AN APPALACHIAN ARCHITECTURE

by

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MASTER OF ARCHITECTURE

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No poet, no artist of any art, has his complete meaning alone.

The progress of an artist is a continual self-sacrifice a continual extinction of personality.

We shall often find that not only the best. But the most individual part of an artist's work may be those in which his ancestors assert their immortality most vigorously.

Tradition is a matter of great significance. It cannot be inherited, and if you want it you must obtain it by great labor. It involves in the first place the historical sense.

A sense of the timeless as well as of the temporal and of the timeless and the temporal together. This is what makes the artist most acutely conscious of his place in time, of his own contemporaneity. The difference between the present and the past is that the conscious present is an awareness of the past in a way and to an extent which the past's awareness of itself cannot show.

Fragments from 'Tradition and the Individual Talent' by T.S. Eliot.
The vacant house and barn and sheds sit scattered through the hollow within this silence traces remain like the many small secrets of those who brought into the light these works of wood and stone and time
here stones are gathered, not quarried
they are broken and not cut
the stones belong to the ground
they are the ground ordered to receive the sill
they are the foundation wall, the pier and chimney
it is patience and not craft that assembles these stones
these stones are stacked, not laid
form and dimension are determined by stone
mortar plays the smallest part
roughsawn lumber has three surfaces,
a surface of color
another of grain
and one made by the saw tooth
time changes each of these
in color fresh lumber greys to black
grain and saw marks are in opposition
saw marks are eroded by time
and grain is enhanced by the wasps' craft.
There is the need
To shelter and protect
But when the hand makes things
To hold the eye
A new voice is heard
The porch invites the road
A craftsman leaves his mark
Strangers are warned
And family remembered
A single ray of light that shines through an opening in a place will cast an image of that opening on a second plane.

This is a beautiful thing.

But, if the image falls again through the second plane and onto a third plane, and if the light source is moving sunlight, then there is magic.

As the image moves across the second plane, it gives light a beginning, middle and end.

It gives a measure of time in days and seasons. When it falls through the opening in the second plane and strikes the third, it gives a moment to time and space.

That is the magic.
dogwoods don't like to be alone
yet enjoy the company of maples, oaks, walnuts
and chestnuts
the oaks and maples can stand alone but like the forest best
the willow prefers his own place
his own soil
his own water
the pines find their place on north slopes
their smell,
their sound in the wind,
footsteps on needles
their light
that is their part of the forest
cedars live on the leading edge,
yet are the soldiers of the forest,
their beauty is in age not in youth
the deer like their cover
the locust is not popular in the forest
they leaf last and fall first
they break under ice and wind
they creep along old fence lines
their fate is the fence
SOUTH AND EAST ELEVATIONS
SECOND FLOOR PLAN AND DETAILS
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