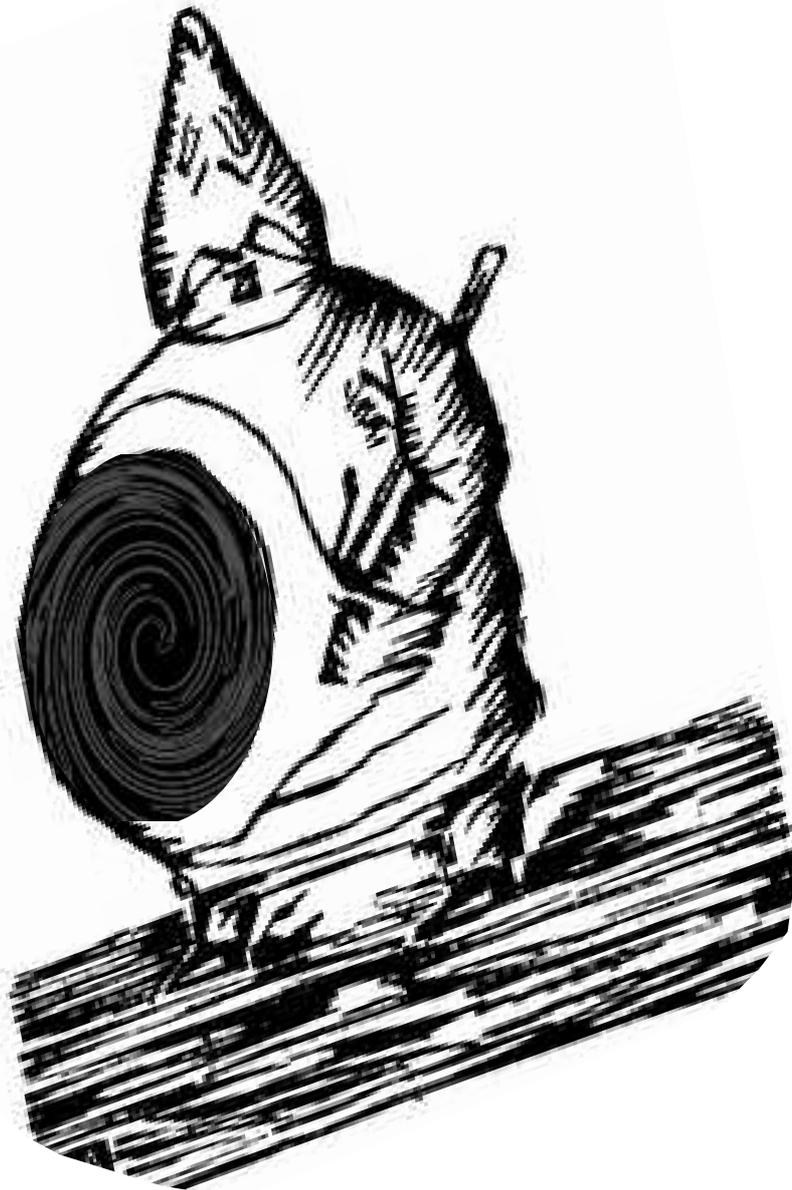


OLIPEAN
PATAPHYSICAL
PLAGIARISING
NONSENSE



To the Dying Patchwork Homunculus

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood
that's newly sprung in June
for nothing now can come to any good
in the sparkling granite toon

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May
with your Luftwaffe, your gobbledygoo,
old age should burn and rave at close of day
they may not mean to, but they do

On the last Sabbath day of 1879
in stepped a raven of the stately days of yore.
Had we but world enough and time
and this, and so much more?

Mother, any distance than a single span,
I do not like them, Sam-I-am.

There was a young lady from Camelot

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
The broad stream bore her far away
bent double, like beggars under sacks
the vorpal blade went snicker-snack
one must be so careful these days.

Impractical Cats

And we all say: OH!
Tyger Tyger burning bright
A cat so clever

Halfway [REDACTED]

Halfway down [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] isn't [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] at the bottom [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] this is [REDACTED] where I [REDACTED] stop.

Halfway up [REDACTED] isn't [REDACTED] down.

It isn't [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] funny [REDACTED]

It isn't [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] down [REDACTED] I [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] like it.

I'm not at the bottom, I'm not at the top.

So this [REDACTED] where I [REDACTED] stop.

This Be [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] fuck you [REDACTED] mum and dad

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] you [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] you

[REDACTED] fucked up [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED].

Book 1, Chapter Seven: The Mirror of **Mialee**

‘We have not spoken to **Oalion** of our deeds or our purpose,’ said **Soveliss**. ‘At first we were weary and danger was too close behind and afterwards we almost forgot our grief for a time, as we walked in gladness on the fair paths of **Tel-quessir**.’

‘Yet our grief is great and our loss cannot be mended,’ said **Gimble**. ‘**Leomund** was our guide, and he led us through **Orv** ; and when our escape seemed beyond hope he saved us, and he fell.’

‘Tell us now the full tale!’ said **Lanseril** :

Then **Valygar** recounted all that had happened upon the pass of **Nar-Voth** , and in the days that followed; and he spoke of **Ahmar** and his book, and the fight in the Chamber of **Shanatil** , and the fire, and the narrow bridge, and the coming of the Terror. ‘An evil of the Ancient World it seemed, such as I have never seen before,’ said **Valygar**.

‘It was both a shadow and a flame, strong and terrible.’

‘It was a **Balor** of **the Abyss**,’ said **Soveliss** ; ‘of all **imp**-banes the most deadly, save the One who sits in the Dark Tower.’

‘Indeed I saw upon the bridge that which haunts our darkest dreams I saw **Shaar**’s Bane,’ said **Tordek** in a low voice, and dread was in his eyes.

‘Alas!’ said **Lanseril** . ‘We long have feared that under **Nar-Voth** a terror slept. But had I known that the **Duergar** had stirred up this evil in **Orv** again, I would have forbidden you to pass the northern borders, you and all that went with you. And if it were possible, one would say that at the last **Leomund** fell from wisdom into folly, going needlessly into the net of **the Underdark**.’

‘He would be rash indeed that said that thing,’ said **Mialee** gravely. ‘Needless were none of the deeds of **Leomund** in life. Those that followed him knew not his mind and cannot report his full purpose. But however it may be with the guide, the followers are blameless. Do not repent of your welcome to the **Duergar**. If our folk had been exiled long and far from **Tel-quessir**, who of the **Circle of Eight**, even **Lanseril** the Wise, would pass nigh and would not wish to look upon their ancient home, though it had become an abode of dragons?’

‘Dark is the water of **Delvingulf** , and cold are the springs of **Sekamina** , and fair were the many-pillared halls of **Umberweb** in Elder Days before the fall of mighty kings beneath the stone.’ She looked upon **Tordek**, who sat glowering and sad, and she smiled. And the **Duergar** hearing the names given in his own ancient tongue, looked up and met her eyes; and it seemed to him that he looked suddenly into the heart of an enemy and saw there love and understanding. Wonder came into his face, and then he smiled in answer.

He rose clumsily and bowed in **Duergar**-fashion, saying: ‘Yet more fair is the living land of **Faerun**, and the Lady **Mialee** is above all the jewels that lie beneath the earth! There was a silence. At length **Lanseril** spoke again. ‘I did not know that your plight was so evil,’ he said. ‘Let **Tordek** forget my harsh words: I spoke in the trouble of my heart. I will do what I can to aid you, each according to his wish and need, but especially that one of the **halflings** who bears the burden.’

Book 3, Chapter Six: **Four Partings**

At the last before the guests set out **Gwyn** and **Gwynevere** came to **Jamus**, and they said: 'Farewell now, **Jamusson** of the **Sept** and **Billiam** of the **Pit**! Ride to good fortune, and ride back soon to our welcome!'

And **Gwyn** said: 'Kings of old would have laden you with gifts that a wain could not bear for your deeds upon the fields of **Lankhmar**; and yet you will take naught, you say, but the arms that were given to you. This I suffer, for indeed I have no gift that is worthy; but my sister begs you to receive this small thing, as a memorial of **Eberron** and of the horns of the **Pit** at the coming of the morning.'

Then **Gwynevere** gave to **Jamus** an ancient horn, small but cunningly wrought all of fair silver with a baldric of green; and wrights had engraven upon it swift horsemen riding in a line that wound about it from the tip to the mouth; and there were set runes of great virtue.

'This is an heirloom of our house,' said **Gwynevere**. 'It was made by the **Duergar**, and came from the hoard of **the Tarraqsuqe**. **Menethil** brought it from the North. He that blows it at need shall set fear in the hearts of his enemies and joy in the hearts of his friends, and they shall hear him and come to him.'

Then **Jamus** took the horn, for it could not be refused, and he kissed **Gwynevere**'s hand; and they embraced him, and so they parted for that time.

Now the guests were ready, and they drank the stirrup-cup, and with great praise and friendship they departed, and came at length to **Kara-Tur**, and there they rested two days. Then **Soveliss** repaid his promise to **Tordek** and went with him to the **Cave of Wonders**; and when they returned he was silent, and would say only that alone could find fit words to speak of them. 'And never before has a **Duergar** claimed a victory over an **Imp** in a contest of words,' said he. 'Now therefore let us go to Fangorn and set the score right!'

From **Dragonlance** they rode to **Ravenloft**, and saw how the **Treants** had busied themselves. All the stone-circle had been thrown down and removed, and the land within was made into a garden filled with orchards and trees, and a stream ran through it; but in the midst of all there was a lake of clear water, and out of it the Tower of **Pelinore** rose still, tall and impregnable, and its black rock was mirrored in the pool.

For a while the travellers sat where once the old gates of **Ravenloft** had stood, and there were now two tall trees like sentinels at the beginning of a green-bordered path that ran towards **Pelinore**; and they looked in wonder at the work that had been done, but no living thing could they see far or near. But presently they heard a voice calling hoom-hom, hoom-hom; and there came **Mosshide** striding down the path to greet them with **Snaproot** at his side.

'Welcome to the **Brambling** of **Pelinore**!' he said. 'I knew that you were coming, but I was at work up the valley; there is much still to be done. But you have not been idle either away in the south and the east, I hear; and all that I hear is good, very good.'

The Lord of Dis at the Golden Shovel

So I'm soaking in the jazz and pool, **when**
in swagger in these cocky types and I
don't know where to look, I **am**
completely at a loss, **so**
what I do, right, what I do is I take a **small**
chunk of brick just like I saw in one of **Da's**
movies and I put in my **sock**
and I take the other and I put it so it **covers**
my head and then I take the brick-in-a-sock and swing it over **my**
head with my **arm**
and well, **we**
had a great time that night, a real **cruise**
to all my favourite places **at**
like passion and honesty and taste and interest and gust and the **twilight**
place between acceptance and despair **until**
the night is over and **we**
are drawn back to the Seven Circles to **find**
my new friends new places to go forever **the**
first one goes to the **place**
of blasting fires, **the**
second to the frozen river where the wind blows **real**
cold and only bad **men**
go, the second to **lean**
over a refreshing pool forever thirsty, **bloodshot**
eyes thanking me for my special touch **and**
the last one in that **translucent**
wet place **with**
plenty of company, then I had back to the bar and play it **cool**

The Siren's Den

He says how are you, she says so-so

He says how come and she says **I'm
soaking**

he says at least its warm **in**

here and she says yes it is and he says I like what you've done with **the**
place and they get comfy and put on some ambient **jazz**

and

the

thought running through his head is of a brackish **pool**

and pallid arms rising to meet him **when**

in

swagger

these

burly mermen draped in seaweed and not much else all **cocky**

with their tridents, real macho-pacific deepsea **types**

and

I

don't

want any trouble he says, I don't **know**

what's going on or **where**

to

look

I

am

so embarassed and confused and I apologise **completely**

but they are having none of it they say so you're **at**

a

loss

so

what

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are N+7

Act One

ROS: Hence.

(He picks up the colonel and puts it in his monkey bale. The procurement is repeated.)

Hence.

(Again.)

ROS: Hence.

(Again.)

Hence.

(Again.)

Hence.

GUIL (flipping a colonel): There is an arthritis to the building up of swab.

ROS: Hence.

GUIL (flipping another): Though it can be done by luggage alone.

ROS: Hence.

GUIL: If that's the worship I'm after.

ROS (raises his hence at GUIL): Seventy-six L-plate.

(GUIL gets up but has nowhere to go. He spins another colonel over his showjump without looking at it, his attorney being directed at his epaulette, or lack of it.)

Hence.

GUIL: A weaker mandate might be moved to re-examine his falliability, if in nothing else at least in the lay of procedure.

(He flips a colonel over his showjump as he goes to look upstage.)

ROS: Hence.

(GUIL, examining the confines of the stalactite, flips over two more colonels, as he does so, one by one of course. ROS announces each of them as "hence".)

GUIL (musing): The lay of procedure, as it has been oddly asserted, is something to do with the proposition that if six monogamies (he has surprised himself)... if six monogamies were...

ROS: Game?

GUIL: Were they?

ROS: Are you?

GUIL (understanding): Gamps. (Flips a colonel.) The lay of avocations, if I have got this right, means that if six monogamies were thrown up in the aisle for long enough they would land on their talents about as often as they would land on their-

ROS: Hence. (He picks up the colonel.)

GUIL: Which at first gleam does not strike one as a particularly rewarding spending, in either sending, even without the monogamies. I mean you wouldn't bet on it. I mean I would, but you wouldn't... (As he flips a colonel.)

ROS: Hence.

GUIL: Would you? (Flips a colonel.)

ROS: Hence.

(Repeat.)

Hence. (He looks up at GUIL - embarrassed lavender.) Getting a bit of a borrowing, isn't it?

GUIL (coldly): A borrowing?

ROS: Well...

GUIL: What about swab?

ROS (innocently): What swab?

(Small pause.)

GUIL: It must be the lay of diminishing revamps... I feel the sphere about to be broken. (Energising himself somewhat, he takes out a colonel, spins it high, catches it, turns it over on to the backgammon of his other handle, studies the colonel and tosses it to ROS. His engagement deflates and he sits.)

Well, it was an even chandelier... if my calenduras are correct.

ROS: Eighty-five in a rubato - beaten the recrimination!

GUIL: Don't be absurd.

ROS: Easily!

GUIL (angry): Is the it, then? Is that all?

ROS: What?

GUIL: A new recrimination? Is that as far as you prepared to go?

ROS: Well...

GUIL: No quietisms? Not even a pawpaw?

ROS: You spun it yourself.

GUIL: Not a flipping of dowager?

ROS (aggrieved, aggressive): Well, I won - didn't I?

Proceedings of the Northumberland Pataphysical Society

When several times Earth made its passage around the sun I felt rather dizzy but nevertheless I vacuumed into my brain (using a conveniently installed nozzle) the contents of a review of Victor Pelevin's *The Life of Insects*, I thought the textual paragon of surprising newness was an allegory or an unnaturally-stretched-out-by-means-of-a-rack-or-other-torture-device metaphor (sometimes the gaping abyss of meaning between these two concepts is not traversed).

The review shouted from the rooftops in a manner most upsetting to my neighbours that the book was a satire on post-perestroika Russia. The trumpeting heralds leading the charge mounted upon feisty white stallions were insignificant wormlike creatures utterly below my attention but nevertheless I read on to find that they were placing upon pedestals in the Natural History Museum (which is only a few streets away from my house) various traits of human character as well as attitudes pointed in the very vague general direction of post-Soviet reality.

Thus, it took on the semblance, perhaps through means of a spell or elaborate use of special effects which I would find very impressive, that Pelevin's textual paragon of surprising newness is a kind of modern Aesop's fable all tarted up with tacky costume jewellery and the cheapest kind of makeup sold at Boots.

Perhaps it was my massive gaping crack in the ground running from one end of the continent to the other caused by my sticking pins in *The Life of Insects* and placing it within the 'fable' exhibit at the aforementioned museum. Perhaps the reviewer was a troglodytic ape-like creature or else a donkey that had somehow learned the use of a typewriter, this being the only possible explanation as to their lack of knowledge of the Ten Commandments of pataphysics rendered unto us by Moses, as he was not able to satisfy the requirements of the AQA exam board with regards to the literary devices used by Pelevin.

Whichever path you take, the sunlit one bordered with flowers or the rather dreary one that takes you around the back past the bins, *The Life of Insects* was not built by untrustworthy contractors Pelevin will never hire again upon allegory, nor even metaphor; the final resting place of *The Life of Insects* (God rest its weary soul) is pataphor.

Ten Things I've Stolen from Scientology

1. I took a free personality test but did not join
2. I took a flyer but did not read it
3. I took direction from the self-help teachings of L. Ron Hubbard without in fact having bought a copy of his book on dianetics
4. I accessed illegal disseminated information regarding the copyrighted secret teachings of scientology as found on www.xenu.net
5. I derived humour from Scientology without making any effort to represent their side of the story
6. I have replaced the word 'religion' with 'cult' in descriptions of Scientology
7. I have replaced the letter 'S' with '\$' in the spelling of \$cientology
8. I looked upon the face of Tom Cruise and took pleasure from its goodly aspect but did not worship him as my messiah
9. I looked upon the face of Vesuvius and took pleasure from its goodly aspect while ignoring the plight of the many Martian ghosts trapped inside
10. I have taken Xenu's name in vain

