The Cultural Landscape Foundation®

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HARRIET PATTISON

ORAL HISTORY

INTERVIEW TRANSCRIPT

Interviews Conducted

June 17-19, 2015

By Charles A. Birnbaum, FASLA, FAAR

Gina M. Angelone, Director

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The Harriet Pattison Oral History Interview Transcript

A three-day interview with Harriet Pattison was conducted by Charles Birnbaum at the Architectural Archives of the University of Pennsylvania, and at project sites in the Philadelphia area. For video excerpts from this oral history, visit https://tclf.org/pioneer/oral-history/harriet-pattison-oral-history.

PRELUDE

I'm Harriet Pattison, and I'm being filmed in the Architectural Archives of the University of Pennsylvania. I attended the University [of Pennsylvania] in the graduate program for landscape architects many years ago.

BIOGRAPHY

Childhood

Growing Up in Chicago

City Full of Wonders

Growing up in Chicago was an exciting sort of world for me. My parents were Chicagoans, and my father was born before the Chicago Fire, and from pioneer stock. [He] had settled in Illinois and farmed and fought off the Indians, and successfully emerged and built a mansion in Aurora, Illinois, before Chicago was even dreamed of.

My mother was the mother of seven children. She was educated at Wellesley College, was an only child—rather spoiled, I think—and I was told that when she was a little girl, she cried a great deal until her father told her that if she could manage to get through a month without

crying, he would give her an etching. She managed to do that very well, and then she collected etchings all of her life. When she graduated from Wellesley, she went to Europe and took with her a camera. My mother went to Europe for the first time, in her long dresses, with a hat and a camera. I have some slides that she took with her camera, of all kinds of settings that she'd written down in Europe. And then later, she had a Bell &Howell camera. I remember her filming us many times, all of the children, and we still have some of the films that she made of us. So she was taken with photography, which is interesting, I think. I have seen one or two photographs of her in her long clothes, her long dresses, and with her hat on, and with her camera in hand. So she was a kind of interesting character herself, and she might have had a career with a camera.

I think she would have been a marvelous judge. I think she should have gone to law school instead of getting married. She did work after college for the Labor Department in Washington [D.C.]. She was very sociable, because [she was] a clubwoman. She was president of a couple of women's clubs in Chicago, and was also on the educational board of the school. I think the head of the board was the head of the American Bar Association, and she could hold her own with anyone. She commandeered the family in the summertime, because my father was in Chicago. She was quite a disciplinarian with the boys and very indulgent of me, I think, because I was the youngest—very indulgent. I was spoiled. But she was a very sociable woman and a fine mother. But I think she would have been an excellent lawyer as well. She had a fine mind.

Her father [Pattison's grandfather] had gone to Yale, and the Chicago Fire had come and had wiped out his [UNINTELLIGIBLE]. He couldn't finish Yale. He became a court stenographer, I believe. But he was fascinated by history and by photography and traveled in Europe and took

many photographs and gave travel talks and wrote about foreign countries. Burton Holmes—you may not have known about him—but Burton Holmes lectures were a popular pastime for people. He would show slides and describe various places in the world to people who could never get to them. He wanted my grandfather to be his photographer. But my grandfather went on his own, and there's quite a collection of his slides and photographs of Cairo and everywhere, [including] China. There were mementos in our household that he brought back, mahjong sets and all kinds of things. He was a great chess player and an interesting man.

I grew up on the north side of Chicago close to Belmont Harbor and the lake, in a middle-class neighborhood, in a block building of apartments, which my father owned. I went to Francis W. Parker School, which was located on the edge of Lincoln Park. It was an incredible school that was financed by a descendent of the McCormick Reaper family, Anita Blaine.[i] The school itself was based on John Dewey's principles, and it was small. But it was a community and a very inspiring place.

Chicago itself, the Chicago that I knew, was full of wonders. The Art Institute was one. The orchestra [Chicago Symphony Orchestra] was another. The [Chicago] Historical Society was another. And the whole of Michigan Avenue and the skyscrapers were wonderful. The advantage of Chicago and its skyscrapers [is that] they were designed at an exciting period by very good architects. And the whole layout along the lake was fine for displaying these wonderful silhouettes, from the Adler Planetarium, which was a remarkable structure that I always loved, to the North Shore and Edgewater Beach, which was on the edge of Evanston. It was a great display. I contrast the silhouette of Chicago with the later attempt to build skyscrapers in Philadelphia, and they're worlds apart, because Philadelphia is a jumble of

buildings that were strung up after the great era of skyscraper building. Chicago was very dramatic and magnificent.

One of the wonderful spots in Chicago that I loved was the Goodman Theater, which has since been destroyed. But it was a place where I would go and was taken to Saturday performances for children. The theater was magical, and probably my favorite place in the city. But aside from the school [Francis Parker School], which was a very exciting world, our teachers were of varied stripes.

Francis Parker School

Each year, from first grade to the twelfth grade, at least in the early grades, we studied different cultures each year. The most exciting year was the fourth grade, which studied the Greeks. And that custom has been carried on into other schools, like Shady Hill and others. In the fourth grade, we studied the Greeks. Before that we studied the Indians and the Vikings and so on.

The wonderful customs in the school brought together all of the children from every age. Every morning we had something that was called morning exercise, and all of the students gathered, and there would be a lecture or film or poetry reading by students. One had the sense of belonging to a family, a real community. And then we had great festivals for the seasons. We had a county fair in the fall, where all the children brought their pet animals to be seen on the stage, and displayed; and goods were exchanged. Then we had a May Day, when we had a May Queen and a whole court, and a performance that was put together from Shakespeare. We had a marvelous teacher, Mr. Merrill, who read to us, in the early stages, of

Shakespeare, from the Charles and Mary Lamb books of Shakespeare for Children [*Tales from Shakespeare*], and then culminating with a Shakespearean performance by twelfth graders. The theater was very important in our lives. Aside from May Day, another day that we celebrated was when we went to the park, which was right next to the school, led by a Pied Piper—all of the children from every class, carrying their banners and meeting with the parents in the park for a great picnic and celebration.

But the best of all was Toy Shop, which was done at Christmas time, when the school for two weeks was turned into a manufactory of toys. All the kids brought in their own toys that were worn out and used, and they were repaired by the students. We just knew that we had to bring in our old toys that we'd outgrown, and our books, and right from the beginning, from first grade, we were put [to] a task. The first graders had to collect photographs from magazines and cut them out and paste them into scrapbooks of pictures that they liked. I can still smell the flour paste from when we pasted these books together. That was first grade. The second graders had to sew oilcloth animals that we stuffed with cotton. So we took great stitches and put together these wonderful animals, toy animals. The third grade, I can't remember. But each grade had a task, and it got more sophisticated. Some of the boys were sent off to the shop to construct doll beds. We had a doll hospital, and we brought in our dolls with stringy hair and had to repair them. There was sewing shop that was set up by parents and teachers and students, and we made doll clothes for the dolls. And so we reconstructed these poor toys that were in terrible shape. There were marvelous toys, trucks and things that were made in the '20s. There's no toy like those. They were never replaced by plastic toys, and they were repainted and repaired. It was a great collection. And the books that we had and had messed

up were corrected and erased and put together and rebound. So we really created, and the games that we had messed up were put together, and the pieces remade. We put together the toys that we had destroyed and practically built them anew. And finally, when they were brought together after two weeks, with the concerted efforts of parents who would work in the evenings in the gym and the teachers and students, then we'd create a great pyramid of doll beds that were built in the gymnasium, with all the toy trucks at the base. It was just glorious. We all came and just rejoiced over what we'd created. Seeing that those items that we had discarded were made brand new and were beautiful and coveted, we really wanted them all back. Then these [toys] were shipped off to Jane Addams' Hull House. It was a great lesson, and it was a great coming together of all ages. The whole idea was [that] we were happy then—when we knew where they [the toys] were going to and when we learned afterwards that they would be enjoyed again. It was learning about giving away, too.

Lincoln Park

Lincoln Park was a wonderful place. The school [Francis Parker School] was right across from the zoo [Lincoln Park Zoo}, and also the conservatory [Lincoln Park Conservatory]. And so this was great. Of course, on the other side, the school was located on Clark Street, where in 1929 the Saint Valentine's Day Massacre took place, which was engineered by Al Capone. So it had infamy on one side, and it had bliss on the other. But the park was very much part of my life, from going sledding in the winter in the park, and then all the statues I loved. I loved the Lincoln statue and Goethe and Shakespeare and "Wynken, Blynken and Nod one night" [the Eugene Field Memorial]. It was a wonderful, wonderful statue, a sculpture that I loved. And it

just was part of the extension of the experience of school. The playgrounds were not important at all, really. They were there, but there was also a pond in the school, and the little conservatory. And also, the seventh graders kept goats, so we had a bit of wildlife, and it just was a great experience in a beautiful environment. I loved school. What more can I say about the park? With its lagoons and character on the edge of Lake Michigan, which was pretty scary sometimes in great stormy weather, the park was always a welcome place. Within it, the [Chicago] Historical Society was located, too, which told the story of the history of Chicago, which I knew by heart, from its founding to the Great Fire. There were wonderful dioramas that were looked at. There was also a collection of Mrs. Thorne's Miniature Rooms [Thorne Miniature Rooms], which I was privileged to be able to dust at one point, because I had met the curator, and, as a child, I could go in and dust these wonderful little rooms. The major collection is at the Art Institute of Chicago, but it's an historic study of interiors from England and France and the United States—scaled models, which were beautifully created. The lovely thing was that there would be a window onto the garden or the outside world, so it was a whole creation, like a theater that one could review and learn about history.

If you grow up in a family of five siblings, there's a lot of collaboration. And as the youngest, there was a lot of obedience, too, in a way, to the group. One had plenty of criticism, but it was a very happy family life. Collaboration began in the household and [was] carried out in the school with grades that collaborated. We had big sisters and big brothers, supposedly, who looked after the little ones in lower classes, and we had group projects.

A Century of Progress International Exposition

I remember that my father took me to see the Century of Progress [International Exposition]. I was about five [years old], I think. My father was wonderful. The principal of my school—her name was Flora Cook, and she was an amazing woman—said the best father that she had ever known was my father. He took us everywhere. He took us to parades. I loved going to parades with my father. I remember going to the Century of Progress with my father, and the excitement of going to a World's Fair was wonderful. But the one memory that I have was of seeing an Art Deco building, which I believe was the Transportation Building designed by Louis [Kahn] for Paul Cret.[ii] And that is the one image that remains in my mind of what I thought was remarkable as a child, and was the basis of my love for Art Deco. That's really my only memory of the Century of Progress. I think it's a great name. It was a World's Fair, and of course there had been the Great Columbian Exhibition [The World's Columbian Exposition] before, which had created many parks, and [Frederick Law] Olmsted, [Sr.] had been involved with that; but that was before my time. So the Century of Progress was exciting for Chicago, and somehow the seed for all of its Art Deco buildings, which were marvelous in the city. What can I say about it?

Early Experiences of Landscape

I was holding what seemed to be a leaf in my hand—I think it was a leaf. Now, maybe others have thought it was a piece of cake. But whether I was thinking about nature or that life would be a piece of cake, I don't know. But anyhow, I like to think that I was admiring a leaf, because I was sitting on a lawn in front of a shrub that was in flower in Maine—my first summer

in Maine—and that was the beginning. I remember times in Chicago when we would go out to the suburbs and to a garden party. I remember specifically the joy of going to a beautiful garden in the suburbs. But of nature in the city, in Chicago, I think of the winter, the winters which were very cold; and I think of Jack Frost on the windows and of standing by a radiator to keep warm, and all the paraphernalia that one had to wear when you went out in the cold. But then when spring would come—and just the sounds when the windows were open—you could then suddenly hear the sounds of life from the outside. I remember the sounds of the horse-drawn milk trucks and the "clop-clop" of the horses in the alleyway, because our building was next to the Belmont Hotel, and there was an alleyway between, and deliveries were through the alleyway. I remember the sounds of these. I called him the sing-song man, the scissor grinder man who came by, and [there was] the old clothes man who would call out. I would hear the sounds of these peddlers and of the horse-drawn vehicles. Then, of course, [I heard] the cars and the sound of cars, and later on, then, the buses with their diesel exhaust, and the sounds of the city. There was a backyard, which was cement, where we would play sometimes, but would run through all of the alleys of the city. The janitor of our building was a German, who I'm sure was a Nazi. His wife was also German and very unpleasant. But she had a little garden that she fenced in to keep all the dogs and all the children away from her little garden of flowers in the cement. So I remember that very well, and admired it. But the landscape in Chicago was going through alleyways and visiting friends in their houses.

One remarkable house was that of Ernest Grunsfeld, who had designed the Adler Planetarium and was the parent of a friend of mine. It [the house] had a back garden—a beautiful garden. It was a modern house. It was French modern. I remember every aspect of

that house and of that building, of which people said, "oh, it looks like a firehouse." It was very severe and very plain on the outside; but it was beautiful on the interior, and then it opened out into a garden, which I loved. I remember a few places like that in the city, gardens and the parks, and also driving out to see Frank Lloyd Wright. I could always recognize his buildings when we drove through the suburb, and I loved doing that. Frank Lloyd Wright was my first hero. But the Chicago suburbs, I really had very little experience of. So nature in the city was confined for the most part, and that's why three months in Maine was Heaven.

You asked me about nature and what it means to me. It just was a place for joy and just complete fulfillment. I do remember as a child being taken to cemeteries, the cemetery of my ancestors, and enjoying that respite in nature. But the Midwestern landscape I thought of mostly in winter, when it was severe and the lake was menacing. Somehow the lake was not like the ocean. The Great Lakes were dramatic. And so nature, in that aspect, with the snows in the winter and then the wonderful changes in spring, and the celebrations that we had in the school of the coming of spring and of May Day and such, mattered very much. But the beginning of the feelings that I had for nature ultimately came from my experience of New England and Maine and the New England trees. My favorite tree was the elm, [which] from the beginning I admired. The Midwestern landscape was sand dunes along the lakefront and not very exciting to me. I was also struck by the landscape of New England and by its architecture. My first love was American Colonial architecture and the village greens, and as we drove into New England and experienced them in May, [it] was just history and fabulous architecture.

Camden Amphitheater

Growing up, there was this wonderful place, to me, and I had no idea who had designed it, but it was called the Camden Amphitheater and it was designed by [landscape architect] Fletcher Steele. It was a place of inspiration that, as a child, it was connected with the library and the town, and largely financed by Mary [Louise] Curtis Bok Zimbalist. One day I just sat down and made a little watercolor of my favorite place, which was the Camden Amphitheater, and a favorite tree, which happened to be the camperdown elm, which is a twisted, kind of convoluted, ridiculous tree, but coupled with a charming little structure that Fletcher Steele had designed. The whole arrangement of the steps and a fountain below a great window of the library that looked out—not on axis—but out towards the harbor with a magnificent view of the ships and the harbor. It took in everything. It took in with just cedars and birches, a very simple pallet, but a very marvelous construction of steps and passages, and a great space for performance that was inspiring. I remember going to wonderful Shakespeare performances, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, when people appeared out of the great hedges, and just magic that transpired in this wonderful space. So it was a memorable space from childhood on. And later on, I learned who had designed it, and that was a great discovery.

Art

I don't consider myself a rebel, but I hated being disciplined. Most of all, I think I wanted to be part of a world of art, and I didn't know how to be, really. I loved going to join my brother in his studio. He had a studio in Chicago, which had been [sculptor] Loradoo Taft's studio in the Fine Arts Building in Chicago. I just loved the fragrance of the plaster and the clay and the

marble chips and everything about it—I loved the studio. Occasionally I went with him [Pattison's brother]. I have a little painting that I [painted when I] went with him and did some landscape painting.

Art at Francis Parker School

It all comes back to Parker School, too, and to art, because art was so important in that school. It [the school] produced [the painter] Joan Mitchell; also Ted Gory and Barney Rosset, who formed the Grove Press, [and architect] Ed[ward Larrabee] Barnes. Art was very much at the center of the school from the time of Miss [Marie] Claussenius, who taught us how to make pots and to paint with poster colors. I remember in my household all the objects that were made in Miss Claussenius' class, all kind of pots and animals and a wonderful horse that my brother made and was put into the kilns. In high school, we had Malcolm (oh, what was his name?),[iii] the art teacher who was a rebel and taught Joan Mitchell and Ed[ward] Gorey. He was a maverick and a wonderful teacher. The school had exhibits all the time of students' works in the hallways, and it was a whole production that went on, of art.

Art in the Family

My brother, and also, later, my sister, was right from the beginning an artist and a sculptor, and there were classes at the Art Institute [of Chicago]. The Art Institute was a wonderful museum, because it also had attached to it a school of art that was very active and promoted the arts. So it was a great institution. Art was very important in the school and in my training, and because one of my brothers was a sculptor, I was just drawn to his world very

much. He also was a painter, but primarily a sculptor. I would love to visit him in his studio when he was in Chicago. It was after the War. He had, originally, a fellowship from Yale in 1939, when he couldn't go to Europe, which every artist would want to do. But he went to China and Japan instead and had tremendous adventures there, and it affected him for life, I think. He was chased by bandits in China, but he worked in a mission of a Belgian priest somewhere in the middle of China and carved Stations of the Cross and such for the church, in stone, and then had to escape bandits who wanted to kidnap him. He walked for miles over China. But when he landed in Japan, he was immediately arrested because he was making sketches. He lived with his sketchbook, and they thought that he was a spy, but he proved that he wasn't a spy. He eventually managed to discover Japan and fell in love with it as well, and probably with the Japanese, I think—with a Japanese woman, he would have cared for. But anyhow, he returned, and then of course the war came. He put away his sketchbooks [and] joined the Navy, and because he was an ardent sailor, became a captain of a 'DE' (destroyer escort) against the Japanese—fighting the Japanese. But when he returned, he had a studio in Chicago in the Fine Arts Building and in Lorado Taft's old studio. I loved to visit him there, and I sometimes went on sketching trips with him. [I] once did travel with him to England, and it was wonderful to go, because he lived with his sketchbook, and so I did, too. He did become acquainted with a number of Chicago architects at the time, [with] George Fred Keck and Stanley Tigerman and others. Some of his works were bought by architects. Visiting his studio was wonderful, and I liked to describe the fragrance. Even when I came to Penn and visited Bob England's studio, it all came back to me: the fragrance of plaster and clay and stone chips and everything about it. I loved the ambiance of being among artists, and, I guess, all my life, I wanted to find my way

into the arts, but I didn't know how to get there. It took a long time. I think I had the clue when I was holding that leaf, when I was a year-and-a-half [old], but it took me years before I discovered [it]. As Bill Whitaker [curator of the Architectural Archives of the University of Pennsylvania School of Design] said, I was a late bloomer, that's all. But the arts was a liberation. Recently, I came across a pronouncement by some English landscape architect, who said that landscape was the realm for liberality more than any other art, which seemed rather interesting. I'm not sure I agree, especially after Ian McHarg [a professor at Penn] gave me a conscience and duties to perform; but I do think nature gives us the means to be free to welcome us.

World War II

The War did affect me. I was only twelve [years old] or such, but it certainly affected the lives of my siblings, from the time that the principle of our school lost his oldest son in the Battle of the Bulge. My sister Nancy was six years older than I. Two of her classmates at Parker School, Bullock Hathaway and Steve [UNINTELLIGIBLE] were Marines, and they were killed almost instantly in the war. So there were losses that hung over the school, and constantly. My eldest brother joined the Naval Air Corps before Pearl Harbor. He was an MIT [Massachusetts Institute of Technology] man, but he had learned to fly when he was young. He was in the Naval Air Corps. The war made his marriage to a Southerner, because he was at Pensacola Air Base, and so that was a wartime wedding. One of his groomsmen was Joseph Kennedy, who was killed in the War. Then [my brother] was sent off to New Guinea in the Pacific; the outcome of the War was very much in peril. My other brother joined shortly after Pearl Harbor because he

was a sailor, as my brother was. He joined the Navy and put away his sketchbook and everything for good. He was trained as an officer and then became the captain of a sub chaser and then of a 'DE' (destroyer escort), and was in the Pacific also. [He] saw combat and convoyed troop ships, including a troop ship, which was a converted Boston boat that he recognized (painted gray) that used to go past our house in Penobscot Bay. And so he went aboard it, because, he said, as a boy he always wanted to command a ship, and it was convoying troops in the Pacific. Anyhow, he had some perilous experiences, as did my brother in the Air Corps, and won the Silver Star, and became a commander in the Navy. But they both left [the military] when the war was over. My sister joined the W[omen's] A[rmy] C[orps]. She became a captain in the WAC and at the end of the war was being trained in Japanese for the Occupation. But she quit and took the GI Bill of Rights and went to Europe to study with Ossip Zadkine, the sculptor. Another sister joined the American Red Cross, and she was sent to Japan and met her future husband there, who was part of the Occupation, a West Point guy, who stayed with the Army. He became a general and also got his doctorate when he was in Washington [D.C.] and in the service, and wrote his doctorate on why we should not be involved with Vietnam. But the Army would not publish his thesis until years later. He also ended up as the founder of the Army Museum [the U.S. Army Heritage and Education Center], which is in Carlisle, Pennsylvania. So we have a bit of history that was involved in the war, and fortunately everybody came home. But it was a very scary time, just reading letters [sent] home to my parents. The war took everybody afield, far afield, brought them marriages, partners, and just enlarged the world for them enormously. And they all went their separate ways. It was a great era, actually, and it made you a patriot.

Mr. Roosevelt

Well, about Mr. Roosevelt: My parents were Republicans, as were my two brothers. I think my father was [a Republican]. They were just born Republicans somehow, and opposed the New Deal, probably. On the contrary, my sisters all became Democrats. I just couldn't help but grow up and admire Roosevelt. I remember hearing of his death and weeping over it, and knowing that he had really brought the country into war, knowingly, thank heavens, and that [he] was a hero, as far as I'm concerned. Yes, I couldn't help but love Roosevelt. He was the only president I had known, and right from the beginning. So I just think it was wonderful to be able to be involved in the memorial [Franklin D. Roosevelt Four Freedoms Park] to him, because I admired him all the way. Perhaps I admired Winston Churchill more, but I don't know. I would listen, glued to the Fireside Chats, and it was the radio that made him [President Roosevelt] come alive. I mean, his voice—I can still hear exactly his pronunciation, or annunciation, and his eloquence. Once, as a child in Maine, when we were sailing, we passed the presidential yacht, and there was Roosevelt on the fantail sitting. It was thrilling to know that somehow I had seen that man. So he was my hero. But also in Maine, my other hero was [Charles Lindbergh]. I saw the first airplane, practically, flying over to North Haven to visit Anne Morrow Lindbergh, and every time you saw an airplane in Maine, you said, "Oh, there's Lindbergh." He was another hero of my childhood, Lindbergh, who was really a Nazi at the same time, and FDR. And it was really so tragic. His [President Roosevelt's] death [came] too soon. He was a great, great man.

Education

Wellesley College

I went to Wellesley College as my mother had gone and [as had] one of my sisters. They both had marveled at it, and I was expecting Heaven, too. It had a great campus, which was really an arboretum, and I was looking forward to that and thinking how wonderful [it would be] to live in such an environment, which was not a city environment.

However, the first year, the freshman [year], I was put into a house that was in the town, so I was not on campus until the second year. I left after a year and a half, because I really was very disappointed. I would say that the one class that I had at Wellesley that I treasured was an art history class, and I loved that. I loved sitting in the dark, and I had a sketchbook, and I drew every single slide that was shown and learned everything by heart and loved it. So that was a great course. I can't remember the professor, but he was a well-known art historian, and that was great.

I took a botany course, but it was all about physiology. I was bored stiff. I wanted to do music, but they didn't have any "practical studios," as they called it, in music or in art. I had a music theory course, which was fine. I learned how to deconstruct a Hayden symphony. But it [Wellesley] was not an inspiring place, so I quit. I went to Maine, thinking I don't know what, but that I would find a way somehow. I was in doubt for quite a while about what to do and felt that I had disappointed everyone in my expectation of doing well and succeeding.

University of Chicago

Then I applied to the University of Chicago and got in, and went there, and that was a totally different experience. It was a great education [and] it was a fascinating school. It was the time of [Robert Maynard] Hutchins, and, of course, the atomic laboratory was found, and everything was going on under the football field in Chicago in secret. But my connections were with the Second City people, who were at Chicago [and] who were theater friends—Paul Sills and people like that, who were fascinating.

And my professors, well—it was a wonderful system. You did not feel that it was competitive. You didn't have to attend the classes if you didn't want to. You only took a comprehensive exam at the end, and everything hinged on that. You didn't even have to write papers if you didn't want to. So there was a great deal of freedom, but [with] fascinating professors who were full-time professors. They were full-time in their field, not just T[eaching] A[ssistant]s. They were great human beings. David Riesman was a professor. Reuel Denney, who was his partner, was a poet I became friends with and admired very much. You were placed out of the courses that you knew already, so I ended up having to study physics, mathematics, and things that I was unfamiliar with. But the syllabi were marvelous, and we used original materials. *The Great Books* [*of the Western World*] were part of the education, and it was incomparable. It's never left me, really. So it was a very exciting place. I didn't realize that the campus had been partly designed [by Beatrix] Farrand—I didn't know that. But it just was the most exciting intellectual environment possible, and to have a few friends who were theater wise was also very exciting—bizarre people, too.

Theatre at Yale University

Scene Design at Francis Parker School

At the Parker School I had designed the scenery for our senior play, one of them, which was an Elmer Rice play called *Two on an Island*. There was a love story attached to it. The two protagonists were actually my classmates (there were only 30 of us in a class). One was Joan Wittsman and [the other was] John Sunnygard. They were in love with each other, desperately, and they played the leads. Her [Joan's] parents were desirous of separating them, and all of the students desired to conspire to keep them together and to make excuses for their dalliance. But unfortunately, Joan went off to Wellesley. I'm not sure where John went. And so that was broken up; it was a very tragic result. However, years later, Joan had married a Harvard man and brought up two children and then was divorced. She returned to Chicago and was ill. She had cancer. But she met John Sunnygard, who had never married, and he was a sunny man. I mean, he was blond and beautiful. They married and they had two years together; so that was one of the very happy outcomes. But I was going to describe the scenery that I designed for that play. There were many elaborate scenes. One was the Museum of Modern Art [and] another was in a café in New York. I had a whole set of sets that I designed and painted, and so I had become interested in the production part of theater and in scenery design. The Goodman Theater—I still remember the magic of the curtain opening on a great scene, any scene in theater—was just the beginning of my love of theater.

Acting

I applied to Yale as a scenic designer, hoping that I would be accepted. I was accepted. But the scene design group was filled, so they put me into acting. Before I was maybe a month or two along, they put me into a lead in one of their plays. I was unprepared for all of that. But that's all right. I did learn in the process and found that I loved comedy acting. I loved the timing. I adored Molière and [Anton] Chekhov and liked playing in [a play by Jean] Giraudoux—I'm just trying to think of the title. [It was] *The Madwoman of Chaillot*. And then some other [play], and then a Christopher Fry play, in which I had a lead. Anyhow, I was there for two years. I liked acting, but I felt that my soul must be taken away.

Paul Newman

I didn't recognize that he [Paul Newman] was going to be a great actor. I loved that his final role was on Broadway. Paul Newman was my contemporary at Yale, and there were, I thought, even more talented actors at the same time. But he was such a jolly good man, so kindly and full of humor, and everybody delighted in him. You couldn't help but like Paul. He was married at that time to somebody else, his first wife. He only stayed two years, as I'd only stayed two years. And it's funny, because about a year later I was in New York City and I ran across him in the subway, and it was a delight to meet him. He was just the same—funny and cracking jokes—and it would have been nice to have met him again. But anyhow, he was a fine actor. There were others who went on [from Yale]—one who established the Shakespeare Festival in Oregon, and a couple of other designers and playwrights at Yale. So anyhow, it was an environment for artists.

Josef Albers' Color Course

I applied to take a course, an [Josef] Albers course in the art school. This was unheard of. It was not really condoned, but I was allowed, somehow, to take the course, which was wonderful—the color course. It was Heaven to get away from some of the aspects of drama school, especially voice training and things like that, which bored me stiff. And I really didn't learn the technique of acting, which I should have learned, so I was kind of rebellious, and coming to Albers' class was a great relief. And being amongst art students, I enjoyed them very much.

Albers was very German and disciplined. I see his figure now, and his white hair, and I can hear his voice and accent. We worked with cutouts and with colors, and we made pastiches. We pasted together all kinds of things, experimented with what colors could do and how they could knock you out or bore you. We had a collection of colored papers, so you could experiment. We had to make sort of copies of masterpieces by breaking them down in pointillist sort of constructions with colored paper. We worked with colored paper. Every problem was a new problem, discovering what color could do, and you could become very inventive. It was great fun to see what people could produce. It was play—complete play.

I'm not sure what I really learned about color, except that it was just a pleasure, and working out forms, and I had done sketching and things before. I had taken a course—it was a quick summer course—in landscape painting in Saugatuck, Michigan, run by the Art Institute [of Chicago]. My brother and sister were sculptors, and I was very much involved with the artist world, but I hadn't found my medium. Working with cutouts was fun. It was very creative and

completely absorbing, and you could just lose yourself, as I did, for hours, putting together compositions, just with color.

Though Albers' compositions are geometrical, this was not imposed at all in the projects that we were given. I tend to shy away from anything that has to do with measurement and instruments, really. I'm not a good draftsman. I just am much more freehand and [I] balk at using measurements and scales or mechanical instruments, really. But I loved the freedom that we did have to invent with colors in that class. It certainly was a different way of approaching art, I would say, from what I had expected in my art classes in school. It was much more confined, and it was good training.

Meeting Louis Kahn

I made friends with [Sewell] "Si" Sillman, who was Albers' assistant and a painter, and that was how I went one day in the winter with some friends from the art school to the Waldorf cafeteria across the street from the campus, which was torn down for the British Art Center. There I met Louis Kahn, because he was working on the gallery. I didn't know who he was, but I just remembered this amazing man that we'd picked up on the way in the snow, because he was slipping and sliding in the snow. He didn't have any galoshes or anything, so we scooped him up, and he was wearing a great big raccoon coat—just arriving in the Waldorf [and] settling down. We all had coffee, and he began to talk. He talked about art (because these were art students)—and it was fascinating—until it was dark. We just were taken with this man. When I got home to my apartment, which was on Crown Street, [and] which I shared with Joy Gladson, who was going ahead in theater in San Francisco and [had] done very well in her career, I wrote

down that I had met an amazing man. And that was it. And then I never saw him. I had no idea who he was. Then years later, with [architect] Bob Venturi, when I went at a party at Wharton Esherick's house, I met Louis Kahn again. It was a snowy day, and it suddenly occurred to me that I'd seen this man before. I said, "Did you have a fur coat?" And he said, "No." He said, "Well yes,"—he remembered he borrowed a fur coat from one of the students at Yale. And that was the beginning of meeting Lou Kahn. I had seen him before, but how could you forget?

Travels in Europe

Early Interest

In school, some of my teachers were refugees from Europe. They meant a great deal to me and brought the culture of Europe to our school. Best of all was Madame Richard, who was from Vienna, and her husband, Doc Richard, who taught physics. She taught French. They entertained us and their children, sometimes, in their household. They had escaped because of the Nazis, through Shanghai, and managed to get to Chicago. They brought the world of Europe—and, especially, to me, [the world] of Vienna—and that whole era, about which I wrote a script, actually, because of the cultural excitement that was going on in Vienna. But anyhow, Madame directed my interest very much to Europe. I don't know where it [my fascination] came from, but I was fascinated by England and by English history, so I was yearning to get away from the Midwest and go to Europe.

When I was able to go with a friend on a summer trip, which turned out to be a year-and-a-half abroad, or almost two years abroad, it was Heaven, because I had seen many, many photographs and read many books on English [subjects]. I do not have any grasp of French

really, or Italian, but I loved English literature, and so that very much drove me to visit England and love its landscape. Italy was the most marvelous discovery. I really felt that Tuscany was the one place in the world that I could live forever and not leave. And so I always had a yearning to leave Chicago and go and see Europe, and then I was allowed to go.

[During] my first summer trip with a friend, my old lovely friend from first grade [at the] Parker School, Geraldine Lynd, we explored. We landed in France and went to Spain when it was still under [the dictator Francisco] Franco, and there I saw the most marvelous romantic landscape in the world, which was the Alhambra.

Spain

I went to Europe after two years at Yale, [during] the summer with a friend. Actually, I took a camera with me, and I intended to film some landscapes, which I ended up doing only in Germany at Rothenberg. Arriving off the Flandre [*L'avenue de Flandre*], [we went] to Paris for a night or two, and then arrived in Madrid in the station, where we were surrounded by [Francisco] Franco's soldiers. My luggage was stolen out the window, but I managed to get it back for some reason. We journeyed south, and we went to Cordoba and to Granada.

Alhambra

There I fell in love with Granada. It's the most romantic place in the world to me, and especially the Alhambra, [which] was incomparable. Just the whole town of Granada was fabulous. The setting was so dramatic. And then that gorgeous garden—to see what water can do. We two young girls, who were just two innocents abroad, had some very funny, perilous experiences with some of the Spanish men we met. But we persevered. The garden [of

Alhambra] just overwhelmed me. I'd never seen a great garden like that. It was the first great garden that I had encountered (I was to see many more when I got to Italy). Later, of course, I went to England and found those as well, and [others] in France; so I covered the territory within the year-and-a-half, and [saw] many, many great gardens before I knew what I was going to do, before I knew my field.

Everything I'd smell in Spain is the fragrance of sherry. Now, isn't that strange? And then I guess the next fragrance is jasmine; but [that] fragrance, and the fragrance of the fires [and] the smoke. I was just overwhelmed by the beauty of everything. The site [of Alhambra], its location, the way it was pitched above the valley, above the city, was just stunning, and the great walls that surrounded it. [There were] vines all over everything, just the abundance of foliage and plants. And the color, the color of mosaics, and the constant play of the water, the cascades of the water, the wonderful jets. The architecture was not important, really—I mean the construction of what held it all together was not significant, except that the Court of the Lions was very moving. I also remember in Seville that great court [the Alcázar of Seville], but the Alhambra just gathered everything together. It was the richness of the landscape that surrounded it. It was lavish. I just [had] never seen such a gathering of beauty in nature before.

At the Alhambra, the sculpture, the mosaics, the lions, all of the artistry was combined in an extraordinary richness of a profusion of beauty from every hand. It was not only the sculptors and the carvers and all the artisans who had created this, it was a great work of many arts, many hands, centuries and magnificent plants that I was unfamiliar with. I had never smelled jasmine before and seen orange trees (and I can still), and olive trees, which were so

beautiful. So this was all new, but welded together in such a way that it was just extraordinary. I had never seen such a perfect work of art before.

Edinburgh

That has always been one of my favorite places in the world. And she [Geraldine Lynd] left after the summer and went to work for the *New Yorker* in Chicago, and I went on to University of Edinburgh for a turn and studied moral philosophy, which I thought I was interested in; but not at all, really. I have no grasp, according to my son, of philosophy. But it was interesting because a series of lectures was given by Arnold Toynbee at Edinburgh, and that was fascinating.

I also attended the coronation of Queen Elizabeth in the streets on the Mall in London. I went on the day before the coronation with three other women who were from Bryn Mawr [College], who were students. We spent the night on the pavement with the crowds in the rain waiting for the coronation. It was marvelous. It was a joyous occasion, wet as we were, and [was] the greatest parade and pageant in the world. I went to Italy after Edinburgh. But I did explore Scotland and I lived outside of Edinburgh. I think Edinburgh was a great city. I just loved looking at the city plan of Edinburgh. The school was located in the old section, the medieval section, and I just remember the castle on that holy route and then across to Prince's Street with the Georgian city, which was gorgeous as well, and the Firth of Forth in the distance. So you really felt it was a marvelous city. I lived out in the country, in West Linton. I took the bus in every day to Edinburgh and then explored on my own and went to the Island of Mull, and

Tobermory, and all of the places that I've seen in film, especially in *I Know Where I'm Going*, a wonderful film with Wendy Hiller. It was a great movie.

I happened to be taken across to the Island of Mull by the boatman who was in the movie, who had gone through the maelstrom in the movie. He took me across, and I landed. I was walking on a tour of my own, and I landed on a spit of land and there were two crofts. By that time, it was late, and I had to find a place to stay. The two crofts at this point were at war with each other, and they were trying to cut off water supplies to each other and trying to lure visitors to their places. Well, I ended up at one croft, and the elderly gentleman vacated his room and gave it to me. I spent the night in the croft and can still smell the hearth and the fire from the peat. And that was a very wonderful experience. I had to get to Tobermory the next day, walking. And so I started out, and then a terrible rainstorm came. Then, by my good luck, the deputy marshal came along on a motorcycle and picked me up. And so I had my first motorcycle ride on the postern of his motorcycle for many miles, until we reached Tobermory, where I found a place to stay in a boarding house, which also held a bag piper. I would awake in the morning to porridge and hear the bag piper practicing. My whole experience in Scotland was wonderful. I loved it—loved the landscape, very austere [and] wonderful and the wonderful people, the Scots, who were warm and fun, but a bit austere. Anyhow, I explored by walking through the landscape, and Scotland and Edinburgh are very fond memories.

Italy

Then again, to arrive in Tuscany and its landscape, which just is incomparable, was the greatest delight, and I could have stayed there forever. I spent one summer in Torre di

Bellosguardo, which was opposite Florence near San Miniato, and it was a place that Henry James had written about, and it was a marvelous villa. It had been turned into a school in the wintertime, but in the summer it took in guests who lived there. To be ensconced in a great palazzo for three months was marvelous, and the view of Florence was incredible. I walked and walked all over the city, discovering it on foot. And there were some fascinating people who were there at the same time. One was Mrs. Burton. Her husband, [Harry Burton], had been one of the explorers of King Tut's tombs, and she had gone to King Tut's tomb. She told many stories about that, so that was a fascinating encounter. I was always encountering amazing people. Most wonderful in Italy were friends of my good friend that I had made at Yale, Mariette Russell, who was a playwright at Yale when I was a student in the drama school. She had grown up in Florence part of her life, and her greatest friend was Vanda Scaravelli, who lived in Florence and was an amazing woman. Her father had founded the Maggio Musicale [festival in Florence], and she was a beautiful woman, modeled by sculptors and such, and she was a great pianist. She became a great friend of Cristiana Amerti and was one of the great women in my life. I didn't know her [Vanda Scaravelli] well, but she was an incredible person. During the war, she had to flee her house because her family was Jewish, and she had to hide in the hills in Tuscany. I think that a peasant betrayed some of her family. But she survived the War and returned, and was a great master of Yoga. In her late 80s, she produced a book of Yoga and she was able to do every conceivable possible position in Yoga. But she was a mystic, and [she] told me about Florence, and so that was the most marvelous meeting and introduction.

My discovery of Italy was just its marvelous landscape overall. But then to go and see the gardens, the great gardens of Italy, which I did do, starting out with the Villa Medici and then

the Boboli Gardens and Villa Lante. I'm just trying to think of the wonderful gardens. The names are escaping me at the moment. One favorite that I had [was in] Settignano: [the] Villa Gamberaia, [which] I adored. Let me think of the others. Of course [there is] the Villa d'Este. All of Rome was amazing to discover. But where can I begin?

The first time that water hit me was at the Alhambra, but the water at Villa d'Este was absolutely astonishing. It couldn't be better portrayed. I mean, 100 fountains and the water organ, the whole process of water going through that marvelous landscape, it was just the theme, really, that unified the gardens, dramatized in so many different ways—unbelievable ways of not only pools and huge fountains, but the hundred fountains coming out of spouts constantly. The drama of water was just unbelievable. I don't know any better example of what water can do as far as drama. I didn't think of the difficulty of building and maintaining. No, I just thought of the magic of it, and I did not think of what it took to produce all of that.

Philadelphia

I came to Philadelphia through my friend and teacher, Edith Braun, on a whim, really, to study piano. I was not slated for any career in music, but I was still searching at that late age for some way of expressing myself in the arts. So I came [to Philadelphia] on her advice. She had been teaching me in Maine, because she was with the Curtis Institute [of Music] in Camden and Rockport.

Edith Braun

I'd had lessons in her house, which was one of the wonderful renovations that had been made of houses in Rockport and Camden by Mary Louise Curtis Bok Zimbalist. Her house and

her studio, where I took my lessons, were designed by Olmsted Brothers. It was a heavenly atmosphere. Anyhow, she was a great lady and a fine teacher. She was a composer and a great friend of [Gian Carlo] Menotti and of [Samuel] Barber, and a very close friend of Mrs. Bok. Their houses were together on Delancy Street. So that was a very exciting offer and suggestion, and she said, "You have no idea what will happen to you, but come to Philadelphia." So I did, because I was a lost soul at that moment. So that's why I came.

Working for Dan Kiley

My son [Nathaniel] was born on November 9, 1962, in Connecticut, where I had gone to be with my friends. Then in February, I went to Vermont to work as an apprentice for Dan Kiley. That was arranged by Lou [Louis Kahn], because, by that time, I had decided that I wanted to become a landscape architect. I didn't know how to do it, but I know that when I went to the hospital and Nathaniel was born, I took two books with me, and they inspired me. I still hadn't a clue as to my future. But Lou arranged, not too probably diplomatically, for me to work for Dan as an apprentice. I thought, "Well, that's wonderful." I think Dan didn't realize that I was bringing along a baby with me, or the whole situation at all. He probably expected that I had had some training or talents, whereas I had none. I had only a good eye and a sensibility that Lou had already discovered, and felt some peculiar confidence that I would be able to become a landscape architect, and that I had the sensibilities that would equip me for that. I think Dan discovered nothing of the sort. I was sort of a maid at hand that could be helpful in the office. There were about five men that he [Dan Kiley] had working for him. [There was] one woman draftsman [and] there were two draftsmen who were local, but the others all trained at Penn.

One was Scottish [and] one was English. (I can give you all the names of the people who were there). Henry Arnold was there, [along with] Philip Shipman, Doug Samson, and [Joe] Karr from Chicago (he came later). And then [there were] the locals: Wally (I can't think of his last name, but a very kindly soul); and a very nice woman who was also a draftswoman; and then the secretary—that was it. Some of the people were very kind and helpful. Philip Shipman was terrific. Douglas Samson was mean, and he was a wretched Scot. I think he turned out to be head of Derek Lovejoy [& Partners] in Edinburgh. Philip Shipman ended up becoming an artist in Ireland, but he was really kind to me, and a lovely man. Henry Arnold was very nice. He had a French wife who was troublesome but very nice, too. Philip gave me some jobs, which were very simple but related to the projects that were going on. The rest of the time, Doug Samson had me taking care of ammonia prints and scrubbing the floors, which were not very nice, in this house that Samuel, was it Samuel Granthel,[iv] on a mission to the Arctic had owned.

Life in Vermont

Next to it [the house that served as Kiley's offices] was a garage, and there was a garage apartment just above—very rough—where I moved and where I stayed, and where my son was beginning to grow up. I found an attendant who came to look after him. She arrived on horseback, came every day, and she was lovely. She taught him about birds and everything else. And it was beautiful, the landscape, because we overlooked Lake Champlain. But I arrived in the winter. It was very bleak. My sister drove me from Connecticut to Vermont in a car that I had just purchased. It was an adorable Hillman, which was a convertible, but with leather seats. It was beautiful—completely impractical—and I had just gotten my driver's license two days

before Nathaniel was born. So that's when I arrived, in the middle of the winter, and it was pretty bleak and cold, and my sister just said, "No way! This is no way to work." But I was lucky to be there, and I could work in the office, but I had really no role whatsoever in Dan's work. He was very merry and kindly, and he indulged me and my presence there. [He] gave me a little stipend and then gave me a little raise one time, but for doing very, very menial work. His wife was extraordinary. [She] produced eight children or such, but she was an Emily Dickenson character. She was marvelous. They lived in a house, which was crazy, filled with animals and children, and it was a remarkable place. Living on Lake Champlain was fantastic, even in the winter. My most favorite memories (and I'm writing about it in my book) were in the winter, when the ice had frozen over, and it was black ice. The snow had not covered the ice, and we skated in the moonlight on Lake Champlain. There were bonfires on the ice; it was that thick. That was at Wayne's Point, and it was just out of a fairytale, really. So that was memorable.

Dan ran his office in a very relaxed way, and they'd take off, if the powder was good, for skiing, and all of the guys in the office skied. Dan, of course, was an incredible skier himself. In the summer, they would swim in the lake. It's a very wonderful place, really, to begin life—life among the artists. Dan finally realized that I was not doing anything particular in the office, and he said, "I think it's time for you to go on." I was devastated, because I felt I'd failed, but I had been given no jobs or responsibility.

Kiley's Office

I watched as some of the work was proceeding, work that he was doing in Washington. The Oakland Museum he had just started on. I saw that in process and could observe Dan,

whose manner of working was so different from Lou's [Louis Kahn]. He was very energetic, but the environment was very different in his office from Lou's office, which was just electric, [the] things that were going on. But in Dan's office, you kind of wondered how he was generating ideas. He didn't really communicate so much to others what he was thinking. It's hard to think about how he affected those who worked for him. He had some wonderful people who did work for him, [and] he was just a very genial person as well. I'm sorry that I didn't really get back to him afterwards to thank him for sheltering me and taking me on without resenting my presence there. He was very generous. Later we communicated only by phone, but a number of times. It was very cordial, and I really appreciated him enormously. He was very generous in allowing me to be there. I was there for a year and a half.

I don't remember any visitors [to Kiley's offices]. The only thing that I do remember is that next door was a beautiful mansion, which belonged to a Chicagoan family related to friends of mine. I was invited in the middle of winter to a great concert that [pianist Arthur] Rubinstein was playing in Burlington [Vermont]. Kitty Hill, the daughter of [composer] John Alden Carpenter, was a cousin of friends of mine, and I was invited to an evening, a midnight reception, a grand party, and it was in the snow, and wonderful Rubinstein was parked in front of this great [Odilon] Redon screen in a house that was filled with flowers. It was something out of a [Jean] Cocteau dream or something. It was unbelievable, in the middle of Charlotte, Vermont, in the middle of the winter.

The Kennedy Assassination

[Nathaniel] was a toddler, and he was adorable. There were neighbors, one neighbor was lovely, friendly, and it was a welcoming group. I felt welcomed. I felt I was part of everything there. At that time, the assassination of Kennedy took place, too, and I remember that. One day in the afternoon we were in the woods—I think the whole crew. We were planning to have a masquerade party, and then suddenly we turned on the radio, and we heard the news from Texas. It was devastating. We were devastated, all of us—just grief stricken. It really was horrifying. But I don't remember how Dan reacted, or Anne. I don't know.

University of Pennsylvania, Graduate School of Fine Arts

I was very privileged to be accepted at Penn. I made a late application, and obviously through Lou [Kahn], I was let into the group. It was very exciting, because at that time I had decided [what] I wanted to become. I returned to Pennsylvania, to Philadelphia, but I found a place in the suburbs, in Chestnut Hill, because Philadelphia had seemed to lose its charm for me. So I had a very different approach to Philadelphia. But I had seen at the office [of Dan Kiley] the difference between those who were trained as landscape architects and those who were just draftsmen. And I knew that when I'd made up my mind that I wanted to be a landscape [architect], that I had to be trained. There was no way that I could learn it as an apprentice, and certainly not at Dan's [Dan Kiley's office]. That's why I realized I had to go to school again. I was lucky to be accepted into the program, and it was very exciting from the beginning. The first-year students were thrown together with the architects, which was a wonderful mix. Some of those architects ended up working for Lou [Kahn], too. It was an exciting year. The first project we did was the park for the Cleveland Museum. We were all taken out by overnight bus to

Cleveland to see the site, and then given the project of designing a great park. That was exciting—to be working on design. The history of landscape architecture course I loved. I can't remember who the professor was at the time. I began learning the nuts-and-bolts, and at Dan's office, one of the draftsmen had tried to teach me drafting instruments, which have always been sort of a nuisance for me. Anyhow, there were certain aspects that I enjoyed learning. And then there was [Sir] Peter Shepheard and John Fogg, both of whom were godsends as far as I was concerned.

Ian McHarg

Ian McHarg, of course, had launched his program and it was fiercely driven. He was a taskmaster [and] ran it like an army—very "martial arts." Jerry Cope could mimic Ian McHarg brilliantly [and] describe how he would shout out orders. It was too much for a good friend of mine, who was an Englishman and an architect who had come from England, Richard Penton, who was a fine man. But [he] just couldn't take the discipline and the almost sadistic treatment of students. It was rough.

Classmates

In the group, there was a nice Irishman, Niall Hyde, who'd come with his family [and] became a friend. There were others, [but] I don't remember that there was any other women in my year. Carol Franklin was two years ahead, and Sarah Bradford was another year ahead. There was Richard Westmacott (I think it was Richard), a very superior individual, [and] Toby Tourbier, who became a partner of Anthony Walmsley [in Tourbier & Walmsley], was also gifted. There was a Dutchman who was very mean to me, particularly, [a] kind of insulting

individual. And who else? There were some of the architects—Leslie Mesnick, a gal, became my friend. She was in architecture. But I didn't have much time for friends. It was very strenuous, and I had to get home every night.

Chestnut Hill

I found a wonderful woman who would look after Nathaniel, and I lived in Cherokee Apartments in Chestnut Hill, which, I realized, had been designed by [Oscar] Stonorov, Lou [Kahn]'s partner at one point. But the grounds, I did not realize, were designed by a wonderful woman landscape architect, and I only heard years later that Cornelia Hahn [Oberlander] had designed those grounds. I still remember this great Cedrus atlantica [Atlas cedar] at the end of the street on which I lived. [The architect] Aldo Giurgola lived nearby, and they became friends. And Ian McHarg, his house was down the street a piece. I didn't socialize with them, but it was a lively environment, and a good one for Nathaniel to be raised in. Nathaniel went to a nursery school, which was run by nuns, a Montessori school, and then later went to Germantown Friends, where I made many friends, as he did. And so there was a community. I was kind of a suburban mother, but I wasn't suburban particularly; but I managed to fit into a community. It was very strenuous.

Mentors

The three years at Penn was exhausting, but I survived. There were marvelous encounters. [Sir] Peter Shepherd was an artist, a very inspiring speaker, and a fine teacher, and it was great to have him. Dr. Fogg was incredible. I learned so much about horticulture and plants, and it was wonderful to be out in the design community and to be appreciated for what

I could do, because I was a very good student of Dr. Fogg's and loved the work and loved being out at the arboretum. That was a high point. I was not thrilled with the ecology course—not at all—that was instituted. I thought it was a bore. As I said, the history of landscape architecture was fascinating. It was wonderful to be learning so many things, and I loved having the challenge of meeting designs, but the whole system of charrettes and of juries was very scary and unpleasant for the most part.

Visiting Professors

I did have visiting professors, but I really hardly remember any of them except [landscape architect] Paul Friedberg. We went off to see his playgrounds in New York, and I took Nathaniel along. Nathaniel informed Paul Friedberg that he didn't think much of his park. So anyhow, I didn't either; but that's all right. He [M. Paul Friedberg] was a dynamic guy. [Roberto] Burle Marx came and gave lectures, and the whole crew and the department practically ignored him. They did not treat him with respect, and I was shocked somehow, because it was wonderful to go and hear him speak. He had a translator—I guess it was Conrad Hamerman. It was thrilling to see his [Burle Marx's] work and to see a great artist, but some of the people in the department did not even attend his lectures, as I remember anyhow. But then when he spoke about moonlight in the garden, I just was thrilled. We needed that in this school. And I, of course, attended all of the lectures that Ian [McHarg] gave, or had his speakers come, but I hardly remember his speakers on the environment. But I was learning. I think the judgments were very partial and very harsh when people presented their work, and there was just a lot of favoritism that was practiced in the group.

Tony Walmsley

Tony Walmsley was a good teacher. He imparted material that was in construction that was very important, and he was kindly. [Landscape architect] Peter Ker Walker I did not really know anything about at the time. Later on, Tony worked with Lou [Kahn] on Islamabad for Derek Lovejoy and was coming back to Penn and was going to teach at Penn at the time of Islamabad. It's strange. Tony imparted good knowledge; he was fine and he was kind and a good man. But [as for] the rest of the crew, when I say it was hard on certain people, I know it was hard, because of my English friend who would last only one year through.

A lot of people knew of my connection with Lou, and that also made my position difficult, because I had to prove myself. I mentioned the Dutchman, who was outright nasty to me, because of who I was. And I think the architects were actually more receiving of women in the field, maybe, than landscape [architects]. But for the most part, I just had to work terribly hard—sometimes three days without sleep for charrettes and things. And at the same time, to be concerned about my child, I just had my hands full. I really couldn't make friends; there was no time for that. If there had been one course that had taken people to see the landscape that we spoke of seeing, and drawing the landscape and taking you away from this terrible discipline—there should have been [such a course]. It would have been humanizing. It was a dehumanizing experience, really. It was driven like a regiment that Ian [McHarg] was in charge of.

I really felt [that] this was my last bid, because it had taken me so long to find a way to find my way into the arts, where I could legitimately belong, and where I might express myself

and not just attach myself to the arts, but to participate and to make something. So the challenge was wonderful. I loved the challenge of design, but I just had to endure the terrible pressure that was exerted on everyone. I never thought I would, [and] I never felt I could, give up, because this was it. My mother had financed sort of a last bid for me to become self-supporting and to become an artist, and I didn't want to fail. So I never thought of giving up. And I had Nathaniel, [and] that was also wonderful, but it was tough and kind of brutal. What can I say?

Practice

Working for George Patton

My first job was with [landscape architect] George Patton. I was so lucky because of George's relationship with Lou [Kahn]. And again, I'm sure that George accepted me on Lou's recommendation. It was a small office, and there were three guys there, Ken Arnold, John Moss and Bob Kesnick, and the secretary. It was wonderful to be actually paid and hired, and soon George gave me responsibilities that were wonderful and that I'm sure his men could have done in quick time much better than I. But I worked on a couple of projects, which, right from the beginning, I enjoyed immediately, and George was such a fine person. He was a little bit crotchety in his office with his men, but it was a great place to learn. And George was the person to learn everything from, really. He was so experienced and knowledgeable that it was the perfect place to begin.

George Patton's Office

Ken [Arnold] was absolutely indispensable to George [Patton]. And I worked with John [Moss] on different projects. [Pattison is shown pictures of herself, her former co-workers, and George Patton]. Oh, my gosh, that's wonderful. Well, it's great to see John again, and George—bless him—and Ken laughing and George smiling. [LAUGHTER] Oh, dear George. That's a great picture of George. These are all loveable people.

My First Drawing for George Patton

[Of] my first drawing for George, there are a couple of photographs. It was a rather fussy house with a sunken terrace and swimming pool. All of a sudden I looked out and saw in the distance the beginning of the Wissahickon Gorge and the forest. I thought, "Oh my gosh." This was borrowed landscape to make use of, and to extend the garden out into the land, and get away from the formality of the house, but still lay claim to the land and create a suggested retaining wall to change the topography somewhat, and then to have an area for a great flower border. But [it was] to lead you out into the landscape away from all the terrace and furniture and everything else, out to the distant view, which was the crest of the hill that overlooked the great Wissahickon Woods, which I loved and always will. And so I put a feature at the end, which was a fountain, a jet, just a single jet to lead you out to the very edge of the forest and make use of the borrowed landscape and extend the world from the house into the landscape. That's all. This was my first job for George, and a first drawing that I made for his office. From that point on, he began to give me privileges. The name of the project is the Brown house in Chestnut Hill on Towanda Street. This is the second time I've seen this drawing in how many years?—1967? I was amazed to see my name, and I'm wondering if he lost the job because,

which he did. Well, no, it wasn't in 1967 that he lost it, but there's a whole story that's involved with that.

George Patton and Dan Kiley

George didn't engage in long conversations about history or even his past. He never mentioned the Rome Prize, or whatever. He is very Southern and courtly, and it's difficult to see how he was working, how he came to his design decisions. Again, I had not observed anything in Dan Kiley's office. But with George, he had a very good critical eye, and he would set a problem and we would work on it, and then he was a very good judge about what would work and what was fitting. He didn't parade his historic knowledge at all. It was just in-born somehow. He was a thoroughly American artist, and so was Dan, of course. But Dan was more experimental and inventive. George was conservative—not exciting the way that Dan was—[and] just very steady and positive and respectful. He was a pussycat with his clients, always, and he might be sort of a tyrant with some of us sometimes. But that was all right. I've often said it was because he had a kind of bossy wife who let only his garden be unsupervised. But he had a nice sense of humor, a sweetness to him, [and was] a very sweet man. I would not say that he was a great inspiration as far as his work, but he was a model as far as being responsible for everything that he put down.

I think I would tend to go for the experimental guy if I could. If I had had the ability, I would have kicked over the traces and been more experimental. But my temperament was conservative. But George was too comfortable, maybe, and I wanted to find a way to have an exhibit. When George died, I tried very hard to have his work exhibited, and failed. We were

going to set up at the Moore College of Art [& Design]. We were going to have an exhibit of his work, because I think he's given so much to this [Philadelphia] area, especially, and I drive by his parks, and they are there. And they have survived. He certainly knew how to create landscapes that would continue and [that would] flourish without his name attached, without any glory, but just surviv[ing] because they were so well done. So he has time; time is on his side, in some ways, I think. I would wish that I could be more experimental and wild and [had] taken off in various directions, but George was solid, absolutely solid. I'm sure if it had been a contest between the two, between Dan and George, I can bet that George knew more than Dan ever dreamed of in some respects.

At the end of three years, I knew what it meant to be a professional landscape architect by working with George, because he covered the field, and he was, I think, some governing part of the ASLA [American Society of Landscape Architects] board, and very thoroughly knowledgeable and reliable and responsible. I couldn't have had a better master teacher for the profession.

When I came back to Philadelphia, from there on I really went undercover. The only social life I had was what I created among parents of school friends, and completely outside of the profession. I was very much in shadow. But still, I was able to work with architects, and so I was current in a way, but just not socially acceptable in this world.

The Kimbell Art Museum

Lou [Kahn] turned over the Kimbell (the landscape) to George [Patton]. At the time, the original Kimbell plan occupied almost the whole nine acres. There was hardly any landscape at

all. Gradually the building shrank, and then some land was revealed, and then there was work to be done. One of the interesting things is, in conceiving the building, Lou incorporated a few of the trees that were on the site—brought them into the building. Even in the original plan he incorporated a whole grove of elm trees into his building, which was quite unusual. People might call it green architecture, but it was kind of establishing a conversation between green and architecture that Lou had begun.

Projects Leading up to the Kimbell Art Museum

When George [Patton] came, I think the first work that I did was probably ([work] that I recognize) a drawing [from] October 1969. There's a print on which I've done a planting plan, and so I'd begun work on it at that point. Before that I worked on two jobs for George. One was the Brown Garden. It would be interesting to look at a drawing that I made for George, and a drawing that George made of the same thing. I already had had some vision about this site, about the garden, that George didn't have, but that he was willing to implement in ways that I wouldn't have known how to do; but I had [the] concept. And so he followed through on that, which was wonderful and generous. Then I was working on a playground [the Wayne Elementary School Playground] in Wayne, [Pennsylvania,] and that was the time of the adventure playgrounds in England. Then, of course, Lou [Kahn]'s work with [Isamu] Noguchi was very inspiring, and when I returned to Philadelphia, I participated a little bit on the lake plans of Noguchi and Lou [for Riverside Playground in New York City; unrealized], so I had my ideas about what kids wanted by that time. I experimented with the playground in Wayne simply by ground sculpture, by changing the layout of the ground, and it [the playground] was a

small area off of the elementary school. I simply wanted to bring in great boulders and some dead trees to climb on, just using wood structures, but featuring in the landscape areas that kids could invent things for themselves, pretty much. I drove by [the playground] the other day. It's located near the Gravagno work,[v] and the mounded ground is still there, but it's filled with junk [mass-produced play equipment]. Playgrounds that people have spent a lot of money on—[it] is so despicable and is so against the idea of a natural environment for kids. But George trusted me on that, and his men, especially Bob Kesnick, helped in detailing the wood sculptures and wood items, which I wouldn't have been good at doing. I designed them, but detailing would have been beyond me at that point.

George trusted me with those two jobs, and that was wonderful, because that gave me some confidence, so that when he brought me in on (and probably at Lou [Kahn]'s instruction, too) the Kimbell, I at least had proved myself of use to George. He gave me great leeway, which was wonderful, because, before that, I had been a critic of Lou's work sometimes. He trusted me for some reason, my sensibility and my eye response about things, and because I responded to his work as to my feelings to Lou's work. So in designing the Kimbell, I was given just enormous leeway to suggest things.

Grading the Site

I first of all suggested the grading of the site, which I think is critical, because there was a big drop, by ten feet, in the grounds, and I studied those. I had confidence that I could regrade it, and then I did the grading, which I think made a huge difference in the siting of the building, shifting it into the site so that it really belonged there, and [so that] it wasn't sitting on a plinth,

which it really had been, which had been Lou [Kahn]'s approach. And so I dug it into the site, and that made all kinds of opportunities for varying levels and different facets, and opportunities in building the building and viewing it from different vantage points. It wasn't just, you know, a palace set on a plinth, and [made] to be the same all around: It was suddenly integrated with the landscape. Lou had given a clue about wanting to incorporate trees in the building. It wasn't much of a site. It was kind of a depressing site, as a matter of fact, but with the levels of the ground, that gave the clue of how to really approach it.

Water

The whole idea of water, of course, was mine—to use water. Actually, Lou had originally made a big sort of dull reflecting pool. I don't know what it was going to reflect, and it was going to bake in the sun. I took that out and began thinking of water as moving water, both as reflector, but also at the same time to be moving. The sound of it [was] to be a part of the whole poetry of the building, to relieve the atmosphere and the heat of Texas. The whole approach of the building was not axial. To suddenly recognize these possibilities, that there were all kinds of areas and approaches to the Kimbell that were possible, and all kinds of experiences that were external of this wonderful building. I worked really for two years just on the Kimbell, and had to learn about the plant material. Of course, George [Patton] was from the South, but not from Texas, and the regional plants in that area, and so we had the advice of a guy named Dalrymple from there, who sent us lists of plants and stuff. I made all kind of lists of possible uses of plants that would be appropriate for that kind of site, which was wind and heat and dust and everything.

The Building

Originally the building had been very large. It had a huge footprint because it was to be only two stories to keep within the Amon Carter [Museum of American Art] viewshed, which is something that Lou [Kahn] respected. Then, gradually, the building began to shrink, and then it changed its whole orientation and became [the] tripartite structure that it was. And then it kept shrinking. There were just many responsibilities—things that had to be filled, [such as] the truck delivery route [and] the parking area. But how to rescue the ground and to save the park and to feature the park, which Lou said was absolutely the inspiration of his building. I'm not sure that it was [from the] beginning. I'm not sure it was, but that's what he claimed in his letter to Mrs. [Velma] Kimbell [benefactor of the Kimbell art Museum]. It was just marvelous fun. I did not go to the site. I used only photographs and studied like crazy the layout of the building, and the grading that I worked. The grading is all invented, really, which I did. So ground sculpture is really important, and it's the beginning—it's where I began on that project. But Lou, for example, his first building had been surrounded entirely by an arcade. The only thing [that] was left was the two porticoes at the end, and they almost eliminated the porticoes. I said, "You can't do that." He [Louis Kahn] said, "But they don't really quite fit with the rest of the museum." But we kept them, because I knew that they were important. And it just made the arrival. Imagine arriving at a museum, [and] instead of ascending a long flight of stairs, a staircase, arriving in a great hall in the center of everything. This was not the main entrance, of course. The main entrances were through the sides, and were gathering from all sources, from across the park, and in the city. And, of course, there was the cars, because most Texans arrive

by car, really; [and so we had] to provide for that. The building becomes an experience that unravels, and you start from a certain point. But it's a journey. You gather in the landscape around you—a dull landscape, [but] it still had great possibilities, because of the avenue of trees that was there. And the trees that Lou had incorporated, he hadn't just plunked there: they had been there, in a way, and they became organic.

Yaupon Holly Grove

[The] building became invaded when [I] made the yaupon holly grove. Originally I had designed vines and a whole sort of canopy of vines. And then I found out about yaupon holly, which I didn't know at the time was an evergreen—a wonderful tree. And so I put a grove in, and the grove is already invading the building. The landscape and the building, they come together, and the water was a theme that was to unify everything. And all these different levels and steps and experiences, water was to actually [?]. It [water] started where the grove is now of yaupon holly and carried through to the idea of having the long troughs, which were to reflect the wonderful canopies and bring light in and make the figures that walk into the porticoes like sculptures. I even envisioned them as sculptural, like the Parthenon, but proceeding to the museum through the porticoes, and that the reflection would be magical of those porticoes. But then the water, the murmuring of the water, and the simple drop into the lower [basin] was drama and was movement. It was very important.

Theater Garden

Then I carried the water down to the lower level into the theater garden, into a grotto, where it was to fall ten feet. Eventually there was a crisis in budget and everything, and they

cut it out. I think they were very sorry that they cut it out after they cut it out. But that was to be like an echo chamber in the final story, and there was also a pool below the myrtle court where I had placed the [Joan] Miró sculpture, which is now in the museum. [That location] would have been a great place for the Miró, but they were afraid of putting a very treasured piece out of doors. But my thought is now, when I see what has happened to the whole site, that the theater garden still has possibilities. If we would only return the grotto and have the water end below, put the Miró back, and then have access at the lower level into that courtyard, it would be a phenomenal place for performances, which I thought of originally, and for festivals or anything. You could put a canopy over it if you wanted to celebrate certain things that would be happening; and it's right next to a parking lot, which has no use now, because everything is now underground. But for festivities, it could be related to this lower garden, which is protected from the view of the [Renzo] Piano building and all that stuff. But it has its own character, and it could be a great asset.

Visualization

When I was working on the Kimbell with Lou [Kahn] and George [Patton], I had great support from George, but also great latitude, because I really basically worked with Lou. I would work alone in studying the building itself and working out the grading, and see the possibilities. One of the things that I discovered (and that Lou always pointed out) was that I could visualize from plans. I could visualize three dimensionally from plans the experience of walking through a place, or just from looking at a plan, I could see what was happening or what could happen, or what one could experience, or what one could feel about a space, which he [Louis Kahn] said

not everyone could. And so I worked, sometimes alone for hours over a certain area, and then I would show it to Lou. We were upstairs and downstairs, so it was very easy to make connections. And yes, it helped a great deal always, because [of] his advice, and then I would go back to refine something, and to make it work, and to visualize it. I visualized every movement from walk[ing] from the parking area through the theater garden, and creating the theater garden. Lou had the idea of, as he called it, a ha-ha, which later he used also for the Roosevelt Memorial [Franklin Delano Roosevelt Four Freedoms Park]. It was a drop with a balcony, but not with a visible sense that this was a protection or a balcony. It was an overlook, and we could justify it by saying it was a theater court, and [that] this is where people would gather to watch a performance, which Lou spoke about, [and] that this would be certainly against the background of the building. So I saw the different processionals, the ways of arriving, [the] very different ways of arriving there. The movement through these spaces, which was [from] my European background [and] the idea of the room. They were different kinds of experiences wherever you were, and different kinds of feelings that would be evoked from where you saw the long view of the park; or when you were in an area and watching a performance, and when you were in a grove of trees, which is really a kind of architectural creation with great tree stumps or trunks, thinking of it as a whole orchestration and movement.

Working for Louis Kahn

Lou [Kahn]'s office—I would like to describe [it]—was two floors at 1501 Walnut Street [in Philadelphia], when I was working there. [On] the top floor, where Lou's office was, there was a string of windows that overlooked 15th Street, and opposite was a replica of an Italian palazzo,

which was a bank building. Lou always looked out the window and marveled at the light and the color on the stone walls. It was a great backdrop for the fifth-floor studios and the layout of all the desks where there were, oh, a dozen draftsmen, architects, who were working. So there was good light. It was the top floor of a five-story building. The fourth floor, where I was tucked away, held mostly storage and then a workroom for model building at the end of the corridor. I was stashed away in a room, which had a glass door. In it were stacks of files, and then I had my desktop, which overlooked the palazzo across the way.

[As for] Lou, most of his work was on the fifth floor, and he had his special corner room, which was very spare. He had a bookcase with just a shelf of his favorite books. One was a catalog of Leonardo's drawings, and a favorite book called *Paiedia*, which was a book of ideas that he would look at briefly. And then [there were] a few architectural books and studies, and a big engraving of a Roman (I'm just trying to think of the name of it)—a marvelous engraving on the wall.[vi] And [there was an] old telescope, which he would sort of point out the window, and it was almost impossible to see anything at night through the telescope, but it was there. On the windowsill [was] a collection of tchotchkes and little things, gifts that people had given him, including one little Buddha head that I had given him. That was about it. There was a bench with Annie Albers' weaving for the Unitarian Church that was lying atop it, and he would take a snooze on that bench. There was really nothing else except his tabletop and yellow trays. The entrance way to his office, which was not very presentable to Jackie Kennedy when she came, because there was just a spare desk and a couple of rough changes—nothing, no luxury whatsoever, no plants. And then [there was] the draftsman's quarters, which was just a long,

long corridor. And [there was] a little dressing room where he [Louis Kahn] would quickly change and grab his luggage and take off in a whirlwind.

He was always [in] a rush at the last minute to catch a flight somewhere; and usually a night of working straight through, with all hands on board, so it was a crazy kind of environment: always energized, but exciting. Lou would go from board to board, and he would sit down beside [you] and look at your work, and sometimes he would scribble something, a note. After hours, when people left, when they were allowed to go home, there was always one, Dave Wisdom, who was the loyal standby who had been with Lou from the beginning, a Quaker, who always came and left at the proper hour. And there were students who, whenever they saw a light in the window at night, would try to come in and join up and see if they couldn't give a hand on a model building or anything.

The office supposedly went home at night, but sometimes it was an all-night affair of working on things. Lou was kind of relieved when everybody did depart, because then he had time to himself to think about things, and then he would go over the drawings on people's boards and sit down and concentrate on the work. But I remember a number of times when he would come by and he would start scribbling. He would not touch other people's drawings, but he would take yellow trace and lay it out and draw over what he wanted to get across. On one drawing, for example, on the FDR Memorial, an initial plan, an idea that he had, he began drawing. He kept drawing, and pretty soon his drawing went over the mark, completely over the table. There was a huge drawing, and he just ran out of trace, because his idea to begin with, of the FDR Memorial, was a huge bastion, an enormous, wonderful structure of metal, which was a great almost fortress-building that was quite remarkable. It was a wonderful idea.

And when you realize what it came down to: a twelve-foot-high, very simple room of granite, it's amazing the transformation that went on on that project.

Much of my work was done in my little room, and Lou would come in and mark up, sometimes, my work. I would work occasionally with some of the men in the office on projects. One was a wonderful Frenchman, Fredet, who was a revolutionary at the time of the uprising in France, and a very gifted guy. We had a lot of fun working on the de Menil project together, and it was just fun, as Lou would come along and make remarks. And then he'd say, "Try this," and so we would experiment. Other times he would come by and look at people's work and not make any comment, and then come back to it afterwards, after people had left, and ponder what was going wrong, or what could inspire him. So you never knew what was going to happen from one minute to the next. But always it was a place filled with energy, enthusiasm, and humor, because Lou would always turn something around and would get people laughing at some comment, some crazy comment that he had.

When Lou was working on a project initially, in his notebooks, especially you will see that he would begin with the tiniest microscopic drawing of an idea, so that his sketches are very tiny. But then all of a sudden, when he would begin to expand, he would let loose with a drawing that was miles long, and would just run off the table with huge drawings. Also, in presentation drawings, he would have a perspective laid out for him. He would get his pastels and add color, always. That was with the pastels, which were very delicate. And actually, the drawings that were generated in the office were on thousand age paper, with pencil, [and they were] very, very delicate drawings. But when he put his pen to a sketch or to a final

presentation, it was very fluid and very fast, very facile. You couldn't stop him. And I mean, his mind went from his head into his hand. It just was automatic, his drawing.

The Day Jackie Kennedy Came to See Lou

When Jackie Kennedy came to the office, I was not there. I was in Vermont. But I heard the story of everything that was happening. Lou [Kahn] knew that she was arriving, and so he raced out to gather ashtrays to scatter them around to make the place look lived in. And he banished a few of the old, broken-down chairs and brought out some of the models that were stored away, and tried to dust up the place. There was not much he could do. It so happened that the windows were open and it was a spring afternoon, and all of a sudden he heard a great bustling in the street, a lot of noise and shouting. He leaned out the window and looked and said, "Oh my goodness, there must be a fire," because people were rushing out of the building across the street, and there were all of a sudden sirens and things, and he looked and thought, "Oh, goodness, what was happening?" Then some of the men came and looked out the window, and lo and behold, it was the arrival of Jackie Kennedy. They all hastened back to be sitting at their boards, looking very like great good workers that they were, and not gawkers. Lou tried to spiffy himself up and then went to the elevator to greet Jackie as she stepped out of the elevator on the fifth floor. It was like Camelot from that moment forward. He just adored her, and she was marvelous, and she paid no attention to the disarray that he had tried to smother in the office (imagine [her] having been to I.M. Pei's office and seeing leather seats and plants and everything gorgeous). But this was just a workplace. It was miraculous, her visit. At one point, I think it was six months later or something, he [Lou Kahn] was meeting people in

Washington, and someone remarked that Jackie had said to the man (I forget [who]—he was a critic) "Oh, Lou Kahn, that's one man I could put my arms around. She adored him, and he wrote a wonderful letter of regret that he was not chosen to design the library [the John F. Kennedy Presidential Library and Museum]. It was a personal exchange that went on. And Lou said about Jackie, "She may be in love with a king or a great financier, but someday she'll be in love with a poet." He absolutely was taken with her. I think there was a tone of regret that he wasn't chosen to be the architect.

Harriet Pattison, Landscape Architect

The Philadelphia Center for Older People

It had to happen that I had to support myself and my son. I was now on a roll, and I had a certain amount of confidence, so I could approach people, and there were architects who were kind enough to trust me. Joe Jordan was probably the first; he gave me two assignments. The first one was the Philadelphia Center for Older People, and that was great. It was fun working with him, and I think he came up with a very original building for Broad Street, which took a lot of courage, especially to put a building for people on Welfare and [for] the elderly right in the middle of downtown. You don't usually do that, but he did. So that was a fun assignment. It kept me very busy. Actually, I had done one other job, another commission on my own, when I was working for Lou, and that was for the Watsons[vii] in Maine. That was a master plan in the residential area, and was my first commission on my own. Before that, Lou had me work for the Meyersons and then for the Kormans.[viii] So I had done work for his office, but the Watson [residence] was my own.

The next proceeding was the Philadelphia Center for Older People. It won a wonderful prize for originality, [which] included the landscape, by the local AIA [American Institute of Architects] chapter. I think some of the ideas that Joe had about having a great front porch on Broad Street was a wonderful idea. And then there was the area in the back, which was a garden, [and] which now, when you visit, has graffiti [on the] walls, where I had terracotta walls and great vines. I had a watercourse and simple things (sort of a metaphoric landscape), a little stream and a fire pit and some trees. There was not much room for much more, but it was to be an oasis. After all these years, it's not much, but it could be restored very simply, because the bones are still there. There are some trees, and it wouldn't cost a lot. It would be nice, because it is a publicly funded project, to see it restored. And I don't think it would be at a loss for the community itself. I think it would be an advantage, because when I visited it, there was one lone person sitting in the garden, and it could have had a swarm of people outside enjoying being outdoors. So I would like to see it brought back.

I'm trying to think of other jobs that came my way bit-by-bit, but that was the first, and then other architects gave me more work. Some of the individuals that I've known socially connected with me and asked me to do work. It was a start, and so I didn't lose hope. I thought that I could really make my way. There were whole areas that I felt incompetent and that I needed help on, and so working with architects reinforced and helped me a great deal, too. That was important. Now and then I took on an assistant. I did for Columbia Avenue [Station Plaza; now the Cecil B. Moore Station Plaza].[ix] Originally I'd taken on Conrad Hamerman, and he would have been great, but he had a clash with people at [the architectural firm] Mitchell/Giurgola, and dropped out. Then I worked again for Ursinus College, and that was for

[the architectural firm] Dagit-Saylor. I asked Alice Farley, a fine landscape architect, to assist me, and she's a wonderful artist. That was very compatible and very nice. And then my favorite, which is now destroyed, was the Walsh landscape,[x] and Rafael Villamil, who had worked for Lou [kahn], was my architect who assisted me.

One-Person Office

Otherwise I did everything alone in a one-person office, and tried to juggle getting jobs and doing all the drawings myself, and the spec[ification]s and everything else. It was strenuous, and always shaky. I can't say that I succeeded always. But I had a good time doing it, and I loved getting projects and solving problems and finding ideas and giving to clients ideas that they never conceived of to begin with. I always saw possibilities and capabilities, like [English landscape architect Lancelot] "Capability" Brown. I really like to play very much with what I was given, depending on the site completely. Every time, every job, it was beginning with the site, even before the program that clients gave, and usually the program that clients gave was easily satisfied and not sufficient to really generate anything that was new or exciting. So I did jobbing work sometimes, but tried not to. And everything always seemed new and welcoming. So I loved working. Finally I'd found something where I could be useful and care about.

Licensure

When I took the exam [to become licensed as a landscape architect], it was for Delaware/Pennsylvania. But I did get licensed in Texas for the Kimbell [Art Museum project]. I think I was promoted by George [Patton] to get my license in Massachusetts. It's hard for me to

remember, but the only test that I took was for Pennsylvania. It was wonderful [to be called a landscape architect] instead of being a landscape designer or a garden designer. Oh, it was wonderful to get a stamp—number 305.

I don't know when I got my Pennsylvania licensure. That was a three-day exam [that] I was terrified about, because I hadn't taken exams for a long time. And I studied up for it. I know that when I finally took the exam for Pennsylvania, I was terrified, because I had been out of school for a long time, and I did have to study hard for it. I think I came through very well on the test, but it was scary. But it was interesting. Lou [Kahn] had to pass a test in California when he worked on the Salk [Institute], especially for earthquake construction. He came through with blazing colors, but he was not a student in any way. So, you never know. But people were licensed for their experience, and that's probably how I got licensed in Massachusetts, because I already had a block of experience; so [with] Maryland and Texas.

Neglect

One of the neglects in my practice is that the most exciting part for me is to design and conceive it [a project] as a whole, and conceive of it over time, because time is definitely part of the ingredient that nature gives you, and it's very different from what architects have. I would be very disappointed: I would work on a project for architects, and then they would take a photograph, a series of photographs of their building as the little seedlings were put in, and that was it. And they would take off, and they were satisfied. But for me, I really saw my projects ten years on in my imagination, and then a few times, I would be called back to assist people, and that was fun, and that was good, but rarely so. I was just eager to get new work, so

I was not good on maintenance. Whereas when I think of a practice of [landscape architect] Beatrix Farrand, for years and years she would work on a project, and every year would attend to it and carefully manicure and make changes. And the plants, apparently, were scared to death when she would come for a visit, because they were afraid they'd be changed, and they were. That was Farrand for you. But I just kept sort of churning out ideas, so I was neglectful in my practice.

I had my lesson a few weeks ago when I went to see my two favorite jobs, which had been sold maybe a dozen years ago. I saw one totally wrecked, which killed me when I saw that, because it was my favorite construction of a great folly and all kinds of things, and it was wiped out. Another project for Otto Haas[xi]was beautifully maintained until the owner sold it, and then it was taken over by a developer. It was largely native plants in a wild garden, much of it, and when I went back, it had just gone to ruin. No one had paid any attention to it. Then when I stopped by to see Carole Gravagno[xii]on a job that I hadn't seen for ten years, which we will visit, I was a little saddened to see that some of my ideas were not carried through, that she had had someone else come in and make some changes; but that the basic outlines were there, and the trees that I had put in had transformed the landscape, and that the trees would survive, and they would flourish, and I had made a difference. That made me very happy. It cost a lot of money to maintain it as well as she has. So that's another responsibility that with private work is neglected. And I think most of the works that have survived of landscape architects that I see, have been public works and have been maintained.

A few private gardens have been treasured, but it takes a lot of money to keep them up, so that's an endangered species. I mean, you think a place like Biltmore would have to have

millions to keep it intact. I would say a lot of wonderful work that [landscape architect] Laurie Olin has done has been for public projects, which will be maintained, and that's wonderful, and maybe that's the one source of keeping landscapes going and endurance. But that's an ephemeral art. I just learned my lesson about that a little bit late. That's the way things are. But time does have its rewards, and time is definitely one aspect of the landscape architect's factors that's part of the imagination of the landscape architect, and should be recognized as a responsibility. How do you design something that will be perpetuated for generations? Well, with trees.

ON DESIGN

The Power of Names

I would present these things to Lou [Kahn], and often using words, because words and naming of things were very important to me, and somehow initiated a lot of my ideas through a word or a phrase. I was thinking the other day about something like Olmsted's calling the Sheep Meadow. Well, if you have a sheep meadow, you don't take it over and put something in the middle of the sheep meadow: you respect it. Using names to categorize certain areas sets them in your mind and makes them respected, so that was one particular way that I worked with Lou, through words.

It was sort of a favorite trait of Lou's and mine that names generated or came from ideas. It was the beginning of unraveling something, unlocking access to design. Working with Lou, every day we would work on something at the Kimbell in the office, and it would be a small detail or discovery. The whole idea of the water became (and I think Lou used the phrase) "The

Odyssey of Water." And it was. It was to begin at one point and travel in various ways, and then end up echoing down in the grotto.

The trees were very important. I would like to show the drawing that Lou made of the tress for the Kimbell. They were absolutely essential. It was all there was to this site, really: it was nothing without them. At first they had penetrated the building, and then finally they became a wonderful way to experience the building, to walk under the trees and see the building emerge, not as tall, actually, as the trees, but what a discovery. The discovery of this building—there were so many ways of appreciating it and seeing its beauty. It was such an extraordinary building. Lou called it "the villa and the garden," and so it did have its Italian beginnings and inspirations. At the time, he sent me a postcard from the Villa d'Este, and he just said what a marvelous place it is. He's seen Hadrian's Villa, which, of course, he knew very well before, but the Villa d'Este was a kind of revelation to him at the time. And so when he called it [the plan for the Kimbell Art Museum] "the villa and the garden," you knew where it came from. And I do think of this as a villa, and it's a very different idea of a museum from the palaces that are usually designed for artwork in this country. Most of the great museums are palaces originally opened to the public. And so to conceive of this building, which would be entered casually from across a park, from anywhere at all, from the grounds across the street for cattle, or [from] the highway on the other side, or from the [Amon] Carter Museum [of American Art] across the park. It was open at every point, and it was not a central axial kind of building. It was not imposing: it was welcoming. [About] those porticoes, which Lou had wanted to eliminate (and I said, "No, no, no") he said, finally, "You know what's so wonderful about those porticoes—they're so unnecessary." But he approved of them and loved them. And [now]

you see how they're magnificent, and give [the building] great dignity. Also, the scale is so human. It's a humanistic building and it's not an imposing edifice. It's just welcoming. And you can come to it at any point, and the landscape is part of it, very much so. It's interwoven with the building.

The City of Philadelphia

I lived outside of Philadelphia, so I was not really involved with any of the work in town. I had always valued the historic buildings of Philadelphia, and not treasured very much else afterwards, except for the P.S. Ellis building, which I adored. It should have been a landmark, and it should have taught every other architect who built a skyscraper a lesson or two. But again, the cluster of landscape or skyscrapers that was forced upon the city in a way, killed the scale of the city. [With] a city like Chicago, when all of its skyscrapers were built at once, they could be stretched out in a long ring, a line along the coast, and could be very singular and make a marvelous skyline. But Philadelphia has that knot, and as I was driving in the other day to Philadelphia, I just looked at the pile of buildings that were here and [the] skyscrapers, and just thought, "No way. It just can't handle them." It's a pity that the scale of the city was at that late date interrupted and then they went upward in concentrated form. And there was no discrimination as to the location of its buildings. They were just strung up when a developer got hold of a piece of property and this kind of layout couldn't handle it. So I think that skyscrapers coming to Philadelphia was a missed opportunity. They kind of messed up the city, frankly. But its housing stock is wonderful. Of course, the thing about Chicago is [that] it's got this marvelous waterfront, but then it's got terrible slums, and the stockyards and everything else

that stretch out for miles unhindered. [I'm] just thinking about what topography can do for cities and what it did for Edinburgh and places like that. The form of Philadelphia should have been very carefully considered—the geographical layout. I think Lou [Kahn] tried very hard to give it formation early on [with] his early studies, his traffic studies, and then his layouts.

I'm not impressed with what [city planner Edmund] Bacon did with the city. I think he had an international idea that he wanted to carry through and tore down significant areas that were sacrificed. I think the rejuvenation of Society Hill was wonderful. It's been very interesting, but it has huge problems. I think the neglect of North Philadelphia is shocking. I think city planners have a lot to answer for and a huge problem to tackle, you know—where the city should go from here. And I do think that landscape architects can provide some of the answers. I'm not sure how, but just a different vision of the city and the future, and the sense that Ian Mcharg did invest in the natural systems as being a guideline is very important. But inspiration is needed, and I'm not sure where that's going to come from, to make this city take new life. And it's hard to know, because it became an industrial city that had tremendous potential and brought huge populations here, and now there's no employment. And still it's building upward towers. But [for] what life there is in the future, I think there [will] have to be great decisions made, and who's discovering them? I don't know. I really haven't a clue.

The Maine Landscape

How lucky I was to have the experience of the city and the experience of the country. It took three days' journey between the city and the country to make this transition in my life, every year, when I went from Chicago to Maine. I think you need that interim, in a way, to

adjust, but it always made me want to bring the country into the city and to discover the riches of the country, of nature, and all of its experiences, which were so marvelous for me, and for my family, and which I would love to bring back to the people who live in the cities, who can't have that privilege of going out to the countryside. The Maine landscape was so inspiring, and Penobscot Bay had great hills. We called them mountains, but they were not terribly high, like Bar Harbor, Cadillac Mountain. They were the inspiration for Edna St. Vincent Millay, who was born in Camden, Maine, and wrote a beautiful poem, "Renascence," about the top of one of the mountains there, describing the view of the islands and the sea from the mountaintop. So this was a place that could inspire poets and great painters. Maine was a marvelous place for painters, Winslow Homer and many, many [others]—John Marin, and great painters. There were great gardens, which were created here, including the Rockefeller Garden by Beatrix Farrand, and the many gardens that she created on Mount Desert. The climate was marvelous for great flowers, marvelous perennial gardens, and the whole environment of their conifer forests, and then the rugged rocks of the seacoast, and the ocean, always. But I have described what it meant to me as a child, coming to it. There were other aspects of my designs in Maine, then, where I used native materials and didn't consider that any limitation at all, but an inspiration to be true to the place. Often the great estates that were made in Maine were rather reckless. They didn't always recognize the restraints and the sparseness of the landscape, so I tried to recognize this.

I only got ahold of the Reef Point Bulletins from George Patton's estate. [LAUGHTER] But I knew the Rockefeller Gardens, which were marvelous, and most marvelous of all was the Spirit Walk, which was just native plants, ground covers, and these wonderful sculptures from the

East. For me, that's one of the great views that I'll always treasure. To go from there into a huge garden filled with flowers and with pink walls, and great spruces, which were northern spruce, and a small fountain, but just an abundance of color, beautifully done, and detailed. [Beatrix] Farrand would go there every year and absolutely demand certain plants that had to be chosen. But best of all for me was the restraint of that Spirit Walk, which just had the magic of Maine, but also centuries from the past and from Asia, and then its super abundance of flowering plants, which [is] only in Maine, because of the cool nights and the summer climate, where they flourished as they did nowhere else. So that was a magnificent garden.

One of the wonderful aspects of Farrand was her introduction of many plants to the Maine climate. She wrote not only about the native plants, but also about her introductions and her use of plants in a Reef Point Bulletin, which she published periodically, describing the care of plants, and also describing the wonderful aspects of each specimen plant that she used. Her range was enormous and just inspiring—what you could do with plants was just extraordinary, simply with plants. You had a huge palette and sculpture and great forms, from the tallest trees to the simple groundcover. So she was a great plantswoman and a great educator, and an inspiration for all of us.

Ingredients for a Landscape Architect

[The] temporal quality—time—is one of the ingredients for a landscape architect to take into advice, and to accept that it's an ephemeral art, largely. But to have a temporal imagination to [ask] "What are the things that a landscape architect should think about?" Well,

the great fun and joy of plants, and the inspiration of plants and of the landscapes that you see really thrill you and transform your feelings. When I go to a great landscape, when I went to Vaux-le-Vicomte, I was overwhelmed. It was utopia, to see what could be accomplished and to be in the presence, and to have feelings evoked by great landscapes—what a joy to discover those places in the world. It's wild on a peak in Derry, but I can also liken it to climbing a mountain in Maine, Bald Rock, and looking out over the bays and seeing the islands from where I was, and nautical lands, and a beautiful world. It's bliss. It's totally satisfying. So there are great satisfactions in landscape that I wouldn't change for anything. What else can I say?

Finding Your Way

Well, it doesn't give any kind of message to the people that are, you know, struggling to find a way in the arts, [struggling] to find their roles. It took me so long, so many years, and when I hear about young people not being able to make up their minds of what they want to do or what they can do, I just think, "Well, wait, and it will come to you." But it's very tough to go through. I was in my 30s, so it took me a long time to discover a place where I could fit in.

Business versus Art

I hadn't a clue how to run a business and I still don't have a clue—It's just been my Armageddon. And when you ask me about a practice or having an office, forget it. I'm just not attuned to that, really. I was lucky to be able to work for architects who did trust me. But if I had tried to go out and get work directly from corporate boards or whatever, I wouldn't have had a chance. I never would convince anyone to give me any work, so it was really only one-on-

one connections that I could manage to do work. But every job that came my way is a wonderful challenge. I adored that part of the work—that I was always given a problem to solve, and I loved that. You always start afresh, and that was inspiring. Some of the architects were great, and for some reason they trusted me and listened to me. But I could not persuade—I'm sure—heads of boards or anything, or run a business. No way. I just don't have that ability. I'm very impressed with people, when I read about [landscape architect] Beatrix Farrand and how she bossed her crew and how many women worked for her in the office and gained their own reputations. I marvel at those people. Carol Johnson had her own office, and Cornelia [Hahn Oberlander]—that's great. I didn't have any of those abilities; I just have a love of art. And when you have a love of art, to find where you can fit in, where you can be useful, is problematic, more and more so. I would never survive in a big office. I never would have been able to put up with politics and discipline, [and] being bossed. I am kind of a rebel and a loner. I just would love to give hope to people who are young and trying to find their way in this world, which is results-driven and has no time for explorations and creativity, really. To be singular individuals with sensibilities, it's very hard to find your way. I don't know whether it's harder now than it was; I suspect it is. But I think it's essential to try and find ways to welcome the arts and welcome the artist into the community and make them indispensable, [in order] to humanize this world that's becoming so dependent on technology and organizational skill and everything else. The artist is a maverick. How to find ways to support the artist, and that's again where I was. We had discussed the idea of philanthropy and of where individuals can funnel their wealth into supporting not just the arts, as they call it, (when they mention the arts it becomes a corporation or something), but to support the artists and their adventures. New

institutions, maybe; but it is a very personal connection that's involved, so I don't know what to say at this point.

Women Landscape Architects

Gertrude Kuh

One other person that I didn't recognize in my youth was Gertrude Kuh, who was a landscape architect. She was a friend of my mother, and I had no idea when I met her and knew her, really, what she did. She had gone to the Lowthorpe School [of Landscape Architecture for Women] as a young widow. When I knew the first landscape architect that I had met, I didn't really recognize what she did. She was a friend of my mother and a school parent. Her son was two years older than I at [the Francis] Parker School. She was an exquisite woman. She used to come to visit my mother, and she would bring boughs of spring flowering crabapple, or whatever, to the house, and I always picture her—she was exquisite. Her taste was incomparable. She designed [architect] David Adler's works on the North Shore of Chicago. Her son told me that in midlife she tossed out half of her drawings. He had not realized what she was doing, [and] she'd put them down the incinerator before anybody knew about it. But the drawings that were saved were of 300 projects, and he left them to the Art Institute of Chicago, which established its first collection of landscape materials based on her gift. She was incomparable. She went to the Lowthorpe School, which was founded in 1900[xiii] for women landscape architects. Later, in 1917, the Cambridge School for Women Architects and Landscape Architects[xiv]was also established. They were both in Massachusetts.

Female Practitioners

It came across to me quite recently in my papers; I had some studies that were made of women in the field between 1900 and 1930. And, of course, Beatrix Farrand was my idol, absolutely from the beginning, and she was one of those. There were a few others—Ellen Shipman and Marjorie Kaufman, and a few other women who were practicing landscape architects. They called themselves landscape designers. There was this study that was made of women in landscape architecture from, as I said, 1930, or [from] 1900 to 1930. And there were about 250 names, with a very brief outline of what their education had been. I would say [that] two-thirds had been to the Lowthorpe or the Cambridge School, and the rest had been through universities. But they were from all over the country. Some had continued their works privately—private gardens, largely—and then many had written books on color in the garden, on all kinds of aspects of gardening. So there was quite a literature composed in this period. They were all educated women for the most part, from Eastern colleges, and then had gone on in their studies. I was overwhelmed when I saw the list of the names, realizing that these women were in obscurity now, for the most part. There are a few—Carol Johnson—who succeeded brilliantly, and a few other names that I recognized; but for the most part, they're lost. But they were doing their work, and when you asked me a question at one point—[asked me] if I were a Modern [designer]—I suddenly realized, "No," [because] I really belonged with this group of women, in a way, in the field, because I was drawn by art, and I think that most of these women were artists and had found a means of expression through landscape. They persisted for the most part, unknown, but created gardens and made a great impact on their environment.

They've been unsung and forgotten, and I just think that it was a kind of necessary purging of the profession that Ian McHarg practiced—that he brought about a huge change in the profession, which had become self-indulgent in a way and dependent on rich patrons and people who could afford gardens, and it was time for a huge change. But at the same time, these artists, I think, were lost, and their heritage was not transformed. I think [of] Ian McHarg, my reaction to Ian was that he absolutely gave the Earth a voice and a conscience to the practitioners of a profession, which really had not been a profession in a way. That gave us all a sense of responsibility for literature. But at the same time, we lost some of the artists, and I would just like to see the artists come back into the world of landscape architects. There have been a few along the way who are artists, but everything is so result-driven and measurable and scientifically important, and significant. But I think that art has a different transforming power that needs to be reinstated in our profession.

What the Site Can Tell Me

When I'm given an assignment or commission, the first thing, even before the client's wishes, is what the site can tell me immediately, and I do have first impressions of a site that I look for inspiration from what's existing. Sometimes there is almost nothing there. Sometimes it's derelict. Then you have to begin to generate ideas. But if there are some great trees, or there's interesting topography, or the surrounding context can be very disruptive, or it can be inspiring, it depends what you find. Often [with] projects that I worked on with Lou Kahn, I had never visited the sites, but I had to imagine them from photographs and from site drawings and put together a whole imaginary landscape that could inspire me. But topography is very

important, and generating all kind of ideas. And the trees that are there are wonderful, and I always try to save them. I'm grateful for whatever I find. If it's a dramatic landscape, rocky ledges and such, then I seek to dramatize what's there and to build on what I'm given in the natural environment, which can be wonderfully inspiring, before even the human beings who are going to inhabit it and use it. The next inspiration comes from the ideas that people have of what they want. From there I take off and then begin to imagine things for them. So the process of creating is, first of all, the site, and then second, the people's wishes. Then you take off from there.

Politics and Artists

I find it interesting that someone like Bob [architect Robert Venturi], who is an artist, very much needed a partner who was very helpful and political and could leave some of the battles for John Rock, and Denise [Scott Brown] to battle, and allow him plenty of leeway to invent and be an artist, which he is, definitely, and was. I wish in some ways that I had found a partner who could help me along, and negotiate, because I'm not a businessperson at all, and I don't know how to run a business. And when you inquire about setting up an office: I did my best, but it was not very successful, and it was fun to try and persuade people one-on-one, but to face a corporation—I couldn't do that. I didn't have the power of convincing people. I wish that I had had more opportunities to really invent and been given big-scale projects. I had the wonderful opportunities with Lou [Kahn] to tackle big problems, and I loved them. I loved the scale. On my own, I just didn't have the opportunities, and I didn't know how to create them. I think it's very difficult for someone (I don't know). I think of Dan Kiley, who managed marvelously, really, to

get his work done, and knew how to marshal people to work for him and produce his work, and he just was a very political guy, too. I mean, he knew how to sway people and did it beautifully. I don't know. Then I think of somebody like Beatrix Farrand, who was the master at intimidating people, too, and really getting her point across, and at the same time managing to do her marvelous work. So you have to have a combination of things.

What is a Harriet Pattison Landscape?

Each project that comes in generates an original idea, and that's the most exciting thing of all: to be challenged. I love working out something, solutions. And then your mind just gets going, and you get carried away. I don't know what a Harriet Pattison landscape is. I mean, I don't know how you put a label on that. You look at Lou Kahn's drawings, and you know immediately. His mark is on everything, built and unbuilt, and it's wonderful. So lesser people, you know, plug away and do their best.

Our Common Heritage

When you think of lost works of art and the current destruction right now in the world, of works that are in peril, centuries long that have been treasured, and are potentially in the hands of people who would destroy them and not value them, it's our common heritage. And landscapes, which are the most vulnerable work of art, really, are very vulnerable. Because people are careless and don't recognize the value of a great landscape, it's considered usable and disposable. You can build on it, and you can, it's a toy. It's not valued as it should be. Gardens have every right to exist, as much as great buildings, which we cherish. So I'm just

hopeful that great landscapes are recognized, and that there is stewardship, and that they are perpetuated. Nature has its way of tearing things apart and making ruins very quickly, so it's a battle against nature, at the same time, to preserve, and it's very costly. And it's the first thing to go. It's also often the last thing that architects think about when they're designing. They'll say, "Oh, just shrub it up and add something," but it's dispensable. That's not at all the way I think about landscapes. They are treasures, and I just hope that there will be greater understanding of the work of art that a landscape is. It's very deliberate and thoughtful, and we need to preserve them.

Standing between George Patton and Dan Kiley

You asked an earlier question about where I stood between George Patton and Dan Kiley. I think they both belong together, because George was a preservationist and looked back to history and made gardens, great gardens, and preserved great parks. It was absolutely essential to the profession. Dan Kiley was an innovator and a free thinker, and that's absolutely necessary for the profession. So you really have to have both of those artists together. When you asked me about Modernism—the word—I would not apply it to Lou Kahn, for example. Is he a Modernist? I think maybe you were asking about someone like [landscape architect] Fletcher Steele and his work, which I adored. I have a little painting that I will show of his Camden Amphitheater that I made before I was a landscape architect, because I loved that place, and I loved his imagination. It was a favorite spot in the world for me. So was he a Modernist? I don't know, really, how the term applies to landscape architecture. Certainly

history is part of the world of landscape architecture. I'm not sure about the term at all—how it applies. I don't know how to answer your question.

Companion for Louis Kahn's Thoughts

I describe myself as a companion for Lou's thoughts, and we shared a sensibility, which was uncanny. I think he trusted me from the beginning, when I looked at his work. Even though I was unschooled, he waited for my responses and trusted them. Because I thought along similar lines, but even as a novice with no real understanding, but what we shared was a love of art and history, and even words. I knew what he was talking about when other people said that he was crazy, or that he was off the wall saying something, that he was just a dreamer. But I knew where he was going, and it was just an instinct that brought us together, and a reverence for great art, whether it was in music or in visual arts. He was a very spiritual man in a way that had nothing to do with religion. He was after the spirit, and we would have long conversations when he was exploring, when he went into a continuum, a continuum that was just beyond most apprehensions, in a way, and I knew when he would go into it, and then ideas would come flying out. I was ready to receive them, and then to argue with him and discuss them. And so it was just a receptivity that I had, and that's why I was a companion to his thoughts, that was just happenstance. We'd had a common understanding and reverence for the past and what had been done, and an enthusiasm for any problem that would come up. It was fun to tackle ideas.

My Favorite Kahn Project

The most stunning project of Lou [Kahn]'s is Bangladesh [the National Assembly], is Dacca, the great assembly building. To see it, to inhabit it, is astonishing. And it certainly is undeniably magnificent work. I loved the Kimbell, because of what we worked on together, and also because I know for Lou it was a favorite. It just was a perfect work. So I would say those two works of Lou's were, for me, the most meaningful.

Piano Pavilion

I just wish that this drawing had been put before Renzo Piano before he came up with his plan to eviscerate the park, which had been such an important aspect of the design of the museum, and to present his idea of what a museum should be.[xv] Lou [Kahn] had a very different idea of what a museum experience was, and it was not to stuff a lot of entertainment underground. I think that Renzo Piano was intending to show off that he was very respectful of the Lou Kahn museum by mimicking the tripartite design, and by making his building glass, which was to be transparent, and by burying half of his building underground for parking and for entertainment purposes; but it ended up as a building with two porticos that go nowhere, and we really intended to be very dramatic and to detract from the great drama of the porticos that Lou had made. If you look at a nighttime photograph, it tells the whole story of the drama of the Lou Kahn building, and of the importance of its relation to the land. On the new project, [the] so-called pavilion dominates the landscape and totally destroys the landscape and creates a mound of some sort, on which nothing is going to grow. It's a kind of [a] devastating treatment of a great masterpiece, that Renzo Piano could have had all kinds of other

possibilities for siting his building, instead of trying to upstage a masterpiece and to enhance and have a great dialogue with a masterpiece, by creating another one, but in another position, not using glass. Glass in a Texas environment is crazy. So this sense of deference to a great building is just lost. And if he had only seen this drawing, it might have made him pause in his ideas.

What Would Lou do?

I never asked myself specifically the question of what would Lou [Kahn] do if he were given the project that I was given. But I would think of him as giving me criticism if I had done something, but not what he would invent. It's not possible. But I did learn certain lessons from working with him that I absorbed. Just the thought of his coming back to see what I did without him—I love the thought, because I think he would say, "Good girl." I think that I learned Lou's litany by heart. I absorbed it, and so I could feel that he was looking over my shoulder sometimes, really.

That was wonderful—that was really, really wonderful. And Lou, oh, I just had a wonderful quote of Lou's that I wish I could remember. If you do your best about something, and if it doesn't succeed, it doesn't matter. You know? You just face it with a smile, because it's unimportant. So the part of it that's wonderful is just the trying, and the challenge, and that excitement is still with me, and that was the wonder of working with Lou, because it was thrilling, and it didn't matter how daunting the problems were, or if they were defeated or lost or whatever, it was just the chance to try and do something.

Recognition, at Last

On the day of dedication, to which I was invited with Nathaniel [Kahn], it was very stirring, ceremonial, very exciting, and I was thrilled to hear that Nathaniel's film [*My Architect*] had something to do with the building of the memorial, and inspired people to build it. Then I was thrilled to hear that I was called Lou Kahn's landscape architect, and given that measure of recognition, which pleased me. Best of all, afterwards, on the podium, [Bill] Clinton had delivered the final speech, and Nathaniel said, "Come on, we're going to meet the President." So we went up, and he was receiving everybody. Suddenly, there I was in front of Bill Clinton. He took both my hands and just held them, and looked in my eyes, and it was as though, you know, the god from Olympus had come down and blessed me. I really felt somehow that there was a blessing in his hands. He was very whitened at this point, and rather almost frail. It was a great scene, and I felt that somehow Lou's idea about human agreement was what he was looking for, and that he expected that there would be human agreement in the room. I suddenly felt absolutely absolved of any resentment or neglect or whatever. I was thrilled, and I just felt, "Yes, it's been done, and there is human agreement and celebration here." It was truly a moment of grace and gratefulness and joy.

PROJECTS

Mikveh Israel Synagogue

This is a project that I did for Lou [Kahn] at the end of his design for the Mikveh Israel's Synagogue in Philadelphia, which would have been marvelous if it had been built on the Mall in

Philadelphia. It would have brought the world to see Philadelphia, I'm sure. It was a great building. Unfortunately, the story was [that] the drawings were almost complete, and then at the end of this, I worked on the walkway with paving patterns, which connected the walkways through Philadelphia. It was a continuation of the greening of the city and a response to this wonderful building in a paving pattern that played with the wonderful circular shapes that composed this group of three buildings. The problem was, eventually, that [regarding] the separation that Lou had made between the sanctuary and the museum with the central entryway, [it] was suddenly decided that the museum should be combined with the sanctuary by a change in the direction of the building committee, and the chairman of the building committee. Lou objected very strenuously to combining an enterprise, which takes in money for the museum, and involve it with the temple, with the sanctuary. He said, "You don't have moneychangers in the temple," and that lost him the job. After twelve years, his drawings were complete, they could have been built at the time, and they were just waiting to have money to afford it. This was kind of an excuse to dismiss him. So he was deprived of building this great building in Philadelphia. There are no Louis Kahn buildings in Philadelphia.[xvi] This would have been magnificent.

Meyerson Residence

This is a plan for Martin Meyerson, who was president of Penn at the time. Instead of living in Chestnut Hill in the suburbs, he was a city planner and he wanted to live in Philadelphia. So he took over a row house in Philadelphia on Spruce Street and asked Lou [Kahn] to rehab[ilitate] it. So Lou redesigned it and brought me into the Meyerson's plan. There

was a little backyard, and so I was to create the first garden. It was my first dealing with clients, and one of the few times that I worked with Lou [Kahn] with clients. They were wonderful. Margie and Martin were wonderful people to work for, and this was a very simple garden plan. I tried to make it evergreen, for the most part, but I also inserted a Franklinia tree, because of Ben Franklin, who had founded the University [of Pennsylvania] and also, this was a great tree that was native to America and discovered by John Bartram and named after Ben Franklin. So there had to be a Franklinia tree in the president's garden, which was just a bit of paving and a little bit of lawn for reception, and a terrace. Lou's only, really, addition to the house was a sunroom, where I gave tropical plants harbor, and a place for their giant cat to live. I also raided the arboretum, the Morris Arboretum basement, and found some sculpture and some wonderful pots. We pilfered them and took them into the garden. There's a photograph or two of this project. It's just minimal, but it was my first project for Lou with clients.

Wagman Garden

This is a quickie. This is a project in the city, which was great fun, and it was on my own, for a couple on Society Hill, who were a bit hippy, but able to afford anything. And so it was great fun. She was a writer, and they were a lovely, crazy couple with children. They had a nice big backyard with brick walls. They also had a crazy collection of objects and figures, which I tried to incorporate, and some modern sculpture. There were a couple of existing trees, and I planted a few more and ivied up the walls, and filled the pots with flowers and created a terrace for them with multi[ple] levels and sort of areas for the kids to play in. But it was just

the possibility of bringing a garden into the city that was great fun, with wonderful clients. So it was altogether a fun project.

Garden Furniture

I was particular about choosing furniture for gardens, and I was even helpful, I think, to Marjorie Meyerson, in the interior in her house, helping her to locate some of her artworks and choosing furnishings that were fitting, but with restraint and not 'over the top.' With the Wagman garden, I chose rather simple furnishings [so as] not to overwhelm the major aspect, which was the green, and to fill the garden with plants and play down some of the aspects of living, the clutter of life. This was an early version of outdoor living, which was promulgated by [the] California ideas of Garret Eckbo and others. And so I wanted to bring it to the rather rigid East Coast and make life expansive for this wonderful couple in the center of rigid Philadelphia, surrounded by brick walls. But to make a lot of fun going on, and a mix between the inner and the outer spaces that was fluid and open.

Philadelphia Center for Older People

The Philadelphia Center for Older People, designed by Joe Jordan, was my first project after Lou [Kahn] died, and was given to me by the architect, for which I was very grateful. He designed a wonderful building, two-story, right in the center of the city, for older people, to attract them and serve them. One of the wonderful things that he was to create [was] a great front porch for them, which was sheltered, and they could sit in shade behind a bank of planting, right on Broad Street. So that was their front porch, and it was a very generous use of

space. I think there was a play court laying out for skittles or bowls or something in the paving on this great porch. When I went there the other day, after years and years and years, I saw some old people sitting out, enjoying the traffic on the street, on Broad Street, which is a custom in Philadelphia—people on their front steps observing the life going on on the streets. So this was a single building of importance, I think, and it's still there. It won first prize of the year that it was it was built by the AIA [American Institute of Architects, Philadelphia Chapter].

At the same time, there was space to provide a garden in the rear, surrounded by brick walls, and there was one existing tree in the area, which I retained, and then planted a number of other trees, and built a couple of walls and had walking paths and built a circle for bonfires out of doors. Then [there was] installed a pond, a little pool with a waterfall and a stream, believe it or not, that was to course through this little area. But just the sound of the water and a little planting, water plants around it, was to create a kind of oasis in the city, and a cool spot. The walls I painted a rather shocking terra cotta color, and embedded in one wall above the pool I had pockets for plants and candles, or whatever people wanted to put in, above this little pool. And then there was the waterfall. It dropped over stones and wound through a little area of green with some shrub planting. There was a little more than just planting. Seating provided with brick for seating walls, and a pathway that was kind of circuitous and fun, and a little bit hazardous for old people, maybe, but they might have to use their canes to get over a rock. It was also a gathering place off of this building, and it had quite a life to it.

Coming back after 40 years to see what had happened, there was only one individual in the garden, and there had been a couple of (I don't know) St. Francis statues put in. And the planting, which had been largely azaleas and other evergreen plants, had not been cared for.

But the bones were still there—the brick bones—and the pathway. [With] the possibility of restoring the water and of painting over the graffitied walls, which was very disconcerting and unfriendly, it could be an oasis again. Without much cost it could be restored, and it should be, because it's a welcome place in the midst of the summer with great shade trees. I put in a Circidyphyllum [tree] and some pines and a magnolia, a Magnolia grandiflora, at the entrance, which is still there. So the trees are there, and it wouldn't take much to bring it back. And it should be restored, because it could still perform as a gathering place for any number of people, and it's also a retreat in the city away from the sounds and traffic.

Cecil B. Moore Station Plaza (Columbia Avenue Station Plaza)

This project was given to me by Aldo Giurgola from Mitchell/Giurgola, another wonderful architect in the city. [The plaza is] part of Temple University, and the entrance to the city from the subway on Broad Street and Cecil Moore Avenue. It was a wonderful challenge, a couple of levels, and was to greet students coming from the dark of the subway and mounting to an intermediate level and arriving in a plaza, which was to be the center of the opening entrance to Temple University, for which George Patton had done the master plan for the university.

It was a great privilege to be at work on this. I started out with many fanciful ideas. I felt that this was to be a passageway through, but it was also to be a plaza where celebrations could occur, or even a market could take place at times. It was just the arrival from the dark of the train down below to come into this space, which was intermediate between the traffic of Broad Street, and then the campus life. So it was a convergence of the city and the campus. And [it was] to be a symbolic sort of place, but a fun place, full of fun. I started out with some crazy

ideas about the paving and about the layout. I chose four drawings of these crazy ideas of what public space could be, but I didn't have a lot to work with, because this had to be a space that could be filled with people, or empty. It had multiple uses and possibilities, mostly as a passageway. So I worked with the paving and with two levels, and a crazy use of water—kind of [a] maze—and also then a rather elaborate garden midway, using sculpture and a water fountain. [It was] also taking use of a set of columns from the original building of Temple University, and I was going to plunk them into an area, which was suddenly taken over by a sculptor, who made a piece in the center. So that became an essential feature of the garden, or of the plaza.

The sculptor was very particular about his work and said it was unique. I discovered, unfortunately, that it was so unique that he repeated it for another site in Dallas. I happened to mention this, and I received a phone call from his lawyer that I'd better not pay attention to this. So there were all kinds of interesting conflicts, and being very partial to sculptors, because my brother and sister were sculptors, I was kind of taken aback by this approach to originality. But in any case, I emerged with rather a rigid plan, but at two levels, and I really had very little to work with, except a very simple paving plan with trees. Eventually I chose London planes, and of all things, I chose callery pear, Bradford pear before it became a toy for everybody. Surprisingly, when I returned after years, the Bradford pear had matured, and they were a kind of wonderful cover along the Columbia Avenue or the Moore Street, and a favorite spot for just passers-by to settle, because there were benches and it was very shaded. They were quite marvelous trees. These were the original Bradford pears, before they became favorites from nurseries. They became a wonderful shelter and midpoint of the traffic street, and a very restful

place for people who lived in the neighborhood. [It] wasn't just a campus possession, but it was a public, pleasant place for people to stop and have their lunch or just talk and visit under the trees.

The plaza was very simple, but with a paving pattern, and with a grove of sycamore, or London planes. [There were] very simple seating arrangements along the walls, with a small ornament that was a mosaic embedded in the concrete. The sculpture [was] on the lawn, but [it was] a staging area for all kinds of things, and movement. Unfortunately, the city has closed off some of the exits or entrances to the subway. It would be great if they could reopen them, because there would be a better flow of individuals, and a better diffusion of crowds, if all of the entrances were featured. But it [the plaza] functions when school is out as a great skateboarding place among the trees, and is a very busy place when the campus is working. I have heard that the master plan now is hoping to utilize this space now, which has been slightly overtaken by other buildings around it, but to use it for other festivities. [It] is nice to know that they will retain it.

In a public space like this design, there has to be room for alternate uses, and for both movement through and also occupation of it, and utilization of it in various ways that you can't even imagine. This was before skateboarding occurred, so there were all kinds of activities that you can't envision ahead of time, but to provide the opportunity to make for improvisation, which is important in a public space.

Cecil B. Moore Station Plaza (Columbia Ave Station Plaza) (on site)

We are at the Columbia Avenue Station campus of Temple University in Philadelphia. There is a subway station that was designed by [the architectural firm] Mitchell/Giurgola, and this was to be the entrance to the campus from below, and also from bus service. It was a space for movement and a lot of traffic, and a dispersal of crowds, but also a possible gathering place for crowds, or festivities, or even for a market on occasion. It could have a number of functions, and the seating is confined, really, to the walls, to the sides so that movement is unencumbered. But there's room for improvisation, and it's very minimal and simple. I think the change in levels is important. There's a play on levels from the pit of the subway and the noise and the clamor, and it would be nice to come up into the sunlight to a rather sheltered place from the other traffic of the street. So it's a good filter. It's also inviting just to stop and rest and have your lunch or skateboard, which people do. It could be anything at all. You could put up tents. You could put up awnings, if you wanted to. Move tables. Have a wedding—anything that suits people. It's just a general usable space. But for the most part, traffic, but all-purpose.

There's very little ornament to the area. It's just a collection of a grove of trees and paving, which, as you can see, the paving is very good for skateboarding, but it's also very good for many hundreds of feet going from subways to campus and also it has possibilities, because it's for movement, but also for stationary activities and for improvisations and for night gatherings. It's well lighted at night, and it's slightly protected from Broad Street and the traffic, because of the mid-level position it has, so that all kinds of activities could be conducted here,

such as festivities that relate to the university, or an open market of some sort that could go up on weekends or something, and celebrations of all kinds.

This was a collaborative project. I worked with [the architectural firm] Mitchell/Giurgola, Aldo Giurgola specifically, a wonderful firm, and it was a very friendly, fun relationship, and we did seem to think along the same lines in designing. I would say those are Mitchell/Giurgola railings up there, but those are my railings down below. The idea of using mosaics along these [walls], and patterning the wall of concrete was my plan. [As was] having a grove of trees that were all light, but with a certain character, that even in the winter the trunks are quite remarkable, and the structure is [UNINTELLIGIBLE]. And they're in scale with the size of this square, particularly. And then there is the advantage of another level, which is on Columbia Avenue, which is now Cecil B. Moore Avenue, which has bus stops and lots of traffic going by. But it is a broad walkway under, of all things, Bradford pear, before it became such a popular tree, and they behaved themselves beautifully. It's become a very pleasant walk-through space, and with generous benches for them to come and have their lunch, or visit, or wait for the bus stop, so that there is the outer community of the city and the movement there, and then there is the specific movement of the students from the subway coming into the campus. This is the introduction to the campus, but very simple and made for movement. And that's why the seating, for the most part, is just peripheral, so that it's expected that there will be plenty of traffic. On lax days, when there are no students, the skateboarders can come and take over, and kids can come and play here. It's an all-purpose space, but well lighted at night, so that this could be a great place for night meetings and festivities connected with the university.

Watson Residence

In 1974, when I was still working for Lou [Kahn], this was my first commission, and this was 1974, my first commission for Thomas J. Watson, and on North Haven Island. I was to give a master plan for him, and we walked the site together. It was to be a family residence. There was already an existing residence, and then there were to be sites for his children's houses later on. And [for] the area, it was important to preserve its native forest, which was spruce, largely spruce pine, but to establish a network of roadways and pathways that would connect to the main house. So there were all kind of ways of arriving on this site by boat (there were docks) and by aircraft. There was a flying field that Tom Watson used constantly, and [there were] roadways from the island town, North Haven. Laying out a road system for future areas of his family houses was part of it, and to get a general sense of it as an entire property, and unify it in some respects, without upsetting the natural ecology or the wonderful variety of views.

The house was already located with a pool, a not particularly exciting spot. But it was the center of activity for the family. I made my first master plan, which is here, and then I made a plan for the existing house and its outlying barns and flying field, where his aircraft settled, and trying to play around with a kidney-shaped pool, and to surround it with Rosa rugosa [a species of rose], so that kids wouldn't fall in if they were too little to swim. [I used] largely native plants in creating rooms, spaces, that led off of the major house. There were just many occupations that were going on, barns with horses and lots of arriving guests and a great flower garden, and just with plant material, to see, to enhance a rather forlorn looking residence with plants and to give all kinds of possibilities of choices for people to use the spaces.

Talbot Porter Garden

This project in 1978 was for one of my favorite people in all the world. It was for Barbara Cooney, who was an illustrator of children's books. Her first book was special. Her books were about Maine, and she was a marvelous illustrator, and she was engaged to my brother at one point, and she had quite an interesting life. Her books were marvelous, and they're still in print. She won the Newbury Prize [the Newberry Medal], and they [the books] were all about Maine. Her first book was called *King of Wreck Island*. It was a magical book, and she drew me as a little girl, which I was, in one of her drawings. So I'm there for all time. This was when she was a grown woman with great reputation. Her son, [Charles] Talbot Porter, who was an explorer, recently died, had designed a house for her, which was very magical in the woods in Damariscotta, Maine. She actually had come from Long Island but had spent her summers in Maine, in Waldoboro, Maine, on a wonderful estate, family owned. So Maine was in her world very much so. I wanted to give her on this house, a Maine environment, where I used mosses and ferns and evergreens and varied birches, just the local plants that were around this house, (which was really inspired by Japanese houses) which her son designed, in nature. This was maybe before the native plant fad came about, but I was driven by the locale. I just wanted to be true to the place. It was near the water, surrounded by rocks, by stones, granite, and woodlands—very simple. Not a great design, but just incorporating the world and representing it that surrounding it with a kind of magic, because she represented magic. And that first book was about a magician who was part of a carnival and got shipwrecked on Wreck Island. Anyhow, her stories were full of magic, and I wanted this to be a magical place. [The site comprised] very small acreage. I would say, probably, she had about four acres, and they were

on the Meadowlark River—very limited. There was a field over here, [but] it's hard for me to remember exactly what was there, and the water.

Merry Spring Foundation Park

Merry Spring is a project that I started in 1976 in Camden, Maine, for Mary Ellen Ross and her husband, who ran a nursery in Camden. She had come from a famous nursery family in Connecticut, and she was very interesting, very civic-minded, and was very successful with her nursery. She wrote articles occasionally for the *New York Times* on gardens. She left to the town a property of (I'm trying to think how many acres). It was not vast, but it was maybe more than 50 acres, to create a park for the town. She had already established a program for kids learning the nursery trade and growing their own gardens and vegetables. Anyhow, it was a great idea, and she managed to get enough patrons to raise money to create Merry Spring, which she named. And so I made a master plan for her.

In the middle of the land there was high-wire electric powerlines that were going through it. It had a variety of landforms, including a defunct quarry, and then there was part of a river that came in. There were all kinds of possibilities, many possibilities in this area that was largely forested, but also cleared, too, for farming. There was an existing small orchard. There were wetlands connected with the river. She wanted to have an arboretum, and it was quite possible because of the varied topography and possibilities that were here. She was a great plantswoman. She could make anything grow (very, rather cantankerous, but wonderful character). She had gardened for my mother, [in the] first garden that I designed for my mother. And she was Merry Gardens, [that is] she called her establishment Merry Gardens, and

grew all kind of begonias and geraniums and shipped them off across the country. She was very successful, a workaholic, and one of my nieces worked for her for a while. It was stunning work.

The plan I came up with was recognizing the variety of spaces and the possibility for demonstration gardens, and also a general meeting house for the population. She was very concerned and very interested in gathering in the community through plants. She wanted to establish a nursery there for growing, with experimenting with plants. She wanted gardens, and so I gave her several gardens. This relates to the naming of these places and the titles that I put on to each, to the variety of areas. There was to be a central gathering place for meetings and for great outdoor spectacles, and a central roadway, which was the circle that could have access to all of the other path systems throughout. The central plateau was flat, and it was very hilly, very extraordinary. There was a great amphitheater that [was] put in where a quarry had been. So I gave a selection of names: The meeting house. There was a nursery, there [was a] garden, an arboretum, water gardens—there was an abundant area for that. Merry Meeting, which all connected with her word, Merry Spring, which was an amphitheater, and the Iron, which was a great place for birding and eagles. And then there was the Elf Spring, which was a spring in the springtime, and then it dried up in the later times; a Mayflower Glen. And there was an Odyssey Trail, which went throughout the entire arboretum and organized the spaces and connected them by walking. And there was a Cedar Fern Trail, and a Feather Trail, which was for birding plants. And then [there was] a greenhouse and maintenance. So that is what I created: a whole program of an arboretum for her, and for the town, and for a public park.

The whole concept couldn't be carried out. There was not enough money to do it. I came to this circle because this was a plateau. I wanted to restrain the use of a driveway, or a road.

But it had to service many different areas. And what could be a better image of Merry Meeting than a circle, as the circle was, even for Lou Kahn, in creating the Palazzo dei Congressi, which he compressed. But the circle was a beginning geometry of gathering a community, and so the circle here is a community at large, and indented to collect people, largely in an open space; but also that could service all of the other areas without invading them.

The circle included the Elf Spring, which was a central source of a water source. If there was going to be any structure, it was, to me, that people were to be collected there en masse, so that it was a great circular space, but it also harbored the soul and the heart of this whole property. I started with the geometry and the given powerlines that cut through, so what was going on there. But at the same time there was the invasion of nature, which was the spring. That was pretty insistent, and it could break down any kind of geometry that you could create. And certainly the circle was superimposed on what was there. But the possibility was there, because largely, it was a level area and the whole idea of the circle was to gather individuals and be central, a central kind of idea. But at the same time, it was invaded by nature, and it had its power and its own right, it's only right of way, this whole thing. It was pretty arbitrary to collect this varied piece of land, some of which had been an orchard and had been used as farmland, and the other was just woodland that had been neglected, but that had possibilities. And it had been quarried. It had been misused. But to make it a collective was the task, and it was great fun to imagine all the variety that was there, to try and organize it into a whole landscape. The spring, which is not on axis, had its own way of being, and it had to be respected and welcomed. It destroyed the whole: the only sense that you would have that a circle had been imposed would be from the air, and you would not experience it on the ground at all.

Korman Residence

This is the Steven and Toby Korman property, and [the] Honickman property. Brother and sister Kormans, who were developers originally, had a tract of, oh, 70 acres or something that they put together to become a family gathering place for cousins and family members. A young couple, who were very appealing to Lou Kahn, asked him to design a house for them. And then also the Kormans wanted a house for themselves as well. Lou was very involved with so many other projects, but at the same time, these were such beguiling young people, and so eager to have a modern house that he [Louis Kahn] succumbed. There would be problems, because Steven Korman was a builder and he had his own notions about things. Often times over a drink of vodka, he would battle with Lou about what should be done and what he didn't want to do. But it was interesting, and I think that Steven Korman thought that Lou was a klutz with hammer and nails, but he respected his judgment finally.

This originally, I think, started out as a stone building, but became a wood house. The notions, to begin with, were kind of suburban, but Lou was really geared to design a country house, and that was his notion. I remember going with him with the crew, with the Kormans, into a field which was [a] very mediocre site. It was a boring site, leftover farming land, but with a hedgerow, but nothing inspiring about it. And tall grasses, and Lou kept describing it as a savannah, and there would be lions up ahead as we walked. There was a steep hill to climb. But he was selecting a site, which was interesting to see what he chose for the two houses. One here, one in the savannah, and one of the plateau, [a] very scrubby plateau. There was a line of callery pear [trees], believe it or not, along one edge of it, and then just field. Nothing else.

So I started out immediately. I studied Lou's plans, which kept evolving, and it was a very precise demand in both houses for children, for three boys for the Kormans. [The] Honickman [residence] took a longer time to design, and they were sports-oriented. They wanted tennis courts and a swimming pool. Lynn Honickman wanted an orchard. Their demands were not ostentation, but they had suburban demands. It was interesting to try and think of this in the tradition of Philadelphia country houses, and [of architects] Meller, Meiggs & Howe, and [of] everything that was part of Lou's background, of house design or residence design. The first thing that I did was to plant a forest of pine trees. I probably should have tried to create a deciduous forest, but I didn't. I chose pine trees. They're there now. They are very mature. I wanted to begin to create a landscape that enveloped the house and welcomed the house and made it feel as though it had always been there, which was not there at that point. So that was rather fun. And then to determine where the tennis court and the swimming pool would not be so conspicuous, [so that] you weren't staring at an empty swimming pool, in the middle of the winter, from the house. And the design of the Korman house, which was built (the Honickman house was not built) was interesting. It really did not open up to the outside very much, except for one elevation, which faced the north, which was a huge windowscape. You may have seen photographs of the house, which was characterized by some great chimneys, and I think the great chimneys were the remnants from the country house idiom that established this as more than a suburban house—that it had pretentions to scale that related to a broader landscape. One of the exciting things was to create an arrival, which was a kind of processional, to discover this house, but not to have it revealed immediately. In the Farrand site, when it went up, it was completely naked and alone and desolate, really, when it was built. But to create a sense of

arrival and mystery, and to hide some of the aspects of this great field that stretched out in front of the window façade, and with a distant view, [this] made Lou Kahn speak about the traveler from the distance, who comes and sees from the distance the chimneys, smells the smoke of the hearth and the lights of a dwelling in the distance, and it is about an American landscape of a traveler arriving, not by car, as by the usual route, but from the distance across the savannah. And so there was this broad outlook. Not all of the property was owned at the time. It has been acquired. At the very distant view, the next property had a line of plane trees, which was an avenue or plane trees. Ultimately, I did persuade the present owner to continue that property line of the traveler going through the landscape and to continue the avenue of the plane trees. So it was part of the history of moving through the landscape. And then also, the present property owner wanted to establish an orchard. Both the Honickmans and the Kormans wanted an orchard, to somehow connect it with the field prospect and the farming prospect, which the far distant areas were still farmland. So this had a broader relationship to the surrounding landscape, and this great field was really a possible pallet for manipulation of the ground. I really hoped to establish some mounding of the field so that it had a kind of rhythm that it didn't have at this point, the sweep of ground.

These were some ideas that I had about the savannah, as Lou called it. But then directly to work with the house, which we will see, and the arrival, to create some sense of surprise, and with a curved driveway, and also to stop your view at one point. You would see the house emerge from the woodland that was created, but also to close your view and prevent your experience of seeing the far savannah until you got into the house, when you came into the

great room and sudden vista of the long view. So it was a definite kind of arrival and discovery and surprise experience of this particular landscape.

The American country house is different from the English country house, which is where my first love came. But then when I saw Biltmore [and] that was a whole other experience. That's probably the only important thing that we can say about the Korman house, that it was a conflict in my own mind, really, of my love of the country house and the demands of an American place, an American expression.

Haas Residence

In the woods in the distance, which is now being developed (100 acres), there were wildflower walks and bluebells and all kinds of things that I established. It was a five-year program, really, and a lot of money was spent on it, and then it was sold over a dozen years ago. This whole area was with a formal sort of terrace. I had a heather garden. And so this side was very formal, but then it led out into a long vista and the lawn, and then the woodlands beyond, of which there were all kinds of paths and woodland planning.

It was great fun. I loved working with Peter [Bohlin]. But he had already devised what he wanted. And Carole Haas, who is now Mrs. Gravagno, she wanted a pool that was natural, and so actually, the watercourse went from there into nature, and the connection. Peter just had very definite ideas about what he wanted to create. I was very happy to work with him, but it was not really collaborative, because he had already decided what he wanted to create.

I wanted to create a natural environment for him [Otto Haas] that would welcome it, I mean, and feature it as well. It was just lovely to work with him, and he approved of everything.

Otto [Haas] was quite ill some of the time, and Carole was his second wife, and she was from the South and had certain desires, but was willing to go to every length to have the environment created. And so she was marvelous. I just had a free hand. It was wonderful to use plants and to create a natural, native garden, and also to find something that was compatible with a very modern structure, just to blend things.

It's a stroll garden. I would say it's a stroll garden, definitely. But at the same time, at the time, there were some horticulturally interesting plants that were scattered all over the site by the former Mrs. Haas, I think; so to feature some of those, but to make everything compatible, which was fun. I mean, it wasn't hard work.

Walsh Residence

This landscape is in Chestnut Hill [Philadelphia] for Patricia Walsh. Originally the house had been owned by Francis Adler, who had been a patron of Lou Kahn's, and he later purchased this house. And I lived in the cottage. I rented the cottage, and my son grew up from a little boy living on the edge of the Wissahickon Woods, which he adored, and I loved, and it was a beautiful spot. When Dr. Adler died, and his widow left, the house was purchased again, and I moved away. But I was called back to design the landscape, to redesign it, and having lived there, I was very familiar with all of its properties and its wonderful trees and its great location. And so I tried to make some changes to give unification to the whole site. It started with the entryway, which I changed.

I was very fortunate with my client, who was very indulgent and willing to spend money and time, and indulge my wishes to build a folly, which I always had wanted to do. The idea of a

folly is most appealing to me, and I think of banqueting houses in English landscapes, and adored them, with the whimsy and the fun and making the garden a new focus for entertainment and life, of festivities. So I had the fun of inventing a folly, and I poured my heart into it, and managed to resurrect all kinds of ideas and made gargoyles, and designed a great railing fence imagined from gingko leaves, actually. A local marvelous firm of metal workers fashioned it, and also a very good stone mason, Marcolina Brothers, who had done work on great country houses in the Chestnut Hill area, a marvelous firm. They carried out my ideas about an elaborate paving plan, which was so well installed that the present owners (who delighted in destroying most of the rest of the property and the outlying pathways and gardens, which I did develop, and dramatizing the Wissahickon landscape), at least they could not destroy the paving pattern, because it was so well-embedded. So it's still there. However, my folly, which I adored, it had a second story over which I imagine a tent could be flown at certain times, and it overlooked the Wissahickon with also a balcony over the woodlands, as well as access, direct access, to the pool yard, which I created new walls for. It was truly a folly, and I imagined midnight banquets inside this little building. It was destroyed recently by the present owner. That grieved me very much, because it was my indulgence, my secret indulgence. But it was in a beautiful landscape to begin with, the great tulip trees, and originally tulip and hemlock forest, pitched high over the river, and it's an incomparable world for birders and for all kinds of wonderful wildlife. The landscape plan is really very mannerist and based on very rigid lines, but I gradually fed out the paths into the woods in stages, and really enhanced the building itself by all the additions that I made. I was given some sculpture, the sphinxes that are in the driveway, that are not gone. However, the lanterns I designed and had made, they're still

there for some reason, by some quirk. Nothing else remains. So it's gone. That's all that I can say. But I had just immense delight in creating it and in finding medallions from Michelangelo which were reproduced and placed on the building, and they were just wonderful sort of embellishments and ideas that I had. So that was my folly. That's all I have to say.

The Highlands Historic Restoration

The Highlands is a project that George Patton asked me to collaborate [on] with him. And it was great, a landscape for an early Georgian house. The landscape had been designed at a much later date, 1917 I think, by Wilson Eyre, the architect. But that had gone to rack and ruin, and so the project was to restore it. Following the old designs, I made a phased plan for George and for the owners for reconstituting the original design. It was a pleasure, because it was a beautiful design, very symmetrical, but with all kind of delights, including pergolas and a kitchen garden and wonderful vista from the main house. And it just was an entire environment that was very charming, eventually, and had been at one time. So it was a pleasure to restore an historic landscape and to work with George on it, and it was just a delight.

It wasn't hard to realize what my task should be. I did want to be as authentic as possible in the use, and [in] the particular plants that had been chosen, and to find them again. There was no opportunity, except, I think, in the arrival system to accommodate parking and visitor crowds. There was no other chance, except it had a marvelous crenulated wall, a pink wall, which was gorgeous, and to recognize its virtues and just bring them out without any demands of my own to be expressive or creative. It was just a pleasure, really, to bring back what had been created and had been so perfect before, and to break down the phases, which could allow

it to be done, because of its cost and expense, now that it was a public institution, and it was not particularly well funded. But certainly restoring the garden would make the building much more important and significant as a whole, because the architecture itself was not extraordinary, but the garden was. It was a great creation, and to bring it back was a wonderful possibility and responsibility, which I raised, and George joined me very much so and really turned it over to me. It was fun.

Kimbell Art Museum

It was never quite completed the way we saw it. For one thing, I would still request the return of the [Joan] Miró sculpture to the place where we thought it ought to be, which was in the theater garden overlooking a pool, beneath the myrtle court, the court of the myrtles. At the other end was the possibility of continuing in the Odyssey of Water, so that the original idea of the beginning of the water course was in what is presently the myrtle court, and then the water was to proceed to the reflecting pools underneath the canopy and then drop into the short waterfalls and pools, and then eventually find its way into a grotto in the theater court down below, ten feet below. There was quite a fall of water into this grotto. I imagined in the ha-ha, which Lou [Kahn] had designed, [that] it was for an audience to overlook the theater court in both directions, one direction and then opposite and above the Miró sculpture, overlooking the theater presentations, which could be before the wonderful façade of Lou Kahn's building. At present, there are [Isamu] Noguchi sculptures, which are safe from harm. Nobody's going to cart them away, which they might do with the Miró. But I also saw this an area for dance performances, for theater performances against the great backdrop. And Lou

even describes it in his letter to Mrs. Kimbell, which I had phrased—all of the procedures and the things that could go on around the Kimbell in the landscape, related to the landscape. At the present time, because of the changes to the park, which as I will show in a wonderful drawing that is fourteen feet long, that Lou made about the trees that were in the park, and how they absolutely enveloped the building and the relationship of building to garden to landscape, that they were interknitted, interrelated, and inseparable somehow. But this connection has been disturbed, and so my response is that there is a possibility of utilizing the theater court itself. It could have a grotto restored or built, which we had envisioned in the first place, and hearing the sound of water echoing in this enclosed courtyard could be a very peaceful scene. It could also be a very entertaining area that the museum could use for festivities of all kinds, and it is located next to the outdoor parking area, which we conceived. And in itself, it could become a great center for activities that are not underground entertainment at all, but entertainment in the landscape and out-of-doors, and in an enclosed space, which would be protected from outer views and surrounded with landscape—an entire environment in itself that remains to be exploited and could enhance the museum in the Kahn Kimbell Museum, which I would hope for in the future.

We are looking at three drawings of Lou Kahn's for the Kimbell Museum, and it's the development of the theater court, which we had in mind, which would be the ending of the Odyssey of Water in a very echoing chamber, which was a grotto just beneath the so called ha-ha, which was a balcony overlooking the theater court. It was restoring the Miró sculpture to its original position, and that's it.

On the site, there was nothing, except there were remnants of street trees that were taken out, with the avenue of elm trees, and also at the very beginning of Lou's first large plan, he incorporated the whole half of an avenue of trees at the center of his building that was broken up by the trees marching through, which is a very brave move to have made. But considering that the building itself occupied almost all of the nine acres of the site that he was given, what else was he to do, but to incorporate the landscape, which were the trees? And the only virtue of the landscape were the street trees; that was all that was there. So when the building shrank, and George Patton and I were able to create a landscape that welcomed the building and melded with the building, we added an avenue of oaks onto the elms that are there to reinforce that form strongly and to embrace the building and further unite it with landscape elements.

This is how Louis Kahn really represented a time in his career when the landscape began to be thoroughly integrated with his design, and his building and landscape become one. He went to great pains to create this fourteen-foot-long drawing that shows his building, but it's enveloped by a canopy of trees. And it just goes on, so that you suddenly realize how important the trees were and the park was to the whole concept of his museum. See? And the scale: this is what he called "the villa and the garden."

The whole continuation of the experience of the museum extends out into the landscape, and it's just [that] they're one. It's all embracing. It's inner and outer worlds that are (…)—what's more enduring?

Hershey Company Headquarters

Hershey was one project that was given to me by Ballinger [architects] that was the largest-scale commission that I was given, and which I would love to have more of, and I made a master plan for them. The project was to incorporate (I'm trying to think how many hundred acres) a major corporate headquarters and additional buildings and future building site, perhaps, as they expanded, on farmland. One interesting connection had been George Patton's work for the Hershey community, [for] whom he'd done beautiful work there. So this was an honor to be called into on this project, which was large wooded and also farmland, with an orchard and a farmhouse, and to turn farmland and woodland into a corporate headquarters and campus. But to incorporate nature in a way that is not being contaminated by the acres of parked cars and paving, and also to create an environment that would dramatize the building itself that Ballinger wanted. At the same time, not to make it overwhelm this wonderful acreage which I did not alter very much the topography. But the drainage problems were enormous because of the paving that was involved. And so the creation of a small lake could itself enhance the building, but could serve for restitution of the land that was being destroyed, or spoiled, really. But also, to make the entire campus a place where the people who worked at Hershey—an exciting place to be—where they could exercise in the middle of the day, and where they had a place in the playground for their children for daycare, which was down below in a farmhouse area. I designed a playground there, and a great sort of overlook on the center of the property where in the future they might add another building, but hopefully a kind of central rise in the ground, which you could walk to and find a kind of oasis and a place to rest and overlook, and see the Hershey landscape, and see in the distance the whole Hershey

campus, also for the school, and the existing landscape. And [I sought] to give a sense of responsibility for the corporate establishment in the landscape—that they had responsibilities to maintain the ecosystem, to use native plants, and in the layout of roads and circulation not to disrupt native processes too much; but also to create a sense of wholeness, [a] very simple assignment, but kind of wonderful at the same time. I was very lucky to have this chance.

Roundtop Arts Center

This is a landscape in Maine, and a wonderful assignment on a farm that had been called Round Top Milk Farm. There were barns scattered in the landscape, and an ice cream parlor, and one patron was very interested in turning this into an arts center as part of the Damariscotta community; and of a broader sense of art in Maine, to gather Maine artists, and also theater, and also the Portland Orchestra. It was an entire kind of community for art that was attempted here. I was given the acreage to work over and a few farm buildings, and to establish an open-air field for performance, outdoor performances, and also the theater, an enclosed theater, with parking areas, for the Portland Orchestra when they came, and then to create along the roadside [a] commercial center for artisans and craftsmen and painters to show their wares. [There would also be] workshops around, in connection with the commercial center, and also a broadcasting center, where they could begin to talk about art in Maine. And then [there would be] a library, which was right here, a main library. So it was a cultural center that was being established from farm buildings to begin with. And the main gallery and theater performance area was a huge barn, which was a wonderful space. It could have made a great stage area, and so that was located here. And then for artists in residence to come and spend

the summer or paint. It was a working community of artists as well. It was a whole concept, which could have been very exciting. I also thought this was a great area to bring along a barge, like Lou Kahn's barge for an orchestra down here, along the river, the Damariscotta River, so that this could be the scene of all kinds of generating activity for artists and for showing in galleries their works. There was a sculpture garden, and a great area for picnics for the town, and also the remnants of the ice cream stand of Round Top Ice Cream. But just to make a center for the arts in Maine.

Partially they began to realize it, and then they ran out of money and couldn't carry it through. But the bones and the whole possibility was there, and it could have been an entire environment dedicated to the arts in Maine. Unfortunately it wasn't carried through.

Ursinus College Campus Plan

This was a fun project. It was along the main street of the campus of Ursinus College in Collegeville, Pennsylvania. It was incorporating some period houses along the main street, to add them to the campus and to give them a campus enclosure. [It was] also to provide parking for residents, and not to be too invasive to the neighborhood that continued, but also to give it a sense of belonging to the main campus, which was across the street. There were a couple of main buildings with classrooms, which were located here and here and here. The rest of these are separate residences. Now, how to provide parking for them, out of sight, and how to create a continuous connection for all of them and a sense of belonging in some respect, then the only way you could (because they were all disparate, and very different sort of styles, the buildings, and how to bring them together), the only way you could do it is with landscape. This is the

plan that I worked out. There were a few areas where people were to gather, opening spaces with some columns, on which I placed a bear, because Ursinus is bears. This became a kind of emblem and symbol of a public space, and a garden area, with connectors all the way through, but with pathways through a kind of central landscape, with gathering places, pergolas, gardens for each building, with distinct sort of character. You knew when you were walking in a certain area, that that was where you lived, because these were for dormitories, dormitory houses. So they're not cookie-cutters, but also to continue the historic layout of a main street of a town, to keep it in scale and the same kind of dignity that a main street had in some of these towns that were taken over by colleges. It was a dialogue between a college campus, which was over on this side of the street, and the residences and the character of the town, to bring them together without too much disruption, but to give them cohesion.

Menil Collection

I learned a great deal from de Menil [project], and the idea of a campus, perched into a bungalow community (really, a simple residential town community) and how to project the sense and the scale of community without being a disruption and a distraction, but to create a continuous idea of a campus and to maintain the character of this town, which is established by these wonderful houses. They were all different, but of approximately the same period, and they were very nice, because they were in the main street of the town, before the town was taken over by the college. The main area of the college is on this side of the main street, but at one point they determined to incorporate more of these buildings as separate dormitories, instead of building a gigantic dormitory. The idea of these as separate dwellings is kind of

wonderful, and a new idea for campuses. I welcomed that opportunity. It was important to protect the existing residences beyond from the disruption of traffic and parked cars, which, from the paving, is very invasive, and the noise and tumult, also, that kids generate, too, in their houses. So the residents needed protection from some of the activities of the campus. I tried to protect them as well. [I sought] to establish a sense of continuity and a pathway through, and, since these houses were placed almost directly on the main street, to utilize the area behind, which had been separate yards, and to unify them into a single landscape, a parklike landscape with path connections and accessibility, giving each house its own territory but its connection to the whole as well. And then to center a couple of major buildings with a larger park and an overlook for gathering. It's just a sense of creating a landscape that will unify and make a whole living experience that could be quite different on a campus, very different from being housed in a big dormitory, and very domestic scene, really.

[The project was] initiated by a couple, the de Menils, who had come to this country from France and who had prospered and were great philanthropists in the arts. They settled in Texas, and have been benefactors to the St. Thomas University, which was in this area. Then Dominique de Menil commissioned Philip Johnson to design a chapel, really, for art, with Barnett Newman's paintings. And so this was established, this building. They had an art collection of very Modern art, and determined to build a gallery as continuation, in a way, of the university campus, but to incorporate it with a bungalow community. It was along on the side streets, on the margins of Houston, a very low-key kind of community based on art. This was a very appealing idea to Lou Kahn, who was interested in the program of a museum, which was conceived as a storage center, and that's what Dominique called it. She called it the

storage, which was an odd way to look at art, and was thinking of a low building that you walk into with great sort of panels as you would find in a fabric store. You could turn the panels and look at different paintings that were mounted. So it was a kind of hands on relationship to looking at art. It was not that you stood in awe in a gallery at a distance from a painting which was highlighted. But there was interaction somehow.

That was the beginning of an idea of an interacting art museum. And the art museum was, at the beginning, the core of this idea of an art community. [It was] the basis of creating a community based on art and not on commerce, not on protection, but another kind of whole neighborhood that was related to the making of art as well as to the appreciation of art, and to bring all its inhabitants around to have complete accessibility to a building of art, so that it was part of one's daily life. To have residents who were painters and sculptors and craftsmen working in the community, living in it, was a wonderful idea. I think I sense that it appealed enormously to Lou Kahn, who, as a child, valued his trips to a community center for art in Philadelphia. He learned his trade as an artist, where he could explore music and painting, drawing, and just a haven in a city, but to make a whole new city based on art was an incredible idea, and I think that he had this notion when he was designing the art center for Fort Wayne, which was never fully realized. There was only one building that was built there. But it was part of the renovation of his idea of what could be done for Fort Wayne—that it could be the real locus for rebirth in a city. Anyhow, this idea of the de Menils was so generous, and it also appealed to Lou, I think. The scale was so human, and for one thing, he started next to this building of Philip Johnson's, and I think there was a bit of rivalry that was involved, too. But Lou, by establishing a grove of trees, for him, the grove of trees was both nature and structure

together. The columns of trees were architectural and the idea of planting them in rows was architectural. But at the same time, nature took over and gave you the roof and the whole environment, and especially in this kind of environment, which is very relaxed. He had rarely been able to design for such a very hospitable environment, where outside living could be carried on at low scale and low key, and not beset by traffic and the city. He closed a major street, which was along this area, closed it, primarily, but wanted to respect the scale of the bungalows across the street, which was part of the de Menils' plan, and in their low-key two-story building, which was to be very easily accessible and interpenetrated with courtyards and trees and kind of dissolve in the landscape as well. These are the gallery spaces. And then further development continued along this route, where [there was] an amphitheater, and there were people and art students to live in some of these buildings and to have gathering spaces. At the very end (and it's not in this drawing) was to be a hotel, a kind of frontier hotel, very rustic, very Texan, where visitors who were interested in art could come and observe artists at work. And so there were studios for artists to be making work all along, and for educating of kids in the arts. It was a whole environment that was desired.

It's not the collaboration in a way. I mean, it's Lou's transformation from an architect to even a broader view of what architecture encompasses, that it is a whole site. It's not just a structure that is a building, but it's an environment, so that he concentrated on the environment in this project and was very slow to come up with a structure. And I wanted to show what he did come up with in that drawing of the structure.

What struck me by thinking about this video we're doing [is] that this was an idea that was generating in Lou Kahn for a long time, from the time that he was a child going to the

school in Philadelphia for artists (I'm trying to think of the name of it). As a boy, he would cross town to go to art classes, and it's also where he discovered the piano, and he began to play, by ear, completely, on a grand piano. Pretty soon he was playing the Hungarian Rhapsody and people began to listen in awe and he was leant a piano, because he thought that he was a musical genius. But at the same time, he was taking art lessons. What a place in a city to discover these things and to be discovered. So all along, I think this was an idea of what an art center could do in a community in the city for children and for adults as well. And [an idea] that art was a living process that he wanted to reform a city, and I think that I harken back to his work for the Biennale in Florence (I mean in Venice) and a major building. There was the famous Palazzo dei Congressi, which everybody marveled at, but there was another building, which was the exhibition building, which was really just two slabs of 60-foot-wide buildings, four stories high, which were placed opposite each other in a very broad plaza-like space, which could be also covered with a glass ceiling and huge monumental doors to close it in the wintertime. And in those two slabs were located galleries on the first floor, and the second floors were studios, and this was a whole working community for artists. The whole concept of the Biennale itself, which was established in the only arboretum in Venice, Lou was very careful to save the 800 trees that were there with his structure, but he also created a plaza, so Italian, in this building, which would open up to the canal on one side, and to the arboretum on the other in fine weather, but would enclose and become a working place for artists in the winter. In the Biennale Park itself were separate pavilions, which were four other nations.

This was an idea that I think he also utilized in the Biennale, in the bicentennial plan that we worked on for Philadelphia, when the bicentennial was going to come here. His first concept

was a building, not unlike the Palazzo dei Congressi in Venice, and it was called the Anonymity Building. It was a huge kind of translucent building that hovered in the city, to make the city come alive with all the activities that would be contained in this one anonymous building. That was his first proposal for the bicentennial. Then he moved out to the plan for the bicentennial in Eastwick, which was many acres, but which carried the kernel of the idea of whole community, almost, for arts coming together from across the world, and with the representative buildings for different nations, wrapped in a matrix of gardens, with a central canal, which I proposed, from knowing the [World's] Columbian Exposition, knowing the importance of water movement, which would unify one major building, which was the Congress of Ideas and Arts, and then the other was of science. But a whole complex, which was unified by the idea of bringing together a community with a great idea that was not commerce, necessarily, that was not protection, again I wanted to say, but that to form a new community based on culture. This was world culture for the bicentennial. Some of these ideas are in the de Menil and were stimulated by the plan that the de Menils had for incorporating the bungalows and the neighborhood into a whole neighborhood of art. And what better reason for people to come together at all ages and have it so open to every person who was in the area and that it was a generating idea that could be planted in anywhere in a city to give it new life. So that was at the basis of this.

It's so interesting, because the storage unit that I realized that Lou was beginning to design (and he was very slow to conceive of a structure specifically) was based on a drawing that he made for me of his exhibition room that was given to him at the Biennale, that was to show his work. And the very form, which was additive of this storage, was very like the form

that he had created in which to show his work in a single room. So they were related, and that's what told me that this idea had been generating in his mind, and it would come back every so often into a vision for a whole city.

The Duke of Gonzaga

I just wanted to put my two cents in. And it's the idea of a community that I came across that was built in Italy in 1565 by the Duke of Gonzaga. It was called Sabbioneta, and almost nobody knows about. It was a model community. A duke, who had served the Spaniards, had designed a mannerist community, and instead of housing all of the functions of the palace in a single glorious building, he built this wonderful community of mannerist houses, buildings, and separate identities, and a church, and a small castle. But housing for all of the functionaries and for the services, and it was based on the Duke of Gonzaga's idea that he'd wanted to build a community that was entirely walled. It was built for humanism, and to invite humanists from across the world to attend. And the very interesting aspect for me, when I discovered this town, was that it was called *Piccola Atene*, Little Athens. In *Midsummer Night's Dream*, there is a reference to the sort of simpleminded workers meeting for their play that they're going to present under the Duke's Oak. Now, there is a place in Sabbioneta that is called the Duke's Oak. Shakespearean scholars have often wondered, "Was it a great tree?" No, it wasn't. It was the entranceway to this town of Sabbioneta, and it was called the Duke's Oak because it faced onto the oak forest that belonged to the Duke, in which where was a temple, and in which there were all kinds of references that you come across in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, in the play, that nobody has been able to determine. Everyone thinks it was made in Greece. But no, it was

made for this town, for humanists. [It] is a clue for me, along with a few other people, like Justice [John Paul] Stevens, who believe that Shakespeare was actually Edward De Vere, who traveled in Italy at this time and probably was a guest of the Duke of Gonzaga in this village, in this town, this mannerist city that was built simply to invite artists and writers into this city of the arts. And the whole idea of a city of the arts is an incredible notion that I think Lou had in the back of his mind; so I had to put that in. [That's] my two cents about Shakespeare.

Abbottsford Homes

This is a community center [for which] Robert Couch was the architect, who was called in by the Philadelphia Housing Authority, to renovate a community of houses that were built for the workers for the Second World War, in which to live. Then it was turned over to the Philadelphia Housing Authority, and it was a very derelict area, but they finally experimented and turned it over to residents, so that it was the only project, which was resident-driven by a committee, largely of women, who lived there, and it was a sorry sight. It was about three blocks away from a very pleasant neighborhood in Mount Airy. It was near a boulevard not far from the Roosevelt Highway, and a reservoir. It was called Abbottsford Homes. There you have the name, which I think is almost too bad, because it already establishes it as something that was housing for the poor, really. But anyhow, Bob Couch came in and asked me to help him, and the first thing that the residents wanted were roofs on these boring buildings, which were largely brick. They just wanted the appearance of houses. They also were given the possibility that they could individually own them eventually. They needed to have additional space added in some way with an extension of each of the row buildings, and Bob did a very good job of

making them into dwellings. There were, I don't know how many. I originally had the number of buildings that were there, and the tenants. Ultimately they tore down a number of buildings, because they couldn't afford to renovate all of them.

Looking at the plan, you can see the location of the buildings and that the green spaces were interspersed and were possible. There was very little else that could be done to ameliorate the conditions that were there, except to clean up the basements and begin with a landscape plan. There was enough money to plant trees and to give a sense of an entire community and to plant over these empty spaces.

Everyone had a garden. That was my goal. I just want to say this: that the idea that you can better the situation for people by providing housing is not enough. You've got to give them a garden. You have to give them nature. If you're going to give them dignity and means of raising their children in an environment that is nurturing, it isn't just housing.

Abbottsford Homes (on site)

We are at Abbottsford Homes, on the edge of Philadelphia, a collection of apartment blocks which were built for the Second World War workers and subsequently turned over to the Philadelphia Housing Authority, and which is also governed by a community board—the only housing unit in the city that is run by the tenants and the people who live here. The purpose was to enhance these buildings, because they were very minimal, to enlarge the spaces, if at all possible, [and] to give rooftops to the tenants who desired them, and [who] did not like the ugly brick buildings, which were very barren.

The buildings were matched by a very barren landscape, which was not developed in any respect. So to deal with units of housing, to make it possible for people to own their own houses, too, was one of the purposes, so that there was a separate identity, and they weren't all cookie-cutter collections, that there was some ability to improvise your dwelling and to expand the space somewhat. So that was the purpose that was given to Bob Couch, who was the architect of the community center and of the renovation of these buildings. Unfortunately, they ran out of funds, partly, and so a number of the buildings were torn down, and there are great open spaces surrounding the entire area. But the intent was to create a community in the neighborhood, and to make the houses and the separate dwellings with gardens.

The linear layout of the War Department was very rigid. [We tried to] break up and make use of the interior spaces between the buildings, between the alignment, and to give a sense of variety to the spaces, [a sense] that these weren't just aligned buildings to house people. [We tried] to give everybody the sense that they could have a little garden in their front yard, and a communal space between the linear layouts of the building blocks and then to have common public spaces for activities associated with the community center. There were arrangements to have playgrounds and daycare centers, and even the thought that I proposed of a children's enterprise to learn about having vegetable gardens and growing their own vegetables, and building outdoor furniture and creating something that wasn't just plastic, but that could be made and designed by kids and produced, so that there could be a real industry, an Abbottsford industry of outdoor furnishings, which could have been a great enterprise. Kids could have learned a lot from that experience, and also could improve the neighborhood by giving people

outdoor furniture, taking them out into the landscape, and then also to enhance the public spaces.

It was an ongoing enterprise, and it was very barren, and there was hardly a tree in sight, no path system whatsoever. Railings had to be provided, steps and access, new forms of communication, but also to create a sense of privacy and individuality for each of these dwellings, and that people had some control over their surroundings and could use them imaginatively. Housing itself isn't the answer, but housing with gardens could become a solution for many people to bring nature back into the city, and into their lives in workable daily moments. And also to create a whole sense of a community that people could be very proud of. I kind of object to the name Abbottsford Homes, because it sounds too much like a housing project. But just "Abbottsford" could become a brand name for the furniture that they were making, and for the place where they lived—to say they lived at Abbottsford and be proud of it. So it was a great enterprise, and largely led by the women of the community who were on the governing board. There were countless meetings and discussions, and it was a very democratically run operation until at one point they had a czar who came in, supposedly an architect who could advise everybody and in a very confrontational, unfortunate position of power, which he desired. So there were difficulties, whereas the women themselves really knew how to govern, and should have been allowed to make the decisions.

First of all, I wanted to bring trees in here, because this was a totally desolate spot. I also wanted to bring in flowering plants, and even fruit-bearing trees, to connect people with nature in so many different forms, and not just to shrub it up. One had to be careful about planting shrubs, because the general opinion was that they were just a hiding place for thieves and for

mischief. So that was something that had to be overcome. But when you offered shrubs that have flowers on, it becomes a different kind of situation, or brilliant fall colors, and definitely one wanted to add color to the palette of these spaces. So it was a combination of creating semi-public spaces between the linear alignments of the buildings, and then to have a few broad, open spaces, such as this one off of the community center, and another long stretch further over, where a playground could be established, and running space and then tolerate an Arthur Ashe tennis courts at the base of the buildings and basketball courts and game places.

It was fun to design a children's playground, but with minimal funds. I knew that everybody loved water, and I wanted to give the kids a fountain. And what to do? So a single jet coming out of a pavement, and the pavement had to be scooped to contain some water. And then to give it a pattern, which was a maze, just a simple maze, a mosaic it could be. That was one sort of fun thing—to give kids a play place, and then an amphitheater where they could gather and give plays and just a whole system of community activities that would be out of doors and gathering places for festivals or fireworks or anything that would be, or group picnics. And [also] to give people a sense that they belong to a place they were proud of, and that they could care for. When you plant trees, there's nothing worse than seeing trash under trees. If you just see trash lying around on the sidewalks or something, you don't pay much attention. But if you see trash piling up under trees, it hits everybody, I think. So I think trees were the answer to this landscape, largely; and the changing of the forms and the shapes of the Earth, because there was a lot of excavation and building up of mounds, and an interesting topography. Unfortunately [with] the sheltering aspects of the whole community, of shielding from the noise of traffic and everything, there was a great borderline of trees, and to dampen

down the sounds of traffic on Henry Avenue, which is a major thoroughfare, and to contain kids from running out in the streets and playing in the streets, because they would have places here to play in, and to locate parking so it was not too oppressive and not too vast of an area of paving.

Of course, the idea which I started with, with Lou Kahn, [was] about streets and the hierarchy of different types of streets and how he saw streets positively for kids as when he was a child, and how they played ball in the streets, and they were not menaced by cars. But when cars became ubiquitous, it was necessary to protect kids from going out in the streets and improvising and making their own ball courts in the streets, [necessary] to try and keep the cars under control, and not [have] too large [of] parking lots. The street layout was already here, as you can see from the names; they're already Army names for the streets, and they were here. So we had to work with what was given in the overall imprint or footprint.

My impression is that I'm happy about it [when returning to the site today]. I'm pleased, because things were completed or carried out, but [also] it was wonderful to see the concerted effort of the people who lived here, of the residents, [to see] that they really cared, and they put their heart in having these changes made, and they accepted them. And now there is a sense that it is a place that has been established by the landscape, and even cats are happy.

Pennsylvania Avenue Development Corporation

This is Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, [D.C.]. Originally, [landscaper architect] George Patton was given the commission, and George invited me to participate. Then he invited [architect] Bob Venturi to come in, and there were three areas. There was Pershing

Park, and then two other areas, one was to be a park and then other was to be a plaza. Bob Venturi managed to take hold of the whole project [and] designed it himself. George, being a very polite man, didn't fight back. And so there were meetings that were held, and eventually when Bob came up with his idea of the copy of the L'Enfant plan, I made the remark, I said, "Oh, this was great for Lilliputians." And that just polished me off, I'm afraid. Bob was very angry, but I was the second person to be fired. The first one was [artist] Richard Serra, who had come up with his ideas. Bob finally took over and won over what was built. But in the meantime, before that, I had the fun of playing around with ideas of what could be done. And for me, this was kind of a dynamic principle, the diagonal is a wonderful kind of a line, and it's really part of L'Enfant as well, part of the layout of Washington, in some ways. But I don't know, it was just crazy, and it was fun, and it was very experimental to begin with. And so this is what I came up with, but it very soon got washed out. So I just wanted to show it.

Franklin D. Roosevelt Four Freedoms Park

Immediately Lou determined that there would be a monument at the end, a blunt end that petered out, and this was all spoil. I mean, it was just a heap of nothing at all, and it had to be built. Since there was no room at all to build up, (because what else can you do? It was just a narrow spit—nothing else) I built up this, especially because I wanted to see a profile across from Manhattan and such, instead of just this thing. So the mount was my idea.

This is my drawing, my crazy ideas, initial ideas. Lou [Kahn] was concentrating on making a structure at the end of the island. Here was the ruin, which was a marvelous building that was built in 1848. It was a hospital on Welfare Island, as it was called, later called Roosevelt Island.

And it was a magnificent ruin, which Lou and I both valued and treasured, and actually it had been lighted at night, and was quite exciting. But the Roosevelt Island people let it deteriorate pretty badly. Now if they're going to save it at all (and they've lost the roof and the crenulations and all of the wonderful details), it would cost $15 million to stabilize the walls. But at the time that we were working on it, we had hopes of utilizing it, because, in the project, that was the entryway to the big memorial.

We didn't think of it as a park. We thought of it as a memorial. And I had worked with Lou a little bit, and enjoyed doing it on the Six Million Martyrs Memorial [Monument to Six Million Jewish Martyrs], which I so revered, and I still wish could be built. And that was all of glass, which was remarkable, because he rarely used glass. But it was such a marvelous concept and still is. But for this remarkable site couldn't fail but be noticed. It was a great site, both visiting it because of the view of the city, and then also the possible view across to a memorial from Manhattan and Queens, it just was outstanding. And of course the bridge was in itself a great image, too. So this had to be something strong, and it's interesting to me, because at one point, Lou made a drawing for me, a little sketch in which he drew very tall obelisk, and then he wrote down "55 feet wide" and then he drew this island area, 55 feet long. And he said, "This has got to be as good as that." The obelisk was the Washington Monument, so then he knew what his ambition was, that this had to be a horizontal monument, but it had to have a power that was as great as the Washington Monument. That was his ambition.

Well, he first started out with a huge bastion, which was to be (how many feet high?) 60 feet high, which was metallic, like the cladding on the British Museum of Art. So it would be very reflective and be like the bastion that was at the site for the Six Million Martyrs, because

there was Castle Clinton, which was a solid stone bastion, but it was a harbor landmark, and this was to be of the same power, only it was to be gossamer at the same time, because it was metal. It was not stone. And in it, the interior of it was to harbor all kinds of functions and activities, on the inside of this circle. So it was a circular structure, which would have been very dominant in the harbor scene. That was the first thing that Lou started out with, and it was very exciting. We both loved the idea of it. It was very quickly knocked down, because it was four times higher than the budget. Lou had to start all over again, and we had about a month to produce something, maybe six weeks. So then we came up with something very different. But this was a very early design, thinking about landscape, thinking about, for me, a processional down to the end, which whatever it was going to be, was going to be monumental, maybe. And I employed Cedrus [cedar] trees, because of the scale.

Anyhow, what we produced in April, the whole idea had to be throw out, and that was in the middle of March. By the end of April, we had to come up with something brand new that would be a synch. So the first thing that Lou did was to cut down the height of his 60-foot bastion, which was circular, and it became a much smaller structure, which he called the room. And it went through various iterations, and he had to present for the first time in April, [that's] where he's photographed with Averell Harriman and Rockefeller—no, Franklin Roosevelt—standing, towering above this little guy. He was pointing down to two bewildered hem, these canopies which are, there was a choice, one group was made of concrete, and then another, it wasn't stone, but it was another construction entirely. But they were called canopies, which were two structures opening the wide view down the river, but enclosing them in this room, so that you weren't looking out at Manhattan or anything until you got down to this point. This

was to become the entrance, first of all, the marvelous hospital building, the ruin, was at the entrance.

Then we thought of having a group of trees, and I was going to use 40 trees of columnar height. I was inspired by a little drawing that Lou made of Isfahan [in Iran], when he had visited the column in Isfahan. There were 40 columns, and he was so impressed with this great room of columns, which looked onto a garden. And so there were 40 trees in here that were inspired by Isfahan. This was to be the arrival for people from the city into a general diffusion of the crowd, in gravel, and 40 columnar trees that could be lighted [by] myriad lights at night. It could be as a festival, kind of a welcoming for people, and a sort of preparation for what was to come. Originally, the bastion was like a theater with interior levels of niches and things, and with historical elements and stories about FDR and all kinds of amusements in a way. And this was kind of a circular carnival for people.

Well, all of this was eliminated, and it became very severe, cut down to 12 feet high, with the canopies, which is not monumental; but it's also larger than individual height. So there was a kind of 'in between' ambiguity to this building. Then the activities that were taken from this bastion were decided to be put underground into the raised mound, which I had created. They were going to have underground the galleries and interpretive rooms for commemorating Roosevelt with, naturally, a bust of Roosevelt in one of these rooms, and then a kind of club for people, a public place that would really welcome people, even in the winter, in accord with the welcoming of Hyde Park and of the Roosevelts and of every man to have a public place that was his club, really. Then midway (this went up 14 feet or something) was a garden, a rose garden for Eleanor [Roosevelt], to commemorate her as well. And then [there were] staircases on both

sides that would lead up to the very top view down a great lawn. And then to have, instead of just one central walkway (which I had in the kitchen sink garden), the aisle approach along both sides for a promenade. So there were choices. One could simply walk or ride a bicycle along the promenade, and rest and sit and look at the view, or there was the avenue of trees. And these trees were to be (as Lou always felt and described them) sheltering, probably orchard-size in a way. And this was to be not a grand allée, as in the war memorials that were made by [architect] Paul Cret, for example, after the First World War, with sculpted trees, pollarded trees—nothing like that. But [rather] a procession and a whole, so that you had an experience of going through a very communal welcoming space, and then suddenly you were at your clubhouse. But you would go beyond that, and you could come up to a great lawn. And this lawn was to be representative of the American countryside and not to be a grand allée, or like the Tuileries or anything, but a place for people to fly kites and for people to bring picnics and for walking—an alternative space, and quite different from the promenades. It was to be enclosed with the avenues of trees, which were overhanging and enveloping.

This idea persisted, and even in the last notebook that Lou carried with him his last trip, there are a series of drawings, and it shows that the central lawn area was to be enclosed and encased. You were to be not distracted by the views out to the city. You were to be in a kind of orcharded place that was the American country, really. So it was not grand; it was not the Champs-Elysées or Kaiser Wilhelm, or anything like that. But instead of having Kaiser Wilhelm at the end on a horse, it was suddenly the idea of [sculptor] Jo Davidson's enlarged head of FDR, which was facing the crowd. Lou would not have it inside the room at all, because this was to be a duly secularized place. [It was to be] the head of Roosevelt, as you see it on the dime, or as

you heard him on the radio, and nothing about his being crippled or anything like that. Of course, all the disabled people wanted to have him shown in a wheelchair. No way. It was just his head, which was welcoming the people, and he was not on horseback. It was a distinctly American kind of monument that Lou had in mind, without any other embellishments, without flagpoles and banners and stuff like that. It was very minimal and to be made by the people who would come and gather here, and so that was really what was in mind, but that it was a processional, and that you went through various experiences of the landscape.

He called it "the garden and the room," and thought of them together as one unit, that they balanced each other very much so. And the room, the structure, the architecture becomes part of the garden as well. You can proceed in so many different ways along the promenade or under that allée of trees, and then suddenly you come out to a paved area, which is manmade. So you go through the continent. You go through […] not the ramble; I mean, it's not Central Park or anything, but it is still wild in respect, and carefree, and people cannot be regimented in this kind of space. They can improvise and do whatever they please. But then the processional becomes attenuated and you descend to this point, which is manmade. So it's the combination of nature and then this minimum of a room, which, instead of confronting, instead of having Roosevelt inside, he was outside. When you get to the room, you're on your own. You're suddenly confronted with the river moving on. It's eternity, and you're faced with questions yourself. It could be a wonderful meeting place, but it could also be a contemplative place.

The walls went from being metal and concrete to finally granite sizes, and huge blocks, which were too heavy to be transported on the bridge. They had to be brought by barge the way they were in Egypt and installed with the crack between them. At one point, Lou's idea was

to have a single crack where the light would come in at dawn on the day that Roosevelt was born, and then at sunset on the day that he died, with a crack in the walls. Well, this was separated, but the whole idea of the walls separating and space becoming was all wrapped up in what he created here. It was a drama, and there were all kinds of choices of approaches and all kinds of responses that it evoked. And then, of course, there was the return journey, which you could choose a way of going back. You would see the bridge in the distance, and it would be up hill. It would be a lot harder in some respects, but it was that space was realized through movement, that not through construction, really. It was an experience that took time, and you were not plunked in front of a figure statue to commemorate Roosevelt, but you were really confronted, finally, on your own. So it's a place full of questions and the future, and a sense of rededication, somehow, that he wanted to establish.

[Regarding] the timespan from concept to execution, it was conceived, I was looking to my room and brought the first (as I describe it), the first photographs and plans, site studies, grading studies, to my room, and he [Louis Kahn] laid them out. He laid out the photographs like a stack of cards. And this is what we had to start with. And that was on his birthday, February 20th, in 1973. And we had a date that Lou had to present to the mayor of the city and to Franklin Roosevelt and everyone, on April 27th. That was what we had to work for. So we started out with the bastion, which everybody was very excited about.

I'll just tell you right now what it took. It took 40 years. It was put in storage, because the city didn't have the money to produce it. It was put away for 40 years, and then brought out, in part, I think, because of Nathaniel [Kahn]'s film [*My Architect*]. They were able to raise the money, which was ten times what it originally cost, to build it. It was interpreted from the

drawings of [the architectural firm] Mitchell/Giurgola that they made, and produced, and it was marvelous that it was made. But there are flaws to the interpretation of what was intended. But it's there.

Gravagno Residence (on site)

Here we are in Wayne, Pennsylvania, at the house and garden of Emilio and Carole Gravagno. I have not been back for a dozen years, when we first planted a barren site with a new house. It's wonderful to come back and see mature trees and a beautifully cared for and maintained grounds, which is such a rarity and such a bounty. So the plants have all responded to this great care and affection for them. Carole Gravagno was also the owner of a former garden that I designed for her and her first husband in Ambler, [Pennsylvania] and that has since gone away. It's been lost. So it's doubly exciting to see that some of the plants that we gathered from that area we replanted, and that they're flourishing, and that they're very happy in this environment. It was a great marvel to work with Carole and Emilio. Every step of the way, the choice of the plants and the areas that we created that were very special. We had places that were particular, and yet I was given latitude to experiment with plants. I'm so grateful for those wonderful, wonderful people, who have enjoyed being here.

You may have noticed when we entered the courtyard that there is a tree that's very curious in shape, a bit exotic. But I remember it as in childhood, and I remembered the name as a child, that it was called a camperdown elm. I was accustomed to the wonderful American elms, which I adore, which are some of my favorite trees and which make New England towns absolutely remarkable, and let's hope that we can still have, have been preserved. But the

camperdown elm is definitely an ornamental, and it can be used very sparingly. But if you have a chance, if you want to make a statement of sorts, use a camperdown elm, which I did here. I think it's the only work where I have used it. I can't say that it's a favorite tree or a signature tree, but I do have affection for it, and I was delighted that I found the right spot.

This was a marvelous opportunity to explore my love of various trees and plants, and I plucked a few from the Ambler house, a number of them, as Carole had her preferences, too, and we shipped them over here, and put them in, and lo and behold, they took hold. That was a delight to see that they were saved somehow, and that they were flourishing. It was a great opportunity to play some of my favorites, and I do have favorites; and [an opportunity] to experiment and to bring plants together, which probably the orthodox believers in native plants would shiver at the thought of my audacity or my daring to put certain plants together. But what fun. I mean, the plants are the palette of a landscape designer, and you paint with them, very much so, with the colors and the textures, the forms. They're very distinctive, and I hope that one can note the distinction and stop in front of a certain plant and admire it just for itself, and be thrilled that it's surviving here among, probably, aliens. I took great latitude. The idea of an arboretum in a garden is a wonderful opportunity to experiment and put together a whole community that nature would not have created, but that still is compatible, and we enjoy their association.

[END]

[i] Anita McCormick Blaine was the daughter of Cyrus H. McCormick, whose 'McCormick Reaper' revolutionized American agricultural production.
[ii] Here Pattison was mistaken. Paul Cret designed the Hall of Science at the Century of Progress International Exposition. The Travel and Transportation Museum was designed by Edward Bennett, Hubert Burnham, and John Holabird.
[iii] Here Pattison meant to reference the painter Malcolm Hackett.
[iv] Here Pattison meant to reference the Arctic explorer Sir Wilfred Grenfell, who had formerly owned the Kiley residence.
[v] Here Pattison refers to her work on the Gravagno residence; see the section titled Gravagno Residence.
[vi] Here Pattison refers to Piranesi's *Icnhographia*, a reconstructed plan of the *Campus Martius* in Rome.
[vii] For more about Pattison's work on the Watson residence, see the section titled Watson Residence.
[viii] For more about Pattison's work on the Meyerson and Korman residences, see the sections titled Meyerson Residence and Korman Residence, respectively.
[ix] For more about Pattison's work on the Cecil B. Moore Station plaza, see the section titled Cecil B. Moore Station Plaza.
[x] For more about Pattison's work on the Walsh Residence, see the section titled Walsh Residence.
[xi] For more about Pattison's work on the Haas residence, see the section titled Haas Residence.
[xii] For more on Pattison's work on the Gravagno residence, see the section titled Gravagno Residence.
[xiii] The Lowthorpe School was founded in 1901.
[xiv] The school was founded in 1915 as the Cambridge School of Architecture and Landscape Design for Women.
[xv] A technical glitch in the audio equipment necessitated that the section of the interview titled Piano Pavilion be re-recorded. Nathaniel Kahn and Harriet Pattison conducted the re-recording on April 6, 2016. Therefore, the transcription of this section is not verbatim. It does, however, reflect the spirit and intention of Pattison's remarks.
[xvi] Here Pattison was mistaken. In 1957, Kahn began his design for the Alfred Newton Richards Medical Research Laboratories and David Goddard Laboratories Buildings in Philadelphia, which were constructed by 1965 and named a National Historic Landmark in 2009.