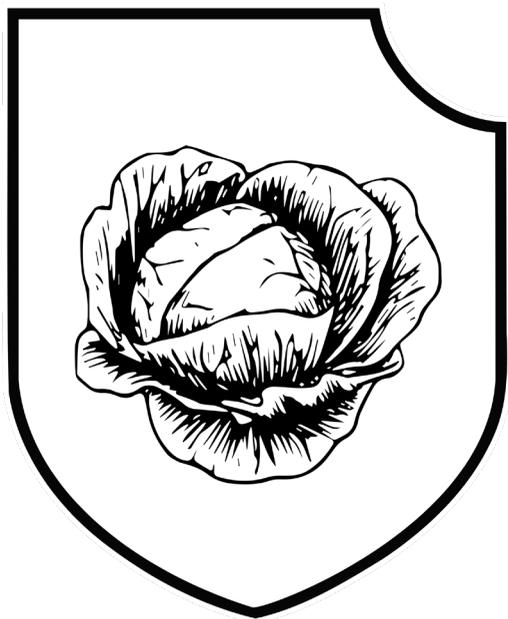


# kohl zine







# The Virgin Historian and the Chad Monarch



Bernd suffers with a job. Punching the clock and sitting at a desk for eight hours for someone else is no way to live. His natural state is a leisurely NEETdom, where he is free to study his own particular obsessions. I used to think that pre-modern scholars had it pretty good. You could spend all your time reading and writing, without the hassle and pressure of a modern day job. But the life of Jacob Paul von Gundling shows how bad life could be for an 18th century Bernd. Von Gundling was a German historian and scholar. After studying law and history, he was appointed Professor of History and Law at the Berlin Knights' Academy, and made chief historian at the Herald's Office by King Frederick I of Prussia.

King Frederick was an educated, cultured man who maintained a lavish court and saw himself as a patron of the arts and of scholarship. During Frederick's reign, von Gundling was respected as a scholar, and would often give public lectures or readings for the king and his guests over dinner. But in 1713, Frederick died and was succeeded by his son, Frederick William I. Known as the Soldier-King, Frederick William shared none of his father's interest in arts and culture. Immediately upon his accession, he cut budgets, fired servants, ceased patronizing the arts, and generally redirected all funding to the Prussian army.

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had a new instrument to demonstrate its power in the form of its energy branch. This was also reflected in Russia's relationship with the European Union. According to Lukyanov Russia used this opportunity to demand a more equal relationship with the European Union, and Putin has on several occasions stressed the need for reciprocity in the EU/Russian relationship.<sup>20</sup>

While economic cooperation has increased during the rule of Putin, Russia has also ceased integrating further into Europe. Russian policy, then, is shaped by a combination of Statist Nationalism and Eurasianism. Statist Nationalism because there is a focus on maintaining a strong and independent Russian state, with the ability to take action without influence of the EU, and Eurasian because Russia does not completely deny the merits of being connected to Europe. The dominant political discourse in Russia does not consider Europe and Russia to be opposed and fundamentally different. There have been some who see the European Union as an empire encroaching on Russia's sphere of influence, and especially in conservative circles there are people who remain skeptic of Russia's involvement in a Europe they consider to be degenerate.<sup>21</sup> The current discourse in the Russian debate about national identity and self-positioning has a lot of parallels to the debate before the Russian revolution. Iver B. Neumann points out that there exists a deep ambivalence in Russia when it comes to its

<sup>20</sup> Ibid., p. 1110

<sup>21</sup> Ibid., p. 1112

European identity. This can be traced back to the question about whether or not Russian and European identities are compatible.<sup>22</sup> This is not an unknown concept, in Britain the same question remains, but Russia is part of the stigmatized periphery defined by core Europe, and thus Russia struggles to be recognized as being truly European. In that respect Russia is unique because it is strong enough to exist on its own, as something separate from Europe.

<sup>22</sup> Neumann, 1998, p. 41

In England, Isaac Newton and the Royal Society were creating the scientific revolution, and in France, the philosophers were having refined and witty conversations in their salons. Meanwhile in Prussia, in the land of Dichter und Denker, the new king's idea of entertainment was called the Tobacco Cabinet, an "all-male society, whose members were mostly military men who gathered in sparsely-furnished rooms to smoke, hold discussions and drink to excess." Scholars would be invited to lecture on a topic, and the members would 'discuss' it. And by discuss, I mean get into drunken brawls. Before, von Gundling was accustomed to life as a respected lecturer, speaking to groups of interested, urbane and cultured guests of the king. Now he was summoned to address the 18th century equivalent of frat boys, and the bullying was merciless.

He gave a lecture discussing the arguments for and against the existence of ghosts, during which he was made to drink heavily. Some guards helped him stumble back to his room, where someone was hiding, dressed in a bed sheet to scare the shit out of him. Hilarious.

He would frequently return home to find his doorway bricked up, or have lit firecrackers thrown into his study. A pair of guards dropped him into the frozen moat on a cold winter night. One time, the king left two actual bears in his bedroom. They tried to feed him laxatives just before his wedding night.

He tried to escape Berlin and flee to his brother in Halle, but was arrested and brought back. The Soldier-King considered this tantamount to desertion.

The stress brought on by this abuse drove him to alcoholism. And yet somehow, he managed to keep writing serious scholarly works. He lived until 1731, so he had to deal with King Chad and his douchebag friends bullying him for nearly two decades. When he did die, they propped up his dead body on a barrel and paraded it through the streets of Potsdam. His eulogy was given by a rival scholar, David Fassman, who was one of von Gundling's more vicious tormentors. The local clergy refused to take part in the farce.

But despite all of this, von Gundling kept writing his scholarly works, writing extensive histories of Brandenburg and Pomerania. He worked to establish the Prussian school system. He never quit or gave up. Life is suffering, and even death is no respite. But don't let that keep you from satisfying your particular brand of autism.





lized, barbarian and Asiatic masses. In this respect, they had a lot in common with the pre-revolutionary liberal Westernizers, and just like them, these new liberals also wanted Russia to be a European nation with a European identity, and discarded any Russian identity separated from Europe.

However, not all liberal Westernizers wanted to replace Russian identity with a European one. In their attempt to shape a new Russian identity separate from the old Soviet one, another pre-revolutionary concept was revived, although this time with different meaning: That of Eurasia. The new Eurasianists did not believe that Russia could become a European nation; furthermore, they considered it a bad political strategy to completely abandon Russian identity. They advocated a Russia that was connected to Europe, but separate.<sup>16</sup>

Like before the 1917 revolution, the attempt to reposition Russian national identity in a European cultural framework sparked a nationalist reaction. These Nationalists tended to see Russia and Europe as fundamentally different entities. Russia was a different civilization, religiously and culturally different, and incompatible with Europe. They denied any notion that Russia should attempt to reform itself as a European nation. They saw the import of European ideas as something which is detrimental to Russia. The Nationalists can be split up into two camps. the Statists wanted a strong Russian state to hold

<sup>16</sup> Neumann, 1998, p. 21

Europe at bay and act as a balancing force between East and West, while the Organic were more interested in the revival of the Russian national spirit. Obviously, these overlap and both camps sought to keep Russia free from European interference, by walling it off culturally and economically.<sup>17</sup>

According to Fyodor Lukyanov, it is important to remember that the breakup of the Soviet Union and the establishment of an independent Russia happened almost at the same time as the formation of the European Union, which has served as a mirror for Russia's self identification. Furthermore, since the establishment of the European Union, there has been a change in Russian discourse, where Europe increasingly is seen as being equal to the European Union.<sup>18</sup>

Following the collapse of the Soviet Union came a period where Russian policy aimed at integrating Russia with Europe. Russia was to gradually approach Europe by adopting the norms and rules of EU legislation, which was considered to be better, and more progressive than Russia's.

This was a period of westernization, Russia was back in the role of the student, and it looked as though Russia was on a path of becoming a European nation.<sup>19</sup>

When Vladimir Putin came to power in 2000, he initially followed the same path Russia had been on since the breakup of the Soviet Union. With the oil crisis of 2003 came a shift in Russia's relationship with Europe. Russia now

<sup>17</sup> Ibid., p. 23

<sup>18</sup> Lukyanov, 2008, p. 1107

<sup>19</sup> Ibid., p. 1109

themselves, as being completely outside the Europe. A key leader of the Eurasian movement was Nikolai S. Trubeckoj. He meant, like many people in the west, that the Russian revolution had revealed the true, Asiatic nature of Russia. Trubeckoj considered the boundary between East and West to be located between the Slavs and the Russians, because unlike nationalists, he considered Russians to be different from Slavs.<sup>9</sup>

Even though the rest of Europe and some Russians stopped looking at Russia as a European power after the revolution, Seton-Watson argues that Russian communists continued to see Russia as belonging to Europe. However, for them it was not a matter of Russia being a part of Europe or not; they saw the world as separated into a capitalist and socialist part. This did not change after World War 2, and for most of the post-war period the capitalist/socialist dichotomy remained.<sup>10</sup> After the World War 2, the romantic notion of the idea of Europe took a backseat. The atrocities of two world wars, colonialism, and Holocaust had discredited Europe, which had been utterly destroyed and was now wedged between two superpowers. However, towards the end of the Cold War in the 1980's, the concept of Europe gained a new dynamism, and was once again discussed as a positive idea.<sup>11</sup> Perhaps this is why the issue of Russian national identity in relation to Europe in the late 1980's again became an important issue. With the general decline of the Soviet

Union, and the weakening of its grasp on Eastern Europe, the old debate about whether Russia should westernize and emulate the western European nations was revived.<sup>12</sup>

One of the key proponents of the idea, that Russia/the Soviet Union should be a European country, was found in Mikhail Gorbachev. Gorbachev introduced the concept of a 'Common European House.' This was an attempt to anchor Russia/the Soviet Union in Europe.<sup>13</sup> Gorbachev stressed the common culture, religion, and history of Europe and Russia and in 1988 he wrote in a text on perestroika:

"We are Europeans. Old Russia was united with Europe by Christianity [...] The history of Russia is an organic part of the great European history"<sup>14</sup>

With the increasing loss of control in Eastern Europe, Gorbachev's 'Common European House' was, according to Ole Wæver, an initial attempt at gaining influence in Western Europe. However, with the breakup of the Soviet Union, it became part of a strategy to prevent Russia from being excluded from Europe.<sup>15</sup>

A new movement of liberal Westernizers was also born out of the revived national debate and they came to dominate it in the late 1980's and early 1990's. Some of them saw the relationship between Europe and Russia as that of a teacher and a student. They tended to see themselves as an endangered species of European Russians, one step above the uncivi-

<sup>12</sup> Ibid., p. 186

<sup>13</sup> Ibid., p. 186

<sup>14</sup> Neumann, 1998, p. 19

<sup>15</sup> Wæver, 1995, p. 186

## Gabriele D'Annunzio Poet of the skies

We write the year 1909. It's September in Brescia, the old capitol city of Lombardy. Thousands of sightseers have come together under the mediterranean sun, to see the planes and the pilots as well as the italian nobles and celebrities. The creme de la creme of the american and french aviation scene can be seen through the binoculars - Louis Blériot, Glen Curtiss, Henri Rougier - who frolic around in a picturesque crowd of italian celebrities and nobles - principessas, con-tessas and members of the italian Bonaparte branch. Even Kafka can be found, at the time still unknown, writing a report for the Bohemian "Morgen-Ausgabe" about the Brescian Aviation-show.

Amongst all these people is a man of small stature, with a lively demeanor and yellow shoes. Many will recognize him as Gabrielle D'Annunzio, at the time already famous and highly discussed in the italian society. His excited dancing around may seem typical for him, but many of the sightseers will not experience the real reason for his excitement. D'Annunzio has not come as a mere spectator. Three days later, on 12th September, he and Glen Curtiss get ready to give D'Annunzio a futurist kind of baptism. A baptism of the air, of the skies. D'Annunzio is to fly for the first time on a plane.

Strapped into a second seat of Curtis's plane, he eagerly awaits the lift off. Unfortunately the plane barely climbs up, only for a short time the people can see D'Annunzio hover closely over the tops of palm trees, before the plane descends

again, but an alternative is quickly arranged. On a military plane, provided by an italian lieutenant from the Marina "Marie Calderada". Now D'Annunzio is finally flying.

For a long time he is in the air, traveling the italian landscape in this silent dawn. When he and his pilot finally land, he immediatly announces to the awaiting crowd that from now on he wishes to become a pilot: "Una sensazione divina!", he proclaims.:

An intensive feeling of bliss! When you lift of, it feels like you are free from the matter of earth.

You feel light, ethereal, transfigured!

It seems fitting that D'Annunzio experiences his aeronautic baptism on board of an italian military plane, since the path of his aviatic adventures would lead him closely connected to the italian military - and aeronautic war.

In the month following the Brescian Aviation-show d'Annunzio finishes his next novel - *Forse che ni, forse che no* -, which is consequently about pilots who are chasing after long-distance records with their planes and ultimately risk or outright sacrifice their lives for the new records. It goes to show how intensely D'Annunzio connects his romantic heroism with the new era of aviation.

Additionally his fervor for this endeavor inspires a revolutionary filming technique, nowadays known as a "tracking shot". In the silent film "Cabiria", D'Annunzio directs a new kind of filming, that makes use of the huge sets that have been created for this film: The camera is mounted on a dolly, that allows it to follow the action and move inside a set or environment. The new key element was the possibility to have long scenes without any cut, that have "zoom"-movements

<sup>9</sup> Bugge, 1995, p. 138

<sup>10</sup> Seton-Watson, 1989, p. 36

<sup>11</sup> Wæver, 1995, p. 176

towards and away from scenes as well as up- and downmovements of the camera, independently from the actors movements.

Even the great D. W. Griffith scratched his head for a while trying to get behind the secret of the “Cabiria Movement”, sometimes even using balloons to hold up a camera.

Although D’Annunzio proclaimed very little interest in the new medium film - as he is famously quoted, that he never watched a single film in his life -, his experience with cameras would translate into his aeronautic endeavours.

Years go by and the bells of war begin toll across Europe. D’Annunzio is now 52 years old and with his fervent help via public speeches, Italy gets ready to join the war. Consequently D’Annunzio joins the army and decides to become part of the aviatric branch. In the following years d’Annunzio leads an important role in the aeronautic warfare.

Despite his age he participates in multiple active duties in the sky. In February 1916 he crashes, loses his right eye and almost becomes blind in his left eye, until he finally recovers after months of derangements. But this is not stopping him, and very soon he is in the air again, leading the bombardment of Parenzo in July 1916.

Together with bombing runs, D’Annunzio also paved the way in the Italian Air Force for a new kind of reconnaissance flight. A duty that used to depend on troops on the ground or mere eyesight reports can now be done with the plane and a camera attached to the bottom. His enthusiasm as well as technical understanding of the matter further consolidate Italian air-superiority. Working closely with Gianni Caproni he develops

a plane with - at the time - extraordinary long-distance flight capabilities.

On his own accord he is transferred to the bombing squadron of Major Ernesto La Polla, which is directly under the rule of the Comando Supremo. In August he participates in three bombardments of the fortress Pola, in September he bombards the city Cattaro.

In May 1918 he founds his own squadron “San Marco”, consisting of three units: fighterplanes, bombers and as a world’s first - torpedo planes. With this new squadron he has more successful bombing runs on Pola.

But despite all these technical and seemingly material characteristics, D’Annunzio is still a poet, still a man of the arts and of ultimate heroic ideals. To quote Jonathan Bowden:

*It’s noticeable that the war in the air attracted a debonair, an individualistic, and an aristocratic penchant. Figures as diverse as Goering in the German air force and Moseley in the British air force and D’Annunzio in the Italian air force all fought a war that in its way had little to do with the extraordinarily mechanized armies that were fighting on the ground.*

*You had this strange differentiation between massive armies and fortifications of steel with tunnels turning the surface of the Earth like the surface of the moon down on the ground until tanks were developed that could cut through the sterile nature of the attrition of the front – a very static form of warfare from 1915 until the war’s end in 1918 – and yet above it you had this freedom of combat, this freedom in the air with biplanes which were stretched together from canvas and wood and*

compared to Europe, they looked at European countries for ideas on how to change this. They wanted to adopt European culture and ideas; for them Europe was an ideal to be imitated. They tried to reshape Russia as a European country. Liberal Westernizers wanted the political freedom of countries like England and France, and Radicals were inspired by Marxist ideas. The conservative government was mainly interested in the efficiency of Prussia. Nevertheless, they all favored importing European ideas and wanted to see Russia as a part of Europe. Increasing interest in reshaping Russia as a European power sparked a nationalist reaction. Nationalists, as opposed to Westernizers, considered Russia to be a world of its own, culturally and historically distinct from Europe. They rejected any notion that Russia should imitate the West. In spite of this, Nationalists still believed they had something in common with the countries to the west. They were often supporters of pan-Slavism (under Russian supremacy). They stressed the common foundation of Russia and Europe in the Christian and Greek culture.

Furthermore, they believed Russia could be a “savior” of a Europe, they considered to be materialistic and degenerate.<sup>6</sup>

From the time of Peter the Great until the Russian revolution in 1917, the Tsars of Russia were successful in positioning Russia in Europe. In 1815 Russia became part of the Holy Alliance with Austria and Prussia, and

<sup>6</sup> Bugge, 1995, p. 137

through this managed to play an important part in the affairs of Europe several times in the 19th century. Within this old order of Europe, Russia became an equal to Prussia and Austria.<sup>7</sup>

Westernizers were, however, not a uniform group, as mentioned previously; it was not only the reactionary Russian government that was inspired by the West. Vladimir Lenin, the Bolshevik leader of the 1917 revolution was himself a Westernizer. Nevertheless, the Bolsheviks coming to power after the revolution in 1917 meant that Russia was again excluded from being a part of Europe. The Capital of Russia, which had been St. Petersburg since Peter the Great, was moved back to Moscow, an act with great symbolism. Many Europeans believed that Russia had turned its back on Europe, despite the fact that the revolution was made in the name of what was thought to be the most progressive body of thought in modern Europe.<sup>8</sup>

The Bolshevik takeover meant that most of the Europeanized section of Russian society fled to Europe. The Russian immigrants, and the stories they told, sparked European interest in Russia. Some of these emigrants presented Russia as being completely separate from the European cultural world, and held that Russia was located in a geographical area, that was neither European nor Asian. This area was called Eurasia and the proponents of this idea were called Eurasianists. For the first time, Russia was presented, by Russians

<sup>7</sup> Boer, 1995, p. 70

<sup>8</sup> Seton-Watson, 1989, p. 35



wire and were extraordinarily flimsy by modern standards, [...].

There was a cult of chivalry on all sides in the air which really didn't superintend on the massive forces that were arrayed against each other on the ground, and this enabled a spiritual dimension to the war in the air that was commented upon by many of the men who fought at that level. This in turn reflected the sort of *joie de vivre* and the belief in danger and force that aligned D'Annunzio with the futurist movement of Marinetti and with many anti-bourgeois currents in cultural and aesthetic life at the time.

In his report "On the usage of bombing squadrons in the following operations" commissioned by Luigi Cadorna, Chief of Staff of the Italian Army, it becomes clear that for D'Annunzio the aeronautical warfare is tightly connected to heroic ideals and to the fate and ultimate destiny of his nation and its people. He writes:

In the hell of Verdun, at a time when the iron barrier of the Reich was the strongest - when even the most battle hardened warrior could no longer withstand the thundering and roaring insanities - a squadron of republican planes, the biggest that has been assembled in France up to this date, attacked in a single line the en-

emy infantry which quivered as if they were struck by thunder. The heavenly army accompanied the earthly army to the sublime sacrifice, as if it were in a communion of the Fatherlands extended free space.

The battle cry broke into all hearths, swelled up by sudden courage and excelled the roaring thunder of the romanesque wings.

Further into the report, he demands that the training of pilots has to be improved. He wants to build up an elite unit, but not only elite in their technical abilities but also in their minds:

The selection has to be strict, the requirements even stricter. The warrior instinct of the winged pair has to be as deep-rooted and perserving as their aeronautical instinct. It has already been said, that the Holocaust is the highest order of glory for a winged pair: the sacrifice (*sacrificio*), in which the whole sacrifice (*vittirna*) is burned.

“Those who surrender themselves and their wings to the enemy, have sinned their fatherland, the spirit and the sky. No matter if unlucky or shameless, they loose every right for glory.” This has to be the honor codex for all pilots and all companions. This has to be written onto the canvas, the wood, the sheet, the cement, the stone, every single place that houses planes and pilots. Our hearths tremble of proudness with each emergence of extraordinary heroes. The lieutenant Ugo Niutta from Naples encountered two enemy planes during a reconnaissance mission and approached them in keen courage. He managed to down one plane, but with the second plane still around he suffered the death of this companion and

his plane damaged, unfit to continue fighting. Yet he did not think about landing safely on the ground and surrendering to the enemy. He tried reaching our battle line, flying low avoiding tight enemy fire, but he was deadly hit and his in final moments he maneuvered his wings to its death, to shatter on the rock of Rio Torre. Thus the plane, the hero and the corpse of his companion shred and burned, but from the pyre of the wreck and the bones the unstained victory takes off: *mors vitoria vitae*.

Considering all this, it is not surprising that he also participates in many bombing runs that do not drop bombs - but propaganda leaflets. Leaflets riddled with nationalistic poetry, bombarding the subjected population with rethoric so raw and unbridled that they might as well have been real bombs. D’Annunzio couples the rethoric with the inevitable display of italian air superiority and the poetic mercy of a squadron, that might have been the bringer of death but chose not to. The first of such expeditions is lead by D’Annunzio on 7th August 1915 and drops leaflet bombs on the austrian city Triest. In September he hit the city Trient, in December Zara.

On the 9th August 1918 d’Annunzios propagan-da air raids reach their peak. With his squadron “La Serenissima” - consisting of one double-decker and seven single-deckers - they begin their dangerous journey at 5:50 AM in the morning. Thei target is more than 300km into enemy territory: Vienna - the capital city of Austria.

On their journey to Vienna the squadron gets sighted by vision or sound multiple times, but never clearly enough to really instigate any kind of counter measures by the enemy. At 8:10 AM

country is considered to be European depends on the platform of the speaker. The idea of Europe is in the eye of the beholder, so to speak. This also means that Europe can be seen from both inside and outside. Europe can be a subject, but it can also be an object. According to Pim den Boer there was no idea of Europe before the French revolution. He argues that in the early 19th century certain historical identifications with Europe were rediscovered, and became central. These were the identification of Europe with Christendom, liberty and civilization. This is where the history of the idea of Europe originates.<sup>2</sup> This is not to say that there was no notion of Europe before the French revolution, but Europe was seen as being special because of the enlightenment, not because of its past, which was considered to be dark and primitive. It was in the 19th century that the idea of Europe became a subject of political debates and an ideological instrument, especially in the context of different nationalisms.<sup>3</sup>

In order to facilitate a discussion on what Europe is, part one of this article will take a point of departure in Russia. Part two will deal with Great Britain and also contain a chapter concluding both parts. These two countries have been chosen because they are often seen as periphery, not only by what is traditionally considered to be “core” Europe, but also in many cases by themselves. The discussion will take this periphery position as a point of departure.

<sup>2</sup> Boer, 1995, p. 13

<sup>3</sup> Boer, 1995, p. 14

### *The case of Russia*

Throughout history, Russia’s relationship with the rest of Europe has always been special and it still is today. There have been numerous debates about whether Russia should be considered a European power, and Russia has at certain times been identified with the Asiatic or Barbarian. There are a number of different reasons for this. Russia has developed independently from Western Europe. In 1054, Russia went its own way when it adopted Orthodox Christianity after the East-West Schism between the Byzantine and Roman churches. In the 13th century, the Mongol invasion and later military pressure from the west kept Russia isolated.<sup>4</sup>

Starting with Peter the Great this all changed. Peter the Great was determined to make Russia a part of Europe. The designation of the Ural Mountains as the boundary between the Asian and the European continent was established in Russia during the time of Peter the Great. According to Stuart Woolf it served the purpose of identifying the Russian empire as a western power, with an Asiatic colonial periphery.<sup>5</sup>

“How European are we?” This is a question that has pervaded Russian identity debate since Peter the Great. The answer to that question again depends on who is asking it. There are two major constituents in the debate about Russian national identity, these are Nationalists (Slavophiles) and Westernizers. Historically, Westernizers saw Russia as backwards

<sup>4</sup> Bugge, 1995, p. 137

<sup>5</sup> Woolf, 1992, p. 91



## Core and Periphery: Who belongs to Europe? – Part 1

### An essay in two parts by 🇩🇪

What is Europe? Which countries are considered European? Is Poland really European? What about Russia and Great Britain? These are questions that every Bernd has asked himself and perhaps even spent hours arguing with strangers on the internet about. In this article we will put memes aside and look at what others have written. According to Hugh Seton-Watson, it is not possible to talk of a single Europe. Europe has been defined by such different things as geography, insti-

tutions, religion, race, culture and historical trajectory.<sup>1</sup> This article is too short to treat each of these definitions, but suffice it to say they are all inadequate.

These definitions all fall short because there are several different ideas of Europe. Ideas are the normative concepts used to describe the essence of something. The idea of Europe is not arbitrary; it is formed by the perceived reality of people. In relation to the topic of this article, this means that whether or not a

<sup>1</sup> Seton-Watson, 1989, p. 31



Picture taken over Vienna after dropping leaflets (St. Stephen's Cathedral in the upper right corner)

the squadron has reached their maximum height of 3.650m and is far above the clouds which shields them from any investigating pair of eyes.

It is around 9:00 AM when they reach Vienna and begin the nosedive onto the city. What follows is history: 400.000 leaflets were dropped, with italian text written by D'Annunzio and german translations written by Ugo Ojetti.

They manage to drop leaflets over various parts of the city and take multiple pictures and finally escape undisturbed.

In the following days the huge international media response was mostly positive, with the Times and the Daily Telegraph congratulating this endeavour. In the austrian media this action put

the country into a state of general alarm, since this public display of aerial vulnerability begged the question how these italian planes could operate completely uninterrupted. Nonetheless there were austrian voices who also congratulated the skill of the italian pilots and namely the bravery of D'Annunzio.

#### Further Readings

Franz Kafka, "Die Aeroplane in Brescia", Bohemia, 29.Sept. 1909

Gabriele D'Annunzio, "Forse che ni, forse che no", 1910

Jonathan Bowden, "Gabrielle D'Annunzio", 21. Jan. 2012



A241/26<sup>6</sup>

In questo mattino d'agosto, mentre si compie il quarto anno della vostra convulsione disperata e luminosamente incomincia l'anno della nostra piena potenza, l'ala tricolore vi apparisce all'improvviso come indizio del destino che si volge.

Il destino si volge. Si volge verso noi con una certezza di ferro. E' passata per sempre l'ora di quella Germania che vi trascina, vi umilia e vi infetta. La vostra ora è passata. Come la nostra fede fu la più forte, ecco che la nostra volontà predomina. Predominerà sino alla fine. I combattenti vittoriosi del Piave, i combattenti vittoriosi della Marna lo sentono, lo sanno, con una ebrezza che moltiplica l'impeto. Ma se l'impeto non bastasse, basterebbe il numero; e questo è detto per coloro che usano combattere dieci contro uno. L'Atlantico è una via che non si chiude; ed è una via eroica, come dimostrano i novissimi inseguitori che hanno colorato l'Ourcq di sangue tedesco.

Sul vento di vittoria che si leva dai fiumi della libertà, non siamo venuti se non per la gioia dell'arditezza, non siamo venuti se non per la prova di quel che potremo osare e fare quando vorremo, nell'ora che sceglieremo.

Il rombo della giovine ala italiana non somiglia a quello del bronzo funebre, nel cielo mattutino. Tuttavia la lieta audacia sospende fra Santo Stefano e il Graben una sentenza non revocabile, o Viennesi.

VIVA L'ITALIA!



GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO

2834431

-I choose wolololo.

-Bring them.

"Them?! It cannot be! It must be because it's not my first offense!"  
Two tall black figures this time. The dicks, they were too big to be called dicks. Massive, thick, heavy, and far too rough. Indeed, they were heaps of raw meat. The number they made to the traveler was grotesque.

-To this day, the man has never put his foot in that land again from fear to be anally raped again. That's why you should be really careful going to that place, my son.

-Don't worry, father. I will not do anything this guy did. Anyway, I'm leaving now.

-Be careful, my son!

-You too, father!

The son didn't take any apples, he had a large supply of food. The son wasn't thirsty, he had a large water bottle. But all of this was heavy, and he was tired so he sat at the side of the road.

-Stop right there, criminal scum! By sitting there without permission you have violated the law of this land. Now I shall bring you to our king for him to decide the best punishment. All the preparations were in vain. That was it. That was the time when he knew he was going to lose his anal virginity.

-Death or wolololo?

-Wolo...- started to say timidly the son

"What am I saying! Death before homosex!"

-DEATH!!!-said the boy with renewed strength.

-So be it. WOLOLOLO UNTIL YOU DIE!



the ground in a puddle of his cum.

Three months later, this traveled had to cross again the Wolo-lolo kingdom, being this time a lot more careful. "My ass still hasn't recovered so I don't want to have problems here" thought for himself. This time the travel went a lot more smooth and he arrived to the land's capital in no time. It went so smooth that he arrived one day before he had to so he wasted time doing tourism. The cathedral, the market,... he visited all the interest points in the city. After all the walking he wanted to drink something and he asked some children.

-There's a fountain here, sir.

Said a little girl playing with some rocks. And there it was, just like the child said. He wasn't sure tho. You never know when a pesky knight can spot you breaking some stupid rules. He looked to one side and then to the other. No signs of any guard, just some women drinking and filling pots of water. He just went and drank.

-Stop right there, criminal scum! By drinking that water without permission you've violated the law!

-C'mon, everyone is drinking!

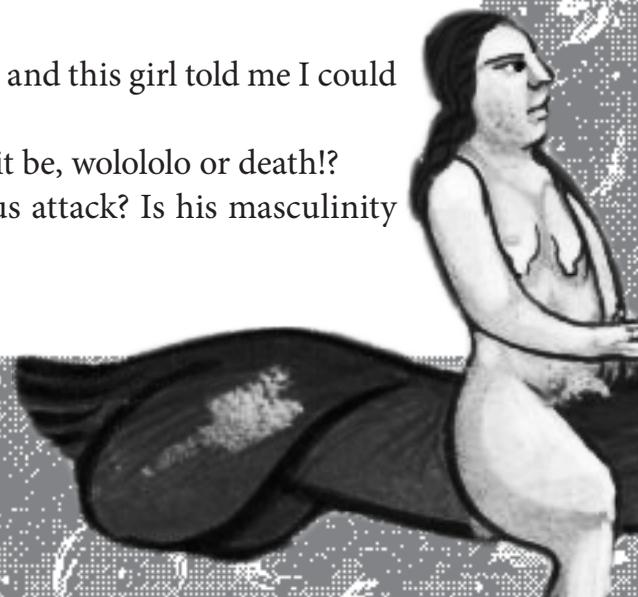
-Shut up! I though you would have learned your lesson! The king will be disappointed!

-So my knight has told me you drank from the sacred fountain.

-Yes, but I saw everyone drinking and this girl told me I could drink there and...

-I've listened enough! What will it be, wolololo or death!?

Will his ass stand another vicious attack? Is his masculinity more valuable than his own life?



"On this August morning, while the fourth year of your desperate convulsion comes to an end and luminously begins the year of our full power, suddenly there appears the three-color wing as an indication of the destiny that is turning.

Destiny turns. It turns towards us with an iron certainty. The hour of that Germany that thrashes you, and humiliates you, and infects you is now forever passed.

Your hour is passed. As our faith was the strongest, behold how our will prevails and will prevail until the end. The victorious combatants of Piave, the victorious combatants of Marne feel it, they know it, with an ecstasy that multiplies the impetus. But if the impetus were not enough, the number would be; and this is said for those that try fighting ten against one. The Atlantic is a path already closing, and it's an heroic path, as demonstrated by the new chasers who coloured the Ourcq with German blood.

On the wind of victory that rises from freedom's rivers, we didn't come except for the joy of the daring, we didn't come except to prove what we could venture and do whenever we want, in an hour of our choice.

The rumble of the young Italian wing does not sound like the one of the funereal bronze, in the morning sky. Nevertheless the joyful boldness suspends between Saint Stephen and the Graben an irrevocable sentence, o Viennese.

Long live Italy!"

Leaflet by D'Annunzio

"VIENNESE!

Learn to know the Italians.

We are flying over Vienna; we could drop tons of bombs. All we are dropping on you is a greeting of three colors: the three colors of liberty. We Italians do not make war on children, on old people, on women. We are making war on your government, the enemy of national liberties, on your blind, stubborn, cruel government that can give you neither peace nor bread, and feeds you hatred and illusions.

VIENNESE!

You are famous for being intelligent. But why have you put on the Prussian uniform? By now, you see, the whole world has turned against you. You want to continue the war? Continue it; it's your suicide. What do you hope for? The decisive victory promised to you by the Prussian generals? Their decisive victory is like the bread of Ukraine: You die waiting for it.

PEOPLE OF VIENNA, think of your own fates.

Wake up!

LONG LIVE LIBERTY! LONG LIVE ITALY!  
LONG LIVE THE ENTENTE!"

Leaflet by Ugo Ojetti



traveler in the medieval times goes through the territories of an unfamiliar lord. He is really hungry so he takes an apple from a tree nearby. Suddenly a knight appears and says:

-Stop right there, criminal scum! By taking that apple without permission you have violated the law of this land. Now I shall bring you to our king for him to decide the best punishment.

The traveler was visibly annoyed. Nowhere in his travel people had such strict laws. He wasn't worried though; the punishment will not be very harsh for taking only an apple. In no time he was in front of the king.

-So my knight tells me you took one of the sacred apples. Is that true?

-Yes, sir. But I thought it was only a normal tree and I was hungry...

-Well, seeing that is your first time and you did it by mistake I will give you an option. What you choose, wolololo or death?

"Wolololo? What's that? I think I will risk it. Don't matter what it is because certain death is always worst"

-I choose wolololo.

-So be it. Bring him here.

A tall black figure entered the throne chamber. It was a tall muscular naked black man with a wooden sign in the neck spelling "Wolololo 1". His dick was not like anything the traveler had seen until then, resembling a 2L cocacola bottle. With violence, the black man graved his victim's ass and started fucking it like there's no tomorrow. After half an hour, he was tired and stopped, leaving the now unconscious man convulsing in

