

On French Designs

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prepared remarks for to the Lair Three of the Rascals Rogues and Rascallions

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my brothers I come to you tonight.

I come in earnest to warn and to caution you against the metric system and it's devious ways.

This serious matter must be examined, defeated, and rejected.

I have long been concerned about the metric system. It is a very dangerous thing indeed.

So we begin, and we begin, with a very simple question, a question so simple that the erstaz profundity of it's answering should give you great pause.

Prey tell thee - How tall is your horse?

So some - to the so called 'intelligentsia'
the learned and wise - the great thinkers,
even the pedagogues who shape the minds hearts of our offspring .

They cannot answer this most simple question – how tall is your horse - without the following legalistic definition:

One point three three three three repeating tenth millionths of the distance of a line drawn between the North Pole and the Equator through Paris.

Ludicrous.

let us examine this in more human terms from the view of several respected professions.

To a jockey, perhaps 18 hands in height.

To a carpenter six foot.

To a tailor or clothier two honest yards.

Trusty terms and those known well to all.

All conjure a mental facsimile , trusted and true. trusted to give an approximation in real terms.

Three hard working professionals behold the same palfrey, yet not one of them requires Paris to explain it.

If you are inclined, even slightly to answer this inquiry in the former fashion, you have been the victim of french imperial designs.

And so our story begins, it begins in at the end of the 18th century in Paris.

An upheaval of tradition was to be undertaken against not just the monarchy, but against all aspects of life. They wanted to destroy the past, and invent a mechanical future. Not just how we count or measure in distance, but even to reshape the calendar, not 12 months of 30 days, but 30 months of 12 days! All numbers must be discarded, all common law removed, all systems and ways associated with the King removed, no matter how wise and true the were.

A cruel dictator, and a ravenous peoples were hell bent on defying not just the King, but to tear the fabrick of our own presence in reality and replace it with 'reason' and 'logic'.

Their hatred of God's benevolent bestowing of human rule over earth made them seek to separate the most harmonious and present, physical and purpose and thus contort our minds towards the unnatural sciences.

But this French delusion has not only caused many tears of frustration for students of arithmetic, but
as reduced the fractal, wonderful and complex world to just the ten digits on your hands.

Can we not divvy the sum of our loot amongst three good musketeers?
How are the three wisemen to become the most hallowed purveyors in history?
What of a party of 12 dividing a cheque?

They have no answer.

Let me state it plainly: any man who swears fealty to the Frankish metricians, the metric system, defiles themselves and becomes but a computer, a calculator, losing their humanity.

Our sober denunciation of this French kink, this den of vipers will not go unheard!

I will put this simply God made us to divide plainly and easily. Across the globe each society constructed systems that followed the natural law, ways to divide, multiple and sum and subtract without any confusion.

These Jacobin Yard-Theieves!
These Frankish enemies of a hard days work and an honest furlong!

Those who ask us to discard our natural way and instead want us

to use an unnatural base ten system !

Ten times they have forced us!
We asked for reprieve ten times!
They give us no choice!

We must mete out our own vicious attacks upon their vile lust!

Consider this:
Providence sent the ten plagues to Egypt.
Ten Plagues to make the defiant Pharaoh bow on bended knee.

Finding this insufficient and seeking to mock the triune God, what did they do?
The French devised the metrickal system. The metric system is the true plague that grips all of earth.

But no legislative hubris can overcome the overwhelming examples we see with our own eyes. No epistemic authoritarianism can contrive to depry this man in front of you of the blindingly obvious situation before us.

and of course the natural state of the world confirms this well. Reality cannot be bullied or forced to be subserviant to these Gallic mauraders. The proof is in their own sordid history of misdeeds.

For two thousand years the mile has been not just sufficient but yoked man to the earth in harmony. instead we see the metrickal maestros changing their tune as often as their nuclear gadgetry demands it. Some measurement declaring a proton to be an infinitesimal and mintue difference from before

(noting that, for all intents and purposes the world hums along without a care).

Not one or two or three times did they have to adjust the bases and numbers and corallarys but TEN times.

And it wasn't just the bastards of the Seine, the frenchy frog fishmongers who killed a King, but even later the most ignoble krauts became enamoured and hoodwinked into the proposition.

While the Germans boast of leading knowledge and engineering, their fashions and culture has always been that of trailing the french as a small dog follows its master.

When Gauss was knighted into the brotherhood of the decimal, the German Volk capitulated without a fight

.

I tell you this my friends, in confidence, even the great european powers, with

thier armies and lords, even often with spies among us were too afraid to be here tonight.

They fear our truth.

I will have you note our east german friend is no where to be seen is it? because he is in fact, speaking this very moment -speaking at a conference in Africa on how decmilitarization will be the wunderwaffe for this weeks tinpot african dictator in his fight against the united dozenal liberation front and their unmeasurable and unconquerable ways.

Were our German friend here though is guilty look would confirm it: whenever French revolutionary delirium requires rigorous administration, history finds a German, ready willing, and waiting.

And when we stormed the beaches of Normandy?
And when we sent the bastard son of Mr Huttler to his grave?
And when we restored these Franks their french republic?
Was there any thanks given?
No!

And we left one job undone.

France was liberated from Germany.

The rest of us, tragically, have never been liberated from France.

But still this continental conspiracy shall still be defeated! Our idea, one day, an idea that cannot be conquered or capturd, that cannot be cravenly closeted or chewed up or clobbered? We can and we will win this fight, one day.

Ask yourself this:

Why ten? Why the number ten?
Why was this mean and awkward number chosen to govern all creation?

The answer is simple.

It is not one billionth of a frankfurter measured against the plank constant
it's not the length of some imaginary string trussed up like Atlas supporting planet earth.
it is not even the number of hours it takes the french to surrender.

It is simply this:

Because ten is as high as any Frenchman can count.
After that, he runs out of fingers.