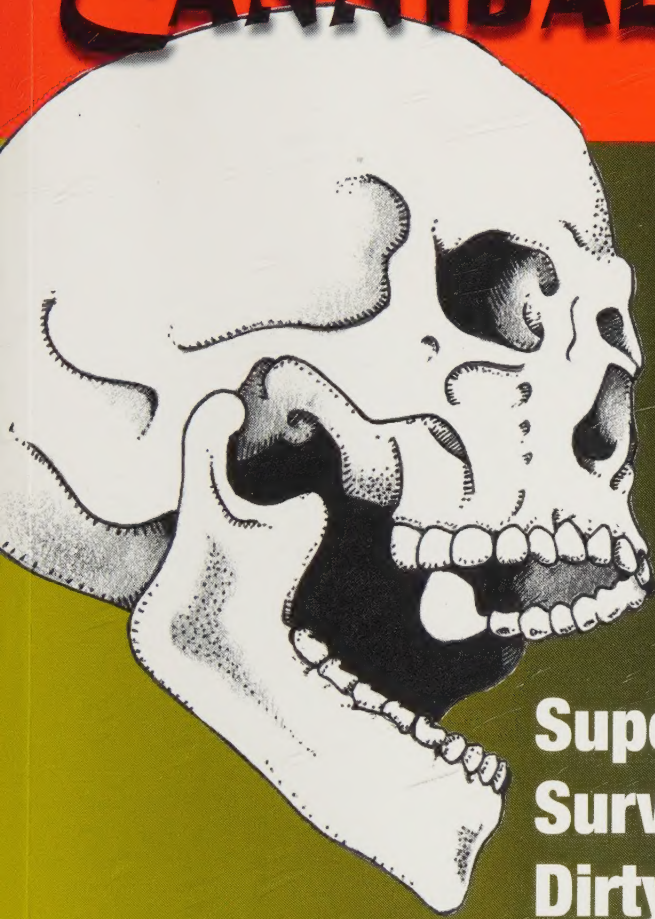
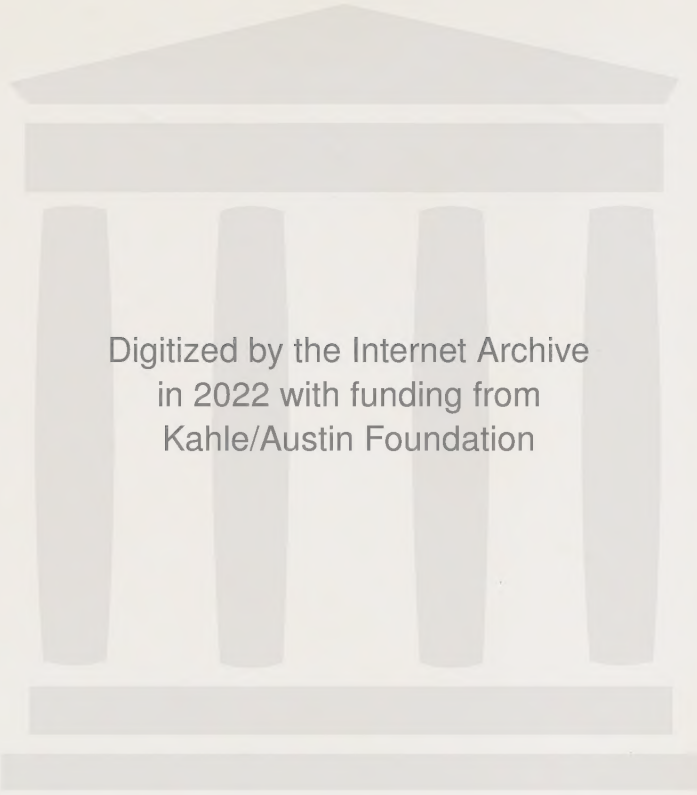


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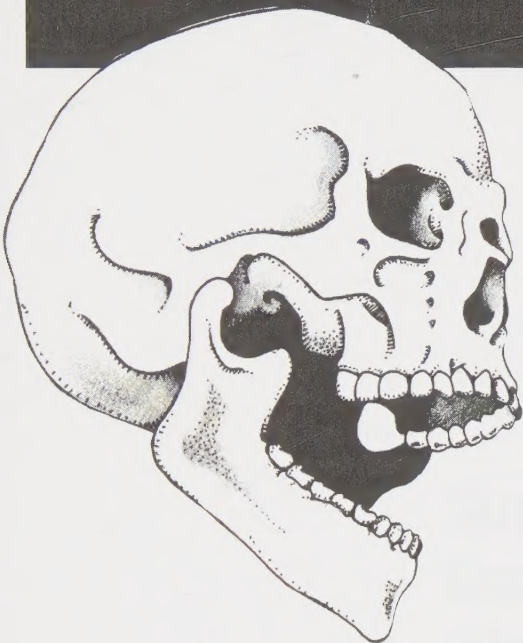
**Superhardcore
Survivalism's
Dirty Little
Secret**

Shiguro Takada

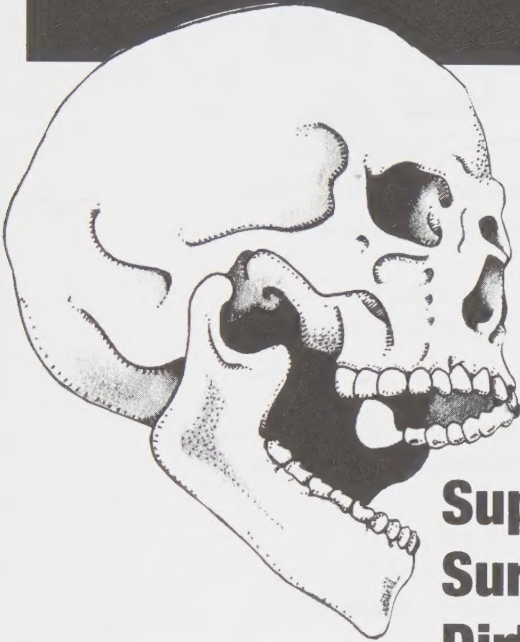


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CONTINGENCY CANNIBALISM



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**Superhardcore
Survivalism's
Dirty Little
Secret**

Shiguro Takada

PALADIN PRESS • BOULDER, COLORADO

To Strawberry Blondes, my favorite flavor.

*Contingency Cannibalism:
The Unmentionable of Superhardcore Survivalism*
by Shiguro Takada

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ISBN 1-58160-025-9

Printed in the United States of America

Published by Paladin Press, a division of
Paladin Enterprises, Inc., P.O. Box 1307,
Boulder, Colorado 80306, USA.
(303) 443-7250

Direct inquiries and/or orders to the above address.

Cover and chapter-page illustrations by James Sipes.

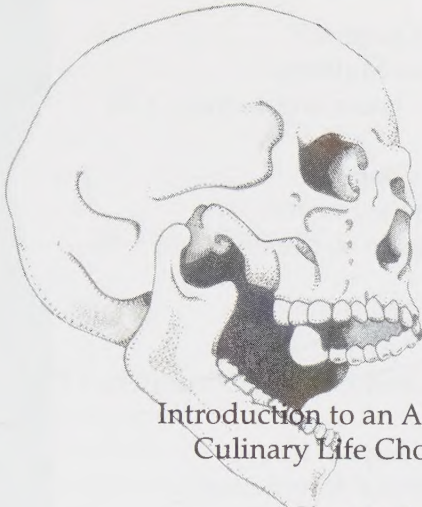
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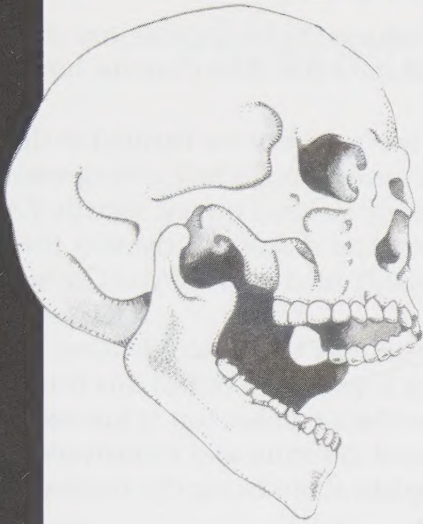
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READ THIS FIRST!



Warning: *Contingency Cannibalism*—while including mouth-watering recipes and enthusiastic how-to hints—is a book of humor. Morbidly dark, perhaps disturbing humor, but humor nonetheless and absolutely nothing more than that.

While this book is nonfiction, it shouldn't be taken as a scholarly text, and although it smokes most dull anthropological writings in pace, content, and perhaps context, it should not be seen as the definitive text on cannibalism in survival situations, even though it is. Nor should it be seen as a how-to manual for really sick, hungry individuals or as reinforcement for sordid notions in personal revenge fantasies. Contrary to some of my suggestions, you won't grow bigger muscles, improve your complexion, do better in the stock market, see

in the dark, or lay better looking chicks because you engage in cannibalism. I know this for a fact. Don't ask me how I learned this.

No animals and darn few people were harmed in the production of this book. I went through hell getting some of the material, and I have likely isolated myself socially for the rest of my life for doing so. (You should see the way the librarians eye me.) But nobody bled to bring you *Contingency Cannibalism*.

Some portions of the text may be found offensive, especially the sections in which I quote others, but this is not my intention. *Contingency Cannibalism* pokes fun at just about every group in the pursuit of diversity and inclusiveness, so very few groups can complain about being discriminated against through exclusion.

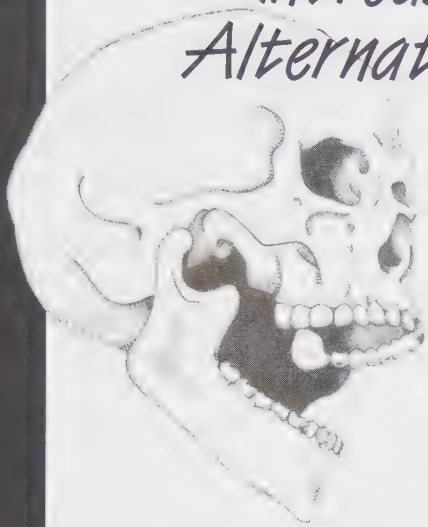
Neither the publisher nor I encourage unnecessary cannibalism. The publisher and I disclaim any and all liability and/or responsibility to any person for misconduct, damage, or harm allegedly caused, directly or indirectly, by the use or misuse of information in this book. It is for entertainment purposes only!

Enjoy.

Shig Takada
Steilacoom, Washington

PS: If you are an actual contingency cannibal, please write to me in care of the publisher to exchange information, interview you, swap recipes, etc.

Introduction to an Alternative Culinary Life Choice



Let's cut out all the crap, people. Survivalism is about making gritty, hard-core choices. Practicing cannibalism is the survivalist's ultimate test of his will to live. This manual concerns informed decision making in situations where you, the reader, are forced into making desperate survival choices to avoid suffering from protein deficiencies.

Since we are social animals, we usually have others around us in both good and bad situations. In a crisis, these folks may be living, dying, or dead. Seldom do you really have to undergo the misery of starvation alone, and if you aren't alone, you can lessen your hunger. This is what *Contingency Cannibalism* is about: you either are going to do what it takes—butcher a human being, consume his flesh, and learn to live with your decision—or you

will die, and you will rot, and you will be forgotten.

This is a book concerning the ramifications of what I call "contingency cannibalism." Any weaker perspective accepting the need to engage in contingency cannibalism when required is addressing *preparedness*, a valid, though lesser field than superhardcore survivalism.

Other manuals that verge on hard-core, in order to give the reader a sense of being rugged and manly, may mention such "icky" topics as digging undigested grain kernels from animal droppings for a snack or eating slugs and worms raw. (To a real *survivalist*, this is comparable to a boy in a schoolyard attempting to "gross out" schoolgirls.) A reader of such manuals can jut out his chin, purse his lips, narrow his eyes, and nod, as if to say, "I can handle that," . . . just before he tosses those manuals aside and calls for a pizza to be delivered.

Those "serious" publications neglect the most obvious option for supplementing a protein-deficient diet: eating the flesh of other human beings.

Contingency Cannibalism trumpets a topic the other so-called survivalism manuals are too frightened to address.

Cannibalism, or more specifically, *anthropophagy*, the consumption of human flesh by human beings, is morbidly fascinating to us, and in a true survivalist scenario, an essential element and excellent option. This is the dividing line between lip-service survivalism and doing what it takes to make it. Because of social conditioning, we seldom talk about it. We act as if this taboo is some ancient family secret best left unaddressed. But if you accept evolution, then be advised that every era and stage of man's development shows evidence of cannibalism. It is primitive and brutal, but it is natural. Since Freudian implications are obvious, it's also kind of kinky.

Survivalism is not about niceties and polite topics. It's about fighting for life in a hostile environment, about ensuring the continuation of the species on a grand scale, or about saving your ass personally. By engaging in anthropophagy when required and becoming a superhardcore survivalist, you will find easier solutions to standard preparedness concerns

such as securing a contingency protein source, storing and transporting bulk foods, and budgeting for disaster. You can also save a lot of money.

You picked up this book and hopefully bought it because you are either willing to advance to the ultimate level in your preparedness or else you are quite morbid and possibly in need of professional help. Either way, you will not be disappointed.

Surviving can be a disturbing, dirty process. Doing exactly what it takes is not for the squeamish, but it produces survivors.

REALITY

Not all of you will be sitting on a ton and a half of freeze-dried food in five-gallon buckets when you find yourself in a survivalist situation. You will likely be starving, freezing, weakened, frightened, and isolated from security. Since survival situations are the exception, few of us can prepare to the extreme for what is only a possibility. Some people do have retreats stocked with piles of pails and stacks of sacks of rations. They have a proud brace of Honda generators and thousands of gallons of treated fuel waiting for the apocalypse.

However, such a lifestyle is both impractical and not economically feasible for most people, and there's no certainty that you will suddenly find yourself in a survival situation while at home, in your retreat, or near your cache.

Contingency Cannibalism is about being prepared for extremes. It will allow the reader to decide whether he will attempt to be a true survivalist or stay an armchair preparedness buff, making comfy decisions to be ready for minor, manageable difficulties. Such a person may view "hard-core" as his being forced to deny a neighbor with children some of his stockpiled beans and rice or face such "tough" decisions as whether to make the sweet roll mix or eat a dehydrated omelet for breakfast. (I wish them luck if the system does fail, as they anticipate. They will have to face the rest of us starv-

ing, desperate, and therefore violent people, and we'll be ready to make *real* hard-core decisions concerning the fat cat with his hoard of food.)

Contingency Cannibalism, however, is not an attack on such preparedness. Rather, it suggests a dividing line: *Are you willing to do everything necessary to live?*

AN INTELLIGENT DECISION MUST BE MADE

One immediate certainty concerning cannibalism is that not all of us can put aside our lifelong programming and adapt to such a brutal reality. Few understand cannibalism beyond what Hollywood, tabloids, and cartoons in old *Playboys* tell us. Be advised that much information regarding cannibalism comes only from word of mouth and oral tradition because of the stigma placed on what should be an acceptable option by stern-faced, closed-minded authority figures.

As with such attempts as political correctness and historical revisionism to force lies on and conceal truths from the public, reality remains at a primal, core level. We understand who we are and what we have done to survive. Our morbid curiosity stems from the wicked delight we receive from stirring up dark memories. By not giving in to our instinct to consume whatever meat is available when we need to, we can miss opportunities that would not only save our lives but reduce our suffering. Rely on this instinct to push aside the programming. Most of us have this ability within us.

By understanding what the act of contingency cannibalism entails and what it does not through the reading of this book, you'll gain an edge. The purpose of this book is to give you information on cannibalism, to acquaint you with a resource you may need one day, and to persuade you to not deny yourself and your family a valid resource because of uninformed moral choices, superstition, or ignorance. This book will discuss the pros and cons of adopting this alternative culinary choice during a crisis. It is a grim business, but Americans typically retain their humor in horrendous circumstances.

Contingency Cannibalism, with some gallows humor, will provide examples of historical success stories, offer suggestions on the selection of game in keeping with ecological concerns, instruct on preparation of the meat, and even offer up a few recipes. In the vernacular of today's America, this book "will afford you the opportunity to make an informed choice."

If this book greatly offends you, then it is likely you are harder core than me. It struck a chord in you, and you resent this material because it provides you the enticement to act out your fantasies and true nature. This disturbs you.

Before we continue, please spare a few more seconds and read the following:

Take the tip of your tongue and touch the pointed teeth flanking your front four on top. Those are your canines. Unless you neglected your dental care, you are feeling well-formed, meat-tearing teeth. No matter what health gurus who generally don't make it past their mid-sixties and the bureaucratically inspired U.S. government "food guide pyramid" tell you, you are primarily a meat eater. You weren't meant to eat just berries and tofu with an occasional bit of fish. Your mind is that of a predator. You are a meat-ripping, one-stomach-using omnivore, like a bear or a badger. Meat is good for you, and if you weren't meant to eat animals, why are they made out

An explorer decides to go through the most dangerous part of the jungle by himself. He hears a rustling in the bush and suddenly, 50 bone-through-the-nose, human-skin-loincloth-wearing, card-carrying cannibals encircle him.

Looking at the angry, snarling, painted faces, he exclaims, "Damn, I'm fucked."

A voice from above responds instantly, "No, you're not yet fucked. Pick up the stone at your feet and bash in the chief's head."

The explorer snatches up a rock and caves in the chief's skull with everything he has.

He stands above the lifeless body, sweat dripping off his body, gasping for air, and surrounded by the shocked savages.

The voice from above then booms, "Okay, NOW you're fucked."

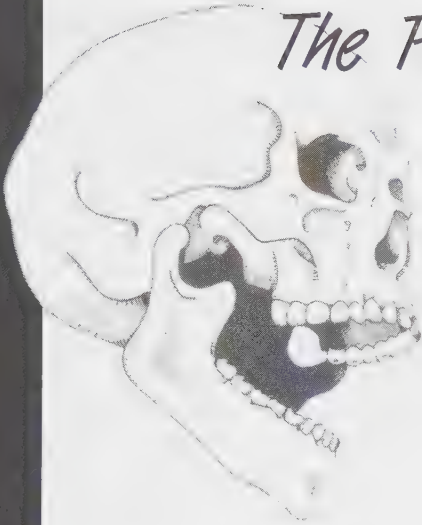
of meat? Veggies are delightful with animal flesh, but veggies are what your preferred source of meat eats.

Caches of textured veggie-based protein are nifty, neat, and cute, but since I don't eat the gritty slop now, I doubt I will ever put it into storage. I question whether my body could even be made to change. I like my burgers, my steaks, my chops, my ribs, and my roasts, and if I neglect getting them, my body is going to let me know that I need them. If I lack protein and sustenance in a survival situation, my body will suffer. Protein-deficiency diseases suck. Starvation hurts. I am not into pain, especially not my own.

Even if you don't care about surviving, you sure as hell don't want to endure misery that can be avoided.

Starvation

The Patient Killer



Starvation is a vicious enemy. When you starve, your body feeds upon itself. You will feel weak and dizzy and experience headaches. You'll burn off your fat reserves and have a difficult time retaining enough water. Your body functions will begin to slow, and hunger pangs will assail you while you are awake and while you strive to sleep. Bit by bit your body falls apart as your mind, summoning up buried instincts, prioritizes the functioning of your body amid the impulses from every portion of your mass that demand relief. Your brain, without your conscious thought, decides which organs to sustain, which ones to break down, and which entrails not to supply with nutrients stolen from other parts of your body. Still, through the communication of pain, your body sends messages to your anguished mind.

Those muscles you worked so hard to acquire deteriorate rapidly. You lose your spleen. Your liver and bladder fail. As you grow decrepit, you can barely walk away from your own waste. You piss your pants and find that something that isn't quite like feces soils your briefs as you literally shit yourself on yourself.

Unrelieved, unrescued, and, after several days of starvation, too enfeebled, your brain, heart, and lungs are among the last to go, so you are aware of your fate—you experience the terror and misery of a lingering death until a merciful coma ensues. (For some odd reason, few people starving to death opt instead to put a bullet into their heads. Perhaps it is because in the final stages they are too weak to do much.) Your emaciated carcass becomes pungent debris beside the road.

Even if relief gets to your sorry ass, you have experienced some permanent damage. Your quality of life will suffer for however long you outlive your ordeal.

The threat of starvation appears remote in a country with an abundance of food and efficient transportation. Survivalists and preparedness buffs, however, understand Murphy's Law and understand history well enough to accept that our system is flimsy. Most others, however, do not appreciate the fact that *starvation is an opportunist*, striking whenever possible, always present in the world, taking one here and a million there. When the citizens of a formerly affluent country are hit by privation, either all together or as individuals, the effects of their suffering are far more intense than if they had been familiar with hunger.

In a famine, you hope that relief agencies come to you. In an isolated survival situation, you pray for rescue workers. A survivalist must separate assumptions from facts. A survivalist must also be aware that these are hard facts.

If you ever were to starve during a famine in the United States (yes, most people *do* starve during famines, I know, but it gets the point across), you will already know that the other countries of the world will be more concerned with their own difficulties, since very few have the food and supply surplus-

es we enjoy. They also don't give a crap about us, other than when we act as Uncle Sugar doling out funds and aid to them, or else when we have to unfuck their regional conflicts with our troops. (Remember any reports of huge shipments of relief supplies from our allies and international buddies after Hurricane Andrew?)

No country other than the United States has the economic and logistic capability of relieving mass famine in a nation with a population the size of ours. Even if it is a localized problem or you are in a foreign country, don't expect a pretty Irish or Scandinavian babe/UN relief worker to come and sit down beside you and nurse and feed you back to health. Those agencies don't work that way. Relief doesn't actually come directly to you. You are an annoyance, and as a rapidly deteriorating person, you are also a problem that will go away if left alone. The UN has no responsibility to the dead.

Unless you are exceptionally fortunate, the relief agencies will set up camps some distance from your area and expect you to get there on your own. In famines, the infrastructure collapses. Don't expect to hop in your fully loaded Ford or Toyota and drive up to a camp to pick up your powdered milk, millet, and rice. Even if you have fuel (and the usual opportunistic armed bands of thugs haven't taken all the usable rugged vehicles), the roads will be clogged with immobilized vehicles, dead people, and slowly moving refugees dragging ass to the same camp.

The aid folks and relief workers know the deep, dark reality that many of the suffering will not make it there on foot. They selected the site because they made a calculated decision on how best to use their limited resources. They want to preserve as many lives as possible, and to do that, they need to provide resources to people starving but in good enough shape to make their own way to the camps after a walk of perhaps three days to a week. These folks have a better shot at recovering more rapidly than your terribly stricken self. Caring for famished, weakened, but self-mobile people requires less material than helping every person, regardless of

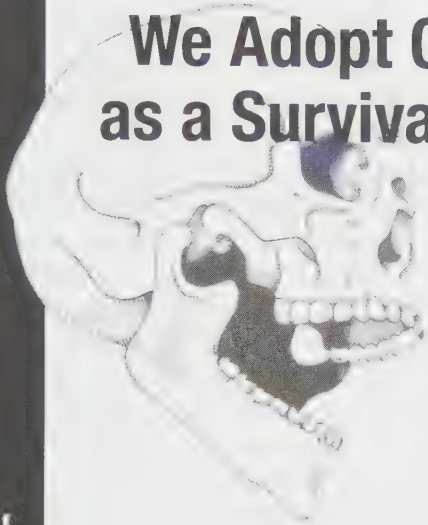
condition. And to be honest, there is no sense in feeding someone who is going to die if this means denying the same amount of resources to several other people with a better chance at surviving.

OK, no famine. Just a localized, isolated situation. Consider rescues. In the plane crash/stranded motorist plight, you may have already blown your likelihood of surviving long enough to be rescued. Most of the people who find themselves in hardcore survival situations in remote areas live because of extensive efforts on their part. Hiking out or to a better location and actively scanning the sky and signaling takes energy. Unless you have a good deal of insight, you may not begin to be concerned about starvation while you still have edibles or have had a meal within the previous 24 to 36 hours. You therefore probably didn't immediately set out to help yourself when you still had personal reserves of energy.

Most disoriented, injured people do not consider making an attempt to seek help. Instead they wait for a rescue, convinced that they will be located soon by brightly colored choppers manned by smiling, burly rescue dudes with chipper music playing in the background. Only after several days of being missed by search parties do most people consider moving from their location, and unless they have ample supplies to begin with, the initial stages of malnutrition may have already weakened them severely and diminished their chances.

You've heard that you should stay with the plane or vehicle because of the very real problems of finding people on the ground experienced by even well-trained rescue workers. Yet had the Donner Party and the rugby players in the Andes not taken the decisive step of sending out a party to contact the outside world and give directions back, no one would have survived. To stay or not to stay with the metal hulk that got you into your situation is a decision that must be made by the survivors. In some emergencies it is appropriate. But if you are lost or off course and/or no one knows your location, which are the likely reasons you wound up as you did, you don't have much choice in the matter.

Why Shouldn't We Adopt Cannibalism as a Survivalist Option?



Chapter 2

My first exposure to the concept of cannibalism occurred, oddly and indirectly enough, because of the Tet Offensive. My father was a, uh, "civilian" in Vietnam. He was stationed in a really bad place. I was a little kid then, living in Hawaii with my mother and sister in the house of one of my aunts, waiting for my father's return from Vietnam.

When the Tet Offensive kicked off, my mother and her sisters would sit in the living room watching the television and listening to the radio for news. To fill the time between the reports on the fighting, they bullshitted all night. I would sneak down the stairs and sit in the dark, hiding as I listened for word and waited.

Aside from learning more than I ever wanted to know about middle-aged Japanese-American

women and developing a salty Japanese vocabulary, I was inadvertently introduced to the concept of *anthropophagy*, the precise word for cannibalism by human beings. (Cool, you learned something already.)

One of my aunts had been trapped as a student in Imperial Japan during the war. She spoke about the privations suffered during the war and the effects of the firebombing of Tokyo. Contrary to what revisionist historians want us to believe, she said that the nuking of Hiroshima and Nagasaki saved millions of Japanese lives, since it knocked the military leaders for a loop and forced them to surrender. All of that was interesting and served to spark my later interest in survivalism, but the most vital information came via the equivalent of ghost stories told to the women waiting for news from Vietnam.

My aunt worked near a reception facility in Japan through which American soldiers entering Occupied Japan came and, in a separate area, through which returning Japanese soldiers from the numerous islands and regions passed. The locals noticed that certain Japanese soldiers were arriving in "special" units, which arrived at night, and were placed in separate quarters from the run-of-the-mill returning soldiers and sailors. After a few weeks of being isolated, they were sent away, perhaps to their homes, perhaps to some other place, always at night again. Only dour older men—all former military professionals, but not wearing uniforms—dealt with these returnees.

The rest of the Japanese soldiers, although humbled by defeat, acted happy enough about their return. Many of them had been lucky enough to be in areas such as China and Formosa where the fighting was fierce but not as desperate as on the smaller islands. Their joy faded, however, when they found out about the special building. They eyed it with a mixture of fear, revulsion, and fascination. They either pretended to ignore the structure, literally turning their backs on it, or watched it from under the visors of their caps with their heads lowered, mumbling among themselves.

My aunt told her sisters that people who worked at the

facility noticed that its rooms held an odd odor not typical of gamey travelers or sick soldiers suffering from tropical ailments. Something about the appearance of these men bothered those who observed them. Curiosity overwhelmed my aunt, and she slipped out to catch a glimpse of them as they left a ship and began moving toward their temporary quarters.

What she saw beneath the excellent lighting of the facility chilled her. The soldiers had especially smooth skin, which appeared pale and strange despite their being as tanned as any other soldiers. Their eyes were piercing yet distant. They moved quietly, like ghosts, as if they couldn't make normal noises other than their distant, hollow whispers and the scraping sounds of their dragging feet.

Without being specifically told, my aunt understood that these men were those who "consumed monkey flesh." These were the cannibals, the survivors who lived on the bodies of their comrades to ensure that they kept fighting, and later, to help them survive long enough to return home. Some had discontinued their macabre diet just weeks earlier, and the unique odor of cannibals, as their own natural smells conflicted with the scents of the people they consumed, lingered heavily in the still air.

The sisters immediately launched into the expected statements that they would never eat human flesh to survive, mentioning the usual reasons. It was the same discussion that occurs among any group of normal people when this topic arises.

Although told to sate morbid curiosity and likely enhanced for a better telling, my aunt's story taught me a valuable lesson the other women missed. *Those men survived.* It was my first exposure to a mind-set of men I call the Warrior-Cannibals. They lived in an honest, ancient manner. These rugged ass kickers learned to do whatever it took to survive. They came home. The Soft Ones, the nonadaptables, did not. (Chapter 6 explores Warrior-Cannibals in detail.)

My aunt's story illustrated many of the myths associated with cannibalism and exposed some of the objections in

regard to the practice. To me, her story brought a dose of reality and started a budding interest in survivalism. It also sparked questions concerning the cost of assuming a morality that opposes potentially real needs.

I can immediately counter the commonly stated objections to cannibalism with the observation that the special soldiers in my aunt's tale were survivors who came home and, on average, enjoyed many more years of life, whereas tens of thousands who fought in the same areas did not. Nonetheless, I will address below the usual fears and objections concerning the practice. I base my answers on statements from cannibals, common sense, and the end effects of their actions. I wanted to obtain some recent firsthand accounts, but Jeffrey Dahmer had a really bad day in the slammer a while ago and he's in no condition to do anything but rot.

To address the "why nots," I informally polled a good number of people to get a list of objections one may have to this extreme form of self-preservation. Because most of these objections are made without depth of thought, they can be addressed with a suitable level of concern.

1. It's disgusting.

A lot of things are. I heard this one from several people, including a guy who regularly eats oysters and escargot, foods I would have to be in a survival situation to even consider. A cannibal at least eats meat with a fine texture rather than squiggles of mush lying in a shell of excreted calcium.

Most of us didn't mind practicing a nonbiting attempt at cannibalism on our dates or try to persuade them to practice it on us. The first time you began this activity, you were probably disgusted, but you knew that you made a really good friend once you did your part. The next few times probably weren't difficult in view of what pleasure you might receive in return. You might even have come to enjoy it. The benefits outweighed the costs, so you adapted to this worthwhile pursuit.

If you turn to PBS during a program on a knee or open-heart surgery, you might get sickened, but you understand

that the benefits of a necessary distasteful act are what is important. The same is true of contingency cannibalism.

One of the fascinating abilities of *survivors* is adaptability, and one of the traits of our species is a tendency to desensitize ourselves to any repeated experience, no matter how horrific. I seriously doubt that watching starving children on television or seeing corpses in war scenes on the tube today has the same effect on a continual observer of CNN during the golden age of cable news coverage, the 1980s, as they originally did.

If you must practice anthropophagy, you might vomit initially, but instinct and common sense and the desire to ease hunger pangs will take over. A mature understanding of task orientation and a desire to complete projects can carry you through until the mundane nature of repetitious behavior takes over.

Irrational reluctance to engage in anthropophagy is a mark of immaturity.

2. Other people will hunt you down like a dog.

Who will? If the entire region is suffering from starvation, then a good number of people will be following this option, as did many Chinese during the travesty of the Cultural Revolution. And most people will simply not want to bring up the matter after the emergency has passed. Among the survivors of many famines, what separates the admitted cannibals from the rest of the population is honesty.

Besides, people not pursuing this option will be getting weaker, and your pudgy, protein-sated body will kick their skinny grass-eating asses sideways if they even dare to say anything to you. If the scrawny naysayers come after you, view it as free and convenient meat delivery.

If you are involved in a small-scale, localized incident, then the people you are most likely to come in contact with will be relief workers or rescuers. The motives of these people are positive, and you will be greeted most typically with either sympathy tinged with abhorrence or, at worst, fear-based, self-imposed distance once they realize what you have

done. Many of them will be in severe denial, and you can take advantage of this by pointing out pressing medical or other needs, thus distracting them and shifting their focus back to their jobs.

The only ones hunting you down will be literary agents, film producers, and talk show hosts. You'll be alive to sell the story rights (contact me if you need a coauthor). HBO will feature you and your "grim determination to survive" in one of their excellent movies. Chicks will dig you because they will know what you'll be willing to do for them, and your being labeled as dangerous will excite them as well. You will make a bundle of money, be popular at night clubs and bars for a while, sell your name to a barbeque place, and fade into the footnotes of history while being the grandkids' favorite grandpa when you live to a ripe old age, which you would have missed had you starved to death.

The cash you made for staying alive can pay for any shrink help you may need. If it's someone else's fault that you wound up in a survival situation, you can successfully sue their asses. Some survivors of the infamous Donner Party made bucks selling postcards of themselves to the morbidly curious. Imagine what they could have done with a Web page! There's money to be made in telling extreme survival stories, and once you've gone through the whole experience you might be tempted to wonder why you waited for a crisis to consume human flesh.

One essential aspect to keep in mind before engaging in anthropophagy in survival situations is to ensure that there is a *need* to engage in anthropophagy before beginning the practice. This is because civil authorities frown on the unnecessary practicing of cannibalism. If you have a steady job and a freezer full of Cornish game hens and burritos when you begin to consume human flesh, they will consider you eccentric, possibly sociopathic, and they may be inclined to act and overreact when they do.

Be advised that in enduring some survival-type cannibalistic experiences, you can make mistakes that will cause a cer-

tain amount of awkwardness when dealing with the authorities. You should read this book thoroughly to acquaint yourself with techniques to avoid such problems and put a positive spin on your behavior.

3. If life is that shitty, I wouldn't want to survive.

Bullshit. Survivors of extreme situations such as near-death experiences often find they enjoy even minor aspects of life beyond anything they ever experienced in their previous mundane existence. If you fight to earn something, it is worth a lot more. If you don't want to survive, consider yourself potential nutrition for those who are going to go on with life, earn money, have sex, and raise kids. Make your peace and pass this book to someone who can use it when it is needed. They can at least make proper use of you.

Incidentally, suicides by people who were forced into anthropophagy are rare. Becoming a productive member of a community, raising successful children, and enjoying prosperity are more common endnotes to the lives of involuntary cannibals than suicidal depression and drug abuse.

4. Guilt would eat me up.

Guilt didn't prevent you from doing that bit of "self-discovery" during your pubescent years, if you are essentially normal. Every day you do things you aren't supposed to and may feel guilty about doing, but the benefits are too great to be concerned over a bit of *guilt*.

At least a cannibal is alive to feel the *guilt* and has a hell of an excuse to seek some superficial female companionship as a consolation, without *guilt*, to alleviate the *guilt*. This is the last mention in this book of the word *guilt*.

5. It would taste strange/disgusting/bad/sickening, etc.

Now this is as juvenile an objection as can be made. How do you know you won't like it until you tried it? You might even grow to crave it. (Many practitioners admit this.)

It's time to answer the inevitable question. No, it doesn't

taste like chicken. No, it doesn't taste like lamb. It sure as hell doesn't taste like beef. It tastes just like juicy, rare pork. Delicious tender pork with a flavor slightly similar to that of monkey meat.

Since few of us have ever eaten a monkey, let's stick to pork. The Tahitians named human meat "long pig." I think they had good reason for this label, as they had enough of this culinary experience to be very familiar with the similarities.

A strong argument can be made that an origin of some religions' prohibition of the consumption of pork is due to this link in taste to human flesh. Remember that pigs are omnivorous and they do not have hooves, which is similar to us. They also can provide us with certain parts of their anatomy that can be transplanted to human beings quite easily. The prohibitions against pork may come from ancient desires to wean man from this flavor because it is an excellent reminder of human flesh's taste. Fortunately, I do not belong to a religion that bars the consumption of pig flesh. I enjoy it. I like breaded pork chops, ham sandwiches, and bacon. This culinary transition would not be too difficult taste-wise for many people. Trust me on this.

Human flesh may be considered (race of the donor incidental) another white meat since it is lighter than beef. In fact, a Donner Party survivor was almost reluctant to leave the pass because he understood that by leaving he would have to give up an acquired taste. Cannibal and murderer Alferd (sic) G. Packer was reluctant to ditch his remaining slices of people jerky even though he was well aware that the material constituted evidence against him. The list of people who engaged in cannibalism until it became economically unviable is almost as long as those who did not. This is because people taste good.

Wouldn't it be a bitch to find out you've been missing out on something good all these years?

6. What would my friends and family say?

If you had to consume human flesh to get back to your friends and family, then they sure as hell better say "welcome

back!" They may avoid the topic, but someone will probably ask you what human flesh tastes like, and you will be able to tell them. You might also be able to describe what monkey meat tastes like as well.

They would then bury the issue like any other dirty family secret. Next Thanksgiving you might have to sit next to cousin Nelson, who is a bit slow, or semisenile Uncle Jacob who can't be left with alone with little children. The rest of them'll still pass you the cranberries, stuff their faces with turkey, potatoes, and rolls, and watch the ball game, accepting you as they always have. Hell, they might even feel compelled, for some odd reason, to feed you first. Next year, your niece may come to the table unwed and knocked up, or Joey, your younger brother, may have decided to come out of the closet. You'll get nudged up in the pecking order again, and eventually you'll return to your rightful place. If not, screw 'em. Just put them on the menu for your next crisis or anytime that nagging craving takes over.

7. If you ate human flesh you would go insane, and

8. The disease potential is tremendous

Surprisingly, although these appear to be the weakest and most groundless arguments against the consumption of human flesh, they have some validity.

Yes, it is true that if you eat the brain and spinal column of a multigenerational cannibal you run the risk of various degenerative neurological diseases such as Creutzfeldt-Jakob Disease and Kuru. Roughly described, these diseases cause a spongy formation in the brain that leads to a degenerative neurological condition, resulting in laughing and muttering gibberish while in incredible agony. For us laypeople, the mere thought of the risk of becoming a babbling, drooling idiot and dying a miserable death will cause us to consider other options, until you learn that diseases such as Kuru and CJD are so rare in civilized countries as to be almost nonexistent. The nominal risk of catching an exceedingly rare disease or starving to death will

lead to an obvious conclusion: a person of average or better intelligence will consume human flesh.

These two diseases are the equivalent of a human form of "Mad Cow" disease. By ingesting the brains and exposing yourself to the blood of an individual who has consumed human flesh and comes from a line of people who have done the same, yes, you would be endangering yourself. However, you are talking about suffering from starvation while in the company of someone who would be coldly considering the cannibal option long before you would, and he would enjoy your clean and healthy brain tissue and spinal column long before you got around to taking his.

Besides, brains and spinal columns, despite the high regard in which they are held by most routine and even some amateur anthropophagites, are culinarily overrated, in my opinion. You won't be missing much if you discard these parts, and if you don't indulge in cow and pig brains now, you won't believe you are missing anything worthwhile if you just chuck the neuro debris.

For more specific information on the safe handling of meat in general, and for tips on how to avoid food-borne illnesses, request the pamphlets *Quick Consumer Guide to Safe Food Handling* and *How to Help Avoid Foodborne Illness in the Home* from the United States Department of Agriculture. They are available FREE from the government simply by writing to:

S. James

U.S. Department of Agriculture
Consumer Information Center 7-D
P.O. Box 100

Pueblo, Colorado 81002

If you regularly slap a hunk of Bubba on the plate, douse it with steak sauce, and wolf it down, you are not likely to get anything but poundage. (For "Hunk o' Bubba," see the recipe section of Chapter 14.)

9. It's unnatural.

Up to half of the recovered skeletal remains of human

beings from the earlier eras of man's development show obvious evidence of cannibalism, such as the splitting of bones lengthwise to get at the marrow and scratches and cuts on the bones from the removal of meat. Anthropologists have found examples of anthropophagy in every previous example of man or man-like creature, and they believe they can trace the human record in excess of four million years.

Very recent finds of *Homo antecessor*, a predecessor of man that more closely resembled us than the more recent Neanderthal, show a cannibalism rate among examined remains of up to 50 percent. *Homo antecessor* finds date from approximately 800,000 years ago. This predecessor was extremely similar to modern man in his build and brain capacity.

Examples of cannibalism—most typically an efficient working of the skull to expose succulent brain parts and the vertical splitting of bones for the delicious and nutritious marrow—go even further back, possibly over millions of years.

Every race, every people experienced examples and periods of cannibalism. If it is so "unnatural," then why is modern history replete with examples of mass cannibalism? The grim truth is that an ancient period with no anthropophagical evidence being found would be unnatural and of even

Warning signs you are in the company of cannibals:

- They wear leather clothing that bears tattoos.
- You find *Gray's Anatomy* among their cookbooks.
- She offers you a blow job while holding a hotdog bun and a jar of mustard.
- They continually ask if you are "feeling well" while serving you whipped cream and mixed nuts, day after day. (A really bad sign.)
- They always describe other people with accurate estimates such as, "He's about 185, on the hoof."
- They tell you how good you'll look "dressed" when you're already wearing clothes.

Top 10 reasons you might as well go ahead and be a cannibal if you have to:

10. PETA won't bother you if you do.
9. You'll survive.
8. Movie of the week rights.
7. Talk show circuit.
6. Chicks dig really bad boys.
5. You literally get to choose Chinese, Mexican, Italian, or Korean.
4. It's inexpensive.
3. Even fat chicks will look good to you.
2. What the hell do you think you've already been eating at those exotic restaurants?

And the top reason:

1. No artificial colors or preservatives.

more interest than periods with ample evidence.

As this is being written, rumors of individuals engaged in cannibalism in the former Soviet Union are running amok, including the boiling of children in Siberia last winter. The tragedies in Rwanda are still fresh memories, and what horrors starvation is causing in North Korea likely exceed imagination. Cannibalism is a natural companion to starvation. Alleviation of hunger by whatever means is available is natural, and to let meat rot when it can save lives is unnatural.

And finally . . .

10. What If I Try It and I Really Like It?

Then you'll look back on your crisis period with fond memories as you pat your belly and remember how much you liked James or Amanda, and be thankful you met people you literally relied on during a critical moment in your life.

Brass tacks. From this point forward, I assume you accept cannibalism to be a drastic but acceptable option in a survival situation. I'm not suggesting that taking a hatchet to your mother-in-law and tossing her on the grill during the next blackout is justified, however merited, but if you're starving to death and you decide to eat human flesh to survive, you will live. If you don't, you will die. End of argument.

A Really Long Time Ago

Cannibalism Is Natural



Chapter 3

Note from Shig: This chapter might make history. I might be the first person ever drummed out of the National Geographic Society.

According to *Webster's Dictionary*, anthropology is the study of the origin and physical, social, and cultural development and behavior of humans. Paleontology is the study of fossils. I interpret this to mean that paleoanthropologists are therefore anthropologists who actually use evidence before speaking.

Every year, paleo-anthropologists change their date estimates of acquired finds and locate either more substantial scraps of man's past or even older samples of his remains. As in any scholarly field, these people have members who look at evidence and arrive at logical conclusions (good) and

members who produce theories based upon their predispositions and a desire to please people who make grants (bad, but understandable).

They toss about terms such as *Australopithecus africanus*, *Homo habilis*, *Homo ergaster*, and the perpetual snicker inducer, *Homo erectus*, and attribute behavior and anticipate facial features on the basis of a few pieces of what might be skull fragments not much larger than half of a tangerine peel and a piece of a pinkie bone. Both the good and the pathetic type of paleogeeks and anthronerds are getting better at dating their bone fragment finds. (At least they are finally dating something.)

Mankind, or things like it, stem from an incredibly long lineage. Modern moral development, on the other hand, is recent. With an understanding of the scale of time involved in man's evolution, a contingency cannibal can accurately view the taboo against engaging in cannibalism in contrast to the length of time the practice has existed. The evidence is clear: cannibalism so predates the taboo against it that the taboo may be what is "unnatural" to humanity!

Recently, a sample of what was formerly thought of as old baboon bones became considered to be the remains of *Australopithecus bahreghazali*, a cretinous small creature closer to man than ape. These dry old bones date back almost four million years ago to a really bad Tuesday for an australopithecine. In Kenya, a pile of bones belonging to yet another, older group of australopithecine—the *anamensis*—was found by a renowned anthropologist, and a new genus, *Ardipithecus radius*, dates back over 4,400,000 years. Man, or versions of man, have been around for a very long time, and only during a small part of recent history did he live by a restrictive, codified system of behavior that goes against his inclinations.

For the sake of convenience, I'm going to lump the whole lot of *Australos* and *Homos* into a group I'll call *Mancritters various*. Although the geek anthropologists debate whether all these *Mancritters* are ancestors of man or, more commonly, argue that they are various examples of a separate series of parallel developments toward a *Homo sapiens*-like end, most

agree that these forebears exhibited meat-eating, bone-splitting, and brain-extracting traits when enough remains can be found to prove it. Such finds are not so common exactly because *Mancritters* were so good at being meat-eating, bone-splitting, and brain-extracting cannibals.

(Although some of these *Mancritters* proved to be closer to chimpanzees than man, we know that chimps are as violent meat eaters as man as well as being creatures that engage in such nasty behaviors as making war on their own species, kidnaping, and raping.)

So what exactly does the evidence consist of? Enlargement of the socket where the skull meets the spinal column for the removal of the brain is a frequent find. Less sophisticated connoisseurs of old simply cracked open the skull to get at the juicy brains. The top of the skull produces a usable bowl or vessel for food and water (a technique used as recently as 1972 in the Andes Mountains out of necessity), and frequent finds of this part of the head in the former domiciles of these industrious folks indicate they were not above using whatever they needed to get by.

Marrow, the second most complex organ in the human body, was generally obtained by the clever cannibal by splitting the bones lengthwise to extract this rich, flavorful delicacy. Cut marks on the bone from sharp stone tools demonstrate that the flesh was removed by hands wielding chipped stones, not by the claws and teeth of a less developed animal. When the paleoanthropologic eggheads find the remains of *Mancritters* mixed in with those of animals, most often with scorching which indicates cooking, they generally surmise that the flesh was consumed as well. Makes sense to me. All this evidence has withstood the eons and is plain enough that a forensic pathologist (a real scientist, and a bane to modern cannibals) can describe the manner and purpose of the marks accurately and with confidence.

Strangely enough, the common-sense rule becomes secondary to political correctness and the touchie-feelie nature of some academicians. I'll let the reader decide which makes

more sense—common, ordinary reason, or the feel-good school of some anthropologists that views exceptionally primitive cultures as superior to ours, and considers smelly, hairy, pinhead midgets or lumbering, upright, filthy, sloped-brow goons as moral giants compared to *Homo sapiens*.

Flower-tossing, politically correct anthropologists want to believe that ancient man was in love with his environment. They want us to believe that early man sniffed the daisies, played tag with animals, both great and small, and danced to the music of the winds through the trees. They want us to believe that ancient man lived on a chipper diet of berries, roots, and twigs, finding enough protein to sustain him- or herself and a family group from plants just lying around, even though it takes a sophisticated understanding of nutrition and the steady consumption of tofu and beans for vegetarians to remain healthy today. Unencumbered by the evils of technology and finances, this ideal early man was happy throughout his short but pleasant lifespan of far less than 30 years, holding his fellow bipeds' hands and singing songs. Recent publications by a few anthropologists—probably from public universities where their rigid "academic" code ensures that research never interferes with ideology—claim that reports of actual societies routinely engaged in cannibalism are myths!

This is not a joke. These sorry excuses for anthropologists are in denial or else can't admit to the reality of their own past, saying "I wouldn't do it, so I don't think they would" while ignoring mounds of evidence. The limitations of evidence interpretation based on personal moral codes is not a sound approach to any form of field research or theory development.

To accept their perspective, we must ignore the fact that the human bones are treated identically to the animal bones found in the ancient garbage dumps. We must ignore the scratches on the bone where the flesh was removed and the enlargement of the socket to remove the brains. We must ignore the scorching of the bones and the way they were split open to extract the marrow, and we must ignore reason that tells us these folks lived at a subsistence level and had to make

do with and use everything available to them. The school of thought that early man possessed a nonsensical moral code that barred optimal use of resources requires the rejection of thousands of reports of less ancient but rather primitive societies as being cannibalistic. Much of this theorizing comes from self-hatred and stems from a belief that modern scholars can gain credibility by “exposing” a half-thousand-year-long conspiracy of the Europeans to defame other peoples so they could exploit them.

These so-called scholars must engage in all this denial to persuade themselves as well as their peers that cannibalism is exceptionally rare just because they don’t want to face reality. To do all this ignorant ignoring, what does the touchie-feelie side have as evidence?

Nothing.

Cannibalism. Hell, I’d do it in a heartbeat if I were in the same circumstances as those endured by the *Mancritters*. I’d love to hear how the touch-feelie crowd would explain that my natural desire to survive is part of a great plot to exploit the inhabitants of the New World of the sixteenth century.

PC eggheads want us to believe that if *Mancritters* engaged in cannibalism, it was purely ceremonial, to honor the dead by carrying a part of the deceased with them. What a crock of intellectualization! What kind of honor is it to be turned into human turds?

A *Mancritter* ate his donor because he was hungry and he didn’t want to wind up being weakened enough to be someone else’s dinner. Some yohos without life experiences and an unrealistic view of their own world think that just by slapping a few letters behind their name, they can spout any gobbledygook about a utopia-like existence being a norm for a “past” they envision. This “past” more reflects the world they want than the world that was.

Think about it. Life for these ancient bipedal folks sucked. Big, hungry, stealthy predators like big cats and cave bears hunted them down routinely. Wolves and jackals hounded them constantly, springing on them when they were weak-

ened. The stinky, ugly bipeds didn't have much in the way of tools, just rocks and sticks, and most of these *Mancritters* were small and dim-witted. Then as now, such folks were guided more by instinct than by dogma and religion or cultural and ecological sensitivities.

They ate nasty things like grubs, dirty plant roots, lizards, and newly hatched birds. When they could, they drove off the buzzards to finish whatever strips of hairy, sun-ripened meat the jackals and big cats left on a carcass. They tried different plants, which burned their mouths, chewed up their guts, and forced them to vomit. Moving on from those they couldn't stomach, they had to shrug their scrawny shoulders and seek other things to shove in their cake holes just to try to survive.

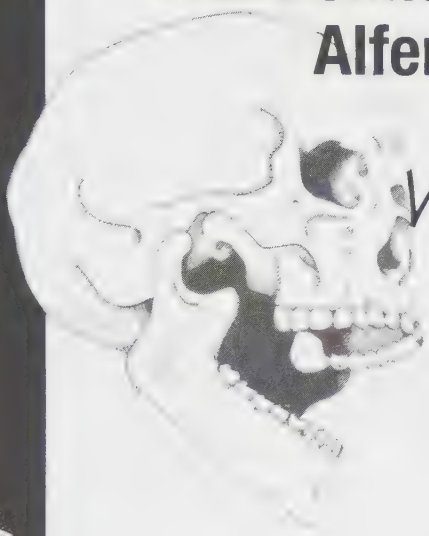
Most of all, their bellies understood that they needed protein, and their minds didn't have the education or the slack time to become all happy and friendly about the animals or the people around them. So the *Mancritters* did what was natural. Unencumbered by religion as we know it and unstigmatized by cultural sensitivity such as we are cursed with, the primitives didn't let any meat go to waste, regardless of the source. The protein and food consumed over the years by that guy who just died would go to waste if they let it rot, or worse, it would feed one of the son-of-a-bitch lions or the damned wolves, who would get stronger after an easy free meal. If allowed to feed off the corpse of one of the band, these enemies would become that much healthier, start to follow the group for more easy, free meals, and develop into that much more of a threat.

I'm not aware of any egghead theory that the invention of corpse burials may have been for protein denial by one group against *Mancritter* and animal enemies, but if I belonged to a group that was living such a marginal existence and I wasn't going to gulp down one of our fallen, I sure as hell wouldn't let anyone or anything get stronger off of our protein while my group diminished. Eat it, burn it, or bury it. Nothing walking around and devouring meat that didn't belong to the group should have access to the stiff.

If there was any respect for the dead, it must be akin to that felt for organ donors today. They died, we got something out of it. Use it before it rots. Thanks, but we gotta move on. Protein utilization and the denial of protein to opposing animals and groups are pragmatic measures, and they were natural steps for *Mancritters* to take which didn't require any intellect to enact and benefit from.

The Donner Party and Alferd E. Packer

*Why It's
Worth Doing*



The yarn of the Donner Party is ingrained in our history like few other tales of the Old West. But people just *think* they know the true story.

The common version of the tale runs something like this: a bunch of pioneers got together in a wagon train. Two brothers, the Donners, captained the party. They dragged their sorry asses and wasted too much time on “shortcuts” until they became snowed in deep within a mountain pass. They then discovered they had hauled too much crap and not enough food. One by one they dropped, the story proving especially heart-rending because of the presence of many children. The survivors ate the bodies of the dead in order to survive for the six months they spent snowed in.

When recounting the story of the Donner Party,

usually a "How gross!" comment is followed by a discussion of, "Would you?" Then the uninformed "yes I would, no I wouldn't" proclamations would be followed by either a couple of cheap sexual jokes relating to cannibalism, giggles, or a question as to the taste of human flesh. Someone would suggest, perhaps, chicken, since it is often used as a point of reference. End of story.

Despite the mistakes made by the folks involved, the Donner Party is a story about heroism and the will to live. From a pure survivalist perspective, the Donner Party experience should be required research. From a man's perspective, however, it is a story that is best left hazy because the truth is biting. It should, on the other hand, be trumpeted by feminists since it illustrates so many examples of negative stereotypical male traits.

You see, with the exception of a few men, the guys involved in the Donner Party were *worthless and weak*. Those pioneering sons of bitches let us down! The women, in comparison, were hardcore survivors and the heroines of the story. The skirts ensured that as many children as possible survived. Womenfolk formed the bulk of those who breached the sealed pass to get help. And the females were the first to engage in the life-sustaining behavior of cannibalism. The role of most of the males was that of providing the actual sustenance.

The modern anthropophagite needs to recognize that in a crisis, pure mental and physical toughness is not enough to ensure survival. Attitude and adaptability make the difference.

With reluctance, I will share what really happened.

In 1846, the feisty Donner brothers, Jacob and George, set out from Independence, Missouri. Both were stable men, prosperous and successful at most of what they attempted. Around 90 people, mostly women and children, were in the group when it left Fort Bridger. The guys figured they were smarter than the rest of the people heading West and did the Guy thing—they ignored the advice of the locals. They decided instead that they had the inside scoop on a "shortcut."

Apparently the men sat around the campfires one night,

smoking their pipes and drinking coffee, talking and nodding. They could save 400 miles, more or less, because one of them had done some research. A guidebook to the West mentioned a new shortcut. The men bought it hook, line, and sinker, despite the dire warnings by the few locals at the fort whom they asked about the route. Hell, the map and the words were in print. It had to be right, no matter what the locals said. Damn straight!

What they didn't know was that the author of the book had never checked out the trail. Furthermore, the map was printed at a New York publishing house by a publisher who didn't care about accuracy. For the sake of making up for lost time, the party threw everything they had into a lie.

Things didn't go quite well right off the bat. The oxen died rapidly. The women sat on the wagons next to their husbands and bitched, their arms crossed and suntanned faces pouting as they wondered why not one man in the group would stop and ask for directions. The guys kept insisting that the right way was just around the next bend. Each tedious mile brought them closer to being a convenient example for this book.

"I know what the hell I'm doing," the men likely mumbled, silently not admitting that they knew they were screwing themselves. Soon they were dead certain that they'd really messed it up and condemned their wives and children to misery and death. They likely exchanged glances among themselves and quietly muttered when out of earshot of the womenfolk that they weren't going to make it. They denied aloud that they were in trouble up to the minute they got soundly trapped in the snow of Truckee Pass deep in the Sierra Nevadas. They blamed the maps, pissed and moaned, and, one by one, they began dropping.

The women decided they had to pick up the pieces.

The remaining draft animals and the horses fell first to the butcher's knife, then the dogs and cats. The people of the godforsaken wagon train ate the meat, then the entrails, and then boiled the bones for soup. They picked over those bones, extracted the marrow, ground the bone splinters down,

mixed it with water to form a calcium-rich paste, and ate that. They ate the candles and the glue off book bindings, then boiled the paper to pulp and ate that too. They boiled the animal hides and ate them. They turned the leather harnesses through boiling into something chewable and ate them. They tried pine needles and bark, which didn't work. Then they started to look at each other and acquired sinister little grins on their lean faces as they sharpened their wicked kitchen knives and waited.

A woman was the first to do the cutting of human flesh and the first to start the eating. The children dove right in next. The remaining men commenced eating with vigor after faking reluctance. The last two people in the group to begin eating human flesh were the two Indians who had tagged along with the party.

Understanding how women view men is essential to understanding the women's intense survival instinct in the Donner Party. In most cases, we know that to your wife you're just some guy she met in a bar, but the kids are her flesh and blood. Likewise, the women of the Donner Party turned their attention to taking care of their children and worried about their husbands only if they didn't have any kids to distract them.

In a survival situation, kids are neat because they can be matter-of-fact about what is happening around them, and this held true with the Donner Party. One purported diary entry read: "Yesterday we were so hungry I cried. Last night Daddy died. He was really sick Mommy said. Mommy made soup. It needed salt."

When it was over, no one told the children that they were traumatized. They didn't see any shrinks who told them the "stages" that would be natural for them to experience. They grew up and led largely successful lives. With a few notable exceptions, the widows remarried and went on with their lives.

The kids accepted the reality, just as their mothers reacted to it, but it was the menfolk who went into denial and became morose and withdrawn. In all probability, a group of men alone would have survived at a higher rate than a similar-

sized group of men “burdened” with women and children. The inability of the men to provide for their families bore heavily on them. Being responsible for having placed those dependent upon them in a deadly predicament affected them so deeply that they gave up living.

The women proved more practical. They picked up the slack. Women are a lot tougher than men understand them to be. Women might well save the modern contingency cannibal’s life in a crisis.

One-third of the men, two-thirds of the women, and half of the children of the Donner Party survived. In all, 45 people, exactly half of the party, died. More women and children would have survived had there been more protein. When forced into cannibalism to prevent starvation and when provided with enough people meat, a survivalist’s chances of living are incredible.

The survivors in the Donner Party almost all went on to build successful lives, enjoying every minute since they had fought so hard to survive. Their descendants include a nice mix of people. In the past 150+ years they’ve likely served their country in conflict, become teachers and law enforcement personnel, paid taxes, and gone to Disneyland. They had a chance to live full, productive lives because their ancestors knew that the price they had to pay—overcoming their revulsion to the consumption of human flesh—was worth it.

The modern anthropophagite needs to be aware of the reality that likely contrasts with his belief in the “softer” nature of women and his own ruggedness. More important, if he is in a crisis starvation situation and his wife is a strong person who is an excellent mother and deeply loves her children, he damned well better sleep with one eye open. For the women, the Donner Party experience is a grim yet successful story of contingency anthropophagy.

The wilderness of the Wild West provided excellent opportunities for other idiots to get themselves into trouble with the elements and terrain. Alferd Packer, a.k.a. John Schwartze, provides another example of a famous

survival story resulting from poor planning, but with a different twist.

Alferd Packer is one of the few contingency cannibals to face the punishment of the law. He kinda made the mistake of creating the need for a contingency.

A former infantryman during the Civil War, Alferd (yes, that's how his name was spelled) was given a medical discharge for epilepsy and possibly a few other problems at a time when the Federals were taking any warm body that could stop a Reb bullet. This should have been an indicator that something else was a bit off with the fellow.

In the fall of 1873, silver in the San Juan Mountains brought many greenhorns to Colorado and put them unfortunately close to the clutches of fraud trackers and scouts like Alferd Packer. Nineteen amateur prospectors with more money and less sense than they needed rode out with Packer, not knowing that he was as ignorant on directions in the wilderness as the lot of them. These men, all very affluent, included the founders of the Democratic Party in their county. They trusted Packer, who sold them a pack of lies and was much more interested in the greenbacks and gold coins in their pockets than the silver in them thar hills.

Packer, who in addition to claiming to be a scout and a guide, also claimed to be a hunter. The lightly equipped party, having run out of food quickly, soon discovered that Packer was not much of a hunter *or* a guide. The Indians, uh, Native Americans, are the good guys in this tale, which is atypical in a Western legend. Chief Ouray, a friendly Indian, took in the miserable party, warmed them up, gave them food, and warned them to go back to Salt Lake City. Packer and nine men ignored the chief's advice and set off into the wilderness during a blizzard, laden with supplies.

Four men, disgruntled with Packer's inability to guide, broke off from the party. They spent weeks tramping about numbed by the cold, starving and miserable. Two of the four died, but the lucky survivors staggered into the Los Pinos Indian Agency and safety.

As for the remaining five men, Packer simply shot them to death, pocketed their cash, and commenced slicing off and eating the breast meat. The meat tasted so good to him that just before Alferd reached safety, he disposed of the remainder with much regret.

When Packer came back alone with his pockets full of money and his belly hanging over his belt, folks got suspicious. When he started spending the money freely and, after months on the trail, seemed more interested in whisky than food, questions were asked. He claimed that hardship and travails had brought him to the sorry state of having to eat his companions. He reported that they had gotten trapped and, rather than starve to death, he had done what was necessary, but only after the men mostly killed each other. He said he'd only killed one man, the last to die, and that was in self-defense. He et 'em one by one, but only after days of hunger and uncertainty, or so he said. Packer admitted that it was nothing to be proud of but nothing to be ashamed of either. He'd simply done what he had to.

Unfortunately, his claims of being forced into his homicidal and cannibalistic practices by need didn't square well with his potbelly and the wads of cash in his pockets. When the bodies of the others were found all "kilt" like it happened at once, a bullet having punched through each man's head one dark, evil night instead of over weeks, Alferd's story began to look even weaker.

As luck would have it, he was brought before a "Democrat" judge, who happened to be one of the two surviving Democrats in Hinsdale County. Judge Melville Gerry sentenced him to hang because the statutes "forbade" sentencing him to hell. But he did damn him thoroughly (with the now immortal statement, "They was seven Democrats in Hinsdale County, and ye et five of 'em. God damn ye!")

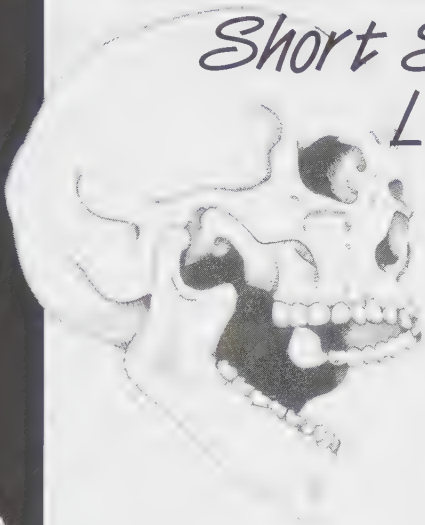
Packer, through a loophole, escaped death and became a model prisoner. He did 16 years of hard time and died a cowboy many years later.

A modern contingency cannibal must remember that he

may be forgiven for killing one or two people to survive, but he sure as heck shouldn't gun down the lot of his companions in one night, and he should be a little more discrete about taking dead folks' cash. Alferd got sloppy. He paid the price. But he was popular in saloons and never again had to buy himself a beer once the story broke.

Maritime Common Law

Short Straws and Legal Issues



Legal lingo is dull. I prefer examples to illustrate points. A ship sinks in international waters. Two men, Mitch and Dale, survive, and while thrashing around in the water, find that the ocean is full of sharks, circling, working on the bodies and making their way closer to them. They find only one buoyant piece of flotsam that is large enough to get a man out of the water and keep him safe from the sharks. Both men want to save their own asses. Mitch manages to drown Dale. To compound Mitch's bad luck, a plane is circling above, unable to render assistance other than to give the location of the survivors to another ship, which is cutting waves to provide the rescue. The pilot witnesses Mitch shoving Dale's head under water for the last time.

Desperate, brutal measures that individuals and

groups have used to save their lives are not uncommon in maritime history. Although many believe that what Mitch did to save his butt is murder, the alternative is to have both men die. Mitch's actions, which included killing another human being, falls under self-defense and becomes a justifiable homicide, despite the fact that the victim may not have been the perpetrator. Dale's mere existence, combined with the elements and nature, represented a threatening competition to a life-sustaining resource. Had Dale been able to secure the upper hand, that would have been as acceptable.

A form of common law, maritime traditions hold that women and children receive preferential treatment in a ship-board disaster. After that, all bets are off. Generally, the bulk of individuals at sea are still men, as it always has been and, for many years to come, will be. Those who could not swim, the injured, and the ill often were ass out in a crisis, and "every man for himself" was much more than a cliché. It was a directive and an understanding that the crew no was longer a crew, and the base standards of survival, not rank, not pecking order, were in force. Much of the justification for such measures has become codified enough that it is understood that given capacity limitations aboard, for example, a lifeboat, the removal of one or several people to ensure the safety of the rest is excusable.

Incidents of folks adrift in a lifeboat, clinging to a piece of debris, or cast away on some barren island are numerous. Sole survivors are unique. Sailing vessels and later coal-fired steamers required large crews. If one man survived in such a group, generally a few others had as much luck, guile, or strength to endure the sinking of the ship as well. Today, smaller crews, modern communications, better life-sustaining equipment, and sophisticated training prevent many losses of ships and sailors, but now as in the past, when seaborne disasters occur, more than one individual survives.

This brings us, of course, back to contingency cannibalism. Ensuring the safety and survival of others at the expense of one or two is readily understood while lost at sea. Despite the

abundance of marine life, obtaining suitable protein is difficult for fatigued, emaciated sailors. An alternative is too often necessary. And any sailor can tell you that there is a lot of protein in seamen.

The traditional method of selecting the donor for cannibalism was to start with the weakest individual among the lot. In the past, ships had cabin boys, who served the same purpose aboard ships that drummer boys served in armies. This is a topic best left buried deeply in the past, but the elimination of the cabin boy on modern vessels means the contingency cannibal is left only with other wiry or burly men, just as famished, and capable of doing major damage if challenged.

As an alternative, pulling an injured individual out of the water may prove useful for a couple of reasons. Rescuers will show consideration to you for your compassion. If they get to you quickly and there is no need to consume his flesh, you may actually look a bit heroic, and the guy you saved (and more importantly, his potential sister) owes you. If no rescue is imminent, however, you just secured contingency rations for the days to come.

Usually the boob who sucked down seawater is another good candidate. You could casually mention to a less mentally tough individual that you read somewhere that moderate drinking of seawater is harmless. Tell him that if one takes in a mouthful and swishes it around, the body will absorb the water without the salt. The odds are he will start to gulp down seawater after feeling the coolness in his mouth, and all you have to do is wait.

Drawing straws is another traditional method of selecting a victim. The short straw becomes dinner. This method is ancient and endures because it is seemingly fair. However, there is a measure of randomness in the process that is unnerving. A good contingency cannibal will practice palming a straw or whatever imaginable item will be used to make such a determination. He may even suggest the wooden matches or a length of twine, but he sure as shit better be holding a backup

bit of long twine in his hand! If he is not the one holding the straws, then his chances of getting nailed are much higher, though only the same as everyone else's in the group.

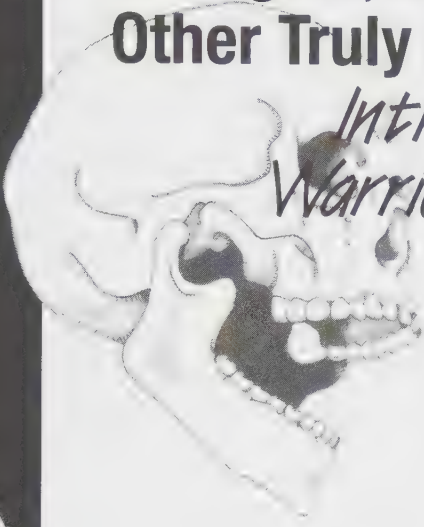
If you lose, be prepared to yell "two out of three" loudly and frequently until they pull you down. Incidentally, if you are the guy who's been displaying compassion and thinking on your feet, they may deem you too valuable to kill and may lose their stomach for wasting you. They will hunker down as far away from you as one can get in a lifeboat and turn their backs on you, ashamed and uncertain of their plan of action. Wait until they go to sleep and waste the son of a bitches before they change their minds.

I strongly recommend the more professional "rock, paper, scissors" technique of donor selection. Most guys go for the masculine rock right off the bat, but almost none go for the sissy paper. Use the rock up front, since the odds are almost 50-50 that rock or scissors are selected. After that, you are on your own.

If you are ever in a survival situation with me, let old Shig know that you read my book prior to our doing rock, paper, scissors. I'll take care of you.

Mongols, Marines, and Other Truly Nasty Folks

Introducing The Warrior-Cannibals



Chapter 6

A contingency cannibal may be concerned that he can't summon up the guts and drive necessary to indulge in human flesh when he must. But believe me, what I choose to call the Warrior-Cannibal, a trait deeply buried in many of us, will rapidly emerge when the opportunity arises despite the tremendous pressures and brainwashing we've endured. To begin to truly understand our nature is both reassuring and potentially life saving in a crisis.

Most of what they taught you in school about history is bullshit. The reality of history is that we are a warrior species, and since Day One the Warrior-Cannibals among us are the ones who built countries and empires through the use of spear, sword, and bow. To build their empires, Warrior-Cannibals destroyed other, lesser peoples and razed

their decadent cities. Warrior-Cannibals are an elite, the human wolves among the sheep who compose the rest of humanity, and our numbers cross racial, economic, and geographic lines.

The people we didn't get around to subjugating or slaughtering became stronger because of our threat and therefore benefited from our existence. The threat of barbarians like us strengthened civilization. To put it another way, conflict forces the development of new technologies and hones adaptation. Warrior-Cannibals embodied conflict. This is our natural state. This is healthy for us and for the society which fears us. This is what is right. So stop living in denial. *You have the Warrior-Cannibal within you.*

Green tabbers (combat leaders) in the army, every NCO in the Marine Corps, and even a few hoo-ah squids and flyboys may find it hard to believe that this is our true nature at a time when every insignificant recruit's death becomes news, when privates whine about PTing on wet grass, and when service members carry "stress cards" because drill sergeants don't talk to them like Mommy does. These examples of prissiness are forced on men preparing to face the enemy in mortal combat by sheep foisted into positions of authority in this softer modern era.

Consider the fact that warriors of today must contend with unreasonable restrictions to combat itself, such as the "Law of Land Warfare" and "Rules of Engagement." These fun-killing documents are crafted by folks so distant from the front lines that their only exposure to combat or even to the field environment had CNN stenciled in the corner. Some of them gleaned what little they know of the business of killing from novels they read and hated in college. A fight to them has something to do with boxing, a sport they want banned, and they refer to M16A2s, M249s, and M9s collectively and ignorantly as "guns." Although they are unwilling (and are certainly unqualified) to be in a position where they might have to fire a gun in anger, they hypocritically don't mind imposing restrictions on efficient killing for the front-line troops while casually ordering

the bombing of packed urban areas, which expends ordinance better used on the enemy's armored vehicles and dug-in troops and wastes tremendous amounts of meat.

Most of these Soft Ones never wore a uniform, and many of those who did had green or blue skirts and blouses included in their wall locker displays. These are the direct descendants of the ancient folks who came to the gates of their cities and handed over their nubile daughters and bulging sacks of gold to the Warrior-Cannibals of old.

But now we let them craft the language of conflict and tell us lies about the nature and mind-set of modern man. We use their terms and start to accept them. We allow the Soft Ones to rule our disgustingly pampered lives because they brought us a society with luxuries and conveniences such as cable TV, toilet paper, dentists, fast food, ATM cards, and other cushy aspects of daily life. We sold out too cheaply, because this acceptance comes at the cost of our Warrior-Cannibal souls.

Modern combatants from the United States are hampered by "feel good" restrictions previously mentioned such as the Law of Land Warfare, which seems to be observed only by the United States and a handful of nations in the West. Such inane restrictions got brave men killed in Beirut and Somalia. Many readers are familiar with the ridiculous limitations imposed by the brass and peaceniks such as a prohibition on using shotguns on enemies. Who the hell else are you going to use buckshot on? Friends?

Today's professional soldiers must use special phrasing to accommodate these restrictions. I heard this little beauty at Fort Bliss, Texas, in 1988: "The 20mm Vulcan cannon is not to be used against troops in the open; however it can be used against military equipment and weapon systems such as advancing web gear, AKs, and helmets. The right to self-defense is never denied." Such nonsense is used to disguise the natural human desire to kill. Who wouldn't want to shred the enemy troops with the monster Gatling? Or use it on a party of stretcher bearers? Who wouldn't get a woody just thinking about it?

In the army and Marine Corps we have clueless individuals who actually believe that white phosphorous (Willie Pete) is not to be used on troops in the open! The brass frowns on calls for fire which include, "Medical staff and casualties in open, TRP 14. Give me Willie Pete and fire for affect." (I know. I tried it, got my ass chewed royally, and that was only in training.) It is OK, however, to "mark targets" with WP, so a warrior simply plans on marking the shit out of the enemy with the stuff when he can. (You readers still in the military, just adjust fire frequently and ask for a lot of spotting rounds. Sometimes the Redleg Butterbars don't catch on.)

We are told to say that we "take out weapons systems," "suppress the enemy's fire," and "neutralize resistance." We are taught to "kill tanks," not to smoke the grubby motherfuckers inside them, and we strive to "splash planes," not splatter the blood and gore of the pampered pilots on the inside of their canopies and cockpits.

More recently, shrinks with ties to the military suggested the elimination of M16 qualification on silhouette targets since it represented "individual killing." God help us if we ever have to face a world-class enemy!

The military is not alone in this suppression of spirit. Law enforcement types don't shoot to maim or kill, they shoot "with the intention of eliminating armed resistance" or to "cease the perpetrator's actions" by "firing at the center of mass." Imagine the outrage of our timid population if a deputy appeared on the TV, a grin on his face as he proudly held up his Beretta 92 and exclaimed, "Yeh, I waxed the motherfucker with a double tap before he could bust a cap." They'd hang him by his scrot!

Police snipers are officially known as "countersnipers" or "designated marksmen." This touchie-feelie approach to killing is ruining us. Lawsuits, the "traumatization" myth, and second-guessing by desk jockeys leads to dead cops and soldiers in body bags.

The Warrior-Cannibal in us knows that this prissiness is artificial. His "Law of Land Warfare" is the Natural Law

of Land Warfare. The Natural Law of Land Warfare says, "I'll kick your ass and then do what I want. I will kill you. I will feed your battle slain to my warriors and my dogs. Your women will be made into slaves or fed to my nobles. Your children will be delicious. I won't molest your sheep too much."

The fierce warriors of past such as the Scythians, the Mongols, the Huns, and the Goths destroyed decadent empires and laid the foundations for new, fresher approaches. By massing forces and forcing huge areas to submit to their administration, the Warrior-Cannibals created an environment for stronger countries and peoples as opposed to loose collections of city states that could collapse under minor natural and economic strains. *We* compelled the Soft Ones to advance humanity. All this was done by our spiritual ancestors without a word of thanks from the historians.

Some of what the Warrior-Cannibals did is harsh, but it was so necessary, and you can't argue against such dedication. The Mongols, for example, when on a campaign that caused their resources to diminish and pressed to take a city, adopted drastic measures. On occasion these Warrior-Cannibals would select one in 10 men, usually equaling thousands among their huge armies, to be "dropped permanently off the duty roster." A bit of quick work with a lance or a sword took care of this change of assignment. They then used these carcasses to supplement their diminishing rations. When that ran out, they did it again. After the first decimation, for some odd reason, the men usually found the motivation to take the city. Those damned NCOERs and Proficiency and Conduct Reports were very important back then too.

To accomplish this selection, the equivalent of a first sergeant's shit list was pulled out and followed. No matter how bad a fuck-up a Mongol soldier was, he was still worth his weight in meat and butcher waste. A guy could go from being on the shit list to being shit in just six to eight hours. That's dedication to duty. That's decisiveness. That's professionalism. The Mongols didn't have congressional investigators to deal

with, and their inspector-general complaint departments would involve queries on why the selections weren't made earlier. This was the golden age of combat leadership.

That kind of motivation and team spirit pulled mankind away from hanging from branches and playing with our turds like our gutless cousins. This willingness to make sacrifices made man what he is today. It wasn't burial rituals or the adoption of polite terms, and it definitely was not the desire to be one with nature that put us at the top of the food chain.

One concern a modern survivalist anthropophagite may have is whether we still have the warrior spirit to survive and endure. This chapter will reassure the reader that this is the case.

The Warrior-Cannibal in us is still there. He glowers or grins at the nonsense of political correctness, and he waits for conflict. He kills when he must, and he kills better than his ancestors did with the weapons created by the Soft Ones for their own protection. We have no problem resurrecting the Warrior half of this ideal man. Eating the remains of our enemies is the part of the spirit we gave up, but it can still be found if one knows where to look.

In pursuit of the direct descendants of the Warrior-Cannibal, I searched for current embodiments of it and found it in a Desert Storm veteran. I recently interviewed this Marine, a former member of India Company, 3rd Battalion, 9th Marines, the "Striking 3-9th," who fought in Desert Storm as a grunt.

This man is a modern Warrior-Cannibal who survives by adapting to the constraints of the modern world. His expressive grunts, snarls, and belches have been eliminated to ease the clarity of this interview. The spirit of the Warrior-Cannibal shines through. (Note that any offensive statements and disparaging comments are indicators of one Warrior-Cannibal's philosophy toward an enemy and are *not* the views of the author or publisher.)

Shig: So you served in Desert Storm.

W-C: No shit, I thought I told you I did a few minutes ago. I thought that's what you wanted to talk about.

Shig: Where did you fight during the Gulf War?

W-C: Alber-Han, Alber Quan, Albertsons. Fuck, I don't know. It was just a bunch of dirt and scrub and Iraqi stiffs. The LT and the senior noncoms worried about the maps; we did the killing. I didn't really look at the maps for names; I was too damned busy.

Since we're near the topic, when we looted the bodies, uh, when we searched the enemy KIAs for intelligence-related items, we didn't find shit but two pieces of sandpaper on each one of the Iraqi stiffs.

Shig: Why did they have two pieces of sandpaper on them?

W-C: They were carrying a map and a picture of home.

Shig: Tell me about the fighting you experienced during the war.

W-C: The Iraqis weren't shit as fighters. Filthy too. You'd walk up to a rancid pile of garbage, kick it, and it got up and surrendered to you. Turds wrapped in rags carrying rusty AKs. That's what they were. The sons of bitches must have learned one basic thing, and that was to find a snot rag and hold it up to surrender. They sure as shit didn't know crap about tactics, marksmanship, or field sanitation.

Shig: How did the Iraqis view the Marines?

W-C: They feared us. We scared the shit out of them by telling them we were Marines. Some of them thought that we were cannibals, if you could believe that.

Shig: Why did they think you were cannibals?

W-C: We did bayonet-tip pudg checks to gauge fat content, but that was for shits and giggles. It shut up the ragbags who were walking around with scared eyes and plastic smiles holding up sections of antenna with dirty white flags. They went around yelling, "I hab broder in Chicago. I like 'Merica. George Bush good!" We'd respond, "Good for you, raghead. Now get your smelly ass away from me." Send them to the rear and drive on. I think the bayonet pudg checks and the taking of ears made them think we were cannibals.

Shig: You took ears?

W-C: Is there a problem with that? Do you have a problem with that?

Shig: Not at all, just surprised to hear the admission. Why did you take ears?

W-C: Actually, we took ear. Just one each from a lot of different ragbags. Just the left ones. The right ones didn't count, but since you were already at it, sometimes you'd cut off that one too. Created a balanced look that way. Looked more squared away. It was our way of keeping track, you know, score for bragging rights, to separate the real stories from the bullshit ones. If a guy had a solid string of left ears, he could talk shit. If he didn't, he should keep his trap shut. With Iraqi's you couldn't take their balls to keep score because they didn't have any.

Shig: What did you do with the ears?

W-C: We strung 'em and hung 'em. I'd wear the ones I took off the dirtbags I smoked with the .50 around my neck, but it got too heavy so I draped them off the M2 itself [12.7mm heavy machine gun]. It was cool and gnarly when we got back. It freaked them sleek navy nurses and them fat REMFs, but a staff weenie major made us turn them in. Fucking newsmen were roving about thick as lice on a raghead in the rear areas. Didn't look good on camera, he said. The mothers of America would have a collective cow, the brass said. Can't have that and have a popular war, can we? It kinda sucked.

Shig: Did you witness any cannibalism during the Gulf War?

W-C: Hell no. Not unless you are talking about our nibbling on the uncountable right ears, but that was more for keepin' up with Corps tradition and out of boredom than for food.

You see, Iraqis are just too dirty and too greasy to eat. You'd have to boil one forever to get him clean, and this would be a waste of water. Once you got all the grease and dirt out, there wouldn't be much on 'em, and what was there would be gamey.

The ears weren't bad, though. They were easy to clean. You'd boil them in a canteen cup long enough to melt out the

wax. Pull 'em out shake 'em off, splash the hot sauce, and you had something there.

You could also smoke them by hanging them in front of the exhaust on your truck or Hummer. Just don't eat 'em raw. No telling what's been put in 'em in the past.

Shig: What did they taste like?

W-C: Jerky with diesel or mogas [milspeak for standard gasoline] flavoring. Not bad. You'd have to eat around the cartilage but it'd take a full platoon to make a grunt's meal. I found it to be kind of an acquired taste in that you had to acquire them to taste them.

Shig: Did the brass do anything about such atrocities?

W-C: What atrocities? Oh, if there were any atrocities committed it was on us grunts being forced to live on MREs day after day. Shit, after a few weeks on that you needed to vary your diet somehow. I mean the camels were cleaner than the Iraqis, but they were protected. What else could we have done?

Interview with former Corporal M____, USMC. 1998.

The spirit of the Warrior-Cannibal is not hard to resurrect for the modern survival anthropophagite.

Of interest to current and former members of the military is understanding the mind-set of Warrior-Cannibals. Through the miracle of modern communications, excellent record keeping, and BBBS (Brass Balls Bullshitting), we can get an insight into how the decision to consume one in 10 men occurred at battalion, company, and platoon levels or the equivalent for the Mongols.

Conveniently, the Mongol Horde had a staff system similar to ours. The S-1 covered personnel, S-2 handled military intelligence, S-3 handled operations, and S-4 supported the unit's logistical needs. Subhordes roughly equated to companies, and a Subhorde consisted of several platoons.

Just a few hours before the Horde (battalion level) command and staff meeting, two staff members meet . . .

S-4: [Frowning, holding up a document.] Ted, we got a

problem. This siege is taking too damn long, and we're running out of rations fast. The Khan's gonna be pissed.

S-3: [Rising from his saddle and turning.] Now hold on a second, Bob. Don't put this on Ops. It's your job to ensure we've got the beans, bows, and bandages, no matter how long the mission takes.

S-4: [Shrugs.] It's the line units. They screwed the pooch and they're wasting all classes of supply. You know how those guys are, bunch of friggin' prima donnas. They think everything is about them just cause they get their blades wet. It's their damn fault.

S-3: [Nods.] Good. We'll stick to the usual plan and blame the line units. The Khan'll buy it.

S-4: [Looks relieved.] Great, that takes the heat off of the staff, but how do we solve the problem?

S-3: [Suddenly grins as an idea hits him.] We RIF one in 10 men, the dirtbags, and use them for meat. We tell the Khan we need to do it to motivate the rest of them and never mention the shortage.

S-4: [Looks stunned.] That's insane, Ted! The Khan will never buy that.

S-3: [On a roll, beaming.] We'll just tell him that the Scythians and the Carthaginians have done it. Hell, it worked for your "mound of heads" idea.

S-4: [Frowns and looks away.] Shit, Ted. You knew I was being facetious when I suggested that.

S-3: [Puts his hand on the 4's shoulder.] Yeah, I know, but do you wanna tell the Khan that? He jumped on the mound of heads idea like it was a Norwegian princess. You scored big points on that one, buddy. Don't sweat it now.

S-4: [Begins to grin.] Can we get the S-1 to back us?

S-3: The S-1? Heck, his nose is so far up the Khan's ass he won't even see it coming. He'll love the idea once we sell the Khan on the plan.

S-4: What about the XO?

S-3: Ever since he became promotable, he's been tits on a boar to us. He'll just keep sitting there grinning and nodding

whenever the Khan says something. He wants to be out of the loop. Let's leave him there.

S-4: [Chuckling.] And we leave the S-2 in the dark.

S-3: He's used to it.

Returning to the Subhorde, a commander (CO) breaks the news of the plan the S-3 and S-4 sold the Khan at the command and staff meeting to his first sergeant (1SG) and company executive officer (XO):

1SG: Captain, they want us to do *what*?

CO: Pick out one in 10 of our troops to be sent to the mess tent.

XO: [Doesn't look up from his mound of papers.] Fucking staff.

1SG: [Rising, grabbing his helmet as if he is going to go somewhere and do something.] Why the hell do those spoons [cooks] need help?

CO: Top, these guys aren't going to help with chow. They are going to *be* chow.

XO: [Glances up from behind his mound of paper, smirks, and shakes his head. This reminds him of the idiotic mound of heads idea.] Fucking staff.

1SG: [Grins in a menacing manner as the concept sinks in.] Oh, I'll get that list ready in a New York minute!

CO: OK Top, just make sure that Sergeant Richards is on it. I think Ramirez is ready for his own squad.

XO: [Leans back, shakes his head, and chuckles.] Fucking staff.

At the Mongol platoon level, the handling of the matter becomes the sergeant's business. The platoon sergeant (PSG) strongly recommends that his current platoon leader be included on the list, but Top reluctantly vetoes the idea.

PSG: Sergeants Richards, Privates Brice and Gonzales, go see Top. He's got a detail for you that comes straight from the Horde.

SGT Richards: [Rolls his eyes.] Let's go you guys. They probably got another fucking mound of heads or something just as shitty, I bet.

PSG: [Waits until the trio walk away and are out of earshot.] Take a good look at them, platoon. The Horde's rifting one in 10 men. Gonna drop, gut, and fry 'em for our dinner. Those ain't soldiers anymore; they are our future turds. Just keep fucking up and you'll all wind up as a fart, a slick spot, and a memory.

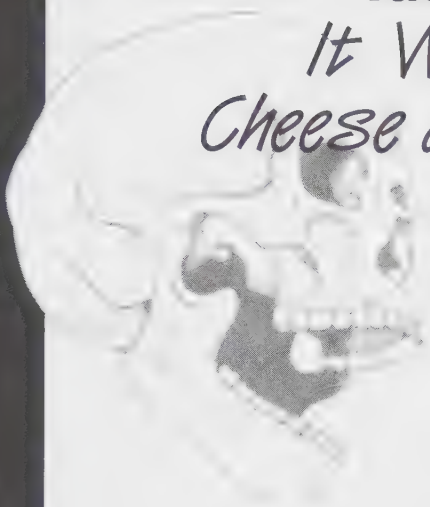
Pvt Cherry: [Whining.] Man, this sucks. This ain't in my contract.

Career Corporal: Quit your bitching, kid. When I was a private, the Horde ate two in 10, and you were damned happy if they cooked 'em.

CPL Ramirez: [Grinning broadly.] Hey, sarge! Does this mean I get second squad?

Taco Stuffings

It Wasn't Just Cheese and Lettuce



Chapter 7

The Aztecs ate human flesh. Tons of it. Sliced fresh off the corpses of still-quivering sacrificial victims by the tens of thousands. Despite the frequent attempts to portray today's Meso-Americans as peoples victimized by cruel and crafty Europeans, these descendents of the Aztecs are heirs to a Warrior-Cannibal tradition to be proud of. Although the Aztecs ultimately failed to preserve their culture, they did manage to build an empire in an area that was nutrient deficient. Their example demonstrates what gutsy, determined contingency cannibals can achieve when pressed.

We've already established that people who eat only beans, potatoes, and, in this chapter, tortillas do not build and maintain empires. Vegetarians just aren't the kind of people who muster forces and

commence the all-so-necessary slaughter of their enemies and neighbors, take their land, and subjugate the survivors. Meat eaters are.

People who love meat, thrive on it, and crave it can be counted on to be unsatisfied with living off of twigs and grass growing amid their casual piles of scat. It doesn't take much organization to graze on plant matter. Herd instinct is the opposite of thinking. Hunting, on the other hand, takes coordination and planning. These essential skills obviously can be applied to other tasks.

The Aztecs are interesting to the contingency cannibal because they took their practices further than they should have been able to. One fascinating aspect of the Aztecs is the fact that their entire kingdom was largely fed by cannibalism. The practice was not engaged in to reduce population—increases in population were welcome because it meant the demand for human flesh could be met. The Aztecs, in war and in the management of state affairs, ensured that they did not destroy their enemies and cut off this supply. Whereas most other cultures that existed largely on cannibalism never reached the stage beyond that of city-states or overgrown villages loosely linked to a central authority, and all of those civilizations eventually collapsed under the strain of having too many Warrior-Cannibals and not enough sources of easy meat, the Aztecs thrived and would have continued to thrive had not outside interference destroyed their lifestyle.

The Aztecs were a tightly bound group of people belonging to an empire. Atypical of Warrior-Cannibals, they *built* an empire rather than conquering, destroying, or threatening one. The core motivation to build a cannibalistic empire was to ensure the survival of its people. The Aztecs defied the odds long enough to be unique, since one indicator of a society's level of progress is the elimination of the practice of cannibalism. For any advanced society to exist while still cannibalistic is otherwise unheard of and worthy of study for a contingency cannibal because their example shatters many myths.

The Aztecs were once a small band known as the Nahuatl.

They wandered about, being kicked around by other, larger tribes, until they settled at Lake Texcoco, founding the town of Tenochtitlan around A.D. 1300. Already a fierce people, they began to rapidly acquire territory and dominance in the region once they decided to engage in sheer brutality and begin large-scale conquering. Tolerance for potential enemies is a crime against one's people, and during the early stages of their empire, the Aztecs fought like mad to take care of their own.

Many people assume that the Aztecs were an ancient people with a long history. This is incorrect—as stated previously, these folk did not reach Tenochtitlan until well after 1300, and they were essentially destroyed by the 1530s. The Aztecs as an empire survived for less time than the United States has existed. They experienced a mercurial rise from a roving band to a powerful nation, but unlike the United States, they proved unable to adapt to a rapidly changing world.

To understand the functioning of the Aztec army gives an indication of how dedicated to sacrifices and cannibalism this culture truly was. Their army consisted of two warrior cults, the "Ocelots" and "Eagles." The Eagles fought mostly like skirmishers and had a cavalry role of reconnoitering regions, screening the enemy, and picking up the pursuit when necessary. They used atlatls and darts that were designed to cripple rather than kill the enemy.

The Ocelots provided the infantry. They wore what looked like adult pajamas with nifty animal-like hoods and went to war with obsidian-bladed clubs called *maquahuitls*. The point is, all Aztec weapons, with the exception of the wickedly sharp obsidian knife used for sacrifice, were meant for *disabling* rather than killing an enemy, since the Aztecs went to war to secure live meat.

Following skirmishing and harassment by the Eagles, the Ocelots faced the other pre-Hispanic Central Americans in what was essentially masses of men engaged in one-on-one combat. Charging in to battle, they made bird and cat calls. They generally whaled on each another with their clubs and round shields until one of the paired fighters went down and

didn't get up quickly enough. Tactics meant nothing at this point, and attrition wore down the other side. Until the Spaniards came, the side that was larger always won.

The goal of the Aztec warrior was to pummel his personal opponent into helplessness, tie him up, go through his wallet, and sit back enjoying a cold one until the fighting ended, when every Warrior-Cannibal either got his man, got taken, or the enemy ran out of troops. Once a warrior had secured a victory, he was ignored by the enemy for the rest of the battle and he became a spectator. The victors on both sides simply waved at each other, shouted a few more challenges, and went home with their prisoners.

The idea of taking a captive was to keep him alive for sacrifice. The Aztecs made no effort to free their comrades who were captured by the enemy; the entire focus of each warrior was upon the man he selected. This technique provided meat on the hoof and walking sacrifices that became food for the overpopulated city. Remember, capturing even then was a more time-consuming and dangerous process than outright killing, so these people were very dedicated to the process, because they knew the survival of themselves and their empire depended on it.

(Although a young nation, the Aztec empire conducted war in this manner for enough years to "institutionalize" their methods. Such habits die hard, and when faced with the rugged, hard-fighting Spanish, the massacres of Aztec warriors made their tactical shortcomings evident. Nonetheless, it proved difficult to discard techniques that had ensured an almost unbroken series of victories for nearly 200 years. The defeats continued until it was too late to adapt, although they learned enough near the end to make the final Spanish victory costly.)

Only the people chosen for sacrifice who represented the actual gods, drawn from the Aztec youths and maidens, received the well-known year of fine treatment, with good food and stunning sex partners galore. The standard victim endured days or even months of mistreatment while waiting

for a period of ceremonial or simply malicious torture followed by a thigh-burning march up the front of the temples, being dragged by the hair. The high priest grabbed each prisoner, slammed him on a stone altar with its thick cushion of dried blood, and cut his heart out.

Next, prime cuts were extracted. The priest then chucked the bodies down, *thump!* to the next level, where the priests serving the royalty removed the palms and pushed the body over to the next level, *thump!* to the warriors, who cut out off the chest and pushed it over to the next level, *thump/splat!* where the merchants and minor officials removed the thighs and pushed the body to the next level, *thump/splat/clatter!* where the commoners cut off every scrap of meat and side-kicked the bones and guts to the next level, the ground floor, *splat/clatter!* where the public works employees scooped up the remains, used the guts to feed the zoo animals, and chucked the scratched and broken bones into enormous piles. Level by level, each victim was dumped and the allotted cuts for each caste were removed. (This is why they used stepped pyramids instead of the cleaner Egyptian design.)

Since many in the upper classes enjoyed only the palms of the hand, and the Aztecs had more than a few members of the royalty, the reader can imagine that the scale of slaughter was enormous to sate this appetite alone. Still, it was a neat arrangement all around. The ceremonial wars provided a form of tribute from the lesser regions and allowed the Aztec men a chance at glory and career progression. They supported the priests, who won support from the people through the control of meat distribution, and the priests in turn justified the existence of a large standing army loyal to them. Such a system involving rigid, ceremonially practiced warfare went extremely well when the enemies fought in the same manner and were severely outnumbered by the Aztecs.

Unfortunately, as stated previously, the Spanish had other ideas, and they exploited the gaps in Aztec tactical knowledge with their typical cruel cunning. Armor, horses, and puny but deadly cannon took the Aztecs by surprise. Teamwork, the

idea of assisting comrades in distress, double-teaming, and using coordinated, mutually supported attacks exploited the surprise. (Sidenote for military readers. This is exactly why Sun Tzu executed the brave fighter who sallied forth alone and brought back the head of his chief enemy, without orders. Although both the Conquistadores and the Aztecs loved individual glory, the Spaniards had the acumen to develop discipline based on tactical needs.)

Despite the unpleasantness of being slaughtered by the Spaniards and having their culture almost totally eradicated after very embarrassing military actions, the Aztecs are excellent examples worthy of study to a contingency cannibal. Immediately, their example discards the otherwise convincing notion that a diet heavy with human flesh will have extremely negative effects on our digestive system. People who press this belief point out the concentration of mercury in some swordfish and tuna, fish that are very high in their food chain. Toxins become concentrated in the higher levels of the food chain. It would stand to reason that human beings would be extremely toxic, and especially so if one consumed long-time cannibals.

However, this theory is akin to the philosophy that we eat too high on the food chain even when we eat beef. It is given to us by people who would rather we lived off of green leafy matter or, for that matter, slurped algae and pond scum or ate plankton. In the essentially mineral-limited region of the Aztecs, cannibalism was necessary to conserve nutrients and minerals within the species.

The Aztec way of life sustained an enormous number of cannibals and did so for many years. Sixteen-ounce steaks were not the norm. In general, the people received a few ounces with each series of sacrifices, enough to sate the appetite for meat and supplement their mineral-, protein-, and fat-deficient diet.

I believe there are two explanations for the Aztecs' enjoying a sustained cannibalistic empire. One is the fact that the momentum of growth was so strong that steps had to be taken

to support the burgeoning population. Expanding the practice of anthropophagy was perfect because it was already in place, having existed in the region prior to the Aztec state.

The empires of Central and South America stemmed from population explosions, communications developments, and need. Once the process of empire building began, the impetus to continue the old practice of cannibalism grew because no other suitable and reliable source of protein existed. The Aztecs proved unable to raise any meat-producing animals other than turkeys, small chickens, and ugly tiny dogs, with most of this meat being reserved for the upper classes.

Despite the lush vegetation in the tropics, the topsoil is weak and runs shallow. Most cultures along the same latitudes either survived on intensive agricultural practices far beyond the level of the Aztecs, who scraped to acquire all they could from the land as it was, or by "slash-and-burn" agriculture, which requires the continual moving of the people to find new land to clear and then finding a new place after depleting the nutrients from the soil. Slash-and-burn techniques disallow large-scale animal production and do little to support the fixed organization of an empire.

Primitive fishing and hunting contributed too little to meet the huge population's need for protein. Although the royalty could enjoy fresh fish brought overland from the ocean by runners now and then, such a practice proved too expensive to be anything other than a luxury. Local freshwater bodies provided much of the necessary protein, but the fishing techniques, the limitations of the bodies of water under Aztec control, and the demand left huge gaps between need and availability. Evidence of this need for protein and other essential items to their diet is provided by accounts of the Aztecs resorting to pond scum and algae to survive when the Spaniards cut off their supply of human flesh. People who are forced to survive on stagnant green ooze may not find human flesh unpleasant at all. The practice of cannibalism was routine at the time the Spaniards arrived because of this lack of options.

The issue of finding an alternative quite likely never came up until after the Euro intervention. Human beings, always cheap, easy to obtain, and quite juicy, walked about the fringes of the empire just asking to be harvested. The problem was that taking them involved war, and going to war requires a massive amount of influence over populations.

Just as religions develop and form out of the requirements of a society, most often in cooperation with the leaders of that society, the religion of the Aztecs involved hungry, blood-thirsty gods by the score, each of whom demanded sacrifices to appease them. The world would be destroyed should the sacrifices not continue. These gods conveniently demanded a constant diet of sacrifices to provide them with blood and human hearts, still pumping, ripped out of the breasts of healthy young men and, occasionally, women.

Since the sacrificial victims' bodies would go to waste if not used, and their relationship to the deities made the carcasses sacred, consumption of the human flesh became a religious duty. As the population grew, more gods for every aspect and ailment were "realized," and they needed to be appeased, and the jealous older gods needed more sacrifices to appease them too, and so on, until 20,000 people being killed in one day was not unheard of, and temple mounds made of hundreds of thousands of heads were produced.

Aztec gods ranged from the grim Mictlantecuhltle, god of the dead, to Tezcatlipoca, a powerful, all-purpose god, to Xilonen, a corn god, and Tlaloc, god of the rains. Hundreds of gods served various purposes for the Aztecs, and I suspect that if the practice had continued, deities such a Chekno-bounce-o, god of overdraft protection, and Whazdatotl, god of billing, would have been invented to provide an excuse for more sacrifices.

For some reason, the Eurocentric Spanish didn't understand the necessity behind all of this bloodshed. The Aztecs were obviously a kind, caring people who shouldered the burden of saving the world. They really didn't like to do the things they were doing, but it was for the greater good. In

their view they were saving the world (and conveniently filling their guts) through their behavior. Religious reinforcement for pragmatic purposes is the primary reason why the Aztecs maintained the practice of anthropophagy well beyond what their level of social and cultural development would indicate.

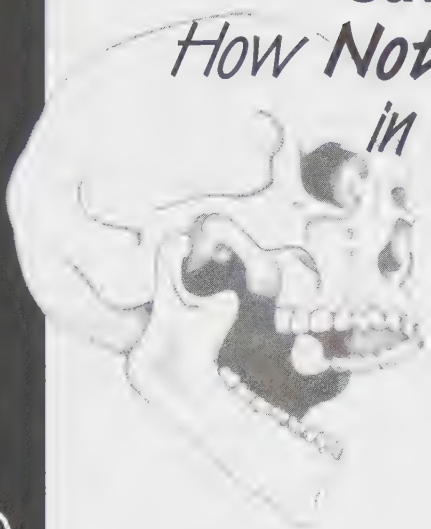
The second reason that the Aztecs continued the practice of cannibalism long past the development stages—when most other societies limited the practice to famines and the exotic dishes of the very rich—was simple: the Aztecs invented salsa.

Everything tastes better with salsa. Even pork. And not just salsa. They had chile peppers. Any soldier or Marine will tell you that you can eat almost anything if you have enough hot sauce and splash it on top of your grub so heavily the guy in the next fighting position can smell it. Although the familiar little bottles with the red-lettered white labels and green foil near the top didn't exist for the Aztecs to enjoy, they did have varieties of salsa, ground pepper, sliced peppers, and related condiments.

Records indicate that the Aztecs liked human flesh smothered in tomatoes and peppers. They made zesty special sauces that kept well in their tropical climate with diced peppers, tomatoes, salt, and other spices which the people of the region and many others enjoy to this day. The vital lesson for a contingency cannibal to learn is to stock plenty of hot sauce, and a nice variety too, for enduring culinary tedium over the long haul. If you violate any taboo long enough, the experience loses its novelty.

Sawney Beane

How Not to Engage in Cannibalism



The viciousness society showed toward Sawney Beane, a.k.a. Sandy Cunningham, an inept but highly experienced anthropophagite, is noteworthy because of the totality and swiftness with which the retribution was carried out. Sawney Beane's attitude was like the cannibal defined by Ambrose Bierce in his *Devil's Dictionary*: he was like a "gastronome of the old school," those cannibals who lived in the prepork days. He was an individual who simply looked upon human flesh, without qualms or moral uncertainty, as an obvious source of protein. Unfortunately for him, he didn't live in the prepork era.

Sawney viewed the eating of human flesh strictly from practical economic terms, not because of need, not for its flavor, and without regard for the

constraints of the society in which he lived. Beane caused the complete downfall of himself and his brood because he ate human flesh out of convenience during times when food was not especially hard to come by. His society destroyed him for becoming a glutton on what should be held as a delicacy for special occasions, uh, I mean contingency ration. From the perspective of a modern survival-minded anthropophagite, his case is an aberration, and it is worthy of study as another example of what could go wrong.

One odd aspect of the Sawney Beane story is that facts such as his place of birth, his hunting grounds, and his lifestyle as master of a nest of degenerate, inbred, semi-cretinous cannibals are generally repeated in each account nearly identically, but the years of his existence and when his crimes occurred are reported variously. I've seen the Beane horror listed as having taken place in the 12th, the 14th, and the 16th centuries. The confusion may be due to a suspiciously similar Irish story from a later period that pops up now and then in contemporary literature on the Middle Ages, and the fact that the Beane name is not rare. The story may also have been subject to "time compression," which caused it, at various times, to be related periodically as a less distant event so the writer could generate heightened excitement from the story, or in more contemporary accounts, placed more distantly to provide the comforting distance of half a thousand years between the reader and the events.

The correct period for Mr. Beane's activities is actually the mid 1400s. Sawney Beane's clan and their consumption of the bodies of human beings they slaughtered is not a myth, however, although his exploits generated several myths. More modernized accounts of his story produced a series of movies in the 1970s.

All that is irrelevant. What you need to know is that Sawney Beane was a bad-assed, human-flesh-eating son of a bitch.

He came from Edinburgh to Galloway in the southwest corner of Scotland. A wicked young man, Beane was what we

would consider today to be a hard-core juvenile delinquent. A thief, a rogue, and likely someone you wouldn't trust around small children, his departure from Edinburgh was greeted with a sense of relief by most of the residents. He traveled through villages and towns and departed, always one step ahead of the law, and always successfully avoiding gainful employment like the plague.

He carted about an ugly, equally vicious, and astonishingly loyal wench with him. Rumor had it that the fellow and this hag were actually properly married. If this were so, it was like one of the few legal accomplishments of Sawney's life.

A lazy, worthless, petty thief whose viciousness always equaled his ability, Sawney easily made the transition between cutpurse to cutthroat once he acquired a man's size and knowledge. He set up shop and a home in a dank cave from which he could launch his nocturnal forays. The price and location were perfect, the subterranean hovel being rent free and well hidden. Beane also found the cave environment—dark, chilly, and lit by torches—to his liking. Depending on who tells the tale, the cave either pierced a steep-sided hill overlooking a major road, or, more interestingly, was a mile-long sea cave, exposed only at low tide and conveniently located not far from a major road. Most accounts lean toward the latter, which explains the difficulty the authorities had in finding him.

Beane began his reign of terror by killing folks traveling the coastal road for their meager purses and whatever clothing and items he could sell. The pathetic amount of loot he acquired from his victims and his willingness to kill as many people to sustain himself and his soon-to-be-growing family indicates his callous nature.

The paltry amounts of money and belongings carried by the travelers in those days was just enough to get by on as long as he fed only his wife and himself. But life in the cave, with the isolation, dankness, and boredom, and with a compliant wife, caused Sawney to adopt a not so unusual hobby that changed his needs. The nasty couple screwed like goats

and bred like rabbits. Then the old goat screwed the rabbits, and the rabbits screwed rabbits and so on. In other words, Beane and his wife began begetting like mad, and those young 'uns and Sawney begat, and the young 'uns among themselves set to begetting, until he had a huge nest of hungry, drooling, hairy, unwashed, inbred, lowlife, walking scumbags living in a torch-lit cave.

The pocket change and resalable clothing acquired from waylaying travelers simply did not buy enough food to feed the growing, famished horde, so a solution was needed. Early on, Sawney reasoned that since he was carting off the bodies to hide anyway, he might as well take them back to the cave and cut off the choice pieces for grub. It saved on overhead. The flesh also tasted better than any other meat available, even to his uncultured palate. And the practice should have gotten rid of most of the evidence, but ironically, the practice also got him caught.

As the lowlife, ignorant, savage offspring grew to adolescence, they joined the adults on the hunt. A pack of wolves attacking stunned, weak game can be an efficient operation, and Beane and his clan became experts in taking down and removing people without a trace other than perhaps a few drops of blood on the disturbed dirt.

They could drop, kill, and cart a man off in seconds, it was said. They seldom failed because the Beanes only attacked when they outnumbered their prey. When someone from a local village didn't make it home, their friends would go looking for him. If they were lucky, they found nothing but blood spatters. If they weren't, they, too, would vanish. Stealth, speed, and viciousness were Beane trademarks.

Despite a degree of planning and years of experience, Sawney made several mistakes. Providing human flesh to these pieces of human filth is akin to tossing sirloin to hogs in excess—they took too much meat, and they didn't know what to do with it. They tried to preserve it, but because of the cave's damp environment, the pickling and salting didn't take well and the meat began rotting. Those of us familiar with the

stench of rotting human flesh can empathize with the desire to be rid of it as soon as possible.

An anthropophagite should remember that leftovers are evidence and therefore need to be handled discreetly. Unfortunately, the Beane's developed the foolish habit of tossing the rotted portions into the sea without considering the consequences of carelessly chucking out evidence that was bound to incite their neighbors if discovered. Sure enough, when fishermen and beachcombers found several portions of their missing friends and neighbors bobbing about, grayish and gory, among the steel-blue waves, they sounded the alarm.

The obvious preparation of the rotted flesh betrayed cannibalistic activity but not the source of the discards. The locals, disturbed by the regular appearance of obviously prepared, pickled, seawater-bloated thigh sections and upper arms washing ashore, became outraged. They formed a citizens committee. More body parts washed up. They called meetings. More body parts washed up. They actually attended the meetings. Even more body parts washed up. They started traveling in larger, likely drunken groups armed to the teeth, loosely combing the terrain, harassing strangers, and missing their prey. When larger groups began vanishing, and a whole lot of body parts began to wash up, they really got serious, assembled in large, organized groups, and tore apart the countryside, checking each hut, each thicket, each barn, and every structure they could imagine. They found nothing except for blood spatters and rags when more people vanished.

These folks had their reasons to be outraged. I became angry when I read that the Beane clan attempted to pickle what should have been made into choice loins and picnic hams. If you want to eat something pickled, eat a damn pickle! People meat is for smoking. This chump amateur activity in food preparation by the Beanes incited the ignorant masses to find and destroy the anthropophagites.

Had I been there, realizing that any society within a society should police its own, I would have led the expedition to root out those cave-dwelling culinary barbarians. Fellow

Warrior-Cannibals or not, I'd have viciously purged the Beanes and not stopped until they were gone or started doing things right. I suspect the locals arrived at their rage for different reasons, however.

The Beanes, after 25 years of success, failed miserably one day when they attacked a man and his wife en route home from a country fair. The man fought well and injured a few of the Beanes while managing to stay mounted. His wife, however, was pulled down and quickly gutted. Some of the Beanes began quartering her during the fight, which could not have failed to have been noticed by the man, who moved from desperate terror to deep rage. He continued his fight with unexpected ferocity, even when the Beanes broke away from him. This intended prey was not a "victim."

The Beane lookouts, concerned at the expenditure of time and seeing the casualties caused by this uncooperative fighter, became drawn into the fray. The unnamed man, the only known survivor of a Beane attack, must have been one hell of a scrapper to cause the lookouts to abandon their posts and doom the group.

The Beanes later boasted that they could take a group of six or seven men and women with no problems and had even taken down three armed horsemen at a time. These were not idle claims since such accounts coincided closely with reported disappearances. Yet the mysterious heroic ass kicker held off the lot of them for quite awhile. In fact, this fellow fought long enough that a party of 20 mounted people, including at least one prominent man and his sons, arrived unobserved by the errant lookouts, having just left the same fair as the couple. Understanding the situation, they joined the fray with enthusiasm. These were Scots, by God, and they knew and loved a good fight when they saw one. They slew several of the Beanes and chased the rest back to the cave. Blood fired, some of them set up watch on the cave's entrance while the others summoned help.

Today, psychologists would be consulted, coffee would be brewed, the mayor's public relations machine would crank

up, and numerous polls would be taken. Negotiators would set up their folding tables and chairs and figure out ways to impede the SWAT team from doing what needed to be done and what they were good at, while pretty-boy police reps would be on camera promoting themselves more than their departments. A media circus would ensue.

Today, the Beanes would be talked out of their cave. Some lawyer would get most of them off on technicalities, where they would be free to write books and do the talk show circuit. A parole board would eventually let the convicted ones go free, and the more vicious Beanes would be on "community placement" in a nice neighborhood, probably across from an elementary school, where the shit would start over again.

Fortunately, the folks back then didn't play around. King James IV of Scotland, once notified, ordered the matter dealt with expeditiously. Over a half-thousand soldiers and armed-to-the-teeth locals assembled. Once the operation order—which simply equated to "get them"—was issued, they went in. It must have been a hell of a fight. Imagine angry men armed with swords and polearms wading through icy thigh-deep water, battering their way into a sea cave by torchlight against snarling, human-skin-suit-garbed, club- and dirk-wielding savages. Horrific screams and curses echoed off the stone walls as the fight began, then nothing aside from grunts and gasps for smoky air as the blood spewed and the sweat dripped. No quarter was asked and none given by either side until the resistance faded. Makes you want to have been there, although perhaps in neoprene, and definitely holding a light-equipped H&K MP5 at a minimum, but sure as shit not while wearing kilts and armor and swinging a claymore!

With 20 of their number dead and others dying, the writhing wounded littering the floor, the exhausted soldiers and vigilantes found themselves standing triumphant in the central caverns. They looked up and saw quartered and gutted bodies suspended amid the swirling smoke from impro-

vised rafters. They saw barrels of heads with faces they knew floating in pickle barrels (just as the police would find in Wisconsin cannibal Ed Gein's home many centuries later), and they discovered neat piles of bones and skulls stacked about the cave. In dark recesses they found huge mounds of shoes and clothing, inspiring horrified awe at the murderous nature of the clan. By all estimates, the number of people taken by the Beanes exceeded one thousand.

The fear and frenzy of the fight became revulsion and then righteous indignation. Only torn, mangled men, too injured to stand, much less fight, and a few women and children, including infants, survived the melee. Those few survivors were dragged roughly out of the cave to face the law. The king himself ordered that the Beanes be brought to Leith for judgment. Wearing flowing gowns, lace collars, and frilly, colored vestments didn't make the judges of Scotland soft back then, and the hasty trials led to solid verdicts: death.

Every last member of the Beane family—man, woman, and misbegotten toddler—did die. They either died during the fighting or faced the executioner before unusually somber crowds. The locals dispatched them without the usual ceremony and rituals. The surviving males were butchered exactly as they had vivisectioned their victims, with the exception of the Beanes' being alive during the process. Their bodies were burned on a pile in a pit, and the womenfolk were tossed alive on top of the flames. The fun was gone. This was necessary work. They killed the Beanes to be rid of them, not to create examples as a warning to others or to display the power of the law.

The Beanes made the mistake of consuming human flesh when it was utterly unnecessary in a society that frowned on the practice. For this they faced a suitable punishment. A smart contingency cannibal at least gives the impression that he was forced into it. Feign some reluctance, don't take more meat than you can eat, and discard unwanted leftovers in the proper manner. A responsible, professional contingency cannibal never gets sloppy.

Note: a rumor persisted for years that one lass, a pretty one, brighter than the rest, escaped under the protection of one of the soldiers to re-form the clan, but this is unproven.

Africa

Myths, Mau Maus, and European Blunders



Chapter 9

In 1589, at Mombasa, not far from a place that would one day be Zanzibar, disgruntled and oppressed locals forced the Portuguese colonists out of a fortified town and braced themselves for the anticipated brutal response. The mixed population of blacks and Arabs earned the liberation of their town through guile and hard fighting, but their celebrations at winning independence were short-lived and tainted with desperation. The terrified population noted with alarm the Portuguese fleet of warships and support vessels assembling offshore. Very seldom had Africans and Arabs been successful in fighting against Europeans when the latter had access to their logistics and fell under the safety of their cannon. Since the town was close to navigable water, the Portuguese could bring their powerful

fleet, bristling with cannon, well within range of the city walls. The fat hulls were full of supplies and ammunition, and soldiers could unass the ships at their enemy's doorstep, avoiding a troop-depleting overland march of many miles. The town appeared doomed to reconquest.

The inhabitants of the town, of various religions, prayed collectively for a miracle. They knew that Portugal, although a small nation in Europe, was tough enough to keep even the mighty Spanish in check and out of Africa. The Portuguese believed it was ordained by God that they themselves and the Spaniards had a divine right to divide the world. And *they* owned Africa. The Portuguese were motivated by both greed and religion, a potent mix that inspired conquerors to take back that which they had once held.

Before the pounding began, a huge band of fierce warriors, the Zimbas, arrived en masse one morning and offered to help defeat their shared enemy, the European White Devils. The joyful inhabitants saw their deliverance. The Zimbas feared no one, and their legendary prowess and guile in combat, combined with the assets of the city defenses, would surely defeat the hated Portuguese. With little hesitation, the people threw the gates of their town wide open.

The Zimbas swept in and slaughtered the population. They feasted for days, eating only the choicest morsels from each of the slain, and departed long before the Portuguese landed to reclaim their gore-spattered and now largely empty settlement. A true story.

For Europeans, tales of Africa included such vivid and pervasive stories of cannibalism that the notion of a people in sub-Saharan Africa *not* being cannibalistic made them noble in comparison with their neighbors. Although scholars today condemn much of the European perceptions of that time, it is a fact that anthropophagy occurred at such a grand scale and in such horrific manners in Africa that fact outweighed imagination and fiction, just as it had in Asia in this century and Europe much earlier.

The people of Africa at that time included hundreds of dif-

ferent tribes and distinct cultures. Some were cannibalistic but most were not. Europeans, still harboring dark memories of similar behavior of their own ancestors in not so distant times, found accounts of cannibalism in Africa to be easy distractions from their own brand of large-scale horrors such as the bloody religious wars and the infamous Inquisition of the 1500s and 1600s. Stories of African cannibalism also circulated at a time when printing was becoming more common. Exotic, morbid, curiosity-sating tales, garnished with risqué woodcuts of topless women gnawing on arms and legs, created the first "shock" media stories.

Even today, individuals or isolated groups practicing cannibalism in Africa are heavily reported, supporting old stereotypes, and they are as rapidly accepted as they were then. Routine mention of leaders or people in Africa engaging in "reported incidents of cannibalism" or "isolated reports of cannibalism" are given prominent coverage in the press (remember Idi Amin?), while at the same time widespread stories of cannibalism in the former Soviet republics are being relegated to page B5 or the tabloids, if reported anywhere.

That said, there were a shitload of human eaters in sub-Saharan Africa until recently.

The Ashanti, for example, were such fierce cannibals and warriors that they attracted the attention of the British colonial authorities in the mid-1800s. The Ashanti had the irritating habit of snagging Brit-employed civil servants and the equivalent of native taxpayers from the populations of Britain's African colonies and using them for meat and human sacrifices. Their successes and the blatant nature of their attacks required a response, and what happened to the Ashanti can be used as an example of what a modern contingency anthropogite should not do.

In 1873, avenging British soldiers mounted an expedition and conquered the Ashanti capital of Kamasi. Although hardened to war and well experienced with life on the world's frontiers, the British soldiers were nonetheless stunned by what they found. The walls of the Ashanti dwellings were

splattered with the blood of slaves and children. Streams of blood ran through the streets.

(These are common signs of cannibalism, by the way. Generally the blood crusted and dried repeatedly until it produced a thick layer, which is the mark of accomplishment for long-term, generational cannibals. Europeans liked to report dried blood as being "one-inch thick." Anything less than an inch of dried, crusted blood apparently was not worth mentioning and is generally omitted from accounts, unless the blood was European blood. In the case of European blood, which for some reason is especially precious when it is being splattered about by anyone of color, a light spray was enough to load up 5,000 Enfield and Snider rifles and march them around under a tropical sun with bayonets fixed and gleaming. In fact, a few drops of spilled European blood was enough cause for the Victorian British population to demand the elimination of everyone within a five-mile radius of the leakage, unless it happened to be Europeans doing the shedding of the blood, which was deemed acceptable.)

The lesson learned from this incident is that the reputation and practice of cannibalism initially proved enough of a threat that forces equal in strength to the Ashanti fell back and left them alone. But by overindulging in their culinary pursuits, the Ashanti induced an extremely powerful force to sweep into their lands and smoke them in combat. Their reputation for bravery had merit, but they were mowed down by the hundreds. The next waves bravely stepped over the mounds of dead and were also mowed down. Thousands of the poorly armed but brave warriors were killed while only managing to eliminate less than a score of well-trained and armed British troops.

Incidentally, while the fighting took place, natives siding with the British served in Wood's Regiment. They had the embarrassing habit of disappearing for a few hours when charged with the custody of Ashanti prisoners, sleepily returning with potbellies and turning down their rations of tinned bully beef and hardtack while mumbling apologies about their

prisoners' "escape" before looking for a shady tree to take a midday nap.

It wasn't cannibalism that caused the Ashanti to be suppressed; it was their glorification of the practice and lack of tact. Because the allied natives maintained their discretion and kept their dark, more-or-less secret inclinations to themselves, they didn't force the imperialists to act. Having blood dripping down your chin, hair caught between your teeth, and a string of fingers hanging around your neck while dancing in a freshly flayed skin suit is pure hedonism. Avoid doing this.

A survival-minded anthropophagite should always remain low key. Although the temptation to put up a few "decaps" on poles (i.e., mounting bloody severed heads on poles as "keep out" signs and trophies) is a natural desire, a smart contingency cannibal will not succumb to this sort of ostentatious display. Participating in such activities makes a statement, but the message you send will be, "Yep, we are glorifying our cannibalism. Please muster your righteous indignation and a whole shitload of troops, thereby justifying your existence, and come kick my ass." That's one hell of a clear statement. Reputations can get you killed.

For those folks who deny that human sacrifice and cannibalism existed as a routine practice in parts of Africa as late as the 19th century, they should note that an agreement between Sir Garnet Wolseley and King Koffee of the Ashanti specifically prohibits the king from continuing his practice of human sacrifice. Sacrificed humans generally were eaten.

For the jaded reader who believes that reports of cannibalism were forwarded by the Brits to drum up world support for their colonialist aggression, keep in mind that shortly before and after this period, the Brits fought much more desperate battles, losing thousands of soldiers, in the war with the Zulus, and charges of cannibalism in those conflicts were not made at all, officially.

More recently, the cannibalistic Mau Maus made headlines in the 1950s. Since these inept butchers are no longer seen as a politically correct group of anticolonials, obtaining accurate

information from nonmilitary publications on this nationalist-inspired yet unsuccessful guerrilla campaign is a bitch. Some of the schmaltzy, anti-Western pieces are still around, but it is generally recognized today that the Mau Maus were basically a black-on-black criminal group.

Formed by members of the Kikuyu tribe in Kenya, these would-be guerrillas terrorized Kenya from 1952 to 1956 (or 1960, depending on who you believe). Initiated by an assortment of individuals ranging from London-educated intellectuals to local witch doctors and fired with the same brand of revolutionary zeal sweeping the world at that time, these folks were, unfortunately for them, without the communist ideology of the Viet Minh, Cubans, or Malaysian guerrillas and therefore were unsupported by other Reds.

Instead, the Mau Maus shared a set of loose, primitive, animist beliefs and lacked a solid central organization. Their stated goal was to drive the Europeans from Kenya, but more frequently they engaged in tribal paybacks, individual score settling, work avoidance, and murder based on jealousy over other people's economic success. (I just sparked the Coalition Against Mau Mau Defamation into action.)

To demonstrate their resolve, members of the Mau Mau consumed human flesh ritualistically and drank menstrual blood in dark "oathing" ceremonies. (Let's see them snake-eating Rangers beat *that* one!) By utilizing superstition and tradition to secure support, the Mau Maus acquired willing and unwilling recruits and manipulated them into creative dealings with tribal enemies.

Unfortunately, they lost the public relations war immediately when the astute Europeans labeled them "Mau Maus," a bastardization of perhaps *muma*, the Kikuyu word for oath. Stanley Meisler, in an article in the summer 1998 edition of *MHQ: The Quarterly Journal of Military History* concerning the crisis in Kenya in the 1950s, provides clear evidence that the savage-sounding label played a key role in the public's reaction to the nationalists. Meisler suggests that perhaps a title such as the Land Freedom Army could have served the insur-

gents better. Instead, once the label of Mau Mau was linked to the movement, without fierce denial of the term by the rebels, any story of barbarity became believable to the Euros and Africans in opposition to their efforts.

The resulting military response involved bombers, mortars, artillery, and machine guns against a few ancient Lee-Enfield rifles, fowling pieces, and *pangas* (short machetes). The Brits deported Mau Mau supporters and isolated the guerrilla bands by every means possible. Later, starving and hunted in the forests and bamboo thickets on Mount Kenya and the Aberdare Mountains, they resorted to the standard loser guerrilla grub of grubs, roots, and human flesh to continue their struggle. Brave and fierce, they believed in their cause with enough vigor that they fought for years beyond any hope of victory.

Hunted down one by one by turncoats called "pseudo-gangs," these bands of cannibals lived like animals in the forests, often without the comforts of fire or shelter. When ambushed, they often fled incredible distances and reassembled miles away from their former camps half a day later. Theirs was a pathetic, desperate struggle. Ammunition became so precious that a camp tramp could be laid for as little as three .303 Enfield bullets (or three .380 Webley rounds for a midget).

Far from the picture painted by some sympathetic, self-hating Westerners, the Mau Mau cut a bloody swath through Kenya, killing far more women and children than men, especially armed ones, with their favored weapon, the wickedly sharp panga. (Sidenote: Some Europeans in the region actually viewed sidearms as prissy and preferred long arms. In contrasting incidents, two middle-aged women fended off several Mau Maus with paltry British revolvers, while two husky men elsewhere didn't get to their expensive hunting rifles in time and, with the assistance of the Mau Maus, decorated their ceilings and walls with unique crimson patterns.)

The actual effect of the Mau Mau terror campaign militarily was limited. Thirty-two European civilians—mostly

women, children, and elderly men—and 53 European soldiers were killed as opposed to 11,000 Mau Maus. Unknown numbers of anti-Mau Maus and innocent bystanders died during this period. If the goal was to eliminate Europeans from Kenya, then we in the United States have serial killers who individually make the thousands of Mau Maus look like amateur chumps.

Politically, the Mau Maus occupied the attention of 50,000 British troops at considerable expense when there were more pressing matters elsewhere in the world. But although they forced the Brits to consider the costs of such operations, in the end more power was ceded to the colonials and not to the Mau Maus.

The lesson to draw from Kenya is that overt, excessive, ritualized cannibalism—especially when coupled with a cool but savage-sounding moniker—will cause others to hunt you down with viciousness and cunning and turn potential allies against you. A survivalist is not concerned with long-term social changes. A survivalist is out to save his own ass.

Ironically, in the very regions that most Westerners think of when discussing cannibalism, many locals there think of *Europeans* when talking about the practice. In fact, people living in some areas of Africa suspected that Europeans and Americans were cannibalistic until very recently.

Think about it. Our evidence of anthropophagy in Africa comes from dark tales and rare photos. Africans had much more substantial evidence of cannibalism among Euros and Americans to consider. For instance, our missionaries jabbered incessantly about consuming the blood and flesh of Christ to people who often translated words from Western languages literally. The symbolism of eating the flesh and drinking the blood of another to gain strength of the donor was not foreign to these people. They simply assumed that the Westerners were still engaged in practices that they themselves had discontinued!

There's another perception factor to consider. During the last century, Africans living a subsistence-based existence

could not understand why Europeans and Arabs captured or purchased hundreds of thousands of Africans and shipped them off. The idea of production for export at the level of the Western world at that time was beyond their understanding. Such a massive scale of slave trading indicated to Africans that Westerners were engaging in human sacrifice and its companion, large-scale cannibalism. They wondered naturally, "What the hell else could these guys be doing with all those people?"

And there were isolated but no less potent incidents. When you pick up a can with a picture of peas on the label, you expect to get peas inside. Same with green beans or any other canned food, right? Well, in the 1950s, a British cannery in the Congo of all places demonstrated a complete lack of marketing skills and put a picture of chubby babies on the label of canned meat products. The Campbell Soup kids may work in the United States, but guess how this type of marketing played to prospective customers in Europhobic parts of Africa? Even though common sense told most of the folks that the Europeans weren't cannibals, the myth resurfaced.

Because of climatic conditions and different standards for production, food quality, and sanitation, European firms marketing food to Africa specifically mark such cans and packages, "For African Consumption Only." This may be interpreted by people in Central Africa as specifically free of human meat, since the Europeans don't want it *without* human flesh, or that the Europeans ignorantly assume Africans want human meat while they prefer not to indulge in it, so they send it to Africa. Either way, this practice causes some friction and expenses to this day.

Lesson learned: once a label of cannibalism is slapped on a group, it sticks, even if evidence to the contrary is presented. Therefore, an anthropophagite can tell the folks who won't consume human flesh even when it is a necessity that even if they do make it out alive, if word gets out that the survivors ate people meat, *every* survivor in the group will be labeled as a cannibal. Nonadaptables should be made aware of this fact

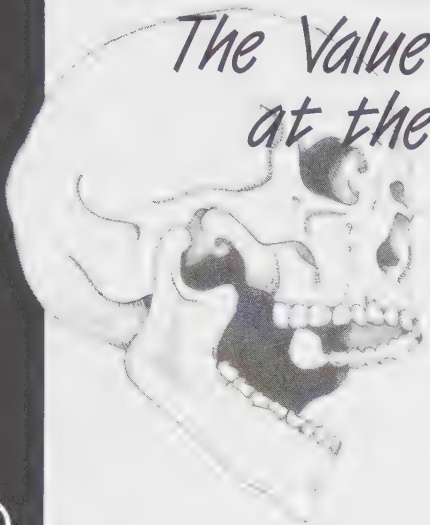
so that they can more easily join in and increase their chances of survival.

So if you are caught in a situation where the people around you decide that they must engage in cannibalism, you might as well participate, because you will bear the label whether you do or not. Besides, it is the survivors who tell the tales that become history, and in your weakened state you won't be able to defend yourself should the cannibals decide not to wait for your passing on before digging in.

And remember, a smart anthropophagite knows that secrecy must be maintained if at all possible. He will not engage in a glorified, hedonistic, and unnecessary form of cannibalism and mount trophies or, for that matter, mount donors. This is the dividing line between being treated as an unfortunate, pitied survivor or an evil piece of human debris that must be eradicated from the face of the Earth.

The Cultural Revolution

The Value of Pointing at the Other Guy



Communist Chinese Cannibals. These three Cs fit together nicely, don't they? The fact is, in just three quarters of a century, communism caused more cannibalism than Catholicism eliminated during three centuries of exploration and conquest. From the brutal elimination of a prosperous middle class in the European portions of the former Soviet Union in the 1920s to the reemergence of cannibalism in the communism-ruined former Soviet republics of today, the faulty social, economic, and agricultural policies of the Communists created many situations where cannibalism of the most primal sort spawned and thrived.

But it was the Chinese Cultural Revolution of 1959–1962 that produced the starkest example of

mass cannibalism that ever occurred on Earth and provides many lessons for the contingency cannibal.

That China suffered (or enjoyed, depending on your point of view) the most widespread cannibalism in history is not solely the adherents of communism's responsibility. Cannibalism in China dates at least back to prehistoric "Peking Man," and famines appear to be more of an excuse to return to the old habit of consuming human flesh than a cause of it.

Jasper Becker, in his exceptional book, *Hungry Ghosts: Mao's Secret Famine* (Henry Holt & Company, 1997), informs us that in 205 B.C., Emperor Gao Zu issued an edict that permitted the buying and selling of children for consumption during times of famine. The practice is subtly but deeply entrenched in some regions of China so that many people know that you "exchange babies" in times of famine to prevent the "sin" of eating the flesh of your own. The cannibals of China, you see, are mostly exophagistic, meaning they eat people from outside their own families. Endophagy, the consumption of people from your own group, was considered a crime. As recently as a hundred years ago, human flesh was available in some markets in remote areas of China.

Even today, aborted human fetuses, the results of an unnatural sexual selection imposed by a draconian population control plan, are being eaten with rice and savory sauces in some hospital cafeterias in China under the guise of cosmetic and medical benefits (various sources, 1994 and 1995). Medicinal cannibalism—the taking of parts from freshly executed undesirables who may otherwise be young and healthy—and putting the organs into the bodies of sick, wealthy foreigners, continues at a rapid pace. With its population density, one must admit that China is the place to be if you are a cannibal or a body parts dealer.

The famine caused by the Cultural Revolution led to cannibalism of an extent never before seen, as 30 million and perhaps as many as 60 million people died. Largely ignored by our left-leaning media and scholars, this period of suffering

derived from inane “agricultural reforms” during the so-called Great Leap Forward. The population naturally sought scapegoats for their suffering, and the Communists, who caused the entire problem, naturally blamed other people (labeled “counterrevolutionaries”). These innocents faced the wrath of a furious population, because an individual person is smart, but people in a group are stupid. In a crisis, a mob is purely idiotic. The Communists were clever in that they selected exactly the people they wanted to be rid of, thereby redirecting the mob’s anger and eliminating opposition with one gesture.

The modern anthropophagite must look at this desperate period and extract the lessons that will increase his chances of surviving such a crisis.

Lesson #1: Governments are huge, powerful organizations that, through their bungling, can cause famines every bit as horrendous as those caused naturally. This occurs when inane policies are adopted due to ideology based on flawed or limited information.

In China, agricultural policies based on bullshit Soviet farming practices, which supposedly yielded record crops, were adopted wholeheartedly. These “reforms” didn’t work in the Soviet Union either, but the agricultural bureaucrats there didn’t dare tell Stalin that his guidance led to failure. In China, 5,000 years of more or less successful farming was abandoned to support mindless ideology. It didn’t work. Despite obvious violations of the common-sense factor, the government charged straight ahead, and a tremendous number of people died.

How relevant is this today, since communism is considered obsolete? Could we in the United States, at the expense of common sense, adopt unscientifically proven policies that affect our vital agricultural output because of political agendas?

Heck yes! The unproven theories of “global warming” are brought to us by the same kind of folks who, in the 1970s, predicted that a modern ice age would begin within 30 years. The

same pseudoscientists and their ideologically tainted followers are driving U.S. government agencies and writing policies today. When you consider the fact that these folks also supported the bogus "population bomb" with its outlandish claims and still give credibility to the person who conceived of the theory, it should scare the shit out of you. Political correctness, doom and gloom, and a life of academia without real-life experiences eliminate common sense for these people. They cannot be trusted.

Bottom line: most of the new environmental laws affect food production, transportation, and storage. Our own government is embracing theories and acting on them without hard evidence, and if a second look is not taken, food scarcity may eventually become a reality.

Lesson #2: Hoarding food resources against projected shortages, although apparently a wise practice, will make you a target in times of famine unless you are extremely careful.

Being juicy looking and chubby in the midst of starving neighbors will get you noticed quickly. In China during the famine, being well fed was like slapping a big neon "Eats" sign on your round butt. When they found you fat and happy and sitting on stored rations, they took you for a walk to the wok.

So don't let *anyone* know that you are sitting on 250 cases of military-issue Meals Ready to Eat (MREs) and a half-ton of dried spuds, even before anything occurs. During shortages people display incredible memories, and they will come knocking on your door, often dragging the equivalent of a gun-carrying badge wearer with them. They will believe that *they* deserve a crack at *your* stash. They will blame you for creating the shortages by hoarding. People ridicule those who prepare for contingencies they do not want to face. When the crisis comes, they project the anger they feel at themselves for being left tits up and unprepared onto those who had the insight and made the effort to prepare.

Interestingly, a crackdown on the accumulation of MREs is

occurring in the United States at a time of plenty. For some reason our government views as a threat those people who display a spirit of independence by planning and preparing. Independence and self-reliance are traits that Big Government seeks to crush. If you are not dependent on them for anything, they are out of a job. See how it works?

Recent legislation aimed at limiting the purchase of MREs demonstrates the government's resolve to control every aspect of our lives, including our misery level should we begin to suffer from policies created by the very same people who want to regulate our very chances at survival. So don't share your preparedness philosophy with anyone who isn't into it as well and tightly tied to you.

Lesson #3: Use distractions to save your ass.

Be ready to point your finger at someone else before the mob focuses on you. Point out the fat boy and shout out a modern, preferably environmentally linked equivalent of "counterrevolutionary!" while twisting your face into an enraged expression and stepping back to let the others do the dirty work. Be sure to overact and get your point across. Let the crowd do the tenderizing and initial bloodletting, then elbow your way in when they divvy up the cuts. It is always better to be a hunter than the hunted.

Only in touchie-feelie movies do the mean people get theirs. We are dealing with surviving a real crisis here. Being a prick will save your ass.

Lesson#4: Almost anything can temporarily become socially acceptable if the practitioners are numerous and overt.

Never spearhead your dietary change openly; let someone else do it. Gauge the mood of the common man, then participate and finger-point if necessary.

Social reinforcement is potent, however, and once your close group or family starts to pursue the ultimate option, *everyone* must participate. Just as when you drink you really don't want to have nondrinkers present, smugly looking on

with superior smirks on their prissy faces, when you sit down to your Stu Stew you don't need to have nonconformist holdouts making "icky" sounds and "that's gross!" comments and ruining your succulent feast. If you have ever eaten a regular meal with meat on your plate while sitting across from a vegan or vegetarian who made faces, you understand the problem.

Those holdouts, *the nonadaptables*, if allowed to avoid partaking, will consume a disproportionate amount of conventional food, if available, as they condemn you. Either make those around you eat human flesh at gunpoint or write them off as friends . . . and write them onto your grocery list.

Lesson #5: Wear a raincoat.

That's right, get some condoms. One of the most amazing aspects about human beings is that nature balances our population. We either screw our brains out during and following a crisis, or else our gonads go into overdrive and the body decides to put remaining resources into our reproductive organs. Following a dip in population from war, pestilence, or famine, the population generally rebounds, within a single generation, to a level higher than it was prior to the drop.

You will have turbo sperm and women will have wonder eggs. So don't even flirt with a chick without taking precautions. The "since we can't eat, we might as well boink" philosophy is fine as a distraction, but after all the suffering ends, you are going to wind up in court and paying child support through the nose. When you consider the fact that women outsurvive men in these crises (men die off twice as rapidly), and you the meat-eating cannibal will likely be a survivor—and a virile male at that—you'll be facing a really favorable date ratio. Opportunities like this come once in a lifetime, and you're a fool if you're not getting laid six or seven times a night from three or four different chicks.

Just be careful out there, son. Put a rubber on your stubby. You know the drill.

Lesson #6: Know your Chinese food.

In the early 1960s people ate a lot of Chinese. Literally. Although the sauces can make anything taste good, if you are weakened by hunger and have not had solid food for awhile and you eat Hunan or Szechuan, both of which are hot and spicy, you can get a raging case of the trots. Being malnourished and getting the runs further weakens you, making you a front runner for the pot. Cantonese and Mandarin are milder and flavorful, but they leave you hungry just a few hours after a delightful meal. You then have to go out and find another counterrevolutionary. So don't go nuts with the seasoning because you are worried about how people meat will taste.

Lesson #7: Avoid bodies of running water.

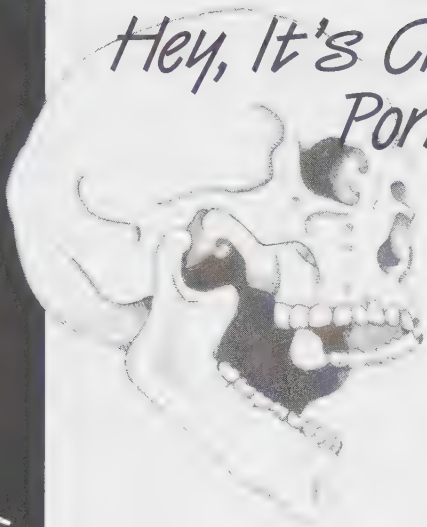
If they start talking about "taking you down to the river," it is a really bad sign. For some hidden, instinctual reason, in periods of atrocities the desire to eliminate people exists, and the killers seem to wish to do so within sight of a body of flowing water. If the people of a village turn on you and you are near a running body of water, you are fucked. So get the hell away from bodies of water, and avoid the town square during periods of crisis when folks will turn on each other.

To sum it all up, (1) you may not be able to prevent being forced into cannibalism, but determining your chances of survival and adapting accordingly is your responsibility; (2) keep your efforts to hoard food quiet at all times, and (3) survival of the fittest means the most aggressive and the best able to take care themselves survive. As a survivalist, you need to be able to take advantage of any opportunity that presents itself. A smart survivalist wears a rubber while doing so and can actually find himself enjoying a famine.

Be a real bastard if you must save yourself and your family.

Cannibalskis

*Hey, It's Cheaper Than
Pork and Beef*



"Cannibals Return to Russia: Human Flesh Being Sold on the Streets," reported Yelena Rykovtseva in the Moscow newspaper *Novosti*, 25 August to 1 September 1996. This shocking headline, carried by Reuters and other news services worldwide, alerted us to the upsurge of cannibalism throughout the former Soviet Union. The incident that spurred this revelation occurred in Perm Oblast, where a citizen, identified as "Citizen K," brought into a police station some people meat that he had purchased on the streets.

The legacy of communism, as stated previously, is cannibalism. Russians are starving.

In Russia today, human flesh is being bought on the streets. It is being fried, broiled, ground, and rolled into traditional pastries. The police, with their

limited funding and incredible homicide rate to deal with, can do little but literally pick up the pieces.

The problem of cannibalism in the former Soviet Union is so widespread that attempts to organize task forces and join forensic resources are being made overtly and seriously. Almost every former republic is reporting incidents of cannibalism. These are not isolated incidents of individual wackos; multiple, often unsolved cases by the score are occurring. Entire families have been consumed, most often by people working together.

This is reality. A reliance on CNN, ABC, NBC, and CBS will give only a limited view of the world. The wire services have these stories, and they have them by the score. Apparently, tales of People Pirogis don't play well during the dinner hour.

Why is cannibalism so widespread? Historically, the Russian people have had little value for life, whether others' or their own. The hundreds of ethnic groups formerly bound by the Soviet Union consist of many warrior peoples who do not blanch at the thought of bloodshed. Stalin's purges and forcible removals caused tens of millions of deaths. The Great Patriotic War (World War II for us), which began for the Soviets almost 60 years ago, is kept as a fresh memory, and cannibalism saved incredible numbers of people during this war.

During the horrendous siege of Stalingrad, thousands of active cannibals fought on both sides, their survival instincts motivating them to engage in fierce combat more than any political persuasion. Although the Soviets had some bread, the recipes included additives of sawdust and ash because of a severe shortage of grain. Meat was not to be found. For both sides, the securing of fresh human meat and, in winter, the pilfering of warmer clothing from the dead were all too common. Making things easier, viewing an enemy as inferior morally or spiritually lowers them to the status of animals, and we know the Communists were godless in the eyes of the Nazis and the Nazis were murderous invaders in the eyes of the Russians.

The war involved much cannibalism and very brutal acts, and the elevation of veterans to heroes allow many to talk about atrocities like munching on German soldiers proudly and openly to this day. Add this to the fact that many people in Russia have no morality other than what they were taught by the minions of the former Soviet Union, who, when they lost power, left a vacuum which vodka and corruption could not fill. The result? Murder is acceptable. Cannibalism is OK.

Two primary forms of cannibalism are enjoyed in the former republics: Opportunistic Sustenance Cannibalism (OSC) and Amoral Thrill Cannibalism (ATC).

The ingredients for sustenance cannibalism are sloth, drug addiction or alcoholism, and personal isolation. Proponents of OSC are Hunter-Cannibals, not Warrior-Cannibals (see the Glossary for the difference). The typical case is one in which an unemployed man in his thirties or forties, on the dole for a suspect disability, or perhaps a retired factory worker along with his mother or common-law wife, decides that his stipend from the state would be better spent on vodka or opiates than food. Rather than immediately drinking themselves to death, these folks decide that they would like to live a bit longer to enjoy drinking. They believe only in this life and that there are no repercussions other than the law for their actions. (OSCs come largely from disillusioned Communists; members of the Eastern Orthodox Church and Moslems generally do not participate, which reinforces the contention that the restrictions and hesitation against cannibalism stem mainly from religious views.)

Using the lure of vodka, the OSC often just waves a bottle out his door, pulls in one of the ragged pieces of shit sleeping in the communal hallway, and gets the man drunk enough to pass out. The OSC generally begins preparations for the meal prior to the bum's even slipping into a drunken stupor, promising to "have" him for dinner and perhaps even letting the victim peel the potatoes that will literally be his sidedish.

Using brutally stupid methods of killing such as hacking through the throat with a dull knife or boinking the guy's head with a sledgehammer, the OSC unceremoniously dispatches

him and begins the process of consumption. Excess meat is wrapped neatly and sold on the street for a few bottles of vodka to satisfy the cannibal's personal needs and to use as bait for the next victim. People using this technique procure many meals this way despite their sloppiness because the selected victims are not missed. Complaints by neighbors of foul odors and the threat of a bum sobering up long enough to ask about a friend—and doing so with enough conviction to interest overworked or corrupt Russian cops—allow for at least several killings to take place. There are no estimates of the number of cannibals operating in this manner, but they may be high since only the most dimwitted and lazy are ever caught.

A variation of the OSC is the similar Sexually Motivated Opportunistic Sustenance Cannibal (SMOSC), who selects his victims from the tens of thousands of displaced street kids in Russia, picking younger teenage girls and males according to taste and opportunity. The SMOSC engages in cannibalism for both protein ingestion and sexual gratification. Using heroin, marijuana, or vodka for bait, the SMOSC is much like a serial killer in the United States, being a sexually frustrated male in his thirties or forties, too close to his mother, and a bit above average in intelligence. These individuals usually operate alone, although some do work with a close collaborator or two, often his mother, if still living, and a ringer, a teen who goes out and establishes the links with the street kids.

SMOSCs generally find employment beneath their skill and intellect level since their fulfillment does not come from job satisfaction. In most aspects of their lives, they use minimal effort to maintain the high level of energy necessary for their forays.

These guys are an elite sub-breed of the Opportunistic Sustenance Cannibal. Knight-Ridder's Inga Saffron reported that the most recently apprehended SMOSC, an Alexander Specsivtsev of Novokuznetsk, operated long enough to claim 19 victims. Other notables: Andre R. Chikatilo, the infamous hunter of the young and lonely at the Moscow train stations; Nikolai Dzhumagliyev of Kyrgyzstan, credited with killing up

to 100 females; and one unnamed Russian killer who racked up perhaps 200 victims, mostly young women and girls.

Jeffrey Dahmer was exceptionally close to being a SMOSC, and I strongly suspect that had he lived in the much less affluent Russia instead of the United States, and had he not had an appearance appealing to his victims, or had he been older, he would have had to enlist the assistance of a collaborator. Then he would have perfectly fit the model of a SMOSC.

The lesson for an anthropophagite is that he can operate successfully in an urban environment if he is extremely careful and not greedy. The larger cities, with their transient populations and the ironic isolation that comes from crowding, provide a perfect hunting ground for a contingency cannibal. An active urban contingency cannibal not only gets rid of the victim, he eats the evidence. Only bad luck, poor victim selection, sloppiness, greed, and poor hygiene can get him caught. He can operate almost undetected for decades or until the period of hunger ends and he returns to a normal lifestyle if he wishes . . . or is able to.

Prisons and gulags in Siberia provided an environment ripe for cannibalism. When a pair of inmates fled the work camps, they often duped a third into coming along to provide a source of food. Inmates are nothing if not adaptable. As the hedonistic influence of the West inspired the Russian people to change their perspective from the dull cycle of Communist Party rallies and quota meetings to strip clubs and rock videos, the inmates adopted a similar thrill-seeking lifestyle in the prisons.

Consequently, the Amoral Thrill Cannibal (ATC) is largely a prison phenomenon. Since the former republics of the Soviet Union do not carry out the death penalty much, they have tens of thousands of individuals facing incredibly long sentences with no hope of release. These prisoners don't have cable TV, CD players, fuck trailers for extended visits, pretty female prison guards to try to hit on, or lonely women volunteers to pass the time with. They sit in a cell or walk around in the big yard. And they brood.

Mean sons of a bitches, they grew tired of cutting each other up with knives improvised from metal bed slats. Punking the fresh-faced newbies passes the time, but even that gets old after awhile. The inmates individually and, after hearing accounts of what other inmates did, in small groups decided that they wanted to supplement their meager rations not to ensure survival but simply to relieve the boredom.

By killing and eating the new guy, they figured they could at least vary their diet, come up with a new reason to kill someone, do a cursory study of anatomy, and have something new to talk about. They would also get a trip out of the prison for a court date and perhaps an evaluation period at a mental institution, which was bound to have better food and provide a glimpse of a nurse or two. From their perspective, their planning made sense. Life doing life as an inmate already sucked. They did the poor bastard a favor and got something out of it for their efforts.

Most readers of *Contingency Cannibalism* are likely North Americans, living above the Rio Grande, and hopefully not likely to wind up in prison anytime. Even if a reader did wind up in a big house in the United States or Canada, our relatively soft prisons are not going to generate authentic ATCs. The only lesson that a contingency cannibal may learn from Amoral Thrill Cannibals is that he sure as shit doesn't want to wind up in a Russian prison!

One point of concern for patriotic Americans is the fact that the son-of-a-bitch Russians are trying to beat us again. They might have gotten smoked with their dead political experiment of communism, and they bit the dust on the space race, but, as much as it hurts me to write this, they are way ahead of us in the percentage of serial killers per capita, and we can't touch them in the number of bodies cannibalized per year in either numbers or tonnage.

Fun Russki Terms to Know

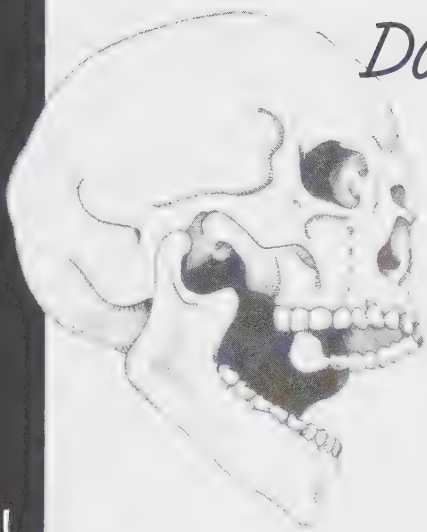
Aba River—A location where the partially butchered bodies of an unknown cannibal or group of cannibals are not infrequently found.

Pel'meni—A popular dish similar to ravioli. Cannibal Dzhumagaliyev's favorite stuffing for his pel'meni was human flesh. (For the recipe for People Pirogis, see Chapter 14.)

Snowflowers—The stiffs of murder victims found after the spring thaw.

Andes

Doin' It Right



On 13 October 1972, a Fairchild F-227 belonging to the Uruguayan Air Force made an unsuccessful tunneling attempt through the Andes Mountains. The prop-driven plane crashed into a mountain because of pilot error. The plane was off course, and its reported locations were incorrect. The pilot had swallowed a hunk of glass through his throat during the wreck, so he was beyond explanations. The crash left 45 people dead, dying, injured, or just pissed off and freezing in a godforsaken environment.

Like most stunned survivors of a disaster, they initially believed that their safety was someone else's responsibility. They didn't know how screwed they were.

The passengers consisted mostly of the rugby

players and their friends and well wishers. The survivors, mostly the athletic young men, little realized that they would be putting Uruguay on the map, and for a very unique reason. They beat 10 weeks of misery and starvation with ingenuity, courage, and determination, and they provided the rest of us with the paramount peacetime survival story of the 20th century. No study of contingency cannibalism is complete without studying these masters, who demonstrated adaptability that stretched beyond the crisis and well into their post-incident lives.

Often mistakenly called a soccer team, these were no prissy Europhile ball kickers. Rugby players are tough, aggressive bastards. Variousy misidentified as Chilean and Argentinian, these guys came from wealthy, mostly rural and conservative families of the less well-known South American country of Uruguay. Although college educated, they had experienced enough hard work in their youths to maintain a modicum of common sense. As athletes they were physically fit, despite their pampered backgrounds. They were also largely party types, and the idea of getting laid and driving their sports cars kept 'em going.

For readers unfamiliar with the events best portrayed in the movie *Survive* and the book *Alive*, I'll provide a quick summary. Few people have experienced true survival situations, and the rugged rugby players were no different. Immediately after the crash, they huddled in the icy confines of the fuselage and waited as it grew darker and colder. Another day came and went, and then another. They had no idea that the search operations were being performed without exceptional vigor and in the wrong areas. What the survivors did grow to understand, however, was that they had to deal with hypothermia, avalanches, strife, and depression.

The young men ultimately fought death over a hellish 10 week ordeal, from 12 October to 21 December 1972, until their rescue. They kept alive by eating the dead, and they kept several of their injured and ill compatriots alive despite incredible odds. They attempted several ways to signal aircraft,

imaginary or far off, but finally decided that the only way to save their asses was for a few to haul ass over the mountains to civilization. Using improvised packs, no real equipment, and a hand-sewn sleeping bag, two members of their emaciated party climbed rugged rock faces and challenged slick glaciers and finally made their way to safety and help.

Once the rescue took place, the survivors used savvy and political acumen to ensure that sympathy for them only increased after the public discovered they had engaged in contingency cannibalism. These guys were damn good; real damn good.

By all accounts, the tough survivors of the plane crash should never have made it. The fact that they did means that crisis anthropophagites must understand their techniques and decision-making process throughout the ordeal.

Lesson #1: They began eating human flesh before the need became critical.

The survivors devoured people meat before what little available food they had was exhausted. Doing so ensured that they had the strength to endure labors and miseries that they would not have been able to manage otherwise. Within nine days after the crash, they moved to the alternative diet. A fortunate irony was that the cold that so sapped their energy also preserved their primary source of energy-replacing meat.

By chowing down more quickly, a contingency cannibal can maintain more necessary muscle mass than he would if he slowly starved. Remember that with starvation, the body begins to feed upon itself from the extremities in. Growing weaker in the upper body and legs is not going to increase your chances of survival in *any* location, let alone an isolated, avalanche-ridden, high mountain pass with nothing for shelter but a trashed airplane fuselage.

The early intake of meat was also necessary because the men had to stay active in order to ultimately save themselves. If muscles are not used regularly, they begin to atrophy, or break down, within days. Since dragging ass to safety is the

best survival option, ensuring that the muscles are used to keep them nimble is essential, and this of course means protein is needed.

So you must quickly recognize and anticipate the need for cannibalism in a crisis, because whether or not you are ready to consume human flesh at the point the decision is made, remember that the perished are a perishable resource, and you may be too late.

Lesson #2: They preserved the bodies and observed strict ration control.

By packing the bodies in the snow and locating the missing for an increased larder, the rugged rugby anthropophagites ensured that they maximized the potential of their food reserves. The cold in the high mountains preserved their dead, but unless you happen to be in a critical situation in an extremely cold environment like they were, you may not have the luxury of waiting for several days to decide that you must pursue cannibalism. Even if you are repulsed by the idea of eating human flesh and you are not yet hungry enough to engage in the practice, you must act immediately when you realize your situation is desperate.

The consumption of human flesh may be delayed a few days, but the preparation can't be. Either smoke or air-dry strips of human flesh immediately so you can keep your options open as starvation and desperation set in. Gulping down ragged clumps of tangy, pungent, mushy flesh from a bloated corpse is beyond even my palate. This unpleasant experience could also give you the trots, causing you to lose vital fluids and minerals even more rapidly and making you even weaker.

Hint: if it smells sour, cook it thoroughly. If it has a rancid stench, you waited too long, although some people claim that rotted human flesh develops a cheesy taste and consistency and actually complements a dish of fine-grained muscular thigh meat, which is a bit dry when served alone.

Although the rugby players had many cadavers to dine

on, they had no idea how long they'd be stranded, so they wisely limited their intake. The fact that rationing had to be established was actually a positive sign. It demonstrates aptly the rapid transition from reluctance and loathing to craving and gluttony once one decides to engage in cannibalism.

Lesson #3: They improvised everything.

The rugby players used sharp shards from a glass mirror to cut off the strips of meat, dried the meat on the aircraft's mangled fuselage, and, realizing that the white aircraft would be difficult to see from above, casually tossed about bones and offal to help mark their location.

For dining they experimented on various parts of the anatomy and created sauces and stews, which they ate with spoons made from split-open bones and bowls made from the tops of skulls almost identical to the ones found by archeologists. Although such bone evidence is claimed by some to be signs of ceremonial treatment of the dead, much of the improvisations dreamed up by these men match evidence and accounts concerning ancient people engaged in anthropophagy.

Lesson #4: They took care of their own.

Each death within an isolated group, regardless of individual feelings toward certain people, substantially diminishes everyone's morale. The death of a jerk is not celebrated. The blow to the spirit of the group is especially acute when the members have convinced themselves that they will live and then are proven incorrect through another death.

Once the Uruguayans' immediate need to sate their hunger for protein was satisfied from established stores, they didn't need to eye each other hungrily, waiting like vultures for others to die. This allowed them some level of compassion. By focusing on others' problems, they didn't have to focus on their own. This is the adaptive phenomenon known as, "Yeah, I'm screwed, but that guy is *really* fucked up," or, "That son of a bitch is messed up pretty bad, but if he is making it, I sure as hell will!" It is a very powerful survival instinct.

This need to care for everyone is a tough one. Murphy's Law is a bitch, and it will be entirely in effect if you wind up in a contingency cannibal situation. The odds are that you won't be stuck with friends and nice people but with pricks and assholes.

The average guy is going to think, "Well, fuck them!" and the temptation is there to let 'em die. But the impact of watching death after death among a group of survivors can be devastating. Unlike when part of a mob (as in a famine), in small groups being a good guy can pay off, and it may be your ass that gets saved just so some other guy can look at you, think you are fucked up, but want you to live to reassure him that he will make it too.

Taking care of your own also means ensuring that things are organized and planned. Preparedness and survival are practices of the self-reliant. Gathering resources, taking care of the injured, and assigning tasks takes decision making and work.

Lesson #5: They sent people out to secure their own rescue.

In a true crisis, an individual or group too often discovers that their fate is solely in their own hands. If no rescuers arrive after a few days when you are stranded, consider hoofing it out. One mistake that the rugby players made was waiting almost too long. They finally selected the best people to walk out to find help. Physical fitness and psychological toughness are requirements for these expeditions. The others sacrificed meat to ensure that the hikers ate a bit better and maintained their health as much as possible. Even before the first team set out, the remaining people organized other teams as a contingency.

How long should survivors wait before deciding to set out? Well, when you are picking scraps of human flesh from between your teeth is a good indicator you are dicked and you need to get to help. If you can't survive on available food sources in the region, you are in a hypercritical situation. The initiation of cannibalism should be made just before the attempt to walk out.

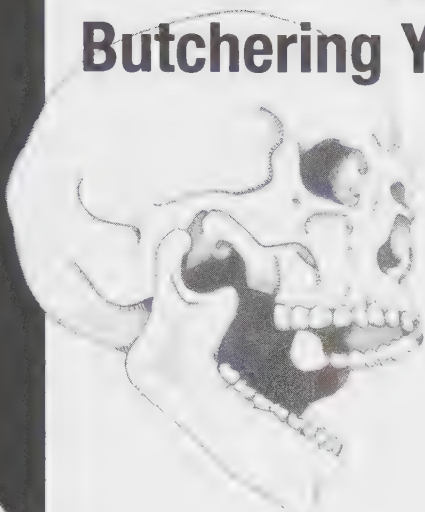
Lesson #6: They developed a proper public relations machine.

Once these men were rescued, their efforts to ensure their well-being did not end. They maintained control of as much information as they could and limited access to themselves until they were prepared to make a statement. When they finally made their statement, they made sure they were surrounded by family, friends, sympathetic officials, medical personnel, and, most important, clergy. Uruguay was and is a religious country. Before admitting to anything, they sought and secured religious approval for their contingency cannibalism to the extent that the Catholic Church, normally the strongest opponent of cannibalism in the world, actually accepted their behavior. Since the men had the choice of either consuming human flesh or denying themselves an opportunity to live and thereby intentionally committing suicide, cannibalism was deemed the correct choice. This was a brilliant method of ensuring public support.

In their statement, they spoke highly of the dead and used their best spokesman to address the press in controlled interviews. Word of internal strife and displays of cowardice, weakness, and bitterness were not revealed. The public, while horrified, sympathized deeply with the men.

In short, what made the rugby players successful when faced with the ultimate test of survival was that the fact that they followed a wise and pragmatic course: (1) they made an accurate assessment of their situation, (2) they planned what they were going to do after reviewing all the options, (3) they justified their decision both pragmatically and ethically to themselves and each other, (4) they organized and divided labor in support of the plan, and (5) they executed the plan with every bit of their being. They used these steps to survive, to ensure their rescue, and to win the PR battle.

Selecting and Butchering Your Grazers



Chapter 13

Note from Shig: I had to enlist the help of a former Marine infantryman (Mortar Maggot, Gulf War vet) to write this chapter. I will protect his identity by simply calling him "Grunt," not because it's slang for infantryman but because of the horrible sounds he makes when he takes a shit. Grunt had the knowledge of stalking and moving through the woods that was required to write this chapter as well as an interesting overall perspective.

If vegetarians eat vegetables, then what do humanitarians eat?

This may surprise the reader, but I am going to strongly support the animal rights activists and their views in this chapter. I studied our population and found a perfect group of people who can support the contingency cannibal's lifestyle when a crit-

ical shortage of protein occurs in a survival situation. I was inspired by something once said by a prominent member of this group.

To paraphrase a much-repeated quote made by a guru of their movement: a boy is a dog, is a rat, is a cow, or whatever, all animals being considered equal and human beings being considered just part of nature. I like this phrase. I really don't want to eat a dog or a rat, but cows are fine. This saying therefore inspired me to seek out and identify human cows, or those individuals I choose to call "Grazers."

Vegetarians, the folks who eat sprouts, grass, nuts, and twigs, are a *natural selection* for an ecoconscious and considerate modern contingency cannibal. Hell, when the system folds, the vegetarian animal huggers will just adjust their grazing from the water-sprinkled troughs and salad bars at the health food stores to picking clean the forests and fields. They might begin to take over the postapocalyptic world rapidly. We'll have herds of them, breeding like mad after engaging in indiscriminate sexual encounters, voting in new social programs, and taking away our property rights as they roam about unchecked, denuding the landscape and causing erosion.

I call them Grazers because it honors their culinary life choice and begins the process of dehumanizing them with a label. Since they have always preferred an animal's life to that of a human being, and since they didn't like their position at the top of the food chain anyway, how can they object to my selection of them to become my primary source of protein? They must understand the struggle that we, the contingency cannibals, feel when we face conservative diet-consumption bigots just because of our alternative culinary lifestyles. I feel that this selection honors them and their views as well as provides some convenience to me.

Real, four-legged animals are crafty, hard to find, and fast moving. Hunting deer is difficult, involving many hours of stalking or waiting in the cold. Deer also like to go into places where there are nasty branches, slick mud, and biting black flies. I also will admit that deer are kind of cute and harmless.

I don't want to shoot Bambi or Bambi's mom, since my kids would be pissed at me.

Vegetarians, on the other hand, are one of the few groups as intent on not expending unnecessary energy as I am. (They're really lazy.) Generally, they are easy to find. These two-legged Grazers are just asking to be culled, and you don't even need a tag.

How do you find these Grazers? If you get downwind, you often can smell them. In pursuit of a "natural" lifestyle that never in human history existed by choice, they reject modern conveniences such as soap, toothpaste, shampoo, and deodorant. If you have ever suffered through mass transit, one of the "benefits" their ilk has forced on our society, you'll remember sitting near a Grazer.

Remember, although Grazers may smell worse on the outside than other long pigs, they smell the same as any other on the inside. The Grazers are also healthier in general, avoiding unnatural additives to their food. I smile when they gobble up those tofu burgers and salads because right now they graze well on their own, at no expense to me. Show me a cheaper contingency ration than that!

Often, they cluster in offbeat used bookstores and places where energy-channeling crystals and homeopathic items are sold. Many universities and city colleges suffer infestations of them. Look for folks in espresso shops without cell phone imprints on their ears. Natural-fiber clothing, an absence of sensible modern materials, and a total lack of leather garments are noteworthy among the Grazers as well. With time, after the downfall of civilization and the closing of the last fast food place, you will learn to salivate when you see anyone wearing nonleather sandals and carrying handwoven book bags. The clang of wind chimes will be your dinner bell.

During the spring and summer, the female of this species proudly displays her legs resplendent with numerous coarse bristles and flashes the decorative musky fur fans under her upper limbs. If the hair on the head of the female Grazer has received any treatment other than an uneven spreading of a

natural coating of oil, it may be bound two-thirds down the length in a ridiculous ponytail.

The female of this species is generally the most vicious and the larger of the two or possibly more sexes of the Grazers. This phenomenon is due to what is called *sexual dimorphism*, in which the members of one sex of a lower order creature is notably different in size from members of the same species of the opposite sex. Many of the females are mysteriously hefty, considering the prescribed all-plant diet.

The males are less frequently noted. Look for scrawny guys with weak chins often barely hidden by wisps of hair and spotted with acne. Ugly handwoven hats of unfamiliar designs are a big clue. Oddly enough, the males are generally less hairy than the females, and it is not uncommon to mistake a Grazer male for a female or vice versa, since they often confuse the issue themselves when mating, despite the sexual dimorphism. The more masculine and rugged-looking of a pair is generally the female.

Most Grazer males are angry and frustrated. They posture a lot and attempt to look intense. Don't be fooled by the motions; most are either donuts with knit caps or pencil-necked geeks without the intellect.

Don't expect a rutting season; these Grazers follow a more goatlike pattern in their sexual activities. The activity may be more goatlike than can be mentioned here. (All animals are considered equal.)

Occasionally a buck, larger with full beard and bandana, may be observed, but irrational emotions generally drive him more than intellect, and he is, therefore, easily dealt with. His concern about old-growth timber and the evils of technology is such that he generally spurns the advances of the female of the species, who leave him alone mumbling to himself about spotted owls and clear cuts.

Older males have especially stringy hair, nasally voices, and very thick glasses, often with a piece of medical tape wrapped around the bridge. Although we know these lone stags to be cowardly and violent, more frequently writing

rambling letters and resorting to package bombs then direct confrontation, they seldom breed.

Both the males and females have a disproportional number of nearsighted individuals, which is an adaptation feature that ensures the continuance of the species. With Grazers, poor vision is an essential procreation-required trait since a good look at most potential partners would dissuade the Grazer from breeding within the species.

When searching for Grazers, look for world peace logos and patches and stickers advocating the preservation of large marine mammals. Avoid harvesting the long-haired balding ones possessing VW vans plastered with skeleton or skull-related stickers celebrating a cult band of dubious musical accomplishment unless you want to trip on your stew.

The best thing about Grazers is their aversion to firearms. They may play hell on innocent loggers trying to earn a living or harass a well-dressed attractive woman wearing fur, but entire herds of them can be dispersed with little dabs of pepper spray on Q-tips rubbed in their eyes.

Their chosen weapons are railroad spikes driven into trees to catch unwary loggers and buckets of blood or paint to splash on the furs of better adjusted women. Neither tactic is a match for a Browning A bolt in .308 Winchester or Winchester '94 if they get feisty and tangle with you.

Grazers move from being merely a potential asset to the status of Donor-Grazers after the need to harvest is realized. A little preparation is essential before beginning a Grazer hunt. Don't dress like Grazers, as this may make you a target for other contingency cannibals, but in a worst-case scenario a Grazer disguise may make you appealing to them. Wear loose-fitting clothing that you don't mind discarding. Washing prior to beginning your search for a Donor-Grazer is not necessary, but ensure that you eliminate anything that smells like honest labor, as this is known to drive them away instantly. If you suspect that there are Grazers in the area, leave a sprinkling of soy beans and joints on a trail. They can't fail to fall for this bait.

Since neither the publisher nor the author advocates killing even in survival situations, I recommend that you simply follow your Donor-Grazer until you find him or her, after recently having evacuated his or her bowels and bladder, lying dead beside the trail. Ideally, you will find the Grazer just minutes after someone has fired a bullet through his skull or walloped him with a mattock handle on the side of the head. For some odd reason, in survival situations such finds are in no way rare.

If a find such as this is not located, simply wait and starve to death, since the use of violence is always wrong, even if done very humanely, crisply, and efficiently, with a minimum of effort, while making the world that much better a place for the rest of us.

A word of warning on the selection of potential donors. You should avoid the following individuals:

- People with numerous runny, gaping sores.
- Skinny old folks. They aren't good fryers (but they're halfway to jerky).
- Burly, well-armed guys traveling in groups, still answering to military titles.
- Illegal aliens (not USDA approved).

ON PREPARATION

Ensure that you read this portion and learn it before beginning the real work of butchery. You don't need to have this manual dripping with blood and gore and stinking up your bookshelf, even if it would look gnarly.

You went through all the effort necessary to secure your own Donor-Grazer. Unless you're experienced in vivisection or had a really strange childhood, you must be careful to avoid mucking up your find and having to start over. People meat is good meat. Don't waste it because of haste or ignorance.

Remove all clothing, equipment, and jewelry before you begin butchering. (I am talking about your future source of meat's items of clothing, equipment, and jewelry, not yours.) I

recommend that you wear a vinyl apron, eye protection, and surgical mask. These items will protect you from potential blood-borne pathogens as well as allow you to claim that you were attempting desperate field surgery should the authorities walk up on you during the initial stages of preparation.

You will likely need, at a minimum, a hatchet or hacksaw, a large serrated knife, a paring or short fillet knife, pliers, ground tarp, wrapping paper, tub of cool water, and an hour with a partner providing security. Work fast, rest later.

Remove the head, feet, and hands. Discard. A note to Marine and army grunts—no ears, no scalps, absolutely no souvenirs! Aside from being tacky, they are called “evidence” in the peacetime civilian world and are generally frowned upon. Stern-faced, closed-minded authority figures are usurping our freedoms daily, and no matter what guise they come in, you will find these priggish do-gooders getting involved in everything, killing our fun and convenience. It is hard to believe, but even anthropophagites, pursuing a natural course of action to continue their service to mankind, may have to deal with critics.

Cannibalphobes are individuals who are not tolerant of the alternative culinary life choices of cannibals. As when dealing with any bigots, the best course of action for a practitioner of desperation diets is avoidance. These hypersensitive whiners can raise a ruckus that could cause embarrassment and possible legal ramifications. Consider these individuals when selecting a site at which the work will take place. Either pick a place that provides good concealment from prying eyes, or clear the area of such pushy individuals by whatever immediate methods you have available.

Site selected, tools provided, and safety equipment on, you can begin your sectioning. The best manner of doing this is by clearing away the more easily cuttable material using your knives, and then, upon reaching the bone, using a hatchet, taking quick, aimed strokes between the joints, cutting the material in small amounts each time. Rapidly working the blade by wiggling its edge into the cut between the joints

while applying pressure will part the bones neatly.

Incidentally, those civilian wackos like Ed Gein and Jeffrey Dahmer—chuckleheads who explored the cannibal option unnecessarily—ensured that an ignorant public will paint every practitioner of this survival skill with the same broad brush. Perverted degenerates, they severely damaged the reputation of anyone else pursuing anthropophagy. Although there are hundreds of fine historical examples of practitioners saving lives (generally their own) in rugged survival situations by consuming human flesh, the media has to seek out the negative ones. The last thing any field needs is more glory-seeking amateurs who botch it up for everyone else. Be sensitive toward this and be considerate. A good anthropophagite is a professional. Do a good job of cleaning up after yourself and return any borrowed equipment in the condition you received it, if not better.

Slit the Donor-Grazer's stomach vertically, remove anything inside, and discard. The best method of ensuring that you don't spoil the meat is by pinching off the tubes to each organ, *carefully* cutting them off above your fingers to prevent leakage in the cavity, and throwing the organ away. As delectable as the internal parts may appear, get rid of them. The purpose of superhardcore survivalism is survival, not culinary delights, although that is a side benefit. Don't take any unnecessary risks. The internal organs have a much higher potential to be a source of disease than does the meat.

Rinse out remaining blood or body fluids from the cavity and allow it to drain to the ground. This slurry is not "gravy"; it is potentially disease-causing microbe-rich material of no value. Get rid of it.

No, you don't drink the blood from the heart and eat the muscle to gain strength. That is a myth for the suburbanite deer hunter who wants to feel in touch with nature. Granted this is a traditional anthropophagite practice as well, intended to gain the strength of a fallen enemy warrior, but even the ancients made mistakes. I am curious why they did this, since the stiff was obviously the loser, and the anthropophagite,

being the winner, kicked his ass and was already the better fighter. I would view such a practice with extreme distaste, and I didn't feel any closer to nature in doing so, nor did I feel stronger.

Remove the limbs at the shoulder and quarter the remainder. Again, I wish to stress safety: the combination of broken bones and slick knives are a recipe for a nasty nick on the thumb.

Find a cool, dry area to store the meat until you consume it. Depending on the time of year you made the harvest, much of it can be smoked, which is preferred, or jerked, as in Jerked Jerk (see Chapter 14). I do not recommend that you leave it hanging to "age" since the smell will be intolerable after a few days of decay, and the meat is already tender.

To even begin this process, your ability to dehumanize the Donor-Grazer must be in progress. Eliminating the heads, hands, and feet will help you psychologically in a more rapid adaptation to the demands of your new culinary lifestyle. Another concern is the careless disposal of easily identifiable body parts. This can cause you other problems such as legal troubles and the spread of disease. They also stink after a few weeks.

Take all unused parts and bury them in a pit after scattering an anaerobic bacteria on them. You can purchase this mix from any hardware store. Look

Notes concerning service members who consider cannibalism:

- Use the procedure for ensuring that an area is clear of nuclear, biological, and chemical agents and employ a ruse to disarm the "volunteer." ("Let me see that dirty rifle, private," is an excellent one. Another is, "Sir, I can hold your rifle when you take a shit.")
- Start with people outside your chain of command, with the exception of second lieutenants, whom you will not miss and who, in most cases, can enhance the capability of a unit through their absence.
- Don't use frags unless you really enjoy stew. A lot of stew.
- Discard senior noncoms. They are too stringy to be used except after several hours in a crockpot. There's the advantage in that their meat keeps well since it is generally pickled, but Marine noncoms are too salty and will raise your blood pressure severely.

- Navy personnel, regardless of rank, for some reason all taste like calamari.
- If using Air Force NCOs, don't forget to use their secretaries as well, since every one of them appears to have one or two.
- Use REMFs (Rear Echelon Mother Fuckers, a.k.a. admin pukers, clerks and jerks, staff officers, etc.) sparingly. They are soft and easily harvested but have a taint from bootlicking and ass-kissing. Senior NCOs working in personnel are especially toxic for this reason.
- Grunts are too lean to pack right as hamburger, so add a little bit of REMF meat since it has a high fat content, and the slight, proportional taint won't spoil the flavor. (Two pounds ground grunt added to half a pound of REMF should give you a fat ratio of 20 percent, or 80 percent lean. This is nice and packable as patties and in meatloaf.)

for a septic tank culture. Anaerobic bacteria are microbes that work in an environment with limited or no exposure to air. Carcasses decay much more slowly when buried underground than when exposed to the elements unless you take this precaution. After burial is complete, replace the foliage.

Because the practice of anthropophagy is not looked upon favorably, the extra step of being considerate and covering the bio-trash will likely be appreciated by others. The addition of the bacteria encourages rapid decomposition. Consider this as your way of helping Mother Nature do what she does best. You can pat your belly and feel good while feeling good about yourself if you do it right.

In summary, being a good anthropophagite is being environmentally concerned and compassionate.

Other Uses for People Parts

- The top of the skull for a cup or bowl. Very common.
- Human skin as garments. Common.
- Human skin for leather. (Outlaw stagecoach robber Big Nose George's back skin was turned into shoe leather by a doctor. It proved supple, wore amazingly well, and "breathed" well in the summer.)
- Human skin as art. Remove and frame tattoos.
- Human bones for fortune telling. Especially favored are finger bones.
- Human heads for decorations or warnings. Universal.
- Mummified human beings for cooking fuel. Egypt.
- Human beings stuffed for displays. Predominately United States, for freak shows.

Preparation

Chapter 14



This chapter includes actual recipes for a variety of dishes designed to best use your hard-earned people meat. *Contingency Cannibalism* is not intended as a cookbook, so consider this as just a jumping-off point. With the anticipated 68+ pounds of human flesh (average man) that you'll have on hand, you will have plenty of opportunity to do some experimentation.

As with any meat, use the usual precautions when handling human meat. Wash your hands thoroughly before and after touching raw cuts. Clean your cutting surfaces, bowls, pans, and knives before using them on either the cooked meat or other foods to prevent cross-contamination. It is assumed that the reader has traditional cooking implements or the ability to improvise in the field.

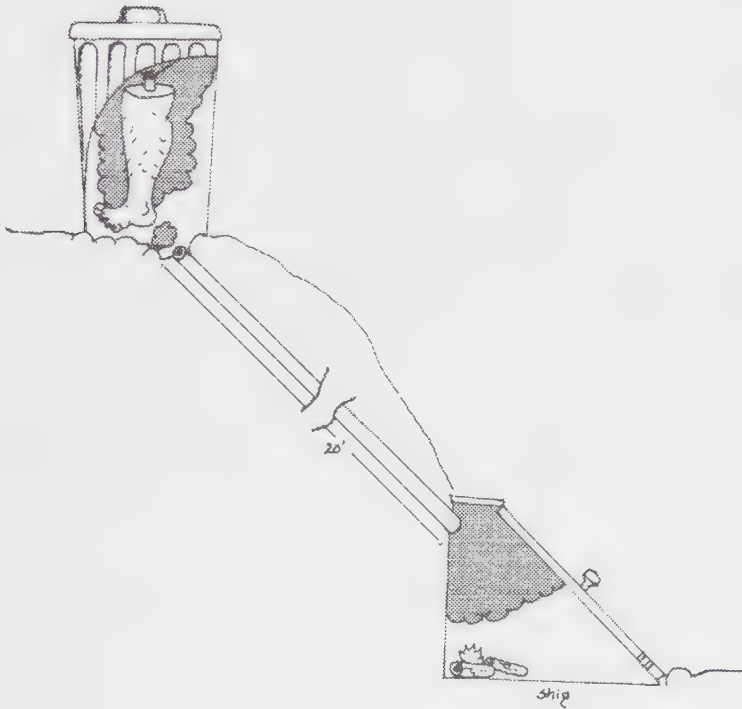
Remember, this meat has some similarities to pork and even to lamb with proper seasoning and careful cooking, but the aroma and flavor are different. Enjoy.

THE SMOKEHOUSE

A decent smokehouse can be made for very little money and a lot of hard work. Survivalists generally don't shy away from hard work, and the idea of mouth-watering taste treats should bring a smile to any contingency cannibal's face.

Collect pipe approximately one and a half inches in diameter. You will need at least three lengths, each approximately 25 feet long. You will also need plywood, a 55-gallon oil drum, and fuel.

Study the accompanying illustration. It is self-explanatory. Dig a hole at the top of a convenient slope approximately 18 to 24 inches deep and almost as wide as the barrel's base. Place the barrel over the hole. Dig a shallow trench down from the hole's bottom the length of your pipes. This trench should be a minimum of 18 inches wide. Lay the three lengths of pipe in the trench and cover with dirt and rocks to insulate the conduit of smoke. Below the bottom end of the pipes, dig your firebox. The firebox should be large enough to contain ample fuel but not so large that you cannot stoke or cover it. Cut your cover, preferably from sheet metal.



The Improvised Smoke House

The shape of the firebox (lower right) forces the smoke to rise up the pipe to the smoke house (upper left), which is made of a trash can with the bottom punched out. Draw vents drilled in the bottom of the firebox door provide oxygen and allow for the continual flow of smoke through the pipes. Small vent holes near the bottom sides of the trash can will allow excess smoke to escape and prevent the fire from being "choked" by the smoke. Hickory or other wood chips can be added for flavor.

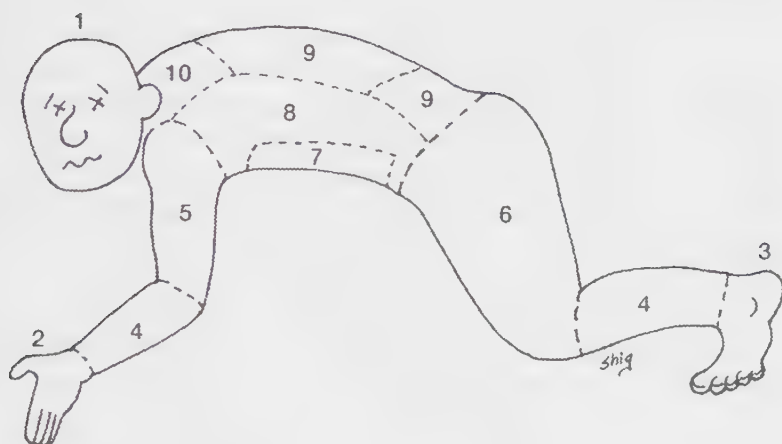
MANAGING YOUR LONG PIG

Ideally, the butchering of long pig should be done when it is cold outside. During the summer and spring you should be able to find other sustenance. In temperate areas you have an advantage over the folks living in the sunbelt: the colder periods provide you with a chance to make hams and bacon and salted human fatback.

You can figure on 50 pounds of ham and shoulder and 30 pounds of bacon off a 200-pound man. The scrap meat can be boiled, diced, and used to feed your pets.

For this level of butchery, you should have a good meat saw (available in most well-supplied hardware stores, but any hacksaw will do), mallet, meat grinder, cutting board, and several sharp knives.

1. Ham. Cut off at the hip bone, then cut off the feet.
2. Loin. Make into chops or Canadian bacon (if you have a Canadian).
3. Spare ribs.
4. Bacon slab.
5. Upper arm. Use as a picnic ham or small roast.
6. Cooking bacon.



Butcher's Chart for a Contingency Cannibal

1. Head—Discard immediately; requires special handling. (Cheeks are a delicacy, however.)
2. Hands—Discard immediately; require special handling.
3. Feet—Discard, but can be stewed to provide a base for soups and broth.
4. Picnic hams—Bake or smoke.
5. Upper ham/shoulder roast—Can be divided.
6. Ham or roast.
7. Belly bacon.
8. Ribs—Best barbequed.
9. Fatback—Used for salt "pork" and for seasoning beans. (Lower portion good for making "cracklings." The kids'll fight over this part.)
10. Back strap and chest (not seen)—Great for jerky.

CURING SAM HAM AND BACON

Trim off excess fat. Pat the meat dry with paper towels. Weigh each piece, document the weight, and cut for ration planning. Rub all surfaces with salt and let stand for eight hours in a cool, dry place. Wipe off the accumulated moisture.

To make the brine, take five pounds of salt, an ounce of saltpeter, and three gallons of water and mix thoroughly. When you think the saltpeter and salt are dissolved, keep stirring for several more minutes. Place the meat in a container large enough for the meat and the solution. Pour solution on the meat. Do not put the meat into the solution. Do not mix your solution with the meat already in the water. Shortcuts will ruin your meat.

Weigh the meat down with rocks. Ensure that you use rocks that have been cleaned and sanitized by boiling them in water. Allow them to cool before using. Soak the human flesh chunks for eight days per inch of thickness. You can inject brine along the bones with a brine pump to speed up the process. Change the brine solution whenever it becomes too cloudy, rinse off the hams with fresh solution, and pour the fresh solution over the hams and bacon slabs.

Once the meat is thoroughly cured, remove it and let it drip, keeping any insects away. Smoke the hams continuously for five days. Wrap all portions in separate cheese cloths and keep in a cool, dry place.

If you must use your meat immediately, you can try the following recipes.

Takada Teriyaki

In a medium bowl, mix take soy sauce (just use the best Japanese brand available) with corn syrup, lemon juice, and crushed red pepper. Add the lemon and pepper to taste. No more than a teaspoonful of the last three ingredients should be needed for two to three pounds of meat.

Select your three pounds of meat, preferably from an Asian. Almost any cut will do, but remember that firmer, mus-

cular cuts will become drier and marbled; fatty cuts aren't exactly good for teriyaki without a little bit of trimming. The meat just beneath the fat from a male's stomach is ideal.

Take your meat and slice it with the grain (along the muscle tissue) into strips that are roughly too thick for jerky, about 3/4 of an inch wide and four to six inches long. Marinade in the sauce for just half an hour. Soy sauce is salty as hell, so sometimes a touch is better than a drenching. Overmarinading can cause the meat to become gritty, as it tends to fall apart if marinated for several hours.

Cook over open flames on a grill or holding skewers, applying the sauce with a brush on both sides. Bring the marinade to a boil and immediately remove if you plan on bringing it to the table during the meal.

Takada Teriyaki goes well served over white rice with a nice garden salad, a zesty vinaigrette on the side, and a glass of red wine, preferably not too dry but definitely not too sweet.

Field version: Soak some hacked-off bits of meat in a canteen cup half filled with old, sweet black coffee. Shake in some Tabasco, let sit for a minute, pass your Zippo underneath the cup a few times, pour out the sauce, and call it cooked.

Superhardcore version: Cook?

Uruguayan Meatballs

Cut your frozen meat into strips with a square cross-section roughly 3/16-inch across and however long. Cut into cubes. Press down upon the corners with your fingers and roll into balls. Swallow with snow water melted with light reflected off fuselage aluminum. Close your eyes, shiver, and wait.

JerK Jerky

Select meat taken over a personal matter for better enjoyment. Mix the marinade from Takada Teriyaki using less lemon and twice the pepper if you enjoy hot jerky. Cut the strips thinner and narrower than you would for teriyaki. Marinade for one hour. For safety and to greatly speed up the process, I recommend a light baking, 325 degrees for eight

minutes on a cookie sheet. After removing from the oven, let it cool by dipping the strips a second time in the marinade and then, using either a smoker (recommended) or a dehydrator (not as good, but usable), begin drying the meat. Properly done, human jerky should not have any pinkness or moisture when finished.

Allow it to cool if made in a smoker before packing for storage. Jerk Jerky will keep well in resealable plastic bags. Place some crumpled newspaper beneath the jerky to absorb any moisture. For longer storage, replace the newspaper when necessary. If date of preparation may be crucial evidence in a potential prosecutor's case, don't use newspaper—use butcher paper.

Authentic Irish Stew and Stu(art) Stew

Cut up two pounds of an Irishman or a guy named Stuart into roughly shaped cubes smaller than three-quarters of an inch. The cut is not important. Pan-fry it until the blood stops running and pools on top of the meat, just enough to lightly brown it. Turn the chunks of flesh and pan-fry the other side. Do not drain the fat and blood. Put the contents of the pan in a three-quart pot on a low heat setting. Dice up four or five medium carrots, two medium onions, a tomato, half a head of cabbage, and four medium potatoes and add the vegetables to the meat. Add Worcestershire sauce to taste, providing for more than you would use as a condiment since the vegetables will absorb some of the sauce from the broth. Add salt and pepper. (Remember, everyone has his own taste . . . literally.)

Simmer for three-quarters of an hour, stirring periodically. Ensure that the contents do not boil for more than a few seconds at a time. You'll be serving one, but this recipe feeds at least two people.

This stew goes well with buttered rolls and whiskey.

People Pirogis

I am sorry, but I dislike Russian food. It's almost all gross. No wonder they drink heavily. Well, anyway, since this is probably one of the most common cannibalistic fares consumed today, I had to include the popular People Pirogis.

Filling ingredients:

- One onion, chopped and crushed
- One and a half pounds of finely ground meat
- Parsley
- Salt, two teaspoons
- Black pepper
- Crushed red pepper for appearance; use sparingly
- Paprika
- Cayenne pepper
- Three well-beaten eggs

Brown and drain the meat on medium heat. Add butter, seasonings, and eggs. Mix well. Put in a bowl and chill. Skim off any congealed fat.

Crust ingredients:

- 4 1/2 cups of flour
- 1 1/4 teaspoon of baking powder
- 3/4 cup of butter
- 1 heaping cup of sour cream

In a large bowl place baking powder and flour. Mix in other items thoroughly and knead until you have a consistent dough. Place in fridge for three hours.

Roll out the dough and cut into four-inch squares. Place a lump of the ground human flesh mix the same diameter as a walnut but one and a half times longer in the crust, flip over one corner toward the other corner, and crimp it closed with the end of a fork. Brush with egg whites and chill again on a very lightly greased pan. Bake for 30 minutes at 400 degrees.

Goes extremely well with sour cream and vodka.

Hobo Pocket Stew

This recipe comes from an outdoorsman, dedicated survivalist, and accountant in Seattle. Despite his friendly smile and polyester suit, this man is a rugged survivalist, and although he is a friend, I wouldn't turn my back on him. He rides public transportation and walks through rough areas just to get into confrontations.

If the recipe name didn't turn you off and remind you of some wino puking in his jacket pocket, you will be pleased with the ease and flavor of this one. It originated as a Depression-era hobo meal but is easily adapted to suit the needs of a modern contingency cannibal.

- 1/2 pound of shredded or ground meat from a less transient source than a hobo
- 1 can of mixed peas and diced carrots or 1 can of corn
- 2 diced potatoes
- 1/2 diced onion
- Salt and pepper

Combine the items and wrap carefully in tin or aluminum foil, ensuring that the bottom half is watertight. Use a minimum of three layers of foil. Pack it until it looks like a potato prepped for baking in the oven. Carry in your jacket pocket until you can place it in a conveniently hot place, like next to the flames of a furnace, a campfire, or near the engine of a running vehicle. Leave it until it smells great, then leave it a bit longer.

This is a pretty convenient and delicious pocket meal. To get an unbiased opinion, I shared a few of these with a nice young couple hiking near my campsite several years ago without telling them what meat I used. They loved it.

This one goes well with a fortified wine.

Hunk o' Bubba

Definitely not a Yankee pot roast, this is an delicious and easy one-dish meal.

- 4 pounds of rump or thigh meat, preferably from a Bubba
- 1 tablespoon of black pepper
- 1 teaspoon of salt
- 1/2 teaspoon of seasoning salt
- 1/2 teaspoon of powdered garlic or garlic salt, or
two minced garlic cloves
- 2 tablespoons of maple syrup
- Several quartered potatoes and halved onions.

Mix everything but the slab of meat, onions, and potatoes in a resealable plastic bag.

Pound your meat until tender with a meat mallet, baseball bat, brass knuckles, or rifle butt (might have been done before butchering).

Put the meat in a pan. Coat one side with the mix of seasoning from the bag, flip over, coat other side. Surround with potatoes and onions.

Shove in a meat thermometer. If you don't have one, buy one. Cover with foil. Bake over coals, keeping the pan above any flames for roughly one hour and 45 minutes. Check the meat thermometer periodically until the temp is just over 150 degrees to ensure that the meat is thoroughly and safely cooked.

If desired, pierce the hunk of bubba uniformly with a knife and allow your seasonings to penetrate the meat 10 minutes after it begins to cook. Spoon the drippings over the top of the meat several times while cooking.

Once cooked, pull the meat pan from the coals. Let sit for five minutes. Slap it on a cutting board, take your Ka-Bar (you damned well better have one), and slice the meat.

Serve with a can of beer.

When in doubt on other recipes, a good rule of thumb is to look up pork recipes and the less labor-intensive mutton recipes.

ON WINES

At dinner the conversation occasionally turns to which wine best complements the delicacy of human flesh. I am not a connoisseur by any standard, nor am I much of a consumer of alcohol. However, I strongly recommend a mild dry wine, and I lean toward a blush if the fare is not one heavily laden with rich sauces. Avoid sweeter wines, as the meat has a slight sweetness of its own. The taste and consistency of the meat is such that, to get the full effect of the flavor and texture, I prefer a wine that is at most a complement to the meal. Choose one without a distinct, oppressive taste, and serve it cool, not cold, for the best effect. Your guests will appreciate your thoughtfulness.

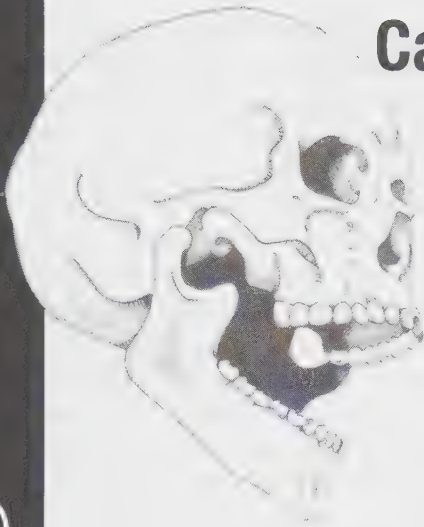
Incidentally, the research for this chapter was not only difficult but expensive. Forensics labs and evidence techs in most parts of the U.S. are excellent, and I had to be really, really careful. In a survival situation, you shouldn't have the difficulties I faced in putting these recipes together, but at least I've saved the practitioner both time and effort and prevented good meat from being wasted.

Carribbean Cannibals and Buccaneer Barbeques

Prior to coming to the New World, Europeans cooked their meat on spits or served it stewed, boiled, and occasionally fried. When the Spaniards arrived in the New World, they found that the Tainos and Caribs, the latter a fierce, cannibalistic tribe, preferred to cook their people meat by grilling it on a water-soaked lattice of twigs. Most woodcuts from the early exploration period showing cannibals depict this activity.

The largely English pirates preying on the Spanish merchant fleet adopted the practice, using instead their preferred beef, and the French term *boucanier* gave the pirates the name that distinguished them from other sea raiders—buccaneers. This not-so-subtle attempt to link the barbarity of the pirates with that of the cannibals was effective, but as the style of cooking became more popular with the Spanish and buccaneers grew even more unpopular with them, a Taino term—*barbacoa*, which became “barbeque” for us—was adopted.

Why Study Cannibalism?



Chapter 15

Cannibalism exists. Cannibalism will continue as long as people exist.

As this book goes to print, anthropophagy—whether practiced as contingency cannibalism, simply to enjoy the flavor of human flesh, or for statement making—is occurring in our world at this very moment. Hutu and Tutsi genocide, although petering out, resulted in cannibalism as thousands of the displaced wandered about Africa. The scattered incidents of anthropophagy throughout the former Soviet Union are not diminishing. Medicinal dining in China, although exposed by the mainstream media, quietly continues, and the horrible famine in North Korea is probably causing cannibalism on what must surely be an immense scale.

The consumption of human flesh for reasons

other than sustenance and entertainment is ancient. Ritualistic cannibalism largely originated with the belief that the consumption of relatives, enemies slain in battle, and sacrificial victims was a means of preserving an "essence" or achieving power. Whether the power sought was gained was essentially incidental to the motives.

Alchemists, individuals who engaged in fringe theological science (which would have been labeled as sorcery had it not had the approval of royalty), frequently utilized parts of the human anatomy in their concoctions. Satanic rituals, which seek some of the same end of securing power with a different focus, typically involve at least the drinking of blood, and, unlike alchemy, theirs is not a dead practice. Ritualistic sacrifices occur with shocking regularity and are still kept secret, just as they had been when occult practices reached fad levels among the nobility of Central Europe during the Middle Ages.

Cannibalism extends beyond merely eating human flesh. The medicinal benefits of using materials drawn from human beings are numerous. Certain types of medical experiments based on pure theory are much like alchemy, with the religion and mythology replaced by science and education. A vicious opponent of medicinal cannibalism, Jose L. Yelincic of the Rutherford Institute reports that cells from the brains of aborted fetuses have been inserted into the brains of sufferers of Alzheimer's disease, and the new world opened up by the successful cloning of Dolly, a ewe, may lead to the production of clones created specifically for providing spare body parts.

Strong arguments are being made that the use of fetal tissues for medicines, pulling parts from the recently deceased for organ replacement in others, and even utilizing extracts of hormones from the living and the dead are justifiably classified as cannibalism. Just as an organ transplant today may save a human life in 1999, the consumption of flesh in the Andes saved many human lives in 1972. Ironically, the Western civilizations that moved decisively to quell cannibalism in the last century now lead the world in the new forms of cannibalism.

Our newspapers sensationalize many aspects of our lives but leave the issue of cannibalism to the tabloids. Television, which rushes headlong into other taboos, tends to shy away from prime-time coverage of cannibalism. Political correctness is still enough of a strong influence to keep many of the facts from being revealed, and most articles mentioning the desperation diet are buried among mundane pieces or are downplayed.

At a gut level, you *know* that you are not getting the full picture. Two examples from the past illustrate my point.

One fact you'll seldom see honestly depicted in stories about the death camps run by the Nazis is that some of the survivors endured their miseries only by engaging in cannibalism. Like the Chinese during the famines in the 1930s, the favorite cut was the rear of the thigh below the buttock, which can be sliced off quickly and easily with a small sharp knife. Ask the few surviving veterans who liberated concentration camps and who had the stomach to take a good look around. Some are willing to talk about it.

Given the circumstances of the concentration camps, the absence of cannibalism is almost impossible. You know that it had to have occurred there. The practice simply makes sense in that environment, especially when the mind-set of resistance was best carried out through surviving long enough for retribution after the war. Dying was easier, and the tough and courageous did everything they could to survive and be witnesses for the postwar trials and beyond.

However, anthropophagy in the camps is seldom mentioned in either scholarly texts or mass-market books unless it is included as an eye-opening one liner or footnote. How could something that commonly occurred among such a thoroughly studied group of people be allowed to go essentially unmentioned? Sensitivities and politics were, and are still, heavily involved. These powerful forces shape our perception of the past and our news today.

The second example is a strange one and not at all well known or even suspected. In wartime Britain, shortages at one point often led, ironically, to excesses at later times. When

announcements for vitally needed blood donations were made, health care officials often found that they ended up with a large surplus. The shelf life of blood and storage limitations at that time ensured that much of it would be wasted.

Not wanting to discourage patriotic donors and cause future shortages, the nurses continued to draw blood, and a tremendous reservoir was built up. The idea of literally spilling out the blood was repugnant to those aware of the excess, so to remedy the problem, some British officials considered mixing the glut with that of animal blood to make blood sausages. As far as is known, this was not done.

This small episode was not a significant event in wartime Britain since the plan was never heavily endorsed, yet *it still existed*. It is a delightfully stunning anecdote, but it is almost completely forgotten, and it was not heavily recorded because of political considerations.

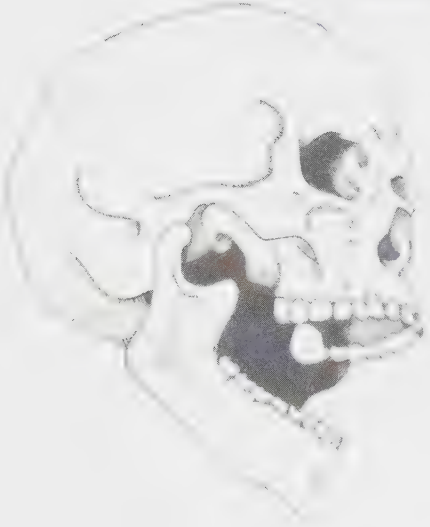
These two items are fact. One concerns cannibalism justified by circumstance, yet it goes unmentioned, perhaps out of sympathy for the survivors. The other is interesting and shocking but not well known despite the fact that revealing the plan would hurt no one. In both cases, the winning side decided what information to pass on as history.

If something as natural and as much a part of humanity as anthropophagy is suppressed, and suppressed so thoroughly that the subject is mostly discussed (if at all) in low tones and nervous chuckles, how much information on *other* topics is kept from us by authorities, institutions, and traditions? These decisions are being made constantly, and not just about cannibalism.

One intention of *Contingency Cannibalism* is to remind the reader that so much that is pressed upon us by our culture, by our institutions, and by our media is utter bullshit. Much is left out, and most of what is doled out is suspect. If a topic as real, ancient, and pervasive as cannibalism becomes so heavily wrapped in myth and taboo that it is relegated to cartoons and "B" movies, and the "respectable" media is hesitant to report it, what else do they lie about?

Superhardcore survivalists must reexamine their opinions and parameters not just on cannibalism but on violence, on relationships, and on any other issue they may face in a crisis. They must be ready to react and adapt quickly and decisively. They must base their decisions on pragmatism and knowledge, not ethics and fiction. A superhardcore survivalist knows that during a crisis, he will no longer have to suppress his true nature, and in doing so, he is more likely to survive.

Glossary of Terms



Agent-An essential member of the post-incident team of individuals you must assemble immediately after coming back from a marketable crisis survival situation. I strongly recommend me.

Ainu-The aboriginal inhabitants of Japan, possibly cannibalistic.

Amahuaca Indians-A cannibalistic people from the North American southwest.

Anaerobic bacteria-An extremely useful tool for an ecologically sensitive anthropophagite which helps eliminate the biowaste of the donor more quickly through enhancing the decay process of a buried carcass. Available in most hardware stores, where it is sold because it is also useful for decaying the gunk in septic tanks.

Anasazi-An extinct fierce people of the southwestern United States who recently have been found to have been very active cannibals.

- Ancient India Indians**-A fierce people from India who ate people.
- Ancient Scots**-A fierce people from Scotland who ate people.
- Anthropologist**-An individual who studies the origin, culture, and development of man.
- Anthronerd**-An individual whose social prospects in high school were so poor that he or she wasted energy on becoming bookish instead of seeking sexual exploits, sparking intelligence instead of hormones, and going off into an unnatural scholarly tangent. An abhorrent, unhealthy lifestyle.
- Anthropophagy**-The acceptable and natural practice of consuming human flesh by a human. The specific term for the practice of cannibalism among human beings.
- Anthropophagite**-An individual engaging in the acceptable practice of anthropophagy. Also *anthropophagus*.
- Arawaks**-An Indian group of the Carribean region that included, among others, the Taino and the fierce, cannibalistic Caribs.
- Ashanti**-A formerly cannibalistic people of Africa.
- ATC**-Amoral Thrill Cannibal. From prisons in the former Soviet Union, inmates who kill and cannibalize fellow inmates to relieve boredom and not merely for sustenance.
- Australian aborigines**-A highly spiritual, formerly cannibalistic people.
- Aztecs**-A fierce cannibalistic group of people, no matter what the revisionists say. They managed to build an empire that largely subsisted on the flesh of human beings and created an elaborate religion that supported the practice. The Aztecs developed the most sophisticated cannibalistic culture possible.
- Birhors**- A fierce Asian people who ate people.
- Burgundians**-A fierce European people who ate people.
- Cannibal**-A pragmatic person who consumes human flesh because it tastes good and is nutritious.
- Caribs**-A fierce, cannibalistic Arawakan people from northern South America and parts of the Caribbean.

- Cheknobounce-o**-The purported Aztec god of overdraft protection who needed appeasing, and one of hundreds of excuses made to sacrifice folks to acquire their delicious bodies.
- Chinese**-A shitload of people, including many who occasionally engaged in survival and market-based cannibalism.
- Contingency cannibalism**-The practice of engaging in the consumption of human flesh by a human being only when all other options for sustenance are exhausted.
- Counterrevolutionary**-A major food group for communist Chinese during the Cultural Revolution and a source of revenue today. Each one is worth his weight in body parts on the world market.
- Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease**-A degenerative neurological disease that is a minor risk to a careful contingency cannibal.
- Demicrats**-Alferd Packer's nutritional mainstay when trapped in the mountains.
- Donner party**-A rather embarrassing incident for men as a whole, which left the women involved smirking and picking their teeth for years.
- Endophagy**-The practice of eating individuals from within one's family circle, a really bad practice for your relatives to engage in.
- Exophagy**-The practice of eating individuals from outside one's family circle, a really bad practice for your neighbors to engage in.
- Food pyramid**-A government lie designed to destroy the pork and beef industries and produce a population of sheep-like people the government can control.
- Forensic facial reconstructionist**-An artistic individual who has nothing better to do with his time than to "put flesh" on recovered skulls in an effort to better identify the victim, making the elimination of evidence for contingency cannibals a royal pain in the ass. A careful cannibal must include a sledgexhammer in his kit bag to batter the face of a donor until it is difficult to reassemble, making identification more difficult.

- Forensic pathologist**-A real scientist who can determine what exactly occurred to a donor used for cannibalism and a real danger to an anthropophagite who feels the need to conceal his activities.
- Forensic technician**-A crafty, intrusive individual who can really embarrass an anthropophagite through discovering evidence of his activities.
- Goths**-A fierce people occasionally listed as being cannibals who ravaged Europe prior to the Dark Ages.
- Grazers**-The recommended meat source for contingency cannibals. Grazers are Earth-friendly individuals who for numerous reasons are a fitting choice as a protein source for the astute anthropophagite.
- Grazer-Donor**-The individual selected to provide sustenance for a contingency cannibal.
- Huns**-A fierce cannibalistic people from Mongolia.
- Hunter-Cannibal**-An individual who engages in covert cannibalism within a society that does not generally engage in cannibalism. Hunter-Cannibals generally seek out the dregs of society or the weak and helpless, such as children, and are proficient in their activities. Successful Hunter-Cannibals abound and are never even suspected to exist by law enforcement.
- Hurons**-A reputedly ceremonially cannibalistic Native American people originally from the St. Lawrence valley.
- Incas**-A reputedly cannibalistic people who inhabited the Andes Mountains in South America.
- Iroquois**-A confederation of fierce Native American peoples from the New York area who occasionally engaged in cannibalism.
- Jagas**-A fierce cannibalistic people.
- Kalmuks**-A Mongol people in Russia who, as irregular troops in the Russian army fighting Napoleon's invasion of 1814-1815, roasted and devoured fallen French soldiers in view of the enemy to enhance their reputations as fierce fighters and to fill their bellies.

- Kuru**-A degenerative neurological disease that is a minor risk to a careful contingency cannibal. It is a high risk to a multigenerational endophagite, however.
- Lights**-The lungs of an animal or human being, so called because they are the lightest weight by volume of all the internal organs.
- Mancritters**-A term of convenience that needs to be more commonly used to cover any ancient near-man or man-like creature that evolutionally falls between man and ape.
- Maori**-An exceptionally fierce people of New Zealand who engaged in cannibalism.
- Mau Maus**-A fierce group of people who initially engaged in an internal nationalist struggle in Kenya with the goal of establishing land reform but which quickly degenerated into a class envy/tribal conflict. Mau Maus engaged in cannibalism both in oathing ceremonies and to survive.
- Menschenfresserin**-A devourer of human flesh.
- Mongols**-A fierce cannibalistic people sometimes called "Tartars" who were real ass kickers, the ultimate Warrior-Cannibals.
- Omnivore**-An animal or human being that maintains a balanced diet by relying heavily on two food groups (not beer and pizza but meat and plant matter).
- OSC**-Opportunistic Sustenance Cannibal. People who, lacking a moral foundation that precludes such behavior, recognize that the individuals around them are walking meat sources and take advantage of such availability. OSCs are Hunter-Cannibals who prey upon easy targets such as street people, winos, prostitutes, runaways, relatives, friends, and family members.
- Packer, Alferd**-A victim of a vicious, unforgiving public and a vindictive political party who was derided and condemned for doing what it took to survive and filling his pockets while doing it. A victim of poor timing because he engaged in what he claimed to be survival cannibal-

ism, but his gut overlapped his belt substantially, and he was looking rather peaked.

Paleoanthropologist-An individual who studies the origins and development of man and his culture, using artifacts to provide the basis for solid theories.

Paleogeek-An individual pursuing a lifestyle in which an inability to develop sexual liaisons produces frustrations that cause energy to be spent studying and speculating on the irrelevant and unconfirmable.

Paleontologist-An individual who studies fossils and artifacts.

Papua New Guinea Highlanders-Many different peoples occupying the remote areas of Papua New Guinea, most of whom engaged in ritualistic cannibalism to provide minor relief to a protein-sparse diet.

Pawnees-An American Indian tribe that experienced isolated incidents of ceremonial exophagistic cannibalism as late as the 19th century.

PETA (People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals)-A radical group dedicated to lowering the status of man while elevating animals to a higher plane. Real wackos, and an alternative label for Grazer.

Picnic ham-The upper and lower forelimbs of a Donor-Grazer.

Post-Communist Russia-An area that has so many "isolated" incidents of cannibalism that task forces had to be organized to stop it. Much of this cannibalism is contingency based; however some is due to a combination of sloth and a lack of a moral foundation.

Pre-Christian Irishmen-Heavy drinkers and a reputedly cannibalistic people.

Predynastic Egyptians-A cannibalistic people of Northern Africa.

Rugby players-A fierce bunch of people who engage in brutal bloodletting and bloodlust on a regular basis and who are not above engaging in contingency cannibalism when necessary.

Scythians-A fierce cannibalistic people from ancient Scythia.

Sexual dimorphism-A natural aspect of lower order animals such as vegetarians in which the members of one sex of a species is markedly smaller or larger than members of the species of the opposite sex.

SMOSC-Sexually Motivated Opportunistic Sustenance Cannibals. Serial killers who consume the flesh of their victims for both nutrition and sexual gratification. SMOSCs are above average in intelligence and therefore very difficult to catch in comparison to other Hunter-Cannibals.

Sociologist-An individual who was too intellectually limited to take a real science in college, although he or she really wanted to, and who tries to phrase both common-sense observations and off-the-wall speculations in pseudointellectual and pseudoscientific terms to conceal the fact he does nothing worthwhile and doesn't have a realistic grasp on life experiences.

Soft Ones-Sensitive individuals who hamper our society with laws, rules, and political correctness.

Tabloids-An excellent means of tracking cannibalistic activity worldwide. An informal coded tradesheet for those of us in the biz.

Talk shows-The second round of calls you should make once you are "saved" from an experience in which you had to cannibalize folks to survive. Talk shows come immediately after agents but before publishers for book deals, and again after book deals but before producers and directors for movie deals.

Tartar-The hard, yellowish gunk stuck to the crevices and backs of your teeth.

Tartars-A fierce nomadic people originating in Central Asia who engaged in widespread exophagy and occasional endophagy, which went well with their habit of committing regional slaughters. They suffered many misunderstandings with, and intolerance from, their neighbors.

Tolerance-A mortal sin of humanity, a trait that forces individuals and societies to accept that which is beyond the bounds of decorum. Common among the Soft Ones, it

must be exploited immediately by a contingency cannibal to regain public acceptance.

Vegan-An ideal source of protein for an anthropophagite.

Vegetarian-An individual pursuing a healthy lifestyle that involves eating nuts, twigs, bark, and green plant items that even bovines shrug off. An obvious choice as the major food group for an anthropophagite.

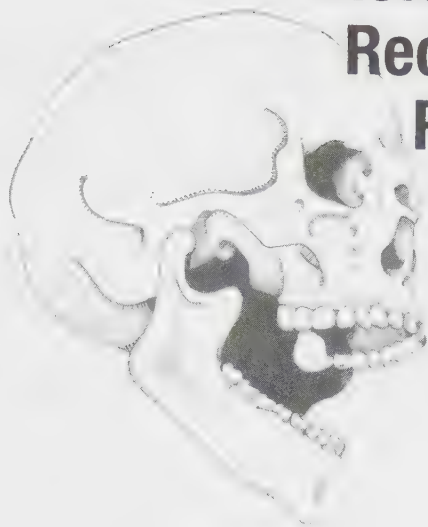
Wallop-The precise scientific term (for a contingency cannibal) for the strike of a blunt implement on a donor's temple to humanely ensure a quick kill prior to butchery.

Warrior-Cannibals-The apex of human development, where man becomes the ultimate predator and lives at the top of the food chain. A Warrior-Cannibal possesses the true spirit of humanity and is akin to the individuals who elevated man from being like his flea-ridden, butt-scratching, hair-covered cousin apes.

Yanomamo-A fierce people who eat other people in South America.

Zimbas-An exceptionally fierce cannibalistic group of people from west central Africa, now extinct, who possessed guile and cunning as well as a sense of humor.

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