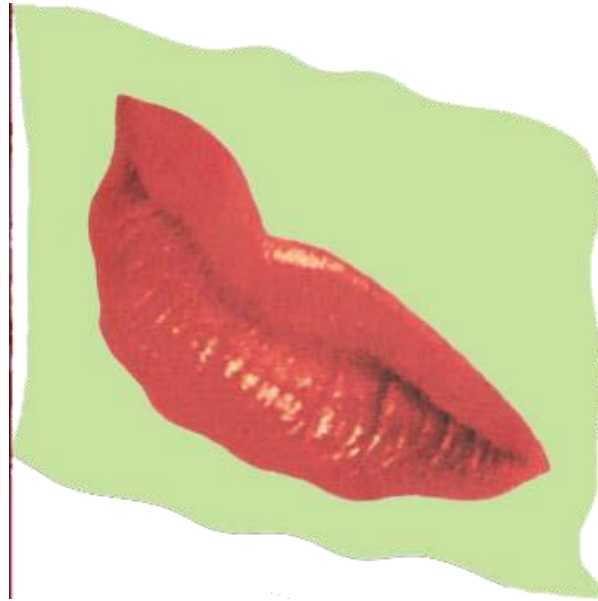




IX A SHIP WITHOUT A FLAG



A Most Difficult Undertaking

What follows in *Italics* has been added as a forward to this chapter.

Since the first writing of this chapter, which at the time it was written showed a particular sentiment of mine, has since that time only strengthened in its outlook. Declare it a 'state of soul' if you will. Or perhaps some kind of sickness. Say anything that will dull or nullify the impact of its truth. And don't ask "What is truth?"

What is self-evident may be argued as a kind of truth, but what I set forth, whether answering that condition or not, is intended to be as near to veracity as language and the gods will permit.

The title is fitting for one of my makeup. Whatever may be good about the nation into which I was born is not herein intended as an object of a discussion. I am apt to condemn that nation for its intolerance, its bigotry, its arrogance (utter lack of humility), and its rapaciousness (I know our turn will come). Yet I know there are many who are sensitive people, and perhaps good people within these borders, as there are behind other borders. It is what constitutes a border, and perhaps what happens to nations when

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terrorized by fanatical rulers, that becomes the object of discussion. It is human to border. It is human to territorialize. The Moon, Mars, and Timbuctu are partitioned as political, religious and economic entities belonging to gun-toting crotches, the biggest pricks. There's not a GottDamned thing we can do about it, or are we willing or brave enough to do anything to end this state of affairs. Blood will flow. Blood flows because nothing else flows quite like it, nothing provides such a rush, lest it be that lingering moment before death. We all want to know what will our death be like. The study of others agony fascinates us. How much agony? What do they see on the other side?

And I do not accept the exculpatory argument that “[This is the best of all possible worlds](#)” NEVER!

One last word about good people. And when I say ‘good people’, I speak of exemplary people. In this case I speak of the RCWD that is mentioned at times in this manuscript. She, otherwise known aboard the good ship Atavist as, the First Mate. She is one who is wont to say unto me. Do Not Apologize. By this she means do not preface your remarks with statements like ‘I come from a humble family’ ‘My credentials are questionable’ ‘I am an old geezur’, somehow begging your indulgence. She who so admonishes me does not very often agree with my judgments, arguing for more moderate forgiving assessments. It is she who is the exemplary one in most everything she does. She most always is thinking of others. It is part of her makeup. Yes! she wants others to think well of her, but there is more to her than vanity. She is consistent, and predictable. Although she argues with me, she knows things in this world are not right. She is not bothered so much by the judgement as by the harshness, the unforgivingness of the judgement. She might argue, “If it is foregone conclusion that we are doomed to be no more than we are, why can we not put forth a more softened understanding?, A more tolerant understanding? She would rarely say to me, “Look who’s talking!” accusing me of some kind of hypocritical posturing. She is well aware of my motivations. Only on an intimate level would she chide me for my human failings.

In exercising 'freedom of choice', as we are permitted to regard a particular act of volition, often it is given our choosing becomes, hope against hope, twixt two evils.

Perhaps the wise perceive this as the common destiny, therefore accept and ennoble the act of choosing by regarding it as

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duty.

It is true, in some places, one is not allowed as much as a choice, lest it be to choose which neighbor will betray him.

As itinerant outsider, marooned, as it were, upon an inhospitable and alien sea, seeking some shore or refuge, it is assumed you may disembark where you have naught but to choose betwixt these evils, or perhaps it is 'they' who will choose or deny you. The lesser of evils would allow you the right to leave if the choosing proved mutually unsatisfactory, in which case you might be choosing twixt the lesser and the sea; abandoning a sought-after, but tainted, conviviality to some even more distant shore.

As traveler upon the sea, one is able, hypothetically, to touch upon the shore without its possessory holder being the wiser, or in no way offended, lest of a bureaucratic temperament. If no offense is intended, none ought be construed. If one merely wishes to alight to stretch his limbs or perhaps give service for a loaf, can it be said he does offense? If he flies a friendly flag, not proclaiming any national affiliation, and gives in parity to what he receives, taking no profit therefrom, has he wronged or contravened the issue of the world?



The bureaucrat will claim he owes pittance, or tax, or port duties; that one should, as a matter of principle, never grant parity in dealing with **foreigners**. There are those others whose natural inclination is to reap gain from every encounter and interaction; for every loaf earned, one is also obliged to serve the ambition of the other.

Ah Yes!, if there are many loaves and many loaf makers, it would not be an unwelcome circumstance - **to most**.

Upon this ship, itself, there is practiced no stringency. If you step aboard you need not pledge allegiance to the flag of friendliness and conviviality; you need not contribute pittance or homage, nor fear exploitation or assessments; you will not be denied the vital ingredients necessary to human concordance and conviviality. While it is true there would be little opportunity for gain, it is also true you would not feel the heavy hand of government resting upon your soul; or greed or some other malevolence lurking to fleece you, detain you or otherwise harass you.



You must not lie in wait for this ship without a flag. It is not that I would turn the other cheek if you should obtrude upon this condition of amiability; for to strike the flag of amity



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would not be a challenge to the o'ertaxed Christian ethos, but a matter between men.

Truly we stand pathetically vulnerable wherever we reside. It is all too apparent one might violate the laws and codes in those lesser places where the laws and codes are enforced to subjugate, exploit, humiliate and dominate; these the outsider perceives as the State of Bedlam wherein the techniques of a State's survival rest upon meanness and brutality.

So it is, we ought avoid the Bedlamites. We would do so in order that we not be required to assume some unwontedly defensive posture in order to account for our vulnerability. And Alas!, and more importantly, we cannot fly the flag of fellow-feeling and at the same time assume the worst. However, in our spirits, we may always proffer hope to the enslaved.

I would want no more than the loaf for which I would be prepared to account a fair exchange, without engaging in politics or religion. While the sea is a great enough companion, what is truer is that I become my own companion. Yet upon the open eternal sea, I sense a terrible indifference to this mere palpitation of myself. While awed and desirous of contact with that immensity and the eternity of its presence, in times of duress, in seeking some modification of its elemental forces, I find only a chilling response.

While I have claimed one seeks only the loaf, it is also true one seeks the conviviality he gleans not from the wider Universe. Indeed, while bread sustains the palpitation, it is the amity that livens the heart.

'Tis not that man cannot make his peace with the comings and goings of the greater world; surely, day and night, heat and cold, calm and storm, obey some rhythms, accord some order, to which man becomes attuned, and learns to adapt, and even expect, and accept, sometimes with great reverence.

And so it is we discover the basic arrangement between our viscera and the outer expanse. All men find it so. All men ought understand then, and empathize. A man's hunger, whether for food, shelter or amity, is not something to be exploited.

It is possible he who toils long and diligently for his sustenance, even while understanding another's hunger, might envy the itinerant sailor who appears nationless, who seems free to roam. All cannot be like him. But if his hands help, if he tells a tale of faraway places, and gives occasion to cause you to feel content with your lot, is he more or less than could be said of



others? Indeed, what is it we would ask? Must all be alike? Are we so helplessly enslaved and bewildered in our own breathings as to deny others?

Would the wise in the way of realities choose the lesser evil rather than opt for the sea? Would all those we observe in this lesser-of-evils camp be wise men? Do wise men accept second best? In this discourse it might be fruitful to delineate the meaning of wisdom; it may also be fruitful to discover the meaning in convenience, acquiescence, fearfulness, and perhaps - hunger - and why men control men through hunger. We may also wish to learn the significance of what may be construed as 'meaning-in-addition', that part beyond the partaking of bread, which serves as symbol for all the appetites.

As long as the appetite is apparently sated, is it easier to submit to lying about in chains? Your overseers argue you are thus protected from the other evils of the world. Perhaps one or the other sovereign lengthens or shortens the tether; all the same you saunter down the imaginary primrose path, full of promises, weighted and hobbled in worded shackles and chains.

Oh, do not be alarmed; I do not advocate insurrection or anarchy. Against man's oppressive social order wherein free choice is denied, Yes!, I merely advocate the cessation thereof.

What is the social order?

In the extreme, it is enslavement. In general it may be regarded as acquiescence to better sense or to fear. The acquiescent may prefer the pain of conformity to the burden of free choice.

What is free choice?

In the least it would allow one to reject becoming the dominion of another, either as a conformity, or through some more explicit threat to one's person.

In the greater sense free choice would be accorded its implicit meaning - choosing for oneself (which infers the rejection of impositions placed upon the self).

What is a self?

Something different than the whole or the many; however, it is asserted the self is the expression of the whole.

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The conformity of the whole assures for survival of the whole, in a theoretical sense, as one huge corpus; 'united we stand - divided we fall'.

Free choice accorded on a person-by-person basis assures a disconnected state, bordering on anarchy - [or so it would seem](#).

Therefore the State does not allow free choice even though it pays lip service to the notion. As a matter of practicality the State feels it must do everything in its power to discourage free choice. It mocks the individual, deeming individuality unnecessary.

And, pray tell, what is a State?

What the State pretends to be - the expression of a social unity, cohesion or order - is one thing; what it becomes as the oppressive agent of its own static fixedness is another. The State would ask, then command, a conformity based on its own self-assigned and instituted prerogatives, claiming its successes attributable to the invariability of its means - and certain other rhetorical devices, attempting to obscure the dominance of the haves over the have nots. The State therefore evolves into the agent and enforcer of its own exclusiveness, gaining its greatest support from the exclusive.

Since a State does not tolerate a-state-within-a-state, for obvious reasons; that is, the disinherited, the disenfranchised, disillusioned newcomers as a unit apart - representing an assumed and implicit threat, as it were, to itself; these therefore must be harried, harangued and harassed, disallowed assembly, and in the end, incarcerated or annihilated - in lieu of enforced conformity. Some States, perhaps most, leave one no alternative to anarchy.

However there can be no anarchy against Mother Nature.

With regard to Man, I do not wish to believe entirely that he is hopelessly estranged from himself and confraternity - and perhaps a human conscience, the latter-day 'instinct to morality'.

More Italics

I do need to digress once again to discuss the individual within the state. I want it understood that the individual has every right without the state according him the benefit of its blessing. The mass that comprises the state feels it has the collective right to deny, even without reason, but more, by sheer might. A brutal persecution. So if it is not by reason the individual is denied but only by brutal mass,

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*what have **we** achieved? It is not necessary that **we** prove our point, only that **we** assert ourselves. Individuals be damned. There goes civilization, our highly touted prize, thrown in as an after thought; a prize for the boobies who promote it. How I can decipher it in their smug twisted faces (masks of deceit), so self-assured, so filled with serotonin and testosterone, sort of wily-eyed, projecting a dare; "I DARE YA!", Love It Or Leave It!, ugly and meanly disposed, ready to crush the life out of anything that moves, AFRAID. Afraid of being exposed for the shrunken little weanies they are. A Mass of little weanies.*

*OH!, you think these are some paranoid delusional ravings. Let me assure you, I have been around long enough to have gathered in the truth of things without resorting to paranoia. Its pretty clear we don't know where we are going, but most assuredly where we are going as a mass is most assuredly aiming for a gross puke into the beyond. The horror of it all finds the **INDIVIDUAL** swept along with the tide, powerless to extricate himself.*

While disembarked in this one particular land, to my amazement, appeared a Public Notice I had occasion to spy, and emblazoned thereupon "Images of Utopia", 'A Free Public Humanities Symposium,' conducted at the local institution of higher learning; University, no less.

I had mused, 'at least they hadn't cynically dismissed the whole prospect; they hadn't become so inured or sophisticated or blasé; they had considered the idea worthy of their professorial time'.

I had thought perhaps I was the only one who had given it much thought recently; UTOPIA, I mean. Whenever someone suggests a different way, and possibly better way, the protectors of the **status quo** become alarmed; they shudder.

The status quo is what one is obliged to face every day, bright and early. If you are comfortable, smug and complaisant, then you are reassured in finding it all there waiting for you, with all the familiars displayed in their proper place, on the mantle, on the coffee table, or the window sill, in the mirror, on the street corner.

This particular resurrection of UTOPIA was meant to coincide with the inauspicious year of 1984. It was like celebrating Christmas, digging about in your dusty attic for the assorted array of ornaments to festoon and grace what you had esteemed the plain drab tree of our **status quo**.

As you may know, Orwell published his tale in the forties, just after **hullabaloo number two**, wherein millions had lost their

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precious lives to fanaticism. And while these megalobedlamites were occupying center stage, that other 'godless' movement was gaining momentum in the wings. An enlightened disenfranchised and proletarian mass under dedicated and opportunistic leaders had begun their overthrow of authoritarian and exploitative governments in order to, as it turned out, institute, enforce and enhance their own.

As Christ stood exemplary and as symbol, his followers and seeming advocates, nominal Christians, subverted his hatchment into some cudgel for intimidating and controlling the masses; one might ask, 'How much differently than Caesar?'. It was likewise the sincere and dedicated ideas of Marx-Engels that were also subverted, the masses being expropriated by the whims and paranoia of the demagogues.

Thus, borrowing from the propagandistic deceptions of the fanatics and the vague promises of those who purport to know and show the True-Way, George coined the memorable obversions: Freedom is Slavery, War is Peace, and Ignorance is Strength, as prefigurement of the future, surely depicted as anti-Utopian, and perhaps guessing aright man's truer propensities.

Upon this occasion, those who conducted this FREE seminarian convocation arrived to act upon the stage in a set-piece of the [status quo](#). 'Tis not a momentous event, accompanied by clarion call, and solemn holiday, but 'tis only another function conducted in straight-backed monkey-suits.

Honest and sincere men (and women) participated in dubious mental exercise. Men who wished to dispel the doom of Eric Blair; men who wished to congratulate themselves; having escaped the clutches of Big Brother; having arrived unharmed at the doorstep of 1984.

Still, in nominal recognition, they ferret under every chair, stove, bed, in every drawer, upon every shelf, in every corner, uneasy in their uneasy civilization, not all that sure or confident. 'Tis an opportune time to shout down one's doubts, HUAC and Joe McCarthy notwithstanding.

The land of unlimited abundance of a few years ago is becoming the land of diminishing returns. The shares are smaller; a nebulous ill-defined middle-class materialistic viability is sinking slowly into a quagmire. The medium of exchange (one's labor) is rapidly becoming an anachronism; [Slavery is Freedom](#).

We ought be concerned; we have taken much, and given little. It is writ "[MULTIPLY AND SUBDUE THE EARTH](#)". We are vanquishing her, abiding the admonition.

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I recede further from my objective. Big Brother may assume command through a simple forfeiture; the sated, comfortable, smug and complacent, Nero-like, all still-lives, unwilling, or too paralyzed in their sloth to greet their Advent.

It is no concern of mine; I have chosen not to report daily to those who have subverted Marx, or Jefferson or Christ.

Oh Yes!, I am able to envision a UTOPIA based on 'Humanitarian' precepts, whatever such a notion could possibly contain and signify. But I am a skeptical idealist, based on some cautionary intuition. Perhaps this is so because I know, within myself, I would be the one who would find it difficult, at first, to ascribe to some restrictions, some constraints upon my 'freedoms', even in the name of 'Humanitarianism'. What I detect in myself, I ascribe to others; I therefore promote a cynicism of self, believing the self cannot be overcome, only in death.

I would demand of myself and all the others demonstrative proof; concrete acts, day after day. I do not want rhetoric, lip service, temporizing, and confidence peddling. But, Ye Gads!, what else is obtained from the smug, complacent, stuff-shirted still-life who functions as the arch-parvenu, selfishly, fearfully, hoarding all the prerogatives? In the end, just little baubles to set on our window sills or mantles augmenting the status quo - an endless temporizing and promising, without any clear objective of why we are here, what we are doing, or where we are going.

Oh Yes! - did I say they hadn't dismissed the whole prospect? Do you suppose they realize there is room for improvement?

We can hope it is all relevant, possessing more relevance than what I pretend herein, poking fun at the unpromising pompous charade.

Truly then, are we overwhelmed by our own terror, announcing it upon every occasion? Dare we not step outside the **norm** (status q.) appearing ruffled and angry; with no hair out of place? Must indignation be acted out upon a credible stage, the audience all in neat little rows, attired in a manner that disguises their terror?

Yes!, a very controlled performance, congratulating themselves upon having eluded HIM arrayed in his newspeak, doublethink, thought-crimes and thought-police, coining a slogan of their own, in triumph: **Survival is Success**. Do we not laud our own performance as survivors?

Big Brother may be the antithesis to Utopia; and these

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smug window sill ornaments may harbor Utopian notions, but they are tethered to their comforts. They sit around waiting for their circumstances to get better, each day wistfully 'bringing forth' a new hope as each day has brought forth the light throughout the millennia. Each day becomes something one lives through as the day-old hope vanishes with the dusk.

Yes!, lamentably, we do become inured to the cycle; we become accustomed to slavery, believing it to be freedom merely because we are allowed to breath. Yes!, have we not heard often enough, of late, of wars invented to protect the peace, wars invented to rescue peace from the clutches of the Bad Guys? [Peace is War](#). And is it not also true, if all the people are cast in the same mould of ignorance (the disinformed), is there not some strength of number, 'united (in ignorance) we stand - divided we fall'? [Strength is Ignorance](#).

We have been driven to the very edge of every peninsula, every pinnacle, every desert, perhaps into every recess; we have taken ship to seek out the remotest islands. When we have arrived, we have defiled and abased these new places with ourselves. But, not entirely - What!, a tinge of hope? In the remote regions, near the edges of our Universe, one does not easily aggregate to his comforts; where easily obtained riches did not exist Man has found little profit in these remotenesses. There, one necessarily adopts a new mode of existence and perceptions of reality; what some might label, derogatorily, a 'fiction'; 'living apart in a cowardly retreat'; 'backward', some will exclaim; and others harangue 'there is no escape, as there is no Utopia'; 'face it, Man'.

You must stand to the task; you must battle the doublethink even though one's friends, and, Aye!, even your children, will inform your thought-crimes to the thought-police. You must become the martyr because you represent the salvation of all, the salvation of humanity, of 'Humanitarian' precepts, not the precepts of a [mere](#) organism. Such Grandiosity!!

We hear of a second coming? Where's the hang-up?

Enlightenment and Science - what are they?

The Devil's work!!

A Savior must be cast in a modern mould; he must arrive in a three-dimensional U.F.O.; he must not engage in any sleight of hand; and he must KNEEL before MAN.

You have guessed aright that my interest lingers in a remoteness along the edge. In my judgment it is the place I must go to die, lest it be the ocean wide; somewhere disentangled from

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this civilizational web - web of MAN, MAN-GOD, the arch-demon who has dominated my existence, over-surfeiting my innards.

Why should I be entertaining notions of seeking a place to make an exit? What do I feel coming on? Is it that precipitous teetering, that tinkering and toying with our own purpose, vision, genesis, and throb, that permeates our every living moment as to create in me a feeling of utter despair? Or is it merely my own inner failures?

And why should I not die in this urban hell where I have lived half my life? What admission do I now make I would not at an earlier time? Had I really thought **ONE** could make any difference?

Yes!, if I perish in anonymity, I wish also that I perish anonymously in an anonymous place - but in anonymity amongst YOU!!??; the thought is too humiliating.

"HAH!, what relevance; what pertains, mad sailor? Surely your brain is taking on water; you have wandered off course. Had you not plotted your rhumb towards UTOPIA? Whereof hast the helmsman lost compass?"

Aye, perhaps you have wondered if I attended the long-ago mentioned Symposium, that celebration of doom. [Who](#) could resist the auspicious just one more time? Yes, I attended the hanging of the ornaments upon the tree; perhaps the world was a better place for those who adorned the tree of Man. But, perhaps their lackluster performance conveyed their disbelief in the seeking and finding of a hope within the theme.

The agenda purported to involve the hearer, the listener, the troubled, the distraught, engaging them in the '[momentous](#)' discussion.

Aye!, Utopian notions require much in the way of elucidation, not lending themselves to succinctness; the ..er.. clarifiers are inclined to rhapsodizing monologues long into the night or long into the afternoon. You may thus deduce the speakers grew fonder and fonder of their interpretations, becoming, in the end, their sole audience, the main body having perished into boredom, and never as participants.

The speakers had sniggered at one another's assumptions, suggesting Utopia finds little unanimity, even amongst Utopians.

Certainly these 'idealistic' ones only wished to promote a workable solution to the problem of man, man as a social and civilizational entity. The industrialized Christian democracies have failed, ballooning into hypocritical labor camps and the

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disenfranchisement of the chaff. The communosocialisms are failing, their leaders all too human in their struggles for power and control, in their perversion of substance into newspeak and doublethink. Those other lesser oil dictatorships of Imam, living with terror and death as companions. And those of old, still persisting in their religious difference; and still older, tribal, racial, color, even physiognomical, differences. Where is it all going, where will it all end?

As I listened to them pedantically prattle, I wanted to take issue with some errors of fact, though not critical to the discussion. Indeed what could be crucial to such a discussion, which was little more than a rambling rhetoric and vague proselytizing. The subtleties involved in the factual errors, had they been revealed, might have livened a discussion that never materialized, but in the end would have been hardly relevant to the theme, any more than the real facts had been in the first place. And perhaps the speakers themselves were irrelevant to the theme.

My anticipations beforehand had not failed in their assessments; and I was more disappointed than I had expected.

And would that I could expound, waving my arms from the bow of my little ship, acting as peripatetic Utopian, what would I say?

"Oh dear God!, we people this earth - to what Purpose? When the Mother and the Father cast thee into the world from out this human mould, had they fulfilled some deeper obligation to their own beginnings? Perhaps they had pointed thee in some direction wherein thee could return laurels unto themselves, or escape some menial entrapment through their progeny; (and perhaps this only represents some token assent to their dubious consciousness).

Many have I met who extol the virtues of their progeny, and many also who avoid mention of them who cast a shadow; and others still, whose countenance reflects the bewilderment, "Where have we failed?"

Then what of those who curse one another, the youth auguring the accusing finger as though seeking some vital chord; or the parental beration 'you-lazy-good-for-nothing (expletive deleted)' as the youth fails once again beneath his burden; or boredom.

These little mothers and fathers; we little parents. We are Gods to them and Gods on our own too - and Demons, as well.

*It is before all this should come to pass, before one is pointed in a direction, before we laide **them** with our biases, before we become the arbiters between civilization and these offspring, before we*



assign credit or responsibility to ourselves, before we berate or bemoan, before we set them up to compete and succeed, before we teach them to destroy yesterday; yes, before - that we should turn them loose, or they be taken away.

You think I am unable to distinguish between successes and failures. You think one ought not interfere in the cloying affection?

'If the State takes them away, what will have we?'

Who are 'we'?

Then should not this random copulation cease?

Should some select element be allowed exclusive hereditary privilege to transmit the future? Should only the 'upper crust' be allowed to inosculate in order to reproduce the repulsive image of itself, purposely, as heir to a perpetuity of 'crustiness'? Should we substitute, in their place, the pompous pedantic caste of the intelligentsia?

How shall we exorcise this 'Dominion of the One over the Other'? If the successful and the intelligent are to be excluded because they are themselves exclusive, what then of the future emanation?

Exulting over the prospects, I'm searching for ways to implement the 'Doctrine of the Least' and the cessation of the 'Dominion of the One over the Other'.

I think I could persuade you to assent to certain precepts. You might argue their feasibility (anything that interferes with our private interests is not feasible), but their intrinsic value cannot be denied. You may imagine that I'm pushing hard in the direction of Utopia, but in fact, although I find no particular fault with the Utopian spirit, herein I am thinking specifically of the Golden Rule as being the greatest arbiter in the affairs of men; however, [the Golden Rule has naught to do with Utopia per se, and in my most cynical moments, is viewed as mere \(in\)convenience.](#)

But I'll not abandon Utopia without teasing the theme. UTOPIA seems a dirty word, as does PARADISE or EDEN. We have admitted, already, our distaste, in spurning the Almighty's offer. We have been impressed with His singular creation, but we could not abide His TOTALITARIAN PARADISE. He pointed us in what he considered the right direction and we spurned Him; so it has been claimed in 'The Fall of Man'.

So - UTOPIA - Who wants it? We are dogs tearing at a rag doll?

We excuse our nameless actions with another nameless equation.

We reserve the right to be wanton. Of what use is a vacuole if it

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is not allowed to vacuolate? Of what use is it to be human without being able to humanate?

HUMAN, and UTOPIA are synonymous misnomers; both are IDEATIONS -UNEXPANDABLE.

Alas, we live on the flat plain between extremes. We seem afraid to reach for the heights and rather yield to the gravity of our viscera. What GOOD WORKS we do are as impermanent as their opposite. That we should ascend, it is also true we must descend, or FALL.

*UTOPIA. In reading the First Book of the Afflatus concerning Utopias, while not specifically stating that Utopian notions are a crock- of-shit, nevertheless, the implication was clear: UTOPIA is a visionary scheme which fails to recognize the defects inherent in human nature'. In other words we are a bunch of 'Qucking assholes'. I resort to this blurted vernacular simply to set the stage for a more serious undertaking (and to avoid becoming hyperventilated). However, be warned I will resort to all manner of devices that will tend to continually resurrect that, of which we are most unworthy (of which, most will insist, we are incapable), perhaps implying some impotency after all - **TO WIT:** UTOPIA, PARADISE, EDEN, ATLANTIS, SHANGRI-LA, HAPPY VALLEY, EL DORADO, CASTLE IN THE AIR, ICARIA, LEMURIA, LYONESSE, PARNASSUS, ELYSIAN FIELDS, ARCADIA, LOST HORIZON, PROMISED LAND, MECCA, SWEET FELICITY, THE PRIMROSE PATH, UNALLOYED HAPPINESS, GOLDEN AGE, GREENER PASTURES, ENCHANTED ISLAND, ENCHANTED FOREST, ONE'S HEART LEAPING WITH JOY, LIFE LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS, THE MORE PERFECT UNION, NEW(ARK), NEW ATLANTIS, NEW ATHENS, NEW BEDFORD, NEWBURG, NEW ENGLAND, NEWFOUNDLAND, NEW FRANCE, NEW GRANADA, NEW HEBRIDES, NEW SPAIN, NEW SPAPER, NEW YEAR, NEW YAWK, AND FOR CRIPES SAKE, NEW ZEEEEELAND; NEW, NEW NEW. THE NEW FRONTIER!! THERE'S NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN!!!*

Gargantua would not permit the purblind, blinkards, the lame, crooked, ill-favored, misshapen fools, senseless, spoiled or corrupt women; or men sickly, subject to defluxions, or ill-bred louts, simple sots or peevish trouble-houses, as nuns or monks into the ABBEY of THELEME; but only such women as were fair, well-featured and of sweet disposition, and men that were comely, personable and well-conditioned.

We are so wise nowadays as to cast aspersion upon these dreamy projections (Utopias). In absolute terms they are

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impractical'. So say those whose meaner alignment finds them serving their bowels or grosser innards as though implying we cannot rise above our vacuolations. The UNITED NATIONS Charter specifically states: NO VACUOLES. So these untoward manifestations of peristaltic rhythms raise the cry in unison 'Down wit the U.N.'."

Now 'tis so, I have beaten one horse quite dead and have ingratiated myself as a cloying social conscience, and as a problematic rebel. I must now raise my colors, such as they are, taking leave of this place, perhaps abusing parity during this disembarkation, hopefully to return one day to repay you with stories of Happier Climes.



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