

The Preface

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*Another One Of Those Repetitive Assayings Of The Truth
Taking A Pitchfork To The Manure*

There might have been a time when it was more apropos to have spoken up. But, of that, one cannot be certain, considering all that has happened since, which includes any individual's ability to effect what happens. And there is little of which anyone can be certain in this life.

Turmoil within the human community seems certain. It also seems certain where there is turmoil there is little repose, even in the best of settings.

We have so over multiplied, and over subdued, that few habitats exist which escape the traffic created by the beast that overwhelms this planet.

We imagine outer space monsters, who vaguely resemble us at our worst (or so it is opined; I believe we are capable of much worse) invading us. The resemblance matters, because there is no greater monster than our very own street prowler who waits for his opportunity to rob rape and often to kill. There is the unconscionable motorist, or militant general, or zealot, drug lord, or leader of a nation of peoples who assume monstrous proportions at various times.

It seems certain we will never be free of these earthly notables, perhaps unworthy adversaries of those most horrid alter ego outer space invaders. How we fear that which might not exist, and not that which lies close at hand (perhaps within us).

I began by commenting upon the appropriateness or timeliness of one's speaking up. We often lament of being behind the learning curve, or the information curve, the technology curve. The self-proclaimed harbingers of the future are always telling us we are out of date. I suspect this is not true, but often when meeting another with whom one might become conversant, I hear terminology I do not recognize. This means I cannot speak to a problem because I do not understand the obfuscations, anonymization, informedialization, apparently necessary to communicate with those who speak it and whom I assume are in control. They often speak of collateral damage, product endorsement, pshycobabble, disinformation, dysfunctionalism, détente, mutually assured destruction, strategic defense initiative, world class this, global that, fast track, yuppie. Like the man said "Control Addicts". Who are their suppliers?

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Great planners, anticipators and mutually assured controllers at work, timely head's up work, apropos, with whom I can never be synchronized or harmonious; making of this a more perfect union, and the world safe for democracy; glibly and self-assuredly, matter of fact, as I though I agree with everything they (the Gospel) say.

Truly it would never matter what these ones do if they did it some place else. But because there is only the one place, I am affected by what they (you) do. They reach out demanding that I pledge my allegiance to their rantings, when the only thing I recognize is their compulsion to control for the sake of their hidden agendas, which are only self-serving. If they cannot win me over (persuade me with terminology I do not recognize) then they attempt to intimidate me with disapproval (dirty looks), then they threaten me with physical harm, loss of property, incarceration and death, etc.

I ask myself, "How does this happen?" One thinks many things.

It happens brutally as a manifestation of the brute. That is, Man is a brute.

Man is aggressive; man seeks control and dominance. Man is a brute, an animal by design, despite the designer attire. And man is more brutal to his own kind than any other creature on this planet is to its own kind. Yes! other animals seek dominance, but never engage in murder, or genocide or death dealing of one's own species (for pleasure, for thrill, revenge, jealousy; for riches). Yes! there is the inadvertent death as a result of a contest or combat, or trial for dominance over a harem or territory, but never on a scale that even remotely approaches that which so exemplifies the 'highest' most evolved, most ascendant form of life (according to its own presumptions) upon this planet (and no other).

They tell me there are sweet brutes. Maybe I'm one of those. There are times when I've done brutal things, like use a machine to tear at the landscape, to make room for my enterprises; to sever a limb or fell a tree to enlarge my vista. But because I do these things with an inordinate amount of empathy and self-consciousness, does that make me any sweeter and less brutal than those who do it as a matter of course as assumptive subduers? She conjectured that I was 'tenderhearted'.

Well sure we can split hairs about who is more or less exemplary. Animals make no false claims. How much guilt do we all share by the way we act or by how much silence we maintain? How we maintain our double-talking hypocrisy.

Just what would be the most appropriate thing one could say if one were offered the opportunity, of course, with the prospect of altering the flow of history?

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Such a question, such a question? How absurdly grandiose. Nobody in their right mind would ever grant such an opportunity.

When such opportunities have arisen, when even the most noble, the most humanitarian individual assumes that preeminent place on the stage, we learn he can only implore us, because his rhetoric and/or reason fails both him and us, however sonorous, however appealing, however full of sublime chants that make us swoon. Immediately others declaim, nullify, because they do not perceive the necessary sacrifices as consonant with their ambitions. The democratic spirit nullifies effective action, the necessary sweep of self-aggrandizement. (Sharing is not part of the dictum; only adulation, admiration and adherence). Recall Sancho Panza's being well rid of his governorship after one week in the reign.

We speak of a creature who has not arrived, one who is in the throes of evolution, who might imagine great things, even genetic engineering, the way royalty and aristocracy believed that higher breeding assured for continuance of a royal line and the nobility of the species, all with what happened between (t)heir legs, sometimes with all their clothes off. A creature which will expire before it has evolved.

Clone the sweet ones, the good guys; let the others die out; castrate and sterilize or infanticide the byproducts of natural selection (blessed love) until they die out. And allow only the clones, the repletion of the well-mannered, sweet-tempered look-alikes, will prevail; genetically engineered good guys, non-aggressive, non brutal (by implication) loving conscientious, 'tenderhearted', wouldn't harm a fly (maybe that's a stretch). *(Quote from Rabelais re: the Abbey of Theleme) 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.*

But you know what I mean: no DOMINATORS, no controllers, no fanatics, no bigots, no flag-wavers; no selfish, manipulative, devious, cunning abysmal types; just good guys, like you and I.

I'm really not the exemplary individual I lead you to believe; not a holier-than-thou.

I have bad thoughts, evil thoughts, 'wish people in hell' thoughts sometimes; just trying to imagine how to deal with the evil that surrounds me. To somehow even the score for all the grief, to get my revenge, my pound of flesh. I've even imagined how I

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might escape the labors of this life by engaging in nefarious illegal activities that would bring me a great return, especially freedom from the drudge. Yes! I've imagined what it would be like to conquer the female, maybe rape, that is to say, simply, overwhelm with my desire, to take her as it was, even against her will (what will?) even though I cannot imagine but the briefest satisfaction in such an act afterwards so fraught with guilt at one's bestiality, one's dominance of another, of the harm, the shame; of one's own diminished self-worth. "DOMINANCE, the state I despise; dominated by another's strength, another's will, another's unfeelingness, and aggression, another's deviousness, cunning, manipulation. And *'the presumption with regard to me as they execute their little maneuvers'*", she was heard to say.

You must realize to think and to imagine is not to do (some claim the thought is father to the deed; and before that, the wish is father to the thought). I don't know whether the thinking and imagining the worst enables one to understand something he would never do in hearing of it being done by another. One reads of an invading army raping the invaded peoples women, then dismembering them; we are talking of something I do not comprehend. Brutality I do not comprehend although I am able to imagine the worst. I know there are some things I would never do, whether from out cowardice, or from better sense, or from basic respect of another individual's rights. Never say NEVER!?

When others do things I would never do, often I want to make it so they could never do them again; bitterly and with such vengeance. I don't want to bother lecturing them, chiding them, admonishing them, even punishing them; I just want what I want, the vengeance part, the bloody part - for all the evil they have stirred up in me. If they get the message, such a bonus, so long as I get my guilt free revenge.

If I make them hate me, fear me; what have I gained or lost?

There is no easy way But a person must stand upon some ground. The aggressor, even the passive aggressor is not tolerable because his issuance is there pushing me out of my composure, my space, jostling me in my space.

I might announce "Do not aggress upon Me!" to someone who doesn't even know he aggresses. He might from habit, early training, predisposition, inclination, behave in a certain manner that shows little regard for the other's being, state of mind, or just his composure. The aggressors needs or demands get lost in the social graces; expedience is of the more important moment.

Eventually, if one cannot avoid such a presence, the intruding presence, he must confront, he must draw the line; seldom amicably.

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Everywhere people are elbowing each other; it is inevitable, the more elbows the more elbowing. I've been elbowed plenty; I generally move out of the way of elbows. But once in a while I refuse to move, I stand unmoved with the expectant elboweer looking on resentfully. What has worked all along, even with me, is suddenly resisted purposefully, threatening a *modus operandi*, as a way of getting ahead, or over there, or what one desires, without consideration. The resentful look is both threatening and severing, severing a relationship that depended upon an elboweer and an elbowee.

To Hell with the elboweer!

Turn the other elbow with emphasis! LORD.

Yes! Lord, that makes a combatant of me, both cheeks are very bruised because I had not resisted. Now at least my reputation goes before me, to instill a little fear in the other-maybe. They call me the Old Geezur. That sounds defiant, full of damnation, not fear. Anyway they know I exist not to be trampled or trifled.

Where do I get all this Lord stuff?

Or rather, where did HE get this Lord stuff? Recognition of a higher authority?

I suppose we need something when all the brutality and anarchy lodged in ADAM is unleashed.

(Mike Tyson, the Big, The Bad, And the Ugly; The Champion. He got his, but not permanently. A role model for the barbarian. A real banger in a cage. A title for idiocy.) He'll become a convert! Geeeeezzzz!

We don't want to imagine J.C. diddling M.M. What better, symmetrical ending than the making of love to the converted sinner; think how happy the remade sinner. Don't think "How Awful!"

Did HE take advantage like some shrinks take advantage of their patients? This taking advantage is sexual, but not confined to standard hookups. I've known male shrinks who took advantage of female patients; and female shrinks who took advantage of female patients. I don't know of examples of the other combinations M/M F/M. Are there others? Was J.C. a shrink? Is it better to think of HIM as sexless; asexual, like not preferring boys or girls? What else. Myself, as J.C., I'd prefer M.M. over the apostles. I'd be tough on the boys, easy on the girls.

Can you really expect to take the crowd with you when you are in the clouds, or what appear to be the clouds? You might be quite firmly planted upon the earth, even thinking earthly things, but knowing or believing there is no earthly solution to the earthly

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problems, you gaze afar. When you look elsewhere, even though firmly planted, you are thought to have your head in the clouds. Grandiose? Or desperate? If M.M. the fallen woman, came along, in this loveless place, she, warm, voluptuous, in need of comfort and companionship; GEEEEZ what a respite! An oasis, an absolving of longing in this animal infested place.

To think (surmise) in more concrete terms?!

There is (or is there) no solution. An endless cascade of vengeance – that will never satisfy (now there's a cross to bear; heavy mother!) too large for mere men.

There is nothing timely or appropriate to say.

One must fearlessly and ruthlessly survive, because in survival there is hope. If one succeeds in the pursuit of his ambition, there is hope that he will retire and leave the rest of us alone. There will be a hiatus, a peace (surely he jests!).

You see! whatever I say, people(?) question my wisdom, my motives, my intent? From Mary Magdalene to Marilyn Monroe to M&Ms).

We often speak of 'beginnings, middles, and ends' in an effort to create the impression of complete, even symmetrically well-rounded, tales. Somehow these tales are intended to enlighten, to entertain and satisfy us (cathartically), all simultaneously. Loose-ended and unresolved tales leave us disturbed and uneasy in our craving for some kind of finality (even fatalistic). This writing will prove no exception. You will feel stranded amidst those unresolved or questionable conflicts within your own complicated and dubious rationales. (Rationales, per se, are a product of certain cerebral activity, partly founded in word definitions, and in intuitive understanding not yet based in definable terms. Rationales [cerebral activity] are a natural extension of the sensate reality which provides a constant flow of information about the world in which we live, and may be perceived as a necessary adjunct to our survival in that world.) We encounter intrinsic contrasts within these rationales. We achieve definition through opposites and proceed to action from either/ors. For example, and these can be construed as opposites/either/ors: plausibility, implausibility; probability, improbability; possibility, impossibility; relevance, irrelevance; deniability, undeniability; to list a few of the more common conjectural structural operatives floating around in our cerebral activity. In another writing titled "Meditation Upon The Loss", I have wrestled with concept and definition in an attempt to understand how it is we arrive at Faith, which in essence requires no sensate reality and no knowledge (hence, no cerebral activity) in order to exist. As part of what I do here I will briefly allude to a 'beginning', and briefly allude to an 'end', each of which are easily

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stated. It is the great 'middle' that will occupy the limits of my knowledge, intelligence, powers of observation, and ability to deduce certain logical steps in a process of rationalizing the universe into which I have been deposited, and expected to survive.

I have imagined an appearance upon the stage wherein I might speak my mind; feeling I possessed both the earnestness of desire required for a given situation, and the sage remedy to alleviate the situation. However grandiose, I know now how little, if even apropos, is provided by those who do occupy the center stage. I might be eradicated if I had too much effect, or mocked, scorned, and vilified by those whose control was threatened. One often thinks the 'common good' would somehow come to the fore, but not so. In truth the 'common good' is an inconvenience to the controllers.

Over the past twenty years I have known of my ineffectuality as a writer/sage, acting in this capacity. A harmless delusion, one might suppose. I have imagined myself in print, beyond the confines of my own circle, to the greater enlightenment of mankind. And another delusion has accompanied my imaginings, one which would require more responsible editing on my part, both in terms of coherence and dealing with things that truly matter (rather than being a wise ass, or a cute mother). This writing thing does require a clarity of thought and word. I had thought also one ought to respect the intelligence and sensitivity of his audience and his ability to reach beyond himself, responding both to challenge and stimulus without condescension.

I'm hard-pressed to be specific in my acknowledgements (recognize my primogenitors) and in my dedications (to emphasize the need for future revelations of higher expectations). I am somewhat indebted to those who have proven bigoted, intolerant, prejudiced, opinionated, egocentric, petty, have shown a preference for ignorance, and those who exhibit a proclivity toward hostility, aggressiveness and destructiveness (Sigmund,), for they have both stimulated me (challenging me to find a better way) and produced a heightened awareness in me of the true human condition. Even some of the nicest people, on the surface, and some of the nicest people, in a genuine sort of way, are rife with the limitations their experience places upon their lives (both emotionally and intellectually). Somewhat as a consequence, it goes without saying, I have made a special effort to enhance my own judgments with a rationality hopefully founded in logically plausible inferences derived from some purposeful acuity in my own awareness. There have been some authors whose work has proven especially thought-provoking and stimulating. Primary amongst them are Melville, Y Gasset, Freud, Orwell, Kazantzakis,

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Dostoevski, Dickens, Scandinavian writers, Greek Playrights, Nautical Adventurers; not to slight the many others.

We operate in a continuum, which we attempt to arrest in time. I represent a mere reference, perhaps heretically only a little escaping the influence of these limiting temporal surrounds.

I do not believe I am a descendant of Adam in the specific, but our primogenitor might as well be labeled Adam as any other name. I do not believe any divinity was involved in my creation. My mother and father did not engage in a specific act in order to conceive me. Father would not have chosen me as an offspring. He would rather have had none, lest it be a female (daughter presumably), who, by it being me, was spared his overbearing and unkind attitude toward the sex he chose to screw. Mother was more inclined toward offspring, and was happy enough to bear me, as she might any other, although a daughter might have provided her with a kinship otherwise lacking in her life.

I feel more the product of natural selection, albeit a way station (which I have previously referred as "A Holding Action"), rather than something designed by a 'supreme being', 'which' knows what it is doing. I suppose, as part of the process, it might be said one has evolved; but the point of evolution escapes me. Mother and father entertained few such notions during their union. I do not imagine that 'creation' and 'evolution' are mutually exclusive terms. From 'dust unto dust' somehow seems appropriate, but my assumed knowledge leads me to say otherwise, mostly as a belief that serves no more purpose than I, and partly as a conjecture, which may serve more purpose, to which I have not assigned a meaning.

These opening statements are somehow relevant to the stage I would hope to set.

Purportedly, The Play Is The Thing. In this case we might not advance beyond an explanatory Preface. The subsequent 'stillborn' Play might consist of a series of repetitions without denouement, and with a foregone conclusion, enacted by the species to which I am nominally bound through my appearance and my sentiments; that is, I do not look like a dog, and without knowing for sure, I believe I do not think like a dog.

Without becoming too semantic at the outset, I would include our prejudices amongst our sentiments, as well as a host of terms unlikely to reflect favorably upon our look-a-likes.

I realize that to begin by demeaning us all with generalities is to risk losing an audience before the characters are introduced. Even the characters (which may appear only as a word) assume an

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amorphous shape as though not yet formed, embryonic, so to speak, more inferential than absolute.

If we aspire to become something that emanates from choice (free will) we must overcome this sinkhole of 'natural selection' (which inherently demonstrates a dubious potential for 'reversion' [to a former type], and 'whose' intent and will seem to tend in a direction unsympathetic to our fantasies. (I am not laying the groundwork for 'genetic engineering', which, since it would be under the control of the alluded species, would presumably not escape its own pattern of repeated failures (centuries old). I might be laying the groundwork for not putting store in false promises.

Within my nation, many one meets who come from the general citizenry, believe that as a nation, we seek only to do the 'good'; that we are well-intentioned. They might acknowledge that we do need to control the flow of the world's goods and services, and the market place, so we can stay on top; to become the big survivors. Obviously they cannot resolve the conflict that arises when they attempt to do 'good' (interfere) in other's affairs, in order to preserve world stability, mostly to effect this control of the flow, and their position.

Upon this occasion I would like to state two basic premises that occur to me as vital to any intersocial volition, otherwise identified as an interactive civilized state (which somehow is construed to assure for our [everyone's] continued survival).

- 1.) That one man (individual) will not have dominion over the other.
- 2.)) That any system of government that does not account The Least must be considered a failure (otherwise known as The Doctrine Of The Least).

These two premises are inviolable. The latter premise is not be construed as a dole for the needy, but a recognition that even The Least form part of the whole. Because the first premise attains to priority, it is implicit that The Least are not wards to be herded by the assumed prerogatives of state. All are explicitly equal in their prerogatives. All Color, Ethnicities, and Religious Affiliations (racial or otherwise) become subsumed by the inferences contained in the basic premises.

Since, at the outset, this writing is not intended as a political treatise, hopefully it will not devolve into that vastly speculative area of dubious human involvement. I wish to remain on the edges of life looking in. I wish to assess the meaning in what it is that I observe, if it is possible to be both a detached onlooker and willing participant.

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And I wish to concentrate on what is perhaps just as speculative as politics. I refer now to my perception of life, any life form, as tantamount to A Holding Action, or a series of way stations.

At some point in time we had departed the original, station bound on what might seem a journey to some specific place. But all too often we deviated from a non-existent track, sometimes going backwards, sometimes just milling around, sometimes wandering aimlessly, and at other times speedily hastening for a destination often pillaging and laying waste purposelessly all in our wake ("The Spoils Go To The Victor!" the rational animal exclaims, amplifying the terror living within us all).

Wherever we alight it seems also we are as perplexed about where it is we are headed as we were the first day of our departure. There exist no self-evident proofs that we have arrived.

I would like to make some distinctions within a process, the first part of which is blind, which we might presumptuously observe in a less cognizant species than ourselves; and part of which might be perceived, perhaps even more presumptuously, as less blind. Amongst our kind we seem to recognize visionaries; perhaps those who see into a future where they predict the outcome of our transgressions, but also the fruits borne by dreams and hopes if pursued avidly and purposefully. The blind part of the process is assumed to be embodied in the fatalistic throes of planetary exigencies. It is mostly assumed we have little control over these happenings either within ourselves or outside ourselves. However, in various ways, we imagine we are influencing the selection process toward some higher, yet unknown or unimagined, evolutionary objective. Most of the influencing toward that objective is not particularly demonstrable. It is however believed that through continuing Education we will attain to some 'higher' (ascendant) plateau. Whether this can have an influence on some genetic component to assure for some perpetual improvement is not at this time demonstrable. However, we are preserving the Institutions we have created to further the continuing Education. To me, Education is meant to convey the notion of Enlightenment, liberal thought, democratic outlook, humanitarian considerations, and the design of institutions to better serve our perceived needs as a viable species, and as a social body; again for a time period projected beyond the foreseeable future (beyond the 50 years where it will not make any difference to you or I).

I wish now to speculate (engage in some cerebral activity) upon what I perceive to be the purpose to existence. I'll ask you to

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indulge me in my approach which I take seriously enough, but since I cannot prove any of what I suggest, I have resorted to a variety of gesturing nuances in order to incite your attention, and stimulate your imagination beyond our conventional thinking.

A Holding Action.

A HOLDING ACTION

SEX (Schizophrenia as a Holding Action, in lieu of SEX)

It is not THE revelation I seek, therefore it cannot be so; or is it so? Refuting a basic observation is not possible, or is it?

Sex was not get discussed over the kitchen table; religion and politics was fair game; we nearly avoided the talk of Death, but occasionally the silent one mentioned it, speculating upon his own longevity as a sometime thing: 'One foot in the grave, the other on a banana peel'.

The CONSTRUCT: Argument SEX; Procreative exigencies. The Inevitable (conjugation) fulfilling the Anatomic Destiny toward - in which - under the guise of the undeniable Reproductive Imperative, i.e. Incorporated Genesis - through Fornication. A most plausible, probable, possible, irrelevant and undeniable activity.

OBSERVATION: Reproduction is accomplished (Reproduction Works). OBJECTIVE: ? Or Purpose inherent to this CONTINUANCE - is this a statement or a question?

QUESTION: What is the Purpose?

Yup! The purpose of this life is to become replete -Nah! The purepussy of this life is to replicate! Nah! The porpse of this life is to become replaced! Possibly! The pourpose of this life is to replenish the fold. Maybe! The porepose of this life is to become masked in redundancy. Getting There! The pureposse of **this** life is to cross the river into the neighboring tribal land to abscond with the chief's virginal daughter (Gasset). Yeah! The purepose of this life is notoriety; GAWD knows, achieve recognition. There you have it! The purepose of this life is to become a celebrity. A HERO(ine)! The poorpose of your life is therefore to admire, to worship, to genuflect, and to squander your wealth in the acquisition of the media displayed SHIT promoted (P Es [Product Endorsements]) by the celebrities. The purepose of this life is to become a celebrity so's you can promote (endorse, autograph, photo-op) so's the rest of us can be lulled into believing the poorpose of this life is to produce more of the same, and mostly to acquire, consume, squander, give over our labors to SHIT, for stuff we dont need. The purpose of this life is to become replete with stuff we dont need. The purepussy of this life is to replicate our labors so's we can

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consume even more than we don't need. Because when you get down to it there is no other pusspuré to life, but life extension. One extends that which is absurd. One extends his meager self into a materiality; and he has the SHIT and the papers to prove it. Then he/she dies leaving the baggage in the care of some other extension. The pilepost of this life is to create the hugest Midden ever, the enduring monuments to 'Multiply and Subdue' and 'Standard Of Living' hardened into granite and basalt.

The purepussy of life is to rape the Chief's daughter. Yeah! Sounds a bit crude for us 20-21 century sauve dudes of suave mores. Gross venialities are not the purepose of THIS life. It is the deed, not the thought, that counts. The napes of the Sabine women. Hah!, the nates forthwith! There's poetry induced somewhere, somehow. Napes

Nates Nuts! More More Mores! The spurtpost of life is to get it off! So you kill a little time in foreplay. So maybe you gotta become a celebrity to get a celebrity. Seems easier to go after the chief's daughter than to spend your life acquiring all that SHIT just so you can qualify to get it off in a civilized manner. Just be your winsome self with the chief's daughter an' you can void all the OFFAL; 'twon't be necessary to curry excess baggage.

ASIDE: Was Freud really a Jew? (The question has been asked.) Could Freud really think? Just how short were his legs? As you will observe there are certain risks involved in these grandiose attempts to assist one's brethren. Was he really assisting? And was He a credit to his race?

One might deduce there is no purrpose to life, unless it is discover the perfect DODGE; become invisible as it were. Incognito! to escape naming, to escape the confinement of definition; to observe without being observed (watch out for dogs). To discover without being discovered. A peeper. Maybe if one observes undetected for a sustained period he will discover the propose of laugh. Possible, but implaudable. **To steal secrets from your employer to give to your brother so he can best your employer. Ad Infinitum! Dominance!!!**

When you realize there is no purpose, then what? Do you just lie down; lay down? in a proposeless univerze? in a purseless universe? How can one properly emulate with an empty purse? As the old mailing lists produce less and less return, we receive less and less junk mail; thank the devil for computers.

7/7/92 138 Yup! He smiled with a purepuss. He was after the chief's dotter.

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McKneel and Learer hadda a guy on the tube las' nite saying we have lost our way. We have lost our way into the tube izz wutt.

Purpose!

For the lack of any thing better to do I periodically sit at this machine, tapping at a series of characters that are intended to become ordained into print, and once rendered into such formal order, to be read by others. I do this instead of other things. By doing this I assign purpose to this life.

When we discuss purpose, it seems we also need to discuss relevance. They seem coterminous.

Now this guy on the tube was trying to say we need a change. It wasn't clear what he meant (in a spiritual way) when he said we had lost our way. He was speaking as an economist. He said we need to become more like the other guys who are successful (the losers in #2 [by the way]) Maybe he meant we should kick ass once again (get rid of the competition; i.e. the losers). No, he meant quite another thing. When he said we had lost our way; he meant - economically. Since then the losers in #2 had a short-lived economic success, just like they did at Pearl. Both adventures were achieved with our assistance?

Well it seems to me you can push the consumerist operandi only so far. Then you gotta land fill or recycle. Land filling is better for pure consumption. No hassles. Become Middenites like we truly are. Alternatively we could consume nothing. Feed ourselves and let it go at that. To hell with economics. Where has it got anybody who ever tried it? Oh sure, the caste of Fortune 500 run around in limos and live in early warning mansions, surrounded by the best in extensions, impressing the hell outta each other, all enclosed within a chain-linked compound, resembling a penitentiary. Its all so detached. While the rest of us emulate and envy. Its all a perpetration. Clearly!

The consumerist thing survives through planned obsolescence. That is, permanence incorporated into that which is consumed is antithetic to consuming. Everything produced by man fails. The producer warrants his output for 30 days, 90 days, 1 year, 2 years. After that, a new doodad (just changing the appearance for example) renders the consumed irrelevant (like they say, yesterday is annihilated). Made over; a face lift. Planned failure. Bilked. Catch on and don't consume is the remedy. Let it all rot. Protest. Get the government to subsidize agriculture and sheltering, and forget the rest.

When its like that, how can one say we have lost our way? If we did lose our way, it was a long time ago. Now it doesn't matter, since we need to begin again anyway.

One man lording it over another is just asking for trouble. And doing things that burden the planet ain't gonna work either.

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Goddammit if we would just feed, shelter (protect from the elements) all that's here and fergit the rest for a long while, just maybe we would find our way. Not that what we would find would be relevant to anyone but us, or serve any greater purpose than just being; What Ho!

7/8/92 139 Yup! According to Whatsisface Yutang, Whatsisface Laotse said you cannot preserve the essence through pinning the butterfly to the cork (calk [in Massachusetts]).

The same may be said of poorpose; you cannot capture or name the poorpose without risking its demise. Same wif revealance.

The poorpose of life may be to struggle against cancer or heart disease, whereof previously the only pose had been to consume, or to make some great scientific discovery, or play for the Boston Red Sox.

Its an open-casket affair; what you see is what you got. The inanimate. What is supposed to happen once you capture a thing in the word? Is the essence missing?

Revealance. The Book of Revelations. The Book of Relevancies. The Book of Revealances. The Book of Veals. Where's The Beef?

In the first book, the purps discovers one observing a bevy of well-formed unveiled essences flitting through Paradise. In the second book the poorpse discovers one reassessing the essences once it is learned in its three dimensionality they fart, have bad breath, and B.O., notwithstanding, or notwithstanding other curvaceous embellishments. In the third book, the porpse discovers one literally floored (notstanding) by the vagaries of essences, not unlike the disillusionment of Cunegonde watchers. In the fourth book the purpose discovers one humiliated by the revealancies (being duped [there but for the grace of another dupe go I]) Self-delusion some would call it; rather than taken in [hook line and sinker {poor fish}]. The wish the father to the thought. If you can get by all those Relefancies, then you get a fifth of (name your essence).

WHAT IS THE PURPOSE TO CONTINUANCE? To aggregate into a heap?

NONE - it is obvious - lest one speculate CONTINUANCE is a contrivance against extinction - while we await the REVELATION?

THE REVELATION OF PURPOSE (The purpose of being - of life.) Since there is no revelation of Purpose - purpose existing therefore only in so much as we are able to assign it (? with or without WILL). The proof of the assignation exist in the number, that is, the more who purpose the more we tend to believe the assignment; the expiration of individuals or groups of

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individuals is only incidentally of no consequence. The assignment of purpose tends to circularly create belief in the assignment, but it is only a temporary construct, and an imposition upon TRUTH (where did that come from?).

We DO NOT KNOW.

We often utter to ourselves, "IT IS OUT OF OUR HANDS".

We cannot believe in this utterance, because if 'it is out of our hands', we are in serious trouble.

"It is in our hands", and "it is ours to do with" - as a holding action against extinction.

We are somewhere within the third station; 1) we have been condemned to death; 2) we have been forced to 'bear the cross', and 3) we have fallen under the weight of it.

Does a fourth beckon? Should a Virgin (why a virgin) appear, will we spring into action? (Lately one has seen the Imitation enacted in a most peculiar way within the metropolis where one's audience is more congregated: there are those who 'bear' the crosses with pneumatic wheels attached to their tail ends, complete with water bottle strapped to the timber [perhaps our purpose exists to conduct a circus]).

The appearance of the Virgin only renews the hope, one more time, (what) procreation might reveal in the new member (generation) What? Yes!

The first three stations symbolize our plight on the more serious side of reality. The fourth is an attempt to lend motive to the ancient adage *'Fall down you may, get up, you must'*.

I suppose, symbolically, the Virgin could represent the unknown (not in terms of a new experience of the female [without being sexist]), no differently than the new generation, but mostly as some allurement (for men presumably); something more tantalizing than a platitude.

The most significant station might be the fourth; it is assumed there is a fifth, i.e. a resumption of the burden; all the other stations exist as Sisyphean repetitions of the second, third, and fourth, the repetitions serving to intone the significances of the second, third, and fourth - the inevitability of the second and third, and the utter reality of the first, which is then affirmed in the twelfth, the final testament, extinction; the first existing as an individual matter amongst the many, whereas the twelfth as the finality of the many, where we will remain suspended for eternity.

Speculations and symbolizations aside, a return to the Purpose -Purpose - relevance of Purpose in the Continuance.

Finding ourselves in the third station, we attempt to create a diversion; we create out of desperation; after we mechanically raise the timbers into a state of suspended reality - we pretend to

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worm ourselves out from beneath their threatening and pervasive presence.

We create a pantomime, a circus, Olympics, competition, joy rides, perfumed sexual flirtations, dramas and imaginary denouements. What I write is a denouement.

We have engaged in conquest, because we had energy, and resources, and a foolhardiness; we have whiffed the scent of the Virgin in the far off; we have conquered only to learn we cannot escape ourselves. What we have we gained in the conquest is an illusion, a respite from the knowing awareness of those suspended timbers. In addition, we learn, that, in our peccadilloes, we cannot escape perdition; we have discovered our culpability; that eye we have smote, demands its price; in our little illusion, our little circus; finally in our desperate weariness, we are confronted with the loss of our own eye - lest we maintain the frontal assault, always aggressing, becoming a fugitive from oneself, leap-frogging punishment - or gain the impossible, or the unlikely intervention of Forgiveness. In short, the conquistador learns he should have remained at home, making his peace with himself beneath the timbers, or have remained stoically burdened at the second station.

While he might learn this 'lesson', or 'truth' eventually, in the meanwhile, he has 'wreaked havoc' upon life - all life - that EGO hath trampled all.

Assuredly, what has immediately preceded wanders quite far afield. Let's return to extinction. I suppose the conqueror, as much as anyone, augurs toward the fulfillment of his issue i.e. he exercises and utilizes a huge hand in a suicidal gambit. His specter does not please us. Our very own deaths result in our extinction. Our deathbeds may be surrounded by our progeny who attempt to persuade us with their reassuring smiles that we will not be forgotten, and that all our good works will be carried on.

As instrument to devise, or create, while we multiply, we have decided upon Reason, that impoverished hangover from René Descartes. Reason remains the attribute despite what happens to IT as the purveyors of Science (enlightened reason) link reason to their efforts. While we wait for (have faith in) science to produce, we languish at the third station. The Virgin of Science (reason/science) had engorged the flaccid spirit, but the illusion fades during the embrace, suddenly bringing to bear the full weight of the reality of the initial condemnation. The pseudo-scientists (AMA) are recommending the cessation of life support systems in place of prayer as a supplemtentaid to catabolic processes (back to Geritol.). Gerontologists serve to affirm the END. The Hippocratic Legions (Modern Day Deities)

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are so concerned with malpractice torts they cannot be effective Hippocrats. Anyway something is awry in the science business. If the scientist was obliged to say he did not know, then we would be hard pressed to deify him. We play into his hands because we need all the deities we can get. The scientist-medico is always bringing up the rear; what he needs do is invent a cure, then go about looking for the disease - to enhance his deification. The detectives in the laboratories, the microbiologists, sleuth along rather arrogantly; every little nuance produces in them an elation, that, because they are, after all human, (I think) they get carried away with their own gospel of promise, translating nuance into fulfillment, hence deification, which, because they are human, they poorly comport themselves; any human who behaves like a deity comes off being arrogant. They sneer a lot.

Anyway, Science is running out of panaceas, as suggested earlier, when discussing the conversion of base metal into gold in a chapter entitled 'Controlled Substances'.

There still exists for some branch of the RATIO (correct reasoning) to fulfill the function not filled by the Sociopsychologists, Psychosociologists, to discover the truth of our ways as a viable social entity, living within a finite orb. The psychiatrist with the dying patient cuts in on the pope's territory, however extreme the unctions. Comatosity is the real problem; if a person had the merest awareness and the merest freedom of movement, he might flip the switch after an unction, be damned with malpractice and Hippocraticillnesses. This really is a problem for socio-psycho types who recognize the problem as their inspired field of endeavor. Maybe once they figure out the dying, they might tackle the living. Its their job, not mine; I'm trying to get around to saying something about purpose. There appears to be so much refuse in the way.

The Scientist has requested our indulgence, and our patience, in awaiting his considered judgment as regards our prospects with regard to his endeavors. He is asking for Faith-Belief as have the shamans and priests of olde. He has monopolized the RATIO for himself into a language (terminology) peculiarly his own, a *ragoût* concocted of Greco-Latin, symbolism, invention, metaphor, genericisms, colorful vernacular, and Madisonavenueisms, thrown into the broth of RATIO, for which the common folk have not acquired a taste.

Of OLDE one had faith in remote omnipotent (however powerless) outside agents. With these insiders (the Scientists), we have a palpable, culpable entity. Alas! the Scientist will be held responsible for his own failures, and the failure of faith. (There are too many of them to burn at the stake or to nail to the

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timbers.) I am concerned how one might rescue Reason from the whole embroilment, even for its utility in devisings aiding other yet uninvented social and psyche sciences. I am also concerned with the overbearing attitude of the Scientist; he is almost as bad as the politician, who treats the populace as a herd of slogans - preying on ignorance; first encouraging ignorance, then preying on it. It has been the task of the plebes (laymen) (laywomen) to come up to the spiel of these entrenched entities, if only to understand the true scope of our collective ignorance. Mark sort of captured the mood of the endeavor when he wrote: *"Researchers have already cast much darkness upon the subject, and, if they continue their investigations, we shall soon know nothing at all about it."*

To the rescue. Reason, that is, the ability of man to structure the universe, more specifically, his universe, with the word; to give it meaning, shape, construct, even a Destiny, through his imaginings, his ideations - very much outside of the scientific peregrinations (as he had always done before the Galelio Galaxy); while not providing 'absolutes' on a large scale, he has provided more lasting large scale constructs than his handmaiden, science, which has provided only trivial and temporary constructs.

Reason, of it self, will not alter our position with respect to our burden. It might however present to us the nature and circumstances of the burden, dictate both its inevitability, and its finiteness (its limits [our limitations with respect to it as well]).

I have distanced us afar, broadly diffusing my interplays, from my intended purpose, to direct our attention to the holding action in which we must engage until such time either Reason, or some other yet undiscovered presence (cerebral actiivty) will reveal purpose, or not reveal purpose, (which ever the case may be), to existence and to extinction.

I have posed Stations, Virgins, Diversions, Conquest, Reason (Science), Reason (without science), toward the assignation of relevance while we await revelation of Purpose.

First; to know of no purpose, to therefore seek purpose, finding none, hence The Holding Action.

Second; to create purpose, part of which one extracts from internal urges (perhaps mostly visceral); pursuit of the distant Virgin; conquest, (diversions).

Third; to utilize reason (or some yet unnamed or unidentified cerebral activity, that questionable attribute, (tool), to define (it is assumed) to define ourselves, to define life, its to interpret, circumstances (reality), and perhaps counsel resignation to the inevitable - without going off the deep end. Reason, and all such entails, reveals our need to be engaged in something (a

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preoccupation) while we await our extinction (the inevitable anyway). It counsels for repose (patient waiting, but recognizing our proclivity for action it prescribes something besides suicide (conquest), and argues for play, setting a standard of play that precludes a self-consciousness, but argues for awareness instead of the seeking of action as diversion; and not as a brutal expression of protoplasm (matter).

(Natural Selection - a gambit against extinction)

Substituting 'Revelation of Purpose', one would settle for invention. The invention is understood to exist as a neutral preoccupation, that is, it does not involve egos, nations, dominances, or tolerate vertical inequalities (hierarchies), it will suffice as a Holding Action.

The invention is a prescription arrived at through Reason or some equivalent cerebral activity. 'Realizing' that patiently waiting is boring, recommending diversion, absorption, concentration, preoccupation; it counsels against conquest, rape, etc, because it has, by fiat, chosen another way, noting the consequences of 'brutal' actions or solutions. Reason, while, of the intellect, recognizes (is made aware) of a corpus; and its own imperatives toward motion (action); therefore the prescription. Reason accounts the finite, the end, the finality. It accounts the process, and the many involved in the process. Reason accounts man, assigns purpose, either by intent, or by dint of what he does without intent - all serving to ascribe Purpose, whether aided or hindered with hindsight, or foresight. Reason accounts 'lack of knowledge' with respect to the many things of which that fact consists. Reason constructs the "Babe in the Woods" beneath the heavy timbers at the third station. Reason is the Man attribute, reason accounts man as aware of the first station, the condemnation, as man aware of the second station; both of which he would avoid and to which he would desire to stoically return. But it is the third station which preoccupies his Reason, of and in itself, (reason) itself standing in the breach as both the arbiter between the life forces that have brought man down, and the solver of the problem of, gravity (the latter only as an interim measure). As arbiter, Reason argues for patience, and stoicism, without precluding harmless invention 'play', play on a very idealistic plain (plane), as the way to persuade man to resume the burden at the second station. Reason does not dismiss the Virgin but is hard-pressed and little equipped to handle fantasies.

Reason argues, even though man has created many diversions, he still lives beneath the timbers, not truly carrying them. In this, Reason, which is essentially neutral with regard to any claims for itself, argues that man loses his 'dignity' when he

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scurries about like some frightened little creature who lives and finds safety in dark places, that is, in diversion, as it exists escaping from carrying the cross, his very own cross.

Reason recognizes the arguments, and the protestations, and may seem heavy handed (moralistic) when it counsels against dissipation and frittering.

Reason accounts our perception of individual conscience, that is, if we have accepted the burden which many choose, perhaps first, as a social thing, then as a thing we do for ourselves; if we in turn cease to carry the burden (i.e. throw it off) as purposeless, we thus are confronted with assigning a new purpose; or in this place vegetating - until - whatever. However, a conscience will not easily tolerate the throwing off of a commitment, whither instilled or not, once chosen.

"Let's cease this harangue; **what**, just what do you have to say to those who are of an opposite (or different persuasion; who let's say do not accept the condemnation, but perceive life everlasting through you know who, or don't you know who?, and who do not perceive life as a 'cross' to be borne, but as a doing the you know who's work or don't you know who's? work, and because the first two stations are without object, the third cannot exist, that is, there is no gravity to life, because if ye put your faith in you know who, or faith in don't you know who?, ye shall be 'saved'. That is you do not have to live, and what is more you do not live; you are not; not in the sense of the fallen man, who may regret he has lived. Instead, you are more like some pre-programmed entity that faithfully duplicates that which has transpired before, an exact copy a follower. Yes, one mimics the 'good habits' of the beast he sees in the mirror, but, in fact is nobody, as much as what is thereupon the mirror has no body. He is like the same, the similitude, or more of the same, that is dropped here, alien like. The most one does is smile a piety and righteously snigger at all the other bastards going to hell, occasionally dutifully praying for their salvation!" So its old hat; where's the denouement fella?

REVELATION as denouement would be nice.

Reason is the attribute that must provide the revelation; floating nimbi is simply asking for too much.

We might conjecture a divine spark, or an oversized light bulb.

J.C. might have been an O.K. revelation in his time, that is, it was better to be a pilgrim than a G.D. Roman prop (plebe). Well, 'pilgrim' serves as metaphor for us all in any time, but to invoke GUD as the pretext for what one does, stretches the imagination, but purposely does not enlist Reason as the arbiter of faith in such a pretext; the arbiter in this case might as well be a Fortune

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Cookie. To excise Reason, by fiat, is to deny one's rational apparatus, which begins with sensation, and ends with awareness; with an evolved brain somehow ordinating all the input and stimuli into an ordered rational whole, based in the fullness of reality (sensation-awareness) that is within a realm of verifiableness.

Enough; I have argued most of what would follow from this in another writing "GAWD". More to the point is the pretext for doing things, and the context in which they occur, from which we may deduce some measure of gravity (identification with the planet - *terra firma* - and what we may exact as a life in that finite circumstance - not in terms of a belief, but in terms of a 'natural occurrence' - egoless, purposeful in action, through a full awareness of the above, once again returning to that 'intelligent' man in the landscape.

Circular?

It renders unto the matter of WILL, not willfulness, but WILL.

A WILL that is exercised, once Reason, that great arranger (and artificer) of reality (our reality) has ordained sensation (stimuli) and circumstance (environment) into constructs. These constructs in turn provide essential motivation; they, in fact, virtuously assign purpose, as the resolution of all the sensation, and circumstance engathered. That purpose may only exist as an awareness of a process that must be abetted, only to preserve continuance, and preclude extinction (or to carry us to the door of extinction [not Armageddon by the way] so that we might be privileged to step back).

At this point, the purpose necessarily involves the WILL, to provide the motive force toward its execution. WILL as the force, rather than haphazard CHANCE. WILL proceeds from awareness, CHANCE from effortless ignorance. WILL signifies choice (and all that entails). These are the bare bones of a proposition for Continuance, which will not preclude the first station, nor the second, but might provide sufficient buoyancy to preclude or joyously accept the third.

We may choose, or rather we must choose (to serve a related purpose), to idealize the initial Purpose by stressing the only condition of its enactment which will exist in absolute equality of all members - in the fact of their being, in the fact of their occupying space, in their allegiance as part of their service, and in their receipt of service, regardless of their occupation; to be distinguished from what exists in the NOW, which is rife with hierarchies, comparatives involving 'betters' and 'poorers' etc..

Bunch of ants, huhn? Awareness and WILL would effect a Purpose.

Awareness undertakes to include what we know to be true,

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and recognizes the pitfalls of its enterprise. Reason undertakes not to dismiss what is known, i.e., that man ain't no angel to be molded into a complaisant performer in this realm of Purposefulness. Man, in fact, becomes very reluctant and recalcitrant when any outsider interferes in his doings, whether aware of the purpose or not, whether aware or not of anything.

Thus we are confronted with a circumstance wherein human intelligence (wile) is put to the test, is presented with a conundrum, some problem to solve that, when solved would pretend to account for all of life a fair shake; its need to persuade what is in somebody's best interest, to gain complaisance, and enlist motive force therefore (hopefully) the WILL to enact, to pursue, to do, to continue, until? This is quite virginal speculation and fantasizing; PIE IN THE PROVERBIAL SKY!

It has been variously posited that Reason has failed us, i.e., the proof positive of Reason has become the enmeshed and expropriated tool, exigent within the discipline of science. Science having failed to fulfill the promise of itself, the final solution, so to speak, leaves us with a faith in a shortcoming. As a matter of fact, science failed in most areas in which it has set out to produce enduring physical, social, or psychic benefits; it persists in the same argument and indulgence, the search (for which it obtains access to public coffers) to pursue the search, via its most exigent means - reason - has failed itself and us; and because reason plays such a heavy part in the byways of the discipline, it has become suspect as the reliable attribute; subsequent to which we find ourselves bereft. The shortcoming begs the long-in-coming.

(Reason usurped and supplanted and disguised within Rhetoric)