

Arcade

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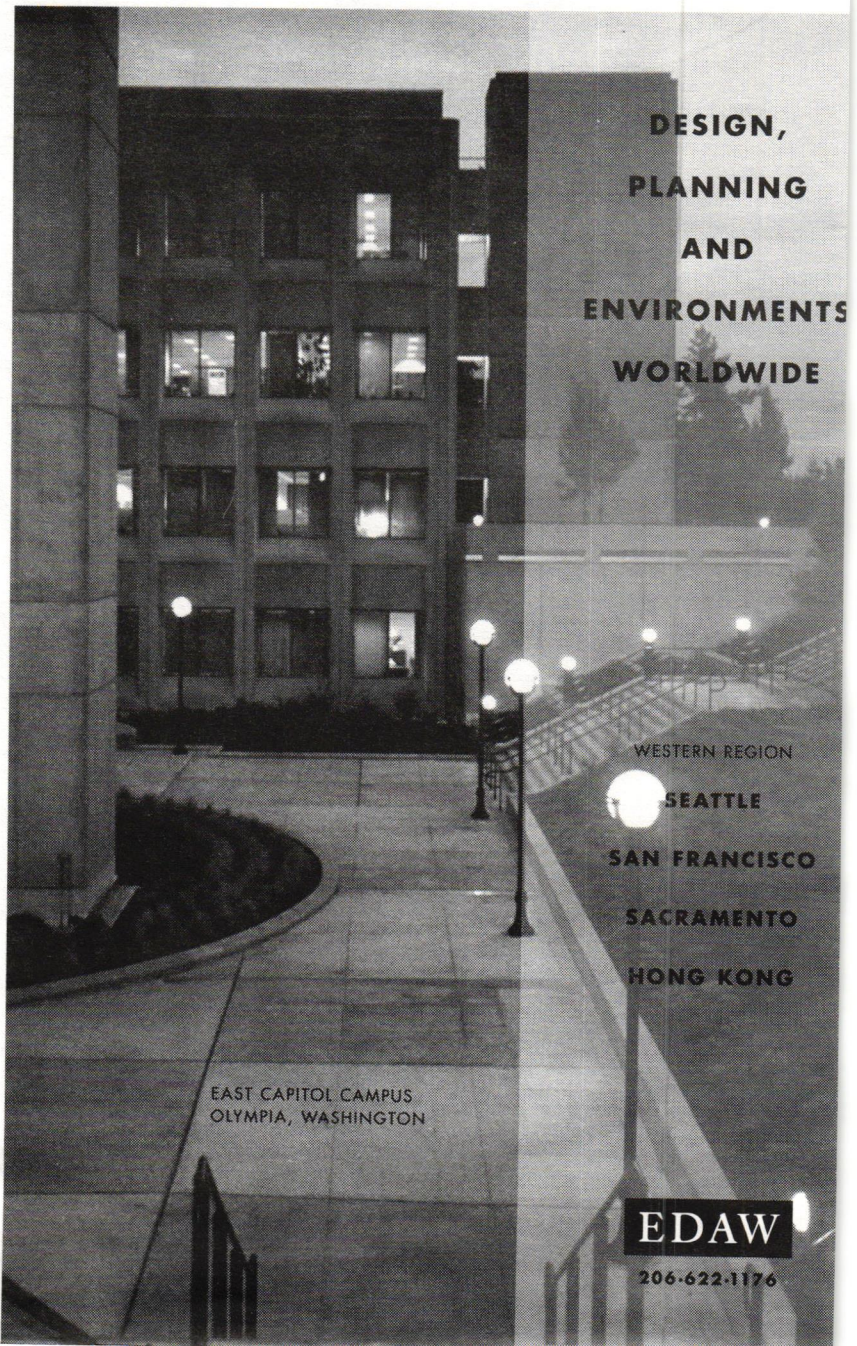
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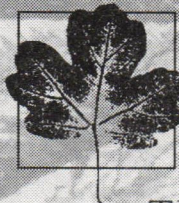


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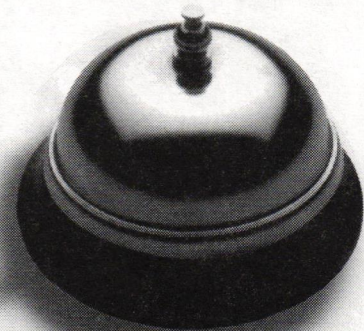
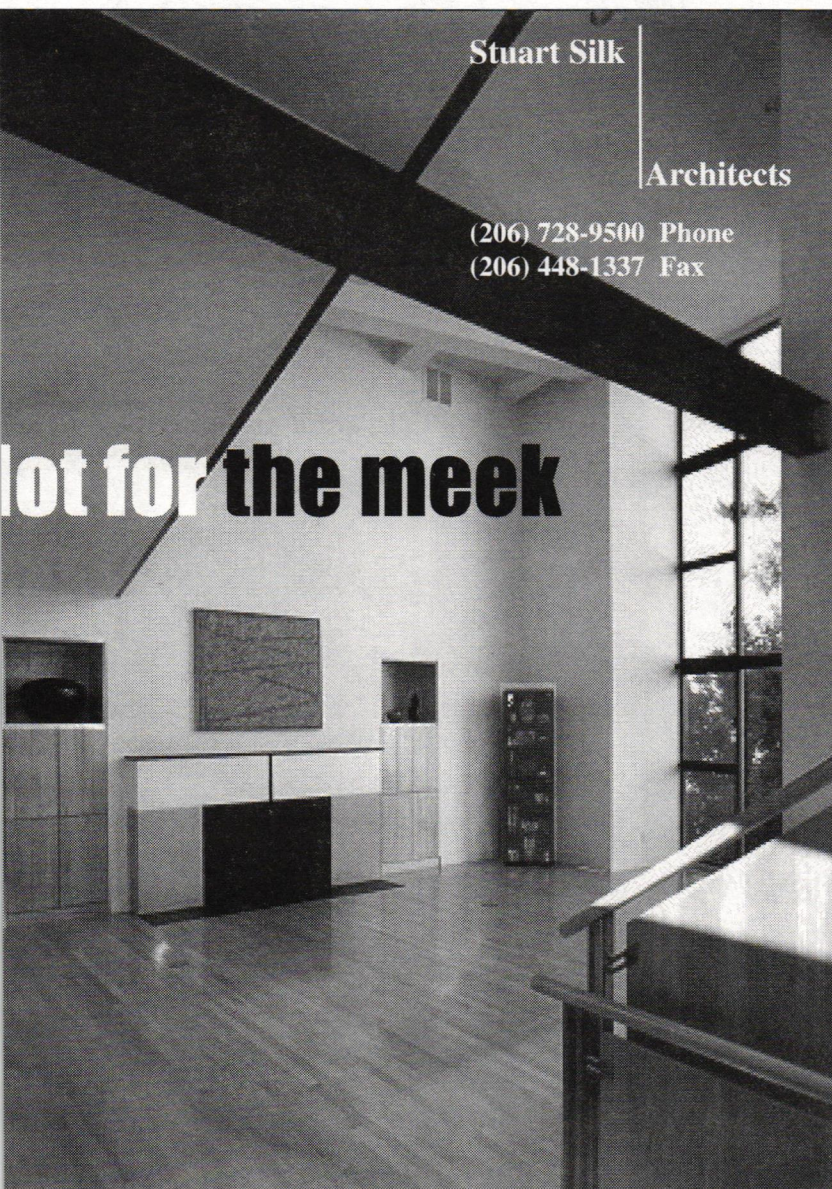
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In architecture, urban design, and public art circles, we often refer to “genius loci” or “spirit of place” as a phenomenological concept which can be experienced more easily than described. I have often thought of it as “places as art.” We all recognize that there are places either created or natural which embody a power and mystery evoking something deep inside. Christian Norberg-Shulz in “Genius Loci: Towards a phenomenology of Architecture” explores these ideas in great detail. As artists and designers, we concern ourselves with influencing the spirit of a place from the materials we chose, setting out spatial relationships, the building forms, to expressing the cultural idioms in design details, all in a desire to infuse a place with meaning. Who among us has not been transformed upon entering a Gothic cathedral or a baroque garden? Conversely, we have been transfixed by places we find abhorrent. Certainly, those places have spirits as well.

But what exactly is our relational role in creating that experience?

We tend to forget that all places, whether beautiful or foreboding, comfortable or oppressive, natural or man-made, and, today, real or virtual, embody a spirit which is known differently by different people and differently by the same people at different times. (Remember how much bigger Grandma’s house was when you were a child!) We forget that our experience of place is influenced by our growing up. We forget the power of our memories of senses—sounds, smells, feelings, tastes, sights—in framing our psychic and physical response.

In this issue of *Arcade*, I asked architecture critic Glenn Weiss, theater director Kurt Beattie, environmental designer Paula Rees, new media artist Diane Gromala, poet Clifford Burke, and photographer Charles Katz to respond to the notion of “spirit of place” from their respective points of view.

What links their independent explorations is that we bring as much to the making of the place and its spirit as those who have the prerogative of creation. It is the difference between the traditional nineteenth-century painter who created a “window” through which to look upon the landscape and the twentieth-century abstractionist who created a place for us to be. In the nineteenth century, the story was complete within the frame; in the twentieth century and beyond the frame no longer exists.

—T. Ellen Sollod, Guest Editor.

Each of Us is Native to a Place by Clifford Burke

And each of us has a history, a heritage, usually from somewhere else, before the migrations that brought our ancestors to the place each of us is native to. Part of my family connects to the English history of various wars and depredations on the continent of Turtle Island. One great-grandfather was a foundling on the prairie west of Kansas City. My mother used to claim there was a little bit of the Crow people in her; you can sort of see it in photos of her dad; and I have always known the crows. My daddy was a wandering Finn.

I was a third-generation native to the place where I was born, in the Salish country of what we call Puget Sound, and I had the good fortune to grow up there. Not everyone is so lucky, and many of us have moved early and often. I came to that place, my "ecological niche," near the confluence of the Tolt and Snoqualmie Rivers, through the accidents of history, migration, chance meeting, romance and love, sexual congress, birth separation and return. I then repeated those same processes in my own life, as most of us do. Many peoples migrate: whole cultures of aimless wanderers, moving around, always unsettled. My daddy was a rambling man, and I know the power of that urge. Some peoples make a mythos of it. But

each of us is native to a place. That place is our ecology, our bioregion. No matter where we migrate to, at whatever age, that native place is the deepest thing we know. It is the soil and root of our spiritual awakening; if we hold that place with reverence in our memory, and sedulously explore our own spirits, we can return to it in our prayers. We all come from somewhere, and if we can learn enough of it, no matter how painfully we have to recover memory and our earliest sensations, we can find our native place within us. We can arrive, if only in our hearts, to stand in that locus that is our original tie to our holy planet, Earth. And only that place deepest in our consciousness can tell us how to confront the place we're in, can teach us how to see any place as sacred. Do you know that the ground that run-down, beat-up, gang-ridden housing project in the inner city stands on is sacred ground?

That the plot of land outside your suburban door—the sidewalk, the pavement, the patch of lawn you water and mow—is bursting with a different life than the one you see and take for granted? Where are you right now? And what do you know about where you are, because of what you truly know about the place you came from? These are some of those places, some of those memories.

—Poet Clifford Burke now lives in San Jose, New Mexico.

My Zen View for Christopher Alexander

That bright blue tarp is mine,
but the cascade of roofs in russet,
monastic himalayan chimneys,
subtle, moving water,
garden growing wild,
the wings of light, belong
to the shape of indoor space,
the aspect north,
the site.

Driving By the Refinery house of paper, house of wood, house of plastic, house of crude

1. Home of the Samish (the S'abs")
Cedar groves, clam beds,
the numinous, the myriad fish:
oysters still grow along shores
where this ancient home
is not a golfcourse or a toxic land farm.

Homes, tools, conveyances
of such simple, intricate beauty
long gone;
art, story, language, faith
destroyed: what were we afraid of?
those tiny alien bands

2. As the ice went, waterways
flood plains huge, great tide flats,
between the humps of rock
tidal flows
the intricate play of waters, salt & sweet
& people here, mebbe ten thousand years.

& before these people, eons of ice,
advancing, retreating
and an interglacial scene, with peoples
—we don't know—But today
the earth perform some
thing as miraculous:

3. Suddenly dikes gone
tide flats, cypress swamps,
the cedars the whales the salmon,
reed baskets, cedar boxes, longhouses, canoes
the totemic and an image
of deep life and constant change return,
reclaim this intense, final moment
interglacially.

Syntax

We only meet the salmon
slick & thrashing in our hands
already dying

The sensitive among us
honor that quick death
who in their exuberant numbers
come so energetically to our hands
to feed us; You who see them

in the deep green pools below rapids
in fish-ladders, in stream-beds,
see a different thing, a live thing,
who escapes your kindred heart

and flits upstream, all muscle & tail,
stuffed with red roe & milt.

Walking the Fishtown Woods with Paul Hansen

Suddenly in there was pure quiet,
eagle and heron and crow
and the bones of the elders all silent
with a silence to carry home
after talk and laughter, more talk,
a careful hot wood fire, and tea—

to carry back
through the friendly, aged darkness,
flesh out new ideas, sitting at home,
while the old old bones reknit
in their sacred place of silence
carried homeward.

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Opposite
Untitled, 1996 © Charles Katz. Courtesy of
G. Gibson Gallery, Seattle

Above
Untitled, 1996 © Charles Katz. Courtesy of
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“People remember 20% of what they hear, 30% of what they see, 50% of what they see and do, and 80% of what they see, hear and do.” Entros Promotional Brochure, 1997. Take an abstract space at a particular geographic location, decorate with related and intriguing stuff, build memories by reuse for a variety of purposes, preferably a few privately dramatic ones. Return physically or mentally at a moment of quiet contemplation and you will discover “Place.”

Place, with a capital “P,” is a deep, solid human emotion that floods the mind with memories collected through all the senses of the body. More than any other geographic idea, verbal memories are muted causing some to associate Place with spirituality. To be without feelings of Place must be a form of insanity. Place evolves inside the mind and can not be created by others for someone else.

A place, little “p”, can be made. A place is the conceptual link between space and event. It is the void where actions occur. Space is abstract, but a place is messy and holds human activities. This was Superstudio’s critique when they collaged the naked family on the infinite Cartesian grid. No place in modernist space.

In the last thirty years, we have raised a generation on a television diet of virtual place that makes those Italian hippies, well... old grandparents. The television can be moved anywhere in the rationale grid or along the chaotic fractals. A place will always appears on the screen. The internal human feeling of a place manifests through the bond of concentration between video monitor and through the familiar of images, television personalities, or friends on the Internet. We have learned to “plug” into our video places anywhere and anytime.

On a separate track, we in the college-educated workforce have been stripped of the natural, daily process of transforming a place into Place at either home or work. Unlike many of our parents’ lives, our home, neighborhood, play, and offices are revolving doors in isolated landscapes. Many things and people are occasional and unrelated: family reunion, neighborhood get-together, softball team, and work group. Every day is an exhaustive trial of slightly altered groups brought together for some specific purpose. A physical or virtual place is made to capture the activity for a moment. No wallflowers permitted. Economic and social survival demand we learn to snap into a place – “instant place.”

These experiences have evolved quite naturally into two businesses specializing in mitigating the tension of “instant place.” Gameworks, a division of Dreamworks, is a huge video arcade that has test-marketed in Seattle and is now opening across the country. Entros is a local brew-pub-style restaurant with group games invented by the Seattle staff. Gameworks’ prime audience seems to be teenagers, 20-somethings, and the occasional Dad. Entros is targeted directly at over-educated white collar workers and their corporate bosses. Both are must-see, and do, venues for the culturally curious.

My essay is not about the tenant improvements and nothing is truly interesting about either. Entros feels like a 1980s artist nightclub and is located in a concrete warehouse with a new pleasantly designed central bar. Gameworks, inside an expensive downtown storefront, imitates a grunge nightclub with standard Disneyland detailing. Both have a certain incompleteness with leftover, underutilized spaces and games stuck awkwardly in corners or unfinished rooms. Neither contribute anything spatially or urbanistically to the neighborhood except for the late-night activity.

Through the games, these businesses are inventing new kinds of places and introducing them to the public. Gameworks as part of a powerful multimedia corporation is very formulaic, but has the resources to match pace with any emerging technologies utilizing computer-controlled video and robotics. At Entros, each game is unique, and low budgets have instituted a priority on

client interaction with simple mechanical devices rather than interactive video. Neither is at the forefront of technological possibilities, but they are challenging the public to physically submerge in an instant place. With just a little suspension of disbelief, Gameworks games give you the illusion of being inside the video space. In my terms, being in a place—a linked human event and space. The trick is created by giving a physical role to your body and completely filling your field of vision with video. In skiing, you stand on skis and control the video trip down the slope by shifting your weight just as you would on the snow. In race-car driving, you turn the wheel and push the gas to travel down the video speedway. In newer models, the entire small car also jerks to the left or right as you turn. When the video images move as you direct and your body feels the effects, you believe you are there. It works.

Only in Game Arc and

Gyro can the player, in a tiny spaceship or biplane, move in three-dimensional space flying in any direction. The graphics are relatively crude and it's impossible to see anywhere but straight ahead. Traveling through space is like being a video camera strapped on the nose of the flying craft. The space of Gameworks games is linear and always moving forward. Speed is the thrill and lack of time is the anxiety. Time anxiety is what Gameworks shares with Entros. Like many white-collar tasks, the quality of work is limited primarily by the time available. Like white-collar work groups, the success of projects is limited by the desire to synchronize with others. Like white-collar training, it occurs while the task is being performed. The games at Entros require collaboration on unfamiliar tasks that must be learned while doing them. Time is the driver of excitement and tension.

Unlike Gameworks, speed in the Entros games will

result in failure. Completion of the tasks in the time limit will occur only with coordinated, steady, calculated motion resulting from excellent communication among the players. The communication must include teaching another a successful strategy while just inventing the strategy yourself.

The

actual games are variations on known games like Jeopardy, charades, or a scavenger hunt requiring tasks instead of objects. Others are conceptually simple machines to accomplish a straightforward task, but require hand and body coordination among a team of four to six. In one game, the players build plastic burgers on a short conveyor belt like Lucille Ball or Charlie Chaplin. Another one increases the handheld "ball through a maze" game such that the weight of players on an outside track tips the surface to roll the ball. Needless to say, alcohol has an impact on the entire situation as motor skills decline. The inventive edge of Entros gamemasters is in two areas: the difficult mental translation between spatial visualization and verbal conceptualization, and the tensions between leaders and followers in groups of equals. The game "Interface" opens these conflicts. One player is blindfolded and wears a small video camera on his/her head. Another player watches a video monitor and attempts to guide the first player through a set of simple tasks in another room. Together the visually handicapped players must find a set of mutually agreed commands referring to the motions of a body in space. Victory, really satisfaction, occurs when there is a resolution of social tensions and of the language of spatial actions. For the practice of architecture, what are the implications of the acceptance and increase of the "instant place," with the temporary illusion of being somewhere different or of bonding with other humans? 19th Century overpopulation and capital production and its resulting social alienation could be argued as the cause of the 20th Century architectural obsession with a search for a communal architectural vocabulary and for new spaces that create community. We have an international vocabulary based in common industrial methods and our communal life has mutated into a set of personal networks disjointed from physical geography. Seeking real places in the 21st Century seems the perfect lost cause for architecture.

—Glenn Weiss, writer and community activist, White Center, Washington.

The Primary Pleasure by Kurt Beattie

“Our word Theory, which we use in connection with reasoning and which comes from the same Greek work as Theatre, means really looking fixedly at, contemplation; it is very near in meaning to our imagination.”
—Jane Harrison.

The one thing I am always aware of when I attend the theatre is the audience. They are often more interesting than the plays. Despite their intellectual pretensions, people in groups seem oddly unaware. They have surrendered something of themselves without knowing it. They have become those familiar creatures who chase fire engines and gawk and get excited at loud noises and shiny objects.

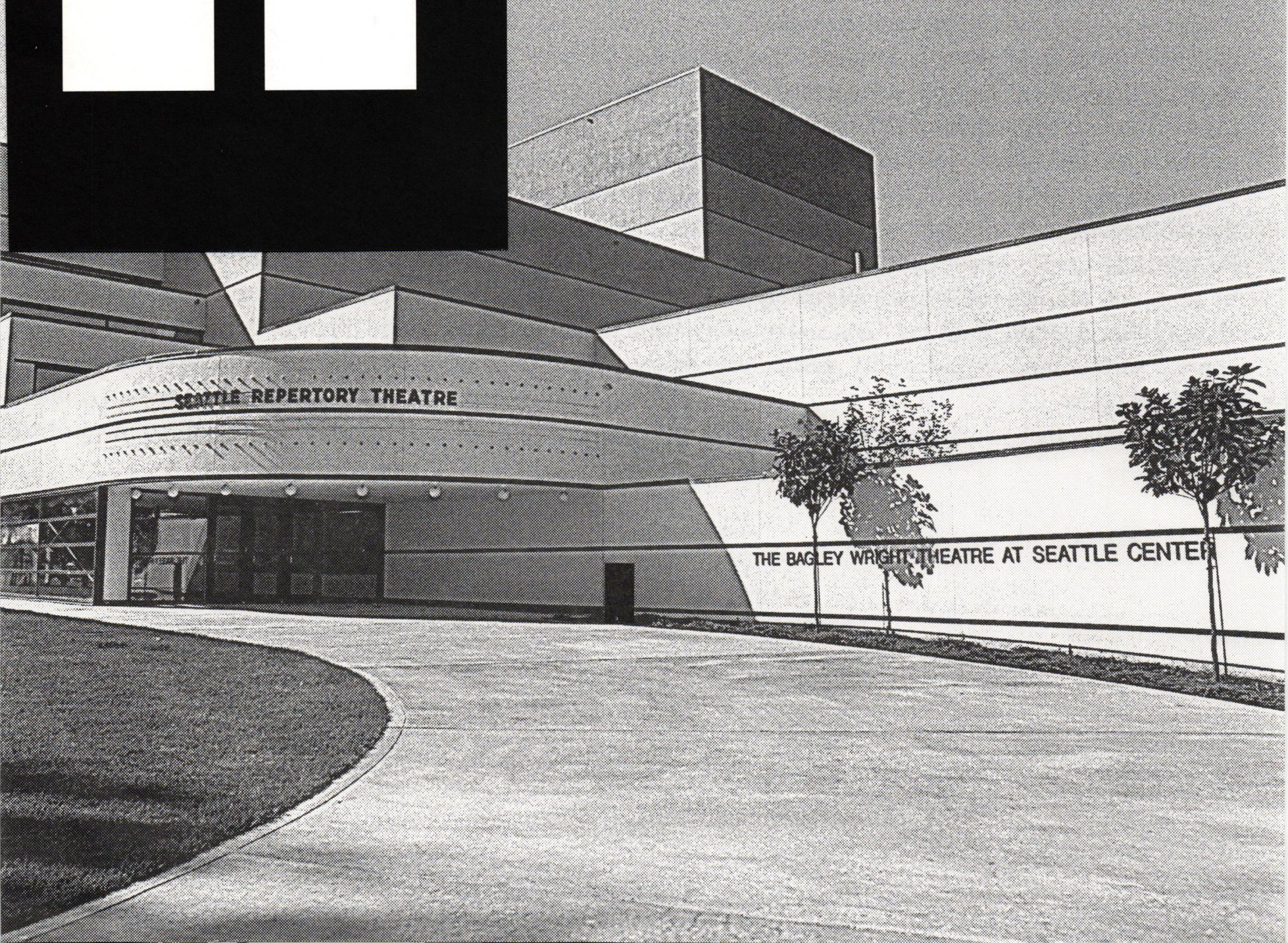
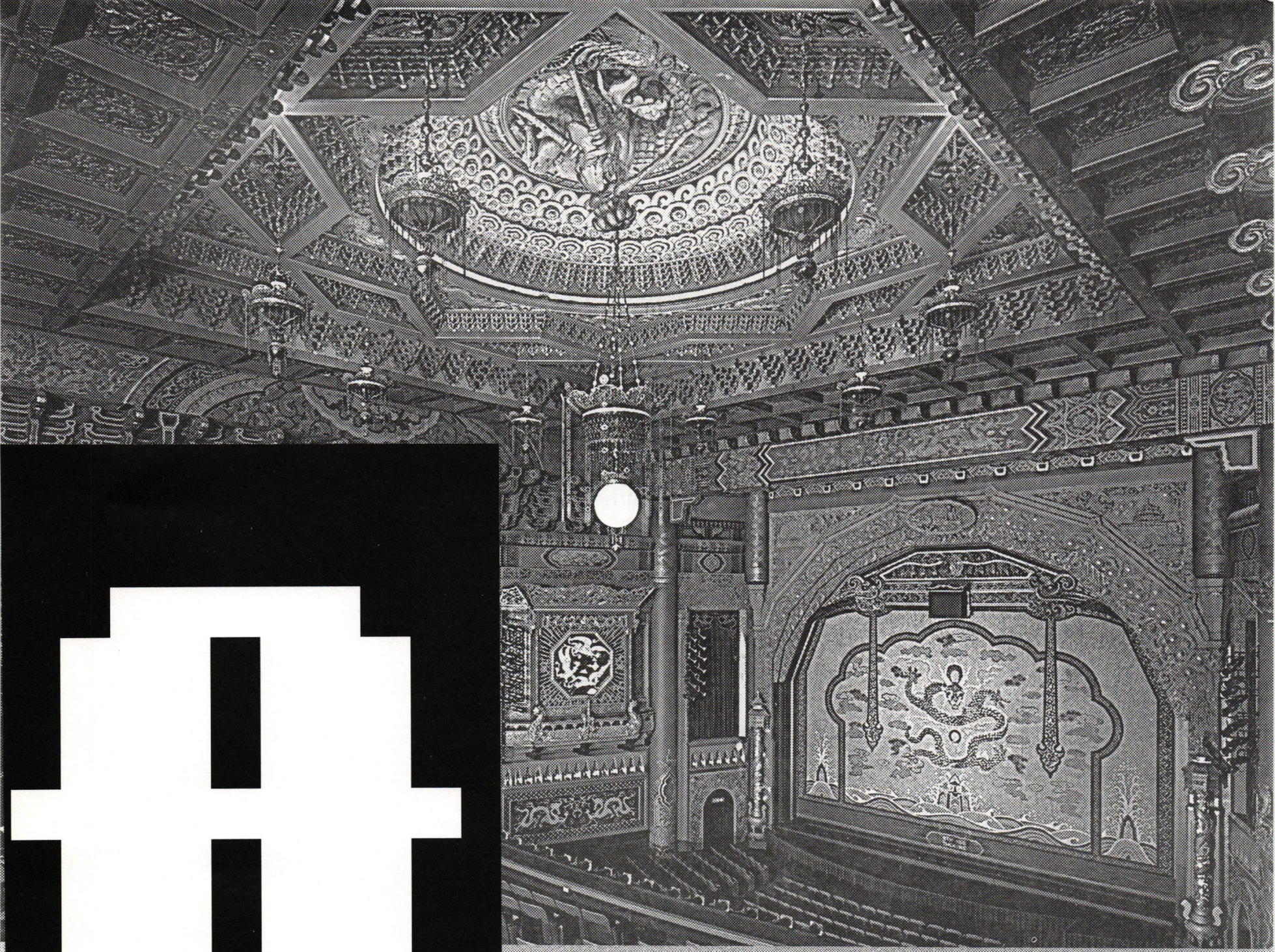
Many actors and directors are expertly sensitive to a certain kind of somatic truth that each of us carries with us throughout our lives, our individuality as it displays itself unconsciously in every little movement. Actors imitate these signatures of individuality. They revel in them. I compulsively search the faces of the audience for their moods, like a dog watching its master's face. One becomes giddy viewing the floods of people tumbling through public places as though watching a salmon run. Activity, pooling, the need to achieve simple objectives such as to urinate, to drink coffee, to find one's seat, demonstrates much about individuals without a word being said.

It goes without saying that audiences are essential to the event of theatre, and their collective mood is terribly important. If a theatre's design has been guided by a company's idea of its mission, the architecture strives, when budgets allow, to impress and condition the audience with the character and values of that company. In Seattle, if the 5th Avenue Theatre seeks to awe audiences with its imperial kitschy majesty, the Seattle Rep, with its lack of adornment, strives to drive home a professional sense of almost Protestant determination.

The effect of the architecture is rather different on the infrequent visitor than it is on the long-time subscriber. Often, subscribers who have kept their seats over a number of years tend to habituate themselves to their view of the stage, and the architecture no longer plays much of a part on their conscious experience of the event. Most seats in a theatre have disadvantages when it comes to the field of view, but long-time subscribers don't experience them after awhile. A small blind spot in someone's sight caused by a scar on the retina will eventually disappear if it doesn't grow, simply because the brain will fill in the flaw. Likewise, theatre-goers habituated to a certain theatre's architectural peculiarities will no longer be bothered by them. They will have learned how to see the environment.

There is one instant in which I can still be the innocent audience member I was before I became an old theatre whore: at the beginning of a show. It's in that particular moment when a crowd of disparate individuals becomes an audience, and gains a moment of connected attention in anticipation of the play starting. One can feel the palpable drawing-together of each soul into a unified tension. Experienced theatre people worry about this crucial moment. One of the longest and most difficult parts of any technical rehearsal is often centered on the very beginning of a show. A company will lavish enormous amounts of time trying to get it exactly right, because they know it's one of the most important events in the whole experience. If the beginning engages the audience, the evening has a much better chance of succeeding. The audience has expectations and wants to be surprised. If a production manages that at the start, it establishes a bond with the audience which is the ground-work for a successful night in the theatre. It is, somehow, a primary pleasure. And it is, at least for me, a way to acquire, as the philosopher Merleau-Ponty put it, the “specular image,” a relationship gained experientially between Me and Them, or Me and It. Perhaps this is because all that humanity streaming through the doors, for the most part unknown to each other before the moment of arbitrary community that the beginning of play imposes on its witnesses, is there not really to see a play so much as to be together. Someone said that the theatre artificially creates for its audiences the same conditions as their aboriginal ancestors enjoyed listening to a storyteller by a fire: we all come in from the dark to gather around a lighted hearth of sorts where the old stories get told anew. A unified concentration induces a kind of hypnosis, in which I live for a moment within and without myself at the same time.

—Kurt Beattie, Associate Artistic Director, Seattle Repertory Theatre.



SEATTLE REPERTORY THEATRE

THE BAGLEY WRIGHT THEATRE AT SEATTLE CENTER

As someone who suffers from chronic pain, I am ever in search of chronic pleasure, but it is not offered by science or Western medicine. I admit to conflicting epistemologies here: western medicine has kept me gratefully alive, yet it does nothing to alleviate my experience of pain. So I have explored many alternatives usually deemed unacceptable by western medicine, from traditional acupuncture to New Age healing. While I view these practices with the deep suspicion engendered by a cultural orientation toward scientific positivism, my own grandfather was a healer of the non-Western sort, so I do not regularly dismiss them. What I do most often rely on, however, is a form of meditation that cannot be described as an experience of “disembodiment” or bodily escape. Rather, it is a sense of inward expansion, a pleasurable exploration of inward, infinite vastness. I meet few people who share in this experience; nonetheless, I regularly witness inexpressible parallels to it in virtual reality and in ancient ecstatic traditions.

In 1991, I explored a convergence of ancient ecstatic traditions and virtual reality. First, I made a pilgrimage to Istanbul and Turkey’s inner reaches, ostensibly to give a lecture on new media. Of course, I also wanted to explore the art and architecture I had only seen in books. The Hagia Sophia did not disappoint, but true to Jean Baudrillard’s notion of simulation, the slides sold to tourists were more aesthetically appealing than the dank space itself. So I was quite unprepared for my physical response to the Blue Mosque. The architectural space was designed so that light illuminates every square inch, all of which is saturated with densely rich ornament and surface decoration. It had a profound physical effect on me, a consciousness-altering effect, which I immediately recognized as related to sensations provoked by my own form of meditation. Later that year, inspired by the traditions of the Sufis and Dervishes who inhabited Turkey, I began to explore virtual reality. Here again, I found that the consciousness-altering physical experience of virtual reality bore an uncanny relation to my meditative states and to my experience of the Blue Mosque. Together with choreographer Yacov Sharir, I created “Dancing with the Virtual Dervish: Virtual Bodies,” a virtual reality artwork. This immersive environment was constructed from the database of three-dimensional medical visualizations (MRIs) of my body, gathered by Western doctors to “objectively confirm” my subjective state of pain. This virtual body is of enormous scale, and is the environment within which users are immersed by way of stereoscopic virtual reality glasses and a dataglove. The virtual body exists in a state of continual decay and reformation, and is overwritten with texts of desire, (Georges) Bataille-inspired reembodiments of Eros and Thanatos swirling about splintered and reconfigured forms. The words are textual encryptions of a body in pain, a body in confluence with materiality, the immaterial, and dematerialized notions of the irreducibility of corporeal transcendence and corporeal inhabitation. The artistic goal of “Dancing with the Virtual Dervish: Virtual Bodies” was to make evident, on a bodily and conscious level, the idea that the common Western notion of a mind/body split does not hold, and that notions of an individual subjectivity, or sense of a singular self, are unstable and also tied to the body. Ecstatic traditions, virtual reality, and pain speak to this issue: that consciousness, a sense of self, and the ecstatic sensation of a loss of self are intimately and irreducibly tied to the body. According to Bataille, intellectual and cultural productions may conceal unassimilable base elements. I found this was certainly the case: discourses surrounding virtual reality, particularly those related to the body, disrupt our Western conceptions of mind and body.

ecstasy

It is a Western propen-

sity to dismiss that which cannot be explained, rather than relegate them to other realms, like the spiritual.

Ecstatic traditions or religious strivings for transcendence are, for the most part, reductively dismissed as a simple desire to escape the material conditions of the body. Such facile dismissal, though, fails to consider that altered states of consciousness, such as ecstasy, emanate from the body. From shamanistic traditions to self-mutilation, sustained meditation, fasting, whirling, dancing, or isolation, the transcendent experience relies on physical trauma, in some cases accompanied by a symbolic physical death and rebirth, or bodily reinhabitation in a manner that reconfigures the body and spirit. Further, transcendence can be understood not so much as a desire to escape the body, but through the body, to lose a sense of self, to become one with greater forces that remain incommensurably outside of the human bandwidth. This sense of dissolution of self results in ecstasy, an intensely pleasurable state of consciousness.

From a Western perspective grounded in scientific positivism, we can explain transcendent phenomena in part by measuring changes in brain waves and body chemistry, but generally tend to dismiss or hold suspect their religious or spiritual aspects, or the desire to experience them. By spiritual, I mean that which tends to be devalued in Western cultures: altered states of consciousness and emotions, life force, and faith and beliefs, whether religious or not. Yet these spiritual desires have been the mainstay of most human cultures throughout history.

virtual reality

The most outstanding characteristic of virtual reality is the intense physical and consciousness-altering response, often referred to as “disembodiment.” The difficulty in resolving this experience with our reliance on the binary distinction of mind/body tends to result in the rhetoric of a desire to escape the body. A respectable professor, for example, dreams of “downloading ‘pure’ consciousness.” Popular science fiction authors thrill in the sensation of disembodiment, the ecstasy of “leaving the meat behind.” Highly regarded scientists legitimize research directions in scholarly symposia, while at dinner speak in hushed tones, comparing virtual reality experiences to transcendent spiritual states and drug trips. Or they discuss “DTs,” the residual effects of prolonged exposure to virtual reality, where bodily responses to virtual reality slop over into the “real” world. Further, popularization of virtual reality in the media refer to it as a “consensual hallucination.” These are symptoms that reveal the challenge posed by virtual reality: the sense of so-called disembodiment disrupts our easy notions of mind and body as somehow separate, disrupts any strict distinction between virtual reality and the “real” world, and disrupts our conceptualization of a discrete, stable sense of self.

pain

Pain is the one subjective state that cannot be shared but which is, like ecstatic states and the sense of disembodiment, dependent upon materiality of the body. In her book, “The Body in Pain: The Making and Unmaking of the World,” Elaine Scarry defines pain by how it implies a split between one’s own sense of reality and the reality of others. An essentially subjective state, pain cannot be denied or confirmed. Scarry outlines how pain is distinctive among interior states: “We do not simply have feelings, but have feelings for somebody or something: love is love of x, fear is fear of y, ambivalence is ambivalence about z. Pain has no referential content, it takes no object, and more than any other phenomenon, resists objectification in language.” That is, pain is unsharable, unmeasurable, and belies an irrefutable insistence of the body. Akin to the sense of ecstatic transcendence or the sense of disembodiment one may experience in virtual reality, the experience of pain disrupts reliance upon Western binary distinctions of mind and body, and between intimately subjective experiences which exceed human communicability.

–Diane Gromala teaches new media and cultural studies at the University of Washington in Seattle. Dancing with the Virtual Dervish has been performed and exhibited in the US, Europe, and the Middle East, and has aired on the BBC and the Discovery Channel.

“Feelings are no longer satisfied, but dulled. Instead of interesting diversions there arise bizarre extravagances which can only attract the tasteless. This is the reason everything changes so radically and senselessly; fashion, dress, customs, language... institutions are ever-changing decorations.”

This quote could just as easily have been made last week, rather than in pre-Revolutionary Paris, for retail has always been emotional, transitory, entertaining, and fleeting. Depending on one’s belief about the role of architecture in society, today’s retail environments have nothing, or then again everything, to do with architecture.

As champions of mass consumerism, we believe retail development is a uniquely American phenomenon. Yet the best of our retail environments are European in reference, while overseas the worst of our own retail concepts—“festival” marketplaces, mega-stores, hypermarkets, or strip-malls—are unfortunately replacing the very places we hope to aspire to. Significant places hold the elements of time-layered collections of spirited reality and texture built up naturally over generations. “More important places” incorporate evolving relationships which meet the demands of human need for common-unity and common-oddities. Last year, U.S. retail expenditures reached more than \$650 billion, while “on-line sales” accounted for only \$1 billion of that total—below expectations. What virtual commerce doesn’t offer are critical retail experiences of place and community, rituals, and a full sensory magic. Retail was born from the creation of “consumer goods”—meaning the stuff we really don’t need, but are convinced we want. The reality is, the less we need to buy “a thing,” the more entertainment required. And, in today’s world, we are not easily entertained.

Only five years ago, architect, teacher, and editor Michael Sorkin brilliantly compiled a series of essays for “Variations on a Theme Park: The New American City and the End of Public Space.” Prophetically, Sorkin cautioned that our public spaces, especially retail, were becoming over-themed, much like Disneyland. What he just missed predicting was that our world would not only be like Disney, but would actually be owned by Disney, or Warner, Nike, even Hollywood celebrities. Sorkin’s appropriate warnings were concerned with creating more cities “without a place attached” or “a happy, regulated vision of pleasure” with a “lack of connection to the physical context or cultural mix.” Another outstanding book, “The Great Good Place” goes on, desiring public places that support human relationships, noting that “in non-places, character is irrelevant and one is only a customer or shopper... for one’s individuality is not only irrelevant, it also gets in the way.”

The Western view of retail design is very young, only about 200 years. Considering the destruction of a couple World Wars, and evolutionary processes through urban growth, there’s not much left to get sentimental about. Romantic retail favorites usually include London’s Burlington Arcade, Covent Garden, Regent Street, Paris’ Champs Elysee, Milan’s Via Veneto and Galleria Vittorio Emanuele, Florence’s Ponte Vecchio, and Barcelona’s Mercat de la Boqueria. Looking back, in the Middle Ages, if you didn’t grow it or create it, you traded for goods with “hawkers”—carrying the product door-to-door. Unlike today, goods were directly linked to the necessities of the seasons. Eventually this wandering activity settled into central village marketplaces or bazaars, with the items spread out on the ground; later to carts; eventually to fixed booths. Retail specialization came into full swing, with artisans being the first to set up work “shops” which provided the benefits of shelter, staying in one place, and having an opportunity to serve the buyer while continuing production. In the beginning, the shop was only a ground-level facade in a domestic setting. The “front” was actually a door, a transaction window, and shutter. The shopkeeper most often lived above the establishment. The span of a shop

front was determined by the length of the solid-load-bearing timber. So stores were narrow; however, there was no reason for the customer to go into the store, because without light fixtures there was nothing to see. This produced “window dressing” and the merchant became increasingly clever at prominently showing off the wares. From that point, retail became more and more about “set design” than anything else. The street then, as today, was defined by the collection and personality of the “shop fronts” which made up the street’s texture and became its most identifiable characteristic.

The retail store and display was propelled in mid-18th century Europe. The English merchants actively led the development of retail space and were flattered, rather than insulted, by Napoleon’s affront that England was just “a nation of shopkeepers,” unfit for war. The shopkeepers’ wealth emerged with the middle- or “carriage-class” and its buying power. This new buying power, combined with an insatiable desire for consumer goods has been the foundation of retail spending, even today.

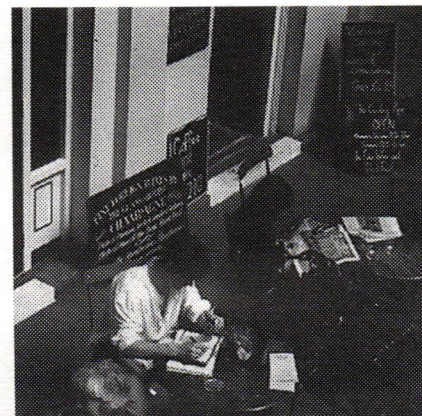
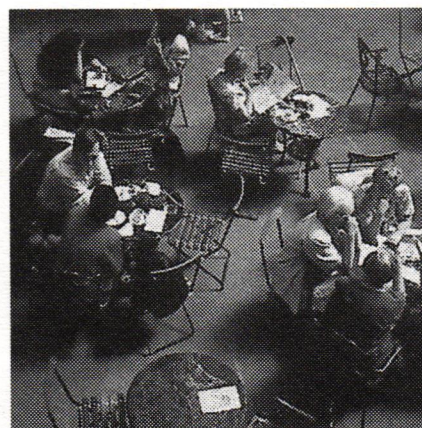
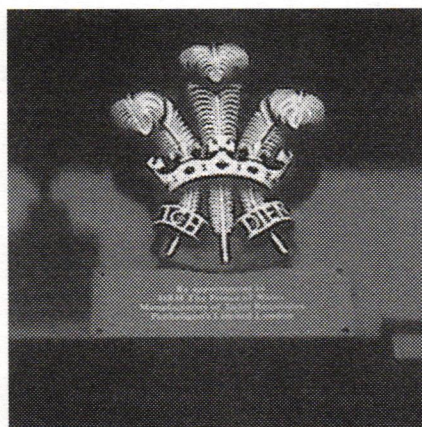
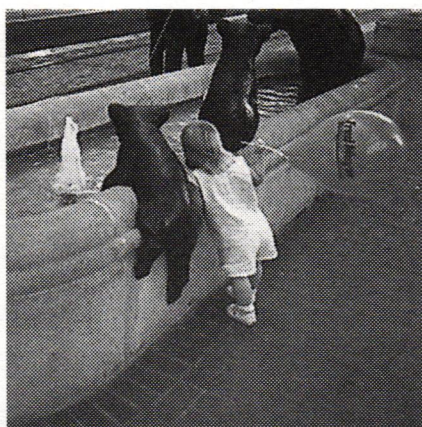
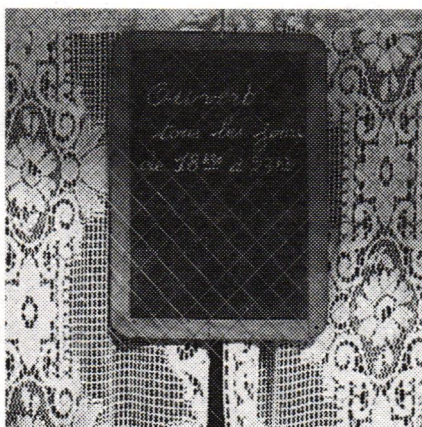
Innovations of the Industrial Revolution changed retail’s architectural look and scale quickly. Small-pane cast glass windows disappeared with the advent of larger plate glass manufacturing. This, in unison with the emerging possibilities of structural iron supports, expanded the face of commerce—allowing much larger, taller, more open windows for display, and more natural light to flood into the store. The rapid changes made possible by the new technologies and materials, were at the time thought to be serving “the demons of fashion.” Also, the resurgence of sidewalks—not constructed since Roman times—led to safer, cleaner, and more leisurely pedestrian activities and a new pace for window shopping.

In 1786 the Palais Royal of Paris was the first “arcade” and urban public space removed from “the disturbances of traffic.” Like many of today’s “shopping centers,” the arcade “served as a site of political agitation, a promenade, luxury market, and place of learning and entertainment.” Parisians are also acknowledged for the first “department stores,”—with the Bon Marche, Le Printemps, and LaBelle Jardiniere appearing in the 1860s. Categorized goods were beautifully displayed in separate departments, which entertained and encouraged throngs to assemble. Visual merchandising and customer service were now becoming an art. However, even Charles Dickens lamented the disappearance of “the musty old shops in replacement of more brash and grandiose establishments.” The “mom and pop” was seeing its earliest cycle of struggle. Adding to the pain, the “package,” like today’s “information-age,” bombarded people’s consciousness and removed them from the nature of their needs. The embellishment of the package, new advertising methods, and pricing on goods made judgment of the quality and value of the commodity an issue of perception, not actuality. Sensory experiences also diminished—the smells of the market were carefully wrapped. The tactile architectural materials that were associated to the type of goods sold, i.e. tiles in meat markets, beautiful wooden shelving in bakeries, mostly became plastic and sanitized too. With these changes, the merchant/customer relationship was quieted.

Today, the plasticity of everything is boring, and an imminent backlash against the ‘90s “brand” hype is predictable. Continuing to rely on packaging and “perception” of both product and manufacturer has met its end cycle. Coupled with the religion of technology, we periodically turn away from our computer screens to clearly recognize the growing need for better relationships and civility. As the voodoo and fascination with technology wane, our corresponding, over-saturated, retail/entertainment environments will also change. For one thing is certain, people are again hungry for authentic places, real experiences, and true delight.

—Paula Rees is president of Maestri, a multi-disciplinary design firm based in Seattle that specializes in the design and marketing of large mixed-use public spaces and retail concepts internationally. Born in the middle of a tornado, she has enjoyed stimulating environments ever since.





I arrived that fall and was immediately seduced. Immediately seduced. I was a bit irked at myself because, in a way, it was all so predictable. There were all the signs of one of those typical love affairs of mine. You know, danger was written in neon, flashing in my brain. But it didn't matter.

I felt myself sliding down that slippery slope of love and just let myself free fall. I knew, of course, that this affair would enrapture me, convince me of the potential of perfection, put me into a state of ecstasy, only ultimately to send me into anguish after uncovering a fatal flaw.

Like my love affairs in the past, I immediately suspended judgment and believed solely in the beauty of what appeared on the surface before me. The excitement of discovery overshadowed the hint of despair that breathed in my ear.

But I could see straightaway that it was going to be complicated. There was too much history and too many untold stories. Yet, as I walked down the street enraptured, I found myself not only willing, but anxious, to venture into unknown territory.

Things were revealed to me only a little at a time, never straightaway. Each revelation piqued my curiosity. It was as if I was being allowed to slowly peel back the layers, one at a time. Each successive layer unveiled another mystery, another seduction.

I was struck by how this was unlike any previous love affair. It had a depth and a richness I had never before imagined. Each day was filled with new experiences, new ways of being.

Then, after not too much time passed, I began to feel just a bit uncomfortable. There was nothing overt, just a sense of things not being as they appeared.

Soon this discomfort was replaced by dread, and a craving for the truth. I felt much was being concealed from me—the surface was just that. Secrets were locked within.

Secrets that would be important for me to know; secrets that would reveal my love's true nature. At first, it seemed I would never penetrate the facade.

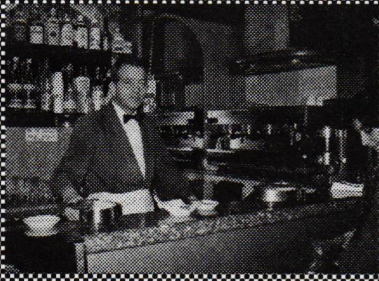
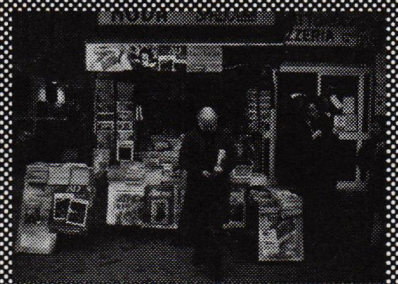
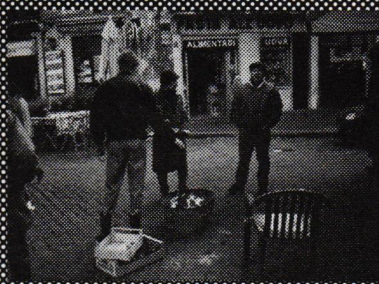
The years had left behind the scars of past wars and former lovers. I came to understand the nature of the atrocities that had preceded my arrival and the events that shaped the present.

I realized that by accepting all the imperfections I would face the consequences of knowing. I feared, once known, the truth would lead to disillusionment.

Would the specialness disappear and this become ordinary? Would my eyes stop seeing the color of the light? Would my heart lose the rapture of desire as the unfamiliar became commonplace?

Or would I leave before the extraordinary became an everyday affair?

—T. Ellen Sollod, Guest Editor.



Mainland China daily becomes a more accepted and valued business destination for Northwest architecture firms. Callison Architects, ALSC, and others help build projects from Shanghai to Xian. Callison not only helps design buildings in mainland China; it has opened an office in Hong Kong. To better understand the effects and implications of these developments David D. Horowitz of Arcade's Editorial Board recently interviewed several Northwest architects with extensive experience doing business with mainland China. In addition, he interviewed the director of Seattle's Tibetan Rights Campaign to gain an alternative perspective on the moral implications of increased reliance on Chinese trade. These interviews were conducted by telephone, and were held separately. Mr. Horowitz thanks the interviewees and hopes their comments spark further discussion and exploration of these issues.

William Karst, Principal Architect with Callison Architecture ■ Briefly describe Callison Architecture's business dealings with mainland China. ■ We started doing business in Asia about ten years ago, and in China about four or five years ago. We also opened an office in Hong Kong in November 1996. ■ How often have you visited China? ■ About eighty times. About 75 percent of those visits have been to Shanghai, Beijing, and, or Hong Kong. ■ What kind of work does Callison do in China? ■ Our projects there reflect our firm's specialty in lifestyle-driven architecture: we focus on offices, hotels, and health facilities. We do some residential architecture, typically when it links different kinds of architecture. ■ How would it do that? ■ In Asia, people often live near where they work and shop. We design "urban redevelopment" retail centers there, reflecting the Asian tradition of integrating retail and residential space. Indeed, working in Asia and China has broadened our global perspective, our global options. Our experience in Asia broadens our sense of options available on projects in America. ■ How big are these projects in China? ■ They are typically huge projects: one, four, five million square feet, and sometimes whole new towns. ■ Has your firm confronted difficulties doing business in China? ■ Well, one difficulty certainly has been and remains the hugeness of China's bureaucracy. Any bureaucracy creates hurdles for a project to be accomplished. One project in Shanghai, for example, required us to go to 300 different approval agencies. Many of them contradicted each other's policies. Obviously, to resolve problems under such circumstances requires much persistence and diplomacy, and can lead those frustrated enough to corruption. Nevertheless, China is working to improve its building and legal standards. Our first years there Chinese standards of business practice moved from terrible to marginally acceptable, to where now they are significantly better. Room remains for progress, but they are improving. ■ Does Callison anticipate increasing its business presence in China? ■ Yes. Of course, we are concerned about present economic problems throughout Asia, but we are betting on Asia in the long-term. In the next twenty-five years China offers the world's greatest potential for change—political, educational, economic, and architectural. This is a wonderful opportunity.

Vera Ing, Principal with Ing & Associates, a division of Mulvanny Partnership. ■ What contact have you had recently with China? ■ I visited Beijing, Tianjin, Shanghai, Guangzhou, and Hong Kong on trade missions in 1995 and 1997. The 1995 Mission was organized by the Kent Chamber of Commerce and led by Secretary of State Ralph Munro, Kent Mayor Jim White, and then-Kent Council President Judy Woods. We also visited Kaohsiung, Taiwan, on that trip. The 1997 trip was organized by the State for women and minority-owned companies. Lieutenant Governor Brad Owen, State Representative Velma Veloria, and Washington Revenue Forecast Director Chang Mook Sohn led the Trade Mission to China, Korea, and the Philippines. ■ What distinguishes business dealings with China from those with other Asian countries? ■ The Chinese are more accustomed to women having positions of power and influence. Like Japan, Korea remains a male-dominated society. None of the Korean officials we met were women. By contrast, numerous Chinese officials were women. For example, the head of the Shanghai Federation of Industry and Commerce was a woman. When a male official remarked to her that in Korea only men are in the Chamber of Commerce, she remained completely unsmiling. I commented that China has not forgotten fifty

percent of its population, and only then did she warm up a bit. Of course, also, the Koreans are more pro-American. The Koreans speak with an American accent, and often use American slang phrases, whereas Hong Kong officials speak English with a British accent. The Koreans involved in international trade have been educated in the United States; many have Ph.D's from American universities. They support Americans, which is good. ■ How has doing business with China changed since 1995? ■ In only the two years between visits to Shanghai, numerous high-rise buildings, museums, and entertainment complexes have been completed. Also, the Chinese officials seem more selective about whom they meet; they feel they are in the catbird's seat, given our desire to do business with them. The Chinese generally want American architectural firms to help them design their buildings but then let them, the Chinese, prepare construction documents, construct them, and deal with any legalities. That suits us fine. The Chinese remain protective, though, about trade, not importing as many products as they want to sell to us. Moreover, as in much of Asia, they will not let American firms simply go in and build. Chinese projects are all joint ventures. Licensing, too, remains a problem. ■ How can American firms improve their business relations with China? ■ Ing & Associates and Mulvanny Partnership Architects benefit greatly in Asia from our bi-lingual staff. We have projects in Singapore, Malaysia, Taiwan, Korea, and Japan, and speaking the native language of each country helps greatly. Also, many American trade delegates on my trips were Asian immigrants. Their family/friends networks make it easier to develop the trust needed to do business in Asia. For example, Washington State has a trade office in Shanghai managed by RenRen Zhang, who was originally from Shanghai. Of course, his knowledge of the language and culture helps our citizens. ■ Were you born in China? ■ No, I was born in Seattle's Chinatown during World War II. I was raised in the Central Area, and have lived in the Mount Baker neighborhood since 1967. My parents emigrated from Guangzhou early this century. My father started a Chinese restaurant where the Sea Garden is now, when Chinatown moved from Pioneer Square to the International District. ■ Do you feel moral qualms about doing business with mainland China? ■ Well, one tries to find a balance...but I feel exposure to people of other cultures is the best mode of change. Their citizens see what we take for granted—freedom, prosperity—and want it for themselves. The best way to help activists there is for us to be present there. Change values by role-modeling, not dictating.

Chimie Yuthok, Director, Tibetan Rights Campaign. ■ Do you resent American businesses practicing constructive engagement with mainland China? ■ No. We want dialogue with China. We want to see China progress economically. Tibetans, however, also want independence. All too often, issues of Tibetan and Chinese human rights are ignored when businesses pursue deals with China. We want to see the business community advocate Tibetan independence, not remain silent for fear of losing a contract. ■ How do you think you can achieve this goal? ■ We must not let up on China. Grass-roots efforts, such as the demonstrations held when Jiang Zemin visited the United States in October, remind them of these issues and show them other countries can tolerate dissent. This must have been quite a surprise for Jiang Zemin. Above all, we must remind them that Tibetans want independence. Here the business community can do a lot better. Some businesses, such as Levi Strauss, though, illustrate that some can make that stand. In the long run, everyone would benefit, including the Chinese. ■ How do you interpret the Chinese government's decision to destroy much of Tibet's traditional architecture, especially in the capital city Lhasa? ■ We believe the Chinese government maintains a grand plan to completely "sinosize" Tibet. They want to eradicate Tibetan culture. The destruction of traditional architecture in Lhasa is just one more illustration of this. Now, some monasteries have been repaired, but I suspect this is more for tourists, to make the Chinese look tolerant, than to genuinely help the Tibetans. After all, the Chinese do not even let Tibetans learn Tibetan. His Holiness the Dalai Lama wants dialogue with the Chinese, but we always want people to remember human rights issues when doing business. Tibetan architecture should go up; that would be one base to start from. ■ How many Tibetans live in the Puget Sound region? ■ Approximately two hundred Tibetans live in this area. Approximately six million Tibetans are in Tibet, but many are leaving. Approximately one hundred thousand live in Dharamsala, India, where His Holiness the Dalai Lama lives, and others are scattered around India, Nepal,

and Bhutan. Again, we do not want people to forget that we want an independent country, that what happened was wrong.

Rich Fenrich, Principal Architect with ALSC, Spokane ■ What projects has ALSC worked on in China? ■ We just finished building 140 homes in Shanghai and are presently working on a thirty-story high-rise there. We finished designing the high-rise and presently wait for follow-up funding. We're also trying to help plan a new hotel in Xian. ■ What special problems or opportunities does working with the Chinese present? ■ Working with the Chinese is much like working with anyone else. You have to establish the trust of a good personal relationship with them. We may do business over golf, and they may do it over lunch, but the idea's not that different. We had fifteen Chinese from two Chinese firms working with us in Spokane. We set up a separate China studio dedicated exclusively to completing that project. We established a cooperative partnership. We had some Chinese on our staff so language was not too great a problem. Our documentation had to be produced in English and Chinese, and that meant metric measurements, too. We worked a lot by fax, though I and others from our firm have visited Shanghai, Beijing, and Xian on business. There certainly are some differences in how we do business. Most notably, the Chinese can be a bit aggressive. They have difficulty saying "no." No word in their language actually says "no" directly. They want to travel, see the West, learn and experience new ways of doing business. Some may have been held back, and now they make up for it and don't want to discourage any potential business. The same person there may be involved in three or four different companies, making everything from cosmetics to buildings. Also, Chinese architectural firms do not have an interior design staff. They often hire consultants from Hong Kong for that—though now, of course, Hong Kong is part of China. Their buildings are often empty shells which others help design for them. They also do business with their neighbors, like ordering materials from Australia or getting partial financial backing from Singapore. ■ Do you feel any moral qualms about doing business with the Chinese? ■ Different individuals on our staff have different views. I'm wary of assuming I'm too perfect, able to be judgmental. The U.S. has some of the same problems they have. Again, they're essentially typical clients. Indeed, if anything, they can build more quickly than us. They just put up a rail system around Shanghai—a city of 13 million—in a year. In the U.S., we'd probably still be in the planning stages. ■ What else have you observed doing business with the Chinese? ■ Their firms are huge. ALSC has thirty-eight employees. We just worked with two Chinese firms with 1,000 employees each. Also, many there still practice feng sui, despite their government's frowning on it, and they often begin a project saying it's a four-star kind of project but hoping it'll become a five-star kind of job. We take a conservative approach to doing business there, too. Many overly zealous firms have gotten burned by beginning projects, only to have to quit because funding ran out mid-way through the job. My advice is develop good personal relations with them, stay patient, and just be aware fully funding a project from beginning to end can be a problem.

—David Horowitz of Rose

Alley Press, publisher of *Caruso for the Children and Other Poems* by William Dunlop.

Anthony Pellecchia Lecture, University of Washington

I was born into a family of craftspeople who enjoyed making things. My maternal grand-father restored antique furniture while my mother, aunt, uncles, and older cousins made coats. They were in the garment business, the rag trade, while my grandmother performed feats of magic in her third floor kitchen. My family ran a coat factory; some members of my family lived in California during the '20s and '30s where they made elaborate sequined gowns for famous movie stars. So I was surrounded by my relatives discussing their craft—the trade of fabric and details, buttonholes, hems, and cuffs—and debating which one of them sewed the best and the fastest. As a teenager I worked in the coat factory, helping my older cousins cut various shapes of fabric by tracing the outlines of patterns with waxed chalk—these were early drawings. You had to pay close attention to the pattern shapes and how they were laid out on the fabric with respect to the nap of the cloth, the direction of the texture. If the fabric was not running in the same direction, it would be noticed on the finished garment. For cutting, we lay out the fabric on large long tables, dozens of layers thick. We

worked at night while the rest of the factory was dark and quiet to assure concentration, a habit I continue today. The shapes we cut would become arms, shoulders, backs, fronts, collars, and pockets. It was fascinating to see these assortments of flat shapes then transformed by the seamstresses and operators into three-dimensional garments for women of different sizes and shapes. I can clearly remember how the bundles of flat shapes were then dispersed on the floor, piece by piece sewn together, pressed, placed on hangers, bagged, and sent gliding down a tight wire into trucks parked on the street below.

When I was in architecture school, we were not taught to value experiences such as these as contributing to our process of architectural design. However, I believe all of our experience with the world has an effect on how we then shape it. Much of my interest in the potential beauty of objects we inhabit and the process of making comes from these early experiences. As I explored architecture, I discovered the tremendous amount of energy required simply to build well, just to see an idea through to completion. The practitioner is not given much time to challenge ideas. In spite of our best efforts, the fact remains that architecture today is a commodity. The reason for building today is the exchange-value of that building. In today's system, architecture all too often is reduced to the bookkeeping of space. We are finding that addressing only our pragmatic concerns about a building is not enough. Reality is much larger than this. If reality is what we think, if it is what we imagine, if it is what we feel, if it is what we write, what we draw, what we dream, then it should include all of human knowledge, all human invention and creation. Architecture is a means of human expression. As such, it participates in a rich realm of mythmaking. Yet, it might be said that other media have been more successful in drawing out the potential myth in architecture, such as the cinema.

Form does more than follow function. Form is an expression of the continuing exploration of our thinking. It is ever-changing, there is no one right answer. It is the manifestation of our understanding of ourselves and how we interact with the world, it can help us understand how we connect to a larger whole, a larger system of living and interacting things. For, in referring only to itself and its own precedents, architecture will fall into the deadly trap of narcissism.

Architecture is one of our oldest forms of public media. Adolf Loos said that it was the tomb that was the first architecture, the marking of a place and the beginning of ritual—"If we find a mound in the forest, 6 feet long and 3 feet wide, formed into a pyramid and shaped by a shovel, we become serious, and something within us says, 'Some one lies buried here.'"

Our earliest written communication and our earliest ritual objects use the human form as a way of communicating meaning. It is the trace of the body, the representation of its transformation that resonates with meaning. As human beings, we are constantly exploring the boundaries of our existence. We transform ourselves into representations of the cosmos, into figures of our mythologies, into whomever we want to be each day. No matter how we may try, we cannot escape our bodies. Architecture, having defined itself within its narrowest definition in the nineteenth century, is not keeping up with our exploration. It has stopped conveying the story of our transformation. It fails to go where we need to go. Architecture should spring from the realm of the human imagination and its infinite possibilities.

Our exploration of ourselves has had different significances at different moments in time and place, reflecting a shifting dominance among the three orders of reality: which I would identify as nature, humanity, and technology.

These orders are not mutually exclusive, rather they represent how we have organized our perception of the world. They are constructs, perhaps only my constructs, but they represent different faces of one whole, just as the different Classical orders defined a column with different ideals and laws. As part of the storytelling of today, architecture can provide this interface among the three. Once, nature occupied the central place in our reality. Man's form was a reflection of a greater divinity. Form and function had an analogic, symbolic role.

When in the Enlightenment, man and reason moved to occupy the center of the universe, the mind became separated from the body. The body became something that could be studied and understood, its ideals and norms measured. The way the body was explored, which

was a visual understanding of a dissection process, literally influenced the current understanding of the body and thus of the building.

As the persuasive power of science and reason grows, representations of the body reappear exploring society's anxiety with the schism between mind and body, and thus exploring the grotesque and the unknown, the limits of the scientific approach and our understanding. The human experience, the experience of our bodies in the world, is still the greatest mystery. Yet now, technology, once a tool which reflected our understanding, a tool we used to shape the world in our understanding, has reached the point where it is itself shaping our understanding. If the balance between nature, humanity, and technology becomes unbalanced, and we give the pull of technology too much weight, we believe that we are greater than we are. That is, we believe that we can poison the air. In this way, we become separated from nature and from each other. The rapid pace of technology forces us into the role of consumers, as we are given less and less time to understand our relationship with a piece of technology. We allow ourselves to believe that faster is better. When something breaks, we must buy a replacement or the next newest version, so scarce is time and knowledge. As architecture is reduced to the bookkeeping of space and the reason for a building's existence is its exchange-value, architecture becomes yet another commodity to consume, which in exchange can consume the earth's resources. On the other hand, new technologies afford us new ways to understand ourselves. We see ourselves as we never before explored our bodies. We can look at the functioning, living body. We perform heart transplants, assuring ourselves and the patient that her identity is lodged in the brain. We ask ourselves, where does my body end and the outside world begin?

We can use technology to question how we inhabit the world. Technology continually offers us new ways of exploring and making manifest the infinities of our imaginations. The balance between nature, humanity, and technology requires that we change our actions as well as our artifacts. Otherwise, we simply face the issue of putting our old feet into new shoes. Therefore, we must expand our process of design to include the design of the program. The program should not be so rigidly determined by the bookkeeping of space that we are so often given. The flexibility of the program to grow and change with the form of the building can itself influence our understanding of how we inhabit the world. If we become lazy, if we diminish the importance of the rich breadth of reality, we are in danger of abdicating responsibility for our actions. It is my hope that in addressing these three orders of reality, we can reassume this responsibility. We can see ourselves as part of a larger whole, a continuum of things which live and build upon the earth. To explore our place in this continuum, we begin by exploring ourselves. I begin by sketching the human form.

Inventions: This first project is called "The Grounded Angel: an Architecture of Reclamation." I became aware of the Rocky Mountain Arsenal while working on a master plan for 2500-acre annexation between the Arsenal and the new Denver International Airport.

Hidden from the public view, the Rocky Mountain Arsenal was a military facility used to produce and store chemicals developed for chemical warfare during the Second World War. Most of these chemicals still remain hidden within the land, without adequate day-to-day monitoring. In addition to the chemicals developed for war, there are many other large quantities of toxic waste on the 50-square-mile site. Over 11 million gallons of concentrated toxic sludge, by-products of chemicals whose lethality is typically measured in milligrams, were dumped into open-air trenches and basins over three decades. At least 432 million cubic feet of soil remain contaminated, and unknown amounts have penetrated into the groundwater, resulting in an area considered the most polluted square mile on earth.

This project attempts to position the architect and the public to take responsibility for the toxins and chemicals accumulating in landfills. I wanted to design a place that would communicate the consequences of these toxins in the earth and communicate something of the process of healing the earth. The structure is a place for the temporary storage of toxic waste, visible and monitored constantly, for the research of methods for safely transforming the waste, and a place that will educate visitors about this process.

I think of this as an architecture of reclamation, an architecture which seeks to identify and create a contemporary sacred site, a place which will introduce ceremony and ritual into our lives. The sacred,

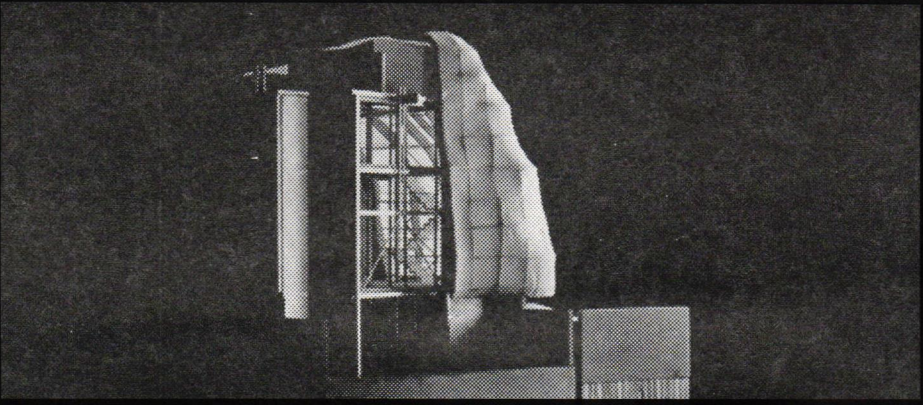
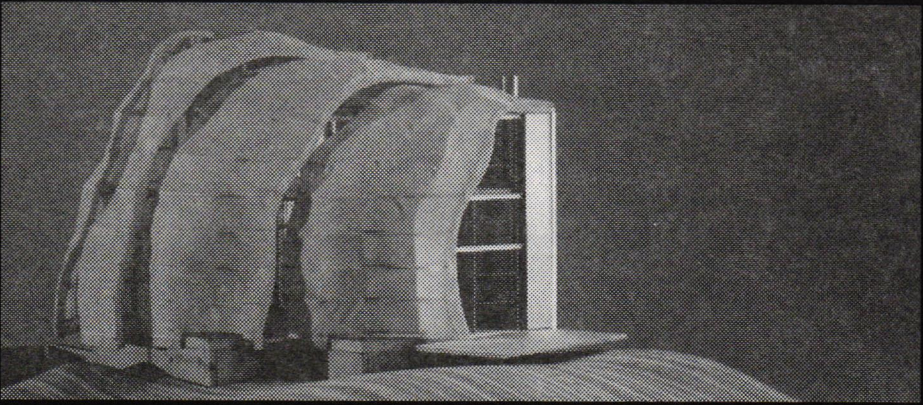
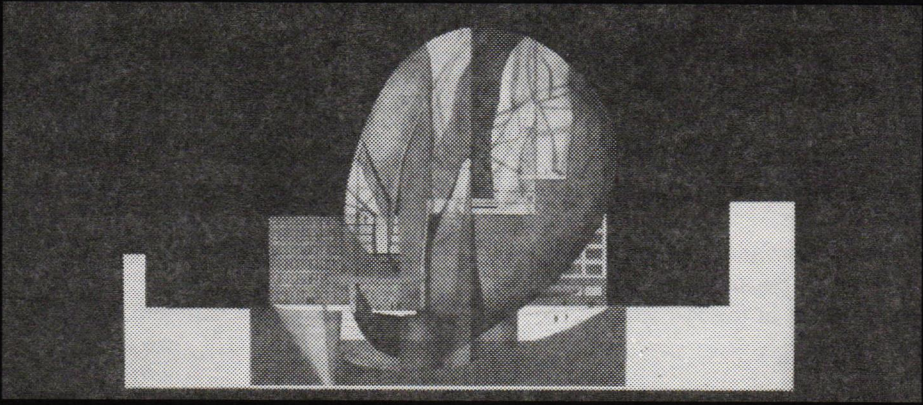
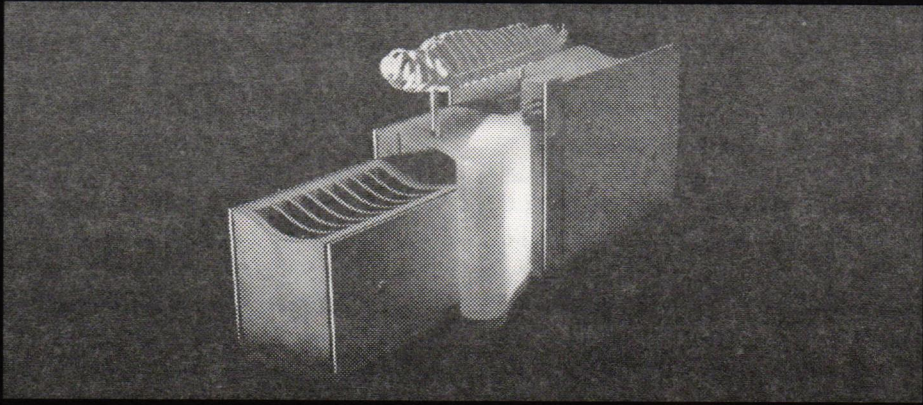
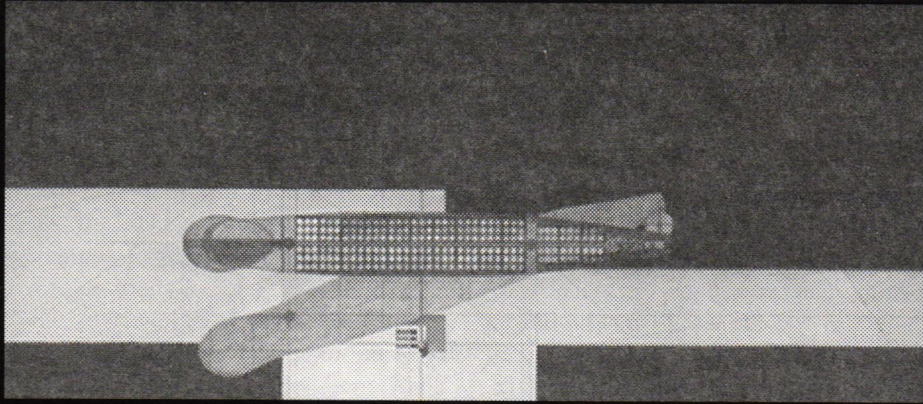
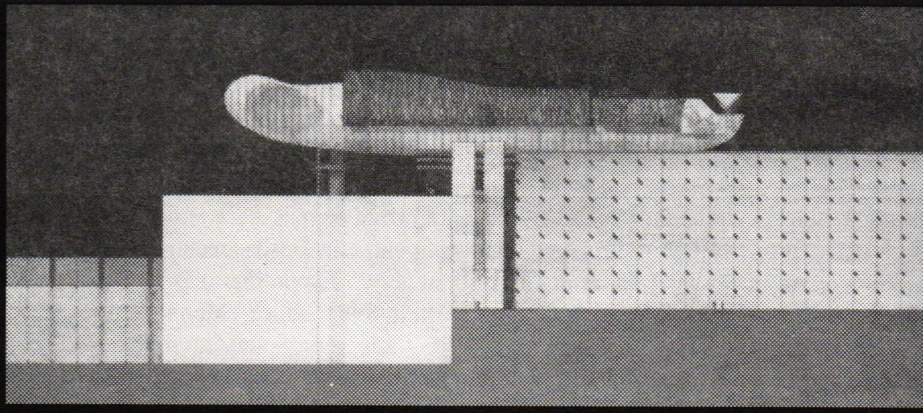
in this case, is the act of pilgrimage. Participation and involvement in a sacred journey creates a spiritual experience and instills in participants a sense of their place and meaning in society. I wanted to explore how architecture can define a physical location where the unification of humanity, nature, and technology is celebrated as a healing ceremony. The design drew on several influences of form: that of the pregnant figure to suggest new life and the regeneration of the earth, that of the Egyptian mummy, that of the funeral barge to suggest death and embarking for a new life, and that of the monumental figure in the landscape. The figure reclines slightly above the surface of the earth, avoiding a dominating vertical language and expressing the power of transformation. As visitors move through the structure, they interact visually with the toxins which are safely encapsulated in glass urns. From the air, the structure would appear as a warning beacon about the hazards and history of the site. From the ground, the structure is a monument to the connection between humanity, nature, and technology.

The next project is the topomorphic house, an alternative suburban dwelling. In this project, I shifted from the monumental scale to the scale of a single-family house to explore how architecture might provide the interface between humanity, nature, and technology on a daily basis. There is a great similarity between the shape of the human body and the rolling, non-urban topography. I placed the fragment of the shoulder in the landscape as a way of exploring the connection between humanity and nature, as a way of establishing a dialogue. I used a Cartesian, three-dimensional, nine-square grid to symbolize the scientific, rational world, and the fragment of the human body to symbolize the emotional, spiritual world. These two aspects represent two fundamental aspects of humanity. With this architecture, I wanted to explore how technology can change our experience of the house. The design is meant to provide total flexibility, allowing the interior to expand and contract during the life of the family. As the family grows, components can be added to provide additional rooms. As the family decreases, rooms could be eliminated, allowing the spaces to get larger. If the occupants move, they can easily unplug elements of the kitchen, bathrooms, cabinets, and lighting and move them to their next dwelling, leaving a volume of space to be occupied and shaped by the next inhabitant.

This flexibility is made possible with off-site fabrication, a method that has been used in the automobile, ship building, and aerospace industries for decades. Each element is conceptualized as an integrated part of a collection of parts to produce a whole. This reduces waste by efficiently coordinating integrated systems and recycling the parts. The Cartesian orthogonal armature is made of lightweight posts and beams, spanned by lightweight plywood or plastic floor and wall panels, and glass and metal exterior walls. The shoulder's form is achieved with panelized translucent insulated fiberglass. The components are fabricated together in a factory, delivered to the site, and erected on the foundation. The translucent shoulder tracks the movement of the sun, providing soft diffused light to the interior and informing the occupants of the cycles of nature. During the day, the building is like an unlit lamp, subtle and quiet. At night, the translucent shoulder glows, speaking to its neighbors.

The next project is the Object of Thought. In this project, I was interested in exploring the changing nature of the public realm and the relationship between knowledge and power: how knowledge is accessed, how knowledge is stored, and how knowledge is controlled. The site and program for the proposed Seattle Public Library at First Avenue and Pike Street was used as a starting point. It will be a place that attempts to connect learning and experience because neither is isolated from the other. The Object of Thought will be a new public place. This project consciously deals with the symbolic nature of the artifact. The obvious choice for a repository of knowledge was the human head. It is the place where the stimuli of the everyday fuse with internal images of memory and anticipation. The use of the head ties this building to precedents in other humanistic gestures and artifacts. This artifact tries to address the current changes taking place on a social level, blurring the line between the organic and the inorganic.

The human brain offers inspiration for possible architectural spaces. Despite recent advances in medicine, much of the functional aspects of the brain are still very much unknown. This mystery is part of the inspiration. We do know that it is separated into two hemispheres by a longitudinal fissure that runs from front to back. Each of these hemispheres has distinctly different roles. Fissures also run from side to side and cre-



ate even more regional specialization. The architecture of the Object of Thought consciously echoes the architecture of the brain. It is partitioned with a longitudinal fissure, and the intention is to respect the idea of the various regional personalities of the brain. Light enters from the upper regions of the fissure and is distributed with a sense of the mystery that exists in the inner workings of the brain. To reinforce the public nature of the project, a public space beginning at the street level was developed. Its boundaries were determined by thinking about the activities that might occur on the site rather than simply using the predetermined real estate boundaries, property line to property line. My purpose in giving this talk is to encourage new ways of thinking about architecture. The ultimate goal of this work is to build, not simply to have these works remain on paper. These are not works to be understood only through reading or hearing a lecture. Rather, they are to be inhabited, they are to be tested and to age. To build well is a great joy. If we can effect a profound change in the way our society thinks about architecture, we can create a climate where new architecture is possible, where a symbolic language is intelligible, where we have achieved a balance between nature, humanity, and technology. But the change must begin in our minds and our hearts. —Anthony Pellecchia, principal in WPa, Incorporated, a design firm located in Seattle.

Steven Holl: Modern Mannerist by Doug Kelbaugh

This is not the first nor will it likely be the last article in *Arcade* about Steven Holl's St. Ignatius Chapel. I would like to add my voice to the chorus of praise that has greeted this Seattle masterpiece. My first impression of this small but complicated building was not particularly positive. Like most official openings and dedications, the social swarm prevented actually experiencing the work. There also was the usual over-scrutinizing and over-verbalizing by all the self-proclaimed architectural critics, including myself. My expectations were too high—abetted by local hero worship of Holl and following a very positive visit to his housing project in Fukuoka. I wanted to be transported by this highly sculpted, ecclesiastical space, but sat there leaden, exchanging wry comments with friends. Fortunately a couple of us stayed on until after the crowd had filtered out and the sun had begun to set. That's when the magic began. The colors—both inside and out, projected and reflected—became increasingly intense, more and more saturated with hue and less and less with the indirect daylight and electrical light that had earlier bounced around the interior too brightly. The hanging and wall fixtures seem to have since been dimmed. The palette, which seems bleached and pale during the day, slowly becomes vivid and rich in both complementary and strange combinations. I was sufficiently moved to keep coming back and have been duly rewarded with new readings and aesthetic experience.

I agree with Cohan, Summer and Wolken's appraisal in last summer's *Arcade* that this building begins "to do the impossible: to use common materials as a means to transcend materiality—to create mystery from the matter-of-fact, sublimity from the mundane and spirituality from the physical."¹ This design has that haunting, transcendent quality that Holl's renderings possess. They are not completely of this world—lonely, disarming, even awkward, with a childlike, naïve sense of gravity and its downward pull. It's their beautiful solitude and awkwardness, not lyricism or harmony, that appeals, even mesmerizes. To me his buildings often seem arbitrary and a little odd, even misshapen. Pleasantly so. And intentionally so, I've always assumed. Despite the employment of the golden section throughout the chapel, this architecture is not about classical or Renaissance beauty and proportion. It is about experiencing the unexpected, the unobvious, the untectonic. Like Mannerist architecture and art of the 16th century, its "energy suddenly expends itself in surprisingly, illogical places."²

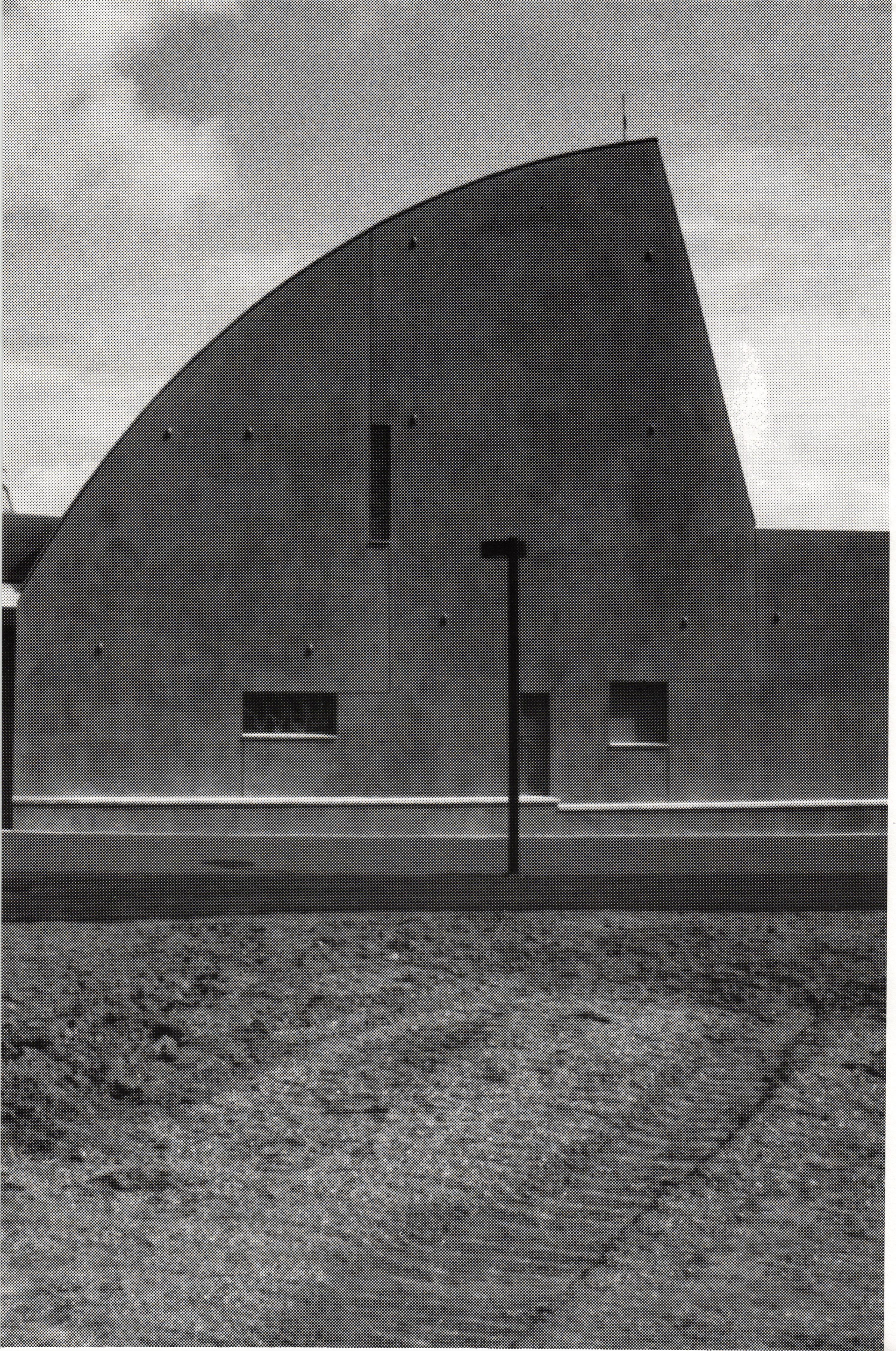
For these reasons, this work seems to be an important example, perhaps the most convincing to date, of mannerism in Modernist architecture. Because so many of the Modern Movement's tenets have been forgotten or replaced in the last two decades, it's

hard to know what is going on in this pre-millennial lull. Holl's work signals some new sensibility, one that quietly subverts the direct clarity and rigor of Modernist architecture—not in a cynical or deconstructed way, but in a sensitive, artistic way that brings power, subtlety and meaning to contemporary architectural form.

Mannerist periods in Western art and architecture occurred in the Hellenistic Period, 5th to 3rd century B.C., and between 1525-1600, a supposedly slack interval between the High Renaissance and Baroque periods. It was a time with no dominant style, full of contradictions, a tendency to excess within boundaries, and a "willful, agitated, inner anxiety."³ According to Pevsner, "If balance and harmony are the characteristics of the High Renaissance, Mannerism is the reverse; for it is an unbalanced, discordant art—now emotional to distortion, now disciplined to self-effacement. The High Renaissance is full, Mannerism is meagre."⁴ Although the St. Ignatius Chapel does not exude an overt emotionalism, it is disjointed, humble and even feeble in places—a latter-day Ronchamp Chapel less the massive, muscular expression. Robust heroicism has given way to a new generation of more subtle shapes and moves. It is an architecture of button-the-top-button restraint and shallow breathing—more sensitive and sophisticated but less vigorous and sure of itself. Holl is to Corb as Peruzzi or Romano was to Bramante, slowly inverting the rules. If the Modernist golden rule was to clearly embody function, materials and structure, the Mannerist maxim would be to avoid the straightforward and the clichéd, accept the idiosyncratic and the complex but corral excess within a frame.

Here are some of the ways the chapel follows this rule. The roof, freely sculpted to achieve maximum plasticity and variety, is contained by the absolutely rectangular footprint of the building. On the edge of chaos but not over it, the roof is a happy neurosis of convoluting forms saved from lunacy by the sheerness of the tilt-up walls and the simplicity of the footprint. As Venturi points out, without juxtaposing the distorted with the undistorted, the architecture would be like German Expressionism or French Rococo, and a confused version at that. Not only do the roof monitors crowd and push each other, they meld with the box itself, co-opting and dividing it but never violating the rectangle. You're not sure if the building was conceived from the bottom up or the top down, if the box is container or contained. Holl's design sketches feature a cluster of seven "bottles of light." This may explain the ambiguous reading of the roof monitors, which conceptually sit on the ground rather than the roof. I read them differently: six or seven, hard to see them from the outside, roof monitors—bumps on a single box—grown so high as to take over and dominate their host. They are as tall as the front wall of the box and give a top-heavy, Mannerist feel to this elevation on approach. They have subdivided the chapel into separate chambers and broken up its side elevations into a series of seemingly separate pavilions. It's a classic battle between a plan ordered by loadbearing walls and a section trying to free itself of those loads. This contest was made all the more violent when the budget forced a shrinking of the floor plan and crashing together of the bottles. That seems to be the moment when a complicated but fairly ordinary parti became extraordinary. Another building made better—and, ironically, more complicated in this case—by the discipline of a budget, which like an earthquake in this case caused the monitors to rise and the roof vaults to shift and settle.

There are other aspects, some not as appealing to me, that make the building Mannerist. As mentioned above, many of the colors are bleached out; e.g., the blond woods and pallid, sometimes sickly colors of glass. The thick slab of a front door is artfully shot through with holes at the least expected places and angles—a studied randomness. The door's thickness is highlighted by the bullet holes, but its substantiality is compromised by its soft buttery color and luster. The entrance's corner column or pier was easily omitted with reinforced concrete construction, but the cantilever seems gratuitous. It's not really a corner entry building. A pier or extended west wall could have reinforced the building's longitudinality, processional path and the new campus axis—all of which are strengths of the



scheme. The tiny cross atop the front roof monitor is emaciatingly thin; its two-dimensionality recalls a Saul Steinberg cartoon or Paul Klee watercolor. So is the rug with its childlike, highly attenuated lettering.

In a three dimensional tour de force, the top of the cross in the campanile merges with the superstructure as its arms cantilever from it. After 20 centuries of leaving this symbol as a free-standing figure, it seems a little perverse to have the frame touch its hallowed contents. Perhaps, this artistic license is needed to bring renewed meaning to an old icon at the start of its third millennium. The bronzed aluminum pipe railing, presented in the Summer '97 Arcade, seems undersized and intentionally attenuated again—not the paragon of tectonics implied by the article. Its linearity and detailing makes a legible narrative, but I'm not sure the metal enjoys being bent 180 degrees. In fact, I'm doubtful the wood, plaster, metals and concrete panels always enjoy what they have been asked to do—a good measure for me of tectonic integrity. Lastly, the placement of window mullions and muntins may have been systematically arranged or composed in a painterly fashion. In either case, they often appear where you least expect them or where the glass least needs them for support. I could go on with almost endless personal, micro observations triggered by the wonderful myriad of personal, micro touches with which Holl and the artists have so thoroughly blessed the building.

All these details give the building an innocence and poetic charm—an enchanting combination of willfulness and gentleness. This guilelessness is highlighted by the realistic crucifix that seems out of place. Was it included at the insistence of the client? Is all this artistry or is it fear of being obvious, ordinary? Deep design or personal whim? Profound insight or idiosyncratic indulgence? The answer is yes, both, maybe. In a secular age of relativity, simulation and hype, this may be, alas, as close to architectural and religious profundity as we can get.

Perhaps the most Mannerist aspect of the chapel is its structural system: the lack of congruence between the interior and exterior shells; i.e., the fact that one does not always nest cleanly within the other. It's very difficult to read the inside vaults from the outside, because of the poche and discontinuities in the roof volumes and hidden structural corsets. An x-ray machine would really help explain this baffled, sometimes baffling building. The indirect natural lighting and translucent glazings necessarily result in an architecture that is hard to see into or out of—a cost, or in this case a benefit, that the building has slowly made me more conscious of. It is not literally or phenomenally transparent, which is perhaps the reason that visitors usually couch their opinions about the interior or the exterior but not the building as a whole. But this is also true of some of the buildings of Aalto, an early modernist who could be Mannerist and who was also a maestro of the section.

Steven Holl's phenomenological design tendencies—more perceptual than conceptual—represent one of two viable courses that architecture could take in our region and elsewhere. The first is to freshen Modernism, or at least the Modernist vocabulary, with twists, ambiguities and distortions that are respectful of the Modern Movement's revolutionary insights but give it new meaning and power. Tilt it, twist it, torsion it and enrich it with the works of artists, who in this case skillfully brought a more representational and traditional art and craft to the abstract forms of modern architecture.

Holl's reference to Japanese Zen gardens in the reflecting pool is another example of Modernism enriched by traditions, and critically cultivated local architectural types, materials, technologies, landscapes and ethnicities. The former course emphasizes architectural and artistic originality, and if anything, Holl is original. The other path is more about honoring context and continuity as well as reserving originality more for the scales of detail and of urban design than for the configuring of plan and section that are already embodied in an architectural type. Both paths seem to be promising and may someday merge, when some new, bigger, more useful dichotomy subsumes this one. This thoughtfully mannered building—so thoroughly designed, detailed and crafted—has raised the architectural ante in the region. Finally, an institutional building, as opposed to another Microsoft croft, where the budget was commensurate with the program as well as the talent and determination of the architect. Seattle generally has more

design talent than client courage or commitment to go the distance. This building may represent more than the right design team and client at the right time. It may be doing nothing less than ushering in a new period of architecture. Or it may simply be the case that Holl is born Mannerist, like Michelangelo, Furness, Lutyens, DeKlerk, Aalto and Scarpa, none of whom practiced during a period of Mannerism. My feeling is that Holl is more than a one-off artist and fills a void for many members of his generation and represents a strengthening stream of late modernism. In any case, hats off to the Jesuit leadership of Seattle University for vision and guts, and to Olson Sundberg Architects and the contractors who rose to the construction challenge. And to the artists and Steven Holl himself.

—Doug Kelbaugh

FAIA, will be Dean of the University of Michigan College of Architecture and Urban Planning, effective July 1. Dr. Kelbaugh is author of the book *Common Place: toward Neighborhood and Regional Design* published by University of Washington Press.

Almost Aphrodite by Katherine W. Rinne

Now that bashing the new Getty Center in Los Angeles has become an architectural pastime, let me say right up front and out loud—Richard Meier's new Getty Center is terrific, and that any one who disagrees is a spoilsport. That is not to say that it is free of awkward elements. There are plenty of things to quibble about. But, it is, as they say, "a done deal," and so we had better learn how to live with it, learn from it, enjoy it, and make it work. We might even grow to love it.

The Center, essentially a 110-acre arts campus, is situated on a commanding ridge of the Santa Monica Mountains at the junction of the San Diego Freeway and Sunset Boulevard. It is a complex of several buildings clustered around a series of courtyards on two spurs of the ridge. It unites the J. Paul Getty Museum, the Getty Grant Program and separate Research, Conservation, and Education Institutes, as well as a public auditorium and restaurants. A cable-drawn tram links the aerie to a parking structure for 1200 cars at the bottom of the hill. Of the twenty-four developed acres, five are devoted to buildings and nineteen to gardens and terraces. Programatically the Getty Center has been likened to a corporate headquarters, an "acropolis of the arts," a modern-day Hadrian's-villa, and a university campus. Indeed, it is a little bit of each. In many ways it bears a striking resemblance to a remote medieval monastery. Here the faithful ascend from the city below to the museum, just as the faithful once climbed to the monastery church. Meanwhile, behind the scenes, Getty scholars and staff—like modern-day monks—work away in cloistered realms of research and devotion, beyond the call of worldly cares.

By all rights the Getty Center should be the most extraordinary building complex of the late 20th century—and in many ways it is. It is certainly the most ambitious and complicated arts project, and it is a stupendous accomplishment, both architecturally and culturally. With an enlightened client, a drop-dead beautiful site, an extraordinary program, a well-respected architect, top-level consultants, and a billion dollar budget, how could you go wrong?

Certain elements are handled with subtle dexterity. The use of natural light in the top-floor painting galleries is masterful. Computer-controlled louvers positioned at the top of tall skylights soften the bright California sun to create a rich and vibrant space, and a luminous setting for the art. The large, split-face travertine blocks that clad much of the lower register of the exterior walls are warm and inviting. The blocks also occur in some transitional interior spaces, particularly in gallery lobbies, and provide unexpected counterpoint to the galleries' richly colored walls. Various smaller-scale details and spaces are also gems. These include many of the individual gardens—particularly an ethereal agave and cacti garden that appears to have landed from Mars—and of course, Meier's signature handrails and dynamic staircases, which are stunning sculptural elements. Getty Center press releases assure us that Meier has produced a design that "highlights both nature and culture, creating a synchronistic, organic whole." However, basic issues of siting and composition were not satisfactorily resolved at the beginning of the

design process. The individual buildings are not in accord with the landscape, and they do not form an organic whole. On the contrary, they are more a collection of beautifully conceived and crafted jewel boxes set upon a travertine tray. The transitions—between site and complex, between podium and buildings, and from building to building—are rarely well resolved. This is unfortunate, since it is often in these transitions that the deepest architectural meaning is revealed.

The site is spectacular. And controversial. Visible from miles away, this 100% corner looms above the very public San Diego Freeway and the very private backyards of nearby well-heeled and very vocal residents. They were rightly concerned about the neighborliness of the original Meier proposal—essentially white metal-clad boxes—and they participated actively in the design process. This was perhaps one of the few building sites in America where it might have been appropriate and interesting to use a contemporary, Southern California interpretation of the medieval hill-town vocabulary. The program was certainly complex enough to mimic some of the elements of a town, and the topography was varied enough to provide interest. Meier chose, however, to grade the site to a nearly uniform 865 feet above sea level, which provided a datum for materials and functions. Except for the museum building, which is clad almost entirely in travertine, a grid of metal panels is used above 865 feet, and a grid of travertine panels is used below. Public spaces, reading rooms, and most offices typically occupy the three floors above the datum, while storage and research rooms typically occupy the three floors below. With more sensitive grading, each of the separate buildings would have snuggled more comfortably on the ridges, dropping down a little here, rising a little higher there, or angling around a ravine a little more gracefully. These moves would have created a far more interesting skyline without resorting to quirky gestures, and without defying a strictly imposed height limit.

The Center calls to mind Filarete's "Ideal City" paintings, which epitomize the Renaissance search for a rational order in architecture. In his paintings, beautiful, perfect, static buildings perch on an idealized, gridded landscape, where order and harmony will forever reign. In some ways Meier's work seems always to have been a search for this idealized form—separate from the complex, messy realities of contemporary life. The site for the Getty Center, which can be interpreted as an acropolis set significantly apart and above the fray, is symbolically the perfect setting for Meier to indulge his obsession with perfection. This is, after all, an abode of the gods and goddesses of art, reached every five minutes by a panathenaic tram winding up the hillside. However, this idyllic mountain ridge is not an idealized landscape—it is a real landscape. Meier would have been better advised to have taken siting cues from the Athenian Acropolis with its distinct boundaries, varied levels and clear hierarchy of buildings and open spaces, rather than Filarete's abstract chess board.

The warm, honey-colored travertine is the single most humanizing and seductive element of the entire complex. Everyone agrees that it is stunning. It was chosen to provide a transition from the rugged chapparal-covered hillside to Meier's metal-clad architectural objects. Thirty-inch square panels cover the vertical surfaces of the lower three floors. Smaller, polished squares pave the courtyards and plazas. The travertine is generally less successful when used as a paving material. When the sun shines—this is Southern California after all, not Seattle—the vast horizontal surfaces are nearly blinding, as are the metal-clad upper three stories. When it rains, which it did on my second visit, the plazas become unintended water slides—great for the kids, but treacherous for the elderly.

The vertical panels are deeply cleft along their bedding planes, creating a rough texture and sharp shadows. They are very tactile and engaging. Nearly everyone seems compelled to touch the stones and search for fossilized remains. Stainless steel clips hold the panels away from the structural support system and the waterproofing membrane. This allows the panels to move independently during an earthquake, and reduces staining from the sealants. However, this "wallpaper" treatment is intellectually and aesthetically unsettling. Because none of the panels touches each other, nor ever rests directly on the plinth, there is an odd sen-

sation that everything is hovering. Although Meier specifically stated that he chose the travertine to "ground" the complex to the site, this detail seriously undermines that avowed goal.

The travertine was quarried at Bagni di Tivoli outside Rome by the Mariotti family, fourth generation stone cutters. It comes from what Carlo Mariotti calls a huge "travertine lake"—really a porous stone bed—through which rainwater has percolated down to the water table for thousands of years. The same water is carried in aqueducts to the fountains of Rome. The bed is six kilometers long, two kilometers wide and 2000 meters deep. The travertine used for the Roman Colosseum and more recently at St. Peter's also came from this same seemingly inexhaustible source. Last year I had the opportunity to visit the stoneyard where they prepared the travertine for shipment—two shipping containers per day for two years. They also developed a special "guillotine process" to create the split-faced surface.

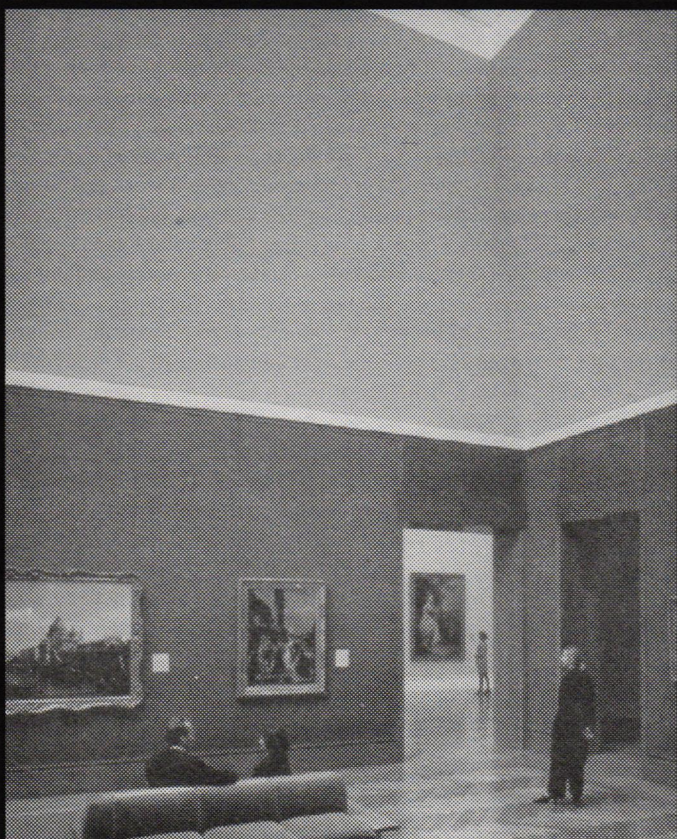
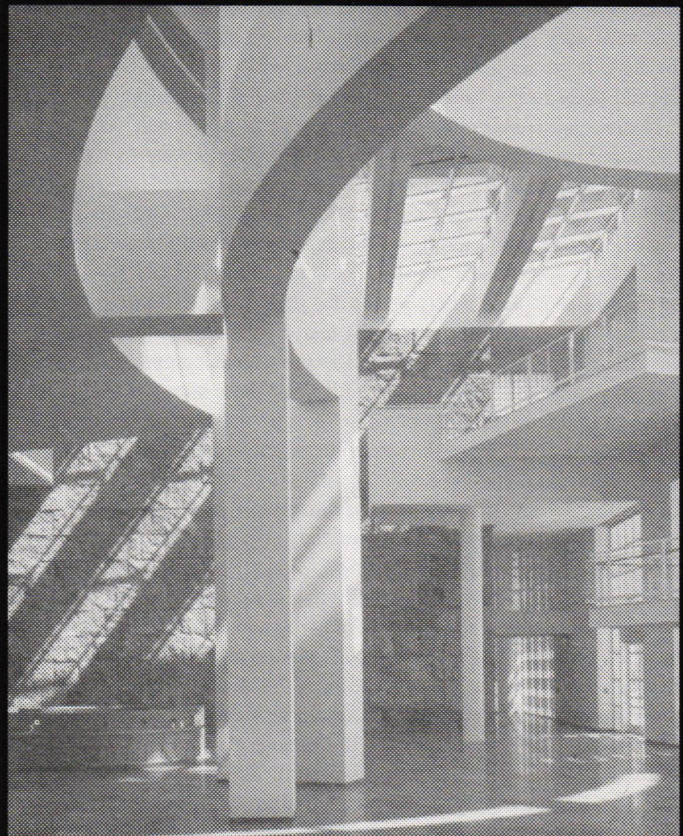
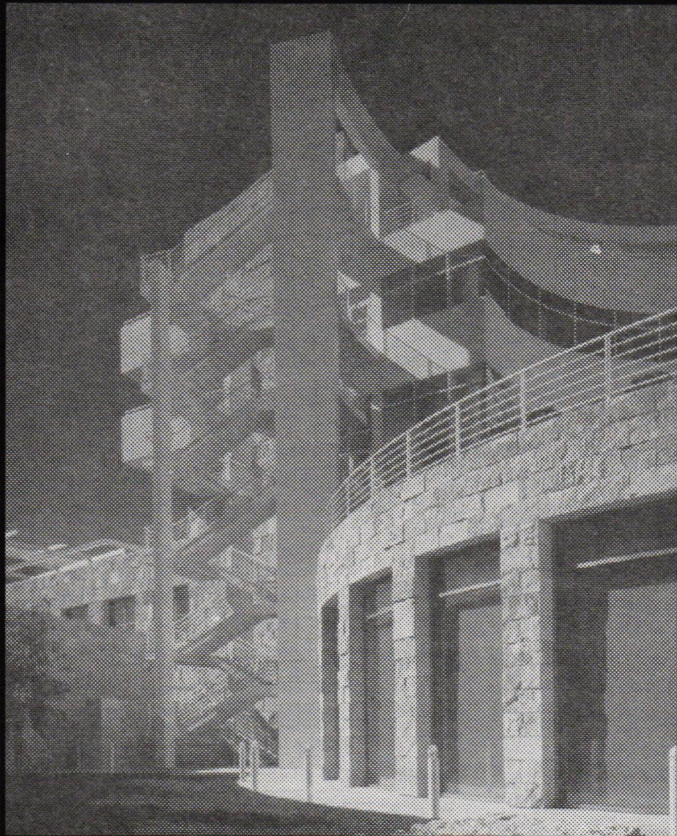
Travertine is very porous—which is part of its great beauty—and it is very difficult to keep clean, even with constant maintenance. About five years earlier, full-scale models were set up in the stoneyard to test for porosity, staining, and wear under a variety of conditions. In that brief time the stone had literally acted like a magnet, attracting dirt, grime, soot and small debris particles which had lodged in the recesses. If you are a romantic, you will call this a patina, and assume that it will enrich and soften the lower register of the building where it meets the earth. If you are a pragmatist, or an art conservator, you realize that it will simply look dirty, and will also hasten the deterioration of the stone. In either case the travertine will contrast even more sharply with the brilliant light-beige, really off-white, metal panels. Whether or not it was Meier's intention, the two zones, metal and stone, seem to bear little functional or structural relationship to each other. As mentioned before, it is almost as though the travertine is merely a podium for the display of art, in this case Meier's jewel boxes. In three or four years, once the travertine really starts to develop a patina of dirt, the individual buildings will appear even more object-like and aloof. This will be disastrous for the reading of the complex as a whole, since it will accentuate the insensitive grading of the hills.

It is really unfair to try to judge a garden before its plants have had several years to mature, and so I won't even comment on the Robert Irwin Central Garden. Enough has already been written and said about the monumental "clash of the Titans" over every single detail. And in a way it is also unfair to try to judge a building before it has become even slightly rumpled and lived in. It will be far more interesting to see how the Getty is regarded by architects, the public, museum professionals and critics in four or five years. However, even with all the picky little faults that one can find with the Getty Center, I still wholeheartedly find it to be a remarkable accomplishment—of which the Getty, Richard Meier and the City of Los Angeles can be proud.

Twenty-four hundred years ago a Greek artist carved an exquisite statue of Aphrodite, goddess of love and beauty. She is now owned and displayed by the Getty Museum. She is tall—well over life sized—and strong, with broad shoulders and solid thighs. Her gaze is direct, and she moves toward the viewer with effortless grace. She is stunning. She appears to be everything that could be desired in a person; strong and beautiful, intelligent and sensuous, independent and compassionate. Her image appears throughout the Getty Center literature as though she were a logo for the entire complex. And, in fact, she reminds me a lot of what the Getty Center intends to be, wants to be, and could have been, but does not quite achieve. Her face, throat, arms and feet are carved of marble. Her body is covered by a fluid drapery—blown by some off-stage zephyr—that caresses, but does not hide, her physicality. Carved of limestone, her body and tunic appear as a single element—nature and culture unified. She is the embodiment of the "synchronistic, organic whole" that the Getty aspires to be. But as beautiful and commanding as the new Center is, it is not an architectural incarnation of Aphrodite, set down in the City of the Angels. Unlike the statue, the Getty Center is more technique than art. It is not as convincingly clothed as the goddess—nature and culture, body and tunic are not one. But for all its faults, it comes fairly close. It is indeed almost Aphrodite.

—Katherine Rinne.





Renewal à la Samis: For Seattle's Pioneer Square, these are the Samis Years. Remember Sam Israel? As off-site landlord of his dozen buildings in Pioneer Square, he was notorious. He kept up the ground floors of most of his buildings, but that was all. Hunting big game east of the Cascades was his call. Between hunting trips, Sam Israel continued his hobby of buying buildings; meanwhile, his Pioneer Square buildings continued to decay. In 1987, Sam Israel created a foundation that would hold and manage his holdings forever. The Samis Foundation, as it was named, would use the profits from the land for three purposes: to support Jewish education in Washington, to help settle refugees to Israel, and to protect the environment. When Sam Israel died in 1996, the Samis Foundation switched into gear and embarked on its first century of land management and altruism. It is two years later, and Pioneer Square is in for some big change. Says William Justen, the foundation's real estate manager, "We're pretty excited." This year begins the renovation of Pioneer Square. Renovation number one: the Terry Denny Building. Targeted for completion by the end of 1998, the new incarnation of the old Northern Hotel—perhaps known for its big plastic "Steam Baths" sign hanging over First Avenue—will flaunt 50 new loft apartments. The preservation architecture firm Stickney Murphy is well into the design phase, and the project is deep into the permit process. Much of Samis's excitement stems, though, from the interior designs on the boards for the Terry Denny. Maryika Byskiniewicz of Spaces plans to leave the old hotel rooms looking old and tattered while dropping full-amenities kitchens into them. Plaster chards still clinging to brick will be preserved. With high ceilings, old brick walls, and some large fireplaces, the mezzanine-style apartments will be, upon opening, Pioneer Square's first major supply of non-subsidized rental homes. Renovation number two: the old Corona Hotel, again to be designed by Stickney Murphy. When its renovation is complete, the Corona will offer 35 more middle-income apartments to Pioneer Square.

Why all this market-rate housing for Pioneer Square? William Justen, former head of Seattle DCLU envisions Pioneer Square as a place where artists and their work will thrive, far into the future. By adding some market-rate rental property to the mix, Samis asserts the arts scene will be invigorated in Pioneer Square for decades to come. The only other component in the plan, according to Samis, is more art galleries. Samis hopes to fill all of those street-level retail spaces along 2nd near James with new galleries. Samis hopes, also, to offer many of its market-rate units to artists as live/work lofts. With the knowledge, however, that artists tend to go where artists can afford to live, Samis issues a challenge: that the Seattle artist community and its supporters form a not-for-profit group that will offer rent subsidies to local artists in need. Samis has begun to commit organizational and political support for the formation of such a group by joining the board of the Pioneer Square Planning Committee. For now, artists working in the Washington Shoe Building, another Samis property, fear that they will have to leave when demand for those great old Pioneer Square apartments gets great enough. And when all 200 middle-income apartments planned for Pioneer Square are finally rented out, what will Pioneer Square be like? Certainly the newcomers will not want to lose the neighborhood. They will certainly fight to keep their neighborhood's quirky storefront enterprises. And certainly Occidental Park will still have as many different kinds of people sitting on its benches throughout the day as it presently does. —Jason Lear.

Liverpool: The Beatles' Birthplace. So it ends for most Americans. This Northern city holds proud traditions of the labour movement built when the river Mersey supported fully-laden cargo ships. Most of the dockers who used to handle international freight lost their jobs as Liverpool's river docks lost trade to more easily reached super-ports. Unemployment is now as high as 33%. Liverpool may be economically depressed, but a journey into the city-centre on Friday or Saturday night is a journey into a different world of designer clothes and designer drugs. Cream, Britain's most fashionable club, is based in Liverpool, sheltering thousands of dancers and hangers every fortnight. The city is regenerating at an incredible speed. Fashionable new bars like Mellow Mellow, Milky Bar and RococoModo open to house the increasing numbers of drinkers and show-goers as well as the pre-Cream crowd. The sheer number of clubbers created a market for smart new bars and other groups who previously saw little attraction with the city's meeting places. The style of "Liverpool cool" that prevails in the new bars has extended to city-centre living. The architectural language of clubs and bars, blocks of colour juxtaposed with industrial influences—which itself borrowed from the dance music graphics of record sleeves and flyers—is used to inform new loft style apartments. The Cream culture has become a complete life-style of cool, an aspiration for young professionals and their disposable incomes. Liverpool is England's forgotten city, but are the joyous weekend scenes a resurrection or a denial of the city's problems? Mass consumption of drugs could be considered a catalyst for urban regeneration. 1990 saw the beginning of Ecstasy's popularity, when another Northern city, Manchester, was beginning to haul itself from the economic decline suffered by a city reliant on a dead manufacturing industry. It now has night-life and shopping rivalled only by London. Will the same regeneration happen for Liverpool? Like the drugs that are behind Liverpool's sparks of night activity, long-term effects are less apparent than the short term. For the moment, we're just enjoying the buzz. —Ian Shaw, Liverpool. Mr. Shaw is a 1997 graduate of the MArC program at the UW.

Mixing up Belltown: Why is everyone going to build mixed use? Sure, there's Zoning. There's the Existing Fabric. There are The Arguments. There's Good Urban Design. However, a developer does not have to lend any attention to any of that. That is not the bottom line. A bottom line is: the quick demolition of the VFW makes a nice space for a neat package of money-making potential. Mixed Use as a single, independent organism is dangerous. If Belltown Court is prototypical, we've missed the point. Belltown won't be the trendi-

est neighborhood in the Northwest, or the U.S., anymore if each of those Proposed Land Use Action signs yields a reasonable facsimile of the prototypical mixed-use infill housing project, because it won't even be a neighborhood then. A community of clones will not even facilitate casual conversation. When Mark Hinshaw calls for maracas in Belltown in Arcade, Fall 1996, he's calling on everyone. Don't wait for all of the sheds to fill the voids. Propose your own land use action; propose it in a song with a small choir. Propose it in the middle of the night. Propose it under ground. Belltown is an underground being eroded at its crown. It supports a lot of people who need its support for now. And there will always be those. It will still support, above ground, more artists' co-ops, more small designers, more funny work spaces, more crannies, more things that are not at all proven to work. The point is not 'mixed use is bad.' The point is, 'we who build this city need to always step back and always re-evaluate the limiting definitions we will naturally assume. In Belltown, always think outside the box — especially the big box full of expensive apartments, restaurants, and stores. So if somebody out there walking amidst the street tree forest can imagine something a little different — something that mixes a fresh combination of uses — peak your head above the Pea Patch and say something. How about co-housing + a bank + a greenhouse. Or a firetower + a climbing wall. How about a 15-terrace high-rise community garden. Belltown is not in a box...yet. The language of Belltown is a mixed-use language, but beware the packagability of Mixed Use. The place must remain a mix: at many different levels, at many different scales, of many different things. Think about it. Get back to us. arcade00@msn.com —Jason Lear.

Town Meeting: Space.City's recent Town Meeting with new Seattle Mayor Paul Schell; local architect and loyal son of the Great Pacific Northwest, Gordon Walker; and the design community's favorite bibliophile, Peter Miller, drew a large crowd. The reason seems clear enough: the new mayor has a unique agenda for the Seattle community in general and he asking for the support of the design community in particular—isn't he? Schell is eloquent. Voter confidence—and votes—is not born out of disparaging remarks about ones' own backyard. The mayor seduces us with words that reflect the winds of change that are blowing through Seattle. The new mayor is asking us to help him re-build this city; to revise what is out-of-date and to caress what we cherish. He is helping us to remember why we call this place home and he is inviting us along on his adventure. We are naturally suspicious of politicians. We are less leery of Peter Miller and his fervent mosaic of metaphors for Seattle and are more comfortable marching to the beat of the pragmatic integrity and rugged individualism that Gordon Walker identifies as Seattle's tune. But maybe this time our suspicions are misplaced. Maybe this politician is different. Indeed, has any city ever had a mayor with the background that the Honorable Schell has? Certainly San Francisco is enjoying the glamorous flamboyance of Mayor Brown and New York the laconic Giuliani. But Seattle has a mayor who is interested in rebuilding—literally—the city! His experience has taught him the important role that the environment and all of its parts and individual communities plays on its inhabitants. He says he is serious about making change happen; about making things better. He is asking for our help. There has been no other time like this in Seattle's history. If the mayor's intentions are true rather than specious—and we really have no reason to believe otherwise—then let's take him to task. Accept his invitation on what could be the journey of this city's lifetime. Let's entrust him with our ideas and desires for this place we call home. Perhaps, with our help, Mayor Schell really can make the dreams of this city come true. Space.City is committed to this type of forum. We will do our part to insure that the mayor is as good as his word. —space.city.

On My Mind: David Sucher

One reason Seattle lacks proper ceremonial public buildings is because the city government hasn't wanted to present an image of spending pots of money on itself. The politics of this sentiment is understandable, but it assumes that good design leading to appropriate ceremonial workspaces for elected officials need be expensive, baronial or ostentatious. A ceremonial space need not be extravagant nor need it be a space that could not be used on a daily basis. But it should and could have a character that acknowledges the sovereignty of self-governing people observing their democratic government at work. It is desirable that future City buildings give due ceremony to key public functions; e.g., swearing-in ceremonies of elected officials — the democratically elected representatives of a free people, but that is second in importance to creating a lively streetscape, should there be any conflicts between the two. More importantly, it is hard to find a "government campus" which is anything but deadly dull and boring. The search for "unified imagery" will tilt the balance to boring streetscapes rather than lively ones. The term "campus" suggests a place apart from the life of the city. The "municipal neighborhood" should not be separate from the rest of the city. We should opt to go with the "Continental" campus model rather than the "Anglo-American" one. It is implausible that a "campus" setting, which implies and suggests wide lawns with buildings set far apart, can foster a "24-hour downtown." In fact it would do just the opposite.

The word "neighborhood" shifts the mental imagery, and is a better choice. Should a final and fair-handed analysis indicate that it is indeed wise to sell the Alaska and Dexter-Horton buildings, the City should offer them for sale as residential space—either apartment, rental or sale, or as a hotel. At the very least, protective covenants should be attached; the buildings have too much historic value to be torn down.

As far as the library is concerned, I agree that loading up the library institution with a host of other functions is not in our best interest. Libraries are primarily for books. And we get the greatest public benefit if we focus on books and leave the electronic media to sort itself out before we make any huge public investment. There is just a bit too much "gee whiz" Technology! Millennium! to the vision for me to share

all or even much of it One of the problems of our current technology situation is that it is extremely difficult for anyone to have any intelligent remarks about technology's impacts at all except that there will be impacts. This is a very difficult time for any "Information Institution." Even at the highest levels of the most exalted techno-corps there is little more than a shrug of the shoulder about how technology will actually be used. We are—for the next half decade?—at an extremely dicey time for major public investments. ...Just think back to 1948. Suppose a forward-thinking and innovative and astute Library Board had said then: 'We need to accommodate this marvelous information/learning tool, the television. It's potential is great! We need many—perhaps twenty or so—Viewing Rooms where people can come together with their children to watch, as few people will be able to afford to buy a television for their own home. The Library must adapt to this changing technology.

We must provide all the tools needed so that people can share in this new information transfer device." I think not! Such an investment would have been as goofy as librarians in 1915 saying that they needed to place telephones in the libraries! Sometimes—in the path of very rapid technological change—the best move for a public library is no move—once again the infamous "no action" alternative, the bane of boosters and the instinctual haven of people who care to conserve rather than simply make-work to maintain Keynesian "aggregate demand." There can be no time in the last 500 years in which the certainties about what a library should be doing are less certain. Information access technology is shifting extremely rapidly, and if I had my druthers, I would suggest that the "No Action" alternative for the Main Branch might be wisest. I know that's not what a great number of people want to hear, but hey, it's cheap! Let's muddle through downtown for half a decade and see how things look in 2003.

—David Sucher is author of *City Comforts: How to Build an Urban Village*. The library section of this article was written with Yvonne Lam reporting for the Urban Environment Committee of Allied Arts.

Book Review

Richard Haag: Bloedel Reserve and Gas Works Park Princeton Architectural Press, 1998, 80 pp., \$12.95 paper, is the first title of *Landscape Views*, a new pamphlet series from the Harvard Graduate School of Design. The form of the book is similar to Princeton's Pamphlet Architecture publications, but this series, at last, concerns landscape architecture. Its content is visual and critical, alternating between groupings of black and white photographs and essays.

The work of local landscape architectural guru Richard Haag launches the series. Both principal essays of 'Richard Haag' attribute the sublime to Haag's work, but in different ways. Elizabeth Meyer's "Seized by Sublime Sentiments" makes its case with an application of intellectual knowledge; Patrick Condon's "The Zen of Garden Design" with an appraisal of spiritual presence. Together they work. Meyer's essay clearly pins down theory of the sublime, then Condon's piece makes its essence felt.

Gas Works Park and Bloedel Reserve, Meyer says, are linked in their embodiment of what she calls a postmodern sublime—a sublime in which spatial boundaries are challenged by a limitlessness of time. Both landscapes include visual fragments of previous cultural disturbances, industry and logging, respectively, which are conditioned by invisible sites of underground water. As it seeps up to the surface, the water discloses the indeterminacy of the past disturbances. The genius of Haag's minimal design interventions in the midst of such "open-endedness of processes" is that they order and reveal nature in ways that simultaneously imply its ruination.

Beth Meyer's essay records "a personal revelation" initiated by relics of industrial towers at Gas Works and giant stumps at Bloedel. A fundamental circumstance of sublime experience is that the object of contemplation be unfamiliar, even shocking. I, too, was profoundly moved the first time I saw fields of clearcut. But now they are familiar. And Gas Works Park is like my backyard. So the ruins of Bloedel and Gas Works may be picturesque reminders of the ravages man has performed to the land, but my mind does not flee upon viewing them. I recognize them. Immanuel Kant posits that the sublime happens when the imagination is confronted with new information that incites a conflict between the imagination and rationality. The novelty is so overwhelming that the mind is prevented from producing a form, and remains in endless contemplation of an unresolved conflict. The degree to which Gas Works and Bloedel are familiar to each individual viewer is what makes an experience of the sublime there so subjective. This is why Beth Meyer's revelation is, as she says, personal, and not meant to predict the reveries of others. Her suppositions, though, occasionally rely too heavily on objectivity. She alleges that "a designed landscape that evokes the sublime requires a community that is literate, a community that is actively engaged in public conversations about an issue," so that one may be touched by the stories of collective memory embedded in that landscape. Obviously landscape architecture that accomplishes this is strong and true and invaluable. And Gas Works Park and Bloedel Reserve certainly do accomplish this. But the sublime does not necessarily happen in the presence of collective cultural content. It is contingent upon emotional reverie. And, indeed, Meyer's essay is most convincing in its proclamation of the sublime when it slips into narratives describing her own response to Bloedel Reserve: "I long to touch this chartreuse textured fabric of soil, water, and plants, but hesitate to do so. It is too strange, too unfamiliar. It might envelop me." These words get at her own spirit, even at the soul of Bloedel's moss garden. But they are not about history. Haag's works may be impressive icons of our cultural behavior towards nature, but that is not what makes them sublime.

Where for Meyer the sublime happens in Haag's work at points where culture meets systems of nature, for Condon it happens where the human spirit meets universal truths of nature. This latter approach, in its spirituality, is inherently more subjective. Condon's essay guides the reader through Haag's three

gardens at Bloedel Reserve, identifying various dialectical pairings included in their design. Bridging oppositions such as human order and nature's indifference, without diminishing them, Condon says, allows the visitor to transcend those oppositions. This, according to Haag, lets the landscape be seen "for the first time." The landscape is about losing control of the intellect and letting the spirit run free. In designing the spaces, Haag was attempting to, in his own words, "help the visitor experience something of *satori*—an awakening." Condon admits the exoticism of the notion of a garden leading to *satori*, then suggests substituting for *satori* the Western concept of the sublime. He most persuasively attributes the sublime to Bloedel Reserve in a personal account representing that which he does not understand: "even though we cannot get our mind around the moss garden, we feel sure that something important lies just beyond our reach." It is, finally, the voice of Richard Haag himself, quoted at length in Condon's essay, which best brings the sublime to light. Rather than describing his designs in terms of theory, Haag tells stories which illustrate that theory. These stories include metaphors which, similar to his landscapes, provide "flight for imagination." Perhaps he knows that to name the sublime is to extinguish it. And so he speaks in symbols which keep it unfamiliar, so it won't go away. Compare two ways of stating the same thing—Condon's and Haag's. Condon says, "...your spirit moves out of your body and fills the space of the reflection garden." Haag says, "...The space is nothing. Somebody's been there, but they left. So there's nothing there until you and your spirit enter it, and your spirit just fills it, from wall to wall."

What makes Haag the best critic of his own work is that, unlike Meyer and Condon, Haag reveals *how* his spirit moves. And, in the end, after all the theories and cultural artifacts and natural systems, *that* is what the work is about. Gary Hildebrand, author of the book's third essay, describes it thus: "It is difficult to pin down the driving forces and methods of his work because they are always founded in tacit habits of mind and soul." These tacit habits are all that these writers have difficulty disclosing. They come close when describing their own experiences of the landscapes. The problem here is that you come away from the book wondering if you have learned more about its writers than about Rich Haag. You probably know much more about the two projects, Gas Works Park and Bloedel Reserve, and chances are you want to go visit them. But Haag himself still remains a mystery. Again he has managed to reveal little of his enigmatic self. More clues, maybe, but no solid ground. Which makes me wish, why didn't Haag write the book himself? But then I think, I wish that Rich Haag would just write a book.

—Laura Haddad is working on her second public art project with King County. She has written about the sublime for *Landscape Journal*.

On the Boards

Redmond Library: The city of Redmond wanted to provide its patrons with a state-of-the-art library facility in close proximity to other community service centers. Bassetti Architects played a pivotal role in facilitating a successful public process. Our response features a simple unified form of a low slope shed roof rising over the reading room, staff area, lobby and meeting rooms and terminating in a monumental colonnade along the front of the building. Beneath the strong roof line, materials differentiate the various aspects of the buildings' program. Richly detailed metal panel walls distinguish the community meeting room while a chaste brick enclosure defines the reading room and staff areas. —David Oldham

Infill Housing: According to the authors of *Courtyard Housing in Los Angeles*: "An international tendency toward cultural homogenization has resulted in a loss of Regional Identity." At Gordon Walker Architecture, we are trying to address the issue of Regionalism through a contemporary courtyard housing design. The site is located on Capitol Hill in the Pine Pike corridor and our speculative proposal calls for a nine unit residential structure organized around an open air pedestrian courtyard and garden. Our investigation began by identifying general attributes of the urban area and specific qualities of the site. Themes we found important respond to the cultural environment, topography, climate, landscape and the need for increased densification. Our examination of the issue of contemporary regionalism is on-going and our current response is only the beginning. —Gordon Walker.

Oceanography: Bohlin Cywinski Jackson has been commissioned by the University of Washington to design two buildings for the College of Ocean and Fishery Sciences; the Fisheries building, and the Oceanography Building. Both buildings are currently under construction, and are scheduled to be completed in the Fall of 1999. These buildings constitute the first buildings to be constructed as part of the Southwest Campus Plan. The Oceanography Building will house the Chemical and Physical Oceanography Options of the School of Oceanography. The School of Oceanography is presently housed in four main buildings and several smaller satellite structures, ranging in construction dates from 1931 to 1965 and consisting of a mix of University and converted apartment buildings. The primary goals for the new building are: Bring the four major Oceanography Options into adjacent facilities in the Southwest Campus; replace outmoded Chemical Oceanography laboratory facilities; provide Physical Oceanographers with laboratory/workshop facilities; provide a unified facility within the building for the COFS Dean and Staff, including a COFS career center. Also to provide the School with instrument fabrication, testing, assembly, and staging/operations facilities; provide the School with wet testing and calibration facilities; provide the School with a modern multi-capability, including GIS, computer modeling facility. The new Oceanography Building is a five story, 106,000 square foot steel frame research building that has a metal panel and glass exterior. The building has a two story glass enclosed lobby and exterior terraces that are oriented to take advantage of the Portage Bay views to the south. Internally, the building is organized around a multi-level open space that is washed with natural light by a teardrop-shaped clerestory glazed structure at the roof. —Bohlin Cywinski Jackson.

Amalfi

The snow was falling on the beach at Amalfi,
the mountain, black above white house cubes;
the bearded old man, leaning on the rail
at the cliff near the tunnel, held his newspaper flexed
like a bat's wing as I passed, paused, then turning
my back to the wind and this journey, asked
the meaning from the riddle...

welling deep in his eyes, rippling his face,
rising outward through his goat-white hair, caressing
his temples then descending, swirling, twitching
around his mouth like a century of wind across stones:

seasons spun and snow fell melting
on his lips as he left me
stunned me with his tracery,
saying nothing.

Earth Echoes (for las galapagos)

In kiln days of tall throbbing light
the sun twists the day, and sears—
birth of cinders in a cold sea's calyx,
riddle of edges down the long tortoise years.

The ceramic click of the lava, repose of broken shores,
chords of the furnace humming in your cairns;
swollen cactus footprints pin the sky
and your landscape is glazed with spines.

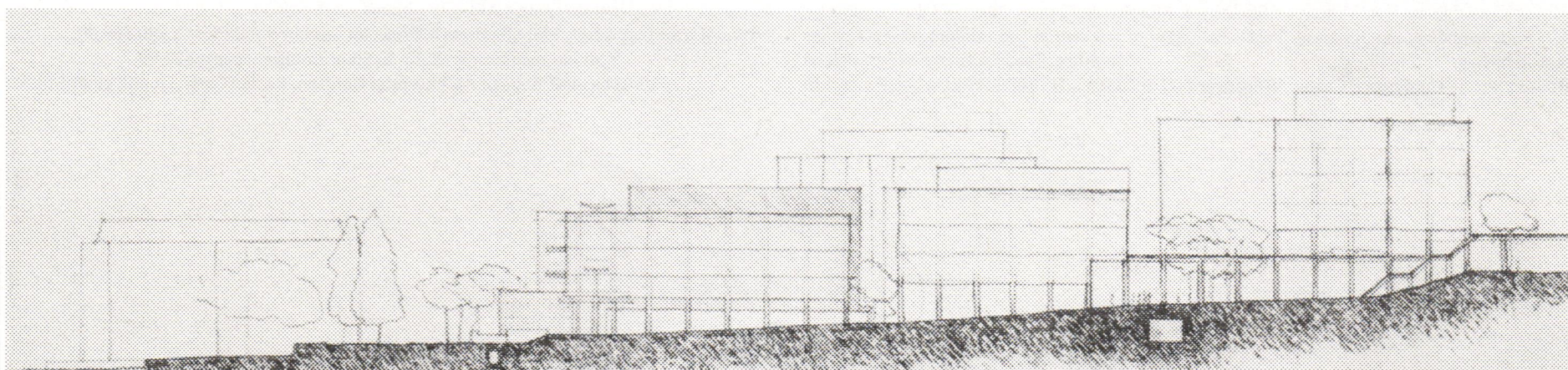
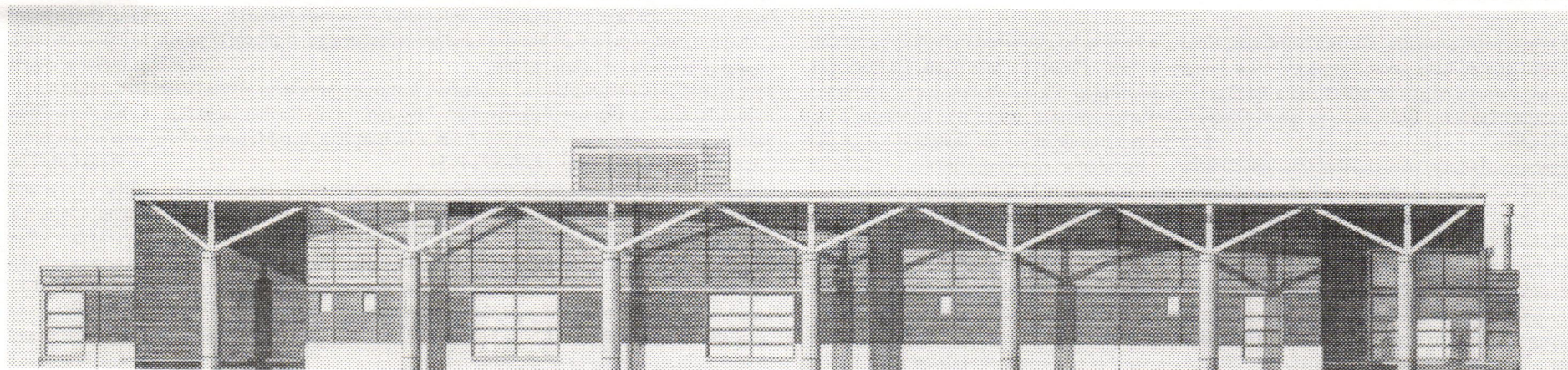
The day is shedding birds
a tumult of gannets over shearwater surf,
terns swinging like slate amulets
as spindrift sifts light into shapes of wind

against an endless procession of swells
advancing faster than a man could run—
molten blue towering water, clear and cold
and pale, the color of some perfume or precious glass:

womb of the fire and pulsing sea,
your reptile peace still moist in the shadows
as the sun twists the day, and sears
this riddle of edges down the long tortoise years.

—Grant Jones





Seattle Art Museum: Through 5.5: Native Visions: Northwest Coast Art from the 18th Century to the Present. 3.12-10.4: The Paving of Paradise: A Century of Photographs of the Western Landscape. 5.8: Opening Russian Decorative Art. Recent acquisitions from the Guendolyn Plestcheeff Collection.

Center on Contemporary Art: Through 4.4: Love at the End of a Tunnel, or the Beginning of a Smart New Day: New Art from Los Angeles. 4.25-6.20: Survival System Train and other sculpture by Kenji Yanobe.

Cornish College of the Arts Fisher Gallery: 4.2-26: Furniture and Light Exhibition juried show of new furniture and lighting designs by students, faculty and alumni. 4.3-5.14: Convention Center Exhibition: Design Department faculty Show. Opening reception Friday April 3, 5:00-7:30pm.

The Bellevue Art Museum: Through 4.12: Forces: Art for the End of the Century, Touring show curated by Richard Humphrey. What can happen when microchip technology and the imagination of an artist combine?

The San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, The Wexner Center for the Arts, and The New York Museum of Modern Art: Through 4.28: Fabrications: Bodybuildings. A simultaneous presentation at three sites across the United States that will present architectural installations as assembled pieces that instruct and delight by engaging the visitor in physical experiences. The San Francisco Fabrications features the work of architects Craig Hodgetts and Hsin-Ming Fung; Sheila Kennedy and J. Frano Violich; Byron Kuth and Elizabeth Ranieri; and Rob Wellington Quigley.

Call For Entries

5.1 Submission deadline for Ten Northwest Houses a book to be published in 1999 Projects submitted should have been completed after January 1, 1990. Please include plans, Photographs, transparencies, slides or prints and a brief project description. Please enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope and send it to: Sheri Olson, 911 Western Avenue, Suite 211. Telephone (206) 343 7911.

5.15 Submission deadline for International Design Resource Awards, an annual international design competition to encourage the use of post-consumer recycled, and reprocessed and sustainably harvested materials in new product designs and buildings. For more information electronic mail Johnson Design Studio at: 73313.2072@compuserve.com. or for an entry form visit our web site at: <http://www.worldinc.com/idra/entry.htm>. Jurors listed on web site.

5.23 Proposals due for National Endowment for the Arts Award of a Cooperative Agreement to identify, describe, and visually document excellent examples of Universal Design from the disciplines of architecture, interior design, landscape architecture, product design, and graphic communications. The primary audience for these materials will be students/faculty in schools of design. Visuals and text will be produced on compact disc, and should be articulate and illustrate a set of principles of Universal Design through the use of design examples. Those interested in receiving the Solicitation package should reference Program Solicitation PS 98-02 in their written request. Requests must be accompanied by two self-addressed labels. Verbal requests for the Solicitation will not be honored. Requests for the Solicitation should be addressed to National Endowment for the Arts, Grants and Contracts Office, Room 618, 1100 Pennsylvania Avenue, Northwest, Washington, D.C. 20506. For any further information contact William Hummel, Coordinator (202) 682 5482.

Lectures

Seattle Art Museum: 3.13: Lucy Lippard-Contemporary Art Council Lecture 7pm at Kane Hall Auditorium, University of Washington. 3.29: Barbara Novak, Chair of the Art History Department and Professor of Art History at Barnard College. 6pm at the Seattle Asian Art Museum. 3.5: David Wagoner author and poet. 4.3: Silver Slices Professor Rabinovitch 11:00am. 4.17: Dr. John Wilmerding Professor of American Art History and Chair of the Department of Art and Archaeology at Princeton University, 10:15-12:00pm.

Historic Seattle Spring Lecture Series, Pioneer Square: A Century of Change, Virginia Mason North Pavilion, Volney Richmond Junior Auditorium, 1201 Terry Street, 7:00-9:00pm: 3.24: From Sawmills to Storage: Reverend Dennis Anderson and Dennis Meier. 3.31: Renaissance: Former Mayor Wes Uhlman, Ron Murphy of Stickney & Murphy, and James Olson of Olson Sundberg. 4.7: Redevelopment and Renewal: Panel discussion of rail station and stadium project owners and architects.

McMillan Boedel Lecture Series, held at Robson Square Conference Center, Vancouver B.C. 6:00pm: 3.11: Main Projects and Ecological

Approach: Francoise-Helene Jourda. 3.18: The Builders of Vancouver Architectural Photographers presented by the Urbanarium. 3.25: Finnish Architecture: Kristian Gullichsen, Gullichsen Kairamo Vormala Arkkitehdit Ky, Helsinki. 4.1: The Search for a Modern Landscape Design in Japan: Yoji Sasaki, Ohtori Consultants, Osaka.

The San Francisco Museum of Modern Art. 3.12: Architecture and the Body: Byron Kuth and Elizabeth Ranieri, principals of Kuth/Ranieri, and David Breskin, writer and board member of the A & D Forum. 3.19: Beauty and Architecture: Sheila Kennedy and J. Frano Violich, the principals of Kennedy and Violich Architecture; Terence Riley, chief curator of the Department of architecture and Design, The Museum of Modern Art, New York.

Seattle Architectural Foundation Walking Tours: 5.2: Historic "Contemporary" Homes in Denny Blaine. 5.6: Smith Tower. 5.13: Rainier Club 5.16 Art in the City. 5.20: Starbucks Center. 5.27 Pacific Medical Center. Pre-registration is recommended. For registration please call (206) 667 9186 or in person at the Seattle Architectural Foundation Gallery, 1333 Fifth Avenue, Level 3.

Elsewhere

Brussels: Victor Horta (1861-1947) was the pioneer of Art Nouveau in Belgium. Many of his best works were demolished, some are in the Museum of Modern Art, New York City. His home is now open as a museum. 25 rue Americaine, Saint-Gilles.

Chicago: The 1892 Charnley-Persky House, called the "first modern house in America", designed by Louis Sullivan and his assistant, Frank Lloyd Wright, has recently opened to the public on Saturdays, Tuesdays and Thursdays. (312) 573 1365. The Art Institute of Chicago through 5.3: Japan 2000 is the first in a three-part exploration of the role played by the Japanese government in shaping contemporary architecture and industrial design. It shows 17 public buildings through drawings, models, and photographs.

Columbus, Indiana: called the "Architectural Showplace of America", featuring more than 40 buildings by world famous architects such as Gunnar Birkerts, I.M. Pei, and Kevin Roche; including a church by Eliel Saarinen and one by Eero Saarinen. Branch of Indianapolis Museum of Art also on location. Columbus Visitor's Center, (812) 372 1954.

Frankfurt: The tallest building in Europe is the new 984 foot Commerzbank tower by Sir Norman Foster and Partners. (See article in January '98 Architectural Record) It is a "green" building, triangular tower with gardens spiraling up through an atrium. Offices have sun, views and windows that open for ventilation, along with an unusual floor plan that alters the usual relationships among workers.

New York: Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum; 2 East 91st Street, through May 10, Arquitectonica: The Times Square Project details a hotel and multi-use complex that will be a beacon for tourists designed by Bernardo Fort-Brescia and Laurinda Spear principals of the Miami firm.

San Francisco: Museum of Modern Art through 3.10: Wired Magazine: Selections from the Permanent Collection of Architecture and Design shows spreads from "Wired" magazine by renowned graphic designers. Also Constructed Landscapes: Projects by Zaha Hadid is the first solo museum presentation of Hadid's work, featuring paintings that explore her architecture from different perspectives.

Washington DC: National Building Museum, through May 11 Civic Lessons: Recent New York Public Architecture. 79 public architecture projects done from 1985-1995 and through June 30: Planning Washington's Monumental Core.

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Booklists

- Rizzoli: 1 Michele Sae Buildings & Projects, Rizzoli, paper \$35.00.....
- 2 American House Now, Susan Doubilet, Unvers, paper \$25.00.....
-3 Architecture Pack, Ron van der Meer, Deyean Sudjik, Knopf, cloth \$50.00.....
-4 Alesander Gorlin, Vincent Scully, Rizzoli, paper \$35.00.....
-5 New American Apartment, Watson Guptil, paper \$55.00.....
-6 Skyscrapers, Judith Dupre, Workman, cloth \$22.98.....
- 7 Charles and Ray Eames, Donald Albrecht Abrams, cloth \$49.50.....
- 8 Atlas of Rare City Maps, Melville Branch, Princeton Architectural Press, cloth \$60.00.....
-9 Sir Norman Foster, Philip Judidio, Tascheen, paper \$24.99.....
-10 Cuba: 400 Years of Architectural Heritage, Rachel Carly, Guptil, cloth \$49.50.

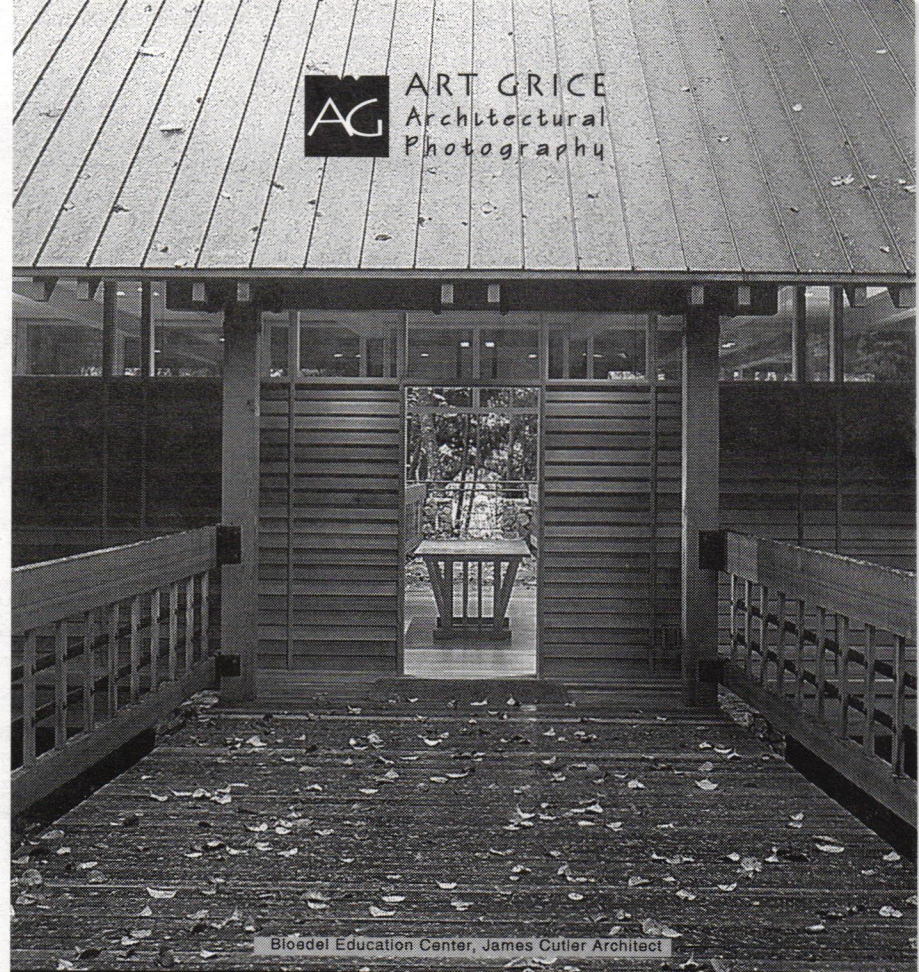
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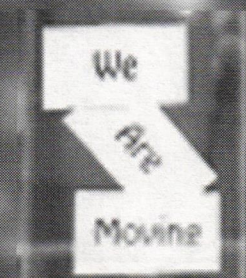
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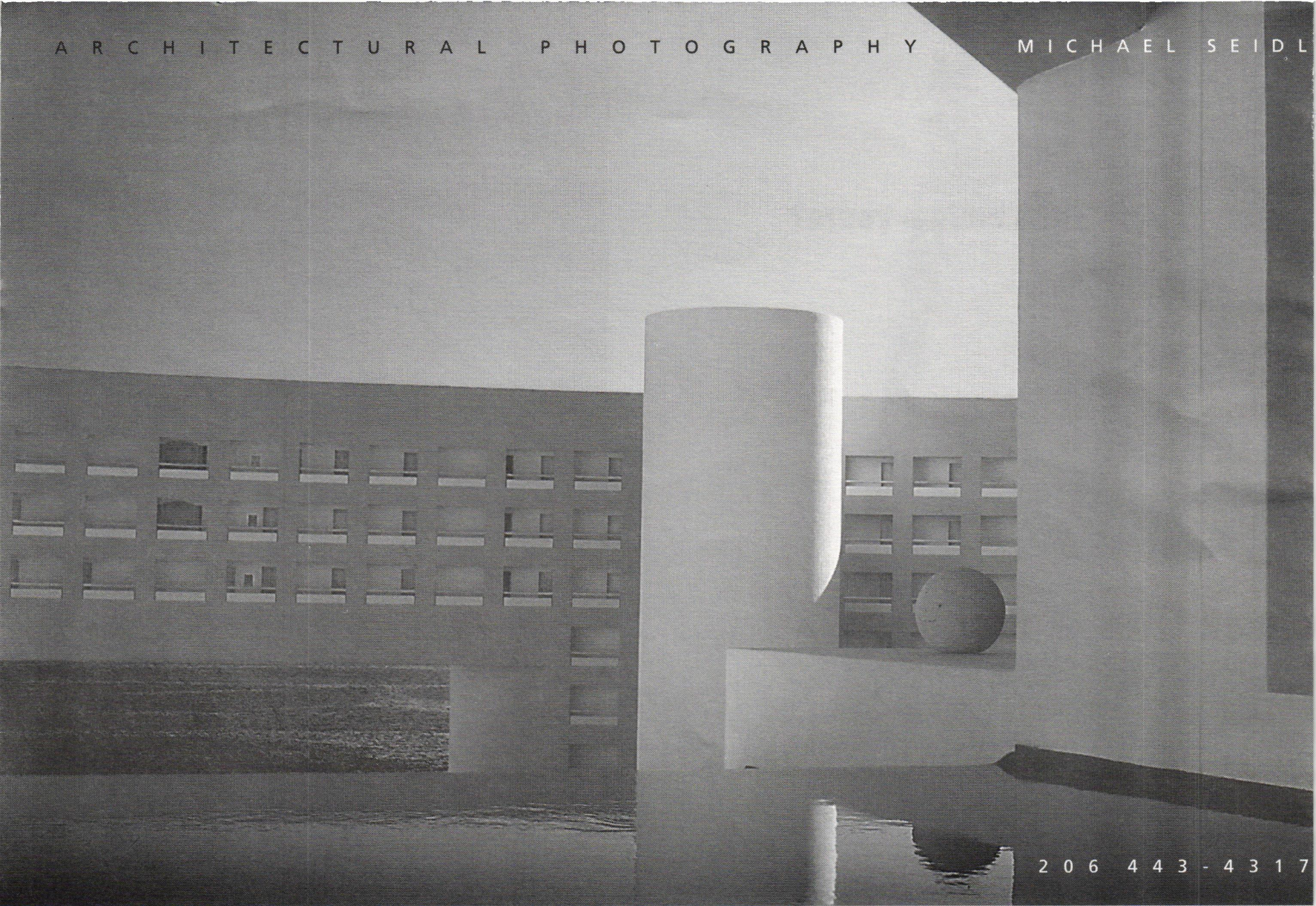
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Laguna



... but we're staying in Pioneer Square.
North side of Occidental Park in April.



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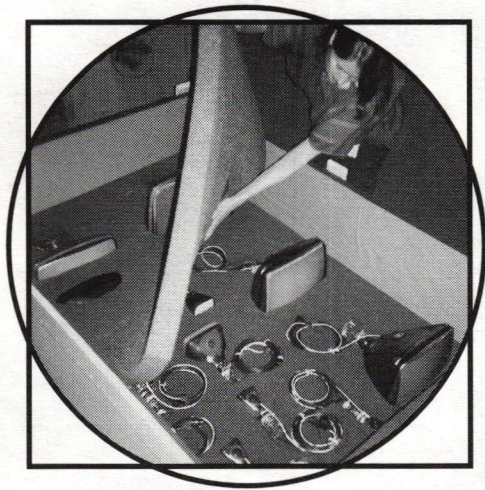


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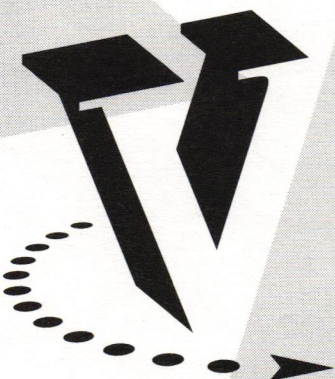
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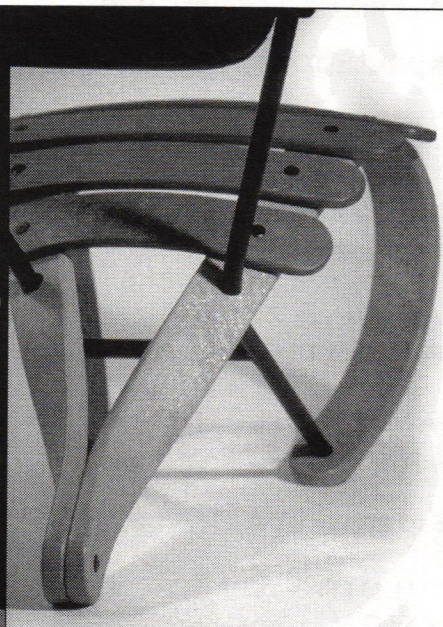
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