



The Josephine Baker House: For Loos's Pleasure

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Farès el-Dahdah The Josephine Baker House: For Loos's Pleasure

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The wire-frame model for the Josephine
Baker House was created by Stephen
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rendered using a Silicon Graphics
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The narrative history of an architecture complicit with a subject's affects has yet to be written. Examples are rare when, in an architectural treatise, love is a semantic notion and not its function, as in Claude-Nicolas Ledoux's *Projet d'une maison de plaisirs*. An amorous architecture may, in fact, find a theoretical point of departure somewhere in the fifteenth century when love becomes an obsessive feature for Alberti — an obsession, we are told, later realized in Francesco Colonna's *Hypnerotomachia Poliphili*.¹ Colonna's treatise takes the form of a love story in which buildings become metaphors for the protagonist's lover. It is an originary moment, perhaps, when a building is described as both an object of desire and as a quasi-subject who might actually enjoy being loved.² In the Age of Enlightenment, one also finds instances when love meets architecture, when laws of seduction are ratified in architectural theory — in fictions on buildings and in built form. Planimetric distribution, for example, becomes with Nicolas le Camus de Mézières a distribution of pleasures when a particular building type, such as an *hôtel particulier*, is organized relative to a series of tableaux, each meant to provoke a particular sensation in the room's occupant. Indeed, de Mézières writes on what until then had been given little attention: "affections of the soul."³ Irrelevant of origins, examples can certainly be collected for a history of an architectural patronage in which sentiment and affects are part of the program. It is a history that might begin with a seventeenth-century *folie* and consist of a long list of architectural commissions for the Duc de Richelieu, Madame de Pompadour, La Guimard, William Beckford,



Ludwig II of Bavaria, Gabriele D'Annunzio, Carlos Beistegui, among many others — or, as this essay will later describe, for Josephine Baker.

The phrase “bachelor machine” has often been attributed to such an architecture of pleasure, which is appropriate insofar as it connotes a kind of trap that works both ways (trapping the trapper just as it might the prey) and inasmuch as we understand a machine to be neither a tool nor a weapon. A bachelor machine is an apparatus that, once set in motion, orchestrates reversible roles akin to those played in seduction, wherein while the seducer seduces, the seduced may manipulate the seducer's advances. Seduction is thus what makes a machine wait for any action to make it work, be it that of the seducer or the seduced. For just as the cogs of a machine reverse relations of power, so plots of seduction confuse relationships in the name of desire. The bachelor machine is, in fact, a hypnotic mechanism provoked by the seducer yet dependent on the suggestionability of the hypnotized/seduced. The phrase “bachelor machine” becomes inappropriate, however, once its gender reference is fixed and once it connotes a space of violation; in this case, it should be called a “bachelor's weapon,” ammunition for which is found in the domain of virility. The distinction resides in directional, riflelike, nature of rape and the reversible, machinelike, nature of seduction. By name, this machine for seduction belongs to the space of bachelordom and serves both a Don Giovanni and a Madame de Pompadour just as it might serve the pleasures of their often ignored lovers. It has been suggested that the blame for having ignored seduction as desire falls on the experts of gallant literature who “study it in terms of performance,” whereby seducers are catalogued, classified, and “immobilized depending on their successes or failures,” while the manipulative abilities of the seduced are perpetually ignored.⁴ Whether called *vigne*, *folie*, *petite maison*, *garçonnière*, or bachelor pad, this machine ought perhaps to be thought of as that which serves those who, for one reason or another, “bach it”: that is, as the literal mechanism for amorous conquests that corroborates, outside matrimony, the affective scenarios between the machinist and the machine's intruder. In literature, at least, it is an apparatus that has served men, women, and cross-dressers, be they a Marquis de Trémicour, a Marquise de Palmarèze, or a Julie who,

dressed as a man, seduces her lover's mistress in a *petite maison*.⁵

The existence of such amorous machines in built form undoubtedly dates as far back as their own archetype: the box of Pandora. In the eighteenth century, however, this “surprise box” became literalized in plays and novellas as well as in police reports. As early as 1740, Charles-Jean-François Hénault defined the *petite maison* as a space of alterity expressly designed for amorous escapades: “they were invented only to be entered stealthily in order to wait for someone who could not be otherwise seen without consequence.”⁶ Police scrutiny also produced a master “voyeur,” M. Berryer, who “every morning . . . delighted in the reports his sleuths had given him on the debaucheries of those he surveyed.”⁷ Indeed, by 1752 M. Berryer had made a census of all Parisian bachelor machines.

When occupied, or set in motion, a *petite maison* literally moves, with its “flying-tables” that sink to kitchens below and its “sliding mirrors” that transform rooms into jewelry boxes. Mechanical dining tables, for instance, not only heightened the displays of gastronomic feasts, but actually kept the identity of guests a secret from the gossip of servants. Madame de Pompadour had such a table built for her Petit Château de Choisy as one of the architectonic contrivances she invented to alleviate the king's boredom and thereby remain his favorite. Jules and Edmond de Goncourt describe the Petit Château as a space appropriated by the royal mistress to “lure” her king:

Choisy owned by the king, seemed to become his mistress' property, given all the efforts she put into its embellishments and all the expenditures she ordered for it. . . . The finest of details demonstrated the delicacy of her inventions. Was it not she who orchestrated [in] this enchanted castle . . . the flying table she had invented in collaboration with an engineer? . . . It was Madame de Pompadour's effort and victory to instill all of these rooms with variety and contrast providing the King's ennui with the distraction of a surprise-box. . . . In splendid architectural settings . . . the enchantress lured Louis XV.⁸

Madame de Pompadour invented an architecture that both promotes its occupant's desires and protects its machinist's celibacy, necessary for her condition as mistress. Similarly, in Jean-François de Bastide's novella, *La Petite Maison*, the

Marquis de Trémicour relies on the machinations of his house to seduce his guests and, ultimately, remain a bachelor.⁹ Bastide's fiction allegorizes a machine that sites as well as orchestrates a plot of seduction between the two protagonists. The story is that of a wager between the Marquis and Méliete, in which he dares her to visit his *petite maison* and by that alone inevitably be seduced. The visit proceeds as an argument between the Marquis' impatience to seduce and Méliete's stalling technique of wanting to see everything. Her resistance, however, aimed at teasing the Marquis by inspecting with much curiosity every detail, triggers the house to reveal itself relative to a topography of affects — as a trap meant to capture all her senses. The architectural details on which Méliete lingers are willingly displayed and described, for they are precisely the stages a resistant guest must go through in order for the seductive machine to work. Méliete is disconcerted when music is suddenly heard from behind secret panels. She is inebriated by perfumes emanating from the ether of varnishes. She is blinded by bright spectacles of refracted chandelier's and shining surfaces covering entire walls. Troubled, she barely eats from a dining table that rotates hypnotically and collapses into the ground. And just as the reader begins to suspect that the Marquis may be falling in love, Méliete succumbs to being touched and loses the wager.

Admitting that architecture will remain amorous as long as there are lovers, let us now leap across two centuries to describe Adolf Loos's own bachelor machine as an admirateur's letter that was never sent. For like Trémicour impatient to touch his guest Méliete, Loos instrumentalizes a building as a tactile extension of his senses in order to covet the exoticized body of an absent Josephine Baker.

Why do I once again turn to writing?
Beloved, one mustn't ask such a clear question,
For the truth is, I have nothing to tell you,
All the same, your dear hands will touch this note.¹⁰

Young Werter's inquiry as to why one writes a love letter reveals a paradoxical dimension inherent in any amorous correspondence: a letter is like a signifier that can convey an amorous message even though it may be empty or say nothing at all. It is the instrument of a tactile extension just as it transmits the language of devotion. Roland Barthes

distinguishes, in fact, between two forms of love notes: there is the amorous correspondence, where one seeks to "defend positions, insure conquests, [and thereby] articulate the image of the Other in various points that the letter will try to touch," and there is the love letter proper, where one is purely affectionate, engaging the Other in a "relationship, not a correspondence."¹¹ The enterprise of writing amorously can thus be "both empty (encoded) and expressive (laden with a yearning to express one's desire)."¹² A note sent to the object of one's affections is a deliberate extension of one's language, an attempt to touch the Other ("as if my words were fingers") despite the message conveyed: the irreducible "I love you."¹³ In a letter, words need say nothing at all, "save that it is to you that I tell this nothing" and, paradoxically, it is via this "nothing" that one overcomes the Other's absence.¹⁴

The house that Adolf Loos designed in 1928 at the supposed request of Josephine Baker is precisely this: a love note. It is an epistolary attempt to detail her image in "various points" through a kind of writing that stretches a third skin between the body of the architect and that of the dancer. The house is an apparatus (like the note) through which one can somehow rub against, or trap, a dancer's exoticized body. It is a building designed as a tactical enterprise, as the imaginary "prose" of an amorous conquest in between whose lines (in between the stripes of its façades and the distribution of its rooms) one is to decode a longing to signify desire. In other words, this house corroborates someone's yearning to touch the absent body of Josephine. And, in the absence of hardly any information regarding the circumstances of Adolf Loos's ever having met Josephine Baker, the architect's project (a model and a few drawings) is the principal document of this longing, shared by an entire generation, for the famous American dancer.

An account that does describe Loos meeting Josephine and "verifies" that a house may indeed have been commissioned appears in Claire Loos's biography, *Adolf Loos Privat*. Mrs. Loos (née Beck) cites her husband quoting Josephine, as the dancer complained about another architect's plans for a house she wished to build. To his surprise, Loos realized that she was unaware that he, too, was an architect and, in response, proposed his own services:

It was in Paris. She came up to me and was in a bad mood. 'Imagine Loos!' she said in a sulking tone, 'I want to make a large, large transformation to my house, and I don't like the plans of the architects.' I couldn't contain myself. 'What, you didn't come to me straight away? Don't you know that I can design the best plans in the world for you?' Astonished, Joséphine looked at me with her children's eyes and asked gently: 'So you are an architect???' — she had no idea who I was — I designed a plan for Joséphine. . . . I regard it as one of my best. The outer wall is striated with white and black bands of marble — alternating transversely.¹⁵

Baker and Loos might have met in Paris, when the architect was building a house for the dadaist poet Tristan Tzara. They might even have met in Vienna, when Baker was on tour in 1928. In her many memoirs, however, Josephine mentions neither the architect nor a house he had designed to replace two adjacent houses she owned on Avenue Bugeaud.¹⁶ The Baker House was thus designed for someone who, for conjectural reasons, did not speak of it. Baker might have never known of Loos's design or she might have deliberately abstained from acknowledging it; not to mention that the entire event of her telling Loos about her plans to build a house might have simply been forgotten by her, yet strategically remembered by him. In any case, her supposed silence must be noted, for it is that of the fetish who never replies to the fetishist's advances. The Baker House is a lover's note that needn't be sent, for it is more significant to the one who produced it than to the one who, supposedly, asked for it. It is a metonymic object whose sole purpose is to occupy the space where the Other is not and, paradoxically, to suggest both her absence and presence.

In the Baker House, one is to linger, waiting to catch a glimpse of Josephine through architectural machinations meant to exhibit and trap the body of a person whose absence Loos seems to mind. Josephine, in turn, plays a role of "present absence," which, ironically, can be illustrated in some of Loos's own writing, and in none other than "Ornament and Crime." For Loos, ornament's crime is to have disguised, or dissimulated, the purity of a spatial armature, which finds itself cluttered with supplements. To accuse ornament of perjury, however, and to call for its abolishment is, somewhere, an obsession with its absence. For it is through such absence that a seemingly unattainable object

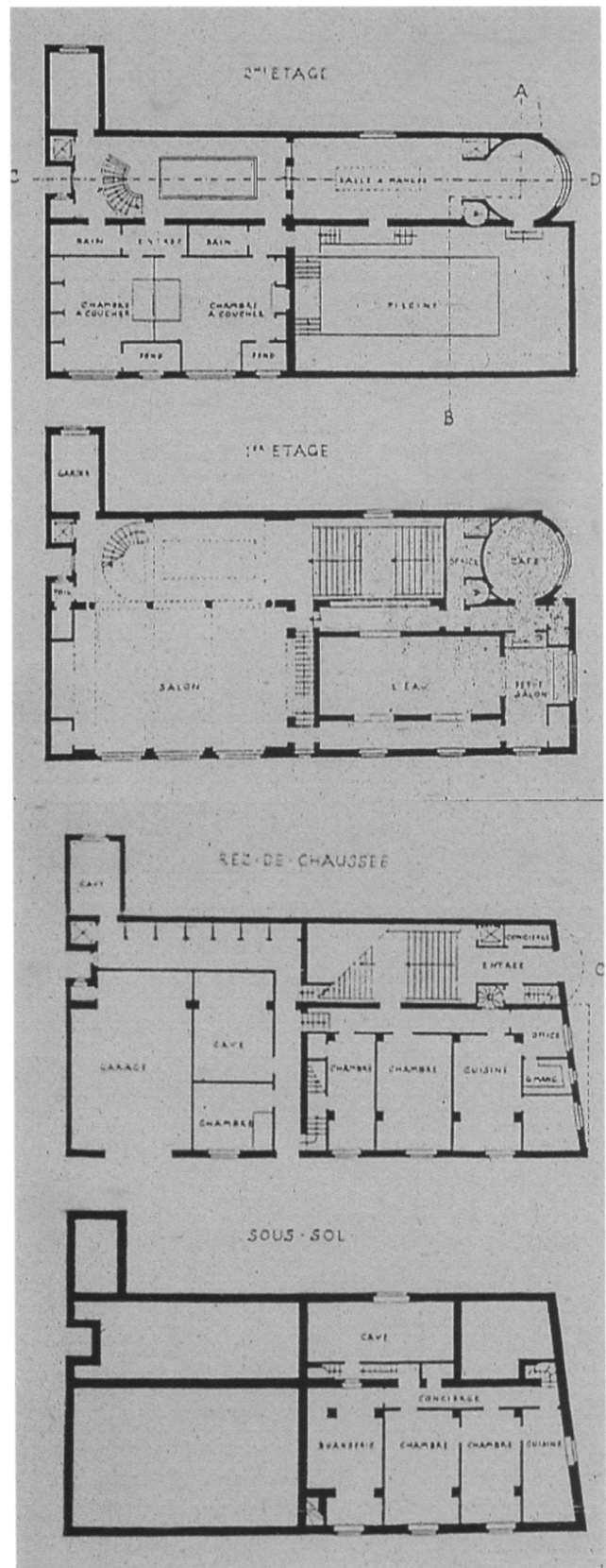
may, in fact, be acquired: what Loos calls "modern distinction." In other words, to be situated outside (in the absence of) fashion is precisely to occupy an alternate space of distinction. For Loos, one is most elegant when least noticed, "when one stands-out as little as possible in the center of culture."¹⁷ Loos insists on the absence of ornament so as to disguise a certain delight in the distinction such an absence procures. Hence Hubert Damisch's claim that "in a class society the absence of ornament can still be an ornament."¹⁸ Absence fulfills what the presence of an ornament can fulfill no longer since the suggestion of craft comes to "naturalize" the mass-produced object as distinct from others.¹⁹ Loos precisely minds the notion that fashion ceases to be truly luxurious when its details are no longer artfully crafted; and he would, no doubt, disagree with Barthes's claim that "the detail [the ornament] consecrates a democracy of budgets while respecting an aristocracy of tastes."²⁰ To do away with, to sacrifice, ornament is, for Loos, to evoke nostalgically an unattainable "aristocratic" object as the essential accessory of "the modern man," who "is still in our society an isolated man, a forward sentinel, an aristocrat."²¹ Indeed, Loos enjoys paying more for the absence of what he considers excessive. In a passage from "Ornament and Crime," the architect disappoints his shoemaker by requesting a pair of shoes stripped of its signs of elegance, for which lack of production he is ready to pay. The cobbler may have "less work to do, yet" as Loos says, "I robbed him of all his pleasures."²² Ornament, or rather, its suppression, becomes a source, however sadistic, of delight.

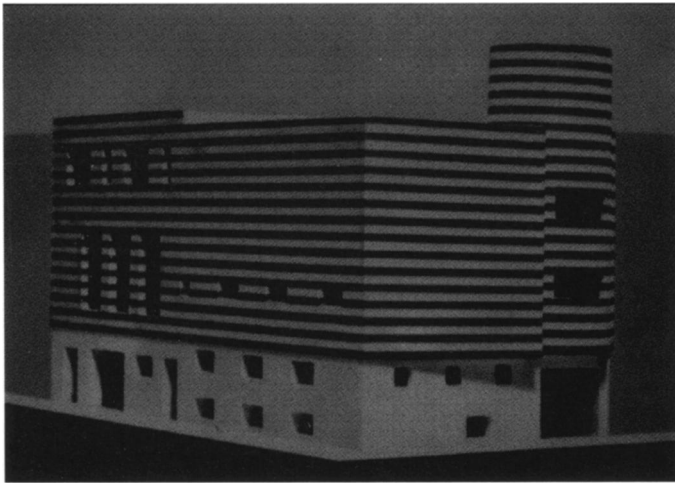
Loos's deploring of excessive notches and holes on his shoes (while delighting in their absence) is similar to his denouncing "the man of our time who daubs the walls with erotic symbols to satisfy an inner urge."²³ It is a sign of degeneracy of which he may well be guilty. Loos claims that degeneracy is determined in "the culture of a country by the degree to which its lavatory walls are daubed." He traces this act back to a primitive and savage origin: "the first work of art, the first action of the first artist daubing on the wall [is a cross whose horizontal line is] the reclining woman [and whose vertical line is] the man who penetrates her." If this indeed implies that culture is measured by the repression of its "wild" sexual urge, then ornament as well as its absence have assumed in Loos's discourse the space

2. Adolf Loos, Josephine Baker House, 1928, plans

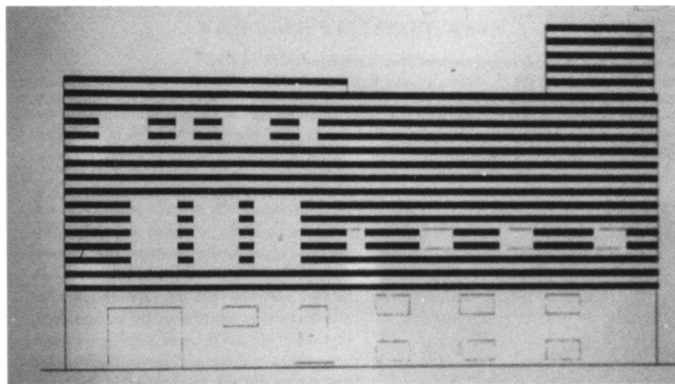
of what should ruthlessly be repressed: “the evolution of culture is synonymous with the removal of ornament from objects of daily use” For Loos, “art is erotic” and a tattoo is the untamed expression of the “Papuan” he often mentions. Having thus denounced the degeneracy of “soiled walls” as the outcome of an inner erotic urge and having gendered the “trace” as the product of feminine and masculine lines (borrowed from Mondrian), Loos’s own “daubing” on the white façades of the Baker House becomes codified as the marks of a repressed and savage desire: the flagrant script of Josephine’s body, the horizontal *tracé* as woman. As much as Loos believes that “the modern man who tattoos himself is a criminal or a degenerate,” he still inscribes the façade (of a “Papuan’s” house) with the repetitive black horizontal stripe he had already coded as a reclining woman. By his own definition, this horizontal tattoo results from an untamed desire now confronted with a vertical line: the standing architect who seeks to penetrate, “touch,” Baker’s body.

Loos’s recurrent mention of a naked Papuan who tattoos and daubs the marks of his desires is, in the Baker House, suddenly materialized (civilized) as a prospective patron whose nudity the house is to frame. Providing a “Papuan” with a house, or giving Pandora a box, disguises an anticipation for her entering it or opening it, so as to fulfill an erotic fascination with her exoticized body. Just as Loosian house should be stripped of ornament (“a house is conservative”),²⁴ so should Josephine be stripped of hers; after all, accessories are the only clothes she wears. And although, in Loos’s words, “the naked woman . . . may be able to arouse a man’s love, but not to keep it,” she becomes, when covered, when given a house in which to hide, “a riddle to man, in order to implant in his heart the desire for the riddle’s solution.”²⁵ Loos’s idea that a fig leaf (that which covers) is less about a woman’s modesty and more about a game of hide and seek is somehow architecturalized in a house that covers the naked body of Josephine, a house that she will ultimately wear. All the accessories her body needs are in the box that she is given and that, like Pandora, she will inevitably open. Such mild paranoia can, ironically, be described in Freudian terms: “the fetish is a substitute for the woman’s (the mother’s) penis that the little boy once believed in and does not want to give up.” Fetishizing a garment, for Freud, serves to uphold a disavowal that can





3. Josephine Baker House, model



4. Josephine Baker House, elevation

“crystallize the moment of undressing, as the last moment in which the woman could still be regarded as phallic.”²⁶ Similarly, Loos’s insistence on ornament’s absent presence, if not a result of a castration complex, serves at least to repress an affect of distinction (“no dandy will admit to being one”)²⁷ or, more simply, to disguise an affective penchant, shared by many, toward Josephine’s exotic body.

The striated elevations are thus the scriptural testament of Loos’s phallographic desire, and the house comes to occupy the space of what is absent: an impossible relationship between the architect and the client. As an object, the Baker House is what Barthes might have referred to as an amorous gift with which one gives one’s all, “with this object I touch you with my phallus.”²⁸ The black lines (stripes) on the walls of Loos’s white architecture constitute a kind of writing that “compensates for nothing, sublimates nothing, . . . it is precisely ‘there where you are not.’”²⁹ This house is a framing apparatus whose function depends on the absence of whomever is to be seen. It is a machine idly waiting for some force to make it work. The body of Josephine Baker is thus strategically framed throughout her own house precisely because she will not be seen, precisely because she is the fetish who never responds. In this house, one can only anticipate the way she might come down the grand stairs or dive into the swimming pool. Framing her body corroborates every instance she “might” have been there dancing, sleeping, or swimming.

In what is, after all, a Parisian *hôtel particulier*, the sequence of rooms in the Baker House abides somewhat strictly to the rules of eighteenth-century domestic distribution while simultaneously providing an idiosyncratic topography of affects. On entering the house, one is lead up a *grand escalier* into a *vestibule* on the *étage noble* where one logically finds the *salon*. Auxiliary to what is usually the largest room in the house are located a *petit salon* and a hidden *café* (or what would have been called a *cabinet*, defined in Augustin-Charles D’Aviler’s *Cours d’architecture* as “the apartment’s most secret room, to write, to study”).³⁰ In the French *hôtel*, the kitchens are removed as far as possible from the living or eating quarters, and so in the Baker House is the *cuisine* (“a room that belongs to the department of the mouth usually found on the ground-

floor of a building, and sometimes in the basement).³¹ Back in the *vestibule*, the sequence continues and another *escalier* leads to the next floor where one finds the *salle à manger* separate from the rest of the apartments.

It may not seem so strange to approximate Loos's modernist house with an eighteenth-century precedent once we realize that its planimetric distribution not only corresponds to that of an *hôtel*, but also evokes the "affections of the soul" that an eighteenth-century architectural theorist would call on when distributing a plan. This distribution of pleasure is evident as soon as one walks in the Baker House and confronts the large, overscaled stairs that could easily belong to the *Folies Bérgères*. The cabaret audience, now reduced to a single spectator, stands at the entrance looking up. The stairs are so long that the anticipated approach of Josephine from the vestibule can, at first, only be heard. Her head or *coiffure* soon appears and the rest of her body is gradually revealed, from top to bottom, just as in a striptease, lest we forget that the American dancer had been imagined stripped of all her clothes/ornaments. Josephine must now "wear" the stairs, much as she would a dress, in order to play the striptease's subtle game of concealing and revealing. In the vestibule above and down the stairs, she is imagined dancing forward and backward, teasing and manipulating the spectator below.

The framing of motion in the perspectival volume of the staircase is the architectural equivalent of E. J. Marey's "chronophotography" as the capturing of a moving object in a single frame. In a similar way, the stairs become a literal apparatus that depicts the dancer's nude body in various points much as in Marcel Duchamp's *Nude Descending Staircase*. This "demultiplication," to use Duchamp's term, inspires a kind of reverie that relativizes time and space, transforms absence into presence, and becomes a scenographic mechanism that anticipates capturing the motion of Josephine dancing up and down the stairs.³² The voyeur thus architecturalizes an unconventional mode of representation in order to transcend Josephine's absence. The house momentarily becomes a photographic apparatus of "instantaneity" through which "the object is completely stretched out as if elastic," stretched far enough that it might be touched.³³

Another voyeuristic scenario has already been pointed out wherein the house's inhabitant "is now the primary object [of vision], and the visitor, the guest, is the looking subject."³⁴ This occurs in the low passages that provide a place from which to view into a swimming pool that is dived into from the bedroom floor above. From these passages one looks through "transparent windows . . . so that it was possible to watch swimming and diving in its crystal clear water, flooded with light from above." This scenario transforms the window into "a miniature entertainment center," borrowed in principle from the *maison close* (brothel) Loos and his generation, no doubt, frequented.³⁵ The origin of such a voyeuristic practice, we are told, lies the nineteenth century when the sexual act was abandoned in favor of a visual orgasm:

Brothels began to provide the *tableau vivant*; in the grand salon a kind of erotic machinery is set up by the Madame. On a large black carpet, naked girls, were seated in suggestive poses, lit by candelabras; on a rotating floor, women appeared with airs of wax dolls eternally fixed in voluptuous poses. The spectator, seated in an armchair, could watch and enjoy the scenes in the room next door.³⁶

The voyeur's window is not unlike Loos's clean white wall that is suddenly daubed with desire. Loos defines the window as that which serves "to let the light in, not to let the gaze pass through"; yet here he designs windows that serve precisely "to let the gaze pass through."³⁷ If, indeed, "a cultivated person never looks out of the window," for it is improper to stare, in Josephine's house the window has been pushed inward, doubled along the *façade*, so that Loos's modern and distinguished man can do what he is not supposed to: he can release his desire to stare into the exact space where his gaze is forbidden. The act of refraining to look out occupies the place where the voyeur endlessly stares through the window on the side of the pool. He looks while being framed by a window behind him on the house's *façade* and from which he is not to look out. The window that does let the gaze pass through opens onto an aquatic world in which the naked body of Josephine might dive at any moment. So he waits and paints his affects on the *tableau* in front of him as a discourse of absence, if not of abstinence. The window thus becomes a *tableau* of Loos's own desires: "a pure projection, sharp-edged, incorruptible, irre-

versible, which banishes into nothingness everything around it" but the desire to see Josephine dive . . . naked.³⁸

It is clear that the identity of the voyeur is unknown ("the guest") and understandably so since by definition voyeurism is an anonymous practice. Yet, if in fact, the windows on the side of the pool confirm other interpretations of this house, in which openings are made to resemble those of a peep show, mapping the house's visual dynamics need not immobilize the players in their respective roles: "where subjects and objects cannot simply exchange places."³⁹ The pleasures of both the observer and the observed are fixed in their respective positions insofar as one ignores the guest's thrill in being caught by the host's exhibitionist swim, not to mention the host's inherent knowledge of the intruder's position. The voyeur's identity might not be known, yet his eyes are readily borrowed by someone with a perceptual knowledge of the house's *raumplan* or by someone who anticipates how, in such an imagined place, a body might move, sleep, or swim. The house does not belong to the person of Josephine; it belongs to that exoticized body she has constructed and to Loos's design pleasure in imagining it. In fact, there is no guest stricken with scopophilia, there is, instead, an author writing his desires in a letter — for he does not see, he imagines vividly.

As the site of high voyeurism, the swimming pool comes to replace what in an *hôtel* might have been a more conventional *boudoir*: a special room, indirectly lit ("with fantastic light-effects"), accessed from the sleeping quarters.⁴⁰ Having repeatedly been codified as a woman's territory, the *boudoir* is the space in which "a woman withdraws to meditate, or to read, or to work, in one word, to be alone."⁴¹ Modern dictionaries still define this space as "a woman's dressing room, bedroom, or private sitting room."⁴² In short, a *boudoir* is extraordinary, intimate, and feminine. In the eighteenth-century novel, it is a place where a woman withdraws not only to be left alone but to have her intimacy observed by the reader; as such, Loos's pool displays "an underwater revue" for the spectator who stands hidden behind a window that acts as a one-way mirror.⁴³

The mirror as a *boudoir's* essential component has been evident in both the eighteenth-century treatise on architecture as well as in the libertine novella describing eigh-

teenth-century interiors. Le Camus de Mézières suggests, for instance, that "openings and repetitions should not be arranged in this room" and that mirrors should instead produce perspectival effects.⁴⁴ In Bastide's *La Petite Maison*, a *boudoir's* alcove is described as being entirely covered with glass panels: "all sides and the ceiling of this niche are covered with mirrors."⁴⁵ Similarly, the pool in the Baker House is made entirely of mirrors, liquid mirrors that reflect and refract the figure of Josephine, whose privacy becomes spectacle for the spectator in the living room below. What is most private becomes most visible. The voyeur can now "dilute" his gaze in the pool's/mirror's fluid tain and thus engage, along with his vision, a haptic sense that makes his eyes, since his hands cannot, caress the absent body of Josephine: "by the gaze I touch, I attain, I seize, I am seized."⁴⁶ An aqueous/visual film thus extends between the palm of the abstinent voyeur's hand and the figure of Josephine, now paradoxically accessible. The *boudoir*/swimming pool in the Baker House is stripped of its many decorative details and left in a "mercurial" state of pure pornography. Behind the window/mirror, Loos stands anticipating the diving body of Josephine. Her bathing is returned to that aristocratic era that Loos often recalls, when the toilette was a public event, or a way to mark one's distinction, to the time when the toilette became a mechanism for seduction.

Figure Credits

1. Erika Billeter, ed., *Le Corbusier Secret* (Lausanne: Musée Cantonal des Beaux Arts and Theodor & Ulla Ahrenberg, 1987).
- 2, 3. Ludwig Münz and Gustav Künstler, *Adolf Loos: Pioneer of Modern Architecture* (London: Thames and Hudson, 1966).
4. P. Groenendijk and P. Vollard, *House for Joséphine Baker* (Rotterdam: Uitgeverij, 1985).

Notes

1. See Donald Keith Hedrick, "The Ideology of Ornament: Alberti and the Erotics of Urban Design," *Word & Image* (1987): 111–37.
2. See Liane Lefavre, "An Erotic Interference: The Unrecognized *Hypnerotomachia Poliphili*," *Daidalos* (1991): 92–100.
3. Nicolas Le Camus de Mézières, *Le Génie de l'architecture, ou l'analogie de cet art avec nos sensations* (Paris: Benoit Morin, 1780), 2.
4. Pierre Saint-Amand, "L'Éthique de la séduction," *Furor* 18 (1989): 46.

5. In Jean-François de Bastide, *La Petite Maison* (Paris, 1758; Paris: Éditions Gallimard, 1992), in Simon-Pierre MÉRARD de Saint-Just, *Oeuvres de la Marquise de Palmarèze: L'Esprit des moeurs du XVIII^e siècle, ou La Petite Maison* (Paris, 1776), and in Charles-Jean-François Hénault, *La Petite Maison: Comédie en trois actes* (Paris, 1769), respectively.
6. Hénault, *La Petite Maison*; quoted by R. Yve-Plessis, preface to Gaston Capon, *Les Petites Maisons Galantes de Paris* (Paris: Daragon, 1902), viii.
7. Yve-Plessis, preface to Capon, *Les Petites Maisons*, xiv.
8. Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, *Madame de Pompadour* (Paris: Olivier Orban, 1982), 94–95.
9. Bastide, *La Petite Maison*. Recent years have shown a renewed interest in Bastide's story. It was republished in France in 1992, translated into Italian in 1991, and will soon be translated into English and annotated by Rudolph el Khoury (Princeton Architectural Press).
10. Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *The Sorrows of Werter* (Oxford: Woodstock Books, 1991); quoted by Roland Barthes, *Fragments d'un discours amoureux* (Paris: Éditions du Seuil, 1977), 188; *A Lover's Discourse: Fragments*, trans. Richard Howard (New York: Hill and Wang, 1978). Barthes notes that it had been cited by Freud.
11. Barthes, *Fragments d'un discours amoureux*, 188.
12. Ibid., 187.
13. Ibid., 87.
14. Ibid., 187.
15. Adolf Loos; quoted by Claire Loos, *Adolf Loos Privat* (Vienna: Herman Böhlhaus, 1985), 11.
16. See, among others, Josephine Baker, *Joséphine* (Paris: Laffont, 1976); English trans., Mariana Fitzpatrick (New York: Harper & Row, 1977).
17. Adolf Loos, "Men's Fashion," in *Spoken into the Void: Collected Essays, 1897–1900*, trans. Jane O. Newman and John H. Smith (Cambridge, Mass.: MIT Press, 1982), 12.
18. Hubert Damisch, *Ruptures-Cultures* (Paris: Minuit, 1976), 150.
19. See Naomi Schor, *Reading in Detail: Aesthetics and the Feminine* (New York: Methuen, 1987), 57.
20. Roland Barthes, *The Fashion System*, trans. Matthew Ward and Richard Howard (New York: Hill and Wang, 1983), 243.
21. Adolf Loos, "Ornament and Crime," trans. Wilfried Wang, in *The Architecture of Adolf Loos: An Arts Council Exhibition*, ed. Yehud Safran and Wilfried Wang (London: Arts Council of Great Britain, 1985), 100–3; quoted by Schor, *Reading in Detail*, 54.
22. Ibid., 103.
23. All quotations this paragraph, *ibid.*, 100.
24. Loos, "Architecture," in *The Architecture of Adolf Loos*, 108.
25. Loos, "Ladies' Fashion," in *Spoken into the Void*, 99.
26. Sigmund Freud, "Fetishism," in *The Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud*, ed. James Strachey (London: Hogarth Press, 1961), 152–53, 155.
27. Loos, "Men's Fashion," 12.
28. Barthes, *Fragments d'un discours amoureux*, 89.
29. Ibid., 116.
30. Augustin-Charles D'Aviler, *Cours d'architecture*, bk. 2, *Explications des termes d'architecture* (Paris, 1710).
31. Jean le Rond D'Alembert and Denis Diderot, *Encyclopédie, ou, dictionnaire raisonné des sciences, des arts et des metiers* (Paris: Briasson, 1765).
32. The connection with this dadaist notion of a demultiplied object may well have come via Tristan Tzara, whose house Loos was building in Paris.
33. Pierre Cabanne, *Dialogues with Marcel Duchamp* (New York: Viking Press, 1971), 29.
34. Beatriz Colomina, "The Split Wall: Domestic Voyeurism," in *Sexuality and Space*, ed. Beatriz Colomina (New York: Princeton Architectural Press, 1992), 88. See also *idem*, *Privacy and Publicity: Modern Architecture as Mass Media* (Cambridge, Mass.: MIT Press, 1994), 260, 264.
35. Kurt Unger, "Letter to Ludwig Münz"; quoted by Ludwig Münz and Gustav Künstler, *Adolf Loos: Pioneer of Modern Architecture* (London: Thames and Hudson, 1966), 195.
36. Laure Adler, *La Vie quotidienne dans les maisons closes, 1830–1930* (Paris: Hachette, 1990), 130.
37. "Loos m'affirmait un jour: 'Un homme cultivé ne regarde pas par la fenêtre; sa fenêtre est en verre dépoli; elle n'est là que pour donner de la lumière, non pour laisser passer le regard'" (Le Corbusier, *Urbanisme* [1925]; quoted by Colomina, "The Split Wall," 74).
38. Roland Barthes, "Diderot, Brecht, Eisenstein," in *The Responsibility of Forms: Critical Essays on Music, Art, and Representation*, trans. Richard Howard (Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1991), 90.
39. Colomina, "The Split Wall," 74.
40. Claire Loos, *Adolf Loos Privat*, 11.
41. Roland Le Virloys, *Dictionnaire d'architecture* (Paris: Libraires associés, 1770).
42. *Webster's Third New International Dictionary of the English Language*.
43. Unger, "Letter to Ludwig Münz," 195.
44. Le Camus de Mézières, *Le Génie de l'architecture*, 116.
45. Bastide, *La Petite Maison*, 35.
46. Barthes, "Right in the Eyes," in *The Responsibility of Forms*, 238.



Entrance

Stephen Atkinson
Josephine Baker House:
A Sequential Reconstruction



Dining room viewed from mezzanine



Salon

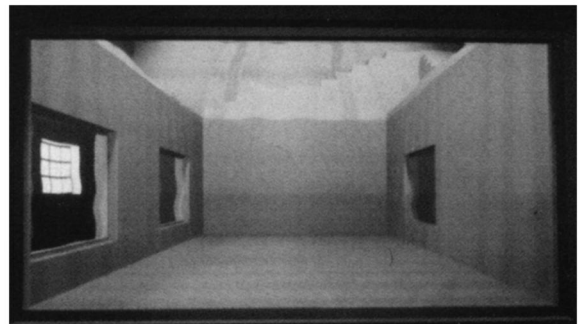


Hallway looking into pool



Petit salon

Pool viewed from
petit salon





Pool with entrances from
dining room and bedroom