to:

my family, who has never let me stop thinking,

all who have been inspiration for my writings,

and those who have kept me company
on my quest for knowledge

thank you all.
thesis abstract
theory
research
-precedent analysis
-organizational
-site
process
-first sketches
-collage
final
-preliminary
-first floor plan
-second floor plan
-third floor plan
-fourth floor plan
-basement plan
-elevations
-final
6 poetry
9 -full power grieving
- the wrestling movie
- the poet's cafe
- secret words
- posies and watercress
- ad infinitum
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31 appendix
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appendix
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I'm taking a breath to leave my dream over me.
In this age of computers, TV and multimedia... Is print dead?

Why has the written word become so lost in all the technology?

I enjoy the written word, I enjoy writing, I like the feel of paper between my fingers, the weight of a book in my hand. To me it is higher art than Picasso, or Michelangelo or Kandinsky, more architectural than Palladio or Wright or Corbu, more meaningful than any philosophy, more basic than any religion.

Could it be dead? Could we be experiencing the last vestiges of the age of the written word? Could I be so antiquated to believe this way?

I doubt it! I think, in someway, all people share some of the same ideas I have just expressed. No matter how much somebody types into a computer, how often does it occur to them not to print it out? No matter how old you get, when does the note from your mother on the napkin in your lunch stop meaning something?

The written word is not dead, it is just laying low for a while. It is reasserting itself as a dominant form of nonverbal communication. Words are the only thing still free from the commercialism of the western world today (unless you count Michael Crichton), you don't have to pay anybody to write a word down. The meaning behind the written word is among the most expressive of humanity. But what is it we have a tendency to remember the most? The sound bytes from countless movies and TV shows. Our society is so dependent upon TV and other forms of visual commu-
nication that we have forgotten how to remember anything that is more than a few seconds long. It is said that the Iliad and the Odyssey were epic poems recited by bards travelling the countryside. They did not read these, they remembered them, and the next generation remembered them. Once the written word came around and was in wide use, people stopped trusting their memory and started to trust the word. For a long time this has been the case, people remembering the words on the paper, until now. I am guilty of it, remembering the ten second sound byte, in fact, my friend and I can have an entire conversation based on quotes from different movies. In this we present all our different feelings and expressions. But it still does not instill in me the same feeling as reading a book or writing a poem. I want to get back to the idea that words on paper mean something, that they can evoke space and emotion and belief better than almost all forms of communication.

I wanted to create someplace that people can go to and understand the best of literature, to explore the evolution of the language, to believe in something that has become lost. The written word has no home, books have a home in libraries, art has a home in galleries, TV has a home in the family room. But where does the written word go to be home... The memory of those who have read it. This place I have created will express, exhibit, and communicate those feelings of what has been written, what has been read, and what will be written in the future. I wanted to give people a place that glorifies the written word. While much art is becoming progressive and technology advanced, it is the basis of all this, the word, that still gives the most meaning.

That is why I designed the Arcadia Scriptorium.
to leave

I'm planning to leave the theory department.
A room without books is a body without a soul.
-Cicero

At one time during the year I thought to myself, "How nice it would be if architects wrote more, architecture would be so much more expressive and beautiful." Sure, there are architects out there who write, some of them extremely well, but I meant the entire profession when I asked the above. Why do architects take so much time to draw when words can create as much if not more when used properly? There is a trick to that statement, who is to say what is proper? Grammar and punctuation are for cover letters and resumes, Ernest Hemingway was a horrible speller and many a poet has made up a word to fit his needs. Why can't architects make up and misspell words to create a sense of space on paper, to create another way of expressing themselves? I guess this is because we are trained as artists (in the traditional sense) by drawing and sketching and modeling, . . . we are not often given the opportunity to write. When we are allowed, it is in small fragments of text on drawings explaining the different spaces in our buildings.

So I took it upon myself to figure out how the written word can define space as opposed to the typical architectural elements such as walls, floors and ceilings. How do words create pictures in your head, how can a book make you cry, make you scared, make you feel all alone in a room full of people?
I was forced to fall back upon the unsatisfactory conclusion, that while, beyond doubt, there are combinations of very simple natural objects which have the power of thus affecting us, still the analysis of this power lies among considerations beyond our depth. It was possible, I reflected, that a mere different arrangement of the particulars of the scene, of the details of the picture, would be sufficient to modify, or perhaps to annihilate its capacity for sorrowful impression;...  

- Edgar Allan Poe

Architecture has been known to evoke certain emotions when seen, but is it because of the viewer or because of the architecture? Poe put forward the idea that it could be the architecture, in fact, it could be anything at all if it is arranged properly. But he also states that “the analysis of this power” is far from being understood by people. Could this power be within the individual parts themselves; and when arranged correctly, however indifferently, by an architect, is present in an overwhelming force? I have been looking for the idea that words do the same thing, when arranged properly, that they can evoke certain emotions, and can even create space. How can simple words have such an effect on us? How can anything have such a power as to create in us a sense of having lived that day, having played that game, having felt that emotion?

The image offered us by reading a poem now becomes really our own. It takes root in us. It has been given us by another, but we begin to have the impression that we could have created it, that we should have created it.

-Gaston Bachelard
It is not that you feel love and then say ‘I love you,’ but until you say ‘I love you,’ you have not fully loved because it is the essence of love as it is also the essence of fear, anger, grief, joy and so on to speak itself - to make itself heard and to make itself hearers.

-Frederick Beuchner

Using a word in context means that you have a knowledge of that word that goes beyond just being able to spell it or define it. It completes a cycle that began with an unintelligible feeling and ends with the exploration of the essence of the word by becoming it, or more, letting it become part of you. As Beuchner is quoted above, to say a phrase is not to have already felt it, but by putting a phrase to what is in your mind (heart?) is to truly feel it. To define love (to use Beuchner’s example), would in someway dismiss its magic, but to include the naming of love within your feeling, it retains the magic, and also adds to the meaning something that has never been a part of love before.
What at night had been perfect and ideal was by day the more or less defective real. Cruelties, insults, had, he perceived, been inflicted on the aged erections. The condition of several moved him as he would have been moved by maimed sentient beings. They were wounded, broken, sloughing off their outer shape in the deadly struggle against years, weather, and man.

-Thomas Hardy

Reading different materials throughout the process of research, has instilled in me the importance of the word, both written and spoken. However, the spoken word is so often impossible to communicate or even remember after the event of speaking it. The written word can, in a sense, be communicated forever, each time with a new meaning or interpretation. The written can become a memory for people for years to come, for generations, for lives.

Do these new interpretations over time come about through a weathering or aging, much as the Acropolis has a different meaning today than when it was built? Architecture has within itself a sense of regeneration, a renewal of meaning that makes buildings complete in ages to come. The written word also does this, in the sense that in each generation a book tends to lend itself to a new interpretation. The word is a part of the way we feel as people, and the feelings of people have changed with the ages.
The numberless architectural pages around him he read, naturally, less as an artist-critic of their forms than as an artizan and comrade of the dead handicraftsmen whose muscles had actually executed those forms. He examined the mouldings, stroked them as one who knew their beginning, ... 

-Thomas Hardy

Are people who do not write, people who do not feel? Are those who can only read, those who can only hope to feel what others have felt, what others have named in an attempt to live? Bachelard stated that the poem, and the emotions present in it, somehow become the reader's through the process of reading it. I do not disagree with that, but there is a validation in being a writer and reading another poem. Does a writer of poems understand or read more into other's poems than one who only reads? Is it because they know the beginning of such a craft? Poets share the beginnings of poems, much as architects share the beginnings of a building. An architect can look at a building and see its origins, see its emotional struggle to be. Poets and writers do the same thing when confronted with another author's work. How can a building be understood by both architects and writers? Traditionally, buildings have not been the domain of the author, because the origin of such an art is usually not in the written word. Architects have shied away from the written word because it does not contain drawing. Where did the written word come from? The first form of written communication was the cave painting (simple iconography). Eventually it evolved into not only more sophisticated forms of art, but also the writing we know today. There is a common ancestry between the architect and the writer, but evolution took them different directions. Can they become one again, in the sense that architects begin to write?
to leave

like over my

breathe

itching
Over the course of the first semester, I looked at a few previous examples of museums.

These included:

- Gare d'Orsay in Paris by Gae Aulenti
- Emory University Museum of Art and Archaeology in Atlanta by Michael Graves
- Monterey Museum in Monterey, Mexico by Ricardo Legoretta
- Museum for the Decorative Arts in Frankfort, Germany by Richard Meier
- The Museum of Roman Art in Merida, Spain by Rafael Moneo
- The US Holocaust Memorial Museum in Washington D.C. by Pei, Cobb, Freed & partners
- Arizona State University Fine Arts Center, Tempe by Antoine Predock
- The Museum of German History in Berlin, Germany by Aldo Rossi
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I started my research looking at the way a sentence is constructed, and concluded that it is very similar to architecture. Where a sentence has nouns and verbs, architecture has places and actions. Good architecture as good writing is just a manipulation of these elements, intended to bring about some emotional response from the reader or viewer. I tried to put together a few examples of the way spaces are arranged, separating them into five different structures: linear, rectilinear, cyclical, hub, and free/open. Arrangements and combinations of each of these can produce almost infinite variations of spatial organizations. After a few attempts at designing buildings without any sense of organization, I fell back upon the idea of a nonrestrictive linear form. This, I had concluded earlier, was a series of spaces arranged on an axis where the visitor is limited to travel upon that axis but not to adjacent spaces.
I had looked at many different ideas when searching for a solidifying central idea for my building. I first started out using a number of different poems or textual passages to signify and direct the further growth of individual spaces within my building. For a while that seemed the way I was going to go, but soon I found that too restrictive, limiting myself and later the visitors to the museum to a certain frame of mind. Building on that idea, I looked for a simpler or easier way to experience a space, what I found was almost a user defined interaction. However, it came in a way that was an application of its meaning onto a building designed around certain architectural elements. For this idea, I was using a poem by Robert Frost: "The Road Not Taken." I was using the idea that the visitor had to chose which way he or she would be experiencing the building, by coming to a point of decision, such as is evident within the poem. While looking at the design one day I concluded that the ideas present in "The Road Not Taken" are so much more, so deeper and more meaningful than which path to choose. I needed an idea that rose above all that is presented on the surface of poetry, one that meant more than what the writer was writing about, something that all writers feel within themselves, that thing that makes them write.
I found later, after reading a good deal of poetry and prose, that the poem by Dylan Thomas called "In The Beginning," was the holder of such a profound transcendent idea that I wanted to use it as a base for my theory. That idea: "In the beginning was the word." Fortunately, this idea fit very well with my spatial arrangement (nonrestrictive linear) in the fact that in the beginning came the word, and everything followed after that. So a large main space could lead (down an axis) to many other spaces in which certain aspects of language and written word can be discussed and exhibited.

I like to use the idea that the first language probably did not contain the phrase 'eschew obfuscation,' in fact those who used that language probably did not have many of the phrases and ideas presently in use today. But today, we understand the ideas that those primitive people were trying to communicate (even if we do not use them) and much, much more. So in the beginning came the first word, and after that, everything else. When at the end, a visitor understands not only what is at the end, but also everything that has come before. Much as language evolves and carries with it what is necessary to communicate, this museum will build upon the ideas of language and more specifically the written word.

. . .

In the beginning was the word,
The word from the solid bases of light,
Abstracted all the letters of the void;
And from the cloudy bases of the breath
The word flowed up, translating to the heart
First characters of birth and death.

. . .

- Dylan Thomas
In the beginning was the word...
I have located the site for this project in the city of Kalamazoo, Michigan.

There is a whole list of reasons why Kalamazoo is a good city, they include: it is within 500 miles of over half the population of the United States, it is halfway between Chicago and Detroit, there is a great movement towards architecture and art within the city, with the construction of a new museum dedicated to the area and a new library. The city is also doubling the size of the Kalamazoo Institute of the Arts.

The site I have chosen is within the city limits, less than a block from the new Kalamazoo Valley Museum, and about two blocks away from the new library. It is now a parking lot that is next to a pond which is a part of the recently uncovered Arcadia Creek (a stream that used to run underneath the city). This stream was uncovered and made into an attraction which runs through the city.

The parking lot is also used for the downtown festivals, such as Taste of Kalamazoo, the Dionysus Greek Festival, and many others. I am assuming that the city will have another place to house these events that is as easily accessible to the city as is this present site.

There are many different contexts that can be referred to for this project. Anything from the north side of the city to the Pedestrian Mall to the restored Main Street East building across Water Street. There are quite a few social and physical norms within the city of Kalamazoo.

The north side of the city, one block north of the site (technically) is a very residential area of the city, yet it does not have the highest standard of living. It is nowhere close to what is usually considered a ghetto, but it can be a bit dangerous at night. If you go to the South Street Historic District, which is about four or five blocks away from the site, the houses are about the same age, but they are in a historical district and are renovated and used for businesses and homes. The north side is in the process of renovating quite a few homes.
The open air pedestrian shopping mall, the first in the nation is less than a block away, and even though much of it is being torn up to allow traffic, it is still going to be the center for the city. A new museum dedicated to the city of Kalamazoo, is at the north end of the mall. Next to the museum there is the Arcadia Campus of Kalamazoo Valley Community College. Red brick and glass are used very much at this part of the city and is used in the renovated Rose Street Market, which is across Rose Street from the museum, campus, and parking garage.

Across Water Street, south of the site, is the recently renovated Main Street East Building. It is actually four different buildings combined into one on the interior. It contains one Louis Sullivan Building and is part of the classic facade look of E. Michigan Ave. (the main east-west axis through Kalamazoo).

The actual city of Kalamazoo is really not the only part of this community, Portage, Michigan is very close, in fact, in the next township. Kalamazoo County has a population of about 250,000 people, of which only about 75,000 actually live in the city (more when the colleges are in session), and Grand Rapids and Battle Creek are both within forty-five minutes.

The people of the region are starved for cultural activities, the civic theatre is always sold out, and the museum and library are the newest additions to the city.

This site is on a major entrance to the city from the east side of the state, coming right in off of I-94 westbound, and is along both the I-94 and US-131 Business Loops through the city.
It oh in m

Take over my

Appears to leave

Process
The first sketches I did were on the computer; my only thoughts were to create a building that looked good. So I tried to put together some different architectural pieces without a sense of order, or a defining purpose. I soon gave up on the idea, because it didn't inspire me. I tried to create an entrance that tunneled into an office block and then opened up into a large atrium space stretching past the gallery. The ideas that I liked the most out of this scheme were the sloping elements in the facade, and the plain openings for the windows. I tried to keep those elements throughout my attempts at relevant architecture.
For a while I was experiencing a bit of designer's block. So instead of going over the same things again and again, I concentrated on the theory of the building. So I continued on that track, until one day I was getting so far behind that I had to design something, so I started out the same way as before, without a backing idea. So the two sketches here are basically the same as those on the previous page, only they are on paper. In these sketches you see the same ideas of sloped elements, plain windows, and the main entrance tunnelling through a block of office spaces. If you look carefully at both, I have left spaces for words to be written on the walls, but I thought better of that, because it seemed too permanent... language evolves, so should the building.
I tried to apply some theory to this scheme, by taking the poem The Road Not Taken by Robert Frost and thinking about it in architectural terms. I laid it down on the plan that I already had, and worked out a way that the ideas of the visitor making choices that determined his experience in the museum. "Two roads diverged in a wood and I, I took the one less traveled by and that has made all the difference."

The second image is one of the plans of the building scheme I was going with, in collage form. As you can see, there are many intersecting grids that really have no function. Not only was I struggling to form it in 3D, but I was also having trouble with the theory, there was so much more to the poem than just the choice made by the author, I couldn’t convey that much in this building, it just wasn’t what I wanted.

The third image is another collage I created to complement the floor plan for the scheme based on the Frost poem. The problem with this one is that I just laid different elements over the already worked out floor plan. It kind of limits the creativity when the lines to follow are already there. Although I like this collage, I find it difficult to read and complicated, very much like the plan. The child’s face makes the image, and I hesitate to discard it for that reason alone.
Make over my preachment to leave it.
This section of my book will consist of images, encompassing the final scheme (both preliminary and final design) of my building. If you are looking at this on CD-ROM there will also be buttons to activate movies and fly-throughs that I created to explore the design of the building. Thank you
1) Collage based on nonrestrictive linear organization - basis for final scheme
2) Preliminary 3D computer model of gallery space and main space
1) Preliminary 3D computer model of front entry and tower
2) Perspective sketch of preliminary design - final scheme
1) Preliminary section sketch showing tower, corridor, and gallery spaces
2) Plan of preliminary/incomplete 3D model
1) Preliminary character study of gallery walk
2) Unfinished model of entry, tower, offices, and gallery
1) Preliminary character study of 3rd floor main spine
2) Preliminary character study of individual gallery space
1) Entry plan including the site for preliminary design - final scheme
2) Site/parking plan for preliminary design - final scheme
1) East Elevation - showing cafe and theatre
2) West Elevation - showing main entry, tower of history, offices, and archives
1) North Elevation - showing end of gallery spaces and theatre
2) South Elevation - showing main gallery, cafe, and end of office block
Aerial view of final design from the southwest.
Image of interior main entry space
Image of individual display case in gallery
Image of individual gallery space
Image of gallery walk
Image of cafe seating
Image of main gathering space
Image looking into main gathering space
Image looking down into entry plaza
to leave

breathing

over me

yet

a

thing
Why do you want me to leave?
to take over my reason to breathe
Leave me itching
Full body twitching
take away all I believe
take away all that I know
to pave over my reason to grow
Leave me bleeding
Full power greeding
not letting my emotions flow

Why do you want me to stay?
to keep me from wanting to play
Leave me crying
Full body sighing
take away all I can say
take away all I can see
to keep me from wanting to be
Leave me lacking
Full body cracking
not letting my soul be free
The morning sun shone dusty
through the room in the cheap motel
and I think about how alone
I am how deep I am in hell
all I need is some understanding
but more a little escape
I can fit my entire life in
a box the size of an audio tape
I try to write again but
my mind goes all but anywhere
so I talk to my next neighbor
and light the fires with his cares
and soon I all but realize
there's no good life left in me
but I guess there never really was
it took me this long to see.
Everyone needs a place to sit and contemplate life
pulling it all together
then bleeding it with a knife
Quiet somber places off lighted cool and soft
keeping all the exit thoughts
from ruining the cost
Soothing through the day and easy from the night
coping with the cruel world
full pleading comes the light
The poet has an agenda not an evil one per se
individual and complete
not physical, thought but theory

Who's alone in a world where poetry exists?
can you read yourself another world?
can you think yourself another girl?

Who's alone in a world where poetry exists?
could you come to a new conclusion?
could you keep yourself from seclusion?

Everyone needs a place to sit and discover life
consider themselves anew
and revolve around the light
too many secret worlds
(secret words)
of author thoughts and language dreams
what were we thinking about
trying to believe in what we read
what grows in our mind from the seed
and together we talk of forgotten worlds
written about and imagined through

can we see the bouts of misery
the clouts and limberly
(gingerly)
succeeding in poetics and space
words in haste and anger
who tries this forever
and ever together
words create the way we think
(drink)
hiding meaning and moments of
beauty and daemons sinking
saving the best for the letting go
the emotional flow
the ebbing tide and how we know
the hero and hero are winning
(spinning)
in space of love and hate

of tempting fun and fate

too many secret words
choosing the way to say it all
in thoughts of charge and canon
were we thinking straight
that other day passively late
will we sate those who partake
(inflate)
of words in our thoughts
the meaning in our coughs

can we really say anything at all?
collapsing breath
upside down with fear
I'm dying I'm dead I'm gone
I'm dying I'm dead I'm gone
I'm crying
less happy than before
left happy at the door
drowned by the tears of unpleasantness
crowned with posies and watercress
walking the ledge of apathy
trying to crush all the sympathy
talk to me now I'm leaving soon
talk to me now I'm grieving soon
I'm teasing
less comforting than before
left comforting at the door
ringing the bell in futility
teaching her fingers agility
cleaning the stains off another day
forgetting all I have to say
I guess that means I'm done.
and that small meaning of nothing before respecting yourself is always a chore oblivious...
and nothing more continuing ad infinitum

and the beautiful hope of that other day clearing your eyes of dust eaten clay oblivious with nothing to say continuing ad infinitum

and that opulent manner of always awake continually placid and overly fake oblivious...
with nothing at stake continuing ad infinitum
to leave

like over my

breathe

itching
The fall of the written word

a museum dedicated to the
Robert

and that has made all the difference. One less thing to worry about. In a world of equal steps, we're here and we're strong.

I'm happy now. I'm happy with the work that I do. I'm happy with the friendships I've made here. I'm happy with the opportunities I've had. And I'm happy with the life I've built for myself.

One day at a time.

The road not taken.
can we really say anything at all
the meaning in our thoughts of words in our minds
(circular)
and we base those thoughts on our own experiences
they center the passions there
we are living through
in the thoughts of change and emotion
turning the way to say all the many secret words
in the language line and tale
in the case of love and hate
(sweet)
the joy and fear are winning
the struggle and now we know
the emotional flow
swelling the heath in the light
space and movement singing
holding meaning and moments of
(human)
words create the way we think
and we together
who this other person
words in words and space
sentencing in places and space
(emotional)
the words and hieroglyphs
written words and imagined thoughts
and together we lock of forgotten words
which grow in our mind from the seeds
that grows in the where we read
of what we think and images dreaming
secret words
are many secret words secret words
And the creation
Beuchner, Frederick, *A Room Called Remember*
Hardy, Thomas, *Jude the Obscure*