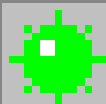
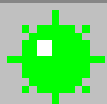
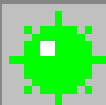
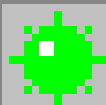
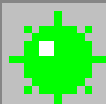
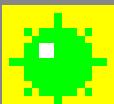


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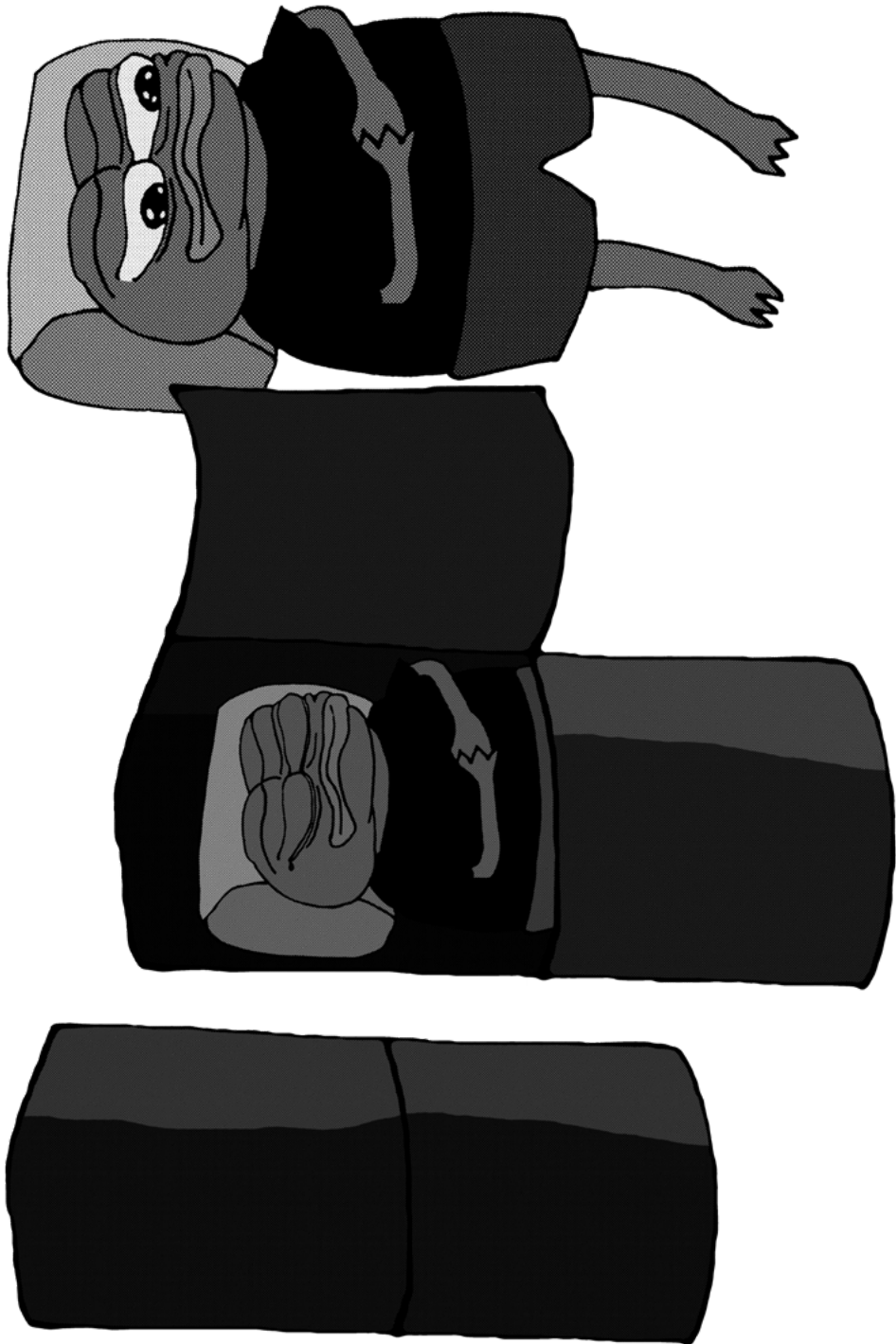
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Bernd has tragically passed away recently.

He was a man with a troubled past and hard life who nonetheless taught many Berndts how to be a better person online as well as in IRL.

Let's don't forget his passion and generosity.

Rest in peace Bible Tex





# I sometimes wish....

by Germanball

I sometimes wish I was a lone soldier out in the mountains, relaxing in a rare hour of silence.

Sitting on top of a boulder, I would stare into the cristalblue sunrise, my eyes following the white and rosy streaks scattered in the clouds. The mind would be an equilibrium between wandering thoughts and blissful nothingness.

The wind, too, is taking a rare break in the mountains. Barely a mild-cold whisper is fluttering my gear. The quietness is enjoyed by a few birds, chirping sleepily.

I would think of my place in the world. The battle. The past. My family. What are they doing right now? Are they well? I would wish them to be well. I would imagine my mother, sitting in a sunny garden under our oak tree reading a book. My father is in a wooden chair beside her, snoring peacefully like a metronome of sleep with a book on his belly. A blackbird, which has made our garden its home last summer, sings to the metronome. I wish them well. They are good parents.

Despite the war, despite the dead friends and foes, the blue and pale sky is giving me peace. Death is no longer a bother. It is just part of a circle. My own importance began to cease, slowly evaporating in the face of battle.

Countless scars and blemishes are silent witnesses.  
I follow the flow, of life, of battle.

The sun is breaking through softly, caressing in rare tenderness the clouds and whispering the ominous fog away. Faint rose clouds turn into a humble festive of emotions, silent but stark. Deep red and pink is glowing through the sky. The birds have turned quiet, as if in awe.

I like the clouds. They are silent, ever silent, observing the world and never judging it. But always they bestow the world with their beauty, like a gift of a solemn world far away from us. Desolate disinterest at our affairs, but also a gesture of kindness in recognition of our struggles. As the fog left in calm courtesy to the rising sun, the valley below me appears. On top of my boulder, high on the mountain, I can see the village. Single lights are shining like fireflies amongst the buildings. The whole valley is still engulfed in a dark unsaturated, grey dawn. Shapes of varying degrees of black, blue and green show a small solitude settling around a slow flowing stream. Surrounded by bigger shapes, the fields, which have slow moving single dots of farmers already amongst them. The villagers get up early. Its safer. Despite the raging battle in the mountains, they keep working, dutiful and determined.

The sun begins painting the peaks of the mountains in a streaming red. Like the wine of Eden its pouring down the peaks. Scarce trees, barely alive but hardy, clinging to the rocks, leap like thirsty veterans

towards the red. Veterans of the mountains, weathering the elements. We are alike. The circumstances don't favor life. Yet we live.

The wind is picking up. Colder now, as it is custom. A tradition of the mountains, to caress the living with harshness, to form them into the very rocks they live about or else see them perish. The gift of the sun is the only warmth experienced here. Like two tranquil lovers the wind and sun keep blending their elements, entangling everything that lives in a duel of parental guidance.

As the wind begins to wake up, everything else comes to life. Like a sleeping giant the whole region moves its aching body in a slow rumble. Tiny spots on the opposite site of the mountain begin to move. A single cloud of smoke begins to rise from behind a collection of battered boulders. Hushed sounds are coming from across the valley.

I fasten my ammunition belt and tighten my jacket. One last moment I stay on the boulder. My eyes are soaking in the magnificent view one last time, like a starving man who's only life essence is the deep red of the sky. I stare into the sun and it burns into my retinas. Sometimes I have the urge to stare forever. To receive the burning mark of the sun and to be finally free. No more I shall see the horrors, no more the unbridled abominations of man. I shall see the sun in eternity.

# Travel Column: The Drunk Man and the River

by Britball

There's few things you lot 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.

By the river sat a man. I say by, but really he sat in it. His style: a leather jacket and a baret. A leather baret. I think you know where we are already, there are no further hints necessary. I don't need to mention he was wearing trackpants that would upon closer inspection probably read ABIBAS somewhere, or that the ground turned to sunflower seed casings wherever he went. The drunk man was unmistakably rocking that gopnik swag, and we are in Russia.

Moscow to be exact. A stone's throw away from the Kremlin in fact. The Большой Каменный Мост I am standing on is draped in red flags as I return from the oligarch supermarket on the other side, and I spot the man, a good 12 meters below me, squatting in a semi-submerged hole in the steep stone quayside. He looks out over the Moskva River.



A few minutes later the man disappears into the tube, leaving me on the bridge, alone and confused. Do Russians crawl through tubes normally? Does his family live in a hole by the river, feeding off fish, river crabs and mushrooms? Is there a second Moscow buried beneath the earth, a remnant of cold war paranoia perhaps? I imagine a damp city beneath the pavement, shaking uncontrollably whenever a t-90 passes through the streets above (many of which would that week). Is this the future? How much money do I need to make in order to not have to sleep in a semi-submerged pipe with my family in, say, 15 years' time?

Closer scrutiny of the tableau before me suggested a more plausible explanation for the scene. The man's cap that I mentioned dangles precariously on a ledge above. The sidewalk by the river is separated from the steep plunge by a low stone wall. At street level on the drop side a ledge; on this, the black baret is perched, like a crow that has found a good place to nest there.

A few moments ago, the man must have been staring into the river, contemplating slav life, some vodka by his side. A hard day of gopniking made him nod off while resting his weary arms on the ledge. The sensation of his headpiece falling awoke him to the fresh evening breeze, and he must have thought "it's fine, why worry? I can



still easily reach for it.” His precarious balancing act was tipped ever so slightly the wrong way by the vodka in his head and before he knew it he was sliding down over the steep embankment, into the Moskva.

A crowd was slowly gathering, watching the helpless man. There was no way for him to climb up and save himself, and consequentially no way for anyone to climb down to his aid either. All imaginable emergency services gathered above but had no way of getting down. On the other side of the river was an exit and I figured I would have headed for it and wondered if that would have been a Good idea or a really dangerous plan, what with all the boat traffic.

Eventually the boat police arrived. They got the man out of his tubular new residence and into their craft. Accompanied by some applause, the man was shipped off to some unknown but drier place, as they sailed off into the bright Moscow night.





## Sura al-Corona

And in those days, the land of Cathay was ruled by unbelievers, and the faithful could not pray their prayers, or judge their judgements or dress their dress as the Prophet decreed. And in those days, a great wrong was concocted in the minds of heretics. Let us take their holy books and we made it our own!

Let us rewrite God in the form of our idol of a lying ruler, and let us rewrite his laws in the mold of our atheist dictations. And the believers prayed to God, and they said unto Him, "Deliver us from this calamity O All Merciful All Gracious Lord!

Deliver us from the hands of deceivers and peddlers of ignorance!" And Gabriel heard their prayers, and he told God about the heaviness that burdened the believers' hearts and God responded.

"Send Azrael, Angel of Death, and he stroke the unbelievers, and they were humbled." And Gabriel marked the righteous believers, and he sent for Azrael.

And Azrael cursed the unbelievers and said "Under the Sun and Moon curse thee, in the seas and the winds thou be curst, and you will suffer in earth."

And a curse was brought upon Cathay, and the unbelievers fell ill, and the lying ruler was very worried.

And he called for his sorcerers to lift the curse, and they tried in vain. And great many people died, and the holy books were left unchanged.



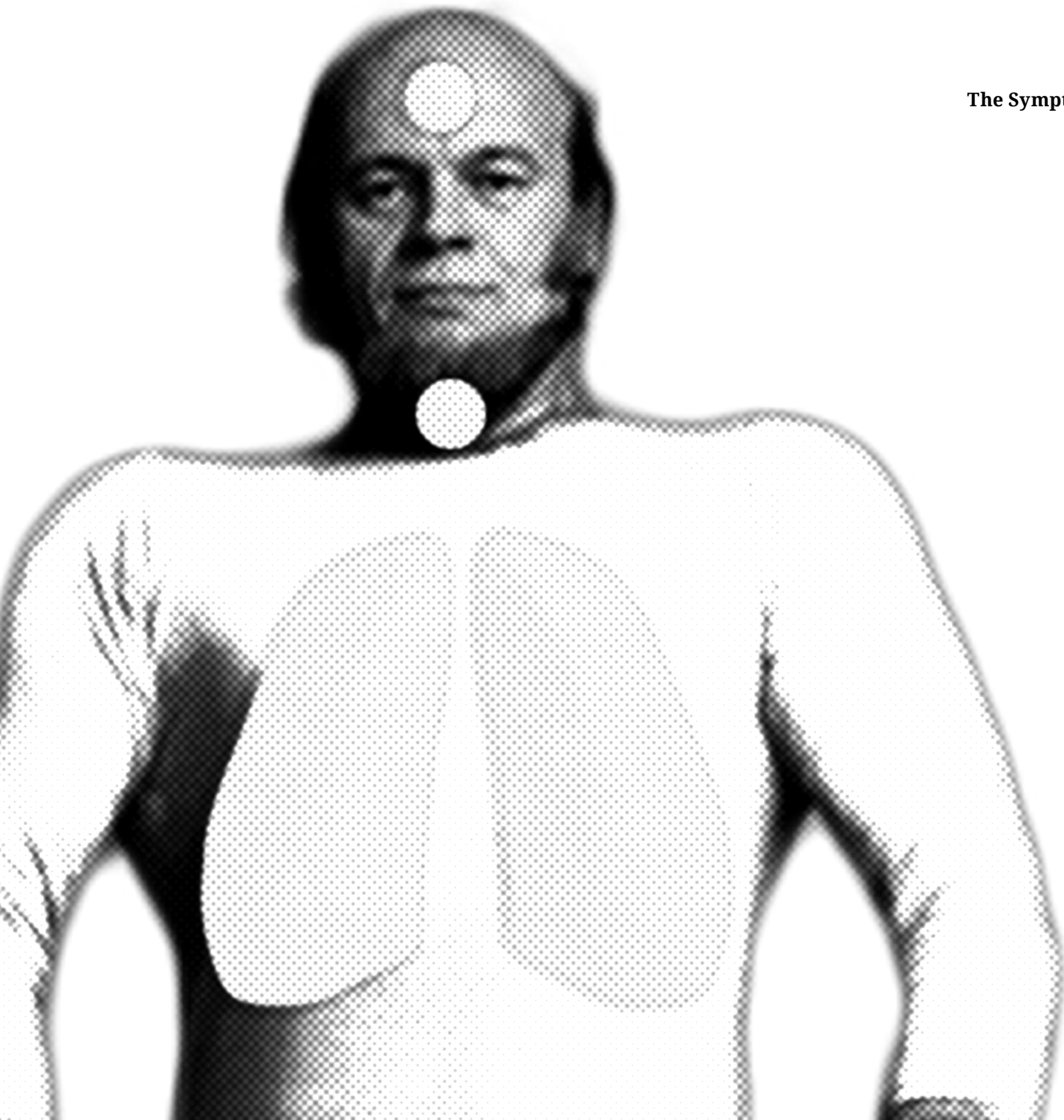
# The Dangers of Having Yellow Fever

by Sloveneball

The novel coronavirus outbreak (WHO recommends name: COVID-19; literally who, right?) most likely started some time late November in Wuhan city, the capital of Hubei province in central China. At first it was spread at a certain wet market – where Chinese traditionally sell food so fresh that it still moves, which can, needless to say, possess a bio-hazard in improper hygiene. Initial response by the Chinese authorities was focused more on the suppression of information rather than preventive measures, which allowed the virus to exponentially spread before the true scale of the outbreak was realised. Since then, China has went into complete lockdown, destroying its industrial output as well as food supply chains, and the virus has managed to spread globally. By the end of February, there was already a significant outbreak in Iran, as well as smaller outbreaks throughout the US, Europe, and entire East Asia.

**The Virus** Coronaviruses are a family of viruses causing respiratory diseases, in particular lower respiratory tract. Seven are known to affect humans. Four of them are not particularly dangerous, mainly causing common colds (it is estimated that about 20% of common cold is coronavirus infections), occasionally causing pneumonia. Two cause severe pneumonic diseases: SARS, which had a moderate size outbreak in China in 2003, and MERS, which is perhaps the most severe but luckily not readily transmissible.

The seventh coronavirus is the novel coronavirus of Wuhan – virological name SARS-CoV-2. It is particularly dangerous because it can both cause severe pneumonia (being able to completely shut down the lung in a day), as well as being highly contagious due to high viral reproduction in nose and throat. It is spread very much like the flu; but the disease progression is longer and severe complications are considerably more often. About 15% of cases need to be hospitalised as they require oxygen due to severe pneumonia, and an additional 5% require intensive care to survive. Compared to the flu, where generally only elderly and young children require hospitalisation, Wuhan pneumonia significantly affects all age groups. The organs affected in this stage are, beside the lung, also kidney, heart, and possibly testes. In some cases, it leaves permanent organ damage; a patient in Wuhan received a lung transplant (leaving questions, where and how was the lung harvested?).



### **The Symptoms**

Typical symptoms are: high fever, dry cough, shortness of breath (in that order); common is also fatigue, muscle pain, and headache; meanwhile symptoms like nasal congestion, sneezing, or earache have not been commonly reported.

The reproductive number of the virus – the average number of people one patient will infect – is estimated to be quite high, a figure even WHO accepts is 2.5 – already slightly higher than flu, values around 4 are commonly reported, and a study shows it could have been as high as 6.6 in Wuhan before any public awareness and preemptive measures. But there are also patients who successfully infected a much, much larger number of people. A doomsday cult in Korea – Shincheonji – managed to get hundreds of its members infected, when a woman seemingly deliberately spread her disease by showing up to a Sunday service while ill. Especially in packed places with a lot of personal contact, the virus spreads like wildfire in Australia.

Children are generally not affected by the virus much; but this doesn't mean they don't spread it. Schools can therefore become potential super-spreader events as well.

This also applies to adults – if you are having a mild form of the disease, you should still stay at home just to prevent spreading it to others who might not be so lucky. By doing this, you are protecting not only

those you might personally infect, but the entire epidemic chain they would infect in turn and so on.

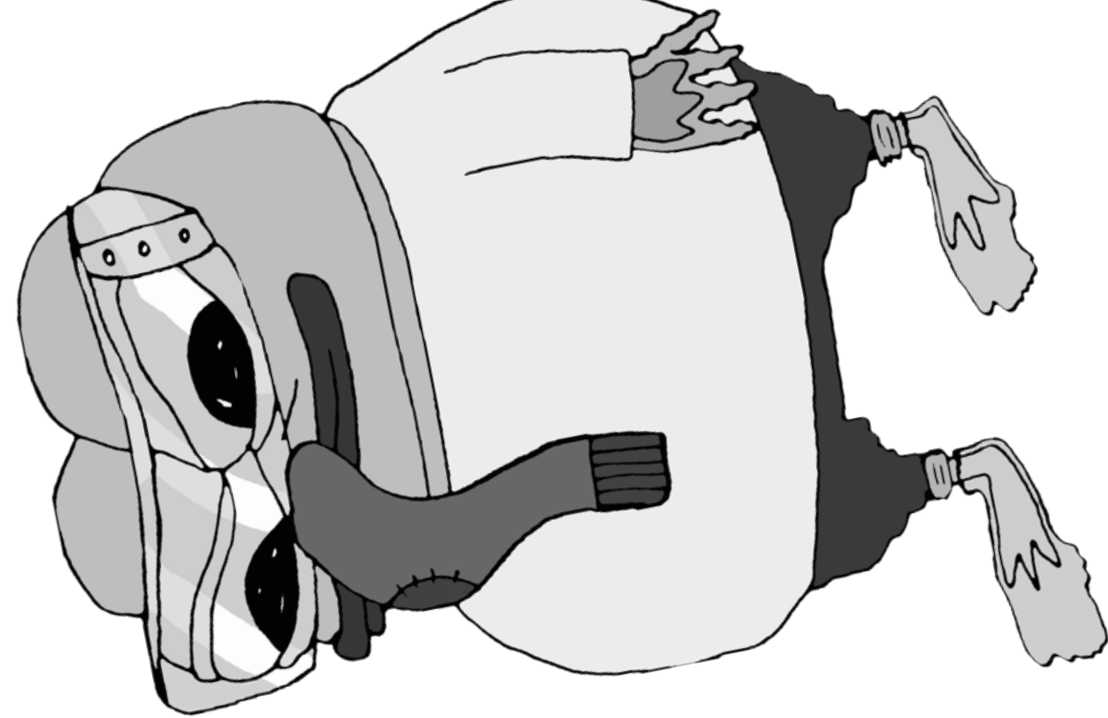
There is also a solid (or, well, not so solid) proof that the virus also spreads with sharts, and that it causes diarrhoea in some cases; Americans are therefore advised to avoid marts.

Coronaviruses can survive for a very long time – several days – in dry, cold places, without UV radiation. This is why, like the common cold and general flu, there are seasonal outbreaks during winter months. In tropical climate, a similar seasonal outbreak is experienced during the rainy season.

**The Epidemic** The virus poses two major threats not directly related to the disease it causes.

A big problem is that there is no country in the world that has enough hospital beds and health-care workers to provide appropriate care to all the patients that will need it, if it becomes as common as the seasonal flu outbreaks are. Rates of hospitalisation are 20-30 times higher than in flu, and during peak flu season, capacities are already full. This is why appropriate measures to prevent exponential spread of the virus are absolutely crucial in epidemic management.

Another issue is how containment efforts affect the local supply chains and the global trade. Due to extremely globalised economy and outsourcing of



production to China, and due to lack of local food production in many developed countries, there is a possibility of famine and economic crash. Indeed, the stock markets realised by the end of February, how bad the situation is becoming...

The outbreak is technically already a pandemic, even if the WHO is reluctant to declare it as such, due to the stigma the word pandemic carries and the fear of resulting panic. Small scale outbreaks are already present all over the world, and it is only a question of time before they develop to the scale where pandemic status will be indisputable.



**Masks** There are two types of masks.

Surgeon masks prevent you from spreading the virus, either by coughing, sneezing, or simply spitting while talking. But they only collect the virus for you to breathe it in later and don't protect you from getting infected.

Respirators have a filter preventing you from breathing in the virus. FFP2 is mostly effective but to be 100% certain FFP3 is recommended. On other hand breathing out opens a valve, so if you're already infected it doesn't prevent you from spreading the virus.

**Eye Protection** But a mask isn't enough! The virus can also be contracted through the eyes (and many health-care workers have probably been infected in this manner before proper precautions were taken). A complete seal around the eyes is 100% effective but it isn't really required; unlike your nose and mouth you don't actively suck air in through the eyes, which means simple goggles or face-tight glasses (like you'd wear for outdoor sports such as skiing, cycling, etc.) are already reasonably effective.

**Clothes** The virus can survive for days deposited on clothes in a cold, dry space. After touching your outer garments, you can pick up the virus and in turn infect yourself if you touch your face! If you're using gloves to avoid surfaces directly, they should be disinfected after taken off.

**Washing Hands** The easiest way to get infected is to touch an object with virus, then touch your face. This is why washing hands is absolutely critical. Return home? Wash hands. Scrub hands well. Use a disinfectant fluid as well to be sure! Buy one and make sure it's either explicitly said to be antiviral, or high enough alcohol percentage (70%).

**Oxygen** Most people don't have oxygen concentrators at home, but if you do get sick and develop pneumonia, it can be a lifesaver.

**Vitamins** There are many vitamins and minerals that will help boost your immune system.

Vitamin C can be consumed in much higher doses than those recommended daily intake, but you need to be careful not to take too much at one time. Excess vitamin C is excreted by your kidneys, and can also cause kidney stones. If you want to take doses of 1000mg or more once you're feeling unwell, you should either be taking a specific slow-release vitamin C supplement which takes hours to digest, or dissolve it in water and sip it in small doses over entire day.

Vitamins B6, B9, and B12 are also crucial in maintaining your immune system, as is vitamin D. Get some sun, if you can.

Main minerals you need for the immune system are zinc and selenium. Iron is also recommended, as raising your haemoglobin levels will help you in case you get severe pneumonia – hypoxia kills.

**Herbal Medicine** Babushka recommends the following folk remedies against colds and flu: garlic, ginger, elderberry, turmeric. Dyedushka says that alcohol also helps disinfect the throat... so drink some herbal liquor. It is said that Jägermeister was developed out of a traditional medicine for sore throat... Also, gather fresh spruce tips (if you can) and preserve them in sugar – it makes a syrup that's a remedy for cough and sore throat.

**Food** Every prepper has a pantry full of unperishable food. What do you need to survive the apocalypse? Grain, rice, flour are staples that are easy to store. Beans and lentils, as well as buckwheat, provide a little more variety, and additional nutritional value. Dried fruits and meat are always good to have, and if you can trust the power supply, you can also fill your freezer with veggies and meat. You can prepare a nutritious bone stock, providing you with minerals your immune system will need, so make sure to freeze some bones as well... It's a bit late to get into gardening, but if you can, get some seeds, and make sure to inform yourself about the specific needs of each vegetable. And if you live out of the city, you probably want to have chicken (to provide you with eggs), or a goat (to provide you with milk).

**Weapons** If you live in an area where you expect social unrest, it's also wise to get some weapons to protect yourself. Some hardware tools double as weapons in dire need – mallet and axe are both particularly intimidating. A peasant's weapon of choice was historically a spear – it is easy to make, and easy to wield. Even just picking a stick hard and rigid enough, and sharpening the tip, is enough for a makeshift spear. Firearms only have a big advantage against melee weapons in open spaces, but having a gun can also be the difference between actually having to fight, and getting the intruder to leave you alone.

Srečko Kosovel  
*Ekstaza smrti*  
1925

Vse je ekstaza, ekstaza smrti!  
Zlati stolpovi zapadne Evrope,  
kupole bele — (vse je ekstaza!) —  
vse tone v žgočem, rdečem morju;  
sonce zahaja in v njem se opaja  
tisočkrat mrtvi evropski človek.  
— Vse je ekstaza, ekstaza smrti. —

Lepa, o lepa bo smrt Evrope;  
kakor razkošna kraljica v zlatu  
legla bo v krsto temnih stoletij,  
tiho bo umrla, kot bi zaprla  
stara kraljica zlate oči.  
— Vse je ekstaza, ekstaza smrti. —

Ah, iz oblaka večernega (zadnjega  
sla, ki oznanja Evropi še luč!)  
lije kri v moje trudno srce,  
joj, in vode ni več v Evropi  
in mi ljudje, pijemo kri,  
kri iz večernih sladkih oblakov.  
— Vse je ekstaza, ekstaza smrti. —

Srečko Kosovel  
*Ecstasy of Death*  
1925

It is all ecstasy, ecstasy of death!  
The golden towers of western Europe,  
the domes of white – (it is all ecstasy!) –  
it all sinks down the scorching sea of red;  
bedazzling, as the sun sets,  
the thousand-times dead European man.  
— It is all ecstasy, ecstasy of death. —

Grand shall the death of Europe be;  
lovely luxurious gilded queen  
she lies down the crypt of dark centuries,  
to final sleep, silently, old lady  
finally closing her golden eyes.  
— It is all ecstasy, ecstasy of death. —

The veil of dusk (the last herald  
still promising Europe a flash of light!)  
spills blood down my tired head,  
there is no water to quench our thirst,  
we, Europeans, drink only blood,  
the syrupy blood of nightfall clouds.  
— It is all ecstasy, ecstasy of death. —

Komaj rojén, že goriš v ognju večera,  
vsa morja so rdeča, vsa morja  
polna krvi, vsa jezera, in vode ni;  
vode ni, da bi pral svojo krivdo,  
da bi opral svoje srce ta človek,  
vode ni, da pogasil bi z njo  
žejo po tihi, zeleni jutranji prirodi.

In vse je večer in jutra ne bo,  
dokler ne umremo, ki nosimo  
krivdo umiranja, dokler ne umremo  
poslednji ...

Joj, v to pokrajino, še v to zeleno,  
rosno zeleno pokrajino, še v to,  
sonce večerno, boš zasijalo  
s pekočimi žarki? Še v to?

Morje preplavlja zelene poljane,  
morje večerne žgoče krvi,  
in rešitve ni in ni,  
dokler ne padeva jaz in ti,  
dokler ne pademo jaz in vsi,  
dokler ne umremo pod težo krvi.

Z zlatimi žarki sijalo bo sonce  
na nas, evropske mrliče.

Barely born, burning already in flames of dusk,  
the seas all filled to the brim with red  
the lakes, likewise, full of blood;  
no water left to purge the shame,  
for man to wash his heart clean,  
no water left for man to extinguish  
his yearning for bliss of peaceful green dawn.

It is all nightfall. There is no morning,  
fore we, who carry the burden of death,  
fore we all perish,  
to last of us...

Have mercy on this land of green!  
These green, lush hills, even here,  
morning sun, dare you shine  
your fiery rays? Even here?

The sea washes away meadows of green,  
the sea of scorching evening blood,  
and no, there is no way out,  
lest me and you fall,  
lest we all fall,  
lest we are smothered by burden of blood.

And rays of gold descend on us,  
on us, the corpses of Europe.

translations by Sloveneball



Dane Zajc  
*Veliki črni bik*  
1958

Veliki črni bik rjove v jutro.  
Veliki črni bik, koga kličeš?  
Prazni so pašniki.  
Prazne so gore.  
Prazne so grape.  
Prazne kot odmev tvojega klica.

Veliki črni bik rjove v jutro.  
Kot da bi brizgala težka črna kri  
pod vršičke temnih smrek.  
Kot da bi se nad gozdom na vzhodu  
odpiralo v jutro  
krvavo bikovo oko.  
Veliki črni bik, koga kličeš?  
Je slast poslušati,  
kako ti vrača odmev  
tvoj zamolkli klic?

Veliki črni bik, brezkrvno je jutro.  
Tvoj glas pada v grape  
kot razcefrana jata  
črnih vran.  
Nobeden ne sliši tvoje samote.  
Nikogar ne napojiš  
s črno krvjo svojega glasu.  
Umolknj, veliki črni bik.

Veliki črni bik rjove v jutro.  
Sonce na vzhodu brusi  
bleščečo mesarsko sekuro.

Dane Zajc  
*Big Black Bull*  
1958

Big Black Bull bellows at dawn.  
Big Black Bull, whom callst thou?  
Void are pastures.  
Void are mountains.  
Void are ravines.  
Void, as echo of thy call.

Big Black Bull bellows at dawn.  
A fountain of thick black blood  
under dark spruces' twigs –  
above the forest rising,  
opening in the east,  
bull's eye, bloodied.  
Big Black Bull, whom callst thou?  
Delightst thou listening  
the echo returning  
thy dull call?

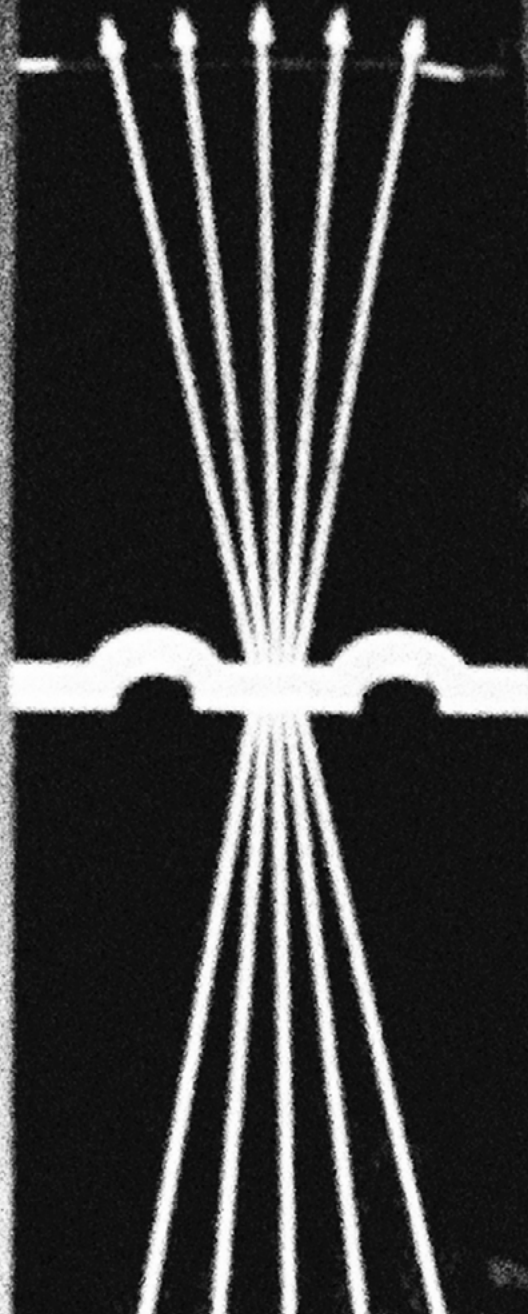
Big black bull, for bloodless is dawn.  
Thy voice descends the ravines,  
scattered and black,  
a murder of crows.  
None hears thy solitude.  
None quenches their thirst  
on thy bellows' black blood.  
Bemute, Big Black Bull.

Big Black Bull bellows at dawn.  
And the Sun, rising,  
grinds its glimmering cleaver.

## Eulogy of a Hero

Como los elegidos de los dioses,  
como Sigfrido, te enfrentaste con el dragón;  
Como Amadís, luchaste con afán  
por la dama de tus desvelos,  
para librarla de las brujas;  
como Garcilaso, hiciste poesía  
y caíste por el Imperio,  
sin casco ni coraza,  
a cara descubierta,  
al asaltar el castillo de tus ilusiones.

En tierra de palmeras gallardas  
cual fuera y cerca del mar Mediterráneo,  
clásico como tu cultura,  
luminoso como tu cerebro  
y azul como tu camisa,  
reposa por ahora el cuerpo,  
pero tu alma habrá entrado ya  
en ese paraíso que cantarás,  
y en donde en las jambas de las puertas,  
junto a los ángeles con espadas,  
hacen guardia tus escuadras caídas cara al sol,  
por Dios y por España victoriosa de todos sus enemigos,  
sin pactos ni mediaciones.



Like the chosen of the Gods,  
like Sigfried, you faced the dragon;  
Like Amadís, you fought eagerly  
for the damsel of your sleepless nights,  
to free her from the witches;  
like Garcilaso, you composed poetry  
and fell for the Empire,  
without helmet or armor,  
bare faced,  
while assaulting the castle of your yearnings.

In land of gallant palm trees  
and near the Mediterranean Sea,  
classic like your culture,  
bright like your brain  
and blue like your shirt,  
lies for now the body,  
but your soul will have already entered  
that paradise you sung of,  
and where in the doorposts,  
with sword bearing angels,  
stand guard your squads fallen facing the sun,  
for God and for Spain victorious of all her enemies,  
without pacts or mediations.

translated by Spanishball

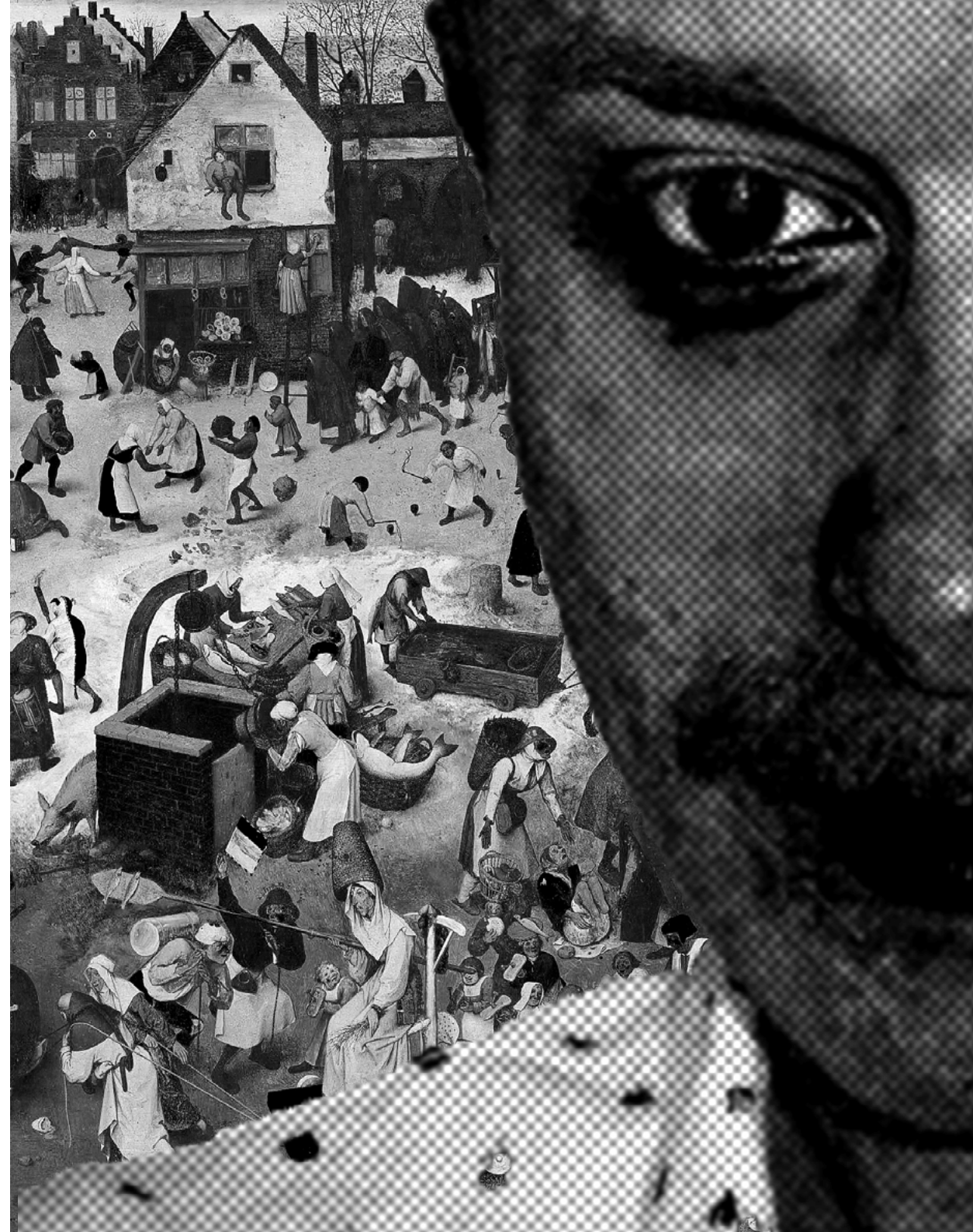
# Igoralia: The Rite of Spring

by Poleball

Kohlchan's liturgical calendar is a sad epigone of Krautchan's rich traditions, from the numerous "holidays" known from the old KC only the War week, Christmas and national holidays of major countries such as Russia and the USA have been preserved.

Probably the biggest loss, however, was the forgetting of Igoralia, a yearly holiday happening at the beginning of the year like this years Carnival.

If you are at least a little familiar with the KC folklore, you can probably guess where the name comes from. If not, I'm explaining: the person known as "Igor Gutman" was an infamous narcissist, narkoman and gigolo who infested many imageboards (some of his posts on /fa/ are still archived) with his inane posting about fashion, sleazy homosexual encounters, and mental problems; as a result, he was very often banned. We don't know if it was his real name or just a nick, whether Igoralia took the name from him or vice versa, its a classic egg and hen problem and it isn't the point of this text to investigate it. The core link between the two is shitposting and banning/getting banned. So after this short digression lets dive in into what Igoralia were.



Many cultures worldwide practice purification rituals at the end of winter; Carnival, Maslenitsa, Czech pomlázka or roman Luperkalia serve a similar purpose, helping people to leave evil winter spirits behind to be reborn anew in glorious fertile spring. Igoralia's purpose was the same, only the form differed due to being practised in the virtual space. They were a period of kathartic destruction, when hierarchies were reversed and shitposting ran rampant, mods were losing their prerogatives and all banned people were returning to once again grace Krautchan with their unholy presence. By allowing themselves to be lost in excess Berndts were supposed to cleanse themselves from all the shitposting urges and frustrations of no GF accumulated in the previous year.

Igoralia would start around Saturday closest to 14th of February with a ceremony of coronation. As defiance to the principle of anonymity, one of the banned attention whores was chosen as this year's king of Igoralia - Great Igor and awarded Igor Crown. Poster with this crown gained the ability to "super bump" each of his posts would send a thread in which it appeared to the top of page [0] for 2 minutes. 7 shitposters, called Lesser Igors or Archons, each from the different continent, were also chosen to serve as his henchmen, with a weaker super bump ability (30s flat bump) but also awarded with special crowns and nicknames of their choice.

Unlike Igor their position was precarious and temporary - once their threads were getting less original answers than those of some random poster they would be dethroned and another shitposter would take their place.

This resulted in bloody combat for responses and more and more desperate and disgusting threads by people fighting for attention. Igor's nudes would compete for hegemony with shota threads and threads with black dick, dick cutters and even (still small but growing) tranny circlejerks. Archons would change almost every hour, only those from less numerous continent had a chance to keep their position for a longer time.

This lasted for the whole week till the next Saturday. At midday of this Saturday, all thread creation was blocked and everyone flocked inside the last Great Igor thread to ritually insult him and defile his image by cumming on, burning or drowning it, or all that combined. At the end of the day, the poster who was Igor was anew permabanned and whole board cleansed. 7 last Archons were banned for a month while the rest of the most active shitposters would get a 2-week ban. On Sunday mods cleansed the whole board and left it empty for a day, everything would go back to normal on Monday.

Disregarding the culture-building quality of this week-long ritual, one may ask whether it was successful in what in principle it was trying to do. It's

hard to evaluate whether it was just a symbolic event or not as shitposting surely didn't stop after Igoralias rites. Nonetheless, many Berndts believed that without this ritual it would be way worse. Maybe they were right, as people foreign to KC culture started to become a majority the memory of this tradition began to fade, which resulted in a strange dynamic.

From the enacted state of exception, frenzied shitposting and attention-whoring became a norm. As a result, Krautchan administration started to lose their patience or hope and was ultimately forced to surrender and close the site. Carnival has won over the Lent, Old was destroyed and Krautchan would be reborn as Kohlchan, clean and virile new. But no katharsis had taken place, the ejaculation was premature and frustrating, it gave no respite, people still didn't have enough and the edging of the mad carnival continued.

The lack of contrast is tiring for our senses, transgressions bring no more pleasure, we keep dancing to the crazy tunes, turning and turning, passing out and waking up in the same spot and returning to dance, crying in pain, hoping that this will end one day, that sweet release or maybe death will put the end to this mad horovode.

Blessed are those who reach it, but we will keep turning. Like Igor. Forever.

🗑️ 🇺🇸 Igoralia General Great Igor 2012-02-15 07:27:00.855815 No. 10094621 [Thumbnails/...

young\_me.jpg

JPG, 640x349, 62.46 kB



me.jpg

JPG



94621 [Thumbnails/Images] Re: 10094622 10094656 10094672 10094691 10095210 10095333 2 [AUTOSAGE]

When I was a teen, I went to homo sauna a few times when I was super horny.  
But I never felt romantic attraction or yearning for males in any way like I always had for females.

199 posts and 78 images omitted.

>> 🇺🇸 Lesser Igor of Asia 2012-02-16 19:53:34.755671 No. 10096245 2

1317997417338.png

PNG, 213x232, 126 kB

>>10095333



# Absolute Clown World : White Christian Refugees in Brown Muslim country

by Azeriball

There are a lot of events made a lot of people say “wow, that’s such a clown world thing”. You see, there have been a lot of refuges coming to Europe. From Syria, North Africa and etc. This made a lot of Europeans think “well, Muslims wouldn’t accept us as refugees if war happened here”. Well, it actually Muslims did accept White Christian War refugees (actually it happened in early 19th century but whatever). You, dear reader, might say “How did that happen?”. To understand this must learn about Deutsche in Aserbaidshan or Azərbaycan Almanları or in English, German Azerbaijanis. To also understand this we need to know about the situation in Europe, in Azerbaijan, in Russia and etc things

## **Prelude and brief history of Azerbaijan**

A lot of Persians and Armenians claim that “AzEr-BaIjAn iS yOuNgEr tHaN CoCa-cOLA” which is somewhat true. The Azerbaijan Republic was created in 1918 but there is one misunderstanding. First-ever nation to bear the name Azerbaijan were Atabegs of Azerbaijan (or Ildenizes for short). This kingdom was created due to the collapse of the Seljuk Empire.





One of the other kingdoms to create during this era was Sultanate of Rum (which will eventually turn into the Ottoman Empire after a series of wars). Ildenizes were also first full Turkic kingdom to ever grace boots in Caucasia and Azerbaijan (even tho some historians claim it's Sacis who were first Turkic dynasty but Iranian historians claim Sacis were Persian, even though they have no proofs, I am gonna say it's were Ildenizes). Ildenizes created 8-century long statehood tradition in Azerbaijani Oghuz Turks and Iraqi Turkmens even though Ildenizes lived barely 90 years.

In those 90 years, they created beautiful buildings which eventually reflected their influence in entire Anatolia and Baku. Many famous Azerbaijani poets lived and wrote those times. Ildenizes period is also known as the Renaissance period (İntibah dövrü) in Azerbaijan.

So this statehood tradition passed to Chobanis, Qara Qoyunlus, Aq Qoyunlus and lastly to Safavids. During Safavid era, Shah Ismail I invaded entire Iran, Anatolia and even Turkmenistan but he was eventually BTFO'D by Ottoman Kara Bogas. After this L Safavid became Persinized which reached it's height in Shah Abbas I era. This Persification finally reach it's a pause when Khorasan Turk named Nadir Xan Afshar took over and created Afsharid Empire. Even though Nadir was great general, he was shit king. Riots were lit up in entire Iran, Caucasia and Afghanistan during his rule. These riots took it's opus when army commander (khan) called Chalabi took over the city of Sheki and created its own Khanate of Sheki. Nadir couldn't do a damn thing about it because he was sick and died a short time after. His death made entire Afsharid Empire crumble and all of Whole Azerbaijan was divided into the Khanates. There were around 30 Khanates. Khanates were mainly small armies and small land regulators in certain places. There used to be other forms of rulers such as Brotherhood of Car-Balakan and Armenian Chrch Order. There were 3 most

powerful khanates: Urmia, Karabakh and Guba. Urmia was powerful because of army tactics Fatali khan Afshar took from his uncle, Karabakh was powerful because invading Karabakh was a tough thing and Guba was powerful because of diplomacy of Fatali khan Gubali.

### **The situation in Azerbaijani Khanates**

Even they were powerful, they were no match to Russian and Qajar Empires. The war between khanates wore down khanates. Russian and Qajar Empires used this anarchy in South Caucasia, South Azerbaijan also in Georgia and North Caucasia for their gains. After 1806 khanates started to feel to these giants. South Azerbaijani khanates including Urmia feel under 1 year. While Northern Azerbaijani, for example, Ganja and Baku khanates showed some resistance they both were destroyed by general

Pavel Tsitsianov. After some time Qajars crossed Aras and fought with Russians and hilariously failed.

In 1813, by Treaty of Gulistan, all Northern Azerbaijani khanates except for Nakhchivan and Lankaran fell to the Russian Empire and those which were in South of Aras fell to Qajar Empire

In 1826, Qajars tried to take over entire Azerbaijan and they failed again and they signed the Treaty of Turkmenchay in 1828. These two treaties are Azerbaijan equivalent of Treaty of Trianon



These wars made khanates population miserable, war-torn and even foodless and bleak of the future. It took them to 15 years to recover.

### **Situation in Germany**

Just like Azerbaijan, Germany was also had multiple states, but they weren't in a war, had stable governments, armies and even juridical and education systems. But due to conflicts between Prussia and Bavaria and other states, they just couldn't unity under the one flag.

In 1815, while participating in the Congress of Vienna, Russian Tsar Alexander I visited Stuttgart, a





city in his mother's native Kingdom of Württemberg. Upon witnessing the oppression that local peasants were undergoing either due to belonging to different non-Lutheran Protestant sects or to their participation in separatist movements, he arranged for their settlement in Russian Transcaucasia to form agricultural colonies.

### Early 19th century Germans in Azerbaijan

So two worn torn populations started to get along with each other. In the winter of 1818–1819, 194 Swabian families primarily from Reutlingen arrived in Elisabethpol (Ganja) in eastern Transcaucasia from Tiflis. They were granted land 6 kilometres to the west of the city and founded the town of Helenendorf (which is Goygol) in the summer of 1819. Another German settlement, the town of Annenfeld (later merged with the city of Shamkir) was founded almost simultaneously 40 kilometres away from Helenendorf.

Germans became an active community in Russian Transcaucasia. Unlike the settlement of Russian religious minorities, German colonies were located in “places that were more economically advantageous, close to cities or important transportation routes.” It became “typical for Caucasian administrative centres to have a satellite agrarian German colony. According to Charles King, “rows of trees lined the main streets” of the German colonies near Tiflis (this may sound confusing but Tiflis was mainly Azerbaijani city once upon a time, same with Yerevan). In eastern Transcaucasia, German colonists were overwhelmingly bilingual in Azeri, while Russian was formally taught in schools starting in the late 19th century. Dolma, a traditional dish in the Caucasus popular among all Caucasus

nationalities, became as common with the Caucasus Germans as traditional German dishes.

### **Germans becoming too many**

Beginning in the 1880s, in addition to Helenendorf and Annenfeld, six more German colonies were formed the Elisabethpol (which is Ganja City today) Governorate: Georgsfeld (Çınarlı) in 1888, Alexejewka (Həsənsu) in 1902, Grünfeld (also Həsənsu) and Eichenfeld (Ayxanlı) in 1906, Traubefeld (İrmaşlı) in 1912 and Jelisawetinka (Agstafa) in 1914. They became populated mostly by the descendants of the Germans from the two older colonies of Helenendorf and Annenfeld. By 1918 according to the German consul in Constantinople, there were 6,000 Germans (which a lot when you consider there were only 1.9 million Azerbaijanis in Azerbaijan) living in these colonies overall. Helenendorf became the primary spiritual centre for the Germans of the eight colonies. The oldest Lutheran church in present-day Azerbaijan, St. John's Church, was built in this town in 1857. Other Lutheran churches were built in Gadabay, Shamakhi, Elisabethpol, Baku and Annenfeld in 1868, 1869, 1885, 1897 and 1911 respectively. The ceremony of laying the first stone of Baku's German Church of the Saviour was attended by Emanuel Nobel, brother of Alfred Nobel, and other members of the city's elite



### **Germans becoming entitled to Azerbaijan and start building companies**

Baku's booming oil industry attracted many people from all over the Caucasus. By 1903, the German population of the city had grown to 3,749 (2.4% of the city's entire population at the time) and consisted mostly of natives of the original German colonies. Nikolaus von der Nonne, an ethnic German who had been working in Baku since 1883, was the mayor of Baku from 1898 to 1902. Notably, Richard Sorge, the famous Soviet spy and ethnic German, was born in a suburb of Baku in 1895. His father was a German mining engineer who worked



for the Caucasus Oil Company. Sorge is considered to have been one of the best Soviet spies in Japan before and during World War II and he has been posthumously declared a Hero of the Soviet Union. The city of Baku dedicated a monument and park to him.

Commonly referred to as nemsə (from the Russian немец – “German”) by the local Azerbaijani population, Germans in the Elisabethpol Governorate were traditionally engaged in farming. However, starting in 1860, viticulture was becoming more and more important in the life of the German agricultural communities. By the end of the 19th century, 58% of the region’s wine production was manufactured by the Vohrer Brothers and the Hummel Brothers of

Helenendorf. Vohrer Bros would create Xan Şirkəti which is still alive today in 1860. It’s the oldest brand and second oldest company in Azerbaijan

In 1865 and 1883, Siemens built two copper smelteries in Gadabay and a hydroelectric station in Galakand (it’s still working today!). In the 1860s, it initiated cobalt extraction in Dashkasan and built two power stations in Baku. The Siemens smelteries were officially closed down in 1914 when the Russian Empire entered World War I fighting against Germany and the tsarist government banned all German businesses in Russia.

During the Republic era (1918-1920), Azerbaijani Germans became represented in Azerbaijani Parliament by Lorenz Kuhn.

### **End of Germans**

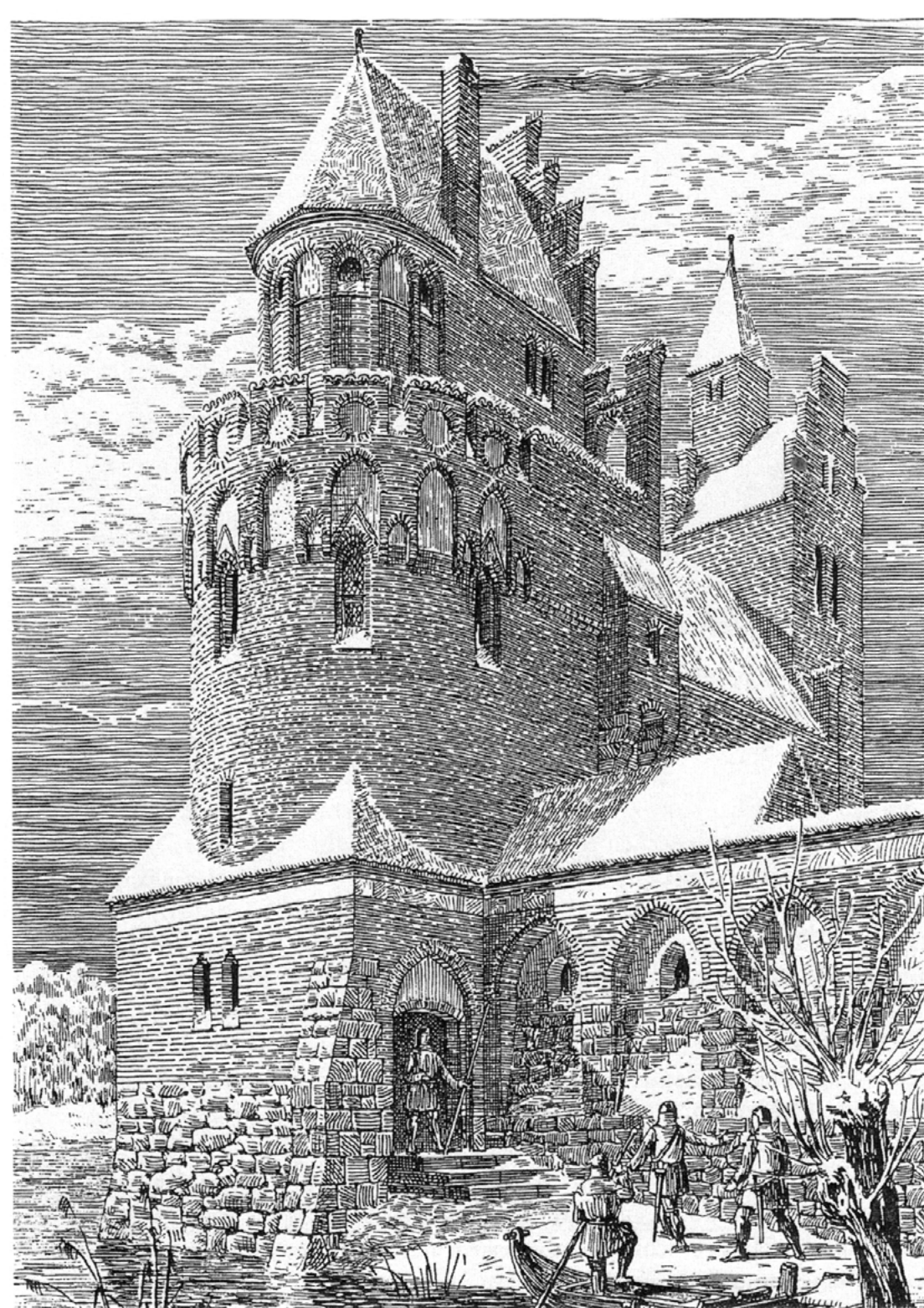
After the invasion of the Soviet Union by Nazi Germany in June 1941, the Caucasus Germans were internally deported by Soviet authorities to Central Asia and Siberia on the pretext that their loyalties were with Germany, even though this was not the case. According to scholar Pavel Polian, most of the Caucasus Germans (approximately 190,000 people) were deported from the North and South Caucasus to Kazakhstan and Siberia from September 1941 to June 1942.

Last ever German who stayed in Azerbaijan secretly, Viktor Klein died, in 2007

# Northgerman Brick Gothic - A Translation

by Germanball

Translator Notes: This is a partial translation of Hans Much's book about Northgerman Brick Gothic and its cultural and aesthetic superiority. Since the original text is over 50 pages long, I took the liberty of picking out certain passages from individual chapters of the book. As a translator I would also like to say a few words about the content of the text. While Hans Much aptly describes and highlights the unique and beautiful aspects of brick Gothic he lacks precision and argumentation in many areas. It sometimes seems that the esteemed Mr. Much takes certain points of view for granted and therefore does not allow any explanation to follow. In spite of the fact that I have picked out individual passages to spare the English-speaking readers exactly this, it could not always be prevented completely. Therefore, my recommendation is not to see the words of Hans Much as an ultimatum, rather it would be healthier in my eyes if one was inspired by his passion for North German brick Gothic and tried to understand the beauty of this architecture with his own eyes and mind. Have fun reading.



The present work is intended [...] to be a further means of supplanting plaster construction, which is mainly based on outward appearances, by presenting a method of construction which, in contrast to the latter, is based on truth and a healthy nature and which consequently ensures its long-term existence.

*Fritz Gottlob, Formenlehrer  
der Norddeutschen Backsteingotik*

The highest artistic expression of a general culture is undoubtedly architecture. It speaks the longest and loudest language. That is why we writers, as art historians leave us in the lurch, are also consciously returning to the understanding of architecture, because we expect an ascent from the present lowlands from it, not from poetry, music and thought. Not at least because the influence of Berlin on German culture has been so damaging, because the eye falls almost nowhere on buildings that are perceived as German, let alone a local building, and the meaning is nowhere made clear. Schumachers's monumental brick buildings in Hamburg show that such a homeland is also possible in the big city. Höttinger's projects for Hanover are just as magnificent. Admittedly, the path from the tenement barracks, the symbol of Mammonism, back to the noble grandeur of the Brick Gothic and then on again to one's own Low German expression of power is extremely difficult. But it must be walked.

The peculiar special position of the brick Gothic is mainly evident from the fact that the formula of its essence differs from the general formula of the Gothic, and usually has nothing at all to do with it. The general formula is called de-stoning of the stone and dissolution to functions. Provided that this formula is correct at all, there is no mention of de-stoning in the brick Gothic period. On the contrary, the stone is always emphasized, the beautiful wide joint ensures that the stone remains an individual in the association. The union into a whole is only brought about by the sublime force of the surfaces and formations.

Of course, ornamental jewellery is not missing either, but where it is used in glazed or shaped stones, it never becomes dominant. The actual architectural aspect is always in the foreground, especially in the gothic style of the Order. This preservation and emphasis of the architectural dominates the expression here from the outset, nowhere more noble than in the Gothic style of the Order, but also in the Hansa Gothic style, and ensures the sublime dignity of the building. The buildings of the 12th and 13th centuries are not only something quite suitable, but are also so insurmountably large because they are something quite finished and without precedent. This fact cannot be emphasized strongly enough.



It is only in later times that the role models come over Flanders, and the Lübeck Marienkirche becomes the first translation of the cathedral in brick. But soon the idiosyncratic Nordic sense also changes these forms according to their nature, and the sublime, goal-oriented momentum is transformed early on into gloriously flowing movements in space, into a great competition of surface and movement. Early on, the completed giant hall is already there.

Nowhere is the stone so accentuated as in the upwardly sweeping force of the towers. Here is the problem of the two worlds, which unite in man, powerfully tackled and victoriously solved! The overcoming of heaviness never happens with exuberant means, nowhere convulsive, but calm and safe and solemn. The Gothic tower, be it a needle tower or a roof tower, however diverse its individual design may be, and however peculiar each one is in itself and expresses something special. How does the formal language of classicism and baroque fall short of this great and noble dignity: illusory culture behind culture of essence.

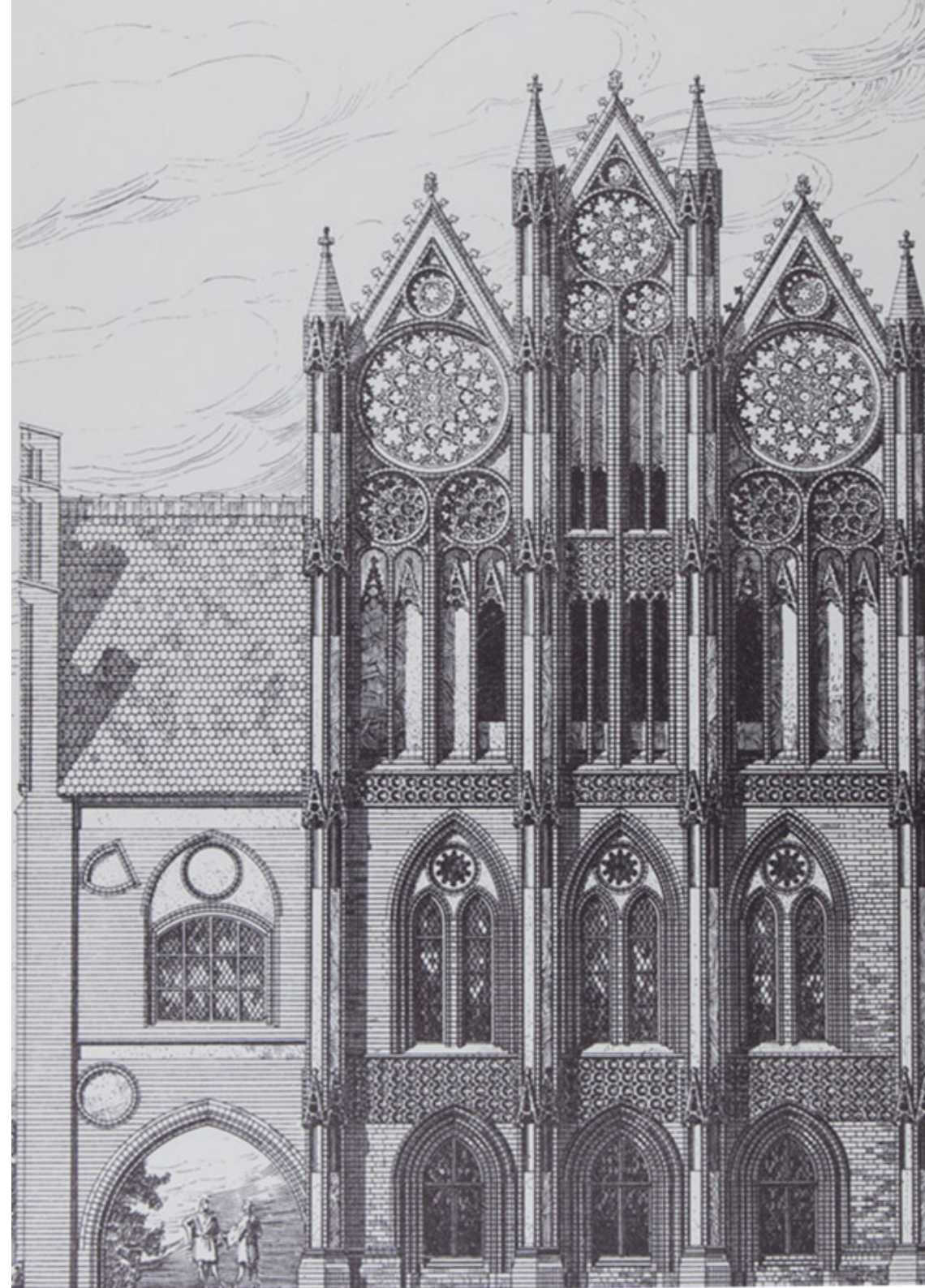
[...]

Even the heavy roof, which in southern Germany only appears at the end of the Gothic period as an expression of purely German special sentiment

["Sonderempfindens"], was used almost everywhere in the north from the earliest times, an expression of safe protection, of quiet shelter. Only the partially influenced Hanseatic League style applied the light Franconian-Flanders roof to its magnificent cathedrals, only to abandon it again in the case of the giant hall churches. So here is the opposite development as in southern Germany: in the south, the Germanic-Germanic is asserting itself slowly and with difficulty, in the north, it does not even need to assert itself; it is there like something self-evident and from the beginning, it shows itself noble and great. It is here in the North that we have to look if we want to fathom the essence of the German human being and extract from him the formula for the greatest German art.

Nowhere does the stone get de-stoned, not even inside the churches. It was simply the law of beauty and the idea of building that even the interior, where the surfaces were not occupied by pictures, shone in the red colors of the raw material. Proof of this is Doberan, which has never been white-washed, proof of this is a cultivated taste, which feels disillusioned and disappointed in a white-washed church, while in a room with red brick colours it feels elevated and liberated.

[...]



The gable of Tangermünde is quite different. In the construction the great victorious gothic simplicity; in detail much ornamentation. But it always remains ornamental dignity. As always, the brick protects against cramp, exaggeration, fantasy and playfulness, which the Ashlar challenging the chisel tempts all too easily. The shaped brick compels to limitation, but that is precisely why its effects are so indescribably noble.

[...]

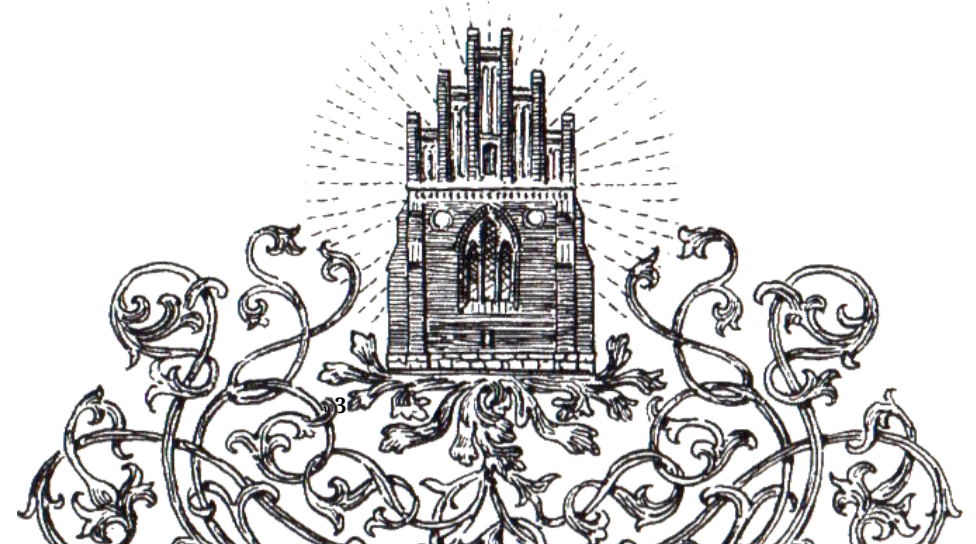
The brick Gothic is not a variation, but the most accomplished form of the Gothic in general. This is largely due to the nature of the North, partly because the North had to defend its essence [“Wesen”] in constant battles, but partly also because of the conditions of the building material, which came to the aid of the Nordic creative will like no other. At first the brick looks like a renunciation of the Ashlar. But this restriction ensures its superiority. Nowhere is the building idea emphasized as purely as in brick construction. It forces noble simplicity and protects against exaggeration and straddling. The large surfaces and sharp corners, the clear and significant contours and the boundedness of the line in its noble limitation ensure a truly noble greatness. In addition, the beautiful purple-red colour of the brick is superior to the grey Ashlar; it fits happily into the plain and yet at the same time stands out in a

beautiful shade, equally effective in the heavy air of the north in rain and sunshine.

The wide joints ensure that the individual beings are identified in the bond. In this way the pitting of stones is counteracted without the individual beings leading a special existence. They consciously merge into the great general thought.

[...]

“But the luminosity of the red stone is indispensable for the splendid and harmonious creation of space. The interior of the church has never been white-washed, but has only ever shone in the colours of the raw material. This is the best art-historical proof against the sober contemplation that still clings to the desolate corpe-like whitewashing in many magnificent buildings. But this art-historical proof is certainly not needed for those who have accustomed their eyes to warmth and joy. You really don’t have to travel to the Orient to learn and see and evaluate colours in architecture. Here in Doberan you can learn everything, if you only want to.





## 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 the 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 don't want a zine made out of random thrash.

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

### Contact

kohlzine@tfwno.gf  
discord.gg/juAshwD