

PHILOGRAPHICA: THAT WHICH IS WRITTEN OR DESCRIBED OF LOVE

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In Partial Fulfillment
of the Requirements for the Degree
Master of Fine Art

by
ANNA R. CRANOR
Dr. Josephine Stealey, Thesis Supervisor
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The undersigned, appointed by the dean of the Graduate School, have examined the
thesis entitled

PHILOGRAPHICA: THAT WHICH IS WRITTEN OR DESCRIBED OF LOVE

presented by Anna Cranor,

a candidate for the degree of Master of Fine Art,

and hereby certify that, in their opinion, it is worthy of acceptance.

Professor Josephine Stealey, PhD.

Associate Professor James H. Calvin

Professor Alex Barker, PhD.

DEDICATION

To Craig Gladney, my beloved, for standing by me through it all;
and to John Henry Cranor, who taught me how to play cards. I miss you every day.

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Abstract

Intimate relationships pose a paradox: they are inherently dangerous on multiple levels and yet essential for our social well-being. A collection of artist's books was constructed with the purpose of illustrating this contradiction. The books were manufactured using a variety of non-traditional materials and contain an encrypted narrative. The project draws on imagery from western fairy tales, medieval illuminated manuscripts, antique playing cards, and other historical sources as a mode of visual storytelling. Text in the form of mirror-writing was added to further encode the story and force a degree of self-scrutiny on the viewer. The process of reading the books to uncover their content becomes an active metaphor for intimacy. The collection was publicly displayed in a small academic library for two weeks, during which time students and other visitors could be observed interacting with or ignoring the books. A few individuals offered unsolicited feedback that indicated the experience of reading the books was affectively positive for them. The library setting appears to have been very effective at reaching a diverse audience. Collaborating with libraries as exhibition spaces shows exciting potential for future projects.

Keywords: Intimacy, intimate relationships, interpersonal relationships, fairy tales, storytelling, book arts, playing cards, collage, illustration, mirror-writing, art, alternative exhibition spaces, libraries and art.

Philographica: That Which is Written or Described of Love

This body of work is a collection of books that use archetypal imagery to tell a story about intimate relationships between adults. The collection comprises seventeen volumes and a deck of sixty playing cards that fit together in a nested structure to compose a single monograph with an encrypted narrative. The title of this monograph is *Philographica*. Supplemental materials augment the content of *Philographica* and provide keys to decrypting its meaning.

The next section will provide some context and background information on the concept of intimacy, storytelling as a framework in which to discuss intimacy, and why I chose to manifest these ideas in book form.

The Importance of Intimacy

To love and be loved is a fundamental human need. Therefore intimate relationships play a crucial role in the overall human experience. The central tenet of my thesis is that intimacy is profoundly dangerous. Since true intimacy requires mutual vulnerability and reciprocity, some degree of personal risk is inherent. But it is also essential: Our need for intimacy is at the core of our social nature and people suffer when they are deprived of close contact with others.

Intimacy is defined as a very close affective bond. “Intimate” pertains to that which is innermost (see Appendix B, p. 50). An intimate relationship is characterized by physical or emotional closeness and differs from a regular relationship in several important ways.¹ For example, intimate partners have extensive knowledge about each other, and this knowledge is often exclusive. This shared “secret information” and the assumption of confidentiality creates connections between people. Trust is the (necessary) condition that makes these close ties tolerable.

Attachment theory was first conceptualized by John Bowlby and grew out of his observations of the effects of maternal deprivation on infants. Its central precept is that an infant needs a secure relationship with its primary caregiver (which is usually its mother) in order to develop normal social and emotional functioning. Attachment theory can provide a framework for describing the dynamics of all long-term relationships between people. The need to belong is a fundamental human motivation. As summarized by Baumeister and Leary (1995),

[T]he belonging hypothesis is that human beings have a pervasive drive to form and maintain at least a minimum quantity of lasting, positive, and significant interpersonal relationships. Satisfying this drive involves two criteria: First, there is a need for frequent, affectively pleasant interactions with a few other people, and, second, these interactions must take place in the context of a temporally stable and enduring framework of affective concern for each other’s welfare. (p. 497)

It is not much of an exaggeration to call intimacy a matter of life and death: The stakes of relationships are high. Heartbreak, the emotional trauma of loss experienced as somatic pain (in the chest), is a universal experience. The term “heartbreak” is a common metaphor for the intense emotional pain and suffering experienced after losing a loved

one. Takotsubo cardiomyopathy, or “broken heart syndrome”, is the physical manifestation of the metaphor; it is entirely possible to die of a broken heart.²

Although the risk of bodily harm up to and including death is a very real and distressingly common phenomenon within the context of romantic relationships, an in-depth discussion of the physical dangers associated with intimate partner violence are beyond the scope of this investigation. Conversely, simple avoidance of close relationships is hardly a viable option; loneliness and social isolation are established risk factors for physical and mental illness (Cacioppo, 2009), as well as predictors of functional decline and death in older persons (Perissinotto, 2012). The crux of the project is the tension between these two deeply conflicting needs—the need to connect with others and the need to protect oneself—that exist simultaneously within each of us. The whole book is an illustration of that paradox.

Conceptual Analysis and Context

Attachment theory is concerned with how people develop relationships, starting with the enduring affectional bond formed between a child and an adult during the early years of life, and the influence that this bond has on emotional growth throughout life. A common feature in strong, safe, loving caregiving environments is storytelling. Relationships are created and deepened through the sharing of stories, which is a legitimate and palpable way to relate perceptions, thoughts, and feelings. By asking us to imagine the experiences of another, stories foster empathy and understanding.

Storytelling as Communication and Art

Storytelling is an ancient and ubiquitous mode of human communication. Stories are, among other things, pedagogical tools and conduits for culture, including values and attitudes surrounding sex and gender roles. They are powerful tools for cultivating not only language skills and creative expression, but also cognitive, social, and emotional functioning. Stories learned in childhood provide mental models for behavior that become internalized. The templates offered by stories help shape personal expectations of self and others and teach us how we may engage with the world around us:

Storytelling provides the opportunity to interpret for the child life forces which are beyond his immediate experience and so to prepare him for life itself. It gives the teller the chance to emphasize significance rather than incident.... It goes beyond the truth of fact to an all-embracing unchanging truth, and it clothes this in a beauty which enlightens its poignancy, and which gains new beauty with the praise of each succeeding age. Storytelling, rightly done, is such an art. (Nesbitt, 1940)

Stories and story elements are privately reshaped by individuals as they work to create themselves in the process of growing up. A case in point, and one which has significant bearing on my work, is the world of fairy tales.

The relevance of fairy tales. “Tiefere Bedeutung liegt in den Märchen meiner Kinderjahre als in der Wahrheit, die das Leben lehrt (Deeper meaning lies in the fairy tales of my childhood than any truth that life teaches).” (Schiller, 1799)

In describing the appeal of fairy tales, Maria Warner (2014) states the following:

Fairy tales report from imaginary territory—a magical elsewhere of possibility; a hero or heroine or sometimes both together are faced with ordeals, terrors, and disaster in a world that, while it bears some resemblance to the ordinary conditions of human existence, mostly diverges from it in the way it works, taking the protagonists—and us, the story’s readers or listeners—to another place where wonders are commonplace and desires are fulfilled. (p. xxiii)

Although literary fairy tales first appeared in published works intended for adults—and were themselves derived from oral antecedents that were never intended for children’s ears alone—the genre became increasingly associated with “children’s literature” during the 19th and 20th centuries. Stories were altered to make them “suitable” for children by removing sexual and scatological references; while at the same time, depictions of violence and cruelty remained intact or were *increased*—particularly if the violence was punitive and thus morally instructive (Tatar, 1992)—becoming cautionary tales that “masquerade as educational tales, but are in reality sadistic stories aimed at controlling behavior” (p. 31). Later revisions also reduced the violence, until today the term “Disneyfication” is synonymous with the transformation of something real or unsettling into a carefully controlled, sanitized, safe, and inoffensive product—a reference to the company’s familiar animated adaptations—far removed from the earliest recorded versions of the stories.

Psychologist Bruno Bettelheim (1976) believed that fairy tales were necessary for children, “helping them cope with psychological problems of growing up and integrating their personalities” (p. 14). While his work undoubtedly made “plausible if not always entirely persuasive” (Dundes, 1991, p. 80) psychoanalytic interpretations of fairy tales accessible to the general public (p. 81), his premise seemingly “assumes that fairy tales are independent of the reality of human culture, and that they have sprung from sources deep within the human psyche, unaffected by human institutions” (Oliver, 1977, p. 85).

My aim is not to explore all of the cultural, social, or historical aspects of tale construction. The important point, as it relates to my work, is that these foundational

narratives “stick.” Fairy tale scholar Jack Zipes (2006) describes this “strange viral genre” (p. 94) thus:

Fairy tales, even when they are preserved in their traditional and conventional forms, appeal to all audiences because they reinforce the notion of transformation and allow, through condensed and relevant forms, for easy memorization... [T]he fairy tale effectively draws our attention to relevant information that will enable us to know more about our real life situations, and through its symbolic code and flexible structure, it allows for personal and public, individual and collective interpretations. (pp. 100–101)

In spite—or perhaps because—of their gruesome or horrific³ aspects, fairy tale motifs exert a powerful hold on the childhood imagination, and foster a fascination that tends to persist into adulthood. Fairy tales proffer a source of compelling symbolic imagery with deep psychological resonance; and new interpretations of enduring themes may be continually edited, rewritten, revised, and otherwise modified into countless variations on robust, persistent stories. The fact that they originated as adult stories with adult content, and the fact that this sinister subtext persists, is what made their raw material appealing to me as a visual storyteller.

Archetypes as symbolic language. Fairy tales utilize one-dimensional characters and universally recognized symbols that are referred to as archetypal. In Jungian psychology, an archetype is a pattern of behavior reiterated through cultural output. Archetypes can be found in nearly all forms of literature, with their motifs being predominately rooted in folklore. The symbols commonly found in myth, legend, and fantasy fulfill psychological functions.⁴

The term archetype is used in literary criticism to denote motifs that recur in mythologies, fairy tales, folktales, and by extension *any pervasive symbolic*

representation. I reference archetypes in my work because they are exoteric and familiar to a broad range of people, a kind of “symbolic Esperanto,” providing me with a known visual vocabulary that I can utilize to suggest specific sets of meaning that I want to communicate to my audience.

The underlying narrative of *Philographica* is an allegorical fairy tale that is revealed through its various elements. The storyline is encoded in images and fragments of text and dispersed throughout the seventeen volumes that make up the final book. Imagery has been drawn from the cultural archive of archetypal representations rooted in Western folklore. Certain symbols, character types, and motifs are repeated. This story is illustrated using a combination of collage, drawing, and calligraphic techniques that conflate image and text: Written words become decorative elements in the composition, while repeated symbolism in the imagery form a system of lexigraphic writing.

Reading relationships. Author and audience, or storyteller and listener, co-create the story. That is: The author provides the essential information, but the audience “fills in the gaps” using their imagination (to varying degrees, depending on the medium) and no two people ever do this the same way.⁵

The viewing or reading situation affects the meanings and pleasures of a work by introducing into the cultural exchange a range of determinations, potentially resistant or contradictory, arising from the differential social and cultural constitution of readers or viewers—by class, gender, race, age, personal history, and so on. This is potentially the most radical moment of negotiation, because the most variable and unpredictable.
(Gledhill, 1988/2006)

A relationship between the author and her or his audience is created via the medium of the story. This is like any other relationship inasmuch as each party brings their own

experiences and expectations to it and projects these onto the other, filling in the blanks in ways that their companion may or may not have intended or desired.

Books as Art and Technology

I am a librarian by training and profession, and my perspective as such is highly relevant to the outcome of this research. I learned book binding as part of my education in library science and have knowledge of those techniques on which to draw. Also, the question of controlling access to information about oneself in the context of an interpersonal relationship reflects the core values of the profession—providing access to necessary information while protecting the privacy of our patrons—that are practiced on an institutional scale in the context of the library. Consequently, my approach to the problem was informed by my background in librarianship from the beginning. Also, in both my professional and academic capacities I work with these things —books, paper, and words—on a daily basis, on an aesthetic level as art materials, and on a concrete, practical level as communication technology.

Writing gives us the means to store knowledge, and the codex—that form of physical book with pages and a bound edge—is one of the most efficient information storage systems ever invented. Due to changes in digital technology and the proliferation of electronic formats over the last few decades, we have come to conceptualize a book as its content, not its form: Instead of being the necessary embodiment of a text, the term “book” is taken to mean the text, itself. And, as simple repositories of fact, books have already been supplanted by computers; but printed books have not disappeared, because we are attached to them on an emotional level. “The Book” is an iconic form, arguably

occupying the same abstract metaphorical space in our collective consciousness as an archetype, a symbolic representation of the story it contains:

If you want to predict the death or survival of a technology, you ... have to ask if it's a metaphor for something more than function. Only after a technology has touched us in that deep visceral and emotional place will it find a way to persist from one generation to the next.... electronic information is already completely different in character from that in a paper book. And that's exactly why the paper book will have to survive, after all. Paper books will keep right on doing what they've always done so well. They take you into the author's mind. You give yourself over to the story-telling rhythm. (Lienhard, 1996)

Different types of information become available through the medium, which contributes to the story. The form adds a layer of content, and you change the story by the way that you tell it. Book arts allow for the inclusion of multiple arts techniques and fuse 2D and 3D work in a single object. This feature would make them an appealingly versatile medium regardless of current technological trends; and there has been an explosion of interest in book arts and fine printing in the last few decades, which roughly corresponds with the digital revolution and rise of electronic publishing. I do not believe that this is a coincidence. Instead of rendering physical books obsolete, the perceived threat of digital technologies seems rather to have invigorated the medium. The materiality of the book is revealed as its strength.

A book must be read in order to fulfill its communicative function; and this tangible aspect of the printed—that is, physical—book is pivotal to my work. *Philographica* has to be touched and handled before its full content can be accessed. While reading is itself an intimate act, tactile information from the various substances—fabric, paper, faux fur, wood, yarn, etc.—from which the books were made becomes available to the reader as they interact with the work on a physical level. How these

specific material choices relate to the overall concept of the work will be clarified in the following section.

Embodiment and Formal Analysis

I am working with a visual vocabulary of symbols that each have their own particular suites of meaning and intersect in certain sets of associations. An essential issue is one of boundaries; thus, these particular visual metaphors come into play.

Moving from the innermost to the outermost, each level of content comprised within *Philographica*, including relevant information about its construction, will be described in detail below.

The Foundational Story

The underlying narrative of *Philographica* is based on an original short story that I wrote as the first step in the construction process. This writing exercise served to organize a concrete text that could then be used as a reference for the work that followed. The story's complete text is available in Appendix D (p. 54). The narrative structure of the story is mirrored in the nested structure of the books; there is a framing narrative that contains two sub-narratives: The first features the characters of the Hare and the Deer, which are here used as masculine symbols; and the second focuses on the Bird and Fish characters, which stand for feminine attributes.

Sixty sentences or sentence fragments were selected from the original text for inclusion in *Philographica*. This entailed severe editing, which left only enough information to preserve essential plot points. These fragments of text were then arranged for distribution across the constituent volumes that compose the final piece, with the

narrative content buried under multiple layers of encryption and steganography. The organization of the extracted text is delineated in Table 2 (p. 125). The level of involvement the reader is willing to invest in uncovering the story directly correlates to how much information will be revealed. This mechanism enacts the underlying metaphor of the project, both an allegory for and a demonstration of the process of becoming intimately familiar with another person.

Playing Cards

About playing cards. Card games were established in Europe by the second half of the 14th century, and today virtually every American and European household owns at least one deck of playing cards. A standard deck contains four suits of thirteen (ace through ten plus three court or face cards) and may also include two jokers. In North America and England, the suits are spades, hearts, clubs, and diamonds.⁶ Card games are inextricably connected to the concepts of chance and fate—as are, frequently, notions about romance—and gaming vernacular provides useful idioms for courtship behavior: Participants may, for example, lay their cards on the table, play it close to the chest, engage in bluffing, go all in, or fold and walk away.

Since early cards were made in accordance to the desire of the patron, suits were not standardized. Any sign that pleased the patron could be used. For example, the hunting pack of Stuttgart (c. 1420–1430) contains suits of dogs, stags, ducks, and falcons. The Ambras Court hunting pack (c. 1445) employs suit symbols of lures, herons, hounds, and falcons, and the German Master of Playing Cards (active ca. 1425–1460) produced a five-suited deck of flowers, birds, deer, beasts (lions and bears), and wild men.

Creating the deck. With that history in mind, I hand-painted a custom deck of playing cards, and these are the innermost elements of *Philographica*, hidden deeply underneath literal and figurative layers. The four suits are birds, fish, deer, and hares. Jokers are foxes. Animals are used to symbolize human psychological aspects or characteristics, and “metaphors of nonhuman beings help us give shape to the human experience and make sense of our inner lives” (Popova, 2015). These particular animals correspond to a central theme in each chapter of the narrative that also relates to their symbolic associations, which are fully elucidated in Appendix A (p. 49).

There are fourteen cards in each suit: Ace through ten and four face cards (King, Queen, Jack, and Valet). This is a historical reference to early European decks, which also had a fourth “court” or “face” card, a Page or Valet (which was sometimes depicted as a female figure). This feature survives in the Tarot deck. The deck has four jokers instead of the usual two for a total of sixty cards, a number that could be divided easily and distributed evenly throughout the twelve chapter volume books of *Philographica*. Each card contains a fragment of text from the narrative, as arranged according to Table 2 (p. 125), and functions as a single page.

Taken together, the full deck of cards creates an unbound or loose-leaf book. In this form the narrative becomes non-linear, and can be rearranged into a nearly infinite number of possible different stories. The story thus becomes a riddle with no obvious “true” solution. This multiplicity of interpretations, coupled with built-in uncertainty, mirrors the inherent difficulty of knowing another.

In this way a pack of cards also serves as a metaphor for the history of storytelling itself: The pool of potential stories is a near infinite number of possible combinations of

elements—motifs, characters, and plot types—that are continually re-dealt, re-organized, and reconfigured into new contextually specific tales. In this case, each set of five cards assigned to a chapter volume (described below) contains a cross-section or slice of the underlying story, but could also be read by themselves as suggestions of a different, free-standing “mini-narrative;” and even individual cards are evocative enough to act as story prompts, suggesting unlimited narrative blanks for the reader’s imagination to fill in.

Process and materials. The deck in *Philographica* was made from a single sheet of Arches® Cover paper, cream, folded and torn into 64ths (2.75 × 3.75 in.). When duplicate or replacement cards had to be made because of loss or damage, these were produced individually from either Rives® BFK or Copperplate® paper as available.

The card backs are first painted with a uniform layer of opaque Mars black. Overtop of this optical foundation, thin coats of metallic paint are applied in the following order: Golden® Iridescent Bronze (Fine), Liquitex® Antique Gold, Golden® Iridescent Bright Gold (Fine), and Grumbacher® Thalo™ Gold. These are very transparent pigments, so the layers show through one another. The final effect is a very deep, lustrous surface. Onto this, a transfer decal of the Book of Kells carpet page is applied using Golden® medium-gloss gel medium, leaving a one-quarter inch border of gold around the edge. The final layer is a zoomorphic Celtic knot screen printed in black ink. These layers are explicit references to the Irish monastic tradition of manuscript illumination.⁷ Where occasionally the screen printed ink was too heavy, the knot design was scraped back out using the tip of a spatula. Therefore, each card back is unique, making them sub-optimal for actual game play:



Figure 1. Three card backs, showing variation.

These cards are “marked.” They could be used once or twice for gaming, but eventually an astute player could, through familiarity, learn to recognize subtle individual differences that would give her (or him) an unfair advantage over a less experienced one. This, too, can be read as a relationship metaphor.

The numbered or “pip” cards were made using decal transfers of the animals’ silhouettes in black. The background was then filled in using white ink with metallic ink accents. Vellum was laminated over this and then sanded, creating a translucent layer. The silhouettes were then traced back over by hand in black ink so that they appear to float over the original shape, which becomes like a drop shadow. The suit of fish differs from the other three in that the fish have been embellished with metallic inks. The fish in the story are wondrously beautiful, wish-granting magical beings that signify emotions, or “feelings.” Since the issues under examination in the work are emotional in nature, the representations of fish were enhanced.



Figure 2. Examples of pip cards from each suit. Note: Fish drawn in Silver ink.

The twenty-four face or “court” cards, aces, and jokers are more technically and visually complicated. They are done in color, with multiple layers of three-dimensional pictorial depictions of the animals. Given that these are, by convention, higher ranking cards in the deck, it made sense to pay special attention to them.



Figure 3. Examples of court cards from each suit, "Ace of Deer", "King of Hares", "Queen of Birds", "Jack of Fish", and "2nd Joker".

There are numerous visual puns hidden throughout the illustrations on the court cards like Easter eggs. I am extremely fond of word play, and would be delighted to have someone find any or all of them. This is another instance of concealed information that a perceptive reader must invest time to discover. I will point out two, here:



Figure 4. Left: "Jack of Birds," a jackdaw. Right: "Jack of Hares," a jackrabbit.

A few words on writing. Text is necessarily added to the cards as their final layer. I prefer calligraphy pens that can only be used with water-based inks, which would bleed and become illegible were they applied earlier in the process.

Across all of the elements in *Philographica* virtually all of the text is hand-lettered mirror-writing. The purpose of rendering text backwards is twofold: First, writing in reverse creates a barrier to understanding, and the viewer must therefore initially consider the text strictly as part of a visual composition. Fortunately, it is a low barrier; and while some effort is required on the part of the audience, a wall mirror was provided in the exhibition space for the readers' convenience. Thus, in order to understand the story, the reader is required to "look in the mirror;" a need for self-examination is implicit. That is the second purpose of mirror-writing, and it manifests another metaphor for dynamics within intimate relationships.

Individual Volumes of Chapters

Twelve small cloth volumes in the form of fabric booklets compose the next level of *Philographica*. There are three volumes to each chapter, and each chapter corresponds to an animal represented in the deck of cards. The cards themselves are distributed throughout these volumes (five apiece) according to their respective suits (see Table 2, p. 125).

Creating the booklets. All of the booklets contain a single-signature text block made from three 8.5 × 11 in. rectangles of cotton poplin that have been sewn together to form five pockets, into each of which one card will fit. Since each sheet of cotton represents one folio, composed of four pages (left and right, front and back), there are a total of 144 illustrations. These images were created using a combination of techniques including digital printing, collage, drawing, and hand-lettering.

Sources of imagery. Collage is a process of collection, selection, and organization of disparate elements to form a cohesive whole. In this way, it is similar to the processes of collection development and maintenance that are practiced within libraries. Images have been borrowed primarily from medieval manuscripts, playing cards, antique medical illustrations, and my own original photographs.

As a working librarian, I am extremely conscientious of copyright and fair-use issues; and as a result am careful to use sources that are either copyright free, or to which I hold the copyright, myself. Medieval imagery helps connect my work to the fairy tale genre, which is itself set in a romanticized, vaguely medieval past. This fictional, indistinct, sentimentalized middle ages is where we imagine the stories to have taken place; while the actual gothic age produced the literary paradigm of courtly love, a

conceptual antecedent of romance. This imagery is not only strongly associated with these stylized expressions of love, but has the added advantage of being solidly in the public domain. I exploit it without hesitation.

Constructing illustrations: Process and materials. The first step in creating an illustration was to print a background image from a digital file. In some cases this was an earlier work of collage or drawing that had been scanned and formatted to fit the page. The cotton sheets can be run through the printer several times to create an accumulation of imagery. Transfers are then applied to build up an additional layer. The transfer medium also plasticized the fabric and acted as a sizing for the final layer of hand-applied acrylic paint and inks that resolve the image and add textual elements. When the pages are sewn together to form the pockets, half of the illustrations are on the interior, obscuring their content from view. The reader can see that there *is* content, and that much of it is text, but it is inaccessible. In order for this hidden text to be read, the book in which it is written would have to be destroyed. This is a reiteration of the intimacy metaphor, for extracting deeply held information can damage the one who holds it.



Figure 5. Examples of illustrated pages from "Chapter One, Birds."



Figure 6. Examples of illustrated pages from "Chapter Two, Deer."



Figure 7. Examples of illustrated pages from "Chapter Three, Fish."



Figure 8. Examples of illustrated pages from "Chapter Four, Hares."

A few more words on writing. The writing in these illustrations was, to some degree, detached from the story text. It was very graphic, violent, and intensely personal in nature. I would have been mortified for someone to read this content, and I believe it would have made them uncomfortable if they did. I felt confident that no one would, because of the way the books were ultimately constructed; but I also felt very strongly

that to be authentic a certain amount of genuine risk was required. Without any real threat of exposure, the entire underlying metaphor would collapse.

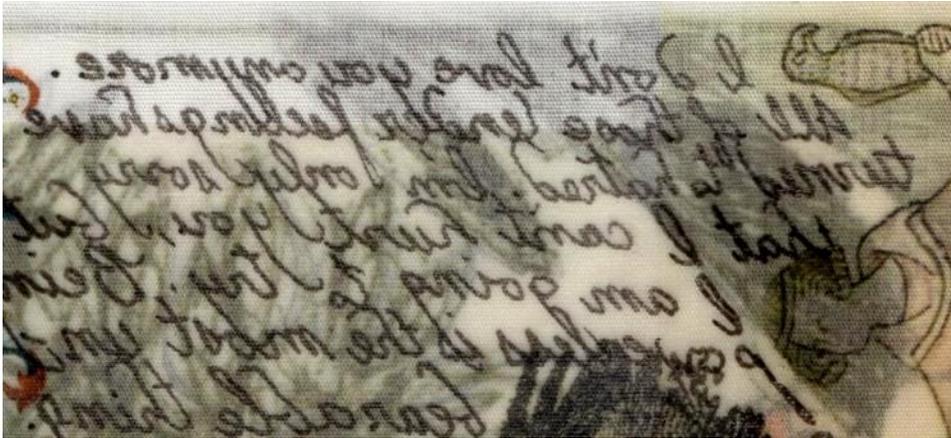


Figure 9. Detail from an interior page of "Chapter One, Birds."

Case materials and construction. The covers of each booklet were made by modifying a prefabricated 5 × 7 in. pamphlet binder with a one-quarter inch spine board. A case was made by covering the boards with two layers of quilt batting and then wrapped with fabric, giving them a very soft, padded feel and appearance. A complementary fabric was selected for the paste-down end pages. Each booklet has a unique fabric combination for its covering, but the sets of three (per chapter) are color coordinated to visibly “match,” and to give visual cues as to which animal the book corresponds. The illustrated cotton pages were then cased into these finished covers. The finished booklets measure approximately 5 × 7 × 1 in. each.



Figure 10. Left: "Chapter Three, Fish," vol. 1–3. Right: "Chapter One, Birds," vol. 2 & 3.

Animal Chapters

Each set of three volumes is contained within its corresponding chapter book, of which there are four: Birds, Deer, Fish, and Hares. Their construction is similar to the booklets described above, but they are thicker and more heavily padded. They give the overall impression of being the “stuffed animal” version of books, referencing a comforting object that a young person might sleep with. A difference between these books and the booklets is that they have an exposed-spine flexible binding with tapes. This is a modification of a traditional case binding; with the casing removed from the spine to expose the structure underneath. Taking away the cover to reveal a feature that would normally remain hidden is another allusion to intimacy: an inner aspect has been exposed. Their signatures are formed from canvas pockets into which the smaller booklets can be fit.

Imagery and construction. Patterns were printed onto the canvas pages before they were sewn together to form the pockets. I generated these designs by selecting a

small section of a thematically appropriate illustration from a medieval manuscript, and digitally rotating and tiling that image. The insides of the pockets are lined with a material that corresponds to the cover of the volume that belongs to it, giving the user enough information to figure out which booklet goes in which pocket and keep them in their proper order.



Figure 11. Exterior surfaces of the signatures in "Chapter One, Birds."



Figure 12. Exterior surfaces of the signatures in "Chapter Two, Deer."



Figure 13. Exterior surfaces of the signatures in "Chapter Three, Fish."



Figure 14. Exterior surfaces of the signatures in "Chapter Four, Hares."

As a closure device, custom buttons and loops were fabricated and sewn into the covers of each book. These were a bird, a fish, a rabbit, and an antler to represent deer. They were made from white polymer clay such as is used to make dolls, which resembles porcelain but is much more durable, that had been shaped, baked, and then carved and sanded to a smooth finish. The closure loops were crocheted from thin yarn that was color coordinated with the cover fabric.



Figure 15. Front closure buttons for "Chapter One, Birds," and "Chapter Two, Deer." Note: Threads used for the closure loops are color coordinated with the fabric covers.



Figure 16. Front closure buttons for "Chapter Three, Fish," and "Chapter Four, Hares." Note: Threads used for the closure loops are color coordinated with the fabric covers.

The Sculptural Monograph

The final level of *Philographica* is a single outsized sculptural book form that is approximately 24 × 17 × 14 in. in volume. It is constructed in much the same fashion as

the chapter books—two rigid covers, padded and covered with fabric, and an exposed spine binding—but on a larger scale. The button on the front closure is in the shape of a tree, approximately six and one-half inches high, representative of the forest that contains the animals; much like the large book contains its constituent chapters, the chapters contain the story, or the story contains its characters.

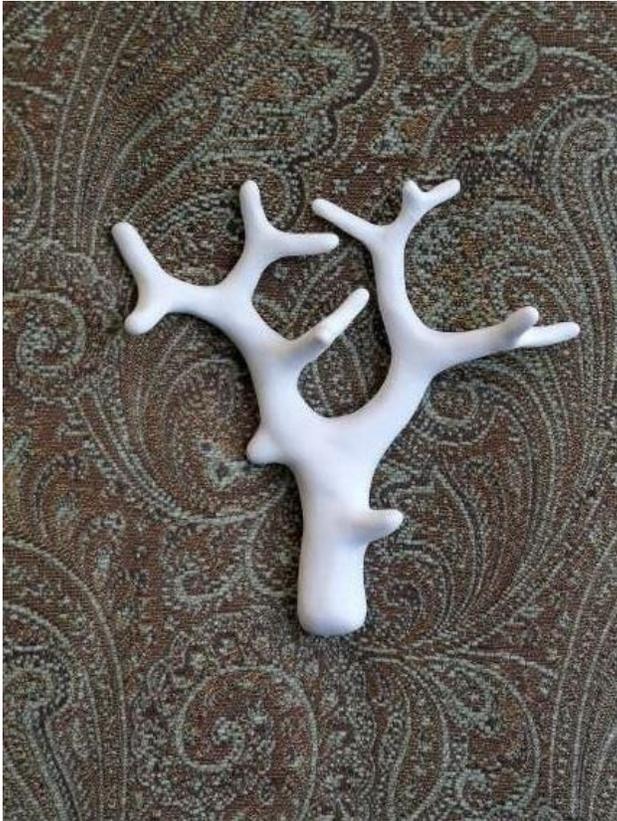


Figure 17. Detail of front closure button on the monograph *Philographica*.

Constructing the book. The boards for the cover were made from one-quarter inch plywood padded with four layers of quilt batting and covered with upholstery fabric in a green and brown paisley pattern. The exposed book tapes, onto which the “text block” of the book was adhered, were fabricated from a material with a matching paisley pattern and harmonizing brown and gold color scheme. These “pages” were attached to

the tapes using fabric adhesive, and reinforced with ecru embroidery floss that was crocheted into a chain for strength and thickness and sewn on. This stitching was more decorative than structural, but mimicked the look of a traditional book binding:



Figure 18. Detail of the sewing and tapes on the spine of *Philographica*.

The ends of the tapes were sandwiched between the green and brown padded cover boards and a paste-down of one-eighth inch birch-faced plywood that had been clear-coated to enhance its natural wood grain, another reference to trees and the forest.

The text block is composed of two large pockets made from heavy weight cotton duck, subdivided vertically so that two chapter books may fit into each. The outer surface of these pockets were gessoed and sanded in the manner of canvas primed for painting, which serves the dual purpose of a) making them bright white, so as to imitate paper, and b) adding rigidity and strength to the material. A large rectangle of white linen was laminated onto each of the four vertical surfaces of the pockets that were analogous to pages. This prevented the gesso from becoming marred and scuffed through repeated handling and helped to maintain a clean appearance for longer.

Fitting the pieces together. The four chapter books were arranged alphabetically by animal name, and the interior of each pocket was lined with a material that reflected which animal chapter belonged within. For example, for the first pocket (“Chapter one, Birds”) I fabricated a lining by knitting a sleeve of novelty yarn that resembled downy feathers. This sleeve was then sewn into the canvas pocket along the outer rim and stitched down at the inside corners for extra stability (the white linen that was laminated onto the outer surface would cover up any unsightly marks left by this reinforcement). For “Deer” I used light brown microsuede that resembled buckskin; the pocket for “Fish” was lined with silver colored poly-satin that, like a fish, was very slippery to touch; and the lining for “Hares” was a very soft, dense, brown faux fur. All of the books fit snugly into their respective compartments, with no danger of accidentally falling out. The pockets for “Deer” and “Fish” were padded with quilt batting for additional thickness; the materials used to line “Birds” and “Hares” were sufficiently thick on their own.



Figure 19. Left: "Chapter One, Birds" in its faux-feather lined pocket. Right: "Chapter Four, Hares" in its faux fur lined pocket.

Display

Philographica was on public display on the first floor reading area of the Hugh Stephens Library on the Stephens College campus in Columbia, Missouri, from April 12–25, 2015. Stephens College is a small, private, historically women’s liberal arts college; though the student population consists of approximately 800 undergraduates, the library building is open to the general public. The Hugh Stephens Library was also my place of employment at the time of the exhibit, the relevance of which will be clarified in the Conclusion section of this paper.



Figure 20. The reading area as it normally appears, prior to installation.

The Book *Philographica*

The large monograph was the centerpiece of the exhibition. It was placed on a large, low, square table surrounded by a sofa, a padded bench, and four overstuffed chairs. Signage and a number of additional materials were placed around the book to augment and more fully explain its content and function. A free-standing 5.5 × 8.5 in. tent sign was placed on the table next to *Philographica* that contained the following explanatory text:

[Front]
Philographica:
That which is written or described of love

Philographica is a collection of books that uses archetypal imagery derived from folk- and fairy tales to tell a story about intimate relationships. The collection comprises seventeen volumes that fit together in a nested structure to compose a single monograph. The underlying narrative is buried within layers of paratextual information and augmented by two additional sets that explore the book as a sculptural object and writing as a visual element.

Please feel free to handle, look through, and read any of these volumes.

[Back]
To love and be loved is a fundamental human need. Therefore intimate relationships play a crucial role in the overall human experience. Intimacy is profoundly dangerous: Since true intimacy requires mutual vulnerability and reciprocity, some degree of personal risk is inherent. But it is also essential: Our need for intimacy is at the core of our social nature and people suffer when they are deprived of close contact with others. The crux of the problem is the tension between these two deeply conflicting needs—the need to connect with others and the need to protect oneself—that exist simultaneously within each of us. This project is an illustration of that paradox.



Figure 21. The reading area after installation.



Figure 22. *Philographica* displayed on the library table, two views.



Figure 23. Installation view.

Additional Supplemental Material

Two complementary collections of books were displayed adjacent to the large monograph. These served as conceptual bookends to *Philographica* and metaphorically represented avoidant or insecure emotional attachment styles. Unmet attachment needs in childhood tend to result in predictable behavior patterns that cause people difficulty forming relationships as adults. Individuals may be extreme in how they protect themselves, or in how their anxiety causes them to be prematurely trusting and open. Such strategies are straightforward, but ultimately harmful.

“Black Books.” Altered hardcover books that have been painted black were presented in a built-in book case adjacent to the reading area. There were 51 of these.



Figure 24. Left: "Black Books" installed in the bookcase. Right: Detail.

All of the books used in this piece had been weeded from the library's collection and were stamped "DISCARDED." On some books, the "DISCARDED" stamp was left visible, because it brings to mind the idea of rejection. Otherwise, their original content was not significant; books were selected for use based on their size and the quality of their paper (i.e. books with very thin or brittle pages were not chosen). Each page was painted with Blickrylic® black gesso thinned with water and allowed to dry, which resulted in a very matte surface. Water from the paint caused the pages to wrinkle irrevocably while the paint itself makes them stiff, and so the finished books tend to spring open. Some pages were then painted over with other kinds of (black) paint, such as gloss enamel, for textural contrast, and additionally drawn or written over with charcoal and graphite to create new content. Charcoal and graphite also serve as dry lubricants that keep pages from sticking together, as paint tends to adhere to itself and could cause

tearing. This is a reiteration of the metaphor attached to the interior pocket illustrations of the volume booklets: the content cannot be accessed without damaging the vessel that contains it. On a few of the black books, pages *did* stick, thoroughly, forming blocks of pages that could not even be opened.

“Black Books” represents a failure of communication. Books are a communication technology, and by painting each page opaque black the original content was obliterated. What remains is the form. This is analogous to a strategy of avoidance between people, of closing off and not revealing what is within, even to the point of destruction. In the case of the books that could not be opened, this failure is complete: nothing of the interior is revealed, and the book ceases to function as a book. Its communicative potential, its ability to connect with another, has been destroyed.

Soft books. An assortment of small-scale fabric books were displayed on the three end tables within the seating area. There were forty of them in total, not counting miniature book and card inserts that were hidden in some of them. Among the soft books there are a wide range of fabrics, sizes, thread colors, and varying degrees of illustration; but a few generalizations can be made. For the most part their content is limited to the materials themselves and any associations evoked by their physical properties. They were made entirely from found scraps of fabric and almost exclusively hand sewn. Almost without exception, they are bound using a pamphlet stitch. This was a logical choice, as they each contain few pages; therefore a more elaborate binding would have been inefficient and wasteful. It also results in a rounded, pillow-like form, which is consistent with the concept of softness: Literal softness of the materials relates to figurative softness, or vulnerability, as a personality trait.

In contrast to “Black Books,” the soft books represent an insecure attachment style. They withhold nothing: They are fully pliant and yielding, and their boundaries are permeable. Seams were left raw and allowed to unravel and fray. These books are fragile and require gentle handling or they will quickly become damaged; and their rough edges are apparent. I have described them (not entirely) in jest, as being “like my heart;” in case that simile was too subtle.



Figure 25. Installation view. *Note:* Arrangements of soft books on the end tables.

These cloth books can be sorted into three types:

Red-black group. These books are the most soft in terms of material. They are made from pliant, yielding fabrics such as fleece, flannel, felt, jersey, or velour. More than any other type of the soft books, this grouping evokes the sense of being toy-like, even child-like, having been constructed from the same materials from which children’s stuffed toys are made. These surfaces are pleasing to the touch, but they are not durable. With one exception, their pages are blank save for some hand-stitching. This blankness, taken together with association surrounding the materials and their naïve handling, hint at youth, inexperience, or naïveté. There are seventeen of these.



Figure 26. Left: Red-black group of cloth books as displayed. Right: Detail.

Canvas-linen group. There are seventeen books in this category. They were displayed together on the square end table on the left-hand side of the sofa. The covers were made of canvas or linen, which are “harder” fabrics than flannel or fleece and can stand up to more handling without showing signs of deterioration. Many, though not all, of the interior pages are made from bed clothes—sheets or pillowcases—which is a tongue-in-cheek reference to physical intimacy. Many of these books also contain paper pages with writing, and miniature book inserts with writing or illustration. There is more machine stitching visible in this family of books. Ends of thread were left long, and seams were left raw and allowed to unravel and fray. This fraying is metaphoric, as discussed above.



Figure 27. Left: Canvas group of soft books as displayed. Right: Detail. *Note:* Loose threads and frayed edges.

Tapestry group. There are six books in this grouping, so named because the fabrics used for their covers reference or imitate tapestries, another allusion to the medieval period. Among the soft books, these are the most heavily illustrated. The illustrations rely heavily on alchemic symbols and imagery, and there is extensive use of paper for their pages. Some of these same images were used as sources for collaged illustrations in the booklets of *Philographica*. These were placed together on a round table between two blue armchairs.



Figure 28. Tapestry group of soft books displayed on an end table.

Reading tools. A diagram (see Table 1, p. 124) and a mirror were placed on the adjacent wall as aids to deciphering the narrative. The diagram was printed on cotton fabric, just as were the pages of the books, at 24 × 36 in. and displayed in a simple one and one-half in. flat black frame. A small sign placed next to it read:

Philographica Schematic
Showing the organizational structure
of the large monograph and its
narrative

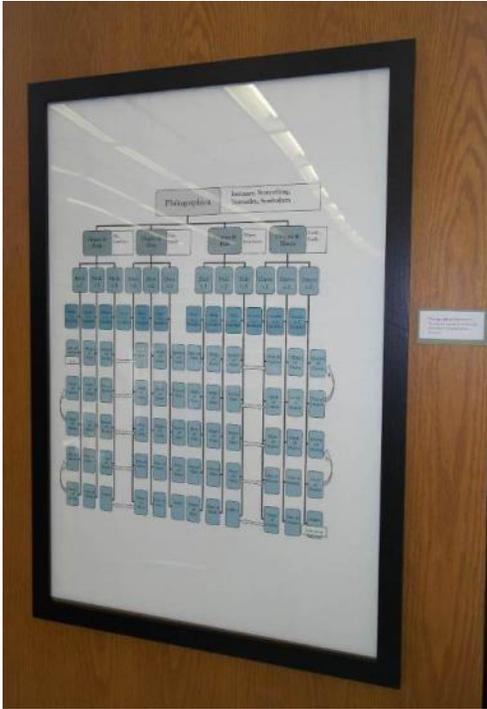


Figure 29. Organizational chart of *Philographica*.

The diagram is a key to understanding how all of the parts of *Philographica* fit together physically, and also how the storyline of the narrative has been arranged within it in reference to its original, linear form.

The mirror was an oval in portrait orientation, 21 × 30 in., with beveled glass and a silver frame. The sign placed next to it read:

Mirror
 For use deciphering
 mirror-writing, if
 desired



Figure 30. Wall mirror with *Philographica* reflected therein.

I chose to include a mirror for the convenience of potential readers, and its presence was an implicit invitation to read the mirror-writing in the books; I chose to include a *wall* mirror, installed some feet away from the books, so that it would not be *too* convenient: The invitation to read required some effort, a nominal level of commitment, to accept; and once accepted, the act of reading while looking in the mirror created a condition of enforced self-examination, as discussed earlier.

Conclusion

“You think your pain and your heartbreak are unprecedented in the history of the world. But then you read.” (Baldwin, n.d.)

Results: Analysis of the Outcome

The significance of the library. I felt it was conceptually important to exhibit the book in a space other than a traditional art gallery because I thought that the gallery setting could create a barrier to reading, and the books must be read to be experienced. That is, it is important that the audience have the opportunity to handle the books and interact with them physically. Gallery etiquette generally dictates that artwork not be touched; whereas a library provides a pre-existing intimate environment that is conducive to reading. Patrons feel a certain amount of entitlement to pick up the books that are present and look through them. The seating area provides a comfortable and inviting space in which to read. The setting created a very different context for the work than the “white cube” of a gallery would have. The books in the exhibit visually integrated with the books in the stacks, which formed the background, with many other books, DVDs, and other visual distractions competing with the show for attention. Additionally, the mirror in the display reflected the image of the stacks back onto the seating area from the other side, surrounding the books with reiterations of other books. The display was, in a sense, camouflaged. Still, the exhibition was in a conspicuous location, where it would be easily noticed and approachable without being obtrusive. In this respect, it was rather like the librarian, herself.

The relationship with the audience. Putting the work in the hands of the audience meant relinquishing control over it: There was potential for theft, loss, damage, and deterioration from ordinary wear. This is the risk inherent in vulnerability; and putting the work in jeopardy is a substitutive demonstration of the risk assumed by one

actor in an interpersonal relationship. This risk had to be made literal, and it had to be genuine; otherwise, the entire essential metaphor would be rendered meaningless.

Books show the signs of slow destruction from normal use, and this was expected. This element was important to show that relationships are transformative, and even the most benign interactions leave their marks. The effect was most apparent on the red-black group of soft books. After two weeks of regular handling by the public, seams had begun to come loose, stitches were pulled, edges of fabric were further frayed, and the fleece and flannel cover materials had already begun to pill. Although this sort of wear and tear was predictable and anticipated, I was surprised at how quickly it happened. I interpreted it as evidence that the books were being interacted with regularly when I was unable to observe this, directly.

Other evidence suggested this as well: While the exhibition was running, before I left work for the day, I spent five to ten minutes straightening the display and returning books to their initial arrangement. The soft books were frequently in disarray, and components of *Philographica* had been put back in the wrong pockets or turned in a different direction than I had left them. The amount of disorder I corrected on any given day indicated the degree to which visitors were engaging with the books.

Some actual damage to the work did occur. Notably, two miniature books that had been hidden inside of a soft book were unaccounted for at the end of the exhibition; and a drawing was made on a blank paper page in one of the tapestry books. That particular book contained several blank leaves of paper and a sewn loop designed to hold a pencil. I had left a General's® 6B drawing pencil in the loop when I installed the display, which was perhaps an implicit invitation to write or draw on the blank paper, and had mixed

feelings about the fact that someone did. However, someone—I assume the same person—also took the pencil.⁸ (My feelings regarding the theft of my pencil were unambiguously negative.)



Figure 31. Drawing made by a visitor and left in one of the books.

The underlying metaphor, enacted. To reiterate: The literal risks of damage to the physical work, and of having deeply personal writing exposed, were analogous those one assumes when deciding to trust another with her or his figurative heart, and these risks had to be genuine in order for the work to feel authentic. The underlying metaphor of reading the story as an intimate relationship has multiple aspects. One aspect is the investment that you make (in the story, or in the relationship). In making this investment you learn about another person (or character), but it is also a process of introspection. Stories resonate because they tell you something that corresponds with events in your life, and as you find that connection with the stories, you also learn about yourself. In other words, you get as much out of it as you put into it.

For my part, offering these books for public consumption was very effective at simulating intimacy: I felt very exposed and vulnerable for the duration of the show, and the fear of rejection never completely left me. As a demonstration of the initial problem

of tension between contradictory needs—to connect with others while remaining safe—and the conflict between disclosure and concealment, the mechanisms built into *Philographica* did appear to successfully control access to the information within. I *did* place a quantity of intensely private material in front of complete strangers (and friends, coworkers, and acquaintances) and yet it was protected by the barriers in place around it. The parts of the story that I was willing to reveal were contingent upon the amount of work the reader was willing to do to uncover them. Thus *Philographica* can be taken to represent the path toward intimacy between the extremes of insecurity and avoidance, a model of secure attachment in all of its complexity—a strategy that is more complicated, more difficult, and yet more likely to be successful—dependent on trust and reciprocity. And this is how one navigates that tension: By rewarding that investment in kind, and co-creating the space wherein a relationship (or a story) can occur.

Because the exhibit was held at my place of employment, I was required to be in the same room with it for hours at a time on ten of the fourteen days that it ran. For all intents and purposes, I was trapped with the work and its audience. During these times I had no choice but to observe to what extent people were interacting with my books (or not), and be available to respond to feedback or answer questions. (Also, my coworkers were happy to relay any feedback they had received during times that I was absent. Thankfully, this was all positive.) The first few days held the most uncertainty about how the work would be received and were, for me, excruciating; but I could not avoid watching the relationship run its course.

As with any relationship, one cannot be sure what the other party feels, nor the extent to which they feel it. But, several visitors offered unsolicited complimentary

comments, and three individuals indicated to have been deeply affected by the work. If I can claim a success rate of three out of a possible 800, I am satisfied with that result.

Indications for Further Research

A library is the native habitat of the book, so it felt natural to me to display them there. Initially, that decision was driven by a largely aesthetic sense that books belong in libraries; however, there was a practical aspect that came into focus afterwards: A library has the ability to reach a wider audience than a gallery, which is a more exclusionary space. Libraries are free, open, accessible, and inviting. They are democratic institutions with which most people are familiar and comfortable—indeed, public libraries are often the conduit by which many people, as children, are introduced to the stories and fairy tales discussed above—and on a college campus, students are practically required to visit the library building. The prospect of partnering with libraries as exhibition spaces for future projects has exciting potential.

Stories are created from the expression of experiences, hopes and fears, remembrance of the past, and visions of the future; and storytelling is an effective tool for turning personal encounters into collective understanding.

As an artist and a librarian, I am committed to the book form for the long term. Having completed this fairly intricate, structurally complex project I find myself now drawn toward simplicity; the urge to build large, complicated puzzles has been exhausted and I instead wish for brevity. *Philographica*, having been written, can now become a reference work, a controlled vocabulary for future volumes. Using skills that I have acquired and refined during this process, I see boundless possibilities for future books, even within self-imposed confines of scale. The small-scale, which is called “intimate,”

appeals to me for its economy and concision. Tiny objects, like baby animals, inspire protectiveness in the viewer; a desire to pick them up and examine them. Miniature books are delightful, like jewelry made from paper and cloth instead of metals and words instead of gemstones. This is the form my books are now taking: Uncomplicated, self-contained, succinct, and intimate.

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Appendix A: Symbology

Forest: The unknown; unconscious; a place of testing and initiation, but also sanctuary. It is the locus of transformative experiences.

Birds: Spirit, soul; link between the earthly and spirit worlds; air, intellect. Birds are used here as a feminine symbol, and to symbolize the intellect; specifically, female intellect.

Boat: A vehicle in which we can cross over emotions and travel through unconscious forces; you are being invited on a journey, to be in the liminal, transitional state of the in-between. The boat is neither masculine nor feminine; it is only the mode of passage; or it can represent the voyage, itself.

Fish: Knowledge, wisdom, inspiration, prophesy, creation, fertility, femininity, spirituality, flow of life. Fish are creatures that inhabit water, itself a symbol of the emotional realm; as such, in this story they denote the abstract heart and its desires.

Fox: A trickster; cunning, adaptability, cleverness, action. Foxes can be coded as either masculine or feminine, and therefore represent both men and women. Literal foxes have been known to hunt the other animals in the cards, and particularly hares.

Hare: Also a trickster; luck, speed, creativity, caution; also, fertility, and sexual drive. Wildness or a feral quality. Here used as a masculine symbol and a helper animal, the Hare character represents “one who got away.”

Stag: Masculinity; virility, abundance, regrowth, regeneration, endurance; strength. Here, an animal groom type character who is tamed and disenchanted, “husband material.”

Water: Emotion, unconscious, unknown, emotional content of our personalities, the intuitive and creative forces prevalent within the psyche, the realm of feeling.

Appendix B: Glossary

(*Note:* Definitions are taken from the Oxford English Dictionary, online edition.)

intimacy, *n.*

The quality or condition of being intimate.

1.

a. The state of being personally intimate; intimate friendship or acquaintance; familiar intercourse; close familiarity; an instance of this.

b. *euphem.* for sexual intercourse.

c. Closeness of observation, knowledge, or the like.

2. Intimate or close connexion or union. *rare.*

†**3.** Inner or inmost nature; an inward quality or feature. *Obs*

intimate, *adj.*

1.

a. Inmost, most inward, deep-seated; hence, Pertaining to or connected with the inmost nature or fundamental character of a thing; essential; intrinsic. Now chiefly in scientific use.

b. Entering deeply or closely into a matter.

2. Pertaining to the inmost thoughts or feelings; proceeding from, concerning, or affecting one's inmost self; closely personal.

3.

a. Close in acquaintance or association; closely connected by friendship or personal knowledge; characterized by familiarity (with a person or thing); very familiar. Said of

persons, and personal relations or attributes. Also *transf.* of things, Pertaining to or dealing with such close personal relations.

b. *euphem.* of sexual intercourse.

c. Familiarly associated; closely personal.

4. Of knowledge or acquaintance: Involving or resulting from close familiarity; close.

5. Of a relation between things: Involving very close connection or union; very close.

intimate, *v.*

2.

a. To make known or communicate by any means however indirect; hence, to signify, indicate; to imply, to suggest, to hint at.

reciprocal, *adj.*

2. Existing on both sides; felt or shared by both parties; mutual.

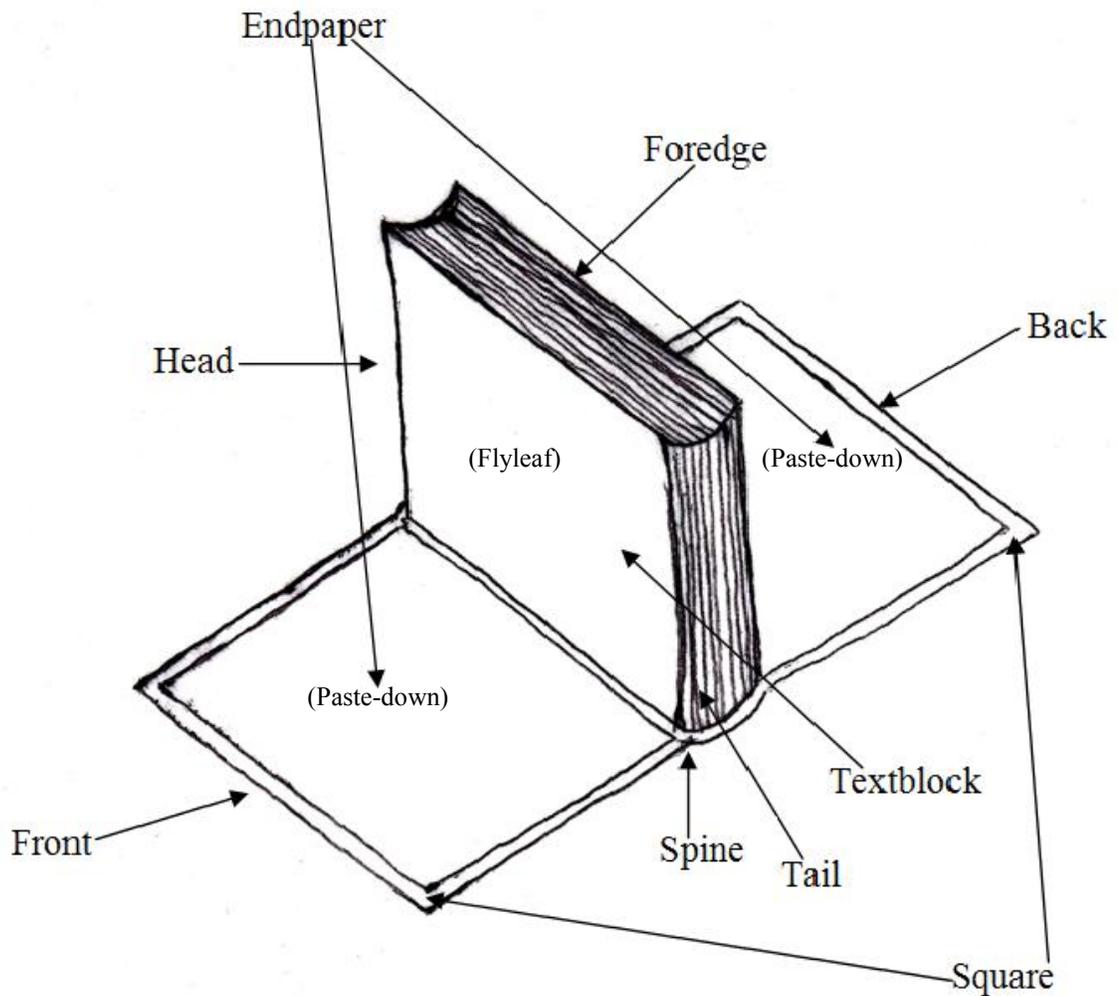
5. Interacting with, referring to, or depending on each other mutually; interdependent; complementary; correlative.

vulnerable, *adj.*

2.

a. That may be wounded; susceptible of receiving wounds or physical injury.

Appendix C: Parts of a Book and Terminology



Boards: A generic term for the rigid substrate from which book covers are made.

Case: The outer enclosure of a book, the “cover”.

Casebinding: The method of bookbinding in which the case of the book is completed and covered before being joined with the text block, as opposed to after.

Casing in: The process of fitting the text block into its case.

Endpapers: Papers or leaves placed at the end and beginning of the book to protect the text and to act as part of the attachment between the book and the cover boards. Most commonly, an endpaper consists of an outer paste-down and at least one flyleaf.

Flyleaf: The leaves of end sheets that are not affixed to the boards but left free. Sometimes the term is used in singular to refer only to the first leaf inward from and adjacent to the paste-down.

Folio: As the term applies to text block construction, one sheet of paper, folded in two. One folio comprises two leaves, or four pages.

Leaf: One of the sheets of paper in the text block of a book, inclusive of both sides of the sheet. Though commonly referred to as a page, the latter properly refers to only one side of a sheet.

Page: One side of one of the sheets of paper composing the text block of a book. Each sheet, inclusive of both sides, is a leaf.

Paste-down: The outermost leaf of an end sheet, which is affixed to the inner surface of the board of the case.

Signature: A group of folios composing the text block of a book.

Square: The outer edge of a book's case that overhangs the text block.

Tapes: Cloth bands, of varying thicknesses, that extend perpendicularly across the backs of the gathered signatures and are sewn on through the folds. Tapes form part of an attachment system to both hold the signatures together into a text block, and to connect the text block to the cover boards.

Text block: The total of a book's leaves, which is bound into the case.

Appendix D: The Full Text of the Story

(*Note*: The fragments of text that were extracted for reproduction on the playing cards are represented in **bold**. Fragments of text that were repeated on two consecutive cards are represented in **bold and underlined**. Stories or quotes within the stories within the framing narrative are represented in *italics*. The original fonts have been changed to 12 pt. Times New Roman to comply with formatting standards. Otherwise, the text is unedited and its content has not been changed since it was written. Footnotes within the story are original to the story. Endnotes on the story have been added for clarification and are enumerated using lowercase Roman numerals.)

There is a girl, and there is a forest. Give her a brother and her name is Gretel; add a wolf and she becomes Red Riding Hood. Is there a huntsman? She may be Snow White. You can cut off her hands, send her to gather strawberries in winter, or to get fire from an old woman. There is often an old woman. But there are **always these two things**: The girl and the forest.

A girl goes into the woods. Something happens there. She comes out, but she is not the same girl who went in.

Our girl lives with her mother in a cottage between the edge of a village and the edge of a large, dark forest. She has to pass through these woods to get to the grandmother's house. Her cloak is brown, not red, but it keeps her warm and dry. **She takes** with her **only as much as she can carry**: For the grandmother a cake, a bottle of good whiskey, and a pouch of tobacco; for herself a fresh loaf of bread and flask of water

to sustain her on her journey, a pack of cards, her little knife, and a piece of string that happens to be in her pocket.

She has lived at the edge of this woodland her entire life and has made this trip many times. **She is not afraid of the woods or anything in it.**

It is morning. There is still dew on the ground so she stays on the path, as much to keep her feet dry as anything. It is autumn and the leaves are turning. She keeps her head up, enjoying the clean, cool air and bright colors all around her. She has been listening to the birds and squirrels chattering in the trees, her mood happy and her mind carefree, when she hears the fox scream. **A fox can make a sound like a demon in pain.** At first she doesn't know what it is, this horrible shattering sound, but it stops her in her tracks, sets her hair on end, and sends chills down her back. **Something is hurt,** that much she can tell; so she starts looking for the wounded creature, following the sound. It does not take her long to find it, a vixen caught in a hunter's trap. It is a young fox, she can tell by its size, and it is thin, injured, and exhausted from exposure and struggling to escape. But this is a fox—chicken killer, thief, villain and vermin—she should bash its head in right then and there...

But she looks into those beautiful wide amber eyes, the shrieking has stopped and now the animal only whimpers, and she can't do it. Instead she unpacks and takes the tea towel that was around her loaf of bread, frees the vixen's mutilated leg and bundles her up in it. She will take it to her grandmother's house. **Grandmother will know what to do.**

She finds her way back to the path, walking quickly now, purposefully. The fox rests in her arms like a baby, head tucked into her shoulder. She trembles, but does not try to bite or get away. It is as though it knows that she is trying to help.

It is still morning when our girl with her fox arrives at the grandmother's house, and: What have we here? Whiskey and tobacco are temporarily forgotten. This grandmother is **one of those unfortunate old women who know too much**, perennially vulnerable to accusations of witchcraft and subject to hanging when they should be asked for advice. But as it happens, this grandmother *is* a witch, a cunning woman, one skilled in folk magical practices and healing arts—which is fortunate for the young fox, who by the way is obviously our girl's familiar—and of course she will nurse it back to its full health.

A girl goes into the forest. Instead of a wolf she meets a fox. Without trickery it is carried directly to the grandmother's house. And instead of eating them, it is now in their debt. But a fox can catch mice as well as a cat and is not entirely bad to have around the house, especially if you are a witch and know how to tame it. The cat is none too pleased with the arrangement, but when the nights start getting longer and colder they will learn to curl up together and it won't seem so dreadful then.

Our young, strong, healthy girl and her fox will stay with her grandmother through the fall, as she was sent for, to help her prepare for winter. And in return she will learn as much as the old woman can teach her. In the evenings they will sit in front of the fire and sip whiskey and play cards, the girl with her fox and the grandmother with her cat in her lap as she smokes, **and they will tell each other stories** to pass the time. One of which is this:

A long time ago, began the grandmother, when I was not much older than you are now, I went out one day in summer to pick blackberries. There was a great grove of them that grew in the woods

behind your great-grandparents' farmhouse not too far from the barn, so I took a skin of water and a basket and went to gather them. I hadn't been out more than a couple of hours picking—and eating, I'll admit—the sweet, ripe fruit when **I heard something rustling in the thicket**. I froze, because I couldn't tell if it was a small animal or a large one or even a man back there but I didn't want whatever-it-was to see me. Quite soon, a hare, the biggest hare I had ever seen, emerged from the undergrowth. **He** was as big as a hound and **had the most lovely golden fur I had ever seen**. I held very still, marveling at and a little frightened of this unusual creature, and wondering if a golden hare would be more delicious than a regular brown hare, when it looked straight at me and asked, 'Miss, **would you be so kind as to give me a drink of your water?** It is very hot this afternoon and I am far from the nearest pool, and fear I may die of thirst before I reach it.' Well, he was so polite, how could I refuse? So I tipped up my water skin and let him drink from it—he drank almost all I had, but he was a *very* large hare so I wasn't surprised—and then I remembered my manners and offered him a handful of berries. I remember he nibbled them so delicately from my hand, I was sorry I had even considered eating him. 'Thank you, Miss,' he said when he was done, 'and **to repay your kindness to me I want to tell you something. If you follow this path,**'—and he indicated with his nose a narrow little track that I had never noticed before reaching back into the woods from where he had emerged from the thicket—'**until you come to a small clearing all covered in wildflowers,**

and **wait there until almost sundown, the White Deer will come. If he will let you, put a leash around his neck;** then he will show you his treasure. If you are patient and as kind with him as you have been with me I am sure **he will be glad to let you.** And if you ever need my help and I am able, call out to me and I will do my best to come and help you.’ And he disappeared back into the underbrush and was gone.

Well, now I was curious, so I followed the little track through the thicket—at first I had to crawl—and into the woods. It was a narrow little winding path, probably known only to hares and not really meant for human girls at all, and at times I was sure I had lost my way. It took me a long time to reach the little clearing covered all over in flowers and by the time I did I was covered all over in scratches and scrapes and bruises and sweat, and I can tell you I was glad to sit down and rest. I thought about what the hare had said and wondered how I could put a leash on a wild deer. **I happened to have a piece of string in my pocket,** and starting with that I **began weaving daisies into a chain** that I could use as a tether. This gave me something to do while I waited.

Before long the sun started getting low and the shadows began to lengthen, and it occurred to me that I might have to try to find my way back in the dark and that perhaps listening to golden hares was not the best idea after all, when I heard the softest rustling sound coming from the trees across from me. Almost before I had time to look up, he was there: The White Deer, the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. He was as big as

a horse, as white and soft looking as down; and though his antlers were still all in velvet they seemed as wide as a grown man can stretch out his arms. **For the longest time we only looked at each other**, and then I thought to offer him my hand full of blackberries. **Quietly he crossed the meadow and softly** took the berries, his lips just lightly brushing the skin of my palm, but I held very still while he ate and **then slowly, gently** laid my daisy chain over his neck. He looked me in the eye then, and I remember thinking it strange that a wild deer should have blue eyes, and tilted his head to show me the direction we should go. He walked as calmly as a pet dog with the daisy chain merely draped over his neck and me holding onto the other end and led me back the way he had come.

We walked along a slightly wider path now, but **we went deep into the darkest part of the old, dense forest**. The canopy of trees closed over our heads and I was no longer sure if it was still daylight at all. Eventually we **stopped before an ancient**, twisted trunk of a **withered oak**, at which **the White Deer** simply **stood and looked**, making no sound or any further movement. I was tired, and confused, and a little bit annoyed. Apparently a deer's idea of treasure is not the same as a person's because this was just an old dead tree. I took a final drink from my water skin and without thinking I **poured the last few drops out at its roots**; and that was all it needed.

The tree exploded back into life, green leaves bursting out all over its branches, which were soon also laden with fat golden acorns—which

are indeed treasure to a deer—and **the gnarled trunk split open**, and gold coins and rings and chains and little jeweled things gushed out onto the ground at my feet. Then the tree spoke, I heard its voice inside my head, and it told me ‘**Take only as much as you can carry.**’ I put rings on my fingers and toes and chains around my neck and wrists and ankles, and put some coins and trinkets in my pockets; but gold is heavy and if I tried to fill my basket I could not lift it, and I still had to find my way back home in the dark. Besides, even a few gold coins were more than enough, so I thanked the tree and the deer and the trunk closed back up again. Suddenly I was overwhelmed with tiredness, so I **curled up in the roots of the tree and was instantly asleep.**

I dreamt that I was in a boat, something was rocking me. I bolted awake, only to find myself **on the back of the White Deer**, swaying gently back and forth as he walked through the dark forest. **Ahead of him was the golden hare, leading us back to the familiar path** home. I could see the lights of the farm house in the distance. I slid to the ground with a heavy thump, for the gold I was wearing weighed me down, and threw my arms around first the Deer’s neck and then the hare’s, saying ‘**Thank you!** Thank you so much for everything and **especially for bringing me home!**’ **The Deer said nothing but only looked at me with his big, soft eyes**, and the hare said, ‘You are welcome, Miss, and if I may give you one more piece of advice? Take your little knife that you always carry and cut off the White Deer’s head, for he is actually a prince under

an enchantment and you must kill the Deer's body to return him to his natural form.' I was shocked to hear this, but fingering my knife I gazed back into his beautiful blue eyes and I hesitated; and in that moment he turned and bounded back into the woods and was gone. 'Suit yourself,' said the hare, scratching his ear with one long golden foot, and in an eye blink he too had disappeared. I never saw either one of them again.

But then, I already had a sweetheart; and that was your grandfather; and with the gold I now had we were able to marry and take care of our old parents. And I still have some of that gold to this day, as we really didn't need much to be happy. Besides, so I'm told, **wild animals make poor husbands.**

When it is the young lady's turn, she begins:

It's funny that you mentioned dreaming of boats, Nana, because I have a story about a boat; something that happened to me. I was out gathering firewood one morning when I **saw the most wonderful bird.** It had a white breast like a magpie, but its feathers were not just black; **they shimmered with purple and blue and green and gold** and it had a great crest of feathers on its head; and it was as big as a pheasant and had a long tail like one, too. It was singing **the most beautiful song I had ever heard with a voice as clear as a flute and haunting as a reed pipe and bright as bells,** so I stopped what I was doing and listened. **It seemed to be telling me something although there were no words.** Still singing, the bird flew away a little distance and I seemed to forget all about the

firewood **and I followed it**. Once it started moving, it never stayed in one tree for very long but **led me further** and further **into the woods, away from the path, until it had led me into a part of the forest where I had never been before**; but **still it sang**, and still I followed it. It would fly away and I would follow its song until I spotted it again, but as soon as I saw it, off it would fly. It never stopped singing, **so I never felt lost and soon I forgot all about the path** or worrying about where I was so long as I could hear the bird and its beautiful song nothing else seemed to matter. **Soon I heard it stop ahead of me**, and I came into a clearing where I saw it perched high in a tree, singing with what sounded to me like great joy, **and I was happy. In the middle of the clearing was a pool, and at the edge of the pool was an upturned little boat**. I went close to the water and could see that **there were tiny silver fish swimming about** in the pool. I was thirsty by now, even though the weather was cool, having just run a long way through the woods after the bird, so I **knelt down and took a drink**. The water was clear and sweet, it was the best water I had ever tasted; and once I had drunk, suddenly I **understoodⁱ what the bird was singing**. Its song had words, though they were in bird-language, and this is what they said:

*Love is the wealth of the wealthy man; fortunate are
those whose hearts flow in love*

A soft impulse of love is the sole life of a melting heart.

*A tiny hope of love brings the light of dawn through the
darkness of a lengthy night.*

*For every drop of love flows the unbounded ocean of
bliss.*

*And the ocean of bliss unfolds the love divine and fills
the heart.¹*

And then the bird stopped singing. Everything was still and peaceful, **and as I listened I realized that I could** hear the murmur of the trees and understand what they meant; and I understood the chattering of squirrels and knew what they were saying to each other; and just as I had understood the song of the wonderful bird, I could now understand the language of all the birds in the forest; and I wondered, ‘What was in that water?’

Then the bird sang again, but this time it said:

Take the little boat from off the shore and row,

Row to the middle of the pool;

Listen to what the fish have to say

With an open heartⁱⁱ

Accept what is offered

¹ Actually from “Love and God” by Maharishi Mahesh Yogi

It seemed to be singing directly to me. So I turned over the boat and found the oars underneath it, and I pushed it out and rowed out to the middle. The pool had seemed very small from the shore, but once I was in the boat I realized it was actually quite a big lake; and **the further toward the middle** I rowed, **the wider the lake became.**ⁱⁱⁱ I don't know if I ever really reached the middle, for the edges of the lake kept receding farther and farther until I could no longer tell where the center was. Looking over the gunwale of the boat I could see that **the water, though** just as clear as it had always been, **stretched down so deep that I could not see the bottom.** The fish also, which had seemed like tiny minnows at first, I could now see were actually quite large. The very smallest of them were as big as my foot and the largest were as long as my arm. And they were not only silver, but they shone like pearls or opals that contained all of the colors in their shimmering scales. Having drunk the water from the pool, I could hear the language of the fish as they swam back and forth under my little boat; it sounded like chimes under the water. I wanted to reach down and touch those magical fish; they were so irresistible to me I wanted to pet one of them.

So I did. I put my hand into the water and stroked the first fish that swam close enough. It was smooth and soft and strangely warm, and then it came to the surface and spoke to me in its chiming voice:

You may have one wish, not three, because^{iv} you only need one. But there are three conditions on this wish. They

*are: No wishing for more wishes, which would be ungrateful; no wishing death upon anyone not even your fiercest enemy, for everybody dies in their own time; and, you may not wish for someone to fall in love with you if they wouldn't love you anyway, because that is impossible. **Make your wish based on what is in your heart**, but think carefully before you use it; because even if you were to find this pool again someday, you will still only get one wish.*

I felt the wish, then; felt my heart heat up and a buzzing feeling spread upward to my head, down to my toes, and warmed me all over. And with a sound that sounded like 'goodbye,' he splashed his sparkling tail and was gone. I sat in the boat for some time, thinking about what I should wish for. Now that I **could understand the language of animals and trees**, I couldn't think of anything more that I wanted. So I decided to save my wish for later and rowed back to the shore. As I rowed, naturally the lake shrank back to a pool, the edge came near and the bottom came up, and the fish seemed to shrink back down to little silver minnows—though if I looked closely I could still see that they were wonderfully multi-colored. I put the boat back where I had found it and looked around. I could not hear the bird anymore, and I could not see him. Nor could I see where I had come out of the woods, and I felt abandoned and wanted to cry a little bit. I sat down, wondering if never to be lost might not be a good thing to wish for when I saw something else that was unusual.

Would you believe, Nana, that it was a large golden hare? He was cleaning his toes by the edge of the trees, but he must have heard me because he looked straight at me but kept on grooming himself. When his toes were sufficiently clean, he turned back to me and said:

*Tell your grandmother this: **Once a king married a queen and they had a son, but the queen died and the king married a different queen who took a dislike to the boy, so she turned him into a deer and had her hounds chase him into the forest. She told her husband the king that his son had been lost in a hunting accident, which was not a complete lie but not exactly the truth either, and the king mourned. The king's son, however, continued to live as a deer and as he had the same wits and memories that he'd had as a young man he has so far been able to elude hunters for almost nine hundred years² and the more time he spends as a deer the more he forgets what it was like^v to be a man, and if no one can break his enchantment soon he will be all deer, and who knows what will happen to him?**^{vi}*

And then he **bounded back into the forest. Having nothing to lose, I followed** and went in the direction he had gone. I couldn't see him

² It has probably only been two or three hundred years, but hares are not good at counting.

anymore, but kept going straight ahead. After about fifty yards or so, there was the footpath, the same old path I've always walked to get to your house... but it's funny, isn't it? All of the times I've been down that path and I never knew there was a meadow with a pool there. Anyway, I went back to my chores and after a while I sat down to rest. I must have dozed for a few minutes, but after my adventure I am sure I deserved to. I may not have gathered as much firewood as I could have, but I got this story instead as well as my wish, and I still haven't used it.

Winter is coming. **Soon there will be snow, and if the girl does not return to her mother's house she will be obliged ^{vii} to stay in the woods until spring.** She has looked for the meadow and the pool several times, just to make sure she did not dream the whole thing, but she has not found it. She can still understand what the birds are saying though, so she takes this as evidence. Her fox is almost completely healed but still favors one leg. She will walk with a limp for the rest of her life; but since her life will be spent in the company of women who will cosset her, this is not such a disadvantage.

The day is chosen. A lunch is packed, hugs are given, and goodbyes spoken. The girl and her fox head off through the forest toward her mother's home. The weather is cooler than it was when she came, but it is a bright day and there is no hint of rain or snow in the air. The trees are bare now, and on this morning the woods are quiet.

But they do not stay quiet. Far ahead of them there is a crashing sound, and then from further still the baying of hounds. She feels a sudden chill: Hunters, and her fox...quickly she calls her fox into her sack and jumps off of the path to hide themselves. She tries to think; she is midway between the houses; there is no time to go forward or

back. She doesn't go too far from the trail lest she loses her way, but she wants to be hidden. The hunt never follows a path, so it may not make a difference, and she can hear them coming closer.

She tries to move away from the sound of the dogs, deeper into the trees, but they are coming fast. Clutching her fox in her sack, she crawls into the underbrush, burrows through the thicket of bushes and holds quite still.

She turns her head, and sees...

A meadow behind her. With a little pool and boat beside it. The hounds seem farther away now, but the crashing sound is getting closer. Perhaps they have lost the scent? Carefully she crawls out into the open meadow but stays low and close to the ground. She can feel her fox quivering in her arms.

The White Deer bursts out of the trees on the opposite side. He is as big as a horse, and his antlers are all gleaming golden and wider than the span of a man's arms. She catches her breath, and before she can stop herself she has wished that he could escape—

And suddenly, there is a man in front of her. She stands up, astonished, and a little angry. Her wish! Squandered on a deposed prince, and one who is much too old for her even if she were interested, which she isn't. She sighs. The baying hounds have faded away and are barely audible, so they will go back to the path. She will take him to her mother's house. Mother will know what to do with him. Perhaps he can learn a trade.

She thinks she liked him better as a deer.

He goes down on one knee and begins thanking her for releasing him from his stepmother's curse, makes verbal love to her proposing marriage, promising her his

kingdom and vast wealth and other such nonsense. **Oh get up, she says, this isn't a fairy tale**, and you don't have a kingdom anymore; we've been a republic for centuries already. He stands up. What should I do? He asks. Well, come with me, she says, and we'll figure something out.

She lets her fox out of the bag and lets her run along ahead of them, her red coat a bright spot in the grey woods. **It is a fox's business to know what is going on^{viii} in the forest** and so she sniffs around this side and that for information. Her mistress may be uninterested, but **she is looking for a fox for herself**. A fox is astute, and she senses that she will be less welcomed in the house by the village than she was at the house in the woods.

She is hedging her bets. Witch's familiar is an easy job, but it's always a good idea to have a backup plan. Besides, domestication may not suit her in the long run, **and her vulpine^{ix} heart knows what it wants**.

Not that this matters just yet. **The woods are full of foxes, and^x she is young**. Eventually, the fox will find herself a mate and run away for a while, but that is sometime in the future. Today the girl with her fox and her prince arrive back at her mother's house before supper and tell her the whole story from the beginning. Mother is delighted to have a young man around, for they are generally useful. She is less excited about the fox but will learn to accept her.

The fox will get to curl up by the fire and sleep on the bed all winter. And since that is the happiest ending I can think of, this story will end, here.

Appendix E: Endnotes to the Story

- i.* “understood” changed to “understand” when transcribed to the card Ten of Fish.
- ii.* This sentence fragment and the one succeeding it were placed out of order when arranged into the cards, on the Jack of Hares when strictly speaking they should have been on the Valet of Hares. This was an editorial decision, to increase the readability of the narrative in its new format.
- iii.* This sentence fragment and the one preceding it were placed out of order when arranged onto the cards, and written on the Valet of Hares when strictly speaking it should have been on the Jack of Hares. This was an editorial decision, to increase the readability of the narrative in its new format.
- iv.* “because” changed to “but” when transcribed onto the card Queen of Hares.
- v.* “what it was like” changed to “how” when transcribed onto the card Ace of Fish.
- vi.* “to him” changed to “then” when transcribed onto the card Queen of Deer.
- vii.* “be obliged” changed to “have” when transcribed onto the card Ace of Deer.
- viii.* “is going on” changed to “goes on” when transcribed onto the card King of Birds.
- ix.* “vulpine” changed to “fox” when transcribed onto the card Ace of Birds.
- x.* “and” changed to “but” when transcribed onto the card Ace of Birds

Appendix F: Cards

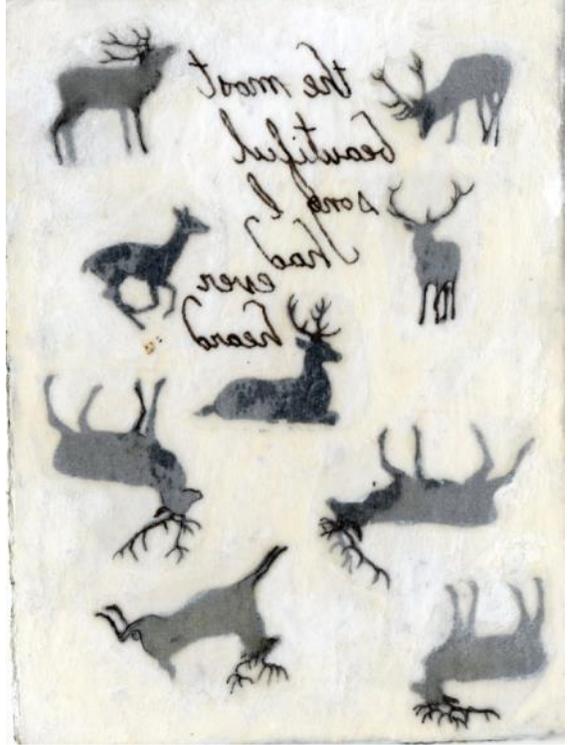




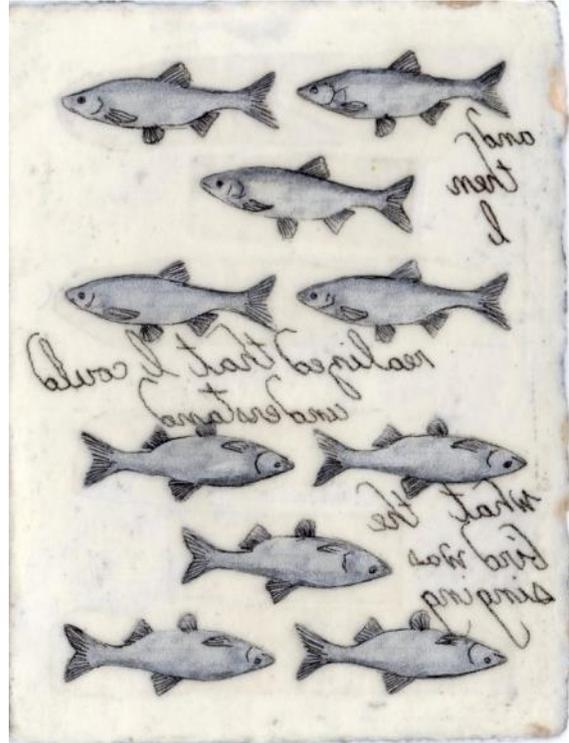


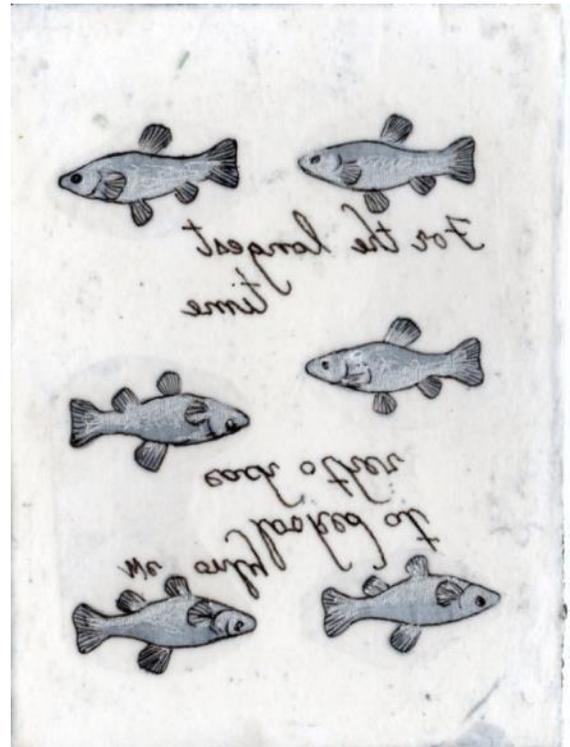
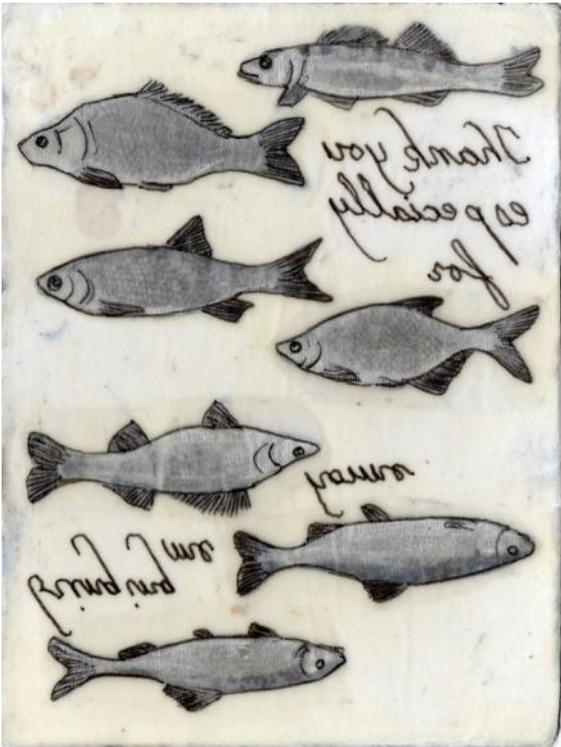
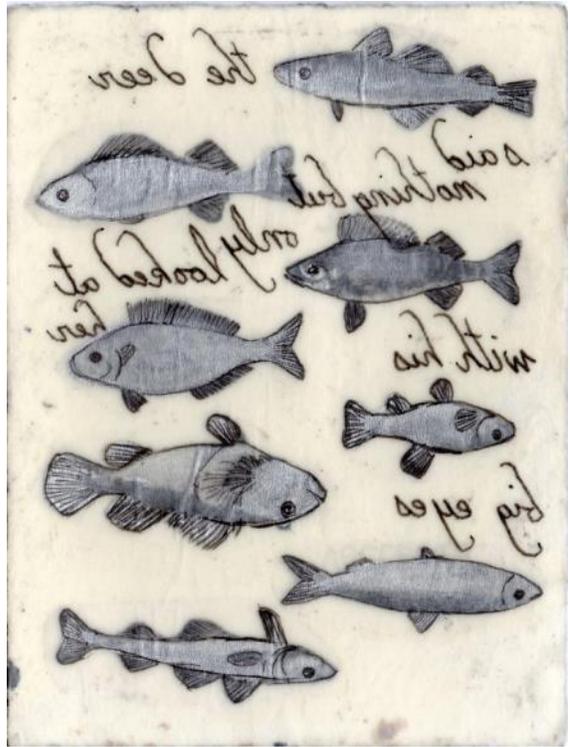


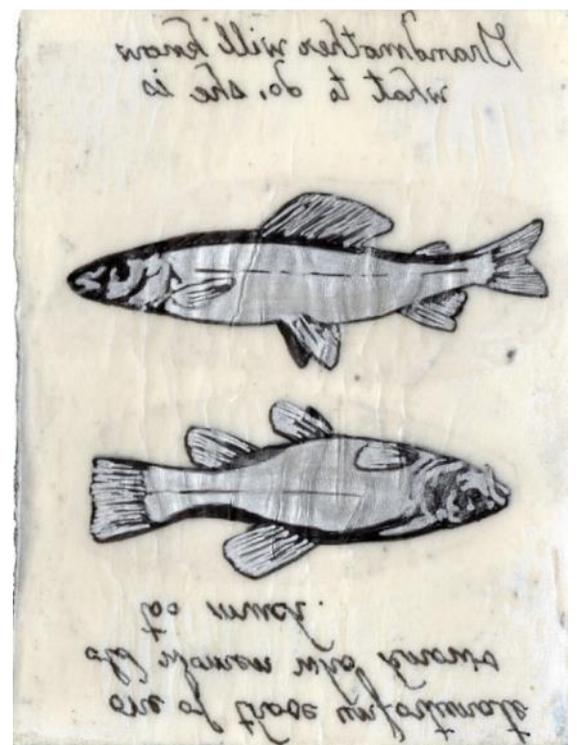
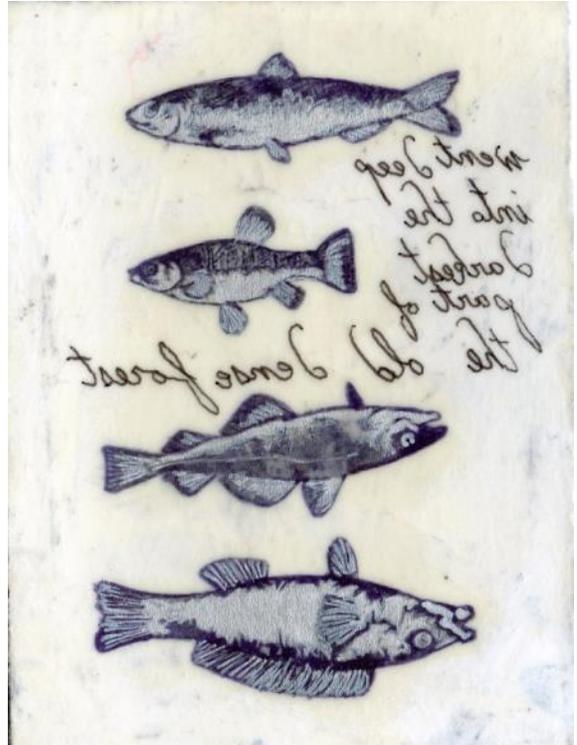
















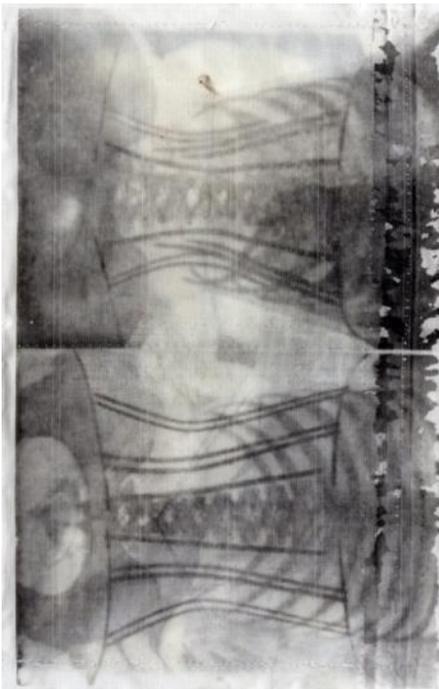




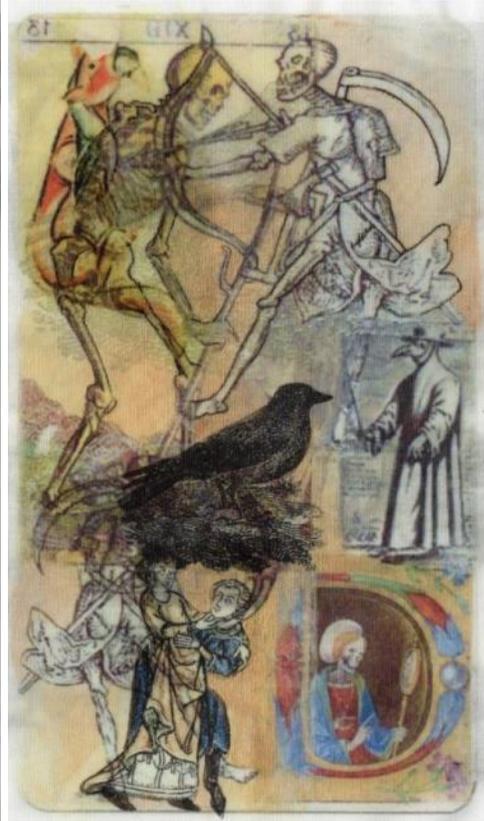
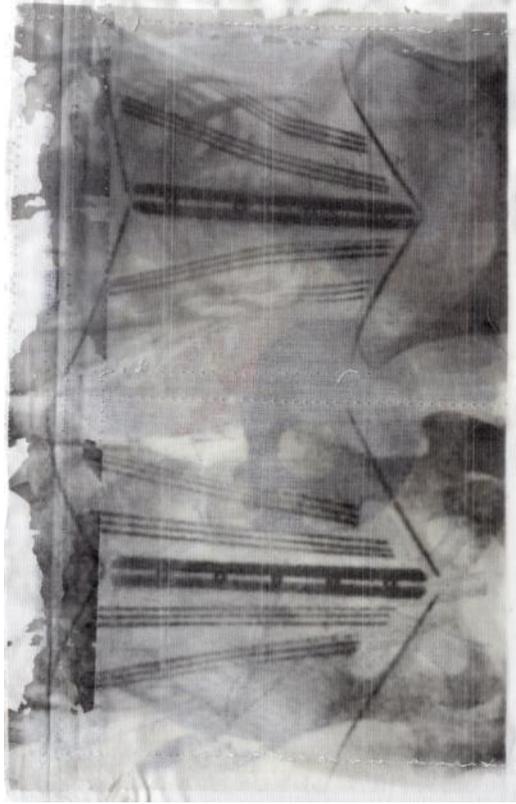
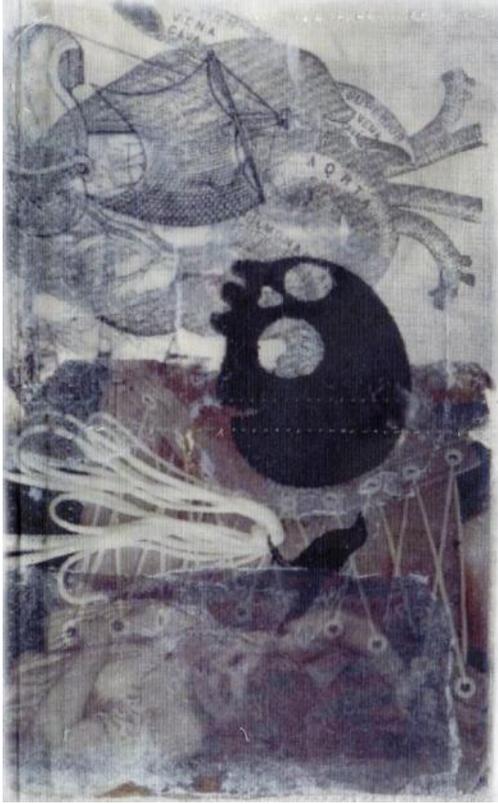
Appendix G: Illustrations

Chapter One, Birds

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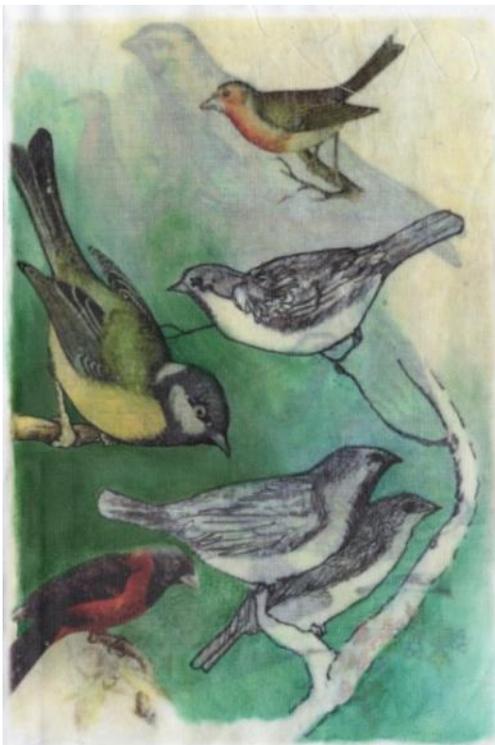
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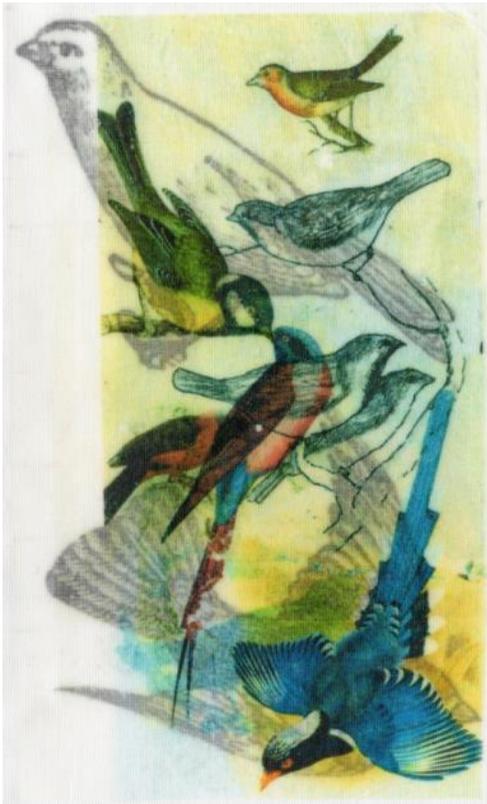


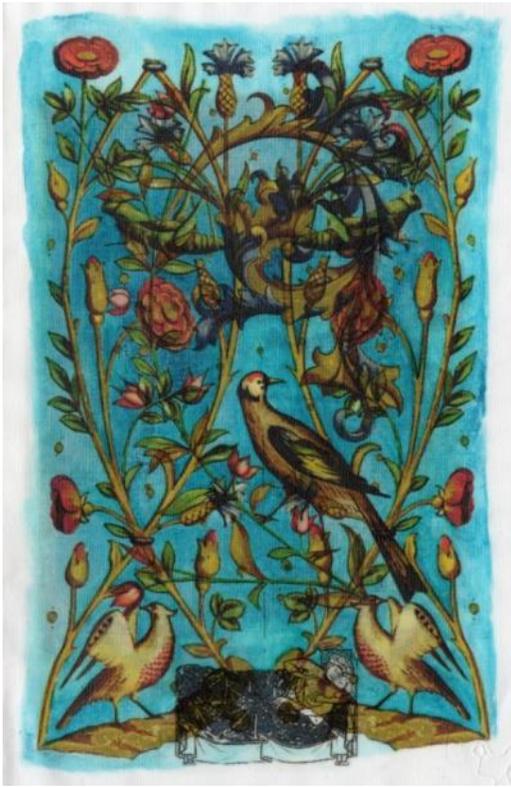




Volume 3



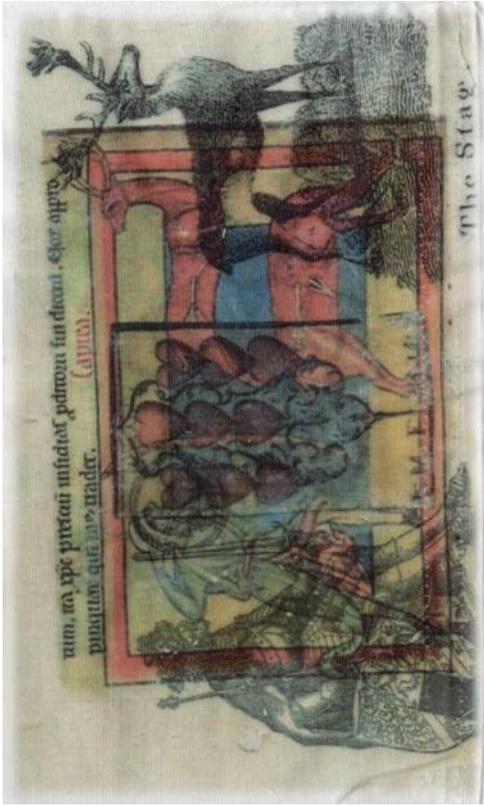




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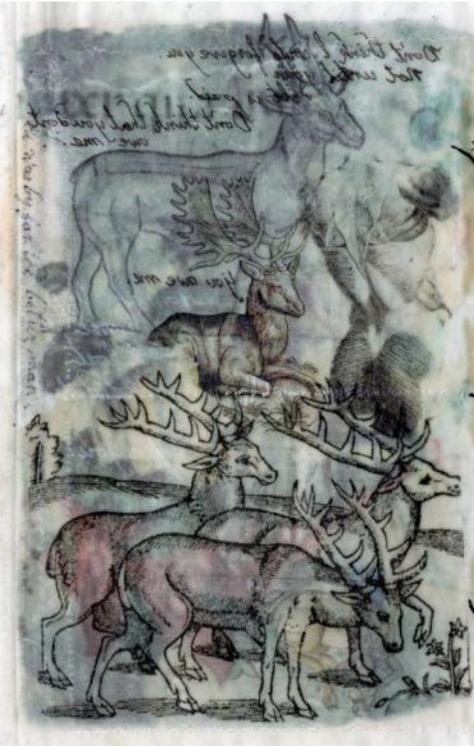
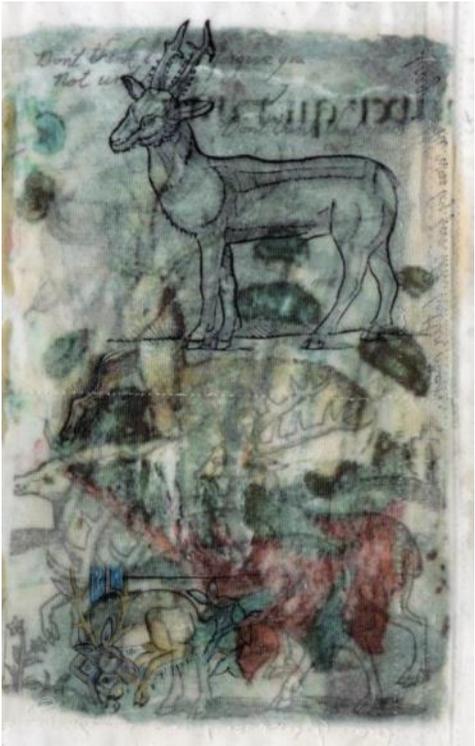
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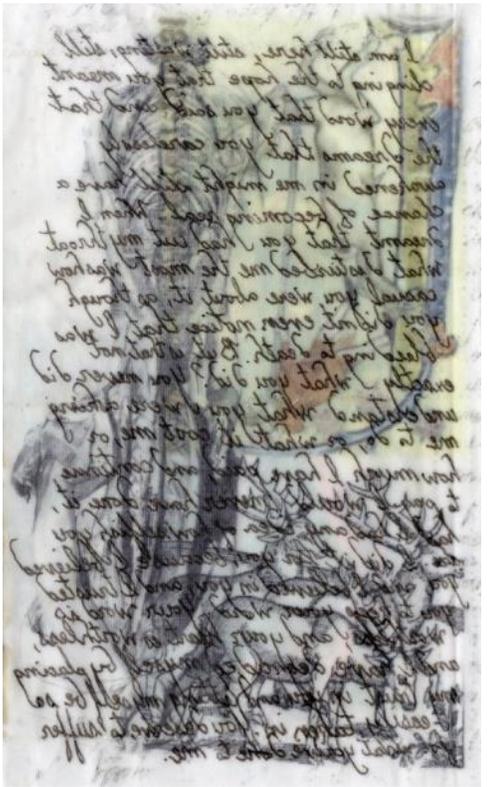
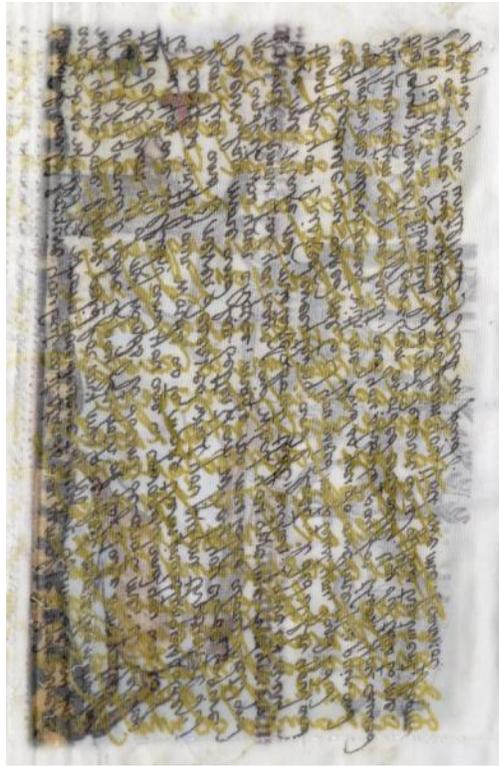




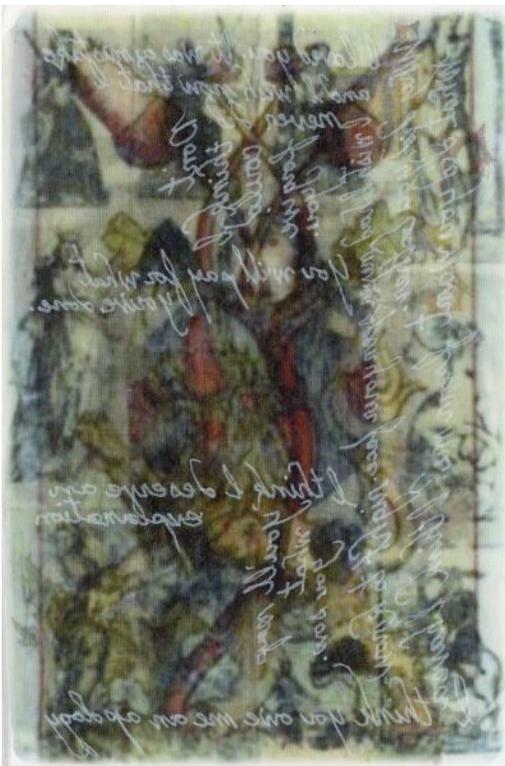
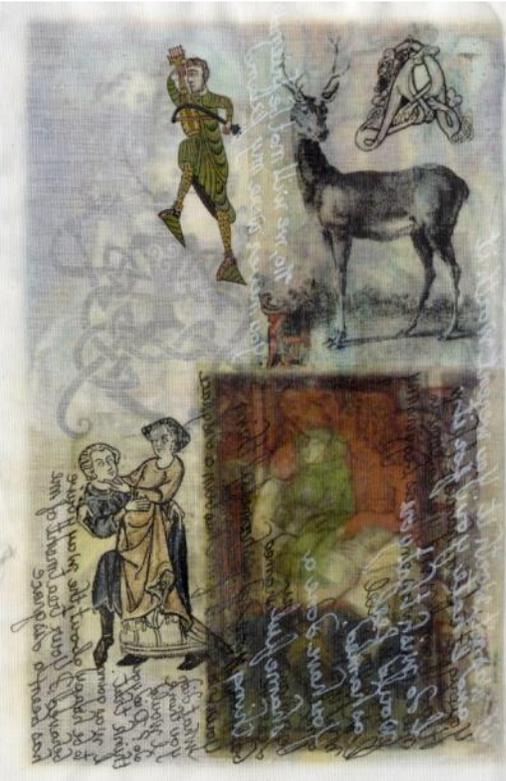
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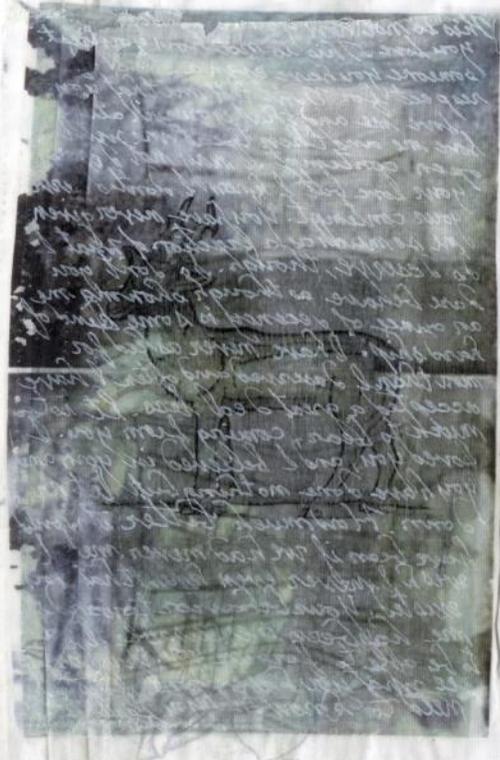






Volume 3

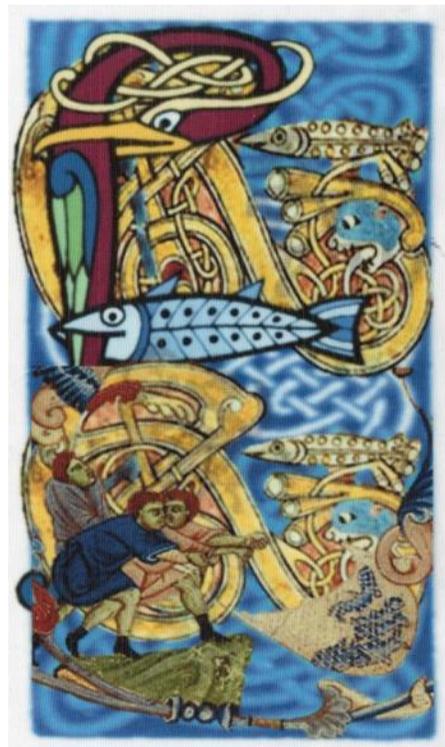
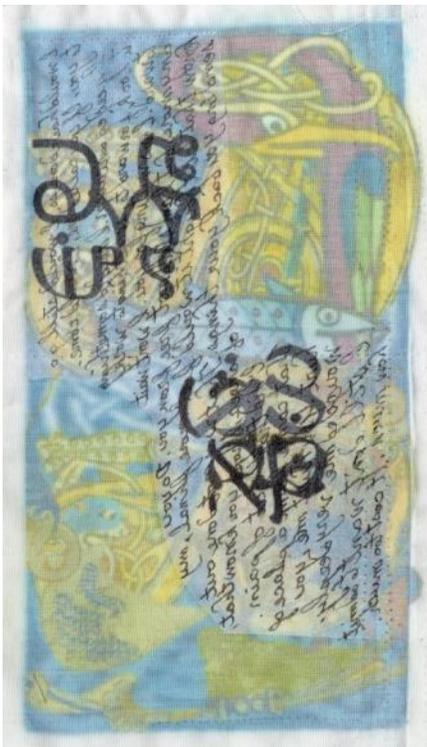
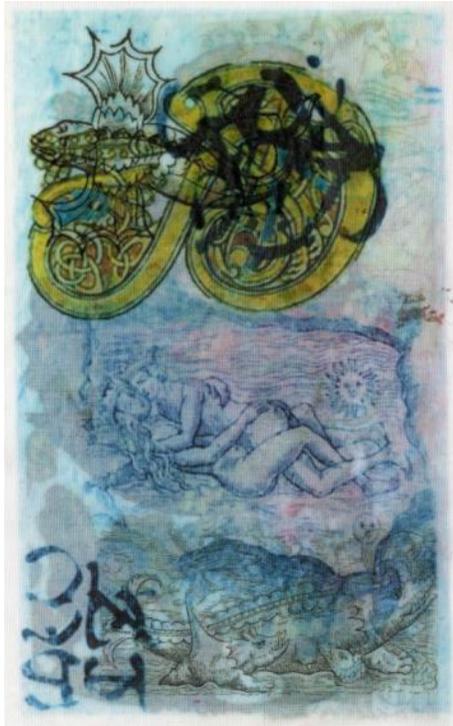




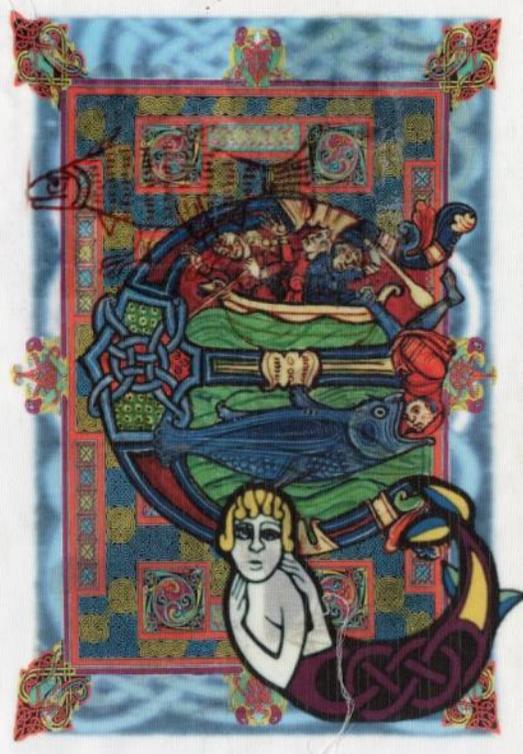


Chapter Three, Fish

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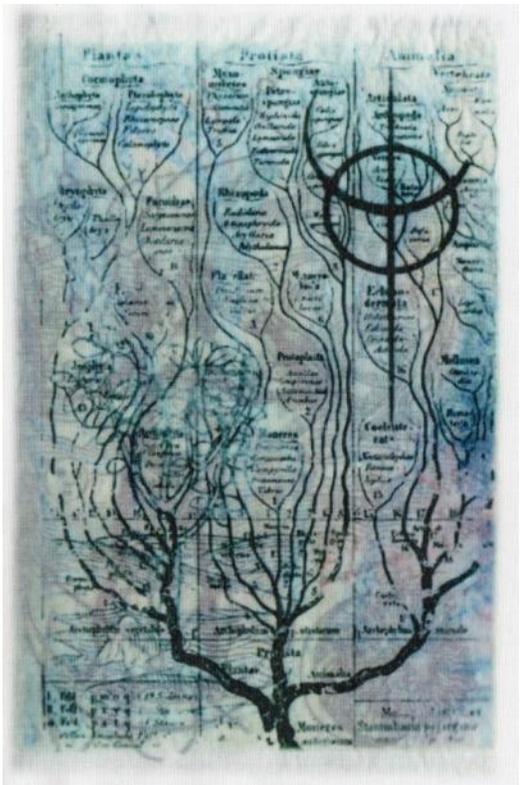
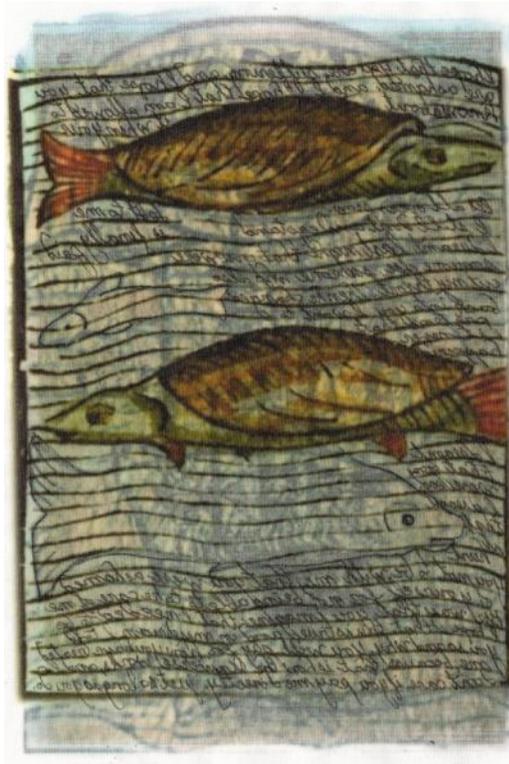


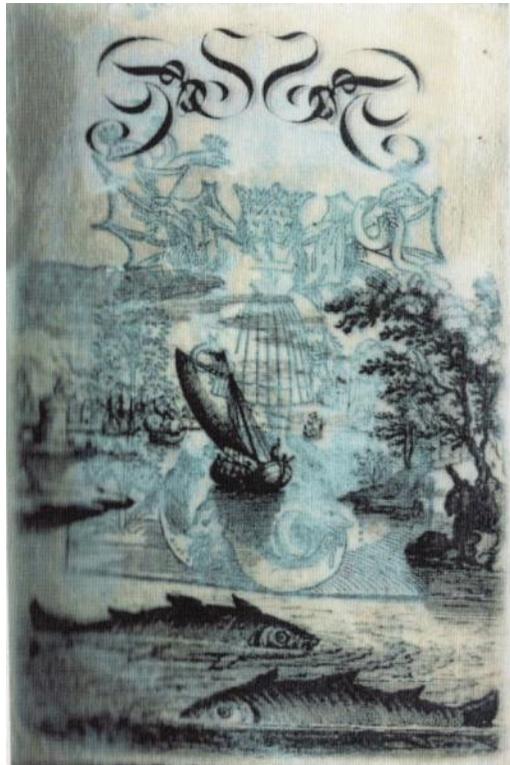
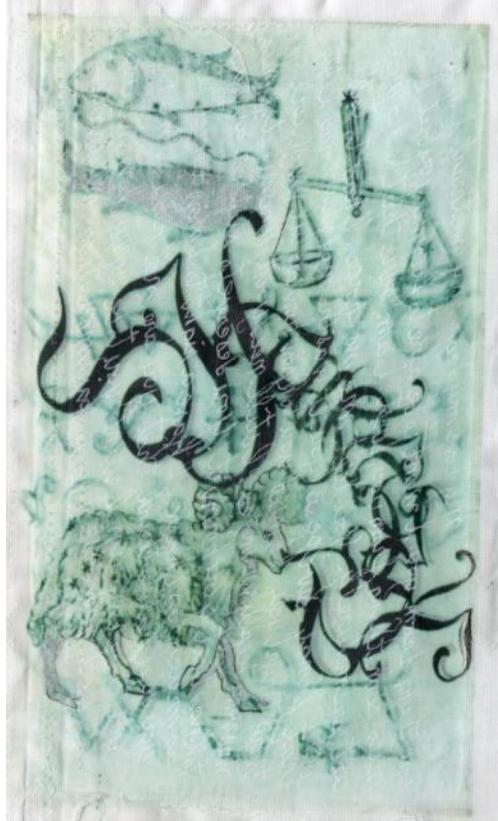
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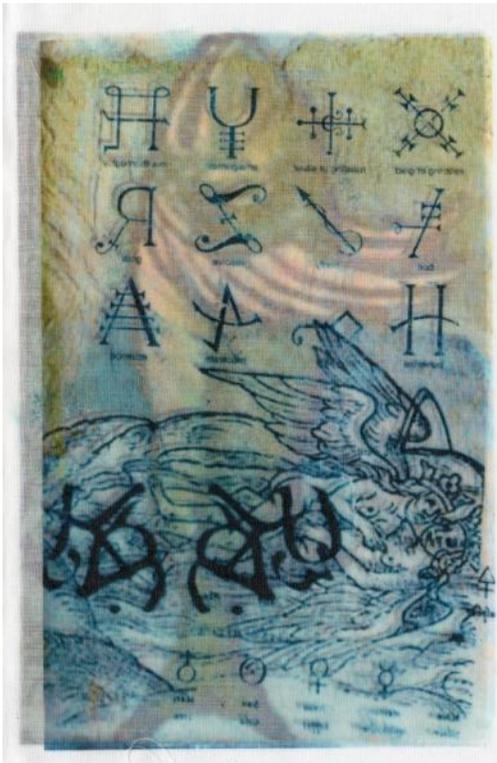




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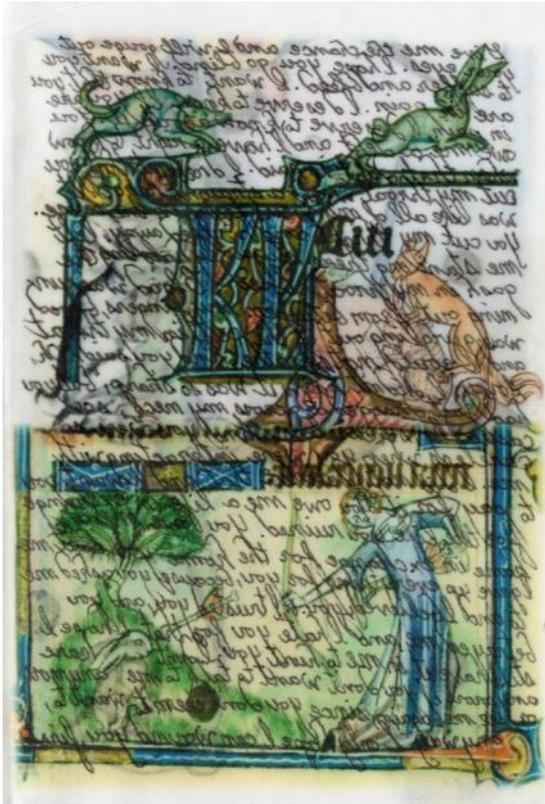
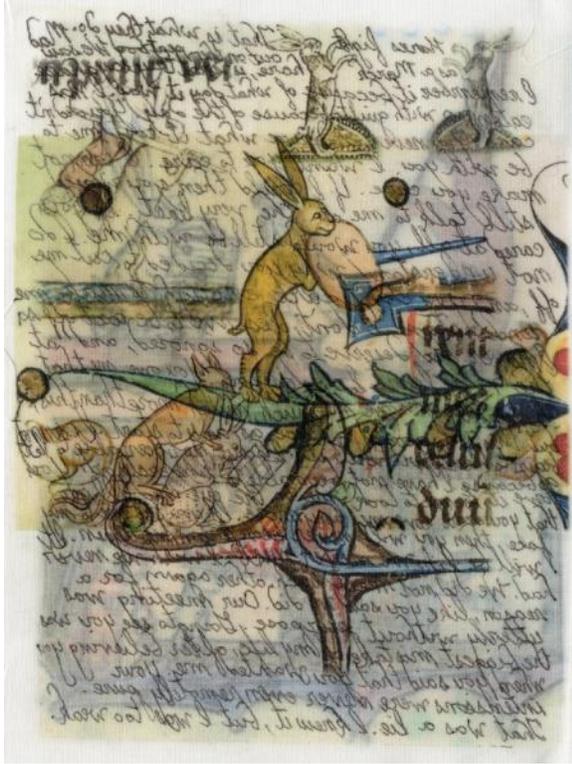


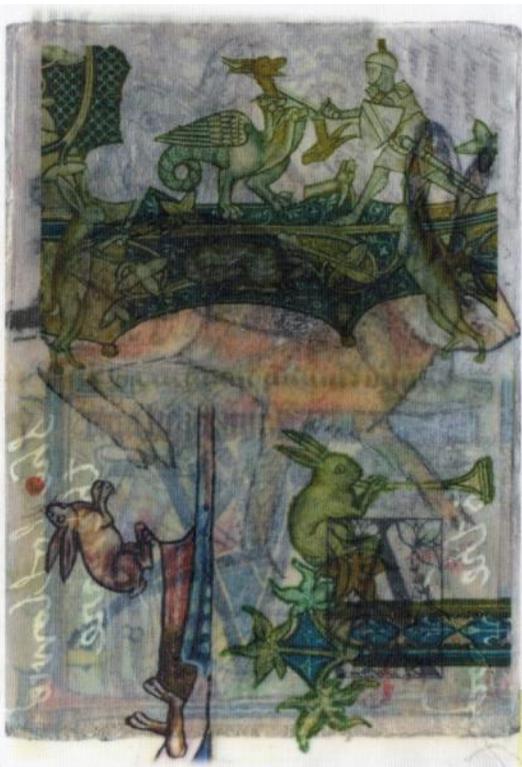
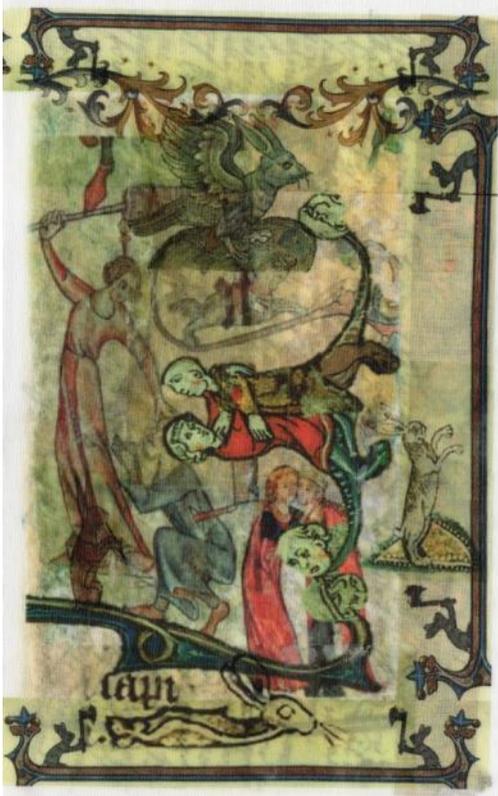


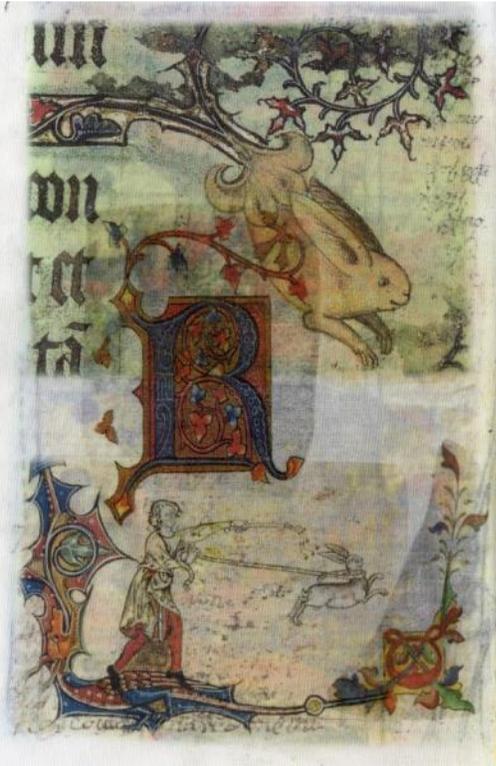
Chapter Four, Hares

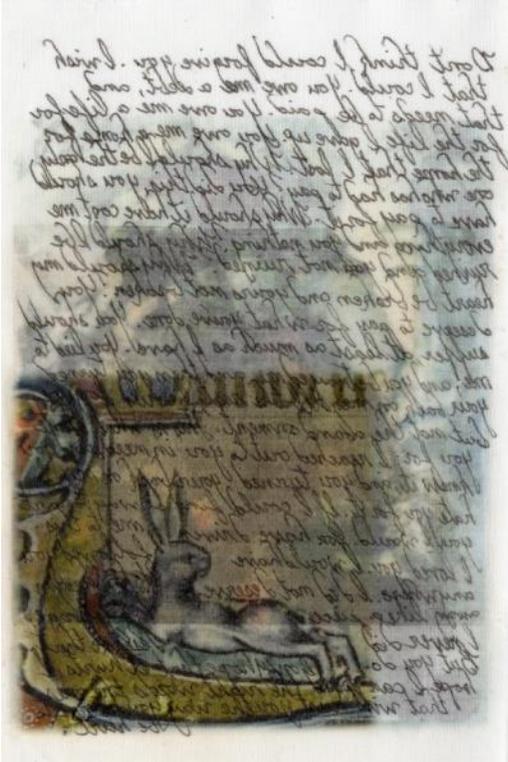
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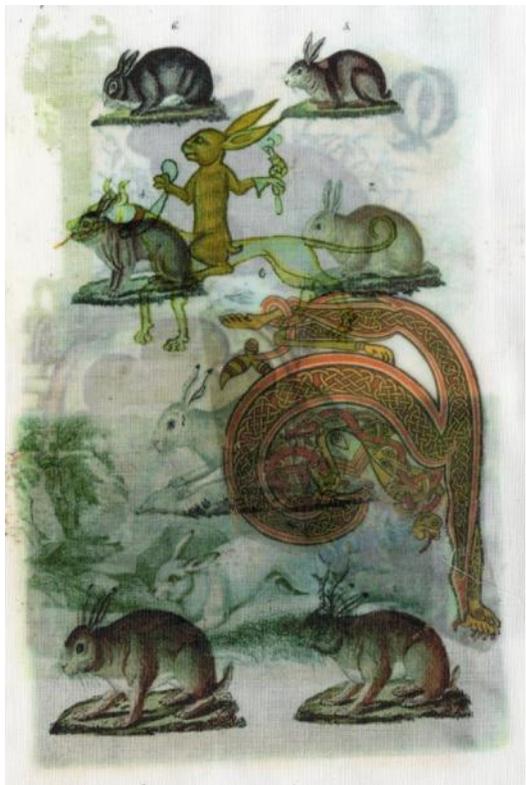
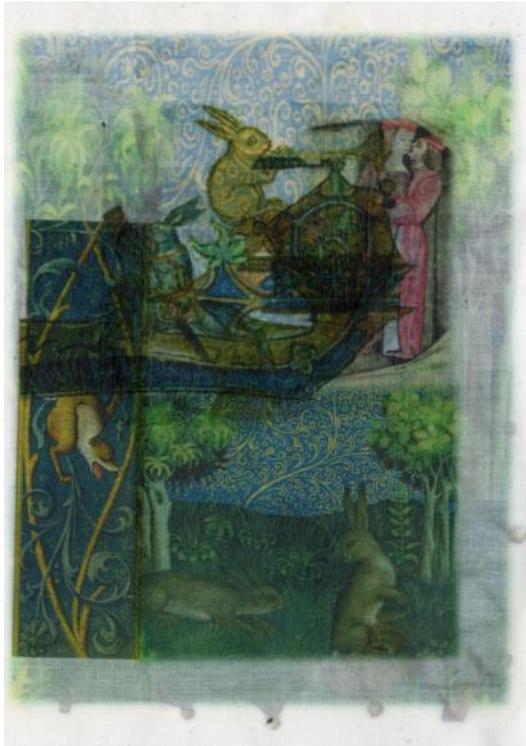


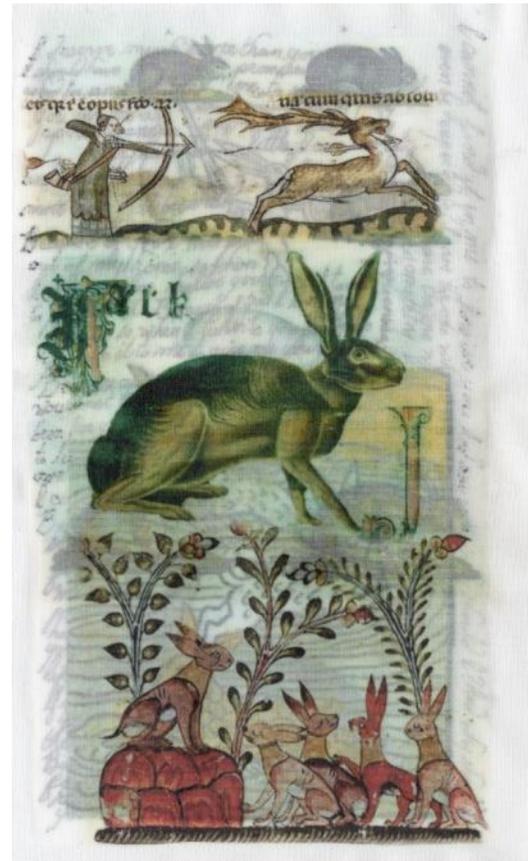
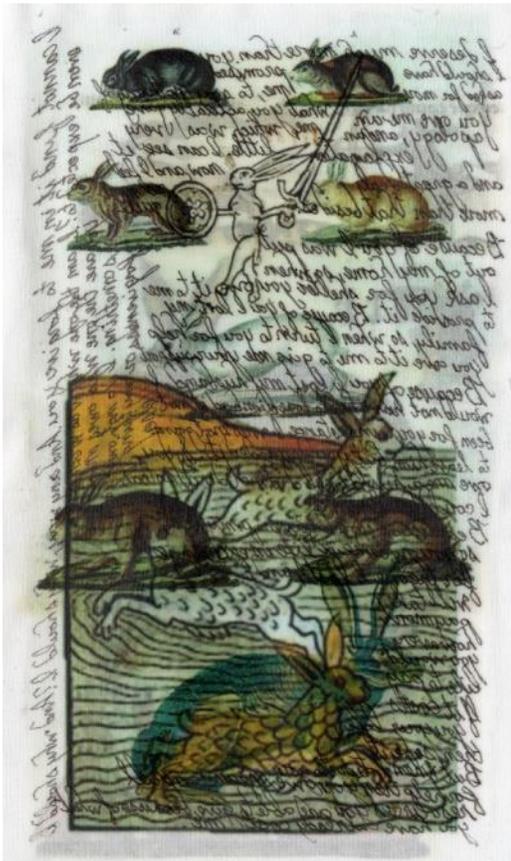


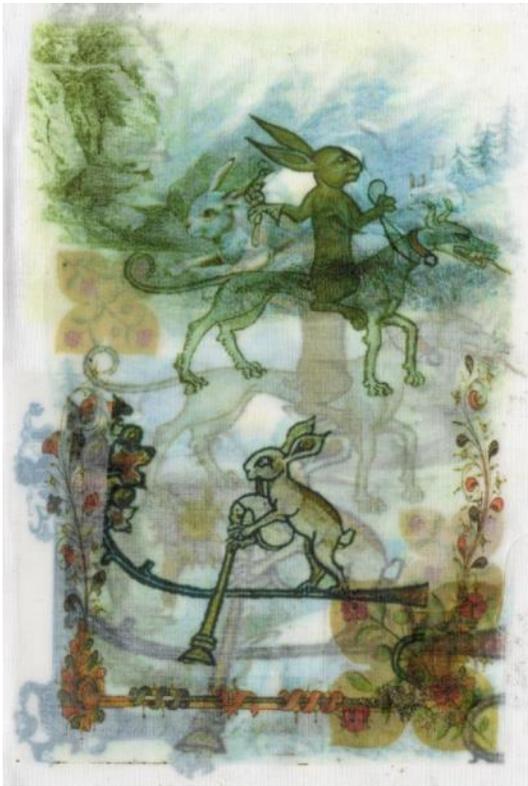




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Endnotes

¹ According to *Intimate relationships* by Rowland S. Miller (New York: McGraw Hill, c2012, 6th ed.) intimate relationships as compared to regular relationships are characterized by higher levels of knowledge, caring, interdependence, mutuality, trust, and commitment.

² Takotsubo cardiomyopathy, also known as stress cardiomyopathy, is a type of heart disease, in which there is a sudden temporary weakening of the muscular portion of the heart. Because this weakening can be triggered by emotional stress, such as the death of a loved one, a break-up, or constant anxiety, it is also known as “broken-heart syndrome.” It most commonly occurs in women over 50 years of age. Stress cardiomyopathy is a well-recognized cause of acute heart failure, lethal ventricular arrhythmias, and ventricular rupture.

³ Among the canonical tales such horrors include murder (Bluebeard), mutilation (The Handless Maiden, The Red Shoes), cannibalism (The Robber Bridegroom, The Juniper Tree), child abuse and abandonment (Cinderella, Snow White, Hansel and Gretel), and incest (Donkeyskin), to say nothing of being eaten by wolves. “That these tales were targeted specifically for children seems astonishing until we reflect on the social realities of the age in which they were told. In the premodern era, death stood at the center of life... Those living in the premodern era probably also had a higher tolerance for descriptions of brutal behavior and violent deaths owing to the hardships to which they were exposed on a daily basis.” (Tatar, 1992, p. 46)

⁴ Carl Jung suggested the existence of universal countless forms that channel experience and emotion, resulting in recognizable and typical patterns of behavior with certain probable outcomes. Being universal and innate, their influence can be detected in myths, symbols, rituals, and instincts of human beings and serve to direct, organize, and inform human thought and behavior.

⁵ This can perhaps explain some of Bruno Bettelheim’s strong opposition to children’s book illustrations. He argued that artists’ illustrations of fairy tales “direct the child’s imagination away from how he or she would experience the story (pp 59–60).” (Cited in Dundes, 1991, p. 75) While I accept his premise, I reject his conclusion.

⁶ The suits of Tarot, the earliest card game to appear in Europe, are wands (batons), cups, swords, and coins; which iconography can still be found in some Italian and Spanish decks (and, of course, in modern Tarot cards). Germanic countries adopted suits of hearts, acorns, bells, and leaves. Today, the French/English suit system of spades, hearts, clubs, and diamonds is widespread and common throughout the world.

⁷ These references are made out of respect not only for a tradition that produced what are arguably the most beautiful books in human history (the Book of Kells, the Book of Durrow, the Lindisfarne Gospels [Lindisfarne is located in England, but it was an Irish mission], etc.), but in recognition of its greater contributions to reading in general: The invention of the paragraph, the introduction of punctuation, the convention of putting spaces between words, capital letters, decorative capitals, and concepts of manuscript layout and illustration as we know them are all Irish innovations.

⁸ The theft of my pencil can be interpreted as evidence that some people are “jerks,” an indication that re-confirms previous findings.

Tables

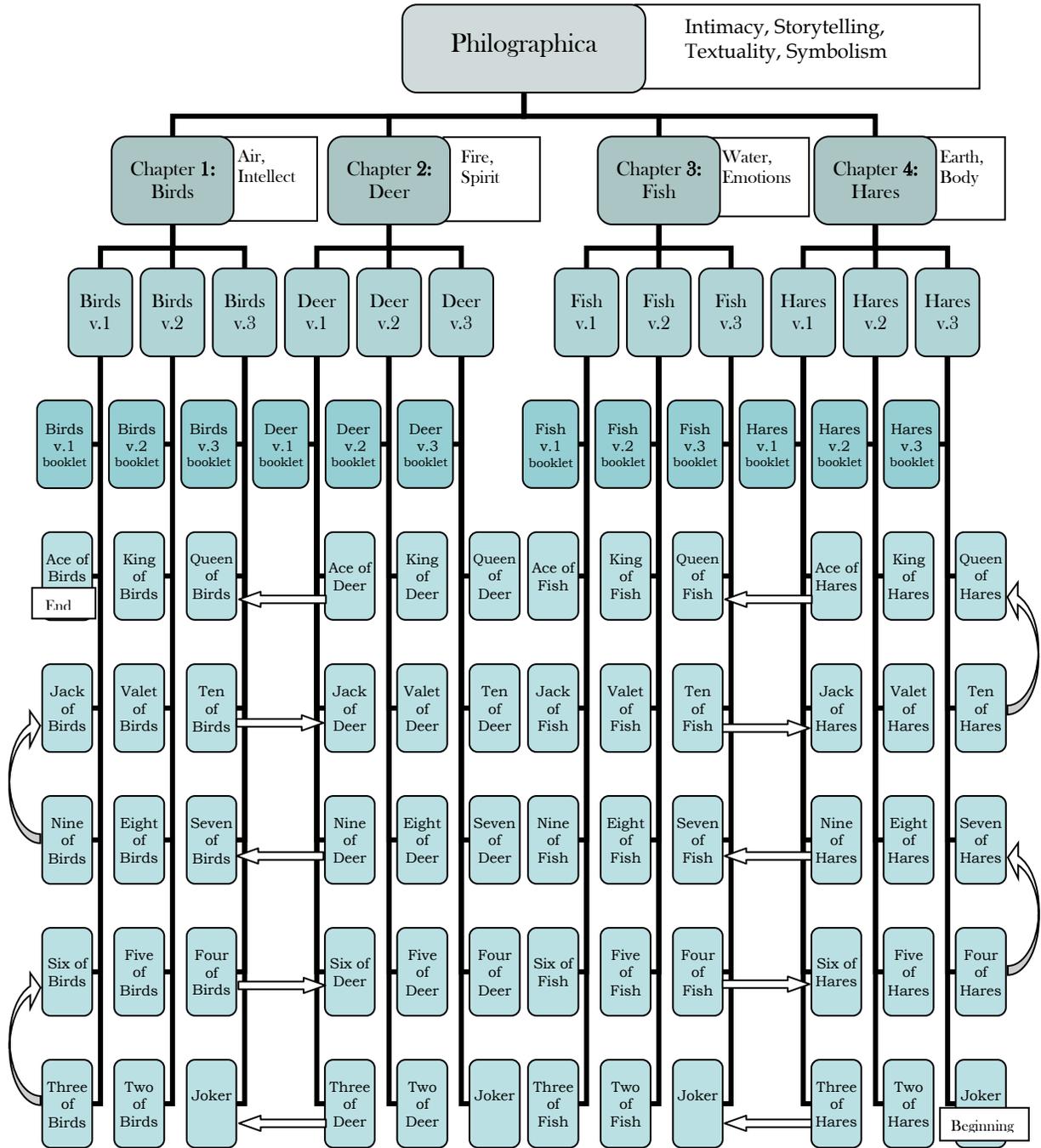


Table 1. Organization of *Philographica*.

Birds, v. 1	Birds, v. 2	Birds, v. 3	Deer, v. 1	Deer, v. 2	Deer, v. 3	Fish, v. 1	Fish, v. 2	Fish, v. 3	Hares, v. 1	Hares, v. 2	Hares, v. 3
Ace of Birds The woods are full of foxes, but she is young and her fox heart knows what it wants	King of Birds She is looking for a fox for herself it is a fox's business to know what goes on in the forest	Queen of Birds and suddenly there is a man in front of her. Oh get up, she says, this isn't a fairy tale	Ace of Deer Soon there will be snow and if the girl does not return she will have to stay in the woods until spring	King of Deer bounded back into the forest, having nothing to lose, she followed	Queen of Deer and if no one can break his enchantment soon he will be all deer, and who knows what will happen then?	Ace of Fish and the more times he spends as a deer the more he forgets how to be a man	King of Fish and the king and the king mourned	Queen of Fish once a king married a queen and had a son, but the queen died	Ace of Hares could understand the language of animals and trees	King of Hares Make you wish based on what is in your heart	Queen of Hares You may have one wish, not three, but you only need one
Jack of Birds and I followed it led me further into the woods	Valet of Birds away from the path until it had led me into a part of the forest where I had never been before	Ten of Birds still it sang so I never felt lost, and soon forgot all about the path	Jack of Deer and I was happy. Soon I heard it stop ahead of me	Valet of Deer In the middle of the clearing was a pool	Ten of Deer and at the edge of the pool was a little boat	Jack of Fish There were tiny silver fish swimming about	Valet of Fish kneel down and took a drink and as I listened	Ten of Fish realized that I could understand what the bird was singing	Jack of Hares Take the boat and row, the further toward the middle the wider the lake became	Valet of Hares listen to what the fish have to say with an open heart	Ten of Hares the water though clear stretched downso deep that I could not see the bottom
Nine of Birds it seemed to be telling me something although there were no words	Eight of Birds haunting as a reed pipe and bright as bells	Seven of Birds with a voice as clear as a flute and haunting	Nine of Deer the most beautiful song I had ever heard	Eight of Deer they shimmered with purple and blue and green and gold	Seven of Deer saw the most wonderful bird	Nine of Fish wild animals make poor husbands	Eight of Fish The deer said nothing but only looked at with his big soft eyes	Seven of Fish Thank you especially for bringing me home	Nine of Hares ahead of him was the Golden Hare, leading back to the familiar path	Eight of Hares I dreamt that I was in a boat on the back of the White Deer	Seven of Hares curled up in the roots of the tree and was instantly asleep
Six of Birds wait there until sundown	Five of Birds the White Deer will come	Four of Birds If he will let you, put a leash around his neck	Six of Deer He will be glad to let you	Five of Deer happened to have a piece of string in my pocket	Four of Deer began weaving daisies into a chain	Six of Fish For the longest time we only looked at each other	Five of Fish Quietly he crossed the meadow and softly slowly gently	Four of Fish went deep into the darkest part of the old, dense forest	Six of Hares stopped before an ancient withered oak. The White Deer stood and looked	Five of Hares poured the last few drops out at its roots and the gnarled trunk split open	Four of Hares Take only as much as you can carry
Three of Birds If you follow this path until you come to a small clearing all covered in wildflowers	Two of Birds to repay your kindness to me I want to tell you something	Joker would you be so kind as to give me a drink of your water?	Three of Deer He had the most lovely golden fur I had ever seen	Two of Deer a long time ago, began the grandmother, I heard something in the thicket	Joker and they will tell each other stories	Three of Fish In the evenings they will sit in front of the fire and sip whiskey and play cards.	Two of Fish Grandmother will know what to do, one of those unfortunate women who know too much	Joker a fox can make a sound like a demon in pain. Something is hurt,	Three of Hares She is not afraid of the woods or anything in it.	Two of Hares A girl goes into the woods. She takes only as much as she can carry	Joker There is a girl, and there is a forest. Always these two things.

Table 2. Arrangement of the text.