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(An etymohistorical analysis)

Canada Vs America:



What's the difference, anyway?

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by

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What's the difference between Canada and America anyway? They may seem superficially similar, but there are some real distinctions between them, many bearing the weight of a long divergent history.

First, the language of Canada is "French". Americans speak English. Each language possesses a distinctive *genius* (as the term is used among philologists) that infects the whole system of thought developed by the people that speaks it. We can know a lot about the genius of a language by the name. In fact, there is generally a very high degree of concordance between the original sense of a name and what basic properties of the language are preserved as essential, which is what determines the conformation of thought in a community of speakers.

So what does "English" mean, anyway? The name is derived from the Old English ethnonym *Engle*. That's what they used to call themselves: *Engle*. What's it mean? Where's it come from? Well, it derives from the Primitive German *angiz*, meaning "estuary", combined with the pejorative diminutive infix *-l-* and the demonymic suffix *-ō*, giving *angilō*. In its original sense then, *Engle* could be fairly accurately rendered in modern English as "estuarine muckdwellers".

Angilō, Engle, English—“estuarine muckdwellers”: That sounds bad, right? Well, then, what about “French”? *French* comes from another Primitive German ethnonym: *frankaz*. In order to understand the real sense of the name, it must be, like *Angilō*, analysed into its component lexemes. *Frankaz* chiefly derives from Primitive German *frakkaz*, meaning “brutish” (“brutish and short” in some sources). This is combined with the nasal infix, connoting effeminacy. So it essentially means “brutish and gay (and not in the good way)”.

So *English* is the language of estuarine muckdwellers and *French* the tongue of the brutishly effeminate. This sense is clearly borne out in the observable genius of each language, apparent to anyone who takes a moment to acquire some lightly bruising familiarity with the literature of the language. We may expect Americans, speaking English, to be a coarse, hard-working people who aren’t afraid to get their hands dirty and value freedom of speech. *A la vez*, we may expect Canadians, whose mothertongue by acclaim is “French”, to confront life with effeminacy and brutality. This too is clearly borne out by the evidence. One need but briefly compare American and Canadian news headlines, political statements, or facebook poetry to see this contrast. Even more obvious is the difference in foundational political premises, which in Canada *certainly* tend to far outstrip those in America in effeminacy and brutishness. Anyone claiming otherwise is dishonest or delusional and most probably *French*.

That’s a big difference right there. But even more telling is the difference in the names of the two countries. The name of a country may influence culture with even more weight than the name of the language spoken, though the question is obscured by the fact that most unhispanic countries speak their own language and don’t rely on scraps they’ve stole from the glottopharyngeal plate of other, greater races. Worse, in Canada, they don’t even speak French but rather a sort of mongoloid misconception of the language that seems to carry with it all the worst qualities of the French language and none of the good points.

America. Canada. What do these names mean, really? It’s important to think about, since they are perfect nuclear squirts of cultural essence and inform everything in the culture of a nation.

America is another name going back to Primitive German (by way of Catalanian and Latin). Let's skip the transformations that occurred on the way from German to English. It goes back to the Primitive German name *Amilrikaz*, which may be parsed into *amil-*, meaning "industry", and *rik-* meaning "bountiful". Put together, the sense is of someone who abounds in industry, a hard worker, or somebody who can get things done.

It's kind of chilling to consider this and know that the naming of the country was more or less an accident deriving from the work of the great Austrian cartographer Waldesmüller, a man treasured perhaps excessively by his contemporaries on account of the enthusiasm and imagination he put into mapping the New World. Think! If America had got named *Mexicana* or *Columbia* or one of the other names which bore currency for a time, could it really be America today? You know the answer.

So what's *Canada* mean, then? The dumfounding history of this name is even stranger than that of *America*. Unlike *America*, *Canada was no accident*. *Canada* is in fact the name of a kind of mud hut inhabited by the most primitive people to inhabit the Canadian Great Waste. To understand the etymohistory of *Canada*, one needs to go back to Cabot's surveillance of the Northwest Passage.

The great Veneto-English explorer John Cabot in 1497 embarked upon a worthy project to transnavigate and survey the Northwest Passage. He was pretty far along in this project when the Great Slave Drought of 1497/8 lowered water levels and temporarily left the envoy stranded in the midst of the Waste, surrounded by more or less unfriendly savages. With little remaining of the trade goods they started out with, Cabot's expedition was at considerable disadvantage. Ultimately, they came upon a tribe of people so primitive they had no concept of numbers and seemed incapable of assessing the value of anything. So the English were able to exchange worthless trade goods of no value for enough supplies to get through the drought.

Cabot and his men became very close to the primitives during this time. Some of them even took temporary wives. In his journals, Cabot describes the *Tutsciavi*, saying he never saw such human beings to live in such squalid and impoverished conditions who were not violently forced into it by the brutallest Libyan slavetrader. They were the last descendants of an ancient band of Athabascans who somehow got turned aside during the

great Laurentide Inwandering and wandered off into an isolated pocket of land surrounded by glaciers and death, from which they never really emerged, even after conditions improved. Cultural degradation set in. Simple technologies available to their ancestors were lost to them, and, it seemed, they lost the ability to reacquire them when, later, contact with other bands was reestablished. The loss of the ability to count is certainly biologic and likely the result of inbreeding. One may assume there was some similar effect on intelligence generally.

This decay was not only technological but also social. The complex social order of their ancestors, with its *Männerbünde* and its byzantine structure of marital and trade relations, was exploded entirely. At the brink of starvation, they were forced to adopt a nihilistic pragmatism just to survive. The culture, however, could not survive that pragmatism. Most institutions and social systems were lost. By the time Cabot came by to visit, the Tutsciavi had no concept of private ownership and lived in a kind of ramshackle primitive communism. This left them wide open to Cabot's expedition, and the people were mercilessly exploited. They never had a chance. They never recovered. Only a handful of people of partial Tutsciavian descent can be found today, scattered across Canada. As a people, the Tutsciavi extinguished themselves.

One of Cabot's journal entries contained a lengthy description of the kinds of dwelling places made by the Tutsciavi. Disdain and contempt are thick and pure in his description of the haphazardly constructed mud hut that was the conventional Tutsciavian home. These almost unbelievably primitive structures barely kept those contained therein from dying of exposure. Several in fact did so during Cabot's stay. These houses could stand some high winds for a time before disintegrating. They could take a fair amount of snow, but because of the lack of pitch, snow would inevitably build up and collapse the entire structure. Cabot describes three times this happened during his stay. In one case the entire family inhabiting the faulty house died off. A young girl was killed in one of the other collapses. Their greatest weakness, however, was rain. Sustained rainfall of any strength invariably washed them away till the flimsy willow switch frame collapsed.

Since they were so stupid and weak, the houses needed constant maintenance to keep them from turning into, at best, not-houses, or, at worst, death traps. Yet to Cabot's

amazement, he observed that maintenance was sporadic and unfocussed and entirely inadequate. Rather than working to maintain the structure, the Tutsciavians only worked at it enough to postpone the inevitable collapse a bit. He observed that the huts were “owned”, insofar as it may make any sense to say such a thing with regards to these people, by all inhabitants collectively, all of whom were expected to contribute to keeping it from turning into a pile of mouldering twigs and deliquescent earth.

This, at least, seemed to be the general principle, according to his notes. He spoke highly of the Tutsciavians enlightened social precepts, wherein coöperation of everyone in the betterment of the collective was central. In practice, however, the people were unable to attain to their ideals, probably a result of limitations on intelligence imposed by centuries of inbreeding.

Cabot also noted that these huts were extremely ugly and obnoxious to be inside of.

The Tutsciavi called these structures in which they lived while slowly going extinct *kanadà*. This is what Canada the modern nation is named after. It's named after perhaps the worst and most disappointing dwelling places ever developed by a population of modern humans, a population which while admirable in its intentions lacked any proficiency at putting them to good effect and were incapable of engaging their neighbours in profitable trade.

It's not the only kind of aboriginal house to be found in Canada. They could have named the country *Quiggly*. Or *Iglou* ($\Delta^u \supset$) even. That'd be something to be proud of, something to infuse the genius of the race with strength and competency. But instead, they chose *Canada*. And nobody even knows why it happened. Somehow, the decision got made at some point. If there was any discussion about the intrinsic merits of *Canada*, there is no record of it. One can read about the arguments regarding whether to use *Canada* or some other name, but there's no record of anyone ever stopping and saying, “Why the blazes is *Canada* even on the list?”

Consider these etymohistorical facts next time you find yourself abashed by the contrast in the cultures of Canada and America:

English, “language of the estuarine muckdweller”

French, “language of the effeminate, brutish, and short”

America, "industry abounds!".

Canada, "broken-down mud hut uninhabitable by any man"

Remember that through every day we keep on carrying the weight of whatever our distant ancestors decided to call themselves (or, at times, what others decided to call them). It infuses each man's life with the delectable colour of thousands of years of cultural collaboration. This is diversity. *Vive la différence, mes amis!*

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