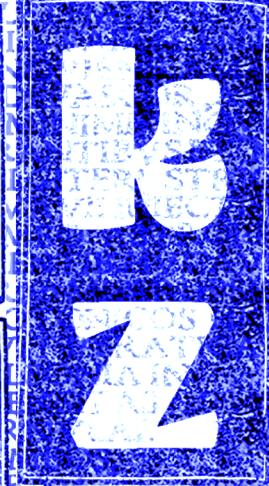
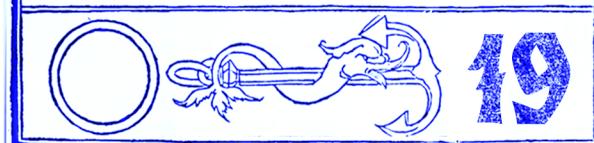


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travel column

by Britball

There's few things you hate more than traveling and those conspicuous consumers that do it. In that I differ from you, so I have taken it upon myself to write a travel column for those who hate travel. Yes, on my tablet.

Borders. I had kind of forgotten what they were like, until March this year. I imagine many Europeans have, these days it's a sign on the highway and that's it. In fact, I've forgotten my ID at home going on holiday and didn't think much of it. Americans don't know about borders either, because they don't leave their country, and if they do, they fly. That's most of my readers covered I imagine, and we would almost forget they exist, and how interesting they are.

I remember bouncing around in excitement as a little berndo, because we were going for a drive to Germany with my grandparents. We were going to cross the land border! Schengen hadn't been invented yet back then. I think I still have the game I bought back then, Yahtzee with colors so dumb kids could play along as well.

A good 15 years later and I hadn't crossed a proper border since. We got to Croatia, and we immediately messed up, blame it on the lack of practice. The hand sign didn't mean keep driving but pull over. A few meters into Croatia and we had to explain ourselves. That's all we had to do though, a year or so before their entry into the EU and their border had gotten a bit mushy. A bit boring.

2:30 AM. BANG! BANG! Паспорт! Виза! Наркотики?
That's more like it. That's the proper border experience.
Stopping at a small border town's train station. Explaining
to a huge Russian border guard with a provision cap and
bulging fish eyes, straight from a 70s James Bond movie
that we do not have patronyms on the West. But it's still
not peak border performance. There's not enough barbed
wire and landmines involved yet.

Peak border is the DMZ. We started at Dorasan Station.
This place is the summit of optimism. No trains actually
run, but that doesn't stop them from stamping your pass-
port and selling train tickets from South Korea to Berlin.
The next stop was the border itself. From here you can
see the north Korean model peasants till (that's a sort of
farming thing right?) the fields with their oxen in the
shadow of the watch towers with soldiers chillaxing on
them. And finally, we got down into an infiltration tunnel
the norks dug, by hand through the rocks. The southies
responded by intercepting it digging down with their
driller, and then laying down an escalator so the tourists
can get down there and check it out.

Peak border experience is absolutely worth the mandatory
visit to the national ginseng centre afterwards where they
will try to sell you ginseng and ginseng accessories. Did
you know that François Mitterand lived 7 months longer
because he drank ginseng tea? Fact.







A Short Rumination on Killing

by Poleball

Thesis: killing is immoral. No one has the right to take another man's (and lesser creature's, which we can crudely define as any animal for the sake of this essay) without a dire need. What constitutes a dire need will be discussed in the following paragraphs.

This is based on Christian morality, but is also somewhat universal among world's cultures. "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you". We can argue that life is the most precious quality of a living being and that taking it without a need is one of the greatest transgressions of morality.

At the same time, it appears that killing could be defined as natural: for tens of thousands of years, men killed in self-defense, for food or for survival of their tribe. Beforehand, their proto-human ancestors did the same as well. Predatory animals are merciless killers.

It is also often reported that killing produces a certain rush and a feeling of power in the killer, as if awakening a primal instinct of sorts that sometimes absolves the perpetrator of blame in their own heart. A modern evidence of this are certain interviews with former soldiers.

This creates an apparent conflict between the natural and the moral.

Is that really so, though?

If we look closely into the acts of killing done in the past, we may argue that they were mostly dictated by a need: in the Stone Age, men killed their brethren for the scarce resources, which decided the survival of the tribe. Later on, wars were often waged in defense of one's nation. The Greeks came up with the idea of a just war which was personified by the goddess Athena. Furthermore, one could argue that if one was a soldier by profession or a knight by birth, it was their duty to fight the enemy – therefore they could be somewhat absolved of personal responsibility as long as they were killing other trained soldiers on the other side.

Nowadays, thanks to the development of our society, the need of killing is much rarer.

The problem with this take is that it ignores giant swathes of recorded history. The sack of Constantinople in 1182, when the knights of the Fourth Crusade looted, burned and razed the bastion of Eastern Christianity, comes to mind. So does the Spanish Conquest of the New World where countless thousands of American Natives were betrayed and slaughtered for gold and territory – or just because they stood no chance against the state-of-the-art weaponry of the Spaniards. We do not have to look that far in the past: Japanese massacres of the Chinese population in 1930s or the endless horrors of the Bolshevik revolution and its resounding consequences are the inglorious episodes from just the last century. What was the need for raping, mutilating and killing civilians? Were the perpetrators of the Volhynia massacre or the minds behind

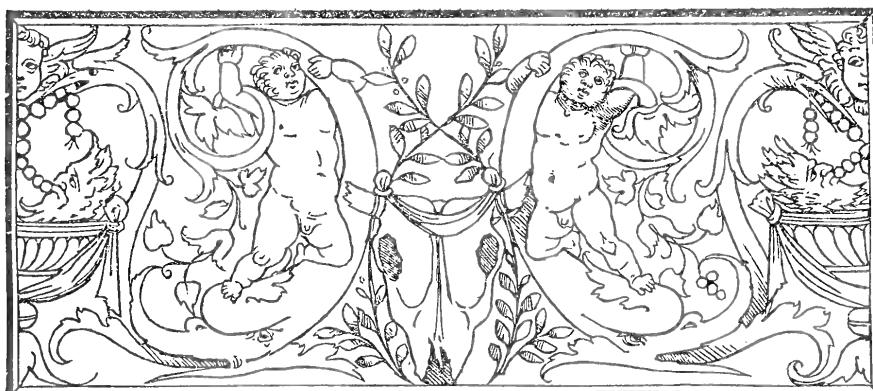
the Aktion T4 doing it for survival? Unlikely, unless, in the latter case, it was the Darwinistic survival of the race.

How, then, do we reconcile the natural, primal killer instincts in humans with morality? It appears that once again we are at an impasse.

Perhaps the solution to the conflict of the natural and the moral is to look into the development of the human brain. Animals rarely kill for pleasure: though it is not unheard of, for instance among feline predators, generally the main motivator is survival. It can also be argued that, even in surplus killing, animals other than humans do not possess the mental capacity to understand death and suffering.

But we, humans, are a different breed: our brains have evolved to the point that we are able to understand suffering and find sadistic pleasure in it.

Perhaps the natural instinct of killing stemming from the older parts of our brain has not yet adapted to our relatively new cognitive qualities. Our 'lizard brain' does not register that we are capable of utterly unnecessary homicide. It will likely take many thousand of years to change.





The Innsmouth of Finland

by *Finnball*

The town that took the key to devil's riches

The story of Outokumpu starts not from the OG-Outokumpu but from a small area of Rääkkylä. 200 million years ago a meteorite hit the surface of Fennoscandia, devastating the landscape and forming a crater at least 25 kilometers wide. As the times moved forwards this crater slowly filled with water and formed the lake Paasselkä.

Paasivesi or Paasselkä is known to the locals from the devils that inhabit the lowest point of the lake. For 300 years there have been sightings of the devils, balls of fire, shooting up from the lake.

Ancient pagan Finnish faith considered these fires holy and worshiped them on an island on the lake. Paasiveden pirukallio (Paasivesi's devil-rock) still sits on one of those islands. Locals still consider that rock a devilish place and say that when the sun hits it the shadows form different angry faces over devil rocks nooks and crannies.

Rääkkylä is also the most UFO-active place in Finland. In the 90s the UFO sightings were so abundant that they called it the "UFO-wave of Rääkkylä" (Rääkkylän ufoaalto).

The devils have had many names in history. They have been considered as the souls of those who drowned in the lake. Or magical creatures like will-o-wisps or gnomes burning away the mold from their treasures.

Modern-day science has tried to reduce the myth behind all these stories. Telling us that it's only gas that lights up from the metallic stone-forming electric currents under pressure. But they forgot that the stories of the treasure came true. There was treasure in the lake.

Treasure is found

In 1908 Otto Trüstedt, a fine German engineer, was looking for metals in Finland. He was investigating the rich North-Karelian and Savonian landscapes and making a record of the geological and mineralogical landscape of the same areas. In Rääkkylä he hit gold, but not literally.

He found a weird piece of a rock that didn't seem to belong in the local area but it was rich in minerals. It showed signs copper, silver, cobalt, and other metals. Rock came from a land perfect for mining. Such a finding would make anyone rich, so he got to work.

The government had hired him for this job, and he would see it through with the efficiency Germans have been known for ages. The rock didn't belong in Rääkkylä. It had come from somewhere but not from outer space. It was a rock moved by the huge glaciers that scraped when the last ice-age ended.

He took up his maps and by the markings the glaciers had left he could deduce the location to come from somewhere around a little village called Kuusijärvi. Kuusijärvi is an old, old, old place in Finland. It's widely known as the birthplace of the most poisonous scourge of the 1900s; asbestos.



Ancient Finnic pagans were brilliant people. They had found a mineral that had strange qualities. It rose from the ground as strands, it was easy to break apart and you could mix it with clay to make clay dishes and pots that had the power to withstand extreme heat.

This invention became a hit in the local population but it didn't spread too far. Nobody really knows why, but we can guess the mineral was not that abundant or easy to find elsewhere. Finland is a special case because the ice-age scrubbed the surface clean and bedrock is something that you can see all over the land. But in those asbestos-filled mountains were the riches. Riches that the devils of Paasivesi knew the key to. Riches that were not meant for humans.

Outokumpu begins

Kuusijärvi became rich and I really mean RICH. The mine was one of the best and longest-lasting mines in Finland. From 1910 to 1989 the small town expanded and grew. The mine that made it rich was christened as “Outokumpu” (literally translated “Weird Hill”). Later in 1967 Kuusijärvi adopted the name.

The mine is still considered as a devil in disguise in the locals’ stories.

It made them rich, it expanded them, it gave them a stage on the world map, it was the fuel for the Finnish economy in the wartime and it was crucial when paying the war reparations to the Soviets.

As the town expanded it brought culture in, the company built modern houses to house the masses, it fed them, it gave them hope. But sadly this fortune was cursed.

Many, many men worked in the mines. The work was dangerous, air toxic, the salary was lousy and the doctors ignored you, as they too were paid by the company and they fed their families with the money the mine brought.

Not as many men came out from the mines, as went in. You can still see this from the town’s skewed ratio of females to males. Till the 90s it was forbidden for the women to work in the mines. Outokumpu is now a town of ol’ grannies that remember relatives, fathers, and lovers going in the mine and never coming back.

And those who came back from the mines never came back as a whole man. The dust had destroyed their lungs, machines took their hearing and their joints and bones ached. Most of the time the men didn't live for too long. Also, the poison from the mine had seeped in the land.

City of poison

The locals will tell you about this, but they will only whisper it to you if you listen carefully. The houses, the roads, the schools are built upon poison. Before the laws forbade it, industrial waste from the mine was buried in the ground and used as a building material for the roads and buildings.

It was an easy and cheap method to get rid of all the waste that the mine produced. Now the city of Outokumpu uses 1 million euros per year to clean up the land. Every time they fix up a small piece of the road they have to safely dispose of the material that the road has been made of and everything under it. It's not a cheap business.

Water in the wells is undrinkable. Don't even try to do it.

The whispers in the local pubs and marketplaces tell that the water and the land cause horrible things to the mind. There is even a small truth in that as the Outokumpu's schooling system is having a terrible time dealing with all the children with... let's put it lightly, neural atypicality and learning difficulties. Currently, they have the largest number of teacher aid per children in the whole region.

Near the city center, there is even a lake that has a pH that ranges from 1,8 to 2,4 and trees die near it, the land looks

like a poisonous swamp and no birds make nests in trees near it. If you tell the locals that you are into berry picking they will find some common ground with you.

Karelians are well known for their love of nature and harvesting its bounty. But after telling their favorite picking places and such they will warn you not to go to the southern side of the old mine where the lake is.

The devils' treasure was cursed after all.



Curse left its marks

No mine lasts forever. In 1989 the mine was closed. Afterwards, the lights from Rääkkylä's UFO-wave were seen in the sky. They were like the devils coming out and celebrating the death of the city. The copper vein was depleted and it was not economically viable to keep the mine open anymore. The company, also named Outokumpu, left the city in a hurry.

Now the city is a poor and dying place. Not many people are born there and only the sad line of old people keep moving to town "Back to their roots", to where their parents died. Just to keep up the tradition of filling its graveyards.

The city is broke and everybody knows it. One man said to me that it saved the city's architecture as they never got the money to modernize old buildings. Architecture is a weird layered style ranging from the 1910s jugendstil, to the functionalism of the 50s and there is a sudden stop in 80s early modern styles.

It gives the town an eerie feeling. It doesn't have a time slot it belongs to. Only the past. It has stopped into its glory days and was never able to move forwards. Thankfully the old buildings are well-kept so you can go through different times lots just by walking through the city. It's like cheap time-traveling.

It's now filled with the dead and the dying. Desperation is a breeding place for malice and hope.



The Hope

If you are in a need for that sweet “Opiate for the masses”, there are many brands to choose from. I had the pleasure to talk with a new priest, and we entered a brief discussion about ecumenism. I asked her a couple of questions of some roadside signs to churches that sounded weird to me. As a new but an inquisitive priest she started telling me about some “specialties” Outokumpu had.

Outokumpu itself is mainly a mix of Eastern Orthodox and Lutherans, which is normal for a town in Eastern Finland. On a small drive around agrarian parts of the area and you find the regular sects. But when you talk with locals and an inquisitive priest you find out some weird cases.

One of them was a man called Polvijärven Pastori. Sadly he's not famous for being a respected figure but someone who deserves to be mocked, a weirdo. He represents this wave of Charismatic Christianity.

You know? ‘Murican brand of tongue-speaking-magical -healing televangelists, “Showbiz Christianity”.

If you look closely at the belief system they have this seems oddly fitting for this place. A Pastor screaming to you about God and Devil having a war on your soul. Both of these forces acting upon the world as both bringers of blessings and the other with curses. Sounds like something that should belong in this city.

Evangelic protestants have a small but hugely influential presence. When you are walking down the streets and

someone asks you if you speak English, run. It's just the evangelical Christians trying to get you into their trap. On my small visit, I have gathered at least 5 posters about how god loves us all.

The Sinners

The beautiful lake Viinijärvi on the eastern side of town is nowadays only known for the serial killer Seppänen, who drowned many people in its depths. He is arguably one of the most famous serial killers in Finland's rather minimal list of serial killers.

He was an interesting fellow and I can only give his long life a brief summary.

Seppänen was born into a little farm on the eastern side of Viinijärvi. As a child, he was known for taking good care of the cows and loving animals. Then people tell "he snapped". In the 90's he got into economical troubles with his farm. He became angry, a really fucking angry. That's really what most people will dare to tell you about him. He was good at controlling people with fear, and he had an aura around him that most people would like to avoid. Taxi drivers here didn't drive to his address. They were too afraid of that man.

He controlled a small group of his "devotees" by giving them free alcohol and drugs. Every time you would do something nice for him he would give you something back, but he would keep track of everything you took from him. And he would arbitrarily start asking for the money back.

He would take your credit card, your wallet, and just to add insult get some loans in your name. Most of his victims were hardline alcoholics, so I don't understand how some banks would not raise an eyebrow from this.

When you got into real trouble with him he would take you to "raise some nets" or something like that. You would be drunk out of your mind and involuntarily on drugs. He would row you on the lake and slowly start rocking the boat till suddenly he turns it hurling over.

Hopefully they would drown and if the plan goes perfectly police won't even care.

Two alcoholics capsizing isn't anything new for the police. A policeman has been on record for saying that "Seppänen was the only likable one from that bunch of drunks. He was always sober and talkative". It's a miracle how shut their eyes could have been.

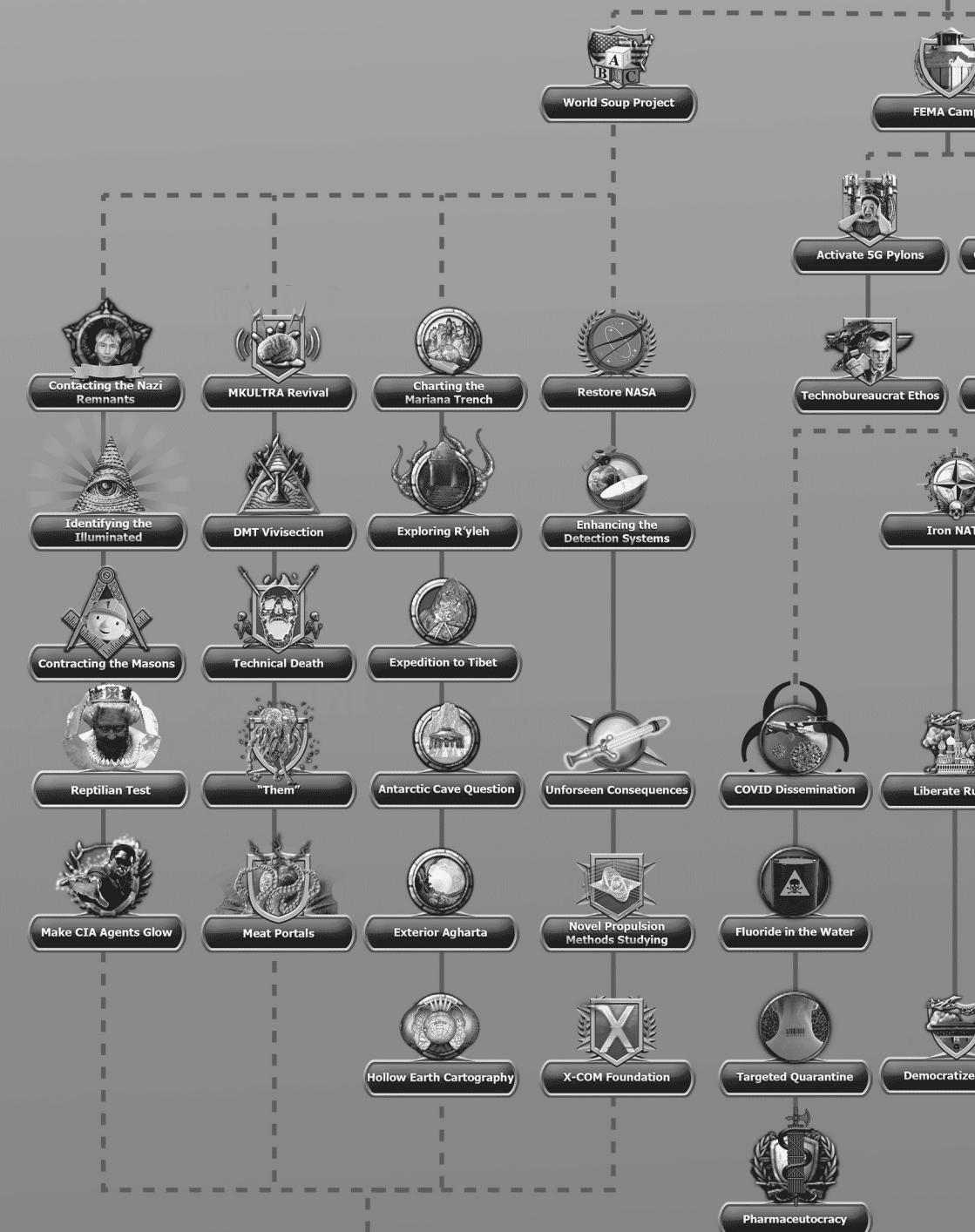
One time even one of his victims accused this gay maniac of rape. Only for this guy to go back to Seppänen and after another week of torture, drugs and alcohol he would go back to a police station to retract the charges and he even gave the police a note; "Seppänen can fuck me into my ass and shoot his load deep in my bowel", the text was written by Seppänen but the signature was the victim's own. Thank god he was the last victim of that gay maniac.

It is like the curse from the Paasivesi devils has the whole area in its grip. Slowly grinding away the people who took away the key to the devils' riches.





Permanent
State of Excep





The Party Van



Social Distance
Enforcing Unit



Bow to Bill Gates



Trump, American Hero



Quest for Immortality



Adrenochrome Farms



Obligatory Vaccination



Controlling the Border



Cult of Personality



Cheese-Pizza
Demistification



Take Epstein
Out of Hiding



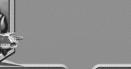
Escape from Eurabia



"Dog Bless America"



Trade Total War



Burger for Everyone



Ius Prima Noctis
Revision



Imperial Creed



"100 °C Has No
Applicable Usefullness"



God-Emperorhood



Compulsory Obesity



Cult of Moloch



Mega Pax Americana



Don't Thread on Me



Musk-Thiel Duumvirate



Scramble for Arm Depots



Reddit Meme Economy



Truly Free Market



Keanu Reeves
Secretary of Agit-Prop



Hyperloooooooooooooooop



Non-Aggression Pact
Declaration



McDonald's Death Squads



Embrace Teachings
of Nick Land



Recreational Nuke Usage



Towards the Singularity

pottery corner



Christmas Truce

2020 - The first year of the war. In ruins still resembling civilization.

„Hey! You also like movies, eh?”

Trees hoisted on trenchwalls.

Basic facades of a humanity thought vanished.

Wine in the park and chit chat I forgot.

„You must be a good singer. I can hear that.“

Songs from an adolescence shared without knowing.

Wine on the bed and platitudes I forgot.

„You go shopping and I will cook for you.“

Mutual presents in the wasteland.

Cigarettes in the bathroom.

Diagnoses, childhood trauma, tears.

„Seems we are quite alike.“

Unity in struggle and vices.

„Everything's fine... I'm here...let's go to sleep...“

A ball is found, the trenches left behind and a game attempted despite victory is long lost for all.

„I can't tolerate your views. This will never work.“

1941 - A man opens his parachute over Scotland to negotiate peace.

by Britball

Coomemoration

I thought a thought, a thought of naught,
of mal intent and maladroit.

I am not fraught with bon a mot,
I do not aught, I am unwont.

I want and don't, my will is gaunt,
my loins are font and my brain rot

by Proxyball

On Subsequent Shades of Morning Sunlight Peeking Through the Window Blinds

Like Babylon's fine amber and Sumerian flowing gold,
Subtle-coloured splendid gold from courts of Crete;
Like the dawn of rising Athens in her godly morning glory,
And the golden necklace of the queen of Egypt unblemished by venom;
Like the gilded robe of the double emperor
Of Roma still yet undivided and unconquered still-
Passing colours, newborn shades:
Lo! Sol's awakening!

by Poleball

Pet rye bread

by Proxyball

Ever wanted to have a pet but dogs, kots or even gold-fish demand too much care and energy to handle? Rejoice, for I found a perfect pet for a Bernd like you and me - a rye sourdough colony that can potentially evolve into a full-grown bf (bread-friend)!

Each of the steps was tested by yours trully and worked.

For sourdough starter all you are going to need is:

- rye flour
- water
- a pint (.5 l) size jar or bigger, depends on your lebensraum

Put 2 tablespoons (~28,3 grams) of flour into a jar, add two tablespoon of water (30 ml), and stir them, the consistency must be that of sourcream, if it's don't you may add some water. Cover the jar with a gauze or close it but don't twist the lid too much, allow some air.

Rinse and repeat at least 5 days to fill up the jar to the brim with your cute leaven. If you cant feed your sourdough, worry not, you can put it to hibernation in your fridge and restart feeding later. Once fermented properly it should grow fast, with premature leaven your bread may fail.

Ok, you have your little bioreactor domesticated, what now? You can pursue the next stage of evolution and transform it into breda if you have an oven. Why rye bread specifically? Because it demands the least amount of work, it's hardest to fuck up and its taste is superior to the sissy huwhite breda.



For rye breda you are going to need:

- 0.0787365 stone (500 gram) type 700 rye flour
- 2 pinches (7 gram) of salt
- 2 ounces (150 gram) of rye sourdough starter (must be activated and fed the day before)
- 2 cups (450 ml) of lukewarm water (may be from the tap)
- Rectangular mold, i used one measuring 8 in x 3 in x 3 in (22 cm x 8 cm x 8 cm)

Additionally: grains, seeds, seeds, spices

1. Prepare the mold, lubricate it with some oil and sprinkle with flour.
2. Stir the sourdough in your jar. Pour it into a bowl together with the flour, salt and grains of choice. Add water and mix all to an even consistency.
3. Pour the dough into the mold. Cover it with a cloth and let it grow for 4 - 5 hours. Don't let the bread grow too long or it will be too sour. By the end of that time heat your oven to 410°F (210°C).
4. Sprinkle the dough with water and put some grains if you want a grainy crust. Put into an oven a bake for 1 hour.
5. Remove bread and put it on a grill, cover it with a cloth. Grill and cloth are important because breda needs to cool down evenly.
6. Breda ready, you can play with it now. Bon Appetit!

Pet rye bread

The Secret History of the Katars: The Birth of Nations

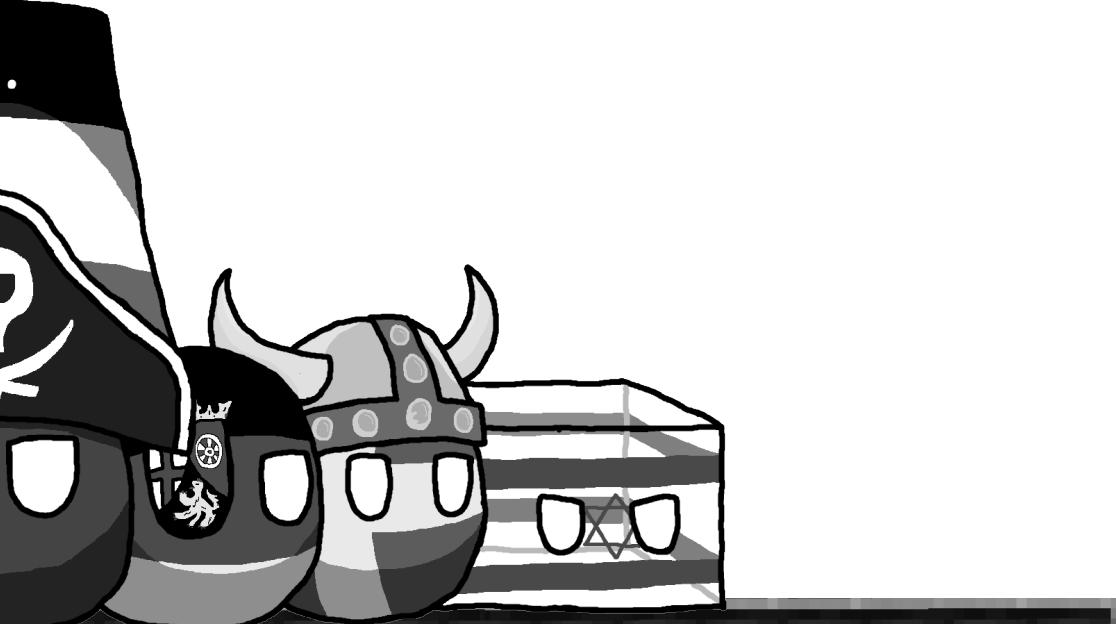
by Canadaball



On September 14th, in an effort to prove his own point of view, Shakomatic stated what he maintained was a lawful coup of the AN, despite others citing nearly half a dozen regulations that were violated. This final act of hostility caused the AN to retaliate and launch a full out counter-assault on Breshik and its allies.

and many private citizens sent out scouting parties to find locations to build their new cities. With the loss of Shakomatic, there was little impetus for nations to do much of anything it was soon realized. With no villain there were fewer battles and the few politico incidents revolved almost entirely by V1ac.

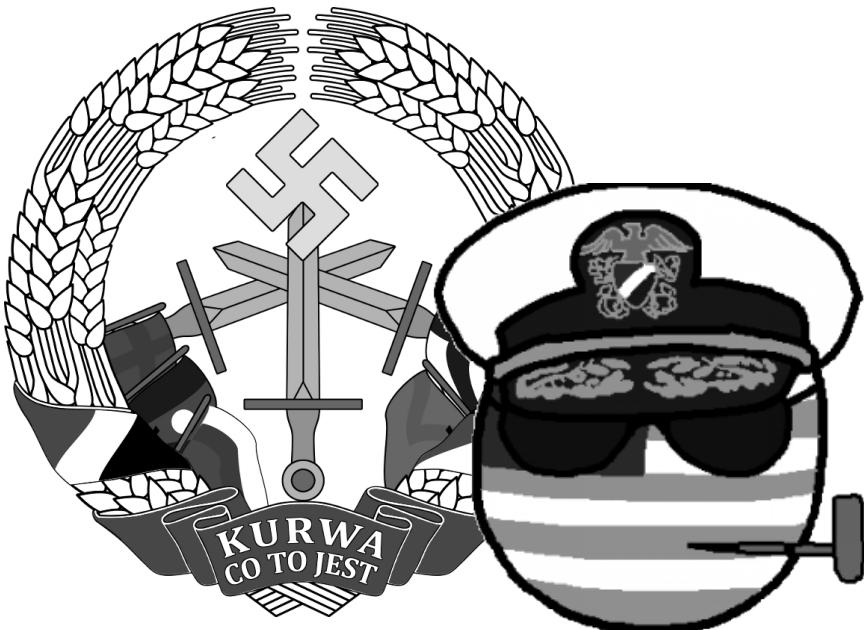
citizens, laws, and borders were so strictly controlled by autism that the fun slowly drained from the game for many players. Indeed, the ironic fate of the server was the adoption of many binding laws that players had wanted for months. This period of decay was finally capped with the announcement that Alp would never serve admin.



ties, finally banned for being an inflammatory faggot. While Shako's ban was almost universally praised, the loss of the main instigator of the server left the place rather barren. The 1.8 map was shortly to replace the 1.7 and there was nothing left to be done until it did. Once the new map came online the major nations and

around Nova Kurwa. A huge number of nations and towns were created relative to the 1.7 map, yet none of them truly measured up to the history or feels of the ancient cities of 1.7. Mysterious buildings like the ancient Temple of Feels of Westwards did not exist anymore due to mods' ability to log check and

haBernd were scared the server would collapse, but then a stranger stepped forward to pledge his service to the server! Omgnac. A magnificent mausoleum was constructed to Alphabernd, but even before it could be finished, the new admin quit and the server collapsed just days after Alpha's leave. It was a dark time for all.

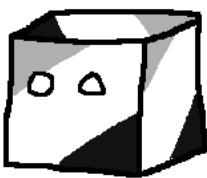
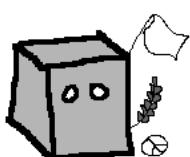


On the 18th of April, 2011, the village of Kurwa was established in the Alpha Realm. Its only major rival, Berndtown, had only been established four days prior, but its status as the spawn and main hub of the server, coupled with zero building restrictions and rampant grief saw it inappropriate for anything but unorganised barbarism. The people of Kurwa saw their own village creeping towards the chaos of Berndtown, and a group of four distinguished builders transformed the fledgling Kurwa into an organized state, with the four of them standing as executive councillors. This marked the first form of government in any city in Bernd history, but it was not without its critics. For two months, the Kurwan Council ruled their city with absolute authority. Above all, they desired ordnung, but elements of chaos were constantly brewing.

The absence of two councillors for weeks at a time severely weakened both the Kurwan government's reach and legitimacy, as the council of 4 began to resemble a diarchy, or a tyranny under v1adimirr. Disgruntled political activist, caBastard, demanded that the two absent councillors be replaced, strongly implying that he himself should be considered for one of the positions. Other Kurwans, upset at the building code and a lack of representation in the government staged a full out revolt.

June 14th, 2011, marked the beginning of a new faction in server history. It was on this day that the True Kurwans, a political organisation inspired by caBastard's calls for reform took to the streets of Kurwa and attacked v1adimirr. Then-unknown rebel Sikandar struck v1adimirr with his fists (though this was expressly denied by the rebel, who claimed he was merely engaged in peaceful protest), who in turn began cutting down the rebel forces. By day's end, dozens were killed, the Council had thoroughly quelled the population, and the remaining True Kurwans (with the exception of caBastard, who joined the Kurwan government) exiled themselves from Kurwa to begin anew. The True Kurwans abandoned the Kurwa moniker and declared the Kingdom of Battkhortostan across the Sea of Feels off Kurwa's southern frontier.

gibe democracy pls



fuck off



now clean up this mess you fucking violent rioter pig

True Kurwan perspective

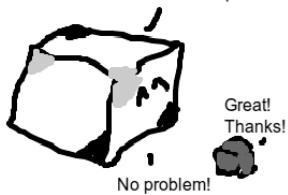
man its great being Kurwan



man, everywhere
sucks..

Kunwa doesn't! Come join
us!

Hows this plot?



one more
thing

ya? what
can i help
you with?

Woah!
Jesus, calm
down!

GIB
DEMOCRACY
GIB IT GIB GIB

That's not how we do things
here! That's how we keep
things nice here!

GIB GIB GIB GIBGIBGIGGBG

CALM DOWN,
GET OFF ME,
THINGS ARE
FINE YOU
JUST GOT HERE
WHAT ARE YOU DOING

GET THE FUCK OUT

waaahhhhhh

kurwa is so
oppressive,
I'm TRUE kurwa, grrr, I hate kurwa
Democratic kurwa real kurwa

Kurwan version of the events



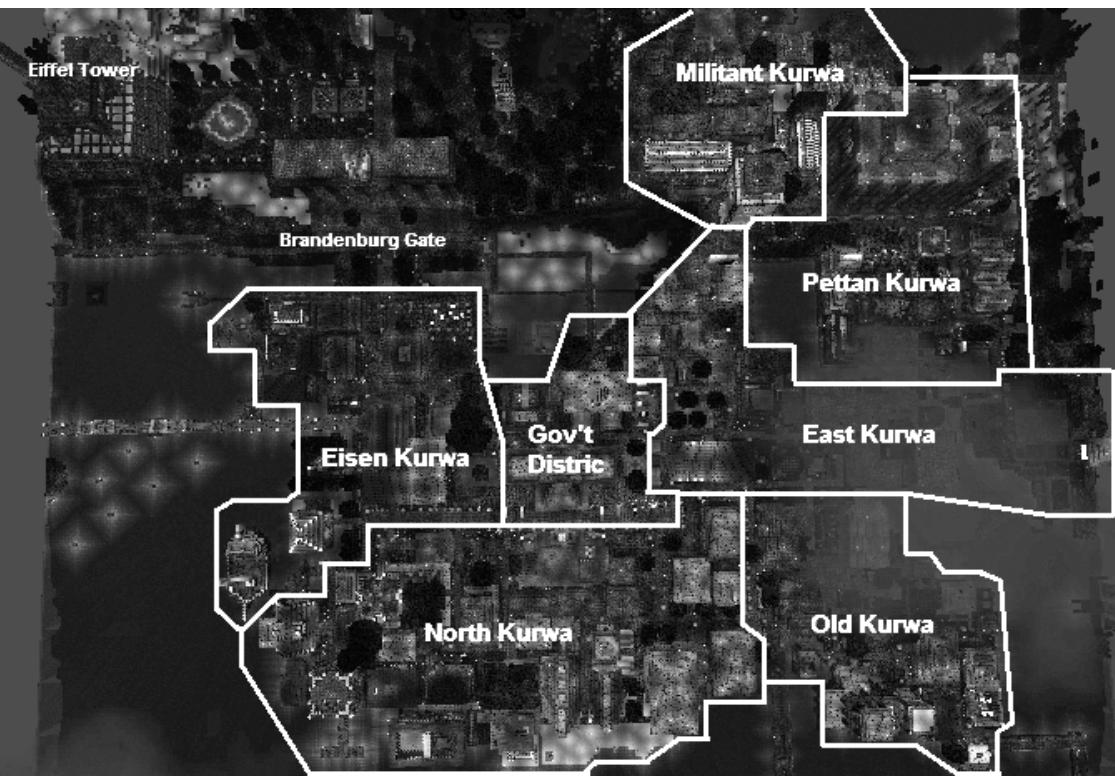
Battkhorostani Revolutionary Islamic Soviet Socialist Republic flag

The Monarchy was short-lived, and before a King was crowned, the True Kurwan Party reformed into the National Bolshevik Party and declared Battkhortostan a *Revolutionary Islamic Soviet Socialist Republic*. LoganTheRed, who was favoured to become King was instead elected General Secretary of the Republic on July 5th, marking the last time in Battkhortostan that an election would be held. Other instigators of the June 14th riot were given high ranking positions in the government, including Sikandar, who received the title *Guide and Brother-Leader of the Revolution*. A week after the June 14th Riots, on June 21st, 2011, Battkhortostan found itself in the midst of a territorial dispute with the neighbouring nation of the Westward Isles. Kurwa immediately pledged its support for Westward, leaving the unorganised Battkhorts with few options. A small contingent of Battkhorts, led by Sikandar, invaded the Kurwan capitol building, Brandenburg Gate (visible on the next page) once again.

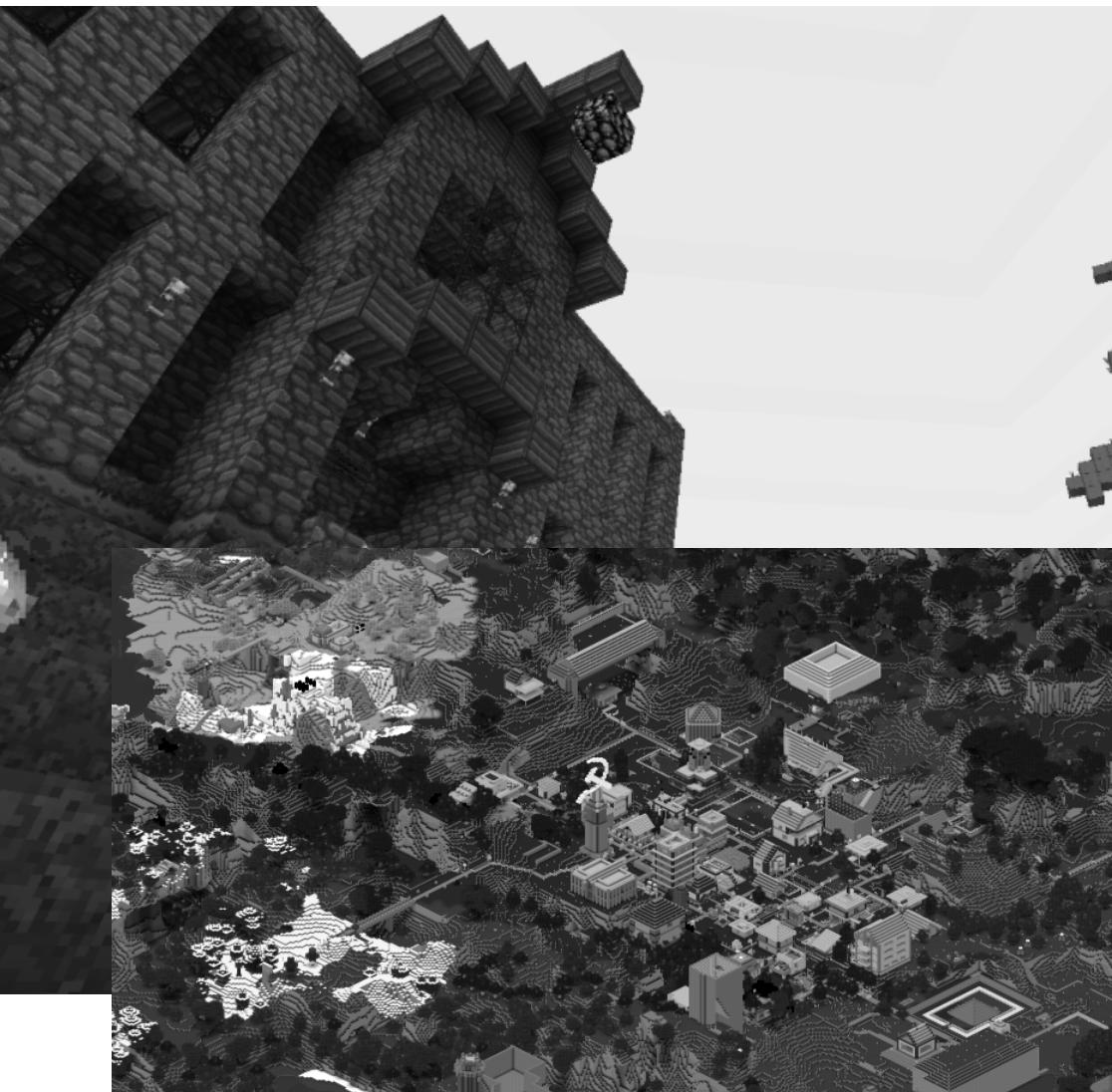




The battle was a decisive Battkhortostan victory, owing in no small part to the general incompetency of caBastard who was given a cushy government job in Kurwa after the June 14th riots and his betrayal of the reformers and protestors. The chaos of the battle prompted the nations of the server to agree to the International Rules of Engagement, which would govern wars and battles on the server for years to come. Battkhortostan, like Kurwa before it, was marked with periods of absenteeism by the leadership. The de facto triumvirate of LoganTheRed, Sikandar, and San_Marcos had all gone inactive, and the city of Battkhortograd fell into disrepair. Testytigershark, a private citizen, took up the mantle of city groundskeeper and single-handedly managed Battkhortostan for months.







Battkhortgrad and its landmarks



Around this time, a new player named Killer_Chris made his way to Battkhortograd to establish a home. Although not a member of the June 14th riots, Killer_Chris harboured an irrational hatred of the Kurwan regime and lobbied for the other city states around the world to join Battkhortostan and eradicate Kurwa. He launched diplomatic missions to the cities in the north: Oymyakon and Astonia. It seemed that every city he established embassies in was quickly swallowed up by the growing Kurwan Empire, and Kurwa-Battkhortostan tensions were at an all-time high. Frustrated with a lack of expansion in Battkhortostan and discouraged by Kurwa's seemingly unending prosperity, Killer_Chris decided to leave the world above and make his way to the Nether.

Although seemingly innocuous at the time, the Nether colony of Fort Lovely almost completely changed the realm's political climate. As private property in the Communist Battkhortostan was illegal, Killer_Chris did not actually own anything with which he could bring to the Nether. He opted to instead request sponsorship from any willing nation in the world, and found an unlikely ally in the Kurwan leader v1adimirr. For the first time since its inception, Battkhortostan was open to normalising relations with Kurwa in a jointly-owned Nether colony. Kurwa instead insisted that Fort Lovely was to be under complete Kurwan control, and Killer_Chris relented, although dissatisfied with the state of affairs. Far to the west of both Kurwa and Battkhortostan were the twin civilisations of the

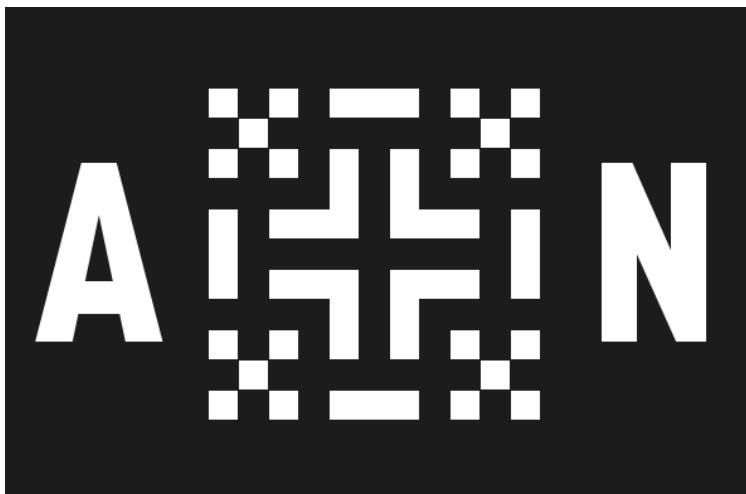
Lakotah Republic and the Dwarven Kingdom of Breshik, run by brothers MuteStory and Shakomatic, respectively. They had their own conflicts with Kurwa, generally over relatively small tracts of land. Shakomatic's political maneuvering saw the annexation of Kurwa's staunch ally, the Westward Isles.

The world was quickly becoming tripolar, and Breshik's absurd rate of expansion had the Battkhortostani government interested in a potential alliance. The reasoning being that the two of them could almost certainly overpower Kurwa should it become necessary, and so Killer_Chris was dispatched to establish diplomatic relations with the Dwarven Kingdom. Upon his arrival, Killer_Chris was bestowed with various honours by the Breshikan King and given a grand tour of the impressive capital city of Karak Sakor. The tour continued into the Breshikan frontier and the disputed Fort of Cumberland on the Kurwan border. Shakomatic offered Killer_Chris a peerage in the form of the Duchy of Cumberland, and almost immediately after he accepted Kurwan forces were deployed to the Fort. Among them was mazznoff, who at the time was a Kurwan citizen going by the name Bernd.

The standoff at Cumberland infuriated Killer_Chris, who had seen Kurwa annex just about everywhere he had ever visited in an official manner. The offended Battkhortostani delegation returned to Battkhortograd and no Breshikan alliance was signed. Shortly thereafter, Kurwa released a communiqué to the Battkhortostani government that detailed the

intentions of Breshik to annex Battkhortostan outright, claiming it was inactive and needed firm leadership. They had lodged this message in order to gain Kurwan approval, who were in no mood to be surrounded by Breshik on three sides.

The Battkhortostani government was livid and immediately broke off diplomatic relations with Breshik, and openly supported Westward Isle independence from that day forward. Kurwa proposed an international organisation, known as Alpha Nations, that would ensure that no abandoned settlement be forced into a stronger nation without the approval of the rest of the world. The organisation would be run by long-time historian and cartographer YugoTexas.

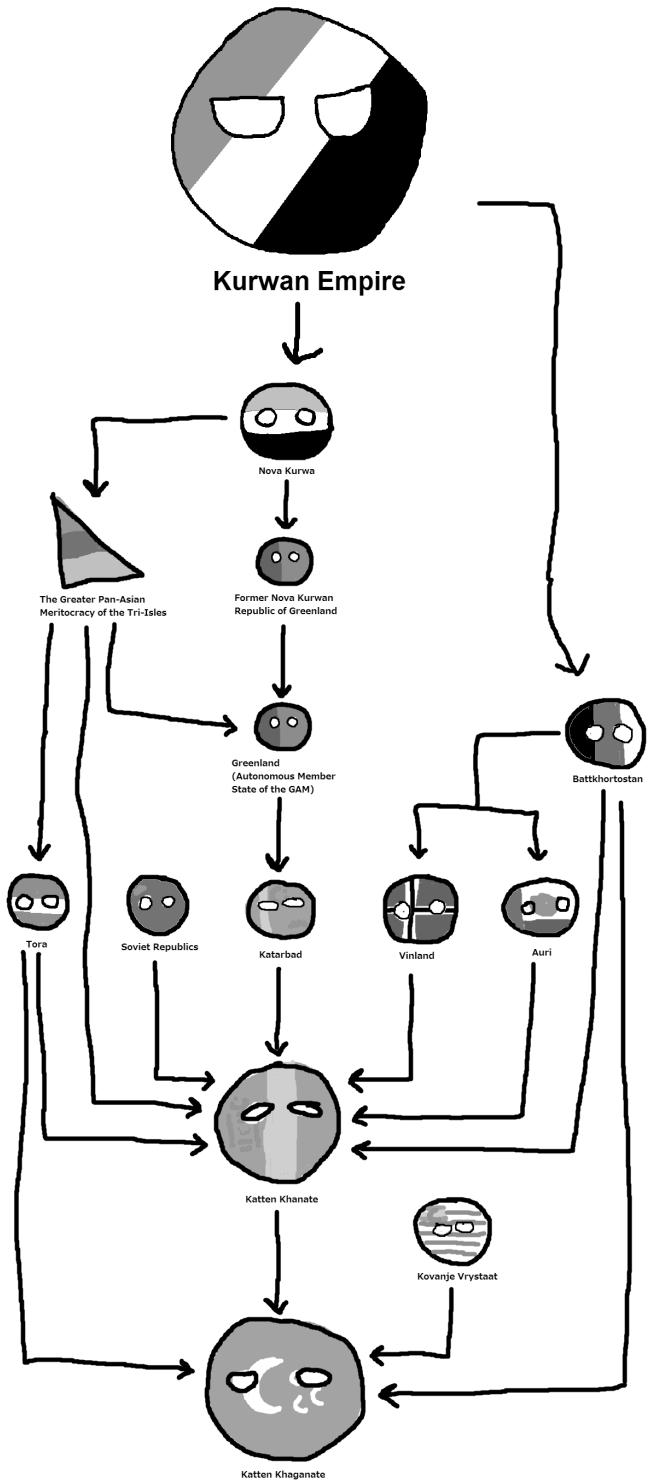


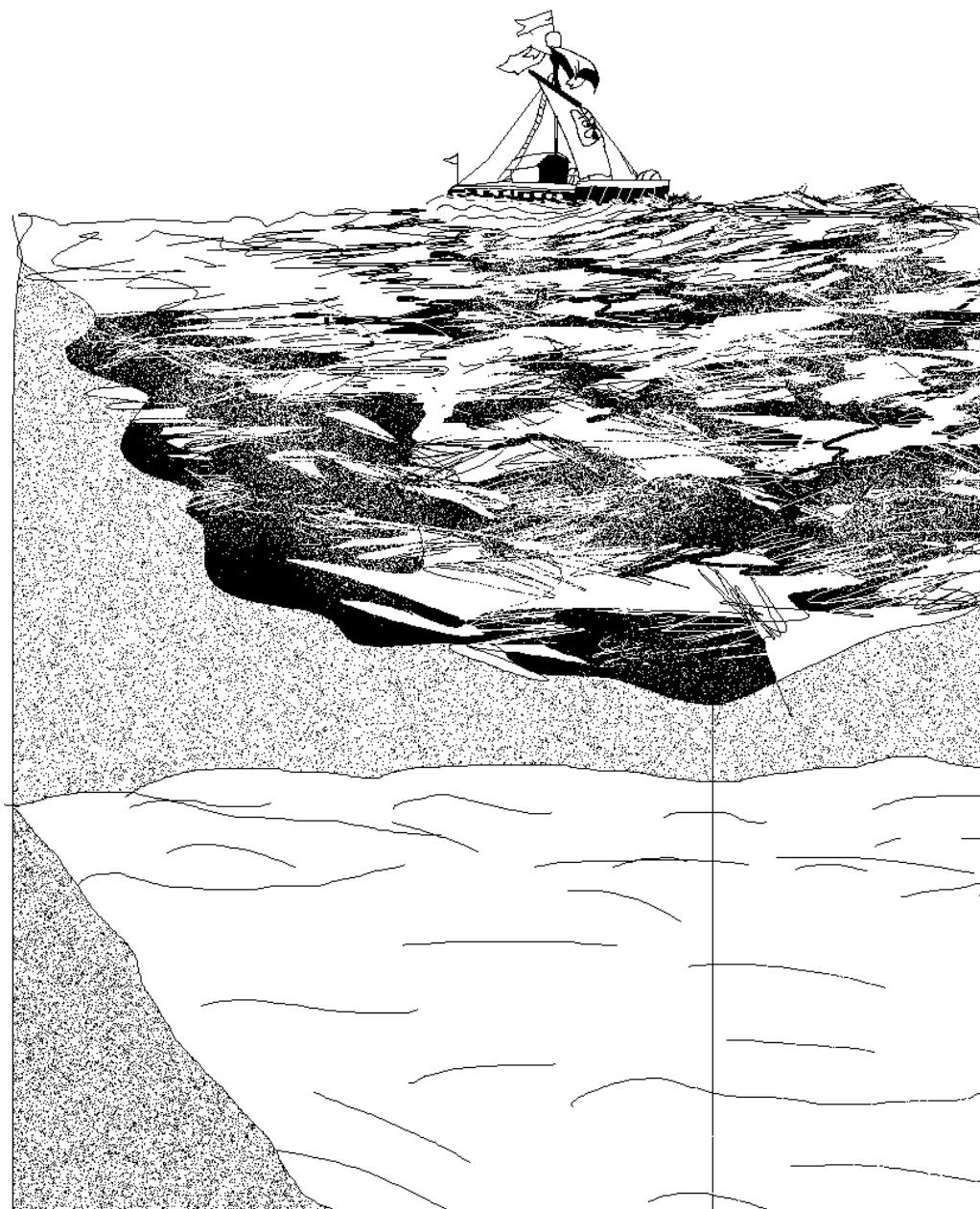
Alpha Nations flag

Battkhortostan immediately joined the organisation, and the Westward Isles, having de facto freed themselves from Breshikan tyranny opted to join as well. Breshik was offered an invitation to the AN, and responded that in order for them to join, they would have to receive veto power and the AN would have to help the Breshikan army recapture the Westward Isles. Kurwa and Battkhortostan thought this was ridiculous and rejected their offer outright. Days later, Breshik declared that it was a high ranking member of the Alpha Nations regardless of the fact that their offer had been flat-out rejected and erected their flag above the Alpha Nations building.

The Kurwan delegation was visibly annoyed with the absurdity of Breshik but was open to negotiation. Battkhortostan, however, had zero tolerance for Breshik and vetoed any attempt of Breshik to join the Alpha Nations from there on out. Breshikan forces invaded the AN building and declared Shakomatic the undisputed King of the server, and war was declared. Sikandar, the only remaining member of the First Battkhortostan Triumvirate, formally declared war on the Kingdom of Breshik on the 13th of September, 2011. Joining alongside Battkhortostan were Kurwa and the Westward Isles, and the largest military coalition in the history of the realm was dispatched to Breshikan cities all around the world. For six days, the war raged on, and for half of those days the coalition sacked Karak Sakor. The tyrant King Shakomatic was deposed, and the entire Breshikan Empire was made into an Alpha Nations protectorate. Breshik was brought to heel, and a new era was beginning.

Continuation of the
chronicles in the next
issues:



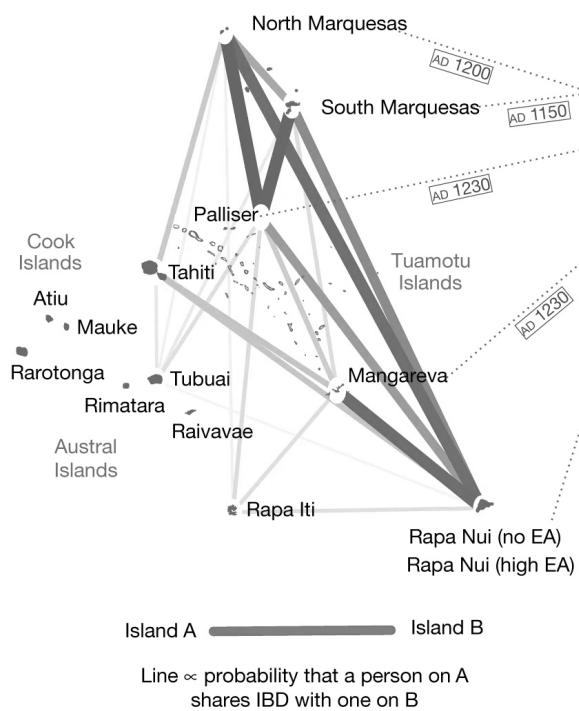
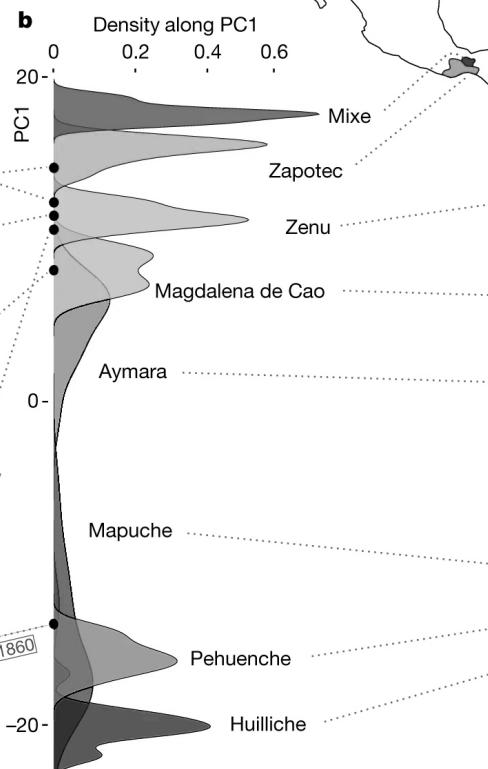


Kon-Tiki: Reexamining Thor Heyerdahl's Transpacific Journey

by Sloveneball



Recently, a paper has been published in *Nature*,^[1] that demonstrates based on genetic evidence what has been long postulated: that there must have been some contact between South America and Polynesia in Precolumbian times. The paper looked at genomes of 807 individuals belonging to 17 Polynesian and 15 American populations to determine not only the degree of admixture, but also estimate geographically where the admixture comes from and when it arrived to Polynesia. The paper found best estimate of admixture date of 1234AD (± 90), as well as later admixture from Chile to Rapa Nui synchronous with European admixture starting around 1800AD across Polynesia. From American native groups sampled, the genetic introgression aligns best with the Zenú, living in Pacific Colombia. The earliest estimated date of contact proposed likely by the paper is around 1150AD on Fatu Hiva in the Marquesas – where, as Thor Heyerdahl noted, oral tradition holds that their ancestors came from the east.

a**b**

As noted, the hypothesis of transpacific contact between Polynesia and South America has been long postulated and thoroughly studied, despite sparse evidence. The most direct clue, is the presence of sweet potato as a crop spread across Polynesia, seemingly predating possible European transmission. In addition to that, the word for the sweet potato in Polynesian languages (**kumara* and variations) is strikingly similar to its name in Quechua, the language of the Inca Empire, *kumar* (as well as more distantly related to Nahuatl *camotli* in Mexico). This points at likely cultural contact, but it is not a concrete proof.



Is it possible to date when this contact must have had occurred, based on linguistic evidence, and compare if the dating does fit genetic evidence? If we look at terms for sweet potato in several languages spoken in Polynesia, we find the following reflexes:

- Fijian: *kumala*
- Gilbertese: *kumara*
- Hawaiian: *‘uala*
- Mangareva: *kūmara*
- Maori: *kūmara*
- Rapa Nui: *kūmara*
- Rarotongan: *kūmara*
- Samoan: *‘umala*
- Tahitian: *‘umara*
- Tongan: *kumala*

There is regularity in reflexes of Proto-Polynesian *k one would expect from development of the languages, not from later loaning from external source. (Variation between /l/ and /r/ is mostly free in Polynesian languages, some preferring the first and others preferring the latter.) Exception here would be Fijian, which is not part of Polynesian proper but is instead a sister language, which means the word there must be loaned from one of the core Polynesian languages. This implies that the acquisition must have already taken place in the Proto-Polynesian stage, understood to have been spoken around Tonga and Samoa, and we know from historiographic evidence that the spread of Polynesians from there has taken place no earlier than 700AD, reaching Hawaii by 1000AD,

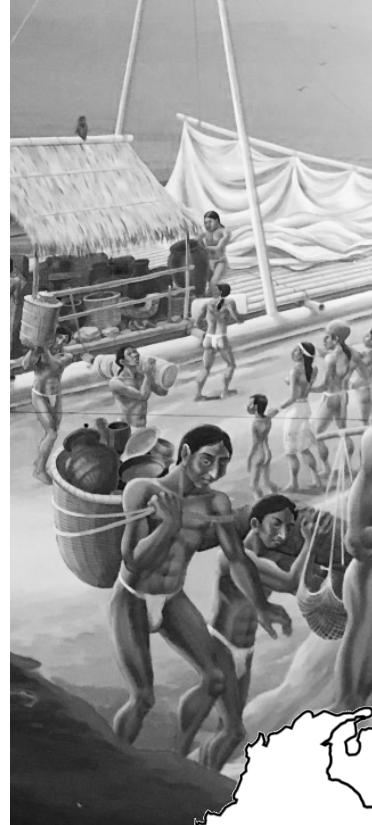
Rapa Nui (Easter Island) by 1200AD, and New Zealand also by 1200AD. There is evidence of some earlier inhabitation of several of those islands, however, common Polynesian culture and language derives from this wave of settlement.

This dating is quite well synchronous with what the genetic clock says – admixture around 1200AD. The spread of Polynesians was already under way when this contact would have occurred, but the contact is early enough that the language is still in the Proto-Polynesian stage, and that the word is introduced also to the more isolated islands – not just Rapa Nui close to South America but also New Zealand.

But we can also try to reach some conclusion based on gathered evidence on where this genetic material must come from. So, who were the Amerindian people that presumably established this trade contact across the Pacific?

Considering close linguistic affiliation with Incas, (aforementioned kumar in Quechua is very close to the loaned word *kumara in Polynesia), genetic clues, as well as sea currents, one should look at the region around Ecuador first and foremost. Here we can find two realms that flourished in this time period:

The Chimú, who were a powerful kingdom centred on Chan-Chan further south in Peru, with a developed bureaucracy, extensive irrigation systems and extensive trade (with Spondylus seashells being the associated luxury item, along with precious metals traded the other way, from mountains inland), that later collapsed and was absorbed by Inca empire.





The Manteños (also called Huancavilca by the Inca), a loose group of chiefdoms centred on Manta, corresponding to large part of Pacific coast of Ecuador, who also traded in Spondylus seashells and remained independent after Inca expansion. Coastal Manteños were mainly fishermen while inland practised agriculture similar to the Chimú. Interestingly, it is said that north of Salango, the coastal Manteños practiced facial tattooing, as do Polynesians... Descendants of Manteños preserved the traditions related to traditional fishing enough that Ecuador could get the locals to larp them back to life for an annual festival.

Neither Chimú nor Manteño language are directly attested, meaning we can have no direct confirmation of word loan source... It is assumed that the two cultures spoke related languages of what linguists call Chimuan language family. Likely descendants of the Chimú language is Mochica, still widely spoken in northern coastal Peru around 1700AD but extinct by 1920AD and poorly attested, and of Manteños, Huancavilca and Manabí, very poorly attested but apparently related to somewhat better known Puruhá and Cañari spoken further inland, of which Cañari might still be surviving into XXIst century in remote mountain communities.

We can conclude that Manteños are perhaps the most likely source of transpacific contact.

In addition, there was another famous seafaring culture further south in Perú: the Chincha. They were firmly under Inca control by mid-XVth century AD, and it is their version of balsa rafts that Thor Heyerdahl imitated when

constructing Kon-Tiki for his journey. But, based on their location and genetic evidence, they were unlikely to be the culture responsible for establishing transpacific contact.

Thor Heyerdahl picked a starting point way further south in Callao, near the location of the Chincha, and even had trouble getting far enough into open sea for more favourable winds and currents at the start. His group supposedly found pre-Columbian artifacts on Galápagos islands, including an Inca flute, but no graves, indicating that fishermen probably ventured far out into the ocean – similar to how Portuguese already fished far into the Atlantic and discovered Azores and Madeira long before planned settlement of the islands. However, the main mistake Thor Heyerdahl made was to naively assume that since the Inca state was an empire, it must have been them who sailed west into Polynesia, and scholars who knew Inca themselves didn't bother with seafaring just disregarded his ideas completely, instead of noting it was more likely some other group, in shadow of the empires further inland in the Andes...

And what does the obtained genetic evidence imply for Thor Heyerdahl's fanciful historiography, of original Hanau epe inhabitants of Rapa Nui, whom Heyerdahl assumed were settlers from South America, that were eventually wiped out by Hanau momoko? Radiocarbon dating gives a late date for first settlement of Rapa Nui, around 1200AD. This is around the same time as introduction of South American genetics into Polynesia, but the earliest found introductions occurred elsewhere, further north, in the Marquesas.



However, there is also a late introduction dated to around 1380AD specific to Rapa Nui. While it would be possible that Manteños or some other seafaring South American culture already lived on Rapa Nui, and this event would mean a hybridisation between Polynesians and the original settlers, it is remarkable that there would be that little hybridisation going on. Therefore, it is much more likely that this represents introduction of genetic material from a sailor who stopped on the island (similar to how a study managed to find genetic evidence of a hidden Eastern European male ancestor on Tristan da Cunha, who left his haplogroup but not his surname on an island, in a time when Russian ships were recorded to be visiting). Similarly, Heyerdahl tried to draw parallels between the Moai statues of Rapa Nui and Carajía sarcophagi in Peru – belonging to the Chachapoyan culture. Chachapoyan location on the wrong side of the Andes mostly discounts the possibility that there was a direct link between the two.

Perhaps it should be noted that there have also been earlier studies giving evidence to transpacific contact in other ways. 7 years ago an attempt was made to do genetic analysis of Polynesian sweet potato, which showed variation consistent with introduction by 1100AD[2] (sweet potato in SE Asia, however, seems to be derived from a separate introduction from Mexico to Philippines by the Spanish, transmitting the Nahuatl word camotli, hispanicised as camote) and 13 years ago a study was published[3] which showed evidence of chicken remains in El Arenal, Chile, dating to 1321-1407AD and showing a Polynesian genetic signature. All those are chronologically consistent with each other.



Nonetheless, regardless of mistakes Thor Heyerdahl made, and his far-fetched assumptions, he has correctly intuited that there was such transpacific contact, and his Kon-Tiki expedition (along with subsequent expeditions, done by both him and other explorers, both in the South Pacific and in other regions) has successfully demonstrated that even with very primitive seafaring technology, an experienced navigator would be capable of sailing across oceans.

Citation:

- [1] Alexander G. Ioannidis, Javier Blanco-Portillo, Karla Sandoval et al. Native American gene flow into Polynesia predating Easter Island settlement. *Nature* 583, 572–577 (2020).

<https://doi.org/10.1038/s41586-020-2487-2>

Additional reading:

- [2] Caroline Roullier, Laure Benoit, Doyle B. McKey, and Vincent Lebot. Historical collections reveal patterns of diffusion of sweet potato in Oceania obscured by modern plant movements and recombination. *PNAS* 110 (6), 2205–2210 (2013).

<https://doi.org/10.1073/pnas.1211049110>

- [3] Alice A. Storey, José Miguel Ramírez, Daniel Quiroz et al. Radiocarbon and DNA evidence for a pre-Columbian introduction of Polynesian chickens to Chile. *PNAS* 104 (25), 10335–10339 (2007).

<https://doi.org/10.1073/pnas.0703993104>

Among the Ruins

by Poleball

*This masonry is wondrous; fates broke it
courtyard pavements were smashed; the work of giants is decaying.
Roofs are fallen, ruinous towers,
the frosty gate with frost on cement is ravaged,
chipped roofs are torn, fallen,
undermined by old age. The grasp of the earth possesses
the mighty builders, perished and fallen,
the hard grasp of earth, until a hundred generations
of people have departed. Often this wall,
lichen-grey and stained with red, experienced one reign after another,
remained standing under storms; the high wide gate has collapsed.
Still the masonry endures in winds cut down*

A mix of awe and melancholy over abandoned dwellings of the giants, this is how some unknown anglo-saxon poet felt about roman ruins somewhere in Britain. This is such a persistent motif in Western European thought and art, that it is superfluous to claim that those ruins, in literal and metaphorical ways, formed a foundation of this civilization. The idea of ruin conservation is an original Western development, broken stones of a forum standing on the prime estate in the middle of capital city are a strange anomaly unknown to other civilisations. This article will try to trace, in general strokes, the evolution of the Western relation to the monuments of the past till the Enlightenment. Next issue will contain second part with post-Enlightenment developments that lead us where we are today.

Remains of extinct civilisations, before they became tourist destinations, used to inspire mostly fear. Babylonians believed that mysterious gods of those ancient people surely were angry that mortals abandoned their temples, nothing good could await one in those places. In a wider sense the ruins were monuments to vanity and fragility of human life in the face of history, a reminder that even the greatest of people will perish one day. This is why hyperboles on the size of the observed ruins were a common - Xenophon while seeing ruins of Nineveh estimated the size of the city to be two times bigger than in reality. Cyclopean, giant, those are often adjectives used to describe places like Mykene.

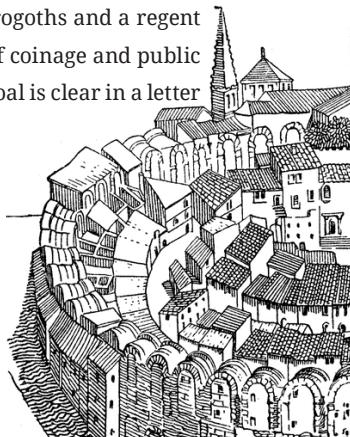
When it came to ruined building belonging to own ancestors it was the place that was revered rather than a man-made buildings. This outlook is mirrored in Christianity where the buildings of the churches itself aren't sacred, (unlike the stones of the mosques which can't be secularised with a simple ritual). When Persians pillaged the temples on the Acropolis of Athens, citizens decided against rebuilding, preferring to keep a physical reminder of Persian barbarism. Very soon the decision was overtured and on the orders of Pericles the Parthenon was erected. Romans didn't even have a name for restoration, by renovation they meant constructing new building on the place of the damaged one. This would be true for any other pre-modern civilisation in any place of the world whether we look at Egypt or Asia. Uncovered foundations form mazes of superposed generations.

Something ends

Trying to talk about how the ruins affected the Western man one has to start with the fall of Rome - since all the roads lead there so the opposite should be true too. We still can't agree when exactly it fell and whether it isn't still alive, but for all intent and purpose let's navigate to the VIth century Rome(s) because this is when the Mediterranean world broke apart; Eakt, Wekt, and Souf start to emerge and diverge.

New Rome, Constantinople, was a giant open-air museum with obelisks brought from Egypt, hardware from pagan temples, and classic sculptures populating its landmarks. Wondrous objects of uncommon craftsmanship that communicated a sense of continuity with the glorious pagan ancestors of the Byzantines. Serpent Column of Delphi on the Hippodrome witnessed even the circumcisions of young Ottoman Sultans. Had the fate of Eastern Roman nation be different, our relation to greco-roman past could have been very different too. But let's return to the VIth century, move on to Italy.

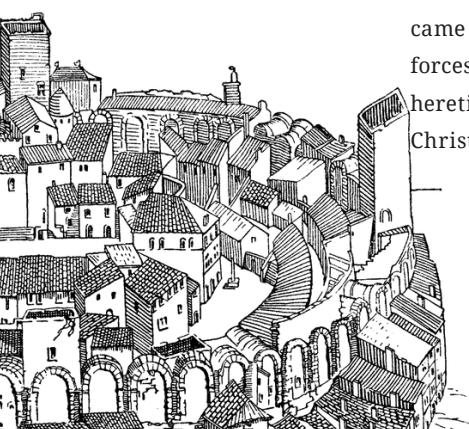
Old Rome, ravaged by calamities was in a different situation than proud and rich Queen of the Cities. During the transition from late Antiquity to Middle-Ages, ambitious rulers tried to prop up their legitimacy through references to the Roman glory. Theodoric the Great, king of Ostrogoths and a regent of Visigoths did it through the means of coinage and public works on the damaged buildings. His goal is clear in a letter to Agapitus, a prefect of Rome:



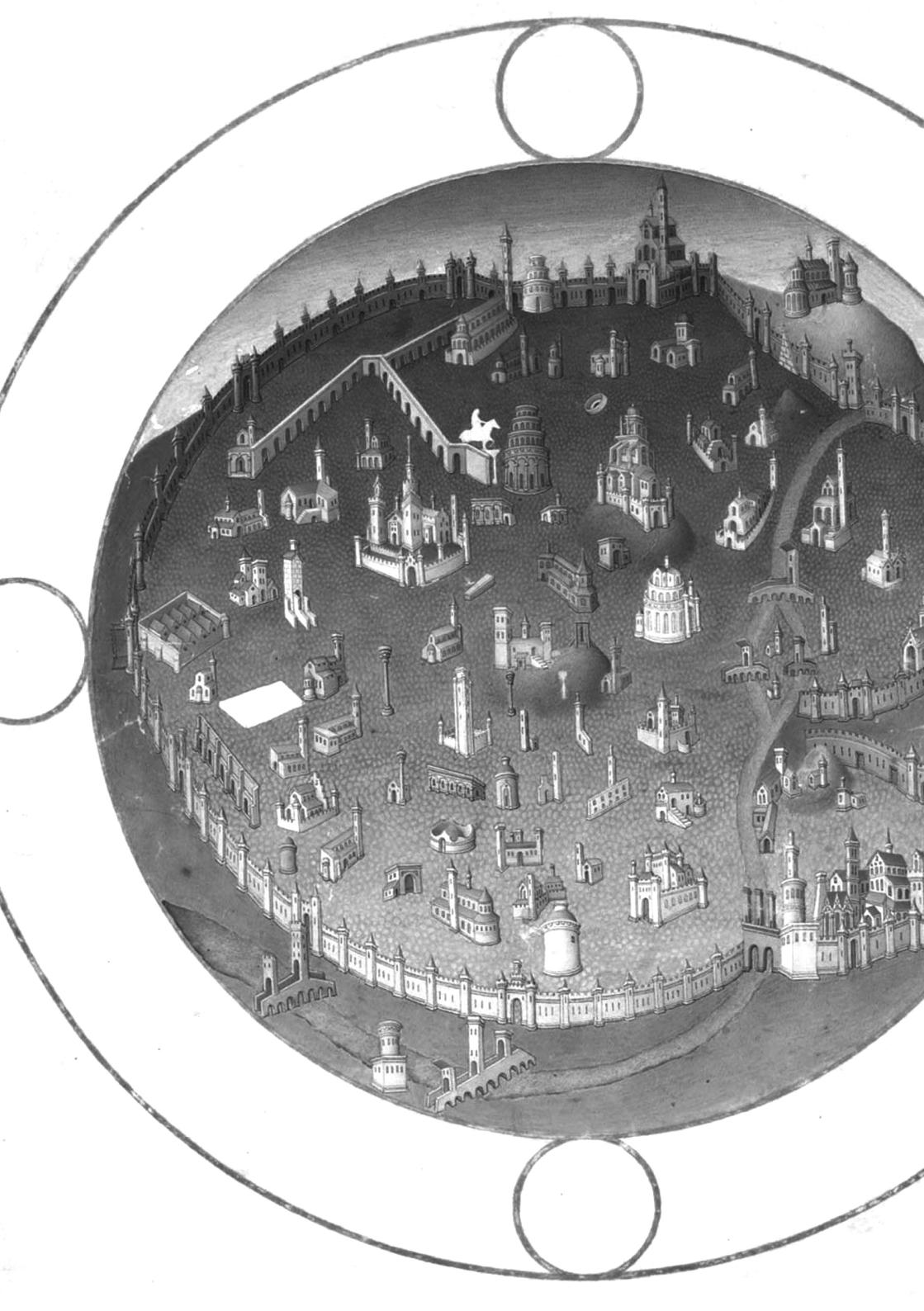
*I am going to build a great Basilica of Hercules at Ravenna,
for I wish my age to match preceding ones in the beauty of
its buildings [1]*

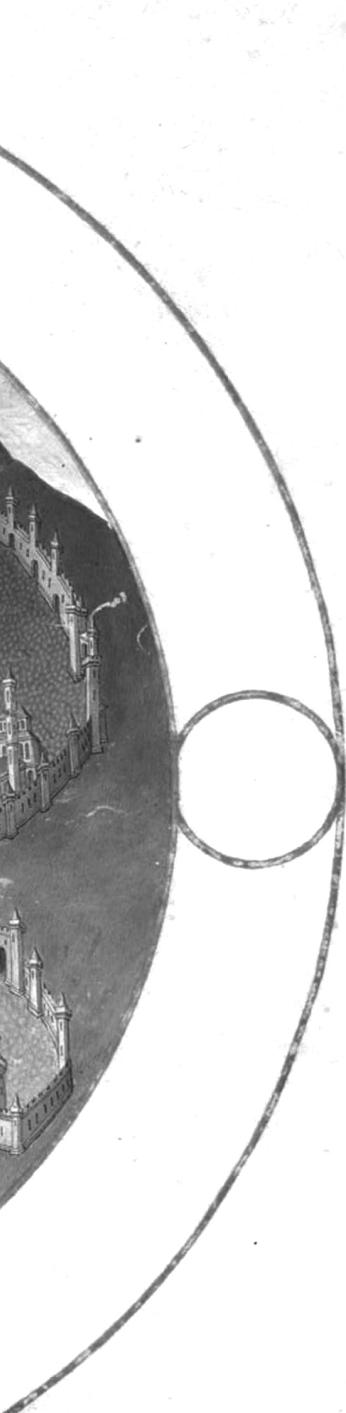
Theodoric wanted to be seen as the greatest emperors, a bringer of stability and a renovator of the realm, the budget of which unfortunately didn't allow that. His buildings in the capital, Ravenna, are impressive but small in scale compared to lavish imperial roman investments. For his ambitious projects, he needed a source of material and it was found in the defunct and abandoned structures. For us, this would be seen vandalism, but for his contemporaries recycling of this sort was as good as raising new ones with stone straight from a quarry, and way cheaper! Many cities had their walls repaired, Ravenna's aqueduct returned to use, imperial splendor of the palace of Domitian was restored, games held in Colosseum. Some thought everything is returning to normal, but it was a swan song, the last major maintenance work of the Antiquity, effort of the great king, called "New Trajan" in panegyrics, was soon to be undone.

Gothic wars and subsequent chaos rendered preservation even of the vital infrastructure impossible; aqueducts fell apart, cities contracted, even more, roman buildings became a source of material for defensive walls, or like amphitheaters in Tuscany or Provence - became walls. As a cope, aided by St Augustine's writings, roman ruins came to represent the supremacy of the Christianity and forces of history over the proud and arrogant pagan and heretic (Theodoric was an Arian) realms; empires fall but Christians march on towards salvation.



Among the Ruins





Late Middle Ages

The departure from this thinking was initiated by Petrarch, a poet, a translator, and a hoarder of manuscripts, who discovered and spread the letters of Cicero in Veronese cathedral library, giving contemporaries a glimpse to the complex roman politics and elegant language of the orators.

The medieval city of Rome was tiny compared to the ancient one, with the population squeezed around the Tiber and Lateran on the opposite side. The walls of Aurelian encompassed vast expanse of ruins with stumps of contemporary towers crowning ancient Roman arches. Between those ruins, wealthy roman nobles would dress in fancy clothes and enact scenes from popular myths, like a story of George and the Dragon. Petrarch visited Rome in 1337, in a letter to a friend he recounts his experience, during the strolls among the ruins he describes his mind's attempts to reconstruct the ancient city, to populate scarred topology with characters and places he knew from the ancient literature:

We would wander not only in the city itself but around it, and at each step there was present something which would excite our tongue and mind: here was the palace of Evander, there the shrine of Carmentis, here the cave of Cacus (...)

However exciting it was for imagination, the ultimate image left was that of depressing ruination:

(...) And as in our travels through the remains of a broken city, there too, as we sat, the remnants of the ruins lay before our eyes (...) [2]

At this point it was obvious, in Petrarch's eyes, that the millenarian frenzy of the previous centuries was absurd: the Apocalypse wasn't going to happen any moment now - it has already happened and he lived in grim post-apocalyptic reality, separated from the glorious times of Ovid and Cicero by terrible dark ages. Petrarch's calls for the protection of what survived didn't meet with any concrete response, a few years later Europe got hit by the Black Death, turning Petrarch's post-apocalypse into a post-post-apocalypse. Nonetheless more and more Italians became interested in the lost world; intellectuals departed into a quest for ancient manuscripts, artists began drawing sketches of the collapsing structures trying to study them and preserve at least on the paper. Meanwhile, the ancient artifacts became a sought-after good which resulted in the plundering and destruction of many.



The body of the architecture

Thirst for knowledge was great but manuscripts weren't the only sources of the knowledge at hand- architects were trying to systematize what they knew and add to it by measurements and observations of the ruins. Leon Battista Alberti proceeded to write ambitious work called *De re aedificatoria* (about the Art of building) with a lot of practical information on maintenance, describing techniques for reinforcing overall structures by thickening the walls, removal of vegetation and so on. Careless repairs and destruction of buildings that could be saved, angered him:

I call Heaven to Witness, that I am often filled with the highest Indignation when I see Buildings demolished and going to Ruin by the Carelessness, not to say abominable Avarice of the Owners, Buildings whose Majesty has saved them from the Fury of the most barbarous and enraged Enemies, and which Time himself, that perverse and obstinate Destroyer, seems to have destined to Eternity.[3]

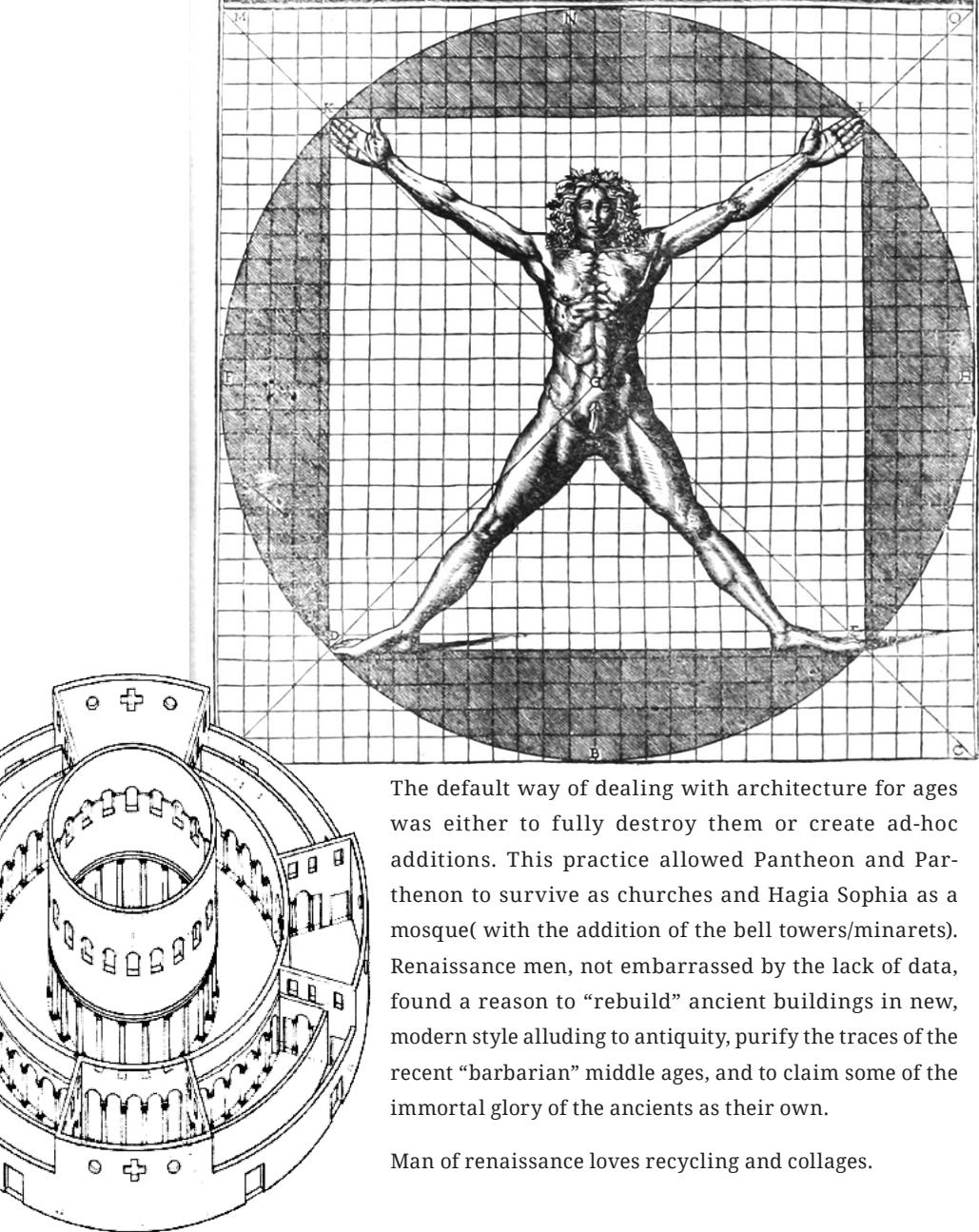


At the time of his life lots of roman structures were still salvageable. As a systemic solution to the problem Alberti suggested centralised state organs, Such organisations existed in Rome since 1425, but Alberti deemed them not sufficient in scope, reminding that Ceasar employed even 460 people for this task.

Common among the humanist were the metaphors of human body and architects liked to see themselves as the doctors of the buildings. The doctor should know the biology of the creature he tries to help, what were then the traits of ideal ancient architecture?

For everyone, it meant something different. For Alberti, who was interested in the structural problems, the architecture had to be modest and functional, a reaction non doubt to the ornamentation of the gothic. For others with a less practical mind, it meant fantastic figures and architecture impossible yet to achieve with the modern means. Fantastic buildings, creatures, lavish clothes and standards, epigraphic inscriptions in foreign languages populate the Hypnerotomachia Poliphilus, a book attributed to Francesco Colonna, a catalog of sort of a renaissance erudite and esotericist. This is when a tradition of enlisting antiquity to justify your tastes started to crystalize.

Newly discovered works of Vitruvius, *De architectura, libri decem*, helped to add some meat to those intellectual bones. Based on his writings plans of the ideal buildings and cities were conceived and elaborated. An early example of what we could call the architecture reconstruction, epitomizing the approach of the time, was the case of San Stefano Rotondo, an ancient church that with some modifications survived up to the XVth century. Its roof collapsed and work had to be done to bring the building back to life. Through a decision of the architect Xth century additions such as external colonnade were demolished to unveil the late roman rotunda, then new walls had been erected covering the interior. Destruction of the beautiful medieval colonnade was bemoaned by some and the end result wasn't in any way similar to the Roman rotund. Removal of medieval additions was but an excuse to rebuild the whole structure in a contemporary style.



The default way of dealing with architecture for ages was either to fully destroy them or create ad-hoc additions. This practice allowed Pantheon and Parthenon to survive as churches and Hagia Sophia as a mosque(with the addition of the bell towers/minarets). Renaissance men, not embarrassed by the lack of data, found a reason to “rebuild” ancient buildings in new, modern style alluding to antiquity, purify the traces of the recent “barbarian” middle ages, and to claim some of the immortal glory of the ancients as their own.

Man of renaissance loves recycling and collages.





Ships of Theseus

Ancient Athenians were said to preserve a ship of Theseus, replacing old planks with new ones to keep it from rotting away. Philosophers pondered whether it remained the same ship once all planks were replaced. For renaissance Italians the question wasn't whether the object remains authentic, but how to reconstruct it in most "ideal" way. New generations of the antiquities hoarders hired sculptors like Lorenzetto to "complete" the broken masterpieces.

Adding new marble limbs and heads has become a basis of artistic education and proof for artistic prowess of the young sculptors. Liberties were taken, often a marble head of a cardinal would end up on the neck of a greek hero. One can wonder if there were any fragmented sculpture that gave "birth" to several separate renaissance "restorations".

The missing right arm of the central and eponymous figure in the Laocoon group became an object of intensive debate between artists and scholars around 1510. A competition was organized by the pope's architect, Bramante, for a design of the finest replacement. It was won by a project of an outstretched arm, choice contrary to the expertise of Michelangelo who postulated for a different version*. People of the renaissance didn't feel constrained to improve ancient works how they saw it fit.

* He turned out to be right, as attested by the missing arm discovered in XX century



Among the Ruins

Not only antiquities were treated in this way, across Italy, Spain and France similar contemporary paintings of the lesser painters were cut, framed and arranged into new compositions.

While ruins were a source of pride for locals and a source of envy for the travelers from the North not much was done to preserve them: Romans protested against the demolition of parts of the Colosseum but had nothing against keeping cattle and manure for saltpeter production in the amphitheater. We must not judge them harshly, for there were some attempts at protection of epigraphic monuments like the stelae and inscriptions. A position of a Prefect of Marbles was created and given to Raphael, his mission was first and foremost search for the marbles for St Peter's Basilica's new facade, but also a protection of the carved stones from destruction. A 1515 brief stated:

Furthermore, being informed of marbles and stones, with carved writings or memorials that often contain some excellent information, the preservation of which would be important for the cultivation of literature and the elegance of Roman language, and that stone carvers are using them as material and cutting them inconsiderately so that the memorials are destroyed, I order all those who practice marble cutting in Rome not to dare without your order or permit to cut or to sever any inscribed stone [4]

Ultimately pragmatism always triumphed - when the Turkish threat became real, walls had to be erected (this is how Hadrian's mausoleum became St. Angel's Castle as we know it),



weapons had to be produced - the Pantheon's bronzes were melted down only for the material to turn out as contaminated and not suitable for the production of cannons. Pope Urban VII, of the Barberini family, under whom this blunder was committed, was ridiculed by the commoners with a dictum:

What didn't do the barbarians, Barberini managed better

Antiquities, recycled, assimilated, and domesticated ceased to belong to the Other - after uncovering them from under medieval additions, hungry renaissance swallowed them again and covered with their own production.

What proved to be a lasting influence was the creation of the two visions of the Antiquity:

- clean and modest, monumental, practical, based on proportions and harmonies vision of Alberti and others who sought to find there some kind of rational order,

- busy, chaotic, eclectic, psychedelic even antiquity of Colonna, of people who hoped that through meanders and mazes, among the symbols and secret words they will uncover for themselves the mysteries of Eleusis.

Those two outlooks would evolve further in the XVIII century, with the advent of Enlightenment and the discovery of Pompeii, bringing us to the Conservation vs Renovation conflict. Antiquity was emanating from Italy to germanic Europe but on this, we will be speaking in the next issue.

Sources for the quotes:

[1] Cassiodorus, Variae translated by Thomas Hodgkin
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[2] Petrarch, Epistolae familiares, To Giovanni Colonna
of the Order of Preachers, that one should not love sects
but the truth, and concerning the famous places of the
city of Rome

[3 Alberti, Leon Battista, L'Architettura (De re aedificatoria), Edizioni il Polifilo, 869f, Milano 1966.

[4.] V. Golzio, Raffaello nei documenti nelle testimonianze dei contemporanei e nella letteratura del suo secolo,
38f , Vatican 1936

Sources:

Jukka Jokilehto , A history of architectural conservation
(downloadable in /make/ thread)

FAQ

How can I contribute?

You can write an article, a poem, make pictures or submit something else creative.

Where can I submit something?

Current thread, email or discord.

When is the next deadline?

Generally every two-three weeks, depending on teh amount of content. For exact dates see the thread or contact us

Do I choose the pictures for my articles?

You can choose/make them yourself if you wish to, otherwise someone else can decide for you.

Is there a length limit?

Generally we try to keep articles between 700-3.000 words. If necessary or justified by interesting form or content, exceptions are possible.

What topics are suitable?

Alle, since any topic is KC-tier with the right approach.

How do I know if my text is good enough?

As a rough measure see the already existing texts. Some are for assburgers, other are less serious.

What needs to be present is at least an attempt to bring some structure into your text, since we dont want a zine made out of random thrash.

We are not grammar nazis, runglish, weird stylistic choices and grammar abuse are fine, as long as you reread your text and try to be understandable.

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/make/