

*M*EMORY *THE STORY OF A HOUSE*

A Master's Degree Project

BY
VINCENT SPAGNOLO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALGARY
FACULTY OF ENVIRONMENTAL DESIGN
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ABSTRACT

MEMORY, THE STORY OF A HOUSE

A Master's Degree Project by Vincent Spagnolo

MDP Supervisor: Professor Graham Livesey

Submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the
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Inspired by the writings of nineteenth century social critic and polemicist John Ruskin, this work explores the intimate relationship between Architecture and Memory within the context of the architecture of the house. Criticizing contemporary architecture for its silence about the past and its tentativeness toward the future, this work argues that we have forgotten how to craft a meaningful architecture that reflects the indomitable human spirit and consciousness. Instead, we have settled for sterile, less fulfilling spaces that do not speak to us, for we have ultimately forgotten the language through which Architecture conveys meaning: *Memory*.

From their source in the archetype of the childhood house (in which our earliest memories of Architecture are conceived), to the subsequent dwellings and other architectural spaces we inhabit, this work follows the traces of those first building blocks of the language through which we now speak of, and relate to, the Architecture around us. Acknowledging the striking similarities between the languages of Architecture and Literature which shelter memorable experience, this work also suggests a return to storytelling in Architecture. The Architect as Storyteller reminds us of the importance of Memory in the design of memorable spaces, without which our cultural landscape would be barren, meaningless, forgettable.

Architecture's embodiment of Memory serves to redefine the house from tenuous *shelter* to enduring *monument*, for only through *meaningful* architecture can our memories endure.

Keywords and Phrases

Architecture
Memory
House
John Ruskin
"The Seven Lamps of Architecture"
Gothic Architecture
Monument
Art of Memory
Literary Architecture
Industrial Revolution

*M*EMORY
THE STORY OF A HOUSE

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

A FEW WORDS OF THANKS



T has been a rather long haul since I first entertained thoughts of pursuing a career in architecture. There have been various setbacks along the way, but the end - or the beginning, as it were - has finally arrived. The words "thank you" somehow seem rather insignificant in light of all the help, guidance, support, and encouragement I have received along the way from the various people in my life. Nevertheless, I would like to extend a few words of thanks and dedicate this space to those who have contributed in making this work possible. They are:

(in order of appearance)

God

My Family

My fellow EVDS colleagues and other assorted Friends

Professor Graham Livesey

Faculty of EVDS Architecture, University of Calgary
Supervisor for the Master's Degree Project

Dr. Harry Vandervlist

Department of English, University of Calgary
External Advisor for the Master's Degree Project

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For serving as the External Advisor at the beginning of this work,
but whose retirement and subsequent move to Newfoundland prevented
him from staying for its completion.

Thank you all!

AUTHOR'S NOTE

ABOUT THE TEXT




N the telling of *Memory, the Story of a House*, this author has chosen a format that weaves fact, fiction, and anecdote throughout the fabric of the text. Organized around the central theme of Memory, this weaving of fact, fiction, and anecdote serves as a gentle reminder to the Reader of the power of Memory in the creation of space, whether literary or architectural. This format allows the Reader to flow in and out of the story, at times a principal character in the tale, at other times a casual, perhaps more objective, observer. It is a structure that was deemed appropriate, given the intention that this work be more poetic than philosophical and more philosophical than psychological.

For purposes of clarity, and so as not to mislead the Reader, each type has been made distinct from the others in the following manner:

Factual text has been clearly referenced using numerical endnotes (e.g. ¹) whose sources will be listed at the end of each section. Typically, these references apply to themes, excerpts, or quotes taken from larger bodies of work, and the Reader is encouraged to seek out these sources for expanded information.

Fictional accounts have been referenced by the symbol, 'ƴ', to indicate that they are of this author's own creation. The primary purpose for these fictional and allegorical interjections is in the exploration of the relationship between Architecture and Literature, which forms the basis of the argument for the role of the Architect as Storyteller. Secondly, these accounts serve to supplement the factual content when there is no suitable anecdote, or for which purpose an anecdote has been deemed less effective at exploring a particular idea. Lastly, they provide thresholds, or pauses, between topics or issues within the current topic under discussion and are generally attempts at integrating the Reader more effectively into the story.

Anecdotal accounts have been delimited at their beginning and at their end by this symbol, . The role of each anecdote is to invite the Reader to explore his or her own personal memories that may be evoked by it. The anecdote essentially offers the Reader a parallel road in which to follow along with this author's personal recollections.



*The marvel of a house is not that it shelters or
warms a man, or that its walls belong to him. It
is that it leaves a trace on the language.*

Antoine de Saint-Exupéry,
from *Wind, Sand and Stars*

PROLOGUE

FORGOTTEN TRACES

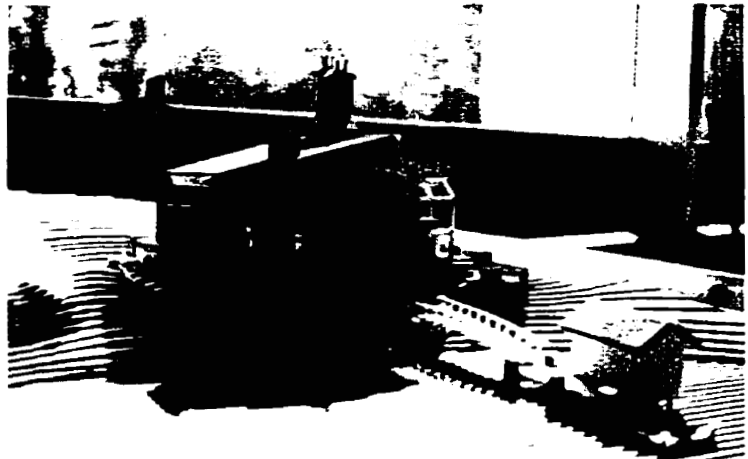


HE story of the House of Memory was inspired by the writings of nineteenth century polemicist, John Ruskin. First and foremost a social critic, Ruskin's influential 19th century works are a lasting legacy of the social issues which faced Victorian England, including many of which pertained to Architecture. In fact, it was during the famed Battle of the Styles, which lay within the long shadow cast by the Reformation of the 16th century, that John Ruskin first entered the architectural arena to advance his numerous social theories. Armed with his book, *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, Ruskin made what is surely his most provocative statement about Architecture, that:

"We may live without her, and worship without her, but we cannot remember without her."¹

There is an intimate relationship between Architecture and Memory that is inherent in Ruskin's statement and it lies at the very heart of the Lamp of Memory, from which Ruskin's words are taken. This relationship, however, underscores a fundamental issue that is infinitely more important to the story of the House of Memory: the issue of our own connection to the Architecture we inhabit, for it begs the most definitive question: Why do we build?

In our connection to Architecture is found one of the most profound and enduring relationships of human experience, for Architecture inhabits, and impacts upon, so many facets of our lives. From womb to tomb, human experiences almost invariably occur in



and around some form of architecture, the most common form being the house. It is not surprising then, that our memories would become so intimately associated with the architecture in and around which such experiences unfolded. It is an ingrained relationship that dates back to a time when our ancient ancestors were first being drawn together to share in the strength that comes with greater numbers. It was simply a natural response to the exigencies of their world, but this communal gesture gave birth to the dwelling place and thus forever altered the nature of human experience.

In serving as the principal setting for human experience, the dwelling place gave order and structure to their lives. But they had also brought with them more than just their physical belongings. And so, along with their material possessions, they furnished the dwelling with their knowledge, their stories, their beliefs, their values, and their dreams and it is with these tools that they truly began to shape the dwelling place, carving out a habitable space they called: *Home*. Thus, when it ceased to be regarded simply as a shelter from the cold and often violent world, it took on a higher purpose, eventually coming to embody the meanings themselves of the experiences that it sheltered.

In this way, the evolution of the dwelling place paralleled the early development of spoken language and the rituals this process engendered. Conforming the dwelling to their needs and aspirations was like associating words to specific meanings. It was a means of defining it, understanding it, and ultimately claiming it. Yet, even as they sought to claim the dwelling place, it claimed them in return. Through its simultaneous development with language, Architecture became an extension of human thought, a means through which we have come to express and reconcile our understanding of the world in which we live. It is human consciousness given a tangible form, molded to the human frame and mind. When Architecture and Memory thus became forever intimately joined - each transformable into the other - we, in turn, were forever changed. In that joining, Architecture became an inextricable part of the human language.

Unlike written and spoken language, however, Architecture is a language expressed through monuments: the office tower, the public library, the city hall, the school, the apartment building, the house. Despite its less forgiving nature, it is nevertheless able to transcend the individual. When taken alone, a single house can speak of an individual; but when taken collectively, such monuments can speak of a community, of a city, or even of a nation. Moreover, when measured against the larger scale of Time, Architecture can tell a story of such epic proportions as to encompass the vastness of our collective history. Unfortunately, when Architecture grows silent, when it loses the eloquence of the monument, it can speak of nothing - at any scale - and the human language is diminished.

*"The monument is a declaration of love and admiration attached to higher purposes [people] hold in common ... An age that has deflated its values and lost sight of its purposes will not produce convincing monuments."*²

The story of the House of Memory unfolds at just such a time. As I look toward

the horizon, at the houses appearing across the new suburban landscapes, I am disconcerted to see an architecture that is becoming increasingly silent. It would appear that, despite being faced with all the possible messages it might embrace, such architecture has chosen to express none. Having lost sight of its purpose, it has ceased to produce convincing monuments and we, in turn, seem to have resigned ourselves to accepting the sterile, less fulfilling spaces that neither speak to us nor for us. Architecture remains one of the greatest examples of human endeavour, yet by its very silence, it has become trivialized in contemporary society. Consequently, our cultural landscape is becoming increasingly barren, forgettable, meaningless, because we have ultimately forgotten the primary language through which Architecture conveys meaning: *Memory*.



Growing progressively silent, the house is also losing its diversity in a sea of sameness such that its message (when it chooses to speak at all) is reduced to cliché. The houses in our new suburban developments are stifling in their homogeneity, like the tokens on a Monopoly™ game board. These houses, like so many tombstones in a military cemetery, are as interchangeable as the names of the developments in which they are sited: standard, uniform,

undistinguishable one from the other, they are "*alike without difference and without fellowship, as solitary as similar*".³ They are differentiated more by their colour than by their design, for more attention seems to be paid as to whether any two neighbouring houses are of the same colour, rather than whether they share the same design. When a house no longer possesses its own individuality, when it does not speak for itself, it can only be regarded en masse, like the individual whose story becomes lost in that of the collective.

The problem, as I perceive it, is that our post-industrial society has embraced an ideology that is based on standardization and speculation, wherein issues such as style and economics consistently override those of quality and substance, and in which terms like "architect" and "architectural" have become synonymous with "expensive" and "unnecessary". Given the attitudes prevalent in our over-mechanized and over-digitized world, it is not surprising that the house appears to have become yet another of the many commodities in our throwaway culture. Reduced to a functional product, its form is tempered only by our occasional forays into nostalgia, like *Raiders of Lost Architecture*, for an aesthetic inspiration that is only superficial at best. Drawing from

the past simply for the sake of nostalgia only serves to dishonour the past. Nostalgia recaptures the past as it was, but it does so without the vital transformation over time that can only be experienced within the realm of Memory. In recalling a memory, the past and the present are experienced simultaneously, allowing the past to inform and thus transform the present experience.

Turning to nostalgia, therefore, is more a symptom of a dissatisfaction with the present - and by extension, a wariness of the future - than it is an attempt to preserve the past. The past has come and gone, and while it can guide us, and teach us, and nurture us, it cannot shelter us. Nor, by the same token, can we live cut off from the past, to dwell only in each consecutive moment of a fleeting present. And, to neglect the future altogether, is to deny future generations an attainable legacy.

The answers are thus to be found in Memory and its embodiment of the connection and the continuity between the past, the present, and the future.

Architecture can only be as meaningful as it is memorable.

The story of the House of Memory, therefore, is not simply about the architecture of a house. The story is a journey of discovery into the crafting of memorable spaces that can sustain the meaning of human existence. From its roots in the childhood house in which one's memories of Architecture are first conceived, to their architectonic translation in the House of Memory, this story traces the relationship between Architecture and Memory that underscores our own connection to Architecture. In its attempt to strike a balance between the real-world contingencies of economics and the fundamental human need for meaning in Architecture, this story, in the tradition of John Ruskin, poses some rather important questions to the Architect poised at the threshold of the 21st century. It is this Architect upon whom the responsibility now falls to recall how to produce an architecture that is at once mindful of the past, meaningful in the present, and a continuing inspiration for the future.

Ruskin's own inquiry into this relationship, in the form of the Lamp of Memory, levelled a direct challenge to all architects: to "*render the architecture of the day historical*".⁴ To meet this challenge, the story of the House of Memory thus calls for nothing short of a return to an architecture fashioned after the principles of the monument, in essence, a return to storytelling in Architecture. The Architect as storyteller finds inspiring similarities between architectural and literary space that serve to reaffirm Architecture's vital role within the scope of human language - both in terms of how each is shaped and in how each is subsequently inhabited and experienced.

As a culture, we can ill afford for the house of the 21st century to be apathetic toward human experience, set apart, a mere shelter from the world. This house must also assume the role of a monument in society that can mark our place in memory: past, present, and future. In a world of constant change, the familiarity engendered through Memory serves to reaffirm the individual's place in it. It is through Memory, and strengthened by the rituals of tradition, that such familiarity is nurtured in the architecture we inhabit.

As a tombstone is to a man upon his death, so should the house be to a man during his life such that he can set his own mark upon the cultural landscape, make his own voice be heard.

The House of Memory is a mirror of who we are, of how we view the world, of how we wish to be perceived and, subsequently, how we wish to be remembered. Constructed from mere brick, mortar, steel, and glass, its spaces are nevertheless shaped and inhabited by Memory and Dream, while the whole is bound together by the indomitable human spirit that is perhaps our greatest legacy. By the end of this journey through Memory, for the story of the House that dwells within each of us, it is hoped that the Reader will have renewed the connection once enjoyed with the house. Revivifying those forgotten traces in the human language that reaffirm why we build, the house might once again connect with our innermost selves in its nurturing and enchanting ways: sheltering our memories and fulfilling our dreams.

Only through meaningful Architecture can our memories endure.



REFERENCES CITED

1. John Ruskin, *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, p. 178
2. Armstrong & Nelson, *Ritual and Monument*, p. 4
3. Ruskin, p. 180
4. *Ibid.*, p. 178

THE STORY
CHAPTER ONE
of
*M**EMORY*
THE STORY OF A HOUSE

*"... and the day is coming when we shall confess, that we have learned more of Greece out of the crumbled fragments of her sculpture than even from her sweet singers or soldier historians."*¹

*- John Ruskin
from The Seven Lamps of Architecture*

I

THE FIRST DUTY



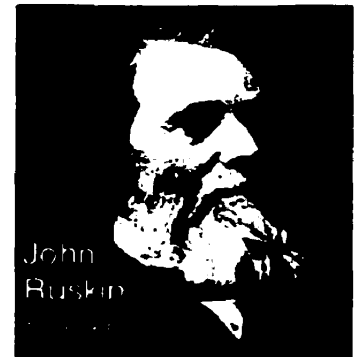
JOHN RUSKIN was unquestionably possessed with a seminal mind, nevertheless some of his ideas were initially introduced through the theories of others, the most notable of these sources being A.W.N. Pugin. Through his exhaustive number of essays, lectures, and books, however, Ruskin reiterated these ideas so often, and developed the theories behind them to such an extent, that they could not but become synonymous with his own name. Moreover, these ideas came to embody much of his personality and his way of living, developing into his personal crusade for "the moral improvement of society, for the betterment of humanity".²

Despite the patina of contradiction which often colours Ruskin's writing, this singular theme runs unerringly through the bulk of his collected works, underscoring the tenets of his Lamp of Obedience which dictated a consistent adherence to Law. Even so, such contradiction is not without its own merit, for it is a characteristic that enables Ruskin's readers to further question and challenge his work. It is also a clear sign that Ruskin himself was questioning his own ideas - weighing them, reassessing them - with every scratch of his pen on parchment.

What is most interesting about John Ruskin is that, despite being a prolific writer and never having designed a building himself, he nevertheless believed Architecture to be far more enduring over time than either the written or spoken word, whereby it is better able at preserving history.

... we cannot remember without her.

It is the case with this statement, as it is with his many other ideas on various topics - whether he was addressing economics or education or Architecture; whether through the medium of writing, or lecturing, or even through his exquisite sketches - that John Ruskin was speaking of the inherent implications of that idea upon contemporary society. Ruskin's numerous texts clearly attest to a time of great change and upheaval in the



world. As a direct reflection of his thoughts and observations at that time, these texts describe a man passionately dedicated to preserving some sense of order despite the perceived chaos. In the same vein, this short primer on John Ruskin is not meant to encompass a biographical account of his life. Instead, Ruskin will be discussed herein in his historical context with the occasional foray into his personal life, but only in so far as to inform the central theme of this work: the relationship between Architecture and Memory and its role in society. Accordingly, the Reader will come to know Ruskin mainly through the architectural critiques of his Lamp of Memory wherein he levelled his most daring challenge to architects: "to render the architecture of the day historical".

John Ruskin's architectural critique was deeply rooted in the architecture that he had come to know and love the best: the Italian Gothic style peculiar to 15th century Venice. While at first Ruskin's response to the Battle of the Styles would appear as nothing more than mere sophistry, a less cursory scrutiny of his architectural sensibilities reveals a man seduced not so much by Gothic architecture's aesthetic qualities as by its moral integrity.³

*"... its decorated surface [was] an expression of the felt religion of its sculptor [and] its roughness symbolized the Christian belief that each man's work, from the grand design of the architect to the rudest carving of the stonecutter, is infinitely valuable in the sight of God."*⁴



The Battle of the Styles in Britain was waged on several fronts: Classical versus Gothic, Protestant versus Catholic, secular versus religious, and perhaps ultimately, Pugin versus Ruskin. Driven by a public taste strongly favouring Gothic, the fundamental problem lay in reconciling Gothic architecture to specific theological doctrine. In his attempt to preserve the Catholic monopoly on the Gothic style, Pugin made a case that Gothic architecture best expressed Catholic ideas because the style had been perfected by the Catholic Church from whose rites it had naturally arisen. The Gothic style, however, was anything if antithetical to Ruskin and his Evangelical doctrine in which the principle focus rested on the Pulpit and the Book; an Evangelical church built in the Gothic style would effectively distract from the preacher and his message. Moreover, the Evangelicals scorned the idolatrous nature of the Catholics and so, as long as the Gothic style remained so closely tied to Catholic doctrine, it seemed hopeless that they could ever reconcile Gothic architecture with their own theology. Nevertheless, in his personal drive to destroy the Catholic monopoly on the Gothic style, Ruskin argued that the value of the Gothic style lay not in the building itself (i.e. not in the gift). Its value lay in the sacrifice of labour by its builders (i.e. in the act of giving),⁵ which is the central theme to the Lamp of Sacrifice, the first of *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*. Ruskin's response generalized the debate, changing it from one based on a relationship between Architecture and Religion to one centred on a relationship between Architecture and

Morality, through his assertion that while "there are many religions, ... there is only one morality".⁶

At the core of Ruskin's belief system, in yet another theme in which the bulk of his work never wavered, was the conviction that the quality of art depended on the moral strength of the society in which the art was produced.⁷

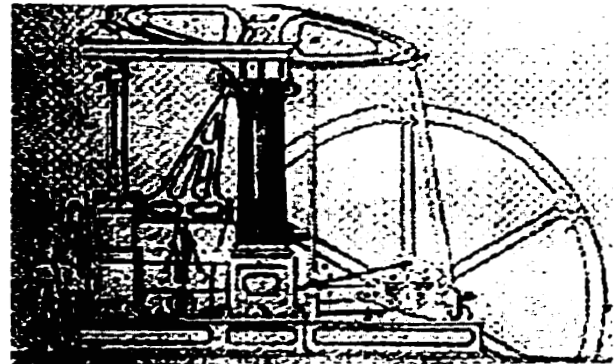
In *The Stones of Venice*, Ruskin supported this claim through his argument that the fall of Venice, as it was reflected in the architecture of its day, was the result of a moral decline in Venetian society. At its height, Venice was a world power and the architecture of the Ducal palace, as the seat of that power, was the epitome of all that was moral in Venetian society. It was to the subsequent fall of this centre of commercial strength that Ruskin attributed the rise of the "pestilent art of the Renaissance".⁸ In her violation of the sympathy which exists between the works of God and those of man (the *Lamp of Power*), Venice forgot herself and grew vain. What at first had been an architecture built to the glory of God had become, in its foreshadowing of the paganist Renaissance, an architecture glorifying man.⁹

*"Now Venice, as she was once the most religious, was in her fall the most corrupt of the European states; and as she was in her strength the centre of the pure currents of Christian architecture, so she is in her decline the source of the Renaissance."*¹⁰



In a parallel connection to his own time, what Ruskin saw reflected in the architecture of his Victorian England was similar evidence of a moral decline whose source he traced to the machine age of the Industrial Revolution. It was Ruskin's fear that the sweeping changes heralded by increased industrialization threatened to unravel the moral fabric of British society, and it was this very fear which led to his direct involvement in the Arts and Crafts movement. Ruskin was perhaps the most outspoken member of the movement whose response to the growing tide of mechanization was as much a crusade of social reform as it was a movement to reform design and production methods. In fact, what began as a movement opposing "the sterility and ugliness of machine-made products",¹¹ grew to become much more than a design ideology "favouring the fundamentals of the craft of building."¹² It grew into a philosophy for living. In many ways, the ultimate goal of the Arts and Crafts movement was to define, and thus embody, the social values of the British nation of the nineteenth century - values which, in Ruskin's eyes, were quickly being eroded by the Industrial Revolution.

John Ruskin was not immune to the power of the machine and of its promises to enrich people's lives, but his attraction was borne by a misplaced romantic desire that it would encourage England to return to a more pastoral way of life. The falsity of this assumption led him to change the common nineteenth century view of machine work as being unnatural into the assertion that it was nothing less than immoral.¹³ What Ruskin



beheld in the rampant industrialization of society, was an unforeseen shift from the machine as servant of man, to man in servitude of the machine; "forced to imitate the regular rhythms of the machine, the factory worker was made to follow an occupation equally unnatural."¹⁴ Where once the work of the craftsman was an expression and extension of himself, in the machine age it was he, turned factory worker, who had become an extension of the machine. His thoughts and feelings, his history and intentions were no longer carried through the full breadth of production to become a manifestly integral part of the finished work (the Lamp of Life).



Moreover, incapable of reproducing nature's irregularity and variety, the machine aesthetic precluded the making of unique organic forms, whose imitation depends on the artistic freedom once enjoyed by the craftsman (the Lamp of Beauty). The brief existence of the florid style that was Art Nouveau, would seem to give validity to the basic principle underlying Ruskin's rejection of the machine: with its standardized means of production, the machine was incapable of imitating the beauty of God's world.¹⁵ So now the craftsman could no longer offer up the sacrifice of his labour for the simple love of his craft, but only in obeisance to the machine. And, the resulting specialization in the labour force, also lead to the standardization of the factory worker who became consequently engaged in the same repetitive task, his work as standardized as his product. In his submission to the machine, the craftsman was no longer free, his craft no longer his own.

In Ruskin's rejection of the machine there is further evidence of his attraction to the Gothic style that represented for him all that the machine aesthetic could not and did not:

"To re-create architecture that truly expresses intuitive powers, ... here was a style whose essence is organicism, its twisting acanthus leaves and grotesque animals attempt to capture organic form, its decorated surface an expression of the felt religion of its sculptor."¹⁶





It is thus easy to understand how Ruskin, who was always greatly concerned for the emotional and moral well-being of the labourer, would have come to regard the work produced by the unfeeling machine as being inferior and, the machine itself, a corrupting influence upon nineteenth century society. He was a firm believer that *human industry*, and its enjoyment thereof, was a primary contributor to the pleasure one experienced when appreciating the beauty of a finely crafted artifact. "*Cast and machine-work is bad*," he wrote. "*It is dishonest ... [yet] ... it is not in the material, but in the absence of human labour, which makes the thing worthless*" ¹⁷ (the Lamp of Truth).

It would seem that in his enslavement to the machine, the craftsman had ultimately forgotten "*the subtlest of all machines ... the human hand*." ¹⁸

It is as much a tribute to his masterful writing style (which rekindles for his readers the passion with which his words were first penned) as it is to historical circumstance that John Ruskin's words are as relevant today as they were then. When a comparison is drawn between his Machine Age and our own Computer Age, a striking parallel is revealed in light of the computer's similar promises to enrich our modern lives. Whereas the Industrial Revolution supplanted the human hand with the machine, however, our digital revolution is replacing the human brain with the computer. With its abilities to calculate, speed-dial, and spell-check, the computer is supplanting the human need to remember with an *artificial* memory that can only remind on a superficial level. And there is much more to remember in the Information Age of the late 20th century: from P.I.N. numbers, social insurance numbers, licence plates, telephone and fax numbers, to web sites and e-mail addresses, just to name but a few.



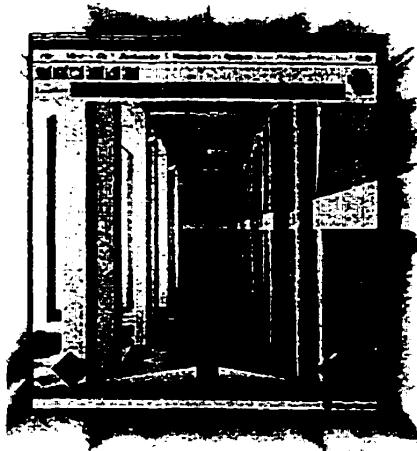
In today's rapidly evolving hypertext culture of the Internet, the nature of Memory itself is changing ever more. Viewed by many as a vast collective of cultural and cross-cultural memories, the Internet is making it possible to associate one's thoughts to those of multitudes of others around the world. It is like a vast nervous system - a global information network - covering the surface of the earth. Its allure (founded upon the misguided notion that it can bring people closer together) is the almost instantaneous transfer of information to and from anywhere in the inhabited world. Some of its critics have gone as far as to declare that hypertext will make human memory obsolete as our increasing reliance upon it will let our memories atrophy.

It is an echo of a sentiment attributed to Thamus, the one time King of all Egypt, to Theuth, the inventor of the written word:



*"... [writing] will produce forgetfulness in the minds of those who learn to use it, because they will not practice their memory. Their trust in writing, produced by external characters which are not part of themselves will discourage the use of their own memory within them. You have invented an elixir not of memory but of reminding ..."*¹⁹

The computer tempts us with its simulations of the real world, and like its progenitor, the machine, it too is incapable of accommodating our human needs and sensibilities. Nevertheless, through its simulation of the real world, the "pestilent art" of cyberspace is attempting to change the very nature of the dwelling place, creating virtual spaces, which cannot engender the memories of our experiences. These virtual experiences are nothing more than fleeting "memories", at best. And, they are made all the more tenuous by being disseminated through telephone lines, for they can be rooted neither to a relevant time nor to a tangible place, but only to an electronic address known quite inappropriately as a home page.



*"He stroked the scratchy paper pages, and for the first time thought he understood why some old-timers still preferred such volumes to modern books. The words were here, now and always, not whispering ghosts of electronic wisdom, sage but fleeting as moonbeams. What the volume lacked in subtlety, it made up for in solidity."*²⁰

It is tangibility giving way to speculation, for when the long-held role of the dwelling place in society as a repository for personal experience is thus diminished and made virtually irrelevant, our connection to its engendered memories is likewise compromised. A society that is without its memories has no connection to the past, no anchor with which to root it in space and time. It is like a victim of Alzheimer's Disease: rendered devoid of self-meaning beyond the perpetually fading present. Dwelling in this twilight between past and future, it drifts, aimless and lost. Unable to root its memories in *tangible* space, such a society can only build for the simulated world. Consequently, as we increasingly embrace the speculative spaces of standardized architecture, the dwelling place becomes suitable for habitation solely by the newly emerging species we might call: *Homo electronicus*.²¹

It is Memory giving way to forgetfulness.

In his day, Ruskin recognized this direction in Architecture as being symptomatic of a dissatisfaction with the answers offered by the present:

*"... that those comfortless and unhonoured dwellings are the signs of a great and spreading spirit of popular discontent ... and every man's past life is his habitual scorn; when men build in the hope of leaving the places they have built, and live in the hope of forgetting the years that they have lived ... "*²²

So, also feeling unfulfilled by nostalgia, we seek, even today, to create something meaningful out of nothing. Meaning, however, is always based on something, usually a synthesis of past knowledge and present circumstance, and guided by an aspiration to achieve a future objective. The example presented by the effects of the computer revolution on our contemporary society thus serves as the perfect vehicle for introducing the two primary functions that Ruskin ascribed to Architecture – essentially the reasons why we build – and they are at the heart of Ruskin's statement that "we cannot remember without her":

- [1] *"acting, as to defend us from weather or violence"; and*
- [2] *"talking, as the duty of monuments or tombs, to record facts and express feelings; or of churches, temples, public edifices, treated as books of history, to tell such history clearly and forcibly."*²³

In addressing these functions, Ruskin has unwittingly anticipated our own uncertainties regarding the architecture of the 20th century house, which has become as silent as falling snow, despite the staggering volume of messages borne by society in the Information Age of the computer revolution. Today, one is more likely to be left reeling in vertigo from the incessant onslaught of images than be informed. And there is so much information to absorb and remember, that the house itself has been reduced to a 15-second sound bite, certainly a respite from the sensory overload plaguing our century, but a place of escape, rather than of nurturing and renewal. Even then it would appear that a house built today is intended to last only as long as the term of the mortgage – an amortization based on immediate gratification, rather than on an investment for the more distant future. It has forgotten how to project its voice beyond the boundaries of the present to engage both the past and the future. Unable to speak for the past, architecture has nothing to teach us; unable to speak to the future, it has ceased to inspire future generations. Consequently, while the house may be expanding in its role as shelter, it is at the very costly expense of its eloquence.

Now, perhaps more than ever in our history, we must endeavour to understand and embrace the role of Memory in Architecture. Only when Architecture is rendered relevant in the Age in which it is built, while still able to speak of the past and to the future generations that will inherit it, will our memories endure. It was with greatest conviction that Ruskin declared that we have forgotten why we build. It is now with greatest hope that we struggle to heed what is surely his most daring challenge to all architects: *"to render the architecture of the day historical"*.²⁴

It is the Architect's first duty.



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"For my part I wonder at memory ... For what is it that enables us to remember, or what character has it, or what is its origin?"¹

-Marcus Tullius Cicero
The Art of Memory

II

IN MEMORIAM



WHEN the industrial culture of the nineteenth century brought about the separation of matter and spirit, the paths of science and the arts diverged, and the connection between the methods of thinking and the methods of feeling was broken.² Machine intervention would deny the craftsman his true legacy: the acquired skills and accumulated wisdom upon which his craft was based, by rendering irrelevant the traditions through which his legacy was hitherto passed on to future generations. Ruskin's criticisms of the machine, and his observations on its inherent social implications, parallel his thoughts on the relationship between Architecture and Memory.

Ruskin feared a similar threat to Architecture, where "in no art is there closer connection between our delight in the work, and our admiration for the workman's mind".³ Architecture speaks with the voice of the past to the future generations that inherit it. Only upon thus becoming memorial, does it attain that true perfection which having meaning in contemporary society brings. Architecture and its inherent meaning are thus dependent upon the connection and continuity afforded by Memory.

Through its embodiment of Memory, Architecture can thus fulfill its vital role as a living history⁴ that "connects forgotten and following ages with each other."⁵



Memory is the power to retain and revive past experiences, impressions, thoughts, and even emotions. Inevitably rooted in the desire to recover the origin,⁶ its fundamental importance stems from its embodiment of the very cornerstones of Memory: the connection and the continuity between an individual's past and his present and - through its likeness to things past - his future. These bonds are what

engender meaning in his life. Through his memories, an individual is anchored in the present to some tangible past. To deny that past, and its relevance to his present circumstance, is to ultimately forget himself. The true self, that is, the self which is continuous throughout life, is revealed only at the moment of experiencing two fragments of time together: the present with the past.⁷ The past revived through Memory adds to, transforms, and thus nurtures the present experience.

"For what are we without our memories? Our existence would be reduced to the successive moments of a perpetually fading present; there would no longer be any past".⁸

Memories are innately personal. As an experience becomes encoded into the human brain, it is processed against an individual's uniquely layered background of preconceptions and past experiences, wherein associative links are formed between one's new and existing memories. Some of these links will naturally be stronger than others and thus remain stable longer, others will be weak like frayed threads, while others, those irrelevant or nonsensical, will simply fall away as if they had never been. Between individuals, the patterns created by these memory traces are as different from one another's as are their fingerprints. Memory recollection is thus accompanied by an implicit recognition that the memory is not just something that belongs to the past, but that it belongs to my past, because my memories are uniquely my own. Sartre argued that for memory recollection to exist at all, it *must* be accompanied by this sense of Self, by a self-awareness that I was recollecting my past.⁹ Ostensibly, one can thus infer, given the nature of Memory, that if the fundamental purpose of individual memory is to survive the death of the moment, then the purpose of collective memory would be to survive the death of the individual.¹⁰ This inference is supported by the example set by genetics.



At the cellular level, each human body carries within it millions of years of memories in the form of genetic coding, or cellular memories, which are passed on from one generation to the next. It is this genetic code which directs the body in its development, informing it of its inherent strengths and weaknesses as a reminder of its heritage. Interestingly, this process parallels John Ruskin's definition of Tradition as "something handed down through generations in a non-written form and passed on to future generations."¹¹

A recent scientific report has suggested that every man's Y-chromosomes, which are passed on solely from fathers to their sons, can be traced back to a single male ancestor, perhaps to Adam himself. This evidence would beg the question as to

whether we can all trace our respective memories back to a single, common ancestral memory. Meanwhile, case studies have similarly suggested that Memory may not actually begin at birth, but may extend as far back as to include prenatal memories.¹² Might one actually remember the moment of one's own conception, or one's early life in the womb, or even the occasion of one's own birth?

His time had come. The physical signs from his failing body spoke of his decline more eloquently than the words of any great bard's tale. The Helpers gently eased him into one of the Tanks of Yahweh - the Wombs of God - and at once he could feel the gentle tug on his memories by the vast collective pool of thoughts into which he'd been immersed.

He began to relive each memory as it left his mind, experiencing the oddest sensation, as the act of reliving the old memory became a new memory in itself. He quickly grew uncertain as to which was new and which old as they were each washed from his mind. His memories were being returned to the Collective from which many had originally come and to which he now added his own as a small gift of shared knowledge and strength to the God that had Made him. Those memories would soon find their own way into another being and the cycle of collection and re-collection would begin anew. Even now, a red swirl of placental fluids flowed from a woman birthing in the neighbouring Tank, followed shortly by her newborn child. He watched, quietly, mesmerized by the sight of the child emerging from one womb into another. He wondered, at that moment, whether the child would remember its own birth through this fleeting memory.

At last, the Ritual of the Release was complete. As he expired between one heartbeat and the next, that final memory, too, returned to the Collective in which all memories find birth. γ

Through their shared similarities with genealogy, memories also serve to connect oneself directly to one's ancestors and likewise to one's descendants. It is an issue of continuity between the past, the present, and the future and of making people aware of their place in time and space.¹³

In the time before literacy, oral histories first told of our place in society and culture through elaborate genealogical inventories¹⁴ through which an individual could claim a sense of personal connection and often validity. This is the case even today with respect to royal bloodlines in rights of succession. Indeed, the Bible itself traces the most famous lineage of all, that of Jesus Christ, through what is known as the Tree of Jesse. From the Book of Genesis, which recounts God's creation of the first man and woman, to its culmination in His birth, as told in the Gospel according to Matthew, each birth represents a vital link in an expanding network of burgeoning humanity:





And Jacob begat Joseph the husband of Mary, of whom was born Jesus, who is called the Christ ... So all the generations from Abraham to David are fourteen generations; and from David until the carrying away into Babylon are fourteen generations; and from the carrying away into Babylon unto Christ are fourteen generations. (Matthew:1:16,17)

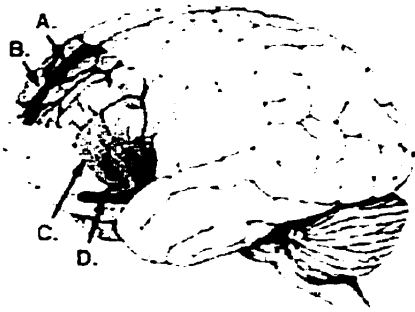
While it is Bachelard who tells us that "memories are motionless, and the more securely they are fixed in space, the sounder they are,"¹⁵ it was perhaps the ancient Greek poet Simonides who first formalized the relationship between Architecture and Memory. His development of a mnemonic system - or art of memory - associated image (Memory) with place (Architecture). In so doing, Simonides was also to recognize the importance of Order in structuring Memory:

*At a banquet given by the nobleman of Thessaly named Scopas, the poet Simonides of Ceos chanted a lyric poem in honour of his host but including a passage in praise of Castor and Pollux. Scopas meanly told the poet that he would only pay him half the sum agreed upon for the panegyric and that he must obtain the balance from the twin gods to whom he had devoted half the poem. A little later, a message was brought in to Simonides that two young men were waiting outside who wished to see him. He rose from the banquet and went out but could find no one. During his absence, the roof of the banquet hall fell in, crushing Scopas and all the guests to death beneath the ruins; the corpses were so mangled that the relatives who came to take them away for burial were unable to identify them. But Simonides remembered the places at which they had been sitting at the table and was therefore able to indicate to the relatives which were their dead ...*¹⁶

Based upon the ancient tradition of rhetoric, Simonides' art of memory reduced each word or idea to be remembered down to a simple, yet vivid, representation. Each representation was typically visual in nature, for second only to Order in its importance to Memory was the sense of Sight. Each representation was then assigned to a specific place, or locus, that one had mentally created and with which it would thereby become associated. The loci were usually architectural in nature, such as the distinct rooms in a familiar house with a specific sequence to them, which served to link one locus to the next: a memory house. The more distinct the locus and the more vivid and detailed the representation, the easier to memorize, and subsequently recall, each memory. Once firmly entrenched in one's memory, one could actually move among the loci, in any direction in the sequence, to retrieve the image(s) stored there by simply visualizing what one memorized to be, say, on the front porch, on the kitchen table, in the fridge, etc.

The success of this art of memory is perhaps that it mimics the way the brain

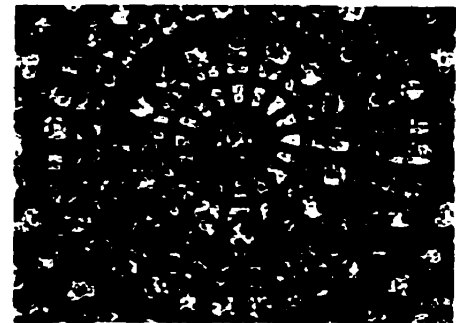




stores and retrieves memories. The brain processes a memory by first sorting out its various sensory attributes (images): auditory, emotional, olfactory, tactile, etc. It then stores them accordingly in their respective jurisdictions (loci) of the brain, all the while preserving their associations to one another in a pattern of connections between neurons called memory traces.¹⁷ When a memory is recalled, the brain extracts the disparate components via the memory traces by which

it was stored, and reassembles them into a cohesive whole, wherein the trigger for that memory may be any one of the sensory attributes associated with it.

Such was also the method of memorizing employed by the rhetorician. In an Age when high illiteracy prevailed, the rhetorician would memorize the few available written texts, whose contents he would subsequently recite as a means of disseminating knowledge (while also controlling the masses by manipulating and withholding knowledge for the advantage of select few). It was likewise an Age when society relied on mnemonic devices, like those built into the architecture of the times. The rose window of the Gothic cathedral is a classic example. It was designed with symbolic, typically Biblical, references that the highly illiterate general population could nonetheless interpret through the associative properties, which are the source of a mnemonic device's power. It was not until the advent of the printing press (in combination with more readily available sources of pulp and cheaper methods of paper production) that even the storyteller as rhetorician was made obsolete when literacy began to grow among the people.* Author Victor Hugo was even to have claimed that the printing press would eventually destroy the building, because the written language of the book was more flexible in its eloquence, and certainly more portable, than the architecture.



Having ascribed to it the role of "talking", Ruskin's definition of Architecture sheds further light on the use of architectural ornamentation for this purpose. His definition also serves us well in differentiating between what he considered Architecture and what he considered mere building:

*"Architecture is the art which so disposes and adorns the edifices raised by man, for whatsoever uses, that the sight of them may contribute to his mental health, power, and pleasure."*¹⁸

From our modern perspective, it is interesting how it is specifically to architectural ornament - "to those characters of an edifice which are above and beyond its common

* Were it not for the invention of the printing press in 1450 and the availability of cheap paper, the Reformation of the 16th century might never have occurred. We can only conjecture as to whether the Battle of the Styles itself might have occurred and what form it might then have taken.

use ... characters venerable or beautiful, but otherwise unnecessary" ¹⁹ - that his definition attributes the elevation of mere building to the status of Architecture. Even as late as the 19th century, Architecture was regarded primarily through its affirmation of the wall, as evidenced by the abundance of its overt ornamentation. (This observation sits in sharp contrast to today's Architecture, wherein the focus has shifted away from the wall and onto the space.) As Ruskin's beloved Gothic architecture clearly demonstrates, however, it is in fact a sense of architectural ornament ... very different from the urge to beauty, ²⁰ for he argued that one could read the architecture through that ornamentation. He beheld, in its "richness of record," ²¹ both the preservation and the potential revivification of the past. Ruskin might have formalized this process of reading the architecture in the following manner:



1. through the literal or symbolic expressions of its detail, sculpture, and ornamentation;
2. through the traceable influences upon the architecture from past "styles" which resulted not from the addition of their characteristics, but from their *synthesis*, so as to create something new; and
3. through perceiving the workman's love of his craft, his morality, and his intellect in the finished work.

Through its symbolic and even literal expression, "ornament speaks of many things, including the people who designed and constructed the building, as well as the people for whom it was built." ²² Over time, given Architecture's role of connecting one Age to another, ornament may also come to speak for those very same people. To more fully appreciate the implications of this notion, one can look to the precedence set by our own ancient forebears who adorned their cave dwellings with images that expressed their ideas of the world they inhabited.



"By nature an Idealist, and living in a world of radiant mystery, it was inevitable that a man should attach moral and spiritual meanings to the tools, laws, and materials of building." ²³

It was an unconscious effort to nurture understanding. Yet, even today, these paintings still reach out and touch us from across the vast distances of Time, to speak of the intellect behind their creators, and to provide us with insights into how they might have understood, and subsequently related to, the world they inhabited. When humans first came together, to share in the collective strength which gave birth to the dwelling

place, such expressions of their world became an integral part of the human language. The rituals that grew out of this primitive architectural language fostered the connection and continued familiarity with the built environment we enjoy today.

As a cultural art, Architecture is thus like a mirror held up before society, a changing hemline reflecting society's prevailing attitudes and values; of how its people view and relate to the world around them. As a result, through its ability to survive and transcend the death of the individual, Architecture has come to embody collective history. Architectural memory, therefore, is also collective memory: a collection of past thoughts and experiences, shaped into familiar spaces, and inhabited by personal recollections. Collective memory is more typically associated with oral traditions, wherein the mnemonic of oral collective memory is the folk tale, the story and the verse. A materialistic culture, however, places its memory in objects: the album, the anthology, and the dictionary, and places these objects in institutions: the library, the gallery, the museum, the office, and the home,²⁴ which are in themselves objects of memory. Indeed, in our culture, one's understanding of the relationship between Architecture and Memory begins in the childhood house where one's earliest memories of Architecture are conceived.

It is in the childhood house that the intimate connection between the built form and oneself is formed through a typical succession of dwellings: from womb to cradle to clothing to house. Each subsequent evolution in the form of habitation results in a greater intimacy between body and architecture. Through the various re-enactments of domesticity and the rituals of Tradition, this intimacy is further enforced such that the childhood house eventually becomes so ingrained within one as to become an extension of oneself. Carried over a lifetime, this intimacy makes of the childhood house - as the architecture with which one is most familiar - the archetype by which one judges all subsequent dwellings. One thus interprets other architectural spaces through one's remembered experiences of childhood spaces.

*"The house we were born in has engraved within us the hierarchy of the various functions of inhabiting. We are the diagram of the functions of inhabiting that particular house, and all other houses are but variations on a fundamental theme."*²⁵

As a child develops from infancy, its knowledge of the workings of its body grows in conjunction with its knowledge of how it is sheltered by the house. It is an extension, really, of how its clothes serve the same function. While navigating around the vertical obstacles of walls and furniture, the crawling infant becomes familiar with the horizontal planes of the house. In the process, the infant learns the role of these elements in defining and (often to its utter frustration) confining the spaces of the house. With the discovery of his verticality, the new toddler's world suddenly becomes three-dimensional. It quickly becomes intimate with the choreography required of stairs and of the formative and informative nature of windows and doors that open onto strange, new worlds just beckoning to be explored. The child's discovery of inhabiting the house is thus rooted in

a parallel understanding of inhabiting its own body. There is an exquisite literary example of this connection in Victor Hugo's classic *The Hunchback of Notre-Dame*:



*"So it was that, little by little, developing always in harmony with the cathedral, living in it, sleeping in it, hardly ever leaving it, subject day in and day out to its mysterious pressure, [Quasimodo] came to resemble it, to be incrustated on it, ... to form an integral part of it ... One might almost say that he had taken on its shape ... that he somehow adhered to it like the tortoise to its shell ... The gnarled cathedral was his carapace ... Moreover, not only his body seemed to have been fashioned to fit the cathedral, but his mind too ... Egypt would have taken him for the god of the temple; the Middle Ages believed he was its demon: in fact he was its soul."*²⁶

The relationship between the maturing child and the house becomes further developed, taking on more spatial qualities, through an intellectual growth that arises out of the child's direct integration into the functions of inhabiting the house. The dinner table, for instance, creates a focus for the consumption, not only of food, but also food for thought. Across the plane of the table, ideas are exchanged: stories and memories of the past, the values and beliefs embraced in the present, and the dreams and aspirations for the future. Through the indoctrination of these ritual re-enactments of domestic traditions, the child finds his own place within the running dialogue of the familial structure. It is but another step toward further strengthening familial allegiance, that unshakeable bond without which one is incomplete. One might picture a similar scene from the days of our ancient progenitors who would gather around the light, the warmth, and the security of the primordial fire in a communal sharing of strength and knowledge.



As these processes continue to move the child-house relationship toward a deeper level of intellectual and cultural intimacy, with them comes greater meaning and sense of connection. In this light, one might argue that the house has taken on the role which oral histories play in oral tradition-based societies: the rituals sheltered by the spaces of the house become a part of ourselves and serve to perpetuate the human narrative of collective cultural memory.

In the *Lamp of Memory*, Ruskin recognized and upheld the strong correlation between a house and its owner, charging, in fact, that each house be built *"with such differences as might suit and express each man's character and occupation, and partly his history."*²⁷ Much of the characterization and personification of the house would occur over time as both house and owner grew into one another. In essence, the house would become an extension of the owner in whose reflection it would be raised to a kind of monument as a synthesis of body, mind, and architecture. To Ruskin, the house was

therefore an investment for the future to be treated as one would a temple - a house to be cherished, respected, and honoured as a privilege for having been permitted to live in it. Moreover, couched in his belief in the sanctity of the house, Ruskin believed there was something profoundly sacred about inheriting the house of one's parents which may one day be handed down to one's own children:[†]

*"... and [build] them to stand as long as human work at its strongest can be hoped to stand; recording to their children what they had been, and from what, if so it had been permitted them, they had risen; [for], when men do not love their hearths, nor reverence their thresholds, it is a sign that they have dishonoured both."*²⁸

Ruskin's belief that we should build for the future may consequently explain his utter abhorrence of architectural restoration, which he referred to as "a Lie, from beginning to end."²⁹ His definition of restoration describes nothing less than the total destruction of that which one is seeking to restore: "a destruction out of which no remnants can be gathered; a destruction accompanied with the false description of the thing destroyed".³⁰ Not only can the original spirit which was given freely by the workman for the sake of his craft never be recaptured, but as it involves re-writing part of the architecture's very history, restoration thereby disrupts the continuity required by Memory. It is akin to creating a false memory in which inaccuracies become imprinted upon the original memory, thereby corrupting it. Consequently, a restored building can no longer speak of the Age in which it was built; it becomes a "new" building able to speak only of its new builders and their Age:

*"There was yet in the old some life, some mysterious suggestion of what it had been, and of what it had lost; some sweetness in the gentle lines which rain and sun had wrought.. There can be none in the brute hardness of the new carving."*³¹

In Ruskin's argument, we see the role of Memory as we most often hold it to be: "to retain the past exactly as it was, [in order] to make the present the fulfillment of the past"³² - and, by extension, the future the fulfillment of the present. In oral tradition-based societies or cultures, like that of the Navajo Indians of New Mexico, the vast history of the people is memorized and passed on by word of mouth - without alteration - to future generations. Repetitive structures built into the framework of such stories act as navigational aids to locate one's sense of place within the temporal unfolding of the narrative line,³³ while preserving the integrity of the narrative. To alter the stories in any way, as one might restore a building, is to thus corrupt the metaphorical model from which their rituals evolved and thereby risk losing one's place in the unfolding narrative.

In the less forgiving language of Architecture, however, the need for such repetitive structures is even more vital to its role in structuring memorable experience. The reasoning behind this argument lies in the manner in which we experience Architecture: we inhabit it. In so doing, we draw from past experiences and familiar recollections of architectural spaces, like spatial memories, as from a common

† Interestingly, Ruskin chose not to live in his parents' house upon inheriting it.

language. The childhood house and the fairy tale have prepared us for this very task. In written and spoken language, we find the same building blocks as those used in architectural language in conveying meaning; but architectural language, being far less flexible, requires that its language be based on the use of traditional and familiar expressions to produce a more straightforward and universal understanding.³⁴

It is a role for the Architect as Storyteller.



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*"More and more often there is embarrassment all around when the wish to hear a story is expressed. It is as if something inalienable to us, the securest among our possessions, were taken from us: the ability to exchange experiences."*¹

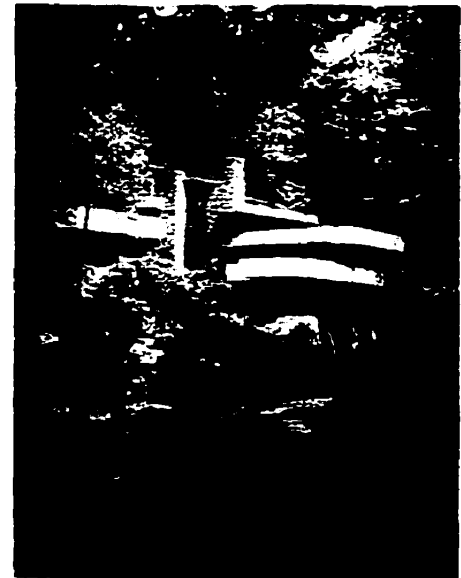
- Walter Benjamin
from *Calvino and the Age of Neorealism*

III

THIS OUR FATHERS TOLD US



UNTIL not too long ago, it was rather common for a house to be given a proper name, like: Pemberley, Green Gables, Fallingwater, or Brantwood. By this very nature, these houses took on the roles of characters in, rather than settings for, the stories centred on their residents' lives. In such personifications of the dwelling, (whether literary or architectural) there is the recognition of the house as something more than simply a physical construct. There arises out of its stones and mortar an intelligence - perhaps a consciousness? - as evidence that the architecture is more than just the sum of its inanimate parts. Like the barcoded products on the supermarket shelf, however, a number along a street now likewise identifies the house. It is yet another unfortunate result of our over-mechanized and over-digitized world, in which the house has been reduced to but another commodity in a world of mass-production and standardization, driven by economics and speculation. Le Corbusier even went so far as to have us believe in the house as a machine for living and he could not have been more wrong.



Expression remains as one of the primary functions of Architecture,² yet, when that expression neglects human patterns of thoughts and feelings, one's experience of it is as devoid of meaning as an empty shell. At the level of shelter, the house molds itself to the human body, but in its embodiment of our deepest thoughts, beliefs, and dreams, it shelters us at the level of the mind wherein it is perhaps the single-most powerful example of architecture as "a gesture toward consciousness".³

So, just as it was the thrust of John Ruskin's Lamp of Memory, the aim of this story of a house has been nothing less than to elevate the concept of "house" from that of mere

shelter to that of enduring monument. The house as monument would engender the fundamental principles of Memory: connection, continuity, history, vision, and, of course, meaning, which binds them all. These principles are equally engendered in storytelling, for:

*"... there are but two strong conquerors to the forgetfulness of men, "Poetry and Architecture; and the latter in some sort includes the former, and is mightier in its reality."*⁴

Storytelling is as old as humankind. People were exchanging stories with one another long before written language was ever developed. Stories were a source of entertainment, a source of folk wisdom, a source of the history of a people. Stories were the means through which ideas, ideals, values, and standards of behavior were handed down from one generation to the next and from one people to another. Stories would travel as people shifted from one place to another, taking their stories with them and passing them on to the people they encountered. In this way, some stories travelled all around the world, undergoing changes by different folk in different places and times. That is one reason why different versions of the same story can sometimes be found in places that are very distant from one another. Indeed, stories are always changing, even today, long after they have been recorded, for each storyteller, each writer, tells a story in his own particular way. Some stories are adapted, wherein the plot remains the same, but the story is given a new setting, different characters, and so on. Other stories are not as easy to adapt. They depend for their flavor and effect on the original setting, and characters, and other details. Such stories are adopted - they are repeated with but little change.⁵

Storytelling is an art. While stories can be a source of knowledge and understanding, the first requirement of any good story is that it also be entertaining. No one is going to acquire knowledge or values or even enjoyment from a story that is not interesting. Good storytellers have long understood this principle. Content is important, of course, for it must not only appeal to the storyteller, but it must also be potentially appealing to the audience. Language is important, too. It should be suited to the audience, as well as to the story mood and background, and it should also be vivid enough so that the audience can better picture the story and feel involved in what's happening. The storyteller who is able to dramatize a good story - who is able to hold the interest of his listeners - keeps the art of storytelling alive. And there is always an audience for a good storyteller.⁶

Indeed, the qualities that make for a good storyteller also make for a good architect. Architecture is itself a sharing of stories, for a story is a sharing of experience and Architecture has long been structuring human experience. Over the Ages, settlers to different countries, or to regions within a country, have transplanted their architecture, bringing these ideas along with them as they would their language and any other of their possessions. Some styles were simply adopted in the new place and allowed to co-exist with the indigenous style(s), while others became adapted, their influences synthesized with the local architecture to create something new -

simultaneously neither of one nor of the other, yet of both. Regardless of whether adopted or adapted, however, such sharing of stories through architecture have left enduring traces on human language, an example of which is clearly to be found in our own modern houses.

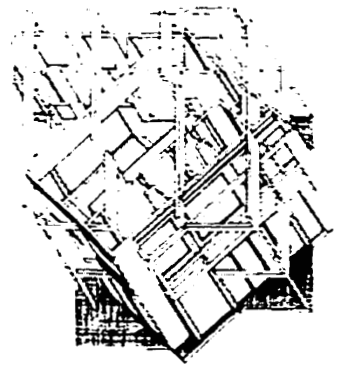


In its day, the ancient Greek Parthenon was a symbol of power, strength, and stability. Passed on from one generation to another and from one people to another, the form has become a part of the human language within which its very form has become an expression of such attributes. So much so, in fact, that in

today's western culture, the form of that ancient Greek temple is the form of the basic house. It is a form that has become so ingrained within our language, that our children almost intuitively draw crude representations of their homes using the same outline.

The Architect as Storyteller would likewise find strong similarities between Architecture and Literature. The structure of the written form: letters, words, sentences, and paragraphs find their equivalent in the built form of brick, mortar, steel, and glass. Sentences, paragraphs, and punctuation set up a hierarchical system of structure, rhythm, scale, proportion, and sequence, as do their architectural counterparts of walls, columns, and floors. In the choreography of moving through a building, the thresholds posed by the doorway, the window, and the stair landing provide resting places for both body and mind, as does the space between connecting paragraphs, or the short pause between chapters, within the structure of a novel. In addition, the "emptiness" that lies between the lines on a written page and between the walls that define an architectural space, engenders meaning in both literal and architectural text. This meaning is subsequently revealed only once the Reader has understood its inter-relationships - or semantics - according to the language learned in the childhood house and from the fairy tale.

In essence, Architecture and Literature are "languages woven of space",⁷ which must be inhabited to be experienced, thus Architecture requires no explanation. Through the synthesis of the denotive and connotative functions of the architectural or literary building blocks, its meaning is expressed, experienced, understood, and remembered.



*We join spokes of a wheel, but it is the center hole that makes the wagon move.
We shape clay into a pot, but it is the emptiness inside that holds whatever we want.
We hammer wood for a house, but it is the inner space that makes it livable.⁸*

The syntactical structures (or denotive functions) of a space provide the

framework to one's reading of the narrative. It is through one's interpretation of its semantical structures (or connotative functions), however, that meaning is experienced, because the connotative function carries with it a more complex set of meanings than the denotive, or utilitarian, function.⁹ After all, it is the *meaning* of the experience that one remembers not necessarily the syntactical, or literal, interpretation of the original event.¹⁰

In its denotive function the front door, for example, serves as a device for entering, leaving, and securing a house. While certainly *functional*, these purposes, in and of themselves, are *meaningless*. In its connotative function, however, the front door can celebrate experiences such as the ritual of greeting guests as they cross the threshold into your home. Or it can serve as the setting for the end of a gathering where final good-byes are exchanged, along with promises to reciprocate the hospitality received. Over the course of the evolution of human language in our culture, the front door has also come to embody the meaning of experiences such as the awkwardness of a couple's kiss at the end of a first date, or the anticipation (and often annoyance) at having to answer the door on Halloween night. The front entrance can be large, imposing, and humbling, as an expression of the owner's high status (real or self-proclaimed!), or it can be made warm and inviting through the use of sidelights and a smaller scale that are indicative of a more open and less formal atmosphere inside. Nevertheless, with its complex set of meanings, the front door transcends the denotive to become a more meaningful - more spatial - and thus, more memorable experience.

Still, this association of meaning necessitates that the architecture rise to the level required of the connotative function. Spaces are not memorable when they hold little or no meaning, and when a building is meaningless, it is quickly forgotten. So, without Memory from which to draw upon past experiences of familiar spaces, Architecture is nothing beyond what is dictated by its denotive functions.

Such was Ruskin's belief when he challenged architects to render the architecture of the day historical, which requires of the Architect as Storyteller, as it does of the oral historian, the painter, the sculptor, and the writer, that he:

*"adopt a style designed to integrate itself into the experience of the Reader and to claim a place for itself in memory, where it may serve as a model for action; ... [and], the more completely it is integrated into his own experience, the greater will be his inclination to repeat it to someone else someday."*¹¹

Rendering the architecture of the day historical is thus not simply the act of drawing from the past as we would through the nostalgic *recreation* of the past. Instead, it requires that we *build upon* the past through the transformative property of Memory. Through Memory - the simultaneous experience of the past and the present - the past is made relevant in the present context through its ability to transform, and become



integrated into, the present experience. Upon transforming the present experience, it is preserved as a familiar trace from the past - a reaffirmation of their connection - thereby ensuring its continuity into the future.

In the above example of the front entrance, a simple slab of a door would not suffice, for that would only satisfy the dimensions of the human frame, lacking as much in meaning as one's *knowledge* of the past when compared to one's *experience* of it. The proportions of the front entrance must consequently be made to also accommodate the larger dimensions of the human mind and soul. Architraves, moldings, front stoops, and projecting canopies are but a few classic examples of simple elements that can transform the purely denotive front door into a more meaningful architectural experience celebrating arrival, entrance, and departure, further defined by feelings of anticipation, of welcoming, and of longing. These elements transform the present experience by evoking one's feeling of having been there before, because they are elements whose meanings have long been a part of our language. In creating a meaningful space, they serve to integrate the Reader into its intentions thereby perpetuating their meaning and ensuring they remain part of the language.

Then, every time that familiar experience is relived or revived through subsequent experiences, it becomes enriched, perhaps even synthesized, with the Reader's previous recollections and impressions, which thus add a new dimension to the interpretation. After all, historical events can never be portrayed in a narrative as they actually occurred, precisely because they are continually interwoven with the images, verbal echoes, and cultural memories that come to the writer's mind at the moment of writing.¹² So it is with the architect who continually draws from, and is influenced by, his own past and from the memories of the childhood house within.

Faced with the contingencies of our world, the contemporary architect must work harder at raising the architecture of the day, to a level above that of a number along a street. Thus there is much to recommend in the role of the Architect as Storyteller, upon whom the responsibility would fall to be as eloquent as he can, lest Architecture become reduced to nothing more than an historical footnote. Indeed, the story Ruskin would have the Architect tell through his architecture should be his greatest legacy of all. Ruskin would "require of an architect, as we do of a novelist, that he should not only be correct, but entertaining ... that the merit of architectural, as of every other art, consists in its saying new and different things ..." ¹³ And the Architect might also consider extending this approach to architectural critique, wherein the Architect would strive to write more for the layperson than for other architects. Such a style of architectural writing would follow in the tradition of such writers as: Lewis Mumford, Anthony Lawlor, Witold Rybczynski, and of course, John Ruskin, for this style would be

"... unlike the standard critiques of particular buildings and their failures or successes, [but rather,] architectural criticism at the level of philosophy: analysis and evaluation of architectural principles and concepts, related to human - and moral - goals and responsibilities. It [would deal] not only with issues in architecture but - more importantly - with issues of the human condition and with how architecture could contribute to elevating the human prospect." ¹⁴

Ideally, the Architect as Storyteller should be widely familiar with all kinds of good stories. Being able to organize a story for telling, to select the essential events and characters is a must, as is the basic requirement of having a feeling for sounds, for words, for nuances of meaning. Moreover, interest in, and sympathy for, others adds yet another dimension of understanding to the storyteller's art. They also help make him sensitive to the reactions and needs of his audience. Above all, the good storyteller must have the enthusiasm and the compulsion to share his experiences.¹⁵

This world needs more architects willing to share their stories.



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2. Lewis Mumford, *Architecture as a Home for Man*, p. 3
3. Ellen Eve Frank, *Literary Architecture*, p. 3
4. John Ruskin, *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, p. 178
5. Compton's Interactive Encyclopedia, *Storytelling*.
6. Ibid.
7. Smitten and Daghistany, *Spatial Form in Narrative*, p. 128
8. Anthony Lawlor, *The Temple in the House*, p. 88
9. Witold Rybczynski, p. 162
10. Author Unknown, *Attention and Models of Memory*, p. 5
11. Re, p. 158
12. Roland Barthes, *Writing Degree Zero*, p. 1
13. Ruskin, *The Stones of Venice*, p. 166
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THE HOUSE
CHAPTER TWO
of
*M**EMORY*
THE STORY OF A HOUSE

"The site [of a house] is only a tiny piece of the real world, yet this place is made to seem like an entire world. In its parts it accommodates important human activities, yet in sum it expresses an attitude toward life."[†]

- Charles Moore
The Place of Houses

IV

LOCUS MNEMONICA



Y search for a site for the House of Memory has taken me on a journey back to my hometown, back to the place where my earliest memories of Architecture were conceived - back to my childhood house. The journey is proving to be a much longer one than just the physical distance needed to travel there. Although I have revisited this place over the years since I left, it has always been through Memory that I have travelled. Now I find myself remembering the way it was as I stand in the way it is. It is a rather peculiar feeling, like occupying two temporal planes at once.



As we drive through the centre of town, there is very little about my hometown of Joliette, Quebec that appears different. A few store signs indicate changes of ownership, while other buildings, like the Woolworth Building, have been completely remodelled; but the general atmosphere is basically as I remember it being the last time I was here, some 10 years previous. There's the movie theatre where I fell asleep watching *Star Wars* on its opening night,[†] there's the optometrist where I got my first pair of glasses, there's the pharmacy in front of which my mother's curiosity almost got her conscripted for jury duty, and there's the building where my father used to have a tailoring shop. The central public space, called the Esplanade, onto which the stores face and around which we are driving, now remind me of the ancient Roman Hippodrome. It is an elongated, raised dais of concrete around which swirls the chaos of shoppers, business people, and cars. In the summertime, fountains at one end of the dais muffle the noise of the traffic around it, yet neither the fountains nor the numerous planters of flowers can do anything to neutralize the stench of the sulphur water that some residents periodically stop to collect from the taps at its other end.

After completing one full circuit of the Esplanade, we turn left down the main road, leaving behind the

[†] P.S. I did wake up in time to catch the second showing, which immediately followed!

town centre, whereupon the residential area quickly asserts itself over the commercial. Despite the covering of late December snow, the tree-lined streets immediately remind me of the crunch of dead leaves beneath my shoes as I would walk to school in the early days of Autumn. It is something that even today I cannot resist doing as the occasion of a pile of leaves presents itself. I definitely feel as if I've come home.

It is not until we turn right onto rue Beaudry Nord, however, that I begin to notice the changes.

Thinking back on how Joliette once looked and felt I am struck by how similar it must have been to Ruskin's England. I can now see that Joliette was in a transitional phase, moving away from a rural context toward an urban one - much like England during the Industrial Revolution. It feels as if I must have lived in Joliette at a time when its two different worlds were momentarily co-existing as one before the balance shifted and the latter won out. I wonder how much of the "old world" still remains?

Today, the dairy farmer is no longer there (at least not his farm). His farmhouse and barn were once sited on the east side of the road with pastures on the west. I remember when the farmer would drive the cows from one side of the road to the other, stopping traffic for the few minutes it took to do so. To this day, the sweet smell of cow manure (strange as this may sound) will always evoke some of the most pleasant memories of Home. Only now, both sides of the road are occupied by new suburban residential developments and the smell of home is gone.

We cross the railroad tracks that my friend, Bobby Matthews, and I would follow on our way to school. In the spring, we'd catch tadpoles in the ditches that ran on either side, or we'd place nails or pennies on the rails and wait for a train to flatten them. Today, these tracks represent a threshold of sorts, for the changes I am just beginning to notice seem to proceed more rapidly. The wooded land to our left, in which we had played as youths, are all but gone, replaced instead by the Caisse-Populaire parking lot. These were once the very same woods in which we had built a tree house, collected sap from maple trees to make syrup, and in which we found the odd cow bone and pretended we had uncovered a murder site. As I retrace my steps in time, it was as if my memories were being erased. Everything I remembered was fading or had already faded. In fact, most was gone!

We come to the turn that will take us to our street only to find a streetlight! This is perhaps the single most damning evidence of the significant changes the city has undergone, for it is an indication of an increase in population. The light turns to green and we turn onto this side street only to feel very claustrophobic all of a sudden. Of the two open fields that flank this short street the one on the right has been left untouched. The one on the left (behind my childhood house) has been developed into a commercial strip. This field had once upon a time been a world unto itself for me. It was the field in which my grandmother and I would gather wild chicory and strawberries; where my friends and I played in the sandpit we made; and in which I grew my very own garden. This world, too, is gone. The building that now occupies the site is two storeys high and creates a veritable wall behind the old homestead. As we turn left again, onto rue Dufresne, and stop in front of our former house, we can hardly recognize it. Oh, it is the same house all right, only now it is white! That in itself, is not the problem; it is just that in winter the house was always covered in snow and the red we had painted it, had allowed it to stand out all year round. Now it could only blend into its surroundings with no identity of its own; its life-affirming red has given way to the lifeless white colour of sun-bleached bones.

We drive around the block looking to pick up even a frayed thread of the familiar from which we might weave some stronger connection with the past, but we cannot. The street is deserted and the houses of friends I grew up with seem to be altogether vacant. Strangely, they are more alive in my memories and daydreams than they are as I drive before them today. The drive around the block that used to take 5 minutes, now takes longer as we behold that the new residential developments which have taken over the farmer's former pasturelands, actually extend much farther back than I initially thought.

I am forced to concede that my childhood home is gone, buried beneath the snows of Time. I suppose we cannot ever go home again. We must rely on our memories and daydreams and those threads of familiarity we carry within us throughout our lives to anchor us to the past. Or perhaps it is not my home that has changed, but I.

Have I returned as a stranger to my own home?

THE DEAD ARE GONE AND WITH THEM WE CANNOT CONVERSE.
THE LIVING ARE HERE AND OUGHT TO HAVE OUR LOVE.
LEAVING THE CITY I LOOK AHEAD
AND SEE BEFORE ME ONLY MOUNDS AND TOMBS.
THE OLD GRAVES ARE PLOUGHED UP INTO FIELDS,
THE PINES AND CYPRESSES ARE HEWN FOR TIMBER.
IN THE WHITE ASPENS SAD WINDS SING;
THEIR LONG MURMURING KILLS MY HEART WITH GRIEF.
I WANT TO GO HOME, TO RIDE TO MY VILLAGE GATE.
I WANT TO GO BACK, BUT THERE'S NO ROAD BACK.²

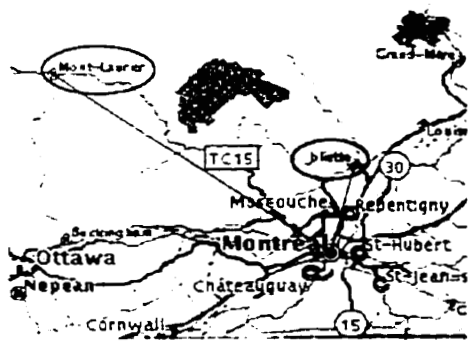
Leaving Joliette behind, I turned to Ruskin for his help in finding the "road back" to my childhood. I consequently found it right where he indicated it was to be found: "under the dark quietness of the undisturbed pines." It is a cue from the opening passage of his Lamp of Memory. In it, he describes a fond memory of a pleasant site he once visited as a child. It was a visit that apparently had made quite an impression on the young Ruskin.

"It is a spot which has all the solemnity, with none of the savageness of the Alps; where there is a sense of great power beginning to be manifested in the earth, and of a deep and majestic concord in the rise of the long low lines of piny hills ... and there is a deep tenderness pervading that vast monotony ... and under the dark quietness of the undisturbed pines, there spring up, year by year, such company of joyful flowers ... It would be difficult to conceive a scene less dependent upon any other interest than that of its own secluded and serious beauty ... to imagine it, for a moment, a scene in some aboriginal forest of the New Continent."³



Travelling through the Laurentian Mountains of Quebec during this particular Christmas season, I couldn't help but feel at home. There is something about spending time in the mountains that has always made me feel quite at ease. The stresses of urban living simply melt away and I am able to fall into a relaxed state of mind - an ideal condition for remembering.

This place has always held a great sense of home for me, but more so now, after my most recent visit to Joliette. I have been coming to Mont-Laurier for over twenty years, ever since my sister and her husband moved here after they wed. Located some two and one-half hours northeast of Montreal, this tiny rural town is quite remote, very



peaceful, and certainly beautiful. Mont-Laurier and its immediate regions boast a population of approximately 10 000 residents, a number that has hardly increased in the past two decades. Originally established as a logging town, (an industry that still persists to some degree even today) the region is now primarily a vacation spot for tourists. It plays host to numerous types of outdoor sports and activities that reinforce the connection to the land that is generally denied the larger urban centre.

The chosen site† is a five-minute drive from the town of Mont-Laurier. It is bounded by Lac-des-Ecorces on its south edge, by the access road to its north, and by two residences, one on its east and the other on its west boundary. The land slopes gently downward from the road to the water's edge and, while the site appears to be heavily wooded, there are a couple of rather large clearings in the centre that would require the removal of very few trees for the construction of a house. The lot has also never been built upon, except for a tree house the neighbours' children built at one time. Upon seeing it, I was immediately transported back in time to my youth, to the tree house my friends and I had built in the woods of my hometown. This tree house even had horizontal boards nailed to the trunk to serve as a ladder as we had done all those years ago!



The trees rose out of the dark humid soil, rooted in the rich humus, the decomposed bodies of their own dead. Strengthened by the buried memories of those that came before, the trees had grown tall and proud, true Kings of the Forest. It was these very trees that I, as a youth, conquered - much to my present regret. In youth, however, lies irreverence for the natural beauty that enfolds us, nurtures us, protects and sustains us. Plus, we were at war, and with war often comes sacrifice.

The French youths of the neighbourhood had destroyed the forts my English-speaking friends and I had built in these woods of our youth. No sooner had we finished its construction than it was torn down in a mindless frenzy - at least that is how our young imagination-prone minds pictured the scene of destruction. It was destruction for the sake of destruction. We were the "maudits anglais" after all! Although I was not of Anglo birth, I had the dubious distinction of having been born Italian and so I belonged to neither camp and yet of both. Of course, once the frenzy was upon the "enemy", such distinctions tended to become blurred and altogether lost. But enough was enough; we had to take drastic measures or risk being overtaken. And so, like our ancient progeny on the African savannah when faced with danger, we took to the trees.

Selecting a particularly stout cluster of trees, we began our upward trek. Nailing horizontal hand- and footholds onto the trunk of the thickest tree, like the rungs of a ladder, we slowly lifted off the ground.

† Refer to the Appendix for the location map and site photographs.

Before we realized it, we were soon dozens of feet above the forest floor. At this height, branches were forking off the main trunk, offering better purchase to our hands and feet. With such support, we were quickly able to build a platform, noticing how the movement of these upper branches was becoming ever more restricted as we made the platform more solid. A railing around the perimeter of the space we had created beneath the canopy of leaves, completed the construction and offered, at least psychologically, a sense of security.

At last we were safe!

At the time, we did not consciously foresee how a fort in the air would protect us. We were simply acting rather instinctively. Only now, in retrospect, do I realize that what we had done was build a fort that was far above a human plane of sight. Its only means of access was a ladder whose placement in line with the tree served to conceal it to a certain degree from casual scrutiny. Also, our elevated position gave us a superior perspective on approaching "enemies" and a secure position for defense (urinating upon enemies from on high, by the way, is a rather effective weapon against chance attacks!).

And so, what we had achieved was a place that began to possess many of the fundamental elements embodying the definition of house: shelter, comfort, territory, and, yes, to our eyes, aesthetics. It was refuge and sanctuary. Its place among the trees provided a definitive connection with nature and to our ancestral past. In turn, these characteristics gave it a sense of spirituality.

I would often go up there alone with my thoughts, and lay down on the platform to gaze up at the sky above, rocked by the gentle swaying of the trees in the light wind and soothed by the rustling of the thousands of leaves.

Ultimately, we had created a meaningful place: a Home in the Sky.

Apart from the tree house, there are other memories associated with this site. I found a lone bush with green buds already formed, despite it being the beginning of January (and minus 30 °C !). It called to mind a poem I wrote in First Grade for the school yearbook:



SPRING WILL COME,
BUT (SIC) FIRST THE WINTER MUST GO. Y

There are also two bird nests clinging to low bushes, a pile of snow sitting atop each one indicating their vacancy at that time of the year. There was a beautiful juxtaposition between these nests and the tree house nearby. In the nest as the archetypal tree house, there was an excellent example of humankind drawing from Nature.

A fresh trail of prints in the newly fallen snow marked the recent passage of a rabbit, its traces frozen in time. Ruskin himself described having come across a similar sight upon his first visit to the Eastern Lakes country, a visit that was to deeply influence him for the rest of his life.

The most striking feature of the site - apart from the abundant beauty of the landscape - would have to be the peace and tranquillity that pervade it. Having



travelled here from Montreal, the contrast between urban and rural is thus made all the stronger. It is a combination of the site's remoteness and the pristine quality of the land. There are dwellings dotting the surrounding landscape, but unlike Montreal, for example, it is the land that dominates here and not the dwelling. And while a dwelling will humble any natural site by its very presence, this landscape is far from submissive, for it seems to possess a kind of latent power waiting just beneath the surface of the layer of snow that now cloaks it in quiet resoluteness.

All in all, this is a site quite worthy of Ruskin and his principles. It is the perfect place for memories and remembering.



PANORAMIC VIEW FROM THE SITE, LOOKING SOUTHWARD ONTO THE LAKE.



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1. Charles Moore, *The Place of Houses*, p. 49
2. Sheng Mei, *Nineteen Pieces of Old Poetry*
3. John Ruskin, *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, p. 176

*"In the life of a man, the house thrusts aside contingencies, its councils of continuity are unceasing. Without it, man would be a dispersed being. It maintains him through the storms of the heavens and through those of life. It is body and soul. It is the human being's first world."*¹

- Gaston Bachelard
The Poetics of Space

V

THE HOUSE OF MEMORY



HE House of Memory† is an architectonic translation of the intimate relationship between Architecture and Memory, which underscores our connection to the architecture we inhabit. Conceived from my earliest memories of the architecture with which I am most familiar, the House contains traces of the past and of my childhood house which inspired and helped

shape it. The childhood house is revisited in the House of Memory, not through a nostalgic recreation of the past, rather through the transformative properties of Memory that embody connection and continuity through the layering of personal experience.

In Memory, the past and the present are simultaneously experienced, allowing for the traces from the past to be made contemporary, whereupon they can transform the present experience. Such is how the past is made relevant in the present. And such is the power of the monument in society. A monument stands not only as a reminder of people, days, or events gone by. It serves as a tangible connection to the past whose meaning enriches our present experience, changes us and inspires us, even as it builds upon those traces of the past and ensures their continuity into the future.



*"How can one make history become memory? By evoking a feeling of having been there, by preserving a trace and by recreating artefacts which evoke the feeling of layering which is personal experience."*²

In its architectonic translation, the House of Memory is meant to stand as a shining example of the power of Architecture to enrich human experience when the house in

† Refer to the Appendix for the complete set of final design drawings.

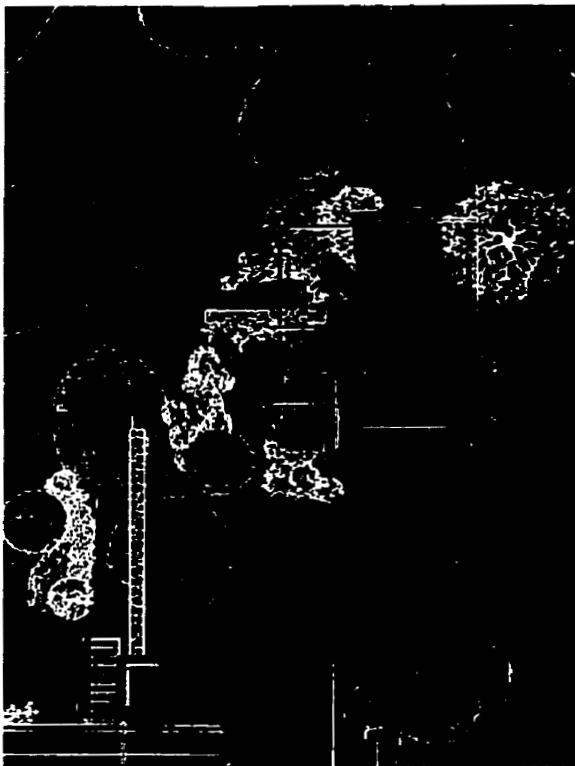
contemporary society is thus raised to the level of a monument. Only then can its walls truly embrace our memories, its floors sustain and uplift us, and its roof shelter our dreams and aspirations. And, only then can Architecture truly speak for us when we are no longer there.

Within the stones of the House of Memory are thus ingrained the memories of a young boy full of promise and eager to test himself against all that the world had to for him to tackle. Along its timbers are carved the tangible realities faced by a young man with new insight in his present circumstance to finally understand the contingencies of the real world. While upon its Age can be seen but a shadowy glimpse of the unattained aspirations of the older man yet to be.

TO GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE

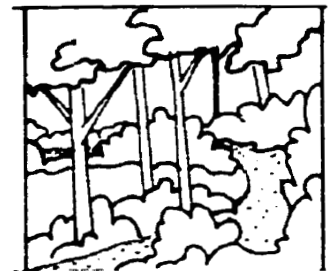
Many a childhood fairy tale has taken place in a forest setting. A story begun with a journey taken through a dark, forbidding forest will often resolve itself in a house or cottage being found at the end of the path winding through the trees. Within the shelter of this dwelling there may reside either Good or Evil, but always a lesson to be learned regardless. So it is with the House of Memory, for it is here, upon the very threshold of the forest path, that its Story begins to truly unfold.

Into the woods
To bring some bread
To Granny who
Is sick in bed.



Driving along the gravel road, I am teased by several glimpses of a structure nestled among the trees to my right. The trees part suddenly to reveal a narrow driveway that leads to a pavilion comprised of a garage, a tool shed, and a garbage enclosure. Parking the car, I follow a stone footpath that guides me around the corner of the garage toward the centre of the pavilion. As I pass by the rough stone wall that marks the threshold into the pavilion, I am reminded here of the forest clearings in the woods of my youth. The break in the leafy canopy above was an oft-welcomed release from the compression of the enclosing trees, allowing the light of the sun to illuminate the forest floor.

Ahead of me, the walls of the garage and of the tool shed frame a view of the lake to the south, which I pause to



enjoy. It is a mere hint of what might await beyond the next bend.

Meanwhile, to my right, stairs lead down to the next leg of the footpath. Its twists and turns are reminiscent of the winding forest path (for straight path-lines are rare in such natural settings), heightening my anticipation of what the next turn might reveal. I walk down these few steps until I am once more upon that footpath and I accept its invitation to continue the journey of welcome that is open to both visitor and resident alike.

Never can tell
What lies ahead.
For all I know,
She's already dead.

It is here, however, that the House is more fully revealed to me for the first time and I am taken aback at the sight of the roof in whose form can be seen the silhouette of the childhood house. It is a simple, even humble, roof, yet its presence engenders my most ingrained notions of "home": the good and bad times shared with family and friends, the freshness that the world seems to possess in the memories of my youth, and the feelings of comfort and security that I have come to associate with my childhood house. The roof is a tender reminder of the shape which shaped my life.

Ahead, at the fork in the path, I notice another garden wall to my right, this one lower, yet of the same yellowish-brown stone. My experience with the first stone wall is the only clue I need to understand that this wall, too, marks a threshold. The footpath guides me around the end of this wall and onto a concrete walk that runs along its length straight to the front door. Bright red, and revealed all around by glazed sidelights, the front door is striking in this forest setting of various shades of green and brown. It reminds me of the front door to my childhood house.

The front door to my childhood house has always called to mind my eldest sister's wedding. Used principally on special occasions, it was through this door that Teresa made her grand appearance on her wedding day, as she led the procession to the limousine that would take her to the church, so many years ago now. Teresa's was the first wedding, not only in our immediate family, but also in the immediate neighbourhood. It was also the first time (and last!) that I ever wore a *powder-blue* tuxedo!

The concrete walk runs straight and true to the front door where there is no longer the chance of becoming lost in the forest. It is perhaps at this point that a visitor would finally realize that there had never been any chance of becoming lost; that every step of the way was orchestrated to keep one from straying from the path.

Into the Woods,
Into the woods,
To Grandmother's house
And home before dark! ³

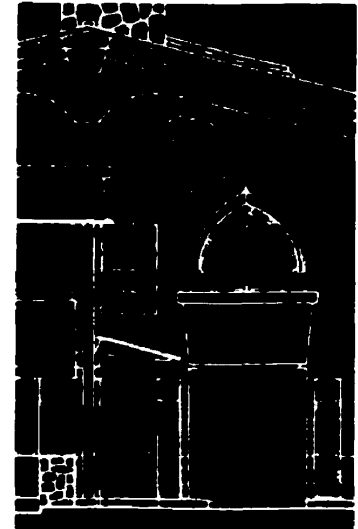
RUSKIN'S BALCONY

Reminiscent of a church pulpit, Ruskin's Balcony is a reminder of the social critic's strong Evangelical upbringing. Its strong presence by the entrance to the House of Memory makes a statement as powerful as did his very words, which carried with them the utter conviction of sermon. The fervency of Ruskin's words cannot be denied nor suppressed and their power is contained in the balcony for all to experience, for in its expression are embodied the *Seven Lamps of Architecture*.

In the attention to detail is the *Sacrifice* of the craftsman's labour for the love of the work wrought by his own hands. In the honest expression of its structure and

materials, is *Truth*: rough-hewn stone for the base, dressed timber for the enveloping enclosure, and hand-carved wood for the rail. In its scale, is the *Power* of a proportion that is sympathetic to, and in harmony with, that of the whole. In the railing and the arch is the natural *Beauty* that draws from the forest setting: twining vines and leafy branches carved into the rail, and the shape of the pointed leaf crowning the doorway as foliage does the surrounding forest. In its overall composition, from the crude base to the graceful arch and railing, is perceived the craftsman's creative mind, which gives intellectual *Life* to his work. In such expressions, the *Obedience* to the laws of God above those of men lays the foundation for the establishment of a universal language of Architecture that all may understand its message. And in *Memory* of John Ruskin, the balcony expresses the permanence we seek in Architecture, while being a not-so-subtle reminder of his overall influence in the creation of the House of Memory.

Craning my neck, I can almost imagine hearing his words whispering among the rustling leaves of the nearby trees.



OF LAW AND ORDER

As I cross the threshold of the House of Memory, I come under the dominance of Order. The exposed structural grid-system of steel columns and beams exerts a gentle influence, like so many vague recollections of childhood; gentle, elusive, there to be *discovered* not *imposed*, for it serves merely as a context that establishes order among the many *loci* of the House.

The use of steel in this regard may seem contradictory, given Ruskin's view on the use of metals as structural support in architecture. Ruskin believed that unlike wood and stone, which wear their weathering like robes of honour, metals have no such properties and thus cannot serve as "a continuing record for future generations." ⁴ "Metals may be used as a cement, but not as a support," he wrote. "[They are] a departure from the first principles of [Architecture]".⁵ It is in the weathering of materials, he argued, that stories and histories are written:



Upon seeing my father's winepress, I knew that it was autumn.

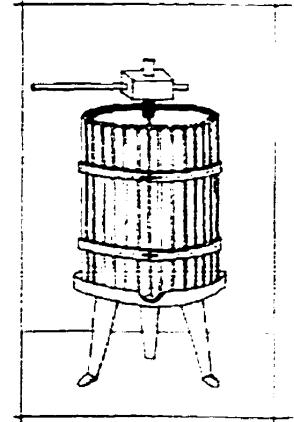
Every year around this time, my father would take the winepress out of the storage shed and wash it down in preparation for making wine. The grapes would already have been purchased, their wooden crates stacked neatly in the cool, unfinished basement.

The winepress had a rather human skeletal look to it. Its black cast-iron frame was composed of a flat plate, almost pelvic-like, with a molded shallow trough around its circumference. Supported upon a tripod of legs, a single shaft rose upward from the plate, like a spine. Two halves of a cylindrical cage, made of spaced wooden slats that were held together by horizontal metal bands, fitted together like two sets of human ribs encircling the "spinal" shaft. A metal casing was then threaded onto the topmost end of the shaft. A hole in the side of this casing allowed for the insertion of a lever arm that would be used to crank the casing.

Once assembled, the winepress looked very much like the medieval Iron Maiden of centuries long gone.

My father would fill the cage with the grapes and then place a wooden lid (cut into two half-moons so that they could be fitted around the shaft) on top of the grapes. The lever arm would be turned and the metal casing would push the half lids down onto the grapes, thereby squeezing the juices out of the fruit. The juices would collect in the trough at the perimeter of the pelvicate and drain through a spout molded into the trough. The juicy run-off would be collected in a bucket and then transferred into a large barrel for fermenting.

In the years that followed, as I would look back upon that memory, I would be struck at how the winepress, even then, was the epitome of agedness. Over the years, the wood would get darker, fed by the blood of the fruit, until grape and wood became something that was neither of one, nor of the other, rather of something more. It never seemed to grow any older, there was more an aura of timelessness about it. Perhaps it was because it represented a passage of time, marking the changing of the seasons: the bounty of a fruitful summer. Perhaps it was because, while it never seemed to age, I did, and so it became a marker of the passage of my youth. Perhaps it was because it represented a tradition that went back farther than my own youth, or that of my father's, and so it became a connection to my more distant roots.

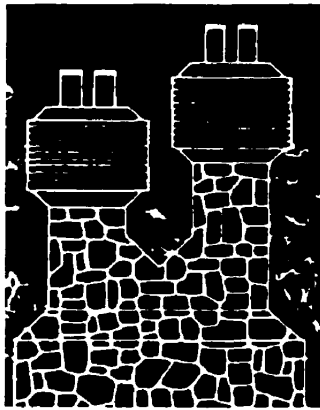


In this particular application, however, one quickly realizes that it is steel's resolute integrity that is sought by the House of Memory, given its unswerving dedication to its structural role. Structurally, of course, the House requires such stability and its tangible presence alone is psychologically comforting. It is the subtle order that the structural system imparts upon the House, though, like an expression of the moral context within which Ruskin judged the world around him, which gives the House of Memory its inner strength. Weaving in and out of the various spaces of the House, the structure integrates itself with these spaces and they, in turn, with it. It connects them to one another, yet allows for their distinctiveness to be expressed wherever such distinctiveness may exist and it fixes the spaces in the landscape, like markers in Memory. In return, one feels likewise anchored, secure that one will not lose one's place or be forgotten in the unfolding narrative of the House.

THE HEARTH

My fondest memories of growing up in my childhood house are of the times we spent as a family in the kitchen and around the dining room table. As in many homes, our kitchen area was the single most important space in the house. It was literally the heart of the bungalow, and was the one central space around which all the other spaces and household activities revolved. As a result of our direct European descent, my mother could always be found in and around the kitchen preparing one traditional Italian meal or another. Since these meals were predominantly homemade, this work tended to be rather time-consuming, especially since she was feeding a household with six children! As the time for dinner approached, we would make our respective ways to the kitchen: those of us old enough would help, while those of us too young would watch (or more often, get underfoot). It was a daily ritual that I now understand as being a

repetition of a distant past which I have carried forward through my own love of cooking. It is thus from my memories of the kitchen and its rituals that I can trace the evolution of the hearth from my archetypal house to its expression in the House of Memory.



When driving to the House, the chimney stacks of the hearth are visible from the top of the rise in the road. They appear above the treetops like a monument to the House's existence and as a marker of its location, but nothing more. Standing in the foyer, however, it is revealed that the hearth is in fact the very heart of the House of Memory. It rises powerfully, as if from the very core of the earth, anchoring the House in both Time and Space. It is the point around which the world revolves; it is the centre of the universe.



In this singular monument, the archetypal house of childhood and the House of Memory become one.

In its quiet grace and resolute strength, the hearth is the embodiment of my mother and father.

As the central focus of the House, the hearth symbolizes the nurturing, warmth, comfort, protection, and stability I have always strongly associated with any thoughts and memories of my parents. Its domination of the interior landscape does not demand one's submission; rather, its strong presence is as that of the ever-watchful parent, whose influence is intended to be felt throughout the House of Memory. In its massive stone construction is expressed the solidity of my father as the family provider and protector. Its embrace of, and by, the spaces around it, is a reflection of the gentler, more sensitive aspects of my mother's character. In the hearth, these characteristics form the personification of my parents as the nurturers of my family, and the recognition of the importance of the hearth in the House of Memory, pays homage to the love and sacrifice of my parents to their children.

In our modern homes, the fireplace is no longer a necessity for comfort, yet in the orange-yellow glow of the fire dancing within the shelter of its bosom is resurrected the comfort long-held vital since the first humans uncovered the secret to sparking fire. Is this ancient memory then the source of the deep-seated attachment we feel toward the warmth and security that radiates from the fireplaces in our homes? Or is it that perhaps we see reflections of our parents' faces in their depths?

Like the first spark of Primordial Fire, does fire today rekindle ancient buried memories of a time when fire first warmed the Ancient Hearth, cast back the night, and provided protection from natural enemies? As unfettered as the fiery sun that arcs across the daytime sky, as eternal as the pinpoints of light that sparkle in the dark of night, as uncompromising as the struggle between Life and Death, does fire perhaps hold the secrets

of our First Days?

Deep within the glowing embers whose deaths are marked by the skyward dance of ashes, like the ghosts of wraiths, are resurrected images of those Days now passed. Rising like so many mythical phoenixes, they live again, reborn of our subconscious. In that time and place - before the birth of gods - when the hearth was the centre of existence, when families would gather together around a fire in a communal sharing of strength and common wealth, fire was seen as a powerful gift of the earth. Fire was a gift to be both feared as well as revered.

Although today we no need to longer rely on fire for light, warmth, or protection, there is still something undeniably comforting to the soul in the warmth, the smell, and even the sound of fire. But are these feelings echoes of ancestral memories that are awakened by our familiarity with fire? Is it a connection we feel with our distant past, or do we, in fact, see echoes of our future within its glowing coals, like a myriad lanterns lighting the path ahead? Perhaps it is because the spark that triggered the birth of our Universe is also the same spark as that which triggers life at the union of sperm and egg. Do we find solace in its presence, then, because it re-ignites memories of our own conception? Y

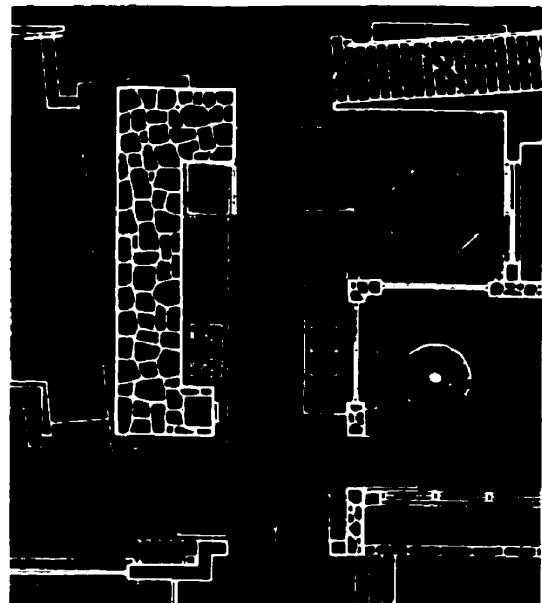
In its embodiment of parenthood, the hearth fulfills more than simply its utilitarian role of harbouring fire. It embodies memories of the First Parents, Adam and Eve and, by extension, of God, the Parent of us all. As the cornerstone for the House of Memory, the hearth is thus ultimately as an altar unto God. In this role, it is a continuous reminder of Ruskin's contention that we should regard our homes with the same reverence we would bestow upon our temples.

*"If men lived like men indeed, their houses would be temples - temples which we should hardly dare to injure, and in which it would make us holy to be permitted to live ... [for] when men do not love their hearths, nor reverence their thresholds, it is a sign that they dishonour both ... "*⁶

THE KITCHEN

Carving a place for itself out of the mass of the hearth, the kitchen is undeniably the most central space of the House of Memory, as it is in my memories of the childhood house. Not a room unto itself, it flows virtually unrestricted from one space to the next, connecting to, and inter-connecting with, foyer, breakfast nook, dining room, and greenhouse. It is the principal path one takes to access the back door, while its adjacency to the greenhouse provides a connection to the herbs and other foods grown for cooking.

Made integral with the hearth, its black granite countertop goes as far as to wrap itself around the stone mass to serve as a mantelpiece above the fireplace opening in the living room. (The counters themselves have been made deeper than

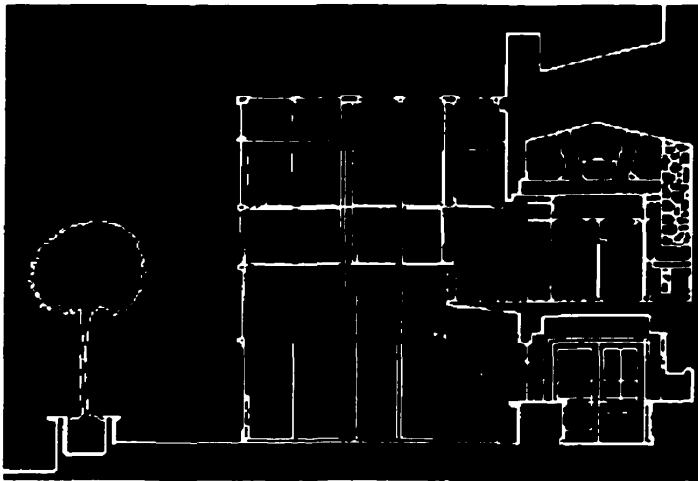


the standard 24 inches to accommodate those kitchen appliances that were designed to enrich our lives, but which did so at the expense of vital counter space!) Its walls the colour of sunlight, the kitchen space is awash with sunlight even on overcast days. The soft, warm, honey-coloured hardwood flooring contrasts with the richer, slightly darker colour of the kitchen cupboards and drawers. Everywhere one looks, colour and visual sensuality pervade this special, memorable space.

The breakfast nook faces east toward the rising sun whose light would filter through the surrounding trees. It opens onto a terrace, which in turn opens onto the forest, thereby extending the nook outward to where it is bounded only by the distant trees and one's imagination.

THE GREENHOUSE

When my maternal grandmother, Enrica, was alive, she and I would often go out into the field behind my childhood house. In that field she taught me how to pick the wild chicory that we would prepare as a salad for dinner.



Pick the chicory while the shoots are still very young and tender, in early spring. There is but a two-week window of opportunity before it grows too bitter to enjoy uncooked. Wash it and drain well. Toss it in a bowl with oil and vinegar. Add salt to taste. Serve with chunks of fresh crusty bread.

We would also spend hours picking the tiny strawberries that grew wild there, washing them and then incorporating them into a dessert. Later,

after her death, I would build my first garden in that same field. Even now I can recall the warmth of the sun on my skin, and I'm not sure how else to describe the scent in the air, except that it was the scent of sunlight.

In the greenhouse, the scent of plants and rich, moist soil evoke my memories of other gardens. The sun streaming through its glass recaptures memories of the summers of my youth, like a huge snow globe souvenir; and the fragility of the diverse plants it contains is a serious reminder of the stewardship of the earth bestowed upon us by God.

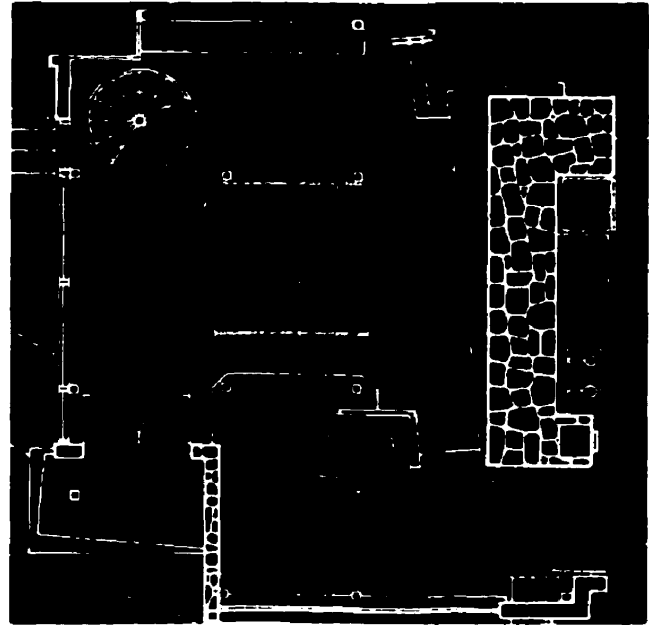
The greenhouse is a tribute to my grandmother and to the lessons she taught me. While I was learning how and when to pick the chicory, she was teaching me patience. While I was learning how to pick strawberries, she was teaching me to treasure and nurture living things that they could bear fruit the next season. Ultimately, simply by spending time with me, she was teaching me that often the lesson is not in the saying, but in the doing.

In her memory, the greenhouse stands as a living monument to her life.

THE DINING ROOM

Traditionally, at every mealtime we would all gather at the table: my father at the head of the table, my mother in the seat to his left, with the rest of us following suit in our respective seats as we'd always done. (It is interesting how, when we get together now, we unconsciously follow the same seating arrangement we did as children). The dining room marked the setting for our parents' guidance and direction, while the dining table was the centrepiece around which we forged our familial ties.

In the House of Memory, the dining room is the more formal of the two eating spaces. As in the childhood house, it would play host to family meals, as well as on those special occasions when company is being entertained. The long band of south-facing windows is low enough to favour diners with a spectacular view of the lake, while a convenient sideboard also acts as a divider to the living room onto which this space opens. The two flanking columns and the single step down provide a ceremonial entrance into the living room space - a threshold delineating the end to one ritual and the beginning of another.



THE LIVING ROOM

This two-storey space is the only room in which the mass of the hearth can be most fully appreciated. Here, the hearth is exposed from hearthstone to ceiling and beyond by virtue of the skylight. This exposure gives one a better sense of its great height, which is nevertheless moderated by several elements working in combination. For instance, the horizontality of the second storey space bisects the mass of the hearth, while the differing proportions of other vertical elements, like the spiral stair and the west-facing windows, serve to modulate the space so that neither the vertical nor the horizontal elements ever dominate. In addition, the careful placement of the living room and dining room windows serves to draw the eyes outward, thereby creating a perceived horizontality to the room. The tall windows on the west facade, for example, have been articulated in a stylized Gothic motif, which is evocative of the trunks and skyward-reaching branches of the forest trees outside. Superimposed as these windows are upon the view of the trees beyond, the eye is



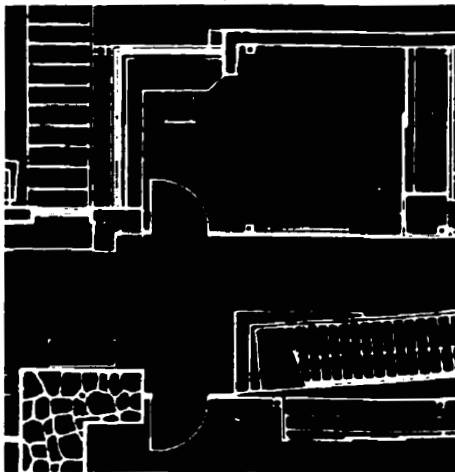
drawn outward toward the boundary these trees provide. The room is thus perceived to appear more horizontal than it truly is.

The use of Gothic overtones is a carryover from the treatment of Ruskin's Balcony, but it is also meant to articulate the space in interesting (if not whimsical) ways, given the exposed nature of the structure. Of course, I have always felt that the Gothic style is perfectly suitable for forest settings. The shape of the Gothic arch is a reflection of the natural shape of the point of a leaf and of the space created between two trees whose branches arch together to create the point. The use of arched colonnades in the living room works well in conjunction with the cathedral ceiling, each element merging into the other as they reach toward the hearth, as the altar of the House of Memory. The curves also add an element of grace and poetry. Light, airy, and slender, they capture the essence of the purity of structure married to the beauty of ornament.

In a playful spin, I also incorporated Roman arches to brace the two Gothic colonnades that define the living room space. They are a metaphorical expression of the tension Ruskin perceived between his beloved Gothic and the architecture of the "pestilential art" of the Renaissance.

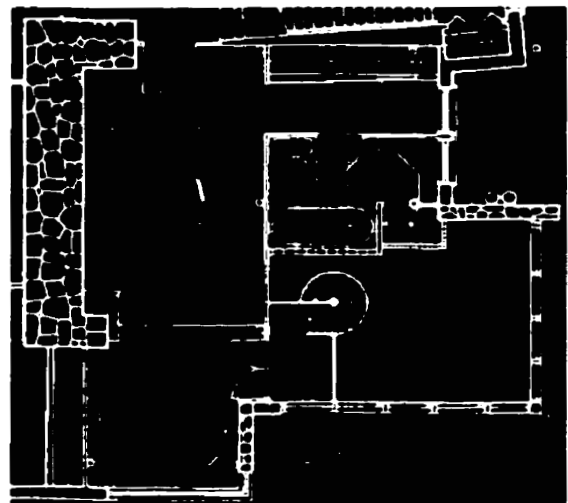
THE BEDROOMS

The Master Bedroom is nestled against the hearth in symbolic recognition of the parents' influence throughout the House. The room has been designed as a sanctuary along with some romantic overtones. This bedroom includes an ensuite bathroom wherein the glass-enclosed tub and shower are open above to the greenhouse and to the sky beyond. A small fireplace lends a degree of warmth and comfort to the sleeping space, while a small balcony projecting into the greenhouse brings a touch of summer into the room regardless of what the season might be outside. Lastly, a south-facing sitting room opens



the bedroom to a gorgeous view of the lake and the surrounding woods. The sitting area can be also be used as a nursery as it is in perfect proximity for the nervous parents of a newborn. The connection through the greenhouse to the kitchen below is also very convenient for those late night feedings. In any case, entering the kitchen through the greenhouse would be a beautiful start to one's day, like walking through a garden in early morning.

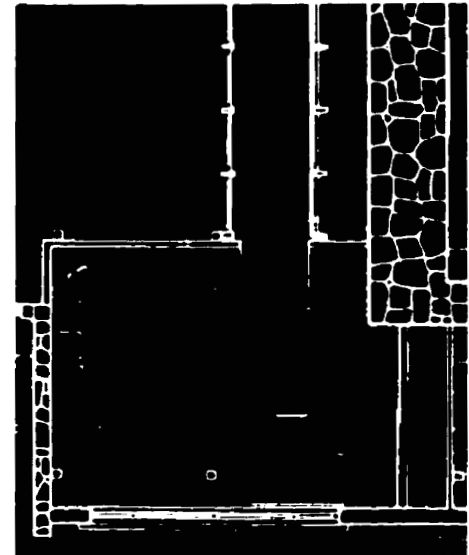
The First Bedroom is the young toddler's room. It is just one of many steps toward greater independence; however, the room is close enough to the Master



Bedroom so that a bad dream or other nighttime ailments can quickly bring parental succor.

The Second Bedroom is for the older, perhaps adolescent child. The bridge (like the one at dockside) gives a sense of greater disconnection from the master bedroom and the parents' direct supervision - the sign of freedom that comes with maturity and added responsibility. Regardless, the presence of the hearth in the room is a gentle reminder to the child that the parents are never too far away.

The bedroom on the ground floor offers diverse uses, as a home office or a guest bedroom. With the population getting progressively older, there is a marked increase in the number of extended families. This room could easily serve as a bedroom for live-in grandparents. There are very few steps on the ground floor that one would have to manage, and even these can be made to be wheelchair accessible, if required. There is indeed great value in the extended family scenario. My maternal grandmother had come to Canada along with my parents and sisters in 1962, and lived with us until her death in 1973. I was only eight when she passed away, but I will always cherish my memories of her living with us, for she greatly enriched our lives.

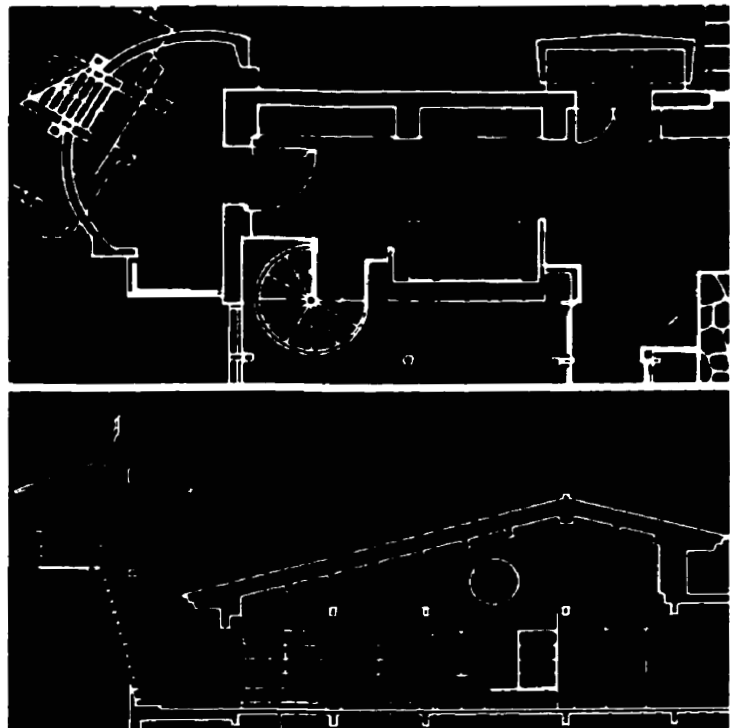


THE LIBRARY

Overlooking the living room, the Library gallery reflects my love of books and writing. More Gothic overtones point to a Ruskinian influence, along with a "rose" window and the doors opening onto Ruskin's Balcony on the House of Memory's north face.

The Library gallery is an ideal space in which to display a cherished desk, while a small window seat looking out onto the front yard, offers the perfect venue in which to curl up with a good book. Ever since childhood, books have been an integral part of my life. As a collection of countless stories and memories, books entrusted to the Library offer both knowledge and a means of escapism, through the sharing of another's experiences.

It is fitting, therefore, that the



Library also possesses a secret door concealed in the bookcase, which leads to the oublière. It is a childhood fantasy, certainly, but a whimsical addition to the House of Memory that many adults can appreciate as well!

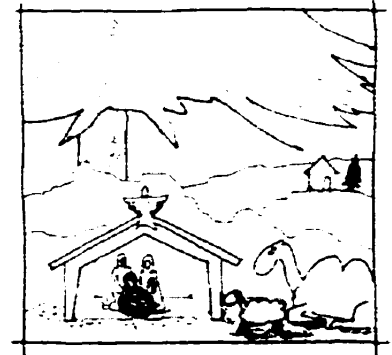
THE OUBLIÈRE

The oublière was conceived as a place in which to forget or in which to be forgotten, and it was inspired in large part by memories of a special childhood space:

One of my favorite places as a child of five or six was unique in that it existed only during the Christmas season and then it was gone for another year. It was the space located behind the Christmas tree, which stood in the corner of our living room. It was further enclosed by the Nativity scene set up under the tree, as well as by the canopy formed by the tree's lowest branches. Having grown up with three older sisters and two younger brothers, it was often difficult to find a place in which to be alone and it was particularly difficult during Christmas with the added "inconvenience" of guests dropping by. But this space offered a haven from the hustle and bustle of the holidays.

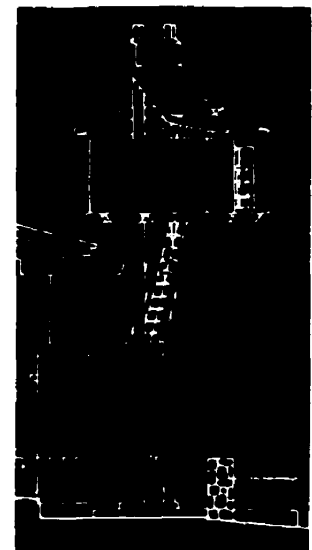
I can still feel the remnant memory sensations of the peace I felt, secluded as I was in that space. I would usually go there with a book or lie back on a pillow and look up at the twinkling lights among the branches. This vantage point also offered a unique perspective of the Nativity scene, for I could peek over the hills (actually, the entire set of the World Book Encyclopedias my parents used to create the hills) to gaze into the tiny manger with the angel suspended above it.

The space created an environment of total comfort and security, a similar environment I would not experience again until my teens when I built a tree house high up in the trees. As I think back, I wonder if the feelings which that space embodied were what ultimately drove me to pursue a career in architecture?



As a reflection of my penchant for writing science fantasy, the oublière - or the place of forgetting - was designed for use as a writing studio. It was fashioned after the oublière of medieval French castles, in which the prisoner was pushed down a hole in the floor into a windowless cell where he would die, alone and forgotten. While definitely less severe in this modern expression, the oublière of the House of Memory is likewise meant to remove any sense of connection to the rest of the House. Its function is antithetical to the premise of the House of Memory, in that it is meant to liberate one's imagination from familiar landscapes.

Sole access to the oublière is therefore provided through the secret door concealed behind the bookcase in the Library, which



reveals the ladder that leads to it. Moreover, in its antithesis to Memory, the oublière is rooted in a tenuous connection to place, less "fixed in space" than the other spaces of the House. The structural system that lends Order to the loci of the House of Memory is



forgotten in the oublière; a separate and distinct system is employed here, one that borrows its form from the tree house. Less rigid, this system would allow the structure to sway slightly in the wind with the airborne memories of the tree house of childhood.

From the perspective of the frontal elevation, the oublière is made to appear as a stylization of the corner spire of the traditional Victorian house. Whether spire, or tree house, or writing studio, or oublière, or all of the above, this space was designed to embody memories of the future and to inspire the imagination.

THE MEMORY CHAPEL

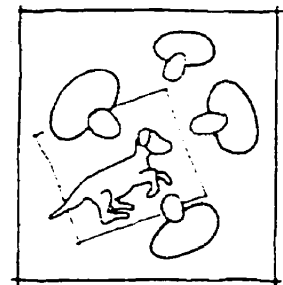
The oublière is not without some substance, however, as it is firmly rooted in the sacred. The chapel on the ground floor serves as the foundation from which it springs forth like the archetypal tree its structure mythologizes. If the hearth is the altar in the House of Memory, and the oublière its spire, then the chapel is its spirit. In it is reflected the consciousness of its residents; one might almost expect to find cave paintings depicted upon its shadowy walls. Perhaps it serves as a space in which to meditate, or to practice one's faith, or perhaps, even, it is a place of purification as the first step in a procession that would lead to the contemplation of the mausoleum wall.

As the oublière springs forth from this place of compression, to blossom in the full expansiveness of the sky, so too can the resident nurture the sacredness within him that it might someday encompass the rest of his world where it can make a difference.

OF BLOOD AND ASHES

I can remember my first experience with death at the age of 5 or 6. It was the occasion of the death of our family dog, Max. Barely a few months old, the German Shepherd pup was poisoned one afternoon as we kids played on the front lawn and our parents worked in the side yard. No one saw who administered the poison, but eventually one of us noticed the pup stumbling around in the driveway. There wasn't much anyone could do at that point. My father laid Max on an old blanket and we simply gathered around, waiting for the poison to complete its grisly task.

What I can remember most was the feeling of uselessness, of not really understanding enough of what was happening to be able to do something. It was over in very few minutes, but is something I will never forget..





Remembering one's past, is to honour one's ancestors. Ruskin suggested in *The Seven Lamps of Architecture* that the house might "express each man's character and occupation, and partly his history,"⁷ a right he granted to the first builder of the dwelling.

*"... and it would be well that blank stones should be left in places, to be inscribed with a summary of his life and of its experience, raising thus the habitation into a kind of monument."*⁸

In this respect, the House of Memory is both house and tomb - a dwelling place for the living, as well as a monument standing in memory of the departed. Humans have the ability to contemplate the future and thus to contemplate their deaths. In the fulfillment of such purpose, the family mausoleum of the House of Memory takes the form of a monolithic retaining wall constructed of local stone. It sits in the landscape as if the natural erosion of the soil was slowly revealing it. On the west side of the site, the mausoleum wall responds sympathetically to the slope of the land along the neighbouring lot by following the natural curvature of the land. Like the past that embraces the present, the mausoleum wall gently embraces the west face of the House of Memory, almost as one would caress a lover's face.

Steps lead down toward the water, but stop in front of the oldest part of the wall which "houses" the residence's most distant inhabitants. With the wall towering above me at this point, I realize how small a chapter an individual represents in the whole Story, yet of what great importance even that one individual is when the wall is viewed as a story of epic proportions. The power of the history it contains is almost overwhelming.

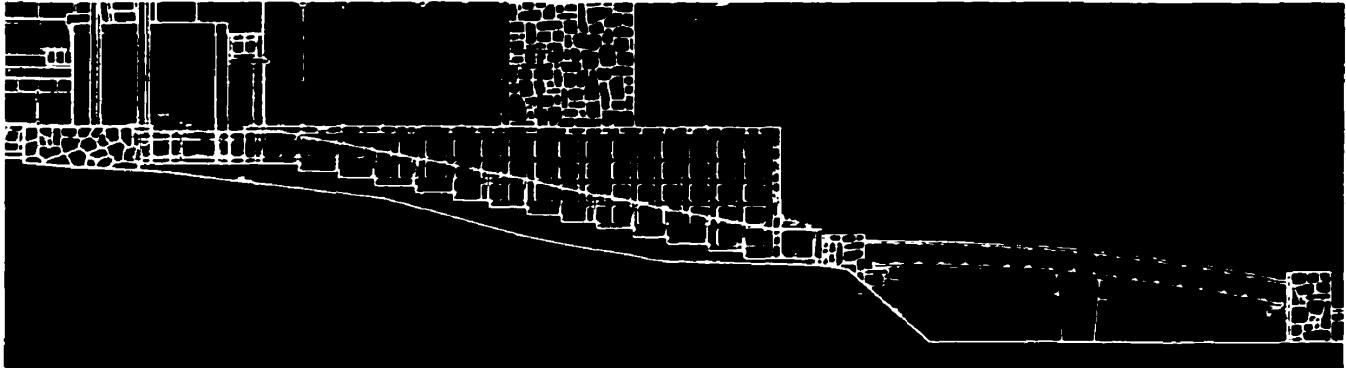
At this point the sun is setting beyond the near-distant hills. Its light filters through the branches and leaves of the surrounding trees, bathing the west-facing wall of the mausoleum in orange-yellow light, like the flames of so many candles. In its circadian role of honouring the dead, the sun gives the wall a paradoxical life of its own as if to underscore the wall's purpose as a living record of the House's inhabitants.

Somewhere the sun rose upon the aftermath of battle. The moans and groans of the few who lay dying upon the cold, uncaring ground were quickly drowned out by the sounds of winged scavengers drawn by the smell of spilled blood and new death. Even now, they fight amongst themselves over the tiniest human morsel when whole carcasses lie but a wingspan distant, bloated and distended in the growing heat of the day. Unprotected by even the merest covering of shade, the elements would make short work of the vulnerable, exposed flesh that was not otherwise consumed this day. As the day wears

on, however, the frenzied feast grows as four-legged scavengers join in the fray; perhaps there will not be any flesh left for the elements to devour after all.

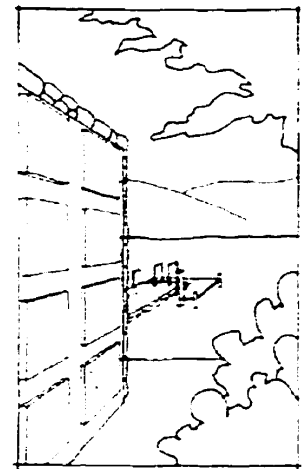
All too soon, shadows begin to lengthen upon the battlefield as the sun prepares to set beyond the distant hills. Soon, there are only wispy tendrils of light over the western horizon, until, with a final flicker of red-orange light, the sun quickly gathers up those tendrils, like a mother her young, and night blankets the sea of lifeless, sun-bleached bones.

There will be no other honouring of these dead. ♪



My eyes are drawn back to the granite seals affixed over each tomb opening. I slowly read some of the names inscribed there as I run my fingers gently over the words. There are more blank seals than inscribed ones; there remains much of this Story yet to be Written. I notice with a start that the sun's waning light has silently cast my own shadow upon one of the blank seals, superimposing my future upon my past and present. It is an unsettling, yet certain, reminder that my name and partial history will one day be inscribed upon its unblemished surface once my own story has been fully Told. It is a portent of how my own life will one day be likewise honoured and passed on into Memory.

The curvature of the mausoleum wall opens outward toward the lake, and my gaze is directed to the dock, to the connecting bridge floating above the shimmering water, and to the memories that I know await me there.



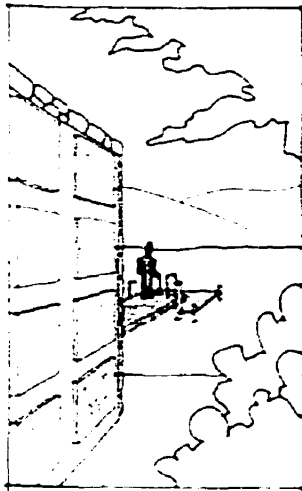
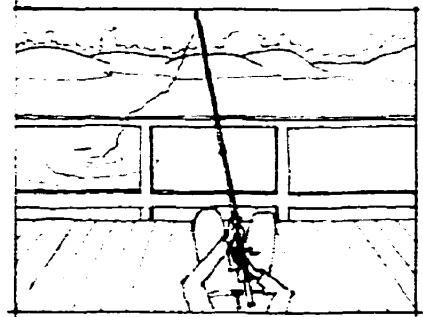
THE BRIDGE

As I step onto the wooden bridge, the timbers beneath my feet radiate with the



accumulated heat of the sun. Running my hands along its rails, I can sense the unattained aspirations of the young man that are embodied along its span. One end grounded firmly in reality upon the shores of the known past, its other rests above the waters of the future, where all paths are possible.

Likened to the tenuousness between foresight and fact, the bridge conjures up old memories of sitting upon a certain wooden bridge of my childhood. I would sit on that bridge for hours, a fishing line cast into the dark waters below, and I would dream of the future in anticipation of that tell-tale tug which would signify a catch on the line. It was on that bridge where many of my boyhood aspirations were first born, as it is on the bridge of the House of Memory that I hear their echoes in the sound of the water lapping at its support piers.



I walk to the end of the dock where my gaze is drawn across the water toward the distant shore of the lake and my thoughts carry me along with it. My recent experience of standing by the mausoleum wall and looking toward the dock comes unbidden to my mind. Suddenly, in my mind's eye, I am once more standing by the mausoleum, only now I am watching myself gazing across the lake. It is a strange sensation, this: looking at the space I am currently occupying as if seeing it from a distance and through a second pair of eyes; the past, the present, and the future experienced simultaneously. Juxtaposed between the most distant past and the most distant future - caught between Memory and Dream - I am seeing the past from the perspective of new insight thereby transforming my present experience by adding a layer of discovery upon the old.

This, of course, is the true nature - and power - of Memory.

Over time, one can expect the House of Memory, as a living record of its Age, to weather, and to change, and to acquire the indelible patina that marks the passage of Time. And slowly, quite imperceptibly, its story - like that indelible patina - will become ingrained within its residents, until, one day, it becomes an archetype in its own right, and the cycle will begin anew.

The House of Memory, therefore, is by no means the end of this story, as it is likewise not the beginning.

It is simply a beginning.



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4. Wheeler & Whiteley, *The Lamp of Memory*, p. 5
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THE LEGACY
CHAPTER THREE
of
*M**EMORY*
THE STORY OF A HOUSE

*"To make an end is often to make a beginning. The end of all our exploring will be to return where we started and know the place for the first time."*¹

Gerhard Merz
from *Mnemosyne, or The Art of Memory*

VI

AN ENDING AND A BEGINNING



INSPIRED by John Ruskin's *Lamp of Memory*, this story of a house set out to explore the relationship between Architecture and Memory. It was presented here as an intellectual exercise offering a different perspective for thinking about Architecture, about the houses that we inhabit, and about their impact upon our lives. Its intrinsic goals were to define, to understand, and to reaffirm our own connection to the architecture around us, most particularly our connection to the house, as the architecture with which one is most familiar.

At its core, this work questioned the current direction of architectural endeavour as it pertains to the house in contemporary society, proposing that we have forgotten how to shape memorable spaces into meaningful Architecture. It argued that, overwhelmed by the increasingly speculative nature of our society, we have forgotten Architecture's role in the shaping and sheltering of human experience. Further trivialized by economics and undermined by apathy, the house has subsequently been reduced to a commodity wherein our individual stories have become lost amidst the cacophony of the information age. Thus, while the architecture of the house has long been an integral part of human language, its voice has nevertheless grown so perceptibly silent that its once-distinct traces upon the language are fading. Consequently, human language has itself been diminished and our own existence rendered all the less meaningful.

Its criticisms of the contemporary house underscored its definitive argument for a redefinition of said house from tenuous shelter to enduring monument. The house as monument serves as a tangible connection between the past, the present, and the future through its embodiment of history, connection, continuity, storytelling, vision, ritual,



legacy, inspiration, meaning, and of course, Memory. A living record to our having lived, it confirms who we were, where we came from, how we lived, what we believed, what we aspired toward, and how we wished to be remembered. While people are born and people die, and events come and go, it is what we glean from their having been that sustains us. Thus, without the past to nurture and sustain us, there is no present to embrace. Without the past to inspire us, there is no future of which to dream. Without Memory to revivify the past, the future remains an unclaimed legacy.

So, while we might live without Architecture, and worship without her, we cannot remember without her.

Meaningful architecture roots the memories of our experiences in space and time, wherein the more firmly our memories are grounded, the sounder they are. It fulfills our deep-seated need for immutability and permanence, for connection and continuity, because Architecture is not an end unto itself, but a series of endings and beginnings. The childhood house in which I was raised was itself conceived by another whose own childhood house was conceived by yet another, and so on. With each house, a chapter is ended and a new one is begun with the adding of a new layer of personal experience, which is subsequently carried forth from one house to the next, and passed on from one person to another. As a link between the past and the future, Architecture thus grants us a form of immortality. This is, after all, why we beget children.

And it also why we build.

Crafting memorable spaces that structure, nurture, and sustain meaningful experience is the Architect's first duty. John Ruskin clearly understood this duty, having charged architects to render the architecture of the day historical, although not "historical" as in the recreation of the past through nostalgia. Instead, this duty can only be discharged through Memory's ability to simultaneously experience the past and the present, so that the past can inform and, subsequently, *transform* the present experience. Rendering the architecture of the day historical is thus less about a collection of memoirs, and more about the *synthesis* of recollections. When we draw from the past through Memory, we *build upon* it through the layering of personal experience, just as our children learn from us when we share our past experiences with them so that they might surpass our own successes. It is the same in Architecture. And so,

*"... when we build, let us think that we build forever. Let it not be for present delight, nor for present use alone; let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for, and let us think, as we lay stone on stone, that a time is to come when those stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them, and that men will say as they look upon the labour and wrought substance of them, 'See! this our fathers did for us.'"*²

Therein lies the role for the Architect as Storyteller.

The human practice of sharing our personal experiences with one another serves to define who we are. It reinforces the ties that bind us and affirms our own existence, all the while ensuring that a part of us, no matter how small, will continue into the future.

Architecture is itself a sharing of stories and experiences. Through the language that is Architecture - the manipulation of materiality, spatiality, and composition - the Architect can tell myriad such stories: stories of the past to be preserved as relevant traces in the present, whose transformation might inspire visions for the future. In Memory, however, the past can never return exactly as it was, but does so only in fragmentary, often elusive, and sometimes incomprehensible, traces.³ In the less forgiving language of Architecture, therefore, the house as monument is dependent upon the repetitive structures that arise out of our memories of the rituals and traditions that are learned in the childhood house, and that define our connection to the Architecture within which they take place. Having recently revisited my childhood house, I learned first-hand that in Architecture it may not be the physical house itself that is handed down to future generations, but rather a legacy of memories of images of home. In many ways, such memories are more substantial, for, unlike Thamus' external characters, they become an integral part of oneself, their meaning defining who we are as their traces become ingrained within us. As a result, I know I shall always remember my years in the house of my childhood.

To be graced by the memory of its sheltering roof, is to be invited to experience in its joys and sorrows; to recollect the warm embrace of its walls, is to feel welcome and safe; and to be re-inhabited by its spirit, is to feel loved, nurtured, fulfilled. Its memories are my memories; they are a part of me, a part of my soul. It is my cathedral, my altar, and I am its Quasimodo[‡]. I am both its master and its slave; it is both my strength and my weakness. It has nurtured me and sheltered me as if I were its very own, as in many ways I am. I am its legacy, for I am its child. And I know now that I had not returned as a stranger to my childhood home, after all. Indeed, I had never left!

I am my childhood house.

While the House of Memory was primarily conceived as a sequence of Memory-inspired stories centred on my earliest years in the childhood house, it was, more importantly, intended to transcend these personal memories. In effect, the House of Memory was meant to be read in any one of four ways:

- as a house for me;
- as a house for anyone;
- as a house for John Ruskin; and, paradoxically,
- as a house for no one.

In its primary role as a house designed for me, the House of Memory is a reflection of who I am. As a self-portrait expressed through bold architectonic strokes of stone, wood, steel, and glass it is perhaps just as revealing of personal character as a painter's own self-reflection on canvas. One might expect nothing less from the design of a house for which I have served as my own client.

‡ Metaphorically speaking, of course!

Its various spaces, their arrangement, the materials of which they are comprised, and how the spaces relate one to another revivify these memories. These spaces are like architectural anecdotes that speak as much about my past as they do of my present and my future. Taken as a whole, they define who I am, reminding me of what I believe in, reinforcing what I stand for, and expressing what I aspire toward. Inhabiting these spaces is to engage with these memories on a most intimate level, for they are my own. In this role, the House of Memory is my story.

I am the House of Memory.

Yet, while the House of Memory tells my story, as it was inspired by my childhood memories, it is a story to which we can all nevertheless relate. The house is a cultural icon such that despite who its principal characters are, its story is the same on many levels. Consequently, in the personal anecdotes and compositions that I have woven into the fabric of this work, can be found the similarities in structure, composition, and expression that are shared by the languages of Architecture, Literature, and Memory in a particular culture. Shaped by my personal thoughts and memories of past experiences, each anecdote and each composition created its own literary space, which the Reader could step into and thereby inhabit, as one would an architectural space. These spaces were meant to awaken similar traces of personal experiences within his own memory by which he might more intimately relate to, and engage with, the architecture of the House of Memory. They ultimately drew in the Reader as if into his own story.

In this particular role, the House of Memory serves to demonstrate the nature of storytelling in Architecture, for it tells a different story to different people, its goal: that its story be remembered so that it may survive and be passed on. It is indeed the true measure of good storytelling in Architecture that it not only be entertaining, but engaging as well, so that its audience - whether observer or participant - can take a more active interest in it and perhaps also be moved and inspired by it.

It is a story with which we can all relate for it is our shared story.

Much of the inspiration for the House of Memory was derived from the writings of John Ruskin. His thoughts and criticisms about the architecture of his day shed considerable light on our own world and directly influenced this project. Indeed, his very words: *"we may live without her, and worship without her, but we cannot remember without her,"* served as its underlying thesis. Although Ruskin himself never attempted architectural design, his words have played such an important role in this project, that his unseen hand guided much of the design for the House of Memory. Consequently, the design could not help but be sympathetic to his tastes, for it is, in many ways, representative of the man's character.

Indeed, John Ruskin would feel quite at home in the House of Memory. The design attempted to capture the essence of his Seven Lamps of Architecture, beyond the particular emphasis it placed on the Lamp of Memory. Despite the House's modern design, it has a rather eclectic expression, yet unique in that it gives the impression that *older* elements were affixed onto *newer* ones - a description that is quite reminiscent of Ruskin's own character and personal philosophy. Indeed, its natural setting and the thoughtful integration within it - along with the open and honest use of its materials -

would find great favour in his eyes. Moreover, the Gothic touches lend an air of mystery, whimsy, and fantasy, while its lakefront location would remind him of his own home of Brantwood.

The House of Memory is thus also quite appropriately a house for John Ruskin.

In a fourth possible reading, the House of Memory can also be seen as a conceptual model describing the complex nature of human Memory. Its conceptual design is rooted in the relationship between the past, the present, and the future, which, in turn, define the spatial dynamics of Memory. Its structural system symbolizes the neural connections and the associative relationships between the individual fragments that comprise a memory. In its spatiality, the rooms are fragments of the memories themselves, between whose continuity lies the synthesis of past and present as it occurs in the revivification of Memory. It is this revivification of Memory which serves to inform the future through the layering of personal experience.

Although it is expressed in architectonic form, the House of Memory is lastly a house for no one for, in this light, it is not perceived as a house at all.

In the end, all good architecture begins with the house.

It is in the house that our earliest memories of Architecture are first conceived, as it was in the cave that the first notions of home were given birth. The house is the most basic of our inhabitable spaces, from which all other architectural spaces follow. An architect who can successfully design and build a memorable house as a place for meaningful experience, can design any other form of architecture, for *"all really inhabited space bears the essence of the notion of home."*⁴ Yet, while it is becoming ever more vital that this task be accomplished, it is likewise becoming all the more difficult for the Architect poised at the threshold of the 21st century, given the speculative nature of contemporary society.

It is quite regrettable that today buildings are deemed fit for construction judged principally on the basis of whether or not they conform to building code requirements to the exclusion of whether they satisfy the basic human need for sensual and experiential qualities in our architecture. It had been Ruskin's contention that all architecture should be judged equally, that is, according to a set of established rules that can be applied to any building. What he was in essence suggesting was the establishment of a *universal* language of Architecture. *The Seven Lamps of Architecture* was just such an attempt to empower anyone - architect and layperson alike - to determine what constituted good architecture and what bad, according to such a universal language. Each Lamp was meant to relate to the architectural discussion on a level of the human dimension that was based not so much on the human frame as on the human intellect and soul wherein dwells personal experience.

"And when houses are thus built, we may have that true domestic architecture, the beginning of all other, which does not disdain to treat with respect and thoughtfulness the small habitation as well as the large ..."

This goal is an admirable one, but it first requires a paradigm shift in the way in which we regard the house in our contemporary society. To own and live in a house should be thought of neither as a right granted solely on the basis of affordability nor as a business transaction to be entered into based on its viability as a profitable financial investment. Rather, it is a *privilege* - a privilege that must be honoured and held dear like a most cherished memory.

The devaluation of the house to the status of a commodity was possibly a logical consequence of the standardization of its building components. By virtue of the speculative nature of our society, however, this has also led to the standardization of the very people for whom these houses are intended. Many of the homes built today ignore individuality, treating people instead as generic models, almost like crash-test dummies, whose dimensions and anticipated reactions are measured in standards and statistics, rather than in terms of intellect, feeling, and spirit. Such houses are certainly not built *"with such differences as might suit and express each man's character and occupation, and partly his history."* Instead, they are designed without specific clients in mind at all and are usually styled according to some unrealized theme for the development within which they are sited. It is a process that has far less to do with creating meaningful Architecture than it does with the marketing of a commodity.

Architectural professional practice was established in the 19th century to protect the public interest. Intended as a counterbalance to the profit-driven forces of commerce, this role remains all but irrelevant today, as the majority of our homes continue to be built by developers, rather than by architects, with each group espousing its own ideology. While site, space, aesthetics, poetics, materiality, socio-cultural issues, historical precedence, etc., are the Architect's driving design influences and concerns, the developer's "inspiration" appears to be, quite simply, speculated profit.

It is no wonder, then, that the majority of the houses built today are too "small". Which is to say that, while they more than adequately accommodate the human frame, they are unable to shelter the human intellect and soul. Even when we speak of contemporary houses set in such distinctive styles as Victorian, or Tudor, or Colonial, these styles are mere façades, nothing more than applied veneers. Certainly, they are pretty to look at, but they are superficial with neither depth nor substance, for their exterior characteristics are not carried through to inform the interior design. Moreover, the interior spaces themselves are for the most part generic - making them interchangeable from one house to another and thus forgettable - with only functional relationships to connect one room to the next. Meanwhile, the overall materiality of such houses leaves much to be desired. It forces us to ask ourselves whether we wish to be remembered by what vinyl siding has to say on our behalf, or by the more eloquent materials of wood, stone, and brick. The latter are materials that can be made integral to the house and with which we can engage through sight, smell, and feel. While it may be more economical, vinyl siding is cold, flat, unnatural, and when used alone - without the benefit of the layering of materials as unto the layering of personal experience - it simply has nothing to say worth listening to and is therefore quickly forgotten.

To compound the issue, the problems associated with forgetfulness and lack of eloquence in contemporary architecture are not only limited to the individual house for, once grouped together, individual houses define our neighbourhoods. Extending the scope of these criticisms to the level of the neighbourhood, thus reveals the threat of overwhelming homogeneity, which further breeds disinterest and even apathy. Yet, homogeneity in architecture is not necessarily a problem in and of itself. Identical houses can easily be grouped together, but they require connective elements to create interest and diversity, to express beauty and eloquence, and to convey collective meaning and intent.

The critical observations above not only underscore the problem at hand, but they point to solutions for refocusing the direction of architectural professional practice toward the purpose for which it was originally established.

At first glance, one obvious solution would be to simply encourage co-operative ventures between the Architect and the Developer. The Developer's greatest strength in the eyes of the home-buyer, as it is with any consumer, is affordability, which goes hand in hand with the nature of his operation. Over the many years, the work of the Architect, however, has become synonymous with terms such as "expensive" and "unnecessary". This is certainly a criticism not without some merit. Needless to say, while it is essential to have more architects designing our homes, it must not be at the expense of reasonable affordability. And so, in the end it is about combining the strengths of each to compensate for the other's weaknesses. It is not the purpose of this work, however, to conjecture what roadblocks (both administrative and ideological) might arise from such an attempt. Suffice it to say, that perhaps there is indeed room for *minimal* speculation in Architecture, after all, but only through the successful and equitable merger of thoughtful design harmonized with economic reality.

It is quite naïve, however, to expect co-operative ventures between architects and developers to happen on any significant scale - certainly not in any foreseeable future. Nevertheless, confirmation of the success that such co-operative ventures would engender is found today on a small scale in the seemingly increasing trend of the Design-Build approach to architectural design, wherein lies the most telling shift in the direction of architectural professional practice. The Design-Build scenario enables architects to play more active roles in their design projects, much like the Arts & Crafts architects Greene & Greene at the turn of this century who were directly involved in the actual construction of their designs. In some larger firms, this approach parallels the developer scenario, but without the negative aspects that are associated with speculation, or the cost overruns that a hands-on approach is better able to control, or even running the risk of producing a commodity. The design-build approach ensures that the integrity of the architect's design intentions (and thus those of the client) are more fully respected and ultimately realized in the final product.

In addition, architects have long recognized the need for public involvement in the design process, whether it be at the level of the individual house or in larger community-based projects. These days, consumers are more informed and thus increasingly aware of their power to direct trends. Consumers of architecture are no

different as the ongoing community discussions regarding the redevelopment of the CFB Calgary lands, the site of the demolished Calgary General Hospital, as well as the new Millennium Park would indicate. This awareness is further reflected in the interdisciplinary approach to the education of architects and, consequently, the diversity of services offered by architectural firms today. To remain competitive, and therefore be a primary alternative, the architect must continue to serve and to defend the public interest.

It may all come down to one question: How do we wish to be remembered?

Architecture remains one of the greatest examples of human endeavour, serving to elevate the human condition by reminding us of our place in the unfolding physical and cultural landscapes we inhabit. In their growing silence, however, our houses have fewer stories to tell and we are losing our place in the continually unfolding narrative of human existence, forgetting what few stories we possess between the heartbeat of one generation and the next. If Architecture is indeed a reflection of its Age, then what stories are we leaving behind for our children?

Only through memorable, meaningful, Architecture will our stories endure, for its stories are our stories. They belong to us all. And so, we must remember, above all, that "Architecture is not about anything, it is something, the same way that a chair is a chair, or a table, a table".⁵ Like an *inukshuk*, the stone marker used by the Inuit people, Architecture speaks for us when we are no longer here to speak for ourselves. It says to those who follow: "Now the People will know we were here".



*"... indeed, the greatest glory of a building is not in its stones, nor in its gold ... its glory is in its Age, and in that deep sense of voicefulness, of stern watching, of mysterious sympathy, nay, even of approval or condemnation, which we feel in walls that have been washed by the passing waves of humanity ... it is in that golden stain of time, that we are to look for the real light, and colour, and preciousness of architecture."*⁶

In its embodiment of Memory, Architecture is a legacy of inspiration to future generations, for not only is it a means of human expression, it provides a place for meaningful experience. It is why we build and why we cannot remember without her.

In its voicefulness, Architecture **is** Memory.



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2. John Ruskin, *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, p. 186
3. Lucia Re, *Calvino and the Age of Neorealism*, p. 171
4. Gaston Bachelard, *The Poetics of Space*, p. 5
5. Witold Rybczynski, *The Most Beautiful House in the World*, p. 154
6. Ruskin, p. 186

EPILOGUE

LEST WE FORGET



It is perhaps fitting that I am writing these closing words at this 11th hour on this 11th day of this 11th month of 1998. On this international day of Remembrance, the power of Memory to reawaken the past and to give it renewed meaning in the present, is clearly etched on the faces of the young and old who have come together to pay tribute to those who have fallen in war, that we may be free today. For those who have lived through those terrible events, the past is always but a thought away. For the young with whom they have shared their stories, the past is a legacy whose lessons, if learned, would inspire (if not assure) their future. One thing is certain - it is written in their eyes - that, while the young may not learn from these memories, they will certainly never forget.

Nevertheless, today's celebrations also underscore the fragility of Memory.

The dwindling numbers of war veterans who live to see this day each year are clear signs of the tenuousness of Memory, for who will speak for them when they are no longer here? Just as our houses have fewer stories to tell in their growing silence, so are there fewer vets to teach us and remind us of the ravages of war. And yet, in the annual celebratory revivification of their sacrifices lies the ability of Memory to endure. In the sharing of their stories and experiences through the legacies they leave behind, the devastation that is war is kept alive that we may learn from it.

It thus falls upon our monuments to speak to us with their voices when they are no longer here.

Lest we forget.



APPENDIX

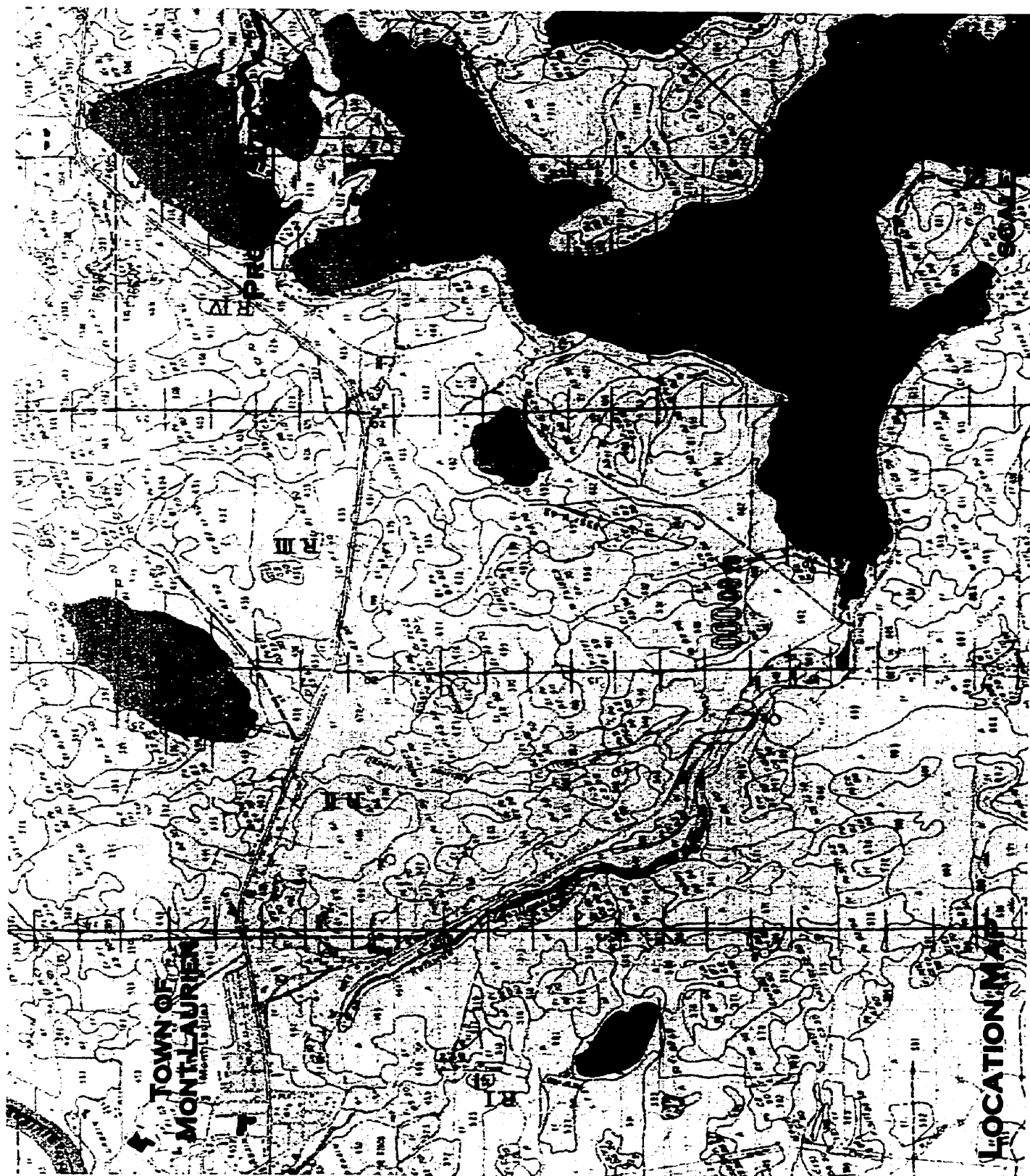


LOCATION MAP

SITE PHOTOGRAPHS

MODEL PHOTOGRAPHS

ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN DRAWINGS



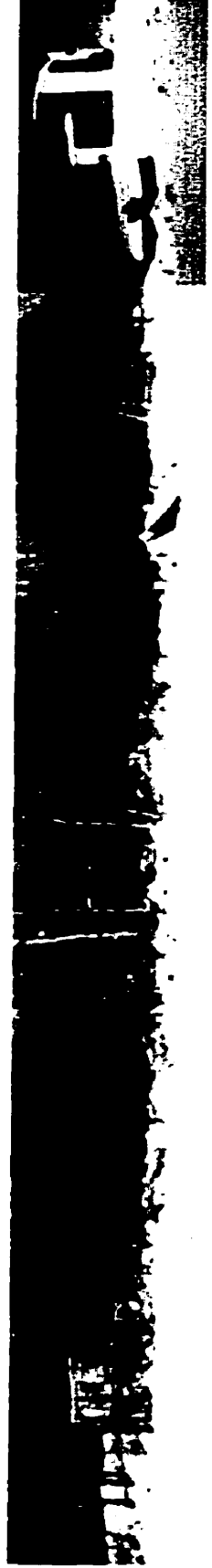
SITE PHOTOGRAPHS



PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE NORTHEASTERN EDGE OF THE SITE.



PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE NORTHWESTERN EDGE OF THE SITE.



PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE SOUTHERN BOUNDARY OF THE SITE.



THE ROAD BOUNDING THE NORTH EDGE OF THE SITE - LOOKING WEST

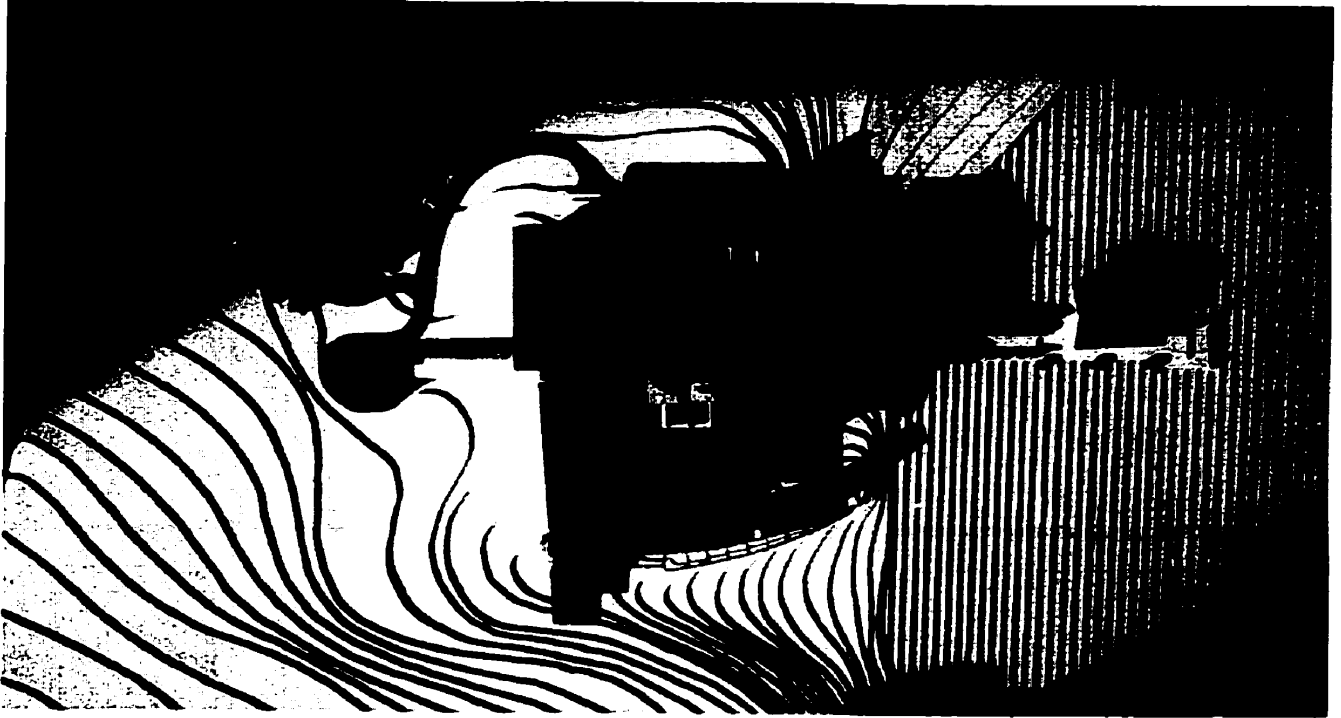


LOOKING EAST

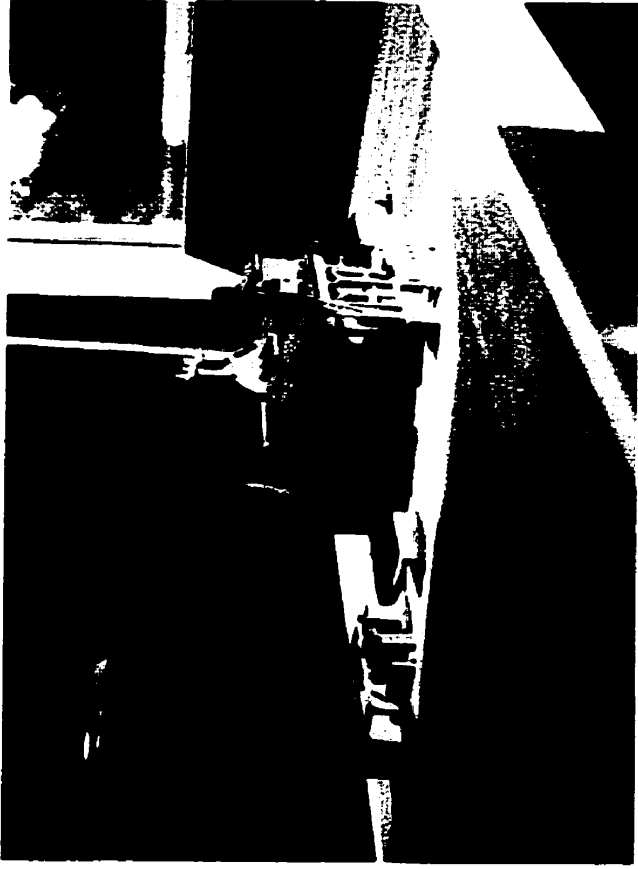


LOOKING EAST - WINTER

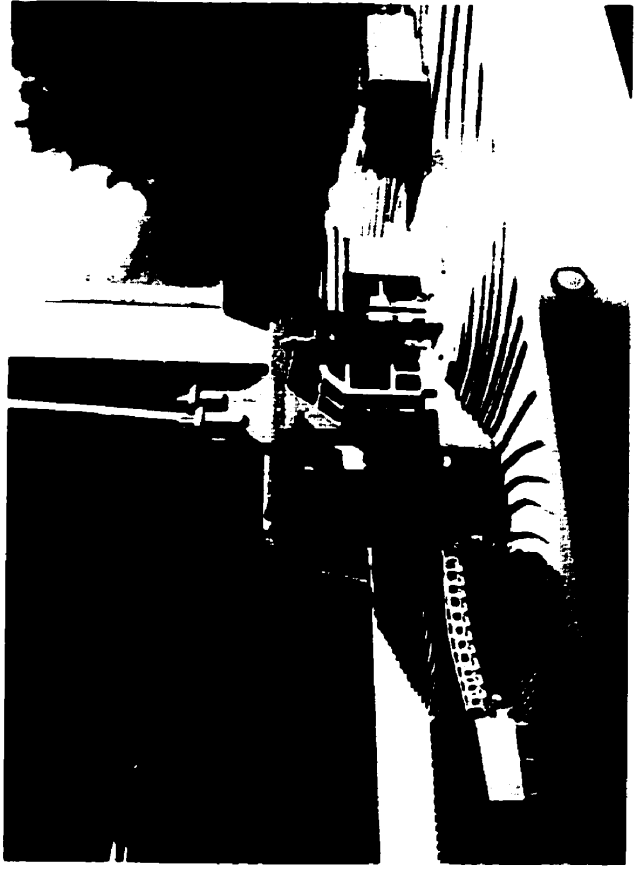
MODEL PHOTOGRAPHS



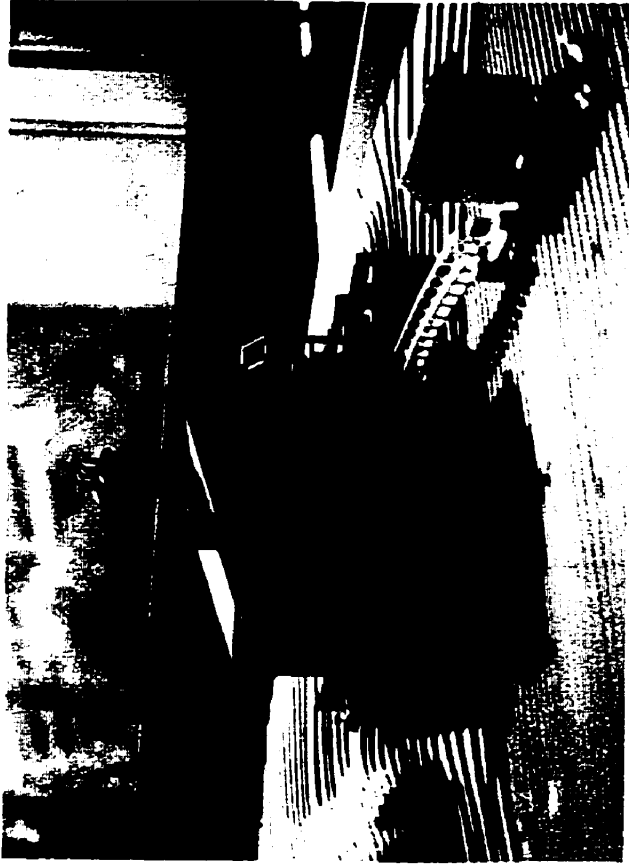
SITE MODEL: TOP VIEW



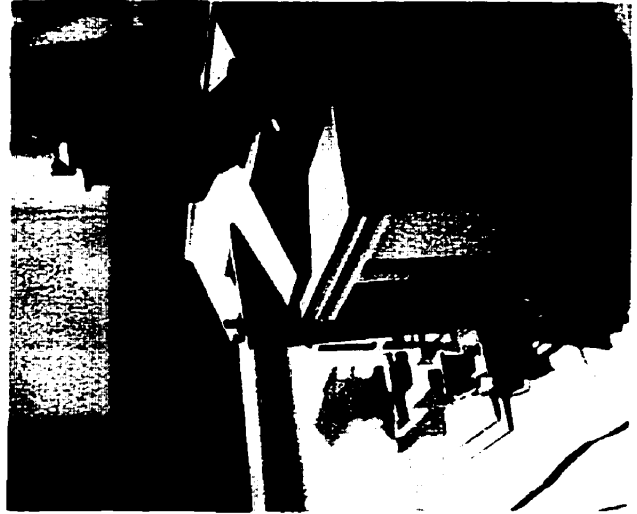
SITE MODEL: NORTH VIEW



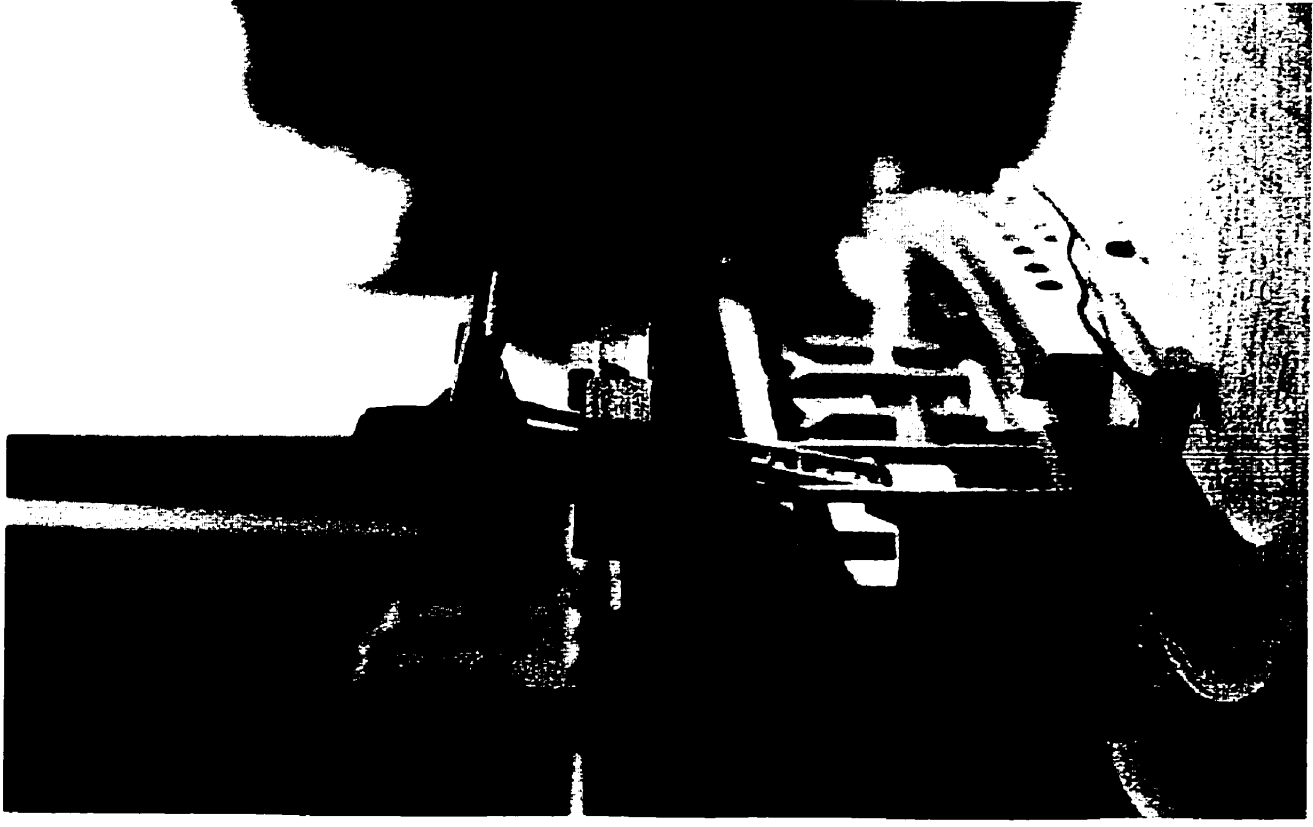
SITE MODEL: SOUTHEASTERN VIEW



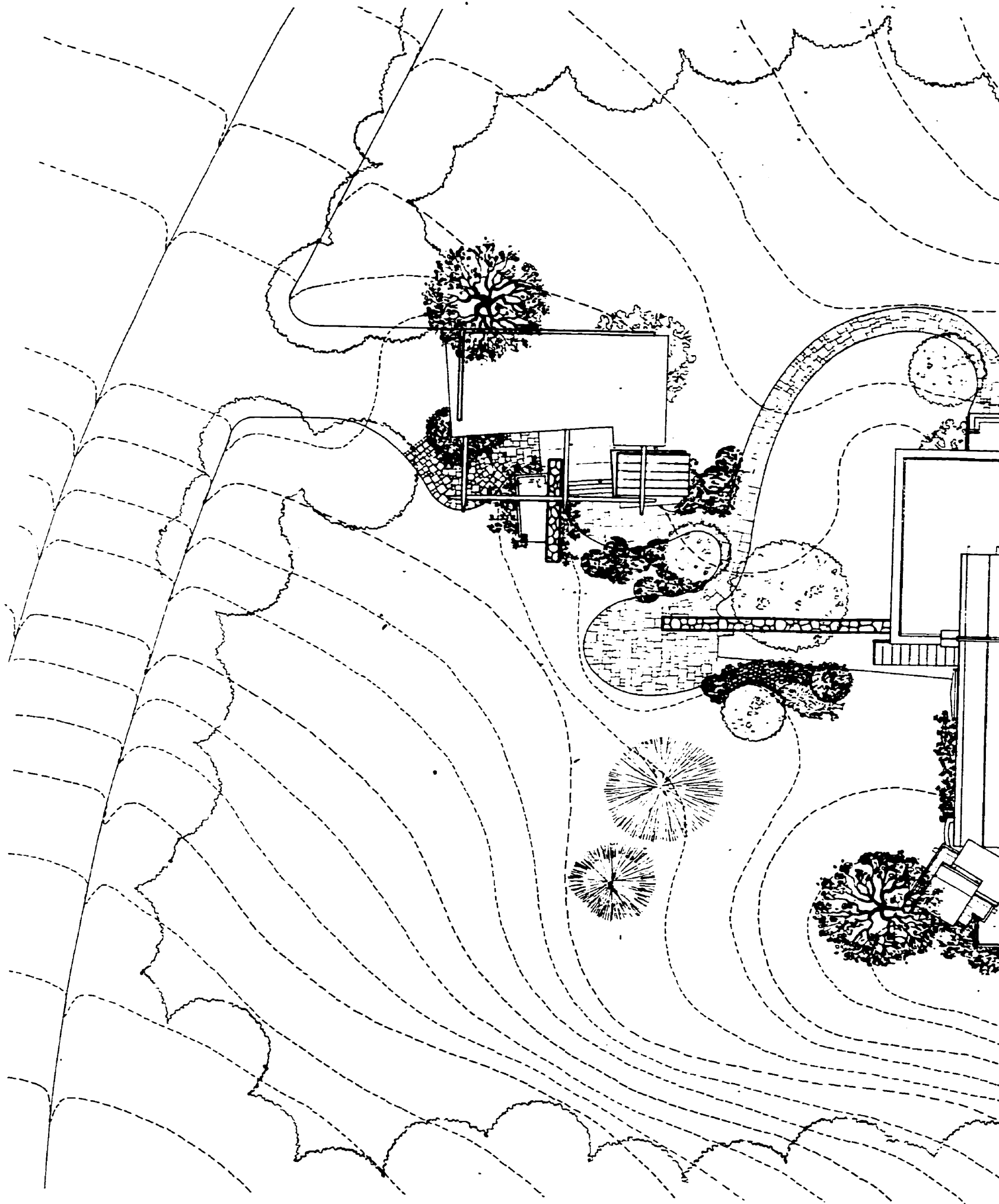
Site Model: Southwestern View

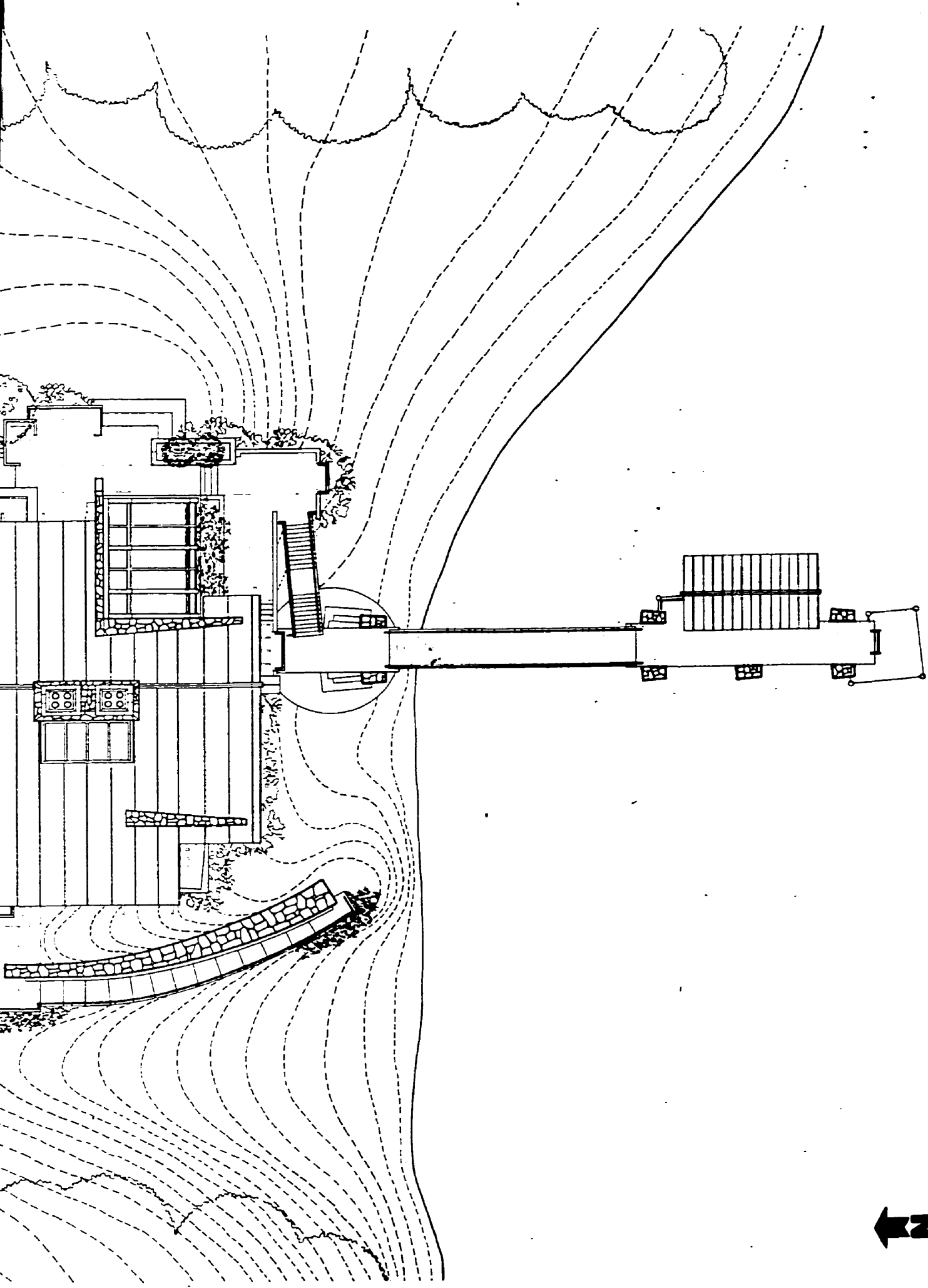


Site Model: East terrace, lake beyond

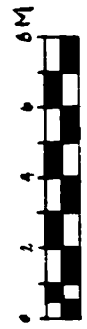


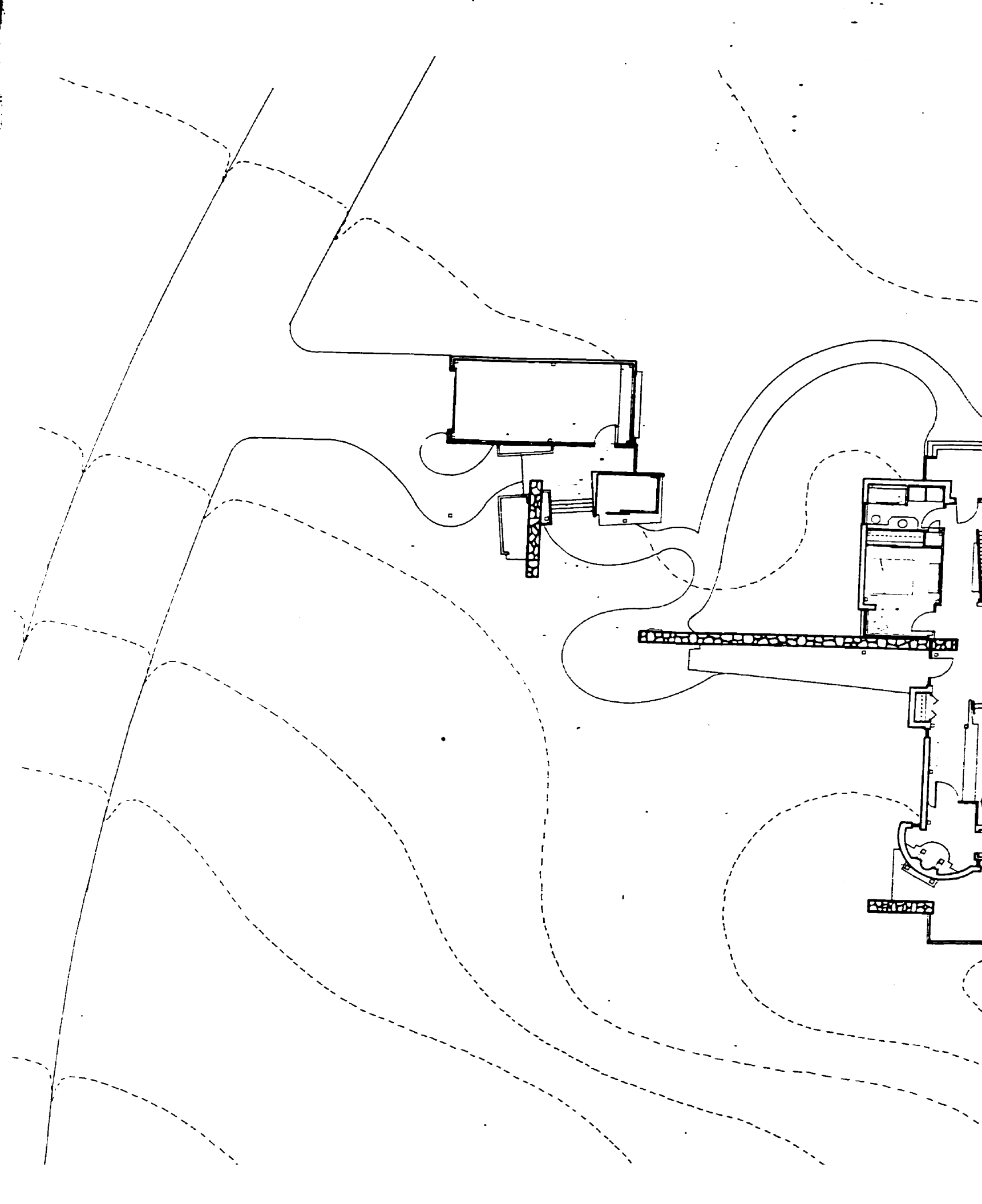
Site Model: Oublière and mausoleum beyond.

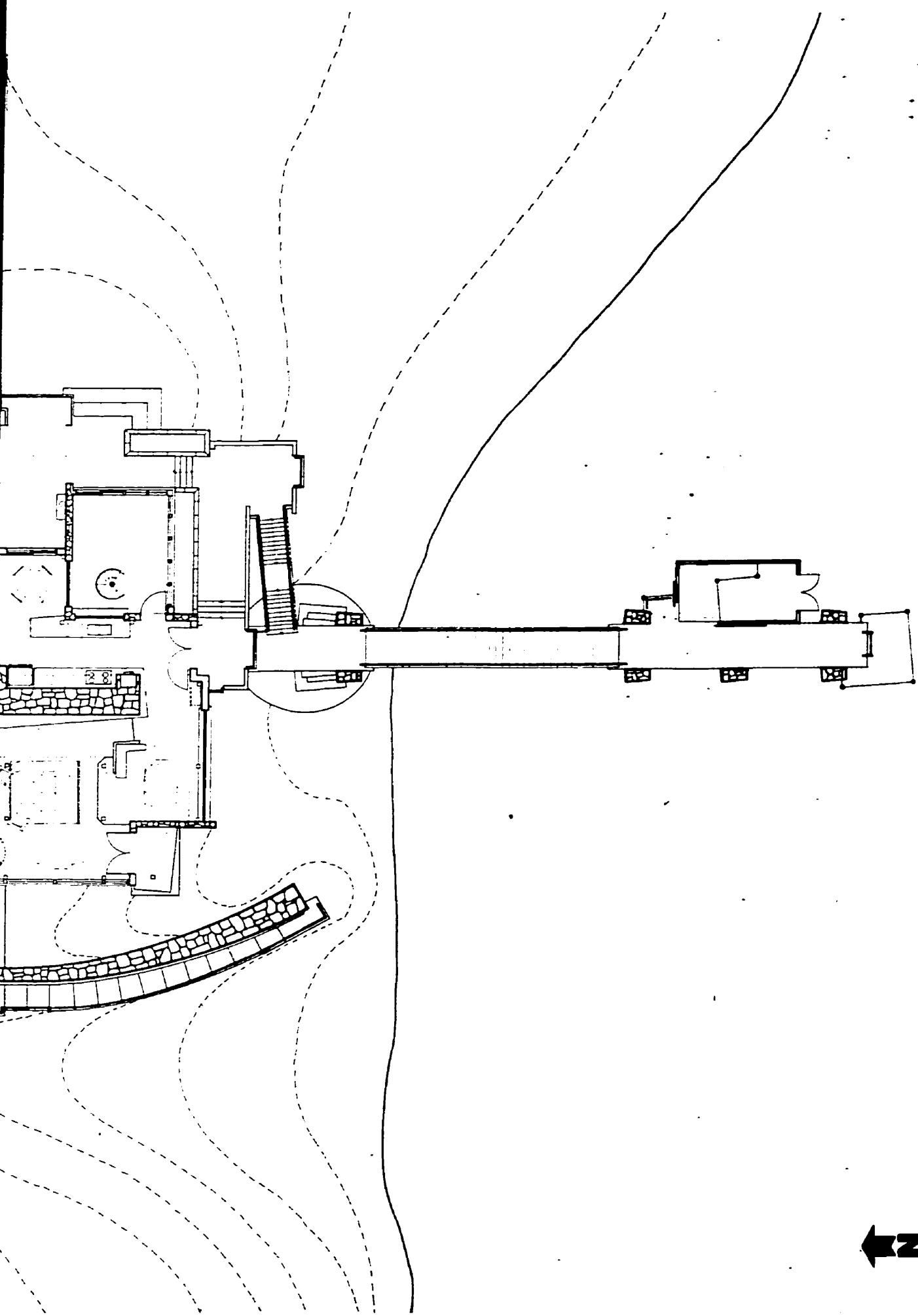




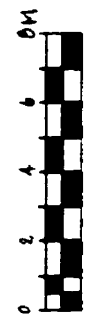
SITE PLAN

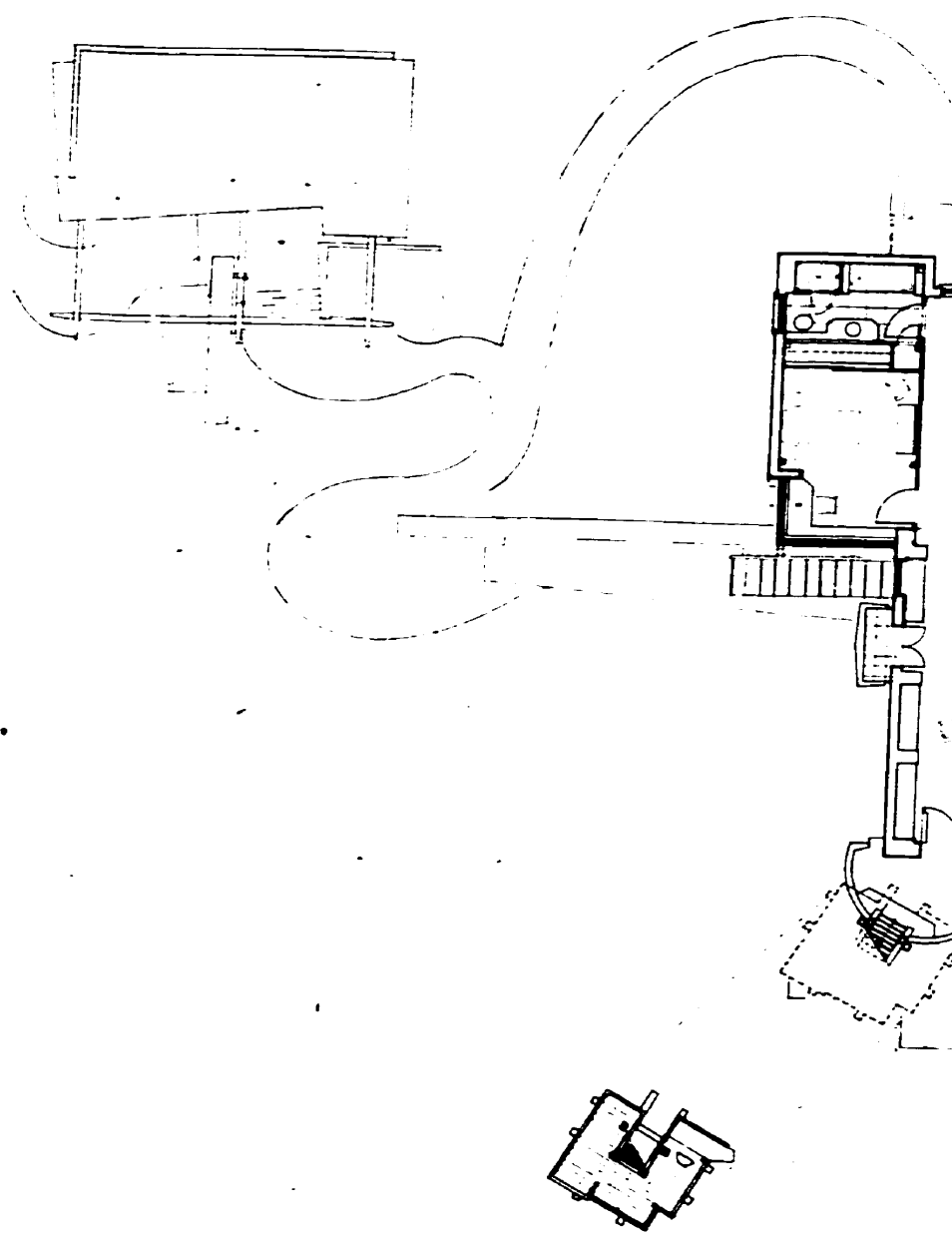


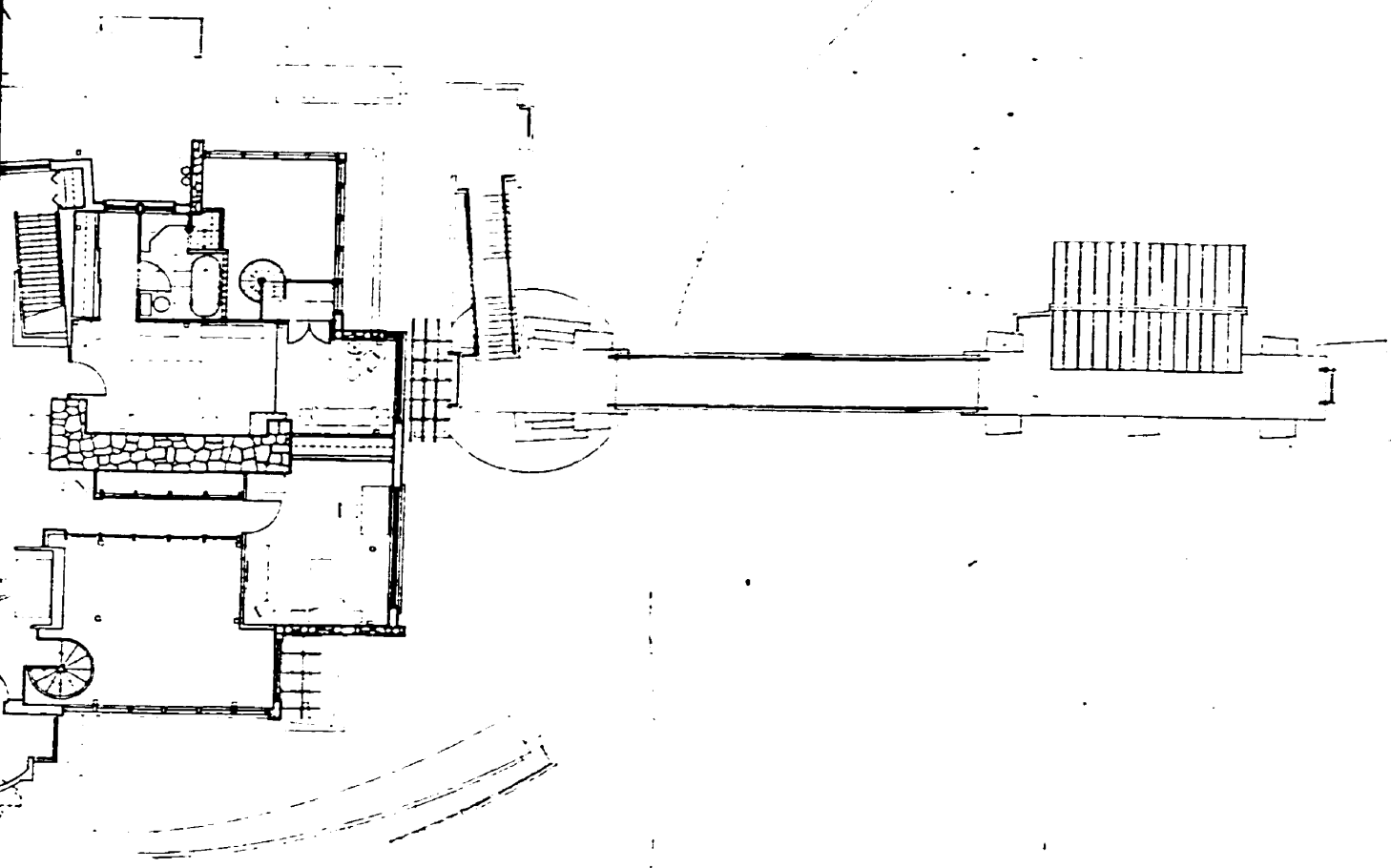




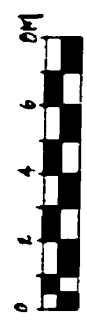
GROUND FLOOR PLAN

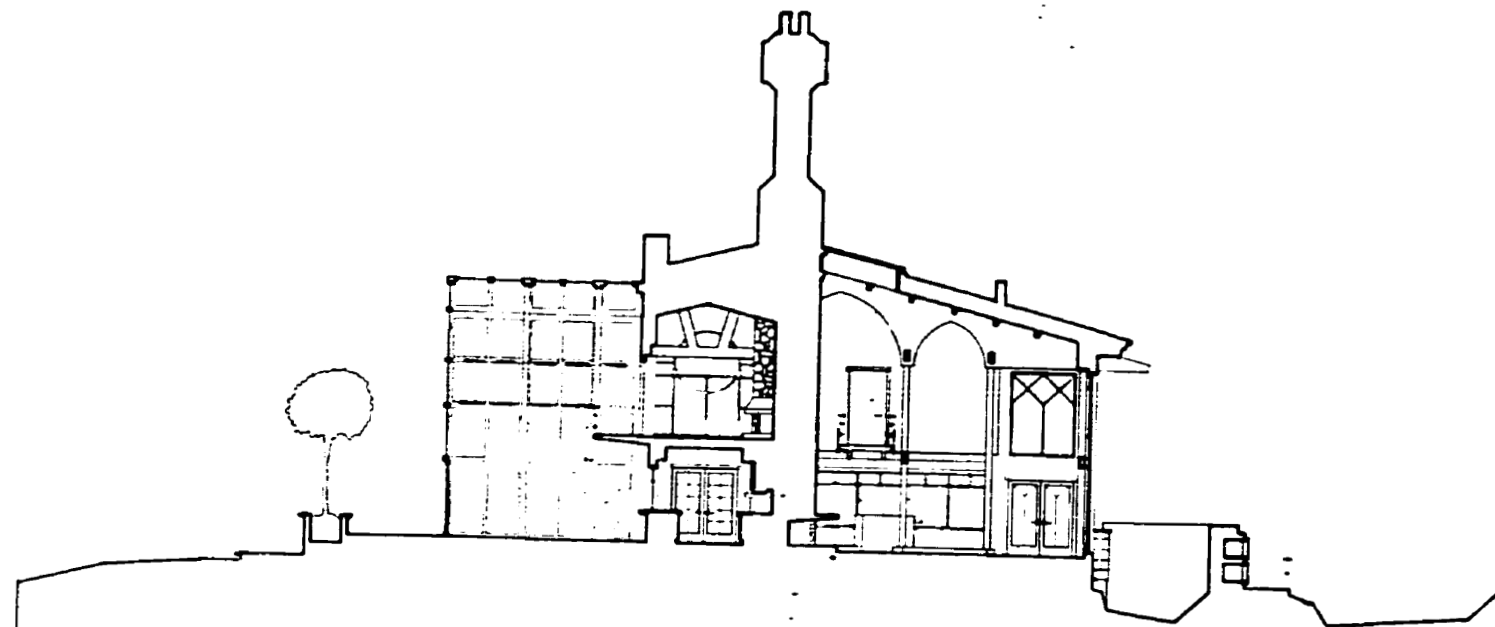




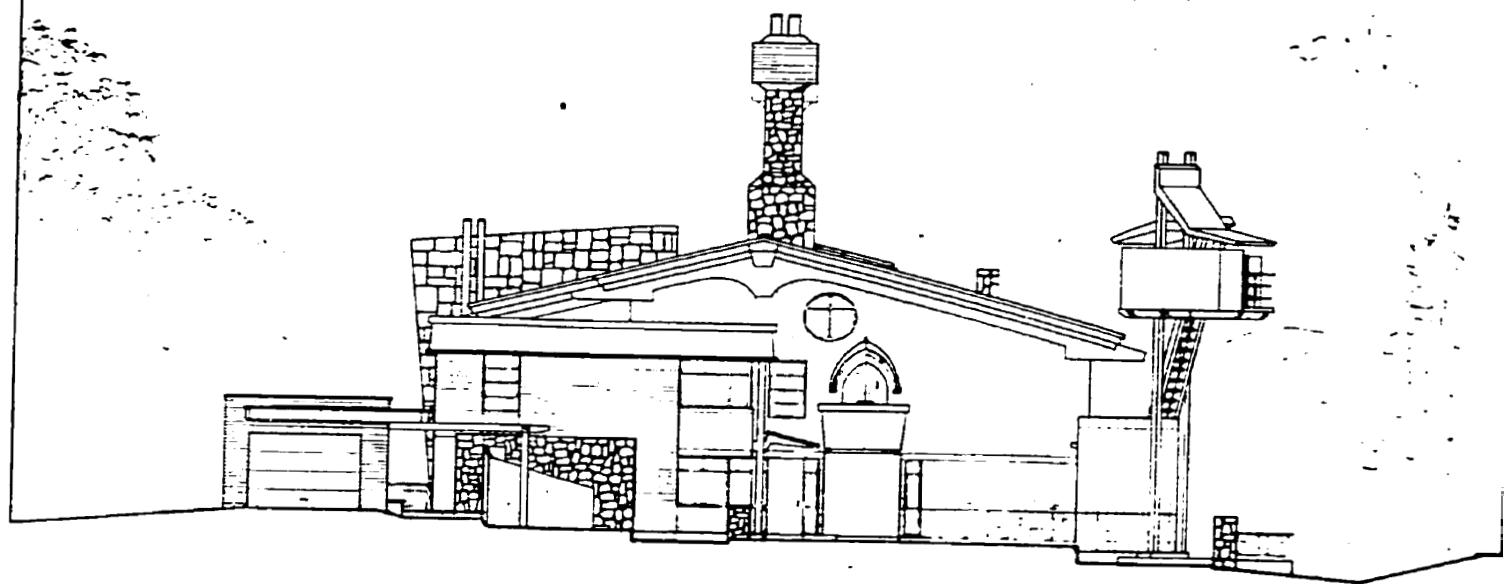


SECOND FLOOR PLAN

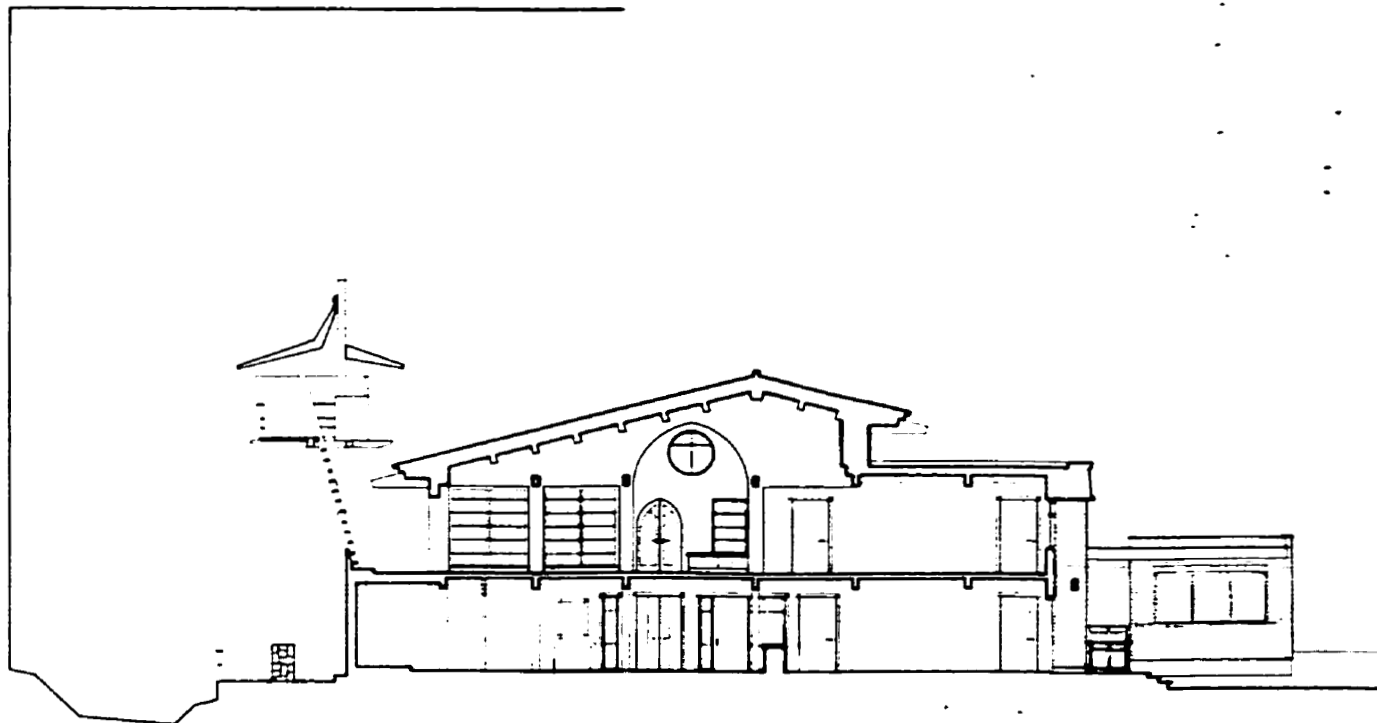




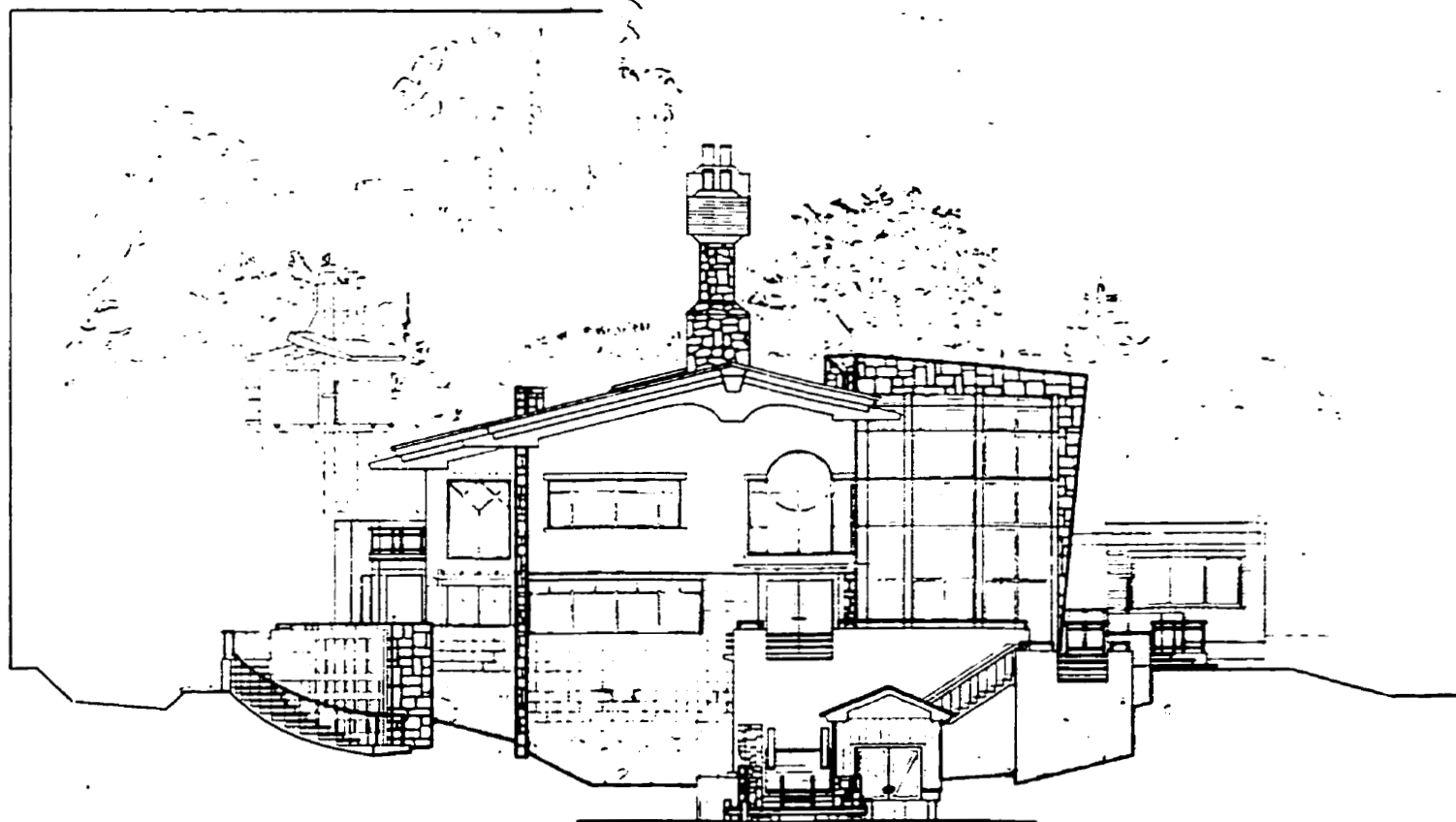
EAST - WEST CROSS-SECTION



NORTH ELEVATION

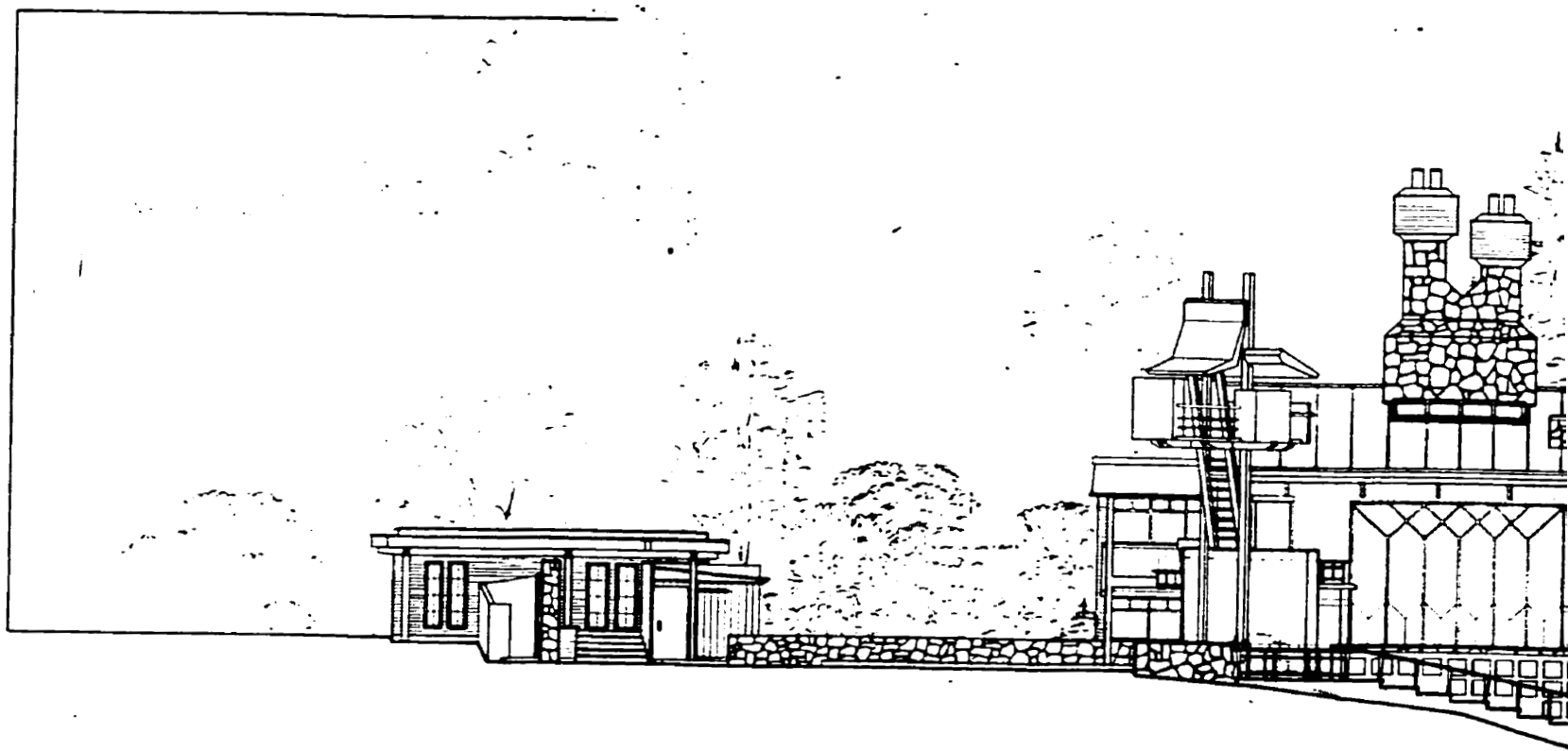
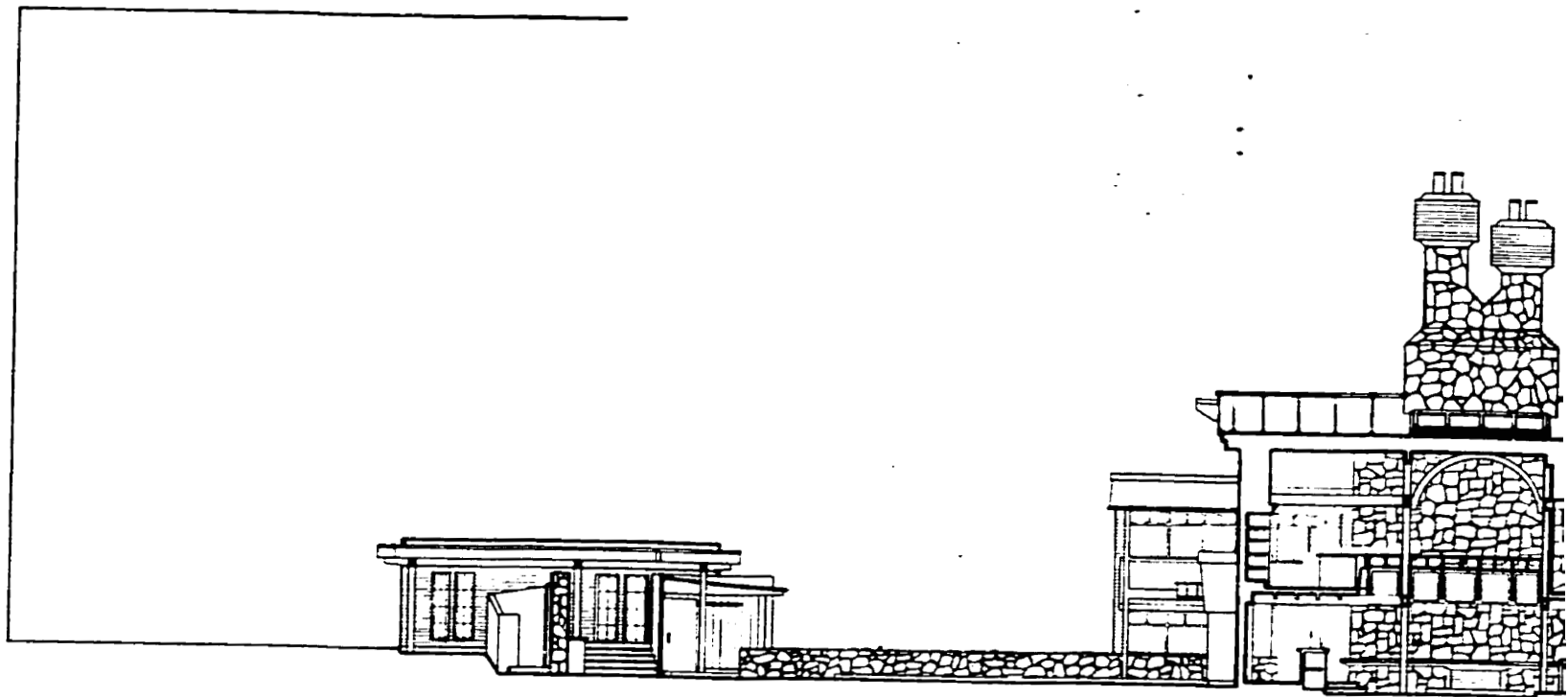


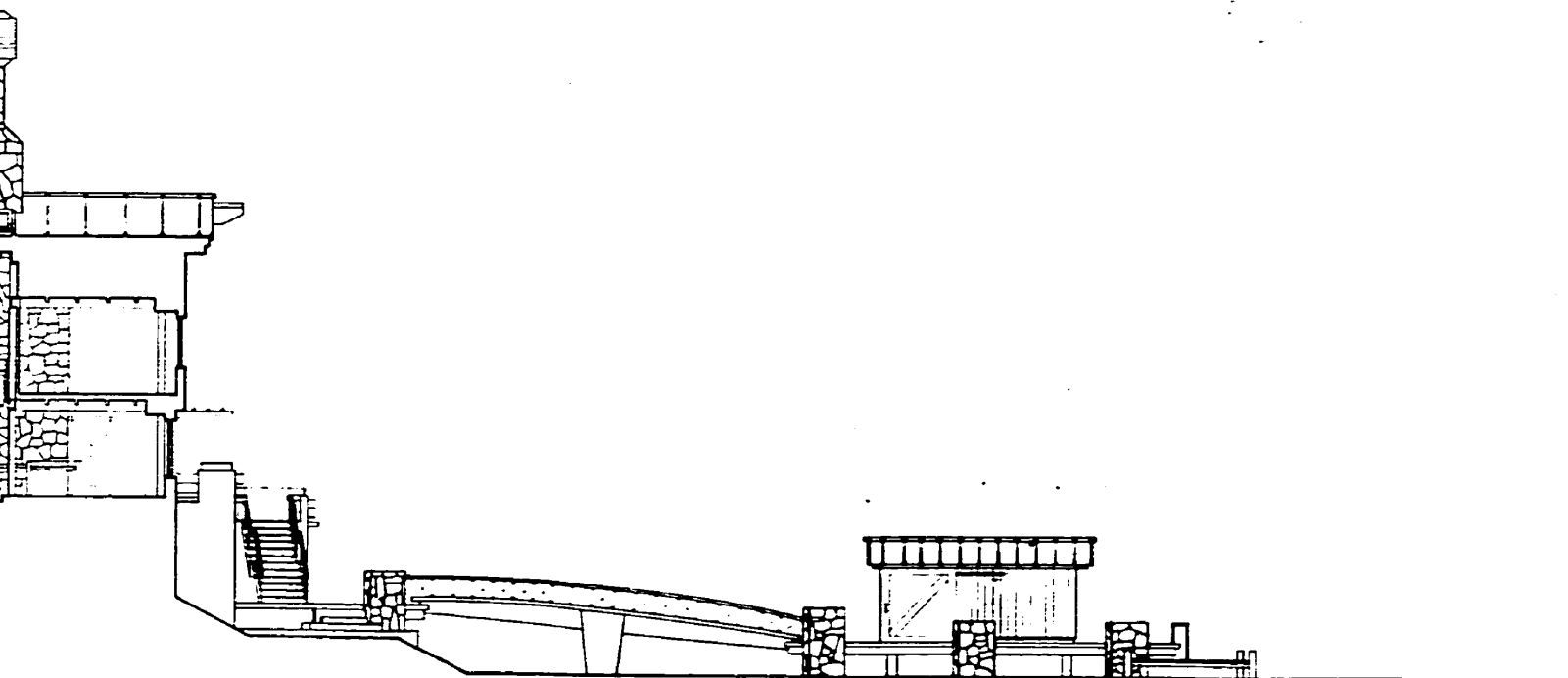
WEST - EAST CROSS-SECTION



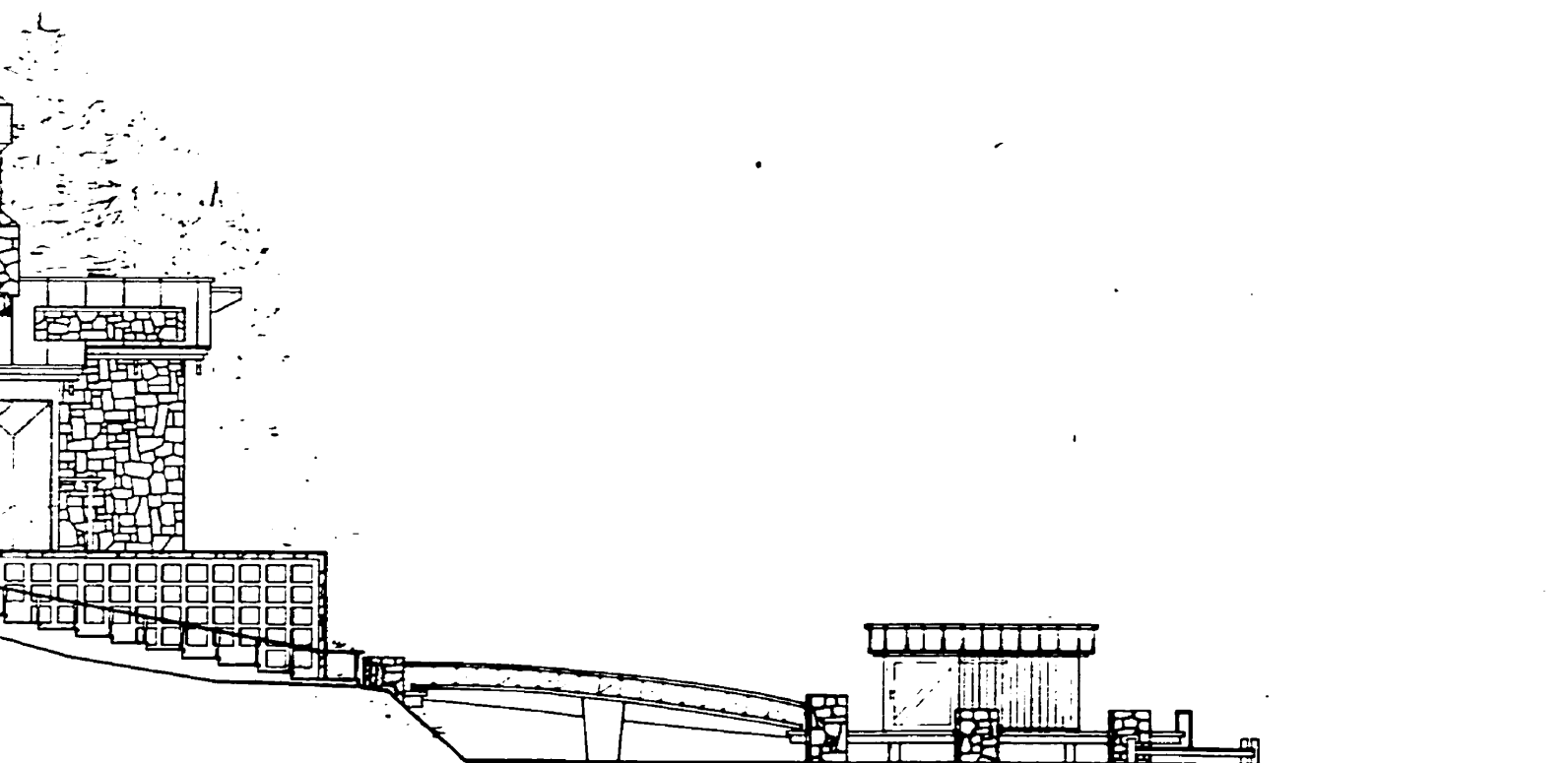
SOUTH ELEVATION







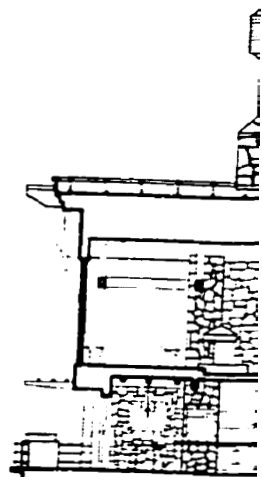
NORTH - SOUTH CROSS-SECTION



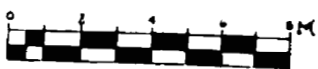
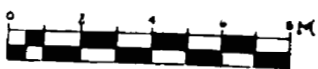
WEST ELEVATION

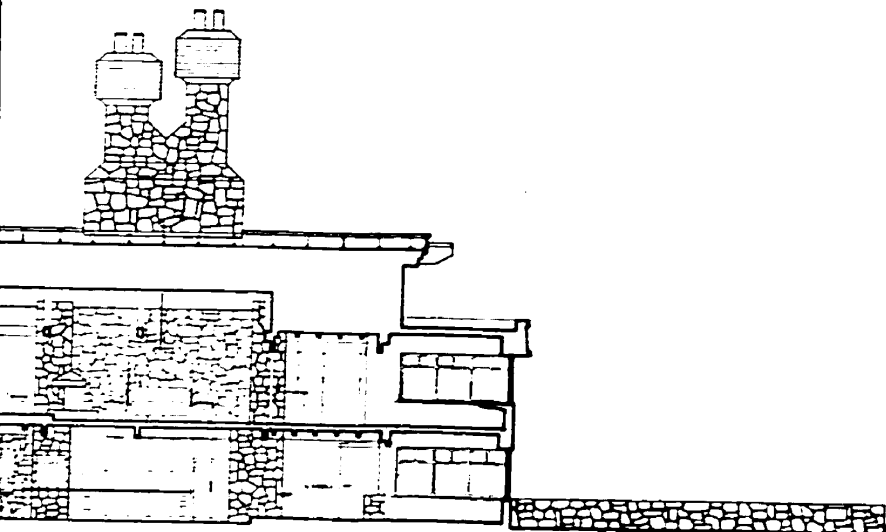


SOUTH - NORTH CROSS-SECTION



EAST ELEVATION





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