

André Spears

Ship of Fools I

Ship of Fools 1

Note: *Ship of Fools 1* combines excerpts first published in *House Organ* #88 and #90, with dedications to Lou Reed and Ralph Maud, respectively.

in memoriam Ken Warren

“I wish that I'd sail
the darkened seas /
On a great big
clipper ship /
Going from this land
here to that /
In a sailor's suit
and cap.”
Nico and the Velvet
Underground,
“Heroin.”

“The river is
within us, the sea
is all about us.”
T.S. Eliot,
Four Quartets.

“The river we stepped
into is not the river
in which we stand.”
Herakleitos, *Fragments*.

“A branch of Ocean,
allotted a tenth
of its waters. / Nine parts
circle earth
and the sea's broad
back / In silvery
currents returning
to Ocean's brine.”
Hesiod, *Theogony*.

“‘ TO THE SEA
YE MYSTICS,’
the cry that

I think the luminescence
on the horizon,
which leads me back to you,
continues to recede
as we head in its direction,
because the Fathers of Cohiba,
commenting on the NOSTROMO's
passage through the Straits
of the Scarlet Sea
in Chapter X, Book II
from the Pedagogue's Handbook,
describe conditions similar to our own,
given: 1) the recent overboard fall
into the Pelagic Omega
of Finnegan and Leiningen,
Mazūka, Meade and Fiat,
from Engineering, who jumped into
the ocean or pushed each other
like Sun, Li and company;
and 2) the gaseous Dust Cloud
of the Useramen nebula, in which
“the Light loves to hide”—
as if clothing, un-clothing,
re-clothing itself in successive
layers of Spiritual cover,
yet shrinking nonetheless.

Neither Venus's reading
of the spit projected
by Commander Exprès
onto the first Glass Ingot
inside the Cauldron's
nestled Metal bowls,
nor *Tōran-Ba*,
the Spirit of the Keel
following the so-called

heralded the act
of purification...”

J. Harrison,
“The Eleusinian
Mysteries,”
in *Prolegomena
to the Study
of Greek Religion*.

“All of a sudden /
killer-squalls
attacked us,
screaming out
of the west /
a murderous blast
shearing the two
forestays off /
so the mast
toppled backward,
its running tackle
spilling / into the bilge.
The mast itself
went crashing into
the stern, / it struck
the helmsman’s head
and crushed his skull
to pulp / and down
from his deck
the man flipped
like a diver— /
his hardy life spirit
left his bones
behind. / Then, then
in the same breath
Zeus hit the craft /
with a lightning bolt
and thunder.
Round she spun, /
reeling under
the impact,
filled with reeking
brimstone, / shipmates
pitching out of her,
bobbing round
like seahawks /
swept along

“Big Fart,” agrees with me.

Thus, we sail ahead toward
the light, over Murmuring waters,
to a constant Ringing
of the Bells, with the feeling
of being watched;
here in a Morphic field
of Rubber cylinders floating
like tall, alcove-riddled towers
in a web of Black slime;
the deck furniture secured, but
the ouzo in the jars polluted
with Canaanite Seashells;
the Bluestone anchor encrusted
with Sea Weed and dead moss,
the fissure down the mast and
the crack along the propeller shaft
sprouting radio-active Plant Life,
the arcade’s stained glass
melted away, the flag poles
inscribed with Flaming Letters,
the Lens out of joint
with the light of new stars;
our sights set on Absolut Point,
to which we now theoretically return
under the pure, stop-and-go
movement of a meteor
advancing with its tail
pointing forward.

Stories of gas “passed”
by a whole crew
simultaneously
are collected in Helikon’s
Pamphlet on Ultrathin Borderlines
based on the logbooks
of the WINCHESTER, the ESSEX,
the LUXOR, the LYNCEE,
the ULUBURUN and the ALERT;
in our case, however,
the Black sky and
the Silver sea had opened
the field of *Dasein*,
so the situation was different.

by the whitecaps
past the trim black
hull— / and the god
cut short their journey
home forever.”

The Odyssey
(Book XII).

“And Moses stood
in the gate
of the camp
and said, ‘Whoever
is for YHWH: to me!’
And all the children
of Levi were gathered
to him. And he said
to them, ‘YHWH,
God of Israel, said this:
“Set, each man,
his sword on his thigh;
cross over
and come back
from gate to gate
in the camp; and kill,
each man, his brother,
and, each man,
his neighbor, and,
each man, his relative.’”
And the children
of Levi did
according to Moses’
word, and about
three thousand men
fell from the people
in that day.”
Exodus, 32.

“And when in his wide
courtyards Odysseus
had cut down /
the insolent youths,
he hung on high
his sated bow /
and strode to
the warm bath
to cleanse his blood-

Following the Alien debacle
and our arrival
in the Mare Tenebrarum—
just after Captain Anna-O,
cursing in chronic fits
beside a dumbfounded
Commander Exprès,
had assembled the crew
between the Third level
of the ship’s First bottom
and the Middle level
of the Middle bottom,
above the head and torso
of Avon the Poetess,
the “Big Fart” became manifest
through a gas-induced
chain reaction of signs.

All at once, we stood still
and started talking fast,
until the random moment
when the Diving Bell cracked
and the velvet pipeline
filtered the Sound,
the spokes on the Omnicycle
appeared to spin in reverse,
and we found ourselves pacing
to-and-fro, humming in unison,
creating a background Drone
over which could be heard,
from beyond the Quietist room,
the timbrel, the cymbal and gong—
until the next random moment,
when an auxiliary ladder
crossed through the air
from starboard to port,
and some of us stopped,
while others kept moving,
and Communications and
Intelligence put their foreheads
to the bulkheads, and together
dreamed the same dream.

By their own account,
they dreamed of Red Dots,
like dominoes, Mutating

stained body.”
 N. Kazantzakis,
The Odyssey:
A Modern Sequel.

“Then, I must ask you
 again, Virgil,
 toward which goal
 have you been striving
 with your poetry,
 since it seems
 it was not toward
 an understanding
 of life?”

Herman Broch,
The Death of Virgil.

“Oh build your ship
 of death, oh build it! /
 for you will need it. /
 For the voyage
 of oblivion awaits you.”

D. H. Lawrence,
 “The Ship of Death.”

“And some grew weary
 of the ghastly dance /
 And fell, as I have fallen
 by the way side, /
 Those soonest
 from whose forms
 most shadows past /
 And least of strength
 & beauty did abide.— /
 ‘Then, what is Life?’
 I said... [T]he cripple
 cast / His eye upon
 the car which now
 had rolled / Onward,
 as if that look must be
 the last, / And answered...
 ‘Happy those for whom
 the fold / Of ’”

Percy Bysshe Shelley,
 “The Triumph of Life.”

under Cosmic Rays
 into thirteen Open Hands,
 then into nine Dancing Heads,
 then into twelve Heads-on-Sticks,
 exchanging kisses...

The Waves of Fear
 hit only later,
 because, paradoxically,
 when the signs of Passed Gas
 subsided, a good measure
 of calm settled over the ship
 into the crew’s Lower Elixir,
 and like others—
 Maria, Soho and Greenwich,
 Marlboro and Wang—
 I experienced a tingling
 in my breasts,
 my Sex felt lusty and wet,
 while the phalluses
 of Chauvée and Venus,
 Sinbad the Steward
 and Kodak the Second Mate
 stood fully erect—
 a seemingly clear indication
 that jubilation and
 self-renewal were in order,
 as on the STARMAN
 or the SATELLITE OF LOVE
 in the abandoned gloss
 to the Senzar Almanac.

Yet new sensations
 followed, from the moment
 the matrix codes
 in the Majic Lantern
 of the depth gauge
 confronted the crew’s
 generalized Sexual arousal
 with the nomadic,
 Poromechanical spectacle
 of bottomless Abysses
 opening, closing, re-opening
 across the ocean floor,
 as the ship made its way
 through random Fog Clusters

“The poet as poet
 is the one who points,
 thus something that
 shows, and is thereby
 a ‘sign.’ The poet
 is a sign that has a soul
 in which a ‘mind’
 is appropriate,
 in which it bears
 the stars of the heavens...
 The sign, the demi-
 god, the river, the poet:
 all these name poetically
 the one and
 singular ground
 of the becoming homely
 of human beings
 as historical
 and the founding
 of this ground
 by the poet.”
 M. Heidegger,
Holderlin’s Hymn
 “The Ister.”

“It takes wings
 to seize /
 The nearest things /
 Immediately /
 And reach
 the other side.”
 F. Hölderlin,
 “The Ister.”

“I often stand
 at this height...
 but a moment
 of reflection
 hurls me down.”
 F. Hölderlin,
Hyperion.

“The need to climb
 is too widespread.
 To feel it no longer
 is a rare deliverance.”

of variable densities.

The change of mood
 and weather recalled
 the Abyssal Time, when
 New York came into view
 for the LANCASTER II,
 and the twin figure(s)
 of Smashed Tablet
 and Burned Manuscript
 replaced the Azreal-Asmath
 equation (Ocean = Lubricant)
 in the Catalogue of Men.

It was the Abyssal Time
 in which distress
 took hold of our souls
 at the Cutting Edge
 of the ship’s Crystal body,
 and anxiety kept us on alert
 before the cryptogenic emergence
 of new constellations;
 it was the Time of mysterious
 seething and the Tracelessness
 of the figurehead
 after the recombination
 of van Rr’Ubik’s Half-Shadow;
 the Time of the Movement-
 that-transport-Being during
 the Dormition of Möbius;
 it was the multi-functional
 Abyssal Time of Sing-Along
 Songs for Drella, Yusef
 and Madiba, when the struggle
 between opposing powers
 in the First Testament
 of the Old War impaired
 the ability to traverse
 incompatible dimensions,
 and when the lapses,
 wounds, pains and
 rewards-after-appeasement
 in the Second Testament
 of the New War
 foreclosed undiscovered
 territories of the “new.”

S. Beckett,
The Lost Ones.

“If I cannot sway
the Heavens, I’ll stir
the Netherworld.”
Virgil, *Aeneid*;
quoted by S. Freud,
in *The Interpretation
of Dreams.*

“Power comes
from below.”
M. Foucault,
*The History
of Sexuality.*

“The axis of my writing
does not run from death
to life or from life
to death, but rather
from death to truth
and from truth to death.
I think that the alternative
to death isn’t life but
truth. What we have
to rediscover through
the whiteness and
inertia of death isn’t
the lost shudder of life,
it’s the meticulous
deployment of truth.”
M. Foucault,
in conversation with
Claude Bonnefoy.

“all is not dead
one drinks one gives
to drink goodbye”
S. Beckett,
How It Is.

“Now choose, /
right, left, / win, lose.”
H.D.,
Hermetic Definition.

Finally, inevitably,
after emerging
from the 21st Fog Cluster,
we beheld *starboard side*
at Three O’Clock,
like the Isle of Blessed Wounds
in Yax Passage’s Torn Letters from
*Manifesto of the Unconscious
and Random,*
a monstrous mound of Sea Jelly
rising from the ocean’s surface,
as if from the Underground depths
of a River of Light,
or a Lake of Fire.

Temporarily Enlightened by
the spectacular event,
like us all, Captain Anna-O
became our Model of Moderation
along the split, schizo-warped
Axis of the Ephesians—
Dead to the stings-of-life
and stronger-than-Herself
in the game of Pleasure Relations
—while Ringo and Thebes
of the Syracuse School
immediately theorized about
the Sea-Flower Brain
or Watery Eyeball of Super Mind
as “Bell Jar,”
and Avon rhapsodized
about her legs-turned-to-bone
floating under the Ark of Millions
and reaching down
as “long super feelers”
in an electro-magnetic
helical thread of Love Fuel,
that opened the way
through an “uncanny” mode
of recirculation back to Malaysia,
Mazlum and Palmyra.

The logbook shows that
the second mound of Sea Jelly,
turned upside-down on its back,

“The Soul selects
her own Society— /
Then—shuts the Door—”
E. Dickinson (409, 303).

“The genuine poet
chooses to lose...
This is the deeper
meaning of that tough-
luck, of that curse
with which he always
claims kinship and which
he always attributes
to an intervention
from without; whereas
it is his deepest choice,
the source, and not
the consequence
of his poetry.”
J-P. Sartre,
What Is Literature?

“I found in this myth
situated at the confines
of the world the theories
of philosophers
I had made my own:
every man must forever
choose, in his short life,
between indefatigable
hope and the wise
absence of hope,
between the delights
of chaos and those
of stability,
between the Titan
and the Olympian.”
M. Yourcenar,
Memories of Hadrian.

“Above all, don’t fool
yourself, don’t say /
it was a dream,
your ears deceived you: /
don’t degrade yourself

appeared *portside* at Nine O’Clock
in the spot of time before
the ship was again enveloped
in a cosmodromic Fog Cluster—
just as Neanderthal shouted,
“Something happening here...”
and Commander Exprès
started spitting in the wind.

During the conversation
that followed under
the penumbra of the Fog,
Woodstock and Soho,
who had witnessed the second
Mutation of the Silver sea,
discussed with Ringo and Thebes,
who had not, the Theoretico-
Poetic significance of what
had taken place, *viz.* whether,
relative to the Soft Metal Machine
of the crew’s collective Mind,
the upside-down sea mound,
and the long, life-like
coils of Silver water
that reached up from it
and seemed to probe the stars—
taken as the Mind’s
complemental Sub-Conscious
together with the first sea mound
as Mind’s Super-Conscious—
functioned, alpha-numerically,
either as an Analytic
or Histrionic assemblage;
or as an Academic composite
of both; or as the vectorial
White Light \ White Heat of neither.

When the Fog Cluster lifted again,
it settled as a Blue-Red
Haze above the ship
and revealed, *directly astern*,
right side up, a third mound
of gelatinous water, as massive
as the previous two combined...
both of which were now gone.

with empty hopes
like these.”
C.P. Cavafy,
“The God Abandons
Antony.”

“I have had to learn
the simplest things /
last.”
C. Olson,
“Maximus, to himself.”

“The Light is easy
to move, but difficult
to fix.”
*The Secret of the Golden
Flower.*

“Poetry / is this.”
C. Olson,
*The Secret of the Black
Chrysanthemum.*

“It is considered
more lucky to dream
of a vulva as open.”
Sheikh Nefzaoui,
“The Names Given
to a Woman’s
Sexual Organs,”
in *The Perfumed
Garden.*

“His finest work
is his use of time.”
Henri Pierre Roché,
“*Souvenirs de
Marcel Duchamp.*”

“I am. I am. I am.”
Sylvia Plath,
The Bell Jar.

“I am myself alone.”
W. Shakespeare,
Henry VI, Part 3.

According to Mazūka,
who was sitting
with her head between her knees
and her legs in her arms
against the bulkhead between
the photo-polarimeter and
the Stelae of Tesla and Tlaloc,
under the boom, this giant mound
represented the appearance
of the third oceanic Dot
in an Archaean three-Dot pattern
identified as the Renowned
Philosopher’s Hieroglyphic Triad
of Unlocalizability—a pattern
whose manifestation at sea
Mazūka, her eyes bulging
in an early sign of Madness,
dubbed “Plataforma of
the Moist Principle.”

Despite naming the event,
however, and opening
theoretical access into
the Heavenly Arms of truth,
through the love of truth,
within a hermeneutics of Erojan
Otherness, her words acted
as Penetralia to Madness
in the Mind(s) of Meade
and Leiningen, Finnegan and Fiat,
all of whom save Fiat
found their short- and mid-
term memory wiped out.

In an archetypal instance
of Synchronicity, when the order
was given to accelerate
and put maximum distance
between ourselves and
the giant mound behind us,
two more gelatinous mounds
surfaced directly ahead,
as if reborn side-by-side
from their earlier incarnations—
one *right-side up*,
the other *upside-down*

“I am a thousand times
the richest, let us be
as greedy as the sea.”

A. Rimbaud,
A Season in Hell.

“Many men have
related hideous things,
not mentioned in print,
which happened
on the battle fields
of the Great War.”

H.P. Lovecraft,
“Herbert West:
Reanimator.”

“The love-region
takes on its character
of mind, becomes
this womb-brain
or love-brain
that I have visualized
as a jellyfish.”

H. D.,
*Notes on Thought
and Vision.*

“It was
the unnamable!”
H. P. Lovecraft,
“The Unnamable.”

“This is not
quite accurate”
S. Beckett,
The Lost Ones.

“The best way out
is always through.”
Robert Frost,
“A Servant to Servants;”
restated as, “The way
out is the way through,”
in *Star Trek*,
“To Attain the All.”

with its long coils of water
blindly reaching for the sky.

So the counter-order was issued
to stop the ship immediately,
moving the members of Engineering
to abandon their posts
and follow their Spiritual call
to transformation on the *Horizon
of Purity* beyond the *Gateway
of Concealment* by taking
“a walk on the Wild Side”
to the Alcove of the Panel
of the Close-Up, which
they no longer remembered
was on the fo’c’s’le deck...
until reminded by Fiat,
who led the way.

As in the Great Disturbance
at Sov-Ar-Dee described
by Hadron the Circle-Drawer,
an invisible scythe
seemed to slice through the water,
which started bubbling all around us,
just as the Silver coils
of the inverted mound reached over
and seized the mound beside it
—then lifted it in the air
completely out of the ocean
and turned it upside down,
setting the second mound,
with its life-like coils reaching
for the stars, on top of
the coils of the first.

Towering before us,
like a Gothic Tree of Life
at the intersection of the Control
and Conception Meridians
on the Ionic Grid in N’ikon’s
Fund of Funds, the double
upside-down Cuhthulic phenomenon
polluted the Art of Pleasure in
the Know-How of Anna-O, and
brought deep Dread to the ship.

“I am boring into
a mountain
from two sides.
The question is,
how to meet
in the middle.”
J. Joyce on
Finnegans Wake;
in Frank Budgen,
*James Joyce and
the Making of Ulysses*.

“I have come
that I may greet
myself with myself.”
The Egyptian Amduat,
“First Hour.”

“And Xibalba
is packed with tests,
heaps and piles of tests.”
Popul Vuh.

“Today, as in the time
of Pliny and Columelle,
the hyacinth thrives
in Wales, the periwinkle
in Illyria, the daisy
on the ruins of Numantia,
and while the cities
around them have
changed masters and
names, several having
passed into nothingness,
civilizations having
clashed and broken,
their peaceful generations
have crossed the ages
and come down to us,
fresh and laughing,
as in days of battle.”
Edgar Quinet,
*Introduction to
the Philosophy
of the History*

The Captain issued the command
to veer to starboard, and ordered
Engineering to their stations;
but Fiat and Meade, Mazuka
and Leiningen, led by Finnegan,
scrambling from the fo’c’s’le deck
in the grip of Madness, searched
in vain throughout the ship
for the Engine Room, whereupon
Scardanelli, Nobadinus and I,
like the Swift Nudes of Anatis,
had the Presence of Mind
to act on Engineering’s behalf
and tend to the binnacle magnets,
adjust drainage levels on the draft
pistons, and secure the cassettes
in the cyberspace sockets.

We pulled away to starboard,
gaining speed as the wind
Energized the jib, the flying
jib and the spanker;
but, as we sailed
to safer waters,
the towering phenomenon
from which we escaped, and
the long Shadow it cast, Mutated :
the two sets of watery coils
merged and formed a single column
of two intertwining strands.

At the same time,
during the process of Mutation,
the mass of Sea Jelly
hovering in mid-air
dissolved and continued to shrink,
while its Image \ Movement
underwent dissemination
and transference onto
the column’s Mystical summit.

All hands were on deck,
when the Silver waters
of the column’s twin strands,
rising to a height of some

of Humanity.

“the saying that grass
mocks catastrophe /
is a whim
of the inconsolable
and fickle”
Zbigniew Herbert,
“The Hill Facing
the Palace.”

“The spring,
the summer, /
The chiding autumn,
angry winter change /
Their wonted liveries,
and the mazèd world /
By their increase
now knows not
which is which.”
W. Shakespeare,
*A Midsummer Night’s
Dream.*

“The sea’s /
boiling the land’s /
boiling all the winds /
of the earth are turning /
the snow into sand—”
Charles Olson,
The Maximus Poems
(Volume 3, posthumous).

“As man advanced
in control over nature,
the mystery and
the godhead of things
natural faded
into science.
Only the mystery
of life, and love
that begets life,
remained, intimately
realized and utterly
unexplained;
hence Aphrodite

2000 cubits, portside
behind us, converged
to form the Simulacrum
of a culminating Faucet—
like the Hardware on the Thigh
of the Goth Colossus—
creating the miraculous apparition
of a Colossal free-floating Faucet
running water into the sea.

In the visionary Fold
of that moment, Sub-Conscious
and Super-Conscious
Mind(s) came together,
and the Open Call was heard
to take a closer look;
so we looped back
and resumed our course toward
the luminescence on the horizon,
with the Faucet off to port.

What could not be foreseen
was the change of Weather
we saw next: a Force 11
gust of wind swept in, and
blew across the Faucet’s stream,
projecting a massive body
of water in our direction,
that kept approaching
like a long sinister cloud—
the Weather Event whose impact
was to wreak such havoc
with the ship...

Amid the ensuing commotion,
the order was given to activate
the Ventilation system,
but before the photon fans,
the tachyon fans, the trilithon fans,
and the pyramidion fans
could be engaged, Meade, falling
from the Belvedere, cried out,
“*The end of Theory!*”
and plunged into the sea,
followed soon after by Finnegan,
who took a running jump.

keeps her godhead
to the end.”

J. Harrison,
*Prolegomena
to the Study
of Greek Religion.*

“Inside the Music /
The Devil cant get in.”
Amiri Baraka,
Un Poco Low Coup.

“A blackened shroud,
a hand-me-down gown /
Of rags and silks,
a costume /
Fit for one who sits
and cries /
For all tomorrow's
parties.”
Nico and the Velvet
Underground,
“All tomorrow’s
parties.”

“Ocean, you
wanna be my bro?”
Lautréamont, *Maldoror.*

“I no longer said
to the flower,
you are my sister.”
F. Hölderlin, *Hyperion.*

“Poetry was a word
used by grown-ups.
And their distrust
was enormous,
like that of animals.

Moments later,
along the portside bulwarks,
Fiat, Mazüka and Leiningen
did the same, jumping overboard
one after the other.

Strangely, as if refusing to sink,
Leiningen’s legs continued
to kick in the air,
which prompted Cîpher, beside me
on the quarterdeck by the paddle,
to remark that the spectacle
seemed an “Ironic” re-presentation
of the legs turned-to-bone
dragged below the hull
by Avon the Poetess;
while Chauvée, overcome
with Emotion, recalled
how our lost crewmates
“were exquisite... the most Youthful
and elegant among us...
beautiful of body... the sweetness
of their thighs, their lips

My love—
since I broke off
this letter to you,
Action-adventure and Death
have bent and twisted time.

We are now stuck,
here in the Shoals
with the light finally aligned
behind us.

Different Wave Types
continue to pound us,
no doubt as the direct result

Whose instinct warns them
that one day
they will be hunted down.”
C. Lispector, “The Message.”

“ ‘Ygnaiih.... ygnaiih...
thflthkh'ngba...
Yog-Sothoth... ’
rang the hideous croaking
out of space.
‘*Y'bthnk... h'ehye—*
n'grkdl'lh. ’ ”
H. P. Lovecraft,
“The Dunwich Horror.”

“I take SPACE to be
the central fact to man
born in America,
from Folsom cave to now.
I spell it large because
it comes large here.
Large and without mercy.”
C. Olson,
Call Me Ishmael.

“Since then more
countries far away /
We've found
past Thule, past Norway, /
As Iceland and
Pilappenland, /
Which ancient writers
never scanned. /
They've found
in Portugal since then /
And in Hispania naked men, /
And sparkling gold
and islands too /
Whereof no mortal
ever knew.”
S. Brant, *The Ship of Fools.*

“Don't you think that
the true captain will be
called a real stargazer,
a babbler, and a good-for-

of the furious Whipping-
of-the-Sea projected
on the Glass Ingots
by Commander Exprès
and interpreted by Venus
from the spit,
then commanded by Anna-O
during our second go-around,
after the Accidental thrust
of Mutiny: Internal Waves
at Two and Three O'Clock,
“*Rebirth's* Magnetizer”
behind the hallucination
of the all-swallowing gate
at the Edge of Night
in the Introduction to Cosmos
by Capt. Ursula; Constructive
and Destructive Waves at Four
and Five O'Clock, respectively,
both preserving and spending
the Memory-Images
of *Comedy* and *Tragedy*
in the “Maat.Daat Chiasmus”
of Eleusis and Isis's
Labyrinth \ Asylum;
Standing Waves, alternately
at Six and Twelve O'Clock,
whose silence is final and
criss-crossed with oblique,
horizontal Sounds from
the most primitive vibrations
of Under-world, before
“*the Monster* is overcome,”
according to Cabu's
Taro Manifesto; Breaking
Waves at Seven O'Clock
and Progressive Waves on
the Orthogonal Axis of Eight,
where *Quest, Voyage and Return*
are “Sheets of the Past in
the Cone of a Fool's cap,”
as explained in Dr. Starbük's
Treatise on Phosphenes;
Refracted Waves at Nine
and \ or Ten O' Clock,
Instruments of Creation

nothing by those who sail in
ships governed in this way?"
Plato, *The Republic*.

"Nohow less. Nohow
worse. Nohow naught.
Nohow on. /
Said nohow on."
S. Beckett, *Worstward Ho*.

"Doomsday is near:
die all, die merrily."
W. Shakespeare,
King Henry IV, Part I.

"That for which
we find words
is something already
dead in our hearts."
F. Nietzsche,
Twilight of the Idols.

"A Pen has so many
inflections and
a Voice but one."
E. Dickinson (L559, #471).

"For there is a rose,
and then there is a rose!"
Zohar, Prologue.

"I like anything
that a word can do.
And words do do
all they do
and then they can do
what they never do do."
G. Stein,
Everybody's Autobiography.

"Lead off, my lyre, /
And we shall sing together."
Sappho, Fragment 210.

"You too, in response,
now tune

for the Colored glass shards
of the Smashed Mirror—
"from *the Riches* of Gloucester
to *the Rags* of Machiavel"—
in Prosper's Chain of Spectacles,
quoted by Maria from
The Adonis View of Polytics,
before Maria fell Asleep... Maria,
whose constrained clockwise path
channeled Geulincx, whose bones
left a spiral of Death glyphs...
Maria... *Maria!*

Maria... blew out
Red Alert on her Sleep-walk:
the Din of Ringing Bells,
that had enveloped us
since the Storm Cloud disaster,
stopped, and a deep Silence
stilled the Murmuring sea;
then, from bow to stern,
the alarms of Red Alert
went off, one by one,
just as the distorted Voice
of Scardanelli from the Library
blared over the loudspeakers
that Maria had fallen Asleep
and "the Sleeper was walking."

I broke off my letter
to you, and went
to the ambulatory,
where I was joined
by two other women:
Thebes and Rosetta.

Maria moved forward
with indolent grace,
as if to showcase
her distinctive uniform
from the leprosarium at Carnak
—a stylish ensemble consisting
of small Feathered Slippers,
trousers embroidered

within yourselves
 your interior lyres
 for the Divine Musician.”
Hermes Trismegistus:
Corpus Hermeticum,
 “Poimandres.”

“I saw Dionysus
 as an instinctive
 attempt to express
 what Bergson
 called *durée*.”
 Jane Harrison,
Introduction to Themis.

“The superimposition
 of the Logos Plan pattern
 causes all material reality,
 this entire space-time
 universe, to experience
 a certain stress to be
 other than it is, a certain
 urging to become...
 If there is a universe
 of anti-matter,
 there may be a universe
 of anti-time,
 retrograde time.”
 P. K. Dick,
The Exegesis.

“With a leap (she said
 it was an arabesque /
 I made, off the porch... /
 into the snow.”
 C. Olson,
 “Letter # 41 [broken off].”

“Rushing out into the snow,
 he had flung his arms aloft
 and commenced a series
 of leaps directly upward
 in the air.”
 H.P. Lovecraft,
 “Beyond the wall of sleep.”

in a pattern of Lotus
 and Mandrake, a scarf
 falling over her shoulders
 caught up at her waist
 by a girdle of fretted Metal,
 and a drapery of filmy gauze
 that veiled her head and throat,
 through which could be seen
 her tiny ears, arched eyebrows
 and closed eyes.

She continued to advance,
 until the moment she arrived
 at the bexium tubes and
 the site of the Pinball alarm,
 where she removed her veil...
 to begin her Dance of Death.

Her slender feet tiptoed
 through the glass cage, the crypt
 and the hall of mirrors,
 as if to the polyrhythmic Sounds
 of the Chime and Doorbell alarms;
 her sculpted arms seemed
 ever-beckoning and striving
 to entice to her side
 Death-in-Life, who was fleeing
 from her allurements,
 and who she appeared to pursue
 while walking on air,
 in a nostalgic re-enactment
 of Floating Dollar emerging
 from the mists of Breton Woods;
 she continued past the waterfall,
 while other crewmembers
 looked on, and reached the jars
 of “Special Reserve” ouzo
 (ouzo which has lost its aroma,
 and strikes the palate with
 a blast of volatile acidity,
 producing an astringent flavor
 that turns insipid and lifeless,
 with a raspy, cloying finish).

On the fore’tween deck,
 where the Sound of the Doorbell

“The Poet is like
that wild inheritor
of the cloud, /
A rider of storms,
above the range
of arrows and slings; /
Exiled on earth,
at bay amid
the jeering crowd, /
He cannot walk
for his unmanageable
wings.”

C. Baudelaire,
“The Albatross”;
trans. George Dillon,
in M. Gardener (ed.),
*The Annotated Rime
of the Ancient Mariner*.

“Is there something
that prevents
a passenger in a boat
which is taking him
westwards at great speed
from heading eastwards
in the boat ?
Thus it is
that God’s will
directs all things...
but without anything
standing in the way
of what we attempted...”
A. Geulincx,
Ethics, Book III.

“Nothing to be done”.
S. Beckett,
Waiting for Godot.

“No-one / bears witness
for the / witness.”
P. Celan, “Ashglory”.

“He stretched out
his arms toward Zion;
and, standing tall,

alarm was replaced by the plaintive
Sound of the Time Passing alarm,
Maria’s attitudes in her Dance
denoted an overpowering lassitude;
as her chest heaved with sighs,
her whole being expressed
a profound languor...
although it was unclear whether
the anxiogenous flow of her sighs
derived from the pollution of
the psychosphere at the limit
of Commodity, or whether
she was expiring of Love
from the embrace of Death-in-
Life, the object of her seduction.

Eyes closed, her form quivering,
the Sleepwalker’s body undulated,
while her face remained impassive
and her twinkling feet still moved
in their intricate steps toward
the Urim-Thummin, the gas
cylinder, the #1 lithium mold, and
the Sound of the Descent alarm;
onward, to the Anticipate alarm,
beyond the anticipator mechanism,
the diatransmeta, the interval
analyzer; to the propeller shaft
overgrown with Plants, to the melted
stained glass of the arcade and
the Sound of the Ascending alarm;
her yearning to bust loose—
be free, fly—her will
to *go! go! go!* was irreversible;
by embracing Death-in-Life
she welcomed the infinite acceleration
of the infosphere, the financial flow
of the micro-traded Dollar,
the deterritorializing effect of Taro;
she invited Deregulation, hyper-
complexity, she wanted to turn Life
into repayment of the Metaphysical
debt she would absolve.

Between the Swoosh and Swish
alarms, in the engine room

his head drawn back
and his fists clenched,
he hurled an anathema
against it, believing
that words had the power
to be effective.”
G. Flaubert, “Herodias.”

“The poet becomes
seer through a long,
immense and reasoned
deregulation
of all the senses.”
A. Rimbaud,
“*Lettre du Voyant.*”

“Oh, Time, Strength,
Cash, and Patience! ”
H. Melville,
Moby-Dick.

“Karl Marx never
in his life saw
the inside of a factory.”
David Markson,
Vanishing Point.

“Thus the Hegelian
proposition turns
into its opposite
through Hegelian
dialectics itself:
All that is real
in the sphere
of human history,
becomes irrational
in the process of time...”
F. Engels,
*Ludwig Feuerbach
and the End of Classical
German Philosophy.*

“A puppet wearing
Turkish attire
and a hookah
in its mouth sat

by the spare propeller shaft—
above which Möbius stills hangs
by her toes in suspended animation—
the dancing Sleepwalker seemed
transported with a delirium
of Love and Passion;
she danced as the Boolean
embodiment of leper consciousness,
as the religious incarnation of suffering
in an engine of Leper Creativity;
open to the enigma of openness,
she whirled in a labyrinthine voyage
of becoming-Hanged Woman,
toward the Sound of the Digital
and Electronic alarms by the Keel,
before the presiding Spirit
of *Sanbon-Sugi*, along non-escapist
Sorcerous lines toward the Schizo-
strategic plane of Pelagic openness,
the openness associated
with Love as the stronger
closure of the outside world;
to the Sound of the Boing
alarm in the promenade, between
the purifier and the trap-door,
her swift movements made the folds
of her draperies blur into
a social and instinctual body
emerging from a field of bodies
within the war machine
of Over-health, within the Hygiene-
complex of Death and taxes,
Dollarism and Taro, competition,
leprosy, clothing...

All the crewmembers who
watched Maria’s Dance of Death
felt drawn in solidarity
toward a re-opening of the Indefinite,
transported by the Khaosmic flow
of a collective Intelligence
in which closure remained
entangled with Impossibility
and the exteriority of an outside;
her arms, her feet, her garments
reactivated sensuousness in harmony

before a chessboard
 placed on a large table.
 A system of mirrors
 created the illusion
 that this table
 was transparent
 on all sides. Actually
 a hunchback dwarf—
 a master at chess—
 sat inside and guided
 the puppet's hand
 by means of strings...
 The puppet, called
 'historical materialism,'
 is to win all the time.
 It can easily be
 a match for anyone,
 if it enlists the services
 of theology, which
 today, as we know,
 is small and ugly
 and has to keep
 out of sight."
 Walter Benjamin,
 "On the Concept
 of History."

"You know that
 the waves are only
 waves, and the sea
 is only the sea,
 and you can't put god
 in a boat."
 Charles Olson,
 cited by Robert Duncan
 in *Charles Olson
 Memorial Lecture*.

"My mother is a fish."
 W. Faulkner,
As I Lay Dying.

"ecstasy ? fantasy ?
 insanity ?"
 H. D.,
Hermetic Definition.

with the exhaustibility of
 her psychic resources, to a rhythm
 that invited slowness and withdrawal
 beyond the frontiers of suffering,
 at the threshold of freedom's
 new landscape.

To the thrilling Sound
 of the Suspense alarm, between
 the luminary and the net—
 with a symbolic flourish that
 signaled an insurrectional halt
 to the disastrous acceleration of
 semio-inflation across the ship—
 she came to a pause,
 placed her feet wide apart,
 and without bending her knees
 swayed her lithe torso downward
 until her chin touched the deck;
 then, as if releasing magnetine
 streams of Meaning and Affection,
 Friendship and Love
 above and against overproduction
 in the field of attention, against
 the mathematization of language,
 her body slowly rose again; and,
 standing tall, with ease and grace,
 she let the embroidered trousers
 that enveloped her legs fall
 to the ground, and stepped out
 of her slippers as seminude Bride
 in a world made safe
 for de-automation and poetry.

The reference to the Chymical
 Marriage of Anthropeōme in Laffer's
 Critique of Pure Mercy was clear:
 Maria whirled on, while the music
 of the Tri-Tone alarm
 grew louder and the faces
 in her audience began to shine;
 she paused again at the foot
 of the Great Spiral stairway,
 under the Tweet alarm,
 and, like Geulinx the Fumist
 on the Stairway of Destinies in

"...Come, my friends. /
 'Tis not too late
 to seek a newer
 world. / Push off,
 and sitting well
 in order smite /
 the sounding furrows;
 for my purpose
 holds / To sail
 beyond the sunset,
 and the baths / Of all
 the western stars,
 until I die."
 A. Tennyson, "Ulysses."

"Six decks I gave her,
 dividing her thus
 into seven, /
 Into nine compartments
 I divided her interior /
 I struck the bilge plugs
 into her middle. /
 I saw to the punting-poles
 and put in the tackle /
 Poured pitch
 into her furnace... /
 Tar... / Oil... /
 Oil for libations."
Gilgamesh, Tablet XI.

Guide for the Dazed and Confused,
 threw herself into a handstand;
 her feet rose straight
 in the air, and, holding
 the Archetypal pose
 of Nomad-Monad, she climbed
 on her hands up the stairs
 to the deck, behind the spanker,
 and arrived motionless
 in front of the Lens.

The nape of her neck
 formed a Right Angle
 with the bones of her Spine,
 her veils fell around her face
 like a headdress; as she arched
 her back and angled her pubic
 Triangle toward the malic panel
 in the alcove, her eyes opened
 and glowed with radiant
 Sensibility, as if drawing energy
 from the stars through the Lens...
 while, one by one, from signal
 to signal, the alarms
 of Red Alert shut down.

Seemingly whisked out from under,
 by a Refrain beyond the noosphere,
 across a Slippery Deck,
 she dropped on her side, Dead.