

WORLD COUNCIL OF IGNOMINIOUS PERSONALITIES

There is an organization of individuals who have for millenium occupied all of the lands between those occupied by indigenous groups and nation-states. These are commonly known as exiles, fugitives, outlaws, banditos, Coyotes or ignominious personalities.

The cry of human rights has been echoed by such personalities for centuries from the highest mountaintops to the most desolate desert lands to far away islands. Reportedly, such persons were of the genre who, when told, "Love it or leave it." decided to leave. They have no true home other than the place where their bodies happen to fall that night. Their sustenance is the leftovers from civilizations and societies who refused to acknowledge their existence. Their slogan is succinct and simple. It has been heard behind the roar of ocean beaches and the rumble of motorcycles. In airports. Train stations. Bus depots and truck stops. In cafes, coffee houses and bars. In all nations, throughout all time. Simply put, the motto of the World Council of Ignominious Personalities is: FUCK OFF. I'M LEAVING.

At long last, their cry has been heard by the United Nations, the United States Congress, the House of Parliament, the Club of Rome and a small group of homosexuals in a gay bar on First Avenue in Seattle. It was clear that the audience was moved to tears by the ~~xxxxxx~~ unidentified leader of the WCIP when he ~~xxxx~~ told his story of exile and social disgrace.

With scraps of food dripping from his unwashed beard, the WCIP con artist urged his listeners to dig into their coffers and feed the outcasts of the planet. "We don't want to work. We just want to have a good time. Leave us alone and make sure there is enough food to go around. Don't forget the people you'd like to forget. We need satisfaction too.":

Where does the World Council of Ignominious Personalities plan to move next? "Outer Space. We need room to move around. There must be a place where people don't tell others how to live. In outer space, ignominious personalities may finally find peace from antagonistic social policies of institutional societies everywhere."

Our bearded exile was last seen asking a lady on the street if she had any spare transistors for his rocket ship. She ignorantly replied, "No. But here is a dollar for a drink. You need it."

He responded, "Thanks. The WCIP loves you too."