

The sails have been raised.

What wind doth arise?

This Must Be Done Let It Be Writ

Since there were no takers, the author must bill the marquee.

The author feels some nagging annoying obligation to burden the potential reader with dubious extraneous matters, perhaps irrelevant to his interest, but somehow vital to the author's.

As the author imagines readers, he imagines those whom he encounters every day, some who might know that he writes, or might not know such a thing. Most of those he might know, even some better than others, and certainly those he knows less than all the others; all, he imagines not being particularly interested in his scribbles, simply because he does not strike them as an interesting person. The author is familiar with such sentiment, responding similarly to anyone he might meet. If he wrote something, "I'll bet it would be dull".

While it is true he can neither imagine an ideal reader, not even one amongst his friends, how is it so that he persists with such limited prospects?

The writer's lot in life? Most likely.

Throughout his work, the author offers what he considers plausible explanations for what he does. But, in all of his endeavors, there is more than a hint of grandiosity, and a romantic bent typical of those who lack appreciation for reality. However, despite the denouement, and whatever else it portends, he believes that he could solve many of the world's problems if only others would heed his words.

Anyone might make such a claim.

So, who of all the claimants, is the rightful occupant of such a throne?

The author would suppose that it both matters and matters not, whether the world's problems get solved; or by whom. And that it doesn't matter whether or not there are readers. What matters is the life of an individual mind. Perhaps only in the shadows, in soliloquy, speaking the famous lines of the famous bard, or speaking into a mirror as Narcissus of old spoke unto Echo shimmering in the still pool; and, into a dream.

There is a great need and compulsion to thwart the incoming with the outgoing. Else we become subsumed in things foreign and alien; our government, and its mouthpiece, the Fourth Estate, numbering amongst those most imposing.

Some of us might not mind Pied Piper, saluting and pledging and waving and upholding, and marching, even, but some might not.

Empire Building and Nationalism has caused humanity terrible grief throughout the ages. Of course, its not only Empires and

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Nations; Ethnic purity. Racial purity. Also those convinced that a Godma of some kind doth exist, for whom they must militate.

It has not been proven that any of these considerations, or others, for that matter, really enhance the adaptability or the survivability of the species; perhaps the opposite might be said to true.

It has been thought that Dominion, Domination, Conquering would establish some kind of fixed milieu in which the species would thrive in some kind of organized harmony. Only those with the cranial capacity of an ape could so believe.

So it has fallen upon the author to deal with these ubiquitous matters as he sees fit, within the scope of his limited experience and imagination.

He would like to believe in the teachings and perorations that he heard when he was young and impressionable, when he seemed to believe that human life was something inviolable, and was intended to be revered beyond all other considerations.

Each year that added to his life threw into relief these beliefs that had arisen from those early exposures; they seemed to recede and become eclipsed by the horror of reality. Eventually they led him down the road to disbelief; to the final humiliating experience of cynicism, which he felt he could barely defend, so exhausted was his spirit by the hopelessness of the human prospect.

That is where we find him in this improbable tale; loving the absurd because it provides him succor in this finite night of life.

Catherine is Love and Hope. A rescue through Love, however illusory; filling the idle hours; thwarting the tedium of a failed promise; and dealing with the regrets.

Others, you, for example, might think the author unbalanced, even mad; surely deficient in some way. He is not so certain that he is not. A lone person amongst the multitude, ranting, as he has seen depicted, the man who stood upon the bridge in Paris Texas: "I warned you, I warned you".

There is a kernel there; perhaps sensed only by him; he senses something beyond appearances, false assurances, outright lies; and dissembling, equivocation, double talk, temporizing, rhetoric, propaganda. There is a real truth out there for which he believes we all yearn. That much he still believes. Catherine, while an unlikely truth, represents the yearning emerging from the beyond, more tangible than Yillah in Mardi, more palpable than Echo; there to enchant one, a fleeting presence that haunts us all.

So, he presumes upon the world in replicate, and in profusion, with aid of his computer.

Give it a name. Louie Damned Near No More
The Worm That Pursues The Truth.