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<693/c>	From hiding behind a babel of bricks, a three-inch ladybird creeps out on strident wheels. Most of the populace turn out to be ciphers, dummies, mere animalcules of stuffing and stitching. I talk to them politely, but they, it would seem, are determined to say nothing (although, if you press their tummies, some do make a querulous noise). And so I follow a nervous, diplomatic course: keeping my counsel; listening; attending rigid tea-parties with mad-eyed plastic beauties and blotto frogs; whispering and peering in through the front door of the tiny bourgeois palace ... If I lose my patience, forgive me. Yesterday I kicked a troop of saluting soldiers down the stairs; but at heart I still adhere to the maxim, that through a studious reading of chaos we may arrive at the grammar of civilization. The Inspector Ah, the baroque sexuality of our public-garden sculpture! The old king sits on his high-buttocked horse, a cupid tumbles a dolphin at the very brink of a fountain and something has nibbled Pomona's nose. The profligacy of autumn has advanced too far to be halted now, and yet an obstinate boatman still punts the wrong way through dry leaves, cussed, slow, methodical, like Charon transporting his phantom dead. These conker-caskets, ransacked, sink beneath waves of leaves - a treasury of untold regrets. But do n't stoop; one simply lets them go with yesterday's smutted papers and that sky of sliding clouds. Our people like to have things orderly: thus, the man who whacks his thigh to recall a vanishing terrier, that skips away like his own renegade, Gogolian moustache. Will he ever teach his new dog the old tricks? In this playground of impromptu metaphors, a fierce eremite, attentive to the baragouin of ducks, tosses them manna of sliced bread, as though he were the only god to a tribe of rancorous dodgem-drivers. I recommend that we fix some centre to cosmos and chaos. A bulldozer to these romping stones! Imagine a high-toned statuary of minimal symbolic clutter, with its fine proportions and right lines. Bathos Yes, I had come to the right place: thejumbo cheeseplant languishing at a window told me, and the lift's bisecting doors confirmed it. Emboxment and apotheosis followed at once. I approved the fragrance of a late cigar, while numbers counted themselves discreetly. Time to remember the whole of my wasted life: evenings of apathy; vague, extravagant walks; the cat bemused by my keyboard melancholias. And now this feeling, as if I had been deftly gathered into an upward oubliette, to arrive - where? - at
 <p>Key: Footprint ConEn1 Footprint ConEn2 Footprint ConEn3</p>	<p>a meadow of sulphurous carpet</p> <p>. There was a young girl at her desk with three telephones. I spoke to her politely. Magic! I heard: 'Mr Dixon will be with you shortly.' A huge vase full of plastic flowers stood on a ledge, where an old man, passing, bent to savour them; The unregenerate minutes turned and turned. Of Mr Dixon's office, I can recall the photograph of his wife, some freckled apples and an alarming stuffed owl under its belljar. But everything else has vanished. Stepping out of the lift, beyond the ailing cheeseplant, I looked back and wondered if something important were missing. Business as Usual Flashing their lamps by daylight, the police are like Diogenes in full cry after an honest man: engines and high-toned sirens, one moment here with</p>

	<p>their moral furor, the next, ostentatiously gone. Drawn to my upper window, I can see how the grim, ornate facades of office, consulate, bank the Empire's hortatory architecture - continue to expound their well-weathered formulations re the bleak black blank. A torrent on a flagpole in Heraclitean flux animates one febrile theory, whilst, on a pediment below, three young girls kitted-out in Vestal dress pose endlessly for a photograph - with cold shoulders to the wind's ravings! Detailed to represent the Banking Virtues, they brood over the doughty growth of men's savings and can not be persuaded to laugh. Latin American The cocktail guitarist's more numerous, but vaguer, fingers do poignant, flim-flam things to somebody's taut and apprehensive heart-strings. Abetted by the pulse of bongos, a muted trumpet's gloats and smarms, the adroit lover shuts his eyes to woo the woman, wooden in his arms. Trashy, but somehow true, the things he tells her. With understanding he palpates her neck. We see his urgency edge lower, the plectrum peck ... Tropical humours! The old untamed romance! This piano is a holster for music. Microphones hide in a jungle of pinguid rubberplants. I thrill to the shush of gourds, that coconut clapping and our prestidigitant gigolo, with his hair brushed like a new LP and one toe-cap hopping. Pastoral The barmaid applepicks her glasses off the rack. She pumps and pumps for beer - a thin pizzle-dribble. Only a quarter past six, and business is still slack in this London country pub, where the only customer apart from us is an old military dandy of the most cultivated sort. Spruce in his Seurat tweed and fresh graphpaper shirt, he douses his double brandy with a brief siphon-snort, then sets to wooing the barmaid over her no-man's-counter with forays of cavalier banter.</p>
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