

BISHOP HENRY KING, D.D.



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



THE REVEREND HENRY KING

BISHOP HENRY KING, D.D.

1592

January 16, Sunday (1591, Old Style): The Bishop of London, John King, and his wife Joan Freeman King, took their 1st son for baptism at Worminghall, Buckinghamshire. [Henry King](#) would be educated at Lord Williams's School and then Westminster School.

BRITISH CHRONOLOGY

NOBODY COULD GUESS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN NEXT



BISHOP HENRY KING, D.D.

THE REVEREND HENRY KING

1608

Henry King was chosen to become a student at Christ Church, Oxford.



CHRIST CHURCH

Francis Quarles took the BA at Christ's College, Cambridge.

It was in about this year that John Donne was writing his BIATHANATOS, a half-serious celebration of suicide (published posthumously, in 1644). The poet reconciled with his father-in-law so that his wife could receive her dowry.

Thomas Heywood's THE TRAGEDY OF THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

BRITISH CHRONOLOGY



BISHOP HENRY KING, D.D.

THE REVEREND HENRY KING

1611

June 19, Wednesday (Old Style): [Henry King](#) was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts at [Christ Church College of Oxford University](#).



Do I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION? GOOD.



THE REVEREND HENRY KING

BISHOP HENRY KING, D.D.

1614

July 7, Thursday (Old Style): [Henry King](#) was admitted to the degree of Master of Arts at [Christ Church College of Oxford University](#).



CHANGE IS ETERNITY, STASIS A FIGMENT



BISHOP HENRY KING, D.D.

THE REVEREND HENRY KING

1616

January 24, Wednesday (1615, Old Style): [Henry King](#) was collated to the prebend of St. Pancras in St. Paul's Cathedral, receiving at the same time the office of penitentiary or confessor in the cathedral, together with the rectory and patronage of Chigwell, Essex.

THE FUTURE IS MOST READILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT





THE REVEREND HENRY KING

BISHOP HENRY KING, D.D.

1617

April 10, Thursday (Old Style): The Reverend [Henry King](#) was made Archdeacon of Colchester. Soon he would receive the sinecure rectory of Fulham and be appointed as one of the royal chaplains. He would hold all these appointments until his advancement to the episcopal bench.



BRITISH CHRONOLOGY

THE FUTURE CAN BE EASILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT



Late in the year: Archdeacon of Colchester [Henry King](#) preached a sermon at Pauls Crosse. About this time he got married with Anne Berkeley, a daughter of Robert Berkeley, Esq. (their union would produce four or five children two of whom, Henry King and John King, would survive, but Anne herself would die early).



BISHOP HENRY KING, D.D.

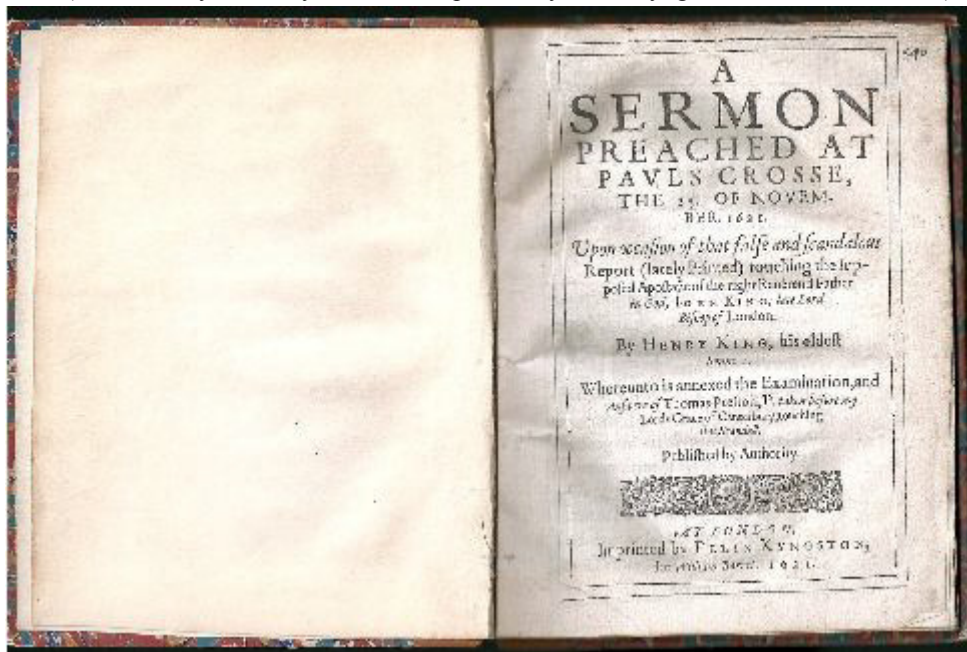
THE REVEREND HENRY KING

1621

Good Friday: [Henry King](#)'s father John King died on April 9th, the Friday before Easter. There would be a rumor that he had, as the Anglican Lord Bishop of London, died in communion with the Church of Rome, and this would be the subject of a pamphlet attributed to George Musket.

**WHAT I'M WRITING IS TRUE BUT NEVER MIND
YOU CAN ALWAYS LIE TO YOURSELF**

November [sic] 25, Sunday (Old Style): At Pauls Crosse, the Reverend [Henry King](#) preached VPON OCCASION OF THAT FALSE AND SCANDALOUS REPORT (LATELY PRINTED) TOUCHING THE SUPPOSED APOSTASIE OF THE RIGHT REUEREND FATHER IN GOD, IOHN KING, LATE LORD BISHOP OF LONDON. BY HENRY KING, HIS ELDEST SONNE. ... (Published by authority. London: Imprinted by Felix Kyngston, for William Barret).





THE REVEREND HENRY KING

BISHOP HENRY KING, D.D.

1624

In about this year Anne King, wife of Archdeacon [Henry King](#), died at the age of 23. The body would be buried at St. Paul's Cathedral.

Francis Quarles's *JOB MILITANT, WITH MEDITATIONS DIVINE AND MORALL* and his *SIONS ELEGIES, WEPT BY JEREMIE THE PROPHET*.

The initial volume of the prose and poetry of [Thomas Heywood](#), entitled *GYNAIKEION OR NINE BOOKS OF VARIOUS HISTORY CONCERNING WOMEN*. From this year forward, at The Phoenix Theatre, he would be producing new plays such as *THE CAPTIVES*, *THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER*, and *A MAIDENHEAD WELL LOST*, and reviving old plays.

It was at this point that the Reverend [John Donne](#)'s friendship with [Izaak Walton](#) began.





BISHOP HENRY KING, D.D.

THE REVEREND HENRY KING

March 3, Wednesday (1623, Old Style): [John Ford](#)'s *The Sun's Darling*, with Thomas Dekker, was licensed for production (this would be revised during 1638/1639, and printed in 1656).

The Reverend [Henry King](#) was made canon of Christ Church, [Oxford](#) (his brother John King would be made canon during the following August).



NO-ONE'S LIFE IS EVER NOT DRIVEN PRIMARILY BY HAPPENSTANCE





THE REVEREND HENRY KING

BISHOP HENRY KING, D.D.

1625

May 19, Thursday (Old Style): [Henry King](#) and his brother John King were admitted to the degrees of D.D. and B.D. as accumulators and compounders at Christ Church, [Oxford](#).



July 10, Sunday (Old Style): The King brothers preached at St Mary's –the Reverend [Henry King](#) in the forenoon and the Reverend John King in the afternoon– on the motto “Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unities.”

YOU ARE THERE: YOU-TUBE



BISHOP HENRY KING, D.D.

THE REVEREND HENRY KING

1631

March 31, Thursday (Old Style): Fully prepared, [John Donne](#) died. He had made his close friend, Archdeacon [Henry King](#), D.D., one of his executors, and had presented him with his sermons in manuscript, and notes from his reading on over 1,400 authors.



BRITISH CHRONOLOGY

Only two months earlier he had preached his so-called funeral sermon, “Death’s Duell,” and upon returning home from this delivery, had posed for a nice charcoal sketch — attired in his funeral shroud (this would have been a long white linen or cotton garment with open back and long sleeves) and perched atop the urn he had purchased for his ashes. Most of his poetry was published only after his death, so I don’t really know under what date to file the “To Sir Edward Herbert at Iulyers” from which [Henry Thoreau](#) would extract as follows in [WALDEN](#),

“How happy’s he who hath due place assigned
To his beasts and disaforested his mind!

* * *

Can use his horse, goat, wolf, and ev’ry beast,
And is not ass himself to all the rest!
Else man not only is the herd of swine,
But he’s those devils too which did incline
Them to a headlong rage, and made them worse.”

a poem which Donne had written in honor of Edward, Lord Herbert of Chirbury (1582/3-1648):

[following screens]

EDWARD HERBERT





THE REVEREND HENRY KING

BISHOP HENRY KING, D.D.

WALDEN: The other day I picked up the lower jaw of a hog, with white and sound teeth and tusks, which suggested that there was an animal health and vigor distinct from the spiritual. This creature succeeded by other means than temperance and purity. "That in which men differ from brute beasts," says Mencius, "is a thing very inconsiderable; the common herd lose it very soon; superior men preserve it carefully." Who knows what sort of life would result if we had attained to purity? If I knew so wise a man as could teach me purity I would go to seek him forthwith. "A command over our passions, and over the external senses of the body, and good acts, are declared by the Ved to be indispensable in the mind's approximation to God." Yet the spirit can for the time pervade and control every member and function of the body, and transmute what in form is the grossest sensuality into purity and devotion. The generative energy, which, when we are loose, dissipates and makes us unclean, when we are continent invigorates and inspires us. Chastity is the flowering of man; and what are called Genius, Heroism, Holiness, and the like, are but various fruits which succeed it. Man flows at once to God when the channel of purity is open. By turns our purity inspires and our impurity casts us down. He is blessed who is assured that the animal is dying out in him day by day, and the divine being established. Perhaps there is none but has cause for shame on account of the inferior and brutish nature to which he is allied. I fear that we are such gods or demigods only as fauns and satyrs, the divine allied to beasts, the creatures of appetite, and that, to some extent, our very life is our disgrace.-

"How happy's he who hath due place assigned
To his beasts and disforested his mind!

* * *

Can use his horse, goat, wolf, and ev'ry beast,
And is not ass himself to all the rest!
Else man not only is the herd of swine,
But he's those devils too which did incline
Them to a headlong rage, and made them worse."

All sensuality is one, though it takes many forms; all purity is one. It is the same whether a man eat, or drink, or cohabit, or sleep sensually. They are but one appetite, and we only need to see a person do any one of these things to know how great a sensualist he is. The impure can neither stand nor sit with purity. When the reptile is attacked at one mouth of his burrow, he shows himself at another. If you would be chaste, you must be temperate. What is chastity? How shall a man know if he is chaste? He shall not know it. We have heard of this virtue, but we know not what it is. We speak conformably to the rumor which we have heard. From exertion come wisdom and purity; from sloth ignorance and sensuality. In the student sensuality is a sluggish habit of mind. An unclean person is universally a slothful one, one who sits by a stove, whom the sun shines on prostrate, who reposes without being fatigued. If you would avoid uncleanness, and all the sins, work earnestly, thought it be at cleaning a stable. Nature is hard to be overcome, but she must be overcome. What avails it that you are Christian, if you are not purer than the heathen, if you deny yourself no more, if you are not more religious? I know of many systems of religion esteemed heathenish whose precepts fill the reader with shame, and provoke him to new endeavors, though it be to the performance of rites merely.



BISHOP HENRY KING, D.D.

THE REVEREND HENRY KING

I hesitate to say these things, but it is not because of the subject, -I care not how obscene my *words* are,- but because I cannot speak of them without betraying my impurity. We discourse freely without shame of one form of sensuality, and are silent about another. We are so degraded that we cannot speak simply of the necessary functions of human nature. In earlier ages, in some countries, every function was reverently spoken of and regulated by law. Nothing was too trivial for the Hindoo lawgiver, however offensive it may be to modern taste. He teaches how to eat, drink, cohabit, void excrement and urine, and the like, elevating what is mean, and does not falsely excuse himself by calling these things trifles.

HDT

WHAT?

INDEX

THE REVEREND HENRY KING

BISHOP HENRY KING, D.D.

1634

In about this year Archdeacon [Henry King](#), D.D. and [Izaak Walton](#) began a lifelong friendship.





BISHOP HENRY KING, D.D.

THE REVEREND HENRY KING

1639

February 6, Wednesday (1638, Old Style): Archdeacon [Henry King](#), D.D. was made dean of Rochester.



THE REVEREND HENRY KING

BISHOP HENRY KING, D.D.

1641

Dean of Rochester [Henry King](#), D.D. was painted by an unknown artist (see following screen).

[HDT](#)

[WHAT?](#)

[INDEX](#)

BISHOP HENRY KING, D.D.

THE REVEREND HENRY KING





THE REVEREND HENRY KING

BISHOP HENRY KING, D.D.

1642

February 6, Sunday (1641, Old Style Julian Calendar used in the Protestant parts of Europe): The day after the House of Lords passed its bill to deprive bishops of votes, Dean [Henry King](#), D.D. became Bishop of Chichester (he was also presented to the rectory of Petworth in Sussex).

December 29, Thursday (Old Style): Bishop [Henry King](#), D.D. was residing at his episcopal palace when Chichester surrendered to the Parliamentary forces under General Sir William Waller, and his library was seized. He would be deprived of the rectory of Petworth (a rich living), which was awarded by Parliament to Francis Cheynell.



BISHOP HENRY KING, D.D.

THE REVEREND HENRY KING

1643

June 27, Tuesday (Old Style): By a resolution of the House of Commons, Bishop [Henry King](#), D.D.'s estates at Chichester were sequestrated and he was evicted from the episcopal palace. Until 1651 he would need to reside in the house of his brother-in-law Sir Richard Hobart of Langley in Buckinghamshire.



BRITISH CHRONOLOGY

[HDT](#)[WHAT?](#)[INDEX](#)

THE REVEREND HENRY KING

BISHOP HENRY KING, D.D.

1651

Bishop [Henry King](#), D.D.'s THE PSALMES OF DAVID FROM THE NEW TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE, TURNED INTO METER. The Bishop retired to the residence of Lady Anne Salter at Richings Park, just to the west of [London](#).

ENGLISH CIVIL WAR

The prisoners of war Sir John Middleton, a 1st Earl, and Sir Edward Massey, who were Lieutenant Generals, were taken to the [Tower of London](#) (they would escape). The prisoner of war Thomas Dalyell was also taken



to the Tower (he would escape in 1652). The prisoner of war Robert Montgomerie, a Major General, was also taken there (he would escape in 1654). George Cooke escaped from the Tower. For all of this year [Sir William Davenant](#), who had been transferred from Cowes Castle on the Isle of Wight to the Tower, was awaiting there a trial for high treason, while meanwhile his *Gondibert, an heroick poem* was being published.

WILLIAM DAVENANT

(Although the play would in fact get published, the trial would in fact not happen.) In its finished form the play bore a dedicatory "Preface to his most honour'd friend Mr. Hobs" and Thomas Hobbes's "The Answer of Mr. Hobbes to Sr Will. D' Avenant's Preface before Gondibert." (The official 2d edition of 1653 would also include "Certain Verses, written by severall of the author's friends.")



[Henry Thoreau](#) would be reading this play, as part of "my attempt to read Chalmers' collection of English poetry without skipping," on Election Day night in 1841, when [Concord](#)'s pranksters provided him relief by



BISHOP HENRY KING, D.D.

THE REVEREND HENRY KING

setting fire to the old Breed place on the Walden Road.

WALDEN: Nearer yet to town, you come to Breed's location, on the other side of the way, just on the edge of the wood; ground famous for the pranks of a demon not distinctly named in old mythology, who has acted a prominent and astounding part in our New England life, and deserves, as much as any mythological character, to have his biography written one day; who first comes in the guise of a friend or hired man, and then robs and murders the whole family, -New England Rum. But history must not yet tell the tragedies enacted here; let time intervene in some measure to assuage and lend an azure tint to them. Here the most indistinct and dubious tradition says that once a tavern stood; the well the same, which tempered the traveller's beverage and refreshed his steed. Here then men saluted one another, and heard and told the news, and went their ways again.

Breed's hut was standing only a dozen years ago, though it had long been unoccupied. It was about the size of mine. It was set on fire by mischievous boys, one Election night, if I do not mistake. I lived on the edge of the village then, and had just lost myself over Davenant's Gondibert, that winter that I labored with a lethargy, -which, by the way, I never knew whether to regard as a family complaint, having an uncle who goes to sleep shaving himself, and is obliged to sprout potatoes in a cellar Sundays, in order to keep awake and keep the Sabbath, or as the consequence of my attempt to read Chalmers' collection of English poetry without skipping. It fairly overcame my Nervii. I had just sunk my head on this when the bells rung fire, and in hot haste the engines rolled that way, led by a straggling troop of men and boys, and I among the foremost, for I had leaped the brook. We thought it was far south over the woods, - we who had run to fires before, - barn, shop, or dwelling-house, or all together. "It's Baker's barn," cried one. "It is the Codman Place," affirmed another. And then fresh sparks went up above the wood, as if the roof fell in, and we all shouted "Concord to the rescue!" Wagons shot past with furious speed and crushing loads, bearing, perchance, among the rest, the agent of the Insurance Company, who was bound to go however far; and ever and anon the engine bell tinkled behind, more slow and sure, and rearmost of all, as it was afterward whispered, came they who set the fire and gave the alarm. Thus we kept on like true idealists, rejecting the evidence of our senses, until at a turn in the road we heard crackling and actually felt the heat of the fire from over the wall, and realized, alas! that we were there. The very nearness of the fire but cooled our ardor. At first we thought to throw a frog-pond on to it; but concluded to let it burn, it was so far gone and so worthless.

**PEOPLE OF
WALDEN**

**JOHN C. BREED
JOHN CODMAN**

[next screen]



THE REVEREND HENRY KING

BISHOP HENRY KING, D.D.

WALDEN: So we stood round our engine, jostled one another, expressed our sentiments through speaking trumpets, or in lower tone referred to the great conflagrations which the world has witness, including Bascom's shop, and, between ourselves we thought that, were we there in season with our "tub", and a full frog-pond by, we could turn that threatened last and universal one into another flood. We finally retreated without doing any mischief, -returned to sleep and Gondibert. But as for Gondibert, I would except that passage in the preface about wit being the soul's powder, - "but most of mankind are strangers to wit, as Indians are to powder."

It chanced that I walked that way across the fields the following night, about the same hour, and hearing a low moaning at this spot, I drew near in the dark, and discovered the only survivor of the family that I know, the heir of both its virtues and its vices, who alone was interested in this burning, lying on his stomach and looking over the cellar wall at the still smouldering cinders beneath, muttering to himself, as is his wont. He had been working far off in the river meadows all day, and had improved the first moments that he could call his own to visit the home of his fathers and his youth. He gazed into the cellar from all sides and points of view by turns, always lying down to it, as if there was some treasure, which he remembered, concealed between the stones, where there was absolutely nothing but a heap of bricks and ashes. The house being gone, he looked at what there was left. He was soothed by the sympathy which my mere presence implied, and showed me, as well as the darkness permitted, where the well was covered up; which, thank Heaven, could never be burned; and he groped long about the wall to find the iron hook or staple by which a burden had been fastened to the heavy end, -all that he could now cling to,- to convince me that it was no common "rider." I felt it, and still remark it almost daily in my walks, for by it hangs the history of a family.



BISHOP HENRY KING, D.D.

THE REVEREND HENRY KING

1657

Though [Abraham Cowley](#) received a medical doctorate from [Oxford](#) in this year, he would never practice.



Bishop [Henry King](#), D.D.'s POEMS, ELEGIES, PARADOXES AND SONETS.



[John Wray or Ray](#) became a praelector at [Cambridge](#) University, and a junior dean.



THE REVEREND HENRY KING

BISHOP HENRY KING, D.D.

1660

[Sir William Davenant](#)'s *A Panegyric to his Excellency the Lord General Monck*, to George Monck, and his *Poem upon his sacred Majesties most happy return to his dominions*, on the restoration of [Charles II](#). He opened a theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which he named "Duke's."

At the Restoration, Bishop [Henry King](#), D.D., who had been personally acquainted with King [Charles I](#), engaged in negotiations toward filling the vacant bishoprics and was reinstated to his privileges, returning to the episcopal palace in Chichester.

BRITISH CHRONOLOGY



BISHOP HENRY KING, D.D.

THE REVEREND HENRY KING

1661

May 20, Monday (Old Style): Bishop [Henry King](#), D.D. preached at Whitehall.





THE REVEREND HENRY KING

BISHOP HENRY KING, D.D.

1662

April 24, Thursday (Old Style): At [Westminster Abbey](#), Bishop [Henry King](#), D.D. delivered a sermon in honor of Bishop Brian Duppa.¹



1. On the down side: he did need to die in order to be awarded such an honor.



BISHOP HENRY KING, D.D.

THE REVEREND HENRY KING

1663

Bishop [Henry King](#), D.D. prefixed an elegy to POEMS BY J.D. WITH ELEGIES ON THE AUTHOR'S DEATH (London: Printed by M.F. for John Marriot, and are to be sold at his shop in St. Dunstan's Church-yard in Fleet-street), an edition of the poems of [John Donne](#).



THE REVEREND HENRY KING

BISHOP HENRY KING, D.D.

1669

February 21, Sunday (1668, Old Style): Henry King, 2d son of Bishop [Henry King](#), D.D., died.

September 30, Thursday (Old Style): [Henry King](#) died in his episcopal palace at Chichester. The body would be interred in Chichester Cathedral.

Sic Vita

Like to the falling of a Starre;
Or as the flights of Eagles are;
Or like the fresh springs gawdy hew;
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood;
Or bubbles which on water stood;
Even such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is streight call'd in, and paid to night.

*The Wind blowes out; The Bubble dies;
The Spring entomb'd in Autumn lies;
The Dew dries up; the Starre is shot;
The Flight is past; and Man forgot.*

BRITISH CHRONOLOGY



BISHOP HENRY KING, D.D.

THE REVEREND HENRY KING

1671

March 10, Friday (1670, Old Style): John King, eldest son of Bishop [Henry King](#), D.D., died. The body would be placed in Chichester Cathedral and his widow would erect a monument there to the memory of her husband, and to the memory of her father-in-law the Bishop.

[HDT](#)[WHAT?](#)[INDEX](#)**THE REVEREND HENRY KING****BISHOP HENRY KING, D.D.****1837**

March 9, Thursday: [David Henry Thoreau](#) checked out, from [Harvard Library](#), the 1st of the seven volumes of [Thomas Campbell](#)'s SPECIMENS OF THE BRITISH POETS; WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES, AND AN ESSAY ON ENGLISH POETRY, consisting of his AN ESSAY ON ENGLISH POETRY (London: John Murray, 1819).

**THOMAS CAMPBELL**

(He would place his extracts, such as [Bishop Henry King, D.D.](#)'s "Sic Vita," in a Miscellaneous Extracts notebook he maintained from 1836 to 1840.)

Like to the falling of a Starre;
Or as the flights of Eagles are;
Or like the fresh springs gawdy hew;
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood;
Or bubbles which on water stood;
Even such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is streight call'd in, and paid to night.

*The Wind blowes out; The Bubble dies;
The Spring entomb'd in Autumn lies;
The Dew dries up; the Starre is shot;
The Flight is past; and Man forgot.*



BISHOP HENRY KING, D.D.

THE REVEREND HENRY KING



Friend Stephen Wanton Gould wrote in his journal:

*5th day 9th of 3rd M / The day was rainy & the walking bad –
Meeting small consisting of 13 Men & One Woman – It was truly a
low & hard time to me, but I trust some others were favoured to
feel some circulation of the sap of life. –
After Meeting I called to see Father Rodman who I found
comfortable but very weak & feeble & keeps his bed mostly –*



THE REVEREND HENRY KING

BISHOP HENRY KING, D.D.

1841

July: [Henry Thoreau](#) contributed “Sic Vita” and two other poems to the current issue of [THE DIAL](#).

[THE DIAL](#), JULY 1841

[Mrs. Ellen Sturgis Hooper](#)’s poem “The Out-Bid” appeared anonymously on page 519, and her “Farewell” on page 544.





BISHOP HENRY KING, D.D.

THE REVEREND HENRY KING

SIC VITA



I am a parcel of vain strivings tied
By a chance bond together,
Dangling this way and that, their links
Were made so loose and wide,
Methinks,
For milder weather.

A bunch of violets without their roots,
And sorrel intermixed,
Encircled by a wisp of straw
Once coiled about their shoots,
The law
By which I'm fixed.

A nosegay which Time clutched from out
Those fair Elysian fields,
With weeds and broken stems, in haste,
Doth make the rabble rout
That waste
The day he yields.

And here I bloom for a short hour unseen,
Drinking my juices up,
With no root in the land
To keep my branches green,
But stand
In a bare cup.

Some tender buds were left upon my stem
In mimicry of life,
But ah! the children will not know,
Till time has withered them,
The woe
With which they're rife.

But now I see I was not plucked for naught,
And after in life's vase
Of glass set while I might survive,
But by a kind hand brought
Alive
To a strange place.

That stock thus thinned will soon redeem its hours,
And by another year,
Such as God knows, with freer air,
More fruits and fairer flowers
Will bear,
While I droop here.





THE REVEREND HENRY KING

BISHOP HENRY KING, D.D.

1843

The Bishop of Chichester, [Henry King](#), D.D., had authored many elegies, on royal persons and on private friends such as [John Donne](#) and [Ben Jonson](#). At this point the Reverend J. Hannah prepared a selection from his POEMS AND PSALMS.



“MAGISTERIAL HISTORY” IS FANTASIZING: HISTORY IS CHRONOLOGY



BISHOP HENRY KING, D.D.

THE REVEREND HENRY KING



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 ©2015. 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: March 4, 2015



THE REVEREND HENRY KING

BISHOP HENRY KING, D.D.

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.



BISHOP HENRY KING, D.D.

THE REVEREND HENRY KING

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.