FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT
DEMONSTRATES ORGANIC ARCHITECTURE
PEDRO E. GUERRERO EXHIBIT

As you face the Gift Shop on Level Four, the Organic Architecture Exhibit begins on your left. There are twelve photographs in total. Photograph number one begins on your immediate left and moves clockwise with photograph number 12 on your immediate right. The excerpts qouted below are from Mr. GuerrEro's book entitled

PICTURING WRIGHT

"Ben Raeborn pf Horizon Press, the publisher of Mr. Wright's forthcoming book "The Future of Architecture," alerted me in 1953 to be prepared to photograph Mr. Wright in New York.

During a television interview with Hugh Downs on the "Today" show some months earlier, he had demonstrated with his hands the differences between organic and conventional architecture. Raeborn wanted to use the series to accompany the complete text of Mr. Wright's conversation in the book. There was no videotape then to capture the event so Mr. Raeborn needed reenactments of each technique as illustrations.

I met him at Mr. Wright's suite at Plaza Hotel, and step by step we recreated the television lesson. The resulting twelve images are shown at the right. In the first six photos Mr. Wright illustrated conventional architecture and its use of post-and-beam construction:

1. Posts and beams,
2. Beams and posts,
3. Cutting and slashing partitions,
4. Butting partitions,
5. Riveting to make a connection and create tension, and,
6. How the rivet might give way because of the rigidness of conventional architecture.

In the next series (photographs 7 through 10) Mr. Wright clasped his hands together, interlocking his fingers to indicate the strength and flexibility of his organic architecture. As he talked he rocked his hands back and forth, showing how organic architecture had tensile strength because it could use steel to span great spaces. In organic architecture, he said, "You see one thing merging into another and being of another rather than this old cut, butt, and slash."

In the last two photographs, Mr. Wright explained his design concept for the Unitarian Meeting House in Madison, Wisconsin, finished a while earlier. The plan was triangular, as he showed, and the roof, illustrated by placing his hands together, also was triangular. The shape created the "expression of reverence without recourse to the steeple," he modestly explained.

PEDRO GUERRERO EXHIBIT
WEST CORRIDOR (GIFT SHOP END)

Numbers for the photograph's can be found on the lower right hand side

PRIVATE HOMES

NAME	LOCATION	DATE
1. H. J. Neils Residence	Minneapolis, Minnesota	1952
2. H. J. Neils Residence Living Room	" "	1952
3. Rose Pauson Residence	Phoenix, Arizona	1940
4. David Wright Residence	Phoenix, Arizona	1953
5. David Wright Residence Aerial View	Phoenix, Arizona	1959
6. "The Essence of The House" - FLW David Wright Entry Ramp	Phoenix, Arizona	1953
7. Robert Llewellyn Wright Residence	Bethesda, Maryland	1960
8. John Rayward Residence	New Canaan, Connecticut	1959
9. George Sturges Residence	Brentwood Heights, California	1947

TALIESIN WEST
SCOTTSDALE, ARIZONA

1. Two Taliesin Fellows Working	1947
2. Taliesin West Construction	1947
3. Taliesin West Drafting Studio & Courtyard	1940
4. Taliesin West, View from the McDowell Foothills	1959
5. View from Taliesin West Drafting Studio	1940
6. Taliesin West Drafting Studio with Canvas Roofs	1940
7. Bell Tower at High Noon	1940
8. Mr. Wright's Office	1947
9. Mr. Wright's Office Drafting Table	1947

WISCONSIN WORKS

1. Herbert & Katherine Jacob's Residence I	Madison, WI	1940
2. Bernard Schwartz Residence	Two Rivers, WI	1940
3. Bernard Schwartz Residence Foyer	Two Rivers, WI	1940
4. John Clarence Pew Residence View of Lake Mendota	Madison, WI	1940
5. John Clarence Pew	Madison, WI	1940

PEDRO GUERRERO EXHIBIT
EAST CORRIDOR

Numbers for the photograph's can be found on the lower right hand side

PORTRAITS

NAME	LOCATION	DATE
1. Signing an Autograph	New York City	1953
2. Instructing Workmen	New York City	1953
Sixty Years of Living Architecture Exhibition		
3. The Pencil Sharpener - Taliesin West	Scottsdale, Arizona	1947
4. "I'm an Architect. What will You Have?"	Taliesin Studio Spring Green, WI	1947
5. Tea Break	New York City	1953
Sixty Years of Living Architecture Exhibition		
6. Playing the Piano for a Taliesin Wedding	Unity Chapel - Spring Green, WI	1940
7. Hat, Cane and Hand - Reisley Residence	Pleasantville, New York	1947

DIVINE WRIGHT

1. Beth Shalom Synagogue	Elkins Park, Pennsylvania	1960
2. Beth Shalom Synagogue Altar	Elkins Park, Pennsylvania	1960
3. Annie Pfeiffer Chapel	Lakeland, Florida	1948
Florida Southern College		
4. Unitarian Meeting House	Madison, WI	1952
5. Unitarian Meeting House Pulpit	Madison, WI	1952

TALIESIN
SPRING GREEN, WISCONSIN

1. Taliesin Studio with San Francisco Call Model	1947
2. Mr. Wright's Private Study with View of Romeo & Juliet Windmill	1952
3. Mr. Wright's Private Study & Daybed	1952
4. Taliesin Living Room	1952
5. Taliesin Hilltower	1947
6. Taliesin in the Snow	1940
7. Romeo and Juliet Windmill	1940
8. Cows in a Meadow at Taliesin	1940

WRIGHT AT HOME
SPRING GREEN, WISCONSIN

1. Mr. & Mrs. Wright in the Snow with Twip Romeo & Juliet Windmill in the Background	1940
2. Midsummer Picnic at Taliesin	1940
3. Architect, Farmer, Collector	1952
4. Hillside Studio with Davy Davison and His Son Tal	1947
5. Fellowship Picnic with Mr. Wright	1940

from "Picturing Wright" by Pedro E. Guerrero

INTRODUCTION

"Au revoir! Come back and see us!"

Frank Lloyd Wright stood on the concrete platform separating the desert from his civilization, Taliesin West. He faced west, toward the road I had just traveled, waving goodbye to departing guests. He wore a pair of loose-fitting khaki shorts, a white polo shirt, white ankle-length socks, and brown leather sandals. On his head was a tan porkpie hat. He leaned jauntily on a cane. In spite of his casual attire I was startled by his majestic presence.

His guests led a plume of dust as they headed west on the unpaved road. He watched them briefly and then turned his attention to me.

"And who are you?" he asked.

"My name is Pedro Guerrero," I answered. "I wrote for an appointment. I'm a photographer." I had never introduced myself that way before.

Without getting more than a fleeting glance at the spectacle that is Taliesin West, I found myself being led into Mr. Wright's studio. In spite of my newly acquired sophistication in art, I knew little about him. I set out my portfolio. While scanning it he made enthusiastic comments and questioned me about my origin and education. He was interested that I was a local and of Mexican descent—two truths that I did not, if I could help it, advertise.

"I see you have a fondness for the ladies."

My portfolio was a hodgepodge of school-inspired still lifes of commercial products, food, fashion, and an unnecessary number of nudes at a beach.

"Well, those were done in school—school assignments. I like women, of course, but I thought that the nudes show a proficiency that the ham and eggs don't."

"Are you married?"

"No, sir."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-two."

"Well, don't marry until you're thirty and then marry a girl of nineteen. She'll keep you young. Young people today marry too early and then—right away—the babies. You're not in a hurry, are you?"

"No, sir."

While looking through my portfolio, Mr. Wright continued to chatter. He chortled at some of his own questions, my answers, and some secret raillery that our conversation inspired. I liked him instantly. He was unlike anyone I had known.

"What are you doing now?"

"Nothing. I'm unemployed."

"Would you like to work for us? We've just lost our photographer. He had some difficulty with women."

When Mr. Wright c
I were at the Usonic
site in Pleasantville,
New York, in 194
our photograph wa
taken by Keneji
Domoto, an archite
and former appren-
tice. Mr. Wright wa
on an inspection to
to see three of his
houses taking shape
He congratulated m
on the birth of my fi
child, a daughter.
"You young guys," h
joked, "get married
and right away you
start having babies.
protested: "Mr.
Wright, this is my fi
child. By the time y
had been married a
long as I, you alrea
had five." He just
laughed.

What timing—what incredible luck!

"I'd love to work for you, but as you can see I have a lot to learn."

"I'll teach you. The pay isn't much, but you can eat here. You can start now."

It all happened so quickly. Within minutes of my arrival I had committed myself without hesitation to an offer of work so undefined as to be abstract. If the pay wasn't much, what was it exactly? What was this place? And for whom would I be working?

My arrival at Taliesin West in December 1939 was indeed a great stroke of luck. Just two years earlier Frank Lloyd Wright and his Taliesin Fellowship (his group of apprentices) had established a winter home in Arizona rather than spend the entire year at Taliesin, in Spring Green, Wisconsin. Mr. Wright had experienced the mild Arizona winters earlier, first in 1927, when he collaborated with Albert Chase McArthur on the design of the Arizona Biltmore in Phoenix, and again in 1929, when he was preparing drawings for the resort hotel San Marcos in the Desert, a project doomed by the stock market crash. A bout with pneumonia and the advice of doctors prompted him to return to Arizona to look for property on which to build. From 1937 until his death in 1959 Taliesin West was under construction, continually being changed by Mr. Wright. During this time he and the Fellowship spent half of every year in Arizona; during the other half they lived and worked at the original Taliesin.

With the recent completion of such acclaimed projects as Fallingwater in Mill Run, Pennsylvania, the Jacobs house in Madison, Wisconsin, and the Johnson Wax Administration Building in Racine, Wisconsin, Mr. Wright was regarded by many as America's greatest architect. This was a remarkable comeback for a man who had so recently been considered the "old man" of architecture. But here he was, at age seventy, embarking on a new phase of his career and a new challenge—the construction of Taliesin West on eight hundred acres of rock-strewn desert in the foothills of the McDowell Range.

Taliesin West was only twenty-four miles from the place I called home for twenty years—Mesa, Arizona—a place I had fled in despair less than three years earlier. The second of six children, I was born in Casa Grande, Arizona, in a rude shack my father built for three hundred dollars. Soon after I was born my father, a foreman in a lumberyard, was transferred to Mesa. He traded the house and half a dozen chickens for a used Model T and moved the family the forty-mile distance. A few years later my father indulged a fancy that he was an artist by declaring himself a sign painter. A man of enormous charm and industry, he established a highly successful sign shop and by the 1930s became a respected member of the business community.

Although my siblings and I never lived in the barrio, we were still governed by all its constraints. We attended segregated schools, we were not permitted to swim in the municipal swimming pool, and we were to sit only on the left side of the movie theater, the section designated for Mexicans, blacks, and the occasional Pima Indian. But our family did not suffer from want, and we were among the handful of Mexican children who completed high school.

Graduation presented me with a problem: I had no idea what I would do next. College was never an option. My teachers did not suggest it. My father and mother, who had an eighth- and third-grade education, respectively, did not think of it, and neither did I. I accepted my diploma and spent the next two years of my life playing musical chairs with the few jobs available in that one-street town.

Career choices are the playthings of chance. I made a snap decision to pursue a career in art, not because I believed that I had any special talent but because it

seemed exotic and I thought that the exotic was not bound by prejudice. So one day, without warning or discussion, I announced to my parents that I would be leaving Mesa to prepare for a career in art. I set my sights on the Art Center School in Los Angeles.

I left Mesa in 1937 on the night of my twentieth birthday. Two days later I arrived at the Art Center School unannounced and without the slightest idea of what I wanted to study under the broad category of art. I was informed that the art courses were filled.

"What else do you teach?"

"Well—photography."

"I'll take anything to keep from going back home."

Photography was foreshadowed by several incidents, one as early as first grade. By chance I discovered that when the door to the boys' toilet was shut, images from the outside—including my schoolmates at play—were projected onto the walls, ceiling, and floor through a tiny hole in the door. As if by magic the entire room was transformed into a camera obscura. I was mesmerized by this spectacle. Some years later, at the final awards assembly at Mesa High School, the art department awarded the outstanding art student a box camera. I was the recipient of that auspicious trophy.

From the Art Center School I called my father and told him that I was going to be a photographer—and to send a camera. My impulsive choice baffled him almost as much as my sudden departure from Mesa, but he obliged me. In photography I again found the enchantment I discovered so long ago staring at the images projected through a hole in the toilet door.

At school in Los Angeles there was enough to learn to consume four years of study: optics, emulsions, film speeds, chemical formulas, time and temperature ratios, light, shadows, lighting, logic, composition. But I was impatient. At the end of my second year I received a less than enthusiastic critique of my work and left the school in a fit of pique. So in the summer of 1939 I went back home to Mesa.

While waiting for something to happen, I built a darkroom behind our garage. I had no idea how I would find work. I thought about becoming a newspaper photographer, but after racing home to get a camera to photograph an overturned car I crossed off that idea. Father was understandably impatient with my indolence. He sensed even before I did that something drastic had to be done. As it happened, he had painted a sign years before, in 1928, to mark the site of Ocotillo, the small tent city that Frank Lloyd Wright and his draftsmen built while working out the details for San Marcos in the Desert. Father told me that Mr. Wright had a school somewhere in the valley beyond Scottsdale, and he wondered if perhaps there might be something there for me to do.

Father had often seen Mr. Wright at the Elquest Paint Company in Phoenix. The next time Father went to the store he asked Mr. Elquest for Mr. Wright's address. Mr. Elquest also gave him a letter of introduction, which I enclosed when I wrote to request an appointment.

"Yes," Mr. Wright wrote back. "Come any time."

So, on a morning of unimagined importance to me, following some general directions I set out to find Frank Lloyd Wright. In those days Scottsdale was an insignificant byway: a general store with a gasoline pump out front, three or four retail businesses, and an ice house. Houses were scattered about as if by an ill wind. As I drove along I came upon the occasional adobe ranch house squatting on the shaved desert floor. Otherwise the tawny, sere, caliche surface was broken only by brush—tumbleweed, paloverde, mesquite—and various forms of cacti. The unpaved but "improved" road ended a short distance north of Scottsdale. The McCormick Ranch was

the last outpost. At that point I turned right and followed a bumpy, twisting, rutted trail leading to the distant hills.

Eventually a perceptible horizontal slash in the foothills of the McDowell Range appeared. While weaving my way, I tried to imagine what I would find and I tried to practice what to say. Although I was a bit nervous about meeting Mr. Wright, I really knew very little about him. My first exposure to him had been through a traveling photographic exhibition at the Art Center School. The exhibit's architectural section included Hedrich-Blessing's famous image of Fallingwater, and in the portraiture section was a photograph of Mr. Wright himself. Both these photographs impressed me, but I did not connect the two until much later. Still, I was anxious about the impression I would make. The difficult terrain did not allow my mind to wander too much, however. At last I saw a reassuring sign, a symbol whose significance I was yet to learn. It was a patterned wood square measuring about two feet by two feet, painted red, mounted on a post and pointing to the nearby hills. After a few more minutes of wild, rock-strewn landscape I arrived at Taliesin West.

I found a parking space between two of a number of cars painted the same shade of red. Three people stood thirty feet away. I approached them with my portfolio of school photographs under my arm. That thirty feet was the final distance I would have to walk between a life of longing for change and an ever-expanding area of opportunity, challenge, and adventure.

My job interview with Mr. Wright lasted about fifteen minutes at most. Obviously, both of us were satisfied with each other

"Start today," he said.

"I don't have my equipment. I'll be back tomorrow."

"Fine! I'll have Gene show you around. Gene," he called, "show this boy around the place."

He introduced us. "His name is Pete, and he'll be working for us."

Taliesin West opened up before me with Eugene Masselink, Mr. Wright's closest associate, as my guide. Gene wove me in and out of so much so fast that my first impression was surreal. Cortés could not have been more startled at finding the world of the Aztecs than I was in walking into an atmosphere that forever changed the way I looked on my own world. Nothing in my experience could have prepared me for this stunning complex of buildings. I realized that it was sculpture—a sculpture of canvas, redwood, and stone rising out of the desert. Taliesin West was molded from the desert too: its colors, its textures those of the ground from which it evolved. Its form echoed the surrounding gentle slopes and hills; it was as rugged and brutal as the rubble and spiny tangle on all sides. The swarms of young people who so lovingly labored there gave it scale, life, and boundary.

All around was a great confusion of activity. The dedicated bustle of so many young people was impressive, and I was apprehensive about how they would receive me. As we walked along I saw that forms were being built, cement was being poured, stones were being wheelbarrowed—all the functions of construction were being undertaken by the "boys," as Mr. Wright would forever refer to his apprentices. What I had first estimated to be hundreds were in fact only forty-five apprentices, mostly men, mostly indifferent to me.

Lunch did not dispel this impression. My introduction then did not lead to any friendly expression of welcome. It did not seem likely, in this sea of unresponsive faces, that there was one who might someday be a friend. The meal was not eaten in silence, but the language was strange and the jokes were incomprehensible. No one made the slightest effort to show me the minimal courtesy or acknowledge my presence This was the Taliesin

Fellowship, and my reception was standard procedure. All outsiders — to the Fellowship, practically the whole world — were treated with icy aloofness until they were tried and found acceptable. It would be only a few short weeks before I, too, would react the same way to an even newer "fellow" than I.

I returned to Mesa late that afternoon. It was not possible to describe to my family exactly how I felt, what I had seen, and what it all had to do with me.

Once established as Mr. Wright's hired photographer and then as an apprentice in Arizona, I followed the Wrights and the Fellowship to Wisconsin in May 1940. There, as an official member of the Taliesin Fellowship, I spent the greatest part of my time in the photo lab, printing the images that I had photographed just weeks before in Arizona.

During this time my relationship with Mr. Wright was defined. After accompanying me to the Jacobs house in Madison, Wisconsin — my first assignment away from Taliesin — he finally decided that I could be trusted to photograph a house without his supervision. He wanted to include the Schwartz house in Two Rivers, Wisconsin, in an exhibition of his work to be held at the Museum of Modern Art, entitled Frank Lloyd Wright: American Architect (November 13, 1940, to January 5, 1941) and assigned me to photograph it. Later I photographed the Pauson house in Phoenix when we returned to Arizona that winter. For the most part I was left to my own devices. I had no budget (neither did he), but somehow he made it his business to keep me adequately stocked with film and other supplies. Mr. Wright simply mentioned what work he wanted done, and I decided how best to accomplish it.

In May 1941, after a prolonged personal struggle about whether to serve in the armed forces if the United States went to war, I left the Fellowship. In September I enlisted in the Army Air Corps. For fourteen months I was stationed at Lukefield Air Force Base in Phoenix, serving first as a photographic technician and then as a cadet. I was commissioned a second lieutenant at Yale University. In May 1942 the Air Corps assigned me to the Art Center School to do research in color printing, and there I met Barbara Haley Smith of Sterling, Colorado, a talented young painter. Between my tactical training at various posts here and my assignment as a photographic laboratory commander for a bombardment group in Italy, we were married. I was mustered out of the army as a captain in 1945.

Although marriage had ended any latent notion I might have had about rejoining the Fellowship, among my first acts on returning to civilian life was to pay my respects to the Wrights at Taliesin in Wisconsin. Mr. Wright, who had opposed the war, greeted me with the admonition, "Why didn't you go to jail like an honorable man?" Still, the visit went well, and Mr. Wright enthusiastically accepted my offer to be "on call" to him as long as he pleased. For the following fourteen years I continued my association with Mr. Wright, and he continued to occupy a place in my pantheon of heroes, a position he had to share with my father.

Immediately after the war I settled in New York City, where my wife had waited while I served in the army. Although the early quest for meaningful work was not easy, my portfolio of Mr. Wright's work opened doors wide if they opened at all. Once established as a freelance photographer in architecture, I completed assignments for most if not all the major architecture and shelter magazines — *House and Garden, House and Home, Better Homes and Gardens, Architectural Forum, Architectural Record, Vogue,* and *Harper's Bazaar.* My assignments also included

photographing the work of other architects such as Marcel Breuer, Edward Durell Stone, and Philip Johnson.

As our family became too large to manage in a sixth-floor walkup apartment, my wife and I and our two children moved to the country. We bought and remodeled a small cottage on a low hill overlooking ten or so apple trees in New Canaan, Connecticut. We enlarged the house as our family grew by two more children. I commuted daily to New York, forty-five miles away.

Later I became enchanted with the work of two other important artists who also greatly influenced my life and my work: Alexander Calder, whom I met while on assignment for *House and Garden* and spent thirteen years photographing, and Louise Nevelson, whom I spent two years photographing. They, like Mr. Wright, were inventors of new art forms, and I found it exhilarating to be around such creativity.

All were equally passionate about their work but completely different in character. The elegant, almost foppish Mr. Wright was creative, resourceful, eloquent, and often imperious. The casual, earthy Calder, who gave wings to art as the inventor of the mobile, was also creative and resourceful but always unpretentious. Mr. Wright's tweeds, stiff collars, French-heel shoes, capes, cane, and rolled-brim porkpie hat were no more studied than Calder's flannel shirts (blue or bright red), chino pants, high-top brogans, and his thick shock of snow-white hair, but so comfortable was he with his image that I once saw a stack of brand new chino pants next to a stack of red flannel shirts, looking exactly as they must have in the store where he bought them. Nevelson, also a driven artist, proud and vain, similarly guarded her image—the absurdly long, gravity-defying lashes, her body wrapped in layer on layer of multicolored, multitextured fabrics, her head bound in a gray babushka. She too invented her art form, calling herself "the first recycler." Gracious and affectionate, she insisted on being called by her first name, just as Calder insisted on being called by his nickname, Sandy.

Frank Lloyd Wright, of course, was never just "Frank."