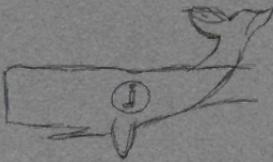


Leviathan

**An exploration of Captain Ahab's
lust for revenge: In what consumes
him will consume them all.**

By Harrison Lane



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Leviathan

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"IT WAS MOBY DICK THAT BROUGHT ME TO THIS DEAD STUMP
I STAND ON NOW... AND I'LL CHASE HIM ROUND GOOD HOPE, AND
ROUND THE HOEN, AND ROUND THE NORWAY MAELSTROM, AND ROUND
PERDITION'S FLAMES BEFORE I GIVE HIM UP. AND THIS IS WHAT YE
HAVE SHIPPED FOR, MEN! TO CHASE THAT WHITE WHALE ON BOTH
SIDES OF LAND, AND ~~WALK~~ OVER ALL SIDES OF EARTH, TILL HE
SPORTS BLACK BLOOD AND ROLLS FIN OUT..."

MELVILLE

THE CASK OF AMONTILLADO

"THE THOUSAND INJURIES
OF FORTUNATO I HAD
BEENE AS I BEST COULD,
BUT WHEN HE VENTURED
UPON INSULT, I VOWED
REVENGE"

-POE

"A WILD, MYSTICAL, SYMPATHETICAL FEELING WAS IN ME;
AHAB'S QUENCHLESS FEUD SEEMED MINE. WITH GREEDY
EARS I LEARNED THE HISTORY OF THAT MURDEROUS
MONSTER AGAINST WHOM I AND ALL THE OTHERS
HAD TAKEN OUR OATHS OF VIOLENCE AND REVENGE."

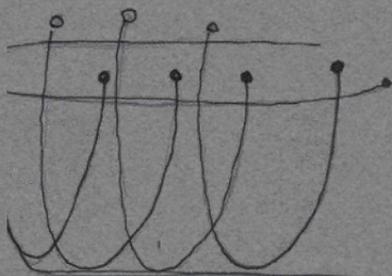
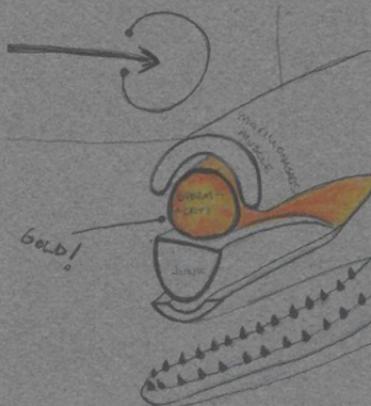
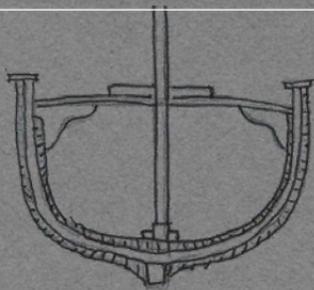
MELVILLE

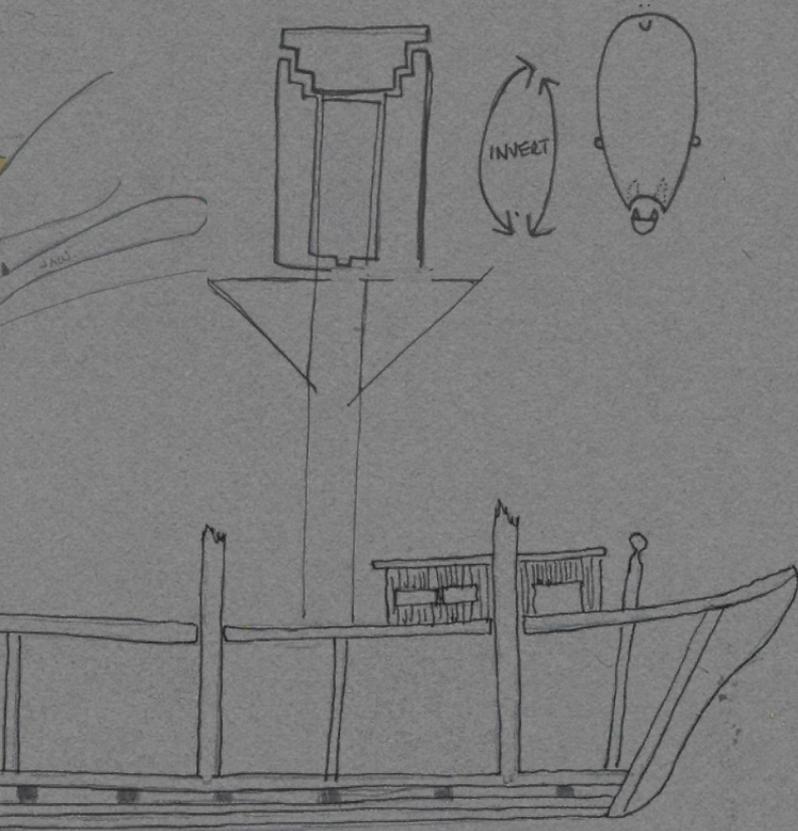
Ahab // The whale





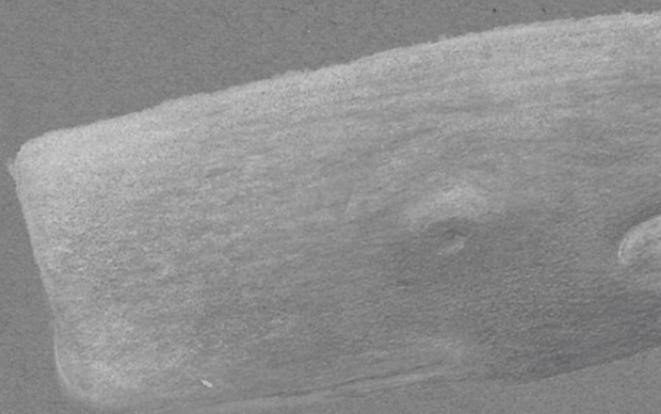
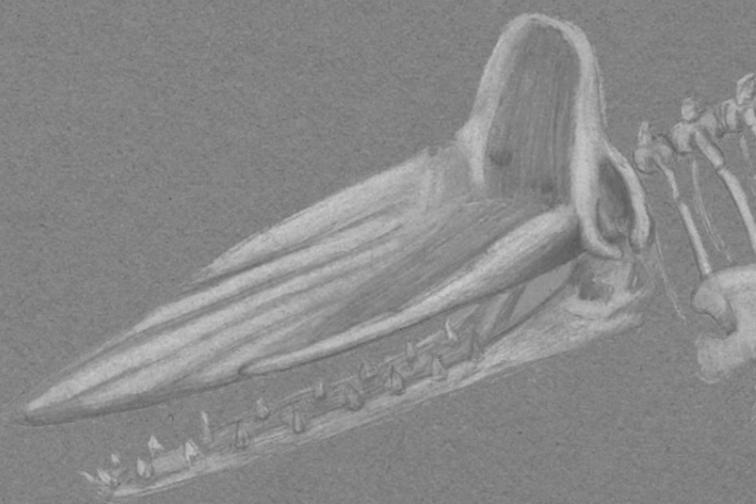
Concept sketches





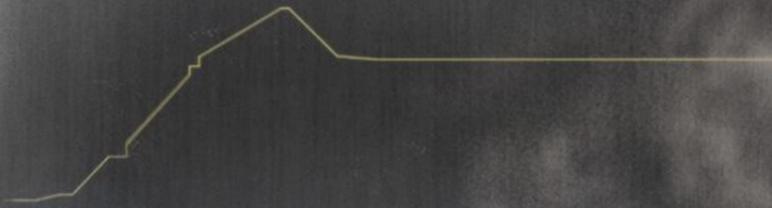
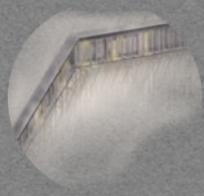
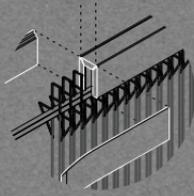
Concept sketches

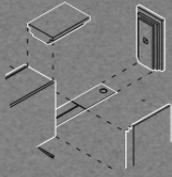






The Whale

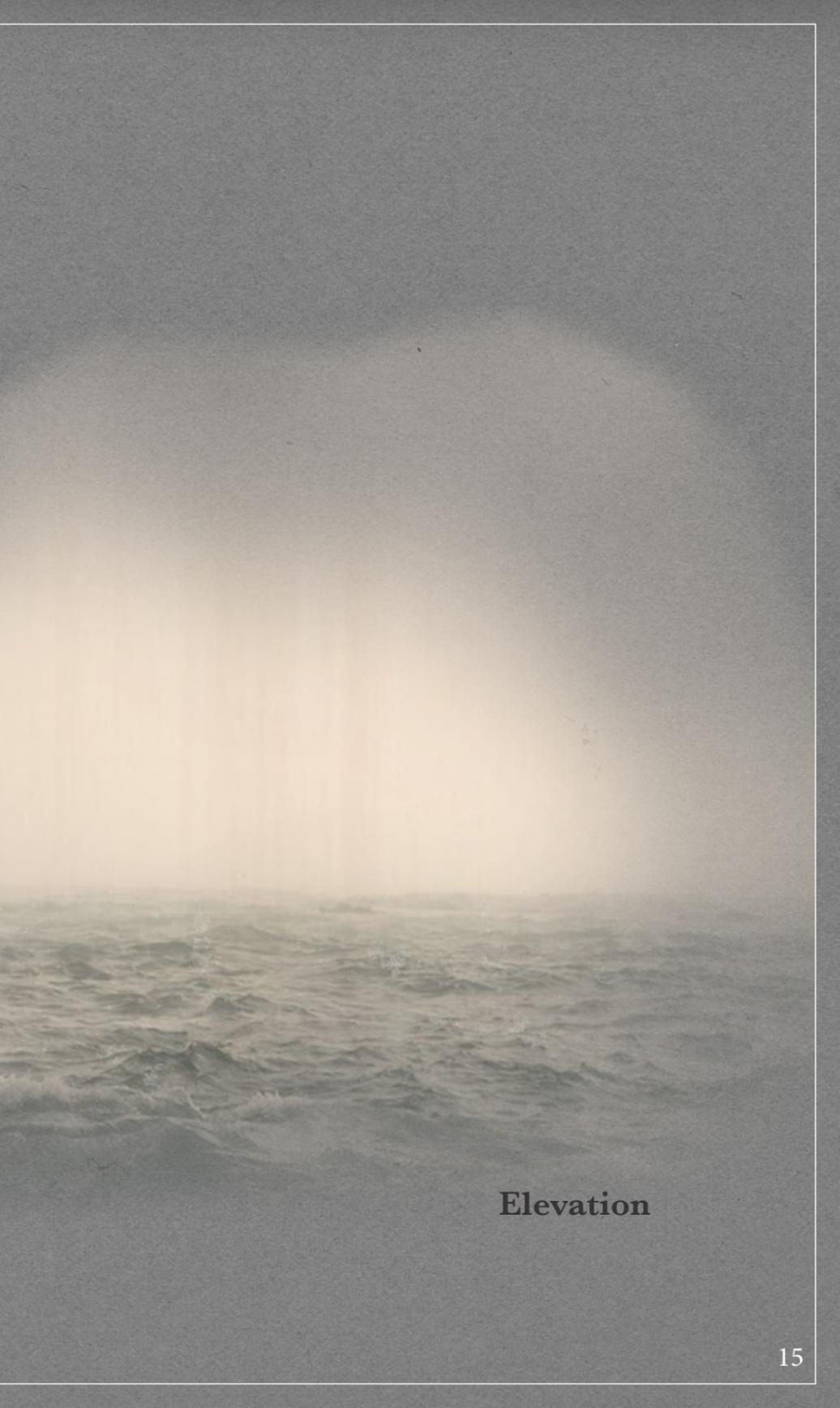




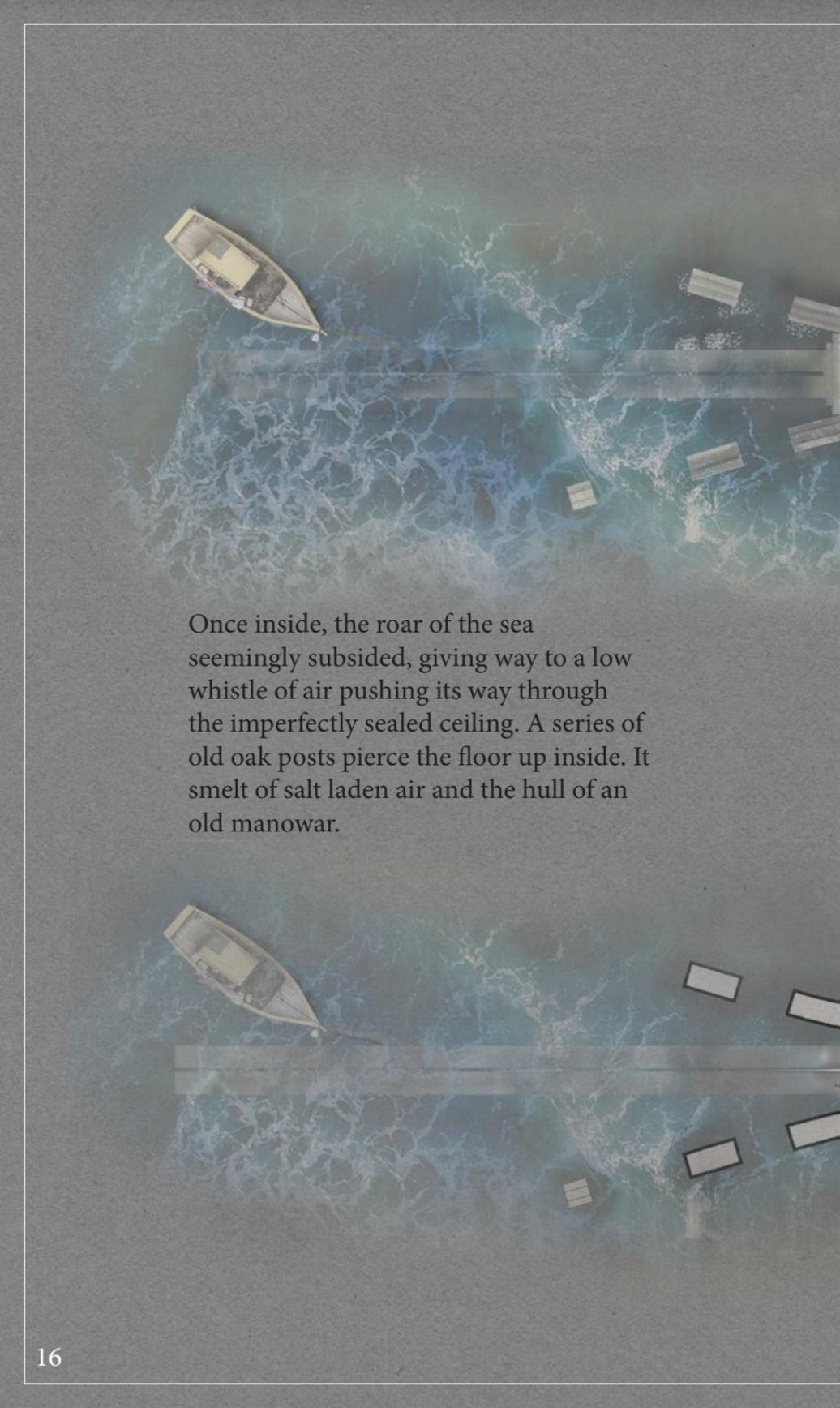
Key map 1:10,000

The deafening sound of rushing water grew greater and greater as a bone white mass revealed itself through the ocean mist.

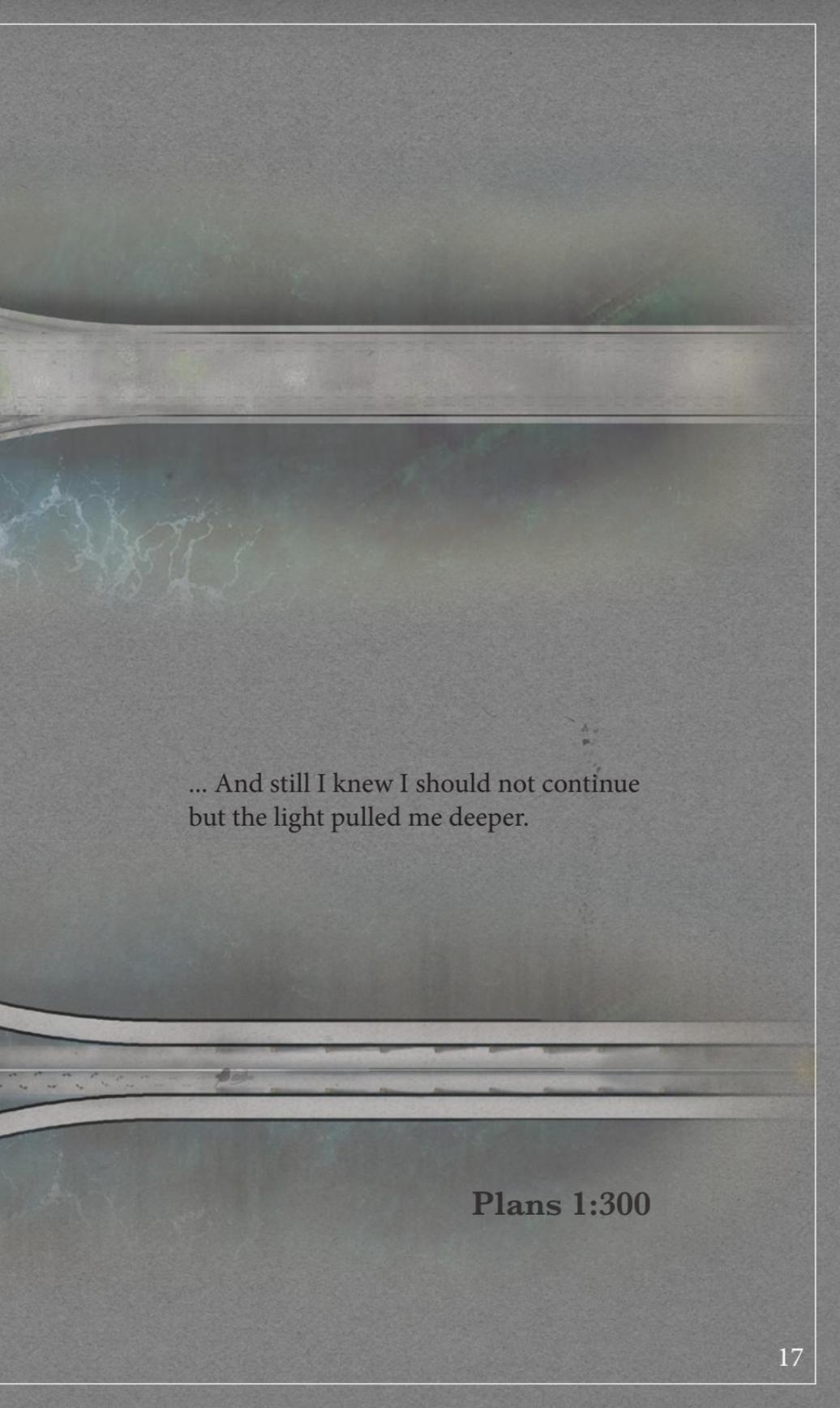
The mouth of it stretched out as if to catch more of which came near. With all my sense I knew not to enter, but the dull golden light emanating from its dark and damp hall became all I could see.



Elevation

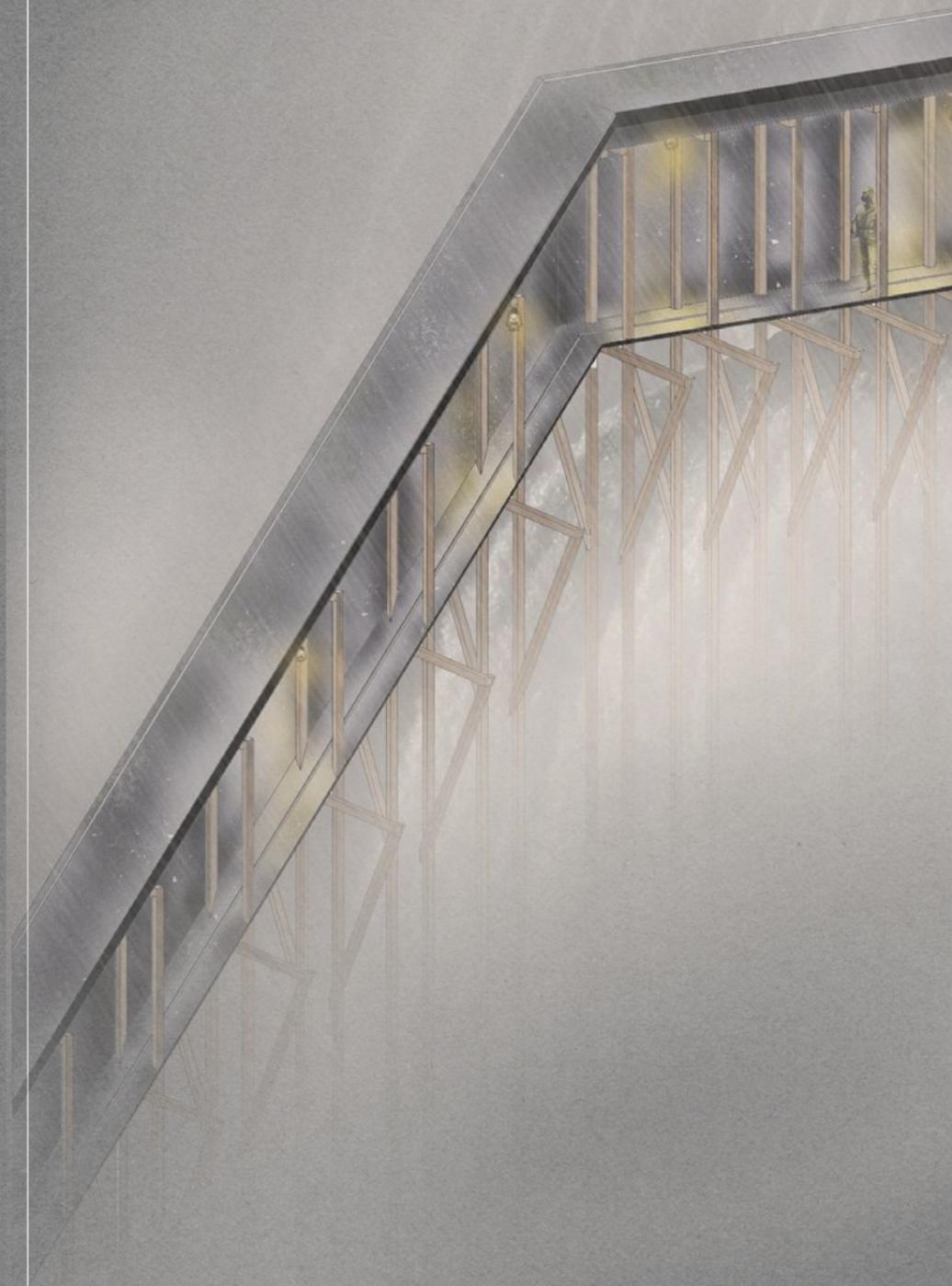
An aerial photograph of a small wooden boat with a yellow cabin on the left side of the frame. The boat is moving through a body of water, leaving a white wake. To the right of the boat, several rectangular buoys are visible, some with white tops and some with dark tops. The water is a mix of blue and green, with white foam from the boat's wake. The overall scene is captured from a high angle, looking down at the water and the boat.

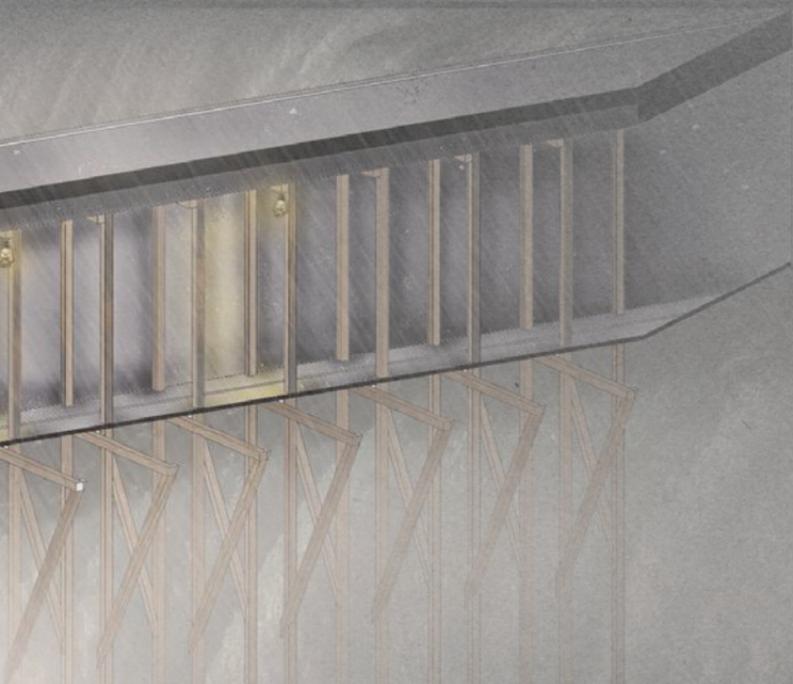
Once inside, the roar of the sea
seemingly subsided, giving way to a low
whistle of air pushing its way through
the imperfectly sealed ceiling. A series of
old oak posts pierce the floor up inside. It
smelt of salt laden air and the hull of an
old manowar.

A dark, atmospheric photograph of a tunnel. The floor is wet and reflects light, creating a shimmering effect. The walls and ceiling are dark and textured. The overall mood is mysterious and somber.

... And still I knew I should not continue
but the light pulled me deeper.

Plans 1:300



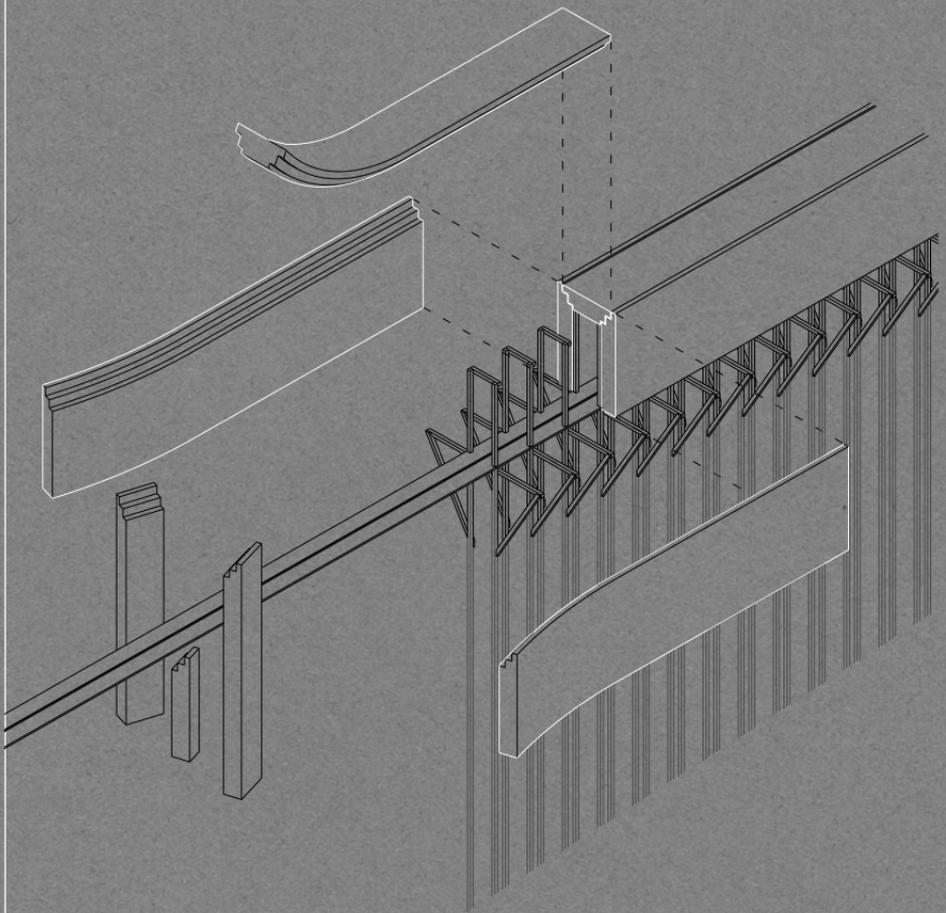


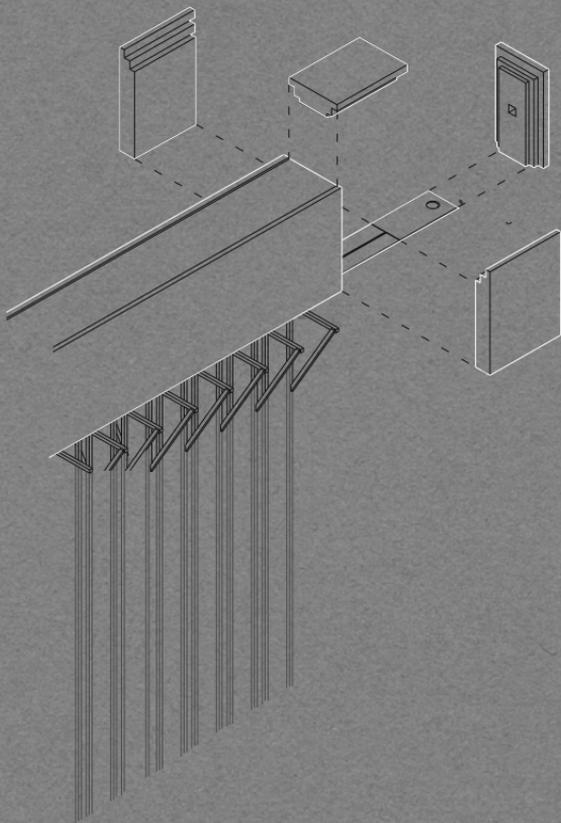
As the natural light gave way to flames of oil lamps, the structure creaked and cracked under the unflagging push of the waves below. Water seeped through the walls and the whistle has grown to a howl.

What is this place? Its path is steep and treacherous. What is its culminating end? It appears to serve but one dedicated purpose, and the trough of water under my feet is as intent to reach there as I.

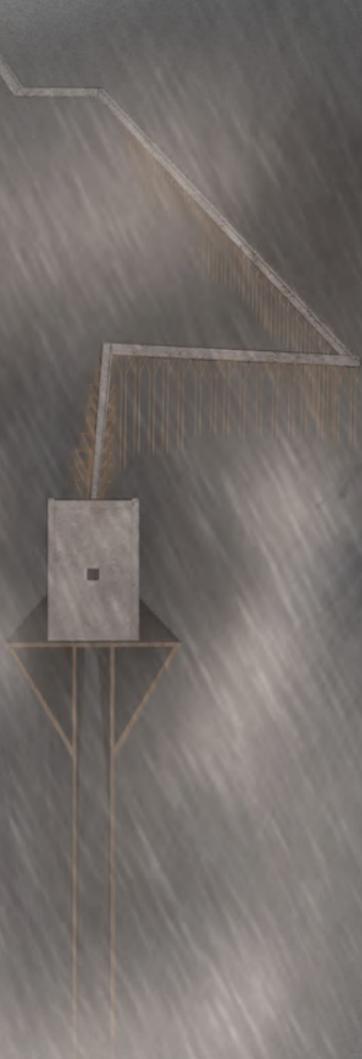
Axonometric section

I am nearing the end and have a better understanding of its anatomy. The water appears to pool prior to the single window I have encountered. It seems the source of this now blinding gold light.





Axonometric

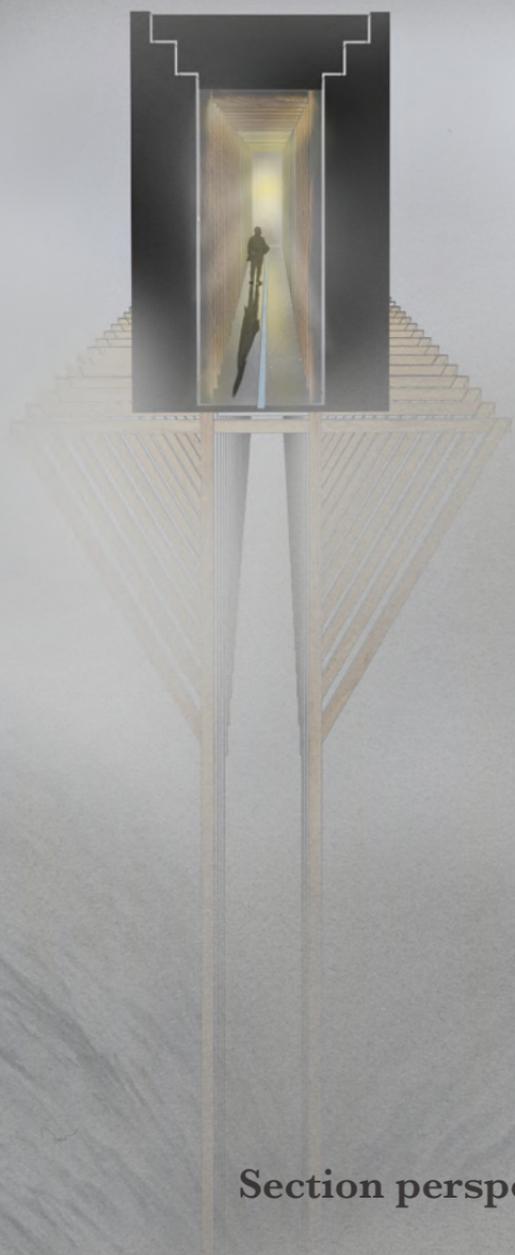


Elevation 1:300



I will not falter in that which I seek. The source of this light will be mine.

Section 1:300



Section perspective 1:150



Interior perspective

