



# HUMANIMALITY

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*Lacking external enemies and obstacles, and forced into the oppressive narrowness & conformity of custom, man impatiently ripped himself apart, persecuted himself, gnawed at himself, gave himself no peace & abused himself, this animal who battered himself raw on the bars of his cage & who is supposed to be 'tamed'; man, full of emptiness & torn apart with homesickness for the desert, has had to create from within himself an adventure, a torture-chamber, an unsafe & hazardous wilderness — this fool, this prisoner consumed with longing & despair, became the inventor of 'bad conscience.' With it, however, the worst & most insidious illness was introduced, one from which mankind has not yet recovered; man's sickness of man, of himself: as the result of a forcible breach with his animal past, a simultaneous leap & fall into new situations & conditions of existence, a declaration of war against all the old instincts on which, up till then, his strength, pleasure, & formidableness had been based.*

Nietzsche, *On the Genealogy of Morality*

*Shall we attain the high philosophical goal of perceiving how the divine life in man can be joined in all innocence with animal life?— Goethe*

*Terrorem conicere aliquem... excitare terram*

# HUMANIMALITY

Directions in writing by

Rainer J. Hanshe

## Full Speed Behind

*Humanimality* is an agon, a war on the tyrant of tyrants, the unfolding and dismantling of the strangest animal in the history of evolution: *homo sapiens*. The relation that such have with their animality, and thus their relation to the earth, to animals, and to the cosmos itself, is what is enacted in this hallucinatory and phantasmagoric hazard. To both usurp and subvert Dante, we might call this book a sort of *mortal comedy*. A bestial assault and transvaluation where, through twenty-four sequences, all that is divine is eviscerated to reveal it to be nothing less than an infernal disaster, an pandemic wherein festering mythologies that have usurped physics for far too long are made to finally disintegrate.

Although the species struggled to emerge from this perilous comedy throughout its history, despite the insights of some philosophers and scientists, it remains embroiled in it, entangled in an obscuring shadow that perhaps only the animal can disperse. Born of religion and science, an ethics was forged that has shaped (*deformed*) civilization with the development of mythologies and religions, the founders of which were profoundly troubled, if not terrified, by their propinquity to the kingdom out of which they seethed. Throughout time, and especially since the emergence of the so-called great books 10,000 years ago, *homo sapiens* have essentially denied their consanguinity with the animal, differenti-

ating themselves as everything from the political to the laughing to the tool-making species, but with greater knowledge and understanding of insect & animal kingdoms (not to speak of fungi, monera, plantae, etc.), each definition suffered fracturing, as did the species itself, its question regarding its nature undermined, making it something radically ambiguous and indeterminable. The human is not a fixed, definite substance — it is something which has not only always been on the verge of erasure, but something which has also undergone actual erasure, an entity that, time and again, has had its identity, and so itself, effaced. There is no absolute biological substance to permanently ground the human. Whatever that strange species might be, it disappears as swiftly as it appears.

Before the advent of the Roman Catholic Empire, Plato famously defined man as a featherless plantigrade biped. Then in bringing forth a plucked chicken and stating, “There is Plato’s man for you,” Diogenes the Cynic mocked and destabilized the philosophical characterization of the species, ultimately revealing its nebulosity. Beyond the humor of the Cynic’s gesture, one largely discounted as an act of sophistry, was something eerily prescient. In 2004, researchers demonstrated that chickens have the same number of protein-encoding genes as humans. If 75% of their genes are identical on average, rodent and human gene pair resemblances are even greater, being 88% identical on average, testifying to the close link between humans and animals, a seemingly



undeniable fact consequent to Darwin's discoveries, but evidence is what much of the dissimulating species refutes in its reactive turn against its nature. When challenged by Diogenes, Plato was forced to redefine his term, prompting the philosopher to present evidence of the existence of nymphs and daimones. Since centaurs, satyrs, and the like don't in fact exist, man remains eerily indistinct. With each new definition philosophers and scientists wield, homo sapiens is in threat of constant slippage into non-existence, into indeterminacy, which calls to mind Diderot's question (prediction?) in *D'Alembert's Dream* that, "who knows whether this misshapen biped a mere four feet in height, which is still called man in polar regions, but which would very soon lose that name if it went just a little more misshapen, is not the image of a passing species?"

More however than any philosophical heritage, the metaphysical one is the most pestiferous, with man endowing himself with spirit, separating himself from the earth (matter), animals, and ultimately the cosmos, establishing a perilous ethics that has threatened and endangered every other form of life, from minerals to plants to atmospheres, and so the life of the species itself. Terrified of its primordial origins, terrified of animal, mineral, vegetal, terrified of the vast dark expanse of space, of meteor, star, and planet, of nebula, supernova, and black hole, of dark matter and dark energy, but most of all, terrified of its closest ancestor, the simian, the beast that it nearly is, the beast who mirrors it

98.8%, the beast who speaks to it mutely with its every knowing glance, terrified of its sublime eloquence, homo sapiens conceived of the animal as savage and founded the lie of lies. Toward the end of the Dark Ages, the phrase “ape-ware” was used to refer to deceptive or false ware, tricks.<sup>1</sup> The great deception or trick however lies in the human, making the phrase *homo sapien-ware* far more apt. Turning away from time, turning away from millennia of data, turning away when it was much closer to the animal, turning away from its whole archaic past, from tumults and upheavals and ice ages, turning away from ape, from earth, stone, lava, gas and carbon, through the most ingenious and astounding subterfuges, the species fled fearfully into myth, creating spirit, declaring itself the offspring of a metaphysical entity (*spectral simulacrum*), a being made in its image, thereby giving itself dominion over animals & all else, establishing the plague that could lead to its end. Endowed with divine attributes, it believes its form of consciousness is superior to all others. Is the cosmos, and the earth within it and upon which we live, truly mute, or is it that the logocentric monster par excellence is but deaf to all forms of intelligence, save its own? Is language not a myopic Mobius strip within which humanity has imprisoned itself, locking out the open variability of reality, perceiving nothing but biological forms of life as life? *Prejudice of*

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<sup>1</sup> Hans Kurath (ed.), *Middle English Dictionary* (1998) 309. “He [Satan] ne may do no more bot putte forþ his aped ware & þreten vs to biggen þerof.”

*prejudices*. In fear of its own animality, in terror before the simian, the human must give itself power over insects, animals, and plants to further separate itself from a heritage that continually undermines it. Was there some moment in the ancient past, a moment when the species was much closer to its animal origins, some moment when the truth of that was too unbearable to face, that with the onset of consciousness, in the face of a universe devoid of meaning, which most of the species could not endure, it had to erase its past and establish a mythology instead of a physics?

If later the existence of feral creatures such as Homo Selystris put man yet further into question, so did talking parrots, laughing animals, and tool-making ones, when just over one century after the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species*, Jane Goodall observed chimpanzees fashioning sticks into tools, affrighting the metaphysically enraptured members of the species. An event, perhaps in some way cataclysmic, that met with as much doubt as did the discovery of ancient caves such as Lascaux and Altamira. Even at as late a stage in history as the 1960s, recognizing that man was not the only tool-making animal was anathema to most believers. It was as if, even in the post-Darwinian epoch, the thought of being closely related to apes remained unnerving. Was this a truth, already proven by Darwin, that would plunge mankind into the fate Diderot predicted? Did the species fear being reduced into a kind of jabbering primate, or did it fear *the elevation of the chimpanzee*, of that species being brought

ever closer to the threshold of humanity, of humanity too becoming prey, of it discovering that *To Serve Man* is not an altruistic treatise but a book of recipes?

To many, the animal is a figure of pure instinct: a savage, violent beast devoid of rationality, with all inhumane acts categorized as animalistic. In contradistinction, man is rational, sane, logical, but the Enlightenment era (and later others) demonstrated the terrors of rationality brought through instrumentalization to its logical extreme. Again and again, the species cites the first Delphic imperative, *Γνῶθι σαυτόν* (*gnōthi sauton*, know thyself), but very rarely, hardly ever, the counter-balancing second imperative, *μηδὲν ἄγαν* (*medan agan*, nothing in excess), which warns against hubris and the contravening of boundaries. Rationality and consciousness, despite oft being majestic, seem to be perilous developments, muscles that mankind overdeveloped to its detriment, and the detriment of others. If man (\**men-*) is one who has intelligence, as the species assures itself, as it asserts and proclaims, what is this intelligence it so prizes? What is this savagery of grey matter? Is it not *bhragnoiç*? Is it not something broken? Is the species not all *braegenseoc*? An *ourion oon*? Too hasty to turn all the way back into dark millennia, the impatient animal goes back only thousands of years and proclaims that it was made in the image of a deity. How riotous, a higher ape might say. Genesis, the great comedy, the great tragi-comedy – once animals discover this book, they might read it to their offspring as a moral tale, as a

warning, as a sign of everything to fear in the *homo-sapien*. And they say that the adder is deaf? And that it closes its ears? The animal hearkens not to the voice of men charming for it knows what men are. It has spun its incantations to cast itself into dark caverns, into the dark abysses of its mythologies, abysses from which it has not entirely emerged — loving its darkness, it coiled up to hideth itself, to choose not to come forth, to choose to restrict and coil itself into a *homo*, into the terrifying *self-same!* It presses one ear to the ground, and it uses its hand to stop up the other, because it long ago cut off its tail and escaped as much as possible its primordial past to hide in its antediluvian one, in its comedy, in its terrifying tragedy. If the animal is savage, there are no serial killers in its kingdom, nor any arbiters of final solutions.

As the sole species that endangers its own habitat, as well as the habitats of others, what might other animals think of this strange, tyrannical creature known as the human? Will it escape its hubris? Will the self-appointed crown of creation and king of the planet overcome its fatal flaw, or will it spiral into an inevitable oblivion, one not however fated, but one that it has unconsciously engineered, yet which, in an extraordinary act of prestidigitation, it disguised as the inevitability of the historical *spirit*, or divine will.

Is the earth itself, and all species and kingdoms upon it, in danger of total annihilation, or is there a pathway out? Is the new future not out of spirit, out even of the sciences that remain bound to the ascetic ideal? Is the new future not a politics wherein

humanity undergoes the most radical despiritualization, as does the earth and the cosmos, with the species recognizing itself as nothing more than animal and where the animal kingdom, as every other, is recognized as an integral element of *the polis of the earth*? It is into this future of animality, of plantness, of minerality, etc., where the species must proceed, for that is the only future, the only open that remains. Otherwise, natural selection will send homo sapiens spiraling into an inferno of its own making. In its place, other species will ascend and seize dominion of the earth and the cosmos, for evolution has yet to cease. Do not let the slowness of time deceive.

Did the species not say to itself, through the mouth of another, did it not give itself the command, "Remember ye not the former things, neither consider the things of old" (Is. 43:18)? To this willful cultivation of blindness, the animals might say, Unman the ark, *full speed behind, beyond the Big Bang!*

Consider things of old, consider antiquity, consider the millennia that preceded you.

Now, let us enter into the fiercest confrontation with animality, with the plant kingdom, with all forms of biomass. Let us enter into the mortal comedy.

Rainer J. Hanshe

7 April 2024

*The eve of the Solar Eclipse*

# HUMANIMALITY

*Between astronomical twilight and dawn, an eerie supersonic frequency provokes flights of dragonflies to halt, ascend, reverse, turn about, and soar toward the sound, then hover before the entity emitting it.*

*Whether it is a hologram, a fata morgana, a computerized projection, or an actual event, its movement is so accelerated that it is visible only to the 30,000 ommatidia of the insects whose mosaic vision can perceive the chaotic changing play of ambient light and full tilt motion of the phenomenon. Were a human within its vicinity, it could not witness it, even if face before it.*

*Transfixed by the entity, the vast swarm of dragonflies continues to hover there, an immense orb of Odonata, as if, into the very air, nature had cut a living acoustic hieroglyph.*

From afar, a sleuth of black bears detect sweet, floral-honey scent molecules emerging from Ambrosia apples and wafting across what is left of their home range.

Standing on their hind legs, they sniff the air to determine the location of the fruit.

Undeterred by the sound of a human voice they hear adjacent to the scent, for the allure of the fruit is more attractive than the presence of homo sapiens, the bears begin moving in the direction of the orchard, swiftly running toward their mark.



As they pick fruit from the ground, devouring apple after apple, breaking the skin with their teeth, the flesh of the fruit releasing other flavors only they can taste, a news report sounds over a radio abandoned in the grass:

*... the mutilated body was discovered early this morning by zookeepers. Detectives said that the head of the victim had been shaved, the skin of the skull pulled tautly and neatly back, the brain showing evidence of surgical markings.*

Climbing the trees, the bears broke off the big branches of the plants and knocked more fruit to the ground, freeing the trees of their outgrowth.

Once descended, they gathered from below the fruit they were unable to reach when above.

The radio report continued:

*The chest of the victim had also been sawed open, as if to display the organs for examination, folds of flesh dexterously arranged, clipped, pinned, a meticulous and careful manipulation of the body that only a skilled surgeon could have performed.*

Lolling about, the bears frolicked amongst the apples, shaking more of them free from the tree, feasting upon them with delight, chomping them in half, sucking in their juices, the broadcast going on:

*Shocked and terrified by this ghastly autopsy-murder, people are referring to the killer as Dr. Death. Although reluctant to divulge any details, detectives revealed that the dissected body was not a corpse,*

*but a freshly killed person. The zookeeper was quoted as saying only an evil animal could've done something so sick.*

*At this moment, no motive has been determined for the gruesome autopsy-murder, the identity of the victim has not been verified, and no missing persons cases have been filed to date. No clues have been discovered enabling detectives to determine who may have committed the crime, but they are visiting local hospitals to see if any surgical instruments are missing, or have been stolen.*

*Surgeons remain the prime suspects, and the personal histories of local doctors are being investigated. The Surgical Association has denounced the crime and stated that if in fact the killer is a doctor they will perman—*

The radio cut out then, one of the bears unknowingly crushing its speaker as she meandered about, the animals continuing to savor the apples, particularly because of their lack of tartness and the subtle, earthy banana flavor that, after having swallowed the meat of the fruit, hit the back of their palettes, evoking a refined retronasal pleasure.

Gazing skyward, spiraling ravens in sight, a group of coyotes are signaled to the presence of prey over two km distance from their den.

Traveling at a ground-eating trot, then bounding across the terrain, they hit destination, accosting the animals at a stiff-legged

walk: head & tails held high, necks arched, nape fur erected, narrowed eyes staring — snarling, they open their mouths, exposing their teeth.

Tearing with bone-cracking jaws, they seize at necks, heads, flanks, slowing down their prey, till going in for killing bites: bodies torn open from the rear, vertebral columns undone, nasal and maxillary bones chewed away, ribs severed to open the banquet: internal organs ravaged, torn, chewed, sucked on. Predation is the strongest link in the chain of life.

Nearby, a newspaper the coyotes traipse over reads:

*DR. FRANKENSTEIN'S LAIR!*

*In an abandoned building not far from the city, construction workers found a makeshift laboratory with shelves of human brains. The organs were meticulously arranged, categorized, and numbered, but no medical records were present. Although fresh remains were not found on site, due to the healthy bloom of the organs, investigators presumed that they were recently extracted, but no debrained corpses were about, and no nearby morgues had reported being raided. The same room contained specially prepared bones and an abundance of fleshless crania scattered across anatomy tables. While some of the skulls were intact, others had the upper parts of their craniums removed. What the brains were being used for has yet to be determined.*

Discarded rumen, bits of shredded flesh, and great pieces of hide were strewn around the ungulate kill site, attracting ravens.

Descending from their hemispheres, the birds landed on the hides of the animal carcasses, poking them, ripping them, shredding them, then jumping back or up, wings out or partly extended, tails cocked.

The ravens repeated their high jumps several times, then filled their pouches and bills with fragments of suet — flying skyward, some of them dropping pieces of carrion, perhaps accidentally, perhaps in play, with bits of the remains landing on and around the newspaper.

*The prevalence of bowls of rice nearby the brain room led certain factions of people to presume that the laboratory was being operated by Asians and that no more of them should be permitted to enter the country and that any and every Asian citizen should be put under investigation.*

*Objecting, some Asians said that the culprits could just as well be Spanish, if not more probably Brazilian.*

*The Spanish denied all culpability and expressed indignation over the insinuation.*

*Considering that the ancient Greeks saw all foreigners as barbarians, the Brazilians argued that the culprits were surely a rogue band of macabre Greek scientists and referred to them as the Gruesome Galenists.*

*Many Greeks objected and pointed out that Galen was from Pergamum, ergo, he was not actually Greek, but a savage Turk, at least territorially.*

As the ravens cawed, the coyotes emitted high-pitched yips, followed by extended howls, sometimes culminating in a series of sharp yaps.

And the coyotes went on, sometimes barking, sometimes wailing, sometimes squealing or growling, as if in chorus with the ravens, thunderclaps provoking further howling and wailing.

Flying off in the direction of their cliff nest, taking a slanting course well above the trees, the ravens disappeared into the forest as the coyotes cached their excess kill, burying it in the earth.

One raven poked amongst the soiled and shredded bits of newspaper, which contained these illegible markings:

*After further examination, it was determined that the bowls were not in fact filled with rice but human pineal glands, presumably extracted from the brains in situ.*

*Despite the lack of any evidence of the consumption of flesh, the scientists responsible for the macabre acts were variably being referred to as the Cartesian Cannibals, the Soul Killers, and the Third Eye Assassins, whereas others dubbed them the Hindu Maniacs.*

*It is unknown how many pineal glands had been extracted, or if they were equal to the number of brain specimens, but a high prevalence of them were calcified.*

Soft new skeletons have been evolving beneath their shells, secreted by their epidermal layers.

The edges of the posteriors of their great upper carapaces swell, then, like surfaces suffering seismic shockwaves, their shells begin to rive, the crevice pressures of their bodies fissuring open the calcified suture lines of their exoskeletons.

Slowly withdrawing their great claws from their encasements, shedding the tendons within their muscles, their claws softening, through a progressive, scarcely perceptible effort, they extract their flesh from their shells.

With the separation of the intricate parts about the mouths and eyes, the molting reaches its final state.

Emerging from the slough, the crabs settle near their previous encasements on the sand.

Enveloped by soft, perfectly flexible skins, they sink into the loose, diaphanous mineral particles through gradual lateral motions, displacing the crystalline granules in the center beneath their bodies, progressively forcing the sand upward at their sides until the granules fall over and cover them entirely.

In time, their skin becoming as hard as thick writing paper, eventually, it amply stiffens, and they resume their natural instincts.

Exercising all their regular functions, raising themselves upright with the points of their claws, raising their pedunculated eyes as high as possible, the ganglia of their ventral nerve cords transmit signals to their organs of sense, digestion — detecting an enticing object in their vicinity, the crustaceans walk toward it, moving with celerity, darting back and forth, crawling in and out of the thing, a thick mass of matter, like a wrinkled nine pound bundle of leather crumpled over itself, a series of envelopes, folds, and ridges through which the crabs walk and burrow.

Affixing themselves to it, they grab at it, break up the surface of the object with their claws, placing bits of it in their mouths, tearing at it again and again, a vast crowd of sea creatures nourishing themselves, then lying extended in the sun, yet ever vigilant, the sound of the susurrating sea striking their statocysts.

The open cup-shaped flowers of the raspberry bush freely exposes its copious, ichorous nectar, its anthers bowing over its slender styles, its outer stamens bending away from them, releasing their pollen, their pistils swollen, their stigmas emerging, alert, sensitive, receptive. This abundant range of volumes and concentrations of nectar and pollen attracts a swarm of honeybees, who secrete the stuff from the narrow ring at the base of the receptacle, the activity of the insects increasing the size, weight, and yield of the fruit, whose scent permeates the woods, where a wolf stands, pointing

its muzzle above the horizon, using a higher elevation to maximize its dynamic range, emitting a howl whose frequency changes throughout its song, its harmonic content and range of modulation fluctuating, sometimes with discontinuities in pitch.

The wolf howls for minutes, first at low frequencies, then at higher ones, the long, pure, low harmonic structure of its call sustaining its frequency before its pitch is changed, with other wolves beginning to respond, a chorus commencing, with more and more wolves joining in.

At an accelerating rate, the structure, amplitude, and pitch of their howls become shorter, higher, their frequency harmonious as the chorus continues, punctuated by squeaks, barks, and growls.

As the animals get closer, the chorus grows discordant, more haphazard, their harmonics not convergent, the sound energy random, some choruses ending with barks, others with yips and yaps, as a news flash sounds over a radio, flitting through its speaker in disrupted lines, the words frequently broken by purling bursts of static:

*... two more autopsied bodies ... in a zoo ... the heads of the victims had also been shaved, the skin of their skulls ... prompting conster..... in the com..... There is fear that a serial killer is afoot.*

The lightly woody-floral blossom of the raspberries attracts the animals, who can detect even more complex synergistic relations between all the flavor metabolites of the fruit, so the animals



trot off, galloping toward the clusters of raspberries, then, gathering before them, breathing in the intensity of their sweet, tangy aroma, they begin tearing away at the bushes, devouring the bounty, words concurrently flowing out of the radio in discontinuous bursts:

*surgical knife ... discovered near ... and police believe .. ... .. lift fingerprints ... instrument. The victims, both middle-aged, include one male and one ... It isn't known if they are related or were known to one another.*

More and more wolves gather at the site, their paws bracing against the bushes, their long snouts extending outward, their noses drawn up, their lips curling back, their jaws light, fast, their peglike teeth snapping at the flesh of the berries, the fur around their mouths colored crimson as they consume the fruit in bunches, a final line surging out of the radio static:

*The exacting precision of the murders makes police believe the killer is most probably a surgeon.*

The wolves begin mouthing each other, seizing the heads or muzzles of their packmates, the pressure of their mouthing differing from wolf to wolf, some of them engaging in hip-thrusts as forms of communication, the acoustic spectrum of their expressive vocalizations employing the full dynamic range of their vocal chords as they squeak and whistle, exceeding the upper limits of their larynxes, the ultrasonic noises piercing through the forest, drowning out the radio transmission as they begin to whimper

and whine, the harmonic sounds intensifying as they fuck, an entire pack of wolves vigorously fucking, crimson-smearred mouths opening, fangs exposed, splayed toes gripping the uneven surface of the overheated earth.

The estrogen levels of some female chimpanzees increase and peak, ripening their follicles till they rupture: — ovum released, pheromonal changes in full effect, the sight and odor of their smooth, shiny, tumescent vaginas, which protrude like immense, swollen mouths, rouses the males.

In estrus, the depth of their bulbous vaginas increase, and the males aggregate around them, but when the women repulse them, they begin foraging, knuckle-walking in loose formation across the forest floor as they eat berries and leaves, the desire for meat intensifying, biological urges exerting pressure upon their nerves, an inner, uncontrollable force taking command, possessing them, energizing their bodies.

Rummaging through the brush, one of the chimpanzees detects the scent of a Colobus monkey, prompting another to stop and examine the odor, then gaze upward toward the treetops.

Yet another touches a remnant on the ground, smells his finger, gazes into the distance, then back toward his companions, some of whom bend down to smell the remnant, then walk onward, in pursuit of the scent.

Reaching a certain locale, the carnival of chimpanzees sits in silence, waiting, watching, listening.

Mute, they scan the locale, ready to engage in a lethal territorial incursion.

At the sound of faint screeching, one of the chimps rises in silence, walks to and fro, gazing here and there, scanning the treetops again till he spots a troop of monkeys, whereby he extends his arm upward and gives out a high-pitched alarm call, hooting, screaming, announcing a raid.

Terrified, the Colobus monkeys scramble off in myriad directions.

The chimpanzees gallop wildly through the jungle, uttering louder and louder screams, running to the bases of trees, drumming on buttress roots, a percussive din erupting into a crescendo, chimps swinging from branch to branch, some scampering upward, ambling through the canopy with startling velocity, approaching their prey from a multitude of directions, as others wait below, closing in upon their target from the ground.

To counterattack, the monkeys cluster together, shrieking, leaping, biting hands, arms, scrotums, jumping on the backs of the chimps, a delirious, strident, chaotic frenzy.

Pursuing the monkeys carrying small infants, the chimps grasp them by the hands, seizing one after one of their prey, pinning them to branches, biting through the rears of their skulls and

necks, conquering them, then taking their kill to the ground to consume it, fighting off hungry members of their party.

Bereft of flesh, one chimp fingers an object on the ground. Gazing at it in bewilderment, lifting it up in the air, unsure which direction to hold it in, examining it, turning it, unfolding its parts, a series of thin serrated pages containing markings foreign to its consciousness.

*Detectives noted that, after further investigation, they discovered anthropometers, boley gauges, spreading calipers, and other anthropological tools at the laboratory, in addition to a sign which read, "Man still bears in his bodily frame the indelible stamp of his lowly origin." It's now believed that the suspects are not surgeons, but most probably a group of psychopathic anthropologists.*

Several of the chimps, their bodies riddled with puncture wounds, devour the carcasses of what they have caught, drawing and quartering them, chewing on limbs, savoring muscle tissue, brains, bone, hair, viscera.

The noise of bones cracked and crunched and the ripping of skin resonate throughout the jungle.

While other chimps approach them, stretching out their hands, thrusting upturned palms in their faces, gently placing their fingertips near to or even inside the lips of the hunters, they turn away, rebuking their rivals in open sight of the community, giving morsels only to abiding allies.

Continuing to play with the paper, the chimp folds it into different configurations, seeming in fact to be reading the object, prompting other chimps to laugh.

*They also found shovels, trowels, knives, sticks, stones, and branches, as well as an array of nut casings, bits of broken shells, and nut fragments, some of which may contain identifying teeth marks.*

When drops of blood and bone fragments fall from the canopy above, the remnants of a meal another chimp is devouring from on high, the younger baby chimps clamber to the spoils, seizing the excess.

Hoping for food, a few females approach the hunters, walking backward toward them, presenting their asses to the males, attempting to entice them with their distended, shimmering vaginas.

As the male chimps gaze back and forth, looking at the meat, looking at the women, then back at the meat, deliberating whether to continue eating, or to fuck, the female chimps rear directly onto their erect cocks, prompting the male chimps to pause eating to fuck, carcasses clutched as they ensue, the females stretching their hands behind them to take food from the mouths of the males, or directly snatch at the meat dangling from their hands.

In the midst of this ribaldry, the rebuked chimps approach the one with the newspaper and clutch at it, tearing it to pieces, leaving only fragments of text behind:

*Notes on the size ... neocortex ... expansion ... comparative analyses  
... red ... claw ...*

*As they migrate into Africa from Spain, between astronomical twilight and dawn, an eerie supersonic frequency compels a flock of European Pied Flycatchers to stop their frequent zigzagging movements to approach the sound, to slow down before the entity emitting it, and, in stillness, to observe it.*

*Although its movement is highly accelerated, imperceptible to human sense organs, it is visible to the birds, whose critical clicker fusion frequency, operating at 120 frames per second, enables them to have a vastly detailed view of the phenomenon, its shifting motions and mutating forms mesmerizing them.*

*In its midst, in a state of captivation, the birds began singing a series of figures, each separated by a strong caesura, creating a complex array of strophes, recombining their varying figures in a seeming endless catena of unique ways. Unlike blues or pop song formats, the Pied Flycatchers create a highly varied repertoire of song types, ranging from A B A B C D C D C D to A B A B A B A B A B C D C C and then to the even more complex A B A B A B C D E F G H F G H and beyond, with some of their compositions exceeding 100 different figures, as if each were created to correspond to the shifting mutations of the strange entity, as if composing not by instinct, but spontaneously.*