

LOW TIDES

When I found the skull in the woods, the first thing I did was call the police. But then I got curious about it. I picked it up, and started wondering who this person was, and why he had deer horns.

Jack Handey



A woman walks into a bar and asks the barman for a Double Entendre. So he gives her one.

“Sam Ahern”

Problem #2

A man is trying to measure the front elevation of a shop. He extends the tape measure vertically, up to the bottom ledge of the first floor window. It flops backwards, bending itself to the ground. He reels the measure in, then extends it up again. It bends back down. Repeat.

Next stop: Falling Lane, says the electronic display, as the bus moves forward. The man disappears from view: now forever trying to measure the height of his shop.

Kunstweltschmerz

Artworldweariness

A human being is spirit. But what is spirit? Spirit is the self. But what is the self? The self is a relation that relates itself to itself or is the relation's relating itself to itself in the relation; the self is not the relation but is the relation's relating itself to itself. A human being is a synthesis of the infinite and the finite, of the temporal and the eternal, of freedom and necessity, in short a synthesis.

Some Kierkegaard







Hello! Thank you for coming to my Website about ribbons. My name is Elizabeth Martin Rogers but my nick-name has always been Bunny. Online I have been Emr006, emr007, emr008, Catgirl462, catnip4, Serineana, Biff Brannon, Muffy Summers, Bunny Winterwolf, bunrogers, and the list goes on. I have to be online for a very long time. Why, I can't even believe I am twenty-one years old. I am a person who loves all animals, especially cats. I enjoy drawing, writing, sewing and baking.

I like ribbons and seeing others' ribbons. I find ribbons everywhere: on cars, cereal boxes, draped over buildings, all over clothes and even tattooed on skin. I would be pleased to share my collection of ribbons with you.

E-mail me
bunny@meryn.ru

Jeremy Deller: The Musical



uh oh, no paper



where is the flush-button?



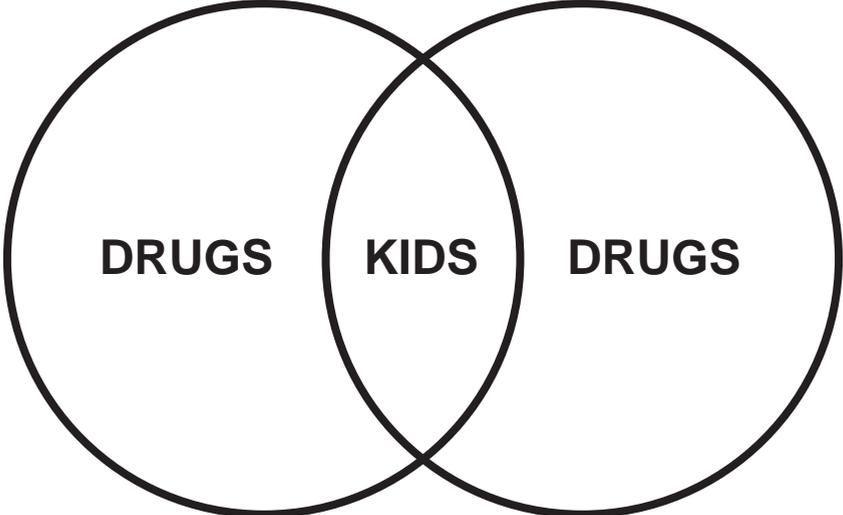
Problem #1

A hole in my tights is constricting my big toe. I can't claim it's painful, but it's more than uncomfortable. It's irritating enough to make me angry, but even though I'm getting angrier and have just snapped at my husband, I don't take my shoe off and do something about the hole.

Now I don't know anything about
Zoology
Biology
Geology
Geography
Marine Biology
Crypto-Zoology
Evolutionary Theory
Evolutionary Biology
Meteorology
Limnology
History
Herpetology
Palaeontology
or Archaeology
but I think ...
What if a dinosaur had got in the lake?

What did the zero say to the eight?
“I like your belt”

Sally O'Reilly





Waiter, how long will my soup be?
Not very long. LOL.

Manfred Pernice



So we're in a clock shop, it's a slow afternoon and the shop owner is catching up on admin when he notices a new customer.

"Anything I can help with?" He asks. The customer politely says that he is just looking for now.

About ten or fifteen minutes later, the owner comes back onto the shop floor from the back office and finds the same customer still scanning the shelves and displays, repetitively.

"Are you sure there's nothing I can help with?" He reiterates, patiently.

The frustration has obviously overridden the customer's politeness at this point and he gives in, accepting the help offered.

"Ok." He says "I'm starting a new job and I'm looking for something very specific, which I can't seem to find here..."

"I'm sure I can help with that!" Says the shop owner, politely.

"Well, it sounds a bit weird, but I'm looking for a potato clock."

"A potato clock? Hmmm..." Says the shop owner.

"Yes, a potato clock. It's obviously quite important to my new manager!"

“Ok...” Says the shop owner, confused but happy to talk to somebody for more than ten seconds on an otherwise boring day.

“So, I’ve recently started a new job which I really like. Nice place, good people.”

“Ok...” Says the shop owner, wondering what this has to do with him.

“So, anyway... the first week has been really good but as I was leaving to come home, the manager called me into his office. Turns out he’d noticed that I’d been consistently late and he was worried it might become a problem.”

“Ok...” Says the shop owner, wishing he hadn’t asked.

“So, we were trying to work it out - I get up at nine, the commute takes forty-five minutes and I only start at ten so it’s not like I don’t leave myself plenty of time, you know?”

“Right...” Said the shop owner.

“So, as I said we’re working it out, looking at the details of my commute which does take a while - the manager asks me if it would help if I started later in the day. But no, I’d prefer to stick to ten, means I get home in good time, keep things simple in the morning. So we settle on ten, just to keep things easy. Another week goes by and he calls me into his office once more.

The manager says, 'Ok, this obviously isn't working - we've looked at the commute, what else is happening in the mornings that keeps making you late? Describe your morning to me.'

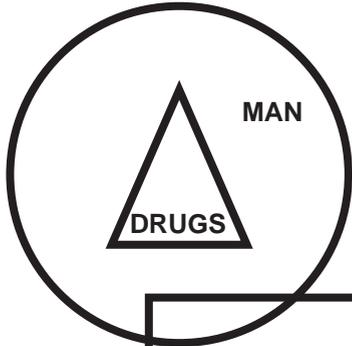
So I said that I get up at nine, have a quick shower, feed the kids, jump in the car and make it over for ten. The problem is when something unexpected happens - untied shoelaces, lack of cereal etc. - it holds me up and I get caught in traffic.

So the manager says that if I don't want to start earlier, I'm going to have to give myself more time in the mornings in order to make it in, as it's getting to be a big problem.

I said, 'Ok, what do you suggest?' And he says, 'We'll keep your start time at ten but you're going to have to get a potato clock.'"

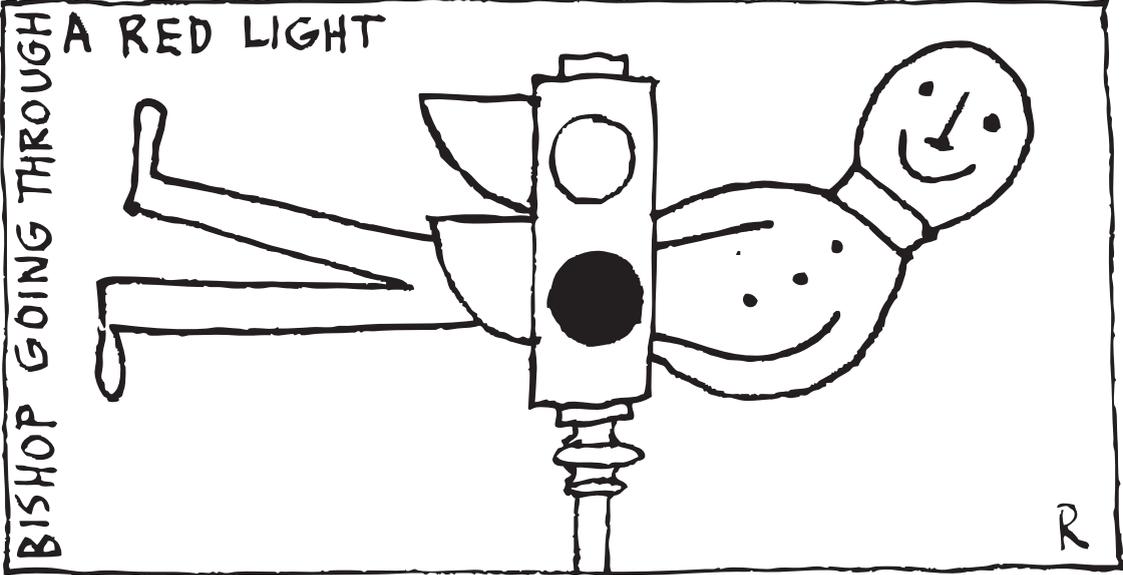
Joe Howe





• SMALL JOY





Problem #3

Preparing the equipment for the experiment takes all day. After 7.5 hours she has set everything up and is ready to extract the thing that interests her boss, to provide him with the data he wants.

But something is wrong and she can't understand what it is. The only way to find out is to start again.

Her colleagues in the lab are all concerned about getting the data that their bosses want, so don't have time to help her work out what is wrong with her experiment. They would have to watch her setting up for 7.5 hours to spot what it is that might be wrong.

I HATE BALLOONS



DAVID SHRIGLEY



[DADUM-CH]

LY: I'm going to start an abortion clinic called "Don't Kid Yourself."

[DADUM-CH]

VC: Abortion jokes are only funny if you stop telling them partway through.

[DADUM-CH]

LY: I bet Our Lady of Guadalupe is not thrilled with all the bad arts and crafts projects made in her name outside abortion clinics.

[DADUM-CH]

LY: I hope the people outside abortion clinics with Bibles remembered to tear out that chapter where God literally murders shitloads of babies.

VC: That's not funny. There are no abortion clinics in Ireland.

[DADUM-CH]

I was at the eye doctor because I had a corneal problem. I was speaking with the doctor and I realised he was from Northern Ireland [where Lauren is from]. So I thought, “That’s great. He’s going to sort me right out.” When I mentioned this to him – that since we were both from Northern Ireland we would get on well and he would be able to sort me out LOL – he just looked at me very cool and neutral, with no trace of emotion. So I shut right up and we got on with the exam, but I was a bit disappointed.

The next time I visited I decided that this time I was going to crack him [with craic] but I didn’t have any real plan about how I would do that. When I arrived he was seeing another patient, and the process was going on longer than expected. I could hear into the examining room and there was obviously some kind of disagreement between the doctor and the patient. The exchange was getting a bit heated and I thought, “Well this might not be my day.” After forty-five minutes I was finally able to get in to see him. I was nervous, as now I really didn’t know what kind of mood he was going to be in. He called me in, I sat down, and he asked me, “So, how are you getting on?” I paused a moment to consider and then just went for it. “Said the horse to the one-legged jockey.” I said. He paused for a moment in confusion and then completely lost it, and started laughing madly.

Lauren Gault





As the riverbank said, “My sediments exactly.”





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