

**MAGNUS**  
**OPUS**  
**II**  
**&**  
**The Philosopher's Stone**

*by*  
**A.B. Cosmirsky**

*Being an*  
*Ode to*  
*Brexit, Covid, Trump*  
*& the*  
*Pauperies of Poland*

London

Toronto

Warsaw

2021 ∞ 3000

*Containing*

*the*

**Greatest Story Ever Told & Always Collectively Ignored**  
**Solution to the Mystery of the Meaning of Life**  
**Age Old Secrets of the Philosopher's Stone & Eternal Elixir of Life**

## *Diaries of Life's Luckiest Loser*

It is 1.12.2021 CE – I, MJ Kazmierski, being of sound body and mind (he says...) woke up this morning in my Translation Oration Teleportation Studio on Joseph Conrad Street in Warsaw, Poland, Europa, Earth, and decided against further test recordings of my new online TV channel – instead, I chose to spend the day writing my double autobiography – that of me, Marek Jacek Kazmierski and my new alter ego Alche Bard Cosmirsky.

When Facebook reminded me of a film clip I had uploaded 3 years ago this very day, I realised I had moved house 8 times since then – I own not a single item of furniture, but do possess two bicycles, one boat, one motorcycle and 1000 books of poetry and prose – and that this would make a fine story for both for my own sanity and for the entertainment and enlightenment of fellow human beings.

Since I shot that little Facebook vid – *in which I talked about how I had built my own typewriter to compose children's books upon* – I have been cheated and attacked by landlords, publishers, agents, authors and sponsors, going through endless cops, lawyers, doctors and of course countless related pains and payments (being a single man of no means of support other than my own literary enterprises – translations, editing, writing, teaching, etc.) – so on this first day of the last month of what will now prove to be the end of my existence as MJ Kazmierski, I wanted to get this rather odd little double-autobiography down on paper.

As to the covering page, let me expand a little:

MAGNUS OPUS II – I believe myself to be the indirect descendant of Magnus Haroldson, the son of Harold II, the last true king of Anglo Saxon Britain – after Harold was killed at the Battle of Hastings in 1066, his teenage son travelled all across Europe and found asylum in the newly established Polish Kingdom around the year 1084.

I, Marek Kazmierski (which in Polish means “Son of Casimir”, which is the most popular name given to Polish kings), as a teenager travelled all across Europe and found asylum in the United Kingdom around the year 1984.

This book is the story of many lives, including that of Magnus and I – hence the play on words in the title (“Magnum Opus” in Latin means “Great Work”). This is the second time this year I have taken to writing the life stories of Magnus and I – hence it is Magnus Opus no. II... also being the first double biography ever written, hence the roman numeral...

I recently discovered the secret of the Philosopher's Stone, and will be sharing it with you shortly in the pages of this book, which ends with the past 5 years of my own particular life, a time when – apart from the assaults listed above – I have gone through the triple existential whammy of Brexit (signalling the potential end of the United Kingdom as we know it), the global Covid pandemic (signalling the end of global travel I have been busy with over the past 5 years) and the appearance of Donald Trump on the political landscape of my home planet (which was just the rabid cherry on the shit show the past five years of my life have been).

Although this story will be set in all the continents currently home to human nations, its axis is Poland, the place where all trace of Magnus Haroldson, the last son of the free King of Britain, vanishes and where I was born (*though not bred – that would be Britain*) and forged into becoming the person introduced in the final part of this book, which is divided into five sections: NOT BEFORE TIME, which covers the period before the universe as we know it today came into being, and features both the Greatest Story Ever Told & Always Collectively Ignored as well as the answer to the Mystery of the Meaning of Life.

I will then go on to write about the past – before I was born, and the lives of all my so-far known ancestors... the period in the run up to my birth and first residence in Warsaw (section titled the FIRST WARSAW WYVERN).

I will then go on to write about the present – all the things now happening at or around the “present day”, including my adventures as MJ Kazmierski in Poland, England and all five continents around the world – then the future which is all about how I became AB Cosmirsky instead of plain old MJ Kazmierski – before concluding with section #∞ titled HAPPIEST HOBO IN HELL – which takes us beyond space, time and books of course... introducing you all to the famed Philosopher's Stone and Elixir of Life, containing the secrets of infinite wealth and immortality – but first, back to Poland and that covering page...

When I moved from England to Poland in 2015, I had no idea Donald Trump would follow Barack Obama as chief of the most powerful state on Earth, soon to be followed by the double whammy of the UK exiting the EU (Brexit) and the world being rocked by the Covid pandemic, all in the space of a single year...

Why am I writing an “ode” to this utterly grim global shit show?

The old saying :What don't kill ya makes ya stronger” inevitably applies in this case – the person I was five years ago, before all this happened, was very much not the person I am today: very much more bruised and battered on the inside and outside, sure enough, yet...

In order to turn a worthless lump of rock into a priceless jewel you must first subject it to immense amounts of heat and pressure (such as the forging furnace found deep beneath the surface of our home planet or on the white-hot comets which come crashing upon its surface and leave behind not just mineral, but precious stone deposits), then cut and polished with much sweat and effort expended by ruthless jewellers...

I now live and work on Joseph Conrad Street – in case you don't know, he was a Polish count who sailed the seas at a time when the Polish Kingdom was wiped off the face of the Earth by foreign foes and the British Kingdom was at its most fiercely expansive as a colonising force (which is why so many nations all around the world choose English – Canada, US, Ireland, Britain, Australia, New Zealand and some [20 others](#) – as their official state language), then changed his name from Józef Konrad Korzeniowski and became the man my street is named after who, following many trials and tribulations in many countries of the world, is still a writer of enduring, global renown.

One does not make omelettes without breaking eggs – one does not turn pebbles into precious stones without expending extreme amounts of energy and patience – that's life...

And this book is the story of mine – and then some – yet even though much of it was written in places such as London, England and Toronto, Canada, most of it took place and was penned in Poland – hence the *Pauperies of Poland* bit on the covering page.

This is in recognition of the fact that even though most people on our planet believe the world to be divided into Left and Right wing political ideologies and systems which mostly manifest as Capitalism and Communism – power and the pleasure which come with it are the key currencies which shape our political and cultural landscapes. Infinitely more money is spent each year by our species on military and fashion/beauty manufacturing than on the creation of culture – because the men who run this world get rich off of dumb, pretty little people than off of smart, sentient individuals who know what life is and what it is for... More on these essential topics soon, but back to Poland and its political past for a moment longer – few today know that in 1939, after more than a century of Poland's absence from world maps (long story...), my homeland was invaded by Nazis from the West and Bolsheviks from the East, resulting in the orchestrated extermination of tens of thousands of the best minds of the Polish nation – they had been drafted into the military to defend Poland at the start of World War II and were systemically murdered by both Nazi and the Soviet armies – hence the land I live in today is much depleted in terms of smart, sorted men and women, for those who remain are the offspring of deeply traumatised and oppressed masses – hence my mention of “pauper” in those opening lines on the covering page...

Nothing wrong, of course, with being poor and uneducated if your heart is in the right place – in theory. In practice, in our high-tech Age of Information, the controlled killing of a fifth of its population in the early 20<sup>th</sup> century and the ensuing “brain drain” it suffered during and since the Cold War ended, have left Poland severely depleted in terms of its cultural and intellectual resources.

My families seem to have evaded the worst of this determined destruction of Poland's intelligentsia and my adult life spent living in many places between Asia and America have given me a unique set of skills and sensitivities – these will be covered in greater detail in subsequent chapters – but the facts best speak for themselves: if it is true that “the worst sorts of mistakes make for the best sorts of stories”, then I was born, honed and forged by the right sort of furnace. I am sorry that Poland, being situated on the faultlines of history (trapped between East and West, the Asias and Americas) is today still an impoverished and inefficient society to live and enterprise in – so, sorry Poland about that “pauperies” comment, but let me quote now from [BRILL](#) which has this pearl of etymological wisdom to offer in consolation, and lay the blame for your “pauperies” at the feet of your power-hungry neighbors and not You:

*Pauperies* (perhaps from pauper, poor; the connection is questionable) referred to damage caused by a four-footed animal (quadrupes). Although originally the cause was attributed to the animal demon, legal action was taken not against the animal itself, but against its handler. In classical Roman law, the owner of four-footed (working) animals could be held liable for endangerment through the *actio de pauperie*.

Thus, if a pauper is a person who is so poor as to be in need of charity and state support, then you my dear Poland are indeed a pauper – all I do is intended to help you out of the quagmire of tragedy and trauma which has befallen your peoples – by spending 30 years working in the non-profit sector with excluded communities in Asia, Europa and America, I have learnt a great deal about what sort of welfare provision actually works and helps those who need it the most. This “Magnus opus” is my recipe for healing, and though I know it is a contentious conception, I hope in the end the operation will prove successful. Being mindful of the future and where you might be by the year 3000, I plan now to enterprise and do my very best to share with the world your stories, songs and poems in translation, along with many other items of cultural value I think will be of interest and use to all human beings who mean each other and our precious planet well.

So now, as the handler said to the puppet when shoving his hand up their jacksie, let's get this show on the road:

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