

## Ship of Fools 3

*For Jim, with thanks.*

“To be a *famous* American  
*poet* is not the same thing  
as *being famous*.”  
John Ashbery, *RIP*.

“For “IS” and “IS-NOT”  
though with Rule and Line, /  
And “UP-AND-DOWN”  
without, I could define, /  
I yet in all only cared to know, /  
Was never deep in anything  
but— / Wine.”  
Omar Khayyam,  
*Rubaiyat* (trans. R. FitzGerald).

“‘Quantum’ means that which  
is divisible into two or more  
constituent parts of which  
each is by nature a ‘one’ and  
a ‘this.’ A quantum is a plurality  
if it is numerable, a magnitude  
if it is measurable.”  
Aristotle,  
*Metaphysics*.

“Ants and bees are not *it*.  
They are *shes*... The air is *it*.”  
C. Lispector,  
*The Stream of Life*.

“At that time it was assumed,  
intuitively as it were,  
on the basis of ‘common  
sense,’ that the ocean  
was a lifeless chemical  
conglomerate, a monstrous  
mass of jelly covering the globe,  
which produced extraordinary  
formations as a consequence  
of its “quasi-volcanic” activity...  
From time to time more daring

The Death of Kodak  
the Handsome Sailor  
and Second Mate,  
as he was explaining Avon’s  
new poetry, provided the necessary  
shock for bringing psychological  
understanding to the Captain  
in the aftermath of failed Mutiny,  
given the absence of recognizable  
Constellations in our Stygian sky.

Anna-O’s post-Mutiny  
Politics of Sorcery, and her refusal  
of Revenge, represented  
a becoming-worthy of Mythic  
Ordeal that acknowledged  
a shipwide entrapment in  
the Static, and understood Mutiny  
as a mode of therapeutic activity.

Her self-transformative insight,  
which she communicated  
to the entire crew, and  
her new knowledge of Nature’s  
Oneness with a Cosmic process  
of psychic and spiritual renewal,  
identified the becoming-  
schizoid of the ship  
as the work of Nature’s revolt,  
as a field of emergence  
that released the autonomous  
partial systems of its creative force  
through the hazardous daemons  
of an Alien / Alienated sea  
cathected in the vessel Itself...  
as if, in our hypomanic frenzy,  
rather than *seeing*, we had read  
the Otherness of our environment  
despotically, as “Underworld,”  
and the misreading had been  
ritually repeated and intensified

and intriguing conceptualizations emerged, but they all seemed to pass judgment on the ocean, which came to be seen as the final stage of a development which long ago, thousands of years back, had had its period of supreme organization and now, having survived only physically, was disintegrating into a multitude of unnecessary, nonsensical agonal formations... But it was impossible to deny the existence of its mind, whatever could be understood by the term. It had become quite clear that it was only too aware of our presence... It existed then, it lived, thought, acted.”  
Stanislav Lem,  
*Solaris*.

“Whether the wind gave rise to rippling waves, or the rain riddled it with holes and covered it with small bursting bubbles, the boat kept moving North, from dawn to dusk. The bellow of deer, the trumpet of the mammoth, the roaring voice of lions greeted in passing the small frail vessel and man the enemy. It went, they went, along the stretches of islands, under the shadow of trees, through vast clear waterways.”  
J. H. Rosny (elder),  
*Vamireh: A novel of primitive times*.

“For Plato, too, was right in... asking, as he used to do, ‘Are we on the way from or to the first principles?’”  
Aristotle,

as the Mutiny of prisoners on a Daemon Ship from Xibalba.

The “Majic moment,” the moment of Metamorphosis, came when Anna-O understood that Mutiny had not been a form of Judgment rendered against the ship, but of Healing... that the Mutineers were not acting as Judges, but as Medics tending to a dysfunctional, malevolent vessel that was resistant to joy, love and laughter, estranged from Nature on a Hieroglyphic sea.

For this reason, Anna-O ordered that the old Purification Rites be performed—starting with the jettison of Kodak’s bones—in an effort to reset the ship’s systems.

The will to make *shipshape* proceeded with the naming of Wang the Third Mate as replacement for Don Juan the Chief Mate, by having her recite the mantra “Abrāhādābrā” three times above a bowl of sparkling water, by the gash in the bulkhead of the Quietist room—which also confirmed her and Kodak’s replacement by Able-Bodied Sailors Nobadinus and Marlboro as Second and Third Mates, respectively.

By the same token, Ordinary Sailors Neanderthal, Thebes and Rosetta chanted, “It is... all good,” “It is... all good,” while being walked through the smoke and washed with the ashes from the mutoscope

*Nichomean Ethics.*

“Anyone who has ever experienced the pleasure of Socratic insight and felt how, spreading in ever-widening circles, it seeks to embrace the whole world of appearances, will never again find any stimulus toward existence more violent than the craving to complete this conquest and to weave the net impenetrably tight...

But now science, spurred by its powerful illusion, speeds irresistibly toward its limits where its optimism, concealed in the essence of logic, suffers shipwreck.”

Friedrich Nietzsche,  
*The Birth of Tragedy.*

“The shipwreck is Shakespeare’s final symbol.”

Mark Van Doren,  
*Shakespeare.*

“I dreamt about...  
the hull of the ship  
of state... /  
I was in the Assembly.  
A flock of sheep, /  
With walking sticks  
and cloaks. Listening.  
In rows, / And who  
was doing the talking?  
A great fanged whale /  
haranguing these poor sheep  
in a booming bellow,  
the bloated blatting  
of a swollen sow...”  
Aristophanes,

—like Pyangyong, Geryon,  
Esclarmonde and Boomer in

*Notes toward  
a Love Machine Supreme—*  
during their ritual appointment as  
substitutes for Möbius the Mapper,  
who hung, unconscious, upside-down  
in the engine room; for Occam  
the Weatherwoman, Drowned; and  
for Scard’nelli, whose position  
as Bo’sun was left vacant, when  
Scard’nelli became Librarian,  
after taking over for Sokrates, who  
replaced van Rr’Ubik at the Helm.

Van Rr’ Ubik’s superimposed  
profile on the port side  
of the figurehead,  
like the spiral design of  
Maria’s bones on the deck  
near the Large Collapse,  
were exorcized by ceremonies  
of Mystic pantomime and  
by the processional display  
of the sacred Liohana’s  
flap and balancer, at the same  
time that the Flaming Scalp,  
the Smileless Stone and  
the Sock Puppets of The Quincunx  
were tossed into the sea.

Further cleansing rites  
were devoted to the geoglyphic  
inscription of the Taro Trumps along  
the Yonaguni shoreline reproduced  
on the deck by the Storm,  
and to the lingering effect of  
the crew’s so-called “Big Fart,”  
that occurred after our entry  
onto the Silver sea:  
the Exchanging of Clothes,  
the Festival of Laughter and  
the Contest of Abusive Language  
and Scurrilous Jests... all of which

*The Wasps.*

“We don’t want  
honest men, who  
can read a bit, /  
To lead the people.  
We want lowdown  
scum / And swine.  
It’s all yours.  
Grab your chance!”  
Aristophanes,  
*Knights.*

“We must admire  
the depth of Aristophanes  
in having recognized  
the dialectic side in  
Socrates as being negative.”  
G. W. F. Hegel,  
*Lectures on the History  
of Philosophy.*

“At this time, bridges  
were being built across  
the Hellespont from Asia  
to Europe... But in fact  
after these bridges had  
been built, a violent storm  
descended upon them,  
broke them up, and tore  
apart all that work...  
Xerxes was infuriated when  
he learned of this; he ordered  
that the Hellespont was to  
receive 300 lashes under  
the whip, and that a pair  
of shackles was to be dropped  
into the sea... He instructed  
his men to say barbarian and  
insolent things as they were  
striking the Hellespont:  
‘Bitter water, your master  
is imposing this penalty  
on you for wrongdoing him,  
even though you had suffered  
no injustice from him...’

culminated with the Opening of  
the Jars, at the ship’s bow  
and stern, and the Sacrificial  
Outpouring into the sea  
of the ouzo—which had become  
increasingly thin, sharp, pungent  
and astringent on the palate,  
like a wall of acidity, with  
a musty, deeply unpleasant,  
vaguely Chemical bouquet and  
an insipid, lifeless finish that  
left a fizziness on the tongue.

With the purification rituals  
completed, all ship systems  
were engaged to help steer  
the ship away from the light  
on a second go-around.

At Twelve O’Clock  
the self-guiding ship,  
responding to the supplemental  
action of the wheel and  
the steering oar, and  
to the extra power boost in  
the portside propeller,  
the fore and aft  
top-sails, the t’gallants  
and the Burtons, started  
turning away from the light.

But at Three O’Clock,  
the ship once again continued  
to swerve on a starboard course,  
as if initiating a loop  
back toward the light.

At which point Captain Anna-O  
forgot what she had understood;  
psychologically, she blamed  
the sea for the ship’s failure  
to maintain its new heading.

In reaction, seized by

Thus he ordered that the sea  
was to be punished and  
also that the supervisors  
of the bridge were  
to be beheaded.”  
Herodotus,  
*The Histories*.

“Chaunt in his ear  
delusions magical, /  
That he may fight  
the horses of the sea.’ /  
The Druids took them  
to their mystery, /  
And chaunted for three  
days. / Cuchulain stirred, /  
Stared on the horses  
of the sea, and heard /  
The cars of battle and  
his own name cried; /  
And fought with  
the invulnerable tide.”  
W. B. Yeats,  
“Cuchulain’s fight  
with the sea.”

“Extreme states  
are contrary both  
to the intermediate state  
and to each other...  
Hence he who aims at  
the intermediate must  
first depart from what is  
the more contrary to it,  
as Calypso advises—  
Hold the ship out beyond  
that surf and spray.”  
Aristotle,  
*Nichomean Ethics*.

“Anyone can run  
to excesses, / It is easy  
to shoot past the mark, /  
It is hard to stand firm  
in the middle.”  
E. Pound,

the fury of her frustration,  
she invoked the Nazions Edicts  
and gave the order that  
the Wands of Klan be retrieved  
from the Power-Knowledge Center,  
and that Neanderthal, Cabale,  
Thebes, Bedlam, Rosetta,  
on the starboard side,  
and Scard’nelli, Mach,  
Ben-Cnopee, Sokrates and Sony,  
on the larboard side, station  
themselves at the portholes  
on the C-level deck,  
in order to beat the sea with  
the Wands and seal the beating  
with Narrative Lubes.

Almost at once,  
Commander Exprès had  
a Coughing Fit, and Venus  
read the projection of  
his spit on the Glass Ingots  
as a bad omen.

The beating and the Narratives  
began nonetheless... and just as  
Bismark started reading from  
*The Book of Proper Distance*—  
comparing Oceanic to

- Tarquin the Persecutor of  
Mutabilitie the Suppliant;
- Yorick the Executioner of Toby, who  
was Friend to Tubal the Witness;
- Ha’m the Threatener  
of Thelema’s Rescue—

six shooting stars passing overhead  
played the Sounds of the Mystic  
Chord first heard by the legendary  
crew of the PROMETHEUS,  
recorded in *The Claviculae  
of Screamon the Wise*.

Bismark read on, while the Sailors  
struck the surface of the sea with  
the Wands, comparing Oceanic to

- Joe Schmoe the Seeker, who drove

*Cantos*, XIII.

“There are two sides  
to every issue: one side  
is right and the other  
is wrong, but the middle  
is always evil.”

Ayn Rand,  
*Atlas Shrugged*.

“You are a slave, Medea.”

Frances Boldereff,  
*A Primer of Morals  
for Medea*  
in *Charles Olson and  
Frances Boldereff:  
A Modern Correspondence*.

“You’ll see the battlements  
of Kytaiian Aiētés, / and  
the shady grove of Ares,  
where the Fleece is, / spread out  
on the top of an oak tree,  
watched by a serpent, /  
a fearful creature to look at,  
ever grazing round, on guard.”  
Apollonius of Rhodes,  
*Argonautika*, Book II.

“The object of desire and  
the object of thought move  
in this way; they move  
without being moved.”

Aristotle,  
*Metaphysics*.

“Profiteers drinking blood  
sweetened with sh-t, /  
And behind them . . . . . f  
and the financiers / lashing them  
with steel wires. / And  
the betrayers of language /  
. . . . . n and the press  
gang / And those who  
had lied for hire; /  
The perverts, the perverters

Owsley off the cliffs of Theoria;

- Kung the Avenger of Redward  
of the Unexamined Life;
- Selavy the Culprit who  
betrayed ? the Revelator and  
defied Momo the Interrogator  
of Nature’s Mysterium;
- Moroni the Wrongdoer, who  
confused 6 Unseen 9 Tooth;
- Gen.net the False Innocent,  
who rejected Rē the Mistaken;
- Achilles of Egypt, the Punisher  
in the Great Irenic Escape.

As the ship approached  
Six O’ Clock, however, it was  
clear that its course back toward  
the light was unchanging,  
to the consternation of the entire  
crew—including Vico of  
Communications, who was eager  
for a turn at the podium.

So Vico, replacing Bismark,  
stood up and read from  
*The Tablet of Destiny*,  
comparing Ωceanic to

- Cody the Jealous One, who  
inveighed against Jimmy the Ink,  
his Partner in Temporary Crime,  
in retribution for Orc’s Mistake;
- Lilith the Vanquished, who  
succumbed to Eve the Victorious;
- Guttenberg the Immortal,  
whose life was a poem difficult  
to understand... at which point,  
Kongō interrupted Vico, to read  
from *The Book of Writing*.

But as Kongō got started,  
a meteor shower filled  
the sky with the serial  
Sound of descending  
5-tone musical lines:  
A<sup>b</sup> G<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> D<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>...  
G<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> D<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup>...

of language, / The perverts,  
 who have set money-lust /  
 Before the pleasures  
 of the senses; / ...

And Invidia, / the corruptio,  
 foetor, fungus, / liquid animals,  
 melted ossifications, / slow rot,  
 foetid combustion, /  
 ...monopolists, obstructors  
 of knowledge, /  
 obstructors of distribution...

Ezra Pound,  
*Cantos*, XIV.

“Cursed be Canaan! The lowliest  
 of slaves shall he be  
 to his brothers! Blessed be  
 the Lord, the God of Shem,  
 unto them shall Canaan  
 be slave! May God enlarge  
 Japheth, may he dwell  
 in the tents of Shem, unto  
 them shall Canaan be slave!”

R. Crumb,  
*The Book of Genesis*  
*Illustrated* (trans. R. Alter).

“Our brother is a fool,  
 for he thinketh that he can  
 build a ship; yea, and he also  
 thinketh that he can cross  
 these great waters.”

*The Book of Mormon*,  
 1 Nephi 17.

“The present King of Great  
 Britain... has endeavored to  
 bring on the inhabitants of  
 our frontiers, the merciless  
 Indian Savages whose  
 known rule of warfare,  
 is an undistinguished  
 destruction of all ages,  
 sexes and conditions.”  
*The Declaration of Independence*.

E<sup>b</sup> D<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup> G<sup>b</sup>...

D<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup> G<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup>...

B<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup> G<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> D<sup>b</sup>...

Nevertheless, Kongō was thrilled  
 to read on, while the crew’s  
 beating of the sea grew faster  
 and more intense, and the Sound  
 of shooting stars cascaded  
 in the same descending pattern.

Commander Exprès  
 Coughed Up again, and again  
 Venus read the projection  
 of his spit on the Glass  
 as a bad omen.

But Kongō only became more  
 excited and continued to read,  
 comparing Oceanic to

- Wittenberg the Unfortunate,  
 who suffered Wannasee the Fool;
- Oreal, She-of-the-Tree, who  
 pursued the Single Vision, and was  
 confronted by Dêhja “VU” Thor’z

(A<sup>b</sup> G<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> D<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>...)

G<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> D<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup>...);

- Cucufa of Bohemia, who  
 was framed by Lord Elgin;
- Hermès the Beloved Enemy, who  
 faced Abdul Al’ haz-red of Beauport  
 and Thule the Patagonian;
- Jafar the Bold Leader,  
 who stole the *Book of Memory*  
 from the Companions  
 (E<sup>b</sup> D<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup> A<sup>b</sup> G<sup>b</sup>...).

The ten Sailors who whipped  
 the sea with the Wands,  
 transported by the pentatonic Sounds  
 of the shooting stars, started shouting  
 KIAI! KIAI!... KIAI! KIAI!...  
 back and forth to each other,  
 in a rhythmic call-and-response  
 from port to starboard,

“what pudor pejorocracy  
affronts / how awe, night-rest  
and neighborhood can rot / what  
breeds where dirtiness is law /  
what crawls / below”  
Charles Olson,  
“The Kingfishers.”

“Piety and fear, /  
Religion to the gods,  
peace, justice, truth, /  
Domestic awe, night rest,  
and neighborhood, /  
Instruction, manners,  
mysteries, and trades, /  
Degrees, observances,  
customs, and laws, /  
Decline to your  
confounding contraries, /  
And yet confusion live!...  
Thou cold sciatica, /  
Cripple our senators,  
that their limbs may halt /  
As lamely as their manners!”  
W. Shakespeare,  
*Timon of Athens*.

“Now folly’s pitched its tent  
of mirth, / Preparing onslaught  
bold and blind, / To force  
the princes, force their kind /  
To leave all wisdom,  
knowledge true / And  
seek advantage for the few...”  
S. Brant,  
*The Ship of Fools*.

“And we beheld the sea,  
which we called Irreantum,  
which, being interpreted,  
is many waters.”  
*The Book of Mormon*,  
1 Nephi 17.

“The cities of Copán  
and Palenque were east

while Kongō continued to read,  
comparing Ωceanic to

- Johnnie Dee Angel, who  
harassed the Lovers of Shax;
- Albemuth the Abductor, who  
released Megaloceros  
from van-Gelder the Guard;  
(*B♭ A♭ G♭ E♭ D♭...*);
- *i*Arabi of Sandover,  
Oneorocritic of the Troubadours;
- Bartleby the Eopt, who  
resolved the Puritan Enigma  
(*D♭ B♭ A♭ G♭ E♭...*).

Yet, as Exprès Coughed Up again—  
and Venus again read the projection  
of his spit on the Glass  
as a bad omen—the Sound  
of the shooting stars suddenly  
dropped into a lower register,  
and started moving in an upward  
series of pentatonic scales,  
instead of rippling down.

On both sides of the ship,  
the abrupt change of Sound broke  
the rhythm of the whip-masters,  
who quickly fell into a high-  
spirited free-for-all—*KIAI! KIAI!*  
*KIAI! KIAI! KIAI! KIAI!*  
*KIAI! KIAI! KIAI!*—inciting  
Sinbad the Steward-Entertainer  
to displace Kongō and  
take his turn at the podium.

As Sinbad stood up,  
however, to read from  
*The Book of (Unknown) Nature*  
and compare Ωceanic to

- Ta’wil the Beloved, who  
abandoned Tweets the Lover...  
an insight was offered by *Chōji-*  
*Midare*, the Spirit of the Keel,  
who identified the Sound of  
the ascending shooting stars...  
*A♯ C♯ D♯ F♯ G♯...*



and west of one another,  
and Cálakmul and Tikal  
stood north and south  
of each other. The four  
of them held the center  
in common. Among  
Mayans, there never was  
a “SINGLE CENTER”  
like the one the poet  
had sought in Sumeria.”  
Dennis Tedlock,  
*The Olson Codex.*

“Let us look at the encounters,  
the campaigns, and the wars  
of Alexander, who conquered  
Persia and India and who  
died finally in Babylonia,  
as everyone knows. This was  
the first great meeting with  
the East, and an encounter  
that so affected Alexander  
that he ceased to be Greek  
and became partly Persian.  
The Persians have now  
incorporated him into their  
history ... The Islamic  
countries still honor him under  
the name Alexander the Two-  
Horned, because he ruled  
the two horns of East and West...  
In the fifteenth century in the city  
of Alexandria, the city of  
Alexander the Two-Horned,  
a series of tales was gathered.  
Those tales have a strange history,  
as it is generally believed.  
They were first told in India,  
then in Persia, then in Asia Minor,  
and finally were written down  
in Arabic and compiled in Cairo.”  
Jorge Luis Borges,  
“The Thousand and One Nights.”

“Gozzi maintained that there can  
be but thirty-six tragic situations.

C# D# F# G# A#...  
D# F# G# A# C#...  
F# G# A# C# D#...  
G# A# C# D# F#...  
as elements of a “Music  
of the Spheres” emanating  
from the 36 Black Keys  
on an Arkestral Keyboard.

According to the Law  
of Unintended Consequence  
it must have been *Chōji-Midare*'s  
information quantum concerning  
the 36 Arkestral Black Keys  
that entered the mecosphere  
and provoked the astrophysical  
change of Harmonics  
at Nine O'Clock, when  
the arpeggio of Screamon's  
Mystic Chord was Sounded again,  
this time in Stereo,  
by six pairs of shooting stars.

The Heavens fell silent; and  
realizing her psychological error  
at last, Anna-O ordered the crew  
to stop whipping the Silver sea.

While the ship continued  
sailing toward the light  
on the horizon Captain  
Anna-O explained that  
“the Wheel had rolled,” and  
that she remembered now  
what she had understood  
before, but forgotten:  
that her neurotic obsession  
with an Alien sea  
was symptomatic of a Static  
concept of Mutiny and a pre-  
Mutinous binary of “fact and  
fantasy, poetry and sci-fi”  
traceable not to her association  
with the sea, but to her

Schiller took great pains to find more, but he was unable to find even so many as Gozzi.”

J. W. Goethe,  
*Conversations with Eckermann*,  
quoted in Georges Polti,  
*The Thirty-Six Dramatic Situations*.

“Sheherazade saw the day break, and fell silent.”

*Tales of the 1001 Nights*.

“At this point, Shahrazād saw the approach of morning and discreetly fell silent.”

*Tales of the 1001 Nights*.

“But morning overtook Shahrazad, and she lapsed into silence.”

*Tales of the 1001 Nights*.

“Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.”

*Tales of the 1001 Nights*.

“Here Shahrazād perceived the light of morning, and discontinued the recitation with which she had been allowed thus far to proceed.”

*Tales of the 1001 Nights*.

“Morning now dawned and Shahrazad broke off from what she had been allowed to say.”

*Tales of the 1001 Nights*.

“It is the task of the translator to release in his own language that pure language which is exiled among alien tongues, to liberate

repressed connection with a ship under “Absolut control of the Death-drive.”

Uncannily,  
as soon as the order to stop had been given, as if to confirm the Cosmic dimension in the crew’s desire for the emergence of unexpected connections, fortunate mediations and unforeseen re-creation—in contrast with the distressed energetics of a will for Control—Commander Exprès Coughed Up again, and Venus of Intelligence interpreted the spit on the Glass as a sign that the solution for sailing away from the light was to put the ship in reverse.

As we once again approached Twelve O’Clock, the Captain, mindful of the omen, gave the order to sail full-speed astern.

Cowabunga was thus dispatched to the Stepmill and Tarzan to the Treadmill, on which they climbed and ran respectively, re-routing power from the Antikithera recycling assemblage, located under the Cross-Hatchings of the Skull Gallery, to the gas lamp, parasol, love gasoline, Sex cylinders, waterfall, sieves and war-holes

the language imprisoned  
in a work in his re-creation  
of that work.”  
W. Benjamin,  
“The Task of the Translator.”

“Even the fart  
of foreigners can be  
taken as ‘fragrance.’”  
Mao Tse-Tung,  
“Cigarette Tax,”  
in *Collected Works*  
of Mao Tse-Tung.

“Nine in the fourth place  
means: / Wavering flight  
over the depths. / No blame.”  
*The I Ching*  
(trans. R. Wilhelm).

“Representative of Sanjō  
swords is the famous blade  
known as Mikazuki Munechika  
 (“Crescent-Moon Munechika”),  
a slender deeply curved blade  
with a small *kissaki* (point  
section). That blade has  
a *hamon* (tempering  
pattern) characteristic  
of Munechika’s style,  
including *ko-midare*  
(compact irregular patterns)  
with a form of *tobi-yaki*  
mixed with *uchi-noke*:  
separate areas of bright steel,  
said to resemble ocean spray,  
and fine, irregular lines.”  
Ogawa Morihiro,  
“The Spirit of the Samurai.”

“Tarot interpreters often ignore  
the obvious connotations  
of the Death Card, preferring  
to view it as a card of “change”  
or “transformation.”  
Barbara G. Walker,

on the Android open-source  
operating platform—but  
to no effect: the engagement  
of the ship’s gnomotor  
into reverse was stalled.

*Saka-Chōji*, the new Spirit of  
the Keel, likened the situation  
in the Skull Gallery  
to a pejorocracy, in which  
the Royal reserve databank was  
issuing Treasury obligations  
and validating Dollar assets  
leveraged on leprosy.

It was not until Commander Exprès  
Coughed Up again that the key  
for getting the ship to move  
backward finally came to light.

Venus read the spit  
as a sign that Tarzan and  
Cowabunga should switch  
roles, with Cowabunga taking  
his place at the Treadmill and  
Tarzan hers on the Stepmill.

As subsequently confirmed by  
*Saka-Chōji*, the rearrangement  
in effect reversed  
the male / female symmetry  
that assigned gender-based  
positions to the whip-masters,  
with the men—Scard’nelli,  
Ben-Cnopee, Sokrates, Sony,  
Mach—on the port side,  
and the women—Neanderthal,  
Thebes, Bedlam, Rosetta,  
Cabale—on the starboard side.

Additional commentary from  
the most recent Spirit of  
the Keel, *Futo-Suguha*, explained  
that in order for a fundamental  
reclassification of values to get done  
Sexuality had to be put in

*The Secrets of the Tarot.*

“Zeno’s arguments about motion, which cause so much disquietude to those who try to solve the problems that they present, are four in number... The second is the so-called ‘Achilles,’ and it amounts to this, that in a race the quickest runner can never overtake the slowest, since the pursuer must first reach the point whence the pursued started, so that the slower runner must always hold a lead.”  
Aristotle,  
*Physics.*

“*Pathologizing* is the need of the psyche to express itself through symptoms of physical and mental disorder; the “dark” Tarot trumps—The Hanged Man, The Devil, The Tower, Death, The Moon—symbolize these de-formative processes...”  
Cynthia Giles,  
*The Tarot.*

“Sail out for good,  
eidolon yacht of me!”  
Walt Whitman,  
*Leaves of Grass.*

“Talk about what you have written, by all means, but do not read from it while the work is in progress. Every gratification procured in this way will slacken your tempo.”  
Walter Benjamin,

its place, by woman for woman,  
*through the actualization of her twofold-ness...* because  
Revolution remembers that  
it is a woman, and knows  
that Death has the rapaciousness  
of Sex; Revolution *resuscitates the mutilated feminine of man, of his enslaved tenderness, as a Virgin without body or Sex, from which Spirit alone profits*  
and this Spirit creates  
the Natural Revolt of things  
that have heretofore been  
*badly managed*; and teaches us,  
with a Natural force that  
will drive each of us mad,  
that the Revolution  
we are unable to make  
*the Universe will make for us.*

Anna-O reacted at once,  
and took Exprès’s advice about  
switching Exercisers on  
the Treadmill and the Stepmill;  
and soon Cowabunga was  
walking fast, starboard-side,  
and Tarzan was climbing hard,  
larboard-side.

As the ship’s systems shifted into  
realignment, we began to move  
backward, pulling *away* from  
the luminescence on the horizon.

A great cheer went up  
on deck; and Avon the Poetess,  
who had continued to mouth  
a poetry of cryptic Sounds  
that no one understood since  
the Death of Kodak the Exegete,  
broke into Wordless Song.

The smooth sailing,  
however, was short-lived.

"The Writer's Technique  
in Thirteen Theses,"  
in *One-Way Street*.

"Tell all the truth  
but tell it slant—"  
E. Dickinson (1263).

"We have come full circle."  
Charles Olson, "The K."

"sound radiates / illuminates /  
articulates the symbol of /  
and what it radiates it is /  
on what it illuminates /  
it casts the touch of fire"  
Sun Ra,  
*Nuits de la Fondation  
Maeght*, Vol. 1.

"It is the flames from  
the mouth of his bark  
which guide him  
on these mysterious ways."  
*The Egyptian Amduat*,  
"Fourth Hour."

There came a jolt and  
the grinding Sound of sand  
Scraping the hull, as the ship  
ran aground on the shoals—  
the shoals on which we still  
find ourselves battered now  
by different waves  
from all directions.

Natural payback, says the Captain,  
for striking the sea with Wands...

A Symposium is planned,  
during which the Cardinal  
Points will be situated and  
new constellations imagined.

The hope is that by mapping  
the Heavens, we will discover  
the Guiding Spirit to enlighten us  
and deliver us from our plight,  
like the Time Travellers  
in *Death and Philosophy*,  
waiting for Godël.