for various kinds of ***marketing advantage***.

This **semantic confusion** is further magnified by the inappropriately inserted preposition "**versus**", which pejoratively (and **pre-conciously**) ***frames*** the related **proposition** as an ***either/or*** **issue**. This itself is is entirely emblematic of the ***one size fits all bias*** so frigging characteristic of **English grammar** in **general**.

With the long standing ***Occam's Razor bias*** being a foundational cornerstone of **English** Thought and/or Logic (**LOL**), it should be little surprise that there is a noted preference among English speakers to prefer **simple** answers over (possibly ***more accurate***) complex ones.

Whether this is ***specific*** to **English speakers** in some sense or MORE of a **universal case** of ***standard primate intellectual laziness*** is NOT within the ***kill radius*** of the current device. What is notable is that this preference towards simplicity directly lends itself to a **similar** preference for ***singular causes*** for **phenomenological effects** over **system wide disorders** that **look** like they have a ***million moving parts***.

This ***one size fits all trap*** of suffering from acute ***Occam's razor bias*** lies in generally ASSUMING the **simplest single answer** is most likely ***correct*** and THEN subconsciously ***backfilling*** one's **previous** and **current *perceptions*** INTO that **simple explanation** to ***retroactively*** **prove** to **one's self** that the ***naively simple explanation*** in question is OBVIOUSLY the "**correct**" **one**.

It is **exactly** this kind of **sloppy thinking** that directly contributes to precisely the kind of ***agglomerated ontological overlap*** which results in the **squishy** (and frequently ***brown)*** **semantics** of words like "**racism**".

Had these ivory minded and/or eggheaded intellects NOT consulted the marketing whizzes to **dumb down** their message to appeal to the (frequently ***feminine)*** **masses** by **framing** their findings in ***squishy language too tricky by half,*** they **might** be forced to address the ***(alleged)*** "**nature vs. nurture**" issue at hand in something approaching **clear** and **concise language** not unlike:

History AND Genetics. This is a far clearer three word phrase for the whole "**nature versus nurture**" "**debate**" for the following reasons:

1. **Individual** or **group specific traits** can either be traced back to **genetic programs** or ***predispostions*** (the "**nature**" aspect), or the ***historical environmental stimuli*** that the **individual** or **group** was **previously** exposed to ("**nurture**"), OR (more likely) ***some combination of both.***

2. Connecting the terms ***History*** with the word ***Genetics*** with the preposition "**and**" clearly ***illustrates*** the much more common occurrence of **behavioral traits** being a product of **genetic predispostions** being ***triggered*** and ***modified*** by the prevailing **environmental cues** the individual is exposed to. This is in contrast to the more easily observed **physical traits** that tend to be ***genetically hard wired*** and **not** (always) especially **affected** by ***(transient)*** **environmental factors**.

3. Clearly ***connecting*** these forces of ***History*** and ***Genetics*** with the preposition "**and**" ALSO serves to **implicitly** highlight the still yet imperfectly understood yet overarching ***chicken and egg*** **relationship** between them.

4. "**and"** also implicitly indicates the possibility of there being **other** possible **operative forces at work** (as yet unidentified) where the word "**versus**" strongly ***implies*** that it "has to be" **one or the other** and that ***these are the only two options to consider.***

It is because of those last two points that the **isolating** the **root causes** of our **current subject** has proven so ineluctably elusive.

The fact is that even though ***History*** and ***Genetics*** are clearly **different** conceptual subjects, there is no clear and present ontological **line** that ***divides them in action.***

The idea of ***Genetics*** being a cumulative **series** of ***adaptive developments*** in **organisms** in response to the ***Historical*** **exposure** to long repeated and/or widely present **environmental cues** of the **affected** individual or homogenous group thereof ***seems fairly obvious***.

What is **slightly** less obvious but **almost** as prevalent (at this point anyway) is the **flip side of that equation** regarding the EFFECTS ***Genetics has had on History***.

Ironically enough, it just so happens that our present subject of "**racism**" is improbably ideal for **demonstrating** this subtle **symbiotic relationship** previously hamhanded by well meaning (slash **mouth breathing**) ***deep thinkers*** attempting to address any of this **shit** WITHOUT an ***acute*** awareness of these inherent **semantic biases** ***within their own language***. Even being aware of these as **acutely** as the present author may or may ***not*** be **isn't** itself a guarantee of him not making the usual hash of things.

That said, and without further ado (drum roll please)...

At some point, the sophisticated and informed observer will eventually conclude (after hundreds if not thousands {of thousands} of lives brutally lived and painfully recalled in crystal clear detail more impossibly vivid than the average American can possibly imagine) that **our** current ***N-word issues*** of today are an **agglomerated mess** of ***semantic glitches*** stemming from **long term** historical trends that have had ***profound*** **psychological effects** on the **individuals** and **greater groups** ***trapped*** within them AND ***all of that*** is ultimately **sourced** in **one or two** ***endemic genetic quirks not entirely specific to humans***.

As we have just described some kind of multi-element and half hierarchical **event chain**, it's generally the best accepted practice to delineate the (seemingly) **dependent elements** in from **cause** to **effect**. This is generally a good idea **even** if the **suggested elements** in the **event chain** are NOT (**yet**) scientifically confirmed but merely the "**simplest**" of ***likely hypotheses***.

It is true that doing so is **inferential** to some (**33rd**) degree in that it involves a conspicuous ***suppository statement*** (IE the **hypothesis** in question), but this amount of **uncertainty** can be ***localized*** to **specific elements** within the **event chain** which can be **compared** and **contrasted** with the ***confirmed elements*** that those **hypotheses** are (or ***are not***) related to.

If the ***hypothesis*** does **not** appear to unduly **conflict** or ***interfere*** with the **known knowns** in an **event chain**, it is NOT **proof positive** by any means but is PROBABLY the **best** and **closest** ***guess*** barring a sudden increase in ***known knowns*** in the **affected subject**.

Keeping all that in mind, let's just start at the beginning and slide this **big**, **ugly sumbitch forward** through ***history's abbatoir*** because **why not?**

Interlude **November.1**:
Enter **History**, stage ***left.***

As repeatedly alluded to in the current device, **modern humans** are the **result** of a ***design process*** (accidental or **otherwise**) that stretches back at least a **BILLION years**, if not ***more***. This device has necessarily limited itself to emphasizing the overarching **primate legacy** of **our genetic lineage**, ***98% of which we share*** in unison with our closest **primate** siblings.

But these other primates are only our closest relatives, **chronologically** and **genetically** speaking. These ***primate antecedents of ours*** were similarly the **pinnacle** of an (**almost**) **billion year *design process*** themselves, and had their own **genetic legacies**. And again the majority of which was **handed** (in a manner of speaking as the physical transfer of **genetic information** TENDS to involve ***other*** areas of the anatomy) **down** to them from **their antecedents**, and likely in a similar preponderant ***98% ratio*** from **species** to ***variated* species**.

And of course, those antecedents had their own antecedents, and so on and so on. The further you go back, the simpler the antecedents seem to get. Starting with us and (other) higher primates, we were preceded by lower primates, then other kinds of mammals, then smaller mammals, then lizards (great and small), then various kinds of fish, then a whole bunch of antediluvian weirdness floating around in the ocean, then **smaller multi-cellular amphibious vermin** doing the same, then finally going all the way back to some ***Great Mother Adam Ur-Amoeba*** that was ***rudely* woken up** when it's **puddle of origin** was subjected to repeated volleys of ***air based electrical attacks*** (conducted by ***still unidentified* forces** or **agencies**) and **decided** that continuing to be a **stationary inorganic molecule** was a ***good way to get killed****.*

Of course, the previous description isn't just a gross but egregiously linear simplification of a stupendously complex and decidedly trans-linear process, but it is **accurate** enough to highlight the rarely mentioned **fact** that genetically speaking **each one of us is part and parcel of a shared genetic lineage held in common with everybody else *that is almost entirely "pre"-human in origin.***

Concurrent with with evolution of life into progressively complex forms, there was a similar **evolution** of the **DNA** itself from species to species, and sometimes in the individuated species themselves. This **natural evolution** of the **affected genome**(**s**) is **not** yet well understood by **modern science** due to a certain ***occupational preoccupation*** in **focussing** on **research areas** that lend themselves to be ***weaponized*** or ***monetized*** (or ***both****)* with relative ease.

Thanks to all the **Genome Projects**, many of the **larger** and **smaller genetic shifts** that resulted in **you being you** can now be **pinpointed** in ***your own personal genome****,* but these are **sifted out** of a ***staggering amount*** of "***Junk****"* **DNA**.

Which, ***coincidentally enough****,* makes up about ***98%*** of ***your own personal genome.***

This ***preponderance*** of **DNA** in **your** (and everybody else's) **genome** is pejoratively and dismissively referred to as "**junk**" because **none** of it **appears** to be ***actively involved in coding physical protein sequences***. Meaning that the design, assembly and ongoing autonomous maintenance of your **meat body** only takes up about **2%** of **your own personal genome**.

Pretty typical of Western Science, the **98%** of your "**non**(protein)**-coding**" **DNA** that **does** NOT **appear** to have objectively observable **physical implications** or **effects** is pre-emptively ***assumed*** to be **inconsequential** and/or ***accumulated genetic trash*** from **history's dustbin**, and correspondingly does ***not*** lend itself to being readily ***weaponized*** or ***monetized*** in the **near term**. So FUCK IT, why **NOT** call it "***Junk"*** **DNA** and focus on the bits that can make our **biceps**, **boobs** and/or **dicks** ***bigger***, **stop aging** (for ***rich people*** anyway) and/or **lead** to **new** and ***ever subtler ways to kill or neutralize large groups of target populations***.

This, of course, says a lot more about **Modern Geneticists** (and **Western** "**Science**" in general) than it does the so-called "***Junk"*** **DNA** itself, but that's a whole other **S.C.R.E.E.D.** for a different device. The **upshot** of all this is that in **astronomical terms** approximately ***98% of the mass of the greater galactic genome*** is comprised of this **dark matter DNA** whose **nature** and **function**(**s**) are ***poorly understood,*** at present. ***What it's even doing there in the first place is a matter of some debate***.

Or at least when approached **objectively**.

If one were to take a more **subjective** approach (and/or was blindsided or serially detonated by the same), that individual might get lucky and possibly get a **flash** or **two** (**million**) of ***insight*** as to the **nature**, **origin** and ***intended disposition*** of this (**not at all**) "***Junk"*** **DNA**. If **one** were, HYPOTHETICALLY speaking, to accumulate enough in the way of these **subjective** experiences regarding the **objective phenomena** at hand, that ***hypothetical*** person MIGHT be able to make some **observations** that **may** ***possibly*** **reduce** to **clear** and **unambiguous language** economically expressed.

Were such a person to exist and speak **English**, they **might** articulate some of their subjective "***Junk***" **DNA** observations in a manner not unlike:

1. By some process or other, **DNA**, historically speaking, is **constantly** (but slowly, most of the time) ***making new additions to existing code***.

2. These **new code** sections are **responsible** for the ***mutations*** that **precipitate** eventual **breed** and **species** ***variation***.

3. Although the **feedback mechanism** or **process** for it has **not** yet been ***isolated,*** somehow or another **DNA** seems to ***write*** these **new sections of code** in ***response*** to various long term environmental factors in the host organism's habitat.

4.(and this is the **kicker**) Even though **DNA** is capable of **coding new sections of codons**, or **re-writing** already existing sections, what it does **NOT** do is ***delete,*** except to **reduce *redundant duplicate code sections*** resulting from the ***same*** **codon sections** being **donated** by **different parents**.

5.Once written, **DNA *is either active or it goes on standby***. In some cases, **specific sections** can be **over-written** if they ***directly contradict*** a **new update**, but that is NOT ***the same as being erased.***

6.When on ***standby,*** the **non-coding section** IS still present but in a **passive state** that can be **triggered** into ***various states*** of activity IF the **host organism** is **directly exposed** to **environmental factors** that ***approximate*** or **resemble** those that **inspired** the **writing** of ***related*** **code** in the **first place**.

7. The ***longer*** a **section** of **code** stays **dormant**, the **more** it **recedes** into the background, but ***never really goes away.***

The thing to keep in mind about this (staggering) **preponderance** of "***Junk***" **DNA** positively littering **your own personal genome** is that the only thing modern science "**knows**" about it is that it **hasn't** been directly **linked** to any **physical protein coding** activities or subsequent **physical traits**. They could possibly **link** to **non-physical** or even ***meta-physical*** **traits**, or possibly even **physical traits** of such **subtlety** that ***modern science still has yet to parse them out.***

It is even (and/or ***more than)*** **possible** that some of these **genetically** (but **not** protein) **encoded *extra-physical traits*** could POSSIBLY be **developmental instructions** and/or **autonomic behavioral responses *cued*** to specific environmental triggers.

Given the preponderance of gathered data indicating the widespread incidence of **instinctive behaviors** across the animal kingdom where the animal in question appears to ***already*** **know** how to do something seemingly ***independent*** of **any instruction** by or **mimicking** of others in it's **social circle**, it is **not** entirely ludicrous to suggest that these ***instinctual behaviors*** "might" be ***rooted*** in **genetic instructions** situated in ***non-protein encoding genome sections*** (IE the ***Junk DNA*** sections).

But **without** any associated physical traits, these ***meta-physical traits*** are **tricky little bastards** to actually pin down and **link** to ***specific*** "***Junk"*** **DNA segments**. But it is highly probable that the same overall **principles** and characteristics of **genetically rooted physical traits** apply to **genetically encoded *extra-physical traits***.

Two in particular have some **bearing** on our **present subject**.

The **first** of these **principles** is that, whether intentional or **not**, ***trait adaptations*** that are genetically rooted are "**successful**" because they either ***enhance metabolic viability*** VIA **metabolic resource acquisition enhancement** (usually by **red** tooth, claw or ***tusk)*** and/or **more efficient metabolization** of previously consumed resources.

OR the ***trait adaptation*** in question ENHANCES ***threat avoidance parameters****.*

The **second** principle at work in regards to our **present *N-word issues*** is that this **whole process** is **adaptive** AND ***accumulative***. What it is **not** is ***subtractive****.*

The ***extra-physical*** adaptive traits ***rooted*** in the genome, to the ***extent they exist****,* also ***widely share*** one other characteristic among themselves.

In the event that the ***extra-physical adaptive trait*** has **behavioral implications** for the ***effected*** **organism**, these **internal behavioral influences** (and/or ***triggers****)* are experienced by the ***affected*** **organism** as **deep seated *psychological needs*** or ***compulsions*** to **engage** in the ***genetically predisposed behavior****.*

Getting a definite read on this with simpler animals is difficult enough, and ***nigh on impossible*** in **humans** and **higher primates** for mainly three reasons:

1. The more ***complex*** an organism, the ***smaller*** a **percentage** it's **genetically rooted behavioral characteristics** SEEMS to play in it's **overall behavior**.

2.The ***expression*** of **genetically encoded behaviors** is itself heavily contingent on the ***set, setting*** and ***nature*** of the **environmental trigger** in question, and in an observational context are almost entirely externally ***indistinguishable*** from **learned behaviors *rooted*** in **long term *environmental conditioning*** that NEITHER the **organism** or ***observer*** may be **fully aware of**.

3.Organisms that appear to have (or ***mimic****)* "**consciousness**" can also "**choose**" to ***ignore*** (for **short** periods of time anyway) their own **inner impulses** if those ***instinctual impulses*** appear to **conflict** with **long term assumptions** contingent on **long term conditioning** and/or **social norms**. Of course, doing so tends to pose ***great risks*** to **one's psychological** (if not **psychiatric**) **health** and **well being**, but more on that later.

The upshot is that it is ***almost impossible*** to **distinguish** a **genetically rooted behavior** from other kinds of **behavior** solely from ***observing*** a **single individual**, or a **group** or even a entire ***single*** **species**.

However if one were to consider the commonalities of behavior, adaptations and life experiences of multiple related species *(IE* ***all of them*** if you go back far **enough**), some **striking similarities** will **foam at the mouth** before ***launching their 800 pounds of muscle, fins and teeth*** at the sophisticated observer.

To illustrate this, we will use ***3*** direct evolutionary antecedents from man's developmental lineage from three distinct phases of our evolutionary experience (to date) to demonstrate how those common behaviors are **developed**, **inherited** and then ***refined*** according to the **enhanced** faculties of **increasingly complex** species.

For the sake of simplicity, we will use an ***amoeba***, a ***fish*** and a ***monkey*** as our examples. It should be noted that the **associated traits** we will be discussing are **more or less present** in ***all three*** (plus the intervening developing species existing between), as well as **still present** in some sense in the **hearts** and **minds** of **men** (and **women**).

Let's start it at the beginning, then. Compared to creatures like gila monsters, 3 toed sloths, ring tailed lemurs and duck billed platypuses, the ***amoeba*** is a relatively simple and unassuming one celled organism. It's **observed behavior** to date is indicative of two overwhelming drives: ***Eat anything smaller than itself*** that falls in it's amoeba path AND ***avoid being eaten*** by a **bigger amoeba** or other **multicellular badass**.

Given that this is a relatively simple creature we are talking about, it is probably fair to say that much to most to all of it's **observed behavior** is ***genetically rooted*** in some fashion or another. It has one genetically rooted program to ***eat*** and another to ***avoid being eaten*** by something **bigger** than it.

Though not exactly clear on what it is or how it works, the **amoeba** is presumably equipped with some kind of **sensory apparatus** to ***distinguish*** between what it can ***eat*** VERSUS what it should probably **swim away from** IF it ***wants to eat again*** (and **reproduce**). Whatever this sensory apparatus is, it is ***an adaptive trait*** (or series thereof) ***that is rooted in the genetic code****.*

Though this **amoeba** sensory apparatus may **not** be sight as we know it, this **amoeba** sensory apparatus most likely has some ability to **distinguish** the relative **size** and **distance** of a possible ***prey/predator*** that is probably ***instinctive*** and **intrinsic** to the **amoeba**. The development of this **sensory apparatus** led to ***enhanced*** **adaptive behaviors** in being able to ***better distinguish prey from predator***.

For the **amoeba**, and most other creatures great and small, the main distinguishing **characteristic** between **lunch** and ***being lunch*** is if the potential **lunch in question** is ***bigger*** than the related **diner** (or ***meal)****.*

Whether or not this general behavior pattern originated as a result of **genetic instruction** or was merely a series of **successful** ***behavioral adaptations*** by forward thinking **amoeba** is largely immaterial as those less sensible ***amoebae*** who ***didn't flee larger foes*** and ***feed on smaller friends*** (typically) became ***lunch*** for **larger** others BEFORE they could ***reproduce*** and **pass** their **not-so-valuable genes** on to even more **emphatic** ***(one-celled)*** **idiots** in the next generation. This successful survival behavior was **passed down** from ***amoeba*** to ***amoeba*** and eventually became part of the ***amoeba's genetic legacy*** in the event it **wasn't** already there all along.

In human terms, this particular ***behavioral bias*** is best expressed as a ***visually cued size bias*** where organisms that **appear** to be **larger** than the ***viewing individual*** are ***instinctively*** viewed as ***threats*** on a **pre-conscious** level.

Moving on to ***fish,*** here again we find a ***visually cued size bias*** in most species of **fish** not named **piranha**. Most **fish** tend to ***avoid*** larger fish while ***feeding on*** smaller fish (or plants or krill or whatever other microcellular chum they like to snack on). This is a generally **successful** behavior that **fish** seem to possess on a **instinctual** (and likely **genetic**) **level**. But this ***behavioral response*** has also ***evolved*** in accordance to the ***more sophisticated*** **sensory apparatus** of the **fish** compared to an **amoeba**.

As you are **possibly** already familiar with yourself, even if you don't find them in your sushi very often, **fish** have ***eyes.*** Though they are configured much different from **human eyes**, they do **share** some **characteristics** in being able to approximately ***gauge*** relative **location, size** and **distance of objects** within it's **visual field** while being able to ***distinguish between different light gradients.***

Being able to ***detect different light gradients*** allowed the **fish** the extra advantage to detect **cues** in it's **visual field** that ***weren't associated with specific objects*** (or **individuals**) that were directly visible BUT could easily indicate the **presence** of something just **outside** of it's **visual field**. The most common type of ***light based visual cues*** found in **fish** (or **man**), is a general tendency to ***notice*** a **sudden light** or **shadow** where there was formerly the opposite.

In ***fish,*** the appearance of a ***sudden shadow*** was a **likely sign** that another **fish** of some **magnitude** was in a ***tactically superior position*** above it. If this upper **fish** ALSO happened to be a **larger carnivore**, the **smaller fish** that ***doesn't rapidly figure that out soon becomes lunch.***

So in addition to the already ***pre-existing relative size bias***, **fish** also has another helpful ***visual bias*** in that conspicuously DARKER **objects**, ***individuals*** or **events** rapidly entering it's **visual field** are ***instinctively read*** as possible ***threat precursors*** if NOT **actual threats** to it's **metabolic viability**.

Moving on to the ***monkey***, despite being a more complex organism than a **fish** or **amoeba**, if you were to watch a monkey in it's natural state long enough, you would see quite a bit of **behavior** that is **indicative** of a ***visually cued size bias*** as well as a seemingly ***instinctual aversion*** to ***darkness*** and/or ***larger*** (often **dark**) ***individuals*** or objects **unexpectedly** entering it's **visual field**.

Even when viewed separately from the context of ***successful survival*** (behavioral) **instincts** (possibly) encoded in non-protein coding "***Junk***" **DNA sections**, these **two *endemic* behavioral instincts** are **self evident** the second one does a thought experiment where they attempt to **imagine** the **last time** they were a **monkey** and/or ***accidentally remembers the same.***

Again with the ***monkey,*** the ***main visual difference*** between a potential source of **lunch** and potentially being ***another's banana*** is the **relative size** of the **predator/prey** in question. Not that ***monkeys*** are nature's most rapacious predators or anything like

that, but the little critters (often **six legged**) it does like to snack on from time to time do happen to be conspicuously **smaller** than most **monkeys**.

But on the flip side of the equation, anything ***larger*** than a **monkey** that **appears to be moving** could be something like a(n): large eagle, bigger monkey, angry hippo, enraged elephant, infelicitously large feline, galloping giraffe, hungry hyena, alert alligator, or ***(please god, no)*** an **improbably huge gorilla NOT overly enamored of little shits like you** (being the mental monkey in this little *gendankenexperiment* {**gesundheit**}) **stealing *bananas*** from it's turf. Any **one** of these (or a number of ***other*** interspecies encounters) **can** (and ***often do)*** have ***severe*** **metabolic repercussions** for the **ass-spraying *monkey*** in question.

These and other potential (and **large**) ***threats*** would only serve to **reinforce** ANY related **pre-existing *behavioral predispostions* rooted** somewhere in those **gosh darn "*Junk*" DNA sections**.

And again, even it wasn't there previously, it is not at all ludicrous to suggest that somehow this behavioral response cued off of a ***visual bias*** (IE **bigger** but **not *{necessarily}*** darker, ***yet)*** would eventually become **genetically embedded** after a few million years of natural selection eventually **weeded out** most to all of the **simian idiots** or **lunatics** who **didn't** exhibit this pretty common sense (and/or **instinctual**) ***perceptually cued adaptive behavioral response***.

Now, about that ***darkness aversion***. Just like we found with ***fish*** and their enhanced sensory apparatus directly contributing to an enhancement of a **pre-existing behavioral adaptation** found in their early evolutionary antecedent the ***amoeba***, in ***monkeys*** we find a similarly evolved response pattern to **light gradient differentials** in their visual field that **correlates** with the **monkey's *enhanced*** sensory AND mental apparatus compared to ***(most)*** **fish**.

Similarly, in addition to the **evolved** response pattern, we also find the presence of the **original program *still exists*** in the updated species. Just like ***fish flinch when shadows pass over them***, a ***monkey will flinch*** (and/or **shit itself**) before diving or running for cover when a ***large shadow suddenly passes over it*** which could easily be some kind of large raptor looking for a simian sized snack.

The **monkey specific version** of this ***visually cued instinctive behavioral response*** also found in **fish** does NOT lie so much in their **enhanced sensory apparatus** (IE ***hardware*** or physically expressed traits directly linked to protein encoding DNA) but their ***enhanced mental apparatus*** (IE ***software***, some of which is likely **genetically rooted** in some fashion or another) as a more complex organism.

Two of the many defining characteristics of increasingly complex organisms seem to be ***increased*** **abstractive abilities** and **memory skills**. Such becomes immediately apparent in the direct exposure of the sophisticated observer to ***monkeys*** and ***fish***.

In laboratory settings **monkeys** have demonstrated an ability to: learn and properly use sign language; to meaningfully fuck around with iPads; and *to occasionally symbolically protest their extra-legal kidnapping and internment for fucked up medical experiments conducted by their fully bipedal laboratory oppressors through the strategic deployment of improvised missiles* (in many cases recently **emitted** {or ***excreted****}* from one {or more} **orifice**{s}).

Fish, on the other hand, have repeatedly demonstrated an ability or inclination to: do things just because everybody else at school is doing them; swim impossible distances upstream in raging rivers dodging quick death from any number of eagles, wolves and grizzlies en route just to blow their reproductive load then slowly **rot to death**; and **fish** still regularly fall for ***Ye Olde*** **worm on a hook** trick. **Fish** might have ***feelings,*** but ***most*** of them are still **dumb**.

Being able to use **sign language** is a distinct sign that a **monkey** is endowed with some kind of ***abstractly associative thought capacity.*** Unlike most (but not quite all) animals, a **monkey** can and does regularly demonstrate the ability to notice seemingly related phenomena happening in it's visual field. All animals do this to some degree in their ongoing threat-food assessments of their immediate environment. What separates **monkeys** from the autonomic herd is that **monkeys** (and us, and ***other*** sapient species) have the additional mental capacity to actively **learn** new ***associations*** relatively rapidly. Exactly what these particular associations are is largely contingent on environmental factors, but the actual capacity to make increasing amounts of new associations is something that is in all likelihood ***genetically rooted*** even if it isn't presently well understood.

Furthermore, the **genetic sections** responsible for **new associative capacities** are ***preceded*** in the affected genome by the **pre-existing code** accumulated by it's ***fore-genomes.*** Those pre-existing behavioral programs are NOT **over-written** in the genetic code but **added to** with ***new code.*** With their ***new learning abilities***, the formerly **hard wired instructions** for those evolutionary antecedents gradually went **dormant** and increasingly **evolved** into ***pre-conscious genetic predispostions***.

In being **pre-concious**, these predispostions ***precede*** **conscious thought** in the neural architecture and are more ***felt*** than **thought**, usually as **deeply seated needs** or an unceasing **animal compulsion** that ***drive*** the **affected organism** (and/or **individual**) to this or that **instinctual behavior**. Furthermore, these **genetic predispostions** appear to be further ***reinforced*** by the progressive environmental occurrence of the **same** (or roughly similar) **stimuli** that **precipitated** the ***programming state*** of that **genetic predisposition**, which is something to bear in mind as we continue this endless slog forward.

With ***monkeys*** being the highly sophisticated observers (not unlike **you**, dear reader) they are, consistent with their newly towering intellects, they started to accumulate some **new associations** with ***darkness events*** transpiring with their **visual field**.

This, too, is also pretty fricking obvious the minute you (**unwisely** and/or accidentally) start thinking about any of this (**shit**) critically. In addition to the ever present and imminent threat of blitzkrieg airstrikes by predatory ***shitbirds*** just barely preceded by a **flashing black shadow***,* eventually **monkeys** collectively learned to ***associate*** the following three phenomena with ***darkness*** as well:

1. ***Night***. The pervasive darkness of which came to be associated in the sophisticated simian mind with the poisonous or strangling creepy crawlies, stinging insects and/or sneaky tree climbing felines that come out at night. In the **monkey mind**, ***night*** and it's associated primary colors (IE various kinds of ***black*** and midnight blue) became implicitly **associated** with these free floating fears bouncing around the **monkey's mind** in the half-conscious jungle sleep of the justifiably wary. As there were so many things that could go wrong in the **night**, the standard primate mind can **not** possibly keep track of them all and shunts them to the "sub"conscious to keep them limited to a dull roar where only the loudest of these fearful voices are noticed by the conscious mind.
2. ***Ground***. Though not usually as **dark** as ***night*** due to often being a compelling blend of **greens** and/or **browns**, when viewed from above and compared to the illuminated jungle canopy, speaking in broad terms the **shadowed** ground in the jungle generally appears to be noticeably ***darker*** than the upper arboreal heights the monkey prefers to spend its time. Mostly because down on the ***ground*** is where the **monkey** is most vulnerable to attack (and/or being forcibly **eaten**) by most of the options listed previously. The ***ground*** also happens to be the place of sudden **death** or grievous (and easily mortal) injury from falling. Both of these **reinforce** any pre-existing ***darkness*** associations (instinctual or otherwise) WHICH potentiates the sense of heightened (**ass clenching**) vulnerability experienced by a **monkey** finding it's self in some kind of ***ground state***. This ***emotional state*** becomes associated with the visual impression of the ***ground*** (IE that big dark thing underneath the nice cozy tree you are reading this in) to the point where ground associated visual cues (the two main ones having to do with it being rather **large** and **dark**) can **induce** the associated emotional ***ground state*** responses to some greater or smaller degree. Especially when the ground in question happens to be occupied by any angry...
3. ***Gorillas***. (Author's note: for the rest of this interlude the term ***Gorilla*** is employed as a catch all term for all **gorillas** and apes) Any **monkey** that had the misfortune to find itself on the **ground** *(possibly to satiate it's growing hunger for fermented fruits to ease the emotional burdens of it's growing abstractive abilities)* and faced the prospect of one or more ***gorillas*** (territorially objecting to a **monkey**) in their midst was likely to rapidly **generate** some new associations SHOULD the **monkey** in question **survive** it's ***gorilla*** encounter. Though (most modern) ***gorillas*** tend to be herbivorous vegetarians, *most of them tend to not take too kindly to gibbering little shits stealing their* ***bananas***. Which was a bit of an issue for most **monkeys** as the native habitats of most upper primates tend to ***overlap*** more than **diverge**. Like just like most animals, primates tend to be instinctively **territorial** and ***adversely predisposed*** to distant evolutionary cousins who share the same or strongly similar dietary preferences like **monkeys** and ***gorillas*** do. That is what (english speaking) humans like to call "**resource competition**" and typically winds up with ***somebody***

getting stomped. The immediate prospect of which is just the kind of thing to **trigger** the proverbial ***fight or flight*** response in the targeted **monkey**, who will probably opt for **flight** (and likely **shit** itself in the process to reduce needless weight for more efficient flight) from the big bad ***gorilla(s)***. Like with humans, this simian fight or flight response is an entirely pre-conscious neurological reflex that involves some notable glandular responses. What has been less widely remarked upon is the **other** neurological fact that past a certain level of severity (yet widely varying on a individual basis), an activated fight or flight response can and DOES induce ***heightened neurological imprint vulnerability*** in the ***triggered*** **upper primate individual**.

MEANING that this **automatic**, **instinctual** and likely **genome rooted** response is also a ***neural programming state*** where **new associations** can be ***pre-consciously embedded*** in the **psyche** of the **imprinted individual** so they won't have to "**think**" about it the next time they are faced with **almost certain death** from getting **stomped** by a ***big black foot***.

One of the more significant things about these **three environmental factors** is how **each one *strongly reinforces*** the **instinctual *chromatic bias*** in the **sapient**... whoops, simian individual that ***is*** already ***pre-rooted*** in the **affected "*Junk*" genome** thanks to the **successful survival efforts** of their ***amoeba*** and ***fish*** forefathers.

Another interesting (and slightly relevant) aspect of these closely related (yet distinct) ***chromatic biases*** is how they (logarithmically) **scale upward** in ***emotional intensity*** roughly **proportional** to the ***specificity*** of the **triggering event**.

The general **free floating anxieties** of ***Night*** are **minimal** compared to the **panicky**, **ass clenching *fear*** of a **monkey** in an active ***ground state*** situation, which is itself exponentially **dwarfed** by the **acute**, **ass spraying *TERROR*** of a **monkey** faced with the **prospect** of **one** (or **more**) ***gorillas*** objecting to **it's presence** in their **mist**...DAMMIT, midst.

This ***Standard Primate Gorilla Response (SPGR)*** is doubly significant in how the two (nearly) universal ***visual cue biases*** (IE a general **aversion** to **larger *and***/or ***darker*** visual events) present in **most** organisms were inexorably bound together and personified (well, technically ***gorillafied)*** in the towering form of an **angry *gorilla***.

PLUS the **neuro-emotional effects** of these related ***visual biases*** are ***accumulative*** in a way that is best described as more **logarithmic** than linear. The accumulated generalized low level anxieties of ***Night*** and the **acute fears** of the ***ground state*** are **re-activated**, **combined** and ***focussed*** on the **bigger** and ***darker*** form of a ***gorilla,*** which is itself already a **trigger** for ***acute metabolic concerns*** for the affected **monkey**.

The relatively common incidence of ***gorilla*** on **monkey** incidents in the evolutionary incubatory area that eventually resulted in the development of our direct precursors would have directly contributed to the ***SPGR*** being **widely present** in **most** to ***all*** surviving **monkeys**. Even in those areas where ***gorilla*** on **monkey violence** was **not** a

relatively common occurrence, the aforementioned universal ***visual cue biases*** regarding **visual events** that are **large** and/or ***dark*** was similarly ***reinforced*** by the fact that most of the previously listed **metabolic threats** were **larger** or ***much larger*** than most **monkeys**.

Regardless of their specific coloring, when on equal ***ground*** (and likely in some kind of ***ground state****)* with the ***larger*** **visual cue** in question, unless the **affected** ***monkey*** is on the ***sun side*** of the potentially ***larger*** **assailant**, the likely ***perp*** will be **draped** in various degrees of ***shadow*** during **daylight**, which had the inevitable **visual effect** of making it appear ***darker*** than it actually is. This would further **reinforce** any **pre-existing** (and/or **pre-conscious**) ***visual associations*** equating ***darkness*** as a ***probable threat indicator*** for the affected **monkey**.

This would ***increasingly*** continue to be the case as the footprint of the original evolutionary incubation chamber of Africa's massive Jurassic(ish) jungle precipitously shrank thanks to climate change and turned into increasing amounts of savannah.

As the battle for arboreal supremacy became more intense thanks to an increasing amount of surplus individuals competing for a decreasing amount of natural resources, more and more of the **losers** that were kicked out of the trees and had to make do on a ***ground*** they were **not** (yet) optimally designed for. Many to most of these ***not winners*** became **lunch** for larger cats and dogs, but a few survived and passed their highly valuable genes and "***Junk****"* DNA code from one generation to the next.

Natural selection worked it's inevitable magic on the savannah. Out in the open this was most often determined by an individual's ability to successfully **avoid** or minimize the ***sudden onset of any conspicuously larger and/or darker events happening in or just outside their visual field***. So in addition to these instinctual **visual cue biases** being continually **reinforced** by their evolving habitat, in most cases *the only individuals that lived long enough to make their highly valuable contributions to the gene pool* were the ones who best obeyed and then implemented their instinctual and (at this point, **likely**) genetically rooted behavioral impulses.

While it is true that these pre-programmed genetic behavioral instructions (**appear** to) play an **decreasingly** prominent role in the personal development of progressively evolved individuals for whom ***learning*** was playing a larger role, due to ongoing environmental factors in regards to **threat avoidance**, much of the ***learning*** in question was right in line with **not exactly dormant** genetically rooted behavioral inclinations related to certain deeply seated ***visual cue biases***.

Which brings us to a key point about "**learned**" behaviors in higher primates in the ***context of continuing behavioral triggers***. Even without specific genetic predispostions, "**learned**" behaviors tend to ALSO contribute to **unquestioned associations** in the learning individual. If these behaviors have been learned group wide for whatever reason, the **longer** they continue ***the more likely group-wide***

unquestioned associations will become unconscious biases that eventually embed themselves into the pre-conscious behavioral code of the group at large.

It is more than possible that (if allowed to continue long enough) these long learned and group wide behavioral inclinations could **further** submerge into the recesses of the mind to the point of becoming "***Junk"*** DNA predispostions with specific environmental triggers, but modern science still has yet to get to the point where they can isolate and identify these subtle and slippery ***neuro-genetic*** processes.

Moreover, this **embedding** process of ***learned responses leading to unquestioned associations that beget deeper unconscious biases*** is much more **rapid** when the learned behaviors in question **fall in line** with deeply rooted genetic predispositions. This would also **very much** continue to be the case as certain ***visual cue bias*** predispostions continued propagate and be reinforced in succeeding generations vying for savannah survivability on Africa's predatory plains.

The succeeding eons of progressively vertical hominid adaptation happened within the context of these environmental factors being a **continuing presence** in the day to day life of man's direct precursors. ***Night*** was still the time of the big cats and dogs that were **not** yet man's best friends, and anything **bigger** than a person sized hominid generally looked a bit **darker** in daylight than it actually was thanks to the previously mentioned height related **shadow** issues. PLUS there were the other groups of person sized hominids to watch for as well, and some of them were often **larger** than the beaten and bloody survivors left in their wake.

Once the twinned helix of ***species variation*** and ***natural selection*** worked their ineluctable and merciless magick and popped out the first breeding group of **homo sapiens** way back when, this triggered a relatively brief social phenomena often referred to in layman's terms as ***history*** as we ***(don't)*** know it.

These new **mutants** quickly put their **big brains** to work trying to figure out easier and better ways to ***bash in those of their evolutionary cousins*** (and/or precursors) to **minimize** competition for **local banana supplies** between different bands of competing primates. When our sapient ancestors won the battle for **hominid *dominance*** of the Motherland, they started **overbreeding** with a will and THEN quickly started **bashing in each other's brains** in the following contest for the ***decreasing amounts of natural resources necessary for keeping an increasing amount of people alive.***

Eden in Africa didn't last very long, and once the **Motherland** became a contested continent of ***scarcity induced strife,*** those **losers** that survived were often beset by a post-traumatic host of new, **combat assembled associations** from their ***flight or flight*** encounters with competing clans or tribes. It was often the case that these survivors were fleeing from ***Nubians,*** direct ***Nubian*** antecedents or other similarly **tinted** groups.

Though it isn't universally true, it is generally true that even today, many to most ***Nubians*** are **melanin enabled** to the point of being about as **black** as a body can get.

This was likely even more true **b**(**l**)**ack** then thanks to ***white people not having been invented yet*** and therefore **unable** to make any high albedo contributions to Africa's local gene pools.

It is not at all uncommon for ***Nubian*** individuals to be of a physically impressive/ imposing stature that could (and did) **dwarf** those of surviving refugees of neighboring tribes now lost to history. For many (or ***most)*** fleeing survivors that went on to found various Mesopotamian cultures, their **last** (and worst) memory of **Africa** before their ***Exodus*** was RUNNING AWAY from opponents who were conspicuously ***bigger*** and **BLACKER** then they were. As previously mentioned, ***old memories die hard*** and especially when they happen to **reinforce** pre-existing and pre-conscious instinctual predispostions long rooted somewhere deep in their ***"Junk"*** DNA codes.

These widely shared ***visual*** associations that were inspired by an **ass whipping** facilitated by **negritudinally enhanced** individuals would continue to be **reinforced** by periodic head butting between various Mesopotamian and ***Nubian*** cultures. Although these early imperial encounters are **not** well documented in current historical records, it is probably safe to say that these engagements did **not** work out very well for the Mesopotamians by virtue of the fact that when ***Mesopotamia exceeded it's banana base,*** it expanded **East** and ***not*** South where a largely undocumented ***Nubian*** empire had any number of heavily armed and relatively organized pedestrian idiots to rally against lighter skinned invaders.

Some of these Mesopotamian Refugees would eventually go on to become the first **white people** up in the Caucasus Mountain region of south eastern Russia. While that was happening, many of those more **melanin enabled** civilizations to the South and West were starting to form their own ***social color biases.*** In those cultures composed of people who could tan well, ***actually having a tan*** was often **associated** with being a shitworking agricultural laborer, NOT unlike how being conspicuously Mexican or Central or South **American** in America leads to many otherwise sensible (often **white**) folks to ***assume*** that the **cholo** (and/or **cholita**) in question is some kind of indoor or outdoor **shit worker**.

This ***social color bias*** also appears to be nearly **universal** in nature, and even (or perhaps ***especially)*** in those "racially" **homogenous** groups where there were no "**black**" or "**white**" people, just varying degrees of **yellow** or **red**. Most historical (and current) indigenous Asian (and/or subcontinental) cultures place a social **premium** on ***lighter skin*** for reasons very similar to those just mentioned.

Even in the New World where there were **no** white or black people for thousands of years, some of these **genetic memories** were ***encoded*** into widespread myths about ***light skinned saviors*** coming from across the big water to lead those first peoples into the **next world**. Egypt and many African cultures independently developed their own ***social color biases*** as well, and usually for the same or similar reasons of **deep tans** being long associated with **agricultural shit workers**.

Meanwhile, in the long absence of conspicuously **larger** and ***darker*** individuals frequently appearing in their field of vision for them to **project** their ***Night*** anxieties and ***Ground State*** fears into, ***white people*** were putting their increasingly big brains to work making **new** unconscious associations to find ***new targets*** for their increasingly instinctual “feelings”.

In addition to their pre-existing ***chromatically rooted neurological responses*** regarding larger ***darkness*** being regularly **triggered** (and further ***reinforced)*** by things like **night**, wooly mammoths, big bears, caves that probably had large predators camping out in them and other environmental factors, these early super geniuses started making some **new** widely held associations with the color **brown** as well.

First there was the simple fact that many of the larger **predators** and competitors that early **white people** faced were varying degrees of **brown** (like big bears or wooly mammoths for instance). However **brown** these were probably seemed even ***darker*** thanks to relative sun placement and contrast against the snow and ice up North, EH.

Then there was the small fact that it was not at uncommon for many of early ***caucasians*** to experience a **pre-primate *fight or flight*** moment when facing these clear and present **metabolic threats** and totally **shit** themselves in the process. The relative (and unfortunate) ***chromatic*** **proximity** between the **explosive results** of these **involuntary emissions** and the **threats** that ***inspired them*** did NOT slip past entirely unnoticed in the **subconscious** of surviving super-geniuses.

Especially when those ***fight or flight*** reactions were so pronounced they **triggered *heightened neurological imprint vulnerability*** in the **beshitted** individual. When this (frequently) happened, affected individuals quickly found themselves in a accidental ***programming state*** that they were ***not fully aware*** of and consequently had ***little to less control over*** thanks to already having their hands (and/or **shorts**) full during these moments of extreme duress.

Without the guiding hand of conscious intent to make the most of this ***programming state***, the **pre-conscious programmer** WILL revert to ***default primate algorithms*** already embedded in their “***Junk”*** DNA codes and ***imprint*** new sub(or pre)conscious behavioral impulses that are **automatically** linked to specific environmental cues. In the case of a **caucasian caveman** finding him (or her) self in unexpectedly close proximity to an onrushing wooly mammoth or big brown bear, actual **survival** from their elephantine encounter often involved ***looking down*** before **running away** to make sure they didn’t slip in the **shit** their body thoughtfully **evacuated** to prep them for imminent flight.

These ***double brown flash programming events*** intimately **linked** a variety of confused and fearful **feelings** to conspicuously **brown *visual*** events. Even in the case of ***single brown flash programming events*** where the **beshitted** individual leaped away BEFORE looking down, their body was smart enough to automatically **associate**

it's **fear inspired *evacuation*** with BOTH the ***big brown metabolic threat*** that triggered it and the **big brown explosion** that just happened down where they usually sit.

Both ***programming events*** were more than enough to **autonomously** link the **associated** emotions of these terrifying events with specific shades of **brown** in a manner directly **similar** to the pre-existing and pre-conscious associative links between similar fearful emotions and conspicuously ***large*** and ***dark*** visual events that ***were already present*** somewhere in their "***Junk***" genome thoughtfully **rolled**, **finned** and ***handed*** down to them by their **amoeba fish monkey** ancestors.

The multiple levels of ***chromatic*** and "**emotional**" ***proximity*** between the pre-conscious ***darkness*** and corresponding **brown responses** was close enough to lead to a ***directly transitive relationship*** forming between them where conspicuously ***dark events*** could (and do) ***trigger conspicuously brown*** *(and* ***squishy****)* ***feelings****,* AND vice versa.

For a long period of time, these were universally ubiquitous environmental cues for any and all **caucasian clans** and **tribes** hunting and gathering their way up into Russia and Greater Europe. In the frozen tundra and grassy steppes, once again Natural Selection worked it's merciless magick. Those who did **not** make **averse associations** between conspicuously ***brown*** events unexpectedly transpiring in their visual field and **related difficulties** in maintaining metabolic continuity ***rarely*** lived long enough to breed to pass their not so valuable genes (and/or **behaviors**) to their idiot children.

Considering how closely ***brown flash responses*** parallel the deeply rooted (and/or seated) ***visual cue biases*** regarding **darker** visual events unexpectedly entering one's visual field, it should be of little surprise that these **unquestioned associations** became ***pre-conscious biases*** which were rapidly ***embedded*** into the pre-conscious behavioral norms of surviving groups. This was further **potentiated** by the other fact that in being in the North country, it was not at all uncommon for whole groups to be frequently operating in some kind of communal ***ground state*** in the event of scarcity, famine or winter (or some combination thereof) for extended periods of time. Being in any **one** of those states tends to have a ***escalating effect*** on emotional responses experienced during the lean times, which makes it all that much more **likely** that ***fight or flight responses*** will cross that lower experiential threshold to become accidental ***neurological programming events*** that deeply **embed** widely shared associations in the pre-conscious mind of the affected individual(s).

These deeply embedded ***chromatic neuro-emotional*** **associations** were virtually universal to the **collective caucasian experience** by the time the mammoth went the way of the dodo, and the growing tribes were starting to put down roots in the hopes of stabilizing their resource base through organized agriculture. As more and more ***white people*** joined the agricultural revolution and started collecting in and around **cities**, **direct exposure** to **bigger *black*** or ***brown*** metabolic threats in the form of large to huge animals dropped dramatically. In their increasing absence, these long pre-existing ***pre-conscious*** **biases** mostly receded into the deep seated background, just waiting to

stand up (and/or ***squat****)* again in the face of a big brown bear or a big angry ***gorilla*** (or **yeti**).

Receding into the background is ***not at all the same*** as fully going away. These sub/pre-conscious ***predispostions*** keep running, it's just a matter of how deeply they are submerged in the background or present in the foreground. While citified **caucasians** still had ***Night*** to project their residual **darkness associations** into, in the absence of other conspicuously **brown** events universal to the human experience, their **residual** (and/or increasingly sophisticated) ***brown feelings*** found an ideal **target** for their deep seated yet free floating feelings of anxiety and/or impending **doom** in the form of ***shit*** (aka: feces, fecal matter, egesta, waste matter, stool, waste, dung, manure, feculence, fertilizer, guano, droppings, night soil, cow pies, buffalo chips, horse apples, cropoliths, doodee, kaka, poo poo, **god** ***GOLD, #2*** and/or ***excrement****).*

This neatly dovetailed with the pre-existing sensory **aversions** MOST people tend to have in regards to ***shit*** being present in their immediate sensory field. With these **aversions** ALSO being pre-conscious in nature, the ***white man's*** increasingly large subconscious mind was quick to ***conflate shitty feelings with those related to bigger, browner and/or blacker subconscious bias programs*** running deep in the (pre-conscious) neural background.

The intensely aversive sensory reaction that most **caucasian** (and ***other****)* individuals have in response to ***shit*** made (and/or **make**) it all that much more difficult and less likely to **think critically** about any of this ***shit***, which then shunts it further in the subconscious background only to be **triggered** like some **jack in the box** anytime any kind of ***shit*** (literal or ***circumstantial****)* is encountered in an unexpected place or **s**(**h**)**ituation**.

The thing to keep in mind about all of this in regards to our current **N-word problems** of today is that ***everything so far*** discussed PRECEDES a ***single fucking white man stepped foot on the Motherland****.*

Some of that rapidly escalating **shitshow** will be highlighted in the next exciting chapter of the current device, but the short version is that ***old memories that die hard*** do NOT combine very well with their resulting ***neurological biases*** and ***responses*** in the presence of ***similar triggers*** resembling those who kicked their ancestor's asses out of the Motherland in the first place.

This **evolutionary backdrop** not only puts the last 500 years of colonial African slavery and whatnot (and ***associated American fallout****)* in a certain perspective, it also offers some possible insight in the continuing ***melanin specific difficulties*** experienced by many to **most** (or ***more****)* **melanin enabled individuals** in modern day America.

The sad truth is that despite having had a **black** president, a host of well intentioned affirmative action programs and a no longer **officially** segregated South (and/or **midwest** *{****allegedly****}),* many to most **melanin enabled individuals** in America still feel

like they are **unlikely** ***(at best)*** to catch any kind of break when dealing **white people** and/or their ***fucked up establishment***.

And not without reason if the oft reported and repeated statistics regarding the wildly ***disproportionate*** arrest, incarceration and conviction rates of **black males** are accurate (**they are**). **Black women**, on the other hand, are subject to even more **ludicrous** social expectations regarding things like hair style, clothing and nails than **melanin deficient women** are (in America, anyway), and especially if they are ***moving on up in the world***.

Then there is the ***affirmative action aftermath*** where the **presence** of **melanin enabled individuals** in a institution of higher learning or fortune 500 company is **assumed** by many of their **negritudinally impaired** peers to be the result of ***affirmative tokenism*** rather than the much more **probable** fact that the ***black person in question worked their ass off to get wherever they are at***.

Those **melanin enabled individuals** that do **get in** to this or that prestigious university or company then (often) find they hit a ***bias induced glass ceiling*** in their promotional progress EVEN if they have consciously attempted to **minimize** or divest themselves of their **native blackitude** and/or ***colored ways*** to not unduly **offend** the delicate sensibilities of their ***pasty white corporate overlords***.

Even worse, finding (or just **seeking**) ***near*** success in the ***white man's world*** exposes the **upwardly mobile black person** to possible (and/or probable) **accusations** of being some kind of ***Uncle Tom*** or ***Aunt Jemima*** from their former friends in their **hood** of origin.

These and innumerable other subtle (or less so) social (slash **historical** ***neuro-genetic***) pressures have, broadly speaking, put many (to ***most***) modern "**black**" Americans in cultural box that only seems to offer **two overall life trajectories** in the ***absence*** of extraordinary athleticism, musicianship, insight and corresponding humor OR stunning good looks and fair to middling acting skills.

Either **identify** and ***assimilate*** with a **native ghetto culture** that has fully ***internalized*** 500 years of moderately **heinous** historical shit and ***self destruct along with it*** in any number of ways OR try to **escape** it by ***climbing that ladder*** only to find yourself **stuck** between two different worlds without ***ever quite being a part of either of them***.

And nothing quite encapsulates (if not ***aggravates***) this whole mess like the word **NIGGER**, and/or the further mispronounced "**nigga**".

For FUCK'S SAKE, just look at all the ***big brown*** (and/or **dark**) FEELINGS that just jumped up (and/or **squatted** down) inside you when you just read that **stupid** and ***silly*** word. Now try to imagine what's happening on the inside of all those ***other*** idiots (**melanin deficient** or ***YES***) reading this that **aren't** quite as semantically sophisticated as you.

The continuing widespread usage and popularity of the **N-word** among **various** American populations is **more** than just a **semantic result** of some historical trends that were as ***inevitable*** as they were **unfortunate**.

One of the funny things about **words** that can't be stressed enough is that they **reveal as much about the speaker** (and/or writer *{**see rest of device attached to current sentence fragment**}*) as much as they (**allegedly**) describe the indicated subject matter.

Our words define us as much as we (think we) define them. This particular semantic phenomena is also best **demonstrated** in the context of our current **N-word**.

Speaking in the broadest terms possible, ***habituated*** **N-word** droppers typically fall within one of **two overall groups**. As one might imagine, the main distinguishing **characteristic** that defines these two semantic demographics is NOT annual income (and/or *{**more likely**}* a **notable lack thereof**), sexual orientation, relative heights or whether the speaker question is right handed or not. The dividing line between these two groups is the **exact** same ***melanin differential*** that **begat** this whole fucking problem in the first place.

The present author is presently unsure as to the numerical or statistical size of these different demographics in absolute or relative terms to each other or their respective communities. In one group, the incidence of **N-word usage** has generally decreased (or at least in **mixed** company) over the last 30 years, but in the ***other*** during the same time period it seems that this unfortunate usage has become more popular than ever.

In **no particular order** these groups are as follows:

White people: It is generally true that, for a **white person**, there is no quicker or surer way to be stridently accused of being a "**racist**" than to ***drop the N-bomb.*** As compelling as it might be to assign this **label** to the **melanin deficient** ***semantic simpleton*** using this egregious epithet, actually doing so is often an act of giving the speaker ***far more credit than they deserve***.

The simple fact is (and yes, even in the 21st century) most ***melanin deficient*** **N-word enthusiasts** are terribly ignorant individuals trapped in a monochromatic life who tend NOT to grasp the true historical ugliness of the subject word. HUGE rural and/or suburban areas of our American experiment have **virtually zero black people** in or around them due to a number of compelling social and economic factors. Many if not ***most*** **white people** live their whole lives WITHOUT ever having to ***significantly interact*** with a **melanin enabled individual** past whatever **suboptimal** fast food experiences they had the last time they travelled to the nearest big city.

Given all the **crap** mass-media portrayals in the shows, movies and news that **rural white people** tend to watch AND ***certain*** pre-existing and pre-conscious predispostions rooted deep in the evolutionary recesses of their tiny brilliant minds, in the **absence** of

actual personal experiences with ***any*** **black people** past those they see on TV, in their shocking ignorance they develop an unseemly **comfortability** with the **term** in question.

Further confusing **these people** is the ***other*** fact that many **black people** call each other the **subject word** practically ***all the time*** with some kind of rough affection. WHICH does offer the **appearance** to the ***already small minded*** of **legitimizing** the **word** for wider usage by others.

Calling these particular idiots "**racists**" implies a level of ***intentionality*** and/or related **Belief System** (best referred to as ***BS*** in just about ***every*** context of the acronym) that, the **vast majority of the time**, simply ***does not exist*** in the accused individual.

In fact, ***many*** within this **sub-group** are, their relative small town **provinciality** aside, some of the most ***genial*** and **good natured** people you could hope to run into in your hour of need.

Assuming, of course, that you are ***not unduly tan in your hour of chaos***.

That's when it can get a bit **awkward** for ***those people*** and in the **absence** of actual previous experiences they have only their **small town sensibilities** to rely on.

Contrasting this majority sub-group are two (**much**) smaller ***white minorities*** that are just making things that much ***worse for everybody else***. The most **odious** of these are ***actual fucking racists*** who end up becoming Ku Kluxers or joining the Aryan Nation or some similar **group *stupidity***.

The vast majority of the time, these are "people" who start off as accidental "**racists**" for reasons just mentioned, and ***then take some kind of critical left turn in their thinking*** in order to identify some kind of ***easy*** and ready **target** for most to all of their fucked up FEELINGS ***about*** being an ignorant idiot who probably grew up in some kind of **white trash** *(**highly privileged*** or not) ***developmental nightmare*** fostered by **similarly** intentional racists that tend to ***indoctrinate their spawn to have similar feelings about "colored" people.***

Though such individuals are NOT a significant ***minority*** of **white people** at large (or even the present sub-group of **white people** who **are** habituated N-word droppers), they tend to have a ***disproportionately*** LARGE social impact thanks to a standard pan-species **behavioral tactic** of ***visibly marking*** themselves and making lots of **loud ugly noises** to make them seem **larger** and more **threatening *than they actually are***.

(Provided they are NOT ***actively packing some kind of heat****)*

The demographic counterpoint to this insignificant **minority** is another **less** odious in nature but still **pretty goddamn annoying**. This group is best described as deeply confused **white people** with ***serious cultural displacement issues***. Or in a single word, **WIGGERS**.

This demographic, like the preceding one happens to be predominately **male**, but more of the under 25 crowd than over it (and the latter being the case regarding the previous sub-group). The **majority** of this crowd (of ***dunces)*** tend to be **suburban** in origin and are often **rebelling** against the over-programmed and micro-managed ***advanced placement hyper-developmentalism*** that ***too*** many modern privileged youth are subject to by well meaning yet short sighted parents who make every attempt to "**shelter**" their wee bairns from the big, bad world **outside** their ***suburb*** of origin.

These poor **bastards** (and **bastardettes**) spend their entire childhoods and large parts of their adolescence being shuttled to and from from one **developmental *Potemkin Village*** to the **next** growing up in the **artificial reality** known as ***suburban life.***

With their sense of reality ***deeply distorted*** by growing up in needlessly large houses chock full of expensive and useless shit and heavily ***marketed*** toys (and/or sports products and/or clothing) that they can re-enact their favorite shows and movies with ***(rather than develop their own story lines),*** for many of these **lost souls** the first (**seemingly**) unadulterated THE REAL they finally encounter in their **dim** and ***over privileged*** lives is the one they hear described in whatever **thugged out gangsta rap** they are first **exposed** to by friends, older siblings or insufficiently monitored television viewing sessions.

For **many** privileged young males, ***this is the first crack in the artificial suburban facade*****.** In the face of so much **suburban artifice**, they latch on to the **first thing** that seems to be ***any kind of real***. In latching on, these ***lost youths*** rapidly **internalize** the stories, motifs and even **identities** of their **new favorite artists**, and are quick to ***carjack the lingo as well.*** Many (to most) of these naive youth go on to make the most **common** mistake of fan boys (and girls) in ***confusing*** their acute **appreciation** for the **art** in question WITH ***actually understanding it in the sense the artist meant***.

Then ***most*** will compound this **error** by trying to ***fill the artificial voids of their suburban lives by internalizing their favorite artist's stories their own***.

This usually involves **adopting** most to all of the **associated *language*** used to describe life on the street, and the progressive ***internalization*** of the various story lines leads many **otherwise** sensible individuals to ASSUME that their **deep artistic appreciation** ALSO offers them ***carte blanche to drop the N-bomb***.

In the cases just listed, **chronic** (and/or acute) **N-word** usage usually indicates the presence of a **Naively Ignorant** and **Gratuitously *Gentrified* English** (speaking) **Retards** of varying severity.

Now, about that ***other*** umbrella group...

Black People: Given his small town upbringing, solitary ways and still persisting **congenital melanin deficiency**, it should be little surprise that the present author does

NOT quite have the same kind of **authoritative familiarity** with **melanin *enabled* N-word enthusiasts** as he does with **white trash honkies** that are similarly afflicted.

Consistent with those **lamentable** character deficiencies on the author's part, this section will, of necessity, be **shorter** than the previous one. This is ***not*** an oversight, or a result of unconscious **racial bias** on the author's part. The present author simply just ***not*** have as many **direct experiences** to draw from. But between that minimal surplus and **countless *indirect*** experiences, there are **one** or ***two*** things that the present author has **noticed** about **melanin enabled** individuals who ARE ***habituated* N-word droppers**.

Speaking **broadly** (and ***there are plenty of exceptions to this)***, it has been the author's **observation** to date that those **black people** who tend to **drop** the ***N-bomb*** on a ***regular*** basis are often ***Naturally* Indignant** and (slightly) **Garrulous Ghetto Enabled Recidivists**.

(PLEASE NOTE: the author is ***NOT*** speaking about ALL **black people**, or **black people** in ***general*** but ONLY that specific ***semantic* sub-group** who **drop** the ***N-bomb*** on a **regular basis**.)

Regrettably, calling the present author a RACIST for making the preceding **observation *does not make it any less apt.*** He is NOT making fun of **black people** but simply attempting to demonstrate the point about **how our words implicitly define us for other people** whether we are aware of it or ***not***.

The reasons for a ***melanin enabled* N-word enthusiast** being ***statistically likely*** to be a ***Naturally* Indignant** (and slightly) **Garrulous Ghetto Enabled Recidivist** are as **endemic** as they are **sad** and/or ***infuriating***. Being born ***black*** and ***poor*** in the **wrong** part of town too often **directly** leads to **one** (or ***more)*** **chips** growing on one (or ***more)*** **shoulders** partly due all the racial profiling and **increased** official scrutiny and/or ***arrests*** by **duly appointed officers** of the law or **rent-a-cops** at a local school that CAN'T ***afford*** after-school (**BAND**, *hint hint)* programs thanks to all their **security expenses**.

In the further ***absence*** of **ANY** after-school **jobs *in or around*** the **hood**, many of these **idle youths** get mixed up in **one** or ***other*** sides of the **illegal drug game** that is the ***main cash industry*** of too many ghettos, and often WITH the ***tacit consent*** of local **civic** and ***police*** leadership.

Going down that **career track** is a good way to get **caught** in the revolving door of the **Law**, which, ***as often as not***, seems to wind up with the **at-risk urban youth** in a **penal system** that ***too many*** end up developing a ***revolving door relationship*** with. These **rampant issues** have been detailed by much more informed observers than the present author in such a multitude of ways that there is **little** that he can add that hasn't already been more **elegantly described *elsewhere***.

What has been less elegantly OMITTED from much of these **ivory minded** discussions is HOW our related ***American problems*** of **chronic poverty**, ***related*** **criminality**, **drug addictions** and their ***associated*** **violence** on the **body** and/or ***soul*** of the ***melanin*** and/or **ghetto** ***enabled*** individual HAVE actual **historical** and/or ***semantic*** and/or ***neurological*** (and/or some ***combination*** thereof) ***roots*** beyond (and ***below)*** simple "**racism**".

Possibly because of the rather **unfavorable** ***light*** such **lucid discussions** would ***shine*** on the...

4:44 pm 7.20.14

Chapter 18 (**x.*666***)

THE EVIL
(but ever so polite)
EMPIRE

English Empire Building: Phase 3

(almost) **ALL YOUR EARTH ARE BELONG TO US**

The ESTABLISHMENT of "Great" Britain's
UPSIDE DOWN PENTAGRAM TRADE

Plus,
all the **investment banking shit** thoughtfully omitted
from the **preceding chapter**
&
the **beginning** of the **fall**
of the
British Empire.

the **18th *(6+6+6)* century**
(and/or **1707-1776**)

(11:30.7.23.14)
England's *unfortunate involvement in* ***African affairs*** *started during the beginning of* ***Queen Elizabeth's*** *long and illustrious reign. It began, appropriately enough, when one of* ***England's*** *enterprising* ***privateers*** *(****Sir*** *John Hawkins)* ***hijacked*** *a Portuguese* ***slaving ship*** *sailing (or rowing) from Sierra Leone (one of the smaller countries on Africa's West coast) to the Caribbean in* ***1554****. Mr. Hawkins turned a tidy profit when he* ***sold*** *his* ***hijacked*** *"goods" (IE* ***melanin enabled individuals****) in Santo Domingo (a smaller island in the Caribbean) and sailed back to* ***England*** *a richer man for it.*

Rich *enough that he decided a* ***repeat*** *of some kind was in order and sailed down to* ***Africa's West Coast*** *(exact location currently unknown) ten years later, forcibly captured* ***400 Africans just minding their own business****, put them in* ***heavy chains****,* ***immobilized*** *them wooden racks on his* ***slaving ship*** *and left them to* ***rot*** *on the* ***6 month*** *journey (usually) from West Africa to South America. Enough of his* ***human cargo*** *survived their unsought journey in good enough shape to fetch good prices at a Colombian slaver's auction, and Hawkins sailed home to* ***England*** *to* ***bank*** *a* ***60% profit*** *on his enterprising expedition.*

Ask any ***Fortune 500*** *company and they will tell you,* ***60% profit*** *on any investment (and/or a* ***surplus*** *of* ***uncompensated labor****) is nothing to sneeze at, and Sir Hawkins was keen to repeat his success. His third attempt did* ***not*** *fair so well. After teaming up*

*with his second cousin Sir Francis Drake a second time, their **triangular** expedition started off auspiciously with successful **slaving raids** in **Africa** further augmented by the **hijacking** of another Portuguese **slaving ship** (ironically named "Madre de Deus", which translates to 'mother of God' in English), which brought the total volume of their **perishable human cargo** to **400 individuals**. Things rapidly took a turn for the **worse** for **everybody** at the end of the second leg of this early **English triangular expedition** when they found a host of Spanish **military assets** providentially waiting for them in what is now Vera Cruz, Mexico.*

***Spain** and **England** were on the outs after their **former** alliance under **Hank 8** and **Bloody Mary**, and **Spain** was not overly enamored of paying good money to **England** for **slaves** Imperial **Spain** had the **means** (if not the motivation) to **procure** themselves.*

*Nevermind that the **demand** for **slaves** in their New World colonies had already **outstripped Spain's supply** to the extent of **Spain** previously giving **England** a moderately tariffed pass to **sell African slaves** to **colonial Spanish landowners** and manufacturers in Hawkins' previous expeditionary enterprises.*

*This third Hawkins expedition had the misfortune to sail right into a **Spanish** hornet's nest of assembled Naval and Land forces who were already on a **WAR** footing thanks to rumors of a **Mexican independence** movement underway in the vicinity of modern day Vera Cruz. **Spain** was at the height of it's **Naval supremacy** (all this taking place 20 years **before** the Dueling Armadas Fiasco) and sunk **all** but two of Hawkins' and Drake's ships. Both of them survived, and upon returning from an arduous journey home after losing his own ship in that **amphibious shitshow**, Hawkins attempted to **recoup** some of his losses by **writing a book** about his **slaving** experiences aptly named "An Alliance to Raid for Slaves".*

*In it, he provided an **operational blueprint** for similar expeditions by directly linking **trading and raiding** as two sides of the same old **slavery coin** that **England** had itself been on the receiving end of just **500 years before** with the **Vikings**.*

*He also **equated** success to be heavily dependent on the **Roman Imperial method** of making proxies out of local allies who had historical axes to grind with one or more neighboring groups. Plus, he gave some helpful pointers as to the **severity** and **type** of **violence** used to **capture Africans** and force them to **submit** to their new social status of being an **involuntary shitworker** of the lowest degree.*

*This turned out to be the **tipping point** where the early trickle of **English** efforts in the **African Slave Trade** quickly turned into a **flash flood of Biblical proportions**. **English involvement** in the **African Slave Trade** rapidly **escalated** to the point of **Her Nibs** herself complaining about all the "**blackamoors**" (IE **darkies** in modern **British**) in and around London in 1596.*

*For the first half of the **1600**'s, the **English import/export market** for (mostly **African**) **slaves** was a free for all **freemarket** of **unregulated trade** that was **open** to any jack*

*booted venture capitalist, pith helmeted stock speculator or **other** amphibious asshole able to stake, man or helm a ship from **England** to **West Africa**, then the **West Indies** and back to **England**. The entirely **unregulated** nature of this **entry level market** fostered an **ungodly** amount of **competition** to **supply** the rapidly escalating **demand** for **uncompensated labor** in **England** (and **elsewhere**).*

*The rapid **entry** of seemingly **every** nautical Tom, Dick and Harry able to run a **boat** to **Africa**, the **Caribbean** and back (to **England**) led to a lot of **volatility** in this burgeoning market. This was deemed by the **bigger fish** and **fatter cats** involved to be **needlessly** messy and **inefficient** while **negatively** affecting their ability to **profit** from their own operations at the rates their illustrious board members would prefer.*

*With many (slash **most**) of these **investment individuals** being **entitled equestrian assholes** with **little** in the way of previous nautical experience, they did **not** seem to be overly aware of the **fact** that a **rising tide lifts all boats** and came to **view** to the **profits** of their smaller **slaving competitors** in a manner similar to that of a **gorilla watching some little shit eat bananas on it's turf**.*

*By the **1650's some** of these **big cats** and **fat fish** were **members** of the **Stuart** clan, who were roughly halfway (going by the **number** of kings and **not** the length of their reigns) through their **English dynasty** after running **Scotland** for fookin' ever. **Some** of these individuals brought their **fat cat concerns** to their **closely related king** and did **not** find his highness entirely **unreceptive** to their **shrill upper class whinging**.*

*With the **blessing** (in the form of a **Royal Charter**) of their goodly king, those **slavery minded Stuarts** formed the **Royal African Company** (**RAC**) under the **leadershit** of the King's **brother**, the **Duke of York**. Consistent with the **EIC public pirateship** model, in **1660** the **RAC** was **granted** a **monopoly** over all **English trade** (slash **theft** and **kidnapping**) "with" **West Africa** and given the **free use** of **English military assets** to establish and enforce their monopoly **against** all competitors, **domestic** or otherwise.*

*Similar to the **EIC** charter, the **RAC** was **also** given free reign to **seize** any unlicensed **English ships** and/or foreign competitors operating in their **chartered** territory. The **RAC** then quickly got itself into **debt** by first building a number of trading/military forts along **Africa's West Coast** followed by putting those military installations to good use by getting into a **colonial WAR** with the **Dutch**.*

*The **RAC** quickly learned that **WAR** gets real **expensive** real **fast** after the **Dutch** seized or burned **all** but one of the **RAC's** trading forts. This was not only costly in terms of lost physical assets of the forts, personnel and whatnot, but **hugely expensive** in regards to the **opportunity costs** of the **lost business** that would have been conducted in those lost forts.*

*The **RAC** continued to **limp** onwards after that totally **avoidable** debacle that they themselves **started** by (unwisely) **attacking Dutch** trading forts for **no** reason other than being **England's** biggest **commercial competitor** at the time. It is safe to say that the*

*suboptimal outcome for the **RAC** in getting it's **corporate military ass** handed back to itself by a bunch of **aqueous tulipmongers** took **much** of the investment luster **away** from the **RAC** as an up and coming **mercantilist monopoly**.*

*The company **itself** essentially **conceded** that it was **damaged goods** by creating a **new** corporate entity **entitled** "the Gambia Adventurers" in **1668** and gave it a **ten year license** to "**trade**" (IE **buy** and/or **steal people** and **sell them for money**) in **West Africa** while the **RAC** went off to lick it's wounds and **restructure** it's business model.*

*In a manner uncannily **similar** to how **many** modern big businesses (and/or **banks**) have **successfully** negotiated **huge government bailouts** when the **shitbirds** of their own short sighted, nickel wise but dollar dumb decisions come home to roost, the **RAC** argued that whatever **corporate errors** that happened in **Africa** had **less to do** with their own actions than it did with NOT being given enough **scope** in their original **Royal Charter**.*

*Just like now, having **friends** (or **family**) in **high places** was just the sort of thing to make such **dubious** claims stick and the **RAC** was issued an **expanded Royal Charter** that was almost an **exact** copy of the **EIC charter** in **1672** that conferred **plenipotentiary** powers to the **RAC**, gave it a wider mandate to raise and maintain it's **own military forces**, exercise **martial law** in it's commercial territory and set up as many forts and factories as it thought appropriate to **bleed West Africa dry** of all it's **GOLD**, silver, ivory and **as many of it's able bodied inhabitants** as the **RAC** saw fit.*

*In the first year of their expanded charter the **RAC** transported approximately **5,000 slaves** to the **Americas** and **England**. Over the following **17** years, another **95,000 Africans** were **transported** then **sold** to the highest bidders in whatever **New World** or **English hellhole** they ended up in. Many to most of these individuals were **branded** with the letters "**DY**" for **Duke of York** while the **rest** had "**RAC**" **burned** into their skin to show that they were the **property** of the **Royal Africa Company**.*

*Of course, due to **hellish** conditions, **most slaving ships** had an average **spillage** rate of **15-33%** per voyage, so the number **slaves** actually **shipped** was a bit **higher** than those actually **sold**. Up to a **third** of those **lost souls** died in route due to dehydration, scurvy, dysentery or the other diverse ailments that come from being **chained** in a caged wooden bunk with **hundreds** of other **lost souls** for **months** on end. These bunks were barely big enough to fit an abled bodied man in, and tended to be **stacked** up **three** or **four** berths high, which really and truly **sucked** for anybody not strategically placed in the top rack as both **urine** and/or **scurvy induced bloody diarrhea** tend to run (or drip or ooze) in a **downward** direction.*

*When those on the **bottom** (and **others**) succumbed to their fully avoidable **fates** that stemmed from **nothing** other than a ship owner's or captain's **desire** to save **money** on **limes** and **victuals**, they were unceremoniously unchained from their tiny cages, dragged up from the holds and **tossed** out into the winedark sea like so much **chum**.*

*As **grotesque** and **inhuman** all that certainly **IS,** the subsequent experiences and rude surprises of those that survived their harrowing journey across the water led many of the middle passage survivors to envy the dead**.***

*Though **slavery** had been widely **practiced** all over **Africa** in various ways since the **dawn** of time, by the time the **Europeans** showed up, in most locales (outside of North **Africa**) it had **evolved** to something roughly similar to **indentured servitude**. In these widely present cases, the **slave** in question was much closer to being a **feudal peasant vassal** who paid **tribute** to their **masters** in the form of **crops** or **services rendered**, but were **slightly** more restricted in their ability to come and go as they saw fit than the non-enslaved vassal peasants that were almost as common.*

*Where this was the case (IE in **most** of Sub-Saharan **Africa**), local customs had evolved over time which essentially **conceded** that **slaves** are **still human**, and had a few **rights** because of it. It was considered **poor form** to **beat** or physically harm (which presumably includes **rape** as that tends to be relatively violent) one's **slaves** without **due provocation**, and for a long time there were social customs that **restricted** the **sale** of **slaves** to minimize the **trauma** of a sold **slave** from being forcibly **separated** from their friends and family.*

*Though these may have been generally true in Sub-Saharan **Africa**, it **wasn't** universally true and certainly **didn't** apply **Roman** influenced **North Africa**. The **Romans** had long practiced **chattel slavery** right up to **Rome's** eventual **demise**, which could be **convincingly** argued to be a **not insignificant** factor in it's **fall**.*

***Chattel slavery** is the particular practice that **America** is all too familiar with from it's **own** history where the **slave** in question is the **outright property** of the **owner**, and can be treated, **beaten**, **raped**, **branded**, **have one or more digits or facial features forcibly removed**, be **whipped**, **lashed**, **scourged**, **starved** or simply **strung up** on the nearest **tree** by the **neck** until **dead** as the **slave owner saw fit**.*

*Though **relatively** popular in America for a time **South** of the Mason-Dixon line, this type of **American slavery** is more **accurately** referred to as the **Roman Version** and was extremely **popular** over much of **pre-Christian Europe**. It became only **slightly** less popular after various locals heard the **Good News** and **killed or ran off anybody who hadn't**.*

*Arguably **worse** off than either of these kinds of **African slaves** were those acquired by various means for **sacrificial** purposes, which was an unfortunate but **venerable** tradition in some parts of **Africa**. The less said about that, the better.*

*In **West Africa**, **before** the **English** and other amphibiously inclined European **white devils** showed up, the **former** model of indentured peasantry was reportedly much **more** common than the **other** approaches. **After** those **big boat honkies** showed up and started taking people **irrespective** of their local **social rank**, it seems that **most contact communities** in **West Africa** came to the eminently **pragmatic** conclusion that*

*it was in their **best interest** to cut their **Faustian deals** with the **white devils** to **secure** the **safety** of their **own tribe** by **procuring their neighbors** and **selling** them along with their **own social outcasts**.*

*All of that was made **slightly** easier for these **Faustian tribes** when the **English** (and other) **slavers** started **trading** outdated **English guns** and **ammo** for **slaves**, not unlike how **modern arms dealers** like to **offload** all their **surplus** and/or **derelict kalashnikovs** on various **African** groups.*

*Despite the terrifically inefficient performance and operation of 17th century black powder devices, the **addition** of them to the **usual** tribal arsenal of **spears** and **more spears** generally conferred a definite **firepower advantage** over more **traditionally** armed groups. The **English** themselves would come to repeatedly demonstrate this over the following two centuries.*

*The re-organized **RAC** managed to keep the **stranglehold** it had on the **cornered slavery market** through it's **Royally Chartered monopoly** for the 18 (**6+6+6**) years preceding the Glorious Revolution. Though they were structured similarly to the **East India Company** and operating off a **similar** Royal Charter, the **RAC** was **not** quite able to reproduce the superlative success of it's subcontinental corporate counterpart.*

*Mostly because those **close** family ties that existed between it's board of directors and the throne of England which were such an instrumental **asset** early on rapidly turned into a **crippling liability** once **Jimmy** t**he Deuce** tossed the **Royal Inkstamp** into the Thames and hightailed it to **France** following **Orange Billy's** arrival in force on the **isle of few fixed principles**.*

*The **RAC** was already having trouble **enforcing** it's **English Slaving** monopoly **against** independent English merchants who were cutting their own deals in the **Motherland** and the New World prior to **William** and **Mary** showing up. With the **loss** of it's Royal relations, circumstances compelled the **RAC** to **publicly** acknowledge that their **Royally chartered monopoly** was a **paper tiger with paper teeth**.*

*The **RAC** was able to continue to legislatively fight off **competition** through their lingering contacts in **Parliament** for almost another **decade** before their **wildcat slaver** counterparts were able to **buy off** enough **MP's** to **pass** a bill **deregulating English-African Trade** that allowed **any** English merchant to do **whatever the fuck they wanted in the Motherland**. The **RAC** still had enough friends in **Parliament** to insert a provision in that bill that **mandated** that a **10% levy** (IE **tax**, essentially) be paid by **non-RAC independents** to the **RAC** on **all** goods (or in the case of slaves, **bads**) shipped from **Africa**.*

***Freeing** up the highly lucrative **English slaving sector** had the entirely predictable effect of creating a **free for all slavemarket** of **unregulated trade** that was open to any jack booted venture capitalist, pith helmeted stock speculator or other **amphibious asshole** able to stake, man or helm a ship.*

Demand only seemed to expand as supplies increased*, and not a few English fortunes were made on this* ***rising economic tide of bloody, branded,*** *and often* ***diarrhea splattered bondage****.*

The ***deregulated explosion*** *in the* ***English human bondage market*** *was the* ***dark underbelly*** *of the* ***Glorious Revolution****, and as* ***equally*** *instrumental (if not* ***more****) to paving the way to becoming a* ***fully fledged Empire*** *as* ***imperial English*** *efforts in other areas.*

Despite operating in ***South*** *and* ***East Asia*** *for the previous* ***hundred years****,* ***America*** *for* ***80*** *and doing the* ***same in Africa*** *for the last* ***fifty****, it wasn't until about* ***1700*** *or so that* ***England*** *started to* ***seriously organize*** *their* ***Imperial efforts****.* ***England*** *itself publicly acknowledged this to the whole world on...*

MAYDAY, **1707,** ***Edinburgh****,* ***Scotland?*** (yes, you read that right.) On that day the **Scottish Parliament** passed the *"Act Ratifying and Approving the Treaty of Union of the Two Kingdoms of SCOTLAND and ENGLAND"*. Often referred to as the **Acts of Union**, the **English** version of it had already been passed by their **Parliament** on **7.22.1706**.

Though **both** had been **ruled** from the **same throne** by the **same persons** sitting on it for the **previous century**, technically speaking those **5 Kings** and **2 queens** ***(beats a full house every time)*** were actually wearing ***two crowns*** the whole time. **England** and **Scotland** were relatively **autonomous** (especially in terms of religion with the **Scots** preferring their own Presbyterianism over the Anglicism of the **Engs**) **Kingdoms** from each other DESPITE being joined at the ***Hadrian's*** **hip** of the **united isle** they shared.

These **legislative acts** of **union** were spearheaded by an integration minded **Queen** ***Anne*** during the first **5 years** of ***her*** reign. In practical day to day terms, this **political union** was directly equivalent to the fairly common **domestic occurrence** of **two people** ***cohabitating in sin*** and **fucking** each other ***(over)*** for **years** on end FINALLY tying the knot to ***legitimize*** their ***emotional codependence*** for the **whole world to see**.

Not entirely surprising, these **Acts of Union** included a **name change** for this politically united kingdom. The main impetus of this shift in **English** ***epithet*** stems from **two** underlying conditions where one is just as obvious as the other **continues** to be largely unstated and not included in most history books.

The **obvious** impetus is that calling this **new empire** the "**United Kingdom** of England, Scotland, Wales, part of Ireland, huge swaths of India, bits of Africa and the Caribbean, the 13 colonies and Australia" was a bit of a ponderous moniker to be dragging around.

The other driving (yet largely unstated) impulse was that (accurately or not) the name "**England**" was often **associated** in the minds of many with being a provincial island 22

miles WNW of ***France*** chock full of viciously **incomprehensible**, **forked tongued twits** with a penchant for **breaking off more than they could chew** on the continent.

With **England** now being the center of it's **own international Empire** that was starting to rival **Spain's**, such associations would just **not** do anymore no matter how **accurate** they may or may not (**continue** to) be regarding the **British Empire's** first world citizens. The term that had been agreed upon was (obviously) ***Great Britain***, not in a small part due to the considered alternatives of **Big England**, **Huge Albion** or ***Big Bloody Shite*** had been deemed to be **insufficiently euphonious**.

Putting aside the obvious question (IE ***how fucking insecurely ostentatious do you have to be as a country to feel like you need to insert the word "great" in your own official name?)***, the average American reader may be wondering where the word "**Britain**" comes from.

The term "**Britain**" actually pre-dates the arrival of the **proto-Engs** (the **Angles**) during the first **German invasion**, and correspondingly **predates** the term "**England**" itself. The specific historical origins of "**Britain**" are, as one might guess, a bit murky in that they predate the appearance of the **Romans** on the ***isle of transference***.

To date, according to the best guesses of **allegedly** informed experts, the modern term "**Britain**" ***(Great*** or otherwise) is a **Romanized lexical deformation** of a **Greek semantic corruption** of the **old Phoenician word** "*Barantanac",* which, ironically enough, translates into **Modern English** as "**the land of tin**". Despite modern era **Great Britain** having so much in the way of other cultural and commercial offerings to identify themselves with, it seems that **Great Britain** has collectively capitulated to this **apt association** by collectively **mispronouncing** their great sobriquet so **ubiquitously** ***that it is has been deemed the correct one***.

Nevermind the fact that according to the conventions of standard **English** (and/or **British**) ***phonetics***, it should be pronounced "brit-TANE" with the "i" following the "a" in it's second syllable, and shares it's exceptional elocution with only **three** other commonly used **English** words (captain, certain and curtain) that all happen to be ***French*** in origin. Which, **of course**, totally **legitimizes** it's ***accepted mispronunciation*** as spelled. Because, you know, ***FRENCH***.

Putting aside the striking fact that **neither** of the most historically popular names for that big island 22 wnw of ***France*** are **correctly pronounced** according the standard phonetic conventions of the ***language named after it***, what is striking about the standardized mispronunciation of the word "**Britain**" is how it is essentially a ***phonetic reminder*** of the original definition of the source word it might be based on.

Given the **neuro-semantic** fact that ***self assigned labels reveal how we like to consciously define ourselves*** and the other **linguistic** fact that currently accepted **proper noun pronunciations** are often the result of **regional mispronunciations** that the **locals** are ***not*** entirely aware of which are specific to their region only and "wrong"

everywhere else, one MIGHT posit some deep jungian significance to the collective phonetic sub(**conscious**)stitution of the syllable "-**tin**" for the "**-tane**" it's spelling clearly **implies**.

This conspicuously **screwball series** of **suppository statements** regarding the **secondary syllabic significance** of the word "**Britain**" becomes increasingly difficult to **bat away** upon a quick review of **England's pre-imperial** history and **it's uncanny affinity** with it's most popular **historical export** after **wool** (and/or **sheep**), ***tin***.

Although previously belabored in chapter 2 of the present stage of the current device, a quick review of some of the more defining characteristics of ***tin*** strikes the present author as being something akin to a good idea.

Tin is shiny (when buffed and polished), malleable, doesn't readily oxidize (rust) in the presence of air and is **water resistant**. Thanks to it's ***GOLD*** like softness, it has virtually **no** structural or weight bearing uses like other common metals (like **iron**, **steel** and **copper**), **isn't** quite shiny, rare or durable enough to be used as **money** (like **platinum**, **silver** and ***GOLD)*** and **isn't** dense enough to be used for **high velocity projectiles** from various **black powder** (and/or ***cordite)*** **devices** like ***lead*** and/or more ***lead***.

Because of these qualities (or **lack thereof**), by itself ***tin*** is about as **useless** as ***tits on a hog*** but is excellent for plating other stronger metals (like **steel**) to make them **water resistant**. The one thing ***tin*** seems to do better than **most** other metals is **alloy** easily with **many** other metals in a way that makes them **stronger** and **more** water resistant than they are alone. The **last** salient fact about ***tin*** not yet mentioned is that ***tin*** does **not** exist naturally on earth in solid ***tin*** deposits but has to be **extracted** out of different kinds of **ore** that the various forms of ***tin*** **oxides** are dispersed in.

With the glaringly obvious **similarities** between the **physical properties** of ***tin*** and **England** already having been made in chapter 2, we can focus on the **deeper** similarities BETWEEN the **chemical properties** of ***tin*** and it's **natural occurrence** within the **pre-Roman** state of **greater** "**Britain**" and THEN compare **that** with the **historical forces** that created the basis for the **epochal empire** named after ***it*** PLUS how those (**t**)**inspired** the (**t**)**internalized** yet (**t**)**integrated operational principles** that **lead to Imperial England's stunning rise** *WHILE* simultaneously setting up **it's** ***(t)inevitable*** **imperial fall**.

This is SO easily demonstrated by expanding the **current metal metaphor** to include **England's** previous **imperial interlopers** that it verges on being **self evident** once the ***proper*** **neuro-semantic connections** have been established.

To wit:

Prior to the **Romans** showing up**,** the **island of thud** was inhabited by a **dispersed lot** of **discrete** and **disparate cultural groups** who were much more likely to **self identify** with their **tribe** of **origin** than the **island** at large. This **natural occurrence** of **original**

indigenous inhabitants does seem to bear a passing **resemblance** to the natural occurrence of ***tin*** **dispersed** in it's **native ore**.

Then the ***Romans*** showed up and brought the ***GOLD*** and **iron** of their **economically edged diplomacy**, cutting deals with whichever **natives** were willing to live under **their** thumb and ***cutting the throats*** of those who weren't interested. Prior to the ***Romans*** showing up, there was ***no unifying force*** on the **island** for it's ***dispersed*** **tribes** to **rally around** (or ***against***). When **CEASAR** showed up, the ***Romans*** were a constant social factor **contributing** to some **increased** sense of **greater political *unity*** in affected areas both **for** and **against *them***. This (**bi**)**polarizing political effect** could be said to be the **first** instance of the dangerous ***us versus them*** **island dichotomy** that has long characterized **English** (and/or **British** not to mention ***American***) **politics**.

Despite all the differing and distinct cultural groups already on the island, the long presence of the ***Romans*** had the inevitable social effect of contributing to **increased political cohesion** in the groups (and/or areas) **aligned** with them as well in those aligned ***against*** them.

Though this larger **dichotomy** is itself a **political division**, it is one composed of **two overall groups** instead of a **multitude** of ***differently inflected groups*** alternately **allying** and ***double crossing*** each other in **competition** for ***decreasing*** **amounts** of **arable land** thanks to an ***increasing*** **amounts** of **people** living on it. Organizing into two overall groups isn't political unity by any measure, but it was a few steps **closer** to it than the **tribal free for all** that preceded ***Roman Britannia.***

The more industrious of the native groups **assimilated** and ***integrated*** the ***Roman* method** of **empire building** by ***cutting deals with friendly natives and cutting the throats of those who weren't interested.*** This **divide, conquer** then ***trade*** approach could be said to be the **first foundation** of **Great Britain's imperial institutional mindset**.

Right about the time that ***Rome's iron-edged empire*** was revealed to be a **rusty shiv** left in the **backs** of **local** (pre)**English alphas** economically **allied** with ***Pax Romana***, the ***Germans*** brought their **hegemaniacal approach** of ***protect, serve*** then ***supplant*** the **local alphas** after being **invited** by **post-*Roman*** island alphas **shitting their pants** at the prospect of the pending **Celtic** and **Pictish vengeance** for previously siding with the formerly **foreign outlanders**.

The best **metal** metaphor for this **imperial method** is clearly ***copper***, and for several reasons. Though **less** strong than ***Roman* iron** and **less** shiny than ***Roman GOLD***, it is enough of **both** to make for a passable alternative for **enhancing *tin*** in the **absence** of other options. And **not** unlike ***copper*** in the presence of a **damp**, **oxygen rich environment** (like **pre-industrial England**), the displaced expat **Germans** chased off their own lands by **hordes** of ***epicanthically enfolded equestrian assholes*** from parts **East** rapidly turned **green** with **envy** when directly exposed to the **luxurious ways** of the **early English elite** they had been **hired** to **protect**.

Not unlike in relatively **recent** modern instances, those **historical** ***German bastards*** proved to be just as **susceptible** to suffering from ***schadenfreude*** as they were to **act** on those **unfortunate impulses**. **Most** (but not quite all) of those **early post** ***Roman Britannic*** **alphas** either cut their own deals to save their skins and some percentage of their previous fortunes or ***found their own throats cut****.*

Then (and **typical** of {many but hopefully **not** most} **Germans**) once they **supplanted** the **local alphas**, England's newly empowered **German Overlords** started maneuvering ***against each other*** to **expand** their own **territories**. This ***serve, protect*** than ***supplant*** (then start with the ***local shin kicking****)* **Imperial method** could be described as the **second leg** of **Great Britain's imperial table**.

The combination of **tarnished German copper** with **English** ***tin*** previously **gilded** with ***Roman*** **rust** turned out to have the **stopping power** of ***warm butter*** in the ***rapidly onsetting presence*** of **cold Scandanavian steel** wielded by **hordes** of ***violently insane aquatic lunatics*** from points **North**.

Surviving early **English** inhabitants were quick to note that the ***Viking's*** superlative if ***(moderately)*** **psychotic success** had just as much to do with their double edged **SUBMIT or DIE** diplomatic approach as it did with their ready willingness to pack as many **heavily armed amphibious assholes** as would fit in the **nearest boat**(**s**) and **sail** (or **row**) over just about **any** length of water **not** covered in ice to **protect** their interests, **bash** in the **head** of ***anybody*** on or around ***any*** **point** of **interest**, and/or grudgingly **fulfill** any **mutual support clauses** they had with **allied** ***Viking*** **groups**.

This ***amphibious blitzkrieg*** **approach** to **territorial expansion** is probably best described as the ***Viking*** **method** of **Effective Empire**, and proved to be the **third rung** of **England's Imperial ladder**.

Even though each one of these **foreign** groups eventually came and left (or got **stomped off** the **island** so **hard** they ended up in **Ireland** or the **Hebrides**), each one **indelibly** left their metaphorical **mark** on the **collective psyche** of the **surviving inhabitants**. Given the heated volatility of the previous ***thousand years****,* the ***alloyed*** mix of the metaphorical **imperial metals** of ***Roman*** **iron** and ***GOLD***, ***German*** **copper** and ***Viking*** **steel** hadn't had the necessary time to **cool down** and ***set***, and was closer in nature the **metaphorical** ***mercury*** of the **alchemists** than other ***stiffer*** **metals**.

Which was resolved by the **baptizing** of the **isle inconceivable** in varying yet ***biblical*** amounts of **blood**, **fire** and ***salt*** by ***Billy the Bastard*** and ***his*** **Norman** minions. As it turns out, that last burst of **gilded** yet ***carbonized*** **Norman cruelty** followed by **hundreds** of years of **cooler** ***Gallic*** **oppression** was just the thing that this heady **imperial mix** needed to **stiffen** up and take it's eventual shape.

Not unlike adding that **minute** yet **crucial** bit of ***charcoal*** to the ***nickel iron*** **mix** necessary for forming ***stainless steel*** and subsequently **quenching** it in **cold water**

once the **steel** has been **shaped** into it's final form. This **double refracted** approach of ***exquisite manners masking cruelties diabolical*** is best described as the ***Norman* approach**, and formed the **fourth column** of **Great Britain's Empire building program**.

Just like with the previous groups, the **isle infernal** once again **worked** it's **dark**, ***tar baby* magick** on it's **foreign oppressors**, and any that stayed **long enough** to ***understand*** the **language** eventually became **drunken idiots** almost **entirely *indistinguishable*** from the **natives** except for their **slightly funnier accents**.

Just as surely as these larger groups had distinct and wide ranging effects on **England** and **Greater Britain** as a whole, **affected individuals** attempting to ***communicate*** with the **locals** in their **slapdash gibberish** to the extent of actually **understanding** them almost invariably led to the previously **foreign alpha** going ***native*** to some extent.

The still **unrivaled** capacity of **English** for ***splitting hairs*** offered all kinds of options for ***plausible deniability*** regarding the ***personal* responsibility** of **equestecrat*(-hole)* actions** AGAINST **pedestrian pissants** while simultaneously **infecting** the **ESL speaker** with the ***incurable* mimetic virus** of ***irony*** made it that much more difficult to take the **authoritative** and **pompous** bellowing of the **mainland alphas** back in the **home office** all that seriously.

As a significant proportion of various **foreign alphas** went ***native*** on the **isle of inebriated egress**, this happened in sufficient numbers to deeply ***embed*** their various ***imperial institutional mindsets*** into the **collective English psyche** to the **extent** of mirroring the ***intergenerational genetic legacy*** passed from **parent** to increasingly **adapted** (slash ***affective*** and/or **drunk**) **spawn**.

Similar to that reproductive development process, substantial **majorities** of these ***imperial imprints*** are as best described as **pre-conscious predispostions** in the **body politic** of **historical Britain** that were further **reinforced** when various **English groups** with **alpha intentions** (or ***pretensions)*** started **practicing** these **4 imperial methods** on ***each other*** when they were trying to do **the same** with the ***"natives"*** (and/or ***exiled English expats*** of varying severity) of **Scotland**, **Ireland** and various bits of ***France.***

As some say, **practice makes perfect**. Those **surviving groups** that honed their **imperial equestecrat skills** first **assimilated** these ***four imperial methods*** and (**t**)**integrated** them the best they could according to their **drunken** and **deranged** sensibilities by breaking them down to their **lowest common denominators**. Then they added a little **English *alchemical black powder*** knowhow to them and started ***targeting* imperial expansion areas** NOT ***unduly burdened*** with ***heavily armed white people*** with **similar** levels of **technological development** as them.

Ultimately, the **lowest common denominator** of **England's** accumulated **imperial** experiences BEFORE ***it became one itself*** was succinctly described by Voltaire:

It is better to be the hammer than the anvil.

The **fifth point** of **England's** ***inverted imperial pentagram*** was to (**t**)**integrate** these **four methods** and **apply** them just about **anywhere** they thought they could "**win**" a ground ***WAR*** against the **natives** and their **colonial European overlords**. Which turned out to be ***just about anywhere*** that wasn't already **occupied** by an ***active*** (and **large**) **ally**.

Just like ***tin*** takes on the **properties** of whatever **metals** it has been **alloyed** with, so did **England** ***internalize*** the **imperial indignities** of their former **foreign occupiers**. In a manner strikingly similar to what happens when a **red headed step child child** grows up in an **abusive** (not to mention ***alcoholic,*** statistically speaking) **family**, as soon as it was able **England** started to ***project*** it's **conflicted imperial** FEELINGS ***early*** and ***often*** on whatever **likely targets** presented themselves.

Just like with this all too common family situation, the ***first*** **targets** of **opportunity** for these entirely **natural** but still **fucked up** FEELINGS were it's **red headed** siblings ***Scotland*** and ***Ireland***. Consistent with the standard ***projection*** process, this was further escalated to include **parental figures** as well, and **not** without reason in many cases. Which for **England** obviously includes ***France***, being **it's *only* surviving parent** and all.

In one of **psychology's** more semantically lucid moments, in individuals this psychological ***projection*** process is called ***transference***.

When it happens with **countries**, **kingdoms** and/or **other** kinds of **nation-states**, it is referred to as ***"history".***

Just like with individuals, if **affected countries** (IE ***damn near all of them)*** do NOT seek some kind of **professional help** from **qualified individuals** to help **integrate** these totally **natural** (but ***definitely*** **fucked up**) FEELINGS, those ***feelings*** WILL, (in all likelihood) **continue** to **beset** and ***bedevil*** the **red headed stepchild** throughout the **rest** of it's **natural** (and/or ***national)*** **life**.

These **complex** *feelings* will often be expressed through **confused** yet ***visceral*** **internal schisms** often being ***projected*** **externally** through ***compensatory*** **acts of aggression**. And ***nowhere*** was this **more true** than **England** in the **early 1700's**.

Chapter 12.1:
Defining (then building) the **wealth of a nation**.

Right about the time it start calling itself "**Great Britain**" also happened to be the time when **England** took it's **provincial**, **bumbling mask off** and revealed **itself** to be a **cagey strategic operator** of the **first order**, figuratively (and ***literally*** in many senses) speaking.

The political **union** of **England** and **Scotland** created **Europe's** biggest **free trade zone** of the time, which worked out very well for **England** as a whole and ***especially*** the **equestecrat alphaholes** at the **top of the pile**. Yet as soon as the ***india ink*** of the royal signature had dried on the ***(unspeakable)*** **Acts of Union**, ***Britain's*** **upper class twits** started ***conspiring*** to **throw each other off it** in the **hopes** of ***poaching*** their colleague's former patch on it.

Much of this in the **1700's** was happening in and around **Parliament**. After the royal reversals of the **Stuarts**, **England's Parliament** was enjoying the enhanced political prestige that it had been able to finagle from their Dutch king (***Orange Billy)*** during the royal vetting process to replace ***Jimmy the deuce***. After repeatedly citing **England's** previous history of attempting to **kill** their ***own kings who were English***, **Parliament** was able to convince ***Billy*** to accede to the **English Bill of Rights** and dial back ***his*** religious reform rhetoric, lest ***he*** (further) alienate significant majorities of ***his*** **anti-Wog**, **anti-Papist**, AND **anti-Semitic subjects** and whip up **amity isle** into another anti-monarchial lather.

This royal accession was the coup de grace for a **Parliament** that in the previous century went from being viewed by the English public as the royal rubberstamp for harebrained military misadventures to being the last bulwark minimizing the multitude of **Stuart** (and/or **Jacobite**) stupidities those rare times it was actually in session during that **dynasty** (of dunces).

This newly empowered **Parliament** was not populated by the same old ***Roundheads*** and ***Cavaliers*** that faced off in and outside of **Parliament** in the last **English Civil *WAR***. 40 years later, common (yet **upward angling**) Protestant **merchants** and **entitled** (and **landed**) ***French*** friendly **Papists** had their **have** and ***have more*** interests represented in **Parliament** by the ***Whigs*** and ***Tories***.

Similar to modern day **America**, the ***have nots*** of the time had **jack shit** for representation of their working class interests.

As per standard operating procedure, the contrasting political orientations of these **two political parties** directly reflected the **primate experiences** of their respective members, ***who were not,*** by and large, **overly aware** that ***they were all highly inflected primates.***

Consistent with their alpha alignment of "owning" most to **all** of it, it was the considered view of the **Tories** that **wealth** (IE the amount of ***perceived*** strategic banana supplies) of a nation was ***directly derived*** from the amount of **land** it controlled (or "**owned**").

This not entirely inaccurate assessment is as much a result of the pre-exisiting **biases** of the **landed gentry** as it was a product of their collective reasoning.

England (and Scotland) being an **island** made ***land*** even more of a ***fixed*** (and precious) resource there than elsewhere. The ***fixed*** quantity of this valuable resource

was further **fixed** in the minds of land owning nobles by the simple fact that there is an **upper limit** to ***how many sheep can graze on a parcel of land***. The generally accepted maximum of **15 sheep per acre** meant that no matter how ridiculously high the number might be, there was a ***fixed*** **aggregate number** of **sheep** that could be raised (then sheared) on the **isle monetized**.

This ***fixed*** **number** clearly **implied** an ***upper limit*** to how much ***wealth*** the **land** could **produce**. This was further reinforced by the rather overt relationship that **land** has with **England's** second most popular historical import, ***tin***. There were only so many areas where ***tin*** oxides occur naturally, and many of those areas proved to be of a ***fixed*** **quantity** after the (affected) mines petered out once all of the sufficiently ***tin*** laden ores had been removed and refined.

The **fixed** ***values*** derived from the **fixed** ***quantities*** of these abundant (but **fixed**) ***natural resources*** was further ***fixed*** in the minds of many ***Tory*** inclined ***terrafirmacrats*** by the typically **stable** prices these English commodities commanded in domestic and foreign markets. Which had been mostly the case for the preceding thousand years or so. The general ***lack*** of **volatility** in these mature commodities markets further contributed to a ***fixed*** sense of ***value*** regarding **land based wealth** in the minds of many to most within the (**eng**)**landed gentry**.

All of these market forces ***conspired*** with each other in the collective mind of the **English upper class** and led many to come to some kind of overt or underlying conclusion that there was a theoretically **total amount** of ***wealth*** achievable from the then current (**fixed**) supplies of English lands.

This **land-centric view** of **wealth** was contrasted by a more **fluid** view of **wealth** by trading, factory building, and shop owning mercantilists who ***weren't*** quite rich enough to **buy** themselves an **aristocratic title** and ***start bleeding the local peasants dry on whatever lands came with it.***

Thanks to their mercantilist and/or merchant experiences, these middle class magnates tended to view **land** as only **one factor** in their ***wealth equation***. An important one as in each class mentioned required some amount of **land** to create and/or conduct it's **business**. Even the **aquatic traders** sailing around the world needed at least some **land** in **England** for their home office, berths for their ships and in the case of larger firms, their own shipyards to service and build their own ships.

Yet, for these mercantilist types, the **amount** of ***wealth*** that could be ***generated*** on an acre of land was ***not*** limited to the current market price of the amount of wool sheared from 15 sheep. The amphibious trader's and terrestrial shop keeper's relationship with **land** was largely **elastic** thanks to the (**mostly**) invisible **market forces** of ***supply and demand***. Despite dealing with different states of matter, the ideal situation for both was to procure or stock product that had the **highest demand**. When this was the case, the shop keeper or boat owner could **maximize** on their current physical capacity (in both

cases more accurately expressed in cubic yards than square feet) to conduct business and make ***quite a bit of money with only a little bit of space***.

But as many learned, there were **two** big problems with ***specializing*** in a high end market. The first is the rather obvious fact that in being in such **high demand**, ***actual supplies*** were often limited and previously ***cornered*** by **fatter cats** (or **bigger fish**) who **may** be working with the benefit of a previously issued **royal charter** and a much bigger geographic footprint already well established in the **targeted resource area**.

The other catch was that most **high demand markets** tend to exhibit higher amounts of irrational ***volatility*** that can lead to wild **value fluctuations** of affected products. If this **product valuation** was in a distinctly **downward** direction, **anybody** who just **stocked up** on the **affected product** was in for a **loss**, and ***possibly*** including the **shirt** off their back.

Both **traders** and **shop keepers** ***minimized*** the associated **high demand** ***risks*** by ***diversifying*** their **portfolios** to include **multiple** high demand items (often of a seasonal or annual nature, like ***tea*** for instance) and/or more pedestrian goods that ***did not have as acute a demand and were all the more stable for it*** (like **wool** or wool based products like sweaters and mittens and scottish lace). The main drawback to these perennial products is that their **reduced demand** resulted in a ***reduced profit*** on whatever could be shipped or shopped.

The up and coming **factory owners** had a similarly ***fluid*** view of **wealth** regarding it's ***relationship*** to **land**. Again, **land** was an important factor of their ***wealth equation*** (mostly because most factories don't float very well), but it was only one of **several**. The ability of the **factory owner's** to ***profit*** off of **square footage** was ***limited*** by only the ***productivity*** of the business operations conducted upon it.

This ***productivity equation*** was a bit more complex than the **standard sheep equation** that much of the **English upper class** had long been accustomed to.

Profitability for factory owners was determined by the **efficiency** of their manufacturing process, **how many people** were needed to staff it, their **training**, and how **high** the ***demand*** was for their finished products. **Factories** had a distinct ***disadvantage*** with respect to **traders** and **shop keepers** in having ***higher*** **start up** and **overhead** ***costs*** to design, build and maintain the machinery **needed** to make their **product**. But once that nut had been cracked, aside from assembly line break downs, boiler room explosions, factory fires, worker negligence (and/or sabotage) and the occasional strike that had to be viciously put down by a bunch of duly deputized truncheon wielding thugs, if their finished **product** was in ***high demand***, a **successful factory operation** was like a **big machine** that **printed money** for it's ***owners***, and to a ***much lesser extent***, the **workers** who actually made their high demand products.

The other biggest **economic** ***disadvantage*** for **factory owners** compared to shop keepers and traders was that IF the **finished product** was ***no longer*** in such **high**

demand, they couldn't just offload (or dump) current on hand items and replace them with better goods. In order to offer a **different product**, a **factory owner** has to overhaul his (or much less frequently her) assembly line, which usually requires new manufacturing machinery that has be designed and built (often in another factory) and then **paid for** or ***financed with interest.***

Yet the **one thing** that shop keepers, amphibious traders and terrestrial factory owners ***all had in common*** was that **success** in their various endeavors had much more to do with ***information*** than square footage. In each case, the ***ability to profit*** was first and foremost **predicated** on the enterprising individual's ability to "**read**" the existing **target market**, to know **where** high demand supplies could be procured for the **best price** and ***where their products could be sold for the highest price.***

Where the latter instance may **not** have been the most pressing concern for a **factory owner**, their own ability to ***maximize profit*** was in no small part determined by the ***efficiency*** of their **manufacturing process**. Staying abreast of current developments while improving one's own manufacturing process with in-house experts were just the kind of things that could further ***maximize*** the **profitability** of a **factory *without*** the need to **expand** it's **square footage**.

These **contrasting** views of ***wealth*** between **upper class** (and often **entitled**) ***Tories*** and **upper *middle* class** (and **upward angling**) ***Whigs*** contributed to ***fundamentally*** different views on little things like **England's *rapidly growing population*** thanks to a notable absence of biblical fires or famines, widespread plagues, insanely expensive foreign misadventures, bloody civil ***WARs***, and/or ***Norman*** or ***VIKING*** administrations after London's "**Great**" **FIRE** (then **plague**) of ***1666***.

Consistent with their **sheep laden** and **island bound** (slash ***zero sum)*** views of ***wealth***, ***Tories*** (and **political conservatives** in general it seems) tended (and/or **tend**) to view an **expanding population** as ***more mouths feeding on a pie that does*** NOT ***grow proportionate to the amount living off it.***

The ***Whigs*** of the time (and ***perhaps*** those that might pass as such today) were more likely to view the same **growing population** as an ***expanding customer base to profit from.*** Consistent with their **amphibious** commercial worldliness, **many** in the latter group were keenly aware that a ***rising tide lifts all boats great and small*** and were slightly **less inclined** to view the **success** of others as being at the ***expense*** of their own potential growth, minus their commercial competitors, of course.

However, it must be noted that as we are (currently) discussing some passing differences between the respective world views of **imperial England's *upper*** and **upper middle** classes. Like most **distinct** groups of ***high verbal primate hominids***, they **were** (and possibly ***are)*** **more alike than different** and were particularly **united** in two pressing questions: ***What do we do with all the ca$h money rolling in?*** AND ***how do we protect our economic gains?***

For the **few** in the know, the latter question wasn't as pressing as they had a **plethora** of **investment opportunities** to further ***distend***, oops, extend their **fortunes** thanks to well connected friends and/or family in high government or ***BIG BUSINESS***. This small, select group of **insider investors** frequently found themselves on the front line of **tips** regarding ***royally chartered investment opportunities*** like the ***EIC,*** the ***RAC***, the yet to be mentioned ***South Sea Company*** and ***other*** once in a lifetime opportunities.

But the other **99%** of amphibiously inclined investors, factory owners, rather clueless aristocratic sheepmongers, and other well (enough) to do types often found themselves with **more money** than would fit under their increasingly large 4 poster beds BUT ***not much in the way of*** (seemingly) ***legitimate investment opportunities***. Stockpiling their own coin was inconvenient at best after a certain level of **success** and led to it's own issues. Some of which were previously identified in chapter 7 of this device.

England itself was in a **parallel pickle** about how to **keep** all of **it's imperial gains** in the face of constant ***French*** intriguing, ossified ***Spanish*** imperial belligerence and an **uneasy** political alliance with their **biggest commercial rivals**, the ***Dutch***. These concerns were rather sharply driven home when the **English Navy** was **beaten** by the ***French*** right on their own doorstep (the **English Channel**) in the **Battle** of **Beachy Head**. Though **not** the most thorough of ***aquatic whippings*** (like **Pearl Harbor**), the fact that it happened so close to home really drove home the point of how **vulnerable** their **domestic** (and **foreign**) ***assets*** were to the ***the exact kind of amphibious predation the English much preferred to be on the other side of.***

While it wasn't one of the more decisive battles in the **9 Years *WAR*** between the ***Dutch*** (and **England**, plus **Spain**, **Sweden**, **Scotland**, the **Holy Roman Empire** {based in **Germany**}) against ***France*** (and some allied **Scottish** and **Irish Jacobites**), it was enough to once again drive home the point previously made by the ***Vikings*** (and others) about how ***vulnerable*** **England** was to **aquatic aggression** due to being an **island**.

This collective re-realization dovetailed rather nicely with some of the grand designs of ***Orange Billy*** who had been **beefing** with the ***French*** since **1672** and evidently considered ***Louis*** **XIV** (the self styled "**Sun King**") ***his*** primary **arch-rival** well before coming to **England**. For virtually the ***first time in history*** (or close to it), the ***English people found themselves with a foreign King who they actually shared some common political interests with.***

In accordance with a previous observation in chapter 5 of the current device, even though the **English** people and the ***Dutch*** King spoke **different** kinds of **highly inflected gibberish**, ***they were able to overcome this long-standing precondition for violent conflict through the pan-cultural panacea of similar cultural experiences facilitated by the same assailants***, who in this case mostly spoke ***French***.

The **minor English loss** at the **Battle** of **Beachy Head** was just the sort of ***pretextual justification*** that ***Orange Billy*** needed to move ***his*** **English** agenda forward in a

Parliament (and **island**) that was understandably leery about the intentions of another **foreign king** who brought ***his*** old ***WAR*** with ***him*** to **England**. Under the increasingly **Catholic** Stuarts, **England** had been enjoying some kind of ***rapprochement*** with the ***French*** that resulted in the shockingly **low** total of only ***two*** minor ***French*-Anglo *WARS*** being fought in the ***130*** years before **England** got sucked into ***Orange Billy's*** and ***Louis* XIVth's 9 Years *WAR***.

Just like how the **modern** pivot-point events of **Pearl Harbor**, the **Gulf of Tonkin** incident and ***9/11/01*** also allowed certain executive branches to stampede a previously unwilling Congress and isolation minded population into doing exactly what the (**allegedly**) elected executive of the time wanted to do, ***Orange Billy*** was able to **spin** the minor loss of ***one*** third-rate **English** ship (and 7-10 ***Dutch*** ones) in the **channel** as being the **harbinger** of things to come if **England** did **not** greatly **improve** and ***expand*** it's already prodigious **Navy**.

Though it was for slightly differing reasons, a much **improved** and ***expanded* English navy** was in the **best interests** of both ***Orange Billy*** and **Green** (and pleasant) **England**. Given **England's** geography of being an **island** just **22 miles** away from ***France*** and the **nature** of it's increasingly international **aquatic Empire**, having a **pre-eminent *blue water* Navy** at it's disposal made a certain amount of sense.

This wasn't just good for **England**, it was good for ***Orange Billy*** since spearheading **England's Naval bid** for ***aquatic superiority*** would go a long way in reassuring the **local punters** still on the fence in **England** about the **intent** of their **foreign King**. Plus, there was the additional benefit of having a **stronger *second* Navy** to continue ***his* beef** with the ***French***.

In addition to the benefit of the recent naval drubbing in the **Channel** to push ***his*** naval agenda through, ***Orange Billy*** came back to **England** victorious from whipping on **Irish** and **Scottish Jacobites** in **Ireland** and elsewhere who rallied around one **James** (formerly the **iind**) **Stuart** hellbent on returning to **England's throne**. Instead, ***Jimmy the Deuce*** ended up returning to ***France*** after hightailing it from the **Battle of the Boyne** after getting **royally** stomped by ***Orange Billy*** (and ***his*** allied **English**-*Dutch* forces).

Though the ***converging forces*** of **success** in **Ireland** and **defeat** in the **Channel** helped get enough **English** people behind ***Orange Billy*** to make **Parliament** slightly more open to **funding** an ***enormous military escalation*** for a standing **blue water navy** to **rival** (then surpass) ***France's***, it **wasn't** quite enough to inspire ***confidence*** in **England's** would be ***creditors***, many of whom happened to be ***Dutch***.

After the **royal mess** the **Stuarts** had made of **England's *exchequer***, **England's *credit*** on the **continent** was already **dogshit** BEFORE giving their ***chief executive the sack*** and **formerly inviting** the **CEO** of their ***largest commercial competitor*** to **initiate** a ***hostile takeover*** of **England's** government. Generally speaking, such a nakedly

desperate move to **secure effective leadership** is NOT the kind of thing to inspire **uninhibited confidence** (and/or ***investment)*** in the affected **financial institution**.

This **lack** of ***investor confidence*** posed a real problem for **England's** incipient naval build up. Up until ***Orange Billy***, when **England** (and/or it's **monarch**) needed ***money,*** any **monies** "**lent**" to **England** were in fact being "**lent**" to the **reigning monarch** after being (**forcibly**) solicited from various nobles, aristocrats, high ranking religious officers, and **any** English religious orders, churches or abbeys known to be **flush** with the **Lord's largess**.

These ***royal*** "**loans**", the odd time they were actually "**paid**" back by such illustrious individuals as ***Hank* 8**, ***Bloody Mary***, and a double brace of ***Jimmies*** and ***Chucks*** (who incidentally **all** had relatively consistent conceptions on the ***inviolability*** of the **authority** of the **English crown** in regards to **English** subjects), were often **paid back** in the form of **aristocratic entitlements** that came with attendant **lands** and "**rights**" to ***tax*** and **use** those **lands** (and the ***people*** and **sheep** on them) as the **local aristocrat** saw fit, more or less. Though many of these **entitled gifts** often proved to be **better** than slightly lucrative in the long run, it was up to the **newly aristocratic *loaner*** to ***monetize*** their ***payment*** through some kind of **sweat** (and/or ***blood)*** **equity**.

Despite those (**dubious** but real, ***when*** they happened) ***benefits***, there were **3** distinct ***disadvantages*** to being an ***involuntary domestic royal investor*** in **England**.

The greater of them is that **all loans to England** were **paid back** according to the often ***capricious* discretion** (or a distinct lack thereof) of the **reigning monarch**. If the typical **harebrained military gambit** worked out like ***usual***, the ***involuntary investor*** was ***unlikely*** to be **paid back** in part or full.

Past that, there was also the ***risk*** of the ***involuntary investor*** falling **out** of favor with the **monarch** BETWEEN the ***involuntary*** transfer of **funds** to the **throne** and the successful **completion** of the recently **financed *foreign adventures.*** When that happened, that put the ***investor*** at significant ***risk*** of NOT **being paid pack**, or possibly being **compensated** with a **royal plum** (slash ***entitlement)*** significantly ***smaller*** in **value** than the **original** ***(involuntary)*** **loan**.

Another reason that **royal** "**loans**" were seen to be an increasingly ***risky*** proposition was that they were ***not*** always **transferable** in case of **monarchial *turnover***.

Especially if the former monarch happened to be rather **engnominously *booted off*** of the **throne** and **beheaded** or chased off to ***France*** (or ***Ireland)*** for their **e**(**n**)**gregious *excesses*** in their **royal efforts** at home and abroad. When this was the case, those who had **funded** ***(involuntarily*** or not) the **foreign fuckup** in question were ***unlikely*** to receive ANY kind of **payment** for **funds** previously **disbursed** to the crown.

Thirdly, unless you happened to be a **landed aristocrat** able to raise your own local **army** to rival the **King's**, when it was time for **payback** after a ***successful*** venture,

domestic investors were usually **paid back** AFTER **England's *foreign creditors***. As those payments were usually in **hard specie** (actual ***ca$h money)***, the ***larger*** those **foreign loans** were, the **more likely** subsequent ***domestic repayments*** were in the form of **aristocratic entitlements** for ever **smaller** and ***smaller*** pieces of **England's island pie**.

For **foreign investors**, ***investing*** in **Royal England** (and/or it's **crown**) was almost as **risky** for much the same reasons. Though somewhat more **likely** to be **paid back** if the ***funded*** venture was a **success** (lest a **jilted *foreign investor*** decide to ***invest*** the next **English *opponent),* English** "success" in military matters was something ***other*** than guaranteed.

With those pre-existing **market forces** already at work prior to the upheaval of the later Stuart period and it's relatively high royal turnover, PLUS **England's** previous track record with foreign Kings, ***nobody*** was interested in lending the **Dutch-English king** the **shit ton** of **money** it was going to **take** to **build** the **best navy** (of the time) on the planet.

This is where ***Orange Billy's*** native **Dutch wiliness** becomes one of **England's** pre-eminent **assets** in **it's** imperial bid to ***take over the entire fucking planet.***

He was savvy enough to know that with ***his*** status as a **resident alien king** in **England**, any attempt to pull any ***Hank*** or ***Stuart*-like** maneuvers to motivate a deeply divided **Parliament** to fund ***his*** naval buildup would go over like gasoline on a bonfire on **Guy Fawkes Day** with the **English anti-*Billy*** crowd, which was **not** a small minority during ***his*** reign.

Even if that wasn't the case, many (verging on **most**) in **Parliament** were understandably **averse** to being trolled by their opposition for approving the disbursement of enormous amounts of **English** capital to the ruler of their ***largest commercial competitor***, even it was for the good of **England**.

Possible **foreign lenders** decided to **pass** on making ***any* high risk loans** to **England's exchequer** due to **perceived** (and very ***real*** in this case) political **volatility** in **England** which could (**easily**) result in further **royal turnover** in the near term, which, as previously noted, could easily result in **non-payment** of any **loans** to **England**.

Unlike other **English** (and frequently **native**) **kings** who typically resort to ***imposing tyrannical taxes by royal decree*** or simply **seizing** their **political opponent's *assets*** (and **money**), ***Orange Billy*** committed a rare royal act of true political genius in ginning up another source of **national revenue** to build **national strategic assets**.

Drawing from ***his*** native well of entrepreneurial **Dutch** know how, ***he*** imported a **Dutch *fundraising method*** pioneered in Amsterdam starting back in **1517** which could be accurately referred to as ***government bondage***, but generally **isn't** thanks to the

department of corrections overtones that most **treasury types** like to avoid, if possible.

Government bondage is the economic practice where a local, regional or national **government** with ***bills to pay in excess of the current tax base*** issues a financial device known as a **bond** through an associated financial institution. Broadly speaking, a **bond** is a ***promise*** to **pay back** the **purchaser** of the **bond** the **original amount** ***plus some kind of interest on the principle*** (IE the original price of the bond).

The ***interest*** of a **bond** is usually pegged at a **rate** that is assumed to be ***higher*** than the **local inflation rate** for the **duration** of the ***bond period***, which could be either ***fixed*** (with a specific maturation date) or ***floating*** (which could be cashed in at any time).

Though **most** early **bonds** had a **fixed period** of **maturation** at a ***fixed*** **interest rate** far ***less*** than **60%**, they were generally seen to be a relatively **safe** and moderately **lucrative** ***investment***, and just the kind of thing for the person who has a bit (or **more**) of **extra money** laying about and **not** much in the way of ***viable*** **investment opportunities**.

Rather than just leave one's **legal tender** ***moldering*** underneath one's feathered mattress while it slowly ***depreciates*** over time (thanks to inevitable ***inflation*** that comes with **economic success** involving ***paper currencies)***, it made more **cents** to ***invest*** in a **government issued bond** for an early going ***interest rate*** of **20%**. Buying a **bond** issued by some kind of official governing body was (and **is**) seen to be a **relatively** sound investment due to the ability of any effective government to **raise** or create ***new taxes to cover their escalating bond debt*** (**neverMIND** that **bonds** are usually issued in response to ***insufficient tax income*** in the first place).

Billy's genius as **England's** ***Dutch*** **king** was to take this economic model and expand it to a national scale. After coming up with a **1.2 million pound sterling** target budget for ***his*** new **royal navy** (and don't forget to add three or more zeros before doubling to adjust for inflation and currency rates), ***he*** (along with one Charles Montague) spearheaded an ***investment group*** that, in return for their **hard currency investment** (in actual metal bullion), would be given a ***double monopoly*** over **English economic affairs**.

On one hand they were given **sole possession** of the **government's balances** (including the "**right**" to charge ***interest*** where **money** was **owed** to the **government**).

On the other hand, this ***private corporation*** also received the **exclusive privilege** of ***issuing paper notes*** equal to the amount of bullion originally issued to the **government**, or in this case ***1,200,000 pounds of actual silver.*** These **paper notes** were referred to as ***promissory notes*** as they were a ***paper promise*** by the **issuing body** to **cough up** the **promised** amount of ***actual bullion*** (usually **coined** for convenience) when presented with the **note** they or another branch had **issued**.

The sheer **diabolical** genius of this whole madcap scheme was that since it was **statistically unlikely** that ***everyone*** with a ***promissory note*** for **pounds sterling** would attempt to trade them for actual bullion at the ***same time*** (due to the previously mentioned difficulties one encounters when trucking around hundreds of pounds of heavy metal coins), this **investment group** could **issue** MORE ***bank notes*** than the ***actual amount of bullion*** that had been submitted for the original **1.2 million pound** ***government bond***.

Moreover, in addition to a **bank note** being **issued** upon ***deposit*** of **actual specie**, a **bank note** could be **issued** as a ***loan***, most likely paid back with ***real money*** at (**compound**) ***interest***.

These latter privileges made any **royal charter** authorizing such egregious economic prestidigitation a ***literal license to print money***. This **Royal Charter** was issued by ***Orange Billy*** on **7.27.1694** to the **Governor** and **Company** of the ***Bank of England***.

For only a nominal service fee of **8%** per annum (plus a **£4000** management fee), this ***privately*** owned and operated ***Bank of England (BOE)*** started **managing** the **governments balances** (and collecting **late fees** and/or ***interest*** on amounts **owed**) while issuing **bank notes** on the **government's** behalf, or ***loaning*** the same at ***interest*** while keeping that ***PLUS*** the **principle** of any ***loan*** made in ***excess*** of **actual bank holdings**.

In addition to that, once the **extended capital** ***loan*** was **paid back** to the ***BOE***, the ***bank could lend out DOUBLE the same (over) extended amount again*** as the **bank** would have **added** the amount of the previous **loan's** ***principle*** to their **assets** since the **original** ***loan*** was (likely) ***imaginary money*** which had been **paid back** with ***real money***.

(MOREOVER, if ***BOE*** **loans** were **deposited** back in the ***BOE*** by the loan **recipient**, that **re-deposited loan** {***made with money may have never actually existed in the first place***} would be **added** to the ***bank's*** **asset column**, in effect **negating** the **original loan's** entry in the ***liability*** **ledger**. MEANING that the **amount** of that ***loan asset*** could itself be LOANED OUT AGAIN (yes, ***at interest)*** and potentially be **redeposited** in part and full and ***loaned out again*** in a(n endless) repetition of the above process.)

So in essence this **1.2 million pound** ***bond*** purchased from the **government** of **England** was a **legal license** for this ***bank*** to produce ***notes*** for ***2.4 million pounds*** at any given time, charge ***interest*** on **loaned** funds, **keep** the ***principle*** and ***interest*** of ALL ***loans*** in **excess** of **1.2 million pounds** (at first, then **sharply rising** thereafter), and then get **paid** a ***further*** **8%** (plus **4,000 pounds**) annual ***interest*** for the **privilege** of ***balancing*** the **government's** accounts.

As **crazy** as this whole arrangement looks on paper ***(mostly because it is)***, the prospect of **doubling** or ***tripling*** one's original **investment** within a **year** (or less) was

something that **many** were willing to take a chance on, and it only took **12 days** for the original ***BOE* ipo** of **1.2 million pounds** of ***shares*** to sell out, which was **fast** in those pre-networked days.

When the "subscriptions" to this **government *loan*** were sold out, ***Orange Billy*** and *his* merry minions used about **half** (IE almost ***£666*,000**) of the accumulated **capital** to start the **Royal Naval rebuild**. The other ***half*** of the income from this **bond** offering was used for **undisclosed purposes** and possibly ended up in one (or **more**) **royal** or **aristocratic *pockets***, as per the usual practice of **Kings** in **England** and elsewhere in Europe.

Despite the prodigious percentage of the royal rake off, (almost) ***£666*,000** turned out to be the (**black**) magic number for **English economic miracle** that created the domestic launch pad for their international **Empire of the Sun** that would ***seize the rest of the world by the balls and maintain a white knuckled grip on them for the next 250 years***. Their aquatic Manhattan project created more than just big boats, it created **economies of scale** to properly **assemble** and ***grease*** their brand new ***WAR* machine**.

Chapter **12.2**:
*(**WAR*** and **bubble**) **Economy 101**

Building a new fleet of fighting ships made with the most cutting technology that the early 18th century offered required armies of manpower, massive infrastructure improvements and a well oiled logistics system capable of securing and ferrying the enormous amounts of resources necessary for building England's aquatic ***WAR*** machine. This also included the staggering amount of **food** needed to feed the workers that built it, plus stocking the fully manned ships when they went off to sea. The sheer amount of nails needed to build a new navy was large enough to warrant the building of new iron works (and/or foundries) which required it's own small army of skilled and semi-skilled workers.

And those are only some of the **first order effects** of this **pre-British English economic explosion**. All of these armies of skilled and less skilled workers needed to be fed, clothed, housed and required easy and ready access to plenty of ***beer*** (and/or **bathtub gin**) to drown their working man sorrows in after pulling the usual ***12-15 hour shift 6 days a week.*** A host of small business and start up firms sprang up around **Royal Navy** yards to accommodate these needs (and ***profit*** from them), and there is a better than even chance that **many** of these businesses and firms were started with startup ***capital*** that had been ***loaned*** to their proprietors (at ***interest)*** by the ***Bank of England***. For those who found economic success in their efforts, it was not at all uncommon for these industrious individuals to parlay their **profits** into ***starting*** other small businesses or ***investing*** in promising startups, which led to more people being hired and more ***wealth*** being created.

None of which would have been **possible** without the ***Bank of England*** and their seemingly magickal ability to ***loan imaginary money at interest***. Despite most credible historians pegging the start of the Industrial Revolution around 1760 or so when pivotal

developments like steam power, spinning jennies, and coke-fueled iron smelting started coming on line, all of that (and more) happened in the **lee** of the **English economic *singularity*** that ***Orange Billy*** (and others) touched off when they started the ***BOE*** in **1694**.

Many to **most** of the technological developments that defined the industrial revolution were, generally speaking, **great big metal contraptions** that were **resource** and ***capital* intensive** to make and develop. Though some verging on few (if any) of these pivotal developments were made possible through lent ***BOE*** funds, in some small (or greater) way the **Industrial Revolution** as we know it ***would not have been possible without the means to finance it.***

Even though **none** of the various individual aspects of the ***BOE's*** original operations were, in fact, all that original, being the **first** to creatively combine them the way **England** did gave it an **economic edge** that it still **enjoys** (and ***suffers from)*** to this very day. Being (nearly) the **first nation** out of the **National Bank** gate was more than just the early bird getting the worm, **England** was able to **shape** the ***foundation*** on the **modern banking system** according to **it's** own decidedly **drunken** and ***deranged*** sensibilities.

Undoubtably, at least some (if not all) of **England's superlative success** in ***modern banking*** was due in part to ***all*** of the ongoing ***genetic drift*** and **REVERSE EUGENICS *metastasizing*** in their **upper classes** (who seem to be almost as **eager** to ***kill*** the **best** and **brightest** in ***their own ranks*** as they are to do the **same** to those **lower down** the totem pole) since the ***Romans.***

All of the accumulated **upper class *inbreeding***, ***crossbreeding*** with continental aristocrats almost as **inbred** as them, ***mercury*** and ***lead*** poisoning (first by accident then **on purpose**) and ***en(g)demic* fetal alcohol syndrome** resulted in widely dispersed **genetic *glitches*** in the **genomes** of **surviving** (and **breeding**) **upper class dependents** and created the **perfect storm** for ***precipitating*** the **ideal** (**thin lipped** and **tiny headed**) ***English banking executive.***

Which goes a long way to explaining things like **traditional banker's hours** (**12-3PM** every **third** Wednesday, assuming it **doesn't *conflict*** with a previously scheduled tee-off time, bird shoot or fox hunt) and a WIDELY shared ***operational familiarity with numbers rooted more in gambling than arithmetic*** in early (and/or ***modern)*** **banking** "communities" (and/or ***thunderdomes*)*.*

Those same **contributing factors** also further **contributed** to the longstanding **aversion** of ***bankers*** to most kinds of **physical labor** (aside from the occasional ***thrashing*** of one's **children** or **domestic servants**) and their ***widely shared* idiot's willingness** to "**invest**" in (and/or ***bet on)*** just about ***any* madcap scheme** when the **projected payout** was **high enough** IF the **tip** came from **another** of their **upper class twit** friends.

The **two** biggest advantages that **English** ***high finance*** types had over their continental counterparts is that they were significantly ***more*** **half insane** (but seemingly ***less aware of it)*** thanks to some well documented **cultural trends** AND they happened to **speak** a ***(schizoid)*** **language** ideally equipped for **reinforcing** and ***amplifying*** the **mental state**(**s**) of **affected** ***speakers, writers, listeners*** and ***readers.***

The ***BOE*** breakthrough paved the way for **legions** of **indolent**, **high class gamblers** to ***legitimize*** their **pernicious habit** by calling it ***high finance*** and started ***betting with other people's money*** as well as their **own**.

Many of these ***bets*** (and/or "investments") worked out very well **indeed** for the **haves** and the ***have mores***. The **capital class** finally had something more productive to do with their ***money*** than piss it all away on ***gambling***, **building ever more excessively ostentatious estates**, or **arming the next religious** and/or **regicidal peasant uprising** in hopes of **upward aristocratic advancement**.

The friskier, **numerically inclined** sorts in the **aristocracy** found a **legitimate**(and/or ***-ized)*** **outlet** for their **speculative outbursts**. The **business class** "**haves**" that actually **started** and ***ran*** **businesses**, **firms** or **factories** (into the **ground**, at times) were **rarely** without some kind of **support** ***capital*** to cover **start up** or **productivity upgrade** ***costs***, and were able to further ***borrow*** against their ***success*** if they wanted to **start up** (or ***fund)*** any **side businesses** WITHOUT actually having to stoop to the indignity of ***using their own savings*** to do it.

As perceptive readers may have already noted for themselves, ***absent*** from this list of **primary beneficiaries** of the **English economic explosion** of the **early** (**middle** and **late**) **1700's** are the **much** ***(MUCH)*** larger class of ***have nots***. And not without reason.

Chapter **12.3**: ***Stealing*** the **wealth of a nation**
Subsection 1: ***Theft through*** (and **of**) ***money***

Though there were a few first order ***trickle down*** **effects** in the skilled and unskilled labor forces (IE gainful employment, slightly **less** shitty wages and a **gallon** of ***beer*** to drink during each **12-15 hour shift**), this surfeit of **benefits** was slightly **dwarfed** by the ***typical economic predations*** committed by an ***upper class suffering from a massive capital infusion***.

This should be of little surprise considering the fact that significant **majorities** of **England's economic elite** continued to be ***afflicted*** by the particularly **virulent** form of ***GOLD fever*** the ***Normans*** had reintroduced to the **island** a thousand years after it had originally been **infected** by the upper class ***Romans*** who had been packed off to the ass end of nowhere for their **mud duck maneuvers** committed in more central locations of ***Pax Romana***.

The intervening centuries between ***Billy the Bastard*** and ***Orange Billy*** turned out to be the perfect **petrie dish** for growing an **island bound** ***culture*** positively riddled with

GOLD fever. Consistent with the **highly addictive** nature of this unfortunate (and yet to be properly documented in any of the ***DSM dungeon master books*** printed before the publication of this device) ***condition***, the **island wide** re-exposure to moderate amounts of ***GOLD*** being strategically placed **on** (or about) **double refracted *French* aristocrat assholes** was more than enough to **whet** a long **pre-disposed** appetite.

The ***Normans*** doled out a minimal subsistence level of ***JUNK...***WHOOPS... foreshadowing...***GOLD*** to the more cooperative sorts (which were **legion**). Those **trace amounts** were just **enough** for those **upward angling collaborators** to further ***expose*** their social circles to bits of ***GOLD*** strategically arrayed on or about their person. Which (**of course**) rekindled **long predisposed feelings** of ***irrational avarice*** in the **shrinking hearts** and **narrowing minds** of middle tier **upward anglers** and affected (and usually **domestic**) **shit workers** who had to clean up after those **gentrified slobs**.

That widely repeated **propagation vector** went almost entirely ***unabated*** by **effective treatment strategies**. Many to **most** on the **island** were **infected** by ***GOLD fever*** by the time the ***Norman* aristos** went **native** enough to be ***indistinguishable*** from the average ***French* speaking English aristocrat**. Right about the time most to all in **England** were **afflicted** with some level of ***GOLD fever*** was when the ***Black Plague*** hit, and ***that*** PLUS the multiple **famines** that preceded it created a ***climate of scarcity*** that mostly had the **effect** of ***exacerbating*** this unfortunate and often ***terminal* condition**. **NOT** unlike when an ***opiate*** enthusiast experiences an **interruption** to their **supply** and is forced to go ***cold turkey*** and starts getting **extra twitchy**.

This was especially **true** of those in the **upper classes** whose **farm based fortunes *failed*** when local labor pools ***collapsed*** in the face of **multiple** adverse events with a **50%** or ***greater* mortality** rate (**each**) in the space of a **few decades**. Just like with **smack**, the **daily *GOLD*** (**ab**)**user** with (a)n (**seemingly**) endless **supply** tends to **feel** their **daily deprivation** much more **keenly** than the onetime/sometime **junky-in-training**. But even these tended to **pale** in the presence of more pressing concerns that tend to happen with **being on the wrong end** of something straight out of the **fucking bible**.

Small wonder that so many turned to the **dark art**(**s**) of ***Alchemy*** (and/or **informed buggery**) once things returned to their usual **middling normal** ***(whatever the fuck that is)*** for **England**. ***Alchemy's*** rapidly building **popularity** was more than enough to **throw** most people **off** of whatever accidental ***GOLD* addiction wagon** they had previously been **on** once the **plague** and **scarcity** ridden dust settled. But in the presence of ***Alchemy*** and all of ***it's*** attendant ***allegory*** and ***mercury*** (and **lead**) **poisoning**, ***Alchemy*** began to **mutate** in **new** and ***(increasingly)*** **demented** ways.

The ***diminishing insight*** of **succeeding generations** (above and beyond the usual ***genetic drift*** of **idiots breeding more emphatic idiots** which **MAY** or may not be characteristic of accumulated {and **hereditary**} ***heavy metal* glitches** in their **genomes**) combined **readily** with the increasing ***abstraction*** that tends to happen in the presence of ***above average wealth*** and NOT **almost dying** for **extended** periods of time.

The ***assumed*** **metallurgical malleability** that allowed for the alleged **interchangeability** between **lead** and ***GOLD*** contributed to some similar mentations about the ***relationship*** between **money** and **value**.

Historically, the ***value*** of "**money**" was directly related to the media it was printed on. A ***GOLD*** (or **silver**) **coin** was **valuable** mostly because of the **metal** that it was **formed** with. The actual ***imprint*** on **it** merely a **stamped verification** of it's ***physical value*** by it's **issuing authority**. When ***paper*** started being used as **currency**, it was mostly as a ***paper marker*** that was directly **equivalent** to ***it's*** **noted amount** of actual **metal coin** or **bullion** that would be **redeemed** by the **bearer** (of the **note**) upon **presentation** to the **issuing entity**.

Which for a long time (before **banks**) was as **likely** to be issued by a ***GOLD*-smith** in **England**. This made a lot of sense for many as ***GOLD*-smiths** (**presumably**) already had a **bunch of bullion** sitting around that **hadn't** (**yet**) been ***stolen*** (by well meaning **gubment** authorities). Given that ***(alleged)*** **abundance**, ***GOLD*-smiths** could ***probably*** be **trusted** to store some more if one did not feel (or ***have*** a) **safe** about **one's domicile** and/or **domestic servants**. The **storage fees** were usually **nominal** for the ***sense*** of **security** that came with the ***(almost)*** **certain knowledge** that **one's** (probably **ill gotten**) ***loot*** was **safe** for the moment.

What these ***early promissory note enthusiasts*** didn't seem to know or consider was that ***GOLD*-smiths** were a bunch of ***heavy metal*** **vapor huffing crypto-*Alchemists*** frequently in the **habit** of ***re-smelting*** any **coins** with **molds** that were slightly **smaller** than the **originals** and ***keeping*** the **small difference** for themselves.

And ***those*** were the (more) **honest** ones, ***others*** would **do** the **same** and put ***lead*** **plugs** in the **middle** of ***GOLD*** **coins** to give them the **right heft**. **Others** who had **more** customer traffic were **not** above fulfilling **old deposit notes** with ***new coin*** that **just came in** because the **original loot** had already been **spent** or ***invested*** in some **crackpot scheme** that **didn't** quite have the **expected payout**. The ***GOLD*-smiths** were able to get away with all this as long as everybody who had **stored** a ***similar*** kind of **specie** did NOT ***all come in at the same time*** to **claim** their ***deposits***. Which happened rarely enough that **many** of these **early English** ***high finance*** **types** were **quick** to **assume** that ***rarely*** was the **same** thing as ***never***.

With **many** of these ***GOLD*-smiths** already orbiting in certain social circle(**jerk**)s due to their working and operational familiarity with ***GOLD***, there was FURTHER **conceptual** ***cross-pollination*** in various ***Alchemical*** (slash **drinking** and/or **buttsex**) clubs beyond the aforementioned and rather **literal** approach of using ***lead*** **bullets** to **scare local survivors** into a **disadvantageous** negotiating position for their ***GOLD*** (and/or other valuable **resources** that could be **traded** for such).

Frustrated by the ongoing lack of success in actually transmuting ***lead*** into ***GOLD***, some **speculative** ***Alchemists*** decided that learning ***how to multiply*** the ***GOLD*** they already

had into **more** ***GOLD*** might be a **better** use of their time. Some of the more **forward thinkers** in this school of thought were quick to note the overwhelming ***success*** many of their ***GOLD*****-smith brothers** had **spun** through ***banking other people's hard currency***. The ***paper receipt*** of a **bank deposit** quickly became a widely accepted form of ***payment*** for **all kinds of transactions**, and were usually ***valued at*** or ***near*** the amount of **specie** indicated on the ***deposit note***.

This was a bit of an eye opener for some of the more **forward** (or perhaps ***lateral***) **thinking** types in the ***Alchemist*** (**drinking**) **clubs**. If people were willing to treat a ***paper promise*** for **specie** to be ***equivalent*** to the **amount specified**, than ***more wealth*** could, conceivably, be ***created*** through the **circulation** of ***more deposit notes*****.**

And ESPECIALLY ***if actual deposits did NOT quite reflect the total amount of previously issued notes***.

After multiple **banking** ***busts*** by overly enthusiastic **note issuers** who had been **found** to **not** quite have **all** the ***promised*** **specie** on hand that they had **issued** ***promissory notes*** for, those who saw the ***value multiplying*** effects of ***paper money*** also saw the **need** to ***legitimize*** it by **curtailing** the more **e**(**n**)**gregious** of those **excesses**.

Cue ***Bank of England*** and it's first **paper notes** that ***promised*** the ***bearer*** **one** (**troy**) **pound of silver coin** if that **note** was presented to the ***BOE***. The ***government backed monopoly*** over **English** (than **British**) **paper currency** went a **long way** towards ***legitimizing*** the **practice** of ***paper money*** that was a rather large factor in **England's** economic success. Yet, as usual, unmitigated ***success*** came at a ***terrible price*** that **England**, **Britain**, **America** and **much** to **most** to **damn near** the **rest** of the **world** continues to unwittingly **pay** the ***interest*** on.

The rapid **profusion** of ***paper money*** lead to a **minor** but crucial ***mutation*** in the local ***GOLD fever*** **variant** that had been **stalking England's green** and **pleasant lands** since the ***Romans***. The progressive **distinction** of the ***value of money*** FROM the ***media*** **it** was stamped (or **printed**) on opened up a whole new **conceptual habitat** for the ***GOLD*** **fever contagion** to ***colonize*** beyond the usual **precious metals** that were the usual alternate targets of **desire** when ***GOLD*** was **not** available or **deemed** to be ***less*** **valuable** than other SHINY alternatives.

This **new** (and ***modern***) **variant** of ***GOLD fever*** is probably best termed ***money madness*** mostly because ***that's exactly what it is***.

The crucial ***mutation*** that made it into the ***modern*** **contagion** that **much** of the **modern world** suffers from was that ***GOLD Fever was no longer limited by naturally occurring*** **GOLD** ***supplies***.

Prior to that, ***GOLD's*** relatively **rare** occurrence was widely known and that knowledge was a **mitigating factor** that lead many ***have nots*** to simply accept that no matter how much they dreamed or schemed to get some, there was (virtually) **no way** to get any

GOLD in **England** that **wasn't** already **spoken for** by ***people who weren't inclined to share***.

This **widely known** and **shared** condition of ***scarcity*** did NOT exactly **minimize** widespread **pining** for all of the ***pretty pretty*** things that **could** be purchased with ***GOLD***, but the ***known level of scarcity*** regarding it had the **effect** of ***diminishing*** one's ***auric* desires** over time so they weren't as **keenly *felt*** on a **moment** by **moment** basis.

But that all changed as soon as ***paper money*** started **passing** as (**muthafuckin'**) ***legal tender***. Unlike ***GOLD***, **paper** (**money**) ***actually does grow on trees***, and was **widely available** because of it. Since **paper** is derived from a **renewable resource** (IE trees), there was ***no upper limit*** to the **total** amount it's ***theoretical supply*** provided some common sense forestry practices.

This *(**seemingly**)* inexhaustible ***supply*** of **paper** further seemed to **imply** a similar ***lack of limit*** to the **total amount** of ANY currency ***printed*** on it. The only **mitigating** factor was other people's ***willingness to accept bank script at or near it's face value***, and the ***BOE*** had that **covered** with their **Royal Charter** to **print money**.

The economic sea change triggered by this ***revaluing*** of ***value itself***, as prodigious and lasting as it continues to be, was itself DWARFED by the **profound psychological effects** that it had **on** it's **proponents**, **proprietors** and *(**hordes*** of) other ***GOLD fever*** (slash ***money madness)*** **victims**.

Given the entirely ***neuro-psychological*** nature of ***GOLD fever***, the **main** and just about ***only* mitigating** factor minimizing it's **spread** (and the **individual intensity** of ***it's* personal pathology**) was the **widespread knowledge** of it's **rarity** and strongly ***implied*** total amount of ***GOLD*** on this **planet**. These widely **known** (and/or **assumed**) facts, in addition to **limiting** it's **spread** for reasons recently mentioned, ALSO **informed** the ***upper threshold*** of the ***GOLD fever* victim/enthusiast's** general **idea** of ***how much would be enough*** for their **present** and ***future*** desires.

Though the relative amount of ***GOLD* needed** to inspire the sort of **languid torpor** or **relaxed lassitude** that the ***GOLD* addict** seeks **varies** from person to person, this ***imaginary amount*** of ***GOLD*** usually had a relatively fixed **upper limit** determined by certain **physical** practicalities. The general rule of thumb (**winces**) for this ***imaginary amount*** for **poor people** was about as much ***GOLD*** they could **carry unassisted**.

Consistent with ***GOLD's*** standard (IE **diminishing**) ***buzz to dosage ratio***, in already being ***attenuated*** to **large amounts** of **specie**, the **rich *GOLD* addict's *imaginary amount*** of ***GOLD*** necessary to **trigger** their preferred ***GOLD rush*** was either **limited** to the amount it would take to **fill** their **strong room**, or in particularly **aggravated** cases, the ***minimum volume*** of **coin** that it would **take** to ***be able to swim in***.

The ***transference*** of those **sublimated primate predispositions** from ***GOLD*** to ***paper money*** for the most part effectively ***eliminated*** the **upper threshold** of **one's** preferred

imaginary stockpile of **ca$h money**. This substantial **increase** of the ***imaginary money*** in **one's mind** would have the **immediate** and ***inevitable*** **effect** of making **one's** current **paltry sums** in the **real world** seem that much more ***insignificant***. The comparison of **one's *current state of poverty*** to the **ever-increasing *imaginary sums*** of the **mind** would further **inspire** or **magnify** feelings of (possibly **acute**) SCARCITY...

Even if the money mad GOLD addict happens to be well fed in a stable living situation in a house where sheep shit and twigs are not primary structural components.

The further **distancing** of the original ***Neuro-Chromatic Banana Response*** triggered by ***GOLD*** after being ***transferred*** to **paper money** made these **irrational desires** fundamentally MORE **insatiable** no matter how many stacks of bills the ***money mad GOLD addict*** managed to **acquire**. Even though it's not (**especially**) edible, ***GOLD's*** **buttery**, **lambent *density*** gave it a certain **physical presence** that triggered **deep seated** FEELINGS of **security** and **reassurance** when's **one's own supply** was ***present*** in their **sensory field**. This was an **integral** part of the ***GOLD rush*** experience that would **temporarily satiate** the **desire** for ***GOLD*** and possibly enjoy the **stockpile *one already had.*** Or at least **until** the ***buzz tapered off at current surplus levels***.

This immediate **psychosomatic response** was almost entirely ***eliminated*** when these **irrational** FEELINGS were ***transferred*** (usually **sub-** or **pre-consciously**) to **paper money**. Where ***GOLD's*** various physical properties suggest a sort of **valuable *permanence*** that **doesn't** corrode over time (assuming it's kept **separate** from various ***mercury*** compounds), **paper's** qualities of being **easily made**, **easily marked**, **easily torn** and ***readily flammable*** implied a sort of **transient**, ***impermanent*** **medium** of ***value.*** This (distinct) ***impression of impermanence*** was further (and ***strongly)*** **reinforced** by the various ***(hyper)*** **inflationary pressures** that are (seemingly) **part** and **parcel** of ANY ***paper money economy.***

The **physical qualities** of **paper** naturally facilitated a different set of **psychosomatic *feelings*** in those who **beheld** their own **surplus**. Whatever **sense** of ***security*** that was (or ***is)*** experienced in the realm of ***conscious reflection*** in the **mind** of the ***money mad GOLD addict*** was (slash ***is)*** a **false veneer** masking a **constant** and **gnawing concern** that no matter **how much *paper money*** they had, it could ALL ***rapidly disappear*** in a **fire**, **flood** or **famine**. And even if none of that happened, the ***longer it sat around the less valuable it was.***

And that was in the actual presence of stacks of **cash money**. When further **reduced** to a **set** of **digits** representing **current deposits** on a ***bank statement***, this further ***abstraction of value*** tended to ***intensify*** these **psychosomatic responses** while POSSIBLY **inducing** occasional ***feelings*** of **uncomprehending unreality** in the more **philosophically minded** potentially **prone** to **reflecting** on the ***reduction*** of **one's strenuous** and **unrelenting commercial labors** over time to a discrete series of **digits**.

The combination of ***no upper limit*** to **one's *imaginary* hoard** progressively **dwarfing *current deposits***; the ***diminishing worth*** of those **deposits** thanks to (**inevitable**) ***inflation;*** AND the ***false sense of security*** masking the **deep seated fear** of an **unknown** (and ***unknowable)*** **future** where it could ALL **disappear in a instant** put the average ***MONEY mad addict*** in a day to day **fevered frenzy** that made the original ***GOLD fever*** look like the **common cold**.

The **unplanned** development and **rapid spread** of this virulent ***GOLD fever* variant** had ***catastrophic*** and far reaching **consequences** first in **England**, then ***everywhere* they** had a ***colony*** or **commercial** (and/or **military** as they are usually **related**) venture afoot. Just like with **standard *semantic trends*** (and ***fashion fads),*** the **propagation** of ***money madness*** originated in the more centrally located **alpha groups** which then **radiated out**(and **down**)**ward** from there.

Though ***GOLD*** had a ***closer chromatic proximity*** to the original **bananas** these residual ***primate programs*** were **keyed** off of, the rapidly **ubiquitous** presence of ***money madness*** would easily **eclipse** original ***GOLD fever*** in terms of ***staggeringly high*** per capita **incidence rates**, **increased intensity** of **experienced effects**, related ***fatalities*** and **overdose symptoms**.

Consistent with already **rampant** levels of ***GOLD fever*** (and/or **addiction**), **England's upper classes** were the first to widely succumb to ***money madness***. This was ***double plus ungood*** for **Greater Britain** as those ***already rapacious fuckers*** were (like a daily **drug user** with ***serious* impulse control issues**) already ***attenuated*** to **excessive** amounts of **real** and imaginary ***GOLD*** (and/or **silver**, **platinum** or **fine jewels** etc...).

The ***transference*** of these **irrational** FEELINGS to a ***less fulfilling* medium** of **exchange** that **wasn't** constrained by the physical practicalities of relative rarity and extreme density had the entirely **predictable** effect of making those **upper class twits *even more batshit insane than they already were***. Back when they were only suffering from simple ***GOLD fever***, they were **limited** in their rather **equestrian** imaginations by a ***theoretically* fixed** upper amount of ***GOLD*** (and/or **wealth**) that their **current *surplus supply*** was some ***fixed* percentage** of.

NOT SO with ***money madness*** where that ***theoretical* upper limit** was **now** some ***multiple*** of the ***total supply*** of **hard specie** that **fluctuated** according to **amended laws**, **changing business practices** and the ***negligibility of external regulatory oversight*** over the **bill issuing economic entity**.

The untethering of ***imaginary fortunes*** from **physical practicalities** had the **practical effect** of making the ***staggering* fortunes** of the ***already* rich** seem even more ***insignificant*** to **them** than previously. In essence, this was the **economic equivalent** of a **cocaine enthusiast** developing a **taste** (then ***rampant addiction***) for the **much more *fleeting*** rush that comes from ***smoking crack.***

Though **both** are based on the same thing (**benzoylmethylecgonine** derived from the **leaves** of the **coca plant**), where **coke** leads to **increased** feelings of **euphoria**, **energy**, **competence** and/or **sexuality** for a period of **15-60 minutes** after ingestion, ***smoking crack*** tends to **lead** to ***profound feelings*** of **euphoria**, **overwhelming confidence**, **increased energy**, **decreased appetite**, and (potential) **paranoia** for somewhere between **5-10 minutes** after ingestion.

The **intense** but ***brief*** **high** of the ***crack hit*** largely comes from a ***massive*** **dopamine release** that is **triggered** by the **first hit**. Which then starts ***rapidly dropping off in successive hits afterwards*** due to the **body's natural dopamine supply** being greatly ***depleted*** by that first hit. This naturally leads to an **increased craving** for even **more** (**crack**) **cocaine** in the rapidly onsetting crackhead. This **increasing desire** is ***unfortunate*** in the extreme for the simple fact that since naturally occurring **dopamine levels** are ***expended*** after that first hit, ***every*** **hit** after the first becomes an increasingly **pale shadow** of that **first hit of the day** for the increasingly agitated ***crack*** **fiend**. After that first hit, it then takes a **few** hits to **activate** ***less*** of a **high**, which later on can take a **few bowls** to ***not*** **quite get there**.

The **relationship** between standard **cocaine** and ***crack's*** **effects** regarding ***increased intensity*** being experienced for **significantly decreased** durations that FURTHER contribute to ***increased cravings*** for the **associated addictive substance** is ***directly equivalent*** to the **related** effects of **standard** ***GOLD fever*** and it's virulent ***money madness*** **variant**. As tends to be the case with ***transferred addictions***, the ***transferred*** (and **exacerbated**) **effects** tend to be **most keenly felt** by the **biggest** (**ab**)**users**.

Obviously, in the case of ***GOLD fever*** and associated ***money madness*** (and **contrary** to current demographic trends regarding **crack cocaine** addiction), the ***biggest*** **at-risk populations** in **England** were the **landed gentry** (IE ***tories***), the **upward angling traders, shopkeepers**, **mill** and **factory owners** (IE ***whigs***), and the ***economic crack dealers*** (who **may** or **may** not have had direct **ties** to certain ~~**intelligence agencies**~~...***secret societies*** {and/or **drinking** or ***buttsex*** **clubbes**} of the time) that ***initiated*** this whole **financial shitshow**, the ***bankers*** (IE the ***post-political power brokers that held the reins of both parties*** {in ***both*** countries}).

Though these **individual** groups ***exhibited*** different and ***discrete*** sets of ***money madness*** symptoms, these **distinct sets** of symptoms tended to act in **parallel** and/or ***mutually supportive*** ways with the **other** ***at-risk*** **groups** and ***directly contributed*** to **Great Britain's long slow slide** into **imperial ignominy** that **it** continues to (**enjoy** to) this very day.

Despite **much** of this ***money madness*** and (intimately ***related)*** **banking business** had a lot to do with various ***whig*** **machinations**, if you will **pardon** the **obvious oxymoron** in the following (sentence) fragment (and/or **shrapnel**), some of the more **forward thinking** ***tories*** (**HAHAHAHAHA**, so **droll**) found themselves **positively** ***predisposed*** towards ***money madness*** after the local **wool** market **collapsed** in the later **1600's**.

That happened because of **local market *saturation*** and stiffer ***competition*** than ever from a **surge** of **foreign textile *imports*** streaming into **England** from various **colonies**, **dependents** and occasional **allies**. The more **progressively minded** of those (**eng**)**landed *tories*** were able to **make good** on their ***land losses*** if not ***improve*** their **agricultural incomes** by taking advantage of a plethora of **new farming techniques** and new (frequently **imported**) **agricultural devices**.

England's population continued to prodigiously **swell** over the **17th** and **18th centuries** (and beyond) thanks to NOT ***benefitting*** from the **periodic famine**, **plague**, **politically** and/or **religiously** inspired **civil *WAR,*** and/or the **odd invasion** by **differently inflected foreign assholes** that had been **par for course** for historical **England**.

Between all that, and the usual **drunken shenanigans** the **island** is ***still*** famous for, the **island's population** started rapidly **increasing** in the **1600's** and created more ***demand*** for **food**. This led to **rising** food prices that **local *independent* food crop farmers** were **benefitting** from while their ***former* lords** who **turfed them** off their **old lands** were **wallowing** in their own **wool surpluses**, rather than **swimming** in the **coin** they would have **much preferred**.

Just like **now**, allowing those hard working **proles** to actually ***benefit from their own labor*** (and **market research**) ***without*** the "benefit" of **direct aristocratic oversight** (and ***associated vig)*** simply **would not do**.

Chapter **12.3**: ***Stealing*** the **wealth of a nation**
Subsection 2: ***Theft through legislation*** (via ***uncompensated labor*** and **LAND**)

The **first** thing forward thinking ***tory* sheepmongers** did was ***ditch*** the **sheep**, **buy** some new **agricultural gear** and **seed stock** and get their **fields** blooming on a properly rotated schedule. Upon **tallying up** the **proceeds** after the **sale** of their **first cash crop harvest** and determining that their **new *net income*** was some ***multiple*** of what they would have made from **wool** that **season**, the **second** thing this sector of the **landed gentry** did was ***initiate*** a new round of ***En(g)closure Acts*** in **Parliament** to **turf** the remaining **local independent farmers** from the **land** that they **invested their blood, sweat and tears into** for **generations**, in many cases.

As it turns out, the **copying** (and/or **intellectual theft** and/or **upper class appropriation**) of innovative **agricultural** techniques and technology that greatly **increased** production being quickly followed by the **mass evictions** of the **freshly fucked farmers** (who **pioneered** the same production improvements that the gentry was benefitting from on their **former farms**) contributed to some increasingly **flexible** views on ***wealth*** and **how *it's*** relationship to **land** may NOT necessarily be **limited** by the amount of **wool** that can be **sheared** from **15 sheep**.

Even the most dyed in the wool ***Tory*** **sheep shagger**...DAMMIT, strike that...monger couldn't **deny** or **ignore** the **rapidly increasing fortunes** of their **upper crust neighbors** who beat their sheep into plowshares. These rather more nuanced and flexible views about ***wealth*** having ***more*** to do with **productivity**, **increased yields** and **reducing necessary manpower** than ***it*** did with **total acreage** spread rapidly among the **upper ranks**, and especially in those **circles** where ***investment banking*** (and/or it's ***direct*** precursor ***gambling)*** was already **popular**.

But entirely consistent with suffering from a chronic and acute case of congenital ***GOLD fever,*** the **increased *wealth*** of their newly farmed acreage led many to most of these **aristocratic "**gentleman" **farmers** to view their **neighboring fields** with even ***more*** of a **covetous eye** than **previously.**

This was especially true of any ***common held lands*** astrategically placed between **two aristocratic estates**. One of the plethora of **benefits** of being in the **English gentry** is that there are **any** number of ***pretextual justifications***...wait, strike that..."laws" on the **books** that **allow** them to **turf** just about **anybody** else off ***any*** **land** they want for their **pretty sheep**, **new fields** and/or an **even more ostentatious eyesore** to live in (**6 weeks** a year).

With that being the case, it shouldn't be too much of a surprise that the **British Agricultural Revolution** that allowed the **indigenous English population** to ***double*** over the **18th century** also triggered a **mass *En(g)closure* movement** that created a veritable **standing army** of **domestically displaced persons** during the **same** time period.

The **landlord *tories*** were NOT the only ones to greatly **benefit** from the **twinned trends** of ***increasing*** **indigenous populations** and **increased** amounts of **indigents *evicted*** from stable living situations thanks to the ***(universally standard)*** **political machinations** of **local *political conservatives***. These **shifting demographics** also worked out very well (**indeed**) for the ***whigs*** who were part of the rapidly growing **industrial sector**, and especially those who where **factory owners**, **managers** and/or their **representatives** and **lobbyists** in and around **Parliament**.

Many to **most** of the **domestically displaced persons** who had been **tossed off** (their lands) by ***tory*** **legislative largess** fled **to** the **cities** (and typically **London**) looking for some sort of **work** and/or some ***other*** way to ***not to starve to death.*** This **double backed population surge** (**ahem**...) worked out well at least **3 times** over for the ***whigs*** that were involved in the ***labor intensive*** **industrial sector**. So well, in fact, that these could accurately characterized as the **main three struts** supporting the initial **ramp** of the ***reverse*** **ski-jump success curve** that launched **Great Britain's industrial revolution**.

Without this critical surge of ***economic roadkill*** flooding **England's cities**, plus the **inevitable population surge** that comes with having rapidly **expanding** local populations of **congenitally unemployed alcoholics** with **lots of free time** on their

hands (and/or ***other*** select body parts), the **industrial elite *wouldn't*** have had the necessary **capital** and **resources** ***(human*** and otherwise) to **initiate** the **socio-economic *singularity*** commonly referred to as the ***British*** **industrial revolution**.

Where the ***tories*** (and/or **other** political conservatives) tended to view **increased populations** ***(that they help create through their own myopic greed)*** as **more mouths feeding from a collective pie** the **landed gentry** have long considered ***their own***, consistent with their more "progressive" **political views**, the ***whigs*** (generally speaking) took a decidedly more **en(g)lightened view** of these exploding demographic developments.

Consistent with their frequently **mercantile** or **manufacturing** experiences (or those of their ***sponsored*** **legislators**), the ***whigs*** tended to view these **growing populations** as an ***increasing*** customer base to ***sell more shit to***.

The increasing urban populations also created the **perfect storm** of ***surplus labor*** that rapidly lead to **rapidly decreased**(and/or ***-ing*** in multiple respects) ***wages***. This **labor surplus** allowed these **en(g)lightened captains** of **industry** to rake in even **larger profits** thanks to the **decreased overhead** that comes with **paying** your employees ***jack shit***.

And that was only in those cases where the **workers** were ***getting paid at all***. Just like in **fucking AMERICA *right now***, **England** had a HUGE ***prison labor*** **industry** in the **1700's** with any number of **penal workhouses** for **debtors**, **vagrants** or **orphans**.

ALSO like in **modern day America**, these ***hard luck/hard labor*** types were **poorly compensated** by the **state** for their **rehabilitative efforts**, ***if they even were at all*** beyond whatever **daily ration** of **prison food** and **cheap beer** they were **allotted** to work off their ***debt*** to society.

England's entrepreneurial *whigs* that started their (and ***everybody*** **else's** for that matter) **industrial revolution** were **just as** (if not ***more)*** susceptible to ***money madness*** then the ***landlord tories*** were. This **increased** susceptibility was directly linked to their more "progressive" views of ***wealth***, and ***especially their own.***

In already having shown a previous aptitude for ***identifying patterns,*** it didn't take long for ***whig*** **minded factory** and **mill owners** to notice that the **more people** that were **looking for work** meant that **workers** would be **willing** to do ***more*** for ***less money***.

Not only that, whatever **workers** were lucky enough to find any steady **work** would be **willing** to ***work*** in just about ANY **working conditions**, at ***any*** **time** and for just about **any *duration*** their **manager specified**. Anybody who **wasn't** was **easily replaced** and left to **seek their fate** among the **mobs** of the **chronically unemployed**.

Those ***whigs*** who were **more** concerned with **social issues** also noticed a **relationship** between **skads of inebriate shirkers laying about** and a **sharp increase** in **criminal activities** in related **postal codes** (IE zip codes in **americanese**).

Some of the more **progressively** minded of those **social activists** already had some pointed ***concerns*** about the **English justice system's** ***(barely stifles laugh...)*** relative **enthusiasm** for ***rehabilitating*** it's **wayward citizens** through a little ***corrective*** **decapitation**, **disembowelment**, or **public disfigurement**, BUT were in a **moral bind** about **what** to do about the **dramatic** increase of ***scarcity*** **inspired crimes** that tend to happen when large numbers of **unemployed alcoholics** have to ***gin up the daily beer fund*** without **regular employment**.

Some of these **socially minded** ***whigs*** (and/or ***their corporate sponsors)*** were heavily involved in **industries** or **business** that required **large** amounts of **not very skilled labor** and familiar with the various **public idler** and **workhouse laws** already on **England's** ***books*** going back as far as the **14th century**.

As **most** of these industrious individuals were involved in commercial activities with ***fixed*** **overhead costs** and relatively **stable** prices, they were always keen to apply their **en**(**g**)**lightened fiscal sensibilities** to their **own fortunes** by making the **most** of whatever **opportunities** presented themselves for ***minimizing*** their **overhead**. Some of the more ***progressively minded*** of these **profiteers** ***theorized*** that paying day laborers ***nothing at all*** would be **more** profitable than paying them the usual **jack shit**.

Consistent with their ***progressive*** fiscal views, **industrial** ***whigs*** did NOT view their **growing** (**lower class**) **criminal populations** as ***more people fighting for ever smaller pieces of a collective pie.***

Predictably, what they **saw** was an enormous **reservoir** of **untapped labor** that was virtually **free** minus whatever **political donations** were necessary to **grease** the appropriate **legislative skids** to push through the necessary **legal adjustments** to doing something a little more **socially useful** with **petty criminals** than **chopping off their digits** or **hanging them**.

To be **fair**, it **wasn't** like those **drunken malingerers** were doing anything **useful** with their time anyway, other than **indulging** in the usual ***upper class pastimes*** of **gambling**, **drinking**, **smoking**, **more drinking** and **fucking their tiny brilliant brains out** with ***other*** **rat-assed layabouts** (some of **whom** belonged to the **other sex** which **often** led to further **repercussions** down the road) when **not** looking for **work**, ***potential victims,*** or somewhere to **drop a deuce** and/or **sleep without freezing to death**.

As many of these **industrial types** were involved in business activities with **high overhead** and even ***higher*** **startup costs** if they wanted to ***diversify*** into other product lines, ***reducing*** their **labor overhead** was often the easiest way of ***increasing*** **profits**.

But even when those **profits** were **high**, one of the more ***insidious*** **neurological effects** of ***money madness*** is the rapid ***attenuation*** of the **victim** to **current funds**, ***no matter how prodigious*** they may **seem** to **others**.

The constant and gnawing concern that **one's profits** could be significantly ***bigger than are at present*** were felt far and wide across an **entrepreneurial class** ***widely afflicted*** by the ***money madness*** they **helped** ***create*** through their **progressive** views of ***value*** and ***wealth***. This naturally led to **more** and ***more*** **Parliamentary legislation** that **re-classified** ever more **crimes** to be **punishable** with ***hard labor*** or ***longer sentences*** of the same.

Additionally, similar to the ***tories*** and their agricultural activities, **entrepreneurial** ***whigs*** further **contributed** to the **labor surplus** they were ***already*** **benefitting** from by ***increasing productivity*** **when** and **wherever** possible in their **production lines**.

This often happened through **new industrial inventions** like **steam engines** and **cotton gins** that, ***as miraculous as they were,*** had the incidental **side effect** of putting **legions** of the **formerly employed** ***out of work,*** which further contributed to the **labor surplus** that the **entrepreneurial class** continued to ***progressively*** **profit** from. It **wasn't** exactly **uncommon** for many who were **put out of work** to ***end up working for free anyways*** thanks to **needs must** and the ***progressive*** **legislative efforts** of their ***whig*** **representatives**.

And **all of which** worked out ***very well indeed*** for the ***post-political bankers*** that ***initiated*** this whole **economic shitshow** through their **invention** of ***MODERN BANKING.*** Many to most of the **capital intensive infrastructure improvements** of **landlord** ***tories*** shifting from **sheep rearing** (ahem...) to **food production** and **factory** or **mill owning** ***whigs*** looking to **upgrade** their **production lines** were facilitated by ***compound interest loans*** disbursed by their **friendly bankers**.

Though the **funds** the **bankers issued** were often ***imaginary*** in being **produced** out of some ***multiple*** of their ***actual*** **bank holdings**, the **loan payments** these various **entrepreneurs** made to pay back their accounts were in the form of ***very real money.***

Since the ***imaginary issuing amount*** (often) ***did NOT actually exist in the first place***, **ANY amount paid back on the principle amount was 100% profit for the bank**.

Entirely consistent with being deep in the throes of their **own** ***money madness***, the **fleeting rush** of turning a ***100% profit*** on ***half*** (or ***more)*** of their ***loans of imaginary money*** quickly **faded**. Which then led to the **customary banking practice** of **charging** (often ***compound) interest*** on their ***loans of imaginary money.***

This practice of charging ***interest*** on ***imaginary money*** where the **repaid** ***principle*** is itself ***100% profit*** for the **issuing economic entity** (and/or **entelechy**) serves at least **two** purposes for the **specific issuer** and the ***banking industry at large.***

The **first** is the rather obvious fact that **more interest** means **more money** over time for the ***imaginary*** (**loan**) **issuer** in some **fixed** (and/or ***increasing)*** **percentage** of **profit** in excess of the ***principle*** previously issued that the **bank** may or may **not** have ***been in actual possession of*** in the **first place**.

The **second** purpose is almost as obvious but tends to go largely **unstated** by **banking representatives** (and/or **owners**, **board members** or **chairpersons**).

Charging ***interest*** on an ***imaginary loan*** reinforces the ***fiction*** that any **loans** made with ***imaginary money*** are REAL and ***coming out of the bank's actual holdings***.

If people knew that ***banks literally make money out of nothing*** simply by ***multiplying*** their **current holdings** by various **integers** ***greater*** than **1** and then ***loaning*** those ***fictional*** **amounts** out at ***interest***, they would be **less** inclined to **pay** their ***fictional loans*** back with the kind of **alacrity** the ***banks*** tend to prefer.

The **charging** of ***interest*** adds ***plausibility*** to a **fiscal farce** that **all too many** were ready to **buy into** anyways thanks to already **succumbing** to their own ***money madness*** and finding their **current lot** (and/or **station**) in life a **pale shadow** of what it could be had they ***more money***.

Though these incredibly rich ***bankers*** were wont to spend their ***imaginary*** **gains** on more **houses**, **carriages**, **parties** and **armies of domestic servants** than you can point a (**loaded**) ledger at, they were **not** above making the occasional (or ***profligate)*** **donation** to the **election funds** of **multiple** members of **Parliament** on ***both sides of the aisle*** with the **implicit** (or ***clearly stated)*** **hope** that there would be **little** to **no official regulation** or **oversight** of **England's** exponentially exploding **banking industry**.

For better or for **worse**, these ***bankers*** found themselves **left** to their **own defective** (not to mention **drunken**) **devices** and **mendacious sensibilities** regarding the (**mis**)**management** of their **economic affairs** for quite some time.

For the **upper** and **upper middle classes** of **England**, the **1700's** were wondrous times brimming with **imperial** ***success*** and **domestic** ***excess***. For the rest of **England**...***not so much.*** For many to most on the **isle industrial**, the **industrial revolution** did NOT **lift** the lower classes out of poverty as much as it ***catapulted*** them from the **Malthusian trap** of **agricultural pissantry** straight into the **modern Dickensian** ***nightmare*** of **industrial wage slavery**.

And that was only for the **lucky ones** who actually **found** ***(paying)*** **work**, there were almost as many (if not ***more)*** who **didn't** and had to **gin up the daily beer** (and/or **bread**) **fund** in more creative ways that were rarely **legal**.

Say what you will about the **monotonous**, **back breaking** and **never ending** nature of farm work, it does get a body **active**, **outside** and **out in the air** for extended periods of

time. The **hours** were often **long** (and especially during the **sewing** {of **seeds**} and **harvest** seasons), but they were usually ***limited to daylight.***

They weren't (and/or ***aren't)*** **paid well at all,** but **most** ***agricultural shit workers*** ate **fairly well** in subsisting on a diet that was frequently **fresh out of the ground** and did **not** include quite as much ***carcass***...whoops, there is that darn **vegan** bias again...meat as those of the **upper classes**.

Past these practical benefits, there were the **additional** benefits of being involved in a **work activity** that **most** to **all** of **one's family** or podunk **village of origin** was involved in in one way or another. As **many** of these **agricultural villages** had been around for **centuries** or more, there was a sort of integrated tapestry of **social life** in them that, ***as parochial and viciously small minded many of them are***...whoops...were, also generally contributed to **involved individuals** each having their own distinct ***sense of place within it.*** Even if that place did **not** happen to be where the **individual** ***preferred***, having a defined **social niche** not much **different** than one's **parents** did contribute to some kind of sense of **social security**.

But as the **aristocratic** ***en(g)closure*** boot fell on more and more villages, hamlets and small family farms, these **integrated social networks** were ***eviscerated*** when **everybody** involved was **turfed out of their homes** and **village** and ***left to fend for themselves*** in a **brave new world** that their ***agricultural pissant upbringing did not ideally prepare them for.*** In the **absence** of other viable options, most of these **displaced persons** ended up in this or that **city** looking for **work**.

As one might expect, the ***work*** one finds in the **industrial city** is substantially **different** than ***work*** on the **farm**. **City** ***work*** was usually **inside**, in **poorly ventilated** spaces that suffered from temperature issues and **high particulate counts** in "air" being **re-circulated** by all the other (half **drunk** or more) **mouth breathers**. Plus **city work** usually involved the ***terribly unhealthy practice*** of **sitting down** or **standing still** for **long periods of time** that were ***no longer limited*** to **mostly daylight hours**.

Even though you were **paid shit**, you were **expected** to: bring your own **lunch** or **pay for it** in the **factory canteen**; to **procure your own tools** and **safety equipment**; and to **show up** for **10+** ***(16*** in many cases) hour **shifts** ***6 days a week*** even if you were **half** (or **more**) **dead** from **walking pneumonia** or early **consumption**. **Not** showing up because of **sickness** was a **good way** to get ***replaced***.

(gee, this all sounds sounds surprisingly familiar, for some reason)

On a slightly subtler level, **city life** featured further **inimical effects** on the **heart** and **soul** of those recently **relocated** from the **sticks**. The complete **loss** of the **integrated social network** of the village of origin being **replaced** by the **brutally darwinian chaos** of the **city** was more than enough to put many **displaced families** on a **quick** (and **steep**) **slide** into **fragmented dysfunction**, ***deeper*** **alcoholism** than previously, and ***scarcity*** inspired **criminality**. ALL of which quickly ***habituates*** the **longer** the

conditions of **economic scarcity** and **social darwinism** persisted (in ***perpetuity,*** seems like).

Even in those **families** with **two** (functional) parents, the **economic conditions** created by so many people looking for ***work*** in the **limited** geography of a **city** often required ***both parents*** to **work**. Unlike on the **farm** where they could bring their **ankle biters** to **work** and keep an eye on them while keeping them busy helping out with the little things like stone pulling, weeding, planting seeds, and fetching water for the adults, **city children** with **two working parents** were as often as not left to their **own devices** for **extended periods of time**.

Some of these **latchkey kids** would **go out** and find their own **work** in the incredibly **dangerous** and often **toxic factories** as early as ***8 years old,*** but just as many **started** or joined any number of **child gangs** that **terrorized** most of **England's major metropolitan areas**, and especially **London**. Most of these **juvenile delinquents** started off as **pick pockets** as children, but generally **graduated** into typical **teenage male thuggery** and **burglary** while many **young farm lasses** started **renting their ass** (and/or **other** key body parts out) **out** by the **hour**, or ***less*** depending on the **state of prematurity** of the john in question.

Of course, getting **caught** in the commission of any of these **reprobate jailbait** activities usually led to a **quick trip** into the nearest ***workhouse***, of which their were roughly **1800** spread across **England** (and **Wales**) with a **total capacity** to **house** and **employ** ***(without*** compensation) **90,000 individuals** in some of the most monotonous, mind numbing and back breaking **work** of the time.

With the **force intensive** nature of activities like **stone breaking** and **bone crushing** (to make **fertilizer**) NOT being all that **child friendly** to begin with, **many** (if not most) of these wayward and adrift **minors** were **re-marketed** and straight up ***sold*** to the **local textile mills** or **coal mines** to do just about the ***same*** **work** as the **adults**, but for ***one tenth*** (or **less**) the **pay**, which was largely **shitty** to begin with. These **working children** (some as **young** as ***four)*** were **typically** employed in activities at least as ***dangerous*** as what the **powdermonkeys** were doing on the **Royal Navy's ships**.

In the **cotton mills** it was **child laborers** that would crawl ***under*** the **heavy** (and rather dangerous) **machinery** to pick up the **processed cotton**, sometimes getting **crushed to death** or merely having a **hand** (or ***head)*** **taken** ***off*** by said machinery.

In the **coal mines** the **kids** were **expected** to **work** from **4AM** to **5PM** ***six*** **days** a week, **breathing** all that **nasty coal dust** into their **developing lungs** and ***frequently*** developing **lung cancer** and ***other*** related and often **terminal** diseases that **killed** ***many*** **child laborers** by the time they **were 25**. And **those** were the **lucky ones** who actually ***survived*** the day to day in the **coal mines** and managed to **not** pass out from **chronic sleep deprivation** and get ***railed*** by a **mine cart**, or get **caught** in a **mine collapse** thanks to **crap** (or ***no)*** safety precautions and **die** from **asphyxiation** if they

didn't get **crushed i**n the collapse OR were simply **pushed down** a conveniently empty mineshaft by improperly supervised **teenage bullies**.

Visibly showing a **disinclination** in **engaging** in these incredibly **dangerous** AND ***poorly compensated*** activities in the form of **lollygagging**, **cherrypicking** and/or ***GOLDbricking*** or bringing up OBVIOUS **safety concerns** was a quick and easy way to **earn** a **remonstrative *beating*** from the **nearest adult overseer**. Those **who** attempted **escape** were **whipped** and then ***returned to purchaser,*** to presumably be **beaten again** a **few times** before being put back to work **hammering rocks** or **picking oakum**. That happened often enough that ***shackling*** **one's employees** during **off duty hours** (**all *ten*** of them a **day**, in many cases) become a relatively ***standard*** **child labor practice**.

Though they were **paid** substantially **better** than their **children**, the **blue** (or ***black)*** **collar adults** that were gainfully **employed** in **1700's England** were NOT fairing much **better**. They were engaged in the **same** or **parallel** duties that were just as **dangerous**, and **getting hurt** (but ***not*** **killed**) on the **job** was a quick way to **earn** a **berth** at the **local workhouse**, whittling away whatever **days you had left** doing whatever **menial activities** your ***reduced abilities*** afforded you.

The **long** and **brutal hours** (**varying** from ***10*** to ***16 hours day 6 days a week*** depending on the particular industry) put a **premium** on **local lodging** as **close** to the **work place** as possible, which led to ***intense*** **demand** in **local housing markets**.

Thanks to the largely ***shitty*** **wages** that were still **ten times better** than what those **little shits** were getting paid, the **local work**(**wo**)**man** could NOT ***afford*** his (or her) ***own room.*** What had formerly been the period version of a **bed** and **breakfast** were rapidly converted into a ***barracks and breakfast*** with **8-10 individuals lodged** into the **standard** (undersized) **English bedroom**. Thanks to all the **chronic malnutrition** and general **runtiness** that **may** or may not be consistent with **en**(**g**)**demic fetal alcohol syndrome** and ***chronic*** diet or calorie intake **deficiencies**, this might be **slightly** less **packed** to the **gills** than the **average american** ***(whoever the fuck that is)*** might envision.

But as one might imagine, having ***hordes*** of **chronically overworked** and **sleep deprived *6 day laborers*** packed **asshole to elbow** the majority of the **10** or so **hours** a day (in pre-industrial **18th century** conditions) they had ***off*** had some **public health** repercussions that were largely **negative** in nature.

With **most** of the ***bathroom facilities*** of these **barracks** and **breakfast's** being mostly **improvised** where not ***field expedient,*** it's generally accurate to say that most to **all** of their **immediate surroundings** (and probably including the **outside walls** of the **barracks'** themselves) were **covered** in **prodigious** amounts of ***blue collar piss and shit.***

This often **led** to the ***progressive*** **contamination** of the **local wells** with **some** of the **little critters** mentioned in chapter 8 in the present stage of the current device, which further led to periodic outbreaks of **tuberculosis**, **typhoid** and other **poop-related** maladies in addition to **all of the usual work related hazards** of the **time**.

And those were only just ***some*** of the things that could go **wrong** in **Industrial England**.

Even when the **machinery** wasn't **malfunctioning** and taking **off** a **hand** here or a ***head*** there OR you weren't suffering from the **black lung** as ***badly as usual,*** the "**good days**" in **Industrialized England** were a ***waking nightmare*** of **feeding**, **fixing** or **running** the ***MACHINE*** or endlessly **digging** deeper into the ground looking for **compressed carbonized compost** that wasn't a **good idea** to ***breathe around*** on a regular basis.

Chapter **12.4**: The ***Suck It (up) Economy***
Subtitle: ***Theft*** through ***inflation.***

For all the ***smack*** that **fiscal historians** and **economic revisionists** like to talk about the miracle of the **Industrial Revolution**, the fact is that it's ***alleged*** "**trickle down**" effects took ***well over a century*** to start showing up in the **working classes**.

Though more and more **people** were able to find steady **industrial work** as the **18th century progressed**, the **lower class workers** did **not** experience quite the ***same*** exponential explosion of ***income*** that the **upper classes** did thanks to all the ***banking shenanigans*** recently **described**.

This is easily demonstrated through some **basic statistics** regarding the time period of say **1780** to **1850**, which is about the earliest period that the current author was able to obtain specific numbers for. In **1780**, **England** (and **Wales**) had a **total population** of **7.5 million**. By **1850** it had more than ***doubled*** to **16.8 million**. In the same time the **gross domestic product** (IE a nation's best guess of how much ***wealth*** it has in **total**, usually expressed in the nation of origin's **currency**) roughly **doubled** (or more) as well.

Even though much of the **industrial revolution** can be attributed to the **60%** (or **more**) **increase** in ***individual*** worker productivity over the **same period,** they were the ***last*** ones to materially **benefit** from those ***productivity*** improvements.

During the same time period, the average everyday **working stiff** only saw a ***15% increase*** in their ***real*** (shitty) ***wages***. This paucity of **increase** is even **less** impressive than it appears because in the **last 20 years** of the **1700's**, ***prices*** for little things like ***rent***, **bread**, **meat**, **milk**, **eggs** and **yes** even BEER ***doubled*** or ***more*** and continued to steadily **climb** into the **19th century** and beyond.

When these **economic facts** are viewed in ***tandem*** with each other, this **15% increase** in **real wages** actually ***represented*** an ***42.5% drop*** (or more) in ***real buying power*** for those ***allegedly*** less **shitty wages** during the specified time period.

In ***economics***, this common **boom times** phenomena is called ***inflation***, mostly because the phrases ***"collective upper class gouging"*** and/or ***"criminally fucking expensive"*** were deemed to have **too many** syllables, and/or were in **questionable** taste despite their ***uncanny accuracy.***

Although a rather **oblique** term, as far as it goes ***inflation*** is **not** entirely inaccurate.

Similar to the **inflation** of a **tire**, there is an **overt** and **visible** component regarding the steady **increase** in ***prices*** charged for **goods** and **services**. Also similar to a **tire**, this visible component is the result of ***less overt*** verging on ***invisible*** forces that create a **climate** of ***steadily increasing pressure*** that is **more or less** evenly distributed throughout the affected **economic** (or ***storm)*** **system**.

Just like with our metaphorical **economic** ***(storm)*** **tire**, just about the **only** involved **party** (or ***parties)*** that **isn't** (slash ***aren't)*** feeling the ***increasing*** **economic pressure** is (or ***are)*** the **git**(**s**) ***overinflating*** the **tire**.

This increasingly **apt** metaphor does **beg** the all too frequently **unasked** question of WHOM, ***precisely***, is manning the **economic pump** ***responsible*** for these **increasing economic pressures**?

good question. If you ask an ***establishment*** **economist**, you will undoubtably hear a great deal of **malarky** about **market forces**, **supply** and **demand**, **consumer price indices** and/or **liquidity traps** before they launch into a more detailed analysis using even more **esoteric** terminology ***specifically*** created to **bore** and ***confuse*** the **rest** of ***us*** into PRECISELY the kind of **unthinking consumer apathy** that the ***banks*** and related ***bigwigs*** have **relied** on for the last **3 centuries** or **so**.

This **malarky**, though often **accurate** and ***more*** **concisely** stated then the present malarky of the current device, generally **succeeds** in drawing the discussion AWAY from ***actual causes*** by talking about the ***inflationary indicators*** that **may** or may not be **present**, or **possibly present**, or maybe ***not***.

The ***actual causes*** of ***inflation*** are far ***simpler*** than **establishment economists** like to acknowledge or admit in their occupational ***doubletalk*** that **always** seems to **make sense** without ***ever*** actually enlightening ***anyone*** about the ***actual causes*** of **inflation**.

Of which, ***there are two.*** Unfortunately, these **two factors** have a fairly complex relationship with each other that is equal parts **chicken** and **egg** AND **tree vs**. **forest** (tree **loses**) with further ***hand in glove*** and ***tail wagging the dog*** overtones. While these ***two primary causes*** feature an **I-ching** level of ***complexity*** in related **effects**, the ***causes*** themselves are pretty **simple**.

The **two things**, and ***only two things***, that cause ***inflation*** are ***banks*** and ***rich people.***

Technically speaking, though these **tend** to be very similar (if **not *identical)*** **demographics** as ***banks*** in tend to be **owned** and **operated** by ***rich people*** (of which ***banks*** are a social subset), in terms of ***inflation*** they should be thought of as ***separate*** **economic entities**. Or perhaps an **overarching economic entity** (IE ***rich people*** taken as a **group**) and an associated ***inflationary*** **financial device** (IE their ***banks)***.

Putting aside the demographic ambiguities of their relationship, technically speaking ***inflation*** starts when ***banks*** (often central or national in nature) decide to ***increase*** the **money supply** by ***loaning out more imaginary money***.

Generally speaking, **most** of this ***imaginary money*** is ***loaned*** to ***rich people*** who the ***banker*** in question **may** already have a (questionable?) **relationship** with outside of the ***bank*** in any number of (**fiendish**) **gentleman's** ***(drynckingge)*** **clubs** that formed the cornerstone of **English social life** for the upscale **upward angler**.

In addition to **social** (possibly verging on ***intimate)*** **familiarity**, ***bankers*** as a rule feel more comfortable "**lending**" their ***imaginary money*** out to (**other**) ***rich people*** thanks to their (seemingly) **excellent track record** (to date, anyway) of **fulfilling** their **accounts** and their general tendency to have **abundant** amounts of ***collateral*** to **secure their loans** in the event their **madcap scheme** goes ***tits up*** and they **can't** pay back their ***imaginary loans*** with ***real money***.

This **increased** amount of ***imaginary money*** SWELLING ***rich people's*** **accounts** further is largely put to **one** of **two** overall purposes. ***Business loans*** are often sought to create some kind of **competitive advantage** against **one's competitors** by upgrading manufacturing lines, buying bigger and/or faster **boats** or adding more square footage through the purchase of **land**. Or possibly buying **land** with the usual ***geo-pimp*** plan of "**developing**" or ***renting*** out that **dirty little parcel** for any number of **unseemly purposes**.

Loans of this ***imaginary money*** to ***rich people*** of a more ***personal*** nature were (slash ***are)*** largely sought for two primary purposes. The first is to ***buy more land*** and the second is to ***finance*** the construction (or renovation, addition add on, or remodel) of an ***even more ostentatious eyesore to live in*** (**three** to **five** months a year, ***if that)*** with the implicit hope of inspiring further **envy** and **avarice** in their **rich** ***frenemies*** and **upward angling** acquaintances.

Once the operational **pre-conditions** of having an **established banking system** predicated on the **endemic** ***loaning*** of ***imaginary money*** to a **small** but ***increasing*** amount of ***rich people*** have been **met**, ***inflation*** starts happening when the **amount** of ***rich people*** crosses that crucial **lower threshold** of ***population density*** to start ***competing against each other*** for the kinds of goods, services and/or resources ***rich people*** like to spend (or **invest** and/or ***gamble)*** their ***excess*** of **capital** on.

This **economic** ***competition*** becomes especially **acute** in the **meta-competitive** ***reality market***. Though the **l**ast sentence suffers from an **unfortunate** appearance of the

moderately annoying buzz prefix "**meta-**", in this specific case it is entirely accurate as ***competition*** for ***land*** then **begets** further ***competition*** among **affected *rich people*** for the **goods** and **services** necessary to "develop" "purchased" "property" according to their fiendish plans or vainglorious whimsy.

The only problem with increasingly intense ***competition*** among ***rich people*** for a ***fixed*** amount of ***land*** is that ***everybody else has to live and work on it as well***.

The increasing **demand** for this ***fixed*** **supply** inevitably leads to ***increased land prices*** as ***competing rich people*** start **bidding** against ***each other*** to **secure** desired lots or parcels. Those ***escalating*** **prices** (and their also increasing ***related costs****)* represent **increased** expenses (either out of one's own accounts or periodic payments on a rather large ***loan*** of ***imaginary money****)* that tend to ***reduce*** one's ***profit margin*** or **current assets** MORE than the statistically likely ***money mad rich person*** prefers. The **same** holds true of businesses and corporations, ***most*** of which are **run** by ***elite groups*** of ***rich people*** who, by and large, tend to **suffer** from particularly **aggravated** cases of ***money madness****.*

This increased **economic competition** for ***land*** among ***rich people*** initiates the so-called ***trickle down effect*** that ***dipshit*** **conservative economists** like to preach to the masses ***when*** and ***wherever*** possible. As usual for **political conservatives** whenever they **talk** about ***money***, they get it all **bass-ackwards**, and usually by ***design****.*

According to those credulous **gits**, the **best** (and ***only*** according to **some**) way to simulate **economic growth** is to GIVE ***rich people*** MORE (inevitably ***imaginary****)* **money** than they **already** have.

The *(**completely fucking disingenuous**)* theory behind that is that **rich assholes** will **stimulate** further **economic growth** when they **spend** their ***imaginary money*** on building their **criminal enter...**whoops**...**(**big**) business, expanding their manufacturing operations or simply just buying more **land** and/or **building** an even more hideous **hellhole** on it than their currently **oversized domicile**.

It has been ***serially intimated*** that these **capital expenditures** will slowly **radiate** outward (and/or ***trickle down****)* into the (**dis**)**affected economy** as **more** things are **bought** and **more people** are **hired** (usually at ***increasingly shitty wages****),* which THEN creates **more demand** for goods, services and ***land***.

This (theoretical) **demand** is ***alleged*** to ***stimulate*** further **economic growth** when **suppliers** increase their **production capacity** to **meet *rising demand***, which prompts a **new round** of infrastructure improvements and related **hiring**, which goes on to **stimulate** further **economic growth** and so on.

Though a **slightly** plausible sequence of events on the surface, it is based on a ***naively optimistic*** view of ***rich people*** in general and **omits** the ***other*** half of the ***trickle down*** **equation**.

Though **some** of the more sensible ***rich people*** on the **receiving end** of some kind of ***stimulus package*** will actually ***invest*** their ***imaginary money*** in capital infrastructure improvements and new **hiring**, **many** (if not ***most)*** will **succumb** to their typically **aggravated** case of ***money madness*** and attempt to **rapidly swell** (or ***multiply)*** their **new** ***(imaginary)*** **fortune** by whatever **marginally legal** (or ***not)*** means present themselves.

This is most often done through ***capitalizing*** on the various kinds of **investment opportunities** that come with **buying and selling** ***stock*** in various corporations or doing the same with **market commodities** (like **frozen orange juice** or **porkbellies**) or ***other*** more abstracted (slash ***eldritch)*** **economic machinations**.

These kinds of increasingly popular **paper** (and/or ***electronic)*** **investments** have virtually ***NO trickle down effects*** minus whatever percentage or fee the broker charges. When these kinds of **paper machinations** ***profit*** (**boy and how**), whatever **isn't** immediately **re-invested** in further ***day trading*** **opportunities** usually winds up getting ***pissed away*** on **re-decorating**, ***rich people*** **toys** or **endless travel**.

Though former two do have some ***trickle down*** **effects**, they are mainly **limited** to those **discrete sectors** of the **economy** that ***cater*** to the ***few needs*** and ***many whims*** of ***rich people*** and tend to have **low turnover** because of it. **Endless** or simply extended **travel** does tend to ***stimulate*** the **economy**.

Just not the one at home.

What DEFINITELY does ***trickle down*** from **economic stimulus packages** targeted at ***rich people*** (IE ***ALL*** of them) and/or **increasing** the **money supply** from the ***top down*** is...(DRUM ROLL PLEASE)....***increasing prices***.

The aforementioned ***reality escalation*** is only the **first** of ***many*** **price increases** in the ***expanded*** (and/or **affected**) **economy**. Though it tends to start with the **choicer lots** and **parcels** available, those ***increased prices*** tend to beget ***higher*** **asking prices** when **neighboring lots** or **houses** become available.

The funny thing about ***rich people*** is that the **more** of ***them*** that **move** into **your neighborhood** (uninvited), the ***more valuable your property gets*** even ***without*** **expansion** or **improvement** of your property.

Without **fail**, these ***increased*** **property values** lead to ***increased tax rates*** that rapidly become ***prohibitive*** for anyone NOT in the **upper 1-10% income bracket**. And, OF COURSE, the **people** who end up ***selling*** **move** to a **less** nice (IE ***blue collar)*** neighborhood where ***they become the new rich people*** who start ***fucking things up*** for everybody else **already** living there in **indentured wage slavery**.

(The high retention reader will probably have already noted for him or herself the striking **similarity** between this method of **economic social displacement** and the original **environmentally induced *primate displacement process*** that originally **resulted** in **England** as described in chapter one of the current stage of the present device. This is because ***it is exactly the same fucking thing,*** just ever more **sublimated** and **civilized** as one would expect of **English *{speaking}* people**.)

These popular ***satellite* neighborhoods** then start **attracting out-priced *upward anglers*** who instinctively know that **proximity** to **power** is paramount to ***filching some of their own*** and they **move into** in the **closest** neighborhood they can **afford**. Which FURTHER contributes to (**rapidly**) ***escalating* housing** and **property prices** in **adjacent** communities. **All of this** continues to ***spiral*** outward from there until **property values** ESCALATE across the **affected economic region**.

Increased regional **property values** then lead to ***increased overhead*** for the **businesses** who operate in them for the same reasons they mean ***increased expenses*** for people in the form of **increased** prices, rents or property tax rates.

As ANY ***increase*** in **overhead** represents a ***decrease*** in **current** and **future *profit rates***, MOST **for-profit companies** start ***raising*** their **prices** and **fees** to restore their ***profit rate*** to previous **target levels**. This is usually done **incrementally** BUT tends to start happening in several sectors of an affected economy at virtually the **same time**.

Suddenly, ***everything*** bought in a store or local market or baked locally starts getting **more expensive**. Hence the term ***inflation.***

So the average every day **working stiff** caught in the **middle** of an ***economic miracle*** doesn't just face ***increased*** housing costs, **his** (or **her**) **food**, **clothing**, **drink** and associated **medical bills** ALL start going up, ***everything starts going up*** EXCEPT **his** (or **her**) **fookin' *wages***.

That's because ***increasing*** the ***wages*** of **one's minions** and **underlings** represents further **increased *overhead*** that further **cut** into the ***profit rates*** that ***money mad* corporate/banking executives** prefer.

The FUNNY thing about all these ***increased expenses*** is how their **payments** tend to ***accrue upward*** through the **economy** until it finally **returns** ***(many times over)*** to the **capital class** that **issued** the original ***imaginary money*** in the first place.

This inevitable **economic process** tends to be further **accelerated** when the ***banking class*** starts **paying** for ***preferential legislative treatment*** when it comes to **tax rates** or **regulatory oversight**, which further **cuts** down on ***needless* overhead** and means that even MORE ***imaginary money*** can be ***loaned*** out at even more ***usurious* rates** that would make the **biggest-nosed jewish money lender** you could find **blush**.

This is the **standard progression vector** of ANY **economy** experiencing a ***rapid increase in their domestic money supply****:*

> ***New*** (IE ***imaginary) money only*** TRICKLES DOWN ***from the capital class to the minimum extent necessary to make it easier for them to suck up even more ridiculous amounts of REAL money by just about any means necessary.***

This was as **true** of **England** during the **Industrial Revolution** as it ***is*** for **Post WWII America**.

For most of **England**, the first **hundred** (plus) years of **industrial revolution** ***trickle down economics*** mostly consisted of ***trading*** **agricultural pissantry** for **industrial wage slavery**, which **sucked** ***(big time,*** in many cases), but **not** ***nearly*** as much being a **British SLAVE** in the **new world**.

Chapter **12.5**:
Stealing the ***wealth*** (and/or **LAND**, **resources**, **labor** and ***people)*** of OTHER ***nations***
Subsection 1: **Triangle trade *#1.***

Of which, there were a **few** ***(millions)*** of by the **mid 1700's**, at the latest. Consistent with **England's** (then **Britain's**) increased **blue-water capabilities** facilitated by a forward thinking ***Orange Billy*** setting up the ***Bank of England*** in **1694**, **England** eclipsed all of it's **European competitors** (IE **Spain**, **France**, the **Netherlands** and **Portugal**) in the increasingly **lucrative** ***transatlantic*** **SLAVE** ***trade***.

"Great" Britain would continue to occupy this **singular** place of distinction all the way through the **1700's** up until the **1830's**, NEVERMIND that the **UK** itself **domestically outlawed SLAVERY** in **1807**.

Current estimates by legitimate historians range from an estimated (and probably ***conservative)*** **total** of **10** to **20 million Africans** were ***involuntarily*** **transported** over the **middle passage** to the **new world** by various **European** powers. According to various **British** historians themselves, whatever the **total** number, ***Great Britain*** was responsible for roughly **25%** of that**,** ***2nd*** only to **Portugal** which is estimated to be **responsible** for roughly **40%** of total individuals **shipped** and ***sold*** in the **new world**.

Of course, given the long noted **British** tendency of **understatement** regarding **one's own faults** and the ***reverse*** in regards to those of others, one MIGHT want to take all of the above (**alleged**) numbers and percentages with a **pinch** (and/or ***double {barrelled} fistful)*** of **salt**.

Given all the **horrible**, **awful**, **no good**, **very bad things** that happened after their ***unsought*** expatriation, one salient point about this whole **SLAVERY shitshow** to keep in mind is ***that number only includes those who survived long enough to make it to the new world.***

What is **not** included in those ***insensibly*** large numbers (seriously, do you have any idea what **10,000,000** people in ***abject bondage*** actually looks like?) are **those** that **died in transit**. OR those who **died** (from various causes) at the **African markets** where they might have **languished** for **weeks** to **months** waiting for the next batch of **whip wielding honkies** to show up. OR those who **died** on **forced marches** from more centrally located **internment camps** that could be **hundreds of miles** inland in **deep Africa**. NOR does that number **include** those who **died** in the **intertribal** (and/or **proxy**) ***WARS*** being fought in **Africa** with **increasing** amounts of slightly outdated ***European weaponry***.

The scope, scale, intensity and frequency of these **African inter-tribal conflicts** sharply ***escalated*** during the **European colonial period**. Though some of this ***escalation*** was from **old rivalries** being pursued with **new weaponry**, more and ***more*** of these **African conflicts** were ***initiated*** by various **Faustian tribes** with the primary purpose of **acquiring** more **SLAVES** to ***trade*** with **white devils** on **big boats**.

The **first leg** of the **Trans-atlantic *triangle trade*** involved **big boats** sailing from **England** chock full of ***liquor*** and ***guns*** down to various ports in **West Africa**. Those ***guns*** and ***liquor*** were then ***traded*** to the **Faustian tribes** or **SLAVE brokers** the **ship** (and/or ***Royal African Company)*** had a working relationship with.

This was a remarkably **strategic** transaction that was ultimately **perfected** by the ***British***. Once the ***slavers*** got **over** the fairly standard **Caucasian aversion** to ***arming*** hordes of **feral negroes** with **large caliber guns**, those **forward thinkers** who did found that their **motherland acquisition costs** (both in terms of **money** and ***blood) dropped*** sharply.

Outsourcing human resource ***acquisitions*** to **local affiliated contractors** was a **win win** for **both** parties because the **white slavers** did NOT have to go **far inland** into ***deep Africa*** to procure "**product**". Their **local contractors** found themselves with a distinct **technological edge** in their ongoing local **turf *WARS*** with **neighboring tribes** AND the ***requisite*** abundance of **alcohol** for their own populations to **drown** their ***post-Faustian feelings* in** (or ***with)***.

So, step one of the (**Translantic**) **Triangle Trade** was **exchanging *guns*** and the ***devil's drink*** (and allegedly some fine **English** textiles as well) for **intertribal** (and ***melanin enabled)* POW's**.

Step two was **shipping** those ***people*** to the **West Indies** and/or the **southern *13 colonies*** and ***swapping* African POW's** for an ***equal volume*** of **sugar**, **sugar related products**, **tobacco** and/or **rum**. **Step two** was itself often a **two step** process where **SLAVES** would be **offloaded** down on the **islands** and if enough **sugar** couldn't be acquired to **fill the holds**, they would **sail up to Virginia** or the **Carolinas** and **stock up** with ***tobacco***.

Regardless of where they ended up, the first stop in the **new world** for most **British Slaves** was a **sugar plantation** somewhere in the **West Indies**. This worked out **doubly well** for the **British interests** in this ***labor equation***.

Thanks to reasons yet to be concussed, **demand** for **sugar** in the **UK proper** was ***insatiable***. **Sugarcane farming** and **sugar production** are incredibly **labor intensive**, and **not** in a small part due to it **only** growing in **sub-tropical** or **tropical regions** that get pretty fricking **hot** when it's in season (which is **all the time** once you get a plantation going thanks to it being perennial grass).

Work in the ***cane fields*** was mostly monotonous **machete work** done at a **brutal** pace from **sunup** to **sundown** and **not** much in the way of **water**, **food**, **lunch**, **piss**, **cigarette**, **siesta** or even ***mental health*** **breaks**.

Dehydration, **disease** and **death** was **common** among the **cane workers**, and so bad that most to **all** of the **British possessions** in the **Caribbean** had an **annual birth rate** of ***negative*** **3** to **4%** for ***most*** of the **Slavery** period. The **simple** nature of the **work** and it's ***brutal*** **pace** and **working conditions** was deemed to be just about **ideal** for ***breaking the spirit*** of the latest batch of **surly Africans** who **couldn't** ***speak the language*** (IE **English**) while ***weeding out*** the **slackers** in the process, mostly by **attrition**.

After **sugarcane** farming, the next most likely **unsought** agricultural destinations were the **tobacco** or **cotton plantations** that ***blighted*** the **American south** for **far too long**. The **work** involved in those operations was **slightly** less brutal thanks to being slightly **further** from the **Equator**, but were **equally monotonous** (and/or ***monochromatic****)* and done on roughly the same schedule.

Step 3 of the (**Translantic**) **Triangle Trade** consisted of **loading up** the **emptied SLAVE ships** with as ***much*** **sugar**, **tobacco**, and/or **cotton related product**(**s**) would **fit** and sail back to **England** and **sell** them for ***top pound****.*

Much of the **sugar** would eventually get **converted** ***(makes sign of the cross)*** into **rum** that would get **shipped** down to **Africa**, ***starting the next round of the Triangle Trade***.

What's particularly **striking** about this (**Translantic**) **Triangle Trade** is how **it** was a **fully integrated** and **self-sustaining** trading network. The ***guns*** and ***liquor*** (much of which was **rum** made with **Caribbean sugar**) shipped to **Africa** had the **intended** (and ***inevitable****)* effect of ***exacerbating*** the **local African conditions** that made **African SLAVERY** so ***profitable*** for **European colonialists** in the first place. Giving the **local natives** ***old guns*** and ***all the rum*** they could **drink** tended to make them even ***worse*** **neighbors** than they were **before** the ***white devils*** showed up.

Once that happened **many** (if **not** most) of these ***Faustian tribes*** came to the **eminently practical** conclusion that:

if you can't beat the white man, you might as well trade your neighbors, criminals and other social outcasts to him for guns and liquor.

African SLAVES were then ***transported*** to the **New World** where **untold** amounts of **them** were LITERALLY ***worked to death*** in the **cane** (and/or **tobacco** or **cotton**) **fields**. **Turnover** (often of a ***terminal*** nature) was **high**, and the way the **British** ran their **plantation systems** all but guaranteed a ***high demand*** for **SLAVES**. This unseemly ***demand*** for **uncompensated labor** was ALSO **growing** as the ***upper class*** **expat Brits** who ***owned*** **SLAVES** were NOT **averse** to facilitating their **own** ***en(g)closure acts*** on neighboring parcels of **LAND** if they were of **equal** (if not greater) **fertility**.

The **fruits** of these ***involuntary*** **labors** were often in the form of **sugar** (and **tobacco** and **cotton**) that was **shipped** backed to **England** and then turned into **more rum** to ***trade*** with the ***Faustian Tribes***.

These ***Faustian Tribes*** were apparently **big fans** of the ***devil's drink***, and **perhaps** not in a small part because of **alcohol's** ***self-medicating*** effects of being able to **drown** virtually ANY **unwanted** ***feeling*** (or **ethical** concern) that MIGHT be related to ***selling*** **one's neighbors** and **unwanted tribal members** to ***white devils with big boats***.

In terms of creating ***demand***, this particular (and ***infernal)*** **trade triangle** was a work of ***pure diabolical genius***.

At each **point** in the ***triangle trade***, the ***products*** from the previous stop did **not** just ***fulfill*** existing **demand**, **most** of them directly contributed to ***steadily increasing demand*** and **created** a commercial **feedback cycle** that ***Great Britain*** and **other European powers** were keen to **capitalize** on.

Trading ***liquor*** and ***guns*** FOR ***people*** tends to **create** the ***exact*** **social conditions** where those **same** ***people*** WILL want ***more*** **liquor** and **guns** thanks to **normal ballistic wear** and **tear** that happens in an **active** ***WAR*-zone** AND the standard **attenuating effects** of ***habituated*** **rum ingestion**.

Moreover, doing so tends to **create** the ***exact*** kind of **social conditions** where **neighboring groups** will ***want*** their own **cache** of ***guns*** to **protect themselves** from their **drunk** and **armed** ***neighbors***, and they will ***want*** their own **supply** of ***liquor*** to **deal** with all the **PTSD**, **grief** and **survivor's guilt** that tends to be associated with **intertribal** ***WARfare***.

Giving ANY **upper class land owner** free and easy access to ***uncompensated*** and ***mandatory*** LABOR inevitably leads to ***MORE demand for the same*** once that **upper class twit's drunkenly deranged** and ***money mad*** mind kicks into gear and starts thinking about **all** the **SLAVES** they could put to **work** were they to ***en(g)close*** their **neighbor's lands** and start growing **sugarcane** or **tobacco** on their **new** ***(p)lots***.

It was precisely this kind of **larcenous greed** that directly contributed to the ***widespread*** practice of getting the ***most labor value*** out of one's **slaves** by literally ***working them to death.*** Which ***further*** contributed to a **rising demand** for **more SLAVES**. This practice was possible (and ***profitable)*** thanks to **SLAVES** becoming **cheaper** and ***cheaper*** by the year over much of the **1700's** thanks to **all** of the **intertribal African conflicts** being **fought** to make **more SLAVES** that were further **exacerbated** by the ***white man's guns*** and the ***devil's drink***.

The **sugar** and **tobacco** that **American** and **West Indies SLAVES** produced was then shipped off to **England**. As **both** of have exhaustively documented **addictive** effects, the second **one** or ***both*** are introduced into previously **unexposed** populations, they **both** lead to ***spreading*** (and ***growing) demand*** as **more people** try them, which further leads to ***increased*** **individual demand** as the rapidly forming **addict** rapidly ***attenuates*** to their **new vice**(**s**).

The **same** holds **true** of any **sugars** converted into **rum**. This naturally occurring ***growing*** demand for **smokes**, **sugar** and **booze** was further **accelerated** by the **social** conditions in **England**. Just about **everybody** either had **bad BO** and ***worse*** **breath**, and most **urban streets** were literally **covered** in **all kinds** of ***shit*** and **piss**, and **much** of **it** was **human in origin**. **Smoking** (and especially **flavored tobacco**) did wonders for **masking** the ***Paris*****-**like ***stench*** of **London's** streets.

And with **pre-**(and/or **early**)**industrial English cuisine** being what it **was**(**n't**) it should be of **little surprise** that that most people wanted to **add** ***lots*** of **sugar** (and **spice**) to just about **everything**. And just like with almost every other **addictive substance known** to man (and/or ***amoeba fish monkey),*** the **more sugar** you eat the ***less sweet it tastes*** which usually leads to ***more*** **sugar consumption**.

As **damnable** and **diabolical** the ***commercial synergy*** of the **Atlantic Triangle Trade** was ***(and how),*** there is **no** denying the **infernal genius** of it from a strictly **capitalist** viewpoint. For the ***entire*** **18th century**, the enterprising **individuals**, **corporations** and/or ***Royal African Companies*** benefitted **from** (and in no small part partly ***created)*** steadily ***rising*** **demand** for ***each*** of the **products** (and/or ***persons***) involved in these ***triangle transactions***. As this was repeated ***thousands*** of times over by **nearly** as many **ships**, ***profits*** were ***(exponentially)*** **prodigious** for many of those at the **top** of this particular **pile**.

(**Some**) current historians **estimate** that by **1800** that ***one*** out of every ***twenty*** **pounds sterling** in the **British economy** had been ***directly*** **generated** from the **Atlantic Slave Trade**.

What is ***not*** included in that **number** is the **percentage** of **pounds** generated from the various forms of ***domestic*** **English slavery** that involved the **sale** of **orphans**, **mandatory child labor**, OR **involuntary hard labor** performed by **economic roadkill** who found themselves on the **wrong side** of an ***artificially accelerated inflationary cycle***. Since actual data regarding those numbers is **not** so easily pinned down, we can

only **guess** at what ***integer*** that ONE out of ***twenty*** pounds sterling should be ***multiplied by*** to account for the **total** amount of the **18th century British GDP** that is **attributable** to **slavery**, **indentured servitude** or **involuntary workhouse output**.

What is also ***not*** included in that **indeterminate** figure is the period **British GDP percentage** of the OTHER **two legs** of the **Bermuda** (**OK** fine...Atlantic) **triangle** that would **not** have been possible without the **middle passage**. **No African slaves** meant significantly **more expensive *labor*** that would have **broomhandled** the **English sugar** and **tobacco industries**.

Though ***neither*** were cornerstones of the **English economy** during the **early industrial age**, taken **together** they were **not** insubstantial and **probably** represented another ***multiple*** of that original **1** out of **20 pounds sterling** in the **British GDP** attributable to the **British-Atlantic slave trade**. When **that** particular **subtotal** is **added** to the previous **subtotals**, what **results** is some currently indeterminate but **significant** (possibly **30%** or ***more)*** percentage of the **early British economy** that was ***directly attributable*** to ***selling*** **SLAVES**, **SLAVE labor** and/or ***uncompensated*** **workhouse drudgery**.

These are only **some** of the salient points for the **British** version of the **Triangle Trade**. Like with ***some*** of the other subjects **unsuccessfully** broached in this current device, there is **no way** to actually do the **true nature** of that **frangellating shitshow** ANY kind of **justice** in just a **few** paragraphs or pages. Thankfully, this has **not** escaped the notice of others that are far more qualified and better enabled to document it's cornucopia of **travesties** and **indignities** to render further (**incomplete**) discussion at present by the present author **needlessly redundant**.

That said, it ***should be noted*** that the **Atlantic Slave Trade** was **NOT** the ***only*** **Triangle Trade** ***"Great Britain"*** was involved **with** during the **18th** (and **19th**) **century**.

This ***other*** "**trade**" **triangle** tends to get **overlooked** (or at least in **America**) in the **shadow** of the staggering **iniquities** of the **Atlantic Triangle**. This is rather **unfortunate** because this **other Triangle** did involve quite a bit of **SLAVE** and/or **involuntary labor** PLUS the ***officially*** sanctioned **international trafficking** of ***stupendous*** amounts of **class A** (and/or **schedule 1**) ***controlled substances*** by the ***reigning global super-power*** of the time.

This is much more pertinent to **American interests** than most **Americans**, **Britons** and even **East Indians** seem to **fathom** thanks to **unplanned developments** transpiring within the **affected** triangular trade area that ***directly contributed*** to the various **British actions** and **policies** that inspired the **American Revolution** in the first place.

Chapter **12.5**:
Stealing the ***wealth*** (and/or **LAND**, **resources**, **labor** and ***people)*** of OTHER ***nations***
Subsection 2: The ***other*** **Triangle Trade**
Subtitle: Where's **Crockett** and **Tubbs** when you need them?

By **1750**, the (**British**) ***East India Company*** had all but **taken over** large sections of modern day eastern ***India***. Their main **European *competitor*** in the region was ***France***, who had similar **colonial plans** for ***India***. Those ***French*** hopes for an **Imperial India** that spoke ***French*** were **dashed** on the **rocks** of the **7 Years *WAR*** (ending in **1763**), which usually goes by the name of the ***French* Indian *WAR*** in **America** and the **Third Carnatic *WAR*** in ***India*** as well as some different names in other select locations were it was fought.

With this particular ***WAR*** involving just about **every** country in **Europe** and being fought on **3 different continents *simultaneously***, it would **not** be inaccurate to call this the very first **World *WAR*** of consequence. This particular ***WAR*** did **not** work out very well for ***France*** at all, and **ended** with ***France*** ceding **damn near all** of it's **new world possessions** to the ***Brits*** as well **most** of their more lucrative **Eastern ones**.

After previously out-maneuvering the ***Dutch*** on the **subcontinent**, the neutralization of ***French* colonial efforts** in ***India*** left ***British* colonial efforts** in the **targeted trade** area virtually **uncontested**. Except for those **local alpha groups** (the ***Marathas*** in particular) who did **not** get to where they were in life by **cutting deals** with **foreign assholes** with **designs** on their **turf**. With ***French*** interests largely **neutralized** in the ***targeted*** commercial area, the ***EIC*** had a free hand to **expand** as it saw fit.

The ***EIC* expanded** it's **subcontinental** presence in the time-honored, two pronged ***Roman* approach** of **cutting** exclusive **commercial deals** with those **local alphas** that were open to **negotiations** and ***cutting the throats*** of those who **weren't** interested.

The **military wings** (or arms or perhaps ***fins)*** of the ***EIC*** and the **Royal Navy** and **Army assets** that were ***attached*** to the ***EIC*** kept pretty busy for ***most*** of it's ***273 year*** run in the subcontinent "**annexing**" non-negotiable areas by ***force*** and then putting down the periodic **uprisings**, **revolts** and **revolutions** thrown by **locals** NOT sufficiently enamored with **colonial foreign oppressors** that saw fit to ***work*** and treat them like **wogs**...whoops...dogs and ***pay them accordingly*** for their (often ***involuntary)*** **efforts**.

And like in **England proper**, as well as ***Great Britain's*** other **colonial possessions**, that was only where the (**6**) **day laborers** were actually getting ***paid*** for their **efforts** in the first place.

The ***EIC*** is reported to have ***imported*** some **20,000 African SLAVES** into ***India***, and there is **no telling** how many **local Indians** were **compelled** to **work** for ***no compensation*** after being subjected to some ***legal pretextual justification*** or other written in a **language** ***(English) not well understood*** by most of the **locals** that found themselves in an ***EIC* administered** jurisdiction.

Over the course of the **1700's** more of these ***human resources*** were put to **work mining** saltpeter (organic sodium nitrate), which is a **primary** ingredient in ***gunpowder*,** or they were farming and processing ***tea***, which **England** had developed an increasingly

insatiable thirst for. Given **England's** historical ***susceptibility*** to **ALL** of the ***other*** **addictive behaviors** and **substances** previously discussed, it shouldn't be all that surprising that the **island** of **unquenchable thirst** developed a **rampant** and **widespread *caffeine addiction,*** usually **mediated** through massive **daily *tea*** **consumption**.

Feeding (and ***profiting*** from) **England's** voracious **demand** for **caffeinated beverages** and **fine textiles** far **exceeded** the ***EIC's*** (and other independent importers) **production** capacities, which spurred much of the **subcontinental growth** just concussed. It also **fueled** renewed and increasingly ***creative*** efforts to break into the **long sought** yet ever elusive ***Chinese*** **market**.

India may have been the **crown jewel** of ***Great Britain's*** **colonial possessions**, but getting the **colonial hooks** into ***China*** had **always** been the ***holy grail*** of ALL of the **European colonial powers**, and ***especially*** **England** as ***China*** was **known** to have the ***best*** **silk** and ***tea*** yet found on this (particular) planet.

Yet the ***EIC*** and **other European importers** found ***China*** to be a profoundly **difficult** market to break into. This was mainly for two overarching reasons. The first, and definitely more important of the two is that ***China,*** by and large, was historically **averse** to doing **business** with **foreign *white devils*** for SOME reason or ***other***.

While this relatively **understandable** reluctance on their part is often attributed by various **asshats** and **eggheads** as being a historical result of a profoundly **insular** (and/or ***racist)*** culture ***possibry*** suffering from a **middle kingdom complex**, given the **white man's** track record both **in** and **outside** of **Europe**, it's kind of hard to **discount** the typically **inscrutable** wisdom of ***China's*** **long term policy** of strictly ***limiting*** **contact** and ***trade*** with **white people** in general and ***Brits*** in particular, as we will see.

Prior to the (**British**) establishment of **Hong Kong**, ***gwailo*** **foreigners** found their ***access*** to ***China*** **limited** to **one neighborhood** in **Canton** (now Guangzhou). This **exclusionist** policy started with the ***Portuguese*** back in **1514** (and possibly in no small part inspired by the **overly zealous Catholic missionary maniacs** that travelled with them to spread the WORD to the local "**godless**" **heathens**) and continued to be the case up until the outbreak of the **First Opium *WAR*** in **1842**.

For all intents and purposes, ***all*** (legal) ***Chinese*** **trade** with **foreign *white devils*** was strictly **limited** to this **very small area** for nearly **330 years**. ***Foreign trade*** was tightly **controlled**, heavily ***taxed*** and various ***Chinese*** **emperors** were NOT **shy** about **kicking** out any and all **trade delegations** on just about any ***pretext*** just to show ***who*** had the **upper hand** in ongoing **trade *negotiations***.

The other reason the ***EIC*** found it so difficult to establish the kind of commercial toehold in **China** had to do with **China's economy** being based on the ***silver standard*** (either by state policy or practical default) since before the ***Ming*** **dynasty** started in **1368 AJ**.

Though ***some*** may speculate that **China** being on some kind of ***silver standard*** may be partially attributable to **China** being an older and more relatively integrated culture with just the kind of operational familiarity and easy access to actual fucking ***bananas*** that tends to mitigate the incidence of ***GOLD fever***, it is ALMOST as **plausible** to suggest that historical **China's** preference for ***silver*** had as much to do with a ***natively occurring surplus*** already being widely used as **currency** before ***Spanish*** and ***Portuguese*** explorers started showing up from points (**much**) further **East** with mass quantities of ***silver*** to **trade** for **spices** and **silk**.

China's ***silver standard*** was **problematic** for **England** and those other European powers on the ***GOLD*** **standard** who did **not** have an abundance of **new world colonies** littered with high yield ***silver*** mines. Beyond ***Great Britain's*** previously concussed (collective) ***GOLD*** (and/or ***primate)*** **predispostions**, part of their continuing enthusiasm for staying on the ***GOLD*** **standard** had something to do with ***colonizing*** those regions in **Western Africa** known to be **riddled** with productive ***GOLD*** **mines** and **England** had a steady and abundant supply of ***IT*** to **mint** into **pounds** and/or **guineas**.

China's official preference for ***silver*** put **England** and other European powers on the ***GOLD*** **standard** at a real ***currency disadvantage*** in ALL **economic transactions** that transpired between them. The combination of that ***currency differential,*** **China's** political and commercial ***isolationist*** policies that kept **colonial capitalist Eurotrash** ***contained*** in one small neighborhood in just one city on it's south coast AND **China's** long standing (and ***continuing)*** willingness to ***tax*** and/or ***tariff*** the fuck out of **foreign goods** (making them **prohibitively expensive** for all but the **richest locals**) created a significant ***trade imbalance*** that ***China*** was (**and**/or ***IS)*** **keen** to ***continue*** for as long as ***possibre.***

The ***Brits*** were just as keen to **minimize** and/or **eliminate** that ***trade imbalance,*** if not ***reverse it in their favor*** if possible. ***Britain's*** foreign ***trade deficit*** worked against ***British*** (**economic**) **interests** at least **two times over**, which made any **trade** with **China** damnably expensive.

First there was the simple **supply** and **demand** ***differential*** between ***China*** and ***Great Britain.*** **English** ***demand*** for ***Chinese*** **goods** (or ***bads)*** like **silk**, **porcelain**, ***tea*** and ***opium*** was relatively **ginormous** to begin with, and only ***grew*** over time, for some reason.

But on the flip side, whatever passing ***Chinese*** **demand** for ***British*** **goods** (or ***bads*** in the case of **firearms**) was ***artificially*** **limited** through tight **geographic restrictions** and **punitive tariffs** that sharply **limited** the ***availability*** of **Western goods** (and/or ***bads)*** in ***China***, which made what little was available ***prohibitively*** expensive.

These **restrictions** also **impinged** on the local factor's ability to ***buy low*** and ***sell high*** or seek **alternative sources** for high demand items. This in turn ***artificially*** **increased** the **prices** for already **high demand** items in an ***artificially accelerated inflationary cycle*** that progressively worked to ***China's*** **advantage**.

The **other** thorn in the side of ***Great Britain's*** economic expansion plans in ***China*** was that ALL **duties**, **tariffs**, **import fees**, **excise taxes** and **bribes** (this is ***China*** after all) were expected to be **paid** IMMEDIATELY and only in ***silver***. Past that, any **trading** involving ***British*** or other **European bullion** or **coin** was also **mandated** to be in ***silver***.

Though **England** was definitely getting their **industrial act** together in earnest by **1750**, this did **not** have the effect of spontaneously increasing **England's domestic** or **colonial *silver supplies*** by any great amount.

This **Sino-*British GOLD-silver currency differential*** worked **against *British* interests** at least (**another**) **two** times over. By far the most problematic of these is that ***Great Britain's*** **lack** of steady **silver supplies** forced them to ***buy*** **silver** from those who did. This meant getting **back in bed** with the ***Spanish*** who seemingly **controlled** just about every ***silver*** **mine** in the **new world**, and then **paying** good **English *GOLD*** previously ***sucked*** out of the ***British*** **economy** (through the novel **deployment** of ***imaginary money*** being ***loaned*** out by ***fictional***... **whoops**...financial institutions at ***post-usurious*** rates of ***interest)*** for ***Spanish*** **silver** to **pay** for ***Chinese*** **trade**.

Since the ***Brits*** were **not** the only ones in this kind of **unenviable** commercial relationship with ***China***, the growing **demand** in **Europe** for ***Chinese*** **goods** directly contributed to a ***growing*** **demand** for ***silver*** in the other countries that wanted to do business in ***China*** and happened to be on the ***GOLD*** **standard** like ***Great Britain***. This **growing demand** inevitably led to a ***growing price*** for ***silver***, which made **trade** with ***China*** even more **expensive** and bled more capital **out** of ***Great Britain*** into **foreign hands**.

Foreign deficits are generally **bad** for multiple reasons, not the least of which being that they tend to **directly affect** the ***profit margins*** of the **domestic *rich people*** involved. The standard **two step** response to this by **affected** (possibly ***multi-national)*** **corporations** is to first ***raise prices*** to **offset** the increased **costs** of the **foreign business** in question. The ***next*** step is to ***claim further difficulties*** and/or **costs** due to "**unforeseen**" developments (that **may** or may **not** actually ***exist*** at the **severity** described) and then ***raise prices again***. These **upward price adjustments** tend to contribute to other ***(artificially accelerated)*** **inflationary cycles** already present in the **affected economy**.

The other **disadvantage** that ***silver*** posed for ***British*** **trans-shippers** was more **practical** than widely felt. ***Silver*** transactions typically involved significantly **higher *volumes*** of **bullion** and/or **coin** than those that involved ***GOLD***.

Historically speaking, according to **everybody's** (or at least the present author's) favorite interweb encyclopedia, ***GOLD*** has a historical aggregate average of **trading** with ***silver*** at a **15.5** to **one *ratio***. Meaning that up until the **1900's**, most of the time ***one pound*** of ***GOLD*** was **worth** roughly ***15 pounds*** of silver. Apparently, this more or less held true in ***China*** during the **1700's** when their main **currency coin** (the ***tael)*** had roughly the

same value as a **mexican peso**. Since ***silver*** has just over ***half*** the **physical density** of ***GOLD***, the actual **cubic volume *ratio*** between ***similar*** **value** amounts of **silver** to ***GOLD*** was slightly under ***30 to 1***.

Meaning that **any** transaction that could have been purchased with **one *GOLD* bar** took ***30 silver bars*** of similar volume wherever ***GOLD*** wasn't accepted. This is a ***significantly*** **increased** amount of **volume** of **hard specie** that all **European** or **English trans-shippers** had to take into account. This was a pointed concern regarding any **large transactions** where a large amount of **bullion** had to be **purchased** and properly **distributed** throughout the **ship**. The more **space** this ***silver*** took up, the ***less*** **space** there was to fill in the **trans-shipping vessel** with potentially **valuable** domestic goods (and/or ***bads***) to be **exported** to ***China*** to **offset** the **high overhead** of doing business with or in ***China***.

But ***Great Britain*** didn't get to where it was in **1750** by just letting a bunch of **bloody wogs** dictate the same kind of **disadvantageous economic terms** that the ***Brits*** GREATLY ***preferred*** to **en**(**g**)**act** on ***their own*** **colonial expansion areas** within their dominion. With the disparate **difficulties** being what they were, it was clear to even the most fatuous **upper class twat** and/or ***on-site representative*** that the ***Roman*** **method** of **empire building** (IE ***divide*** and ***conquer***) in **China** was just as **impractical** as the ***Norman*** **method** of showing up **in force** and ***invading*** the **mainland** and pressing a successful campaign to the nearest capital to force the **local alpha** to surrender, or **lose a head**.

In the former case, **local political control** was mediated through a **centralized behemoth** that had much of **early modern *China*** on an **authoritative lockdown**. There were **no** distinguishable **beta groups** that could **supplant** the **local alphas** (generally known as the ***Qing*** **dynasty** from **1644** to **1912**) WITHOUT ***infeasibly*** huge amounts of **foreign assistance**.

In the latter case, there were simply **too many *Chinese*** people in ***China*** to make any kind of **invasion** by **round eyed devils** anything other than a **mass suicide mission**.

Even worse for **England**, the sharply **limited** geography of ***British*** **traders *sharply limited*** their ability to **spread** the **mimetic virus** commonly referred to as **English** among **indigenous *Chinese* populations** to the extent necessary to start **turning** them into **English** people with slightly funnier accents. This could accurately be referred to as the other (or perhaps ***reverse***) ***Norman*** **method** in that this is the exact process that ***demogrified*** the ***Norman*** **alphas** into **English Aristocrats** in **three generations** (or ***less***).

In the **absence** of applicability of the usual approaches that **worked** just about **everywhere else** for the ***Brits***, those tasked with further ***expansion*** **Eastward** from ***India*** had to get creative and come up with an alternative approach. The ***EIC*** **hacks** that were in charge of this **ethical shitshow** had little **compunction** about taking a page of the **Trans-atlantic Triangle Trade book** and did some **market research** about

something that ***Great*** (and/or ***Greater) Britain*** could **produce** or **procure** that was in **high demand** in ***China***.

This ***market research*** was **not** very optimistic at first. Thanks to there being **hundreds of millions** of ***Chinese*** **people** at the time, there was a ***bit*** of a **labor surplus** in ***China.*** Between that, and ***China's*** long standing (and **pre-existing**) ***chromatic bias*** in **favor** of **lighter tinted individuals**, there was **not** all that much of a ***demand*** for **African POW's** for ***involuntary*** **peasant labor**. There were plenty of **local pissants** for that.

There was also **little** to **negligible** ***demand*** for **English textiles up** until the **mid-1800's**. This had as much to do with **practicality** as **fashion** as ***wool*** does NOT wear well in **tropical** or **subtropical heat**, which tends to be the case in those parts of ***China*** easily **accessed** by a **boat**. ***Tea*** was **native** to ***China***, and ***Indian tea*** was widely held to be of ***inferior*** quality to ***Chinese tea*** just about everywhere in ***China***.

Tobacco started becoming ***increasingly*** **popular** the ***week*** it was **first introduced** from the **new world**, but the sharply **limited** amount of **supplies** and possible **geographic *distribution*** area was initially **insufficient** to trigger the necessary ***consumer feedback cycle*** of **increasing demand** leading to ***increasing*** **individual consumption** that makes the **production** and **sale** of ***addictive*** and/or ***habituating*** substances so gosh darn **profitable** in the first place.

There was **little** to less **demand** for **English** variations of the ***devil's drink*** as whatever ***beer*** or ***grog*** that was **shipped** from **England** was **doubly** (or ***more) rotted*** by the time it made it to ***China,*** and **less pleasing** to the **local palate** then the **local** versions of **wine**, **beer** or ***nail polish remover*** that were made out of ***rotted rice*** (and/or different kinds of local fruit and vegetables).

Demand for ***foreign*** **fermented beverages** also **failed** to meet the **lower threshold** for the kind of **self perpetuating *consumer feedback cycle*** that would make **trans-shipment** of **English drink** halfway across the world **profitable** in any kind of sense.

The more they looked, the more these **Far Eastern *EIC* market researchers** found that the **Union Jack** had ***jack shit*** to offer the ***Chinese***, except for one **notable** exception.

Though ***tobacco*** was not **native** to ***China*** and did not show up until the **round eyes** did, **many *Chinese*** were long in the **habit** of **smoking** other ***shit***. Some of this was various **cannabis compounds**, but the **one** that caught the **eye** and ***rapidly beating hearts*** of ***EIC*** **market researchers** was a **widespread *Chinese* affinity** for **smoking *poppy derivatives***.

By the time the ***British*** noticed this lucrative ***Chinese*** **market**, it had **matured** into a relatively steady **black market** that was **officially** frowned upon by the **central authority**, but progressively **winked at** the further ***down*** the **chain of command** one went.

Much of this **local winking** was due to **graft** and **bribes** from those **running** the ***opium* dens** where much of ***China's opium*** was **sold** and **consumed**. BUT some of the ***tacit acceptance*** of **local *opium* use** was the usual **concessions to reality** that **local police forces** eventually **make** in the face of **constant** and **steady *demand*** for an **illegal substance** that only seems to ***increase the more it is officially suppressed.***

Local supplies of ***Chinese opium*** had been sufficiently **restricted** to drive ***up*** the **price** to make the ***illegal* importation** of ***it*** various kinds of ***extremely profitable,*** assuming one had the necessary means of production and methods of delivery.

Coincidentally, the ***EIC*** conveniently had **access** to ***oodles*** of **agricultural resources** in just the right kind of **habitat zone** that **poppies** thrive in and a **shit ton** of **ships** to **transport** their processed ***shit*** with.

The ***EIC*** started **test marketing *opium*** in ***China*** in the **mid 1700's** after **converting** some of their ***tea* fields** into ***poppy* fields**. Just about **every** shipment they managed to **smuggle** into ***China* sold out** quickly (and/or ***immediately),*** and the **local smugglers**, **gangsters** and ***addicts*** they **sold** their ***highly addictive*** wares to were more than willing to **pay** good **silver** for ***poppy products.***

Consistent with ***opium's*** (and ***other*** opiates) long established track record of being a relatively (or ***extremely)*** **addictive** substance that is a **cast iron *bitch*** to **kick** once ***it's* habituated claws** sink in to the historically unwitting victim, ***demand*** for **opium** only seemed to ***increase*** WITH **supply** as **more addicts** got (**some**) of their **friends** and **family *hooked***.

Since ***Chinese* opium addicts** (and/or their **criminal suppliers**) were willing to **trade *Chinese silver*** for ***Indian opium,*** this ***illegal trade*** started to **offset** some of the ***trading deficit*** partly created through the ***currency differential*** that had been working to ***China's* advantage**.

As always seems to happen with ***illegal drugs***, the **insatiable** and ***growing* demand** for ***opium*** DIRECTLY led to ***increased* supplies** as the ***EIC*** started **producing** MORE ***opium*** to further **minimize** their **trade disadvantage** with ***China***.

By the **later 1700's**, the ***EIC*** was ***smuggling*** approximately ***900 tons*** a **year** into ***China***, which then **escalated** to ***1400 tons*** (IE nearly ***3 million pounds)*** a **year** by **1838** when it was still **illegal** in ***China*** and ***opium possession*** was made **punishable** by ***death***.

The ***EIC*** was well **aware** that their most popular **export** to ***China*** was ***illegal***, which is why at some point they started **transferring *opium* products** to native ***Indian*** vessels for **shipping**. Then the ***EIC*** started working through established (and ***not conspicuously*** English) **middle men** to further **distance** the **company** from the **transactions** they found so ***profitable***.

These ***double dealing actions*** allowed the ***EIC*** enough in the **way** of ***plausible deniability*** to effectively **deny** their **official *opium* involvement** during their ongoing **trade *negotiations*** with the **imperial *Chinese* government** in order ***leverage*** **greater access** to a wider ***Chinese*** **market** not strictly limited to one neighborhood in ***Canton.***

Some small part for the ***EIC's*** early **enthusiasm** for ***smuggling*** **highly addictive** (and **controlled substances**) into ***China*** for HUGE **profits** may be due to unexpected **difficulties** the **company** faced in it's **supply chain** after the ***Bengal famine*** (of **1770**) **hit**.

The first and second order effects of this **famine** (**starvation** and **sickness** respectively) **killed** roughly a ***third*** of ***Bengal's*** **population** over a course of **three years** in the **early 1770's**. Among the multiple ***other*** effects, this also created a **labor** and **product crisis** in one of the ***EIC's*** most **profitable** production areas for both ***tea*** and ***opium***.

When approximately **10,000,000 *Bengalis* died**, large regions of **cultivated land** were progressively **abandoned** over a series of **drought** and **low rainfall** years as the **locals** who survived ***left their farms*** to search for **food** or to become **bandits**.

The **sick irony** of all this is that, ***true to it's nature as a multinational corporation,*** the ***EIC*** had in a large part ***created*** this ***fully avoidable*** **clusterfuck** through enforcing incredibly **short sighted** (and **rapacious**) **production**, **tax** and **civil** policies in ***EIC*** **controlled** areas.

The ***EIC*** actually ***destroyed*** **large areas** of **food crops** and mandated the **local farmers** grow **poppies** or **indigo**, ***neither*** of which is very **edible**. This ***(drastic)*** **reduction** of **food crops** pushed UP the **price of food**. These **difficulties** were **not** eased for the **locals** when their local **taxes** were ***doubled*** (or **more**) by the ***EIC,*** which was also the local **civic administrative agency** thanks to their previously issued ***plenipotentiary powers*** (and associated ***license(s) to kill)***. Then the ***EIC*** **banned** the hoarding of **rice**, which ***prevented*** the **local towns** and **villages** from ***stockpiling emergency reserves*** for the ***exact kind of drought situation*** they found themselves within in **1770**.

This **dramatic loss** of both **labor** and **product** (as most of the ***EIC's*** **products** of ***Indian*** origin were agricultural in nature) for several years in a row severely affected the ***EIC's profitability*** as well as their ability to **pay** their usual **taxes** of ***£400,000,000*** a year (don't forget to **add** a couple of **zeros** to that number then **multiply** by **2** to adjust for ***inflation)*** to the ***British*** **government** as per the ***EIC's*** evolving **charter**.

The ***EIC*** was also **learning** the **hard way** in ***India*** that it is much **easier** to ***gain*** territories through **force** than it was (or ***is)*** to ***keep*** them if the **locals** weren't amenable to ***white devils*** lording over them like a bunch of **English aristocrats**. The ***Bengal*** **famine** only served to **exacerbate** the kind of **local sentiment** that leads to **peasant uprisings**, **revolts** and **revolutions**, and the ***EIC*** was **also** facing dramatically ***escalating*** **security** and **military costs** in ***India*** because of it.

These **losses** did **not** combine well with a **home market** for ***tea*** that was starting to **sag** for the ***EIC*** as they were facing fierce **competition** with **foreign *tea* suppliers** (who tended to speak ***Dutch)*** that were smuggling **non-*EIC tea*** into **England** and their ***13 colonies***. Though these **foreign suppliers** tended to offer **inferior *tea*** products, they were able to significantly **undercut** the ***EIC's* prices** since the ***EIC*** was **on the hook** for various **customs duties** and **local taxes** in **England** that ***Dutch* smugglers** were able to **avoid**.

That **price difference** was so pronounced that ***smuggled tea*** formed the **majority** of the ***tea*** shipped to the **13 colonies** by a (roughly) **3:2** ratio. This was **bad** for the ***EIC*** as servicing the lucrative **13 colonies market** had become an **integral** part of an ***EIC* business model** largely predicated on **selling *tea*** by the **pound** in **America** and NOT **warehousing *it*** by the **ton** in **London**. That lead to the ***perception*** of a ***tea surplus*** in **England** right at the same time the ***Bengal* famine** blew up, which lead to ***critical* labor** and **supply chain *difficulties*** at a time where the ***EIC*** could **least afford** it. The ***perception*** of a ***surplus*** further lead to **decreasing prices** for ***tea*** in **England**, which did **not** help with the ***EIC's* profit difficulties** at all.

By **1773**, **all** of these different **developments** had the ***EIC*** some version of **upside down** regarding it's **income** and **expenditures**. The short version is that ***it*** had **too many** of the **latter** and **not** enough of the **former** and was rapidly **sliding** into ***bankruptcy*** because of it.

Yet, ***(eerily)*** similar to certain **American financial institutions**, the ***EIC*** had been **deemed** to be ***too big to fail*** (**HAHAHAHAHAHA**, **right**...***that's a good one)*** because of their OWN **penny wise** and **dollar dumb** decisions at home and/or abroad.

By some sort of uniquely **English *transitive logic***, the **bigwigs** (literally) in the ***EIC*** and **Parliament** decided that the **best** way to resolve these difficulties and ***stimulate*** further ***tea* demand** was to **grant** the ***EIC*** the "**right**" to **sell** directly in **America** and ***eliminate*** the ***EIC* taxes** and **duties** on ***tea*** shipped through **England**, PLUS ***retain and better enforce any and all tea sales taxes already on the book in the 13 colonies.***

This ***(would have)*** worked well for the ***EIC*** as it ***outsourced*** the **tax burden *away*** from the **affected multi-national corporation** TO the end ***consumers*** that ***it*** relied on. **CONG**...wait, **what country are we talking about**? RIGHT...Parliament, for ***some*** reason, **concurred** and decided that the best way to **deal** with ***EIC* fuckups** in ***India*** was to give ***them* direct access** to the **13 colonies** and let the ***EIC*** directly TAX the **colonists** for that privilege ***above and beyond what they were already charging them for their products***.

This was the ***debatable*** logic that resulted in the passage of the ***Tea Act*** in **1773**. The ***resulting* local resistance** and ***Boston Tea Party*** the ***Tea Act*** inspired in **America** then **led** to the ***Coercive Acts*** to **punish *Boston*** and **Massachusetts** and further **led** to the

13 colonies giving ***Great Britain*** the **two fingered salute** (and/or **flipping *It*** the **bird**) on **July 4th** (and/or **2nd**) **1776**.

What followed the **Declaration of Independence** has been documented well enough by other and better researched sources to not **merit** a further **diatribe** here ***(yet)***. In fact, the **American** tendency to **focus** on those **formative** events and the ***lingering* realities** of being on the ***ass end*** of the **Trans-atlantic Triangle Trade** tend to overshadow ***other* historical patterns** of interest.

Like, for instance, HOW the ***EIC's*** "**discovery**" of a (long ***pre-disposed)* *Chinese* affinity** (and/or **weakness**) for ***opium* completed** the circuit for another ***trade triangle*** between **England**, ***India*** and ***China***.

Ships went from **England** (around **Africa**) to ***India*** with ***guns*** (and **ammo**) and ***African Slaves*** to either **supplant** or **suppress** subcontinental **natives** as needed. Many of ***whom*** were **employed** (and/or ***compelled)*** to help **cultivate *poppies*** and further **process *them*** into **high test *opium*** that was **sold** to "**independent**" **exporters** in ***Calcutta*** and then **shipped** to ***China*** in ***Indian* boats**. The ***opium*** was then **traded** for ***silver*** that was used to **buy silk**, **spices** and ***tea*** (the ***Chinese*** versions of each being considered by many of the time be of superior quality than those ***Indian*** origin) that was **shipped** back to **England** for **sale**.

So, in fact, what we have is ***two*** chronologically concurrent ***Trade Triangles*** that ***both*** originated in **England** in **thought**, **plan** and ***deed***. While it is **true** that when **two *separate* triangles** exist in the **same** geometric space (like on a **planet** for instance), they form some kind of ***hexagram***, that ***doesn't*** apply in this case ***both* triangles** (**market**) SHARED a ***point of origin*** (IE **England**, or more accurately ***London)***. When **two triangles *occupy*** the **same** space AND ***share a similar point,*** the **two dimensional** shape those **five points** form is some kind of ***pentagram***.

Chapter **12.6**: The ***Satanic synergy*** of **England's *Upside Down Pentagram Trade***

When **one** further considers that the various **struts** of this ***British Colonial Trading Pentagram*** were composed of various (but **substantial**) amounts of: ***African slaves; guns; alcohol*** (mostly ***rum); sugar*** (much of **which** was for ***tea*** cultivated by **poorly paid** {if at ***all}*** **local laborers***); **opium***; ***silver***; **silk** and MORE ***tea*** (**please**), it becomes increasingly **obvious** to the **savvy** (and/or ***satanic)*** **observer** that the general **disposition** of this particular ***pentagram of imperial power*** is clearly ***upside down***.

Which is the **dark** and **iniquitous** underbelly of the ***British Industrial Revolution*** that in no small part ***created the modern world*** that **all of us** continue to be **trapped** in like **too many rats** in **too small a cage** and **not** quite enough **wheels** (and/or ***water)*** to go around.

By far the most **insidious** aspect of the ***Upside Down Pentagram Trade*** was the **sheer *banality*** of the **end product synergy** at ***it's* point** of ***origin***.

The **cuppa *tea*** so frequently enjoyed in **England** gave little clue of being **grown** by **half starved** and **poorly paid *(if at all)* peasants** halfway across the world.

The **whiteness** of the ***sugar*** so many put in their ***tea*** was a **stark** yet **silent** contrast to the **red blood *shed*** by the **black men** (and **women** and **children**) who were literally ***worked to death*** in the **cane fields** where **England's** (and ***America's)*** **sugar** came from.

The **soft *silk*** and **fine *tea*** brought back from ***China*** told **few tales** of being bought with ***silver*** **siphoned** from ***(increasing)*** **millions** of ***Chinese junkies*** getting **hooked on *British produced Indian opium*.**

BUT the most ***egregious*** **banality** by far was that this **whole *Evil Empire*** was **orchestrated** and **perpetuated** by those **upper echelon idiots** in **England** who (by and large) ***already had*** MORE ***money,*** **land**, **houses**, **horses**, **servants**, **more servants** and **agricultural pissants** than they knew what to do with.

Since they were **able** to **outsource** all of the **heinous** and **diabolical shit** across the **Sea** to **lands** far away, a largely unwitting ***British*** **public** (which had already been **compelled** into various forms of ***wage slavery*** for **60 hours a week** {or **more**}) was simply **too simple** and/or **too damn tired** to ***question*** the **beastly origins** of their **new creature comforts** that made the **day to day** slightly less awful. As is the case with virtually **all** other groups of **upper primates**, the **first law** of **primate neurology** applies: ***out of sight, out of mind*.**

It was precisely this ***native primate ignorance*** on the part of the ***British pissantry*** that allowed these **blatantly** (and **unapologetically**) ***capitalist*** efforts **flourish** to the ***superlative*** extent they did. The more the ***British public*** became **aware** of the **true origins** of the **creature comforts** they **enjoyed**, the ***more vociferously they objected to their beastly methods of production*.** But **not** to **much** effect until **after** the current time period being concussed.

Chapter **12.7**: ***Related Language Effects of the 1600's***

As one might imagine, culturally experiencing so much ***upper class success*** (and the ***inevitable*** **excesses** that always come with ***it)*** at the **expense** (not to mention ***distress)*** of just about **everybody** else involved in the space of a single **century** had a **few** overall ***neuro-semantic effects*** on the ***commonly separating language*** you are reading ***right now***.

Three of which are of particular interest and/or import to many to most (to ***all)*** **modern readers**. These (**Englitch**) **language effects** of the period are probably best termed ***caffeine/sugar/nicotine effects, LIES***, and ***more damned LIES*.**

Since **one** (or ***three****)* of these **isn't** quite like the others, it makes sense to start with **that one** first.

Obviously, ***caffeine, sugar*** and ***nicotine*** are entirely different substances that each have their own unique spectrum of effects (**desired** or ***not****)* that **tend** to ***parallel*** each other as much as they diverge.

Caffeine is a ***central nervous system stimulant*** that happens to be the **world's** most popular **psychoactive drug** thanks to **pandemic *coffee*** and/or ***tea*** **abuse**. ***Sugar*** is a catch all term for various kinds of ***saccharide carbohydrates*** (fructose, sucrose, glucose et al) that are strongly **linked** in (and ***out*** of) various **laboratory settings** with a (**brief**) **stimulant-**like surge of **energy** after **consumption**. ***Nicotine*** is a ***parasympathomimetic alkaloid*** that is also considered to be a **stimulant** and the active ingredient in ***tobacco*** that makes ***it*** so ***addictively*** popular.

If the physical, mental, health (and/or ***mental health****)* effects of these **addictive drugs** were under discussion, it would be much more sensible to proceed by talking about the associated effects of each one at a time. But since we are talking about the **evolutionary impact** that they ***all*** had on our ***commonly separated language*** during a key developmental period, it makes much more sense to **concuss** them as a ***related group****.*

Mainly because the **neuro-semantic effects** of all **three** tend to ***converge*** more than diverge, and that **all three** were **introduced** (in **mass quantities**) to an **unwitting English populace** at roughly the ***same time*** thanks to previously mentioned **Triangle Trades**.

Neurologically speaking, in short and very broad terms, ***sugar*** is a **short term stimulant**, ***caffeine*** a **medium term stimulant**, and ***nicotine*** a **state specific stimulant** with some ***paradoxical*** **calming effects** depending on the method and pacing of ingestion.

In practical terms, not only is ***each one*** either **physically addictive** and/or **rapidly habituating** (and with **all** of the attendant **escalation** of ***attenuation*** previously concussed regarding certain ***OTHER*** **addictive substances**), they **all** individually tend to **directly contribute** to ***increased*** **desire** for (and ***usage of****)* the ***others*** as well.

The **rapid onset** of the well known ***sugar buzz*** shortly leads to a ***precipitous*** **drop** in **energy** (and often ***mood****)* that is strongly ***offset*** by the **simultaneous** or closely followed **ingestion** of the slower acting but longer lasting ***caffeine****.* With the roughly **parallel** and ***phased*** effects that ***caffeine*** and ***sugar*** share, it would **not** be inaccurate to characterize them as ***stimulant symbionts****.* It is because of this **phased *symbiotic relationship*** that ***sugar*** and ***caffeine*** have been ubiquitously **combined** in approximately **69 fucktillion ways** in just about ***every*** **culture** with **access** to **both** since the **beginning** of **time**.

Unfortunately, the (often delicious) **combination** of ***caffeine*** and ***sugar*** **can** (and ***does)*** **impart** so much **chemical energy** that some (and/or **most**) **people** start getting a ***bit twitchy*** after their (**fucking**) ***frappachino***. If consumed **quickly**, these ***stimulant symbionts*** can (and **do**) ***result*** in the **affected individual** displaying varying amounts of: **agitated restlessness**; **excessive** (and/or ***recessive)*** **primate fidgeting**; and a ***general inability*** to **sit still** and/or **shut the fuck up** for **more** than 5 seconds in a row.

These ***agitated*** states of being tend to be ***enhanced*** (or at least **offset**) by the regular ***co-consumption*** of ***nicotine*** during their ***buzz window***. Due to being a ***state specific stimulant*** with some paradoxical **calming** effects depending on the method and pacing of ingestion, ***smoking*** (or **chewing** and/or ***spitting)*** some ***tobacco*** is by **far** the most popular choice for ***taking the edge off*** and better focussing one's chemical energies. As ALL three ***are*** **physically addictive** and/or **habit forming**, escalating usage of one generally led to ***escalating usage of the others***.

This ***symbiotic*** **consumption triangle** is largely rooted the mutually supportive **neuro-endocrine/major organ** effects of each ***addictive substance***.

Excessive ***sugar*** **consumption** (IE just about ALL ***sugar*** consumption) tends to ***antagonistically*** activate the **pancreas** and **spleen**, which (in ***Chinese*** medicine {IE the second oldest ***medical science*** on the planet after ***Ayurveda})*** has been directly linked to: **fatigue**; **depression**; ***elevated*** **sensitivity** to **stress**; ***related*** **agitation**; and the **moodiness** that comes with **5 minute highs** followed by a ***quick crash***.

Caffeine antagonistically ***agitates*** the **kidneys** in particular, which **pisses off** the **adrenal glands** sitting on ***top*** of them, leading to **increased** and ***unnecessary*** **adrenaline** and **histamine output** that often results in (MORE) ***increased*** **agitation** (and **allergy** response) in **heavy** (**ab**)**users**.

In both ***Eastern*** and **Western** medicine, ***nicotine*** (via ***tobacco)*** has been exhaustively established to be varying degrees of **bad** for your **heart**, **lungs**, **digestive** and **endocrine systems**. It does take the edge **off** the ***caffeine buzz*** (and quite a few ***others),*** but ONLY at the cost of ***diminishing*** **lung capacity** and **function**, ***increased*** **stress** on the **heart** and possible **digestive issues**. Though ***mildly*** **mood elevating** in the short term, the eventual **endocrine effects** that end up **pissing off** ***most*** of the **main organs** ***at the same*** which further leads to **depressive tendencies** and a general feeling of **malaise** and/or ***impending doom*** that **may** or MAY not be a ***pre-conscious*** cue from the **body** about ***impending*** **metastasization projects** underway in one's **innards**.

Beyond that **woefully** incomplete list of associated **health effects**, ALL **three** (and the **last two** in particular) tend to have a **diuretic** or otherwise **dehydrating** effects. These lead to **increased thirst**, which when **combined** with ***dropping*** **blood sugar** (and ***caffeine)*** levels, strongly tend to leads to FURTHER ***sugar*** spiked ***coffee*** or ***tea*** consumption. Which then leads to MORE **smoking**, which then **leaves** the **mouth** ***dry*** and **parched** and generally ready for another (**fucking**) **crappachino**.

On a basic, **neuro-energetic** level of function NOT (**yet**) well understood by **Western medicine**, in general, ***stimulants*** tend to **activate** then ***agitate*** the **primate body** through the **organ pathways** just mentioned. ***Stimulants*** **activate** the ***sympathetic nervous system*** by various means, which is the inner network that **mediates** the ***fight or flight*** response and ***other*** **activity impulses**. This then leads to ***increased*** **nervous system impulses** that previously ***evolved*** to deal with ***fight or flight*** situations. In the **absence** of NOT ***almost dying,*** these ***increased*** **nervous system impulses** are experienced as the ***increased*** **mental activity** that is the one ubiquitously ***shared*** characteristic of ALL **stimulants**.

If one is **not** otherwise occupied during **stimulant buzz windows** with some more **useful** activities like: **roofing**; **hanging drywall**; **flipping burgers**; **driving a big ass truck across the country**; **dancing to** (or ***making) (shitty)*** **electronic music**; **playing disc golf** (or ***possibly*** other sports); and/or **fucking one's brains out for hours** (or **days** {slash ***minutes}***) or writing ***another*** big stupid book like the still (**fucking**) present author, the ***increased*** **mental activity** associated with **stimulants** most commonly tends to manifest itself as an ***artificially accelerated*** **internal dialogue** typically resulting in: ***increased*** **lability**; possible **high pressured speech;** and a ***general inability*** to **not shut the fuck up** (or ***stop typing)*** for **more** than 5 seconds at a time, unless the **stimulant enthusiast** happens to be ***smoking***.

Though this ***increased*** **mental activity** and the associated ***artificially accelerated*** **dialogues** (**internal** and **external**) can be a **real asset** in a number of occupations, including but **not** limited to: **car salesmen**; **marketers**; **script writers**; **grifters**; **con men**; **lawyers**; ***banking*** and/or **corporate executives** {and/or ***stooges};*** **judges**; **psychiatrists**; **psychologists**; **counselors** {**drug abuse** or otherwise}; **talk radio hosts**; **cult leaders**; **religious** and/or **government representatives**; or their increasingly busy **legal counsels**), despite the many **positive** effects of various **stimulants**, over time these ***exacerbated*** **dialogues** are **increasingly affected** by the ***suboptimal*** **organ responses** long associated with **stimulant** usage. And especially in the **tail end** of the **buzz window** when the ***sugar buzz*** turns into a ***sugar crash*** before the impending ***caffeine crash*** happens.

In that very common instance, the ***artificially accelerated*** **dialogue**(**s**) are **projected** through a **screen** of ***increasing*** **depression**, **irritability**, **fatigue** and **general malaise** which tends to **dramatically** (and ***negatively)*** **affect** the ***tone*** and ***threads*** of affected **inner** and **external dialogues**.

Unfortunately, virtually **none** of the **stimulants** under discussion involve **any** kind of fundamental **mind opening** or ***extended*** moments of **clarity** of the ***original smart drugs*** that are presently known under the **modern** ***misnomer*** of "**psychedelics**".

Meaning that **rather** than ***catalyzing*** **higher states** of **mind** and/or ***being*** in the ***caffeine, sugar*** and ***nicotine*** (**ab**)**user**, their **enhanced** ***chemical energies*** mainly have the **effect** of **activating** and **accelerating** the same old ***pre-existing*** **semantic**

streams and **word chains** that already ***bedevil*** **most** (OK, FINE...***all)*** **English speakers**.

These **neuro-semantic effects** of the **Standard Stimulant Triangle** are NOT overly enhanced by the statistically ***likely*** (and **regular**) ***co-consumption*** of **alcohol**. Among the ***other*** **health effects** of that historically ***ubiquitous*** habit, ANY **alcohol intake** tends to **agitate** the **liver**, mainly because it is **pissed** that it has to **clean** all of that ***rotten poison*** out of your **blood stream** so you ***don't*** **tip over** and **not** get up.

Coincidentally enough, in ***Chinese*** **medicine** the **liver** is known to be the ***source*** of the emotion **anger**.

And just like within the **Stimulant Triangle** being presently concussed, ***habituated*** usage of **alcohol** tends to directly ***contribute*** to **increased desire** (and ***usage)*** of ***caffeine, sugar*** and/or ***nicotine*** during a **night out**, and especially the ***hellish*** morning after. Combining ***caffeine*** and/or ***nicotine*** with **alcohol** adds **alertness** to one's ***beer*** (or **brandy**) **buzz**, and the **first** and/or **second** things most people do when **hung over** the next morning is have a ***smoke*** and/or **suck down** some **coffee** (or **strong tea**) usually **further** enhanced by ***sugar.*** The ***common*** practice of drinking **coffee** (or **tea**) ***all day*** leads to an ***increased*** **desire** to **take the edge off** at the end of the day with a **nightcap** or **six**(**teen**).

All of these ***chemically induced*** **organ impulses** are low level ***pre-conscious*** **physiological responses** that are easily ***overlooked*** in the face of other pressing concerns or activities in the short term.

But they are ***accumulative*** over time for **habituated users**.

It is the ***accumulative*** nature of these ***habituated*** **effects** which form the **operational** basis of the ***(frequently accurate)*** **behavioral** and/or **health** STEREOTYPES of the ***neurotic*** **coffee drinker**, ***moody*** (and ***statistically*** **obese**) **sweet tooth sufferer**, ***depressed*** and/or ***disaffected*** (but COOL) **smoker** and ***mean*** (AND/or ***limp dicked)*** **drunk**. And since **emotional states** themselves tend to dramatically **influence** one's ***inner*** and **external dialogues**, the added **chemical** energies of ***stimulants*** tend to ***magnify*** and **reinforce** those **emotional** ***distortions***.

This whole process is further **potentiated** by the ***emotionally empowering effects*** of **English** itself. The flip side of **most English words** having anywhere from **6** to **66** (or ***more)*** **synonyms** of varying ***severity*** to choose from is that ***already*** **habituated word chains** tend to ***escalate in severity*** over time. That process is then further **en**(**g**)**hanced** (or more accurately, ***dehanced)*** when the ***statistically likely*** **English speaker** becomes progressively **ensnared** than ***subsumed*** by their own **Standard Stimulant Triangle**.

Tea, tobacco and ***West Indies Sugar*** (all cultivated and processed by significant amounts of ***slave*** **labor**) were **all** originally introduced to an **unwitting England** in the

late 16th and **early 17th** centuries. Due to the related **costs** of the **trans-oceanic** or **inter-continental shipping** of ***each***, for much of the **1600's England's *upper class*** were ***by far*** the most ***at risk*** group on the **island** for getting **sucked** into the **Standard Stimulant Triangle**.

This little fact, ***incidentally***, **may** have played a ***(pivotal)*** **role** in some of the **mental machinations** that led to the development of certain ***banking*** and/or **commercial developments** of the **period** which looked ***so good on paper*** that **one** could ***ignore*** their **non-**(slash pre- and/or post-)**monetized** real world effects.

PLUS any incidental ***guilt*** from making ***obscene*** **piles** of **money** directly derived from ***selling people abroad*** OR ***criminalizing the poverty their previous political policies created at home*** could be (and ***was)*** easily ***suppressed*** and/or **sublimated** through a little ***compensatory*** **smoking**, **drinking,** (**fucking**) and/or **sugar bingeing,**

By the **1700's**, the ***supply*** of these **addictive commodities** had **grown** to **meet** (and occasionally exceed) **domestic *demand*** and facilitated just the sort of ***price drop*** to make ***tea, tobacco*** and ***West Indies Sugar*** relatively **affordable** for the average every day **working stiff**. As the **long term** health effects of the **heavy use** of ***each*** were **not** well understood back then, the **English *tea, tobacco*** and ***West Indies Sugar*** (**ab**)**user** had **only** their (**negligible**) **English sensibilities** and (nearly ***non-existent)*** **restraint** to ***moderate*** their subsequent **usage**.

Correspondingly, **usage** of **all three** EXPLODED to the extent that **damn near *everybody*** in **England** (and/or **modern day America**) was a **habituated user** of ***caffeine, sugar*** and/or ***nicotine*** by the time the **first broadshite**...dammit...**broad-sheet** was ***published*** on **fleet street** in **1712**.

Naturally, the **rapid** introduction of **millions** of already **dyspeptic dipsomaniacs** to the mentally **agitating** effects of the **Stimulant Triangle** would have some ***passing*** **effects** on the **language**. These developments are best discussed in the context of the **chronologically *covalent*** development of the **modern newspaper** and "**free**" (and/or **national**) **press** in and around **Fleet Street** in **London**.

News and **editorials** of various sorts had mostly been printed on **pamphlets** and/or **hand bills** and handed out or left in piles in high traffic areas during the **1600's** after the introduction of the **printing press**. Though much of this was **political commentary** or **criticism** at first, some of the **press houses** on **Fleet Street** decided to just ***describe*** and then ***comment*** on happenings in general. With **England** and **London** being what they were (and ***still are),*** there were **enough** in the way of ongoing **scandals**, **alleged conspiracies**, **grisly MURDERS**, and **colonial *WARS*** happening to **merit** some ***periodic reporting*** of ongoing developments.

The first **daily newspaper** in **England** started in **1702** in **London** (duh), and was quickly followed by several others with dozens of less frequent periodicals. What started off as a **critical mass of criticism** rapidly **accelerated** into the **mushrooming cloud** of ***India***

ink, **vitriolic bile**, and the **needlessly caustic waspishness** that has ***defined*** **English daily news** for the last **300+ years**. ***Coincidentally***, the early stages of this process happened to ***coincide*** with the **rapid *proliferation*** of relatively affordable **stimulants** across **bile isle**.

Mirroring the standard **primate propagation vector** of other **language-wide *semantic developments*** in **English**, these **negatively critical** effects spread **far** and **wide** as **individual readers** began to ***ape*** the **semantic patterns** and **phrases** of their favorite ***bile slinger*** in their own day to day lives. This **propagation** process was further **accelerated** by the ***verbally accelerating*** effects of the **Stimulant Triangle** that so man**y English people** were diving headlong into thanks in **no small part** to the **offsetting** effects it had on their **daily hangovers**.

Thanks to those **related** developments, speaking in very broad (**sheet**) terms, over the course of the **1700's** (and ***beyond****),* MUCH of the general commentary in **English** turned increasingly **critical**, **acerbic**, and **corrosively sarcastic** (not ***unlike*** the present device).

This might be **less** a direct **language development** than it is a **development** in ***how people speak their language****,* but when so **many** are **affected** by the ***same language skewing effects of shared developmental catalysts***, it then those qualify as **language effects**.

Unfortunately, ALL of the ***increased*** **mental activity** (and **psychologically *repressive*** effects) of so many ***overly inflected****,* **high verbal idiots** trapped on a **island** with nothing to do to **drown one's** manifest **woes** by **drinking *sugared tea*** (and ***gin*** and ***rum*** and ***beer*** and ***port*** and ***brandy*** and ***wine*** and ***sherry*** and ***whiskey****)* like **fish** and **smoke like chimneys** led to an **increased** willingness in ***both*** lesser and greater minds to occasionally (or ***constantly****)* **tell**...

LIES. Obviously, the telling of ***LIES*** in **England** did **not** actually start in the the **1700's**.

With the exhaustively documented historical trends previously delineated in this and other devices (and/or ***books****),* it is the present author's **considered** opinion that the ***average*** everyday (**proto**) **English** (**speaking**) **person** was telling **3-5 *LIES*** of various sorts PER every ***two*** **sentences spoken** by the time the ***Romans*** and started playing **gladius tag** with the **natives**. This **ratio** either stayed roughly the **same** or (probably) ***increased*** over the subsequent **iterations** of **increasingly violent groups of foreign assholes** coming over and **serially colonizing** (in ***both*** senses of the word) **England** for a **thousand plus years**. What followed after that did ***little*** to **mitigate** those ***deceptive*** trends.

These were the ***LIES*** of a more **personal** nature, and included (but ***weren't limited to****)* the everyday kinds of: ***needful evasions****;* ***artful dodges****;* ***occupational doubletalk****;* ***accidental distortions****;* ***allegorical distractions****;* ***unintentional misstatements****;* ***convenient expediencies****;* ***pretextual justifications*** and ***manufactured fabrications***

that serially **impregnate** the **daily speech** of a ***majority*** of **English speaking peoples**, both **then** and ***now***.

These ***deceptive*** trends are LITERALLY ***embedded*** in the very ***structure*** of the **language** itself thanks to the simple fact that ***most*** **words** have ***multiple*** **definitions** and ***even more*** **synonyms** that ***each*** **person** has ***their own unique sense and knowledge of*** that can be (and **all too often** ***are****)* entirely DISTINCT (IE ***different****)* from the ***intended*** **listener** and/or **reader**.

Moreover, these minute ***distortions*** tend to be (rapidly) **accumulative** and tend to ***agglomerate*** around **one's** ***unexamined*** **assumptions** and **definitions**, which, for most people, are ***legion****.*

Ironically enough, despite the all of the **awful**, **terrible**, **horrible**, **no good**, **very bad connotations** of telling ***PORKIES*** (and/or ***LIES*** for all you **bloody twit yanks** reading this) on a **regular** basis, the **vast majority** (IE at least ***66.6%****)* of ***WHICH*** simply happen because **people** are trying to be ***polite****,* thank you very much. This continued to be the case for the **1700's** and ***beyond*** for a ***similarly*** vast **majority** of **English speakers**.

What changed in the time period being concussed is a dramatic ***increase*** in what are best termed as ***institutional LIES****.* These**, of course**, would be the ***prevaricating equivocations*** often offered in the commission of various and **sundry** (and frequently ***unnatural****)* **acts** of ***National Government*** and ***BIG BUSINESS***.

Though it is **not** entirely unheard of for **this** ***National Government*** or **that** ***BIG BUSINESS*** to ***manufacture outright fabrications*** after getting **caught up** in unforeseen developments, unplanned contingencies and/or **rapidly escalating situations** (that **previous** policies and/or ***current*** business plans MIGHT have triggered), ***both*** sets of ***institutions*** learned **early on** that such ***e(n)gregious inconsistencies*** had a **habit** of ***blowing back*** on the **double dyed** ***institution*** in a curious **inversion** of the standard ***shit rolling downhill*** trajectory. This only became ***more*** **true** AFTER the development of the ***free press***.

After **learning** all that the **hard way** many times over, when ***large institutions*** face the prospect of a ***less*** than **understanding public** about some ***honest mistakes***, ***errors in judgement*** or simply ***making the usual institutional hash of things****,* large institutions generally **opt** for **subtler** kinds of ***official deceptions***.

Which ***we all know*** are (**also**) legion, and far too numerous to individually document in the present device. But **most** of these ***official deceptions*** tend to **fall** in **one** or **other** (or more ***frequently*** some **combination** of ***both****)* overall **categories**. In no particular order, these are the ***official LIES*** of ***Omission*** and ***Uncorrected Listener*** *(and/or* ***Consumer****)* ***Inference****.*

For the purposes of the present **concussion**, these ***standard*** **mass-communication tactics** will be **demonstrated** using the ***British Big Businesses*** of the time, but it

should be taken as ***read*** that these are just as ***applicable*** to **period English governments** as well as the ***modern*** **American** versions of ***both.***

In a real sense, the stunning **success** of the ***early Modern British Banking System*** of ***nationally accredited banks*** LEGALLY **loaning out** ***imaginary*** **money** by ***multiplying*** their **current total** of on hand assets, customer deposits, accounts receivable and outstanding loans by some **integer** ***greater*** than **one** but ***usually*** **less** than **ten** (or **so**) was in ***no small part*** based on wide-scale ***Uncorrected Consumer Inferences*** present within the **British** (and/or ***American)*** **public**.

Simply put, ***money*** for an **individual** is an ***entirely different thing*** than ***it*** is for ***banks***.

And ***it's not simply a matter of scale***. This **difference** is best demonstrated with very common common banking transaction of ***depositing*** money.

If a prospering person in **1775** deposited a staggering sum of **ten pounds sterling** into a **nationally accredited** ***bank*** that **may** or PROBABLY WAS the ***Bank of England***, under **early** ***British law*** and/or **by** ***Royal Charter***, the **financial institution** in question could ***loan your money*** to a **second party** at ***compound interest***.

This ***interest*** was **charged** by the ***issuing institution*** on the **pretext** of the **inconvenience,** ***risk*** and associated **opportunity costs** of ***loaning*** **good money** to the kind of **broke ass scrubs** that actually **need** some.

Once the ***principle*** of the amount was **paid back** in ***real*** **money** by the ***second*** party **loan recipient**, any ***interest*** was **profit** to the ***bank.*** This is ***strongly implied*** (or was widely **intimated**) by various **financial** ***institutions*** to be **one** of the **primary** sources of ***their*** "**moderate**" (**HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA, right**) **annual**(**ly** ***compounded)*** **income.**

Which, as far as it goes, is **true**.

What tends to ***NOT*** get mentioned is that ***nationally accredited financial institutions*** were (slash ***are)*** **allowed** to ***immediately*** **loan out** some MULTIPLE of the original **deposit amount** that seems to be an ***integer*** that steadily grows over time (currently **stabilized** at ***8*** *or* ***9,*** at **last check)**.

The ***multiplying of metals*** in **England** may have been **illegal**, but this ***multiplying of monies*** (but only by ***approved financial institutions)*** was **not**.

And the whole time you thought your measly **ten pounds** (slash ***$67.23)*** was actually in some big underground vault somewhere. ***Banks*** by and large tend ***not*** to correct this relatively **endemic** ***misperception***, and/or ***Uncorrected Consumer Inference.***

The **idea** that one's hard earned ***real*** money **deposits** ARE being ***loaned*** out to **other** ***(rich)*** **people** while being ***legally*** **multiplied** by some **integer** ***greater*** than **one** and

THEN **issued** to the ***same*** ***(rich people)*** on the **basis** of ***legally*** **compelling** regular payments of ***real*** **money** like some kind of ***clearly*** "fictional" ***British*** *(and/or* ***American)*** ***Banking Mafia*** that **couldn't**, **didn't** and/or ***doesn't*** possibly exist in the "real world" MIGHT be the sort of thing to make some people **wonder** about the ***(debatable)*** **practices**, **ethics** or **wisdom** (pick ***three)*** of such blatantly **vampiric** ***economic banditry***.

It ***might*** even lead to FURTHER **questions** on the **necessity** and/or **ethical** responsibilities of ***paying real money back for a loan that was likely imaginary in the first place***.

As for ***LIES*** of ***Omission***, one needs to **look no further** than the most popular ***commercial activities*** of the period and the associated (and ***endemic) Tea*** and ***Sugar*** **consumption**.

To the **extent** that those **industries** ***advertised*** to the initially **less** than witting ***British Public*** they were trying to ***hook*** on their **habituating products**, what tended to **NOT** get mentioned in their ***marketing*** that in addition to being **tasty** and **stimulating**, those ***addictive products*** would **NOT** have been available at their ***cut rate*** **prices** without the ***inhuman*** **enslavement** of ***millions*** for **one product** AND ***starving*** OTHER groups of ***millions*** WHILE getting ***FURTHER millions*** **strung out** on one of the **most addictive substances** yet known to **man** (aside from ***caffeine, sugar*** and ***nicotine)***.

For **some** reason, the **more** the ***British People*** were increasingly ***informed*** about the ***beastly means of production for their creature comforts***, the more **sales** of each ***dropped off*** while ***public whinging*** dramatically **increased**.

As ***Britain*** was **nominally** some kind of ***weird fucked up*** **Monarchial Factional Democracy** (as opposed to the ***Presidential Factional Fiction*** that **America** is currently ***trapped*** in), this collective ***British*** **bitching** could (and ***did)*** have **legislative** or **regulatory effects** that made ***certain*** **businesses** ***less than profitable,*** and/or **legal**. Well, **in** ***England,*** at least.

This highly successful ***marketing*** **tactic** of strategically ***not mentioning*** the ***ethically fucked*** **means of production** for a **highly addictive product** was ***not just limited*** to the **1700's** and ***continues*** to be a **standard practice** of (**not** just) ***British Based Multi-National Conglomerates***.

While the ***Satanically stunning success*** of those ***multi-century*** **commercial endeavors** was also partly due to some ***Uncorrected Consumer Inferences*** running **rampant** in the ***Greater*** (**allegedly**) ***British Public,*** for the most part those were themselves entirely based on...

more DAMNED LIES. Those are, ***of course,*** the far more insidious ***LIES*** that ***each one of US*** (both **then** and ***now)*** tells ***ourselves*** far too often due to **ignorance**, **expediency**, or ***simply not giving a fuck*** (usually due to the former case).

It is precisely these **inner *LIES*** and their ***undeniable*** **ubiquity** that **allow** the greater iniquity of **Institutional *LIES*** to flourish and ***irreparably damage*** the the **domestic** and **foreign masses** they are **inflicted** upon.

Though the ***universal*** nature of these ***DAMNED LIES*** **too many of US** (author included) **tell ourselves too often** necessarily mandates the kind of overwhelming, individuated variety that couldn't possibly be accurately summarized in a single stupid sentence, (or ***book*** thereof, or even a **fully illustrated *26 volume encyclopedia set*** of the same **hand bound** in ***human skin*** and **written** with **blood**, **shit** and **charred bone**), lucky for **US** these ***DAMNED LIES*** tend to fall in three overall categories:

1.It's not my problem.
2.It's somebody else's fault.
and the ever popular...
3.<u>It</u> <u>can't</u> <u>happen</u> <u>here</u>.

One of the more **curious** aspects of ***runamuck***...whoops...runaway **commercial** (and/or **cultural**) ***success*** is that the ***more*** **successful** a **group** is, the ***more likely*** it's individuals members, employees and/or citizens WILL ***tell*** themselves these ***little*** (WHITE, ***surprisingly) LIES*** of **convenience** at ***increasing*** rates of **frequency** AND ***amplitude***.

When these ***Little LIES*** are left **unabated**, ***they*** tend to **grow** into **greater *LIES*** that, when left **unchecked** by an increasingly ***distracted*** and/or ***indoctrinated*** population group, ALWAYS **lead** to some sort of **rapidly escalating situation** or ***giant staggering clusterfuck*** that was (or ***IS)*** fully ***avoidable*** had just ONE **person** had the **impertinent temerity**, **abominable** (and/or abdominal, possibly) **fortitude** and/or ***wanton disregard*** for **one's *own* life** and **limb** (and/or professional reputation) to QUESTION the kind of ***conveniently*** **congenital wisdom** that **allows** a ***vanishingly*** small **minority** of ***HAVE MORES*** like treat the rest of **US** like ***fucking peasants.***

Or WORSE...***surplus peasants who tan well and live in strategically desirable, high-value natural resource areas.***

(Which **applies** as much to **18th century Great Britain** as it ***does*** to **post WWII *America)*.**

The present author leaves the present reader to **apply** these ***observations*** to their own experiences to date as applicable.

Safe to say that the marked **increase** in ***LIES*** and ***more DAMNED LIES*** that came with ***Britain's*** increasing **colonial successes** of the **1700's** eventually **inspired** a ***certain colony*** (or group thereof) to **commission** the ***field expedient construction*** of the **greatest incendiary device** yet devised by **man** (or ***monkey)*** on this particular planet.

And like many ***other*** **field expedient incendiary devices** aimed at **English interests** elsewhere in the **Empire**, it was ***constructed*** by a **red headed step child**[1] of **Irish** (OK, FINE...Welsh) descent.

His **name** should be ***etched in fire*** in the **deepest recesses** of your **breaking American heart** even though **he** ***owned*** (and presumably **profited** from) **SLAVES** just like MOST of the other ***cracker gentry*** did **down south** way back when.

Unlike those other ***honky shitbirds, he*** constructed the original version of the **issued device** which DID ***outlaw*** **chattel SLAVERY** in the **new republic**. But that part got **shitcanned** by a **majority vote** in the **Continental Congress** due to ***overwhelming*** **indignation** from ***southern*** **delegates**.

Be that ***(unforgivable)*** **expediency** as it may, that **doesn't** change the ***inalienable fact*** that the ***American Dream***, as **inelegantly** and **inexpertly** ***envisioned*** (and ***administered)*** as it has at **times** (ok FINE, **most** of the time) by various ***National*** and ***BIG BUSINESS*** "leaders" over the preceding **240 years**, AND as ***unfairly*** **distributed** and needlessly ***rationed*** as it has ***increasingly*** become the ***more powerful America seems to get,*** the ***American Dream*** is STILL a damn sight **better** than the ***National Nightmares*** that **pass** for the **day** to **day** in **many** to **most** of the ***likely*** **alternatives**.

And **none** of this **continuing** ***United*** **miracle** would have been **possible** without a little **device** known as the...

19:49.10.19.14

CHAPTER 13

The** (slash **A**) **Declaration of In(ter)dependence

Wherein the present author
asks the single most pressing
question of our time:

'Merika** or **america?

(FYI: it's no longer a question you can let others answer for you)

***And**....*

thoughtfully **reminds** the present reader that

YOU
***are** the*
PRESIDENT** and **COMMANDER IN CHIEF
*of **YOUR own***

***UNITED STATES OF BEING**.*

OR

at the very least

*the **Ringmaster** of*
*the **three ring circus***
*that **passes** for*

***YOUR MIND**.*

(don't you think it's about time to start acting like it?)

(8.46.10.23.14)
***April**, **1607**. Though **not** in name, in some sense the **British Empire** actually started almost exactly **100** years **before** the (**unholy**) **Acts of Union** were ratified when **three English boats** (under the command of one **Captain Christopher** {Newport}) first (**eng**)**landed** on the shores of the **New World nation** known to the people that **already l**ived there as "**Tsenacommacah**".*

*Though relatively **late** showing up to the **New World colonial party** that started when three other boats commanded by a different **Captain Christopher** (Columbus) looking for a short cut to **India** from **Europe** landed on the **wrong** continent, **England** was keen to establish*

*some kind of **military** and/or **economic** beach head in the **New World** to get in on the **colonial action** that **Spain**, **Portugal**, and **France** were finding so stunningly **remunerative**.*

*Entirely typical of both the **British** and **expanding Empires** in general, they saw fit to put their **best foot forward** in the **New World** by sending it three boatloads of precisely the kinds of **religious wingnuts**, **surplus aristocrats** and associated **manservants** and/or **domestic workers** the **home island** could easily get along **without**.*

*After being directed by their **corporate underwriter** (the Virginia Company of London) to choose a colony site that was **defensible** against other **European colonial powers**, the **English expedition** sailed deeper into what is now known as **Chesapeake Bay** and eventually selected a **strategically** located peninsula **40 miles** inland from the **Atlantic Ocean**.*

*The site they selected appeared to have the **perfect** combination of **general defensibility**, **navigable waters**, and relative **accessibility** that was clearly stated in their **prime** (corporate) **directive**. And providentially (and/or **tellingly**) enough, it was the one area the **expedition** found that **wasn't** already burdened by **any** of the immediate area's **14,000 native inhabitants**.*

*Mostly because the area surrounding **Jamestown** was **poor farmland** due to being **mosquito ridden malarial swamps**. Equally inauspicious was that the closest thing passing for **potable water** in the area was **brackish river water** of varying degrees of **too much** salinity.*

*Oddly enough, these combined conditions did **not** combine well with the surprising fact that **religious wingnuts**, **surplus aristocrats** and **associated manservants** and/or **domestic workers** are **not** ideally suited for the kind of **backbreaking labor** it takes to start a **viable colony** from scratch. Making matters much worse was the other fact that they **didn't** break ground on **Jamestown** until **mid May**, which was **too late** to get any **crops** in the ground for a **harvest** that year.*

*Or in other words, **triple whoops**. Within only a **few** months, **51** of the **original settlers** were **dead**, well before the **non-existent harvest** and **harrowing winter** that followed.*

***Two thirds** of the colony of **104 English expats** and **39 ship crew** were **dead** by the time the **second batch** of **colonists** (**eng**)**landed** the following year. Those that **survived** only did so because of the **suffrage** and **pity** of the **local tribes**, **ALL** of whom would eventually come to **regret** their early acts of **neighborly kindness**.*

*These second batch of settlers were mostly **German**, **Polish**, or **Slavic skilled workers** specifically **imported** by the home office to jump start a local economy that **didn't** exist. Since few of them had much in the way of **agricultural skills**, **inclinations**, and/or and/or **temperament**, within months many of the newcomers decided they were **better off** going **native** until the **Spanish** arrived in force.*

*The **Spanish ships** in the area at the time were providentially **put off** by the fortuitous arrival of a **heavily armed company ship** sent out from the **home island** for the sole purpose of telling those **lazy**, **good for nothing** colonists they **bloody well** better get cracking and **produce** some **salable goods** or **commodities** and start **paying back** the **colonial investments** of the **corporation** that funded this expeditionary shitshow.*

*After **sending** a rather strongly worded **response** that clearly stated their relative difficulties (and related **mortality rates**), the **Virginia Company of London** realized that **additional** resources would be needed to **recoup** on their investment. So they sent a **third supply convoy** the following year that was substantially **larger** to **ease** colonial difficulties, which OF COURSE was **dispersed** by **storms** and forced to (**crash**) **land** at **England's** other **new world colony** of the time, **Bermuda**.*

*In the meantime, things had gone from **bad** to **worse** to **catastrophic** over the **second winter** and **spring**, and then **biblical** over the following **winter** and **spring** while their **third supply convoy** languished in **Bermuda** for **nine months**. By the time that support convoy showed up on **5.23.1610**, only **61** of the **500 colonists** were (just barely) **alive**, mostly thanks to **eating** the **emaciated bodies** of their former neighbors. This **critical resupply** was shortly followed the next month by another **relief fleet** that brought some **supplies**, **more colonists**, **not quite enough food** and their new Governor, Baron De La Warr, whom Delaware is named after.*

*With **food** continuing to be in short supply, it should **not** be too surprising that **widespread hunger** within the **colony** inspired it's **inhabitants** to start **forcibly** "requesting" **food donations** from the **neighboring tribes** that had originally **welcomed** them with **feasts** and had **helped** the **new colony** through their **first famine**.*

*The **warm welcome** quickly **cooled off** thanks to the inevitable **clash of cultures**, **language difficulties** and the **usual** sort of **neighborly fallout** that comes with having a bunch of **half starved**, **colonial minded English** (**speaking**) **religious wingnuts** being surrounded by **thousands** of **native heathens** that **tan well**.*

*For **some** reason, those ongoing tensions were **not** all that **mitigated** by **two** new batches of **colonial white devils** that (**typically**) brought more **guns** than **food** with them. Surprisingly enough, it **only** took another **two months** before the **local colonists** to commence the **first** of several **WARS** with **local Powhatans** who had greeted them so graciously upon their arrival. This **first WAR** lasted for **three years** until the **English on-site commander** (**Samuel Argall**) managed to **capture** the **Powhatan chief's daughter** (**Pocahontas**) a couple months **after** making peace with **Chief Wahunsunacawh**.*

*In what would become a fairly standard **cross-cultural exchange** between **native heathens** and **domestic white devils** for the next **250+ years**, this **first American WAR** involved the **usual** kinds of **sudden ambushes**, **mutual massacres** of **non-combatants** (and yes even **children**), **agricultural land grabs** and **rampant desecration** (and **looting**) of traditional **native burial grounds**.*

*Predictably enough, this turned out to be the **turning point** towards **better fortunes** for the **local English settlers**, and **not** in a small part due to **all** the **new farmland** they were able to **annex** after **massacring** their **former inhabitants** and **scaring off** the survivors. More and more of whom were starting to **drop like flies** from all of the **white man diseases** the **colonists** brought with them.*

*The **fortunes** of the (surviving) **aristocratic farmers** began **dramatically** increasing after **local farmers** started planting **tobacco** (recently **imported** from **Bermuda**), which could be **traded** at **good rates domestically** while fetching **increasing** prices at local export markets, possibly due (in part) to it's **highly addictive** nature.*

*And as **always** seems to happen with **aristocratic English farmers** wherever they **t**urn up, their **rapidly increasing fortunes** inspired them to **view** their **neighbor's arable lands** with an increasingly **covetous** eye. This **naturally** led to further **En(g)closure act(ion)s** as the **local settlers** conducted whatever **token massacres** were necessary to **scare off** the remaining **native survivors**, who for the most part **fled** in a generally **Westward** direction. The **lands** vacated by their **formerly native inhabitants** were then **occupied** by **increasing** amounts of **white people** as more and more ships showed up to trade **foreign bads** for **domestic goods**.*

*The rapid spread of **tobacco farming** further led to the **increasing** introduction of **involuntarily imported Africans** to work the fields. The first batch arrived in **1619** after a **Portuguese slaver** had been **hijacked** by **English privateers** in the **Caribbean** and **re-directed northward**.*

*It's **involuntary cargo** was then **re-marketed** as **colored indentured servants** to local farmers and **sold out** quickly. It only took about **20 years** for **local African supplies** to reach the **sufficient threshold** where **local English aristocratic farmers** could dispense with pretense and **start** openly referring to their **purchased African workers** as **how** they obviously t**hought** of them (and/or **most** to **all** of their other underlings). IE: **SLAVES**.*

*With the continuing **native de-population** of surrounding **arable areas**, the original **white devil colony** of **Jamestown** quickly **metastasized** and **spread** into the **surrounding countryside**. Once those frontiers had been "**civilized**" (and/or **forcibly de-populated** of their former native inhabitants), this **propagation** process **re-iterated** and spread **further** into surrounding areas**.** Soon the **colony** of **Jamestown** was just the **beach head** of the larger **colony** of **Virginia**, named after **her nibs**, **Elizabeth** the **First**, the (**alleged**) **Virgin Queen**.*

*This **colonial metastasization process** then **bifurcated** and spread **North** and **South** along the **American East Coast** during the intervening **126 years** between the founding of **Virginia** in **1607** and that of **Georgia** in **1733**. Though **each** of the **13 colonies** were **politically independent** of each other, the one thing that they all had in **common** is that **all** of them were **satellite colonies** of the rapidly expanding **English** (then **British**) **Empire** after the crown **revoked** the **charter** of the **Virginia Company of London** in **1624** (due to*

*serious **profitability issues** related to **most** of their **on-site employees** starving to death) and **nationalized** it's foreign holdings.*

*It only took about **20 years** after the founding of **Georgia** for **many** in the **13 colonies** to conclude that they had **more** in **common** with **each other** than they did with their **Empire** of **origin**. This lead to the creation of the **Albany Congress** by participating **Northern colonies** in **1754**. The drive for **legislative redress** of **colonial concerns** was **not** overly minimized by the continuing **denial** of **self-representation** in a **British Parliament** that was readily willing to **repeatedly TAX their new world colonies** to cover the **escalating costs** of **multinational corporate fuckups** out East.*

*Following the **Molasses Act** of **1733**, an increasingly imperious **British Parliament** unilaterally **escalated** the **tax commitments** for the **13 colonies** with subsequent **Sugar**, **Stamp** and **Tea Acts** without undue **concern** for the **colonial hackles** they raised. This **Parliamentary pentagram** (disposition currently **indeterminate**) was **closed** after the **passage** of the **Intolerable Act(s)** in **1774** in response to certain **Tea Parties** being thrown in and around **Boston** in **celebration** of the **Tea Act** the year previous.*

*The **Intolerable Acts** turned out to be the final straw for the already angry **colonies** and lead to the formation the **First Continental Congress** to figure out how to get those **grasping gits off their backs**. The interim solution they came up with was a **Royal petition** for **colonial grievances** combined with a **two stage boycott** of **imports** and **exports** vis a vis **England** to show them **WE** were **serious**. On **12.1.1774** all **English imports** were **boycotted**, followed by a **boycott** on **exports** to **England** 10 months later.*

*In the intervening months, actual **WAR** had already broken out on the **ground** between **independent state militias** and **imported British lobsterbacks**. The initial outbreak of **mutual hostilities** happened up in Lexington and Concord in Massachusetts, then leapfrogged North to the **capture** of **Fort Ticonderoga** in Lake Champlain between New York and Quebec.*

*Those mutual hostilities **mounted** as fighting spread **North** before spreading **South**. After a few successive victories **Northward**, **colonial American invaders** were mutually **stomped** by **British Forces** and **Canadian Winter** in Quebec City in December of 1775. The (aborted) **invasion** of **Canada** did **not** go over well with **domestic colonial sympathizers** back in **England**, and it generally **increased** the **British public's willingness** to **fund** another **colonial WAR** to get those **ungrateful upstarts** across the pond back in line.*

*Back on **June 15th**, **1775** the **Second Continental Congress** appointed one of it's **esteemed representatives** from **Virginia** to head the **military shitshow** then known as the **Continental Army**. That **red-headed son of gun's name** is **George Washington**, who for the most part spent the next **3 years** valiantly leading **his** (frequently **inept**) forces from **one incomplete defeat** and/or **tactical withdrawal** to the **next** those odd times the **poorly** funded, equipped, trained and staffed **Continental Army** wasn't **scrounging for***

***food**, **eating their shoes** or **starving to death** or **dying of pneumonia** and/or **exposure** during the perilous **Winters** at **Valley Forge**.*

*The **American Revolution** was formerly announced in early **July** of **1776** after one **Declaration of Independence** was penned by another **red-headed son of a gun** named **Thomas Jefferson**. This **field expedient incendiary device** (and/or **barbarous colonial impertinence**) had the **immediate** effect of further **pissing off King George** the **Third** (IE the crazy one) and a **wider British public**. That then lead to further **British reinforcements** being mobilized to **stamp out** the **rebel scum** who simply wanted some **representation** in light of all the **taxation** the **British Parliament** saw fit to **unilaterally impose** on their **satellite colonies**.*

*Despite increasing **British reinforcements**, **George Washington** was able to make the most of **his** military difficulties and take advantage of **strategic British mis-deployments**, as well as **their** noted **preferences** for **occupying urban centers** (where most to all of the good drink and fine colonial women were found) and **fair weather campaigning**. **General George** was able to put **his** smaller (and **barely** trained and **poorly** equipped) forces to best use by **running away** from where the **British** expected them to be and showing up unexpectedly where the **Lobsterbacks** were less prepared.*

*That happened often enough that **he** was able to **avoid** decisive defeat long enough to seriously **annoy** the **British** into **capitulating** to many of the **colonial concerns**. Right before any **armistice offers** were tendered that would have **cut** the **Revolutionary WAR** short, **France** decided to **jump in** with both feet and further **support** their previous policy of **providing** arms, supplies and "military observers" to assist revolutionary efforts by **sending French Army** and **Naval assets** to bolster **Continental colonial forces** of **England's enfant terible**, **America**.*

***France** was still **miffed** about **losing** the **9 Years WAR** (and/or **French Indian WAR** in **America**) to **England** the previous decade, as was **Spain** who **also** sided with the **colonists** and offered them (slash **US**) additional **naval support** the following year.*

*The **British** might have been able to **stomp** the **13 Colonies** into **submission** IF the **colonists** been left to their own asymmetric devices, but the **assistance** of the **French** and **Spanish** only **accelerated** the **inevitable**. The **Brits** were already starting to find out that **Old World military tactics** and **doctrine** did **not** work very well against the **New World arts** of **ambush**, **bushwack** and **backshooting** before the **Frogs** and **Dagoes** started funneling **men** as well as **arms** to the **Rebel Alliance**.*

*The **sharply rising costs** of the **WAR** and the **serial ineptitudes** of **their on-site commanders** eventually **convinced** the **British public** that perhaps they were **better off** without those **miserable sods** across the **pond**. Thanks to **unexpected** developments out **East**, **Britain** could hardly **afford** to **win** (much less **lose**) a **Revolutionary WAR** transpiring at the **end** of an **ocean wide logistics chain** against an **enemy** with a **clear home-field advantage** as **they** (or **WE**) had a **whole country** to **hide** in.*

*After a final **British ass whipping** at Yorktown by French and American troops, a **cessation** of **mutual hostilities** between **Great Britain** and their **former** colonies were preliminarily concluded in **Paris** in **November** of **1782**. **Great Britain** then **recognized** the **United States** of **America** as being an **independent country** when the **treaty** was **mutually** agreed to on **9.3.1783**.*

*Typical of **white devils** in general and the **British** in particular, the **Brits** saw fit to **NOT** consult with their **Native American allies** that had been **fighting** on **Britain's behalf** about **treaty terms**, and ended up **ceding** not just the **13 colonies** that the **local natives** had mostly been **kicked out of**, but **all** of the lands **West** of the **Colonies** up to the **Mississippi** where these **displaced tribes** had **settled** after (**wisely**) **fleeing** the **English colonies**.*

*Once the **young nation** got it's **three branches** of **government** properly **arranged** and **empowered**, it quickly got to work using just about **any** means necessary to **clear** the **Western Territories** (**East** of the **Mississippi**) of **most** (to **all**) of it's **native inhabitants**. The **tactics** of **Manifest Destiny** involved **ALL** of the **English imperial methods** delineated in previous chapters of this device.*

*The **standard** operational procedure was to first **minimize** the amount of **native inhabitants** through the **Roman Method** of **cutting deals** with **friendly tribes**, and then **giving** them the necessary **weapons** to **figuratively** (and **literally**) **cut** the **throats** of their **historical enemies**, who **may** or may not have **sided** with the **Brits** during (and/or after) the **Revolutionary WAR**.*

*Once the **targeted expansion area** had been **pacified** by **native proxy irregulars** who were **now** the **undisputed local Alphas**, **Bureau of Indian Affairs** (**BIA**) **agents** and **other** emissaries of **The Man** would then **show up** and start with (modified) **German Empire expansion plans**. In those cases, that mostly consisted on **tricking local Alphas** into signing **binding treaty documents** with the **United States** of **America** that involved rather **liberal** use of **tricky English legal doubletalk** in addition to the usual **weasel words of a white man's promise**.*

*Once these **paper promises** were **signed**, many **local chiefs** did **not** realize that by **signing them**, they were, in some form or another, essentially **abdicating** varying levels of **political autonomy** as a **tribe**. Though **slightly** modified, the **promise**, **serve** then **supplant** the **Native Chiefs** turned out to be just as **effective** as the **original German Method of empire expansion** of **protect**, **serve** then **supplant** the **local alphas** back on **England** after the **Roman Empire** went tits up.*

*Right around the time **Tribal Elders** started **wondering** if they had made their own **Faustian deals** with the **white devils** was when the **pleasantly ingratiating mask came off** and the **local tribes** were informed by the **local BIA agent** in **charge** that they would have to **fuck off** in a **generally Westward direction** (IE **away** from all the FRIENDLY "civilized" **white people** back **East**) at the **earliest opportunity**, and **now** would be **convenient**.*

Oddly enough, ***weasel words written on paper*** *proved to be about as* ***reliable*** *as those* ***spoken****. Any* ***tribes*** *that* ***refused*** *(and a few that* ***didn't****) then found themselves on the* ***sharp end*** *of* ***modified Viking expansion operations*** *that* ***substituted*** *liberal amounts of* ***hot ballistic lead*** *for* ***cold Scandihoövian steel****.*

The ***few*** *that* ***survived*** *these* ***early imperial American engagements*** *were then (****of course****)* ***subjected*** *to further (modified)* ***Norman indignities*** *in being* ***forced*** *to* ***walk*** *whichever* ***trail of tears*** *to whatever* ***hellhole rez*** *the* ***inversely decimated*** *(technically speaking)* ***tribe*** *had been* ***condemned*** *to. Once there, they were* ***subjected*** *to the further* ***iniquities*** *of the* ***white man's church*** *and* ***schools****, and (****too****)* ***many*** *in these* ***lost tribes*** *succumbed to the* ***siren's call*** *of the* ***devil's drink****, generally* ***made****,* ***sold*** *and* ***shipped*** *to the* ***rez*** *by* ***white men****.*

Meanwhile, ***down South*** *on the growing amount of* ***cotton****,* ***tobacco*** *and* ***other*** *plantations,* ***melanin enabled male slaves*** *continued to be* ***worked*** *and/or* ***beaten*** *like* ***mules*** *while their* ***women*** *were* ***serially subjected*** *to the* ***same*** *plus the kind of* ***casual indignities*** *that would make just about any* ***English sheep blush****.*

The ubiquity of ***all that*** *led to a* ***slavery population surge*** *that featured an* ***increasing rate*** *of* ***lighter skinned involuntary laborers****, many of whom found themselves* ***domestically deployed*** *while the* ***darkies*** *were* ***put to work*** *out in the* ***fields****. The agricultural Southern economy* ***exploded*** *with all of the* ***free labor****, and* ***all*** *of the* ***up jumped honkies*** *and* ***good ole' boys*** *that* ***owned everything down there*** *collectively succumbed to a* ***critical*** *case of rapid onset* ***money madness****,* ***mint julep judgement*** *and not a bit of* ***jungle fever*** *while* ***suffering*** *from all the attendant* ***emotionally empowering*** *effects of having* ***more money*** *than* ***sense****, and/or* ***chronic*** *and* ***habituated alcohol abuse****.*

When the ***local fat cats*** *and* ***big fish*** *down* ***South*** *were informed by a* ***president*** *they* ***didn't*** *vote for that "****ya'll can keep your slaves if you want****,* ***but that shit ain't going to fly up North or out West****" (****more*** *or less), those* ***dumb ass crackers*** *flew off the handle and decided to* ***secede*** *from the* ***Union*** *and* ***formed*** *their own* ***Confederacy*** *(of* ***dunces****). Then they* ***went*** *and* ***seized*** *a bunch of* ***United States Army forts*** *after* ***making*** *the* ***slight miscalculation*** *that* ***European powers*** *would* ***support*** *the* ***South*** *by going to* ***WAR*** *with the* ***industrialized North*** *for* ***cheap American cotton****.*

Despite *having some of the* ***best*** *and* ***brightest military commanders America*** *has* ***yet*** *produced,* ***home field advantage*** *and* ***repeatedly whipping the Union Army*** *within an* ***inch*** *of it's* ***institutional life****, the* ***South*** *ended up getting* ***stomped*** *mostly because they were on the* ***wrong side of history*** *in thinking that a* ***smaller agricultural slaving economy*** *would get* ***anything*** *other than* ***shellacked*** *(and/or* ***shellshocked****) in the* ***long term*** *by a* ***bigger industrialized nation****.*

Consistent with a ***continuing*** *tradition of* ***poor Southern losers****, the* ***man*** *who* ***led*** *the* ***nation*** *through* ***it's darkest hour*** *(IE* ***Abe Lincoln****) and somehow managed to repeatedly* ***not*** *let* ***everything fall apart*** *was kindly* ***shot*** *in the* ***back of his head*** *for* ***his strenuous***

__efforts__ by a famous (__southern__) __stage actor__ with a flair for the dramatic just __5 days__ AFTER the __South surrendered__.

While __Northern success__ was inspiring __Southern resentment__, the __newly freed slaves__ quickly found out that __freedom ain't__ exactly __free__. Though the __massa__ had to __pay them__ after the __Civil WAR__, __he__ could (and __did__) __charge them__ for __room__ and __board__ if they were __living__ on __his land__. When that __wasn't__ the case, the __newly freed slaves__ had to __pay rent__ or __mortgages__ just like __white people__, but __often__ at __much higher rates__ while getting __paid half__ or __less__ of what __white people__ were for the __same__ kind of work. Which incidentally had __already__ been the __case__ for those few __freemen__ up North (eh) who had completed their __indentured servitude__ or were born to parents that had.

The __whole time__ all of this was going on, the __East Coast__ continued to be on the receiving end of wave after wave of __differently inflected white trash__ (and/or __scum of the earth__) __floating across the pond__ in search of __freedom__, or barring that, a __steady job__ or maybe just some __feckin' taters__.

__Those__ who came over __weren't__ quite suave, good looking, or charismatic enough to be invited into the __French Aristocracy__, but __smart enough__ to know that the last thing they want to be is a __pissant__ living on the __land__ at the mercy of those __arrogant bastards.__

These __new immigrants__ may not have been quite __industrious__, __combative__ or otherwise __Teutonic__ enough to __hack it__ in the __Fatherland__, but had better things to do with their time then constantly __worry__ about __getting brained__ by their __götterdamerung neighbors__ or the occasional __barbarian horde__ sweeping through the neighborhood.

__America__ may not be perfect, but at least it's not __Belgium__ or some __Slavic backwater__, and __most__ of __it__ is __higher ground__ (than the __Netherlands__, at least).

The __Italians__ quickly learned that whatever __worked__ back home seems to __work better__ in __America__, and __unlike Scotland__ and __Ireland__, it's __not__ right next to __fookin' England__ and __all__ of the __bloody arrogant shites__ that live there.

And those __English expats__ who __escaped__ their __imperious isle__ of origin were __bloody well relieved__ to __not__ be __surrounded__ by a bunch of __bloody insufferable English people__.

Belying the paired __land__ of __opportunity__ and __melting pot__ MYTHS, what most __new immigrants__ found when they __came__ (and/or __come__) to __America__ was __far different__ from the __streets of GOLD__ and the __multi-cultural paradise__ they had been __led__ to __expect__ from the __overly credulous accounts__ and __frequently false letters__ of those __friends__ and __relatives__ that had previously __escaped__ from the same __European hellhole__ of __origin__.

As each individual (and group thereof) came seeking __life__, __liberty__ and the __pursuit of happiness__ (which is a bit different than happiness itself), each brought their __long standing__ (and/or __pre-existing__) __primate prejudices__ and __language biases__ from the __old country__. Which usually included __long standing beefs__ with the __neighboring Old Countries__ whose

former inhabitants might have emigrated earlier and kept the old traditions alive by shitting all over their former and current neighbors whenever the opportunity (which this is the land of) presented itself.

So instead of finding streets paved with GOLD and the brotherly camaraderie of enlightened self interest, new immigrants often found themselves swamped by the Old World prejudices of the neighborhoods adjacent to whatever New World ghetto they ended up in.

In their own expat hoods, many new(er) immigrants were warmly welcomed by exactly the kind of unscrupulous countrymen that inspired them to leave their home country in the first place. Many of those new arrivals found that paying the suggested protection money (and/or rent) was a good way to prevent what little property they had from being trashed by their "protectors" (and/or landlords), not to mention integral to keeping one or both kneecaps in good working order.

The immigrant masses who did not have the necessary start-up capital to start their own businesses had just the sort of Old World work experience and English as a second (or third or fourteenth) language skills to qualify them for just the sort of shitty jobs they were trying to get away from when they escaped from Europe and elsewhere.

The vast majority of these new immigrants who did not join various criminal enterprises (or start their own) frequently found themselves working the same kind of (shitty) jobs with the same kind of (unending) hours for equal or possibly less wages than back in the old country.

Yet for all that, many to most preferred America where it was possible to actually get ahead.

Provided, of course, that one was NOT unduly burdened by excessive skin pigmentation and/or scruples and had the necessary sort of: calculated indifference; low cunning; general willingness to use profligate violence and/or lie through the teeth; or (less frequently) possibly just had the kind of old fashioned work ethic that came with successive generations putting 60+ hours in the mill a week at an aggregate average starting age of 8 years old.

Even that majority of the time where those weren't the case (except for maybe the last one), even with it's myriad of imperfections, for most immigrants America was a damn sight better then whatever Old Country developmental nightmare they escaped from.

Despite all the casual indignities and official iniquities the descendants of the involuntarily imported African POW's continued (and/or continue) to experience on a daily basis, thanks to all the continuing colonial developments in Africa, the same mostly held true for the majority of Black Americans who survived their own perilous Middle Passage of the American Experience between the end of the Civil WAR and the beginning of the Civil Rights movement.

*A **whole century** where just **one** longing look at the **wrong** (or any) **white woman** could get a **black man hanged** like **strange fruit** on the **nearest tree**, and **usually** with the **approval** (if not **active** participation) of **local law enforcement**. And the **same** also **held true** for the **Asian laborers** that helped **build** the **American West**.*

*In fact, just about the **only** social group in **America** that **didn't** find their **former** lot in life somewhat **improved** by their experiences in **America** where the **descendants** of **this land's original inhabitants** who had mostly been **rounded up** and **reservated** on those lands the **white man didn't want** in the **first**, **second** or **third** place and had been **left** to **drink** themselves to **oblivion**.*

*After expanding to **it's** natural borders (and/or **running out** of the **necessary** numbers of **domestic people** that **tan well** to **justify** continuing **massacres**) by **1900**, an **imperially inclined America** turned it's attentions to **Cuba** and the **Philippines** to **start** off the **American century**.*

*Aside from **bailing out** it's **European allies** twice in the first half of the 20th century, **America** mostly saw fit to **copy** the **standard expansion procedures** nearly perfected by a **failing British Empire**.*

*IE **targeting strategic** and/or **high value resource areas not unduly unburdened** with lots of **heavily armed white people** and **cutting deals** with the **local alphas** to keep the **local bitching** and **IED deployments** to a **minimum**.*

*Those that **refused** such offers frequently **found themselves** on the **wrong end** of various **Intelligence Agency operations** or simply just the **full weight** of the **American military falling down on them from a very great height**.*

*Yet **despite** these repeated **failures** of **vision** by the **powers that be**, there were some notable **diplomatic successes**, not the **least of which** being the decidedly **non-British Marshall Plan** that helped **create two of America's strongest competitive commercial allies** (**West Germany** and **modern Japan**) out of what could have easily been **mortal enemies**.*

*But for all that it only took **two decades** for an **ascendent America** to **start** committing the kinds of **imperial over-reaches** (and/or **reach-arounds**) that took previous **world superpowers** somewhere between **50** to **200 years** to **start with** after establishing their **superpower status**.*

*The **first** of these involved (**unwisely**) getting into **2 land** **WARs** in **Asia** in less than **two** decades, and the **second** involved setting up **America's first police state** when **it's** younger citizen's had the temerity to start **exercising** their **constitutional rights** in **demanding** the **end** of that second* **WAR** *(and/or **police action**) and/or that **ALL of OUR citizens** are **entitled** to **equal** treatment, **equal** pay, and **due process** and **not** just **whitey**.*

*While **domestically inclined intelligence agencies** were NOT exactly **stopping** the **daytime assassinations** of just about ANY viable **political** or **cultural leader** who **questioned their actions**, certain other **intelligence agencies** with a more **foreign focus** (or **not**) were just starting a series of **major operational fuckups** (and/or **unforeseen repercussions**) in **Latin America** and the **Mid-East** that **continue** to **escalate** (and/or **spiral downward**) at the time of writing.*

***Starting** with **Fidel Castro** back in the **1960's**, **American** "**intelligence**" **agencies** saw fit to **fund**, **support** and otherwise **prop up** any number of **strong**(slash **straw**)**-man dictators** and **right wing regimes** all over **Central** and **South America** and the **Mideast** that were decidedly **more popular** in **American corridors of power** than they were with **their own people at home**.*

*Though more **successful** at these sorts of **operations** than **not**, these "**intelligence**" **agencies** experienced quite a bit more **blowback** and **unforeseen repercussions** than they would have **preferred**.*

*Starting with **Cuba** going **commie**, after **losing** the **Vietnam WAR**, **America's** foreign focussed **intelligence agencies** were **unable** to **short circuit** the social forces they unleashed in **propping up** a **wildly unpopular dictator** in **Iran**. That paved the way for **religious extremists** to take **over** and start **agitating** and **organizing** further **religious animosity** AGAINST the **US** for propping up **secular autocratic assholes**.*

*All that then **led** to the **Iran-Contra fiasco** where various "**intelligence**" **agencies** saw **fit** to **illegally sell weapons** to **America's** new enemy **Iran** to **illegally fund** and support **right wing terrorist groups** in **Nicaragua** hell bent on **overthrowing** the **democratically elected Sandinista government** after the former **US proxy dictator** had been **overthrown** by **popular acclimation**.*

*Right about the time **Iran** was in **full blowback mode** was when certain "**intelligence**" **agencies** opened up the **support pipeline** to the **mujahadeen** in **Afghanistan** to **counter** the expansion efforts of the **Soviet Union**. In addition to providing **weapons** to **Afghani fighters**, various outside (**american military**) **observers** and **intelligence assets** gave their **Islamic jihadist proxies** a comprehensive **crash course** in **asymmetric WARfare** against a **conspicuously larger opponent** PLUS just the kind of **basic intelligence trade craft** necessary to **successfully operate undercover** in **hostile territory**.*

***Surprisingly** enough, when the **Soviet Union fell**, these **highly trained religious wingnuts** almost **immediately** started **redirecting** their collective attention to their **former ally**, the **Great Satan** itself. This led to an **escalating** series of **foreign** and **domestic incidents** that **culminated** in the **single** (or possibly **second** if you include the **2016 election**) **biggest American intelligence failure** (and/or **success**) to date when the **largest** (to date) of **America's imperial shitbirds** came **home** to **roost** in the **World Trade Towers** on **9.11.2001**.*

*Thanks to this **massive** and **multilayered** "**intelligence**" "**fuckup**", the **responsible** agencies, acting with an **enabling executive branch** (chock full of the same **beady eyed bampots** who facilitated the **first corporate police state 30 years earlier**) were able to **spin** these **critical intelligence failures** as **a priori** evidence that they **didn't** have enough in the way of **extra-constitutional powers** and **stampeded** a **complicitous Congress** into **passing** the **doubletalk device** of **tortured English** known as the **Patriot Act**.*

*The **massively distended security state** that **resulted** quickly got to work collecting and/or **fabricating** the necessary "evidence" to launch **America** in a **two front ground WAR** spanning **half** the **Asian landmass**. **Ironically** enough, at least **one** of the **targeted countries** had NOTHING to do with the **terrorist incident** that **inspired** the **shock** and **awe campaign** that it found itself on the receiving end of.*

*The formation of **America's Second Security State** conveniently happened to **coincide** with the **largest upward concentration of wealth** yet seen on this **planet**.*

*This **modern trend** towards **intentionally** increasing **income inequality** started back during **America's First Police State** when the **powers that were** decided that **if** the **rapid infusion** of **wealth** that **inundated America** after **WWII** was going to be **irresponsibly** used by the **baby boomers** to **get high**, **drop out** and/or **agitate for equal treatment** of **women** and/or **non-caucasian Americans**, then the **upper class** would have to do a **better job** of keeping money **out** of their **hands**. Or at least until those **shitbird hippies** were **sufficiently invested** in (and/or **co-opted** by) the **system** they wanted to **change** or **dismantle** in the **first place**.*

*That these **nefarious economic plans** were **possibly** influenced by the **accelerating effects** of progressive* **money madness** *in the **increasingly rich individuals** that **developed** those **plans** in the first place went (almost) **entirely unnoticed** by either their **facilitators** or **victims**.*

*The usual **economic indicators** and **threat levels** were offered as the **reasons** for **INCREASING**: **energy prices**; **defense costs**; **land values**; **tuitions**; **medical costs**; **medical** (and/or **dental**) **insurance premiums**; **taxes** AND **more taxes**. Almost **ALL** of which was **borne** by an **increasingly burdened** (and **shrinking**) **middle class**.*

*Add in the **manufactured fears** and **staggering costs** of the **cultural quagmires** laughingly referred to as the **WAR(s)** on **drugs** and **TERROR** to **replace** the looming threat of the **Soviet Union**, is it **any** wonder that at the time of writing that **half the damn country** is **at** or **below** the **poverty line** while **the richest one percent** earns at least **24%** (possibly **more**) of **ALL American income**. That **same 1%** enjoyed a **20% rise** in **average income** in **2012 alone** while the **bottom 99% was **graced** with a **1% raise** (on **average**) by their **betters**.*

*Meanwhile on a **totally unrelated** note, over the **previous thirty years** there has been a **ten fold increase** in **incarceration** and **probation rates** thanks to a **criminally expensive American justice system** that **only** the **rich** seem able to **successfully navigate** (**out of**)*

*on a regular basis. These **sharply upward trends** have made the **freest** (allegedly) **country** in the world BY FAR the **largest jailer** of it's own **citizens**.*

***Per capita**, the **US** has **far** more **prisoners** than **Russia** or **South Africa**, and at least **8 times** (as of **2008**) as many as **Canada**, **Australia**, and **most European countries**.*

*Surprisingly enough, **people who tan well** make up a **disproportionately** (and disturbingly) **high percentage** of **incarcerated Americans**.*

*Not **unlike** the **British** and **Roman Empires**, **America** appears to be **suffering** from the **same** sort of **Military Industrial Complex** that **bamboozled** those **fallen empires** into **organizing** their **economies** around **perpetual WARs** that they **can hardly afford to win** much less **lose**, and preferably **away** from the **homeland** against **natives** that **tan well**.*

*This is **bad** for **America** in the **long run** on **too many levels** to address here, not the **least** of which being **how current WARS** tend to **inspire** the **necessary conditions** to **spark** the **next WAR** some **5**, **ten** or **thirty years** down the road.*

*Even **worse**, even though **most American WARS** have been **conducted** on **foreign soil**, just like with certain **other** recent **British** and **German Empires**, these **foreign (mis)adventures** have been **repeatedly** used as a* **pretextual justification** *for **increasingly invasive** and **terribly disempowering domestic security measures** against it's **own citizens** while further **justifying** the **gutting** of **public education funds** in order to keep it's **younger citizens** from **asking intelligent questions**.*

***America** can have a **terribly overpriced military apparatus**, or a **surplus** of **terribly underpaid teachers**, but NOT **both**, apparently.*

*Hence the **continuing vulnerability** of **large swaths** of an otherwise sensible **American public** to the kinds of **political demagoguery** and **fear mongering** that **keeps** those **jackass** (and/or **lesbian sheep**) **democrats** and **shitbird** (and/or just plain **banana**) **republicans** in **power**.*

*Respectively **representing** the **have more** and **have it all** interests, the **American haves** and **have nots** have been **deemed** by **our elective officials** to be **economic roadkill**, largely because of their general **inability** to effectively make **substantial political donations** to the **greasy**, **upward angling shits** that actually get **elected** to **state** or **national office**.*

*Thanks to **all of these** and **other social** and (**neuro**)**economic trends**, an **increasing** amount of **Americans** find themselves **forced** by **economic necessity** to **work** the same kind of **60+ hour weeks** (in **marginally** better conditions) and **subject** to the same kind of **unhinged security efforts** of **overly armed** (and **empowered**) **law enforcement officials** who are **fond** of the **same kind** of **religious** and/or **racial profiling** that **inspired most** of **America's immigrant ancestors** to **leave** their **Old Countries** in the first place.*

*Is it any **wonder** that so many **Americans** spend what little **free time** they have **binge drinking** and/or **binge eating** while **binge watching programming** (**ahem**...) that makes it **pretty clear** that going through life **fat**, **drunk** and **stupid** is **perfectly fine** as long as **you make enough money** to **pay for all the retail therapy** necessary to **offset** the **incidence** of all of those* **emotionally empowered** *FEELINGS for just a **few more hours**.*

*While **America's allies wonder who we really are**, **it's enemies plot** and **plan** for **America's next imperial over-reach** and **it's own citizen's** increasingly wonder **where** we are going**, when** it all went **wrong** and/or, more importantly **WHO'S TO BLAME for everything going to SHIT**.*

***While the average American seems satisfied to seek external targets for their understandably fucked up feelings, taking a long hard look at the nearest looking glass might a wiser choice for most**.*

*That said, **some** of our **collective difficulties** might **lie** in **our commonly separating language** that **most Americans** still call...*

The **English** may have **mostly** left **us** to **our own drunken** and **deranged devices** after the **American Revolution**, that **isn't** the same as **losing**. Contrary to commonly held **American wisdom** (**LMFAO**), **America** did **NOT** "**win**" the **American revolution** as much the **Brits** decided they had **better things** to do with their **time**, **money** and **military**.

Though this was mostly a decision of **economic** and **domestic expediency** due to the **British public** tiring of yet another **endless colonial *WAR*** that only ***profited*** those at the ***top*** at **measurable** levels, at least **some** of the **impetus** for **ceasing** imperial operations on **American soil** was partly based on the strategic calculus of **Britain's upper ranks** THAT given ***America's*** preponderant ratios of **surplus aristocrats**, **religious wingnuts**, **transported criminals**, **indentured servants**, **lazy** (and/or **crazy**) **n-words**, **small town lawyers**, **land speculators**, **stock jobbers** and other **upward angling miscreants**, ***Great Britain's*** former **colony** would soon ***democratically tear itself apart*** at the **seams** and come **crying home to daddy**.

Though **not** correct in the second instance, they were certainly **correct** in the **first** and **more than once**, though **both** times took much **longer** than then **Britain's most pessimistic policy wonks** had expected. The **first** (**major**) **split** happened **80ish** years later during the (**not so**) **Civil *WAR,*** and in many ways that **Mason-Dixon fissure** still has **yet** to **heal**. The **second split** started with the **related Civil *Rights*** and **Anti-*WAR* movements** a **hundred years later** and ***continues*** to **metastasize** and **fester** some **50** years afterwords.

Though **not** ***(at all)*** **correct** in regards to the **time frame** or **assigned** causes for subsequent **sociological splits** across the **American public**, on some ***deep seated*** level the **Brits knew** that **intransigent divisions** were **coming** to the **United States** mostly because ***we speak and write the same liar's language of division and discord***.

But usually with ***less*** **facility** and a **weaker grasp** of **core concepts** then they do, mostly by **default** as they ***accidentally*** **invented it** in the first place and had over a **millennia's** worth of practice with ***OUR*** **fork tongued language** before **we** told **them** to **go piss up their imperial rope** in **1776**.

In unwittingly adopting the ***accidental language*** of the **empire** ***WE*** **separated** from, the **founding fathers** ***inadvertently*** adopted a host of ***corresponding*** **core concepts** that ***continue*** to **bedevil** and **beset** the **American experiment** to ***this very day.***

With ***OUR commonly separating language*** came a **suspiciously** similar approach to "**better**" **governance** through ***factional party malice*** and a **convincing semblance** of **checks** and **balances** that **moneyed interests** ***rarely have problems circumventing*** as they see fit.

With the **language of liberty** came **strikingly** ***parallel*** views regarding the **intimately related** concepts of **education** and **law enforcement**, the **preferred** methods of ***both*** in **both countries** being best described as the **sit down**, **shut the fuck up** and **do as i say** ***(but not as i do)*** method.

And most ***damaging*** of all, with the **language** of **freedom** came the same ***predatory*** and ***inflationary*** views on **investment banking** and **corporate capitalism** being the **best** economic arrangement ***possible***. WELL, if **not** for everybody at large, then **at least** for **those** at the **top** of the **pile** (IE the **big one** that **shit rolls down**) who can **afford** to **make** the **largest political contributions**.

Despite **any** and **all** ***appearances*** to the contrary, the point of this stage of the present device is **not** to **berate England** and **Greater Britain** for having the **temerity** and **poor judgement** to be on the **receiving end** of a **viciously darwinian historical process** during the **millennia** and a **half** that preceded the **English Englightenment** and **Industrial Revolution**, only to FURTHER **display** the ***predictably*** **poor form** in their **ascendency** by turning around and **committing** the ***same*** kind of **imperial indignities** and just about ***any*** and ***all*** **targets** of ***opportunity*** during their **three hundred year run** as **King** ***Shit*** of **planet Earth**.

To paraphrase a popular American saying, ***transference*** happens.

Nor is the point of this stage of the present device to **pre-emptively** position **historical England** in the **reader's mind** and **heart** as being the singular ***scapegoat*** for **most** to ***all*** of **our modern American problems** through the **strategic deployment** of (highly accurate) **historical hyperbole** and/or **gratuitous** use of **oppositionally defiant**... WAIT NO, THAT'S NOT IT...defined terminology.

Since **1776**, whatever **problems** or **insufficiencies** have ***repeatedly*** **revealed** themselves in the **American experiment** are ***solely our own doing*** even if they happen to be **part** and **parcel** of **our** ***shared*** **Englitch** lineage.

To the debatable extent it actually has (just) **one**, the (**alleged**) point of this **double barrelled shitshow** the present author keeps referring to as the present device is to give the **modern American reader** a better (but **woefully incomplete** and ***necessarily insane****)* sense of the **titanic** and ***inconceivable*** amount of **tears**, **blood**, **pain**, ***death*** and ***shit*** it's taken to bring **America** to where it **is**(**n't**) today.

Which **doesn't** just include the **stupendous** amount of **blood** spilled by **our own fallen** and the **necessary** (and/or ***otherwise)*** **deaths** of those they **fought** (or in some cases, **rounded up** and ***massacred),*** **our American legacy** ALSO includes ***ALL*** of the ***death*** and **blood** and **pain** it took to make **England** the kind of **stunning success** that **inspired our American antecedents** to ***leave it*** in the **first place**. That **lot** further includes ***ALL*** of the historical **European waves** of ***WAR*** and ***death*** that made **England** seem like an increasingly **inviting island** despite it being a **miserable sodden**(**g**) **rock** trapped between ***France*** and the **North Atlantic**.

All of which is the staggering ***karmic weight*** that **falls** on the (**metaphysical**) shoulders of ***each*** **American born** or **emigrated** ***here*** whether ***we want to accept it or not.***

In **each** phase of this **historical development process**, ***your ancestors*** did **any** number of **crazy**, **stupid** and/or just plain ***evil*** things to **survive** and/or **succeed** long enough to **spawn** the **next generation** of **your** ***emphatically*** **idiotic** and just plain **mean ancestors**.

Who, in ***many cases,*** were actually **previous versions** of ***you*** just trying to **get by** or possibly **get over** on the **competition** by repeatedly **braining them** with a **sharpened metal stick**.

Even if **you** are an **American** with ***no*** **English** or **European ancestors** and/or **incarnations** at all (to the **best** of your knowledge, ***at this present time),*** and **might** have had **one** or more **ancestors** ***transported*** and **forced** to **work** here ***against*** their **will**, this may **mitigate** your ***American karmic legacy*** a bit, BUT a ***superlative*** **majority** of that **burden** ***still*** falls on your (metaphorical and possibly **melanin enabled**) **shoulders** simply because, as ***imperfect*** and ***unfair*** **modern America** has been (or ***IS)*** for **too many of us**, it is **still** a **damn sight better** than the **likely** alternatives (in the **habit** of handing out **green cards**, at least) and would **not** have been ***possible*** WITHOUT the **English** and their **manifestly silly language**.

Which brings **us** to ***another*** overarching point of the present device:

For the last 500 years, each one of these English and/or American travesties were first conceived then articulated, arranged *and* (**pretextually**) **justified** *in* ***Modern English*** *BEFORE* the **ships landed**, the **boots were on the ground** or the **first shots** in whichever ***WAR*** were fired.

Moreover, the ***countless*** instances of: **Organized Religion** or the **State** further **disabusing** the **individual** of the **illusion** of their **personal freedoms** or ***right*** to **earn a fair living**; the ***serial*** **predations** of the ***corporate investment aristocracy*** AGAINST the

other 99% of their **fellow citizens**; OR the ***criminal inevitabilities*** that **come** with the **majority** of a **country's citizens** being **forced** to ***live off of the scraps*** and ***crumbs*** of an overly **wealthy 1%** were (and **are**) ALL ***conceived***, ***articulated, arranged*** and (**pretextually**) **justified** in **Modern English** long before ANY **bills** are **written**, **de-regulatory** or ***En(g)closure*** **acts** were **passed**, or the **first punch landed** or **multiple shots ring out** in yet another case of **working man's asset seizure**.

And these **big** and **bigger** ***LIES*** that the **free English nations** of the **world** continue to ***perpetuate*** and **succumb** to are themselves based on the **ubiquity** of the **small quiet** ***LIES*** their **citizen's** ***tell themselves*** in **their own heads** on a **minute** by **minute** basis as a matter of course, simply because **nobody** ever told them about the terrible ***reality distorting effects*** of **Englitch**.

It is NOT **fair** nor **accurate** to attribute (or even imply) sole responsibility for the historical plethora of **misdeeds**, **transgressions** and **atrocities** committed by **English speaking individuals** to the **English** language itself.

Given the **overwhelming** prevalence of historical **indignities** committed by individuals or peoples that **speak** (or **spoke**) ***French,*** **German**, **Russian**, **Spanish**, **Swahili**, **Dutch**, **Arabic**, **Chinese**, **more Chinese**, **Japanese**, **Aztec**, **Mayan**, **Hindi**, ***Latin, Greek***, **Roman**, **Persian**, **Pashtun**, **Hebrew**, **Aramaic**, **Sumerian**, **Sanskrit**, **corporate academic New Speak** and other **languages**, such a manifestly **dubious** claim would be **disingenuous** in the extreme.

Like ***GUNS,*** **languages** DON'T **kill**, **rape** or **rob people**, but the **people** ***who do*** usually **do so** only ***after*** an extended **internal dialogue** (accurate or ***otherwise****)* that ***pretextually justified*** their **unfortunate** and ***infrequently*** necessary actions.

Then afterwords, they ***retroactively*** **confirm** the **correctness** of the **convictions** that **pre-meditated** those **actions** in the **first place**, typically through **any** number of time honored **rhetorical devices** and ***forced perspective phrases*** the **perp** in question **inwardly** and/or **outwardly** articulates to themselves or others, and **not** infrequently in **conjunction** with the ***compensatory*** consumption of **fermented beverages**.

YET it would be ***equally*** **disingenuous** to suggest that to the extent **English may** or ***does*** have it's own **unique spectrum** of ***neuro-semantic*** **biases** that ***those*** **wouldn't** play any role in the rather **revealing** and ***possibly*** related historical facts that the **British Empire** **conducted military** and/or ***WAR*** **operations** ***in*** or ***against*** (at least) ***90%*** of the **other** recognized **nations** on this particular planet ***(so far)*** AND the ***other*** fact that **United States** has been at ***WAR*** or **involved** in some kind of prolonged ***police action***, ***armed occupation*** or ***foreign military intervention*** for ***90%*** of **it's history** (to date).

Not that the present author **is** suggesting that **Englitch** is that much **more** ***cognitively*** and/or ***neuro-linguistically*** **biased** than many to **most** other **languages**. Mostly because the present author does **not** speak **any** other **languages** with necessary degree of **fluency** to assess their potential **neuro-cognitive effects** on their **native speakers**.

Yet, for those **same** reasons, it would be ***equally irresponsible*** for the present author to **suggest** that **Englitch** is any ***LESS*** **neuro-linguistically** ***biased*** then other **languages**.

In fact it seems **probable** that **Englitch** is probably ***more neurologically biased*** than most other **languages** simply because **Englitch** is actually **6** ***(plus)*** languages ***accidentally smashed together by an island of drunken idiots,*** and **didn't** just **absorb** their **words** and grammar, ***Englitch*** ALSO absorbed **their** ***combined neuro-linguistic biases*** as well.

THEN it went on to **develop** it's own ***unique*** **biases** thanks to certain **historical trends** well **documented** in this and other **devices**.

Chapter **13.1**:
The accidental Magick of Englitch (and **other** languages)

The idea that your **native language** acts as the primary **Operating System** for the **quantum computer** in that **thick primate skull of yours** is NOT just a theory or a rhetorical device.

It **isn't** commonly remarked upon but the fact is that during any given second that you are awake your brain (and mind) is receiving over ***10,000*** **signal inputs** per ***second*** from your **external** and (**not well understood**) ***internal*** senses. While all of that is happening, your **brain** (and/or **mind**) is actively processing the ***CPU-intensive*** input stream known as ***sight*** through a complex three-step process of converting incoming photon streams to electrical signals, bouncing those back to a cross wired occipital lobe (on the back and laterally opposite side of your head), which then immediately flips the incoming upside-down image due to the optical physics of your eyeballs. The whole time that is going on your **automatic brain** is actively attending to all those other autonomic processes that you don't have think about with that tiny brilliant brain of yours. This is also happening on a **second by second** basis.

Due to the **fact** that **it** is already insanely busy just **keeping your dumb ass alive**, the average brain collates this staggering amount of data and then collapses all of it into an ***executive summary*** of **7-10** (or in the case of the author at the moment, **23**) **signals** per **second** that an "average" person is **consciously** aware of on a moment to moment basis. The vast majority of these processed signals for most people tend to be received **sensory inputs**, ***habituated thoughts*** or their **triggered** FEELINGS or ***some messy combination thereof***.

The funny thing about this whole CPU intensive process is that it happens on an entirely **pre-conscious** level (well, for most people) according to ***genetically rooted*** evolutionary operating instructions further enhanced by accidental ***neurological imprints*** during key developmental stages that are further amended by **long term environmental conditioning**.

The punch line to all that is that what **passes** for (frequently habituated) "**conscious**" thoughts and feelings are actually ***accidental byproducts of these pre-conscious processes.***

Though the exact nature, efficacy and disposition of this spectrum of the pre-conscious neuro-cognitive processes that result in what **passes** for the "conscious" mind in most people is entirely unique to the individual, the ***unifying factor*** that all semantically enabled primates share is that at some point at least some (**majority**, usually) of this **neuro-cognitive shitshow** is converted into ***language***.

This first iteration of this **semantic conversion process** happens when we attempt to identify, articulate, and arrange our own unique (and/or ***entirely common****)* feelings, pre- or post-verbal thoughts, or sensory inputs to ourselves. These initial semantic associations are then acutely **potentiated** when externally communicated to one's self or others through verbalization or writing. This potentiated **association** between **neuro-cognitive events** (which includes feelings) and the ***word(s)*** used to describe them are further (strongly) **reinforced** in the individual in the presence of positive, supportive and/or confirmational feedback emanating from concerned parental figures, solicitous friends, friendly strangers and/or bartenders, underpaid teachers, overpaid professors (slash ***therapists****)*, one's elective and/or court appointed mental health consultants, and/or the ubiquitous ***cacophony*** of words, images and sounds strategically arranged and presented in a manner scientifically developed to reinforce the impression that **all of your feelings are real and your thoughts about them are correct** (IE **advertising** and/or ***marketing****).*

The **associative binding** between a **cognitive event** and it's related **word**(**s**) creates a new **neural pathway** in the affected mind that **deepens** with progressive use (and/or ***habituation****),* similar to how game trails in forests develop from repeated use by the animals that walk them. What was originally a mostly pre-conscious **verbal** association to begin with rapidly becomes **automatic** for the affected individual. The next time(s) they have a similar feeling or thought, the neuro-cognitive event in question is immediately and pre-consciously projected into the previously associated **word**(**s**), or ***chains*** thereof.

Having a ready made **word** (or series thereof) for a neuro-cognitive event (which includes feelings) has the overall effect of validating, reinforcing and increasing the frequency (and ***amplitude****)* of the neuro-cognitive effects that **word** (or series thereof) originally described. Unfortunately for the ***neurologically diverse****,* less commonly experienced neuro-cognitive events that do **not** have a previously coined word, term or phrase to describe them often have the effect of **de-emphasizing** if not outright ***invalidating*** those pre- or post-semantic neuro-cognitive events the individual is having difficulty articulating to themselves or others.

The **upshot** of this whole chain of pre-conscious events is that **language *isn't*** just how we articulate our experiences to ourselves, it is also the primary mechanism for ***how we edit*** (and editorialize) ***our own experiences*** on a moment to moment basis. For most people, most of the time, this ***editing process*** is entirely ***pre-conscious*** in nature and mostly the result of pre-existing evolutionary operating instructions further enhanced by **accidental**

neurological imprints during key developmental stages that were further amended by long term environmental conditioning.

This ***editing function*** of **language** directly **mirrors** the default editing functions of the ***operating system*** on your **confuser**. No matter how expensive or fast the machine, it can only run those programs that are **configured** for the ***operating system*** it is running. Any highly functional or rewarding programs that are **not** configured to your confuser's ***operating system*** are **inaccessible** to your current machine.

This happens with languages ***all the time.*** Individual, group or cultural neuro-cognitive events that are **not** articulated due to a lack of words to effectively describe them tend to fall by the wayside and/or get sucked into the memory hole. At least until they happen again, or possibly often enough for someone to coin the kind of catch phrase that other semantically enabled primates can progressively ape to at least ***mimic*** understanding of the described event.

This primary **editing** function of language is seamlessly **synchronized** with the more traditional ***operating system*** functions of language first forming the ontological (**skinner**) box most of us ***pigeonhole our perceptions into,*** then further collating, indexing, recalling and (possibly) **triggering** related neuro-cognitive events through their **associated** key terms. And again, all of this happens on a ***mostly*** pre-conscious basis most of the time for most people.

All of the neuro-cognitive ***operating system*** functions of **language described** over the last 2 pages apply to **all** languages in general. Yet exactly **how** each language manifests their ***operating system*** functions and their particular ***neuro-cognitive effects*** on **native speakers** is as heavily dependent of semantic scope and grammatical architecture of the language as it is on the native speaker's personal history, understanding and facility with the language as an individual.

The current stage of the present device has attempted to identify some of the more obvious **neuro-linguistic biases** of **English** and **connect** them to their **historical** (and/or **hysterical** {in ***all*** senses}) developments of **origin**. Though some of the previously described ***neuro-cognitive biases*** might be specific to **English** itself, it is the author's view that many to most of them are ***probably*** present in varying degrees in many to most other languages. If that proves to be accurate, then it follows that the ***neuro-cognitive bias spectrum*** of a given **language** isn't so much a **discrete set** of ***unique*** **distortions** specific to that **language**, but more a case of the specific **degree** and **disposition** of a yet to be determined group of **universal** or widely shared ***neuro-linguistic biases.***

Regardless of which of those proves to be more accurate, **English** displays at least **two** (2) other ***neuro-cognitive bias*** **effects** at **severity levels** that either **match** or ***exceed*** just about any other language you could name. The present author was **not** able to connect these ***inherent*** **English biases** to a **specific** time or historical development due to how deeply **embedded** they are in the ***underlying architecture*** of **English** (and/or **Englitch**) itself.

These ***fundamental*** **English biases** are **probably** best described as ***Neuro-Cognitive Event Escalation*** and ***Objective Offset****.* Given that first one has more words than the second one, we might as well start with that one...

Neuro-Cognitive Event Escalation ***(NCEE)*** is a two step, three stage **feedback cycle** that is strongly influenced by the **transient** (and possibly related) emotional, mental and/or metabolic states the individual tends to experience on a moment by moment basis.

Step 1 begins when a given **neuro-cognitive event** is ***repeatedly*** **articulated** to **one's self** or **others** using **terms** of ***increasing severity****.* Both the **synonym** and **adjective/ adverb** ***trajectories*** of ***NCEE*** are easily demonstrated using the universally known phenomena commonly called "**a bad day**" (as in "I am having a...").

One of the many miracles of **Modern English** previously remarked upon here and elsewhere is that thanks to certain historical developments, **most English words** (and especially **adjectives** and/or **adverbs**) have anywhere from ***6*** to ***66*** (or ***exponentially*** more) accepted **synonyms** (IE different words that either mean the same thing or almost mean the same thing) of varying ***severity***.

In the **case** of the word **bad**, it is only the **first** option in an ***escalation tree*** that **often** involves terms like **no good**, **awful**, **terrible**, **horrible**, **dreadful**, **ghastly**, **unendurable**, **shitty** or possibly even **fucked** in place of the word **bad**. Each one of these words means roughly the **same** thing but ***worse*** by some **greater** or ***greater*** degree.

Thanks to the expertly chosen example, we also just demonstrated the ***adjective escalation effect*** using **synonyms** of the **adjective** "**bad**". The same ***escalation effect*** applies to **adverbs** as well. A fairly common ***adverb escalation tree*** often starts with **really** and can further escalate to include words like **very**, **truly**, **decidedly**, **positively**, **absolutely**, **undoubtedly**, **monstrously, massively**, **completely**, **utterly**, **eminently** or possibly even ***increasingly***.

Further **adding** to this ***adjective/adverb/synonym inflation*** effect is the small fact that when **adjectives** and **adverbs** are combined to describe a **neuro-cognitive effect** (like the current experience of our day), their ***combined inflationary effect*** is **additive** if not ***multiplicative***. This is easily demonstrated by ***combining*** words from the **adjective escalation tree** to the **adverb escalation tree** and ***increase*** the **neuro-cognitive effects** of ***both***.

What starts off as a **bad day** becomes a **very bad day** the second we ***think*** about it in those terms. From there, one can ***escalate*** one's **angst** through the strategic deployment of terms like **really bad**, **decidedly awful**, **truly terrible**, **positively horrible**, **absolutely dreadful**, **monstrously beastly**, **utterly unendurable**, **increasingly shitty** or possibly even ***eminently fucked****.*

Though **not** readily quantifiable, there is a definite ***qualitative*** **neuro-cognitive difference** between something described as **really bad** versus ***eminently fucked*** in the **mind** of both the **English speaker** and **listener**.

That ***neuro-cognitive differential*** between related **synonyms of varying severity** is where the **second** step of ***NCEE*** comes into play. The ***associative binding process*** between a **neuro-cognitive event** and it's **related word**(**s**) succinctly described 15 paragraphs ago also has a ***flip side*** to it.

Once a ***neuro-cognitive semantic association*** has been established, the associated **words** ***can*** (and ***do)*** TRIGGER the occurrence of **related** or **similar** or the ***exact same*** **neuro-cognitive events** (including ***feelings)*** in the ***associative*** individual.

The **more** ***habituated*** a particular **word** or **word chain** is from **internal repetition** and/or constant **external exposure** (or some combination thereof), the ***more likely*** those **words** WILL **trigger** or further reinforce the related ***neuro-cognitive events*** (in the **associative individual**) that those **words** had ***previously*** been **describing.** And again, this ***associative induction effect*** for most people is also entirely **pre-conscious** in nature.

The **longer** these ***neuro-cognitive semantic associations*** continue **unchecked** and/or **unquestioned** in the unwitting individual, the **more** implicitly ***correct*** those ***automatic*** associations ***feel*** over time. This **sense** of ***correctness*** regarding **one's thoughts** and/or **feelings** tends to dramatically **increase** their ***neuro-cognitive impact*** which is further **reinforced** if not ***amplified*** through the ***habituated*** usage of **related terms**.

This is the **underlying** mental mechanism that makes ***Neuro-Cognitive Event Escalation*** possible in the first place. The ***neuro-cognitive impact*** of **any** event or **condition** experienced ***can be*** (and ***is)*** dramatically **affected** by the ***words*** we use to **describe** it to ourselves and others. This is especially pertinent to **English speakers** thanks to the crushing weight of ***synonym overload*** that could be argued to be the single most defining feature of **English**.

The **perils** of ***NCEE*** are easily demonstrated through detailing it's **three** phases of development in regards to another **commonly known condition** that is often **related** to the previous demonstrative example of a **bad day**. IE ***depression.***

Though there are variety of different kinds of ***depression*** of varying (therapeutic) **severity** due to similar variety of **causes**, they **all** share the ***same*** qualities of **mental malaise** and preponderant **emotional shittiness** in the **afflicted**.

Contrary to popular misconception, ***in the moment*** these **acute** and/or aspecific **thoughts** and (**shitty**) FEELINGS are best described as a variety of ***browns*** WHICH only **become** the ***blues*** in the event the **afflicted** gets their ***mojo workin'*** with some kind of **lectrick gi'Tar**, **mouth organ**, **high titty woman** or **mannish boy** (and/or some **unseemly** {and/or ***invigorating}*** combination thereof), or is **exposed** to the ***musical transmutations*** of the **same** in others.

Regardless of one's preferred **chromatic** references or specific causes, ***depression*** manifests itself to the **sufferer** in **two** separate **Neuro-Cognitive Event Streams** (**NCES**) that are ***directly related to each other***. These **streams** are generally referred to as **thoughts** and ***feelings***, although the latter is where ***depression*** is usually first noticed by the individual.

In this case, the **other** primary **NCES** of ***processed perceptions*** is much less important overall thanks to a noted tendency of **fully bipedal hairless primates *suffering*** from **hypertrophied verbal skills** to ***think the same damn thoughts*** regardless of whatever their **lying** (and/or ***cheating****)* eyes, ears or **hearts** are ***clearly telling them****.*

It is the **relationship** between these **two *primate***...whoops...primary ***Neuro Cognitive Event Streams*** of **thoughts** and ***feelings*** that result in the **three** operative phases of ***Neuro Cognitive Event Escalation*** events. Since ***depression*** is the current demonstrative example, we will start with **our** (**fucking**) ***feelings***, but it should be noted that ***NCEE* events** can **initiate** from ***thought*** and/or ***perceptual* events** as well.

Phase 1: A **brown feeling** happens **somewhere** in **your** (fill in the blank).

Phase 2: This **leads** to some kind of **brown thought** manifesting in **your** (**fill in the blank**).

Phase 3: The **brown thought in question** either ***reinforces*** the original **brown feeling** in the first place OR ***goes on to trigger a new brown feeling****.*

Which, OF COURSE, leads to ***another* brown thought**, which ***triggers*** another **brown feeling** if it **isn't** (but probably **is**) already ***reinforcing*** the **second** (and/or ***original****)* **brown feelings** that started this whole ***brownward spiral****.*

And that's just a ***NCEE* event** in general. What's great about **britain**...**DAMMIT**... **Englitch** is how **e**(**n**)**gregiously** it ***exacerbates*** this process.

To wit: *First **one** has a **brown feeling**, which **leads** to a **shitty thought** that further trigger **shitty feelings** which ignite **increasingly shitty** and/or **fucked thoughts** (and **way to go**, **asshole**) that **beget** even more **ghastly feelings** and their own **beastly thoughts** that **feel atrocious** and **i can't believe what i am thinking** then* SUDDENLY **REDACTED** finds them-self **precariously perched on a stool** and **wearing a manila tie**, or ***contemplating* a long fall** after a **short walk** to (then ***off****)* the nearest ***bridge of opportunity*** OR possibly just **enjoying** the **cool circular reassurance** of the **metal barrel pressed to your own foreh**...FOR FUCK'S SAKE DON'T DO IT, man (statistically speaking).

Not all ***NCEE* events** are necessarily **negative** BUT **can** just as easily result in the ***deaths*** of *(**millions*** of) **others** as they **can** (and ***do****)* in ***suicide*** if left **unchecked** in **vulnerable psyches** (IE ***every English speaking person on the planet****).*

The ***NCEE* effect** is the central **praxis** of the ***accidental* sympathetic magick of language** in general, and the **back** (**side** and/or ***mud)*** **bone** of ***English magick*** in particular. We **may** not ***(usually)*** have ***(much)*** **conscious control** over **our** FEELINGS or our **thoughts**, but thanks to **Englitch** we have any number of options for articulating them to ourselves in ways that are ***entirely different*** but of ***equal accuracy.***

This is easily demonstrated through the **bad** day example. **Operationally** speaking, the phrases "**i had a terrible**, **awful**, **no good**, **very bad day**", "**today is a shit show of colostomy proportions**", "**today could have been better**" and "**today is fucking awesome**, **just slightly less than yesterday**, ***SO FAR",*** all **mean** the ***same thing*** but tend to have very **different *neuro-cognitive effects*** on the **speaker** and/or **listener**.

Those ***NCEE* effects** might be slightly more subtle than the hyperbolically instructive examples might suggest (***SO FAR),*** BUT ***they are accumulative over time,*** and especially when they are the ***result*** of the kind of **habituated language patterns** that ***make people depressed*** in the first place.

The **sophisticated** (and/or) ***forward* observer** SLASH **reader** might be inclined to reflect on their own time on the ***other*** ways **Englitch's *NCEE* effects** can be used to **WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE INVESTORS**, but the author humbly suggests ***inventorying*** your **own *NCEE* effects *first*** well BEFORE ***trying to induce them in others.*** And especially if you are already a big fan and ***long time practitioner*** of...

Objective Offset comes in at least **two** different forms in **English**, one not entirely **specific** to **English**, and the other **less** so. But **both** are equally **en**(**g**)**demic**, more or less, and **should** be considered to be **English biases** of **roughly equivalent *severity***. These **two forms** of ***objective offset*** in **English** are:

1.The "I" versus "me" differential.
2. *The **constant comparison** of **subjective states** to "**objective**" conditions that **may** or may **NOT exist** anywhere **outside** of the **objective offsetter's mind**.*

Though not entirely unique to **English**, **English** is remarkably ***well endowed*** to **facilitate** astounding levels of ***I" versus "me" differential*** in high verbal individuals.

This ***differential*** largely **serves** (at least) **two** purposes for the **upward angler**:

a) ***Error/Liability Externalization*** and b) ***Authority Assertion.***

Both of these **ends** are facilitated through the **strategic** deployment of the ***subjective*** and ***objective*** first person **personal pronouns** respectively known as "**I**" and "**me**".

In **English**, the first person pronoun of "**I**" is often **literally *subjective*** (in addition to the **grammatical sense**) in that it is often **found** in the ***subject*** of most **English sentences** it is **strategically** (or ***not)*** **deployed** in. This is easily demonstrated through the following sentences: "**I** want some pickles." "**I** am the heavyweight champion of the world." "**I** can't

believe I am still writing this seemingly endless book". In **each** case (as well as **most others**), the **usage** of the **subjective** "**I**" strongly implies ***conscious acknowledgement*** and ***identification*** with the ***objective state*** happening in the **predicate** of **affected sentence**(**s**).

Conversely, the ***objective*** "**me**" is regularly used to **frame** the ***objective*** (and possibly ***objectionable)*** **individual** as being **subject** to **external forces** that they **couldn't** POSSIBLY have ***ANY*** **control over**. Consider the following commonly encountered sentences: "Poor **me**." "I can't believe this is happening to **me**." And the ever popular "*Now look at what you made **me** do."*

Most **native English speakers** are ***acutely*** **aware** of the **subtle** yet ***profound*** **distinctions** between ***I*** and ***me*** by the time they are **8 years old**, and a **significant** ***majority*** of **us** spend **much** to ***most*** of the rest of our **intensely verbal lies**...WHOOPS...lives becoming increasingly **adept** at **navigating** the ***"I" versus "me" differential*** for **circumstantial advantage** and/or **decisional fallout avoidance**.

Error/Liability Externalization on the personal level invariably works according to the following **template formula**:

I am a good *(fill in the blank) but have had* ***bad*** *(fill in the blank{**s**}) **happen** to **me**.*

or the common variant:

I am a good *(fill in the blank) who* ***could*** *have made* ***better decisions*** *AND have had* ***bad*** *(fill in the blank{**s**}) **happen** to **me**.*

To inversely paraphrase one of the more cogent statements by a relatively recent **American president**:

Success *tends to result in a* ***single "I"*** *while* ***failure*** *results in a* ***thousand "me"'s**.*

This ***"I" versus "me" differential*** allows **any** English speaking individual to alternately **assume** or DENY ***personal identification*** and/or ***responsibility*** for **any** and **all** aspects of their current or past life experience ***at will.***

Depending on the overall disposition, present mindset, and current emotional state of the affected individual, this can (and does) result in taking an excess of responsibility for honest mistakes in situations that had little to no precedent in one's (current) life (***SO FAR****)* OR the **slightly** more common case of convincing one's self and others that their **serial fuckups** (to date) were more the **result** of actions of others ***rather than their own****.*

Authority Assertion isn't solely mediated through skillful manipulation of only the ***"I" versus "me" differential*** but of **subjective states** and **objective language** in general.

This happens through the conscious (or ***not so much****)* framing of one's **subjective *neuro-cognitive events*** by articulating them in **objective** terms. For demonstrative purposes, we will be using the all too common example of the ***classically intolerant religious wingnut****,* but the present reader should take it as **gospel** that this **neuro-linguistic tactic/*bias*** is **not**, repeat NOT solely limited to religious discussions (or more frequently, ***arguments****).*

Generally speaking, a ***classically intolerant religious wingnut*** is often the unwitting product of one (or more) developmental nightmares riddled with religious indoctrination by concerned parental units also fond of **constant criticism** and/or ***disciplinary child abuse****.*

Once ***preternatural hate*** has been **beaten** (rhetorically or ***otherwise****)* into the **loving child**, the **good son** and/or **daughter** will ***honor*** those time honored **traditions** and **family values** by **judging** others according to what ***they like doing with their own private parts in the privacy of their home with other consenting adults*** FOR INSTANCE.

If any of ***that*** does **NOT** result in ***making*** more babies to ***religiously indoctrinate by the same methods***, then it's a **SIN** and especially if any of that involves people with **similar** plumbing and/or various kinds of "self defilement" (and/or some greasy combination thereof).

Though most ***classically intolerant religious wingnuts*** are generally **polite** enough to mostly keep their **bass-ackward views** to themselves ***outside*** of church and church socials, if pressed to articulate their entirely **subjective** views, at some point just about every ***classically intolerant religious wingnut*** will **validate** their **bass-ackward views** by saying ***it's in the bible*** (somewhere between **love thy neighbor** and ***not until the male becomes the female and the female male can ye enter the kingdom of heaven****)*, or that's what the **pastor** (and/or **rabbi** or **imam**) said, OR, less frequently, they **heard it** from ***GOD*** (and/or ***Jayeesus****)* **himself**.

In either case**,** the ***subjective*** views of the ***classically intolerant religious wingnut*** are **rhetorically supported** through "**objective**" **confirmation** sourced in the **bible**, **last sunday's sermon**, or (**less** frequently) their own **personal relationship** with ***GOD****.*

The **linking** of one's ***subjective*** **views** to ***objective*** **language** found in (various **good**) ***BOOKS*** isn't just terribly **reinforcing** for the **individual**, it also tends to **add** to the impression of ***additional*** **rhetorical weight** to one's **personal views** in arguments.

This added **rhetorical weight** to one's comments acts as a sort of **metaphysical ballast** that allows the **affected** (and often ***affective****)* ***classically intolerant religious wingnut*** to conceptually **tower** over any **godless heathens** in the **vicinity** due to their **inability** to **backstop** their own ***subjective*** **sensibilities** with any ***objective*** **sources** the **religious wingnut** is inclined to **recognize** as being sufficiently **legitimate** or **authoritative** to warrant a re-examination of their own ***subjective*** stupidities.

Incidentally, this **first** form of ***authority assertion*** is a **semiotic** adaption of a long standing and pre-existing **defense mechanism** widely found in the **animal kingdom** and tends to

be most directly associated with the ***pufferfish***. Though (**usually**) ***extremely* poisonous**, that **adaptation** is actually a **secondary** defense mechanism for the **pufferfish**. It's **primary** defense mechanism involves conspicuously ***increasing*** it's **apparent size** by **puffing itself up** like an **underwater balloon *bristling*** with **poisonous spikes**. Hence the term "**pufferfish**".

Though this form of ***authority assertion*** doesn't involve **much** in the way of conspicuous **physical swelling** *(**usually**)*, the **linking** of **one's *subjective* views** to an **objectively *unprovable*** (but **not** necessarily ***improbable**)* extra-physical, pan-ultimate (and frequently ***misquoted**)* alpha male of astronomic heft to pre-emptively **defend** one's ***subjective*** religious views AGAINST **rational analysis** or **reasonable questions** by **godless heathens** (and/or other ***classically intolerant religious wingnuts*** with a slightly different name for ***GOD**)* is ***exactly*** the **same** kind of defense mechanism, just slightly more **metaphysical** in **nature**.

There is also a second form of ***authority assertion*** that works off of a slightly modified version of the ***"I" versus "me" differential*** that (**confusingly**) is probably best termed ***"I" versus "you" differential***.

This mostly consists of **framing *one's own suboptimal states of being***, ***decisions*** and/or ***resulting actions*** in transient, ***subjective*** terms while stating the ***opposition's* failings** (and/or ***opportunities*** for **self improvement**) in ***objective*** terms that **strongly** tend to imply ***permanence***.

Incidentally (yes, **again**), this is the underlying **linguistic mechanism** that provides the functional basis for **phase 3** of the ***Standard Introductory English Gambit** (**SIEG**)* mildly **concussed** at the end of **chapter 10**, as well as the **closely related** (and/or **following**) common **English** practice of ***Height Enhancing Inferential Legwork** (**HEIL**).*

Continuing with the current **religious** example, the standard **formula** for a ***classically intolerant religious wingnut*** for establishing ***"I" versus "you" differential*** in a **antagonistic** and/or **oppositional** discussion (or ***convincing semblance*** thereof) pretty much consists of some **variation** on the following**:**

"***I** am a faithful yet imperfect servant of the lord but **you** are a dirty and depraved sinner."*

or, more **broadly**

"***I**"* (something) but "***you***" (something **worse**)

This extremely effective and simple rhetorical tactic exploits the **subtle** yet **profound *implied difference bias*** (not entirely **specific** to **English**) between ***subjective* states** and ***objective* events** and/or **conditions**. The ***subjectivity*** of ***I*** strongly reinforces the impression of ***individual impermanence*** while the **objective *you*** implicitly connotes an **condition** of ***objective perpetuity***.

Ironically enough, ***classically intolerant religious wingnuts*** are **not** the only fans of this ubiquitously common rhetorical device. As we are **burning daylight** here, the author leaves it to the increasingly informed reader to consider how these rhetorical tactics might also be ***constantly*** deployed by: **politicians**, **political candidates**, **lawyers**, **judges**, **professors**, **high school english teachers**, **vice principles**, **court appointed psychiatrists**, **other mental health specialists**, ***on site administrative personnel,*** **parental units** and/or other **loved ones** or possibly ***one's own internal dialogue*** and put to a **variety** of uses. **One** of those **might** possibly **include**...

*The **constant comparison** of **subjective** states to "**objective**" conditions that **may** or may **NOT exist anywhere outside** of the **objective offsetter's mind**.*

The sophisticated reader will have already noted for his or her self that this is simply an ***internal*** **application** of the ***subjective-objective differential(s)*** just concussed.

As pernicious and pervasive as the **external** expressions of ***objective offset*** are (**boy** and ***how),*** these ***ubiquitous*** and frequently **iniquitous** effects **pale** in comparison to ***it's*** much more **prevalent** and insidious ***internal applications*** that EVERY **English speaker** (and **quite a few others**) ***falls victim to*** time and time again.

As with the intimately related process of ***Neuro-Cognitive Event Escalation*** (**NCEE**), the ***Constant Comparison*** *of* ***Subjective States*** *to* ***Objective Conditions*** *that* ***may*** *or may* ***not exist anywhere outside*** *of the* ***Objective Offsetter's Mind*** is strongly **influenced** by the **transient** (and possibly related) **emotional**, **mental** and/or **metabolic states** the **individual** tends to experience on a moment by moment basis.

Similar to ***NCEE,*** the ***Constant Comparison*** *of* ***Subjective States*** *to* ***Objective Conditions*** *that* ***may*** *or may* ***not exist anywhere outside*** *of the* ***Objective Offsetter's Mind*** is **also** heavily influenced by **his** or **her** overall mindset, setting, and overall outlook on life.

Some (or ***most)*** of which **may** or MAY ***operate*** on an ***entirely*** **pre-conscious level** (well, for **most** people) in line with ***pre-existing evolutionary operating instructions further enhanced by accidental neurological imprints during key developmental stages further amended*** *by* ***long term environmental conditioning***.

(Due to it's rather ponderous {yet accurate} handle, the ***Constant Comparison*** *of* ***Subjective States*** *to* ***Objective Conditions*** *that* ***may*** *or may* ***not exist anywhere outside*** *of the* ***objective offsetter's mind*** will be subsequently abbreviated as ***CCSS.)***

Without getting into it's exceedingly interesting **evolutionary underpinnings**, generally speaking ***CCSS*** generally **manifests** within some variation of the following progression template:

> ***CCSS*** *invariably* ***initiates*** *due to* ***internal impulse***, ***external stimuli***, *and/or* ***some combination*** *thereof.*

*The **impulse/stimuli triggers** a **self reflective moment** where the* **objective offsetter** *takes **stock** of some (or **every**) **aspect** of their **current life**, to the **best** of their (possibly negligible) **reflective** abilities.*

*Putting aside the **terribly distorting** neuro-cognitive effects of **framing** one's **self-reflections** in any language, much less **Englitch,** the* **objective offsetter** *invariably goes on to **compound** those **neuro-cognitive effects** (which still includes **feelings**,* MAGGOT) *by **comparing** those **subjective reflections** to their **internal impressions** of **objective conditions**, **events** or **other individuals** in a similar (or frequently **younger**) **demographic** and/or **age bracket**.*

*Even though those **internal impressions** are entirely **subjective** themselves, the **objective offsetter** invariably **tricks** his or her self into **thinking** that those **internal impressions** (of objective conditions) are **as real** as their own **emotionally influenced self-reflection** (and/or **judgement**), and initially **perceives** the **differential** between the **two** as a **distinct emotional event**.*

*Which the **objective offsetter** tends to either **think about** and/or **project** into the previous **self-reflective neuro-cognitive event stream** which is itself another **impulse/stimuli** that probably **triggers** another **CCSS cycle**.*

This ***CCSS*** process, as complicated as it sounds, is easily demonstrated in **two** relatively **common** and **gender predominant** examples:

By the time a **male** (a congenital condition ***distinct*** from but **not** mutually exclusive with ***being a man)*** hits **his** (in ***either*** case) **mid to late twenties** (IE **after** their binge and party days of youth and/or college), if **he** is **not** doing something **he loves** for **money** and/or ***someone*** **he loves** as often as possible, this often **precipitates** some **self reflection** on the ***subjective states*** of his own **self-impression** of his: **dead end job**; notable **absence** of **on-hand sport utility vehicles**; present ***surplus*** of **crushing student** and **credit card debt**; chronic ***insufficiency*** of **hot** and **horny bitches** satisfying all ONE of his desires ***(statistical*** hint: starts with an **A**), and/or ***other*** **status symbols**.

The perceived **existential gulf** between **where** the **mid-20's male thinks he should be** and **where *he thinks he currently is*** in **his** life **invariably** registers as some kind of **emotional impression** of ***disappointment,*** which, speaking in general terms, tends to ***trigger*** further **thoughts** of **dissatisfaction**. Throw in the inevitable ***catalytic*** effects of **language** into the mix, and this easily becomes a **self-sustaining feedback loop** that **can** and ***does*** have a number of **effects** in **susceptible individuals** that are **heavily dependent** on the **individual's set**, **setting** and **outlook** (Example 1: The **2016 election**).

NOT AT ALL ***equivalent*** to that is a **roughly** similar scenario that **some** (and/or **a few**) **females** (a **congenital condition** *distinct from* but **not** mutually exclusive with ***being a woman)*** find themselves **facing** by their **mid thirties**, if not sooner. If **she** is **not** already **integrated** in some kind of **family plan** that is working for her, **doing something she**

loves for money, or **lots of yoga** (and/or **Yoga**), the ***escalating* detonation** of a certain **biological time bomb** often **accelerates** and/or **potentiates** already **existing *self-reflective streams*** that **may** or **might** (possibly) involve a distinct emotional impression of ***disappointment*** at **her current *(perceived)* state(s)** of ***baby deficiency, lover insufficiency, work proficiency*** and/or notable ***absence*** of **close friends** who ***aren't* backstabbing bitches**.

These **effects** are invariably **amplified** when the **mid 30's female** in question goes on to **talk** about those **feelings** in (great and/or ***unrelenting)*** detail to unwitting: **lovers**, **work acquaintances**, **favored hair dressers**, **sublimated massage therapists**, **spa specialist gossip mongers**, **gym** (and/or ***fuck)* buddies**, or **possibly** just the ***same backstabbing bitches as usual*** (IE her **close friends**). Surprisingly, this kind of thing perpetuated **unabated** can **easily** become a ***self-sustaining* feedback loop** that **can** and ***does*** have a number of **effects** (in **susceptible** individuals) that are **heavily dependent** on the **individual's set**, **setting** and **outlook**.

Keep in mind, these are only **two** examples of the ***infinity*** TIMES **e=mc squared *CCSS*** situations transpiring ***right now this very second*** in the **4.5 billion** (and **counting**) **minds** that are "**consciously**" **awake** at the moment. Though this individuated **panoply** of ***wonderment*** can **NOT** possibly be **captured** in a **bajillion books**, much less the current chapter, ***ALL*** of this ***neuro-intellectual horseshit*** shares at least **three** things in **common**:

1. **Active *CCSS* states** are **heavily influenced** by **current emotional states**, **metabolic events** and/or ***pre-existing CCSS*** tendencies.
2. Since ***CCSS* states** are themselves **neuro-cognitive events**, they are **subject** to all the same ***NCEE* effects** of ***adjective/adverb/synonym inflation*** and **whatnot** mentioned earlier.
3. ***No matter how acutely correct*** *and/or* ***closely*** *they* ***appear*** *to* ***approximate*** *the* ***external events*** *they* ***represent****, the* ***hypothetically*** *modeled* ***objective events*** *one* ***compares*** *their own* ***subjective situation to*** *are themselves* ***subjective****, which* ***technically*** *makes them* ***Neuro-Cognitive Events*** *and* ***subject*** *to the* ***vagaries*** *of* ***#2****.*

Taken together, it is the author's best estimate that a ***preponderant majority*** of the ***emotive experience*** of **most** to **damn near *ALL modern Americans*** (and/or **other English speakers** and/or ***semantically enabled primates****)* can be traced back to unacknowledged ***NCEE* effects** or ***CCSS* states** in ubiquitously affected individuals.

Or in more **technical** terms:

> *A(n* ***overwhelming****)* ***majority*** *of what* ***passes*** *for "****emotion****" in* ***semantically enabled primates*** *is the* ***accidental byproduct*** *of* ***neuro-cognitive dissonance*** *between* ***two*** *equally* ***subjective*** *yet contrasting* ***Neuro-Cognitive Event streams*** *involving the* ***self*** *and* ***other*** *WHICH is* ***further*** *subject to* ***logarithmic amplification*** *through various* ***language biasing effects****.*

The present author humbly suggests the current reader **re-read** that **last bit** in the event it **didn't trigger** a **holy shit moment** upon **first glance**.

One of the more striking **ironies** of ***Neuro-Cognitive Event Escalation, Objective Offset, CCSS***, and **many** to ***most*** of the (**English**) **language effects** previously **glossed over** (or **not**) in the present device is that like ***confirmational bias***, the **more** intelligent someone **is** (and/or ***thinks they are***), ***the more susceptible they are to their (progressively escalating) neuro-linguistic biases***.

Even ***worse***, simply **just being aware** that such things **exist** on a ***conceptual level*** does ***sweet fuck all*** for actually **minimizing** their **real time occurrence** in the **untrained individual** (IE ***damn near everybody***).

Chapter **13.2**:
Modern America's own ***upside down pentagram*** of **social trends**

What is significantly more **perilous** to our (**modern**) **American experiment** is **how** these **English language** effects ***synergetically*** combine with the present paradigm (and/or ***upside down pentagram***) of the following five **modern American** (and elsewhere) social trends:

Modern Psychiatry, wherein the **accused** and/or **afflicted** is ***emotionally empowered*** with ***pathologically pejorative language*** almost entirely **predicated** on the **big pharma fallacy** of ***bio-chemical determinism*** (which is **accurate**, just **not** to the overwhelming extent that ***some*** would have us believe).

Upon **appropriate** (or possibly ***approximate***) identification of the indicated ***word chains*** to describe the **victim's** fucked up (but often ***accurate***) FEELINGS and/or persistent **mental states**, they are then **assigned** the appropriate ***highly toxic*** (and often ***habit forming*** and incredibly **expensive**) substances to **ingest** on a **regular** basis (and frequently in **perpetuity**) to **minimize** and/or ***eliminate*** the (fucking) **feeling**(**s**) in question ***(no matter how justified they are)***.

WHICH is strongly intimated to **fix** the ***underlying*** personality, "lifestyle" (**whatever the fuck that is**) and/or the ***unrecognized neuro-linguistic bias*** issues they **may** or ***probably do*** spring from. NEVERMIND that most to **ALL** of these **modern medical miracles** have **far *worse*** (and/or more) "**side**" **effects** and possible (slash ***likely***) **negative consequences** than many **illegal drugs** that people actually ***enjoy*** responsibly (**at times**) ingesting on a regular basis. Some of these prevalent issues may or possibly be ***related*** to an **academic death march** that might be better termed...

Higher Indoctrination, wherein the post-adolescent **progeny** of the **have mores** and ***have it alls*** are duly dispatched to the **same** prestigious **universities** their parents attended to **jump** through the ***same* hoops**, **pass** the ***same* tests** and ***join the same* clubs**, **fraternities** and **sororities** that prove to be a major **asset** on getting a **leg up** on the **competition** in the **post-grad job hunt**.

The **higher educational** ***group-think*** process of increasing **skill specialization** frequently **interrupted** by ***(self medicating)*** **binge drinking** and/or (hopefully ***consensual)*** **group sex acts** in those same **social clubs** (and/or ***orders)*** is almost **entirely** mediated through ***language*** (minus **math heavy majors**) in a process where having the ***correct words to describe something is assumed*** (and/or implied) ***to connote understanding of the event itself.***

One's progressing ***expertise*** in a **narrowing field** usually **imparts** the ***impression*** of increasing **intelligence** (**HAHAHAHAHA**, ***i'll buy that for $50,000 a semester)*** in the **higher student** which tends to ***empower*** the impact of their subsequent **thoughts** (and/or **other *Neuro-Cognitive events***). EVEN those **thoughts** regarding **ontological** territories EXTERNAL to one's growing ***expertise***.

This borderline case of ***confirmational bias*** tends to be **strongly** (if not ***exponentially)*** **potentiated** in the event the increasingly **myopic *graduate*** receives **one** (or **more**) **degrees**. Those ***certificates of pedigree*** often become a central ***axis of identity*** as they climb the career ladder in the hopes of joining the ***same* higher educated elite** that has ***obviously*** done such a **stunning job *running*** the **entire fucking country** and/or **local planet** ***(into the ground)*** for the last **40**(**0**) **years** or so. The continuing "**success**" of the **highly educated elite** might have something to do with the **rest of us** being increasingly **distracted** by...

Social Media and/or the ***Internet,*** wherein millions upon millions of **high tech *idiots*** suffering from an **overweening desire** for **conspicuous success** (and/or ***unconditional positive reinforcement)*** can **post**, **blog** or **re-post *every*** single aspect of their **emotionally empowered** lives regarding their **thoughts**, FEELINGS, ***thoughts about their feelings, feelings about their thoughts***, or BOTH of those about other people's **thoughts/feelings** for the whole damn world to see, ***positively reinforce*** and compare their own **grubby social networking pages** to.

While **social media** once in a while serves it's ***ostensible*** purpose of **connecting** with **like-minded strangers** in the hopes of further **re-affirming** one's ***highly sophisticated feelings*** and ***fully accurate thoughts*** about them through a little **group bitching** about how ***nobody understands any of our entirely unique*** yet totally **fucked up** FEELINGS, **much** of the time **social media** seems to act as a **s*elf-congratulatory*** pedestal to **celebrate** how **awesome** and ***way cooler than yours*** (obviously) **one's *artificially* posted** and constantly **updated** life is.

In the event one's ***incredibly empowered emotions*** (and/or related **thoughts**) are NOT **positively** reflected in any of their **digital social circles**, **all** they have to do is find the (**age**) appropriate (or ***not)*** **dedicated website**, **online group**, **BBS discussion** and/or other **electronic circlejerk** to get their **reinforcement rocks off** about their ***preferred preferences,*** no matter how **vituperously vile**, **hyperbolically heinous** or **fundamentally fucked up** they **are**.

In the **other** event that their **unique** (and/or ***hideously insane****)* **sensibilities** are more **singular** in nature, or (more likely) they are just suffering from pronounced ***oppositional defiance*** tendencies, many **trolls**, **flamers**, and/or **hit and run character assassins** attempt to **compensate** for their **many** and pronounced ***deficiencies in real life*** by **standing tall online** via the age old tactic of **cutting anybody off** at the **knees** that happens to **differ** or **disagree** in the slightest with their **highly informed viewpoint** (and/or ***distinct lack thereof****).*

What **can't** be emphasized enough is that precisely **ALL** of these **digital** shenanigans are being ***closely*** **watched**, **noted**, **collated**, and **analyzed** by **market researchers**, **media analysts**, **entertainment industry insiders**, with the intent of further **dialing in** their...

Mass Media*, **Marketing*** *and/or* ***News Programming***, wherein a **general public** willingly yet (perhaps) **unwittingly** subject themselves to an unending stream of ***pop-swill*** composed of words, images and sounds ***strategically arranged*** and presented in a manner ***scientifically developed*** to **reinforce** the impression that ALL of your *(**triggered**)* **feelings** are **real** and your *(**programmed**)* **thoughts** about them are **correct**, or at least to the extent they ***make you want to buy more shit you don't need with money you have yet to earn****.*

Without **fail**, all ***Mass Media****, **Marketing*** *and/or* ***News Programming*** works off of a **3** point plan to ***induce*** **emotional** and/or **compensatory** ***neuro-economic*** **effects** in the **unwary viewer**.

The **first** step of ***programming*** is ***triggering*** a specific **feeling** in the **viewer** through an combination of moving images, words and sounds artfully (and ***scientifically****)* arranged to ***induce*** the necessary **neuro-cognitive impression** to briefly **shock** the typical American out of the ***typical*** **waking trance** most people ***confuse*** with **actual** consciousness.

The **second** step is to immediately ***recontextualize*** the **induced** adrenaline, endocrine and/or limbic response ***triggered*** by the recently activated **news flash**, **plot device** or **ad narrative**. This usually involves: the **rapid** deployment of **cut shots** from different angles and/or **expositional dialogue**; the (**magick**) word SALE and some possibly related **numbers** flashing on your screen; and/or **estimated reports** of possibly **dead strangers** and/or (the **possibly** related) **economic indicators** and/or other ***terribly disempowering stories*** that the **average viewer** can do ***sweet fuck all*** about.

These ***recontexualized*** neuro-cognitive events are subsequently ***empowered*** through a: related **scene change** and/or **plot twist**; expertly crafted **jingle**, **company name**, **product** and/or **logo**; or yet another ***feel good*** **story** about **puppies**, **local kids beating cancer** or a **puff piece** on a **local business** "success" who happens to be a regular **advertiser** on the **l**ocal affiliate.

In (**some**) **ad** circles, this **3 step** ***program*** of ***trigger****, **recontextualize****,* and ***empower*** has been succinctly distilled into the age old ***television advertising*** formula:

*First you **shock** the **monkey**, then you **show** the **monkey**, THEN you **PET** the **monkey**, and **9 times out of 10** the **monkey will choose** the **indicated banana** seemingly of **it's own volition**.*

While language and ***language effects*** figure prominently in most to **damn near all** ***Mass Media, Marketing events,*** this is particularly **true** of the ***news*** where **both** sides (**HAHAHAHAHAHA**, ***of course*** there are only **two** to choose from) of a given **political football** are **fairly** and **accurately** and/or ***antagonistically*** debated in **oppositionally defined** (and/or ***defiant)*** **viewpoints** cunningly calculated to ***deeply*** **divide** the ***viewershit***...WHOOPS...viewership into **opposing** camps of **talking point parrots** chomping at the bit to take an increasingly informed (or more likely ***inflamed)*** **shit** on the nearest **oppositional target**(**s**) in the immediate (and likely ***online)*** vicinity.

Of course, some of this ***widely felt*** inclination towards ***elevated*** **political discourse** ***might*** possibly be **related** to...

FACTIONAL PARTY MALICE, wherein a substantial **minority** of **300 million** ***heavily armed*** and **dangerously** ***defective*** thinkers have been **duped** into **joining**, **identifying** with, **volunteering for** and/or **supporting** a **pair** of ***oppositionally defined*** **political parties** that APPEAR to **differ** on ***minor*** social issues like ***GUN*** and ***BIRTH*** **control** (and/or the **manufactured** ***non-issue*** of the **legitimacy** of **one's piddling preferences** when it comes to the particular **plumbing** of preferred significant others) BUT seem to have ***little*** difficulty facilitating **bipartisan accord** the second yet another ***bank too large to fail*** needs to get **bailed out** OR the "**intelligence**" **community** urgently "**requests**" yet another **slate** of ***extra-constitutional powers*** to further **disabuse** the **American public** of the **quant** notion that **WE** actually have ANY **right** to **privacy** (or even ***any rights at all)*** because ***TERRORISM*** (formerly ***DRUGS*** and/or ***COMMUNISM).***

THE **majority** of the **Americans** that **join** and/or **identify** with one or other ***political parties*** naively do so simply because of their **highly empowered feelings** about one or two **wedg**(**i**)**e issues** and SHAZAM!!!**:**

***9 times out of 10** the **partisan voter will choose** to **swallow** (and/or **parrot**) the **indicated party line** seemingly **of their own volition**.*

Putting aside the **greater** historical irony of how **both** parties have ***slowly switched platforms*** over the years to ***become their former opposition***, the single ***defining feature*** of **both** modern party platforms is their striking ***absence of internal consistency.***

The ***(have more)*** **party of inclusivity** is **fine** with with a **woman's right to choose**, except when it **comes** to which **military assault rifle she** might **want** to **defend her home** (and/or **last vestiges** of **honor**) with against the **hordes** of **ethnic** and/or **tan** or POSSIBLY ***melanin enabled*** **serial rapists**, **kidnappers**, or **sexual slavery** enthusiasts she keeps ***hearing about on the news*** just about **every time** it's on **24-7**.

Then on the **other** hand there is the ***(have it all)*** **party** of "**family values**" that (**allegedly**) is **not only** against **killing** ***(white)*** **babies**, it's **against** allowing ANY ***viable progeny prevention*** procedures that would PREVENT all those **in-utero homicides** they keep **bitching** about BUT are totally **fine** with you **killing** just about **anybody** in the **comfort** of your **home** (**if** they weren't formally invited in) with your favorite ***military assault rifle***.

As for all those ***other*** (**horrific** and ***totally avoidable) firearm related deaths***, well all that is just the **inevitable** COLLATERAL DAMAGE that comes with ***FREEDOM***.

right.

In **each** of these cases (and **not** a few others), the "**average**" **American's** (WHOEVER THE FUCK THAT IS) deeply felt **views** about one or other (or ***other) wedge issues*** is used as a philosophic fulcrum to **leverage** the **affected** (and typically ***affective)*** **likely voter** into **adopting** a veritable host of ***internally inconsistent political positions***.

The **resulting** and ***perpetual*** (and predominately **pre-conscious**) mental state of ***neuro-cognitive dissonance*** in the ***statistically likely*** **American voter** is felt as a sort of helpless, confused, and/or infuriated ***angst*** that is usually (**pre-consciously**) **projected** onto the **perceived opposition** and then ***amplified*** through **shit language** ***(s)talking points***.

The constant **repetition of** and/or **exposure to** such tends to strongly **empower** and **reinforce** OTHER feelings of **moral rectitude**, **partisan identity** and/or the ***unquestionable correctness*** of all those other **deep seated** yet **free floating** ***anxieties*** previously **defined** in ***your*** **party's platform**.

In certain (and ***obviously*** well meaning) **political circles**, this timeless process of facilitating **political division** in ***formerly*** **united peoples** has been succinctly distilled into the **following formula**:

> *First **shock** the **monkey** with **bad news**, then **show** the **monkey** the **opposition**, and **9 times out of 10** the **monkey** will proceed to **produce** and **throw** it's **own shit** at **them** seemingly of it's **own volition**.*

What seems to **eluded** the attention of a preponderant **majority** of the **American electorate** is **how** the **political lines** drawn by the ***paired party*** are just as ***intentionally*** **fractious** as the **lines** the ***British Empire*** drew in the **mid-east** to ***divide*** **historical groups** and **inspire** ***domestic division*** in those **artificial** countries to **keep** their peoples **busy** and **off balance** while the **local** ***British*** **representatives** and ***on site administrative personnel*** made their **respective killings** (in ***multiple*** senses) on behalf of their ***Home Offices***.

In **Modern America**, the **only** ones that regularly **benefit** from institutionalized ***FACTIONAL PARTY MALICE*** (aside from the **gubment** and the **upper ranks** and **paid employees** of the **parties** themselves) are the **upper one** and ***point one percent*** who can

afford to **make** the kind of ***political contributions*** necessary to continue perpetuating such a blatantly obvious **orchestration** of ***intentionally*** **inflamed opinion** progressively **parroted** in ALL of the **mass media outlets**.

An overwhelming ***majority*** of which are conveniently **owned** by the **same *.1 percent*** that as of **2013** currently ***control*** or **receive *90%*** of the TOTAL **United States Annual Income**. MEANING that the **other 299,700,000** of **US** are ***FREE*** to **split** the ***decimated*** **scraps** of **our** allotted ***10%*** like the **fucking peasants WE** so obviously **ARE** to let this all **slide** like ***IT'S ALL GOOD, BRAH***.

The one factor that **all** phases of this **upside down pentagram** of mutually amplifying trends ***tearing Modern America apart*** share in **common** is that they are entirely **predicated** and **perpetuated** by the **divisive liar's language** known as **Modern Englitch**.

Generally speaking, this process of ***political division*** for **personal** and/or **partisan gains** follows **one** of **two overall development tracks**.

The **first** and historically most popular method of ***facilitating*** **political division** is ***Demonic Transference*** wherein a **general public** is actively **encouraged** by their ***peerless fleecers***...WHOOPS....there's a slip for you...fearless leaders to **blame** their own **sad state of affairs** and/or other ***fucked up feelings*** ON **one** (or **more**) easily identifiable **minority** (or foreign) **groups** that, ***as often as not***, are defined as a social group due to having one or more ***inherited*** **traits** or are otherwise **subject** to ***objective conditions*** they have ***no conscious control over***.

Historically, this **motivational speaking tactic** has been strongly **favored** by various **churches** (see chapters 7, 9 and ten in the present device) as well as **power mad princes** and **kings** (and the occasional **queen**) with **Machiavellian plans** for their **neighbors** and/or **political opponents** (see chapters 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12, and 13 in the present device).

Demonic Transference works off a remarkably simple two point plan to ***unite*** and ***conquer*** just about any **audience** that **speaks** the same **highly inflected gibberish** as the **demagogic orator**.

The first point is to **unite** the current audience by clearly pointing out ***all the different ways they are being fucked over***.

This is quickly followed by the second step which is to **point** the audience's attention ***toward the indicated target group with the strong suggestion that they are to blame***.

This in effect ***demonizes*** the ***targeted transference group***. One of the **best** modern (and possibly **instructive**) examples of this **highly effective motivational tactic** is ***of course*** it's undisputed, all time, heavyweight champion of the world and **history** ***(SO FAR), (S)HITLER***.

Though **he** spoke the **not** entirely **dissimliar** gibberish of ***German***, ***(S)HITLER*** adroitly **capitalized** the **post WWI** conditions of a **post-Versailles** (**treaty**) **Germany** knocked on it's ass by the rest of **Europe** (and **America**). While **acknowledging** that they were **beat** by **outside** forces that **Germany** had **no** control over, ***(S)HITLER*** made a pretty convincing case (well to ***Germans*** at least) that their **defeat** in **WWI** and the resulting ***hard times*** were mostly to **blame** on ***German JEWS*** due to some **strange** combination of: ***JEWS*** **not fighting** in the first ***WAR*** and/or: secretly ***financing*** the other countries from their **tenement ghettos**; OR just generally (and ***allegedly***) being a bunch of **big nosed**, **christ killing**, **beanie wearing**, **slut vampire black magick gypsys** that were **corrupting** the PURITY of the **German** (and/or **Aryan**) ***Volk*** that's ***subsequently*** been so **assiduously** documented in **all** of those ***German scheiße*** **videos** that seem to be **modern Germany's** biggest **cultural export** after **kraftwerk** and ***holocaust awareness***.

Just like with **English**, ***(S)HITLER*** was able to achieve ***what should have been unachievable*** through modern German's **similar** (and/or **related**) capacity for the **sympathetic magick** of ***inductive association*** and ***adjective/adverb/synonym inflation***. (Please note: JEWS were **not** the only **intended recipients** of these highly effective **motivational speaking tactics**, FAGS, TARDS and LOONS were also clearly identified in ***NAZI Germany*** as ***primary transference targets***.)

The present author leaves to the current reader to **reflect** on the **cornucopia** of ***slightly less*** **aggravated** instances of ***Demonized Transference*** that abounds in the current (and **recent**) **American political process** of **partisan finger pointing**, **legislative shin kicking** and **continuing** (CLASS) ***WAR*** **mongering** by a **highly educated** and **specialized elite** collectively **suffering** from an **institutionally embedded** ***Military Industrial Complex***.

One of the more striking features for the sophisticated observer of this ***pre-apocalyptic political landscape*** is that many of the **primary** ***transference targets*** continue to be **defined** by ***inherited*** **traits** and/or **conditions** that are ***not subject*** to **conscious** control.

Such as: a **demonstrated ability** to **tan well**; a ***pre-conscious*** **preference** for ***alternate*** **ports** of **entry** when **poking** the **private parts** of preferred partners; **inherited** and/or ***mandated*** **religious sensibilities** widely present in ***(targeted)*** **high value resource areas**; **voting** for the ***opposition*** or simply ***immigrating here*** like our **forefathers** and **fivemothers** did so long ago.

The **second** and increasingly popular ***political motivation*** tactic is most accurately referred to as ***Hubris Induction***, wherein an ***irrational*** yet **overwhelming** FEELING of ***PRIDE*** is **induced** in the **target audience** through a phased series of ***associatively inductive*** **rhetorical devices** and related ***suppository*** statements.

The **gist** of **a**ll of which is specifically designed to make the **audience** feel even **prouder** about certain **personality** and/or **inherited traits** that ***they have no conscious control over*** than they already did before being **exposed** to the ***suppository speech*** in **question**.

The **sophisticated political observer** will have already (**correctly**) noted for themselves that this is simply an ***inversion*** of the previous **political division tactic** of ***Demonic Transference.***

Upon successful **identification** (and/or ***inflammation)*** of one or more widely held ***predominately pre-conscious*** (and possibly **inherited**) ***traits*** and/or **conditions** in the target audience, the ***skilled political motivational speaker*** then proceeds through a two stage rhetorical process to ***associatively induce*** the **intended response** in the **target audience**.

Stage 1 invariably involves ***inducing*** a pointed and/or overwhelming **feeling** of **poignant nostalgia** (and/or ***pundit neuralgia)*** in the **target audience** through a bit of expositional ***doubletalk*** typically involving **3** or **more** of the following ***word/concept images****:* MOTHER, ***FREEDOM*** (**fries**); **Apple PIE** (and/or ***strudel); HOME*** (and/or ***VATER)LAND;*** **Base**(and/or **Foot**)**ball**; **amber waves of grain** (and/or ***graves on the wain);*** the ***BLOOD*** of the ***FALLEN;*** **teddy bears**; the **ghost**(**s**) (but not ***goats)*** of **christmas past**; **sunday BBQ's**; **salad days**; **mowing the lawn**; ***Marriage is a Sacred Institution*** (**HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA**, have you **ever** actually **seen** or ***been around*** married people?); **grandma's house**; the "**greatest**" **generation**; ***HONOR;*** the **drunken joy** of **machine gunning** ***baited deer*** at **30 paces** with one's friends and family on a crisp fall day; **cherry PIE** (and/or **trees**), and ***THE ONLY THING WE HAVE TO FEAR IS THOSE (heathen****,* ***foreign*** *and/or* ***fag) ASSHOLES WHO WANT TO TAKE THIS ALL AWAY FROM US****.*

Some variation of the last of which usually acts as a **transitional** statement to **Stage 2** of ***hubris induction***, which mostly involves making further **suppository** comments directly **suggesting** and/or ***strongly*** **intimating** that those ***NO GOOD SHITS*** across the: ***aisle,*** ***border*** and/or ***pond*** want to **TAKE OUR FREEDOMS** and/or ***self identifying word/ concept triggers*** **AWAY** from us

After previously ***infantilizing*** the **target audience** with the previous ***nostalgia triggers***, the **suggestion** that they ***might*** be **taken away** further ***triggers*** the ***inner three year old children*** in the **target audience** which then often results in widely present ***feelings*** of ***MINE!!!*** in that same **target audience**.

This ***inner three year old emotional response*** not only **re-affirms** the ***feeling*** of **ownershit** (technically speaking) of the previous **nostalgic** (and/or ***neuralgic)*** **emotional** responses, it strongly ***pre-disposes*** the **target audience** to **lash out** at and/or **blitzkrieg bomb** and/or ***shock und awe*** the ***intended transference target*** indicated by the **political motivational speaker**.

If the **target audience** is **duped**, **tricked**, **motivated** and/or ***"convinced"*** to actually ***follow through*** on their eminently **non-logical** and ***artificially induced*** **emotions**, that is the exact moment when ***PRIDE*** (**de**)transmutes into (frequently **fatal**) ***Hubris.***

In the cultural progression delineated back in chapter 3 of this device, ***Hubris Induction*** ALWAYS precedes the ***over reach*** stage of **Empire development**. This typically leads to a **cultural *loss of balance*** that, **if** uncorrected, inevitably leads to ***your own personal empire*** going **tits up**.

Not that ***Demonic Transference*** and ***Hubris Induction*** are the ONLY ***political motivation methods*** frequently employed by **American** (and/or **British**) political "leaders", they are merely the **first option**(**s**), **default standby**(**s**) and **last resort**(**s**) for the **upward angling** (and/or ***WAR*** mongering) **politician**.

And again, the **one** thing that these and ***other*** **political motivation tactics** share ***in common*** *with* ***each other*** as well as the just mentioned ***upside down pentagram of this american life*** is that ALL of this (often ***designed)*** **deception**, **division** and **discord** is **sown** through our **commonly separating** language of ***Modern Englitch****.*

Chapter **13.3**
The United States, ***divided by*** (and through) ***our commonly separating language***

The ***same*** language that ***united*** US **238** (at the time of writing) years ago is the **same one** that ***we have been dividing ourselves with ever since****.*

Before the **60's we** used to do it with words like ***whitey, chink, wetback, mick, dago, wop, kraut, nip, limey, hillbilly, honky, coolie, pinko, sissy, slope, jig, coon, gook, kike, hebe, papist, peckerwood*** and **of course** the ever popular **NIGGER**, ALL of which (and **others**) were clearly intended to **make** the **targeted recipient *feel*** ashamed about the **associated traits** and/or **conditions** that they had **little** to **no conscious control** over.

Since the **60's**, most of us have moved on to terms like ***White Anglo-Saxon Protestant, conspicuously caucasian, Italian American, Mexican American, Native American, African American, Jewish American, Republican, Democrat, Libertarian, Liberal, Conservative, Fiscal Conservative, Social Conservative, Evangelical Christian, Mormon Missionary, Committed Atheist, Under 30, Over 40, Metrosexual*** (and/or **twink**) ***Male, Career Minded Female, Gay/Queer*** *and/or* ***Homosexual, Transexual, Transgender, Homosexual Hermaphrodite, Urban Youth, Small Town Hick, Single Mother, Working Poor, College Graduate, Post-Doctoral Candidate, Upwardly Mobile, Financially Secure****,* and the increasingly **popular** (and/or **accurate**) ***Economic Roadkill***. Except **now** we call ourselves (most of) these things as as points of ***PRIDE****.*

Which FRANKLY is just as **stupid** and **mendacious** as using the related **pejorative terms** to **induce *SHAME*** in others. **MOST** of the **preceding** terms clearly indicate or imply possession of ***traits, conditions*** and/or **states of being** that **we** have **little** to ***no*** "conscious" control over.

The terms reflecting **economic status**, **political affiliation**, **religious sensibilities** (or a notable lack thereof), and **educational experience** are themselves either largely ***predicated*** on **what** are **parents were** and/or **their income bracket** (statistically

speaking), OR are a **reaction** to ***perceived*** deficiencies in either. **NEITHER** of which is quite the result of a ***(not)*** entirely **"**conscious" ***decision making process*** MOST **confuse** with their **retroactive reasoning** abilities.

Now that everybody is so **insufferably *PROUD*** about their **externalized identity designators** they have **little** to ***less*** "**conscious**" **control over** (and YES that does ***{frequently}*** include ***religious sensibilities, political alignment, educational options,*** and ***financial liquidity*** no matter how **deeply** you FEEL to the contrary), **we** are just as **prone** to seeing our **fellow** citizens as the **same** collection of ***petty differences*** as our frequently **racist**, **fundamentalist** and/or **upwardly mobile *grandparents*** and ***great-grandparents*** were only **2** (and/or **3**) **generations ago**.

We might refer to ourselves and the others in our lives by **different** terms (or ***not)*** than **our forefathers** (and **fivemothers**) did way back when, but ***all*** of them **still** have the **same** intended effect of ***dividing us from each other.***

First **we *designate***, then **we *separate,*** which certain ***political motivational speakers*** and/or ***talking head dementors*** are **keen** to turn into ***HATE*** the next time the **shit hits the fan**. WHICH ***coincidently*** seems to be happening at ***increasing rates*** thanks in part to too many people spending ***more time playing the blame game*** rather than **shoveling their own *(neuro-linguistic)* shit**.

The **supposition** (and/or related ***suppository comments)*** that **all** or even **most** of **one's emotions** and **thoughts** are both **real** and **correct** strongly ***predisposes*** the ***emotionally empowered idiot*** to view the ***differing*** **thoughts** and FEELINGS of others as **not** JUST **invalid** and/or **wrong**, but ***deeply hurtful*** and/or ***offensive*** to their **insufferably tender** sensibilities.

WHICH is when ***actual communication*** **stops** and is replaced by the **exchange of polite pleasantries** and/or ***(s)talking points*** and/or **insults** and/or **blows** and/or possible **gunfire**.

This is (partly) **why** and (some of) how excessive ***emotional empowerment*** (and ***unconditional positive regard/reinforcement)*** is just as **dangerous** as zealous ***religious sentiment*** in the **absence** of ***empirical en(g)lightenment*** in the affected individual and/or general public.

The fact is that, technically speaking, there are ***NO****: caucasian-Americans, Italian-Americans, Mexican-Americans, Native-Americans, "African"-Americans, Afrikaans-Americans, Jewish-Americans, Irish-Americans, Spanish-Americans, Scottish-Americans, Ethiopian-Americans, Catholic-Americans, "Asian"-Americans, Australian-Americans, German-Americans, Mormon-Americans, Nipponese-Americans, Philippine-Americans, Canadian-Americans, Danish-Americans, Dutch-Americans, Scandinavian-Americans, Russian-Americans, Egyptian-Americans, Israeli-Americans, Muslim-Americans, Gay-Americans, Heterosexual-Americans, Republican-Americans, Democrat-Americans, Rich-Americans, Poor-Americans,* and

least of all ***ANGLO-AMERICANS*** except in those very few cases where the ***hyphenated-American*** in question has **dual citizenship status** with **another** country.

As well meaning as the origins of those ***labels*** are, **every single one** of them TOTALLY **misses** the ***main point*** of what it **means** to be an **American** in the first place:

ONCE YOU GET YOUR GREEN CARD *(or* ***earned it*** *the* HARD way *by being* ***born here****)* ***you are a human being FIRST*** and ***an American SECOND*** and ***THAT'S IT in the eyes of our LAW*** *and the* ***Eye of GOD*** (and/or ***someone****)* conveniently placed on the back of the one dollar bill.

That these **guiding principles** are on occasion ***(snicker)*** **imperfectly implemented** in our (moderately **fucked**) ***pay to play*** legal system is **not** as reflective of any alleged ***inherent*** deficiencies of **America** as ***all that*** refers to certain ***widespread*** **personal development opportunities** for those **tasked** with ***writing*** and **enforcing** the ***LAW****.*

This isn't to say that the **reference points** those **deeply divisive** ***labels*** refer to do **not** matter at all, but in each and every case they represent a **deeply seated** desire to ***distinguish*** **one's self** from **others** as a **point** of ***PRIDE****.*

Not that there is ***everything*** **wrong** with ***PRIDE*** (in extreme **moderation**), but putting aside related ***HUBRIS*** considerations, **most** to **all** of the examples listed above are essentially ***accidents of birth****.* Those that **aren't** specifically are still **identity markers** based on association with **external forces** the ***hyphenated-American*** has **little** to ***no*** "**conscious**" **control** over aside from ***choosing*** to **identify** as **such**.

The one thing about ***PRIDE*** about ***what we "are"*** that **can't** be emphasized enough is that it takes the **onus** OFF being ***PROUD*** about ***what we do***.

Thanks to the **well meaning** efforts of some forward thinking **bleeding** (and/or **angry** ***tin****)* **hearts**, a sort of ***parallel*** (slash ***false****)* ***equivalence*** is now **in effect** between these **two states** of ***PRIDE***.

Which is a **big reason** that **America** finds ***itself*** increasingly **plagued** with **hordes** of **up-jumped** ***LOSERS*** who ***feel*** OBLIGATED to **throw a multistage** (and/or *-****media****)* **hissy fit** the second they **aren't** put on some kind of **fucking** ***pedestal*** for their: preferred plumbing preferences in significant others; ability to tan well; general inability to suspend compensatory eating habits; possession of one or more degrees despite experiencing chronic and acute penile deficiency from birth; political party (and/or football team SLASH club) preferences; brand allegiance; being a human etch-a-sketch or looking like they (just barely) survived a catastrophic accident with an automatic nail gun or stapler; computer/console and/or automotive (brand) preferences; city or small town of origin; family firearm traditions or simply their ***other*** family tradition of **culturally identifying** with whatever **fucked up country** their **recent** (or **not**) **ancestors** did ***inconceivable*** things to ESCAPE from (**not** so) long ago**.**

The **idea** that ***what*** you identify **as** is anywhere close to being ***existentially equivalent*** to your ***efforts*** and ***actions*** as an individual is **just** as **insidiously inimical** to the ***human spirit*** as **Soviet** (and/or **Chinese**) **Communism** proved to be. Though the **mechanisms** and **intent** in each case greatly **differ**, they largely to the **same** effect.

Communism tends to ***dampen*** the ingenuity and enthusiasm of those under its yoke because personal **initiative**, **ability** and **effort** tend ***NOT*** to get **proportionally rewarded** when **everybody** is getting **roughly equivalent *slices*** (COUGH) of the **collective pie**.

Ask ANYBODY who has **worked** for (**cheap** and/or) **dirty hippies**, ***Positive Reinforcement*** is a **poor** substitute for a (**fucking**) **pay raise** and/or **cost of living** (and increasingly, ***dying)*** **adjustment**, DUDE.

Correspondingly, the **idea** that ***what you are*** is just **as** if not MORE important than ***what you do*** as an **American person** is as ***equally*** **corrosive** to the ***collective*.**

PRIDE of identity doesn't just **emphasize** (then **magnify**) our ***passing differences*** as **American people**, it's ***too often*** the first, middle and last option for the **small minded** to ***artificially*** **manufacture** some sense of SELF-ESTEEM in the conspicuous ***absence*** of **talent**, **vision**, **work ethic**, **original ideas**, and/or general **intelligence** they have ***habitually*** **displayed** in their ***offline*** lives.

Even ***worse*** is the **widespread** tendency of the ***viciously small minded*** to cite ***PRIDE of identity*** to **legitimize** or excuse ***just the kind of behavior they find so objectionable*** when **exhibited** by **others** (who usually **look** and/or **identify *differently*** than them).

Regardless of everything that happened ***before*** **WWII**, since then **we** have been (increasingly) **mollycoddled** and ***positively reinforced*** into **culturally celebrating** our ***individuated mediocrity*** at every conceivable opportunity.

The subsequent **orgy** of **self congratulatory back slapping** that continues **today** is just the sort of thing to ***induce*** widespread **weakness**, **soreness** and/or **repetitive motion disorders** of **one's** (mental) **wrists** that ***detrimentally*** impacts our **abilities** (and/or **inclinations**) to **shovel** ALL the ***neuro-linguistic*** **shit** that's **accumulated** WHILE we have been so busy telling ourselves and each other how **fucking exceptional we all are** because **'MERIKA** and/or **love it or leave it** or some ***equally*** **febrile** and/or **patriotic *horseshit***.

Thanks to these (and **other**) modern **American trends**, ***individual*** **Americans** are just ***as*** **divided** in their ***hearts*** and ***minds*** as the **American public** SEEMS to be in just about every ***push poll*** that gets **reported** and/or ***parroted*** in the ***(point) 1% news media.*** Many to most of these **inner divisions** are **facilitated** through the **increasingly** common personal practice of...

Chapter **13.4**
Modern Englitch's language effects on America (and elsewhere)

Compartmentalization is no longer the sole provenance of the **intelligence** and **military services** or the **special project** departments of various **big business** with **ethically** (if not legally) ***dubious*** profit enhancement plans. ***Compartmentalization*** has become an **integral** (if ***dubious)*** component of modern times in general and **this american life** in particular.

In fact, it seems like a big part of presently passing for "**well adjusted**" (snorts) is ***fully predicated*** on ***separating*** **one's work** from their **personal life**, **one's love life** from **both**, and generally being ***encouraged*** to **establish**, **maintain** and **reinforce** any and all "**personal boundaries**" that serve the ***internal divisions*** of the individual.

As **therapeutically** well meaning some of this has been, ***compartmentalization*** is in fact the **big lie** that ***is*** turning **America** into just the sort of **brazenly imperial corporate behemoth** that our **forefathers** did **inconceivable deeds** to EJECT from **our green and pleasant lands** to create the **United States** in the first place.

Artificially **dividing** one's life into **discrete** and **independent** ***experiential zones*** is by far the most popular ***psychological enabling mechanism*** for creating a **sense** of **distance** between **one's** "**self**" and the **questionable actions** committed by the ***circumstantial self.***

Compartmentalization is how the **family man** who is such a **good father at home** can go do **terrible** and/or **awful** things at **work** like: **raid the pension funds** of **current employees** to **pad his own**; ***knowingly*** sign off on **illegally disposing** the **highly toxic waste** created by their **company** because **EPA fines** are **cheaper** than proper **disposal practices**; OR **shut down** ***domestic*** production operations the second the **home office** finds a **foreign suitor** with an **advantageous exchange rate**, an amenably **autocratic** government **not** overly concerned with the ***quaint*** **18th century** notion of ***self evident (human) rights*** and/or has the sort of **local labor laws** that **one** might **associate** with **16th century England**, IF the ***targeted high value foreign resource area*** has **any** at all.

Compartmentalization is how the ***seemingly*** perfect **husband** or **wife** can **carry on** any number of **extra-marital affairs** without the **knowledge** or ***consent*** of their **loving spouse** who **might** have proven to be slightly more **understanding** about such things if **duly informed** as per **standard conjugal obligations**.

Compartmentalization is **also** how the **more attractive** than ***might*** be good for them **FWB** can **convince** themselves that the **things they do with** (and/or ***to)*** **one lover** has (and/or ***should have)*** **no** bearing or impact on their ***other*** **FWB**(**s**) or even **one's self** as long as ***someone*** is **wearing a rubber** and **nobody** involved in the **chain of FWB's** is in the habit of **sitting on public toilet seats** (AHEM).

Compartmentalization is how otherwise **nice** and **friendly** people are **able** to do ***perfectly awful*** things for **love**, **sex** and/or **money** (or possibly ***power)*** and still be **able** to **look** at a **mirror** at the end of the day WITHOUT being **struck** by an uncontrollable urge to

break it and start crying while slashing their wrists with the shards of their broken reflection*.*

Once one starts down the **road** of intentionally **separating** the different phases of their modern life, it's a quick **left turn** into the **small white lies** of ***situation specific moral relativism*** THEN straight down a **greased chute** of ***LIES*** and ***more damned LIES*** onto a **semantic killing floor** too often **defined** by the ***collateral damage*** of **recently bilked American workforce**(**s**) and/or **outsourced employees** OR possibly just the **charred wreckage** and/or **Potemkin** (and/or ***Rock Ridge****)* like qualities of one's personal relationships.

And ***none of that*** combines **very well** with the other (and **not** entirely **unrelated** trends) of ***emotional empowerment*** and the **omnipresent** emphasis of **increasing specialization** in **higher educational** settings. ***Neither of which*** combine **very well** with **each other** for reasons described earlier.

The side splittingly **hilarious** thing about **all that** is how ***most*** **of this** is either the result of ***rational thinking****,* or just ***rationalized*** thinking.

The idea of **focusing** on a **increasingly specific subject** for extended periods of time with the hope of **mastering** (or possibly ***doctoring****)* **it** is an entirely **logical** premise that **reliably** delivers results.

Further **trusting** the **same vaunted intelligence** that **allowed** for such **educational success** in the first place regarding conceptual areas ***external*** to their increasing **expertise** is ***almost*** as **rational** and usually a pretty safe bet.

And **all** of that business tends to rationally **validate** the **habituated word chains** that ***emotionally empowered*** the kind of **early successes** that the **successful adult** usually continues to build upon.

But **too often** these eminently rational premises **lycanthopically devolve** into ***rationalized reflections*** when **exposed** to the **full moon** of one's **sub-conscious**.

This usually involves ***backfilling*** some sort of **retroactive continuity** between one's increasingly **educated** and ***empowered*** **thoughts** (and/or ***feelings*** about them or possibly **vice versa**) and the **deeply seated needs** and/or **pre-consciously predisposed impulses** they *(**probably**)* **emanate** from. This is most often **facilitated** through **rationalized statements** where various kinds of ***objective offset*** and/or ***other*** **rhetorical devices** mentioned earlier figure prominently.

The inner **rationalizations** of ***retroactive*** **continuity** don't just ***excuse*** the kind of **impulses** that some might call **poor choices** and/or **bad behavior**, they **strongly** tend to ***reinforce them*** AS WELL AS the subsequently **educated** and/or ***empowered*** **thoughts** and FEELINGS that were used to **justify** those **self-development opportunities** in the first place.

THUS **completing** the ***neurological circle(jerk)*** that passes for "conscious" **thought** approximately **98%** of the **time** for **semantically enabled primates** (and ***especially*** the present author).

The ***concussion-like*** (donkey) **punch line** to all of this is that **approximately 98%** of this ***quasi(modo)*-intellectual** (but fully **neurological**) **horseshit** is itself **fully** and/or mostly **pre-conscious** and correspondingly ***not directly visible*** to one's **inner view**.

The **thoughts** and ***feelings*** and/or **other *Neuro-Cognitive Events*** that each one of us is "consciously" **aware** of is only the ***proverbial* tip** of the **trunk** of the ***wooly mammoth*** of the **human soul.**

And just like in the wild, ***until you see the elephant***, ***it's* nature** and **movements** can only discerned by the **secondary** and/or **tertiary** (adjunct loser) effects it has **on** your **heart**, **mind** and **life**. IE the **broken tree branches**, **big muddy footprints** and ***even bigger piles of pachyderm shit*** that it's **leaves** in it's wake as it wanders ***unguided*** through your **heart**, **mind** and **life**.

Once that ***big hairy sumbtich*** has been found then faced, ***at some point*** it MAY become **responsive** to ***suggestions*** like **sit** or **roll over**, but **don't** expect that **big furry fucker** to ***beg*** because ***it*** will either **ignore** you or ***stomp you*** then **proceed** on it's **original** bearing...

IE ***the one you were supposed to be on this whole time*** (if you weren't already).

Be that as it may, the fundamental **American conundrum** of what ***FREEDOM*** "means" when those **personal processes** we ***euphemistically*** refer to as "**conscious thought**" and "**free will**" are themselves **almost** entirely the ***non-intentional*** byproduct of pre-existing **evolutionary operating instructions** being further **enhanced** by ***accidental* neurological imprints** during key developmental stages that are further **amended** by **long term environmental conditioning** ALSO happens to be the ***exact same* conundrum** that the **spiritual/religious/metaphysical** and/or **scientific *aspirant*** also faces as they **proceed** on their ***inner path***.

In both cases it is **not** at all uncommon for the ***early american initiate*** to **face** an nearly **incomprehensible** and constantly **moving** inner environment largely defined by a ***muddy morass of brown feelings and shitty thoughts***.

BOTH of which are **conveniently** just about the same **color** as the ***big bloody beast*** you are **supposed** to be keeping an ***(third)* eye** out for. Thanks to the typically ***chicken and egg*** relationship between **thoughts** and ***feelings***, just getting some sort of **half ass grasp** on the **inner situation** (and/or ***theater of engagement)*** is **difficult** and **daunting** for even the **best of us** operating under something approaching **laboratory conditions** with **fully qualified guidance**.

But when you are ***out in the shit*** dealing with the **day to day drudgery** of **work** and/or the **vicious** (or possibly vapid) **small-mindedness** of the ***(other)*** **drones** you **work** with (and/or ***for),*** or out on the road stuck in traffic being cut off by all those (other) ***automotive assholes***, or simply **at home** being an **emotional pin cushion** for a **significant other** who had a ***(yet another)*** **bad day** at work and ***can't stop talking about it***, it's **damn near impossible** to **not** occasionally **lose** whatever ***fleeting*** **grasp** one might have on **one's own *shit*** and start **confusing *that*** with **all** the ***shit*** **other people** (including **loved ones**) seem to be **flinging about** as a matter of course.

Even when **those** are **not** specifically the case, **early** (and **intermediate**) efforts to **work** "**through**" **difficult** or possibly untoward **thoughts** and/or ***feelings*** often resembles the old fairground (and/or **showbiz pizza**) favorite ***whack a mole.*** Just when you actually think you get **one annoying thought** or ***brown feeling*** **nailed down**, ***another*** **pops up** that **may** or ***may not*** actually be **related** to the **last one** if **not** the one ***before*** it. OR NOT.

Whatever **initial** difficulties of an emotional or mental nature the **average everyday American** ***(whoever the fuck that is)*** might be **contending** with, they tend **NOT** to be all that **mitigated** by the ***progressive*** realization that **most** to damn near ***all*** of what ***seems*** to be going on in **our own heads** ISN'T ***half as "conscious" as we had been previously led to believe***.

Across the **pond**, ***they*** would call this ***common*** "consciousness" conundrum ***a bit of a poser,*** as it seems to **pose** serious and **conflicting** difficulties to the ***early american initiate*** that do ***not*** appear to be **resolvable** through **logical** or **rational** means.

On one hand ***we*** have ***our feelings***, which by definition are ***felt*** and therefore **pre-conscious** in **origin** (except in those **cases** where the ***feelings*** are **linked** to specific ***word*** or ***thought*** **triggers,** and even then it's ***doubtful).***

But on the other hand, ***preponderant*** majorities of **our thoughts** are the **mental impressions** or **reactions** to those ***feelings*** and are **usually** about as **responsive** to our efforts to "**control**" them (**HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA**) as our ***feelings*** are**.**

IE ***just barely*** or more likely ***not at all***.

And **thank fuck** for that when **true**, because too much of the time those SEEMINGLY successful attempts at "**controlling**" one's ***thoughts*** and ***feelings*** for whatever reasons tends to **lead** to **some**, **most** or ***all*** of those ***other*** thoughts and **feelings** that **had** been "successfully" **suppressed** eventually ***detonating*** down the **road** at some point.

Exactly **when** and **how** that happens is entirely **dependent** on the **individual**, but the **results** are ***rarely pretty.***

But as **disheartening** it is to **realize** (and/or **read**) that ***most*** of our deeply felt **feelings** are ***totally out of control*** AND our **highly informed thoughts** about them ***aren't half as***

conscious as we would like to think, there is **one** aspect of this **existential shitshow** that ***we do have direct conscious control over*** as **average everyday Americans**.

And that **dear reader**, happens to be the ***words*** we use (or ***not)*** to **describe** our thoughts and feelings to ourselves and others.

Chapter **13.5**:
How to **fix *broken Englitch.***

Lucky for you, the ***sword*** that most call **English** that has been **stuck** in your **head** for longer you can remember is one that ***cuts both ways***.

The **same** language that has been constantly **used** by **dark forces** to **confuse** and **bamboozle** you into ***spending money you do not have for things you do not need***...the same **one** that's been **pissing you off** and driving us all ***secretly insane*** (or ***less*** secretly in the case of the present author)...the same FUCKING ***ad hoc, slap dash, mish mash collection of words calling itself*** **ENGLISH** that has been ***dividing*** **US** from **each other** and **each of US** from our **Selves** is damn near ***identical*** to the **one language** that **can** and **WILL *unify US*** in **our hearts** and **minds** and **UNITE** (and/or **untie**) ***US*** as a **people** in ***more than just name.***

And ***that*** language, my (fine feathered) **friends**, *is* ***american***.

Though ***american*** and **English** are damn **near** identical in **syntax**, **structure** and **grammar**, the minute but ***profound*** difference between is succinctly **summarized** in the following comparison:

English creates ***division*** through ***discussion***.

american facilitates ***unity*** through ***concussion.***

This relatively **uncommon** usage of the word "**concussion**" is fully ***american*** in nature as it directly refers to the overall mental impact of **encountering** any ***self evident truth*** (and/or **plural** or possibly a bewildering array of) for the **first**, **second** or ***(three hundred*** and **thirty**) **third time**. Simply put...

> ***There is no bigger*** *(or* **sharper** and possibly ***metal) stick than a self evident truth clearly stated***.

The insanely **overpriced** and rather **excessive** capabilities of **our** (deeply seated) ***military industrial complex*** is only just a **pale shadow** of the ***threat matrix*** the **United States of America** represents to the ***(domestic*** or **foreign**) ***forces of darkness*** and ***division*** the second (and/or first ***presidential term)*** we ***collectively*** **capitulate** to ***the things we already know are true*** in **ALL** of **our hearts** if **not** all of our **minds**.

One of the more pressing ones being that ***shit is fucked*** and those ***(allegedly)*** **calm** and **reasoned *dipshit geniuses*** RUNNING the ***partisan shitshow*** in **congress** and elsewhere ***can't be bothered*** with OUR **pissant concerns** because ***they*** are **too busy kicking each other in the balls** the **odd times** they are **not *bending over*** for those ***(point) one percent assholes*** and their ***suck it up*** sensibilities.

That **sordid *(big) business*** aside, the reason that the "**a**" is **not** capitalized in the **proper noun usage** of the word ***american*** in reference to **our *occult(ed) language*** is because ***it doesn't need to be***. The **upper class** "**A**" is ***clearly*** implied because **AMERICA** (duh).

One of the more **indisputable** things that **can be** (accurately) said about the **20th century** is that it's ***when* America learned** and damn near ***mastered*** the venerable art of **wielding** the ***big stick*** at **home** and **abroad**. The **21st** is the one where **we will *(re-)learn*** HOW to ***walk softly***. ONE way or ***another***.

We can either **keep** going the way of **history** like ***every other fucking empire*** on this planet with **our** (continuing) ***imperial over-reach*** efforts abroad and our ***banana republic(an) balkanization*** at home OR we can finally start **acting** in **accordance** with the **first principles** and **original intent** so **clearly** (yet **imperfectly**) stated in **our founding documents** and **keep** our current seat at the head of the table for reasons OTHER than being able to turn any country that pisses us off into a ***glass parking lot***.

But that **ain't** going to happen until more and **more** of **US *stop*** speaking **Englitch** and **start** speaking ***american***.

Which will be a **bit of trick** at present because the relationship between **English** and ***american*** is ***not*** like **any** of the other **linguistic lineage relationships** described in this device. Unlike the fairly standard familial connections that **English** has with it's respective **parental languages** (all **5** of them, more or less), the **relationship** between **English** and ***american*** is closer in ***spirit*** to the **relationship** between the **original Talmudic Bible** and the **book**(**s**) in the **kabbalisitic *Zohar*** regarding ***gematria***.

In that specific instance, the practice of ***gematria*** consists of **assigning** specific (but non sequential) **numerical values** to each of the **22 *Hebrew*** letters, and then ***combining*** the related **letter values** of any word in the ***Talmud*** (IE ***Old Testament*** but in it's **original *Hebrew)*** to create a ***numerical value*** for that word. That first **numerical value** of the **word** can be further further **extrapolated** through ***three more*** (relatively simple) mathematical processes to create a set of ***4 different numerical values*** for a word in ***addition*** to it's already existing **syntax** definition(s).

These multiple **numerical values** are then **compared** and **contrasted** with the **numerical values** of other (significant) words and **analyzed** for significant **mathematical** relationships. Especially regarding ***equivalence*** where wildly **different** words are **discovered** to have an ***equal* mathematical values** (or other mathematical relationships). Like for instance the ***cabalistic equivalence*** between the ***Old Hebrew*** words for ***serpent***

and ***Adam***. Which might be a bit **counter-intuitive** at first glance but ***deeply*** symbolic on multiple levels after further reflection.

These ***occult*** **mathematical relationships** are held to **reveal** ***hidden meanings*** of great **metaphysical** (and **practical** so the present author hears) **import** to the ***kabbalistic initiate***. Among their other diverse uses, these type of **analytic operations** act as a constantly **evolving** springboard for progressively **interesting** meditations on the **tran-rational juxtaposition** of ***previously*** **unrelated** and/or seemingly oppositional concepts.

Though it isn't usually expressed as such, among the other related effects or intended outcomes of such inward activities, the **addition** of **4 more layers** of ***meaning*** to **one's** most well known **words** can and ***does*** have **profound** and often ***permanent*** **neurological effects** on the **practicing kabbalist**.

It is for those reasons that the more **traditional** and/or **orthodox** ***Hebrew*** slash **Jewish traditions** tend to **strongly discourage** serious (or ***any)*** study of the **Kabbalah** by **anyone** who is **not** a **Rabbi** over **40** and a stable family man. Without those in effect, the well meaning **Kabbalah enthusiast** is considered to be operating at great personal ***peril*** due to being **insufficiently grounded** in one's own life or **sense of self** and more **liable** to get **lost** in the ***transpersonal*** **splendor** accessed through the ***Zohar***.

Though the **Kabbalah** itself is **not** just a **book**, it is an **integrated metaphysical practice** that in part includes a way of **deciphering** or uncovering **hidden meanings** in it's **target language** of ***Old Hebrew***. Whether or **not** the specific **values** or related **interpretations** actually have ***"objective"*** meaning or **not** is far **less** important than the simple fact that these type of ***translinear analytic exercises*** have **profound** and lasting **neurological effects** on the ***kabbalistic initiate*** that are generally for the **better** and **radiate** outward into their **lives**.

Those **external** effects, and the further actions undertaken in the **light of dawning awareness**, ARE ***objective*** in nature and for the most part **beneficial** aside from the occasional ***lost traveller***.

All of that just begins to ***approximate*** the nature and complexity of the relationship between the **English** and ***american*** languages. ***american*** (which is ***never*** **capitalized** under any circumstances if you are wondering) isn't so much a **separate** (or ***-ing)*** language as it is a **way** of **speaking** and **listening** to **Englitch** to better ***decipher*** the ***truth*** usually being ***hidden*** within it's ***weasel words***. This is the **reverse** of the processes described earlier as the **real meaning** of a word or phrase is ***distilled*** out of the ***6(66)*** **possible shades** of **bullshit** that **usually** passes for **Modern American Englitch**.

That **minor variation aside**, there are at least **two** further striking similarities between the **underlying processes** that **define** the **kabbalah** and **those** that **result** in comprehensive ***american fluency***.

1. Similar to the traditional **kabbalistic** practitioner having a ongoing and **pre-exisiting relationship** with the **Old Testament**, speaking ***american*** fluently requires a ***comprehensive* knowledge** of ***american's*** root language of **English**.

This is **more** just having a large vocabulary or good grasp of core concepts, it also involves progressively **familiarizing** one's self with the different **official forms** of **Modern English** which includes but **isn't** limited to: **legal** (**American**) **English**; **Legislative English**; **scientific English** (and in multiple disciplines and especially ***both*** kinds of ***physics*** {IE country and western}); **medical** (especially ***psychiatric*** and ***psychological)* English*;*** **Theological English** (and not just one's favorite ***exegesis);*** **Historic** (and historical) **English**, **Academic English**; ***Corporate Newspeak*** and/or **doubletalk**; the often related ***journalistic*** (**broadcast** and **print**) versions of the **same**; as well as a diverse, **pan-media array** of **fictional** and ***(allegedly)* non-fictional offerings** in as many genres that one can stand **without** experiencing **related psychological difficulties**.

The serious ***american initiate*** will willingly and with **malice of forethought** intentionally expose themselves to as much ***British comedy*** and ***other English shit*** they **can stand** to get a **better** handle on how **English** is **properly** used and **deployed** by proper **British speakers** to ***cut each other off at the knees*** at the **slightest perceived provocation** (and/or ***opportunity).***

Which (**of course**) ENABLES the ***early american initiate*** to compare and contrast how **Americans *improperly*** attempt to **deploy** the **same language** (but ***worse,*** usually) with the **same** intent, if **not** effect.

The serious ***american initiate*** will further **familiarize** themselves with the underlying and operational principles of: **information theory**; ***disinformation theory;*** the often ***related*** practices of ***modern intelligence*** and/or **espionage**; the further **conspiracy theories** those inspire; the **published works** regarding their related or implicated **secret societies**; **martial arts**; **eastern medicine** or **mojo building disciplines** (not just limited to **Yoga**); **Western magick**; **etymology**; **primate psychology** and ***not the least of which*** the collected works of **Gary Larson**.

And in order to **not** get totally **lost** in the data inundation, the ***early american initiate*** would be well advised to **learn** and **understand** the qualities and **differences** between a **legal proof**, **logical proof**, **geometric proof**, **scientific proof** and ***their respective facsimiles*** to get a **better sense** of the ***self-evident truths* one** encounters on their **path**.

Yet as exhaustive as **all** of that is, ***it's only the first and easier half of learning*** *to* ***speak american.*** All of that is **les s** than **dust in the wind** without...

2. **Periodic exposure** of the ***american initiate*** to the kind of (**real**, **symbolic** or possibly ***speculative)*** progressive ***near death experiences*** that have the general effect of **catapulting** the ***surviving initiate*** BEYOND the **habituated language** centers of the mind.

> ***It is only when this happens that the individual begins observing the greater truths of being elegantly alluded to in our founding documents with their own inner eye****.*

These ***near death enlightenment experiences*** were formerly facilitated in ***early american initiates*** via one or ***other*** (or sometimes **both**) overall methods.

The first was usually the **accidental** result of going some version of **native** in ***indian country*** and **living off the land** while **watching out** for those ***who were already living on it*** who **hadn't** gotten to where they were in life by letting ***honky strangers*** stomp about on their **holy lands**.

Though these were often **incidental** to what the ***early american initiate*** THOUGHT they were doing **out there**, the **close calls** and **near** (**fatal**) **misses** and the **deep quiet** of **nature** was ***definitely*** the sort of thing to **impart** it's own **native wisdom** that the ***early american initiate*** even when it wasn't **intentionally** sought.

The second and **slightly** more intentional method for **facilitating** these kinds of highly instructive ***near death experiences*** is to **join** your local ***coven, cabal,*** or ***speculative gentleman's club*** specifically founded with the intent of keeping the ***inner knowledge*** **alive** and facilitating it's ***activation*** in those **self-aware idiots** that have started on their path of wisdom by ***beginning*** to **recognize** the true **depth** and **scope** of ***their own congenital idiocies****.*

In this method, these **higher states** of awareness (and/or ***united states of being****)* are **triggered** in the ***american initiate*** through a ***series*** of **programmed** ***initiation rituals*** specifically designed to **shock** the ***initiatory individual*** into the **neurological programming state** of ***shocked imprint vulnerability*** that **burns off** the illusory imperfections of the individual while further centering them in the ***timeless pyramid of one's true identity****.*

Though the specific effects of either vary greatly by **disposition** or ***degree*** (ahem...), the **one** thing that most to damn near ALL ***near death experiences*** (intentionally sought or ***otherwise****)* ***share*** is that upon being **shocked** out of their previous **waking trance**:

> The ***early american initiate*** will ***begin*** to grasp how much of their **previous** life was, in fact, a ***near life experience***.

such is the beginning of wisdom*.*

Which, of course, is **not** quite the same as **wisdom** itself. But you have to start somewhere.

As **wonderful** as all that can be, there are presently **two** ***bipolar*** **hurdles** that are **impeding** substantial **majorities** of ***americans*** from **finding** their own **individual path** to **wisdom**.

The **first** has to do with the **nature** of the ***american individual*** and the **widespread** tendency to "**type**" **oneself** and **others** according to ***perceived*** **personal strengths** and **weaknesses**, and then **focus** or ***emphasize*** the **former** in ourselves while tending to **ignore** or ***minimize the latter***.

Speaking in very broad and slightly metaphorical terms, the kind of ***high verbal nerds*** that are **well suited** to get a **handle** on the kind of **comprehensive *kung-fu grip*** on the **language** necessary for speaking fluent ***american*** tend to be more **sedentary** and/or **sedate** types that much **prefer** occupying the **ivory towers** of their **intellectual theories** than ***doing*** the kinds of ***stupid***, **trans-rational** and/or ***dangerous*** things in ***real life*** that MIGHT get some **shit** on those **towers** or (possibly) ***knock them down.***

On the **flip side**, those ***americans*** that are **predisposed** to either go **do** the kind of **transrational**, **stupid** or just plain **dangerous** things that result in intermittent ***near death experiences*** happening in the **deep quiet** of **nature** are often just a bit too **ADD** and/or **ADHD** to **read *at*** or ***near*** grade level **outside** of their favorite snowboarding, skiing, mountain biking, sailing, hiking, cross country skiing, snowshoeing, skateboarding, hunting, and/or bird watching **magazine**.

(Not to mention those ***americans*** already **on** the search for some kind of **personal jesus** moment and/or **new age enlightenment** experience who tend to ***project*** their progressive **enlightenment experiences** in the ***same old*** **christian** and/or **pagan** slash **new age terms** and wind up ***shackling*** themselves to the ***same old*** SACRED COWS ***we were specifically instructed*** to AVOID by ***some*** people {and/or conspicuously absent deities}).

The other ***two sided*** **hurdle** the ***early american initiate*** presently faces is the nature of the ***modern American society*** itself.

Regardless of which "**type**" a potential ***american initiate*** has been **steered** into **identifying** with, just about **when** the **American student** has the necessary grasp of practical ***Englitch*** to begin to understand and appreciate it's different and distinct ***official applications*** and ***institutional tendencies*** is EXACTLY the ***same time*** the **higher educational student** is insistently **guided** into progressive ***subject specialization.***

This **often** results in some **greater** or lesser **sub-conscious *internalization*** of the **subject's specific jargon** which then acts as a ***default editing filter*** for the **rest** of their **professional life** that **the upwardly mobile individual** may **not** be entirely aware of.

THEN upon further **completion** of the related **degree program**, the ***potential american initiate*** is then **saddled** with ***crippling student debt*** that requires the ***bankruptcy avoiding*** degree holder to either get the kind of **job** in **one's field** that has them **working 50** (or ***more)*** **hours a week** OR ***more likely*** working **multiple *shitwork jobs*** for ***even more*** **hours** PLUS the time spent schlepping from one job to another.

Ironically enough, this all just so happens to take place in the **last** (**default**) **stage** of developmental ***neural plasticity*** that is **ideal** for these sort of ***Neuro-Cognitive re-programming activities***.

The unavoidable **time constraints** and **mental health *needs*** of the recently **graduated** individual forced to contend with such an **invidious** schedule strongly **mitigate *against*** having the **necessary** time to either further **bone up** on the **language** OR go do **stupid** and **dangerous shit** in the **deep quiet of nature** *OR* ***regularly*** attend the type of **Yoga** (and/or **Tai-Chi** or possibly **Chi-Gung**) **classes** or weekly meetings that **may** or probably ***will*** result in moments of **extended post verbal clarity** that clearly **contextualize** the **kung-fu grip** on the **language** the ***early american initiate*** REQUIRES to successfully continue ***upward*** and ***onward*** on their inner and outer paths.

The ***other*** side of the **modern American hurdle** is simply all the modern flashing lights and shiny things that ***continually*** **assail** the overwhelmed and increasingly **numbed** senses of the **modern american** the ***second*** they: **turn the idiot box on**; **go online**; **leave their shitbox house** and/or **apartment**; **go *fulfill*** their fully **programmed *retail therapy*** compulsions; or simply **go out** to the **nearest drinking establishment** where one goes to be **seen** and has to **shout** to be **heard** by ***(other)*** **signifying** and/or ***sycophantic*** drunken idiots just as ***trapped*** and ***lost*** in the **smoke** and **mirrored *maze*** of the modern American life as ***you are***.

These **modern American factors** PLUS **all** of the **structural English *neuro-cognitive biases*** previously mentioned (or ***not)*** ALL make it profoundly **difficult** to ***distinguish*** between the **English thoughts** in the **mind** that **internally *divide* us** (and sometimes for the best of reasons) and the ***american* mentations** that **better *align*** the **individual** with their ***united states of being***.

And it is in our **clouded** and **confused *american* minds** and **hearts** where the ***american revolution*** CONTINUES to be fought **twelve score years** after it started.

There is a **big** difference between **winning** and the ***other side giving up***.

And make no mistake about it, ***america did not win the american revolution***.

The **British** decided to **suspend** active hostilities in the face of vigorous ***French*** and ***Spanish*** assistance and **left US** to our **own devices**, knowing ***full well*** that the **better** we **learned** and **spoke** and **applied** their **demented** and **defective** language to **our *american experience***, the more **confused** and **divided *we would become*** over time.

Just like them, but **worse**, as they had a thousand year ***head start*** on **our commonly separating language** but WITHOUT the clear implication of ***geographic unity*** that comes with **living on an island**.

Like some kind of proverbial ***blofieldian doomsday device***, the **English imported** their **idiot-savant language** to **US continental savages** and then further **civilized us ijits**

according to ***their*** **drunken biblical** sensibilities, ***learned us*** how to **separate** and ***HATE*** each other for personal qualities we have ***little*** to ***less*** **conscious control** over through their divisive **language**, and THEN further **blessed us** with ***economic resource distribution models*** that **are** the ***entirely predictable*** historical byproducts of a ***scarcity wracked island*** chock full of **history shocked *drunks*** who are completely **half insane idiots** or otherwise **utterly indistinguishable** from the average everyday **shaved orangutang** if it **wasn't** for their ***idiot savant*** language skills and widespread ***absence*** of climbing abilities KNOWING full well it was just a **matter of time** before ***we started tearing ourselves apart at the seams.***

But then they progressively ***double-talked*** themselves **out** of the *(**Evil*** but ever so **polite**) **Empire** they **spent** so much **time**, ***blood*** and **money** putting together and secretly ***stopped*** **laughing into their sleeves** every time we had the **temerity** and **poor form** to **utter** our almost incomprehensible ***continental barbarisms*** the frequent times **we broke bread** (and/or ***heads)*** with **them**.

Not that they will ever come out and say it, but ever since we pulled their **British biscuits** out of the **blitzkrieg fires** of the previous century, JUST LIKE with their **cars**, **computers** (what **English** computers? EXACTLY) and **TEETH**, **they** have been **secretly** (and/or **pre-consciously**) hoping that our **infamous *american ingenuity*** might **offer** some **insight** on ***fixing*** their **fucking *defective*** and ***demented*** "language".

IN VAIN, mostly, as those **pro-*american* Brits** who bravely **cross the pond** for business or pleasure ***rapidly find out*** that **most** of **US** in **'Merika** are ***just as*** **stupid** and functionally **insane** ***(if not more)*** than **our *mass media offerings*** and ***elected political leaders*** strongly SUGGEST.

EVEN WORSE, we are **far more religious** and significantly ***worse*** **drunks** than they tend to be, MEANING that we are ***far more likely*** to be ***PROUD*** of being the ***towering pillocks*** DAMMIT...pillars of **ignorance** so **many** of **us** so obviously ***are*** than be ***properly embarrassed*** by such.

THEN they come to find that, ***just like on the home island,*** our closely related **political** and **economic systems** are **ideally** configured to **facilitate** the **well connected** to ***fail upward*** to the **highest office** that **mirrors** their **degree** and **disposition** of their ***individuated incompetence in more useful fields*** OR how our **political** and **economic systems** go on to **attract**, ***encourage*** and **reward** the ***absolute WORST*** of the **two faced *doubletalking*** and devious ***upwardly angling*** **pricks** that one tends to meet and greet at **national political conventions** and **campaign donor drives** largely defined by **insanely overpriced *microwave dinners*** and a 3 second **handshake** (slash ***job)*** with the **candidate** to let them know ***who*** is **paying** for their **electoral slush fund**.

If that wasn't enough, then the **expat British citizen** comes to find that we **aren't** just content to figuratively **kick those who are down** with **shame** and ***hypocritical indignation,*** **Americans** seem to much prefer ***literally doing so*** or **WORSE**, using **truncheons**, **tear gas**, **rubber bullets** and ***live ammunition*** to put the **poor** and/or

melanin enabled in their **place** (and/or the ***ground)*** for simply **exercising** or ***asserting*** their ***constitutional right*** to **NOT GET FUCKED OVER** just because they **tan well** or live in the **wrong zip code**.

Then ***regretful expat Brits*** come to find that the **only** differences between our ***rich bastards*** and their **own** are ***their* accents** and **side of the road** they are used to ***drunkenly speeding*** on in **insanely overpriced** cars, but **our middle class** is generally **less informed** than **England's** and **our poors** are **TWICE** as **stupid**, ***three times as fat*** and **just as fugly** (if **not *worse)*** than those **nanny state gits** back on the **home island**.

But WORST OF ALL, **our TEETH** tend to be just as **horrid** (if **not *worse)*** than **theirs** since **half the damn population *can't even afford to see a dentist*** for **anything** other than mostly **preventable emergencies** MUCH LESS the kind of ***freemarket*** (and **criminally expensive**) ***dental insurance*** that mostly **proves** to be a **joke** anyway.

Then after all that, the **pro-*american* Brit** that **guts** through these **painful** and **disillusioning** realizations comes to find that ***just like home,* we** are ***just as*** if not more likely to **marginalize**, **stigmatize** and/or ***mortalize*** the **best** and **brightest** among **us** the ***second*** they **say** or **do** anything that ***suggests*** that the present **status** (more like ***stasis)* quo** of **America** is **slightly** to moderately **FUCKED** for ***preponderant* majorities** of our citizens AND that the ***fearless leaders*** running this **capitalist shitshow** (IE ***the more bread you have, the less shit you have to eat)*** are actually ***peerless fleecers*** with excellent **stage presence** and **exquisite manners** (or **not** so much) just barely ***masking*** am **acute disdain** for **any** and/or ***every* one** with the **misfortune** to have slightly **less** (or ***more)* IQ points** (and/or ***money)*** than **them** and/or are **operating** under the **impression** that there is ***more to life*** and ***America*** than the **serengetti realities** of the **big GUBMENT** slash ***bidness*** "free" market system that ***gouges the poor to feed the rich.***

But they usually **stay** or **come back** anyway, mostly because we have **better food** (IE it's actually ***edible),*** even more **massive quantities** of **alcohol** for ***half the price,* better** beaches than **Bristol**, and tend to be **suckers** for **English accents** which imparts ***real advantages*** for **expat English twits** in their **American business** and **dating endeavors**.

Given these **evident *realities***, not to mention the **general hash** of things ***we have been making*** on the **world stage**, the increasingly ***disillusioned*** English speaker would be **forgiven** for ***correctly*** concluding that like **England**, **America** at present is simply ***not*** up to the **impossible** task of FIXING **our *fundamentally* fucked** and ***fork tongued* language**.

Such a thing in ***all probability*** lies **beyond** any **earthly** or ***objective* power** yet identified by **humans**.

The **best** that **they** or **US** or other **English speakers *can hope for*** is something approaching some **informed insight** into **how** to **speak** and **use *our commonly separating language*** in a manner **consistent** with our ***unique*** historical legacy of being

the **first country** to **organize itself** around ***something*** other than what collectively amount to ***accidents*** of **history** and/or **geography**.

Consistent with the ***smug perspicacity*** of **youth** further **exacerbated** by the **early** and **rapid onset** of ***success,*** **America** has been **operating** under a **confusing array** of **conflicting feelings** about it's place in history and/or the world NOT **unlike** what the **proverbial American adolescent** experiences during certain **evolving** developments in **one** or more ***swimsuit areas***.

We tell ourselves that ***we are the sheriff*** of **dodge city** of this **dodgey planet**, but then **our leaders** and **ceo's** act like the **sheriff** of ***nottingham*** at home and abroad and then get their ***(point) one percent media*** to **throw a collective shitfit** ANY TIME anyone (**foreign** or ***domestic) dares to question their motives and methods.***

The astounding ***successes*** of our grandparents quickly **devolved** into an ***excess*** of ***empowered entitlement*** in the ***corporate hippie*** **baby boomers** has been exponentially **dwarfed** (**ouch**) by **that** of their **regularly scheduled** and ***overly programmed*** **Gen-X** children who were **drugged** into ***unthinking emotional stasis*** the second they **displayed** an inclination to do something OTHER than **sit down**, **shut the fuck up** and **do everything** the **nice teacher** (and/or **guidance counselor**, **school nurse** or **pediatric psychiatrist**) kept droning on about.

All that said, ***no wonder no one seems to know what the hell they are doing the second life goes off script*.**

No wonder the most viciously small minded and least gifted of us continue to rise upward through the food chains of power*.*

No wonder SO many Americans can't seem to think about hitting two rocks together without actually hitting *(slash* **SHOOTING**) ***themselves and others in the head in the process****.*

These are all conspicuous signs of a **people** who have ***lost their sense of purpose or place in history.***

The good guy ***it can't happen here*** post WWII public persona of **America** first got **kicked in the balls** by **Kennedy** getting **blasted** in (**fucking**) **Houston**, then was repeatedly **pummeled** then ***sodomized*** by the **Nixon fiascos**, **energy crisis**, **raygunomics** and related ***Cold*** and ***DRUG WARs,*** the **first Iraqi WAR for *oil***, THEN the inexcusable and impeachable offense to ***GOD*** and **Uncle Sam** of an **elected official** receiving **fellatio** in the (**oval**) **office**, followed by (**whoops**) a **pre-emptive 9-11 attack** on a country that had ***nothing to do with it*** other than having the continuing **temerity** to **hoard millions of barrels** of ***OUR OIL*** deep under their ***blitzkrieged*** **sands** and related **non-combatant casualties**.

WHAT THE FUCK. At this **rate**, about the **best** we can hope for is being the **British Empire** at it's ***worst****,* but ***WORSE****.*

which is entirely fucking unacceptable.

The time has come for ***america*** to get with it's **intended** program or ***get it in the rear*** by an **unforgiving** ***history*** that tends to deal with ***excessive empires*** harshly.

Simply put, ***america's place in history*** is that ***HERE is where the wandering tribes first united*** *AFTER* ***being divided*** *by* ***history*** *and* ***climate change*** *back in* ***motherland*** *long before time began.*

That, my friend, is the ***American Dream*** in a **nutshell**.

NOT to make the kind of ***killing*** that ***deprives*** others of their ability to make a ***fair living****.*

NOR to **treat** your **fellow citizens** like a bunch of **trick ass marks** to be **gamed**, ***even if they are terminally stupid***.

Choosing **NOT** to ***assume the worst about people*** without **probable cause** tends to greatly **reduce** the **needless hostility** that comes with **differing political** and/or **religious views**, and these are all fundamentally ***american principles*** that are **as consistent** if not ***more*** than the largely **bullshit** ***"christian"*** **principles** ***errantly*** appended to **most** of **our founding fathers** who were more **likely** to be **deists**, **agnostics** and **freethinkers** if not actual ***freemasons***.

But making **good** on the ***magick needle*** we pulled out of ***history's haystack*** and then ***collectively passing the world's camel through it*** WON'T happen ***until*** more of us **start** speaking ***american*** fluently and **learn** to ***recognize*** **it**(**'s** ***conspicuous absence****)* in the **speech of others**.

Unfortunately, you can only learn ***some*** of that from **books**. Until you **do**, you can make do with the small consolation that **of** the **666** (**thousand**) **monkeys** that ***have been*** **jumping up and down**, **slipping on banana peels**, **shitting themselves** and **throwing it** around ***in your head*** that you started noticing ***more*** the more you **read** this **device**, at least ***one*** of **them** has been **sitting quietly** and trying to **work it's way** through this **pentapolar di-ex**(**cr**)**egesis** without (**yet**) **hurting itself** from occasional outbursts of ***manic laughter*** and/or the **odd acute** (yet hopefully ***unfulfilled****)* inclination for **self harm** and/or ***breaking shit****.*

Whichever **monkey** this was prior to your ***ignition*** of this device, ***i regret to inform you*** that **it** has been **drafted** and is **now** your ***acting Editor*** *and* ***Commander in Chief****.*

It's **primary** job at present is to **observe** and **pay as close attention** to ***all*** the ***other*** **monkey mentations** and **impulses** that transpire in your **evolving mind** and breaking ***american*** **heart**.

It **will** do so for as long as takes to **trace** many to most of your **most** pressing ***monkey impulses back*** to their original ***monkey moments suffered*** sometime during ***critical development periods*** in your **past**.

It is through the increasingly informed **self-observations** of your inner ***Commander-in-Chimp*** that you **will** familiarize yourself with the ***constituency*** of your **being** and **learn** to **distinguish** the **sad** and **sorry state** of the ***native american*** **reservations** of your ***soul*** from the **estates** of the damnably devious ***English overlords of the separated mind.***

Do this long enough and **one** of those odd times all those ***inner fucking idiots actually shut the fuck up for half a damn second*** you MIGHT hear the distant concussion-like ***thud*** of **one** of the **larger** ***GORILLAS*** of your **greater being** hanging out in the **upper back country** of your **soul**.

If your ***commander-in-chimp*** actually **sees** one (or **more**) of those **big silverb**(**l**)**acked bastards** ***you will*** **SHUT THE FUCK UP** and/or **not** panic, ***dude***.

That **big ass-sprayingly scary** ***trans-personal GORILLA*** will either **ignore** your ***commander-in-chimp*** OR possibly **take** a **shine to it** and decide to come over and ***pet you***.

IF this is the case, ***you will NOT PANIC*** even though at that point, **YOU** are most certainly **FUCKED**.

A **vigorous** and **affectionate** yet possibly unexpected ***inner GORILLA petting*** is NOT frequently **survivable** for the ***identity*** being (initially) ***petted*** (and/or ***detonated****),* but PANICKING ***always makes it worse***.

IF that is successfully **avoided**, your ***surviving yet silent monkeys of the mind*** become the ***friends*** of these ***greater Gorillas*** *of* ***your United States of Being***.

But one step at a time. For the present, the ***early american initiate*** is **best** advised to **pay** the **closest attention** to the ***present*** they **can** WHILE **increasing** their ***sense of the past*** so WE ***don't*** end up ***continuing*** to make the same ***foreign*** and ***domestic*** FUCKUPS the **British Empire did**.

Not only can we **not** afford to **fuck up** anymore than we already have, ***neither can they*** *OR* ***even the rest of the world*** for that matter.

The **stakes** are ***too high*** and ***who takes the reigns if we prove unworthy of our unique place outside of history?***

A **Commie China?**
The **gangster Empire** of **Russia?**
A **fractious Europe?**
A **caste divided India**?

A **colonially corrupted Africa?**
How about a **fundamentally religious *Jihadistan?***
Or how about another **stab** at ***Imperial English Ignominy*** or ***Nordic-German ordnung****?*

NILLA, please.

Our **success** as ***americans*** is NOT **fore-ordained** BUT **is** basically our own ***destiny*** to **FUCK UP** or not.

And that, ***my fine furry friend,*** is fully **contingent** on how many of **us** are actually ***paying attention*** and occasionally **doing *more*** than just **thinking the same old thoughts** and/or **repeating** the same **tired old bullshit***.*

You will note that **success** in these **eminently commendable** endeavors is not REPEAT **NOT** contingent on **you killing your** (or anyone else's) **TV**.

UNLESS, of course, **you** ALSO plan on ***kicking the internet in the balls*** and **punching the nearest *BOOK*** in the FACE.

If that happens to be this one, **YOU BETTER TAKE YOUR BEST SHOT YOU LIMP WRISTED GIMP**....OUCH.

There now...**don't you feel better**?

your fears are ashes, and your illusions are dust. let the liberating winds of your United States of Being take them where they will do you the most good AND the least harm to the fewest amount of others*.*

THE WAY IS FORWARD, and WE ARE ON IT*.*

upwards *and* ***onwards****,*
uhs

midnight*,* ***black sabbath****,* ***2014****.* *car odometer:* ***138,666****.* *(****i shit you not****).*

Appendix A
"The Appendix"

The American Book of the Dead
&
The Big Bloody Book of English (Development)

~~EPITAPH~~...WAIT no,
that's not it....
Epilogue

"A being on the path of illumination is like an **arrow flying straight into hell**".
Unattributed Zen Proverb

"It takes nearly inconceivable amounts of heat and pressure to turn **shit** into a **diamond**".
Common Geologic Wisdom

"The enlightenment you start off seeking is ***never the one that finds you.***"
UHS

(15:45.11.16.16)

What you have just finished is a first hand account of (surviving) a relatively aggravated personal development experience that has yet to be identified by Western medical science. The documented event had acute, profound and persistent effects that are (relatively) equal parts neurological, psychological, psychiatric, linguistic, physiological and yes, metaphysical, and continue to affect me on a moment by moment basis a full 5 years after the initial ignition of the documented event.

Though every effort was made to record the event as accurately as possible, this device is (necessarily) woefully incomplete. Thanks to some passing limitations of the space-time continuum and the attention span of the average American reader (whoever the fuck that is), approximately 857,523 pages were pre-emptively cut before writing commenced 4 and half years ago (at the time of this writing). Also, due to some possible ethics (and/or acquisition) issues, as you have probably noticed this device was **not** printed on ***human skin*** with **blood**, **shit** and **charred bone** as is definitely warranted by it's execrable (and/or highly informative) content.

(Before anyone gets any ideas, the present author humbly requests that NO ONE, ***under any circumstances*** attempt to reproduce this device in it's originally "suggested" format. Though this device does feature a fair bit of insightful {and/or idiotic} irony and withering sarcasm at times, ***this is not one of those instances.*** Though such things **should** go without saying, I would much prefer there not be any confusion about any of that moving forward.)

Those petty omissions aside, there are three other significant device variations from the actual event that bear mentioning. The first is that is that there was a fair amount of personal information and intra-family feedback that was relayed by certain deeply concerned dead relatives that was strategically omitted from the device due a probable deficiency of general applicability to other individuals and families.

The second variation is that the narrative structure in stage 2 of the device is significantly MORE linear than the internal events manifested during the actual event itself. Related to that is the third significant deviation of (stage 2 of) the device: the internally witnessed events of historical nature were not time stamped (or conveniently name tagged) within the actual event.

The order and origination of the historical events described were subsequently ascertained by the present author through a somewhat empirical process of existential triangulation. The first two aspects of this was the internal perception of historical events and/or figures and my own pre-existing historical awareness as a modern American. Prior to the event, that was probably best described as somewhat above average as far as Americans go, but as recently noted by certain conspicuously non-humanoid entelechies, many (ok, FINE, be that way, ***most***) Americans have the historical awareness of a developmentally disabled junebug so that doesn't say much about the author.

The third leg of this existential triangulation was the **Trans-personal *Long Memory*** that came with the event itself. Without digressing into a full dissertation on what either of those terms actually mean (see appendix C), the very short version is that the ***Long Memory*** consists of the **memory sets** that are **not** limited to your presently individuated incarnation.

As the rapid onset of just one ***Long Memory*** set (as opposed to the **multiple sets** that I had to contend with in the event) emerging in your "conscious" is deeply confusing at the best of times under ideal circumstances, it took copious amounts of research and reflection over a minimum of six months for me to **begin** to accurately connect the dots and accept the event for what it was (slash **is**) on its own terms.

The importance of subsequent research and temporal knowledge of a historical nature prior to (and after) the event can not be overstated. Religious sentiment (or less often, actual "religious" experiences) too often tends to eclipse subsequent logic and critical thinking skills in otherwise sensible individuals. And I am not just talking about orthodox religious sentiment either.

The production of this device was **not** an act of blind, unreasoning "faith" in my own experiences, or in the "reality" of historical figures or other evidently concerned entities who showed up in the mix, or even in the deeply concerned family members went to great trouble to contact me from the other side directly, sans Ouija boards and/or professional mediums and/or psychics.

Nor did I take the time and effort over the last five years to document the event because I was specifically instructed to by concerned parties within the event. Although it is fair to

say that those did make a pretty striking impression within the event and were not greatly mitigated by subsequent internal prodding and re-affirmations after the event of a more subtle nature.

The reason I ritually sacrificed the last five years of my life producing this double barreled shitshow of a device is simply because the simple (and complex) truths conveyed by certain parties rang true in the event, and still continued to resonate as such after the fact, even during the darkest moments of doubt that inevitably follow such moments of clarity.

Even the aspects that some might describe as historically inconsistent and/or probable bullshit (IE Big George's extended anecdote about Wisquimish and/or AMANITA 1's pointed remarks about certain conspicuously absent and/or silent deities among others) proved to be the rarest kind of the bullshit, the kind that serves or illuminates greater truths in associated tall tales or historically accurate hyperbole.

Though it may have been much more remunerative and much less damaging to my personal and professional reputation to present the various truths highlighted in the device separated from their origins and more "affirming" and dulcet terms, doing so strikes me as being acutely intellectually dishonest.

The rigorous, unflinching transparency that was adhered to throughout the device is one that all readers would be well advised in adopting in their internal dialogues. Though it will probably get in you into some kind of trouble if you ill-advisedly let that unflinching transparency creep in your external discussions with family, friends, co-workers, line managers, opposing counsel or (goddess forbid) attending mental health professionals.

The saddest fact about our wonderfully fucked up language is that right after Mr. Shakespeare kicked the bucket after a lifetime of documenting the true grace and incomparable beauty that is Modern English (and in doing so inadvertently helping to catapult an island of history shocked drunks into becoming the first modern global superpower), our commonly separating language was immediately hijacked by legions of thieves, fixers, pimps, prostitutes, proselytizers, charlatans, hustlers, barristers, high judges, parliamentarians, aristocrats, and England's various kings and queens who put Modern English to work hiding inconvenient truths by spreading their own acutely remunerative lies.

Consistent with the ever present principle of **hybrid vigor** and America being Earth's biggest melting pot (not named Brazil), our corresponding grasp and dominant usage of "the language" has become even more venal and mendacious than Imperial England at it's worst. For every potential Hunter Thompson (whose unceasing search for the Truth in America clearly drove him completely half insane and {understandably} further into the diminishing returns of profligate drug use), now there are a thousand wannabe Donald Chum...WHOOPS...Trumps who use their massively broken **Englitch** to inflict their deeply subjective "truths" and sensibilities (or more accurately ***a stunning lack of****)* on others.

These (legions of) malignant motherfuckers are (not so slowly) **killing** America one sentence at a time, allowing their deeply felt (and habituated) feelings and resulting confirmational bias(es) fundamentally distort their understanding and grasp of the greater, self-evident truths that this greatest nation on Earth was founded on.

The greatest threat to Modern America is **NOT** Islamic terrorism, illegal immigration, allegedly Mexican (and/or ***NEGRO****)* rapists and drug dealers, welfare queens, the National Deficit, the ubiquitous and cost effective civilian access to military grade weaponry or even Iran, China or Russia.

(The observant reader will note the conspicuous absence of the Republican Party on that list. ***Perhaps other parties as well****.)*

The biggest threat we face right now is the exact same one that England faced in their ascendency, and it's the same one they failed to adequately address in their subsequent loss of superpower status and the acute diminishment of their once mighty Empire:

> ***Once you start believing your own preferred stories over the actual facts on the ground, that's when the proverbial fat lady starts warming up***.

That high, keening sound you have been hearing in your rare moments of silence after America's most recent election (as of the time of writing) ain't just old **Jim Crow *whistling Dixie***, although that seems to be **louder** now than it has been for the last 30 or 40 years or so.

Have no doubt about it, the American Revolution that ***WE*** started 240 years ago still has yet to be truly won, and recent developments do lend themselves to the interpretation that we are presently in more danger of failing in our Endeavor than we have been at just about any point since our (**last?**) Civil ***WAR****.*

Contrary to somewhat popular sentiment, **success** in our Endeavor will (and **has**) not come from simply submitting to our authority issues and oppositional defiance disorders and then reframing subsequent acts as "speaking truth to power".

Success in our Endeavor is fully contingent on **speaking truth to ourselves *whether we like what that truth is or not***. That, unfortunately, won't happen until one undertakes the arduous and occasionally (excruciatingly, ***mayhaps****)* process of **sustained Self-observation** that transcends the ***mindless seeking of bliss****.*

Recent developments in our American Experiment have ***demonstrated*** that a nation wide movement to get a majority of Americans (and **eligible voters** especially) actively involved in their own **empirical Self-Observation** process can no longer be dismissed as some pie in the sky Good Idea for everybody to ignore until **it's too damn late to do anything about your belated observations**.

In fact, such a movement is a **political necessity** now more than ever if we intend to avoid **England's** downward spiral from international superpower to their (seemingly) natural state and station in life of being the Island of **history shocked drunks** and/or **natural born losers** they give just about every appearance of being, their posh accents and urbane manners notwithstanding.

What ended up throwing England off their Imperial **high horse** is happening right now in America, and it's as present and prevalent here (if not more) than England at it's worst:

> ***People are now selecting their facts to support their preferred narratives rather than editing their stories to fit the facts as they are****.*

Like in Imperial England, this process of **self deception** has escalated to the widespread **denial** in of **real facts** of an inconvenient nature as well as the widespread invention and distribution of ***fake facts*** (and/or ***slanted news****)* to support preferred narratives that mostly seem to share the remarkable faculty of ***benefiting the*** (very) ***few at the expense of the many***.

Authoritarianism is only possible when a sizable **minority** (or minimal ***majority****)* of a nation's citizens are willing to allow their very real but not often well understood anxieties be **externally defined** (and ***externally directed****)* by the self-serving **narratives** that are **trump**eted far and wide by the ***usual suspects****.*

Though the word **authoritarianism** is overtly based on the word ***authority***, one of the less commonly remarked upon aspects of the word is that it directly alludes it's own **primary tactic**. Before any **jack booted thugs** start kicking in doors, or any **gas chambers** get fired up, a **likely narrative** has to be ***authored*** by the **usual suspects** that best appeals to the **shrunken hearts** and **clouded minds** of ***likely undecided voters***.

While the subsequent ***mixed messages*** occasionally speak to a few of the widely present **hopes** of nation's citizenry, more often than not these ***highly effective political motivation*** tactics generally involve **stoking** and **inflaming** and/or ***greatly exacerbating*** widely present ***FEARS*** and anxieties within that same citizenry.

This is how so many otherwise sensible individuals readily ***demogrify*** into ***back brain voters*** in whom the **medulla** takes over and starts making decisions for the rest of the brain based on it's ***strongly felt anxieties*** about usually no more than three wedge issues. Though the specific issues vary wildly from one ***likely voter*** to the next, what tends to be the case is that their related **anxieties** are ***more strongly felt*** than actually **understood** by the ***likely voter*** in question.

Which, **of course**, makes the related **thoughts** and ***decisions*** based on those **exacerbated anxieties** (usually through a little ***demographically b{i}ased emotional empowerment*** and related ***demonic transference*** rhetoric facilitated by the ***recently*** elected leader) seem more ***implicitly correct*** to the (statistically likely) ***back brain voter***.

The reason that a wide scale **empirical Self-observation** movement in America is more important now than ever is because ***empirical Self-observation is best inoculation against all forms of political and psychological manipulation***.

Once you have taken a **long hard look within** and have ***faced your fears*** and taken stock of just how much of a **deeply maladjusted mutant primate** you TRULY are, ***your naturally occurring free floating fears are no longer free to be defined by people who clearly give ZERO FUCKS about you, your family, your health, your*** (generally diminishing) ***economic prospects, your 401k*** or even **life's basic necessities** like ***clean air, clean water*** and **good food**.

Though the main intent of this device was mainly **documentary** in nature, despite it's veritable cornucopia of seeming flaws, it was constructed with the further dual purpose of giving **fellow travelers on the inner path** the largest **leg up** on their own process that can be had while also **vaccinating** them (and other readers) from some of the more **historically popular** forms of ***political manipulation***.

This device also refers to some (but not nearly all or even most) of the more common hang-ups and/or **deeply embedded neurological glitches** that the **inner traveler** (and/or just about everybody else) is **likely** to encounter in their **practice** (and/or the rest of life) while addressing some of the more likely **hypotheses** as to how those became such prevalent issues in the first place.

The last thing that this device speaks to for **fellow travelers** specifically is just some of ***high weirdness*** that is part and parcel of any legitimate and ongoing **empirical Self-observation process** that escalates beyond the superficialities of simple asana practice and corresponding "spiritual" sentiment.

Lucky for you the ***high weirdness*** that the seeker will (**most certainly**) encounter on their **inner path** is entirely **subjective** in nature and **statistically unlikely** to escalate into the kind of persistent and **aggravated *moment of clarity*** that was documented in this device. Or at least until you practice **Yoga** and/or martial arts and **meditation** for over half of your (**current**) life, and probably a not **insignificant** minority of your previous (**human**) incarnations.

But the ***high weirdness*** that is a very real part of any **empirical Self-observation process** worth engaging in the first place is **not** something that has gotten much in the way of press, attention, or even mention by too many Yoga instructors. Though there a number of compelling reasons for the conspicuous silence regarding such things (mostly related to being liable for all kinds of {pejorative} ***mental health labelling*** and corresponding **social ostracism** for the reporting individual), the continuing silence does ***all*** practicing **Yoga students** and other **metaphysical practitioners** a great disservice by forcing **all of us** to try to **grapple** with the multiple (and often **acute**) challenges that come when you ***start turning the rest of brain on successfully*** in isolation with little to **no** support or understanding from family, friends, attending mental health personnel or even ***your fricking yoga teacher*** during your **darkest hours of unrelenting clarity**.

Anyway, as inspiring (and/or **depressing**) as all that is, **none** of that speaks to the one question that is probably still on a lot of reader's minds. Namely...

WHAT. **THE**. **FUCK!?!?**

As is usually the case for such inquiries, such a short and pointed query usually speaks to multiple related questions. In this case, these probably include: "What the fuck actually happened to you?", "How long did it take for documented events to transpire objectively?" and "what the fuck was your body doing the whole time your mind was whizzing around la-la land like a ballon with air shooting out of it's ass?" or the not all that insignificant "what the fuck happened after?"

For once, the questions are probably best addressed (incompletely, at best) in the order they were listed.

As mentioned in the beginning of this epilogue, the underlying basis for the neurological mechanisms that facilitated the documented event has yet to be identified or even acknowledged by modern Western medical science. Not that you can tell any of those quacks and asshats (IE **quackhats**) that.

To be sure, lots of people with medical degrees were throwing all sorts of big fancy words (and/or pejorative psychiatric labels) by the end of the event and afterwords, but ultimately all of that only describes their severely truncated external perceptions of an event that was 99.9% internal, and therefore imperceivable by anyone other than the present author.

Since the underlying neuro-energetic processes that facilitated the documented are not (at all) known or understood by Western medical science, there are no widely accepted or understood medical or Western (slash English) terms to describe the various particulars of the event. At least if you want to understand the event on **it's own terms**.

Given the conspicuous deficiencies of English on these (pressing) matters, we are necessarily forced to resort to related if seemingly outlandish foreign words if we don't want to stoop the indignity to inventing a whole new batch of invented English terms for people to progressively ape and misunderstand in their own unique ways.

As mentioned in the tail end of Chapter 9 (IE the "**alchemy**" chapter) there are two different kinds of **extra-**(or perhaps **pre**-) physical **energies** that both **animate** and ***inform*** the **human body** and **mind**. The more widely known of these is the proverbial "**chi**" (as in ***Tai-Chi),*** which is **renewable** and is probably best thought of as being responsible for (and/or reflective of) our current **energetic** (and ***emotional)*** state.

The lesser known "**Jing**" (sometimes spelled ***Qing)*** is probably best described as **constitutional** in nature and is generally **not** associated with being all that renewable.

Related to these is the central **neuro-energetic** process that is the **central pillar** and primary mechanism for facilitating the (alleged) energetic ***enlightenment*** experience that the whole ***alchemy*** thing was attempting to facilitate, underneath it all.

Which is usually referred to as the **KUNDALINI** phenomena. Phenomena is about the best term for it because it's process that directly involves the other two **para-physical** energy systems at work in the human body that somehow transcends either, when it actually happens.

Unfortunately, understanding the **KUNDALINI** phenomena requires a more nuanced understanding of the human form in relation to the greater universe in which it resides that is presently not addressed or allowed for in modern Western Medical science.

These **fundamental energies** of the human body are expressed and distributed through an ***energetic circulatory system*** that mirrors our physical circulatory and central nervous systems in both form and function. In this system, the **meridians** of Chinese acupuncture correspond with the larger energetic **arteries** and **veins** while the 7 chakras within the central pillar of the **shushuna** mirror the spine along which it runs.

While these basic principles of function about the **internal electric grid** are relatively well known, what tends to get less mentioned is how these are **linked** to (and ***fully dependent on)*** a (much) larger (than you can imagine) ***external grid****.*

Consistent with the **festive holiday spirit** that clearly permeates this device, it would not be inaccurate to describe each one of us as individual **energetic X-mas lights** which are each **plugged into a greater chain of being** ***whether we are aware of it or want to admit to it or not****.*

Which is accurate, as far as it goes. But in practice, the relationship between your own individual energetic grid and the ***greater grid we are all drawing off of*** is more akin to the similar **electrical** relationship between your house's (and/or **shitbox apartment's**) electrical system and the **wider grid** it draws off of.

In the U.S., our electrical grid has been standardized to deliver either 110-120 or 220-240 **volts** to each house or other residential unit from the power lines on the street. As you probably already know, the electricity in your house (and/or **shitbox apartment** in the case of the present author) comes from the power lines running down your street, which transfers power from the nearest substation which is itself drawing power from the nearest generating station.

Even though the electrical system that powers your house is designed to work at 120 or 240 volts (more or less), the power lines that it is connected to are running somewhere between 110,000 to **1,200,000** volts (or 110 and 1200 kV {kilovolts}). Or in other words, compared to the houses they power, the power lines on the street are anywhere from a 1000 to a 10,000 times more powerful than what you can get out of a regular three prong plug in your house.

The process of siphoning off just enough electricity from the street to power all the fancy electric and electronic gizmos in your home without blowing any of that shit up is a multistage process that makes heavy use of **circuit breakers** and **transformers**. Those progressively step down the voltage from the elevated grid level of 110kV to 1200kV to the 120/240 volts that your house is designed to handle.

Your sensitive electronic equipment is further protected by the **circuit box** that is wired into the **electric mains** where the power comes into your house from the street power lines. This circuit box is filled with smaller kinds of **circuit breakers** that are designed to **trip** (as in breaking the necessary conductive path necessary for the continued transmission of electricity) in the event of a **power surge** where your house receives more electricity than it was designed to handle.

As it turns out, all of this is **directly analogous** the energetic relationship between the individual human energetic field and wider (if largely unobserved, at present) ***resonant grid*** we all draw off. Though the **medium** of this wider ***resonant grid*** (and/or ***unified field****)* that **we are all drawing off of *all of the time*** has yet to be identified (much less understood) by modern science, many (if not most) of the recent findings of quantum physics do **conspicuously** lend themselves to being indicative of the **possible** (slash ***probable****)* existence of something along the lines of Yoda's description of the ~~SCHWARTZ~~...Force in Empire Strikes Back.

After learning the hard way, I can tell you from experience that in this very apt analogy that the ***unified resonant grid*** that we are all individually drawing off is ***infinitely*** (minus **one**) more powerful than even the **strongest** of our individuated energetic fields. The previously mentioned differential between the power line voltage and what your own house can handle only just **hints** at the differential between your own **field** (often referred to as an **aura**) and the ***larger grid*** we each are drawing off of.

In the **human field**, the primary point of connection and main **transformer** responsible for stepping down the ***post-lethal*** voltage of the wider resonant grid we are all drawing off (all of the time) is the **first chakra**. Which, if you did not already know, is conveniently located ***right where you are sitting right now****.*

One of the less commonly remarked upon functions of the **chakras** is that they can (and **do**) act as **energetic vents** and/or ***fuses*** in the event that an individual experiences some kind of **internal power surge** that escalates outside of the normal range of ***internal current*** for that individual.

The clearest example of the **energetic venting** function of the chakras is clearly demonstrated with the **second chakra**. AKA the "sex" chakra, and not without reason.

Conspicuously located near (IE just above) the sex organs (of either sex), the second chakra is the **primary vent** for excess or surplus energy emanating from the first chakra.

In these widely present cases, the excess energy is vented in the form of **sexual energy**, either in the form of orgasm, (male) ejaculation and/or other kinds of sexual response.

In addition to their other functions beyond **energetic venting**, another main function of the chakras is best described as **energetic refinement**. Just as surely as your computer would be instantly fried were you to plug it straight into a high tension power line, the same thing would happen to your brain (but **worse**) if it were directly exposed to the wider ***resonant grid*** the first chakra is drawing off of.

In the vast majority of most individuals, the ongoing process of regulating our internal energetic interface with the wider ***resonant grid*** it is drawing off of is largely an autonomic process. To the extent that the statistically likely individual is largely clueless about this, the inherent (and ongoing) fluctuations of the **internal energetic process** is most often individually experienced as shifting (and/or acute and/or persistent) **emotional states** and varying degrees of **sexual drive**.

In technical terms, the **KUNDALINI phenomena** is what happens (for any number of reasons that may or may {slash ***probably***} not be intentional) when the **direct current** of the wider ***resonant field*** we are all drawing off of **jumps the gap** of the first chakra and blasts into the rest of your internal energetic grid unmediated by the first chakra's normal regulatory functions.

In the **East Indian** practices of the various kinds of **Yoga** (as well as other **less** subcontinental practices elsewhere), the **KUNDALINI phenomena** has been historically described to **neophyte practitioners** as the (paraphrasing) "rising of the coiled (energetic) serpent sleeping at the base of the spine".

Contrary to much of the modern American emphasis on Yoga for body toning and/or "self actualization" of varying degrees, ALL of the asana practice, pranayama work, meditational practice and karmic minimization exercises of Yoga were primarily ***designed*** to **clear**, **strengthen** and ***reinforce*** the energetic field of the practitioner before ***precipitating*** a **KUNDALINI event** of some kind.

This pro-active **preparation** for such a contingency is necessary because, ***even with preparation,*** an escalated **KUNDALINI** event can result in **extensive** damage in one's **energetic field** and **internal energetic grid**.

Which MIGHT sound like a bunch of new age hippy shit, but ***isn't***. Persistent **energetic field** trauma and/or extensive **internal energetic grid** damage can result in any number of acutely profound health issues, mental health challenges and even **existential difficulties**. Extreme cases can even result in some passing **metabolic complications** that may (but **probably** not) result in **near**, **partial**, or ***actual*** **death** and/or the rapid onset of ***posthumous states of being*** that may or PROBABLY seem awfully ***permanent*** to external observers.

Other (not so) pithy metaphors aside, in practice and effects, a significant **KUNDALINI** event is best thought of an **internal lightening strike** of wildly varying intensity and duration. An **event** can happen within the space of **one breath** OR it can manifest as a ***semi-permanent*** condition, although the latter case is **rare** in the extreme. An event can result in **mildly elevated mood** and **energy levels** and **moderately enhanced cognition**, or it can manifest as an ***all consuming waking Dreamtime trance*** wherein the **entirety of creation** and/or the **space/time continuum** reveals itself to the **inner eye** (or be ***seen in a grain of sand****)*, not that actually happens that often in most **KUNDALINI** events.

Given all these (and other) variables, further (intelligent) **concussion** of the numerable and wide ranging **KUNDALINI effects** and related **symptoms** is just not possible in the space provided present **appendix**.

That said, the **one thing** that ALL significant and persistent **KUNDALINI events** share in common is that IF they happen in a "**civilized**, **first world**" location but CAN'T be contained in a 75 minute Yoga class, last Sunday's sermon or an **11 day Vipassana retreat**, you can bet your **dollars to doughnuts** that related "symptoms" are ***going to score pretty high on the diagnostic assessments of any attending mental health personnel****.*

And to be perfectly honest if it comes to that, ***not without reason****.* The **rapid onset** of just one ***past life memory*** or passing internal interaction with just one ***dead relative*** can have **profound** MENTAL HEALTH EFFECTS in otherwise ***not all that sensitive*** individuals.

Unfortunately, the ***extra-physical*** (or ***metaphysical,*** technically speaking) aspects of the **KUNDALINI phenomena** render it being roughly **3 steps *beyond*** the **brutally bio-chemical biases** of Western Psychiatry and at least a **step and half** beyond the **skinnerfreudian dogwhistle deviations** of Western Psychology.

Meaning that if **an event** escalates to the point where the related ***high weirdness*** results in some well meaning ***intervention*** of some kind, your **observable symptoms** are going to be assessed in the context of what can be found in the **DSM-V**, and ***you will be labelled accordingly****.*

Even worse, ***the resulting label will be subsequently be viewed as the cause by attending personnel*** (and/or **opposing counsel**) and will probably further result in the strong **suggestion** (or ***extra-legal coercion****)* that **daily horse doses** of ***toxic pharmaceuticals*** are in order (and/or MANDATORY).

NONE OF WHICH have been assessed in their **efficacy** regarding the treatment of ***metaphysical conditions****,* which are LIKELY a bit **more common** these days given the **crushing** amount of ***cognitive dissonance*** facilitated by both the ***(asinine)*** **political sensibilities** AND the ***(fundamentally distorted)*** **historical awareness** that tend to be present in the ***likely American voter****.*

But more on the sordid business later. Though a complete **dissertation** regarding the likely origins, probable triggers and wide ranging effects of the **KUNDALINI phenomena** in

general won't fit in this appendix, a personal account of it's effects is definitely in order in keeping with the primary **documentary** intent of this device.

It must be noted that the described event was ***preceded*** by **17 years** of regular Yoga asana, pranayama and meditational practice that was further enhanced through 3 progressive Reiki (IE "**energy work**", of Japanese origin) attunements and 20+ years worth of the deep study and practice of the highest art mankind can aspire towards:

MUSIC. (IE ***definitely not this shitty writing business****)*

Such must be noted because it is precisely those kind of activities that effectively **transmute** what SOME might call "**pre-existing predispostions**" into the ***non-latent mutant mental capabilities*** they are supposed to be. Though the following account involves the description of related and pronounced **mental health effects**, dismissing the entirety of the **emergent** event as a **mental health** "**breakdown**" of some kind is just not an accurate assessment of events.

In fact, as often as not, such ***psychiatric labels*** are used to **explain away** (and then ***medicate****)* such events rather than ***trying to understand them on their own terms****.*

*The following account is provided to further that noble and worthy end. For the record, it must noted that the event was not, repeat **NOT** precipitated by an adverse drug event of any kind. No drugs of any kind were consumed during the acute phase of the event, and only 1-2 joints worth of cannabis was consumed during the secondary **re-entry** phase of the event, and for good reason.*

The "event" that ***this device*** has documented transpired over a **two** to ***three*** week period from early middle November to early December of 2011. Overall, the **event** consisted of two distinct phases. The first phase is best described as a fully dilated (and all-consuming) ***dreamtime state*** wherein the present author was **REM dreaming** while **fully awake** for ***10-17 days*** continuous, **24-7**. The second phase is most accurately described as as a **transition/re-entry** process of **4-5 days** where the **mind** gradually transitioned from the **relativistic REM realities of the dreamtime** "space" back to the **day to day drudgery** of the **autopilot trance** that passes for "**waking consciousness**" for most people. AUTHOR INCLUDED.

The striking indeterminacy regarding the actual time period of the first phase of the event is characteristic of the ***dreamtime space*** itself, while also being pretty typical of a **all consuming trance state** that was almost entirely **unmonitored** by external observers. At the time, I lived alone in a one bedroom (**shitbox**) apartment and did (slash ***could****)* not reach out to friends and/or family until the beginning of the second phase of the event.

Both logic and reason dictate that the low side of the indicated duration is more probable, but speaking as the **sole** (but not halibut) **survivor** of the experience I am not so sure.

The exceedingly unusual **presentation** and **rapid onset** of the documented event does not correspond with any of the ***usual suspects*** found in the **DSM V**, ***to the best of our present knowledge,*** at this time.

Among the other ways that issues like **manic episodes**, **schizophrenic fugues** and ***psychotic breaks*** parallel each other, the **one** thing that they all **share in common** is that they ***invariably happen when one is awake.***

Indeed, one could conceivably posit that **being awake** is the one necessary pre-condition for being ***any kind of crazy*** in the first place.

> ***If we were to be judged upon the content and qualities of our dreams, no person would qualify as sane by our current reckoning.***

As shocking and brutal as many (slash ***most)*** of the documented aspects of the event (slash ***neurological singularity)*** are, the **truly terrifying** aspect of the whole ordeal was briefly mentioned at the beginning of the device: ***this whole thing started when i was dead asleep in my own bed.***

One minute I am sleeping like a log after a statistically normal Tuesday (at that point), and the next I am jolted "**awake**" by the sudden and acute awareness of an excessively large ***sword buried vertically in my head*** (and **Englitch** was it's name, ***E-I-E-I-O).***

Since you have gotten this far in the present device, you have some idea of what followed that **shocking realization**, but what you have read represents only that **small fraction** of the event that can be compressed into **Englitch**.

Beyond the relatively novel internal perceptions that this device attempted to document, in **this specific case** the documented **KUNDALINI triggered *dreamtime event*** also involved (at least) 4 major deviations from what formerly passed for "normal" (**LMFAO**) mental and metabolic activity in the present author. Some of which were mentioned in passing at various points in stage one of the device but merit more comprehensive descriptions in light of continuing conspicuous omissions in the **DSM V** and related medical journals of note.

The following are presented more or less in the order they presented themselves.

After "waking up" in a lucid dream due to the related sensations of having an overly large sword buried in (slash **through**) my skull, the next **10-*17*** days transpired in a fully awake (slash **post-conscious**), **full REM *dreaming state.*** This rather novel **mental state** was not, ***at all***, mitigated by opening my eyes or getting out of bed and staggering around my apartment in acute bewilderment pointedly wondering **WTF** was happening to me.

Though this was definitely not a common **dreaming state** of some sort, it was emphatically NOT a "hallucinatory" state of some kind. A "hallucination" is medically defined (more or

less) as registered perceptions in the absence of an external stimuli which are perceived by the hallucinator as happening in external objective space.

Which is **not** an accurate description of the event. My physical vision was entirely undistorted by my internal perceptions. The only physical vision distortions that came into play were the usual field undulations that come with progressive, acute sleep deprivation and/or starting at walls or ceilings for extended periods of time.

In fact, what my physical eyes were looking at during the **event** was entirely ***distinct*** from what my **inner eye** was seeing and I was acutely aware of the vast and striking differential between these two perceptual streams ***throughout the entirety*** of the event. I was also acutely aware of the other fact that my related inner perceptions were **not**, in any way, **objectionably observable** by any external observers during any point of the event.

While my state of mind and related perceptions at the time were emphatically **not** normal for me (or most other people I know) at the time, and even though they somehow seemed **more viscerally real** than my "normal" sensory perceptions are, at no point did I confuse these atypical perceptions with the kind of objectively observable external events that others could see in the same space and time.

What was my striking impression at the time (and not one greatly mitigated by subsequent events and research) was that I was subjectively perceiving an objective reality well outside of the standard modern domesticated primate temporal-perceptual bubble.

The objective reality in question was, **in fact**, my own subjective history as an individuated, intermittently sapient being working my way through the larger objective reality of the ***history we are all trying to awake from***.

The last thing I will say about the **waking dream** state I was in for at least 10 (slash ***14)*** days is that since what I was seeing internally was entirely **distinct** from my eyes were looking at, the pronounced differential between the two was **profoundly disorienting**. So much that leaving my apartment (or driving) during daylight hours was simply too much to deal with. Opening my eyes did nothing to lessen the impact of the **dream** state itself, all it mainly did was put a point on the understandable confusion that results when the **inner** (and/or ***third)*** **eye** is seeing things far different and greatly removed from one's physical vision.

Also rapidly onsetting in tandem with a **KUNDALINI** triggered **dreamtime** state was the **post-migraine head pain** that was mentioned at various points in stage one of this device. The pain itself is indescribable. That said, what I can say it was well beyond what is the normal pain range for me for migraines, which have been an intermittently ongoing issue for me since early childhood. On a pain scale of 1-10 and 10 being the worst migraine ever, I would have to rate the related pain in the event at roughly ***666...***
THOUSAND.

The other notable difference (beyond duration, lasting more than a week) from “normal” migraine activity for me was that the permutations of the pain directly reflected what was happening within the **dreamtime** state. A stupendously disproportionate amount of **event** was spent re-experiencing a seemingly endless smorgasbord of gratuitously intentional, post-terminal head trauma.

Oddly enough, the epicenter of the pain (about 1-1.5” FFL {Front Forward Left, AKA NNW} of **dead** center on the top of the skull) directly correlated with the most likely impact area for a weaponized overhand melee attack by a statistically likely right handed assailant attacking from the front. Also “odd” is that rapid onset of the post-migraine head pain directly correlated with the events detailed in Episode 3 (“Chet”). In objective time, I can’t honestly say if that part happened 5 minutes after the beginning of Episode 1, or 3 hours later.

After about halfway through (IE 7-10 days), the related head pain became less noticeable. I am not sure if it actually lessened, or if I just got used to it.

For the record, it must be noted that pronounced, crippling head pain is ***not*** commonly associated with most kinds of **KUNDALINI** events, but such has been reported to happen on occasion. If you are presently involved in a metaphysically motivated Self-development process, you should NOT let this account deter you at all in your continuing efforts. I have had a number of **KUNDALINI** events of varying degrees throughout my (or more accurately ***this)*** life, and the one documented in this device is the only one that involved any kind of persistent pain or severe discomfort.

That said, if you are experiencing a **KUNDALINI** event that significantly involves some kind of actual pain, in all probability it will be of the **highly educational** variety. If that happens to you, your best bet is to **remember to breathe** and ***pay as close attention as possible*** at the time.

Pain is and always will be your first and most important teacher in life.

The other notable **para-physical** “side effect” of the **event** itself was the near immediate onset of a pronounced **physical *aversion*** to **physically ingesting food** and **liquids**. This **physical aversion** was much different from the diminished appetite of a manic episode or the “hydrophobia” of a bad schizophrenic break.

Starting the first morning of the event, I was physically unable to eat any kind of food. It wasn’t that I wasn’t hungry, it was just that with all things that were happening in the event itself, dealing with food at the time was simply **unthinkable**. Largely because all of the body’s energies had been (automatically) re-directed to support an over-clocked brain processing 1000-10,000 times more information than usual (which is characteristic of most dream states, awake or not). Much of this re-directed body “energy” had been drawn away from the digestive system, which is also pretty typical for dreaming in general. Eating food when those are in effect is just not a viable option until the dreaming state recedes and the body begins to resume it’s normal operations.

Scarily concomitant with that was an acute and persistent **physical aversion** to ***water*** and other fluids. It wasn't that I wasn't thirsty. I had **cottonmouth** the first morning. But when I tried drinking some juice, it was like drinking **diluted battery acid**. Beyond things tasting weird and off, ***putting any fluid in my mouth physically hurt like drinking acid would***.

Which included water, which happened to have the **worst** effect. In my mouth, ***water*** by itself felt like **concentrated battery acid**. Even when I managed to choke some down, it would just come right back up within 5 minutes. Which I think was directly related to the same triggers for the recently mentioned acute **food incompatibility** issues.

Curiously, even though drinking water and other fluids **wasn't** a viable option for far too long, there were no external issues with water or other (precious bodily) fluids. There was no corresponding pain when I got my hands wet, splashed water on my face, or took a shower or even a hot bath. There was also no associated fear or other kind of psychological aversion to water, I just couldn't put the damned stuff in my mouth without it physically hurting like a son of a bitch, even though I "knew" at the time it shouldn't. It did, and it would have been more alarming if it hadn't been eclipsed at the time by more pressing matters transpiring internally.

In being about as chronic as these digestive issues were acute, I figure it was at least **ten** days before I even attempted eating anything at all and at least **7** before I was able to swallow more than a **sip** of water at time with only **acute** difficulty. By that time, it was my (sub-genius) impression that I was likely suffering from acute sodium deficiency as well, so I tried adding some salt to some water (but not as much as in seawater) and found it hurt less to drink, surprisingly.

The combination of all three of these **para-physical** states did result in the pronounced **para-physical** impression of being conspicuously **alive and dead at the same time** throughout the event. The relative proportions of this dual set of impressions shifted wildly throughout the **event**, and the sense of one did not seem to greatly impact or impinge the sense of my **other** state of being.

But after the **first week**, my ***living sense of the death state*** started to overshadow other impressions. Which I think a lot of that had to do with the cumulative effects that come with not eating or drinking fluids for extended periods of time. After about a week, the related fluid intake issues did result in a literal **near death experience** due to severe dehydration where my body made it pretty clear to me that if it didn't get some damned water into it, it was going to kick the bucket within 24-36 hours.

This sense of imminent physical death by dehydration was accompanied (or **triggered**) by the physical sensation of feeling like my **blood** was solely composed of rock salt and iron filings grinding themselves through my circulatory system. This dehydration business all came to a head during the spontaneous **Junior** appearance in episode 12 of the the first stage of the device. What didn't quite fit into the narrative arc (Ok, FINE, **para**(**hyper**)**bolic double corkscrew**) of that episode was that almost dying of **dehydration** curiously felt

eerily similar to **drowning**, which at the time was a much fresher memory than usual for me.

All of these **para-physical** issues did further result in some pronounced **language difficulties** that made sustained **intelligent speech** (nearly) impossible during the acute phase of the **event**, and profoundly difficult during the transition period. Which unfortunately greatly contributed to a whole host of secondary and tertiary difficulties, but more on those later.

The related **language** (slash **speech**) difficulties were threefold in nature. The first of which has to do with the simple fact that ***verbal speech is not an effective communication medium for dreaming minds operating at related speeds***.

A mind in a full blown **REM dream** state is processing roughly ***10,000 times*** more information (per second) than it does during normal waking "consciousness". Which is about the same as saying it's running **10,000** times **faster**. In practical terms, if you try to **talk** in such a mental state, once you start a verbal sentence, your mind will be inundated with another 100-**1000** different thoughts, mental impressions, sensory impressions, and/or ***feelings*** before you finish the damn sentence. The gaps between sentences tend to be equally vivid, if not more so since your idiot mind isn't needlessly distracted by you trying to verbalize the impossible to yourself, or (**god help you**) ***others***.

That sort of thing does lend itself to the kind of pronounced **continuity** issues in speech that will score pretty high on most psychiatric diagnostic checklists. Talking in such a state is like trying to talk about a movie by describing a random assortment of individual frames that may or may not appear in anything resembling their original chronological order. OH, plus the frames themselves feature a wildly kaleidoscopic array of profoundly detailed imagery that greatly varies from frame to frame, ***even when they appear in order***.

A related speech difficulty that is probably more specific to the documented **event** in question is a bit trickier to describe. One of the other things that didn't quite fit into the (nominal) narrative structure of the device was that with each **terminal past-life flashback** came a fleeting **fluency flash** of the deceased speaker's **native language**.

For the **split second** my mind registered their ***pre-humous*** memories, their **native language** flashed through my head during the same interval, only to be replaced by an entirely different language the next instant as another **past life** and ***previous death*** flashed through my head.

Even without all of the other compelling perceptions that transpired in the event that weren't directly language related (or ***triggered***), having a **thousand plus dead languages** and a handful of living ones flash through one's head represents a stupendous amount of information that defies the imagination. Almost all of which was immediately forgotten from moment to another as one dead language flashed through my head only to be replaced by the next.

During the **transition** phase of the event, my mind attempted (slash **failed**) to process all of the **linguistic fallout** of cycling through such a stupendously wide array of different ***operating systems*** in a strikingly curious departure from how my mind normally processes language.

In my various feeble, and often counter-productive attempts to make verbal statements during the transition phase, practically ***every word*** that showed up in my mind appeared in it's own **etymological crossword tree** that went back a lot further than it should of, given my natural state as a **native** (American) **Englitch speaker**. This added considerable difficulties to an already difficult speech situation mostly because of how distracting it was. Well that, and the fact with all of that going on, speech became less of a matter a slapping together the usual mishmash of stolen English words into it's traditionally spatchcock grammar and more about getting all of the related **etymological trees** of adjacent words to properly line up.

With those considerations in play, the relative difficulty of simple speech precipitously spiked from simple speech levels to being roughly equivalent to playing high speed jazz bass (where only the related chords are charted out, and not the individual notes) while playing 3d tetris with a second pair of hands with one of your eyes closed.

As novel and arguably instructive these related speech difficulties were, they both directly contributed to a pretty understandable 3rd speech difficulty: ***mounting frustration with other speech difficulties***. The ultimately **doomed** attempts at verbal communication in the later transition phase mostly resulted in increasingly pointed frustration on both sides of just about every attempt at conversation.

These various speech difficulties resulted in a much more elliptical manner of speaking that constantly veered from being eerily prescient, darkly ironic, slightly off the wall and completely bananas to outside observers. Unfortunately, the not insignificant incidence of those last two plus related continuity issues greatly **detracted** from the impact or even understanding of the other kinds of statements that might have been worth paying attention to.

Also unfortunate is the unavoidable fact that when people have trouble understanding what you are saying, they will (almost) always assume that you have equal trouble understanding them. When that isn't the case (and it wasn't at the time for me), the resulting attempts by concerned speakers to simplify their language to mirror **their own** communication difficulties invariably come off as some combination of patronizing and condescending. And even more so when you are in possession of living memories going back more than a million years and all of the mind expanding implications that come with that while everybody starts talking to you like you are a developmentally disabled 3 year old.

Between that and the usual verbal filters for "polite" speech getting knocked off line by the overtly rude (but historically consistent) content of the **dreamtime singularity** as well as progressive and acute sleep deprivation issues, related **potty mouth** issues escalated from

my usual prodigious norms to nearly **Scottish** levels of severity. But minus the charming accent.

The presence of so many swear words in an elliptically elevated manner of speech generally seemed to have the effect of making any (slash **all**) related (**FUCKING**) “mental health issues” appear much worse to outside observers than they already were.

Of which, there were a few.

Since Western Psychology and Psychiatry still have yet to acknowledge (much less understand) the various **Trans-personal capacities** of the human mind in their own right, one of things that can’t be emphasized enough is that the **conscious recollection of just one** (legitimate) **past life memory** can have **profound mental heath effects** on the (statistically accidental) ***amanuensis enthusiast*** in question.

There are at least two layers to related mental health effects of such events. The first is probably best termed the **self-conscious reaction** of observing one’s own mind do something previously assumed to be **impossible** or (**science**) fictional. The mind suddenly jumping off it’s usual **auto-pilot rails** and flying off into it’s own **backcountry** and beholding it’s various **wonders** and ***terrors*** is the kind of thing that most sensible people find downright **unnerving** if not acutely **alarming**.

While a certain amount of wondering **WTF** is happening is a relatively **well adjusted** reaction to such events, in such a situation the **progressive ponderer** would do well to NOT attempt to **self-diagnose** themselves in the moment according to Western psychological sensibilities. Doing so can throw one off the generally **upward** path of a **rare learning opportunity** down onto a **slippery slope** of **well meaning intentions** and ***pejorative pathological labels*** that tend to ***elicit*** as much as **describe** the collections of symptoms they are alluding to.

Those very real mental health effects tend to pale in comparison the **even realer impact** of having historically accurate **previous life memories** from just about any **pre-modern era** and **culture**. It only takes about ***one*** of those for the modern individual to begin to appreciate just how much of **modern life** we take for granted as a matter of course.

The kind of historically accurate memories that are most likely to break through the **memory membrane** are usually of the **overly traumatic** sort. Even if they weren’t overly traumatic when they originally happened way back when, related memories can be **acutely traumatic** to a mind that has been long habituated to **modern** “**1st world**” **norms** regarding acceptable behavior, medical care and hygienic sensibilities.

Even the related smells alone can induce PTSD in not-so-sensitive individuals.

On the off chance you have the good (and/or ***mis-)*** fortune to have a **transition event** memory surface out of the “subconscious” where you remember **leaving** a previous life, in addition to re-experiencing the **trauma** or **related health issue** that facilitated that

transition (IE death) at a nearly (or ***more than)*** **1:1 somatic ratio**, you also stand a good chance of internally witnessing that individual's (IE a former version of you) whole life blast through your mind as it spirals out before them in their last moments.

Meaning that in addition to profound **mental health effects** (and related **trauma**) of reliving just one **previous death**, ALL of that particular life's **fleeting joys** and ***historically ubiquitous tragedies*** will come crashing through the mind during the same interval. Which will LIKELY include the acute recollection of: the (often violent) **deaths** of one's previous **parents** (and/or **grandparents**), **siblings** and (often **multiple**) ***children;*** being repeatedly **beaten** (and/or **sexually abused**) as a former child; bouts of historically prevalent (and grotesquely vivid) illnesses like (**diarrhea** spraying) **dysentery**, **smallpox** and/or the ***black plague;*** or possibly just that particular life's instances of **acute heartbreak** and **loss** of young loves and star crossed lovers.

Past life memories surfacing from the **historically prevalent lives** of an **enhanced atavistic nature** can ALSO include past life memories like: coming home from a long day of **fishing** or **farming** and finding one's former village **burning** and everybody that you knew or loved in that life not just **dead** but ***chopped up like bait*** or ***burned alive;*** seeing your whole family get **raped** and **butchered** by raiders (and/or **colonial soldiers**) before having the ***same done to you*** in those final moments; being **ritually sacrificed**; or simply finding yourself on the **business end** of a "reform" minded **Tudor**, **Cromwell** or **Stuart administration**.

None of which speaks to the **historical horrors** of the ***things done to others in previous lives.*** Things that you would never imagine during your darkest and most evil moments in this life can easily turn out to be **just another day at the office** in a previous life.

The **sudden** and **unexpected** past life recall of just ***one instance of any of the above*** can have a profound mental health impact on a modern domesticated primate used to living indoors. A (single) **transition recall** event can easily bundle together ***well over ten*** of such incidents in the same interval which will likely result in the "average" American not just questioning their own sanity but the **nature of reality itself** while **confirming** that our (conspicuously absent) Creator does appear to suffer from a particularly aggravated **British sense of humor**.

The sad, unavoidable and frankly unbelievable truth is that the present author cycled through ***over a million previous transition events*** in the documented **event**. Roughly ***50,000-100,000*** of which were **his own** from previous lives. The indeterminacy of that range reflects the sheer scale of the event. When you process so many deaths, it becomes distinguishing your own previous deaths from those of others experienced first hand.

The remainder of which was composed of a wide selection of **US military combat deaths** from the **Revolutionary *WAR*** to **Vietnam**, related **enemy combatant deaths**, the much higher number of **civilian deaths** that resulted from those strenuous efforts, and the **deaths** that were (violently) caused by the present author in previous lives.

Despite what others might think, the present author fully contests and disagrees with the widely held assumption that being able to **recall previous lives with a high degree of historical accuracy** itself qualifies as some kind of **mental disorder** or symptom of **mental** "**illness**".

Our (abundance of) **memories** that ***pre-exist*** our current bodies are just as much a part our **birthright** and **legacy** as **human beings** as is our ability to **breath**, **walk** and **eat**.

Moreover, our **past-life** memories are as **acutely integral** to the **human experience** as are our basic metabolic activities for the very simple and real fact that ***those who do not know their history are doomed to repeat it***.

Not to take anything away from the worthy and noble endeavors of improving one's mind by reading (ACTUAL) history books, watching historical documentaries or historical dramas to help inform one's sense of the past, all of these pale in comparison to simply **remembering your own history** within the **larger one** that ***we are all trying to wake up from*** whether we are aware of it (while **awake**) of not.

That said, the present author fully concedes that **after** being a waking dream state for **10-14 days *straight*** re-experiencing countless previous deaths (and other things), he did NOT give the impression of being **conspicuously sane** to outside observers at the end of the acute phase and beginning of the **transition** phase of the **event**. This was not overly helped by the onset of acute effects related to persistent sleep deprivation, dehydration and starvation levels of malnourishment, any ***one*** of which can make ***anybody* crazy** if allowed to progress far enough

By the tail end of the event, I wasn't so much **bananas** or simply **out of my tree** as much as I was in a ***ground state*** due to having my long **habituated tree *blown out from underneath me without fully being aware of being in any kind of*** (neurological) ***tree in the first place***.

Unfortunately, with most people ***not*** being aware of things like ***ground states***, **KUNDALINI events**, **past life recall**, the related recall of ***posthumous states of being*** or any other of the NEAT things I was processing by the tail end of the acute phase of the event, the **assistance** that I was (forcefully) offered during the transition state was ***not the help I actually needed at the time.***

The final **72 hours** of the event devolved into the inevitable ***comedy of errors*** that happens when the **help that is offered is *not quite the help that was needed***. As educational as all that might be for some people, I regrettably can't really go into much detail about that because any passing explanation of events would make those involved not look very good for simply trying to help.

What I can say is that by the time I approached two friendly police officers for assistance (on the third Tuesday of this whole mess) in dealing with some of the related difficulties of being in the kind of persistent, **military grade PTSD** event where you are pretty sure what

day of the week it but not so much what year it is, I was ***trying to escape the efforts of well meaning*** (but **acutely** counterproductive) ***assistance by concerned friends and family at the time****.*

As too many **Americans** have learned the hard way, ***seeking the assistance of friendly police officers turned out to be an even bigger mistake then seeking the assistance of friends and family****.* Though in this case, the unintended consequences were NOT the fault of the involved officers or the Seattle Police Department.

Pursuant to standard police procedures in Seattle and elsewhere, after contacting two beat cops on a foot patrol at a nearby university and having a polite and non-confrontational interaction with them, I was transported (at murderous expense) to the nearest hospital suitable for evaluating emergent (or as they see it, ***emergency****)* mental health issues.

After voluntarily requesting some assistance with severe dehydration and a low-dosage lithium prescription, I was subjected to an emergency psychiatric evaluation seemingly designed to **trigger** the kind of full dress meltdown that is virtually guaranteed to earn a ***borderline individual who was getting better*** a MANDATORY ***3 week stay*** in the nearest psyche ward on the local equivalent of a 5150 hold.

After my voluntary requests for assistance, I was immediately directed to fully **strip** and put on a typically insubstantial open backed hospital robe. My timely observations about the suggested garb not being appropriate dress in a room about 55-60º (F) or the kind of thing I am inclined to wear around strangers were not received in the manner in which they were intended.

As one might imagine, this lead to the asking of other questions like “why do I need to take off all my clothes for some help with severe dehydration and a lithium prescription?” and “do you have any electrolytes and water handy?” Such questions were not only not answered, they were apparently interpreted as being “therapeutically resistant” even though ***i had voluntarily sought assistance regarding my present difficulties.***

Things rapidly turned **antagonistic** between myself and the **emergency intake psychiatrist** on duty at the time. This resulted in me finally losing my vestigial, fingernail grasp of any kind of “perspective” and I finally threw the **shitfit** that had building for the last 3 weeks and **3 days *especially*** after all the well meaning but **ham** (slash ***gorp****)* **fisted** attempts at assistance by various friends and family.

Which then led to a **8+ hour shitshow** that involved me being repeatedly manhandled by 6-8 orderlies of the bigger variety, being locked onto a hospital gurney in 4 point restraints and being ***involuntarily*** injected with horse doses of various pharmaceutical drugs **without** being informed about the intended effects and possible “side” effects of the drugs I had been administered against my will. I think one of the drugs I was administered was Seraquel, but I am not sure that was only one I was involuntarily injected with at the time.

Not to imply that the related drug experiences were all that unpleasant, but those benefits were greatly minimized by how those drugs were administered.

After being transported across town to a high security psychiatric facility, the next day I was railroaded through a ***on-site*** commitment hearing without being given **any** opportunity to secure counsel or even represent myself. Not that I was in any fit state to do so with the typical "**anti-psychotic**" **drug cocktail** I was on that involved at least 3 (maybe **4**) deeply psychotropic drugs being administered at their typical suggested horse doses.

After being "represented" by a complete stranger who I recall asking me only two question before my involuntary commitment hearing (my name at the beginning and **do you understand all this?** at the end) and given **no opportunity** to speak or defend myself in any way, I was involuntarily committed to the state of Washington. I was then instructed that the terms and length of my involuntary commitment were solely at the discretion of attending psychiatrists at the secure barracks and breakfast facility I had been warehoused in. I was further informed that I could be involuntarily held for up to **6 months** (which could be further extended in a follow-up commitment hearing) and that any non-compliance on my part regarding medical advice and "suggested" (slash **court mandated**) medication would likely (slash **certainly**) result in a longer stay.

Like the rest of my life since, my involuntary stay in the psyche was defined by a cascading series of pointed ironies. After not sleeping for long enough for it to become a pressing psychiatric issue, actually sleeping in the facility I was locked up in was effectively impossible. I was assigned literally the most uncomfortable bed I have had the misfortune to sleep on in a room with two other beds that were occupied, one of which by someone who had their own sleep issues who explosively shit themselves (in bed) at about 2:30AM the third or fourth night I was there. Other inmates also had pronounced sleep (and other) issues which they were not shy about being vocal about on a nightly basis. For the three weeks I was in, I don't think I slept more than 3 hours in a row at most. Even with the drugs they had me on.

After not being able to eat (or drink much) for 3 weeks, before I was hospitalized I had attempted to restart my appetite and digestive system by sensibly eating easily digestible things like non-acidic fruit, miso soup and moderate amounts of sushi. This involuntary fast was ended in the psychiatric facility with a first dinner of two turkey (presumably non-organic) hot dogs and potato chips. My appetizer was being informed that any refusal to eat would be regarded as an act of medical non-compliance on my part.

So I ate the damn things, and not ashamed to say that they were damned tasty. Unfortunately, they had been administered at least three days too soon for my out of wack digestive tract. Between that and the typically paralytic digestive effects that **so many pharmaceuticals** seem to have, my digestive tract seized up, resulting in 3-4 days of acute constipation. Which had not been an issue for me in the past.

Despite having a medical marijuana card at the time for what seemed to be related reasons (IE **acute migraines**), I was repeatedly ***denied*** this highly effective form of **actual fucking**

assistance by concerned friends and family due to widely present cultural biases regarding **cannabis** not being a legitimate medication. My subsequent requests for the same for **entirely legitimate medical reasons** were also laughed off by attending faculty. Repeated requests to that effect were noted as **potential non-compliance** issues since I had the temerity to suggest in them that **smoking cannabis is a damn sight more effective for my acute psychiatric issues** (which at the time involved acute PTSD, recent brain trauma, ongoing migraines and improving speech issues) than the pharmaceuticals I was being compelled to consume in horse doses.

Instead of this **entirely effective**, **time tested** (for **fucking** THOUSANDS of years for fuck's sake), ***non-toxic*** and nearly **100% safe** (assuming it's coming from a reputable supplier) MEDICINE that would have had the much welcomed "**side**" effect of **making me want to eat more *without hindering my digestive processes***, I was administered a cocktail of **highly toxic pharmaceutical drugs** that both **negatively affected my appetite**, **taste** and ***ability to digest*** eaten food.

I was committed for assistance regarding pronounced psychiatric issues, but my treatment (aside from being administered the aforementioned drugs) mostly involved being questioned and evaluated in **3-5 minute increments** once every **3-5 days** by various on-duty psychiatrists. It became rapidly clear in these disjointed sessions that **the less I said *the better off i was*** because **whatever you say in the psyche ward *will definitely be used against you when they are evaluating whether to let you out or not*.**

LUCKILY, in **not** having any heath insurance or multiple thousands of dollars in my bank account at the time, I was only **held against my will** for the **three weeks** necessary to secure **maximum patient funding** from the county by the **privately run** psyche hospital I had been committed to. If I actually had decent insurance at the time, I am about 98% sure I was have been kept in for longer.

My actual mental health status was clearly a secondary concern, at best. Not for (**most** of) the individuals who worked with me, but for the psychiatric facility itself. The combination of the **acutely fucked up drugs** and the **rehabilitative environment** I had been committed to resulted in me "stabilizing" in a near suicidal depression. But since I was talking slower and had the wit to **not** make much of the way of statements regarding my internal perceptions at the time, I was deemed to be "better" and released on my own recognizance 2 days before X-mas.

My near suicidal depression was not greatly eased by coming home to an 10 day eviction notice that had been posted 5 days previous to my front door. Nor was it further eased by a more pointed cascading series of ironies that have largely defined my life over the subsequent 4 years and 353 days (at the time of writing) since.

Even if you are inclined to dismiss the documented events in this device as being nothing more as fallout from a moderately aggravated mental health incident, what followed my **involuntary institutionalization** offers a striking snapshot of what it's like to get hit with a **major curve ball** from **left field** in ***this american life*.**

Even if you presently benefit from being in one of the higher income brackets and have no history of potentially acute mental health issues, you would do well to **heed** the following because **not all of life's curve balls come in the form of mental health issues**. ***Nor*** are all of them exclusively reserved for the working poor and/or other economic bottom feeders (like the present author), although FOR SOME REASON poor folks (which describes roughly **half** of all Americans) seem to get hit by more **curve balls** ***harder*** and more often than those in higher economic brackets.

The reality of modern America (which will undoubtably get worse under the **ginger whinger** that just got "elected") is that the **vast majority of Americans** are AT BEST only ***2 life incidents away from becoming homeless and destitute***. This is **true** regardless of how secure your job seems to be or how many friends and family you *(**think*** you) can rely on if (more like ***when)*** the **shit hits your fan**.

To wit:

After being deemed by "the state" to possess the sort of pronounced "psychiatric issues" that warranted an involuntary 3 week hospitalization AND known by "the state" to be uninsured due to being a lower income bracket, I was **not** offered any kind of subsequent assistance (regarding follow up counseling, medications, regular blood tests related to medications and related psychiatric evaluations) after leaving the hospital acutely brain damaged (as much from the pharmaceutical intake and institutionalization experience as from the **event** itself) and in a nearly suicidal depression 2 days before spending the first of many Christmases alone. When I finally reached out to my originally assigned social worker in abject emotional and (directly related) economic desperation 4 months later, it took over ***6 months*** for that call to get returned.

By which time I had well learned to **give up** on ***any hope of outside assistance***. As depressing and disheartening such sentiment is, it has ***repeatedly served me well*** in the time since.

After being being out of work for the **six weeks** of the event and subsequent hospitalization, I found myself in **no fit state to work** due to the **acute brain damage**, **pronounced PTSD**, **ongoing head pain** and related **mental tracking issues** for a further **3+ months**. Not only was I ***not offered any economic assistance*** to ease these difficulties, I was hit with a ***$20,000+*** **medical bill** during this time for related **medical services rendered**.

The **double** punch line to that is that **represents roughly 60-66%** of my **average yearly income** in my present "career" and ***doesn't even include the costs related to my 3 weeks of hospitalization***, which were (thankfully) absorbed by the City of Seattle and King County.

That ***$20,000+*** **bill** was issued on the basis of **8**(ish) **hours of emergency room** "services" (that mostly involved being manhandled by multiple orderlies, being **drugged**

against my will and being almost **completely ignored** by the attending psychiatrist until I started calling him every name in the book) and 2 ambulance rides totaling not more than 20 linear miles of travel and under 1 hour of transit time.

Not that this whole **shitshow** transpired during what I would describe as a **convenient** time in my life. Right before **W's recession** hit during Obama's early years in office, I had started working as a semi-independent blue collar (sub)contractor in a highly competitive field. Thanks to the recession, I logged **net losses** during my first two years of self-employment and was just starting to get my feet underneath me before the **event** happened and put me out of work for **5 months** total.

The resulting **medical bills**, **maxxed out credit cards**, **vehicular issues**, **unpaid taxes** did not combine well with a **diminished capacity to work** over the next year(**s**), and all of that in effect precipitated the kind of ***irrecoverable*** economic situation developing 5 years later where **paying rent** and **affording medical insurance** or **seeing a fucking dentist** are ALL ***mutually exclusive propositions***.

I now owe more than I can make in **2 years** in my current employment situation. The traditionally "adult" American goals of **home ownership** and **starting a family** (and being able to pay for it) are ***no longer realistic goals*** in my life, and even just **getting back to zero** seems increasingly untenable when my **rent has skyrocketed by *40%*** in the last **4 years**. Just about every minor economic step I have managed to take forward since to ease my situation has been either been **negated** or ***reversed*** by the inevitable **unplanned vehicular expenses**, **unanticipated** (slash ***uninsured)*** **medical developments** (not directly related to events described here) or **inclement weather events** that negatively impinge on my ability to work.

The **fallout** related to the event ALSO effectively **torpedoed** emerging careers in my **dual** (slash ***dueling)*** **vocations** as a **fully trained Yoga instructor** and ***Orisha class musician*** of the first order.

In (**correctly**) recognizing the **event** as an **unanticipated development** related to a relatively consistent **17 year Yoga practice** of increasing severity, I naturally (and regrettably) reached out to my current (and much loved) Yoga instructors at the time who I had been studying with for the previous 12 years.

Turns out, ***it much easier to identify*** **KUNDALINI** events ***in one's self than it is to recognize such in others***. ESPECIALLY if those others have **any** formal mental health training or previous careers in related fields. As this describes one of my (former) instructors, thanks to related **speech** and **other** difficulties on my part, consistent with their **original training** we came to **much different conclusions** about what was going on with me during the **event**.

This then led to us working at **therapeutic cross-purposes** which subsequently triggered a series of unfortunate (and semi-public) events that resulted in the **termination** of our long

time friendship and got me summarily kicked out the **Yoga studio** I had been a part of (and taught at) for the previous **dozen** years.

Thanks to the **inevitable *telephone game effects*** and **Seattle** being the **biggest small town** in America, it soon became clear from how **tall tales shared second or third hand** spread within my former Yoga studio that is was a **near certainty** that those **vicious rumors** and **unfortunate truths** would likely follow me into any local Yoga studio I might go. I might be able to take classes elsewhere, but its **extremely probable** that any teaching gig I could get myself into at this point would likely be prematurely ended once word got around.

As of the time of writing, it has been **61 months** since I stepped foot in a Yoga studio in any capacity. One of the bigger ironies of the **event** is that the ***conscious integration of one's past lives*** is one of the **primary goals in Yoga** after you get deep enough into the **asana** practice to (finally) be able to **sit still for more than 5 minutes at a time** and **breathe intelligently**.

Upon (finally, and **accidentally**) achieving this largely unstated (in America) **goal**, related events resulted in me getting ***kicked out*** of the **metaphysical community** I had been a regular part of for a dozen years.

The parallel effects on my music career weren't substantially different. The 18 months leading up to the **event** was a transition period for me, musically speaking. After my previous band broke up (largely due to a personality clash between other members of the group), in being one of the main composers in most of the bands I had been in, I decided to pivot into (electronic) **music production** and gigging. After 18(ish) months of teaching myself audio production, I was on the verge of finishing a first (IE **crap**) solo album when the **event** happened. The plan had been to get that out there and start a new band where I would exercise more creative control and functional leadership in the group.

All of which was **shitcanned** by the **event**. There is no point to drop an album if you can't support it, and there was no way I could effectively do that when I was **too brain damaged to play video games** once I got out of the hospital.

Even though music composition and production weren't really even viable options for another 18(ish months), and then only with great difficulty, playing music with other people on a regular basis would helped immensely, and on multiple levels.

This, too, turned out to **not** be a viable option.

Turns out, the **telephone game effects** were not strictly limited to my former **Yoga studio**, and once word got out to the musical circles I had been formerly involved with, ***my phone stopped ringing and calls were not returned****.*

In the **5 years** since the event, I have played a total of **zero gigs**, had **zero public appearances** and a **total** of **3** (maybe 4) **jam sessions** on a near annual basis with two

former band members, but not together. To be fair, some of that is fallout from the temporal necessities that come with writing a **big stupid book**, but that doesn't change the fact that after the **event**, just about all of my **musical friends** ***dropped me like a hot brick.*** Multiple calls were made to multiple people in the 6-12 months after the fact, and **very few were returned**.

Even more damaging than the profoundly negative **economic effects** related to **fallout** from the event have been the ***social effects*** that come with being a ***psychiatrically labelled mental mutant.*** In getting **kicked out** of the Yoga studio I had been a part of for 12 years, and getting dropped like a hot brick by most of my musical friends, my **previous** social life in Seattle was effectively ***eviscerated.***

Being **acutely brain damaged** and suffering from the ***1st half life period effects*** of an especially **aggravated form** of **PTSD** rendered **going out and meeting people** (at places where people go to be seen and have to shout to be heard) a virtual **impossibility** for the first **12-18** months. I had a fundamentally different relationship with ***Night*** in general, and when the sun went down I rapidly learned I was much more prone to experiencing a **cornucopia** of **PTSD flashbacks** from the **event** (slash **past lives** and ***deaths).*** These **flashbacks** were readily **triggered** by the kind of **loud noises** that seemingly **define** the American night life experience.

During the days, for well over a year (or ***three)*** I pretty much oscillated between the **profound and persistent depression** that comes with ***near complete banishment*** from one's (previous) social circles and **chronic** and **acute anxiety attacks** in response to **PTSD fallout** or simply **reflecting** on my **conspicuously fucked** economic situation.

These rendered me less fun than usual to hang out with, so the **two or three** friends who did make an effort to **not totally abandon me in my 18 months of need** eventually discovered they had better things to do with their time. And as snarky as that might read, ***no, i don't blame them for deciding they had better things to do with their time and energy at the time.***

The effects on my **family relationships** strikes me as being a curious **microcosm** of what's happening in America right now. The few who actually understood the situation and wanted to help couldn't due their own economic difficulties.

> ***The few who could afford to help concluded I was someone else's problem and told me to seek economic assistance elsewhere.***

The one parent who unilaterally (and **fully against my advice** at the time) decided to drop **$5000** on last minute plane tickets and hotel reservations on Thanksgiving ended up rapidly discovering what I already knew: ***nothing in their life prepared them for what they would find when they came out here.*** Hence my timely and unambiguous suggestions that they stay put and let me deal with my own **shit**.

Subsequent events upon their arrival resulted in me being **disinvited** for that Christmas while being further informed that if I did decide to come back that ***they weren't comfortable with the idea of me being within 50 linear miles of their house***. This unfortunate position was amended 6 months later when I did go home, but seemingly with the intent (well, more their spouse actually) of giving me a double earful about ***how emotionally difficult my event was for them.***

The resulting **related feelings** on ***both sides*** have effectively **short-circuited** those relationships to the lamentable point where just about the only safe subject for discussion is **football**.

Things have thankfully not deteriorated (as much) with my other parent, their spouse and my sibling and their family. But things are different now. In having no one else to really talk to during the **event** or **after**, I opened up to them a bit more than I should have. What they heard understandably left them seriously jangled at times, and since then ongoing contact is the kind of thing that has to be initiated by me if I want it to continue.

Which I do, of course, but the (to me) obvious changes in these relationships make them just as likely to trigger a **deep depression about the things that have been lost** as they are to inspire the kind of (foreign, to me) feelings of **love** and **support**.

Or in other words, ***i have been written off as psychiatric roadkill by virtually everyone in my life***. When I needed my friends, (or even just **a** friend) the most was precisely when **none were anywhere to be found.**

Despite all the supportive reassurances over the years, when push came to shove I found that **I could count on the random kindness of** (American) **strangers** ***more than I could count on actual assistance from family and friends when I needed it the most***.

AND thanks to a ***single*** **medical event**, my **credit rating** was **shattered**, I am **buried in debt, 2 fledging careers** were ***ruined,*** I basically lost **all** of my friends and if I actually want to talk to my family it's apparently **up to me to call them**.

I mention all of this not to complain about spilled milk or even to pluck the sad strings of the tiny violins in your heart, but to illustrate something about modern America: ***all of this happened in one of America's socially progressive and economically successful cities.***

(DEAR SOCIAL CONSERVATIVES, please note how those **concepts** are ***directly related to each other***).

The other thing that bears mentioning that all of this happened to someone who **formerly** qualified as relatively intelligent and mostly well-adjusted prior to an **event** that ***came out of nowhere*** with **no warning** or **guide** for **how** to safely proceed through it.

While it is not likely that you will experience an **event** similar to the author, the fact is that if you are reading this in **America** you need to understand that ***we have no social net in America anymore***. What we have is a series of ***restricted access tight ropes*** that quickly become **fewer**, **farther** between and WEAKER the ***lower you fall***.

Rather than feeling bad for the present author, I humbly suggest you direct your well meaning sentiments (and any subsequent actions) towards the **millions** of Americans who have **fallen through the gaping fissures** of our ***Englitch induced culture*** or **set up to fail** by an '**Merika** that has been **hijacked** by **rich assholes** that clearly give ***zero fucks about the rest of us***.

Then maybe give a **further thought** about the other **millions** of **intelligent Americans** who are **doomed** to be **mental health cases** due to their **heads not fitting the boxes provided** by an educational (and employment) system that is **understandably** optimized for the bulk of **middling idiots** that characterizes their **alumni**.

And please try to **control your sphincter** on the off chance you reflect on the **terrifying fact** that such an **precipitous slide** into **destitution** and **ignominy** in America ***isn't strictly contingent on having such an aggravated and singular*** "mental health event". And no, it doesn't matter how good your insurance is, ***those fuckers can and will cut you the second you can't afford your monthly premium***.

As **difficult** and **trying** as the ***some*** of my life has been since the event, it would be **incorrect** to assume that it's been all bad. In fact, it would be accurate to say that the **unanticipated benefits** that come from ***surviving*** such an **event** far exceed the various challenges that resulted from the **event** (or the even greater challenges posed by ***other people's reactions to the event***).

At the very least, subsequent events have definitively proven that the **psychiatric labels** I was assigned by (well meaning) others aren't nearly as accurate as originally suggested. I say this with well justified certainty because if I was even **half** the mental health case I have been accused of, the ensuing (**4+ years** of) **near total isolation**, **persistent** and **acute *stress*** related to **acute economic difficulties**, the almost **total loss** of ***all the meaningful relationships in my life*** and **acute brain damage** would have have surely driven me at least **3 kinds of crazy**.

Despite my (**seemingly**) unhinged writing method, I presently exhibit **no obvious mental health issues** in my **non-writing** life. To the extent I have had to deal with **depression** and **anxiety** issues, these do not qualify as actual **mental health issues** as they are a standard and well justified **responses** to ***persistent isolation*** and being **habitually broke** in one of America's most expensive cities.

Oddly enough, the one persistent **mental health issue** that I do have (acute and wide ranging **PTSD**) was ***dismissed*** as being **legitimate** by attending **psychiatrists** (as well as multiple **family members**) as the events that I flashback to either **didn't** happen in the **land of the living**, significantly involved **dead family members** or simply **happened** in a

previous life. Unfortunately, describing these ***post-photographic living memories*** as ***non-legitimate*** does NOTHING to lessen their **impact** of **frequency**.

FORTUNATELY, ***smoking 1-2 grams of cannabis a day*** has done **wonders** for helping to process **related shit**.

While the related **military grade** (but not issued) **PTSD** I have had to deal with since has definitely posed it's own challenges at times, thanks to some **pro-active meditation** work on my part, I have discovered that the **PTSD response** has a **dual use function** as some kind of ***skeleton key*** to unlock **conscious access** to the so called ***individual subconscious*** as well as the ***collective unconscious***.

In short, the (not widely known) relationship between **PTSD** and **consciously accessing the sub-conscious** is best expressed in one sentence:

> ***Most people just aren't well equipped to behold the associated horrors of past lives before surviving at least one horror in this current life***.

In effect, a legitimate **PTSD induction event** effectively ***breaks the safety seal*** of the **semi-permeable** membrane that normally separates the **conscious** from the **sub-conscious** in **most** people.

Unfortunately, the kind of **profound** psychological or physical damage that one incurs in a **PTSD inducing event** tends to be **acutely distracting** and generally doesn't lend itself to the **PTSD initiate** to exploring the **greater mysteries** of their **enhanced mental states**.

With that being the case, I have come to find that the event ***(all of which I remember in crystal clear detail 5 years later***, although **not** all at once {and THANK FUCK for that}) facilitated a fundamental shift in my neural architecture, the likes of which has yet to be documented anywhere in Western Psychology, Psychiatry and Neurology. This oversight will now be corrected.

In short, ***i presently have access to conscious*** (human) ***memories that go back more than a million years***. As fantastic as this might sound, this is nothing more or less than just memories from (**thousands** of) previous incarnations. The majority of which are just as mundane and pedestrian as the bulk of one's memories from this life.

> ***The majority of the rest are best remembered as little as possible***.

In addition to that, I have (and possibly for the first time in roughly a thousand years) found that I have an **open *2 way* line** to **the** (or at least my) **ancestors**. This, of course, is just a short hand way of describing **successfully establishing conscious access to one's *genetic memory***. This **memory set** exists **independently** of my "normal" memory and the previous **memory set** mentioned and features much different **interface parameters** than either of those.

Plus I still maintain some kind of tangental access to the ***mortal coil flashbacks*** (and related memories) of (**all** of) the **American military personnel** who **died in the service of this country** that showed up in the first half of the **first stage** of this device. Out of respect for the dead, I have not voluntarily attempted to access this **memory set** after the **event**, but it's definitely ***in the mix*** so to speak and has been occasionally inclined to make ***it's*** presence **known** in the rest of my psyche.

These are not statements of pride, nor are they **delusional**. I can distinguish these **enhanced cognitive events** from each other and all of them from the typical hodge podge of **distorted impressions** and **habituated perceptions** that characterize my usual day to day **autopilot trance**. We can argue until the cows come home about the actual sources of these "memories" or about how "historically accurate" they are in the context of our (massively stunted) historical awareness, but neither of those (**dogs will hunt**) changes the fact that **these memories are real** AND that the **information** conveyed through these memories is both real and **relevant**.

And even if you prefer the "delusional" hypothesis, these have largely turned out to be delusions of the **instrumentally beneficial** sort. But they aren't delusions, and if I had to sum up each of these **memory sets** in one **related realization** for each them (which is absurdly reductionist), well...consider the following:

1. **We are all functionally immortal,** but most of the time we are just **too distracted** (and/or ***stupid****)* to notice.

2. **No matter how desperately alone you feel in this life, *your ancestors are always with you*.** If you wish to benefit from their (abundant and cutting) wisdom, you need to first learn **silence**. This only comes with practice.

3. Regardless of your opinion of that current batch of feckless assholes in DC and/or related feelings about the **gubment**, ***each one of us owes this greatest country on Earth a debt that can never truly be paid back*.** It can only be paid **FORWARD**.

Regardless of the **other** intentions that formed the impetus of this **device**, ultimately this (frigging) device represents the authors best (albeit feeble) attempt to date to ***pay it forward****.*

As for this particular **appendix**, while it's main point was to offer some passing **objective context** to the **event** describe in the first two stages of the **device**, it highlights at least **3** striking ironies regarding the treatment of **emergent mental health events** in modern America:

1. Consistent with some long confirmed findings in **quantum mechanics**, the ***framing*** of an acute **metaphysical breakthrough** as a pronounced **mental health disorder** ended up ***eliciting*** the ensuing ***mental health crisis*** that followed. If someone's head is clearly outside their usual box, ***don't be surprised if they start acting crazy if you keep calling them that****.*

2. It must be noted that as traumatic as the acute phase of the event was (at times), the ***resulting fallout*** from **other people's reactions** and the **non-voluntary** treatment of ALLEGED (ok FINE, ***gratuitous)*** **mental health issues** was ***far more damaging and traumatic than the actual event itself***. Sure, acute brain damage and conspicuous speech difficulties might be nothing to sneeze at, but they are much more **difficult** to bounce back from in the face of **crushing** (**medical**) **debt** and **near-suicidal depression** being facilitated by **big pharma** "**mood stabilizers**" and near complete **social ostracism**.

3. (And this is a key point to consider), had someone had the **wit** to give (or **sell**) me the JOINT that I was (literally) **begging** for ***3 full days*** prior to being **involuntarily hospitalized**, that whole **shitshow** (and the bigger **shitshow** of it's subsequent fallout) could have been either entirely **avoided** or at the very least **greatly minimized**.

Let it be known that one **five dollar joint** could have easily prevented ***$20,000+*** in **needless medical bills**, not to mention offset or minimize the ensuing social and psychological damage that came with that.

Some drugs might kill, but **others save lives *and marijuana is on the top of that list.*** (IE the second one). But that's a **S.C.R.E.E.D.** for a different time.

But these all speak to a wider, if not as widely applicable, blind spot in modern Psychiatry, Psychology and Neurology that needs to be recognized and institutionally integrated sooner than later:

Long term practice of the inner arts (including Yoga, Tai-Chi, Chi-Gung, other martial arts, meditation, pranayama and other empirical metaphysical traditions and activities) CAN ***profoundly affect the manifestation and presentation of certain conditions and disorders*** (IE bipolar manic-depression, schizophrenia, ADD, ADHD and others) ***for the better.***

In fact, it would be more accurate to say that in many cases, the **appearance** of these sorts of "disorders" indicates the presence of not widely shared **mental capabilities** that simply require a **non-pathological context** and some **minimal training** to get an ***empirical*** handle on.

And when that happens, ***then you can start working on your kung-fu grip on that son of a bitch.***

BUT if you happen to **succeed** at pulling that ***ugly sumbitch*** out of that **rock** that passes for **your head**, ***try not to wave it around too much before the ignition event dust settles.***

Even if you **are** careful, **you can still do a lot of damage a lot faster than you realize** when you are caught up in the novelty of it all.

Which is a **near *certainty***. There is no event in this life that is as encompassing and all-engrossing as ***witnessing your own mind starting to run on all of it's cylinders***.

Which, OF COURSE, results in the kind of **enhanced speeds** that make it much easier for the **mind to run off it's usual rails**. And WE ALL KNOW HOW THAT GOES.

Involuntary institutionalization, **mandatory medication**, **social ostracism**, **crushing debt** and a ***history addled mind just bright enough to behold the needless horror and tragedy of it all,*** HO HO.

MERRY X-MAS, ***bitches...***
UHS

18:58.12.20.16

THIS CONCLUDES THE APPENDIX, **please remove if it becomes infected**.

BS

1. commonly accepted acronym for **B**ull **S**hit.

2. yet to be commonly accepted acronym for **B**elief **S**ystem.

Related Glossary Terms

Drag related terms here

Index Find Term

CCSS

truncated acronym for the **C**onstant **C**omparison of **S**ubjective **S**tates
"**O**bjective **C**onditions" **T**hat **M**ay or **M**ay **N**ot **E**xist **A**nywhere **O**uts
Objective **O**ffsetter's **M**ind.

CCSS is the baseline, default reflective algorithm for the unoccupied
mind and consists of the **CCSS** enthusiast comparing their individual
state(s) of being to their ***equally*** **subjective impressions** of objec
realities external to a reflective individual who is under the impression
subjective impressions of **objective realities** are the same thin
objective realities.

Related Glossary Terms

Drag related terms here

Concussion

1. Any impact induced injury to the brain caused by the external appl
   blunt force trauma to the cranium, skull and/or head area.
2. Antonym of ‘discussion’: a series of statements made by one or mo
   that reveals or indicates a previously unknown (to the listener) self-e
   truth that cannot be empirically disproven, only rejected due to exis
   conflicts with pre-existing Belief Systems (BS)

Related Glossary Terms

Drag related terms here

Demonic Transference

A historically popular political rhetoric tactic wherein a motivatio
speaker re-contextualizes the pre-existing, self directed (often for
reason) negative emotions of a given audience and rhetorically re
those unwanted or uncomfortable feelings (no matter how accur
towards one or more groups of people that are historically define
group due to their shared possession of one or more traits that th
no conscious control over.

Example: The **2016** American presidential election.

Related Glossary Terms

Drag related terms here

Genetic drift

The cumulative genetic changes and mutations that develop within a and/or isolated breeding population kept separate from large breedin (and/or general population).

If allowed to develop for long enough, genetic drift is the process that the creation of new sub-species or species.

Related Glossary Terms

Drag related terms here

GOLD fever

Thought to be rooted in the Neuro-Chromatic Banana Response (NC
common to all primates, ***GOLD* fever** is a virulent, genetically predis
multivalent addictive behavioral disorder that is nearly universal in *ho*
which is centered on the substance (or just the idea) of ***GOLD***.

Related Glossary Terms

Drag related terms here

Ground state

1. The panicky, ass clenching state of enhanced anxiety that an arbor
   experiences when they find themselves at ground level due to accid
   circumstance.
2. The panicky, ass clenching state of enhanced anxiety that most pri
   (including *homo sapiens)* experience when encountering a situation th
   divergent to previous expectations, or a habitat that is divergent to
   evolutionary optimization.

Related Glossary Terms

Drag related terms here

HEIL

acronym for **H**eight **E**nhancing **I**nferential **L**egwork: a widely popula
conversational tactic where the rhetorical height of a speaker is enhan
cutting anybody (often 3rd parties not directly involved in the convers
at the knees who doesn't agree with them, or the speaker simply doesn

This tactic most often first appears in conversation as stage 3 of the S
English Introductory Gambit (SEIG).

See **SEIG**

Related Glossary Terms

Drag related terms here

Inverse Alchemy

An all too common historical trend where the empirical discoveries of
generations originally intended for the betterment of humankind at la
hijacked by later generations and repurposed to enrich an elite minor
already have more money than they can spend in their lifetime) by **lit**
means necessary.

Historical examples: the development of gunpowder, fractional reserv
and modern democracy.

Related Glossary Terms

Drag related terms here

Linguistic drift

The cumulative lexical deformations, colloquialisms and regional mispronunciations that develop over time within a culturally isolated g separated (often due to geography) from the main body of a language

If left to develop for long enough, linguistic drift is the process that res formation of new dialects and/or languages.

Related Glossary Terms

Drag related terms here

Money madness

The greatly potentiated modern extension of ***GOLD* fever** that has s
pandemic levels throughout the modern world.

See ***GOLD* fever**

Related Glossary Terms

Drag related terms here

NCBR

acronym for **N**euro-**C**hromatic **B**anana **R**esponse: a multivalent chro
triggered neuro-behavioral predisposition nearly universal among Ter
primates (including *homo sapiens)* associated with the color yellow (or ***G***
entering an individual's visual field.

Related Glossary Terms

Drag related terms here

NCEE

acronym for **N**euro **C**ognitive **E**vent **E**scalation: the multistage proces
the subjective impressions of neuro-cognitive events (IE thoughts and
are magnified (and/or escalated) by the words by which we describe t
ourselves or others

Related Glossary Terms

Drag related terms here

No Ego-Ego Trip

A common state of cognitive dissonance wherein a metaphysical and/
religious enthusiast errantly concludes that their enhanced piety and s
humility means they are better than most to all people who do not sha
belief system, and most of those who do.

Related Glossary Terms

Drag related terms here

Objective Offset

The central praxis of modern English wherein the English langua
enthusiast can (and does) imply their responsibility for "good" obj
developments or minimize their responsibility for "bad" objective
developments through the strategic selection of which personal p
(either the subjective "I" or the objective "me") is used to describe
objective developments to interested parties.

Examples:

"I am the heavyweight champion of the world".

"Now look at **what you made me do**."

Related Glossary Terms

Drag related terms here

Q

The combined paramaters of frequency center and frequency spread
for the increase or reduction of amplitude (IE audible volume) in an a
parametric filter or envelope filter (widely referred to as the “auto wah
effect).

Related Glossary Terms

Drag related terms here

REVERSE EUGENICS

The (often accidental) science of diminishing otherwise desirable trait
stable breeding population through selective not-breeding (typically fa
the strategic removal of the best and brightest from the local gene poo
very-selective (often prodigious) breeding among the surviving drones
assed layabouts.

Related Glossary Terms

Drag related terms here

S.C.R.E.E.D.

1. Acronym for **S**elect **C**omments **R**egarding **E**ndemic **E**nglish **D**efici

2. Acronym for **S**curriloous **C**omments **R**evealing **E**xtreme **E**nglish **D**i

Related Glossary Terms

Drag related terms here

SIEG

acronym for **S**tandard **I**ntroductory **E**nglish **G**ambit: the standard no
greeting algorithm universal to all English speaking language primate
irrespective of origin, situation or nature of the relationship between
more English speakers. See **HEIL**

Related Glossary Terms

Drag related terms here

SINF

acronym for **S**tandard **I**ssue **N**orwegian **F**isherman

Related Glossary Terms

Drag related terms here

SISF

acronym for **S**tandard **I**ssue **S**wedish **F**armer

Related Glossary Terms

Drag related terms here

SPGR

acronym for **S**tandard **P**rimate **G**orilla **R**esponse: the standard prima
to encountering an even larger primate typified by the fear inspired ev
of the smaller primate's bowels and running as fast as possible in the d
most likely to create maximum distance between the primate and gori

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Related Glossary Terms

Drag related terms here

Suppository

1. (noun) A small piece of solid medicine that is placed in the rectum and left to dissolve. (courtesy of Merriam-Webster)
2. (adjective) Alternate form of the word “suppositional”.
3. (nounjective) those hypothetical, conjectural and/or suppositional s which reveal or indicate the overall degree and depth a speaker’s he up their own ass.

Related Glossary Terms

Drag related terms here

Xanthic

(adjective)

1. of or relating to a yellow or yellowish color.

2. of or derived from xanthine or xanthic acid.

(courtesy of dictionary.com)

Related Glossary Terms

Drag related terms here