

CAPE HORN

*A Premise For Regrets, And Other Matters .
A Visionary Consultant.
Am I Finally Becoming A Writer?*

PSA 2

Begun: August 1, 2002. Musings before breakfast. Before Death

Yesterday was Jodi's birthday. There was a hoorah for her nearby which we were invited to attend. Earlier in the day, I had learned of the 2. Don't know yet what I will do. (that rhymes).

But, as I was walking over to the hoorah, I had been thinking of writing this something about what I have not done.

An excerpt from Knotted Twine, Found in Cabin Fever (1985):

'Oh Gud!, are you that person I have betrayed so often, to whom I have promised feats of glory, whom I have postponed time and time again. 'Tis now you hunt me down, 'tis now when I am least able to pay, you choose to collect your debts'.

Perhaps 'tis then, from out the depths of these doleful moments, we become reinspired; we envision making amends, reawaken and renew those stale promises; 'tis then we anticipate the glorious rewards - Ah Alas! "When I return I shall make thee into an epic - wait and see!"

The storm fades; the confining quarters loosen their grip; the eyes glaze; one projects a vision, a grand scheme upon the blurring outside world. One has finally triumphed; he has labored long; he has tapped his utter core; he has produced a masterpiece; he has evoked the WORD; he is lauded far and wide, the world over, with laurels heaped upon him; they have awarded him the Nobel Prize!

Grandiose Imaginings.

The things I have not done. The things I have not done. The things I have not done will become the things I will never do. The things I will never do are things that weigh upon my conscience. They make mockery of my life, because they are things I imagine I could have done, if I had had more self-discipline, and perhaps more courage, or more zeal, or megalomania. And don't ask, 'How many things it is one can do?'

I had wanted to sail around Cape Horn; I had wanted to sail to

Romantic climes. And more nearby I wanted to sail to the Queen Charlotte Islands. So steeped was I with tales of nautical adventures.

I have wanted to travel to Chile, perhaps ever since my sixth grade Geography class. And to the Straits of Magellan, and that southern region ever since reading Joshua Slocum and Rockwell Kent.

I have wanted to write some great piece of literature. This last has become more of a preoccupation than other things of late. Its something one can do in a sitting position. When one thinks of a great piece of literature, one thinks of a book-like thing that resides in a prominent place in certain libraries throughout the world and throughout the ages as a source of inspiration, intellectual stimulus, and wisdom.

Perhaps, even with much discipline, dedication and courage, zeal and megalomania, I would still not be able to accomplish this last task. It may not be very presumptuous to seek something like the aforementioned Prize, since those awarded the prize all too often slip into oblivion, which I will do in any case; so why not slip away in style. And, before the man who configured kieselghur into stabilizing nitroglycerine in order to manufacture dynamite, whose great fortune thereby overflowed into prizes for all the great human achievements, the greatest prize was still to be placed into print and bound into an elegant edition that stood amongst all the others chosen for the bookshelf. Just think of it, Mr. Nobel is the measure of our nuclear explosions; so many kilotons or megatons of TNT. BOOM!

But here I am, one who has on many many occasions not elected to read books he had set out to read, even books gathered for his own bookshelf. But here I am, one who has on many many occasions not elected to write, who instead squandered and frittered away many hours completely avoiding the labors implicit and required to follow his own ambitions.

This is no place for moralizing or platitudes. Things not done are things not done; and most likely things that will remain undone. What might be important is to understand that I might be a lot of hot air, someone seeking some kind of recognition and adulation beyond what is possible, because, first of all, mankind may not be worth the effort, he may not have it within him to recognize one's true worth, and adulation is something everyone wants, more or less a priceless commodity, however pointless. And the premise for recognition and adulation may consist of a lowly pursuit of vanity for its own sake. And even more what may be true is that Mankind does not care; surely it is equally vain to expect mankind to care. Mr. Nobel could not have envisioned that he

would become the measure of our nuclear explosions, the measure of FEAR. Some Prize.

That is to say: One does what he does until he does no more. What happens to his 'creations', his leavings, will be out of his hands; out of his control, even if it be his last will, and even if he provides a trust fund to implement that will. Memorials, even monuments as big as the sky, erected to preserve and perpetuate his image, fade with time and do not resurrect him or her, ever; for ever and ever.

What I write now is not a rationalization or a justification for not doing what one ought to have done. It is between a man and himself, not between man and Mankind, although it is to Mankind to whom we appeal for our recognition and adulation.

And don't ask, 'How many things is it one can do?'

Other things I have not done. I have not made peace with my progeny. I have not rid myself of the mountain of garbage, the accumulations of gatherings and waste that have been part of my tenure on this one and only planet. Though I might by accident write something that would earn a place amongst the others, these unaccomplished things would weigh as the smut against me, or condemnation; and would reveal me as some kind of hypocrite, inconsistent with my own preachings. I have weighed them against my own father; and from me, deservedly so, without much forgiveness. Even though one's very humanity is implicitly and infinitely a source of weakness, prone to countless errors, and life itself full of pitfalls for every creature upon this planet, these exist as little excuse for what it is we do in the way of failures to carry our share of the human burden. If our actions are inconsonant with our words then we have failed. Even if we make no utterance, make no promise, no real commitment, we are still bound by our expectations. The obligation falls upon us, we must wear the mantle of our own almost unconscionably numberless and redundant humanity.

While this latter may lead us away from the matters at hand, there is much that is inescapably implicit to a human life. It has to do with choice that emerges from a sentient and conscionable being. Yes! I moralize, perhaps too much. And it is not fair to broaden my base of responsibility. However, there are those who counsel that, in human affairs, there can be no error, only happenings; hence abrogating any responsibility. I assume these counselors would not object to being shot (executed, excommunicated), under the aegis of the errorless happening.

And rather importantly, I did not learn to play and master a musical instrument; as the years have passed, a deepening regret.

I cannot speak of the things I have done, because to speak of the things I have done would include many things which I might tend to conceal because I know they would be judged as I have judged them, as things to conceal. But beyond that, even if all things done passed inspection, all would have been things already done; things past, things no longer alive in one. It is the now that matters. Yet I hope for laurels for those past endeavors, perhaps as indicators of some kind of potential that can be interpolated beyond what they really are; a highly selective endeavor which would necessarily exclude other detracting manifestations of a dubious personality.

My storehouse of doings and not doings, of imperfect doings, one's that I know could have been better done, are accompanied by a litany of excuses. Even though I am aware of them as excuses, I use them anyway; one needs to move on; perfection becomes an impossible task in the face of all the other tasks that serve our vanities.

And don't ask, 'How many things it is one can do?'

I remember my beginnings as an author. Of course, I wrote longhand; not with inkwell and quill, but with pencil and ballpoint, and sometimes fountain pen. There was a rhythm that came with the thought, mind, and motion of the hand relieving and releasing, and ordering the aphasia one felt. A typewriter upon which I lacked proficiency became a necessary evil to produce a 'document' that could be sent off to a 'publisher'. My lack of proficiency became cause for much white out and retyping into infinity, already a great distraction from the content and conceits of the matters at hand. I had contemplated the hiring of a secretary to convert the handwritten matter into a recognizably formatted and readable form. I even envisioned thereby the purity of the handwritten endeavor. But then the big change occurred, the word processor. My lack of proficiency with the keyboard was less of an obstacle. I did not require white-out any longer. I could construct a nearly perfect page within the mind of the computer before I produced a printed page. An obstacle removed, and a world gained. I was launched into a verbiage generating career, as have many along with me, into thousands upon thousands of unsolicited manuscripts, and into piles of transformed trees, mountains of paper. One may recycle some of the paper if he is conscientiously inclined to do so, but much of it remains as some kind of 'precious rubbish', necessitating the transformation of still more trees to perpetuate the charade. Even if every scrap was recycled, one

cannot recycle the tree, and there are so many more vanities coming on line, and so much impulse to express and expand the vanities, that the forest will dwindle as a matter of course, converted into precious rubbish, the leavings of so dubious, troubled, and turgid an occupant of the planet.

Once again I try to escape the person I see in the mirror, the one who has not rounded the Cape, who has not traveled to those enticing places, who has not produced the masterpiece, who has not made peace with his family. I try to dilute my responsibilities by casting them as part of the larger human milieu and human dilemma, and human condition. But it is not right to do so. My bargain is with myself, whether or not conjured as part of some vain proceeding encouraged by my fellow man.

I try to assess myself by the truths I know, not from the anticipated judgments emanating from my fellow man, although I must recognize the figures that haunt me in the background. In some ways it is from these figures I seek something, but it must be with a full understanding, not just some shallow judgment based on a system of mirrorings. I am a whole and complex person who more than anything seeks the truth of things. I realize it may be a lonely pursuit after all, something for which little recognition will be gained. It is a personal matter seeking a personal resolution. In this I am a simple person. Furthermore, Truth, per se, is not a vain thing to be possessed.

I have listened to others speak of their relationships to their parents and to their progeny. Many have been haunted and tormented by memories of their youth, their upbringing. They have felt denied or abused by their parents, and want some kind of recognition from their parents of their wrong, and some kind of apology from them. For me I never sought an apology; more I wanted to understand why they were the way they were. Yes! I tried to please father. Trying to please father was a huge mistake, a study in futility, and sometimes enormously defeated expectations. I tried to please my fellow man also, perhaps as an extension of my desire to please my father, also a huge mistake, a study in futility, and sometimes enormously defeated expectations. My father set himself up as a judge of me, but in truth, he didn't really care. He made his progeny, he was stuck with them. They were sometimes useful, but at other times useless. My fellow man has set himself up as a judge of me in like manner. I am useful if I mirror the biases and prejudices of my fellow, and I am useless if I do not mirror those biases and prejudices. Not a very propitious or fruitful ground for a happy relationship.

My mother, being a conscientious and dutiful person, and

mother, apologized for things that were not of her doing, or were things that did not matter to me; they mattered to her. They did not bear upon the truth I was seeking. I know my mother for what she was, a decent person, and a person who was bound by her code of ethics. Within herself she felt she had failed my brother and I in some way. The apologies offered were wasted on me, because in my mind there was no fault. My brother may have felt differently, and my mother might have construed his enduring silence as an accusation. I know my brother has mentioned that he felt abused, as a youth, with many aspects of his youth interpreted as constituting abuse. But I feel he did not understand his mother, and could or would not make much effort to do so. Or he has not made the effort to understand other things about life that do not involve blaming, or excuses, and psychological ramifications.

But this is not about my mother or my brother. If it would be about anyone it might be about father for whom I have the strongest feelings, less ambivalent now than when I was younger. The so-called 'father figure' has been reduced to a manageable size, one that I can freely hate without suffering rebuke; and one that I can annihilate with justifiable scorn. He would have little defense against such an onslaught. But I realize I need to look at him as he looked upon himself, his little skirmishes with self-doubt notwithstanding. I do not know how he regarded himself as a father. I know he regarded himself as an artist, and as an artist he felt he had certain prerogatives, or, if not prerogatives, a certain loyalty to his muse that absolved him of many accusations of fault, both as a parent and as a conscionable human being. "Grist For The Mill" was a favorite expression of his.

I too know I stand accused, a good deal by myself, of being a very poor parent. I did not indulge my children. I performed a certain kind of duty toward them, but know I failed them in many ways. I can offer no excuses for what I now realize, and somehow can only offer apologies within the realm of complete understanding, not as isolated incidents, considering my efforts failure, and not error. Unfortunately the child must make the effort to understand, as I made the effort to understand. Blaming and Hating are too easy; obtaining a pound of flesh is only momentarily satisfying. I may succeed in being hated in the manner I hate my own father, with which I now feel comfortable. But I do not deny my father. I cannot love him for his accomplishments to the exclusion of his impact upon my life. But it is perhaps because of his dominance of my early life that I did indeed face a very great challenge to understand both him and my self and our relationship. In his later years I found it easy to deny him, because I had come to know what to expect from him. But still I find him

someone to be studied for his arbitrary makeup, his system of self-justifications. He did carve out a life for himself that brought him recognition for certain accomplishments. Although he had carved 'INTEGRITY' upon our kitchen table, only he could know whether he achieved such a dubiously blatant public declaration, and whether in truth he is perceived as an individual personifying INTEGRITY. The table was consumed in the flames.

If my father had asked me what it was I wanted to be, what I wanted to do with my life, I feel I could not have answered him. It was not in father to so indulge me. It was more in him to label me a 'moron' because some of what I was might have reflected poorly upon him. It goes without saying that many more righteous, dutiful and indulgent parents find themselves flabbergasted, if not horrified and humiliated, when their offspring do things that are socially unacceptable, reflecting upon them. They dumbfoundedly ask. 'What did we do wrong?' There wasn't much I did that was overtly socially unacceptable, because I lived in fear of the consequences. My natural inclination may have been to do some things that contravened the social mores, which in doing so may have given me pleasure, but in the end, fear of father, or the power vested in authority, held me in check. For most of my life I have been a parlor liberal; seldom taking to the streets and the soapbox. Seldom have the things I believe in roused in me a strident public or militant approach, although I dream incessantly of the big equalizer. BOOM!

It might be added here it is another thing undone which may never be done, the fulfillment of dream of the momentous earth-shaking, man-moving speech, the taking to the stump one's beliefs, which in themselves may be of consequence, but squandered on one's two-legged look-a-likes.

As my mother grew older, often she would say things out loud in public, as though it was intended others should hear her. Perhaps only the groushings of an old fart, but perhaps as well the relaxing of the more sentient being in all of us, less sentient of the impropriety of one's actions. Often the opinions of the aged are dismissed as the grumblings of the senile. I was often embarrassed by mother's latter day outspokenness because it was often directed toward someone nearby who had offended her sense of propriety, or reflected her displeasure in general.

Perhaps I will unleash a string of epithets upon my fellow man, finding myself accused of being an old geezer, thereby spewing truths freely without the least bit of retribution, and without the least bit of effect. I should so glamorously mount Rozinante to be appropriately unhorsed in bedlam. Is there not some truth to be found in all mad rantings? Small comforts.

I stray too far from the gist of things.

When I was young, as a matriculate in your schools, and in my life, it seemed it was expected that each one of us was to be bound within an admonition. The perorations burdened us with 'making a contribution' to the common weal, humanity. Somehow, if the burden was accepted, and the task endured and performed, there would be some kind of reward, not necessarily spelled out. If the burden was shirked, it was understood there could be no reward. As a consequence, each of us would aim to be something that would attempt to fulfill the expectation, and at the same time ourselves be filled with expectation of the specious, but perhaps glorious reward. Reward was mostly measured monetarily, but if one studied and worked hard to become a public servant, there would be great personal rewards as well.

Of course, depending how we fared as matriculate, our future success was thereby assessed; 'Most likely to succeed.' Seldom did the judges proclaim 'Most likely to fail', because everyone was given more than one chance to make something worthwhile of himself. If one revolted against the whole prospect, his future was regarded dimly, and he suffered social ostracism as a matter of course; and as a goad, or made to suffer, even more serious consequences.

It seemed there was little room for 'self'. 'Self' was often construed as 'selfish'. 'Selfish' bore a negative connotation. It was to be construed therefrom, 'self' would receive few rewards. 'Make something of yourself!' became a dubiously self-contradictory conundrum. A dubious paradigm.

So, half-heartedly, I set out to make something of myself, often forgetting, and avoiding that call to duty. I was poorly motivated to do as I was admonished. The negatives were the goad, more than the perception of reward for having fulfilled something construed to be 'good'.

But eventually one does do something with his life, just in order to eat, and provide shelter against the elements; whether a social misfit or social outcast; or one of its glorified servants.

It was easy to become a social misfit; much easier than becoming something more demanding (socially acceptable, for example). It is only after many years of transient occupations, and much thought upon and analysis of the 'structure' of society, that one begins to see the truer state of affairs much more clearly. All those admonitions or goads somehow produced an awkward result; very little of which was contained in the original script. In order to persuade us that we should deny 'self', it was opined we were 'all in this together'.

Underneath the skin there existed a skeleton. There was no glamour to a skeleton. Our entire outside encasement could be ugly and disfigured; yet we could survive with a perfectly intact and well constructed skeleton. Our skeleton could support us in every endeavor good or bad, and still be that innocuous nothingness, devoid of personality. Even the flesh, hair and shape with which we were born, when arrayed amongst all the others, seems only more or less awkward and ill-shapen. The possibilities are infinite. We have come to know shame because it is indecent to be what one is. The picture books of the vanities assume the bedecked carcass, but oddly wanting to partially reveal what is most alluring and enticing beneath. The picture books stress a transient model of perfection. Disrobed we fail. Handsome Jack, the lothario with the rather small member, or she of the pretty face without other parts developed. Even beneath those appealing countenances, in the inner regions of the skull that lies beneath, what ideas exist? What drivels?

Outer encasement, skeleton, inner regions, we all want to be seen and recognized. Is it for what we are? Is it because we have filled the bill? We disfigure ourselves in order to distinguish ourselves. We emblazon ourselves in order to become noticed. We often wear our hearts as well as logos upon our sleeves. What do we do with 'being noticed'? We sometimes become exhibitionists, so desperate are we for notice, adulation and acclaim. We yearn to become celebrities. When we become these, what do we do? Why do we want to become these?

Here I am writing away, fathoming the inner regions inside a withering old carcass. Assessing, judging my 'self'. Most uncertain of my 'fit', certain only of the end soon to come. Leaving behind a scramble of words, striving for a clear vision of the truth of things, and to render them coherent. There are no Gods out there who will absolve me of my shirkings, my errors, my failures, and there are no Gods out there who will condemn me for my shirkings, my errors and my failures. I will pass into oblivion fully responsible, or irresponsible, as the case may be, for my shirkings, my errors and my failures.

In 'Marie' I attempted to describe a dead person with whom I had had a very superficial relationship, but who was an individual who seemed socially fit to a noticeable degree; in my mind, a celebrity in her own right. I attempted to construct a dialogue with a dead person who had taken her life. I had wanted to find in her some answer she could provide for the failure of the Word. I scanned several black and white high school yearbook pictures of Marie, printing them on various papers, and in various sizes, and

even manipulated the images in a computer software imaging program, superimposing in various opacities the skull beneath the countenance, approaching grotesquery. I placed her in the colored costume of one of her contemporary cheerleaders. And in one print cloned nipples exposed beneath her sweater, which others to whom I had shown the picture did not observe, perhaps mistaking them for buttons. So much for the Sacred and the Profane.

The Marie thing haunts me, partly because of something not done. If asked what mostly would you wish to do again, I might answer in a Faustian way that I would like to take my me of now to back then when Marie and I were young. Of course, all other things that have happened since then would need to be shelved or nullified so we could live out our drama for as long and fully as was required. I know this sounds absurdly impossible. But you can easily see why we desire immortality; so we can live out each of our fantasies.

That is not to say that the life we do lead is necessarily something we would not want to live again. But if we were allowed to assemble a life from the beginning, what would we choose? An interesting question? Of course, any life we would assemble must contain variables; that is, they must allow for things to happen which might represent both success and failure, and a host of unknowns, like war and disease, which in the real life we have led, we might have escaped. And so on. But there is the possibility if we were allowed such a chance to choose, what would we choose, and would we be dedicated enough to see our choice to its end? So I guess we would need to know something about ourselves before we began our journey. It might require that we live several of these lives before we really understood who we were.

So maybe it's just as well things are the way they are, full of successes and failures, pitfalls, haunting unfulfilled dreams, and a desire for immortality, and a dearth of chances. The unfortunate part of the immortality thing now resides in our death being required before the reign of immortality to begin. Only then can we become immortal, if there is anything to be immortal about. But part of the way things are now, we cannot know we are immortal, even though a monument as large as the sky is created in memory of our great worth as a previous occupant of the planet. There are so many claimants, and there is only one sky.

I think if the sky was filled with a monument of Marie, then I could know she was real, and not a 'figment of my imagination'. But there isn't much time remaining for this dispellment to occur. Her monument lives in my head; I am part of her immortality, however small and inconsequential; and haunted.

I am part of my father's and mother's immortality. Others too.

From the part I play, I know that I will be carried forward for a short while, (immortalized for a short while) in someone else, if only to make of me a joke, or to scandalize me. Perhaps an immortal scandal. I see the scandal part because of all the unfinished things I leave behind. Part of what I leave behind is this imperfect person I have become that easily becomes the butt of a joke or is easily scandalized. I imagine I was allowed a lot less choice than my encephalon presumptuously claims. How much of my life can I actually claim to have chosen? Last night the subject of schizophrenia arose once again. Since you already know I have written both of the symbolism of and the actuality of schizophrenia, I will restate my quick summary of it in our discussion last night. I said simply, 'There exists the life I am forced to lead, and there exists the life I wish to lead'. This bears upon what I am attempting to pose when I think about choosing a life.

If one imagines himself or herself inventing a life from a multitude of possibilities, and indeed pursues that invention to the exclusion of the other part that the rest of us are forced to live, that person appears to us as zonked, on something; 'get real' we might say. Living within themselves, a life unrevealed to us. How must we appear to that person? Are we real to that person, to whom we are saying, 'get real'? So, imagine if you will, being allowed to choose from the array of possibilities within the limitations of our own lack of self-knowledge. It is given we cannot know ourselves without becoming sentient, and without becoming subjected to all the effects of the choices we would make. In the end we choose a compromise; we live the life we are forced to live; and we desire immortality so we can have a chance at other lives. Imagine again, if you will, choosing either between being able to live one life, being allowed to change course several times during that life, until we got it right, but aging all the while, or being granted immortality to live several forced lives without ever living the life one thought he had wanted to live. Which would you choose?

All these questions 'fly in the face of reality'. It is assumed from all this discussion, a high probability exists that most lives led in the manner we lead them results in a host of regrets, that forces upon us the last resort, a desire for immortality.

Because Billy Graham or Geezuz Keyryst comes along promisin' life everlastin', some grab it.

I cannot continue without including Herman Melville, our very own great *gay* author who observed in *Mardi*: "*We demand eternity for a lifetime; when our mortal half-hours too often prove tedious.*" (not a very *gay* statement). (Don't get me wrong, I do not believe

Herman was *gay*. I do not believe he slept with Nathaniel, or that Nathaniel slept with him. I do not believe that *Moby Dick* suggests an allusion to, or a preoccupation with, a love of penises, or that when Captain Ahab stuck his peg leg into an augur hole that he was sodomizing his ship, or that when he placed Ishmael and Queequeg in the same bed at the overcrowded inn that he was making a pitch for homosexuality [Dah Ditty Dah, Whether or not you are gay, ya gotta watch what ya say. Gosh he felt so good he might have been described as gay; and the revetment constructed to hold back the waters of the world was called a dyke. Once upon a time there was a dyke into which a little Dutch boy had stuck his finger to stop a leak. Once upon a time there was a gay who was anything but gay. OOPS!, sidetracked as usual).

I cannot say precisely that life is tedious. What I can say is there are times when it is difficult to fight off the yawns. There are times when one allows pursuit of the least of amount of effort to control his activities. There are many times when one slides into the oblivion of near unconsciousness as he gravitates to some totally undemanding mental diversion; perhaps Solitaire. Suffering from the disease of tedium? And drivel. Masturbation is the high point of Solitaire.

Why do we feel compelled? Our close friends the cat or the dog lounge so much of the time as though there was an infinity of tomorrows. Perhaps they know something we do not. Perhaps they feel comfortable as some kind of reincarnation, and feel reassured they will always return in some living form. How else is it possible for them to just doze? I must admit sometimes dozing feels like a warm soothing blanket placed over one; and one often awakes to a different world. The art of dozing? Perhaps it is because the cat or dog would be classified as no-brainers.

As it is, at 69, with a rising PSA, even though I am reminded of all the things I have not done, feeling some great urgency to do some of those things, I must realize I am a creature of habit. As a creature of habit I often follow that least path downward into the land of oblivion. It is because there is a lack of motivation, as well now a lassitude stemming from lack of inspiration and the effects of drugs that I ingest to prolong my life. But as I have written here in this PSA-2 there is some obvious call to duty; perhaps only to my conceits, the vanities, a big explosion measured by Mr. Nobel.

I imagine this Quixotic person within me; a person full of a certain kind of knowledge acquired through living experience, through study, and through a God-given intuition, and through something even more special, my human brain, even my own unique brain that not only creates fantasies, but visions. A Quixotic visionary; Gee, Wow!

More, I could become a consultant. Often people who tire of working for someone else for many years, depart, only to capitalize on their working experience and natural entrepreneurship to become consultants. By consultant I mean I could be a person who provided solutions to all the human conflicts. A *Visionary Consultant*. at your service.

Dreamer!

Is it not possible that all of life should be regarded as a dream? Does our human form provide sufficient substance, and validity to qualify as something real, from which we can extract all there is to be known about life and truth? Let us suppose it is, what are we to do with the truth, that we have not already done? An endless repetition of seeking, finding, and finally, ignoring the truth?

The very transient nature of our tenure makes no sense to us. Our wills cannot accept the whole proposition of a life to be led, even to be led 'fully' without knowing its real purpose. It all seems so arbitrary to arrive in this place in this time, we are told to carry on with something started (evolved) many years ago in total darkness, on its way to the light; we, the mere transient repository of something undeclared, unknown. Is it so that every truth we imagine, that we so readily ignore, is ignored because it is only a transient truth?

The inherent validity and persuasions of reason, logic and *a posteriori* wisdom seem to elude us. The dictates of primitive groping viscera take precedence over the high-minded visionary scheme. Eating, not to satiation, but to gluttony. Acquiring, not to sufficiency, but to greed. Fornicating, not to reproduce, but to satisfy lust. Comparing, only to envy. Looking, only to covet. Sharing only to become jealous. All of us in this together only to want to dominate. Petty, intolerant, ignorant, prejudiced, xenophobic; all manifestations of a creature ill-suited for what it esteems its purpose.

Sailing around Cape Horn, an ennobling act? A test of man against the vile elements thrust upon us? A defiant gesture? A ridiculous conceit? A thrilling ride, full of anxiety, and heightened awareness. Life placed on the line to awaken all its fiber, nerve, blood and guts, to take the meaning of survival to its extremes; to get high on the exhilaration of fear (or so we imagine). The violence of the wind, its unmerciful thrashing of the vessel and its great urgings and upheavings of the ocean threatening to pitch one into the oblivion of the deep; the place we escaped long long ago; so long in fact our gills have atrophied, we have become unsuited to the environment we so boldly challenge. A death wish, or a longing to be chased by predators in an exhilarating dash at life. A

romantic notion gleaned from the armchair? Something infinitely more desirable than just being another of the billions; imagine billions who will die over the next one hundred years to be replaced by even more billions which will perish for the want of something better to do over the following one hundred years? A Holding Action? Imagine billions consuming Ding Dongs; just imagine some banker advising an entrepreneur to 'Begin Small', when there are trillions to be made with Ding Dongs.

Imagine if you will, being invaded by an unknown, a disease like cancer, and living with the daily anxiety, the daily fear of pain and death; would Cape Horn seem a more desirable fate, where one might actually survive? Where pain would be pleasure and joy so long as one lived?

Or, imagine, if you will, reading, or listening to the daily barrage, blitz and bombardment of momentous drivel of the Media, creating in you heaps of anxieties about everything conceivable. Could Cape Horn be worse? What does it mean to survive from day to day through the sludge of the Fourth Estate? What would it mean to round Cape Horn?

So it was Cape Horn became the Holy Place for all those who were perishing from the rant of the rattlebrains, instilling fear into their every step. They were all flying the flag of sanity. Hey! Man You Can't Beat It! A chance at a glorious suicide, instead of death from rot, seemed a quite decent option.

I remember my novel care-taking experience wherein I was left with some instructions how to operate the satellite TV, so I could watch the America's Cup races in New Zealand waters. Since the satellite reception was at times very dependent upon the location and azimuth and elevation of the satellite, instructions for more than one channel were written down upon a piece of paper; in a European hand, I should add. As I followed the instructions for each of the channels, indeed it appeared that not all would be able to receive the fare. On the first trial, only one channel had reception. But on a second trial it seemed that two had reception. It should be noted this European hand contained flourishes not utilized in the Palmer standard of the more streamlined western world. It seemed easy enough to decipher ESPN, and easy enough to decipher TSN, and it seemed easy enough to decipher PSN. But in fact, I might have been looking at PRN when I thought I was looking at PSN. PRN was the more likely choice after the channel finally began to receive something decipherable, and clearly recognizable. It so happened PRN was also clearly an abbreviation of an abbreviation. PRN, PORN, PORNOGRAPHIC; which indeed might have been so construed after observing a rating of XXX, by which it also may have been suggestively written. This channel

transmitted an unscrambled scenario for a period of two hours each day, not always at the same time, with enticements to buy into many hours of unscrambled viewing of things sordid, fantastic, illusory, of a deeply engroined nature for those whose want of excitement sought stimulus to their parts in this world of drivel.

The denouement of the particular week of interest involved a the young, well constructed, beautiful woman, who learned of a terminal illness, who set out to live her life as satisfied her whims, before the abject pain, deterioration and deprivation of her condition laid waste to her young life. She was not about to read all the great novels, nor was he about to sail around Cape Horn; but she was out to seek pleasures and gratifications unknown to her, through the exploration of her sensuality rooted in her sexuality. What A Way To Go!

This particular denouement was possible because her whole life had been predicated on saving herself, her chastity, her very virginity, her hymen, her concentrated love and affection for just the right one. She had denied all those concupiscent inclinations and deviant urgings (not gay or dykey), maintaining only the purest chastest, most poetic and sacred thoughts. Saved, but not Saved. I just saved this in WORD. I do not understand the XXX rating. Impure thoughts? Because she didn't sail around Cape Horn? Would our rating schemes at least allow her to masturbate without condemning her to our own sordid perceptions? In truth what could she do to earn our approval? Surely, our denying her something we have all experienced in one form or another would seem mostly hypocritical, and entirely cruel. Its like the literary critics condemning a piece of literature because it is autobiographical (noses longer than their hair).

This is only a small diversion from the theme. Which theme? Perhaps there isn't any theme. 'Grist For The Mill' theme? Grist for this mill perhaps. Perhaps the theme is Regrets. Will we confess our regrets, perceiving things not done as sins. Imagine confessing impure thoughts just to obtain absolution, to qualify for a rosy afterlife. What does one expect in that afterlife? Denial of everything that titillated us in this one? Sorry, thumb sucking is not allowed. Better do it now; no regrets. 'Thy will be done *in* earth, as it is *in* heaven'. You've heard it all before. Think about the reality of the statement, not the assumption, an obversion. Its like the assumption made when we hear we have descended from the apes; in actuality, we have presumptuously ascended from the apes; another obversion? If it is already done *in* earth as it is *in* heaven, where's the catch? Heaven is a place of angels; does one assume the earth is also a place of angels? A misspelling perhaps,

a place of angles. What's your angle? Perhaps heaven is a place of angles. You do have to have some kind of angle to be allowed admission, or do you have to know an angel in order to gain admission? It all seems so tricky. Prophets (hucksters) making utterances that deceive, under the guise of promises, promises made to those full of anxiety as they contemplate the end, those who do not want an end. If one could only live for ever he could afford to live without regrets; especially if he could die many deaths and always count on being reborn. So transparent; Hey!, write your own script. Write on the blackboard a thousand times, "I want to be absolved of all my regrets." "I want to go to heaven." Lord, I confess that every time I heard a helicopter or saw a uniform I was afraid of being caught, afraid I'd lose my crop. How did that crop get into the script? Scripture, anyone? Very scripturesk? Too many rr's and ss's; as my old man yoused to say, get up off'n yore rrss's. Show some visible means of support.

Row hard, we is in the stream of consciousness.

'Ats O.K., as long as you were growing supplementally, that is. In your mind (menes), you were growing, not as your sole means of livelihood, although what could be livelier; then imagine you will be admitted, and the Law will look the other way. You must not lie in order to gain admittance. You may kid God, but you can't kid the Prime Mover. The Prime Mover knows.

Scripture, Stream, Supplements, rrss's; come on you guys; lets get back to reality, and regrets.

You ain't getting off that easy, shape up or your rrss's has had it.

O.K. Lord, I am anything but a supplemental grower; for that I am ready to take my punishment. I would ask for mercy because I always made the effort to grow good stuff. Given a few more tries, I might have been able to produce a plant that was almost 100% useable THC full of TLC, completely bunkless; no need to pollute the environment with nocturnal emissions. We recommended use only in pastries.

What about pushing the stuff onto minors?

Lord, we figured anything to replace alcohol, coke, heroin, meth, LSD, Miss Emma, sillysighbinge, designers, air plane glue, solvents et al assortment of hits and ecstasies, or Life Savers, or oral replacements, satisfiers, etc. was a direct benefit to the youth of the world. We still believe that very strongly. Pot heads are quite tolerable; rather non-violent; and live longer than other types of users. A defused disenfranchised populace; a direct benefit to society. When you figure most of the youth of the world is necessarily excluded before it has arrived, mostly as a consequence of unconscionable fornication, with no thought given to the fact

that every stall is fully occupied, well Lord, we are benefactors.

Remember what I told you about the Prime Mover. The P.M. knows all about the Rationalizations and Justifications, Temporizings and Lip Service, Equivocations and Plausible Deceptions, Prevarications, Rhetoric and Bullshit, so you better get it right. In Hell they don't care about pollution.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

Now, where did that come from? Let's examine what has just been written. Ladies and Gentlemen. Perhaps recognizing the incorporated nature of two sexes? But nowadays 'same sex' has become incorporated, and Being John Malkovich or The Handmaid's Tale has put another twist into corporate activities.

So when I am about to defecate, something we all do at one time or another, very often with some daily regularity, though not often announced or discussed, repugnant to most, although bringing relief from nature in motion, as I assume the position, I often make the declaration: *Ladies and Gentlemen*. Autographibiological or autobiographical?

This may seem fecestious, but in reality it has to do with other forms of relief as well. I would be greatly relieved if I could unburden myself of a lifetime of accumulations of another kind. Heretofore I have spoken of regrets, but also there exists the Quixotic urge to deliver mankind from the man-eating monsters. I would accomplish this by unburdening myself of accumulated wisdom dealing with the human condition. I would do so in the form of these kinds of writings and through speeches where relevantly and propitiously arranged. Would I utter the same things in a speech that I do in writing? Most likely; perhaps writings read aloud. Put a face on the words, although as I write I live with an imaginary intensity that might be diminished by an oral delivery. I do not consider myself an orator and lack oratory skills. But I know there are times in my rants that I do feel things that might become more emphatic, if not more evident, if read, or spoken, aloud.



We could begin again at the beginning, as I have already done with my spouse, who tolerated the reading-aloud delivery with more interest than she has in the past; perhaps that is so because the material is becoming more condensed and easier to understand, OR, her failing hearing makes the whole rant less painful to her senses. Since I did not put her to sleep, or stir a great desire in her to disappear on some important mission, not

unlike the one just described, I am given hope that I ought finally export the message beyond the confines of our so humble a dwelling.

I doubly regret I have been unable to slay the man-eating monsters. The greatest man-eating monster is his abominable conceit, which some ennoble as pride; still considered a deadly sin? As a species, there is little enough of which we can be proud. Overwhelming the planet is not amongst them. For it is indeed made in the image of its disgustingly presumptive occupant.

The Christian right looks upon Islam as the infidel who seeks the quick end in order to enjoy the 69 virgins. The Christian right sees Armageddon and expeditious After Rapture as the excuse for the utmost and abject rape of the planet. Who knows what Islam feels about the dirty Christian (infidel). There is no future. Each in their own way seeks an end to justify its means. Monsters alike, very difficult to slay. In the last analysis, to look at them, and perceive them with an anthropological perspective, they are very much alike; and to regard them with a biological perspective, they have evolved on this singular planet, showing no difference in basic design. Yet with their vile prejudices they contemplate each other's demise (and I have not given rise to how each views the followers of Judaism). Very few of the occupants exhibit any inclination to share the planet with their look-a-likes, with pride and a high resistance to assimilation. Monsters all! Evolution has mindlessly created the crow atop the dung heap, attempting to control all the maggots beneath, with his endlessly annoying rant; I have heard it from an unimpeachable source high in the heavenly spheres, who shall forever remain anonymous.

Such a rant! Such a rant!

Why is it that I cannot accept the inevitable conclusion that mankind has evolved as an incredibly malignant mutation of something that was evolving as part of life in balance, in accordance with the environs in which it was engendered? When one species dominates all the others, when all other species are disadvantaged by the presence of one, things are out of balance. Additionally, that very species has proven unable to live in peace, and in balance (every individual sharing equally in the fruits of planetary existence) with its own kind. The disadvantaged forms of life, aside from the big game hunters, and wholesale slaughterers of given species for profit, there is the destruction of the habitat, the only habitat, by that dominant species, both intentionally and inadvertently. Clearly there is only one remedy. Homo Sapiens must be either removed or suffer diminished capacity.

In accepting the inevitable, the conclusion must predict the doom for all other forms of life, doom for the habitat, and doom for

homo sapiens. In not accepting the inevitable, in the same way man does not accept responsibility for himself, one can envision another scenario mostly disastrous for man himself, but hopefully a way to save the habitat for some of the other forms of life, with also the hope of the planet returning to its former imaginary haphazard purposeless balance. Been there, tried that. We're workin' on it!

Some will argue that the planet has endured far greater natural calamities than man could ever produce; ice ages, ages of global warming, global cooling, drought, volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, floods, fire, not to mention pests and disease (as we might view them). However true some of that may be, some of these were gradual changes to which all life forms could respond in their own way, and some were immediately unavoidably devastating in certain locales; Acts Of God, if you will. Man, in his pervasiveness, in his voracity, in his sudden upheavals, each with a growing deadlier impact, upheavals that demonstrate a total disregard for all forms of life and the habitat, poses a quantum alteration of the evolutionary continuum, threatening to throw it completely out of balance suddenly, allowing other forms of life no time to adapt. Acts Of Man.

Some of the more enlightened declare this state of affairs unconscionable. In the boardrooms where the controllers meet to determine how to rape and reap, the word unconscionable is never heard. Man and his drive for wealth and power is insatiable, unrequited, and takes precedence over all. Man, the corporate greedy animal, reigns supreme. Deservedly, annihilation of his kind is the necessary first step; a heinous thought? What better solution? Enter Ted kazinsky. The destruction of the WTC was a gesture in a direction we need to explore. Symbolic Removal, removal of the source of exploitation and greed. We all suffer the consequences of greed. There is no whitewash, no temporizing, no equivocation, no rhetoric to satisfy our imperative need for their removal. The intemperate 'axis of evil' clearly exists in the corporate world where there is no conscience. The self-serving axis must be removed. This is not a situation where tolerance of evil can prevail.

Unfortunately this brings us to the inevitable. It is inevitable that these will be the last to fall; they will have constructed their bunkers; they will have sequestered all the antidotes; form an army to protect their compounds and their wealth, and their control of the planet, to all the antidotes to all the natural and evolving maladies and pestilences (while away with Boccacio). They will not relinquish their control, they will not share, they will not save the planet, because to them life is possession and dominance,

and pursuit of uncontrolled appetites for more, more, more. Life without an uncontrolled appetite is not worth living.

A complete and total uprising would remove them in a bloodbath. But the planet would be purged of an obstacle to its preservation, and a chance to renew with a conscionable life form, having chosen to live in balance. Ho Ho Ho Dreamer! Marching, Marching On To Glory! Mao Mao Mao!

Teddy tried to go it alone against the self-proclaimed benefactors; I don't mean the Chappaquidick Teddy, or the Teddy Bear, or Lingerie Teddy, or Teddy the Prez, but Teddy Kaz., the Unabomber. He was deemed a nut case, even though his motives were pure, prescient, and right on. There have many declaimers of the evil presence of the corporations, those benefactors, but no one ready to act against them. (Michael Moore, anybody?) At least, Jesus chased the money changers from the temple; where's Jesus when we really need him? Teddy was not like Jesus; Teddy was deranged because he tried to destroy the benefactor. Jesus could be considered deranged for other reasons as well. Teddy did not invoke The Father The Lord God Almighty On High, Teddy just acted within the purview of his own apprehensions and rationalizations. A big job Teddy. A job for the whole of mankind acting in unison. It is critical and crucial that it do so. Boycotts, Girlcotts, Adultcotts, Infanticcotts, Blackcotts, Whitecotts, Yellowcotts, Redcotts, Mullattoccotts, Halfbredcotts, Pettycott, Maladjusteddysfunctionalsyndromecott, Povertycotts, Urban Ghattocott, Apricott, all acting in unison, 'a's' what we need, Teddy. Thanks Teddy for your personal sacrifice; truly a martyr to the higher calling. Fed to the lions, Oh Dear!

This may or may not be the appropriate place to enter these words. It is not the first time I have had occasion to reveal my concerns with regard to the human forces constantly at work which destroy one's equanimity. Burroughs referred to those who, with some intent, dominate our lives, as Control Addicts.

They become the headliners, what they do affects us. They breed anxiety, as perhaps it is its intention to do so. We are powerless to do anything to prevent their effects upon us. Even in a unified opposition to them we are always too late; we are behind the curve. They outpace us because they are always originating, stirring the pot, so to speak.

They give an undesired direction to our lives, forcing us to respond to them, thus, in effect, controlling us. They tell there is clear and present danger, so they have to take preemptive action to save us all from the axil of evis and 'material breaches'.

They are not people we are able to respect because it is clear

they do not respect us. They try to control us through fear, perhaps the lowest and most abasing form of control. The 'they' to whom I refer are those who usurp from the governed a right that does not belong to them, and which they try to justify through their yak of clear and present danger. They themselves do not perceive what they do as more of a clear and present danger to our democratic institutions. They suspend all civil rights, ordinary rights that belong to any living creature. They attempt to force upon the governed a common goal of persecution of an outside axil of evis; and those not agreeing with them are also persecuted, are branded as traitors.

In short we cannot escape. Not only do they dominate with their contemptuous fear mongering, but they bankrupt the civilization of which they are only a small part, by squandering all the available resources to promote their scheme of things.

Once again, we are powerless. Only through violent action can we rid ourselves of their presence. Be prepared, they will meet you with more than equal force, because they see themselves as right, and they will destroy you in order to save you. They will destroy you and I by whatever means is available to them. In their fortifications they will issue orders to crush rebellion (Kent State will be viewed as a mere footnote to the chronicles of the larger slaughters to come).

Shall I say once again, It doesn't matter. Nothing matters really. We are all destined to die one way or another, so in reality it doesn't matter. What does matter is that we are granted no peace; we cannot escape to some region where they have not insinuated and infiltrated. Therein lies the axil of evis. They make a point of destroying our peace. They claim there is no refuge; they will hunt you down, to execute you as a neutral. But still it doesn't matter, because they have also destroyed all the reasons to go on living, so living doesn't matter. All the efforts you make to build something with your life are demolished in the wake of their machinations.

Now you will level your disbelieving blast at me, that I am paranoid. You will intimate that no one can be that evis. Evis is the first part of evisceration. They will spill your guts, because it your guts and not theirs. Their guts are protected behind their fortifications, and when their end would come, they zoom away into After Rapture, the route to Almighty Glory. The Glory that doesn't even matter to them. They could not undertake one thing they do without the rip chord being close at hand. They do not have to be accountable. Paranoia!? Just listen to them! Is paranoia an adequate response to fanatics?

The *Visionary Consultant* observes that those who have gained power, even through tacitly democratic means, regardless of

the means of the democratic means, often ignore the needs of those from whom they have tacitly gained power. He observes that the axil of evis claims of the control addicts omit all the domestic evis from these claims. As a matter of fact, it seems these evises do not exist. It is not the purpose of government to better the society of the governed. To use their power to make sure every individual is properly fed and housed, and receives proper medical care is such an enormous burden, it is left up to the individual (and that great disinterested 'private sector' [if there is a way to make a buck, sector]) to solve his own problems with the regard to disparities of hunger, exposure to elements, and care for an ailing family of man. The government will do everything in its power to make sure that our civilization survives in tact with all these disparities. It is government's task to preserve the status quo ante in perpetuity, and any axil of evis who implicitly threatens 'are way of laaife' is gonna get zonked whether through united or through unilateral preemptive action. Big Talk folks, emerging from the anals of Texas, that absconded Mexican republic.

Another regret, that I personally do not have the courage to end this reign of persecution.

Question: Does the UN have any balls? The balls to tell the anal to bugger off; the balls to tell the material breacher that hell will descend upon him if he does not listen up? Two assholes don't make a perfect circle.

It seems so much simpler for the UN to sprout balls. Yes! You can quote me.

If you have stayed with this rant this long you deserve an apology. I got off the subject of regrets and the symbolism of Cape Horn, by far, the more interesting venue. The Axil of Evis belongs elsewhere.

Before the author loses the thread entirely, he thought it would be nice to return to something relevant, in a world where everything seems irrelevant. He needs to focus on the Big Two: 1.) That no man shall have dominion over the other. 2.) Any system of government that does not account the least is deemed a failure. Big job! We're workin' on it.

The author had wanted to say something about the underdog. The loser? Or victim? His tendency is to identify with the underdog; although he cannot say for sure whether or not he is a loser or a victim. When one speaks of regrets he may be referring to his losses and his victimization.

That anyone should be regarded as a loser reflects a system of values or judgments with which the author cannot find accord.

That anyone should be victimized socially or politically because one is an underdog does not find accord with my system of values.

Much of what is expected from us in this life proceeds from a hypothetical basis. The expectations from the outside may be considered an imposition; a set of conditions established before one's birth.

The author does not consider himself an underdog. He has made certain choices within a limited range of hypothetical expectations, some of which merely required dedication and discipline in order to overcome in order to be fulfilled. The motivation behind the choices stemmed mostly from some vain preoccupation, a desire to be in a limelight that was mostly imaginary, but with the objective of attracting and somehow becoming worthy of the alluring cheerleader or celebrity starlet, throughinwhich one would become united in some hypothetical happily ever-after land. He had expected this to be the reward for dedication and discipline. But he was somewhat ill-shapen. All Romeo required in order to attain the same objective was his good looks. The author didn't stand a chance, but that did not make of him an underdog; and should not have lessened his desire, dedication and discipline.

Because a person seems to accept something less than his expectations, may signify wisdom rather than failure. Anyone who believes that a starlet's shit doesn't stink has definitely forgot where its at (Yeah! The author has heard the joke). However, it might be construed that if anyone is to endure the smell of ordure, it had better be good looking, however disillusioning. We are all underdogs when evaluating the repercussions of the alimentary canal. Even more, and most confounding, is the gloss applied to the cheerleader or starlet, quite apart from the alimentary canal. In general, one tends to assume there can be no fault found in beauty; at least that becomes an expectation, concocted from myth, from the purity of desire, from what is available as a model within the existing milieu.

The author realizes the spake has become more gross than he had intended; but, really, what were your expectations?

To write that, no matter how much of an underdog within a certain set of assumptions, all of which may be assessed as transient in nature, an underdog is, first and foremost, a life. One may ask for understanding and pity, not for a pitiful creature, but for a life, any life, for which we have not found a purpose, our own included. To win the heart of the starlet only to fornicate toward progeny who will become occupants of a purposeless life of begetting seems redundantly repetitious without remorse, creating an atmosphere with a very high potential for regret, along with

overpopulation.

Jump-start the economy by buying a boat with which to sail around Cape Horn. Make your contribution to the lore. Don't just sit there feeling sorry for yourself because you don't have the goods to win over the starlet and because there is even less purpose to life without her. Lower your expectations. Take out that loan; lie if you have to, to get that loan; buy your boat, sail to the famed lower regions; don't worry about the debt; GO!

'Compassion' may be the word the author seeks. 'Understanding' may be another. If one possesses the understanding that life serves no purpose, then it follows he might have compassion for those who are full of regrets for having lived a purposeless life. Like Cape Horn, life has a bleak countenance. What we imagine something to be, and what it actually is, or becomes, are often inconsonant with one another. Living in one's imagination is an alternative to becoming prey to the real thing. Our ugly misshapen reality can be transformed into something beautiful. In our imaginations all beauty should live revealed or exposed, not concealed or unexposed. Because we are ill-shapen, therefore cannot have access to the real fruits, does not argue we should be deprived of gazing upon the real thing. A compassionate soul would reveal their beauty to the deprived. That would lend purpose and meaning to life. 'Meaning', how did that find its way into the script? Not only does he want purpose, he wants meaning?! Not only does he want a fairy, he wants a buxom fairy. Dare one inquire what more doth he desire? Riding the waves around the Cape with her in his arms? Alas! Make it so! What does the hypothetical she have to say about such goose-pimply excitement? Expletives deleted, soiled underwear!