

Beyond Eichmann beyond the fringe behind the fridge

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Introduction

Peter Cook and Dudley Moore examined the world.



Framework

Nations

Population

Nation states. Individuals within Nations.

Questions

1. How good is humor?

Initial Conditions

Groups, Nations, Order, Schemas, Patterns, Certainty.

Self reference

All my models so far.

Initial Thoughts

Critical thinking no longer exists.

Script – Beyond Eichmann beyond the fringe behind the fridge

Pete and Dud at their regular catch-up at the bar. Pete is slightly more articulate than Dud but Dud tends to ask the more interesting questions. Both are insightful and educated far beyond what their simple demeanor might suggest.

Equality

Scene 1 in the bar

PETE: Cheers Dud, nothing like a good cup of tea (*raising his glass*)

DUD: Funny you should say that Pete, because a beer is nothing like a good cup of tea.

PETE: Funny thing I heard the other day, Dud, someone had discovered - equality.

DUD: When you say discovered it like do you mean they found it lying around somewhere or did they do some kind of scientific experiments. Like did they poke someone or something?

PETE: You mean like some kind of fire? No Dud it wasn't really like that it was like some thinking people did at universities.

DUD: A bit like what we do here at the pub, Pete?

PETE: Well a lot like what do here at the Pub actually Dud and if they are in Canberra they could have also been legally smoking Marijuana?

DUD: Marijuana?

PETE: Yes - Hash, Pot, Cannabis, Mary Jane ..

DUD: I went to school with a girl called Mary-Jane she had the most beautiful big ...

PETE: Funny you should say that Dud ..

DUD: Eyes.

PETE: Because the same people who did this thinking about equality...

DUD: Like we do here at the Pub ..

PETE: Yes like we do here...

DUD: While smoking Marihijuan, marijd .. *(takes a sip of beer to avoid completing the word)*

PETE: *(plays with the idea of letting Dud try to complete the word)* Yes like... – so the point being, Dud that not only have they discovered that there is thing called equality, but as it turns out, Mary-Jane, who you went to school with, may no longer be a, well - how do you say it -- a girl!

DUD: Does she know?

PETE: She may not.

DUD: So has the government done some kind of clandestine operation on her? *(sounding alarmed)* I mean did they come in the night and creep into people's rooms and have done some kind invasive procedure on her *(He says this as he glances down to his own groin to see if anything has changed).*

(pause for laughter and double take)

PETE: It is far cleverer than that Dud. What they have done is said that equality exists between humans who are different ..

DUD: Like Boys and Girls ..

PETE: Yes – but then there is no such thing as boys and girls!

(Long pause)

DUD: So ... therefore - equality no longer exists? *(He says quizzically)*

PETE: I think we fail to see the nobility and insightful genius which only the truly great can appreciate, Dud. What they have done is say equality is the problem and **that** particular concept relied on humans being different - so they have declared that all humans are the same. It's a marvelously elegant solution.

DUD: And special, and different and equal.

PETE: Yes, all at the same time.

DUD: So... what was the problem they were trying to address?

PETE: Whose turn it was to go to Bar and get the drugs I suppose.

Spiders

(They both take a drink) **Scene 2 continues in the Bar**

DUD: It is funny you should say that Pete because I heard something very funny the other day.

PETE: Like funny in humorous way or funny strange in a creepy way?

DUD: Well creepy I think..

PETE: Like spiders – like those big black long legged spiders?

DUD: More like a Trapdoor spider, I think.

PETE: So like some kind of creepy, trap like, hairy, dangerous, hidden creature awaiting to catch humans in the dark?

DUD: Exactly – So there was this person who asked a question.

PETE: Well I can see how that would be funny in a creepy way – imagine if everyone went around asking questions. The world would be in a right mess, Dud. People would be asking questions, no real work would be done ...

DUD: You mean like that thinking that those people did when they discovered equality?

PETE: Exactly Dud! How can people think if they are too busy asking questions?

(long pause – reflective sips on their beers)

DUD: No that wasn't my point Pete *(shaking his head and trying to gather his thoughts)* – my point was she asked a question – she asked ..

PETE: Was it Mary-Jane?

DUD: No it wasn't Mary-Jane unless she had some kind of person changing operation... which I suppose might have happened in the night no I'm pretty sure it wasn't her..

PETE: How do you know they were a she?

DUD: Good point Pete – I stand corrected – I wasn't sure either way whether she was a girl or a boy ..

PETE: Maybe they were some kind of other sentient creature?

DUD: Sentient? What Like a parrot?

PETE: Well Dud, parrots may or not be sentient but they can certainly ask questions - can't they – so was she .. he/she – this creature who was most likely not Mary-Jane – unless she .. she/he had an operation ... a parrot?

(Long Pause)

DUD: So something funny happened the other day Pete *(then rushing on quickly before Pete can interrupt)* A QUESTION WAS ASKED.

PETE: And what was the question?

DUD: Why did that human kill that other human?

PETE: Is that it?

DUD: Yes.

PETE: *(slightly annoyed)* You said it was creepy and then you go and tell me that a question was asked – where exactly are the spiders Dud, I was expecting a swarm of trap door spiders or maybe a collection of tarantulas beyond even what Friedrich Nietzsche had described.

DUD: Funny you say that Pete – maybe they were tarantulas – because all of a sudden – in a creepy kind of funny tarantula way they jumped out.

PETE: Like spiders?

DUD: Just like spiders, with big hairy legs, huge eyes, scary countenances, vigor, vim, outrage, self righteousness, **loud** voices, long sharp .. *(makes face with two fingers used as long fangs)*

PETE: As **loud** as a parrot?

DUD: Sentient parrot or un-sentient parrot Pete?

PETE: Well I I'm not sure how you differentiate parrots:– there are the ones that can walk – obviously – and the ones that can fly .. and

DUD: What - laden or unladen?

Pete: What?

DUD: Well - are they laden down with things – carrying the weight of a big bag filled with things like stones, guilt, incompetence, ignorance, virtue and stolen goods while they are flying - or unladen? - or for that matter if they are loudly **walking** in a sentient manner, I suppose, as well – and making loud noises while they walk with their tiny little claws ...? *(fades into muttering waiting for Pete to pick up the next line – which Pete refuses to do thus leaving Dud trapped in his mindless rant. They look at each other)*

PETE: *(getting on with it)* These creepy spiders jumped out did they?

DUD: Yes and then they kept jumping up and down on the creature who was not Mary-Jane ---- as far as I can tell. It was creepy. Then they all went back to their senate chambers held a vigil and the media, BBC, ABC all piled on. All these other creepy creatures all came out and jumped and jumped ... and jumped – it was horrible Pete – horrible. *(Dud with his trademark screwed up horrible destitute face)*

Lives Matter

(long pause) **Scene 3 – Pub continues**

PETE: Its funny you should say that Dud. *(pause for laughter – sly look at audience)* Because just the other day something very strange happened to me. I was walking down the street after we had had our few drinks , like we always do, and low and behold – a famous female celebrity was there right in front me - in my face and talking to me. She was in a voluptuously fabulous and quite revealing negligee with ...

DUD: Was it Pink?

PETE: Pinkish with a hint of tartan.

(pause)

DUD: Like a Scottish tartan – like Campbell or McGregor?

PETE: No it was Irish. She said to me “Black Lives Matter”

DUD:*(pause)* Was there any hint of Mary-Jane in the air?

PETE: None noticeable but I could smell some smugness. She kept on and on .. and on until I responded.

DUD: What do you say Pete – whilst the smell of smugness wafted through your enhanced and sensitive nostrils?

PETE: Well I said the only thing I could say, although I was obviously distracted by the mob shouting...

DUD: And the Negligee

PETE: .. and the negligee ..

DUD: And The Irish tartan.

PETE: And the what seemed to me to be an ever vanishingly small amount of tartan anywhere at all, or for that matter, the negligee..

DUD: You said it was a voluptuously fabulous negligee - ... so was it laden or unladen?

PETE: Far more authentically laden than any false negligee would ever be ... so I said they only thing that came to mind and said “equally”. Just like that it popped out as if I had been trained to do it - “equally’ I said.

DUD: Like what those busy people who think, discovered?

PETE: *(Nodding)* So I just repeated it – a bit parrot-like I must admit. I was stunned. I'm not sure how I looked or where my eyes were looking.

DUD: I'm pretty sure I know where your eyes were looking Pete - What happened next?

PETE: The celebrity took what was left of her tartan negligee off and, with a mob of others, chased me down the street.

DUD: Down the street?

PETE: Yes Fleet street, - all the reporters came out and took photographs and wrote notes - All the time the mob shouting "bigot", "bigot", "Bigot" – they shouted – a good thing I was fleet of foot and I managed to make it safely home. It was horrible, horrible. *(Dud does his horrible face as well to show his support)*

DUD: *(hesitates)* I know what I would have been taking photographs of, Pete. *(Stifles laughter)*

The Science of Sheep

(long pause) **Scene 4 – Pub continues**

DUD: Its funny you should say that Pete because something very strange happened the other day.

PETE: To you?

DUD: No to a friend of *mind*. *(A slip of the tongue - pause)*

PETE: Of *Mind*?

DUD: Well yes we are similar in mind obviously but - he was a friend of MINE and we..

PETE: How do you he was a he?

DUD: *(avoiding the rabbit hole)* We were talking about his farm.

PETE: What is the name of this farmer?

DUD: Graham – Graham Chapman.

PETE: Well that's a rather unusual name Dud .. Graham Graham Chapman – His first name and his/her middle name are the same? It must be difficult to know by which name you are addressing this person – You would have to check to see if was alright if you used their first name or the middle name or both their names together – if that wasn't being too familiar. I suppose as you were good friends with this farmer you could simply address him in a quite familiar yet friendly greeting as "Hello Graham" or "Hail Graham Graham good fellow/person/human well met" rather than "Hello Graham Graham Chapman"

DUD: Well as it turns out he prefers to be called McDonald.

PETE: As in Old McDonald has a farm?

DUD: No more like the tartan of the old Irish clan, the MickDonalds.

PETE: pink and see thru?

DUD: In a fashion. So Macdonald said to me - I have sheep who are convinced they can fly.

PETE: Like laden parrots?

DUD: No unladen without any requirement of science or mathematics or even what we might call "logic" as it turns out – you see they have been told that they have the gift of science and they are entitled to go forth and discover things and so they have chosen **bovine aviation** as their main discovery.

(NOTE: using Bovine here stresses the dullness, stupidity meaning – not just the class of animal)

PETE: I think if they were sheep, Dud, then the correct term would be **Ovine** aviation. Bovine is for cattle, Ovine for sheep, Equine for horses and Porcine for Pigs.

DUD: I think that will fly. *(resolving to use ovine – wait for audience to get joke or not)*

PETE: Who told them this – were they scientists as well?

DUD: Well it seems a bunch of ewes got together and decided as oppressed sheep that they deserved the right to discover things.

PETE: I assure you Dud – I was no-where near this discussion – if anything I was at the pub talking with you – or running down Fleet street - and I want to *Ram* this home – I am pretty sure we were here drinking at the time.

DUD: Not you, Pete – ewes – as in female sheep. Not you as in youse.

PETE: *(Pensive)* Unless of course that government agency had determined equality and had done an operation in the night *(glancing down at his own pants)* with secret police and judges and magistrates all overseeing the operation with secret lawyers ..

DUD: And secret policemen's balls!

PETE: *(pause)* Well yes obviously they would have had to hold a fund raiser of sorts to gather all the money together from the public to fund the enormous undertaking of not only the quite expensive and invasive gender alignment interventions and the obvious physical and psychological RAMifications on all the sheep as a consequence ..

DUD: And the rest of the farm animals. Because as it turns out Pete – as my friend farmer McDonald -- Irish tartan farmer friend -- was telling me, these sheep climb up these trees and then they jump off

proclaiming loudly in an hysterical and smugly self-satisfied manner – “I feel I can fly” – then they fling themselves out and land on all the farm animals below.

PETE: So - do they fly and then just land - hard – I mean are they actually flying, Dud, and just have not mastered the art of landing in a safe a secure manner – of the type that we expect of the most elegant birds or intelligently designed aircrafts of modern humanity. Have they mixed up the problem of flying – which is a relatively simple thing to do – with the problem of landing safely without killing yourself or anyone else?

DUD: (*intrigued*) I think that’s the point Pete – maybe they are actually flying because they **feel it very strongly** but it is just the landing which needs more work. Because many of the other farm *aminals* are of course being squashed, mangled and jumped on by these “flying” ewes. (*Dud sips on beer waiting for Pete to pick up conversation*)

PETE: (*pause – wait for audience to notice the slip of the tongue*) Have another beer, Dud, and then explain to me who these new farm creatures- the *Aminals* – are. I mean - are they slightly twisted ANIMALS with their balls being extracted by secret policemen in the dead of night – when only the spiders come out to...

DUD: And parrots.

PETE: Well that’s just it Dud - do parrots especially fly at night? Are there birds that fly at night – because, as they navigate using the earth’s magnetic field, there is no night and day to them – they just take off- whenever they like and fly ..

DUD: And land safely.

PETE: Well obviously they land safely otherwise they would kill, main, destroy and otherwise ruin everything. Imagine if all the birds did not land safely Dud – the world would be in a right old mess.

(*thoughtful pause and drink*)

Evil

(*long pause*) **Scene 5 – Pub continues**

PETE: You telling me that story, Dud, has reminded me of a very disturbing conversation I was having then other day.

DUD: Not with me then?

PETE: As disturbing, enlightening and sometimes vaguely nonsensical as our conversations can sometimes be, Dud – I assure this was even far more interestingly disturbing than that. (*Playing with the actor’s fourth wall*) ... **HITLER!**

DUD: You were having a conversation with Adolph Hitler???

PETE: No of course not Dud – He’s dead. *(pause)*

(Continuing) But I was talking to someone who used to work for him.

DUD: Like in a job?

PETE: Yes – as it turns out – Hitler employed all these people to work for him – he gave them jobs – he defined their functions and they in turn defined all the functions and then they hired like MINDED people ..

DUD: Like *minds* or *friends of mine* Pete?

PETE: What do you mean Dud?

DUD: Well were all these people who were hired by Hitler and then they hired other people and so on – did they have the same *kind of minds* or *were they friends* like my farmer friend, McDonald – the innovative, progressive, Irish tartan derived, farmer?

PETE: Let us make no mistake Dud – the German’s knew very well how to fly and without them there would have been no rockets to the moon. These functionaries Dud, all worked for Hitler and Hitler was ..

DUD: *(Chimes in with his face)* Horrible *(holds pose - then repeats)* Horrible.

PETE: Well Dud that’s just the point – “Horrible” - is not quite the right word for Hitler – a much stronger word is needed to describe Hitler than “Horrible”, Dud – otherwise how could we tell Good from Bad?

DUD: Equally – you mean?

PETE: Even worse than equally Dud – Special and different --- **EVIL** *(pause and repeats as Dud is quizzical)* **EVIL**, Dud.

DUD: *(Here Dud tries to take the new word concept of Evil and make sense of it using his horrible face but trying to make it worse – Its all bout Dud’s facial expressions here – and he might look at outraged teenage girls or Liberal Party Foreign ministers, or magistrates in the A.C.T. Magistrates court for inspiration as he contorts his face through several iterations until finally..)* Like This?

PETE: Yes just like that Dud – equally worse than Horrible. That’s what Hitler was.

DUD: What was he wearing – I mean did he have a tartan?

PETE: That is a very interesting question Dud, because as it turns out the Celts who ranged all over Europe and as far as Ireland and Scotland were the first producers of the Tartan fabric, many thousands of years ago, and specifically around the time of the Hallstatt culture in Austria about 50 kilometres from where Hitler was born as the crow flies. So he may well have had a tartan for his tribe.

DUD: You are not saying a flying crow delivered Hitler, are you, Pete. .. because that simply does not make any sense – I mean talk about being unladen or laden – imagine being laden with an evil baby like

Hitler – what sort of weight would that be for that crow to carry. (*sympathy for crows – then quizical*)
Maybe that's what the ewes were trying to do – take over the carrying of heavy babies from the crows?

PETE: (*Pausing to try to find a line out of the absurdity*) Well might that be, Dud, but it has nothing to do with the person who works for Hitler who ..

DUD: (*Correcting*) used to work for?

PETE: I'm not sure about that Dud, - I mean how do you know if someone is working for someone who is alive, living and in the flesh - so to speak or someone who is no longer alive or dead - so to speak? I assume Hitler is dead but does it make it a fact, Dud? Is Hitler dead? - and would it matter if he (pause) she was or wasn't? I mean you could still be working under Hitler's instructions couldn't you?

DUD: I see what you mean Pete. Imagine if everyone in the world followed the instructions of dead people and, like functionaries, just did what they were told to do by the dead person.

PETE: Yes, Dud – when you think about it - how could a dead person know what was happening now?

DUD: Maybe they have “the gift” (*He says mysteriously and in awe - looking furtively around the pub*)

PETE: Who has “the gift”, Dud – The one following the dead person's instructions or the dead person who controls the worker? Obviously - if it's the worker then the worker has to have to gift of understanding the dead person's instructions of - “when in danger turn the knob on the control board” and how does that instruction apply when there is no longer any control board, Dud?

(*pause then Pete continues as Dud struggles to follow*)

PETE: Then obviously if the dead person is still controlling the worker - then somehow the dead person's equally special “gift” is being able to continually– while at the same time being dead - transmit new instructions to the worker like “get a new control board, build a new button and press when in danger”

DUD: Can buttons be in Danger Pete? And what happened to the knob? (*double entendre*)

PETE: (*Blank look- Wondering how to engage – toying with taking the joke on*)

DUD: (*Pete seems stuck on the knob joke – so saving him*) It's a fair question to ask..

PETE: It is more than a fair question – it is exactly two fair questions, Dud – albeit related to the same topic of who has the “gift” – but the questions remain nevertheless. (*back on topic*) It seems to me, Dud, that some questions are better than others and that some questions do not need to be answered straight away – or even at all – for that matter.

DUD: So maybe, Pete, “the gift” (*conspiratorially – looking around so no-one overhears*) – is asking the right questions?

PETE: (*Pete stares at Dud – pause - dismissively*) No, that's not it. So this worker for Hitler was called Adolf Eichmann.

DUD: Wasn't dead Hitler called Adolph? So when they were both together and you went to greet them you would have to say "Hello Adolph Adolph"... But Imagine if Eichmann's second name was Adolph as well – like my friend Graham – Graham Chapman – then you would have to say ...

PETE: You mean your friend McDonald, Dud.

DUD: *(laughing out of character – then in character - sick of playing games – surrenders and gets Pete back to the point)* So what was disturbing about this alive person called Adolph Eichmann, Pete?

PETE: Adolph was telling me that he had recently been asked a lot of questions – or more precisely – the same question over and over.

DUD: Well that is disturbing, Pete , imagine.. tut, tut (pause)tut *(head shake- pause – threaten to say tut again with mouth slightly ready then just before Pete speaks – exquisite tension)* tut

PETE: Well the thing about this is that he told me he had been asked the question "Why did you kill those humans"

DUD: I bet that got the Tarantulas jumping from a very high height, Pete – with the hairy legs, and fangs *(does thing with fingers for fangs)*

PETE: Well that just it -- apparently there weren't any spiders around - but there were lots of lawyers, judges, reporters, TV cameras – far more attention than my Fleet street incident. So they gave him plenty of time to answer – not like me when I blurted out "equality" like I was some kind of parrot – he was given many chances to answer the same general question and plenty of time to think about it and even helped with all kinds of medical staff and experts – because they were keen - you see, to discover something, to learn the truth of how an employee of Hitler, who was the most evil human who ever existed in all time and space, *(Dud does his evil face)* could have killed humans like Mr. Eichmann had. See - he had not just killed one human but many humans, Dud – this was a **big important question**. .. And do you know what he said?

DUD: What Pete?

PETE: "Because it was my job."

(Pause – blank stares)

DUD: Maybe they didn't ask the right question Pete?

PETE: I cannot see how that was possible Dud – I mean they had all the world's best question askers – by way of reporters, lawyers, judges, politicians ...

DUD: Maybe they were not being paid enough?

PETE: So - you are suggesting – are you Dud - that if you pay people more money then maybe they will magically learn via "the gift" - how to ask the right questions, Dud – that "this gift" can be bought with

Dina, Dollars and Pounds at some shop somewhere – maybe where they sell legal degrees, judges outfits perhaps or reporters qualifications. Some kind of “gift store” perhaps? (*Tish boom – pause*)

DUD: It all seems very strange and disturbing to me Pete, because, as we all know with some certainty, Hitler was EVIL and this other Adolph was working for HITLER so - was he EVIL as well? And what about the people who worked for this Adolph and then worked for them and so on down the line – were they EVIL as Well? And what about the people who did nothing and said nothing and just watched it all happen? Was everyone specially differently equally Evil?

PETE: These are all good questions, Dud – all of these questions and more were postulated by a reporter called “Hanna Arendt” - all published - these and many other questions - shared around the world.

DUD: What happened?

PETE: Well you remember those tarantulas? They were just waiting to jump.

References

1. **Beyond the Fridge** https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Beyond_the_Fridge
Behind The Fridge <https://www.ausstage.edu.au/pages/contributor/252611>
2. **Thus Spake Zarathustra Friedrich Nietzsche** https://www.gutenberg.org/files/1998/1998-h/1998-h.htm#link2H_4_0035 **XXIX. THE TARANTULAS.** *Lo, this is the tarantula’s den! Wouldst thou see the tarantula itself? Here hangeth its web: touch this, so that it may tremble. There cometh the tarantula willingly: Welcome, tarantula! Black on thy back is thy triangle and symbol; and I know also what is in thy soul. **Revenge is in thy soul:** wherever thou bitest, there ariseth black scab; with revenge, **thy poison** maketh the soul giddy! Thus do I speak unto you in parable, ye who make the soul giddy, ye preachers of EQUALITY! Tarantulas are ye unto me, and secretly revengeful ones! **But I will soon bring your hiding-places to the light:** therefore do I laugh in your face my laughter of the height. Therefore do I tear at your web, **that your rage may lure you out of your den of lies,** and that your revenge may **leap forth from behind your word “justice.”** Because, FOR MAN TO BE REDEEMED FROM REVENGE—that is for me the bridge to the highest hope, and a rainbow after long storms. Otherwise, however, would the tarantulas have it. “Let it be very justice for the world to become full of the **storms of our vengeance**”—thus do they talk to one another. “**Vengeance will we use, and insult, against all who are not like us**”—thus do the tarantula-hearts pledge themselves. “And ‘**Will to Equality**’—that itself shall **henceforth be the name of virtue;** and against all that hath power will we raise an outcry!” Ye preachers of equality, the tyrant-frenzy of impotence crieth thus in you for “equality”: your most **secret tyrant-longings disguise themselves thus in virtue-words!** Fretted conceit and suppressed envy—perhaps your fathers’ conceit and envy: in you break they forth as flame and frenzy of vengeance. What the father hath hid cometh out in the son; and oft have I found in the son the father’s revealed secret. Inspired ones they resemble: but it is not the heart that inspireth them—but vengeance. And when they become subtle and cold, it is not spirit, but envy, that maketh them so. Their jealousy leadeth them also into thinkers’ paths; and this is the sign of their jealousy—**they always go too far:** so that their fatigue hath at last to go to sleep on the snow. In all their lamentations soundeth vengeance, in all their eulogies is maleficence; and **being judge seemeth to them bliss.** But thus do I counsel you, my friends: **distrust all in whom the impulse to punish is powerful!** They are people of bad race and lineage; out of their countenances peer the*

hangman and the sleuth-hound. Distrust all those who talk much of their justice! Verily, in their souls not only honey is lacking. And when they call themselves “the good and just,” forget not, that for them to be Pharisees, **nothing is lacking but—power!** My friends, I will not be mixed up and confounded with others. There are those who preach my doctrine of life, and are at the same time preachers of equality, and tarantulas. That they speak in favour of life, though they sit in their den, these poison-spiders, and withdrawn from life—is because they would thereby do injury. To those would they thereby do injury who have power at present: for with those the preaching of death is still most at home. Were it otherwise, then would the tarantulas teach otherwise: and they themselves were formerly the best world-maligners and heretic-burners. With these preachers of equality will I not be mixed up and confounded. For thus speaketh justice UNTO ME: “Men are not equal.” And neither shall they become so! What would be my love to the Superman, if I spake otherwise? On a thousand bridges and piers shall they throng to the future, and always shall there be more war and inequality among them: thus doth my great love make me speak! Inventors of figures and phantoms shall they be in their hostilities; and with those figures and phantoms shall they yet fight with each other the supreme fight! Good and evil, and rich and poor, and high and low, and all names of values: weapons shall they be, and sounding signs, that life must again and again surpass itself! Aloft will it build itself with columns and stairs—life itself: into remote distances would it gaze, and out towards blissful beauties—**THEREFORE** doth it require elevation! And because it requireth elevation, therefore doth it require steps, and variance of steps and climbers! To rise striveth life, and in rising to surpass itself. And just behold, my friends! Here where the tarantula’s den is, riseth aloft an ancient temple’s ruins—just behold it with enlightened eyes! Verily, he who here towered aloft his thoughts in stone, knew as well as the wisest ones about the secret of life! That there is struggle and inequality even in beauty, and war for power and supremacy: that doth he here teach us in the plainest parable. How divinely do vault and arch here contrast in the struggle: how with light and shade they strive against each other, the divinely striving ones.— Thus, steadfast and beautiful, let us also be enemies, my friends! Divinely will we strive **AGAINST** one another!— Alas! There hath the tarantula bit me myself, mine old enemy! Divinely steadfast and beautiful, it hath bit me on the finger! “Punishment must there be, and justice”—so thinketh it: “not gratuitously shall he here sing songs in honour of enmity!” Yea, it hath revenged itself! And alas! now will it make my soul also dizzy with revenge! **That I may NOT turn dizzy, however, bind me fast, my friends, to this pillar! Rather will I be a pillar-saint than a whirl of vengeance! Verily, no cyclone or whirlwind is Zarathustra: and if he be a dancer, he is not at all a tarantula-dancer!**— Thus spake Zarathustra.

3. **A Vindication of the Rights of Woman - Mary Wollstonecraft**

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/A_Vindication_of_the_Rights_of_Woman

4. **Declaration of Sentiments** https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Declaration_of_Sentiments Such has been the **patient sufferance of the women** under this government, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to demand the equal station to which they are entitled. **(The entrenched victim narrative)**

5. **Anthony Giddens** https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Anthony_Giddens Sociology is not about a pre-given universe of objects, the universe is being constituted—or produced by—the active doings of subjects. The production and reproduction of society thus has to be treated as a skilled performance on the part of its members. The realm of human agency is bounded. Individuals produce society, but they do so as historically located actors, and not under conditions of their own choosing. Structures must be conceptualised not only as constraints upon human agency, but as enablers as well. Processes of structuration involve an interplay of meanings, norms and power. The sociological observer cannot make social life available as phenomenon for

observation independently of drawing upon his knowledge of it as a resource whereby he constitutes it as a topic for investigation. **Immersion in a form of life is the necessary and only means whereby an observer is able to generate such characterisations.** Sociological concepts thus obey a double hermeneutic.

6. **Monty Python Flying Sheep Sketch** <http://www.montypython.net/scripts/flysheep.php>
7. **Monty Python Holy Grail - Laden Swallow and Coconuts**
<http://www.montypython.net/scripts/HG-cocoscene.php>
8. **The Secret Policeman's Ball** https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Secret_Policeman%27s_Ball ,
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RZdaQQBZ3as>
9. **Flying – Beatles** <http://www.beatlesebooks.com/flying> , Transcendental Meditation - Sidhi®
Programme, including Yogic Flying <https://yogicflying.org/>
10. **The Fourth Wall** <https://dictionary.cambridge.org/dictionary/english/fourth-wall>
11. **Celts** <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Celts> , https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/V._Gordon_Childe ,
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/La_T%C3%A8ne_culture
12. **The Human Condition** :Author(Hannah Arendt) :Year(1958) :Keyword(Individual Philosophy
Politics) http://sduk.us/afterwork/arendt_the_human_condition.pdf
13. **The Origins Of Totalitarianism** :Author(Hannah Arendt) :Year(1958) :Keyword(Individual
Philosophy Politics) <https://archive.org/details/TheOriginsOfTotalitarianism/page/n6>
14. 'Storytelling reveals meaning without **committing the error of defining it.**' :Author(**Hannah
Arendt**) :Year(1968) :Source Document("Isak Dinesen: 1885–1963" in Men in Dark Times)
:Keyword(Humanism Corruption Group) <https://hac.bard.edu/>
https://www.goodreads.com/author/quotes/12806.Hannah_Arendt
15. "'Before mass leaders seize the power to fit reality to their lies, their propaganda is marked by
its **extreme contempt for facts as such, for in their opinion fact depends entirely on the power
of man who can fabricate it.**"' :Author(**Hannah Arendt**) :Year(1951) :Source Document(The
Origins Of Totalitarianism) :Keyword(Truth Corruption Group)
https://www.goodreads.com/author/quotes/12806.Hannah_Arendt
<https://archive.org/details/TheOriginsOfTotalitarianism/page/n6>
16. 'And since government is essentially organized and institutionalized power, the current question
"What is the end of Government?" does not make much sense either. The answer will be either
question begging - to enable men to live together - or dangerously utopian- to promote
happiness or to realize a classless society or nonpolitical ideal, which if tried out in earnest
cannot but end in some kind of tyranny.' :Author(**Hannah Arendt**) :Year(1969) :Source
Document(**On Violence** Page 51) :Keyword(Power Violence Group)