

Historical stories about people whose barns were full, but whose minds were empty.

Stories In the Wake of Chaos

By Jacob Marley

Order the book from the publisher Booklocker.com

<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/11564.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**



Stories In the Wake of Chaos

Jacob Marley

Copyright © 2021 Jacob Marley

Print ISBN: 978-1-64719-281-5

Epub ISBN: 978-1-64719-282-2

Mobi ISBN: 978-1-64719-283-9

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., St. Petersburg, Florida.

Printed on acid-free paper.

BookLocker.com, Inc.

2021

First Edition

Table of Contents

Introduction	1
Cynicism	5
Fear	27
Pride	63
Intoxication	101
Envy	123
The Pharaoh's victory	145
You might be a Pharisee if	149

for easy prey. Fortunately, we did not encounter any gangs, and two men in the prime of their lives were enough to scare any individual potential brigands.

When we at long last made it to the outer limits of the town, we took off across the farmlands beyond. There were none of the ostentatious tall buildings or domed churches of the city here. The crisp rice and millet plants obscured our movements quite well and the moon was high in the sky before we reached our goal, the jungle beyond the city. I decided that Allah would forgive me for skipping evening prayers for the sake of my mission in his name. A few birds were still chirping at this late hour and the insects buzzed among the green tropical fruit trees. The whole forest gave off a warm, watery, but rich scent. Despite living here all my life I have never ceased to enjoy the land's majestic beauty. For James it must have been a marvel. I traveled once to Iran on one of my trading missions and saw just how different the colder areas of the earth are. It has always been a wonder to me, the lengths that God has gone to in his creation.

I looked back at James and he showed anticipation in his eyes. "Alright, I know a forest path that will take us north to the area of a tribe called the Nyamwezi. I have had dealings with them in the past, and one of their headmen is my blood brother." James nodded.

"Yes, when I was on Carlos's ship, we purchased some slaves from them." Though we were headed in that direction, I had no intention of going to the Nyamwezi, for I had another tribe in mind, who I could rely upon to help me fulfill my plans. Soon we found the forest path and carefully made our way through the thick brush northwards, with me in the lead. We did not dare rest until we had made it several miles. Then we ventured a little off the path and quickly cleared out a small area for a hidden camp and went to sleep.

We resumed our journey again at dawn. The air felt crisp and fresh. This time of year, it was even a little bit cold. I could see that James was a little suspicious of our trek, but he dared not question me, as he did not know

where to go. I suspect that the mere hint that I would abandon him would have sent him into a hysterical fit of fear.

After about a mile, we reached a small village I had been in many times before. Most of the buying and selling in these small settlements only happens when a fair comes around. Nevertheless, I knew that we would be able to purchase supplies here.

The huts were designed out of the local grasses, and were arranged without any pattern in mind. Around these dwellings were vast fields of millet. Many cattle and goats grazed amidst the tall grass of the cleared area. The people went about their daily business, for the most part. Their black faces were mostly turned towards the ground or each other.

“Why are there no men working in the fields?” James asked.

“Because among most Africans, farming is women’s work, as you may have noticed in the ports you visited when your ship came here. Like many of my own countrymen back in India, Africans shun the animal-drawn ploughs, thus the work of men is not needed except to herd animals¹¹.” James looked surprised.

“Why do Indians avoid using the newest implements?” I thought a moment before responding.

¹¹ Raychaudhuri, T., Kumar, D., Habib, I., & Desai, M. (Eds.). (1983). *The Cambridge Economic History of India: Volume 2, C. 1757-c. 1970 (No. 2)*. CUP . 16

Goody, J. (2013). *Capitalism and modernity: The great debate*. John Wiley & Sons.

“Well, we are reluctant to shed our ancestral customs. The ways of our forefathers gave us strength and to adopt new innovations would disrespect them and perhaps God too¹². The more you Europeans tell us our ways are

¹² Some scholars have argued that Africa could have modernized on its own. It did to some extent. Asian rice was adopted along the East Coast. The Ashanti Empire in West Africa developed a form of democracy in response to increased commerce in the region. Nevertheless, even after centuries of contact with Europeans and more than a thousand years of contact with the trade networks in the Indian Ocean, Africa had not adopted basic forms of technology like the wheel, fertilizer, or ploughs. The reason for this was the same reason why Asia also had difficulty adjusting to European technology. In India and West Africa caste was important to profession. Like the Pharisees and the elders of the people during Jesus’ day, older people in castes emphasized themselves as the repositories of knowledge, the source of ritual and morality. They felt threatened by outsiders and their wisdom. Other societies did not have as strict caste regulations, but they still had economic systems which emphasized the real and perceived knowledge of older individuals or people educated in spiritual matters, like the Thervada Buddhist monks in Southeast Asia. In these economies, exchange of favors were more important than exchange of property because these perceived “wise men” thrived by providing teachings rather than giving material benefits. Europe and Japan were able to overcome such Phariseism for reasons which I will get into in my next book. Like the tax farmers or other native property holders of the Roman Empire in Jesus’ day, under colonialism the nobles and merchants in Africa, the Americas and Asia, became capitalists with power over land and property instead of administrators subject to Phariseism. Thus, lands and industries were brought up to their full productive potential. See:

Isichei, E. (1997). *A history of African societies to 1870*. Cambridge University Press. Brett, M. (2013). *Approaching African History*. Boydell & Brewer Publishers., p. 79

wrong the more we feel they are necessary. We also avoid smelting our iron in blast furnaces, or printing our paper in printing presses. Our craftsmen have their own traditional ways of doing things that we must not change¹³.”

Shillington, K. (Ed.). (2013). *Encyclopedia of African History 3-Volume Set*. Routledge., p. 386

Blakely, S. (2006). *Myth, ritual and metallurgy in ancient Greece and recent Africa*. Cambridge University Press. p. 171

McManus, P., & Schlabach, G. W. (Eds.). (2004). *Relentless persistence: nonviolent action in Latin America*. Wipf and Stock Publishers. 23

Coke, M. M., Munson, C., & Twaite, J. A. (1995). *The black elderly: Satisfaction and quality of later life*. Psychology press. 27

Williams, P., & Ladwig, P. (Eds.). (2012). *Buddhist funeral cultures of Southeast Asia and China*. Cambridge University Press., p. 71

Coatsworth, J., Cole, J., Hanagan, M. P., Perdue, P. C., Tilly, C., & Tilly, L. (2015). *Global Connections: Volume 2, Since 1500: Politics, Exchange, and Social Life in World History*. Cambridge University Press., p. 119

Boomgaard, P. (2007). *Southeast Asia: an environmental history*. Abc-clio., p. 186

Silber, I. F. (1995). *Virtuosity, charisma and social order: a comparative sociological study of monasticism in theravada buddhism and medieval Catholicism*. Cambridge University Press, p. 86

Adas, M. (2018). *State, market and peasant in colonial South and Southeast Asia (Vol. 30)*. Routledge.

¹³ The printing press was only used by missionaries in India until the colonial period. Likewise, although India had been in close contact with China long before Europe was, India failed to adopt blast furnace technology. They were hindered by the lack of charcoal in their country but Europe and China both faced similar problems and replaced charcoal with coal of which there is a lot

in India. Initially the Ottoman Empire had no printing presses except those owned by religious minorities who produced books for their own communities. The first Muslim printing press opened in 1727, but was banned from printing books of theology which was a vital market to early printing companies. It was only in the nineteenth century that the ban on religious book printing was lifted. It was also not until the nineteenth century that Muslim Iranians and Arabs began creating their own printed books. Likewise, Europe did not conquer Southeast Asia until the late nineteenth century, but like Africa it had failed to develop substantially in response to industrialization in Europe.

Green, N. (2015). *Terrains of exchange: Religious economies of global Islam*. Oxford University press. 91-92

E.B. Ekinci (2015) "Myths and Realities about the Printing Press in the Ottoman Empire" *Daily Sabah*, Istanbul
<https://www.dailysabah.com/feature/2015/06/08/myths-and-reality-about-the-printing-press-in-the-ottoman-empire>

Orsini, F. (Ed.). (2016). *The history of the book in South Asia*. Routledge., J.J.L. Gommans (2002) *Mughal Warfare: Indian Frontiers and Highroads to Empire 1500–1700*

Freese, B. (2016). *Coal: A human history*. Basic Books, p. 205

Nomura, C., Nomura, C., & KAWAKAMI. (2018). *House of Tata Meets the Second Industrial Revolution*. Springer. 2018, p.47-49

O'Rourke, K. H., & Williamson, J. G. (Eds.). (2017). *The spread of modern industry to the periphery since 1871*. Oxford University Press, p. 232

Singh, A. K. (2006). *Modern world system and Indian proto-industrialization: Bengal 1650-1800 (Vol. 1)*. Northern Book Centre. 351

S. Moitra "The Workers of Battala" <https://www.sahapedia.org/the-workers-of-battala>

“You have adopted firearms from us and some ship technology because you realized that those things were superior. The men from the farthest east, the Japanese, have been copying the white man’s technology since the 16th century¹⁴.”

“I don’t know.” I conjured images to profane drunkards and loose women in my head. “I guess I would say it is like the redcoat military forces of the British.”

“How do you mean?”

“Well, British soldiers need to wear their hats and coats in a certain way. If one soldier wanted to wear his uniform in a different way would that affect his ability to fight?”

Orchiston, W., Sule, A., & Vahia, M. (2018). Growth and Development of Astronomy and Astrophysics in India and the Asia-Pacific Region. In Proceedings of the 9th International Conference on Oriental Astronomy., p. 270

McDermott, R. F. (2011). Revelry, Rivalry, and Longing for the Goddesses of Bengal: The Fortunes of Hindu Festivals. Columbia University Press. Revelry, Rivalry, and Longing for the Goddesses of Bengal, p. 294

¹⁴ Many cultures tried to adopt European technology in order to suit their military purposes, however only the Japanese came close to achieving European like advances in the 16th Century. They became the most powerful country in Asia and sent ships to visit the New World. Sadly, however, they closed themselves off during the period of the Shogunate. Nevertheless, within a few decades of Perry’s fleet forcibly opening them up, the old institutions which held Japan back: the Shogun, the Daimyo, and the Samurai, were gone. This could not have happened so quickly unless the Japanese people had already lost much faith in these unproductive actors.

“Probably not.” He replied.

“Then why do British officers punish soldiers if they wear their uniforms differently than the way they are supposed to?”

“I guess I understand what you are saying. If one man starts innovating, it is dangerous even if he is correct in the change he wants to make, because then everyone might start doing whatever they wanted. Change comes, but it comes with a lot of fear and hesitance.” James said with a reluctant grin.

Gradually the local people caught notice of us, and many of them eagerly ran over to us. An Indian and a white man were a sight rare to behold in this village, although I had been here before. We chatted with the villagers for a while, and I translated for James. They asked James about his home. He told them of how everyone eats meat in the Americas, even slaves and the natives of the land¹⁵, and they were quite fascinated. One elderly man offered to tell us a story that all visitors to the village must hear. I knew the story he wanted to tell but told him that we would like to hear it anyways.

¹⁵Harmer, H. (2014). *Longman Companion to Slavery, Emancipation and Civil Rights*. Routledge. 19

Guzmán, R. A. F. (2013). The Feeding of Slave Population in the United States, the Caribbean, and Brazil: Some Remarks in the State of the Art. *América Latina en la Historia Económica. Revista de Investigación*, 20(2), 5-35.

Kiple, K. F. (2002). *The Caribbean slave: a biological history*. Cambridge University Press., p. 24-25

Kanellos, N. (1993). *Handbook of Hispanic Culture-Literature*. Arte Publico Press. P. 353

Most of the village sat down around a large fire. We were given a prime position in front. Thus, I would be easily able to hear, and translate for James. Although there was a large crowd around us, I could see the rainforest beyond. The trees cast dark shadows upon our gathering. From beyond them unknown animals echoed their sounds. Then I looked back to the mass of people and made a sigh of relief. The elderly man began in an unnaturally deep voice.

“Generations ago, there was a young prince. This prince was destined to rule a large clan. His father never doubted in his ability to rule, for the young man was always obedient to his elders and kind to the widows and orphans of the tribe. He was never seduced by the diversions of the other youths who would say to him “Let us drink beer.” Instead, he labored for the good of his kinsmen.”

"After many years, the King died and left his son with the throne. The young King ruled with great wisdom and benevolence. One day he and a few of his kinsmen went on a hunting trip in the deep forest. This was something that the King had never done in his younger years, but his old friends persuaded him he would be safe. They hunted for a week catching a leopard and several crocodiles. Then one day the King went a little way off into the woods and found something he had never seen before. There was a nest in the middle of the forest. It contained eggs which were of a greenish color and were the size of a man's head. The King tried to flee from the area, but one of his companions, a close friend from his boyhood, suddenly emerged from the bushes and saw the nest. The King warned his friend to avoid the eggs saying that if they were disturbed misfortune would surely befall the party. The other young man, however, teased the King saying that no creature could possibly harm such brave men as they were. After a while the King yielded and they took one of the eggs back to their camp.”

“That night the hunting party cooked and ate the egg, which was pleasing to their palates, and they fell asleep after much rejoicing. However, when the moon was highest in the sky, they heard a horrible screeching from the

direction of the nest. They rushed and grabbed their spears, awaiting what would appear. The earth shook and the trees swayed with the force of the moving beast. The men were scared, but held their ground, for they knew that fear is the source of great dishonor. Emerging from the darkness, a huge monster with the eight-legged body of a spider and the head of a grasshopper emerged. The men rushed it, three on each side. They stabbed and hacked again and again and again. Finally, the creature retreated back into the trees without harming any of them. The young men rejoiced and chanted with glee. However, their ecstasy turned to mourning as they saw their king on the ground dead. He had cut his throat with his own spear."

No doubt the people in the village had heard this story even more times than I had, but like me they were moved. Children hid below their parents' legs, and adults cringed with horror. Gradually the people began to break away and returned to their homes. I located a man I had done business with before, and purchased several pounds of millet and rice for our journey with the cowries I carried with me. I also bought us a treat for the moment, some yogurt sweetened with sugarcane juice. He offered his hut as refuge for the night at no extra expense. Out of politeness, I initially declined, but after he insisted, I told James that we would be sharing his lodgings.

The man led us back to his hut, which was one of the largest in the village. Inside some reeds covered the floor. My friend gave James and I some leather blankets and showed us places where we could sleep. He then excused himself explaining that he needed to look after his cattle. James and I enjoyed the refreshment that I had just purchased. He seemed to love it more than I did.

"You know Mr. Modh, I have only enjoyed fresh dairy a few times in my life, same as with the British sailors I met. Most of them have lived their lives on brown bread when they can get it, and turnips. On the ship we got meat, but it was always rotten. Such is how things are in Europe these days. Coming to Africa has been scary, but not because of the food. The cattle and goats here are fat, and their milk is rich in cream."

“Indeed.” I responded. “The blacks sell us their ivory and leopard skins and in return we give them cowries from the Indian Ocean, which is a currency that fuels their trade. I have heard that recently you Europeans have started selling them cowries too.” James nodded his head though I could tell that something was still troubling him.

“What’s wrong?” I asked.

“I just find it odd that we whites are the masters, and the blacks the slaves, but we don’t seem to get much benefit from slavery. I learned this as Carlos’s ship made many stops on both sides of the Atlantic and I saw and heard all I could. Most slave traders these days are mixed race Brazilians and Cubans, they use American colors to avoid British patrols¹⁶. I was lucky to make it here alive, we slave ship sailors suffer greatly during our voyages¹⁷. It is just

¹⁶ Morrison, K. Y. (2015). *Cuba's Racial Crucible: The Sexual Economy of Social Identities, 1750–2000*. Indiana University Press., p. XX

Bennett, P. (Ed.). (2012). *Montreal 2010-Facing Multiplicity: Psyche, Nature, Culture: Proceedings of the 18th Congress of the International Association for Analytical Psychology*. Daimon. Dunkerley, J. (2000). *Americana: The Americas in the World Around 1850 (or'seeing the Elephant'as the Theme for an Imaginary Western*. Verso., Conrad, R. E. (Ed.). (2010). *In the hands of strangers: readings on foreign and domestic slave trading and the crisis of the Union*. Penn State Press. p. 93

Whitman, T. S. (2012). *Antietam 1862 Gateway to Emancipation*. ABC-CLIO.

¹⁷ Halcrow, op. cit. , p. 31

Walvin, J. (1994). *Black ivory: A history of British slavery*. Howard University Press.

Note: Nor did slave crews join voluntarily. See:

as bad for the British and French slave owners in the Caribbean. They cannot endure the Malaria¹⁸. Caribbean slaves on the other hand are treated with good medicine imported from far away when they grow sick. Even the first generation of those slaves born in the Americas are healthier than Africans¹⁹.

Goldman, H. H. (2013). *The Quest for the New Jerusalem: A Mormon Generational Saga, Volume 1 Family and Mormon Church Roots: Colonial Period to 1820*, p. 153

Gamber, W. (2007). *The boardinghouse in nineteenth-century America*. JHU Press.

¹⁸ Duiker, W. J., & Spielvogel, J. J. (2012). *World history, volume II: Since 1500*. Nelson Education., 475

¹⁹ Micheletti, S., Bryc, K., Esselmann, S., Freyman, W., Moreno, M., Poznik, G., & Shastri, A. (2020, July 23). Genetic Consequences of the Transatlantic Slave Trade in the Americas. Retrieved October 11, 2020, from <https://www.sciencedirect.com/science/article/pii/S0002929720302007>

Higman, Barry W. *Slave populations of the British Caribbean, 1807-1834*. University of West Indies Press, 1995.

Klein, H. S., & Vinson III, B. (2007). *African slavery in Latin America and the Caribbean*. Oxford University Press, R. A. (1997).

Voeks, R. A. (1997). *Sacred leaves of Candomblé: African magic, medicine, and religion in Brazil*. University of Texas Press.

David Brion Davis (2006). *Inhuman Bondage: The Rise and Fall of Slavery in the New World* Oxford University Press. P. 117.

Frank, Z. (2006). Stature in nineteenth-century Rio de Janeiro: preliminary evidence from prison records. *Revista de Historia Economica-Journal of Iberian and Latin American Economic History*, 24(3), 465-489.

Knight, F. W. (2007). *The slave societies of the Caribbean*. London: UNESCO publ.

And then there are the benefits that these Africans get. Thanks to the trade they get from both Europeans and Muslims, the Dahomey King dresses up his entire Amazon army in rich silks. The nobles of the Kongo Kingdom have all the palm cloth that they want, and the people have so much hemp that they actually smoke it²⁰.”

I nodded my head, though I was not sure that my African friends would feel like they wanted to volunteer to board a slave ship. “What about America? I have heard that many whites have settled there, it must be better.”

“Yes, it is.” James responded, “and I took it for granted when I was there.” At this moment our host returned. He cheerfully greeted us and offered us a bit more food, which we had not purchased. We thankfully accepted it and chatted away for a few more hours. Our host was eager to talk about himself, but did not seem to be interested in our affairs. Thus, I went to sleep that night wondering about James’s past.

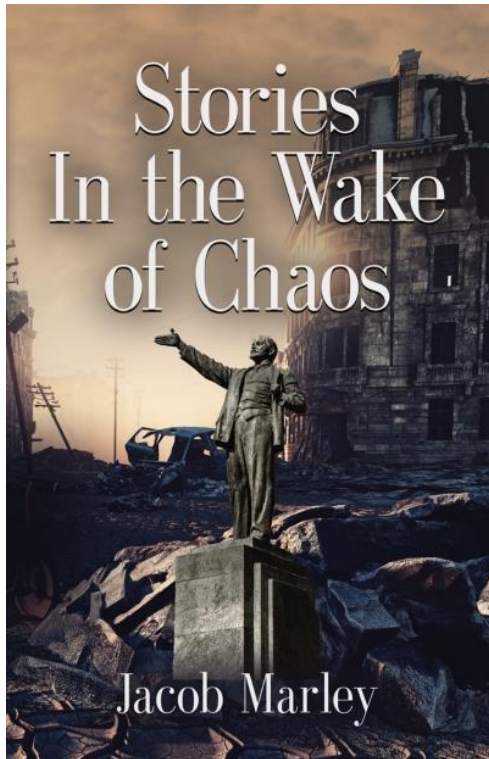
We rose early the next morning with our hosts bidding us farewell. James and I put our packs on our backs and proceeded to the northern trail. The brush and trees seemed greener than before, however the sunlight remained dim. I tried thinking of a way to casually bring the subject of James’s past into the conversation. I decided to try to open up to him first.

“You know, my family left India for a reason. It was no longer the place it had once been.”

“How is it different?” James responded.

“Well, my father used to tell me stories about the old days. The great first Emperor Babur defeated armies outnumbering him ten to one. The wise ruler Akbar brought unity and wisdom to the land. Since then, things have

²⁰ I take this from the account reported in *The Living Age*, Volume 165, 1885, p. 576



Historical stories about people whose barns were full, but whose minds were empty.

Stories In the Wake of Chaos

By Jacob Marley

Order the book from the publisher Booklocker.com

<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/11564.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**