

## August Elliott disappears at 43



Morgenbladet, Oslo

(newspaper hyperlink 'erroneously' takes you to a whaling site)

Legendary Norwegian beat-poet and entrepreneur August Elliott, known for his poems 'green carpet, stingray', 'hollow streetlight/myriam my longing' and the turmeric poems, has disappeared from his native Oslo.

Leaving but a pair of Vans and a note to his family and followers, he states: "in this world of streetlights, the pinstripe lines of the highway lane and an ever-stretching electronic bubble gum that we call culture, man is merely guardian of the proverbial electric bill. Said to have left for a walkabout, he continues: "I can feel the water under my feet now. In the past 10 years of affiliation with BOW (Brotherhood of Whales, Norwegian masonic society thought extinct), I have found my thoughts on modernity again. We need to listen to the murmurs of the sea, and feed that into our economic, energy and pension decisions."



Mr Elliott, who inherited the NorskSea oil conglomerate at 25, has thus far shied away from all publicity and the reasons for rejecting his literary career for hard kronor." I feel purity in the air that goes into my lungs. I was not a human being in my past years, not a whale, but a machine. I regret that I forgot...what I learned in my poetry. But now is not the time for words any more.

Words have lost their value into the mouths of ignorant advertising agents and internet blog writers. We need to listen (pauses) Listen - do you hear that? That's the sound of one million Gutenbergs pausing for meaningless thought... Or - 67 tonnes of whale-chunks pushed into the mouths of Japanese ikebana teachers."

Now - again - a self-confessed conservative, Mr Elliott wants societal reforms to take place before there can be a talk of him returning. To ensure this, he has posted a yet undisclosed document of 12 'major points of change' to the Norwegian government (by mobile phone), on which decision has to be reached by June 5th, international whales' friend day.



Whale-expert and martial-arts buff Keisha Castle-Hughes: "I don't think we're gonna see him for a long time. We all have to build our waka (points to her temple) - an inner waka, and the outer, the society that we tread and lean on for support. August Elliott feels a foreigner in his own land. He needs to ride the tide, and the Norwegian state must understand that their foreign policy and economic turnover depends on the whales returning. Maybe then, he'll return and lead that path for us."