

SARAH BISHOP, HERMITESS OF WEST MOUNTAIN¹



**“NARRATIVE HISTORY” AMOUNTS TO FABULATION,
THE REAL STUFF BEING MERE CHRONOLOGY**

1. Note that by the logic of this word “hermitess” we would need to term Greta Garbo the hermitess of West Hollywood.



SARAH BISHOP

SARAH BISHOP

1780

At about this point [Sarah Bishop](#) first made an appearance in Ridgefield in Connecticut on the rocky border of New York. The locals thought she had come originally from Long Island. She was still a young woman. Avoiding the settled areas of the valley and the companionship of society, she went up on the ridge of West Mountain and would for some three decades somehow there survive alone.

(Later there would arise stories that the hermitess of West Mountain had been a rape victim. The identification is precarious, but we do know for a fact that the British troops stationed on Long Island had a penchant for gang-raping American women. We know about this because they wrote home and made randy jokes about it.)

NOBODY COULD GUESS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN NEXT






SARAH BISHOP

SARAH BISHOP


1804

 A visitor to the cave of [Sarah Bishop](#) on the border between New York and Connecticut found that she had cleared half an acre and had planted a few peach trees, cucumbers, beans, and potatoes. There were also in the vicinity wild grape vines. She seemed timid when approached, but was considered “to be of a sound mind, a religious tune of thought, and entirely happy in her situation.” Apparently she was not totally a recluse, for it seems she attended religious services on the New York side of West Mountain:

Sarah kept several dresses of rich silk and satin at the home of Jared Hoyt, which she would change into from her cave clothes in order to attend the Lower Salem Presbyterian Church. She was skilled at knitting, sewing and spinning, and would visit members of the congregation often spending the night but saying little. When her brother finally found her she refused to return home with him.

HERMITS

**LIFE IS LIVED FORWARD BUT UNDERSTOOD BACKWARD?
— NO, THAT’S GIVING TOO MUCH TO THE HISTORIAN’S STORIES.
LIFE ISN’T TO BE UNDERSTOOD EITHER FORWARD OR BACKWARD.**

 September 22, Saturday: The Democrat of Boston reprinted an essay about [Sarah Bishop](#), “The Hermitess of North Salem,” which it claimed to be copying from a newspaper in Poughkeepsie, New York:

Sarah Bishop, (for this was the name of this Hermitess) is a person of about fifty years of age. About thirty years ago she was a young lady of considerable beauty, a competent share of mental endowments, and education; She was possessed of a handsome fortune, but she was of a tender of delicate constitution, and enjoyed but a low degree of health; and could hardly be comfortable without constant recourse to medicine, and careful attendance; and added to this, she always discovered an unusual antipathy to men; and was often heard to say that she had no dread of any animal on earth but man. Disgusted with them, and consequently with the world, about twenty-three years ago, she withdrew herself from all human society...

HERMITS



SARAH BISHOP

SARAH BISHOP

1810



Winter: After a visit to neighbors in the valley, [Sarah Bishop](#) went back toward her snowy ridge and evidently died of exposure on the way up. The supposition was that she slipped while clambering over some rocks. The body would be discovered, and interred without a marker at the Episcopal Church cemetery in North Salem, New York.

HERMITS

DO I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION? GOOD.



SARAH BISHOP

SARAH BISHOP

1839

The New England Gazetteer expanded upon previous reports about the hermitess [Sarah Bishop](#):

She lived on Long Island at the time of the Revolutionary war. Her father's house was burned by the British, and she was cruelly treated by a British officer. She then left society and wandered among the mountains near this part of the state: she found a kind of cave near Ridgefield, where she resided till about the time of her death, which took place in 1810.

This sort of tale of course expands and expands. Later elaborations would have her forced to service the entire crew of a British privateer. Linda Grant DePauw's SEAFARING WOMEN would portray her as a rape survivor and, perhaps, subject to PTSD, the "post-traumatic stress" syndrome. (There never being enough of a good thing, some websites now list her among female pirates.)

HERMITS

THE FUTURE IS MOST READILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT





SARAH BISHOP

SARAH BISHOP

1856

Ridgefield, Connecticut's native son Samuel Griswold Goodrich, who wrote under the pen name "Peter Parley," provided an account of [Sarah Bishop](#) in his RECOLLECTIONS OF A LIFETIME (NY: Miller, Orton and Mulligan, Volume I, pages 292-99):

... Men hermits have been frequently heard of, but a woman hermit is of rare occurrence. Nevertheless, Ridgefield could boast of one of these among its curiosities. Sarah Bishop was, at the period of my boyhood, a thin, ghostly old woman, bent and wrinkled, but still possessing a good deal of activity. She lived in a cave, formed by nature, in a mass of projecting rocks that overhung a deep valley or gorge in West Mountain. This was about four miles from our house, and was, I believe, actually within the limits of North Salem; but being on the eastern slope of the mountain, it was most easily accessible from Ridgefield, and hence its tenant was called an inhabitant of our town.

This strange woman was no mere amateur recluse. The rock – bare and desolate – was actually her home, except that occasionally she strayed to the neighboring villages, seldom being absent more than one or two days at a time. She never begged, but received such articles as were given to her. She was of a highly religious turn of mind, and at long intervals came to our church, and partook of the sacrament. She sometimes visited our family – the only one thus favored in the town – and occasionally remained overnight. She never would eat with us at the table, nor engage in general conversation. Upon her early history she was invariably silent; indeed, she spoke of her affairs with great reluctance. She neither seemed to have sympathy for others, nor to ask it in return. If there was any exception, it was only in respect to the religious exercises of the family: she listened intently to the reading of the Bible, and joined with apparent devotion in the morning and evening prayer.

I have very often seen this eccentric personage stealing into the church, or moving along the street, or wending her way through lane and footpath up to her mountain home. She always appeared desirous of escaping notice, and though her step was active, she had a gliding, noiseless movement, which seemed to ally her to the spirit-world. In my rambles among the mountains, I have seen her passing through the forest, or sitting silent as a statue upon the prostrate trunk of a tree, or perchance upon a stone or mound, scarcely to be distinguished from the animate objects – wood, earth, and rock – around her. She had a sense of propriety as to personal appearance, for when she visited the town, she was decently, though poorly clad; when alone in the wilderness she seemed little more than a squalid mass of rags. My excursions frequently brought me within the wild precincts of her solitary den. Several times I have paid a visit to the spot, and in two instances found her at home. A place more desolate – in its general outline – more absolutely



SARAH BISHOP

SARAH BISHOP

given up to the wildness of nature, it is impossible to conceive. Her cave was a hollow in the rock, about six feet square. Except a few rags and an old basin, it was without furniture – her bed being the floor of the cave, and her pillow a projecting point of the rock. It was entered by a natural door about three feet wide and four feet high, and was closed in severe weather only by pieces of bark. At a distance of a few feet was a cleft, where she kept a supply of roots and nuts, which she gathered, and the foot that was given her. She was reputed to have a secret depository, where she kept a quantity of antique dresses, several of them rich silks, and apparently suited to fashionable life: though I think this was an exaggeration. At a little distance down the ledge, there was a fine spring of water, in the vicinity of which she was often found in fair weather. There was no attempt, either in or around the spot, to bestow upon it an air of convenience or comfort. A small space of cleared ground was occupied by a few thriftless peach-trees, and in summer a patch of starveling beans, cucumbers, and potatoes. Up two or three of the adjacent forest-trees there clambered luxuriant grape-vines, highly productive in their season. With the exception of these feeble marks of cultivation, all was left ghastly and savage as nature made it. The trees, standing upon the tops of the cliff, and exposed to the shock of the tempest, were bent, and stooping toward the valley – their limbs contorted, and their roots clinging, as with an agonizing grasp, into the rifts of the rocks upon which they stood. Many of them were hoary with age, and hollow with decay; others were stripped of their leaves by the blasts, and other still, grooved and splintered by the lightning. The valley below, enriched with the decay of centuries, and fed with moisture from the surrounding hills, was a wild paradise of towering oaks, and other giants of the vegetable kingdom, with a rank undergrowth of tangled shrubs. In the distance, to the east, the gathered streams spread out into a beautiful expanse of water called Long Pond. A place at once so secluded and so wild was, of course, the chosen haunt of birds, beasts, and reptiles. The eagle built her nest and reared her young in the clefts of the rocks; foxes found shelter in the caverns, and serpents reveled alike in the dry hollows of the cliffs, and the dank recesses of the valley. The hermitess had made companionship with these brute tenants of the wood. The birds had become so familiar with her, that they seemed to heed her almost as little as if she had been a stone. The fox fearlessly pursued his hunt and his gambols in her presence. The rattlesnake hushed his monitory signal as he approached her. Such things, at least, were entertained by the popular belief. It was said, indeed, that she had domesticated a particular rattlesnake, and that he paid her daily visits. She was accustomed – so said the legend – to bring him milk from the villages, which he devoured with great relish. It will not surprise you that a subject like this should have given rise to one of my first poetical efforts – the first verses, in fact, that I ever published. I gave them to Brainard,



SARAH BISHOP

SARAH BISHOP

then editor of the Mirror, at Hartford, and he inserted them, probably about the year 1823. I have not a copy of them, and can only recollect the following stanzas:

For many a year the mountain hag
Was a theme of village wonder,
For she made her home in the dizzy crag,
Where the eagle bore his plunder.

Up the beetling cliff she was seen at night
Like a ghost to glide away;
But she came again with the morning light,
From the forest wild and gray.

Her face was wrinkled, and passionless seem'd,
As her bosom, all blasted and dead –
And her colorless eye like an icicle gleam'd,
Yet no sorrow or sympathy shed.

Her long snowy locks, as the winter drift,
On the wind were backward cast;
And her shrivl'd form glided by so swift,
You had said 'twere a ghost that pass'd.

Her house was a cave in a giddy rock,
That o'erhung a lonesome vale;
And 'twas deeply scarr'd by the lightning's shock,
And swept by the vengeful gale.

As alone on the cliff she musingly sate –
The fox at her fingers would snap;
The crow would sit on her snow-white pate,
And the rattlesnake coil in her lap.

The night-hawk look'd down with a welcome eye,
As he stoop'd in his airy swing;
And the haughty eagle hover'd so nigh,
As to fan her long locks with his wing.

But when winter roll'd dark his sullen wave,
From the west with gusty shock,
Old Sarah, deserted, crept cold to her cave,
And slept without bed in her rock.

No fire illumined her dismal den,
Yet a tatter'd Bible she read;
For she saw in the dark with a wizard ken,
And talk'd with the troubled dead.

And often she mutter'd a foreign name,
With curses too fearful to tell,
And a tale of horror – of madness and shame –
She told to the walls of her cell!

I insert these lines – not claiming any praise, nor as rigidly accurate in the delineation of their subject – but as a sketch of the impressions she made upon the public mind, vividly



SARAH BISHOP

SARAH BISHOP

reflected by my own imagination.

The facts in respect to this Nun of the Mountain were indeed strange enough without any embellishments of fancy. During the winter she was confined for several months to her cell. At that period she lived upon roots and nuts, which she had laid in for the season. She had no fire, and, deserted even by her brute companions, she was absolutely alone, save that she seemed to hold communion with the invisible world. She appeared to have no sense of solitude, no weariness at the slow lapse of days and months: night had no darkness, the tempest no terror, winter no desolation for her. When spring returned, she came down from her mountain, a mere shadow – each year her form more bent, her limbs more thin and wasted, her hair more blanched, her eye more colorless. At last life seemed ebbing away like the faint light of a lamp, sinking into the socket. The final winter came – it passed, and she was not seen in the villages around. Some of the inhabitants went to the mountain, and found her standing erect, her feet sunk in the frozen marsh of the valley. In this situation, being unable, as it appeared, to extricate herself – alone, yet not alone – she had yielded her breath to Him who gave it!

The early history of this strange personage was involved in some mystery. So much as this, however, was ascertained, that she was of good family, and lived on Long Island. During the Revolutionary war –in one of the numerous forays of the British soldiers –her father's house was burned; and, as if this were not enough, she was made the victim of one of those demoniacal acts, which in peace are compensated by the gibbet, but which, in war, embellish the life of the soldier. Desolate in fortune, blighted at heart, she fled from human society, and for a long time concealed her sorrows in the cavern which she had accidentally found. Her grief –softened by time, perhaps alleviated by a veil of insanity– was a length so far mitigated, that, although she did not seek human society, she could endure it. The shame of her maidenhood –if not forgotten– was obliterated by her rags, her age, and her grisly visage – in which every gentle trace of her sex had disappeared. She continued to occupy her cave till the year 1810 or 1811, when she departed, in the manner I have described, and we may hope, for a brighter and happier existence.

HERMITS



SARAH BISHOP

SARAH BISHOP

1878

Daniel Teller's THE HISTORY OF RIDGEFIELD attempted to describe [Sarah Bishop](#) in her later years — as, of course, the collective memory of the townsfolk was at that point reconstructing her:

Her whole appearance was to the last degree peculiar. Poorly clad, her form slightly bent, her face pale and careworn, her brow wrinkled and nearly hidden by long locks of gray hair, which were allowed to fall carelessly over it, her step quick and agile, she would seem to glide rather than walk through the town in quest of such articles of food as were absolutely indispensable to the sustenance of the body; or a few crumbs of that spiritual bread which is no less indispensable to the soul. She is said to have reminded one more of a visitant from the spirit-world than of a being of actual flesh and blood.

HERMITS

This local historian concluded his account of [Sarah](#) with:

In the year 1810 this strange life ended, and ended in a manner sadly in keeping with all which had preceded it. One stormy night she left the house of a Mr. Williamson, living where Mr. Timothy Jones now lives, some two miles away, to return by a nearer route across the fields to her own wretched den. A few days after, much anxiety having been felt as to her condition, search was made for her. Not finding her in the cave, those in search started down across the fields towards the house at which she had been last seen. They had proceeded but a little way before they discovered her lifeless body literally wedged in between masses of rocks. She had never reached her home. The things which the kind neighbor had given her were with her. In attempting to climb the steep and rocky hill-side she had missed her footing and perished.

CHANGE IS ETERNITY, STASIS A FIGMENT

HDT

WHAT?

INDEX

SARAH BISHOP

SARAH BISHOP

1908



West Mountain is near Lewisboro and North Salem, New York and Ridgefield, Connecticut, very close to the state line. On a hill to the north of Lake Rippowam, near Mountain Lakes Camp, there is a rock formation that in this year was recognized as "[Sarah Bishop's Cave](#)":



ROMANCE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Sarah Bishop's Cave in Ridgefield where a mysterious woman lived and died shortly after the War—
Tradition claims that she was an American girl who fell in love with
a British army officer during conflict

If this had indeed been Sarah's den, its roof is barely three feet high.

HERMITS



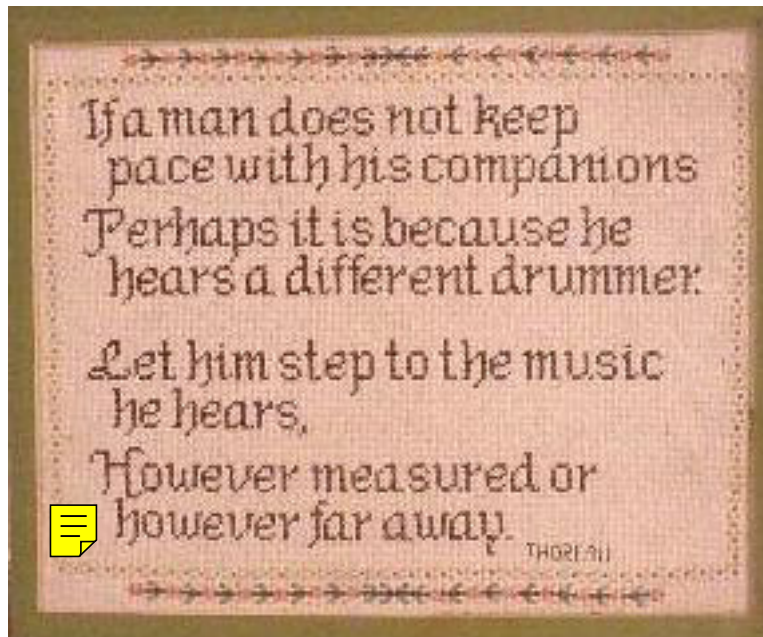
SARAH BISHOP

SARAH BISHOP

Clifton Johnson went for a ramble on Cape Cod in October with camera in hand and then, with Emerson's funeral oration at hand, produced an introduction for a new edition of CAPE COD:

The men he loved were those of a more primitive sort, unartificial, with the daring to cut loose from the trammels of fashion and inherited custom. Especially he liked the companionship of men who were in close contact with nature. A half-wild Irishman, or some rude farmer, or fisherman, or hunter, gave him real delight; and for this reason, Cape Cod appealed to him strongly. It was then a very isolated portion of the State, and its dwellers were just the sort of independent, self-reliant folk to attract him. In his account of his rambles there the human element has large place, and he lingers fondly over the characteristics of his chance acquaintances and notes every salient remark. They, in turn, no doubt found him interesting, too, though the purposes of the wanderer were a good deal of a mystery to them, and they were inclined to think he was a peddler.

[Edmund James Banfield](#)'s CONFESSIONS OF A BEACHCOMBER; SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN THE CAREER OF AN UNPROFESSIONAL BEACHCOMBER IN TROPICAL QUEENSLAND about his life on an island off the coast of Australia allegedly included, in italics on its title page, a [WALDEN](#) quote:²



2. Strangely, while the terminal "however mentioned or far away" is present in what was allegedly a "Facsimile first edition" published in 1994 by the U of Queensland P, this alleged original epigraph is not preserved, nor is it referred to in the new introduction supplied by Banfield's biographer Michael Noonan.



SARAH BISHOP

SARAH BISHOP

WALDEN: If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away.

DIFFERENT DRUMMER
EDMUND JAMES BANFIELD

This romantic record of a life of mere escapism also concluded with a WALDEN quote:

WALDEN: If the day and the night are such that you greet them with joy, and life emits a fragrance like flowers and sweet-scented herbs, is more elastic, more starry, more immortal, -that is your success.

EDMUND JAMES BANFIELD



SARAH BISHOP

SARAH BISHOP

There were, however, excesses of Thoreauvianism to which this author would not stoop, such as writing on the same topics (or writing as carefully as [Thoreau](#)), as witness the following:



It may have been anticipated that I would, Thoreau-like, set down in details and in figures the exact character and cost of every designed alteration to this scene; but the idea, as soon as it occurred, was sternly suppressed, for however cheerful a disciple I am of that philosopher, far be it from me to belittle him by parody.

In certain significant respects Banfield is not Thoreauvian at all, in fact proves to be entirely clueless. He speaks for instance very frankly of the tactics and strategies by which he obtained labor from the local aborigines, for various repetitive or dirty chores he was reluctant himself to perform. He speaks of the Chinese as the “alien race” that “does the hard work” while white owners, who are “mere idlers” such as himself, settle back knowing how ill they are suited to tropical toil, to enjoy the status of “resident landlords” — and yet he fears that a very different future awaits:



SARAH BISHOP

SARAH BISHOP

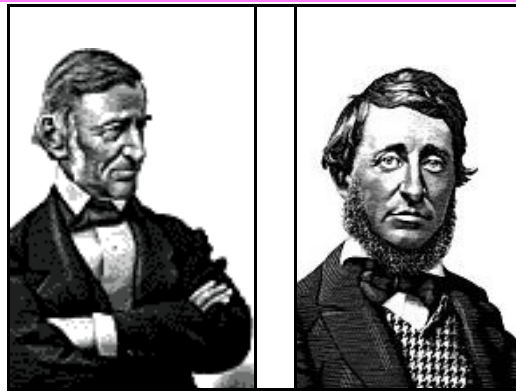


[T]he minor departments of rural enterprise in North Queensland are in a peculiar stage – a stage of transition and uncertainty. Coloured labour has been depended upon to a large extent. Even the poorest settler has had the aid of aboriginals. But with the passing of that race, and prohibition against the employment of any sort of coloured labour, the question is to be asked, Can tropical products be grown profitably unless consumers are willing to pay a largely increased price – a price equivalent to the difference between the earnings of those who toil in other tropical countries and the living wage of a white man in Australia? Fruit of many acceptable varieties can be grown to perfection with little labour in immense quantities. Coffee is one of the most prolific of crops ... a plentiful supply of cheap labour is essential to success. Those who by judicious treatment of the aboriginals command their services have so far made profit. A coffee plantation suggests pleasant, picturesque and spicy things. The orderly lines of the plants, in glossy green adorned for a brief space with white, frail, fugitive flowers distilling a sweet and grateful odour, the branches crowded with gleaming berries, green, pink and red, present pleasing aspect. As a change to the scenery of the jungle, a coffee estate has a garden-like relief. But picking berry by berry is slow and monotonous work, vexatious, too, to those mortals whose skin is sensitive to the attacks of green ants. Then comes the various processes of the removal of the pulp, first by machinery, finally by the fermentation of the still adhering slimy residuum; then the drying and saving by exposure to the sun on trays or on tarpaulins until all moisture is expelled; and the hulling which disintegrates the parchment from the twin berries; then winnowing, and finally the polishing. Do drinkers of the fragrant and exhilarating beverage realise the amount of labour and care involved before the crop is taken off and preserved from deterioration and decay?

Banfield turns out upon inspection to have been an unabashed white supremacist. Had he been living in today's Australia he would have been a member of Pauline Hanson's "One Nation" nativist political grouping! For instance, the following passage sounds very much like [Waldo Emerson](#) and **not at all** like [Thoreau](#):



The world is not so vast that any part of it –still less a part so situated and so highly favoured as this– can be left unpeopled. If not peopled by Australians or those of British blood, it will assuredly be by people for whom the average Australian entertains but scant respect.





SARAH BISHOP

SARAH BISHOP

“Frankly,” Banfield proclaims, his escapism was not at all self-serving. No, his great escape was due instead to a selfless and “sentimental regard for the welfare of bird and plant life.” Thus it was that, after he had lived on his retreat for a period, “one of the first ordinances to be proclaimed would be that of forbidding interference with birds. That ordinance prevails. Our sea-girt hermitage is a sanctuary for all manner of birds save those of murderous and cannibalistic instincts.” This uninformed attitude toward natural predation explains passages such as the following one, in which he fancies that his target practice is “avenging” a lesser “tragedy of the bush”:



A bold falcon ... swooped down upon a wood-swallow ... and bore it bleeding to a tree-top, while I stood shocked at the audacity of the cannibal. A bullet dropped the murderous bird with its dead victim fast in its talons.

Banfield’s militancy extended beyond the shooting of avian culprits out of their trees. He was also in the habit, it seems, of correcting the morals of the more earthbound predator culprits:

Cutting firewood in the forest one morning, I came across a carpet snake, 12 feet long, laid out and asleep in a series of easy curves, with the sun revealing unexpected beauty in the tints and in the patterns of the skin. Midway of its length was a tell-tale bulge, and before the axe shortened it by a head, I was convinced that here was a serpent that had waylaid and surprised or beguiled a fowl. Post-mortem examination, however, proved once the unreliability of uncorroborated circumstantial evidence. The snake had done good and friendly service instead of ill, for it had swallowed a white-tailed rat – the only specimen that I have seen on the island.

To say that this is jejune is to put a good face on it. Here is what Banfield’s biographer Michael Noonan has had to offer in regard to intellectual influences: “He began to delve into the philosophical writings of the leading naturalists of the day –Ralph Waldo Emerson, Walt Whitman and Henry David Thoreau– with whom he found himself instantly in accord.”³

3. Noonan, Michael. A DIFFERENT DRUMMER: THE STORY OF E.J. BANFIELD, THE BEACHCOMBER OF DUNK ISLAND. St Lucia, London, and New York: U of Queensland P, 1983, page 31. Perusing such simplistic remarks, one is inclined to inquire in what sense Emerson was a naturalist, in what sense Whitman was a naturalist, which would match the sense in which Thoreau was a naturalist — but leave it alone.



SARAH BISHOP

SARAH BISHOP

1998

Dr. Linda Grant De Pauw, evidently a writer for the National Enquirer, in SEAFARING WOMEN, provided us with an imaginative recreation of [Sarah Bishop](#)'s rape and abduction by the crew of an English privateer:

Sarah Bishop of Long Island, New York, was the victim of a British raiding party in 1778. Rape had become an everyday event in the war zones; when Bishop was taken aboard a British privateer, she became a member of the crew with certain additional duties. Although she handled the wheel and stood watches, she was also expected to be a communal sex object. Eventually she and the captain of the privateer came to an understanding, after which she was strictly the captain's woman. The captain was killed, however, in an engagement with an American privateer, and it was another six months before Bishop found an opportunity to escape. Two years after her capture, Sarah Bishop slipped over the side of the ship and swam ashore at Stamford, Connecticut. Her experience had been so traumatic that she could not bear to return to normal human society. She made her way to Ridgefield, Connecticut, and climbed to a rocky cave, where she lived the rest of her life as a hermit.

HERMITS

“MAGISTERIAL HISTORY” IS FANTASIZING: HISTORY IS CHRONOLOGY



SARAH BISHOP

SARAH BISHOP



COPYRIGHT NOTICE: In addition to the property of others, such as extensive quotations and reproductions of images, this "read-only" computer file contains a great deal of special work product of Austin Meredith, copyright ©2014. Access to these interim materials will eventually be offered for a fee in order to recoup some of the costs of preparation. My hypercontext button invention which, instead of creating a hypertext leap through hyperspace –resulting in navigation problems– allows for an utter alteration of the context within which one is experiencing a specific content already being viewed, is claimed as proprietary to Austin Meredith – and therefore freely available for use by all. Limited permission to copy such files, or any material from such files, must be obtained in advance in writing from the "Stack of the Artist of Kouroo" Project, 833 Berkeley St., Durham NC 27705. Please contact the project at <Kouroo@kouroo.info>.

"It's all now you see. Yesterday won't be over until tomorrow and tomorrow began ten thousand years ago."

- Remark by character "Garin Stevens"
in William Faulkner's INTRUDER IN THE DUST



Prepared: September 2, 2014



SARAH BISHOP

SARAH BISHOP

ARRGH AUTOMATED RESEARCH REPORT

GENERATION HOTLINE



This stuff presumably looks to you as if it were generated by a human. Such is not the case. Instead, someone has requested that we pull it out of the hat of a pirate who has grown out of the shoulder of our pet parrot "Laura" (as above). What these chronological lists are: they are research reports compiled by ARRGH algorithms out of a database of modules which we term the Kouroo Contexture (this is data mining). To respond to such a request for information we merely push a button.



SARAH BISHOP

SARAH BISHOP

Commonly, the first output of the algorithm has obvious deficiencies and we need to go back into the modules stored in the contexture and do a minor amount of tweaking, and then we need to punch that button again and recompile the chronology – but there is nothing here that remotely resembles the ordinary “writerly” process you know and love. As the contents of this originating contexture improve, and as the programming improves, and as funding becomes available (to date no funding whatever has been needed in the creation of this facility, the entire operation being run out of pocket change) we expect a diminished need to do such tweaking and recompiling, and we fully expect to achieve a simulation of a generous and untiring robotic research librarian. Onward and upward in this brave new world.

First come first serve. There is no charge.
Place requests with <Kouroo@kouroo.info>. Arrgh.