

*Cities, like dreams,  
are made of desires and fears,  
even if the thread  
of their discourse is secret,  
their rules are absurd,  
their perspectives deceitful,  
and everything conceals  
something else.*

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Thus,  
an immense cosmic house  
is a potential of every dream of houses.

Winds radiate from its center and gulls

fly from its windows.

A house . . . allows the poet to inhabit  
the universe  
his house.  
. . . the universe comes to inhabit



THE BIRD

A NEST

THE SPIDER

A WEB

MAN

FRIENDSHIP

William Blake. "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell." 1908.

## *Wild Geese*

You do not have to be good.  
You do not have to walk on your knees  
for a hundred miles through the desert, repenting.  
You only have to let the soft animal of your body  
love what it loves.

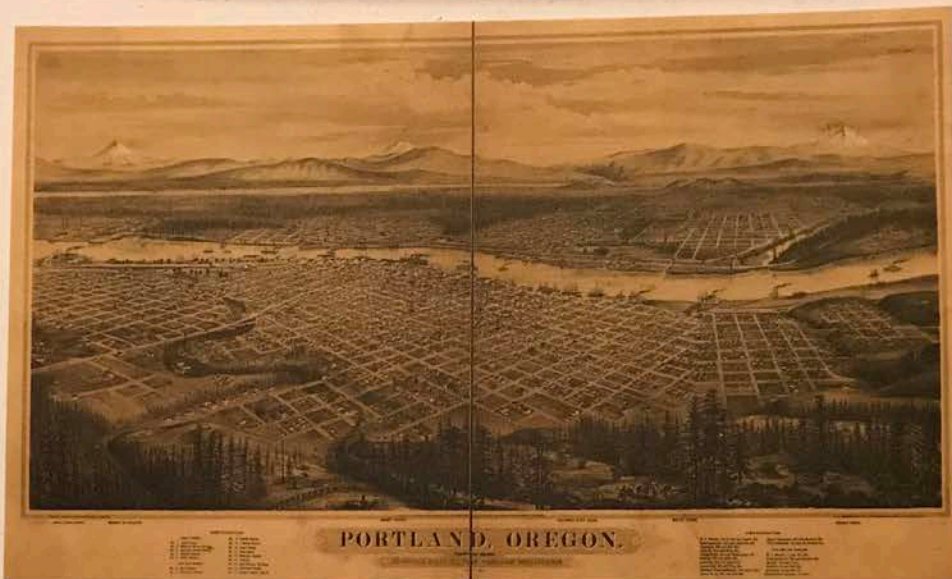
Tell me about despair, yours, and I will tell you mine.  
Meanwhile the world goes on.

Meanwhile the sun and the clear pebbles of the rain  
are moving across the landscapes,  
over the prairies and the deep trees,  
the mountains and the rivers.

Meanwhile the wild geese, high in the clean blue air,  
are heading home again.

Whoever you are, no matter how lonely,  
the world offers itself to your imagination,  
calls to you like the wild geese, harsh and exciting—  
over and over announcing your place  
in the family of things.





Portland, Oregon : Looking east to the Cascade Mountains. Bird's eye view map drawn and published by E.S. Glover.  
Courtesy of the City of Portland.

*Bees have been able to bring what lives  
in the flowers into the hive; and when  
you begin really to think this out rightly,  
you will reach the whole mystery of the  
hive.*

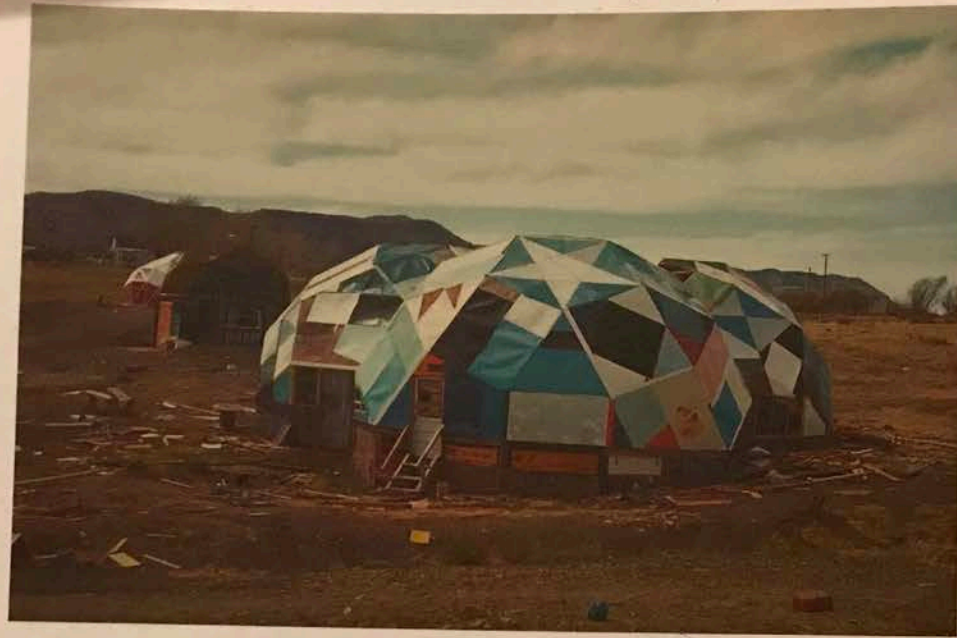
*So now, if one watches the swarm,  
still indeed visible to us, yet it is like the  
human soul when it must depart the  
body. It is a majestic picture, this de-  
parting swarm. Just as the human soul  
takes leave of the body . . . one can tru-  
ly see in the flying swarm an image of  
the departing human soul.*

**A  
House  
of  
My Own**

Not a flat. Not an apartment in back. Not a man's house. Not a daddy's. A house all my own. With my porch and my pillow, my pretty purple petunias. My books and my stories. My two shoes waiting beside the bed. Nobody to shake a stick at. Nobody's garbage to pick up after.

Only a house quiet as snow, a space for myself to go, clean as paper before the poem.





Greg Castillo, Esther Choi, Alison Clarke, Hugh Dubberly, Andrew Blauvelt, Ed., Ross Elfine, Ed.  
*Hippie Modernism*. Walker Art Center, 2015.

## THE TIMELESS WAY

A building or a town will only be  
alive to the extent that it is governed  
by the timeless way.

*There is one timeless way of building.*

*It is thousands of years old, and the same today as  
it has always been.*

*The great traditional buildings of the past, the  
villages and tents and temples in which man feels at  
home, have always been made by people who were  
very close to the center of this way. It is not possible  
to make great buildings, or great towns, beautiful  
places, places where you feel yourself, places where  
you feel alive, except by following this way. And, as  
you will see, this way will lead anyone who looks for  
it to buildings which are themselves as ancient in  
their form, as the trees and hills, and as our faces are.*

It is a process through which the order of a building or a  
town grows out directly from the inner nature of the  
people, and the animals, and plants, and matter which are  
in it.

It is a process which allows the life inside a person, or a  
family, or a town, to flourish, openly, in freedom, so  
vividly that it gives birth, of its own accord, to the natural  
order which is needed to sustain this life.

*It is so powerful and fundamental that with its help  
you can make any building in the world as beautiful  
as any place that you have ever seen.*

Once you understand this way, you will be able to make  
your room alive; you will be able to design a house to-  
gether with your family; a garden for your children;



*Home is the place where,  
when you have to go there,  
they have to take you in.*

Robert Frost. "The Death of the Hired Man." Poetry Foundation. Accessed July 16, 2018.  
<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/44261/the-death-of-the-hired-man>.

**Mid the uneasy wanderings of paleolithic man, the dead were the first to have a permanent dwelling: a cavern, a mound marked by a cairn, a collective barrow. These were landmarks to which the living probably returned at intervals, to commune with or placate the ancestral spirits.**



But that is not true. The journey is never over. Only Travelers come to an end. But even then, they can prolong their voyage in their memories, in recollections, in stories. When the traveler sat in the sand and declared: "There is nothing more to see," he knew it wasn't true. The end of one journey is simply the start of another. You have to see what you missed the first time, see again what you already saw, see in springtime what you saw in summer, in daylight what you saw at night, see the sun shining where you saw rain falling, see the crops growing, the fruit ripen, the stone which has moved, the shadow that was not there before. You have to go back to the footsteps already taken, to go over them again or add fresh one alongside them. You have to start the journey anew. Always. The traveler sets out once more.

In the very earliest time,  
when both people and animals lived on earth,  
a person could become an animal if he wanted to  
and an animal could become a human being.  
Sometimes they were people  
and sometimes animals  
and there was no difference.  
All spoke the same language.  
That was the time when words were like magic.

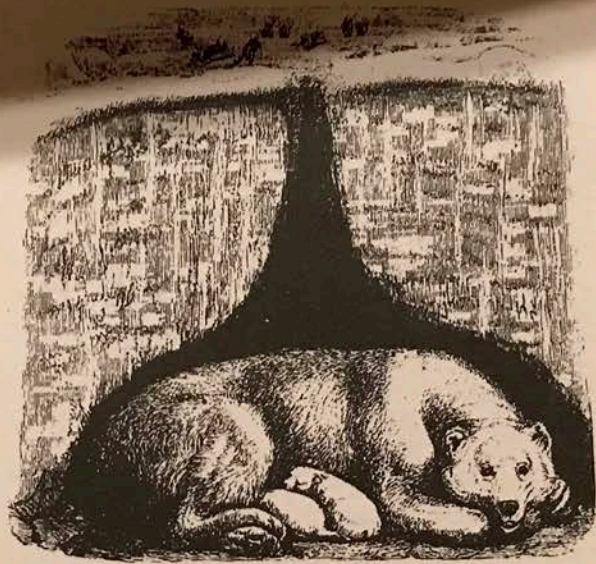
after Nalungiaq. "Magic Words." English version by Edward Field, from Knud Ramussen.  
*The Language of the Birds: Tales, Texts, & Poems of Interspecies Communication*, ed. by David M. Guss. San Francisco: North Point Press, 1985. p. 10.



Most of the time, people are not crying in public, but everyone is always in need of something that another person can give, be it undivided attention, a kind word or deep empathy. There is no better use of a life than to be attentive to such needs and there are as many ways to do this as there are kinds of loneliness...

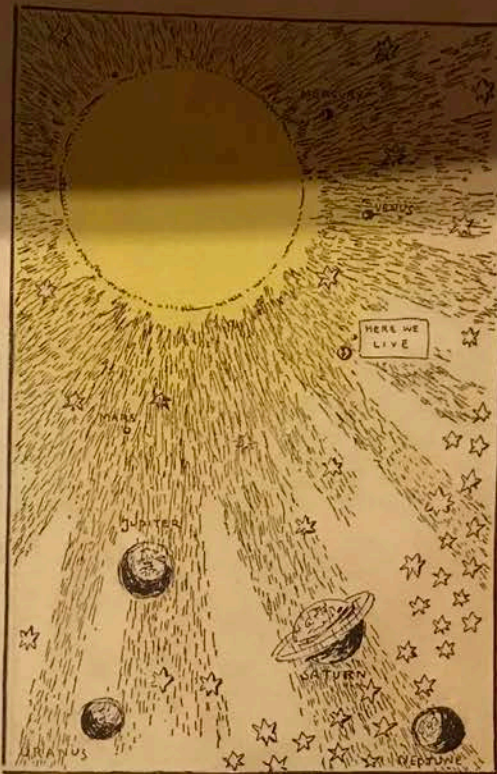
The dream house is a uniquely American form, because for the first time in history a civilization has created a utopian idea based on the house rather than the city or the nation.





POLAR BEAR

The Rev. J. G. Wood. "Polar Bear." *Homes Without Hands*. University of Michigan, 1866.

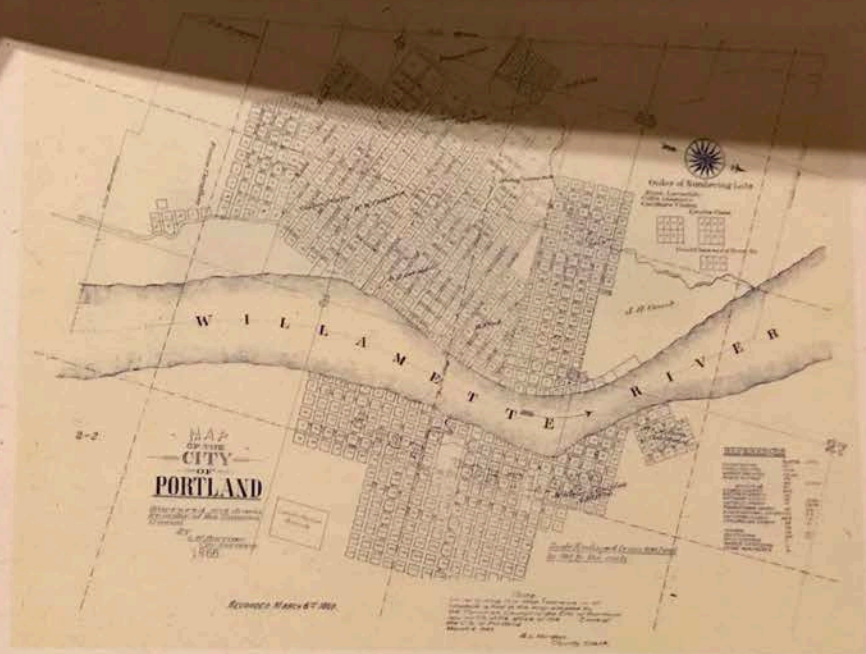


THE SCENE OF OUR HISTORY IS LAID UPON A LITTLE PLANET, LOST IN THE VASTNESS OF THE UNIVERSE.



THE ROOT OF ALL DESIRES IS THE ONE DESIRE: TO COME HOME, TO BE AT PEACE. THERE MAY BE A MOMENT IN LIFE WHEN OUR COMPENSATORY ACTIVITIES, THE ACCUMULATION OF MONEY, LEARNING AND OBJECTS, LEAVES US FEELING DEEPLY APATHETIC. THIS CAN MOTIVATE US TOWARDS THE SEARCH FOR OUR REAL NATURE BEYOND APPEARANCES. WE MAY FIND OURSELVES ASKING, 'WHY AM I HERE? WHAT IS LIFE? WHO AM I?' SOONER OR LATER ANY INTELLIGENT PERSON ASKS THESE QUESTIONS. WHAT YOU ARE LOOKING FOR IS WHAT YOU ALREADY ARE, NOT WHAT YOU WILL BECOME. WHAT YOU ALREADY ARE IS THE ANSWER AND THE SOURCE OF THE QUESTION. IN THIS LIES ITS POWER OF TRANSFORMATION. IT IS A PRESENT ACTUAL FACT. LOOKING TO BECOME SOMETHING IS COMPLETELY CONCEPTUAL, MERELY AN IDEA. THE SEEKER WILL DISCOVER THAT HE IS WHAT HE SEEKS AND THAT WHAT HE SEEKS IS THE SOURCE OF THE INQUIRY.





Map of the City of Portland surveyed and drawn by order of the Common Council. Courtesy of the City of Portland.

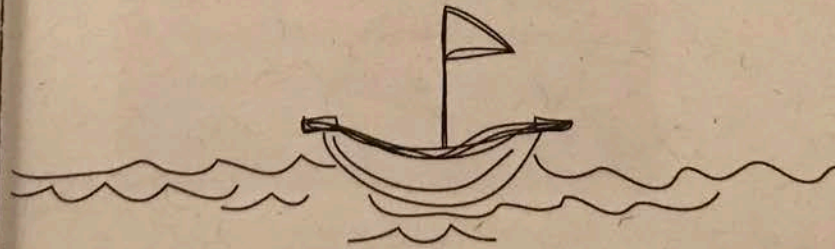
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No one can be close to others, without also having frequent opportunities to be alone.

Alexander, Christopher, Sara Ishikawa, Murray Silverstein, and Max Jacobson.  
*A Pattern Language: Towns, Buildings, Construction*. Oxford University Press, 1977.

they have no idea what it is like  
to lose home at the risk of  
never finding home again  
to have your entire life  
split between two lands and  
become the bridge between two countries

- *immigrant*





That people could come into  
the world in a place they could  
not at first even name and had  
never known before; and that  
out of a nameless and unknown  
place they could grow and move  
around in it until its name they  
knew and called with love, and  
call it HOME, and put roots  
there and love others there;  
so that whenever they left this  
place they would sing homesick  
songs about it and write poems  
of yearning for it, like a lover...