The whale is captured and brought back to the coastal house (temple/library/school) where the lower floors have been flooded. The ship is the *Mayflower* (!) but Columbus has led a mutiny against the Puritans.

When the whale is brought to this place, I am the communicator (or whale trainer). During a session in the pool, the whale rages at me. I almost drown twice but it is the whale who finally dies, a suicide. I really can't begin to describe the power of this event. The tragic whale and the failed communicator overlap in dreamtime, but the beauty of the flooded house, the beauty of the whale, is amazing, as are the ship's dual rudders, which are fashioned from exquisite stained glass. The ending is dark mathematics, a kind of entropic epic.