

The next Ghost Office project is to build a boat on a glacier to spend the season. It will look like winter, but the boat will drift infinitesimally down. Or faster, inches every year now with the melting ice.

We will better Flow, firstly, by making our house a boat. Not a sailboat this time, no argument there. An old wood motor boat, with a narrow nose and a wide back porch to watch the ice. Plus a generous underbelly for living. This is the area that would be below the waterline, if the vessel were floating. But its beached up on the ice. So we need windows to let in white clean light into the garden apartment.

What materials? The boat is made of salvaged wood, refolded to curves. What else about the materials? I heard a rumor that the wood has a strange origin story? Do you remember it? Salvaged from a pirate ship? taken from a crypt, stolen from a viewing platform of a waterfall? I can't quite recall.

We can also craft an image of falling that is indefinite insofar as it is imperceptible by virtue of being slow. We need to find the small glacier I remember, I think from Canada. It ended, as a waterfall would, with a cliff. But a grave, dire cliff thousands of feet high. We got to it by a small plane with skis, but there was not enough room to take off normally. We had to just rush over the cliff and let the air take us as we fell. An image of death.

We should inherit from F. L. O. W. the centrality of the hearth, a bane against the cold and a spirit of the falling immortal and Borges' conjured man. Whether we are there or not, Henry will keep it burning vibrantly like memorials for dead soldiers. It will be like a tiny cigarette for the earth. Killing it on purpose. Speeding up the floe imperceptibly, indefinitely.

I think that the boat should be pale wood, so there isn't too much contrast with the snow. And it should be designed in order to catch snow beautifully in the winter. Long, vertical windows against the overwhelming horizon.

The boat still has to be seaworthy even if that will never be its purpose. We should inaugurate it with a short journey, maybe to rocky islands in Greece, before airlifting it to its grave.

I think it should be large, full of wasted space. Contradict the economy of boats. It would be nice to watch movies there, to listen to music. And there should be an oven where Henry can bake some of our favorites from the bakery. Tea.

I don't know if we should make vessels. Pinch pots?

It would be nice to have a number of very large bathrooms.

The key is still what we should do there. I still don't understand why we're there. We're falling, but what do we do while we fall? When we stop being disoriented, when falling is stillness, what do we do?

William Blake creates the world again. Whenever he pauses and seems not to know where to go, he creates the world again through a falling body. He starts by making the body. It falls off a cliff and startles awake in bed. That death was always most frequent, even in Blake there is a startlingly human moment, but I can't recover it. Even after rereading.

If I am reading Blake's prophesy correctly, we are always falling, like we are always turning but dumb to it. So the question of "what do we do?" is most apt and as always.

We are designing a boat for the fall season. Maybe it is a restless time, wandering through pale rooms with too little to do. The hearth opens the window nice and wide to let entropy fizz in. Sometimes we watch movies and have comforting moments with tea and cake and company. Music echoes through from a hallway. We have a crafting hour that eases our sense of abstraction on the ice, delightfully pressing squishy clay into shape. And humble shape for small cuttings.

You forget we do garden almost constantly. Rearranging the lithops into the constellations we spend day and mostly night studying. We have taken all our learning from Desert House and applied it to ice plant gardening. The pale deck leading onto ice like an infinity pool, is the perfect sky. A reverse sky. Light with black holes.

We have paused our gardening efforts on the porch. We are compiling a list of which constellations should be in the garden and why. They each need their own defense.

An indelible mark, a rare personal mark, a scar of some primitive (as in irreducible) force within my brain and personality, a solemn black stroke adorns some unused corner of the boat, a mark in the shape of the fact that I have not and will not read or study Blake. The boat will sink just as fast and the flaming god will be strapped tightly to all of its precious referents and they will, all of these tentacles, be visible to me purely by inference and intuition.

You will drop the infant and I will fly down, head tucked to reduce friction, and catch up to him, and I will clutch him for you and then decelerate by spreading my arms, and link him back up to you. And then when you reread it you will understand, and we will know where to go and what to build and how to fall.

Nine lithops need a concrete floor and a room of their own with only natural light. Sometimes we sit on the floor there, sometimes with tea, but we usually don't speak or look at our phones.

As you say, our purpose here is to pass time. It's very difficult not to meditate, to keep our western banalities without any prospect for building anything. Craft hour and frozen clay leavings make our respective idlenesses louder.

Do we want peace?

The mark on the boat is the constellation Antila, the air pump. It is not a hidden mark but spread on the concrete floor of the poop deck (roof deck) known as the constellation Puppis, roof of the world, and below we sleep, gliding in internal vortex. You furiously pump, trying to set a wind to blow us the other way, but we fall, painfully slow. Is boredom peace? Of a kind that itches. The lithops thrive in this cold, in reflected sun they tan and then blend, catching an anemic chill in this desert.

Boredom and doing nothing aren't the same thing. If, for example, I were falling infinitely in a vacuum of space, boredom would be a dream respite from terror and dread and misery. But were I in a beautiful sanctuary I might do nothing and not be bored. Maybe boredom is restlessness and peace is rest. Is this a house in which we rest? Can it be a place where we rest?

Can I yield futile Antila?

I realized that the best feature of this house already is a function of the hearth. Part of its heat is reserved for melting the pure glacial ice, which accumulates as perfect water in a hidden reservoir. As a weapon wielded by Henry this water creates a crushing tea that extricates all dictators.

The glacier beasts topple to the tea drinking. The drinking topples other beasts, the tea's effect spreading widely. We sit drinking tea, feeling peaceful (sometimes feeling afraid of the imminence) but blissful in usefulness. We are superheroes without lifting a finger. The fall becomes tolerable knowing that even in this something, thing of meaning makes meaning seem a thing.

So we are building a house in which to suss out and perform some of the contradictions of being ourselves.

We have a hearth, we have a black spot, a garden, a water system for tea, tall windows, music, crafting hour, a pale wooden deck as reverse sky, maybe too many large bathrooms.

I think this should be the place, too, where our two cats can befriend each other and work on their own collaborative architecture and play in the snow.

Maybe there are three artists whose works can be seen throughout?

Apart from the large deck, which is broad and flat, what else is true about the boat's shape? I want it to be seaworthy but that doesn't mean that it has to be fast; should we still keep it tuned for sailing or can it be optimized for slow drift?

How do we board the ship from the ice?

Yes lets get back to design, it is the only escape from insufferable (boring) existentialism. The boat is wrought from tofu stained, re-serviced pale wood. It has a broad deck that reaches out the back like a open hand to the ice. Occasionally we follow this gesture to throw garlic roasted croutons to the ice as appeasement, as befriending the bear that will eat us or sharpening its teeth, actually I just don't like croutons and sometimes Henry forgets. You do like croutons (these toasted to perfection in butter, and not soaked in cold water the way all your least favorite foods appear to taste, so either you don't pacify the ice (will 1 or do not anger the ice and will fall 2 or this ritual of mine will make no difference whatsoever and we are in the same boat). Perhaps I should invent some greater delicacy to appease the gods? (ooh religion is fun!) Shaved ice for the ice. A rainbow of altered ice in a kite's tail behind us? Should I give these three artists to the ice? Or just their work? Maybe we seriously take up the study of bao and make beautiful pale steamed buns that match our wood to perfection, and then I throw most of mine over the side to the ice in dots that are consumed immediately by glare.

I see a kind of tug boat, but less bulky. Almost a pontoon without the bloated floaters. All seaworthiness can be dug into the ice, settled low by the heat of the hearth. At the front is a command station (what is this called? I must watch some boat shows). Imagine an image of the l'Aventura boat in a pad of pale white putty. We stretch out the deck so it is broad and flat, we stretch out the windshield so it covers the controls, we stretch out the bottom so we have room to live. I see it like that boat, except larger and with lower lines. Three things: 1 the control section seems useless because we don't move. What do we do there? 2

The bottom of the boat, covered and carried in the ice could be huge, like an iceberg in the ice. It might even have a chilly version of pond bakery or it might have an ice library (cores of ice that tell stories). ³ My memory of the l'Aventura boat could already be distorted.

We were helicoptered and the boat in harness lowered to the ice like a writhing horse, the wind and the rotating chopper blades supplying life.

It's true, life can be insufferable!

The garlic croutons are like rice at our wedding to the fall, like Poland for angry Germany, a videographer for a hungry bear. The ice will eat croutons and the glare will eat bao.

So our boat sounds almost like a platform with rooms underneath, and controls and windshield as a sculpture on one end. Something special should happen in the abandoned, melancholy control room. It's spacious but we can't add much furniture because of all the controls. Maybe a pair of chairs? Something somber should happen there occasionally.

I would love to have a bakery. A franchise, like a bakery's outpost within the airport. A smaller menu, less variation. Just core pastries, classics, and a beautiful place for tea. A glass wall with lamps embedded out in the ice, which is somehow so pure and still as to allow light through. And an ice library, four shelves' worth. Ice from all over the world. But we must never learn how to read it.

The helicopter comes every week with supplies and food, lots of raw vegetables, and five flower arrangements. One for my room, one for yours, one for the bakery, one for the room with the hearth, one for the control room, stuck right on top of some bank of instruments and switches.

How do we avoid being cramped? We can't walk on the ice (I won't wear funny shoes). Laps around the deck? Or a maze in the vast underneath?

Whenever I am on a boat I enjoy lapping the deck. I think an underground maze in the blue ice is also desirable. Although a small caveat, I have nothing against funny shoes I wear them with adoration. I trek the white snow, making small order out of our discarded bao, italian ice and red clay dots. I use these different elements to mirror our designs on the deck of constellations. You give me instruction from the control room because you have a birds eye camera from a robotic insect that flies ahead and then lands in your lap where you lift him to rest on a beautiful perch in the control room. Next to this dragonfly is a yellow canary who we meet with at ten o'clock in the morning to learn Spanish and

after tea in the afternoon we meet with the brown sparrow who seems plain but actually has an impeccable french accent. Both these birds are perfectly alive, except trained so they need no cages. They fly out behind the boat when they need to relieve themselves, adding cosmic chatter to the constellations.

Our Spanish teacher uses the word labyrinth almost every third sentence, obsessed by the analogue of that long ago dirty place to the brains, even pea sized. You and I are covertly using our Spanish lessons to map his use of this word into a code that will lead to designs of our own labyrinth in the blue ice below.

The aviary might need to be edited.

The Spanish bird is the Sparrow and the French Canary. No I am not inserting souls until we do some bird research.

The control room is the aviary and the the aviary is the library. So many birds, all with different knowledges, all the languages of the world, they talk to each other and books are rewritten slightly altered, and repeated, translated in alliteration. Rhyme shares on a strand roundness until the last bead is square. Thus new books write when one thing becomes another.

When the boat reaches close to the cliff, whenever that will be, we will open the hexagonal windows of the aviary. The top trapezoid opens up pointing into the distance and the bottom swings low. All the birds escape in every color. Survival is what a library is.

Our Spanish bird and Canary are the queens of the aviary and together they rule over the rest of knowledge as their subjects. These subject subject subjects wander the Sparrow's narrow labyrinths in the evenings, raptly listening to her frantic speech and thus halting the development of new contingencies of knowledge until the next day.

Sometimes Ernst comes in with the vegetables to play the cello in the control room with this total bird/human discourse progressing in the background. He never interrupts either queen when they speak, respectfully pausing when necessary.

Would a canary be weighed down too much by a record-keeper pendant?

We can see the real stars very well from the remote Canadian glacier. But do we ever look up with so many stars underfoot?

The siren of the falling house is its own languorous song, a New Orleans March. Jelly Roll at the head with Ernst making waves bite for us, the sea swelling to catch our lips as the improv skids shut.

Ernst flies back with wilted cabbage and we accompany him. Autumn has passed.



Which would could look more nordic, more apt for ice, than poplar? Poplar culled illegally, by ghosts at night, from government land in the Great Smokey Mountains? A smokey wooden chimney. You're right though, the wood was stolen twice in fact. By us in preparation for the boat, but then again by a remote Korean temple to make trays used in the production of Tofu. The smoke from the name of the mountains casts gently into the flavor of the tofu, imperceptible but still differentiating, a grey aura. So we've stolen them back but they are stained on one side with water.

It will be our waterfall house, our
better Falling Water. How shall we
outdo FLW? (If we give him another
middle name he can become FLOW.
Yes what shall it be? Oil, Olivander,
Oliver, Octavio, Octave, Orchestra,
Open, Order, Oink, Odd, Oda,
Odda, Oddmond, (now working
from a name list, O is tough) Oddr,
Ode, Odette, Odharnait (means little
pale green one) Odhaimbo, Odoacer.
I christen him Frank Lloyd Ode
Wright.)

Frank Lloyd Order Event, Frank
Lloyd October Evenly.

~~Ice-Floe-wers-regenerated-from-30,
000-year-old-frozen-fruits-buried-b
y-ancient-squirrels~~



Frank Lloyd Orchestra Wright
Evening Research Station

Halfway through a passage of forest, she looked up. Half of Ghost Office remembered a dream from the previous night: she was eating a plate full of malachite. Nodules of lush green on a white plate. She would reach for one and bite into its polished surface, breaking through its memory of vegetation. Eating many, slowly, without taste, the plate was halfway through. It was supposed to be clean this endless plate, then she wondered, is all this stone healthy? She put a halfway bitten piece back onto the plate, chewing slowly what remained in her mouth.

The unchewed piece had the remainder of the dream inside it, the part where you did chew the last fragment and got lost inside a green (topiary) maze in the shape of a spiral. Instead of using twists and turns to cause you to get lost, the malachite hedge maze need only bear a path a little bit longer than you can possibly walk before giving up. It is not an infinite spiral, but rather one whose indefiniteness comes from our bodies. The part of the dream she felt she lost, that she didn't eat, was actually just getting lost in the recursion of a dream bite filled with dream bite dreams of bites. As a kind of perpetual falling, she walks in a circle just like I did when I was thirteen lying in bed in the dark.