

A  
VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY

BY  
*INGE HOONTE*



A  
VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY  
TO THE  
COAST OF CLARITY,  
AND  
*ROUND THE MIND;*

In which the Bay of Questions has been carefully examined  
and accurately surveyed

UNDERTAKEN

Principally with a View to ascertain the existence of any  
NAVIGABLE COMMUNICATION between the

*Philosophical Starting Port and Coast of Clarity;*

AND PERFORMED IN THE YEARS

1014, 1134, 1577, 1702, 1948, 1953, 1958, 1976, 1983, AND 2012

IN THE

*HMS PROJECT*

UNDER THE COMMAND OF

KYBERNETES, THE STEERSMAN.

---

*Dedicated, by Permission, to EIJBERT HERMANUS.*

---

A NEW EDITION, WITH CORRECTIONS

VOL. I.





## September 12

Closest to the shore line and the elevated wooden structure in the dunes that I've made my home the past few months, lies the Philosophical Starting Port. It is there that we will sail off next week.

Kybernetes, my childhood friend and fearless steersman who has accompanied me on most of the journeys in my mind, arrived to town last night at sundown. We made a small fire down at Pondering Beach, roasted some chestnuts, and gazed at the bright starry sky while we caught up on events and a bottle of strong liquor that Kybernetes had left from his most recent journey to the Pleasing Outcome Bank with a few local fishermen.

Kyb, as most people know him, is an excellent navigator of these vast open waters. His father, and his father before him, stem from a long line of steersmen, who've handed down nautical tools, tales, and trades since, well, before time existed, really. Kyb keeps a detailed map where and which unfortunate souls were fooled by the alluring voices of the Sirens along the rocky edges of many an island in the Great Subconscious. He knows exactly where others have stranded, while trying to find short-cuts in narrow alleyways between the infamous Steep Cliffs of Thought. Some poor bastards spent the rest of their mortal lives in a closed-off cave trying to find a way out, or entangled in the arms of an extravagant creature who dragged them down to the ocean floor to meet their offspring for an early supper.

I am aware of the risks, and know that I can count on Kybernetes' knowledge to steer me in the right direction.

\*

┌

┐

└

┘

Small bottle of Wishful Thinking Brine.

Wishful Thinking Brine is a strong, sweet, and spicy alcoholic beverage ranked among the herbal brandies. The drink contains 35% alcohol. The word “brine” refers to a solution of salt used to preserve food, or increase its taste. Unlike the addition of “brine” suggests, in this case the liquid is *not* a salt solution which is used to preserve Wishful Thinking on-board after she has been caught in the ship’s nets. The drink was originally mainly consumed by fishermen to protect themselves against the cold when they went fishing for Wishful Thinking, a beautiful creature with radiating skin who resides on the Pleasing Outcome Bank off of the Northeastern coast of Make-Belief.

Pleasing Outcome Bank is a shallow sand bank off of the coast of Make-Belief. It’s a popular destination for spawning fish, who return here each year to lay and fertilize their eggs. It’s quite large, and situated on the continental shelves of Make-Belief, the Kingdom of Decisions, as well as the archipelago formed by the Islands of Evidence, Rationality, and Reality.

On August 5, 1781, this was the site where the Marines of Make-Belief and the Kingdom of Decisions fought out their Battle of Pleasing Outcome. On January 24, 1915, there was another Battle of Pleasing Outcome, this time between Make-Believers and Realists. 1904 witnessed the Pleasing Outcome Incident, in which Rationality’s battle ships were on their way to the Coast of Clarity at the start of the Rationality-Clarity War. However, Rationality ended up firing their machine guns at Make-Belief’s fishermen’s ships, thinking they were Clarity’s ships.

┌

┐

└

┘

Map of Pleasing Outcome Bank, which lies in between the island of Make-Belief and the Kingdom of Decisions.  
The Philosophical Starting Port is south of here.

Fishermen distill Wishful Thinking Brine themselves with brandy, and spices such as cinnamon and nutmeg. The drink is then stored in stone pots down in the ship's galley for at least six weeks, allowing the spices to infuse the brandy with their strong fragrance and flavor. Lastly, a large amount of sugar is added, and the spicy, syrupy brandy is ready to be consumed.

The name of the drink seems to have originated as a pseudonym, aptly applied to it by the fishermen who wish to conceal their true destination when they tell their wives they are going out for Wishful Thinking. Leaving off the "brine," they *are* speaking the truth, for the creature, not the drink, has them spellbound.

These days, Wishful Thinking Brine is only made by one distillery: H. van Toor & Sons, located just a few kilometers from the Philosophical Starting Port.

Apart from her indistinguishable scale-like skin, it's impossible to describe her exact features, as Wishful Thinking appears according to what's pleasing in the eye of the beholder. By family tree, she's said to be related to the Fiji Mermaid because of her mysterious tail, although others firmly argue that she is the daughter of Sadie, the Amazing Snake Woman. Both enjoyed a career as talented circus sideshow performers, but only Sadie is known to have given birth to a baby girl, fathered by her lover of many years, Alligator Boy.

┌

┐

┌

┐

Fiji Mermaid, half woman, half fish.

┌

┐

┌

┐

Sadie the Amazing Snake Woman. 'There is just something about Sadie's eyes which instantly puts you in a trance, under a hypnotic spell, bringing you to a place where your mind can turn your imagination, dreams and thoughts into reality.'  
– From: Sadie the Amazing Snake Woman's original Phoney Island promotional flyer.



Alligator Boy. 'We shed our skin every spring and fall the same as any member of the reptilian family. We have no sweat glands and all moisture of perspiration are thrown off through the eyes. This results in their inflamed condition. The upper lids of the eyes are stationary and the lower lids function as the lids of the alligator.' – From: Alligator Boy's pitch card, sold at his performances.

Neither performer wanted their future children to grow up in the antics of the circus, nor be subjected to the many tests that scientific research institutions put each of them through to identify their condition, such as Radium, Acids, X-Rays, Skin Grafting, etcetera, mostly with such puzzling and contradicting outcomes, that doctors dubbed them Humanimal. Although they got used to this life, and managed to get by all these years, they didn't want to expose a child to the peering eyes of a paying audience. They may not be human, they may not be animal, but they sure were over and done with being treated like an oddity, and were looking forward to being themselves for a change. When the couple realized that Sadie was expecting, they decided to leave their Phoney Island lifestyle for what it was, and headed for Pleasing Outcome Bank. This is a remote, sometimes island, sometimes drowned sand bank, that they overheard a few heavily bearded men talk about one night, while they were having a drink in one of Phoney Island's many boardwalk bars. Pleasing Outcome's dual nature, both

land and water, appealed to the half human, half reptile creatures. When they showed interest in going there, one of the rugged, black bearded men put aside his ale (this was back when fishermen drank ale, not brine), and said he would pass by it on his next trip to Reality. He agreed to take them there in a fortnight, in exchange for most of their life savings.

While at sea, Sadie's thickly scaled belly grew larger and larger, the small creature inside her twisting and turning more profoundly each day. By the end of her eighth month, they saw Pleasing Outcome on the horizon, and arrived there a few hours later. As the bearded man's vessel wasn't equipped with a passenger sloop, Sadie and Aloa (who shed the name Alligator Boy when shedding his last skin) swam the remaining distance to shore. Heavy with child, Sadie had barely rested her tired arms and achy lower back in the sand bordering the shoreline's surf, or Wishful Thinking decided it was time to come out and meet her parents. Far away from peering eyes, she propelled herself into the water right there and then – an ocean child from the minute she was born.

Growing up in the Dream Stream surrounding Pleasing Outcome, Wishful Thinking was an active, vigorous girl who loved to swim. Not only had she inherited her mother's captivating eyes, and her father's strong, muscular physique, but the combined qualities of their typically reptile, nocturnal eyesight made her an even better hunter during the night. An unexpected side effect of her parents' X-Ray-filled past was young Wishful Thinking's radiant skin. Small, soft glowing, light green scales covered her entire body, adding another mesmerizing feature to her already enchanting presence. Although worrisome at first, Sadie and Aloa took her to the best Humanimal doctors they could find, who reassured them that her illuminated condition was by no means harming her health.

The hybrid family's ability to live both on land and under water served them well, as the ocean's tides continuously caused the bank to appear and disappear. They lived on a small raft they built from driftwood, which rested on land during low tide, and on the ocean's surface during high tide, attached to the sand bank with an anchor.

\*

Kybernetes sighed, and paused for a few minutes. I diverted my gaze from the soft glowing fire in front of us, and looked up at his blurry eyes. He seemed to

be somewhere else, a frown above his dark brown eyebrows. It had gotten dark out at Pondering Beach. We could barely decipher the horizon, the dunes, or the ruby-red eyed, silhouette creatures whose murmuring voices we heard in the distance. He shook his head, his eyes regained focus, and he huddled closer toward me under the blanket to stay warm.

What else is in this man's head, I wondered, where has he been since the last time we traveled together? He mentioned earlier in the evening that on his recent trip, he successfully navigated through the Communication Channel, the Memoryless Channel, and the Noiseless Channel, and came out unscathed, without disappearing into a Memory Leak (a small river that usurps content from the main stream). How did he do this? I really wanted to know more, as I've been having trouble passing through these Channels by myself, but Kybernetes said he would tell me all about it later on in the journey.

'It's too early,' he said, 'I have to take you somewhere else first. For now,' he continued, 'all you need to know is that in an ideal Channel, the output is equal to the input.'

The output is equal to the input? Without friction, loss of content, added association, misinterpretation, or misunderstanding? I was intrigued. A faint itch stirred my underbelly. In my excitement, I must've woken up the travel bug that resides there, always on the move, hungry for new experiences, languages and connections. But before my thoughts could wander off too far, Kybernetes offered me another sip of Wishful Thinking Brine, and continued telling me about the creature it was named after.

\*

As one might suspect, Wishful Thinking remains far, far away from the archipelago that is formed by the islands of Evidence, Rationality and Reality, as these are much too concrete for her ambiguous appearance. In fact, these islands are so far away, that they cannot ever be seen on the horizon when venturing out, nor when returning home with Wishful Thinking onboard.

Once a fisherman catches a glimpse of Wishful Thinking for the first time, he's blinded by the radiating, shimmering beauty of her bright glowing skin, and her snake-like, piercing eyes. He will find himself stuck in a recurring pattern, unconsciously driven by the desire to see more of her, to be around her, to touch

her. But sailors be warned! In most of the known cases in which a fisherman caught this enchanting specimen, the mischievous creature took over the ship's navigation. With Wishful Thinking womanning the boat, a sudden strong gail in the top sail swiftly pushes the ship down the Dream Stream. This being the body of water she was brought into this world in, she knows the region like the back of her illuminated scales. She knows this rapid current only leads to one destination: the island of Make-Belief.

Those who've been there, will recognize the fisherman's sense that all seems to go well for quite some time. The fisherman enjoys the brisk breeze pulling at his clothes, the bright sun caressing his skin, the water wetting his lips. He's unaware that this is actually Wishful Thinking forcefully embracing him, clinging her warm body to his, chafing his lips, kiss upon biting wet kiss, making herself part of him.

┌

┐

┌

┐

Map of Turmoil (also known as the Coil) and its relationship to Reality. Negative particles are flowing from the Coil toward Reality.

After a while, some time turns into a long time, and then, the fisherman loses track of time. Continuously circling around the island of Make-Belief at such high speeds, his boat repeatedly rocking from side to side, his throat tightens, his stomach unsettles. The tightly wound coil he's caught in is spiraling out of control, trying to keep him away from Reality's pull on the other side of the horizon. The more uproar Make-Belief, the Dream Stream and Wishful Thinking create together to keep the fisherman in their rotating midst (the fisherman essentially being a positive core surrounded by their negativity, albeit disguised), the more negatively-charged particles disappear out of the charged coil, and spin toward Reality. Still located out of sight, Reality's tremendous magnetizing qualities are feasting on the turmoil's excess energy. With each single disappearing source of negativity, the nucleus loses its binding energy, enabling Reality to dissolve the negative coil, and propel the fisherman out of his misery.

\*

[notes. hurried, handwritten, hard to read but not illegible]

simplified illustration of opposites attracting with strong current present. nucleus is positive proton and negative electrons. negative particle subjected to laws of this universe.

the Greek word ἰόν means going – going toward

if one is going, does it mean the other is pulling? no, not always, although the one going might experience it as such.

\*

Bare, naked, the fisherman clings to the ship's deck, subjected to the forces that pull him both ways, sooner or later experiencing mild to severe nausea, exhaustion and depletion. By now he's had it with Wishful Thinking. Clutching his fingers around her deceptive, slippery body, he plucks at her scales in hopes to get her off of him, so he can throw her overboard. She can go swim in her Dream Stream by herself, for all he cares. Yet he's too fatigued and frustrated and heavy hearted to fight her. As her strong body continues to suffocate him, he's getting

so used to dragging her along, that his discomfort turns into comfort. She's got a hold on him. Despite her suffocating nature, he's determined to stay with her and keep Reality off his horizon, inching closer to its shoreline with each delusional dream, each nagging nightmare that Reality places in front of him.

After days, weeks, months, years spent in reoccurring nightmares, more and more particles might disappear around him, weakening the coil. The fisherman's fantasy might fall apart when an explosion into Reality finally occurs. He might return home safely, telling his wife he's sworn off Wishful Thinking for the rest of his life. Or... he might return.

\*

Back at Pondering Beach, Kybernetes and I ran out of twigs and sticks and other things to throw on the fire around half past midnight. The Wishful Thinking Brine certainly did what it's concocted to do best: keep us warm. We didn't notice the cold until 1am, when our conversation drifted away into subjects best discussed at moments one can't recall or remember the next day. It is therefore that I can't say with utmost certainty what we talked about precisely, but I seem to have jotted down some notes below. By the looks of it, Kybernetes did tell me about his recent trip to the Communication Channel after all... But it is all very blurry now and covered by a slight headache.

\*

[notes in clumsy, intoxicated handwriting]

I have receiver and transmitter with me.  
This is what we take.  
Recording device.

\*

### **September 18, late afternoon**

Everything I've seen, read, written, heard, spoken, smelled, felt, made, and sensed, is drifting around inside me. Some of this substance is tangible, washing ashore as pebbles and shells on the beach. Although it might take some effort to locate them and sort them out, these will be easier to find. Some of them are of

a jellyfish quality, hidden below the surface, constantly swimming out of sight. Then there are those that are even smaller, mere particles really, and fine-grained like the sand of exotic beaches I've never been to.

Not coarse, and dark, like the volcanic sand of the island that my friend Noe Kidder grew up on, although I never detected any of this sand on the shells that she sent me from the house she's spent time in ever since she was a kid. A playful grown-up, she now manages the apartment on the back of the Sleeping Giant, or Nounou mountain. It's said the giant laid down to rest after intensive labor or overeating, and is yet to wake up.

Her father died in that house, she took care of him in his last days there. She got married there. She, wearing a white lace shirt, Brussels lace. He, a Hawaiian shirt, for sure.

┌

┐

└

┘

The Island Noe Kidder grew up on.

If I would go on this journey by myself, I would have to search for the substance, be lucky to bump into it, without really knowing what I'm looking for. (Or am I just saying that because I don't want to go alone?) Kybernetes will help me uncover, rediscover, unveil old memories from their blurry gauze. He reminded me I have forgotten that I have already formulated how a few of the strands we will visit soon relate. I have talked about how they relate, I made it make sense before. I connected a few dots. I don't have access to this relationship anymore, but I know it's there. Together, we will revisit these Strands of Thought, circle around them, reconsider them, let them go. Then we will stop making sense. To just be. To see it all, to take it all in, to sigh, and smile, and on to the next, and back again.

I experience, document, transmit, receive, and store information, constantly. I'm a communication system with limited capabilities to store, and retrieve information, plus I don't always understand the signals I receive. Or how to interpret the ones I send out, simultaneously, over time. Kybernetes and I have been discussing Claude Shannon's Mathematical Theory of Communication the past few weeks, and conclude that these systems must look somewhat like this:

┌

┐

└

┘

Scribbled diagram of Shannon's general communication system.



It consists of essentially five parts:

1. An *information source* which produces a message or sequence of messages to be communicated to the receiving terminal. The message can be a sequence of characters; a function of time; time and other variables; several functions of time; several functions of variables; and any combination of these.
2. A *transmitter* which operates on the message in some way to produce a signal suitable for transmission over the Channel.

In simple communication, such as conversing with someone across the Channel, this takes place by changing the input into an easily transmittable electrical current. The easiest way to do this, is by waving your arms around while making elaborately detailed movements with your hands. This will then be picked up by an Electrophorus Telegraphicus, also known to the general public as a telegraphist. This is a highly evolved fish with three abdominal pairs of organs in its very muscular belly that produce electricity, of both high and low voltage.

On a previous journey to the Channel, when I was much younger, Kybernetes and I had seen his aunt Amelia wave her arms about in an ornate manner. When we asked her how it worked, she said:

‘The short explanation is that it’s very complicated. Now hush, I’m trying to signal your uncle.’

And she continued to move her hands up and down until her husband came home. We have since discovered, by further wandering underneath the ocean’s surface, that as soon as the telegraphist locates the receiver, its brain sends a signal to the muscle-like, electric cells. This opens the ion channel, allowing positively-charged sodium to flow through, reversing the charges momentarily. By causing a sudden difference in voltage, it generates a current. This current is sent over the Channel, to the receiver. Understandably, telegraphists are indispensable at sea for long distance communication.

3. The *Channel* itself, which Kybernetes found is merely the medium through which the signal is transmitted from transmitter to receiver. Its substance is designed to guide the signal – pushing, pulling, and carrying the discarded message like an ant carrying a small leaf back to the ant hill.
4. The *receiver*, which inversely performs the operation that the transmitter enacted to reconstruct the original message from the signal.
5. The *destination*, the person or thing the message is intended for.

\*

[notes in clear, considerate writing]

How, and why does the Noise Source intersect the messages between the Transmitter and the Receiver? Is the Noise human, or a thing? How can I learn to negotiate with it? Get to know its identity, its quirks, anticipate its next moves? How can I make the signal stronger? Speak louder, clear consonants, little hesitation? How does the receiver know which inversion to apply? Does the signal always carry the encoder of the message? Or does the receiver have encoders?

The Channel is the sea is a wave is a wire is a rope is a cable is the distance in-between.

\*

### **September 19**

3am - On the HMS Project, especially late at night, I can often detect a soft murmur in the background. I'm not always aware of it, sometimes other sounds push it to the background. Sometimes I'm able to block it out, other times I layer sounds on top of it so as not to hear it, or am able to hear the extra layer more in the foreground. But it's there. Undeniably there. Even when it irritates me, makes me angry, makes me sad, makes me cry, I care about the Noise Source, and take it into consideration.

### **September 20**

The HMS Project is anchored outside of Pondering Beach. I know I constructed it myself, but it looks different to me every day. Sometimes it changes into another vessel within just a few hours, while I define and redefine my thoughts. Yesterday, out of nowhere, there appeared some extravagant details to the bow, the front of the ship. This morning, I had to smile as I noticed a small black bow-tie attached to the bow.

### **September 21**

Dawn - Stowed away provisions and cleared the deck.

12noon - Mr Leerintveld from the Royal Library forwarded a confirming mes-

sage from Adriaen Coenensz. He is expecting us in Scheveningen to show his latest specimen, the encyclopedic Visboeck that he's been working on the past two years. He just updated page 375, Le Loup Marin, or Sea Wolf, and added detail to Monstrom Leoninum, the Sea Lion. From recent conversations with several fishermen, Coenensz. acquired knowledge on various creatures that have been sighted near Faraway Bay. He has since added in-depth descriptions of Satyrus Marinus, also known as Pan Marinus, the fish tailed, scorpio clawed daemon of the seas. Kybernetes has not seen this volume yet, and has heard from several fishermen who heard from several fisherman who got it from yet other fishermen that it contains invaluable content for our voyage.

3pm - Received several jars of pickled vegetables from Ms Kidder. Apart from the fact that the kosher salt keeps them preserved and fresh, they're very healthy and help keep a balanced environment in the stomach, a much needed balance to calm my general nerves.

## **September 22**

7am - Fine weather

8am - Employed getting ready to go out of harbor.

9am - Fine weather

11am - Noticed a whale, starboard.

1:15pm - Saw Mr Coenen in the distance, a small dot on the quay of Fishermen's Harbor. Large object under his arm.

1:30pm - Reached Scheveningen. Mr Coenen walked us to his former residence on Church Street on the sea or east side.

\*

My thoughts drifted, landed in the past. A group of fishermen from a small town near the Philosophical Starting Port had returned home with a Giant Squid that got entangled in their nets. As soon as the wondrous descriptions of the creature clattered off the newly arriving ships into the Port, and out onto the streets, I ventured out there to have a look for myself. When I got there forty-five minutes of calm water and green pastures later, the Giant Squid was standing on the town's square in all his glory, surrounded by a herd of onlookers, mostly softly giggling young women, among a handful of heavily bearded fishermen. Gently

pushing people aside with my elbows, I worked my way through the crowd until I reached the center of attention.

Standing six fish tall, towering over all of us, he had the widest chest and biggest smile I'd seen in years. His bright white teeth almost split his entire face in half, horizontally. He rested four of his eight strong, muscular arms in his side, and another four cupped his slightly curved belly. He seemed like the kind of squid who knew what he wanted, and pursued it without much hesitation. A hard worker, who has fun, and remembers to enjoy the simple things in life. Looking me straight in the eye, he made a witty comment, I forget what it was, as I mostly stood there staring at him. My belly tumbled like a carnival ride. I was smitten. Blushing faintly. Smirking. His smile was *that* contagious. Then a bearded fisherman grabbed one of his arms, and took him to a bar on the side of the square for a small, spicy glass of Wishful Thinking Brine.

From a distance, I continued to glance over at him from the corner of my eye, while catching up on current events with a few steersmen I knew from the Port. One fisherman from Fishermen's Harbor had witnessed a 'hoesgen nicker,' a rare good devil, who resides on the beach and helps the fishermen sort their shrimp. He wasn't afraid of this spirit, and was happy to get the extra help, unlike some of his colleagues who ran home as fast as they could when they saw one. The fisherman said these cowards would later find a basket with shrimp, sorted and everything, at their front door. He continued to tell us, a small growing audience that had gathered around him by now, that these hoesgen nickers take on a human form, with dark glistening eyes as big as burning sapphires. They love to frighten people, and then jump back into the ocean.

I had to deliver some messages to the owner of the bar. Mr van Toor from the distillery back at the Philosophical Starting Port had asked me to inquire if he needed another delivery of Wishful Thinking Brine. I passed the Giant Squid on my way in, his back was turned toward me. I couldn't see his face, but I felt (or hoped for, or wished into existence, the difference between these is often unclear) his eyes resting on my shoulders as I walked to the back of the bar. The owner, a round bellied man with a grey stubbly beard, said he could use another two dozen bottles on Van Toorn's next return. I lingered around for a few minutes to elongate the time spent in Giant Squid's pool of forceful, vibrant energy. The bar owner and I were running out of things to talk about. After a long pause,

I turned around, looked Giant Squid straight in the eye, put on my best smile, and headed over to his table.

\*

### **September 22, evening**

I first learned about Adriaen Coenen's Visboeck about seven months ago. In small amounts, his profound knowledge washed ashore at the Philosophical Starting Port via various Communication Channels, transmitted to me from knowledgeable sources. From stories about sea monks, sea monkeys, sea horses, and those 'good' devils disguised as humans, to a Brazilian monster fish woman with eyes in her belly, the Giant Squid himself, and the many, many, many fish and creatures who inhabit the Northern Seas that Mr Coenen knows so well, not to mention the mysterious content from faraway lands and waters he's never been to.

Meeting him today and seeing the Visboeck in person... it's hard to it put into words... It was one of the most impressive, and authentic bodies of works I've ever had the honor of being so close to. Once again, Kybernetes knew exactly what I needed to fill my inner well.

Coenen told me that he started writing the Visboeck at age 63, the same year his first and only son, Coenraet, was born to Coenen's second wife. He's a remarkable man, immensely interested in maritime curiosities of all kinds. A curious man himself indeed, fond of his research and collecting more and more information, some of which he has jotted down in small notebooks that he carries in the pocket of his overcoat.

The currently 65 year old man seemed inexhaustible, his own inner well of imagery and knowledge never running dry, as he constantly adds more data to his internal storage space. While his eyes were always bright and focused when talking to me, I could tell that his mind was constantly wandering off, racing through the images, anecdotes, facts, and data that he's collected in the curiosity cabinets of his mind his entire life. The physical version of his knowledge, bound between thin wooden boards, contains over eight hundred handwritten pages entirely filled with information and drawings, sometimes attentively, other times hastily scribbled in black ink on pages that are almost entirely filled in light brown, water-based ink.

Huddled over his old work table, we leafed through the entire collection together, while Coenen added even more information, small details that he left out, or background stories on certain characters. He told me that he worked on his *Visboek* for two years straight. Now that it's almost done, he's looking forward to traveling with it, and share it with other people around the country. He will show the creatures of the world *to* the creatures of the world. He will bring the seven-headed monster from the seas, the fish with the golden tooth, the fat fish with the beard, the wild woman from the Arctic (with her child), and the sea bishop, who looks just like a bishop with a head, eyes, nose, mouth, arms, and feet, although it was a cold fish. Coenen clearly is a hatch, a mediator, a carrier for information.

Eagerly, I touched the pages, touched the monsters, filled my inner well with these curious creatures, made them part of me. I could only imagine the responses he'll soon get from folks around the country at local fairs and carnivals. People who will pay him good money to see his knowledge materialized.

┌

┐

└

┘

Pan Marinus. "He has two front feet, but his hind feet are like fins, that he drags along with the tail. And that helps him while he swims" Coenen said he was certain of this, "because I have seen them swimming and I have also had one alive at my house. I believe that God works in many mysterious ways. This belief is certain or uncertain, but as far as I know, the best catch always comes by hoping for and trusting on the grace of God Almighty."

「

」

「

」

Giant Squid. When Coenen heard he got caught in the fishermen's nets, he had the creature shipped to his house. He then arranged for a painter to draw up his portrait, 'as precise as he could, but he didn't manage to paint him as unusual as he was.'

## September 27

11:15am - Employed washing clothes. Spending a few quiet days in Fishermen's Harbor before we head out again.

\*

[notes on a separate piece of paper]

List of possible places to go:

x Island of Confirmation → Buena Vista, Coast of Clarity,

Bay of Hope, Bay of Questions

x Island of Self Doubt (is next to Confirmation)

Sandy Beach

x Phoney Island

Break Through Strait

Cliff of Sadness

Rocks of Despair

Fort Failure

x Peninsula of Promising Dreams

Fire Island → Friendship Beach

Archipelago of Unfinished Thoughts

Uncertainty Paradise

Second Thoughts Bay

x Communication Channel

x Dream Stream

x Pleasing Outcome Bank

St Truth Bay

Green Cape

Devil's Cliff

Point of No Return

Montagna di Solitud

Tera Baranca

\*



[notes on the back of a receipt]

Saw a crocodile skin with my own eyes.

Met the Orange Prince.

Held a hundred pound tuna in my hands. Then the son of a Haitian fisherman ate it.

\*

## **October 14**

8pm - Disembarked on the Peninsula of Promising Dreams for the Spectacular Night of Promising Dreams. The Haitian fisherman I met the other day said the Giant Squid would be performing here. He's seen him practice his accordion lately. A creature with eight arms playing the accordion? This is either going to be a spectacular spectacle, or heartbreakingly horrific. (I'm nervous to see him again.)

Kybernetes says he's tired and doesn't want to leave the ship. Says he'll tuck in early. I feel guilty but I'm glad he's not coming. I need some alone time.

10pm - Paid the small fee to get into the spectacle section. Walked around Deli Square by myself. Music coming from all directions. Big bands playing on big stages. Small bands playing inside colorful small tents. Poets reciting in coffee houses. Ice cream parlors with neon lights. Men dressed up as sailors loudly announcing burlesque shows in red velvet saloons. I didn't see the Giant Squid.

11:30pm - Bumped into two familiar faces, Mr Fromhow, and Ms Fardike, who I met in the Philosophical Starting Port last Summer. Apparently they live around the corner, and have lived here for more than five years, back when it was still considered dangerous for non-peninsular people to move here.

Midnight - I like the music but it occurs to me that the peninsula residents I saw on the streets outside of the gates, are not attending the festivities indoors. The audience inside the gates is young, rambunctious, drunk, and from what I gather, mostly from the north. I know rationally that the gates are meant to keep the non-paying audience out, but it feels as if the gates are employed to keep the peninsula's residents out. I want to see the real peninsula.

2am - Met an older gentleman, Angel Lopez, outside a former sailors' bar. Born on a tropical island in the Caribbean, he's lived above the ice cream parlor on the southwest corner of this peninsula for over twenty years. He confirmed that the

area has slowly been 'revived' the past five years, which unfortunately means that the community center down the street closed down three years ago. He has a few kids of his own, all boys, and wants to help the kids who are forced to hang out on the streets now that the after school program at the center has fallen away. He wants to do sports with them. Some simple basketball training, teach them discipline, and skills, while keeping them out of trouble. I was very moved by his openness, and at the same time, by his inability to fulfill his dream as he said 'You know, I can talk about this all I want, but let's be realistic, you as a white person would get stuff done here. They don't listen to me.'

\*

[notes on the back of a beer coaster made of thick paper pulp,  
advertising Wishful Thinking Brine]

dark bars surrounded by dark alleys full of dark activities,  
attract sailors who stay in sailors' lodges and sailors' bars,  
accompanied by ladies of the night.

\*

A hundred and fifty years ago, the area was known as a peninsula for the rich. Their expensive mansions overlooking the water offered relief from the dusty, stinky, poor paupers of the city's mainland. When modern bridges were built to connect the north to the south of the city, the peninsula lost its isolated, countryside charm. The industrial era further put an end to this: 700 houses were demolished to make way for the expansion of harbors, factories, cargo warehouses, and train tracks to transport the goods elsewhere. Naturally, this attracted a new workforce, but what seemed to have been forgotten is that they had to live somewhere. Time for a newly designed modern city plan. Light and green, clean and orderly – this would keep diseases out that typically dwell in tightly built cities with poor air and water circulation. Scarcely ten years later however, the combination of lower income workers and the members of the lowest layer of society had quickly turned the neighborhood into a slump that the entire city looked down upon. Although criminality reigned in the entire city around this time, the peninsula was stuck with its 'crooks nest' status for years to come.

A century and the coming and going of many immigrants later, the city has slowly turned the Peninsula of Nightmares into the Peninsula of Promising Dreams once again. And dreams and low housing costs attract a new crowd. A new, more affluent crowd that will once again slowly push the people from the peninsula to the other side of the invisible fence. A seemingly never ending loop.

\*

## **October 17**

8am - Clear skies, light breeze.

11am - Ditto weather. Sunny.

1pm - Considering the weather and the recent course of events, Kybernetes thought it time for my first attempt to reach the Coast of Clarity. We roughly calculated its coordinates, and had a vague idea of its location, but ended up being drawn into the Bay of Questions on the Island of Confirmation again.

1:15pm - Conversed with a few other seafarers in the Bay. Traded imagery of Curiosity Cabinets and the Visboeck for information on Charles Willson Peale. 'Look him up,' Captain Pummel told me when the HMS Project bore close to his ship, 'a lot of items from his collection ended up traveling with the circus.'

1:30pm - Noticed a tall man with blue eyes and a soft voice, larboard. His lips were moving but I couldn't decipher what he was saying with the clatter of all the other voices around me. Kybernetes navigated our ship closer toward the man. He was floating around in a pile of paperwork, and although he was equipped with large peddles, he was without a vessel, seemingly levitating on our left. When we got closer, he leaned over to the HMS Project, and murmured, 'disarming.'

3pm - Heard from an old friend from Toronto, who reminded me of concrete poetry, mail art, and Fluxus.

3:15pm - All of a sudden, above the clatter, or maybe the clatter died down a little bit, I could hear Lieutenant Rushton's voice reverberate across the Bay: 'Memory is a constant process of reconstruction.'

3:30pm - Ominous Dr. Wu appeared from the heavens, and shouted 'Museum of Jurassic Technology!'

4pm - While looking for the freight train traveling instrument builder Harry Partch, I spent some time with a group of black women from Texas, who were talking about experiments in a jazz aesthetic.

\*

[notes in black scribbly ink]

Framing the Work [circled]

Laurie Carlos: Everything is already in the room.

Sharon Bridgforth: unlearning oppression, building multi-cultural alliance.

\*

10:40pm - Yawn. We anchored in the Bay of Questions for the night. My head is spinning, and considering I'm inside my head, my surroundings are spinning. Too much information, I'm not sure how to make sense of it yet. How will this get me to the Coast of Clarity? I feel I am so close, yet so far away. Time for some sleep. I will curl up in my cot, and continue the voyage for another six months starting tomorrow morning.



Inge

to Ayanna

it's raining here again.... but good. i got a bit down the past few days, everybody seems to be down and out, and i just find it hard to go out by myself. but tonight i put on my dancing shoes and a cute top, and went to this really really fun festival. some great bands. i mean, it's always a bit strange showing up alone, but i got into lil conversations here and there, and ran into two folks i know a tiny bit. so all in all i was smiling and proud of myself that i went. i ended up talking to a guy from the antilles outside of a bar. it was in a pretty run down neighborhood which has slowly revived the past 5 years. but he was telling me that the community center closed down 3 years ago and he wants to help the street kids and do sports with them. it was a very inspiring conversation, and very in my face at the same time. he said, i can talk about this stuff all i want, but let's be real, you as a white person would get stuff done here. they don't listen to me. it was a very honest conversation. so inspiring but also a bit sad. it's gotten strange around here and i'm reminded so often.... but this was a good exchange. angel lopez is his name. he lives above the ice cream parlor.

Ayanna

to Inge

that's so awesome that you went out by yourself. i really like to do that sometimes. i know it's odd, but i love to go to the movies on a sunday by myself and go to the park by myself and read a good book. i use to go out to clubs by myself just because i wanted to dance and hear so music, but i'm not so into that now. but i agree it's a little different going to a festival, but i could see myself doing that too alone. hey life is too short. and that's an interesting, inspiring and real conversation you had with this guy. especially, especially where you are. i've had these conversations so often here in the states and have even done a lot of this community work and have often been on the receiving time too and think about those dynamics of race and class. but it is even more pronounced and relevant in western europe now. so an interesting period now where you are. anyyyyyyyway, let's talk tomorrow!

Inge

to Ayanna

yes. well, i like going places alone, but i find it a lot harder when you live somewhere and aren't traveling. then i get all like, geez, i should be knowing people here. but it was really nice, as i could come and go as i pleased and babble here and there. i used to go to concerts a lot by myself too..... well it's just all a mindset i guess.

talk soon! i'm logged in.

November 11

Big day today.

November 16

15:15pm - Gregory Bateson and his daughter Mary Catherine confirmed to have a conversation with me about conversations. They call the conversations they have together Metalogues, a conversation about a problematic subject, say, a mess, in which both discussing the problem, and the structure of the conversation as a whole is relevant to the same subject. I overheard part of their conversation in the Bay of Questions, it was so fun to hear them play with words, circle around an idea, try to get closer to its essence. I hope they can train me to communicate this way, I think it might get me closer to the Bottom of Things, a small valley not too far from the Coast of Clarity.

Daughter: Daddy, why do things get in a muddle?

Father: What do you mean? Things? Muddle.

Daughter: Well, people spend a lot of time tidying things, but they never seem to spend time muddling them. Things just seem to get in a muddle by themselves. And then people have to tidy them up again. Why do they, Daddy?

Balloons of airy theory floating up at the ceiling. ANCHOR THEM. Anchor them to the body.

In Africa you only exist in relationship to someone else. If you don't live toward others, you will die. Speak lion. Speak hyena. Become the other, transform.

December 17

Stuck somewhere in a place we can't get out of. Lots of Noise. Seem to have missed a turn to Discrete Communication Channel. More confused than ever.

[/////] is connected to [////////] – there must exist a path in between?

December 27

Challenging the Noise. Simulating, drowning it out with my own loud footsteps, creating simultaneous rhythms. Running up and down. Lonely but determined.

January 2

Went back to the Island of Confirmation. Saw a glimpse of the Coast of Clarity. Went fishing for attention outside the Bay of Questions. Hoped to catch the Giant Squid.

January 3

trying to figure out how to bring the two together, the writing and technology. the physical body and the emotional brain. i like that tension where technology fails to communicate, while it also enables. a few weeks ago i ended up learning wolof from people in senegal who i met on skype through this art project i was visiting in belgium. out of place, yet connecting. it was really inspiring, heart warming, and also a bit strange. i did some online performances in november but actually what i liked the most was what was happening live in the room with the people i was working with. the stuff the audience online couldn't see or hear.

February 23

Went to Amsterdam to catch a few days of the Sonic Acts festival, and to par-

ticipate in a workshop with Tino Sehgal, an Austrian artist whose performance work I'd seen at the Guggenheim a few years ago. As I headed for the tram's exit doors at the Leidseplein stop, I saw Ieke Trinks, who I've bumped into a few times before in Rotterdam. (further explain?) Together we descend the steps of the tram, cross the Leidseplein to the Balie, climb the side stairs (the front door is under construction), wait around in the lobby for a bit, and go a few more steps down to the room where the workshop will take place.

Group of about 20 people. Sehgal's interested in the liveness of the live. As a way to introduce ourselves, we immediately went into game structure, in which 'the creator sets up a rule or system in advance, then hands it over to the player,' whether that's in a museum, theater or everyday setting. Certain things are prepared, the rest is adaptable to change. In 2004, his work was represented in Art Basel Miami by two different galleries. In order to sell the work, Sehgal had imposed a rule on the two: they were only allowed to say one word at a time. Although they were competitors, they had to collaborate, and at the same time outsmart each other to make the sale.

The introduction game went as follows: In pairs of two, you maintained a short conversation, but were only allowed to say one word. The other restriction was that at some point, you had to say your name. The different pairs solved this very differently, and it was interesting to see the pattern change over time. The first couple, Aukje and Catarina started with something along the lines of:

Aukje: hi

Catarina: my

Aukje: name

Catarina: is

Aukje: Aukje

Catarina: and

As you can see from the development of this sentence, when Catarina says 'my,' she's actually referring to Aukje. Now, by saying 'and,' Catarina tried to direct the sentence in such a way, that she could introduce herself. Aukje immediately added 'her,' which startled Catarina. Receiving the word 'her,' and adding a word to it aimed at Aukje, who she was facing, directed both 'her' and the next word at Aukje again. Although the sentence could have developed as follows:



Catarina: and  
Aukje: her  
Catarina: name  
Aukje: is  
Catarina: Catarina

The conversation then swayed into talking about Aukje, until Catarina smartly gained back control by finishing the sentence that Aukje seemed to set up to talk about her profession, by saying ‘theater,’ which is part of the field that Catarina works in, and Aukje isn’t.

Six other couples played the game, ranging from a carefully constructed dialog in which both people thoughtfully chose words that set up the sentence so they could both say their name, to people who maintained a swift improvised conversation about a whole different topic. When the game reached Layla and Tamara, the couple before me and Veerle, who I’d briefly introduced myself to prior to the game, the tactic changed. One of the girls used the word ‘we.’ Veerle and I picked up on that, which allowed us to introduce ourselves, while keeping the sentence open to talking about either one of us. Having learned from previous couples, ours was a very brief and quick sentence in which we both simply said our name.

Some ideas: an exercise to form a chain of which you don’t know the next step, or turn. A chain of the mind, with efforts to make it a chain of both minds. While getting to know the other person, and their playfulness, you dare yourself and the other to be creative, and navigate each other’s brain. Tino Sehgal brought up the importance of individual vs. mass/group, as this was after all, a performance in front of other people. Prior to the game, he talked briefly about a flock of birds, and how they’re organized according to three basic rules: go into the same direction as the others around you; don’t collide; keep a certain distance. Although a flock of birds undoubtedly contains more complexity than that, the rules seemed to apply to our conversation couples as well. You really had to work together to help each other introduce yourself, and with some form of survival of the fittest aspect to it, you were able to steer the conversation away from that as well. This is already where people’s personality came out... Team player? Or self-involved competitor? We then split up in groups of five. (report of this will follow soon)

March 24

Overthinking, overtalking. I feel so far away, yet part of me is still/already there.

March 25

12noon - Saw North Shore NNW 11 leagues. Decided to steer in its direction.

1:30pm - Saw NancyLu Rosenheim ashore. She shouted something about The Failure of Rational Thought. Want to converse more.

1:40pm - Established connection. Confirmed to anchor. Received shore boat.

2:30pm - Disembarked on Island of Confirmation.

Island of Confirmation

Before the accomplishment industry colonized the Island of Confirmation, it very much looked like the neighboring island Self-Doubt, which continues to live in a state of quiet, pure nature. Confirmation sees so little rain that only dry humor cacti and dividivi trees can grow here. The northern coast rapidly descends into the ocean. Over the years, the predominantly Northeastern wind has blown the ocean tide against the rocks, and carved out deep caves. The northern coast, called the Coast of Clarity, is both gruff and impressive.

Rewrite:

Before the accomplishment industry colonized the Island of Confirmation, it very much looked like the neighboring island Self-Doubt, which continues to live in a state of treacherous, pure nature. Confirmation sees so little rain that only dry humor cacti and dividivi trees can grow here. Over the years, the predominantly Northeastern wind has blown the ocean tide against the rocks, and carved out deep caves in the northern coastline. Known to the locals as the Coast of Clarity, the steep rocks are both gruff and impressive, and a popular destination for moments of contemplation.

A single decision made in the political capital of its colonizing country caused most of the accomplishment industry to take residence in the capital of the Island of Confirmation. Contrary to popular belief, accomplishment isn't a natural resource on the island; it is only the place where raw accomplishment is 'cracked' and made usable. Tanks upon tanks stacked with containers of raw accomplish-

ment from the Southern Hemisphere pass through the Bay of Hope each day on their way to Shot Gate, the deep, natural harbor that houses the thriving industrial part of town, with tanks upon tanks leaving the island filled to the brim with accomplishment ready to take on the rest of the world.

2:45pm - Was sent the following message at 2pm, but did not see it until now:

Darling, running out of town.

I'll write you on wed or thurs.

Love you lots and lots

-n

2:50pm - Returned to ship. Set sail for the neighboring island Self-Doubt.

3pm - Light breezes and fine. Opened 1 can of beans, qt flour.

4:30pm - Anchored in front of Self-Doubt.

April 5

10am - Received invitation for the 'Tricksters' upcoming performance.

Martha: ..... We've got guests.

George: [disbelieving] We've got what?

Martha: Guests. Guests.

George: Guests!

Martha: Yes... guests.... people.... We've got guests coming over.

George: When?

Martha: Now!

April 7

Returned to Confirmation Island. The south side has a much softer nature. The Confirmation Sea is so delightfully bright blue that the aquamarine blue In-between Sea we visited previously looks bleak in its depths. Several bays have formed on the southern shore, of which especially the Bay of Hope is crystal clear.

April 14

Went to Tricksters performance. It's a private performance. Occasional, not occasional passers-by. Leisurely, immediate audience. All reading Who's Afraid of Virginia W. Classic looking women to begin with. Faces from another era. Facing out to the window, who is this for? V. Wolf on wikipedia – suffered from depressions (in between?) works. Manic depression.

In and out of character, natural. Ike in tapdance shoes. A woman tangling herself up in the coil of the mic. She has shoe size 37. Too self conscious.

Actors becoming audience. Move into moving furniture. Six women singing, reciting. A moving carpet. One woman adjusting others → gesturing a visitor should get out of her comfy chair. Woman moves to a red chair next to me. Other woman moves the chair... and then of course I'm dragged into a yellow rubber boat.

It's very hymnic. Best = being in it.

Constantly moving, exploring. Audience involvement forced but gently. All parts relate and respond to one another. I'm captivated, literally. I got a copy of the text they're reciting, so I'm reading along, and am in the text.

Transition. Four women back to red chairs. Marielle stays on stage. The spell is broken. I get up from the boat and move back to the area near the window, where the other women are. Marielle reading by herself, skipping George's part. Two Georges emerge, they're tired. Martha leaves. They beg her to come back.

(story slowly unfolds, looked at from various angles, circle around it by repeating specific parts)

Just as I dig for my lipbalm on the bottom of my bag, find it and apply it, the two Georges say 'and she tries to put her lipstick on'

Marielle is a live gramophone stuck on the last groove, repeating 'good grief' slowly getting softer. She ends with 'don't you know anything?!'

Transition. Stage directions. After about 90 minutes I reach my own arch of engagement. Interesting: figuring it out in the moment. Conflict between sticking to the plan, and letting go, exploring a space beyond it. It's about the rhythm performers, collaborators have together.

April 16

3pm - Performed the customary ceremony in crossing the Equator.

April 17

4pm - Had a beer. Took a nap in a comfy chair. Ate some vegetables. Went to bed.

April 18

10:45am - Received package from Killbride Road, Ballyclare, Ireland.

11:15am - Plumber came to fix a small leak.

12:30pm - Closer to figuring it out. Trajectory is key. The in-between. Still unsure about next step. Bring in more people.

April 22

1pm - Went to Melbourne on my screen, talked to Louisa and little four year old Gena. I haven't seen them for almost two years. It's great to see them, but they can't see me as my device doesn't have a built in camera. I left the camera in the other hut and I'm bummed this is the day they have time to talk. It's hard to pin them down and then I do and they can't see me. Little Gena calls me Peettante, which is Dutch for Godmother. She's bouncing around the screen in pre bed-time excitement, climbing Louisa like a monkey. Dan joins in, we chat a bit about my journey, his PhD, her work as a design teacher at a local university. Gena's on top of Dan, 'surfing,' as she calls it, a 'slice of their daily life,' as Dan puts it, when Louisa puts her under her shirt to calm her down and lull her to sleep, get her ready for bed. We get ready to sign off. We all say goodnight, sleep tight. And then Gena chimes in too, a most adorable moment, a soft clear children's voice from underneath Louisa's tshirt, 'good night!' The adults laugh, and click the red button to disconnect the call. I'm left with a blank screen again, the magic is gone, the people I miss and used to see more often, in another country where neither Louisa nor I could find our whirl, they're gone again, packaged back up in memories, leaving a small, tangible void inside me. It gives me great joy to see them like that, but it often just feels like the wrong moment, early morning, or late at night because of our time difference. I'm happy to have talked to them but all I can do is cry. I miss them. I miss our times together, I miss that I can't just walk down the street to see them, I miss that they're no longer a phone call away even after they moved to another town, I miss them. And this screen brings them closer, but also only even further away.

Amy  
to Inge

yes, i think in some respects your project is a kind of homage/call to your friends abroad. good luck tomorrow. btw you also left the balletjes in ma fridge. will bring them tmr.

April 23  
Assess. Reassess.

April 28  
Captain Aymeric sent me a message a few days ago, stating the obvious clash on the HMS Project. On the one hand, I want the collaborative, figuring it out aspect. Network, people, spaces connecting, a conversation. I invite people on board. On the other hand, I control the environment, so in a way I set it up so what I desire, can't happen. This might be a fear I have to face, and let go of. Embrace anxiety and unknown. Embrace the Noise. Move with the Noise, and move on. Didn't I arrive at the same place a few weeks ago? I am a strange loop.

Ominous Dr Wu screams from the heavens:  
GET OUT OF LIMBO! YOUR TICKET HAS EXPIRED.

April 30  
Reached Queen's Bay. Accompanied by the Ominous Dr. Wu. Trotted around local markets. Lots of people selling items everywhere. Found a small ship inside a glass bottle. The crew seems to have abandoned it, I can't see any people on it. Found some inedible grapes, they might come in handy as ear decoration once we reach the remote island of Ornate Impression (Final Destination, please get off the ferry). Bought a navy-blue book titled Under the Surface, for 20 cents, with a school of fish on the cover, with the name of its author, Marie Sophie Nathusius, inside three fish. It contains a couple of very interesting drawings, some of which have been colored in with pencil. On one illustration, the girl Ida

(a fish-tale version of Alice) is eating sandwiches with a fish. There are mermaids. One fish is wearing a jacket. I'm curious to read it.

May 1

Broached a French writer from a distance. Decide not to disembark for a chat, doesn't seem appropriate enough.

May 2

Unexpectedly disembarked on the Coast of Clarity. Made a few drawings. Didn't talk to anybody for a few days.

May 5

Read *Under the Surface*. Some ideas: electrically charged fishes who pass on messages. Waving your arms about to send signals to other creatures. The brave Ida encourages the fearful Ida. A ship had sunk, it contained a lot of books, as the creatures couldn't eat it (too stale), they decided they'd learn how to read. The whale called Jonah has a business card, would this be called a fishness card?

Borrowed book on Myths. Anything that can't be explained is caused by spirits. Always fearful of spirits, aware they might show up, and trick us, so we try to trick them. Modern day translation is our fear of digital processes, the mythmaking surrounding our digital identity being stored somewhere, analyzed, used. In general this is a human fear for things we can't control, don't have a grip on.

May 10

Arrived to *Figuring it Out*. Captain Stock: where he got stuck and what he did to get out. This navigation can be applied to a new situation.

May 22

Misunderstandings.

Weak, transient effect: Today during the day you are very sensitive emotionally, but the impressions you receive through your sensitivity may not be very accurate. You have vague feelings about the circumstances and people around you, and you may feel very confused, because you aren't sure whether you are being realistic or unduly suspicious and fearful. Misunderstandings with others are very likely, because you tend to feel that others have unfairly criticized or hurt you, although they have done nothing of the sort. Or you may feel that someone dislikes you for the flimsiest reasons. The reason is that this influence activates your subconscious complexes, which take over your moods and perceptions. Instead of reacting to the reality of what you see, you react automatically to the subconscious process set off by what you see.

May 24

Island of Disappointment, with streams of talking it right, forgiving. But angry, disappointed.

May 27

In between accepting and letting go of expectations, still holding on to them. difference rehearsal and event

intangibility

losing face

May 29

Captain Aymeric came by again. He warned me for getting too off track on my way to finding the Coast of Clarity again. 'You have to stop the spiders,' he said. When I replied that I absolutely must route the HMS Project via the Communication Channel, he simply sighed: 'Oh dear.'

June 5

Venus will pass by tomorrow morning. Arrived to Figuring it Out again last night. Admitted this might be digital. Had this lingering feeling, couldn't figure



the book format out for weeks now. I do need a space where several sources can come together. But it scares me too. Ominous Dr Wu: yeah, makes sense, ambiguity, meandering, online presence, taking up various sources.

4:30pm - i'm afraid to lose physicality. afraid to loose my own body, perhaps. but i've already lost my mind a few times, so what's there to be afraid of? i want to connect it all. digital would be better because i can keep changing it. it needs to be embedded, it needs context. captain aymeric echoing, don't fall into the trap of the gallery space. write this first. ok, yes, i'll reserve the equipment and keep writing and i will know more next week. oh i hate it that i decide something and then doubt it again a few hours later! i feel locked in, can't move, i need the flexibility of changing my mind. although maybe fixing down a few things would make things so much easier.

June 12

Returned to the Island of Confirmation. Conversing with others, figuring it out. Glimpse of Coast of Clarity, thanks to the accomplishment industry on Confirmation.

June 16

1pm - Found a steadily flowing body of water, a strong current consisting of smaller side arms that go all the way back to October 17, April 18, May 2, and to somewhere in early December as well. This last Stream of Thought isn't outlined very well, it drops me off in a different spot each time I stumble upon it.

I've ventured out alone this time. Kybernetes and I prepared a small canoe specifically for this purpose, my body is its engine. Slowly pedaling my way upstream, I see familiar faces on shore, I hear fragments of conversations floating around, themes I touched upon, considerable efforts that were made. Pedaling back and forth between these dates, revisiting events, it clicks. Back and forth, back and forth, my thoughts are washing ashore with the rhythm of the sea. Sedimentation. Articulation. Growth.

'That's what I think it is,' Kybernetes said.

'Perfect,' I said. 'But you know, don't you...'

'Know what?' he said.  
'It's the same thing.'  
'Oh,' said Kybernetes. 'So it is.'



**A Voyage of Discovery came into being thanks to the following people:**

Ad Leerintveld, Adriaen Coenensz, Amy Suo Wu, An Mertens, André Castro, Angel Lopez, Annet Dekker, Annette Wolfsberger, Astrid van Nimwegen, Ayanna Jolivet McCloud, Aymeric Mansoux, Bartholomäus Traubeck, Birgit Bachler, Brad Farwell, Brigit Lichtenegger, Caresse Balentin, Carl Giffney, Cherry Daiquiri, Chris Dias Vicente, Claude Shannon, Daan Bunnik, Daan Saat, Dan St. Clair, Danja Vasiliev, Danny van der Kleij, Daphne Heemskerk, Darija Medic, Daryl Rogers, Dave Young, Demet Adiguzel, Dennis de Bel, Dennis van Vreden, Desdemona, Dick Knoops, DJ Red, Djaswant Soares, Douglas Story, Dusan Barok, Ed Wrzesien, Eijbert Hoonte, Eleanor Greenhalgh, Emily Anderson, Evan Simko-Bednarski, Fabien Lebeyrie, Fako Berkers, Fanneke Verhallen, Femke Snelting, Filip Georgiev, Florike Egmond, Genevieve Kooijman, Gordo Savicic, Gregory Bateson, Hans Venhuizen, Heidi Goodson, Heidi Reijm, Helen Varley Jamieson, Ieke Trinks, Ilse van Klei, Imke Zuiderveld, Inke Arns, Irina Botea, Iris Cedee, Jan Kryszons, Janis Klimanovs, Jasper van Loenen, Javier Lloret, Jay Johnson, Job van de Zande, John Cage, Jonas Lund, Josephine van Kranendonk, Josien Hoonte, Joyce Bessis, Justin Aguinaldo, Karel Doing, Katja Diallo, Kees den Haan, Keith Griffiths, Keith Smith, Kimberly Dias Vicente, Kybernetes, Laura McMillan, Laura Macchini, Laura Sicouri, Laurier Rochon, Lena Mueller, Leonard Dost, Leon van Essel, Leon Williams, Leslie Robbins, Lidwien Vervloet, Lieven van Speybroeck, Loes van Dorp, Louisa Bufardeci, Lucian Wester, Luis Soldevilla, Lynne Heller, Madeline Gielow, Mano Daniel Szollosi,

Marie Sophie Nathusius, Marie Woher, Marit Janse, Marielle Verdijk, Mark Gallay, Mark Terkessidis, Marleen Oud, Mary Catherine Bateson, Matt Montesano, Mattijs van 't Hof, Michael Murtaugh, Michelle Tupko, Minda Aguhob, Mirjam Dissel, Morris West, Mr Stock, Nancy Lu Rosenheim, Natasa Siencnik, Nick Cave, Nick Liu, Nick Grosso, Nicolas Cage, Nicolas Malevé, Noe Kidder, Norbert Wiener, Peter Westenber, Petra Milicki, Petra van der Kooij, Philip Agre, Piet Bakker, Piet Swanepoel, Quinten Swagerman, Rahel Berhe, Reinaart Vanhoe, Renee Turner, Rick Bell, Ritamarie Moscola, Rob Hoonte, Rocio Salceda Rodriguez, Rod Dickinson, Roderik den Hertog, Roel Meelkop, Romany Wagenaar, Safiq Nastution, Sam van Dijk, Sarah Mollink, Sarah Phillips, Sebastian Cimpean, Sebastian Schmieg, Seda Guerses, Seema Ouweneel, Selena Savic, Serena Lee, Shane Bouman, Sharon Allred, Sharon Gesthuizen, Silvio Lorusso, Simon Pummell, Sterre Manasse, Steve Rushton, Sulayka Janssen, Suzy van der Lingen, Terry Yap, The Internet, Thea Milkowski, Theo Ellsworth, Theresia de Vries, Thomson & Craighead, Tim Braakman, Timo Klok, Tim van de Wetering, Tino Sehgal, Toine Horvers, Tomas Navarro, Vanessa Tuitel, Wendy van Wynsberghe, Wicke Hoonte, Willie Stehouwer, Yan Zhang, Yana Barysheva, Yiorgos Bagakis, You, and Zahir Jones.

A  
VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY

‘Moving from start to finish.’  
–The Confirmation Times

\*

‘A great journey’  
–Daily Ocean Newspaper

\*

‘Poetically reflects personal struggle while talking about something universal and human. [It] also journeys through the process, a major part of all creative work, but mostly it is a wonderful narrative that is courageously honest confronting the fragility of it all.’  
–Phileas Frog, circumnavigational adventurer, currently journeying  
Around the Mind in Eighty Days