

## Ship of State (Part 2)

“...I tried to demonstrate  
that justice, in the most  
un-heard-of sense  
of the word, was un-  
deconstructible itself,  
thus another name  
of deconstruction  
(de-construction?  
deconstruction *is* justice).”  
J. Derrida,  
“The Time is Out of Joint.”

“Nature is not just,  
but nature is exact.”  
Aleister Crowley,  
*The Book of Thot*.

“Free man, you will  
always cherish the sea! /  
The sea is your mirror;  
you contemplate your soul /  
In the infinite unrolling  
of its billows; /  
Your mind is an abyss  
that is no less bitter.”  
Charles Baudelaire,  
“Man and the Sea.”

“They are not yet mad  
enough, not yet hurtling  
one against the other,  
and all the more furious,  
all the more enraged  
the closer and more  
familiar they are.”  
A. Artaud,  
*The New Revelations  
of Being*.

“Only the dying  
understand COMMUNION.  
Understand Love,

I was part of the first  
wave in the crew’s 3-phase  
awakening from dreamtime, when  
Captain Anna-O ordered Soho,  
then Greenwich and Woodstock—  
our Emergency substitute crew  
for the Dead of Engineering—  
to initiate the remote control and  
turn off Automatic Pilot ASAP,  
because the Crystal ship continued  
to swerve in a starboard loop,  
and was coming full circle, re-headed  
toward the light on the horizon.

Soho responded immediately,  
her face shining, like  
He-Who-Cuts-With-His-Face  
in the Posterior Analytics  
of The HISTRIOMATRIX  
by Ananke the “Eunuch Slave,”  
and tried to locate  
the remote control beyond  
the step stool, the air pump  
and the hammock,  
between the narrow gate  
and the Magbeburg Jars,  
down the Seven Steps  
to the Heavy Metal cage,  
from which began to emanate  
the Gurgling Sound of  
Gaga fluid in the Baba Hole ;  
and I, Navigator, could tell that  
after the collective search  
to find the missing remote control  
—in order to stop Automatic Pilot  
and reset our course—mutiny  
would follow, because in my dream  
I was a Flaming vortex,  
curing myself of a remote control  
that was making me struggle  
to exist as Navigator, taking all  
the *Ethos, Logos and Pathos*

understand the interrealm.”  
 Herman Broch,  
*The Death of Virgil.*

“You should have  
 considered the terror  
 that has hallucinated  
 and haunted me  
 since prehistoric times.”  
 Clarice Lispector,  
 “Vengeance and  
 painful reconciliation,”  
 in *Chronicles.*

“I speak the password  
 primeval...”  
 Walt Whitman,  
*Leaves of Grass*

“Praise be I, writing,  
 dead already and dead again.”  
 Jack Kerouac,  
 “The Ocean.”

“Who are the Muses?  
 Who but the Maenads  
 repentant... clothed  
 and in their right minds...  
 The shift of Maenad to Muse  
 is like the change of  
 Bacchic rites to Orphic;  
 it is the informing of savage  
 rites with the spirit of music,  
 order and peace... The grace  
 Orpheus sought was not  
 physical intoxication but  
 spiritual ecstasy, the means  
 he adopted not drunkenness  
 but abstinence and rites  
 of purification... the possibility  
 of attaining divine life.”  
 Jane Harrison,  
*Prolegomena  
 to the Study  
 of Greek Religion.*

I had... in the same way  
 that Soho, then Greenwich, and  
 finally Woodstock—from what  
 I recognized—were struggling  
 to resist the forms with which  
 the Poly-encephalic illusion of  
 being 1<sup>s</sup>-, 2<sup>nd</sup>- and 3<sup>rd</sup>-substitute  
 Engineers clothed their reality  
 and continued to function as  
*that which flowed forth*  
 in our Replacement World.

(I, Navigator, will stop  
 henceforth being Deluded :  
 I have a body  
 which suffers this ship  
 and disgorges reality ;  
 I will be done with  
 the action of the sea,  
 which makes me invoke  
 what I deny, and deny  
 what I invoke.)

It was the total input from  
 the dreams of those of us  
 who woke up first  
 that led to Woodstock’s  
 moment of Krisis,  
 before the remote control  
 was found and a problem  
 with the password first appeared  
 under the Mammon panel, where  
 Woodstock remembered having  
 dreamed of books on Fire...  
 after Greenwich in her dream  
 heard “the Sound of blood  
 from the Ocean of Eden,  
 east of Nod,” and searched  
 for the remote control at  
 the Khalishnikov console,  
 where Woodstock was stationed...  
 after Woodstock left  
 the Khalishnikov console, and  
 went to where Soho had searched  
 for the remote control,  
 down the Seven Steps

“Sexy motherfucker  
shakin' that ass, /  
shakin' that ass,  
shakin' that ass.”  
Prince (*RIP*),  
“Sexy M.F.,” in *Prince*.

“Readers,  
disinfect your brains!”  
Saşa Pană,  
“Manifesto.”

“Don't stir / The trash.”  
Sappho,  
*Fragments*  
(tr. G. Davenport).

“Every action must be due  
to one or other of seven  
causes: chance, nature,  
compulsion, habit, reasoning,  
anger, or appetite.”  
Aristotle,  
*Rhetoric*.

“When I lifted my eyes  
a little higher, I saw the Master  
of those who know, Aristotle,  
sitting amongst the company  
of philosophers. All gaze  
at him: all show him honor.  
There I saw Socrates, and Plato,  
who stand nearest to him  
of all of them; Democritus,  
who ascribes the world to  
chance, Diogenes, Anaxogoras,  
and Thales; Empedocles,  
Heraclitus, and Zeno...  
Orpheus... Avicenna...  
and Averroës, who wrote  
the vast commentary.”  
Dante,  
*The Divine Comedy*.

“We have decided  
to illustrate for you today

to the Heavy Metal cage,  
along the “Redeemer Axis”  
received in a dream  
from the Bataclan Boys  
by the melting Ice at Ecbatan.

As the ship returned  
on its ineluctable heading  
toward the light, a sevenfold  
Backlash of Repressed anger,  
due to the continued failure  
to find the remote control  
and turn off Automatic Pilot,  
led to a period of Mixture  
during which, in their bid  
to help find the missing remote,  
our other shipmates,  
of those who woke up first,  
transferred their visionary dreams  
onto the psychological Chimera  
in the Waiting Room  
of the Shi'ite Gardens.

In keeping with the Spartan  
Protocols of the Realpolitik  
Institute for Arrière-Garde Studies,  
they held hands and blew  
Proskynetic kisses at the bulkheads  
like the Princes of Araby  
on the PARIS and  
the VIRGINS OF LAHORE...  
the total effects of which  
combined to momentarily arrest  
Woodstock in a Freeze Frame.

Then Woodstock fell into Crisis,  
gesticulating madly during  
an obsessive-compulsive post-  
visionary recital of the 72  
Ways to Curse the Darkness,  
from Dido's Methodics.

After Curse #1 (“Against  
The Poëtiks of Darkness”),  
Kodak the Second Mate,  
who had dreamed he was

the truth... that it is  
 the symbolic order  
 which is constitutive  
 for the subject—  
 by demonstrating in a story  
 the decisive orientation  
 which the subject receives  
 from the itinerary of  
 a signifier. It is that truth,  
 let us note, which makes  
 the very existence of fiction  
 possible. And in that case,  
 a fable is as appropriate  
 as any other narrative  
 for bringing it to light...  
 A fictive tale even has  
 the advantage of manifesting  
 symbolic necessity more  
 purely to the extent  
 that we may believe  
 its conception arbitrary.”  
 Jacques Lacan,  
 “Seminar on  
*The Purloined Letter.*”

“All that is needed is a sign,  
 pure and simple.”  
 Holderlin,  
 “The Ister.”

“I went to work /  
 like the horns of a snail”  
 C. Olson,  
 “Maximus, at the Harbor,”  
 in *Maximus IV, V, VI.*

“... like the hydra’s vile leap,  
 at having once  
 heard the angel /  
 give a purer meaning  
 to the words of the tribe.”  
 S. Mallarmé,  
 “The Tomb of Edgar Poe.”

“you must dream  
 patiently / hoping the content

midway on the path  
 from Aleppo to Damascus  
 in search of a new Juddeca,  
 projected his Future Body as  
 supplemental-4<sup>th</sup> Engineer, and  
 went to calm Woodstock down,  
 explaining that the missing  
 remote would inevitably  
 manifest its Fate as Light-spatter  
 on the Time-landscape  
 of the Minor Domination.

Similarly, when Woodstock  
 was at Curse #11 (“Against  
 The Oubliette of Darkness”),  
 Sinbad and Tarzan,  
 who both awoke terrified  
 in the secret passageway to  
 the Queen’s Bicameral quarters  
 —he, Sinbad, from a dream  
 of Laughing-to-Death  
 at a Cash Machine ; she, Tarzan,  
 of trying to pay Taxes  
 on a Pleasure \ Pain Scale  
 from Old Media—progressed  
 to their Future Bodies as  
 supplemental-5<sup>th</sup> and -6<sup>th</sup> Engineers  
 and exhorted Woodstock to stop  
 in the name of Love  
 before the Power of Nothing.

Woodstock cursed on ;  
 at Curse #14  
 (“Against The Chocolateness  
 of Darkness”), Vico,  
 who woke up with  
 the Mutant gift of seeing  
 around corners... Bismark,  
 on Anchor Watch, who managed,  
 while dreaming, to lose  
 the ship’s anchor to the sea...  
 and Ringo, who got  
 instantly Fat dreaming  
 of an undiscovered leak  
 aboard ship—proceeded  
 toward their Being as

will be completed /  
 that the missing words /  
 enter crippled sentences  
 and the certainty we are  
 waiting for / casts anchor”  
 Zbigniew Herbert,  
 “We fall asleep on words...,”  
*Inscription.*

“From third he has become  
 tenth. To the Time  
 of his stupor that he must  
 redeem corresponds  
 the emanation of the seven  
 other Intelligences which  
 are called the seven Cherubim  
 or the seven Divine Words.”  
 Henry Corbin,  
 “Cyclical Time in Mazdaism  
 and Ismailism.”

“...A spirit I saw, cleft  
 from the chin down to  
 the part that gives out  
 the foulest sound: the entrails  
 hung between his legs:  
 the organs appeared,  
 and the miserable gut  
 that makes excrement  
 of what is swallowed.  
 While I stood looking wholly  
 at him, he gazed at me,  
 and opened his chest  
 with his hands, saying:  
 ‘See how I tear myself:  
 see how Mahomet is ripped!  
 In front of me, Ali goes,  
 weeping, his face split  
 from chin to scalp...’”  
 Dante,  
*The Divine Comedy.*

“And, strange to tell,  
 among that Earthen Lot /  
 Some could articulate,  
 while others not: /

supplemental-7<sup>th</sup>, -8<sup>th</sup> and -9<sup>th</sup>  
 Engineers.

In a Fateful twist,  
 they wrestled Woodstock  
 to the ground, between  
 the Large Collapse and  
 the suspended upside-down  
 body of unconscious Möbius,  
 at the very Moment of Stupor  
 when—to the Sound of rocks  
 on the ocean’s floor being torn  
 beneath the hull—the ship  
 was violently shaken, and  
 the three of them found themselves  
 wrestling Cowabunga instead,  
 as if Cowabunga, during  
 the actuation of his archetypal  
 emergence as supplemental-  
 10<sup>th</sup> Engineer, had traveled  
 in a Spiral Waltz through  
 the *dense time* of his dream  
 to take Woodstock’s place...  
 while Woodstock, now  
 completely calmed down,  
 was over by the Mammon panel,  
 where the remote control  
 was hiding in plain sight  
 on the mantelpiece, between  
 the Spinning-Rainbow Disk  
 of Zoro and the logbook.

Despite its eventual recovery,  
 for the ten replacement Engineers  
 the traumatic experience  
 of the remote control’s loss  
 had henceforth been written  
 “on the corners of their eyes”  
 with the proverbial  
 needle of Mithridas.

Having passed through  
 the successive emanations  
 of Engineer Intelligence,  
 they seemed predisposed  
 to hold the rest of us,

And suddenly one  
 more impatient cried— /  
 “Who is the Potter, pray,  
 and who the Pot?””  
 Omar Khayyám,  
*Rubáiyát*  
 (trans. R. Fitzgerald).

“Who are these dummies,  
 these ogres of a past age,  
 these fearful effigies  
 that wrecked our world,  
 these devils, these dolls?  
*Who are they?*  
 We put away childish things.  
 It is we who walked  
 into another dimension.”  
 H. D.  
*End to Torment.*

“As though awakened  
 from a dream /  
 The Muse opened her eyes /  
 This time as Queen.”  
 Prince,  
 “Deconstruction,” in  
*The Rainbow Children.*

who were awake,  
 as Scapegoats for the debacle  
 —Commander Exprès,  
 Venus the Interpreter of his Spit,  
 Captain Anna-O, and myself.

(A cruel irony... because  
 I, Navigator, like them,  
 the ten Engineers, knew  
 that it had to be ended,  
 a final wrenching away from  
 the Pelagic Order-of-things  
 had to happen ; I can no longer  
 deal with this Primordial  
 Hypostasis within me,  
 this Being-that-is-not-Being—  
 because as it advances,  
 I fall into the Gap  
 this same Order-of-things  
 is always already negating.)

And to make matters worse,  
 the last posting on the logbook  
 indicated that the password  
 to unlock the remote control  
 from its Hermetic Seal  
 was incorrect.