

## *Intrusions Upon The Sea*

### **XVI**     ***INTRUSIONS UPON THE SEA:*** ***Death, Religion, and Politics.***

**B**ear with me while I wrestle with matters that cling whither one goes.

Although we do not possess an absolute knowledge as such, we assume the animal has not a consciousness of its own eminent death - or, of its finite existence.

Until the very moment of the end of its existence, it might be conjectured, an animal's existence represents an eternity, since it possess not any knowledge to the contrary.

What we assume about animals may not be entirely true; they are not able to express what they know and feel in a way ***homo sapiens*** will comprehend.

Some manifestations of their state of being may be observed in their behavior. We have witnessed animals 'mourning' the loss of a 'mate'. We have noted the behavior of the bovine species in the proximity of the slaughter of one of their kine; although not apparently protesting, or taking a concerted action to prevent their brethren's annihilation, they do manifest an alerted behavior, an 'apprehension' perhaps. Other animals feign death. Others, it is claimed, 'go away' to die.

***Homo sapiens***, at some point during his evolution, became aware of his own eminent death; however he did not "recognize death as a 'natural' occurrence; the immortalization of the king among the ancient Egyptians, ancestor worship, and the belief in the immortality of the soul in the great world religions, these are but different expressions of the same fundamental tendency in man to experience himself as imperishable and indestructible".

'Death' itself is perceived in many ways; as representing domination and strength, rebirth, creation and destruction, as well as the symbol of decay and dissolution of the personality. It is variously represented as a skeleton wielding a scythe, Saturn pruning a tree, the daughter of night and sister of sleep, as the phallus of the dismembered king (predynastic Egypt) and as the sheaf of grain (corn) being preserved, respectively, until the next king has died producing another phallus, or until the grain of the next harvest has been gleaned.

Since the birth of human consciousness, it is perhaps fair to assume the concern over immortality has become an overriding part of that consciousness; the one great quandary seeking and

## KNOTTED TWINE

needing some permanent resolution.

Combined within this insoluble quandary - as the invisible escarpment of 'death' collapses, toppling upon all the living, from which NONE arise ever again - is the ego's wish of selecting the 'place' in which to spend eternity. The more modern realization, with the exception of the extant primitive beliefs, and those who believe in reincarnation or the transmigration of the soul, is that the 'infinite existence' will not continue into the finite panorama of the visible universe; even hell is an abode in some other region - unseen.

The ultimate in human consciousness dictates an existential proposition wherein man survives in a purposeless Universe, in a hostile environment, which he opposes through the exercise of free will, or doesn't oppose, in the spirit of 'Waiting for Godot'.

Others strongly state, one may induce the extinction or cessation of individual existence through the attainment of NIRVANA - the attainment of a passionless calm, an immateriality of materiality; a state which is claimed can be obtained during one's lifetime.

Through various acts construed as miracles or other legerdemain, man, or demigods, or certain individuals invested with 'mysterious' powers, either crowned in nimbi, or concealed behind masks, have attempted to persuade one beyond what his senses would normally reveal - the recondite!!! - all interspersed with elements of 'right thinking'. However, despite all the double-talk, chicanery, pious wishful thinking, and other exploitations and manipulations of ignorance and uncertainty, - no one has been able to reenliven the dead - and no one has been able to demonstrate immortality - leaving one with not many alternatives beyond the mere fact of a rotting corpse.

(As Alyosha discovered, even the Holy must pass this way.) Though I imagine myself to be in a state of meditation, with my feet off the ground, so to speak, I am arrested, nevertheless, in this arc, this continuum towards a final dispersion. While I had hoped for an accretion as the fortuitous companion of time well-spent, there has been a certain frittering away. What had not been retained will not be found later somewhere upon a shelf; what is forgotten is quickly reabsorbed into the fatuity from whence it came - as though it had never been.

While I might pursue further this subject which has been of some issue amongst us for the millennia, without finding much 'holy' concurrence, I leave off with my foregoing succinct opinions in the matter, feeling this last as my entitlement.

## ***Intrusions Upon The Sea***

Further, it has been opined by the wiser amongst us, that 'religion and politics' are matters, which, when discussed' or debated, tend to rive human relationships, even of the closest kind. Offering substance to this last, it is my own offspring who have jumped ship for the enticing shore of Jesus from whence and to whom they send fervid supplications that the parent should also become bewitched. Now whereof the truth belongeth to no man, it is these who have claimed unto themselves what escapes the common knowledge. They seem as if a ray had entered through some unseen orifice in their skull congealing its contents into some Jesus 'chip' that plays o'er and o'er again certain passages of the New Testament without benefit of further enlightenment; they therefore announce they are Christians, and saved by Jesus Lord. Simplicity itself.

In matters of politics, I am mindful of the black comedian, Dick Gregory, reading aloud, the Declaration of Independence (not as a joke). Perhaps other nations do not possess such a 'document' and/or Constitution designed to implement its spirit; for this it might be said they are lacking. But if they are more humane than the nation into which I was born without the aegis of such explicit parchments, then what is it they can be said to be lacking?

I am unduly impressed with the usurpations and possessory rights the elected official claims unto himself in his constituent's name, whereof he may speak his own mind-set through the trickery of consensus, involving fabricated (manufactured) issues. Well organized and financed 'special-interest groups' lobby most incessantly, and effectively, to warp and abuse the 'democratic' prospectus, subverting and manipulating the purpose of its legislative processes. In addition, these 'officials' and their spokespersons, and those they abet and serve, become the dictators of disenfranchising and alienating policies, much to the chagrin of the larger constituencies.

And once again, as discovered in religious issues, ignorance (fostered through the shield of bald fabrications, such as 'national security' interests), a manufactured confusion, also heaped upon the citizen in a most demeaning and patronizing manner, and blatantly promoting 'disinformation', leaves the 'citizen' little doubt concerning his own ignorance; and reassures him, not in the least, regarding the 'state of the world. These inordinately overpaid 'officials', along with their attendant bureaucracy cannot seem but to worsen than better the condition of the human society.

Our 'forefathers' would hardly recognize their own

## KNOTTED TWINE

handiwork. They would be told the world is now a vastly more complicated place. Pray tell - who does anything to simplify? It would not be in the interest of the self-created and self-perpetuating bureaucracy to simplify anything.

In matters of politics I am not content to trust officialdom. I am often alarmed by its condescending 'know-it-all' attitude, attempting to persuade me that 'darkness' is in my best interest. I am angered and revolted by the rhetoric spewing forth to justify the perversion and tolerance of perversion of basic humanitarian principles; perverted in order to serve the aims of special interests and the selfish politician. It is a foregone conclusion we are abased and not ennobled in this process of government and being governed.

It is not the best of all possible worlds. The apologists and temporizers (pseudo-rationalists) claim that government is a necessary evil, and that of the evils 'ours' is the least evil - Amen. The excuse justifies the act. Amen. All in due time! Amen.

In lieu of anarchy and revolution, which results in nothing more than a stupid martyrdom, one must withdraw from participation, seeking solace o'er the distant horizon, ceding the world to a questionably tidy arrangement of *disjecta membra*.

Pertaining to the sea, lest we forget the purported issue of this volume, in effecting its politics, that greater body of men, in the largesse of their collective wisdom, have engaged in the erection of imaginary fences that has all but declared the sight of land an improbable circumstance, by proclaiming their 'territorial' waters to extend two-hundred miles beyond their shores. In this regard, one may complain to no effect, while meditating upon the meanness and ugliness that permeates the human spirit, if in fact humanity is any longer, or ever was, imbued with a spirit and not some extraneous protoplasm, or brute matter.

Leaving politics, that abhorrent possessory urination, to its own meaner devices, let us consider what best we ought do to oblige what is dearest to some of us. Truly we become aliens, if we are not already alienated; we search for another shore disencumbered, not as our possession, but as a place to alight in our wearying from the continued human strife, and as place to rest from the elements. Such shores do not exist; we arrive as alien, something redundant, unneeded, as look-a-like, something of which to be suspicious, intrinsically unwelcome.

That we engage in this practice of wandering the oceans and their byways, of itself may be said to involve some spiritual quest. While not answering to some standard orthodoxy, it is none

## ***Intrusions Upon The Sea***

the less true, while one's tenets go unspoken for the most part, one's profession of faith in this selfsame activity is proximal to any other esteemed religious involvement - and one might add - on a daily basis, subject, of course, to all the forces contingent thereto. While one is mindful of time as accords the seasons and their attendant occurrences, one's celestial calendar is not marked off in Sundays and feast days celebrating unseen, unknown, Indifferent Gods, but of a daily attunement to the Great Mother's disposition and one's meditations thereupon. That it be not misunderstood, in personalizing, not privatizing, the planet and its atmosphere, in which, and to which, we are bound to live, as Great Mother, I mean only to suggest in metaphor that which sustains us and limits us - within this tenuous life of ours. That I, as matter, take the form I do, and in so doing, perceive an animate part subscribed as protoplasmic, I ascribe yet further emanations as expression of a spiritual part. Thus it is also extrapolated and imputed, from my own measure, this other matter inanimate, though truly not matter more or less different than my own, I imbue it, perhaps wrongly, yet sympathetically with a spirit - so-called: Mother, Great Mother, Mother Earth, and often morosely and dolefully as the Bruges Madonna, an indulgent, but powerless empathy.

Would I and do I now act as proselyte for some unspecified religious persuasion? Perhaps no more than I would allude and persuade to some humanitarian ethic as a basis for a humane society, observing those simple tenets: That no Man shall have Dominion over another Man; that all shall be granted True Equality explicitly; and that the success of the Least is the measure of any system of government; these as basis for a humane human society. What of the sea and its society? As an obedient servant, assessing no tenets, one parleys not with his tongue or with a communicable language - yet one seeks equanimity within the elemental as he does amongst men, perhaps moreso.

To forge an orthodoxy from the sea, apart from Man or Men seems the task of whales and others, not for men. Yet if it is promise of a better life, an at-oneness with a certain spirit, the spirit being certain enough, for seldom, if ever, is it not evoked, then perchance, those emanations arising from this great immensity of the sea likely sidle closer to what we are about than some contrived gambit that assures for eternal life or governments that enslave the masses to their wills.

On August 6, 1945, when I was twelve and my wife not yet two, the world of man revealed a new divinity, one destined to overshadow the coming of the Second Advent, and one that

## KNOTTED TWINE

promised eternal damnation for all of mankind. If one had ever feared the wrath of God, henceforth he would fear the demoniac presumption of his two-legged look-a-like. And endure day upon day, night upon night, the awfully oppressive consciousness of it all. So awful is it to contemplate, that one hears mothers telling of their puberty-aged sons wishing not even to discuss this prospect for the future - because - no rationale whatever will create a logical plausibility to sustain such a monstrosity. ALL TEMPORIZERS BE DAMNED!!!

It all presupposes to dictate we could do with another 'reason-to-be'. I want you to take notice I have not given up on you.

Yes!, I'm for the laid-back cruising life, or something like it, to which each of us is entitled - not when we are a discard at the arbitrary age of sixty-five, but when our spirits inform us. It is something which is possible for each one of us (admittedly, not desirable to some) - at least on a rotation basis - some work for a while, some play for a while. Nobody belongs to a caste, nobody is better than anyone else, no one is 'more fortunate' than anyone else. All are fortunate as humans. We all do the 'right thing' and sensible thing because it is 'right' and sensible; not for any other reason.

The *NATIONS* of the world pour trillions into the arsenals of a quickly outmoded destructiveness, in a self-perpetuating, self-fulfilling paranoia - and all the while Humanity goes begging, even for a pittance, receiving scorn. What a monstrous inversion and assessment of priorities. We seem to find this tolerable.

'Tis not 'right' and sensible that the 'good guys' and the 'bad guys' may be colluding in creating a Dictatorship of Paranoia. We are ailing me Lord; leave off with that Hussy in yon Paradise; come finish your labors hereabouts.

Once again you will put forth, 'these discourses have no place in the tales of seafaring'. You will demand I pitch this cargo that forever shifts in ballast, causing our ship to list this way and that, causing discomfort and less than an even keel. 'Adventure upon the high seas purports to be a freeing of those earthly constraints; why o'erburden her below her marks with useless contraband, only to wallow in some dismal murk?'

Perhaps it is so because I am not at sea as I scribble away - but live amidst this taunt. Perhaps. I could choose not to speak and ye could choose not to read.

Yes!, I need take leave of thee; I am joyless here - unable to abide what I feel, as I perceive man's cruelty towards life, towards his fellow man - and where this is lacking, a seeming indifference,

## ***Intrusions Upon The Sea***

that indifference masking an impotence in the face of the immensity and pervasiveness of the brutality of matter invested in ***Homo Sapiens***. And 'they' (Yes, that elusive and all-responsible 'they') carry it off with such aplomb, professing the contrary disposition, declaring, cleverly and persuasively, their 'good intentions', claiming their actions are in the best interest of 'all' mankind. Perhaps it is as 'they' say - but actions - and no action - both speak louder and more eloquently than those glib and familiar utterances.

Yes!, when upon the water - one forgets - eventually. One becomes engaged in living his own testament; an act of respiration, so 'miraculously' persevering whilst we yield to insensibility, following us wherever we go, through our ascendancy and through our decline, patient through our immoderations, seeing us to the very last, none left to chastise.