

On Purpose – some speculative thoughts verging on the unhinged...

We choose a purpose for our life, or so we think. In fact a purpose is chosen for us but most of us never find out until we are too old to do anything about it.

Reality is far too complicated and vast for the little incursions of understanding we make into the unknown. Our knowledge is a cocoon to make us feel safe as we navigate the unknown. Otherwise we would give up on doing anything and just get into a drunken stupor and stay there until the end.

Some would knit, some would play golf, others would write or paint, make music and the sensible ones who worked out how pointless it all is, would drink. That would defeat the purpose of life – to give up so soon before evolution takes us beyond the primate stage. So we are given our illusions of knowledge and power, apparent lordship over chaos, so we can apply ourselves and make progress. But the cleverest among us already know that is pointless. The best we can do is try and master ourselves and face up to the inevitable eruptions of chaos without losing our minds, our essence.

A purpose you say? What purpose? As President Clinton should have said, 'It's recursive, stupid.' The purpose is given to you. You think you have chosen some purpose and live as though you are in control. At some stage in your life you doubt yourself and wonder about the meaning of it all as you pour yourself another scotch. But some little part of your life, some connection or impact you are not aware of, may have been the actual fulfilment of your role. It is done. The rest is filling in time until the end. Only you don't know that yet. So you repurpose your life all over again or just give up and become one of those vacant individuals who are literally zombies.

The process repeats itself endlessly.

In the army of reality, we are made to think we are sergeants or captains, when we are barely even privates.