

Long before *Falllll House* with its clockwork lightning was built here on Norfolk Island, before anyone had ever built anything here, we made a structure for the anticipation of thunder.

The island is covered by a great grove of Norfolk pine trees. Any time a tree fell, we hollowed out its trunk and dried it, and then hung it from a living tree's branch close enough that the dead trunk could bang against the living trunk when caught by the wind. Gradually these corpse chimes spread throughout the grove, until every glancing gust sends rumbles bouncing around.

Although the whole island is a grove and the grove is interwoven by these sounds, a softness pervades the noise. Like the softness of the norfolk pine itself, whose cousins may have needles, but whose own fronds swoop like dogs' tails. So many gently curving tails attach repetitively, almost rhyimally, to a larger swooping branch and these branches radiate around the trunk like the spokes of a wheel. These wheels then stack in an orderly gradation of scale towards a pinnacle.

So when hollow trunks knock against living trunks, whose branches are arranged with rhythmic precision on a diminishing scale, the noise produced is eerie and complex music.