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XI

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I withdraw to meditate further upon that which I choose to leave behind. (Notice it is I (the wondrous I) that 'Leaves Behind' because GAEA lacks the 'Right Stuff'). The MOON is O.K.

It would be easier to describe any of those other places, Heaven, Hell, Purgatory, Limbo, as purely imaginary creations; ideations as it were, than to describe particular, even familiar, realities. One particular reality (however seemingly unreal -unresponsive) is that to which we generally refer, in attempting to objectify an entity created by man, involving Intersocial Volition, that preponderance, known as Bureaucracy. If a Bureaucracy were composed entirely of computers without human intermediaries, one might be able to begin to describe (and comprehend) such a reality. In olden times, a prior time, one could hold Homo Sapiens as the responsible agent in his bureaucratic machinations. Nowadays, the homo sap. is approached through the intermediary of the computer. Whereas previously a Bureaucratic entity relied upon prerogative (a kind of despotism) and arbitrary rules, both created, directed and implemented by homo sap., as a means to get through the day; now, that same Bureaucracy asks one to take a number - be seated! in a pew (long lines demand action) (the seated permit them to place a potted plant at the people (sap.) window while the bureau person (the person designated to fill that slot) goes to the bottom drawer - to apply the rouge, or perhaps inhale, ingest, imbibe or inject. STOP - BEGIN.

Yes, whereas previously (a few appreciative sighs in arrears), now one's number is called only to learn he is not properly installed in the computer; while he is being installed or searched for (you can't imagine the innumerable misspellings of Durchanek with just the extant letters, and what a few typos will do, stretches the imagination) (one supposes the artificial intelligence people will devise programs to deal with typos and the general run of misspellings - well) while he is being searched for, he is asked to resume his seat; he gets renumbered of course. Anyway what had been a pain in the ass before becomes an even greater pain in the ass now, because human beinks, those faces behind the wickers, who man and who are the Bureaucratic ramparts, have retained all their prerogatives and arbitrary rules as well as having shoved the intermediary, the computer, between you and them, and as well as having shoved themselves between you and the computer, along with playing The Lottery. Someday I will need to tackle (once again) a description of the Bureaucracy of Bureaucracies in general, and the despicable (what!) creatures who, as Burroughs might characterize, control, as in control addicts. Its one approach; there are many -

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descriptions and assaults - yes! for the future - but for now I want to remove myself from that particular form of ugliness peculiar to the affairs of Homo Sap., so ugly in fact, as to revile (what!|) one, to give rise, to enter, such a mad delirium as to imperil one's very existence - let me tell yuh - Don Quixote had it easy!!. So did Hamlet. - as I was intimating Leave Off! (er.. Behind). Am I loose within the fortress; the proverbial cannon?

I did want to attempt to describe another reality, which is also founded in the 'now', 'whereas now', in all its ramifications - the inescapable now, into which we are thrust - of which we must account, upon which we rely, and to which we react. In the publishing business - now - is referred as mainstream (like the junkie who wants it NOW, will mainline it - like NOW is NOW!!) Are you convinced of **NOW?**

I speak of NOW as something to which I am reacting as I would react to Bureaucracy, of which Bureaucracy is only a small part; but Bureaucracy, per se, is symptomatic.

(Refer to the Circumlocution Index: [Page 11]).

NOW is founded in many things, 1) The Now that could exist without homo sapiens, 2) The now that could exist with homo sapiens, 3) The now that does exist with the homo sapiens. All three are relevant to the description of this reality; there are other hypothetical combinations that could be applied as refinements of the basic three. Illusratively: The moon before we landed; the moon after we landed; the moon after we abandoned (the junk we left behind).

Since man has traipsed everywhere, fortunately not everywhere all the time, simultaneously, because the whole damned planet would be trampled flat; for whatever reason - from wanderlust to greed; he has proclaimed 'it is his to do with'. And he has proven faithful to that motto (proviso); the tense being applied 'it has been his to do with', 'he has done with it as has been his wont', 'he will do with it as is his wont' (more confidently now that) 'he has been doing with it as has been his wont' (practice makes perfect). In the now he continues to do as 'it is his to do with' It is very difficult for me to walk away from (Leave Behind) his preeminence; because his is such an arrogant insinuation.

Even though the mail arrives only twice a week on the Island, the junk comes faithfully, reliably; this is sort of what I mean by preeminence (reaching out!) (besides Bureaucracy which is also preeminent). The perversion of all means of communication, mails, telephone, tabloid, vocal and visual media, satellites, Billboards, Bumpers, front lawns, door to doors, shithouse walls, to peddle perverse notions, has thrust his preeminence down our throats.

We have come to expect such a state of reality. We could choose anonymity, a complete change of identity, something without a name, a number, a telephone, an address - to avoid being contacted, or approached in the convenient manner; only by panhandlers and the .357

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with its probing snout searching out aliens, wanderers, vagrants, vagabonds, deviants, perverts, commies, and people without identification (somewhere I read that, not long ago, in China, before Mao and 1984, a man's privacy was respected if he merely wore his hat; if he removed it he signaled his salutations and readiness to engage in convivial discussion with his fellow man). To get on with it, this (removing one's tattoo, or birth mark), in and of itself does not remove or preclude the preeminence. As a construct it is one way of removing oneself intellectually, perhaps spiritually (boom boom boomity boom - the different drummer analogy) - and, if a true believer - physically; that is somehow not connected to the super market, but to the natural carrying capacity, more like a savage, or like a frontiersman, living in the wild etc. and starving most of the time - in brief - living a primitive existence amongst a full range of possibilities, from abject poverty to a disgusting affluence in the preeminent universe of *homo sapiens*. Is that really possible?

The preeminent case, through its sheer immensity, overwhelms. Reality overwhelms. Reality numbs the choosing mechanism (acumen). Deciding or choosing seems precluded by such an immensity; by this I mean both the immensity of, and the reality of, the preeminence. Choosing not to decide finds one catatonically hemmed in, within the dead-end portion of the maze. Deciding to choose amongst preeminent alternatives finds one like PAC-MAN within the maze, rat like, monkey like, always on the move or on the dodge, never at rest, always in peril, once removed from the dead-end. Perhaps this seems all too fated, too foregone, too predetermined, hah!, too inevitable.

Upon the Island *homo sapiens* seems less preeminent. However there are those upon the Island who are vitally linked to the preeminence, the financial sector by investments, securities, pensions;. So it is inevitable. Those who grow and traffic rely upon the body preeminent, the great mass of consumers and junkies. There is, therefore, little difference in the dependencies between Mr. Clean and Mr. Unclean, Mr. Law Abide and Mr. Circumvent. The whole of preeminence succeeds through these interdependencies. HAH!, it is well that it should, for oft has it been intoned and admonished "No man is an island unto himself" (izzat so?).

If reality was different (totally), that is, if men were like forest creatures or desert creatures or water creatures, perhaps predatory, perhaps preyed upon as we once imagined we (they) were; or if that totally different reality found man as the personification of his yearning (only in the highest [most complete sense] devoid of prejudice, bigotry, etc. (and even the need for a recognition of these things, perhaps signaling a high class EDEN (before), PARADISE (after) - still preeminent - but integrated, as a part of, rather than as something dominant (holding court as it were). These are only images. The NOW, the real; the HAS BEEN,

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an Ideation (a biased memory); a Future EMANATION, the Transfiguration, reflecting the Yearning, yet another Ideation. There's that echo again 'don't think of it as less letter, but more now'.

Still another dimension exists to this NOW - however containing the preeminent homo sap.: the dimension of the REAL NOW and the amended 'coulds' (kudz). The 'coulds' involve decision, choosing; choosing not to return to EDEN - not to go forward to PARADISE - because we know (by what ever intuition) these are not feasible given our sensibilities (apprehensions) with regard to ourselves. But, rather than feel so hinged upon fate, destiny, the inevitable thing, let's imagine momentarily a manless planet, save oneself, as an EYE (sense) to register, and a brain (intellect) to perceive and interpret what it is that obtrudes upon sensation. We still observe life, as though observing it for the first time; we observe what we would identify as a mindless interdependency, but sense a rhythm of happenings in lightness, darkness, the seasons, and what we might ascribe as responses to these happenings, what we embalm as 'adaptation'. NOT EDEN; NOT PARADISE; just a vista full of 'life' and life forces; and processes - BIRTH, GROWTH, FRUITION, DEATH, DECAY - RENEWAL (containing its own cohesion), and coherence.

Let's say we introduce man as an agrarian, a being in the landscape, some (one) who has evolved and progressed (in harmony - necessarily, a sentient being) with his surroundings; somewhat as we understand primitive man, but more advanced, with profound intelligence, integrated through his awareness of other life forms; a comprehension, and an acceptance of this (his) 'hingement' upon Fate, Destiny, the Inevitable. One given equally to work and play, sorrow and joy, pity and terror, but imbued with a spirit of acquiescence and tolerance - unegotistical; a creature who has arrived, not as a 'selfishness, but none the less, as an awareness of self, not presuming (i.e., unassuming), not feeling insignificant or inadequate, or superior to his surroundings; but, as one who necessarily survives, aware of what survival is, and what it means -not only for himself but for those very surroundings; a figure who understands the 'processes' and views them as DESTINED, unequivocal; oblivious to a dubious Afterlife, to be realized, known, understood, and with which to harmonize.

This creature (*man*) in the landscape might have harnessed an ox, or he might have invented a machine, but his actions are controlled by his intelligence, by his understanding of the surroundings, the landscape, the rhythms of the the planet, earth, *terra firma*, soil, dirt, flora and fauna. His intelligence accounts the rhythms and the processes. He ascribes them only as part of what they are and what he perceives; he understands them as rhythms and processes with which he is continually obliged to reckon and to which he must respond. He does not perceive

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rhythm or process as anything more than it is, that is, as a dispensation of a supernatural force; more, are work and play, joy and sorrow, pity and terror, the outcomes of one's palpable presence. One integrates, one does not dominate, one does not become a 'force', a lust, or an ego; one does not impose a will or invoke extraterrestrial 'karmas' to affirm or deny the happenings. One is. Such is the image.

Let us introduce and contrast the NOW, as it is, full of the multifarious and the myriad that overwhelm us, and our surroundings, that force us, and our surroundings, this way and that, colliding, constantly putting us to ROUT. Hah!?! Now what!? This 'now' lacks intelligence; it is filled with the malevolence of possession. While we might generate (resolve upon) the same deduction of a Destiny, our Destiny, of Inevitableness as pertains to this NOW, we might also discern the lack of intelligence in the arena of arriving at decisions and choosings. With the single man we had depicted in the landscape, we hinged him upon FATE, but imbued him with intelligence (the only real purpose to this argument); intelligence was implicit to the state in which we found him (either as the first or the last Man). He had chosen!

It is also Destined (or Fated) that one cannot 'impose' (superimpose) the one condition, as remedy, upon the other. NOW cannot be remedied by an imaginary single creature (albeit man) in the landscape. The NOW may be remedied through intelligence. I do not believe it will be necessary to define intelligence, per se, but I would intimate what I mean by saying, when the moment of 'choosing', or deciding, arises not only has one 'learned from experience' (responding and accounting thereunto), but one has also empathized and identified with 'life' and the living - thus in every learning, every successful response (adaptation-integration) one has also brought forth a peculiar embellishment to the whole, the characteristic in man that proceeds from intelligence, a sensitivity, a sentience, a dimension peculiar to man, that might be summed in the notion of empathy, not selflessness, but an acute awareness of 'life' and the living which fostered in the man a tolerance, and a compulsion to understand rhythm and process, as an ingredient of himself (in tune, in harmony; flowing with, rather than contrary to; an equanimity; a 'singular harmony' of being and surrounding). Could such a construct assume a reality? Is it a matter of conviction (now), and intelligence (as intimated?) as a practical possibility; do we perceive what has been described as either impossible or impractical? Pinch Me!

Most of us might want to answer yes to the first part, if we were that individual man or woman in the landscape (rather wistfully).

Shockingly, Fast track, World Class, Global Culture is (a passing phase) not compatible with the landscape. It may exist as a compatibility with itself in the Twentieth Century Artifice of Urban Middenism, but let's ask which is the more enduring (not necessarily as a wistful projection)? Is there a pragmatic part, or a causal relationship?

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I had wanted to describe a reality I feel as a result of being on the Island after my surfeit with the preeminent **MAN**, albeit in a way that omits an initial consideration of physical survival; because as a foreigner (furrener) I am not permitted to exchange my labor for the coin of the realm. I would not be precluded from trading services, i.e. engaging in 'neighborly agreements' which might involve the acquisition of groceries. The Bureaucracy of the Foreign Government who maintains sovereignty over the Island within the purview of its National boundaries insists on my Economic Independence as a condition of entry; it all becomes very involved (in the way that only Bureaucracies are able to torque our lives with their usual offality of hypocritical edicts; e.g. one is allowed to own property; one is expected to pay taxes [only because governments have had this power unto themselves, more or less as a plaything {Golden Goose} in perpetuity], but one is not allowed entry if he seeks interdependence - well that's Bureaucracy). If I continue with this line of thought, I will soon be obliged to deal with that other knowing reality: Bureaucracy.

Apart from groceries then, and water obtained from a friendly neighbor, I am permitted the luxury of feeling certain things as a result of my private exposure to some basic elemental constructs that, by virtue of their circumstance (remoteness, actual location, the sea [water] and absence of the preeminent one {the taxes are paid}) will engender in me a feeling of repose, an almost immediate expansiveness (encouraged by a diminished apprehension), a desire to meditate upon something that the expanding, inclusive awareness stimulates; tending toward the observations, comparisons, that lead to speculations, criticisms, ideations, etc. I become aware that I do not wish to return to the preeminent condition **MAN**.

At this point I might concentrate my thought on the possibilities for creating a permanence from out this new situation. At least I will think long upon the after effect (of being there, or not being there).

Somewhere along the way it was given, man and men, the moment to choose. He chose this or that for this or that 'reason', many times collectively. He was convinced by some persuasion (rhetoric, let's say), by might (terror); howsoever, he chose to become what he is today, incrementally, accumulatively, by assimilation; as accretion of choosings; and deleteriously, to be sure; therefore was it inevitable that this NOW (accretion) was to be the sole outcome of his choosings (not because of circumstance, but because man is what he is). Is it also deduced, and predicted for the Future, based upon what we know (assume) and are able to observe, that the apparency of choosing will inevitably result in a Quacked-up preeminence? Man has become and is his own yardstick.

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Should we just reduce the whole edifice to number - preeminence by virtue of number. Can we have number without preeminence, number integrated into the landscape - EGOLESS number? What possible vanity could possibly be served by 6,000,000,000 EGOS (in competition?) (for what?)? Doesn't the obvious redundancy prove the point of meaninglessness?

First in the chow line; first in the World Class Fast Track Global Culture Line; first in line at the Pearly Gates; first in line at the ZOO; first in Orgasms; or FIRST .. i.e. FIRST - PERIOD !!! ? It bodes the question: Are we attempting to put forth the Best Example, or just the most ruthlessly competitive? Do 6,000,000,000 EGOS assure for perpetuation or petrification? One hundredth the number - egoless - would assure as much? What is the point then of the other 5,950,000,000? (crowds?, [body heat], (rooters?).

We might be able to predict that 5,950,000,000 at each other's throats, as we lovingly know it NOW, cannot assure for much of anything that could be remotely identified with the 'quality' of life, if it assures for any kind of life at all.

Enough of the moralizing (mortalizing).

Some good folk on the Island are in the habit of maintaining an auditory contact with the outside world by attuning themselves to a variety of black boxes which are rife with dire prediction. I am mindful of the quote from Herman Melville enclosed on the title page of (my) *Knotted Twine* "*We demand eternity for a lifetime; when our mortal half-hours too often prove tedious.*" (Mardi).

Thus, one wonders on the fate of himself, whether it will be inevitable, after all those long years of living with the preeminent force upon this planet, will I be destined to miss his company in the way that thwarted love misses its hate object? Will I not be curious to learn whether in fact all my suppositions were correct, that my skepticism, even cynicism, was justified? Or must I remain vigilant (always) in order to safeguard myself against his latest machinations? I know I would not find him in any way modified from the way he was when I left him, 'good, bad, or indifferent'. It goes without saying, as the years accrue, so does the persistent repetition of events persuade one the consequentiality of being appears as a moot point; a vastness of doing and undoing. A record of failures.

Is it a crappy wonder that one would not want to EXEUNT the paltry drama? Is it not my Right anyway?, My Prerogative? My privilege?

Any man (or woman) might declare his (her) intent not to become a participant, and expect not to be harassed into becoming a participant, as a matter of Right - the Narcissism, The Quicksilver, the imperatives, of the collective, be damned. But where to exist as a non-participant (In Prison?)?

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I'm saying, of course, we will be denied the mystically intelligent figure, previously depicted in the landscape ; it is more likely we will be treated to several figures, more primitive or barbaric in nature, attempting to beat the life out of each other in our effort to monopolize what remains of the tedium. We imagine those embroiled figures wishing to validate their own tedium by imposing it upon others.

We cannot be sufficiently moved by the lone (intelligent) figure harmonizing the landscape; we cannot conceive that such integration and harmony is all that is in store for man.

Blind pushing 'ahead' is more the make of our **fate**; if our life on this planet cannot amount to any more than an intelligent figure in the landscape, then whatfor whyfor all this genesis and all this number? Don't ask?

Time for a station break. Time for a palliative. If you have trouble coping, come visit Painelopee, who'll warp (push) your gloom away; amongst her masagical medicaments to weft you away are but these: Annasin, Bare, Inthebuff, Alevium, Madiprin, Axcededrin, Sadvil, Tielinoil, (Tieoneon) Iblueprin, Ecogrin, Nuthin, Cracktol, Haltrun, Trendy, Smotrin, Nayquil, Vanish, Effecttall, an' plain ole Generics. On the Island all you can get is 222 - **AND** - generic *mary jane*, plus several experimental varieties, guaranteed to provide you with a warped sense. Your local peedaller and travel agent can set you up with some variants upon anaesthusia: sillysighben, scag'm, quack, cola coca girls, bunnies, SDI, commies(reds), auntie, obloquy, Ohpeeyum, pepperjollies; various ecstasies and raves, reds, whites and blues, addiction, additive effects, amnesia, schizophrenic attacks, psychedelias, convulsions, depersonailzation, boy get this one: disinhibition; stuff to work on your substantia nigra, your parasympathetic n.s., proprioceptors, your sympathetic n.s., vasodilators, psychic energizers. Well, doo-wah-diddy. For those who seek alternatives, there's plain ole HOME BREW, and if you wanna pay for the real stuff (government issue) you kin go to the local eatery, an' booze it up, s'long as you gulp the burgers too; NICOTINE, Caffeine and chocolate milk; lollypops. Eucharists. And Necco wafers, Safe Lifers, Life is One Big Headache. Service with a Smile. Finis.

'Blind pushing' got me sidetracked. Purposeful pushing; that's more like it. Anyway whatfor, wherefor evolution, Hah!; more intrinsicabasic - whatfor wherefor life? Life First! Evolution Second!

I have a feeling we are fated to never answer these questions. We are not given to know beyond certain persuasions (the holding action) that operate dismally as hitching posts for our intellect. One such hitching post has been this persistent urge to convince ourselves life has an uneventful (uneventful) purpose, arguing that one is, in all fairness, and humility, obliged to pass on the 'torch' (that one and only, to which no

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man can hold a candle); in the hope the future homo sap. will define the whatfor and wherefor, essentially an EGOLESS passer-onner, doing his best to maintain, if not increase the illumination (gotta watch these sailors and Islanders; they might pitch the damned inferno overboard; an' jus' like that, we are back in the DARK AGES). Phhissst!

Let's recap. a little. Are you convinced that somewhere in this rant I have depicted clearly the three chosen realities (for the sake of argument): 1) NOW that could exist without His Lordship; 2) NOW that could exist with His Lordship; 3) NOW that does exist with His Lordship. The last has naturally received most of our attention. The first should be easy enough to imagine if one would merely physically remove himself to a place where he sees not man or his influence (perhaps this suggestion is only too hypothetical because there is damned little pristine squat available for a general losing of oneself), but there does exist such, albeit howsoever inhospitable, places, generally set aside as Indian Reservations. But, even without removing oneself physically, a fair hypotheses can be constructed, visualized, with his inner eye, in the manner of 'Green Mansions', for example, if you are the literary type. One might recall a Gauguin (Where do we come from, Who are we. Where are we going?), a Rousseau, a Millet, a Constable; I realize its pretty damned hard (almost impossible) to unclutter the scape (of Hegels' ruins).

The first of our NOW examples, and the third, obviously offer grossly contrasting propositions, neither of which satisfies us; although I am inclined to believe, if we could, at once remove ourselves, our family, and our things: guns, machines, seeds, pills, etc. to the Green Mansions, we would do so rather than endure one more moment of this 'crap' - this overload (saturation [too much]) of daily redundant remaking, reinstating order from a chaos that we seem unable to affect, either with good works or bad (however, we had better leave behind our other 'baggage').

This brings us to the a second proposition; a NOW that could exist with homo sapiens. Not as in Green Mansions, not what we experience, day to day, in this NOW, late 20th century, distinguishing the two subrealities, the I and the collective. While Green Mansions, or the intelligent figure in the landscape do not exist, and cannot exist, the landscape that remains does exist. We are free to people it as we see fit; 'It Is Ours To Do With'; such is our motto. Those, perhaps numbering myself amongst them, who view FATE cynically, the Inevitable, Destiny, as unerringly fashioning the same persuasions from out the same raw material, the human clay, take strong drink, tell bawdy stories, laugh derisively at the naive visionaries who see futures markedly different than what the native material inherently contains and will permit. They are inclined to view genesis (evolution) as fortuitous happenstance, as something which will run its course, more blindly, viscerally, than

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through intelligent choice, foreseeing a destiny based upon chance; if opportunity permits the choice for survival, one escapes Death, let's say; if opportunity does not permit the choice of survival, but is by nature, precluded from choosing, then fortuitous happenstance is all that exists, genesis notwithstanding, and Death becomes more of a certainty (extra hands are at work assuring His success).

There is something obdurate about the status quo. It has a multitude of defenders. Their first line of defense is to accuse those who question, or would presumptuously disparage the status quo, as anarchists, Reds, traitors; mad, sick, etc. The resistance to change, even for the better, seems anathema. Positive Negatives are employed to discredit the Negative Positives.