

Dialog list

The Case of Howard Phillips Lovecraft

a 45 minutes documentary film
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The Case of Howard Philipps Lovecraft

100. *Chapter one: A result and a prologue.*

Voice off

First, prepare a scenario of events in the order of their absolute occurrence.

Then, prepare a scenario of events in the order of narration.

Think about it. Take your time.

Interpolate or delete incidents at will.

Don't ever be bound by the original conception.

Weird tales may be grouped into two rough categories...

...those in which the horror concerns some condition or phenomenon,

...and those in which it concerns some action of characters in connection with that condition or phenomenon.

How fast does the action steal into the narrative while taking advantage of a power cut?

The character, that is you, senses something approaching. Let's say that he has been hearing and seeing things through the walls and through empty spaces for quite some time.

The shabby building only enhances it. We can hear the neighbours sleeping.

The action steals in. What shape will it take? A shape that no one, not even the character, can figure out through the door.

The action is right behind the door now.

But no hint of its nature has filtered through.

All these mysteries are but decoys.

What did they all think? That you would open the door? That you would want to make a contact of some sort?

But you know how to play dead as they say.

To arrive at an efficient climax, it may be better to start by setting one up in full detail...

And then build up a story that will justify it.

The character, you, in another setting.

A voice speaks to you. It says: Each day counts. Why didn't you come sooner?

The voice says: It's like certain flowers.

Like those plants that sprout 6 or even 9 feet in a few weeks. What's happening to you is a lot like that. Think about it. Let's fight it. We're on your side.

You set your thought on it. You're so compliant and imaginative.

And also because flowers hold no secret for you. Morning glories. Rapid growth. Abundant blossoming. Perfect for decorating a trellis or arbor and ideal companions for a lonely childhood.

What exactly does metastasis mean?

I don't want to go on.

That's what you're thinking. But you don't say it.

Chapter 2: An antecedent and a horror.

Voice off

A list of certain basic underlying horrors:

Life and death. Death; its desolation and horror; bleak spaces: sea bottom; dead cities.

But Life: the greater horror.

The main character: Howard Phillips Lovecraft.

Born August 20, 1890, in Providence, near Boston.

Flowing blond locks.

A family friend calls you Sunshine.

*The mother, Sarah Susan Lovecraft, nee Phillips.
Sarah Susan is extraordinarily gifted in painting.
All the Phillips' are gifted. There are only girls on the Phillips' side*

*Father, Winfield Scott Lovecraft.
Travelling salesman. Never home.*

He's held up in Philadelphia when his son takes his first steps.

*He's away, busy in Fort-Lauderdale, the day his son utters his first words.
And dead and buried when the child shares some of his inner thoughts with his teacher; ideas focusing on the essential meaningless of all the social conventions that bind humanity.
He's just twelve.*

*A bad start, so to speak.
The world and life are no thrilling matters to you.
You'd rather be elsewhere. Where? Elsewhere.*

Later on you would say: I tried to interest myself in the affairs of other boys. With some degree of success.

What matters to you are books. After your father died you went to live with your grandfather Phillips. He is the one who shows you the way.

He is the one who introduces you to Ann Radcliffe, Horace Walpole, all the English Gothics. The English Gothics. Cock-an-bull stories, as we say. But that make you happy. A separate world that becomes your world.

*Haunted castles. Ruined abbeys.
Obscure labyrinths never leading anywhere.
Lecherous monks. Criminals.
Women kidnapped by Italian bandits. Women locked in filthy jails crawling with vermin. Women humiliated and defiled by faceless brutes. Tortured by inexpiable remorse.
Women who ended up losing their minds.*

*And whispering voices. Endless nights fraught with lightning.
Somber days hovering dangerously over seemingly endless
silences.*

Crimes. Cut off heads that keep talking.

Dreams.

That's where your taste is formed, your disdain for realism.

Perhaps that's also why you choose to live in the past.

At the Phillips', time stands still.

*Grandfather Phillips tells you about the ancient Greek and Roman
civilisations. He has traveled. He tells you about Pompeii. An
incandescent cloud and lava belching from the bowels of the
earth. A whole city buried alive.*

This you hear.

*You never let an unknown word go by without looking up its
meaning in the dictionary.*

*You read poetry. You have a knack for retaining everything. You
recite verses in the silence of the house on Angell Street.*

You begin writing at the age of eight.

*Your first story is about a crime. The story of twin brothers. One
kills the other. After the murder, the surviving twin will sometimes
live his own life and sometimes the life of his dead brother.*

*It's all made up. It's all made up, since you're an only child. All
kinds of things can be made up.*

Real life is of no interest.

And then, you discover Edgar Poe.

And he becomes your mentor.

In Poe's works, you begin to learn what telling a story means.

*That's where you learn how to begin a narrative. Begin with a
bang.*

And that's how you begin Dagon, in 1917, well before maturity.

*I am writing this under an appreciable mental strain, since by
tonight I shall be no more. I shall cast myself from this garret
window into the squalid street below. Do not think from my slavery
to morphine that I am a weakling or a degenerate. When you
have read these hastily scrawled pages you may guess, though*

never fully realize, why it is that I must have forgetfulness or death.

Begin with a bang. That's the key. Throw the reader into the midst of action, without preparation, without warning. Begin by the worst. When your stories begin, the worst has already happened. Everything was there from the start.

Moreover, it's the same thing in real life. The important things just don't happen. They are there from the beginning. You know that now. Those who ignore that are those who don't pay attention.

But you've had all the time in the world to contemplate things that the other boys never noticed. To hear approaching things that no one else could hear.

You heard even better when you had to keep quiet. They would say: Shhh! Your father's resting.

You knew how to play without making noise. There was a certain place in the garden, sheltered from time and from the things that could befall, where your dreams took shape. There, you were safe.

Chapter 3: A search and an evocation.

Voix off

The Phillips' house is in a residential district. 454 Angell Street, in Providence, Rhode Island.

A middle-class family background. WASP is the expression used to define this milieu. It means White, Anglo-saxon and Puritan. No, Protestant.

These things you saw (...) when your nurse first wheeled you out in the spingtime, and they will be the last things you will ever see with eyes of memory and of love. (...)

(There is) Providence, quaint and lordly on its seven hills over the blue harbour, with terraces of green leading to the steeples and citadels of living antiquity (...)

Behold! It is not over unknown seas but back over well-known years that your quest must go; back to the bright strange things of

infancy and the quick sun-drenched glimpses of magic that old scenes brought to wide young eyes.

The family roots are in England, in Lincolnshire.

One day they hear you say: Verily, I ought to be wearing a powdered wig and knee-breeches.

The world you've chosen for yourself is the old world - the old world of the past: it's the 18th century and Pope's glorious poetry.

These things, that are so distant in space and time, carry you away into a world of endless reveries.

At 454 Angell Street time stands still. It's held prisoner in the steeples of Providence and in the stories that your grandfather tells you. Always the same stories.

One day, rising from the depths of the earth, a scorching breath, and a cloud of ash cast shadows over an whole city, suddenly turning day into night and life into death.

Or the story of the Lord of the Red Forest. He was an ogre who captured wayward travelers and questioned them.

"What do you hold closest?" the Master of the Red Forest asked. All those who didn't know how to answer his questions were given a whipping. Most of them died.

"The last branch!", replied a little boy one day.

He'd just said it like that. From exhaustion, panic, or because he was looking at the treetops above his head. And, suddenly, the beatings had ceased.

But even if you don't make any noise, even if you don't leave the garden, in the end, nevertheless, time floods in. Things happen.

One day, the train whistles brought by the wind that used to mean that your father was leaving on a new journey are no longer heard. He won't be leaving anymore.

Things happen. And there's nothing one can do about it.

Suddenly, one morning, you are 17 . You're no longer a child. You have to give up your little garden of Eden and the great Red Forest.

*You're a young man when a strange and infortunate thing happens to you.
It's called a nervous breakdown.*

You will speak of it one day in 1920: Big boys do not play in toy houses and mock gardens.

*Ruthless time had set its fell claw upon me, and I was seventeen.
Adulthood is hell.*

*And now you're an adult. When people will remember Lovecraft,
it's this long moon-shaped face that they will remember.*

*You remain confined to your room. You loaf around in your
housecoat.
No one knows exactly what you do all day long.
Apparently nothing.
You don't even write.*

*Most people of your age feel that their lives are opening up before
them. It's a somewhat agonizing but also intoxicating feeling.
You, however, feel that things won't work out.*

*You have the distinct feeling that something is going to happen,
and that when it happens you won't be able to handle it.*

A list of certain basic underlying horrors used in weird fiction:
Premature burial.
Listening to something creeping up.
Any mysterious and irresistible march toward a doom.

*It's all well and fine to speak of nervous break down, but the truth
is that you're afraid. And it's through fear that you communicate
with world matters. It's always been this way.*

*You say: The oldest and strongest emotion of mankind is fear,
and the oldest and strongest kind of fear is fear of the unknown .*

*Meanwhile, you still have to go on, as they say.
You'd have to go out, meet people, strangers, and talk to them.
It's painful.
So you write letters.*

Corresponding with strangers is possible, and even pleasant. A relationship without contact.

You write hundreds of letters. Entire days are spent writing them. Your correspondents are members of the Association of Amateur Journalism, the U.A.P.A.

It's a very active movement in the 1920s. It's an organization that provides isolated writers with the means to be printed and read.

These are the correspondents who encouraged you to send off your texts to the publishers.

And you sent them your manuscripts. Not even typed. And dirty. And crumpled. It's just like you.

Along with a letter addressed to the director of Weird Tales:

Enclosed are five tales written between 1917 and 1923. Of these the first two are probably the best. If they be unsatisfactory, the rest need not be read. The only reader I hold in mind is myself. Should any miracle impel you to consider the publication of my tales, I have but one condition to offer; and that is that no excisions be made.

Among the manuscripts is Dagon.

In Dagon you write about one of the phobias that you will never get rid of: the sea. The abysses and the creatures that inhabit them, shielded from the light above.

Maybe Dagon is a continuation of the story of Pompeii that your grandfather told you.

Though it's about an exhumation rather than a burial.

An earthquake has just heaved up huge portions of ocean floor to the water's surface. And you, shipwrecked, set foot on this new unexplored continent.

All at once, my attention was captured by a vast and singular object on the opposite slope, which rose steeply about a hundred yards ahead of me.

An object that gleamed whitely in the newly bestowed rays of the ascending moon. That it was merely a gigantic piece of stone, I soon assured myself; but I was conscious of a distinct impression that its contour and position were not together the work of Nature.

Then suddenly I saw it. With only a light churning to mark its rise to the surface, the thing slid into view above the dark waters. Vast, Polyphemus like, and loathsome, it darted like a stupendous monster of nightmares to the monolith, about which it flung its gigantic scaly arms, the while it bowed its hideous head and gave vent to certain measured sounds. I think I went mad then.

It is at night, especially when the moon is gibbous and waning, that I see the thing. Often I asked myself if it could not all have been a pure phantasm - a mere freak of fever (...) This I ask myself, but ever does there come before me a hideously vivid vision in reply.

The end is near. I hear a noise at the door, as of some immense slippery body lumbering against it. It shall not find me. *God, that hand!*

And then miracle takes place.

Your texts are accepted - in Weird Tales.

It's a powerful inspiration for hope. Like at the end of Vampyr, when the fog and nightmares dissipate after a seemingly endless night.

Maybe life is as simple as that. And pleasant.

If that's the case, it appears you've worried for nothing.

Although you don't like approaching people, they are drawn to you.

Your colleagues from the UAPA acknowledge and admire your talent.

You quickly become their teacher but, at the same time, remain their friend. You read their stories and give them advice. You are generous with your time and ideas.

Is that why Sonia Greene began fell in love with you?

*You met each other at a congress of the UAPA.
She set up the whole thing.
She took you to the restaurant.
And one day, in the thrill of a work session, she gave you a kiss,
very quickly.*

You get married on March 3, 1924.

You settle in New York.

*Sonia is full of joy and life.
She's a little over 40; you're thirty-four.
She's divorced. And she's Jewish.*

Samuel Loveman is also Jewish.

*And you, Lovecraft, with your undefined antisemitism, you enter
into this world without difficulty.*

*Jews don't really bother you so much, in daily life. You know that
they have this ability to integrate into the background. That is, of
becoming completely invisible.
It's what you expect of them.*

*Your anti-Semitism is rather more an anti-christianism. You detest
Jesus for having substituted the glorious cults of the pagan world
with an insipid and whiny religion.*

*But New-York is there.
In New-York you discover with wonderment the ancient Babylon
you always dreamed about. When, as a child, you used to say
incredible things such as, I am a Roman pagan.
You used to say such things.*

Coming for the first time upon the town, I had seen it in the sunset
from a bridge, majestic above its waters, its incredible peaks and
pyramids rising flowerlike and delicate from pools of violet mist to
play with the flaming clouds and the first stars of evening.
Then it had lighted up window by window above the shimmering
tides where lanterns nodded and glided and deep horns bayed
weird harmonies, and had itself become a starry firmament of
dream, redolent of faery music, and one with the marvels of

Carcassonne, and Samarcand and El Dorado and all glorious and half-fabulous cities.

The character, you, Lovecraft, in the streets of New-York. Just breathing the air of New-York makes you believe that everything is possible.

The small club of Amateur Journalism meets at Sonia's. Your discovery of New-York is also the discovery of these strangers who became friends in the course of your correspondence. You meet Samuel Loveman. And Dwyer. Later on Derleth. And Robert Howard who perhaps is already formulating Conan the Barbarian in his mind...

After the meetings, the intimate group rushes down the stairs and rushes into the street, eager to embrace New-York.

It's a very joyous and lively time. Spirits are soaring.

And there you are behaving as if nothing were going on. As if all this excitement were commonplace.

You may in fact be completely cured.

In New-York, everyone writes. And badly at that. Always corrections to be made and rewrites. Ghost-writers are desperately needed. In French, they call them "des nègres". It means niggers.

But being a nigger, even by a metaphor, can't pay well anywhere in the world.

And even your published texts don't bring in much.

Weird Tales pays one cent a word!

Common sense tells you that you should be writing about real life. Relationships, feelings, normal everyday problems. People like that stuff.

But you say: I could not grind out that sort of junk even if my life depended on it.

The problem of course, is that your life does depend on it! But money doesn't really interest you in any case, and neither does your life, for that matter.

Fortunately, Sonia is the breadwinner in the family.

She manages a shop on Fifth Avenue.

Who said: A gentleman never sings his own praises; he leaves that to the petty egoists who content themselves with their little successes.

You said it, you, Lovecraft, the English gentleman reincarnated as a ghost-writer.

Between June and October 1924, you hear about an opening for a critic with the review The Reading Lamp.

And a full-time position on the editorial staff of Weird Tales.

And a job of chief-editor for Ghost Stories.

But one by one, all these opportunities fall by the wayside.

New-York is a city overflowing with vitality and movement.

Things happen all the time.

Like Sonia's pink slip.

She has to leave New York.

She finds an interesting job, but in another town.

She bought you new clothes before leaving.

Dear Sonia, she thinks of everything.

You remain alone.

My coming to New-York had been a mistake; for whereas I had looked for poignant wonder and inspiration, I had found instead only a sense of horror and oppression which threatened to master, paralyse, and annihilate me.

The throngs of people that seethed through the fumelike streets were squat, swarthy strangers with hardened faces and narrow eyes, shrewd strangers without dreams and without kinship to the scenes about them, who could never mean ought to a blue-eyed man of the old folk, with the love of fair green lanes and white New England village steeples in his heart.

You, Lovecraft, have always been reactionary. That is, you believe that life was more beautiful and more real in the past. And that any change distances you further from this beauty and truth.

You despise change as such. You say it.

And of course you're a racist, as well.

One day, you will speak of your abhorrence for Italo-Semitic-Mongoloids.

You don't know what you're talking about. You've already stated that it isn't reality that interests you, it's dreams.

You say: Of course they can't let niggers use the beach at a Southern resort. Can you imagine sensitive persons bathing near a pack of greasy chimpanzees?

You're a sensitive person, certainly. All gentlemen with blue eyes are sensitive and therefore racist.

Basically, you're nothing more than a plain bastard.

Fear and hate take hold of you.

And will hold you until a day in 1937, still far off, when truth will finally stare you in the face.

Meanwhile, in New-York, in 1925, time rushes by, and you're alone.

Where is your grandfather Phillips? He is long since dead. Meanwhile time sweeps you into forever tinier, draftier, and more wretched apartments.

Where is Sonia while the gas and electric bills and the rent accumulate?

Gone to Cincinnati, or Cleveland, then had her own business. Then she withdrew into a convalescent home after going bankrupt.

And you, the character, where are you on a certain night in May 1926, when foreigners, thieves, break into your apartment and, without making a noise, steal the new suits that Sonia bought for you?

Where were you? Preoccupied with your dreams.

At least in your dreams time stands still.

That's where ghost-writers live: in the dreams of books they haven't yet written.

Now you are beginning to disappear.

You say: What a man does for pay is of little significance. What he is, as a sensitive instrument responsive to the world's beauty, is everything. I never ask a man what his business is. What I ask him about are his thoughts and dreams.

In April 1926 you throw in the towel. New-York and your life have done you in. Like Ward, the hero of the novel you'll write the following year, you return to Providence. Defeated. Saved.

Chapter 5. A Nightmare and a Cataclysm.

Voix off

When the coach crossed the Pawcatuck and entered Rhode Island amidst the faery goldenness of a late spring afternoon his heart beat with quickened force, and the entry to Providence along Reservoir and Elmwood avenues was a breathless and wonderful thing (...) He saw before and below him in the fire of sunset the pleasant, remembered houses and domes and steeples of the old town.

Old Providence! It was this place and the mysterious forces of its long, continuous history which had brought him into being, and which had drawn him back toward marvels and secrets whose boundaries no prophet might fix.

A taxicab whirled him through Post Office Square with its glimpse of the river (...) And at last the great brick house where he was born. It was twilight, and Charles Dexter Ward had come home.

But each night, bad dreams bring you back to the sordid apartment. And remorse.

Sonia. You get your divorce in 1929.

Sonia was an angel. And you're an angel, too, but nothing was on your side.

Sonia will keep only one of your letters. The one in which you wrote: Mutual love between a man and a woman is an experience of the imagination.

What's not a part of the imagination are the dreadful passions that New York has taught you: fear, hate. Especially hate - an undying hate. And night after night, your dreams take you back to that hate. And from these hideous roots you draw enough energy to create a major work. You are haunted by New York forever. During your time there, you saw and heard enough.

The organic things inhabiting that awful cesspool could not by any stretch of the imagination be called human. They were monstrous and nebulous adumbrations of the pithecanthropoid and amoeba; vaguely moulded from some stinking viscous slime of earth's corruption, [and slithering and oozing in and on the filthy streets or in and out of windows and doorways in a fashion suggestive of nothing but infesting worms or deep-sea unnamabilities.] (...)They - or the degenerate gelatinous fermentation of which they were composed - seemed to ooze, seep and trickle through the gaping cracks in the horrible houses (...) And I thought of some avenue of Cyclopean and unwholesome vats, crammed to the vomiting point with gangrenous vileness, and about to burst and inundate the world in one leprous cataclysm of semi-fluid rottenness.

It is not a story you're writing. It's a letter. You are busy describing the immigrant population of the Lower East Side.

Now you know that only the minimum sensory tools are essential: acute perceptiveness and awareness. The rest, emotions and feelings, is what we call literature. The truth about love is a physiological one: a simple exchange of bodily fluids.

Matter. There's nothing else. It's useless to look.

A world where life is but a variety of death. True materialism. But it is depressive.

You have just ten years left. It will be enough to write everything you can, to make a name for yourself, a name the world will know: Lovecraft.

You become the master of the imagination of matter. Greater, perhaps, even than Poe. In your stories, the language of fiction gains a precision that, before you, was to be found only in science.

Their forms vaguely suggested the anthropoid, while their heads were the heads of fish, with prodigious bulging eyes that never closed.

At the sides of their necks were palpitating gills, and their long paws were webbed. [They hopped irregularly, sometimes on two legs, sometimes on four] (...) Their croaking, baying voices, clearly used for articulate speech, held all the dark shades of expression which their staring faces lacked.

These powerful descriptions grow up on fear and hate. No doubt it is sad, but for you, Lovecraft, terror and hate are more reliable allies than love and trust...

You start all over again.

You seek out the very first gods. The Old Ones. A complete mythology.

Everything is in the Necronomicon, the ancient treatise by the mad Arab, Abdul Alhazred.

Their names. And the formulas by which they can be called forth. We can't see them, but they're watching us.

The Old Ones were, the Old Ones are, and the Old Ones shall be. Not in the spaces we know but between them.

They walk serene and primal, undimensioned and to us unseen. Yog-Sothoth knows the gate. Yog-Sothoth is the gate.

Yog-Sothoth is the key and guardian of the gate. Past present and future, all are one in Yog-Sothoth.

*He knows where the Old Ones broke through of old, and where They shall break through again. He knows where They have trod earth's fields (...) By Their smell men sometimes know Them near, but of Their semblance can no man know, *saving only in the features of them They have begotten on mankind.**

Everything's ready now. The past, the present, and the future brought up together. The whole of time. Suspended.

You are a very plain type of bastard, but you are also a great artist now. That is, in the end you let the truth into your work. It is the truth from The Case of Charles Dexter Ward. Perhaps your finest story. You are Ward. You share his taste for his forgotten ancestors and his love of his birthplace.

The beginning of Ward's madness is a matter of dispute among alienists. Dr Lyman, the eminent Boston authority, places it in 1919 or 1920.

This is certainly brought out by Ward's altered habits at the time, especially by his continual search [through town records and among old burying grounds] for a certain grave dug in 1771; the grave of an ancestor named Joseph Curwen.

From this opinion, however, Dr Willett substantially dissents...

The true madness, he is certain, came with his later change; after the Curwen portrait and the ancient papers had been unearthed; after a trip to strange foreign places had been made, and some terrible invocations chanted under strange and secret circumstances...

Joseph Curwen, as revealed by the rambling legends embodied in what Ward heard and unearthed, was a very astonishing, enigmatic, obscurely horrible individual. He had fled from Salem to Providence (...) at the beginning of the great witchcraft panic.

Joseph Curwen, who died at the stake at the end of the 17th century, was a powerful sorcerer. Curwen managed to leave the magic recipe for his resurrection with the portrait, behind a wainscotting.

You think you've discovered the portrait of a distant relative. In truth, it's the portrait that has been waiting for you from the abyss of antiquity.

Curwen has been waiting for the hour of his resurrection, to kill you and take your place.

Your narrative already knows that another truth lies hidden behind Ward's nostalgia of his roots; that is, your nostalgia and your love of the past.

This universal truth is cruelty. Murder.

We can call it heredity, if we believe in it. But the important thing is that this ferocious demon is watching us, crouching in the shadows of time. It is best to let it sleep.

From a private hospital for the insane near Providence, Rhode Island, there recently disappeared an exceedingly singular person. He bore the name of Charles Dexter Ward.

Doctors confess themselves quite baffled by his case, since it represented oddities of a general physiological as well as psychological character.

In the first place, the patient seemed oddly older than his 26 years would warrant. Mental disturbance, it is true, will age one rapidly; but the face of this young man had taken on a subtle cast which only the very aged normally acquire. In the second place, his organic processes showed a certain queerness of proportion, which nothing in medical experience can parallel.

(...) The cellular structure of the tissue seemed exaggeratedly coarse and loosely knit (...) In general, all physicians agree that in Ward the processes of metabolism had become retarded to a degree beyond precedent.

You are conservative and racist.

But your works hold the truth. They say things that you ignore. They say that the desire to merge with one's own roots, the desire to encapsulate the whole of time within one's lifetime, leads to destruction and death.

The truth about time is that history is murder. And the passion for the past is a sickness.

These are things that you will ignore until this day in 1937 when the light suddenly changes and reveals the meaning of all things. A voice speaks to you. It says: It grows rapidly, like certain plants. You have to fight. Each day counts. If you want to live.

But you understand the hidden power of these things. [Flowers hold no secret for you. Now they talk about [metastasis], but it's the same thing.

*Impossible to stop these things from growing.
It was syphilis that claimed your father's life at the age of 44. An hereditary illness.
And insanity was responsible for your mother's death, resulting in an even deeper silence in the house of Angell Street.
It was there from the start. The past is a disease. It's already too late.*

*Now you, the character, Lovecraft, physically you are suffering greatly.
The world knows it. Your endurance and your gracious manner attract the admiration of the doctors, and, above all, the nurses.*

For the time being, you understand everything.

*You who have feared all since the very beginning, you who were so afraid you wouldn't even open the door, now discover that the danger was within you. Inside.
Not outside. Inside.*

*But the Great Red Forest has no secret for you.
You say: I am the last branch.*

*And the beatings cease.
The beatings of life cease on March 15, 1937.
You are 46.
You die with no complaints, no regrets.*

But then, you didn't care for life, anyway.