

Jus Prima Knocked Up

JUS PRIMA NOCTUS

It isn't over until it is over.
What is the author saying?
It will not be over until the very last one of us is gone forever.

Certain themes recur to the author while he vegetates in this one lonely outpost.

A recurrent theme that Herman Melville had queried: "Is Civilization a thing distinct, or is it merely an advanced stage of barbarism?"

This very humiliating practice haunting our evolutionary prospect: *Jus Prima Noctus*: strikes at the very heart of the question Herman raised.

Have we advanced beyond something? Could this and many other practices, savage in nature, return to our lives? What, with surety, warrants this will never happen again? How fragile is our civilizational aegis? ISIS is not the norm; but don't you wonder, anyway?

Was it barbaric for anyone to assume he could have such a right? Imagine, it was a certain male animal that assumed for himself the right. Is there a why? In order to control the siring of a certain strain of progeny; is it or was it so 'reasoned?'. Cock of the rock?

In this matter, we are not calling forth a practice that originated in the gutter, but in the highest courts of the day, the gentry of the day, the 'nobles!' of the day. It was not amongst the nobles this practice was conducted, but by the nobles upon their 'slaves, vassals, chattel, myrmidons, peasants'. What was a slave, a peasant? Someone lowly, bound into a kind of servitude to some of master, or overlord. Or bound by the subject to the monarch. What frail little pretext was invented to engineer this salacious practice of violating the virgin soul? An assumed right, can you imagine it? What assumed right might we offer as a comparison today? Rape!?

In those days (what days?), marriage seemed an established institution, even amongst the peasants, marriage, meaning a formal arrangement between the sexes celebrating their union and their trothship. Prior to trothship it was generally understood that chastity amongst the female contingent was the considered, honored, and desirable, practice. The bans became a public matter, of which the master's overseers became aware. Well, you can imagine the rest. Yes! imagine the utter devastation of the feelings, and the utter humiliation, of the bride and groom. Is it possible they had no feelings, that they were acquiescent, and grateful to their masters? What could be worse? Can we imagine today such a state of affairs, let's say, of the rich man declaring he had such a right involving the less fortunate? You want to answer NO!, but can you really? We just don't openly declare our true thoughts in these matters. We have become

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transformed over the eons; no, reinvented. How often do we witness these liaisons between the rich and powerful and their young 'companions'. Now, today, is it a matter of choice or convenience?!

We have grown beyond that sad sad practice, have we not? While there are still rapists, stalkers, jealous possessors, diabolical murderers, (ISIS et al); and literature, and 'entertainment' that exploits these themes, we no longer have the gentry molesting the peasantry with such uncivilized prerogatives. Is that true? Have we really become more civilized, thereby?

We still have a few nobles kicking around, most of whom, given enough time, or rope, or whichever, make fools of themselves with their fumbling peccadilloes, their impuissance; more significantly, we still have a gentry kicking around. Throwbacks? That is, a class of people superior in some respect to the rest of mankind? A gentry founded mostly in wealth, and titles, a gentry we envy, ape and ogle, and to whom we award oscars. What the f... is wrong with us?

Does man (homo sapiens) require a gentry in order to survive as a species? Probably a moot question. We might idealize the level playing field as though we were engaged in some kind of game. The game of life, rather than living of life itself, which is not a game.

A Wise Man Knows His Fate

A wise woman is always prepared to defend her virtue. Pepper Spray.

One of Charlie's Favorites.

Inheritance. (Droit de Seigneur).

Roots To Civilization.

Transience.

No instinct to morality: Hmn!

Stateless.

The fence bisected the tree, or, the tree bisected the fence.

The male fowl exhibited himself on the other side.

He had created a State, a Nation; a fowl Nation.

His "cock a fiddle faddle" became another of the newspeaks (getting old after so many centuries of repeat performances).

There could be no accommodation; he said his grandfather had willed the land to him; he was of a mind to farm it, or to bird sanctuary it; whatever he told me, it signified I would need to find another way to the other side. NO!, he would not consider a passage through. He willed it thus.

Well, there it was: I could make a violent issue of his intransigence; but he showed me the deed with the Notary's crinkle.

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"NO!" was his only utterance thereafter. I was abandoned to camp along side the public road, on the commons, for 'his' had been the last square of earth upon which the newborn had been able to walk without hindrance. The possessory holder's grandfather was a decent man.

The future promised the exaction of a toll, or the threat against one's life. One is always being forced to yield something, however great or little, to serve some arbitrary goal.

There is something onerous about the public road that leaves one feeling disenchanting, especially after it has been trampled; nothing will grow there; it is beaten down or pushed aside in the manner of the earth surrounding the feeding trough in the barnyard, or the feeder lot; where a species of filth abounds. Yes! it becomes a species of human filth, after a time.

Others came along, denying any residence upon public lands or in public parks. There were established curfews; the dirty fewcurs; or damned few curs were allowed at any time. Mumble, mumble, Cur-ses! Curs! Guess we'll be obliged to spend the night under the 'freeway' bridge, or overpass, if there is space. Even these are being barricaded by the gendarmes.

There are alternatives; one could seek out friendlier types, or become a thief in order to acquire the means to barter for a piece to place a fence around - like everyone else. A friendlier type would have been an anachronism, like men with haloes, in the TwentyFirst Century.

NO, it was confinement at the Inn (if you had the pittance), or at the jail for vagrancy (where you were treated like vermin). That's Fate; a Wise Man knows his Fate.

What one must do is go to the seashore; it is futile to put fences upon the ocean, even though they draw them on the maps and charts (that irresistible urge); and even though, those who border the water claim it implicitly as theirs with dirty looks and mean canines, and even if they impound your water craft - even though - if you go far enough out to sea

But first one must find a seaworthy craft, however small or large. It is possible; it is possible, perhaps to construct one's own from drift.

The author realizes he makes things sound depressingly awful; that is, he promulgates cynical depictions and stories about man, and his utter depraved and mean selfishness, portraying little good in him. The author depicts him as a male fowl, when in reality, he is not quite so limited. The author does not give him credit for being able to look into his eyes, to be able to perceive how he yearns for the solace of the forest, or the untrampled open space, or the freedom of the sea; all, however, most unsympathetically.

Frankly, the author's existence is not his concern. He is not lonely enough to require the author's presence. There are already too many.

It is not that the author does not have a companion; but she too would like the same things. There have been times when the male fowls would allow her passage beyond the fence ... but only temporarily. She has

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declined, indicating that she is not a female fowl; and even if she was free, she would not condescend to become one. Hers was to enhance, not degrade.

He would give her one of those looks; one of those inhumanly (that is, beastly) awful ones, that stirs jealousies and hatreds; one of those presuming, can read his mind, looks; the "I have the right to inseminate any and all; that's why I'm here, you nameless female". Yes!, that predatory and proprietary glance coming from the cock-fowl face, harkening to the time of the 'droit de seigneur'.

He would not trade his fence for her, presuming he could negotiate such a trade; yet his salaciousness was not easily remedied. Her polite refusals were taken as simple demurrings. Alas!, the hopes of the lascivious fowls with their rocket-assisted peckers, somewhere in the chicken yard, behind the door, atop the dungheap. Imagine, if you will, such lechery as would assume a cuckolding before one's very eyes. Someone is always getting chummy in the barnyard.

Judge that ye not be judged! The author consider himself judged. There are many times when his libido compromises his tenancy in the House Of Morality (his moral tenancy). He has reached, and had his hand put aside by one's wiser than himself, who had the grace not to label him a barnyard fowl. Besides, there are times when one desires a more lasting relationship.

Fences make a traveler of one. One travels and travels, sifting the dregs; on consignment; for hire, while the body is strong and the mind alert. One's companion withers sadly. 'There, but for the grace of Gud go I'. Surely, one must wither in the process, as well. Gud, is it all really for naught? An almighty unrelenting transience toward the catabolic end?

It is her loyalty that wins him over; The author ask himself, 'How can anyone be so loyal?'. He doesn't mind having his hand put aside; he is thus freed from placing his guilt alongside her loyalty (fidelity).

Then just imagine if he had donned the comb and wattle of that creature on the other side of the fence; just imagine if he could not rid himself of the costume - Don Juan's costume. Just imagine if he could not, just imagine the unrequited aspect, the endless search for ... Death??

The Dance of Don Juan and Penelope. Is he correct in assuming her loyalty? Even if he is cuckolded, how does that affect her loyalty? Is it possible that loyalty really doesn't begin ... until afterwards?

Fences; is loyalty a fence? If she denies another his advances, even while attracted intrinsically, have we built a civilization or have we merely created another illusion? What if she was not in estris? Does one examine too closely?

We are consigned to the road; we had arrived too late to find a place; no one would make room for us. There were many others who arrived late also; some, like the male fowl, possessed a document, a scrap of paper entitling them to exclusive passage beyond the road. They could disappear

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behind the fences. We were shut out; acquiescing to the .357 Magnum, a cruise missile, the arbiter, the unappeasable.

Her loyalty walked the road; such virtue, and such humiliation. Was Penelope frightened of Odysseus, or did she know she had a good thing going, something worth defending? Its different on the road with all that humiliation.

What if he did not recognize the devotion? Fortunately he had; for he has learned something thereby. He is not exactly sure of the full meaning. It doesn't signify the difference between humans and animals, for there are species, as you might have heard, where conjugality persists even after death.

SHE is a bastion. Others might argue that she may feel inadequate, and that it is easy to be virtuous when one fears rejection. Perhaps the ordinary male fowl does not appeal to her. Perhaps something else is inaccessible to her charms, and offers of favor. Perhaps she has had to retreat into a self full of doubts and uncertainty. Perhaps the only fortress against the intrusion of these doubts and uncertainties is the practice of fidelity to the one, the imaginary loved one. Not saved, not safe, but confined by a fear of doubts and uncertainties.

We conjecture too much; where is TRUST?!! Should she not be recognized and allowed passage all the same - for her fidelity, and dignity - and he too, as her companion?

We are no longer those crawling savage uncivilized beasts. We have ascended, matured into our own evolutionary prospect.

You are not going to allow the author to get off that easily. Now that he has broached the subject, he is being asked what is his particular interest in this matter? Does he seek to be entertained by the gross and the lurid?

Is it that he really wants to understand? He can only understand by imagining what is really happening. A day when rape was condoned. What is rape anyway? The forceful overwhelming of one individual by another? A non consensual invasion of one body by another, driven by desire, lust, possession, by unconscious machinations, founded in the very root of anatomic destiny.

Anatomic destiny!!!??? What kind of bullshit is that? Call in what you will; reproductive imperative; Gee, call to nature. He was heard to utter, "A stiff prick has no conscience."

Somehow it transpired that the gentry of old invented a system of conquest of the non-gentrified female. This system was established without concern for the female's feelings with regard to any proposed act upon her being by another. It permitted the violation, not only of the body, but the violation of the love she felt with regard to another, to whom all that was held high and sacred, was invested in her heart and soul; and to whom it was dedicated. The foundation of her being.

The author cynically snorts, that sounds like a lot of bullshit too, no!?

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Not so, not so.

There exists a very great possibility that we speak of virtues. What's in a virtue? Is it possible that a virtue is the result of an aspiration?

The author surmises, let's say we are this animal with this oversized and underutilized brain that somehow got to be aware of more than the exigencies of the moment, and somehow concocted this scheme to enable us to arise out of the sinkhole of our animal natures, those compulsions only associated with survival and procreation; and what our latter day consciousness has labeled the seven deadly sins (non virtuous associations).

There we are sitting by the seashore, having feasted upon something, having satiated something; perhaps we have awakened from a nap, and as we gaze upon the sea, our oversized and underutilized brain invades our unconscious being with notions. Notions, mind you. Maybe a simple notion like, wouldn't it make life easier if we could somehow protect our mate without having to resort to violence? So we used our oversized and underutilized brain to persuade others, not without a little heavy handedness, that a little respect might go a long way toward lessening the occasioning of violence. The author conjectures, and proposes the 24 carat rule; you don't do it to mine, and I won't do it to yours, even if one is more desirable than the other; how did a weakling like you get such a nice looker? Nice lookers make for more desire to reproduce, no? Isn't that why they make nice lookers? Do you really want to procreate, or do you just want to get it off? How about a nice looker-hooker? A hooker is a barren female, in case you are interested, one who does community service as way of compensating for her other lacks. Variations on the theme of public mindedness.

Don't dump levity on me with your poetic license. Stick with the program; virtue.

O.K., the day has arrived, wherein it is established, by common consent, achieved through the utilization of the oversized brain, that a female, a woman, has an inalienable right to say what gets into or out of her body. If she says it is only to be the one whom she has chosen, whether out of love, or just pure desire for a hunk, because the urge to procreate proves irresistible, arriving in a timely manner, her choice becomes inviolable. This sure gives a lot of power over procreation to the female, eh wot? Well, after all, it is only her body. There are some folk who walk the halls of government today who want to deny the female such power.

Hah!, but lets carry this utilization of the oversized brain a little further, beyond the halls; let's imagine that the female utilizing her oversized brain (what, her's is oversized too?) deems, nothing worse than a deeming female, deems that it would lend the appearance of virtuousness if she would go on record, also for the sake of appearances, as upholding certain tenets with regard to the manner in which she allowed her body to become

the object of another's amorous attentions. It is possible she might have a passion for one and only one, an undying love as it was, and that once she allowed the allowable, henceforth she was thereafter committed to that object of her love, she was to be considered unavailable, and furthermore, she wanted it recognized as no small sacrifice, however easily adopted, and that it was thereafter to be viewed as a virtue when she denied the advances of all others who sought her allowables.

What is a virtue? Must we suffer with OED in this matter? This requires a lot more effort than one would ordinarily encounter when consulting a lexicon. The print size requires the use of a magnifying glass. So it is only on important occasions such as this that the author will go there, the OED. Why not just wing it? Because his oversized underutilized brain is seeking to offer the highest order of bullshit in order to support his position.

Virtue: It really is small print: he spied the first **vir** as virgin, which he will return to after he has finished with virtue. Anyway, looking through a Bausch and Lomb 5 inch 10x magnifier he read, selectively, regarding virtue: in its derivations one finds its original meaning stemmed from a Latin usage: 'manliness' and 'valour', carried forth into a French adaptation '*vir*', 'man'. The author doesn't know why '*virile*' was not included herein. However, the first listing has to do with divine power, the second *with "conformity of life and conduct with the principles of morality; voluntary observance of the recognized moral laws or standards of right conduct; abstinence on moral grounds from any wrong-doing or vice"* (it doesn't seem to require an oversized and underutilized brain), augmented by specific categories, one of which is the meat of our opus "*Chastity, sexual purity, esp. on the part of women*" Oddly adding to this "*Of easy virtue*". Additional listings have to do with elaborations on the second, involving character, and the necessary observance of standards of moral excellence. Just imagine the power of that oversized and unutilized brain.

OED elaborations on the second category regarding Chastity.

SHAKS: **1599** *Much Ado* iv. L.84 *Hero it selfe can blot out heroes virtue.* **1706** ESTCOUR: *Fair Example* v. i, "N'er let the fair one boast of Virtue prov'd Till she has well refus'd the man she lov'd" **1740** RICHARDSON *L'omela* (1824) I. xiv 252 "I say not this, to excuse the lady's fall: Nothing can do that; because virtue is, preferable to all considerations." **1749** FIELDING *Tom Jones* ii, iii, "That order of females whose faces are taken as a kind of security for their virtue." **1819** SHELLEY *Peter Bell* 3rd iii, viii, "There are mincing women, mewing. .Of their own virtue." **1885** MABEL COLLINS *Prettiest Woman* ii, "She played the woman of virtue – and played it well".

At the end of this sextion an added *transf.* **1845** M^cCULLOCH *Taxation* I. iv. (1852) "The tax will then, with its full weight upon men of integrity, while the millionaire of '*easy virtue*' may well-nigh escape it

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altogether”. (The author doesn’t know how this got mixed in with Chastity per se; unless it is also the chaste [wo]man who pays her taxes.) (Recall what this oversized and underutilized brain had opined with regard to the gentry.) (And recall what Jackson Pollack had to say re: a female benefactor: if you put a sack over it; maybe.)

Before any further elaboration on virtue, the author will attempt to extract from the OED something meaningfully relevant with regard to *virgin*.

OED: *virgin*: (still under a magnifying glass). As before, skipping the part associated with the divine, Mary etc), moving on to the second category.

Virgin, incidentally, stems from the Latin root meaning ‘maiden’.

Proceeding thus in the OED, under the second category, we find “A woman (*thank gud*) (*esp. a young woman {thanking gud once again}*) who is, or remains in a state of inviolable chastity; an absolutely pure maiden or maid” This category also includes old maids and spinsters, or women of an age and character affording the presumption of chastity. How pure is pure? To those in the know, a hymen in tact signifies purity, regardless of any and all thoughts found in the same woman (maiden). What!!!??? No hymen!!!??? The maiden had better visit a medical practitioner to get one stitched in, just in case.

Virgin and virtue could almost be used interchangeably in these contexts.

What kind of spin is the author attempting to achieve? Not a moral one. Although an animal with morals implies some kind of consciousness of where it’s at.

Mr. Fielding notes that virtue comes easily to the homely; that might be true, but it is not a nice thing to say.

The pope (Franny) has been forced to consider whether nuns should be allowed birth control in the event of rape in a Zika environment.

Yes! The author should hurdle the centuries, because what happened then has been overcome, but, not as effectively as small pox. The rape thing is a baddy. Female circumcision in certain cultures is a baddy. Male dominance of the female is a baddy. Drives ya baddy, doesn’t it? Yeah! So some broads are tough, so they need to be taught a lesson – right!?

Just because a woman is not a virgin does not mean she is of easy virtue. Also it does not mean she is fair game.

Sure, women like it too, but maybe only when there is mutuality of feeling and desire.

What gives the author the say-so? Because he’s naturally smart. Being naturally smart is the result of an evolutionary development proceeding from an underutilized oversized brain. It comes with the territory.

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Virtue, virginity, chastity, high moral excellence. Does the author make much of something here? Prurience? Entertainment Value? Seeking Justice?

He could make much of the nuptial vows which are oathed before the hymen is forever rent. The glassy eyes, the excitement, the coupling, the uncoupling, and what happens after the curtain falls. As Pablo Neruda intimates, the gradual or abrupt falling out of love, bickerings, jealousies. Is that all there is to it? You mean I saved myself for that? All that virtue wasted. The man proves to be a fop, the woman kind of smelly. Hold your nose; but what can you do about a fop, a creature with an oversized and underutilized brain? Incidentally the fop is smelly too, but she willed her olfactory glands to the serpent. Remember what Pangloss told us about this being 'the best of all possible worlds'.

Because this fop delves into levity does not mean that he does not mean what he intimates. He would intimate that wondrous intimacy is highly prized as a thwart to oblivion; and that anything that will contribute to assuring the thwarting of oblivion must be treasured. Does chastity, virginity and high moral character contribute to the thwarting of oblivion? Not in any real sense, but it is opined a better start than some, in this 'best of all possible worlds'.

How the hell did 'thwart to oblivion' get into this discussion? Its like this. Even though we are equipped with an oversized and underutilized brain utilized to its ultimate, that is, 'maxed out', we are not able to decipher the purpose to life, our life. Many of us are afraid of this darkness in our underutilized, oversized brain. If we can share our fright intimately for the rest of our natural lives we might have constructed an imaginary 'thwart to oblivion'. So it must be obvious that high moral character is high on the list of required building materials. The author heard him say high mortar character.

Yeah, some megafop.

Anyway, anybody who goes about ravishing women is endangering the future of those seeking to thwart oblivion. A soiled article has a low feeling of self-worth, hence is considered a troubled individual (PTSD) preoccupied with some thing other than thwarting oblivion. Often the feeling of low self-worth is augmented by the other's perception of a soiled article. Some cultures (ISIS, e.g.) take this latter very very very seriously. Can't win for losing. SO, you can easily see that the ravisher must get what's coming to him.

The author cannot really begin to know how a woman feels, who has been violated. Not that it is wholly unimaginable. As a man, he has been violated, perhaps not sufficiently to undermine the utter core of his notions of self-worth, but he has been violated none the less, that is, metaphorically 'fucked' by his fellow man. Of course, there is a difference between metaphorical fucking and rape. He relies upon men with oversized

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and underutilized brains to be of high moral character, and when they turn out to be something else (like a fudge oacker), his attempts to thwart oblivion become complicated with narrow mundane animal natures that must be accounted. If he has to be suspicious of every thing that has two legs, surely being eaten up by suspicion might be construed as a thwart to oblivion. Is being consumed by suspicion also the same as being consumed by preoccupation, being preoccupied with vile hatred of the two legged thing with the oversized and underutilized brain? Is not such consumption of oneself also not a thwart to oblivion? So getting 'fucked' by one's fellow man may very well qualify as a thwart to oblivion? Perhaps he could share his feelings in this matter with the violated woman, as Jesus was imaginatively, hopefully, purported to do with MM. According to Mr. Fielding a violated woman may very well be a looker; wouldn't it be nice for a creature with an oversized underutilized brain to share his attempt to thwart oblivion with a nice looking woman? After all, it could be said her virtue could still be intact; it was not her virtue that was molested, only her body. Is her body really any worse for the wear? After all, when she was being ravished, it was not her soul he was after. So it would be correctly stated that her soul was unmolested. Hopefully she was not in estrus, or she carried a ready douche for such emergencies. A wise woman is prepared to defend her virtue. For the wary, perhaps b.c. devices should be installed as a preventative (as the pope suggests). Just think what other repercussions would be attendant to rape, should a woman become, well, you know, what the author suggests. Besides a low feeling of self worth, she would have the right wing government hassling her if she tried to, well you know what the author means. We get further and further away from sharing the thwart to oblivion. That oversized and underutilized brain becomes even more useless.

The author knows the distaff side wants to get on his case for treating this matter with some overutilization of unconcern. He has never really been put in a position of having to defend his virtue. He understands that men who are imprisoned with other men often become sodomized by fudge packers. Staying out of prison might become a way to thwart oblivion. In each case, one is overpowered by forces, what!!!?, by his or her fellow man. Can you imagine that; one's fellow man? That creature with the oversized and underutilized brain. After all is said and done, there is O.J., free to roam the links.

The author really doesn't want to get off the subject of ideals, that is, the sharing of the thwart to oblivion. It doesn't require an oversized underutilized brain. It might be preferable to be a Canadian Goose; just don't think about it, do it. Get hitched for life and beyond. All this other stuff about virtue and thwarting oblivion becomes nil, not even a consideration, because it is part and parcel of a lasting union until doth part.

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He was a fop, and a bore, and he messed around. So, she had had enough. She got rid of him; but she really didn't. Some fops, you just can't get rid of. Even after she got rid of him, even though he continued to be a fop, a bore and a messeraround, she couldn't resist entirely, maybe out of fear, maybe because, well just maybe because, and maybe it had nothing to do with her virtue; after all, she was human. What she didn't know was that she was his, allowable for life, because that's the way it was. When she thwarted him in her attempt to thwart oblivion, he saw to it she weren't. He offed her in a jealous possessive rage. They, those with the oversized underutilized brains said it was all a racial fabrication, and the stupid jury agreed. He couldn't be tried again by a smarter jury. So he's free today swinging away, putting little balls in little holes.

Virtue; a virtuous woman should always be prepared with a 357 magnum. But what if he sneaks up behind you in the middle of the night with a sharp blade, honed to slash your throat? Well, you don't have a cuddly little mutt for a watcher, smeller, you have a canine with one helluva smeller and a set of oversized fangs. Don't allow the mean canine to become friends widdim.

Who knows whether or not Nickie was chaste before she was chased, or before she fell for the juice, the dark hunk. In these days of ethnic purity, and fear of assimilation, it was a fucking mistake, or a mistake in fucking. There were offspring from the happy union. Happy Union!!!???? The author doesn't know what it proves, but it proves something. Reproduction works, he would guess. Albert conjectured that it was all fornication and the reading of newspapers; he may have been referring only to the French, but perhaps not; but GOLF!???

One quite easily swings from the resigned humor found in *Candide* to a blacker more cynical outlook.

The author knows blacks have had it rough; and occasionally they should be allowed to win one. Wrong one to win. A message with consequences. You can't convict a man with prejudice alone, even if he is guilty. Presumption of innocence has little to do with it. Not innocent by virtue of color. There's that word again. Virtue. A colorful reminder, and A colorful murder.

When the fast talking black lawyer refuted the tainted evidence, he was just doing his job. Even a person of the least utilized brain, even that black attorney, must have suspected, had little doubt about, the guilt of his client. Marcie, if you want a conviction, you had better have all your ducks in a row. These suggested acts do not define justice; but might suggest retribution; or vengeance.

We suspect that justice is a plaything, a soapy drama, where the innocent sometimes get convicted, and where sometimes the guilty are set free, one on circumstantial evidence, and the other on a legal technicality. In these cases, justice takes the back seat, or gets to play the fool; fooled;

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foolee; foiled; soiled, etc.. Another message might be extracted from the dross; give justice a wide berth. Resort to retribution.

Jus Prima Nocte. Have we come a long way?