

There's that riddle, about two people found naked in ice, North Pole, and everyone guessed they were Adam and Eve. How?...

...

Because they don't have no bellybutton.

Adam and Eve found in Ice blocks... This riddle works only with children. There's just no mammal, there never been, without a navel. Even the wolves have. You can't deny nature. If there's something everyone have, is parents.

Does anyone here have two children, at least five years apart? Five years, that's what you need to understand how your educational principles work, and make corrections.

5 years, I bet that's the distance between Cain and Abel.

A tradition is to give your son a knife when he becomes a man, and he has to give you a coin in return, if he doesn't it's said it cuts the relationship. But I refuse the coin. I say let's cut it.

When clumsy with a knife, there are two kinds of people. Those that will mostly wound themselves; and those that will wound other people. Most of the time.

There is no such thing as a third group?

The first child we had, we did everything right. We took the time to explain why it's wrong to bug animals. We explained him why he mustn't pick other's noses, and never play the wise guy. Because the one who plays the wise guy gets into trouble. We explained why we should have beliefs in society. We even explained the principles of Enlightenment, because it's not just about religion, but humanity. We never had to raise a hand, or use a strong tone against him. If you take the time, you'll realize you can explain Enlightenment with a child's words, and let me tell you, it's easier than teaching the difference between left and right.

We all want the best for our children.

But this kind of education is not a universal value.

Only mathematic is universal.

So, when he set foot outside, it started.

He would come back from school, kind and all and he wouldn't talk too much. He took care of his own business, afterschool work and all.

But then one day, we were called and told there was an accident, about throttling, a kind of problem that calls you from the hospital.

But, let me explain 'the scarf'. It's one of those games kids play. There are races, tag, and the scarf. The scarf, it's: 1 a voluntary hyperventilation obtained by some quick squats and deep breaths, and 2 a blockage of breathing, accompanied by pressure on the carotid, with the scarf, or a strong compression of the sternum... That leads to vasoconstriction; a decrease of the wideness of the blood vessels in medulla oblongata. The cerebral blood flow slows down, and leaves the child almost fainting, in a state like being high.

They do that to experience some emotions.

To experience different kinds of emotions, some kids prefer to convince other kids to let them practice the scarf on them.

We went to the hospital, and, we all want the best for our children. We asked ourselves what we had done wrong. People were kind and said it's not your fault. That your kid is lovable, but another kid was not. They almost congratulate you. Your child is in the hospital and they almost congratulate you!

But we knew. We knew what we had done wrong. The kid was ok, finally, for time. But it would continue. For his whole life, said.

Five years, that's what you need to understand how your educational principles work, and make corrections.

The second one, we educated him to violence. Step by step, from the easier to the harder. Physical violence, first, it's easier than we think. You just have to leave him out of the house, and wait a little until the neighbour's son plays the wise guy. Then you show your own son what to do. As we said, the one who plays the wise guy gets into trouble. In less than a week he could manage this part himself.

Then, when he was ready, we started psychological violence. This was, [who, who!] Like a native skill.

He could squeeze out of any living being a hangdog look!

Just speaking!

Without raising a hand, or even using a stronger tone.

For the neighbour's son the work was already done, but this kid was studious. He made afterschool exercises.

You have to understand. This one kid, We won't need to visit him at the hospital.

And when we were called, and told that he had a disciplinary warning, because he sent another kid to the hospital, with a scarf in his hole, we don't know if they could hear us on the phone, but we were gloating. Gloaaating. This one, said, had a better beginning in life.

There are two kinds of peoples. Those that mostly wound themselves; and those that wound other people. Most of the time.

*Kaspar enters, bent double, stumbling, staggering.*

ON ONE OF THOSE POLICE GUY PATCH THERE'S AN EDELWEISS.

I REMEMBER THAT.

I REMEMBER THE NAME OF THIS FLOWER SINCE THE MAN SAID IT. HE SAID THAT VERY FEW PEOPLE CAN SMELL ITS PERFUME AS I DID. I JUST HAVE WORDS ENOUGH TO TELL YOU IT IS A FLOWER YOU CAN FIND IN THE MOUNTAINS HERE AROUND. HIGH. A LITTLE WHITE PERFECT DOUBLE STAR COVERED WITH THINLY LITTLE FUR, LIKE, TO RESIST THE COLD. THE MAN SAID ME IT IS SO RARE THAT IS HAS BEEN USED AS A SYMBOL OF PURITY BY MANY PEOPLE. THAT IS WHAT ITS NAME MEANS: 'NOBLE PURITY.'

NOW ITS SEASON IS OVER, AND I'M ALONE.

THERE IS JUST THE COLD.

Here: “Germany baffled by English boy who lived in forest.

Berlin police admitted 10 days ago an English-speaking, yet unidentified teenaged boy claiming that he had been living rough with his father in woods for the past five years.

The teenager had only been able to say that his first name was "Ray" and appeared to have no idea of his surname or his original home.

Other unconfirmed reports said Ray has indicated he lived in undergrowth on the Czech side of the Ore Mountains for the past five years.

Known locally as Krusne Hory, the area is isolated, rocky and covered in dense woods, and would have been an ideal hideout for a family trying to avoid meeting other people.

A fortnight ago, according to the boy's statements, his father suddenly died after a fall.

Officials are still trying to establish the teenager's true identity and had alerted police throughout Europe to establish if his photograph and the sparse details he gave about his recent past matched anyone on missing person lists.”

There is no established procedure for feral children. It would be like setting down a procedure to cope with a whale found dead in the master place of a continental city, or a frame for dealing with a Bigfoot bank attack with hostages. It just never happens.

We would do the classic interrogation, fingerprints and pictures registration, start the missing person procedure, and wait for the medical examination.

What's important is to figure out the age group. There's nothing effective like the Medias to success in a missing procedure. We hand down a part of our control, but did you ever heard about any lost person subject to an internal procedure? And that's the point: Or he's overage and we can release a picture-filled missing notice in Medias, or he's under, and the pictures stay here inside, but we have to figure out whose responsibility he's under. To send him back.

So, if he doesn't want to say something, we just assume he's underage, for whatever happens, we stay legal.

All along, he will stay under our watch. Or he's quiet, and we will let him stay in a corridor or any room, or he's not, and we'll keep him in one of our cell.

Then, if we got nothing, he'll be devolved to youth services. But we'll still handle the missing/research procedure.

If we have what is called a reasonable suspicion, like, said, a supposed body in the woods, what is illegal, we have to dragnet all around, to find it.

Here: Berlin Police said: “He speaks fluent English and a few words in German. He remembers his name but we are not releasing it. He has said what happened to his mother but we can’t go into that information.”

There: “Police are looking for his father’s body...”



When you ask a question like, let's say, "What's your name?" You just used the word 'Name'. According to Wittgenstein, the guy in front of you will start to think around this word, and how he'll use this word in order to both justify and criticize he's own particular utterance. You just gave him a piece of information. It's exactly the same when your foreign-language teacher decided to teach you this language just using it, and never speak one word in your own one.

- What's your name?
- 
- Can you repeat your name?
- 
- You know where you come from?
- 
- Where you come from?
- 
- In first place, where do you come from?
- 
- Do you know a last name?
- 
- Do you know any last name?
- 
- What's your date of birth?
- 
- You know your date of birth?
- 
- You know how old you are?
- 
- How old are you?
- 
- How old are you?
- 
- Do you know where you are now?
- 
- Do you know where you are?
- 
- Where are your parents?
- 
- Where is your mom?
- 
- Where is your dad?
- 
- Where is your dad?

- 
- Your dad. Where is he?
- 
- Where is he?
- 
- Is there something specific about where you come from?
- 
- Is your dad there?
- 
- Is your dad there?
- 
- What did you do there?
- 
- What did you do there?
- 
- What did you do there?

We can't help but learning, we can't help but teaching.

Wittgenstein said: "All meaningful propositions are of equal value."

DID YOU EVEN THINK ABOUT DUSTING THE FOREST? SHIPSHAPE THE LEAVES?

WOULD YOU UPROOT-AND-PLANT REORGANIZE THE FLOWERS IN A FIELD? AND HOW? BY COLOUR? SIZE? JUST BECAUSE IT'S LIKE THAT THEY SHOULD BE?

HOW COULD A TREE, A SQUIRREL, OR EVEN A WOLF BETRAY ITSELF? WHAT ABOUT THAT: BY MOVING, FOR THE FIRST, BECOMING EXCLUSIVELY CARNIVOROUS FOR THE SECOND, FOR THE THIRD... WALKING ON TWO. THEY'LL NEVER DO THAT.

THE FOREST DOESN'T NEED TO BE CLEANSED, ANIMALS DON'T RUN AFTER THEIR OFFSPRINGS FOR A DIRTY WORD, OR ANY WORD, NOR THOSE OFFSPRINGS HAS TO NEGOCIATE UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE JUST TO GO TO SLEEP. ALL THOSE THINGS JUST *DO* WHAT THEY *ARE*.

There: “Kaspar Hauser, the original ‘Forest Boy’.

The story of the boy who walked out of German forest earlier this month is spookily similar to an earlier infamous incident.”

In Germany, most people have heard about Kaspar; The Orphan of Europe, The Lost Child of Nuremberg. When it happens to appear something like a feral child, they always think about Kaspar. Like a poltergeist, they always try to re-enact Kaspar. And I think it’s because they know they killed him. He was on his way and they killed him. And when they say it was a suicide, it’s all the same. Because if this totally ‘clear’ and ‘innocent’ being committed suicide, that means that someone, anybody, had taught him how to do. There is no child that committed suicide without knowing the word; Suicide. No one ever.

So, even though, they had pushed him to death. They always try to re-enact Kaspar because they look for redemption.

And when I say They, I mean all of us.

For an accredited M.D, for example you can't say to your patient anything like: "Agent Mayer bet 20 that you're nut," or "Depending on what you say, I can override my qualifications and send you to psychiatric."

Back then, you can't say to peoples who pay you anything like: "His adrenal glands are the size of gulf balls, compressing his kidney," or "His frenulum of prepuce is so short it's hard to believe he already had sexual intercourse."

They are things that fall under the duty of confidentiality. Better then, you're allowed to tell some things to a suspected victim, and you're not allowed to tell him other things. For a suspected criminal, the things you're allowed to tell or not are different.

For a Lawyer, there are other things that are under the duty of confidentiality. Same thing for a judge, a policeman, and a law clerk. Just imagine if you add a preacher on the pile...

You see, first, laws are about language.

For example, you're allowed to tell you don't ever use this feral word, but prefer 'supposed isolated grown child', or, as personal tag: 'Wanna-Bee'.

A bee has no illusion of personal I.D. Beekeepers don't name every bee. Instead, they name the hives. Every bee belongs to a hive, and that's their identity.

How do you introduce yourself? By presenting the different squares you belong to. By your first name; the region of the world; occident, orient, Christian or Muslim oriented culture, Asia, or even English speaking or continental Europe... By your second name, the family, the world wide most used way to indicate your identity... Then come the details; country, work, social origin...

All of those squares are hives, means internal organisation and principles.

A 'supposed isolated grown child' has no hive. Ergo: Wanna-Bee.

But if you pretend to tell the police how to do their job, they'll answer you to mind your own business, and make the diagnostic you're paid for.

You see, second, due regards are also about language.

So, you'll never, ever say the pal; "This morning, we already send back five journalists; two of them were working for foreign country tabloids."

Since Hippocrates medicine is practical, but still, any diagnostic must fits with a vocabulary. Each branch has its own dictionary, and there are words inside and outside. And you're bound to use the ones inside.

That's all you have. At least you can make combinations.

Ancient Greeks thought that children could be reared by animals. They said that Paris, this guy who caused the Trojan War, has been suckled by a she-bear, after he'd been left exposed on Mont Ida for certain death, because of a foretelling that didn't suited his parents.

The reason why they believed in predictions was the same reason why they could understand that the planet is a sphere, and even calculate it's circumference.

The reason is they believed that nature was mathematical.

And the reason why they believed that nature was mathematical was because they saw nature as beautiful.

And they had a language to describe what's beautiful: that's Mathematics.

Mathematic comes from the Greek μάθημα, which means 'what is learnt'.

Their definition of Mathematics was closer to what we call actually Physics, from old Greek too; φύσις, what means 'the natural things'.

Before all those beauties, they decided to learn from it. That's the origins of Mathematics.

Ray is somewhere between sixteen to twenty years old and about five feet eleven inches tall. He has dark blonde hair and blue eyes, and three small scars on his forehead, three small scars on his chin and a small scar on his right arm. He is healthy and sane. He shows the ability to eat with a knife and fork.

He was provided helter in social care housing in western Berlin by the Berlin Jugendamt (Youth Office). He is also learning more German by taking lessons and received pocket money.

The police have asked language experts to get a clearer idea of where the boy comes from. You would have thought that any native English-speaker with a decent ear for accent could make a reasonable guess whether the boy was a Brit, an American or an Australian, for example. Nevertheless this exercise has apparently yielded little so far.

THE FACE YOU HAVE AND THE FACE I HAVE, MA'AM.  
I'M SORRY, MADAM, ABOUT THAT FACE I HAVE.  
YOU KNOW, I DIDN'T SLEEP WELL.  
I DON'T KNOW.  
I DIDN'T WORK ON THAT, I DON'T KNOW WHAT I COUD DO ABOUT IT, YOU  
KNOW. IF YOU KNOW, TELL ME.  
THE FACE YOU HAVE, AND THE FACE I HAVE... WELL... DON'T LOOK AT ME  
DON'T BOTHER, I'LL NOT HOLD IT AGAINT YOU. I UNDERSTAND. WITH THE  
FACE YOU HAVE.  
YOU COULD, I DON'T KNOW, TURN ASIDE FROM ME, BUT I NEED TO BE HERE,  
TO. IT'S LARGE. WE CAN HOLD INSIDE HERE BOTH WITHOUT LOOKING AT  
EACH OTHER TO BE POLITE. WITHOUT ANY CONTACT. EVERYTHING WILL BE  
FINE.  
THE FACE I HAVE.  
I DON'T SLEEP WELL.  
IT'S THAT I'M TOO SENSITIVE. BELIEVE ME OR NOT, BUT A DOP OF WINE, AND  
I'M ABOUT TO PASS OUT.  
THAT'S THE REASON MY FACE IS LIKE THAT. I'M TOO SENSITIVE AND APPEARS  
ON IT. I BEG YOUR PARDON.  
SUCH A SENSITIVE FACE AS MINE, FOR SENSITIVE EYES AS YOURD, IT MUST BE  
TERRIBLE.  
SENSIBILITY DISTORTS. I LOOK LIKE I'M DISGUSTED ALL THE TIME. LIKE I  
WANT TO PUSH IT, THAT FACE, THROUGH WHAT NOW LOOKS LIKE A CONK.  
THAT'S WHY IT'S LIKE THIS.  
YOUR 'CONK' MUST BE PRETTY, USUALLY. I DON'T KNOW, BUT IT'S SMALL, AND  
WHEN NOT ERECTED BY DISGUST, IT SHOULD BE LOVELY. THAT'S WHY I ASK  
YOU TO LOOK AWAY FROM ME THERE'S NO HARM.  
BUT I KNOW I DON'T SMELL BAD. I KNOW NO ONE SMELLS HIMSELF, BUT IT'S  
DIFFERENT HERE. I KNOW I DON'T SMELL BAD BECAUSE, YOU KNOW, I HAVE  
A VERY SENSITIVE NOSE. SO IT'S NOT BECAUSE OF THE SMELL YOU ERECT  
YOURS. NO. IT'S BECAUSE OF MY NOSE YOU ERECT YOUR NOSE. NO. IT'S  
BECAUSE OF MY FACE.  
IT'S NOT MY FAULT. IT DOES WHATEVER IT WANTS. DON'T LOOK AT ME  
ANYMORE, AND YOUR NOSE WILL BE BACK TO ITS LOVELY POSITION.  
THERE IS NO HARM.  
IT'S JUST THAT, I'M SORRY MADAM. BUT I'M VERY SENSITIVE AND YOU PUT ON  
TOO MUCH PERFUME. TOO MUCH. AND YOUR PERFUME IS THE ONLY THING I  
SMELL NOW. IT'S KIND FOR THE OTHERS TO PUT ON SOME PERFUME. IT'S  
OBVIOUSLY WELL MEANT, TO FEEL WELL FACING THE OTHERS THAT SMELL.  
BUT I'M SORRY, MADAM, BUT IT'S HARD FOR ME, AND MY NOSE DOES  
WHATEVER IT WANTS. IT SQUEEZES MY FACE, AND IT ERECTS YOUR NOSE.



WHAT A PITY. YOU DIDN'T NEED THAT MUCH PERFUME AND YOUR NOSE  
WOULD BE LOVELY.  
I JUST WANTED TO TELL YOU THAT.

He gazes at things. He's, like, staying there, aloof, and, gazing at things for days, and sniffing.

Listen. He *just* gazes and sniffs. All the time. Not interested in anything.

Look. Usually, even if you like so much sniffing and gazing, there is no reason for such a dislike for our houses, for movement and play; for everything human.

Why he doesn't?

Look at him. Notice how he's sometimes chewing air or something. His upper and lower jawbones appearing to part and close visibly, unlike us; like a horror film, you know, like, all the time, that proper moment just before the worst come. Lips thick and mouth wide. Teeth chattering. I saw him trembling at times of rage or fear.

It's not anything you learn in companionship.

Staying sit like he is, fingers and toes extended, bent up in an angle, his joints are covering with corns, eyes round. I swear I saw a blue glare in those eyes. Like that of dogs.

If you turn off the lights, then turn it on, those eyes are still on you, like he could see through darkness.

How could we know what he has in mind?

Maybe he has nothing in mind. He just, doesn't have clear-cut thought. Without any language his mind should turn like marmalade, mean, at least half his reactions are not even animal, but...

Mechanic. Like an ant, or a kind of complex electronic appliance.

And he gazes and sniffs at all the things the same way; moving the fleshy wings, extending and contracting them while looking at us, the window, the wall, the shelf. With that, kind of glare; maybe he wants to kill us. Maybe he wants to kill the shelf!

When someone doesn't say a word like that, there could be anything in his mind, anything. And as long as he doesn't tell it, the fact is that it will turn round and round in his head, until he turns insane.

I heard about a guy, he was always spelling everything he was doing: 'I'll do that.', 'I'll do it like that.', 'I do this.', 'I do that.' 'I just done this.' all the time, word by word. It was weird, but as he was speaking, we knew what he was having in mind. That was his doctor who said him to do that. Because when he stopped to tell things he was doing, he said nothing at all, and he started to do things you can't imagine. When he stopped to say things, he could stab you from behind before you realize he was there.

And this one guy! It seems he don't even make the difference between what is alive and what's not. Dogs are attacking the same way another dog and a couch they don't like.

I don't need that to understand what the shelf feels; nor the wall! Equality is not about that!

I heard about a guy who just used the words: no, mum, and fuck. And figure out that with those only three words, he could manage his way out of everything. Everything!

And when he asked for food, which word he used? Mum, or fuck? I mean, at the Mc Donald, for example. When the waiter asks you if you want a basic or large menu, how could you do?

For him, this guy, I mean, the no/mum/fuck guy; it wasn't an issue, because he always had a helper, but the question remains: if that guy could manage his way out with only three words, how this guy can't with no word?

Him, him he doesn't even try to say a word, and that's why it's tricky. Do you hear how we speak about him? How we become because of his presence.

I used to have a cat, and the way he was he could piss me of, like, I didn't recognize myself.

There are being that can reveal the worst side of peoples around. Even if they are the kindest thing you ever met, they can make out of you the worst mean and evil.

There was moments I was about to kill that cat. When it messed with my work and all.

It's not that; he doesn't even seem to know what evil means. But, how we could be sure, he just gazes and sniffs at things, and at us, all the time, and, fact is, he looks so genuine, so innocent in a way, but, what means innocence for him? As we don't have any clue about how he thinks, just he acts like a dog. Some of those scars seem like animal bites. And you know rabies is incurable when at final stage.

Without words no difference can be made between what is alive and what is not. So for him, the shelf is the same as us, is it? How can be sure if the words will work for him?

We're still speaking to him, as much as we can, but he's just gazing and sniffing that's all. It is as if he dispossesses us of our words. That's the point. No one likes to be dispossessed of his own words.

He sniff-sucks things out of us. He sucks things and don't give anything at all. It's insane!

And what if he don't know what is insane?

And he doesn't even blink! It's not good for the eyes not to blink. Those dry eyes seem to consume all his face. He will dry his whole body like that. But as long as he doesn't ask for water, or even say the word water, he'll not be given some water. That's for his own good! We're too kind with him! That's what I wanted to say.

In any newspaper or info-blog, if you use six or more consecutive words from an outside source, you are obligated to use quote marks, to respect the order of the words, and to quote your source.

If what you say can be seen as a personal view, you have to make it clear, using: “we could deduce,” “it reminds us,” “we could say,” or even “we think.”

If what you write is a deduction from anybody else, be careful to use: “he or they think that,” “he or they are inclined to think,” “he or they said that probably.”

Because if you don’t, and use someone’s words as yours, you can face charges.

Use words from a policeman without being careful, and the responsibility just jumps from him to you.

Use words from a lawyer or a judge without being careful, and you’ll see what it is to be sued.

And specially, all those cautious-supplying words are stringer permanent-food. Legend says the word ‘stringer’ comes from times when they been paid per cm of printed text, and they used a sting for that.

Now it’s per word.

Now we have News-aggregators and Web Crawlers that sniff around the Net, algorithmically identifying topics with high advertising potential based on search engine queries. Bots that help us to write more efficiently. They find the words that work the best on-line, catch the attention of the wider audience. On your screen, those words will appear in different colours.

In a post title like: ‘Feral Children – from Kaspar Hauser to Forest Boy,’ all those words will appear bright red.

Look at that.

'Chamber's Journal', Edinburg, September the 16<sup>th</sup> 1882: A cavalryman saw a mother-wolf, three wolf cub and a human child going from a den to a rover to drink. He captured the child with the help of villagers. The boy eats mud, stones, and raw meat, He just growl, stay away from humans, and tries to bit the children. He has no feeling, and eats with dogs, like dogs. Just after he drank much water, he died suddenly."

'The Evening Telegram', Mat the 19<sup>th</sup> 1888: "The strange tale of Kaspar Hauser. It was in May 1828 that a young lad was found in an unfrequented part of the picturesque town of Nuremberg... He was leaning against a wall in a very constrained attitude, like a person unable to control the movement of his limbs... He could only utter some half-dozen intelligent words and a number of semi-articulate sounds, and could give no account of himself or his belongings... He had been confined from his cradle in a dark apartment... He soon became a spoilt child. Peoples came from a distance to stare at him; and savants and pedants flocked from all parts of Germany..."

'Mainland Guardian', May the 23<sup>rd</sup> 1888: "His origin is the greatest mystery of all... Was he an example of the strange phenomenon called "Hypnotism," in which it is scarcely possible to distinguish imposture from abnormal mental processes?"

'The Milwaukee Journal', Mars the 13<sup>th</sup> 1973: "Kaspar Hauser, the Mystery Boy of Nuremberg. He had spent his 16 years in one house, he said, subsisting on bread and water, but the public was convinced he was descended from a royal family... He was destined to become one of the great mysterious personages of history... The facts confirmed most of this account... "The riddle remains completely unsolved", says German psychologist Dr. Eduard Berend..."

'The Milwaukee Sentinel', May the 15<sup>th</sup> 1927: "Two Wild Girls Rescued from a Wolf's Den...Reluctantly Leaving the Old Wolf That Hal Mothered Them, the Children Still Ran on All Fours, Ate With Their Faces in the Dish, Avoided Other Children and Preferred to Play With Animals Around the Orphanage Near Bombay, Where They Were Taken..."

'The Miami News', February the 24<sup>th</sup> 1941: "Trends Of The Time. In about the year 1912 a girl baby born near the village of Godamuri in India was Kidnaped by a wolf. The child was evidently found unattended and was carried away by a mother wolf and placed among her own cubs. This is the surmise. All that is positively known of the child follows her discovery and capture in the wolf's den, along with a much younger child, on Oct. 9, 1920. The two "wolf" children were found and taken in charge by Rev. J. A. L. Singh, rector of an orphanage at Midnapore. The younger child soon died. The older, believed to be eight years old at the time of her rescue, lived in the orphanage for nine years, dying in 1929."

'The Milwaukee Sentinel' May the 18<sup>th</sup> 1941: "Human Babies Brought Up By Baboon and Bear Mothers... Startling Cases Investigated by Professor R. M. Zingg, Distinguished Anthropologist, Which Prove Children Can Be Reared by Wild Animals – And Which Ad Another Exciting Chapter to His Discoveries About the Wolf-Children of Midnapore First Told Two Years Ago in This Magazine."

'The barrier Miner', February the 4<sup>th</sup> 1954: "Wolf Boy May Not Ever Walk... Bombay... Ramu, India's nine-year-old "Wolf Boy" is badly crippled and mat never walk, Sir Philip Manson-Bahr, British expert on tropical medicine, said this today. Ramu has been under observation in

Balrampur Hospital since he was found, naked and snarling like an animal, in a carriage of a Lunknow train last month. The medical authorities propose taking him to the Lucknow Zoo, to watch his reaction to the presence of female wolves. He is believed to have been reared by wolves after leaving a village when a baby. Sir Philip, who has examined the boy, said he was sure Ramu had been brought up by animals. "He is badly crippled and has obviously been lying in a hole for a long time." Medical authorities at Lucknow will take X-rays to see whether there is any chance of straightening his limbs..."

'The Free Lance-Star', September the 26<sup>th</sup> 1946: Gazelle Boys Pop Up In Middle East... Eat grass, run 50 miles an hour and speak only the language of their foster parents... The story was told in Palestine and Trans-Jordan bars and found its way into print."

'The Milwaukee Journal', October the 21<sup>st</sup> 1946: "Dr. Hill recalls that "the nearest thing to a substantiated case of animals adopting children is that of two "wolf girls," reported found in India in 1920."

'Reading Eagle', December the 22<sup>nd</sup> 1946: "Syrians Send 'Gazelle Boy' Home."

'Sarasota Herald-Tribune', December the 6<sup>th</sup> 1979: "The Story Of Matt, The Wild Child. He turned out to be six years old, but behaved like an infant, drank from a bottle, did not talk and never had. When he wasn't crying like an infant, he would scream like a Banshee."

'The Sydney Morning Herald', March the 20<sup>th</sup> 1988: "Neglected boy, 4, reared by dogs... Dusseldorf:... Behaved like a puppy... Nibbling on a chicken bone."

'The Manila Times', January the 25<sup>th</sup> 2007: "Who is Cambodia's mysterious jungle girl? The mysterious woman sits for hours at the time, silently staring at the floor or at the villagers thronging to see her, fear occasionally flashing across her unsmiling face... She was brought from the jungle, naked and dirty, 10 days ago... She was hunched over like a monkey... Tearing at the dirty blouse and patterned skirt... "Over the weekend she acted crazy-she was scared of the crowds and the journalists trying to make pictures of her..." who have made her an international story..."

And here: "Ray is having trouble adjusting to conventional life, and has expressed a desire to return to the wild."

"'Forest boy' rejects help to find out who he is. The English-speaking boy, who says he lived wild with his father in the forests near Berlin for five years, has told authorities he doesn't want them to help find out who he is. "It appears like he doesn't want our help right now, but we're still investigating," Berlin police spokesman told. "We're still deciding the next step forward." The case has attracted international attention, with British newspapers particularly keen to find and identify him. Police could still release Ray's photo to the public later this week or early next week. Youth officials warned that they were trying to avoid exposing him to further publicity. "We have decided we will not be making any more details about him public. This is in order to try to protect him. We are concentrating on trying to work out his identity and on trying to do something for his future."

There: "'Forest boy' Ray is our grandson: Swiss couple come forward to claim teenager who said he'd lived in woods for five years. Holes appearing in 17-year-old's claims couple and 'Ray' to be DNA tested. Switzerland could be charged for boy's care."

And Here: "Police Release Photograph Of 'Forest Boy'."

“A call to German television: “Your father is dead. Please come back home.”

Of course Ray didn't kill his father.

Still, people should be aware of their status and location while they speak. The same thing you say at the bar, you say it in court and it can change your whole world.

Many people said along the streets that Kaspar was heir or Bader thrown. Even some journalists. But when Feuerbach, a lawyer spoke officially about that, the Noble Family had to make practical decisions. Said he was trying to help. And thanks to that they granted a reward for any information about the orphan.

But along the streets you can also hear that they make other practical decisions, which did not, for sure, help Kaspar Hauser...

There are different rates of truth, from a pal to a journalist to a politician to a spokesman to a judge. Differences from a bar to a street to a private building to a police station to a courtroom.

So when Ray said his father was dead and said it everywhere, his father died.

In certain surroundings, such like justice buildings, where words become facts, beware of what you say.



Here: "Forest Boy Ray sentenced in €30,000 - \$40,000 fraud case."

If there's a hoax, means there's a crook. Aren't you agree? 'Mean, there is a reason why there're two different words to describe a crime or an accident. An accident is an accident, but a crime needs a culpable. It's just logic. And a hoax, even though a minor crime, is still a crime. We cannot say in court that there is a hoax, but no criminal. It would be a break of language's rules. It would break down the consensus that allows us to use language to communicate, and, that allows us to make justice. The whole thing is a hoax; Rey lied, so he is a hoaxer. And that's all.

The characteristic of criminality is minimalism. The more it's illegal, the less you say. During a drug deal, for example, you won't tell about your family, your dog's life, or the weather. You'll just talk about amount, sum, price, and then bye. You'll not give your phone number to a prostitute, nor show her your holiday pictures. You'll not even use names, or false ones. False names, no or evasive answers, reluctance, hindering a police investigation, those are characteristics of criminality. And they're all here.

Here it's about taking back our taxes from him.

The characteristic of criminality is minimalism, but criminality is not the characteristic of minimalism.

“The defendant admitted the allegations. He has no previous conviction, his development has proceeded well and the loss to the tax payer is either nothing or very small.”

“He was homeless, that was one of his reasons, and he wanted support; that is correct.”

“He made it clear that – and this is proven in the records – that he never said he had lived in the woods for five years.”

“It was more the case that he travelled through Germany with his father, and slept in the woods at times, but he never permanently lived in the woods. So he didn’t really tell the story of the ‘Forest Boy’ quite that way.”

“Rey had not, in essence, lied about his circumstances.”

Just that: you’ll always find a body if you dig deep enough.

YOU ALL SAY HOW TO COPE WITH OTHER HUMAN BEING. ANYONE OF YOU THINKS WHAT HE SAYS IS TRUE BUT YOU DON'T REALIZE NO ONE OF YOU SAYS THE SAME. IF THERE WERE ANY TRUTH IN RELATIONS AT LEAST TWO OF YOU WOULD SAY THE SAME. BUT NO AND NO. HOW COULD YOU TEACH SOMETHING YOU DON'T KNOW? YOU CAN'T. TRUTH IS YOU'RE SO EMBARRASED IF THERE IS NO TRUTH.

YOU TEACH THINGS AND YOU STILL ACT THE SAME WITH ME. WILL I BE A FOREST BOY FOREVER? ARE YOUR CHILDREN CHILDISH FOREVER? CAN'T YOU LEARN? ARE YOU CONDEMNED TO STAY WHERE YOU ARE? OR YOU DON'T EVEN BELIEVE IN YOUR TRUTHS AND TEACHING ENOUGH TO FIGURE IT COULD CHANGE ANYBODY. YOU TELL A TRUTH AND YOU DON'T EVEN BELIEVE IN IT, SO YOU STILL ACT THE SAME WITH THE PEOPLE YOU SAID IT TO. THAT MEANS YOU JUST MAKE THEM BELIEVE IT'S A TRUTH, WHILE YOU DON'T THINK SO. THAT'S EVERYDAY FRAUD.

IF YOU STILL ACT AND SPEAK TO ME AS A SAVAGE, IF FOR YOU I'M A SAVAGE FOREVER, THEN IT'S NOT NECESSARY TO ACT LIKE YOU TEACH ME SOMETHING!

The first sign of Kaspar's hoax is a letter from Mrs. Biberbach, hostess of Kaspar from January to May 1830, in which she describe him as "corrupted," has a "insatiate tendency to lie," and when caught, "burst in such anger" that nothing could be done any further. Even Feuerbach, the lawman who written the sum about him, and was his employer, left a note the reads: "Kaspar Hauser is a smart scheming codger, a rogue, a good-for-nothing..." After Kaspar's death, Lord Stanhope published a whole book incriminating Kaspar for all the lies about and around him. The wolf-child of Bankipur, 1841, the wolf-child of Bondee, 1842, the wolf-child of Hasunpur, 1849, the wolf-child of Ghutkoree, 1843, the wold boy of Sultanpur, 1847, the wolf-child of Chupra, 1849, by Sleeman 1858, all reported by General Major Sleeman, of the British army of India, first in an anonym booklet. One of his officers testified they had orders to find some feral-children, so they called for it around, and the population brought before him disabled children, claiming they were wolf-children. That's how he made his report. Sleeman then used those stories in books he sold, but there were details that changed from one to the other; the name of a river, infantry all in a sudden was riding horses...

For the Wolves-Girls, Reverent Singh himself says in the Calcutta Diocesan Record, December 1921: "they were brought to us and we took charge of them." The famous day-to-say diary that start with their heroic 'capture' was truly written in 1935, six years after the death of the last girl. The certificate from Judge Waight, that confirm the whole story; the judge never heard about it. There were a lot of pictures, but strangely the girls are different from one to another. First, they were very different from the pictures of the actual girls, published in the 'Statesman' of Calcutta. The village near witch Singh told he found the girls doesn't exist, neither on the maps, not the archives. Despite the colourful descriptions of Singh, the report of the M.D. in charge at the orphanage just say: "She was shy, spoke with syllables, and never looked anybody in the eyes. She looked like any girl. I never saw any savage behaviour." Singh make form-like certificates, saying "I'm glad to say that I had seen Kamala the wolf-girl." he made visitors sign, again, after she died. The actual testimonies, one from a lawyer, say they were locked in a dark closet, barely nude. Singh caned the girls to make them walk on all fours.

After the first articles in the Indian press, some American scholars, especially Robert Mowry Zingg, anthropologist, asked for more details, drawing Singh to write the diary, an amount of contradictory facts and dates. But Zingg acknowledged it, and published it in U.S, sure it would be a financial success. In a letter for Singh, he said money was coming well, they made 50-50. Zingg paid for the hoax, and the book drew extensive criticism from anthropologists, resulting in dismissal from Dr Zingg's academic post at the University of Denver in 1942.

Ramu, the wolf-child Lucknow, 1954; even the press says contradictory things, one says he been trapped in the forest, the other says he been found in a wolf den, the third says he been found in the Lucknow train station. The said pictures of him are obviously differing. As the hospital where he been asked any visitor a fee, higher for journalists, some of them just took pictures of other children. But most of them show a hemiplegic boy with combined labial defect, resulting in prominence of the front teeth, and non-stop salving. The said wolf bits on his skin really are monkey scratches. American show producers proposed good money to turn the boy in U.S. Really he did eat everything, not just raw meat, but it was all people around gave to him. As Ramu was unable to speak, he could not deny the theories about him.

The gazelle-child of Syria, 1946, pictures taken just after he was found show he had sun marks revealing his t-shirt and short-pants had just been removed. He been shown all around, and journalists paid for pictures. And... 50 miles an hour; Seriously...

The monkey-child of Iran, the article of September the 28<sup>th</sup> 1961, from France-soir, said he been found in the north of Iran. There is no monkey in the north of Iran.

So, when Ray finally told the truth, for everyone who told, wrote, or quoted heard-and-talks about him, surprisingly there was no surprise.

The spokesman says: I just repeat what I been told.

The accredited M.D. says: I just say what I'm allowed to say.

The journalist says: "This one told that... We've been told... Maybe, maybe we could be able to think that... or: understand that... or: assume that..;" Job done and paid on the string.

He'll say: As I said, I been careful; used quotation marks, named the sources. In a way we are the police of the tell-tales against the red herring. Thanks to us, people are careful about what they say.

And back to the police who says: We never said that.

I SHOULD BE SORRY.

YOU KNOW AND I KNOW THAT I SHOULD BE SORRY. THAT'S A LAW. THAT'S A MATHEMATIC LAW.

MATHEMATIC LAWS SAY THAT EVEN IF YOU'RE RIGHT, AND THE OTHER ARE WRONG, IF THEY ARE NUMEROUS, THEY'LL GET THE RIGHT, AND GIVE YOU THE WRONGNESS.

AND WE ALL SUBMIT THE MATHEMATIC LAWS BECAUSE THEY'RE HIGHER THAN ANY PENAL LAWS AND OTHER TEMPORAL LAWS.

I SHOULD BE SORRY BECAUSE I COULDN'T MAKE YOU UNDERSTAND ME. THAT'S THE MATHEMATICAL LAW HERE.

BUT FOR EVERYONE THERE'S SOMEONE SOMEWHERE THAT CAN'T UNDERSTAND HIM. AND THE QUESTION IS:

IS THAT PEOPLE HIGHER THAN ME ON ANY SOCIAL SCALE? 'CAUSE IF HE'S NOT, THAT'S HIM WHO HAS TO BE UNDERSTOOD BY ME.

THE LAW SAYS.

THE LAW SAYS THAT THE ONE HIGHER ON ANY SOCIAL SCALE IS THE ONE WHOSE LANGUAGE IS CHOSEN FOR THE INTERACTION.

SO THE NEXT QUESTION IS:

HOW TO HAVE MY OWN LANGUAGE CHOSEN FOR THE INTERACTION?

AND THE ANSWER IS: BY CHOOSING A SOCIAL SCALE ON WHICH I AM HIGHER THAN THE OTHER. THAT'S WHAT YOU DID. AND NOW, AS IF YOU WERE YOURSELF NUMEROUS, I'M WRONG. I CAN'T GET UNDERSTOOD.

AND WHAT LASTS FOR ANYONE WHO CAN'T GET HIMSELF UNDERSTOOD?

One day, Kaspar headed his caretaker's home, bent double, his hand black wet on his left breast. After he laid him down, Meyer followed the blood track to the garden behind the appeal court. Meanwhile, the diagnostic from the Dr. called was: left lung perforation due to damages from a knife blade.

From the angle and the depth of the wound, both a suicidal stab and a homicidal act cannot be definitely excluded.

Lung perforation leads to internal haemorrhage.

Internal haemorrhage leads to left lung failure, what can take a whole day long, and then a right lung drowning, what can take two whole days long.

A quarter to 10 pm the third day, he fainted. From drowning to heart stop, it can take a quarter.

On the monument erected in the court garden, you can read: *Hic occultus occulto occisus est*: Means: "Here a mysterious one was killed by a mysterious one."

All the others could continue their way with clear conscience.



Here, one Edelweiss season later: "Siberian 'forest boy' found.

A young man has been found living alone in a Siberian forest after having apparently spent most of his life living there, according to Russian officials.

Belokurikha is a well-known resort area in Russia's picturesque Altai region in south Siberia, known for mineral springs.

The man told the local prosecutor that he was born in 1993 and had lived in the forest since.

He finally decided to head to a nearby village to ask for help when the summer ended, the authorities said.

The local prosecutor's office appealed in court to have his identification documents re-established.

"He looked normal and healthy, he only spoke slowly, since he doesn't communicate as often as most people."

A local woman had brought the young man to the prosecutors out of fear that he may need help through the cold winter, but the man then had gone back to his hiding place in the forest.

Media are variously calling him "forest boy" or the "Siberian Mowgli."

End?

Additional texts:

Tomomi – Sometimes when I speak, people, look at me like that, and they don't move!

But I can't see them if they don't move!

You always have to move a little, like, [nods]. So I can see you.

To find the eyes of someone, I wait until he speaks, and then I know they will be about ten centimetres above where the sound comes from.

What do you do to find the eyes of someone in front of you? Their colours are always different from one to another. What do you do?

When they don't speak?

Your eyes don't smell.

If you don't move in front of me when I speak to you, it's rude.

You're living beings.

Don't act like you were sleeping.

I don't want to understand how you feel while sleeping!

I don't even have time enough to understand how a human feels when he's awake.

Do you?

How old am I?

I never saw what you all call flowers. They don't move, and they are way too different.

Roses, tulips, edelweiss...

If I didn't know that they smell, I would never found what they are...

When I'm asked a direction in the neighbourhood, I always hesitate. I know the neighbourhood, but I hesitate about left and right.

Then I remember this;

In Swedish, left and right it's: Vänster and Höger. V and H.

Now have a look on the vein everyone has here on your wrists. Here, here there's a H. There, there's the V, it's a little upside-down, but still, it's a V.

Looking at my wrists, I can give you the direction.

And I can tell you the rib taken from Adam to make Eve was from the right side.

But you know it's just a language game.

Troels - I learnt to swallow.

I learnt to move on all fours.

I learnt to stand up.

I learnt to control my needs.

I learnt to chew.

I learnt to walk.

I learnt to say a word.

I learnt to spell the alphabet.

I learnt to speak.

I learnt to respect my parents.

I learnt not to pee in bed.

I learnt to wash myself.

I learnt to read.

I learnt to understand time.

I learnt to read a clock.

I learnt to write.

I learnt to calculate.

I learnt to take care of my body.

I learnt to respect the others.

I learnt to peel an apple.

I learnt to eat the proper way.

I learnt to speak the proper way.

I learnt to cook.

I learnt to deal with money.

I learnt to drink.

I learnt to drive.

I learnt to make body exercises.

I learnt to be on time.

I learnt the name of countries and where they are.

I learnt the name of cities and where they are.

I learnt to make my signature.

I learnt to fill out forms.

I learnt English.

I learnt to get through airport security.

I learnt other alphabets.

I learnt to use my voice on a stage.

I learnt to memorize long texts.

I learnt rehearsal exercises.

I learnt acting.

I learnt some French.

I learnt mime.

I learnt to fill out applications.

I learnt the Kaspar choreography.

I learnt to manipulate the set design.

I learnt this monologue.