

*The Book
of
The Great Fish*

**Translated by
Howard N. Kaplan**

**The Book Of
The GréAT
FISH**

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The Song Of Eternal Joy

O Great Fish!

The holy One and All

Who came from the eternal Void and sacred

Motherblack

(The holy All and None),

O Great Fish!

The holy All and One

Who gave and took Paradise

From Those Forever Blissful,

O Great Fish!

The holy Liquid bringer

Who brought forth the Season of Light

Whose silent Voice whispers Love,

O Great Fish!

Our holy, sacred Father

Who breathed the gift of Life

Into Those Forever Mocking,

O Great Fish!

The holy, scaly One

Who made Heroes from pebbles;

Those Forever Fighting,

O Great Fish!

The holy bubble-breather

Who created Those Who Complain,

Our humble lives lie in the shadow of your Love

Great One and All!

Hear this song of Eternal Joy

That you are the All and the One

**Whose Love pours liquid --
Who gives life to we who die --
You who gives understanding;
May this Book of Life bring to others
A mere shadow of your Love.**

ONE: The Void and Motherblack

And here it is, The Book of Creation, of How It Is, of the Great Scaly One, of the Grace of His Love and the wonder of His being --

And here it is, the story of His Creation, the story of the Void and sacred Motherblack, the story of how He came to be, our blessed Fish-father, the holy One and All --

* * *

And this is the Void, the eternal Nothing from which All shall come. And this is sacred Motherblack, the endless sea of darkness. The Void and Motherblack are the holy All and None from which the Great Fish shall come.

The Void and Motherblack, the All and None, before the birth of the Great One, lay eternal together before the birth of Time, before the Season of Light, before the Love of His breath, before the whispered Word, the Void and Motherblack lay eternal together.

And Motherblack vomits darkness into the mouth of the Void who vomits it back to Motherblack, back and forth and so on, until from the darkness there comes a sound.

And this sound that comes from between the Void and Motherblack is a bubble of blackness, the bubble floats between the mouths of the Void and Motherblack, back and forth and so on. And the bubble grows to fill their mouths, it grows and grows until it bursts apart.

And from the bubble explodes a black river of roses

that fills the mouths of the Void and Motherblack, and the river grows and grows until it pours out of the mouths of the Void and Motherblack. A black river of roses pours from the Void and Motherblack until the sacred All and None is totally filled with darkened roses.

And from the bubble that burst to fill the Void and Motherblack with a sea of roses there swims a tiny scaled-one, a single-eyed being who looks at all of the roses and begins to eat them.

And this one-eyed being eats the roses and grows and grows, this scaly one eats all of the darkened roses vomited from the Void and Motherblack and it grows. It grows billions and billions of eyes and scales and fins and mouths. It grows until it fills the Void and Motherblack with its being. This One is now All and it fills the None with its being.

And now the Great Fish is the All and the One, having come from a bubble from the vomit of the All and None, the Void and Motherblack, And now the Great Fishgod lives, And He is Love, And He whispers Love to Himself, And He speaks amidst the silence of the Void and Motherblack, And from His mouth there comes the Word, And from His mouth there comes Paradise -- Before the creation of Time, Before the creation of Those Forever Mocking or Those Forever Fighting or Those Who Complain.

And from His mouth there comes the Pool, And from His mouth there comes Paradise, And from His Love comes Those Forever Blissful.

Two: The Pool

The Pool is Paradise. It is the wet, everlasting life at the vast space of timelessness before Time. Clearblue, bouyant water sparkles under the neversetting sun while Those Forever Blissfull play around the pool. Surrounding the pool is a square of bushes. Encircling the bushes is the mud from which people are created. Beyond the mud, the vast Nothingness from which Paradise was created by the venerated breath of the Great FishGod.

The Great FishGod keeps the sun shining and the pool clean. It is the Love of the Great FishGod that keeps fruit growing in the bushes. The expression of the people's love -- the irregular sacrifices so eagerly performed -- is reciprocated in the gift of Paradise from the FishGod. The FishGod provides for all.

* * *

King Walter I is a paunchy man with small wrinkles around his eyes and mouth from a constant smile. He wears a robe of purple and crimson that he removes when he dives into the pool. Standing naked and proud he would speak in a calm voice to the people around the pool. He is a direct descendent of the Great FishGod, so he is sensitive to the subtle, mystical energy that blows light in the air from our Lord's pure essence.

Lester is the bald magician-aide-lover to the King. Whereas the King has wrinkles from his smiles, Lester's face is unusually drawn down in thought. He stands taller than the King and can make colorful patterns appear on his head.

He would perform magic for the King and the people around the pool. His most important trick is creating people from mud. His long, purple robe drapes over his narrow shoulders and his voice is as light as the loving kiss of the Great FishGod.

Together the King and the magician watch over the inhabitants of Paradise -- Those Forever Blissful. The King directs the sacrifices to the Great FishGod while Lester molds people from mud and magically whispers the essence of the FishGod into them. The world is perfect.

Everyone is happy. The people run around the pool and laugh and play games. A crowd gathers at the edge of the pool to watch Albert drown. Some jump into the pool to help push Albert under the surface. He struggles wonderfully. He flaps his arms and spits when he breaks the surface of the water, and he also has a wonderful scream. The people pull him over to the cold water pipe at the far end of the pool and keep his head under the freezing water. Everyone laughs at the game. Girls giggle, men guffaw, and everyone takes turns keeping Albert's head underwater. Albert gasps and twists around as the blood in his head begins to move slower and slower. After one final burst of energy he finally goes limp. Everyone cheers. "Hooray!" they all shout. There is a sudden rush to leave the pool before the FishGod comes to take Albert's body away. He floats, face down, in the deep end of the pool by the diving board. At this end, at the head of the pool, sits King Walter I on his royal throne. He is surrounded by his twenty-two concubines who attend to him at all times. The people line up around the pool in silence.

Lester stands to the King's right with his arms folded. Albert's hair bobs up and down in the soft waves rippling on the surface of the water. Walter motions for the concubines beside him to stop fondling his royal penis. He stands up and bellows, with his arms raised high, "Let the Great FishGod, and the essence of His being, come and accept our sacrifice in return for His neverending Love!"

Everyone holds his breath. Nothing happens. The King glances to the magician and gives a subtle expression of concern. Lester returns the expression, so Walter turns to the people and says with a smile, "The Great FishGod is satisfied for now. Remove the sacrificial carcass!!!"

"Hooray!!!" everyone shouts as each jumps into the pool. They drag out Albert's body. The Necrophiles immediately lay claim to the corpse while Belinda, a self-proclaimed (and toothless) Necro-nymphomaniac is the first to fondle the dead body. The Necrophiles take the corpse behind the bushes and have fun.

People go off to their separate groups to play. The sado-masochists stand in front of his royal Fishness and perform torture skits for him. They use sextoys made from the hair and bones of those who were sacrificed to beat and tie up their friends. His royal Fishness is happy. His concubines surround him, each licking and stroking his body. Two young girls playfully vie to suck his royal penis. While the beating from the S&M club intensifies, the royal entourage builds to a sexual frenzy. The King perceives a crackle in the air. He orders, "Everyone into the Pool!"

"Hooray!" everyone cheers. The King stands up and

disrobes. He stands on the diving board and plunges headfirst into the darkening blue. Each of his concubines follow. Soon everyone is in the pool: the sado-masochists, the Necrophiles, the self-gratifiers, the celibate orthodox (who are secret voyeurs), and Lester the magician. People grab and kick and kiss and have fun. The King lifts his head high and shouts, "Let the Great FishGod come to see His loyal followers frolicking for His glorious being!"

The crowd screeches happily as the water begins to bubble. Then a white foam gathers around the edges of the pool. The sky becomes dark, and a cold wind blows across the people's heads. The water in the pool becomes colder. The foam spreads over the surface of the water while people dive and grab at each other. The sky turns totally black. Then suddenly, from beneath the pool at the far end, water begins to rush out. The people at that end of the pool are dragged into the mouth of the Great FishGod. In an instant it is over. The water stops rushing out of the pool. The wind stops. The sky becomes a sparkling clear blue.

The King and his concubines drift to the side of the pool. The King lifts himself up and walks back to his royal throne. Attendants stand ready with his robe. He spreads his arms wide and says, "The Great FishGod has been satisfied! On with the celebration!!!"

Applause rings out. Some people leave the pool to play while others stay to swim. The Necrophiles trade one of their group to the sado-masochists for torture. When the sado-masochists finish torturing the member, he is given back to the Necrophiles for play.

The sacrifices continue irregularly. Either as a group, or with one person singled out at random for the love of the Great FishGod; the pool would foam over, and the God would take His gift.

At one point Lester goes up to the King and speaks gently, "Your most royal Fishness, may I have a word with you?" he asks.

The King, as an answer, stands up and motions his concubines aside. He walks towards Lester and puts his arm around the magician's shoulder. "What is it?" he whispers.

"My lord and love," Lester begins, "I sense something wrong in our world."

"You do?" the King asks. "Of what sort?"

"I sense a --" Lester hesitates, "I sense a dryness coming."

The King holds his breath. He had sensed something unusual in the air as well.

Lester notices the King's extended silence and says quietly, "This dryness I sense will mean the end of the world."

"In what way do you perceive this. . .dryness?" Walter asks.

"The last person I created from the mud was Jerry, over there," Lester points to a young man who is tied up against a flat round disk in the sado-masochite' area. Several girls and a few older women dance around and excite him sexually, but never bring him to a climax. It is a fun game. "See how pale he is?" Lester continues, "the mud behind the bushes is not as moist as before. And it has been

getting worse, my lord and lover." Lester pauses. He stands facing the King and sighs, "I fear that it is the end of the world."

Walter looks deeply into Lester's face. "Nonsense," he says. "The FishGod will keep us alive. He loves us."

"I know, my lord and lover."

"In the name of our Great FishGod I bless your noble essence," Walter says ceremoniously. He bends his head and kisses Lester full and passionately on the lips. "We will simply have a royal sacrifice to appease our God," he says softly.

"If the mud continues to go dry I will be unable to create people to sacrifice, my love," Lester is resigned. "We will all be sacrificed as the end comes nearer."

"I said we will have a royal sacrifice," Walter says calmly with a smile.

Lester understands. He smiles sadly.

The King turns to face the pool. He walks back to his royal throne and begins to speak, "Loyal followers of our Great FishGod!" he begins, "As your lord and saviour, I bid you farewell, as I must now return to our God to preserve our world in this beautiful state of perfection. Farewell..." and with that the King runs up to the diving board, jumps high in the air, and plunges headfirst into the pool. He is given a standing ovation.

King Walter I pulls himself deeper and deeper with each cleaving stroke through the water. He holds his breath tight as the water becomes darker and thicker. His heart beats at a pace that makes the pressure in his head

pleasurable. In his mind he prays, "Oh Great Fish, take my life as a sacrifice to your ultimate being to keep my people alive in your forever wet world!" His mind drifts as he stops swimming while the foamy whirlpool appears below him.

Lester stands baffled on the royal throne. The sky seems to crack open, and the world begins to shake. He feels energy surge beneath his skin and an undeniable tide of Love sweeps over him. He stands at the edge of the diving board and shouts, "Oh, followers of the Great Fish! Follow me, for the love of our Lord, into the essence of the Great FishGod! We are the lovers of this world, so let us all bring ourselves back to the source of our love! Everyone into the pool!" he screams as he plunges into the water. The royal concubines follow, as does every single person around the pool. The sky darkens and the cold wind blows and everyone is laughing and screaming while the white foam reaches above their heads and the sucking whirlpool drags them forever downward. The sky splits open and rain falls over the new land and the Sea is created. Within the darkness of the FishGod's essence the people float like fish in the sea. Their bodies disassemble and spread throughout the black water. The particles re-arrange themselves into spheres of hot, glowing energy.

* * *

Thus from the POOL comes The Season of Light.

Three: The Season of Light

And this is how the Great Fish created Light and gave motion to all things. From Those Forever Blissful the Great Fish digested the Love He had given them and from His foamy mouths there sprung orbs of heat and light. And these orbs float in the black sea of Motherblack forever in motion. And this is The Season of Light.

* * *

*O Joyous creation at the beginning of Time!
Great Fish-father blows bubbles of Light!
Each orb spins bright with Love!
Holy fire liquid bringer
Spits colors: crimson, orange, violet, gold --
All rain down on these orbs of light
They form viscous clouds, misty liquid;
Foamy mouths of our sacred Father
Sets forward Time in motion!
The glorious gate is open
To pour freely the Light of His Love,
The orbs spin bright and fill the sea of Motherblack
While the Void waits for those who live to die --
But now the orbs have taken place --
Each world awaits the Sky and Sea
And our Fish-father looks at these worlds
With His billion billion eyes
And He waits in silence
Barely breathing
Ready to fill*

*The empty worlds
With more gifts
Of His Love.*

* * *

Thus is The Season of Light.

Four: Those Forever Mocking

And this is how the Great Fish created gods -- Those Forever Mocking. And this is how these gods took claim of all He created. These mocking ones, these stubborn ones, these conceited ones; without piety, without respect, without the Love of our Lord. This is how the Great Fish created Those Forever Mocking and how He destroyed them.

* * *

*So now passes the Season of Light
And our Father waits in silence.
Now He breathes bubbles of life
Into the clouds of orbs of Light
And now there are gods
Who know not
of our Lord.*

"I am Buzz! I am All!"

"I am Jeffrey! I am All!"

"I am Becky! I am All!"

Thus each god lays claim to Creation,
Billions and billions of gods crowd together
And none know of our Great Fish --
All are stubborn in their ignorance.

And this is how one god
Came to know
The Love of our Lord:

"I am Buzz! I am All!"
proclaimed One Forever Mocking.
"I shall create beings for my world
Who will fear me for my Power,
Who will sacrifice their children
If I should will it so!
For I am **Buzz! I am All!!!**
And now the Buzzgod creates a garden
In the middle of his world;
He creates beasts and then two people
Who bow in fear and pray to him
And now the Buzzgod sends them off
To face the wild, cold and naked,
To test and toy with them. . .
And now he is angry
Because they forgot to pray
or send him gifts.

So now the Buzzgod creates a storm
And floods the world he thinks he made,
But when he tries to stop the tides
He finds his power gone.

"Whoops!" he says and tries again
To make the people stand from clay,
But it is our FishGod who has found amiss
The creation of Those Forever Mocking --

And so our Lord, in His eternal Grace

Destroys the work of those who mock Him --
He reshapes each world with Sky and Sea
And waits in silence,
Barely breathing
Ready to fill
The empty worlds
With creatures
Who are aware
Of His Love.

* * *

Thus is the story of Those Forever Mocking.

Five: Loomis and The Octopus Ride

And this is the story of Those Forever Fighting -- the heroes created by our Great Fish who met with danger and adventure in the new worlds of His making after the destruction of Those Forever Mocking. Tales and songs abound of Those Forever Fighting and here it is, the story of Loomis and The Octopus Ride.

* * *

And now comes the Age of Heroes. . .

Our Great Father, having seen with His billion billion eyes the conceit of Those Forever Mocking, breathes life into the stones at the bottom of the seas that cover the worlds of His making.

And from these billion billion stones there springs to life heroes and monsters who battle with each other constantly while our Father watches in silence.

And Those Who Fight are made aware of our Father as they battle and are slain; for upon their deaths they are swallowed by our Father and given the gift of His eternal Love.

And this is the story of Loomis, a brave water-breather who meets his fate in the blackest of seas while battling the fierce Octopus Ride.

Noble Loomis, a green-skinned water-breather, swims in the calm blue sea of his world. His life is good; he has a beautiful wife and three healthy children. He goes hunting for

smaller fish in the sea with his spear day after day and brings them back to his family. His life is blessed with the Grace of our Lord; it is simple and wholesome.

Today, though, brings ill fortune to noble Loomis. After returning to his home from a hunt he finds his wife and children gone. He searches his underwater caves while panic swelters over him. "Where are my loved ones?" he cries to himself. He swims for a long time, going deeper and deeper into the darkened depths of the sea. He can hardly see in this murky deep, but still he swims further and further down.

Now noble Loomis, armed only with his spear, floats in the black bottom of the sea, crying for his wife and children. Now he sees a flash of light. He becomes excited. He swims in the direction of the light when another flash appears. Now he feels the water becoming warmer. As he swims closer to the light he hears feeble screams. Although he is afraid, noble Loomis swims further to the light. The screams get louder and the water gets warmer.

Now brave Loomis sees the source of the light. It is a giant Octopus Ride with glowing chunks of coral on its arms. And trapped in its arms struggle Loomis' wife and children.

Loomis cries out to his family as he watches the Octopus Ride drawing them into its mouth. The monster crushes the children with its tentacles, and stuffs them in its mouth. It whips Loomis' beautiful wife against the coral wall and stuffs her into its mouth.

Now brave Loomis is screaming at the beast as he swims with all his might, his spear extended, towards the Octopus Ride. He swims between its slimy arms and finds the giant

Octopus' Eye. With all his strength Loomis plunges his spear into the Eye. The monster writhes in pain and reaches inward to grab noble Loomis.

Now Loomis is trapped in the Octopus Ride. He beats his hands against the slimy skin of the monster and screams his hate at the evil beast. The Octopus draws noble Loomis into its mouth and stuff him into its beak.

And now Loomis is inside the Octopus Ride, and he dies. And as he dies he becomes aware of our Great Father. Our Lord sucks the life out of the hero and whispers Love into his being. Our Lord feels compassion for noble Loomis and decides to create creatures of far humbler aspirations.

* * *

Thus is the story of Loomis and The Octopus Ride -- The Hero and The Beast -- Those Forever Fighting.

Sin: Those Who Complain

And this is how the Great Fish created Those Who Complain
-- those who live to die. After seeing with His billion
billion eyes the failures of Those Forever Mocking and Those
Forever Fighting, our Great Fish-father decided to breathe
life into beings of meagre worth. And these beings, being
humbled in their creation, forever question their existence.
And this is the story of the first two of these creatures,
Fred and Wilma -- the first two meagre ones who constantly
complain.

* * *

*And now our Lord looks down upon His creation
And he sees His failures' decay;
And now our Lord calls upon His dolphin-children
And He splits from two of these creatures
Two more. . .
And these two breathe air, not water,
And He creates land for them to walk on
And He gives them voices to speak to each other
And He breathes life through their lips
And blesses them with Love --
He names these two things
Fred and Wilma.*

Man and woman, they walk naked together
Over the land, the gift from our Father,
And this now is the story of these two creatures
Of how they question the One and All and constantly
complain.

"What am I?" asks Fred to Wilma. He pokes his bare skin and puzzles himself.

"You are one as I am one," says Wilma. "But what you are as what am I escapes me."

"What color is the sky?" asks Fred. "And *why* is the sky?"

"What color is the sea?" asks Wilma. "And *why* is the sea?"

Thus the two question and complain as they walk from the sea and across the land, pointing and whining and never knowing anything.

Our Great Fish watches with His infinite compassion. He has made two perfect beings who are blessed with ignorance. Fred and Wilma walk together until they reach a pool. They see themselves upon the water and ask why they look this way.

And now our FishGod comes to them, through the wind and into their mouths. And now they behold within their minds an unquestionable vision of beauty, and by the Grace of our Fish they know Love! And now they embrace each other and now their mouths meet and they share this vision of beauty! And within their minds they understand our Father and now they know the blessing of His Love.

* * *

Thus is the story of Fred and Wilma -- Those Who Complain.

* * *

So now the first two meagre ones, these humble complainers, sit down and create countries and cars and supermarkets and shopping malls and buses and boats and planes and televisions and cheez-whiz and all of the fruits of

civilization. And as we have come from the Void and sacred Motherblack we must return to them upon our deaths with the Grace of our Lord. With Joy and Love we embrace the dark and the unknowable womb of Motherblack. For as we have come from our FishGod and Those Forever Mocking and Those Forever Fighting we must constantly complain and question our world. It is the Love of our Lord that makes us whole -- blessed be our Great Fish-Father!

* * *

Thus it is, the Book of the Great Fish.