

A Place Of Few Regrets

Is this the place where we insert the o'erfamed overutilized denouement, the recognition scene:

Ten Years Later?

No longer thought of as a drudge; but as a way of life. Yes, they produced offspring, each of them, as much out of duty as out of necessity, perhaps aided by the intervening accident of some love and loving. Others would carry on. Sadly, or not so sadly, Mr. D. did not sire Catherine's progeny, having passed into that interminable darkness; and prior to that, before their meeting, having endured radiation for prostate cancer.

We have not completely answered that overriding question, "Where Will It All End?" We have suggested a cycle of repeated happenings, perhaps a rhythm to these happenings; doomed, or destined, to end at some point in time. What is time?

We seem to imagine and to acknowledge finiteness. What we know of our own finite life, and all the lives that we have come to know, whether in the form of flora or fauna; and witnessing the constant transformation of the landscape, although more subtle than dramatic, coupled with what we know, and, again imagine we know, of other things, like entropy, the inert destiny of the universe, a totally indifferent stasis; we suspect it will so tend and thus become. The human aspect becomes our laughable conceit, so transitory, as to become insignificant. We imagine ourselves us carried along on the shoulders of eternity, with a front row seat, self-deserving of all the benefits of this after-death prolongation. How contrary that is when comparing it to all the other endings of all the other lives. From the dust arises this blasphemous conceit, *vox, et praeterea nihil*.

Is the author laying it on pretty thick?

We began by scribbling of a Renaissance in Paradise (this, as we have come to know it, our shot at Paradise). Is it a matter of perception, or is what we are living in, truly a Paradise, when all things are considered? Even after all the enduring of something that we are obliged to do, in order to survive, do we still proclaim: Paradise?

Then it occurred to the scribbler he ought to add the caveat, A Place Of Few Regrets.

If we do not do the things we think we ought, if we do not do the things we set out to do, for the lack of self-discipline, if we obey all the rules, only begrudgingly, feeling deprived as we obey, will we

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have regrets? Will we be aware enough at the end to feel regret? The bard exclaimed: "Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night".

The group became a Cooperative (not a Corporation), who acquired title to the farm, Isadore's parents living out their lives there, Isadore retaining a share in the Coop.

Catherine's and Mr. D. relationship endured unto his passing. Mr. D. and Theresa shared many private moments, but none that would warrant speculation. Lydia was the first to marry and produce offspring; followed, after Mr. D's death, by Catherine, and lastly, sometime after Mr. D.'s death, by Theresa. Catherine, having long been prepared emotionally for Mr. D's. death, seemed to pass from one relationship to another with ease and aplomb. Theresa felt the death more keenly, wishing in her heart of hearts, she had pursued some other course with him, perhaps her only serious regret. When the girls had reached middle age, adjusted to, and seemingly settled in their lives, Theresa confided to her sister, her previous involvement with, and attachment, to Mr. D.

Catherine, the ever-loving and loyal sister, revealed her own suspicions regarding their relationship, feeling pained that her sister would not follow her inclinations, recognizing that she struggled with her own loyalties, and scruples. Catherine admitted she might not so easily have assented to such a notion if it had really happened. She loved her sister beyond words, sharing most of her affections regarding Mr. D. with her; feeling in her heart of hearts, if the two had consummated a love, while chagrined, perhaps offended, and made jealous in the moment, she might not hold it against either of them for too long. She knew their hearts well enough; she could not deny either of them.

Isadore found a companion.

Laying it on pretty soapy? Soap instead of blood! Is that **plausible**?

There they are, lined up like so many warriors: Or like so many Easter Island Ancestors.

Probable

Possible

Plausible

Appearances

Truth

Improbable

Impossible

Implausible

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Expect/Expectation

Relevant/relevance

Irrelevant/irrelevance

Deniable/deny/denial

Undeniable Affirmation

Purpose/purposeless/ness

Falsehood

Revelation

Clarity

Precursor

Priority

Substantiality

Manifestation

Exigent/exigency/imperative

Suspect

NUMBER

Mother Earth/Innocent Virgin/Erstwhile Planet-Home

And

Revolution:

Amended to Read: (As in The Revolt Of The Masses) The Revolt Against The Masses (Contract On America). Whereas previously (from the time DENIAL began until revolt ameliorated the condition) the Denials emanated from the Sovereign whom the Masses overthrew; whereas NOW the corpus of the Species exists as the MILLSTONE; through the exigencies of NUMBER, more are denied than ever before. (Not to mention MOTHER EARTH [or THE INNOCENT VIRGIN], who is sobbing in the wings.) This is not an uncomplicated observation. The Masses have become their own worst enemy through sheer NUMBER; that is to say the masses are as dominated as ever they were before the great revolts against the 'royal' sovereigns. In addition to the inherent bugaboo of NUMBER, Corporate Hegemony is now in the driver's seat, a more elusive insidious headless Man-Eating monster dominating the Masses than ever was a beheadable royal sovereign. The More The Flag, she wave, the more leaden becomes the prospect.

We will have to stand the gaff. We are tagged with something with which we cannot tag the dinosaurs. From their extant remains WE have deduced the cranial capacity of the big lugs could not have encompassed enough gray matter, regardless of

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how well utilized, to have conjured the total abasement of their/our Erstwhile/Planet-Home to the degree which has become familiar in OUR writings (revelations) upon the subject (WE as the subject). Our modern day (vested) leaders are in a position to deny MANY, while aiding others, as a matter of political practicality/political correctness/expediency. This means, of course, that political power will be utilized to further the interests of the few in contrast to the Malthusian Many. Guns, and no butter. (Presumed) political prerogatives will assume a greater role amongst the species; DENIAL will become ever more prevalent; sycophants will adorn our public buildings as once did caryatids.

Its all a doomed enterprise; small comforts for a dinosaur. We sit in judgment in order to be so judged.

Do not mistake what the author is saying with regard to political entities (regardless of the professed FORM of government.) They ever more, and ever as much Machiavellian and Cromwellian, and if we really knew the Truth (Gud help somebody anyway) as Hitlerian and Saddamian and Iddy Aminian, and DoubleYouiniam as ever before, even underneath all the attire worn in such a manner as to deceive the Masses. The necessity of deceiving the Masses (you can see it, can you not, the necessity, the author means?).

Now that the author has hinted at a background activity and lent some dubious perspective to this undertaking, let us examine some of what is **PLAUSIBLE**.

One must realize that every generation needs to discover its own way of saying and doing, (or vice versa), things. The fact my generation has already been eclipsed does not diminish my need (or its need) for this exercise. The author is not convinced he was ever part of his generation, other than through sheer timidity (a compromised entity). More than just his generation has been eclipsed. A common ground between generations exists in this eclipsement (expressed in a very simple formulation as the Shakespearean IN/OUT WIN/LOSE [the majority consisting of OUTS/LOSERS]). It is as if we had not existed; that is to say we could not have been here and whatever has taken place would have done so regardless (of our absence or presence). The fact that it happened while we stood by as onlookers, or as yea sayers, or even as displaced or dispossessed entities, is the remarkable aspect. Yes! one might remark: "Where were you when all this happened?" This last the author has attempted to express in other ways, as in The Concluding Chapter of Knotted Twine wherein the key phrase reads "The dead cannot die, and permanent death cannot be construed as eternal life". Beliefs may be able to alter

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(or offer remedy for) a number of informational deficiencies, but they cannot eradicate what exists, either as Truth or Falsehood. In "The Prophet As Stalking Horse" The author had suggested that one such as himself existed always upon the edge of a chasm bordering the desert which may be construed as the future. His assignment there was to learn if one might construct a viable future from the raw ingredients of our confused and confusing present, and the overjudged, but little understood past. It always exists in realm of **POSSIBILITY** that one may envision great (perhaps Utopian) undertakings as a way of escaping the pervasive non-Utopian present, even forsaking his own life and times (writing them off as sufficient lesson and cause as to abandon them). As before, "Small comforts for a dinosaur".

In the end it doesn't matter whether one does or one does not participate. It does not matter what anyone does; anyone! One may incite others to certain disruptive actions; disruptive of a condition that happens to be there. The disruption most likely is a warranted reaction to some basic injustice that if it had not been so obvious might have escaped as just another expected expression of the hominid aegis. (Something in passing, as part). The whole of the hominid thing, when examined closely, reeks of injustice, although daily new LAWS and new adjudications multiply like Christmas Island crabs. In short, the LAWS and adjudications benefit those who control or dominate the rest of us (as is often assessed of the condition, 'the foxes guarding the chickens' [the legal profession entrenched as part of the Status Quo and the Established Orthodoxy {laboring to perpetuate itself through dubious technicalities}])).

You might 'rightly' wonder why ON EARTH one would attempt to rework such predestined hopelessly inevitable negative themes.

Th author might answer its almost like the multifarious puzzle that is comprised of a million pieces that sets dismembered upon the large table set aside for its reassembly. The table itself is an annoyance (something with which to collide) because of where it is placed in our environs. One has some incentive to piece together this not so enigmatic two-dimensional thing in order to get rid of the table. One also is tempted, during those solitary eternities of awaiting the awaitable (the author is resisting saying 'the inevitable'), to discover that which will accord a particular image residing upon the rectangular photographic reproduction pasted to the table, which portrays the end product of such whiling hours (perhaps an image of The Virgin or Heaven, Hell, Purgatory). The total 'puzzle' appears as a Utopian projection that begins with its visionaryness, as depicted in the photo; if we labor long and assiduously we may be rewarded with something that covers a

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large part of the table; with a ZOOMED perspective. We may also learn that some of the pieces are not present; but it is assumed, since this is an analogous projection, that all the pieces are there to be found (that is, those of the present, and those of the past, from which we are constructing this picture of the future). One might wonder at our enthusiasm or lack thereof; most likely the familiarity of the circumstance, the recognizable shapes fill us with foreboding, or in the least, brush upon our jaded outlook; we are disbelievers. But as bored entities we work upon the thing before us as if in a trance, for the lack of anything else to do..

The puzzle of itself is not necessarily imbued with negativity, that is, the image may seem visionary, pleasing, satisfying, maybe even **PLAUSIBLE**. Our negativity is a learned response to any scheme, even when fully delineated. That old expression of 'throwing out the baby with the bathwater' may apply herein. First of all, we may be naturally skeptical; we may quibble with certain juxtapositions within this pictorial display of the future; or may suspect it as being too patent; too singular, etc. We may be unwilling to perceive any good parts to a thing that we seek to discredit because so much of what we are is discreditable (the part we cannot know, but only guess, that is, the degree of intent behind each iniquitous act).

Too much invested in misanthropy? Is that your question of the author?

'Innocent until proven guilty', is his reply.

Because he does not come forth in a manner which arrests and enlists your 'better' nature, the appealable part of your hominidity, perhaps your naturally altruistic self, does not mean he is not desirous of your attention. Somewhere within he expects you will be interested in someone who is interested in our commonalty (perhaps confraternity), however shared or projected.

Whether the end result becomes misanthropic, or so-seeming, may be unavoidable. This business of becoming the measure of all men, regardless to whom it falls to so delineate; this condition is thrust upon us in the first instance, by the mere solitary nature of our creation, the chord severed, as it were. Measuring the other, 'sizing him up', as one might 'size up' any aspect of his surroundings, becomes our second unwonted task. From whence cometh rude expectation, thenceforth we are diminished in our aspect. Altruism barely seems around the corner (an improbability); so we are put off, and become inured thereby to what really is, that the hominid thing is more an illusion than what we had expected, from whenceever it came. Thirdly, as measurer, our own proclivities not unknown to ourselves, we must admit the prospect seems hopelessly beyond our grasp. The

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author feels we expect everyone else to be better than we, to set the example; to glory in being **first**.

What therefore is **PLAUSIBLE**?

Given our vulnerability in all aspects, what is this condition of I-ness or me-ness, of solitariness amongst the Billions? It is not **POSSIBLE** for one so exposed to persist. Better subsumed (lost) in the Mass (the Crowd). Using the Mass (Number) as a shield (for the time).

Vulnerability shielded in the Crowd, the school, the flock, all predators.

A multitude of solitarinesses.

The Herd. Unaltruistically Hiding. An Aggregation feeding upon itself.

NOTE: In last evening's OLDS (news) a Moscow street scene showed Kiosks loaded with goods for the consuming Russian public. What were they consuming? The same thing one would find in a 7/11 or a 24-hour petrol/minimarket. Jesus H.F. Coca Cola Christ. The Consumerist Orthodoxy spreading as the fruit of democratization (what kind of a handle is that?), while anything of SUBSTANCE is wanting. A disaster!!!

If you are a taker, without conscience or remorse, you will need to be very adept at escaping retribution. If it was up to the author, you would receive full measure of just desserts.

Mwah, Mwah, Mwah.

Some have proposed a:

A Holding Action: A Proven Purpose.

A HOLDING ACTION

SEX

It is not THE revelation the author seeks, therefore it cannot be so; or is it so? Refuting a basic observation is not possible, or is it?

Sex was not yet 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'. Later, after his heart attack, in reading Saul Bellow pontificating upon SEX, the silent one wryly revealed his lack of interest in the subject.

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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.

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

What is the *Purpose* of or to Continuance? Or Discontinuance?

NONE - it is obvious - lest one speculate CONTINUANCE is a contrivance against extinction - the aggregation into a heap, while we await the final REVELATION?

THE REVELATION OF *PURPOSE* (The *purpose* or relevance 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 individuals is only incidentally of no consequence.

To drag (copy) in some other text:

Yup! The *purpose* of this life is to become replete -Nah! The *purepussey* 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 *purepussey* of this life is to replicate our labors so's we can 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

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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.

The assignment of *purpose* tends to circularly create belief in the assignment, but it is only a transient 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 (the celebrity virgin) only renews the hope, one more time, (what) procreation might reveal in the new member (generation) What? Yes! Not another clamshell revealing a spontaneous reengineering of our genetic predisposition toward a more highly evolved product?

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

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mostly as some allurements (for men presumably); something more tantalizing than a platitude, like Save The Earth or Do Unto Others....

The most significant station might be the fourth where the Virgin is sacrificed in the temple; or heaved from the heights; it is assumed there is a fifth, i.e. a resumption of the burden; all the other stations exist as Sisyphean repetitions of the first, the second, and third, the repetitions serving to intone their significances, 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; having crossed the finish line, walking hand in claw with the dinosaur? Extinction is inevitable. Evolution aimlessly abandons that which has not served any purpose.

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 worm ourselves out from beneath their threatening and pervasive presence.

We create a tailored (Tabloid Catharsis) pantomime, a circus, olympics, competition, joy rides, perfumed sexual flirtations (celebrity pang), dramas and imaginary denouements. What I write is a denouement, a Holding Action.

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 gained in the conquest is an illusion, a respite from the gnawing 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 an endless frontal assault, always aggressing, becoming a fugitive from oneself leap-frogging punishment - or gain the impossible, or the unlikely intervention of Forgiveness, Incarceration or Death. 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.

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While he might learn this 'lesson', or 'truth' eventually, in the meanwhile, he has 'wreaked havoc' upon life - all life - that Conceit hath trampled all; and that only greater persuasions to evil will enhance the Conceit.

Assuredly, what has preceded wanders quite far a-field. 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.

As instrument to devise, or create, while we multiply, we have decided upon Reason, that impoverished hangover from Rene Descartes. Reason remains the attribute despite what happens to reason 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 faded during the embrace, suddenly bringing to bear the full weight of the reality of the initial condemnation (IGNORANCE). The pseudo-scientists (AMA) are recommending the cessation of life support systems as a supplementaid to catabolic processes (back to Geritol.). Gerontologists serve to affirm the END. The Hippocratic Legions (Modern Day Deities) 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.

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

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territory, however extreme the unctious. 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 unctious, 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 that one out; the dying, they might tackle the living. Its their job, not mine; I'm trying to get around to saying something about The Island. There appears to be so much rubbish in the way. PTSD. Phhfttt!

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, but hear as a drumbeat.

Of OLDE one had faith in remote omnipotent (however powerless) outside agents. With these insiders (the Scientists), have we a alighted upon 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 timbers.) The author is concerned how one might rescue Reason from the whole embroilment, even for its proven inutility in devising and aiding other yet uninvented social and psyche sciences. The author is unimpressed with the overbearing attitude of the Scientist; perhaps unfairly affining him with 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. As Mark so humorously summarized his perception: *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, relevance, 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

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handmaiden, science, which has provided only trivial and transient constructs.

Reason, of it self will not alter our position with respect to our burden. It will 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]).

The author has 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 operative will reveal *purpose*, or not reveal *purpose*, (which ever the case may be), to existence and to extinction.

The author has 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*, or *relevance*, part of which one extracts from internal urges (perhaps mostly visceral); pursuit of the distant Virgin; conquest, (diversions).

Third; to utilize reason, that questionable attribute, (tool), to define (it is assumed) to define ourselves, to define life, 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 preoccupation) while we await our extinction (the inevitable anyway). It counsels for repose (patiently 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) (Hostility, Aggressiveness and Destruction *SF*).

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).

The invention is a prescription arrived at through Reason - Reason, '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 aware) of a corpus; and its own imperatives toward motion (action); therefore the constructive prescription.

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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 even accounts 'lack of knowledge' with respect to the many aspects (bad habits) 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 ambivalently 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 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 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 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 also brings this one writer to the conclusion; to the edicts; an amended deliverance from Mt. Sinai 1.) No man will have Dominion over the other, 2.) Any system of governance that does not account the least is deemed a failure.

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.

The second fall of man; the fall from enlightenment; reason has failed him.

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"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 clone. 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 possesses no body, only a two dimensional delusion. 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?

He was heard to (m)utter "I think, therefore I am" Therefore!, why am I?"

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 Cookie. To excise Reason, by fiat, is to deny one's rational apparatus, which begins with sensation, and ends with a peculiar 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; the author has argued most of what would follow from this in another writing "Meditations Upon The Loss"

More to the point is the pretext for doing things, and the context in which they occur, from which we may deduce some

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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 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 exist in the NOW, which is rife with hierarchies, comparatives involving 'betters' and 'poorers' etc.. Bunch of ants, huhn?

Awareness and WILL would combine or collaborate to effect a Purpose.

Awareness undertakes to include what we know to be true, and recognizes the pitfalls of its enterprise. Reason undertakes not to dismiss what is known, i.e., that man aint 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.

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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?

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. The Scientist in his godlike, anointed position, might be embarrassed by his inability to do anything about altering or influencing the *holding action*, even altering the finite beyond nuclear incineration, or more problematically to enhance the continuance. As a matter of fact, science failed in most areas in which it has set out to produce; 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.

Next Step:

The Beyond. Is That Where It Will All End?

In the early days of space exploration it was conjectured by Dyson that one could launch a space craft through a parabolically directed series of nuclear explosions. That one never got off the ground. Later in time, Bruce Willis offered to blow up a meteor headed on a collision course for that beloved planet Oith, by planting a nuclear device upon the hurtling body, to blow it to all the corners of the Univoise, before it had a chance to do any damage. A very Apoplectic sacrifice.

But whaddeya think about this? A free froll where NK lets loose with its toys on Seattle, where US Reetitalates with a barrage of ToysRus, which obliterates NK. Then the Other Axis lets a bunch go on the Balfourites, who have ago with their arseknell across the Gulf. The Stanipaks let loose from Cashmere upon Doohinnies. Beijing and Moscow trade a bunch; everybody whose got any joins in the fireworks, bombs bursting in air and sundry wreckings.

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Everybody is curious to know if there would be any survivors besides cockroaches. Would it not have been a better show ifn they put a bunch of nukes in/on a rocket to send at the moon, or somebody else's moon, just to see what would happen, instead of blowing up the oith. Would that not have honored the sacrifice made by Bruce?

Why the fuck doesn't everybody destroy their nukes? Because everybody wants to know if there would be any survivors. Can you imagine that we still speculate upon this kind of shit? Not speculate, THREATEN!!! The Ridiots are afoot. Some leaders call these things Leverage Assets. Archimedes thought all the cockroaches in the world could not persuade homo the sap. to drop it. Just plain fucking MAD. The author was clued into the secret, that it was sadistic.

They told the author that he often dealt too much in prurience and violence. His candle will soon melt to the end of the wick. Who will get there first?

