



The Search for Frank Lloyd Wright: History, Biography, Autobiography

Author(s): Thomas S. Hines

Source: *Journal of the Society of Architectural Historians*, Vol. 54, No. 4 (Dec., 1995), pp. 467-476

Published by: [University of California Press](#) on behalf of the [Society of Architectural Historians](#)

Stable URL: <http://www.jstor.org/stable/991088>

Accessed: 19-03-2015 15:00 UTC

REFERENCES

Linked references are available on JSTOR for this article:

http://www.jstor.org/stable/991088?seq=1&cid=pdf-reference#references_tab_contents

You may need to log in to JSTOR to access the linked references.

Your use of the JSTOR archive indicates your acceptance of the Terms & Conditions of Use, available at <http://www.jstor.org/page/info/about/policies/terms.jsp>

JSTOR is a not-for-profit service that helps scholars, researchers, and students discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content in a trusted digital archive. We use information technology and tools to increase productivity and facilitate new forms of scholarship. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.



University of California Press and Society of Architectural Historians are collaborating with JSTOR to digitize, preserve and extend access to *Journal of the Society of Architectural Historians*.

<http://www.jstor.org>

Review Essay: The Search for Frank Lloyd Wright

History, Biography, Autobiography

THOMAS S. HINES

University of California, Los Angeles

The life and work of Frank Lloyd Wright (1867–1959) have always called for the epic treatment. Arthur Drexler, for example, long-time director of the Department of Architecture and Design at the Museum of Modern Art, confessed to me in 1981 that one of his life's ambitions was to "take over" the museum, as his colleague William Rubin had recently done with Picasso, and devote every available gallery space to a massive Wright retrospective. As we discussed this project in the early 1980s, we concluded that nothing less would be appropriate for documenting and interpreting Wright's colossal achievement. Such an exhibition would require a massive catalogue, coinciding ideally with a multivolume critical biography of Wright of the scope of Leon Edel's recently published study of Henry James, a book that would critically deconstruct, reconstruct, explicate, interpret, and connect Wright's ideas and build-ings with his life and his world.¹

Though Drexler did not live to create this exhibition, his successor, Terence Riley, mounted an ambitious and illuminating two-floor retrospective, even if it did not realize Drexler's dream of "taking over" the museum. Still, no architectural Edel has yet appeared to analyze and integrate the life, the work, and the larger context with the depth, richness, and elegance that Wright's story demands. Lewis Mumford was the kind of critic/historian who was capable of doing it, which makes it regrettable that when his publisher suggested such a work, he considered it briefly and then said no.

In the mid-twentieth century, an earlier generation of architectural historians, such as George Kubler at Yale, argued that the biographical component, the linking of life,

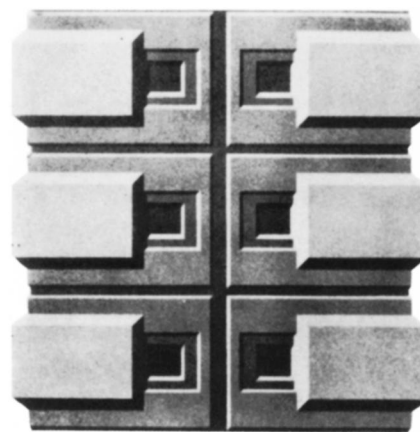
work, and context, was, for the most part, a counterproductive smoke screen in the proper study of the history of art.² In the late twentieth century, assuming that sufficient biographical and contextual data exist to make such studies viable, that claim seems so problematic that it hardly needs refutation. One does not have to be an orthodox Freudian to understand the primacy of psychic development, conscious and unconscious, as a decisive factor in human creativity. Neither must one be a doctrinaire Marxist to believe in the necessity of relating what Marx would have called the creation, production, distribution, and consumption of art to its cultural, intellectual, social, economic, and political contexts.

Journeys taken by different artists, especially through the same times and places, reveal significant affinities and similarities. Yet because of different personal, professional, social, and cultural contingencies, all lives and journeys are unique and constitute experiences, and consequently achievements, unlike any other. Reconstructing the journey of an artist sheds light, then, not only on a particular artistic achievement, but on the period of history that the artist has traversed. This applies to all artists, including painters and sculptors as they retreat from the world into their studios, but it is especially true of architects, who, of all artists, must mediate most constantly among the frequently divergent realms of society, commerce, technology, and art. And while this applies to all architects, it is especially pertinent to Frank Lloyd Wright, who, of all twentieth-century architects, was perhaps the most intensely engaged with life, with society, with the nation, and with the world.

Because of the consensus that Wright is the greatest American architect and indeed one of the greatest in the history of architec-

ture, it is puzzling that he has never received the critical biography he deserves. This is particularly hard to understand in view of the fact that Wright has entered the popular consciousness to a degree unequaled by any other. Out there among the masses, whom Wright unfortunately called the "mobocracy," his name is known to people who could not name another architect. He has become a part of the culture: high, middle, and low.

Though both he and she would equivocate and contradict themselves on the degree of identification, it is clear that Ayn Rand, in her novel *The Fountainhead* (1943), based the central character, Howard Roark, at least partially on Frank Lloyd Wright. Ignoring his sometimes left-of-center commitments to democracy and the commonweal, the ultraconservative Rand admired the way in which Wright weathered various personal and professional crises and was especially drawn to certain passages in his *Autobiography* that stressed the primacy of the individual will. As she was writing her novel, she sought him out and refused to let him *not* receive her. Rand sent him early chapters of the book, which he apparently read, but disavowed. Later he taunted her impishly in saying that she had gotten it



wrong in making Roark tall and red-headed, neither of which he was. Later still, she commissioned a house by him, the ultimate budget of which she claimed was beyond her means. Shortly after that, she bought a house that she apparently could afford, in the San Fernando Valley of Los Angeles, which Richard Neutra had designed in 1935 for the film director Josef von Sternberg.³

When Warner Brothers filmed *The Fountainhead* in 1949, the producer approached Wright about designing the sets. He replied by demanding what at the time seemed the unreasonable sum of a quarter of a million dollars, and the commission went instead to a young Hollywood art director, Edward Carrere, whose set designs were skillful caricatures of actual Wright designs. Indeed, the popularity of the novel and the film added new layers to the Frank Lloyd Wright legend. In the early 1950s, after the film had appeared, Wright spoke at Yale and replied to yet another question about himself and Howard Roark. "I deny the paternity," he answered, "and I refuse to marry the mother."⁴

In 1970, Wright became, most certainly, the first and only great architect to be the subject of a popular hit song with Simon and Garfunkel's "So Long, Frank Lloyd Wright" from the *Bridge over Troubled Water* album. Paul Simon's lyrics reflected what must have been a popular sentiment when he had, for a brief time, studied architecture at Columbia. "So long, Frank Lloyd Wright," the words began, "I can't believe your song is gone so soon. / I barely learned the tune. . . . / Architects may come and / Architects may go and / Never change a point of view. / When I run dry / I stop awhile and think of you."⁵

In 1993, the Wright legend shifted from *Fountainhead* soap opera to more traditional grand opera in the Madison, Wisconsin, Civic Opera production of *Shining Brow*. The plot focused on Wright's relationship with his mistress, Mamah Cheney, which ended in 1914 when she and her visiting children and several Taliesin staff members were savagely murdered by a disaffected servant, who also burned the house. The story fit perfectly into the grand tradition of violent, star-crossed, operatic tragedy. Composed by Daron Hagan and directed by Stefan Wadsworth, the opera was well received by critics and patrons in and beyond

Wisconsin. One observer characterized the music and the production as being "melodically modernist," which could serve as a characterization of much of Wright's architecture.⁶

While the definitive biography of Wright has not yet been written, significant contributions to the life-and-work synthesis appeared before and after his death. Yet for various reasons, none of the authors—for all their scholarly integrity and their zeal for setting the record straight—have yet been able to combine an accurate reconstruction of the life and work with an epical and poetic interpretation that would capture Wright and do him justice.

Vincent Scully, in certain sentences, paragraphs, and essays, has come as close as anyone to that poetic evocation. "Wright's long life's work," he wrote in a short monograph in 1960,

spanned two vastly different cultural periods and it did more than a little to bring the second of them, that of the mid-twentieth century, into being. Yet, throughout all its unique invention, it continued to recall the objectives of the first. Wright's "time, his place, his age" was that of the late nineteenth century. He was the embodiment of its most tenacious attitudes: of its supreme confidence in the common future, and of its desperate complementary yearning for pre-industrial, sometimes pre-civilized images and symbols to root itself upon. This double attitude has been characteristic since the late eighteenth century of the modern world in general and of the uprooted American in particular. As such Wright was the heir, in architecture—and regarded himself as being so—of a tradition, in part Jeffersonian, which had previously found its best expression in the works of Melville, Whitman, and Mark Twain. As they, in writing, had celebrated at once the flux and flow that had characterized modern times and the compulsion toward unity which is the democratic will, so he, in his architecture, sought to make the images of flow a fact, to celebrate continuous space—and to bring all together into shapes which were unified by his will.⁷

Scully then pursued his theme of the unity of opposites in his explication of selected buildings, employing the linguistic device of parallel construction to mirror the formal balances of Wright's architectural design. The Robie House, for example:

lifts its dark and compulsively extended living room floor in one long axis, but pins it firmly to the earth through the shorter cross-axis of its fireplace mass. The central solid and its long tradition seem now to be holding the rest of the building down, as it seeks, like an airplane, to take wing. The two persistent American images, the first of mobility—of flight, of "getting away"—the second of rootedness and security, are now locked together in one climatic work that culminates a century or more of American art. At the same time the brick masses of the lower floor, solid and heavy, are being lifted on their steel beams like those which support the wide cantilevers above. . . . The meaning embodied in them would seem again to be double: it is first of the earth, with its clefts, hollows, and climactic masses . . . always moving and lifting itself like some great beast. . . . The second meaning grows out of the first. As the earth and objects upon the earth are pulled into the rhythms of flux and change, it and they fragment into components, which then oscillate around each other in an eternal becoming.⁸

Those constitute, I believe, the most elegant and trenchant paragraphs ever written on Wright, or perhaps on any figure in the history of architecture. In the realm of architectural writing, they are as beautiful as the Robie House. In fact, the Scully essay, Murray Grigor's film on Wright,⁹ and the Wright entry by H. Allen Brooks in the *Encyclopedia of World Art*¹⁰ are among the best short works ever composed in explaining him succinctly.

Though Scully was superb in the short synthetic essay, he was not temperamentally geared to the meticulous detective work of large-scale critical biography. Neither, for that matter, was Frank Lloyd Wright, whose great concern for detail in architecture did not always carry over to his vast, sprawling, fragmented, and frequently redundant writings about architecture and about himself. Still, for all its flaws, inchoateness, and inaccuracies, for all its sins of commission and omission, its strange silence on some issues, its tedious detail on others, the book that best captures the largeness, the poetry, the drama, the essence of Wright's life and work is his *Autobiography*, first published in 1932 when his life was recovering from the horrors of the

teens and twenties, but before the epochal resuscitation of his practice. A second edition, with significant emendations, appeared in 1943 after his career's renaissance in the late 1930s; a third edition, based on his later revisions, was published posthumously in 1977. The material from the later years covered in the latter sections of the second and third editions is not as biographically satisfying as the earlier parts of the story, even as revised. There are too many extraneous tangents in those sections that replicate the musings of the more explicitly philosophical "In the Cause of Architecture" essays. Even so, the third edition is the fullest, the richest, the best sense of Wright's total life and career yet to appear in book form.

His acknowledgments there tell much about his own sense of the debts he owed and the forces that shaped him as he thanked, among others, Pythagoras, Aristophanes, Socrates, Lao-tze, Buddha, Jesus, Shakespeare, Goethe, Milton, Voltaire, Cervantes, Shelley, Carlyle, Nietzsche, Tolstoy, Thoreau, Melville, Veblen, and Sullivan. It was a respectable, and predictable, pantheon for a good Unitarian boy from Wisconsin, instilled with an ecumenical Unitarian consciousness that has perhaps been insufficiently recognized as a source of Wright's openness to new ideas both out in the world and within himself. In the same "index" at the end of the volume, he excused himself from the rigors of systematic inclusivity by insisting that "the real book is between the lines. It is true of any serious book concerned with culture."¹¹ Indeed, perhaps more than any architect in history, Wright assumed the role of cultural critic, in which he was as comfortable as his contemporaries, the professional critics Lewis Mumford, Edmund Wilson, and H. L. Mencken.

Most historians, striving as we should for accurate reconstructions of the past, have become so vexed by the obvious errors, omissions, tangents, and smoke screens of *An Autobiography* that, in the long run, we have tended to overreact. And, in righting the record with muckraking zeal, we have lost much of the poetry. This was certainly true of my own early efforts to correct certain errors in the work concerning Wright's birth year, his childhood, his education, and his early family life. This estranged me for a time from a proper

appreciation of the beauty and profundity of the book's larger truths, which came when I reread it some years later. I was helped in my new appreciation by an essay by the psychoanalyst Erik Erikson, the essence of which was suggested in the title "Psychological Reality and Historical Actuality." *An Autobiography* exemplified the former. Most critical scholars have rightly sought the latter without sufficiently acknowledging the larger truth that the best history and biography comprise a subtle, critical, and complex blending of the two.¹²

It might also help us better to understand *An Autobiography* if we reconsider the affinities of, and the distinctions between, the frequently polarized genres of "history" and "fiction," and assess the book's meaning by analyzing it partially as one critically analyzes works of fiction. Wright used many of the same techniques and devices that novelists and poets use in their quest for poetic truth, or "psychological reality." Poets, averred the novelist William Faulkner, "are almost always wrong about the facts. That's because they are not interested in facts: only in truth, which is why the truth they speak is so true that even those who hate poets by simple natural instinct are exalted and terrified by it."¹³

The historian Hayden White has also made useful observations on the problems of classification and overclassification. Historians, he acknowledges, are concerned primarily with things which were, at some point, observable or perceivable, and which can be assigned to specific time/place locations, whereas "imaginative" writers—poets, novelists, playwrights—are concerned with those kinds of things *as well as* imagined, hypothetical, or invented ones. White insists that "viewed simply as verbal artifacts, histories and novels are indistinguishable from one another . . . unless we approach them with specific preconceptions about the kinds of truth [with which] each is supposed to deal. But the aim of the writer of a novel must be the same as the writer of a history. Both wish to provide a verbal image of 'reality.' The novelist may present his notion of this reality indirectly . . . by figurative techniques, rather than directly . . . by registering a series of propositions which are supposed to correspond point by point to some extratextual domain of occurrence or happening, as the historian claims to do. But the image of reality which

the novelist thus constructs is meant to correspond in its general outline to some domain of human experience which is no less 'real' than that referred to by the historian." The problem is not simply one of conflict between the historian's truth of correspondence and the novelist's truth of coherence. Every history, White concludes, "must meet standards of coherence no less than those of correspondence if it is to pass as a plausible account of 'the way things really were.'"¹⁴

Thus, Wright's *Autobiography* must be read at least partially as a kind of *Bildungsroman* or a great epic poem. Taking a cue from the autobiographies of Louis Sullivan and Henry Adams, Wright referred to himself, while a boy, in the third person; then, appropriately, as he developed his adult identity, the "he" became "I." Throughout the book there are stunningly perceptive and poetic insights—both "in and between the lines"—into the meaning of his life, his work, his world.

The book's first paragraph is a paean to line, light, and color in nature, a prediction and reflection of Wright's own designs, particularly his stained glass windows: "Light blanket of snow fresh-fallen over sloping fields, gleaming in the morning sun. Clusters of pod-topped weeds woven of bronze here and there, sprinkling the spotless expanse of white. Dark sprays of slender, metallic, straight lines tipped with quivering dots. Pattern to the eye of the sun as the sun spread delicate network of more pattern in blue shadows on the white beneath."¹⁵

Other aspects of nature shaped and reflected his sense of composition: "The trees stood in it all like various beautiful buildings of more different kinds than all the architectures of the world. Some day this boy was to learn that the secret of all styles in architecture was the same secret that gave *character* to the trees."¹⁶

On his uncle's farm, Wright observed the common cow as a lesson in composition, site planning, and the location of objects on the landscape: "Why is any cow," he asked, "red, black or white, always in just the right place for a picture in any landscape? Like a cypress tree in Italy, she is never wrongly placed. Her outlines quiet down . . . into whatever contours surround her. A group of her in the landscape is an enchantment."¹⁷

In his memories of the farm, Wright loved not only the land and its lessons, but the machinery that cultivated it, anticipating his own architectural marriage of nature, technology, and art as articulated in a lecture he gave in Chicago in 1901 at Jane Addams's Hull-House: "The Art and Craft of the Machine." "In those days, he recalled in *An Autobiography*, "the reaper, pride of the farm, was a 'rake-off McCormick!' A bright-red affair with a varnished wood grain-platform onto which bright-blue, green, yellow and red reels knocked the yellow grain as it was cut by the busy to and fro of the gleaming sickle. This machine, gaily painted, like a toy, no doubt for the same reason, would leave the bundles raked off neatly on the stubble behind, to be bound by four or five men spaced around the field as the crop of grain was light or heavy, and the bundles would be tossed aside out of the way of the horses as they made the next round."¹⁸

In describing this process, he displayed his skill as a weaver of images—demonstrating the view of Wright, the architect, not only as a sculptor, but as a weaver of spaces, materials, and effects: "Taking a wisp of the grain-straw in the left hand for a band, dividing it in two parts, deftly twisting it together at the head and the right hand—stopping and reaching under the bundle with the hand—lifting the bundle in the arms, bringing the ends of the band together over it, dropping it to the ground under the knee . . . then twisting and tucking the ends of the band tight under with a thrust of the fingers, tossing the bundle away—bound!"¹⁹

Though most interpreters have emphasized Wright's estrangement from his father, a plaintive passage in *An Autobiography* stressed positive paternal influences on the composition and meaning of his life and work: "Father sometimes played the piano far into the night, and much of Beethoven and Bach the boy learned by heart as he lay listening. Living seemed a kind of listening to him—then. Sometimes it was as though a door would open and he could get the beautiful meaning clear. Then it would close and the meaning would be dim or far away. But always there was some meaning. Father taught him to see a symphony as an edifice—of sound!"²⁰

In another short but loaded passage, he acknowledged the influence upon him of

his mother's aesthetic sense: "If mother picked flowers, she would take the stems long, or the branches, and would arrange them not, as was the mode, in variegated bunches, but freely and separately—never too many together. And she always loved best a glass vase for them showing the stems in water."²¹

In describing the Unitarian chapel on his mother's family farm, Wright evoked not only the Victorian shingled structure designed by Joseph Silsbee, but the penumbral aspects of the building's presence as it and the Unitarian spirit it fostered shaped and reflected the behavior of three generations of a family dynasty—much in the mood and manner of William Faulkner or Ingmar Bergman: "Uncles and aunts, some of them graying, some white-haired now, would sit at chapel in the old-fashioned rocking chairs provided for them round the platform on which the pulpit stood. The pulpit on which the family Bible lay was covered with a purple cloth and, Sundays, was usually smothered in wild flowers brought in from the roadsides by the children." Wright's Uncle Jenkin's wistfully optimistic sermons "always brought the family to emotional states—but then—so did readings from the transcendental classics or the singing of the children. Tears, too, when all rose in family strength and in the dignity of their faith strengthened themselves to sing 'step by step since time began, we see the steady gain of man.' The faltering, the falsetto and the flat would raise that favorite hymn to the boarded ceiling of the little chapel and go swelling out through the open windows and . . . and reach far away to fade behind the hills."²²

Of his early education, he revered the heroes of the children's novels of the Nickel Library, which presaged his own formidable readiness for combat and his willingness to take on demons and detractors as they appeared throughout his life: "Stark, they were, with the horror of masks and corpses—dripping with gang gore—but cool with bravery in the constant crash of catastrophe. The *bravery* thrilled. The daring hero, usually some lad like ourselves, triumphant all the time."²³

His stoic reaction to the disappointment about his years as a student at the University of Wisconsin produced one of the *Autobiography's* most profound declarations: "But the feeling about this best period of

youth . . . is not so much that it was wasted. How foolish to say that anything is wasted in the living of any life! Were one thing different, all were different. So what weakness to regret any incident or turning. 'Might have beens are for the never-weres.' Uncle James said that."²⁴

He wrote with a quiet, intense drama of his first impressions of Chicago, demonstrating his ability to evoke a sense of himself in time and place. In its ambivalent but pulsing identification with the city, it is one of many examples in Wright's writing that counter the self-engendered myth that he was consistently antiurban: "Wells Street Station: six o'clock, late Spring 1887. Drizzling. Sputtering white arc-light in the station, the streets dazzling and ugly. I had never seen electric lights before. Crowds. Impersonal. Intent on seeing nothing. . . . Chicago murderously actual."²⁵

Later, he displayed the same sense of drama in explicating his own buildings: "The character and brutal power as well as the opportunity for beauty of our age were coming clear to me. . . . Rebellious and protestant as I was myself when the Larkin Building came from me, I was conscious also that the only way to succeed, either as a rebel or as a protestant was to make architecture a genuine and constructive affirmation of the New Order of the Machine Age." This passage confirms the importance of intertextual analysis, since, in the 1932 edition, Wright wrote that the Larkin Building "came to me." In the later editions, he changed the relatively prosaic "to me" to the more powerful and self-flattering "from me," his emphasis shifting from the client who had presumably offered the commission and the program *to* him, to the more heroic image of the building emanating *from* his own fertile mind and soul.²⁶

He also seemed to enjoy tweaking the bourgeoisie and reveling in the stir and controversy his buildings caused. Upon the opening of his Midway Gardens (1914): "Chicago marvelled, acclaimed, approved. . . . To many it was all Egyptian, Mayan to some, very Japanese to others. But strange to all. . . ."²⁷

When he traveled abroad and reflected on his affinities for particular foreign cultures, he wrote movingly and incisively—especially of his two favorite countries, Germany and Japan, preferences which gave him pause in the *Götterdämmerung* of the

1930s and 1940s. Even then, especially then, he remained loyal to the “old Japan” and the “old Germany,” which lay back of the midcentury chaos and catastrophe: “I had always loved old Germany—Goethe, Schiller, Nietzsche, Bach—the great architect who happened to choose music for his form—Beethoven and Strauss. And Munich! This beloved company—were they not Germany? And Vienna. Vienna had always appealed to my imagination. Paris? Never!”²⁸

In all three editions, *An Autobiography* got mixed reviews. “Those not initiated or not unreserved admirers,” observed the architectural historian Nikolaus Pevsner, “may grow a little tired of Mr. Wright’s overflowing conviction that Mr. Wright is the best architect in the world. . . . It all reads somewhat exasperatingly, until one returns from the book to the buildings and remembers what brilliant structural and aesthetic solutions Mr. Wright has given us. Yet the respected critic Sheldon Cheney believed that the book was “not only the story of a man, bravely and beautifully told; rather it illuminates an art in an incomparable way, from the creator’s consciousness . . . his *Autobiography* is one of the most trenchant . . . books of our time. . . .”²⁹

The same may be said for Wright’s vast collected and uncollected letters, published and unpublished, where he often revealed himself even more trenchantly than in his *Autobiography*. In a letter of 12 April 1937 to Richard and Dione Neutra, he wrote with a poignant, nonarrogant vulnerability about his life and work: “Yes—I’ve been pretty ill—pneumonia—the grand opera of diseases . . . came along to take me for a ride and but for Olgivanna’s love and devoted nursing I should probably have ridden away beyond returning. . . . It is a fickle business this climbing those ladders, as who should know any better than I who never cared much about either [fame or fortune] except as my work was my honor. . . . But even that was a sad mistake. After all, it isn’t a man’s work that is his honor—it is the man himself—and how many of us have ever met ourselves face to face?”³⁰

Henry-Russell Hitchcock’s important study of 1942, *In the Nature of Materials: The Buildings of Frank Lloyd Wright, 1887–1941*, was intended, he claimed, as a sort of ex post facto catalogue of the Wright exhibition at MOMA in 1940. “It is no part of our

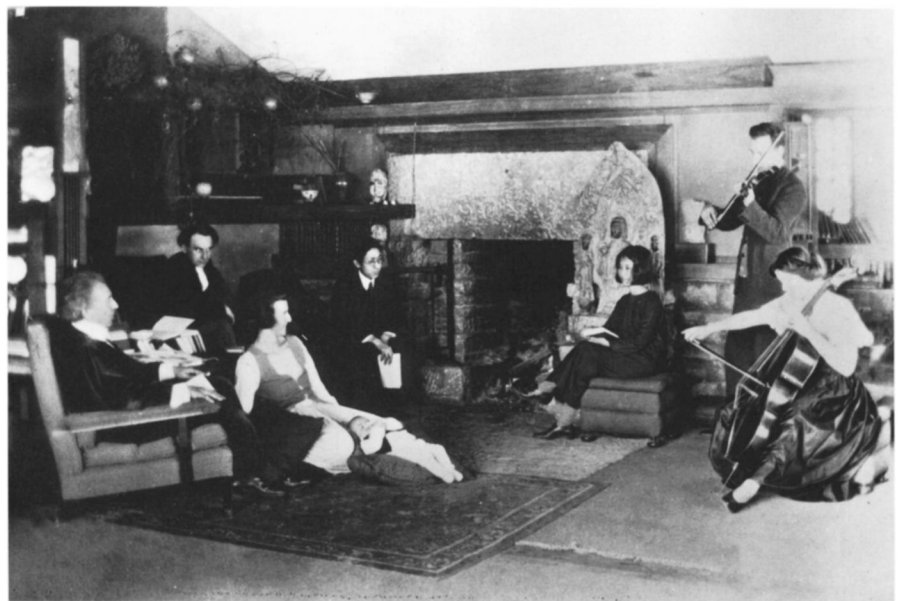
purpose here,” he wrote, “to defer in detail to the story of Wright’s life, so brilliantly told in his own *Autobiography*,” though Hitchcock broke his rule in giving one paragraph to the extraordinary events in Wright’s personal life between his flight to Europe in 1909 and the Taliesin tragedy of 1914.³¹

Hitchcock’s brilliant and systematic explication of Wright’s oeuvre in *The Nature of Materials* was more than a catalogue. In certain interpretations of individual structures, he brought to his analysis the grasp of cultural history essential to critical biography. The Kaufmann House at Bear Run (1936), he wrote, “combines two sorts of romanticism, the romanticism about nature, which has flourished since the eighteenth century, and the romanticism about scientific feats of construction, often considered of quite opposite character. A house over a waterfall sounds like a poet’s dream. A house *cantilevered* over a waterfall is rather the realized dream of an engineer.”³²

Grant Manson’s *Frank Lloyd Wright to 1910: The First Golden Age* (1958) was the first sustained, scholarly attempt to integrate the life and the work. Based upon the best bibliographic probing to that point, on extensive interviews with Wright, who apparently gave him full access to his files, and on his own good architectural eye, Manson’s work was first written as a Har-

vard dissertation. The book was assumed for many years to be the first of a multivolume critical biography, but the later volumes never came. Manson later insisted that he never intended to write more than the first one. Still, this book was the best integration, to that time, of life, ideas, and work placed within their cultural-historical context. Though it was subsequently emended, it would remain a valuable staple in the list of Wright studies.³³

Manson’s book certainly held the spotlight until 1966, when Norris Kelly Smith published *Frank Lloyd Wright: A Study in Architectural Content*. Here Smith wrote what is sometimes called “intellectual biography,” using Wright’s life and work as a case study of larger currents in the history of ideas. He reacted against what he took to be the thrust of Hitchcock’s and Manson’s work: of trying to plug Wright into the heroic history of modern architecture. Instead, Smith belied his identification with the emerging Postmodernist attack on the Modern Movement in his assertion that Wright “kept alive a rich and poetic conception of architectural metaphor at a time when the theory of architecture was being reduced on every hand to a matter of petty problem solving and of desecrated techniques.” Smith attempted with mixed success to link Wright with Hebraic thought as opposed to Hellenic. Clearly Wright was



Frank Lloyd Wright and his apprentices at Taliesin in 1924. From left to right, Wright, Richard Neutra, Sylva Moser, Nobu Tsuchiura, Kameki Tsuchiura, Werner Moser, Dione Neutra. Photographer unknown. (Collection of Thomas S. Hines)

opposed to the tradition of classical Hellenic symmetry, but Biblical Hebraism also seemed to him unacceptably rigid.³⁴

Smith made a better case for Wright as Romantic when he used the model of the “true Romantic” established by the Italian critic Giuseppe Gabetti. Romanticism, Gabetti argued, was on the one hand a revolutionary movement, on the other, a movement of restoration; in one sense it was a faith in the natural goodness of man in a state of nature, in another, a mystical exaltation of cultural values; frequently it was a paean to individualism, but it also expressed itself as religious sentiment concerning the unity of social life. It was, on the one hand, the poetry of melancholy, of sorrow, and of death and, on the other, the discovery of a new and more intimate richness of existence. In some forms, it seemed to embody a return to the Middle Ages; in others it became the foundation of modernity.³⁵ Most of these antitheses, Smith asserted, were exemplified in Wright’s thought:

He prided himself upon being a revolutionary trail blazer, responsible for the principal innovations that have determined the character of all modern architecture, but at the same time he regarded himself as the defender of a universal organic ideal whose nature has been misunderstood by virtually all modern architects. He had unbounded faith in the natural goodness of man, yet he was scornful of virtually all the products of human endeavor he saw in the world around him. . . . He espoused the cause of what he understood to be progressive modernity (new materials, new uses of the machine, and so on), but the only social and architectural tradition for which he had unqualified admiration was that of feudal Japan. He was the champion of democracy and freedom, yet he was capable of being the most autocratic of men. He ceaselessly praised the virtues of loyalty, integrity, and simplicity, even while he himself was acting in ways that could only be described as disloyal, irresponsible, and extravagantly ostentatious. He dreamed of a day when every man would be “absolutely self-sufficient,” yet at the same time he declared . . . that we are embraced by and involved within a pattern of relationships that is immeasurably larger than ourselves. In short, he was a thoroughgoing Romantic, oscillating between opposite posi-

tions with respect to all those matters with which he was most deeply concerned.³⁶

After this sound, but edgy, assessment, Smith developed his paradigm in four more conventionally chronological chapters, moving through and beyond Manson’s focus on the Prairie period to a rich, if brief, interpretation of Wright’s whole career.

Robert Twombly’s study of 1973, which he emended six years later, was actually the first full-scale scholarly Wright biography.³⁷ Hitchcock had dealt mainly with the buildings; Manson had gone only to 1910. Smith had written a sweeping but limited history of ideas. The journalist Finis Farr had produced a virtually undocumented overview for a largely popular audience.³⁸ Peter Blake had included a critical portrait of Wright along with those of Mies van der Rohe and Le Corbusier in his insightful essays on those masters of modern architecture.³⁹ But no one before Twombly had attempted with such determination to untangle the myths and reconstruct Wright’s story. Twombly proved himself to be a tireless investigator, combing the archives and visiting the sites and utilizing not only the standard references but hitherto obscure sources as well. In a virtual cross-examination of *An Autobiography*, Twombly corrected and reconstructed the chronology of Wright’s life with such convincing documentation that most of his data should stand indefinitely as the factual outline of Wright’s complex existence.

Yet Twombly was one of the revisionists whose felt need to correct the record seemed also to lead to a debunking of almost everything, including, sometimes, the magic, the poetry, the genius of Wright’s achievement. In demystifying the legends, he seemed somehow intent on downplaying the rich mysteries of Wright’s creative energies. In setting the record straight on Wright’s self-engendered cult of neglected and misunderstood martyrdom, and proving that he was, in the first decade of the century, greatly admired and appreciated, Twombly somehow made Wright seem almost too normal, too ordinary, and sometimes, incredibly, almost dull. In his admirably systematic unwrapping of the myths, he seemed to forget Wright’s endearing craziness, his amusing eccentricities, and his fabulous charisma.

Twombly, in fact, had great admiration

for Wright, but his cool detachment from the cult of Wright worshipers made him seem skeptical of Wright’s incomparable genius. Twombly worked on Wright at a time when Olgivanna Wright hovered over the Taliesin archives, and he never got anything like complete access to them—an influence perhaps on his dour critical stance. The problems of his book were in some ways the opposite of those of Hitchcock and Manson, who had been perhaps overly concerned with assessing Wright’s “place” in the Modern Movement. Twombly did not say enough about that, and his work suffered as a result. His rather flat approach to Wright’s achievement and to his place in architectural and cultural history was epitomized in the last sentence of the 1979 edition: “. . . When he had finished, he had done more than most.”⁴⁰

Biographies by Brendan Gill (1987) and Meryle Secrest (1992) represent different kinds of assets and liabilities. The major problem of Gill’s *Many Masks: A Life of Frank Lloyd Wright* is its meager documentation. Twombly’s work, for example, is mentioned in the text, but not cited in the scanty footnotes. The book includes no bibliography or note on sources and therefore no sense of the scope or depth of Gill’s research, which limits the use of the work for students and historians. The writing also suffers from strained locutions. Gill’s assertion that Wright’s Storer House in Los Angeles was less dignified than it looked echoes Mark Twain’s insistence that Wagner’s music was better than it sounded. The book frequently takes on the character of a memoir with chatty examples of the author’s encounters with Wright and his family. Except when they descend to numbering the martinis each had drunk, such personal recollections can be valuable as a kind of primary source. They thus might better be presented in a shorter essay format, since they compromise the integrity of critical biography.

Still, better than anyone before him, Gill, the drama critic, saw the drama in Wright’s saga, heard the good lines, spotlighted the key entrances and exits, and illuminated the tension in Wright’s life between the comic and the tragic. Gill’s gifted sense of humor also retrieved, as no previous account had done, the architect’s own delicious wit, as well as the things he did and said that were not intentionally funny.

Gill was attentive to the twinkle, to the precocious child, to the impish Mozartean playfulness in Wright: "You know," Gill quoted the master as saying to a Taliesin visitor, "a perfect democracy flourishes here at the Fellowship. When I get hungry, we all eat." To a friend inquiring about the elusive Miriam Noel, Wright replied: "If you knew anything about wives (which, of course, you don't, having had only one) you would know that they are not so easily misled as their husbands are misled." Not awed by heads of state, Wright quickly assumed a first-name intimacy. When he first met President Roosevelt in Washington in the late 1930s, he addressed him not as "Mr. President," or even as Franklin, but as "Frank." "Frank," he admonished upon entering the Oval Office, "you ought to get up out of that chair and look around at what they are doing to your city here, miles and miles of Ionic and Corinthian columns." Yet Gill was also convincingly sympathetic to the difficult and frequently tragic sides of Wright's nature.⁴¹

As opposed to Gill's casual research methods, Meryle Secrest was the first Wright biographer to take relatively full advantage of the complete and recently opened Taliesin archive of Wright materials in their photocopied form at the Getty Center in Los Angeles. A self-proclaimed biographer whose previous work included books on Salvador Dali, Kenneth Clark, and Bernard Berenson, as well as a subsequently published portrait of Leonard Bernstein, Secrest presented herself not as a historian of architecture pursuing her craft through the medium of biography, but as one more interested in "the life" than in "the work," as if such distinctions could be validly made.⁴²

"To chart the evolution of every great house is beyond the scope of this book," Secrest averred, and in any case, "Wright's architecture has been extensively studied and described."⁴³ But this is like attempting a biography of Ludwig Wittgenstein without the philosophy or of John Maynard Keynes without the economics. It raises the question of whether one should attempt biography at all without a firm grounding in the field of one's subject. Secrest relied almost solely on quotations from others in describing Wright's buildings and did not relate his architecture to its international context. Like Gill, she also dwelt on trivial personal minutiae while ignoring signifi-

cant aspects of Wright's work. Secrest was effective, however, in analyzing Wright's relationships, especially with women, in both the grand (and soap) opera episodes of his life.

In the years surrounding the 125th anniversary of Wright's birth in 1992 and the MOMA retrospective of 1994, the volume of publications on the architect's life and work swelled to unprecedented proportions. Encouraged by the greater accessibility of the Taliesin archives following the death of Wright's widow, the new works included important books and articles on individual buildings, incidents, and themes in his work, a new multivolume publication of Wright's collected writings,⁴⁴ and the impressive MOMA catalogue of thematic essays.⁴⁵ Two of the most significant studies of the period, both published in 1993, achieved their excellence through their integration of life, work, and context: Anthony Alofsin's *Frank Lloyd Wright: The Lost Years, 1910–1922, A Study of Influence*, and Kevin Nute's *Frank Lloyd Wright and Japan*.

Alofsin's book challenges the often expressed view that this period in Wright's life and work was fallow, unfocused, and aberrant, at least when compared with the two "golden" ages in the periods before 1910 and after 1932. The historian also challenges assumptions of the degree of Wright's influence on European architects and argues instead that the more significant direction of influence was from Europe to Wright. This came particularly from the artists of the Viennese Secession, especially the architect Josef Maria Olbrich, and other members of the Wagnerschule, as well as the important but less well-known sculptor Franz Metzner. Wright was also touched by the Berlin architect Peter Behrens, whose work he saw, along with that of the Secession designers, at the turn-of-the-century Matildenhöhe, in Darmstadt, Germany. Wright imbibed the ideas of these designers not only during his stay in Europe, especially in Vienna and Darmstadt, in 1910, but in his earlier encounters with their work in publications and, more importantly, during his visit to the German and Austrian pavilions at the St. Louis World's Fair in 1904.

Much of the importance of Alofsin's book is that it deals not only with examples of specific influences, but with the larger issue of how "influence" is transmitted.

Influences, he argues, "are often passed off as explanations of meaning. Yet they rarely explain how or why an artist creates or how an artist assimilates, copies, imitates or transforms the work of other artists." To accomplish this, he believes, historians must integrate their investigations of objects with the lives and contexts of the artists who made them.⁴⁶

While Wright frequently insisted that his work was independent of European culture, Alofsin argues that this "suggests the presence of a deep anxiety about influence—an anxiety embedded in a search for his own artistic identity." In fact, before World War I, Wright took part in a European-American exchange of ideas that was far richer than has been suspected, an exchange that "places Wright in an international context rather than isolating him as a regional architect."⁴⁷

Rather than tracing a single line from one point to another, Alofsin defines a "mesh or netting as an image of complex events that describes processes and historical events. Where the cords of the netting are tied into knots, we can see an analogy of the complex strands that tie together Wright's life and work. The strands themselves are intertwined so that a complex view of biographical and artistic events occurs." With this approach, Wright can be seen "not as an artist in retreat or merely as an arrogant social critic; he emerges as an artist with an extraordinary ability to synthesize and transform the work of others while focusing his artistry in a vision of an ideal society."⁴⁸

While previous historians have noted a similarity between turn-of-the-century European designs and Wright's own furniture, objects, and decorative details, Alofsin argues that the connections were far deeper than superficial resemblances, for Wright shared with the Secession artists a commitment to "pure forms" from ancient, exotic, and "primitive" cultures as the source of his, and their, cultural rebirth. Wright saw these ideas illustrated not only in Olbrich's architecture, for example, but in the abstract "conventionalizing" of the figural sculptures of Franz Metzner. In such Viennese design, Alofsin insists, Wright saw "systems of ornamental design based on the rotation of simple, geometric forms, that confirmed and extended his own methods of composition" which "eventually in-

volved a fundamental alteration of his basic design process. . . ."⁴⁹

This argument segues convincingly into Alofsin's discussion of the new Mayan and the continuing Japanese influences on Wright's work, previous accounts of which have failed to consider the effect of European sources in stimulating his interest in the bold geometry of "exotic" architectures. While Wright had had, Alofsin observes, a latent interest since childhood in exotic architectures, his experiences in Europe provided the stimulus for his intensification of "the iconography of his ornament in a pursuit of the primal origins of architecture itself."⁵⁰

Though Wright is believed not to have visited the pre-Columbian sites in Central America, it is known that he was greatly moved by photographs and models of them. He saw plaster casts of Uxmal, for example, at the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893 and at the San Diego Panama-California Exposition of 1915. In San Diego, furthermore, the painter Alice Klauber gave Wright a collection of photographs from the Maya exhibit as a lasting reminder of the work he had seen there. Always searching, with Emersonian and Whitmanesque fervor, for the roots of a distinctly American culture, Wright found sustenance and inspiration in the monumental architecture of Mesoamerica.

Mayan elements and essences would inform and pervade his buildings of the teens and early twenties, from the Midway Gardens in Chicago to the A. D. German Warehouse in Wisconsin to the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo to the Hollyhock House for Aline Barnsdall in Los Angeles. It would also affect the four other major California houses built in 1923 and 1924, the Millard, Storer, Ennis, and Freeman residences, which makes it seem especially odd that Alofsin insists on giving his book the end date of 1922. In explaining this, he cites such events as Wright's final return from Japan in that year, but here his rationale is less convincing than in the rest of the book. He treats the later houses fleetingly in his final chapter in a tacked-on, afterthought sort of way. One solid additional chapter dealing with Wright's meager but important work of the twenties, which was clearly a part of the continuum Alofsin illuminates so well, would have given a greater sense of closure to the book. This should have

seemed doubly imperative because of the double, leap-frogging, direct and indirect identity of the Los Angeles buildings with both Mesoamerica and the Viennese Secession.

In May 1974, upon visiting Hollyhock House, the critic Colin Rowe was pleasantly startled by the building's palpable Viennese presence. By comparison, the Mayan references seemed less interesting and significant. The structure was, Rowe insisted, "so very Wagnerschule." At the time we attributed this at least partially to the contribution of Rudolph Schindler, the former student of Otto Wagner, who had left Vienna ultimately to work for Wright and who had come to Los Angeles to complete the design and supervise construction of the Barnsdall complex.⁵¹

Alofsin's study demonstrates that there were other, more basic things at work in Wright's own design psyche. With his splendid insights into the Viennese impact on Wright's work of this period, it is regrettable that he did not maximize his achievement by developing both sets of related influences in the California work. Another Viennese presence that Alofsin might well have invoked for a better understanding of Wright's life and work was that of Sigmund Freud and his theory of the unconscious. Still, Alofsin's book is a major contribution to our understanding of Wright's accomplishment.

Kevin Nute's *Frank Lloyd Wright and Japan* also deals with questions of influence, though in a more diachronic manner across a longer stretch of time. Like the Alofsin study, Nute's excellent book achieves much of its value through the author's willingness to search out linkages between life, work, and context. It delves less explicitly than Alofsin's into the theory of influence, but it illustrates, in fact, many of the former's arguments of how design ideas are transmitted, received, utilized, and propagated. Just as Alofsin's central point is the hitherto underappreciated impact of turn-of-the-century Germany and Austria on Wright's development, Nute explicates the much discussed, but never so carefully explicated, question of Wright's long affinity for Japanese design and its impact upon his whole career.⁵²

Like Alofsin's emphasis on the preparatory and precipitating factors in Wright's Germanic affinities through Chicago Ger-

man culture and the 1904 St. Louis fair, Nute carefully lays out the foundations and the framework of American *Japonisme* both before and after the epochal appearance of the Ho-o-den, the Japanese government's official contribution to the World's Columbian Exposition in 1893. Particularly among the "Boston Orientalists," Japanese culture had become, in the late nineteenth century, a valued ethic and aesthetic in American avant-garde circles. A book by the English orientalist Edward Morse, *Japanese Homes and Their Surroundings* (1886), made an impact on these circles and apparently on Wright himself. Nute cites several dozen examples of practically identical characterizations of the Japanese house in Morse's book and in Wright's *Autobiography*.

Even more crucial in preparing Wright and his contemporaries for full-blown *Japonisme* were the lectures and writings in the 1890s and later of the critic and philosopher Ernest Fenollosa. It was Fenollosa's intention, Nute argues, "that Americans should not merely admiringly imitate the superficial forms of Japanese art, but rather that they should apply its underlying aesthetic principles as a means of developing a new 'democratic' art of their own; that is an art which was not defined abroad, or handed down from above, but one which was actually rooted in Democracy itself—in myriad combinations of unique individuals interacting with a commonly held set of universal aesthetic ideals." Fenollosa himself believed strongly in the connection of life, work, and context and argued that there was "a direct link between the uniqueness of each organic art-idea and that of the individual who brought it into being."⁵³

Indeed, the *Japonisme* of Morse, Fenollosa, and other nineteenth-century Orientalists prepared the way for Wright's epochal encounter with the Ho-o-den in 1893. Amidst the neoclassical historicism of the fair, the Japanese pavilion, Nute argues, sat "in splendid isolation on its island site . . . about as far removed from the White City as it could be. And that, it seems, was precisely where Wright now decided he wanted his own work to stand."⁵⁴

With revealing thoroughness, Nute compares the plan, the materials, and the essence of the Ho-o-den and the Japanese house with the obviously influenced structures in Wright's developing oeuvre.

"Countless other architects," he argues, "must have seen the Ho-o-den, during the years it remained in Jackson Park, and many Chicagoans admired it as an exotic curiosity; yet it required someone of Wright's peculiar insights to recognize its practical implications for the American family dwelling."⁵⁵

Wright's most explicitly acknowledged debt to Japan was not to architecture per se but to the design forms in the woodblock prints of Hokusai and Hiroshige and to the teachings of the ancient philosopher Lao-tzu, as conveyed to Wright through Kakuzo Okakura's *Book of Tea* (1906). Wright later admitted that he had been falsely "puffed up" in his belief that he had "invented" what he discovered in that book to be ancient Oriental wisdom: "The reality of a room was to be found in the space enclosed by the roof and walls, not in the roof and walls themselves."⁵⁶

Wright's appreciation of Okakura seems to have been reciprocal. Nute speculates that, in fact, Okakura had Wright in mind when, in 1906, after lamenting what he saw as the dearth of originality in contemporary architecture, he declared "Perhaps we are now passing through an age of democratization in art, while awaiting the rise of some princely master who shall establish a new dynasty."⁵⁷

Though he seldom publicly voiced his felt debts to other cultures or individuals, Wright was careful to acknowledge the impact of Japan: "I found that Japanese art and architecture really did have organic character," he admitted. "Their art really was nearer to the earth and a more indigenous product of native conditions of life and work, therefore more nearly modern as I saw it, than any European civilization, alive or dead."⁵⁸

As Alofsin demonstrates in both similar and different ways, Wright's genius lay in his powers to assimilate, to abstract, and to emulate without ever resorting to imitation. In fact, Nute's conclusion could speak for them both. Although "he made use of several of its architectural forms, Japan would seem to have served Wright primarily as a kind of 'magnifying mirror' on which he projected many of his 'organic' principles and from which he received these ideals back again with a sense of enhanced credibility. . . ."⁵⁹

For the reader who has long appreci-

ated Wright's affinities for Japan, Nute's comprehensive book performs the same kind of function in giving that connection "enhanced credibility." Yet it does not redirect our ideas about influences on Wright to the extent that Alofsin's study does. Both books are thoroughly researched, cogently argued, and generally well written. Yet both are marred by too many instances of the authors' Victorian academic tics of the "as we have seen/as we shall see" syndrome. The design of the Alofsin book is generally more sophisticated than that of the Nute book, which somehow fails to emulate sufficiently the Wrightian and Japanese models it analyzes. Because they integrate so convincingly life, work, and context, both books make major contributions to the canon of Wright studies.

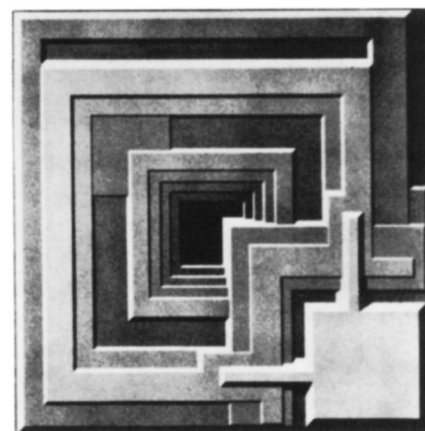
No serious historian in the late twentieth century has doubts about Wright's genius. The task is to probe that genius and its myriad legacies, and allow it to enrich our understanding and enjoyment of architecture and life. Historians must continue to question, criticize, explore, and correct the record without losing the poetry and the richness of Wright's achievement. They must at the same time celebrate him and stand up to him. They must draw on an ever more liberal Taliesin archival policy and on the canonical Wright interpreters and critics. And they must remember, as they continue to probe, that frequently the richest of all sources on Wright is the flawed, incomparable *Autobiography*—especially as it demonstrates that the most successful critical studies, large and small, theoretical and phenomenological, are those that integrate life, work, and context. In their natural selection of details of the Wright saga for their own particular ends, historians have inevitably fragmented the narrative that Wright himself used so powerfully to weave together the consanguine threads of life and work—actual and apocryphal. For a deeper appreciation of Wright's importance, the integrity of that narrative must be critically rehabilitated.

"I inhale great draughts of space," Wright's poet, Walt Whitman, wrote in *Leaves of Grass* in a pungent anticipation of Wright's achievement. "The east and west are mine and the north and south are mine." Early in his life, Wright opted for "honest arrogance" over "hypocritical humility." Yet finally, even he may have under-

valued himself. He was the greatest of American architects, this erratic genius who accomplished miracles.

Parts of this essay appeared in lectures given at the University of Michigan symposium "Assessing Wright's Legacy," Ann Arbor, Michigan, 28-30 July 1989, and on the occasion of the Wright retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art, New York, 15 March 1994. I am indebted to my colleague at UCLA, Anthony Vidler, for his critical reading of the text and to the students in my graduate seminar in American cultural history for their helpful suggestions.

The drawings of Wright's block designs from the Storer and Ennis houses, Los Angeles, are by Charles Calvo and are taken from the work of Anthony Alofsin (p. 297) reviewed in this essay.



Notes

¹ These informal conversations occurred in 1981 and 1982, while Drexler and I were curating the exhibition "The Architecture of Richard Neutra: From International Style to California Modern," which opened at MOMA in July 1982.

² George Kubler, *The Shape of Time, Remarks on the History of Things* (New Haven and London, 1962).

³ Brendan Gill, *Many Masks: A Life of Frank Lloyd Wright* (New York, 1987), 490-492; Meryle Secrest, *Frank Lloyd Wright: A Biography* (New York, 1992), 494-498.

⁴ Ibid.; conversation with Jesse Dukeminier, Los Angeles, December 1993. Dukeminier recalled the question and answer from Wright's lecture, which he attended while he was a student at Yale.

⁵ Paul Simon, lyrics to "So Long, Frank Lloyd Wright," from *Bridge Over Troubled Water* (1970).

⁶ The phrase "melodically modernist" was used by Jane Hutchinson, chair, Department of Art History, University of Wisconsin, Madison, in conversation with author, 1 April 1993.

⁷ Vincent Scully, *Frank Lloyd Wright* (New York, 1960), II.

⁸ Ibid., 21.

⁹ The film *Frank Lloyd Wright*, sponsored by the Arts Council of Great Britain, written and directed by Murray Grigor, and narrated by Anne Baxter, premiered at the Guggenheim Museum, New York, in 1984.

¹⁰ H. Allen Brooks, "Frank Lloyd Wright," *Encyclopedia of World Art* (New York, 1967), 857-869. Other short essays that skillfully integrate life and context with a primary focus on individual buildings are the brilliant chapters on Wright in each of William Jordy's two volumes in *American Buildings and Their Architects* (Garden City, New York, 1972).

¹¹ Frank Lloyd Wright, *An Autobiography* (New York, 1977), 617. The references cited here, except where noted, are from the third edition.

¹² Erik H. Erikson, "Psychological Reality and Historical Actuality," *Insight and Responsibility: Lectures on the Ethical Implications of Psychoanalytic Insight* (New York, 1964), 159; my own article "Frank Lloyd Wright—the Madison Years: Records vs. Recollections" was first published in *The Wisconsin Magazine of History* 50 (winter 1967): 109-19, and reprinted in *JSAH* 26 (1967): 227-33.

¹³ William Faulkner, *The Town* [1957] (New York, 1961), 88.

¹⁴ Hayden White, "The Fictions of Factual Representation," in *Tropics of Discourse: Essays in Cultural Criticism* (Baltimore, 1978), 122.

¹⁵ Wright, *An Autobiography*, 23.

¹⁶ *Ibid.*, 47.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*, 43.

¹⁸ *Ibid.*, 59.

¹⁹ *Ibid.*

²⁰ *Ibid.*, 33.

²¹ *Ibid.*, 35.

²² *Ibid.*, 48.

²³ *Ibid.*, 54.

²⁴ *Ibid.*, 78.

²⁵ *Ibid.*, 85-87.

²⁶ *Ibid.*, 175.

²⁷ *Ibid.*, 214.

²⁸ *Ibid.*, 186.

²⁹ Nikolaus Pevsner, untitled review of the second edition, *The Burlington Magazine* 89 (June 1947): 169; Sheldon Cheney, "A Prophetic Artist," *Saturday Review of Literature* 8 (23 April 1932), 1.

³⁰ This letter was given to me by Dione Neutra and is in my possession.

³¹ Henry-Russell Hitchcock, *In the Nature of Materials: The Buildings of Frank Lloyd Wright, 1887-1941* (New York, 1942), xxvii, 59-60.

³² *Ibid.*, 90.

³³ Grant Carpenter Manson, *Frank Lloyd Wright to 1910: The First Golden Age* (New York, 1958).

³⁴ Norris Kelly Smith, *Frank Lloyd Wright: A Study in Architectural Content* (Englewood Cliffs, N.J., 1966), 157.

³⁵ Giuseppe Gabetti, "Romanticismo," *Enciclopedia Italiana*, 30: 63, quoted in Smith, *Frank Lloyd Wright*, 46.

³⁶ Smith, *Frank Lloyd Wright*, 46-47.

³⁷ Robert Twombly, *Frank Lloyd Wright: An Interpretive Biography* (New York, 1973). The revised edition appeared as *Frank Lloyd Wright: His Life and His Architecture* (New York, 1979).

³⁸ Finis Farr, *Frank Lloyd Wright: A Biography* (New York, 1961).

³⁹ Peter Blake, *The Master Builders* (New York, 1960).

⁴⁰ Twombly, *Frank Lloyd Wright* (rev. ed.), 418.

⁴¹ Brendan Gill, *Many Masks* (see n. 4), 170, 317, 417.

⁴² Meryle Secrest, *Frank Lloyd Wright: A Biography* (New York, 1992).

⁴³ *Ibid.*, 164.

⁴⁴ Bruce Brooks Pfeiffer, ed., *Frank Lloyd Wright: Collected Writings* (New York, 1992).

⁴⁵ Terence Riley and Peter Reed, eds., *Frank Lloyd Wright: Architect* (New York, 1994).

⁴⁶ Anthony Alofsin, *Frank Lloyd Wright: The Lost Years, 1910-1922, A Study of Influences* (Chicago, 1993), 6.

⁴⁷ *Ibid.*, 9.

⁴⁸ *Ibid.*, 7-8.

⁴⁹ *Ibid.*, 4.

⁵⁰ *Ibid.*, 220.

⁵¹ Colin Rowe, in conversation with author, Los Angeles, May 1974.

⁵² Kevin Nute, *Frank Lloyd Wright and Japan: The Role of Traditional Japanese Architecture in the Work of Frank Lloyd Wright* (New York, 1993).

⁵³ *Ibid.*, 77.

⁵⁴ *Ibid.*, 53.

⁵⁵ *Ibid.*, 64.

⁵⁶ *Ibid.*, 123.

⁵⁷ *Ibid.*, 137.

⁵⁸ *Ibid.*, 179.

⁵⁹ *Ibid.*, 181.