












# kohl zine

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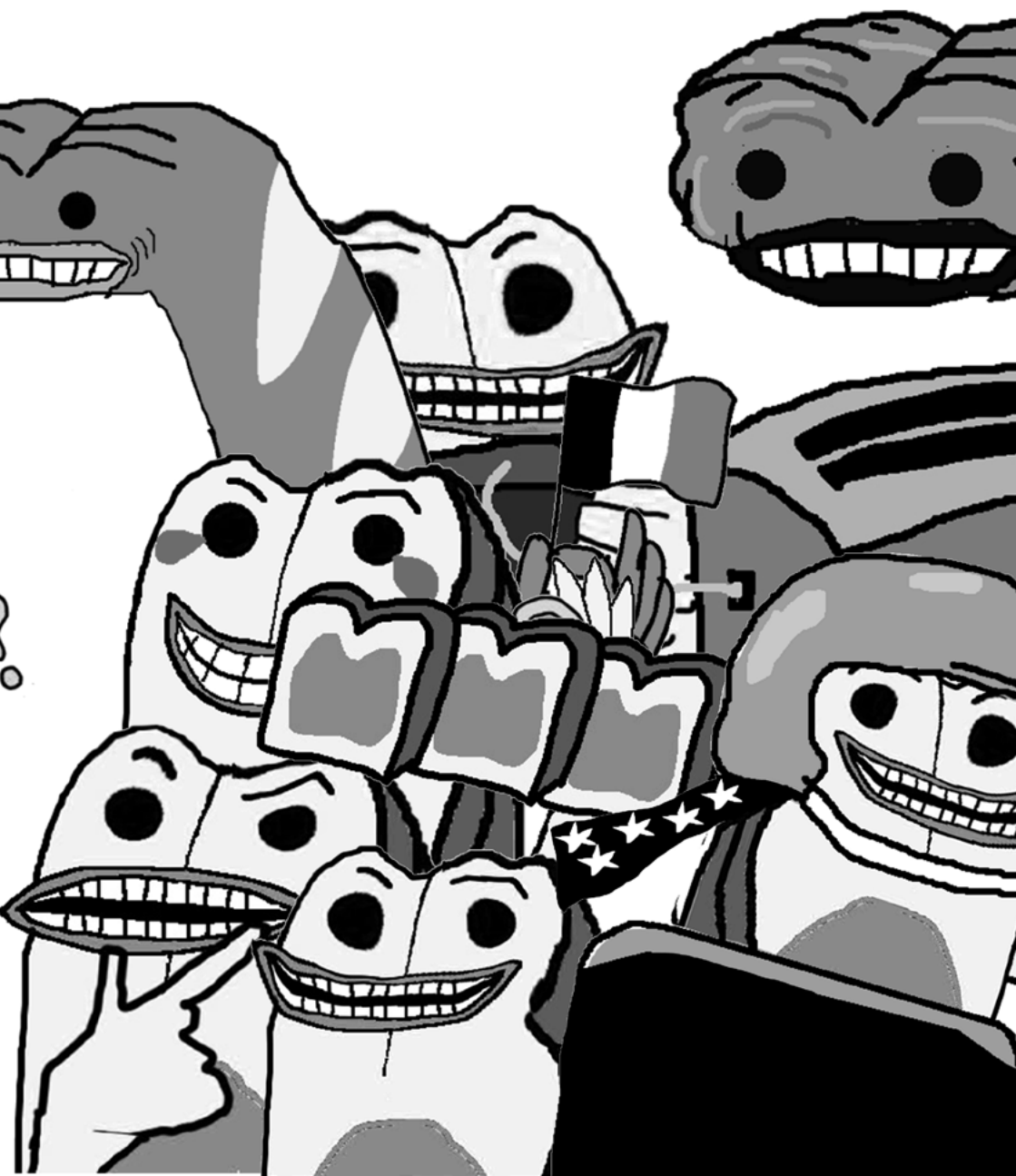
I got a handjob from a homeless person once

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## A Farmers Life #6

Buisness is growing

by Germanball

Cigar smoke hurt his eyes as he rubbed them. He was tired. He had to drive through half the night to get to this place. And the beer in front of him helped not very much either. He had been waiting for almost an hour now and was not sure how to interpret this sign. Again and again he looked around. There wasn't much going on here. In the quite old looking pub, only a few were still sitting on the other places. They looked at him piercingly every now and then. Maybe he was just imagining it. Anyway, Officer Ben Hammer caught himself grabbing down to his pants again and again to reassure himself of the false promise of security that the feeling of his revolver gave him . As soon as he wanted to raise his beer glass again, he was called into one of the back rooms. It was time.

„So you say you're producing again, huh?" asked the coarse man in pinstripes, sitting at the table in front of Ben. „This new guy, grandson or not, has done nothing

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to earn my trust in this thing. You're lucky I'm even sitting here with you, Hammer." „What's the big deal? I'm telling you, the kid's okay. He's a freshman, but he's just trying to make some money out of it. „ „Do you vouch for him? Remember, these movies are still largely illegal. If anybody finds out about us and this guy unpacks us, I'll find you. And if I have to burn down all the dirt you live in. „ „Calm down, Harvey. None of us are gonna unpack. And I see no reason why any cops should show up in my village from the outside. „ The roundish man relaxed a little and leaned back. Harvey Goldstein. Film producer and high-ranking member of the Jewish Mafia. He had his fat fingers in just about every lucrative business behind his legal businesses that earned him a few more shekels.

„I'll tell you what. This first movie you brought me is nice to watch and will surely find some buyers. But if you really want to get back into my business, you're gonna have to make some more special movies. From now on, you're gonna coordinate with my boys over the phone. They'll give you instructions. We'll just try this for a while and see how it goes. Get your money on the way out. I very much hope you don't disappoint me. „

Ben tried not to let his nervousness show when he left. The envelope he got felt thick, but he didn't dare look inside him before he got back to his car. With the Jews was not to be trifled with, that knew in this part of the country everyone. But if you managed to build a good business relationship, there was nowhere more lucrative work. He knew that from the past. He had a few golden years back then. When Ben turned onto the nearby highway and accelerated a little, he finally allowed himself to exhale again. He was relieved. Now he wouldn't have to meet Harvey in person so soon. From now on the money could start making.

Even if he didn't like receiving instructions from his new „partner”.

Three months had passed since business had started. Ben had ensured a steady supply of money through his contacts. Fortunately, the donor's employee, Moische Birnbaum, had rarely interfered in the business. However, he often brought new ideas for the shooting. New locations, styled Pokemon with „experiences”, toys or even freelancers. Usually run-down perverts that were not too bad to fuck Pokemon in front of the camera for a bit money.

Some even paid for it themselves. Bernd's „breeding buisness” was pretty much on ice. Basically it was only a dummy company. There were still orders coming in, but they didn't make as much money as the movies did. Bernd was surprised how everything developed, as he had actually only had the noble intentions to follow in the footsteps of his grandfather. Well, basically, that's exactly what he did. Mister Goldstein, had even made sure that new equipment arrived regularly. Cameras, editing software, sound systems, props and other things. He took only a few percent and interest on his, admittedly, quite generous shares in the production. Bernd was already very grateful that he brought this business up so quickly. On the other hand, of course, Jews could not be trusted. Tyrone had meanwhile also concentrated more on things he apparently mastered better than getting normal customers for breeding. He now took care to get women from the street to help out in the production and were not too bad to do some sodomy for a good salary . Of course there were often problems with the former employers of the ladies, but since the policeman of the area was involved in the production, these small pimps often did not dare setting a foot into the village. And if they did, Tyrone had drummed together some Negroes and created a small

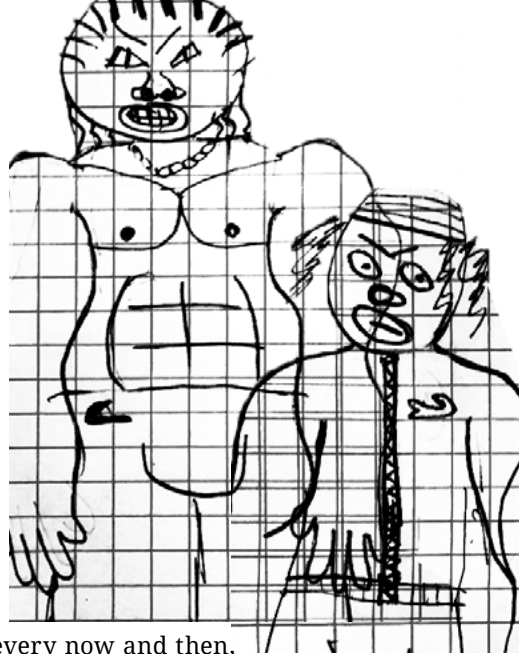
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troop to ensure safety. It was a bit difficult for Bernd himself to feel safe when he knew about all the Niggers in the area. Slowly he was no longer so sure if he would actually contribute something „good” to the village community.

After all, she grew quite fond of his heart in the meantime. Which brought him to Harry. He hasn't seen him in a few weeks. Bernd's seemingly Australian neighbour, looked out every now and then, but when he last spoke with him, he talked confused and said only the country would decay and even here in this quiet village everything would now become shit. Bernd thought he would calm down with time, so he had left him alone. But he was a little worried already. After all, he liked Harry quite a lot, and since Andy had gone to Norway, he seemed even more lonely than before. Bernd wished he had a little more time to take care of something like that, but his business took him in 24/7. When he came to the barn, which was hardly recognizable from the inside since the conversion, he saw everyone diligently during the shooting. In the background, an Chikorita sat on a sofa, surrounded by half a dozen black guys in underpants, smiling innocently into the camera. He didn't know what to do with this kind of film, but Moische assured him that the Goyim would be ripping for such films. Whatever that meant.

A little later on the same day Bernd was in the shop to get some refreshments for the film crew. Usually he hasn't been off the farm much since so many people worked



there. Usually some employees went shopping when something was needed, but Bernd was happy to have some time for himself. Jeff didn't seem to have a shift right now, and only his daughter was roaming the store filling shelves. Karen was she called as he learned of Jeff. When Bernd turned into her aisle at some point she was standing on a small ladder, because with her small body size she would otherwise hardly have been able to get to the upper shelves. She ignored Bernd, which was probably good. Because he was just busy putting his focus on her ass which was exactly in view height from him. A sweet ass, only narrowed down by a pair of jeans that Bernd would like to tear down her best to free her butt. Only when Bernd was spoken to quite loudly did he startle. Karen also became aware of Bernd, who had sneaked dangerously close to her buttocks in the meantime. He quickly turned into a shelf and inspected the local cat food brands with great interest. „Hey, we know each other, buddy. It's me, Ramùnas.” Bernd remembered of the guy slowly again. He'd met him behind this shop before. Obviously, he never strayed far from this one. „Oh, hey” Bernd only just replied. „What are you doing here? You're looking at that ass from that cute chick here, huh?” Bernd was still wondering how he could save himself now and how he could get away the quickest when a foot landed in Ramùna's face. „I told you not to say shit like that about me in front of customers. Otherwise it's a house ban and you can do without your daily beer behind the shop for a while, asshole!” Karen was visibly upset and got off the ladder. She set off again in the direction of the cash register without paying Bernd any further attention, for which he was very grateful at that moment. „Don't worry about it. I remember Karen from school, she's always like that. Sometimes she also has good days and sits outside with me after the shift. But she's more of a wine type of

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girl. „ Bernd found it amazing again and again how much people talked about everything and everyone when he just kept quiet. „Aha.” Was all he brought out, still a little astonished about how well Ramūnas took the kick.

„Listen. Since we’ve known each other so long, Jeff talked a bit with me about you. You’re supposed to have a good business on your farm. „ Now he had Bernd’s full attention. That Jeff knew it was pretty clear after being the poker buddy of some of his partners, but he didn’t think Jeff would talk to this guy about this. „Yes, I have a farm there. My old grandpa always used to. . . „ „But no. I don’t mean that one. I heard you were making some extra money in your barn. I don’t want to be your moralizer or anything. I was just wondering if you could get a friend a job.” „Wait a minute. You want to.” „What? No. Of course not. I’d rather leave that to the other degenerates. I was thinking more of something small. Whatever. I don’t have a job, you know? And if Karen didn’t often reduce the beer for me, I wouldn’t be able to afford it myself.” Bernd wouldn’t go so far as to call Ramūnas a friend, but with the money currently flowing into his pockets through production, another freelancer would hardly stand out. „Ok, then just come to my farm tomorrow morning. Maybe I can find you some little job. But don’t expect too much. Just tell the blacks at the gate you have an appointment with me.” „What?” „The Negroes. . . oh, you’ll see.” The rest of the shopping was quite uneventful, even though Bernd had problems looking at Karen directly when he was cashing. He was just a little nervous because he was away from his farm for so long for the first time. He was hoping the boys hadn’t done anything stupid during his absence.

To be continued

# PARADISE (A)SHI(F)T

2 0 7 0

by Argentineball

Europe by 2070 is an endless, winding mazelike slum which extends from the Madrid superdesert to the post-Tundra acidic mud plains of northern Russia, inhabited by Afroasiatic mutts, full of india-tyre genetic mutants, lorded over by Judaic slave aristocryptocracy gigacorps, who rule from small, walled supercities, living on inventions made thirty years ago, tearing up the earth. Like a tick on a sick dog, the lords are dying with the post human mass.

The lowermost part mass of atoms now doesn't even have the capacity of language anymore, a typical add catered to them shows a computer render of an infinitely beautiful Man of a phenotype specifically engineered not to exist anymore, labeled with the Apple logo, beating and laughing at a deformed, meek monster sporting the Samsung logo. Life finds a way.

The upper class is composed of quarteroon-arabic eye-queue ninetyeighter genderless twinks, working to keep the machinery running a while longer. They come home and force orgasms out of themselves and feast in post industrial yummysludge for eight hours straight, then they plug their brains into the borg which uses it for cryptomining calculations while they sleep.

The ballot still exists, and is strongly protectepd. The president of the European Supercity State rules like any other man for four years, catering to the wishes of the corporations, which in turn strive for the most extraction to feed the Lords and their slave mass.





On the other continent the situation is very much the same, a giant superslum extends from california to new york, inhabited by antibiotics kept negristizo masses.

Most of the lower iq54 class rents their brain to make calculations. They have an 5g communicating implanted chip which for a third of the day shuts their „higher” functions and is used as processing power.

In their free time, they play dumbed down farce of a game, they keep themselves entertained and completely ignore the world around them, wasting thier money on dopamine micro transactions. For the more cultured, it is common to watch the iq101 streamers, and nanotechnologically enhanced e-girls. One would think that such a thing would have dissapeared after semirealistic simulation, but it thrives on. There’s a kind of „social currency”, the average for a popular streamer is about a septillion AmEuroCoins.

The northern part of South America is a complex map of sub-affiliated Narco-States. The Aztecs gods have returned, as prophesized. Chapo 3.0 (the other versions haf bugs and had to be put down) reigns eternally in the Colombio-Mexika-Venezuelan narco-empire, kept alive by complex technology and drug money, keeping at bay the Peruvian Caliphate and the Bresiu savages of the Amazon Savanna.

South of the Riverplate the land is ruled by Hooligan States, and further south still, there lays Andinia New Israel. The ancient Bolivian Gods have risen and taken up to rebuild the INKA BVLL state. Whatever remained of argentinian „whites” have been cannibalized or turned into sissyslaves.

The Falkvinas have been nuked from orbit.

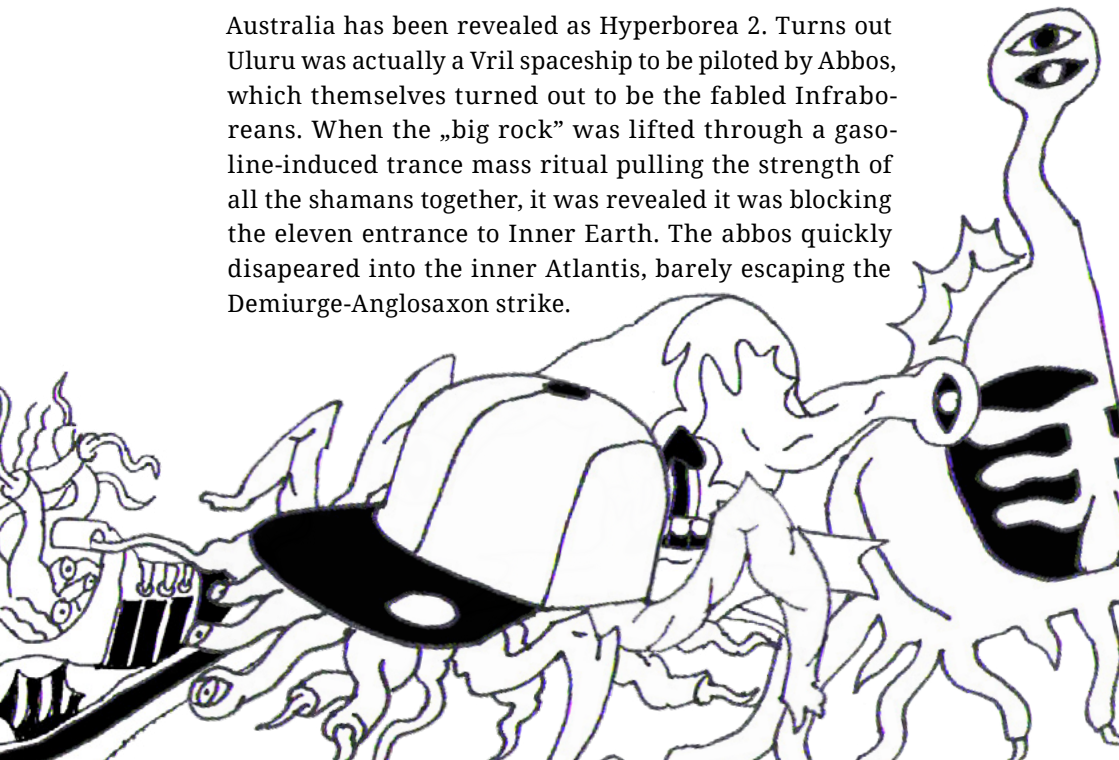


What about Asia?

East Asia is a nuclear waste dump. The asiatic masses appeared to be subdued with consuming, Evangelion 12.0 + 8.0, but a sudden, unpredicted resurgence of nationalism took it over. Sadly, three days after all the nuclear reactors in the Asian Coprosperity sphere simultaneously went into meltdown and exploded with the force of a targeted missile strike of American-Israeli design. NeoChina doesn't come from the future.

South Asia is unknown of. They say monstrous bioengineered post-humans roam the indian peninsula. Satellite photos show a mass of the size of Old London (the city that existed in the ex-british isles, before the sea was drained), of seeming human flesh which extends into the seas. It seems it feeds on the lifemud that developed from the waste filled waters. A sea of festering feces surrounds the peninsula. The atmosphere above it has become locally unbreathable.

Australia has been revealed as Hyperborea 2. Turns out Uluru was actually a Vrill spaceship to be piloted by Abbos, which themselves turned out to be the fabled Infrabo-reans. When the „big rock” was lifted through a gasoline-induced trance mass ritual pulling the strength of all the shamans together, it was revealed it was blocking the eleven entrance to Inner Earth. The abbos quickly disappeared into the inner Atlantis, barely escaping the Demiurge-Anglosaxon strike.





# TEFL: An Overview.

by Britball

For many a Bernd the working world is a bleak place of low pay, long hours and managerial bullying. A lucky few first worlders may happen into IT where their lack of social skills and basic hygiene are tolerated, but for most their future involves an endless cycle of menial slavery, destroying, slavery, destroying, and onwards to infinity.

But, for the lucky few we know as Native English Speakers™ another option presents itself; The thrilling world of TEFL!

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As strange as it seems now in the 1950's the International language of the future was predicted to be French or Russian, with English being a distant third possibility. Latin had fallen out of use as the language of international diplomacy and commerce in the 19th century in favour of French (hence the very term ,lingua franca'). British Prime Ministers and Aristocracy were traditionally fluent in the language. The USSR had their own ideas about and along with enforcing socialism on the ex-colonies of the Russian Empire were busy marginalising native languages and replacing them with their own. As much as the Cold War was a battle between democracy and dictatorship, socialism and capitalism, it could also seen as a battle between French and Russian for linguistic dominance.

No one told the Americans of course, and it was they who stumbled onto the true secret of linguistic dominance; Forcing people to speak your language only breeds resentment, telling them they need to speak your language hardly inspires much more, but if you can glamorise your language people will learn it willingly, and the US had the greatest marketing tool in history; Hollywood.

English had the perfect blend of soft and hard power, kids wanted to learn the language to understand what Indiana Jones was growling, their parents wanted to impress their boss by their ability to converse with clients in person. The collapse of the Soviet Union removed any remaining doubt as to the future language of the human race.

This leaves a problem though: How can six billion people ever learn one language well enough to communicate with each other when scarcely 500 million people speak it as a first language, and only a fraction of that number comprehend the functions and intricacies of their language well enough to teach it to another person?

The answer came from a collision of a hard left academic and free market economics. Noam Chomsky, before he changed his career to ‚befriending dictators‘, created a famous theory called Universal Grammar. Essentially stating that the human brain is capable of unconsciously extracting the grammar from language input and equally unconsciously applying to language output in its simplest form Chomsky theorised that in its simplest form this is the reason infant children will fail to understand exceptions in grammar, saying ‚sheeps‘ instead of ‚sheep‘, a child will unconsciously come to realise that an ‚s‘ makes a noun a plural, but and will begin adding it to all plural nouns whether its required or not.

Adopted by a other academics, and somewhat backed up with evidence, Universal Grammar was applied to second language teaching with the rationale that it isn’t necessary for learners to have a complex understanding of grammar or form to use a language, all that is needed is enough input and output to allow their own innate learning systems to comprehend the language. To the budding EFL industry this offered the perfect answer to their problems, highly trained and qualified (expensive) teachers weren’t necessary, all that was really needed were native English speakers.

As a side note, Bernd might be interested to learn that George Soros was instrumental in the development of the TEFL industry. After the collapse of the Soviet Union he posited that the best way for the human race to avoid a potentially apocalyptic global conflict was if everyone was able to communicate with a common language (being a native Esperanto speaker you can understand why he would come to this conclusion). Soros offered to start up grants to people in countries across the world who were willing to open International House language schools, in doing so creating one of the largest franchises in the EFL industry.



The TEFL market has grown exponentially in the last thirty years from a cottage industry employing gap year twenty somethings wanting to explore the world before settling down into a life of domestic monotony to a sector dominated full of chain schools employing increasingly professional and well qualified teachers. International House have been joined by Wall Street, Berlitz, The British Council, English First and a multitude of others eager to make a quick buck off the world's desire for communicative competence, not to mention a parallel industry of companies trying to sell the dream of an amazing adventure and a great job in a foreign country, and all you need is their comprehensive TEFL course available at the incredible price of \$299.99!

The latter part is mostly bollocks of course. In world of TEFL employers either require nothing more than a degree in any subject or a degree and a reputable in class course such as the Cambridge affiliated CELTA or the Trinity University affiliated TRINITY course.

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So, what motivates a person to ditch their normal lives for a chance to wander across the world and earn a relatively bad salary in a developing country? Chronic life-long wanderlust? Incurable addiction to risk? Avoidant personality disorder? A love of cheap third world hookers? All of the above? The common consensus is that TEFL lifers, the people who don't just go to China for a couple of years and go home, or end up settling down in Thailand with a ex-bargirl wife and a couple of hapas, are universally misfits and oddballs.

In my experience it takes at least a basic level of social skills, confidence and intelligence to stand in front of a class of people and pretend you know what you're doing (a clean criminal record helps as well), but the willingness to drop out of your life, lose all your friends and start again someplace new every couple of years is not a normal human condition. It's been suggested that a large number of TEFLers have a misdiagnosed clinical mental illness,

bi-polar disorder, depression, or ADHD. Another rationalization is a simple inability to grow up and deal with adult responsibilities. Every long term TEFLer I've known has had at least one factor preventing them from functioning in a normal society: borderline alcoholism, morbid obesity, physical deformity, more alcoholism, social awkwardness, issues with authority, extreme political views, manic episodes. The world of TEFL is forgiving of many defects.

Whatever the truth is one fact is that TEFLers are overwhelmingly white and male. It's a unspoken truth in the TEFL industry that most of the people you'll be teaching (and most people in the world) will be racist. And as any industry, the customer is always right. I once worked for a company in Thailand who hired a new teacher from the UK. Contracts were signed, plane tickets were booked, accommodation arranged and curriculums sent. Then the school who the company sub-contracted teachers to found out that the new teacher was Asian and politely told the company that they would prefer a white teacher, and their preference wasn't up for debate. The new teacher was duly informed that there'd been a mix up and they'd have to cancel the contract. TEFL teachers are status symbols as much as anything else, and in a lot of the world that means you have to be the ideal of the clean cut, white, Westerner. Kokujin, Pà jī, and Chāw cīn might not be officially excluded, but they will find it much more difficult, especially in Asia or the Middle East.

The lack of female TEFLers is harder to explain, in the none-EFL teaching sphere there is a general gender balance, often leaning to more women. I've known plenty of female TEFLers, but they're almost always short termers. Usually they'll stick around for one or two years then disappear back to where their home countries.

Part of the answer could be that men have been proven to be more comfortable with risk than women, and packing up your lives to go living in countries where they eat spiders and people disappear for having the wrong opinions about the Government takes a certain of reckless disposition.

Its plausible that another part of the answer is that most of the world has a less socially progressive attitude towards sexual relations than the West. If a guy on the Beijing subway slaps a woman's arse no one is going to care, ditto if the manager of your language school tells his female teachers to wear short skirts to attract more adult students, they have two choices: comply or get a new job. It's not like this everywhere but it is a general rule.

You might think in the early years of the 21st century we've reached peak English, but most projections put the numbers of people who speak the language to a passable level at 1.5 – 3 billion, leaving at least half, and probably three quarters of the world's population with little to no knowledge of the Global Lingua franca. The TEFL Is booming, and isn't going to go away anytime soon. Its already moved away from the days of backpackers in tie-dye t-shirts looking to make a few bucks to fund their wanderings to a corporate world of suits, and serious qualification. The good news for most Berndts is that, in my opinion, the requirement for TEFLers to be native speakers of English is ending. People are starting to realise that the Dutch speak English with virtually the same aptitude as the English or Americans. The term 'native speaker' is being gradually replaced with 'near-native' as schools struggle to find enough qualified NESs to fill their vacancies (in Thailand its estimated that 30% to 60% of EFL vacancies are never filled).

A qualified non-native speaker could soon be seen as better than an unqualified non-native. Picking over some of the linguistic themed articles by non-natives from Kohlzine has enforced this opinion in me.

On-line teaching is also booming, with a business model based on uber, Airbnb and other similar services. Freelance teachers in the US are talking to kids in Korea over Skype, although whether it's as effective as classroom teaching is debatable, but for the agoraphobic Bernd wanting to make some cash it could be useful.

Source:

A. P. R. Howatt & Richard Smith (2014) The History of Teaching English as a Foreign Language, from a British and European Perspective, *Language & History*, 57:1, 75-95, DOI: 10.1179/1759753614Z.00000000028



## Friedrich Wilhelm, der Große (the Great)

1640 - 1688 When Friedrich Wilhelm succeeded his father at the age of 20, he had neither any education nor experience in the art of governing. He had spent most of his childhood in the seclusion of the fortress Küstrin, in the middle of gloomy forests, where he was safe from enemy troops. Between lessons in foreign languages, drawing, geometry and fortress construction, he regularly hunted deer, wild boar and wild birds. At 14 (1634) he was sent to the comparatively safe Republic of the United Netherlands, where he was relatively safe from the increasing military tensions and epidemics that would haunt the Mark at the time. There he would spend the next four years of his life.

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Friedrich Wilhelm's long stay in the Netherlands had influenced him in many ways. His teachers in law, history and politics were professors at the Leiden University, then a respected and much sought-after centre of neo-stoic state theory. The lessons emphasized the grandeur of the law, the venerability of the state as guarantor of the existing order, and the central importance of duty and obligation for the office of sovereign. Neo-stoics paid particular attention to the need to subordinate the military to the authority and oversight of the state. Throughout his reign, Friedrich Wilhelm sought to rebuild his territory according to the model he had observed in the Netherlands. The training system used in his army from 1654 was based on the drill regulations of Prince Moritz of Orange. Friedrich Wilhelm would reinvent the office of Elector, so to speak. While Johann Sigismund and Georg Wilhelm had devoted themselves only sporadically to the affairs of government, Friedrich Wilhelm would work harder than a secretary. Contemporaries recognized something new and remarkable in it. His ministers were amazed at his detailed knowledge, his judgement and his ability to endure all-day working sessions. Even the Imperial Ambassador Lisola, a very critical observer, was impressed by the Elector's conscientiousness. He admired him, registered his pleasure in the long and extremely detailed reports which he expressly demanded of his ministers; he read everything, decided and ordered everything and overlooked nothing. „I will assume my responsibility as Prince in the awareness,“ Frederick explained, „that these are the affairs of the people, not my own.“ These were the words of the Roman Emperor Hadrian, but from the mouth of the Elector they signaled a new understanding of the role of the sovereign. For him, his office was not limited to carrying a prestigious title or a bundle of privileges and revenues. He had a vocation, and it was only right and proper that

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it should define the whole lifestyle of the ruler. The first historiographers of his reign established the image of this Elector as a model of complete and unfettered devotion to the office. His model became an influential icon in the Hohenzollern tradition, the shining example by which his successors in the office of Elector either measured themselves or were measured.

After the death of his father, the Elector Georg Wilhelm, Friedrich Wilhelm succeeded him and his widely scattered territory in the midst of catastrophic political circumstances. The Thirty Years' War had severely devastated the country; entire regions were devastated and depopulated, sometimes even entire cities. Brandenburg and Kleve were occupied by Swedish troops. Although in July 1641 an agreement was reached with the Swedes on a two-year armistice, the looting, pillaging and attacks of all kinds did not end. Prussia was considered an insecure possession, as the King of Poland could refuse the loan at any time. Moreover, the state's finances were shattered, so that the mercenaries also rebelled.

At a low point in foreign and domestic powerlessness, extreme military pressure and the economic ruin of his country, Friedrich Wilhelm was faced with the desperate task of rebuilding his territories, without any government apparatus or aid. The dilemma his father's rule had already fallen ill with was still unresolved: Brandenburg had no army that could secure the independence of the state.

At first the young elector led his government from Kleve and cultivated relations with the Netherlands, where he had previously lived and studied. Friedrich Wilhelm appointed the master builder Johann Gregor Memhardt (1607-1678), who had already served his father, as electoral

engineer. His first assignment was to improve the fortifications of the Schwanenburg at the town of Kleve in order to protect the possessions of the young Elector.

In contrast to his father and grandfather, Friedrich Wilhelm had received lessons in Polish from his seventh birthday, which improved relations with the Polish king and possibly led to the elector being enfeoffed by the Polish king with the duchy of Prussia on 7 October 1641.

In 1646 Friedrich Wilhelm returned to the Mark. After a hoped-for marriage with the Swedish royal house had not been achieved, Friedrich Wilhelm married the eldest daughter of the governor Friedrich Heinrich of Orange on 7 December 1646 in The Hague, with whom he had six children. In addition to the luxuriant dowry of the bride of 120,000 Reichstalers in cash and jewellery worth 60,000 Reichstalers, the new Electoress was followed by Dutch artists, craftsmen, master builders, farmers and merchants who brought modern techniques and production methods to the land exhausted by the Thirty Years' War. Soon the word of the „Verholländerung“ (eng. Hollandization) of the Mark Brandenburg made the rounds. Above all in Berlin and Potsdam a „Dutch colony“ established itself, which was occupied among other things with the extension and reorganization of the fortress, the development of the city castle as well as the layout of roads and canals.

At the Peace Congress of Westphalia, Friedrich Wilhelm fought tenaciously and passionately against Sweden and the European powers for possession of the entire province of Pomerania, almost to the point of completely endangering his position. After a long battle, he had to agree to the French-Swedish punctuation of February 1647, in which Pomerania was divided and the secularized dioceses Halberstadt, Minden and the claim to Magdeburg, where a

Wettiner was still sitting, were awarded to the Elector as substitutes.

In order to restore the independence of his territory and his territorial claims, the Elector began to build a mobile, disciplined army. The creation of such an instrument became one of the main concerns of his reign. The Brandenburg army grew enormously. It comprised 3000 soldiers in 1641/42, 8000 in 1643 to 1646, 25,000 during the First Nordic War from 1655 to 1660, and 38,000 soldiers during the Dutch wars of the 1670s. Improvements in tactical training and armament along the lines of the French, Dutch, Swedish and Imperial armies brought the Brandenburg army up to date with European war techniques.

The foundation of a cadet school for officers' recruits was an important step towards a standardised training of officers. Better conditions - including the provision of officers with war wounds or retired officers - ensured a more stable command structure. These innovations also strengthened the cohesion and morale of the lower ranks, as evidenced in the 1680s by the outstanding discipline and small number of deserters. The improvised troops assembled for individual campaigns in the early years of the reign gradually developed into a kind of standing army. The construction of such a terrifying military instrument was of great importance, for the decades following the Thirty Years' War were a period of fierce conflict in northern Europe.

In 1655 the Second Nordic War broke out. The Swedes under King Charles X Gustav invaded Poland from Swedish Livonia and Western Pomerania. The Duchy of Prussia was in great danger; Friedrich Wilhelm gathered 18,000 men and led them to the Duchy, which had already been



invaded by the Swedes. Being militarily inferior, he recognized the de facto already existing sovereignty of the Swedes over Prussia and accepted the Treaty of Königsberg on 16 January 1656, by which he was now enfeoffed by the Swedish king with the Duchy of Prussia.

Due to the worsened situation of the Swedes in Poland, the Swedish king needed new allies, so that on 23 June 1656 he concluded the Treaty of Marienburg with the Elector Friedrich Wilhelm. In the summer of 1656 an army of Friedrich Wilhelm of 8500 soldiers united with Charles X and defeated the gigantic Polish army in the Battle of Warsaw (28-30 July).

In order to avoid a break with his partner, the Swedish King Charles X Gustav finally recognised Friedrich Wilhelm's sovereignty over the Duchy of Prussia with the Treaty of Labiau on 20 November 1656.

Two years later he changed fronts and fought alongside Poland and Austria against the Swedes. In the Treaty of Wehlau on 19 September 1657, Friedrich Wilhelm succeeded in securing Prussia's sovereignty for a change of alliance to Poland-Lithuania. The treaty was brokered by the Habsburg Leopold, Archduke of Austria and King of Hungary. In return, Friedrich Wilhelm supported him in the royal and imperial elections. Friedrich Wilhelm was appointed commander of the united Brandenburg-Polish imperial army, which was called up against the Swedes in 1658/59 - a sign that Brandenburg's political weight in the region was increasing. A series of successful campaigns followed, first in Schleswig-Holstein and Jutland, and later in Pomerania. The provisions of the Treaty of Wehlau were confirmed in the Peace of Oliva on 3 May 1660, with which the Elector finally became sovereign over the Duchy of Prussia, which was a basic prerequisite for the later foundation of the Kingdom of Prussia.

In the following decade from 1660 onwards, Friedrich Wilhelm began to concentrate on the internal politics of Brandenburg and on expanding his sovereign power. After the question of full sovereignty had been clearly settled in the Treaty of Wehlau and the Peace of Oliva, the Elector resolutely strove for a lasting agreement with the Prussian estates. In Prussia however, this turned out to be particularly difficult, since the independence aspirations were supported by the neighbouring republics of the Netherlands and Poland. The strict Lutherans caused particular problems and refused to recognise the Reformed Elector and asked Poland for help. Only in March 1662, when a legation in Warsaw was unable to obtain any concrete support from Poland, did the representatives of the Estates show signs of giving in. Gradually the electoral administration became more and more independent

of the elites in the provinces. Since the Elector owned one third of Brandenburg and about half of the Duchy of Prussia, he was able to increase his income considerably by improving the administration of the electoral estates.

Another important step was the introduction of Octroi duties, a consumption tax on goods and services, which was introduced step by step in Brandenburg's towns as early as the late 1660s and later extended to Pomerania, Magdeburg, Halberstadt and Prussia. After there had been disputes in some places about the form of its collection, it was placed under the supervision of tax councils bound by directives, which soon took on further administrative tasks. The introduction of Octroi was a clever move in so far as it was only assessed in the cities and thus represented a competitive advantage for enterprises in the countryside; it enabled the Elector to skim off the wealth of the individual regions without upsetting the powerful families of the rural nobility.

Another means by which Friedrich Wilhelm reinforced his authority was to fill key administrative positions with Calvinists. This policy was less a question of religious preference; it was directly aimed against the claims of the Lutheran estates. The use of foreign officials was another significant development. In Brandenburg, hardly any of the leading ministers appointed after 1660 came from the Electorate. The acceptance of talented people (especially jurists) from the bourgeoisie into the higher ranks of civil and military administration further deepened the gap between the government bodies and the elites in the countryside. The withdrawal of this group created space for a new type of civil servant who felt increasingly committed to the monarch and his administration.



Friedrich Wilhelm's outstanding military success was his victory over the Swedes at Fehrbellin in 1675, achieved without outside support. In the winter of 1674/75 Friedrich Wilhelm was on a campaign with an Austrian army in Alsace and the Upper Rhine. Brandenburg belonged to a coalition that had set itself the goal of putting Louis XIV in his place in the Franco-Dutch War. Hoping for French subsidies, the Swedes, allied with France, invaded Brandenburg with an army of 14,000 men under the command of General Gustav Wrangel. The scenario evoked memories of the Thirty Years' War: the usual rage broke out with the Swedes over the population of the Uckermark north-east of Berlin. Friedrich Wilhelm reacted to the news of the Swedish invasion with undisguised anger. „I can assure you,” the Great Elector wrote to Otto von Schwerin on 10 February, „that I can't be brought to any other resolution than to think of reckoning myself against the Swedes.” In a series of angry dispatches, the elector, plagued by gout, urged his subjects, „both nobility and commoners [...], to crush all Swedes and to break their necks [...] not to give them quarters but to have them all crushed.”





Friedrich Wilhelm joined his army at the end of May, which awaited him in Franconia. His troops covered more than 100 kilometres per week and arrived in Magdeburg on 22 June, only 90 kilometres from the Swedish headquarters in the town of Havelberg. It was here that the Brandenburg commanders learned from local informants that the Swedes had lined up across the Havel, with emphasis on the fortified cities of Havelberg, Rathenow and Brandenburg. Since the arrival of the Brandenburg army had remained unknown to the Swedes, the Elector and his commander Georg Freiherr von Derfflinger had the surprise effect on their side. They decided to attack with only 7000 mounted men one of the most important Swedish bases: Rathenow. In addition, 1000 Musketeers were loaded on wagons so that they could keep up with the advancing cavalry. Heavy rain and muddy ground hindered their progress, but at the same time hid them from the unsuspecting Swedish regiment in Rathenow. Early in the morning of June 25, the Brandenburgers attacked and destroyed the Swedish troops with minimal losses of their own.



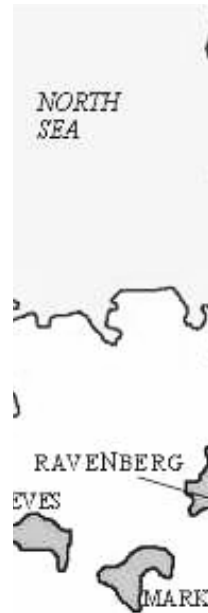
The collapse of the Swedish line at Rathenow was the prelude to the Battle of Fehrbellin, the most celebrated military success of the Great Elector. With the aim of regaining a solid position, the Swedish regiment in the city of Brandenburg withdrew far into the country. From there, they wanted to make an arc to the northwest and unite as quickly as possible with the main army in Havelberg. This turned out to be more difficult than expected, as the heavy spring and summer rains had transformed the wetlands of the area into a deceptive water landscape, interrupted only by a few islands of sand or soaked meadows, and traversed by narrow dams. Under the guidance of local experts, Advance Commands of the Electoral Army blocked the main exits from this area and forced the Swedes to retreat to the small town of Fehrbellin am Rhin. Here the Swedish commander, General Wrangel, brought his 11,000 soldiers into position, with the 7,000-

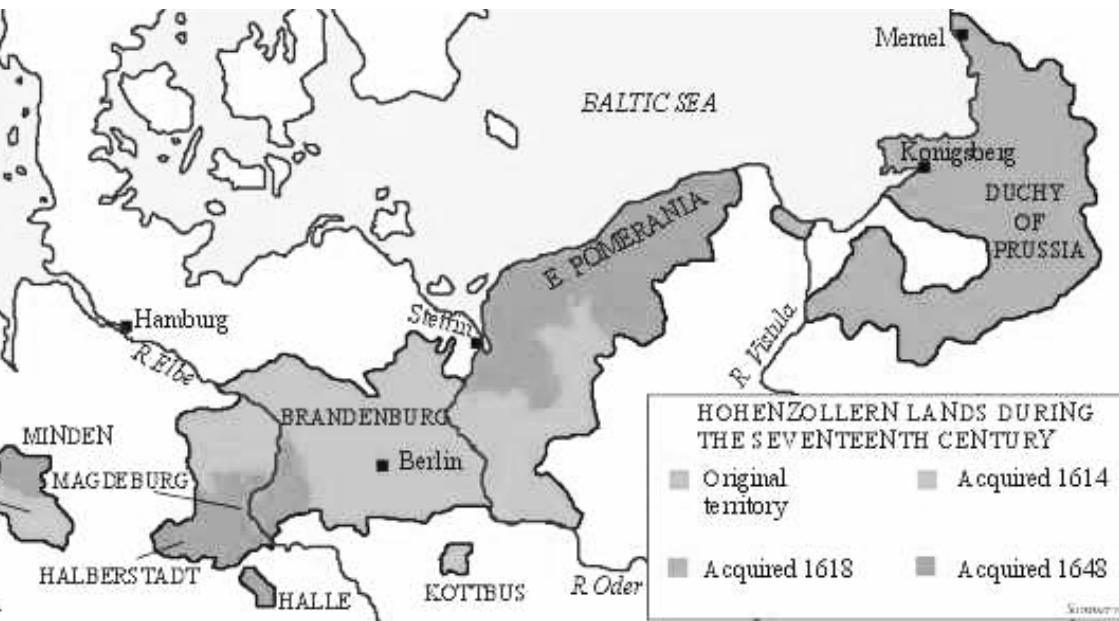
strong infantry in the centre and the cavalry at the wings. Against 11,000 Swedes, the Elector had only about 6,000 soldiers (a substantial part of his army, including most of his infantry, had not yet arrived). In addition, the Swedes had about three times as many field guns at their disposal. But the Brandenburgers made up for the numerical inferiority with a tactical advantage. Wrangel had failed to occupy a low sand hill on his right flank. The Elector immediately positioned his guns on this hill and fired on the Swedish lines. When Wrangel recognized his mistake, he sent his cavalry to the right flank, where they were to take the hill with the support of the infantry. For several hours the battle was determined by the back and forth of the attacks and counter-attacks. Again and again the Swedes were thrown back by the Brandenburg cavalry. In the summer fog, often seen over the swamps of Havelland, both sides had difficulty coordinating their actions, but the Swedish cavalry gave up first and cleared the battlefield. What remained was the infantry - the Regiment Dalwigk - which was now at the mercy of the sabres of the Brandenburg horsemen. Of the 1200 soldiers of the regiment, 20 escaped and 70 were captured. The rest were slaughtered. The next day the town of Fehrbellin, held by a small Swedish crew, was conquered. After that, Swedes were fleeing everywhere in the Mark Brandenburg. A considerable number of them, perhaps more than fell on the battlefield, were picked up and beaten to death by peasants on their way north. According to a contemporary report, peasants in the Wittstock area, not far from the border with Pomerania, slaughtered about 300 Swedes. Memories of the „Swedish horrors“, which were still all too alive in the older generations, played a key role here. By July 2, even the last Swede who had not been captured or killed had left the territory of the Electorate.

For the Elector and his followers, victories like those of Warsaw and Fehrbellin had an enormous symbolic significance. At a time when successful warlords were literally glorified, the victories of the Brandenburg army increased the prestige and respect of the sovereign. In Warsaw, Friedrich Wilhelm had been in the midst of the turmoil, repeatedly exposed to enemy fire. After this victory he was given the nickname „the Great Elector” by his contemporaries.

The Elector had now made every effort to expel the last Swede from Vorpommern in the course of a four-year campaign. With this he hoped to make his claims valid for the whole area of Vorpommern. But even that was not enough to enforce his claim, for Louis XIV had no intention of handing over his Swedish allies to Brandenburg for better or for worse. France, which emerged stronger from the Dutch wars, insisted that all areas conquered in Pomerania be returned to Sweden. Vienna was of the same opinion: „The emperor did not like it at all that a new king of the Tides came up on the Baltic Sea”. He preferred a weak Sweden to a strong Brandenburg. The Elector foamed with rage, but in the end had to admit his powerlessness. In June 1679 he renounced the claim for which he had fought so hard and authorized his envoy to sign the Peace of St. Germain with France.

This discouraging conclusion of a long struggle reminded Brandenburg once again that, despite all its efforts and successes, it still played a minor role in a world in which the important decisions were made by the main actors. Friedrich Wilhelm had been able to exploit with some success the shifting balance of power in the regional conflict between Poland and Sweden, but in a conflict that directly affected the interests of the great powers, he quickly reached his limits.





When the 17th century ended, Brandenburg-Prussia was the second largest German principality after Austria. Its widely scattered territories were lined up in an irregular chain from the Rhineland to the Baltic coast. Much of what marriage and inheritance contracts of the 16th century promised had been realized. Two days before his death, on 7 May 1688, the Elector said to those gathered at his sickbed that by God's grace his reign had been long and happy, albeit „full of war and unrest”. „Everyone knows how sadly the country was shattered when I began the government; through God's help I have brought it into better condition, have been respected by my friends, and feared by my enemies.”

# pottery

Kohlzine, worth of king's gold  
catching Bernd's etchings  
monthly. One-and-tenth time  
(true kaycee masterrace  
established) published. Stir  
spergs' (/int/'s own) interest up,  
brain-havers beckoned, pick  
Bernd should, speed to read it.

I was young, walking the path of life, when to the side I saw a beauty among the weeds.

She was the rose for me, but I was timid and let her lie in the wild. Now that I look back, she has withered and died, her purity and beauty are only a memory, though I still see reflections in her shape of that old self which so enchanted me. I couldn't know of the winds that were to come, but I ask myself, had I picked her up, and carried her with me, would she have survived? Did she mean to ask me so, when she looked so intensely, did she feel my same? Is it my fault she fell to rot with the blow of the winds? Would she live, pinned tied close to my heart were I braver, or would she have rejected my grabbing hand?

I'm full of doubt and regret, for walking besides her too cowardly to kneel and grab her from the side of the road, and bring her forwards with me along the path.

## Levy

The winegrower crushes his wine from a skull,  
Fermented in rage, spilled to the soil.  
The herdsman's staff becomes iron edged,  
His herd feeds the soldiers, his will to them pledged.

Levy we are,  
Levy we'll be,  
Standing at the ready,  
Dreaming to be free.

Unripe rash souls the farmer reaps,  
His scythe moving adeptly, the bale on him heaps.  
Captives of war the fisherman nets,  
Drops to the sea and sailing he sets.

Levy we are,  
Levy we'll be,  
Standing at the ready,  
Dreaming to be free.

The general cries, he bellows strong,  
His words heeded, the men run to throng,  
The gleam of the armour, the rattle of gold,  
Stir the hearts of the common, turn cowards bold.

Levy we are,  
Levy we'll be,  
Standing at the ready,  
Dreaming to be free.

Levy we are,  
Levy we'll be,  
The saddest lament,  
Our greatest glee.  
Defeated Saracen  
An oasis is a palace,  
A shaded rock a throne,



But the greatest gift a man can have,  
Is Heaven's place of own.

They've scouted for fifty days,  
Yet here we lay and wait.  
Our hearts aflame with scorching hate,  
Alas, we lack the strength.

Another dawn, another dusk,  
In every niche we hid.  
Our cause is long lost and forgotten,  
Our hopes fell amidst.

An oasis is a palace,  
A shaded rock a throne,  
But the greatest gift a man can have,  
Is Heaven's place of own.

This day we march no longer,  
Our positions we don't shift.  
Resolved on chanceless battle,  
On death's sweet, sweet release.

The horn was blown, the banner lifted,  
It's time to engage war.  
Swords will pierce our hearts, we'll die  
We fasten all the more.

An oasis is a palace,  
A shaded rock a throne,  
But the greatest gift a man can have,  
Is Heaven's place of own.

# review's corner



## Sipur Pashut (A simple story)

by Palestineball

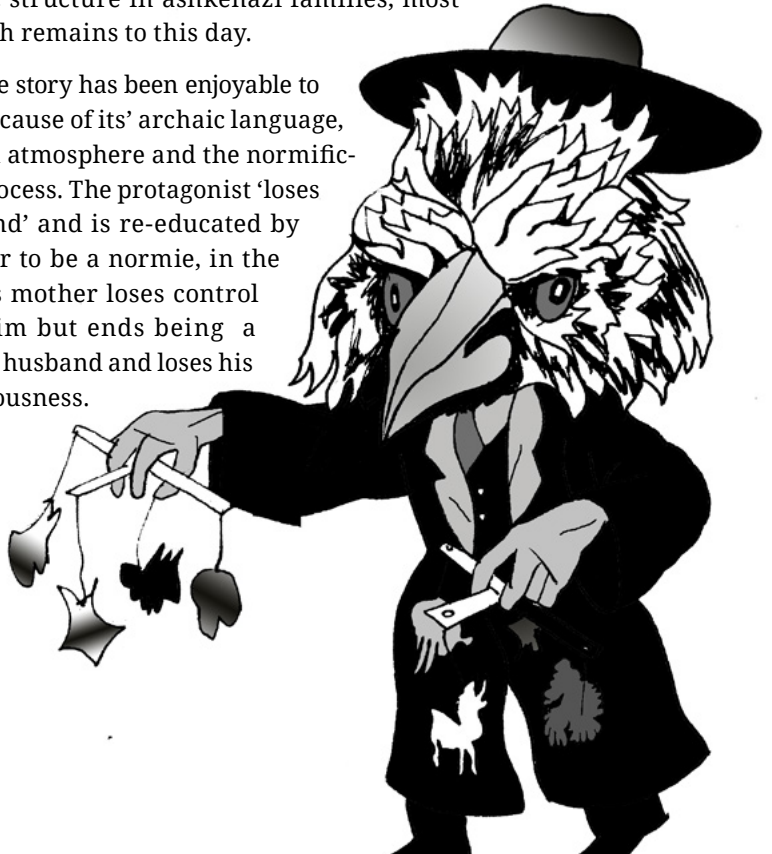
About the writer: Shay (Shmuel Yosef) Agnon, aka Yosef Halevi Czaczkes, was born in Buchach, Austro-Hungary in 1888. He was born to a Rabbi father and did not attend school, instead being homeschooled. He studied Torah, Talmud in a Heder and studied Classical literature in his teens. Emigrated to Israel in 1908 and won a literature Nobel Prize in 1966 for his many works, most of them about jews in pre-WWII Europe.

Historical context: Sippur Pashut revolves around jewish life in 1903-1907, mentioning the russo-japanese war as relevant. The events occur in Buchach (Shibush), Agnon's hometown, Polen. Agnon describes it as a city of 15k people, half of which are jews.

The story is about a young man, Hirschel, who lives in Shibush (Buchach in fact, shibus means distortion in Hebrew). His town's elite is described animalistically, as beasts of prey. His mother is a gluttonous creature who runs the shop greedily and she holds sway over him with her food. His mother's family has a streak of insanity in it, and she fears

he will de-normify so instead of sending him to study in heder, she keeps him close to her in the shop. The town's affluent families keep their religious duties but not their moral ones. They do not help the poor, the widow or the orphan. When Hirschel falls in love with an orphan girl, but his mother wants him to find a "girl of his status" ie a rich wife. The story deals with Hirschel's struggles with his mother, his attraction to a girl, the decadent jewish elite in which he grew and himself. It is a story about the jewish society at the time, and the struggles of a young boy and his normification. The external threats (Zionism, Enlightenment, Emigration to America, Westernisation, Socialism etc) to the tight jewish society. It speaks of different classes in jewish society and how the new ideas affected them, how religion changed in the late 19th century and of fatalism. Reading it closely can teach about autistic structure in ashkenazi families, most of which remains to this day.

A simple story has been enjoyable to read because of its' archaic language, yiddish atmosphere and the normification process. The protagonist 'loses his mind' and is re-educated by a doctor to be a normie, in the end his mother loses control over him but ends being a normie husband and loses his rebelliousness.





by Cataloniaball

It's the year 2042. A star appears near Jupiter and propels the asteroids of the ring towards the Earth. While the people is fighting to survive the deadly meteor shower, an unknown force uses it as a cover to invade the planet and get all the natural resources. Any semblance of resistance is quickly destroyed with the advanced beam weapon technology the aliens have. Nemesis, as it will latter be known, has conquered Earth.

But with the aliens also came new technology and progress. The beam guns use a new type of energy particle baptized as "Newalone" that now infests the Earth and which the scientists use to start the "Metal Black" project which involves the development and mass creation of the CF-345 Black Fly, a space ship capable of using the same weapons the aliens use.

Sadly, 10 years after the invasion and when the project was finally done the UN accepts an unconditional surrender which makes impossible the "Metal Black" project execution. With Earth and humanity doomed, a rogue pilot steals one Black Fly and tries to destroy the threat alone.

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What a plot for a shoot'em up 90's arcade. It was created by Taito and it was developed as "Project Gun Frontier 2" although, by its looks, it seems to be more connected to the Gradius universe. But why would they try to pass this as a sequel to Gun Frontier (which is set in a cyberpunk wild west setting)? Well, people at Taito tried to make a sequel to Darius that involved something very similar but that was rejected for been too bleak so they tried to pass the game as a sequel to something more cheerful.

This game also takes its story really seriously: there are a couple of endings and the game even has some elaborated final cinematics. No story is good without atmosphere either: the first level is you traversing a coastal city in ruins with a desert in the background suggesting the seas have been dried out. The second level shows a fake moon and the rest of them are inter-dimensional travel to Jupiter and the final fight. Pure schizo fuel.

The game itself is trippy and difficult as fuck. Not only the screen is quickly filled with enemies but your ship is slow and you die in one hit. You improve your main weapon by picking Newalone particles. The trick resides in that the Newalone is also used for the bomb (a massive beam in this case) so if you need to use the heavy fire you will lose power in the normal fire. The beam system is pretty cool actually: the bosses actually use the same weapons as you and will use the beam that you have in their fights. If you manage to cross the beams you will start a duel of sorts were the one with more energy will win and do a massive amount of damage to the other. And even then this is only one of the strategies. The bosses need to pic particles too so you can be quicker than them and starve them of energy. This will make their main fire weak and will prevent them from using their beam but will not prevent the usage of missiles and energy projectiles. There are still some quirks that I'm going to leave out for you to find.

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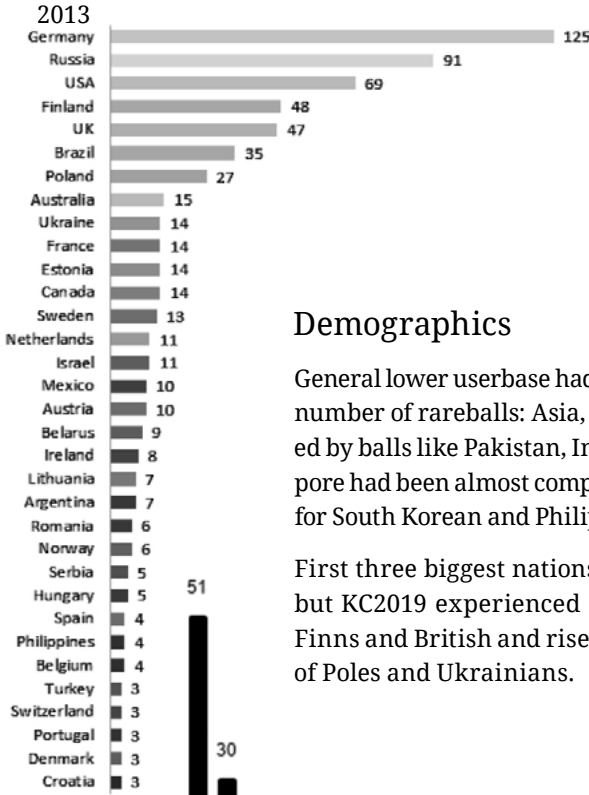
# Great KC Survey 2019

by Onionball

Following the footsteps of the Bernd who made the poll in 2013, I decided to do sames to check whether much changed since then and what is the current face of /int/. Questions were mostly based on the previous survey to have a material for comparison.

Few words about the survey itself - unlike the survey in 2013 which lasted mere 24 hours this one stayed open whole weekend, around 72 hours, reaching 263 respondents, none of the questions was obligatry to answer which means some weren't answered by the entirety of people who took part in the poll. This already shows us, if we rule out that during those 6 years 2/3 of Bernd's became extremely paranoid, that Kohlchan 2019 user base is almost 3 times smaller than that of 2013 Krautchan.

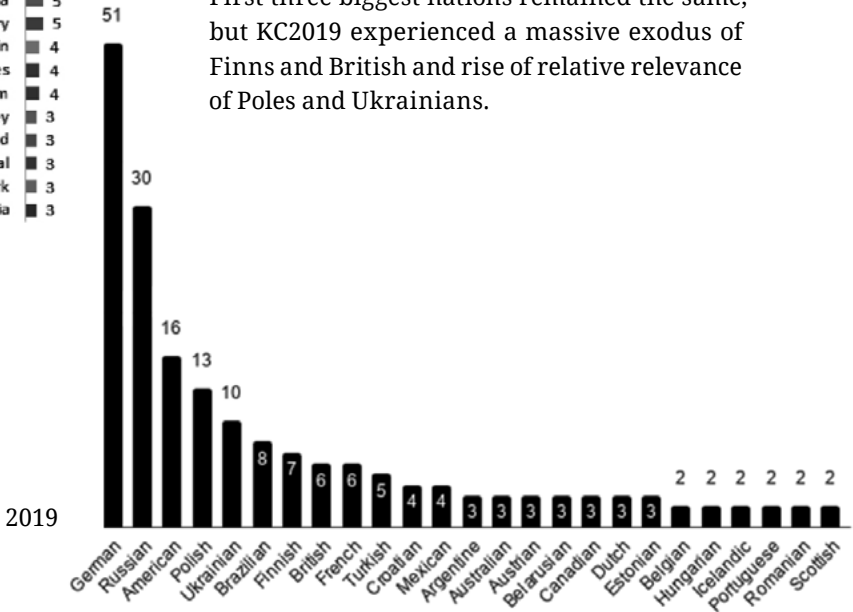
Incoming pages will try to show changes and try to see whether general vision KC users have of themselves is true. By no means, it's a full-scale analysis, just a selection of some of the data that I personally found interesting, so I invite you all to take a look at the raw data yourself.



## Demographics

General lower userbase had translated into lower number of rareballs: Asia, previously represented by balls like Pakistan, Indonesia, Japan, Singapore had been almost completely wiped out (save for South Korean and Philippines posters)

First three biggest nations remained the same, but KC2019 experienced a massive exodus of Finns and British and rise of relative relevance of Poles and Ukrainians.



# general data: today VS 2013



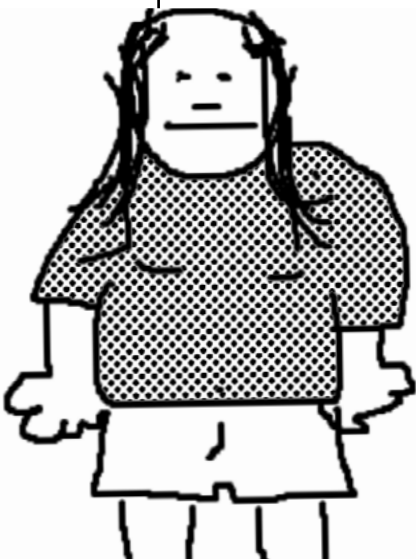
Average age	27.32	+ 5.3
Median age	27	+ 6
Male	224 (94,5%)	- 1.10%
Female	13 (5,5%)	+ 1.20%
Heterosexual	186	- 0.92%
Bisexual	25	- 0.14%
Homosexual	13	- 0.50%
Asexual	4	+ 1.75%
Kissed	171 (71%)	+ 8.50%
Fugged	134 (55.4%)	+ 11.30%
Had bf/gf	123 (50.8%)	+ 6.40%
Depression		
Yes	74 (30.6%)	- 58.00%
Maybe	93 (38,4%)	-
No	75 (31%)	+ 20%
Immigrants	37 (15,3%)	+ 6.30%
Exercises	154 (63.6%)	+ 20%
Going abroad	62 (25.7%)	- 58.30%
Bydlo	46 (19.1%)	- 3.60%
Beard	148 (61.2%)	+ 33.60%
Like anime	98 (41%)	+ 0%



	Average	Median	
Weight	81.20	78	
Height	179.78	180	
BMI	25.03	24.1	
Underweight	14		- 11.96%
Normal	122		+ 4.44%
Obese	30		+ 9.53%
Overweight	64		- 1.63%
Middle class	159		+ 0.69%
Lower class	67		+ 1.07%
Upper class	11		- 1.76%
Finished higher education	81		+ 15.92%
Higher education dropout	46		+ 7.79%
In higher education	45		- 24.83%
Finished HS	26		- 1.78%
HS dropout	17		+ 2.60%
Finished technical education	16		-
In high school	5		- 6.48%
Employed	83		+ 14.88%
NEET	71		+ 12.08%
Studying	55		- 25.89%
Studying, Employed	16		- 5.62%

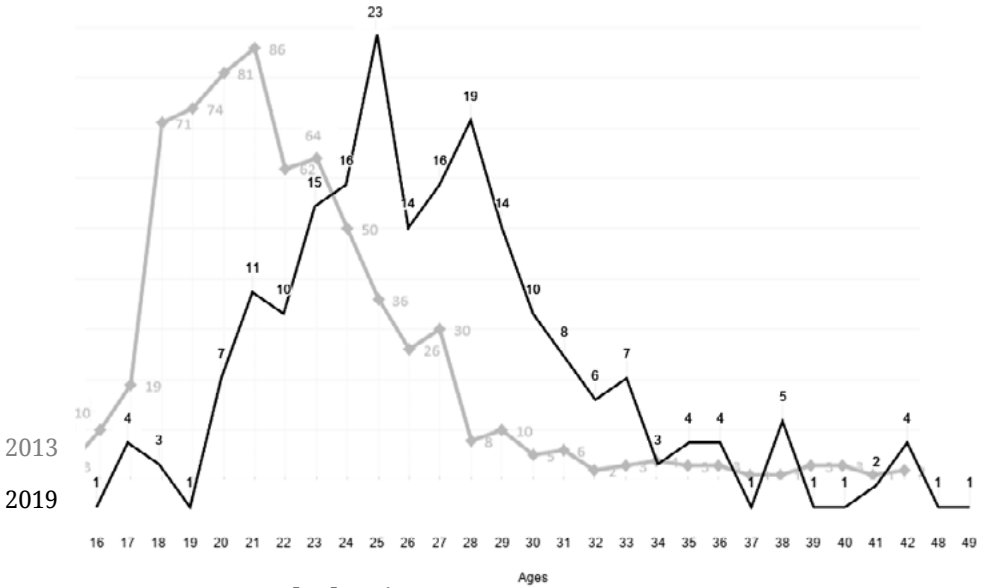
# bernds vs bernadettes

27.31	Age	27.42
79.40%	Hetero	75%
12.60%	Bi	0%
4.50%	Gay	25%
1.80%	Anti/aseexual	0%
71.40%	Kissed	76%
54.70%	Fugged	69.20%
50.20%	Had bf/gf	76.90%
24.37%	Hardcore Bernds	15.38%
68%	Depression	69.20%



<b>82.3 kg</b>	Avg. Weight	61.5 kg
<b>180.3 cm</b>	Avg. Height	171.2 cm
<b>25</b>	Avg. BMI	21
54%	Normal	75%
5%	Underweight	25%
<b>26%</b>	Overweight	0%
<b>15%</b>	Obese	0%
<b>47.8%</b>	Lives w/ family	38.5%
34.4%	Lives alone	<b>46.2%</b>
<b>17.9%</b>	Lives w/ room8s	15.4%
<b>62.2%</b>	City	46.2%
25.3%	Suburbs	<b>38.5%</b>
12.4%	Countryside	<b>15.4%</b>
<b>28.4%</b>	Lower Class	15.4%
<b>67.6%</b>	Middle Class	53.8%
4%	Upper Class	<b>30.8%</b>

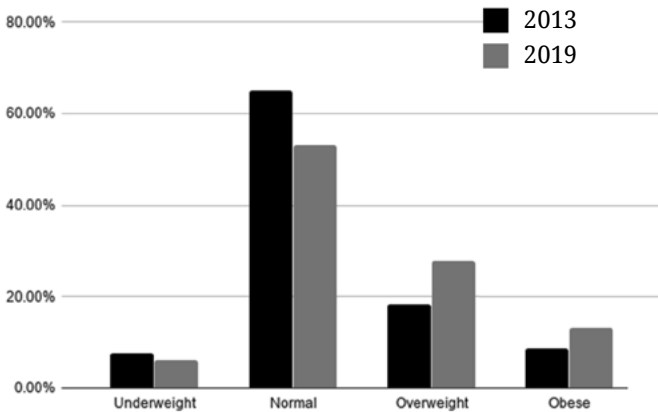
# closer look

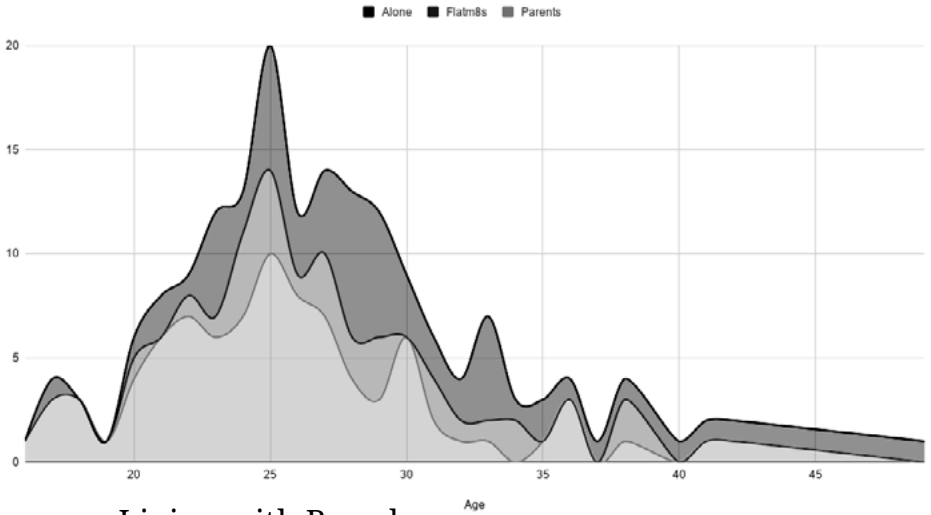


## Age and physique

Age graph moved slightly forward reflecting aging of the Bernds who remained on Kohl after the Fall of Casey.

Percentage of overweight and obese Bernds had risen.

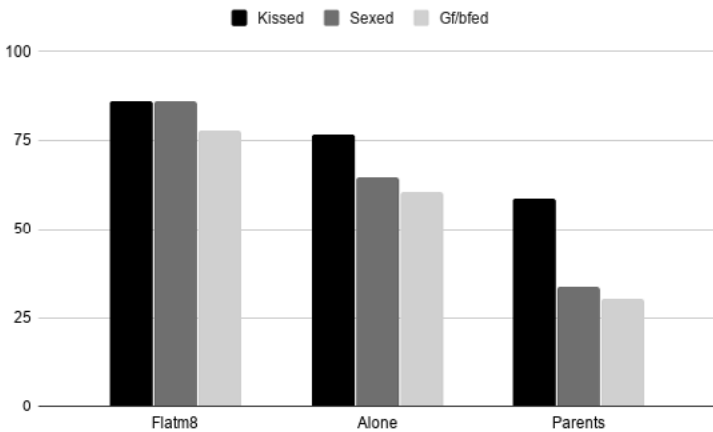




## Living with Bernd

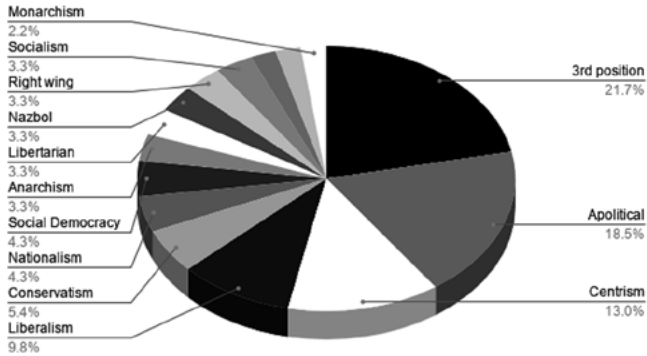
There seem to be several periods in Bernd's lives when he tries to leave parents house, at the begining of studies, after the studies and in mid 30s when parents are tired of his sorry ass.

Bigger social circle provided by room8s helps with getting gf, mating opportunities for Bernd's living with parents are very reduced.



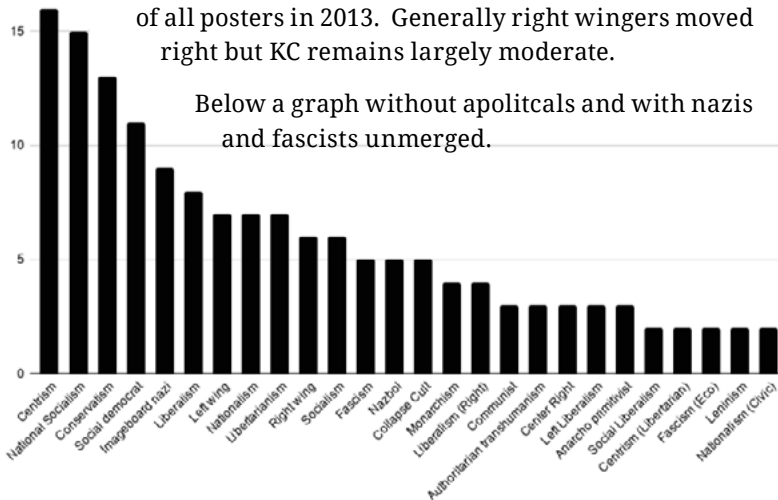
# Politics

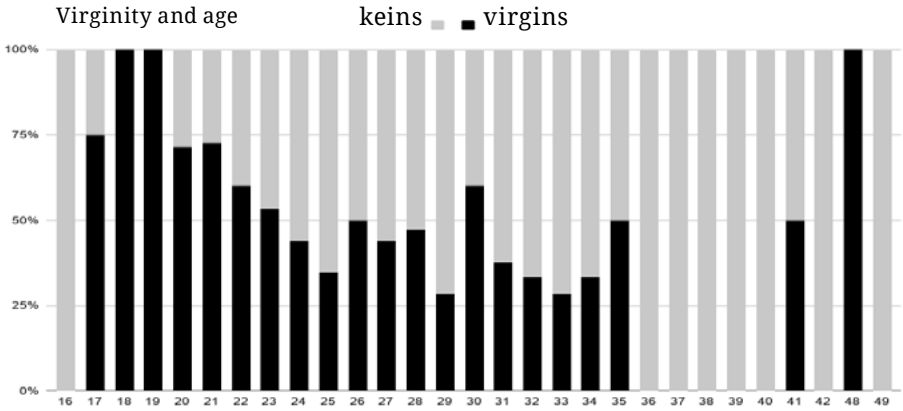
While fascist and national socialist (merged in umbrella term “3rd position”) Bernds form the biggest group, radical views aren’t dominant, apoliticals and moderates (centrists, liberals and conservatives) are twice as numerous forming almost the half of userbase.



It should be noted that in 2013 Social Democracy was the biggest Bernd ideology (15.7%) and fascism on of the less popular (4%). So there was a switch between those two positions in years leading to 2019, along with radicalisation of more moderate Nationalists who constituted 10% of all posters in 2013. Generally right wingers moved right but KC remains largely moderate.

Below a graph without apoliticals and with nazis and fascists unmerged.

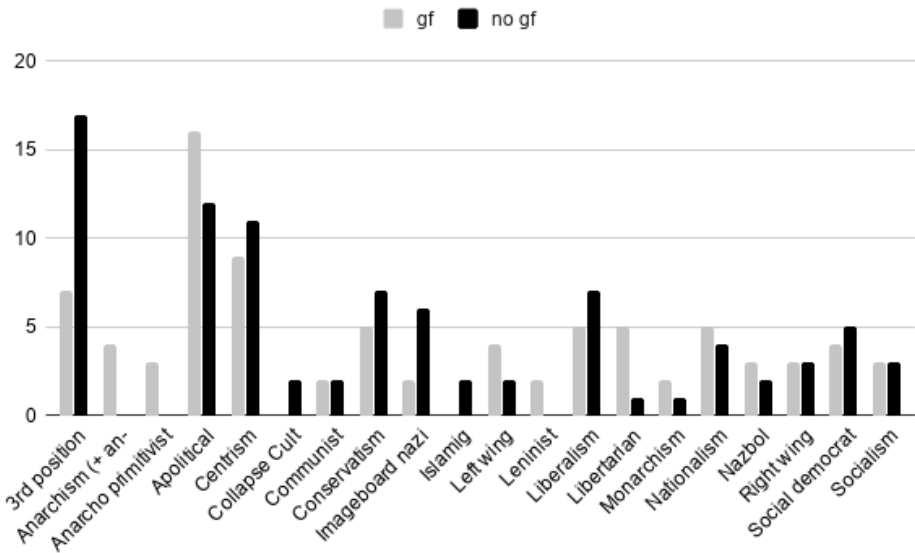




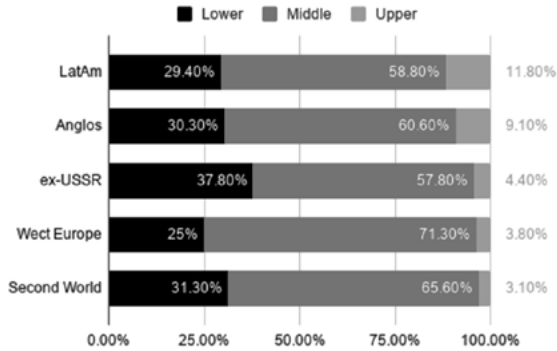
## Having SEX and gf

Slightly higher rate of Bernds had sex. Out of all respondents 55% weren't virgins compared to 44% in 2013.

Non-collectivist (libertarians, anarchists) bernds seem to have more luck with getting gf than others.



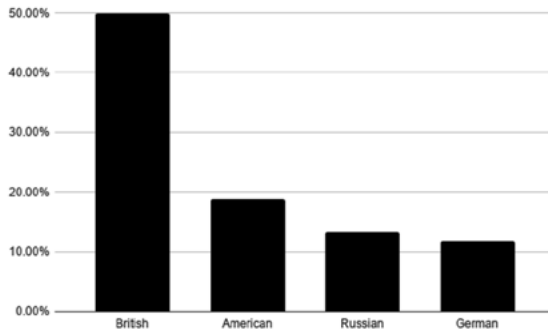
## Mythbusters



## Garchy

What about famed oligarchs? Is it true that all Ukrainians or Muscovites are garchs?

It turns out that Latin Americans and Anglos have the largest amount of upper class Bernds.



## Are you an immigrant?

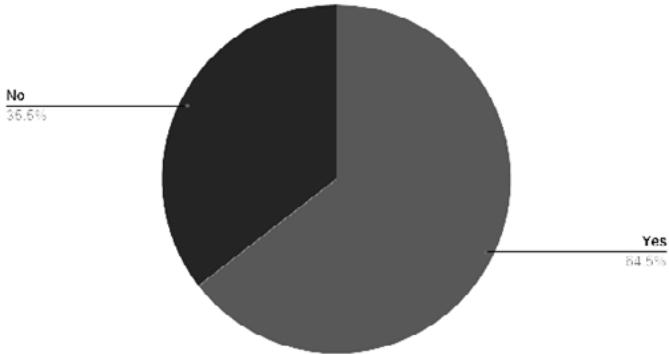
While talking to Americans, Russians and Germans there is a large chance you are not talking with natives. But especially when you talk with British. Keep it in mind.



## Foreigners = pussymagnets?

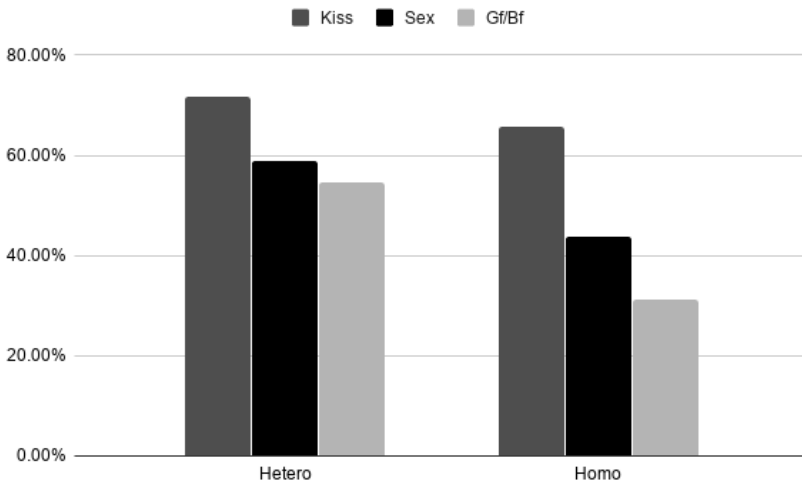
Indeed immigrant Bernds tend to have 10% higher rate of having ans gf than average Bernd.

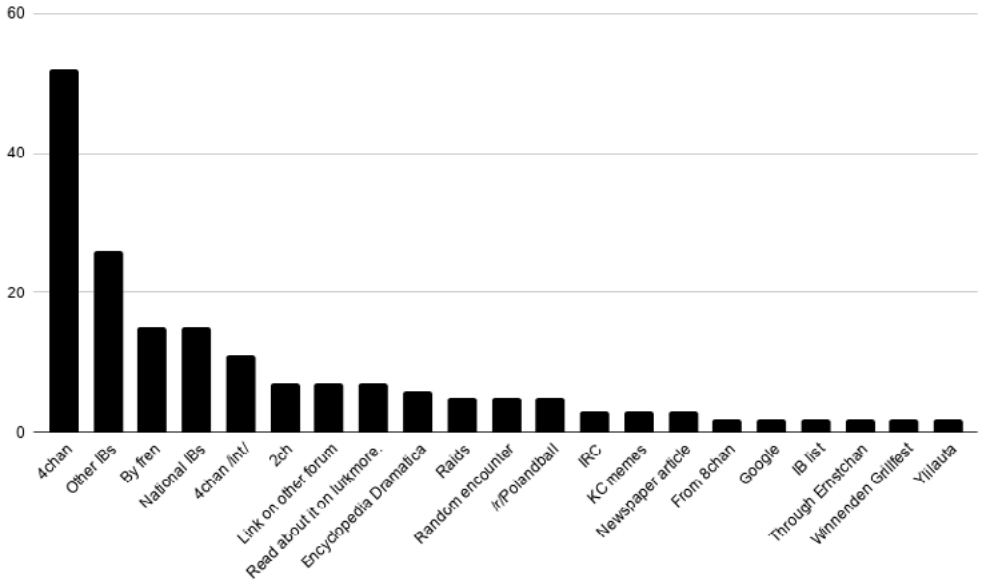
Immigrant, had gf/bf



## Chad Hetero - Virgin Homo

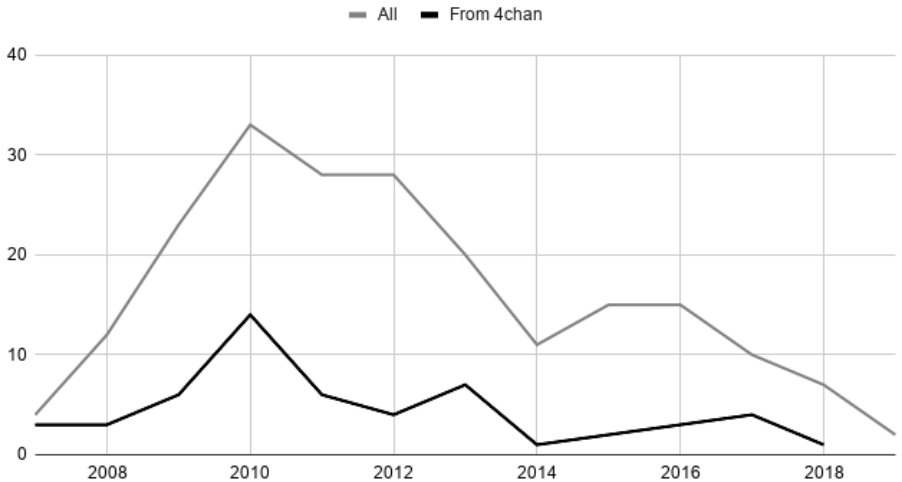
The common on KC belief that homosexual Bernds are all hypersexual boipussy ravagers turned out to be wrong. IRL homo and bisexual bernds tend to be more shut in and

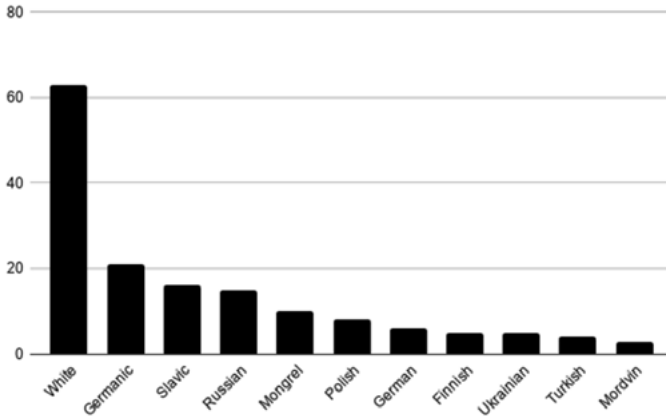




### 4kanker alert!

Bernd often whines about 4chan migrants. While it's true that biggest group of Bernds (34%) found their way to KC thanks to this imageboard, lots of them did it in early years of it's existence and are actually OldBernds.

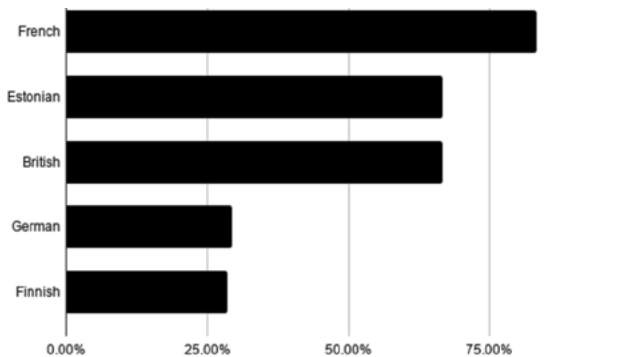




## Ethnicity of Bernds

Most of the bernds considers themselves “white” or “caucasian” which can be interpreted as either influence of american taxonomies through politics and 4chan influences or simply a reflection of living in an multicultural country where superficial categories like pale skin take over culture, heritage and language based ones.

So i looked closer at those who responded “white” or “caucasian”. Ironically enough it seems that France is the most american place on Europe.



## 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

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