



# Laetus in praesens

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## The Charge of the Fossil Brigade at COP27 in celebration of current global strategic management initiatives

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Prepared at a time of an exceptional crisis of crises: energy, water, food, shelter, health, unemployment, climate, banking, confidence, drugs, etc -- accompanied by continuing unchecked cycles of violence and rumours of possible nuclear war.

On the occasion of COP27 the presence of 600 delegates from the fossil fuel industry was widely publicized (*COP27: Sharp rise in fossil fuel industry delegates at climate summit*, BBC, 10 November 2022; *'Explosion' in number of fossil fuel lobbyists at Cop27 climate summit*, The Guardian, 10 November 2022; *Fossil fuel lobbyists outnumber almost every national delegation at COP27, data shows*, Euronews, 10 November 2022). The pattern of COPs has since been framed as a "cop-out" by Robert Sandford (*COP 27: a Global COP-Out*, OCHA ReliefWeb, 1 December 2022).

### Charge of the Fossil Brigade at Sharm El Sheik

(in celebration of the non-renewable lobbyists at COP27, November 2022)

Original version (1854) by  
Alfred, Lord Tennyson  
in response to the Crimean War

Adapted version (2022) by  
Alpha Lore Terrason  
in response to the War on Terra

Half a league, half a league,  
Half a league onward,  
All in the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.  
"Forward, the Light Brigade!"  
"Charge for the guns!" he said:  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"  
Was there a man dismay'd?  
Not tho' the soldier knew  
Some one had blunder'd:  
Their's not to make reply,  
Their's not to reason why,  
Their's but to do and die:  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

Half a league, half a league,  
Half a league onward,  
All in the valley of Death  
Flew the six hundred.  
"Forward, the Fossil Brigade!"  
"Charge those for change!" we said:  
Into the valley of Death  
Flew the six hundred.

"Forward, the Fossil Brigade!"  
Was there anyone dismay'd?  
Not tho' many did know  
Someone had blunder'd:  
Their's not to make reply,  
Their's not to reason why,  
Their's but to do and die:  
Into the valley of Death  
Flew the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them  
Volley'd and thunder'd;  
Storm'd at with shot and shell,  
Boldly they rode and well,  
Into the jaws of Death,  
Into the mouth of Hell  
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,  
Flash'd as they turn'd in air,  
Sabring the gunners there,  
Charging an army, while  
All the world wonder'd:  
Plunged in the battery-smoke  
Right thro' the line they broke;  
Cossack and Russian  
Reel'd from the sabre stroke  
Shatter'd and sunder'd.  
Then they rode back, but not  
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon behind them  
Volley'd and thunder'd;  
Storm'd at with shot and shell,  
While horse and hero fell,  
They that had fought so well  
Came thro' the jaws of Death  
Back from the mouth of Hell,  
All that was left of them,  
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?  
O the wild charge they made!  
All the world wondered.  
Honour the charge they made,  
Honour the Light Brigade,  
Noble six hundred.

Plotting to right of them,  
Plotting to left of them,  
Plotting in front of them  
Imagine'd and monger'd;  
Storm'd at with claim and blame,  
Boldly they rode and well,  
Into the jaws of Death,  
Into the mouth of Hell  
Flew the six hundred.

Flash'd all their savoir faire,  
Flash'd as they spun the air,  
Denying alternates there,  
Charging emergence, while  
All the world wonder'd:  
Plunged in industrial smoke  
Right thro' constraint they broke;  
Terraist suspects  
Reel'd from their savage stroke  
Shatter'd and sunder'd.  
Then they flew back, but not  
Not the six hundred.

Alternates to right of them,  
Alternates to left of them,  
Alternates behind them  
Imagine'd and monger'd;  
Storm'd at with claim and blame,  
While faune and flora fell,  
They that had fought so well  
Came thro' the jaws of Death  
Back from the mouth of Hell,  
All that was left of them,  
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?  
O the wild charge they made!  
All the world wondered.  
Honour the charge they made,  
Honour the Fossil Brigade,  
Noble six hundred.

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Originally adapted as *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, and applied to the Fortune 500 (2008). Questions usefully arise from the adaptation due to possible connotations of the alternative expressions used and their implication for the significance of those that remain unchanged. For example:

- Is the "Light Brigade" charging, being charged by "others" -- or with what and by whom is it "charged"?
- Is it an initiative of the "forces of light"?
- Or simply one to be characterized as strategically "light weight" -- a "Charge of the Lite Brigade" ?
- Are the "alternatives" challenging as characteristic of "others" (mutants) -- "natives" of strange places?
- Are "Fortune's 500" to be understood as: the [Fortune 500](#), key world governance institutions, key participants in plenary world assemblies, academic luminaries, leading [cultural creatives](#), spiritual leaders, the wealthy of the [Forbes 400](#) (or [other such](#)), some more secretive leadership group -- or none of the above?

Note also: David Long, *The Charge of the Lite Brigade: the EU in Afghanistan, Canada-Europe Transatlantic Dialogue*, October 2008. Tennyson much later wrote a less widely known "heavy" poem, *The Charge of the*

*Heavy Brigade at Balaclava* (1882), with regard to [another charge on the same day under different leadership](#) in the same battle. By contrast, this records the success of a similarly heroic "three hundred" using a highly unconventional strategy. This clearly offers the possibility of other adaptations and reflections, especially its insightful epilogue.

*The Charge of the Heavy Brigade at Balaclava* (1882)

by Alfred, Lord Tennyson  
(Extracts from the *Epilogue*)

I would that wars should cease,  
I would the globe from end to end  
Might sow and reap in peace,  
And some new Spirit o'erbear the old,  
Or Trade re-frain the Powers....

But since our mortal shadow, Ill,  
To waste this earth began-  
Perchance from some abuse of Will  
In worlds before the man....

And tho', in this lean age forlorn,  
Too many a voice may cry  
That man can have no after-morn  
Not yet of those am I.

And here the Singer for his art  
Not all in vain may plead  
'The song that nerves a nation's heart  
Is in itself a deed.'

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Inspired by the originals, further reflection is evoked by a poem written by <a href="#">Rudyard Kipling</a> entitled <i>The Last of the Light Brigade</i> (1891).
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## Further inspiration -- poetic or otherwise -- and questions?

- [Responsibility for Global Governance: Who? Where? When? How? Why? Which? What?](#) 2008
- [Irresponsible Dependence on a Flat Earth Mentality -- in response to global governance challenges](#), 2008
- [Emergence of a Global Misleadership Council: misleading as vital to governance of the future?](#) 2007
- [Root Irresponsibility for Major World Problems](#), 2007
- [A Singable Earth Charter, EU Constitution or Global Ethic?](#) 2006
- [Ensuring Strategic Resilience through Haiku Patterns: reframing the scope of the "martial arts" in response to strategic threats](#), 2006
- [Honour Essential to Psycho-social Integrity: challenge of dishonourable leadership to the nameless](#), 2005
- [Humour and Play-Fullness: essential integrative processes in governance, religion and transdisciplinarity](#), 2005
- [Playfully Changing the Prevailing Climate of Opinion: climate change as focal metaphor of effective global governance](#), 2005
- [Nos Morituri Te Salutamus: Salute of Iraqi Citizens to the Coalition of the Willing](#), 2003
- [Being There](#), 2003
- [The "Dark Riders" of Social Change: a challenge for any Fellowship of the Ring](#), 2002
- [War against Terra](#), 2002

- *Missiles, Missives, Missions and Memetic Warfare: navigation of strategic interfaces in multidimensional knowledge space*, 2001
  - *Poetry-making and Policy-making: arranging a marriage between Beauty and the Beast*, 1993
  - *Nyetworking Conspiracy of the New Age*, 1982
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[\[More "poems"\]](#)

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