

The Olden Days

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In the Olden Days of Shivvverry;
The Holy Grail; We Look Back and Laugh;
The Long Knight in Stunning Armour.
Sancho, is there still a Farsillier Way?

In the olden days of Shivvverry (it was cold - not much canned heat in those days) Queen Lace and the Neighs of the Roundstable attempted without the consent of the authors to romanticize the Pump and Circle Stand that belonged to the long and vaporous tradition of the Seekers-After and Often. The Order of the Farsillier Way gained predominance, in the beginning, according to the annals of the Arthur then in the Reign. Truth could prevail less, but as it is with most of the credible histories, even when signed by the Arthur, we accept the truth by yet another means than its credibility; we accept on Faith, ignoring the Prevailing Lesserlies.

Alas, to begin, it is purely prevailess conjecture that is responsible for the notion that the Queens, in their impatient tiring of awaiting the arrival of the Mirthically Pipathetical, who it was felt, by Truth, to be Sir Abashed Seedy (whom Cervantes later transformed into Don Quixote), that they, the Queens, in their impatience in seeking-after and often, did construct their own Roundstable and invite the Neighs to whinny together towards seeking-after and often of the Pump and Circle Stand the Arthur had omitted from the vital part of his histories.

Personally I cannot see the importance of the Pump and Circle Stand except to signify that, even when we have found that which is sought after and often, it is the seeking after and often that is desired more than the object thereof sought.

And it came to pass in the olden days of Shivvverry that, in reality, even though the Knights retired to the Den of Narcolepsy in Sottendom after stumbling the globe-over, and finding the often sought-after Fecund Grail, buried up to its rim in Morass, it was, in fact, only the beginning of a prematurely terminated end. 'Boys will be ... er ... Knights will be Knights', whinnied the Queen of Quagmire. She intimated the Fecund Grail was, sorry to whinny, useless without the Pump and Circle Stand. Having assumed as a *fait accompli* that all were in concurrence, she further surmised, that in their search, it would be necessary to cope with the problem of corn if they were to sustain themselves during the length in bread of their search, such sustenance having been previously the purview of the boys, who incidentally have deserted us for the Sot. The Queen Quagmire stated that, although Corny, it was nonetheless a Prevailing Lesserly, that sustenance was requirement, therefore moved the first Mandate to be the construction of a Corncoper "which will sustain us in our search-after

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and often". Queen Quagmire, being a representative of the Proles of Fertile Vale titterated much along Proleific lines. But, since Quagmire was only one Neigh amongst the many, and even though she asserted herself terrifyingly despicably denunciatiuous of the narcoleptic desertion of the Pump and Circle Stand, it was decided that a proposition from a Prole would require a consensus.

The whinnies that followed dinnned a hoarse crescendo that shuddered the topmost cupolic rafter - a resounding round around the Roundstable in favor of a Cornucopier.

Queen Lea then stepped forward, frowardly, 'Neigh, I say, Neigh away, you horses asses, we shall never gain our objective if we are to dwell upon our bellies. The belly motive belies our avowed purpose. Naturally I do not wish to dismiss the importance of provisions, but I wish to put forth the concept, that with the Fecund Grail, we are, in fact, in possession of our providential Corncoper; I would like to suggest, further, we need the Pump and Circle Stand in order to test the Hyapothoeosis that, in reality, we need even more, this seeking-after and often even after we have sought after and often. I maintain that as soon as we have found the Pump and Circle Stand that we shall all drop dead!

Once again the cupolic rafter shuddered in meek response as all around the Roundstable the Neighs were forming a hoarse raucous boocolic laughter that produced even a Chagrin in the Queen Lea, who, as she spied a crack and smiled her exit away, pulled out her thumb and bit it. They thought her another quibbling Cassandra.

The Queen of the Rocks laden with her lodestones laid her load in the Roundstable carping about the crapulence of the boys in Sottendon. 'If that's the way they want it then that's the way they will have it; let them come smelling around here and we'll give them a snoot full, won't we?' Once again the Cupolic rafter shuddered as the bucolic wafter plied the Sympathies of Queens. 'Alas feline (filly) friends, The Fecund Grail is without its Pump and Circle Stand. I propose we seek out and consult the Queenly Order of the Farsillier Way, since they have proved themselves mistressful in all they have undertunic. It is said they are the descendents of Aristophunny, the Athenian Ribber, who proposed in another day that if every dog has his day, then every cat should have her Knight. If it is prevailess that 'The Play is the Thing' then, indeed, it was true the Knights were had. I make a motion, then, to forego the meows of the Neigh and beg the search of the Order of the Farsillier Way.'

Thus was heard the clatter of hooves the globe-over as the Neighs stompeded from the Roundstable in search after the often sought-after, in this case, the Farsillier Way.

What a sight to be beheld: Imagine the pennants aloft, flapping and slapping in the rareair. What a magnificent procession; The Order of the Corset, The Nettle, The Watercloset, The Dirty Linen, The Tawny Sparrow, The Babel and Blade, The Donkey, and last but not least,

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The Strumpet, all with the signatred permission of their Majesty, The Author, arranged to her Majesty's wishes and command.

So began one of the most rambitious onsloughts ever known in the histories of womankind - the avowed Search-After and Often of the Pump and Circle Stand only to be exceeded by the exploits of the famed Don Quixote, who, right or wrong, righted wrongs in the Farsilliest Way known to the histories of mankind.

Alas in retrogroping-spect, we note, have passed the Olden Days of Shivvverry. In its stead have arisen the Newer Days of Milky Human Kindness, or to be brief, the Hottest Days ever known to both Man and Womankind. The cry and wail raises the Ionospheric rafter Forsoothing! Arise!, Forsoothing! Arise!, Dash out the Order of the Farsillier Way; make Order out of Chaos, Burst the Babbelling Bubble of the Pump and Circle Stand. Oh! Yes!, maintain the Search After and Often of the Dithyramb that attunes itself with the Song of the Sapien Labyrinth. Assent to the Order of Hang up the Gloves, Sever the Order of the Pugs. Inter the Hypocrites, Extol the Integrals. Raise the standard to the Glory of the Many who would deign to Prick a Pride to avoid the infliction against the Dithyramb.

Deign we say, not Feign."

These protractedly excruciating remarks could be heard shattering the complacency of the mostest amongst the leastest, the leastest amongst the mostest, 5,000,000,000, to be exact. The notion of Orders remain and are transformed and transcribed into Hotter Orders: The Order of the Right. The Left, The Center, Left of Center (Right to Laugh), Right of Center (Laugh at Right), (Left, Right; Left, Right; Left, Right.....), 'Merican Legion, Furren Legion, Prole Legion, Common Legion, Caribou, Elk, Moose, Lion, Cat and Mouse, Order of Knots and Badges, Order of the Common Market, The Gold Standard, Associated Press, Premiers, Secretaries, Debutants, Garment Workers, and to be brief, NATO, SEATO, OAS, USSR, WAR(sawwar)SAW PACT, USA, USAF, USN, USO, YMCA, NRA, ACLU, KKK, NAACP, CORE, WCTU, DAR, UPI, SDI, SNIC SNAC SANE AND POP, and last but not least, The U.N..

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