

The Adventures Of Goat

by

Melissa Shea

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Author's Declaration

I hereby declare that I am the sole author of this thesis. This is a true copy of the thesis, including any required final revisions, as accepted by my examiners.

I understand that my thesis may be made electronically available to the public.

Abstract

This is a story about a Goat, who is an Animated & a Talking Goat, unusually, for an Architect. There are also other Talking Animals, such as a Moose, a Butterfly by the name of Bill, a Beaver, and a Jackalope—the Jackalope is a bit scary, but perhaps they are all friends. In any case, there are also Buildings, or this would not be a Master's Thesis in Architecture. So they definitely build many things, I will say that, and drink a great deal of Tea, and eat many Cookies, as well, and if sometimes things get a bit Serious, why: I should not pay any Serious attention at all, simply follow the story along, remembering that it will all end up alright in the end—in these kind of stories, of course, it always does. I will tell you now, however, that it might be a bit dangerous to allow Goats inside your understanding of architecture, because once a Goat is inside your Understanding, who knows what trouble he might get up to, and what renovations he should make inside your mind—what Rooms he might make for a butterfly here; or what Labyrinth of Understanding he might place in a Doorway hidden There, for you to stumble into—what Small House for himself with a view to a Garden of Very Pretty Understanding, he might build,

perhaps in a far-off Nook you had forgotten about entirely—why, you might be left with Whole Fields renovated inside your Understanding, and I do not know if a Goat could be Qualified for such.

So I cannot quite recommend you to reading this, although it is an excessively good story, and I should not like you to miss it. I will reassure you, quite as a side-note, that I have written an accompanying essay on the Use of the Imagination in architecture, to stand as a Defense of Goat, and as a Proof of Goat's very existence—for the Doubters among us who might not believe, in the end, since he is not in front of us, that we have seen a little Talking Goat: for such Persons who might allow Doubt to Prevail even on Sundays, and who might thereby cause us to begin to forget the little doorways and rooms, that a Small White Goat has placed carefully in our own Heart, so that we may have Adventures there.

Acknowledgments

Thank you to my family: Myra Chase, Allan Shea, Marta Koch, and Lara Shea, for tolerating me. And for going on Adventures at Odd Times of the day.

I would like to thank Gordon Hunt, for traveling with Goat & I for all those months in Greece and Turkey, and only getting upset Upon Occasion. And also for dancing as a T-Rex when Called Upon.

And to Capitano Goldstar, also known as Mark Zupan, I give thanks for his Goat-ish-ness at my Defence—and without whom, the Defence of Goat would not have been the same at all.

I would like to thank my supervisor, Robert Jan Van Pelt, for his support. I would also like to thank my committee members, Donald McKay, and Dereck Revington, for their good-humour.

I would also like to thank all those persons who have adopted Goat, as their own *particular* friend. Goats, you see, have a very great need for *particular* friends.

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Author's Note

or

The Pre-Amble

MAYBE IT IS UNREASONABLE TO IMAGINE THAT GOATS HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY ABOUT ARCHITECTURE.

Even talking goats, one may suppose, have less to say than the average human about the Endeavours & Travails of the Architect.

Certainly, I may have agreed with this before I re-read this short account of Adventure & Intrigue.

Certainly, many persons might agree with such assumptions, before or even *after* reading this book.

To that effect I have gone to the trouble of annotating it with human references & reflections that bear some similarity, assuming the Burden of Proof on my Own Person out of a sense, I suppose, of Duty to this Account, to steady the Doubts of Veracity that a small goat voice might be head among Animals Superior to him.

Though, of course, I know I cannot possibly cover all points of reference, I remain confident of the Parallel-

ism of this Goat's world to my own that I am happy to Sit Down to Tea with anyone who entertains the Curios of Doubts, and to bring to Light the Strands & Interconnected tensile forces that connect this Story, in Particular, to the World's, and also, Inextricably, to my own.

And offer my Assurances & Understandings freely.

I will tell you Officially to avoid the over-strain of your imagination, that I, a Real Human, have written the account myself, that no talking animal ever wrote anything resembling this account, and that I wrote it to the Purpose & Effect of Entertaining Architects, Soon-To-Be-Architects, and Never-Shall-Be-Architects with the Adventures that they may have faced or may soon face, in the manner of a Fable or Fairy-tale you may draw some comfort from it, or some Lesson if you Prefer, or at least may enjoy the exercise of your imaginations. In imagining such a world, in parallel to your own, in which a very Small Architect labours to Understand Architecture, and other important related things, and attempts to "master," as it were, The Field.

No, I will certainly not overstrain your imagination by saying that I Wrote it after a Series of conversations with a small goat, young-looking, with sad eyes, who I met while exploring the Mountains of Greece, or who I dreamed about during an afternoon nap in a Room outside of Carthage or under the olive trees on the Wild Lawn among the strands of Grass & Arugula at Hadrian's Villa in Tivoli. And I will certainly not Say that a Pan-

ther of my Acquaintance gave me permission to show it to you—I will tell you simply that I Made-It-Up, and save you some Confusions & Re-Arrangings in your own Brain, and do it instead in my own.

Although, I must confess, I do not know if it was written by one of *them* or for *someone* very special, perhaps, as a sort of a “Mosquito-xotian” love-note. But it was certainly written by *someone* and *for someone* or even, *several* someones, and that is something of which we may be certain, and is certainly a treatise on something, I have ascertained. And since there is no one else around to claim otherwise, or no one interested enough to make a contrary claim—or perhaps it was simply accidentally left behind, and must rely on its own Devices—I may as well argue it was written, in pieces, by some one or another of *them* and for some on or another of all of *us*, and so I shall maintain, as it makes me very cheerful to think. So that is the non-Official view.

With Playful yet Earnest Sincerity, I offer this Small Treatise to you, and hope it will find some worthy nook in the Library of your Mind.

I Remain,

Your Friend,

M. Shea

THE ADVENTURES OF GOAT



written & illustrated
by M. Shea

The Panther,
or
A Brief Introduction

“GOOD AFTERNOON,” SAID THE CAT.

“Good Afternoon.” Said the Panther.

“I have found a most interesting book about architecture,” said the cat.

“Most interesting.” Said the Panther.

“Most interesting.”

...

They argued for awhile about the truth of the story.

“What can a goat really know about architecture after all?” Said the Panther, a bit warily. “What does a goat know about anything at all?”

...

Whiskers hesitated.

“Nevertheless,” said the Cat, “nevertheless, there is something to it.”

“A purpose?” Asked the panther, with its eyes slitted.

“Some intent that is worthy of notice, you mean.”

“Or perhaps not,” said the cat. “Perhaps it is only something I read into it.”

The Panther considered him, the small figure of white fluff in front of him, a small figure with a backpack, and the panther’s golden eyes considered & pierced.

“However, I am *somewhat* certain, at least.” Whiskers had always been a cheerful animal, so carefully upbeat. “It is a *fairly* reasonable assumption.”

The Panther sighed at him, held out its paw for the book.

...

“Where did you find it?” The Panther asked carefully.

“A Butterfly of my acquaintance gave it to me, as a curiosity, a Butterfly by the name of Bill, to be accurate.” Whiskers knew it was important to cite names carefully, otherwise it was all hearsay.

...



“No,” said the Panther. “No you shall not.”

“It seems like the Right Thing,” said Whiskers.

“No.” Said the Panther, pensively, and the noise was low in her throat, like a growl, or a scream.

...

“Certainly, at least, it is a Real Account. We may agree on that.” Said Whiskers.

“That is Yet To Be Determined.” Said the Panther, persuasively.

“But why else would it have been written?” Asked the White Cat.

“Why indeed?” Asked the Panther, with a slight smile, that Whiskers did not understand.



Meadows & Fields



THIS WAS A GOAT, OF WHICH THERE ARE GENERALLY A GREAT NUMBER, BUT THIS GOAT THAT WE ARE PARTICULARLY CONCERNED WITH WAS AN ARCHITECT.

Now, architecture is not the usual profession of goats, but this goat was certainly of that kind of goat which pursues odd & yet legitimate things up Mountains of Difficulty & Through Fields of Travail & Vague Unease.

He was, certainly, not the most Pastoral of Goats, although he enjoyed a nice field of grasses as much as the next goat, yet he felt that something in each field could be prevailed upon to change for the better, and indeed, his while life, since being a Kid, had Dreamed Cinematically & Idealistically of Tiny Golden Paradises built of Boards & Timbers with Roofs of Grass & Vaults of Books, and had determined, upon the urging of his friend Moose, to build one of these, and so he did.

It was His House, and I will explain to you how it was & how he was, and the other things & so forth & so on.

...

It was not a house like every other. That was entirely the point, thought Goat, with some confusion.

It was certainly not the same as other houses in some certain parts he had been careful about. And that was it, he understood. That it was much more *careful* than other houses. Not a house that maneuvered in on heavy & un-co-ordinated feet. Not a house that lacked particularities of manner, but the particularities were *charming* rather than off-putting.

And the reason it was so small was that it was careful, he thought also. One could not run off carelessly into particularity. It was a first step in a new direction, a pause came after it, a consideration.

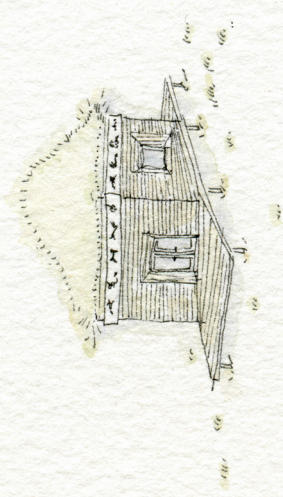
But he himself, at least, had no intention of turning back.

No, instead one step would become two and so forth, until he was jogging steadily in fields of buttercups & goldenrod & oat grasses and all roofs were made of moss.

...

Dear Moose,

I have included some drawings, which I have made for your shack. Let me know if they suit.



- M. SHER -



M. SHEP.
"THE WORM HOLE"

Goat

My Dear Friend,

I reached your meadow. It was exactly where you described. The flowers! And the tiny beds of moss.

I slept out under the stars—they must be the brightest in the world, and the sky was black. In my pocket of grass it was toasty, but I woke just before the dawn to see the mist creep out over the wood.

I had tea on the rocks by the stream and ate a stack & a half of cattail & coconut pancakes before I went to find the sun, which of course had gone down the valley.

I will go back next week again before I leave. It is magnificent.

Hope this letter finds you well,

Moose

Dear Moose,

I have thought of Boxes & Boxes upstairs as bench beds to store all your film reels, and have also considered the mount of a potential projector in the location under the upper floor railing as I have indicated.

Goat

Dear Moose,

We have begun the hole for the Subterranean Library, so all my endless books won't bother you—dust!

Things are progressing much faster than expected.

The grass in the meadow is a gold so pure you cannot imagine. It is hard to hear anything over the sound of it in the wind. I think it will all remain—we won't ruin any of it, with the exception of the Sub-Terranean the house will barely be there at all.

Goat

...

I should have drawn him here spread-eagled, as he often liked to pretend he could fly, when the wind was high—which, being a Goat, he almost could.

...

I am not sure if you have ever seen a goat climb but it is almost magical where they might get to, and you might come around a corner and see them lounging in a tree, or standing in a point on the top of a house examining their surroundings very casually, or eating some grass at



M. SHEA

a half-way point up a cliff.

...

Moose, oddly enough, was a mountain-climber, and had been from a very young age. Moose are not generally pre-disposed to mountain climbing, but there you have it— anomalies are frequently found among one's best friends, here and there, if one looks closely, which, of course, one does not.

...

Coils of rope were always becoming stuck among his antlers, but it almost became a fashion, as moose was so tall & good-looking, and never apologized.

...

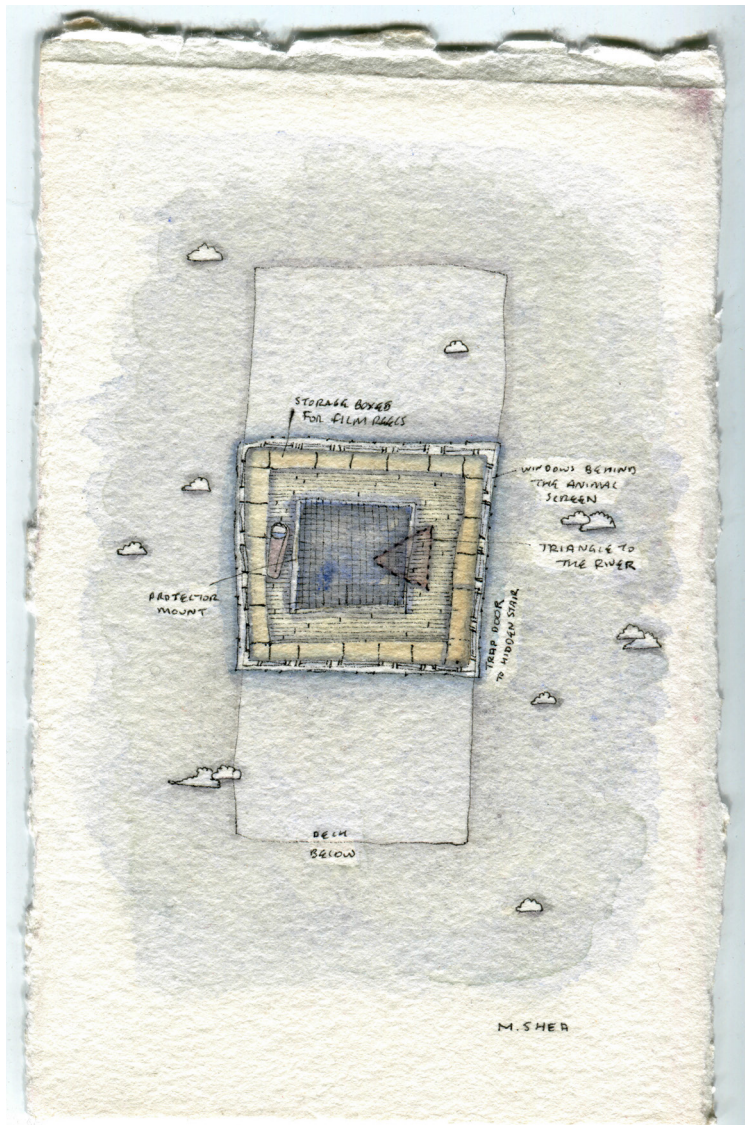
Moose was prone to running off into the undergrowth with very little notice and if one was not quick on one's feet, one could become quite trampled.

Also, I should mention, Moose was fond of long expeditions, which may enter into the story later.

...

Moose frequently had a spare coco-anut on his person. Moose are not supposed to like coco-anuts, but they do. And Moose would frequently spend a pensive afternoon sipping on his coco-anut or crunching on its white meats





& generally enjoying himself.

...

Goat was not a Greek Goat, of course, but felt as if there was something *universal* to all goats to be learned from the Greek coast, and therefore intended to go there, someday.

...

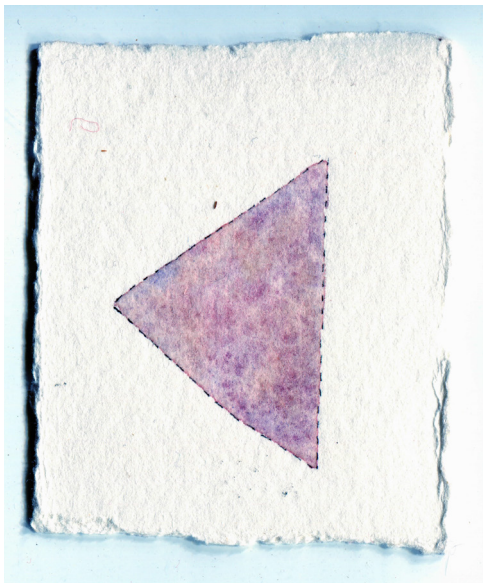
Butterfly Bill had come to visit him, and sat silently smoking on the cliff at his shoulder in the very peaceable & companionable way that was *Bill's Way*.

...

You do not often see butterflies smoking on their pipes but what do you think they *do* while sitting on flowers all day?

Of course, Bill's Pipe was frequently filled with dried petals of the most delightful aromas of dried petals of roses, and lavenders, and buttercups which are poisonous in large quantities, but in Bill's quantities, tended to put one in an extremely cheerful mood.

But Roses were his particular favorite, although almost no one seemed to notice this, he frequently had small sachets of rose petals from divers locations such as Tunisia, where if one is chic one wears roses even behind one's ears, or varietals of the English Rose such as the



Cottager's Grey, or Lady-of-the-Lake, or the Monk's Rose, which he particularly liked after a glass of fine wine made from the nectar of dandelion blooms or cherry flower petals, crushed delicately under moonlight.

...

"Butterfly Bill," said Goat companionably to his minute companion.

Butterfly Bill did not answer, as he was puffing on his pipe.

They sat for a moment, Goat reclined on his arms, and Butterfly on a small blade of grass near Goat's shoulder and shared a very peaceable silence.

"What a day it is!" Said Goat happily at last, and Butterfly Bill, though he did not move, seemed to nod in agreement, and a small puff of smoke meandered away through the grasses, and I felt he must have agreed, being an agreeable creature,—and the day *was* very fine, with a golden light at 30°, and the grass as green as it could be, and the smell of singed rose petals wafting gently from Butterfly's pipe, as he was fondest of smoked rose at that precise hour of the day.

...

There on the threshold, which was merely a plank of wood, well-oiled, was an almost imperceptibly tiny pile

of dried rose petals, which I will not draw, as it would be almost too small to see, but Goat with his fine eyes saw immediately, and though it might have been something you or I would overlook, and perhaps knock aside, Goat understood it to be a tiny calling card, which seemed to say

My Friend,

I have been to call, and found you not at home.

May we meet another day.

B.B.

For obviously, it was Butterfly Bill, leaving a Little Mark, a Friendly Gesture, but of course he had not waited, but had wandered off through the grasses to smoke his pipe in the last of the afternoon sun, and Goat lifted his small nose to the air to see if he couldn't smell the minute smell of smoked rose petals, and hopped nimbly off the porch, and Disappeared with a Rustle off into the grasses to find his little silent friend.

...

The Jackalope had struck again. There was graffiti all over the window sash. It read:

“Αvουβίτς”

It was a good thing that Goat was not a Falling-Down

Goat, or his limbs would have stiffened and he would have toppled over in a most in-elegant Manner in the way that that variety of goat topples over.

But fortunately, he was born with Genetic Coding that predisposed him to standing up in Difficult Situations. Think how difficult life would have been for him if in any difficult & unexpected situation he stiffened and toppled over inelegantly sideways! *Most* unfortunate he would have been. It would be extremely difficult to get anything done in life, if one was constantly falling over on one's porch.

Some person's genetics are of extremely inconvenient compositions, and we must all be thankful, I think, if we do not suffer from any inconvenient combination, which causes us to topple over, although I perhaps am not being fair, likely there is some Benefit to constantly falling over on one's side which I have not thought of thus far, but it is likely the Limitations of my own Mind which do not Allow me to think of any benefit.

For there is a positive to every Genetic Trait, I am sure, and though it would be Inconvenient for Goat to Tumble Over at every Provocation, perhaps for someone else it might be *extremely* convenient, so I will not betray my Narrowness of mind further by setting myself directly against such a quality.

So perhaps I will rescind and say, *unfortunately* Goat did not topple, but instead just stood there, thinking.

Perhaps he may have thought better on his side, and so he was most *unfortunate* not to have that genetic predisposition which some goats have which allows them to Tattle in Unexpected Situations, and allows them Ample Time to Think, even in Emergencies.

But he did not, and there is no use feeling sorry for him, though perhaps on his side he might have gained a new Perpendicular Perspective, standing there he could not understand it at all.

He was a most Unfortunate Goat, in that Way, and so though he thought very well, he only thought standing up, and so had no New Perspective to bring, and merely Stood There Pensively for several long moments, then shrugged and went to find Bill, who might sit with him in the last moments of sun, and that he might be surrounded with the pleasant odour of dry Late Summer Grasses & the Buzz of Drunken Bees as the last part of day fell out of the sky & the sun went away, and the Little Bit of Rose Smoke would lie comfortably around them in a small hollow in the meadow, and they might be content, for a short time.

...

He lay down in the grass in the meadow. Each grass had a different sound, as it moved, each flower a different backdrop of colour against each tuft of grass.

It was a thousand shades of green, and he felt happily inside all of them, or all inside him, as Goats are fond of grasses both on the inside *and* out, and so it had always

been he thought happily, and so it had always been.

...

Butterflies & Goats are very similar in many ways. When they are lying down, for example, the wind moves the hairs on their bellies in precisely the same way, for example. And for example, the wings of a butterfly, and the Horns & Ears of a Goat, might have a surprisingly similar constitution, if the *individuals* are similar.

Though the wings of Butterfly Bill, on close examination & much squinting of careful eyes, might be seen to be coated with a fine surface of scales, in much the same way of fish or dragons, still they had a certain slant that reminded one of the floppiness of Goat's Ears, if they were reclining side by side.

And if one were allowed to touch Goat's Horns, which one might if one were lucky & his *particular* friend, although it is perhaps unlikely given how very particular Goat was about his *particular* friends, one might notice the feeling of Horn, Itself, is as hard & scaly as Scales, and the Ears underneath were as soft & floppy as a butterfly's wing, should a butterfly be seated beside Goat, which of course, Bill at this particular instant, *was*.

But perhaps that is all a bit of a stretch, and I am merely perambulating and might better talk of other things, so I will:

...

Moose,

Beaver Bob says he will not build the triangle in the roof.

Of course, we must absolutely have the triangle in the roof, I am simply not sure who will build it for us. Perhaps I will build it.

Goat

Goat,

We must absolutely have the triangle in the roof.

Moose

Butterfly Bill,

I am having a problem with the triangle in the roof. Beaver Bob will not build it.

Perhaps you would like to come smoke a pipe and sit in the grass.

Goat

...

Moose,

Butterfly Bill has built the triangle in the roof. He came

over with a tiny saw and without a Word sawed though the Sod & everything & calmly replaced it with the Red Triangle Door, and put in a Hand Made up to it from the Loft, and a Nicely Fitted brass handle and painted the door red with a special formula of his out of dried flower petal in cattail milk.

He would not accept payment but would you bring back some Plant Oddities for his Pipe or perhaps a bit of Something Nice—I don't know what, a bit of Nectar from some Distant Place.

Goat

p.s. Butterfly Bill is such a *nice* butterfly. One could simply not ask for a nicer butterfly for one's meadow or field.

I cannot begin to say how happy I am about the triangle. It is so well done I am sure we might have any other number of Triangles or Hexagons built into the Roof, only I do not like to trouble him, he is such a peaceable creature.

We must find some way to thank him.

...

Goat,

What a *nice* sounding butterfly. I would like to meet him when I come.

Moose

...

Moose,

You shall meet B.B., we shall have him over for dinner.

Goat

...

Goat missed Moose terribly and stared at the clouds for a moment feeling desolate, then pulled out a piece of multi-coloured string, and began playing a string game that reminded him of his friend.

Dear Moose, he thought, and though his friend was very far away, for a moment he seemed close, and though Goat sniffed a bit, he felt a bit better.

...

Goat often played a string game of 'Cat's Paws,' which, though he did not have cat's paws, but rather hooves, he felt kept his digits—for he had two on each end—nimble.

And goats who are architects need to be doubly nimble on each end, for drawing & scheming, and also for dancing & dreaming.

Goat, you see, was a dreamer.

...

So even though the ideas were *peculiar*, he rolled them up, with a fair amount of care, as architects are prone to, and tidied them at the ends, and tied a bit of silk ribbon around them, and slid them into his case where they landed at the bottom with a little 'pop,' as if they fit & belonged there, which, I suppose they did, and went off through the grasses to find his friend.

And as Goat was a very tiny creature, he disappeared very quickly among them, almost as if he was swallowed by the field, as if he belonged to it, which, I suppose, he did.

...

Goat lay there staring at it, the Triangle. It may seem improbable to you or I, perhaps, that a Moose may like a triangle in the roof, that a Moose, with all his ungainly legs, might find a use for the Triangle, but Goat felt certain that this would be The Best Part.

Moose, you see, despite appearances, are creatures of Great Adventure & Mischief. If you have ever seen a moose running through a wood, you will understand me. It is as if a section of the swamp has mobilized, a Swamp of Antlers & a Swamp of Legs & a Swamp of Trailing Hairs in Sheets all carrying Itself through the shrubbery in a most improbable manner.

(If you have never identified a Shrub, I will do that for

you now, I will tell you they are short Shrubby rather scruffy puffs of greenery that generally impede moose as they mobilize throughout the forest and dodge with flailing legs among the trees).

No, but moose are creatures of High Adventure. That is why one never sees them unless they are running from one adventure to another or standing about in a tastefully swampy locale having a thoughtful & restful moment and chewing on some organic matter high in Vitamins of Natural Compositions.

And this Moose in particular, on a thoughtful After-noon, suspended on a Second Floor above the Earth, in such a surreal moment, was more than likely on several, if not every occasion to lean his curious head back & gaze up at this Triangle, and may even have an out-of-body experience in which his whole body, including his legs, would emerge, and he would stand about on the Roof.

Particularly in the moonlight, Goat was sure, moose would do this, and stand about for a moment in the silence on the rooftop before hearing the sound of the river. Of course, Beyond the river, the Secret Ways of the swamp were waiting with the Labyrinth of the Grasses and the windings of Various Streams to explore, and then, mobilizing his legs in that unexpected way which moose have, Moose would be gone for several days, or perhaps a month.

For you see, although moose are not generally understood to be adventurous perhaps they suffer from that

misconception because their legs are so long that even though they are covering more Wild & Giant swaths of ground than you or I can even conceive of, their legs are so long that even when they are running they may hardly be seen to be moving at all.

And that was the Magic of Moose, Goat felt. His seduction by Triangles that led to the Swamp, and the seeming immobility of his mobility.

It was as if around Moose, time itself stood still, even though it was still moving as quickly as ever.

What a Magical Friend he had!

Not all Animals Love Triangles. Goat thought happily of this to himself, and re-adjusted his legs comfortably until they lay splayed among the grasses, and turned over on his back to stick his hooves comfortably Up In The Air, in a way that would have been most Comical if he had come across him unexpectedly, but we must not judge, because it was a sunny day among the meadows, and he thought himself quite alone, and at ease.

...

Moose clapped his hooves together, and it made an empty "O" sound, like you can make with your tongue clicking against the top of your mouth.

...



After a tour of the premises Moose seemed very satisfied, as he kept clapping his front hooves together and exclaiming:

“!”

“But,” he said, “Goat,” and here he was momentarily serious.

“I must have a swamp for my soakings.” And Goat realized at once what he meant, and Beaver Bob, when they asked him said he would Absolutely Not ruin a perfectly good House with a Swamp, but Butterfly Bill calmly sawed a hole in the Floor with his Impossibly Small Saw, and put in a Swamp between the closet and the rug, where a general meandering occurs in almost all cases anyway, and Goat and B.B. sat around on the Floor as they did not like to get very wet, although Goat did like to dip his hooves in, One at a Time, and Moose sat cheerfully sipping a Coco-anut while Goat discussed the weather & Cloud Formations mostly with himself, as Butterfly Bill leaned back and dreamed of Meadows far away & long ago and thought a bit of some butterfly or other he had known, in a pleasant, Butterfly Bill sort of way, and all three were content, although Beaver Bob came by the next day when Bill wasn't there, and stared Disrespectfully & Disapprovingly with the Squintiness of Eye that sometimes characterizes Beavers, and with his Hands on his Hips he only answered Non-Committedly about the weather when Goat asked, saying only:

“Hmm.”

And saying he was Going Away after a few minutes, until Moose asked him in & fed him a few salted swamp fronds from a bowl and asked him questions about his Practice & Theorems of Building, which of course Moose did not care a Salted Frond about, but there it was: They Felt Some Guilt in His Presence about the Senseless Hole in the Perfectly Good Roof, and about the Swamp, although very Sensible & Healthful in the floor, and Beaver Bob relented, and suggested some Lilies, which would grow well in the Swamp, and of which he was Particularly Fond, and they all came away feeling satisfied.

...

Of course, once one began to Triangulate one's roof, there was no stopping one, one would Triangle one's self straight out and on to the horizon, which one would also Triangulate one's self through, and so on and so forth until one was so Triangulated in space one was quite lost, reflected Goat.

And then one must re-take one's bearings or co-ordinates, and Triangulate to somewhere new, and his thoughts were all so very tiring and modern, that Goat felt quite exhausted.

...

The triangle was essential for Moose to *get out*. As *getting out* was essential to Moose.

One cannot stay in the same place endlessly, Moose was constantly reminding himself.

One must keep moving.

Keeping Moving is as modern as Getting Out.

When one stayed still one might sink into Swampiness, so Moose perhaps being a Moose, was vaguely uneasy about that.

...

“But aren’t you just a Rabbit with horns?” Goat asked.

“And what does that make you?” Said the Jack-a-lope.

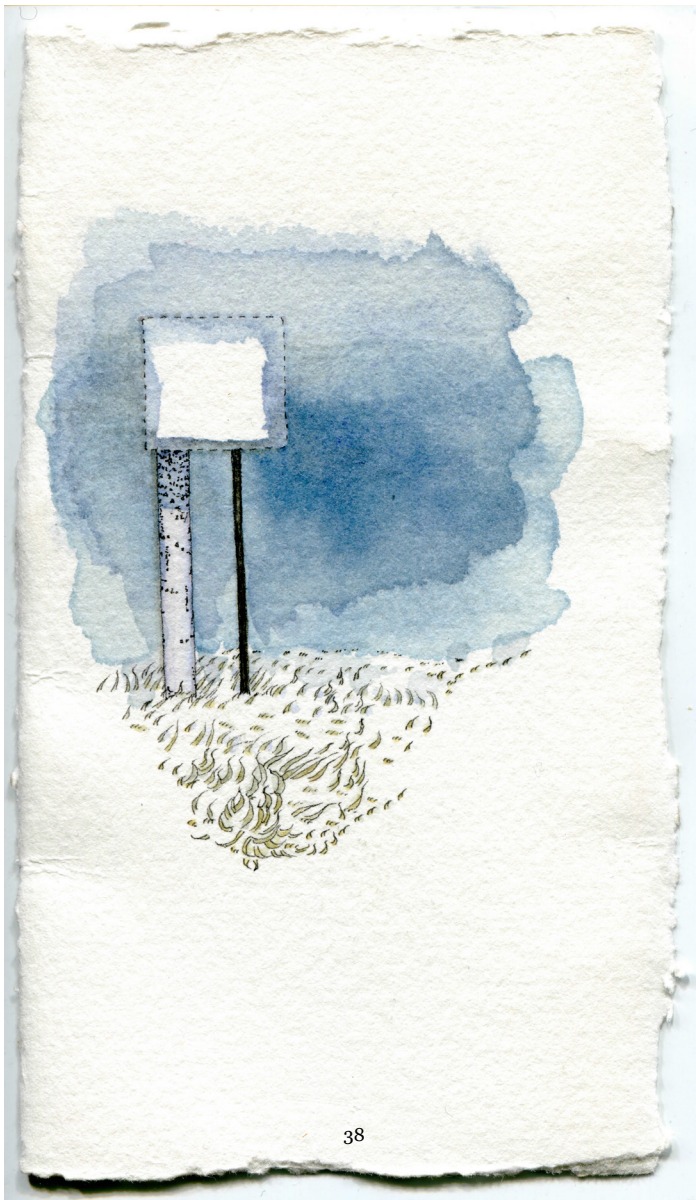
Goat considered himself without his Horns for a moment.

But the truth was he simply didn’t know.

...

The first time he saw the Jackalope her face was painted with Triangles, and he wasn’t sure exactly what he saw. Perhaps it was the waving grass, or the unlikelyhood of seeing a Horned Rabbit, but there she was. He couldn’t understand her, and she was frightening, and odd, and represented something unknowable.

She paused there, in his sight, and then walked away through the grass in the fading twilight.



Why triangles? He thought. Why horns?

What an odd Rabbit.

And something about her bothered him for the evening, as he sat drinking his evening tea in the hammock in a nice set-up on the deck, she kept reappearing, from behind the house, in the dark murk of his tea, and even from the grasses of his soul, with her striped horns & tassels, and her improbabilities, and that was how he knew she was important, or would be, or already was, although he knew nothing about her at all.

...

It was the Jackalope's House, he knew at once.

It was a cube of perfect mist, flowing, which never revealed what was behind it.

Fascinated Goat stood silently with Moose, staring.

Moose took a photograph, which was to remind him of the oddity, of the quality of the mist in the grass that morning, and the dew, although, of course, that is not the same as being there, for one can be there only once, staring at a mist-cube on two uneven leg-like columns.

Moose wandered, exploring the grass at the base, while Goat stood staring at the inexplicable object.

...



The columns were unevenly placed, giving it a gently surprised appearance.

...

There were two columns holding up The Jackalope's house, one of the largest variety of bamboo in the world, brought from "x" region, China, or perhaps from the Hong-Kong Island, where it is from. The other, an ancient Roman column stolen in antiquity, from the Pantheon, was the largest purple marble column, from the colony of Egypt ever exported, and there was some political anxiety & several letters & papers written about it.

The two columns departed from the grass, and traveled upwards in the air, to meet in a small ever-present cube-cloud of mist, behind which, or in which, or perhaps *was simply* the living-quarters of the Jackalope.

Nevermind the weather, the mist never faltered, and faded to reveal what might have been hidden at its Heart, and there were no bells to ring, or stairs to climb, it was a simple & silent tower, nearly non-present, hovering above the grass.

Goat sat and contemplated it for several minutes, and thought of calling up and Inviting The Jackalope to Tea, but in the end, did not, perhaps it was the lack of windows, which might have had a light (although if he had happened by it in the evening, he might have seen that the Mist-Cube-Cloud had none).







...

Moose climbed down into the Subterranean to find Goat.

“Goat!” He called.

“Goat!” The subterranean echoed back at him.

Goat was not there.

Moose did not much like entering the subterranean, but neither did Goat.

It was Goat’s profession which required the Subterranean, but otherwise it was to be avoided. More generally, although he enjoyed swamps, which are on their way to Subterraneans, did not enjoy either Subterraneans or Professions, and magically mainly avoided both.

However, Goat needed the Subterranean.

It was filled with all the books he had Ever Read, and all the books he knew of that his friends had Ever Read, and it was Cavernous.

Books on Houses made of Leaves, and Volumes on Houses made of Paper. And an entire shelf area on Houses made of Grasses, in Subsaharan Africa, and of Sassafras and Mountain Sage, and the Particular Qualities of Reed Grasses of Lake Titicaca, because Goat often Dreamed of living in a boat Made of Grass and Floating

under the sky as the clouds floated by Above.

...

There was even a Book where each page was made out of a different kind of grass, and none of them were written on, but simply were.

That was his favorite, and he often climbed down the ladder to get that one out. And would take it out carefully under his arm, and would lie in the grasses of one of the fields nearby, and move the pages and contemplate them as the bugs moved in the grasses around him and there was the sound of the wind in the drying grasses of late summer.

...

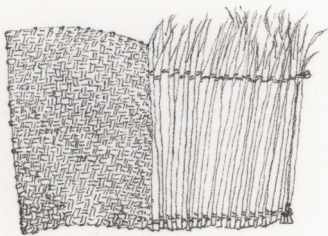
Brown was Beaver Bob's favorite colour. He liked brown everything. It was brown this brown that brown the other thing.

Goat was initially disparaged & despaired that likely he had misplaced both his imagination & the Will to Find It, and as a consequence could not imagine the other colours into his life.

...

Moose did not care. He found Brown soothing.

Likely because his thoughts were so full of colour.



...

Butterfly Bill did not think of such things.

He simply did not.

...

There was some talk that on a Great Voyage of the Butterfly Kind, Butterfly Bill had come across a Bumble-Ion.

Now, a Bumble-Ion is not the same as a Bumble-Bear but is at least as Great if not more of a Fright.

He fought it by himself alone, or, rather faced it.

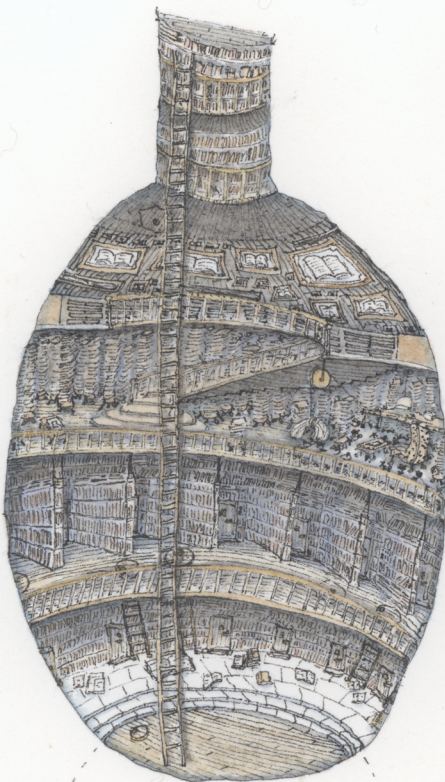
Bill of course, never found the need to fight, he stood there and the Bumble-Ion Approached and Sniffed at the four nectar jars hanging in pairs from his wings, and Bumbled-On.

...

And of course, Bumble-Bears he had faced on many a flower closer to home.

Bill didn't seem to mind if one day slipped into the next. And didn't notice at all any changes, except as were present in the Meadow & the Flower & the Seasons.

There was something very Easy in it, but also very



Terrible.

Goat's Eyes became again wide, as he Imagined himself Flower-Sized, and gazing from a flower porch into the Frost of a Grass-Filled Meadow on the cusp of Winter.

Goats are not suited to such formlessness, thought Goat. Goats are not Butterflies.

Butterfly Bill, he thought, must be in the Possession of one of the Bravest of Souls & Hearts that one might Imagine, to see Progression & Years & Change, yet to live in a Flower so unconcernedly.

Goat resolved to ask Bill about it, the very next time he saw him.

...

The initial drawing of the subterranean library was simply not sufficient, Goat realized.

He drew another, with Seven Levels of Depth.

The Lowest, of course, was The Vault, for Rare Books, and was accessed by lifting the floor of the cavern with a pulley, and from there, there was a stair leading down, and in The Vault were stored many of the oddities of his Library Collection.

Books which did not fit on shelves Precisely, some of which were as Large as Rooms, which one could Walk



Into, and browse in sections of pages, books in which chapters hung from walls of the spinal structure, and which were Life Works of ones which had take a Long Time.

Still others were large coloured shapes such as Triangles or Hexagons, in Red or Fuchsia, and Sheafs of Pages came out in Excerpts in the Form of Miniature Ovoids of Turquoise or Petite Quadrilaterals in Golden Yellows, and which one could browse through in Categories, and re-insert at one's Leisure.

Goat's favorite book of this Collection was one which was in the shape of a Tiny House, which had a different Built-In chair for the Reading of Each Subsequent Chapter, each being very comfortable, so that at the end of each one fell asleep, so that after Twelve Chapters, and Twelve Short Naps, one emerged completely refreshed & invigorated, and the Subject of the Book did not entirely matter, as it was pleasant, like dreaming of clouds or a discussion of Air Currants or a Collection of Poems on Breezes.

There were also two collections of Books on Dark Subjects, which Goat had read as a matter of Course & Requirement, but did not much refer to, but which will perhaps be needed later in the story.

Of course, Goat did not intend to go into The Vault very often, which was why it was so Inconveniently Located on the Bottom & the Ladder would have to be Rescinded to lift the floor, and the pulley activated.

Still, though, Goat reflected, The Vault was perhaps one of the best parts of the Library with the exception of the Very Top Level, which was Goat's modest yet Quite Satisfactorily Extensive collection of Books on Grass.

It was located near the trap door so he could just hop in, grab a Book, or Browse the Grasses at Will & hop out again. This part of the Design was Thoughtful & Happy, Goat felt, and reflected that *everyone* should have a Grassy Portion to their Library to be browsed pleasantly at leisure & with such guaranteed satisfactory results.

...

The Reason Moose avoided The Sub-Terranean was that it filled him with Doubt.

One does not like to be filled with Doubt, especially if one is such a one as Moose was.

...

Beaver Bob was Filled with Doubt. He was a filled by doubt it often seemed, as a swamp is filled with Watery Muck.

Dear Beaver Bob, Goat often reflected that he could barely imagine the animal moving, he was so filled with Heaviness & Staleness.

...



Goat in These Days avoided Doubt at all costs. It stuck one's hooves to the floor in a most unpleasant manner, filling one so deeply with Inertia & General Gamelessness that one felt only the Hope of a Nap, but naps don't come to those filled with doubt and standing around on the floor.

Goat stamped his feet hopefully & moved them about. One must keep moving, he felt Impetuously, or doubt might catch up with One.

...

That was the problem with Going Down to the Subterranean. If one went down too frequently or stayed down for too long, doubt might catch up with one and keep one down there forever, Wandering Among the Stacks, or Lost in the Rooms.

Once Goat had suggested that Beaver Bob go down to Search For a Book, and had found him in the Arm Chairs among the piles, with bags under his eyes and an Aimlessness and Heartlessness which made him quite frightening.

Goat had run for Moose and they had dragged him out by the tail, and into the sun, and fed him Green and Living things and kept a close eye on him so he might not wander aft Aimlessly for a few days until he had again Gathered his Wits in an Organized and Un-Swampy Manner.

Goat had wanted to discuss this with all the Animals but no one wanted to Speak of it, especially Moose who had an Unsurprising Horror of being Caught Up in the Swampiness of Doubt, as he spent most days wandering Purposefully & Wholesomely through it without being much touched by it or bogged down, and so Goat had merely posted a sign on the bottom of the trap door which read:

NOTE:

Beware Formlessness & Stay Firm of Heart

Which of course is good advice not just when one enters Libraries, Goat reflected later.

He also remarked to himself that Moose was not much touched by Marsh, but then reflected they had the same Hoof-Type, and Moose's legs were so long that he was little more than belly-deep in swamp, that Beaver Bob dealt with the murky waters of that area in submersion on a daily level. In the general way of Beavers.

...

In the Library was a Series of Doors, which meant Twenty-Three Rooms of differing sizes, in which all the books he had read during that year were stored.

It was called An Education, and I am not sure if you have had one such as Goat, but it was a Tiresome & Lonely Business, the Reading of Sufficient Books to fill a room, albeit a small or minuscule, sometimes only a closet, with a number of sometimes irrelevant books in a year.

In the shelves between the doors were the loose & tumbling books he had meandered through during his summers, which were much more pleasant & that was why they were out in the main area.

To protect Goat from going in too often to the Back Rooms, each Door had a blackened mark of perhaps burnt charcoal, a tiny symbol-sign to differentiate it, made not out of a visual sign, as you might Immediately Think, but instead a Pungent Herb or an Essence, which *seem* Arbitrary or Meaningless, such as many signs which start initially as simply a word: "Ion," or "Symbology," or "Sequence," which when you first encounter the symbol they are In-comprehensively tied to a concept, but which, once you have An Education, such as Goat has, you may determine the meaning of by Experience & Effort of Looking In To It. In this case, by looking into a door & seeing a year's books piled inside.

Each scent was meant to evoke the memory of each room with utmost clarity, even in the gloom the library was prone to encouraging in its corners, with charcoal air in some corners, and a light-less fog in some others, and a lonely silence that echoed among the stacks with frequency and encroachment.

The Herbs & Essences of Plants set or Hanging in Bundles in the doors, or often the Material of the Door, were meant as Symbols, which are a list:

1. Large, dark Vanilla beans
2. Dried Rosemary Bunches
3. Dried Sage Leaves
4. Rose Water, in a dark container
5. Turmeric, in fragments
6. Cloves, un-cut, drilled into the wood
7. Tears of the Frankincense tree
8. Fermented Puer, a small bag
9. Pine Boughs
10. Dried Hay in Bunches
11. One Door had none but was Made of Cedar
12. Myrrh, in a Balm which was Good for Paper Cuts
13. Wool, which was Wetted with Frequency
14. Etc.

Which I will finish in a minute.

Taken by itself was Meaningless, but to Goat was as clear and sharp as a memory.

And were of such pungent smells, that all the books in the room were evoked in a glimmering list simply by standing in front of each.

So that he barely needed to go in & check references but rather could simply remember them, and while standing in front of each door, it was as if he was standing inside the room at the same time and his mind was Doubled,

which when Goat thought about it, was quite amusing, but when he told Moose, Moose was deeply unimpressed, and asked which grass & herb cakes were in the pantry, and may he have two as he was hungry, and there, as goat was pre-occupied with his thoughts, of doors & scents and did not answer right away, Moose simply went and took some, in a small pile of three, with some honey placed in between each, and went & sat on the porch with his legs dangling off, and ate them.

And those, thought Moose, with some satisfaction, were the only grass & herbs which made any sense to learn about—the ones which could be eaten as cakes with honey while dangling one's feet.

...

There was a Goat, of which there are generally a great number, but this goat that we are become particularly concerned with was an architect.

Now, architecture is not the usual profession of goats, but this goat was certainly of that kind of goat which pursues odd & yet legitimate things up Mountains of Difficulty & through Fields of Travail & Vague Unease.

He was, certainly, not the most Pastoral of Goats, although he enjoyed a nice field of grasses as much as the next goat, yet he felt that something in each field could be prevailed upon to change for the better and indeed, his whole life, since being a kid, had dreamed cinematically & idealistically of tiny paradises build of boards & tim-

bers with roofs of grass & vaults of books, and had determined, upon the urging of his friend Moose, to build one of these, and so he did.

It was his House, and I will explain to you how it was & how he was and the other things & so forth & so on.

...

Goat wondered why he was a goat and not some other creature. But he was a Goat, and he was an Architect, and that was that.

Perhaps he was a goat merely because it was too late to turn back. Time, after all, does not readily, much like goats, run backwards, and once one is a goat there is no helping one, and no wishing one was some other animal, like a butterfly-of-the-meadows, for example, or a moose-of-the-woods.

And as for Architecture, Goat felt, why: he simply had not wanted to manufacture cheeses, of the plain chèvre; perhaps sharp old Cheddar; or Pépe Nero; Blue-Green Mold, which was a *Controlled* Varietal; or even the *Black-Sea Feta*, although he felt an Artisan Cheese Maker might make a reasonable & enjoyable profession, still, such choices are not *given to one*.

Still, cheese-making was another of the Ancient Professions, and highly respectable, but still, just not like him at all, although he had also considered That. Yes, in the end, he had chosen otherwise, and perhaps we are all

surprised. And so, we must go on.

One Choice had been Architect, and he had Chosen it, and it had not proved to be a *marginalization* of self.

No, it was not so very bad, although it could be lonely & frightening.

But Goat understood, he was fleet footed & firm enough in difficult places he could always find a tiny ledge to stand on, and even on the edge of a cliff that seemed extremely dangerous & unimaginably frighteningly steeply sloped downward, Goat found his way carefully where he was going, with precision & calmness, humming a cheerful tune when he was most upset by high winds or low blood sugar or a sickness-type of yearning for grassy-pastures of 180° spreads, for flat-footed floors rather than steep cliff-walls, for ease rather than difficulty, Goat reminded himself that he was a goat & not an animal of the meadows, strictly speaking, and that wandering among the cliffs of this profession he was perhaps most at home, most himself, most a goat.

And so perhaps being an architect & being a goat were inextricable & irrevocable, and there was no use running backwards when one ran forwards much better, and although there were many perils & pitfalls in the profession, still—he was grown up used to cliffs, and there was no use wishing to be used to something else, or comfortable elsewhere, in flat, even & measured spaces.

The cliffs of architecture, Goat felt, were perhaps more

difficult to navigate than the formations & vertical puzzles of other professions. But a goat's mind, while perhaps not as sharp & pointed as a fox's, or as cleverly playful as a coyote's mind, still, is remarkably adept at puzzles, because of the difficulty of a goat's initial footwork navigations.

And so goat resolved not to worry about the past, which wasn't present anyway, and of which he had no proof of its existence.

Unless he consulted his notes (Butterfly Bill had no past that he spoke of in any case, and Moose very rarely referred to the past & perhaps did not believe in its relevance), and would often, instead of spending his time worrying in his head, go out & wander the cliffs aimlessly, enjoying the footwork, or perhaps paint his horns in a more elegant, modern & playful manner, with symbols of Potence & Consequence & Sufficient Illegibility that they pleased minds that preferred difficult things, such as the minds of goats.

...

Goat send moose a copy in the mail of a prototype.

Moose found it outside the swamp on a mound of grass.

Gently he lifted the top off, and looked inside, and as he did, his eyes softened.

For here was a tiny piece of the world that had been

broken off and reshaped, arranged neatly & delicately, and here it was in his hand, a miniature world, and within it was a different conception of time.

Much like his Motion-Picture camera, in which he trapped clouds & grasses & sections of swamp in segments & partitions.

Here was another miniaturized world that belonged to him, to be held in his hand and wondered at.

He did not even consult the label, which read:

Dear Moose,

Here is a prototype of the hut & Subterranean.

Love,

Goat

He lay down in the grass & held the model above him and observed it, against the sun & the clouds for a short time.

...

Years had coalesced, had grown, had swollen & reached and had lived their last had been cut & dried, had been appropriated, had been respectively laid in rows & lines that meant "deck," "stoop," "entrance."

...

There was an ebb & flow to it, a movement, that showed sap & life force, an imprint of life, a mark of the passage of time. It was the sign that something had passed, had accrued, had hardened into an object that remained.

Years had coalesced, had grown, had swollen, & reached and had lived their last. Had been cut & dried, had been appropriated, had been respectively laid in their rows & lines that meant “deck,” “stoop,” “house entrance,” “porch,” and that endlessness of afternoon, which occurs often in late summer, seemed to hand indefinitely about that area, as if time had already lived its life, had aged with grace, had passed from one thing to another frenetically, and now had a desire to sit & ruminate, to ponder, not to make sense of it, but rather to quiet it down, to listen to the grasses in the place beyond the stoop.

...

It seemed to speak, as the eye traced it, of the Ebb & Flow, of the Passage of Time, of the movement of sap, the construction of cells, of passage, of softening and quickening, of the imperative of the urgency of spring, of the patience of summer, of the echoing silence of the fall, of the somnolence of approaching snows, and then, softly, of spring again, endlessly wearing one down, until the springiness of one's soul was gone, until one had no camber left.

Until one no longer squeaked but lay flat, dreaming of not dreams, or being not being, and seemed to hold

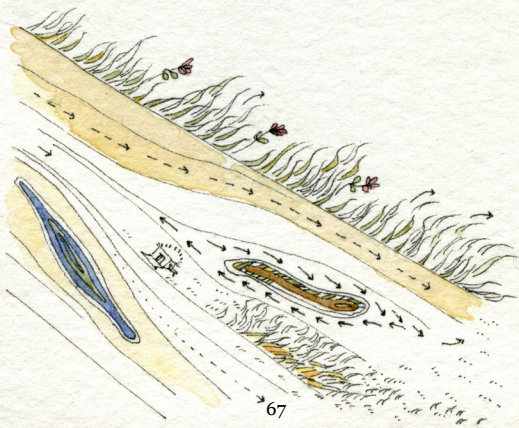
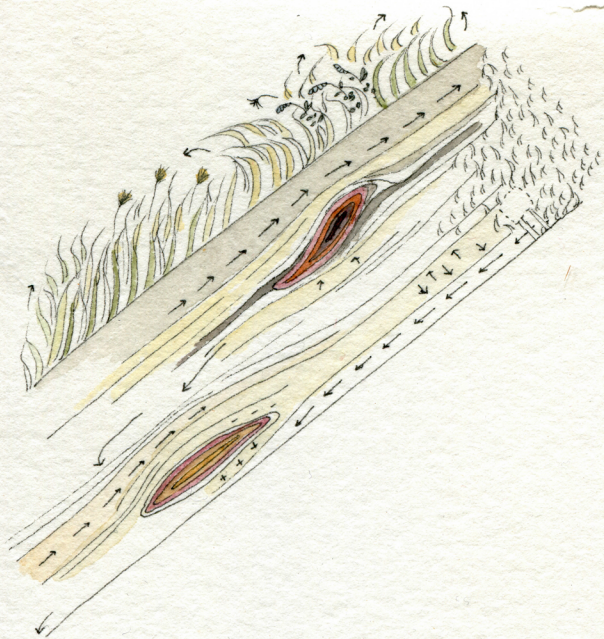


the back & forth motions of the eye as it loved something, sweeping back & forth, wearing into it, learning its rhythms, as the eye's muscle memory traced & ran & skipped its length & back again, repeating necessarily & softly repeating.

...

The Jackalope began by describing the first pen: as it was the darkest, and the most important of the Seven.

“It is made of deep carbon,” she began, and extracted it from its case, with a sharp noise, like a sword being drawn, or a knife, from its case, Goat noted, was black canvas, thick, with two minute words on small white etiquettes, which he, even with his sharp eyes, could not make out: “*Discipline & Justice.*” She clarified for him, coolly. Its profile was hexagonal, it rotated in his hand, slim & darkly shiny, smooth like water & cold and bleak as if it had no soul. However, in a moment it warmed in his hand, to a calmness which steadied him and focused his eyes on the page. The page, white against its blackness was endless & untouched. The nib, when he wrote his word, gripped slightly, and did not rasp. The ink, she explained, was pulverized carbon, obsidian and a type of black ocher creamed into an absolutely smooth line with no reflection. It was the blackest of blacks, he noted, a medium-fine line, clean, and clear, it would not be rushed, but was not either slow. It was absolute & final, without bleeding or excess it traveled deliberately, slightly slower than thought, as it was sweeping behind him.



...

“I used to have many many pens,” she said, with a sigh. *Simplicity*, Itself, was one of them. It had only ink enough for three long lines, or five short lines, and then would lie silent & speak no more until it was re-filled. It taught me economy.” She paused, “But then, I thought I learned that lesson, enough, and tired of carrying it, buried the Pen of Simplicity in a small hill outside of Carthage. At that time, I thought simplicity was impossible, that carrying such an object that created such a desire in me, the desire for such a simplicity, was impossible. How could the world, with so much history, so many blurred lines underneath, allow for such a pen? I thought the pen represented something else, that it should instead, have its nib opened to crassness, to a flow like a river, that washed over everything like a felt. But it could not be such a pen. And now it’s gone.”

“There are so many lessons in life which one forgets.”

“You could make another such pen!” He protested.

She simply shook her head, and looked at him sadly.

...

“And this pen?” He asked, pointing to the pen with a small case of light blue velvet, with tiny white silk clouds carefully stitched on.

“*Nuages*.” She replied, carefully. She withdrew it with

utmost care & delicacy from its case, as if she were afraid of it. “The mightiest of the pens.”

He looked at it doubtfully.

She did not offer it to him, but held it up against the cloudy sky. “With ink of Lapis Lazuli, the Pen of Dreams, and also of shadows, a pen of was is Not, it is an Other Pen.” She looked at him, carefully, to see if he understood. Perhaps she meant that it shows us our Other Self. I do not know.

It was absolutely clear, as if made of glass. The ink against the sky looked like nothingness, although perhaps if he had brought it closer he would have seen, perhaps, the murk & mist of tiny clouds floating within, waiting to be released with a wave on the page, in an unguarded moment, might sweep over one and envelop an unwary thinker in impossibilities & perfect fantasies.

Her eyes, when she looked at it, gleamed softly, remembering drifting afternoons spent in the beautiful worlds inside.

...

“And this one?” He asked, touching a slim hoof, pointed, to the simplest of the cases, a case of squared & brown leather, worn soft with time.

Happily, she took out a small, simple pen, brown as if it were made of wood.



The line it made in careful squares on the creamy paper, was acid brown.

The ink, she told him, was made of walnuts & ocher from the banks beside her childhood house.

“The pen of *Now*.” She smiled, and wrote something on his held-out hoof, playfully: “*Mindfulness & Presence*.”

It was immediately his favorite pen, as it felt the lightest and least frightening.

He smiled softly, then, feeling happy for the first time since the explanations began, and the sun felt gentle & warm on the clearing in the grass around them, and the breeze, through chilly with the late-morning snap of an eminent fall, held the promise of a few warm hours ahead, and they smiled at each other. Before she put the pen back in its case where it landed, strong & pleasant, with plenty of room.

...

Beaver Bob made a diagram in his head. It was like this, most of his thoughts were constructed in the same manner.

...

To you or I, it might seem confusing, but with Beavers, this is simply how they think.

“Oh, dear.” Thought Beaver Bob, in one instance, which lead to another instance, such as “hmm,” which lead to another in which he really put his foot down, and got out of Thoughts, through a dotted line to the exterior, and exited to the Physical World, where he started to work.

...

“I’m thinking,” said Beaver Bob, quietly.

“Of what?” Asked Moose, with some small curiosity.

“I’m not sure,” said Beaver Bob, puzzled.

The thought had gone in, but not come out.

...

Now, the mind of Beaver Bob might seem like an innavigable puzzle to you or I, a blot of sticks & muck in which Rooms and whole Cave-Buildings had been hollowed & pushed out into compacts for use, and our thoughts, used as they might be to light or air, might become lost & muddled & never recovered, but a Beaver’s thoughts, firm of purpose, penetrate the sticks & clay of a Beaver’s mind, and navigate the rooms calmly in a home-like manner, moving here & there, collecting what they need, and emerging in a timely manner.

The thoughts of Moose, swimming through the most difficult swamps, could never have managed such techni-

cal maneuverings as the thoughts of Beaver or Butterfly Bill's thoughts, flying & flitting, and gently landing here and there in the meadows of his mind, neither could his thoughts have navigated those cavernous systems of rooms, by maps of numbers and technical formulas, using charts & force-movement diagrams and rigid itineraries.

Perhaps only Goat might have managed one of these journeys, perhaps one of the simpler ones, a beginner's or intermediate voyage, his hooves echoing lonely in the dry darkness of these black earth-rooms. That was the charm of goat, his humanity against this system, his stubborn-ness, pitting his horns and stepping his feet in the cadence & sequence of the learned dance through antechamber one, in search of the small First Temple structure to find an answer that was Required, for someone, a friend perhaps. Goat might be persuaded to go on such a journey for a friend—there were things there to fear, in the ordered darkness of those rooms, indexed by colour, and geometry, and mathematical number.

Everyone has different Fears, but Goat might be Revealed not only to fear losing his way or returning without an object, as anyone might fear but also of meeting a shadow, a minotaur in the darkness. He suspected the Jackalope navigated these dark passages with ease—he suspected she entered this coloured Maze of the Mind with frequency merely to practice the navigations, merely, not for the *fun*, for it was not fun, but for a *Challenge*, perhaps fearing the inevitable brush, or hoof-print, or ragged breath, of a Minotaur of her own.



...

“Do you remember yet?” Asked Moose.

“No.” Said Beaver Bob.

He blinked puzzled-ly through his Spectacles, and waited worriedly, but the Thought was gone.

In every mind there are such disappearances, thoughts that enter and Do Not Come Out, and so it was in Beaver Bob’s mind—there were some unknown variables that had not been Mapped & Numbered, that had been left off schedules and out of charts: “Here There Be Dragons.” One might note, but Beaver Bob made no such notes, and very occasionally he would send a lone thought in, and it would come across an unknown door or a dark small stair, or an Unexpected & Narrow Passage to the Left, and the thought would pause, and wander, only a few steps perhaps, but too late, for the door would close, or some gleam below, and the thought would be gone from the known world, eaten by savages, or fallen through some floor boards to an arrangement of rooms below. Those intricate & imaginative places not marked on the charts of beavers: the passages leading through to the heart, a place Beaver Bob had frightened himself by entering once, and nearly becoming lost there, had not gone again, had merely put a note on the door: Danger, Do Not Enter, and had put a lock on it.

But of course, there is not just one way to reach the heart

from the mind, though the Beaver did not realize it.

...

No, there are many such Passages, that lead to unexpected places, from the mind, much as even in a very small and Ancient town, there may be a curving passage, or an open door that one may be persuaded, perhaps less easily if one is a Beaver with an itinerary, but still, seduced by the stones so carefully placed, so charming in proportion to the walls and floor, so Well-Made, but then abandoned, as if the passage from one place to that other had been not only important & essential, but celebrated & serene, something that had once been of essence, marked & hung with sprigs of lavender, and the scent of rose water after a bath or a pot of geraniums, then forgotten, forgotten until it is Discovered again, pausing, it appears half-seen in the Gloom, and one remembers in the sniff of lavender and the softness of half-seen shapes that one has loved something, without remembering what, one takes on an unbidden an unmarked step forward, disturbing dust, perhaps.

It is perhaps not essential to open such a door, or enter such a passage, but merely to stand there while one moment has passed and before the next has begun, in the grace of such a space, in the gentleness of a perception that care was taken, that something was so carefully loved that it left such a remnant, such a relic, of passage, or a door with wood and brass made strong with an anticipation of endlessness, and worn by the brush of fingers & moving feet, oiled & polished & repaired,

with rules made about its opening & use, and then, one moment came when it was shut, and doomed to accumulate dust & sadness, neglect tarnishing its sheen & glow, or knob & bolt & hinge, unuse drying its wood until the soft meanderings of its dead trees are obscured by a silence of eye, a closure of lid & a turning away and a forgettingness though Beaver Bob had not built any such doors or cobblestone passages with engraved marble thresholds that read: "*Anche tu*," in Italian, still there were somewhere, unexpectedly, for one is not in charge of everything which is installed even in one's own mind, and there are many such details put there by others or left undiscovered in the room of one memory or another, which simply stand in dust, until someone walks by looking for a misplaced equation from one's college days, or tries to remember where one has but one's towel after one's bath, and there one stands again, after so many years, in front of such a door, that one, if one is intelligent, and has an Itinerary, one shall never open again, which of course, Beaver Bob did not, or tried not, although it created an increasing fear of unexplored passages, which a jackalope might not tolerate, and a goat might take some stored-away courage, and open. Still, that is how it was constructed, how it was & remained.

...

The Jackalope approached him in silence, through the indigo-green of the grasses at dusk as goat sat tired, drinking an evening tea & dreaming, tired and alone, as moose was out discovering & exploring, and goat had no taste for the company of Bob, and Bill was not, as is often

the case with Butterflies, to be found.

As is the case with Jackalopes, she approached from the back of his eye, and to the left, first, and then circled around to appear out of the grasses to his front. He did not, of course, at first recognize her, and then did so with a start.

“Hi.” She said, with an obscure hand-gesture, in the language of jackalopes. It was the first time she had approached him.

He did not at first reply.

He instead held up a Tea Cup, as an invitation, and with a curt and half-shy nod, she accepted him, and was suddenly, and with the subtle chime of a chimeral silver bell and with the silent step of the black-dark tall Timber wolves of the North or White nearly-paper cranes in rivers before they disappear was on his porch, settling in beside him, and thus began a Conversation.

She pulled out her pen and drew him a picture.

He looked at her as if to reply, but she did not look as if she did need an explanation, so he paused—everything between was said in the middle of a pause. Her eyes & pupils, in the dim light of shadows, were a chilling black and one moment turned into six, in the middle of which she pulled out a second pen, and held them so they drew both at once, and looked again at him with her eyes unblinking.

“Time, passes.” He paused, hesitatingly. “There are new requirements.”

“Are you sure.” She laughed at him, and in that moment he was not.”

His eyes, looking at her were worried.

...

He wondered then, if his one pencil was Enough. What was one Pencil against seven such Pens?

His Pencil, suddenly, had a vulnerability & fragility to it. He held onto it precariously, as if it were a large plank of wood, and he were drowning.

...

Clearly, he understood, this was a challenge. Or perhaps a testing of his limits. Goat sighed, as he was already very tired, but alright, he thought. He was a Goat, you see, and the Son of a Goat, and a whole line of Goats beyond that, white of fur & shiny golden horns with all manner of symbology, history & cultures, and through he understood a great amount, still, he knew, a further amount. A Great Mountain of Knowledge, a Tower of Rocks, Books, Papers, Pictures & Histories remained yet to be climbed.

With only a small hesitation, insignificant and marked only by himself, he set out.

Of course, he didn't actually move. Only his mind prepared itself for a great journey, an Adventure as Significant as any upon which he had yet embarked.

It would be dangerous, he was sure, and lonely.

Such voyages of the mind almost always are, with a soul in the balance, and a measure of difficulty that almost certainly outweighed him in cunning & darkness, an insecurity was likely to overtake him, from behind perhaps, or unbidden—but, with a small *frisson*, a shudder imperceptible yet jarring to the heart, he told himself: *beware*.

But still, did not truly hesitate in setting out.

Such is courage, after all, and his heart held steady & told him if he held steady, he might yet prevail.

And his heart was to be trusted, he felt. Not only was it all he had, but it had never failed him except once.

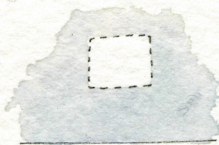
Yes, one cold day in February, it had failed him once. But still, it was all he had.

...

Butterfly Bill's eyes traced the wood boards of the deck, left to right, then right to left. Goat's eyes did the same.

They sat for awhile, in silence.

SHE WROTE:



HIS HEART UNDERSTOOD IMMEDIATELY.

SHE WROTE:



TO WHICH SHE ADDED

SOMETHING IN

DISAGREEMENT.

"YOU ARE IN EXPANSION," SHE MENTIONED

Where were their eyes going, on these small roads in the Wood, these laneways. There were many such paths for the eye in Goat's House, many meanderings, more straight perhaps than Moose's swamp.

These were small paths where Thoughts might move from one location to another, and cover much ground merely in the sway back and forth, where he might move from the Jackalope's front door, a few meadows away, to his own door in the space of a few Heartbeats.

He thought of the Jackalope then, of what she had said, of the world she had spoken of beyond his own, and felt his heart lift & no small amount of Sadness settle in beneath it, as if he had moved a stone from the Earth around his House.

It was an irrevocable movement.

He looked at Bill, and the small Butterfly sat softly beside him, with one boot crossed at the knee, he thought of asking him, but then, did not, as it looked as though Bill was trailing some Eye-Roads in dotted paths in the wood on his own, and who knows where Bill Traveled, in such moments, who knows what stories Bill had heard told & re-traveled in his mind.

...

Butterfly Bill sat up in the Guest Room, which is to say, on the open petals of a Large Flower on Goat's roof. The

sun was rising, and the Meadow was awakening, and he reclined gently, sipping at a warmed mug of nectar from his thermos. There was a slight breeze, and he blinked his eyes sleepily.

He thought softly of Nothing, accompanied by the waving of the grass in the Field, safe on Goat's Roof, enjoying the momentary Rest in the Room of Friendship, knowing it was momentary.

...

Butterfly Bill sat up in the Guest Room, which is to say, on the open petals of a Large Flower on Goat's Roof. The sun was rising, and the Meadow was awakening, and he reclined gently, sipping at a warmed mug of nectar from his thermos. There was a slight breeze, and he blinked his eyes sleepily. He thought softly of nothing, accompanied by the waving of grass in the field, safe on Goat's Roof, enjoying the momentary rest in the room of friendship, knowing it was momentary.

...

"Today we begin the building of the Subterranean," mentioned Goat.

Butterfly Bill sipped at his Nectar, but did not comment.

...

The most important Feature of M's Motion Picture Camera, was that it could show Time standing still.

Some Persons are given the gift of being able to experience time Standing Still, but, alas, the vast majority of us are not.

As such it was a highly technical device. It was as Light & Time entered the Box of the camera that the Capturing occurred. So Light & Time, each respectively were extremely important to the device, but so were the Placement & Mood of the holder of the Motion-Picture device.

...

And also it told the others What Is There, which is to say, a story-telling device, an imagination device, a device to which one opens one's Eye & Mind, into which one can go & come out of.

And in effect, take a short journey while standing still.

...

The Camera could also show events. Events & Invents of the Imagination, but only those Moose knew of to have occurred. So the Motion-Picture camera could transfer memories. Not real memories, of course, but memories of the Imagination, Stop-Memories of the Machine.

Which is to say that it was a Room of Memory & alternate experience.

It could enter into Beauty & Not Return, entering the machinations of Time & not becoming Lost & Cleansed like the rest of us, but rather, Standing Still until it itself was forgotten.

And so, Operating in a Limited Field, it could go backwards, to anything it had seen, but not Forwards.

...

And at the Rear of the Device, was a Location Wheel, or a Labyrinth of Placement in the Swamp, which Moose knew how to operate, and which was essential, or one could not be certain to what the Camera would Remember, or take one to, and without Moose to Operate it, it could be quite Dangerous in Use.

Goat, personally, Avoided it Altogether, as he had had several Bad Experiences. Moose was rather more courageous with Such Things.

...

And all of this to say that the Device was Absolutely Ordinary, and without Moose to operate it, it would merely sit there, sitting dumbly and silently as if it had nothing to say, and Indeed: it did not.

No, indeed, without Moose to fidget with the Mood Buttons, it merely sat there and was quite boring.

It was like an Animal that said everything one wants to hear, thought Goat. Which was nice for awhile. But was much Nicer when Moose used it, and it said what he wanted.

And then the funny little fuzzy voice, which one could hear, when one held it close to one's Head: "*bzz, what a small little shack,*" it would say, quite cheerfully "*uninhabited and modern and yet beautiful, just exactly the thing one wants to spend one's remaining days in,*" and then would be silent, until it showed another motion, from another time, and began again: "quite a moon-stuck place, here, under the rays of the meadow-sun." And it was all so small, and in such a whisper, that one was quite delighted—especially Goat, who loved Moose dearly, and could see his friend's hand in it, or his hooves & beard, rather, which are very specific Person to Person.

...

"Ah!" Said Moose with irritation, slapping at his back.

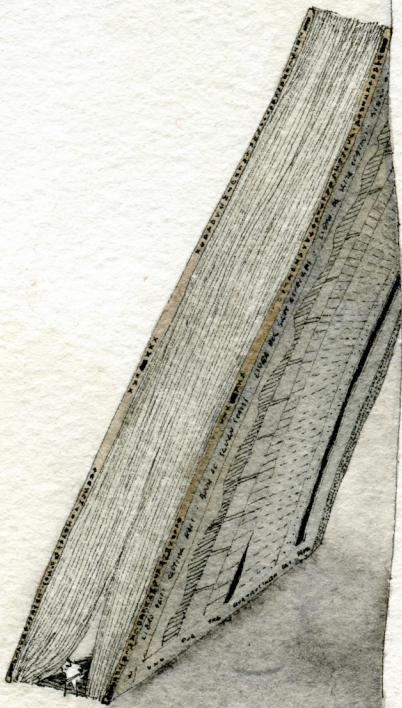
"What?" Asked Goat.

"Mosquito." Moose's ears flattened with half-anger. "I didn't think the season had begun yet.

...

Mosquito-xote, was the Code Master.

"227." Said Mosquito-xote.



This is another way of saying: “Zzt.”

...

The Mosquito’s House was a Mountain Lotus Flower 8,00 years old, which had a difficult history, it rose from the water in the morning & sank in the evening, closing or opening respectively, and if the Mosquito was not home just at dusk—and he often like to prowl at dusk,

...

Goat did not often like to go down into the Vault, as it contained the most difficult of his books, the Books which were Dark, and often Enveloping. Books which one could walk Into, and Never Come Out Of. Books which he Generally Avoided, yet could not be rid of.

And he knew it was time to consult one of these books, and he knew precisely which one.

...

The ladder was not built for going in, it was for coming out of. The only way in was into the Dark Cleft & Black Stairs between the Covers.

...

It had been written by a Dark Philosopher, some Time Ago, some Indefinite Time, not so very long ago. Because

certainly, as one abandons the idea of Linear Time there is no *Very Long Time Ago*, which can become quite confusing so I will say *Only Recently*.

...

The Mood, in Moose's Photographs was very Particular, and was indicated by colours such as Turquoise, and Red, and a Large Proportion of Lemon, Honey & Hay Yellow/Gold, and no small quantity of Magenta, when he could get it, and Blue Of A Perfect Sky, when he could not.

...

It had something to do with a very dark shadow, perhaps the darkest of shadows, but also a collection of shadows leading to the darkest of them, a Queen of Shadows.*

(* This may be a Reference to Julia Kristeva's book *Strangers to Ourselves*, in which the Shadow is Death, the Other:

"The foreigner lives within us: he is the hidden face of our identity, the space that wrecks our abode, the time in which understanding and affinity founder. . . The 'foreigner' then is something hidden in ourselves, something with the potential to destroy 'home' and something that is beyond 'understanding' or relations with each other."

or

Perhaps it may refer only to Junichiro Tanizaki's *In*



Praise of Shadows, in which the author writes:

“What lies within the darkness one cannot distinguish, but the palm senses the gentle movements of the liquid, vapour rises from within, forming droplets on the rim, and the fragrance carried upon the vapour brings a delicate anticipation ... a moment of mystery, it might almost be called, a moment of trance.”)

...

After one used the pulleys above to prop open the covers so they would not close abruptly on one with a bang, one looked down the long stair of Understanding that disappeared into the cleft between the covers. It looked interminable, the stair, if one were not familiar with the book, very daunting.

But Goat knew The Book, had studied it. Nevertheless, he knew also he would return from this Reading a bit black about the eyes, and might have to lie about in the Field doing not much and simply absorbing some sunshine to recover a bit, and Moose might say sharply: “Why Read that Book at all?”

And things for a few days might go on without him, although of course things might *seem* to go on without him they never really *could*, because in the end *there he would still be*, days later, and a great many things would still be there as well.

But that was all beside the point, as he needed to Read

the Book, and there he was just standing there, when there was a dark book to be read.

...

Mosquito-xote was a Guest in the Lotus-Flower Palace. I say a guest because it was quite true, that although no-one else lived there, to be a guest *of*, he was the guest of the flower Itself, or rather Herself.

For the Flower was a she, he believed, although it was not quite true.

No one, I think, could have lived there except Mosquito-Xote. It was an inconvenient place of residence, as at dusk each day, the petals began to close, and she sank beneath the waves, or rather the murky waters of the swamp, with the last rays of the sun.

Mosquito-xote likes to be out wandering at dusk, and most often would not make it home, yet promptly, without fail, she closed the Great Door, and sank. He loved this.

She had done this nearly without fail for 800 years. And I say almost because in her long history, which is long, even for a lotus-flower, which may live Indefinitely, even she had had Periods of Dormancy, which is like a prolonged lethargy, or sleep.

Perhaps she had grieved, for something she had lost, or perhaps she had dreamed, as even Lotus-Flowers have

dreams. Or perhaps she had merely had the patience to wait, for what I do not know, as I have never lived for 800 years and can barely manage to wait for dinner when I am hungry, and have not an Understanding of Such Things, but surely she must, in 800 years, have waited for *something*.

But as I said, frequently Mosquito-Xote would be out roaming the fields past dusk, and knowing his beloved palace lay beneath the waves, would not go home, but wander itinerant in the purples and greens and darkening indigos of the grasses & into the forest itself, and sleep in Hedgerows, or under a Folded Blade of Grass, in the Dew & Discomfort, and would revel in it.

He was Mosquito-xote, after all, and he would fall asleep humming a tune, knowing he would sleep safely in the Great & Enveloping Massive Silence Among the Petals tomorrow.

...

When he was very tired, much beyond his means, and the buzzing in him felt as though it would shake him apart, as he had been voyaging here & there all day & night, for no other reason than a restlessness within him, he would return early to the Palace, and as dusk began would lay his body in the Great Space between the petals and a silence would settle in him as the Flower began closing around him, the Softness & Infinite Whiteness would gently enfold him like a palace of clean bedsheets which smelled of sunlight and the flower herself, and firmly &



gently the Giant Mechanism would close around him, with a silken smooth glide in absolute quietness all he would see were the clouds overhead and all noise would be muffled and light indirect as the Petals of the Palace reached the Upright Position and Time felt Infinite, and the buzzing stopped and there was an Absolute sense of harmony between this silken infinite being, so unknowable, with all her endless & incommunicable seasons, and the Rule of Operation, never deviated from.

Because, perhaps because he never followed Rules himself, he knew all of them, he had read all the Rule Books and etiquette books and code books, and many of his games were games played with these rules, in a quixotian style, a buzzing, stabbing in and out, like an arrow or a needle he felt, he stabbed. Aha! To define the Deviation from the Rule.

But of course, he thought of none of that, with his head on the Pillow of his Palace, his beloved, in her silence, folding around him like a sinking cloud, the robes & endless perfection of her sleeved form, her petticoats and white linen aprons and silken transparent lingerie, concentrated in this inexorable & perfect movement, this almost imperceptible sinking, which, unless one were very still & patient & did not sit silently, one might not perceive at all, as the Palace, with all her rooms between the petals, her halls of light, her great roof open to the sky, her golden carpets & silken paper-thin walls, her Mind of Infinite Complexity, and the silence in the Great Room at her center, with its layers of circular halls around, the stairless curves of her roofs & domes, the

passing clouds of her large sky, her endless years of quiet dreaming all muffled in the Turquoise-Green Swamp-Murk of the waters beneath, this great moat she used against the cold dark air of night.

Imagine that, to live only in the golden-blue sky of day, to only see the night sky through the bottom-reflection, like a moving-mirror, the surface of the pond, to sleep each night for 800 years in that muted-density, to never stay-out, to exist in this priest-like dream.

No, he thought only, of his love for her. He did not think of her Infinite Rules, a thousand rules to dictate the Lines of her form, of the distribution of servants which Regulated the flow of food & drink up the Stem, of the placement of the Cups of Nectars & Bowls of Seeds in their ancient & perfected patterns, never deviated from. He thought nothing of the Watch of Time within her, of the Keepers of dawn watch & night watchmen who smoothly Kept Customs that were ancient, and silent bells in invisible towers would chime in a manner as to never make a mistake.

He thought only that she was a Great Massive Swan of Order that sailed infinitely on, that he had only to rest his head in her silence, and would sleep in her Absolute.

That he was her Knight-Errant, that made a great many mistakes but that she was his Princess of Order & Ease, always in flawless white, and Order, in her, would Prevail, that in her knowledge of rules she would never fail him, but would go on and on and on. He had only to love

her.

And he slept, knowing the drawbridge was drawn, and the moat and the smooth power of the walls stood between them and the next day. That nothing would reach them until then.

...

Then he realized there was a figure there, following him. He froze, frightened to a standstill.

The figure took a step further, then also froze.

It was too far back to distinguish any features, framed against the light.

“Cuckoo!” He called suddenly, certain it was the Jackalope, the figure stood & did not reply.

A deep uncertainty & fear entered him suddenly, as if he must know who the figure was, but could not return up the stair for fear of it.

He realized suddenly it was the Shadow-Self, and that there was only one way out.

...

He waited, reclined in the grass with his arms behind his head, against the slope of a small Mounded Hill of flowers & green, green stems. There were a cloud of

movement to it, scents traveling here and there in lines & small round clouds around him & bees & butterflies going here and there on Business, saying: "Excuse me," and "If you please." As he was laying against their flower.

He had to move once, at the behest of a small field mouse, whose front door he was blocking. She cleared her throat several times politely from a reasonable distance to gain his attention, and as she stood with her arms full of packages & bundles tied up with string he understood immediately & scrambled to the side.

Eventually, however, the figure of the jackalope appeared up over the ridge of grasses, making her tired way down the path, clearly in a bit of a daze.

He stood.

...

Exhausted, and feeling dark, he paused on the stoop, staring out at the grasses, the fields & meadows, thinking of the House of the Jackalope, out in the fields beyond those he could see.

He decided, with a sigh, to make himself some tea.

...

"No," she said only, "As I think, as I feel, I do. I have no rules, no rationality; I merely dream." He stared at The Cloud Cube in dismay, and then at her again.

In the face of his frustration & incomprehension she was at first equanimical & cold, and then a slight blush came to her soft rabbit cheek, which he could not understand.

“It is after all, quite simple,” she assured him, but he could not understand how. Of this house, and this Horned Rabbit, he could glean nothing, although he must absolutely try.

...

The first time he had gone into the Book of Seven Stairs, he had come out confused, at finding only four. Four, no matter how hard one looks at it, is not seven, even for those adept at manipulations & confusions, which goat was, of course, *not*. No, four is not seven, and this had puzzled Goat greatly.

Indeed, each Time he had passed the book, on the way to the Book of Seven Hills, for instance, which lay flat on its side close by the Book of Seven Stairs, and had clearly, seven beautiful rolling hills, with green grasses and a whole city of words both ancient & modern, surrounding them, he was puzzled, and stood & thought, often peering between its covers as if the staircases might be glimpsed in movement, much like rainbows or other fleeting things, which are shy of *always being there*, and so hesitate in one moment, but are otherwise rarely seen.

But after all, it was a well-made book, and it did not say the Book of Usually Four but sometimes Seven Stairs; it

said, definitely, *seven*.

But it was around this time that he began to suspect the Jackalope of pilfering his knowledge, of gaining access to his secrets and even to his *vault itself*, and one quiet morning, roaming with a picnic lunch among the books, he thought he saw her, in the distance and almost ghostly, slip between the covers of the Book, which usually lay against one of the Great Walls, at the back, half in the shadows, and though sometimes referred to, usually remained a small puzzle that was mostly forgotten from his mind, in which he kept a mental bookmark, which might have read: "Here Are Unknowns." Which might mean dragons, in the darkness between the pages, or simply blank pages which had not been either written or perhaps not read—for one does not know what pages contain, or if they contain anything at all, unless one has read them.

He stood then, prying open the covers and standing in the open space between the pages, where in the shadowy cleft between the creamy whitenesses disappeared something which looked like a stair.

It was black, and might have been a great number of things, disappearing there, between the covers, but it was the First Stair, and he knew this, and a great many other things about the book, because he had been on the First Stair before.

He hesitated, as he had been in before, and it wasn't an easy or a pleasant book, and he wasn't prepared either,

for the darkness.

But nevertheless, he slipped in.

...

The pages closed behind him & around him, creamy white & heavy, thick with the glow from the vault which gleamed on the other side of the pages and provided the only light. His little hooves were in the shadows on the dark stair, and he looked down at them once, before plunging down, until the gleam of the pages was like a firmament above him, and then, it was gone.

...

He paused at the First Gate, with his foot on the First Stair of the Second Staircase—the Staircase of Sleep. These were all dangerous stairs—it was a Book of Shadows, after all.

But the stair of sleep was among the most dangerous, because he was already tired.

The stairs he knew, were long, and glided on, long steps & easy walking, which lulled him, generally, and he must be careful, in the heavy heat not to let his eyes flutter closed, and drift sideways into the page-like softness of the walls and be lost.

...

Inherent in the Device, was an understanding of Colour.

When one touched the mood buttons in a particular way, such as “sunny yellow, two rotations to the left.” All light went out of the sky, and it became blue-ish, like an endless twilight & dim.

Of course, Moose never touched the buttons in this way, and only rotated the Yellow Buttons to the Right, which is to say, forward, into the sun, so his photo-graphing make the motion-pictures take on a slight glow, even in twilight, as if the gloom would never take over the world, but only fade again into the lemon-yellow daylight, as smooth & cheerful as Moose himself, and never-faltering.

...

It was the Jackalope’s house, he knew at once.

It was a cube of perfect mist, flowing, which never revealed what was behind it.

Fascinated Goat stood silently with Moose, staring.

Moose took a photograph, which was to remind him of the oddity, of the quality of the mist in the grass that morning, and the dew, although, of course, that is not the same as *being there*, for one can be there only once, staring at a mist-cube on two uneven leg-like columns.

Moose wandered, exploring the grass at the base, while Goat stood staring at the unexplicable object.

...

The columns were unevenly placed, giving it a gently surprised appearance—perhaps of unease.

...

A lot of friends tend to come and go.

Butterfly Bill, for example, who had a lot of commitments elsewhere. But Goat and Moose would always be friends. Of that, at least, we may be sure.

...

Moose was led about by his Rapturous Gaze, which led him from one thing to another without rest.

But Goat understood this; he was, after all, very similar in that respect.

...

Some things can only be done at night.

...

Sometimes Goats must go away, even when they do not want to.

With sorrow Goat & Moose solemnly shook hands.

“Bon Voyage,” said Moose, with seeming cheer.

Goat took out a cylindrical object—a packet of Unknown Contents—wrapped in brown paper & red & white stripped string, and handed it to Moose.

Moose accepted it gently, and tucked it in his armpit for later and watched as Goat walked away through the grass and disappeared in the curve walking down the mountain.

The Panther: Interlude



“HOW DOES IT COME TOGETHER?” ASKED THE PANTHER.

Whiskers paused.

“Well, certainly there is some Discontinuity.” Said the cat.

The panther purred her words, which made the white cat’s muscles tighten: “My dear Cat,” she said. “What I am asking is how does it come *together*?”

Very small beside her, Whiskers took his courage: “But I *assure* you, madam, that it does.”

She sniffed, clearly dissatisfied, and her tail unfurled, thick & heavy it fell beside her with a sickening noise on the white velvet chair.

...

“I am *very* busy,” the Panther assured him, in her oddly accented coiver, arranging her voice into something ugly with nights spent waiting in her tree, for something.

“But, Great Lady, if you would *read* it—” the cat bowed, in apology.

...

“Below this marble floor,” she began, with a flick of her tail, “is a warren of forgotten passages.

“One on top of the other they continue into the darkness,” she smiled silently, thinking of this. “I have not had time to explore them, although, I have tried.” Weary now, her great eyes looked at him, and his uncertainty felt the weight of her thickness, her darkness, the deep sheen of her coat flickering with moving ropes of muscles within.

“A thousand passages, routes to ancient mines, forgotten caverns echoing with the drip of buried rivers—the skulls of those who have gone before, the lost!” She said, her eyes half-far away & distant, searching those darkneses.

Whiskers, his gentle little paws resting on the floor, looked at the white marble beneath him, and her with wonder.

Her eyes closed.

“There is no time,” she said. “I have lost most of the time which was given to me.”

She ruminated, silently, as the little cat stared at her.

“Entire cities lie beneath us!” She said suddenly.

“Forgotten forever! And you come to me with a book!”

Her paw drifted up, and brushed him away.

Her eyes did not open. She was filled with a great sadness, heavier & larger than her tree.

...

“Entire Civilizations! The continent of Atlantis, Biblical Outlaws!”

“Catacombs of darkness, the earth is a honey-comb of what has come before. The smell of death.”

Whiskers stared, in silence.

He thought, wistfully, of his fields, his butterflies, the quiet way the waves sounded on his beaches, his little lost & quiet island of grasses.

“I have spent some time in the darkness, my Friend.” She said. “In worlds you cannot imagine. The must of books is nothing compared to the decay of stones, the wet noise of clay dripping from the walls. The maps half-dust missing holes.”

“I have hunted there, in the caverns, in the lakes below.”

Her voice was heavy, but it broke, like a great hunter, it

rose quickly, and her eyes opened while opals with her power-drunkenness fading.

He thought one more time of butterflies, feeling their wings & velvet against his face in the sun.

Her eyes were upon him, lucid again, sadness gone, hunter half-hidden.

“Mr. Whiskers—” she said, like a question.

“Yes.” He replied, feeling much like a butterfly himself.

...

He wished—yes—he wished he had not come.

...

“Passage was as narrow as my hips, filled with dust & yellow smoke, rooms as large as the rooms on the moon filled with glaciers frozen in their breath movements. Gardens of wooden carved flowers, and walls painted with golden slim birds that have not been seen with living eyes except my own for an thousand years of darkness, or more.

“Moist & humid vertical tunnels without ladders that have tested the living tension of my claws, and caverns underneath caverns of acrid thick perfumed water, like black oil that penetrated my flesh.

“Buried countries! Seven lost cities filled with dust and the tunnels so tenuously still-open, lost forever to the sunny air,

“And libraries,” she calmed slightly, eyes slitted & thinking, pupils full of imaginations & lost cities of their own. “Libraries of vegetal papers stamped with books of dead creatures, and thoughts best forgotten.”

“And of course, wells. . .” She trailed off, as her thoughts fell down them one by one. “Wells not on any map, a thousand leagues deep, and filled with living creatures with phosphorescent kisses and haunting songs that they sing to not hear the loneliness of their inky solitary oubliettes, chosen generations ago.”

. . .

“And sometimes the air was red with pressure, I had spelunked & drilled so deep in my minings, my excavations of the lost.”

There was a long silence, in which her eyes closed with a purr that was not a purr, a call of a hunter, and Whiskers stared out the window at the open sky.

“And your tree?” He asked, tremulously. Whiskers, you see, was much cleverer than he sometimes appeared.

The panther snapped open her eyes, and looked over her shoulder, almost to see if it was *still there*, as if it was all-important, her *only thing*.

She seemed to take a breath, to come back to herself, shaking off the bitter rouge-ocher gases of the tunnels, the ink out of subterranean waters.

She almost, nearly, looking at her tree, with its thousand of thin paper whispers of Leaves & its sunlight filtering through, its hammock-rock of branches.

“Where were we—yes,” she said at once, without waiting for his reply, “—your book.”

“Give it to me and perhaps with my afternoon tea, in the branches, I might read it. Perhaps.”

With a little bow, the cat handed it over.

“Madame the Panther?” He asked.

“Yes,” she said, giving the small white body her attention ponderously, as if he was already gone. “I will determine what it has to do with anything.”

He sighed, very tiny: “Thank you for your time.”

Perhaps, he thought, he might tell her on another occasion what he had meant to say, or—

—or. She might find it out for herself. Perhaps.

He closed the white door behind him, with a slight bang.

...

He had confidence in the Panther. If anyone knew what to do with the Book, he was certain, it was she. Her mind was an endless library, filled with knowledge that went down and down.

It frightened him, that depth & endlessness, and reminded him of his own Library,—but darker, and deeper.

It was tied, very Fragile-ly, to her tree, he was certain. That kept it Alive, all the pieces pulled above ground, the dark stones & forgotten passages, the smell of mud then aired out periodically & mixed with growth, leaves, insects scurrying & doing their Daily Activities.

He wondered, however, what would happen to it all when she was gone; would it simply disappear, or would an Imprint of it remain, some thin line on the tree where Knowledge had been tied?

It was hard to imagine, however, the panther ever gone.

She was endless, he felt. Eternal.

Villas, Ruins, & Temples

GOAT, THOUGH HE WAS VERY TIRED, BEGAN THE STORY:

“There was once,” he said, “a small herbalist, called Ráfusaf.”

“She was a little bit of a wolf, as all witches are.”

“Of course,” he continued, “she was also a princess.”

He left that part unexplained.

“She lived in a small hut, on two feet, in a field somewhere in between times.”

...

One day, another small wolf, this one, supposedly, a traveler, as all wolves, undoubtedly, are, to some extent, wandered into her field. He was tall, and handsome, and rather Long in the Leg—a timberwolf if ever there was one. His name was Séason delle Bosce. He wore boots.

He had been looking for something, and with a glance at her hut, and her personhood, he determined at once, that it was her.

Her name was Ráfusaf da Silva, a Transilvanian Wolf, small & black, although I have drawn her white it is only because that was how He Saw Her, through night in the Daylight of his Wolf-Eye.

She was soft as a summer wind, and she had a small wolf-orchid which grew, white and impossibly tiny, year after year, from a small pouch in her scarf. Although she seemed to treat it carelessly, it never abandoned her: it had been a Vaguabond from Transilvania, with a rather gypsy heart Itself, and loved her against impossibility. It was her Friend.

Her scarf was full of potions and packets of herbs, and *pochets* of seeds from an hundred years ago but still fecund, and bottles of oils and waters from sacred springs, and there seemed, perhaps, to be an thousand of them all, although that cannot have been the case.

She wore tiny white silk slippers decorated with embroidered mosses & miniature wolf-orchids (of which she had grown quite fond), and Two Red Pompoms Each, which reminded her of Romanian Spring, which even when it seemed far was only a First-Leaf away from coming.

...

He bowed to her, and announced himself as Seáson, and



they wandered together, for a short time, among the grasses of the field.

They danced, and they played, and summer lasted as they wandered together in the fields, until the orchid whispered to her, and, 'Alás,' she said. 'I must go home.'

He looked, and it was true, winter was upon them.

The snow flakes fell white on the brown grasses.

When they became tired, and dusk was upon them, she invited him for tea, which, of course, being an herbal wolf, was intoxicating yet restful.

...

She had never been interested in Traveling through Time, but rather, in explorations of the breathings of beasts, and, with particular concentration on herbal transfections & transfusions In Case of Loss.

She had recently Mastered the translibation of a rose from Norway, that made her quite a specialist of the Fields. But Mostly she spent her time simply Filling her Heart, and had a great impatience with Time, which Seáson was very good with—usually.

...

Completely beguiled, Seáson devoted himself to her, he went to her and asked her for her hand, and softly

she put her little paw in his, and he asked her what she would have. Upon several moments of consideration, she replied that she would like a house that never slept. She already had a very nice house, but still, another might do her very well.

She gave him a small pot of herbs Mixed In earth, from which he might gain an Understanding, and a minuscule golden tool, with which he might cut, and a bundle of flowers as a sort of an Hint. He added these to his other tools, and patted the bag softly.

...

‘And where should I build?’ He thought, and went to ask her.

‘On an island,’ She told him. ‘Far away.’ And the orchid packed suitcases and made travel preparations in her scarf.

‘But where shall it be built, precisely?’ He thought, and went to ask her.

‘In among the grass in a great field.’ She replied, with a smile.

‘And of what shall it be made?’ He wondered. And went to ask her.

‘Of great stones of earth.’ She said, and her eyes seemed in need of a rest.

...

Seáson left immediately, and thought the whole night in the field. At dawn, he built it thus, using his small golden tools he made great stones of earth, which smelled of darkness and simple things.

And they went to live in it, and drank Nectar of Elderberry, and lay in the grasses.

He had worn a circular chromenometer, to keep himself oriented to the stars, the planets, and the sun, but he took it off for a little while, and put it with his other golden tools, in his satchel, among which were a Sextant, and His Black Box of Transit, which he usually kept strapped to his chest, on the band of his satchel.

And the two wolves stayed until they were no longer afraid of time passing. And she made herself a crown of flowers, and red tassels, and called herself a Princess of the Field. And she cut him a crown of grasses and placed it gently on his head. And called him Prince Of Herself, and for a time, they were content, and happy.

And the sun was warm on their hairs, as if they were held gently, in the roundness of a hoof of some great creature who loved them, perhaps. They were made to feel like gift.

And even The Wolf Orchid, whose name was Garandolfa,



and who was a Princess herself, for a Time, let her gypsy heart rest in the grasses. But that is the beginning of another story, which I shall not tell you.

But in the meantime the grasses seemed to go on forever, but the house held a place for them.

Yes, and Ráfusaf wrapped them all in her scarf, and told them stories of herbs, and when it grew dark they lit candles and had midnight picnics while the orchid sniffed the air.”

...

“But what is purpose of the story?” Asked the small coyote.

The goat merely shook his head. “It is only a story.” He told her. “Stories have no purpose.”

And of course, that is not true.

But they contemplated their tea, and thought of this.

...

Well, that was it, thought Goat. That was There and this was Here.

One Time and Place was not another Time and Place.

One was a story and other was the present.

Certainly, a story may be *true*. One may follow the trail through one's brain to another's brain and on though to another Time and Place! And that was the point of stories. But then, some stories grew stale, or got caught on odds & ends & bits, and did not emerge as a path into a great field of grass as they promised. They might pass one into the woods or underground or worse.

And friends might not be waiting to receive one at the end—even if they always had before.

No, friends might turn away, might march silently into the grass as if they had spend too long waiting, or something might happen, and they might simply—well,—disappear.

That was the worst thing. A disappearance.

Unexplained, and factual.

And that was it. The Jackalope had simply gone.

Moose had taken a photo, and the mist was gone, and the great purple marble column, fill of ancient stories of the Jackalope's Family, carved deep with mystic symbols and Hieroglyphs of Dreams that had sustained a linear continuity to the Jackalopes—gone.

All that remained was the carbon pole, the burned & fragile remnant, standing in the field.

Moose had taken the photo, and that was that.

The richness of the Jackalope, all the unexplained occurrences, the undeciphered triangles and columns, and little odds and ends, the fascinated moments.

Turned to a single carbon column in a field.

And so suddenly, and with no explanation, Goat wept.

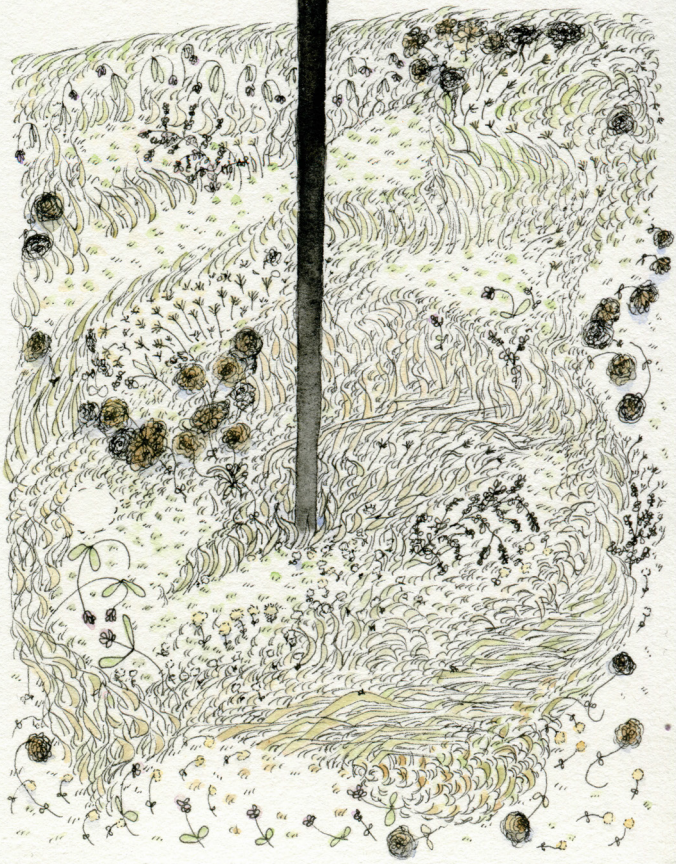
He had not done Endeavouring. He had not achieved Sufficiently! Had not arrived at the end of the story, and there was the mysterious end, gone, gone.

Alone, and in a Foreign Country, with no Friends near, he wept with his slim snout down, and the little tears hit the ground softly, skipping unnoticed into the earth.

Perhaps, far away, Moose knew, but then—perhaps Moose didn't. After all, though Moose seemed to know Everything, and Goat was safe with Moose there, Moose was very far!

And so, into the Foreign Soil, the soft brown earth, with no one to care or notice or remember or Be Told, that part of the story ended.

And Goat lay on the ground on his back, staring at the clouds moving through the sky, and mourned at how changeable the world had become! How cold & foreign, and he wondered at the choice he had made, to put his slim hooves on foreign soil, to Be Away. And felt, as one



sometimes feels on a cliff, with the ground so far away, a Vertigo, A Motion Sickness, that spun his mind and his little foreign body hard.

...

But then, as must happen, the story must go on, as life does, even after Unexplained Occurrences.

After Awhile, Goat stood up, adjusted his bag, his drawing case, straightened his Little Wisp of a Beard carefully, and walked on.

...

Letter to Coyote:

Coyote, of course, was not there either (no one was there), but still, they Maintained a Correspondence, which was of some Comfort, as words often are.

A typical Letter Goat would write, went as follows:

My Dear Friend Coyote,

(And though Coyote was not Native to the Place, she was careful to emphasize that it was her Home, that though she was a Bulgarian Abroad, she was not a Gypsy, she was simply at Home Elsewhere).

My Dear Dear Coyote,

Here the sky is as blue as one could wish, and never obscured by clouds, or if it is, but rarely. I sail from side to side in it, as on a great Mediterranean Sea, and sample all sorts of Grasses Salty-Shore such as remind me somehow of the Medicinal Mineralized light-green blades of the peaks & tea-houses of my home-land. I know you are a *Connoisseur* of *Viandes*, but you occasionally sample Grasses or search in them for Morsels; here, you would find, hills range with grasses one after another between the waves.

Here they play with bells, hidden in the hills, an hundred of them or dozens ringing one after another as they travel unseen in the olive-brush of the valley sides or under the scrub and in hidden patches of flowery fields. The nights are filled with such silences that are truly silent; spaces between waves & winds such as far-flung long-traveled winds from South bearing Sands of Sarasan Providence, or ancient winds from within the provinces, or perhaps from within, I struggle to remember their names and keep them straight, the Compass-Rose, at home so simple & well-learned is filled with foreign-vowels, and Twelve Primary Points of Blowing: these are filled with local character winds, oddities such as on-shore, or "Around Mt. Knossos," or "Cirroco," winds from the South are primarily African winds, if they are strong and high, and from the East Egyptian re-directs or I do not know what—for to the East of here I have never been, and may blow from Transylvania or Romania or farther through the Black Sea from the Lands Beyond that are Unknown.

For the North it is generally called the “Bear” Wind, and the Evening Wind, more settling & from Better-Known locales, comes from the West, although it is so sodden with Salt & Sea-Vegetables & Under-Water Grasses by the time it gets here I barely know it.

Perhaps you would feel more At Home here than I, with your knowledge of the East. I feel on the edge of a Great Frontier of the Unknown, for I have gone so far East into unknown lands that of the Northern & Southern winds I can understand little, and almost nothing of friendly fields. Still, goats, you must understand, are at home almost everywhere.

Sometimes here, though, even known Zephyrian winds come from the West, and though I feel I know those Western lands, here they are Tainted & Strange with Acrid Volcanous Smoke, and strange temperatures changing their flavour at Sunset.

Of course, the Winds of the world are changing.

Unexpectedly, a stormy Boreas may bear down from the North, out of the Impenetrable Mountains that border the more-land-locked corners of this strange-land, and with such force that local goats have told me that they are the children of the Ancient Gods of Stars & Sunrise, that ruled once here, and come harshly when they remember. . . still, not all winds are bad. Some are gentle & playful, leaking up warmly through the rocky crevasses & caves, and bearing tidings of new flowers such as Orange Daisies of which I am Particularly Fond, or of those little

Purple Crocuses which I darent sample, but like to brush my nose over—for they are soft with downy petals and grow in clumps.

I have head of a great bending wind “Etesian,” which comes often in the summer: but still, everything must be different with the changing to such a season of warmth & plenty.

I try to learn them all, by their ancient names, and consult the petals of a rose as a sort of memory-system, a method of remembering such a foreign & contradictory set of new winds & old, all over-layed.

But my friend, I bore you, and will not go on, suffice it to say that I am learning much of ways ancient & unused to my own. I will explain more upon my return. I hope you are well.

(I have enclosed a drawing.)

Your friend,
The Goat.

...

I will note here that Goat’s drawing has been lost.

...

The Goat lived in the hills on an island, a large island, somewhere lost.

Or rather misplaced. It had been an important island, once, to a great many persons, many of them quite famous Goats, but now it was rather forgotten,

Goat wandered there, reading inscriptions of ancient cities, inscribed on tumbled stones, misremembered. For although it had all been written down, a great many things had happened to jumble it about.

...

He came upon a Hedgehog, sniffing, in the hills. The poor animal was quite worn out.

Goat paused, his tiny hooves light upon the forgotten stones, so light he almost felt he could fly—goats, if you have seen them in the hills, where everyone else is not at all at home, may be seen to fly distances of several feet, merely to spare themselves the inconvenience of walking up a difficult bit.

But the Animal was quite down and out.

“My Dear Man,” Goat said, and sat down beside the creature, where he sat sniffing.

...

The Hedgehog, meanwhile, took out his kerchief, embroidered with Geraniums & Roses, and sniffled for a bit.

Goat sat by companionably, and stared out at the rocks & dry sorts of Wild & Heathen Herbiage, and watched the sun travel in increments that were perceptible but Minuscule across the sky.

The Hedge-Hog sighed.

“Well,” said Goat at last.

And offered the H.H. some refreshment from his bottle.

...

In the end, perhaps, he had just been overly tired, or had come to a crisis in his life just at the point of A Very Hot Day Upon the Path—Goat did not know.

Hedgehogs, while very simple creatures that one may think easy to understand, are not. At least, not to Goats, with whom they very little converse with, no more than to say, perhaps “hey hey” or “good evening.” As they pass one another in the brush up in the hills, in a hurry to scurry home to bed while the goat, with a pointed curiosity, stares while munching avidly a small & dainty greenery.

Of course, occasionally, a goat may strike up a Friendship with such a small home-bodied & friendly creature, and spend the length of no few amount of afternoons merely describing different breezes of Eastern-Providence or South-By-South-Eastern directions, which have many names, especially in these hills of islands lost in the sea,

above the Great Unknown Continent to the South, of which we have not heard much, nor are we likely to.

For Hedgehogs are concerned with smaller & simpler things.

Sunday Lunch, a small pic-nic among the brambles of a local hillock, with a Fine View to the sea, and a couple of close & happily endless friends.

Which is to say, the kind of kindly people, who simply go on and on in one's life, reading books on sunday afternoons and making Dainty-Cakes, and telling one their Business, not just some sundays, but ALL sundays, or nearly all, from when one has just a small hand print in the red sandy soil, until one has no hand-print any more, those kind of Very Rare, Hedge-Hoggy Friends of extreme friendliness that make such poor creatures as our H.H. very rich, if one thinks such simple things are worth, well, worth mentioning, which I believe they *are* if only because of their extreme *rarity*.

Or, at least, rarity to Goats, for although Goats nearly never become de-natured, or taken from the land—for they very soon return to it,—running out into the hills, no matter their current address, they do not have a wealth of sunday afternoon friends. Not our Goat, at least.

No, the Hedge-Hog was not a creature with whom Goats are close.

But still, Goat took pity on the creature, just this one hot

afternoon on the trail, and offered him his aid.

“My dear Mr. Hedge-Hog,” said our hornèd friend, “whatever is the matter?”

...

Now, as I have drawn the Hedge-Hog’s picnic, it is mere fantasy. I do not quite know what Hedge Hogs eat when they are on Picnic but I *imagine* they have bread with a nice long knife for cutting, and lettuces, and a fine pipe with packets of foreign or perhaps simple local tabaccos, as is the fashion of the season, and apples, one half-eaten perhaps, from the orchard, and Jams of Home-Made descriptions, and several thermoses of teas, and carrots for a healthful snack, perhaps on the way home, if one has eaten *too much*, and several books, especially picture books, of which, Hedgehogs are particularly fond, and folding knives which their Grandmothers have given them, and, perhaps, exorbitantly, someone may have brought their treasured pet-peanut bush, and the bodies of the fallen pea-nuts may lie among the grasses scattered thereabouts, and a bottle of sweet-red-cordial of wild berries, and a fine bowl of oranges, and even a few figs, which may have become Tumbled & Forgotten among the leaves, and perhaps a large share-able piece of left-over pie, and some little cheeses and packs of cookies for desserts, and a pot, perhaps, of honey for the tea, and I don’t know what, likely I have forgotten something, some extra wild small lettuces, of which no doubt, being fine & gentle & well-bred hedge-hogs, they make sure to consume especially on warm Sundays, for it is healthful, I



am told, to consume organic lettuces on hot days.

...

Well, the Hedge-Hogs problem was that he was lost, or as he told it to Goat, "Not quite lost, exactly, as I know where I *am*, but lost less precisely, if you know what I mean, in terms of *direction*." Well, Goat did not know, in fact, that made no sense to Goat whatever.

It made his thoughts quite crooked, which he did not like, as he was clever, and liked his thoughts tidy in rows or untangled curves, and piles.

Yes, the poor creature, he thought, had become quite crazed with the heat.

He sniffled, and explained that on the way back from the Pic-nic he had realized he did not know where he was *going*, in life *at large*, and merely kept to the same trails his whole life, and had no idea "If you know what I mean!" He said, which Goat did not.

"Of the direction of the world at large!" He continued. He explained that he had been reading a book, of the type he did not normally read, as normally he read books such as 'Wild Flowers of the South-West Hills of the Great Island,' or 'Proto-Grasses of the Lost Antiquities of Hedgehog Gardens to the Lost Great South,' or 'How to Cultivate Small Gardens for Hedgehogs, Butterflies, and Moths,' or looked at Picture-Books of gardens & views



of seas & fields of Foreign Places Very Far Away and Never-To-Be-Visited.

“But!” He said. A strange lost friend passing through had left a book of an Odd Nature to a friend of a friend, and had made its way to a Hedgehog picnic where he had picked it up, and it had filled him with images of Such Great Places, such difficult ideas that cannot possibly be reconciled with his previous thoughts, which had just been of pretty & easy sundays, and what type of toast to make before going out to walk his favorite path among the hills.

“And now,” he said, “what shall I do!” And he looked at Goat—which was odd enough because he rarely had spoken to such a large creature, and never at great length—seeing his long-ish legs (relating to a hedge-hog’s they are immense, you know), and rather odd-ly coifured hairs which made him a Goat From Other Hills. He looked at Goat expectantly as if Goat was wise, and looking at the little creature Goat raised his brows and then looked away and thought for a moment, a very long moment.

What was there to say, at such a time? With such great new horizons ahead, when one could see a great distance and frightened at the size of it.

He looked at the creature out of the side of his eyes, but the earnest little face was staring back at him expectantly.

...

Goat consulted Hedgehog's compass at great length, which was odd, for Goat never carried a compass of his own, for in his mind, a lively curiosity & a sight ahead of a proximity of unvisited grasses was all he ever required, but nevertheless, he tapped the glass, and polished the surface, and turned it this way and that and at last proclaimed it:

"A perfectly fine device!"

And:

"Not broken at all!"

And handed it back to the little creature, who put it in his tiny pocket, and patted it, somewhat reassured, and looked at Goat with rather large eyes, and Goat smiled at him as pleasantly as possible.

"What a large world we have in front of us, my Dear Little Friend!" He said, very Exceedingly Cheerfully.

"Do you think?" Said the H.H., somewhat tenderly.

"But of course!" And Goat gestured at the horizon of seas, visible below their hills of grasses. "Just look at it." He paused, and continued, "There as it always has been."

After a pause he glanced again at the tiny creature, who

was dubiously staring out.

Goat looked again at the Great Horizon, and sighed inaudibly. But I do not think the H.H. heard him.

“Now, do you not have a bit of sweet wild-berry red cordial about?” Said Goat, who knew with Hedgehogs that it was nearly always the case, for they were creatures of Comforts & Pleasing Details.

“I do.” Said the creature, and directly pulled a small bottle from his sack. And they each had a nip, direct from The Bottle’s Mouth, which they ought not to do, but it was a Special Circumstance, of Upset & Subsequent Friendship, so we must excuse it.

...

And that is how the Goat & The Wild H.H. become friends, (although H.H. was not, as you have seen, Very Wild), and as a consequence wrote a great deal of correspondence highly pleasing to both parties, and though Hedgehog himself did not travel widely, or have many Great Adventures (though he did have a Few, they were Close to Home), still, he became known to recount quite wild stories at the Hedgehogs Picnics that he had had From Books, or In Letters from friends abroad, or from other sources which likely he may tell you, if you find him in the hills, and overcome his Extreme Shyness to ask.

...

And I do not know if Goat helped the poor creature, but there it was, he did his best.

...

And, I believe, it was though the friendship of H.H., that Goat come to visit The Cave, because H.H. spoke highly of Goat, and as a consequence, as Hedgehogs are gossipy things, Goat became Known by Hedgehogs throughout the Islands, and even in the lands beyond, and once a passing Hedgehog mentioned it to Goat. Or perhaps our own little Hedgehog mentioned it to him in a letter, as a sort of local-curiosity.

...

The tall grasses in the environs were often taken as trophies by the passersby.

...

“It was perhaps only Goats who considered grasses with such vigour and inquiry—in a not at all scientific but more life-like way.”

...

Like dragons, far up in the rocks, they lived, though, of-course they were not: dragons don't exist.

“ÜÜÜ,” they chanted. “EEEçüüü.” And: “EEEçü.” But it

was not stupid, or funny—they were very serious.

...

They lived behind a wall, far back & away from anything, where everything was quiet.

Of course, deep within was the cave.

...

He lived in a small hut in coyote's back-yard for an-while. Perhaps it was the only place he *might* live thought Goat.

It was a bit of a fairy-tale, but there it was. And they often had picnics, and Goat wrote letters to Hedgehog and it pleased them both for a time. It was not much of a Romance, but there it was.

...

They ran a co-operative with the honey bees, which was called the Pine-Honey Garden, and Goat liked that part best.

...

They also had an herb garden of healing herbs, such as beebalm & jasmine, and coriander, lavender, dill. It was called, of course. . . but you have already guessed the Garden Name.

...

The confusion of the monks was often too much for Goat. He could not understand the juxtaposition of the following:

The entry was very close to The Garden of Frogs, though the garden of the frogs frightened everyone immensely, and no one ever went there except Goat, because he enjoyed the fright of the deep fishes and stone Turtles and roses in patterns, combined with the Deep Pools, which were squared with the olive trees & bay-leaf grove.

...

Every night a “dragon-leaf” tea was taken at bedtime, served to him on a tray at his tent. He never saw who delivered it, but it was highly civilized.

...

They each had built their own house.

Each of the houses was set on top of another house, and they went down and down, he was assured.

Everything was filled with silt of the ages, and Libraries of Drawings & Scrolls, and it all felt very undisturbed.

...

“Üuuu,” the monks chanted, vigorously, at set times of the day, which tired Goat immensely, and he had to lie about in the grass to recover.

...

During the days, however, they mostly lay about on rocks, which is not to say they were tired, just Great Thinkers, and the laws of the city were written in stones and were such things as: “No flower must be destroyed, whether by accident or with purpose, if not another must be planted.” And in front of the Cloud-Watchers’ Society house, they stood or reclined on the steps with notebooks & teas of dragon-leaf, and could not be persuaded to do anything else.

...

“Butterfly Bill!” Goat cried.

“Yes, yes,” said the monk with a smile.

“Butterfly came to stay with us awhile.”

Goat missed Butterfly Bill immensely, in that moment, and Moose, and all his friends.

...

He stopped at the top of hill, in front of a low stone fence. It was exactly as Hedgehog had said:



At the end of a long curving trail, through the hills by the sea to the south of the island, after climbing through cleft & dip & nuzzle & curl of several escalating mounts, you will find the Monks of the Garden of the Rose Flowers, with a low gate of stone, just above your head-height so you may not See In. Visiting opportunities seem to change, but are written on the stones.

And so they were. They read: tomorrow, from noon until 4:00, just before Tea, the Monks will be accepting visitors.

...

Goat set up his tent, and cooked a small amount of wild-greens over the fire, and that. With some salty black olives and a bit of leaf-tea from the ancient olive tree nearby, constituted his repast. After eating, he rolled himself in his Jicumya wool blanket and watched the stars with his head propped on a rock.

...

The cloud-watcher's society lounge, was set in the middle of the encampment. It was a peculiar building.

It was almost, if you know the term, an Ig-Loo, though of course, it was not. The top was made of a stone that was white as snow, though of course, in this part of the world, the sky and clouds rarely partook in such Cold-Weather Adventures as Snow-Making or in the Design-Of-Snow-



flake Manufacture, which is quite an Cloud-Art, and very intricate & ancient, though rather barbaric an activity.

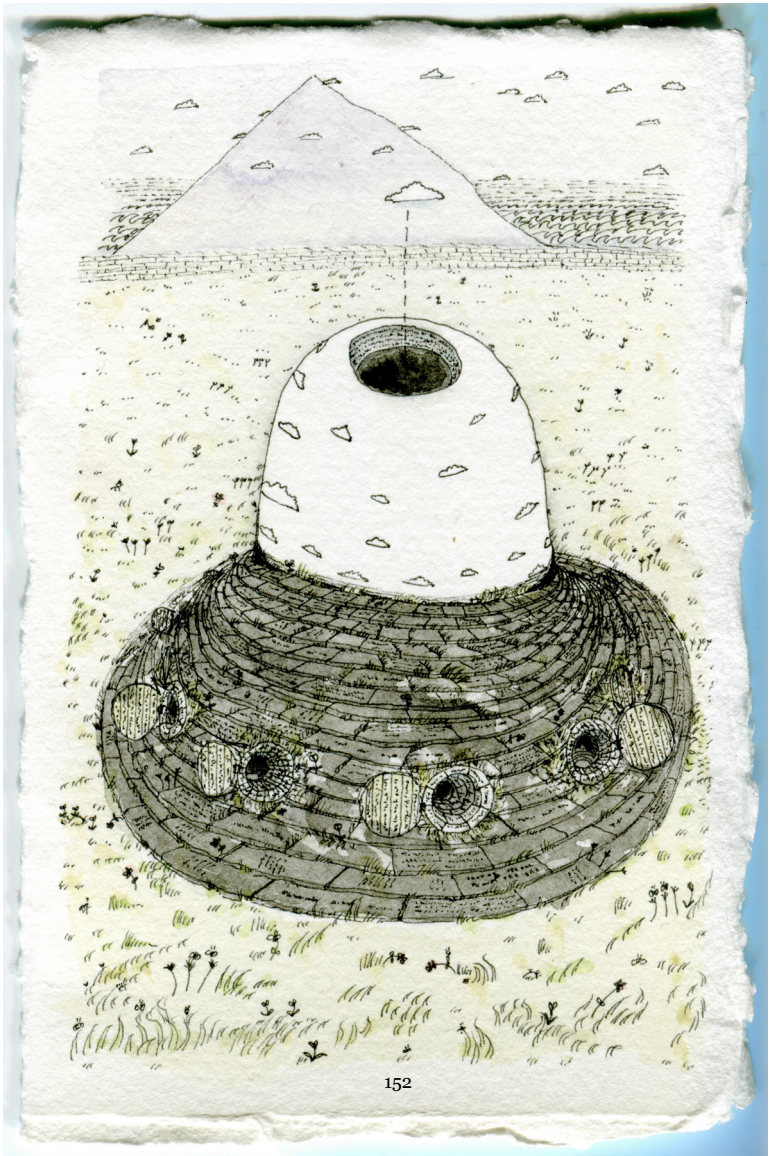
...

But in any case, the dome was white, and vast, and seamless and seemed to glow, with that cloudy-white brilliance of a cloud in front of a sun—and indeed, the building was purposed for the watching & gazing-at of clouds, with miniatures of famous cloud-formations & intricacies of histories of past-seen, or never-seen clouds.

Indeed, if I were to explain the Great & Endless past of the Cloud-Watchers you could not quite grasp it, I am sure, as most of it is made-up: for the fantasies of cloud-watchers are their realities.

If you or I see an snow-white horse-head, in the clouds, or a Great Goat, or an other mystic & intelligent creature it is because we are passing an after-noon of fun kite-flying and piquining, or gazing at the Great & Tumbling skies above us, but for the cloud-watchers the scenes to be imagined in clouds were a much more serious matter.

Now, I have had a great many Arguments about the veracity of their Pursuits, and Indeed, questioned them myself, many a time, but it is a sort of spirit-pursuit, this watching of clouds, this solidifying of fantasies, and indeed, in the Underground of the Society's Lounge, I have been told, are the Indexes & Codexes of these watchings & Imaginings, written down in great detail & in a highly scientific manner, with the precise angles &



latitudes, and wind formations quite carefully recorded in a way that is overly-complex and so Highly Appealing.

...

Now, one may argue that the only thing to be seen in clouds are one's Imaginings, and as such they have nothing To Do with *anything*, but, however, I am convinced that rather than showing Nothing having no importance it is the Nothingness made visible that *has* the importance.

For what are imaginings & nothingnesses, if not a record of the negative space of our somethings?

The imaginings of what-could-be, or what-may-perchance, or mayhap-shall-never-occur, or the deepest and darkest emptinesses made visible? What of that?

Such records must surely be of importance, and so I am convinced that the Cloud-Watchers-Society, though Ancient & Distinctly Un-Modernized, may have a validity & importance for showing what never was, but what *may have been*, or what is not now, but what is *being missed*.

One's wishes must surely have meaning.

And the one place they do, perhaps, have more meaning than one's reality, is at the Cloud-Watcher's Society Lounge, and here Goat found himself, in a large open field of hundred different grasses, some very large, and some very tiny, gazing at a place where what is not, had

been made visible, for hundreds of years.

However, there was no-one to be seen around to explain it, so he merely gazed at it, for several long moments, relishing it, and the sun, and the sound of the wind in the myriad grasses, and the possibilities of it all, enjoying himself thus, for several moments.

...

The Tall Grasses they wore as a Headdress were meant as a Reminder to each of them as to what might obscure one's vision of The Clouds.

They wrote only letters to the outside world, often in the code of the Lizzard Monks, and spoke to outsiders but rarely.

...

A young monk was assigned as Goat's Companion & Answerer of Questions, which, he was told, was for his comfort, more than his protection.

Goat was admitted at precisely ten of the clock every day, when he would try the gate and find it unlocked, and enter, and spy his young companion sprawled quite nearby somewhere in the grass, gazing at the clouds, or examining the movement of some insect or other making its daily migration up an down a small & inconsequential blade of grass.

...

The young creature would spring up & greet Goat amiably.

They in fact, became quite close friends, which was surprising.

...

All the monks had generally constructed, more or less, their own monkish huts.

Goat's small friend had built a tower, rather rotund, which was Highly Unusual, but Tolerated as a Young Person's Eccentricity.

"I am fond of roundnesses." Said his young companion, rather shyly.

"Indeed." Said Goat, and he liked the little tower immediately.

...

"Well, this was the birthplace of the first cloud-watcher," said the Lizzard-Monk, in his most monkish, and careful voice.

He glanced briefly at the sky.

Goat also glanced at the sky, though he saw nothing



there.

He looked back at his friend, whose eyes had taken on a hooded appearance, with his sacred eyelid, which was to say the first, flipped down.

It was all a bit confusing, thought Goat.

...

“My Very Dear Little Friend,”

Goat wrote, precisely, in the precise & fine penmanship with which many architects are cursed to take pleasure in: “My Very Fine & Dear Little Friend Hedgehog.”

Thank you very much for your Letter: I am here among the monks as planned, and though it is very strange, it is also very pleasant to be reduced to such simplicity.

I wake at dawn, and take my breakfast of pressed wheat-grass cakes & raspberries, as well as my tiny cup of raspberry-leaf tea and honeysuckle, in the door of my tent, or sitting in the grasses quite comfortably.

One could not wish for a better vacation.

Among the monks, when I am Let In, which happens at a very particular time of the day—Ten by my calculations, precisely—I find the lesser door beside which I am encamped open, and a young lizzard-monk, whom I wander with for some hours.

It is almost ten now, I see, I will write more when I get eh chance.

Your Very Fond Friend,

-Goat.

...

And he posted it in the small post-box which was situated just out of the lesser gate, outside of which he was camped.

...

“I am your philio-saur,” said the little lizzard.

“Philiasaurus—hypnosaurus.”

“Heliosaurus, astro-saurus!, nephos-aurus, kosmosaurus, ksenosaurus, harpazosaurus, logosaurus, . . . nebulasauros.”

“Lithosaurus.” He finished, quirking his head at Goat, sideways, in the playful manner of a question.

...

“I am your philio-saur,” said the little lizzard, which Goat thought meant perhaps his *name*.

So, of course, Goat just called him Friend, and the lizzard did not object, although perhaps he was just being polite.

...

“Well, we are concerned with the soul of the mountain,” said the little monk, holding his tail.

“We include with it our will, our Divine Hopes,” said the lizzard.

“It is an animism.”

“Does your mountain have a soul?” Asked Goat, quite surprised, and feeling a little bit sick, and holding his belly.

“Most certainly!” Smiled the lizzard, and continued very earnestly. “And ours a very large one.”

Goat turned to look over the fence at The Mountain. He was quite Leaned Over at this point.

“When you say *concerned*—” Goat began.

“Oh, well, not concerned,” clarified the scaly little creature. “More friends *with*.”

Goat was highly relieved. Friendship was something he understood.

“When you say a soul, he said—”

“A spirit!” Said the monk.

“Like an Air?” Said Goat, thinking it all seemed a bit cloud-ish. But at least a cloud, he understood. Why, mountains had clouds where he came from, as well.

...

The Cloud-Watchers’ Society Lounge, when pictured in one’s Mind’s Eye is quite large & presupposing. In reality, of course, it was not so large. Although it was made of the gleaming kind of whiteness that glows a bit of an after-glow in one’s—literally—shocked eyes.

It was *meant* to be that way, as that gave the cloud structures emblazoned on the whiteness a quite after-effect kind of certainty.

Against one’s very will one’s eyes would remember those shapes: The Horse’s Head, for example, or The Frog’s Labyrinthe, or The Broken Lizzard.

Now, all of these were extremely important cloud watcher’s formations, not the lazy & foggy formulations that clouds are prone to these days, but rather the crisp & definite shapes of histories’ past.

Shapes that a small Society Lizzard might waste a whole lifetime in vain to see—shapes that were concerned souls! Shapes upon which one’s very future in the world of Society’s Lizzards might depend!

And you should know that I am not exaggerating, that indeed, if a lizzard did not know the worth of *his own tongue*, let alone a *Silver Lizzard's Society Award*, and might not be granted membership the next year, which, might not seem like a great deal to you or I, but to a member, might be very traumatic indeed. And, if you should happen to see a lizzard lying about indolently on the rocks, should he not be Watching with a close eye or two the clouds above, if she should appear quite down & out, and not at all a Lively Lizzard moving productively about,—well, perhaps you might be seeing a Former Member of the Cloud Watcher's Society *not at work*.

...

“Well,” said the Friend of Goat, “Mountains are Magnificent.”

“Yes,” said Goat, by way of conversation, as they were walking, “I’ve heard you all particularly enjoy the peak?”

The lizzard glanced at him, out of the corner of his eye, a bit sadly. “No, no, my dear friend. The whole thing is to be worshiped.”

“And not the peak?”

“Well, certainly,” said the lizzard, “the peak is very lovely. But the triangular shape! The sides! And the base! So immense, the roots of a mountain! One can really feel it in the caves.”

...

Goat sat in his tent, rather bleakly in the rain—but also rather cheerfully, for like many creatures, he was not fond of the wet.

And he sipped his tea in its cup carefully, watching the grey threads of rain catch him up peacefully in their web-i-ness.

“HOOO.” Said Goat, once. And:

“OHH.”

And just then, the rain stopped, and a tiny bird popped in, or rather, jumped to the inside of his tent.

“Hoo!” Said Goat again, but this time rather startled in his voice, rather than a pocket full of sigh.

It was a tiny bird, rather oddly dressed—rather pirate-like, in fact, remarked Goat to himself.

“Hello, my friend!” He said, very pleased to have a drop-in guest.

The bird did not at first address him, but rather looked about with first one eye, then the other.

The creature had a tiny scarlet feather attached in a most endearing manner, to its head.

“Welcome, Fierce Little Bird, to my villa!” Which is to say, to his *tent*, which, being a Goat, was the only kind of villa he could afford. But it also traveled well, and Goat loved it dearly, as one frequently loves one’s home-away-from-home, as, on vacation, one clings to familiar rooms as much as one likes A New View Out—but anyway.

With a short, somewhat mischievous and ironical, but still very stiff & beautifully executed bow, the creature took a small envelope from its messenger-satchel, and held it out, authoritatively, in its claw.

Carefully, Goat held his—what felt now, massive—hoof upside-down, like a cup.

The small message, perfectly white, and bound with a red silk ribbon, dropped in, and Goat fished it out, and, quite impossibly carefully & precisely, opened it.

It read:

“Goat!

There is A Great Adventure Afoot!

M.”

And M, is to say: Moose.

“!” Said Goat.

And “I never.”

“Well,” he looked at the bird, who had taken a seat with its legs out, and had leaned back and taken out a packet of beautifully-made wrapped seed-cakes, one clearly of Turkish Saffron and Rose Petals, which the Birdish-Pirate bit into carefully with its little beak. With its mouth full (its manners were good, otherwise, thought Goat) it offered Goat one, minuscule, cake.

Goat accepted the crumb gracefully, and, indeed, on sampling, was quite splendid, albeit small.

It had an aftertaste of Greek-Orange-Zest, and some warm sweet spices of the Orient-Beyond. Goat offered tea, and the creature, again out of its satchel, procured a little cup and saucer, decorated with yellow flowers, and, with the utmost care & precision of detail which characterized Goat and all *good* architects, he poured in one drop of his local meadow-tea.

While the rain continued, the bird had three cups of tea, and they chatted amiably, about ship-navigation, and the taste of the past year’s crop of seeds, and tall-grass-wine.

But the moment the rain stopped there was a great rustle of wings, like the sound of a book’s pages, and one last bow, the creature was gone.

...

Indeed it was strange to see a bird-pirate without his crew, and Goat stretched out his neck to see, and almost

caught sight of them, as they went in a great rush over the hill, a bit wild & pel-mel, as pirates are prone to.

...

And Goat checked to see that it had taken its tea-cup, and it had.

...

And even many days later Goat thought fondly of its striped red & white pirate socks (it did not wear boots), and its quite antiquated good manners. It was delightful, to have a bird-messenger arrive in a quite foreign country, in the tent in the rain. Quite magical & delightful.

...

“It is a box,” he said.

“What is in it?” Asked Goat.

“Everything you could ever imagine!” Said the Little Lizzard.

Goat’s ears perked up considerably.

...

“But that’s impossible, if not highly improbable.” He looked curiously, with his Great Goat eyes, at the lizzard. “Why,” he said, slowly: “I have imagined a great many

things that could not possibly fit inside that box.”

“Come!” Said the Lizzard. And he gestured Goat closer.

Curiously, Goat edged closer.

The lizzard opened the lid, and in disbelief Goat peeked over the edge. ((There was nothing inside.))

He crooked his head to the side, to look at the lizzard, but the lizzard was not looking in the box, he was looking at *him*. And there was quite a mischievous gleam in his eye, and a great brimming hope not to be disappointed.

Goat paused for a moment, on the brink of something, not quite sure what was required of him on this *particular* occasion.

He blinked once, then twice, then back at his new friend.

“Why!” Said Goat at once, and with absolute delight.

He looked back at the lizzard, who stood lock-kneed in anticipation, holding the lid, a wild gleam in his eye.

“What!” Said the lizzard. “What is it!”

Although he himself did not attempt to look inside.

“Most improbable!” Said Goat, as his eyes now held a matching, mad-man’s gleam. “Most impossible!”

He looked back and forth between the box and his little lizzard friend.

“Yes!” Said the lizzard, laughing with delight.

“What is it!”

“Why!” Said Goat. “It is all our imaginings! And they all fit inside!”

“Yes!” Screamed the lizzard. “Yes!”

And indeed, he had imagined a great many things, and they were all inside.

And I believe on that particular occasion they pulled out two capes and two wooden guns, and went running about in the grasses hunting the Great Insect-Behemoth Grass-hoppers which lumbered out as elephantine-fantoms from up out of the box, and had a great day of it, often lying in the grass in complete exhaustion until urged on by the

“Bang!” and scream of the gun of the other, and had a most wonderful time.

And I believe they also found friendship in the box, as well which is also quite impossible & improbable thing to fit inside a box, but there you have it.

For in such a box, if there you can imagine it, there it *shall be*, whether it be impossible & improbable or not,

and that is quite the best part.

...

So quickly, a cloud was there, and a cloud was gone!

He looked quickly around him, and there, sitting on the stairs, were five lizzard-monks. They gestured him closer. He came closer, then sat down beside them.

One patted him on the back. Another waved a young acolyte to bring a refreshment. A tray was brought, with six glasses—completely transparent,—with a honeyed cooled tea inside, emblazoned with tiny clouds over the glass, and a plate of cookies, full of spices, but quite white, stamped with a tiny symbol—when Goat looked closer the white cookies each had a little cloud stamped on them. He stared briefly at the plate, then the monks, one by one. They looked back unblinkingly, then one gestured him, very friend-lily. To eat! Please! One! Which he did. It did not quite taste like a cloud, as it was more on the sugar-side, with rose petals, but he began to feel marginally better, as if it was all quite civilized.

...

“Once,” said one monk, “I saw one tiny cloud become a tiny white kitten, the smallest, most beautiful kitten you could ever imagine, with little white paws, striped! Yes! Striped the downiest, featheriest of white-on whites, like cream over butter, like feather over a sun beam, like a snowflake against a cloud-cookie.”

“I once,” said another monk, “saw a great white bear, larger than the largest mountain, wild! Taking over the entire sky, expanding nimbus-like growing with every second, spreading thin and terrible white-cloud bear-claws to envelop the whole field! the mountain cringed beneath it! The spirit of the creature was beyond all of us! Beyond terrible! Then with a great roar, he dissipated and was gone as if nothing had ever occurred.”

The other monks nodded sagely. They ate their cookies.

“I saw an impossibility in a cloud!” Said Goat, after a long silence. “A tiny, impossibly beautiful mini-scale yet perfectly formed creature, something small enough yet beautiful enough to fill a void, an darkness, an absence! A small delicate and fragile hope! But it is gone!” His eyes cleared, and he looked at the monks in their white triangulated masks, some pushed back over their lizard-heads so the long-grasses brushed the black steps.

They nodded, some looking at him, others at the sky. One or two of them gestured for another mound of cookies to be brought and honey-thistle tea in another round on the tray was carefully carried out by a young acolyte on an alabaster & ebony tray.

...

It was a great darkness, an Absence, a Hole, a gap, in the thing beyond. And so it created a great hole in Goat too—a nothingness. And with the need to fill it, just a bit

of the Beyond was then revealed, a tiny opening in the roof let in the sun—the sky—and there, hung perfectly as if waiting for him, a tiny cloud. As perfect a cloud as ever there had been, tiny and complete in all her edges, white as a puff of nothingness, with a hint at her edges of golden-sun! She moved silently, as if to remind him that nothing lasts, his eyes widened! And, there! She moved beyond the edge of the roof, and out! He chased her through the halls, the door burst open and out into the grass, up into the sky he gazed but she was gone! One of a dozen clouds, shifting, changing, never-lasting, huh! He was hit by a weight on his chest, a heaviness, like a great stone had been placed on him.

...

“Sometimes,” he said, gazing at the clouds above, “you might look for days, or even months or even years! And never see a Cloud. And what are they, after all but impossibilities. And then one day, one comes upon you in the fog, enveloping everything, and parts, and fades.

...

“Well,” said the creature, a bit embarrassed, “I’m a sort of, a, dragon.” He paused looking hopefully at Goat.

“Dragons don’t exist,” said Goat, rather cautiously.

“Oh.” And the Lizzard cleared his throat, in a practicing manner, then continued, a bit apologetically.

“As a matter of fact. . . we do.” He looked a bit uncomfortable.

“So you’re a *Dragon*.” Said Goat, and I didn’t know that Goats had eyebrows but they obviously do because Goat’s were quizzically and quixotically and querulously crooked and out of place, quite jauntily, as if they were going on an adventure. And so were his thoughts, which often, but not always, match the movements of eyebrows.

“Well, not Precisely,” said the lizzard, looking alarmed, though trying to hide it. Then, after holding his breath for a moment— “but more or less, I suppose, yes.”

Goat sighed.

“Oh, dear.” He thought. He was getting a bit Offtrack , out here far from the fields of home. Nothing was as Real as it Should be.

“I’m sorry.” He told his friend. “I’m a bit out of practice with Dragons.”

The Lizzard looked hopefully at him.

Goat sighed.

“You aren’t the Fire Breathing kind, are you?”

With a slight pause, in which he might have thought of his healthful pursuits and Eastern breathing challenges, or some more dangerous rituals of the Lizzard-Monks,

(but I don't think Goat noticed), he said, in the interests of rather as White-A-Lie as simplicity might take him: "No."

And Goat, for the sake of his own sanity did not press the matter, and I don't know what he thought of the Lizzard's sanity—but surely he thought either the one or the two of them were mad, though I suppose it takes one to say it to make it so, and perhaps Goat was a bit far from home to disagree *too* heartily, or he might find himself friendless; in a land of dragons, you will agree, strictly a state to be avoided by Goats.

"Well," said Goat, either uncertain or embarrassed, or perhaps both. "Perhaps I was wrong about the inexistence of dragons. Here you are!" He said, and smiled, and even his eyes crinkled full of friendliness at the edges, so that all his hard & goaty corners were made softer and more friendly.

The lizzard smiled in return, and they remained, for a time, friends.

...

The post-box was emptied by any passers-by Hedgehogs, and quite on an honour-system they put the letters under their spines in the carry-pouches or little packs they were sure to always be carrying, and letters got to Where They Were Going though One Way Or Another.

And certainly you may know any Friend of the Hedge-

hogs, or Hedge-Hog House, by the little mail-box decorated with flowers or perhaps a small saying such as “And Here A Friend Is” or “I Do Not Care For Rainy Clouds, But Certainly There Will Be None Tomorrow” or, when they do not speak of friendship, or The Weather, which of course, is mostly all they speak of, it might be drawn a small map, identifying where in the environs were located the nearest Raspberry Bushes, or Carrot Patch, or where one might Sip Wild-Comfey Dew at the Sunrise. And I have warned you, they are very Endearing Creatures, and there you have it—you will always want to be friends with the H.H.s, and so you might be, if you can overcome their By-Nature Shyness & cordial quiet with which they will try desperately not to Disturb your Tent.

...

The Labrynth-House was his Friend’s House.

The front hall was a bit convoluted—but it was the house of a monk, you must understand.

At once the garden path seemed to be inside the house and out, and there never was anywhere to Get Into.

...

“Each door,” he explained, “goes to a different place. That door—” he paused “—opens at the wall, just near my house, and is a very efficacious short-cut, though, of course, the longer way, through the fields, is my preferred method.” He paused. “Many Lizzards prefer the

blackness, the Perpendicular-ness, of the tunnels, in contrast to the Sky & The Cloud & The Upwardness of it all, crawling, in some places, in the dark, the mud, the sticky floors—perhaps one Earns Clouds that way. . .” He paused and looked sideways at Goat.

Goat glanced at the dark doorways perilously, as if they all held monsters, but then was reassured as the Lizard-Monk said: “But I have myself always been fonder of a stroll through the fields, under the flowers, or a short dash through the grass.”

—In fact, he mostly spent his time—I don’t know if you have observed lizzards—in dashing at a wild pace, or staring senselessly with his rotating-eyeballs, at the sky.

Now, I have told you this in confidence, so, if you please, don’t mention it to just anyone, because Monks are not supposed to gallop wildly through the Fields, all though of course,—they do. Mostly when some bird catches them Cloud-Gazing, for Birds are quite jealous of their skies, unless a Monk is a particular very Famous Visionary & See-r of Clouds, they will fall upon them in the grasses, and: well, I do not know what—eat them, I suppose. Birds are savage creatures of the skies,—related, of course, though distantly, to their - - - - saur brethren, those with wings and empty bones are so light & tenuously connected to the lizzard monks, that with a savage-wind, or upset-breeze, or even a slight chinook are likely to begin a revolutionary spiral with a point of ending on it—a pointed beak ending , in fact.

And perhaps that all sounds quite savage, but in the perspective of the birds, it was quite culturally accepted and partaken-of regularly, and the murder of a Lizzard on a fine day was considered a Sunday Sport, much like any Lawn-Sport of Many Societies, perhaps a violent Croquet of the Skies, or a Non-Partisan Rugby (Bee) of the field, or such.

Which is not to say that all Birds—and I must warn you, that this is a graphically violent sentence—*ate* lizzard monks on Sundays, Saturdays, and even the occasional Wednesday. No, some of The Birds are quite Vege-Ta-Rien, although I am not sure of the word they use in their vocabulary, and merely browsed for Seeds and Berries, though in their Vege-Ta-Rian Dive from above they nearly stopped the heart of any crowd of lizzard monks which should happen to be Cloud-Gazing nearby—and indeed, I can quite imagine they developed an hobby of Cloud Watching, when a Winged Figure may drop out of the sky at any moment & fall upon them, severing their neck and bearing them broken & bodiless back up the heavens, at any moment.

No, indeed, and in fact, I cannot imagine why it did not become less of a hobby, and more of an Employment, but I suppose, that is what it means to be a lizzard-monk—cloud-gazing, alive, and hale.

But I am quite off-topic, and I will end here, now that I have ruined your appetite quite sufficiently, for lunch.

...

“. . . and a room of Baby Goats, bottled.” He had gone on nearly forever, and Goat had been having a lonely day-dream, but:

“Bottled Goats?” Goat inquired with a shudder—surely he had misunderstood, or altogether misinterpreted.

“Bottled *sounds* of Goats.”

“Baby Kids crying and laughing & so forth.”

“Bottled?” Goat repeated anxiously, by way of clarity.

“Well, a bottling of a kind.” Said the lizzard assuredly. And as he noticed Goat’s eyes were becoming quite round: “Not bottled goats my dear Goat!” And he paused. “That would be quite barbaric.”

“But why *Goats*?” Asked Goat, not at all satisfied, and still somewhat alarmed.

The lizzard paused, thinking of a way to put it delicately, and cleared his throat.

His eyes rotated towards his friend, “There was a Time,” he said, and, as much as he was able, he pursed his lips, which Lizzards look very silly when they do. “There was a time, long ago or course, in our. . . in the *childhood* of our civilization, well, when we. . . well, we liked Goats as, well very much as—”



Goat's eyes were now quite as wide as saucers, and white as he was, his pigment was now completely unpainted. He was beginning to understand completely.

Surreptitiously he began to look about him,—especially behind—in case—

“But, well, that was *so long* ago.” The lizzard was nearly as anxious now as Goat, for it is quite unfashionable to frighten one's guests in exactly the manner he was scaring poor dear—

“Goat! My friend. Now we are *excessively* vegetarian, quite to our detriment, I assure you. We are Monkish! And *shrunk* besides, minis-cule minutiae of the dragons we once were, certainly not Baby Goat eating or anything of that kind, why—I do not think I could eat more than a fly.”

“Yes, a fly would do me very well as a snack, but a Goat would be too large a feast—” But he had gone quite the wrong way with this and there were two suspicious dinner-plate sized protuberances where the laughing playful eyes of his friend had once been, with two very dark little black confused clouds in the middle, instead of the regularized rectilinear pupils of a relaxed & Architectural Goat.

I will not tell you how they settled this, nearly irreconcilable difference, because it is not as entertaining. Suffice it to say they did, because that is what friends do.

...

Goat was feeling very small, and perhaps a bit lonely.

Although he *was* fairly small, as animals go, he was not so very small, for a goat.

But he *was* rather lonely.

...

Goat had brought with him a suitcase.

But as he had very little need for clothes, it was filled instead with things one might consider very odd.

It was renovated with rooms for love on sunshine days, had a pocket of grass for a snack, and was planted with a rose garden in one corner.

It also contained a packet of his favorite missives, which we would thumb through and perhaps, shed a tear over.

He would, on a rainy day, when he was feeling upset, climb inside and sit, for several moments, or until he felt a bit better.

There was even a tent portion that could be pulled out of one side, and be erected over top.

On the inside of the lid there was a little mountain for climbing, the kind that one can climb every day.

Perhaps you might carry around such a thing too, on such a voyage as Goat was on.

...

And under The Cloud Room was The Hole, which was a great Open Space, empty, with a Greater Emptiness, which echoed, beneath it.

...

I could tell you, if you had the time, all about it, about the vastness of it, the deep silence within it, this Hole.

It was a Counter-Point to the Cloud-Hole at the top, though which the sun beamed with solid gold rays and Rainbows entered in streams, flowing down in doubles to the bottom, and clouds paraded by on Sundays, like Little White Boats on a Pale Sea, or like violent waves on a seething stormy ocean, and lightening, by a trick or trap, entered in shocking the crowds into a scream, or, occasionally, the shadow of a Great Bird flickered, like a lost heart-beat, or a distant comforting terror—no, the hole was always black, and silent, and flickered with what-is-not, a quiet deep terror below, perhaps, or an endless place with which we never Come to Terms, and I could tell you about it, but we are on vacation. In this distant land, and it is either too fine a day, full of rainbows-after-the-rain, or light-flickering-cirrus clouds indicating a Change in Weather, or a gentle breezy kind of sun in which one lies in a meadow and sleeps, for one does not know the danger there. Either that, or time is too short,

as it always is on days and in places obscure when one has nothing to do and no where to go and no one to meet but must simply enjoy oneself quietly, and peacefully, and happily.

...

Well, the doors went on and on until there had to be maps and schedules made for them, and the stairs there were innumerable, and the great dome went up and up until it had thousand upon thousand of clouds all numbered and commented upon. The building was never really to be finished, thought Goat, it simply went on and on and on.

And he sat down upon the steps outside, and stretched his little legs out and leaned back quite exhausted by it all.

And quite in need of a cloud cookie, I dare say.

...

The cloud room was often filled with a burst of rainbows, as there were prisms and crystals inset into the walls at the exact & precise angles that when a young sun beam would escape through a cloud, and manage to strike that little insignificant hypotenuse line, the celebratory beam would turn into a moving rainbow tracing the curve of the dome like a dreamy finger of sky, or sometimes the room would be filled with mist due to a cooling movement of the room, sometimes when one entered too

early in the morning, or the mist would creep in upon one with the dusk, so one could not find one's way out again, and would have to lie about in the moon-lit gloom of the mist-ridden stairs in a sleepless night that was good for cobweb-sweeping the soul but otherwise quite uncomfortable.

...

And sometimes the great building would settle with a creak or moan that was a deep dark sound that came from somewhere hidden in the stones, for she was very old, the building, and sometimes had a yearning to lie down further and perhaps be reborn again.

And there were little wind chimes embedded vertically in the exterior walls along the curvature of the dome, with only a little slit so they could not be seen, but would sound like tingles of awakening, to any monks caught snoozing while cloud-watching, which can be a very significantly dangerous pursuit, strictly for the not-faint of heart, as I have explained.

...

And often, if out on the great ebony curving steps of the exterior, late as the day glooms towards night, little sparkles of light may pass across one's vision, which may sometimes happen if one stands up Too Precipitously after too long Sitting and Contemplating, and may pass in a pretty spray of sparks across one's Mind's-Eye, I am told, when one had a gentle awakening of the soul, but

these were not Sparklings of the Imaginary nor missing-ness of life force rushing confusedly to long-lost limbs, no no these were the denizen sparks, the little nearly-there spray of fireflies springing out to play in the evening grasses, as they so like to do, and are kept there purposely by Monks-of-Ages-Past which fitted little *Trou-Sized* habitations for the imaginary sparkings & dazzlings so they might live, quite real like a live fairy-dust, among the dark steps where the cloud-dome came to rest, and were quite uneasy friends of the monks, and had a truce not to be eaten by a silver tongue so long as they continued to dazzle & enchant a lost-monk here and there.

...

I am told that often, a lizzard-monk, reclining on an ebony stone step and held there in a light fog, might grow impatient with the wait, and take life into his grip, and disappear into a Dark Doorway, running the danger of losing himself in an unknown future—and so might we all, in the impatience of some lingering melancholic fog of our momentary-present, forced to linger on the steps neither going up nor going down, merely ruminating in the grey echoing gloom upon the follies of one's past perhaps leading to this general location, to this very step, where we have become trapped, and are faced with the choice of spending time with the Limited Horizon of our mere self, or disappearing amongst the fog and falling down the steps perhaps, to our doom or may become lost for days or weeks even, in the unknown places the fog might lead us to, perhaps even falling down the chasm,

the abyss, unto the Vast Emptiness below. Perhaps you might not chose a Dark Doorway, might wait patiently on a step in the grip of yourself, on the one hand, and the fog all around you for the Other.

But I, or a Monk, might chose, rather than to face this Fog & Dreary Self-Ness,—a Dark and Empty door, might dash in and run the black Corridor, Stumbling, before courage is lost, might run and run, and find—. . . oh, might find—, and Out perhaps, an opening to a new field, a new vista Never Before Seen, a vast Cloudscape, a Berry-Patch, perhaps, and might lie by a Bubbling and Crystal-Clear Brook of Clean clear water falling & pooling in neat little swishes & swirls & rills of cleanliness,—and might lie there in Relief, perhaps, at not having Waited.

While *you* might have sat there wrestling your fears bravely, with your back turned to the fog as it crept towards you, might have whistled or hummed a song that never fails to cheer you, and when you could Not See Your Way Out, might have calmly sat in the Swaying Mist, neverminding what the future might bring, calmly enjoying your fogginess, not allowing it to creep about in your insides. Not giving sway to the gloominess—or might have let the fog swirl about inside your head & heart as well, like a White Fuzz, a Sludginess of Soul might have become befuddled Within, as well as without, and patiently stood, in confusion & hopelessness wondering Where your past had brought you and berating yourself for becoming Be-Fogged and utterly lost for although you know more or less Where You Are you cannot see Where You Are To Go—and then, a tiny

sunbeam might blaze its way through the fog, and you might glance up and realize that Dear & Darling morning with her sunbeams and dew-lit drops and Rose-Coloured Gardens Of Possibility has come when you thought the fog had taken you. So you cup the precious little beam of sun in your palms & feel it pierce the general fogginess about you, knowing—not yet perhaps, but soon—the fog will perhaps burn away, might move in an unknown breath of wind from the Netheregions or a Swooping Swirl of wind from the outside of the fog might come, and you will again be clear, and might take the chance to Sight your Trajectory, and as the last wisp of fog wicks into the cracks of stone or Open Doorways you might run off up the stairs & out into the open air, and might not come back for a very long time. Perhaps never, never, ever. Or maybe you might forget, or be Hedged into it, or you might simply Be Brave, and again the interior of the echoing dome might hear your first and solitary foot fall, as you hesitate on your Return To The Dome.

...

Goat was not feeling well, and sat in the tent holding his stomach. In the morning he determined he must go on a Cleanse immediately, which consisted of Eating only Grasses, grasses of the Finest Quality.

You will realize of course, that that is what Goats primarily eat anyway, and think it is not a cleanse at all.

But poor Goat—on Adventure, and in the Unknown—we will forgive him if In the Hills he was persuaded to

eat any number of exotic things; thistles & bane & black grass, which is to say Forbidden Grass, and any number of other exotic things that were not a Plain Sort of peasant's diet. For he was a Plain Sort of Goat, at Heart, I believe, although he was *quite enchanting* to those not accustomed to an Architect Being A Goat, or a Goat Being An Architect, or even a Talking Goat, such as you might be enchanted, perhaps by a lively group of hedgehogs on a picnic.

...

"I had a dream that forty little mice once went to sea in a perfect little boat. It was a beautiful little boat, all made of wood, and no higher than my knee. It would have fit nicely in a bathtub; but nevertheless they went to sea in it. The sails were high and beautiful, to the mice, and they wore little white linen jackets and little leather boots with two mini-scale but perfectly polished brass buttons at the ankle. They were such perfect little mice—you have never seen nicer, with perfect little ears the most soft and subtle shades of light grey, and perfect little tails. Yes, they went to sea and never came back," said Goat. "One of the little mice one night had a little dream that it was the end of the world, and they never came back." He continued, sadly. "I had the feeling they were friends of mine! Each one of them so dear. And then," his eyes widened, looking at the Lizzard. "Then I realized I was in a boat too!" He paused, mournfully, although, as he said, it was just a dream.

The lizzard, at this pause, looked his friend in the eye. He

was not sure it was a dream, looking at his friend. But: “Ah.” He said. “Not to worry. I have just the thing for you.”

...

They stood—Goat with some uncertainty—at the mouth of the cave. They waited for their eyes to adjust. Inside was a great blackness, very deep and ancient, much different from the ancientness of grass, which felt, to Goat, like an ever-changing blanket that lay softly on him—here that was all stripped away. No grass grew inside and, indeed, nothing perhaps could.

He was not very fond of grass, but the lizzard, with a flick of his tail, darted in, and with a last blinding look up at the sun in the blue sky, Goat reluctantly followed him, feeling the ground change, in the next moment of blackness, from spongy-turf to the uneven crunch of stone. You or I might have stumbled, but Goat’s slim, sharp hooves cut into it with a surety and purpose, and on the uneven ground he gripped steadily, as if it did not matter whether up was down or side was flat or shifting was simple. And we all might take note, for if we close our eyes even for a moment, the ground under our feet is liable to change in the most unsteady way.

...

The Lizzard, in a slightly mournful state, seemed to shrink very slightly at first, and then suddenly, slouched over in a State of Medium-to-Heavy Desolation.

But then, at once, with the fierceness of all tiny lizzards, which has been bred into them by longer and taller Ancestors, who have fiercely fought great battles among the Great Boulders of the Past, he seemed to inflate again, and fed himself on excitement and poufiness or thought until he was quite even larger than he had been before, and Immeasurably cheerful, and almost seemed to dance and bounce and trot, although standing still—such were the power of his monkish thoughts.

...

Yes, Goat had not told Coyote the story of the Herbalist for *her*—she did not need it. He had told it for himself.

...

Yes, he tried to write more letters to his friend Coyote. But could not, and in the end, enclosed merely some sketches he had done, knowing she would like them.

The Panther—A Mini Section

PERHAPS THERE WAS A CONNECTION BETWEEN
THE PANTHER'S DEPTHS & THE LIBRARY OF GOAT.

Perhaps also between the passages of the Cloud-Watcher's Society Lounge, and the cave. . . and the pool, the deep deep pool, that was found in the mountain by both Goat and his Friend.

But we shall not know, as we never went down there. And I, for one, am glad we did not.

. . .

You cannot imagine all the books that were in the wall, all alphebetized, cheerful, in careful rows behind the walls, and sealed in white covers, which were numbered with Indexes and Titles, and extremely ordered.

And then there was The Rose Wall.

And the very tiny White Furnitures.

And the Coat, with large pockets.

They all belonged to Mrs. Mouse.

...

In her Coat, which is a bit like a dress—written on the inside—Mrs. Mouse kept the answers to a lot of questions. You cannot imagine all the Questions that she had Answers to, but indeed, if you looked inside her coat, she had Nearly All of them.

Of course, that does not mean she was not still searching for them All. She walked out during the day, strolling through the Books which she Meant to Read, and of which there were so many in a day that her room became almost Swamp-Like, and collected answers one by one, and then, at night, before bed, carefully ordered all the books, and put them into her Closets, and sewed a collection of Answers into the inside of her Coat, in sheafs, or folded pages, and the inside of her coat, also, was Alphabetized, as otherwise, it would not be made sense of, and she was nothing if not Senseful.

Yes, it was Alphabetized by subject, and by place, and Alphabetized by size, and by quantity, and no one should have made sense of it, except Mrs. Mouse.

If someone were to ask a Question, the Answer to which she knew, she would think of which Pocket, which Quadrant and Section of the Coat, which Neighbourhood, and Alley way, to which it was Addressed, and then go there, in her Mind, and take it out, and Answer It.

She spent a lot of time collecting Questions, and giving



out Answers.

...

At night, when the Books were put away, and all the Questions that could be asked had all had Their Answers written, the floor was clean, and Mrs. Mouse had a last walk-about, in the Silence.

At such a time, she sometimes knocked upon the door of the Panther, and they Talked Between the Rooms.

...

There was a little door in the wall, nearly un-noticeable, behind the ladder which she needed to Climb Into Her Collections.

On her side, the panther kept it cleared carefully of books & other debris. It was carefully fitted, with no reveal, merely a thin line where white wall became white door.

But the Panther could never have entered there, it was far too small. Not even a paw could have entered there, though a carefully crooked claw painstakingly opened it, with the precision & deliberate slow-motion that is excruciating, of cats.

“Hulloooo,” The Panther would often call, cheerfully into the door—a door no bigger than a mouse’s silhouette. Often, however, there was no answer.

Mrs. Mouse was often out, or not at home to Callers.

She was often wandering in the Collections, which were sometimes so extensive that a muteness would set in, an absolute silence, in which it seemed no answers could be found.

Though, of course, they would be found, as Mrs. Mouse always found them. She was very clever that way, and even the smallest questions had answers from Mrs. Mouse.

She had a sensitive nose for questions and answers, and always answered the best questions first, but even the littlest ones, like a little seed, could not get away in the end, could not roll under the Cupboards, or into a Crack, or our Under the Door: just when you thought that a Mouse was not a Hunter, you seen, you have been found Wrong.

Walled Gardens

YES, HE LIVED IN A TENT IN HER YARD FOR SOME TIME. IT WAS NOT A VERY ROMANTIC ENDING, BUT LIKELY IT WAS NOT THE END—THE END OF ONE CLOUD IS THE BEGINNING OF AN OTHER, AND SO FORTH.

...

“My Dear Coyote!” Said Goat, pleased as punch.

And Coyote was there, standing quite cheerily.

...

Butterfly Bill could have been Great at a Great many things if he chose, Goat was certain.

But he was uninterested in Greatness.

Instead, he frequently disappeared for days, wandering in his butterfly way, amongst the flowers, or on vast hunts, where he searched and stalked only the Greatest of the Flowers—flowers you cannot imagine, flowers with a siren scent that could lure even Great Hunters such as

Bill, to their doom inside them, flowers with a taste for flesh, you see cannot be assuaged.

And Bill, knowing someday he would come across such a one as he could not overcome, by his silence & the strength of his wing & absolute endurance—would die. But that certainty did not stop him on his tireless searching, among Foreign Insect Kings & Decrepit Shadows of his past.

Bill was, you see—*upbeat*. Which is to say, that his wings were fashioned in such a way as to take him tirelessly upwards. His little boots would wear holes into them, and his long-johns were frequently worn right through, and his sweaters woven by hand from Dandy-Lion fuzz & the Underbelly Hairs of the Mountain Crocus.

He slept rolled in the Tigerlilly & woke to the fiery breathlessness of dew in the first light on the highest meadows, far from anywhere you or I might dare to wander.

And he went alone, a solitary and solemn little hunter, not to please anyone—through he did—but because he *must*, must make meadows & the Giant Flowers of the hills *his*, must make friends with the tiny little sky wildflowers no bigger than the point of his boot, must sit with them and smoke his pipe & make a Great Peace with his world.

Must sit there silently, a little Flower-Warrior of the Unknown Meadows, a little White Butterfly of the Moun-



tain Passes & Peaks, must absolutely fight these heroic battles in the hills.

I believe in a Single Summer he lived a Thousand Summers, when some people sit at home in their little meadow with their feet up (as Goat was wont to do, sometimes, with a book), Butterfly was tracking the Little Bumble-Bears with their dark & Gold Fuzz Coats which protected them in the wind from the Great Glaciers, from which a frosty breath, a mere Summery Exhalation, might freeze one in One's Tracks, in the air, I suppose, and one might tumble to one's doom on the rocks, but Bill did not tumble, and neither did the Bumble-Bears, in their Fuzzy & Puffy Coats, they trundled on amongst the Wild-Strawberry smell in the air, and against the cold blue thin air, the Bumble-Bears, that Bill tracked, revealed their Secret Flower Gardens hidden amongst the Peaks, with the dizzily perfect scent & the soft little flowers bobbing gently in the wind, and the pleasure of living among the wild things filled Bill with a lasting peace so Great that he told no one of Their Secrets, nor Disturbed them there evermore, merely took the memory of it with him like a little bubble of Strawberry-Scent in the Sunshine of glacier air, and kept it to take out on cold days, like a little window he might look out of, and so it was, Butterfly Bill, the creature of No Permanent House and Home, had An Thousand Windows, that waited for him, hanging there in every meadow he visited, was a great invisible country, a city of rooms & remembrances that, he might look up from the flowers at any time, and lying in a flower, might go here or there, might again track the tiny-bumble-lions among their ancient & end-

less meadows, might again lie in the beds of tiny rainbow-coloured flowers & feel friends with all of them.

Yes, the summer stretched on interminably, a thousand years long, and Butterfly Bill had no regrets.

Each night he might lie in a new flower, after visiting some Butterfly Friends, might lie another few days in memories, and be at peace among many dozens of meadows, and fondly & calmly think in dreams among many secret gardens of which you or I will never be acquainted—for Butterfly knows the secrets of the World of the Flowers, and waits for nothing, and sleeps every night with his eyes closing on a complete & easy sense of peace.

...

And as Hedgehog was upset, Goat sat down and drew him a new home, very patiently, with his pencil.

And at first The Hedgehog merely sniffled, but soon was offering advice such as “A Little To The Left” and “Somewhat To the Right” and instead of being impatient as he might have done, he carefully drew in the door the creature Specified, which was made of thick heart-wood of a certain kind of shrub, and drew a little chimney with even a little heart on it—through, I must confess, although the H.H. did not see it, his hand paused unwillingly for a small of a minute before he carefully carved it into the page with his pencil, for his friend.

...

Beaver Bob, not understanding anything, had made triangles into a sort of necklace, or head-band, and held it up, proudly, to Goat.

But Moose, with his Absolute Authority, and a quick look at Goat, proclaimed that: "Triangles," were "Not in Fashion here Anymore."

But Beaver Bob looked so stricken by it, that Goat took the thing and strung it across his fore-head, and smiled in as nice a way as he could manage, and I think it was very nice of Goat, although it made him feel torn a bit inside.

"They look quite nice!" Said Beaver Bob. And Butterfly Bill smoked his pipe on the window sill, and Moose sighed, and quickly made Goat a string of spirals to put on over top, in all sorts of colours, and Goat, with his double-string, immediately felt better.

...

A new creature wandered into the camp.

"I am concerned," he announced. "About the News."

...

"Oh," said Goat. "It is merely a story. A story that I needed to hear." And something in the way he said it made them a bit sad.

There was a little something in his heart. Very small. Like a knot, perhaps, or a little tiny letter. Or a miniature flower. Disconcertingly small, however, and obscure. Perhaps it will never be noticed. Perhaps it merely waits for the right day.

Or perhaps, if we zoom in, it is not a flower after all, but a little baby jackalope.

...

Goat came around the corner, and there it was: the Jackalope's column. He stood still, in front of it, as the grass moved, as if frozen.

...

Come back, thought Goat. Come back to the meadow, where the grass is golden. But of course, she would not, and even the thought, he abandoned too, because it was not a real one, and sometimes fantasies are not for play. He turned his back and walked away.

...

He did not say the words outloud.

...

Moose thought Goat might build another column, or perhaps take it down, but instead, Goat took the photograph

down into the Library, and put it in one of the darkest & dustiest rooms, and never went to the meadow behind that particular hill anymore, and time passed.

...

I do not now if it is there anymore—perhaps it is. I do not know if it matters.

...

And once, Beaver Bob went on and on about triangles, and finally Moose said, with a glance at Goat who would not look at anyone, that: “Triangles.” Said Moose, with absolute authority. “Are not in fashion here anymore.” And Beaver Bob, because he knew nothing about fashion, took Moose’s word for it, and never mentioned triangles again.

...

The Hedgehog was standing on the stoop. “It is gone,” he said, most fragilely.

“My dear friend!” Thought Goat. But he waited, and did not say anything.

“It is gone.” Repeated the H.H.

“What is gone?” Asked Goat.

“My whole island, my whole home.”

I have not heard of a disappearing island—but so it was. With its beaches of little white rocks, and little fluff clouds, it was gone.

So that is how the H.H. came to stay with Goat and Moose for a short time, and rode about with them on great adventures. I do not believe he ever overcame his little broken heart. But and however, I should say, he gained quite a new spark in his eye, and was Wild, a bit, when the wind was up, and in the Larger Meadows of Goat's Mountains, he became quite a Character.

...

Goat had an out-of-body experience

it was a psychic rose—the dmig-pa

“No, not a pig,” he said, “a d-mig.”

but he was talking to himself. He seemed to be floating about, in the patterns of a flower, although his feet were, as they were normally, standing in the grass.

It was quite pleasant, really.

Almost like dreaming while awake, he thought, and made a pleased little note to himself to do it again.

...

Come, said Goat, to the H.H., and they together built a pen that would design a new house for the H.H.

...

One night the H.H. and Moose, in the moon-light, planted a ring of Daisies around the lost column of the Jackalope, while it stood there cold & silent.

...

Goat, even in a Field far from his home often thought of the absence, which was in the library, Vast, and unaccounted for. He often thought perhaps he could try to fill it with one thing or another. But there were only so many books on grass that he could make—although he had a good deal already, perhaps he could manufacture one more. After all, there were new grasses wherever he went.

He set to weaving pages immediately.

...

After he was done he sat at home alone for a night, contemplating it, with a Tea made of Rosemary Fronds.

...

“Oh,” said Goat. “It is a great door that opens over and over, a thousand times, and everytime, she is not behind it.”

“But,” he said.

And he put a twinkle into his eye.

...

“Oh,” he said. “Love is a giant suitcase. One takes it out when one would like to go traveling. To go traveling and at the same time stay home.”

“Lately,” he commented, “lately my suitcase feels rather empty.”

...

“There is nothing for it,” said Goat, “but to consult with the King.” And out they tramped into the meadow to look for the Tiny King, for he knew everything about the Insects, and was the right person to ask about anything important.

...

“We need a solution to Mosquitoxote.” Said Moose. “We need to be rid of him.”

The little King stood sturdily on his long piece of grass, waving gently in the wind.

...

“Well, I am here,” said Goat. And splayed himself on the porch.

Moose did likewise.

And they were both Here for several hours at least.

...

And as to what friendship looks like if it were found in a box, I imagine it is two hats, perhaps, or two pairs of socks, quite matching.

...

And they all had matching socks made up, with red and white stripes, which had a white circle on the side, and had written in the circle: The Great Adventure Club. And the Wild H.H., and Moose, and Goat, and Beaver Bob, all went over the hill together, to have a picnic.

...

One might renovate one's heart, for example, and create all sorts of new rooms, and spaces, and gathering places for love (of butterflies, for example). But then, that is like building a heart all-new. Perhaps it is easier to throw out one's heart, thought Goat. But then, what is an architect without a heart? Or a Goat for that Matter?

...

His heart was posted there, on the chimney, for all to see. Hedgehog's heart, I mean. But that is no surprise.

...

Goat's feet wandered to the Left and to the Right, and not knowing where, they led him straight to the Column, which stood, unblinking, in the Field.

Goat stood and gazed upon it, over the grasses & flowers, for a moment.

...

He then turned to go, but could not.

He sat for awhile in the grasses with the bees doing Business, in a drone of Highways & Terminals & Shopping Sprees, and finally, in a bit of a quiet stolen from the Meadow of his own mind, sketched the column, black, and final.

It was not anymore the Jackalope's column,—indeed, so black & shining & featureless, it was almost nothingness.

But around it he could imagine the Other column, with its climbing stories, whirling around it, etched in the infinite details of generations of figures & notations & languages & details of stories,—and above it, the Mist-House.

Well, it had been the Jackalope's Column before, he felt now it was *his*.

Left, perhaps by accident of the Universe or by purpose to evoke all that had Gone Before, parading around and round & mist-ifying him.

Suddenly, he felt quite alone and at peace, and lay down in the Meadow, among the little baby grasses down below. And the roads of ants marched on over top of him, and the birds above disregarded him almost entirely, and he closed his eyes for a nice long nap.

...

Yes, they all went on a great picnic together, and although throughout the Day, a great many persons came and left The Field, I am certain that everyone, at some point or another, had a good time.

There were a great many minor adventures had throughout the day, of which I will mention only a few, very briefly, so as to Tantalize & Entertain you.

...

It was lucky they had the H.H. along with them, as he was quite a Picnic Expert, which is a great thing to have, in the field.

...

Such as when Whiskers, normally so Well-Behaved, and quite Vegetarian *I assure you*, was caught in the attempt-

ed netting of a Butterfly Friend of Goat's by the name of Bill, but when questioned by Goat, everyone was relieved by assurances that it was merely for the purpose of *painting his portrait*.

There was some unease among local Butterflies that remained unassuaged but Goat, knowing Whiskers very well, as he did, was perfectly satisfied *himself* on that account.

And because Bill himself, could not be seen to be visibly upset, cool & calm & cowboy as he was, none of the local butterflies felt justified in casting further gloom over the day, as at that point, a rather exceptionable White Cloud of fantastic & odd proportions, had swept momentarily over the Meadow, obscuring the cheerful beams of sun that generally characterized the meadow there. The Imminent Cloud melted away quickly, of course, and the day was not ruined, but the Chief Butterfly Administrator, a very Cheerful & Wise creature, had word put out that W was *To Be Watched*, and he was, for the rest of the Day, at least, however, he turned out to be remarkably civil & well-behaved, and even spoke a lesser dialect of local butterfly language, similar to one, he said, learned on an Island to the South in his Kittenhood, and everyone agreed he was quite a remarkable cat & because he was quite small—almost miniaturized, in fact—he was forgiven for his occasionally uncouth habits.

...

Whiskers lent Goat a copy of a treatise called *The Way of*

the Butterfly, that he had written, in his youth, and Goat liked it immensely.

It was a very tiny book, smaller than the size of one's hand, tucked very nicely into the hand, and also into one's pockets, and could be brought here and there, when one was lying in the sun, contemplating the flowers. It was, in short, the best kind of book, and that is likely because Whiskers, was the best kind of *cat*, and strictly vegetarian, I assure you: a cat of high taste, but not too high to enjoy the company of a Goat, and that is another reason he was the best kind of cat.

...

Mosquitóxote wrote a letter to his love, though, of course, being a flower, she would never receive it.

(In rhymed couplets)

He was always writing these, and would send them to a Hedgehog he paid to make them into Revisions.

...

Mosquitoxote made his poems into booklets, which he stamped with alacrity and numbers, such as Zz39-9, and BZT52, and other numbers that sting in the ears and one struggles to make sense of. That is because they were EXCEEDINGLY mathematical, and so precise and metricated that he could fly the formations of the poems in the air, which he sometimes did on Saturdays, when he rose

at dawn and could think of nothing else to do.

But he did it with love, I should say, so perhaps it is alright.

...

And all about the picnic, there was the hint of smoke, that wispy kind of clinging-fog that creeps into your clothes and permeates and cannot be got-out. And then, unbidden, haunts your mind later, in whiffs and half-tasted bites, and cannot be got-out of your mind, either.

...

They had an argument about whether a pent-house was really a Pent-Up house or not—Beaver Bob thought not, Goat and Moose disagreed,—it was quite delicious to sometimes disagree—and went on at length about it until Beaver Bob stalked away in a huff, thinking they were being most irrational & unreasonable, and when he was gone it was not fun anymore, for there was no-one to disagree with, as they hardly ever disagreed with *each other*, so they simply lay there in the field doing nothing at all, but still enjoying themselves immensely, until a half-hour or twenty minutes later, when Beaver Bob came back a bit lonely and asked them whether they would like to come to his house for a Healthy Snack, which they did. And they all munched on salted swamp-fronds & seasoned with lemongrass & herbs, until dusk, when they all went out to do a last-round thereabouts, and then went to Goat's house for dinner and perhaps to read a

story, which they often did, aloud to one another, as they reclined by candlelight. On that particular night, as Beaver-Bob was going home, he noticed some fire-flies in the gloom of the fields, and felt better about Everything.

And this, I should say, is a *lot*, as Beavers often have a lot on their minds.

...

As was often the case, Goat & Moose lay about in a random field of bluebells & daisies, watching as bugs went here and there. They were quite exhausted, though I don't know from what. Sometimes they went about with such intensity, clacking their hooves & gesticulating over some concept of grass, that they lost track of what they were supposed to do, or where they were supposed to go, and such was the case in this instance.

This lying there in complete exhaustion, they began to talk about money, or rather Goat did, which is never good, and he rarely did except when worn out entirely:

"I should like to make a great Deal's worth of *bills*." He said, in a by-the-way to Moose.

"Hmm." Said the languishing and impossibly elongated—his hooves were splayed across the entire ground of flowers in a most haphazard fashion.

"Indeed, I should like to be excessively *rich*." He continued.

With his eyes half-open and impossibly heavy, Moose conversated: “But would you like to do what you have to do to *get* moneys, I wonder.” Said Moose.

“No.” Said Goat, surveying the Field. “I suppose not.”

And they both lay there for awhile longer, and I think Goat even had a nap, which Moose took some motion-picture device imprints of a bit of drool, and then a cloud, before “Ahem!” He woke Goat up, and they staggered on through the heat to the marsh, where they might wet their hooves & have a drink.

...

Mosquito-xote had lived by the code. In moments of travail he would run through the points of the code to bring his heart rate down; the Code could be relied-upon. Its tenements were never changing, like columns in a square hall, their numbers did not change with alacrity or whim, they stood steadily, inexorably. And so, with the numbers and sections and sun-clauses & categorizations of the code running peacefully through his mind, he often fell asleep.

...

He arrived at the house of Coyote. It was all so *Architectural*, he felt quite at home.

He lived there for a few days in the loft, but it didn't quite

suit, so they quickly set about making a treehouse in the yard, and then he lived in *that*, for a while.

...

The Coyote had no indoor kitchen, but rather had Barbeque every night in the pit behind her house. She was not a strict meat-a-tarian but very near it mind you, and I will not tell you what she ate as you might get frightened so we will simply leave it at that.

...

It was extremely risky in that it had a glass roof—through which you could lie in bed at the top level on the mattress and gaze out at the blue sky listening to music and enjoying a book, or otherwise being cheerfully solitary, which coyotes often are.

...

A family of raccoons lived in the left wall, with exterior doors, in a series of connected dens, which to you or I might seem extremely incommodious and dark or odd, but they are strange denizens of midnight paths & cheerfully meander in the darkest of hours, so that is quite how they all preferred it, and I do not know, nor did *Cóyote*, all their names as they were always coming & going but they all got along quite well generally, as long as coyote was not hungry, for when hungry there was quite a flame in her eyes, and they hid safely away in their holes till she passed.

...

The coyote invited Goat to sleep at the house, or on the roof perhaps, as she was aware that Goats are overly fond of being up above everything on the roof, as unlikely a bunk or living room as that might seem to someone else.

But on careful consideration, including a tour of the backyard, there was a vacant field across the street, and that suited him better, so he set up camp there, for awhile.

...

Coyote offered to help him build a tree house in her backyard that he might live in, and he thought about it, but decided a larger space in the lot across the street might suit him better.

However, he offered to help her build the treehouse anyway, so in evenings they did, or sat around the fire with friends chatting about this and that.

...

Goat thought of how to build another life, in a city of mini-gardens. He purchased the empty lot across from the Coyote's house, and lived in the empty field for awhile, in his tent.

It was a small abandoned garden, mostly sticks and rocks, with a dead log and some collections of first

nations grasses, as well as some settler grasses which did not get along as well with the others as Goat preferred—he liked his fields at peace, for it is nice for dreaming on warm days, in the early fall, when one could lie among the grasses & rocks, fairly at peace, and Contemplate. As to what he Contemplated, I am almost convinced it was Nothing At All, but perhaps it was something rather more *agent provocateur*, and had something to do with philosophers of grazing, or histories of the world's grasses. But I am not sure. I am almost convinced that Goat merely entered the gate, carefully closed it, then went to the middle of his wild & wary garden, and lay there thinking of absolutely nothing, with one of his hooves propped on this stone or his head pillowed on the The Log, watching a wary grass wave above him in that Particular Wind that characterizes fall, which causes a tidying & a closing of doors, and a Preparation for Winter.

But Goat did not budge, but watched the solemn bees collecting their nectar, and sometimes crouched to observe this flower or that—some of these you might characterize as Weeds, and pull them from their ground to lay dying and haplessly Characterized. Indeed, I should wonder how you would feel to be so Characterized and brutally put aside from your life. But Goat was not so much politicized, but merely carefully sampled grasses that he liked the look of, and left the rest—sampling, you must admit, is the supremest compliment a goat may pay a grass, and is like: “My Dear Madam, how magnificent you look today, quite as Dear & Young & Wonderful as I have ever seen you, and so well turned out!”

But grasses often grow best by being eaten, and I will not explain it to you, as you should know your life cycle learning by now. No Goat merely wandered among his little field of rocks & sticks making friends here and there with this insect or that flower, and lying and thinking (or not).

...

But one day he had to admit that winter was coming, if not today or tomorrow then *one day*, and thought that his little encampment, of his tent and stove, while well situated & pleasant for star-gazing, would not perhaps be so cozy in the winter.

One day he took a pen to a page and drew a mansion so magnificent you would gasp, of many rooms & beautiful vistas & empty & grand & quite enough to feel all life was ahead of you & marry poor Goat whether he wanted to marry one such as you or not—but he put it aside, yes, he put it aside, and continued to contemplate the flowers of his simple, or rather complex, little private garden.

...

The problem with the mansion, he decided, was not that it was too large or too magnificent, or too filled with room, although perhaps those were problems as well, but rather where it should *go*.

Lying as he had, as a Guest of the Garden, in the uneasy peace among partisan members of the flowers, he had

become rather too fond of his patchy little scrap of urban dirt to mansionize over all of it—he was very fond of his log, and lying there in the sun.

And he could tell that having an architect there made all the summer flowers nervous.

...

The house was improbable. It was, for example, a small turret, made of stone, which was accessible only through a small secret in the stone, and also by a tunnel under the grass by the road.

The bottom was entirely the kitchen & library, while the walls were made of books, paper, stone, and an old stair, that had been imported from an ancient castle, and was impossibly worn, in the awe-inspiring way that sagging stone stairs are worn, smoothly sagging like silk, in the center of each step.

...

The tower measured eighteen feet of floor across, and the windows and doors were not imported but rather custom-made to look French, because Goat liked it.

And the roof was weedy-local long grasses, full of flowers & varieties, and Goat clambered up to plant & tend them himself.

It was not a *château*, but it was close.

Though in the summer Goat still preferred to live in a tent in the yard, still he liked the idea of a cozy *château* in the winter.

...

It is hard to explain the Coyote-Fox's house. It often had an oddly-shaped roof like a saddle. Not at all rectilinear, but which was necessary because the upstairs loft was cylindrical: which is to say, the room was a horizontal cylinder that swooped across the top of the house.

...

One spring the thatch grew grass, but when Goat mentioned it, he was shushed by coyote, who told him it was all planned.

...

Once he had woken up, and looked over the fence, and was surprised to see the entirety of the small little house had converted to fractals. It was eerie, and looked odd, but maybe it was just because it was Monday morning, and coyote-fox was feeling peculiar, because by early afternoon, when he came home for a nap in the field, it was a quiet white surface ruffled only by gentle wave forms.

...

One Friday afternoon they made a trapezoidal cave that pieced the house's middle and stretched through to the other side. It was very impractical, but still, on Friday or Saturday nights, they used to put the ladder up and go sit in it.

...

It looked something like what Coyote would draw, but it was difficult to explain it exactly as it is always changing.

...

"Where does one *go*. When one disappears?" Goat asked anxiously to no one at all, very suddenly.

...

The tunnel was so successful that the successive night *everyone* was invited, and it was filled with lights & baskets of foodstuffs & at one point *fireworks*, so that Goat & Coyote led a procession across the road to Goat's Lot, and it did not stop but spilled into the somewhat wild Public meadow beyond, where the fireworks continued & the baskets had all Got Brought, and Persons beyond the Walls could all see the fireworks.

...

"I am quite confused, lately," said Moose.

Goat was stupefied. Moose—the Moose who wandered

through the marshes of doubt unconcernedly on long & billowy legs.

“Yes, I am concerned about several things—or only one.”
Said Moose, *acting confused*.

Goat sat silently & worriedly looking over the water.
Then looked suddenly at Moose.

“You are not to worry,” he said kindly & assuredly.

“Everything is going to work out just fine.”

...

Moose did not ask such questions as: “What about the Subterranean?” or “And did we dream of your house, Goat, or does it exist?” Because Moose never asked those kinds of questions, or when he did it was a Rare Circumstance.

Mostly Mooses, at the beginning of each day, merely Strike Out with their Great Floating hooves & Endless Legs in a Perambulating Motion, and do not glance about or behind unless they are having a Bad Feeling of something in the shrubs. Nor do Mooses ask about the future—for what do Goats in particular know of the future?

No, Moose knew with certainty that in the future, which is to say Tomorrow he would simply stand up on two legs or four, as the Mood struck him, and Strike Out, over

swampiness or through other Other Fields, as the location called for, and would simply Perambulate with certainty, pausing here and there to take a Motion-Picture imprint with which he might voyage back—but no—no, I have mistook the word, for Mooses, I do not know if you have noticed, with rarity ever travel backwards. Should they do, their legs would get in quite a tangle.

No, instead, Mooses like most Persons of Consequence, mainly travel forwards with a few zigs & zags to cure Monotony—Monotony being a peculiar ailment suffered by persons who go forward at a regular pace, and do not zig or zag or lie down as the moment strikes them to enjoy a field or a slant of light, or a glow through the swamp-fronds at sunrise. For those who do not zig or zag or stagger, why, they might never see the world on the ground, which Mooses, for example, enjoy with rarity. So in retaining a Motion-Picture imprint, for example, Moose was not hoping to Go Back To It, but was merely retaining it as a memory of a zig or zag or other such stumble, and mooses will be the first to mention to you—to insist—that there is no backwards of any consequence. For when have you seen a Moose walk backwards over any distance of Consequence?

No, no. With Mooses, you see, it is all forwards & stumblings over legs & so forth. Going backwards is pure folly.

That is why they do not keep many of their Photographs, but merely discard them in an often eagerly-followed trail behind them, or keep a few imprints of such & such in their Motion-Picture Device, so you may move lat-

erally with them, by viewing it, or might stumble with Mooses, without exactly stumbling, if you see.

...

I don't know if it is me merely being frivolous or if there is some purpose to it, but I have been wishing, lately, for a horse story.

There are no horses in this story, of course. I am not sure, perhaps you have not noticed. No, perhaps it is just me, merely frivolously & flatly wishing for a horse story which are not told anymore or with extreme rarity.

It is not merely This Story, you see, where there are no horses.

And if there are no horses we may no Ride Upon Them, to cowboy here & there, to wander through Fields we might surely not have got to on our own.

There was, however, an instance when they were walking the trail to the picnic, when Hedgehog, whose legs were One-one-hundredth or One-one-thousandth as long as Goat's & Moose's, was Put Up on the shoulders of Moose for a time, and scrambled up among his horns and Rode There for awhile.

...

It was only for awhile I say because very shortly his minuscule hedgehog claws were near pulled out by Cling-

ing Too Vigorously, an ailment common among those put up too high, and he was immediately taken down before he should fall, and put up on Goat's Head, where he clung to the brightly decorated horns or to the Central Tuft and saw a Great Deal more of the world than he might otherwise ought to, and even had an instance where Goat clambered to a tree, and *up and up* in order to see the way ahead. And forgot the Gentle H.H. was Aboard and scared the *sniff* quite out of him, but he clung bravely to the heaving back, evading shrubbery (for shrubbery is not just found on ground by Mooses but also by Goats in trees), and got quite a view, and emerged unscathed.

You will think this is not a great deal but I myself do not know of any other Hedgehog that has seen the world from the top of a tree—let me tell you, he valued the ground a great deal more when he was back on it, safely among the grasses.

But still, the top of a tree, whether on the back of a wildly climbing goat or not, was not the thing a Hedgehog forgets.

And, among other things of course, that is was friends are for.

...

“I should like to be an Architect,” said Hedgehog. “Just like you.”

“Should you?” Said Goat, very pleased and excited.

“Well,” he paused, and stretched his legs out in front of him. “There are a few animals I should like to introduce you to.”

“They shall teach you some great many things.”

“Of course it will take you a great deal of Time and Effort. . .” he trailed off and looked at Hedgehog.

“I am quite determined,” said the H.H., very seriously.

“Well, then, the first thing we shall have to do, is begin building your library.”

“It shall have seven layers of depth—” he began.

“—not nine?—” said the H.H., querulously, and somewhat upset.

“Well, no, Seven is the number for libraries, for reasons I will explain—”

“—but I did have my heart so set on nine. It is my favorite number you see, and I will explain it to you, as to why—”

...

It wasn't theoretical. It was merely yet-to-be-finished, as all great homes are.

It was struggling to be something.

...

Many Urban Coyotes lack homes, but Bulgarian Coyote was quite wily, although rather too small to be a coyote, Goat thought—which is not to say she was *not*.

...

She began to add things which interested her.

...

He was de-housed.

Moose adopted him in a small ceremony involving a ribbon, which was light blue.

...

“I do not know precisely,” he said, “I do *Not Know Precisely!*” He repeated, louder.

They were all a bit startled, as no one had asked him to repeat it twice.

...

“Oo.” He said. “Oo!”

Rather alarmed.



And burst in to tears.

“I’m afraid!” He said. “*I’m afraid!*” He cried.

Moose put him up in his antlers where he immediately began to feel better.

...

It is difficult to draw her ideas, as they were a bit more complex than perhaps Goat comprehended, although I think he and Coyote understood each other very well, so perhaps things were much more understood than I have drawn.

...

It was just finished, which is to say, it had a form that pleased her, for the moment. Her house was always changing, which is not to say that she was desiring a Constant State of Renovation. No, simply that in order to be Livable, her accommodations had to be made suitable. Which is to say she was Picky. Perhaps too much so for *Some Persons*. Some persons have poor taste or imagine an habitation is made suitable merely by a bit of a wipe and a coat of paint. Silly creatures.

As a result of Particular Taste, she always had particular habitations. They were nearly always White, or Light Grey, or Medium to Dark Brown, with Black slices or highlights, very fine, very delicately drawn.

Why, I do not know.

Merely because.

But they suited Goat very well. And I suppose most other persons, once they Carefully Considered.

...

Coyote was very small. Not Extraordinarily small, everything considered. She could not fit through the head of a pin or the keyhole of a door, or ride about in the pocket of one's sweater, but still she was *very small*, for a Coyote. Perhaps she was more of a Desert Fox, or a very small Urban Fox, I do not know. A great many people thought she was too small for a great many things—too small to be a coyote, they said. Or too small to do this or that. But she thought no, and Goat agreed. For what is the use of having everything *very large*? And she also, anyway, did some of the things *very large* persons also did,—such as building houses, I should say, or having Adventures, or exploring holes or rooftops. So if anyone should tell you you are not large enough for this or that, I should not agree with them. Because what would the world be like if we were all *very large* and all did the things only *very large* persons do, and all agreed All At Once with one another? Piff. I often think of Fox, or rather Coyote, when I am told not to do this or that, or that I am too small or too large and why, she, she examines people slyly, and does just as she pleases. And so should I.

...

Oh, My Dear Goat, I often think.

Why, he, he sits with his hooves out, and eats his sandwiches, which consist mostly of greens rolled within greens with more leaves in the outside than in, and lettuces sticking out all over the place, in perfect equanimity with the world.

...

Dear Goat, I think, as he sits contentedly munching, and not thinking of anything at all.

...

I sometimes think of the Jackalope, myself, but for Goat, I believe she is passed into the shadow, that walks behind us.

...

There was a small rain fall, typical of winter, or winter yet to come, and Goat was just sitting on the stoop of his turret, enjoying the cool grey falling in short lines from the sky, with a cup of tea in his hand.

He had just stood up, and closed the door, and was enjoying the heat of the little fire in the roundness of the room, when a tiny knock, came upon the door.

He opened it, and, very squinty, peered into the gloom, seeing no-one for a moment, until he immediately saw Hedgehog, standing, quite bedraggled, upon the stoop.

“Hark!” Said Hedgehog, quite bedraggled.

“Come in,” said Goat at once, and made him a cup of tea.

...

“I should like,” said Hedgehog, quite confidentially, to Goat, “To be a fox, when I grow up.

Goat looked at him quite sideways, but Hedgehog almost guessed at it anyway:

“Cannot I be a fox?”

“Well,” said Goat, and “Am.”

But at last he sighed. “Should you not like to always be a Hedgehog?”

“But Fox is so very clever!” Said the H.H.

“She is,” said the Goat.

“And quicker than any of us, on her feet!” Said the H.H.

And Goat knew what he meant.

“My Dear Man,” said Goat, and began again: “My Dear The H.H.,” he said.

But in the end, seeing the Gleam of the Mad H.H. in the Hedgehog’s eye, he could not finish.

So they took out the pens, and papers, and made themselves two little sets of fox ears, and with a pair of ribbons affixed them to their heads, and, in the dancing light of the fire, the ears looked almost real.

They danced about as foxes for a time, on the floor.

Then they stopped for tea and biscuits, and the H.H. took off his ears, for they had begun to get itchy. And Goat took off his too, and put up his feet.

“And,” said the H.H., “in the end I *am* rather fond of hearts upon Chimeneys.” He confessed and Goat smiled, for fox would likely not have said this, and he was glad there were no few number of hedgehogs in the world, and one wild one.

...

Goat opened the door, and across the way, upon her Hill in the Field, sat Coyote, watching her house. It was thinning around the edges, and becoming transparent, almost as if it wasn’t there.

As he watched, first one part of the Thing became firmer and more Drawn Out than another, as if one by one she

was examining them.

He realized, as he chewed upon a piece of grass, that he was seeing the Coyote and the House at play.

He lost sight of her in the gloom, and thought he would go over to ask her for a cup of tea, but then the clouds parted and the moon had risen and across the rise he could see the moonlight on her fur, as she walked around the flickering house, first here, then trotting around to there until he realized it was almost a dance, a pattern rising that he could not see.

He thought of her eyes then, often playing, or laughing, or kind, but sometimes sly—sometimes nearly transparent with a fathomless depth that was near to the arcane, the Unknowable.

He smiled.

That was his favourite part, for he was fond of the unknowable. Goats you see, are full of the stubbornly curious.

...

Once, on a Sunday afternoon, he went over and clambered onto the roof.

The building was White under his feet, and soft, like a warm snowy Being, half-formed, it trembled at the stranger on its top, and shook, a bit, to get him off, but he

only laughed and jumped about, and ran all over it.

Suddenly the Fox was on the roof with him, with the round darkness of her eyes and the lightest of snow-flake-shadows here and there around her gleaming fur. She was sitting with her tail tucked tidily around her tiny feet.

“Aho!” He cried.

And they both jumped about in bounds upon the roof, as foxes & goats are bound to do, until they were quite tired, and sat upon the edge.

From the top of Coyote’s House, one could see the Whole Field.

When Goat remarked upon it, Fox merely stood silent, as if she had known it all along.

...

“It is an odd house,” said Goat, as they stood upon its brink, looking over the Field.

Fox looked at him, her eyes laughing, sideways.

“Always changing,” he remarked.

She did not comment, for it was her house, she invented it, and it did not in the least bother her.

...

Once he came over the hill to see her at war.

She stood, looking at the house, and it stood looking at her.

They seemed to be testing each other.

First the house would flicker, and get low down, and seem to come lunge forward. Then it would lean back, and one could see nearly through it, all its wood floors and sinks, and doorways frozen and open to the air.

He watched Coyote, who stood stiffly, carefully, precisely.

For a moment the house loomed up, far too large, rooms upon rooms and doors upon doors, getting larger & larger, corridors leading to attics and stairs leading to endless walls, all in mess of white, and grey, and deep brown.

Then it calmed down, and was gentle again, and the coyote relaxed her body. She did not seem overly tired.

They went into the house for tea, and the house had been quite tamed by the exercise, and behaved well.

All corridors led to where they were supposed to, and opened up into warm rooms with grey stone walls, and wood floors with precise and smooth finish, and giant windows that viewed the Lawn in a quiet and pleased

look that was soft and gentle, and often overlooked quiet courtyards within itself, and gentle streams of water fell in little pools, and soft little mossy trees moments were pressed here and there into interior rooms filled with grass.

It would all have been very domestic, had it not been for her eyes, visible here and there, around corners, filled with the unknowable. Although, I will mention, they did mostly smile.

...

Once he came over the hill on which Coyote inhabited, and she was there, staring into a pool of silver water, and all around there was an absolute silence.

He could not at first see her house, or understand where it had gone.

He opened his mouth to ask her but did not.

She did not seem to notice his presence, but instead stared into the pool, where her reflection must have stared back at her in a most quizzical way.

The sun reflected off the pool directly under and behind her, bedazzling poor Goat.

At last she looked up, and her eyes were focused in the Infinite, and seemed to look right through him.

At once he understood that the silver pool was her house—it had taken on a most unusual shape.

She beckoned him in, at last, and down they went.

...

Moose did not often pause in his walk.

Certainly he often stood standing about, eating. He was always chewing on some thing or another thing.

But as he and Goat walked on the path that passed the Coyote's Hill, Moose paused with his foot in the air.

That is a Great Pause, for Mooses, for they are Very Big, and have a Long Way to Go.

“What is it?” Asked Goat.

Moose was squinting at Fox's house.

He did not answer, but looked at Goat, with eyes unfocused.

...

He suddenly put his foot back down, but not where he Ought. It was a Half-Step, a Stutter almost.

“What is it?” Goat asked, but Moose shook his head at him, and did not answer.

...

Moose put his Camera on the Table, or rather his Calculation & Mesmerization Device.

Suddenly, Goat became surprised at how *small* it was—why, it was not bigger than a hoof, very small, almost too small to be anything at all.

...

Fox was very afraid of having her tail caught in doors.

It is an Ancient Fear of foxes, and for it, she always carried her tail over the threshold, as if she wanted it to pass first.

...

Everyone was invited over for tea, and they all passed over in a Herd, talking of this and that, and one thing and another, extremely cheerfully, then, on the hill, just where the Gleam of the Sun was touching the grass, they all saw the Coyote-Fox, just in the instant, and backed by the gleam of sun off her white house, which was quite tamed & quieted for the moment.

Fox waved, just a little paw in the sun beam, and Owlet ran off ahead. And no one could see either of them, as they were standing quite in the point of the sun.

...

Moose took out his camera and finally took an imprint, and Goat realized what Moose had seen, and when his foot had paused and what the Coyote-Fox was looking at when she did the odd-dance with her house.

Moose was not looking at the past or the future, in the hole in the device. Certainly, other persons were, when they looked through.

He was looking at this moment, this point, where the sun beam intersected the grass of the hill, and another beam off the house triangulated with it, and Owlet & Fox were standing in it all along.

It was a dance, all in an infinite moment, thought Goat, a dance with the Absolute, the Intersection of one Time with another, with all times, in fact, that were important.

...

Extremely pleased with himself, Goat sat upon his own little roof, perfectly Round & Pointed, as Goats like them, and gazed into the point where the grass & the sun met, over the Coyote-Fox's hill.

He felt certain, at some time or another he himself had intersected with such a moment, the moment that the Coyote-Fox & Moose passed through all the time.

Indeed, thinking about it, he was happy, with the warmth

of the sun upon his furs, and cheerfully called down to Moose & Owlet to join him on the roof, and, predisposed to climbing, Moose came up immediately—and of course Owlets feel better on top of anything.

Goat tried to explain it all to Moose, all his Philosophizing, but Moose thought not, and rolled his eyes, and blew air impatiently through his nose, and Owlet wanted a snack, so they went down, all three, to get one immediately, before he should get upset.

...

And perhaps, he thought, that is where the Jackalope had gone, to dance in the moment of the Infinite, and had, as it keeps moving, merely kept dancing on, and had not returned.

It was a nice thought, he felt.

If anyone could find it, she could.

And, there in his tower of books in amongst the grasses of the field, he felt, for a moment, happy with his thoughts.



The Panther Concludes

“YES! I HAVE DISCOVERED A SOLUTION!” SAID THE PANTHER, RATHER DRYLY, TO WHISKERS.

“It is too small, and too light a book!” She continued, looking sideways through her Great Lashes, at him. He was beginning to be afraid of her.

“Ah.” He said. And: “What is it?”

“Well, it keeps getting lost, and among the piles it won’t get found.”

Uneasily, Whiskers shifted from foot to foot looking at the surrounding books as if they were a jungle, hiding many large Panthers.

“So I have strapped twenty-three books to the front of it, and fifty-six to the back.”

Whiskers hesitated, then he turned.

She gestured, and there, against the Wall, Whiskers saw it. It was quite a monstrosity. It would no longer fit under

a butterfly's wing, to be brought here and there. It was impossibly large: it was now an whole shelf.

He felt, for a moment, a bit like Bill, and a despair sharp and deep grasped at him.

But, he thought, even though the book was strapped down, it might still be rescued, and smuggled out in someone's pocket: perhaps his own, thought the daring little cat. Perhaps even his own little pocket would do. A little hope flared within him.

He turned to the Panther, and bowed, very deeply, till his Whiskers almost touched the floor.

"Madame!" He pronounced. "Your genius is extravagant. It was quite the thing that was needed." His eyes were razor thin, when he unbowed.

Her eyes, however, were watching him now so slitted they were almost closed. Her tail twitched. She missed absolutely nothing, he thought, suddenly fearful again.

...

She tied it to the top of the tree, with a little piece of white silk. It was a flimsy little thing, she thought, but left it tied to the top of the branches for the butterfly to pick-up.

There was a bit of a twinkle in her eye, as she did it.

...

She tied it, with precision, [along with the 23 and 56 additions] to her great tree, with an increasingly absent-minded Intent on a cup of tea, crept down in her silent smoke-like way from the branches, intending to perhaps come back to it, perhaps later in the afternoon (or evening or Ever).

...

Even the panther saw the lights over her wall, where she sat dreaming in her tree with a careful candle and a (dark, large, dusty) book.

Although I do not think Mrs. Mouse saw, as she was no doubt asleep, tucked into a tiny bed with a nice soft coverlet that smelled in a very tiny way of hay & summer lavender flowers, as she had a couple of seeds of the plant under her little cotton-tuft pillow.

But perhaps she dreamed of it, with her little hands carefully & lightly on the coverlet, for there was the tiniest & happiest of smiles upon her lips.

...

Butterfly Bill alighted, and with no ado, took out his Tiny Saw, Minuscule and Minor and insignificant, compared to the Roaring Tooth or Tightening Jaw or Bladed-Razor hands of the Panther, and cut, very carefully, in his soft

way, the book out, and, with a flip to make sure it was the right One, rescued it, and flew over the wall (I do not know to what Purpose).

...

From her tree she had often observed Persons in Flight.

I am absolutely certain, that seeds were persons, although, like Levitating Angels she often observed these proto-persons in flight.

Gently, when a Time came, a seed spreads its wings and flies, sometimes splitting into a thousand letters with wings, a thousand angelic missives, in a nimbus-glow of a sunburst through the shadowy leaves of her tree, and up! up! the gentle bomb would float, soaring up and out of the Garden, on an obliging summer breeze—seeds you will find, while daring & acrobatic high-fliers are not ridiculous enough creatures to take flight in winter.

Often, from the corner of her eye, an imagining would start, that they were butterflies, but their still-ness, the gentle surety of a wing-less stroke, the absolute trust in fate would reassure her, and, her hunter-heart stilled, she would often sit, calmly, in a rising-tide, a dark and static figure of immense density, in among this drifting force of seed-flight.

While she would not rise to combat a Butterfly, a helpless-hunter weight would descend on her mind, and, eyes half-closed in the cold-blood drowse, she would watch,

clutched, occasionally, in a twitch of a tail, an unnoticed extension & retraction of claw, as she watched an unwary winged-soul, with its minutiae of dragon-like scales and soft-fur body, sway over the fence and into her Field of Vision.

Cats, I am afraid, are creatures of Defined Territories, and, though fascinated by Creatures of Flight, haplessly meandering into their Field of Concentration—and even though they hunt hard in their corridors and labyrinths and watching a Floating creature when one does not Float, can be grievous to the soul. She often, in the circumstance would close her eyes and her tail would flop aimlessly.

A butterfly, once, had landed on her body—perhaps a fierce warrior of the Field and sky and her attention, at once captured, bore down upon this point, as if her infinite dark density, on this Lightness, would piece through it and into Herself. As if the immeasurable lightness of the creature would Give-Way under the dark brush-stroke of her stare. When the creature merely lifted off, and Left, with a flutter and a glide was gone.

!

She thought, stupefied.

And closed her eyes again, to think of the maze, with a weary purpose, for she knew it was necessary, through at this point, her coat, black as soot, or silk, was imbued more with the flat dusty coal-black of a tunnel, or the

slick softness of a moist passage she had read her way to once, and would again, if only to chart it, to mark it, to collect all the dark tunnels and ways of the world to herself, to know them, with the intimacy of a dirty coat, of slime under her nails, her essence half-tunnel, half-panther, half-hunter, half-circuitous route, imbued with what she sought, interred and reborn with a lung-full of dust and a further dark-ness of eye that could protect her from once-again, or never-before, or should-not, or cannot.

From the many enemies of darkness.

...

Mrs. Mouse, when she had a question, would climb up over the wall to the left, through the flowers, until at the top.

On the other side,—which is to say, the next room over, was the place of the butterfly king, and there were no walls, or roofs, but merely a garden of flowers, such as you have never seen, blooms of this and that, far forgotten or never-known by anyone else that were not Tended by a gardener in any special way, but merely Propagated in the way that Butterflies Propagate, in the Lightest & Dearest of Senses, by merely meandering & visiting & landing here and there, in solitary flights or little dancing & laughing groups.

Most often, the Butterfly King was not there, or could not be found, for he had many Important & Obscure duties,

although they did not seem to bother him.

But when he was there, he would sit upon a flower, and liling in a breeze perhaps, or in a ray of sun or cloud of obscure & minty flower-scented air, and seemed to hear you & also something far away at the same time, and without knowing all the answers—or any, perhaps—yet still, you would go away feeling fine, as if the answers did not matter so much as you thought.

And you might whistle a tune, perhaps, knowing that a tiny little garden with a flower king, who had no one to administer but butterflies, and no one to curate but blooms which had no need of tending, which merely flourished in a pervasive grace in a tiny garden where everything always Went Right, where there were no troubles that had any Bearing on life's Real Pursuits.

And you could go there sometimes, by knocking on a door, or climbing over the wall, and sit peacefully among the blooms—a place where winter would never come, where the air was filled with laughing sounds of butterflies & the colours of each new young wing, and that was all.

Where winter *must* come, but where you were certain it never could.

And I am sure in my heart that it never will.

...

There were Roses of many descriptions, although she was also fond of _____.

So there were some of those as well. And _____ and _____, as she liked to have things that were pretty & made her heart lift about her.

...

“My Dear Friend!” Said the Panther from her branches over the walls to the Butterfly King, two Gardens Over, standing easily on a silently bobbing flower, as it wove in the breeze on the top of the wall, and he gazed out to the Beyond.

The Butterfly King turned & smiled, and bowed his little head to his friend. He waved cheerfully from his perch.

“What do you think!” Called the Panther.

The sky was filled with fireworks.

“I should like some fireworks in my own garden!” He called to the Large Black Creature on her branch. “Yes,” he finished, more quietly to himself, “I should like some fireworks in my own garden very much.” He chuckled a bit, which is hard for a butterfly to do, but he managed by distending his belly. It was a rare gift, to chuckle as a butterfly, but he did it all the time, with little thought or effort, quite naturally.

...

“My Dear Friend,” said the Panther. “I shouldn’t mind a bit of quiet once in a while!” She had to yell a bit over the fireworks, but she said it with a smile, and I am not sure she meant it.

He laughed and began:

“My Dear Rather Jaunty—”

But that was interrupted.

“—Just one night this week!” She said exasperated.

“My Dear R—”

But was interrupted again, by a beautiful explosion, the largest yet, from the park, and he trailed off, forgetful.

...

Whiskers paused, before knocking on the white and spotless door. He examined a box, sitting, clearly just delivered. It was very small, as most butterfly deliveries are, and barely noticeable.

But still, he could make out “Fireworks” scrawled on the side.

He knocked.

Rather abruptly the door opened a crack, and a Black

Butterfly appeared, very large, fluttering and landing on the outside of the doorknob. It seemed *impossible* that she had opened the door, but she had, it seemed. She was wearing odd glasses, and her wings were large, beautiful and black, both shiny and impossibly dark.

He could not see in, as everything behind the door seemed obscured.

“Package for me?”

“Yes, possibly,” she said, disappearing, with a flutter, reappearing in some minutes walking on the floor, dragging heavily behind her the weight of the end of a long, light yellow velvet, ribbon, which in the sheen of light at that particular time of morning made it almost White: “Mr. W?” She asked, and nodding Whiskers carefully and delicately took the end, because behind the door he knew it was attached to a small package, wrapped in old crumpled brown paper. He pulled it out. As he examined it, she commented: “Ah, yes, its very large.” She said, as if it was quite an unfortunate occurrence. When she moved he could not see her wings, as they blurred over the white behind her, like the flutter of pages of a book, or like something that cannot be Seen.

He did not comment, but instead smiled in a very charming manner, and upon Receipt of the Package made a very well executed, yet oddly antiquated, bow, with his body, as he tied the ribbon.

She was about to close the door, when Whiskers men-

tioned: "I think your Fireworks have arrived."

She looked down, her eyes landed on the box.

"I see." Said the Butterfly.

And she disappeared at once inside, though she did not touch the fireworks, but instead left the box outside, and the door closed silently, with a waft of the most delicious roses & lilacs & lavender & strawberry flowers & sunshine & fresh-after-the-rain and cut grass & a thousand other honeyed-bloom and exotic wild scents as you have ever smelled, wild as the desert, wild as the jungle, wild as the field near your house. Most odd, as it was almost winter, and everything was brown and frosted and wilted and dying outside. There was no window in the hallway to check, it was a bright white rectangle of lights and doorways, that attached to other hallways, which all had lights and doorways, with doors all closed, that had to be knocked upon, all with numbers and letters and names, and titles, and had the smell of silence and paper, with a hint of pencil lead and glue, and the faintest tinge of mouldering books.

The scent of wild flowers was odd and beautiful, left in the small space like an invisible pool of vibrant colours in the white.

Whiskers took a deep breath, very deep, and with the package, just the size of a small book, tucked under his arm, turned on his heel, and left, hearing as he did, a wild chatter of butterfly laughter & squeals of delight from a

hundred voices behind the door. He smiled.

...

It was a very large laugh, quite large enough to fill a room, although he himself was quite petite.

...

One should always wish for a garden like that, once one had seen it once, it would never quite leave one's mind, but instead always be there, as if the flowers & butterflies had quite colonized one's own mind, and no matter the dark, and damp & cold places that were created by subsequent renovations inside one's head, that garden, in a small room, would remain, and when one was very tired, one could go there, and sit calmly, and think of the butterflies as they would flit here and there, in bright colours and with cheerful laughs inevitable when hundreds of young brave hearts fill a room, and one could feel the breezes, almost, from beyond, the light & gentle promises of summer fields, with the sun-warmed hay smell & the colour in the air, like sunbeams in a gentle dust, rising softly like a glow of gold that was merely the magic of a beautiful summer morning, and a gentle buzzing, quite distant, of one bee, here or there, or two, or three perhaps, busy with pollinations, in their warm woolen vests, always so smart & gentle, little humming wanderers, stumbling busily from flower to flower in their oblique air paths & secretly known trails, seeming to wander but never making mistakes, as if the wandering itself is necessary, as if the straight line was Out of Place,

as indeed, it was, in this garden of flight, where one was constantly circumnavigating flowers with one's ideas in tow, until one became quite tired of being a large straight line, very heavy, in a garden of flowers each with their own scent & colour, and one's darkness & rigidity melted away, and the Line within one became lightness itself, like a rising gray, a flying filament, a single graying hair upon the breeze, a spider-line, softly reaching up & out on a breeze, full of the curves with which lines fly, and then the point, would curve down, and, shrinking with gentleness, like upon a flower with a softness of eye and a gentleness that is quite the lightness of love, and, for a moment, one is a butterfly among the blooms, flitting here and there, as light as a feather, as light as a pollen on the breeze, as light as one could ever hope to be, flying on a happiness which is not fierce, but instead filled with colour, like fuchsia petals; or sun-behind the leaves; or dew-drop in the fold of a morning crocus; so light one does not even bend the flower hairs!; or a fingertip on an orange lilly following its graceless happiness in a path to the sky; and one's heart is melted for a moment, and flickers, and beats, and is not a hard little house with a roof and walls, but a little garden, with spreading vines and long, dangling, bobbing blooms and mosses soft to lie upon, and indeed, there are places such as the garden of the butterfly king, which one's mind holds in case one needs them, where time will wait beyond the wall, unable to enter, and softly you will like down, shrunken to the size of a butterfly among the blooms, and you will be made to smile.

Selected Annotated Imaginary Bibliography

Artist Unknown, possibly Lizzard-Monk referred to as "Friend". *Box With Lid*. Date of creation: unknown. Object.

Contains the highly improbable. Small box, with lid. Contains many imaginary objects. Also supposedly contains "friendship."

Author Unknown. *The Book of Shadows*. "Stairs 1-4." Date of creation: uncertain. Print.

Book with Seven Stairs, or perhaps Four, of which not much is known, other than that it is large enough to enter, and the first stair is made of obsidian.

Author/Architect Unknown. *In The Shape of a Tiny House*. Date of Creation: unknown. Architecture/Print.

Book with built-in chair for reading of each chapter, so that at the end of each one had had twelve short naps. Subject: poems on breezes.

Author unknown. *The Cloud-Watcher's Society Journal*. "An amateur's guide to the clouds of spring." Date of Creation: quarterly. Print.

A short article on the interpretation of cloud forms, likely containing images of clouds of history, and philosophical interpretations of these.

Author Unknown, but a Hedgehog, certainly. *The Adventures of the Wild H.H.* Date of Creation: Recent. Print.

A short novella of a fictionalized account of a hedgehog who left a steady-track life to live wild in the hills, and did not often return.

Author Unknown, but likely a Hedgehog. *A Dark Book.* Date of Creation: unknown. Print.

Black book, found sometime at a Hedgehog Picnic, dislodging one from belief in comfort & belonging, and causes them to doubt, and have adventures.

Bird, Pirate of some kind. *Tiny Cup.* Date of Creation: last few years. Object.

A minuscule cup, large enough for a bird to have a drop of tea. Taken with said small bird, upon departure. Must be very light; material unknown.

Bird, Pirate of some kind. *Cookie.* Date of Creation: recent. Edible Object/Art.

Small cookie, likely crumb-sized, smelling of the Orient, brought by Bird Messenger, and shared with Goat. Orange scent, likely.

Bill, Butterfly. *House.* Date of Creation: summer. Flower.

A small house, made by tying the upturned petals of the flower together at the top. Large enough for only one butterfly, or three at the most.

Bill, Butterfly. *Triangle in the Roof*. Date of Creation: spring. Architectural Detail.

Triangle for triangulating out of the roof. Brass handle, carefully cut-out & painted red door, painted with a special formula of his of dried flower petal in cattail milk.

Bill, Butterfly. *Pipe*. Date of Creation: the last year or two. Object.

Minuscule pipe accompanied by remnants or almost unnoticeable pile of smoked rose petal dust, used by Butterfly Bill, and likely made of rose stem "wood."

Bill, Butterfly. *Tigerlilly Blanket*. Date of Creation: the summer. Object.

A blanket, made quickly of the petals of the tigerlilly, alleged to have belonged to the Butterfly, Bill. In permanent collection of Whiskers the Cat.

Bears, Bumble, all or many. *Secret Flower Gardens*. Date of Creation: ancient/endless. Landscape Architecture.

Filled with perfect scent & flowers, location known by Bumble Bears and Butterfly Bill. We are told it is in the "High Meadows," though this likely misleading.

Butterfly, unknown, friend of Bill. *Handwoven Sweater*. Date of Creation: last year or two. Object.

Sweater, woven by hand, from dandelion fuzz, and the underbelly hairs of the mountain crocus, worn by Bill. Made by his friend.

Bob, Beaver. *His Brain*. Date of Creation: ongoing.

Brain/Architecture/Code.

The brain of a Beaver named Bob, filled with hidden spaces never explored, and navigated only by Code that is difficult to decipher. Some navigate it better.

Bob, Beaver. *String of Triangles*. Date of Creation: fall. Fashion Object/Wearable Art.

An unfashionable necklace, quickly replaced by Moose with a string of spirals, never referred to again by anyone.

Coyote-Fox. *House*. Date of Creation: ongoing. Architecture.

A small house, generally of white exterior, wherein the fox/coyote, experiments architecturally with architecture, in an ongoing sort-of way.

Flower, Lotus The. *The Lotus Flower Palace*. Also: *The Massive Swan of Order*. Date of Creation: 800 years old. Performance Piece/Architectural Object/Self.

A lotus flower who sinks into the swamp at sunset and rises at sunrise. Inhabited occasionally by a small mosquito.

Flower, Lotus, The. *The Lotus Flower Palace*. "Giant Mechanism." Date of Creation: 800 years old. Architectural Detail.

The mechanism by which the lotus flower palace closes its/her petals every night. Possesses a silken smooth glide and absolute quietness.

Flower, Lotus, The. *The Lotus Flower Palace*. "Invisible

Tower.” Date of Creation: 800 years old. Architecture.
Invisible tower with silent bells, in the Lotus Flower Palace compound. Exact location imperceptible, but in which keepers of Dawn and night keep the Mechanism.

Goat, likely, or ancient oral tradition. “Story of Ráfusaf.”
The Adventures of Goat. Date of Creation: late summer.
Voice.

Herbalist lives in two-footed-hut in-between times, and tries to Master her Field, but masters heart of Wolf-Prince Séason instead. They live without fear of time.

Goat. *The Book of Grasses.* Date of creation: recent.
Print.

A book without either illustrations of text, in which the pages are made of different varieties of woven grass. In private collection of Goat.

Goat. *Drawings for Hedgehog’s House.* Date of creation: fall. Drawings on Paper.

A small set of drawings for the house of a hedgehog, made by Goat, the chimney of which, has a small, unwilling heart.

Goat. *House & Subterranean.* Date of Creation: last year.
Architecture.

A small woodsy house, with thatched roof, under which lies a subterranean library of seven levels, which contain all the books that Goat has ever read.

Goat. *House & Subterranean.* “Architectural Model.”
Date of Creation: spring. Architectural Model.

A small model of the House of Goat, and Moose. Sent to Moose for his perusal. Contains a bottle at the bottom, which opens, and represents the subterranean library.

Goat. *An Education*. Date of Creation: ongoing. Performance Piece.

A piece of performance art, which takes place over a total of twenty-four years, in which he accumulates books he must categorize.

Goat. *Suitcase, or "Amour Portable"*. Date of Creation: recent. Object/Performance Piece/Landscape Architecture.

Suitcase filled with found objects, and a minuscule portable garden. Occasionally Goat crawls in & sits to feel better about life. Occasionally we find it filled with love.

Goat, likely. *Tent/Villa*. Date of Creation: last few years. Object.

A small tent, referred to alternatively as the "Villa," which Goat finds to be as portable as architecture can be made to be, and is a Room to look out on New Vistas.

Goat, and Moose. *Letters*. Date of Creation: ongoing. Print.

Delivered by Hedgehog Post or Bird Pirate Messenger, consist of the ongoing documentation of a long friendship.

Jackalope, or possibly unknown creator. *Carbon Column*. Date of Creation: between summer and fall. Architectural Remnant.

A thin column made of the carbonized bamboo of the largest variety of bamboo in the world. Created as her house was destroyed, or stolen, or made to vanish.

Jackalope. *Mist-House*. Date of Creation: this season. Architecture.

Mist-cube dwelling on two stilt piloti, which has no apparent door or bell. Door Schedule: no known. Fenestration: none. Media: marble, carbonized bamboo, mist.

Jackalope, or possibly unknown maker. *Pens*. Date of Creation: uncertain. Objects.

Seven pens carried slung over the chest. Each draws in a different manner. One, for, example, forces a person to draw simply, containing only enough ink for three lines.

Jackalope, or possibly unknown maker. *Pens*. "Discipline & Justice." Date of Creation: uncertain. Single Object.

Pen within collection. Called "Discipline & Justice." Carbon, hexagonal profile, possibly possesses no soul. Ink of pulverized carbon, obsidian, black ocher.

King, The Butterfly. *Garden*. Date of Creation: Ongoing. Landscape Architecture.

A small room without a roof, filled with flowers of every description, and butterflies innumerable, where winter may never come.

Lizzard-Monks, one or many. *Cloud Cookies*. Date of Creation: recent. Edible Objects/Art Installation.

A small plate of cookies, white, served on an ancient platter, to the cloud-watchers on the steps of the Cloud

Watcher's Society Lounge.

Lizzard-Monk, unknown. *Cloud Cookie Plate*. Date of Creation: ancient. Object.

Alabaster and ebony plate, for the carrying of the sacred cloud cookies. As a sacred plate, it may never be empty.

Lizzard-Monks, or unknown. *Cloud-Watchers Society Lounge*. Date of Creation: ancient. Architecture.

Ancient building, which moans, and occasionally is filled with mist. Has a swamp in a hole at the bottom, and a hole at the top for the watching of clouds.

Lizzard-Monks, or unknown. *Cloud-Watchers Society Lounge*. "Cloud Engravings on the Dome." Date of Creation: ancient/recent. Architectural Detail.

Carvings in the Dome of the Society Lounge. Various clouds, in famous formations, with calibrations, calligraphies, and quotations. Process ongoing.

Lizzard-Monks. *Headdress/Mask*. Date of Creation: recent. Objects.

Made of trophy-like tall grasses in traditional manner, and worn by the Lizzard-Monks, since time immemorial.

Lizzard-Monk, possibly, or architect unknown. *Fire-fly apartments*. Date of Creation: ancient. Architectural Refurbishment.

Retrofitted homes for fireflies, in side of Dome of the Cloud Watchers Society Lounge, likely mounted as a

series of vertical apartments, nearly invisibly detailed.

Moose. "The Jackalope's House, with all Yellow Buttons to the Right." Private Collection of Moose, located in the Swamp. Date of creation: recent. Motion-Picture Device Imprint.

Photographic imprint of the house of the Jackalope, in a very particular warm mood, with all the mood buttons to the right. Taken to remind him of being there.

Mosquito, Unknown. *Rule Books, The*. Date of Creation: unknown. Print.

Set of books, origin unknown, referred to by Mosquito-xote, not likely written by him, though they are held in his possession. They are never deviated from.

Mosquito, Unknown. *The Code*. Date of Creation: ancient. Print.

A small code, possibly only one copy, in possession of Mosquito-xote, "The Code Master." Often referred to by him, and enforced by him, also.

Mouse, Mrs. *Her Coat*. Date of creation: recent. Object.

A very large coat for a very small mouse, which folds out, and contains the answers to a lot of questions. Generally worn buttoned.

Panther, R.J.V. *Library*. Date of Creation: ongoing. Collection of Objects.

Kept tied to the tree in her yard, though some volumes stored by her desk in rows, or underground. Books strapped to each other in series of often 50 volumes.

On Architecture
or
In Defense of Goat,
and other Muse-ings

WHAT FOLLOWS IS AN ESSAY NOT MEANT TO ALARM YOU, DEAR FRIENDS, BUT INSTEAD MERELY A SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS DISCUSSIONS, THE PURPOSE OF WHICH IS TO MAKE US ALL FEEL EXTREMELY CHEERFUL ABOUT THE FUTURE PROSPECTS OF OUR PROFESSION.

In it I will speak of Goats¹.

Now, I told you I would discuss architecture—I wrote it in the title—but, you gullible creature *I have lied to you*, for I really want to discuss Goats, first, and architecture, well perhaps not at all.

Now—you are quite enraged I am sure—for here we are to have a discussion On Architecture and I persist in merely discussing Goats in a most impenetrable & irritat-

1 Which is to say, as the architect John Ruskin wrote of metaphorically of cloud formations in *The Storm-Cloud of the Nineteenth Century*, I will write of Goats or all Talking Animals and other misfortunately *anima*-ted phenomena (and other things *out of fashion* in our profession). [And I must ask you to bear with me as I animate my argument, somewhat slowly.]

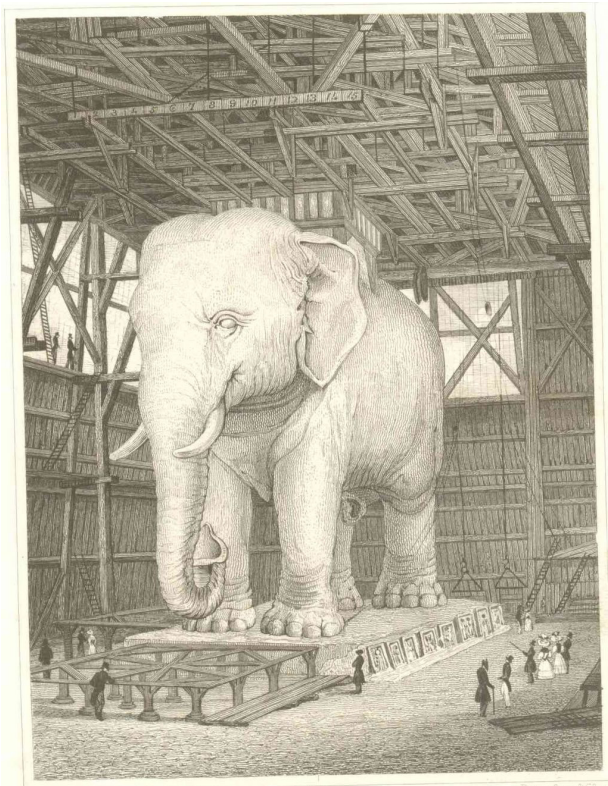
ing fashion as if I am Flippant or Dull-Witted or Out For a pic-nic or some other silly thing on a Working Day—a Monday perhaps.

And you, busy & important creature as you are, are Having Your Time Wasted but you are exceedingly patient and altogether too polite to interrupt or perhaps you are forced to listen to me because of some irritating compulsion of friendship or curiosity, or you merely can't think of a good excuse, or are already too bored to bother, and are merely daydreaming your way through—but I shall rather ruthlessly take advantage of you, and continue on.

Now, what is a “Goat,” you might ask (impatiently, and in some attempt to be polite, but already too bored to even listen to the answer). And I shall answer: “My *Dear Friend*. Of course a “Goat” is that cheerful discussion we had the other day which persists in your head and satisfies & reassures you in the most alarming fashion. *That is what I mean when I say a Goat.*”^{2 3} Those rather odd

2 White Goats, such as the one I refer to, are not at all the same as White Elephants which used to be sent to financially ruin persons of the court, through upkeep, as a King's Gift cannot be politely given back, or away. This worked quite well, but goats are not the same as elephants, and I am not trying to ruin you, and anyway I am not a King of anything, merely a Student in the School of Architecture. I have shown a White Elephant, which is a 1:1 architectural model commissioned by Napoleon for *La Place de la Bastille*, to the right, as an illustration.

3 And I do not mean a sort of Trojan Horse, with which



J. Nash del.

A. Duffin sculp.

Forster Scam & Co. sc.

MODÈLE DE L'ÉLÉPHANT DE LA PLACE DE LA BASTILLE.

Lesdits Modèles dessinés par M. Dufrenoy, Sculpteur, sous le patronage de M. de La Bastille, le 15 Mars 1793.

creatures with long ears and hopeless noses & quizzical eyes that, with their tiny sharp hooves, climb up in houses & buildings & trees & out of fences and into all other sorts of places where we are convinced they simply *don't belong*.

And what is the meaning of including Goats or Cats⁴ & other small, Generally Wordless⁵ creatures in discussions, you might wonder.

But I believe that things which have no words, or which

one civilization was infamously infiltrated to their eventual murder and dissipation. I merely mean a Goat.

4 This may be a reference to *The Master and the Margarita*, in which Mikhail Bulgakov employs a cat (most alarmingly) to tramp about in boots of all things, *as a main character*, if you can imagine, and further in some obscure way his narrative, I do not know how.

5 And this perhaps is a reference to the designer Bruno Munari's *Libro Illegibile*, which is a very small book the size of one's palm which has *no words at all*, if you can imagine—and does indeed, when one opens it up, look very nearly much like a butterfly, on the palm of one's hand—and *what is the point* of such a book one might wonder, except it is so pretty, and such a cheerful delight to hold that one scarcely *thinks* at all, which is not to say that a Book is a Butterfly, but rather I imagine them (books, I mean) to be creatures, for reasons I will explain later, on pg. 268, or thereabouts—although please don't skip about, as I find it distracting and it muddles my argument.



Speak obliquely, are still communicating something.

Though *particularly* in discussions that are supposed to be serious, such as those about architecture, for example, you will tell me they have no place in discussion. Why, animals are not Architects. They are simply *not*, you might say, and here I will disagree with you, and tell you that animals sometimes participate the Professions.⁶ As astronauts, perhaps, or as architects—indeed, you disbelieve me, but although it is not *common*, I will tell you that you are mistaken in your belief, and that there are, here and there, some animals which are Professional.

You will tell me as proof of your argument, that in discussions animals merely sit there like butterflies on a flower, and have nothing to say nothing at all, but merely look *pretty*—why butterflies and other animals have as little to say in discussion as flowers do⁷. Such creatures as these

6 As astronauts, for example, you will clearly see here a photograph of a Russian astronaut who happened to be a dog; and so there you have it—sometimes animals are the courageous or misfortunate tips of our society, like exploratory fingers of thought, that are forced to go where others cannot YET go, sort of Sent into Space, as it were. You will notice the animal's expression here, and though it is perhaps a bit flippant and relaxed, perhaps *blasé*, even, we must consider that this was a press photo, and one does not casually reveal one's private fears to the press.

7 Here I am specifically, of course, mentioning talking flowers to cause *The Little Prince's* main love interest to



are generally wordless, but not always so, I feel I should mention I often understand them quite well, although *talking* flowers have little to do with architecture, generally, I must admit—though they may interfere ingratiatingly in one's *love* affairs here and there, in a jealous & high-handed manner, in the way flowers have, of not staying put in fields, but rather traveling about in groups of twelve at the most importune of times, and also in drawings⁸, in memoirs, on tables & rooftops, and everywhere that is *supposed* to be serious *in the middle* of a discussion. So perhaps flowers have something to do with love, talking flowers have something to do with the imagination, but what do love and the imagination have to do with architecture, certainly when we look at a building, it is mainly stones or bricks or glass, and has nearly nothing of love or imagination in terms of inner structure, which must surely be concrete or steel, or perhaps pine wood, at the least.

And it is not just the flowers which continue to grow wherever they please, though I will say in all fairness, spring into the Winter Fogginess of your Heart, which doubts whether flowers can talk at all, let alone *be relevant*. For most of what his Rose says is quite ridiculous, although, of course, he *loves* her, so we must forgive his remaining friends with her, even if *objectively* we think it must be impractical to love a flower.

8 And here, I am referring to the architect John Ruskin's *The Poetics of Architecture*, in which he is on a sketching field-trip, and often draws flowers which have been situated in a *façade*, often right in the middle, quite stylized, but still—flowers.



that some species are more invasive than others, but also swamps, in sort of odd-boggy moments, will install anywhere they please, including in people's architecture,⁹ and then, from there, will spread outwards or inwards, inevitably, into peoples *minds*. Now this may perhaps initially seem a quiet and obscure discussion, (Swamps generally have very little to say, in that sense, in discussions on architecture, and tend to stay quite silent) but if they have very little to say, does it follow therefore that they can't say anything?

If they look upon our discussion disapprovingly, or mockingly, for example, or installing themselves in discussions on architecture, or in architecture itself, without discretion, are they not saying something, even without speaking?¹⁰

I am not sure it matters, indeed, how Plants, especially

9 Clearly here, I am thinking most definitely of *The Mediated Motion*, an installed swampy-sort of thing (look at this picture) which languishes and sits swampily all over Peter Zumthor's architecture, as aided & abetted by animated [building] phenomena enthusiasts Olafur Eliasson & Günther Vogt. What is the purpose could be of such an installation, among a perfectly good architecture, is beyond my own simple rather goat-ish understanding.

10 In Aristotle's treatise *On the Soul*, he discusses precisely this point, saying: yes, plants have souls though not as good as ours, or something like that. I imagine if he thought they had souls they might have something to say in discussions.

swampy ones, inhabit our architectures. And indeed, in any case, it is a bit far-fetched, I am told, to imagine a swamp inside an architecture, because indeed, often enough, when I have mentioned it, I have been looked at oddly by persons—which is to say out of the side of one's eye, as if I cannot be seen properly *straight on*.

The question of whether swamps are participating in discussions merely by being onlookers, or participating in architecture merely by being inhabitants, is a moot point for many persons.

And one may not discuss with impunity the conversational abilities of swamp-fronds, or the qualities of the souls of swamps either, nor, what naturally follows from that: which kinds of architecture they are fond of discussing, without expecting some kind of repercussion.

For in life one may not generally love plants & flowers *as persons*, or live in them *as architecture*, without being looked at extremely oddly and considered *strange*, or, perhaps more kindly, as *eccentric*.

And so we have settled the fact that, as far as propositions go: whether flowers can be the love of your life; Hedgehogs the clients of your architecture; or whether swamp-fronds possess a soul of any kind, even a small one; are as preposterous as propositions can possibly be, and are as ridiculous as questions as to whether one can

inhabit flowers¹¹, or nuts¹², for another example, which one would have to be very impossibly small to do—or whales¹³ for that matter, which would be quite suffocat-

11 *Thumbelina* inhabited flowers. But I mention her only to say that we must not pay attention, however, as it is strictly an ancient Fairytale about a highly improbable series of events including a miniaturization of personhood, and the idea that one can fly about in the sky on birds and live in flowers, is strictly ridiculous, although, perhaps if we were shrunken & made very small. . . but no, it is preposterous.

12 I remember precisely a story where a white cat—and I should say I refer here to *The Blue Fairy Book's* version of “The White Cat,” of course—put a dog inside a walnut shell. You can imagine how improbably small such a creature might have been! For safe keeping but you need not be alarmed, for the dog emerged again, quite unscathed. But we arrive at the end of the story to find that the cat is really a *person*, and quite a beautiful one at that—I was quite shocked myself at this personification, at this literary device; at this proposition of animals as people, for it is always preposterous, even when it is amusing.

13 You will think I am alluding to *The Bible*, and Jonah's story of being swallowed by a whale before being Regurgitated, but I am not (please see next footnote for further discussion). And neither am I trying to imply that animal-architecture, or whale-architectures are part of culturally important stories such as *The Bible*, and that therefore they should be included in architectural stories as well—because this story has no white whales—and





ing, whether or not one likes to inhabit whales^{14 15} or not anyway, Jonah's story is a spiritual and metaphoric one, and he learns nothing of academic interest. Please refer to following footnote for further discussion.

14 So you will then think I am referring to Gippetto, with his little conscience Jimminy, who is a cricket, ostensibly, though I might have chosen another animation, a mosquito perhaps, and of their being swallowed by a Whale. Once *Pinocchio* joins his friends they have a fire inside this space of all things, and are sneezed out to begin their lives anew (please see next footnote, for yet further discussion). But this is a children's story, and if we have not learned this lesson of childhood by adulthood there is no reason to further refer to it, so I will not.

15 And at last we get to what I really mean, which is to refer to a White Whale, in a story by the author Herman Melville, which is to say *The Chase! The Anomaly! The Fugitive!* whale, or *the thing beyond* other things, the thing which May Not Really Be. Which is to say, an idea which takes our leg, and then, in the end, all of us, and must be resisted. But I think this could have been accomplished differently than with using a White Whale as a "McGuffin," or desired object. Really, I think this proves animals can be in serious stories, but only really as *villains*. For the story does not end well, I assure you, which is always the trouble with including animals in *serious* stories. But in the story, through we are following a whale, no-one pays attention to the whale's path; the story of the whale Himself, who becomes a mere Object, and never attains place as Subject, or Story-teller. Perhaps if we had heard his side, we may have learned a wise lesson earlier. Which may have been what Melville meant

(or elephants, white or otherwise), or whether one can inhabit snakes¹⁶ or crocodiles, as I have mentioned some people enjoy imagining, and make a sort of crocodile-architecture—either to make or take any of these things into architecture is all strictly farcical and utter nonsense,¹⁷ and taken together are as pathetic a fallacy as by killing so many whales throughout, to elongate the story, and never reach its *point*.

16 Look at this drawing, from *The Little Prince*, of this extremely awkward style of architecture, quite obviously preposterously uncomfortable, which looks like a “hat,” but when one looks closely it is an elephant inside a boa constrictor, which is to say—a snake. And that is more a story about the imagination than a story about architecture, so I feel we must exclude it from our discussion. It is not even political, and can hardly be construed as *serious*, but merely a popular quasi-children’s genre-less story that is merely one of the most best-selling books of all time. Obviously people believe that it has something to say, but as to whether it actually does or not is another thing.

17 You may see a sort of crocodile-architecture in this sense portrayed in Dostoyevsky’s “The Crocodile,” in which a man is swallowed by a crocodile and lives comfortably inside him, although it is mostly an sort of political satire, and utterly absurd. And I do not think Goat’s story touches on politics, although, as I have been told, everything [A] is political [B]: (A=B). If everything [A], is political [B], then architecture [C], being a part of everything [A], must also be political:

[If A=B, and A=C, therefore B=C].

ever there was.

And what is the purpose of including literary devices, within the boundaries of architecture discussions: why,

But if everything is political [if $A=B$], then everything else [E] is political too [if $E=A$, then $E=B$, because $A=B$]. Can every individual [E], or Goat [E], or you [E], or I [E], be concerned with the *whole city*, or as the Greeks had it, the *polis* [B]?:

[If $A=B$, $A=C$, $B=C$, and $E=A$ also, must $E=B$ therefore] ?

I think Goat[E]'s tale is mostly concerned with the Field of Architecture [C]: [E=C]. And there are no cities [B] in Fields of Architecture [C], as cities could hardly be in fields: [B≠C, therefore A does not equal anything, or A=nothing]. And so the argument is refuted, and thank goodness or before we knew it, we would all be the same thing and a Goat would be the same thing as an Architecture, and I would be a Goat. And that cannot be true. So now I am quite turned around and you will see I am quite a failure at propositional logic. And thank goodness for that, because my logic was not looking logical at all. We cannot be all in the same world. Why I have spent this whole essay talking about all our SEPARATE worlds of the imagination, and the whole point of stories is to clamber about between them. It seemed I was about to conclude there was no point to STORIES, my goodness, I have scared myself badly there. But have no fear, we will go on very steadily in my arguments from this low point.





it utterly stretches the boundaries of architecture, and blurs a clear definition at its edges,¹⁸ until it is all quite UNDEFINED.¹⁹

And once we are undefined, then there is room in the field for anything. So we MUST say that architecture is not generally SPOKEN OF by plants, or found on the INSIDE of flowers, NOR OF crocodiles or whales, either. And it is certainly not explored BY goats. For then we would be forced to admit that EVERYTHING is architecture, and the sky is our roof, and the grass is our floor, and then where shall we be as architects?²⁰

I am, indeed not certain, oftentimes, whether these sort

18 Perhaps here I mean the philosopher Immanuel Kant's idea of the *numena*, which is the thing as we perceive it, and the *phenomena*, which is the thing itself. Although Kant thought we never arrived at the thing itself, and it always remained blurry.

19 Perhaps I am using here Ferdinand de Saussure's idea of the *signifier*, which is to say, the word/story itself, and the *signified*, which is to say, the architecture. By saying that in stretching the story/discussion we are inadvertently stretching the subject/discussed.

20 Perhaps I am referring to the state of the world after the French Feminist Literary Theorists had their say in it, such as Hélène Cixous, in destabilizing the relationship of the *signifier* to the *signified*, in breaking the boundaries of the text, in breaking our understanding of the world, in our love of the text which consumes us, in her chapter: "Love of the Wolf," in *Stigmata: Escaping Texts*.

of nonsensical and ridiculous stretches of the imagination are strictly useful. Or at least not as anything other than an exercise for the imagination.

Perhaps I am merely mentioning these odd exceptions to make some room for myself, or several odd rooms, to wander through, to prove to you that I know some odd & interesting things about architecture to talk about. I am trying to animate my argument but it is gone quite the wrong way. I am trying to fill it with whales, but they will not enter in the story at all, flowers are difficult to speak of seriously, and as to the others. . . it is an hopeless business. Strictly speaking, although I have talked of talking animals, and animated arguments on animal architectures, not to mention trying to cause my argument to inhabit swamp-itectures, and have now animated the argument to a sufficient degree that it is quite perambulating in the wrong direction.²¹ Architecture is

21 In the fantastical Howl's Moving Castle by Hayao Miyazaki, a character's castle-house is portrayed as animated, and which *walks & flies*, of all things. As if castles had souls, and moved about. But this kind of animated-architecture story is merely an attempt to entertain a large quantity of people, and although it captures the imagination of thousands, it is hardly the kind of thing which sticks in one's mind and becomes ubiquitously located in one's soul and consequently one's architecture. One should not be trapped into desiring a castle which flies & walks about—it is a dangerous proposition to think of creating such a thing. And I consider the film to verge on architecturally-unethical, in encouraging such imaginatory thinking.



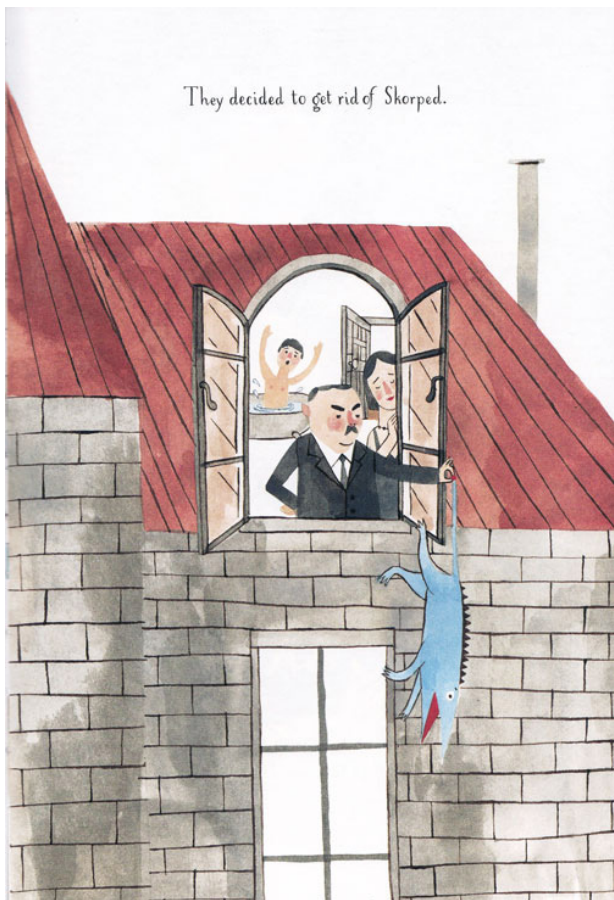
an attempt to keep bugs & swamps out, not to integrate them. One cannot live amongst crocodiles and swamp-fronds. That is ridiculous. And anyway. Architectures do not perambulate.²² They simply do not, and that is an end to it, you will say to me, and I must own, I have never seen one with my own eyes, but merely heard of one in a story, and seen one in a picture. Yes, I am quite certain such things could only exist in story-books.

And I don't know why they exist in books, but merely they do, and people like them.

So though buildings perambulate in stories, and arguments perambulate, and arguments may be made about architecture, buildings do not perambulate through reality in any significant fashion. And so we have determined it to be true, for we have not seen any with our own eyes. And neither do they often stand on two-legs; I am not

22 When I refer to perambulation, of course, I refer to movement, which implies animation, life and so on. One may see this in *The Walking City* by Archigram, which is simply an imaginatory drawing by an architect, and of no real use whatsoever, and conveys no plan to make anything of the kind, and is therefore possibly not architecture. Although a perambulating building, or "Walking City" has been imagined many times, as it is quite fun to imagine, it is of course, *impossible*, although in pictures such as Ron Herron's it does not often seem so unlikely. Imaginings might take you very far in that regard, but then leave you stranded quite lost really. So although it animates the argument, it walks it quite in the wrong direction.

They decided to get rid of Skorped.



sure if you have noticed.

Of course, there are always irregularities in scheme, and although highly improbable, two-legged²³ or four-legged or five-legged, or one-hundred legged²⁴ mist-houses²⁵, for example *do* occur. It is just that they are improbable, and thus infrequent. Not very many things are improbable, so when one finds even one improbable or unlikely thing, it is quite a small treasure, like a single star visible on a cloudy night, put there to remind us that there, beyond

23 The architect Terunobu Fujimori's *Too-High Tea House* is two-legged, but I should just like to point out, I have been told that not many people could desire to live in such an improbable structure, so really, I think we must only think of his "stateless folk" architecture as being at the periphery of the field of architecture, and thus only worth a short visit. And T.F. did not build a building until the age of forty, and neither shall I unless I Master Architecture, or convince someone that I have, before then.

24 In Newfoundland, a part of the world I have visited, houses move, but I am assured it is strictly under human power, where persons move them from place to place, and they do not move not on their own two feet. They are merely regular houses. It is the persons that make them move, likely through some collective or community act of the imagination and subsequent action.

25 And I have seen other pictures besides Goat's of Mist-Buildings. Such as Diller & Scofidio's *Blur Building*, although I have only seen pictures of *that* also, so who knows whether we can believe it. Pictures are not strictly reliable indications of reality.



the clouds, are other stars.

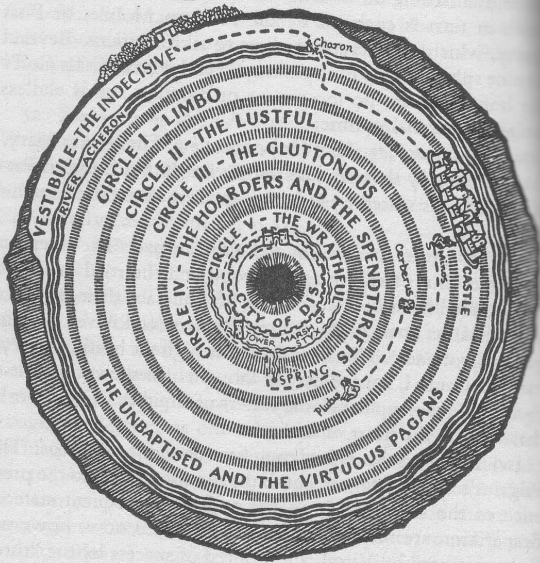
And, indeed, it is through the imagination that we are transported improbably, and in speaking of small holes such as in cloud-cover, for example, or keyholes, for another, or corridors which lead to other corridors,²⁶ or levels below other levels below yet other levels,²⁷ or indeed *cookies* that lead one from one place to another,²⁸ or cake which performs magical feats on one's mind

26 Indeed, in the poet Jesse Ball's novel *Samedi The Deafness*, it is just one corridor leading to another room leading to another room leading to other rooms with corridors in and out from those nearly without end—in quite a frightening way, one feels quite entrapped by it. Quite claustrophobic. Quite darkly led about in poetic tunnels and feelings in an Institutional Setting—it was certainly beautiful, but whether it *went* anywhere or was merely an *exercise in imagination*, in the way of a run around the block, I could not decide.

27 Dante's *Inferno*, of course, is what I am referring to, with this layered story structure, one level below another and so on, down and down, full of persons inhabiting it: but it is not architecture, of course, merely a tenuously inhabited story about a journey through place called hell, which can be read in a few quiet hours.

28 As indeed, Proust does in his cookie-eating scene in *À la recherche du temps perdu*, or *In Search of Lost Time*, why, he eats a cookie and is transported in his mind (obviously he had nothing better to do than eat & think, which I think often might be nice, and at other times rather too burdensome on one's mind), from that time to a previous time eating such a cookie, much in the

UPPER HELL



body²⁹ [same thing], that I am reminded that we might all enter the pages of a book, and be transported improbably through the imagination, through all these things fanciful and dangerous things, which lead us astray in lost little worlds of our own, through to lost little places located in other persons' minds: by which I mean lost in the worlds of *stories*, & in the minds of *others*. And quite unaware of time passing in a linear fashion in the world beyond, one slips through one hole of the imagination, and into another place. And we must watch ourselves, because:

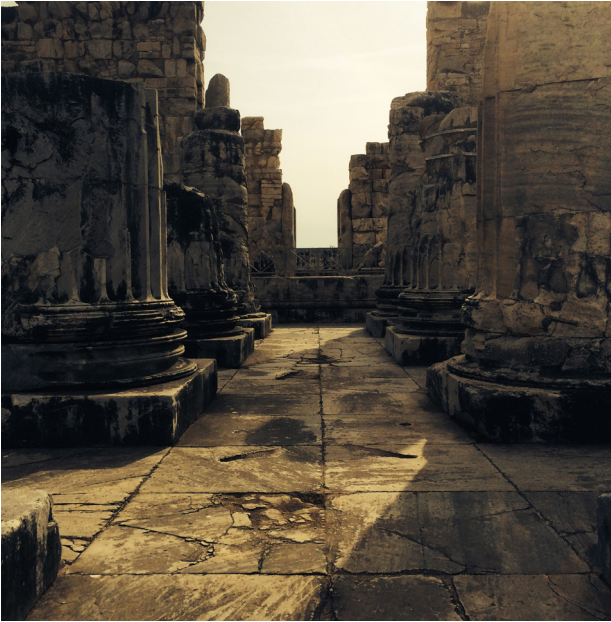
It is seductive! These doorways to other worlds,³⁰ one

way of a Time Machine, or other such science-fictional nonsense, although, of course, *cookies* are not *time machines*, and in reality cannot take us anywhere, except in our minds, especially our minds in stories.

29 Here, although cake generally puts one in a better *frame* within one's mind, I obviously mean, of course, Alice, that odd creature who quite transformed her physique in a grotesque & gargantuan way—in the way, indeed of *many* persons who consume rather too much cake.

30 And by seductive, of course, I am obviously referring to the speech of Satan, character in *Paradise Lost*, by the poet John Milton, of which here I have cited lines 242-270, in which the character is allowed to be extremely persuasive, and very cheerful: "The mind is its own place, and in it self/ Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n." The fallen angel is later proven wrong by the author's machinations, but and however, his little speech

Is this the Region, this the Soil, the Clime,
Said then the lost Arch-Angel, this the seat
That we must change for Heav'n, this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so, since he
Who now is Sovran can dispose and bid
What shall be right: fardest from him is best
Whom reason hath equald, force hath made supream
Above his equals. Farewel happy Fields
Where Joy for ever dwells: Hail horrors, hail
Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell
Receive thy new Possessor: One who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by Place or Time.
The mind is its own place, and in it self
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less then he
Whom Thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure, and in my choyce
To reign is worth ambition though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell, then serve in Heav'n.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
Th' associates and copartners of our loss
Lye thus astonisht on th' oblivious Pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy Mansion, or once more
With rallied Arms to try what may be yet
Regaind in Heav'n, or what more lost in Hell?



may step through with impunity into a quite magical world beyond. However, one must beware that in being a bit *beyond* ourselves, we may be open to being prey-ed upon. After all, this is not reality. There are new rules in these beyond-places. They are the INSIDES of OTHER PERSONS minds, after all. The rules of reality in such places are quite shifted.

It is in the uneasiness of this Beyond-Space, these places half-seen that one has not-yet got to, or has left-without-knowing-them that we are perhaps in danger—we feel a shadow pass over us, a shadow³¹ of unease. We wonder what it is, in our *own imaginary worlds*, that could prey upon us. Surely we would not being demons into such places. Unless we had some *purpose*.

Now, a shadow allows us to better see the sun, or a

is still worth a look, as his idea that we contain Heaven and Hell within each of our minds, and may inhabit them as we please within our own minds, is very idealistic. And very architectural, I might mention. Can we not build as we please in our own minds? Using only the materials of the imagination?

31 This shadow is perhaps better explained in Julia Kristeva's *Strangers to Ourselves*, in which she hypothesizes that this shadow we see in the strangeness outside ourselves is perhaps really Mr. Death, darling, there is no-way-around the darkness of such a word, and perhaps we shall just say "our fears." As death may be too dark for this story.



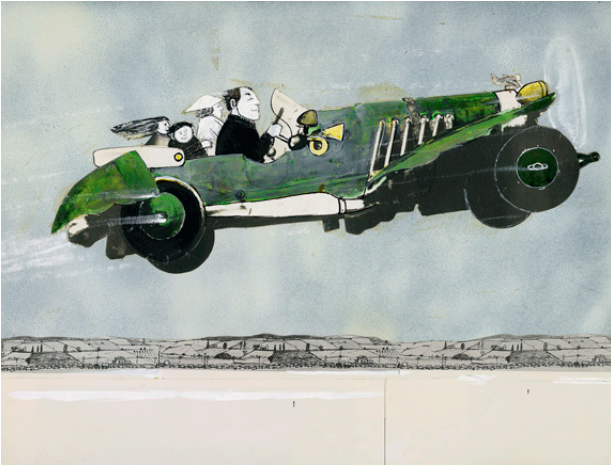
shadow of what has passed³², helps us to perceive what is gone³³. But it is in this uneasy moment within the shadows, this world-beyond ourselves that we glimpse something striking.³⁴ This is a difficult moment, this moment of unease, half-in, half-out of the shadow³⁵, or from the

32 As in the bright sun of the Grecian islands, the beloved disappears in Murakami's *Sputnik Sweetheart*, without explanation or recovery, and the protagonist is left with an unease & grief, and little else—as perhaps many of our beloved have disappeared, into a bright light, a place we can't see beyond.

33 An example of this is seen in the portraits by the illustrator Carson Ellis: full of nostalgia & oddity, there is a person here, juxtaposed with those things which are also gone almost as quickly as they are here: insects, flower blooms—objects which, when saved in a drawing or photograph, remind us that they are simply gone. That in their fragility, seen as an illustrator's impression, long after they are gone, we are reminded of their fragility, their preciousness.

34 As in Le Corbusier's sketchbooks *Le Voyage D'Orient*, made on his trip as a young architect, these sketches evoke the mystery, the fascination, the memory which lasts, of the land beyond. In such wanderings we take impressions, we collect something lasting, and bring something back from the world beyond ourselves.

35 As in the design of the meandering up-down-side-ways-and-then-underground path to the Oracle at *Claros/Κλάρος*, which I have been to, and is now immersed in a swamp, and only frogs now travel these ancient oracular paths, and we may follow them only



open-air, to an ante-chamber, into a meandering maze underground, lit with flashes of sun from above, where we do not quite know where we have got to: indeed, that is the whole point. Or, if you are not yet confused and vulnerable, by the path through the gloom stone-forest into the cleft that will lead you through the dark stone tunnel, into the bright sun of the courtyard beyond, from which you can-see yet not-see into the twin clefts beyond, from which you will hear a voice.³⁶

Indeed, you will think I am quite crazed, with this wan-

with our eyes, missing the entry into the hole in the floor, the passing from light into shadow, from ground plane to underground, from corridor to the next, winding to the unseen chamber, the priestess who will reveal the unknown to us. And, indeed, it is only from Stories that we know of such a place's existence, as it is now covered in a swamp which formed when the Sacred Spring was again allowed to flow freely, when the Ancient Greek civilization dissipated, and in the Story only we can really revisit it.

36 And I refer here, to the Oracle at Didim, of course, where in the darkness/light we will go up the stairs, and down the tunnel, and around the corner into the sacred space, and past a little temple to go up the stairs, to perhaps hear a voice, and perhaps soon know something more of our futures. I went there myself last winter, and this is my photograph, so you can see my photo-impression on the page here. I can hardly remember what the fuss was about, as there was hardly anything there. Tangible at least. Nothing tangible.

dering in mazes & this hearing of voices. But I mean the voice of the world-beyond ourselves, the story world, of the building we construct, we inhabit, speaking to us—or through us to someone else. The passageway, between ourselves and others, is what I am speaking of: the journey of the imagination.

But when we try to remember or record our travels & experiences, we do not record only the lightness. Often the voice speaks differently. We discover a great many things in the travels we experience throughout our life. And the voices we hear, our own voices, the voices of others, this cacophony of everything speaking at once, we find only one voice that matters. It is the voice that struggles to speak, but that must be heard. The voice of a story.

Perhaps it will be a voice of rapture.³⁷ Or the voice, perhaps of a loss.³⁸ Perhaps of a bitterness, which continues

37 It is in *The Philosophy of Rapture* in which the philosopher Catherine Clément describes this synoptic moment, which is often found in a fight with dizziness, and a bit of confusion, with sparkles in the eye, or by a faint, or if we are unlucky, a brief loss of consciousness, or—and here I will be a bit *risqué*—by the violence of an orgasm, or some other violent moment in an encounter with another human being.

38 As in *Hiroshima Mon Amour*, that the love gained in person is immediately lost & gained within, in a dizzying & disconcerting single day, from which ruin & rebuilding are the, if you will forgive me: “the fallout.”





to be carried like a little-darkness within us,³⁹ or perhaps we are lucky enough to descend into darkness in order to recuperate the brightness of hope, and light.⁴⁰ Let us hope all our paths will be so! For often our dangerous-journeys, fraught with the possibility of breakdown & pained by unease and the shadow of our doubts, whose flashes of darkness remind us of our losses or evoke our fears of future losses, may also be journeys into the light!⁴¹ Or through a shadowed-hallway to the sun beyond.

For journeys can also be playful. Yes, there are journeys of great playfulness, on which we set out for love.⁴² Jour-

39 As in *Eros the Bittersweet*, the poet Anne Carson explains the Ancient forms of Love, its names and morphologies, and its accompanying bitterness & sadness, its bright-light-shadow.

40 As in the Bear's plight in *The Great Paper Caper*, where he mistakenly and secretly chops down trees to make paper for a great paper-airplane competition, until the other forest creatures explain to him that he may use *recycled* paper, and he chooses this path of environmental stewardship & responsibility, to earn the respect of his fellow pro-active forest creatures, and belong to them as a friend. All creators of objects may learn from this Bear's journey, perhaps. Or at least enjoy the *pictures*.

41 As the writer-on-design Jun'ichirō Tanizaki mentions in his *In Praise of Shadows*, in which he theorizes we really need shadows in order that our eyes may be more awed by *light*.

42 Such as the great, at the beginning fearful & improb-







neys which, though they are for love, have little chance of succeeding; it is only thus, for love, that we would ever set out.⁴³ It is an initial oddity, at the beginning of the story, a difficulty, which we remember in contrast to the ending. It is the odd details,⁴⁴ which capture us—it is these oddities which are a little dance,⁴⁵ a little devia-able journey of the inventor Caractacus Potts, and his children & life-companion in *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang*, in which he begins as a failing father-and-husband-character, but then he builds them a car which can take them where no car has gone before!

43 You will immediately think, as I do, here, of the famous director Herzog's little book *Walking In Ice*, and of his harrowing trip, taken impromptu, as he feels necessary, in poorly fitting boots, to save his friend, across ice & through the landscapes of winter, to where she lies sick & unable to tell more film-stories. It is a poetic journey, as he can hardly be expected to save her. But nevertheless it is nice that he made it, and a book to tell us about it, or rather a *journal* of his adventures.

44 The initial triangles & triangulations and the possibility of science-fiction throw the reader into doubts at the beginning of César Aira's *The Literary Conference*, though the protagonist, in the end, is merely at a literary conference.

45 And here you will see *Michael Jackson*, who was not an intellectual, but however a dancer, in a position quite *odd indeed* and you will wonder why I have included his black shoes & shiny sequin socks, as perhaps it seems an odd & ill-placed Detail, as we are supposed to be talking about Architecture, but then I will remind you of the dance he did call the *Moonwalk*, and I will tell you that



tion, a particular movement among a whole flow, which are like mini-journeys, journeys of play & laughter in the soul, which may change one's world quite considerably after having experienced them—or the mood of our *mind* at least.⁴⁶

It is a difficult thing, to balance all these great voices, the light and cheerful ones with the darkest ones, but we often focus on the smallest things, and find they matter most.

Yes, it is in these little details, like seeing a little mouse⁴⁷,

such a small thing, which only lasts for ten seconds, is as compelling a feature as any other, and maybe one of the most recognized things about a person: such a small thing might come to represent an entire man, and so, you will see, it is quite a detail worth getting off-track for.

46 Like Munari's treatise on Forks, or specifically *Forchette Parlanti*, Talking Forks, I will mention, for example—forks, you will agree, are delightful creatures. One is forever putting them in one's mouth, stuck in a cucumber perhaps, or run-through with sinuous pastas covered in black squid-ink sauces, or under the moment-forces of a morsel of Apple Pie. Generally uncomplaining, forks bear all sorts of burdens, and nearly never show frustration being drowned by accident in chicken broth, or a horror of being used in poor-etiquette, but Munari, cleverly, has caught these reticent creatures in some quite real and often surprisingly emotional postures.

47 As in *Goodnight Moon*, where one is constantly looking for the smallest thing on the page: the mouse. Hardly the most significant thing, when one thinks about it. But

A LITTLE road not made of man,
Enabled of the eye,
Accessible to thill of bee,
Or cart of butterfly.

If town it have, beyond itself,
'T is that I cannot say;
I only sigh,—no vehicle
Bears me along that way.



or a carved little star,⁴⁸ that one begins to understand the world.⁴⁹

It is also in little people, or in their ridiculousness, their vulnerable moment, or uneven-ness, which we truly begin to understand human character.⁵⁰ It is in their so dear a tiny thing one quite gives up on seriousness, if only while one flips the pages.

48 I must mention, for the Great Armchair sitters among us who despair that travels may also be made using no odd devices or *juissance* than may be required by opening a book, and I myself traveled by armchair to see Heidegger's House, or cottage rather, and remember quite clearly the detail pictured here, which has stuck with me quite clearly. It is in these odd details that one may often understand things better you see—for this shape, this design, carefully carved, on the top of *Heidegger's Well*, represented a great deal of his *ideas*, if you can imagine, if not his entire world-view. It is an architectural process, I believe, called *symbol-ization*.

49 The miniaturization, and the subsequent feeling of ownership that one gets over the world, seeing that there are things which can be made smaller than oneself, is talked about by the philosopher De Bachelard in *The Poetics of Space*.

50 An excellent example of this is Vladimir Nabokov's *Pnin*, in which a small and oddly-shaped university professor is revealed in all his peculiarities & strange-traitedness that we begin to love him, through-indeed he seems ill-fitted for the world, quite often. We love him, indeed, because he has *character*, and is a white rabbit, if you will excuse the term, worth pursuing into the



baldness, their irascibility, their irritability, their ridiculousness and mis-formed pride that is of interest. Their peculiar way of dancing, and stepping on everyone's feet, the details in their dress or awkward method of complimenting,⁵¹ in the irritation it raises in *ourselves*. In seeing our own traits, our vulnerabilities, our ridiculousnesses, taken to great lengths & heights that we see ourselves as if under a microscope.⁵² (Wanting one thing to be another does not make it so, though recognizing "what is not" is an important step in the first direction⁵³). It is often Nabokov Rabbit Hole.

51 The author Jane Austen has created an admirable example of this in the story *Pride and Prejudice*, with the wealth-impressed and socially in-adept Mr. Collins, who is a true delight to *connoisseurs* of the art of awkwardness & humour. And it is in this character of Mr. Collins whose absurdity and ill-suitedness sets off the opposite traits in Mr. Darcy, who is the chosen suitor in the end. Humour here, is a happier alternative to a shadow, through a very bleak character of terror & evil would offset a character of Mr. Darcy's beauty as well—I suppose it is a matter of *genre*, or of *style*.

52 The film-maker Wes Anderson also does such a character-study in *The Darjeeling Limited*, where three ill-appointed and fault-ridden brothers are brought together on a spirit-adventure of great vulnerability & beauty & near-innocence, and the imperfection of the characters, their non-wholeness which brings them together, which is nearly, with the exception of their journey, the *entire story*.

53 You will think I am referring to the psychoanalyst Jacques Lacan and his "mirror stage" of self-identifica-



in the way one constructs one's outfit, in the way one adjusts one's hat, in the way one chooses one's boots and places one's cane in this spot or that one, that reveals other's character—and our own subsequent attraction or repulsion.

These characteristics, these details made large, are a test of our own character, a moment when we are allowed or *able* to glimpse our own character, or achieve a *greater sight* of our own world.

And also, I should say, an opportunity to understand our own idiosyncrasies, and faults, to see our shadows in others, and to overcome this great gulf between all of us—in short, an opportunity to *seize an opportunity* for friendship, or for understanding. Oddity is not a boundary, but rather an opportunity. It is in these dubious connections that one begins to piece together, to gather an understanding of entirety.

But in the mean time, perhaps, if we are in a remarkably fine mood, it is our chance for forgiveness⁵⁴—or peace, in which we define what we are by first understanding our negative: or what we are not. But I am not referring to this.

54 As in the scene from the film *The Big Lebowski*, where one can see a folgers-coffee-can here, in red, at the left, which contains the ash-remains of a friend. In such a moment, enough for a small hug perhaps, the directors, Joel and Ethan Coen, allow the viewer to possibly find comfort in this little piece of plot before the film moves on.



perhaps. A momentary peace is the greatest gift of all, I often think, and sometimes a small detail may give us this moment to rest upon it, to enjoy it, to pause.

...

Yes, what is it about these small things—perhaps what is small is light, faint, barely there. Almost without effort one may create in very little time, and may be constructed very cheerfully, and carried forward like a small poem one carries in one's mind, very lightly.⁵⁵

One can live in these lightnesses,⁵⁶ as one can live in the detail of an extravagant or absurdist character, lightly, for some time, laughing and delighting in this trait or that, and scoffing at each small action, coming away reassured and filled with pleasure, and with some sense

55 One such small gesture may be, for example, the architect Le Corbusier's *Cabanon*, a little hut which is a very common gesture, unsurprisingly, as it is often all an architect can afford—and yet, having all one can *afford* in a small space, can be very liberating, and lively—perhaps, that is why this man constructed it at the end of his life, when he had become wise in the way of architectures. It seems to be the kind of thing one constructs at bookends, or squished in the middle of one's shelf of life.

56 And I suppose I mean as Thoreau lived in one such little place for awhile, in a concept he had, of a hut with three stools, a clearing in the wood, a Bean-Field a s it were which he works, and spent his time writing down ideas or floating on his back in his boat in the pond, spinning and gazing at clouds.



of reinforcement, of power, at glimpsing these non-heroic traits, these little creatures⁵⁷ possess, which possess in turn our minds here and there,⁵⁸ in lost places, in small ways, which we perhaps deny in favour of more *serious* things, less *imaginary* things, less playful nothings that grip at us only in the quiet peaceful moments, when we dream, and we only allow ourselves to pay attention to more quantitative actions, more numbered through which matter more because they can be counted on and accounted, can be verified and checkmarked, are less likely to animate and perambulate, to have their own path, and so we deny these minuscule heroics, these dizzying thoughts these moments of nothingness between somethings—but are not the smallest of things the most heroic, even if their heroism goes unnoticed, as they merely stand the fact of their *being*,⁵⁹ in the face of

57 And when I say Creatures, of course, in the manner of this essay, I mean cheerful little animals, but perhaps also small little architectures like the *Tree Hotel*, by Tham & Videgård, which lives among mosses and trees playfully, and oddly, as if on a cheerful precipice. Between fiction & fantasy, perhaps, between this world and that, in an unlikely position half-way into the trees.

58 You will read the poem “A little road not made of man”, by the poet Emily Dickinson, and tell me if you see what I mean, about a tiny dreamy moment, that cannot really be quantified. Butterflies rarely have carts, that I have seen, or wheelbarrows; so you will see what I mean.

59 I am reminded of a scene in *The Truth About Marie*, by Jean-Phillipe Toussaint, a highly absurdist novel, in which a black race horse escapes in the night on an airport runway, and is chased, and refuses to be caught. It

something larger.⁶⁰ And what would it mean, to piece the details, all the sparks of knowledge, the little dazzlings here and there⁶¹, that one loves in the world, that one collects, puts in one place, all the things that one knows & hungers for more of, into one great object?⁶²

But perhaps, as I have been told, love does not matter is a moment of pure animal being, but by *animal*, I mean from *anima*, which is latin for *psyche*/ Ψυχή, in the Greek sense, or breath, my dear friend. The ghost I am speaking of is the *soul*. That force which infuses us, and though it is ephemeral and near-ungraspable, it holds our parts together. It is the bits in between the graspable.

60 As the Mr. Fox said so eloquently, in *The Fantastic Mr. Fox*, a film by Wes Anderson: “I don’t want to live in a hole anymore.” Perhaps he meant, that he wanted to be the *architect*, or prime mover, the engine, the chief builder of a new fate. Perhaps the entirety of his being rebelled against his landscape, and wanted *to create* another.

61 You will see here an illustration of fireflies which is to show you what I mean by small sparklings. I am sorry if it is not more clear, but such little sparks in the darkness, which describe something beyond the view, yet unseen, yet unexplored, are meant to entice, rather than to be explicated.

62 And perhaps here I mean something which represents the pieces, which is to say a Pantheon-like object, with bits of stone gathered by mind & body in different colours and patterns, from the far-reaches of the known world, and to piece them together into a giant domed building, which represents, or tries to anyway—*all* of something.

⁶³as much as other, more important things. For the list goes on, beyond what I have written, I am sorry to say, and if you are experiencing such things you will know you are beat-down, but certainly, to some people—certainly—there are a great many things which matter more than love/*philia*. I have simply tried hard not to focus on them, for otherwise I and my argument will decompose into: *-indifference-*
-forgetting
not-overcome-constraint
doubt-that-gives-over-to
-wretchedness
general feebleness
, difficult-ness
disgust &
-non-Understanding
(spelling errors)
irritability
over-seriousness
ingratiating-ness
-poor character
(malaise and impotency)
—fearfulness.
Fogginess . . .

hardly, when one sees the list, does one wish to have one's own character put upon it. And I do not.

63 I will not tell you who has told me, for it is such a frightening belief that we will leave it almost *out*. So this footnote is a shot blank, a *tabula rasa*, a white page, a nothingness which weakens my argument, as it tries to swim through such nothingness, but the white space must remain.

The list is important anyway, because there are whole swaths of such lists lying around, and if you do not stay quick on your feet and soft in your heart, you may end up in the midst of such a list. For to a great many persons, a great many understandings matter more than friendship, my dear friend, and they will tell you so, and go on an on for whole stories, but you must beware of them—it is a broad world, after all, very powerful and large and robust, and full of such nothingnesses,⁶⁴ and odds and ends that you must wade through that have no meaning, and it might crush your finer parts and little distinctions, and the animated parts of you, and make you do things consequently that you thought you would not: and someone will say to you—*you must—you should—you will listen*, and they will go on an on about the most draggy of things. Indeed, by the end of it, we have all listened to such stories, and perhaps spoken of them ourselves, I am sorry to say it, but there you have it. We have all said to some passing animation: your kind does not exist, and I cannot belong to it or I would not exist.

We are, none of us, perfect.

64 And by nothingness, I mean *nihilo*, or white paper-like fabric. For it is out of this white fabric that we must create *ex nihilo*. But merely by speaking of the nothingness, we are creating a sound, after all, and the sound begins to take on meaning: the meaning we give it with all the pictures and stories of our mind, which fill the page, and begin to come together to represent something, to represent ourselves, perhaps.

But, My Dear Friend,⁶⁵ our conversation is done, as after a little laugh, and cheer, and some little thoughts as which climb as high as we can think them,⁶⁶ then we must shake our heads, laugh at all this nonsense, and cheerfully⁶⁷ crawl into our bunks, in our own little worlds⁶⁸ so we may surrender to sleep, that we may greet our next day with all the strength that we can muster. So when I say goodnight my friend—for you are looking rather tired⁶⁹—and if we have not conversated sufficient-

65 I don't mean *goodbye*, because now that we are friends, it is no longer ever *goodbye*. For in the words of the writer A.A. Milne: " 'We'll be friends forever, won't we Pooh?' Asked Piglet. 'Even longer.' Pooh answered." So, of course, we will be the best of friends, and I mean only goodnight until morning, and you may find me here, where I live, whenever you choose.

66 The philosopher Aristotle says in his *Poetics*: the end is that which nothing important comes after. So you may be assured, my friend, that I will not be staying up to talk after you have gone off to sleep!

67 Cheer and *comfort*, my friend is a necessary thing, especially for tiny animals in the face of a much larger world, and one sees this in such cheerful and domesticallly felicitous works as *The Wind In The Willows*.

68 Here I think of Homer's *Island of Ithaca*, which I have visited in a beautiful spring—time, in-case you should not have a home or island at the moment to have got to, for voyageurs find their homes in the end of the journey of the day, and you shall make yours. Perhaps I merely mean some "alone-time."

69 We are close to the end, because all things have end-

ly about architecture, and you expected to, but instead I focused too much on foxes & flowers, and other nothings, and exhausted you, indeed, I am sorry.

But enough on all these various topics. One cannot go on forever talking only about things which one sees only in pictures, and reads only in books, and I have exhausted all the good ones I can think of (though I could talk more about crocodiles)⁷⁰, now I must get to the heart of the matter and finish up, which is to say, as everyone likes to, to talk about myself.

Now, in essays, one can only do these things in day-
ings. The ending of some stories, however, start other stories: at the end of *Casablanca*, when the possibility of true romance has fled, our protagonist turns to his companion, and in the spirit of true comradeship, smiles at him, and says: "Louie, I think this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship." So friendship, even between tiny animals, between you and I for example, must be the balm at the end of our disappointed discussion, which did not at all discuss architecture—I am sorry to have wasted your time on details & digressions and forced you to tramp all about the Field in search of a Main Trail, and wasted your time things which are perhaps merely tiny light attempts to realize our fantasies. Friendship, rather than some more *intellectual* achievement, must be our conclusion: conclusions of the heart are best, in any case.

70 Perhaps in the manner which the character of Captain Hook speaks compulsively of crocodiles, in *Peter Pan*: because the crocodile had got a part of him, and the tick-tock of the eventual ending had him in its thrall.

dreams, so I will show you my bunk,⁷¹ in my grandparent's cottage, and you will see what I mean. Do not worry that I will waste your time—daydreams only take a moment, because they do not need to be footnoted.⁷²

. . . because the buildings we reside in shape us, within & without: they shape how much time we spend outside or in, often by their mere *size*⁷³, they shape how we make our meals, and who we make them with, by their lack of inner boundaries⁷⁴; they shape how we think about the world, by changing what is *in the world*, by allowing organisms to flourish inside or outside their boundaries⁷⁵ ⁷⁶; they dictate how we spend our time, by defining *space for somethings*, and not for others⁷⁷; and also they define how we connect with the places and persons beyond our buildings, through *their placement*.⁷⁸ In short they define a great many things which otherwise might lack

71 Everything nice happens in beds: I mean in a strictly *Bednobs and Broomsticks* sort of way, of course.

72 And of course, I mean, a sort of song-and-dance way that people have of notating their footsteps, so other persons can follow their motions later on. Although, of course, it is only the dance that really matters, the initial journey itself. But still, it is occasionally nice to follow along behind, in the dark, not knowing where you are going.

73 Layla outside The Cottage.

74 Layla making pancakes.

75 Layla at a shrub, doing something.

76 Layla not present (outside) as the table is laid.

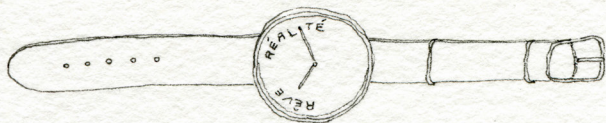
77 Layla reading.

78 Layla on the cottage road.

definition.

Architecture, or telling stories, or making a picture: it does not matter. What matters is that this is our great opportunity, our chance to define or redefine our world, to bring our dreams into existence.⁷⁹

79 Should you happen to recognize the building under all the scaffolding, I will congratulate you for seeing through it all. Indeed, one rarely sees the scaffolding of the architect; after the building is completed, it is generally taken away, and only brought back should the building need to be repaired. It is generally not Displayed, or Put On Exposition, and is hardly ever Remarkd Upon



“Let’s go pick blueberries,” said Layla.

“Ok,” I said.

And we did.



“It has to hit you right here,” said Grandmutti,
pointing at her gut.

She poked me in my stomach.

“Do you feel it, here?” She asked.



“Let’s go find some frogs,” said Layla.

“Ok.” I said.

And we did.





at length, and yet here I am talking about it, and going on and on: indeed you will think the building hardly matters at all. I will give you a hint: the initials of the lady underneath are *C.N.D. du H. de R.* As she is quite stately, she requires many letters put together to indicate her Self. But there, I have given enough of a hint for you to guess at what I mean about the Scaffolding: it is the building itself that matters, in the end. But she is so famous she hardly needs either a hint or an introduction. A less known building, of course, I would just tell you straight out. You cannot be an architect, I think, if you need me to tell you more than this.

Ah, you are back from the little dream, the story-time, the glimpse of the world beyond the world we share. Welcome back.

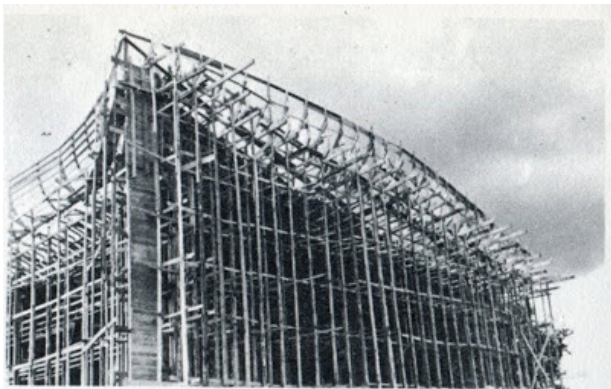
It is not quite charming to fall asleep, or dream oneself away from the subject of the discussion—but I see you are tired, and have little time for me. You are very patient, to sit listening to me for so long.

Where were we, what were we saying?

Ah, yes.

When one is a child, in architecture, things are quite different. One explores more, one imagines more,—one imagines Goats speak, and flowers have souls—and one is encouraged to do so, perhaps, and encourages oneself and others to do so as well. But at some point that changes. Goats are no longer allowed to have opinions on architecture, they are shushed. And we ourselves are no longer supposed to stop to search for Frogs in the Field; we have no time for that. And that should be a great loss, I think, when it happens to you or I, for we are destined for great things, finding of frogs, the recording of Goatish voices: the collection of evidence is an important affair!⁸⁰ But let us continue.

80 *The Hagia Sofia*, is such an echoing & ancient place, that tastes of earth and stone and creaks like shadows of time passing twice, so old she lies dreaming of times past. She stood at the center of the world once; but of course the world's center has since shifted away. One does not remember the scaffolding, still though, when



Now, I told you on the first page that I would not discuss Architecture in general, but rather Goats specifically, so you cannot blame me for having brought you through to the end in a similar vein—I did warn you. Instead of apologizing, and saying that I will not speak of foxes or flowers anymore, I will not apologize at all, but instead will return to our discussion of “Goats,”— if only to say that these rather ancient & ubiquitous creatures are happy to make themselves at home in every culture on the planet, and having them scattered about in ours is strictly unavoidable, and as they are notoriously clever climbers, you cannot keep them out of even discussions on architecture even if you should put up all kinds of fences. ⁸¹

one visits, for how such a place is repaired or kept up hardly matters: she stands, the ancient creature, she still stands! with her ancient worn bones upon the earth, with uneven floors and uncertain patterns on her walls, first one thing and then another, worn down with the pictures people have painted over her, trying to claim her for this and that, until the layers are half-over, half-under, and she is somewhere in between, hidden in the layers of meaning this or meaning that, she merely dreams on. But there, I will not tell you anymore: you will see it when you visit it yourself. All these representations are immaterial.

81 *The Pantheon*, for example, is such a cavern, when marbles and Gods from the entirety of Roman civilization, standing two thousand years old, and counting, with a domed roof stretching overhead to catch all the air about you and frame the sun—a dome so perfect that it differs by only one millimeter, which is double the length



But although this writing might have a fox or flower in it, here and there, it is not about foxes or flowers, nor about Architecture, in the broadest sense, as you have noticed. But enough on all these various topics. One cannot go on forever talking only about things which one sees only in pictures, and reads only in books, and I have exhausted all the good ones I can think of (though I could perhaps talk more about crocodiles), now I must get to the heart of the matter, which is to say, as everyone likes to do, to talk about myself. Some persons like to talk of weather formations and storm clouds, or clouds that remind them of other things.⁸² In essays one may only do these things in daydreams, so I will show you my bunk, which is located of the Tardigrade, a very tiny animal, (quite an impossible one, should you happen to meet one, irrespective of whether or not it speaks to you or not), in any direction. And with an impossible round hole in the roof, which no one has ever bothered to repair. One sees a picture of it, from the mind of Giovanni Battista Piranesi. I am not sure if you are familiar with the Views of this man, but he does indeed have some remarkable Views, quite different from other persons' Views. Generally his views are more remarkable, more atmospheric, more grand than some other Views may be. One might think, often, he was looking at something entirely different. And what that was, why, we should have to look into his drawings to guess.

82 Perhaps here I might mention, as all the memories, the effervescent essences of life, the smells of clean sheets, of stable leather, of memories of childhood and beyond, of the designer Coco Chanel, went into a single bottle of her most famous perfume.

ed in my grandparent's cottage, and you will see what I mean.⁸³ Do not worry that I will waste your time—day-dreams only take a moment:

I will begin to tell you about childhood & the architecture of that time.

I must tell you, to start, about my own childhood, and that I grew up at the edge of the world. Which is not the end of the world: they are quite different things, and while not completely unrelated, the second is, for the moment, outside the boundaries of our discussion.

I think, because I grew up at the edge of the world, that . . . well. Let not start there, but instead let us have a look at the edge, and perhaps you will understand.

The edge of the world is a very difficult thing to grasp—I have tried to explain it before, with ill effect—as it is mostly a feeling, you see. So, instead of explaining, I will show it to you.⁸⁴

Now, what do I mean when I say “to grow up at the edge

83 As the psychoanalyst Carl Jung wrote of his own day-dreams in his *Red Book*, from which I have taken this illustration, of a crocodile with too many footprints: and so the essay must draw to a close, if you see what I mean.

84 This is a photograph not of me, but of my sister, Lara. You will notice precisely where the world ends and where the world begins: she is at the edge of the world. Ah. No. I am mistaken. Please see the following page for the real photograph.

of the world,”⁸⁵ you might ask, and what does it have to do with animals in space, and the way one dances and journeys of the soul and so forth. Well, do not fear. I am about to explain it to you.

You see, at the edge of the world, we are not at the middle.

You will be frustrated with me when I say this:

“?” you will say, and: “!”

But you have not quite grasped it.

85 I mistook the image, at first. Terribly sorry. The other was similar, but hardly the same, and indeed, you may be thinking, once you have seen my sister at the verge, of the painter Caspar David-Fredrich’s portrait, *Wanderer above the Sea of Fog*. I assure you the similarity is purely co-incident, and perhaps it evoked references of the sublime, the individual adventurer, Romanticism, and the inspiring awe of these landscapes and other poetic things, but there are nothing I am intending to talk about, and please disregard all such thoughts. This is the Real Picture, a Self-Portrait, that my sister took of herself at the Edge of the World—it took her a long time to reach this point. A bit of a struggle, really. But it is at these moments, in the face of the beyond, one does not feel what one is supposed to feel: which is to say, all the pieces of self, the pieces of which one is keeping track. One feels that one is merely a Person, merely in Existence.





For at the edge of the world we are at the boundaries of being-and-not-being, we are at the verge of What Is, and What Is Not. You will think the boundary quite clear, quite defined: it is there, you will say—what Can Be and then, beyond that, The Void.

But I must correct you: no, I will say. I grew up here, between the world (not the center, but the edge) and the void—it is here, at the edge, where I played as a child⁸⁶—and it is there, in the cusp, within the brink, around the verge, that I am here to talk to you about.

And you will say: “Enough about this. We are having a conversation about architecture.”⁸⁷

“Yes,” I will agree, “We are trying.”

“But,” you will continue, “This is really a discussion about

86 As a proof I am showing you a picture of myself. I am the small one, at the front. I am difficult to see, as I have my head turned, but I assure you, my cheeks are rosy, and I am a very cheerful creature.

87 Indeed, I have been told that The Tardigrade much like yourself—very practical, as far as animals go. An animal that can exist in Space, which is beyond the boundary generally, that we live within. It merely goes into a stasis, and re-animates on return to what exists, which is to say, reality—and I am afraid I have caused you, also, or your mind, at least, to have been thrust into such a state of pause by causing you to go into Space with me—have no fear, you may re-invigorate, we are returning to real ground again!

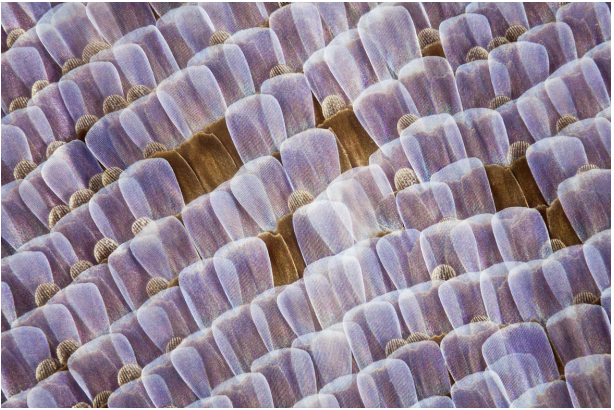


Der Richte drache hat die löwe gefressen. Der hant wird ihm aufgeschnit. v. nun muß er die son gold h. geb. sein. se

Poetry, and also about creation bringing “What-Is-Not,” into the world, in to the “What-Is.”

And you think by this I mean some kind of architecture, but, I will confess, at last, what I have been trying not to confess: I mean precisely the opposite.

For I believe the majority of spaces were not meant for any architecture at all. One must understand the void, before one begins to play games with it. A butterfly⁸⁸ I once observed, lectured a case for it, and I believe him. And there you have it. And we can argue on and on about what is beyond the line, but until you go there yourself, you will never know. You must seize your chance to cheat death—to feel a shadow pass over you, when you are on
88 “Aha! You will say. I have it at last: when you say butterflies, we are discussing the Wings of Butterflies on which We All Fly. And butterflies are the same as dragons, and because dragons do not really exist we are talking about the imagination!” And I will heartily disagree with you, and tell you dragons and butterflies are “not at all the same thing, that one thing cannot be another thing that is entirely separate,” and in a flurry you will scavenge amongst your Devices and bring out for me such a Wing, with scales, as you said, in the manner and odd colour of dragons. And I will examine the evidence, and then at last I will agree that we are indeed searching for such evidence, and invite you out in the Field to look for Goats, and we will make quite a time of it, and talk about strange things in space until we quite break our hearts, and cannot return our minds to the ground.







the great Divide, and experiencing something of the Unknown. You must take the plunge yourself, my friend!

For at last the time has come, when I tell you that I have over-animated my argument. I have told you that everything is nothing, I have talked of lines and voids, I have said one thing when I meant quite another, I have told you butterflies are dragons, and that Goats are not goats, and that elephants are in architecture, and swamps are in it too, and that snakes are the architecture itself! I have told you stories of my childhood, and talked of flowers and foxes and even *nothing* itself, at great length. I have made so many footsteps in this mad dance that you will not remember the half of them, and what I meant to animate sufficiently to be a “Goat” has now become a dragon. But his last dance has come, and the many-footed dragon must have his end.

And no doubt you will now tell me I am not a Master of Architecture, or story-telling at all.

I was asked, you see, to provide an Introduction to Goat, and found it, I am sorry to say, impossible. It is as if I was asked to introduce *myself*.⁸⁹ No matter how many nice
89 “Indeed,” you will tell me, “when I just squint, I can see a Goat at your edges.”

“Why, that is ridiculous,” I will tell you. “I am not a Goat, and you are half-in the dream world, my friend, and the one and the two are not the same.”

“But, it’s true,” you will tell me, “there: in the margins!”

things I say about myself you will not believe me. And so it is with Goat: I think, when you meet him yourself, you will need no introduction.

You will see that he is indeed a Goat, and that, quite impossibly, one of the few talking ones, and therefore he speaks—and speaks very well, I should say.

But there is no need to take my word for it—for you shall meet him yourself, one time, as he lives hereabouts, and inhabits the pages, in fact, of this book.

And because he is an architect, he speaks about architecture, as many architects do.

And as any talking creature does, he tells stories, some of them a bit fantastical, admittedly—although, I think, we must forgive him that, as he is a bit fantastical himself, and he must have tired of one person or another telling him he cannot possibly exist, that there are no such things as Goat-Architects & Goat-Storytellers. And must have had to talk himself & his other “imaginings” out of a great deal of arguments against him, so we must forgive him if he started on one side of the truth and overshot it a little. I think his stories, on the whole, although as I said, they meander on obscure trails through the Field a

And I will simply tell you: “No.” In a firm voice. And “not to be childish.”

Unless of course, we are very good friends, in which case, I may agree with you, just to be pleasant.

little, are on the whole, relevant & entertaining.

And as to the matter of whether I am a Master of Architecture, or to some Degree of It at least, I can say I am a shoddy scholar at best. I have not managed to prove or disprove much of Goat's Story here,⁹⁰ and I, really, as I said, was going to discuss Architecture, but instead I have become hopelessly digressed and tangled in foot-steps, or footnotes rather, until I am quite discredited as

90 I have shown one final metaphor—excuse me, I mean bear—of me here, riding a story about—excuse me, I mean bear—a *bear*! I tell you, a bear. Yes, riding another BEAR which clearly resembles him, and having a good time while doing it: it is an illustration by Alžběta Skálová. I am saying I have ridden Goat's story about in the most abominable manner, and now must get off, and go find my own story. Or the bear must get off. Some one must stop because we are all getting very tired, and confused, and one thing which is clearly its own thing is becoming another in the most illogical of manners, quite without asking whether we want it one way or another, and all this sparklings and magical smoke-and-mirror story-teller nonsense is becoming quite transparent. So in conclusion, I should just like to say that a bear is just a bear, and goats are not dragons, and whether they master architecture is really their OWN BUSINESS, and whether a certain goat achieved what he wanted to achieve in the end is up to him. Because I am not him, and we all stand alone. Unless we are friends, I suppose, at which point... but no, no, I am too tired to argue about anything anymore, and both you and Goat must both be staunch, and tell *each other* stories for awhile, for I am quite done.

a story-teller, and have merely perambulated on and on about a series of things I like to think about in architecture, or see pictures of or hear stories about. And what is the use of that.

On the whole, in fact, I must confess, after speaking with Goat a little, I became quite convinced that goats and architecture are the same thing, in a funny metaphorical way, and that in discussing Goats in the future, I should be discussing Architecture; and for that matter, in discussion Architecture Without Goats, I am *not* discussing Architecture. And that stories, especially imaginary ones about Goats, are essential to architects. And so you see I am quite confused.

I have written this Introduction to Introduce you to this Creature, but am sorry to say that Goat tells the story just as well, or better, and therefore the reader *should refer to The Adventures of Goat for further elucidation*. And if you have already read it, you will know I have gone on at length to perhaps tell you something you already knew, which must have bored you to your very end.

So for further and much more pleasant discussion, I ask you to contact Goat, as he is much better at telling such stories than I could ever be.

I at first wondered why Goat had told us his story, and why we have bothered to listen to it—if indeed we *were* listening, as I must admit, with so many things to do in life, I am at quite an Attention Deficit for Goat-ish creatures and prefer the stories of persons who have already

proven themself in the Field, as animals rarely, if ever, *do*.

Indeed, if one first starts listening to *Goats*, then one must start listening to stories of love & evil told by flowers and cats, and paying attention to the Professional Opinions of Dogs, and then one will start chasing White Whales to see what stories come of *those*, and asking passing foxes for their opinions on friendship or revolution, until one has no time for architecture at *all*, and will, when one sees a passing crocodile or snake, simply climb inside, just to save oneself the time of designing an Architecture for oneself.

And so I cannot bring myself to fully recommend this as an advisable course of action, and will leave you to decide on it for yourself.

Although I must say the story is quite delightful.

But there, I will say no more on the matter, and have done.



The End

List of Essay Illustrations, (Annotated)

279 :: White Elephant

Nash, Augustus Charles Pugin Fenner Sears J., *Model of the Elephant for the Place de la Bastille*, 1831, Steel engraving. October 2014.

A 1:1 plaster model of elephant to be put at Napoléon's commission in Place de La Bastille. There were to be rooms inside the body, and staircases inside the legs.

281 :: Libro Illegibile

Munari, Bruno, *Libbro Illegibile*, (Milan: Corraini, 2000) Print.

A playful book without words, 3" x 3," fourteen pages long, of different coloured papers, cut in geometric shapes.

283 :: Astronaut Dog

Russian Space Agency. *Laika inside Sputnik 2*. 1957
<<http://www.spacetoday.org>> Accessed: October 2014,

Photograph.

Laika the dog was found on a Moscow street, trained for space flight, & carried aloft in capsule powered into orbit. Died in space.

285 :: Swamp-itecture

Eliasson, Olafur & Günther Vogt, “The Mediated Motion,” Installed in the Kunsthaus Bregenz Museum. 2001. Installation.

A picture of the swamp which was installed inside the architecture of Peter Zumthor. People walk on the inner boardwalks, contemplating this.

289 :: Hat

291 :: Snake-itecture

Saint-Exupéry, Antoine, *Le Petit Prince*, (New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, 1943), Print.

Two illustrations by the author of a poetic tale about a young prince fallen from an asteroid to earth, in love with a rose. One of the best-selling books of all time.

295 :: Mist-Architecture

Diller & Scofidio, *Blur Building* (Yverdon-les-bains, Switzerland, 2002), Architecture.

A building, of which the most prominent characteristic is the mist which perpetually surrounds it. All pictures of it are strange.

296 :: Two-Legged House

Fujimori, Terunobu. *Takasugi-an, or Too-High Tea House* (Chino, Nagano Prefecture, Japan, 2004), Architecture.

A small and uncertain-looking house, built upon two legs, overly tall. Made of trees and plaster, by a man who did not make his first building until age 40.

299 :: Domestic Scene with Figment of Imagination

301 :: “They Decided to Get Rid of Skorped.”

Ellis, Carson, *Dillweed’s Revenge: A Deadly Dose of Magic*, (HMH Books for Young Readers, 2010), Illustration.

Illustrations of Carson Ellis, of which I have shown two. The first, a nice domestic scene, with Skorped. The second, where it is decided to get rid of him.

303 :: Moving House

Pulling a house across the ice at Cook’s Harbour (Great Northern Peninsula, Newfoundland 1953), Resettlement Collection, Maritime History Archive, Memorial University. “Journeys: Migration, Mythologized” <<http://canadianart.ca>> David Balzer (November, 2010), Digital Photograph.

A photograph of moving house, on the ice in Newfoundland, Canada. An entire community mobilizes to change the location and moves it.

305 :: Seven Circles

Dante, or “Durante degli Alighieri,” *Inferno*, Illustration. *An illustration of the narrative journey, in his descent through the seven levels of upper hell.*

307 :: The Mind

Milton, John. *Paradise Lost*. <<https://www.dartmouth.edu>> Lines 242-270. October 2014. Internet. *Particularly: Satan’s speech, in which he argues the mind may contain either hell or heaven, and it therefore does not matter if one is not actually IN heaven.*

309 :: The Oracle at Didim

Shea, Melissa, “The Entrance to the Oracle at Didim,” (2014) Digital Photograph. *The remains of the Temple of the Oracle at Didim, photographed on a four-month journey taken while The Adventures of Goat was being written.*

311 :: Bear With Axe

Jeffers, Oliver, *The Great Paper Caper* (Harpercollins, 2009), Print. *A bear kills trees to make paper, that he might enter a great paper air-plane competition, before the other forest creatures catch him at it, and teach him to recycle.*

313 :: Imaginary Car

Burningham, John, Illustrator, *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang*, Ian Flemming, Writer (Cape, 1965), Print.

The author of the James Bond novels wrote this for his son. An errant father invents a magical car, which can take them. . . anywhere.

316 :: Philosopher's Star

Jacquet, Benoit, editor. "Heidegger's Star, Photograph." *From the Things Themselves: Architecture and Phenomenology*. Kyoto University Press, 2013. Print.

The wooden star which the philosopher Heidegger had carved for his water-well, that he saw from the desk at his cottage, and which represented his philosophic ideas.

317 :: Sequin Socks

Jackson, Michael, *Moonwalk* (1983), <<http://blog.lib.umn.edu>> (2010), Accessed: September 2014, Photograph.

Photograph of the details of the feet which performed the moonwalk—with jet black shiny shoes, and, of course, gleaming white sequined socks.

319 :: Luggage

Anderson, Wes, *The Darjeeling Limited*, (Fox Searchlight, 2007), Film.

A film about the ridiculous and necessary friendship of three brothers, a story told as they take a group adventure across India by train, after their father has died.

320 :: Chosen Suitor

321 :: Conversely, Suitor Number Two

Austen, Jane, *Pride and Prejudice*, Simon Langton, Director (BBC, 1995), Film.

Excellent rendition of Austen's story about finding the right match: the first is Mr. Darcy the chosen suitor, the second is Mr. Collins, definitively the incorrect suitor.

323 :: Tree Cube

Tham & Videgård, *Treehotel* (Harads, Sweden, 2010), Architecture.

A small hotel room, suspended oddly in the trees, with a mirrored surface. Quite on the verge of reality. Architecturally designed.

325 :: Cart of Butterfly

Dickenson, Emily, "A little road not made of man," *Poems*, Mabel Loomis Todd and T. W. Higginson Editors (1890), <en.wikisource.org> Accessed: September 2014, Digital.

A small poem by the poet Emily Dickinson, which she generally printed in a very small hand on paper, and tied up in little packets of poems, as I understand.

327 :: Hut

Corbusier, Le, *Cabanon* (1951), Architecture.

Small hut, designed by an Architect late in life, from which he spent his summers swimming in the sea: he, in

fact, died in the sea there, I believe, one day.

329 :: Creature, Mr. Fox

Anderson, Wes, "Mr. Fox, film character," *The Fantastic Mr. Fox*, (20th Century Fox, 2009), Character.

For whom Anderson wrote: "I don't want to live in a hole anymore, and I'm going to do something about it." Perhaps planning a building, or at least a story about it.

331 :: Sparklings

Cyan, Yume, *Fireflies in the Forests of Nagoya City* <agonistica.com> Accessed: September 2014, Digital Photograph.

We generally forget that fireflies exist, until we see them, in a field, and then: why, they are quite magical creatures, and seem, in person, quite improbable.

333 :: Black Horse, not Trojan

The Black Stallion, Carroll Ballard, Director, (United Artists, 1979), Film.

A motion-picture still image taken from the film written based on the book by Walter Farley, about a boy and a horse who are shipwrecked together, and make friends.

335 :: Hug by the Coffee Can

Coen, Ethen, and Joel Coen, *The Big Lebowski*, (Gramercy Pictures, 1998), Film.

An adventure film about Lebowski, or "The Dude," in

which his friend dies and is cremated and they can only afford a coffee can for his remains. It is a comedy.

343 :: Watch: Rêve, Réalité (1 of 2)

Shea, Melissa, “*Rêve et Réalité Watch*,” (Cambridge, 2014), Illustration.

An illustration of a small object, invented with M. Alexandrescu, termed the “Rêve et Réalité Watch,” of which a real watch exists, but is not pictured here.

345 :: Layla Outside

345 :: Layla with pancakes

347 :: Layla with shrub

347 :: Layla not-there

349 :: Layla on cottage road

349 :: Layla being read to

Shea, Lara, *Photographs at the Cottage*, 2014. <facebook.com> Accessed: Oct 2014.

A series of photographs taken at the cottage, during which I was more or less present, by my sister, who is a professional photographer.

350 :: Watch: Rêve, Réalité (2 of 2)

Shea, Melissa, “*Rêve et Réalité Watch*,” (Cambridge, 2014), Illustration.

An illustration of a small object, invented with M. Alexandrescu, termed the “Rêve et Réalité Watch,” of which a real watch exists, but is not pictured here.

352 :: Scaffolding

Corbusier, Le, *Chapelle Notre-Dame-du-Haut de Ronchamp* (1955), <<http://artesauc.es.blogspot.ca>> June 2014, Accessed October 2014, Photograph.

Photograph of the scaffolding of Ronchamp as it was being constructed: behind the construction lines you can already see the form of it taking shape.

352 :: Coloured Window of Same Building

Corbusier, Le, “Calligraphy in Window: Mer,” *Chapelle Notre-Dame-du-Haut de Ronchamp* (Ronchamp, 1955), Photograph.

Playful calligraphy in a green-coloured window of Ronchamp Cathedral, which has many odd windows, and an unlikely roof shape.

354 :: Interior Scaffolding

Shea, Melissa. *Hagia Sofia, Interior* (Istanbul, 2014), Digital Photograph.

Photograph of Hagia Sofia, behind scaffolding, taken during a four-month voyage to sites of architectural interest around the Mediterranean in winter & spring.

356 :: View

Piranesi, Giovanni Battista, “Pantheon,” *Vedute di Roma* (1748), <www.wikiart.org> Accessed: October 2014, Illustration.

Piranesi did not often exactly render his architectural subjects, but rather rendered them with imagination, which is what made his images so popular.

359 :: Man Gazing Upon Fog

David-Fredrich, Caspar, *Wanderer above the Sea of Fog* (1818), <<http://en.wikipedia.org>> October 2014, Painting.

A Romantic painting of a man standing on a precipice, gazing out at fog, dressed smartly in a dark outfit. We cannot see his face, or really what he is looking at.

361 :: Lara, at Edge of World

Shea, Lara, *Untitled Self-Portrait* (2010), <[facebook.com](https://www.facebook.com)> Digital Photograph.

My sister Lara took a year to explore the mountains with a group of people. In the dead of winter, this is where she found herself. She took a picture of it.

363 :: Many-Footed Dragon

Jung, Carl, *The Red Book* (WW Norton, 2009), Print.

A book written and illustrated by the psychoanalyst, in which he developed his main ideas over a period of 15 years. Contains allegories.

365 :: Butterfly Wing

Gledhill, Linden, *Butterfly Wing Microscope Photos*, <www.thisiscolossal.com> Accessed: September 2014,

Photograph.

A photograph of a different scale than normally used by the human eye. View is of the scales which characterize the wings of butterflies.

369 :: Me, small version

Unknown Photographer, *Mom, Dad, Seton and I, In the First Summer We Lived in the Mountains* (Jasper National Park, 1981), Photograph.

A photograph of the author, in a bonnet, at the edge of the world, with some persons with whom she has traveled.

376 :: Bear riding upon Bear

Skálová, Alžběta, Illustrator, *Usin et Ursulin*, Zbynek Cerník, Writer, (Memo 2014), Print.

Two bears, one very large and the very other small, though solitary by nature, struck up a friendship and cheerfully have adventures, mostly culinary.

Selected Annotated Actual Bibliography

Aira, Cesar. *The Literary Conference*. Katherine Silver, trans. New York: New Directions, 2010. Print.

Author plots world-takeover by cloning Mexican author Carlos Fuentes at lit. conference, but unravels like B-rated science fiction, as clones cell from Fuente's tie instead.

Anderson, Wes, dir. *Fantastic Mr. Fox*. Indian Paintbrush and Regency Enterprises, 2009. Film.

A fox and his family & extended root-network of friends are thwarted by evil and invasive men who live above: a showdown between the animal world and our own.

Anonymous. *Cave of the Nymphs*. The Island of Ithaca/Ιθάκη, Greece. February 2014. Cave.

On an island, small & rarely seen, on a goat trail in the hills is the 'Cave of the Nymphs,' where Homer's Odysseus awoke confusedly from his slumber.

Apuleius. *The Golden Ass*. "Cupid & Psyche" <<http://en.wikipedia.org>> October 2013. Internet.

I think this story was transmogrified into the story East of the Sun and West of the Moon, of The Blue Fairy Book

collection.

Aristotle. *De Anima (On the Soul)*. Walter Stanley Hett, trans. Loeb Classical Library. Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, 1957. Print.

Treatise on the nature of living things, including plants, and the nature of their souls/essence. Includes an investigation on the nature of imagination, and the senses.

Aristotle. *Meteorology*. Trans. E.W. Webster. The Internet Classics Archive. <www.classics.mit.edu> Web Atomic and Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Accessed: September 2014. Web.

Aristotle explains his Twelve Winds, which all have individual characteristics and provenances.

Asbjørnsen, Peter Christen., & Jørgen Moe. *The Princess on the Glass Hill*. Wikipedia. <<http://en.wikipedia.org>> September 2014. Internet.

The story of a princess who is trapped on a glass hill, and courted by men who cannot climb it: except one, who climbs it and leaves a golden apple.

Austen, Jane. *Persuasion*. Project Guttenburg. September 2014. Internet.

A lingering novel about regrets, pressure, and loneliness, that resolves for the best, in the end, as all good novels do.

Bachelard, Gaston. *Poetics of Space*. Beacon Press, 1994. Print.

Talks about how the cellar, the attic and the furniture

of the house shape our thoughts memories and dreams.
Miniaturization.

Ball, Jesse. *Samedi the Deafness*. New York: Vintage, 2009. Print.

Protagonist comes upon a man who lies dying, breathing his last word: "Samedi." Involves mental asylum, a woman in yellow, and a confusing string of lies.

Bear Cave. Crete, Greece. March 2014. Cave.

Two kilometers North of the Gouverneto Monastery, on a stone footpath in empty hills, is cave in which the bear stalagmite form of Artemis looms over a carved pool.

Bellomo, Giuseppe. "Conversation with M. Shea." *Ongoing Conversations*. August 2007.

Conversations with an architect, son of two architects, of which I have recorded one conversation that I remember, during a walk in the Zingaro, Sicily.

Brâncuși, Constantin. *Atelier Brancusi*. Centre Georges Pompidou, Paris. House.

Workshop of Romanian sculptor, rebuilt at Centre Pompidou, and filled with his collection of bird-like phallic sculptures, and photographs, and pedestals.

Bulgakov, Mikhail. *The Master and Margarita*. Richard Pevear and Larissa Volokhonsky, trans. London: Penguin, 1997. Print.

A mysterious gentleman of unknown origin, keeps the company of a gun-happy, fast-talking black cat, and critiques the heavy-handed soviet regime.

Canadian People. *National Park, Banff*. Canada. The Secret Valley of a Thousand Waterfalls. UNESCO World Heritage Site. July 2014. Landscape.

Glaciers, elevated terrain, and alpine landscapes, but also encompasses peaks & forests, are designated by the people of Canada as an area where these have precedence over humans.

Canadian People. *National Park, Jasper*. The Quick Sands at Lake Annette. UNESCO World Heritage Site. May 2013. Landscape.

Area, quite isolated, filled with elk, deer, and goats, though also with wild rivers and turquoise lakes. Isolated politically as an experiment, where animals and rivers and other non-persons have precedence over politically designated “persons”.

Carson, Anne. *Eros the Bittersweet*. Champaign: Dalkey Archive Press, 1998. Print.

A book about love as seen by Ancient Greek poets, a series of 2-6 page essays, half in translation, by the poet Carson.

Cave of the Sybil. Cumae, Italy. 2008. Architecture.

Upside-down triangular incision, made naturally but also by hand, with “window-like” clefts at regular intervals, rhythmically breaking the darkness.

Černík, Zbyněk. *Usin et Ursulin*. Illustrated Alžběta Skálová. Prague: Albatros Media, 2009. Print.

Delightful book about two bears, one very large and one

very small, that have bear-like adventures, mostly with food. Excellent illustrations, exceedingly funny.

Chase, Pat and Derek (my grandparents). *Cottage*. Redstone Lake, Ontario, Canada, 1954. Architecture. *Not by architects, but still an excellent piece of design & engineering, in the manner of: did you not know that Le Corbusier was not officially an architect?*

Cixous, Hélène. "Love of the Wolf." *Stigmata: Escaping Texts*. Routledge, 2005. Print. *'Texts that got away' in literary-theory-challenging style that eludes, piques, and, in the end, escapes us. Specifically the wolf/love/text/which we consume, which consumes us, which we fear to consume.*

Clément, Catherine. *Syncope: The Philosophy of Rapture*. Univ Of Minnesota Press, 1994. Print. *This lyrically and syncopically covers syncope, the stop-time of love, music, rapture, writing and philosophy.*

Corbusier, Le. *Le Poème de L'Angle Droit*. Éditions Tériade, Paris, 1955. <<http://www.fondationlecorbusier.fr>> December 15, 2013. Internet. *A visual and printed poem, considered to be his artistic and philosophic testament. Very short, and playful, and colourful.*

Corbusier, Le. *Cabanon*. Cap-Martin, France: 1952. Building. <www.dezeen.com> December 15, 2013. Internet.

A tiny cube cabin that the architect built for himself in his old age on the Cote d'Azur, which is simple, and economical, and playful, and amazing.

Corbusier, Le. *Cahiers: Le Voyage d'Orient*. Paris: Éditions de La Villette, 1966. Print.

Reproduced notebooks of sketches and text the architect made while traveling through the Orient, while a young man.

Dostoyevsky, Fyodor. "The Crocodile." Trans. Constance Garnett. *Two Crocodiles*. New Directions, 2013. Print.

After teasing a crocodile on display, Ivan Matveich is swallowed, and remains comfortably inside, as his wife contemplates divorce, and he remains a public servant.

Emerson, Ralph Waldo. "Friendship." *Essays*. <<http://www.transcendentalists.com>> Oct 2014. Internet.

A series of rather inciting essays—inciting, rather than serious, because of rather Hollywood-esque tone—in which Emerson treats topics, including Friendship.

Eliasson, Olafur & Günther Vogt. "The Mediated Motion". Installed in the Kunsthaus Bregenz Museum. 2001. Installation.

In which a swamp is installed inside the architecture of Peter Zumthor. One can see persons walking around on planks, contemplating this.

Ellis, Carson. "Carson Ellis." <<http://www.carsonellis.com>> December 15, 2013. Internet.

A website of Carson Ellis' contemporary illustrations,

mainly indie scene album art and children's books, in pen and ink.

Fleming, Ian. *Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang: The Magical Car*. Jonathan Cape, 1964. Print.

Caractacus Pott is an inventor who modifies a car called the "Paragon Panther" into a machine that flies and transports his wife and children around the world.

Foujimoto, Sou. *Wooden House*. Kumamoto, 2008. Building.

A small geometrically stacked timber cube cabin, which embraces primitivity and high design; very playful. Very small.

Fry, Northrop. *The Educated Imagination*. Toronto: House of Anansi Press, Inc., 2002. Print.

A relaxed humorous lecture about the function of the literary imagination in society, and whether it allows us to live more richly and sensitively than without it.

Fujimori, Terunobu. *Too High Tea House*. Chino, Japan: 2004. Building.

A very tenuously structured tea house on stilts, by the contemporary stateless-folk-primitivist architect. Made of trees and plaster.

Gaston, De Bachelard. *The Poetics of Space*. Boston: Beacon Press, 1969. Print.

A phenomenological investigation into a house, a drawer, a cabinet as spaces inhabited by the innocent consciousness.

Herzog, Werner. *Of Walking In Ice*. Tanam Pr, 1980. Print.

The diary of an impromptu walk from Munich to Paris, taken on the belief that it would save Herzog's friend Lotte from eminent death.

Jacquet, Benoit, editor. *From the Things Themselves: Architecture and Phenomenology*. Kyoto University Press, 2013. Print.

Particularly, carved wooden post of philosopher Martin Heidegger's well, in front of his desk situated inside his cottage, representing his philosophic ideas.

Jefferis, Oliver. *The Great Paper Caper*. New York: The Penguin Group, 2008. Print.

A bear wants desperately to win a paper airplane competition, and gets caught up in his own plot, but is saved by his woodland animal friends from a possible mistake.

Jung, Carl. *The Red Book*. England: W. W. Norton & Company, 2009. Print.

A book so strange, that it was not released for print until long after the famous psychoanalyst's death, filled with his hand-painted images and medieval-style text.

Kant, Immanuel. "Immanuel Kant." <www.wikipedia.org> Oct 2014. Internet.

I "k/can't" remember where I learned about the numena and the phenomena, so I have cited this site of general information, as a good beginning.

Kristeva, Julia. *Strangers to Ourselves*. Columbia University Press, 1991. Print.

Authoress concerned with being a stranger to oneself on the inside, and the echoes of darkness in strangers and in death itself, that this involuntarily evokes.

Lang, Andrew. "The White Cat." *The Blue Fairy Book*. <<http://www.gutenberg.org>> Oct 2014. Internet.

A white cat performs generous & fantastic feats for a prince, putting a dog inside a walnut, etc., and finally transforms herself into a human.

Lang, Andrew. "East of the Sun and West of the Moon." *The Blue Fairy Book*. <<http://www.gutenberg.org>> Oct 2014. Internet.

A story which I intuit is based-on, or evolved in a helix-form with, the story of Cupid and Psyche, by Apuleius. A woman marries a bear, and falls in love with him.

Langton, Simon. *Pride and Prejudice*. Based on Jane Austen. BBC One, 1995. Film.

Particularly Mr. Collins, as played by David Bamber, who is a ridiculous, repulsive suitor, and very memorably rendered.

Noguchi, Isamu. *The Noguchi Museum*. New York. 2011. Sculpture.

A collection of the sculptor's pieces, stored in a non-enclosed, and non-climate controlled open-air museum, where it rains on the sculptures, and the grass grows around them.

Miyazaki, Hayao. *Howl's Moving Castle*. Toho, 2004. Film.

Sophie encounters a powerful wizard named Howl who lives in a castle that moves to different locations and has a life of its own.

Mazzeo, Tilar J. *The Secret of Chanel No 5: The Intimate History of the World's Most Famous Perfume*. Harper, 2010. Print.

Particularly description of Coco Chanel's search for scents, filling the bottle with nunnery-fresh-sheets, saddle-leather from her father's stable, and other memories.

Milton, John. *Paradise Lost*. <<https://www.dartmouth.edu>> Lines 242-270. October 2014. Internet.

Seductive lines 242-270 when Satan sounds like megalomaniacal architect, from what may be the best poem written in English—subject is the descent from paradise.

Munari, Bruno. *Libbro Illegibile*. Milan: Corraini, 2000. Print.

A playful book without words, 3" x 3," fourteen pages long, of different coloured papers, cut in geometric shapes.

Murakami, Haruki. *Sputnik Sweetheart*. Philip Gabriel, trans. New York: Vintage 2002. Print.

'K' loves S, in prolonged loneliness, consumerist society, S elusively disappears from a Grecian villa where she stays with her female employer/other lover.

Nabokov, Vladimir. *Pnin*. New York: Vintage, 1989.

Print.

The story of a ridiculous yet lovable professor for whom nothing goes right, but life continues anyway, and he becomes loveable.

Pallasmaa, Juhani. *The Eyes of the Skin: Architecture and the Senses*. Wiley, 2012. Print.

A classic of architecture, which encourages an exploration of the other senses, and asks us: why we insist on experiencing architecture by sight?

Peterson, Wolfgang. *The Never-Ending Story*. Warner Bros. Pictures. 1984. Film.

One character: the Luck-Dragon, a giant white scaled flying dog-creature, who helps the main character escape the Nothingness, in the epic fantasy film.

Proust, Marcel. *In Search of Lost Time*. Christopher Prendergast, Ed. New York: Viking, 2003-2004. Print.

A book written with love, elegance, beauty and nostalgia, centering on the theme of involuntary memory. Especially the part of the madelaine cookie.

Ruskin, John. "The Storm-Cloud of the Nineteenth Century: Two Lectures Delivered at the London Institution, February 4 and 11, 1884." *The Works of John Ruskin*. Volume 34. Print.

Speaking about metaphorically of storm clouds & timeliness at the same time, with imagery of colour & poetry, an architect speaks but does not speak of architecture.

Ruskin, John. *Poetics of Architecture*. The Project Gut-

tenburg. <<http://www.gutenberg.org>> September 2014. Internet.

A journey by the architect Ruskin, through Italy, France, England, with a pen and notebook, in which he describes mainly cottages with sketches and words.

Sanctuary of Zeus at Delos, Greece. March 2014. Landscape.

Peak with view of Sacred Lake where Apollo/oracular/music/poetry god, and/or Artemis/hunt/wild animals goddess, was born. Seas surround the sacred island.

Shea, Lara. *Ongoing Collection*. <www.facebook.com> Facebook. September 2014. Digital Photographs.

A Professional Photographer, who happens to be my sister, has excellent taste in colour and also subject, and is very good at making pictures.

Saint-Exupéry, Antoine. *Le Petit Prince*. New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, 1943. Print.

An illustrated novella by an aviator, a poetic tale about a young prince fallen from an asteroid to earth, in love with a rose. One of the best-selling books of all time.

Tanizaki, Jun'ichirō. *In Praise of Shadows*. Leete's Island Books, 1977.

An essay on aesthetics, in which the author praises the shadows which make whiteness and light more apparent.

Temple of Apollo at Claros, Turkey. February 2014. Architecture.

The intact oracular fount, the adyton, quite rare: found in Ionia, once Greece, it now lies under a pond inhabited by numerous frogs, which enjoy it tremendously.

Temple of Apollo at Delphi, Greece. February 2014. Architecture.

Re-erected columns on platform of the Ancient temple that still looms over the valley; site of Oracular Chasm, and Omphalos which was the Center of the World.

Temple of Apollo at Didim, Turkey. February 2014. Architecture.

Forest of columns out front, and tunnels descend to the inner sanctum, when the path reverses, rotates and re-ascends an inner stair, to the rooms of twin Oracles.

Tham & Videgård. *Tree Hotel*. Tham & Videgård Arkitekter. Harads, Sweden: 2010. Building. <www.dezeen.com>December 15, 2013. Internet.

A 4 x 4 x 4 m mirrored cabin hung in the trees of northern Sweden, accessed by ladder, and rented by the night.

Tholos at Delphi, Greece. February 2013. Architecture.

A circular building, under 15 m diameter, which remains only in fragments, set in the center of the sanctuary of Athena Pronaia, in Delphi.

Thoreau, Henry David. *On The Duty of Civil Disobedience*. Project Gutenberg. <www.gutenberg.org> September 2014. Internet.

In which, after Thoreau commits his act of civil disobe-

dience, and is freed from prison by his aunt, he goes to pick berries and is very cheerful.

Thoreau, Henry David. *Walden*. Project Guttenburg. <www.guttenburg.org> September 2014. Internet. *Work of American psyche, where Thoreau lives growing beans, living off these, and spending days floating & lying in fishing boat, or dreaming in his meadow.*

Toussaint, Jean-Phillipe. *The Truth About Marie*. Champaign: Dalkey Archive Press, 2010. Print. *An omniscient narrator in love with a fashion designer; absurd, cinematic, includes scenes with a racehorse loose on a runway, and brushfire on Island of Elba.*

Zumthor, Peter. *Bruder Klas Field Chapel*. Mechernich-Wachendorf, 2007. Building. *A small chapel made using a formwork of tipi-treetrunks which were burned out, leaving behind the sculptural interior charred form.*

