

The Island

II

The Island

I Land Universe.

Where, Oh Where To Begin. At The Beginning?

HEADLINE: Inept Writer Fumbles; Plagiarizes Dictionary

O.E.D.

Island (i lʌnd). *sh.* Forms; **a**, 1 **í-land, fland, e-land, -land**; 3 **illond, yllond**, (4-5) **eland**), 4-6 **yland, ylund**, 5-6 **ilond**, (5 *hylyn*), 5-7 **iland**, *β.* 5 **ile-land, yle-**, 6 *yale-*, **isle-land**. * 6-**island**. [OE, *igland* (*iegland*). *illand*, Anglian *í-land* = ON *eyland*, O Fris. *eiland* (MDu., MLG *eilant* Du., Fris. *eiland*), a compound of OE *ieg, ig*, ON. *ey* (Norw. *öy*), O Fris. *ey* 'isle' + LAND. The simple *ieg* = OHG, *auwa, ouwa*, MHG, *ouwe* Ger. *aue, au*, corresponded to Gothic type **ahwió, auj* /, a substantivized fem. of an adj. derived from *ahwa* 'water' (OS. and OHG. *aha*, O Fris. and ON. @ OE *í-g*), with sense 'of or pertaining to water', 'watery', 'watered', and hence 'watered place, meadow, island'. A cognate compound frequent in OE. was *í-aland*, lit. 'water-land', 'river-land'; and a deriv. of the simple *ieg, í-* exists in *eyot, ait*. The ordinary ME, and early mod. Eng. form was *iland, yland. Eland* in the 14th-15th c. may repr. OE. *í-aland* or *egland*). In the 15th c. the first part of the word began to be associated with the synonymous *ile, yle* (of Fr. origin) and sometimes analytically written *ile-land*; and when *ile* was spelt *isle, iland*, erroneously followed it as *isle-land, island*; the latter spelling became established as the current form before 1700.

1. A piece of land completely surrounded by water.

Formerly used less definitively, including a peninsula, or a place insulated at high water, or during floods, or begirt by marshes, a usage which survives in particular instances, as Portland Island, Hayling Island, Mochras or Shell Island etc.

2. *transf.* An elevated piece of land surrounded by marsh or 'intervale' land; a piece of woodland surrounded by prairie or flat open country; a block of buildings [= L. *insula*]; also an individual or a race, detached or standing out by itself; *to stand in island*, to be detached or isolated obs.

3. *attrib.* and *Comb.* a. *simple attrib.* Of an island or islands; pertaining or belonging to an island.

4. Special Comb. : **island-cedar; island-continent; island-harbor; island platform; island-universe.**

Island (i.lʌnd). , *v.* [f. prec. sb.]

1. *trans.* To make into or as into an island; to place as an island; to place, settle, or enclose on, or as on, an island; to insulate, isolate.

2. To set or dot with or as with islands.

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Other words extracted from the O.E.D. **Islandhood, Islandless, Islanded, Islander, Islandress, Islandry, Islandian -ic, ish, Islandic, Islandish, Islandsman, Islandshire, Islandy, Isle, Isleless, Isleward, Isleman, Islet, Isleted.**

O.E.D. Supplement 19th Printing:

Island *sh.* Add:

1. d. In specific elliptical uses for some particular island or islands, as Isle of Wight, the Hebrides, the Pacific Islands.
2. c. = REFUGE
4. **island case, island-hill, -mountain, island plot, site** (a plot of land or a building site surrounded by streets or open spaces); **island-refuge.**

Plain Dictionary: **is.land** (ɪ ' l ɒ nd), n. [< ME. *iland* (respelled after unrelated *isle*) < AS. *igland, iegland*, lit., island land & *ealand*, lit., water land; *ig, ieg, isle* & *ea*, water < IE. **aqwa*, water, as also in L. *aqua*], a land mass not as large as a continent surrounded by water: abbreviated I., i. (*sing & pl.*), *is., isl.* (Author's note: from this description it is deduced Australia is not one. The lost city of Atlantis could qualify either as an **is.land** or as a **con.ti.nent**. It may be further speculated that a person who peed outside upon the lost city of Atlantis would be considered **in.con.ti.nent**) (*on.con.ti.nent?*).

Mommsen: In-sul-a, (*sul* derived from *salio* - to dance, to leap), hence the rock which jumped into the sea.

Metaphorical Gatherings: An **Island** is a place that ought be equipped with a bridge deck, and float a few feet above the sea; like nothing one has ever observed before. (*Attendant to this, reality occasionally affirms fiction; shortly after having propounded this metaphor, upon the very Island which inspires this writing, I had been given the opportunity to observe this fiction, complete with teak decks, portholes, promenade deck, and all things nautical, overlooking the sea. Question is, does this signify all fictions are possible?*)

Circumlocution Index: The more solid earth offers dire circumstance, and far 'too much' humanity. The 'too-muchness' simply emphasizes a bad thing. We tend to argue that the potential for a good thing exists within all things. Humanity is assumed to be a 'thing' in which resides some unexpressed latency, further intended toward 'goodness' and 'altruism'. (*Author's note: I'll not argue the capacity; its the incapacity that eventually cloy the palate.*)

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Compendium of Maxims: God is Water. Water is the opiate of the people. *Thalatta! Thalatta!*

Simple Simile: The tears flowed as Eyelands.

Analogical Lexicon: It is quite natural for one to dream or 'fantasize' Islands, for, in reality, each of us exists as an Island. (*Author's Note: I'll not hold THE Island accountable for my fantasies. This whole endeavor (feeling) arose from a growing urgency to discover a 'happy' place for accomplishing an unencumbered death.*)

Circularization of The Defined: (*Since I am precluded from the Island of the Blessed*) an unencumbered death resides in becoming relieved of one's consequentiality.

Other Circumscribed Entities: From the famous Rhapsodist:

Many a green isle needs must be
In the deep wide sea of Misery,
Or the mariner, worn and wan,
Never thus could voyage on.

Apothegm: Robinson Crusoe was haunted by the tyranny of an empty horizon.

Finally, Homonymy: I Land (significantly).

Perhaps it becomes easier to cast off the bitterness if one is not reminded so frequently, and grossly. The urban too-muchness; the proximity of bureaucracy to one's whereabouts; even 'in the country', the 'community' setting lacks something. Perhaps my expectations from the aggregate or composite exceed some more limited capacity.

Why a bitterness? Ought not one be reconciled to some fate or other once he recognizes humanity is hardly more, and often much less than its own thesis? Is that not like uttering "Forgive them for they know not what they do?"

In observing this last tenet, in many, we would be obliged to forgive malice. Some will argue 'malice' is some condition we ascribe to the disagreeable, as we are inclined to accuse the sea of 'cruelty' when 'she' 'rages'. Perhaps malice amongst the 'brothers' becomes a specter that simply overwhelms we more docile others.

Surely I need not bring down the whole edifice in order to create an Island. If only 'goodness' and 'altruism' had really existed, would I seek another circumstance? The older one becomes the less inclined he is to arrange his questions and answers around the unlikely. Such

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inclination reflects a certain resignation, a sagging of the skeleton under the weight of it all. If-ness hovers above.

It is true, some will never yield to Ω , that is, their spirits will drag their bones about until they receive a strong blow. The spirit lives in ignorance. Perhaps it is only the ego, after all, and not the spirit, that persists.

These quippy and somewhat disconnected preliminaries all bear upon what confronts one as a life, whether or not an isolated, insular existence portends.

Can it be said 'one runs away to discover peace'? Or does one simply seek peace?

What is Peace? Is it found in the 'radical solitude' of Gasset?

Peace finally came: **INRI**. But, it all began over again. The ruse had failed. What does one lamb know at thirty-three? Are we playing games with trinities in our little fascinations with hocus pocus? Next time, Armageddon. I promise.

I had once said to a composer who could or would not compass Ludwig van Beethoven: "He is profound".

"So what?" came the reply.

I had recalled this retort recently when listening to some imaginative, freer, non-formal explorations with sound, and perhaps personal expression, of a non-intellectual nature (i.e., no sequence patterns, no smart-assed compulsion to rigidity, attempting to outdo the three Bs). Then I recalled those acquaintances whose eyes narrowed, whose expressions projected a sublimity, predictably the same upon each occasion, as though on cue, becoming 'locked into' J.S.B.; sometimes loudly, louder than the traffic, the aircraft overhead, the barking dogs. Bach's Island, I thought.

There is an imposing familiarity to old J.S.B., even though Anna Magdalena, Notes on a Departed Brother, the Unaccompanied Partitas and Sonatas and Cello Solos, and Chamber Works quite often say it all. We seek other less familiar islands, perhaps islands waiting to be filled with sounds none other than our own.

As a consequence, I would sit in the dark, surrounded by sufficient warmth, staring through the 'picture' window at the fuzzy shapes of trees wind-jostled against a barely visible dark grey horizon. I was listening to the solos of the newer, only apparently, less sublime 'music' makers. I sensed a freedom, an unwillingness to conform to J.S.B..

I could not begin:

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Once upon an island there be,
As it lay beneath the Wall of Time,
With wondrous gazing to see,
Such implausible a thing to rhyme.

The lauded J.S.B. does not guarantee permanent satisfaction on Bach's Island.

Escape: might be the key word (not cowardice, of which we are often accused). Wounded: might be another. Even the innocent bystanders suffer the sporting picadors. The picadors are the teachers and the well-meaning who soften one up for civilization, citizen(ship), and conventional wisdom. They coax one toward conformity, through some kind of hero-worship; an exemplary one. The errant do not belong. And the Status Quo serves up the coup de grace.

In the beginning I had been innocent. They had prodded me too often, and in untimely ways. I had sustained the jabs while contemplating the construction of a better human society. They had always insisted upon the Status Quo, that awful persistent condition which has followed in the wake of the wealthy, who are forever gathering their forces, forever strengthening their fortifications, recreating the selfsame Status Quo, that huge corpus. Wealth, haunted by change, freezes or fixes and immobilizes (zaps) the mass of humanity, becoming its dominant force. SDI is an expression of The Power. It has been said "Without doubt, machinery has greatly increased the number of well-to-do idlers".

It is not only the wealthy; there are those who have found the niche in the institutional setting; institutions abound. These grosser outcroppings usually consist of buildings, rigidified testimonials to some dubious need for arresting movement and immersing human society in a fixative (cement). For the most part they exist as incongruent appurtenances thrust upon the landscape, ugly monuments, paying homage to the acquiescent taxpayer. I am still possessed in my dreams by these monstrosities, feeling somehow that my life is inevitably tied to them, imprisoned in them, as though I had no right to leave, perhaps imbued with some feudalistic latency. We insist upon erecting them and occupying them. For twenty years I tramped their waxed, cracked, concrete or linoleumed floors, feeling the tactile severity of cinder block, or blandly painted gyp-rock walls. A gaze upward in those bleak corridors revealed some acoustic paneling and a cold flickering garish fluorescent glow; but more often, within its hollowed spaces, one was oppressed by the concrete underside of the floor above, traced with suspended piping, conduits, ductings, and drippings, a significant abandonment to ugliness. This, a place where one would occupy half of his waking hours. My dreams further usually involve interacting with an unfeeling 'big-brother boss' and taking 'shit'

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from the person who replaced me. I seem to be on retainer for services previously rendered; but in returning that inevitable return, I am barely tolerated. I am a shadow seeking the form of my previous self, which in my estimation was naught but some 'doorknob'. A doorknob should be easily found, but it appears the world has been transformed from the twist and turn to the push and pull. Eclipsed.

Quite naturally, I repeat: naturally - with emphasis, we seek some relief. The respite does not become self-evident: BANG!, all at once. Exposure to some other condition awakens certain latencies, weakening one's appetite for his narcotic ambience.

A small ship serves as a mobile island, and for the fortunate it also provides a means to hunt and track down the remote habitation. We number amongst the fortunate. In so exposing ourselves, perhaps irredeemably, we have disturbed some imaginary equilibrium we had manufactured in the other world, however horrible we might construe that other world. Within that world we had become cognizant that real islands had at one time existed; but now, in our time, these had become made over into the image of some possessory two-legged 'protector', these same ones perhaps being most keen on SDI. It all signified we had imagined the before and the after, as one might imagine B.C. and A.D. from some scant writings. There had been a beginning, then some revelation, or fulfillment of a prophesy. J.C. is purported to be the Exemplary, as deduced from Tales Many Times Told. The Island subjected to civilization becomes a testament to 'our' progress; some revelation! These of course are scarcely analogous serving as feeble parallels. But think how much of the whole scheme of things we imagine - with a little prompting (prodding) from the teachers and clerics. We imagine a tranquil pristine setting temporarily overlooking the primitive aspect. It is part of the yearning. Eventually unabashed nudity flashes upon the screen, for our pleasure, followed by the sundries one might ingest for sustenance. One might dream in some universality, at least in some stereotype of carefreeness, happiness, and languishing in a vapid peace. However, since we have been corrupted by civilization, we suspect what is true of our grosser immediate reality is also true of these sublime fantasies. (Is there a parallel to J.C.?). Are we intent upon crucifying each other rather than electing to languish in our own vapidness? What or whom do we sacrifice for 'our' salvation?

As I have indicated RCWD and I have gravitated toward the insular and isolated (or is it only I?). There were too many fences and mean dogs upon the heights, and in the special places. No one seemed friendly; a loveless place. Possession had corrupted the spirit. We seemed deterred from change, stuck in the rut of status quo, mostly because we were powerless, and afraid.

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The sirens had wailed, and we had heard. Eventually the attraction of the water had proven too inviting to ignore. We were happy enough to become our own mobile island. As time passed, after many figurative collisions and unpleasant encounters with other floating entities, we sought remotenesses beyond the reach of the less venturesome, less enticed and less imbued with the wanderlust. We found others like ourselves, somehow affirmed in them, but resenting something about their presence. One should not be resentful; one occasionally needs friends, ones that understand.

In order to provide you with more focus in this monologue, I reference the Northeast Pacific Ocean, along the British Columbia Coast and the area known as Southeast Alaska. I impose this reference now merely to indicate what one might seek elsewhere, and to say we have verified our own thesis as constructed from what we had suspected in our realer dreamings.

It was true then, Man had been there. At first, in our wanderings about, learning the hazards and rules customarily associated with mobile islands, although we might have noticed the intrusions of the mighty pestilence, Man, we had not been permitted to allow these manifestations of his presence to occupy our attention. But as we became more familiar and comfortable in our watery excursions, we did expand our horizon, or take into account the more detailed aspect of the watery expanse. In so doing, the result of certain intrusions did not escape our notice. The contrary proved to be more the case as we lamented and waxed critically of the denudation of her breast, and the befouling of the waters. While stripping away the clothing and covering of our own fair sex may reveal unspeakable beauty, these indelicate ravishings of the flora remaindered only some gross uglification, perhaps best portraying the spirit that moved the hand that committed the deeds. Obviously, the hand was untrained in landscaping; it was hardly preparing her breast for a planting. Lust has never conjured a poetic imagery, rather something brusque and unfeeling. Even though unpoetic, the mutilated stumps and tangle of chaff have spoken eloquently.

It became impossible to remain silent and uncritical. Yet, how we might have calculated and predicted what we might discover, given what we know and suspect about ourselves. In the end we needed but one example to confirm our suspicions and predict the rest; we were not betrayed, however disappointed.

Let it be said again that 'Man has been there'. Lest I dwell too early and too long within this disturbing aspect to the greater disenchantment of the reader I shall depart the Pacific Northwest for more of the insular fantasia.

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We might not be truly happy to languish in some remote peacefulness, given our exposure to some 'Protestant' work ethic, given our exposure to the berating of the picadors, haranguing one to become something, to 'make something of ourselves', to achieve, to succeed and to excel. To languish in happy eternity in some paradise would flaunt the admonitions; we would be condemned to not 'succeed'. Alternatively we might feel some obligation to transform paradise into the crucible of our becoming. It is not only possible, but probable. Made in our own image. Paradise corrupted and polluted by the vain urgencies and presumptions of the civilized world.

If what we are and have been had arisen as a viable prospect for continuance, none of this conjecture might have been spawned; only perhaps as some hypothetical projection. But the oppressively urgent nature of our circumstance gives rise to more than conjecture; it contrives to agitate for resolution or escape. The Headlines openly declare our desperation. The constant clamoring does not produce an abatement, nor does analysis lead us into the light. We must accept ourselves as some ill-defined shape that 'hungers' regardless of the setting, whether it be heaven or hell.

I would like to imagine we could devolve into some repose, ceasing this restiveness. Ortega Y Gasset and Sigmund Freud reasoned that the human intellect could put to rest certain anxieties. Just imagine, with all the large predators locked away or decimated by the poachers and big game hunters (our heroes), with our proven ability to provide consistently for our sustenance year-round, and sufficient measure of protection against the elements, we have mastered some aspects of the game. Truly, we can never relax our effort and our vigilance in these areas, but surely we have gained confidence in the natural rhythms, in the many repetitions of the successes; these must allay the more disturbing anxieties. We can do it! The Poetry of Mankind!

Oh 'tis true enough, even in Shangri-La we must perish; it may be said that we continue to be anxious concerning the pain contained in the event. We might become more liberal in prescribing antidotes to pain; we must not fear the dying will become 'high' on pain.

In many ways Death is an unimportant consideration, only in its disposal. Life; the living of a Living Death should command our attention. I must inquire: "How much will we recognize, sustain and tolerate exclusiveness and privilege within our ranks?" It has been uttered, "From each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs." One might amend this bland assessment with an 'each according to his efforts, talents and skills'. There are those who argue vociferously for incentives for the self, sharing not being amongst them. Effort might be construed to signify robbery; talent, stealth; and skill something on the order of cheating. Ideally these criteria would signify

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an honest approach, legitimately claiming their own reward. Can one deny the benefits? Can one demand the reaping be shared?

More needs to be said regarding the influence that wealth devotes to the preservation and the arming of the status quo, thus placing a brake or squelch upon the balance of humanity. Such entrenchment finds a way of becoming a series of righteous decrees or enactments rooted in law, all harnessed to some 'golden rule' morality, if not embracing some communo-democratic thesis. Even the United Nations placed its stamp of approval upon the concept of property and property rights. Some might ask 'could it do otherwise?'; after all, what is a Nation? At some juncture, I would wish to probe deeper into the affront that righteousness imposes as a function of property (what one might additionally characterize as the 'malevolence of property').

Continually I am forced to ask myself whether what I write, in what sequence, or in what juxtapositions, bears upon relevance. I am one who might cry FOUL repeatedly. In preparing the groundwork for any of my writings, I seem to gather up a series of loose ends that might bear upon any chance enterprise. However, I do not throw darts at paper flying in space. These matters that dominate me, commanding my attention, causing these outbursts of restiveness, spawned by a serious panoply of recusancy.

I am stabbing at coherence through the device of concocting a biography of an imaginary island, thus attempting to lend shape to the shapeless.

Common sense might predict and dictate what one would discover in any human circumstance, a common sense that openly defies our common yearnings, but is somehow unable to fully negate them.

I had convinced myself there was something to be abandoned in the shape and feel of the metropolis. I believe I was indeed seeking a place to die in peace. On the hopeful side I would dwell for some time in peace before I was obliged to depart. I had wanted to leave more than the metropolis behind. I had wished to avoid my nation's prejudices, likes and dislikes, its *modus operandi*, its 'whatever it was' that tore me up inside; and my part in furthering and representing, supporting, and being associated with them; I had felt sullied in them, and usurped. I had decided I need not be reminded one more time. I do not seek refuge in Nationalism or patriotism.

Quite apart from these outer influences, I had been duped (blinded) through an inescapable yearning. When it is claimed one 'cannot escape', it seldom refers to the yearning.