THE POETIC ARCHITECT:
An Imaginative Journey of Bruce Goff’s Bavinger House

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Abstract
During the 1920s, the Midwestern American architect Bruce Goff advanced a unique design approach that would govern his career: "Good architecture for everyone." Following the First World War, this period is considered the end of the Victorian and Edwardian era and "American innocence," and the beginning of the modern era—the 20th century. Goff challenged the predominant views of progressive modernism, the belief that science and technology were to be the "grand solution" to society's weaknesses. In contrast to his contemporaries who employed design methods of standardized building forms, mass production, and technology, which would later lead to societal alienation, Goff viewed his clients as individuals possessing a mind, a body, and a spirit living in a world together with other human beings. He believed that each person is endowed with five or more senses that "always" respond to Nature and its beauty. This dissertation will show that such an experiential and existential attitude is found in Goff's drawings, writings, lectures, and interviews and expressed in a clear commitment to the Bavingers (as clients), to their chosen site, and the architectural experiences designed for the Bavinger House. Informed by Gaston Bachelard's, poetic imagination, three journeys to and through the Bavinger House, reconstructed by generating drawings and bringing together a manifold of experiential methodologies to argue the claim that the Bavinger House is the preeminent paradigmatic example of Goff's work. The goal is to establish that Goff was indeed, a poetic architect who employed an imaginative organicism in his work.
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General Audience Abstract
During the 1920s, the Midwestern American architect Bruce Goff advanced a unique design approach that would govern his career: "Good architecture for everyone." Following the First World War, this period is considered the end of the Victorian and Edwardian era and "American innocence," and the beginning of the modern era—the 20th century. Goff challenged the predominant views of progressive modernism, the belief that science and technology were to be the "grand solution" to society’s weaknesses. In contrast to his contemporaries who employed design methods of standardized building forms, mass production, and technology, which would later lead to societal alienation, Goff viewed his clients as individuals possessing a mind, a body, and a spirit living in a world together with other human beings. He believed that each person is endowed with five or more senses that “always” respond to Nature and its beauty. This dissertation will show that such an experiential and existential attitude is found in Goff’s drawings, writings, lectures, and interviews and expressed in a clear commitment to the Bavingers (as clients), to their chosen site, and the architectural experiences designed for the Bavinger House. Informed by Gaston Bachelard’s, poetic imagination, three journeys to and through the Bavinger House, reconstructed by generating drawings and bringing together a manifold of experiential methodologies to argue the claim that the Bavinger House is the preeminent paradigmatic example of Goff’s work. The goal is to establish that Goff was indeed, a poetic architect who employed an imaginative organicism in his work.
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Para Reina, J. Cesar, y mi Mamá
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These next few pages are the most important of the over 600 pages to come. As with perhaps every completed doctoral dissertation undertaken by a graduate student, it is a deeply personal journey. This effort, in one way or another, has taken me most of my adult life. However, and most importantly, I could never have accomplished it without the following people with whom to say that I am grateful is a strong understatement. I have put my friends, family, and committee through more than I am sure they bargained for in supporting me through this long effort.

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When snow falls against the window,
Long sounds the evening bell...
For so many has the table
Been prepared, the house set in order.

From their wandering, many
Come on dark paths to this gateway.
The tree of grace is flowering in gold
Out of the cool sap of the earth.

In stillness, wanderer, step in:
Grief has worn the threshold into stone.
But see: in pure light, glowing
There on the table: bread and wine.

–Georg Trakl, Winter Evening
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Prologue

Once Upon a Time, there was an architect whose work was to design and build houses the way humans are meant to live. In doing so, he worked against the mainstream but did not care. He only cared about designing a beautiful home that evoked a sense of warmth and coziness, and where clients often became lifelong friends. Two such clients, Gene, and Nancy Bavinger, exhausted by so many houses not meeting their needs, came to this architect. This is the story of that architect, Bruce Goff, and that house, the Bavinger family home designed and built in Norman, Oklahoma, from 1950-1955.

A long time ago, an architectural intern worked at the Pacific Basin Shelter Company in Eugene, Oregon. She worked for—or rather, absorbed the very enriching world of Richard Britz, A.I.A. Richard shared and taught her many lessons and ideas that have continued to be with her today. The first was his attitude towards the environment, and the subsequent system he developed using reusable concrete earth-shelter forms for high energy-conservation homes.

Before going to Eugene and working for Richard, she had been working for another architect designing and building custom homes, which had some element of excitement but usually left her feeling empty and uninspired. But at Pacific Basin, she assisted Richard with inspiring projects, such as designing a meditation center for the Anasazi Indian reservation in the Arizona desert. Richard designed using his system of circular earth-shelter forms to create habitations for healing where the residents followed their meditative practices involving water rituals. Richard’s generosity in sharing included his admiration of architect Bruce Goff, with whom he had worked briefly; she had never heard of Bruce Goff. When the intern asked him about graduate schools, he told her about a unique education found only at the Architectural Association (AA) in London, and so she went. She found a commonality between Britz, Goff, and the AA: a commitment to seeking alternative and discriminating ways to approach architecture. At that time, Richard possessed an unusual ecology-based attitude towards architecture to “lessen our impact” on the world.

The intern attended the AA and remembered what her favorite boss said about Bruce Goff when considering her thesis topic. She decided that Goff would become her topic because he seemed to her to be an ecologically oriented architect who sought to bring nature and our place within nature together and create “good architecture for everyone” and not just the privileged. She completed her diploma at the AA, and
many years later considered her ultimate academic goal to be incomplete. She drove across the country to complete her goal of writing a dissertation at the Washington-Alexandria Architectural Center (WAAC), Virginia Tech. Her good fortune led her to discover an equally wonderful and enriching academic place, which immediately reminded her of the AA.

This is where the story picks up from where I—that intern from nearly three decades ago—left off those many years ago and moves into the present day to finally finish the story in these pages.
INTRODUCTION

Architecture is essentially an extension of nature into the man-made realm, providing ground for perception and the horizon of experiencing and understanding the world.  

Figure 1. Bruce Goff in his OU School of Architecture Office under the football stadium, ceiling is tumbleweed laid over string composition, B&W photo by Philip B. Welch, c. 1954, Bruce A. Goff Archives. Courtesy of The Ryerson & Burnham Art and Architecture Archives, The Art Institute of Chicago (hereafter cited as AIC Goff Archives, CC0 [AIC Goff Archives]).
During the early decades of the twentieth century, Bruce Goff advanced a unique design approach governing his entire career, “Good architecture for everyone.” Rejecting mainstream modernism, Goff sought out a language for communication generated from unique site conditions and clients. He viewed his clients as individuals possessing a mind, a body, and a spirit living in a world together with others. Each person endowed with five or more senses always responds to Nature and the beauty within it. He extended the concepts inherent in organic architecture to express his client’s physical presence, existential preferences, and spiritual existence.

Goff’s prolific career spanned his entire life (Figure 1). It began at age 12 working for Endicott & Rush Architects, in Tulsa, Oklahoma, becoming a partner at 25, but mostly working independently until his death on August 4, 1982. For approximately 70 years with over 150 of his designs built, I wondered why as an architecture student, and one particularly interested in architectural history, I did not know his work until Richard Britz, an architect I had worked for previously, introduced me to him. In addition to his architectural commissions, he produced hundreds of hypothetical drawings, sketches, paintings, and writing, as well as musical compositions throughout his career, all of which until only very recently have not been widely known.

Most of his built work consisted of residential designs for private clients, which usually led to long-standing personal relationships. Letters written between Goff and his clients showed mutual respect and the clients’ enthusiasm for his work. Clients published articles describing their admiration on a few occasions. In 2017, I visited the son of William and Elaine Gryder, who had commissioned Goff to design their family home in Ocean Springs, Mississippi in 1960 (Figures 2-4). During my visit, Bill told me many stories about the house, and how it had already raised two generations with plans for more to come.4
Figure 2. **W.C. III and E.A. Gryder House**, Ocean Springs, MS, Bruce Goff, perspective, graphite on white tracing paper, 62.5 x 106.8 cm (24-9/16 x 42-1/16 in), 1960. Courtesy of [AIC Goff Archives, CC0](https://www.aicarchives.org).

Figure 3. **W.C. III and E.A. Gryder House**, Ocean Springs, MS, front side view, color photo, 2007. Courtesy of the Mississippi Department of Archives and History ([MDAH](https://mdah.ms.gov)).
Despite his lack of formal architectural education, Goff held the Chairmanship as well as a teaching position at the School of Architecture at the University of Oklahoma (1948-1955). In 1987, Bruce Goff posthumously won the prestigious American Institute of Architect’s 25-year award for the Bavinger House (1950-1955) (Figure 5). The award citation reads in part:

The American Institute of Architects is Honored to confer the 1987 Twenty-Five Year Award on the Bavinger House [in] Norman, Oklahoma [,] Designed by Bruce Goff.

This extraordinary work of imagination vividly expresses American values and the pioneering tradition. Highly personal, homegrown, [and] individualistic, built of what was at hand, this exceptional house grows from the land, a marvel of ingenuity, a masterwork of fluid space, the product of a remarkable collaboration between architect and client. It spirals joyously into the Oklahoma sky, cut loose from the Earth by a mind as free as the prairie landscape, a celebration of the spirit of man and nature united in architecture.\(^5\)
Goff joined a highly esteemed club. Frank Lloyd Wright (1867-1959) won this honor the year before Goff for the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum. Other notable recipients include Eero Saarinen, Mies van der Rohe, Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, and Louis Kahn, to name only a few. The award text recognizes this unique placement:

"Although working in the age of other architectural masters like Wright, Mies, Gropius, and Le Corbusier, Bruce Goff stood outside their gigantic shadows and created imaginative solutions that are still a marvel of ingenuity today. The Bavinger House in Norman, Oklahoma is one of these."

A few years later, in 1995, the Art Institute of Chicago (AIC) created and displayed a major retrospective exhibition of Goff’s work, with an accompanying catalog titled, “The Architecture of Bruce Goff, 1904–1982: Design for the Continuous Present.” The catalog describes him as “profoundly influencing the younger generation of architects through his teaching at the University of Oklahoma, apprenticeships, and countless lectures.” In addition, the AIC regarded Goff as "one of the masters of Organic architecture." Yet, from my earlier thesis research at the Architectural Association (AA) in 1992, I found architectural critics and historians were generally quite critical and unbalanced in their assessments of Goff’s work. Often this was due to his outlier status
and their inability to neatly categorize it within existing architectural styles.\textsuperscript{11} A Mixed Bag: Attitudes, Opinions, and Tributes

The architectural community at large, retrospectively hailed, awarded, and exhibited Goff’s work. However, considered an outlier at best. Articles written about Goff range considerably in attitude and opinion. Reyner Banham described him in this way, “for my money, the hundred-per-cent-pure, good-to-the-last-drop, rolled-from-better-leaf, American architect is Bruce Goff.”\textsuperscript{12} A 1971 edition of Architecture and Urbanism referred to Goff as the “romanticist of the prairie.”\textsuperscript{13} Architectural historian William Curtis describes Goff’s architecture as “extreme … wilderness romanticism.”\textsuperscript{14} Charles Jencks, one of Goff’s most outspoken critics described him in an article published in AD: Architectural Design, “Bruce Goff: the Michelangelo of Kitsch.”\textsuperscript{15} Jencks begins his article with an image of the house Goff designed for Glen and Luetta Harder in Mountain Lake, Minnesota (Figure 6):

Recall your worst architectural experience; think back to the moment when you entered that sleazy bedsitter all decked out with its bathetic/knickknacks and \textit{el cheapo} furniture. Remember your first encounter with the sad, pretentious world of Babbit, of lower-middle-class taste, run amok with chintz on the kitchen cabinet, of Ideal Home decor, of plastic strip-on chrome, in short, Yuc-Taste. Remember the revulsion, the horror followed by simple taste? ... there is a poet of the unredeemable and his name is Bruce Alonzo Goff.\textsuperscript{16}

Figure 6. \textit{Glen and Luetta Harder House}, Mountain Lake, MN, 2011. Public Domain.
Jencks continued using the following descriptors for Goff’s work: “bizarre”, “weird”, or “idiosyncratic”, terms based on visual appearance and style alone, usually implying negative connotations:

Goff has turned architecture into a performance, a popular art form that happens and doesn’t just sit there dumbfounded holding onto its reinforcing bars. When the Bavinger family built their Goffouse in Norman (Goff gets his clients so involved they have to give up their normal work) their spiral, helicoid house, their SNAIL HOUSE, 50,000 people came out to watch over the years, and the Bavingers, knowing a performance art when they see one, charged the people an entrance fee—1 dollar per view, $50,000 just to see this crazy snail get built out of stone. It helped pay for the house. But the Bavingers and Goff didn’t stop exploiting life there.18

Jeffrey Cook said of Gene Bavinger’s house, “It was to be an exploration grounded in his art. The requirement was not to display art, but to experience it in the making.” Further describing the house as a “shaggy textured idiosyncratic spiral home.”19

Critics and historians have tended to ignore Goff because according to Peter Blundell-Jones, “he has flouted all the conventions of the orthodox Modern Movement,” which was a period in the history of architecture devoted to standardization and the universal design solution.20 As David De Long notes, architectural histories are written within the boundaries of conventional training. Therefore, prevailing style and fashion can influence written products. As such, “architects and architectural students found it easier to laugh at the sometimes outrageous work of Bruce Goff than to cope with its implications of the underlying, idiosyncratic, often bizarre materials and forms of Goff’s buildings which have ideas of real consequence.”21

Goff was against what he called, “the herd instinct,” referring to the architectural community’s views on conformity and harmony as a causal relationship. In his essay, “Individual Architecture: By and For Individuals,” Goff expressed the necessity to “be himself through his life and work, but only a few [architects] realize it.”22 He continues, “If we could and would recognize and respect this in ourselves and others, we should be more harmoniously happy with ourselves, each other, and Nature.”23 The result of overcoming the “fear of ‘sticking one’s neck out’ or of being different” is where change and progress can happen.24

To some extent, the reason for his limited status is most likely due to being a regional architect, primarily working on the Oklahoma prairie with cacti and coyotes—in parts of the country often regarded as “cultural wastelands,”25 a bit too unintellectual for either East or West coasts and certainly for Europeans. The architectural authors and critics
who shaped professional thought never sought out or experienced Goff’s work firsthand in the rural Oklahoma countryside, rather they relied on second-hand opinions sources for their descriptions and interpretations.26 Goff believed in the people of the Great Plains, where tradition was less restrictive. He said of his clients, “They were more willing to discover an individual expression.”27 Further, this status was perhaps exacerbated by living and working under the shadow of “Father Frank”—Frank Lloyd Wright, and the rampant selective writing of modern architectural history even Wright had difficulty being included.28

Goff’s work uniquely contributed to modern architecture in the American context, specifically to the organic movement. As Jeffrey Cook writes, “to the extent that his designs emerge directly from considerations of function and site, client, and climate.”29 While I support such distinction, it is a very important one deemed necessary to be deeply and richly understood. In the first monograph on Goff four years before his death, Cook wrote, “Goff presumes to draw on the organic nature of life as revealed both by the natural world and by man’s perception of it about his understanding of himself.”30

Regarding academic scholarship, the primary contribution of original research on Goff continues to be David De Long’s 1986 book, Bruce Goff: Toward an Absolute Architecture,31 developed from his dissertation, “The Architecture of Bruce Goff: Buildings and Projects, 1916-1974.”32 This is the same book I referenced three decades ago. A more recent book published in 2017, Bruce Goff: Architecture of Discipline in Freedom,33 by Arn Henderson, professor of architecture at the University of Oklahoma where Goff was chairman and professor. Similarly, a second dissertation on Goff, “Bruce Goff: The Luminous Environment in Selected Residential Designs,” focuses on the interior lighting of selected private homes.34

Goff advanced a unique design approach as a governing mantra to his career: “Good architecture for everyone.” This period, following the First World War, brought an end to the Victorian and Edwardian eras and “American innocence,” and the beginning of the modern era—the 20th century. Goff challenged the predominant views of progressive modernism; the belief science and technology were to be the “grand solution” to society’s weaknesses. Many of his Modern Movement contemporaries aimed for clear and cohesive developments of the main idea. They employed design methods of standardized building forms, mass production, and technology, later credited for contributing to societal alienation. Goff approached the design by viewing
each of his client’s individual needs and desires and was not slotted into a premade solution. And as such, each one of us lives and responds to the beautiful, natural world around us through our innate senses. This attitude drove Goff's work as a starting point.

The following quote from Goff’s unpublished manuscript intended for publication, “Forty-four Architectural Realizations,” speaks of how architects must seek out beyond mere functionalism and formalities to one which possesses beauty and societal benefits:

As with man himself, a building must function well physically and rationally [and by extension healthy]. If it does only that it is, like a person who is only that, merely a material thing; it has not become the MORE that the striving for beauty, order (style), and spiritual values resulting in individual character, earns for it the discipline and honor of being considered as architecture. A good building is not necessarily architecture, but good architecture is necessarily [a] good building … PLUS!35

Goff details his ideas regarding the practice of architecture, including the overall attitude within the profession at large, as a backdrop to contrast his lifetime of work.36 It also serves as Goff’s master document to draw from when writing his project specification documents. Under the section, “Architectural Planning Conditions,” he includes separate sub-categories on-site, natural features, man-made features, climate, materials, structure, color, ornament, texture, rhythm, depth, light, space, furnishing, landscaping, and working with clients. Next, he includes a list of forty-four representative examples from his practice, beginning from 1926 up to 1970.37

Goff often wrote about the seemingly endless fascination artists have with imitation.38 In a 1932 essay, “About Absolute Art,” he writes:

Man’s love for his world led him to [the] imitation of it. Imitation is adolescent. We no longer need [to] imitate Nature to show our love for it. Rather, we should assimilate its essence into ourselves, [t]hen what we do will be [a] tribute to it, organic with it, harmonious.

It is time to recognize our natural human divinity, to shape from and with this organically our lives, our work. It is time to be free, naturally natural.39

Thirty years later, in 1961, Goff wrote in another essay, “Creative Imagination,” suggesting memories of sights, sounds, and other experiences blend in the artist's mind to produce something new, "an unperceived vision of the realities of life called fantastic[ally].”40 Defining fantastic not as “caprice, whim, groundless, or unreal,”—words architectural writers use to describe his work—and equates it to “his architecture.”41 Goff understood his role as an architect who serves people and their
needs, to solve their problems “beautifully guided by intellect, feeling, and creative imagination, to transcend good building into architecture.” Expanding on this sentiment, he writes:

The architect will be even more of a visionary when he can give us such undiluted architecture and his fantastic creations, surprising at first, will retain their mystery, and even though they will continue to defy analysis, as music and nature do, we will be richly rewarded in attempting to discover their secret. The architecture will be truly fantastic, inspiring, and sublime!

Goff’s central commitment to architecture was in design reflects the experience of human dignity. His design solutions reflected the uniqueness of each client and the specific environmental conditions of the site, and how both together resulted in “organic and beautiful living.” As Pérez-Gómez writes, “Architecture communicates the possibility of ‘recognizing’ ourselves as complete, to dwell poetically on earth and thus be wholly human.” Goff’s essays and architecture are evidence of this profound idea.

Client Style

“Mr. Goff, what is your style? Goff replies, "Client style". In 2011 and 2015, I conducted phone interviews with Herb Greene, Goff’s most well-known apprentice. We talked about his experiences working with Goff as an apprentice and becoming his most well-known delineator of the Bavinger house renderings. I asked Greene a few specific questions from my intuition about Goff and Greene’s website. Greene spoke (quite lovingly) of how Goff had “… a unique ability to be aware of and understand the attributes and features of each client … [and their] … existential qualities …”, and express them in design even before they knew it for themselves. He was concerned with the “bodily sensation” of the life experiences of his clients and provided the context for the structure and material. Further, Goff intuitively believed in recognizing “the client’s physical presence and existential preferences” in their material environment. Greene went on to say “Goff responded to the existential concepts of early European continental philosophy ignored by the Modern Masters: Gropius and Mies van der Rohe.”

I found what Greene told me aligned with my earlier research of primary archival material at the AIC. I had read through and transcribed numerous handwritten letters of mutual admiration between Goff and his clients. For example, letters between Goff
and his clients, Rear Admiral J.D., and Boots Wilson between 1941 and 1953, regarding the design and building of their house in Perdido Bay, Pensacola Bay, Florida. The couple expresses their enthusiasm for their new house, “[W]e had ourselves a ceremony—got a drink—gave a toast to our dream of ten years contained on that little roll! ... Worth waiting for? Thousand times Yes!” Another example is letters between Goff and his clients, the Colmorgan family between 1964 and 1981. The letters describe the difficulties Goff had in locating a suitable area to build the house, to fit their needs. They had an appreciation for the arts, simplicity, and economy of design, natural materials, and modern conveniences. In one letter dated February 10, 1980, Paul Colmorgan recalls Goff’s “chuckling amusement” of the great visual shock he could create for the neighbors. On a later research trip, I visited a house Goff designed for the Gryder family in Ocean Springs, Mississippi, often referred to as the “Cat House.” I returned to the archives and read through the several cards and letters between the Gryders and Goff, in which the client expressed their joy and excitement about Goff’s design.

Greene aligns Goff to various philosophers. He told me how Goff had an “innate ability to affect and stir the emotions of his clients.” For example, the role of feelings and emotions found in the work of Alfred North Whitehead, as well as the existential continental philosophy of Husserl, Heidegger, Merleau-Ponty, and others. He believed Goff was responding to this zeitgeist of the twenties, thirties, and forties in which these philosophers parallel or influenced thought and art. Greene captured his thoughts in more detail on his website,

This terminology emphasized the contents of feelings and concerns projected by the individual as he or she responded to a perceived object. Whitehead emphasized feelings as the dominant response to experience and the appearance of the world. He used the term concern as the closest description of human attention and life history including the bodily experience, as drawing on the necessary background informing and qualifying any creatures’ response to a perceived stimulus. In this own unconsciously Whiteheadian way Bruce Goff responded to a client who was tall, reticent, and who wished for a clean, off-white rectangularly shaped environment such as his design for the Fitchette House. (Figures 7-8)

Goff set off the rectangular rooms of the entire house by lifting the roof plane and sloping it at a gentle angle. A long continuous skylight traversed the hall that connected individual rooms. Goff was often viewed as an architect who catered to his whims and individualism, rather than to his sensibility and sensitivity to whom he was designing for. In this view, no fact of experience in nature is physically or mentally exact or repeatable and, aspects of any events (Whitehead’s term for any
recognition of an aspect, quality, verbal association, or other manifestation of human cognition) could be coordinated in a design. The works of many prescient artists of his time reflected this worldview. In my opinion, Goff was the architect whose work best exemplified this attitude in architecture and thereby extended the concepts of organic architecture.”

Figure 7. *James and Marion Fichette House*, Bartlesville, OK, exterior view, color photo by Nelson Brackin, 2007. [Goff in Bartlesville](#).

Figure 8. *James and Marion Fichette House*, interior living space, color photo by Nelson Brackin, 2007. [Goff in Bartlesville](#).

To be clear, Greene’s assessment of Goff and connections to any philosophers are Greene’s alone. Similar comparisons are not found in the research. Goff did not include or reference philosophers in his writings, nor are there any references in his library. However, Greene’s assessment—and working with Goff during the Bavinger years—
aligning with my view of Goff was the initial impetus for taking this dissertation in the
direction of an experiential story imaginatively and factually stays as close as possible to
Goff’s early life experiences, which in part, shape his design sensitivities towards the
people’s lives who became clients, and the natural environment(s) they chose to live in,
the Gene and Nancy Bavinger.

The Bavinger House Draws Endless Curiosity Seekers
This iconic house, designed for artists and garden enthusiasts Gene and Nancy
Bavinger, is largely recognized around the world, representing the height of Goff’s
reception as an organic architect. During the years of the building the spiral house,
made of 200 tons of locally quarried rock, stood, which stretches upward to well over 50
feet, it drew endless curiosity seekers, gawkers, and students of architecture from
around the world. At times, there were so many visitors to the house during
construction often interrupting the work so much with their myriad of questions Gene
Bavinger eventually built a fence around the site, and Nancy Bavinger sat at the gate
and charged each visitor 50 cents to enter. “This fee completely paid for the house!”

The house became the subject of numerous articles and publications, which always
included photos. Life Magazine (Figure 9) described the house as “the most gaped-at
new house in the U. S.” Other Goff-designed houses also made it into Life Magazine
as well as other well-known publications, both for general audiences and those specific to
architecture. Given this, why am I still asked by many in our field of architecture, who is
Bruce Goff? Although, if I add the Bavinger House or the “spiral house,” I do receive
nods of familiarity.
In 2018, The New York Times Style magazine describes Goff as “a prolific and startlingly original midcentury architect who remains, outside of design circles, largely unknown” and whose midcentury houses are of “heartland-born eccentricity.” The author goes into the usual list of colorful descriptors: idiosyncratic clients, spaceship-like architecture, birdcage extravaganzas, futuristic and corny, followed by his relationship with Frank Lloyd Wright, his small-town upbringing, his father taking him to apprentice in an architectural firm in Tulsa, Oklahoma. So, the story goes. I have read them all which usually follow the same formula, albeit with ranging variations. At times, I wonder if they work to eclipse previous articles with ever-more imaginative, outrageous, and creative adjectives when describing his work, not to mention his character. This is generally how the mainstream public has read about Goff. As one author writes, “Goff’s style, with its eccentric forms and use of odd materials, enthralled the popular media, who tended to either exploit its sensational qualities or treat it as a kind of folk art.” Perhaps this is how they need to write for capturing and selling to public audiences.

All things considered, going through all the relevant literature covering the Bavinger House reveals two shortcomings in the scholarship of Goff this dissertation addresses. First, as of 2022, much of the unpublished writings of Goff remain difficult to access as the Goff archives are not digitized. Working on this dissertation demanded I go to such sources and record them. While this is typical for original Ph.D. research, I have added
this rare and valuable information as substantial appendices to the end of this dissertation, thus contributing to advancing state-of-the-art architectural scholarship. Secondly, there is a fundamental lack of attention to the lived experiences of the Bavinger House. During earlier research efforts, I first intuited and then knew this focus—an experiential study—would be another scholarly contribution.

In this dissertation, I show a strong experiential attitude and the importance of imagination, as well as individuality in Goff’s work and words. The demonstration shows a clear commitment to the clients, the site, and the experiences engendered by his architecture on the dwellers, the Bavinger family. The Bavinger House demonstrates this commitment in the very way Goff designed it, and how the Bavingers completely hand-built it on-site. In other words, in the actions of envisioning and constructing it, and by not just moving in after the house completion. Furthermore, the major methodological first-person writing emphasizes, highlights, and merges the relationship of the author of text, drawings, designer of the research. All are fundamentally at the heart of architecture: the importance of the architect’s imagination and experience, and the research necessary for the architectural project. Ultimately, this dissertation provides and explores a deeper understanding and significance of the lived experience of the Bavinger House.

This experiential and imaginative attitude of Goff is consistent with his adamant opposition to standardized and universal solutions of “BIG BUSINESS rather than uncompromising solutions of the problem at hand.”65 Although he acknowledged their value in terms of saving money, time, and materials, they were “not flexible enough to meet individual requirements.”66 As a testament to Goff’s primary importance placed on the client, he referred to them as “Individuals” often using the capital “I”.67 Accordingly, he considered his clients as human beings68 possessing minds, bodies, and spiritual living in a shared world versus as an afterthought. Humans are endowed with five or more senses responding to Nature and the beauty within it69 which will be shown in the following story.

**How this Imaginative Journey Unfolds in Time and Space**

This story unfolds as a journey never told before. Allow your educated mind, your recollections of this house, and creative imagination to join me in sharing this experience. You will follow me as I tell it using a variety of styles and in a relaxed and conversational tone, while still recognizing the formality necessary as a dissertation
document demands. The first-person writing choice highlights the many—countless—years I have spent with Goff as a researcher and author. Written as a story, and not as a history, I imaginatively highlight the personalities of the story’s main characters, Bruce Goff and the Bavingers.

As the author, I have employed as my research method a scholarly imaginative paradigm that is grounded in rigorous research and experimentation through writing and drawing. It is not subjective nor arbitrary. Furthermore, in addition to the researched literature sources of information, I include essays written by Bruce Goff, written accounts from blog posts of both people who knew the Bavingers or have visited the house, to reconstruct probable moment-to-moment experiences and generate imaginative dialogue. All sources used can be found in the bibliography and figure sources. If there is pure speculation on my part, I have made a note. If I have unintentionally neglected to do so, I can be reached at thankins@vt.edu.

Goff’s writing style took extensive creative license with grammar, punctuation, spelling, and formatting, found especially in his unpublished essays included in the extensive appendices. I should note here, chapter titles have been formatted to reflect Goff’s idiosyncrasies. To this end, I transcribed each essay or story as close to the original as possible.70 However, at times when deemed necessary, I have made a correction in order for legibility. The goal is to show Goff, not only as an architect but as a truly expressive and uniquely creative individual throughout his life.

**Bachelard’s Poetic Imagination**

*Imagination* is introduced here as an essential and fundamental aspect of this dissertation’s methodology. Defined as the (n.) “faculty of the mind which forms and manipulates images,” mid-14c., yimaginacion, from Old French imaginacion “concept, mental picture; hallucination,” from Latin imaginationem (nominative imaginatio) “imagination, a fancy,” noun of action from past participle stem of imaginari “to form an image of, represent”), from imago “an image, a likeness,” from stem of imitari “to copy, imitate” (from PIE root *aim- “to copy”), also from mid-14c.71

There are a number of theorists who have explored this idea, for example, Gaston Bachelard. it is necessary to step back to first understand his primary aim in, *The Poetics of Space.*72 He seeks to explore from a psychological and phenomenological point of view what constitutes an ‘ideal home’, by which he means, any home in a universal
sense. Since humankind has roamed the earth, we have sought out shelter for comfort and protection from the natural world. It is a one-to-one equation with the human being that transcends all situations. Every dwelling—home—whether primitive, humble, rich or poor, each “house is our corner of the world.” It is here, “the domain of intimacy” where Bachelard focuses this text, “the intimate spaces of ‘human dwellings’.”

Houses or ‘human dwellings’ contain “images of intimacy” which in turn “become the topography of our intimate being.” Bachelard is referring to places within the human psyche that we all have the capacity for memory and imagination. Memory and imagination work together, in a complementary fashion for deeper experiences. When I began considering imagining what if my earlier attempt to visit the house had succeeded, it was through my recollections many years ago, that I used to imagine a future of visiting the house now, regardless that it no longer exists. Both faculties have worked together throughout this process of writing and drawing. Bachelard stresses our childhood home where the cumulative memories full of sensory learning are stored to be successively recalled over and over into adulthood.

Throughout the following chapters composing this unique story, we will see how both imagination and memory are important components, as well as individuality for Goff, the Bavingers, and for myself as its conductor. In terms of Goff, for example, there are two essays demonstrating his emphasis on imagination and individuality, “About Absolute Art” and “The Individual”, which includes memory. This second essay, written as a personal narrative, asking his child-self questions while at the same time reflecting on it, will be important to the THINKING chapter. Furthermore, these essays and others found in the appendices, are central to Goff’s work and overall worldview. The BUILDING chapter focuses on the Bavingers. Lastly, the DWELLING chapter demonstrates how I use these components.

As I initially drew the flagstone pavers in the Bavinger house, I recalled warm memories of my tiny brown bare feet running around the pool deck of my grandparents’ San Diego home. The stone was soft and warm as I chased their beloved Doberman Pincher, Abraham around the pool hoping he would jump in after me. Cedric, my cousin, would giggle with delight. When I drew the open door of Nancy Bavingers’ closet, I began to draw her dress while remembering the perfume fragrance of my own mother’s closet. These are the “real images” Bachelard is referring to. Far physically displaced from those of my intimate memories, the child remains stored when full of
daydreams of my future, of places where I hid from my siblings to find a moment of solitude. In there exists my oneiric home, my home of “dream-memory”, that as Bachelard writes, “… is lost in the shadow of a beyond of the real past.”

**THINKING :: A RESTLESS EXISTENCE OF A TRUE CHILD OF THE PRAIRIE**, this initial chapter begins the journey by introducing Goff’s humble beginnings growing up briefly in Kansas, followed by his formative years in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Importantly, long passages and quotes drawn from Goff memorializing his childhood are used in the chapter’s story. The intention is to show how he internalized the world through his acute imagination with the full range of sensory data applied to these later writings and drawings. Providing clear signs of Goff’s experiential and imaginative attitude developing into the future architect of the Bavinger House, despite an unsympathetic environment. These early memories and experiences informed his sensibilities, respect for the local and regional landscape and Native American culture, and his capacity to experience and capture through words and drawings the natural and cultural world around him.

Importantly, Goff as a young architect in an equally young Tulsa, both were able to assert a unique sense of individuality afforded by the prosperous opportunities due to the discovery of oil. Goff will find early fame through his design of the Boston Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church and Tulsa would establish itself as a national Art Deco capital city.

**BUILDING :: THE BAVINGER HOUSE: AN EMOTIONALLY CONTINUOUS SPACE**, continues the journey as I imagine an interpretation of experiencing the now absent house. It begins by moving forward in time between 1946 when Eugene (Gene) and Nancy Bavinger are introduced, and up to 1958, approximately three years after they have moved into the house. What unfolds in the process of their building the house themselves, tells a uniquely profound experiential story. The thread of a unique sense of individuality continues as we become acquainted with the couple. Through this telling or productive narrative, we will walk along and witness the imaginative possibilities as it happens in real-time the act of hand-making. This chapter reveals Gene and Nancy Bavinger’s resourcefulness in building a team of friends, many with useful expertise, architecture students for labor, salvaged items repurposed, and even using ornamental trees uprooted by storms, to build their new home. Love and commitment between family and friends as a social construction.
**DWELLING :: A DWELLING ORIENTED BETWEEN HEAVEN, AND EARTH**, this chapter develops an imaginative experiential construction of visiting the house in 1958, three years after its completion and after the family had moved in. Having some knowledge of the house from the publicity described in the previous section, the drama of my experiential accounting begins at Dimension One where I describe the spaces as they unfold. They build a story otherwise cannot be fully comprehended at once. Dimension II continues the momentum and adds to the subtlety of our senses, the drama of atmospheric conditions, materiality, visual and physical texture, the play of light and shadows, and so on. Dimension III adds the emotional, social, and interactive conditions of space. Fused with memories, privacy, orientation, and identification. Dimension IV provides the larger overall narrative describing why the house works so well logically, formally, and tectonically. We conclude our journey at Dimension V. This dimension shows the expressive and holistic commune of the Bavinger house with Nature as well as the pleasure and beauty, all as organic qualities.

**CODA :: THE DREAM BECAME REALITY**, this chapter closes the story and dissertation of how Goff designed buildings, primarily residential based on his expectation that a close relationship existed between all forms of artistic activity and life. In 1978, four years prior to his death, he wrote “Coda: As an Architect” for the occasion of an exhibition of his art and architecture essentially summarizing his life as an architect and what a work of architecture is. An architect who works with the client and builds with the site provides a “work of architecture,” which accommodates “people and their ways of life and will grow organically from within outward thus becoming its own shapes and forms.” The result will continue to grow for their lifetime. For Goff, architecture was the only art which could be physically inhabited, and as such we should “desire to enter or take part in a work of art in order to make it ours.” Similar to literature, Goff remarked how “we involve ourselves with it while we read … in music we must participate in it, as we listen, if we are to understand it.” Thus, the “architect’s works are personal and impersonal … timely and timeless.”
Endnotes

2 Pallasmaa, The Eyes of the Skin.
3 William, III, referred to in all correspondences as Conneil or Neil. Their two children are William, II or Bill, and Belinda.
4 I visited Bill Gryder, II, the son of William and Elaine Gryder, on July 7, 201. They commissioned Goff to design their house in 1960. He and his family have lived in the house permanently after Elaine Gryder downsized to a condominium.
6 Hadley, Assoc. AIA, CA, DAS, Director of the AIA Archives & Records, “Goff’s 25-Year Award File,” August 4, 2021. Hadley included with her email to me the award citation, press release, including what she thinks are notes taken by someone at the AIA who made a call to Mr. Bavinger and takes notes during their conversation. I am grateful for her taking extraordinary efforts in locating these archival documents.
7 Hadley, Assoc. AIA, CA, DAS, Director of the AIA Archives & Records.
8 Yeh, AIA, President, “The American Institute of Architects Is Honored to Confer the 1987 Twenty-Five Year Award on the Bavinger House, Norman, Oklahoma Designed by Bruce Goff,” 3 of 16.
10 Saliga and Woolever.
11 Hankins, “Bruce Goff: A Reinterpretation.”
12 Banham, Guide to Modern Architecture, 64.
15 Jencks, “Bruce Goff.”
16 Jencks, 10.
17 Jencks, Bizarre Architecture.
19 Cook, The Architecture of Bruce Goff, 46.
20 Peter Blundell-Jones, Telephone conversation with the author about Bruce Goff, April 7, 1992.
24 Goff.
25 Cook, The Architecture of Bruce Goff, 121.
27 Cook, The Architecture of Bruce Goff, 121.
29 Cook, The Architecture of Bruce Goff, 121.
30 Cook, 121.
32 De Long, “The Architecture of Bruce Goff,” 1976. During the course of his dissertation work, De Long worked closely with Goff, documenting, and carefully creating the archival system for the Goff archives. The dissertation is in two volumes at 947 pages in length.

33 Henderson, Bruce Goff: Architecture of Discipline in Freedom. Henderson also wrote many applications for architecture by Goff for the National Register of Historic Places.

34 Anderson, “Bruce Goff.”


36 Goff. Goff intended to publish it and builds upon and greatly expands the scope of his 1933, “Thoughts on Housing as Architecture.” Unpublished and unfinished. No pagination but the typeset copy is 144 pages long.

37 See appendices.

38 By ‘artists’ he refers to all the arts: architecture, dancing, painting, and drawing, music, literature, and sculpture. See appendices.


41 Goff. See appendices.

42 Goff. See appendices.

43 Goff.


46 “Client Style,” as cited by Pierre D’Avoine and Colette Sheddick in their lecture given at the Architectural Association in 2016.

47 Greene, Conversation about Bruce Goff. Quoted words and phrases I captured in my notebook as he spoke. Greene worked for Goff between 1950-1953 as an associate architect; Greene, “Home - Herb Greene”, Green’s website has since changed; Greene; Hankins, “The Marginalized Maverick: A Critical Theoretical Analysis of Bruce Goff’s Continuous Present,” 65.

Continental philosophy is the collective term for several distinct philosophical traditions and methods set apart from analytic philosophy, primarily European (France and Germany). Analytical philosophy emphasizes reductive, formal, and logical argumentation. Continental philosophical understanding based on scientifically obtained empirical evidence alone, questions the overall meaning of human existence and the world around us. Critchley, Continental Philosophy. Or, as one blogger wrote, “the untalk-about-able”, Archambault, “Philosophical Diagram #1: Building Dwelling Thinking.”


53 Greene, Conversation about Bruce Goff.

54 Greene. I was prompted to ask Greene specifically about these philosophers since I had read this on his website in 2012, which has since changed dramatically no longer reflecting any

55 Mr. Fichette had poor eyesight and his family life centered around music. Therefore, Goff designed it with an abundance of light and stressed the piano’s placement and acoustics in the living room. du Plessix and Gray, "Bruce Goff: Visionary Architect," 86. The Marion and James Fitchette House, 1900 SE Saturn Court, Bartlesville, Oklahoma, 1963.

56 Greene, text from his 2012 website, now significantly changed.

57 See a full list of Goff’s personal library in the appendices.

58 “Bavinger House—OKC Mod.”

59 As told to architect, Robert Morris by Goff, Morris, “The Hidden Sides of Architect Rebel Bruce Goff—a Rare Look at a Generous Genius.”


61 Fortini, “The Man Who Made Wildly Imaginative, Gloriously Disobedient Buildings.” Coincidentally, the NYTs crew was also visiting the Gryder house the previous day when I visited the house.

62 Then there are his never-disappointing colorful patterned shirts.


64 I transcribed Goff’s writings to capture the spirit of his original typesets. For example, unique or idiosyncratic format and page setup, purposeful misspellings, and choice words to either capitalize or not regardless of convention.


66 Goff. See appendices. Goff does list ideas on how to approach using standardizations for housing units.


68 Italics have been added.


70 The same few of these essays were published in journal articles. However, I have included original drafts by Goff, either handwritten or on a typewriter, in the appendices.


75 Bachelard, 12.


77 Bachelard, The Poetics of Space, 1969, xxxii.


79 NoorMohammadi, 71.

80 Bachelard, The Poetics of Space, 1969, 16.

81 Bachelard, 15.

82 Goff, “A Declaration for Independence.”

83 Goff, Architecture.

84 Goff, Bruce, “As an Architect [Coda].”

85 Goff, Bruce.
Goff, “A Declaration for Independence”; Hankins, “The Head, the Hand, and the Heart: The Intersection between Bruce Goff and Frank Lloyd Wright’s Edaburi.”
THINKING :: A Restless Existence as a True Child of the Prairie

... forgotten fragments of loveliness: culture and nature—in the ordinary dirt blending broken art and quartz crystals, tiny flakes of beauty scintillant surrounded by deadening dust ...

I think I also found a sense of freedom through nature: my understanding of nature, and my close association with it. I spent many days in woods and swamps direct contact

–Bruce Goff

Primitive man did not create art consciously, it was a by-product revealing some of the fine-ness of himself. He recognized it as something divine, but not humanly divine. He feared it as he feared all he did not understand, but nourished it as something precious, something not to be lost.

–Bruce Goff

In architecture color is used to emphasize the character of a building, to accentuate its form and material, and to elucidate its divisions.

At an early age the child discovers that some things are hard, others soft, and some so plastic that they can be kneaded and moulded by hand. He learns that the hard ones can be ground by still harder materials so they become sharp and pointed, and therefore objects cut like a diamond are perceived as hard.

–Steen Eiler Rasmussen
Introducing Bruce Alonzo Goff

Bruce Alonzo Goff (Figure 10) was born on the black soil of Alton, Kansas on June 8, 1904, “where the riches lie above it in wheat”, near the Nebraska border. His father Corliss “Karl” Arthur Goff (1880–1948), was the youngest of seven children originally from Cameron, Missouri. As a young man he learned the trade of watch repairing whereupon he moved 350 miles west to Wakeeney, Kansas opening a small jewelry and watch repair shop. Karl was a handsome man with an imaginative, dignified, and good-natured personality as well as “a marked fondness for a good drink.” Further, he possessed a meticulous appearance with good taste in clothing. One day a young Maude Rose Furbeck (1885–1976), a “school marm” had come into Karl's shop to have her watch repaired. It was soon after this initial meeting an eighteen-year-old Maude would marry Karl in a ceremony at her parent’s house. One year later the Goff family moved to Alton, Kansas, a small farming community where Bruce Alonzo was born.

Figure 10. Bruce Goff, B&W photo, 1908. Courtesy of AIC Goff Archives, CC0.
Alton, Kansas (Figures 11-12) lies immediately north of the South Fork Solomon River. Just south of the river the Alton Bluffs (Figures 13-14) consisting of limestone rising 200 feet and stand as a dominating natural landmark to the otherwise flat landscape below. Karl’s shop struggled in the tiny town with only a few hundred residents so in the spring of 1905, he moved his new wife and one-year-old son south to Tulsa, Oklahoma. The family stayed in Tulsa for a few months before Karl, yet again unable to find work in his trade moved his family to Henryetta, Oklahoma, fifty-one miles south of Tulsa where Goff’s sister Velore Elva (1906–1962) was born.

![Figure 11. Street Scene, Alton, KS, archival photo, 1914. Archives - Wichita State University Library.](image1)

![Figure 12. Aerial View, Alton, Kansas, archival photo, 1915. Archives - Wichita State University Library.](image2)
Henryetta (Figure 15), known as the “Rodeo Cowboy Capital of the World”, was established as a ranch by Hugh Henry on Creek Nation land in 1885. Eventually, the discovery of coal deposits attracted several railroads to develop the mines. By 1910, the area had a population of over 1,600 residents and a total of fourteen coal mines.
However, yet again unemployed, the Goff family moved onto another tiny Indian town, this time Skiatook, Oklahoma.

The word Ski-a-took, Cherokee in origin, “Big-Indian-Me,” generally refers to something of large size. It is situated in Tulsa and Osage counties, approximately twenty miles north and west of Tulsa. William C. Rogers, chief (1903–07) of the Cherokee Nation, Indian Territory, founded Skiatook when he established a trading post on the south bank of Bird Creek.

Bruce attended school for the first time in Skiatook. It was then, at age six he recalls his first exposure to architecture when he saw pictures of the Mormon Temple in Salt Lake City. It was not long after according to his mother, “‘he drew castles and fanciful cathedrals almost before he could even write.’” She describes them as “childish scribbles on wrapping paper or in the form of clay houses he called ‘Bruce Goff’s Palaces.’” Years later Goff wrote,

Colors fascinated. Bits of tinted brilliance. Scarlet, jade, violet, blue—colors and the shapes they emerged in. Bruce had found a mail-order catalog, one of those thousand-paged treasuries of rugs and toys and underwear and stoves and mattresses: with crisp scissors, he snipped out the color-patterns. Not for their content. But for their pleasant coloring: the brown and the green and the lilac. Then with a jigsaw carefulness, he patched them on the walls of his room to form arches and columns. Crazily tilted supports slanted at each other on the walls of his room, tatters of brightness shaping (to his childish notion) the strong upholding pillars of architecture.

And yet—

He didn’t know the meaning of the word. He knew nothing about houses or palaces. At an early age, he had seen nothing architecturally noticeable or appealing.
And yet—

Patiently, page after clipped page he undid the colored pictures from their places in the catalog and then, carefully, solemnly, went to work pasting his thin pastiche arches and columns, imitating some dim dream of his mind, satisfying some inner demand for these frail and futile supports ...

Happenstance seems the most reasonable explaining.\textsuperscript{104}

Over the course of Goff’s first ten years of life, the family moved a total of seven times.\textsuperscript{105} This exposed a young Goff to three separate and distinct environments which “made a deep impression” on him as he recounted in a 1948 interview:

... the horizontal serenity of the wheat fields and endless sky in Kansas; the vertical force of the jagged mountains around Denver; the primitive patterns and colors of the Indian towns, where Cherokees still whirled in wild native dances and wore the ancient ceremonial costumes of a primitive America (Figure 16).\textsuperscript{106}

![Figure 16. Cherokee Nation dances during the 65th Cherokee National Holiday Intertribal Powwow. Color photo. Public Domain.](image)

The Cherokee Nation whose language is Cherokee: Tsalagi (\textit{ČWWY ŠOhiBOJ}) or Tsalagi Gawonihisdi (dʒalə’gī gawónihis’dì) (Figure 17),\textsuperscript{107} is a sovereign tribal government. Also known as the Cherokee Nation of Oklahoma, they settled in present-day Oklahoma after the Indian Removal Act, establishing their own government in what is now the city of Tahlequah, Oklahoma. They adopted a constitution on September 6, 1839, 68 years prior to Oklahoma receiving statehood.\textsuperscript{108} A 2018 tribal survey finds the language\textsuperscript{109} is still spoken by 1,200 of the 124,000 member Cherokee Nation in Oklahoma, by 217 of the 8,600 members of the Eastern Band of Cherokees in North Carolina, by 101 of the 8,000 members of the United Keetoowah Band of Oklahoma and Arkansas.\textsuperscript{110}
Figure 17. **Original Cherokee Syllabary Order** with the now obsolete letter in red. Public Domain.

The Cherokee Nation, still headquartered in Tahlequah, Oklahoma, located at the foothills of the Ozarks, retains tribal jurisdiction over 14 counties in the northeastern corner of Oklahoma: Adair, Cherokee, Craig, Delaware, Mayes, McIntosh, Muskogee, Nowata, Ottawa, Rogers, Sequoyah, Tulsa, Wagoner, and Washington (Figures 18-19).

Figure 18. **American Indian Reservations**, 2000 Census Map. Public Domain.

Figure 19. **Cherokee Nation of Oklahoma**, detail of American Indian Reservations. Public Domain.
Living on the outskirts of the city near fields and woods would be where the young Goff would learn to appreciate nature as a “kind of religion.” In a 1967 unpublished essay, “The Individual,” Goff writes a vivid and colorful story of a child’s environment—most likely his own—imaginatively and perhaps realistically about the importance of his man-made and natural surroundings:

Flatly the prairie cantilevers to all edges of the horizon from the stone-walled farmhouse. Angular bluff rocks stack up the stiff sides of the square farmhouse like a bouldered box set heavily down upon the uptilting scales of tableland. Above: the blue-hazed prairie sky, vacant with slow air. Blue, blue, blue flaming, like a vast plateau of azure the sky brilliantly burns. While on the uncurving earth only the warp of this blue splendor bent down and fused to the rims of the horizon keeps the ground from slanting. Flat earth. Flat sky. Long parallels of each, with the house in the plain’s center: the center of the earth-sky lips, the mute monotonous mouth of the horizon.

At a distance from the house on this level vista where distances, being alike, mean nothing, out along the swaths of earth and stubby grey-green grasses humps an Indian burial mound. Lost in the otherwise plainness of prairie, midgeted in the giant scope of its setting, it mumps lonely and gaunt. Bruce plays here. In his mind, childishy awake and sensitive, becoming used to difficult matter (the complex-perplex of existence) moils a thousand-shaped vortex of thought.

From his hunched pedestal of the mound, sitting as he is near its dome among rough erosion, he can see into the stiff distances where indefinite murkiness cupping upward glows to bronze under the afternoon sun or turning can peer back toward the isolated stone cube of farmstead like a chunky cornerstone of some invisible air-clear metropolis of the future. Under him, within the ridged mound (can he not feel their stolid presences?) lie the mysterious dead. From some glittering barbaric age these bodies have accumulated, encased in a great shell of earth with trappings of colorful wool: raw leather garments; beast-tooth necklaces and hammered amulets; flinty weapons, keen-tipped or bluntly tomahawkish; queer and brightly hued shards of pottery. Colored culture in the abandonment of time peeps from the running dust under chameleonic skies, he is shifting rains and blazings and starry frosts.

Bruce thrusts his hands in the loose dirt, spilling dust, seeing a quartz-flake sparkle from the dusty veil. And suddenly it seems that cut of the world-enormity: the titanic unbudging foundations of the earth, the vast volatile spaces of the sky that the substances of existence have condensed here to a minimum: clear air-poignant life saturating these far plain planes of unsoiled soil, joyous acres of sunlight, the golden languor of the afternoon spaces; while beneath, as contrast, in the packed earth, the stern body of death shuttering its dense blinds over the mind. And here between the tremendous shafts of the sky and the close smother of the grave, forgotten fragments of loveliness: culture and nature—in the ordinary dirt blending broken art and quartz
crystals, tiny flakes of beauty scintillation surrounded by deadening dust in spheres so large, so chaotic that its sparkle becomes as insignificant as the least shining mote. Beauty and ugliness and the mediocre, the man-made and the nature-made existing together, mingling, obscuring each other except as the human mind finds them, discriminates between them, imbues them.¹¹²

Karl Goff, once again looking to improve the family’s financial situation went alone to Denver, Colorado in the spring of 1913. Reestablishing his jewelry and watch repair business, his family stayed with Maude’s parents in Ellis, Kansas.¹¹³ During this period Goff became especially attached to his great-grandmother, Hezekiah York Messick who had moved in with her daughter’s family after her husband George died. Hezekiah, a self-taught watercolorist kept a collection of seashells, crystals, feathers, and so forth.¹¹⁴ Throughout Goff’s life, he would also collect such objects.

In September of 1913, the family reunited in Denver where they lived for the next year and a half. Young Goff was to love this place more than any other the wandering family had settled upon.

The vertical force expressed in the jagged mountains around Denver, the clear summer sky, and the sparkling crystal-like icicles in the winter deeply impressed Bruce. His boyhood dream now is to do ‘a temple of diamonds for a Maharajah,’ a dream that later shaped one of his best creations—the Crystal Chapel.¹¹⁵

One day while walking home from school during fourth grade Goff writes with intense animation of his first exposure to the sculptor’s studio:

... after the mathematically scheduled series of classes, he was walking home through streets rusty with sunshine. Not too warm or too cold, the air hovered as delicately as the whirring of translucent hummingbirds. Windows fascinated: the bright cloths and colored stuffs, the shiny contraptions and fashion-hued equipment of clothing.

Suddenly he stopped.

Beyond the wall of the glass was a strange arrangement of plaster statuary. There were stiff lions, ferociously albino, and posing female dancers and duplications of famous artistic products: the limbless Venus, the plastered gods: Hermes, Apollo, and many miniature others including the Winged Victory. Some were painted—differing colors—at times to resemble bronze. Toward the rear of the display a velvet curtain was draped over an obvious opening obviously hidden.

Again, the mystery of the forbidden: the obscure architectural purpose. And the idea of unseen beings at work in some enigmatic laboratory of art, producing these curious images took roots in his mind. And grew and grew. Until one day, wanting at least to satisfy a curiosity about that curtained aperture guarded by an alabaster
sa tyr with a sign around its neck at a drunken angle reading POSITIVELY NO ADMITTANCE.

He went in.

The clinking and powdery smell of pulverization was like a choking dream. Powder had sprinkled its fine chalk over the floor and the dingy appurtenances of the room. Suddenly like a magic manifestation the curtain was thrust away, and a man appeared, giant, talked with a thin settling of the plaster snow.

‘What do you want?’

A moment of childish stumbling, then boldly: ‘a job.’

But after a week, after this long a period of enthrallment of the back shop vistas: the castings and excelsior and the thrown-off, useless, worthless broken casts (considered as priceless by his mind which placed the construction above any level of money), he was forced to leave his wonder world. The workmen didn’t feel natural; they felt inhibited in the trade of smutty stories in the presence of a child.

So, the sculptural adventure had its thunderclap, but the reverberations rang afterward.116

“That ended my sculptor’s career—if things had been a little different, I might have become a sculptor; I liked the idea at that time so much.”117

Karl’s business continued to struggle and eventually he decided to return to Tulsa, where upon he gave up his trade and became a salesman for grocery equipment.118

In a 1977 speech before the Milwaukee conference on American Architecture, Goff spoke of this early period in his life:

... even though I lived in the ‘non-cultured’ area such as Oklahoma, where the ‘Okies’ and where the dust bowl, the grapes of wrath and all that were usually associated with where I lived, I was fortunate to be in Tulsa, where there was a lively spirit of growth, and they didn’t care too much about whether it came from the east at that time. They do now, but they didn’t then. So, they didn’t think we were blighted just because we were from the ‘uncultured land of the Indians.’ I might add, too, that we migrated around. We were a very nomadic family. We lived in Oklahoma and then we moved to Colorado, and then back to Oklahoma. So, I was able to live in Indian towns where I was fascinated by the beauty of the Indian people.119

Goff continues with the story by contrasting the Oklahoma dust bowl environment with the color of the local Native Americans. The federally granted land in Oklahoma, given to the Indians as Goff recounts, ‘they’d been given all this oil land thinking it was the most worthless place in the U. S. and then they found out it was very rich with lead and
zinc and oil." But, unfortunately, once the riches were discovered the Indians were being "trick[ed]" into getting drunk and then married into the "white race" for assimilation. The whole place was so drab and so uninteresting, and I was really thirsty for something exotic. Something different. And probably this is why I’ve always been this way. My immediate surrounding was so drab and uninteresting, and I’d see these Indians with their beads and their beautiful black hair and their blankets, and all these things, and I thought, well they look better than these white people.

Goff again recites a similar story in a 1979 interview for Inland Architect: My first brush with culture of any kind was the Indians in the little towns we lived in in Oklahoma. They had glossy black hair and wore it in knee-length braids. With their feathers and beads, bright colors and beaded moccasins and a kind of leather-like outfit, they were the most interesting people I saw.

As a young boy, Goff observed some of the last of the indigenous Native American culture. They impressed upon him their ability to make what must have been a very harsh life and drab environment into a joyful one by using color, design, and ornament into their clothing, feather head-dresses, blankets, and so on. Goff recognized this contrast between the Native Americans and the "the non-Indians, ... plain vanilla" in which everything seemed “dusty” and uninteresting.

A 1989 New York Times article describes “Tulsa, a young, sophisticated city on the edge of the prairie, revels in its heritage, the Indian, the cowboy, but predominately in oil, which propelled it from cow town to ‘‘oil capital of the world.’” The article continues to describe its early history:

Tulsa began as a Creek Indian settlement. By the late 1800's, billows of dust smothered its humble, false-fronted buildings as cowboys herded longhorns through the dirt streets to the railroad. Then, just after the century’s turn, oil was discovered across the Arkansas River. Wildcatters were lured in from across the country. Dirt-poor cowpokes turned instant millionaires. Shapers of the city who bore names like Phillips, Getty, Skelly, and Sinclair celebrated their gushing new wealth and confidence in the future with a building boom that would span the 1920’s and flywheel through the Great Depression.

Goff’s reverence for nature informed much of his career which he credited his childhood explorations, “I think I also found a sense of freedom through nature: my understanding of nature, and my close association with it. I spent many days in woods and swamps, in direct contact with nature as a child.”
The Oil Capital of the World

For most of the 20th century, Tulsa, Oklahoma (Figure 20) held the nickname, “The Oil Capital of the World.”129 Today the 45th most populous city in the United States,130 Tulsa was settled in 1836 by the Lochapoka clan of the Muscogee (Creek) Nation Native American tribe131 (Figures 21-23) as part of Indian Territory.132 The Creek or Muscogee (Algonquin maskoki, “creeks,” in reference to the many creeks and rivulets running through their country),133 also known as Muscogee Creek are a related group of indigenous peoples of the Southeastern Woodlands—now the Southeastern United States.134 The National Register of Historic Places describes the historic landmark site:

On the crest of a low, wooded hill overlooking the Arkansas River the Creeks ended their tortuous, voluntary migration from Alabama, this in 1836. According to their carefully preserved traditions, they chose a site between present-day 17th and 18th Streets and Cheyenne and Denver Avenues. A large oak towered over them as they deposited the ashes of their last fire in the old homeland and fanned to life a new fire ... with solemn words of dedication. A traditional ‘busking ground’ was soon laid out and lined with four council sheds forming a ‘square.’ Here tribal business was conducted, usually in July.135

![Figure 20. Downtown Main Street. Tulsa, OK, B&W photo, 1908. Oklahoma Historical Society.](image)

![Figure 21. Muscogee (Creek) Nation. initial contact of invading Europeans. Public Domain.](image)
This distinctive area with the large oak reminded Chief Tukabahchi (or Tukabatchee) and his remaining Trail of Tears survivors\(^{136}\) of their previous Creek Council Oak Tree (Figures 24-26) from home in Talisi, Alabama.\(^{137}\) They named their new settlement Tallasì, meaning “old town” in the Creek language, which later became “Tulsa.”\(^{138}\) By the late 1800’s this Creek Indian settlement is described as:

... billows of dust smothered its humble, false-fronted buildings as cowboys herded longhorns through the dirt streets to the railroad. Then, just after the century’s turn, oil was discovered across the Arkansas River. Wildcatters were lured in from across the country. Dirt-poor cowpokes turned instant millionaires.\(^{139}\)
Figure 24. **Muscogee Creek Council Oak Tree**, Tulsa, OK, B&W photo, c. 1905. [Tulsa OK History](#).

Figure 25. **Modern Marker Honoring the Ancient Town of Tukabatchee, AL**, front and reverse sides, 2011. [Goat Hill History](#).

Figure 26. **Stone Plaque Marking the Original Site of the Great Council Tree**, Taukabahchi, AL, 1686–1836. [Historical Marker Database](#).
Tulsa is situated on the Arkansas River, a major tributary to the Mississippi River, between the Osage Hills consisting of tallgrass prairie and the foothills of the Ozark Mountains in northeast Oklahoma, also known as “Green Country.” Located near the western edge of the U.S. Interior Highlands, northeastern Oklahoma is the most topographically diverse part of the state, containing eleven ecoregions. The region also encompasses thirty lakes or reservoirs.

In 1900, the total population of Tulsa was 1,390. Oil was discovered one year later in 1901 at Red Fork, across the river from Tulsa, land whose mineral rights were owned by members of the Osage Nation under a system of headrights. By the 1910 census, the town grew to 18,182 and by 1920, Tulsa had exploded to over 72,000 citizens.

The Sue Bland No. 1 was the first oil well completed on June 25th of 1910 by Doctors J.C.W. Bland and Fred S. Clinton (Figure 27). This giant reserve of oil and natural gas would come to be known as the Glen Pool Strike.

Shortly after this discovery, the Commercial Club was formed to promote and advertise Tulsa. Less than one year later, First and Second streets were paved with brick. By 1905, Tulsa began building houses, office buildings, and water systems in anticipation for the arrival of new residents ready to strike it rich (Figure 28).
By 1909, the Tulsa city directory listed 126 oil companies with offices in Tulsa alone. And by 1927, 1,500 oil-based companies had their headquarters here. Eleven years prior, the local newspaper declared 1916 “the greatest year” in the city’s history:

Rough-and-tumble oil tycoons arrived with sixth-grade educations and nouveau riche ambitions. They swigged the best bootleg whiskey neat, literally, and figuratively rolled the dice and cut the cards and blew clouds of cigar smoke in the fact of Lady Luck.

Black gold flowed like the lugs of ninety-proof booze that bootleggers dropped off at Masonic lodges, oil barons’ homes and politicians’ offices. It was a time for a host of rascals with a streak of larceny in their heart smelling of bay rum and pomade and clad in Kansas City suits and glossy wing-tip shoes.

Black Gold Modernism: The Future Arrives Daily

A young Bruce Goff (Figure 29) was in the right place at the right time. A boy with a talent for drawing was transported from the bleak wheat fields of Kansas to the oil and gas gambler’s haven of Tulsa, where one could make a fortune overnight. Tulsa’s youthful inheritance in the form of “black gold” brought on an exuberant building boom that erected “lyrical” skyscrapers at intoxicating speeds.

For their citadels of commerce, the oil barons picked and chose from a variety of Old-World styles, but they found their true milieu in Art Deco, a style as flamboyant, daring and terribly modern as themselves. The result was a dazzling collection of skyscrapers replete with zigzags and polychrome terra cotta that left Tulsa an Art Deco heritage unparalleled in this country except in New York and Miami.
Tulsa of the 1920s and 1930s was limitless in opportunity where anything was possible, as so was the architecture scene. The Art Deco style of architecture proved to be particularly fruitful for architects and designers looking to the European currents for inspiration to complement with a regional southwestern tone. Art Deco, short for Arts Décoratifs from the 1925 World’s Fair held in Paris, *International Exhibition of Modern Decorative and Industrial Arts* (Exposition international des arts décoratifs et industriels modernes), gained popularity in the United States following the World’s Fair. Combined with the design philosophies of artists and architects of the Arts and Crafts Movements, the Prairie School, and others, as well as inspiration drawn from Native American and Hispanic indigenous cultures, all of which one would find the use of highly stylized and geometrical motifs key to creating the “Magic City” of Tulsa. Today, “Terra Cotta City” is home to one of the nation’s largest concentrations of Art Deco architecture. In the early 1920s construction sites littered the once dry and dusty town overlooking the Arkansas River. In 1927, Waite Phillips, real estate investor and philanthropist—one of the “twentieth-century Medici’s in the Southwest,” who along with his brothers Frank and L. E. (Lee Eldas) founded the Phillips Petroleum Company. Their wealth allowed them to build many new buildings as a form of “self-expression … gifts that guaranteed a kind of immortality.” Two notable examples, the Philtower, also known as the “Queen of the Tulsa Skyline”, and a few years later, the Philcade.
The Philtower Building (Figure 30), dubbed “Tulsa’s second cathedral of commerce,” was built between 1927 and 1928. Designed by Kansas City architects Keen and Simpson in collaboration with Edward Buehler Delk (1885–1956), a prominent architect who designed other luxurious buildings for Waite Phillips. The twenty-three-story Philtower, a landmark office building is in the center of Tulsa’s downtown business district. Listed in the National Register of Historic Places in 1979, the Philtower occupies a pivotal position mirroring Tulsa’s history. As described by, Preserve America, “From its Oil Boom origins to its contemporary rejuvenation, the Philtower has developed along with the city’s needs. Beauty and functionality coexist in a structure that remains remarkably faithful to the architect’s original concept.”

The building represents the late Gothic Revival style embellished with Art Deco details. Overall, organized vertically into setbacks with a central portion of the tower terminating in a polychrome tiled hipped roof topped with a lantern (Figure 31). Bands of cream-colored terra cotta Gothic ornamentation at each setback contrast with the brown brick of the towers. The main entrance is from Boston Avenue which consists of a twenty-five-foot-high tunnel vault flanked with gargoyles and trimmed with intricate tracery. The entrance lobby continues the Gothic ornamentation with a series of fan vaults that spring from wall brackets (Figures 32-33). The building hosts a generous amount of rich mahogany and an array of Gothic-inspired design details, such as balustrades and light fixtures.
Figure 31. *Philtower*, birds-eye view of roof and lantern, color photo. [Philtower Tulsa](http://www.philtower.com).

Figure 32. *Philtower*, view down the gothic-inspired lobby, color photo. [Philtower Tulsa](http://www.philtower.com).

Figure 33. *Philtower*, view looking up at travertine marble in the lobby, color photo. [Philtower Tulsa](http://www.philtower.com).
The Philcade (Figure 34), also commissioned by Waite Phillips and intended to complement and serve as additional general office and rental space to the Philtower is located across the street (Boston Avenue) from the Philtower. Its construction began in 1929 and was completed in 1931. Also listed in the National Register for Historic Places. Designed by Leon B. Senter, initially as a six-story building, another seven floors were added for a total of thirteen. The original intent was to complement the highly ornate Neo-Gothic Philtower, it was purposely kept less ornate, although still noted for its Art Deco zigzag style.

![Philcade Tulsa](image)

Figure 34. **Philcade**, color archival postcard. **Philcade Tulsa**.

The Boston Avenue facing façade elevation and main entrance (Figure 35) is composed of a pattern of alternating pilasters with the ground and second floor raised details (Figure 36), transitioning to brick at the third until reaching the roof line where a return to terra cotta detailing (Figure 37).
Figure 35. *Philcade*, corner view, color photo. [Philcade Tulsa](#).

Figure 36. *Philcade*, Tulsa, OK, corner view close-up, color photo. [Philcade Tulsa](#).

Figure 37. *Philcade*, roof line details, color photo. Public Domain.
Other notable examples of Tulsa’s elaborate Art Deco architecture are the Oklahoma Natural Gas Company Building (1928) (Figures 38-39), Southwestern Bell Main Dial Building (1924) (Figure 40), Public Service of Oklahoma (1929) (Figure 41), and Gillette-Tyrell Building (1930) (Figure 42), all listed on the National Register for Historic Places.

Figure 38. Oklahoma Natural Gas Co., corner view, color photo. Public Domain.

Figure 39. Oklahoma Natural Gas Co., lobby, color photo. Public Domain.
Figure 40. *Southwestern Main Dial*, corner view. Public Domain.

Figure 41. *Public Service of Oklahoma*, corner view. Public Domain.

Figure 42. *Gillette-Tyrell*, corner view. Public Domain.
One day in 1916, the family’s first year in Tulsa is when the father, “after having a few drinks at the local saloon,” returned home to find his young son sketching as usual, his “'Goff towers.'” Karl “decided foggily the boy must be disciplined so that his talents could be disciplined.” He said to his boy, “get your coat!” and the two went into town. Karl stopped a cab driver and asked for the name of the best architect in town.

Together they went without preamble into the offices of the town’s leading architects.

The father announced, not without pride: ‘M’boy has talent.’

And Bruce abashed at such introduction, stood in the sanctum of architectural mystery, the source of building. Judging, calculating eyes stared down upon him. Then the old man who guarded the precious passage to the drafting room said, ‘Bring some of your work.’

The next day several of the scrawled structures were tremulously unfolded before the appraisers. And miraculously [to him] Bruce was apprenticed on probation—depending on his progress or lack of it—to the architectural firm.

All this solely through happenstance.

And so, it happened Goff began working part-time in the architectural firm of Rush, Endacott, and Rush; he was in sixth grade.

Tulsa, in 1916 was still a small city, “’just a few stages advanced from a frontier town. Indians in long black braids, still uncomfortable in their newly acquired white man’s clothes, walked the streets that a few years before had been prairie grassland.’” For Goff with whom design came naturally, his talents were “freed by oil to invent.” It was the discovery of oil that made Oklahoma boom country. As American architectural historian, Esther McCoy wrote, “Wildcat oil strikes and windfall money crystalize confidence in a region; acceptance of new forms is easier.” Goff’s architectural education began in the afternoons after school and on Saturdays, until he graduated from high school, after which he worked full-time. The Rush, Endacott, and Rush offices would be home for the next fourteen years.

**Boston Avenue Methodist-Episcopal Church**

In 1926, Goff received the commission to design the Boston Avenue Methodist–Episcopal Church in Tulsa, Oklahoma (Figure 43). Goff was known to create initial plan designs within a day with little changing when built. Goff sketched the Boston church in
one evening (Figure 44).\textsuperscript{180} He acknowledged the plan was based on Sullivan’s Saint Paul’s Methodist–Episcopal Church in Cedar Rapids, Iowa (Figure 45).\textsuperscript{181} A later sketch shows the church fully conceived and essentially as it would be built (Figure 46).

Figure 43. Boston Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, color photo, 2023. Bostonavenue.org.

Figure 44. Boston Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, preliminary sketch, Bruce Goff, 1926. Courtesy of AIC Goff Archives, CC0.

Figure 45. St. Paul’s Methodist–Episcopal Church, Cedar Rapids, IA, street view and floor plans, Louis Sullivan (1910). Fair Use.
Boston Avenue Methodist-Episcopal Church, built between 1927 and 1929, is located at 1301 South Boston Avenue on the southern edge of the downtown business district, and situated at the intersection of Boston Avenue and 13th Street at which the north-south artery angles northwest. The building comprises four floors with the dominant feature, an unusually tall fifteen story tower (Figure 47) making the church a central point to downtown life. As longtime resident of Tulsa, Suzanne Fitzgerald Wallis writes, “Oil barons in their chauffeur-driven limousines and clerks and salespeople in their Ford Model T’s who passed the church on their way home would look up to where the graceful Deco finger pointed to the heavens and be freed from the stress of their day.” Contemporary colorful photos demonstrate the church’s clear elegance and beauty (Figures 48-55).
Figure 47. Boston Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, tower. Public Domain.

Figure 48. Boston Avenue United Methodist Church, tower, 2023. Bostonavenue.org.
Figure 49. *Boston Avenue United Methodist Church*, sculptures at the doorways, 2023. [Bostonavenue.org](http://Bostonavenue.org).

Figure 50. *Boston Avenue United Methodist Church*, mixture of materials, 2023. [Bostonavenue.org](http://Bostonavenue.org).
Figure 51. *Boston Avenue United Methodist Church*, sanctuary showing the large dome, 2014. By Sarah J Malerich - Own work, CC BY-SA 3.0, Commons.wikimedia.org.

Figure 52. *Boston Avenue United Methodist Church*, dome, 2023. Bostonavenue.org.
Figure 53. *Boston Avenue United Methodist Church*, hallway, 2023. Bostonavenue.org.

Figure 54. *Boston Avenue United Methodist Church*, mosaics, 2023. Bostonavenue.org.
It was his first building to be widely published both in the United States and in Europe. New World Architecture, Sheldon Cheney ranked Goff’s church alongside Wright’s Unity Church in Oak Park, Illinois. Describing Wright’s “as rational, as honest, and as organic as anyone might wish.” 185 About Goff’s building, Cheney wrote,

But it is in Tulsa, Oklahoma, that the most provocative American example of different church building has emerged. The Boston Avenue Methodist–Episcopal Church there is of a form that anyone would recognize as ‘church–like’ at a distance or close–by, inside or out. Its style begins with the accenting of the aspiring line. But its detail is daringly new, its ornamental idioms fresh and vital, its masses fairly well sculptured and perfectly expressive of plan. 186

The widespread publicity of the church not only in Cheney’s book, but as well as in many international publications such as Architectural Record (Figures 56-58) and others, 187 brought Goff his first major notoriety. Goff describes the purpose and promotion of the church, 188

DECLARATION OF PURPOSE:

The Boston Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in Tulsa is the result of an effort to build an honest building. It had to evolve from a carefully studied plan devised to fill the needs of a large religious organization. Because the problem was solved with some degree of success it can be classed with a few other pioneering designs as Living Architecture. ‘The man in the street’ usually likes it, the ‘trained’ architects seldom do.

PROMOTION:
From the very first this building pursued a perilous course. Everywhere we bumped into people who were afraid .... church boards .... architects .... sidewalk makers, etc. .... all afraid. Of what? The idea, as Sullivan would say. How could we dare do such a thing? Fortunately, we had the building committee a group of men strong enough to 'know what they liked.' So, the designs of the young architect Bruce Goff were accepted, after many trials and tribulations, and he and the architects E. A. Rush and A. Endacott started work.\textsuperscript{189}

In due time, ‘Tulsans’ accepted the church with pride and admiration ‘as the religious landmark of their city,’ so much so Goff eventually had to design an extension and parking garage for the parishioners.\textsuperscript{190}

Figure 56. \textit{Boston Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church.} (left) first floor (ground level), plan and east elevation, (right) north façade. Fair Use.
In October 1929 the Italian American sculptor, Alphonso Iannelli published an article in *Western Architect*, describing Goff’s church:
Architecture [which] emanates joy to mankind, particularly to the discerning few. Like a flower in bloom, it is likely to grow in out of the way places, even in the wilderness. ... (With reverence for the needs, reverence for the materials and reverence for the purpose the building was to serve.) Such is Chartres, the Parthenon ...\textsuperscript{191}

Iannelli laments the current state of architecture, “in this twentieth century of ours we have been and are so busy building the nation that we too often build hastily and without the necessary judgment.”\textsuperscript{192} Then offers, “two classes of buildings today as at any time. First, the created buildings; second, the mimic composite. The Boston Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church is of the created building class.”\textsuperscript{193}

\textbf{Closing Thoughts}

In closing, Goff’s written and oral descriptions and his mother’s recollections, show how early he began moving through the world observing and interpreting the natural and cultural phenomena around him. Throughout his childhood, this gathering of all but the most insignificant details undoubtedly developed his remarkable acute sensitivity of observation skills. These experiences became collections of memories of how sensitive and respectful of the local and regional landscape and the Native American culture, as well as his capacity to experience the world around him poetically. Goff, like Trakl’s, poem, “Winter Evening,” took every day, “drab and dusty” scenes of Kansas and Oklahoma and created vivid, at times, imaginative environments full of character. By doing so, they informed his early architectural career. For both Goff and Tulsa, benefited from the discovery of oil. Goff achieved international recognition through his design of the Boston Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church and Tulsa established itself as a national Art Deco capital city, not in terms of ‘style’ but as an identity.\textsuperscript{194}
Endnotes

90 Rasmussen, 18.
92 Cook, The Architecture of Bruce Goff, 1.
93 There are differing accounts as to how many siblings Corliss Goff had. Nicolaides cites the youngest of 7 while De Long cites the youngest of eight. Nicolaides, “Bruce Goff and His Architecture,” 17; De Long, “The Architecture of Bruce Goff,” 1976, 1.
94 Nicolaides, “Bruce Goff and His Architecture,” 17.
95 Nicolaides, 17.
96 Nicolaides, 17.
97 Alton, Kansas founded in 1870 with a total area of just 0.31 square miles. In 1900 it had a population of 287 residents. Its most populous decade was in 1940 with 435 residents. Today, the city has approximately 98, https://www.census.gov/prod/www/abs/decennial/.
98 The Bluffs are the setting for the annual Sunrise Service, held every Easter morning for the past 60 years, http://osbornecountyksessentials.blogspot.com/. Accessed October 10, 2019.
100 Henderson, “Skiatook.”
102 Nicolaides, 19. Nicolaides’s interview with Goff’s mother, February 20, 1960, Tulsa, OK.
103 Nicolaides, 19.
104 Goff, “Finding Aid, 1995,” 1967, 4–5. The AIC attributes this essay to Richard San Jule but based on a close examination comparing it with other essays by Goff, I assert that Goff wrote it.
105 Cook, The Architecture of Bruce Goff, 1.
106 “Pride of the Prairie: A High Priest of Individualism Is Designing in a Strikingly Regional Idiom for His Grass Roots Clients,” 95.
108 “Cherokee Nation Home.”
109 “Cherokee Nation Home.” The Cherokee language is a Class IV language in its degree of difficulty. The Cherokee syllabary is the written form of the language. It is not an alphabet, but instead contains 85 distinct characters that represent the full spectrum of sounds used to speak Cherokee – one character for each discrete syllable.
109 “Ethnologue.”
110 Cook, The Architecture of Bruce Goff, 1.
113 De Long, 3; Nicolaides, “Bruce Goff and His Architecture,” 19.
114 Personal interviews between Paul Nicolaides and Goff, from 12/20/1959 to 01/03/1960 and 05/29/1960 to 06/14/1960, both in Bartlesville, OK. Nicolaides, “Bruce Goff and His Architecture,” 20.
116 Gale, “Architecture Without Style.”
118 Bruce Goff, “Speech for Milwaukee Conference on American Architecture.” (Photocopy, October 29, 1977), Series V, Box FF 2.1, Ryerson and Burnham Archives Ryerson and Burnham
61

Libraries the Art Institute of Chicago, Chicago, IL 60603, http://www.artic.edu/research/archival-collections, 13. See Appendix A, pg. X.

120 Goff, 13–14.
121 Goff, 13–14.
122 Goff, 14.
124 The Architecture of Bruce Goff.
125 The Architecture of Bruce Goff.
127 Everly-Douze.
129 http://www.tulsahistory.org/learn/earlytulsa/oil.htm. The discovery of oil in Red Fork in 1901 set motion the events that would forever change Tulsa. The oil boom had begun. The big strike at Glen Pool in 1905— at the time the world’s largest—caused oil prices to plummet worldwide, making the Oklahoma and Indian Territories the center of oil exploration and speculation. By 1909—only four years after the Glen Pool strike—the Tulsa city directory listed more than 126 oil companies with offices in Tulsa. In succeeding decades, the fortunes of Tulsa would be directly related to the cycles of the petroleum industry. By the time Oklahoma achieved statehood in 1907, Tulsa had a population of 7,298. By 1920, the population boomed to 72,000 and the city had earned the title “Oil Capital of the World.” It also became a respected financial center. Accessed July 9, 2019.
131 http://www.mcn–nsn.gov/. The Muscogee (Creek) people are descendants of a remarkable culture that, before 1500 AD, spanned the entire region known today as the Southeastern United States. Early ancestors of the Muscogee constructed magnificent earthen pyramids along the rivers of this region as part of their elaborate ceremonial complexes. The Muscogee were not one tribe but a union of several. This union evolved into a confederacy that, in the Euro–American described “historic period,” was the most sophisticated political organization north of Mexico. Member tribes were called tribal towns. Within this political structure, each tribal town maintained political autonomy and distinct land holdings. During the early 19th century, the United States Indian policy focused on the removal of the Muscogee and the other Southeastern tribes to areas beyond the Mississippi River. In the removal treaty of 1832, Muscogee leadership exchanged the last of the cherished Muscogee ancestral homelands for new lands in the Indian Territory (Oklahoma). Accessed July 9, 2019.
132 https://omniatlas.com/maps/north–America/18321012/. In 1830, there were still five large American Indian groups living as semi–independent nations east of the Mississippi: the Cherokee, Chickasaw, Choctaw, Creek, and Seminole. Under pressure from white settlers, US President Andrew Jackson passed the Indian Removal Act, allowing the government to extinguish Indian claims in the east in return for new lands in the west (in what is now Oklahoma). Over the following years, roughly 60, 000 Indians were forced to leave their ancestral homelands and relocate to the new “Indian Territory.” Nearly a quarter of those died en route. Esther McCoy once noted, “The trek west, called the Trail of Tears because so many perished on the route, ended by a curious irony on the harshest of soil covering the richest known reservoir of oil.” Accessed July 9, 2019.
Only 161 of the original 630 people survived the arduous trip.
http://www.waymarking.com/waymarks/WMGMQC_Muscogee_Creek_Council_Oak_Tulsa_OK.

Muscogee Creek Council Oak Tulsa_OK. Tulsa's small yet powerful Council Oak Park marks the traditional "ceremonial ground" chosen by the Lochapoka clan of the Creek Indians, which protects, explains, and preserves the history of the Muscogee Creek Nation. The Muscogee Creeks (with other Indian tribes) were removed from their homes in the Southeastern US by the US Government in 1834 and marched to the newly set-aside Indian Territory on the Trail of Tears. The Muscogee Creek were forced from their homes in George and Alabama and walked for 2 years to this spot. The large Burr oak tree they chose as their Council Oak still stands tall in an urban neighborhood SE of downtown Tulsa. It is located at 18th Street and Cheyenne Avenue. For the Muscogee Creek people, this tree was the end of the Trail of Tears.


Oklahoma is home to the nation's only Tallgrass Prairie Reserve. Originally spanning portions of 14 states was one of North America's major ecosystems. Today, less than 10% of the original tallgrass prairie remains.

"Green Country" is the northeastern portion of Oklahoma where in the 1960s the Oklahoma Department of Tourism and Recreation designated the area, along with five others as travel destinations within the state. The heavily wooded Ozark Mountains and their foothills contain both evergreen pine and deciduous forests.


Wallis and Joyner, 8.

Gambino and Halpern, Tulsa Art Deco.

Everly-Douze, "What’s Doing in Tulsa."


Breeze, American Art Deco, 13. Breeze cites Barry Sanders, ed. The Craftsman: An Anthology (Santa Barbara, CA: Peregrine Smith, 1978). Gustav Stickley, who was the editor of the magazine The Craftsman which often contained articles and illustrations pertaining to Native American arts.

Dunn's Western Travel Guide (1920); cited in Wallis and Joyner, Art Deco Tulsa, 17.


Bryant, Culture in the American Southwest, 194.


Jennings, 2.


The Philcade was listed in the National Register on September 18, 1986. It was listed under National Register Criteria C, and its NRIS number is 86002196. [https://npgallery.nps.gov/NRHP/AssetDetail?assetID=0d03da82-f765-47ed-93c1-c24801327edc](https://npgallery.nps.gov/NRHP/AssetDetail?assetID=0d03da82-f765-47ed-93c1-c24801327edc). Accessed October 16, 2019.


Nicolaides, “Bruce Goff and His Architecture,” 23.


Goff, “The Individual.”

Dewlen, “Architecture’s Unpredictable Artist”; Goff, “Speech for Milwaukee Conference on American Architecture.” Dewlen tells how Goff was already sketching castles and cathedrals on wrapping paper by the time he began school. His boyhood dream was to design a temple of diamonds for some maharajah. He had enormous curiosity reading everything he could on the arts. And, at one-point Goff created a garden in the attic and when the water dripped through the ceiling, well that was enough! An exasperated father Goff “hauled him forcibly” to the Tulsa office of Rush, Endacott & Rush, spread out a batch of the drawings, then left the boy there to be “made into an architect,” 43–4.


De Long, Bruce Goff, 1988, 22.

Ibid., 23.

Dianna Everett, Research Associate, Oklahoma State Historic Preservation Office, “National Register Nomination: Boston Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church,” National Register of Historic Places (United States Department of the Interior, National Park Service, August 31, 1978), 4, [https://npgallery.nps.gov/NRHP/AssetDetail?assetID=6669a5b2-b5c7-4d89-b1bb-018dba822b0e](https://npgallery.nps.gov/NRHP/AssetDetail?assetID=6669a5b2-b5c7-4d89-b1bb-018dba822b0e).

Wallis and Joyner, Art Deco Tulsa, 49.

Wallis and Joyner, 49.

189 Rush, Endacott and Rush, Architects, “The Boston Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Tulsa, Oklahoma,” 519. This article does not explicitly cite Goff as the author. However, this author does consider Goff as the author based on Nicolaides, “Bruce Goff and His Architecture,” 46. Nicolaides conducted two in-person interviews with Goff, “its designer” for this thesis.
190 Nicolaides, “Bruce Goff and His Architecture,” 47.
191 Iannelli, “The Boston Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church of Tulsa, Oklahoma,” 173.
192 Iannelli, 173.
193 Iannelli, 173.
BUILDING :: The Bavinger Residence: An Emotionally Continuous Space

I am very satisfied and have no intention of building another home.

–Gene Bavinger

At the door of the house who will come knocking?

An open door, we enter

A closed door, a den

The world pulse beats beyond my door.

–Pierre Albert Biro

Outside and inside, everything is in circles, ovals, cones, spirals, spheres, cylinders, and free natural forms. Nothing is square, cubic, or angular.
Introducing the Bavinger Family

Eugene “Gene” Allen (1919-1997), (Figure 59) and Nancy Blackburn Bavinger198 (Figure 60) are both accomplished artists and have bachelor of fine arts degrees from the University of Oklahoma in 1946.199 Gene joined the University’s Art Department as faculty one year after graduating. If he could see into his future, he would be amazed to know he will retire in 1980 as Professor Emeritus.200

Figure 59. Eugene Bavinger with his paintings. Gierek Gallery.

Figure 60. Nancy Bavinger, newspaper clipping showing her work as a sculptor. “The Bavinger House” tour at Me & Marissa blog, June 23, 2010.
A brief view into Gene and Nancy’s future. While building the house, both Gene and Nancy continue building their art careers. Gene carries out his professorial teaching schedule while building a strong national reputation as a painter, even though he exhibits regionally. He wins five top prizes in important exhibitions, and several minor prizes and honorable mentions. Nancy, on the other hand, focuses entirely on her art and sets up her own studio and fills as many commissions as time allows. Although primarily a clay artist, she designs and silk-screens 2,000 posters for a navy training program.\(^{201}\) Gene and Nancy place their artworks throughout the property and inside the house. In 2009, a couple of Gene’s students will carry on a conversation in a blog. One student recounted how Gene was “one of the two most influential art teachers I had in the 60s.” He was a serious artist who was extremely disciplined, and despite teaching three days a week, he was a “real workhorse” of an artist. The students used an inflation calculator to estimate one of his paintings sold for $500 in 1965 is now worth $3,250.\(^ {202}\) The Pierson Gallery in Tulsa, Oklahoma lists many of Gene’s paintings commanding, for example, $8,000 (Figure 61) and $9,000 (Figure 62), respectively. One painting catches my attention because the gallery labels it as “Untitled—The Last Bavinger” (Figure 63).\(^ {203}\)
Gene’s work gains him notoriety for decades, especially for his originating the process of glass painting (Figures 64-67). According to the Joseph Gierek Fine Art Gallery,

Eugene Bavinger’s work, with an expressive interest in form, led him to become one of Oklahoma’s most experimental and technically proficient artists. He believed in the importance of experimentation and creating work recognized for its individuality. As he worked to advance the genre of abstract illusionism, he pioneered a painting process (known as ‘glass’ paintings) in which he first applied acrylic medium and layers of paint to the glass before setting a canvas to the painted surface. After the paint dried, he meticulously removed the painted canvas from the glass surface. As a
result, the painting would have a smooth and highly reflective surface. Within the painting itself, Bavinger created compositions of light and color with forms that created the illusion of depth.204
John Brandenburg of The Daily Oklahoman wrote, "Eugene Bavinger has always stressed process over product sometimes at the expense of the product restlessly
seeking new media and materials to express a vision of nature that transcends cultural categories. Much future success was in store for Gene and Nancy Bavinger.

In March 1950, while the chair of the art department (1950-1955) and director of the university’s art museum (1957-1959), Gene and Nancy commission Goff to design their house. Goff is the chairman of the School of Architecture and Architectural Engineering, in the College of Engineering. In their first and only meeting, they tell Goff their first requirement is to have a house that supplies them the freedom and favorable conditions to accommodate their professional interests and personal hobbies. They do not want the typical American home, or as Goff writes, “the usual conglomeration of little boxes with holes cut in for doors and windows.” Both are working artists, as well as plant and fish enthusiasts. They want their home to reflect and support their way of life. As Nancy recounts, “We tried remodeling a couple of places, but we didn’t get what we wanted.” They had to face the choice of altering their way of life or build a house themselves. In any case, they decide to move forward. At the time of meeting with Goff, their family includes three-year-old son, Bill (Figure 68), who is now 11, and wants a fourth child. Their future does bring them a second and last child, Bob, who will be born on September 8th, 1955. Goff considers their requirements to be certainly unusual, and while challenging, he finds them also inspiring. Few if any clients would want to live with their hobby cultivating some of the natural world inside their house, but Goff recognizes this in his design.

Occasionally I have a client enjoys working with plants, trees, and flowers and, of course, I recognize this through my design. There a few people would want to live with them as the Bavinger family does, but it is their ‘hobby’ living with nature inside and outside. This allowed me to carry this through in an unprecedented manner, along with materials and resulting flow of space.
Goff works closely with the Bavingers throughout the process, supervising and helping to build. Because they do not have any money and were unable to get a loan for it, they build it themselves. Yet, what they lack in money is more than made up in their dedication and talent. Goff describes Gene as "very good at hard work; he was more like a truck driver in his build, and he liked to get out and dig and move large rocks and that sort of thing."

A Blackjack Jungle Site: Rock Hardness and Steely Determination

The Bavingers chose for their site a rural secluded 7.5-acre parcel of land about 5 miles to the northeast outside of Norman’s city limits where the University is located. The parcel is characteristically rough and rocky in this part of central Oklahoma as Goff notes. While unsuitable for farming, unlike many of his neighbors, this “jungle of blackjack, redbud, and willow” provides a distinctively natural character for building. It sits on one side of a shallow ravine which has a natural clearing where Goff chooses the house site. Its shape suggests to Goff the possibility of a helix-shaped design.

On June 26, 1950, Goff sends Herb Greene, one of his assistants, to sketch the site accurately depicting its character (Figure 69). By July 12 Goff has designed the house. Goff’s seven pencil drawings, the first he presents to the Bavingers, show the house essentially as they will build it. The working drawings are less complete than was usual for Goff’s designs, leaving decisions resolved on site. The design disturbs the site as
little as possible, leaving all trees in place, as well as the indigenous golden sandstone, rocks, flowers, and other natural features. The result, according to Goff, is the site “came awake.”

The building area is next to a stream. Gene builds a damn to prevent water from flowing thus creating a small lake. Then excavates the ravine bank for the first level of the house. On the opposite side of the lake, professor and landscape architect, Robert Rucker takes on the assignment of planting the grounds, both indoors and outdoors. Eventually, the Bavingers plant 2,000 tropical bulbs as a natural amphitheater.

Large boulders and rocks for the stone wall come from excavated earth, neighboring farms, and a nearby quarry. Jeffrey Cook aptly writes, “To a farmer a rock is a nuisance and a liability; to an artist a rock is a wonderful asset.” By doing so, the value of their neighbors’ farmlands increases and the Bavingers retain the “rough and rocky character” of their site. Neighbors also give the Bavingers beautiful and unique pieces of rose-crystal rocks. Gene swaps his nice Chevrolet truck for two old ones for traveling back and forth moving large quantities of rock. He dynamites the massive rock and then a sledge-hammers into manageable chunks, before loading on to his trucks. Once on site, Gene needs to figure out how to manage building a wall as some of the rocks weighed 1,000 pounds. Ever resourceful, he builds a sand ramp in order to heave them in place.
Gene and Nancy’s unusual house on the prairie, starting six feet from the ground,\(^\text{243}\) crawls skyward and spirals into a “chambered nautilus”.\(^\text{244}\) As the form gains height--three stories in all--it becomes tighter. When the wall reaches unworkable heights, Gene builds a power winch for hoisting the rocks.\(^\text{245}\) Soon the time was right to mix and pour a concrete base for the pivotal and single structural element.\(^\text{246}\) He purchases a surplus six-inch oil field drill stem steel pole,\(^\text{247}\) which the one continuous wall corkscrews around. Thus, generating the center of the logarithmic spiral.\(^\text{248}\) The central pole acting as a mast,\(^\text{249}\) is composed of two sections of 30-foot drill stem pipes and stabilized by five three-quarter-inch steel cables 100 feet long, all sunk into the concrete base.\(^\text{250}\) A flagstone floor covered the concrete base.\(^\text{251}\)

The Bavingers do a majority of both the skilled and heavy labor themselves.\(^\text{252}\) They pay for materials as they go squeezing out every penny. Nancy is overheard saying, “‘But yum, those beans tasted good.’”\(^\text{253}\) They carefully select individual the tawny vitreous sandstone and metamorphic rose quartz rocks\(^\text{254}\) for color and texture for specific places in the wall.\(^\text{255}\) Gene recalls taking great “interest in arranging the rock so it would be interesting to look at,”\(^\text{256}\) while placing them with glass chunks specified by Goff.\(^\text{257}\) Students trade their labor for paintings,\(^\text{258}\) along with volunteer help from professors in the art, landscape, and architecture departments of the University.\(^\text{259}\) Greene would say later he spent four “back-breaking” hours setting the deep red boulder stones. Bill Wilson, a neighbor of the Bavingers and an associate of Gene’s and Goff’s at the University, assisted with the engineering.\(^\text{260}\) The weekend work parties were not without “lots of food, drink, and revelry.”\(^\text{261}\)

Building the wall alone evokes the heroic efforts and labors of the “Greek gods”,\(^\text{262}\) something akin to building the great walls of Thebes (Figure 71) by the twin sons of Zeus, Amphion and Zethus (Figure 72).
It took four of the five years of building just for laying up the 180-foot rock wall. The Bavingers figured they had handled 200 tons (400,000 lbs.) of rock and eight tons of glass cullet at least four or six times for the wall. Greene described Bavinger as having enormous energy and the strength of a “forklift.” Goff referred to the building of the massive wall, as “a Herculean effort.”

Steel in the form of stainless, woven cables, wrought iron—any form of steel they could find—Gene salvaged and purchased. All in service to hold the extreme weight safely and firmly, while adding strength and beauty. 55 stainless steel cables which suspend the roof were surplus airplane struts. The struts not only managed the structural issues, Henderson noted their greater purpose as a suspension system attended to Goff’s aesthetic ideals:
The warped roof plane became an independent element of the composition; the web-like quality further magnified the illusion of light and delicate elements belonging to the realm of the sky; and the reflectivity of those components, amplifying their linearity, provided still another dimension of contrast with the massive walls of rock.270

A tapered finial271 collar hub near the top united the cables which radiated down in a spiral pattern aligned with and the two-by-six wood beams framing the roof.272 Each beam extended beyond the line of the stone spiral beneath it. The copper sheathed roof with redwood battens twisted atop the radiating pattern of beams.273 More large quantities of steel (rebar) were used to hang stairs, plumbing, to reinforce concrete and the foot bridge.274 A total of 1,800-feet of discarded sucker rods formed and reinforced the bowl construction, for a combined total weight of four-and-one-half-tons.275

An undeniably massive building project, the Bavingers work year-round in order to enclose the house (Figures 67-70).

![Figure 73. Bavinger House](left) view of the central tower and (right) painting studio during construction. [OU Renegades-Bavinger-House](https://example.com).
When completed, the entire roof, two sets of interior stairs, and the living bowls coiled around and suspended from this single pole.\textsuperscript{277} The exterior narrow foot bridge also suspended from the pole.\textsuperscript{278} Apparently, “Goff justified its romantic image by claiming it helped stabilize the structure.”\textsuperscript{279} Regardless, it served to easily get to their beautiful tropical amphitheater.

**A Conservatory for Plants and Birds**

Once the multi-year arduous task of building the massive rock and stone wall was complete, it was time to turn attention to the interior space. It could have easily become a dark cave. Instead, the house was on its way to becoming what it was meant to be, a conservatory for plants, birds, and fish.\textsuperscript{280} A sixteen-inch continuous skylight follows the coiling rock wall, which separates the wall from the roof assembly. As the coiled wall becomes tighter, it creates two skylight conditions, one along the outer perimeter and the other along the inner. The exterior light from these skylight filters throughout the interior space and follows the sun’s path during the day. The inner skylight also follows the stairways of the inner coil wall.\textsuperscript{281} The casting light also enlivens the rough rocks below. Gene terraced the south-southwest side wall to create a cascade of irregular stepped planters with a gutter built in along the base for drainage. Essentially, he built a rock garden of climbing plants, extending upwards towards the ribbon skylight, some as tall as ten feet. There are sprouting rubber plants, vining
bougainvillea, brightly colored blooming orchids, flowering anthuriums and papaya, euphorbia, and caladium plants \(\text{(Figure 71)}\). This bounty of nature in beds of cheerful fronds of ferns.

Gene and Nancy devote the first floor of the house to plant and aquatic life\(^{283}\) \(\text{(Figure 72)}\), and to family gathering for meals and socializing. All other daily living needs, sleeping, bathing, and playing are at differing levels of height. Treavor, a reporter from the local newspaper described the 11 total levels in the house as “unsectioned space”, was otherwise difficult to describe, suggesting, “come see for yourself!”\(^{284}\) Back to the lower level, the floor is flagstone which meanders and weaves pathways around more planted areas and a stream running through the middle of the house creating goldfish pools.\(^{285}\) Over one of the pools, Gene suspends a fireplace.\(^{286}\) They heat the house with wood-burning stoves.

\[\text{Figure 75. Gallery of Plants and Flowers, composed by author. CC BY-SA-4.0.}\]

\[\text{Figure 76. Gallery of Aquatic Life, composed by author. “Neon Tetra”, Holger Krisp, 31 May 2013, CC-BY-3.0; et. al., Public. Domain.}\]
In my imagined conversation with Gene, I ask him how he built these floating rooms. He responds,

I welded together discarded sucker rods (Figure 72) to make the steel frames, then laid plywood over the frame, and suspended them from the ceiling structure above using more rods. Next, we had to decide what to cover them with. Nancy did her magic. She went into Norman and bought the store out! She bought 368 square yards of carpeting. We chose this tawny-russet color because it harmonizes well with our cocker spaniel, Per. We draped loose netting between the rebar rods to provide a safe enclosure while allowing for a feeling of openess. The bedrooms and play room have fiberglass curtains for privacy. The two bedrooms, one for the boys, the other one for us, has an in-laid waterbed beneath the carpet.

Gene points to the tall, round object adjacent to the central floating room (Figure 74) and continues,

Goff thought of everything, each bowl has a dedicated copper drum revolving closet. I used round military surplus bomb shipping containers for the closets, which are five feet in diameter and eight feet deep. Wood battens hide the welding seams. Bedroom closets have clothing racks that rotate. Bill’s play bowl is a “treetop playhouse” whose closet holds his toys and television set.
Next, I follow Gene’s hand motioning me to look across the stairway from Bill’s playroom as I listen,

I stacked the bathroom, sink, and shower on the level above the kitchen hidden within the center of the inner spiral wall. The only door in the house is in front of the toilet, similar to a public restroom. From this level, we can take the back stairway to the dining area underneath Bill’s bowl.

Pointing to a door across from the bath sink, he tells me this access door opens to the foot bridge suspended over the lake to the flower garden.

Returning to my original question, Gene continues to tell me each bowl is ten-and-a-half feet in diameter (Figure 75), stepping up at three-foot intervals delineating a regular spiral in plan. As each subsequent bowl changes in position along the radius, as well as in height, the ceiling follows this spiral pattern upwards to a height of three stories at the center of the coil. Two spiral staircases also follow this spiral pattern hugging the inner coil wall. The stairs are solid black walnut wood treads salvaged from storm damaged from ornamental trees and suspended from wrought iron rods secured to the ceiling structure. The bowls unite by attaching to the spiral staircases providing access to the bathing facilities on the second floor and Gene’s painting studio on the third. The semi-circular studio is completely framed in glass with cedar frames. I look through the large window and imagine “magnificent sunsets” as Gene describes them. A ladder leading to an observation platform.
As Gene and I walk through the first level of the house, it seems like we are moving in a continuously curving line, which he confirms. After looking at the many different plants and flowers in the rock garden, we walk along the stepping stones provide a bridge across one of the pools to arrive at the dining area, which is 16 inches below the garden and pool. Gene tells me when we have dinner guests, they enjoy reaching into the water to pull a tropical blossom, or let fish nibble on their fingertips. They also bring one of “Bill’s small fleet of wind-up boats” to port (Figure 76).

Goff designed the furniture to be integral. The large circular dining table, anchored to the floor by a center pedestal, rotates like a lazy Susan. Nancy puts the linen, the China dishes, and silverware in the long, oblong chest next to the dining table, which makes it easy to set the table by spinning it. An antique mirror reflecting the carpeted
undersides of the hanging saucers and rock walls. Seating is a banquette with air-foam padding covered with same tawny-russet or goldish color carpet with wrought iron shaped for backrests.314

A short distance from the dining area is another round table, the breakfast table, also anchored to the floor by a center pedestal. Modern brightly colored pressed wood chairs sit around it.315 Just beyond it is the kitchen. Suspended cabinets for the dishes separate the two areas. Lowell Jackson, another university colleague,316 supervised the cabinetry craft. Like the stair treads, Lowell built the cabinets out of ornamental walnut, as well as copper. Impressively, this small, compact kitchen area has a sink, a stove, a washing machine, and a refrigerator.317 Behind the refrigerator, in the very center of the tower core is, along with the central mast, is equipment for heating, cooling, plumbing, and utilities for cooking, bathing, and laundry, along the three floors.318

We continue walking—still in a circular manner—through a rough opening between the kitchen sink and the refrigerator, returning to the front area,319 arriving at—naturally—from where we began.

The Public Demands A Tour

As the round tower overlooking the restrained lake below becomes visible above the surrounding trees, floods of visitors and neighbors from far and wide, begin to continuously come around interrupting the building process asking many questions.320 Gene gets damn sick of this commotion and builds a fence around the site, which Nancy sits at the gate and charges a dollar apiece to look at the house.321 This only encourages and exacerbates the problem as now the neighbors feel emboldened to come and see it, only to tell all of their friends. As news spread, one neighbor is overhead saying, “‘Hell, go see for yourself.’”322 And, so they did, which solved their Bavinger’s money problems.323 Goff wrote a small six-page brochure (Figure 77) to hand out to the sight-seekers when Gene relented and opened the house for tours from 1 p.m. to 6 p.m., weekdays, and 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. Saturdays and Sundays.324 However, their dream home became an “exhibition place” with thousands streaming throughout. To say the house opened by “popular request” is insufficient. “‘Public demand’” better expresses it.”325 Soon, the Bavingers had collected over fifty thousand dollars, taxes on this money, and no privacy whatsoever.326 A “smart lawyer” showed them how to legally turn this potentially large tax bill into a legal, “amusement tax.” Nevertheless, the “foolishness” had to stop.327
It is a very hot and humid day. Gene is out in the yard, wearing his army fatigues sweaty and dirty as usual, when a big white Cadillac with enormous steer horns adorning its hood drives up interrupting Gene thinking he is hired help. An equally large man sporting a cowboy hat, obviously from Texas steps out from behind the wheel, leaving his “very flashy blonde” companion in the car. The following conversation ensues:

The tall Texan barks, ‘hello, where can I find Mr. Bavinger?’

‘I am Bavinger, what do you want?’ Impatient with the interruption.

‘My wife and I just drove up from Dallas and we want to see your house.’

‘That’s too bad because we are not showing it anymore.’

‘You can’t do that. … When you have a work of art you must share with people—you shouldn’t keep it all to yourself. We want to see it.’

‘Well, I am an artist and I appreciate your point of view, but do you mean it?’

‘What do you mean, do I really mean it?’

‘Well, do you believe you should share a work of art with others.’

‘Of course.’

‘Is that your wife?’

The Texans did not get to see the house.
Several years of “inexhaustible patience”[329] and hard work, the Bavingers had their house. If this were any other house, the house would be considered done. Goff stated, “They continue to be of the house, and it continues to be of them and of Nature, continuing with neither [a] beginning [n]or ending.”[330] Further, “it will never be ‘completed’ because it is intended to keep growing, in a state of flux, with its occupants and I hope it will continue to be inspiring and beautiful to them ... timeless.”[331]

Years later, while giving a lecture, Goff tells the story of when the Italian-American sculptor Alfonso Iannelli with whom Goff had collaborated with earlier in his career was giving a lecture. Someone in the audience who did not like the house asked Iannelli if he thought an architect was justified in making a client live in a spiral. Mr. Iannelli said:

“Well, I suppose you are referring to the Bavinger House, and I see Bruce out there in the audience, so how would you answer that Bruce?’ I said that I could answer, but I wished Mr. Bavinger was here to answer it because I thought anything I would say might sound like an excuse or an apology or alibi or something. Much to my amazement, Mr. Bavinger was in the audience at the back of the room, and he spoke up and said, ‘You know, I resent the question, because it implies that my wife and I are a couple of stupes that had no idea of what we were getting into, and that we were forced into this design by someone. It is true we never dreamed we would live in a spiral, never thought of it. We told him what we wanted, what we liked, what we didn’t like, and it ended up with a spiral, and we are damned glad it did. I really don’t think it’s anybody else’s business.’[332]

Closing Thoughts

In closing, Goff designed, and the Bavingers brought together a team of friends, colleagues, and students to build a house abundant in natural warmth and character perfectly suited for their personalities.[333] This productive dimension became a social construction due in part to the unique and circumstantial situation in developing processes and methods with limited resources. On the other hand, there was an abundance of time, energy, sweat, creativity, resourcefulness, and inventiveness in the building, along with craftiness in making money from the many intrusions. Together, the importance and meaning during the process of building, transcended the physical and functional requirements as it fused with its unique place within the landscape, each serving and supporting one another intensifying the meaning of this place. Holl wrote it best, “Architecture and site should have an experiential connection, a metaphysical link, a poetic link.”[334]
A decade later, Gene said in an interview, “there is more to do but that he likes the idea that his home will continue to grow (Figure 78).”

Figure 82. Gene in his painting studio, 1983. Charles Chabot, film director of “Bruce Goff: People to People/Grand Age of the Garden.”
Endnotes

195 “Bruce Goff,” 32.
197 Treavor, “Go See for Yourself.”
198 I could not find any record of her birth or death.
201 I was unable to find any record, aside from this, of Nancy’s art work. Jackson, “The Bavinger House.”
204 “Eugene Bavinger.”
205 Brandenburg, “Eugene Bavinger Artwork Arouses Eye, Mind.”
206 I searched the internet for Nancy Bavinger’s work but found very little. Disappointing, although certainly, it was the time of the mid-20th century that failed to acknowledge the accomplishments of women.
207 The *LIFE Magazine* article cites that he was the design department chair. “Space and Saucer House — The Bavinger House.”
208 While on sabbatical for the academic year, 1960-61, Gene spent a year studying at the Institute Allende, in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico. Bavinger, “Distant Fog.”
210 Goff, “Welcome to the World, Bavinger House (Brochure).”
211 “Buildings and Projects by Bruce Goff,” 32.
212 Treavor, “Go See for Yourself.”
214 Treavor, “Go See for Yourself.”
215 Treavor.
216 On March 11, 2022, I interviewed Roice Nelson, a retired geoscientist, who was a close friend and business acquaintance of Bill Bavinger, whom I was trying to learn about growing up in the house. Bill had died in a car accident on icy roads near his [Bavinger] house in 1998. He was living there with his mother. Nelson referred to Bavinger as a genius and a 20th-century Renaissance man but often was fighting windmills in his mind. Bill studied architecture at Rice, where he later worked. His field in architecture was advanced 3-D computer-generated visualization graphics. After Nelson and I spoke, he sent me a technical report related to NASA, which Bill was one of three principal investigators. Nelson, Jr., Bill Bavinger and the Bavinger House; Perkins, Martin, and Bavinger, “Evaluation of the Trajectory Operations Applications Software (TOAST): Interview Transcripts, Volume II.”
Goff, “Welcome to the World, Bavinger House (Brochure).” I consider the brochure that Goff wrote for the Bavingers as the primary source, which has been reproduced in a number of subsequent publications, including but not limited to those here: Goff, “Goff on Goff: The Work of Bruce Goff, Architect”; Cook, “Bruce Goff’s Influence on American Architecture”; “Bruce Goff, Visionary Architect”; De Long, “Bruce Goff Reconsidered”; De Long, Bruce Goff; Henderson, FAIA, “National Register Nomination: Eugene Bavinger House.”


Goff, “Welcome to the World, Bavinger House (Brochure).”


The address is 730 60th Avenue, N.E. Henderson, FAIA, “National Register Nomination: Eugene Bavinger House.”

Goff, “Welcome to the World, Bavinger House (Brochure).”

Treavor, “Go See for Yourself.”


De Long, Bruce Goff, 1988, 106.

Goff, “Welcome to the World, Bavinger House (Brochure).”

Goff, Bruce Goff; “Buildings and Projects by Bruce Goff,” 33.

Goff, “Welcome to the World, Bavinger House (Brochure).”

Henderson, FAIA, “National Register Nomination: Eugene Bavinger House.”


“The House That Gene Built.”

Treavor, “Go See for Yourself.”


Goff, Bruce Goff. “Rose Rock.” The barite rosette or “rose rock” has been the state rock of Oklahoma since 1968. The rose rock is an aggregate of barite and sand formed like a fully blossomed rose, with five to twenty radiating plates or blades that appear as petals. Also known as desert rose for its reddish sandstone, found specifically in Cleveland County, OK, the county seat where the city of Norman is located.

Treavor, “Go See for Yourself.”

McHugh, “The Bavingers Build Their Dream Home.”

McHugh.

Treavor, “Go See for Yourself.”


Henderson, FAIA, “National Register Nomination: Eugene Bavinger House,” 10; This article writes that the was four-inches, Treavor, “Go See for Yourself.”


McHugh, “The Bavingers Build Their Dream Home.”

Treavor, “Go See for Yourself.”

McHugh, “The Bavingers Build Their Dream Home.”

Treavor, “Go See for Yourself.”

Gene is being interviewed. The Architecture of Bruce Goff.


Bill Wilson lived across the way on the other side of the ravine. “Buildings and Projects by Bruce Goff,” 32.

“Notes from the Runaround, ‘Art Should Be Sold like Furniture.’”

Trevor, “Go See for Yourself.”

The Architecture of Bruce Goff; “The House That Gene Built”; The Architecture of Bruce Goff.


Greene, “Recollections of Bruce Goff as Teacher.”

Goff, “Welcome to the World, Bavinger House (Brochure).”

McHugh, “The Bavingers Build Their Dream Home.”

This author cites 60 cables. Trevor, “Go See for Yourself.”


Henderson, FAIA, 7.

Final, a crowning ornament or detail. “Definition of FINIAL.”


McHugh, “The Bavingers Build Their Dream Home.”

This is speculation on my part whether or not they were building during the wintertime.

“The House That Gene Built.”


The neon tetra is found in the western and northern Amazon basin in southeastern Colombia, eastern Peru, and western Brazil. Froese, Rainer; Pauly, Daniel (eds.), 2019. Freshwater hatchetfish (not to be confused with deep-sea or marine hatchetfish) originate from Panama and South America (though they are absent from Chile). They tend to be an upper-level fish, often swimming directly below the surface of the water, biding their time patiently. Pencil fish are found in South America, Colombia, Venezuela, and the Guyanas in the north, to the southern Amazon basin and Bolivia in the south, to Peru in the west and Belém, Brazil, in the east. Most species are slender, pencil-shaped fish ranging in size from under 1 to about 2 in long. possess one to five horizontal black or brown stripes with gold or silver iridescence appearing dorsal to the primary stripe. Most also display red, orange, or maroon highlights in their fins, and many have flashes of these colors on their flanks. Public Domain. Rasbora are native to freshwater habitats in South and Pakistan [Southeast Asia], as well as Southeast China. Froese, Rainer; Pauly, Daniel (eds.), 2016.
One of the pools created excessive humidity causing the ceiling to drip, so they converted to a planting area.


Goff, “Welcome to the World, Bavinger House (Brochure).”

Gene later built a new studio outside the house to accommodate room for the younger son Bob. It was a small detached wood building in the form of a geodesic dome.


Goff refers to the color as “gold”. 
“The House That Gene Built.”

Goff, “Welcome to the World, Bavinger House (Brochure)”; Treavor, “Go See for Yourself.”

“The House That Gene Built.”

Treavor, “Go See for Yourself.”


Treavor, “Go See for Yourself.”


Treavor, “Go See for Yourself”; Goff, “Welcome to the World, Bavinger House (Brochure).”

Treavor, “Go See for Yourself.”


Goff, 193.

Goff, 194.

Goff and Futagawa, Global Architecture.

Goff and Futagawa.

Goff and Futagawa.


du Plessix and Gray, “Bruce Goff: Visionary Architect.”

Holl, Anchoring.

du Plessix and Gray, “Bruce Goff: Visionary Architect.”

The Architecture of Bruce Goff.
Like the spider with its web, so every subject weaves relationships between itself and particular properties of objects; the many strands are then woven together and finally form the basis of the subject’s very existence.

– Jakob von Uexküll [337]

DWELLING :: A Dwelling Oriented between Heaven and Earth
Introducing a Confluence of Serendipitous Events

My methodological approach grew out of a confluence of two serendipitous events. The first one occurred while browsing through a couple of books by Steven Holl. I found many of his words full of potential and I recorded them in my sketchbook. For example, in *Written in Water*, he writes about his early days as an architect, “In 1977, my first year in New York City, I began to make obsessive black-and-white drawings (Figure 83). These graphite drawings on paper were carved-out architectural visions in texture, form, space, and light.338 From *Luminist Architecture*, I was drawn by this text: “The essence of a work of architecture is an organic link between concept and form”339 and “Architecture and site should have an phenomenological connection, a metaphysical link, a poetic link”.340 The first quote reminded me of my obsessive sketching when I was an architecture student studying in Rome, Italy.341 The second and third quotes transported my imagination directly to Goff’s Bavinger House (Figure 84). Initially, I had long resisted focusing on it because it seemed to be the topic of most other studies and I wanted to bring to light something untold about Goff. However, I could not escape equating this house with Goff’s ability to capture the essence of his design of the Bavinger House through its immediacy and simplicity connecting his imagination of a thoughtful form representing the most organic form, as described by the American architectural historian, Esther McCoy, a pure Archimedean spiral.342

Figure 83. *Kiasma Museum of Contemporary Art*, Helsinki, Finland, Steven Holl, B&W watercolor, Dec. 21, 1992. *Inspiration and Process in Architecture*.343
Beginning in January 2021, excited by new possibilities, I reconsidered my earlier idea in favor of understanding this house not as an object in space designed by an architect, but as a dynamic and experiential adventure orchestrated by a poetic designer. Could I take such a trip if only in my imagination? Could I use the idea of poetry in terms of its “performative nature”\textsuperscript{344}, in which I bring readers along with me into the present moment as I experience the reality of the house? Reflecting on Bachelard’s case to “prove that imagination augments the values of reality”\textsuperscript{345}, reinforced this idea. Believing in the power to form internal images not present to my senses, I would bring in the myriad of research, personal and memories of previously experienced situations, and construct a probable possibility of bringing the Bavinger family home to life.

Many years ago, I purposely routed my cross-country trip, beginning in Burlington, Vermont to San Diego, California, through Norman, Oklahoma for the day. I finished my coursework at the Architectural Association School of Architecture (AA) in London and had my thesis to complete. My goal was to see the Bavinger house. My first stop was the architecture department at the University of Oklahoma, where both Goff and Gene Bavinger taught back in the 1950s. I went to the front desk and asked for the address. These were pre-internet days, and the house was out in the countryside, so I needed directions. I followed the given directions of driving on the one road leaving campus for approximately four miles due east, turning left at 60th Avenue N.E., for another three or
so miles. It sounded easy enough, but it was not. When I approached, there was a gate and a "No Trespassing" sign. I could have easily walked around the gate, but I was not going to trespass. Like any good architecture student, I tried to see through the overgrown and thick vegetation. In my sketchbook, I wrote how thick the dense vegetation was with tiny but effective barbs. This time—albeit in my imagination—I succeed in taking my original trip today.

The second serendipitous event happened sometime in 2016, when I read an internet thread, an email posted to the [Save Wright Forum](https://www.savewright.org). “The Bavinger House receives the ‘It’s Gone award.’” A reference to Goff receiving the A.I.A. Twenty-Five Year Award for the Bavinger House. The email showed a photograph of a CAT excavator sitting on a site where once stood this iconic house ([Figure 85](#)). Later in the month, a reporter for “The Norman Transcript,” added, “All that is left of the Bavinger House is an empty clearing.” Unfortunately, those who loved this house were not surprised. According to a local news outlet, Bob Bavinger ([Figure 86](#)), the younger son of Gene and Nancy, had been making threats over the years, including tearing it down. 

![Figure 85. Demolition Site where the Bavinger House once stood. “Save the Wright Forum,” April 7, 2016.](#)
In 2011, there had been a couple of concerning events that made it onto the local News television station in Norman. On one occasion, Bob Bavinger had claimed the house had sustained storm damage. Sky News 9 flew over the house and recorded a video. They showed the video to the University of Oklahoma Professor of Architecture, Nick Harm. Harm’s assessment of the house was that “cables have come loose and have caused the tower, the spire itself, to come over”.349 Dr. Harm expressed doubts due to the surrounding trees which did not show storm damage (Figures 87-88).

Figure 86. Bob Bavinger, 2010. Photo by Andrew Jackson, "The Bavinger House" tour at Me & Marissa blog, June 23, 2010.

Figure 87. Dr. Nick Harm, describing damage to the Bavinger House, 2011. News 9 Professor Doubts Storm Damage.
Zachary Matthews and Shane Hood, architectural historian, and designer, respectively, “crept up on the house to get a look of the damage”. According to Matthews, “the spiral roof as it comes down in a nautilus shell has collapsed on itself into the first floor” (Figure 89). A second image shows a close-up view of some of the damage (Figure 90) Bob Bavinger’s nephew announced to his unwelcomed guests’ threats to call the police.350
On another occasion in 2011, someone had called the Oklahoma Historic Preservation Office (OHPO) claiming the house was “gone”. Believing the person to be Bob Bavinger, unclear if OHPO called News 9, but in any case, when their reporting crew pulled up to the property gate, they heard a gunshot and a man’s voice demanding to know who they were. Norman police went to the property to investigate (Figure 91). According to Norman Police Captain Tom Easley, “The officers tried a variety of methods, including public announcement (P.A.) systems on the vehicles, yelling, sirens, knocking on doors … We never got a response from any human beings.”
Because the house no longer exists, reflecting on Holl’s watercolors and my use of drawing when studying buildings, I began drawing loosely by freehand in a small 5.5” x 8” sketchbook. This early sketching and taking a few notes here and there increasingly captured my imagination which became so engaged by the enchantment and wonder of the house. Max van Manen\textsuperscript{353} refers to this as being “swept up in a spell of wonder”.\textsuperscript{354} Drawing and wondering if I could capture the essence of the Bavinger House, and construct and imaginatively describe a possible interpretation lent itself naturally to an experiential journey.

I found support in the possibility of an experiential approach towards understanding the inner world of Goff through his writing\textsuperscript{355} and the inner life of the Bavinger House. My earliest memories of being drawn to a particular architecture or a landscape, was always met with questions about how and why this space or site differed in unique qualities from others. What determines their special character, what Norberg-Schulz refers to as, \textit{genius loci}, the spirit of the place.\textsuperscript{356} How does a space elicit a presence or atmosphere as Peter Zumthor writes, “this singular density and mood, this feeling of presence, well-being, harmony, beauty”.\textsuperscript{357} Qualities of impressions were often difficult for me to put words to or define when I was an undergraduate student. How does the architect then bring those thoughtful words into a reality of living, a lived experience? How to bring together the spirit of a place (exterior) and its living atmosphere (interior), or as Merleau-Ponty wrote, “Our body and our perception always summon us to take as the centre of the world that environment with which they present us”\textsuperscript{358}

As I endeavor to experience and provide possible interpretations, I am not interested or looking for a right or wrong answer, nor to prove a theory\textsuperscript{359} regarding Goff’s design of the Bavinger House. I intend to pre-reflectively experience the journey ranging from spatial awareness (perception), temporal awareness, embodied action (including kinesthetic awareness), social awareness, memory, attention, emotion, and thinking.\textsuperscript{360} Van Manen refers to these moments of pre-reflection is in trying to “grasp attentively the living sense of the experience before” reaching our cognitive, conceptual, or any such search for clarity.\textsuperscript{361}

I envisioned laying out a sequence of drawings to form a narrative of the house in the manner of comic strips (Figure 92). The choice of freehand versus the typically precise orthographic views made complete sense for the Bavinger House. If I were studying the Farnsworth House, orthographic drawings would certainly be appropriate. As Juhani Pallasmaa points out, there are two approaches to design. One sees the work of
architecture as an object, a “finite aesthetic entity”, and the other whose concern lies in creating “a dialogue with the settings of life... the realities and poetics of life.”

In *The Eyes of the Skin: Architecture and the Senses*, Pallasmaa writes of the increasingly dominant role of vision and the visual in architecture suppressing all our sensory and sensual qualities. Rather, he focuses on the sensory mode of touch and its vital importance to how we experience the world, at the boundary of our skin as all senses are extensions and specializations of the tactile sense.

To move forward with this experiential and imaginative narrative ‘reconstruction’ of the lived experience of the house, there was still a need to have a full, 3D, third-person understanding of the house as built on the site. And here, I encountered two distinct challenges that were dependent on one another. The first was how and where the house met the ground and its surrounding landscape. The second was in understanding the interior volume and how the three different levels interacted spatially with one another. Because the house does not contain distinct floor levels nor straight walls, except for the front plate glass window wall facing the patio, this proved to be a significant challenge. My initial two consulting references were not completely helpful. The National Registry of Historic Places (NRHP) merely contained five photographs of the house, only two of which were of the interior (Figures 93-94).

Figure 92. *Sketchbook showing movie-comic strip idea*, by author, Nov. 20, 2020.
Figure 93. *Bavinger House*, view of dining table from under the 2nd-level, master bedroom, B&W photo by Arn Henderson, 1999.366

Figure 94. *Bavinger House*, view the 3rd-level, play area, and storage cylinder, B&W photo by Arn Henderson, 1999.367
The Goff archives located at the Art Institute of Chicago (AIC)\textsuperscript{368} have a selection of 10 digitized working or design drawings (Figures 95-104), one site perspective (Figure 105), 13 renderings (Figures 106-118), and 8 photographs (Figures 119-124), but they did not offer much additional information regarding how the house was to be constructed on site which I learned all decisions were made on-the-spot, all by hand labor, and seemingly without detailed construction drawings, but from loosely rendered drawings using graphite and colored pencils, or graphite alone. There are a few drawings hard-lined, graphite drawings, but when I viewed them on the internet, I found it challenging to read the faint drawings. Due to the pandemic, traveling to see the archival drawings was not an option.

Figure 95. \textit{Bavinger House}, foundation and floor plan footing sections, graphite on tracing paper. Gift of Shin’enKan, Inc. Courtesy of AIC Goff Archives, CC0 [Bavinger House foundation & floor plan sections].
Figure 96. **Bavinger House**, upper-level plan study, graphite on tracing paper. Gift of Shin’enKan, Inc. Courtesy of AIC Goff Archives, CC0. [Bavinger House upper-level plan study](#).

Figure 97. **Bavinger House**, first floor plan with paving pattern, ink on tracing paper. Gift of Shin’enKan, Inc. Courtesy of AIC Goff Archives, CC0. [Bavinger House first-floor with paving pattern](#).
Figure 98. *Bavinger House*, plan of lower levels showing water garden and suspended room, 1950-1951. Gift of Shin’enKan, Inc. Courtesy of AIC Goff Archives, CC0. ([Bavinger House lower level - water garden](https://example.com)).

Figure 99. *Bavinger House*, second level plan study, 1950-1951. Gift of Shin’enKan, Inc. Courtesy of AIC Goff Archives, CC0.
Figure 100. Bavinger House, structural plan, and section through furnace room, working drawing, 1950-1951. Gift of Shin’enKan, Inc. Courtesy of AIC Goff Archives, CC0 (Bavinger House, structural plan - section).

Figure 101. Bavinger House, roof plan, graphite on tracing paper. Gift of Shin’enKan, Inc. Gift of Shin’enKan, Inc. Courtesy of AIC Goff Archives, CC0 (Bavinger House, roof plan).
Figure 102. Bavinger House, studio floor plan section, working drawing, 1950-1951. Gift of Shin’enKan, Inc. Courtesy of AIC Goff Archives, CC0.

Figure 103. Bavinger House, section, ink on tracing paper, 44x61 cm, Gift of Shin’enKan, Inc. Courtesy of AIC Goff Archives, CC0 [Bavinger House, section].
Figure 104. Bavinger House, section of suspended bedroom area and detail of cable-strut connection at roof, detail drawing, 1950-1951. Courtesy of AIC Goff Archives, CC0. (Bavinger House, section bedroom - details).

Figure 105. Bavinger House, perspective view of site, 1950-1951. Courtesy of AIC Goff Archives, CC0.
Figure 106. *Bavinger House*, plan of lower level showing water garden, graphite and colored pencil on tracing paper, 67x66 cm, signed and dated at bottom right, “Greenberg 7-50”. Gift of Shin’enKan, Inc. Courtesy of AIC Goff Archives, CC0. Bavinger House plan of lower level showing water garden.

Figure 107. *Bavinger House*, 3rd-level Plan, 1950-1951. Gift of Shin’enKan, Inc. Courtesy of AIC Goff Archives, CC0.
Figure 108. *Bavinger House*, East Elevation Showing Entrance, 1950-1951. Courtesy of AIC Goff Archives, CC0.

Figure 109. *Bavinger House*, west elevation opposite entrance, 1950-1951. Courtesy of AIC Goff Archives, CC0.
Figure 110. *Bavinger House*, north elevation showing suspended roof, 1950-1951. Courtesy of AIC Goff Archives, CC0.

Figure 111. *Bavinger House*, south elevation showing suspension bridge over ravine, 1950-1951. Courtesy of AIC Goff Archives, CC0.
Figure 112. Bavinger House, east elevation showing entrance, 1950-1951. Courtesy of AIC Goff Archives, CC0.

Figure 113. Bavinger House, west elevation, 1950-1951. Courtesy of AIC Goff Archives, CC0.
Figure 114. Bavinger House, south elevation showing suspension bridge over ravine, 1950-1951. Courtesy of AIC Goff Archives, CC0.

Figure 115. Bavinger House, north elevation showing suspension bridge over ravine, 1950-1951. Courtesy of AIC Goff Archives, CC0.
Figure 116. *Bavinger House*, interior perspective view from entry, 1950-1951. Courtesy of AIC Goff Archives, CC0.

Figure 117. *Bavinger House*, interior view showing stair down to bath, 1950-1951. Courtesy of AIC Goff Archives, CC0.
Figure 118. Bavinger House, interior view showing stairs and suspended child’s spaces, 1950-1951. Courtesy of AIC Goff Archives, CC0.

Figure 119. Bavinger House, east elevation showing entrance, color photo by Gene Bavinger, 1990. Courtesy of AIC Goff Archives, CC0.
Figure 120. Bavinger House, south elevation, B&W photo by Gene Bavinger, 1950-1951. Courtesy of AIC Goff Archives, CC0.

Figure 121. Bavinger House, north-east view of tower and 3rd-level, B&W photo by Gene Bavinger, 1950-1951. Courtesy of AIC Goff Archives, CC0.
Figure 122. Bavinger House, north elevation, B&W photo by Gene Bavinger, 1950-1951. Courtesy of AIC Goff Archives, CC0.

Figure 123. Bavinger House, east elevation showing 2nd-level and 3rd-level behind, color photo by Gene Bavinger, 1990. Courtesy of AIC Goff Archives, CC0.
After exhausting the AIC and NRHP references, I looked for images or videos I could find on the internet. I located seven videos taken by various visitors. Most are short, between 18 and 30 seconds to the longest one at 3:08 but proved to be enough visual information to begin the next step of understanding the general design of the house—how the house is situated on the site, its relationship to the ground, and the interior arrangement. Once I grasped the built form, I began working on demonstrating the house as an experience. This unfolded over time while I immersed myself in drawing every dimension of the house as possible. To this end and following Gordon Cullen’s concept of serial vision and storyboarding, I began to use hand drawings in a systematic fashion moving from a sketchbook to a series of 4” x 6” pen and ink experiential drawings on loose sheets of vellum, to tell the story of the house.

Informed by Gaston Bachelard’s poetic imagination and the nature of the Bavinger House, I reconstructed three journeys to and through the house by generating drawings and bringing together a manifold of experiential methodologies. The intention, again, is to investigate Goff’s experiential attitude and demonstrate the Bavinger House is a
paradigmatic example of a protected intimacy called home. Put differently, the goal is to establish Goff as a poetic architect who employed an imaginative organicism in his architecture.

There are two components to the ‘experiential’ power of this house. One is the receptive quality of the lived experience in the house, addressed in the drawings and narrative simulation. The second one is the production dimension. How Goff designed and the Bavingers’ built the house themselves. The focus on the former is the primary concern, but the BUILDING chapter addressed the unique actions of physically building the house and its impact on how it was later experienced (i.e., imagine the client(s) would remember putting a particular rock in place when he walked past it on his way to the kitchen), which is essential to the overall story. The act of making is fundamental to understanding the building, unlike any other, could never be rebuilt exactly. It is an ‘alive’ house. The story of this project, the building, the life, and the final death, or as Leatherbarrow called the time of the project from birth to death.\textsuperscript{371}

Now, let us turn to the receptive quality as an experiential narrative of the Bavinger House using three interrelated methodologies for addressing temporal, spatial, and existential considerations. The first one applies Christian Norberg-Schulz’s five space concepts—pragmatic, perceptual, existential, cognitive, and aesthetic\textsuperscript{372}—to interpret the various rich dimensions of the architectural experience.

The second one comes from Thomas Thiis-Evensen’s four architectural archetypes as timeless and fundamental elements of spatial delimitation, the floor, wall, roof, and skeletal system—generate archetypal, universal, expressive responses.\textsuperscript{373} Drawing specifically from Intentions in Architecture, by Norberg-Schulz, in regards to the debate between the “two extremes,” “rational technology” and “subjective creativity”. Thiis-Evensen questions whether or not there is another possibility based “on the entire phenomenon of architecture itself.” In other words, his is the question of experience.\textsuperscript{374} This question is particularly relevant to Goff as already stated his disdain for standardized, rational solutions, and was generally regarded as designing according to his personal, individualistic creative needs versus those of his clients.

The third draws from Gordon Cullen’s cinematic sequential narration or ‘serial vision’ to tell the temporal story of how the house is an experience.\textsuperscript{375} The narration unfolds in three sequential journeys, one exterior, and two interiors. The first journey begins from the main road, where I left off many years ago when confronted by a gate. This time, I walk past the gate and follow the roughly 400-foot dirt and gravel road to the front
The second one crosses the main entrance threshold and circumnavigates in a counterclockwise direction around the main level beginning and ending near the front door. Number three goes up the main set of stairs to the third or highest level and returns down the secondary stair and to the front door.

Within each journey, there is any number of views referred to as frames—as in cinematic moving frames. Frames are the drawings I use to show what I am looking at as I walk through the house; there are 91 total frames. Within each experiential frame, Cullen’s three interdependent orientation layers recognize the foreground, middle ground, and background. As each frame unfolds and cumulates, what appears in each, develops the imaginative experience.

Three journeys organize into Norberg-Schulz’s five space concepts referred to as dimensions. These concepts are used only for establishing categories or a taxonomy to organize the methodology (Figure 125). Dimension I is the pragmatic space. It is composed of all 98 frames as I am in action, walking to and throughout the house, albeit in my imagination. Within this dimension, journey 1 is composed of 20 frames, journey 2 has 42 frames, and journey 3 has 36 frames. Dimension II perceptual space draws from Steen Eiler Rasmussen’s book, Experiencing Architecture. It includes 14 keyframes presenting the sensorial experiences of these moments. Dimension III existential space draws insights inspired by Gaston Bachelard’s Poetics of Space. It is represented by 6 keyframes fully embedded within the experience. Keyframes, similar to Cullen’s ‘serial vision’ of Dimension I frames. Keyframes are used in both perceptual and existential spaces. They are different in they have extended experiential presence (i.e., they ‘linger’ in consciousness) and therefore demand more detailed discussions. This means several Dimension II and III frames are summarized into one keyframe. They are used here in any of the following ways. To represent and summarize a significant series of moments or events, or a single important event or a turning point (a hinge-point). For example, suddenly something happens or is revealed, or a decision needs to be made. They are not time dependent. There could two keyframes back-to-back followed by a separation of a 6-hour period of time, for example.
Dimension IV cognitive and logical space, and Dimension V absolute space emerge out of the experiential narrative. Dimension IV applies Kevin Lynch’s principles to organize the keyframes into a mental model. Thus, dimension IV pulls together into a mental model (or cognitive, third-person map) the cumulative experience and understanding so far as an experiential organization. Demonstration of this dimension will be an exploded axonometric drawing, along with a brief explanation of the overall formal, tectonic, spatial logic of the house. Thiis-Evensen’s archetypes as essential enveloping elements shape this understanding. The final Dimension V, absolute (mythic) space, brings everything together into a longer reflection on why and how this house works so well. Thiis-Evensen’s elements continue their contribution by providing connections to Mircea Eliade’s axis mundi,380 Martin Heidegger’s fourfold,381 and Grant Hildebrand’s principles of prospect and refuge.382 This dimension shows the expressive and holistic commune of the Bavinger house with Nature as well as the pleasure and beauty, all as organic qualities.
**Dimension I: Pragmatic Space**

The first dimension describes the basic details of how things appear to visitors—I am one of many visitors today—as a physical manifestation of what is happening by walking through the house—albeit in my imagination—in three journeys. To remind the reader, I have adopted Norberg-Schulz's “pragmatic space of physical action” and combined it with Cullen’s concept of serial vision composed in storyboards to structure the unfolding of the architectural experience. Like watching a movie with a storyline, a plot, and so on, this is the story of an unfolding sequence of spaces requiring patience for full disclosure and apprehension of the house. The house will slowly reveal itself to me in terms Cullen refers to as how it “behaves”.\(^{383}\) I walk from the beginning to the end of each journey, at a uniform pace, each view (frame) provides a series of revelations.\(^{384}\) Each revelatory view unfolds the mystery. The power of Cullen’s method is in bringing to life, from the printed page, a “sense of discovery and drama”.\(^{385}\) Therefore, each frame in the ninety-eight total frames of dimension I (20 for journey #1, 42 for journey #2, and 37 for journey #3), unfold slowly revealing more and more to me how the house “behaves”.

Following Cullen’s approach, I will recognize the always interactive conditions of foreground, middle ground, and background in each frame. I abbreviate them as F, M, and B, respectively.

**Interlude**

The primary property edge sits right off 60th Avenue, with a brief asphalt driveway turning quickly to a dirt road. From my research I knew the house sits deep in the wooded site approximately 395 feet from where I could just manage to park the car off the main road. Immediately, a locked gate and its companion, a “Private Property” sign greet. Hmmm, I think. I have not planned this well.

Because I was never able to visit the house, now demolished, I rely on my imagination, along with published and archival photographs, first-hand textual accounts, and Goff’s drawings of the house to narrate and draw my phenomenological interpretive journey. I begin where I left off many years ago, at the side of the road—at the base of the driveway, which leads me to the house. I imagine it the year 1958, three or so years following the Bavingers beginning to live in the house, and had been written about nationally and internationally. Aside from these parameters, I have suspended as much of my previous knowledge as possible of the house in order to allow for a complete phenomenological accounting through textual and graphic descriptions.
Journey #1: Arriving at and Entering the House
Frame 1:
(F) Driving along Highway 9, following the address numbers on posted mail boxes, I see the house number and turn off the road and onto a shoulder. (M) The shoulder turns into a red-dirt road, which has a locked gate. (B) Beyond the gate, the red-dirt road continues.

Frame 2:
(F) I get out of the car and approach the gate to read the sign. (M) “Private Property, No Trespassing.” (B) Leaving the car parked, I begin walking down the red-dirt road in search of the house.
Frame 3:
(F) After walking, I come to a clearing and stop here at a rock. I see the house for the first time. (M) Between me and the house the path continues. (B) In the distance, the roof peak rises.

Frame 4:
(F) Closer to the pool with the rock. (M) Behind the pool is a bench with objects sitting on it. (B) Beyond them are trees and vegetation.
Frame 5:
(F) I walk past the bench and stop at a stone structure. (M) The path continues around a grouping of four trees. (B) Rising behind the trees rises a vertical spiral.

Frame 6:
(F) I join many others on the path walking toward the vertical twisting structure. (M) The path trails to the right. (B) Trees surround the vertical spiral.
Frame 7:
(Up-close) I look straight up at the peak of the house.

Frame 8:
(F) The roof has a low rock wall. (M) The roof wraps around a rock wall. (B) Beyond are more trees.
Frame 9:
(F) The roof and low rock wall slope up to the left. (M) Lumber lies between the roof and rock wall. (B) The roof disappears around the cylindrical rock wall.

Frame 10:
(F) Moving closer to the lumber piece, which appears to be a roof joist. (M) To its right is a large chunk of glass. (B) Beyond wire struts leave my view as they travel upwards.
Frame 11:
(Up-close) I focus on the rock wall with chunks of glass scattered throughout the wall.

Frame 12:
(F) The same composition of rock and glass wall continues down a long stairway. (M) Decorative objects sitting in ponds. (B) The stairs continue below beyond my view.
Frame 13:
(F) I turn around to look back up the stairs at what looks like a lantern of sorts. (M) Flat stone steps lined by rock walls of which I have just come down. (B) A few people are milling around at the top of the stairs.

Frame 14:
(F) From a view high upon the hillside, on my left are the two sets of steps I have just come down. A pot sits at the base of these stairs in a ravine. (M) The ravine travels across a path to another set of steps, which are barely visible from here. (B) More trees and vegetation obscure my sight.
Frame 15:
(F) I continue walking across the ravine’s path. (M) There are more steps to go up. Overhead are the two cylinders. (B) In between them is a bridge suspended over water.

Frame 16:
(F) The two cylinders hang above people who are walking around and talking. (M) To my left, a patio goes around this tall single tree. (B) Again, trees and vegetation obscure my sight.
Frame 17:
(F) I walk on the patio between the tree surrounded by stacked rocks and a rock wall with chunks of glass. (M) Sculpture sits in partial shade and difficult to see but appears to be glass reflections. (B) A corner of the roof sits on a mound of rocks and vegetation with a backdrop of trees.

Frame 18:
(F) After walking across the patio reflections from the glass of its interior. (M) Now, a vertical plane appears to recede from one glass plane to the next one. (B) Beyond which is a colorful reflection of something.
Frame 19:
(F) The vertical plane is a door I open. (M) Just inside, hangs a large painting. (B) It is difficult to see beyond the painting, except for the ceiling continuing overhead.

Frame 20:
(F) Stepping across the threshold I am instantly facing the painting. (M) A carpeted bench appears to stop at a rock wall with a tall opening. (B) Beyond the wall's edge are stairs leading up.
Journey #2: Walking the Main Dimension of the House
Frame 21:
(F) I walk past the painting in between the glass wall on my right, and the steps up to a carpeted bench on my left. (M) The interior rock wall continues outside. (B) To my right, more stairs are going up. I cannot tell how far.

Frame 22:
(F) I turn slightly to look out the glass wall. (M) Now, I can see the back and profile of the sculpture. (B) Two chairs and a round table sit at the edge of the patio.
Frame 23:
(F) I continue turning clockwise to look out through the glass wall and the back of the sculpture. (M) A pot sits on the floor. (B) Behind it I know is the door but now it is completely in shadow.

Frame 24:
(F) I walk around the pot in order to view the door without so much shadow. (M) The door separates to glass walls. (B) Beyond the edge of the patio lies the hillside across the ravine.
Frame 25:
(F) A body in silhouette stands close to the glass front window wall. (M) A decal clings from the glass. (B) The patio continues to the hillside beyond.

Frame 26:
(F) It is a decal of the house. (M) The masks lie beyond. (B) Dense woods surround them.
Frame 27:
(Up-close) Anthropomorphized masks sit atop posts.

Frame 28:
(F) The masks recede from my view. (M) I change focus toward the front door. (B) Because the front wall is glass masks remain visible high up on the hillside.
Frame 29:
(F) A visitor opens the front door. (M) The front door pivots between a metal frame. (B) The corner of the roof sits on a pile of rocks or the rock wall.

Frame 30:
(F) Stacks of various-sized rocks compose the wall. (M) More rocks, glass chunks, and plants continue further back. (B) Barely visible is the skylight.
Frame 31:
(F) The rocks, glass chunks, and plants continue. (M) The lower part of the rock wall has a flat area with a couple of steps up on both sides. (B) The rock wall, skylight, and ceiling continue with more plants.

Frame 32:
(Up-close) I look up to where the wood joist, skylight, and ceiling meet.
Frame 33:
(F) To my right, is the edge of a carpeted—not sure what to call these—for now, I will refer to them as pods. (M) Two chairs sit next to a stove, which is a step or two lower. (B) More pods, cylinders, and stairs continue further back.

Frame 34:
(F) I walk closer to two chairs. (M) Next to them, the platform and rock wall continue, but I am not sure where either one ends. (B) One of the cylinders hangs behind the chairs and blocks my view.
Frame 35:
(F) I step down and walk past the stove and first pod. (M) Just beyond the stove is a pool of water and a rock edge. Over the water, the second pod hangs and lights the water. (B) The floor continues back to a round table.

Frame 36:
(F) A man stands against the pod. (M) A boy kneels by the water’s edge. The second pod and cylinder hang over the water. (B) Beyond them are stairs going up along the rock wall.
Frame 37:
(F) I walk towards the second pod which hovers just over my head. The flagstone wall narrows in width. (M) Two steps up are the same stone and rock. (B) There is a round table with a rock wall behind it.

Frame 38:
(F) Standing under the pod light and looking to my left, a visitor walks across the stepping-stones over the water. (M) Past her is another stove sitting close to the rock wall. (B) A cylinder looks like it goes through the wall and its frame of glass.
Frame 39:
(F) I walk closer to the bags and pots and bend down to look closer. (M) Past them, is another bag and a miniature stove. (B) Many rocks composing the wall.

Frame 40:
(Up-close) I bend down to look at the stove detailing.
Frame 41:
(Up-close) I turn away from the stove and go up the steps to get a broader view of the interior.

Frame 42:
(F) I walk up to the top step with my back against the wall. I can now see the top of the second pod slightly in front of me. (M) A visitor stands in front of the table taking photos of the house. (B) More pods and stairs are in the distance.
Frame 43:
(F) I turn slightly counter-clockwise to further broaden my view of the interior space. (M) Two pods go around the center rock wall. (B) The rock wall disappears behind the central one.

Frame 44:
(F) Pods two and three hang above my head. (M) Stairs wrap around the central wall. (B) The outer rock wall with jagged window openings continues out of sight.
Frame 45:
(F) After turning about 55º clockwise, I take a close look at this table. (M) It has a bench seat and backrest. (B) Outer rock wall and more glass chunks.

Frame 46:
(Up-close) I look closer at how the table’s seating and backrest meet the water and outer rock wall.
Frame 47:
(Up-close) I turn again towards the second pod to look at this lone chair.

Frame 48:
(F) Turning away, I see more of the bags and bowls. (M) The pod hovers above. (B) The miniature stove is barely visible against the rock wall.
Frame 49:
(F) A table and chairs sit near an irregular window. (M) A stove sits up against the wall. (B) The third pod goes through the wall.

Frame 50:
(F) Both stairs go over my head. (M) A pod breaks through the wall. (B) Beyond is only the ceiling and skylight.
Frame 51:
(F) Two bar stools sit at a countertop (M) The same outer rock wall continues around the back. (B) Beyond is a kitchen sink.

Frame 52:
(Up-close) Conventional two bar stools sit at the counter.
Frame 53:
(F) The kitchen sink on my right. (M) Above it is a glass cupboard. (B) Another irregular opening to the outside.

Frame 54:
(F) I walk up to the kitchen window to look out. (M) From here I can see the underside of one of the cylindrical appendages. (B) The underside of the bridge extends into the trees.
Frame 55:
(F) I stand between the sink and stove. (M) A boy is looking into the refrigerator. (B) Between him and the sink is a round washing machine on wheels.

Frame 56:
(F) After the boy closes the refrigerator door, I can now see where the oven is. (M) He rolled the washing machine into the door next to the pipe. (B) The hole in the wall provides a view out into the main space.
Frame 57:
(F) Stepping through the kitchen doorway returning to the first pod. (M) The cushion has a sunken area. (B) Behind is a cylinder.

Frame 58:
(F) A kid sits in this cushioned area. To his left is a built-in step. (M) From its deck, steps go up to the next two pods which I described earlier. (B) Behind him is the second pod.
Frame 59:
(F) A lamp hangs from the ceiling. (M) The cylinder also hangs. (B) Beyond is the wall.

Frame 60:
(Close-up) This lamp hangs in front of the cylinder.
Frame 61:
(F) Back to the front pod. (M) Steps lead to the next pod. (B) Beyond, more stairs.

Frame 62:
(F) Next to the front pod. (M) Someone is standing under a pod. (B) More pods and stairs.
Journey #3: Climbing to the Highest Dimension of the House
Frame 63:
(F) Fishnet hangs in between rebar rods. (M) Stairs hang between the fishnet and the rock. (B) I only see space beyond.

Frame 64:
(F) Nearing the second pod surrounded with fishnet tied to the rebar rods. (M) The pod sits against the back wall. (B) Stairs and more fishnet continue upwards to another pod.
Frame 65:
(F) The second pod to my right. (M) Below is a table. (B) Beyond, the same rock wall.

Frame 66:
(F) Looking across to a child playing. (M) Behind him is the rock wall. (B) Another pod.
Frame 67:
(F) The cylinder open door. (M) Inside are clothing. (B) Fishnet and curtains surround.

Frame 68:
(Up-close) Safety fishnet is sewn into the outer edge of each pod.
Frame 69:
(F) I return to the back stair. (M) The table sits near a cabinet. (B) Beyond is the rock wall.

Frame 70:
(F) The back stair continues above my head. (M) The main stair continues above. (B) Beyond is the ceiling.
Frame 71:
(F) As I go up the back stair, I turn around for a moment. (M) The third pod’s closet breaks through the wall. (B) Light from the outdoors fill the room.

Frame 72:
(F) Nearing the top of the back stair. (M) A pottery disc hangs from above. (B) Rebar rods create a wall.
Frame 73:
(F) A pottery disc hangs from above. (M) A wall of rebar rods inserted into thin tree limbs. (B) A door to the left and a cabinet with a sink is to the right.

Frame 74:
(F) Looking through the wall of rebar rods. (M) Where does the door go to? (B) Above and beyond alternate dark and light.
Frame 75:
(F) I open the door to see a wood bridge. (M) I walk to the other side. (B) It recedes into the trees.

Frame 76:
(F) Now at the other side. (M) Gene Bavinger. (B) The house behind him.
Frame 77:
(F) Returning to the bathroom, I look down at the tile floor. (M) I look over the floor edge to below. (B) I see the kitchen bar stools below.

Frame 78:
(F) The bathroom basin is a curved cabinet with an oval sink and mirror. (M) A bamboo screen divides the basin from the toilet. (B) The toilet is tucked in behind the cabinet and between the rock and glass wall.
Frame 79:
(F) There is a stool and bamboo curtain. (M) The shower door is open. (B) The rock wall curves around the shower area and disappears.

Frame 80:
(F) I tip-toe to the third pod. (M) There is a depressed cushioned area. (B) The edge of the pod intersects with the rock wall and cylinder.
Frame 81:
(F) As I turn clock-wise, fishnet and sheer curtains stay in my view. (M) The rock wall dominates the view. (B) The skylight separates the wall from the ceiling.

Frame 82:
(F) The side of the pod does not physically touch the rock wall. (M) Sheer curtains hang on the inside of the fishnet. (B) The closet edge meets the window pane.
Frame 83:
(F) I look up to the underside of the main stair. (M) Fishnet and rebar surround the stair. 
(B) The skylight meets the rock wall.

Frame 84:
(F) The rebar rods partition my view. (M) The fourth pod hovers above my head. (B) The jagged rock wall frames the window panes.
Frame 85:
(F) I am nearly to the top of the house with a few more steps ahead. On both sides, the curve of the rock wall gets tighter. (M) At the top of the stairs hangs another painting. (B) Behind it light floods the space.

Frame 86:
(F) I look up to see the dark rough outline of the rock wall to my left, in contrast to the light smooth wall to the right. (M) Rebar rods hold the painting in place from the ceiling. (B) Skylight window panes run between the walls and ceiling.
Frame 87:
(F) A rope and rebar rod ladder access the fan system above. (M) The fan is activated by a pulley system. (B) Above it is more window glass.

Frame 88:
(F) I take the last step up to the fifth and final dimension. (M) In between the skylight above and the glass wall. (B) Behind the glass wall, hangs a cylindrical appendage with an accessible door.
Frame 89:
(F) I begin turning clockwise in which the glass wall turns to rock. (M) Rock walls frame the West window. (B) Through the window are tree canopies.

Frame 90:
(Up-close) I look through the West window at the sky.
Frame 91:
(F) Turning back around, Gene Bavinger is now sitting at his painting easel. (M) Behind him is the glass wall and sheer curtains. (B) Beyond the glass wall are trees.

Frame 92:
(F) I head back down the main stairs. Rebar rods and fishnet hang in front of the play pod. (M) Bill and a friend are sitting and reading. (B) The rear edge of the pod has a rock wall.
Frame 93:
(F) As I continue to go down the stairs, there is rebar and fishnet hanging in front of my view. (M) Behind the pair is the second pod with its closet. (B) The garden wall with flagstone steps runs along the backside.

Frame 94:
(F) However, I decided to go down the back stair. (M) At the bottom, is a table and three chairs, a stove, a buffet table, and a dining table. (B) The rock wall curves out of my sight on both ends.
Frame 95:
(F) I take the back steps. (M) Beyond is the buffet table. (B) Behind the buffet is a pebble garden filled with more clay pots and bags.

Frame 96:
(F) The third pod hangs above my head. (M) The stove and pipe are anchored to the rock wall. (B) The fourth pod intersects the rock wall and is surrounded by glass.
Frame 97:
(F) Standing in front of the dining table, I look across the pond with flagstone stepping stones and various pieces of glass. (M) Hanging above the pond is the second pod. (B) The rock wall and flagstone steps run past the pod and out of my sight.

Frame 98:
(F) Before heading to the front door, I take one more look into the water's reflection. (M) Onwards from which I began. (B) To the outdoor heat of the day.
Dimension II: Perceptual Space

The second dimension combines Norberg-Schulz’s “perceptual space of immediate orientation” and Rasmussen’s first-person sensorial perspective. I continue my imaginative journey unfolding before me with limited reliance on Merleau-Ponty’s focus on the primacy of human perception through our engaged body with the world around us. There will be moments where I draw upon Goff’s words to enhance the experience, as well as include other external sources.

As a reminder, keyframes are chosen for their most significant or revelatory moments, events, or hinge points out of all the frames from the Dimension I visit. Each represents the cumulative experience from the previous frames based on perceptual qualities. For example, movement from wondering and seeking to a distinct clearing or opening; Throughout taking the three journeys through Dimension II, momentum builds into the next Dimension III.

In part two, “The World as Perceived”, in Phenomenology of Perception, Merleau-Ponty describes walking around his “flat” (home), and how each successive singular viewpoint of “various aspects” presented to him is not independent of one another, but based on his knowledge gained through his “bodily experience[s]”—his movements through his home. He is then able to understand and “draw together … all habitual perspectives … successively from various positions.” It is through the body we experience and distinguish one thing from another, and is part of our “perceptual field.” Therefore, everything we know in the world depends on our experience.

The Bavinger House evokes an immediate and strong presence for the visitor. As I walk, I will describe for you how the space feels in terms of the immediacy to all of my senses which drive the interpretation. Touch, smell, and taste are the most basic senses and require intimacy. In biology the cell has touch and taste. All three are chemical and material based, which is to say, very embodied from a Merleau-Pontian perspective.

There will be many times of feeling as if I am in a virtual parallax scrolling world. Other times, time itself stands still. The house demands my attention as it is a living, embodied thing slowing my pace down as I weave my way along the forest pathway to arrive at the front door and follow along the three journeys through the house. Unlike the Farnsworth House where everything is resolved for the visitor and therefore liberates you from all manner of contemplation in a Platonic way. The final destination of Dimension II will complete something within the visitor, me, but will not necessarily be complete.
Journey #1: Arriving at and Entering the House
Keyframe 3:

Following the 400-foot long, meandering red-dirt road through the lovely yet heavy and dark forest of tall trees and thick vegetation where the sun is unable to penetrate, keeps me cool. Sweet aromas of pine and other woodsy scents I am unable to name grow noticeably faint when suddenly, trees and vegetation part inviting a brightly lit sky. As I emerge from feeling cool given by the pleasantly shaded dense woods, lost in my thoughts of excitement about various expectations of what I will soon encounter, I had forgotten how hot the sun is on this late summer day. Something harnesses my attention. I stop at this rock returning to the present moment.

Finally, there it is! What I have come all this way to visit and experience it myself. Now, after so many years of an earlier failed effort. Even though, it stands at a considerable distance from me, the heavy rock house seems to come directly out of the ground as it moves upwards towards the sky. Its peak reflected in the pool of water.
Keyframe 8:

Drawn to the immediacy of its graceful presence, which is one of strength and delicacy. There is a sense of balance and harmony even though I have yet to experience the interior. As the bold central wall is of the same rock everywhere I look, the effort involved to place this great amount of rock undoubtedly took tremendous amounts of labor to build. I imagine workers sweating in the hot, baking sun, calloused hands picking up every rock and deciding where to place it. Irregular chunks of colored blue-green glass increase the feelings of harmony. Periodically, one or two pieces of glass catch a ray of sun and glitter with flashes of bright light.

The roof takes on an unusual, akin to an elegant sweeping shape reminiscent of a sailboat. The same rock and glass frame the roof. It hovers ever so delicately as it floats over the first of two skylights. The second skylight bridges between the tall, heavy rock wall and its floating companion. The verticality of the wall and accompanying copper tubes continue the dedication to balance and harmony. The copper tubes show signs of time and weather in their patina of different circumferences and lengths, one just slightly in front of the other. Behind them is a bridge amongst trees.

Stainless steel struts tautly connect the roof to its peak. The rugged rock and jagged glass chunks juxtapose the pinpoint accuracy of the struts. I can almost hear the wind blowing and the struts responding in a harmonious chorus of whistling birds with their sing-song springtime happy chirps. When the weather turns and the sun-seekers fly away, these ultra-thin wires become encased with ice showing off their glistening arrow-straight verticality in a dance with their delicate snow-covered tree branches.
Keyframe 14:
From the very beginning of this journey walking past the main gate, I have called, Stonehenge, guided ease has shown me the way toward the house. There is a series of steps to a landing and pathway below. Effortlessly, I take each step down with their long generous runs, which are smooth and graceful, and rhythmically modulated. Sculptural artistic pieces fill the randomly shaped pools of water flow down with each step. I imagine the lantern-like pieces lighting the way on a foggy misty morning. Although I have yet to even see where the front of the house is, I feel a sense of wholeness between landscape and home.

Now at the lower landing, scrambling up the hillside like a kid to get a better view of the supposed house, my jaw gaping wide open as the theme of an other-worldly-like house continues, now what? How a family lives here is well beyond my comprehension. Is it partially buried? What role do the round-suspended cylinders serve? Regardless, the roof I know is there has ceased being merely a roof but hard-shell evoking images of the turtle’s domed carapace shield, it is a protective home. It evokes both a commanding presence gazing over the southern view, yet with its back burrowed and intimately connected with the earth, which is also its protector. Or so it seems!
Keyframe 17:
The instinctual guidance continues across the rocky landscape along the ravine, enhanced by the continuity of materials, which as far as I can tell, are simply rocks, metal, and vegetation as far as the eye can see. The flagstone path weaves its way around stacked rocks onto the patio. Rocks on my left skirt around a thin tall tree and on my right, a world of blue-green magical fantasy as more rocks spill out from the rock wall edge. There is a large irregular-shaped window set into the wall. Because there are no window mullions, from afar I thought it to be a clear opening in the wall. The sculpture ahead sitting in partial shade tells me I am close to finding a cool interior. The voice in my head says, “I hope! This humidity is killing me!!” Although, the refreshing sounds of fish quickly splash breaking the surface of the pond below catching their meals for the day.

There is a strength of composition verticality of the two cylinders hanging above visitors accompanied by one or two tall trees. A rhythmic regularity to the short and tall cylinders as they dance around the exterior into its interior where the rhythm continues, albeit not always clearly perceptual at first, yet in an orchestrated and balanced to the horizontal patio platform and roof line. The roof line disappears when looking across the patio due to the intense shading it creates. I do know the corner sits on a mound of rocks and vegetation with a backdrop of trees.
Keyframe 20:
As I and the other guests have been following the path’s instructional guidance, although, at the same time, there is a clear refusal of access. Having finally arrived closer to the front door, many around me, their hands cupped to their mouths, under their breath chitter-chatter of growing anticipation coupled with uncertainties fills the air. For my part, my instincts tell me I have traveled here a hundred times. This feeling of yin-yang or hem and haw of orienting myself, sliding my way across the patio is slowed by not having to watch my every step, only the need to take it all in. Every detail is so purposeful, but how can it be? Everything is simply made of stacked rocks with so much vegetation it all blurs together, except for the glistening crystal blue chunks, or are they green?

Just to find the heavy wood front door to open one needs to be standing nearly right in front of it. Once on the patio, it has become easier to comprehend the entire wall is all glass. Below the patio, there was so much reflection it was difficult to know. I am anxious to go inside where I hope to find a cool environment. While the intensely hot and humid day has been balanced by the cool calmness. Along with the native trees, there is so much bamboo everywhere it is as if this house was in Asia. The thickness of the humidity exacerbates this feeling accosts my breathing I cannot stop thinking about it. Fortunately, the fusion of trees and flowering plant life has slowed my thoughts into a relaxed tempo of calmness. I am beginning to feel the serenity around me.
Journey #2: Walking the Main Dimension of the House
Keyframe 24:
Stepping into the house is a dramatic relief from the intensity of a hot and humid day. Crossing the threshold, while a welcome relief and full of excitement, the experience so far has been beyond strange, nevertheless, I push on.

The glass walls disappear when gazing across the patio to the world of a chorus of Twiggy-thin forests of bamboo. Their beauty and naturalness are blended and brought into the interior. Ingenuity placed the door at an unexpected angle. It too nearly disappears. The glass wall behind the door has two panes, the outer one runs between the rocky mound creating an exterior-interior rock relationship. Bits of glistening sunlight hit the tectonic faces of glass chunks. The patio’s fieldstone floor material continues into the house. Naturally, albeit, oddly, so does the large mound of rocks and vegetation which strengthens the security of the ground. There is little doubt about an intentional synthesis of nature and home. All is very elemental.

It is not enough to say the dematerialization of the door and glass walls has brought the outdoors inside or as a complement to it, they are indistinguishable. Is there a threshold? This is debatable. The muscular front door asserts itself as the keeper of the threshold debate. Artistically undiluted for service, the door’s iron spine holds steady while pivoting about its frame to welcome guests.
Keyframe 31:
Out of the corner of my eye, flickers of light catch my attention. I turn to see a colorful composition—an improvisation completes a circuit within me as if the whole was already complete. A rocky landscape stacked higher than I am tall. Nature’s tribute to a garden paradise harmoniously merges with the reality of a living environment. Larger rocks form the compositional backbone to the setting. Groups of smaller stones seem to create their own neighborhoods. Chunks of colorful glass stand out to say, “Look at us.” Triangular rocky groupings expand outwards as they anchor the garden corners in order to stay open for growth. It is as if arranged like “scales on a fish” creating a mountainous landscape. The mountain includes a few steps up to a smooth walking path.

Glassy lanterns lit by sunrays stream through the ribbon skylight. As the wall curves, the entire space is abundant with the magic of multi-color vibrant light. As a result, the wall feels like a carefully crafted tapestry of dazzling colors and textures with a profusion of gorgeous orchids inconceivably growing out and in between rocks. Even the liberal amounts of shadows generated from each rock’s variety of different depths of angular facets are not black nor meaningless. On the contrary, they provide a special richness to the colors.

I imagine the house would be a botanist’s dream to live here.
Keyframe 33:

Adjusting my preconceived expectations and the ideas of possibilities; to an atmosphere of contradictions: containment and openness, transparency and density, order and chaos, appearance and disappearance. Skillful movement between light and dark is enhanced by the continuation of the mountain path as it curves along behind the copper cylinder, or does it? Regardless, there is a clear balance of resultant space and form. Admittedly, I expected a moody and colorless, deep dark cavernous space.

Answering the irresistible call to explore deeper into the house, but quickly lookup first at the abundance of textures catch my attention. Jagged rock and glass faces show their triangular tectonic nature of strength. Jagged faces are complemented by porous and gritty ones. This unified group stack up vertically opposite to alternating patterns of dense, gnarled lumber fans out horizontally. Faint aromas suggesting a hefty earthiness wafting from the rocks are offset by the sweet, aromatic fragrance of wood pitch.

The floral rock garden wall curves slightly towards the back, at which point I am unsure of what exactly is happening. My eyes follow the ceiling’s bowing for guidance. The continuous skylight follows its commands and allows a cylinder to dramatically break through the rocky landscape of the wall. As if an orchestrated event, soft light filters through like beats of a musical note as my eyes follow it is bouncing here and there, especially as the sun’s light rays bounce off each step.
Keyframe 36:

Curiosity watches the curious as a young boy plays with toy boats floating in the water. An organic scene of Nature assimilating a beautiful life shaped by a universal language. Its essence feels like an elemental embrace of Nature into the process and art of living. Natural light, with its ethereal variety of change, fundamentally orchestrates the intensities of the house, for there is not one intense moment. Refracting brilliant light bends, pierces, and bounces highlighting the many moments of poignancy. Coupling shadows dramatically gratify my sense of touch: the cushiness of floating carpet bowls; the velvety folds of the privacy curtains; and exposed hammer-hits on the cylinder’s copper faces showcasing its leafy friends.

Returning my attention to the young boy, light filters through the skylight falling on all in its path magically bringing intensity and drama to the magical scene. The suspended copper cylinder is both above and in this organically-shaped pool, along with the fish in it. Live fish, not in an aquarium, but in a freshwater pool!
Keyframe 44:
A wide angle of relaxation, the whole, fully completed ... From this vantage point, I can see more of the house but still not enough to anticipate what comes next. Because there are no walls on the inside of the building, the floor feels free and endless, especially when it disappears around the center rock coil and is out of view. I am trying to capture the entire interior within my periphery, but it seems impossible. It feels like what I imagine being in a grotto would be, as though dug out of an enormous rock, yet light gives me the impression it is alive—in constant movement. Because of its upward spiral and curving base, nothing seems to end. I am beginning to notice how the staircases and pods are pivoting around the center, including my own body as I have so far been moving in what feels like the direction of a gigantic seashell. It feels as natural as walking on the beach or in the woods.
Keyframe 58:

One of the visitors is sitting in the large pod near the front window wall. He has not been the only person to sit there. Many others have too, including myself out of curiosity and it is the only place I could find to sit in the front area of the house. Watching visitors come and go, it seems to be a naturally inviting place for people to meet and talk, as many today have done. There is a sense of space within a space. While many have sat here and chatted throughout my visit, the carpeted seating is keeping the noise level to a minimum. Perhaps, many of talking quietly due to the intimate proximity to others.

I think about the family who lives here and how this would foster a unique type of closeness amongst family members, very different from my childhood. Imagining the soft carpet warming and providing a cozy place to sit and open presents on snowy Christmas day. This feels like the heart of the house.
I walk back to the front of the first pod to see as much of the interior as possible, but this seems impossible. Despite the house being quite small with an open floor plan, as I continue walking, each view is not what I expect. Pressing on, the mystery of this house reveals more and more. Trying to not get discouraged as the continuous ceiling makes me feel as though I could walk in this house seemingly without end. The ceiling twists around the two spiraling stone walls and is soon out of my sight. It also follows the curve of the rock wall which appears to float above the wall.

Regardless of being a cavernous space, there is a constant fluctuation of natural light from the skylight, which cascades into the interior emphasizing its unsparing textural character. The rough texture of the rock emphasizes their strength of structure and contrasts with the smooth ceiling, sharply polished faces of glass chunks, and soft, lightly textured carpeted pods. This natural free flux of light creates as many shadows as there are rocks composing the two walls. The shadows are not harsh but gently accentuate their natural character. The breezy-like way the gentle folds of the curtains and netting hang contrasts the stiff verticality of the cylinders and iron rods which march up alongside the stairs.
Journey #3: Climbing to the Highest Dimension of the House
Keyframe 71:

Mesmerized by the commanding light from above—an unknown source of wonder—I concede. It tells me to follow the chorus of soft shadows generously whose bounce upon a surface, brightens the path for me to follow. And so I go, my toes tap to make sure each wood step is secure and not given to sway underneath my weight. Still unsure, I sense the rhythmic vibrations of others moving up ahead of me. Breathing a sigh of relief, now feeling locked securely between the impenetrable rocky wall and springy gauze of webbing suggesting safety.

Cranking my neck to view past the underside of the third pod, I witness a gravitational force yanking forcefully the copper cylinder through its defensible boundary questioning its territoriality. Natural light envelopes the cylinder as a golden halo accentuating the malleable nature of the copper's luxurious sheen. This pinkish-orange spectrum contrasts the rocky vertical landscape.
Keyframe 91

Perseverance pays dividends arriving at such a space I can only describe as fully kinesthetic, immersive, and participatory work of art. Moving vertically with each successive level the house has provided upward stimulus as a dialogue partner throughout journey number three. Myself and others around me, our collective labored and irregular breathing gives way to murmurs of exhilaration. The last several minutes it took to arrive at this, the final level, only to have a large painting obscure a full view into Gene’s painting studio felt a moment of frustration. Yet, rewards us with an enriching experience of feeling deeply connected to the extension of nature as one in the same with this man-made space.

I find myself questioning as the day begins to recede. Pulsating exhalations of light easily giving way to an increasingly deeper breaths of its shadowy partner. Soon, the sun around us will bids its good night. A glow of secretive intimacy envelopes the room.
Dimension III: Existential Space

The third dimension combines Norberg-Schulz’s, “existential space which forms man’s stable image of his environment” and Bachelard’s focus on our home that not only provides for our physical needs, it “allows” for us to daydream, remember, and imagine in peace. In other words, the previous largely figurative and distant sensory dimension now originates and is confirmed haptically in the three-dimensional experience of the body—my bodily experience within my imagination—as the basis for my understanding of the house. Furthermore, we will encounter suggestions of Hildebrand’s principles, prospect and refuge, Eliade’s sacred and profane, and Heidegger’s fourfold.

Dimension three is where I not only act and perceive my surroundings but am fully embodied in the spatial experience. Bachelard refers to our inhabiting space as a “dynamic rivalry between house and universe” versus simply a form. Recognizing its existential and meaningful impact, infused with my personal memories manifesting as emotional responses to the experience leave aside any factual architectural knowledge.

As a reminder, keyframes are chosen for their most significant or revelatory moments, events, or hinge points out of all the frames from the Dimension I visit. Each represents the cumulative experience from the previous frames based on existential qualities. For example, chosen for their emotional force found in the body’s orientation and identification to provide meaning to the experience(s). Throughout the three journeys through Dimension III, momentum builds into the next Dimension IV.
Journey #1: Arriving at and Entering the House
Keyframe 3:
I am beginning to wonder if I am caught in a no man’s land. Recalling many years ago my profound disappointment when I was not able to visit the house, and for a few moments I become both impatient and hopeful. And, so I continue walking through the darkness of the forest lost in my thoughts, when suddenly like a precious gift the trees give way and open to the brightly lit sky.

A massive granite structure, perhaps a threshold gate, stands before me as if granting me access to a sacred place. The two vertical pieces have wedge-like cross-sections, and the horizontal one is rectangular, which looks like a prehistoric architrave tower over my head. The stone shows the many craggy joints from weathering, as well as chisel markings. Looking past the gate, I see architecture completely harmonious with Nature. It evokes a castle-like sense of earthy monumentality rising amidst the forested landscape. It stands as a mountain peak reaching high into the heavens. Reaching to receive an eternity of protection for the life housed under it.
Keyframe 17:

Finally arriving to the patio terrace has not been quick nor straight-forward. There were many decisions to make, yet I never lost sense of an orchestrated and intentional path. It is as though, I knew exactly where to go, even though the steps ahead of me were at times obscured from my partial or full view. Each few steps taken, embodied memories of years ago disappointment shift to renewed aspirations moving through my body as an increasingly enriching pathway.\(^{412}\)

From this new vantage point, what seemed unclear earlier, is the long, dark, shadowy protective edge barrier to entry. Or rather, to keep the intensity of the summer’s heat from populating the interior. Two robust sculpted figures stand prominently claiming this spatial void to animate their place. A place of welcomed coolness to escape too next.
Journey #2: Walking the Main Dimension of the House
Keyframe 24:

To my astonishment, or rather now my expectation, the boldness of the threshold joins a holy matrimony of Nature and Individual; the landscape of the natural world sharing the boundary of the “human inner world”. My individual body sharing this special and unique boundary of this house. I feel a sense of connectedness with the larger community of visitors here today. The singular step across a simple threshold “becomes an extraordinary sensitive region”, dissolving yet reinforcing any separation of the “identity of both the inside and outside communities.”

Sunlight falls through the wall-less windows reminding me of my childhood home. My tiny eyes viewing the vastness of our canyon-like backyard waiting for summer time. Dreaming of running, playing, and splashing in the cool water of our swimming pool.
Keyframe 44:

Asking myself, how can this be? Carpeted elements and copper-sided cylinders floating in space around me in unison in dynamic dancing equilibrium. A thriving living environment abundant with plant and aquatic life reverberates throughout the house as a world unto itself. Yet, I feel its tranquil invitation to join the direct engagement of the family body. The deeper into the house I have walked and experienced, I have felt cradled by the rock wall. I imagine the Bavinger family living here through the many torrential storms in this part of the country while being fully protected from nature’s angry battles. Not like any other house I have experienced this one provides a protected and privileged warmth in its bosom against the hostilities of the universe. Here, we are “bathed in nourishment … gratified with all the essential benefits … of a well-tempered … material paradise.”
Keyframe 58:

One of the visitors is sitting alone in the large pod near the front window wall posing for a camera. All day, others have also wanted their photos taken from there. Otherwise, two, or three, to almost a dozen people have been attracted to gathering on the massive cushion and talking, probably about this incredible experience of a house. I suppose this is the “hearth” of the house, or in my mind, the heart of the house.

Looking at this kid sitting there with what looks like the house rising vertically above him, this first-floor flows outward to the patio terrace and the hillside on the other side of the ravine where I saw those masks. I imagine them to be neighbors waving across the ravine to the Bavinger family.

The communal nature of the gathering place recalls my childhood memories of sitting close to the hearth ablaze with heat on a chilly winter morning. As children, we would sit close while opening gifts on Christmas morning while the snow fell out our large picture window.
Journey #3: Climbing to the Highest Dimension of the House
Keyframe 91:
The spiral stair now delivers this humbled visitor to what can only be described as the spiritual and creative center of this house. The house as a body in dialogue with my own expresses the movement of each step taken toward arrival. An architectural manifestation of upward movement feels as though I am moving ever higher towards the heavens elegantly dramatized as I stand here surrounded by expanding and contrasting clouds. Gene Bavinger is sitting here painting as if in a world all his own. The smoke curling from his thin cigarette reminding me of days long ago when as a child it filled the air. I find myself envious of this artistic space entirely of trees, leaves, and gentle clouds above all in clear communion with Nature. Completely open visually yet so emotionally private and intimate. As I look out past the tree limbs to the clouds above a sense of their magical powers reflecting the soul of the world in tranquil solitude. It is in this space alone I turn inward to how the “panorama of experiences” from today, populate and develop meaningful memories.
Dimension IV: Cognitive and Logical Space

Dimension IV, cognitive and logical space does two things. It brings into mental and conscious order the cumulative experience and understanding of the house thus far and hints at the final Dimension V, the Absolute (mytho poetic) Space. In the first orientation dimension, I began accumulating impressions through the action of walking along the three paths (i.e., journeys) in visiting the house. In Dimension II, I highlighted (i.e., keyframes) the most relevant sensory-motor experiences. My movements were immediate and moment-to-moment without assigning meaning. In Dimension three, I became fully embodied in the experience. I recognized connections and significant moments in the existential and meaningful impacts of the house through my personal memories, and the context of cultural and social interactions.

Norberg-Schulz defines cognitive space as “the physical world and the abstract space of pure logical relations.”\(^{(419)}\) In other words, it is our human capacity to think about space intellectually and from an external third-person perspective of the whole—as detached wholistic concepts in our head, sometimes referred to as ‘mental models—and our abilities to describe to others. In this dimension, I describe the house in two separate ways. First, I describe the house cognitively (consciously) using formal reasoning, coupled with the information acquired through the research and drawing exercises, along with axonometric views. Any emotional, social, or creative ability is suspended for now.

The Bavinger House is composed of four elements, which will be further defined in the next section, logical space. They are a wall, a roof, a floor, and a structural pole. The entire house is organized around the centrality of this single pole. The foundation and floor plan are mathematically accurate logarithmic spirals (Figure 135).\(^{(420)}\) The roof plan (Figure 136) mimics the floor plan and is suspended from the pole by stainless steel struts as they radiate around it. The footbridge, which acts as a counterweight is also attached to the pole. A continuous glass skylight separates the stone wall from the roof and follows it as it spirals upwards. Another skylight follows the inner coil wall. A continuous wall generates the interior volume. The wall begins below ground near the entrance\(^{(421)}\) and as it gains in height it becomes tighter.
The primary approach to the house is from the rear opposite the parking area. An irregular path from the parking merges with one coming from the main road and leads to equally irregular steps, which descend to a short path parallel to the pond, and up a few more steps, to the terrace overlooking the pond. The steps and terrace flagstone material continue inside the main floor. Two angled plate glass walls meet their respective sides of the acutely-angled front door. A second door is located on the intermediate or second dimension. It accesses the suspended footbridge spanning the pond below.

The entire interior is a three-story high continuous flow of free and unobstructed space. The five living areas in the shape of bowls, along with their paired storage cylinders (closets) step up at intervals of three feet. The five pairs and the circular stair array...
around the central pole (mast) at regular intervals in both plan and section and in a fixed radial relationship. Each pair are considered as a room with specific functions beginning with the first pair on the main dimension, the “conversation” area. The second pair is the master bedroom. The third pair serves as the children’s play area and is considered the second story, and is suspended over the dining area. The next pair is the children’s bedroom, and the final pair in the third story is Gene Bavinger’s painting studio. The second, third, and fourth bowls have walls in the form of safety netting and privacy curtains. The kitchen, bathroom, electrical, mechanical, and plumbing are stacked in the inner core of the logarithmic wall. Cabinets separate the dining area from the kitchen which opens into the living space through an irregular opening in the rock wall.

In logical space, I describe the house again, following the organizing principles of four archetypal elements, as defined by This-Evensen in his book *Archetypes in Architecture*. The book is divided into three archetypes: the floor, the wall, and the roof, and a fourth, the skeleton system is included under the wall chapter, and is the weakest of the four archetypes as a result. Furthermore, it is limited to variations of the column and beam, but the structure in the house is the central pole or mast. Each archetype essentially describes and will provide the basis for their “existential expression” will be important for the next dimension of discussion. Moreover, each archetype will have either a horizontal or vertical expression related to the fourfold and axis mundi in Absolute (mytho-poetic) space.

The floor, wall, and roof share a commonality as each one separates the exterior from the interior space. They do this through three qualitative concepts: motion, weight, and substance all of which are related “to our bodily experiences.” The motion describes each element in terms of its “dynamic nature” of expansion, contraction, or balance. Weight describes the “heaviness” of each about gravity, and substance refers to the “materiality” of the elements. They demonstrate a fundamental, universal grammar in building architecture affect us psychologically (and eventually socially) in archetypical ways, regardless of the individual or culture.

Following the chapter sequence given, I begin with the architectural archetype, the floor. The chapter begins with “Nature’s own floor, the ground”, due to its importance in the relationship between the ground’s surface we walk on, in terms of its Heideggerian connection to the earth as the mass below. Embedded within and fundamental to the floor is how we experience feelings of security, expressed through the qualities
previously listed as motion, weight, and substance. They in turn affect our movements either by hindering or providing freedom derived from the "interplay of surface and mass."

The first two qualities concern the horizontal characteristics and relationships to the external environment of our forward movement (directional theme) and our position (delimiting theme) within a boundary. In other words, the floor carries us from one side of a space to another or the inside of a space to the outside. Both depend on the vertical relationship to the ground, or space beneath—the natural ground. The floor provides existential stability and, when excavated, returns us to ‘mother earth’ with a sense of containment and protection impossible to duplicate by any of the other three archetypal elements.

Goff and Bavinger use two materials for orchestrating the quality of movement and position relative to the exterior relationship but not by the clear means outlined by Thiis-Evensen. Also, how motion is generated as defined by the floor’s surface, form, or paths, alone or in combination, is done in unexpected ways. Both materials were gathered from the site, naturally flat flagstone pavers and wood from ornamental downed trees for the interior stair treads.

Beginning with flagstone is used throughout all of the flooring materials regardless of exterior or interior location. There are a series of flagstone steps down (Frames 12-13), from the parking or ground level to arrive at a short path parallel to the pond (Frame 14).

Taking the short path and up a few more steps (Frame 15), which bring us to the flagstone terrace (Frames 16-17).
Goff does not create a path or “an independent pattern [as] a figure against the background”, but instead the figure-ground relationship begins to merge. This merging continues as the flagstone terrace seamlessly crosses the front door threshold (Frames 18-19) becoming the interior floor (Frame 20).

The floor continues guiding our movements, which meander and weave a path around terraced garden areas (Frame 31), stepped pathways (Frame 34), and short ledges lining the pools (Frames 35, 41). Using flagstone—stone—reflects solidity and dependability, and as the first floor gradually transitions to a sunken floor it generates a strong connection to the earth below—nature’s floor.
The flagstone and wood steps also generate situations influencing our position relative to the surrounding walls. The floor can be connected to the walls or separate zones of smaller areas within the larger similar to the description given for the stratified layer-upon-layer situation. As in motion, Goff neither connects nor separates areas but merges them, yet retaining a figure-ground relationship. There are three separate floors in the house, which are defined figures, but their background is not necessarily neutral. Furthermore, it constantly changes with every step taken.

One of the first actions taken when initiating the construction of the house was to excavate the ravine bank to create a sunken first floor. This-Evensen refers to our actions below ground, as leaving what is familiar and known to become dependent on guidance, where we face earth’s “primordial forces”. When we are above the mass we are liberated, independent, and in control. We know the house has three stories and two intermediate ones, each serving as a specific room. Overall, the house is configured as a layered open floor plan. This layer archetype creates a stratified effect of layer upon layer with a distinctive figure-ground relationship clearly defined. For example, smaller areas with specified zones are distinguished from large ones for a “neutral background” to emerge. Goff’s functional living bowls: the conversational area, the master bedroom, the children’s playroom, and the bedroom, each is a distinct figure, but their background is not necessarily neutral. Further, visually each one constantly changes its position relative to every step taken throughout the house, as does each respective background. Therefore, at various points, these figures (bowls) separate (Frame 42), overlap (Frame 43), or merge (Frame 44).
The living bowls are carpeted which Thiis-Evensen refers to as floor types, Soft and Natural Carpets. These carpet characteristics share with grass and moss for feelings of friendliness, comfort, and protection emphasizing the differences between being inside versus outside. Also, there are psychological feelings of being welcomed in, to come in out of the cold to be warmed by the fireplace where it is cozy and warm. The fireplace in the house can be considered as the conversational pod—the hearth of the house. [insert BG quote re: ‘we no longer sit around the fireplace and listen to grandpa’.] The texture of the carpet brings people together and with its inherent noise reduction adds to the overall quality of richness opening the space, what Thiis-Evensen refers to as spaces within spaces for intimate groups.

When first entering the house, the floor does not immediately begin below ground but does so soon with a series of one and two steps down the further into the house we go. It is there, after the first few steps (Frame 33) when we first encounter water in the form of goldfish pools. The pools exhibit the essential kinship with nature whose water surface becomes an opening to the primal earth below. A wood-burning stove hangs slightly above one of the pools captures the stove’s heat and generates a glowing luminosity. Secondary radiance comes from the overhanging master bedroom pod (Frame 37). Stepping stones provide secure footing to cross the pools between the garden wall and the dining area (Frame 38). As we cross, we see our reflection aglow as the water’s surface acts as a mirror of our inner soul.
There are two sets of stairs both following the inner coil wall, but do not come in contact with it (Frame 70). All of the steps are made from salvaged wood. The main stair begins with three short steps up to the conversation bowl (Frame 21). The second stair begins near the dining area table (Frames 37, 69) and goes up to the intermediate level which accesses the bathing facilities across from the playroom (Frame 72). Both sets can be viewed at once from the stepping stones nearest the dining table (Frame 44).
Each bowl has a platform for walking out and onto it or to continue taking more stairs (Frames 57, 80). For example, from the conversation area, the stair just behind the young man goes up to the master bedroom (Frames 58). Next, is the children’s playroom, seen here beyond the first two bowls (Frame 62) and here as Bill plays in it (Frame 66). The last bowl that is visible from the interior is the children’s bedroom, seen from below as it penetrates the rock wall (Frame 50). The fifth and final room is the painting studio seen in an original photograph from the terrace (Figure 149).
Figure 138. **Frames 57, 80, 58**

Figure 139. **Frames 62, 66, 50**

Figure 140. *Painting Studio seen from terrace below*, B&W photo, *Progressive Architecture*, December 1962.
Stairs not only link or take us from one level to another, but they also appeal to our sense of curiosity and invite us to satisfy this impulse to know. As we go up to seek out something special there is a mix of both tension and expectation. What will we find? Thiis-Evensen refers to this goal as attaining an “elevated and ‘sacred’ quality.” As we approach the third and highest dimension in the house (Frame 85) our initial view is partially blocked by a large painting. This increases our anticipation, which is soon richly rewarded when we arrive at a studio in the sky (Frame 88). What we find—what I will experience—is Gene’s dedicated painting studio (Frame 91). I am filled with a sense of privilege and courtesy has been granted to me. Before turning to go back down the stairs, I look out and wonder what might have been if I had pursued my dream of being a painter (Frame 90). Resigned from dreaming many years ago, I start going downstairs now feeling humbled by seeing the studio where Bavinger creates the paintings found throughout the house.

The main purpose of the second archetype, the wall is to distinguish between two spaces, “territories” and provide support to a roof. By using the verb, delimit, Thiis-Evensen is referring to the exterior landscape as well as how people comport themselves socially. The wall’s main forms are: horizontal, vertical, flat, convex, concave, straight, leaning forward, and leaning away. Four of the eight are discussed beginning with the convex and concave walls, followed by the horizontal and vertical.
The wall has two fundamental conditions dividing the world into two parts through its concave and convex relationship. This-Evensen writes the curved wall is found in nature. He describes the curve in the processes of life as comprising the sum of counteracting forces. The convex curve restrains those dominant forces from within, while the concave curve receives them from without. Approaching the Bavinger house, we are met by a slightly convex wall (Keyframe 5). When facing this wall, we visualize the interior space behind as strong and dominant and protecting the interior from us. The wall’s curvature does two things, it potentially splits the street and guides our movements. Goff generates a question in the yard about which way to go to find the entrance. Secondly, the long tail of the wall, from the high side near the parking to the low side where it nearly touches the ground, creates “a feeling of being led by the form”, and our movements are dictated by the inside space itself. On the one hand, he exacerbates the challenge of finding the front door by not making it visible until standing nearly in front of it (Frame 18). On the other, the downward sweep of the wall (and roof) leads to the top of the flagstone steps, which eventually leads to the front door. When facing the concave wall, one has the feeling of “being received ... [and] seems to yield to our forward movement.” Goff creates this feeling as the interior space becomes increasingly open and wide. Now, there is a feeling of acceptance, and an atmosphere of welcoming and protection as the wall—interior space—gently opens as one moves through it (Keyframe 33) as if to say, “Come and join us at the table” (Frame 37). This-Evensen uses the cave as a symbol evokes a feeling of safety and security much like the crew on a ship having just weathered a storm. They are relieved to see the safety of the harbor ahead (to shut the door from curiosity-seekers), and their families and friends welcoming them home.

Figure 143. Frames 5, 18
The horizontal wall expresses a heavy compressed and closed character, which “rejects and shuts out” those who wish to enter directly, instead must seek “entrance ‘around the corner’”. The vertical wall, in contrast, gives an impression of lightness, uplifting, and rising, and is therefore, “communicative”. However, as we learned how Goff created two wall conditions, in terms of convexity and concavity, the resulting expression was one of protection (convex) and acceptance (concave). It is precisely in this meeting of the two, the exterior and interior walls, act as one in their horizontal expression, which will be further explored in dimension V.

When first approaching the house, still at a distance (Frames 5-6), we do not encounter the typical house elevation with a front door and a few windows. Instead, we see a rock-facing round tower rising behind a very low, broad, nearly flat plane. The only window visible at this point is the window from the painting studio (Frame 7). This window represents the important expressive connection between the outside visitor and the interior life. In other words, the visitor must first be granted admittance by the eye of the tower guardian. Furthermore, it announces to the world a message this is “our mode of life”. In other words, to those allowed entry, this is our world.
At this point, this window is the only one visible (Keyframe 8), although the inner skylight is occasionally visible depending on the sun’s glare obscuring it. But the closer one moves to the roof edge the outer skylight visible (Frame 9) was previously hidden behind a rock wall which begins as a few large stones stacked about 8 inches-high and continues to add more and more rock to follow the roof as it gains height.

Figure 146. Frames 8, 9

It is not until we find our way down the steps toward the ravine we see more glass, a wall of obscured glass (Frame 14). A large rough opening of glass (Frame 15). This-Evensen invokes a quote by John Ruskin to strengthen his point about the expressiveness of the window. "'Houses with windows which are merely holes in the wall are like empty skulls.'” 427 Still searching to enter the house, the visitor needs to continue following the path laid before them, across the ravine (Frame 16), across the terrace (Frame 17), and ah-ha, we find the door (Frames 18-19) and therefore, the threshold (Frame 20). The front door hangs between two glass walls (Frame 24), each at a different angle creating a nearly seamless front façade of glass. As a clear glass wall, it transmits light into the deep space and has a mirror effect, all of which together create an inside-outside connection (Frame 21). The transparency of these two walls always appears lighter to the point of disappearing (Frame 23), in contrast to heavy stone walls (Frame 22).

Figure 147. Frames 14, 15, 16
The floor is not only connected to the glass wall but continues past it and becomes the terrace as stated earlier. He created a "dynamic unit" comprising the path and destination—a self-contained "'place'"—which is "vital for the meaning of the interior". However, Goff extends this idea by joining the exterior and interior path, place, and destination as one.

The roof, as with the floor and wall archetypes, exists in a "dynamic dialogue" between the exterior space, above and around the roof that protects and shelters the interior space. The importance of this inside-outside relationship can be interpreted as one of strength, expressed through a combination of the qualitative concepts previously
outlined. They in turn affect our impressions based on specific expressions of variations of form. This-Evensen refers to outlines five forms of sheltering space: the dome, the barrel vault, the gable roof, the shed roof, and the flat roof. The roof of this house does not fall neatly into any one of these categories. The closest is the flat and (hanging) domed roofs.

From a distance (Frame 3), and in section (Figure 160), the roof has a somewhat flat and shed-like profile with the first in a series of articulated or independent hinge points whereupon it takes on an upward slope and opens up the interior space. As the interior floor space goes down the roof rises. Both sides are separated from the stone wall by a continuous 2-foot-wide skylight that follows the roof the entire way up (Frame 9). Light streams in through the skylight (Frame 31), which creates an “uplifting” feeling as the roof seems to be detached from the wall and hovers above the space. Aside from the two skylights, there are only a few strategically placed deep window openings meant to look as if found in nature, the informal dining area (Frame 49) and the kitchen (Frames 51-54). The overall slope suggests reaching up to touch the sky the closer you are to it (Frames 5-6). From the previous discussion of the wall archetype, the only visible window from the approach view comes from the painting studio (Frame 7). It too, has a rough opening and an elongated orientation, which further emphasizes the verticality of gathering or generating momentum to a climactic point. Thus, this pointing directly upward demands our attention and demonstrates its “erect and upright bearing.” The vertical dimension is balanced by the horizontal ground plane. The sweeping curvature begins at the broadest and lowest portion near the ground, which appears to begin at the ground level due to the dense vegetation and the framing of low stacked rocks obscuring the full view (Frame 8). As the roof takes on a subtle slope so does the rubble stone with inset glass of the same size rock wall framing it (Frames 9-11). When viewed from the terrace side of the house, the roof now appears nearly flat and not connected to the adjacent rising tower (Frame 14). Once again, there is so much vegetation obscuring a complete understanding of the house (Frame 16). However, the long, thin cylinder adjacent to the shorter one, adds to the sense of verticality. The closer one moves towards entering the house, the entire wall is of glass and generates an opposite effect of openness—as if you now have full access to the interior (Frame 18).
Figure 151. **Frame 3, West building section**

Figure 152. **Frames 9, 31**

Figure 153. **Frames 49, 51**
Figure 154. *Frames 52, 53, 54*

Figure 155. *Frames 5, 6, 7*

Figure 156. *Frames 8, 9*
The impact of this rising and opening effect continues inside the house, which is orchestrated with directional clues. The roof plan is nautical and not circular yet the direction of the spiral orients the interior. It unites the path and natural light throughout the house. Earlier, in the floor archetype, horizontal and vertical qualities of movement and position were discussed.

In the fifth and last dimension, we will see how Goff continues these challenges existentially speaking.
How would the painter or poet express anything other than his encounter with the world?

--Maurice Merleau-Ponty

The hidden harmony is stronger than the visible.

--Herakleitos

Absolute space brings the manifold of experiences together—from the previous four dimensions—into the larger narrative of why and how this house works so well in terms of a total work of art, as well as for the Bavinger family. This dimension reveals the expressive and wholistic commune with Nature, as well as the pleasure and beauty that the organic qualities provide through this house. It clearly demonstrates how this house could never be built again. It was unlike almost anything designed by either Wright or Mies whose work could be reproduced to their exact details. Both Wright and Mies designed brilliantly crafted work, but Wright’s tended to reflect his physical stature. Mies addressed the rewards of material and construction elegance that offset the spatial alienation. Goff once remarked he viewed some of Mies' architecture as very beautiful, but “there seemed to be something very dead about it, too, that didn’t account for human beings. ... [as if] it was a museum piece.”

The experiences of dimensions I-IV, pragmatic, perceptual, existential, cognitive, and logical spaces were bracketed and acquired episodically. However, the general sense of experience occurs continuously unnoticed as we live our daily lives. They are “non-aesthetic” experiences. In dimension V, the “absolute” experience, all the episodes from I-IV were fused into one complete experience as a wholistic unity that permeates throughout the work of art. The physical, mental, emotional, and artistic efforts of building the house with its unique quality pervaded the entire experience. Goff sums this up:

Anytime we experience a work of art for the first time, we only notice it because it completes a circuit within us and engages our attention. We may not comprehend it at all, but the important thing is that we notice it.

A careful reader surely has noticed a slight deviation from Norberg-Schulz’s fifth space concept of aesthetic space to absolute space. As Norberg-Schulz parses between architectural and aesthetic space, his primary point is that humans have always endeavored to create meaningful environments to express chosen ways of living, “as a real imago mundi.” The choice to change to absolute space is to reflect a similar if not stronger association for Goff, as well as for the Bavinger House.

In a 1932 essay, “About Absolute Art”, Goff begins with a theme that runs through much of his writings. “Primitive man did not create art consciously, it was a by-product revealing some of the fine-ness of himself. He recognized it as something divine.” Goff continues by pointing out how many if not all representatives of the arts become “slaves” of their own making by using imitation as a form of love, for a love of Nature. He surveys the primary forms of art showing their “confusion” or “degeneration”.
neglecting the “Individual”—always capitalizing Individual as well as Nature, adding “extraneous meaning”, and so on. His solution is to pay tribute, to be “organic with it [as] harmonious”. To be in harmony is to be honest. To have “a great absolute art” is to have a universal language. To stress this importance, Goff concludes, “IMPATIENCE. There is no time to lose.”

The first chapter of this dissertation introduced Bachelard’s “the domain of intimacy”, which focuses on “the intimate spaces of ‘human dwellings’”. Our home, no matter the crudeness nor simplicity of shelter is where we are able to recall our childhood memories and what we imagined for our future adult selves. Bachelard distinguishes between imagination and image. Imagination as our ability to form mental images, which “separates us from the past as well as from reality; it faces the future.” This ‘past’ is from our ability to remember; “‘imagination’ and ‘memory’” are never separate. Each depends upon one another as the memories of past experiences inform our imaginative future experiences. The imagination continuously enriches with new images.

Images are defined as being located within our humanity, our human psyche, which Bachelard refers to as “‘poetic’, ... ‘primitive’, ... or real images’”. Poetic images are a “product of absolute imagination”. He uses poetry as the “domain of the creation of the poetic image” to show how these images are innate within our very being, “the realm of human existence”. When a poetry-lover reads a poem, they are possessed entirely because it is through this reading, which “takes root”, that it awakens and stirs far beneath the surface through the act of “creative consciousness”.

The sub-title to this dimension is based on “Architecture as Embodied Knowledge” by Alberto Pérez-Gómez. As found in Goff’s writings, an overall theme generally runs through those of Pérez-Gómez. Both wrote of architecture’s embrace of science and technology, and penchant for specificity, all at the expense of the “authentic well-being, the fullness of human potential”, as well as a “Neglect of architecture for the Individual.” For the profession to overcome these problems, to return to making meaningful and culturally authentic work, Pérez-Gómez suggests looking toward the work of poets. If architects are to also become “makers of human culture”, the first need not to adopt a new method but a “new mythos”. One in which their authentic, culturally and socially sensitive vision incorporates his or her unique “dreams and imagination”, as “mytho-poetic”.

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The Bavinger House was a result of this mytho-poetic process and the vision Bruce Goff had for the Bavinger’s new home. He did not design it to be an isolated object of art or from a formula, nor from any theoretical position. Goff simply focused on expressing his idea as a purely representational object, what he referred to as “slavery”. He was not interested in “theories, over-thinking, or philosophizing.” Sensitive to the Bavinger’s’ needs, desires, and budget, as well as building with the region, climate, and environment, designed for “all such aesthetic and utilitarian matters [be] as felt and understood by the clients ... into a grammar from which will be composed the whole complete architectural concept.”

If it is a work of architecture, the client will continue to grow aesthetically in such an environment ... therefore there must be a continuing surprise and mystery beyond what he initially understood to hold his interest and to be a continuing, rewarding setting for his lifetime.

It was meant to be a “meaningful ... work of art”, which would evolve and grow over time during the Bavinger’s lifetime. The house, as the “expressive object” has something significant to say to us. The meaningful act of making cannot be separated from the vision and the process to achieve the result. Building the house took five years of undoubtedly many emotional highs and lows, feelings of being absorbed in facing the challenges to overcome, along with periods of excitement when reflecting on what they were achieving. The family was building their “dream” home, while living and sharing Goff’s vision in real time.

In dimension I, pragmatic space, I began to experience the house and its approach by simply walking in a continuous sequence of steps. This was considered as primitive or primeval, ancestral, and perhaps crude physical movement only. However, we now know there was clear directionality and landmarks along the way beginning at the road all the way to the front door. Ascension to the sky became evident by the tower and finial always present. In Dimension II, perceptual space, as I followed each journey again, active sensory input contributed to an understanding of the spatial three-dimensionality, in terms of Gestalt. The German word Gestalt, literally defined as, shape, form. Now, through the personal world of my imaginary body at the center of the perceptual experience, I sensed the outside world simultaneously as I encountered it internally.

In existential space, dimension III, here the boundary of my individual inner bodily world experienced the Bavinger House, shared by the family, along with the other visitors, by extension to the larger community. My inner world informed through landmarks,
boundaries, hierarchies, and edges organized my understanding of the space I inhabited. \(^{462}\) I brought in memories and associated meanings, during the social and experience with others. Importantly, noticing the gathering place for conversation at the first pod was the hearth of the house.

Dimensions III and IV, become one in the same without interruption. Bachelard showed us that “our home is our corner of the world”, which is a universal experience for all humanity. \(^{463}\) In dimension IV, I described the house logically, and then cognitively. Logical space was limited to a comprehensive and general description, i.e., without details. Cognitive space, on the other hand, the existential expression as defined by Thiiis-Evensen blends with existential space. Existential expressions of architecture are the characteristics of a form which affect our experiences and are integrated with universal symbolic meaning. \(^{464}\) The “forms” for the Bavinger House included the rock wall, the floor, and the roof. Each shared one organizing element, the structural pole by which all revolved around, including and importantly, the primary stair.

Absolute space concludes the main body of the dissertation, before the summary and final concluding thoughts. Each of the primary chapters were given one title word from Heidegger’s essay read by many in the architectural field, *Building Dwelling Thinking*. \(^{465}\) To dwell is to be a human on earth, “We humans are on the earth”. \(^{466}\) Heidegger’s writing influenced Norberg-Schulz’s work and is found in his five spatial concepts from *Existence, Space and Architecture*, which became the taxonomy of space for the DWELLING section.

In absolute space, each archetype has either a horizontal or vertical expression related to Heidegger’s fourfold and Eliade’s axis mundi. The Bavinger House wall has a tectonic dimension, as well as apertures allowing for crossing or looking out. Its horizontal relationship separates two worlds while also relates us as mortal human beings. “When we speak of mortals, we are already thinking of the other three along with them”. \(^{467}\) The clarity of the single wall divides the world into two parts of concave and convex conditions providing protection against intruders, respectively. The wall’s concavity can be thought of as a cocoon of feeling protected. This is the space of intimacy for daydreaming that Bachelard refers to.

Goff excavated and set the Western side of the house into the hillside, similar to a cave whose sides and back created a feeling of refuge. Most of the Eastern portion of the house was primarily of two glass walls which allowed the occupants to survey what or who approached, with flagstone terrace acting as an apron of defense. Importantly,
this architectural boundary existed and exaggerated the sacredness of the house for the Bavinger family. Once inside the house, it provided rhythmic richness for movement as a spiral with the central stair.

The excavated floor is interpreted as the horizontal plane related to the earth of the fourfold. The living pods as “decks” hang between earth and sky. The higher level of creativity is heaven where not incidentally Gene’s painting studio is located. The roof, or covering, follows the decks which bridge between the earth and sky to the divinities. It provides shelter and weathering. In terms of structure, the single pole, Goff makes it disappear. If we consider Mies, the structure is always essential, important for organizing space, and to be seen. The living pods, closets, and stairs all seem to float in space as they wrap around in a spiral. Goff challenges existentially these prescribed archetypes. The excavated earth becomes the wall, which becomes the sky. The wall becomes the earth, the earth becomes the sky, the roof becomes excavation, and excavation becomes the roof. The result is a total continuity between all the elements of the Bavinger House. These qualities are expressive and in holistic commune with nature as pleasure and beauty which are organic.

In journey #1 of dimension I, through our imaginations we followed a heavily wooded path from the main road until the iconic view of the Bavinger House (Frame 3) and its memorializing tower captured our attention of its full immediacy. Unequivocal as a place-marker reminiscent of “nomadic conquerors,” signaling to us its festivity of celebration to the heavens above. This expressive verticality in the architecture we may now consider as a “body-centered sense of space and place” of our human upright posture. We now know that a single pole was the structure by which this entire house depended upon and revolved around. As the tower made a clear break through the trees reaching for the sky (Frame 5), two of the three cosmic levels, earth and heaven were put in communication. When Goff excavated the main floor of the house, the third cosmic level of the underworld completed Eliade’s “system of the world”. Now, this structural pole we now express as “a universal pillar, axis mundi”.

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Once again, returning to the path, we found it to be a ceremonial one orchestrated as an act of ritual observance slowly revealing the values of the Bavingers. The public facing of the house had a defensible skin of solid rock. The path procession included a horizontal one with vertical layering to reach the front door. The privacy needs of the family were clear. Merely finding the front door took great effort becoming an important event. As a marker of celebration the door was set at an acute angle from the window walls from which it hung between, as well as to our approach. The door also had a ceremonial doorknob, along with a traditional function one.

Goff wrote of architecture’s primary purpose of representing “man’s physical and spiritual needs” as “absolute”. Spiritual as ritual for the “Bodily-movement revealed bodily-beauty [...] Bodily beauty revealed human divinity.” It is important to note that Goff distinguishes that there is “no longer” a need for “working or religious ritual”, in other words, to do so is to continue to be “shackled by such bondage” and slavishly imitate nature. Goff’s remedy for architecture to not be “the property of no one person, time nor place”, is for the architect to “serve people and their needs ... solve their problems beautifully, thoroughly guided and disciplined by his [her] intellect, feeling and creative imagination if [s]he is to transcend good building into architecture.” The result will be one of harmony, allowing for human understanding of themselves and the universe, and development of mind, body, and spiritual values. If an architecture meets these qualities for those inhabiting it, this is the ideal—the absolute.
CODA :: The Dream Became Reality

The mystery of the world is the visible, not the invisible.

–Oscar Wilde

I do not work for clients … I work with them. … we must work it out together. … I must be sensitive to my client’s needs, wants and budget. I do not build upon a site … I build with it as part of its region, climate, and environment. … If it is a work of architecture, the client will continue to grow aesthetically in such an environment … therefore there must be a continuing surprise and mystery beyond what he initially understood to hold his interest and to be a continuing, rewarding setting for his lifetime.

–Bruce Goff
Goff designed buildings, primarily residential based on his expectation that a close relationship existed between all forms of artistic activity and life. In 1978, four years prior to his death, he wrote “Coda: As an Architect” for the occasion of an exhibition of his art and architecture essentially summarizing his life as an architect and what a work of architecture is. An architect who works with the client and builds with the site provides a “work of architecture,” which accommodates “people and their ways of life and will grow organically from within outward thus becoming its own shapes and forms.” The result will continue to grow for their lifetime. For Goff, architecture was the only art which could be physically inhabited, and as such we should “desire to enter or take part in a work of art in order to make it ours.” Similar to literature, Goff remarked how “we involve ourselves with it while we read … in music we must participate in it, as we listen, if we are to understand it.” Thus, the “architect’s works are personal and impersonal … timely and timeless.”

This dissertation’s experiential and imaginative approach has shown the Bavinger House to be the preeminent paradigmatic example of Goff’s long career as an architect. In chapter two, THINKING: A Restless Existence as a True Child of the Prairie, we learned about Goff’s childhood as an imaginative daydreamer. From an early age, he was sensitively aware of the various geographical environments that his family lived in before settling in Tulsa, Oklahoma. He observed the stark differences of the Native American people to the local population, their thousands of years of culture, customs, and traditions. These conscious memories he retained and later became identifiable, would become the emotional force of his creative life and work.

The third chapter, BUILDING: The Bavinger House: An Emotionally Continuous Space, the focus was on the efforts of three artisans, Gene and Nancy Bavinger, and Bruce Goff. Through their back-breaking physical labor, we could feel the heft of their physically handling each rock and chunk of glass as it was placed in a specific location. Because there were not the usual construction drawings, the Bavinger’s were not exactly sure how the house would go up, or what it would look and feel like inside as a living environment. The one and only solid design feature was the footprint generated the shape of a spiral. However, every action and decision taken during the building of the house was intentional and purposeful. Through our imaginations, we participated in the building of this uniquely exceptional home.
The five special dimensions of space in chapter four, DWELLING: A Dwelling Oriented Between Heaven and Earth, was summarized in dimension five, Absolute Space. As mentioned earlier, the five spatial dimensions came, in part from Norberg-Schulz. Khôra (also chora; Ancient Greek: χώρα) is “the space that gives a place for being.”

Alberto Pérez-Gómez used it as the title for a collection of books focused on exploring architecture’s role beyond the empty rational, technological, and functionalist approach at the expense of humanities cultural, social, and embodied values. This support of human culture through “The work of the architect—a work of imagination”, which is communicative and imparts “meaning through metaphor”. It is the basis for “human action and … affirmation” that allows for participatory presencing.

By bringing together the experiences of how Goff conceived and designed this house, then built by the Bavinger’s own two hands as “true participants” along with a community of friends and family, including Goff, resulted in a home that provided an honest sense of protection, beauty, and warmth. This dissertation engages the reader’s imagination to experience the direct connections with nature through the outdoor patio terrace and the inside of the home. Nature joined the outside and inside, becoming one and the same. Goff’s use of the Golden Spiral for the floor plan, a specific geometry both found ubiquitously throughout the house and closely identified with the natural world, further enhances this connection. Using the earth’s own building materials gathered from the site or close by reinforced the quality of the house as closely linked to its environment. Even the water for the interior pools were continuously fed by the ravine pond. Craftsmanship, or lack of it during the building process created a handmade quality to the house. We genuinely feel the presence of Gene and Nancy’s decisions when they decided which rock to place where, over the four years to build the wall alone. Also, the emotional investment the Bavingers’ probably felt during this long process of designing and building. Compared with Frank Lloyd Wright’s Fallingwater, which is a refined organic building, built by specialized and experienced craftsman, the Bavinger house has a primitive, almost improvisational, and naive organic quality.

The Bavinger’s decision to build their new home rather than moving in after the house was constructed by others, provided the very essence of Bachelard’s “first task of the phenomenologist is to find the original shell.” This original shell, the Bavinger’s home became the last one that Gene, Nancy, and Bill lived in for the remainder of their lives. The carpeted living elements—furniture—emphasized a warm character that provided an immediate feeling of security. The carpet’s soft texture invited all who
entered their home to settle down, conveying a psychological feeling of welcome. Furthermore, gathering together provided feelings of intimacy and coziness. The carpet reduced noise allowing the small enclosures and spaces within spaces as intimate groups.

Goff regarded architecture as an art by maintaining a sense of mystery, which retained the sense of a work of art and of beauty. For the architect—artist, Goff wrote, “craving for Beauty has existed in all mankind ... to seek Beauty the mystery of which he is ever endeavoring to discover ... has made his existence more worthwhile.” 499 Goff believed that beauty and absolute beauty - basic to an architect’s work: an understanding of site, the environment and climate, and the client’s needs and wishes. If all three components are met, only then will “a peaceful coexistence could come about, with infinite variety, nonconformity, and with inspirational and meaningful benefits to all of us.” 500

The task, role, and responsibility of the architect has been the dissertation’s underlying question. Earlier, I quoted Goff’s words regarding since primitive times have humans sought meaningful architecture to house themselves. Pérez-Gómez echoes these sentiments, humans have desired for shelter that provides protection, pleasure, and meaning. 501 He interprets this as a “relationship between love and architecture ... between poetics and ethics: ... to design a beautiful world and architecture’s imperative to provide a better place for society.” 502 Juhani Pallasmaa agrees, “The timeless task of architecture is to create embodied and lived existential metaphors that concretis[e] and structure our being in the world.” 503 Importantly, he continues, “Architecture is the art of reconciliation between ourselves and the world, and this mediation takes place through the senses.” 504 In more words, echoing Goff, the fundamental task of architecture is to mediate between our worlds, human institutions, as well as the material and spiritual as a “poetic calling.” 505

It is only fitting for me to conclude this dissertation story by allowing Bruce Alonzo Goff to have the final word:

Until recently, much of our sense space has been map-like and two-dimensional. ... Then transportations of various kinds extended our range, but even though we travel confidence and oceans. We were still sensing, space, primarily horizontally. After we learn to fly there is a sense of space, ... more three-dimensional ... Our senses spaces expanding in all directions, everywhere. This is making itself felt in our architecture, to a limited degree. The Bavinger’s house, earthbound as it is, is a primitive example of the continuity of space-for living (inside-outside), with the elimination of partitions in
parallel planes for walls and ceilings. Thus, the interior spaces. The longer static, but to use from outside throughout inside to outside. There are no longer “floors” but “levels” and even materials, plants and water continue inside-outside-inside in all directions as part of the continuous present in the lives within it, and without. The sky too was allowed “inside”, and the inhabitants were closely with nature and all of its manifestations, but still his creative citizens today. It is not a “back-to-nature” concept of living space. It is a living with nature today.506
Jakob von Uexküll, Quoted in, Norberg-Schulz, Existence, Space and Architecture, p. 9. Jakob von Uexküll (1864-1944) was a Baltic German biologist who worked in muscular physiology and animal behavior. His idea of umwelt, how living beings perceive their environment(s) influenced Martin Heidegger and Thomas Sebeok.

Holl, Steven Holl - Written in Water.

Holl, Steven Holl Seven Houses.

Holl.

Steven Holl was also a student in this same Italian Studies (Architecture in Rome, AIR) program through the University of Washington. Holl and two classmates were the first students to study with our professor in Rome, Astra Zarina. I was a student at AIR on its 20th-year anniversary. Astra endlessly shared this fact with her subsequent students when they came to attend AIR.

The Archimedean spiral (also known as the arithmetic spiral) named after the 3rd-century BC Greek mathematician Archimedes. It has the property that any ray from the origin intersects successive turnings of the spiral in points with a constant separation distance. “Esther McCoy Papers, 1876–1990, Bulk, 1938–1989: Bruce Goff, 1968–1983” (Archives of American Art, Smithsonian Institute), Box 26, Folder 47, accessed April 5, 2018, https://www.aaa.si.edu/collections/esther-mccoy-papers-5502/series-6/box-26-folder-47. In reviewing McCoy’s papers, I found numerous correspondences between she and Goff over the years.


Matthews, “The Bavinger Boys.”

“Goff-Designed Landmark Demolished.”

“Goff-Designed Landmark Demolished,” Bob Bavinger told the Norman Transcript, that he had to “remove the target,” meaning the house, as he thought that the University of Oklahoma was attempting to get in the way of his own restoration efforts. UO and Bavinger had an ongoing dispute over restoration and ownership of the house. Bavinger again, “It was the only solution that we had … We got backed into a corner.” The website, PrairieMod.com, was contacted by Bob Bavinger’s son, Boz, who claimed to be putting the property up for sale for $1.5 million.

Griffin, “Professor Doubts Bavinger House Damaged by Storm.”

Griffin.


Griffin.

Max van Manen (1942-) is a Dutch-born Canadian scholar specializing in phenomenological research methods and pedagogy. He is an emeritus professor in the Faculty of Education at the University of Alberta, where is also a Distinguished Scholar at the International Institute for Qualitative Methodology. “People”, University of Alberta. Retrieved 2/23/2023; “Distinguished Scholars”, International Institute for Qualitative Methodology. Retrieved 2/23/2023.

Van Manen, Phenomenology of Practice, 26–27.

By writing, I include all of his typed, then given speeches, and recorded interviews, which are included in Appendix A.

Norberg-Schulz, Genius Loci: Towards a Phenomenology of Architecture.

Zumthor, Atmospheres.

Merleau-Ponty, Phenomenology of Perception.

Van Manen, Researching Lived Experience, 41.

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In considering a simulation in absence of the physical building, the Second Temple of Herod in Israel was a reconstruction but will never know if an exact one.

As this process continued, and with more digging into resources, I located a couple of references that supported my understanding of how the house is situated within the landscape.

Henderson, FAIA, “National Register Nomination: Eugene Bavinger House.”

I was able to visit the archives in prior years before beginning this current approach to the dissertation. I obtained primary sources during two separate research visits to the Bruce A. Goff Collection in the Department of Architecture and the Ryerson and Burnham Archives at The Art Institute of Chicago. The collection began in 1990 with the donation of materials from Goff’s estate through the Shin’enKan Foundation and Joe D. Price, Goff’s executor, and longtime friend. The collection contains 62 flat file drawers, 38 boxes, and various oversize materials. The collection of architectural drawings includes original and reproduction drawings for 519 identified projects, and a small number of unidentified projects, all designed by Goff and delineated by Goff with help of assistants, students, and apprentices. The collection also holds 450 original painted and mixed-media compositions primarily created by Goff, including a small number by students. Access to the drawings and compositions are available only to qualified researchers by appointment only. In addition to the drawings, Ryerson and Burnham Archives holds Goff’s extensive personal and professional papers (Art Institute of Chicago). The collection consists of 200 linear feet (263 boxes), 12 portfolios, 7 oversize portfolios, flat file material, and 12 tubes. The physical media includes typescript papers, holograph papers, manuscripts, printed papers, architectural reprographic prints, audio and video tapes, beta, and VHS videocassettes, black and white and color photographic prints, and negatives, black and white and color transparencies, photomechanical prints, lithographs, relief prints, ink, and graphite drawings. Also included are examples of his eclectic building materials and objects such as shells, crystals, and a butterfly collection. Further, the Institute holds his extensive collection of approximately 850 Japanese wood block prints, Native American art, and an academic figure study by Gustav Klimt (Klimt, Male Nude with Left Foot on a Pedestal).

Goff referred to the different floors as “levels”. However, a level(s) implies hierarchy, which is why the term, dimension, is used in its place. (1) it is one of three coordinates determining a position in space or four coordinates determining a position in space and time; (1c) a lifelike or realistic quality; (1e) one of the elements or factors making up a complete personality or entity; (2) one of a group of properties whose number is necessary and sufficient to determine uniquely each element of a system; and (5) a level of existence or consciousness. Merriam-Webster.com Dictionary, s.v. “dimension,” accessed July 15, 2023, https://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/dimension.

Goff referred to the different floors as “levels”.
The axis mundi, also called the cosmic axis, world axis, world pillar, center of the world, or universal pillar, is the mythological concept representing communication between the "three cosmic levels—earth, heaven, underworld", 36.

In "Building Dwelling Thinking", writes that in language, the word bauen, refers to "three things: 1. Building is really dwelling. 2. Dwelling is the manner in which mortals are on the earth. 3. Building as dwelling unfolds into the building that cultivates growing". Therefore, as we dwell on earth, we are "already ... 'under the sky.' As we are mortals, we are 'remaining before the divinities. Heidegger brings all four together into a "primal oneness ... earth and sky, divinities and mortals", 149.

Applying the concepts of evolution from Darwin, he develops six characteristics for "survival-advantage behavior": refuge and prospect; enticement and peril; and, complexity and order.
Describing how our imagination, within the mind’s eye moves and negotiates paths along with the movement of our body.


Goff, “Welcome to the World, Bavinger House (Brochure).”


Goff, “The Continuous Present in Architecture,” 34.


Dewey, 35.


NoorMohammadi, 70.


Goff, Bruce, “As an Architect [Coda].”

Goff, Bruce.


As a reminder, pragmatic space does not provide any commentary.

For more on Gestalt, see Bloomer and Moore, *Body, Memory, and Architecture*.


Bloomer and Moore, 77.

Bloomer and Moore, 77.

Bachelard, 3.


Heidegger, 147.

Heidegger, 150.

Bloomer and Moore, 47.

Bloomer and Moore, 59-61.

Bloomer and Moore, *Body, Memory, and Architecture*, 83.

Bloomer and Moore, 5.


Eliade, 37.

Eliade, 36.


Bloomer and Moore, 122.


Goff, Bruce, “As an Architect [Coda];” *Goff, Architecture*.

Goff, “A Declaration for Independence.”

Goff, *Architecture*.

Goff, Bruce, “As an Architect [Coda].”

Goff, Bruce.

Goff, “A Declaration for Independence”; Hankins, “The Head, the Hand, and the Heart: The Intersection between Bruce Goff and Frank Lloyd Wright’s Edaburi.”


William "Bill" Bavinger died in an automobile accident on icy roads near his home in Norman, Oklahoma in 1998. He studied architecture at Rice University in the 1960s. I interviewed one of Bill's close friends, Roice Nelson. Bill had started a forum called The Third Coast Computer Graphics Society, and Nelson who is a geologist was invited to give a talk to Bill's group. Nelson considered him to be “a true genius, with all of the strengths and weaknesses this statement implies.” He described Bill as “sensitive, opinionated, insecure, and yet brilliant and sometimes alcoholic, insightful and judgmental, mentor and excellent teacher, computer scientist, ecologist, architect, designer, information guru, and paranoid genius. ... twentieth century's [sic] and specifically the information age's, Leonardo de Vinci. Bill was a true renaissance [sic] man, often fighting windmills in his own mind. ... In Bill's primary area of interest, his discovery allows the information barrier between natural systems and built form to be bridged.” Nelson, Jr., Bill Bavinger and the Bavinger House; Perkins, Martin, and Bavinger, “Evaluation of the Trajectory Operations Applications Software (TOAST): Interview Transcripts, Volume II”; H. Roice Nelson, Jr., “Bill Bavinger,” Thoughtlets, 1998, http://www.walden3d.com/thoughtlets/1998/9803.html.


Pérez-Gómez, 2008, 3.

Bachelard, 4.
A : APPENDIX :: UNPUBLISHED ESSAYS and MANUSCRIPTS by BRUCE GOFF

All essays, manuscripts, even hotel receipts that Goff captured ideas on, and so forth were either transcribed by me during my 1992 or 2015 visit, or copies were sent to me by the staff at the Bruce A. Goff Archive, the Art Institute of Chicago, where I transcribed them at home.

Regarding my transcriptions, Goff wrote, especially in his early writings, in a very idiosyncratic style. I have endeavored to retain his original vision, however, and for the sake of legibility, I did make corrections to certain spelling or grammatical errors that were most likely unintended.
The System of Dr. Tarr and Professor Fether :: (1926)

A music-drama in 3 scenes, made by Bruce Goff & Ernest Brooks

From Edgar Allen Poe’s story.

Sketched May 1926

**SCENE I**

The weird opening music comes from off stage and suggests the gloom and mystery of dense woods penetrated by grass-grown paths leading to the Maison de Santé at the base of a mountain. Voissart and Lalande walking thru the woods soon come upon the much dilapidated and scarcely tenantable fantastic chateau. It is old and neglected and inspires one with absolute dread, and Lalande, fearing the something that MUST happen in this dismal place turns to retrace his steps, but ashamed of his weakness he proceeds with his companion, Voissart, to enter the gateway. The gateway is slightly open, and a man’s visage peers thru at the visitors. He suddenly smiles and steps forward to shake Voissart by the hand.

**MAILLARD**

Voissart! Voissart! will you please me to enter……my friends?

**VOISSART**

indeed, Maillard!…… my friend, Lalande. he is touring thru the Southern Provinces, and as his route leads him within a few miles of your asylum, he thot the opportunity of visiting it too good to lose, and propose that we turn aside, for an hour or so, and look over the establishment. i am afraid, tho, gentlemen, that i cannot honor you with my presence, as i have no time to tarry here…and then… i have a very usual horror at the sight of a lunatic. however, Lalande, do not let a mere courtesy towards me interfere with the gratification of your curiosity. i shall ride on leisurely, so you may overtake me during the day, or, at all events, tomorrow……. farewell, Maillard, Lalande E. i hope to see you later, friends…. 

**EXITS**

Maillard and Lalande enter the gateway, which is promptly closed, and darkness smothers the scene.
SCENE II

a small and exceedingly neat parlor indicating referring taste and intelligence. at a ...
..., singing an aria from Bellini, sits a young and very beautiful lady, in mourning, who,
upon Maillard's and Lalande's entrance, pauses in her song

MAILLARD

Mademoiselle Salsafette510.... i present a visitor....Monsieur Lalande.

MLLE. SALSAFETTE

Oh! sir, we have visitors so seldom.... here....

(Lalande is suspicious of her sanity, fearing that the soothing system is here used)

LALANDE

it is, indeed, an out of the way place.... the deep woods screen it quite effectively from
the passer-by.

MLLE. SALSAFETTE

but the forest has lost its leaves.......surely the Maison--the asylum--may be seen from
the road? it is so monotonous here, and i never leave the place, but then (strumming a
few notes on the piano) i have my music...and one may be anywhere with music....is it
not so?

LALANDE

certainly..... mademoiselle

(a smart footman brings in a tray with fruit, wine, and refreshments, of which
Lalande partakes. Mlle. silently leaves the room.... he turns his eyes in an inquiring
manner towards Maillard)

MAILLARD

oh, oh no.... a member of my family....my niece, and a most accomplished woman.

LALANDE

i beg a thousand pardons for the suspicion, but of course you will know how to excuse
me. the excellent administration of your affairs here as well understood in Paris, and I
thot it just possible, you know.......

MAILLARD

yes, yes, say no more... or rather it is me who should thank you for the commensurable
prudence you have displayed. we seldom find so much forethot in young men; and,
more than once, some unhappy contretemps has occurred in consequence of thoughtlessness on the part of our visitors. While my former system was in operation, and my patients were permitted the privilege of roaming to and fro at will, they were often aroused to a dangerous frenzy by injudicious persons who called to inspect the house. Hence I was obliged to enforce a rigid system of exclusion; and none obtained access to the premises upon whose discretion I could not rely.

LALANDE
while your former system was in operation.....I do I understand you, then, to say that the “soothing system” of which I have heard so much is no longer in force?

MAILLARD
it is now several weeks since we have concluded to renounce it forever. (a sigh). we found it, sir, absolutely necessary to return to the old usages. the danger of a soothing system was, at all times appalling; and its advantages have been much overrated. I believe sir, that in this house it has been given a fair trial, if ever, any. we did everything that rational humanity could suggest. I am sorry that you could not have paid us a visit at an earlier period, that you might have judged to yourself. but I presume you are conversant with the soothing practice..... with its details.

LALANDE
but altogether. What I have heard has been at third or fourth hand.

MAILLARD
I may state the system, then, in general terms, as one in which the patients were.... humored. we contradicted no fancies which entered the brain of the bad. on the contrary, we not only indulged, but encouraged them; and many of our most permanent cures have been thus affected. there is no argument which so touches the feeble reason of the madman as the reducio ad absurdum. we have had men, for example, who fancied themselves chickens. the cure was, to insist upon the as a fact, and thus refuse him any other diet for a week and that which properly obtains to being a chicken. in this manner, a little corn and gravel or baked to perform wonders.

LALANDE
but was this species of acquiescence all? had you known punishments of any kind?

MAILLARD
none

LALANDE
had you never can find your patience?

MAILARD
very rarely. now and then the malady of some individuals growing to a crisis, or taking a sudden turn of fury, we conveyed him to a secret cell, lest his disorder should the rest, and their kept him until he could dismiss up to his friends... for with the raging maniac, we have nothing to do. he is usually removed to the public hospitals.

LALANDE
and you have now changed all of this.... and you think for the better?

MAILARD
decidedly. the system had its advantages, and even its dangers. it is now, happily, exploded throughout all the Maison de Santé of France.

LALANDE
I am very much surprised at what you tell me; for I made sure that, at this moment, no other treatment for media existed in any portion of the country.

MAILARD
you are young yet, my friend, but time will arrive. you will learn to judge for yourself of what is going on in this world, without trusting to the gossip of others. believe nothing new here and only half you see. Now about our Maison, it is clear that some ignoramus has misled you. after dinner, however, when you have sufficiently recovered from the fatigue of your ride, I will be happy to take you over to the house, and introduce you to a system which, in my opinion, is incomparably the most effectual yet devised.

LALANDE
your own?... one of your own invention?

MAILARD
I’m proud to acknowledge that it is.... at least in some measure... I will show you the garden conservatories, for it is an hour or 2 before dinner. I cannot let you see the patients just at present. To a sensitive mind. there is always more and less of the shocking such exhibitions; and I do not wish to spoil your appetite for dinner. we will dine. I can give you some veal á la Menehoul, with cauliflower in veloutie sauce... after that, a glass of Clos de Vouget... then your nerves will be sufficiently steady.

THEY EXIT TOGETHER
SCENE III

a large salle á manger where a very numerous companies is assembled... twenty-five to thirty in all. they are apparently people of rank... although their habiliments are extravagantly rich. about two thirds of the guests are ladies, some of them are dressed in very bad taste. many of them are over 70 and are bedecked with a profusion of jewelry and where their bosoms and arms shamefully bare. there is an oddity about the whole party. the table is superbly set out and it is loaded with delicacies. the profusion of food is barbaric, and the great quantities of meat are not tastefully arranged. a great chandelier clears with the great multitude of lights. several servants are in attendance. upon a large table alongside of the room is seven or eight people composing the orchestra of fiddles, vice, trombones, and a drum. all the guests enjoy the music except Lalande who is obliviously bored with it.

MAILLARD

Lalande ... the guests have many strange tales to tell you of their experiences with lunacy.

LALANDE

but do they care to talk about such things. while the diamond?

MAILLARD

why not? we are all interested, and we have had strange experiences with them, and they are sometimes funny.... we had a fellow here once, a fellow who fancied himself a teapot; and by the way, it is not especially singular. how often this particular [...] has entered the brain of the lunatic? there is scarcely an insane asylum of importance which cannot supply human tea pot our gentleman was a Britannia ware teapot and was careful to polish himself every morning with buckskin whiting.

M. DE KOCK

and then, we had here, not long ago, a person who had taken it into his head that he was a donkey--which, allegorically speaking, you will say, was quite true. he was a troublesome patient; and we had much to do to keep him within bounds. for a longtime he would eat nothing but thistles of this idea. we soon cured him by insisting upon his eating nothing else. that he was perpetually kicking up his heels—so—so.

MDLLE. LA PLACE

M. De Kock! I will thank you to behave yourself! please keep your feet to yourself. as you have spoiled my brocade! it is necessary, pray, to illustrative remarks so practical
style? our friend here can truly comprehend you without all this. up to my word, you are nearly as great a donkey as the poor and fortunate imagined himself. you’re acting is very unnatural, as I live.

M. DE KOCK

a thousand pardons, Mdlle. La Place. I had no intention of ending Ma’am’selle La Place…. Monsieur De Kock will do himself the honor of taking wine with you.

MAILARD

allow me, mon ami, send you a morsel of this veal á la Menehoulit-- you will find a particularly fine.

three sturdy waiters deposit upon the table a small calf, roasted whole, set upon its knees, with an apple in its mouth.

LALANDE

thank you, no. To say the truth, I am not particularly partial to veal á la St.--- what is it? for I do not find that it altogether agrees with me. I will change my plate, however, in try some of the rabbit.

MAILARD

Pierre, change this gentleman’s plate and give him a side piece of this rabbit-au-chat.

LALANDE

this what?

MAILARD

this rabbit-au-chat.

LALANDE

why-- thank you-- upon second thought, no. I will just help myself to some of the (to the audience) there is no knowing what one eats, at the tables of these people of the province. I will have none of their rabbit-au-chat, and for the matter of that, none of their chat-au-rabbit, either.

SONG OF THE CORDOVA CHEESE

and then, among other oddities, we had a patient once upon a time, who very pertinaciously maintained himself to be a Cordova cheese and went about with a knife. I put in his hand, soliciting his friends to try small slice from the middle of his leg.
SONG OF THE BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE
he was a great fool, beyond doubt, but not to be compared with a certain individual with whom we all know, with the exception of this strange gentleman. I mean, the man who took himself for abolishing pain, and always went off with a pop cases, in this fashion--------

SONG OF THE FROG
and then there was an ignoramus who mistook himself for a frog, which, by the way, assembled and not little degree. I wish you could have seen him, Sir,-- it would have done your heart good to see the natural airs that he put on. Sir, if that man was not a frog, I can only observe it, that it is a pity he was not. his croak, thus—oo-o-o-oo-gh—oo-o-o-oo-gh! was the finest note in the world-- B flat; and when he put his elbows upon the table thus-- after taking a glass or two of wine-- and distended his mouth, thus, and rolled up his eyes, thus, and we them with excessive rapidity. thus, why then, Sir, I take it upon myself to say, positively, that you would have been lost in admiration of the genius of the man.

LALANDE
I have no doubt of it.

SONG OF THE SNUFF
and then, there was Petit Gaillard, who thought himself a pinch of snuff, and was truly distressed because he could not take himself between his own finger and thumb.

SONG OF THE PUMPKIN
and then there was Jules Desoulières, who was a very singular genius, indeed, and went mad with the idea that he was a pumpkin. he persecuted the cook to make him up into pies-- a thing which the cook indignantly refused to do. For my part, I am by no we sure that a pumpkin pie a la Desoulières would not have been very capital eating indeed!

LALANDE
you astonish me!

MAILLARD
ha! ha! ha! he! he! he! hil! hil! ho! ho! ho! hu! hu! hu!-- very good indeed. you must not be astonished, mon ami; our friend here is a wit—a drole-- you must now understand him to the letter.
SONG OF THE MAN WITH THE TWO HEADS

and then, there was Boutton le Grand-- another extraordinary personage in his way. The few deranged through love and fancied himself possessed of two heads. One of those he maintained to be the head of Cicero; the other he imagined a composite one, being Demosthenes from the top of the forehead to the mouth, and Lord Broughams from the mouth to the chin. It is not possible that he was wrong; but he would have convinced you of his being in the right; for he was a man of great eloquence. He had an absolute passion for oratory, could not refrain from displaying, for example, he used to leap upon the dinner table thus—and—and—

SONG OF THE TEE-TOTUM

and then there was Boullard, the tee-totum. I call him the tee-totum because, in fact he was seized with the droll, but altogether irrational crotchet, that he had been converted into a tee-totum. You would have roared with laughter to see him spin. He would turn round upon one heel by the hour, in this manner—so—

MADAME JOYEUSE

but then, your Monsieur Boullard was a madman, and a very silly madman at best; for who, allow me to ask you, ever heard of a human tee-totum? The thing is absurd. Mme. Joyeuse was a more sensible person, as you know. She had a crotchet, but it was instinct with common sense, and gave pleasure to all who had the honor of her acquaintance. She found, upon mature deliberation, that, by some accident, she had been turned into a chicken-cock; but as such, she behaved with propriety. She flapped her wings with prodigious effect—so—so—so— and, as for her crow, it was delicious! Cock-a-doodle-doo! Cock-a-doodle-doo! Cock-a-doodle-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-o-o-o!

MAILLARD

Mme. Joyeuse, I will thank you to behave yourself! you can either conduct yourself as a lady should do, or you can quit the table forthwith-- take your choice!

EUGENIE SALSAFETTE

oh, Mme. Joyeuse was a fool! but there was really much sound sense, after all, in the opinion of Eugenie Salsafette. She was a very beautiful and painfully modest young lady, who thought the ordinary mode of habiliment indecent, and wished to dress herself, always, by getting outside instead of inside of her clothes. It is a thing very easily done, after all. you have only to do so—and then so—so—so-- and then so—so-- and then—

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CHORUS
Mon Dieu! Me’m’selle Salsafette! what are you about?—forbear!—that is sufficiently—we see, very plainly, how it is done! hold! hold!
a series of loud yells interrupted. they grew as pale as so many corpses, and said gibbering with terror, listening for a repetition of the sound. it comes again louder and seemingly nearer and then a third time, very loud, and then a fourth time with a vigor evidently diminished. at this apparent dying away of the noise, the spirit of the company is immediately regained, and all his life and anecdote as before.

LALANDE
what was that?

MAILLARD
a loud bagatelle. we are used to these things, and care really very little about them. the lunatics, every now and then, get up a howl in concert one starting another, it sometimes the case with a bevy of dogs at night. it occasionally happens, however, that the concerto yells are succeeded by a simultaneous effort at breaking loose; then, of course, some little danger is to be apprehended.

LALANDE
how many have you in charge?

MAILLARD
at present we have not more than ten, altogether.

LALANDE
principally females, I presume?

MAILLARD
oh, no-- every one of them males, and stout fellows, too, I can tell you.

LALANDE
indeed! I have always understood that the majority of lunatics were the gentler sex.

MAILLARD
it is generally so, but not always. some time ago, there were about twenty-seven patients; and, of that number, no less than eighteen were women; but, lately, matters have changed very much, as you see.
ONE OF THE CHORUS
yes-- have changed very much, as you see!

MAILARD (with great rage)
hold your tongues, every one of you!

whereupon a dead silence is maintained for nearly a minute. one lady thrust out
resignedly with both hands.

LALANDE
and this gentlewoman (in a whisper), this good lady who has just spoken, and who
gives us the cock-a-doodle-de-doo-- she, I presume, is harmless-- quite harmless, eh?

MAILARD
Mon Dieu! What is it you imagine? this lady, my particular old friend, Mme. Joyeuse, is
as absolutely sane as myself. she has her little eccentricities, to be sure. but then, you
know, all old women -- all very old women are more or less eccentric.

LALANDE
to be sure----- to be sure----and then the rest of these ladies and gentlemen-----?

MAILARD
they are friends and keepers----my very good friends and assistants.

LALANDE
what! all of them?--- the women and all?

MAILARD
assuredly. we cannot do at all without the women; they are the best lunatic nurses in
the world; they have a way of their own, you know; their bright eyes have a marvelous
effect-- something like the fascination of the snake, you know.

LALANDE
to be sure, to be sure! they behave a little odd, eh?--- they are a little queer. eh?---
don’t you think so?

MAILARD
Vodd!---queer!—why,. do you really think so? we are not very prudish, to be sure, here
in the South-- do pretty much as we please-- enjoy life, and all that sort of thing, you
know--
LALANDE
to be sure----to be sure.

MAILARD
and then, perhaps, this Clos de Vougeot is a little heady, you know-- a little strong-- you understand, eh?

LALANDE
to be sure-- to be sure. by the by, Monsieur, did I understand you to say that the system you have adopted, in place of the soothing system, was one of very rigorous severity?

MAILARD
by no means. our confinement is necessarily close; but the treatment-- the medical treatment, I mean--is rather agreeable to the patients than otherwise.

LALANDE
and the new system is one of your own invention?

MAILARD
not altogether. some portions of it are preferable to Prof. Tarr, of whom you have, necessarily, heard; and, again, there are modifications in my plan which I am happy to knowledge as belonging rightly to the celebrated Fether, with whom, if I am mistake not, you have the honor of an intimate acquaintance.

LALANDE
I am quite ashamed to confess that I have never even heard the names of either gentleman before.

MAILARD
good heavens! I surely do not hear you right! You did not intend to say, eh, that you have never heard of the learned Dr. Tarr, or of the celebrated Prof. Fether?

LALANDE
I am forced to acknowledge my ignorance, but the truth should be held inviolate above all things. Nevertheless, I feel humbled to the dust, not to be acquainted with works of these, no doubt, extraordinary men. I will seek out their writings forthwith and peruse them with deliberate care. Monsieur MAILARD, you have really--- I must confess it----- you have really made me ashamed of myself!

MAILARD
say no more, oh good young friend----join me now in a glass of Sauterne.
as they drink, the merriment of the party increases, and they are forced to shout the remainder of the conversation of each other above the din of the “orchestra,” and jesting.

LALANDE

and sir, you mentioned something about the danger incurred in the old system of soothing. how is that?

MAILLARD

yes, there was, occasionally, very great danger indeed. there is no accounting for the caprices of madmen; and, in my opinion as well as in that of Dr. Tarr and Prof. Fether, it is never safe to permit them to run at large unattended. a lunatic may be ‘soothed,’ as if is called, for a time, but, in the end, he is very apt to become obstreperous. his cunning, too, is proverbial and great. if he has a project in view, he conceals his design with a marvelous wisdom; and the dexterity with which he counterfeits sanity, presents, to the metaphysician, one of the most singular problems in the study of the mind. when a madman appears thoroughly sane, indeed, it is high time to put him in a straitjacket.

LALANDE

but the danger, my dear Sir, of which you were speaking—in your own experience---- during your control of this house-- have you had practical reason to think liberty hazardous in the case of a lunatic?

MAILLARD

here?-- in my own experience?-- Why, I may say, yes. for example-- no very long while ago, a singular circumstance occurred in this very house. the ‘soothing’ system, you know, was then in operation, and the patients were at large. they behaved reasonably well-- especially so-- any one of sense might have known that some devilish scheme was brewing from that particular fact, that the fellows behaved so remarkably well. and sure enuf, one fine morning the keepers found themselves pinioned hand and foot, and thrown into cells, where they were attended, as if they were the lunatics, by the lunatics themselves, who had usurped the offices of the keepers.

LALANDE

you don’t tell me so! I never heard of anything so absurd in my life. exhibition point

MAILLARD

in fact-- it all came to pass by means of a stupid fellow-- a lunatic-- who, by some means, had taken it into his head that he had invented a better system of government
than any ever heard of before—of lunatic government, I mean. He wished to give his invention a trial, I suppose, and so he persuaded the rest of the patients to join him in a conspiracy for the overthrow of the reigning powers.

**LALANDE**

And he really succeeded?

**MAILARD**

No doubt of it. The keepers and kept were soon made to exchange places. Not that exactly either, for the madmen had been free, but the keepers were shut cells forthwith, and treated, I am sorry to say, in a very cavalier manner.

**LALANDE**

Out of presume a counter-revolution was soon affected. This condition of things could have long existed. The country people in the neighborhood—visitors coming to see the establishment—would have given the alarm.

**MAILARD**

Here you are out. The head rebel was too cunning for that he admitted no visitors at all—with the exception, one day, of a very stupid—looking young gentleman of who had no reason to be afraid. He let him in to see the place—just by way of variety—to have a little fun with him. As soon as he had gammoned him sufficiently, he let him out, and sent him about his business.

**LALANDE**

And how long, then, did the madmen reign?

**MAILARD**

Oh, a very long time, indeed—a month certainly—how much longer I can't precisely say. In the meantime, the lunatics had a jolly season of it—that you may swear. They doffed their own shabby clothes and made free with the family wardrobe and jewels. The cellars of the Château were well stocked with wine; and these madmen are just the Devils that know how to drink it. They lived well; I can tell you.

**LALANDE**

And the treatment—what was the particular species of treatment which the leader of the rebels put into operation?
MAILARD
why some reason for that, a madman is not necessarily a tool, as I have already observed; and it is my honest opinion that his treatment was a very much better treatment than that which it superseded. it was a very capital system indeed—simple—neat— no trouble at all— in fact it was delicious----it was----
another series of yells, rapidly approaching…..

LALANDE
gracious heavens!--- the lunatics have most undoubtedly broken loose!

MAILARD
we very much fear it is so.
loud shouts and imprecations are heard outside the windows, and it soon becomes evident that some persons outside our endeavoring to gain entrance into the room. the doors are beaten with a sledgehammer, and the window shutters are wrenched and shaken with great violence. a scene of the most terrible confusion ensues. Maillard, to Lalande’s astonishment throws himself under the sideboard. the members of the orchestra, who have upon the table, breakout with one accord, into YANKEE DOODLE, which they performed, with an energy superhuman, if not quite to. the guests who sang the song of the two heads leaps upon the table and starts orating, but he cannot be heard thru the din. the tee-totum man starts spinning around Knox everybody down that happened to be in the path of his arms. the one who, saying of the champagne, opos and fizzes, the frogman croaked, the donkey-man brays. Mme. Joyeuse sings out, “cock-a-doodle-de-doo-o-o-o-oo!” now comes the climax: as no resistance is offered, the windows are smashed in and thru them bound ten creatures, tarred, and feathered, looking like apes and baboons. Lalande gets a terrible beating in the site, and rolls under the sofa.

HOUSE OF INTRUDERS
Maillard!.... Get him! he’s crazy, he’s freed all of the lunatics, tarred, and feathered us keeps, shut us up in underground cells for a month with nothing but bread and water! get ‘em boys! lock ‘em up!
they drag the yelling and screaming patients out.
CURTAIN
LALANDE (curtain call)
the soothing system, with important modifications, is resumed at the chateau; yet I
cannot help agreeing with Monsieur Maillard that his own “treatment” was a very
cap?? one of its kind. as he justly observed, it was “simple—neat—and gave no trouble
at all—not the least. I have only to add that, altho I have searched every library in
Europe for the works of Dr. Tarr and Prof. Fether, I have, up to the present, nay, utterly
failed in my endeavor to procure a copy.

FINIS
A Woman's Trick: A Music-Moral :: (1926)

Music by Ernest Brooks
Text by Bruce Goff
Adapted from “The Thousand Nights and One Night”
J.C. Mardrus & E. P. Mathers Translation (1923)

CAST ::

A WOMAN
HER HUSBAND
HER LOVER
HER SERVANT GIRL
THE WALI
THE KADI
THE WAZIR
THE SULTAN
THE POLICEMAN
THE PORTER
THE CARPENTER

SCENE 1 :: THE WOMAN’S ROOM
SCENE 2 :: THE WALI’S AUDIENCE ROOM
SCENE 3 :: THE KADI’S AUDIENCE ROOM
SCENE 4 :: THE WAZIR’S AUDIENCE ROOM
SCENE 5 :: THE SULTAN’S AUDIENCE ROOM
SCENE 6 :: THE CARPENTER’S SHOP
SCENE 7 :: THE WOMAN’S ROOM
A WOMAN'S TRICK

SCENE I
(The Woman's Room)

HUSBAND: The camels are ready, and the caravan awaits me. Pray for the success of my enterprise, dear wife, that I made this sooner returned to you.

WOMAN: May the name of Allah be upon you and about you, oh head of my life! What will happen to this poor wretch while her strong one is away? Dear love, if I only listen to my heart, I could never let you go, even for a day, even for an hour for Danger cries from the desert and robbers ride in the night.

HUSBAND: But the poet says:

What’s the danger, so the feet may roam?
Beyond the town where custom is?
Better be dead than stay at home,
A flea with lice for enemies,
Invite your soul to voyage,
For at the gates of newfound lands,
Wait raptures and discoveries,
And gold with laughter in her hands.

WOMAN: My soul tells me our love is a strong chain. It will choke the tears of the night. I therefore will make no further difficulty, my lord.

HUSBAND: I swear by your head, which is the most treasured thing in all the world, that I will only take the time to go in return, calm yourself, dear spirit, and refresh your eyes, for, if I think of you all the time, Allah will surely allow no evil for me.

WOMAN: Go then in Allah’s name, dear love!

They tear away from each other he departs.
She immediately leaps with joy cries
WOMAN : He’s gone! How he tires me! Always the same. Always the same…

Bring me love oh Prophet…I starve for variety!

Her servant enters with enthusiasm

SERVANT : He’s here… sweet mistress.

WOMAN : My husband….returned?

SERVANT : (laughing) No… oh no, my princess; the Prophet has sent you a youth!

WOMAN : Where is he?

SERVANT : Outside. I have seen him hiding in the almond trees. When the caravan left he came to me. “Now she is alone?” He asked and almost broke in the house. He is waiting.

WOMAN : (stretching herself) Tell me of him.

SERVANT : Believe me, my dear, his eyes wound all the world. His cheeks are pedals of anemone fallen upon a Terrace stream Jasmin. His mouth is the seal of Sulayman, and his lips are dyed with the blood of rubies; he has the neck of a young antelope, and it bears up the glory of his head as a lily is carried on its dew-wet stem. He is above all praise for he has beauty and is as charming as he is beautiful. These things make him resemble you in every way, my love.

WOMAN : I am waiting!

The servant leaves the room. Instantly, the youth enters and madly embraces the woman. They do not notice the servant light incense and bring in food and leave the light is almost extinguished and the following is in semidarkness.

WOMAN : How long have you waited, my woman?

LOVER : Days….. Days. But always that dog, your husband.

WOMAN : Kiss me, my sweet, and forget all talk of him. He’s gone. Far away.

LOVER : When will he return, my desire?

WOMAN : Never, my soul, for danger cries from the desert and robbers ride in the night!

They laugh at this, and their lovemaking continues more violently... They eat and drink and saying:
TOGETHER : Take this cup and drink this wine

For it is a virgin wine

And the cup is new gold

A woman who waits is the fool of time

My nights have been many

To see the brown waters of the Tigris

Under black veiled stars

Or to watch the moon in the West

Thrusting her silver sword into the purple river

A woman who waits is the fool of time.

They are interrupted by a commotion outside and are startled as a policeman breaks into the room. He is very large and snatches the youth from the woman’s arms.

POLICEMAN : Just-in-time! Just in time! By the beard of the profit, I arrest you. Come!

WOMAN : Why do you take my lover from me now. Can you not wait till dawn? What charges can you possibly bring?

POLICEMAN : He snatched the beard from the face of the sheik…. escaped and now I find him up to more dirty business. Here’s the warrant from the Wali (flashes it before them) Come!

LOVER : (To woman) False witness! They bear me false witness! An old sheik, oh yes, but a double-dealing pervert! He solicited me, my love, but instead of submitting, we quarreled with him and beat him about the face and tore away his evil beard. “Beard of the Prophet. Yes, you may arrest me by that, but not his filthy beard.

POLICEMAN : O pimp, this lands you in the pitch for good in all! COME! He drags the youth from the room. The woman is wailing, and the servant tries to quiet her.
SCENE 2

(The Wali’s Hall of Request Time:
the next morning)

The Wali is asleep at his desk and snores quite audibly. A servant enters quietly and stealthily approaches him. He is afraid to awaken him and stands before him in indecision. The Wali abruptly ceases his snoring and sits up quickly, startled by the servant’s presence.

WALI : (With suspicious rage) O dog! Son of a dog! Thief of my sleep! What are you doing? It’s well I awoke. Speak!

SEVANT : (flustered) Great Wali . . . . Great judge of men . . . . There is . . . .

WALI : (interrupting) So you would slay me in my sleep . . . . eh? There is . . . . what?

SERVANT : (fearfully) Oh no, my master . . . . I but came to announce there is one waiting who would have audience with you . . . 

WALI : Send him away! Get out!

SERVANT : But, wise one, she is butter and milk! Musk and Jasmin! Honey and . . .

WALI : Stop! . . . I will see her!

The servant leaves . . . . the Wali sprays himself with perfume and tidy’s himself a bit. The Servant brings in the Woman. She is dressed in most seductive ornaments and enters with grace. She bows low before him, as the servant exits, at an angry sign from the Wali.

WOMAN : Oh, our lord the Wali, the youth who tore out the old sheik’s beard, and whom you have put in prison, is my brother and the sole support of our house. His accuser is a rascally pervert and the witnesses were false. I come to beg that you will, of your justice, deliver my brother; if you refuse, our house will fall in ruins, and I shall die of hunger.

The Wali is considerably impressed.
WALI: I am disposed to free your brother. Go now into the harem of my house, and, when the audiences are over, I will come and talk to you about the matter.

WOMAN: (Nods her understanding, then aside) I swear by Aliyah, old dirty beard that you will not touch me save in apricot time.

(then to him) Oh our lord the Wali, it would be better if you came to my house where we might talk at greater ease than in this place; for in a harem I should be a stranger.

WALI: (with delight) And where is your house?

WOMAN: Behind the wall by the Victory gate. I will expect you this evening at sundown.

She smiles, bows low and leaves the Wali alone.

WALI: (as in a daze) She leaves me floundering in a stormy sea.

he sighs...

CURTAIN

*********************************************************

SCENE 3

(The Kadi’s Hall of Requests) It is obviously the same as the one preceding with the addition of a few properties to signify greater power and luxury. As the curtain parts we see the KADI, a very old man talking with the servant (the same as in Scene 2).

KADI: Fool! I have no time for her. Tell her to come back another time.

SERVANT: But great KADI, judge of all men, she insists on an audience and master….. She is butter and milk! Musk and Jasmin! Honey and ….

KADI: Fool! Why did not your wretched tongue tell me this before? Why do you stand with glue on your feet… Show her to me at once!

As the servant goes to bring in the woman, the KADI combs his great beard and prepares himself for his fair visitor. She enters alone, bows a graceful greeting, and stands before him.

KADI: What troubles you, my child of flowers?
WOMAN : O our master the KADI, I pray you cast the eyes of justice upon my cause; for Allah will do so to you and more also.

KADI : Who has oppressed you?

WOMAN : A wicked sheik who has had my brother, the sole prop of my house, imprisoned on false witness. I beg you to intercede for me with the Wali that my brother may be released.

KADI : (with passion) I will take up your brother’s cause, fair flower. Go now into the harem of my house; I will join you when I am at liberty, and we can talk together. All will be as you desire.

WOMAN : (aside) Son of a pimp, you shall have me in the time of apricots!

(to the Kadi) Oh master, it will be better if I wait for you in my house where none can disturb us.

KADI : And where is your house?

WOMAN : Behind the wall by the Victory gate. I will wait for you tonight a little after sunset.

She bows low and exists, the eyes of the Kadi following every sumptuous movement.

KADI : (elated) Butter and milk! Musk and Jasmin! Honey and ….

CURTAIN

SCENE 4

(The Wazir’s Hall of Requests) It is the same as scene 3 with a few additions. The Wazir enters from a door marked “HAREM” and is singling to himself.

WAZIR : Rise up and hear the season sing,

The girls are here for marrying,

And a glad wife’s an almanac

Whose scented leaves point ever back

And tell about the Spring.

Rise up and …. rot!
(He seats Himself dejectedly).
The servant (same as in other scenes) is fanning him. Wazir to servant:

Lucky eunuch! Allah spares you!

SERVANT :  Great Wazir, I am indeed fortunate…but there are times....

WAZIR :  Alas, lucky one, a man with a wife needs to be very wise and patient.

(The they are interrupted by the sound of a great gong).

SERVANT :  Someone awaits in the audience room; will you see them master?

WAZIR :  Who is it?

(The servant peeks out the door).

SERVANT :  A Woman!

WAZIR :  (Groaning to himself) "The flesh is sad, alas!" No, I won’t see her.

SERVANT :  But great adviser of our lord the sultan, some see for yourself!

Butter and milk! Musk and Jasmin! Honey and ....

The Wazir runs to the door, peeks out and nods to the servant his desire to see her. He quickly seats himself as the servant shows in the Woman and closes the door, leaving them alone. After greeting:

WOMAN :  O Wazir, power of the earth! Help me in my plight!

WAZIR :  Who dares to cloud your sky, my bird?

WOMAN :  My brother is in prison… all because a filthy old sheik...

WAZIR :  I know. You wish his release. That should not be difficult. In the meantime, go into the harem: I will join you there and we can talk about the matter.

WOMAN :  By the life of your head, O master, I am very shy and would not dare to go into your harem. My own house is better fitted for such a conversation; I will await you there behind the wall by the Victory Gate an hour after sunset this evening. She leaves the Hall. When the door closes the Wazir begins to dance about the room and sing:

WAZIR :  Rise up and hear the season sing,

The girls are here for marrying .....
SCENE 5
(The Sultan’s Hall of Requests)

Some very jazzy-oriental music preludes the rising of the curtain. Then we see the same scene as before with more elaborate additions. A radio is furnishing music and the dance is at its height. The sultan, intoxicated with wine, music, and women, descends from his daisy, and joins the dancers. The same servant enters and whispers something in the Sultan’s ear. Immediately he interrupts the dance and orders the dancers out by clapping his hands twice. Then he climbs back up on the throne and is ready when the Servant brings in the Woman. The servant stands at one side of the throne with a large fan during the scene. The woman enters with exaggerated humility and prostrates herself before the Sultan.

SULTAN: (aside) By Allah, here is something to be taken hot and hungry!

(to her) Who has oppressed you?

WOMAN: There can be no oppression for our king is just.

SULTAN: Allah alone is just! What can I do for you?

WOMAN: Give me an order of release for my brother. He has been unjustly imprisoned.

SULTAN: That is easy. Go and wait in my harem, child. Justice shall have its course.

WOMAN: In that case, O King, I would rather wait in my own house. For such a conversation as ours, the King must know that there are many preparations necessary, baths and the like; those preparations I cannot perfectly make except in my own poor house, which, after tonight will be a palace.

SULTAN: Be it so. And where is your house?

WOMAN: Behind the wall by the Victory Gate, my king! Come as night descends.

She exits. The Servant has forgotten to fan.

SULTAN: (to servant) The fan! Idiot! By Allah it is hot!

The servant fans industriously as the Sultan rises and crosses to the door marked “Turkish Bath” and follows him thru, striving to fan him at every step.
The scene opens with the noise of sawing and pounding, and the buzzing of an electric saw. The shop is in great disorder, and it is difficult to see the carpenter because of so much junk. The Woman enters and failing to attract his notice picks up a board and whacks it against the bench a number of times. The carpenter looks up and drops his saw with a bang.

**CARPENTER**: By Allah, mistress, I heard you not. What can I do for you?

**WOMAN**: I wish you to deliver at my house, early this evening, a large cupboard with four shelves, one above the other, each with a separate door with strong locks.

**CARPENTER**: By Allah, good mistress, it cannot be done by this evening.

**WOMAN**: But I will pay you anything you like to ask.

**CARPENTER**: In that case it shall be ready, dear mistress. I ask neither silver nor gold, but only a certain favor which you can well imagine. Come into the back of the shop, where we can talk at ease about the measurements of the cupboard.

**WOMAN**: My dear carpenter, you have not tact! Do you think that that dirty little place at the back of your shop is suitable for a conversation such as ours? Come round to my house behind the wall by the Victory Gate after night descends and we will talk about measurements until the morning...Only, I have just remembered that I require five shelves and not four. Yes, I need five shelves for all the remarkable merchandise which I wish to lock away.

As she turns to leave the shop:

**CARPENTER**: Mistress, it shall be delivered before sundown!

He rushes to a pile of lumber and drags out several boards. The helper enters (he is the same servant in different attire).

**CARPENTER**: Lazy wretch! Five Dinars to you if we finish the cupboard by sundown!

The helper springs into action and they both whistle as they work with utmost energy.
SCENE 7
(The Woman's room...same as Scene 1)

The Woman is reclining on the divan smoking a water pipe as her servant girl brings in food and drink, arranges flowers and burns perfumes. Then she goes to a coffer and takes out five robes of different colour and shape and carefully sets them out. There is a ring at the door and the girl opens the door. A porter (the same servant) enters with the cabinet on his back and places it as directed by the Woman:

WOMAN : Put it there! (He leaves hurriedly to collect his five Dinars).

SERVANT : Loved one, is it for the five robes? (Pointing to them)

WOMAN : Yes, dear child, it is for the five....

A loud knock sounds at the door. The girl hurries and instantly the Wali enters. His hostel rises in his honor and kisses the earth between his hands, motions him to seat himself beside her and offers him refreshments. Then she flirts with him until the Wali trembles with a desire to possess her immediately, but the Woman extricates herself from his embrace.

WOMAN : Surely you lack refinement, my master. Will you not first undress, so that you may be free in your movements?

WALI : There is no difficulty in that. (He goes behind the screen and undresses. The Woman throws him the yellow robe and bonnet and as he steps out prepared to amuse himself there is a violent knocking at the door.

WALI : Are you expecting some neighbor?

WOMAN : (terrified) By Allah, I had quite forgotten that my husband is coming back this evening! It is he who is knocking at the door!

WALI : What will become of me? What must I do?

WOMAN : You must get into the cupboard. (She opens the door of the lowest shelf) Get inside.

WALI : But how?
WOMAN: Squat down. (The Wali gets into the cupboard and squats down. The woman locks the door of the shelf and hastens to open the door for the next guest). The Kadi enters.

KADI: Child of flowers the sun has set, and I await the rising of the moon. He starts to embrace her she hands him the red robe and bonnet.

KADI: But what is this?

WOMAN: My dear Kadi! Where is your refinement? Go put them on so we can commence our conversation.

KADI: Our conversation?

WOMAN: You have not yet written the order for my brother's liberation.

KADI: By the great Prophet, he quite forgot that (He hands her the paper then goes back of the screen. There is a knocking at the door and the Kadi comes out trembling in his red robe).

WOMAN: That is my husband! (She leads the frightened Kadi to the cupboard, opens the second shelf, pushes him in and locks the door. Then she goes to the door). The Wazir enters, singing:

WAZIR: Rise up and hear the seasons sing, my bird. It is the hour past the setting of the sun! (He rushes towards her but is eluded).

Change into these... (Handing him the green robe and bonnet). He snatches them from her, disappears behind the screen and emerges soon in the green robe. She motions him to sit beside her and offers him refreshments. He starts to sing:

WAZIR: Rise up and hear ............

There is a knocking at the door again and the woman drags him over to the cupboard, opens the third shelf and he climbs up into it.

WAZIR: (Fearfully) Who is it?

WOMAN: My husband!

WAZIR: Shut this door! Hurry! (She does and locks it, then answers the door again. The Sultan looks in cautiously, then enters).

SULTAN: Allah has brought the night... and you, my princess. We will talk of your troubles later..., justice shall have its course, but now......
WOMAN : No, ruler of my soul, ruler of all men, no....first you must put on this robe of blue.....you shall have a blue night! (He takes it and comes from behind the screen in blue. But the woman has left the room for a moment. Just then there is a knocking at the door. He looks for a hiding place, finds the 4th shelf of the cupboard, crawls up with effort as the woman returns and locks it. She goes to the door. The carpenter enters).

WOMAN : Tell me, carpenter, why you made the fifth shelf so small? I can hardly get anything into it.

CARPENTER : That is a thoroughly good shelf, it would hold me and four like me.

WOMAN : Try then. (He climbs up and is locked in. The woman leaves the room for a time there is silence).

WALI, KADI, WAZIR : We are in a nice trap! Happily, the King has been spared.

SULTAN : Be quiet for I am here! But I have no idea who can be above us.

CARPENTER : May Allah in every way exalt the king's majesty! I am above you and I am the carpenter who made this cupboard.

SULTAN : Oh Filth!

WAZIR : Filth!

KADI : Filth!

WALI : Filth!

CARPENTER : Who can boast that he understands what passes in the brains of women?

THE OTHERS : As Allah lives, she could have obtained all the requests of all the world, showing herself so supple and so fair. The door is opened, and the Woman and her lover come in arm-in-arm. They turn down the lights until it is dark.

CHORUS : (in cupboard) HER Brother!

YOUTH : Are there Jinn in the cupboard, my heart?

WOMAN : We are quite alone with our love.

The night is witch-blown glass of blue,

Out of a green mystery the nightingale invites us.

The breathing of the naked night

Into the silver horn of the moon
Invites us.
Suspicious age of sleeping.
Here are myrtles and gold flowers,
The rose’s jars are spilled
And wine and stars.
The cup is full to-night.

CURTAIN

***************

THE END
Figure A-161. TULSART, front cover, Bruce Goff, unknown medium, c. 1931. Courtesy of AIC Goff Archives, CC0.
about a dozen years ago, the editors planned this publication as a sometime eventuality, when they would have added several years to their mental statures and widen their circle of congenial lines.

TULSART thus arrives, the accumulation of that and experience. it will present personalities and philosophies in a comprehensive integrality with truth, glorified in art as abstraction. similar ventures, of less scope, have come and gone. many were unable to keep their balance on the narrow path, principally because they were overweighed with the shackles of a former age. prominent among these shackles is the vague conviction that art is inevitably represented. the appropriate corollary to this fallacy is, of course, that a new dress constitutes a suitable evolution; the significance of “art-form” evading the theots of the “artists.”

TULSART is particularly eager to represent American artists, though not exclusively. the aim is the recognition of pure art forms in all capacities. contributors will have opportunity to present their ideas there by enlarged the receptivity of the world towards contemporary artistic production.

TULSART is a nonprofit monthly publication. The editors will welcome contributions of a nature consistent with the idealism evident in the contents. there is no monetary remuneration. copyright has been applied for.

with sincere attention and effort to understand it, there can be no indifference. some inconsiderate of those honestly making an effort to enjoy art should be ostracized from any group…. as the poet says, “a guy who would do that would ride a bicycle.” if you are in different you will probably ask yourself: “what does it matter?”

Ernest Brooks, composer and pianist, co-editor of TULSART.

B.A. (Drury College), composition study with Leo Sowerby.

Luada Boswell’s passion for esoteric literature is evident in most of her work. she is an Oklahoma product was born here in 1908. she finished school at Oklahoma University last year. Luada is also much interested in music; and sometimes looks like Myrna Loy, but sometimes ……

Bruce Goff, architect and musician, co-editor of TULSART, owner of one of the largest collections of recorded modern music in the world.
professionally self-developed, acknowledging the influence of the art of the Orient, the Mayas, Frank Lloyd Wright, Claude Debussy.

his principal architectural designs are Boston Avenue Methodist Church, Tulsa

Riverside Auditorium  Page Warehouse
Studio for Adah Robinson  Guaranty Laundry
The Tulsa Building  Tulsa State Fair Exhibit Building

Berronoksst (. ) Is a timid, young man, except in his poems; his work was submitted under cover, and we hope for more, regardless of personal idiosyncrasy, nationality, or creed. he may sometimes be seen in the company of SCARNEDNLEAR on Sunday nites.

TULSART IS NOT FOR SOPHISTICATES, DILETTANTES.
TULSART IS FOR ARTISTS, AND FOR THOSE VITALLY INTERESTED IN ART.
FOR THEIR REGAL MEANT:

24 articles on Debussy; further discussion of pure representative art; music; poetry; informal sketches; articles about American artists, composers, criticism; technical considerations in various phases of art, avoiding “waste motion”; etc.

INDIFFERENCE

indifference is a weed driving all too well in sophistication.

with the belief they have experienced. all known physical and mental mysteries of life, too many of our young people are already “fed up” and bored with that same life. what is left for them? “why bother..... let someone else worry about saving the country!"

this weed of indifference needs little cultivation.... it “just grows.”

worst of all, it spreads like a contagious disease and weakens even the strongest.

it is a pity people ever reach the state, especially when they are so young, that they cease to see, hear, touch, and taste.

it is a pity they ever think life offers nothing new.

it is a pity they cannot keep their boredom and indifference to themselves.

it is a pity to have lost one’s ambition.

in the arts. it is suicide for an artist to feel so. if he is a real true red-blooded creator. he cannot and will not. those of lesser stature are in danger.
it is worse than murder to receive any art, good or bad, with deliberate indifference merely to glance at a work of art and pass on the bewildered to something else only to pass on again quite as casually, and with just as much sham of superiority, is bad enuf.

we should all avail ourselves of every opportunity to broaden ourselves, not only in general education, but in all our activities. the least we can do is to give courteous attention when we are in contact with it.

with sincere attention and effort to understand it, there can be no indifference.

some inconsiderate of those honestly making an effort to enjoy art should be ostracized from any group…. as the poet says, “a guy who would do that would ride a bicycle.” if you are in different you will probably ask yourself: “what does it matter?”
Diary of a Mad Woman

Monday—this is the day of the moon. Damn be forever, the day of the first moon, which made me the sport of all men, the interior of all women, the content of all children. I am abominable to myself, so abominable that I forget everything except that I vote with all the strength of my insanity, the moon, which may be an ugly wretch, and then fiendish people who scorned me. HA! scorned me! I caused them to suffer as never a moon-shielded woman could hurt them, and it assuages me.

Figure A-162. Diary of a Mad Woman, Bruce Goff, unknown medium, c. 1931. Courtesy of AIC Goff Archives, CC0.

My boss beauty regained would assuage me to see them flinch and write in torment at me with what cunning I approached that young girl on the street one day (she who was so sensitive! and flattered her, until suddenly I pounced down on her like a panther (she thought I was going to strike her down) and told her that she looked more like a hyena than a human being. I laughed like a possessed devil and was off. Her punishment was balm to my festered heart, for that night I slept well, and moaned, but very little in my sleep, so Jacob told me when he brought Oedipus to stay in bed with me after he left for work. I learned how to scratch people’s hearts out of their souls from Oedipus’s who scratches their eyes out of their bodies and saves them in his lair to gloat over as a woman gloats over jewels. I save my conquests too, but I turn purple with rage when I see the poverty of them. Ah, they are beautiful little bits of terror, tho, that I have snatched from people, but I am awaiting the one great combat in which all of the elements of my vice shall be combined to make a more hellish display of my ferocity than ever before. I need that to compensate the great wrong the moon has wrot me.... the moon.... how I have stoned the moon—in the adolescence of my madness. How futile it was to gather the stones in my gown and climb the hill, casting stone upon stone at the callow moon—casting the stones of my desperation at the faithless moon who tossed them playfully to the stars in a game they knew—stones until my arms were without feeling—and I lay down on top of the hill and whispered curse upon curse—hoarsely—like a litany until I fell asleep—and awoke to find the moon had escaped me. Many mornings I awoke thus—my hands bruised and bleeding—to find the impotent on my lips—the impotent moon—the impotent moon—and it was then I knew that I could no longer vent my anger on the moon—because of its impotence. What...... then, slowly descending the hill into the town. I pondered. What.... then.
destruction of something? grass? trees? torment of something? beasts? and on reaching the lane that led by the graveyard and church I pounced on the idea of PEOPLE, people. they die only once, and I die a thousand deaths. why not persecute them! I was dancing with glee at the idea when the priest came out of the church, and said to me: “what ails you, sister? can I help you?” I hissed, and spat on his feet, and shrieked: “the next time I see you I’ll kill you!” he fled in terror into the church. to pray, no doubt. to pray. I hope in his fear he spends his life in prayer. I hope in his fear he spends eternity in prayer. since that day my hands have never again been bruised, but people have bled at my caprice. in their tortured faces I have seen their eyes beg for compassion, for mercy. for mercy! let them go to their patron saints for mercy. as for me, I am Mary. the mad Saint Mary! HA! who knows...... perhaps the Virgin Mary, PERVERT! by Luada Boswell (for Nathalie Rice Roberts)
(Various Quotes)

art, like life, should be free since both are experimental.

—Santayana\textsuperscript{518}

serenely, boldly, even, may we look into the distant musical future; it calls us, lures us on—no human judgment can affright us. they will tell us “you have trampled all laws human and divine, underfoot!” we shall answer: “we have!” and think to us: “ah, if you knew what is coming!” I can hear their croaking voices: “you will be forgotten—and for all time!” our answer shall be: “non, moo et non, madame!” in fact, our stock of audacity will suffice for any number of judges!

—Mussorgsky\textsuperscript{519}

red is the color of youth.

—Schumann\textsuperscript{520}

the ideal is within thyself; thy condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that some ideal out of.

—Carlyle\textsuperscript{521}

they’re all alike.

—Anon

the man with the cause must abdicate before his genius will work for him. the history of inspiration does not alter cases where passions, even righteous passions, spasms of energy, rages, and excitements, and even resolutions that seem likely to remove mountains have enabled artists call the spirits of the vastly deep.

—John Crowe Ransom\textsuperscript{522}

principle is the safe precedent.

—Frank Lloyd Wright\textsuperscript{523}

the time is ripe for construction…. not foolery.

—Le Corbusier\textsuperscript{524}

I am seeking for the rule so broad as to admit of no exceptions.

—Louis H. Sullivan\textsuperscript{525}
architecture is the only tangible expression of space of which the human spirit is capable.

—Erich Mendelsohn

where do we come from?
what are we?
where we going?

—Paul Gauguin

the only thing wrong with Wagner's music is the sound of it!

—Mark Twain

somewhere.... gazing at the morning moon,
is one of like mind with me,
but I have no way to find him out.

—Japanese song

we are very pleasant atoms.

—Voltaire

discipline must be sought in freedom, and not within the formulas of an outworn philosophy only fit for the feebleminded. give ear to know man's counsel; but this into the wind which tells of passing the history of the world.

—Debussy

of course, you may be right.... but at the same time....

—Voltaire
The Richard Lloyd Jones House, Tulsa, OK

Frank Lloyd Wright, Architect, 1931

Figure A-163. Richard Lloyd Jones house. Bruce Goff, unknown medium, c. 1931. Courtesy of AIC Goff Archives, CC0.

Tulsa, city of modern architecture, is lucky. it is graced with this house created by the master at the height of his power. Wright’s buildings evolve, one from the other, and all that is passing his life and experience is summed up in each new work. it is easy to trace this development and evolution of the first Winslow house, still reminiscent of Sullivan, thru the Dana residence…. then the Martin house…. the flower-like Coonley group. the last named represents a high-water mark in his achievements. but Wright realized that this is a changing world, and ever seeking expression of our age of materials through his genius, we find a new spirit in the California houses. the Barnsdall group, of monolithic concrete is one of the most poetic homes in the world, it suggests warm summer nites with moonlight transforming its whiteness to jade and complementing deep mysterious shadows. it is a romance. immediately after the work we find him at work on the Ennis, Millard, and Freeman houses, all using, for the first time in history, precast concrete “textile blocks” of standard dimensions and design. these are knit together with steel rods forming a light, strong fabric for the whole. this is especially suitable for the earthquake-country and allows great freedom of the imagination. it is also fireproof and lends itself to integral color.

the Jones house is a development of the system employed still another new feature, the rhythmic-pier system consisting of hollow piers formed by precast concrete blocks knit together with steel rods. these piers are of uniform size and plan and are separated by
glass, extending in practically all instances from floor slab to ceiling slab. the tendency towards over-ornamentation, natural in a medium of such rich possibilities, evident in the California houses, is here happily conquered. there are only two “designs” used in the entire structure…. the simple motif above the glass openings and the perforated blocks used for the stair tower and fight and he units in the interior. extreme simplicity prevails thruout and the “design” is the nature of the materials themselves freely expressing the logic of the plan, which, in turn, is nicely calculated to meet the requirements, social and domestic, of the family. so, it can be truly said HERE IS A TRULY ORGANIC HOUSE, and ordered whole, built as a setting for the new life are people of our time.

it is “tailor-made” to fit the occupants in a degree never realized in “style-houses.” in such abortions. the people for whom they are constructed cannot possibly be “at home.” they are of distinctly different times…. either the distant past or that bastard era…. whatever. its time is SUPPOSED to be, of which most of our real estate “homes” are shining examples. such “romance” smacks of the movies, and certainly not of this, the most glorious of all ages.

the Jones house has “romance” of quite a refreshing sort. the romance of the present prophecy of that of the future. it is CLEAN without the barren mathematical, in human qualities in the work of Le Corbusier in his group. it is QUIET with that rich reserve which is possession of truly intelligent people. it is ALIVE with the new materials, cement, metals, and glass. it is a place for YOUNG PEOPLE, regardless of their age. its various functions find expression in a remarkable continuity…. the disposition of the living room group, the bedroom wing and the service and garage buildings embracing a secluded garden with its swimming pool. the flat roofs opening from the stair tower and second floor bedrooms…. all coherent and sensible. a new car or airplane harmonious with it, as is the dress of our time. it is STRONG in its simplicity and scenes as joyous music, the gladness of men. the owners are to be congratulated for allowing the greatest genius in the history of architecture such freedom, and their reward is this wonderful house. Tulsa lucky to possess, with its other treasures, this rare structure and we salute the owners, the builder, Paul Mueller, and the great architect FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT give thanks.
(Untitled Poem)

whilst I cherish the procession
oh sweet, soft dreams.
    your gentle breasts were
sighs
    tipped with poignant acquiescence
covered embrace listened breathlessly
for muted fondness....
    I kissed you a thousand times
    in one kiss.
    the portals were the eyes
    in phallic integrality.
    cool colors punctuated
    the macrocosm.
my arms remember.... a sinuous haunting
comes up from the thurible,
with a pulsing embelic throb.

I am grasped in white muscles
of greedy passion!
    your body drowns me,
    and thwarts my height.
you leap, and the soaring of you
veils thickly my punctuation.
    playing with it,
    pulling a close,
    tugging at its teasing unity.
sometimes I shall rope your parasitic soul!

always I see you, calm tower,
composing in demure gravity
curvetting lines.
they are swift, and fleetingly gone,
but always oblige
an encore.
sometimes they leap
across the chasm of embrace,
and trounce my ego.

what is non-committal?
you lie there, and I,
a repetitious imitation
of wearisome illusion.
the embolus has a frenzied remembrance
of other lives, among vague
dark, concrete caverns.
there are so many portals
concentrated! they patrol
there acquisitive paths
with enchaining power,
unforgettable of their services
that is your body.

your body is sweeter.
all these little stirrings
our only of arrogant virgins,
she will be sweetened
by their interlocuters,
perhaps.

even to you
I am all, in my power.
try to swim out!
this stream calms your tangent,
and pulls the errant threads
(perhaps tangled)

in inevitable
common ways. because I took you,
you forever hold me, beyond digression.

by Berronoeksst 1.1
Pure and Representative Art

art in the more primitive stages is always representative.
the first drawing and painting, illustrated animal and plant life.
the first music grew out of rhythms and speech.
the first literature was descriptive.
the first architecture strictly utilitarian.
their purpose was not fundamentally artistic.
the art was a “by-product” because man felt the urge and necessity to express something of himself in his work.
this necessity and urge became involved in and confused with representation from the very beginning.
it remains with us and presents an inherent obstacle to the creation of pure art terms.
because literature is the most representative, by nature, of the first art forms,
it has invaded the other’s now weakened and by demanding representation of things and thots about things.
almost all art activity to the present time concerns itself with representation.
this slavery is no longer necessary.
the genius of man has created other means for his education and statement of knowledge.
the printing press, photography and television are the new agents for statement and preservation of thot.
now he is free to express himself naturally and simply in pure art forms because these forms are free from representation, yet he is afraid.
in spite of himself and grows steadily to the ideal of ABSTRACTION.
this can be traced through all art forms:
**DRAWING & PAINTING**

drawing and painting first attempted to picture, as accurately as possible, objects.

but the individuality of the artists asserted itself and gave the picture and additional quality... his emotional response to the objects, and subconscious desire for abstraction.

this, with the materials of expression pass thru many civilizations.

primitive man’s drawings bear witness to his group medium at the power of his natural simplicity.

it became richer with man’s knowledge.

Egyptian, Greek, Gothic, Oriental, and most of the “art” of our time is no more than representative of things and thots about things express through the medium of the time.

a portrait of a man.... primitive.... by Rembrandt, Cézanne, Klimt, or Picasso differ only in time and knowledge, and the growth of the feeling for the need of doing something more than the subject.

in other words, the “thing” pictured has become an excuse for something else and wishes to express.

the Japanese endeavored to escape this bondage in their prints, etc., but failed.

“cubism” was the most radical step to rid the parasite.

composition, color, beauty of line and material asserted themselves more aggressively than ever before.

before complete freedom was attained, however, and became afraid of its own power, it compromised again with representative art.

most of the drawing and painting today is in this sad state of affairs.

in the few exceptions apply the proof and hope for abstract painting and drawing.

we know this form of art can stand on its own feet and exist as an organism itself, as can all of the others.

what will happen when this is our time?

art will cease to be a bastard form polluted and burdened with literary expression.

it will become a necessity as an integral part of architecture.
it will aid advertising and commercial activities.

it will become more than ever and “experience” not only to the artist but to the spectator.

it will be done more for itself that for exhibitionism.

the artist will be free to present, unhampered, thru the qualities of his mediums, his great desire through all ages... something of himself.

a new joy and greater freedom of imagination will result.

we will be more aware and sensitive to all the nuances of life.

with this some purity and clearness of vision in all art we will live better, man will be himself!!!
**Reviews .... Recent Recordings**

**DEBUSSY: SONATA FOR CELLO & PIANO**


In 1912 Debussy planned to compose six sonatas for varied combinations of instruments. unfortunately, he lived to accomplish only three: cello & piano (1912), flute, harp & viola (1915), violin & piano (1917), all of which have been beautifully recorded. the first is in three sections: Prologue; Serenade; Finale. the Prologue begins reminiscent league, and then as if conjuring a grand vision, of something pass, reconstructs a noble edifice of sound.... broad and magnificent with confident mastery... we are allowed but a glimpse. abruptly, the cello is apologetic, lest it has revealed too much. it and somberly, but on a note of hope. Debussy's ironic humor had to assert itself in the serenade with plucked notes the cello gambles awkwardly on the scene. there is a call.... the clarion call of love, and after a dashing surprise of laziness, we are making fun of Drigo and all the others writing very sweet serenades. but after a discouraging rebuff, the cello tries again, only to be very curtly and coldly dismissed..... disappointed. the finale is passionately hopeful with its soaring phrases of model character. it seems to float with its ecstasy. there is a short rhythmic section of Spanish suggestion from which the soaring arises again and culminates in a brilliant and dazzling climax punctuated sharply with a “cubist” ending. the plane is vital and strong, and the recording, as usual with French Columbia, Impeccable.

**DEBUSSY: AFTERNOON OF A FAUN**

2 – 12" SIDES (Ernest Strauss & orchestra, French Columbia). Recordings of this masterpiece are now as plentiful as “common garden varieties.” But in spite of their profuse this we welcome this masterly reading and recording. After hearing it. We are not surprised received the prize offered by the Parisian paper Candide for the best orchestral recording of the year, in France. We would prefer the opening phrases a trifle lazier, but we rejoiced to hear the bar glissando: so inconspicuous and most recordings. It moves with a fine regard for the emotional content of the music the ending of the first side is skillfully done. The second side is allowed a little more rapture than usual and elusive spirit is brought out of the violin solo. But it is the ending which thrills us most. What a lot we have missed before by the obscurity of the antique symbols! They claim like the shining leaves in the tops of trees. How poignant the violin in their high, soft
register? It is possible a finer interpretation and recording it might someday exist, but for
the present. This is far superior to the others, and very beautiful.

**STRAVINSKY: CHINESE MARCH**

2 – 12" SIDES (Albert Coates & London Symphony, English Victor). the march is part of a
suite from the early opera, THE NIGHTINGALE. the music is ingenuously robust, and finally
suggestive of an authenticity not actual. Debussy’s influence is slightly present; at the
same time, Stravinsky clings aloft is sevenths, insinuates a few native tunes. the ending
comes quietly, after an exquisite passage with solo trumpet. the recording is as perfect
as we have.

**WILLIAM WALTON: PORTSMOUTH POINT OVERTURE**

2 – 10" SIDES (Anthony Bernard & New English Symphony, Decca Company). the mood
is vehemently jolly, and completely British. a few pungent cords punctuate folksy tunes,
and the pace is kept up almost to breathlessly, in a very ingenious orchestration. this
piece requires diligent rehearsal, for its jerky, swift bowings on the stringed instruments,
and for meticulous direction in the balance of volumes. the rhythms, too, had a
disconcerting touch (from the viewpoint of the innocent player). the recording is good.
Decca is to be commended for its efforts in the cause of young English composers.

**WILLIAM WALTON: FAÇADE**

4 – 12" SIDES (Walton & New English Symphony, Decca Company). The composer at first
improvised music to the reading of the several poems by Edith Sitwell, later, they were
formalized. Edith reads four poems, and Constant Lambert, a composer friend, the
Far Countree, 11. Tarantella. the music is in most cases frivolous; in the others poignant
and beautiful, or else full of wild, carried force. the sketches are miniatures but have
such skill and genuine feeling that they gripped the listener. Edith’s recitations are grand
and dramatic in Nos. 4 & 9. In the Jodelling Song she is deceitfully lugubrious. No. 10 is
delicate and sweetly sad. One cannot anticipate the effect of the sketches, but
everyone should know them. Lambert’s diligent and dexterous tongue betrays his
nationality delightfully. in the Scotch Rhapsody. he has to be somewhat militant, in the
Tarantella biting, ardent. there is a curious relation between the Tarantella tune with
one in the same composers Portsmouth Point Overture. the recording is fine and the
ensemble.
**Book Review**

**Modern Architecture**

**Frank Lloyd Wright**

Princeton University Press, 1931

a collection of lectures by this great architect delivered at Princeton University in 1930, with the preface by E. Baldwin Smith.

1. machinery, materials, and then
2. style and industry
3. the passing of the cornice
4. the card-board house
5. the tyranny of the skyscraper
6. the city

the inside covers carry “truths” in brief, vital statements. there is a sober photograph of Wright’s frontispiece and several in black and white of some of his buildings.

the cover was designed by Wright himself in many colors…. a very ingenious abstract composition of square and circular motifs typical of the perennial joyous use of this fact.

it is wrapped in transparent cellophane and is one of the most beautiful books. we have seen.

unlike most very beautiful books, it has something to be beautiful about. in the first place. it is the first book of Wrights printed in the united states. rather, of late, but welcome, recognition. significantly, it is dedicated to “young man in architecture”…. for there is the hope; when such potent seeds as these words take root and blossom forth in the work and that of these same “young man,” there will be a real architecture.

the various sections deal conversationally with ardent sincerity, and sometimes biting humor, with the various architectural problems of our time. inasmuch as it covers the field so well, it is also a mirror of our time…. a very clear one, showing all the wrinkles, pimples, etc., but also correctives. every person should be compelled to read this book…. its vitality will impress all.

we are happy to hear, in advance, of the publication of Frank Lloyd Wright’s autobiography in three volumes by Longmans Green, N. Y. the first deals with his
background, the second his work, and the third is prophetic of the future. we are promised intimate pictures of his struggles with the various clients, and happily, omission of sensational “love life” newspaper scandals formally associated with his life. as Wright is at the very peak of his power. today, everything he says it does is of utmost value, and we only to ourselves and posterity to digest every word of this MODERN ARCHITECTURE.

(while Mr. Wright was in Tulsa recently, for an inspection of the Jones house, he received a telegram notifying him that he was appointed as judge from North America to criticize the competitive designs for a lighthouse memorial in Rio de Janeiro. two other judges will assist, one from Europe, one from South America.)
Program of Recordings

HOLST\textsuperscript{534} The Planets,\textsuperscript{535} Holst conducting
   Mars   Venus   Mercury   Jupiter   Saturn   Uranus   Neptune
Beni Mora Suite, Holst conducting
   1\textsuperscript{st} Dance   2\textsuperscript{nd} Dance in the street of the Ouled Nails

SCHELLING\textsuperscript{536} A victory ball,\textsuperscript{537} Mecklenburg conducting

CARPENTER\textsuperscript{538} Watercolor, sung by Minna Hager, Carpenter, accompanying
   1. On a Screen   3. Highwayman
   2. The Odalisque   4. To a Young Gentleman

EICHEIMEIM\textsuperscript{539} Japanese Nocturne, Stokowski conducting

JANSSEN\textsuperscript{540} New Year’s Eve in N.Y., Shilkret conducting

SOWERBY\textsuperscript{541} The Irish Washerwoman (arr.), Bourdon conducting

GUION\textsuperscript{542} Turkey in the Straw (arr.), Bourdon conducting

TAYLOR\textsuperscript{543} Captain Stratton’s Fancy, sung by Werrenrath

GERSHWIN\textsuperscript{544} An America in Paris, Shilkret conducting

SCHREKER\textsuperscript{545} Birthday at the Infanta – “Der Geburtstag der Infantin”
   Night Song – “Der Schatzgraber”, Schreker conducting
   Overture – “Der Schatzgraber”, Schreker conducting

TIESSEN\textsuperscript{546} Blackbird
   A Sparrow in the Hands at Eduard Erdmann, Eduard Erdmann pianist

ERDMANN\textsuperscript{547} Fox-trot, Eduard Erdmann pianist

GROSZ\textsuperscript{548} Tango
   Shimmy, Wilhelm Grosz pianist

KRENEK\textsuperscript{549} Waltz from string quartet Op. 20, American String Quartet
   Jonny Strikes Up, Paul Romby’s orchestra
   1. Jonny’s   2. Blues
DUKAS\textsuperscript{550} Arlane et Barbe Bleue
1. Prelude to Act 2, Coppola conducting
2. O mes clairs diamants [Act 1], sung by Balquerie
3. Voici la clet de votre aurore [Act 2]
4. Prelude to Act 3, Coppola conducting

COPPOLA\textsuperscript{551} Danse sous la Cloche, Coppola conducting
Burlesque

ROUSSEL\textsuperscript{552} Sarabande, sung by Croiza, Roussel accompanying
Jazz dans le nuit, sung by Clampl, Roussel accompanying

CAPLET\textsuperscript{553} Danse des petits negres, Maréchal (cello), Casadesus (piano)

SCHMITT\textsuperscript{554} Dionysiaques and la Garde Republicaine Band

SCRIABIN\textsuperscript{555} The Poem of Ecstasy, Coates conducting
Etude in C sharp minor, Op. 2, Murielkerr pianist
Etude in D flat major, op. 8, Murielkerr pianist
Desire, Lett Poushinett pianist
Caress Dance, Lett Poushinett pianist
Enigma, Lett Poushinett pianist
Prelude, Joseph Hofmann pianist
Winged Poem, Joseph Hofmann pianist

BORODIN\textsuperscript{556} Prince Igor
1. Overture, Coates conducting
2. How goes it, Prince? sung by Challapin
3. Arios of Yaroslavna, sung by Koshetz
4. Ballet music and chorus, Coates conducting
5. Song of Prince Galitsky, sung by Challapin
6. March, Beecham conducting

anyone wanting information about records apply to the Editors of TULSART.
the above programs of records will be played on the five Sunday evenings in August, at 1511 South Baltimore, Tulsa, Oklahoma.
**About Tulsa**

we have always been used to “all quiet” on the musical front during summer. tho this has been no arbitrary situation. it just “happened.” it is gratifying to realize that Tulsa has joined the small band which not only believes that summer. musical entertainment is desirable but goes ahead to prove it. we are thus a part of that growing procession: Ravinia, Robin Hood Deli, Lewisohn Stadium, Hollywood bowl, St. Louis Municipal Park. The Tulsa University Symphony, under its conductor George Baum, forms the main consideration at the Seley Stadium concerts. five and number, this first season, it seems logical that the next time a series of ten performances will be welcomed. much credit is, of course, due to Mr. Baum, who has masterfully united the band of inexperienced players into a body capable of fine effects. to Mrs. Garabedian, too, should be tendered praise for her enthusiastic and capable sponsoring of the summer venture. such disinterested service merits more appreciation than is, or ever can be, awarded.

in spite of the two small, and antiquated “classic” public library, Miss McGlenn faces these handicaps within enigmatic expression, and proceeds to stock the departmental shelves with as many of the fineness representative books as are attainable. and, indeed, she has accumulated an unusually fine list, to be especially observed in the sections devoted to art, music, philosophy.

several piano recitals are to be looked forward to. in all cases, it seems, M. Claude Debussy will be represented, otherwise are:

- Blaiselton Montandon, playing Albéniz, Chopin, Bach.
- Tom Ryan, playing Beethoven, Dohnányi, Bartok.
- Evelyn Hood, playing Chopin (Niemann), a Brahms sonata.
- Ernest Brooks, presenting the complete 24 preludes and 12 Etudes of Debussy in two recitals.
- Nette Gubser is at work on the Debussy Sonata for Violin and Piano, planning to use it on her winter recital.

on exhibit of new paintings by Olinka Hrdy will be the McGee Art Shop in September. Frank Gehring, an architect in the bud, is at present vacationing, and trying to sell Kansas on modern architecture.

how did the old woman get home?

Andy says there are more horses in the country than horses.
those who read the July issue of Interstate Arts Miss Ethel Gray, Editor, Chickashaw must not fail to see the August copy. 10 cents.
Indifference

indifference is a weed driving all too well in sophistication.

with the belief they have experienced. all known physical and mental mysteries of life, too many of our young people are already “fed up” and bored with that same life. what is left for them? “why bother….. let someone else worry about saving the country!”

this weed of indifference needs little cultivation…. it “just grows.”

worst of all, it spreads like a contagious disease and weakens even the strongest.

it is a pity people ever reach the state, especially when they are so young, that they cease to see, hear, touch, and taste.

it is a pity they ever think life offers nothing new.

it is a pity they cannot keep their boredom and indifference to themselves.

it is a pity to have lost one’s ambition.

in the arts. it is suicide for an artist to feel so. if he is a real true red-blooded creator. he cannot and will not. those of lesser stature are in danger.

it is worse than murder to receive any art, good or bad, with deliberate indifference merely to glance at a work of art and pass on the bewildered to something else only to pass on again quite as casually, and with just as much sham of superiority, is bad enuf.

we should all avail ourselves of every opportunity to broaden ourselves, not only in general education, but in all our activities. the least we can do is to give courteous attention when we are in contact with it.

with sincere attention and effort to understand it, there can be no indifference.

some inconsiderate of those honestly making an effort to enjoy art should be ostracized from any group…. as the poet says, “a guy who would do that would ride a bicycle.” if you are in different you will probably ask yourself: “what does it matter?”
**Theodosia Thatch's Whisper Corner**

Dear Theodosia:

is the Sphinx, male or female? being a female myself, I hope it is an example of my sex..... silent and discreet.....very discreet. please let me know immediately. as I have all agag.

(miss) Caledonia Matilda Dorothy Johnson. Collinsville.

dear (miss) Caledonia Matilda Dorothy Johnson:

your poor girl! alas that you must be so disappointed.

this sphinx is **indeed** male. according to that eminent authority on such delicate matters, Dr. Evelyn Hall, “they excavated and found out it was a man."

don’t let this discourage you, dot, just remember that the only reason it doesn’t talk is because it’s stone. MEN TALK.

Theodosia.

Dear Miss Theodosia:

since reading some poems by the poet Berronoeksst, I am possessed with the greatest desire to meet him. even to catch a glimpse of him would call my hungry soul. therefore, dear Theodosia I ask you please to give me his address.... it will be strictly confidential. if only I could be his inspiration!
Corona, Tulsa.

Figure A-165. *Theodosia Thatch's Whisper Corner*, Bruce Goff, unknown medium, c. 1931. Courtesy of AIC Goff Archives, CC0.

Corona:

poor child! The poet requests we get know when in his address as he does not wish to be annoyed with them as he has all the inspiration he needs. The only way you can get in touch with here is “through my poems.” (Whatever that means—Ed. I. So, Corona, pitch your wagon to another star, and fly, fly away! It does yeah.
Figure A-166. *TULSART*, back cover, Bruce Goff, unknown medium, c. 1931. Courtesy of AIC Goff Archives, CC0.
P R E L U D E

Primitive man did not create art consciously
It was a by-product
    revealing some of the fine-ness of himself
He recognized it as something divine
    but not humanly divine
He feared it as he feared all he did not understand
    but nourished it as something precious
    something not to be lost
As his superstitions waned
    The wise men used it as a bait for religion
Religion has not been art's protector and keeper
Art has been religion's slave
Representative of imaginary heavens and hells
God's saints' disciples' devils
But art is strong
    stronger than superstition
Like the Golem, it asserts itself
    no longer honey to attract flies
By its own light we see the decay of religion
    and all its cruel conventions
But it is still slave
    slave to representation
    slave to nature
    slave to the machine
Art became representative when it was used to convey
extraneous meaning

New arts such as printing and photography
Now free the others from this bondage
Man’s love for his world led him to imitation of it
Imitation is adolescent
We no longer need imitate Nature to show our love for it
Rather should we assimilate its essence into ourselves
Then what we do will be tribute to it
organic with it
harmonious
Man makes the machine
to work for him
to do it better and more efficiently
But he is still its slave
His art is the slave of the means of its production
the machine
He must realize his art with and by his means
But he must not confuse them
It is time to live the beautiful life
It is time to recognize our natural human-divinity
to shape from and with this
organically
our lives
our work
It is time to be free
naturally natural

CREATE ABSOLUTE ART
PATIENCE

S U R V E Y  D A N C E

DANCING

Primitive man danced his joy of movement

    his love and need of rhythm

The wise men of this a ritual

    ritual for religion

    and its institutions

But bodily-movement revealed bodily-beauty

Bodily beauty revealed human divinity

    so

    exit the dance

    from religion

It survived as a social function for mass-movement

It became representative

    representative of Nature

    representative of other arts

    representative of machinery

We must free it from symbolism

We must compose absolutely for dancing

    of and for itself

    in its own right

Human bodies are beautiful

Do not be ashamed of them

We must free ourselves in space

    in movement

D A N C E
Still struggling with representative
But actually, free from it and religion
No longer shackled by such bondage
Free to go anywhere
Stumbling thru slavish imitation of Nature
Stumbling thru impressionism
Stumbling thru cubism
Stumbling thru sur-realisme

WHY
Trying to realize more than the “subject”
Trying to escape its demands and limitations
Trying to find conscious color and composition
Trying to start anew with elementals
Without doing it

Is there no one to make a great light in the darkness
To realize art purely by and for itself
for man
a new discovery
MOBILE COLOUR gives it time
Time will bring us a great art

PATIENCE

We have a sense of hearing
for this sense and from it came the art of music
it too served religion
it too became confused with other arts new it became objective rather than subjective

Now it is free not
not only has it been realized as a pure art
it has been understood as organic with life new Debussy taught us to love music

Science and invention contribute
new instruments new conceptions of sound new records and radio music is now an absolute art
today it is man’s supreme art-achievement
tomorrow

PATIENCE

S U R V E Y  LITERATURE
Still without a universal language
all other arts have universal language
thought and ideas are universal
there means of expression
vital elements and all of us
is comparatively local
Mallarmé in English is not Mallarmé
Gertrude Stein in Japanese is not Gertrude Stein
Before literature can become a great absolute art
we must have a universal language
for it is made of words
it will come because it must patient

PATIENCE

S U R V E Y  SCULPTURE

See forms and groups of forms free from extraneous meaning
see them out of all our materials
as elements
no longer frozen and static
there may be movement
construct in all scales
construct in all proportions
Gratify our sense of touch
gratify our sense of form in space
Rejoice for this rejuvenation
PATIENCE

SURVEY ARCHITECTURE
First shelter
then beautiful shelter
But capitals imitating lotus and acanthus leaves
stone construction imitating board construction
the Greek
Domination of religion
Development of public architecture for the masses
Neglect of architecture for the Individual
Imitation of over-arching trees
Gothic
Feeding upon itself Renaissance masturbation
Confusion following decline of religion
new problem to solve
Degeneration
hash capitalize hash
then out of the new life it is born again
new materials open new vistas
new conceptions and enclosures of space
freshness of vision
but still
new materials imitate old ones
machines emulate handwork
buildings become machines
one has shown the way for architecture organic with life
organic with materials
organic with Nature
organic with human divinity

Frank Lloyd Wright
he has shown us how architecture may be absolute
as Debussy has pointed out the direction of music
the future is ours

PATIENCE

ORIENTATION

Arts are confused because they borrow from one another
each must be purely itself
then they will be truly harmonic harmonious and natural
this does not mean they should not be concerted
nature is concerted
the artist will not have to explain such art to his fellows
they will recognize it naturally
it will explain itself new he should clarify and since his direction
should understand not only his but the essence of all art
he must realize his art can be no more nor less than he is
therefore, he must live beautifully that is truthfully
men can no longer excuse their inactivity in this world
waiting for imaginary ones promised by religion
they must make this earth there have been
with this realization we can realize art most white vitally new line
absolute art will help bring about better conditions
for its growth
all that is false and parasitical in art and life must go
absolute art will help make absolute men as individuals
not miserable parts of the masses
with science and invention, it is the hope of man
his belief in himself

IMPATIENCE
There is no time to lose

BRUCE GOFF  8 : 23 : 32
The Artist as Human Being :: (1932)
Inventory
His Work – As Absolute Art
His Public – As Receptive Interpreters

**ART**

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Of artist
——Re-created by
Response of Others
Concerted
Art
Orientation
Direction
Understanding & Appreciation of Art:
Specific | General
Performance
Concerts
Exhibitions
Recordings
Architecture
Music
Painting
Sculpture
Dance
Photography

Youth
- exuberance
Maturity
- restraint
Accompaniment
Growth – Evolution
Continuous Present
Dynamics
Interpreters: Honesty,
Sincerity
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Simplicity - Economy
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Figure A-167. "The Artist as Human Being: Inventory", Bruce Goff. Courtesy of AIC Goff Archives, CC0.
Thoughts on Housing as Architecture :: (1933)

prepared for

ALFONSO IANNELLI

AND HIS ASSOCIATES

by

BRUCE GOFF, ARCHITECT
HOUSING

THE NEED ::

Good architecture for everyone.
Elimination of waste in time and materials.
Architecture not of the past of "future", but for the CONTINUOUS PRESENT.

A thorough comprehensive research into sociological, economic, scientific and art developments and tendencies so that the new architecture will be truly organic, therefore true architecture.

Architecture which faces squarely these problems and honestly solves them will, by its very perfection, attract people to it. There must be no unnecessary compromise. All of the benefits might not be immediately perceptible to all of the people; they cannot assume something overnight which they have no capacity, at present, for understanding completely, but they can and will grow along with it as such practical and truly beautiful architecture influences them, either consciously or subconsciously, in their daily environment. The understanding of it will make possible the understanding of all else with which it is organic and beautiful living will be entirely possible.

* * * * * * * * * *

There will be an instantaneous acceptance of good architecture because the people are starving for it. They really want it. The great numbers who do not know what they are missing will soon find out and demand it, as they have learned to do with other necessities.

A plan must be worked out to give everyone, rich or poor, good architecture regardless of the "size" of the problem, or of the budget.

* * * * * * * * * *

An ORDERED ENVIRONMENT will tend to make ORDERLY LIFE. All of this must be thought of, not in terms of the “Utopia of the future”, but of the CONTINUOUS PRESENT. It is all necessary and possible now!
THE PRESENT AVERAGE ::

The Individual,
squeezed into a family,
squeezed into a confused mess of furnishings,
squeezed into boxes called “rooms”,
squeezed into a forced plan, or arrangement of boxes,
squeezed into a predetermined exterior “effect”,
squeezed into a 2x4 piece of property,
squeezed into a city!

The “whole” resulting in an incorrect sum of its parts... a chaotic collection of misfits, at best no more than a costly compromise, lacking truly organic structure and order.

SOME RESULTS ::

This artificial architectural method produces bastard houses, and because of the subtle but persistent influence of environment, discourages sane and orderly, therefore beautiful, living. There is very little in such a house to cause anyone to really want to live in it; witness the popularity of “going someplace in the car” as an escape from it. The car is at least more honest; more in the tempo of the CONTINUOUS PRESENT.

But a car is not a place in which to live. The house as good architecture is what we need more than anything else because we need the feeling for fundamental stability it offers.

In the PRESENT-AVERAGE-HOUSE materials themselves, are usually prostituted. It is the style for almost everything to represent something else, not itself. Examples are too numerous to mention. There is almost a total lack of recognition at individual elements and their relative importance as CAUSE FOR EFFECT.

Of all the boxes crammed into the present average house the baths and kitchens are the most decent. They are seldom cluttered with useless and “decorative” furnishings. But these are also beginning to suffer in the hands of “Interior decorators”. The crimes committed in the name of “Interior decoration” can only be forgiven because the
“architecture” was so poor in the first place as to seem to require something to modify or cover it in the form of a “pretty” disguise… either very old or very modern or both? There has been no such thing as “Interior decoration” in the great architectures of the past. Imagine such a thing in old Japan, where everything was of such consistent harmony!

* * * * * * * * * *

The average building is a sacrifice, dearly paid for by all involved in its construction and in living in and with it. Because of the lack of order, great waste, excess and overstatement burdens the buildings, therefore the people. The grand climax is reached when these, and other monstrosities, are gathered together into disorderly cities. Life must be strong to survive as well as it does in such settings. What a new world is within our grasp by just creating a good setting for life! We have become almost immune to the setting we have. We have had to. We have accepted all of this too long without thinking, with ACTION.

* * * * * * * * * *

SOME ATTEMPTED SOLUTIONS ::

ARCHITECTS ::

Architects, in general, are the least equipped of all to give us good architecture. The majority of them have been, and still are, asleep at the post. Out of more than 80,000 “architects” in the United States, how many are capable of thinking of architecture in a creative-organic sense? You could count them on both hands!

Either they are preoccupied with being very old or very modern or they are extremely interested in the "business" side of it, or, and this is most typical, they are chameleon-like creatures endeavoring to “please the public” with “what the public wants” and produce anything from their bag of tricks that requires least effort and brings in most returns. They have been to school, the best of them are familiar with “accepted” methods of construction, but where is the architecture? In spite of the enormous amount of activity of production of buildings, where is architecture? It is difficult to find it!

And then there is another type of architect … the one who must develop his art and a characteristic style of expression, imposed on clients, materials, and everything alike. Formulas are evolved … sometimes “interesting buildings result. But in most of these
cases the “interesting” part is the architect’s character expressed in the work, and not the character of an honest solution of the problem involved.

* * * * * * * * *

Even if we assume there are architects capable of planning a single small house, we must admit they could not do it properly for the fee the owner could afford to pay. Because so much would of necessity be “special”, the project would cost more than it should, as it usually does. The average building costs much more than its actual intrinsic value. There are too many trials and errors, middlemen, such as contractors, waste of time and materials. The economic problem has to be solved, along with the others.

One man … even the best architect the world could produce, could not sieve all the problems of good architecture by himself. Each phase requires constant and consistent study, and one man does well to master any one phase. He can, however, have a sympathy and understanding with other men, mastering other phases, and it is from cooperative effort of such men that we can expect good architecture … not from present-day sole architects.

* * * * * * * * *

SOME ATTEMPTED SOLUTIONS ::

ARCHITECTS SERVICE BUREAUS, ETC ::

Plans coming from these organizations are of the present-average variety. They even lack the benefits of supervision offered by the average architect. Perhaps a bit more consistent in the application of “style” and convenience, in the accepted sense, then the typical Real Estate or Lumber Yard species. Still involving costly wasteful construction methods with obsolete materials, and still squeezing individuals into containers. These attempts fall because they are made by AVERAGE ARCHITECTS. They are fostered by women’s magazines and these publications for the “layman” presenting a pseudo-romantic-literary flavor to the house as architecture.

* * * * * * * * *
SOME ATTEMPTED SOLUTIONS ::

TENEMENTS, APARTMENT HOUSES, ETC ::

More present average. . . .the only benefits being economic. Men are not all alike. Why should there straight-jacket containers for them. . . .all alike? These structures and the demand for them will vanish with the “disappearing” city.

* * * * * * * * *

SOME ATTEMPTED SOLUTIONS ::

STANDARDIZED HOUSING ::

Most of these efforts seem to be, fundamentally, towards the establishment and development of BIG BUSINESS rather than uncompromising solutions of the problem at hand. Thus, we have “all brick, all wood, all cement, all metal, all etc.” houses. This is an even greater tyranny! Even the average architect does not resort to this! He is sometimes at least conscientious about using the right materials in the right places. And the houses themselves! Are they not just more present average! The Individual is still a misfit in one because it is not made for his special requirements. He is squeezed into it again. . . .with the promise that “here is something better.” Deadly duplication of containers will not allow Individual freedom of development therefore they are doomed to start with.

The chief value of these Standardized Houses as developed to the present economic. There is really more for the money and less waste of time and materials. Also, the troublesome unknown quantity of EXTRAS is on the road towards elimination. They have the benefits of being worked out by organizations of cooperative men, but the men themselves have not a large enough vision. If they had, the results would not be as they are.

So, we can say the Standardized House is a step in the right direction but is not flexible enough to meet individual requirements. Something achieved economically. . . otherwise, static.

* * * * * * * * *

SUMMARY ::

The best of these attempted solutions of Housing Problems offers decent places in which to live, but everyone is entitled to more than just a decent place. These attempts to provide him with good architecture are failures because they are not organic with
life or much of anything else. They are not made for him; he is made for them. They stand as testimony of the acceptance of the idea that people deserve and can stand nothing better than a compromise of very low standards. Any individual, and we are all individuals, deserves better.

The solution cannot be found in the development of BIG BUSINESS or characteristic expressions of “cherished personalities” or chameleon unconcern, ignorance, and indifference. It must come from groups of individuals mastering particular phases of the problems and big enuf and generous enuf to work together with sympathy and understanding for each other and the problems involved, unhampered by obligations to “controlling (unsympathetic) interests” and in absolute control of the projects from start from finish. A large order, surely, but entirely possible NOW.

* * * * * * * * * *

APPROACH TO SOLUTIONS ::

1. Organize a company to be directed by such a group of creative cooperative men as just described.

2. Establish sufficient capital to finance the venture independently and maintain a competent staff.

3. Conduct extensive experiments with materials and machines at hand. Develop new ones, where the present ones are unsatisfactory.

4. a series of units which may be standardized manufactures and assembled in multivarious ways by the company’s staff to solve each individual requirement. These “parts” will consist of elements for all furnishings and constructive parts of the house, as well as for all equipment and landscaping etc.

5. It is proposed to offer a complete solution of each house, worked out for and with each client, using these standardized parts.

6. The company will maintain its own erection crews and will have complete control of the building operation from start to finish. There will be no separate “contractors” of any sort and the house will be erected strictly within the original estimate, no extras being permissible unless contracted for with that understanding by the client, as the work proceeds.

7. The company will be able to fix definite prices on these units and their transportation and assembling costs. Also, on the time required or completion.
8. With this system the client can have what he can afford, no more nor less, ranging from the simplest and most economical to the richest and most luxurious of houses. There will be full value received.

9. It has the advantage of cost-saving because of the standardized manufacture and assemblage of units and complete contact with the project from beginning to end with ONE ORGANIZATION. It alone is responsible.

10. No structure shall be built below the standards of good architecture. This policy will eventually, if not immediately win.

11. It is desirable for the company to finance the various projects itself if the owners cannot pay all cash. It can be reimbursed with monthly payments including interest and carrying charges, from the client. Thus, the client, by paying little more than rent, will have a better place in which to live, made for him and his family and will eventually own the property, absolute control of the financial elements will insure more perfect coordination in all respects. It is true this will require considerable capital. At first it might seem to be an investment on faith alone. . . but in this case the faith can be backed up by very substantial proofs. It is a thoroughly sound undertaking with little, if any, chance to lose. On the contrary, with the parts carefully chosen and running smoothly, it can be a very good investment and will, in time, show amazing returns, even that is not the principal or only aim of the group fostering such a solution. It has to be more than just a big business. It will, because of the vision of the founders and because it will solve the problem of serving people architecturally in all senses of the word, clearly and directly. From all standpoints it is the thing which has to, and must, be done.

THE HOUSE … SUGGESTIONS ::

Inasmuch as there is a trend through all time to recognize individuals and things individual for their own qualities it is obvious that a cut-and-dried stock plan house is out of line. The house must, first of all anticipate the inhabitant’s every requirement. The logical procedures would be, not to consider the house from the outside in, but from the inside out. This does not mean that we start with “interiors” or box-rooms, but rather the fundamental furnishings and equipment. These will divide themselves into various groups and their various functions will require space-concepts to embrace them, not only as individual groups, but as a whole organism, living in all its parts. This accomplished by recognition of the medium involved, and expression of them in
material form, will produce architecture, organic with life. Thus, the building will be a result of causes instead of just an effect. The process of development of the house from the nucleus of furnishings and equipment must take place as freely and naturally as possible without attempting to conform to preconceived notions of arrangements or effects. The first thing to do, then, is to establish an order of scale with the human functions “broad enough to admit of no exceptions”. This will serve as a basis for dimension for every element of the house and will automatically become a sort of language or vocabulary which will speak throughout the whole structure. There must be great flexibility with these units. Therefore, they must be smaller than complete-house or room units (existent in most standardized housing). Such similarities as will exist will be because of the similarities of the problem. The general trend will be towards absolute individualism.

After the fundamental order of scale is established, there is the question of the use of materials. These must say the most with the least. Develop their inherent qualities for themselves. We need a new sense of design. Abandon old conceptions of “mass” and “light & shade” and work for the new clear sense of tensile strength. Profit by examples in nature, science, and engineering. But keep absolute control of the materials as expression and physical embodiment of the scheme of architecture.

Use only fire-proof, fire-resisting and weatherproof materials as much as possible. Masonry and materials which have to be formed on the site should be eliminated. This specifically includes such materials as brick, stone, plaster, and concrete. Reasons excessive weight, good results obtained only under favorable climatic and labor conditions. To date there has been no satisfactory concrete. Reasons: excessive weight, good results obtained only under favorable climate and labor conditions. To date there has been no satisfactory concrete, either in monolithic or block form. If it is used, the utmost caution must be exercised in regard to reinforcement and waterproofing. The block idea as developed by architect Frank Lloyd Wright has many interesting architectural possibilities. It is successful as a workable constructive unit, but unsuccessful as a workable constructive unit, but unsuccessful from the standpoints of excessive weight and water trouble. Plaster and stucco are applied materials, covering, and disguising structural elements, without being a part of them, subject to cracks and water damage. Water-proofing materials available are not sufficiently good to correct permanently these faults. Labor, as class, is not sufficiently skilled to ensure good results with these materials. Therefore, we will turn to what the machine can produce well and as permanently as possible. We will depend on experts to assemble them into our
architecture. Applied “corrections” will be unnecessary because they are not in line with organic sense. The materials must be fit in themselves before they are fit to use.

Wood, because it is subject to warping, rotting and destruction by insects and requires constant upkeep is unsatisfactory in structural work. The materials we now have most suitable for use are those forming the metal, glass, and composition groups.

Metal is extremely versatile and flexible from a constructive point of view. It has tensile strength. It can be accurately worked, and its properties are definitely calculable. It offers almost unexplored territory for research and development architecturally. It is one material which can be used for almost everything from furnishings and equipment to structural elements. GLASS at present is undeveloped also. It is too heavy the danger of breakage is too great, and it is poor Insulation against heat and cold. It is all we have to use for transparency and translucence. It offers many possibilities in structural and decorative uses. It is a material worth seriously considering and developing.

COMPOSITION materials also offer unlimited possibilities. It is in this direction we can feel the new architecture most clearly. Materials developed scientifically for specific purposes. No longer must we use materials in their raw, and often unsatisfactory, state. We can combine the good qualities of the various minerals and elements to form synthetic products, stronger, lighter, and more durable than “raw” materials. All materials used in the new housing must be thoroughly tested and proved. They should be as permanent as possible, require the minimum of upkeep and take their places beautifully in the scheme of architecture.

EQUIPMENT of all kinds must be integral parts of the scheme, also labor-saving devices, household conveniences, heating, ventilating, plumbing and air conditioning must be approached and realized with fresh vision and understanding.

Our average ideas of what constitutes a good house to live in sadly need correction and rejuvenation. We need more simplicity . . . a simplicity achieved by complex means. Privacy can be gained by arrangement of furnishings, screens, and differences of level as well as with partitions and doors. There should be as few of the later as possible because they tend to destroy the sense of the structure as a whole. It must be remembered, however, that a reasonable amount of privacy must be assured every member of the family or group inhabiting the house.
Make the garage an integral part of the house, not a detached “shed” or hangover from the old horse-and-buggy days. The kitchen and toilet used to have to be apart from the house. They no longer are. Neither should the garage be.

Excavations, cellars etc., should be eliminated as far as possible. It is preferable to have the service functions, usually forced into the basement, above ground, where there is better light and air and where they will be kept in more orderly condition. Much trouble with sewers, water and shale and rock excavations will thus be avoided.

Fireplaces should be abandoned as they are no longer sources for heat. Except in rare cases, there should be no dining room. This function is best taken care of as a part of the kitchen or general living space. There should be a restrained use of ornament, pattern, and color throughout. Such things as “framed” pictures, “objects d’art” and furnishings not actually used should be discouraged.

There is no need for windows as opening units for ventilation with air conditioning. This allows for many interesting arrangements of transparent areas for vision and light, hitherto impossible.

Roofs should be usable.

Rugs and carpets are undesirable if the floors are satisfactory to begin with.

Landscaping and planting will be complimentary to the house. The house and the garden will not be conceived independently without regard for the other. Everything will be worked together into a whole, consistent with its purpose as a setting for life and as good architecture. It will be more than a “machine to live in”. . . .it will be a good influence and completely satisfying in all respects. There will be an organic law and order never before achieved. The system outlined here only briefly makes possible an architecture truly of the CONTINUOUS PRESENT. It is merely a statement, itself full of trials and errors, seeking to formulate some of the ideas and ideals of the continuous present, into a clear and workable approach.

Many of these ideas have come from such various sources as Sullivan, Wright, Corbusier, Debussy, Gertrude Stein, and countless others. The prime consideration should be not whose ideas they are, but what they are worth. I believe they will help in our orientation with things and that they will suggest to us a sense of direction.

BRUCE GOFF

October 28, 1933
Circle :: (1935)
Centers report on second three months of

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With few exceptions the issues of this period were mailed from one day to several days late. In this second index the dates were so confused there is no attempt here to indicate them. It frequently seems a matter of principle that members do not mail their issues on Wednesday—the agreed day. Blaiselion Montandon has indefinitely
suspended his membership in Circle. Paul Stauffer has indicated he still wishes to belong—sending his first contribution. Five more issues would make him even with the others (at this time). But he has not received the issues from the said report to each what is in his file so we can be ready to complete his serials. Are there suggestions from Circle at large for additional regular members or guest contributions?

CIRCLE begins with a list of questions.

In order to orient ourselves and discuss art intelligently it seems necessary for us to define our terms and consider thoroughly the exact properties and qualities of art. I think it will be helpful for us to discuss these and other questions:

1. What is art?
2. Define the various kinds of art and differentiate between them.
3. What is an artist and his relation to society?
4. Which is the most important, the artist or his work and why?
5. Is there such a thing as a “great man” and if so, what makes him great?
6. Discuss individuality and art.
7. Define: organic, absolute, representative, utilitarian, decadent, beauty, plastic, form, rhythm, creative, subjective, objective, balance, symmetry, composition, simplicity, complexity, expression, classic, modern, time, function, articulation, technique, medium, abstract, movement, dynamics, chiaroscuro, dissonance, genius, tradition, order, scale, contrast, proportion, unity, restraint, evolution, freedom, discipline, clarity, surprise, monotony, re-creation, invention, as applied to art.
8. Compare Oriental and occidental art.
9. Make a list of artists you most admire in various fields and state why you have chosen them?
10. What is the relation between sex and art?
11. What do you find most distasteful in art and artists?
12. What forms of art have you chosen to work with and why are you an artist?
Figure A-168. *Drawing, initialed “BG” for use in Circle*, Bruce Goff. Ink and paint on photocopy, c. 1935, Bruce Goff Archive - Ryerson & Burnham Art and Architecture Archives, Courtesy of AIC Goff Archives, CC0.
Figure A-169. *Drawing, initialed “BG” for use in Circle*, Bruce Goff. Ink and paint on photocopy, c. 1935, Bruce Goff Archive - Ryerson & Burnham Art and Architecture Archives, Courtesy of AIC Goff Archives, CC0.
About Architecture :: Principal Structural Principles

ARCHITECTURE has been called the “art of building” as distinctive from just building or “construction”. The technical schools and such have long kept the idea of architectural engineering and construction as a thing apart from “design, plan and style”, almost as a separate matter entirely. The majority of our executed works in architecture testify to this and it is easy to see that most architects are not clear about the fundamental basis of the different principles of construction and materials, but camouflage these with “Styles” eclectic either of the past or present. Buildings are usually regarded as exterior “mass” seen in light and shadow, rather than as volumes enveloping internal spaces.

The fundamental principles of construction devised to date are surprisingly few and simple. Without going into technical explanation, I shall attempt to point out briefly some of them:

(1) The **LEAN-TO**: This was probably one of the most primitive means of providing shelter with construction accomplished by leaning two planes, composed of wood rafters covered with skins or vegetable matter, against each other. This is the basic form of what we still use today as the sloping roof.

(2) **POST & LINTEL**: Another primitive method starting with the erection of two or more vertical wood posts and connecting same together at the tops with wood beams or lintels. This acted as a skeleton framework to be covered with other materials. Note that while this principle originated with wood materials it is still the basis for most of our present-day steel construction, such as is used in the majority of tall buildings. This principle in stone is found in the buildings of Egypt and Greece.

(3) **WALL BEARING**: Construction is a system whereby the walls, usually masonry, support the floor or roof above. This was characteristic of the brick architecture of ancient Chaldea and Babylon as well as Indian Pueblo adobe structures and many more recent examples. The Monadnock building in Chicago (16 stories) is perhaps the highest utilitarian structure ever built of this type. It was found impractical for such purposes as the thickness of the walls, as much as five feet at the ground level, ate up too much rental floor space. This differs from post & lintel skeleton construction in that the weight is borne along the entire wall, rather than at concentrated points.

(4) **THE ARCH**: It is believed the primary form of the arch was a system of corbels, jutting out beyond each other until they met at the top. This formed a short of triangular arch such as used by the ancient Mayas and others. The semi-circular arch was also a
unit-masonry development as well as the pointed type used in Gothic structures. A more recent kind of arch is the parabolic type, a product of Ferro-concrete construction. The Parabolic arch is self-centering and does not require a complete supporting framework for forms as do the unit-masonry types. A famous example of this the huge hangar at Orly, France designed by Eugène Freyssinet consisting of a series of connected parabolic arches. The arch was originally devised to increase the span over that possible with beam or lintel construction with wood or unit-masonry materials.

(5) THE DOME: Is simply an arch revolved on its own axis. Some of the most famous of the unit-masonry examples are to be found in the Mosque of Saint Sophia, St. Peters in Rome, and St. Paul’s in London. Numerous Ferro-concrete domes are found in Germany and the Bahai Temple now in construction in Chicago.

(6) THE TRUSS: Frame and unit-masonry construction allowed comparatively small clear spans for interior spaces. The Gothic architects attempted to increase the sense of interior space by reducing the supporting piers to the minimum, distributing part of the thrust of the arches above to flying buttresses, providing thus an aisle on either side of the central nave. This was not a wholly satisfactory solution as it left the interior still cluttered with large structural piers. So, the necessity for large unobstructed floor areas and the use in more modern times of structural steel and Ferro-concrete, brought about the idea of the truss. There are many kinds of trusses built up of “plus and minus” members, some being flat on top, others of pitched or arch design. With these materials and enough height for the truss and ample funds it is possible to span vast distances. It is curious to note that in our day when such construction is possible and desirable, many of our architects continue to imitate the makeshift methods of Gothic and other architectures where free interior space is required by modern demands.

(7) THE CANTILEVER: Principle is also comparatively recent and is made possible by structural steel and ferro-concrete. It is possible to use it with wood construction also, but not as good as the material tends to sag when so employed. Briefly the idea of the cantilever is to distribute weights so that certain roof or floor areas may be without exterior supports, either by walls or posts, free in space. This is done by balancing the weight, much as a waiter’s tray is unsupported, but held in place by the continuous nature of the structure of the tray. In architecture this allows for complete independence for the exterior “envelope” and the interior walls, or screens. It tends to emphasize the horizontal when thrust outward from the building and this is one of the dominant characteristics of Frank Lloyd Wright’s work. He more than any other architect
has given the cantilever its most characteristic expression, though it is evident in the work of Mies van der Rohe and others. One of the most famous examples is the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo, where this method was largely responsible for the successful resistance to earthquakes. The cantilever principle is perhaps the most modern of structural construction, allows such flexibility of plan and design and is economical.

(8) SUSPENSION: Recent architectural experiments have dealt with the suspension idea used formerly in bridges. The weight of the structure is suspended from mast or masts by cables. This allows exceedingly light members, thereby reducing the weight considerably and employing tension between all parts. This is the basis of Buckminster Fuller's "Dymaxion" house and was used for the dome of the Travel and Transport Building at the Chicago Century of Progress.

ALL ARCHITECTURE past and present uses these structural principles either separately or in combinations. It may be observed that new requirements and materials bring about the use of new principles. To date the problems have been chiefly the solution of the disposition of weights reconciled with gravity and movement. Only then will a really wonderful spatial concept divorced from the right angularity-circularity of present methods of construction be possible.
Color Compositions :: (c. 1935-1941)

GENERAL ::
A color composition — an improvisation — done as a form of relaxation — recreation and aesthetic exercise — not a conscious abstraction nor symbol, but using basic elements of design, color, and the character of the medium to record creative experience — our response to this is recreative and thus completes the circuit.

ORANGE PAINTING ::
First the orange paper —
Now paint — moving freely with some control of direction —
Coloring resultant forms —
Accenting forms and rhythms —
Strengthening the lower left and upper right corners —
Accenting central path of resultant forms with blue and subdividing them — spraying over masks for counterpoint —
Accenting with white spray —
Developing central patterns and focusing interest with green hexagonal motifs — applying masks — as part of composition.

COLLECTION OF PAINTING ::
Here are further examples of paintings done as free growth, disciplined into completed compositions.

GREEN PAINTING ::
Now a composition growing according to a pre-conceived idea.
A triangle expands outward — anchoring the corners so they can open to grow asymmetrically into three variations.
The triangular module also forms hexagons — lineal paths and patterns — held together by rough — textured borders — Resultant surrounding space at left organized with central idea and broken into translucent polygons at right and below.

ORNAMENT ::
Now structural blue lines — unifying the corner anchors together and resulting in a central triangle — subdivided.

ACCENT ::

The wide angle of relaxation — The whole — completed.
The Aero House :: (c. 1942)

I PURPOSE ::

There is something new under the sun: it’s a new Kentucky house! Eagle-like and poised, its talon footings grip the crest of Hickory Hill, its wing of a roof lifts to the sky. We call it the Aero House because it looks speedy and light and suggests the spaciousness of flight.

Irma Bartman came into contact with our work of the Joe Price residence in Chicago and enthusiastically seconded our convictions to each home should be made-to-order to fit the needs of its occupants, that’s a minimum shelter can attain a maximum usefulness by imaginative planning and that its structured design can also be aesthetic, decorative.

The naturalness of these working principles appealed to her. In the Aero House, Irma Bartman gave us free reign to design the entire layout: For such an ideal client; aim has been to create a compact but open architecture to blend with the Kentucky landscape; not a structure patterned after the past styles or prophesying future ones, but one utilizing the natural beauty of today’s building materials and the cleanness of simplicity.

II PLAN ::

Crystals and honeycombs and spider webs show the tectonic nature of the triangle. We chose the triangular scheme not only for its strength but also because in this simplest straight-line figure. The sides are longer and give an impression of more roominess than in a square of the same size.

The specially made furniture and rugs have been treated as integral parts of the scheme. All practical short cuts to simplify and reduce the maintenance of the home have been taken: the service units are condensed to a minimum in order to gain a maximum of living space.

III MATERIALS ::

The materials in the Aero House were selected for their effectiveness, economy and upkeep, and natural beauty.


IV STYLE ::

The Aero House is probably the first minimum-spare home in America to consistently carry through an individual expression of design to the smallest detail. Simple and open. The landscape too is designed to integrate the structure with its surroundings. It should not be regarded as a “model” house in that it proffers a pattern to follow, because every house which genuinely fits those who live in it shapes itself to their needs and in doing so creates its own form and “style.”

V PRINCIPLES ::

Most of our architecture is designed to solve the problems of a known client, but because the Aero House was projected to be offered for sale, it developed from a study of the general requirements of a family of two or three, beginning with furnishings and equipment, a sense of space and orderliness growing from that, with the outside a clear-cut expression of the arrangement inside. Therefore, it dovetails with the straightforward principles of organic architecture pioneered in the U. S. by Louis Sullivan and Frank Lloyd Wright; but the Aero House does not emulate their work and is separate from it: these underlying principles enforce a fresh solution of each new problem.
STRUCTURE AS (CONTINUOUS) GROWTH

The hand and the tree are examples of structure diminishing to extremes. Interior and exterior spatial relationships change through different movements and viewing positions.

Fingers and branches are flexible. Bones of the hand are covered with muscles and skin. Light on it is opaque, through it translucent and between the fingers transparent.

Structure need not always be a flat, curved, or folded plane, nor a dome (compound curved plane) nor a cage. It can be inside the protective skin extending itself in any direction or it can be outside the protective skin, touching the skin of its extremities or puncturing through it to other skin surfaces, providing multiplicity on inner and outer spaces. Such structure can be branching and can be compressive, tensile, or elastic in principle. It can be constructed of continuous structural steel encased in cement, blown on for stiffening and fireproofing and covered with a sprayed-on plastic skin, where desired for waterproofing, color, and texture. Such a method allows the structural forces of the steel to find expression through the protective materials, rather than being concealed in concrete, which is now, too often, more expressive of the nature of the wood or steel forms than of the fluid character of cement or the elastic nature of steel. So, instead of the steel, which actually does most of the structural work, being camouflaged in cement, the forms of which are static and of “rigor mortis” as in most reinforced concrete. We now have the concept of a more flexible and athletic character thru the principle of coated steel. The lightness, flexibility and speed of this process allows structural and aesthetic concepts of a freedom from geometry, and of a spatial nature, then we have ever been able to achieve architecturally before.
Figure A-170. Space Study Institute, Bruce Goff, graphite sketches, 1956. Bruce Goff Archive, Courtesy of AIC Goff Archives, CC0.
Figure A-171. *Space Study Institute*, Bruce Goff, graphite sketch, elevation, 1956. Bruce Goff Archive, Courtesy of AIC Goff Archives, CC0.
Figure A-172. *Space Study Institute*, Bruce Goff, graphite sketches, 1956. Bruce Goff Archive,Courtesy of AIC Goff Archives, CC0.
About 1930 Bruce Goff discovered for himself the joy of painting without conscious subject matter or symbolism. Each painting grows organically into its own style or sense of order through controlled improvisation starting with the paper and evolves through the medium as directed by the creative imagination. This aesthetic exercise, as a form of relaxation from the more difficult pursuit of architecture, records directly the artist’s feelings and experience, even without his intention. His intellect disciplines it into an ordered entity. Thus, the spectator is free to respond to it in his own way without the intervention of subject matter and its representation thereby recreates the work according to his own experience ... and completes the circuit. Such exercises enable the architect to keep alive to possibilities and potentials of all the elements of design and by so exercising his creative imagination he is more apt to escape the usual rigor-mortis many architects have when approaching architectural problems. But let us not confuse architecture with painting, music, or sculpture. Let us try to understand the principles common to all of them. We must take in through our senses and intellect to give us our art.
"ART IS BEAUTY IN ALL ITS STRENGTH BURSTING FORTH WHEN IT MUST WITH A FATAL AND SECRET FORCE."

—Claude Debussy

Architecture must possess Beauty in all its strength if it is to be regarded as an Art. Beauty, to be strong, must be created by the Architect out of his own feeling, experience, rational discipline and a sense of direction and it will be personal and impersonal, timely and timeless. It must have the quality of Surprise to attract our attention and to engage our interest. This Surprise can range from mild to wild and can please or disturb us. It often shocks us, and we are apt to regard it as revolutionary until we become familiar enough with it to understand it as evolutionary. But Surprise by itself is not enough nor is it enduring; we cannot continue to be surprised by the same thing. Therefore, our interest must be held and maintained by Mystery, if the work of Art is to retain its significance, and no amount of analysis or dissection can destroy the Mystery of Art, nor of Nature. Thus, Beauty is constant in all works, old or new, which retain their Mystery, and is ever-changing as each civilization produces its own Art.

Beauty is strongest when it is earned by the creative Artist rather than borrowed by him from the past or from his contemporaries. He must take in to put out, but it is important that he know that imitation of something that has inspired him leads to sterility and a dead-end street unless he is able to assimilate such influences enough to make them his own. There is an old Japanese proverb which says: “when imitation comes, Beauty goes.”

Imitative Beauty has not been earned and is merely fashionable and skin deep; it has no authority and can never produce a masterpiece. Louis Sullivan said: “The solution is within the problem,” so if we are to have a beautiful result, we must find beauty in the problem itself.” We must recognize its potential in all of the requirements, in the nature of the site, materials, structure, etc., and through all of our aesthetic interpretations and solutions. Thus, there can be no remembering of other solutions nor following of styles. Each thing we do will have its own style and there is no reason why our work cannot be compatible with the styles of other works honestly arrived at.
The Artist must discipline all of this in accordance with his sense of fitness and direction and he must not only solve all of his material and physical problems beautifully, but he must transfigure all of this into the realm of spiritual values if it is to be great Art. He must be free to create, but as Debussy said: “Discipline must be sought in freedom” and: “How much we must first discover and then reject in order to arrive at the naked truth of inspiration.” He cannot discipline himself or his work if there is nothing to discipline, and he should not look upon discipline as a Spartan self-denial nor as a punishment; it is better to think of it as Order. Cocteau once said: “the true Artist is one who after finishing a work of art takes the necessary steps and risks all to really complete it.” Not many ever take that risk, but it has to be taken if real Beauty is achieved.

The Artist should never attempt to produce Art unless he has an idea. Too much of it is manufactured (as Debussy says) with cunning hands. Wright says Art comes from the head, the hands, and the heart, and that some of it comes from the head, most of it from the hands and very little from the heart. Most Artists can wait for inspiration, but the Architect has to produce his to order. Therefore, he must have an intense curiosity about many things to take within himself that which will fertilize his ideas so that Beauty can burst forth when it must. As the artist is part of his own time and as he is working with conditions of his time, it is impossible for him to be “ahead of his time”. No Artist was or is ever head of his own time, nor can he be behind it if he is a real Artist. But the “cultural lag” of any civilization is quick to brand him as a radical until they get used to him enough to understand him. But creative Artists who extend the horizons of their Art do also have some who understand them in their own time. Whitman said, “to have great Artists we must have great audiences too.” I believe that the Artist’s contemporary audience really understands him and his work best because they are also a part of that same time which produced him and his Art and thus the circuit is completed. We can never understand Egyptian Art as the Egyptians did, even though it retains its Mystery and Beauty through many centuries. Beauty bursts forth when it must because the Artist feels the drive within himself to produce it and no amount of discouragement can stop him. It does so through necessity because each of us has the human right to participate in this universal creative renewal.

The craving for Beauty has existed in all mankind in all times and continues to do so. He is fated to continue his search for it so long as he exists and his finding it for himself has made his existence more worthwhile.
This Fatal Force drives the Artist to seek Beauty in unexpected places and he can find it in anything if he can only understand it so. What this force is, is a secret, the mystery of which he is ever endeavoring to discover.

Bruce Goff

June 24, 1961
Strangely enough, the name and concept of Creative Imagination, which we identify with Fantastic Art, are less than 200 years old although we have had such art for centuries. Previously only the reproductive aspect was recognized and was hardly distinguished from memory. “Creative Imagination” suggests that the memories of sights, sounds and other experiences may so blend in the mind of the artist as to produce something that has never existed before … often a hitherto unperceived vision of the realities of life. Such a production is usually called “Fantastic”, and I like to believe that my architecture is in accord with this sense of the word. If “Fantastic means caprice, or whim, or striving for something groundless or unreal, I must protest that my work, which I consider so basically rational, cannot possibly be so classified.

Architecture ideal…the property of no one person, time nor place; civilization produces individuals who strive to achieve it. I know that architecture must serve people and their needs and that the architect must solve their problems beautifully, thoroughly guided and disciplined by his intellect, feeling and creative imagination if he is to transcend good building into architecture. Since each and every problem is different, he will need to be again and again, and the solutions will be necessarily different from each other … But compatible as are all the various fantastic things in nature.

Architecture is, and has always been, primarily representative of man’s physical and spiritual needs; It has been achieved through over and above, their needs and will continue to serve such functions. Now it is time for architecture to become absolute, to exist in its own right as does music, painting, and sculpture. These arts have outgrown the necessity of serving as communication or as representation of something else. Music no longer has to be an accompaniment to storytelling, working or religious ritual. Our composers continue to furnish music for these purposes, but they are also free to give us pure music and their works reach us directly without the intervention of extraneous subject matter. Other arts may now reach us directly in this manner and we become participators in a recreative sense. Think what it would mean if we could experience architecture in this way without being reminded that it is really more than a house, workplace, school, church, or symbolic monument! If architecture can mean so much, tied to such utilitarian service, think how much more it could inspire us by being itself!

The greatest works of architecture are those which have come closest to realizing this ideal; we understand this better after there is no necessity for them to continue to serve their original purposes. The architect will be even more of a visionary when he can give us such undiluted architecture and his fantastic creations, surprising at first, will retain
their mystery, and even though they will continue to defy analysis, as music and nature do, we will be richly rewarded in attempting to discover their secret. Then architecture will be truly fantastic, inspiring, and sublime!

B.G.

9-10 '62
1962 is the centennial of Claude Debussy’s birthday. This peerless composer of music was more than just a practitioner of his own art, as all truly great artists are. His theories and principles, as expressed in his letters, music-criticisms (he never wrote a book!), interviews, etc., as well as their concrete realization in his work, have helped me to understand some of them as pertinent to our own art of Architecture into creative processes, in general. Therefore, I think this is a particularly auspicious occasion for me to pay homage and acknowledge my debt to him. He is the one artist who has never let me down, even after forty-two years of acquaintance, whose genius retains its mystery and his example remains to me, the greatest of all creative artists. I realize that this is a dangerous faith to have in any one artist, but as I continue to grow in my understanding of art and architecture. This becomes increasingly clear.

It is natural for any artist to feel that the art, with which he works, is the greatest of all the arts and I suppose it is necessary for us to believe it. However, we are often attracted to, and inspired by, other arts and there seems to be a special affinity between Architecture and Music. I do not mean that this in the sense of Goethe’s idea that “Architecture is Frozen Music.” This would imply a staticity, coldness and rigor mortis quite foreign to “live” architecture. This is not the place to get involved in a discourse on the relationship of the two arts, but I think that sometimes the creative processes of work in another art can shed new light on those we use in our own art. Sullivan admired and learned from Wagner. Wright thought of himself as the Beethoven of Architecture, “The Great Constructor.” Ironically, he was closer to Wagner, with his leitmotifs and his ego. Eric Mendelsohn was more Catholic in his taste for music, but preferred Bach and our older classical music.

Architecture and music have always had a special affinity for each other and are often compared. Goethe called architecture “Frozen Music,” a concept which is at odds with the notion of architecture as something alive continuous in space. Both arts are created by individuals: the composer in music and the architect in architecture. If they are innovators [and] extend the horizons of their arts, they are usually labeled as “revolutionists” or “radicals” by some of their contemporaries who failed to realize that what seems to be revolution is merely evolution made apparent. Change is always necessary and no matter how good or well-established things are the creative artists is the restless and forever seeking new expression. Debussy said, “The anarchists of music are organizing meetings in my head and are stirring up my poor brain with their red flag of revolt. And each must possess its own peculiar art, harmonizing with everything else.
The age of airplanes has a right to its own music. Every musician should create the forms necessary to the expression of his genius. He should not employ standard forms, however admirable may have been the masters who established them in other days, with different motives and without anticipating that they would become rigidly stereotyped." Speaking of these creative composers (and architects) who continue to change, Debussy wrote: "though we may be certain that some great men have a stubborn determination always to break fresh ground, is not so many others, who do nothing but repeat the thing in which they have once succeeded. Their skill leaves me cold. They have been hailed as masters. Beware lest this be not a polite method of getting rid of them or of excusing the sameness of their performances. In short, I try to forget music because it obscures my perception of what I do not know or shall only know tomorrow. Why clean do something one knows too well?" Gertrude Stein believed "we must begin again and again." Wright said, "Every architect must be a radical" and [Modest Petrovich] Mussorgsky exclaimed "Forward toward unchartered shores!" And when some people complained of his "dissonances" he answered, "If you only knew what is coming!" Even though the artist cannot help being part of his own time and environment. He is accused of being "ahead of his time," which is of course possible. Debussy continues, "by a singular irony, this public, which cries out for something new, is the very one that shows alarm and scoffs whenever one tries to wean it from old habits in the customary humdrum noises....this may seem incomprehensible; but one must not forget that a work of art or an effort to produce beauty is always regarded by some people as a personal affront" and "a beautiful idea in embryo has in it something absurd for fools." Change brings with it surprise, but this is not enough in itself, unless sustained by mystery. Thus, some works which seem wild and "revolutionary" are apt to become tame while others, less violent, often retain their mystery. Change is always part of the continuous present and not apart from the past or the future. Speaking of the past, Debussy has this to say: "Music has a past whose ashes needs stirring. For they contain the unexplained flame to which our present must always be a part of its splendor."

Today some of us are bewildered by the profusion of the many individual efforts in architecture, which are part of this continuing change. Mies complains that "some architects feel that they have to invent a new style of architecture every Monday morning." Actually, we need to do it with every new work! All sorts of labels are put on it by our journalist's critics attempting to pigeonhole it with "the new sensualism," "the new brutalism," "the new cityism," the new "absurdism," "Playboy architecture," etc.
Those architects who still believe that architecture is an art are suspected of “nibbling at the magic mushroom” and are accused of doing things “for effect.” Why not? Architecture has always and will always have affect. Philip Johnson observes, “Around me is confusion.” Even a scholar of [Lewis] Mumford’s stature can see no other way out of our “fusion” then to return to Wright’s early work in that of Maybeck for inspiration and guidance. We are so close to the great contemporary individuals architecture that all we can perceive are their differences in it seems to some that they and their parasitic followers have, to paraphrase Stephen Leacock’s famous quip, “jumped on their horses and written madly off in all directions.” Debussy had this to say of the same situation in his own time. “Where have we anything in the way of joint action, general direction? In former times. There were perhaps periods of discipline or what appears so to us from the distance, where individual efforts harmonized. But today… Each goes his way, seeks to develop his own personality… if he has one… or endeavors to imitate the personality of his neighbor, exaggerating it to the point of exasperation… and that is all. As for tomorrow, I do not know: who can foretell? Does the keen competition which creates such intense rivalry among artists portend the birth of a common ideal? Does it spell despair? Nothing of the sort. Music will come to life again. Let us work, each according to his inspiration. The future will decide which works are classics."

The composer of music is free to pursue his inspiration when and as he feels it, while the Architect must summon it to order; but neither case, he must have something within himself, besides his natural talent, in order to give out. The many things which inspire, influence, and fertilize his talent must be absorbed and assimilated before it is free to become the Architect’s. This most common about from an inner necessity and not from the major desire to something. Debussy felt “there is only sense and right in occupying oneself with art, if one is like a mountain stream whose waters continually gush forth, and in the thunder of, whose fall is borne the summons of their creator.” He deplored, manufactured and academic art. “Music is a sum total of scattered forces. You make an abstract balance of them! I prefer the simple notes of an Egyptian shepherd’s pipe; for he collaborates with the landscape and years harmonies unknown to your treatises. Musicians listen only to music written by cunning hands, never to that which is in Nature’s script. To see the sunrise is more profitable to hear of the Pastoral Symphony. What is the use of your almost incomprehensible art? Are you not to suppress all the parasitical complexities which music as ingenious as the lock of a strong box? You paw the ground because you only know music and submit to strange and barbarous laws. You are hailed with high sounding praises, but you are merely cunning! Something
between a monkey and a lackey.” He continues: “it is a music that one composes, that one loves! I myself love music passionately; and because I love it, I try to free it from traditions that stifle it. It is a free art, gushing forth, and open-air art, and art boundless as the elements, the wind, the sky, the sea! It must never be shut in and become an academic art.” Is this not also true of architecture?

Debussy advises the artist to “gather impressions, but don’t hurry to note that down. In a word, have patience! It is a major and even domestic virtue which helps a great deal.” Debussy, like Wright, Thoreau and many other great artists, had a profound love and understanding of Nature and often speaks of its meaning to him: “we do not listen to the thousand. Sounds with which Nature surrounds us. We are not sufficiently on the alert to year. This very music, which she so generously offers. Its envelopes us, and yet we have lived in its midst until now, ignoring it. This, to my mind, is the new path. But believe me, I have but caught a glimpse of it. Much remains to be done and he who does it…will be a great man!” “There are people who view a landscape with this much interest as would a cow. Such people listen to music with, wall in their ears.” “Why have we not followed the advice to observe the Nature before attempting to describe it? Perhaps we have no time nowadays.” Also, “Music was not intended to reproduce Nature more or less exactly, but to receive the mysterious accord that exists between Nature and imagination.” He always felt it was one of his greatest sources of inspiration: “who will discover the secret of musical composition? The sound of the sea, the curve of the horizon, the wind in the leaves, the cry of a bird, register complex impressions within us. Then, suddenly, without any deliberate consent on our part, one of these memories issues for to express itself in the language of music. It bears its own harmony with the. By no effort of ours can we achieve anything more truthful or accurate. In this way only does the soul destined for music discover it most beautiful ideas. If I speak. Thus, it is not in order to prove that I have not. I detest doctrines and their impertinent implications. And for that reason, I wish to write down any musical dreams in a spirit of other soft attachment. I wish to sing of my interior visions with the naïve candor of a child. No doubt, this simple musical grammar will jar on some people. It is bound to offend the partisans of deceit and artifice. I foresee this and I rejoice at it. I shall do nothing to turn enemies into friendships. I must endeavor to be a great artist so that I may dare to be myself and suffer for my faith. Those who feel as I do, will only appreciate me more. The others will shun and hate me. I shall make no effort to conciliate them. On that distant day…I trust it is still very far off…when I shall no longer
be cause of strife, I shall feel better self-reproach. For that odious hypocrisy which enables one to please all mankind will inevitably have prevailed in those last works.”

Debussy felt that “music until the present day has rested on a false principle. There is too much writing of music. Music is made for its effect on paper, although it is intended for the year. Too much importance is attached to the writing of music, the formula, and the craft.” (Is this not also true of much so-called architecture?) “Composers seek their ideas in themselves when they should look around them. They combine, construct, and imagine themes in which to express ideas. These are developed; their modified when they encounter other themes representing other ideas. All this is metaphysics, it is not music. The latter should be spontaneously registered by the ear of the list without having to discover abstract ideas meanderings of a complicated development.” He was against using preconceived forms for his music prefer to discipline his musical ideas so that they could evolve organically into their own forms. This is why he said, “I find myself obliged to invent new forms” and that “discipline must be sought in freedom, and not within the formulas of an outdated philosophy only fit for the feebleminded. Gives ear to know man’s counsel; but listen to the wind, which tells and passing the history of the world.”

The nature of the media, the structure and all the parts of each of his compositions form complete entities, each different from the others because he did “begin again and again.” Each piece provides its own drive, creates its own apart from all of this growth, without relying on any kind of pre-established structure. His musical ideas are never thought of apart from all of this. The flute solo which starts the “Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun” could be played on other instruments, but the particular tone of the flute is integral with the idea and helps to determine its melodic concept. Just as an Architecture we might have a “brick-brick” or a “board-board” and still be just fulfilling in preconceived forms unless the nature of materials is integral with the concept of form and helps to determine it. The structure of Debussy’s music is not the old post and beam type of Beethoven’s. Wright liked to think of Beethoven as “the great constructor of music” and considered himself “the Beethoven of architecture.” Actually, he was more related to Wagner’s, with his leitmotifs, love for the grand manner and his great ego. Debussy loved Wagner’s work but felt it necessary to revolt against it to free music from the deadlock the master of Bayreuth had on it. He observed, “Had he been a little more human in his splendor, he would have been great for all time.” Debussy’s work is characterized with this great economy of means. It is never mere rhetorical or manufactured; all inessentials have been eliminated, each work is independent, and
complete, and there is no effect of musical yardage. His range of inspiration is enormous. Not only did he master the piano, the song, chamber music, the orchestra, opera, ballet, the chorus, and other kinds of musical media, but his musical ideas express all shades of human emotion and feeling, inspiration from Nature and reverence for the great arts of man. His taste was infallible. He knew better than most when he said, "how much we must first discover…and then reject…in order to arrive at the naked truth of inspiration!" I believe that we can substitute the word Architecture for Music and what he has written with this much truth and meaning. Let us hope that someday we can have an architect is great, in his field is Debussy’s music, who understands, with Debussy that “Art is beauty in all its strength, bursting forth. When a bus, with a fatal and secret force”.
Organic Design :: (1966)

This book will be comprised of three related sections:

1. Elements of Design
2. Design Composition
3. Design Composition Principles

1. ELEMENTS OF DESIGN will consist of the study of individual parts making up any design, past, present, or future, and the three basic characteristics of the same: geometric, free, composite. This will be made up of example of simple elementary beginnings and exercises dealing with points, lines, planes, forms, space, proportion, color, texture, value, medium, etc.

2. DESIGN COMPOSITION will present the combination of such elements and takes up balance, resultant space and form, scale, symmetry, asymmetry, rhythm, counterpoint, harmony, theme-variation-development, incident-terminal-climax, axis, opacity, translucence, transparency, light-shadow, correspondences, environmental relationships, etc. All as related to the same three basic characteristics, geometric, free, composite.

3. DESIGN COMPOSITION PRINCIPLES will discuss same dealing with order, chaos, continuity, discontinuity, discipline, Apollonian, Dionysian, preconception, improvisation, organic, inorganic, chance, character, beauty, ugliness, consonance, dissonance, creative, imitative, inspiration, influence, imitation, surprise, mystery, abstraction, representation, symbolism, etc.

The text will be clear and concise and easily understood. The many illustrations will be of photographs of nature, illustrative drawings, and diagrams, prepared especially for this work, reproductions of paintings, sculpture, architecture, etc. From the past and present .... Oriental and Occidental. Transparent paper flyleaves over illustrations will have printed notes referring to specific points being made...rather than the usual cumbersome, tedious, and inaccurate cross reference between the text and illustrations usually encountered.

The work will be an exciting picture book in itself, but more important, it will present for the first time by a creative artist-architect a much-needed text concerning design elements, technics, and mechanics. It will be useful to all creative artists who are
interested in elements rather than opinions interpretations, and rules. It will challenge him to find his own creative way ... and give him something to work with. It will also be of value to anyone interested in the anatomy of art, old or new, Oriental, or Occidental or in nature and should be a timely and timeless work. The author’s experience as Chairman of the School of Architecture at the University of Oklahoma, for nine years, and as teacher and friend of many creative apprentices, as well as his own creative work in painting and architecture and history give him the authority necessary to give this challenging work substance and validity.
ARCHITECTURE is a word, often loosely used, to refer to anything resulting from the process of building; thus, we hear people speak of “the architecture” of this or that building when indeed there is none! Wherein lies this discrepancy. Some believe that a well-built building, functioning “correctly” as to use, economics and other physical factors is enough so long as it “conforms” to the “average.” This is like believing that a human being with a good skeleton, muscular and nervous systems, healthy organs, and an adequate IQ for holding down a job to pay for his existence, in the manner to which he would like to become accustomed, and the procreation of the race is enough, if he “conforms with the average”; is it? There is, or could and should be, more to him than that, if he is more than just animal. He is generally born with a mind which can creatively invent, with imagination and taste. He has five or more senses with which he can respond to Nature and to other beauty in all forms. He discovers that he is an individual living in a world with other individuals. He knows that anyone or anything else that is honest, no matter how “different”, achieves harmony without being limited to conformity. He feels the need to know more about himself and the universe, to develop his mind, as well as his body, and to strive for spiritual values; thus, the concept of the ideal man comprises body, mind and spirit and altogether they result in, thorough his own disciplined efforts and dedication, personality, individuality and character. The notion of the “average man” is a myth. I have never met such a person. Some, seeking refuge and shelter of the “HERD” proclaim they are “just average men”, but they would be insulted if anyone else said that of them. I have heard some people, about to build, say “I just want an average house .... nothing fancy”, but if later you said “you live in a just-average house” they would be offended. Furthermore, if you spoke of a man’s wife or children as “just average” he might resent it to the point of violence. He can say it without meaning it, for he knows, full well, it is not true. Then why does he say so? Because he has been taught to fear the other-than-average, the unusual. Many of our “educational” and other institutions, fearing the “uncommon”, attempt to discourage it as “antisocial”, preaching that harmony can exist only through conformity. Nature itself has proven otherwise. Not only are there many differences in species themselves, but there are infinite differences in species, all balanced together in harmony except when this balance is disturbed by man. Even if his efforts are towards balance and harmony, he fails to achieve it if he does not realize that things have to be honest and right in themselves to be so together with others. I have great faith in man, the individual, and in his individual rights and needs to be so, part of a civilization as a collective of other
such individuals; otherwise, I could not be an architect. We need faith and trust in ourselves and each other in order to work and to produce ARCHITECTURE together; there are no valid excuses or alibis which can prevent us from doing so.

As with man himself, a building must function well physically and rationally. If it does only that it is, like a person who is only that, merely a material thing; it has not become the MORE that the striving for beauty, order (style) and spiritual values resulting in individual character, earns for it the discipline and honor of being considered as architecture. A good building is not necessarily architecture, but good architecture is necessarily good building ... PLUS!

Comparatively, not many of our efforts at building have earned this distinction, but it has happened enough in the past, and in the present, to prove that it can and should be our aim. It is significant that architecture has always been one of the principal signs and symbols used to measure the greatness of any civilization. The architectures of all past civilizations differ from each other because the civilizations themselves differed from each other, but basic principles which are not “common” are common to all! Each civilization has to find its own expression through its architecture, and this change itself is part of our great tradition. Change often seems radical or revolutionary, but we have long ago learned that revolution is usually evolution made apparent. We have all around us works of art which, at their inception, were regarded by their contemporaries as “revolutionary”, “dangerous”, “monstrous”, etc. Now they have been “accepted” and relegated to the libraries as “classical” and “mainstream”. The artists who were once accused of going “too far” are later scorned for not having gone far enough. I believe it is impossible to go “too far” because we have to, by necessity, work within our own time. Our problem is to go as “far” as we can in our time.

It is natural that a work of art surprises us, partly because it is so rare. This surprise can range from “mild” to “wild”. Surprise engages our attention, whether it pleases or repulses of; but this is not enough. Something is needed to sustain our interest if the work is to be meaningful to us. We call this quality “mystery” which enables the work of art to hold our interest. If it has this and is necessarily the creation of genius. It is personal and impersonal, timely and timeless. We call the finest examples “masterpieces” and “genuine” when the circuit from the creator, through his work is finally completed by the re-creative response of his numerous audiences. He has created a work or works distinctly personal, characteristic of himself and unlike any other; he has also accomplished something with values perceptive to other people, whether or not they
know the artists. You must always be a part of his own time, which itself is part of the continuous present of all time. Furthermore, architecture can only be realized through contemporary Ways and Means of a particular time. The past is gone, the future is not here, but the present is continuous.

It is said that part of our response to a work of art is our desire to inhabit, to enter and be a part of it, just as it enters our lives becomes a part of us. Certainly, the art most physically habitable for us is ARCHITECTURE. If it is good, we will want to know it better, as we would a fine person, but neither will lose their mystery by closer acquaintance; as in nature, the more we know it, the more mysterious it becomes.

It is not enough to say that any building done by an “architect” is architecture. We are surrounded by such works, large and small, which pretend to be architecture and are not. Too many of our profession are caught up in the economic materialism of our times and would like to believe that “just good building” is enough. They are more interested in architecture as a business than as a profession. They are the “form takers” who steal from the “form givers” if it is fashionable, profitable, and applauded by our architectural press. Those with any conscience at all seek refuge in alibis and excuses. They blame “ignorant clients”, limited budget, codes and building regulations, lack of building skills, lack of time, etc., as negative conditions unfavorable to creative work. There is some truth in this, but when has there ever been a time when there was not? I know, as well as most, that working with these conditions and making something out of and with them is difficult; it is not the easy way. But these conditions can sometimes be of assistance to us in shaping our programs and in stimulating and challenging our imaginations if we are free of preconceived forms and formulas. It is often true that our limitations are our best friends. The most difficult commission would be from a client who said, “Build me a house of anything you like, wherever you wish, with no limitations on the budget.” And left it all up to you, as the architect!

As architects, we must have open and inquiring minds, fast ranges of aesthetic and technical know-how and of people’s needs, all free from our personal prejudices. We must discipline the growth of these resources so that the forms result as answering evidence of the requirements themselves. Thus, the forms should result from organic growth through the natures of materials and their structures as ordered (disciplined) by the architect. The usual procedure is to start with preconceived forms, squeezing “the works” inside and the people inside all of that! In the organic process, the art becomes its own form, just as it does in nature. Inasmuch as the needs and requirements for any
building are unique and unlike any others, it is a mistake for the architect, or the client, to adapt or warm over previously composed works which can never satisfactorily served the new purposes. Nothing the architect, or any other architect has done previously can possibly applied to the new work to be done. Therefore, the architect should be free from prejudices, habits, and mannerisms, of his own and of others, when he and the clients embark on the process of accomplishing architecture. He should consider each new commission, as it were his first, and last, and discover all he can within the needs and requirements of his clients to make it meaningful as architecture; he should work with them rather than for them. He should not strive to be different or original, but he will be if the work grows honestly. Gaudi insisted that "the architect does not create, he discovers". I believe this process of discovery is part of the creative process, but not all of it. What we discover must be assimilated by us before we can make use of before producing something of our own; then, from this experience we select or choose that which is pertinent and organize it, as we feel and reason into a whole. This needs the artists discipline and the sense of order which gives each individual work its own individual "style". "Discipline" is not meant here as a matter of punishment or Spartan denial, as many people understand it; rather, it is making certain that the same grammar prevails for a given work, no matter how much it might be varied, and that things inessential to the whole concept are eliminated. Debussy reminds us: "how much we must first discover and then reject in order to arrive at the naked truth of inspiration." This is a necessary discipline the architect, or any other artist, is to achieve significant work.

Any building, any size, any place, can, and should, become architecture: none are unworthy, regardless of budget or purpose. All that is needed is a real architect and a willing client. Architects often complain. There is no enlightened "public" for architecture and excuse the mediocrity of their performances by saying: "no one ever asked me for a work of architecture"; as an alibi. Perhaps, from their buildings, the public was not aware they could get architecture from such architects. I am convinced there are more people who now feel the need for architecture, then there are architects who can, or will, satisfy this need. His public interest in the art, stimulated by books and other publications, films, slides, photographs, lectures, and by exposure to realized example. Many have even read "Fountainhead" and seen TV coverage, which features the architect as a very "romantic," and "sexy," hero. Regardless of this latter form of "advertising", there is a more enlightened interest and concerned about architecture than ever before in history. Paradoxically, the profession, as a whole, is
afraid of this enthusiasm and sometimes tries to disillusion or discourage their clients who want something as architecture by warning them. It is not possible within their budget, or that it is “not practical”, or “it will have no resale value”, and that it will not “conform”; and so, they are led to believe that their dream is “impossible” and that they must settle for “the way it has to be”. Architects this kind usually want to build a “good substantial building.... With no tricks.” They seldom design the buildings themselves. This is entrusted to hired “designers” in their firm. Besides, there is always the fear that if one of these talented designers should sneak a work of architecture through the office, such a work would attract much critical attention, as any work of architecture is bound to do. This would prove embarrassing to the firm as it would put the spotlight on them, and suppose they had, in the meantime, fired this designer, and could not find another to produce a work of architecture, as might be expected or demanded by the public. Such people subscribe to the idea, “One should never stick his neck out,” and that it is best to follow “in the manner of” whatever is “acceptable” at the time. They are seldom concerned with the house’s architecture, “because there is not enough money in them” and leave this important field to the tract developers and builders who are getting rich with their ridiculous houses. All sanctioned by the omnipotent F. H. A. And by their own “good taste” committees. No wonder so few people realize that a house could be a home for them in a work of architecture as well. Others of the more “sophisticated, intellectual and enlightened” public follow fashions, as they do with their clothing and cars, all as prescribed by appetizing and manufacturing firms, with built-in obsolescence. This ensures for them. A continuing clientele gives the public satisfaction and social status of “having the latest.” Actually, only a comparatively small percentage of the nation’s building is planned by professional architects. It is time for the public and the architects to realize that a profession is more than just a job for the purpose of making money, for services rendered. It is also a public service, and demands qualities of skill, dedication, integrity, ethics, and leadership. It implies the broadening of horizons of the field and demonstrates through actual performance what it has to offer. The people that other nonprofessionals cannot. The medical profession has, generally, one the confidence in respect of the public. No doubt there are some “quacks”, but the doctors have proven their work to the public and have earned their trust and respect. Most people needing medical or surgical help, no one knows to see a doctor. The medical profession does not have to solicit business nor tries to convince this public of the value of your services. The legal profession has convinced us that we need them if they are in trouble or wish
to stay out of it legally. They do not have to chase down jobs. The teaching profession is losing our respect because too many teachers are teaching more for money and security than they are for education, as the enlightenment and development of individuals in the search for knowledge.

The noble profession of architecture is becoming lost in business and commercial emphasis. Too many agree with D. H. Burnham’s assertion that: “the three most important things about architecture are: Get the job! Get the job! Get the job!” No architect is even considered for a large job unless he has a large office and can prove he had a large volume of business for at least the past 10 years. Others “specialize” in doing certain types of buildings such as schools, churches, industrial buildings, etc. They become known as “experts” after doing one job of their category in writing a book on. This entitles them to be known as “specialists-experts.”

While the architects, like other professionals, agree that it is “unethical” to advertise, they employ “public relations” specialists to do such promotion for them. They need to do a tremendous volume of work in order to maintain and feed the office, which means they must “get the job”, even if it means cutting fees, already established by them and their organizations for “standard practice.” In cutting fees, they usually cut each other’s throats, and any hope for integrity and ethics goes down the drain. One architect I know says, with amusement: “ethics are what we hope the other fellow has!” This implies that if the other fellow will not cut his fee that the job will go to the one does, usually. Occasionally some entrenched and established big-business firms do work for “cost” to keep other (smaller) offices from getting the business, thus helping to eliminate them as future “competition”.

Very few “names” architects do their own work. They are usually too busy to do this as they are engaged time socializing, playing golf, politics or drinking with potential clients or other “get the job” tactics. Hence, they employ huge staffs of specialists: other architects, engineers, designers, many draftsmen, estimator, “interior decorators”, job captains, programmers, mechanical engineers, specification writers, construction superintendents, tax experts, accountants, stenographers, secretaries and “public relations” personnel, etc., etc., etc. all of this activity is visible to the bosses over closed T.V. and the job is turned out with the precision of a big assembly line, with office managers keeping the works well-oiled with hiring and firing, salaries, promises of “fringe-benefits” timecard punching and all. I do not deny that large offices are necessary to handle large works.... they are. But I wish that something approaching
architecture could come out of all of this. It is obvious that “too many cooks spoil the broth.” And that “two heads are better than one.” Providing both know what each other is doing. And then someone has an idea!

I do not mean to be too harsh for my fellow architects, nor to imply that they are all as I have been describing. Many are seriously dedicated, hard-working, conscientious, [and] ethical in regard architecture as an art as well as business. Some of them even plan and design their own buildings and see that they get built that way. The best of these generally have small offices and consequently have to do small jobs. A few large firms strive to improve their “products” and are technically proficient. With so few architects turning out architecture. How can we expect the public to know they can have architecture, what it is, what it can do for them, when most of what they see and come in contact with can be, and too often is done by non-architects? What can the architect offer them that is any better than the usual building? We have not given the people enough architecture to convince them of its value to them. They can see very little difference in buildings produced by “architects” and those done by engineers, real estate developers or advertising agencies. As architects we can only win respect for our profession by striving always for architecture as real professionals.

The practice of architecture is also threatened by real estate restrictions and “good taste” or “art commissions”, as many of us who have tried to build architecture has found out ours is not a “free country”, as we like to believe the properties are not only too expensive, but are loaded with restrictions, some hidden, on what is permissible to build on the site, and for whom. These take the form of regimented “setback” requirements, square footage minimums, height limitations, prescribe slopes, types, materials, and colors of roofs, “75% of masonry on the front”, “style”, color, materials, even landscaping goals. Also, the client must be of the right race, color, with proper status. No one is permitted to live and work in the same structure, openly, in and “approved” residential area. The developer and their guardians of “taste” even require the client to build one of their buildings plans and not permitted to build any other structures by others in the area. Some developers, more lenient, require the client to submit his architect’s designs for their approval. Sometimes, well-meaning, but incompetent art commissions determine what is and what is not “good design” in their refusal of approval means that our client is not allowed to build in “sunken Heights” or “withering willows”. To escape these “controls” which are ostensibly set up to “protect” the other homeowners of these paradises, our client must go far into the, for these real estate interests has bought up readings of land surrounding our cities in anticipation of
future growth and profits. Then the client is so far away from schools, churches, shopping centers, work, etc., that it is impractical for him to build in available non-restricted design areas. In this way, the real estate CZARS have a stranglehold on what we can and cannot build. This is just as true of many kinds of buildings other than houses. Any person planning to build in such areas should read the fine print and buy the property only on condition that he be allowed to build the house. This worked out by him and his architect. The restrictions are set up to guarantee harmony by uniformity; they do! There are thousands of examples of duplicate banners all attesting to the “harmony” of ugliness and mediocrity. Even beautiful buildings, repeated at nausea can become tediously tiresome, so think how loathsome our track developments are.... And if you can’t think about it, just look, and see for yourselves. It is possible to build something, even in such neighborhoods, which is nonconformist and still harmonize better with the site than the others do. It will be considered by some “cut-of-place” just as a person telling the truth in the company of liars the same, but I contend he has the right to do so; who knows? “It takes all kinds”. Perhaps even a truth and alike be compatible!

Lending agencies are unduly concerned about “resale value”. They are not interested in how well your house fits your needs, desires, climate, environment, etc., but in “how well will it sell what we have to foreclose.” Or “who else would want to house design so specifically for your personal requirements?” The question “is individual architecture for individuals only?” Arises, not only from the moneylenders but also from the anti-individualism socialists who consider individuals and individual works as “menaces to your society.” The answer is that our society is composed of individuals, so there are no “individuals” only. It is true that not everyone would want such house offered for sale, but it is also true that not everyone would want any house offered for sale. It is furthermore true that even though the individual “unusual” house was designed for particular requirements, for and with the clients, that there are certain needs, fundamental to all of us, which must be met: such as sleeping areas, cooking, and eating spaces, bathing, relaxation, and entertaining facilities, etc. Most people have such needs and adapt themselves to whatever provisions have been made for them. This is true of all houses purchased after that built for others or for sale. Even though most people would not want the “special” house, those of like mind wanted enough to pay a premium for it because of its desirability, to them, and its rarity. In my own work, what is necessary for my clients to sell their home because of need for change of location due to business or how reasons, financial losses, divorce, death, or unexpected
increases in the family, desire for a better site location, etc., and the house has to be sold, it always attracts buyers who tell me: “you designed it for us, that you didn’t know what.” Or they “fell in love with it”. Sometimes they need additions or changes in come to me for making them say: “we do not want to spoil the house.” One new owner needed an addition to take care of their children and jokingly said: “If you think this edition will spoil the house will farm them out.” That was not necessarily as an organically planned house is not only the result of growth, but it is also the capacity for continuing future growth and development. According to changing needs. I do not know of any of my houses, or other works, standing empty, or do I see goes in Frank Lloyd Wright or other creative architects unoccupied in going to ruin. The moneylenders should look around them to verify this. Also, they should realize that house which is characters architecture does not “date” or go out of fashion. Is timely and timeless grows in value added does any other genuine work of art; witness the high prices demanded for “Frank Lloyd Wright best pieces.” By real estate agents. No one can guess the cost of an unusual house because it is unlike other houses. The “guesstimates” are invariably higher than the actual costs, so the owners stand to make a good profit, if forced to sell, besides having had the pleasure of living in a beautiful environment created for them.

A distinctive, beautiful building, worthy of being called architecture, is so rare that it naturally attracts much attention, without intending to do so; many like it, some don’t. The answer to “well, I wouldn’t want to live in it.” Is “why should you, if you don’t like it, it was not meant for you.” Many of these people do not understand the principle and can believe only what they can see, which is apt to be very little. Most of them do not realize that the same architect (of the despised house) could and would do a house for them. They would love. I believe that each my clients think that they have my best work would not exchange with the others.

Just to are my clients? What sorts of people are they? Many people have mistaken notion that they are a special breed of “intellectuals”, probably “artists”, who are willing to sacrifice utility for beauty, is not borne out by the facts. They are from many walks of life such as businessmen and women, religious groups, professionals, manufacturers, editors of newspapers, magazines, writers, artists, musicians, farmers, air pilots, and even the U. S. N. Seabees! All of my clients have come to me. I have never solicited business, and I would not know how to do so. I have never had social or political “connections" to bring in work for me, but I have never been without some work. Generally, these projects are not of great size or cost, comparatively, but I have always
preferred to work for those who want me too and I learned, long ago, that size is not always commensurate with quality. That is why I start each job is freshly with this much enthusiasm as if it were my first, and last, for my clients and architecture. For the most part, these clients have not been brainwashed about modern art and architecture by the “experts” and they do not know, or care, whether my work is “in the mainstream” or not one of my clients had never even heard of Mies or of Neutra when they came to see his house! I am afraid. He did not show them the “proper respect”.

When Joe price’s bachelor house was finished, he had a party for me and invited fifty of my former clients from various parts of the US to attend it. It would be dangerous for any architect to have fifty of these and’s clients gathered together in the same room, but fortunately they were friendly, as most of them are, and curious about each other. The question “what shape is your house” often came up among them. One answered by saying: “I probably have the most unusual one of anyone here, mine is rectangular!”

Although I had worked with them all individually as individuals, I had never compared them before, and I was amazed to see how different they were from each other. They range from shy, timid, quiet introverts to outgoing extroverts and exhibitionists, from hard driven businessmen to sensitive idealists. A few were creative in art and music. With so many differences, what did they all have in common to cause him to engage me as their architect? Probably, realizing themselves as individuals, they responded to my efforts towards individual architecture for individuals, and they have the necessary courage and stamina to follow through with me... And I with them. This takes courage in these days of anti-individualism. Some of my critics accuse me of “striving to pose as heroic” but nothing is further from my thoughts. I am only trying to do my job. Often, I am asked which of my works do I like best. Wright answered such questions where “the next one.” But no honesty I must answer “none of them.” I have never built anything that I would personally want, because I have not yet built anything for myself.

Occasionally I come closer to realizing architecture with some clients them with others, but in view of how little I have accomplished in comparison with what I am capable of doing, and being aware, as I am, of the needs for so much yet to be accomplished in architecture, I realize how little has been done by me or anyone else. One lifetime is hardly enough to do more than to develop the technique and sense our directions in order to get started. All creative artists have this problem; besides, Architecture is the most difficult of all of the arts. Inspiration is a generating force in the creation of all arts. When the artist is free to do what he feels he must, he can afford to wait for this inspiration. Those who do not wait for it, nor have it, merely manufacture art with
cunning hands. Sometimes their products imitate inspired work by others so well that they almost pass for the real thing, but it usually does not take long to tell the difference between such work, and the genuine, original one which has been imitated. No artist working without inspiration can ever be a great one. But artists in all fields are sometimes called upon to create works for specific occasions, times, or events, and places. Then they usually have no time to wait for inspiration but must be capable of summoning it to order. This is the position. The architect-artist is almost always required to work in. Also, composers of music who are commissioned to do specific works for certain instruments or performers for special events are in the same category. The same can be said of painters and sculptors as well as writers who must be able to produce works with inspiration for specific times, places, and events. The artists who work to produce the work they feel inspired to do. Do not have this problem, but they do have the problem of making their living otherwise. They can produce their works, with very little hope they will be performed, exhibited, or even understood. They say they can afford to wait. But the architect, more than any other artist, must work with specific requirements of needs, desires, uses, budgets, availability of materials, labor, and financing, building codes, climate, environment, etc., to say nothing of time to realize his works. I know of no exceptions to this so far. He has the problem of doing what he feels when he feels like doing it. He must solve this by always feeling doing what he needs to do. It is well to remember these words by Debussy: “there is no sense in composing unless inspiration rushes through us like a clear mountains stream.” This means he must have all of the resources for composing architecture within himself so that he can release this energy, when he needs to, and to accept all challenges and opportunities. Rather than as handicaps. If he is free of prejudices and preconceived notions regarding forms, colors, textures, materials, methods, etc., it will enable him to undertake in commission, large or small, with enthusiasm and to find inspiration in all of the growing processes of his work. It is his job to choose what is appropriate and to discipline everything to the order of a particular work. By keeping his ideas flowing through active practice architect learns to summon inspiration as often and as constantly as he needs to. For such an artist, the problem is never “what should I do?” But rather “which of these potentials and possibilities. Shall I choose and develop as pertinent to a good idea of the entire work?” He will find the ideal within himself shape it out of all the conditions necessary for its realization as Architecture.

Before getting into specifics about architectural planning, it is necessary at this time clarify what we mean by the word architecture. No one knows when or where the first
concept of what we’ve referred to as architecture began. Prehistoric man first to learn
to build structures of indigenous materials for his protection from the weather, the
animals, and other men, just as he developed clothing the same reasons. Later he was
to require privacy for his habitation address. His prime consideration for both clothing
and habitation was shelter. There was no consideration given to what we call art, style,
tradition, etc., until much later. Is nor there any professional builders or laborers. When a
new shelter was needed. The family and neighbors pitched in and build it. No designs,
working drawings, nor specifications were needed. Neither was a building construction
loan or FHA required! Each man did his own thing and helped others to do theirs. Their
pottery was, likewise, performed within the limitations of their available materials and
methods for utilitarian use only. Here again, no thought was given to its aesthetic
design. There was no concept of music, as we think of it. Sound was a form of
communication and rhythm arose from the movements of working and dancing. It
seems likely that there was no conscious attempt to create art, even in the cave
painting which were more a matter of recording tribal history.

As people develop their minds, they became more aware of their senses and somehow
became aware of the concept of beauty. They associated this with magic and power,
and as communal life develop the needed symbols and devices to give more
importance to the leader’s hut, places for religious uses and social activities. They
quickly learned that clothing, beautiful, could give added importance to certain
people. Pottery, even though still utilitarian, could be more pleasing by making it shape,
texture and color more beautiful. Music, painting, and all of the arts for board to satisfy
his need for beauty and the process of building went through this same magic
transformation into a rudimentary concept of architecture. It was obvious that certain
structures could have more meaning and importance if they were more beautiful.
These first notions of beauty seem to concern themselves more with form, color, and
with emphasis on the nature of materials used. The next stage of the growth of the
awareness of beauty was that of ornament and adornment. It soon became desirable
to decorate the beautiful forms, already in use, with ornaments and embellishments.
The decline of a civilization seems to coincide with confusion in the arts, which results
from the loss of the sense of form, color, texture, smothered by defendants of
decoration which has become meaningless. Then the cycle has to start all over with a
fresh start. This rhythm of growth, flowering and decay is part of that of nature and of
our lives in it is true today as ever.
At first, most efforts towards beauty were made by artisans without training, but as certain talents, better than others, marched the work required was assigned to those builders, painters, sculptors, musicians, storytellers, etc., most proficient. They taught others and developed helpers and apprentices. As the communities grew and more work was required of them. They devoted their full-time efforts to their developing concepts of art and of themselves as individuals. Eventually, the former became a composer, and much later, he devoted all of his efforts towards composing works which would be executed by others, as the needs, Ways and Means became more complex. Distinctions are made between craftsmen, performers and amateurs and professional creators such as Architects, Painters, Sculptors, Composers of Music, Writers, Dancers, etc. In more “advanced” civilizations. The creators of arts are no longer anonymous and merely part of group activities, but are creative individuals, working as part of their society and for filling it, and his own, and needs for beauty, to his works.

It is now realized that architecture need not be used merely to glorify religions, government, and the housing leaders and wealthy people. Big business has also discovered it is useful, force commercial practices, and even educational institutions are increasingly aware of the advantages to them of meaningful architecture. Industries are cognizant of it more and more, but there is still little of it in our homes, where it is so badly needed. Paradoxically, the more we attain individuality, the more we confuse it with personality. The more power we develop to lead, the more we follow. We seek security in following the leader, instead of thinking for ourselves, and many of us need to be told what is “good” before we can accept it. Enter the critic, and the notion that we must follow fashions which anything we already have obsolete and worthless. And so, we follow fashions in buildings, clothing, cars, etc. Fashion leaders are usually eclectics and “borrow,” steal or appropriate anything from any source they can get customers to associate with “status.” In recent years we have pilfered “styles” of the past and “adapted them to our needs.” Thus, roaming as have become banks, Gothic cathedrals become office buildings, Greek and Roman temples become churches, “Spanish” houses were applied anywhere, etc., etc. We have had, and still have a rash of imitative “colonial” copies, which serves “colonial” right, for it itself was a mishmash of copies. Who, in our “jet age,” living stylishly and fashionable in their eclectic colonial houses would even consider having their air-conditioned up umpteen-horse-powered cars designed to imitate a “colonial” carriage? It could be done, you know, and worse still…. Maybe it will happen. One of these days. To be consistent, they might even devise a broken-pediment doorway for our jumbo jets and
provide the windows with site shutters, which need not shut, and with tieback ruffle curtains! The Egyptians were lucky. Their great buildings were too massive and heavy to be of much use to us, except for miniatures in the form of mausoleums, with perhaps a “tough” about the lower portion of the warehouse. But I forget that their obelisk was used to memorialize “father of our country.” Without hieroglyphics, or lower glyphic either. Our country goes in big for this sort of thing, especially in our capital. “Honest Abe” sits enthroned in a dishonest Doric Temple, copied in the best of taste, from the “glory that was Greece.” To perpetuate the taste of Bacon. Where does Abe Lincoln enter this picture? His log cabin is a much more appropriate memorial. We can laugh at such examples and many others, but they are not really funny. We have not yet learned the teaching and eating of an old Japanese proverb: “when imitation comes, beauty goes.” When we are not digging around in the past or something to appropriate, we are stealing from the works of recently deceased artists or from our contemporaries. We see nothing wrong in imitating Wright. Not long ago it was fashionable to copy the works of Crete, a simplified, flattened version of Greek, Roman classicism useful for public buildings of cut stone and with many steps and “architectural” sculpture in low, if any, relief. This was known by the unbelievers as “flat-chested modern”. Then we had epidemics of “stream-lined” designs with heavy emphasis on horizontal bands of three bars, bullnose corners, pipe rails and columns glass blocks, with white cement, plaster, or stone, known in the profession as “three bar modern.” Next came “Brazil-buil modern, with its soleil brises louvres, all lifted from Kidder Smith’s book about Brazilian architecture. Another cliché of the day was the “blank end wall”, usually used in conjunction where “ribbon windows” or “window-walls” for any kind of building, of any material or size. It was preferable to have it up off the ground on “pilots” for one or two stories that could be found. The one sacred rule never-to-be broken was that under no circumstances should the architect ever put a window or door opening in this blank end wall! (The UN building is a prime example.) It is, however, permissible to have a sign or advertising symbol on it, providing it is off-center. Only non-architects would center it! The Stone Age followed with its grilles. These grilles could be made of concrete block, ceramics, or metal...Even wood and were especially adapted for remodeling and cover-up jobs. You could do whatever you wish to with your doors and windows and walls behind these grilles which were often used for remodeling jobs and discrete entrances to toilet facilities at service stations. Thus, ended the popularity of the grille, for who would want to use it on a brand-new building. After all of that? We also went through the “ripple roof” phase
many varieties of folded plates and wiggles. Even if the building was a box with the flat roof, you could always jazz it up with the little ripple (eyebrow, or mustache) over the entrance. Architecture, as well as music came up with “the twist.” Hyperbolic-parabolic twists gave a new look to our architectural “hats”. Next, someone remembered the Larkin building (instead of the Alamo) and, since it had been torn down, and Mr. Wright had departed, it was safe to revive the shaft... “The brick shaft”. This is still going on. It is often seen in dormitories on college campuses and occasionally in small multistory medical supply buildings. Inasmuch as there is usually no sound control, only the brick shafts, you will usually find the glass covered inside with paint of aluminum foil to keep the sun out. But this is all right if the photographs have been taken before. This necessity arose. Most people never see the building anyway...Only the pictures. “The salt box roof” has cut me a sharp slice across our horizon and its popularity with young architects is equaled only by the current “modified Mansard” roof. I doubt if Mansard would ever recognize these “roofs”, but the name sounds stylish, and we all know there is a certain safety factor in anything which is “modified”. We, as Americans, can take very few things “straight”. Besides, who knows Mansard was, anyway? The name sounds alright. Even the track builders love it for it’s a money saver!

The real architect is not concerned with such foolish clichés. He knows that they are here today gone tomorrow. If he is sincere and works with principles, basic to all good architecture of all-time, and thereby develops a personal style, his work is in danger of being imitated (as his style) rather than understood for its deeper meaning. Frank Lloyd Wright deplored his many imitators who latched on to the manner of his work, without understanding its principles. Debussy complained, “The Debussystes are killing me!” Louis Henry Sullivan quoted Tennyson, “all can grow the flowers. Now, for all have got the seed”. I know of no great creative artists who ever believe that “imitation is the sincerest form of flattery”. However, if he gets stuck with a manner of design which he applies, indiscriminately, to all of his works, he is, in reality, imitating himself and can expect others to do the same. Sometimes he can establish a personal “style”, which everyone knows is his, but usually it is a dead-end street for everyone. I believe it is far more worthwhile to have each individual work he does become its own style, faultless, unique, and therefore different from any other works done by myself or by others. This is not to imply that originality should be his saying, but that it will be naturally the result of the growing and becoming of each of his creations. Either do I wish to assert that such works, spring full-blown without roots in the continuing present. There is no beginning
and no ending. Sometimes our admiration for the work of others inspires us to learn about them by imitation. This can mean nothing unless this influence is digested and assimilated. All that inspires us, all experiences, all feelings exercised by our senses, all of our understanding of principles, our powers of reasoning, understanding of our media, technical proficiency, of others and their needs, must be synthesized in our work through our dedication and constant efforts towards architecture. None of can say (with truth) that “I am architecture”, even if one feels he must identify himself in such conceited manner to produce it. Who could say he is Music, Sculpture, Painting, or God! In the same way, it is impossible for a human being to decide truthfully that he is “ideal”, “perfect”, or “the truth”. It could be argued that these qualities are ever really completely realized that anyone or in his works, but it does not mean that they are nonexistent. In the fullest sense of the word, architecture has probably never been completely realized, nor has there ever been an architect who could be called perfect architect. We must strive for these values as something greater than ourselves in order to accomplish the deal with ourselves and to extend the horizons of architecture.

There is a suspicion among many clients, builders, and architects that if anything is beautiful. It is “too expensive, impractical, and will not work.” Conversely, they feel that if it is devoid of beauty and character that it is questionably practical and functional, even when it obviously is not. Generally, it is not wise for the architect to speak of such principles as balance, proportion, rhythm, scale, etc., in discussing his work with the client or builder for there is almost always the reaction. “But how much more will all this foolishness cost?” It is obvious that the need cost no more. I often hear architects, in their professional meetings, explain: “But how are we going to educate the public to the fact that they need architects?” It never seems to occur to them that the public is not “dumb”, and that the best way for it to realize the values and benefits of architecture, for themselves, is for the architects to show them constantly, through their own works that they can, if they are architects, offer the public more than other people who engage in the business of building. Most people today can see no difference in the buildings built for them by most architects and in those done by engineering firms, advertising agencies, and by builders with hired designers. They all look “modern”! The one thing the real architect can give them is architecture, and if he did this more often, it would become increasingly obvious to the public that the profession really been something, for example. Other professions do not have to “educate the public”. They have already proven their work. Architects are not supposed to advertise, but they do sometimes in the form of “public relations”. Even professional groups employ advertising
agencies to acquaint the public with their “need for architects” through the medium of newspapers, magazines, and other publications. They also use radio, TV, and all other means (almost to sky writing and dropping pamphlets from planes) for this purpose. “Mr. Blanding builds his dream house” shows what happens to the poor citizen who built his house without benefit of “architect”. All of this is well and good so far as getting the job is concerned? Many of my professional friends ask me, “but where do you get your clients…. They must be a special enlightened breed…. No one ever asked me for something modern”. It is useless to tell them that very few of my clients ever asked me for something “modern” or any other “style. I never attempt to educate my clients…… They come to me because they have seen my works or have heard of me or because they want architecture. I never “talk shop” with them as to the fine points of the game as to how, technically, and aesthetically, the “operation” is to be performed. A surgeon would not discuss, with his patient, just what scalpel, or forceps, etc., he intended, using, or go into other specialized matters with which most of his clients are unfamiliar. It takes us more than a lifetime. For each of us to learn what he needs to know to conduct his own business? Why should we be expected to know the “fine points of the game” or other people’s businesses? That is why we go to them, for their professional help. I have already mentioned some of the differences in my clients and how they each have individual needs. For me to consider, work with and satisfy in my architectural solutions. During this process of working together with instead of for my clients. We learn together towards architecture. The most difficult client is the one most mis-educated in the world of “art”. Usually, after the building is accomplished, the clients continue to discover, not only the things they wanted, but any also “surprises” that keep it meaningful to them. The longer they inhabit it. If something happens, in their lives that makes it necessary for the house to be used by someone else. It must be flexible enough to serve others to. The new users are always attracted to it because they have an affinity with. They usually pay the original owner. A good profit for it, and several of the new owners have told me, “You really designed this house for me, but you didn’t know it.” Sometimes, if they need additional space for changes. They have come to me for them.

Generally speaking, I have found these new inhabitants. Very appreciative of understanding. The question is usually thrown at us by anti-individualists. Is individual architecture for individuals only? I have already answered that all people are really individuals, of course. Then they say, “But if the house is specially designed to meet special requirements of the client, how could this house be of use to others?” Suppose my clients like to so once a sewing room. Does that mean that only another client who
wants to sew is eligible as the next owner? I am sure they would find some other use for the space, for another hobby, bedroom, etc. After all, regardless of our many differences, there are many fundamental characteristics the same for men and women and for their needs. We are having similar skeletons, muscular and nervous systems, organs, two eyes, a nose, mouth, etc. We all need to sleep, relax, eat, pay, and all need spaces for these activities. Our houses have to provide these physical requirements, and they do. Naturally, not all persons will want to house of them to be done in the same way. There is where and when the individual asserts itself. But while each person has special likes and dislikes, there are other people with similar ones, and we say that they are "of like mind." Thus, when a house is custom-made for a client, and he is forced to part with it, the chances are that others are of "like mind" will want it. Sometimes these others try to buy the house before the client. It is built for moves in! There are people who do not enjoy the sometimes-painful process of building and who prefer to buy what they want and need "ready-made". They are often willing to pay a premium for something they want. While it is true, and should be true, that not everyone wants the same thing. It is obvious that no one house, no matter how good, could please everyone. It is also true that a good house architecturally as a more limited resale appeal then “fashionable” houses “built-to-sell”. The “market” is, admittedly, less is number, but far better otherwise. Such houses are rare, unfortunately, and because of this fact, there is the general opinion that they are more costly than others of the same size and quality of materials and workmanship. Thus, the prospective client is prepared to pay more for the unusual house, even though it is often cost no more “per square foot” than ordinary ones. It is easy to know how much “regular houses” cost. You can tell immediately when it was built according to its fashion and what the “going-price” was for such a place. When it was done. Then you allow for depreciation of the house in the neighborhood, figure how long the owners used it and deduct for that and arrive at a "reasonable price", allowing for its obsolescence. Many times, the property alone is worth the price. Inasmuch as our houses are required to last long enough to pay off the mortgages, they often outlived their usefulness or the desirability of their locations. This can happen to any house, but, invariably, most houses still existing is "respectable" neighborhood have a chance for resale. The "special" house, while it has a more limited market, stands to make the owner. A good profit because no one can guess what it really costs, and rumors that say the cost is double what it actually was are helpful to the client who must sell. This is not always helpful to the architect because many people get the mistaken idea that architecture costs more than other houses in
using lecturing for the rich. I have sometimes been blamed for “designing a house for the poor client who couldn’t afford it.” The neighbors, gossiping about the client’s job and income are greatly concerned about how my client could possibly afford to pay $80,000 for his house (when it actually cost him $45,000), and much less than some of the others in the same environment! A good house which becomes architecture is a “good buy”, regardless of age, for it never “goes out of style”. Again it, as any other work of art, is timely and timeless and a part of the continuous present.

People often ask, “But what do you do about houses that are built for speculation, where you do not know who the client will be?” I have not yet built such a house, but I can. In such cases, it is necessary to keep the scheme sufficiently general and flexible so that many people can adapt themselves to it. Naturally, it will have to satisfy all physical requirements for the people. It is made for. It will have to be of low enough cost to show a reasonable profit for the investor and selling or renting for “going-prices. Whether such housing is “detached”, “row”, “garden apartments”, “condominium” or what, there is no reason why they cannot be beautiful, practical, and as serviceable to the user as any others now built for the same people. I contend that they can be even more so than any now existing. Through the use of modern materials, methods, and technology, used imaginatively by the architect they can escape the deadly conformity and ugliness of most of our existing “examples”. Our people, regardless of their race or circumstances can and do respond to something that offers them more in beauty and character that they are usually given. I was told by many who were supposed to “know” that when I was in service during World War II with the U. S. N. Seabees in the Aleutians and at Camp Parks, California, that I would have to forget my ideas and ideals in building or service. I refuse to listen to them and, regardless of the fact that the structures were for thousands of men of varying ages, many different races, and religions, and from all conceivable backgrounds, I attempted always, with the beams at hand, to accomplish something worthy of human dignity and its needs. I was warned that “the men” would vandalize and destroy anything, so “make it tough.” On the contrary, I found that the better we made it, the better it was treated and used, and many times, “the men” would say, “why couldn’t you have something like this in a house?” I am sick and tired of the snobbishness which decides that only certain “people who have always been exposed to the nicer things in life” are capable of understanding, enjoying, and respecting the. I know from many examples I have been that if a man is given a person-like environment to live, work, go to school or worship in he will naturally react against it and fight it. It brings up the worst in him. He is much
more apt to respect environments which assume he has intelligence, sensitivity, and integrity. Even if he is lacking somewhat in these qualities. He will try to live up to their as much or more than his education has demanded of him. Many “slum clearances” have failed because they merely replace old slums with new ones, which usually cost the tenants more than the former once. They are apt to be grim, hard, uninviting places, regimented as barracks, “indestructible”, with over organized recreation facilities, sternly fenced with chain-link metal, gates, etc. Such “symbols of authority”, found in these schemes, challenge the young to violate the…to see if they really are “indestructible” …. And all powerful. The structures and their grounds invite crime of all sorts and people are finding in many cities that it is dangerous to remember.

Sometimes our planners failed to recognize the racial characteristics of people they are providing for bill the same thing for them they would for any other people, any place in the world. I know of a “slum clearance” in one of our California cities. It was a hillside in Valley originally inhabited by Mexican families. Very low income who lived happily and generally content can be with their large families, animals, and lack of “proper facilities” in shacks they had built themselves from whatever they could find, borrow, or steal. Most of them had small porches, humble strings of drying peppers and colorful washings of drying clothes. There was much outdoor living in the neighborhood. There was much music and happiness among these “underprivileged” people who lived crowded together without benefit of the stern rectangular display. Along came the city planners who decided to “clear all of this, but” and replace it with sanitary slabs “high-rises” “for their own good”. This was ruthlessly done and after the new buildings were available, the former users of the land were brought back and squeezed into them. No more color, no more singing. No place to keep their animals, no place to visit except in the narrow confines of the boxlike compartments which had to rent for more than the people could manage in order to pay off the mortgages. Hence the unhappy people, who had been treated with no understanding of the real needs were forced out. They migrated out to the edge of the city started the way of life again in another hillside and another Valley. It is argued that these people were not ready for such “improvements”. But I believe that the developers and planners were not ready for the people. In the meantime, this new “slab slum” was opened up to office workers, used to being fitted into boxes at school and at work, “fit in nicely” into them. This point, as to how “nicely” be questionable to; but at least the owners are getting their rent!

This situation is international. In Hong Kong, Singapore, Japan, Europe and everywhere the people are being forced to such containers. Sometimes they are able to assert
themselves. So, the rigidity of the boxes in the drabness of color gives way to colorful clothing. Drawing on the balconies in the sun. But in many, “more respectable” places rules govern sternly the use of the premises and forbid the tenants to drive their washing on the balconies, to pay, construct or touch the building. Inside, or outside in any way. In some cases, even furnishings are passed upon, pictures are not allowed on the walls, curfews or impose in no one is allowed to walk on the grass. In one such “prison” I observed a small patch of grass near the entrance. On the concrete walk was a small boy who wore a large plastic but saying “I have not walked on the grass for two weeks”. I am aware that economic necessity is driven people to these apartments, but what other choice with a given? The argument, the people live this way because they want to be highly questionable. In Germany. I observed many such structures was informed that the tenants were happy with the. But what I also observed was that usually, whenever possible, nearby, were many small plots for gardening along railroad right of ways. Each plot had a few vegetables growing in it, was fenced, and had a small “garden house” improvised by the occupant, ostensibly to house, garden tools and equipment. In reality, these were used as escape retreats for the apartment dwellers and furnished with a small stove for warming in cooking, a caught and what other “necessities” could be housed in so small a place. These places afforded the tenants a place to get away from the rigors of apartment dwelling. He gave them a change to be outdoors in the sun (smog)! Probably, these people, usually older, or a dying race who still require contact with the soil and outdoors. It is likely that the younger generation will not fill this need, because they have been born into their limited garments and are brainwashed to not question.

Everywhere I find expressions of surprise that an individual would want his own house. It is assumed that he must be a millionaire if he can afford such a lecture, and if so, he has no right to it. In our socialist-communist world of today. The individuals regarded as anti-society and dangerous to the society. If the “masses” are to work together in teams, “no one must get out of line”. We are learning in our architecture schools that individual buildings are not only passé but are also “sinful” and that a man who calls himself an architect is “forcing” his ideas and concepts as a “dictator” upon people. Any person wanting the services of such an “architect” is likewise “antisocial” in that he is building something for his own “selfish” needs. We are not supposed to concern ourselves any longer. With such “foolishness”. People are urged more and more to “do their own thing.” Whether or not they are capable, able or wish to do so. It is inconceivable to such “leaders” that anyone would want or would seek professional
assistance. Besides, some people have other things to do than to form their own environment. This idea is no doubt a reaction to the regimented developments, but it is in the wrong direction. Only an imaginative, creative architect and help us out of this mess we are in.

Large-scale city planning, groups, clusters, etc. usually fail because they start with preconceived forms and answers, instead of arriving at them through the process of organic growth. It is illogical to force a complete city into a predetermined form, no matter how beautiful or gauging such a form may be as an abstract thing in itself. We can come up with the overall concept form, handsome in itself, and then we can play “God” and distribute the various parts to be lived in, worked in, relaxed and, and worship in as we see fit. We can decide what transportation, if any, will allow and how it must be accomplished. We can allot in subdivide, but such a city was built it would be unbearable to live in us. We were willing to have our ways of living, squeezed into such a predetermined discipline. Basically, we are to three by nature, to need full of growth, to be able to submit to such controlled environment, even if we were allowed a certain latitude in “doing our own thing” within the narrow, prescribed limits allowed us. This is the same process, basically, as being allowed to “personalize” are tracked house by selecting wallpaper or light fixtures from their catalog, of course! I am convinced that we desire and will demand more from life. I prefer the city which has “grown like topsy”, bad as it is, to such concepts.

Many of our city planners or “environmentors” are derailed architects who, having little to offer. As architects seek refuge in denying there is any such thing as architects and set themselves up to prove it by considering themselves as of high moral virtue in doing so. We see everywhere the work of the “urban renewal” programs, usually in small towns, who are sold the idea on the basis that “this is what the big towns are doing”. So, we confuse our traffic even more with “one-way” streets by forcing us to drive around several blocks in streets, which would normally not have this added traffic. Buildings must be torn down, especially the best, for parking. The dying centers of many of our towns and cities are converted into “balls”. That word is very “impressive” to us. “Hicks” as it suggests a beautiful garden on a large English estate of former days. So, we eliminate auto traffic from the Main Street and attempt to devise “green” areas or “strips” to entice the customers to buy downtown, or at the shopping center by placing a few plants, small trees, perhaps a fountain and some statuary therein as “bait”. Nature is called upon to help, even if it is in plastic imitation, and placed in straitjackets and guided or braced with bolts strangled into “architectural” pots for planters.
Theoretically, these seats and benches are for the public’s relaxation, but they are generally policed so that we are too uncomfortable trying to become full. Besides, who wants to get out of the air conditioning any more than one has to? It is easy to ridicule anything, I know, and perhaps I am being too cynical about all of this. I exaggerate sometimes to point out of the obvious flaws, because we are to act to accept them, just because we have them. Some examples are pitiful! With all of this activity. There seems to be a plot to demolish any good work of architecture in the vicinity. This is done in the name of “progress” and economic necessity. Inasmuch as other reasons are both fail in saying such fine buildings, the only way they can be allowed to remain is to find some economic salvation for the period even this is threatened if a new “freeway” must go through that particular site …which is becoming to see more and more inevitable. Is there really a conspiracy to do away with our best work of architecture? Perhaps it is our modern version of the same thing, which happened in old China. When an Emperor wish to establish himself as more important than culture than anything preceding his reign, he erased any question or doubt of this by demolishing all former examples which might disprove this. Are we afraid of being exposed for lack of culture by having the ghost for examples of culture around us to choose us?

Many of these attempts at urban renewal are endeavoring to cure existing ailments in our cities and communities. These people have a hard job, I grant, in many times it is having to make the best of the said situation. But in performing such operations on cancers, let’s not. So, what the surgeon’s tools inside the patient! Too often there are efforts result in “cleaning up” the district that they are supposed to “save” to the point that there is very little left “downtown” and the citizens are forced to the outlying districts anyway. Such groups and their bureaucratic governmental counterparts are silliness on our need for their services and we are buying too much. As a product of this, all of our cities and towns are getting to look alike, wherever they are, and all the building seem the same. The stores are mostly “chain”, have the same merchandise, etc., shopping is no longer the adventure, the surprises that it was formerly. Everything is as expected.

It is time that we wake up to the fact that our cities could become beautiful, not because of the enforcing of obsolete and questionable rules and regulations set up by the planners and their “good taste committees”, but because individual shops, homes, commercial buildings and all others could be beautiful and individual in themselves, and because of this, and there are architects understanding of site, climate, and people’s needs, a peaceful coexistence could come about, with infinite variety,
nonconformity, and with inspirational and meaningful benefits to all of us. Then it would be an adventure to go to another city and another and to see how beautifully they too had grown. This presupposes that there would be enough good architects available and able to do all of this for us. That presupposes that our architectural schools will amend the error of their ways and encourage, rather than discourage their bright-eyed students as individuals. They must quit avoiding the issue of the challenge of people’s needs and desires by hiding behind the mask, preaching “non-architects” and “non-architecture”. I do not believe there is no longer any public for architecture. This is proclaimed by those unable to accomplish it and is a confession of their failure. Wright said, “We get the buildings we deserve”, but I cannot agree. I think we generally get the buildings we are given or allowed to have. Many of them are done by incompetent people, or covered by them, and we’re all the victim of their “taste”. It seems we have very little choice in this matter. I doubt if the public begging to realize what it could have, what is missing. But it is necessary for those of us who do to do something!

We will never get anywhere, as architects, we consider our art and profession out of context nature and our people. If our principles are so esoteric, narrow and prejudiced …so formal as to have to be applied from the outside, rather than to be germinating to the growth of ideas in the process of becoming, without beginning or ending, we can hardly expect more than superficial solutions to any of our problems if our buildings are organically conceived and executed, the lives in growth of our people inhabiting and using continuous part of this same creative growth, just as it is part of theirs and of our own. I cannot overemphasize the importance of the architect working with his client, rather than for him. This also applies to all the elements which contribute to the realization as architecture. I think that realization is a better word than solution. Solution implies problem which itself implies resolving not always compatible parts into an answer, usually regarded as the answer. I doubt if any of these dissimilar parts are ever really incompatible with each other, and if there is just one answer or solution to make them so. I know that there are limitless possibilities in combination of the circumstances which must be taken into account during the growth of any idea. There is not just one and only one way to do anything. The result of any growth process is really a complete realization of all elements brought into a particular focus. There can, of course, be other realizations. But I feel that the work realization connotes more specifically our awareness of this particular “happening” is a continuously growing thing that solution, which is apt to indicate the final end of such a process. Inasmuch as I do not believe in ending, I prefer realization, which indicates accomplishment with hope ahead for continuation. I
realizations of our conditions cannot stop the mere recognition of that. The real realization comes about when we fulfill the promise in an organization worthy of the name of architecture as a true synthesis.

The word realization also indicates something real and realistic. It also works well with idealization, and imagination. This is why preferring to refer to my buildings as realizations rather than as solutions. Some people see color slides are planned for the first time asked, “Are they really built for real?” Even while seeing photographs of them! The next question is almost always “but where do you find anyone who can build such a thing? Do you have especially educated or trained builders who go about the country constructing a?” The answer is that almost all of these buildings built, including those shown here, were built by local contractors and builders. Architects ask, “How can you get people to bid on such work?” Not all builders will bid on them, it is true, but we have always been able to reach those who will. They are the ones who are tired of building disabled. They, who are more adventurous and who are intrigued with the idea of being involved themselves for something more than just a building. I do not know of any of my builders who have lost money on the job infrequently. They asked to be considered as builders for the “next one.” Their vicinity. Their interest and enthusiasm are usually reflected in their subcontractors. Sometimes it takes them a little time to “catch on”, but they invariably do. Besides, they like to “explain” the work to visitors who watch the construction, and the more they do so, the more they believe in it themselves. It is not uncommon for them to bring their families and friends to see what they are building, and these people are usually “impressed”, even though they “have not studied architecture.” This enthusiasm is contagious, and it has been said that “nothing worthwhile has ever been accomplished without enthusiasm.” If there is no builder in the area, say for the countryside, where it is impractical for one to travel so far to do the job, we find a good farmhouse and barn builder. Sometimes he is sort of a “one-man sand”, but he gets the job done and is remarkable able and inventive in ways and means to get it built. Their pride in their accomplishment is well-earned. These good builders do not approach a problem with the attitude of why it can’t be done, but with how it can! The clients respect them, and most of the “problems” have already been worked out on the plans and in the specifications and with clients. Therefore, there are relatively few changes or additions (extras) encountered during the building process, which makes for better relationships between the client, the architect and builder.

Supervision of construction is a necessary part of the architect services. Even with good complete working drawings, details and specifications, there are often matters such as
availability of materials, increase costs of same, after construction has started, transportation of materials delayed by strikes, production delayed by strikes, and many other previously made decisions which the reconsideration for the expediting of the job. Also, supervision consists sometimes of anticipating what might go wrong before such mistakes are made, they are rarely satisfactory, even after they have been “corrected”. Occasionally changes need to be made the client’s needs have changed after the building has started. If there are materials used random character, such as a regular or fieldstone, glass cullet, etc., where each piece is so different that much depends on just how it is used, then it is a good idea for the architect present as much as possible while this is being done to ensure, by selection, and improving to a certain extent with the nature of materials, that the work in question is part parcel of his concept. It is difficult to imagine how an architect can stay away from his building once construction has started. It is fascinating for him to watch his creations be realized. “In the flesh”, not that he is ever had any doubts as to the outcome. Afterward, someone asked “did you know it was going to look like this?” They can hardly believe that you didn’t know! Just as the story about Frank when he heard his symphony performed for the first time and was asked “did you know it would sound like that?” To which he replied, “It sounded just as I thought it would.” A good composer can hear his music in his inner ear, even before it is played. A good architect visualizes forms, materials, spaces, colors, etc., in his mind. The actual, physical construction firms and confirms what he is already built in his mind before work on the job started. So long as he works on commission, he is hardly ever free to improvise, as other artists can. Very few clients would say, “Have some materials delivered to the job, get some work and see what you can come up with”. Even if he could do this, there is the problem of getting your plans approved by local building inspectors, loan estimators, etc. Improvisation is restricted to uses of materials specified, furnishings and landscaping. The great architect Gaudi is usually considered as one who did an inordinate amount of supervision and improvisation on the job, which is indeed true. However, I believe many would be surprised at the thoroughness with which his conceptions were worked out on paper and with models, but for him.

With the fastest parents of skilled craftsmen, and ever-increasing cost and utilization of building “trades”, new materials and methods are manifesting themselves. Many of these offers great freedom to the architect’s imagination, and some of them require his own personal touch in execution. More than ever before. Eventually we will be in a similar position to the composer of music, with cost of rehearsal and production smelly
so high that they are attracted to electronic means whereby they can communicate your music directly; we will be required to execute parts of our work ourselves. We must be ever alert to the needs of possibilities of these developments. They can open up new avenues for our imaginations to extend the horizons of architecture.

As it is practiced no, the art of architecture is similar in many ways, to that of music. The architect corresponds to the composer of music, the contractor, or construction for men interprets the plans as a conductor the score. The different trades involved in the buildings are much like the different parts for the various instruments in the orchestra, and their performers. The client is the “user” or “consumer” in both cases and completes through his own realization. The circuit from composer creator, through the performance. But never believe that “architecture is frozen music” as some would have us believe. There is nothing cold or frozen about architecture. It is every bit as active and alive as his music. There are other parallels: neither can be understood without going through them many times. Some music is composed as “formal”, where the form is determined and the musical impulses are “discipline” by being crammed into the forms, just as much. Architecture is arrived at by similar antics. There is also music, just as there is architecture, the form of which is the result of the organic growth of the impulses and ideas. This requires a stronger kind of discipline ...that which may be found in freedom.

Both music and architecture make use of such principles as balance, rhythm, the, variation, development, counterpoint, harmony, modulation, incident-terminal-climax, nature of materials used, their registration, depth, space, continuity, correspondences, ornament, color, and many, many more elements. Both are spatial arts, closely related to feeling and people's lives. I think it is a mistake to regard to arts as “brothers” if our association as to form and structures limited to music to that of bark Beethoven. They are usually regarded as the greatest masters of such because it is obvious in their compositions. They stick out like sore thumbs! This is like a building which says “look! I am structural as hell! My structure shows. See my unclothed columns, beams, and trusses. I am honest. My forms are easy to read ...familiar, tried-and-true, as are my materials of which they are made. I was put together by a hero-architect-composer, with plenty of size, noise volume as “truth against the world!” Architects are prone to identify themselves with Beethoven. Sullivan was intrigued with the flow, continuity, and elasticity of Wagner’s musical structure and form (but they were even louder noisier.) Is not the structure of a flower, intricate and delicate as it is, just as great for its purpose as that of an elephant? The structures and forms of the music of Debussy, Ravel, Stravinsky,
Bartok, Schonberg, and Varese are of much higher orders than those found in the “old classics” and are much less obvious. Architects would do well to study these men and their works. Perhaps then they would realize that just because a trust is exposed is not being that building means anything structurally. If they must line themselves up with Beethoven, let them become acquainted with the less hackneyed works such as the last string quartets. They prove the greatness of the composer far more than does his (dates) hammering at the door to the fifth Symphony. There are many other resemblances between architecture and music, but they are too numerous to go into here.

There has been much argument about the relationship of sculpture and architecture, especially since the sculptors have abandoned the subject matter such as nudes (women mostly), allegories, monuments to soldiers, politicians, etc., more, or less faithfully portrayed, and representation of gods and religious percentages. The sculptor is free of subject matter, if he wishes to be, as is the painter. Neither are required to represent such subjects of world-shaking importance as “the struggle between crude and refined oil!” But seriously, sculpture has stepped off its pedestal and has become more concerned with its materials and structure, even color. While many sculptors are doing works of ever-increasing size, I know it, none which are actually and literally inhabited by people. Perhaps the difference lies therein. So far no one requires that a sculpture be heated, cooled, or air-conditioned. Some of them are lighted, wiring and even moving parts. Very few have plumbing! But perhaps they will. There are, of course, many important parallels between sculpture and architecture. Both involve the use of building materials, structural principles, and the use of space, within and without. The sense of scale and relationship to the site is important to both, as his color and texture. Sculpture has the advantage of not having to be utilitarian. You can exist for them by itself can be done on commission, as is architecture with inspiration to order, or can be done by the sculptor when he feels inspired, and in the mood to do it. As buildings take on more sculptural qualities, sculpture becomes less integral with them then in former days. Today, sculpture and painting are actively regarded as museum or exhibition pieces, or as focal points in the works of city and Park planners. It is fashionable for an “important” or “foreground” building to have a piece of sculpture by currently fashionable sculptor as a “conversation piece” in an empty lobby, court, or terrace. The younger Saarinen, while designing the Chapel at MIT called upon the services of a sculptor. To top it off as he said, “it was a matter of form and sculptors know more about form that anyone.” Don’t you believe it! An architect to expresses such an idea
has either “been sold a bill of goods” or else he is confessing his own weakness…or is he being modest?

The role of ornament as executed formally by sculptors has almost entirely disappeared. Still there is a need and role for sculpture to play in its own right and as a partner with architecture. In architecture, perhaps, the architect himself should perform it, for best results. I say this with all due respect to Rodin, Brancusi, Giacometti, Lipton, and many of our contemporaries. Gaudi was a better sculptor than many of the sculptors he used. He succeeded in using junk and found objects, a sculpture which did not look like Joe. His pioneering is still untouched. Our modern sculptors junk sculpture never escapes looking like junk….and anyone can do it. “Just get yourself some old John and a welding torch. The bigger your sculpture is, the more important it will seem, just as with buildings.

Painting has escaped the walls of architecture and it too has become easel and exhibition material. I do not agree with Frank Lloyd Wright when he says that by doing so, painting lost its vitality. I see no reason why painting or sculpture must necessarily be stuck to architecture. In some “important” buildings. Some architects have felt the need to engage the services of muralist and sculptors to cover up their spots and, under the guise of “integrating the arts”, thus disguise the poverty of their own ideas, as reflected in the buildings. I think such close integration can only be really successful when the culture which produces them is more mature and cohesive. The sculptor, painter and architect are all likely to feel that the others are in his way. Furthermore, with the need for painting and sculpture to illustrate stories, those who cannot read, one of the principal reasons for their existence has gone. Nor are we as “gung-ho” about symbolism as we used to be. It is true that many churches would be on recognizable as such without their identifying crosses, but otherwise they had little significance for us today. Our advertising agencies have proven many times that symbols need have little meaning beyond that of identification. Steeples are on the way out…too! So are massive endless mountains of steps, which formally proclaim the importance of our public buildings. Banks are discarding the strong box look and deceive us by creating more friendly and human-looking atmospheres with three sets of dishes or silverware to all new depositors. Thus, one deception is replaced by another.

Like it or not, such conditions, and more, are part of what we as architects must cope with, just to do our job. We are not qualified to “save mankind” or to “show him the way”. Sometimes we may sound like we are trying to do just that. I think it is generally
our aim in talking of such conditions that we not only help others to understand them, but also so that we can better understand them ourselves.

Therefore, from the foregoing generalities. We will proceed to more specific considerations. On the following pages I would like to acquaint you readers with my modus operandi or my methods of working with clients towards Architecture. Remember, however, that what I have just said is also part and parcel of it all. Many of these conditions are changed already, or are changing, but most of them were and are pertinent to the work shown herein.

ARCHITECTURAL PLANNING CONDITIONS

SITE

Usually, the clients have selected their site before contacting their architect, but sometimes they ask for his assistance in choosing one. There needs and desires have determined if it is to be urban, suburban, or rural. In any case, the site chosen will have advantages and disadvantages, characteristics (both natural and man-made), economic values and environmental problems. It also usually is burdened with restrictions, zoning requirements and limitations placed upon it by real estate developers and “good taste” committees. This tiny portion of the Earth’s surface is something to build with rather than on. No matter how small or how large, how desirable, or undesirable, the architect should respect it for what it is and is potentials, just as an artist regards piece of paper, canvas, silk, etc., with which he intends to work. A virgin piece of paper, or land, should never be violated nor callously ignored by someone putting something on it. It presents the artist with countless potentials, and it is a mute challenge for him to make something more than it was to start with when he has completed his work with it. The site is a necessary part of the entire composition of the architectural process, just as it is also a part of joining sites and environments. Too often, it is treated as a background or leftover space around the building. Whether it has defined borders or not the space outside the building is part of the space within it, and we must understand this relationship matter how separate the spaces are physically.

NATURAL FEATURES

Unless there has been unfortunate previous “landscaping”, many sites still have natural features such as trees and other vegetation, water, sloping or flat terrain, rocks, intimate or extensive views, etc., characteristic of the natural environment and climate. The
architect and the client must respect the nature of the site and work with it as much as possible. If a site is chosen because of its beautiful trees, it is ridiculous to cut them down (this often happens) with the excuse “to make room for the building.” Possibly it could be necessary to renew a few trees, they are very thickly spaced, but this must be done carefully so as to have the best trees and so it’s not destroyed the character of the site. Sometimes people remove the trees growing on the property and replace them with a few specimens, not native to the area, and from other climates. This requires intensive care and usually results in early death for the imports. Natural rocks are often removed and other rocks from other places are brought in. Bulldozing and grading make it easy to level sloping ground and slope level terrain. If it is necessary to alter the site must be done carefully with respect and understanding. The building operation must never ride roughshod over its natural beauty. Our typical snob divisions are examples of such desecration. A good architect should be able to work with any site, be it a hilltop, slope, flat or gully. The natural contours must always be considered in his scheme. He might find it desirable to merge with them or to rise afloat of. Sometimes the building materials, colors, textures, etc., blend with the natural environment so skilfully that it is possible to tell where one leaves off and the other starts. This sense of blending is generally considered more “naturalistic” approach to site relationship. However, we must not forget that nature is not always “earthbound.” A dragonfly, bird or meeting can also be “at home” as part of this environment without imitating it, or camouflage. Therefore, it is possible for buildings to harmonize the site by contrasting or complementing it by its structure, materials, colors, textures, etc. This, if properly done, can sometimes respect the site more by leaving it alone as possible. Then we might say, “This is man-made,” and the site is “natural”. Then they are both beautiful and themselves and at the same time harmonize belong together. This method of site relation, by contrasting is much more difficult than merely imitating the property, but when it is successfully accomplished. I believe it shows both nature and man working together creatively. I do not argue in favor of either of these methods; both have infinite possibilities. Blending and contrasting each have their own advantages and at times they can be used well together.

Sometimes the natural site is barren or unfriendly, and for some it could be necessary to seek shelter or refuge from it. Perhaps others could love. Its “lonely” or “bleak”. Sometimes the principal drama is the sky or the sea, or vast plains of windswept grasses. It could be the sandy dry desert. Whatever the site, we can live with it or retreat from it. Our building can be extroverted, welcoming, and being welcomed by the natural
environment as friendly or can withdraw from it in introverted manner as protection and shelter from it, or it can range between these ideas in the same scheme. Natural phenomenon such as temperatures, snow, sleet, rain, wind, floods, tornadoes, hurricanes, earthquakes, and so on, must, of course be taken into account wherever we build. Also, man's own pollution of nature is making our problem of relating indoors... outdoors increasingly difficult. This is making enemies of former friendly natural environments. Nevertheless, we must understand and respect the natural beauty of the site, whatever and wherever it is. Our country has a great variety of landscapes and climates, and as our lives become more nomadic. We need to be able to feel at home to work with any of them. It is a mistake to try to remake them into something they are not cannot become. I think it is foolish to attempt to make a desert look like a jungle, just as it would be to make a jungle into a desert. As architects, we must be sensitive to all landscapes and love them for their own characteristics and qualities.

**MAN-MADE FEATURES**

It is not unusual for natural features to be reshaped beyond all recognition, particularly in urban and suburban areas. Natural vegetation has been killed out and natural contours have been leveled. In our cities and suburbs. We are usually surrounded by buildings of no architectural integrity or character, but we are expected to “conform” to such chaos. Laws and codes prescribe what we must and must not do with the property. Jokers are written into the deeds for the properties that require the client to have the approval, for his architects' design, of the real estate*or of his “good taste” committee, or of a “homeowners association” or of a city “art commissions”, before he is allowed to build. He is sometimes forced to use certain prescribed “styles”, materials, roof types, colors, etc., under the guise of “harmony” (by conformity). If he is granted permission to build on his property! More and more the “fine print” specifies that only certain builders, sponsored by the developers, are permitted to build in the area. Of course, these builders “no. What is economical and practical” and build only their own plans. However, if the client is a “rugged individualist” he may “personalize” the builder’s design, to a limited extent, by moving a door or window, selecting wallpaper or light fixtures from certain specified examples. Many people feel lucky to have such “freedom”! Such restrictions proved just as deadly as social or racial status ones do. If he wishes to escape this tyranny and is brave enough to build in on his house, he must go far out beyond the landholdings of the real estate moguls where there are no schools, churches, or shops.......and further away from work. This ridiculous situation encroach increasingly on our freedom and personal liberty is destroying our homes, as
architecture, and makes it not only more difficult, but generally impossible to build anything worth building. It is doubtful in Frank Lloyd Wright would be allowed to build the Robie or Conley houses in any “respectable” community today! Gaudi’s work, now venerated by many citizens of Barcelona who praise him as a native genius, would not be tolerated in the city today! The Stocklett Mansion and Horta’s work would be taboo today in Brussels. This is a very real problem and I do not exaggerate its stultifying effect.

Just look around you and try to find anything of “unusual” nature built today. This is not because we have no imaginative architects, we do have a few….in spite of everything…nor is it because we have no clients who want such work….more and more of them do….many of them can and would like to.it is because we are no longer free as individuals. We are under socialized dictatorships who control our lives and works more than we can imagine. But possibly there is a property somewhere which has escaped their vigilance and by some miracle it is available without such restrictions. Then, the architect must work with, rather than against such an environment, and relate his work to that existing around ten, the matter how bad it is. There is no reason for one to be truthful just because he is in a company of liars. He can and must get along with them without descending to their level. He must consider the scale, or scales of the surrounding buildings in determining his own. Yes, respect, setbacks, and other property line restrictions. His building has to compensate for the lack of compatibility of his neighbor’s buildings, in these and other matters. He can blend or contrast with the neighborhood and still be in harmony with it. His building does not need to conform to harmonize; besides, what is there. Usually there for him to conform with. Very seldom do his neighbors buildings, conform, or harmonize with each other. It is not uncommon to see a “Cape Cod fish” alongside a “ranch burger”, flanked by a “Spanish” number across the street from an old “English” next to a “colonial”, “French provisional” or “modified mansard”! This hash of “styles” is looked upon as “normal” by many of our citizens and they think it shows the range of our culture, rather than the lack of it. But let one house creep into the neighborhood of unknown parentage and there is war! To them. It threatens “the good old course things”. Then they all gang up against it unless the owners are of. Race, well-heeled end of business, political or social importance. Then the opposition is not quite so vociferous, but it is still there…underground.

Fortunately, we still have many citizens who are freethinkers and want appropriate architecture…and many boys are still dreaming of Architecture. The creative spirit of man cannot be ruled out.
I know that certain land controls regarding property, setbacks, percentage of land usage, are necessary but even these should be subject to change certain conditions would benefit, for the good of others. For instance, requiring the same set back from the street to “front” building lines for rows of houses on narrow lots placing them too close together for anyone’s privacy and makes many narrow little side yards of no use to the occupants. The client should be allowed to set his house back further, if he wishes, to alleviate the situation. Rules, as always, must be flexible to be of value, and even when they are made only to be broken. We need intelligent guidelines for such matters, instead of rules, and, moreover, we need intelligent and flexible interpretations of such.

Man has polluted nature to the point where he and it have become strangers to each other. He now requires artificial climates provided by heating and cooling air conditioning mechanical systems more sophisticated than ever before. Where would we be without them? We are absolutely dependent on them, as we are on many other of our machines. What will we do when there’s no one around to maintain, when everyone is free from the necessity of pretending to work and can have all the leisure time? He thinks he wants. He now generally considers nature as an enemy and still has a hankering for it without his substitutions for it, including artificial grass, plants and trees, imitation flowers, rocks, woods, stone, brick, and other materials.

Photographic plastics look like the real thing and are “the thing”! Recently I witnessed an elevator lobby in the building by Louis Sullivan in the process of “remodeling”. The walls were of marble, originally, so, instead of cleaning them, they were covered with photographic invitation marble (complete with adhesive) over the real marble! The beautiful marble mosaic floor was worn evenly. Instead of re-grinding and polishing, the new “architect” had it covered with cheap asphalt tile, produced to “simulate marble”; exit Sullivan’s design! Such fakery extends into our most personal usages. We get our suntans from a lamp or bottle instead of from the sun. Natural foods have to be “processed”, “activated”, or “vitamized”! We never walk, if we can ride many of us are constantly glued to the “boob-tube” of television whose constant jingle-jingle ads. Keep us posted on falsities, false eyelashes, makeup, artificial hairdos, and paddings to make a scene “sexy”. Thus, we are living in our hermetically sealed nature-proof houses, schools, churches, business buildings, and cars as fugitives from nature. Can anything bring us to our senses? It is more than an architects’ job; but as architects we have to work with our traditions, whatever they are and whether we like them or not, and realize that something can be done, even with such unfavorable conditions, to achieve
Architecture. Architecture has always met the challenge of the times which brought it about; Iris can do no less...and possibly...more!

CLIMATE

Climate is to have a more regional bearing upon architecture, then it does now. We formally tried to take advantage of prevailing breezes, or to guard against them, as the case might be. To welcome the warmth of sunlight or to seek shelter within his shade. We also had, many times, to work with extreme variations in temperature in a given location. Thus, climate alone would require us to do differently in Maine, Kansas, Arizona, Oregon, or Mississippi. But many builders continue to build the same kind of building for any location. There is very little difference anymore. The development of heating and cooling air conditioning systems has aided and abetted them as well as us. But even with this common denominator everywhere, there are climate conditions which affect and determine the type, efficiency, and desirability of such systems. For instance, evaporative coolers are suitable in the area and Southwest, but they are extremely uncomfortable in more humid regions. Climate means more than just temperature and humidity. It affects available natural regional building materials, expansion and contraction and weathering of all materials. He calls person and when control. It also determines, to a large extent, the proportion of indoor-outdoor living. It changes the natural aspect with seasonal differences. Our building should weather well and look good spring, summer, fall or winter, if there are such distinct seasons. The snow, rain and wind are a part of it, just as are the different lights of day and night. Our buildings can always be a part of all festivals of nature, taking on its various birds’ breezes and aging well in the process. In these ways it belongs constantly and continues to report us as we inhabit our building-work-of art.

MATERIALS

Artists have long realized that the materials themselves, used to construct works of art, have beauties and characteristics of their own. The composer of music must understand the various qualities and limitations of his instruments, old or new, before he can compose music through them. But he is not always content to accept them as they are. The piano was developed as fair as composers asked more of it, and, as this instrument meets these demands, other composers, inspired by such improvements. Ask even more of it and get it. The same 88 notes on the piano of Beethoven persists to this day, but his, in comparison, was an awkward instrument, with little tone color and stiff action. Liszt, because of his virtuosity, asked for stronger and more flexible action.
Chopin needed more sensitivity to tone and pedaling. Debussy required even more subtle action and Bartok, Prokofiev and Stravinsky demanded more percussive response. Thus, the panel gradually became the fine sensitive instrument it is today, ready to serve and inspire those composers who can make the most of it and who need even further developments and improvements in order to use the instrument as expressive of what he hears and it. In this way, the artists, aware of the innate qualities of the instrument or the media it creates with it so it can become even more expressive and capable of new uses.

The painter knows how to watercolor media offer something quite different from those of oil or acrylic paints. He would never try to make a watercolor painting looks like an oil, nor vice versa. He would explore the potentials and develop characteristic techniques for whatever medium he chose to use. The sculptor works with many materials and uses numerous methods to construct his works. Brancusi chose materials which had within themselves in affinity with what he wished to express, but his intense understanding and respect for these raw materials and methods for working with them always had much to do with the final shaping of his sculptures. Wood was always wood. Metal was always brass, nickel, iron, etc., marble and stone were never confused.

It is easy to draw such parallels in the use of materials in architecture. One would not use the same design for brick as per stone, concrete, wood, glass, metal, or plastic. The materials are in the initial conception of the work as integral with it. These materials can range from the humblest to the most precious and sophisticated…. From those worked by hand to those formed by machines. The oldest materials available such as brick, wood and stone still have infinite possibilities, and their beauties are far from exhaustive. Furthermore, new methods of processing and synthesizing have opened up even more challenges to the creative architect. New materials are constantly being developed as our needs for them increase. The manufacturers spend millions in research for these but complained that most architects are wary of using them. Because of this, many new materials, because of the lack of market, must be sold for prices beyond most budgets, and often are discontinued by their makers. Architects can and do find inspiration in all materials and, with the growing needs and complexities of our buildings, it is often necessary to buy any of these together, much as a composer of music combines instruments for his orchestra. It is pertinent to call this process of architecture. The orchestration of materials. Naturally, this must be done rationally so that the nature of each material is developed through the particular part in which it is used, and that all of
them count clearly and “read” through the entire orchestration. Debussy, master orchestrator, was able to use instruments for their own peculiar tonal characteristics so they were expressive of themselves as well as what he wished to say through his music with them, individually and collectively. In L’apres midi d’un Faune, he chose the solo flute for the introductory theme. The same notes could have been played several other instruments, but it was the cool, clear sound of that you wanted for this pantheistic sensuous melody, also expressive of the cool shade of a drowsy, dreamy afternoon. The oboe would have sounded too basal and dry, the piano sound would not “float” enough, the clarinet sound would be “fat” and warm, etc. So, in choosing the flute as the medium for his musical idea, he developed his idea through the specific qualities of the flute itself in such a manner that no other instrument could be as appropriate. He also worked this with other instruments of the orchestra in such a way that while they, individually, where expressive of their own natures, that together they gave the orchestra new sounds, never heard before, although the same instruments had been used many times by others. Wherein lies this magic? I believe it proves that the real artist must go beyond merely understanding and expressing the nature of his materials; besides this, he must transcend all of this in his creation, just as a human body, functioning naturally truthfully in all its parts needs to be disciplined by the mind and sublimated by spirit, if a person is to be more than a good physical specimen. When we contemplate a fine bank building by Louis Sullivan. We can see that it is made of brick; brick then on the market that anyone could use. But somehow, in this context, it seems very special! We need to touch it to reassure ourselves that it is, indeed, brick as used in other buildings. The terra-cotta, alive sensuous and voluptuous platforms combined with geometric play in counterpoints so visually musical, is still true to the nature of clay as work by hand tools and reproduce many times as part of the ornamental fabric. The class, whether plate related opalescent color seems as another voice to the orchestration, as do all the other materials... Naturally and honestly. But they have all transcended their physical boundaries and enriched our lives as proof that even a small commercial building can lift us into the realm of spirit. Gaudi also has this power as did Frank Lloyd Wright and others. When we see and experience the simple wood shrines at Ise we are awed by the masterly use of wood and stone, with nature itself is part of the mysterious correspondence with which we are in accord. Great art of any time or place, can result the understanding use of media or materials, but masterpieces are produced only when this is carried further into the realm of spirit which can be responded to by any of us sensitive enough to understand. Such art knows no
boundaries of time, race, or religion. It can and does speak to us across the centuries, and it continues to defy analysis retains his mystery always.

**STRUCTURE**

When materials are put to use, they become structural. Have you ever noticed the beauty of building materials delivered to the job? A load of sand, dumped in a pile, is more expressive of sand then when it is used for cement or border. Piles of lumber see that blocks, masonry sheets of glass, all beautiful in themselves are apt to seem less so after they are used. Why is this? Possibly it is because they, like blank sheet of paper, conjure up all sorts of possibilities, suggestion, and potentials in the mind of the imaginative artists. If they seem to lose something by their use, it is because the user has not been able to recognize fully their innate qualities and to make more of them. Even at best, this is apt to be disappointing.

These materials are the flash of which structures are built: the bones, the muscles, nervous and communication systems in the protective skins. Sometimes the skins can be structural themselves, without skeletons. We choose materials for the parts they are to play in the structural ideas most fitted to separate interior spaces from exterior ones. We are familiar with earthbound gravity structures and materials, and we continue to explore new horizons for their uses. Now, with our intense interest in outer space, we are searching for more athletic, lighter than air, mobile and flexible structures. Ways and means, still primitive, are being devised. Is this to augment our life with the earth, or is it the way we will escape from our pollution of it? In any event, it is exciting to think of what this can mean to us in architecture. It may be possible to conceive and construct these, by the new architect, directly through some electronic crystalline process, without the “middleman” of the builder and subcontractors. The composers of music have already opened the door for us by composing directly on tapes with electronic sounds so that no interpreter or performer is needed. This will eventually make obsolete. The cumbersome costly music making methods we have today, always in dire need of support, with our people less and less interested in supporting. Think how fascinating our surroundings could be when such concepts take actual forms. But even such new structures of materials, the application and understanding of timeless principles as understood by imaginative artist. Just because a medium material is new does not mean it is good. On the other hand, just because it is new does not mean it is bad.

Painters, sculptors, writers, and architects have, in recent years, needed to explore the possibilities of using “found-objects.” Hence, collages, “junk sculpture’s”, homes made
up of advertisements, etc., in buildings made up of materials originally developed for
other uses. Any of this is good if it is integral with the artist’s creative conception, and if
he makes something more out of it, appropriate to its use. The great Gaudi made use of
metal retreat from junkyards in the Mila Apartments and the hexagonal grilles used over
the windows at the Calonia Guell Chapel and crypt are parts of textile working
machines. He is used to broken tile. Currently, as well as other “ready-aid” objects. In
every case he has used these parts so well that they are inseparable from the rest of the
orchestration of his materials in each case. They had been completely assimilated into
the total concepts we feel that they are so right in their places that they must have
been made for them! We can learn valuable lessons from this.

The architect must be alert and alive to all of the materials available for his use. You
must also help to develop new ones. This requires a great rage in his vocabulary of
material-mediums. He must know when and how and why certain materials can be
useful in what he is doing, how they relate to budget, weathering and strength needed.
He must know how to orchestrate them together, fearlessly, always conscious in the
parts each of them plays in the whole. He must not be afraid to experiment or to use
what is already known. But finally, he must produce architecture as the sum of all its
parts, with clarity and order resulted in something greater and more inspiring than are
any of the parts themselves. This way of working distinguishes his way of working from
that of the builder. It also explains some of the difference between “just good building”
and architecture!

COLOR

Color is also an integral part of architecture, just as it is with other arts. Composers of
music speak of the color of certain instruments and keys. Scriabin was much
concerned with relationships of color, sound, and emotions, culminating in a state of
ecstasy. Rimbaud wrote his famous poem assigning colors to various files. Everywhere
in nature. We are aware of color. Paintings of pigments and light whet our appetites
for color. It has always been a necessary part of architecture, until recently, when (like
ornament), it became suspect and taboo, except in very limited usage. At first are anti-
septic, sterile white buildings seemed a relief from our over-indulgence in color, but now
we need it again. Sullivan reintroduced it boldly in his transportation building like a
gorgeous butterfly amid a pile of white marble test dust. It was always part of his
concept. Wright’s color sense was more earthbound with red, browns, tans in sand
colors, occasionally accented with touches of gold, white or light blue. He vetoed
colors from “ribbon counter” as unsuitable. Gaudi was a master of color in architecture, rarely using it flat and usually shading it as it is in nature. We have had, and still have, many formulas over rules use of color, which are supposed to guarantee good results, even when used by the least sensitive. Most of our color concepts are based on the old Greek notion of three primary colors, which when mixed gives colors for the “color wheel”. Colors opposite on this wheel are supposed to be complementary and to “go well together”. This notion of color is derived from the mixing of pigments. We know today that any color we see is the result of light frequency vibrations. Therefore, there are no “primary” colors. Instead, we have a continuous range of color vibrations from perceptible infrared to ultraviolet. Any point selected in this range is arbitrary, just as it is in the range of audio frequencies. There are no longer any “good” or “bad” colors or sounds. We have learned that any colors or sounds may be used together, providing this is done through feeling and reason. We must have a sense for proportionate amounts and an awareness of values, hues, and intensities. We can harmonize colors widely separated or those closely related. We should be able to master the entire range of color and to use it or any part of it without personal prejudice. Here again we need to have a large range of vocabulary with no holds barred. And we can use color from quiet reposeful combinations to the most exciting and dynamic once.

We can use color as limited to the natural colors of materials employed, as blending with the landscape and as quiet compliments for our lives, or we can use it as applied, rather than integral, color for the same reasons. Likewise, we can use integral or applied color as a contrast with nature, complementing it as would a flower. Black-and-white is useful in all of this camera as relief or for contrast, or accent. Today we are experiencing a revival of the light color in our cars, clothing, and surroundings. Too bad it is not always used well too often without sensitivity. The exteriors of most of our buildings are still “pasty-face” and are overcautious in its use. Color, intelligently used, enhances forms, and through light it assists translucency and transparency. It can also help to give counterpoint and legibility to the parts of the design. It can identify the various themes and ideas in a design and help to clarify and differentiate parts. It can affect our moods and some colors have therapeutic values. Through the use of colored lights and materials which can change the colors we are able, to have a limited extent, to change the color environment we find ourselves in, at will. No doubt this will be much developed in the near future so that we can ourselves with the colors appropriate to our moods, and our own environments, rather than having them as static, unchanging,
and not always satisfying parts of our surroundings. Nature manages this magically through days and nights and in all seasons!

**ORNAMENT**

As mentioned before, ornament and adornment follow usually after forms have been perfected. In this sense it is often applied. I think the higher revelation of its powers is obtained when it is integral. Sullivan, Master of ornament, the only individual in history. I know of who was able single-handedly to create a system of ornament worthy to stand alongside any created by whole civilizations! Once stated that a building should be beautiful and its forms, materials, colors, and proportions without ornament. To him, ornament was a flowering or efflorescence of the surface and integral with it, much as it was in Saracen and other works. It rewards us for our attention and invites us to study it intimately. Color can further enhance its counterpoint and legibility. This can be true of bands, decorative feature accents, continuous, and climaxes of design. Can also apply to textures, the use of planting and flowers, furnishings, and artifacts. Even utilitarian, structural systems can be decorative, as well as the natural grades of words, veins of marble and onyx, etc.

Another concept of ornament is in the sum-total of the building itself. The Golden pagoda in Rangoon, Burma, the Taj Mahal, Angkor Wat and Thom, several cathedrals, pre-Columbian works in Central America and countless other examples of historical works of architecture attest to this. In more recent times, we can mention Sullivan’s banks of mausoleums, Wright’s Coonley House, Millard, Hollyhock, Dana, and other houses, his Midway Gardens, Unity Temple, Imperial Hotel, Johnson Wax Building, Huntington-Hartford’s Sports Club, and other masterpieces. His son Lloyd Wright qualifies with his Taggart, Sowden, Samuels, and other houses as well as with his schemes for Cathedral and the theater. His Wayfarer’s Chapel is another example of architecture as an ornament for its site. Particularly all of Gaudi’s work adds up to buildings as ornaments in toto, composed of many ornaments within. Hoffman’s Stocklett Mansion is a classic example of this, as is Corbusier’s Ronchamp, LaTourette, and Le Poeme Electronique. Someday, even some of my work shown here may be included!

Today, we seem to feel that the whole building needs. Ornamental character, as opposed to concentrations of it. We require rests and relaxation from it, but we also feel the need for it. As architects we must find answers. Perhaps we will discover ornament which can caress a structure through movement, rather than static
immobility. This could be delightful, especially the entire structures capable of flexibility of spaces and changes.

TEXTURE

Texture appeals to our tactile sense and is especially important in the parts of the building with which we common personal contact. Most of rough texture seem to have vigor and vitality read well from the distance. We are usually uncomfortable with them. They are part of hard materials to close to us. However, we can enjoy rough textures and soft materials, such as fabrics, carpets, grasses, etc. Smoother textures are generally more compatible with personal contacts, and highly polished sleek and sensuous textures affect us most agreeably if the materials are not too cold to the touch. They often create an atmosphere of delicacy, sensitivity, and refinement. Any textures can suggest luxury and comfort they are so used. We are generally satisfied with color and texture forms, without ornament, if we regard texture as a form of ornament, such as rimming, corrugations, nubs, shagginess, or sleekness. Although we are accustomed to many textures in our furnishings, clothing, we have not developed these through our architecture with much consistency. Here again Sullivan, Wright, Gaudi, Hoffman, and Le Corbusier, to name a few, have used the idea with great sensitivity. It is not enough to say that a building or its furnishings have textures. The question is do they relate with forms, scale, and other elements of the grammar of the design? Let us also remember that water and steam can also enhance our schemes through intelligent uses of their textures, as can all materials have used. Also, that we can sense the feel of textures, even if we can only experience them visually. Thus, our tactile sense also response architecture.

RHYTHM

Rhythm has always been, and still is, vital in our lives and works. It is in all our movements, in our habits, and our sense of time, the reoccurrence of seasons, the movements within our own universe, and others. We have always had dance and work rhythms, sometimes very simple ones, and also extremely complex ones. We usually understand rhythm as the repeated pattern with accented beat. This is the more dynamic concept and has been very important in the development of our music, at first for accompanying dancing, and later for music itself. Most of our so-called “classical” is started with dance suites, made up of pieces of dance music in different rhythms. Then, these were used together in the same composition and counterpoint of various rhythms came about. Stravinsky, one of our greatest Master of Music, and
rhythms said, after hearing the recording of a composition made by five African drummers, all playing a counterpoint of different rhythms, that he “felt like a schoolboy” when it came to rhythm. I believe we have lost much of our sense for rhythm because we think of it more or as regular beat. This is especially true of our architecture today. Regularity of modules, spacing of structural systems, etc., has become extremely monotonous and sterile. This is also true of most of our dance and “popular” music.

Another concept of rhythm, less understood now, is that of rhythmic flow, with less sense of be. We sense this in the movements of waters, the wind, and in more “graceful” movements of people and animals. This rhythmic “flow” can range from something soothing to something stirring, just as can rhythmically beat patterns. There is much music of this sort, and it found its most expressive realizations in Art Nouveau paintings, accessories, sculpture, and also in the architecture of Horta and Guimmard, and others. It is also found in much of Sullivan’s ornament and in the works of Finsterlin and Mendelsohn. Gaudi was the supreme master of anything rhythmic flow in architecture, and it assumed more vitality in his works than elsewhere. Debussy was Master of it in music.

Today we have very complicated counterpoints of regular and irregular beat rhythms as well as glowing rhythms in our music, painting, and sculpture, but much of our architecture seems to have rigor mortis in this respect. Regularity seems to be the order of the day with us. We repeat ad infinitum. The standard sizes of our building materials and strive to have all products manufactured to work with these dimensions. Architects like to work with modules, usually square or rectangular, to establish regularity and “order”. This is usually done in two dimensions; rarely is it taken into the third and other dimensions. The result of all of this repetition, with very little else happening, is as monotonous as a row of telephone poles; more so, because sometimes the land undulates enough to give some relief to the regular spacing. Such regularity produces extremely static results and buildings designed in this way seem to lack any life blood. Their conformity is deadly. We could learn many valuable lessons from the Japanese about the use of modular materials and prefabricated parts. They, as far back as the 8th century mastered their use towards infinite variety, instead of monotony. Their tatami mats, of standard size and bearing quality, were units of measure, which governs the measurements of all other parts of the building. The tatami size was determined by the amount of space needed for a person to sleep on the floor. Hence, it also works for heights and other with. The Japanese builders used much imagination in bearing the relationships of these parts and in varying the designs of sliding shoji screens, and other
materials used. They always respected the nature of their materials and of the
landscape in their buildings looked well together with the nature, and gardens. Inside
they developed the principle of flexibility to a great extent. Most rooms had sliding
exterior and interior panels which enabled them to have individual privacy, or to open
the house wide at will. We regard many of these concepts as new and original with us,
but we are amateurs in this matter.

Our sense of rhythm in architecture needs to develop to make our art more related to
the rhythms of our lives in other arts. Gaudi has shown us that even modular units such
as brick can be used very freely. Our use of computers does not need to be the rhythm
of regular conformity. The computer itself has no sense of rhythm or design until we eat
such ideas into it. If we have “rectangular mines” it is certain that the computers will
come up with the same. Therefore, it is necessary for us to become more aware of the
possibilities of rhythm and to explore more fully in our works.

DEPTH

Depth is usually thought of in design as thickness. We say “length, breadth and
thickness.” But there is another way of thinking of it much more important to our design
sense. It has to do with looking into a work of art instead of at it. This is what [we] mean
when we speak of depth in values, colors, textures, and design. Certain concepts of
counterpoint can give us more feeling of depth and we speak of it in paintings, music,
sculpture, and other arts. It has more than a two-dimensional connotation. We are
more inclined to think of darkness as the, or low sounds as having depth, forgetting that
it takes light or high sounds to make it seem to have depth.

All good architecture, old or new, has the quality of depth. It is not just a matter of
surface. If it is. It soon tires us and fails to keep our interest. There is no mystery without
depth. Buildings which are conceived as the seds were two-dimensional elevations, or
with two-dimensional floor plans have no sense of depth. They could have a flash-n-the-
pan kind of interest, but little else. We must consider depth not only from the “outside”
but also from “within”. It has much to do with our feeling for space.

We associate depth in art, architecture with what we call depth of feeling; with all that
is beyond the surface of things, and which is more profound. This is what we intend
when we speak of something having “deeper meaning.” In calling something “merely
skin-deep.” We are saying it is only surface of depth. The architect must be able to
achieve this quality throughout his works to make them of lasting value to his clients,
and others. There is no formula for this or any other ingredient which is part of architecture.

**LIGHT**

Natural light has always been a factor in architecture. It originally came through openings in primitive shelters and through the years, developed into all sorts of fenestration, devised to admit light in air. Designers and architects became increasingly aware of the utilitarian aspects of the use of light, but they also became more conscious of its aesthetic values. They learn to dramatize sunlight and moonlight and how to work with shadows cast by. They explored the effects of light through translucent shells, feathers, fabrics, etc., and through clear and translucent as well as colored glass. Few people today realize that the interior of the parts on was lighted in the daytime through translucent alabaster skylights. Artificial light was supplied by fire from cooking or heating and with oil lamps and candles. Later gaslight was discovered, and more recently, Edison gave us electric light. It is obvious that all these means profoundly affected architecture side out. The Egyptians dramatize light by contrasting the hot brilliant light of the desert outside with the dim cool mysterious shadowy light within, admitted through perforated stone and wood clerestory grills. The soft interior light made it necessary to use brilliant colors, which would see Godey or vulgar in intense daylight, but which were necessary to “read” in the dim light. This soft, mysterious light was conducive to their worship contemplation of death. Outside their carvings, beliefs and inscriptions were of low relief, because the brilliant sun need it foreshadows which would not interfere too much with the designs. Color was also used in conjunction. The Gothic and other architectures which spread over many countries and climates took light into consideration as part of the character of its time. Thus, we find in warm southern climates less relieved because the bright sunlight required less to make shadows for the reading of the design. The northern Gothic, and less sunny regions, required much more depth of reveals, forms and ornaments to be legible shadow. Inside the art of leaded stained glass was developed to give warmth of color to the cold stone interiors. This is not the place for a history of the use of light in architecture, but I mentioned these examples to show that our architects have been aware of its power designs for many centuries.

Today we think of light as artificial more than as natural. We still have to work with such problems as light on and through, from within and from without. We strive to achieve balance of light to reduce the fatigue from glare. The use of very-colored light can
change our surroundings. We can control the amount of light more flexibly than ever before, and new materials have enabled us to open-up to the sky to an extent never dreamed of formally.

In all my works, I have always considered light as a very important factor towards beauty and comfort of those within and outside the building. I think we can do much more with night lighting that has ever been previously accomplished, we should always consider all lighting as integral with our design. Naturally, this works closely with their use of color, materials, texture, ornament, and utilitarian needs. It can give a sense of life to all inanimate materials and, if used flexibly, it can contribute to the excitement and pleasure of living with architecture and nature and give everlasting pleasure and enjoyment.

**SPACE**

We are so accustomed to thinking of buildings or architecture as containers for “room” inside for some specific purpose or purposes, usually subdivided into “rooms” that we have lost all concept of space then in relation to space without the structure. The little or large “boxes” within the larger box (of the building) are thought of as separate rooms, with holes to get in and out of (doors) and holes to let light in air in and to “see out” (windows). These boxes are usually connected by “halls” for circulation of getting from one to the other, and, if there is more than one “layer” (floor) in the big box, the layers are connected by stairs and elevators, and sometimes, more recently, by ramps. Almost always, the main box is rectangular in plan section, sometimes with the pitched roof added. The boxes inside, or also usually rectangular, as are the “holes”. These units are shut off from each other as well as the outside for “privacy”, “security” and “comfort”. It is very seldom that we can see the sky overhead. These containers. Living, working, and studying in and with such rectangles has given us. What Erich Mendelsohn referred to as “rectangular minds”. We are so used to two dimensional flat walls, floors, and ceilings that it is difficult for many people. To escape the “tyranny of the flat plane” (Finsterlin). If the house of another shape is built, it is apt seem strange to the rectangular migrants, who referred to it as “that house.”! Even circular houses and buildings are considered radical and “impractical, costly, and striving for affect.”

Anyone familiar with history or so-called “primitive” builders know that circular structures are nothing new. In fact, it has been estimated by Lord Raglan (anthropologist) that over 80% of all housing ever built by man on this earth has been circular! Even “primitive” people know that a circular interior space requires less material and labor to
close it than any other shape. So, what’s costly or impractical about that? Such “uncivilized” people have built circular pit houses in Western Asia, wigwams and hogans in America, circular tents in Tibet and the deserts, huts in Africa and elsewhere, etc. The Eskimos developed the igloo, which was not only circular plan, but in section as well. All of these were constructed by “unskilled” labor of indigenous materials. The interiors usually consisted of one principal space. If more rumor privacy was needed, additional huts were constructed within fenced in outdoor compounds. Straight lines and planes, so foreign and uncomfortable for human bodies, were seldom used.

Recently I attended a lecture on African art. The speaker said he wished to conduct an experiment with the audience. Thereupon he held up before us a piece of material with what looked like horizontal rectangular hole cut through it. It was higher on the left side on the right, thus giving us the impression of a rectangular opening in perspective, with the horizontal bar across the opening. We were asked to write on a card what it suggested to us. Almost everyone in the audience wrote, “The window in perspective”, except those of us who knew that was what we were supposed to see! We have seen so many guillotine windows like that. Then he told us that when he showed it to groups of African natives that they were at a loss to identify up with anything within their experience. Then they laughed as they put their arms through it and said, “It’s a hole”. He went on to explain that these people are usually “circular minded”. They live in circular houses and compounds, they dance in circles, etc., to such an extent that a rectangle, in or out of perspective, seems very strange to them.

Even in rectangular compartments. We tend to use them in oval or circular fashion. Housewives everywhere puzzled about how to furnish the corners of the room. Usually they resort to “what nots” (a series of poorly designed shelves to show or display “collections” of atrocious “art”. Some, with more “case”, use “planters” with plastic plants or flowers. Others fill the corners with “sculpture” which is usually statuary). The placement of chairs and sofas around the room, even if they are against the parallel walls attempt to arrange themselves for “gathering around”. Frank Lloyd Wright felt the restriction of these “corners” and arranged to structure, by the use of cantilevers, to “free the box by opening up the corners.” For circulation or glass openings. If a group of people gathered together to hear a speaker, in an undefined space, they never arrange themselves in regimented, orderly rows, with aisles. They arrange themselves around the speaker. This has been known for centuries, and many circular spaces have been provided for meetings, plays, etc., but we still build rectangular boxes for theaters, with box stages and this goes for concert halls two. The recent fiasco of the hall built for
the New York Philharmonic Orchestra is the usual box with regimented rows of beats so
the late arrivals and early levers to make grand entrances and exits, seen by everyone.
No ornament or other “foolishness” marred the “purity” of the design, nor helped break
up the sound. Even with the adjustable “acoustical clouds”, which are always in the
process of being “two” (to no one satisfaction), the acoustics are deplorable, in spite of
having been worked out by a “team of experts” (not by the architect) who got a trip to
Europe out of “to study European concert Hall acoustics.” They are still trying to make
the box work. About the same time, the new concert hall was needed for the Berlin
Philharmonic Orchestra. Hans Scharoun won the competition with imaginative, and
very practical design. He placed the orchestra out in the big space, rather than in a
box stage and group the audience and terraces of different levels around the
orchestra. Everyone predicted dire disaster! One of our leading magazines showed a
picture of the New York Hall on the left page with the comment that the hall was still be
and that “no doubt it would be to everyone’s satisfaction.” On the opposite page, the
interior of the Berlin Hall was shown. Snidely, the comment was made: “the acoustics
are excellent in spite of his eccentric design”. Why couldn’t they have said, “The
acoustics are excellent because of Scharoun’s design” (which is not eccentric). In most
of our “architecture” the architect has to “pretty up” the box, giving loving care to the
“holes”, especially the entrance hole, paneling, walls, ceilings (there used to be a rule in
architecture schools, “when in doubt, panel!” Making each room is saying unto itself.
Fireplaces, stairways, trim, and sometimes floors showed his touch, and it was usually
with the hat (roof) of the then stylish mode. Then Frank Lloyd Wright and other
architects began to wage war on the “box”. Interior boundary walls, wherever
possible, were left out in the interior space began to flow, not only horizontally, but
vertically as well. There was, however, still the tendency to lump certain functional
requirements such as bedrooms, closets, bathrooms, servants, rooms, utility rooms, etc.,
as boxes, into “wings” extending outward from the central spaces. Sometimes the
principal bedroom, in these wings, received more spatial attention than the other
rooms in the way. But there was a definite loosening up of the plan, even though it
usually had static, not flexible “walls”. Do not forget that the Japanese solved spatial
problem of compartmented spaces centuries ago with sliding Shoji doors (or walls)
which could be closed for privacy or open together, or completely, at will. But this was
essentially a horizontal freedom of interior space. It rarely extended upwards, or
downwards, with flat ceilings overhead and attics and sloping roofs above them, rarely
part of the interior spaces.
Frank Lloyd Wright relates how proud he was of opening up the interior space of the Unity Temple, and how later, he read a book by the old Chinese philosopher Lao Tzu proclaiming, “the reality of the building is the space within”. The crestfallen young Wright came back, though, with “but he just said it ... I built it!” This example has caused many to think that such an important “revelation” must be “law” and “unprecedented”. The truth is that other architects, for centuries understood this very thing, which does not minimize Wright’s discovery of it. I do not believe this definition is enough. To me the “reality” of the building does not stop with the “space within”. It also encompasses the space without and what separates joins such spaces. It is more a continuing process... This “reality” of the building... continuing in space and time. It has been said that spaces until it is defined. Then that which defines it must have some importance to! We know it does. Unity Temple itself, with its beautiful “reality of space within” welcomes external space without stretching entrance terraces and through glass walls, separating sounding rooms and opening outward to light at the ceiling and above. These piers, walls, windows, and different levels are just as much of the “reality” as are the interior and exterior spaces. Defined by a line which also defines the space form around it. Thus, the interior space of the form has its importance, resulting in the grounding boundary line, which has it’s all in which affects the space or forms around it. Thus, there is no beginning or ending... No subject or background, as such. All is part of the continuous present.

Until recently, much of our sense space has been map-like and two-dimensional. It was first measured by how far a person can walk, run, or write an animal. Then transportations of various kinds extended our range, but even though we travel confidence and oceans. We were still sensing, space, primarily horizontally. After we learn to fly there is a sense of space, augmented, and extended by astronomy, has become more three-dimensional, and we are increasingly aware of other dimensions. The old Chinese used to believe that the roof should be the most beautiful part of the building, because that was what was seen most by the gods. Now, even we can see the roofs! Borderlines and boundary lines no longer contain spaces within so completely. Our sense of “domain”, so characteristic of every living thing, is loosening up greatly. We are already trying to reach other planets in our universe, after touching down on the move, and boundaries of all kinds between races and societies are being torn down and destroyed. Our senses spaces expanding in all directions, everywhere. This is making itself felt in our architecture, to a limited degree. The Bavinger’s house, earthbound as it is, is a primitive example of the continuity of space-for living (inside-
outside), with the elimination of partitions in parallel planes for walls and ceilings. Thus, the interior spaces. The longer static, but to use from outside throughout inside to outside. There are no longer “floors” but “levels” and even materials, plants and water continue inside-outside-inside in all directions as part of the continuous present in the lives within it, and without. The sky too was allowed “inside”, and the inhabitants were closely with nature and all of its manifestations, but still his creative citizens today. It is not a “back-to-nature” concept of living space. It is a living with nature today and everyday continuous space, again, as part of our continuous present. It, too, continues to provide the comfort, security necessities for the family within. Our architecture is in the process of escaping the limitations of the horizontal concepts of space and we can see many examples of this around us. One problem is that buildings which are seeds spatially in more than two dimensions photograph poorly with two-dimensional photography, whereas buildings of 2-D design photograph well, in the hands of a skilled architectural photographer. I have seen such pictures in books and magazines which captured my interest only to have it destroyed by disillusionment upon later encountering the building itself. This is a “problem” because many “2-D rectangular-minded” people take such representations as “the real thing,” and students and public alike are misled. Architecture that is more than two-dimensional agency generally has to be seen and experienced in the original to be understood at all. For that reason, most of the work shown in this book gives but a poor impression of themselves, because of the limitations of 2-D photography. Usually, after seeing the work in the real. We are told to “throw away all the pictures…. They don’t do it justice.” Photographers sometimes counter with “if it’s good architecture, it will photograph well! These are usually the boys who have 2-D minds.

As people, we require different kinds of spaces for our comfort. Some have a claustrophobia about small spaces and demand “openness”. Others fill lost in large open spaces and prefer small intimate ones. If it is necessary, it is possible for the architect to suggest larger spaces than actually exist or to arrange them in ways just seems smaller and more intimate. This can be accomplished through changes of level, materials, colors, with mirrors, water, planting, “furnishing” and acoustic considerations, the handling of light, natural and artificial, and otherwise. It is most important that we, as architects, understand our client spatial needs materially and psychologically.

As society changes, it needs change and architecture must reflect these differences. We have seen very recently how the concept of the family and its home has changed. The father worked in the hometown, the mother cleans the house, cooked and “looked
after the children”. There were no cars, everyone walked, no radios or TVs. Education was concerned mostly with “three R’s” and few had schooling beyond high school. Then the children learned trades or married and left home to establish their own home. The father was considered “boss” and social life was confined to occasional picnics, fishing trips, local dances in church “box suppers”, or family get-togethers in the “parlor” usually reserved for the preacher’s visit. This life was uncomplicated but economically hard. Houses consisted of the afore-mentioned parlor, a dining room. “For the dining room furniture”, use mostly for holidays and special dinners with “company”. The kitchen, almost always “at the back” was generally large enough for the family to entertain. The parents had their room, with a big double bed and the children have theirs, boys sharing with boys and girls with girls. One bathroom sufficed and closets were nonexistent or minimal. If the family had a car it was kept in a garage “at the back”, as the horse and carriage used to be. There was usually a “front porch” with the swing so the family could cool off outside, there was no air-conditioning, and visit with neighbors. Heating was provided by cook stoves (in the kitchen) and by coal, wood, gas, or oil stoves elsewhere. Some rooms were not heeded. Windows were almost always double hung and covered with “drapes”. Interior walls were of wood or plaster, painted or papered with wallpaper. Some houses sported hardwood floors with rugs (pattern) of no particular color. Kitchen and bathroom floors were sometimes covered with linoleum, also pattern and no particular color. Doors were paneled, stained, and varnished as were their “casings” and those of the windows as well as the “baseboard” and picture molding. The exterior wood siding and “trim” was invariably painted white and the shingled roofs, if painted, or generally green. Porch floors were painted “battleship gray” and their ceilings a “sky blue”. If the house had a basement, its walls were of stone, concrete blocks, and to look like stone, which showed above the yard enough to allow a few basement windows. Access to this basement usually was through the “cellar door” outside, but sometimes there was an indoor stairway, very steep and dark. These “cellars” were “unfinished”, damp, and dark. You will recognize from this description a “typical” Midwest American home of a few generations ago. They also exist in other parts of our country, with variations. Sometimes, with more affluent families. The houses had higher ceilings, fancy stairways, fireplaces and “gingerbread carpentry”. Brick, stone, or other materials were employed and maybe an extra bath, a larger porch and a picket wood or ornamental sense with gate. Well-to-do families provided separate bedrooms for each of their children, and even for the “help”. The entrance doors and halls have beveled or leaded “stained-glass” and floor
and wall coverings work colored and ostentatious in design and material. These homes were built by local carpenters from plans “in their heads” gleaned from planned books, and the costs, while surprisingly low by today’s standards, where is difficult to budget as they are today. Perhaps more so, for modern financing makes it “easy” providing your married, have a good job and “don’t get out of line” with your plan. There were very few appliances, and electrical systems animal. This could also be said of plumbing and heating. These do not sound like very inspiring environments and in many ways, they were not. There was nothing very individual about such houses, but they often house individuals who later accomplished things in business, arts, etc., through their own initiative.

Today, our homes, loaded with gadgets, appliances and other highly advertised products still hang on to the old parlor idea now called “the living room.” For the display of the decorator’s furniture, and in which no one “lives”. This activity is now delegated to the “family room”, “recreation room”, “den”, “rumpus room”, etc., where the whole family is supposed to “live” collectively, and to entertain their friends. The parents, no longer able to communicate with their children, and the children, unable to fill the “generation gap” with their parents, find these “family rooms” unsuitable for visiting with their friends, if the other generation is present. There is very little accommodation and all of our fancy suburban homes for parents or children. Consequently, the younger ones can hardly wait to get away in cars, for privacy, and the older ones flocked to the bars, clubs and elsewhere, “to escape the children”. When they are not doing this, they are watching TV. If they have visitors. They are annoyed because they interrupt their “favorite programs”. The children are hustled out of town to colleges and universities as soon as possible. Before that they are sent to church or military camps “for the summer”. Their houses, so well-planned, lighted, heated, cooled, and air-conditioned, furnished, and equipped for every need clear down to electric toothbrushes and pencil sharpener’s, with two car garages and “status lamps” in the front yards are mockeries of the idea of home. Many homes are “broken,” and divorce rates are now about a third less the marriages, with all signs of increasing. Very few children returned to live in the parental home after they finish school. Their parents keep their oversized empty establishments hoping their grandchildren will visit them. If a survey could be taken of our nation houses. I think we would be amazed at the number of unoccupied rooms, still heated, cooled, lighted and cleaned, but empty of human beings. These houses are not flexibly plan to allow for changes in our ways of life. I do not mean to imply that all American homes are occupied in this manner, but an alarming number of them are.
Besides, what is there about most of them to have any appeal whatsoever to the parents or the children? Such lifeless, dreary, and personal environments can be, but little to our people. This plus the fact that there is no time for most of them to develop interests in constructive, creative activities or being together or reading and studying. No wonder our country is in such dire straits today. Are these the conditions we are to shape our ideals out of? I know that it takes more than architecture. To remedy this situation, but it can do much to help it improve! The amazing part of it all is that children are still born free, imaginative, and inventive with the desire and hunger for the uncommon and in need for the beautiful. Mr. Wright always maintained, “The hope is with the young.” And I know he did not mean this merely as a matter of age. Many of our “young” are already old at 16 and some of our “old” are young at 70. We must not forget that ours is an adolescent nation, as time goes, and we must not lose patience with it. “It’s all we have!”

It is high time that we learn to plan houses for and with people who use them, and for the way they wish to live. This should be our starting point in any building operation.

**FURNISHING**

Normally, if an architect plans. The house is nothing to do with this furnishing or landscaping. The building is built, and it is up to the “decorator” ("inferior desecrator", FLLW) to furnish it. These people are often no more than furniture, drapery or carpet salesman or women. Their job is to sell as much furniture, etc., as possible, even if it is so crowded, afterwards, that circulation through the place is hazardous. There is a tendency to regard each firm as a separate world will relation to the others. Any “periods” or bastard styles are okay, so long as they have “catchy” names. I have known of good work, by conscientious architects, completely ruined by such activities. The decorator invariably assumes that anything already built is wrong. It is their job to cover windows “wrongly placed” and to make fake ones where there are none. Imitation fireplaces are the same, with over-mantles and sconces; but don’t let a fire near one or you will burn down the house. The “marble” is “simulated”, and, of course, there is no fluke. The logs and fire are also faking as is the whole operation. But then we have people who “have studied” to become “interior decorators”. They socialized to get the “right” clients, during their indeterminable cocktails, pay high rents for “proper locations” and charge very high prices for their “taste”. They are usually feminine, whether they are male or female. Mr. Wright was correct in saying “the only excuse for having an interior decorator is because some architect to do his job!” Admittedly, not
all architects are able to design, furniture, although some of the best we had today was
done by architect’s furniture designers who later became architects. There is a certain
amount of “loose” or “nomadic” (movable) furniture, which is difficult to design and
make for a single job. These pieces need factory production to be economical and all.
But there are other items often regarded as furniture which can well be considered as
part of the building itself. We need to eliminate furnishings not used. It is now possible to
incorporate comfortable seating and lounging provisions integrally. This also applies to
tables, desks, buffets, but can record storage shelves, sound equipment, drawers, and
cabinets generally. With the lack of help for cleaning and maintenance, this is
especially desirable, and it does much too free interior spaces from clutter. Speaking of
furniture, I suggest that you read the essay by your Allen Poe entitled “philosophy of
furniture”. It is little known, but applicable today as then. Today we have much furniture
produced which, though “modern” seems to be created for display, rather than for
living with. These modish, and expensive pieces are fine for bachelor boy or girl
apartments which attempt to be “modern” as yesterday! They are flashy and “the in
thing.” Some of these pieces have drifted into the “restoration” of Wright’s Robie house,
while the original pieces languish in museums or collections of his furniture. It doesn’t
make sense.
Furnishing can and should carry the architectural scheme through its scale, color,
texture, and design characteristics… Always suitable for excuses. In reality, the idea of
the house should start with the way the inhabitants wish to live in the furnishings should
grow out of these conditions, then the spaces necessary to house them the entire
concept should result. Generally, this process is reversed. The “outside” is started
with…The rooms are crammed inside, the furniture inside of them and the people are
stuffed inside the whole thing!
I prefer to work out all furnishings with the clients. I find their likes and dislikes are
preferable to those interior decorators. I refuse to have any such on any of my jobs. It is
rarely that we have the opportunity to carry a house through all of its furnishings. Some
are designed by us; others are chosen by us from “store-bought”. Many times, the
clients have furniture. They are attached to, and we are asked to include such a
scheme. I had one client who had a fine collection of early American furniture and
glass, but they did not want an “early American” house. Therefore, we worked out one
which was compatible for them and their collection. Their friends, and mine, were
surprising result and all of them said, “But I didn’t know it was going to be like that!” As
architects we must always remember that we are furnishing our houses for our clients
and not ourselves. The furnishing should always, as much as possible, being character with the house and the part of it, of which it is a part. Quality will naturally vary with budgets, but this is no reason why an expensive item should be given less consideration richer ones. A contrast can be just as well designed as a silk one and, possibly, even better!

**LANDSCAPING**

Planting, inside and outside, can be an integral part of our architecture and at the same time, to related with its natural and man-made environments. It can have formal (man-made) or informal (natural) characteristics. As our daily lives become more crowded with activities, we find less time to devote to gardening, lawns, etc. We plant that which requires the least amount of care and upkeep. Gardening help and labor is increasingly more difficult to obtain. Therefore, our clients are concerned about the maintenance of large properties for their homes and buildings. Many of them do not wish to take care of suburban lots and prefer apartment living with “built-in” lawn and planting maintenance. Many are resorting to artificial grass, plants, and trees, and the so-called “send” gardens or rocks, pebbles, and a minimum of planting. Fast-growing trees of Evergreen types are increasingly popular in the flower garden is regarded as old-fashioned. Even florist shops have very few cut flowers, except imitation possible.

Occasionally I have a client enjoys working with plants, trees, and flowers and, of course, I recognize this through my design. There a few people would want to live with them as the Bavinger family does, but it is their “hobby”, living with nature inside and outside. This allowed me to carry this through in an unprecedented manner, along with materials and resulting flow of space.

There is usually little relation between the design of the planting of the house, in most cases. Lloyd Wright, great architect-son of the great architect-father knows plant materials better than any architect I know, their growing habits, color, texture, scale, and design characteristics. He also knows how to select those most appropriate to the region in which they are used, and with the design characteristics of the buildings, which they supplement and work with. In spite of the problems of gardening mentioned, we have, paradoxically, and increasing interest in indoor-outdoor continuity and relationships, and we have learned much from the Japanese about the affinity of the house, garden. Frank Lloyd Wright was very conscious of this and it is unfortunate that very few of his surviving designs that the original gardens are maintained. Window flower boxes are sealed over, and interior planting has been
eliminated as keeping them up is “too much trouble” for people who prefer to glue their eyes, earn and minds to TV! How little effort it would really take!

In designing our outdoor spaces. We must, of course, take cost and maintenance into account. Also, great consideration should be given to time and extent of growth, seasonal effects, scale, relationships of plants, trees, open areas in the building. We must also take into account what is desirable for privacy for clients and their neighbors, and sometimes we must think of planting to help insecurity precautions. Color and texture also important. We are prone to ignore plant materials native to the region and many prefer importing plants foreign and incompatible with the soil, moisture (or lack of it) and climate. Many regard native plants as “weeds” and ignore the fact that they could and would grow in their own regions with the least care, and at the same time be most appropriate other ways. Natural light is important to indoor plants so is there feeding and watering. Water garden planting requires very little upkeep and gives another dimension to the interior or interior space, much as America does. Reflections and underwater lighting further enhance the effectiveness of water with architecture. Fountains, waterfalls, and other forms of water can offer further possibilities for enjoyment.

We can leave the site. Essentially, as it is work with it to establish other relationships within the building through shaping the land into firms, excavations for sunken gardens, miniature “hills”, “mountains” etc., can sometimes offer more privacy and interest. Here again, the Japanese are masters and can create illusions of great spaces in comparatively small and limited ones. But even in Japan. It is becoming increasingly difficult to find skilled gardeners.

Drainage problems can be solved with skillful grading and planting. Also planting can be used for some control, for windbreaks, stop drifting snow.

I hope we can find some way to continue and develop the use of planting as part of our architectural schemes. This cannot be expected from most so-called “landscape architects” who are more often plant salesman. Here I must make a distinction between them. There are good landscape architects who can and will help and work with us on our projects, and their specialized knowledge can be very useful to us. But the architect, must, as always, being control of the design.
WORKING WITH CLIENTS

Inasmuch as I have never solicited business, believing a professional man should not do so, I have had a comparatively small amount of it! What I have had and have has come to me from clients who have contacted me to go work for them. At that time, they seldom realize that I will not work for them, but with them. They usually come to me because they have seen some of my work, in the real or published, or because some friend recommended me to them. Some are surprised that I am less fearsome to deal with. Then they had supposed. From my work, perhaps some are disappointed because of this. I have been told by others that my “quiet, relaxed manner is disarming.” I am sure some of them expect a more “pre-Madonna” person. Anyway, this first “getting acquainted” meeting is of great importance to the clients and to me. If more than one person is to be involved as client, and only one is present. I delay any “getting down to business.” Until all concerned can be present. I have found from experience that if a man and wife intend to build a house and only one of them shows up for the initial conference. It is best to wait until both can discuss matters. If a husband, or a wife tells you it is not necessary for the other to be present because “I know what he (or she) wants” or “they like what I like”, don’t believe them. If you proceed is just one of them you are inviting trouble and misunderstanding. The one absent will undoubtedly feel that their spouse has not made their wants and needs clear to you, but they are apt to feel rivalry and that they have been “scooped” by the other. Besides, you, as architect, will have to repeat everything you say again when they both can be present, and you must remember to say the same things. Furthermore, the new house is to be for both of them and their family (if any) so it is important for the architect to consider the needs and wants of all concerned from the very start. I had a student once who, upon graduation, received the commission to do a house for man and his wife. The student was overjoyed and came to tell me the news. He kept referring to his client has “she” and saying over and over what a fine client “she” was…. That they got along very well, so “Ida I”, and like the same things. They “agreed perfectly”. When I ventured to inquire “what is his wife like, have you talked with her? He answered, “The man said it will not be necessary. After they had worked out the scheme, his client showed it to his wife, but she refused to look at it. She was hurt because she had not been consulted about anything, as she should have, and when he insisted, she go along with it. She replied, “If you like it so much… well then you and your architect build it and live in it… I’m not going to!” Naturally, that was the end of the job. My young friend learned his lesson the hard way. If the children are very small, it is best to not have to present the initial
encounter. They are apt to be bored and divert their parent’s attention. If they are larger, and interested, it is good to have been present also. Then, when everyone has met everyone and is more relaxed and quieter and privacy is assured, our conference starts.

At times they begin it by explaining how they heard of me or happen to come. Then I asked how many are in the family and for their names and ages. I find out if they already have property, is and what restrictions are on, the location, size, and other pertinent features about it and its surroundings. Occasionally they have survey or contour maps and photographs of the site. I always look at the site before starting work unless I have already very bored with it. Generally, we, the client tonight, arranged to see the site together. If they have not already selected one, I assist them in choosing one later.

After discussing about the site. I asked questions about what their general needs and requirements are. Some clients have these well in mind and written down before they come to see me. Others have not thought about it so specifically. I inquired if they wish open workspaces or both. Do the like separate “rooms” for the individuals in the family, or do they plan on having some of the children in the same room? How many bathrooms are needed? May they be subdivided so they can be used by several children same time? Are there any hobbies that must be considered in planning? Is a guest room necessary? Do require a separate dining room or can it be part of living space? Do you wish to eat in the kitchen? What other spaces are desired? Do you prefer a carport for a collage for how many cars? Do you-like different levels? For one, two or three stories? You like or dislike lots of light? Skylights? Indoor outdoor continuity? (Of course, I am busy writing down notes covering their answers.)

Then I ask if they have preferences or dislikes for any particular materials, colors, textures, gardening...Indoors and outdoors, or if there are any special preferences about relationships and spaces to each other and circulation. I ask if they have furniture. They wish to use... If so, what? If they are willing to have any of the constructed as part of the house, what are their preferences. I informed them there will be no interior decorator, and why, and tell them that I prefer to work this out with them as part of my job. They are, without exception, glad to learn that I will not design them a house in the stuck with how to furnish it. I try to draw out of each of them what they feel about all of these questions, and other matters. Naturally, they do not all agree, and sometimes they seem, at first, almost. I had one couple who wanted to house.
wife and her husband, she had very positive detailed answers to all of my questions. I noticed that he had hardly anything to say. I suspect that this was often the case! When I asked him if he could think of anything? He particularly wanted in the house. He said no, he couldn’t think of anything special. Then, I asked him if he desired a carport or a garage. He answered immediately. “Well, we have to have a garage”. Inasmuch as this house was to be built in a fairly mild climate. I asked, “why do you have to have a garage,” and he replied, “because that is where I need to keep my power tools. You see I like to tinker around with wood-working and I need to space for that.” I asked him how many power tools he used. Then he showed me their present garage. It was loaded with enough equipment and lumber storage space to start a woodworking shop. I suggested that he might want to shop a new plan, but he answered, “I didn’t know it could be included in the plan... I have figured I would just continue parking cars outside and using the garage.” We are apt to be so used to making what we have serve our purpose that we forget, sometimes, that the new house could take care of such matters in a much better way.

An architect needs to be an amateur psychologist to understand his clients in their needs and desires. If at first, they are hesitant or shy. He must put them in use tried to get the last. This usually happens soon after the conference starts.

After determining what is required by the clients. I suggest that we go into business aspects of our relationship so there will be a clear understanding for all of us a businesslike manner. I asked about their budget and if they intend to secure financial help from a bank for money. If it is obvious that they want much more than they can possibly afford. I so advise, in which case they either leave, or reconsider their needs in the light of their budget. It is natural for all of us to want more than we can manage financially, even for very wealthy people! Some clients will not tell you what they really intense, thinking they must keep a safety margin. In case you see their budget, but we can usually tell when they are doing so. At this time, the questions about “just what does an architect do and how do you charge for your services?” I explained that the architect services provide for all necessary conferences concerning the work, the preparation of the presentation design drawings, and upon their approval by the client, working drawings, details and specifications are prepared. After their completion, bids, or prices are taken and the work commences. The supervision of construction, by the architect, does not mean constant on the job, every day, supervision. Such is desired by the client. He must employ a clerk of the works as selected by the architect. Generally, this is not necessary, and the architects’ vision, made at times he feels will expedite and
better the job, sufficient. Payment is made on a percentage basis, determined by basement on the client’s intended cost. If the client decides to spend more for the job, he is required to pay the architect difference between the intended and final cost, after seeing has been determined. The architect always requires a retainer, before his work begins, as specified in the agreement between him and his client for his services. After the design is prepared and approved by the client another specified part of his fee, as stated in the agreement is the client. The next payment is due upon completion of the working drawings and specifications, and the supervision fee is usually divided three payments: 1, upon completion of the roof, 2, upon enclosure of the structure and 3, upon completion of the job. The adjustment of payment between the intended final costs is also taking care of at this time and is added to the supervision payments in three equal parts. The clients are required to pay the architects travel expenses to and from the job is more than three trips are necessary after construction starts. The client also pays for any necessary structural or mechanical engineering. These and all costs or reproductions of working drawings. If the client is financially or otherwise unable to proceed with the job, after the agreement has been signed by him, he may terminate the agreement at any stage of the work, providing he reimburses the architect for the work he has done prior to such a decision, which must be submitted in writing, by the client, to the architect, one such decision is made. These are the principal conditions of the contract. Other, minor ones, are determined according to the nature of work such an agreement, is for the protection of both client and architect and keeps the work on a business-like basis so the architect is paid for his work as it progresses client receives services for same services as they are performed by the architect. With such a clear understanding. There is seldom any chance are cause for misunderstanding. Some clients might ask, “But suppose we don’t like the design you show us… What then?” The answer to that is: “if you don’t like skiing that is shown to you… You will be the first of my clients to have such a reaction. In that case I will keep working with you until you do like it.” The same argument could be given to a surgeon: “but suppose I don’t like your operation…Do I have to pay for it?” A client engages professional help from his own choice. The professional man qualified to be of service to him. He shows his faith by doing so, and almost always he accepts…With continued faith that the professional accomplished for him. Also, in good faith. Several conferences between the architect clients work out to minute detail, such matters as network, furnishings, landscaping, etc. During construction, the architect issues certificates of payment, for the client, to the contractor, or if the client access contract, to the subcontractors. This also helps to
keep count straight cost line. The client is urged to make any changes, etc., and he feels are necessary through the architect, and with his approval.

Occasionally, skyrocketing prices, strikes, wars, etc., make it necessary to change materials, labor, or otherwise altered the building operation. Sometimes it calls for redesign. You will notice in my work that sometimes more than one scheme has been made for some of the jobs. This is almost always because of the afore-mentioned reasons, not because client was dissatisfied with the design. I never show the client more than one design, when we start, even though I can make countless others in variations on it for the same client and location. This is better than confusing him, and myself several of the design. But I never make a design until I am well acquainted with all pertinent facts and requirements of the case. It is a mistake to “brush-into-print” too soon. I prefer to digest such material and to wait till it is assimilated, and to wait for a real “idea” before giving such growing processes final form. This process can, when necessary, the hurried... And sometimes is...But results are never so good, asked for the procedure just outlined. Someone asked Sibelius, “How long does it take you to compose a Symphony?” He spoke. “I could do one in twenty minutes, but it would be very good!”

In working so closely with clients, we become good friends and I can honestly say that most of these friendships survive the rigors and difficulties of the building operation. It is nice for me to feel welcome, when I visit, later in to hear them say, “we like our house better the more we live in it..... It is your best house!” I am glad they feel this about their own house and not that about one of my other client’s houses! Many times, people ask, “Which, of all your works, is your favorite one?” It is tempting to give. Frank Lloyd Wright’s answer to such question: “the next one”. Actually, it is difficult to answer; while I strive to make each one in architectural realization of all conditions pertinent to it, it hardly seems possible... Or fair... to compare them. It is like comparing apples and oranges. I can honestly say I have never yet done house. I would want, personally, but they are not done for me, personally. I must wait till I built my own, for that!

It is true that some jobs, and clients, allow, and even demand, more “experimental” (so-called) works. The word “experimental”, however, is not as expressive as “inventors” or “agitated”. Experiment seems to imply that you’re trying something you are not sure how it will turn out. In our work, we must always be sure. We are entrusted with our clients’ money to provide him, and his family find environment for living. It hardly seems to place, to “experiment”. I must admit that now then it is possible for me to go beyond
the “call of duty” and to explore some “extracurricular” concepts, providing such are in keeping with the nature of jobs. For instance, the program for the Wilson house allowed me to try some ideas and use of certain materials and shop application. The Bab and your desire led me to explore continuous space potentials along the outside-inside use of natural materials. Joe price’s studio allowed for more integral furnishing possibilities. The Crystal Chapel invited exploration of translucent concepts, and the Seabee Chapel demanded consideration of available material and labor for wartime construction. In fact, each of my works usually have within the individual problems, imply “extra” potentials for development. In my comments of each of the “realizations” shown herein, I have tried to make some of these issues clearly. I hasten to add, though, that such abstract ideas are never the germinating point of the developments of these schemes. They are invoked because something in each case makes them suitable, just as are the various materials, kinds of structure, color, and other principles are. In other words, I have no storehouse of abstract ideas that I impose on any of these works. Such ideas come about because of the need for exploring in each particular case. Thus, in no sense, can be said, truthfully, that I impose my own ideas about clients. Rather, I am in the position of being obedient, through my client’s needs and desires may be realized. I help to give substances meaning to their dreams and mind through architecture, which, as an ideal, is part of, and more than our ways of life.

I begin again and again with each new commission, as expression venture unlike any others by others, or by myself. This is only natural and is very exciting and stimulating for me and for my clients. There’s nothing humdrum or routine. In this way of working. There is no dragging out the drawers previously designed, but unbilled “warm-overs” as might be pawned off on unsuspecting clients. Those that did get built, will never be built, unless conditions are similar, which is very unlikely. I would consider such practices dishonest, and it would be difficult to engage in building such substitutions with anything resembling enthusiasm. Each of my clients can be sure he is getting an “original” and that there has never been, nor will there ever be another like it. Even when some of my works have been imitated by others, they phoned no one, except, possibly, those doing invitation!

Living in and with any of these houses afford sensations and experiences. Unlike any ever experienced before. The houses liberate, rather than merely contain their occupants. One client went so far as to say, “living in my house is made a better person.” I do not mean to claim that all of my houses can offer all of this to people. It is what any architect architecture can means to his clients if his creations are
accomplished. According to the principles, basic to accomplishing this and any other true work of architecture.

Architecture can give us more than “just-good building”. I believe any of my clients will substantiate this idea!

The various work shown represent only a small portion of my efforts towards architecture. It is readily apparent that most of our residences. This is through no desire on my part specialize in there. It just happened that they comprise the bulk of my work. I am glad to do houses, but I am eager to do other kinds of buildings. After one built several of any one classification of buildings he is instantly regarded as a “specialist” in that particular kind of structure. It is very difficult to escape such classification. In this, our “specialized” age. Many architects like to become known as specialists or experts in the building of certain kind of building such as hospitals, clinics, telephone buildings, apartment houses, commercial buildings, airports, schools, churches, museums, urban developments, city planning, etc. If one does one job, and it gets published. He becomes an “expert” at designing shopping centers, or what have you! I have done various kinds of buildings for other than residences, but it is increasingly difficult for a small office, such as mine, to be entrusted with large commissions for other kinds of buildings. Most such jobs are awarded on the basis of gross office and come for the past ten years, the number of employees, square footage of office space, in short, the running of your office as “big business”. The “name” architects are so busy socializing or politicizing in chasing down the jobs, that they have no time, or energy to do them themselves. This means that the actual design and planning is done by others, generally, and “like begets like”. As an architect, I can conceive and execute any scheme, any size, any place. If my staff is not adequate for this, it is easy for me to engage the services of one that is to help me to realize any project. I know this to be true, and I would like very much to have the opportunity to prove it. I could dream on paper and through models to prove I can conceive of other than houses, but I refused to “hock my services on the curb”. Therefore, it is unlikely that I will ever have such opportunities. If, by some miracle, I ever had such chance, I would welcome it as a means of demonstrating that the same principles, practices my residences and other works, to date, can and should include make any of such exercises in building also meaningful as architecture. I would welcome such a challenge! Perhaps... If only I can live long enough... And be able to function as an architect, regardless of age. Such recognition is often too late coming. Witness the case of Frank Lloyd Wright, Louis Sullivan and others.
Some creditors claim that any architect to devotes his time to residences is an “anachronism” in our times, and “inasmuch as he can get no large work to do, he overloads his poor little houses with “design”, at the client’s expense and tries to express all of his thwarted architectural ideas in one poor little job. I plead “not guilty” such accusations, and my work bears witness to this. I see no virtue in denying for architectural consideration to any job, small or large, of any kind. It is true that very few architects are interested in doing houses anymore, but they should be. This is why our homes are not homing but are travesties on architecture by non-architects. We have failed our people where it hurts folks, in their own personal house. No wonder our people have no idea what architect is, and it does. No wonder they do not know that there are worthy of having architecture…And could have it. I am proud that I’ve been able to offer people architecture for their lives and work, even with such limited means. My stand has been called “pioneering” by some any recent British magazine called the “the last of the pioneers.” Don’t you believe it! The creative spirit is too strong and then to ever cease to attempt release, no matter how often and by whom it has previously become manifest. I am only part of this great tradition, for which I humbly give thanks to all that has made that possible. I give thanks for also discovering this world of beauty, within our outer world. I am discovering this as many others have, who have also contributed towards making our world more beautiful, livable, each in our own small way. The creative works of nature and man, and our own efforts towards such accomplishment for ourselves and others is reward enough for our lives. This is not “utopian,” not “fantastic,” not “in the future”, not “impossible”, not “without significance”, not “impractical”, not “impossible”. It is not any such things but is possible and probably now. Young creative men will find their ways just as I have found mine. I pursue this way in the direction of Moscow, and they will follow theirs. Sullivan said, “I wish to find rule so broad as to admit of no exceptions”. I prefer to look for the one which will admit of all exceptions! Therefore, with the aid of my clients, we continue to be “exceptional”. Is not Debussy said, “to be unique, faultless, can any glory equal that?”

Most publications of architect’s works are little more than catalog showing samples of various buildings he has done. There is hardly ever any clue as to why the buildings are as they are. Therefore, we in the public but believe that they have sprung for born disembodied from all that help them to become what they are. It is my intention, with this book to give anyone interested some idea of the principles with which I work, some idea of how I work, what I am striving to accomplish. With this in mind I have selected
this group of examples, not because I feel that they are necessarily more excellent than others of my works, but because they are of widely different conditions which demonstrate my thesis of individual architecture for and with individuals, as part of our continuous present.
**EXAMPLES**

1. Boston Avenue M. E. Church, Tulsa, OK 1926
2. Page Warehouse, Tulsa, OK 1927
3. Triaero Vacation House, Fern Creek, KY 1940
4. Seabee Chapel, U.S.N., Camp Parks, CA 1944
5. Leidig House, Hayward, CA 1945
6. Ledbetter House, Norman, OK 1947
7. Ford House, Aurora, IL 1949
8. Crystal Chapel, Norman, OK 1949
9. Bavinger House, Norman, OK 1950
10. Blakeley House, Dallas, TX 1950
11. Wilson House, Pensacola, FL 1950
12. Garvey House #1, Uppsala, IL 1952
13. Hopewell Baptist Church, Edmond, OK 1952
14. Pérez House #1, Caracas, Venezuela 1953
15. Pérez House #2, Caracas, Venezuela 1953
16. Joe Prince Studio #1, Bartlesville, OK 1953
17. McCullough House #1, Wichita Falls, TX 1954
18. Frank House, Sapulpa, OK 1955
20. Pi Lambda Phi Fraternity House #1, Norman, OK 1955
21. Circle Tower, Bartlesville, OK 1956
22. Bass House, Tulsa, OK 1956
23. Comer House, Dewey, OK 1956
24. Dewlen Aperture, Amarillo, TX 1957
25. Joe Prince Studio #2, Bartlesville, OK 1957
26. Pollock House, Oklahoma City, OK 1958
27. Durst House  Houston, TX  1958
29. Gutman House  Gulfport, OK  1958
30. Allen House  Bartlesville, OK  1958
32. Viva Hotel & Casino  Las Vegas, NV  1961
33. Rudd House #1  Portola Valley, CA  1961
34. Rudd House #2  Portola Valley, CA  1962
35. Play tower, Sandpile & Crawler  Sooner Park, Bartlesville, OK  1963
36. Dace House  Beaver, OK  1964
37. Hyde House  Kansas City, MO  1965
38. Joe Price Ski House  Lake Tahoe, CA  1965
39. Duncan House  Cobden, IL  1965
40. Nicol House #1  Kansas City, MO  1966
41. Nicol House #3  Kansas City, MO  1966
42. Nicol House #4  Kansas City, MO  1967
43. Bank & Office Building  Independence, MO  1970
44. Joe Price House & Museum  Bartlesville, Oklahoma  1970

AFTERWORD

The works shown here are some of my contributions to the evolutionary stream of architecture rather than the "mainstream". Unfortunately, many works, which are done in this spirit have eventually been claimed, later, as part of the "mainstream", in history books, and their authors, no longer considered "competitive" or as a "threat" can be safely catalogued and filed away. This situation led Debussy to remark: "on that distant day, I trust it is still far away, when my works will no longer be a cause for strife, I shall reproach myself bitterly, for that odious hypocrisy, which enables one to please all mankind will eventually have training, even in those last works." So-called "revolutionary" works are almost always later understood as evolutionary. Nicolas
Slonimsky quips: “it takes twenty years to make an artistic curiosity out of a modernistic monstrosity; and another twenty to elevate to a masterpiece.” Such evaluations do not concern me. I have done so little towards realizing what I can towards architecture that my time is more valuable. He spent by endeavoring to extend its horizons even further than I have as yet been able to do.

I hope to make the continuity of my architectural realizations more spatial and less horizontal, which will eliminate the concept of plans as two-dimensional layers. The works will continue to change as needs for them change. I hope to take more advantage of new materials and methods to extend my technical processes as well as to enlarge my understanding of nature, people aesthetics, in order that might work can have more clarity and simplicity of inspiration and articulation.

I can envision architecture, free from historical test, less earthbound, more athletic, light, flexible, and the longer static. As before mentioned, I expect we will soon be able to create our works directly ourselves, through the use of new means, instead of through the efforts of others, just as the composers of music are now able to do through electronics.

I know that architecture must continue to carry out utilitarian needs, and programs, but I believe we are also ready to accomplish ABSOLUTE ARCHITECTURE!

Other arts have been freed from the necessity of serving as means of communication with the advent of the printing press, photography, and educational enlightenment. The paintings which were formally required to relate tribal or other historical events, religious symbols, portraits of important persons, etc., can now also become absolute entities in themselves. Music no longer has to serve as background or company for dancing, working or conversation, or telling stories musically. It is also free to be itself as his sculpture, the dancing other arts. Only architecture remains, duty-bound to “do a job”. Imagine, if architecture can mean so much as it does now as over and beyond this “call of duty. What it can achieve as a purely aesthetic, non-utilitarian, concept for the purpose that enriching our experiences by its inspirational beauty. The artist dream for synthesis could extend this further in its appeal to all of our senses. Many architects consider such ideas as heresy claim that day, even if executed, could not be considered as architecture because the word “serve no purpose” nor have any “function”. On the contrary, they would be even more able to communicate architectural concepts to man. We have long accepted absolute music as being possibly more meaningful than dance for “program” music, which is linked with other
chores. If we should have such architecture supplement, rather than replace what it
does for us now. The things that we, as architects, and the public, could learn through
this new freedom would be very valuable in advancing our aesthetic concepts in our
practice as we understand it now.

I wish to keep growing, discovering, and creating. I am not afraid, and I do feel a great
need to realize works of Absolute Architecture.

When critics complained of “extreme dissonance” in Mussorgsky’s music he countered
with “on work to new shores…ah, if you only knew what is coming!” The “new” is
already “old”; it is time for something new!

Bruce Goff

[signature]
**Triaero House (1940)**

**THE CLIENT ::**

Mrs. Irma Bartman became interested in my work through her son, Kenneth Bartman, who was studying with me, at the time, at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts. She came to Chicago to meet me to see examples of what I have been doing in architecture in painting. Although she had a nice comfortable house at Fern Creek, Kentucky, which was quite adequate for her needs, she became enthused over her idea to build a small “vacation House” on a hill joining her property. She intended for her son to use it, after he finished school, or if his plans changed, which they did, with his subsequent marriage, it was to be rented or sold. She asked Kenneth to bring me down to Fern Creek for a weekend and to see the site. This we did and I was pleased with her interest and enthusiasm. She wanted me to design all of the furnishings and landscaping for the house and gave me complete freedom to develop it within the rather low-budget limitations.

**THE SITE ::**

The hilltop proved to be located in a lovely rural area with large Cree trees and others native to the region. There was a clearing at the top of the hill and the trees were so located that this area was roughly triangular, with open spaces forty a means of access, from the country road below, and the magnificent views of surrounding rolling farmlands in trees below. These natural features suggest a triangular concept which guided the development of the plan in the aesthetic theme of the design.

**THE CLIMATE ::**

This hilltop was subject to high winds, and while sun-controlled overhangs were necessary, it seemed advisable to perforate them to reduce wind uplift. While large glass areas were desirable for the fuse, it was not feasible to have an open, because of the blowing dust and rain. Therefore, we decided to have the large glass fixed and to provide smaller windows and parents which could open for necessary ventilation. The budget of the house could not include air-conditioning, and at that time, the science of such was not as well-developed as it is today. Temperatures ranged from occasional freezing and snow to hot average humidity. Because of his exposure to wins, and the temperature range, the house needed to be exceptionally well insulated. Two lily pools provide needed humidity and extremely dry weather. All four seasons are distinct in this area, and it seemed advisable to have large glass areas for their enjoyment.
THE PLAN ::

Most of my architecture is designed to meet the requirements of a known client, but because the house was projected to be offered for sale, it developed from a study of the general needs of a family of two or three, beginning with necessary furnishings and equipment, with the sense of space in order growing from that and with the exterior a clear-cut expression of the interior arrangement. The triangular theme, suggested by the open space between trees on the hilltop, in the three principal vistas, also offered strong structural possibilities with less material. It was also obvious that the triangle, the simplest of straight-line bounded figures, offered more sense of roominess with its longer sides than does a square of the same area. The features of all from the plan. The concentration of utilities in the building’s court leaves the outer walls free and open to the landscape, where desired, and allows the entire area of the house to become a transparent shell of one space, undivided, under the cantilevered roof. The continuous glass which meets the underside of this roof gives it a sense of lightness and floating. I believe this is the first time the roof floated free from the walls. Later this was done in Wright’s Price house in Phoenix, Arizona and partially in Le Corbusier’s Chapel at Ronchamp.

The core consists of kitchen and bathroom, furnace, and fire pit, with light and ventilation from under the raised roof overhead. Around this nucleus, the living space contains facilities for dining, and day and night living. The big space can be made private by a soundproof accordion door wall. Another part of the living space serves as a screened porch, in summer and, with the addition of portable insulated plywood panels, as a heated rumpus room or garage in winter. Ample closets include wardrobe, buffet, bookcases, and shelves for storage. Each holds a sliding bed which is half recess to serve as a divan during the day; two extra beds are thus available, if needed.

Plate glass windows reach from floor to ceiling and give intimate views of the two outdoor pools which act as basins for the roof. Rain-spills as well as the water-gardens. The 12’ wide sheets of glass help to relate the doors with beauties of nature outside. At the floor are hinged triangular events, of ripped glass, for fresh air intake; the ventilation is defected to buy smaller triangular events over the closet-walls and up in the monitor, above the core, which supply through circulation of air is desired.

The roof-load is borne by three steel columns in structures core, which let the upward flair of the ceiling to extend on interrupted beyond the glass to the redwood sunshade. Underneath the utility core, the oil-Berger radiates warmth. Some people question the
extensive use of glass from the heating standpoint, but we have found from actual practice in a colder climate what the heat-loss on cold dark days is compensated by the heat-gain on cold there are days when the sunlight pervades and warms up the interior. In summertime the redwood roof lattice shades the living space from sky player.

Privacy is ensured by black-lacquered aluminum venetian blinds which pull up from pockets in the floor, counterbalanced by hanging weights, to any desired height; these screens can be lowered into their for pockets, and their tops conceal them from light, and the indoors apparently expands into the out-of-doors through glass walls. Another advantage of this method of using venetian blinds is that they can be raised high enough to provide interior privacy, without entirely closing off through the glass above the shades. Also, there is no big bundle of closed blinds cluttering the top of the class area. It was difficult to get a venetian blind installation man to do this, but, after much persuasion and argument, he did and liked the idea so much. He later claimed it as his own!

The specially made furniture and black triangular rugs have been treated as integral parts of the scheme. Part of the top of the dining table drops, when not in use, so as to take up less floor space. All practical shortcuts to simplify and reduce the maintenance of the home have been taken. The service units are condensed to a minimum in order to gain maximum of living space.

MATERIALS ::

The materials in the Triaero house were selected for their effectiveness, economy of upkeep and natural beauty. Except for the concrete foundations in the basement, all the construction is “dry”, and plaster has been eliminated. Ceiling and closet surfaces, outside, are insulated and achieved with electro-copper-plated Sisal-kraft fastened by redwood strips, of the same dimensions as those used for the perforated overhangs. All structural and finish redwood, and the copper leaf, is coated with a preservative which does not stay, but beats the appearance of material almost unchanged to become a decorative, as well as functional feature of the design. The fir plywood has been sandblasted, on the job, to dramatize his grade. This anticipated the commercial version, available later, by several years. The floor is of alternating strips of oak and walnut making light and dark parents which repeats the parallel pattern of the ceiling.
ARCHITECTURAL REALIZATION ::

The Triaero house is probably the first minimum-space home in America to consistently carry through an individual expression of design, generated by the triangular motif, to the smallest detail. Simple and open, it compacts shelter into one large area without petitions (and thus eliminates the usual clutter of cubbyholes, core doors, halls, and vestibules, etc., which make a maze out of the partitioned plan). Even the closets are integral with the exterior walls and windows ceased to be holes punctured through the walls. The planning is compact, flexible, and economical. The cantilevered nature of the construction is frankly recognized and the stress at each of the corner roof trusses not only keep the roof from twisting but become decorative elements as well. All existing trees were saved and incorporated into the landscape plan, as are the two water gardens. Retaining walls of native stone modulate the house with the slow and are defined by planting, hanging over each of them.

The house survived many high winds in tornado conditions, but many years after it was built in large stone quarry was started the site. Their constant blasting broke the large plates of glass several times, which were replaced by the insurance company. Afterwards, they refused replace these, it became necessary for the owner to have the sizes of the class reduce in order to keep it insured. It was impossible for her to stop the quarry operations which were making her property less desirable. Finally, a fire, started by the carelessness of occupants, practically demolished it, but enough of the structure (of wood timber) remain to make it feasible for the owner to have rebuilt. The structure, even though it had been badly burnt, was found sufficiently strong for the rebuilding. With the reduction in the size of glass openings, and the clumsy disregard for detailing the reconstruction, the house lost most of its character and charm. However, the remaining photographs taken of the original house, put it on the record as one of my first houses was sufficient quality to earn it the right to be considered as architecture. In it, the Wright influence, has finally been assimilated, as it was in the Cole and Unseth houses of approximately the same time, and my own voice, small as it was, was speaking.

The inhabitants of the Triaero house all appreciated the natural beauty of its materials, the craftsmanship of the construction, and spacious ingenuity of the plan as it adapted its functions to their needs into its decorative qualities to their personalities. On pastoral Hickory Hill this with low structure hovered like a great bird over the tip of valley in the haze of words in the distance.
Ledbetter House (1947)

THE CLIENT ::

Mrs. Ledbetter asked me to do her house in Norman, Oklahoma. When I had just been appointed Chairman of the School of Architecture of the University of Oklahoma. She wished to build a good-sized house for herself and her son who was attending the University. She expressed her need for a carport for two cars, and entrance hall-garden room, kitchen, small dining room, living room, a bedroom for herself and one person, with bath, and a recreation room and bath, which could double for a guest room. She expressed preference for stone, wood, and glass materials for easy maintenance. She had no preference as to how many levels the house would have, or about color, etc. the budget was adequate for the space and materials she desired was considerably lower than represented in newspapers and magazines which featured it upon its completion.

THE SITE ::

The property on which she intended to have the house built is a corner lot at Strokes and Chautauqua streets, within walking distance of the University. It was almost level, with no trees, and its longest dimension faced the street on the south, with neighbors close to the board property line, while the narrow dimension of the lot space the street on the east and the west end. I joined another neighbor’s property. The surrounding houses were all of differing scales and materials and “styles (?)”. The small “postage-stamp” sized house to the West had no relation to the “Dutch colonial” one to the north. The awkward 3 story high “real estate-burger” across the street on the east was of “brick-the near” unlike the frame white painted houses just mentioned. On the opposite corner of the street intersection was a small “bungalow” modest, demure, and white. Across the street. South was a monstrous fraternity house of cut stone with high porch columns and other ostentatious delusions of grandeur. I had quite a problem relating my house and scale. These buildings which had with each other. There was also the matter of achieving some privacy for my client, within the allowable property building line restrictions. It seemed advisable to protect the interior of the house from the neighbor and his yard on the north with a stone wall without openings. The length of the house and as close to the North line is possible. This also gave the neighbor an additional 5 feet of the parent with two of his yards, with our house see me as a garden wall on the south of his yard and allowing him more than usual practice. This wall also sheltered the house from the cold north winds. The south, east and west walls are
largely glassed to take advantage of solar heat in winter and shaded with white eaves for some control during the summer. Great care was used in arranging this class for privacy of the occupants, low stone walls and planting assist in this.

THE CLIMATE ::

Severe and sudden changes, typical of this part of the country, are very hard on buildings, much more so than constant kinds of weather. Temperature ranges from freezing to very warm and there are stretches of drought and dust, swept by strong winds, alternating with excessive brainstorms in tornado conditions. There are, of course, many “nice days” to, and the dramatic skies and beautiful sunsets compensate for the rest. Snowfall is usually light, but it has, on occasions, been heavy enough to cause collapse of roofs. Rain seldom falls gently, as it should, and frequently strong winds blow it up words in about so that waterproofing detailing and workmanship of such is very difficult. Many people imagine it would be easier to build in “moderate” climates, “because you do not have these severe long winters”, but such is not the case. Some changes of temperature, etc., are much harder on building materials than are sustained hot and cold temperatures.

THE PLAN ::

The cars parked underneath a suspended circular canopy, lighted from the pavement, and the flagstone terrace continues inside as the roof of the entry and indoor garden space. Combination guest and recreation space is halfway down at the west end and has storage space, a bathroom, and a large wood-burning fireplace, with light filtering down the stone wall from the roof skylight through a space between the floor above and stone wall. The view is out to the south and into the garden room.

The indoor garden room has tropical planting with a waterfall supplying the lily pool over which a circular ramp of sandblasted bridges up the story to the sleeping space above. These have closet walls, modern fold, sliding partition doors for privacy and ample built in cabinets, with sliding doors below the windows. The bathroom floor and walls are of dark room tile and stone. The passages separated from the stone wall to allow skylight to penetrate to the recreation space below. The glass wall separates the indoor garden from the lounge at the east end of the house. Both of these spaces have high ceilings, of red cedar throughout the house, and the serpentine stonewall, which runs the length of the house, into the garden outside, is lighted by day from a skylight strip at the ceiling to equalize the light from the south. Night lighting is indirect, from the same source. There is another large fireplace with a raised hearth in the lounge. Glasses
set so the stonewall and cedar ceiling continues uninterrupted outside. Planting insight
to corner, of mitered glass, further emphasizes the relationship of the indoors and
outdoors. The indoor garden room and lounge also be used for dining. The breakfast
bar is in the southeast corner of the lower portion in front which also includes an all-
electric kitchen, service, causing an entrance. Kitchen cabinets above the work
counters have removable glass shelves, indirect lighting and sliding doors. Outside, at
the southeast corner is another suspended aluminum disk over a stone terrace and
lighted from the pavement. It is for outdoor dining and lounging is afforded privacy by
the planting.

The split-level plan resulted from the fact that there was not enough room in the
allowable building area to have the house all on one level. Also, by placing the
sleeping areas above, the owner’s room could overlook the garden room below, as a
balcony, and still have adequate privacy from you. All of the interiors receive sunlight.
The “saw-tooth” plan of the fenestration was used so as to not reflect the
aforementioned fraternity house, and it also makes use of hinged wooden fence, plays
with vertical rows of ashtrays as are the exterior doors. By placing the wood fence in
such positions, it leaves the plate glass free for vision, outward, and fights plenty of cross
ventilation with the vents along the north wall, below the skylight. It was best to have
the entrance on the south side because of street traffic patterns, which work better this
way for coming and going by car. It is not necessary to back out of the straightway,
which contributes to safety considerations, and the suspended aluminum canopy over
the carport keeps the driveway free from structural posts, peers, etc. The space
between the carport and the sidewalk is utilized as an exterior water garden and is
separated from sidewalk by a low serpentine Stonewall, related in design with a large
wall. Another low stone wall follows the north side of the driveway to screen the kitchen
entrance and outdoor terrace.

In regard to scale problems, mentioned before, the low suspended disks relate in height
to the small house on the west and the lower element of the house, containing the
entry, kitchen, etc., relates with the height of the bungalow across the street
intersection. The high ceilings of the garden room and lounge, continuous with the
sleeping area ceilings, or pitch down to the north, which allows for greater height along
the south and relates it to the higher houses to the north, east and south. The wide
overhangs give ample sun protection. In the summer and allow for solar heat gain in
the winter. The ends of the stone walls are irregular and punctured with irregular
openings to emphasize the natural betting of the stone and to modulate them with the
garden. Some people remarked that it is unfortunate that this house cannot up and located in open country “it would have looked so much better, out in the open”. They forget that the house would not have been designed as it is if it were “out in the country”. The same argument goes. For Frank Lloyd Wright’s Robie house, which often gets the same criticism. The limitations of a relatively small corner lot actually must be coped with a successful realization of architecture. The same house could not and should not be billed for the same client same region on another property, ever!

MATERIALS ::

Many of the materials used have already been mentioned, and it can be seen that they were chosen for minimal maintenance. The large plate glass areas are free from small divisions in order to facilitate the cleaning. The corrugated aluminum walls below the sleeping area. Windows in the balcony wall inside, stone and wood walls all eliminate the necessity for painting paper. The stone floors of the entry in garden room are serviceable where water and mud might be a problem, and carpet floors are easy to maintain. When the house was completed, over 10,000 people went through it in two days, when it was open to the public. Very few houses would be subjected to such traffic during their entire lifetimes. Because of the sturdiness of materials mentioned, there was no sign of wear or tear afterwards! During this “invasion” one old lady (the Whistler’s mother type) asked me: “Young man, argues the architect?” To which I replied in the affirmative, to which she replied, “well, I want to congratulate you, this is the biggest thrill. I have had since first ride in an elevator!”

Life magazine had intended to present it as a serious work, but their photographer, present at the opening, was unable to resist candid shots of the reactions of surprise and “what is it?” And these were shown under the caption “for what caused consternation in Oklahoma, turn the page.” Which tended to ridicule the people present. They also referred to the two suspended disks as “Martian” (this was before people started seeing flying saucers!).

ARCHITECTURAL REALIZATION ::

Not all of the reactions were of shock or dislike. Many others were pleased with the flow of space inside and outside, and while some real-estate agents were saying “should be tarred and feathered ridden out of town on a rail ruining surrounding property values”, others were very understanding and appreciative. Some of these became clients for other houses. Today, it is difficult to see how this quiet house, which has taken its place in the neighborhood more honestly and less ostentatiously, could have caused so much
controversy. It is now shown to Norman and University visitors as “one of our finer homes”. The client’s son married soon after it was built, and the client found that she did not need so much space. Many people attempted to buy it, but she refused to sell it. Finally, she did sell it to a man who told me, “You designed this house for us, but you didn’t know it.” The sense of gentle repose partially realized with horizontal emphasis in design and materials has weathered well during the past 23 years. Unhappily, a stupid trellis was placed by the carport disk, which belies its suspension, and the fascia extensions at the ends of the rooms, used to correct optical illusions of drooping and integrating the roof profile better with this guy been removed by the client who was “tired of telling everyone what those are for.”

The aluminum walls have since been painted, which destroys the nature of the material, and some of the woodwork has been painted a color to garish for the quiet design, probably with the intention of “being more modern”. Add to these changes, over furnishing an overgrowth of some of the planting, and the house still survives!

The contrast of natural wood and stone precision materials such as aluminum, glass and suspension cables is part of the aesthetic of this house, and their very nature’s become compatible with each other, the planting, site as well as life within and without.

It rides the low flat plane as the prairie and continues to give pleasure graciously into its occupants. As for the formally loud, dissenting scoffers...... They are now silent.
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93  Alterations-Akright Residence  Bartlesville, OK  B
94  Redeemer Lutheran Church  Bartlesville, OK  B
95  McBryde Residence  Kansas City, MO  P

1960 96  Daphne Residence @2  Hillsborough, CA  P
97  Darling Residence #2  Eldorado, KS  P
98  Gelbman Residence #2  Jacksonville, FL  B
99  Gryder Residence  Ocean Springs, MS  B
100  Floral Hills Memorial Park  Las Vegas, NV  P

1961 101  Viva Hotel #1  Las Vegas, NV  P
102  Sidney Rodin Residence  Libertyville, IL  P
103  Black Bear Motor Lodge  Jackson Hole, WY  P
104  Giacomo Motor Lodge #1  McAlester, OK  P
105  Blackwell Clinic  Dallas, TX  P
106  Fitchette Residence  Bartlesville, OK  B
107  Grady Residence  Casa Grande, AZ  P
108  Unitarian Fellowship Hall  Bartlesville, OK  P
109  Baxter Subdivision Layout  Quincy, IL  P
110  Rudd Residence #2  Portola Valley, CA  P

1962 111  Quail Valley Country Club  Rogers, AR  P
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**CODE**

- P = Project
- PB = Project to be Built
- B = Project has been Built
Flatly the prairie cantilevers to all edges of the horizon from the stone-walled farmhouse. Angular buff rocks stack up the stiff sides of the square farmhouse like a bouldered box set heavily down upon the untilting scales of tableland.

Above: the blue-hazed prairie sky, vacant with slow air. Blue, blue, blue flaming, like a vast plateau of azure the sky brilliantly burns. While on the uncurving earth only the warp of this blue splendor bent down and fused to the rims of the horizon keeps the ground from slanting.

Flat earth. Flat sky. Long parallels of each, with the house in the plain’s center; the center of the earth-sky lips, the mute monotonous mouth of the horizon.

It a distance from the house on this level vista where distances, being all alike, mean nothing, out along the swaths of earth and stubby grey-green grasses humps an Indian burial mound. Lost in the otherwise planeness of prairie, midgeted in the giant scope of its setting, it mumps lonely and gaunt.

Bruce plays here. In his mind, childishly awake and sensitive, becoming used to difficult matter (the complex-perplex of existence) moils a thousand-shaped vortex of thought.

From his hunched pedestal of the mound, sitting as he is near its dome among rough erosion, he can see into the stiff distances where indefinite murkiness cupping upward glows to bronze under the afternoon sun, or turning can peer back toward the isolated stone cube of farmstead like a chunky cornerstone of some invisible air-clear metropolis of the future.

Under him, within the ridged mound (can he not feel their stolid presences?) lie the mysterious dead. From some glittering barbaric age these bodies have accumulated, encased in a great shell of earth with trappings of colorful wool: raw leather garments; beast-tooth necklaces and hammered amulets; flinty weapons, keen-tipped or bluntly tomahawkish; queer and brightly hued shards of pottery. Colored culture in the abandonment of time peeps from the running dust under chameleon skies, he is shifting rains and blazing’s and starry frosts.

Bruce thrusts his hands in the loose dirt, spilling dust, seeing a quartz-flake sparkle from the dusty veil. And suddenly it seems that cut of the world-enormity: the titanic unbudging foundations of the earth, the vast volatile spaces of the sky that the substances of existence have condensed here to a minimum: clear air-poignant life saturating these far plain planes of unsoiled soil, joyous acres of sunlight, the golden
languor of the afternoon spaces; while beneath, as contrast, in the packed earth, the stern body of death shuttering its dense blinds over the mind. And here between the tremendous shafts of the sky and the close smother of the grave, forgotten fragments of loveliness: culture and nature—in the ordinary dirt blending broken art and quartz crystals, tiny flakes of beauty—scintillation surrounded by deadening dust in spheres so large, so chaotic that its sparkle becomes as insignificant as the least shining mote. Beauty and ugliness and the mediocre, the man-made and the nature-made existing together, mingling, obscuring each other except as the human mind finds them, discriminates between them, imbues them …

THE MATURE ::

Having now matured to the point where the revolving mix of his sensations and knowledges still seethed yet were beginning to glow the outlines of his convictions, Bruce started to culminate some of his ideas.

He took the medium of watercolors, respite from his architectural chores, and began to twist them around into strange shapes, pleasingly imaginative. Even the very first of these paintings shows an advanced predilection for the abstract and some of them even entirely non-representative.

Running as a fugitive theme, curiously enough, through a few of these primary water colorings was a figure, never definite enough to talk much about, always fleeting or draped in great colored veils, obscured, and always subjected to the dominant swaths and bends of color.

Later he could see that this figure represented the hangover idea of representation, the clinging of the suspicion that no work of art could exist as a completion without the human element. So, in it went, many times obviously included as an independent and irrelevant object in the colored profusion of forms in which it had been placed. But before long this vestige of painting tradition vanished, and when it returned in a few of the later paintings it was always with such a fantastic or ironic touch that it could not justly be called a ‘human’ element.

By forming design alone, by complementing what he considered the sympathetic treatment of the medium with a similar sympathetic treatment of ideas, Bruce won his way at last to a complete understanding of what he had done through intuition and through a desire to create an original beauty.
He could see that all human art, from the man in the cave to the man in the garret and studio had been more or less conforming to a great general rule and varying from that rule in accordance with the art ideas of their times.

They had all been conforming to the direct rule or the divergences of absolute art.

**WHAT IS ABSOLUTE ART?**

This means merely the pure and most imaginative art form. Each art is a separate medium, having indirect relation to the other arts, yet complete in itself, absolute in itself.

How obvious: the reducing of art to its most elemental state, that of the medium itself without which the art could not be made manifest, and the limitations imposed by what medium.

Sound is sound. No matter how much music is written to signify a literary theme, as in ballets and tone-poems, it can never be more than sound. Each person derives his own meaning. Those who do not know what the music signifies can get just as great an enjoyment as those who do from the music. Programs are not necessary. Painting is color and can never be more than color, not matter how much it is arranged to imitate or symbolize. Each person derives his own meaning. Those not familiar with the subject matter can only appreciate the colors; those who appreciate more are introducing extraneous enjoyment, alloying the pure art form with irrelevant images.

A landscape for example is much fresher and enjoyable in the actual and natural state than glued flat and grotesque, unnaturally two-dimensional because of the canvass’s flatness. Why a landscape at all! These who do not like the landscape are excluded from appreciation; those unfamiliar to the landscape are weakened in the appreciation because they cannot compare it with the real thing; and those who appreciate the landscape are not appreciating the free qualities of painting—the landscape limits the colors, limits the idea of the painting, limits and binds down the scope of enjoyment.

Whereas color for its own sake, unpredictably arranged, free to blend or clash or clot or streak or flow or snap or splatter, opens infinite vistas of enjoyment, leaves each person to find his own pleasure in the play of colors. No esoteric subject matter is hers to mar the appreciation, no single subject to limit the enjoyment.
As in music the timbres and rhythms and harmonies and melodies are themselves, powerless to imitate other things because such imitation is superficial and arbitrary, becomes a solid force as sheer sound and nothing else, so does painting with color and form and blending and contrast and spots and dots and fantastic brilliances and nuances of an illimitable spectrum become a pure enjoyment, a universal enjoyment, entirely independent of outside elements.

**FOCUS: A BIOGRAPHY ::**

Prior to any sense-awareness (emotion-thought) was the serene embryonic circle: formless and unstirring, its dark circumference enclosed the life-potential. Life, distilled here to pure sentience, was in its simplest, most unadulterated state, knowing no disturbance (good-bad), swathed only with the vast pacific immaculacy of birth. The embryonic circle: crammed with transparent galaxies of sensation as yet in sparkled, as yet cosmically slumbrous. Unalloyed by exterior flash and motion, unruffled by influence, its deep visionless panoramas of warmth and passive protection blanked (with the possible exception of vague hereditary hieroglyphs—complexly indecipherable) the mind’s screen.

From the muted and mysterious cavern is ejected the unmarred circle, its boundaries no longer flung to the obscure demarcation of awakened life: now, harshly, brightly, like rims of silver blaze out the final boundary of the individual. For the mutating circle becomes, through a sudden spasm of torture and of blood, distinct.

Prior to any sense-awareness (emotion-thought) was the serene embryonic circle: formless and unstirring, its dark circumference enclosed the life-potential. Life, distilled here to pure being, is in its simplest and most untampered state, knowing no disturbance either good-bad, swathed only with the vast immaculate passiveness of birth. The embryonic circle: crammed with transparent galaxies of sensation as yet sparkling, as yet cosmically slumberous. Unruffled by exterior flash and motion, sheathed from influence, its deep visionless panorama of warmth and passive protection blanks (with the possible exception of vague hereditary hieroglyphs—complexly indecipherable) the mind’s screen.

From the muted mysterious cavern, the plastic circle of life is ejected, unmarred, it’s only a desire to return to the lost haven. No longer are its boundaries hazy with the misty demarcation of awakened life: now, harsh, and bright, like rims of silver blaze the distinct and final outlines of the individual. For the uncertain circle becomes through a sudden spasm of torture and blood, firm.
Immediately an incessant rain of outer influences begins to pelt the mind and body. Like the invisible bolts of cosmic rays from the exterior world the constant hail of sounds and sights and smells and feelings and thoughts arrow their fortuitous darts into the escaping body and mind. Not until death draws again that insulating veil, restoring the tranquil indifference of before-birth in the complementary state of after-life: each imperturbable, is there relaxation from the sensual assault.

Thus: like a swimmer from purple suffocating depths, having no memory of how his predicament was formed, but violently burst into the terrible antiseptic dazzle of sunlight, gasping, blinded, and stunned, caught without warning in the crush and tangle of surf, stunned by the roaring brutality and harsh rock were before he knew only smooth sleepful depths and the silken sheathing of water—he must live: Instantaneously he knows he must live! The sunshine his element, the golden earth, fruit dangled in space on bright vines of light: He must live! He must satisfy his body with nutriment and athletic movement! He must sate the vital impulse of his body directed toward fruition and renascence. He must sate his mind with knowledge and beauty!

Thus: the individual becomes the mirror on which, photographically, the world imprints its transient surfaces. Yet this mirror holds all reflection, depth upon depth of superimposed mirrored events and themes, real and vicarious, each mirror having its own chaotic selection of captured remembrances. Yet some manage, by chance as a control of their mirror, to capture a selection of circumstances reflect a glory of mind, a crystal beauty of imagination and skill unutterably poignant, profound, flaming through outer beauty [???].

How can there be intuitive and prophetic action?

What inspires the body, without experience, to cater to those things which later become conscious passions! Is this the molding influence!

There are acts termed ‘precocious.’ Are they accident, subconscious, predetermined? Accident seems the most reasonable explanation.

And yet—

Colors fascinated. Bits of tinted brilliance. Scarlet, jade, violet, blue—colors and the shapes they emerged in. Bruce had found a mail-order catalogue, one of those thousand-paged treasuries of rugs and toys and underwear and stoves and mattresses: with a crisp scissors he sniped out the color-patterns. Not for their content. But for their pleasant coloring: the brown and the green and the lilac.
Then with a jigsaw carefulness he patched them on the walls of his room to form arches and columns. Crazily tilted supports slanted at each other on the walls of his room, tatters of brightness shaping (to his childish notion) the strong upholding pillars of architecture.

And yet—

He didn’t know the meaning of the word. He knew nothing about houses or palaces. At this early age he had seen nothing architecturally noticeable or appealing.

And yet—

Patiently, page after clipped page he undid the colored pictures from their places in the catalogue and then, carefully, solemnly, went to work pasting his thin pastiche arches and columns, imitating some dim dream of his mind, satisfying some inner demand for these frail and futile supports...

Happenstance seems the most reasonable explaining.

The pliancy of mud: something creatively alluring about its easy flow and molding, the ready plastic obedience to experimenting hands. In the sopping earth, that grimy fundament, hands tug and pat. Mud is clawed from its loose foundation and sculpted roughly by tiny hands.

Bruce, sitting abstractly and a trifle daubed, intently brings into form under his critical laboring, jars and plates and curious hunks of sculpture which, when caked by dryness, resemble the inarticulate expression of the primitive, naïve symbolism. And the fluid caulking medium, having endured a brown and hand-shaped existence, hardens under the blinding stare of the sun.

PRAIRIE TO MOUNTAINS ::

Out of the level lowlands into fantastic vertical crevasses of stone Bruce was brought. With him came memories of long bare lateral panoramas, the starkness of the plain country, its unornamented landscape, its inherent simplicity.

The cantilever country.

Now the contrast to his premature mind: brutal rock crashing into the sharp mountain sky, piercing its peaks into the cloud-shattered spaces.
Black, sullen, aloof peaks poke hi-ward their stolid columns. Strength of the dark earth was never as much evident as here where the structural rock girders the framework of the sky.

And it was in this environment, having become a little clearer on reality, having become more directly conscious of his own predilections that Bruce began to have a definite architectural bent.

One building especially impressed: marble columns circling an open space in a park. The white boles and the spaciousness of unimpeded grounds flowing through the columned arches—the relation of natural surrounding and the imposed architectural arrangement.

The form and the idea intrigued.

Of course, the classic rendition of the building was taken for granted. As it usually is.

About this time (he must have been 10 or 11 years) Bruce began first to chart out his ideas on paper. Any kind of paper—scraps and wallpaper samples. And the buildings: palaces and temples and great cathedrals with a thousand-spired dome and a ‘rose window to every square inch.’

Within the unpopulated area of his mind was built a region of spired and heaven-arched buildings, marble and granite and stained patchworks of glass. Incoherently these things resounding in the hallow echo of consciousness began to find their life on paper. Crudely, most inept, and stammering scribbles aped the images in his brain and were but flimsy concretions of delicate domes and the squat power of supports.

It was about this time also that he saw a picture of a building which marked his attention: a temple, mysterious, vertically veiled with hard materials, admitting only those who belonged to the sect of its worshippers. The alluring idea: architecture as an enigma, a private and untrespassible precinct.

Someone, seeing the drawings and the raw attempts at paper reconstruction, gave Bruce a set of drawing tools.

The smooth precision of them made a velvet flow in his mind. For the background of any creation is the amount of skill and sympathy accorded the materials. With these geometric mechanisms obedient to his hand, Bruce began to see for the first time that paper ideas might approximate in some measure the vibrance of reality.
Hours and hours spent in the maneuvering of materials, the constantly familiar tools becoming new and natural fingers suavely under the brain’s supervision.

From and to school, mingling the hectic friendliness and scholasticism of that compulsory ordeal: affections lengthened and strengthened in the formless mind which slowly is coming to feel the potential cruxes of emotion.

These were momentary, friends and the disliked alike—like the dust from which supposedly they were made, and the antiquity of forgetfulness reduced them to its neutral unremembering powder.

But: the sum of sensations is equal to the individual. Forgotten, eclipsed, the least of experience contributed the molding of the mind.

One day after the mathematically scheduled series of classes, he was walking home through streets rusty with sunshine. Not too warm or too cold, the air hovered as delicately as streets rusty with sunshine. Not too warm or too cold, the air hovered as delicately as the whirring of translucent hummingbirds. Windows fascinated: the bright cloths and colored stuffs, the shiny contraptions and fashion-hued equipment of clothing.

Suddenly he stopped.

Beyond the wall of the glass was a strange arrangement of plaster statuary. There were stiff lions, ferociously albino, and posing female dancers and duplications of famous artistic products: the limbless Venus, the plastered gods: Hermes, Apollo, and many miniature others including the Winged Victory. Some were painted—differing colors—at times to resemble bronze. Toward the rear of the display a velvet curtain was draped over an obvious opening obviously hidden.

Again, the mystery of the forbidden: the obscure architectural purpose. And the idea of unseen beings at work in some enigmatic laboratory of art, producing these curious images took roots in his mind. And grew and grew. Until one day, wanting at least to satisfy a curiosity about that curtained aperture guarded by an alabaster satyr with a sign around its neck at a drunken angle reading POSITIVELY NO ADMITTANCE.

He went in.

The clinking and powdery smell of pulverization was like a choking dream. Powder had sprinkled its fine chalk over the floor and the dingy appurtenances of the room.
Suddenly like a magic manifestation the curtain was thrust away, and a man appeared, giant, talked with a thin settling of the plaster snow.

“What do you want?”

A moment of childish stumbling, then boldly: “a job.”

But after a week, after this long a period of enthrallment of the back-shop vistas: the castings and excelsior and the thrown-off, useless, worthless broken casts (considered as priceless by his mind which placed the construction above any level of money), he was forced to leave his wonder world. The workmen didn’t feel natural; they felt inhibited in the trade of smutty stories in the presence of a child.

So, the sculptural adventure had its thunderclap, but the reverberations rang for afterward. Plants shot their feet down into the warm earth. Great gold-faced flowers with petals as yellow as sunlight. Suddenly the idea: bring such blossomed beauty into the sphere of the house.

Garden in the home.

So, all morning while the parents were blissfully at church the little bodies toiled, tugging up the long harsh stems out of the resistant soil and then trailing them upwards through the house, soil and dirt falling plentifully on floor and stairway, to the attic.

The earth itself was also thus transplanted, a ring around the low room of the attic like a rim of soil in which the flowers could regain their clutched poised.

But the childish labor seemingly was unavailing for the plants under the suffocating climate of that low dark place drooped like melting wax flowers, shriveled and were utterly on the verge of dying.

By this time, the house had become more or less of an earthy shambles, footprints and mud and little cakes of soil and dribbling sand marked the rutted trail of flowers. And the attic itself was assuming the proportions of a lunatic greenhouse.

The flowers drying and dying.

And the final idea which at the time was nothing less than inspiration: water was needed of course to furnish the clear steely strength of growth to the wilting yellow heads. So, the sprinkler was brought into action, the soil tamped tightly around the floorboard of the attic fused to mud, the plants slanted and strewed in all directions.
And beneath, the ceiling showed sopping signs of the upper garden, a great puddling stain spread slowly outward like an unfolding wing.

Church over, the parents returned to find the house a slimy havoc.

Anger was transplanted with a few good solid smacks, well-placed.

Birds, great rainbow-feathered birds next door. The neighbors had a peacock farm, hedged in their sparkling fowl with a low wire fence. Fascinating were the strutting creatures and their occasionally preened brilliance. Nature here had lacquered herself with vital color that caught the eye of the sunlight and made an iridescent splash. Shrill and grating was the peacock language, their treble trouble.

Bruce stood on the other side of the low fence and watched the strutting birds, the tremendous arch of the vanitized male, and the unobtrusive domesticity of the females. And one jerky-necked strutter with his scaly blinking eyes went marching past, as on review, went past tantalizing close. The temptation like a rubber band reached its endurance and snapped.

Bruce leaned over just as the creature moved out of range and yanked commandingly at one of the gorgeous fragments of plumage. The peacock interrupted from the royal promenade in this vulgar and unexpected way yawped and flew into a wild chaos of drumming feathers. Startled, having expected the easy pluck of beauty, Bruce let go, stumbled backward, fell, got up, and ran. Behind him in the yard of peacocks a high fierce monologue discussed the atrocity.

Again, the busyness of moving, again the journey of places floating past like derelict cities on the stream of the earth, meaningless, coming up out of the horizon’s rounded cave and then again lost. People and animals and bright trivialities scrambled in the mind’s mixture of sensation and then settled their sediment calmly, leaving no trace.

Again, the readjustment. New friends. New activities.

Near the new home was a shallow forest with a stream and sand banks and a quiet sloping tangle of underbrush brittle with the squeak of insects and birds. Trees matted the sky, pressed roughly and quite complicated the bare blue spaces.

Here he could come, equipped with spade hoe and shovel, and carve out of the pliant sand banks his own structural experiments. There were fortresses and caves, and great buff walls of smooth caving sand, enclosing and separating. Something here there was for a mind that later learned manipulating areas of architecture in relation to nature.
Environment, environment.

Is there prophetic action, intuitive action! Is the body brought about through disheveled circumstances alone into its later routes? Or does it know, feel, is it enforcing its own individuality upon the situation!

Happenstance seems the most reasonable explaining.

: 23revealing: myriads of joyous debris,

: unmeasured millions of melted and hardened shining fragments jangling

: in jubilant symmetry.

Incalculable cataracts of sand, prismatic-pouring, raining, an ire/descending.

DELUGE:

Exhaustless / galaxies of jazzing jots, brilliant.

Terrifically complex patterns of multiple mosaic, glass-garish, marvelous, and manifold.

Pandemonium of inextricable constellations, violent vortices of luminous atoms in ecstatic tumult, like the sonorous tangle of a million varying timbres utterly inter-stitched vastly stirring and jubilant.

Disciplined patterns of intricate falling bits suddenly whirled by fan faring chaos:

    DISSONANCE...

    DISORDER...

    DERANGEMENT...

Again, the pressure of the happenstance was at work: through early impressions Bruce had begun to make of his mind the matrix of art. Not deliberately of course but through his attraction to color, through his knack of scribbling crude ideas of architecture, through his sensitivity to light and form, the actual textures, and suggestions, all unconscious his mind had fixed its own very definite likes and dislikes.

Discrimination, the keynote of art, had begun to shape his tastes through contingent circumstances (plus whatever undetermined heredity the process needs).

Chance solely.
One day the father decided foggily the boy must be disciplined so that his talents could be disciplined. Together they went without preamble into the offices of the town’s loading architects.

The father announced, not without pride: “M’boy has talent.” And Bruce, abashed at such introduction, stood in the sanctum of architectural mystery, the source of building. Judging, calculating eyes stared down upon him. Then the old man who guarded the precious passage to the drafting room said, “Bring some of your work.”

The next day several of the scrawled structures were tremulously unfolded before the appraisers. And miraculously (to him) Bruce was apprenticed on probation—depending on his progress or lack of it—to the architectural firm.

All this solely through happenstance.

They set him to work tracing, and tracing. For no reason except practice, soaking a familiarity with the medium and the ways of presentation. Old temples and antique buildings with plastered useless ornamentation and the stuffy Grecian elaborateness of columns and sculptured idiocies.

All this without question—though even at the time they seemed futile and lacking that vibrance which he dimly felt architecture could have, should have—hours and hours spent following those scrolls and mazes of frillwork.

At school (it was after school that he hurried down to his studios place at the crafting board) his expression found other ways of outlet. For the most part he liked to do poster work, always the pure play of design appealed to him rather than still life or life drawing or nature drawing.

For a while he refused to enter the art classes because he was not interested in doing the routinous things all art students must undergo. But having acquired a small reputation for his work up to that time, he was persuaded to enter the art classes on the condition that he could do anything he pleased and was not forced to take the regular courses.

The poster work seemed closer to him than any other expression. He carried it dangerously close to abstraction.

He began experimenting with angular colors, intersecting, clashing into one another, or matching and contrasting. Once in-a-while there would be one of these entirely compositional, without meaning except that the arrangement of colors pleased him.
And also, in the office of the architects he was learning about the skeleton of buildings, their internal organs, the struts and girders and slabs all having the very specific functions and usually concealed by masses of ornament or facading which were irrelevant to the nature of the building. Sometimes this worried him, at other times he accepted it with that assumption that he did not yet know all there was to be known about reasons for seeming peculiarities in the process of architecture.

In spare time he occasionally drew houses for his own amusement, constantly shifting his ideas, striving to make the operation of the structure to follow more closely the plan and the materials used in construction.

Understand this he occasionally drew houses for his own amusement, constantly shifting his ideas, striving to make the operation of the structure to follow more closely the plan and the materials used in construction.

Understand this was before so-called ‘modern’ architecture, at least before he knew anything about it. Hermetically isolated in the southwestern town to which no news or hint of any advanced work filtered, he was as cut off from influence of this sort as though in solitary confinement. Yet instinctively he uncovered a few of the salient points before he knew of their existence anywhere else.

For instance, one of these very early and adolescent buildings has plain surfaces outside and inside, the plan is comparatively spacious and seeking to include the whole interior of the house as one space, divided arbitrarily for privacy but capable of being thrown open as a single room if privacy was not desired.

And a note carefully advising is written on one side: NO MOLDING OR PROJECTIONS. Simplicity of design and simplicity of conception. And this was before any influence at all had come into his life.

Another draftsman in the office, seeing this plan said, “that looks like some of Wright’s crazy plans.”

Bruce was of course curious. Who was Wright? He had never heard of him.

One day a visitor from Chicago was able to supply information.

“Wright’s work is in Oak Park” he told Bruce.
Many architects and other artists fear originality because they don’t have it or suspect it is an easy trick to attract attention. They often believe that anything original lacks substance. Actually, nothing in art is strictly and completely original with its creator. He has been inspired by many things, past and present, sometimes imitating them but always eventually assimilating them if he is a real artist. He knows that imitation is a dead-end street and that when it comes — beauty goes. Much of what he works with is not of his own invention. He uses geometries, the origin of which are unknown, and also finds inspiration in the “free-forms” of nature. These sources belong to no man until he makes them his own in his individual and original works. The original works of others, the natures of materials, methods, principles, revelations of science, faith and more also gives him roots from which to grow; they are all grist for his mill and if he has inspiration, imagination, initiative, courage, and a balance of feeling and reason, all with dedication to his art. He will grow in his own original way. His works show originality naturally because he is naturally original, and they mean much more than being “novel”. Such an architect is in the great tradition of change and revolution. But often what seems to be revolution is, in a larger sense, evolution, and part of “the mainstream” of art after all!

Any genuine work of art is necessarily original. It is the first and last, of its kind, in the order of its existence. It has not been copied from anything and is produced for the first time with freshness and authority. We soon tire of novelty if it lacks depth and meaning. A truly original work has these and many more qualities; it is the result of a natural growth of ordered ideas. There is no beginning, for no one knows, even its creator, the many sources that nurtured in, and no one can know what’s ultimate effect, so it has no ending. It has emerged in the ever-continuous-present as a unique and valuable contribution to all men by man’s own creative spirit, if it has value. It will be timely and timeless, and it will also be both personal and impersonal, with its creator. If it is a masterpiece, its influence will continue with the histories of man’s achievements, and it will be treasured.

A masterpiece must be original, one-of-a-kind. It is the only work, even its creator’s output, which has grown in its own particular way. It has a new kind of beauty came about because it had to, full-strength, uncompromising, honest, and extending the horizons of the artist’s work, his art, and its benefits to all mankind. Moreover, a masterpiece must have the quality of surprise, to engage our attention, and of mystery to hold our interest. It must also be complete in itself with its own character of despair.
and order, no matter how “free” it may seem, we desire to enter into to inhabit any
great and original work of art—to possess it and to allow it to process us, be it literature,
painting, music, or architecture. This is why architecture is such a powerful art: we can
inhabit it physically as well as spiritually. Then architecture will escape the outside in
formalism, i.e., static regimentation of our steel and concrete frames with monotonous
“plug-in-systems” and resulting rhythmic sterility. Materials, methods, needs and
increased technological knowledge enable original architects to produce newly
beautiful structures of architecture as directly as the composers of music reaches us,
without performance or interpretation from others, via the new medium of electronic
music. This will allow the architect to see of and to realize his work, through [ ] such
process as crystallization or electro-magnetic attraction, which will have obsolete
present handicraft, machine methods, and “computeritis.” Exit the three and four-letter
big business boys’ firms in xxx and enter the creative, artists-science-architect-truly
original!

Whatever and whenever the means, the creative architect will be aware of subjecting
his works to a “personal style” or “[ ] mark”. His handwriting will have his own personal
characteristics, regardless of what he says, with it. What but what he is being is of much
more important and each of his works deserves to be calm its own form and style.
Therefore, each of his works will be original and collectively they will represent their
architect’s originality. Such an architect will not fear originality but will it xxx on it; he
cannot and will not imitate others or himself!
Protest for Architecture :: (1968)

Some Obstacles Hindering the Accomplishment of Architecture

1. Schools of Architecture

Theoretically, Architectural schools prepare students to become professional architects for the practice of Architecture. Their failure to do this presents one of the most difficult hurdles for the beginning architect to cope with. Formally, he had a choice between apprenticeship to a practicing architect, or of going to a school of his choice. Now license legislation usually denies him the apprentice route and insists that he received his degree from an “accredited” school of Architecture. A school is accredited, or not, by a visiting team of examiners made up mostly of members from other schools already safely accredited. The usual basis for accreditation consists of such matters as a “well balanced curriculum,” “proper student-teacher ratio,” “number of books in the library,” Number and rank, pedigrees, degrees, etc., of faculty members, square footage of faculty office areas, square footage of exhibition areas, school administration, relationship, financial budget, etc. etc. there is very little concern of what is taught and how, of which books are in the library, of what is exhibited, of the abilities of the teaching or the quality of teaching or the work done by the student so long as it seems to be in step with what the other schools are doing. Obviously, just because school is accredited does not mean it is good, or bad, but it is required. Their aim is to make sure that certain standards are met, and that the well-balanced curriculum produces a “well-rounded” student. So, the young man wishing to become an architect is forced to attend an accredited school if he expects to obtain a license necessary for the practice of Architecture. This would not be bad if the schools were good, but the student, if he has a mind of his own, soon finds that he is a victim of inorganic methods of education. Many of the schools openly admit that their purpose is not to recognize or encourage students own individuality, or potential, but rather that their job is to show him what he has to do and how he has to do it in order for him to be prepared to do “acceptable Architecture!” The student is regarded as a container into which a “prefab” and “ready-made” education is poured. The curriculum is loaded with many courses (packages) ostensibly “related” consuming hours and hours of time. There is hardly any coordination of the subjects they stretch out over five year’s students is free. Many of our schools are extending this time to six years, which will mean that the student will have at least eighteen years of school after preschool and that he will be at least twenty-four years old. He then is required to work in a practicing architects office for another three years, which, plus his military service three years, will make him thirty
years of age before he is ready to start to become an architect; this leaves him with very little time for Architecture.

The faculties of most schools of Architecture are made up of four general types: 1. the sincere and competent teacher capable of inspiring his students and helping them to liberate their imaginations. He is very much in the minority, popular with better students and unpopular with “the system” and other faculty members. 2. The old worn-out professor type, with education, disenchanted, and tired of students, striving to maintain his dignity and position within the establishment until the salvation of retirement. 3. The young, inbred fanatics who “know” the only way Architecture should be allowed to become. These men are out-of-school-into-teaching young, but old men who have usually escaped any actual contact with reality of the production of Architecture. They fear being “impractical” because they don’t know what “practical” means. Besides, they can threaten their students who show signs of life, with the word “impractical”. Such a teacher makes enough money in nine months to permit his three months of the year to loaf off or to soak up “cultural atmospheres”. In the meantime, he can practice being omnipotent, and by switching from school to school. He can rapidly climb the “rank” ladder to success, more money, and less teaching, until it is eventually possible for him to become head of the school…. Then retirement. As head of the school. He spends most of his time with administrative work…. Paperwork, reports, faculty meetings, committee meetings, conventions, etc. besides politicking to increase his status. He has hardly any contact with the students, and is seldom concerned about principles, directions, and Architecture. This leaves the “eager beavers” of the faculty free reign to impose their prejudices on the students…. And to tell them “what is what.”

The fourth type of faculty member is generally a “visiting professor”, “architect in residence” or a lecturer. The big schools pay them big money for the use of his name. One school pay such a famous name $35,000 a year so they can say he is head of their school. All he is required to do is to give the students. Two lectures per school year. Such big names attract students, but they are never integrated or coordinated any sort of school program…. Providing there is one!

Today there is a new academic eclecticism in our schools of Architecture masquerading as “Modern” or “Avant-garde” etc., even more deadly to the Future Architect and Architecture than the old academic eclecticism ever was. Formally, at least, the student who could choose which of the approved “historic styles” you wish to emulate, providing he did not have the audacity to attempt to use his own ideas. He
was told that art and Architecture died with the Greeks, Romans, Renaissance, Gothic, etc., anyway, it was “dead.” Now he is required to work in the “manner of” the current architect and go to school in the magazines, and he has still generally been to use his own ideas, especially in a have fire or life. He is warned that individualism is dead end of the dangers of being inspired by such questionable characters who practice it. As soon as they suspected Individual Architects die off, they are quickly relegated to the architectural history courses and their work is shown by innumerable slides. When these men were alive. They were branded as “romantics” a term meant to convey scorn and contempt….and “not of the mainstream.” After their death, if their work survives, they are known as “classics” and “part of the mainstream”. When will we ever learn that real Art is always done by “loners” and that their work is later swept along in the meanderings of the “mainstream”? The schools find them embarrassing and dangerous, for they have proven that Architecture comes not only from the head, the hands, and the heart, but from spirit as well.

The schools have fallen in with the “masses” in their war on individualism.... This is characteristic: they always follow more than daily! They forget that masses are really composed of individuals. Hence, our schools are demanding “teamwork” as replacement for individual effort. They quote the old saying that “two heads are better one”, forgetting that there is another old saying, “too many cooks spoil the broth.” Or “if you want a thing done by do-it-yourself”. What team ever compose a great piece of music, wrote a literary masterpiece, did a masterpiece of painting, or any other worthwhile creative act? Should Architecture be any less than art? Someone must have an idea to produce art of any kind of the matter how much help he needs to execute it. He must be directed through all processes of its growth until its actual realization.

It follows that since the schools believe the individual is no longer of consequence that his individual buildings are also taboo. Both the man and his works are labeled “exhibitionists, pre-Madonna, irrational, realistic, impractical and dangerous”. He is ridiculed and used as “a good example of a bad example of what happens when individualism runs rampant”.

The teams are assigned colossal problems, before they are able to do with building. Reams of research are done on “environments, urban developments, groups, complexes, costumes and entire cities.” The results and statistics are illustrated by “modern graphics” depicting charts, graphs, diagrams in colored inks showing traffic
patterns, blighted areas, “growth”, and “restrictions” all written in the new vocabulary and found with plastic covers and spiral binders into voluminous “reports.”

The bigger the report, the more the grade. Of course, it is easy for anonymous jury to grade such abstract teamwork. This relieves them of their responsibility to individuals. The schemes are mostly two-dimensional concept and more with “green areas” and plazas, preferably based on Italian models, thus demonstrating that “culture is not dead.” Later, the students become “environmental developers and planners” rather than just architects and they are eagerly sought by small towns wishing to obtain “status” by keeping up with other towns fortunate enough to employ. It’s the “in thing”!

They learn that harmony can only result from conformity...That only certain buildings deserve to be considered as “foreground” buildings. The others are “background” buildings. Who wants to do a background building…? To be a background person? The fear that nonconformity will result in chaos is given the lie by Nature. Nature is not afraid to have trees different heights in species together or of combining any and all forms of organic and inorganic matter into a great harmony. This is because things which are honestly and truly they are compatible with other things. Conformity can only result in regimentation and sterility. It is a retreat for those who don’t know what to do or how to do it.

The belief that everything has been done in Architecture that now all we have to do is to absorb it is stupid. We cannot afford to stop and rest now. All of the great work, which has been accomplished in Architecture, means of its accomplishment, is primitive in relation to what needs to be done part-time people and with our new materials and methods. The schools should be awakening our students to do all of this and exploring unchartered universes. We need new vocabularies of design, structure with greater range and sensitivity. We should understand Design scientifically rather than as a smorgasbord of clichés. Schools should encourage experimentation by the students and not trying to a is currently “being done outside” so that they will no longer be in fashion by the time the student is ready to practice. Students should learn to discipline their works as they are being grown.... Not before or afterwards. They should learn to be their own best critic for self-criticism is most valuable towards growth.

Raw talent is not rare. It should be cultivated in climates favorable to its development. There are too many casualties of creative spirits and our schools and people fooling with the Architecture who should not be. Very few master architects ever became so because of the schools. Go through survive did so in spite of. What can be done to
cure the sickness of education? It can only cure itself! Then, instead of being obstacle number one hindering the accomplishment of the students, it can be the very primary way means toward it.

2. Professionalism

Many architects today are representatives of our money mad materialism. The aim of establishing themselves as “big business”. We should have no quarrel with big business. If it produced big Architecture, but unfortunately, this is seldom the case. Only such firms composed of “teams” are allowed to do big works for government, civic and other large-scale pictures. Perhaps they are the only one set up to do them and their products are in “good taste” and innocuous enough to offend no one. Some of them are honest and admit that they are “in it for the money”, which is more commendable than those who have pretensions, and “public relations” publicity play is doing “masterworks of Architecture”. There is more Architecture and a small mausoleum or bank building by Sullivan than at all the mammoth productions put together by the three big letter firms! For all our mania for “biggest best” we have not yet produced a single large building, worthy of the name ARCHITECTURE; “teamwork” cannot produce. The field is wide open! Most architects want to do a “good” building in “good taste” with no surprises. They are afraid to make anyone mad. Glad to try to discourage clients who want unorthodox things. They have to think of their reputations! It is a case of nothing ventured, but everything gained, except Architecture. In spite of their professed “ethics” very few practices what they preach. One of them said: “ethics are what we hope the other fellow has”! Job chasing and the cutting continues to undermine the status of the architect as an honorable professional man of integrity. How can the public be convinced otherwise the architect is not offering it anything more than commercial designers, engineers, and advertising firms, etc. do? They take the same magazines and agree to… And also, claimed to “copy only the best”. The usual “architect” has lots of competition because there are so many like it, so he feels it is necessary to undersell in order to survive. Our Architectural Societies know this is going on. They look the other way and make little effort to discourage it. The same men are continually concerned with “how can we educate the public”. It does not seem to occur to them that the best way towards such an education of a not so “dumb” public is to demonstrate by performance that Architecture can mean more served better than “just building” can ever do, and that this can be done with no increase in budget. All of these tactics make it exceedingly difficult for the architect with principles and dedicated to Architecture. Is killing him, and it is killing Architecture.
He must continue to prove it anyway. He can that any building of any size, can and should be a work of Architecture rather than just a building. If enough of this is done by enough architect’s public will have understanding of confidence in professional architects, just as they have respect for professional men in medicine, law, education, etc. It is up to us!

3. Clients

Clients are often considered by architect’s obstacles in their way, and perhaps some of them are, but most of them can be worked with the architect does not try to work for them. He should never offer them warm Dover ideas nor show them more than one solution to their problems. Even though there are infinite solutions possible. This only confuses them, and usually results in a choice from each and in an architectural hash. Nor should we do free sketches or work without retainers. All business arrangements must be clear and professional.

The client has faith in him [architect]. Otherwise, he would not have contacted him. If the architect has enthusiasm and dedication for Architecture is usually contagious with the client, builder and all concerned. The public is more aware and interested in Architecture than ever before. They are constantly bombarded with newspaper articles, books, TV shows, exhibitions and lectures by architects and credits. They feel an increasing need for Architecture. Too bad there are more clients who want Architecture, then there are architects who can, or will, give it to them! Generally speaking, I cannot consider the Client as an obstacle to Architecture.

4. Builders

Most builders, like most architects, are profit oriented, which is no disgrace. If they do something for the profit. Fortunately, there are still too many keep up of builders who like to build. But too many of them and their subcontractors are interested only in barge jobs. They often shy away from “unusual” plans refused to figure or bid on them. The trade unions also cause complications too numerous to go into here. They tend to destroy the workmen’s individual efforts and initiative as well as good craftsmanship. We are in an ambiguous period of transition between handicrafts and the causation production of buildings. Ever rising costs of materials and labor costs the growing attitude of “why bother if it’s different” makes the obstacle of getting it built even greater. The architect must find the answers to this new materials, technologies, and production methods.
5. Financing

Most building loans are subject to either pay, government, or insurance company controls. While there is some broadening of policy by these organizations, there is still need for their conviction that good Architecture is good business and that a work of art increases in time. Therefore, it is a better investment than the standard product. The usual assumption is that the Client will lose his place after it is built, and “resale” is of paramount concern. The argument that an individual house, built for an individual client is useless to anyone else is false. It is true, there will not be as many buyers as there will be for the “conventional” building, but they will be better ones, for they will be willing to spend more to get more, particularly when it is so rare in Architecture. Besides, as we are all human beings, and have similar physical needs which must be accommodated in any building for similar purposes, and there are some of us with similar tastes. Some lending agencies will go along with something “new” certain extent, although the client is penalized for his wanting something different by being granted less alone. This pressure will become less is more good buildings are built. We must free ourselves from the stranglehold restrictions and rules that most government and insurance companies impose upon us. Until then, financing is definitely a severe obstacle, making it difficult to achieve Architecture.

6. Legalities

Architecture is now plagued with so many legal traps that one must employ a legal staff for self-protection, and to stay out of trouble. Relationships between the architect, client, builder, subcontractors, workmen, bonding, and finance companies as well as the general public are undermined by the contemporary lack of honesty, faith, and trust in each other. Some of this is aided and abetted by unscrupulous legal advisers who urge their clients to sue and to settle out of court, as this is most often the most probable way out for the Council. Many architects feel it is necessary to protect themselves with “professional insurance”, although this usually invites others to sue, knowing that the insurance can and will pay, even if the architect cannot. All of this discourages creative effort or taking any chances. This makes another hurdle for the architect jump. To do so, he must be willing and able to buy such protection.

7. Building Codes

Almost all contemporary building codes are obsolete. The original intention of protecting the public safety and health is commendable, but they have become infested with restrictions against certain materials and methods fostered by some trade
unions and manufacturers. They stand squarely united against new concepts and, in many cities, the only way towards overcoming such antiquated rules is by paying bribes to the "proper people" who have legal right to refuse permits. This is not done. Reforms are in order, so that such codes can assist rather than threaten architectural progress.

8. Site Restrictions

Now that we are becoming “more enlightened and cultured” we have many self-appointed guardians of the “public taste” for the “public good”. These persons have the legal right in many cases to decide if the building may or may not be built on a certain property, not only as to zoning restrictions, but to design as well. They are usually controlled by real estate developers so as to guarantee their other customers “harmonize with the community”. They interpret this as conformity and usually write such controls into the deeds. This applies to size, materials, colors, textures, roofs, and design in general. Fancy suburban developments are loaded with such restrictions. That is virtually impossible in most large cities to build anything but a real estate house. They determine what “styles” are acceptable. The current fashion is “Modified Mansard”! Urban areas have “Fine Arts commissions” which also “protect” the public taste. They make sure that statuary rather than sculpture abounds and that nothing “odd” or “strange” happens architecturally. If a client wishes to escape all of this, he decides to go outside the city, only to find that the real estate SARS have bought up a real property surrounding the city, for “future development”. If the client is hearty and persistent still wants to build something worthy of his needs, he must go out still further. But in order to escape such domination. He finds he’s too far from schools, shopping centers and churches. This is most discouraging to the client and his architect. This stranglehold must be broken!

9. Advertising

Advertising agencies can sell anything if it is pumped up with “sex” and “status” appeal. Through the mediums of television, radio, newspapers, magazines, billboards, and junk mail. The control our fashions, colors, appliances, building materials, entertainment, and even endanger the public health with unrelenting pressures. The new “gimmick” must make the last one obsolete. Our drugged and gullible public follow suit and buys. Our clients are seduced by all kinds of appliances materials and want them, whether they can afford them or not. We are constantly bombarded with “new models” and “anyone who is anyone must have this “. Cost of all this advertising is added onto the cost of what is advertising the public pays. After the client pays for
such “necessities” there is little left for Architecture. All of this is a nether menace to cope. Seemingly the only solution to this is for the public to realize how it is being controlled, but this and revolt are unlikely in the near future. We love it!

10. Publications & Critics

Other mass media, especially harmful to Architecture are the typical home builders for professional Architecture, magazines. They carefully avoid publishing creative or “controversial” work. If they do so at all. It is inadequately presented or with “tongue-in-cheek”. The emphasis in the home magazines is upon interior decoration with “landscaping” thrown in, and a “house-of-the-month” which is supposed to exemplify the current “trends”, but really is an aggregation of advertisements all shown in glowing “sexicolor”. They are full of “wife traps” that is gadgets to sell to the housewife who makes clippings of these and generally supplies their architect the same. So, people know what we want to include the same in his plans. They feel this is “personalizing” their home.

The professional magazines are just as bad. They show only a smattering of what they present and are always “plugging” for the “new brutalism”, the “new sensualism”, the “salt box”, and other catchy, general lease terms. They seem to feel that architectural criticism needs to be entertaining, clever, dreadfully intellectual, and devastating. There is very little constructive criticism. They usually criticize a work for what it is not instead of for what it is. They can sell the ripple roof, the grill, all the glass, the no class, at will. They rarely have the courage to present of freight Architecture to their subscribers. The editor of one of our national publications recently admitted that they felt “lucky if they could present one good issue year... The rest is controlled by our advertisers.... Who supports the magazine?”

Subscriptions will not support them, but they must have subscribers, even if they have to give them the magazine for free, in order to have enough names to interest their advertisers! These magazines and similar books are grist for the school-mills and show us what is “acceptable”. It is curious that with all of our publications, recordings, exhibitions, appreciation courses, reproductions, etc., through which we have access too much of the culture of the world, that we have so little time and exert so little effort to develop a culture of our own. Perhaps this is because we are too busy looking talking instead of doing... Or is it because too many of us are glued to the “boob-tube” (T.V.)? Or maybe the architects feel the pressures of these afore-mentioned obstacles,
and others, are insurmountable, and so why bother!? Must it get worse before it can get better?

**PROPHECY**

Sick as it is. This is no time for sorrow or surrender. The “obstacles” as presented here are not to be interpreted pessimistically; they are intended to be realistic appraisals of some of the conditions affecting Architecture today. “The Ideal is within us…. our condition is but the stuff we are to shape that same ideal out of” (Carlyle). It is a big and difficult task, and it will separate the boys from the men! Only the ever young in heart and with creative drive to master. Have not most of our greatest creative men and boys all their lives? The greatest hope is that the creative spirit in man is being constantly reborn and no matter how much is done to thwart and chill it by the “cultural lag” if persists and insists on being. Such youthful new growth will always find ways and means to overcome all obstacles and make Architecture more wonderful than it has ever been. Even our most daring concepts and imaginings will seem primitive by comparison. New thinking will verify that the reality of the building is not only in the space within, but in the space without and in the forms, materials, and time, which merge all. Architecture will continue to pull at its roots until it is no longer. It will become more athletic, without being musclebound. It will be brought into being without any of our known building processes by the architect himself, just as the composer of music and materializes music without interpreters, conductors, or performers. New flights of imagination will be liberated and there will be a new kind of mobile crystallization, completely flexible and free to change. The old frames hung by the precast units will die of their own monotony and sterility of rhythm and pass with the rigor mortis of boredom.

We will get over our sick is beautifully marvelous and imaginative environments, provided by our architects, and worthy of man. Utopian? Yes, and more, for even this will lead to many more wonderful “utopias” as man’s creative power in spirit grows for changing change. We are not afraid.

**BRUCE GOFF**

8-9-68
Each creative artist has the need and the right to be an individual. Each and every work he does has the need and right to be an individual work, and each and every one of his clients are individuals, or groups of individuals, in individual environments, requiring individual solutions to their needs. Then why this ever-increasing difficulty for individuals to survive and accomplish anything in our society? Society itself is made up as a collective of individuals, but generally it seeks security and fears change. The individual creative artists, in order to grow, feel the need for change; hence they are usually regarded by others as "loners" and "non-conformists", dangerous to society. We are expected to believe in the myth that only through conformity can we have harmony. That things must be "alike" so long as they are like what we think. "Differences" are taboo because they do not "conform". We know, though, that differences of many degrees are compatible in Nature. Who can say it is inharmonious? We used to be taught that only things considered consonant were in harmony and those considered dissonant were not. Now we regard dissonances as new consonances and part of the same thing, therefore they are harmonious. Thus, creative artists who are considered as dissonant in their own time are usually later understood as conforming with it. In the meantime, they must, as always, strive to exist and function through their works, but they must also continue to discover new horizons so that Culture can be a continuing thing of timely and timeless meaning, harmonious always.

Creative talent is not rare ... everyone is born with it in some form, but from the very first it is apt to be discouraged at home and at school. Both of these environments are usually dull and drab or ostentatious symbols of materialistic affluence and resultant "status". There is heavy emphasis on "more for less". The outdoors is becoming so polluted that we are losing all contact with Nature. We swim and exercise indoors in artificial climates. Artificial plastic plants, grass, trees, and flowers substitute for the real thing. Vandalism, crime, wars, and pro-tests surround us, and we strike for less work and more pay (with corresponding drops in quality,) so we can have more leisure. Leisure for what? For escape from these pressures ... via commercially controlled T.V., "souped-up" airconditioned sound- equipped-comfort-cars so we can escape our tract houses in suburbia and our apartments in "urbia". We drink and smoke and buy anything and everything pushed by the advertising agencies and crave "instant sex." Everywhere "head shrinkers" and doctors are getting richer. If all of this gets too boring, we can protest about something ... there is always something to protest about! Such an atmosphere is hardly conducive or stimulating towards doing creative thinking and
constructive work. The ugliness is hailed as a "New Beauty" in an endeavor to stress the conformity of it all. Recently we were expected to conform with "the establishments." Now we are expected to conform in being against them.

"Education" is not the least of our ills. From the very first we are taught that everything of importance has already been done, or is being done, so how can we have the effrontery to think that we can do anything. Teachers say openly: "We are not here to encourage your ideas we are here to tell you what has been done and what you have to do."

Schools of Architecture are also guilty of this. If the young creative artist has survived, in spite of his environment, and wishes to become an architect, he is required by the "Establishment of the Profession" and by Law to secure a degree from an accredited school of architecture; After 5 or 6 years of such torture he must have at least 3 more years of "experience" in a licensed architect's office before he is eligible to take his license examination to practice architecture. This means he has spent at least 18 years in school, 3 in office experience and 3 in military or anti-military service which makes him 29 or 30 years old before he can begin to be an architect: Even then, many realize they have not had proper training to do so and seek refuge in graduate school, teaching or in working for other architects.

The faculties of most of our architectural schools are loaded with such derailed architects, who, unable to face "outside conditions".... thus, fearing them, seek sanctuary in graduate schools or to remain in school as teachers insulated and safe from the world. Usually, they have built nothing of their own so they are immune from criticism on that score and tell the "boys" just how it should and must be done. Their advancement in rank and salary depends on their pedigree and how clever they are in "brown nosing" the administration. They might be called ineffectual intellectuals who, God-like, pose as experts and determine the destinies of their charges with a fanaticism never dreamed of by even the most conservative academicist of former days. Groups of such people who never had what it takes to become architects themselves, band together in "schools" to enlighten the young with their own prejudices and sophisticated scoffing of those who try in, and out of school, to be architects. Often, they are jealous of and envy their students for their enthusiasm and dedication, which they themselves sold out for security.

The curriculum of most architectural schools has "grown like topsy" and has been devised to comply with accreditation requirements for a so-called "well rounded
education”. Design classes still strive to keep up with the latest clichés and are eclectic as ever. Formerly they preached that art died with the Greeks, Romans, Gothic or Renaissance. Since, they have gone through many other eclectic epidemics such as "Court House Modern," "Paris 1925," "Streamlined Modern," "International Style" (Pipe cols. & rails, blank end walls, ribbon windows), "Brazil Builds (louvres)," "Stone Age (grilles)," "The New Brutalism," "The New Sensualism," "Extruded Brick Shafts," "Saw Tooth Shed Roofs", "Corduroy concrete," and "Less is More." That "More" was so "Less' that it became "Minimal and is now so near nothing that it is currently fashionable to have "Non-Architecture!" Many schools have dropped all pretense of teaching design as part of architecture and specialize in "Research Planning" and Individuals lose their identities in "Teams" and it is considered sinful to do individual buildings. Everyone has delusions of grandeur and concern themselves with vast "Complexes" and "Clusters" until they get "Clusterphobia." They never seem to get around to doing the buildings in these schemes ... only little blocks in big models and "Graphics" with endless research reports, all teamwork and bound in plastic. All architectural schools are not this bad. Some are worse, a few are better; But most or best I have heard students say about a school is "They leave you alone." Of course, one does not have to go to school to be left alone.

I contend that the majority of our architectural schools are not preparing their students to be architects, either in aesthetic or technical know-how, but rather as "Planners" (which the students call "map-making"). Thus, the Individual, the Individual work and the Individual client is negated. Unfortunately, the Artificial Institute of Appearances and other professional groups condone and sanction such goings-on and, even worse, are busier worrying about "Ethics" which they hope the other fellow has, as they cut fees and each other's throats to make the big money doing the big jobs; "Good fashionable buildings" instead of Architecture.

Recently the question has arisen in intellectual circles: "Is there an audience for architecture?" Actually, there are more who want it than there are architects who can give it to them. There is more public interest in architectural publications, exhibitions, lectures and architects and their works than ever before. There is also an ever-increasing number of creative young artists who wish to dedicate their lives to architecture as an art as well as a business and a profession. These needs must be satisfied and only architecture can satisfy them. If the schools and the profession continue to fail them ... something else will have to be done. Therein lies the hope and the promise. So, I have added some of my protests to others of the day, but I hasten to assure you that I am not pessimistic, but realistic about all of this and optimistic enough
to continue to strive to do my own thing in Architecture, for and with those who want it. Heroic? Not intentionally, nor half as "heroic" as the sterile, do-nothing critics strive to be by using the word as a term of scorn and contempt for those of us who are still trying to be Architects and to do Architecture.
Speech for Milwaukie Conference on American Architecture :: (1977)

That’s a hard act to follow. (David De Long’s introduction of me and my work)

I’m what you might call Prairie School based in some senses, and in other senses I’m a “black sheep.” I’ve never outgrown my loyalty to Mr. Wright and to Lloyd Wright. In fact, while we’re on that subject, I wish of his work. He wouldn’t approve of this, but you should see it. And I say that because it’s high time somebody knows that he’s not just “a chip off the old block, he’s a block himself!”

Ever since the first time that I heard the name of Frank Lloyd Wright it’s been very dear to me. And it’s rather unusual how I first heard it, and I think some of you know this story, but we’ll run the risk of repeating it again for those of you kid of 12 [and] I was put in to the office of Rush, Endicott, and Rush. I didn’t know at the time why, and I don’t know how it ever happened, but I had never even heard the word architecture or architect, but I’d been drawing, just flying around blind, you know, and my father took me downtown one day to apprentice me. I didn’t even know what he was up to. And he stopped a stranger on the street corner and said “Who’s the best architect in town? And the man just happened to know. Thank heavens! I might not be here today if he hadn’t. Our whole fate depends on such fragile chance. But, anyway, he not only knew who they were, but he knew where they operated, and so we went up to this office and it was the first time I’d ever been in an office building and being a country boy and playing in the woods up until then, I was scared to death. We walked down the hall and it seemed like it was a jail, with cells all along the side, and the typewriters clicking away, with the prisoners all working in there, and I thought, well whatever it is I don’t want it. And so, we went into this office and there was a very old gentleman sitting at the desk who looked kind of like Teddy Roosevelt’s would if he lived to be about 100, and he had a big mustache and big jowls, and he was sitting at this desk and he had palsy. His hands were shaking, his jowls were going up and down, and so I was terrified when he saw me, and even more when he yelled out, what do you want? I’m sure he didn’t think it was that loud. But my dad was not easily intimidated, and he had a few too many, so he said, “I want you to take this kid and made an architect out of him.” And the old man was sharp, any size up the situation and felt sorry for me, I guess, and he came over to the fence that separated his portion of the outer office. In those days they didn’t have a pretty secretary sitting out front right now. And this old man had retired, but he came down to sit at his desk and pass the time of day there. And he said, “So you want to be an architect, son?” And I said, well, I don’t know. And my dad says, sure he does, look here. Any pulled out some of these drawings. I didn’t
even know he had sake. I thought he’d throw them away. And the old man looked at them and said, “Well, you can be one. If you want to be. You have to want to.” And I didn’t know what he meant, then, but I certainly do now. But anyway, he said that I said, I don’t know. So, then he picked up an architect scale off his desk and said, “I tell you what you do. You come in after school tomorrow night and I’ll teach you how to read the architects’ scale.” I was actually 11, but almost 12. And so, he showed me this darn thing, and architects scale, which I’d never seen or heard of, and I thought if you’ve got to be an architect to learn how to read that I’m sunk. Because it was so different from rulers and tape measures and yardsticks, and that’s as far as my knowledge went on most things. In fact, it looked is terrifying to me as a “lipstick” does to most people. And I said, well, I don’t know. He said, “Well, you do that. You come up after school.”

I thought, by the next day my father would be good and sober and forget the whole thing anyway. And I had no intention of going back. But the next morning, he didn’t forget. He was sober but he didn’t forget. He said you go see that old man or don’t you come home. In those days. That was a severe thing to say, because no kid ever left home. Then, unless it was really drastic. Not like today. And so, I thought, well, I guess I had better go. When I did go up to see him, and he explained the architects scale to me, and even though he was being old, and going around the same territory more than once, I caught on pretty easily, and I thought that wasn’t too bad, and he told me I had to sit by his desk and learn the “fundamentals of architecture” by tracing some Greek orders! He didn’t tell me anything about them, why they were fundamental or anything like that, and up until then I did do my own thing, and here I was flying blind again. I didn’t really like the things, and I didn’t know why. But one of the reasons I didn’t like them was because I had to trace them on linen with each, and I never work before, and it was hot. We had no air conditioning in those days. I was having lots of trouble drawing, even though I started with the easier one. Then the Doric and I saved the Corinthian one till last, naturally. It had more cabbage on it.

After a while I was pretty disgusted with the whole thing, and I knew I was in the wrong place. And he had given me strict orders that I could never go into that door over there, opposite his desk, until he said I was ready. And then I noticed that all the action must be back there, because people were going back and forth plans and clients were going in and the old man would yell at them. “State your business!” And all that. And they all had to pass his mustard to get, but I never was low back there. And, incidentally, the door that went to “there,” I didn’t know it at the time, but it had too
little leaded glass panels at the top of the door that could have been designed by
Frank Lloyd Wright. They were, but I mean they were “in the manner of.” And that kind
of intrigued me in a way, I guess. But I couldn’t see through there, I wasn’t high
enough.

And so, I was destined to sit there and draw these orders to one day I got really fed up,
and the old man was out. The engineer of the firm was a younger, Mr. Endacott, and
he was going through the office, and he saw I looked detected, I suppose. And he
said, “What’s wrong with you?” I said, “I don’t like this stuff.” He said, “Well, what’re you
doing it for?” It was kind of the second question, and I said, “Because the old man told
me to.” He said, “Son, you’ll never get anywhere that way, why don’t you come in
here and see what’s going on now. What do you care about the Greek stuff?” I said,
“I don’t.” I didn’t then. I did later, but I didn’t then. So he took me back while the
action was, and they had about a dozen craftsman working, and he gave me a table
way in the back, where I had a bird’s eye view of the whole business that was going on.
When I said what do you want me to do? And he said, “design house.” That simple.
No program, just that. And I said, “what kind of house?” And he replied, “Make one
up.” So, I was as clean as a _________. I didn’t know anything. I never seen any house
up till then that I thought anyone sign. They didn’t look like it– not any I knew. And so, I
thought, well, Goff, what do you do? And so, I thought, well, I guess I’ll just have to do
something. I kind of like myself. So, without knowing any better, I did a house that have
a flat roof white eaves and paint casement windows together, and a low chimney.
These draftsmen got curious and finally they started coming over to see what this kid
was doing, and they said, “hey, come here, guys, we’ve got a Frank Lloyd Wright, Jr. in
here.” And I thought what in the world are they talking about? And so, they came
over and said, “Boy, you sure like that Wright stuff, don’t you? Is he your idol?” And I
said what are you talking about? And they said, “oh, come on, now, that’s where you
got it.” And I said got what? “Well, that house. That’s where you cribbed it, wasn’t it?”
And I said I don’t know; I don’t even know what you’re talking about. “You don’t give
us that.” So, I said, who is Frank Lloyd Wright, anyway? And they said, “Who is he, well,
he’s a freak, he is a nut.” And they had nothing good to say about him at all, you see,
and just ran him down something awful, and I didn’t know enough, I’d never even
heard of him before. And so, I said what do you mean he’s a freak? “Well, he has long
hair, and he wears corduroy suits and he’s a wow with the women, and all that, you
know.” And they were running him down in every way. And I thought, well, if he’s crazy
and they said he was weirdo too, you know, well I said if he’s crazy and all that, what’s
that make me, then, if this looks like him? And so, I thought well, I better do another house. So, this time I would come up with a low cable. I thought that would get me off the hook, whatever it was. But it still had white eaves and was predominantly horizontal and they said, “Boy, you can’t get away from that Wright stuff, can you?” And I said I wish you’d quit that. I don’t know what you’re talking about. And even the people coming in the office for manufacturing firms and all from Chicago would get curious to see what this kid was doing, and they come back and say, “boy, you’re a Frank Lloyd Wright boy, aren’t you?” And some of them didn’t have very good words to say about him, either. And all I heard was this kind of thing, no matter what I did. They were saying that.

Well, I didn’t know what to make it, and I didn’t know what to do about either, because they were all kind of ridiculing in their attitude, except Mr. Rush. He was the son of the old man out front, and he did all the planning and design. He never opened his mouth through any of this. He was kind of on the wry, quiet type, I would imagine, in a very hard worker, and he tended to business and got out his drawings and designs had a big cigar in his mouth. All of the time that dripped all over the drawings, but outside of that he didn’t say Harvey thing. He did say good morning to me that was about all. So, one day I was noticing that when he had anything to design. He looked in an old battered up magazine that he kept locked on the side of his desk. And it was in tatters. It would hardly hold together. It was all born and used, and I’ve often told people I don’t have any more ability than anybody else. If I more of anything. It’s just curiosity. I had plenty of that, and still have. Anyway, I kept wondering what this was because after he’d. This is a, and he’d always look around in a sort of funny way to be sure no one was watching, he put it back in the cabinet, lock the door, and he’d go back, and he’d just draw like mad, all charged up, you see. And I thought well, I wonder what’s making him so high about all of this. He really was getting something out of whatever it was. So, one day I watched my time and eventually they came when he went out to lunch and didn’t want. So little Brucey got into the jam. And I waited until everybody left and then I went over there, looked in the magic cabinet and at the magic magazine. And there was the first time ever saw anything to Frank Lloyd Wright. It was the March 1908 Architectural Record. And the whole issue was devoted to his work. A very good showing of it, a very fine article in the front called “In the Cause of Architecture.” I was just knocked out. The year was everything I liked already built! The nice drawings and things I’d never dreamed of myself, of course, but I mean it was just like entry and enchanted world that I wanted to be in, and I was so carried away. I got
to go to lunch, which was very unusual, so Mr. Rush came back in, looking at it, and I thought, ah-oh, ah-oh! Here’s where I get the gate, because I thought he didn’t want anyone to know about this, you see. But he just smiled and said, “I thought you’d find it suitably.” I think he planned it. But anyway, I said, who is this Frank Lloyd Wright, anyway? He said, “He and his teacher, Louis Sullivan, are the two greatest American architects.” And in 1916 not very many architects would have said that. I’m sorry, not very many would even today. But at that time, I was thinking of all the AIA boys and everybody with the licenses. And so, I was amazed and said, his opinion was diametrically opposed to this gaff I had been getting from the help. And I said, why do they make fun of him and ridicule him and all that? And he said, “Very simple, they’re stupid.” Very simple, they’re stupid, is what he said. Which is true. But I didn’t know how true. Then, but I was glad to hear them say it, anyway, I must admit, because I liked the stuff. So, from that day on I was a devout Wrightian. So, I borrowed the magazine, and it was my Bible for at least three years. I read it every day and thought about what it said, I got the message, even at my age I did get the idea that even though it inspired me and seemed beautiful to me, and all that, I should try to copy it in the “manner” of it. I wasn’t conscious of why, but I felt that I never get any place trying to copy, I can help you show the influence, naturally, and more and more of it was beginning to show in those early drawings that David DeLong showed you here.

And I studied the plans more than anything in the magazine, I mean I was intrigued with the plans very much, and how they work and all, and I thought I was going along in pretty good shape until another article came out by the master, and he was raising hell with the people who imitated. Well, I said that the manner of his work – this was in the Architectural Record – the manner of his work would be the most easily affected, the first thing that people may respond to, and other words. I don’t remember exactly now, but in other words, it was the principle of the most important, and not the men. And that he disliked people trying to imitate his forms, and bungle them, and he said, “Form, therefore, shall be the man. Leave his forms alone.” And I thought, oh, oh, he’s talking to guys like me. Because I’m all sunk with the start forms, you see, and I love them, and they seemed wonderful. And I thought, what he is talking about. If you don’t use those forms. What forms could you possibly use? In any way, this puzzled me a great deal, and I got the message, though, and from that time on I thought I’d better think about this now and see what other kind of forms there are.

And I began gradually to become conscious of other forms and other people doing work. About that time a very fine article on Mendelsohn came out in Dial magazine
and I got that and read it and looked at the pictures and they weren’t like right, but they had a lot of steam, and I was moved by, and I began to hear about other things, and see other things, and gradually. I even got a book by (I’d better cross myself) Corbu, Towards A New Architecture, and I thought it was strange that one of the buildings look like ships and airplanes, things, but anyway I read it, and I got the first set Bauhaus textbooks ever come out into the U. S. I heard about them and ordered them from Germany, and they told me it was the first set, into the U. S.

Well, I looked at that and that didn’t seem to appeal to me much, but I studied it anyway and I made a few exercises “in the manner of,” just to see if I could do it, and what kind of feeling it would have. Part of my growing pains, I knew they were. And I got over that an early age. And then, little by little, was becoming acquainted with other things, and I got more and more curious about Oriental architecture, pre-Columbian, and I liked what I saw of Egypt, and I read Washington Irving’s book on Alhambra, which I admired very much, and it was just a little bit at a time, you see, so gradually, I began to see that there were lots of ways to skin a cat, as they say. But I didn’t know my own way at all, so I went through all kinds of influences from architecture, i.e., browsed around and dug up. Some I liked a lot in semi-did it. I even liked native huts and that sort of thing. I was living in Tulsa; I thought the refineries were beautiful. That was before Pompidou. Anyway, I even trespassed one time to take photographs of some of the stills takes things they had around. I thought they were beautiful, and I was called into the office, and they took my camera, and they took all of my film, but I had 24 roles already in my pocket. So, I was really intrigued with those shapes, things in the oil field that were in use. And the derricks and all of that. The light metal construction, corrugated iron in these things. But at the same time a little bit later I saw house, and the picture was really no bigger than that, in a magazine of the Sowden house, by Lloyd Wright, and it was attributed to Frank Lloyd Wright under the caption. Well, I didn’t know the difference then, but it really got me. That’s Sowden house just hit me often hard. From that minor little picture. And then I thought, well, that’s certainly different from his other work, thinking it was Frank’s, you see, and still it was very beautiful. Then I saw another publication. Not long after the Sowden house in the Record, and this time it said Lloyd Wright. Well, I thought they’d forgot to put Frank on, you see. But anyway, it really intrigued me even more. The more he studied it and the more I looked at it. I thought this is great, and I found out that Lloyd was Frank Lloyd Wright’s son, and so then I wanted to know more about it, and little by little, once in a while, they publish something new. They publish the Samuel house, the beautiful one
with the stamped copper, and on a very difficult hillside, and a number of other things, and I remember particularly the Yucca Market in Los Angeles, and it was using very large sheets of plate glass with rather geometric forms, and corrugated sheet-metal, and I thought, this is wonderful, this man really knows what he’s doing, and each time it was a new statement and a different statement. It wasn’t just a whole bunch of them, all kind of in the same order, the same basic scheme, but it seemed like he was pulling a rabbit out of the hat each time. And I thought, I’ve got to know more about this man.

But I was so busy doing work for the office by, and of course transportation those days was very difficult from Oklahoma. There wasn’t even a paved road to Chicago then from there. No bus, no planes, or anything like now. So, I didn’t really get the void to a number of years later. Too much later. I wish I’d known him from then on, but I didn’t actually get to meet him until quite a while later and I am pleased to consider him one of my dearest friends, one I respect more than almost any architect I know, and I want to pay this tribute to him because I think that he helped more than any other one single thing in my life to make me realize that having these Wright beginnings didn’t necessarily mean a handicap to trying to keep from knowing, and that there was a great tool freedom. Once we understood more about organic architecture and developing your own feelings about it in your own way, and he’s been a very wonderful example to be still is. He still fresh and there’s more where that came from, believe me. So, I really admire you, very much.

And so, I’ve had a lot of influences in architecture, and I’m afraid many of them show. I use the word about style, as many people are, and I didn’t think I had any kind of style to my work, because I was too busy building, and I didn’t think enough about it first. But the more I thought about it, I thought here’s Sullivan, who has what you might call style you can recognize; no matter how different his work is it seems to have style. But I finally comforted myself by thinking style should, of each thing. Each thing should become its own style. And in these very early years. I also discovered a number of artists, like Klimt, the Austrian painter, and many of the modern Germans, and the expressionist architects, and the Dutch architects, in Amsterdam, particularly and Dudok, a little bit later, and all these people seem very exciting, interesting, and I also was reading so much, but I go without my luncheon to buy, of all magazines, Harper’s Bazaar. Not that I was the least bit interested in women’s fashions. It was a women’s magazine, a fashion magazine. But each issue had a marvelous cover design by Erté. I don’t know how many of you know him, but at that time he did to cover every month, and each
one was a beauty. And there was an article inside some marvelous pen and ink drawings, very simple, almost Beardsley-like drawings, but very different. One time I got to reading some of what he's written, and he was making a point (here he was writing in a fashion magazine, remember) that women's clothes should not be part of the fashion, they should be designed for the woman. According to her individual character and her own style. And I thought, now why couldn't house be that way? And isn't that better than to have a predetermined style of my own that I try to wish people? So, this was very helpful to me, even in that fashion. Since then, Erté has become very famous. He's about 85 now. Still living, and still very productive. When they had his big exhibit in New York a few years ago the Metropolitan Museum bought the whole exhibit en-toto. That's probably the only time that ever happened to one artist. And they have a marvelous collection of his work. I devise you to see it, it's worth it.

But other things were happening to me as well, and even though I lived in the “non-culture” area such as Oklahoma, where the “Okies” quote where the dustbowl, the grapes of wrath and all that were usually associated with where I lived, I was fortunate to be in Tulsa, where there was a lively spirit of growth, they didn’t care too much about whether it came from east that time. They do now, but they didn’t. So, they didn’t think we were blinded just because we were from the “uncultured land of the Indians.” I might add, too, that we migrated around. We were a very nomadic family. We lived in Oklahoma, and we booked Colorado, and back to Oklahoma so I was able to live in Indian towns where I was fascinated by the beauty of the Indian people. At that time, it was before they were getting drunk and being assimilated into the white race for head rights, you know, and the oil land, because they’d been given all this, or thinking it was the most worthless place in the US and then they found out it was very rich with lead and seek and oil. So, the trick was to try to get it back from the Indians and the easiest way was to get them drunk and varied. That was a bad way to get, but that was what was happening. But I did get used to color, you see. That place was so drab and so uninteresting, and I was really thirsty for something exotic. Something different. And probably this is why I always been this way. My immediate surroundings were so drab and interesting, and I see these Indians their pizza her beautiful black hair and their blankets, and all these things, and I thought, well, they look better than these white people. (I’d better cross myself again).

But anyway, these things were all contributing, and then high school. I bet or knew a friend of mine was a pianist, and a very good pianist, and he thought I should be
educated to music. Well picture the word “classic” to me – I’d had a little taste of “blood," you see, and the word “classic” brought out those aged Greek columns I’d had so much trouble with, and so I thought if it’s “classic” I don’t want anything to do with it. And so, I was very prejudice against anything that was “classic.” And he told me I should like it because it was “classical” music. He appointed himself to educate me in music. And the more you played of it, the more I disliked it. Because all he played Beethoven, Brahms, and a little bit of Listz, but not much. And I didn’t like it at all and he was very patient and he play it over and over for me, and the more he played it, I just got to where it was just like wallpaper to me. I didn’t like it at all, and I didn’t know why. He said, well, why don’t you like it? And I said because it’s always predictable, and I can always tell what’s coming next. Isn’t there any kind of music that has any kind of surprise of any kind, or imagination in it? I see imagination and rights work, Sullivan’s work, in Erté’s work, and all these artists, Klimt and all these boys. I was beginning to like, and I don’t hear any music that has that unit. There must be some music that has it. I didn’t know of any. I didn’t know what I was talking about, even.

But he bought the records of all the composers, which are for the pianist, more for the pianist and the composer. He was safe, then, because they just brought out the “warhorses” and there was no risk ball, generally speaking. But one day one of his favorite pianists was Alfred Corot, and he brought out a “lemon.” He brought out Ravel’s “Fountain,” and it was on one side of a 12” record. It cost $2.00. And so, he bought it. Not hearing it, because Corot played the record, you see, and he listened to it when he got all in. He could make head or tail of it because he’d been “educated” in music. And so, he didn’t respond, this was something that was clear out of his understanding, vocabulary, and all that. And he thought this would “get a rise” out of me and I really go wild. If he played that for me. He didn’t think I’d like it, you know, because he didn’t like it. But he brought it over to my house and put it on the phonograph and said here’s a piece played by Corot. It’s a piece called the “Fountain.” I don’t know what it’s about, but you listen. And the minute he started it. Same little thing happened that happened with the Wright magazine, there was a whole big, wonderful world opened up in this music really reach the immediately. And he didn’t know why or how. But it wasn’t chanting, it was imaginative, it was beautiful and wonderful to hear, and I couldn’t hear it enough. I bought the record, and I must’ve played it 50 times the first day and I just couldn’t get over it. It was wonderful. And so, I said who is this composer? Ravel, who is he? You know because he was a
musician, you see, and Ravel was still living. So, I thought anyone who could write that piece of music is somebody, and I’ve got to know who he is. (Still curious.) So, I said your teacher supposed to be the best musician in town, ask your teacher if he knows anything about him. So, he did, and the great piano teacher didn’t even know about him, either. This was getting tough, because here I just had to know this was. I went down to the library and look through the Hope etc. books called Groves Dictionary of Musicians and they’d a pretty good library in Tulsa, for some strange reason, for that time might be. But there wasn’t one blessed book had even a mention of Ravel in it. It’s hard to believe now, but at that time there wasn’t. And I thought something’s wrong. And I asked the librarian. I think I didn’t use the library much point, but I asked her what to do when you can’t find out about somebody, musician, or anybody, that’s not in the books. Where else could you find out about them? She said, “Have you looked in the magazine index?” And I said no, what’s that? So, she showed me how to use it all, she said, “Is he contemporary?” She mushroomed; she got it right away. And I said I don’t know whether he’s “contemporary” what. She says if he isn’t in any other books. There’s a chance he may be “contemporary.” And if he is he might be in one of the magazines so look at the index and see if you can find anything about him. I looked in the index very patiently about an article about that was entitled “Ravel, Imitator of Debussy.” And there was my “hero” being accused of intimidating some guy named Debussy that I never heard of either. And I asked my friend Ernest if he knew who Debussy was, and being a musician, he didn’t know. And so, I asked him to ask his teacher, and he didn’t know. So, they didn’t think he was “much”, or they would know better. You see, that was the attitude. So, I read the article and I didn’t like it at all, because the whole tone of the article was that he was just imitating Debussy. And I thought I don’t know, but this piece I heard is it imitating anybody. It’s something itself. I’m sure. And I didn’t have any knowledge of music didn’t have anything to paste on, but my own feeling. And the piece itself, you see. Then I got curious about who is this Debussy, you see, if Ravel is “Justin imitator” of him. He must really be something. So, the only way I could find out anything about him was to look through the record catalogs and there were three of them, Columbia, Brunswick, and Victor, each one about the size of the Schwann catalog now, and I found they didn’t list any composers. They listed only the names of pieces and performers. And you had to know the names of their music or the performers or some other way. There was no way you can go direct to find out a composer. That meant I had to look through every title and see if I could see in the fine print the word Debussy, and while I was at it. I was
looking for Ravel again, too. No Ravel, but eventually I found three pieces by Debussy listed, two of them on a 10” record and one on two sides of a 12” record. Remember, these were old acoustic, scratchy records. It’s a wonder. You could hear anything. Now you would think how you ever heard anything on them, but we didn’t know any better than. I didn’t like the old lady that ran the music store. She was part Indian, and they had these glass booths and you had to go in there, and she would let you handle a record. She put the record on the political realm. Once I and then you can often say, “do you want it or don’t you?” And I was intimidated by her manner, and so I didn’t want to buy this with that kind of atmosphere, so I went down my lunch several days and saved up enough money to buy these two records. One of them had the “Girl with the Flaxen Hair” and the other one was “Minstrels.” They were both on the same record. Then the other record was very mysterious. I couldn’t even pronounce any of the title, and I didn’t know what it meant. It was really the “Prelude to the Afternoon of the Faun.” And it was supposed to be by a full orchestra. Of course, in those days it was a far cry from any realistic recording of an orchestra. But now I thought this boy, if he’s better than Ravel, then I’m in for a real treat. And I sat down to hear the piano pieces first. And I had the strangest feeling – they had no immediate appeal to me like the “Fountain” did – and it was kind of tinkly and not a very good recording. Very nice interpretation, I found out later, but I didn’t know then. But that kind of tinkled along and sounded vague and they didn’t reach out and grab me. And I was worried about that. Here I had spent my money on it, you know, and I wasn’t getting any rapport with it at all. It was fate, and it seemed to go in one year. Write out the other, kind of like water through your hands, you know. And then I thought I’ll try the orchestra one and it was even more difficult. I wasn’t used to listening to orchestra all, and this was very mysterious sounding to be, but I couldn’t seem to take hold of it any place. And here I was with these three records, the Fountain in those two. So, I went back to familiar ground and played the Fountain once more. And I thought I don’t know when I’m getting. I just didn’t get anything out of the Debussy pieces, but I couldn’t ignore them, either. And I also have an investment in them, remember. So, I know if I’d heard them before. I thought I would have bought them. But I kept feeling that there was something there wasn’t getting, and the fault was mine, not the music, which is true. And so little by little I stayed with it, and every once in a while, I get to thinking I’d better hear those again. And so, I went back to my friend was most helpful, and he didn’t even want to like them understand them. So, I was on my own. But little by little they started sinking in. And then gradually other records, fortunately for me,
they were far and few between, so I’d a little time to kind of digest each one and I discovered other composers, of course, that I like very much, and I started reading about composers – Paul Rosenfeld’s articles on music, which were very intriguing, because he talked about the feelings of musicians in the music rather than the academics up there, you see, and that made me very curious to hear all kinds of people, contemporary music and very recent. So, I grew up with the record industry. But the funny thing that happened was my friend who is trying to get me interested in “classical” music got interested in modern music through me! And he wanted to be a composer there, and Stokowski played the “Three Units for Orchestra” that my friend Ernest Brooks wrote and dedicated to me for my birthday, and Stokowski had the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra play it on two broadcasts, and he repeated it each time he played it because they were short. And he advised the audience that if any of them were intimidated by modern music patiently. And a lot of them did, of course. But anyway, this was a very exciting world that opened up to me, too. And I’m talking that some length on it because I think it helped an awful lot to understand many things I needed to know, and particularly Debussy didn’t. And this man that I had so much trouble getting with at first soon became my main passion music, and still is. I like lots of music. Besides his, but I mean, his is still tops for me. And if I had to name one artist, no matter what he was, a painter or a sculptor, an architect, or what, as being what I thought was the finest artists in his mind and in his work, I’d have to name him. And this is come about from – let’s see, since 1920 – 57 years and I have listened to Debussy and I still like to listen to him, because he never gives up his secret and it’s always fresh. And no matter what other music I hear when I hear his again sounds new again. That’s why I am very fond of him. But I’m also more and more aware that he is a marvelous technician. They are still arguing about whether he was the end of the epoch or the beginning of another one, or just a pivot point, or what, you see, the “experts” are confused. Critics, of course, were abundant, and they were abundant in my work, and they were abundant in Wright’s work. And I read criticisms of his work and all kinds of artwork. And I soon learned not to take them too seriously, and Sibelius, you know, one time said, “no one ever erected a monument to a critic.” And I thought that was very true. Richard Strauss, slew them in “Heldenleben,” his tone poem called a hero’s life, about himself, you see, and how he triumphed over all his adversaries and enemies and everything else to become the supreme master he was in his own self-portrait. And so, lots of critics were making themselves heard. And Stravinsky, I read, said that “a work of art cannot be criticized. It is like the nose on your face.” And he also said, “Critics don’t
know 5% of what I know.” So, it seemed like no one seem to like them. And still, I think that there is a place for criticism. I think it has to be criticism that’s constructive and that criticizes the work on its own basis instead of on the basis of why it isn’t like something else, which is the usual approach. This is a good because it isn’t like something else! They don’t say it right out, but that’s what they’re doing.

Later I thought maybe my love for modern music and Balinese and Japanese music, and many other kinds had prejudiced me and maybe I’m missing something in the old “classics,” after all, I’d better find out. So, I got records of them I made myself listen to them. And I was particularly anxious to hear the Haydn so-called “surprise symphony,” because the audience always went to sleep in the middle movement, and probably would even today, and he wanted to jar them a little bit keep them awake, by putting in a court that was supposed be very daring in the slow movement, and so I thought well that sounds like a pretty good old boy, I want to hear that. And so, I got that and I played it and I knew the “surprise” was in the slow movement, and I played it all the way through, and I didn’t get surprised once, because I’d already been “surprise” by experts! And so, I thought I’ll keep trying, but really, I know they’re well, I know they’re fine and their masters, and I’m not trying to put anybody down, but to me they were not rewarding, and not necessary. To me, and so that’s – it’s like fish, I know they’re well to eat, but I can’t eat them, I’m allergic to them. So, I can’t say fish are no good to eat, of course, they are. And these men are great musicians, but they’re not my dish. But I was finding out my dish and lots of other ways. All the way along, and I still do, and I have – you outgrow some of them, and some of them you still like the fundamental reasons, other reasons, but I was very fortunate in my younger days. Not only discovering Mr. Wright, and he very kindly sent me his 2 Wasmuth portfolios when I was 12 years old, when I wrote to him and wanted to know what happened since 1908 and he said, “these were published in 1910 and would bring me two years to date.” And so, they did, in many ways. And the man that I was interested in from the Western Architect particularly was Alfonso Ianelli and Barry Byrne and their work together as well as Wright’s, of course, and so I thought if I ever get to Chicago I will meet Mr. Ianelli, and one day I noticed there was a strange looking man came into our office – (there were salesman lots of times), and by this time Mr. Rush turned over all the work. To me, of course you know he wanted to rest. And so, I became the designer and eventually a member of the firm. And he set out front. Then, his father had passed on by then, and he received the peddlers and all those people who keep it. And I noticed this rather Assyrian looking man came in – very jet-black eyes and beard and look like someone of
an Assyrian relief to me, and I supposed. He was a broad salesman! And I thought, Rush will take care of him, and I was busy on some drawings and design, but I noticed that Rush was spending an awful lot of time with him, when I thought my gosh, he must be buying a lot of works. But finally, Rush came to the door, and he said, "There's a friend of yours out here who wants to meet you." And I thought I don't know who he is, how could he be a friend of mine? And so, I went out there, much to my surprise, was Alfonso Iannelli, and my Chamber of Commerce building was just being finished then, and I was just out of high school, and it was a fourteen-story building. And Iannelli was in Tulsa on business, trying to drum up some statues for a Catholic Church somewhere, and he said he was on the way to the station to go back to Chicago and the taxi passed by this building. They were building that was almost finished. And he asked the taxi to stop, and he got out and went in and he asked to the architects were, and they told him, but they said, "There the architects, but the guy who designed it is just a kid," and he said, "What do you mean?" They said, "That's right, he's just a kid." So Iannelli found out where they were the came up to the office how he happened to do that. So here was to contact. I didn't know anyone who knew anything or anyone who could even talk about Klimt or Mendelsohn or Wright or anybody. And I knew he is done the sculpture on the Midway Gardens, and I was eager to know them. So, he was supposed to take the train out that afternoon he stayed three days. We had a marvelous time, and he was able marvelous man, and I'm sure Lloyd can attest to that because he introduces father to him, as he told you, in Los Angeles. So Iannelli invited me to Chicago, and I went up to see him. Not too long after that.

And then a little later. The next trip he took me up to meet Mr. Wright, which was the first time actually met him. We got along very nicely. Mr. Wright was very kind to me, and the first thing I notice was a portfolio of Klimt's work, Volume 1 on his desk. And I already mortgaged my soul to buy it for $90.00 and I had it down in Tulsa, you see, and I was so surprised to see that on his desk. I don't know why; I should have been. And so, I said, oh, I see you have the book on Klimt, and he gave me a real quick look and said, "Do you know Klimt?" And I said no, I don't know him, but I'm very interested in him, and I said you feel that he's had any influence on you? You know that old question people ask you. And he said, "Yes," and then he caught himself and he said, "Well, let's say I was refreshed by his." So, he was refreshed, and so was I. And I asked him about him, and he said he met Klimt when he was in Vienna, when he'd gone over for the Wasmuth portfolios, and Klimt had invited him out to his studio and he described him to me and he said, "He was the only one of those European painters worth a
damn." And that was his comment, then, and he said, "he’s marvelous," he was smart that he had designed himself – a very majestic man, his work was just unbelievable, and I wanted every painting myself, and the cheapest one was $300.00, and I didn’t even have three hundred cents.” And he said the best he could do was to get the portfolio, and I think Klimt gave him a little portrait, and so that was his account of Klimt, and he also described his garden; he said, "it was just a variety of flowers," and he said he “liked the way Klimt had planned the vines on his walls to get the same shakes, he had in his paintings, and that some of the rooms were painted orange and we shared our interest in Japanese art too. And so, there was another man who knew Klimt and I met Barry Byrne and he told me a lot of things about Mendelsohn and so did Iannelli, and their experiences with Wright, and so I had a marvelous contact here with the outside world, and also, I learned more about Lloyd too at that time, something about him, not much.

But the whole thing was kind of conspired to give me all kinds of influences. I probably had influences for the age she alley cat. But anyway, I think sometimes they show at first, and sometimes they don’t. Though we show with the cats, of course. But with me my whole life has been discovering one thing after another, and so the question comes up with all these loyalties I feel to all these great artists. I feel have either directed or indirectly help me, I finally got to meet Mendelsohn got to meet lots of great composers, and Varese was a good friend of mine and I of his, rather late in the game, but I did get to meet him. And I got to thinking with all these loyalties which I still have, probably always will, I have a need for loyalty to myself too, which I can’t put away. I can’t be satisfied with doing something in the feeling or man or somebody else, as much as I admire them, I have to do what comes naturally. One time I was showing Mr. Wright. Some of my work that had just been published. I wanted to go through it – it was in Baukunst. I believe at that time, and I was turning the pages, and all of them that he could see his influence in he liked. He said, “That’s a good thing, Bruce, you should pursue that a little further, you’ve got a hold of something there,” or something like that. All very kind remarks. And he turned the page and saw that house on the screen showed you a little while ago, that plastic transparent Garvey #1, and he kind of snorted and said, “what are you trying to do, Bruce, scare somebody?” And I said no, no more than you ever tried, Mr. Wright. He liked that, and he said, “well, Bruce, I guess, but do scare the hell out of them. Sometimes, don’t we?” But I don’t think he really liked it, but he was glad I would do it, and he knew that scaring people wasn’t my aim, I’m sure. It never was waiting. I get accused of it all the time, but it’s never the egg, it’s
the byproduct a lot of times. I think being loyal to oneself is indispensable. The matter how much you admire other people, the matter who you think is the greatest architect, that’s fine, and you should have some ideas on the subject. But when you go to do something you’re on your own, and I don’t think anyone can carry on a great architect’s work. Who could carry on Leonardo da Vinci’s work? No one. They said what they had to say, and they’ve opened up the gates for other people to say a lot, too. And I come to the belief that I must have this feeling of loyalty to oneself as well as to other people and sometimes I’m accused of being a traitor for this are called a “black sheep.” I don’t think we must be bound by loyalties that have become academic. In other words, if you know you could be loyal to Stravinsky’s “Rites of Spring,” but if that becomes academic, which it’s rapidly becoming, it’s a classic. Now, unfortunately, that’s usually when they put it on the shelf. That’s dead and buried. When it’s a classic. It should be, but that’s what usually happens. Now it’s, oh, there must be 24 recordings of it in Schwan’s catalog. And that’s the piece that rocked the world more than any single piece of music that was ever performed. In fact, caused a ride. The audience was throwing things at the orchestra and attacking dancers of the stage. One man said it was ten minutes before he realized that back it was beating on his head. And that this thing that causes such a shock doesn’t shock anyone anymore, except in Houston, or someplace where the modern avant-garde people have found out is supposed to be shocking, you see, after all these years. And so, we’ve been shocked so many ways it’s like someone comes on that stage. Suddenly through that door and shoots off again. We’d be startled or shocked, when we, but if you do that over and over and over. You’d finally get tired of. So, you can’t keep being shot. If you have to have more of it than that, that’s for sure. You can’t do it. They just for a caprice or whim unless you’re doing it for an exercise. I don’t think a serious work of art should ever be limited to that. But if you want to progress, it is useful never get what you’ve already done, since otherwise, you can go around in circles or hold inconsistent use. And so, you see, how are you going to progress unless you give up something or change something anyway.

Debussy has always been his own worst critic. He was always very unhappy. He felt many times that he was still living with an ideal he had lived too long. He felt it was time to have some new ideals, some new impetus, and some new discovery. And also, he said, “the struggle to surpass others is never really great if disassociated from a noble idea, surpassing oneself, though this involves the sacrifice of one’s cherished personality.” You see, he knew personality wasn’t in it, just as Mr. Wright knew it. People
mistake personality for individuality. Many times, in both of those do it, and many others do? So, I think a new perspective is of particular importance to anyone who wants to continue in creative output. And what are we going to do to get out of this mess.

Where in with all our great men who lived through this golden era that we’ve just been through? And, incidentally, I’m proud to say many great works of art were born the same year I was, in 1904, Debussy’s “La Mer,” the Larkin building, and all kinds of great things were happening. Besides me, of course. I didn’t know it at the time, but they weren’t there when I was old enough to begin to realize it. I thought this was just the beginning. Little did I know it was the ending of an epoch, and I thought weight till they see what’s coming? You know if this is all great. There’s so much that can still be done, and they haven’t seen or heard anything yet. But little by little. It’s become apparent that atrophy has set it, besides too much. Following, too much repetition, too much and was wondering without any principle or any idea and then the commercialism keeps swallowing us deeper and deeper and this is a situation that it doesn’t do any good to complain about, we all know it, we all know what a mess for him politically in business. Why, in every otherwise, and so I’ve been thinking more and more architecture has become the slave, of course, big business, and architects themselves are big business – that’s the way they get their jobs, by calling the client their best able to help them because they themselves are big business, and so what’s up?

We find that all these men that discovers so much in the past, including the great work of Gaudi, and he was late in my list of acquaintances with great people. And I discover him until quite late in my beginning, and I didn’t know what in the world to think that first – I saw only sensational newspaper articles about him – and finally again to develop a taste for him and one time in his later years this incident. I want to relate now – I got to thinking. I don’t think Mr. Wright would ever have much to say about Gaudi, but I’ll test them out and see. And so, one day I caught him on it, and I said Mr. Wright, what do you think of Gaudi? He said, “Gaudi who’s Gaudi?” And I said, oh, you know who Gaudi is – (he was contemporary with Wright, really) – and he said, “oh yes, he did that cathedral thing in Barcelona, didn’t he?” And I said yes, that’s the man. He said, “Architecture with a laxative!” So, I said is that your considered opinion, Mr. Wright? And he said, “I’m afraid it is,” and I said, you value Sullivan’s opinions, don’t you? In he said, “oh yes, he was a great mind, he had opinions, you know.” And he gave me a big sales pitch on Sullivan then there, and I said, you respect his opinions, Howdy Square what you said with what you said about him? He replied, “What did he say?” And I said when his work was first shown in the Western Architect in April 1919.
They asked members of big firms with big names in architecture of the day, but they thought of it, and of course the building was nowhere near the stage. It’s in now, enough as it was so you could kind of get the message. They all said partly the same thing, except one. Most of them agree that it was the work of a “lunatic,” or it was “insane,” or it was just “completely and abortion.” Or something like that. No one had a good word to say for it all except Sullivan, and he said, “It is poetry symbolized in stone, and the greatest flight of the creative spirit of our time.” Those were the exact words Sullivan said. And I asked. “Now, Mr. Wright, how do you square that with what you said?” And he answered, “Well, Bruce, in his later years master wasn’t always responsible for some of the things he said.” And so, when he said that I told him to watch out, or I will tell the boys that about you! And he said with a smile, “Well, perhaps.” So that was the story, but when I was asked to write a dedication for him in L’Architecture d’Aujourd’hui for an issue they were bringing out, I thought they’d be interested in his opinion, some of the European architects, some they might not know, and I quoted the story I just told you, little realizing how would come out in translation. And when I was in France in 1939. A number of the architects would get me off to the side and say, “we read your article out Wright, and we were very curious what he meant when you refer to this County business,” and I said what do you mean? And they said, “the way it comes out in translation is that his remark was ‘architecture with a suppository.’” They couldn’t figure out how that squared the building. So, I learned, and it’s very dangerous to be translated, and to stay away from puns like I’m prone to make, or double meeting words, or anything like that, because they don’t come out the right way. Anyway, as I was starting to stay when I recalled this. We been exposed to all sorts of things. We’ve been caressed and battered, and everything else in sound. We’ve been through all kinds of epidemics in architecture, and we been through “The New Sensualism,” “The New Brutalism,” “non-architecture,” and all those terms. They dig up for each time a new movement is supposed to be going on, we’ve dug back in the past great deal. Everything is an “Art Nouveau” as long as they can sell the books, you know, or it becomes “Art Deco,” and all these things fluctuate with many books until they exhaust the market, and then somebody has to figure out a new “style” to dig up. So we all get this propaganda and it’s possible now to hear almost any music from anywhere in the world of anytime; it is possible to read the original language or translations of very much literature, we never had such a feast around us that we didn’t need partake of, most of us, which can be so helpful to us in knowing about our work; if we do feast on that there comes a time, like Paul Dukas, the composer, said, “no, a
great deal but forget it when you go to do something,” and I think that’s very wise advice. I think the more you can take in the more you can put out, but you don’t put it out by translating it right away, you digest it, and it becomes part of you in a way you can’t find, and no one else can. That’s when it’s helping you. But here we are faced with what we are going to do. Where being priced out of the market. We can’t even build a little two-bit tract house anymore, there’s so much cost, and especially if we meet government requirements on energy-saving, and all that, what are we going to do?

Well, the only way I see it is to beat them at their own game. I’m too old to start, I guess, but I can advise young men in this way. I’d say learn all you can about technology and get to the point where you can develop ways of producing architecture in the most unusual, believable technology that our time can offer, in demand more than you can offer. You’ll get it. Just like in the old days, Beethoven’s piano was a dinky sounding affair, and he wanted more sound, and all, and they need a bigger piano for his music. Liszt particularly wanted to be more brilliant, so they had to make pianos more brilliant. Chopin wanted it more sensitive in pedaling, and so on, and they did that. There were no pianos like that. Chopin started. Debussy wanted it so delicate that you could caress the keys and barely touch them, as well as giving them a good whack once in a while. And then along comes Prokofiev and Bartok, and they wanted to pound on it and beat it up and it has to be able to take that, so they develop pianos that could take that. And Henry Cowell wanted to do this to it, and hit his fist on it, and put the strings, and they did that. You see, the panels have kept up, even Cage can put bolts and nuts and things in his pianos, and they still work. And in architecture is the same with materials. You have a problem that the manufacturer spends millions of dollars developing products that the architects are afraid to take a chance on. And they go by the Sweets catalogue, just like the Bible and graphic standards. And you’ve got to ask for more. It was a long time before you could even get a glass door without a frame on it, wasn’t it? And so, we got a long way to go just to get up with where we are. But music has often been prophetic, one of the first arts to be prophetic, always, if you’ll check. You’ll find any tremor that’s coming up in the big worldwide sense is felt through music. Almost always, before it happens. The “Right of Spring” was a beginning, before World War I, that came about in a chaotic time, it was chaotic. It was revolutionary, it was part of that thing that was in the air. And I think this — an artist somehow, a painter and a writer, and a musician, particularly — seem to be sensitive to this change of climate or different thing that’s going on. And it has been
met in music in this way. The same problem conference composer of music today. He wants to use a big orchestra. He was a demand more of the orchestra in technique performance. And still do you have any idea what it costs to rehearse an orchestra for one minute? I think its $2,000.00 or something like that – symphony orchestra. So, you can see if it’s a piece they have to rehearse the number of times, which they do in many of the scores, eating up a lot of money, and it is a feasible particularly with union rights and all these things, and so some of the composers are aware that this doesn’t make it possible for them to have any chance at all to have their work realized in their own lifetime, at least. And so, the electronic means at their disposal have become a blessing to them because they can communicate directly from them to you without a middleman or an interpreter, they can put on the take what they want you to hear and the way they want you to hear it and sounds that either have been heard or have never been hurt by men can be on those tapes. Which gives them a much wider range to discipline than they ever had with an orchestra. But the thing is some are just playing around, they discovered a new toy, and they can make different kinds of squawks and bleeps and things on them. Some of the hard rock people are always having it, too, but it’s in the hands of very fine composers, to like for instance here Henry is a fine composer, no matter what his medium would be, and he’s working very seriously with it and doing some masterpieces. Varese was the man who predicted this, and he was writing electronic music even before there was any means to perform it. You see, this is what I’m talking about, the means came with the need. And Varese didn’t live long enough to be able to realize it, but it’s available to younger composers now, and I’m not just talking science fiction, but I don’t think it’s unreasonable to expect that before long. Our transportation will be done through energizers in some form, which would certainly make a great difference in all sorts of things. Certainly, it would solve the traffic problem, wouldn’t it? And another thing, all this business about cars would be a thing of the past, like the horse and buggy is now. I think that’s going to make it possible to do a lot of things. And in this vein, I’d say we need new materials. We have too many materials that have to do piecemeal jobs on our buildings. You have this and you covered up with that, and then you have to cover that up with something else, and it becomes all a cover up job, you see. Or even if you’re trying to leave things exposed, it’s difficult with codes and all this, too. But I think that new materials will come about, so that in the end who wants to be an architect can compose with them directly. And this may be done in ways of controlling crystallization, molecular attraction, electronic magnetism, and in other ways that we don’t even
know about yet, but we will, that’s why thinker schools of architecture should be trying to look in this direction more instead of the bewailing the technology of the day. They can also be God-sends if someone creative knows how to use them, and I think it’s time credit people wake up and realize that this is the way out, and it’s wonderful and very inspiring and challenging the if it’s done with imagination and if it’s done with what you have to know anyway to be a really great artist. So, in this way, I’m living, or hoping, you might say. I don’t know as I’ll ever see it or realize it. But I think someday you’ll be able to compose buildings without going through all of the interpreters and all of the middlemen that you have now. And I think it will be done very quickly and also I think we want to expect all of our buildings to last forever. I think the Balinese have a wonderful idea when they say if the Temple starts to need repairs, abandonment, and build a new one, and let that one be a beautiful Road. We can’t do that. Where to tie with it being a classic, you see. We don’t believe in disposable architecture yet. And it’s healthy, because each generation gets to do their own, you see. And so, I think the generations, going to do their own. One way or another, and the computer boys, if they get a hold of it without any imagination, can make a pretty deadly thing of it, but if the boys with imagination, get busy and how to use these things, then I think we’ll have wonderful things that have never been seen on land or sea, and maybe other planets. I’m not trying to be science fiction now. I’m serious, I’m not kidding. And so, I have great hope for architecture if it can find new materials or new materials can be developed to allow this to happen. And I think it can be done, and there’s money to do it. If it can be worked with Wright.

I noticed that the curriculum, in the accredited schools must always be “balanced” as they say, and of course accredited schools are accredited by other schools that are accredited by other schools, so that form of incest, and so they all believe that you have to have the same things for all being “well-balanced,” whatever that is. That means that their “well-balanced,” and you have to be like them. The result is when you may have a course called “Milton 200,” which they all seem to think you should have, to be well-balanced. For supposing a geologist looks at this curriculum and says what’s wrong, this is a balance of all. Here you are working with the earth. You’re digging into it in your building. You tampering with it, your phone around with it, your use in stone, you’re using battles, minerals, and all sorts of forces of the earth, where you having anything about geology in your curriculum? There is not a blessed thing about geology in any school of architecture I’ve ever seen. And the same goes for astronomy. We’re talking about other. What are we going to do will get there? We don’t know beans.
about astronomy, most of us don’t. Well, these are examples of how unbalanced our curriculums are. And they may be very academic and very nice on paper, and very helpful even, for some of the nitty-gritty isn’t there. We’re not even learning the simplest ABCs of design in school. And I think this is just incredible. Here we are, supposed to be leading the great unwashed out here, you know. We don’t know about design. We don’t think of it in basic terms of all. When they say basic design of most schools, they say draw a rectangle so big by so big, put two horizontals and the vertical. That’s basic. Well, that’s something that took Mondrian his entire lifetime to arrive at. How are we going to be starting in as beginners and say that’s easy? This one gets an A in that one flunks. Just because the teacher might not like the way this one was done. I think we have to go deeper than that. That’s not the beginning at all. That’s a difficult problem. Why don’t we start at the beginning things that we should have had in kindergarten? We don’t even happen when we get to college? I agree students at Yale who could even draw, and they been in school seven years. Well, so what? You don’t have to draw, “computers are going to draw.” And they say, “Besides, I’m not going to do any drawing, I’m going to teach.” So, it’s a run around in lots of ways, but education is in a pretty sorry six, I think. And I’ve been connected with that enough still connected with it enough to know that. I had a chance to go to school when I was a young man. A wealthy family had no children and wanted to send me to MIT and then to the Beaux-Arts in Paris. And they said they would pay all my weight. They said, “We know your parents are able to do this, and we want to help you.” I had done some work for them. Previous to that and I asked the firm I was with if I should do it, and they said no. And some of them were school men, and I didn’t think I should either, but my parents were determined. I should, and I decided there were only two people I could trust, Sullivan and Wright. So, I wrote to both of them, and I stated the problem to Mr. Sullivan, asking what he would advise, and he wrote me back, “my dear young friend, I had precisely that same kind of education you speak up, and I spent my entire lifetime trying to the down, and I don’t see what anyone would want with it,” and he put his signature at the bottom. So that was good. Mr. Wright answered one single line, “if you want to lose Bruce Goff go to school.” Well, that was all I needed, so I wait those in front of my parents, and they didn’t know much about either one of them, but they knew I thought they were gods, so they agreed to let me off the hook. So, I’m still ignorant and I think I know more and more what Mr. Wright meant I don’t think people guess it, how often he said, “I’ve been struggling all my life to maintain my amateur status.” And you’ll remember when he got the A.I.A. Gold medal. He said something
to that effect. Not many people realize what he meant, because most people would say, "Lord, he's no amateur, that's for sure." But he wanted to believe he was. He wanted to believe that there was still a lot to do in what he should do, and Gertrude Stein said we begin again and again, and I think that's the secret. We have to keep beginning again and again. Besides, it's exciting to see people doing that and it's like they say the Irishman said, "The only reason to keep on living. See what in hell is coming next." And I think that's a good reason. Because there's something coming next, you can bank on it. Whether you like it or not, it's coming. And I realized, and all through these reflections, all through my exposures and all through my interest and I have to walk my own way. I now weight, and that I don't belong to anything.

I can't be a joiner to any business club or the Chamber of Commerce, the A.I.A. or anything else that has joint activity that way. But I think that the best policy for me, and I'm not recommending this for anyone else, but I found it out for myself, is what Kipling wrote in the Jungle Book someplace, he said, "for I am the cat who walks by myself, and all places are alike to be." And that's me.

Thank you.
Coda: As an Architect :: (1978)

I do not solicit clients. They choose to come to me as they would to any professional man for specific professional services.

I do not work for clients … I work with them. There has never been a building built before by anyone else or myself that my client should have; we must work it out together. I forget what other architects and I have previously done so we can start as freshly as possible.

I must be sensitive to my client’s needs, wants and budget. I do not build upon a site … I build with it as part of its region, climate, and environment. I must be free from narrow-minded prejudices regarding materials, methods, colors, textures, forms, ornament, structure, and spatial determinates; all such aesthetic and utilitarian matters as felt and understood by the clients and myself must be freely disciplined by me, as an architect, into a grammar from which will be composed the whole complete architectural concept. There shall be no starting with a predetermined over-all shape or form in mind; no subdividing of it into rooms cluttered with furnishings … with the clients and their lives squeezed and compressed within. This is usual and as usual is no more than the usual container for the use of humans! Rather, the whole thing will start with accommodating people and their ways of life and will grow organically from within outward thus becoming its own shapes and forms.

If I give the client only what he asks for, he may be temporarily satisfied with it for a while, but eventually he will just get used to it. As an architect I should give him what he wants … and more! If it is a work of architecture, the client will continue to grow aesthetically in such an environment … therefore there must be a continuing surprise and mystery beyond what he initially understood to hold his interest and to be a continuing, rewarding setting for his lifetime.

Architecture is the only art which we can actually physically inhabit! It is often our desire to enter or take part in a work of art in order to make it ours. Thus, in literature we involve ourselves with it while we read … in music we must participate in it, as we listen, if we are to understand it. More and more we like sculpture to be large enough so we can be spatially involved with it. We project ourselves imaginatively into paintings and other visual arts. We can be happy adapting ourselves to pre-existent art works, but those created for and with us as a part of them seem most alive and vital to us.

As an architect I know that technology and superb building techniques are necessarily a part of all of this, and we must be more aware of the ones we already have and of
those new ones we need. But good building, in itself is not enough to be called good architecture. However, architecture is good building plus!

An architect’s works are personal and impersonal ... timely and timeless. Having a license to practice does not mean, in itself, one is an architect any more than having a driver’s license means one is a good driver. This is what separates the boys from the men. The real architects are the young ones, regardless of age, with continuing enthusiasm, imagination, industry, inventiveness, curiosity, and dedication to architecture for all people as their reason for being.

Anything needing to be built, small or large, simple, or complex should and can be architecture. We have many more people wanting this than we have architects able to supply their demands. We must never forget that architecture is for all of us.

As an architect, I know that our works often make some people mad and some glad. The creative young are intrigued, inspired, and stimulated by them as are those who use them. By such examples we continue to renew faith in the creative spirit and its potentials. Thus, we are also teachers but not academic.

I have never sought publication or publicity, preferring to let the work earn this for itself if it is worthy, and so I too continue to ‘maintain my amateur standing’ as a beginner, beginning again and again in the continuous present.

Bruce Goff, April 1978

WITH CONTINUING THANKS TO:

The Yellowstone Art Center, Delton and Janet Ludwig, Wayne and Pat Gustafson, and friends Ruth and Quintin Blair for sponsoring and making possible this exhibition and publication.

The many apprentices and students, past and present for their continuing assistance in my office and as friends, too numerous to mention here, they are all being remembered in my ‘Life Story’.

To my many clients who are still friends and to the great creative spirits of the past and present who have taught me so much through their works and lives, all also to be remembered in my ‘Life Story’.
In terms of the library, this is how I found it on the AIC Goff Archives website that is available to the public, AIC Goff Archives - Finding Aid.
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<th>Author</th>
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<tr>
<td>Surrealism</td>
<td>Uwe Schneede</td>
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<td>Green Tigers Compendium of Images</td>
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<td>Bali R. Goris Government of the Republic of Indonesia</td>
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<td>Ludwig Bachhofer</td>
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<td>Japanese Paintings, Pictures of Flowers and Birds</td>
<td>Kwatei Tai</td>
<td>Tokyo, Honcho Dori Sanchomo</td>
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<td>Art Nouveau-Jugendstil</td>
<td>Robert Schmutzler</td>
<td>Stuttgart, Verlag Gerd Hatje</td>
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<td>Seurat</td>
<td>Roger Fry</td>
<td>London, Phaidon</td>
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<td>Klimt</td>
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<td>Southwest Indian Ceremonials</td>
<td>Tom Bahti</td>
<td>Las Vegas, KC Publications</td>
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<td>Berlin, Der Kunsthalle zukiel</td>
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<td>Gauguin</td>
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<td>London, Spring Books</td>
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<td>Japanese Screen-Printing</td>
<td>Basil Gray</td>
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<td>Alphonse Mucha</td>
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<td>As I See</td>
<td>Boris Artzybashoff</td>
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<td>Modern Austrian Art</td>
<td>Kristian Sotriffer</td>
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<td>Turner Imagination and Reality</td>
<td>Lawrence Gowing</td>
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<td>Collected Drawings of Aubrey Beardsley</td>
<td>Bruce Harris</td>
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822. Sculpture Gio Pomodoro 1969
823. Nathan Oliveira 1965
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825. Sculpture, Paintings, and Drawings Julio Gonzalez 1965
826. An exhibition of sculpture and drawings by Gaston Lachaise 1969
827. Gaston Lachaise Sculpture and Drawings 1965
828. Harry Kramer Sculptures, Objects, Films 1966
829. Recent Paintings by James Weeks 1967
830. New Paintings James Gill 1968-69
831. Leaf Paintings by James Jarvaise 1967
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Goff and Brooks, “The System of Dr. Tarr and Professor Fether: A Musical Drama in Three Scenes, ‘from Edgar Allen Poe’s Story.””


Monsieur Maillard is also “the originator of the system” in the original Poe story.

Mam’selle Eugénie Salsafette is a “beautiful and painfully modest young lady” in the original Poe story.


Mardrus, Carré, and Racim, 1001 Nights; E Powys Mathers, The Book of The Thousand Nights and One Night.

Wali, a character in the original story, is an Arabic word (Arabic: وَلِيّ waliy; plural أَوْلِيَاءʾ awliyāʾ) whose literal meanings include “master”, “authority”, “custodian”, “protector”, and “friend”. Hans Wehr, Arabic Almanac, v6.1, 1289, http://ejtaal.net/aa/readme.html.

Kadi, also a character in the original story, is an Arabic word (Arabic: قاضٍ qāḍī; Turkish: kadi) was an official in the Ottoman Empire. The term kadi refers to judges who preside over matters in accordance with Islamic law, but in the Ottoman Empire, the kadi also became a crucial part of the central authority’s administrative hierarchy.

Wazir, also a character in the original story, is a high-ranking political advisor or minister.

Sultan, also a character in the original story. (/ˈsʊlən/; Arabic: سلطان sulṭān, pronounced [sulˈθaːn, solˈθaːn]) is a position with several historical meanings. Originally, it was an Arabic abstract noun meaning "strength", "authority", "rulership", derived from the verbal noun سلطة sulṭah, meaning “authority” or “power”.


Jorge Agustín Nicolás Ruiz de Santayana y Borrás, known in English as George Santayana (1863-1952), was a Spanish philosopher, essayist, poet, and novelist.

Modest Mussorgsky (1839-1881) was a Russian composer.

Robert Schumann (1810-1856) was a German composer, pianist, and music critic.

Carlyle Ferren MacIntyre (1890-1967) was an American poet, known for his poetry translations of Baudelaire, Verlaine, George, Goethe, and Rilke.

John Crowe Ransom (1888-1974) was an American educator, scholar, literary critic, poet, essayist, and editor.

Frank Lloyd Wright (1867-1959) was an American architect, designer, writer, and educator.

Charles-Édouard Jeanneret (1887-1965), known as Le Corbusier, was a Swiss-French architect, designer, painter, urban planner, and writer.

Louis Henry Sullivan (1856-1924) was an American architect.

Erich Mendelsohn (1887-1953) was a German architect.

Eugène Henri Paul Gauguin (1848-1903) was a French Post-Impressionist artist.

Samuel Langhorne Clemens (1835-1910), known by his pen name Mark Twain, was an American writer, humorist, entrepreneur, publisher, and lecturer.

François-Marie Arouet (1694-1778), known by his nom de plume Voltaire, was a French Enlightenment writer, historian, and philosopher.
Achille Claude Debussy (1862-1918) was a French composer. Six sonatas for various instruments (Six sonates pour divers instruments). https://www.classicalconnect.com/Cello_Music/Debussy/Sonata_for_Cello/845. Only three of the six sonatas were completed because of the composer’s death in 1918. Goff is possibly referring to Riccardo Eugenio Drigo (1846-1930), an Italian composer of ballet music and Italian opera, a theatrical conductor, and a pianist. He held a long career as the kapellmeister (Master of the Chapel Choir) and Director of Music of the Imperial Ballet of Saint Petersburg, Russia.

Dame Edith Louisa Sitwell, DBE (1887-1964) was a British poet and critic and the eldest of the three literary Sitwells (Osbert Sitwell and Sacheverell Sitwell), who formed an identifiable literary and artistic clique around themselves in London in the period approximately from 1916 to 1930. Gustav Theodore Holst (1874-1934) was an English composer, arranger, and teacher. He is best known for his orchestral suite The Planets.


Ernest Schelling (1876-1939) was an American pianist, composer, conductor, and music director. His most popular work was A Victory Ball, a symphonic poem for orchestra based on an anti-war poem by Alfred Noyes (1880-1958), an English poet.

John Alden Carpenter (1876-1951) was an American composer.

Henry Eichheim (1870-1942) was an American composer, conductor, violinist, organologist, and ethnomusicologist.

Hans-Werner Janssen (1899-1990) was an American conductor and composer of classical music and film scores.

Leo Sowerby (1895-1968) was an American composer.

David W. Guion (1892-1981) was an American, Texan composer best known for his arrangements of cowboy tunes, African American Spirituals, and original compositions often inspired by the soundscape of west Texas.

Joseph Deems Taylor (1885-1966) was an American music critic, composer, and promoter of classical music.

George Gershwin (1898-1937) was an American pianist and composer.


Heinz Tiessen (1887-1971) was a German composer. 1914-1915: Amsel-Septett (“Blackbird Septet”).

Johann Eduard Erdmann (1805-1892) was a German religious pastor, historian of philosopher, and historian of religion.

Wilhelm Grosz (1894-1939) was an Austrian composer, conductor, and pianist.

Ernst Krenek (1900-1991) was an Austrian, later American, composer of Czech origin. 1925-1926: Jonny spielt auf (“Jonny Strikes Up”) is a German-language opera in 2 acts.

Pablo Abrahm Dukas (1865-1935) was a French composer, critic, scholar, and teacher. 1899-1906, 1907 premiere: Ariane et Barbe-bleue (“Ariadne and Bluebeard”) is an opera in three acts.

Pierio Coppola (1888-1971) was an Italian conductor, composer, and pianist.

Albert Charles Paul Marie Roussel (1869-1937) was a French composer. Sarabande (1927). Jazz dans le nuit (“Jazz in the night”).

André Caplet (1878-1925) was French composer and conductor.

Florent Schmitt (1870-1958) was a French composer.

Alexander Nikolayevich Scriabin (1872-1915) was a Russian composer and conductor.
Alexander Porfiryevich Borodin (1833-1887) was a Russian composer and chemist. Prince Igor is an opera in four acts adapted from the Ancient Russian epic The Lay of Igor's Host.


Bold text is by this author. Two of four drawings are included here.


Bruce Goff, “Painting” (Typescript photocopy, c 1957), Series V, Box FF 1.12, Ryerson and Burnham Archives, Ryerson and Burnham Libraries, The Art Institute of Chicago, Chicago, IL 60603, http://www.artic.edu/research/archival-collections.


Nicolas Slonimsky (1894-1995), born Nikolai Leonidovich Slonimskiy was a Russian-born American conductor, pianist, composer, author, and lexicographer.

Goff, “Finding Aid, 1995,” 1967. Richard San Jule, a friend of Goff, has been credited with this essay. Considering the tone and style, I am convinced it was written by Goff.

Goff is referring to Alfonso Iannelli.


Goff, “A Young Architect’s Protest for Architecture.”


Willem Marinus Dudok (1884-1974) was a Dutch modernist architect.

Goff, Architecture.
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Dianna Everett, Research Associate, Oklahoma State Historic Preservation Office. “National Register Nomination: Boston Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church.” National Register of Historic Places Registration. United States Department of the


Greene, Herb. Conversation about Bruce Goff. Telephone, November 2011.


