



MOBY DICK

OR

THE WHALE

AN INTERPRETATION

BY

NICKI GREENBERG

IN TRIBUTE

TO

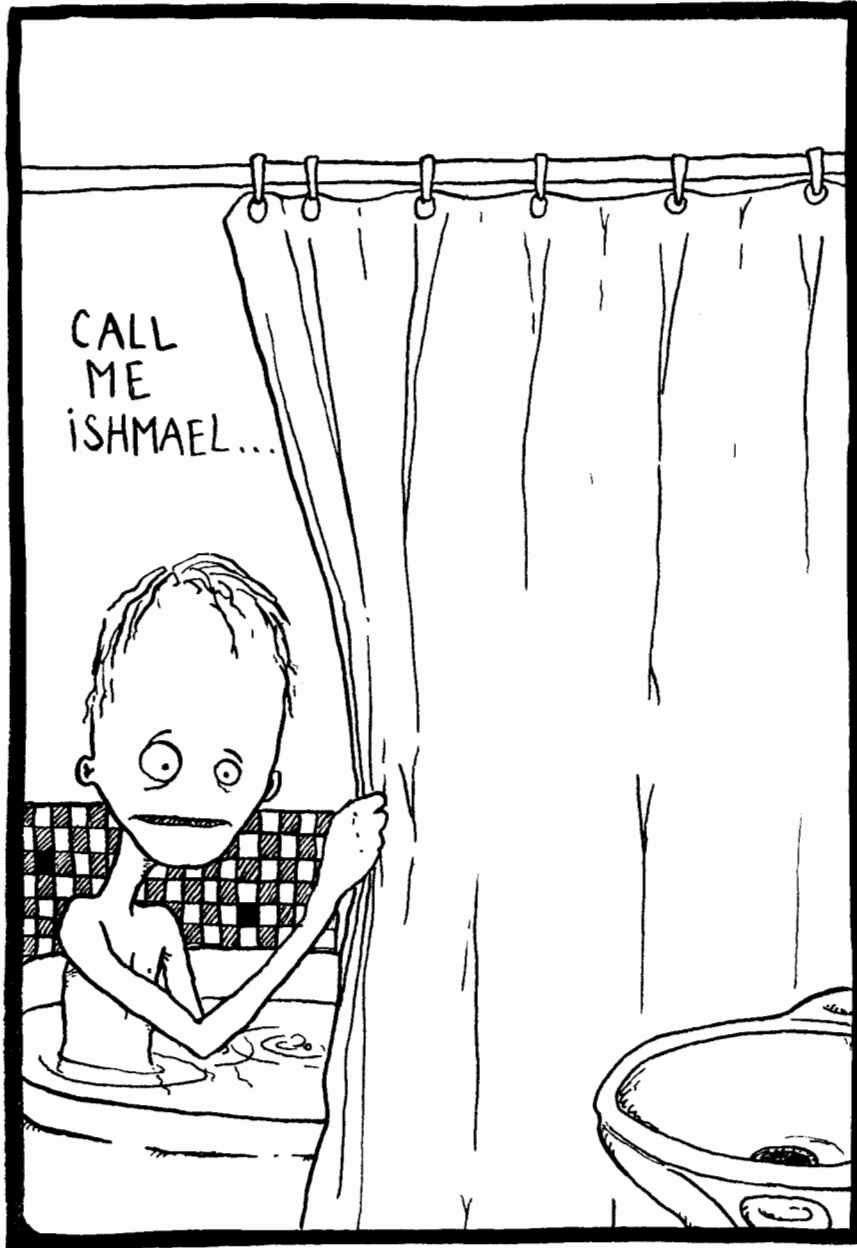
HERMAN MELVILLE

“... POSTED LIKE SILENT SENTINELS
ALL AROUND THE TOWN, STAND
THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS
OF MORTAL MEN
FIXED IN OCEAN REVERIES...”

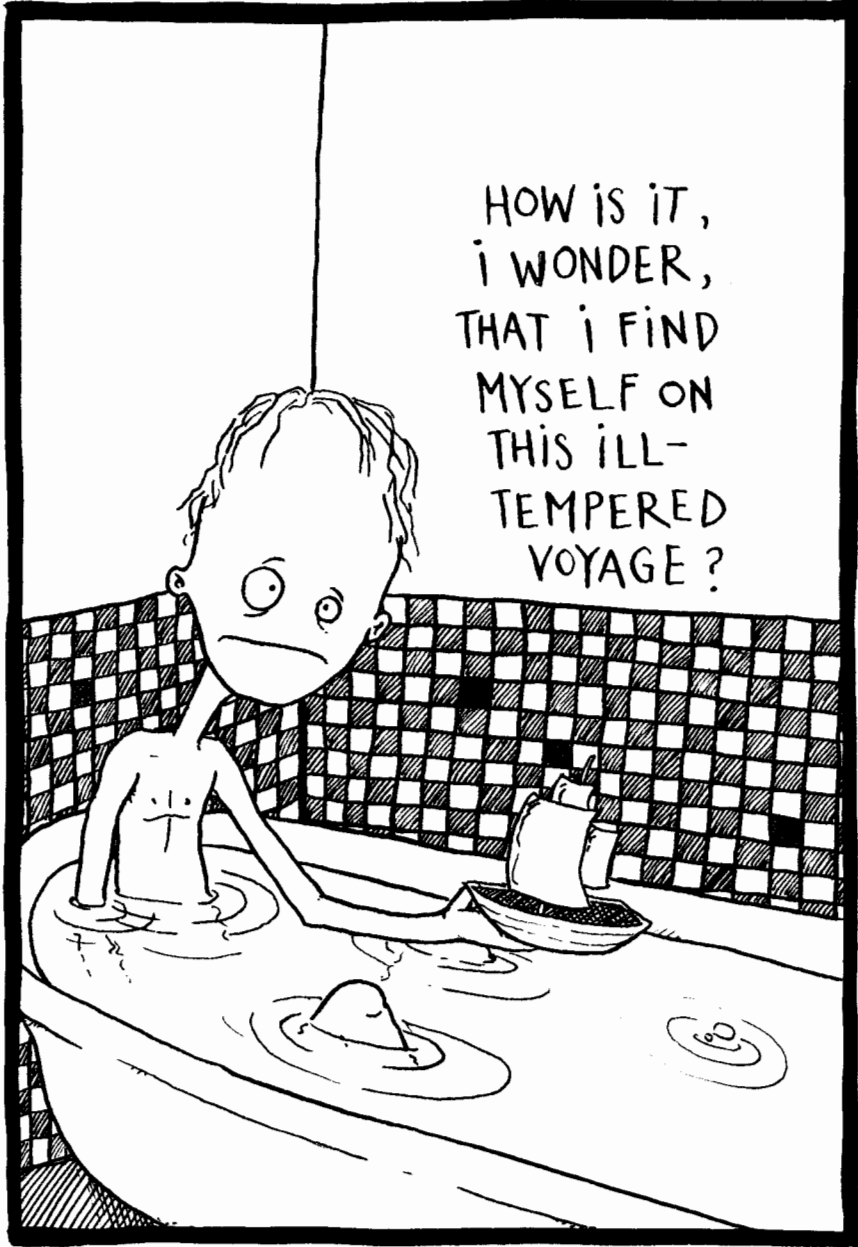


“... BUT THESE ARE ALL LANDSMEN;
OF WEEK DAYS PENT UP IN LATH AND
PLASTER - TIED TO COUNTERS,
NAILED TO BENCHES,
CLINCHED TO DESKS...”

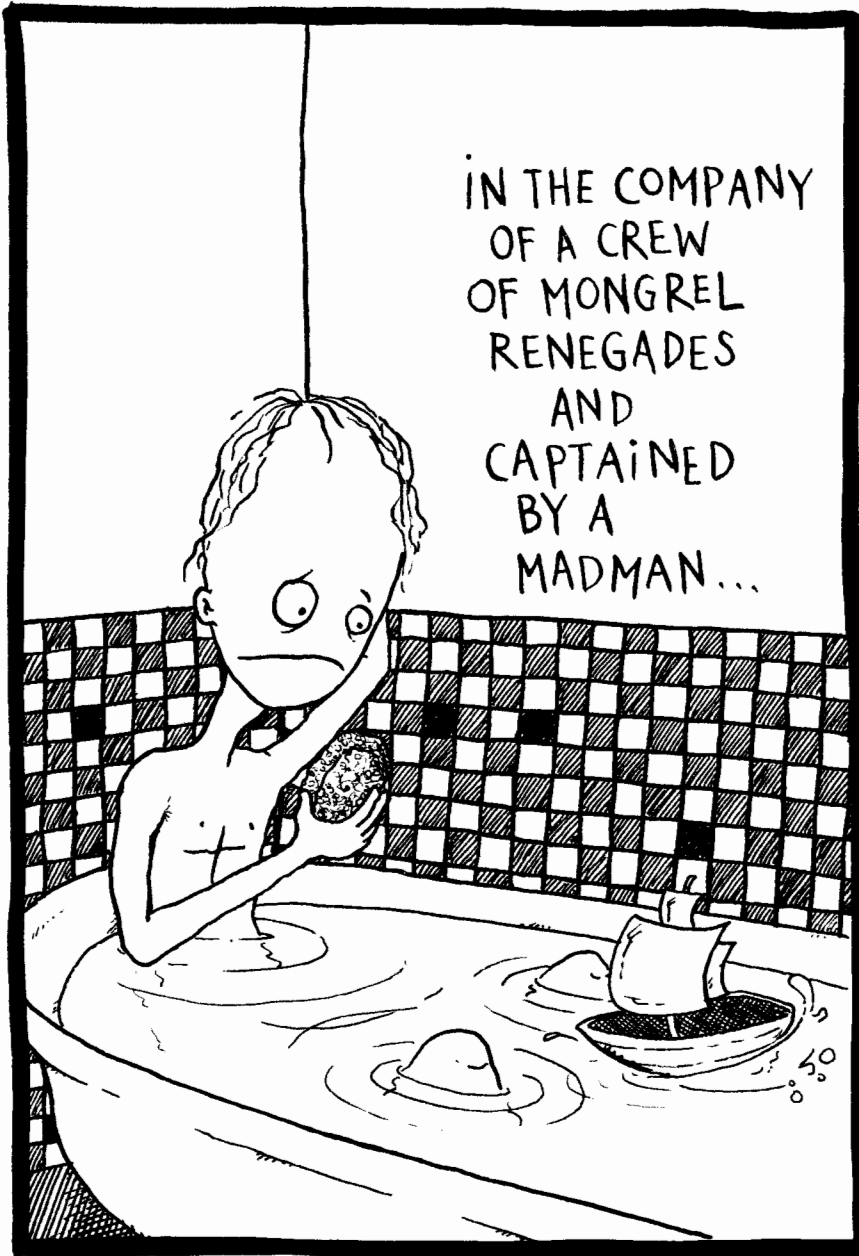
-H.M.



HOW IS IT,
I WONDER,
THAT I FIND
MYSELF ON
THIS ILL-
TEMPERED
VOYAGE?



IN THE COMPANY
OF A CREW
OF MONGREL
RENEGADES
AND
CAPTAINED
BY A
MADMAN...



MY PURPOSE
DEFINED BY
HIS CRAZED
FIXATION ...

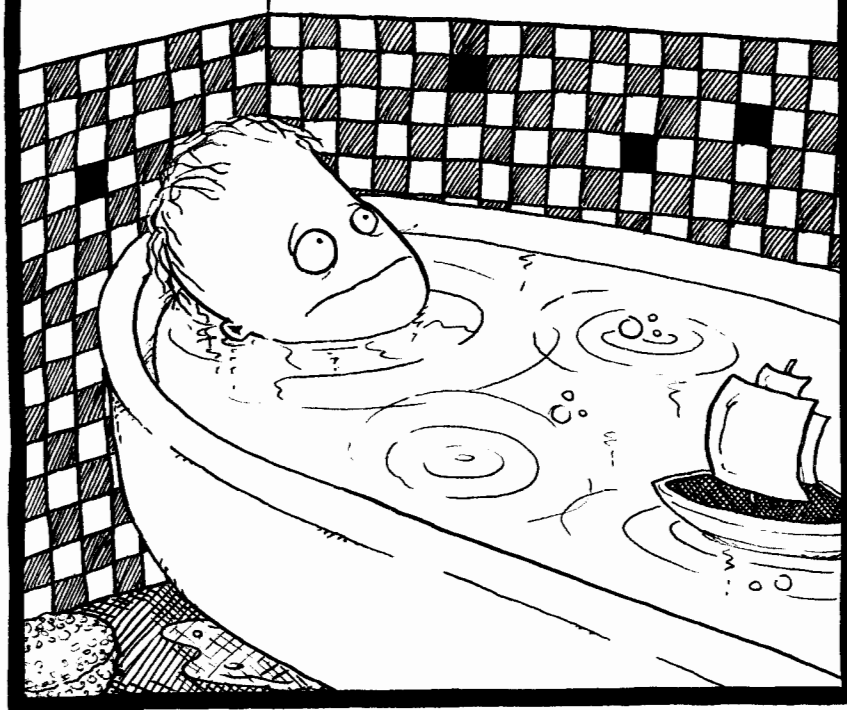


YET SO FLEETING,
SO UNCERTAIN...

WE PURSUE A
PHANTOM SPOUT
ON A HOSTILE
SEA...



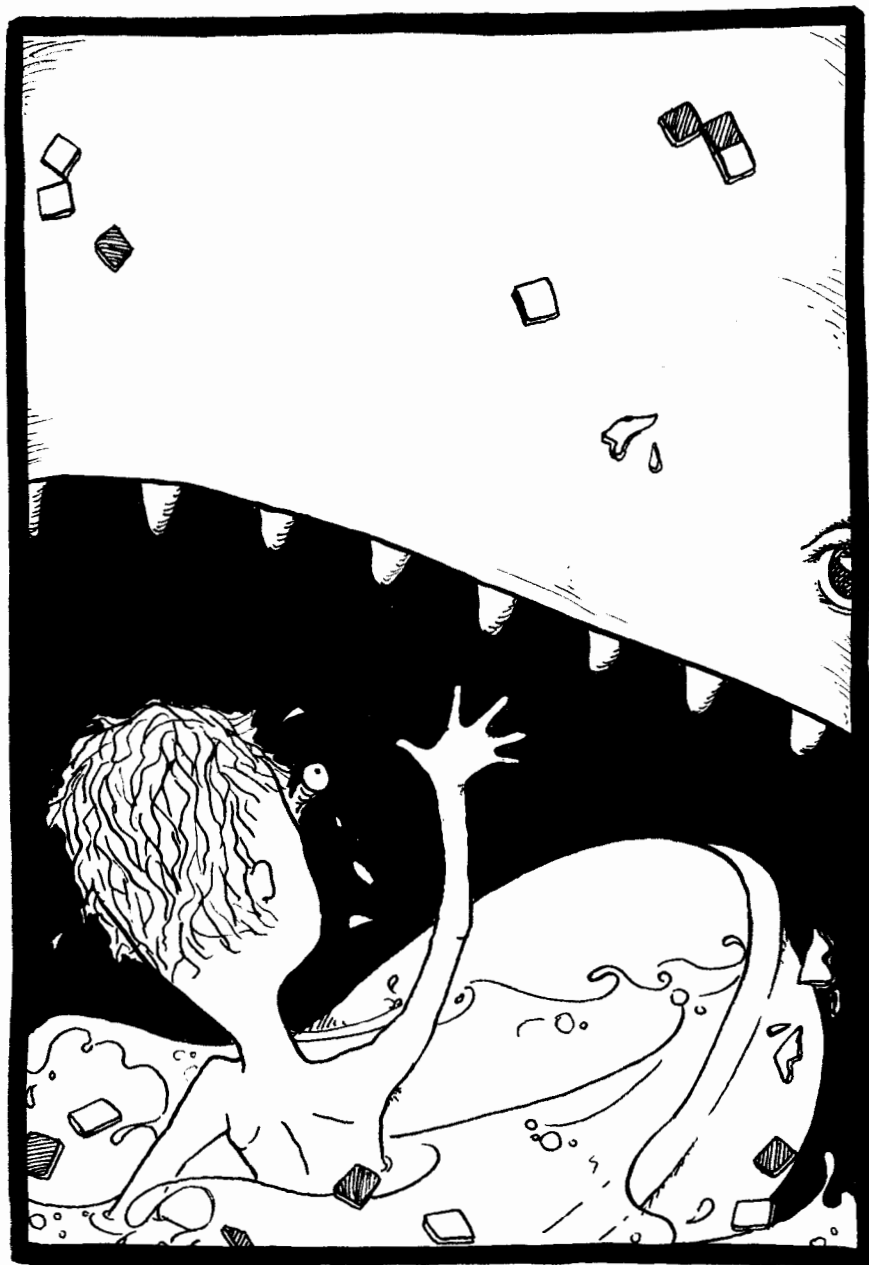
ALL THE WHILE
PLACING OUR-
SELVES 'TWEEN
THE VIOLENCE OF
HIS DEMANDS
AND THE TERROR
OF OUR GOAL.





CRAACK

IN MY
SECRET DEPTHS
I HOPE IT WILL
ELUDE US -
AND WE, IT...







" GLIMPSES YOU
NOW SEE OF THAT
MORTALLY INTOLERABLE
TRUTH;
THAT ALL DEEP, EARNEST
THINKING IS BUT THE INTREPID
EFFORT OF THE SOUL TO KEEP
THE OPEN INDEPENDENCE OF
HER SEA, WHILE THE WILDEST
WINDS OF HEAVEN AND EARTH
CONSPIRE TO CAST HER ON
THE TREACHEROUS,
SLAVISH
SHORE. "



- H.M.

1998

Richi