

AFTER PUTREFACTION

Prologue

Key terms for reading “After Putrefaction”:

Materiel

Punctuation

Analysis

Floating Signifier

A Call to Order

A Call to Counter Order

Reader’s manual:

The reader is invited to approach the text from “Materiel” and make passageways across “punctuation” and “analysis.” Each section of text concludes with “A Call to Order” or “A Call to Counter Order.” Each new section begins with a “Floating Signifier.” The text concludes with an epilogue to be read at the end.

Reader's map

Floating Signifier

Materiel	Punctuation	Analysis

A Call to Order/A Call to Counter Order

Floating Signifier

Whereas recognition of the inherent dignity and of the equal and inalienable rights of all members of the human family is the foundation of freedom, justice and peace in the world,

Whereas disregard and contempt for human rights have resulted in barbarous acts which have outraged the conscience of mankind, and the advent of a world in which human beings shall enjoy freedom of speech and belief and freedom from fear and want has been proclaimed as the highest aspiration of the common people,

Materiel	Punctuation	Analysis
<p>How does a joke in a police state start? By looking over your shoulder.</p> <p>Why are twenty pence pieces heptagonal in shape and not circular? So that you can get them out of a Jew's hand with a spanner.</p> <p>A man standing on a bridge in Paris stares at the river intently, as if looking for something. A passer-by stops and offers his help. The man says:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">- Thanks, I seem to have lost my glasses in the Loire;		

- You mean the Seine, corrects the other;
- Well you know, without my glasses on I can't tell, really.

I have always been attracted to the story of Jonah and the whale, the mingling with the sea, the seaweed, the ingestion and the resurfacing. It is recited on Yom Kippur (the tenth day of Tishrei, the first or seventh month of the Hebrew lunisolar calendar, which usually falls in Sept./Oct., this year it falls on the fourth of October). When I lived in Ecuador, I would usually go up to Quito for the high holidays (Rosh Hashanah, the first of Tishrei, a new moon), I even recited the blessings and read the story at the Yom Kippur services one year (I think it was the last year that services were held in the old synagogue in downtown Quito). Strangely Rosh Hashanah/Yom Kippur seem to align well with the flight of the edible and coveted leaf cutter ants in Ávila; as a consequence I often missed this event.

Two nuns are sitting in a bathtub. One nun says to the other nun "Pass the soap, please." The other nun says "No soap,

<p>God calls on Jonah to cast judgment on Ninevah, but Jonah resists and attempts to flee on a fishing boat. As a punishment God makes the sea stormy, the fishermen realize it is Jonah's fault, he offers to jump into the sea to calm the storm. A sea creature swallows Jonah and Jonah is in its belly for three days. He repents and prays to God:</p>	<p>radio.”</p> <p>Two elephants had been captured by hunters and packed in a wooden crate for the long trip across the ocean. Because of how they were packed, head to tail, they had no chance to converse during the whole voyage. Now, you must realize that they had gotten very dirty during the trip...[here expand upon the dirt in great detail]. Finally they arrived and were unpacked and led into a huge shower and left alone. They were both embarrassed by this enforced intimacy, and were rather shy, wondering how to start a conversation. Finally one elephant turns to the other and says "Please pass the soap." The other elephant replies "No soap, radio."</p>	<p>My childhood Sundays were spent at my grandparents' house on the outskirts of Holme Olstrup, a small rural village in the southern part of Sealand. After the ceremonial Sunday lunches, everyone would sit around the dinner table in their small and always overheated living room sharing stories about the wrongdoings of our predecessors, most of which would today probably be considered as village fools ('landsbytosser'). Among my older relatives, it was well-known that my grandfather's relation to historical facts was fairly relaxed and often required some tweaking in order to correspond to his personal and accurate memories. Although I have forgotten many of the wild-west like stories of my predecessors, I do remember one that my grandfather told with particular pride and determination and that was the adventurous account of how my great great grandfather's brother during the mid-18th Century became a local celebrity, first known for his heroic courage and, soon thereafter, also for his incredible bad luck.</p>
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“I cried to God out of my distress, and He heard me; out of the belly of hell I cried, and You did hear my voice.

For You did cast me into the deep, into the heart of the seas, and the floods compassed me about; all Your billows and all Your waves passed over me...The waters compassed me about, to the point of death; the depth closed me round about, the weeds were wrapped about my head.”

God then has the creature spit him out by the shore. He goes to Ninevah and the people repent. God doesn't punish them and this angers Jonah. He goes off and wants to die in the sun. God makes him a shade bush, then God kills the shade bush, Jonah is upset that he killed the bush, and God asks him why he is upset by this and not by the possibility of all of Ninevah

Once there were three bears. They lived on a lake that was shaped like a mitten. Between the thumb and pointer finger was the woods. Across the lake was a radio station. One day they were taking a bath in the lake. One bear said to the other, "Please pass the soap". The other bear said, "No soap, radio.”

When my grandfather told this story, he would already be a few beers into the afternoon and there was therefore few or no attempts on his side for incorporating – let alone accepting – additional historical data into his version of the heroic tale. Sitting in the squaking office chair that he had apparently be given by a friend working at the city dump in Næstved, he would fist both hands around his suspenders, look up into the low ceiling and describe the occurrences exactly as they happened...

During the mid-18th Century, Anders Nielsen, who was the brother of my great great grandfather, worked as farm labourer

being destroyed.

I am drawn to Jonah's passivity (his name means dove) and the fact that he sleeps during the storm, and the weeds wrapping around his head as he goes down into the depths.

at the Næsbyholm Estate that is located near the beautiful Tystrup-Bavelse Lakes from which spring Sealand's longest stream called Susåen. During the period when Anders Nielsen was working at Næsbyholm, the estate owner went on an extended trip down through northern Europe and ended up in Paris where he was supposed to spent the beautiful late summer.

For some unknown reason, he became seriously ill and died not long after having reached Paris. (During particularly spirited afternoons, it was at this point in the story that my grandfather would begin to embellish the narrative with a few colorful comments about the reasons for the estate owner's death, quite a few of which would have sexual connotations). It did not take long for the relatives of the deceased estate owner to reach the crucial decision that the corpse should be retrieved and returned to Denmark in order to be buried on the family's land.

A Call to Order

God save great GEORGE our king, Long live our noble king.

God save great GEORGE our king, Long live our noble king.

The image shows a musical score for two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both are in 3/4 time. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are printed below each staff.

Floating Signifier

Whereas it is essential, if man is not to be compelled to have recourse, as a last resort, to rebellion against tyranny and oppression, that human rights should be protected by the rule of law,

Whereas it is essential to promote the development of friendly relations between nations.....Tiun Ticún Tiun Ticún Tiun Ticún.

Materiel	Punctuation	Analysis
<p>In recent years, several people in Inhambane and elsewhere in Mozambique have been attacked by lions, both normal ones and spirit lions.</p> <p>Paris is the son of Priam, king of Troy. His mother Hecuba, having had the (true) premonition during pregnancy that her son would be the end of the kingdom, tried to kill him upon his birth with the help of her husband. Neither him nor her could reconcile themselves to doing it however, and the boy lived. He grew up a strong and beautiful man who would pick fights with cattle thieves, seduce the nymphs, and</p>	<p>A penguin is floating on an iceberg and comes upon three penguins floating on another iceberg. One of the three penguins jumps into the water and says, "Oops, no soap." The second penguin jumps in and says, "Oops, no soap." Then the third penguin jumps in and says, "Oops, no soap." The solitary penguin, still on his iceberg, looks at them and says, "Hello. No soap, radio."</p>	<p>While knowing that it was, in fact, illegal to take dead corpses across national borders, they instructed Anders Nielsen, my great great grandfather, to drive a horse-drawn carriage to Paris, locate the corpse and get it back to Næsbyholm in order for the mourning family to properly bury their beloved husband and father. And so he did. Without any considerations for his own safety, Anders Nielsen drove from Næsbyholm to Paris where he located the dead corpse that was then positioned in the carriage as if asleep before he commenced the long and tiresome journey back to Denmark.</p>

enjoy the sight of bull fights. It is this hobby, actually, which earned him his first encounter with the gods. Indeed he had managed to train such a powerful bull that it would defeat all the other bulls in the area. When he offered a golden crown to anybody who could come up with a stronger bull, Ares took fancy in answering the call. Turning into a bull himself, he easily crushed the champion. Paris duly delivered the crown to the god, who appreciated his fairplay.

Therefore, when a mortal was needed to arbitrate a beauty contest in the Olympus between Hera, Athena and Aphrodite, Ares remembered Paris' magnanimity and suggested his name to Zeus. Whoever won the contest was to receive the apple of discord, malignantly produced by Eris, the goddess of strife.

Thus the three goddesses came down to

There were two penguins in a bathtub. One said, "Pass me a bar of soap." The other one said, "What do you think I look like? A typewriter? No soap, radio"

Two hippies are sitting in a bath. One says, "Hey man, pass the soap." The other says, "No soap! Radio!"

Let me briefly pause here to clarify certain relevant issues. For some reason, I never really thought about the logistical implications of this adventurous journey. Being a farm labourer from the southern and most rural part of Sealand, Anders Nielsen probably did not speak any foreign language; French or otherwise. His endeavour is therefore all the more impressive considering that he apparently managed to locate and persuade the local authorities in Paris not only to hand over the corpse but also to conspire in the high-risk project of getting the dead body back to Denmark by positioning the deceased estate owner as if asleep in the back of the carriage. As is probably well-known, the decomposition of the human body commences immediately after death and before long the skin becomes so porous and loose that even a slight touch will

earth, to an unsuspecting Paris, and asked him to give the apple to whoever he thought was the most beautiful among them. Having requested to see the goddesses naked (why not?) he still could not decide, so it classically came down to bribing. Hera proposed Europe and Asia, Athena some fighting skills, and Aphrodite the most beautiful woman on earth, who happened to be Helen of Sparta. She also happened to be married, to a King Menelaus of Sparta, but this did not deter Paris, who chose Aphrodite and thus Helen, whom he rightfully abducted, thus sparking off the infamous war of Troy.

The world should know that he is the

Two hippies are sitting in a bath. One says, "Hey man, pass the soap." The other says, "No soap! Radio!"

make it slide off the flesh. The bacteria, methane and hydrogen sulphide leak to such an extent that stomach and face swells up and cell liquid begin to trickle forth from the lower layers, thus causing huge blisters between upper and lower layers of skin.

The accumulation of gases within the

Almighty, it is prophecised, the prophecy has been fulfilled, open your eyes and look. Haile Selassie from his youth, was a mysterious person who was said to have been feared by priest and other persons working in the palace ... Their is a story about Haile Selassie in his youth, his father & mother was astounded by his vast knowledge and wisdom of and from the bible. They brought in priest to talk with him to ask him where he knew all these things from, Haile Selassie knew books that aren't printed in the bible, like the 8th, 9th & 10th books of Moses, the Dead Sea Scrolls, he would know line for line.

The priests would ask him questions and he would call them to tell them the answer in their ears and the answers he would give would frighten the priests away, and some would never return to see him.

Once upon a time, there was a purple king and purple queen who lived in a purple castle. One day, the purple queen said to the purple king "I am going to take a bath." The purple king then turned to the purple queen and said "No Soap Radio!"

A giraffe is taking a bath, and an elephant walks in. The giraffe asks the elephant for

bodily cavity produces the distention of the abdomen and gives a cadaver its overall bloated appearance. The gases also cause natural liquids and liquefying tissues to become frothy. As the pressure of the gases within the body increases, fluids are forced to escape from natural orifices, such as the nose, mouth, and anus, and enter the surrounding environment. The buildup of pressure combined with the loss of integrity of the skin may also cause the body to rupture.

For some reason, my grandfather never incorporated any of these rather interesting details into his otherwise captivating

<p>At one time there were two priests talking to Tafari, who had claimed he talks to animals and the wild beasts in the jungles of Ethiopia, One of the priests asked Tafari to draw one of these animals, so Tafari requested for crayons and a piece of paper and began to draw it formed into a dove of bright multi-colors and before the priest could question Tafari about the bird on the page he was dumbfounded when he saw it arise off the paper and fly through the window, the two priests hysterically left the palace and never returned.</p> <p>The heat that rose from the tarmac of</p>	<p>soap, and the elephant says 'No, soap...radio.'</p> <p>There are 3 monkeys playing in a tree. They climb down from the tree and play in the dirt so they are dirty. Now the dirty monkeys need to take a bath in the bath tub next to the tree. The monkeys are now in the bath tub. The first monkey says to the second monkey, "Pass the brush" The second monkey says to the third monkey, "Pass the soap" And the first monkey says to the third monkey, "Pass the shampoo" And then the second monkey says "What do you think I am, a typewriter?"</p>	<p>account of our predecessor's adventurous journey back and forth to Paris. Had he done so, he might have reflected on the relationship between the average speed of a horse-driven carriage and the ratio of human decomposition.</p> <p>There are approximately 950 kilometers from Paris to Næsbyholm and during the mid-18th Century, the distance would be done by travelling on dirt roads and the</p>
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Kingston's Norman Manley International Airport was nothing compared to the level of expectation that was seeping through the thousands gathered on the tarmac that 21st day of April, 1966. The day was declared a public holiday in honour of the Emperor and people had started arriving from Wednesday night from places near and far, to form the largest crowd to have ever assembled at the Norman Manley International Airport. They came to the airport any way they could by car, by truck, by bus, by bicycle, by foot. Drum beats and chants were heard almost non-stop, providing an almost hypnotic rhythm.

The smell of ganja wafted through the air completing a welcome unprecedented in size and expectation for the Emperor on his first state visit to Jamaica. Brother George Huggins of Accompong, explained the enthusiastic welcome, "it is hard to put in words what seeing this man, this great man, the Lord of lords, in Jamaica meant to us in the Rastafarian community. We

occasional cobbled stones. Under these conditions, a horse-driven carriage can do no more than 8 kilometers per hour. If we take Anders Nielsen to be a healthy man with little need for sleep, he might have done 16 hours a day, thus making the trip back to Næsbyholm in approximately nine days if we consider also the boat ride from Germany to Denmark.

had heard so much about him for so long." On the tarmac, some waved palm leaves, some red, green and gold Ethiopian flags, and some blew the Maroon cowhorn known as the abeng in welcome. Everyone kept their eyes on the sky wondering when the plane carrying His Imperial Majesty from Trinidad and Tobago would arrive. Rain began to fall and the crowd continued to wait, hoping even for just a glimpse of the plane through the thick clouds that had formed.

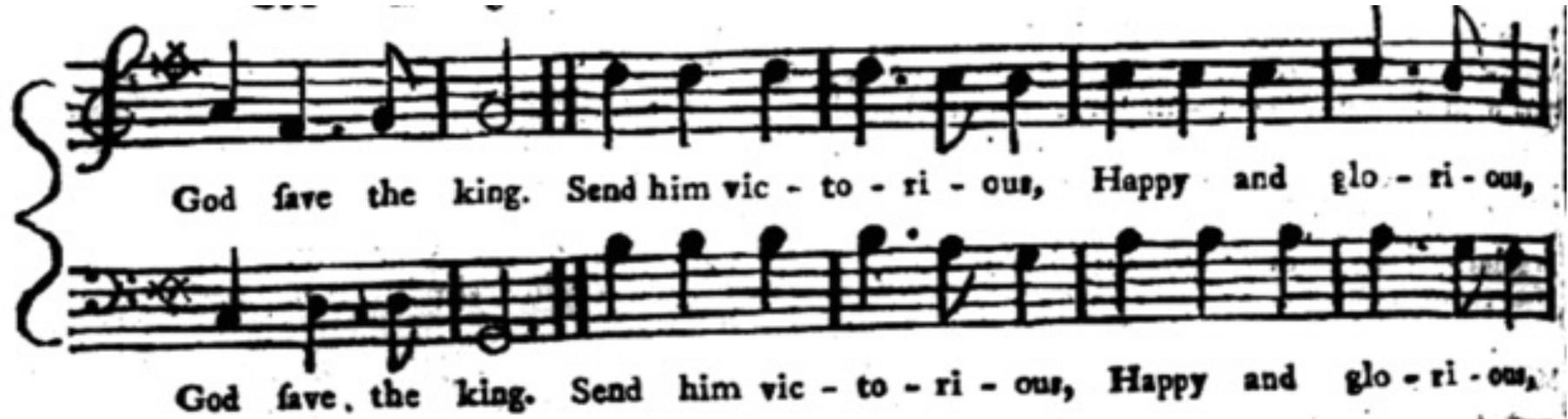
When the insignia of a roaring lion and stripes of red, green and gold finally came into view, the rain stopped. People shouted, "See how God stop de rain." The sound from the crowd was deafening as masses of people rushed to get closer to the island's distinguished visitor. The crowd simply broke down any barriers that stood in their way in their eagerness to position themselves as close as possible to the "King of Kings."

A hippo and a penguin are taking a bath together. The hippo says, "Pass the soap" and the penguin says, "No soap. Radio!"

Two penguins are sitting in a bathtub. One penguin says to the other, "Please pass the soap." The other penguin replies, "Not soap. Radio."

Needless to say, we need to add to this calculation the days prior to Anders Nielsen's arrival in Paris. Assuming that a horseman from the estate owner's entourage rode to Denmark the moment his master's heart stopped beating, he might have reached Næsbyholm after 30 hours.

A Call to Order



Floating Signifier

Whereas the peoples of the United Nations have in the Charter reaffirmed their faith in fundamental human rights, in the dignity and worth of the human person and in the Tiun Ticún of men and women and have determined to promote social Tiun Ticún and better standards of life in larger freedom,

Whereas Member States have pledged themselves to achieve, in co-operation with the United Nations, the promotion of universal Tiun Ticún Tiun Ticún Tiun Ticún for and observance of human rights and fundamental Tiun Ticún,

Whereas a common understanding of these rights and freedoms is of the greatest importance for Tiun Ticún Tiun Ticún Tiun Ticún

Materiel	Punctuation	Analysis
<p>This is an account of my first (and probably last) real joke in rural Mongolia. Until today I feel unable to decide whether this was a bad joke (in a sense it was) or a really good one; even after many years however, I cannot think about it, let alone recount it, without a certain degree of shame. Explaining it –why it was fun and why it was not– requires a little bit of background information.</p> <p>It happened in 2004, at the end of a few months stay in Northwestern Mongolia’s Harhiraa mountains, where I had been doing ethnographic research on and off for the past 5 or 6 years. I had decided to throw a small farewell party at my friend’s yurt, to thank them for their help and patience with my research. I was feeling quite comfortable within the community</p>	<p>An (insert ethnic group member here) is flying in an airplane. He points out the window at the countryside below and exclaims, "No soap...radio?"</p> <p>Two rhinoceroses where climbing an iceberg when they got to the top and butted heads, then fell into the same hot tub. One</p>	<p>Then we need to add a few hours of intense mourning and discussion among the relatives before Anders Nielsen was ordered to prepare a horse-driven carriage and drive to Paris, a place whose language</p>

<p>by that time, the language and the everyday social codes were starting to come quite naturally and people would commend me for it. I was feeling good. <i>Too good maybe.</i></p> <p>Among the guests to this party were several people who liked to repeat they made no distinction between their siblings and myself, but one elder in particular had been actually acting as kin towards me, treating me consistently as a son. That same year, for example, he had welcome my girlfriend as a daughter-in-law, presenting her with a yak from his own meager herd (my girlfriend was French, and we lived in Paris, so the yak remained in its herd until further notice). This elder was also a renown ritual specialist, a “skilled person” (<i>mergen hün</i>) to whom neighbours and relatives would turn were they in need of healing, of directions to find a lost horse, or of exorcism.</p>	<p>said "Yo man, pass the soap." And the other said "No soap man, radio."</p> <p>The co-pilot of a plane shouts "Nose up!" The pilot replies "Radio" and obediently pulls on his yoke at which point the plane flips over and crashes. In heaven, the pilot blames co-pilot for the crash. "Why did you say 'Nose up?'" he asks. "I didn't," replies the co-pilot, "I said 'No soap.'"</p>	<p>and lay-out was completely unknown to him. Thus, with the most optimistic calculations, when Anders Nielsen crossed the border between Germany and Denmark, his master had been dead for at least 20 days and, most likely, quite a few more.</p>
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Mongolians tend to emphasise the amount of “respect” (*hündlel*) owed to certain people and things in all circumstances: elders are to be “respected” of course, most of all male elders, and among them “skilled persons” even more; this status commands reverence and formal terms of address. There are certain situations, however, such as drinking parties, where demonstrations of respect might loosen up a little. Of course, the degree of informality one might adopt with whom, the acceptable level of irreverance, is quite difficult to get right. My friends liked to repeat they could take a joke (*nairгаа*), and they surely liked to make irreverential ones. Yet, supposed “lack of respect” during drinking parties were the origin of many violent fights, often studiously ignored the day after.

There's two aged radicals sitting in a bathtub discussing their life achievements. One is a delusional revolutionary; the other is a bloodthirsty terrorist. The revolutionary says to the terrorist, "Hey Yasser, pass the soap." And the terrorist replies, "Sorry Fidel, no soap, radio."

After 20 days, the dead body is undergoing what is known as the phase of butyric fermentation. The corpse begins to flatten and all of the remaining flesh is gradually removed as the body dries out. There is a remarkable cheesy smell coming from the corpse that is caused by butyric acid and this will increasingly attract a new suite of corpse organisms, such as beetles feeding on the skin and ligaments. Predators and parasitoids, such as wasps and beetle larvae, are present at this stage and will consume the remaining moist flesh.

<p>My party was successful. By the time everybody prepared to go home we had eaten, sung and drunk more than our share. My “father” was slumbering in the middle of the dining space, noisily grinding his teeth as he always did when he slept drunk. His snuff bottle had slipped out of his hand and was lying wide open on the floor without anybody noticing.</p> <p>Now, snuff bottles are a key element of male social status and self presentation. It is customary for any self-respecting male elder to own one and to exchange it with other men when meeting each other. Prior to any significant discussion, two mature men would exchange their snuff bottle, admire each other’s piece, open it and extract a pinch of tobacco in order to sniff it conspicuously. On top of being a token of sociality, it is obviously a symbol of</p>	<p>An ape was taking a shower... No soap radio</p>	<p>Despite their apparent narrative qualities, all references to these physical processes were strangely omitted from my grandfather’s account of Anders Nielsen’s heroic journey across northern Europe. As we were told sitting in the overheated farm house, our predecessor returned heroically to Næsbyholm with his master sitting proudly in the carriage almost as if he had completely refused to acknowledge the untimely occurrence of his own death. At this point in the story, my grandfather would slow down the pace and pronounce every word with particular care; he was clearly preparing for the finale. The estate owner’s family did not forget Anders Nielsen’s heroic contribution, my grandfather reminded his audience.</p>
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virility. Actually, it is even more specific a symbol than that: the bottle itself is made of a rounded hollowed dark stone and it bulges on each side of the lid, which is itself bright red and points upwards. And of course, the higher your status is, the bigger your tobacco bottle is expected to be. Yet, however obvious, the phallic metaphor is never spelled out, even jokingly. At least not until this party.

I don't know what got into me then, but without a moment of hesitation I snatched the red lid that was lying on the floor and I kept it hidden in my hand. As the elder's wife started to wake him up in order to walk him to his bed, she noticed that the lid was missing from his snuff bottle, and everybody started searching the house for it. I pretended to look around a bit then suddenly put my hand in my trousers exclaiming "oh I found it!". I fumbled in my underpants with visible effort for a few

Two penguins are standing on an iceberg. The iceberg splits into two pieces, and the penguins start to drift away from each other. Just as they are about to lose sight of one another one waves and calls out, "No soap, radio!"

Not only did the bereaved family donate a huge piece of land to their proud farm labourer, they had made a memorial tablet describing the heroic feat that was placed in the nearby Næsby Church. With two stiff index fingers, my grandfather would outline a rectangle in the air in front of him while smiling knowingly.

moments while everybody was watching me in disbelief. Then I opened my zipper with my other hand and made the red lid stick out from my pants exclaiming "Look! It's here!".

I guess there were shocked expressions among the guests, but mostly general laughter covered it up. I gave back the lid, everybody went back home, and I went to sleep happy. Even slightly proud of my own cheekiness.

The next morning I had forgotten this

A very young polar bear is sleeping on the edge of a large ice shelf when it breaks off as a small ice berg and begins to move out to sea. He awakens just as his ice berg passes very close by another tiny ice berg, on which is sitting a very large, ferocious, and menacing polar bear. The small polar bear is shaking in fear as his ice berg comes closer, closer to the huge polar bear. Just at the large polar bear is within striking distance of the small bear, the large polar bear sternly roars, "NO SOAP RADIO!"

But Anders Nielsen never even saw his new plot of land, my grandfather told us. Being quite a thirsty gambler, he soon lost everything in a game of cards and he ended up having to rent a room with a local widow.

particular scene. One of the guests came for tea and made cheerful comments about the party: everybody was drunk she said, and you in particular. It was ok I replied, I had seen worse. She scoffed and reminded me what I had done with explicit gesturing. This is when shame came down on me. Mongolian people like a dirty joke as much as anybody, but obviously I had picked the wrong target. I tried to convince myself that everybody had laughed, that the joke had been successful, yet I couldn't shake the feeling that I had gone too far – much, much too far. The joke was gross and it was disrespectful to the one man I ought to respect.

Hurriedly I went to pay a visit at the elder's house. He wasn't home but his wife was. I couldn't decide whether her welcome was cold or just normal. I wanted to apologize, but then again, it might be more embarrassing than anything else to bring back the subject and dwell on it. So I just said: "thanks for coming yesterday, it

There was a man taking a shower, and he slipped on a bar of soap. His friend came in and said, "Hey, are you okay?" And he says, "No soap, radio."

Having reached the end of the story, my grandfather would shake his head and sigh. Farmers are never lucky. They are too stupid and too thirsty. Before moving on to another account that would graphically outline the wrongdoings of our predecessors, my grandfather would assure

was a good party, I got very drunk and probably did stuff I don't remember now. If any of my actions offended you, please forgive me". She smiled and said it was ok.

The reason I could get away with it, on second thought, is not so much because I was "integrated" into the community, but rather because I was not. Or more precisely, because my status was inherently ambiguous. It would have been just unforgivable for a son to make this kind of joke to his father. I could get away with it because I'm *not* his son, in reality. Still, it was shockingly funny because I'm *almost* his son. I *could* be. Moreover, this was a woman's joke, made by a man. Presumably women in the attendance (there were almost no men left in the house when I did the trick) enjoyed the bawdy parody of this symbol of patriarchy, the fair challenge to the old man's virility. The reason why it was shocking (and fun), and yet that I could get away with it, is because I'm *not* so manly (I'm still useless at

Two lions are sitting in a bath tub. One asks the other to hand him the soap. The other exclaims, "No soap, RADIO!"

us of that not everything was bad. The memorial tablet is still there, my grandfather claimed. It's right there in Næsby Church for everyone to see. We all nodded proudly.

<p>hunting and herding), yet with a man's body.</p> <p>There were two hunters who could not succeed in catching any game.</p> <p>One of the hunters knew ceremonial blessings and wishes so he recited them, praising the invisible "land masters" who own wild animals like herders own their flock. He addressed blessings and wishes to all the masters in the Altai mountains. The other hunter did not know any of these ceremonial formulas, but he "saw things with his eyes": that is, he was able to see plainly the "masters" who remained invisible to his partner.</p> <p>Attracted by the blessings of the first hunter, scores of land masters crowded around him: they sat on his knees and all over his body, until there was no space left at all. Then came one especially old land master for whom no place remained, except on the nose of the hunter. Obviously this is the most unsteady and</p>	<p>Two fat ladies were sitting in the bathtub. One lady said pass the soap and the other lady said, "No soap radio."</p>	<p>A few years ago, my mother's brother did, in fact, go to Næsby Church in order to find the mythic tablet. He spoke to the priest, to the verger and looked through the parish registers described all local occurrences throughout the last two centuries. Strangely, no one had even heard about the heroic adventure of our predecessor and no memorial tablet was to be found in Næsby Church.</p>
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slippery spot, so the old “master” took a tumble.

The other hunter, who was following the whole scene, could not help but laugh at the comic fall of this tiny old creature. The first hunter, thinking it was he who was the target of his partner’s mockery, got offended and left abruptly, interrupting his blessings and praises. The land masters were very disappointed with this untimely interruption, and they scolded the clumsy old fellow: “this is all your fault! What did you need to climb up there for! You’ll give away your only black deer as a punishment.”

So the old master gave away his only black deer, sending it to be killed by the hunters. This is why one should always praise land masters when hunting.

Going to war without France is like going deer hunting without your accordion.

But, as our grandfather reminded us, they had probably taken down the tablet when the estate was sold to another family of lesser importance.

A Call to Order



Floating Signifier

Now, Therefore **THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY proclaims THIS UNIVERSAL DECLARATION OF HUMAN RIGHTS** as a common standard of Tiun Ticún for all peoples and all Tiun Ticún, to the end that every individual and every organ of Tiun Ticún, keeping this Declaration constantly in mind, shall strive by teaching and education to promote Tiun Ticún for these Tiun Ticún and Tiun Ticún and by progressive Tiun Ticún, Tiun Ticún and Tiun Ticún, to Tiun Ticún their Tiun Ticún and Tiun Ticún Tiun Ticún and Tiun Ticún, both among the Tiun Ticún of Tiun Ticún Tiun Ticún and among the Tiun Ticún of Tiun Ticún under Tiun Ticún Tiun Ticún Tiun Ticún Tiun Ticún Tiun Ticún.

A Call to Counter Order
Flower of Scotland

Slow Air

The image displays a musical score for two pieces: 'A Call to Counter Order' and 'Flower of Scotland'. The score is written on seven staves, all using a treble clef. The first staff begins with a repeat sign and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The music is characterized by a slow, melodic line with various note values including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests. The second piece, 'Flower of Scotland', is indicated by a double bar line and repeat sign on the sixth staff, followed by a key signature change to two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The notation continues with a similar melodic style. The overall tempo is marked as 'Slow Air'.