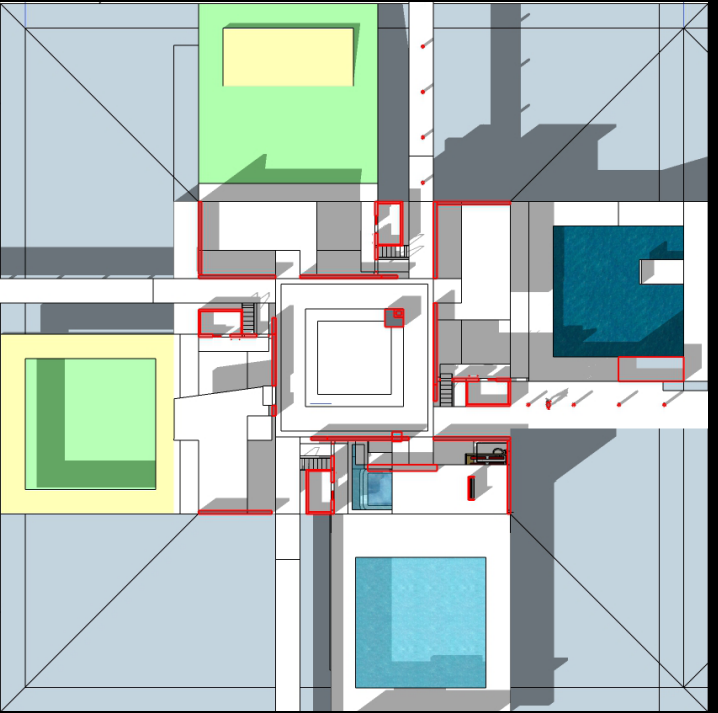
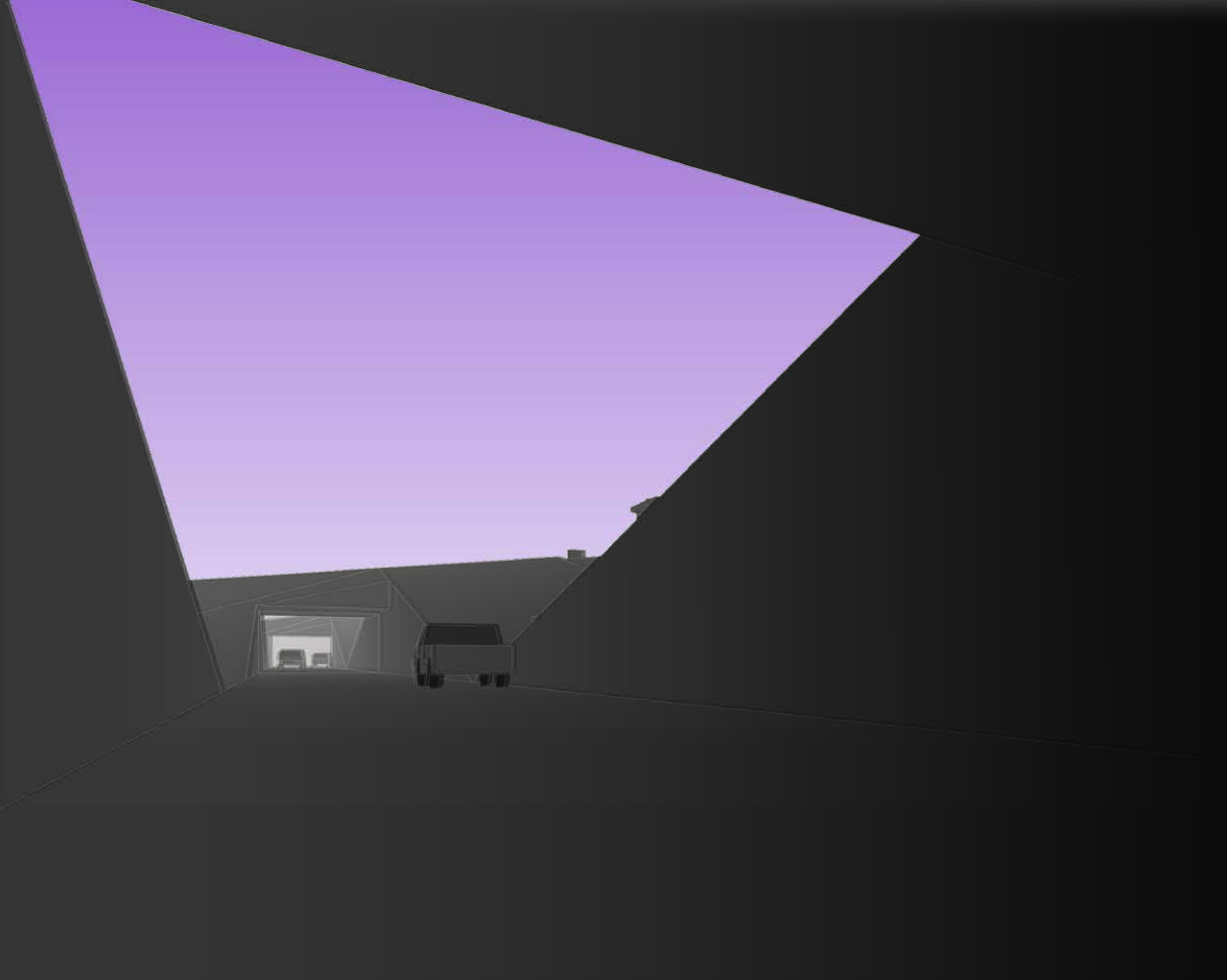


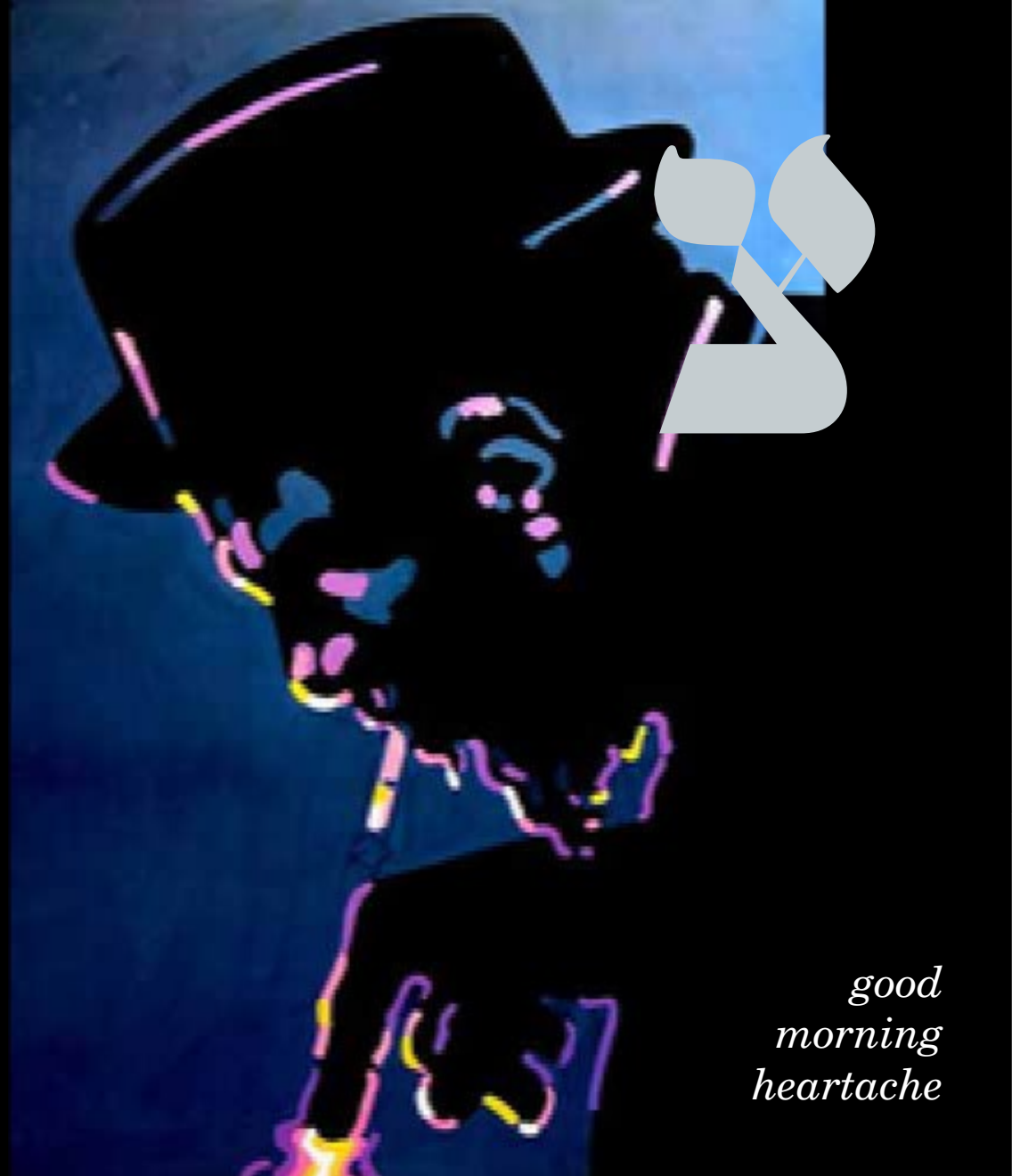
SYNAGOGUE TZADIK Jonathan Block Friedman



TZADIK



now we travel
through an hourglass darkly
when will we again see the light?
thugs hate corruption virus war
all on the rise in a dismal world
where **IS** righteousness?
where is the good news?



*good
morning
heartache*

out of nowhere



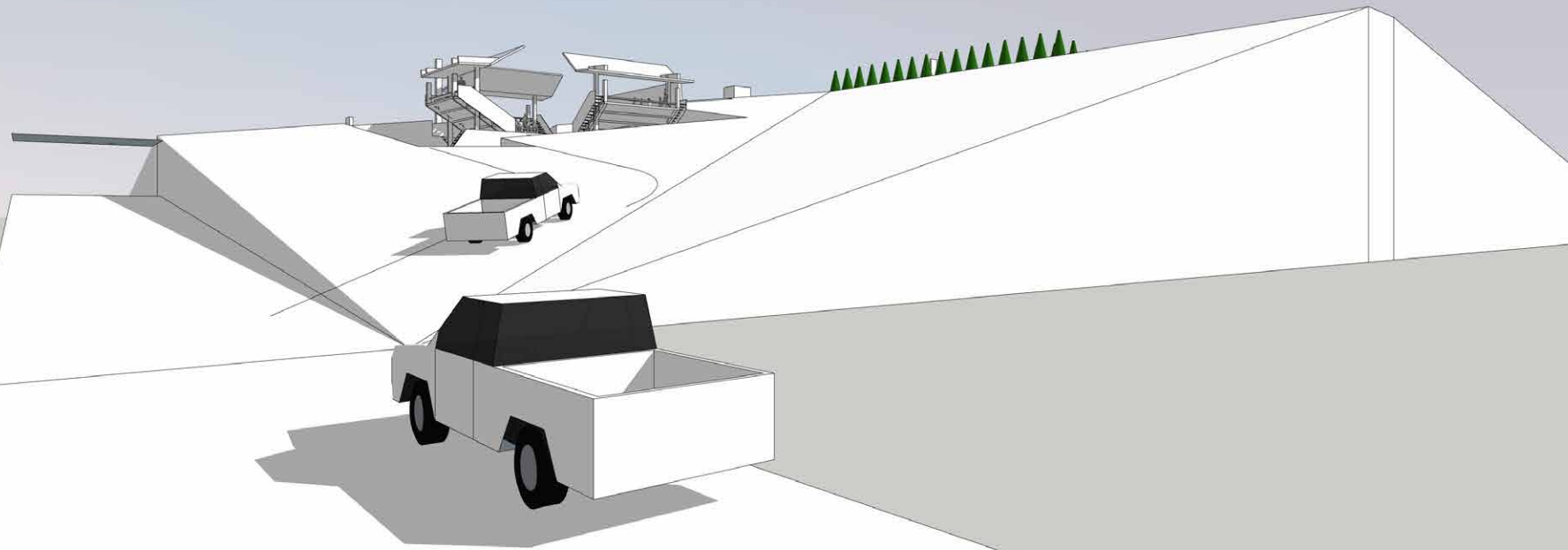
On the radio, really there is only music or news.
One fills you up with worry, leaves you no room.
The other opens you to endless possibility.
Righteousness is rarely in the news.
Righteousness is the soul of music.

WHO is righteous? When death brings widespread grief--
assassination or hate-filled murder-- righteousness swells
in the sudden pain of our loss. Our true hearts know who
is honest caring humble compassionate; we can feel who
is decent or even excellent in the art of their humanity.
Can we teach each other righteousness, the way we teach
sports or music? How can we become wise? If in every
age a hero or sage arose to our aid, where is ours today?
How can we teach that? Who will ascend today to guide
us all to righteousness again? Or is it now *all* of us as One?

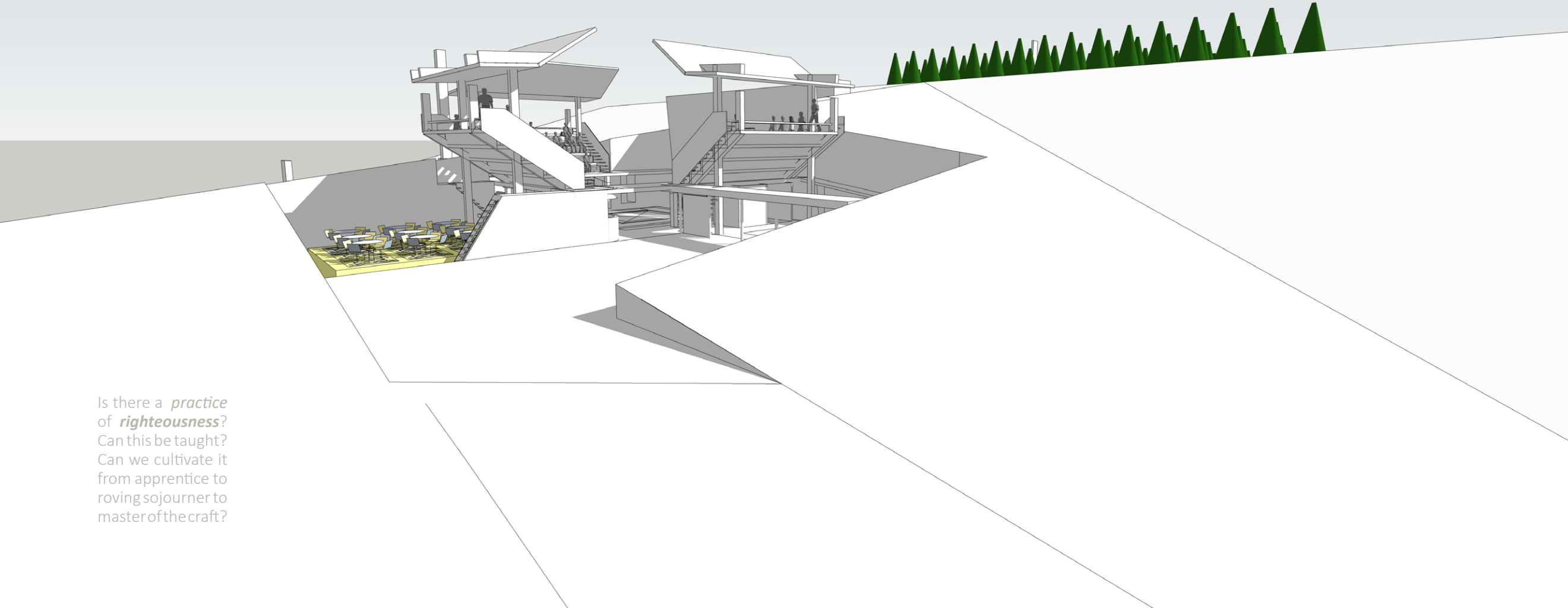
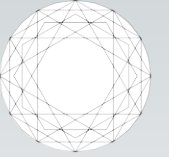
Can we ever find the music of peace?

somewhere there's music

Music
is a paragon
of human study.
Music gives pleasure
and touches the cosmos.
Righteousness lives in music.
Music lives in righteousness.
Mastering music demands
expression and structure,
freedom and discipline,
abandon and control
precision and clarity,
all of these at once.
Mastering music
takes time and
vast amounts
of dedicated
hard work.
Practice.



how high the moon



Is there a *practice*
of ***righteousness***?
Can this be taught?
Can we cultivate it
from apprentice to
roving sojourner to
master of the craft?

ghost of a chance



*Is there any hope
that we may evolve
into creatures who care
for each other until everyone,
even (especially!) the least of us,
join the planetary cosmic choir to sing
both an ode to joy and the blues
with every tone of feeling and wonder
dwelling within our species?
Where is an arena of such compassion?*

TZADIK is the **18th** letter of the Hebrew Aleph Bet.

After the destruction of Solomon's Temple in Jerusalem (588 BCE) the Torah emerged as a portable and ubiquitous home for the living practice of Judaism. Some claimed that to become properly pious every prescribed act and ceremony [in this new written Law] must be performed to the utmost detail and letter. These pietists were the *Chasidim*. Others felt that to be upright was the essential thing. These were the *Tzadikim*, the righteous. According to Maimonides, a Tzadik is "one whose merit surpasses his [or her] iniquity." The righteous are not perfect. Righteous is NOT self-righteous. Thus one may become righteous not by divine grace, but through effort and practice.

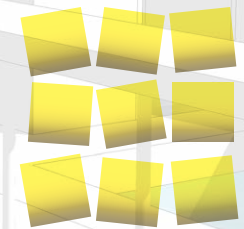
These 2 approaches to religious practice are embodied in an ambiguous reading of the form of the letter TZADIK itself. TZADIK is made of 2 other Hebrew letters, a YUD "enwedged" in the upper right side of a bent-over NUN. The NUN represents the Congregation of Israel [ie everyone out there in the world] and the YUD represents the Righteous One, or Tzadik of this generation. The YUD represents the point of creative life force "enwedged" in every created being, the NUN. Tzadik is the power of actualization, as well as the *consciousness* of this power. The YUD, the "point" of creative life force within every created being, both looks up and back towards its source and looks down at Creation, confining itself to the finite limits of its particular objective. This Divine "life pulse" is present within the act of "bringing into being." (both human birth and artistic creation / music!) YUD and NUN are 2 dimensions of form and matter that are simultaneously present in all created reality. The point of the YUD, pure form, shapes the NUN of matter into its intended form. the Tzadik, in touch with the inner pure form of all reality, is able to "shape" reality in accordance with his will, as it is said: The Tzadik decrees, and the Holy One, blessed be He, realizes.



bent NUN



NUN carries the YUD



righteousness is unity

weaving together
split shards of light
the broken vessels
of the Divine Unity

TZADIK means Righteousness, coming from the same Hebrew root as *zedakah*, which is charity. The form of the letter TZADIK resembles the ALEF more than any other letter. The ALEF is the master of the universe-- its mate is the TZADIK, the righteous one upon whom the world stands. TZADIK is the foundation of the world.

Asking how the existence of the world is possible if divinity, which is Infinite, fills all space, Isaac Luria (1534-1572) proposed that Creation was essentially a negative act in which *Ein Sof* (Endless One) withdrew to establish *empty* space in which Creation could occur. After this contraction, or *tzimtzum*, a ray of Ein Sof entered the void and filled special vessels. Unable to contain this Divine force, the vessels shattered and broke into shards of light. *Tikkun*, the gathering of these Broken Shards and Holy Sparks-- of Light and Souls-- can be achieved by human beings through contemplative action: prayer; performance (!) of commandments, *mitzvot*; and practice (!) of special exercises, *yi-hudim*, unifications with the Godhead. The responsibility for bringing Redemption, a spiritual return to the repaired world is human, not Divine.

The original spelling of Tzadik is *tzadi*, meaning "to hunt." The Kabbalists hold that the holy version of "the sense of eating" is to hunt and redeem the 288 fallen sparks of the breaking vessels. These redeemed sparks may elevate the consciousness of the soul of the *Tzadik* to ever higher levels of Divine perception. The repair of the world, *Tikkun Olam*, is the task of us all but especially falls to the righteous ones, the Tzadikim. The Biblical Patriarchs are tzadikim. Of them all, Joseph is considered the Foundation, YESOD, not only because he was compassionate and righteous in the care of so many (including his brothers) but also because he did so as a stranger amidst the temptations of the land of Egypt.

Tradition suggests that every generation has a minimum of 36 righteous souls who sustain the world, Tzadikim called **Lamed Vavniks**, as LAMED VAV is Hebrew for 36. Some suggest there are 72 altogether, 36 who live in Israel, and another 36 who live outside of Israel. Twice 18, or *chai*, "life!" "The world never has less than 36 righteous men who receive the Divine Presence every day, for it is said, 'Happy are they that wait *lo* [for Him]' and the numerical value of '*lo*' is thirty-six." The primary source for this teaching is in the *Talmud, Succah 45b*.

MUSIC or NEWS

REPAIRING THE WORLD: *TIKKUN OLAM*

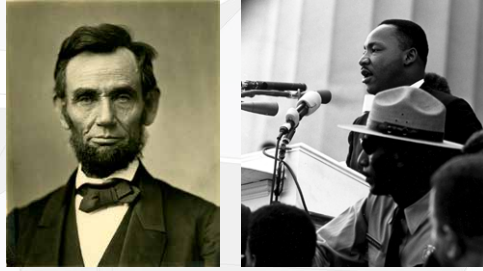
On the radio, there is only news or music. One stuffs and chokes you, leaves you no room to breathe. The other creates space, and opens you to endless possibility: all the music in the world. In a life rife with destruction and pain, how can we all become blessed with age and wisdom? Some great musicians die young, Mozart, Bird, Hendrix. Others remain masters throughout long lives: Artur Rubenstein plays Beethoven's *Emperor Concerto* and Ahmad Jamal plays *Poinciana*, both at the age of 88.

Righteousness seeks to insure that even the least of us can live in safety, health, dignity, love. Those with special needs, or without homes, or who need assistance in living, or who seek refuge, *they are all of us*. Caring for those with the greatest need can allow true luxury to blossom for everyone. No need for security guards, weapons, fences when *all* are secure. The agenda is modest. Food clothing shelter and health for all who ask. Freedom to search, to speak, and to dream. For those who need it, righteousness must provide free and accessible food, drink, fresh air, clothing, shelter. Thus may we transform the chaos of bad news into the harmony of good time. Thus may we make news into music.

RIGHTEOUSNESS can be the MUSIC of NEWS

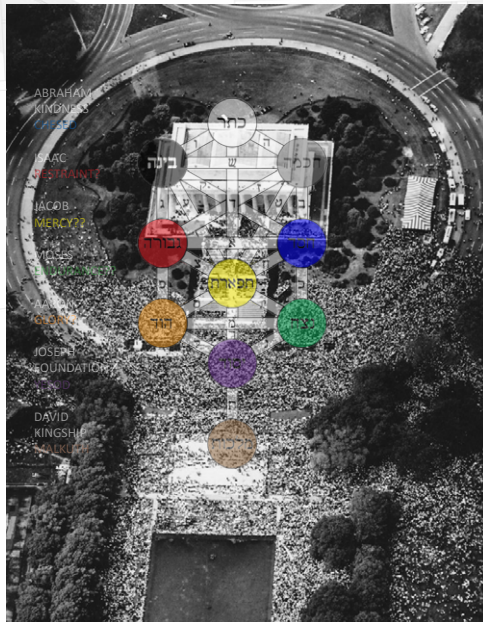
RIGHTEOUSNESS offers modesty and compassion in leadership. From time to time we become aware of who is righteous in our world. When assassination brings universal grief we feel the pain of lost leadership towards championing the rights and promise of all. If in every age a hero or sage arose to our aid, where is ours today? If the righteous are hidden in the world, how can we find them? How can we ALL learn to be among the righteous.

I have a dream

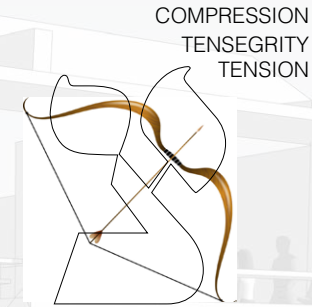


NOW IS THE TIME:

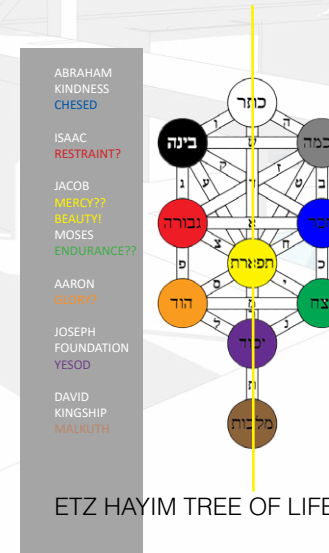
A WATERSHED OF RIGHTEOUSNESS
WE MUST LEARN TO MAKE MUSIC TOGETHER.
WE MUST PRACTICE TO HELP EACH OTHER
TO RISE AS ONE IN HARMONY
WITH THE SILENCE AND SYMPHONY OF THE PLANET,
OUR HOME. NOW MORE THAN EVER
IT IS ONE SMALL ROOM FOR US ALL



MLK at the Lincoln Memorial 1963 *I have a Dream*



WAR OR
PEACE?



THE TZADIK IS THE FOUNDATION (YESOD) OF THE WORLD

YESOD means foundation. Like the footings of a building, It lies at a crucial place in the *Etz Hayim*, or Tree of Life, an order of the 10 Sefirot, the Divine emanations of Holy Infinite Light. It is a central symbol of *Kabalah*, a major mystical thread in Judaism. *Sefirot* literally means "counting, enumeration", but other related meanings include *sefer* "text" or book, *sappir* "brilliance" (and sapphire! and *sfar* "boundary" and all illuminate the idea of *sephirot*.

Seven *sefirot* express emotional attributes, and each of these is related to an archetypal figure in the Hebrew Bible. These righteous *Tzadikim* are themselves seen as embodiments of the emotional *sephirot*: Abraham-Kindness, Isaac-Restraint, Jacob-Mercy, Moses-Endurance, Aaron-Glory, Joseph-Foundation, David-Kingship. While all seven are considered supreme *Tzadikim*, in particular contexts, both Moses as Enduring and inclusive soul of the community and Joseph as Foundation, are identified especially as archetypes for the Tzadik in general.

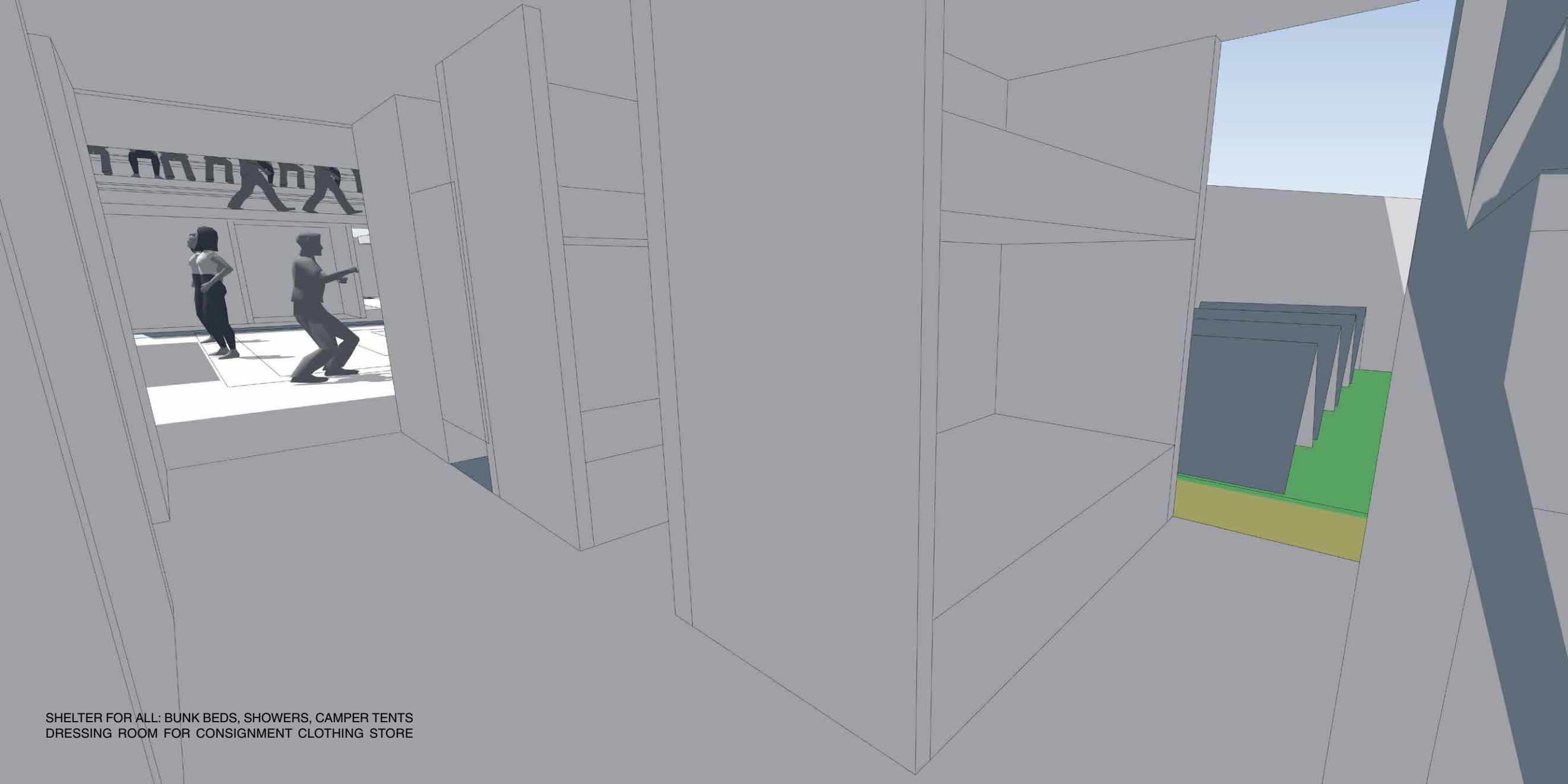
Traditionally in Judaism Joseph is referred to with the quality of "Tzadik-Righteous". While the Patriarchs Abraham Isaac and Jacob lived righteously as shepherds, Joseph remained holy in Egypt, surrounded by impurity, tested by Potiphar's wife, captive in prison, and rising to be viceroy to Pharaoh. YESOD, Foundation channels spirituality to our physical realm, and parallels the human role of the Tzadik in this world.

Yesod is the 9th Sefirah, in the middle balanced column of the *Etz Hayim*, connecting all the higher *sefirot*, centred on *Tiferet* "Beautiful" or emotional harmony, to the last sefirah *Malchut* "Kingship" or realisation. In the flow of Divine Creative life force, this represents the connecting channel between Heaven and Earth, The 16th century Safed Kabbalists introduced the prayer "For the sake of the union" of these principles before Jewish observances. *Yesod* is the contact, connection, and communication of the inner soul with the outer reality of *malchut*, similar to the way the foundation of a building connects it with the earth.

entering an arena of compassion

for all wanderers and travelers
curious vagabond adventurous
journeyman homeless the rest
facilities here to help all persons
on their way: food clothing shelter
counseling health care and music
snack bar picnic cafe
clinic and counseling
consignment trading post
for clothes and sundries
sleeping bunks camping tents
public showers and restrooms
calm oasis and lively rejuvenation
study music dance conversation
bat mitzvah wedding receptions
planet passenger universal access





SHELTER FOR ALL: BUNK BEDS, SHOWERS, CAMPER TENTS
DRESSING ROOM FOR CONSIGNMENT CLOTHING STORE

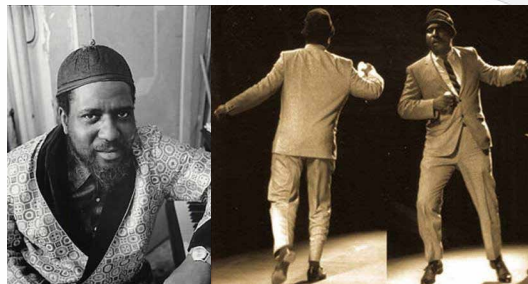
The NEWS of MUSIC

TIKKUN OLAM: MUSIC INTO NEWS IS REPAIRING THE WORLD

In the speech he gave at the Lincoln Memorial during the March on Washington in August 1963, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. employed the refrain, "Now is the time." Was he inspired by Charlie Parker's, "Now's the Time," the bop classic that Parker recorded in 1945? Bebop's urgency had implications stretching beyond music, and many people found among the leading figures in modern jazz the embodiment of a new African American consciousness.

Musicians are good candidates for the righteous. Not that they are always pure and without blame or stain. Far from it! But recalling Maimonides' definition of *tzadik* "One whose merit surpasses his iniquity is a *tzadik*" many musicians glow in an aura of at least some righteousness. Someone who is more good than bad. There are many candidates in music, not pure and faultless, but human, honest, modest yet proud, caring, compassionate, active, and in some indisputable ways-- *good*. What if even the least of us became that good?

Their attainment is perhaps a model for how to become adept at any challenging skill, including righteousness. Musicians must work hard to master an implacable vocation-- you can hear a wrong note, you can't play well if you don't master scales, you must study the masters as you build your own body of work, and keep practicing every day! Beyond that, when you have even some facility, and especially if you have great facility, you can bring great joy and make the deepest of human emotions present to all who listen. This is just about always a GIFT. And you get to increase your own joy and depth while sharing it with others.



Trying to explain music is like trying to dance architecture.
Thelonious Monk

DANCING MONK

Dance was at the heart of Thelonious Monk's music. When the music profoundly moved him, his highest form of approval was to leave the piano bench and do a twirling, bear-like dance while the band played. The compelling rhythms seemed to take over his body.

IN MUSIC, HUMANITY IS THE FORM IS THE LANGUAGE

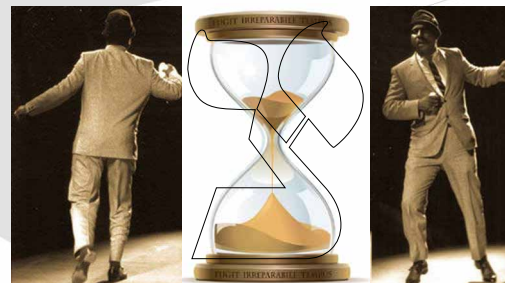
Every true musician will attain their own unique humanity through the attentive practice and performance of their medium. Their treasures are notably distinct and sharable-- the music of each is no less their own than it is also all of ours. What accomplished generosity! Think of Lady Day, Louis, Prez, Aretha, Nina Simone, Carlos Nakai, Paul Horn, Norah Jones, Gershwin, Yo Yo Ma, Segovia, Joe Pass, Jobim, Chet Atkins, Howlin Wolf, Beatles, Kiri Te Kanawa, Bird, Miles, Monk, Mozart, Trane, Basie, Duke, MJQ, Teddy Wilson, Fela Kuti, Django, Bach, Beethoven, Edith Piaf, Ahmad Jamal, Josephine Baker... the power of music is revealed in the fact that we all have our own favorites.



OPPRESSION EXPRESSION

BOW AND ARROW OR BOW AND VIOLIN?

TZADIK is dancing-- the letter itself. It is a form in dynamic equilibrium, the most flamelike Hebrew letter, moving *both* up and downward. Ginsburgh comments: the right eye dances, the left eye speaks. the right eye looks up at Transcendent Light; the left eye looks down at the Word of God.



JAZZ SPEAKS FOR LIFE

"God has brought many things out of oppression. He has endowed his creatures with the capacity to create - and from this capacity has flowed the sweet songs of sorrow and joy that have allowed man to cope with his environment and many different situations.

"Jazz speaks for life. The Blues tell the story of life's difficulties, and if you think for a moment, you will realize that they take the hardest realities of life and put them into music, only to come out with some new hope or sense of triumph. This is triumphant music. Modern Jazz has continued in this tradition, singing the songs of a more complicated urban existence. When life itself offers no order and meaning, the musician creates an order and meaning from the sounds of the earth which flow through his instrument.

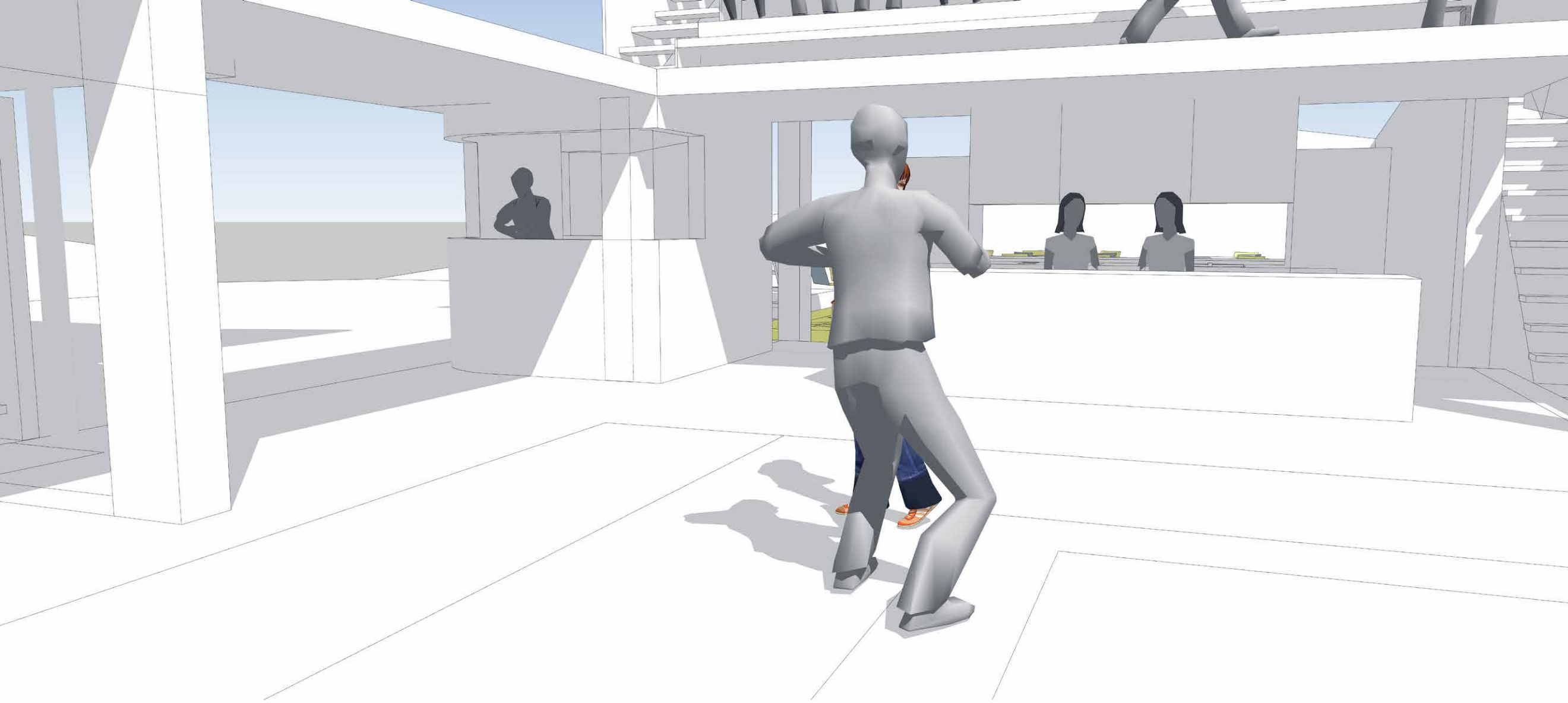
"Long before the modern essayists and scholars wrote of "racial identity" as a problem for a multi-racial world, Jazz musicians were returning to their roots to affirm that which was stirring within their souls.

"Much of the power of our Freedom Movement in the United States has come from this music. It has strengthened us with its sweet rhythms when courage began to fail. It has calmed us with its rich harmonies when spirits were down. And now, Jazz is exported to the world. For in the particular struggle of the Negro in America there is something akin to the universal struggle of modern man. Everybody has the Blues. Everybody longs for meaning. Everybody needs to love and be loved. Everybody needs to clap hands and be happy. Everybody longs for faith. In music, especially this broad category called Jazz, there is a stepping stone towards all of these."

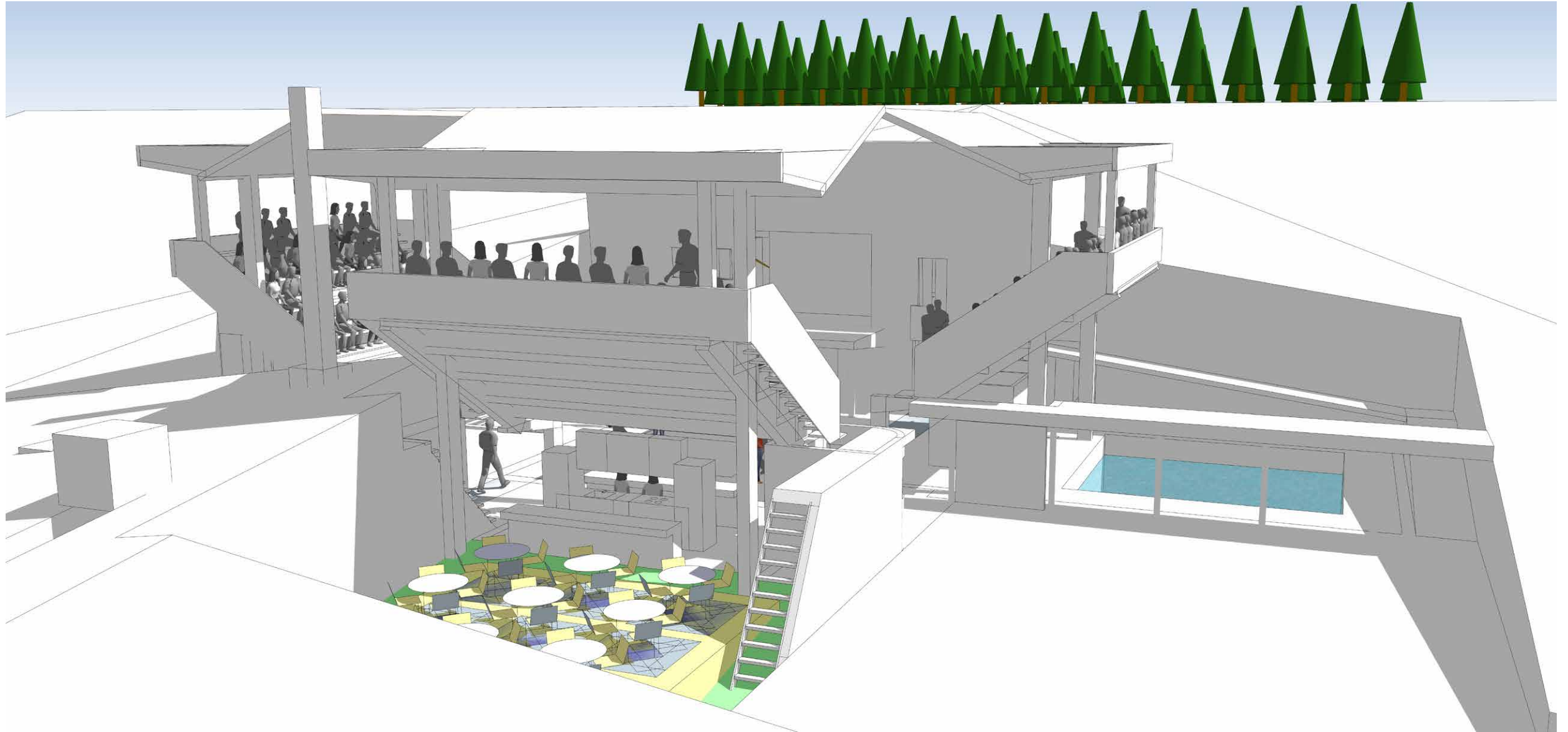
Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., Berlin, 1964

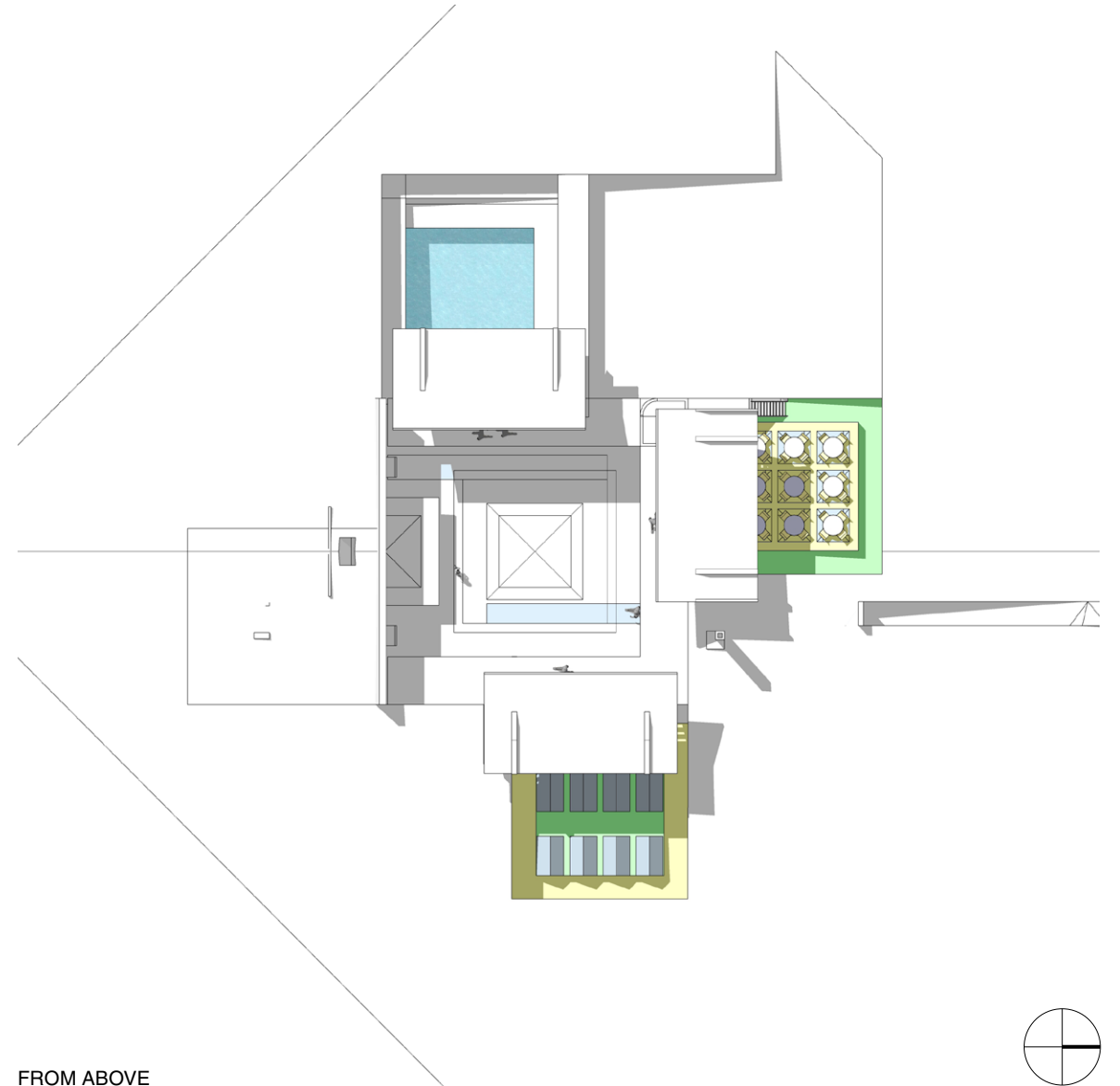
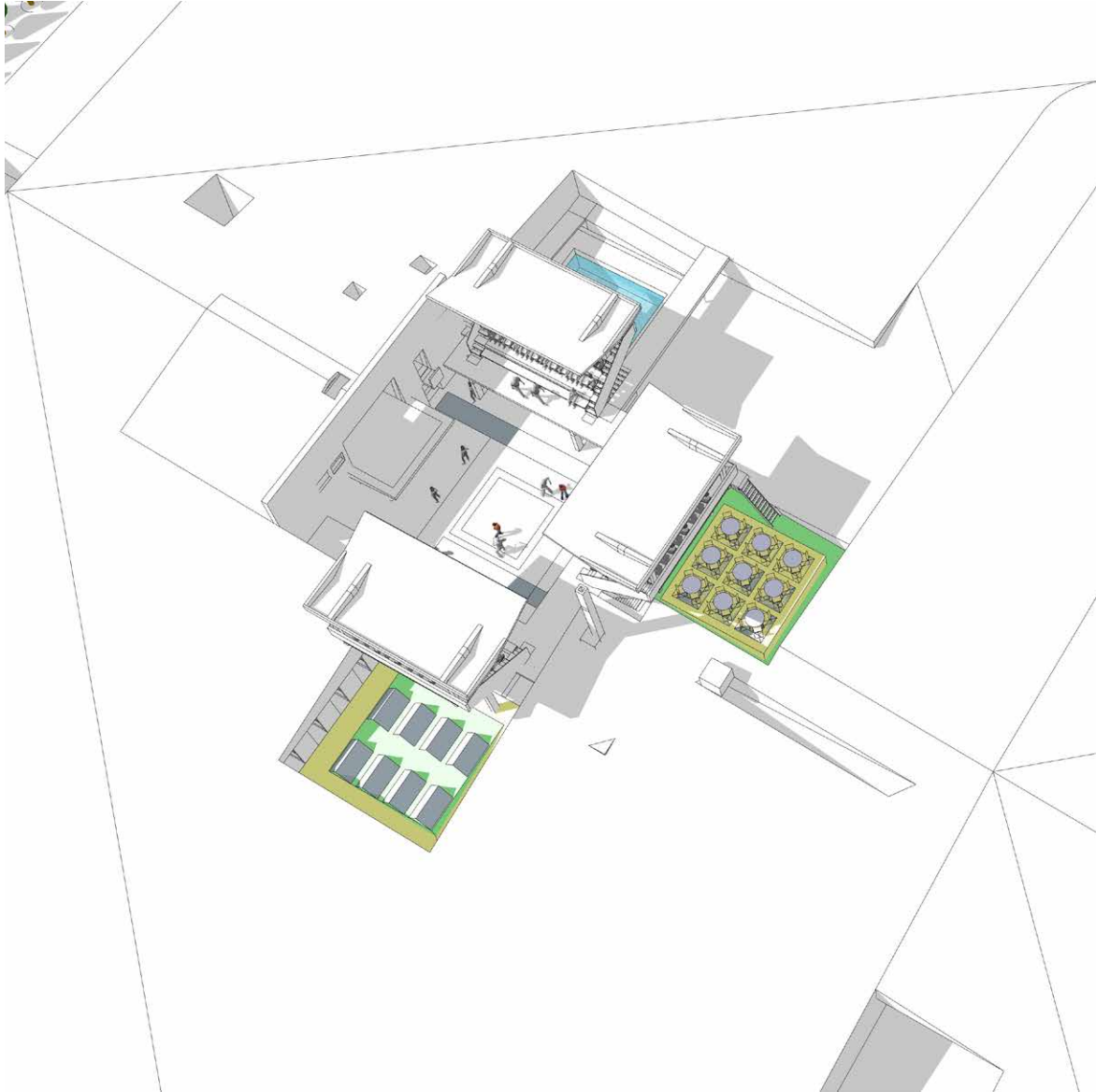


LOOKING SOUTHEAST FROM BOX OFFICE ENTRY



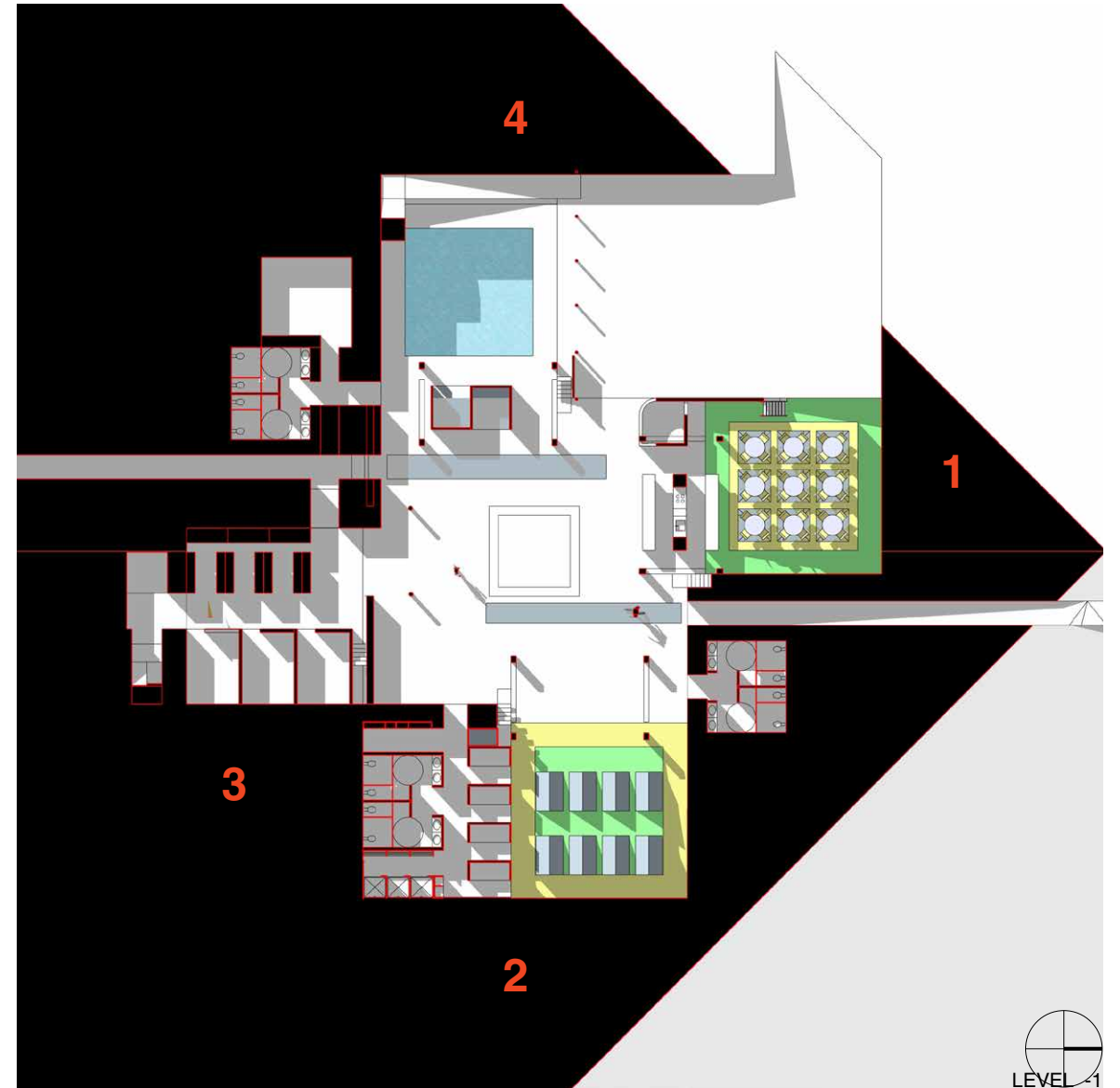
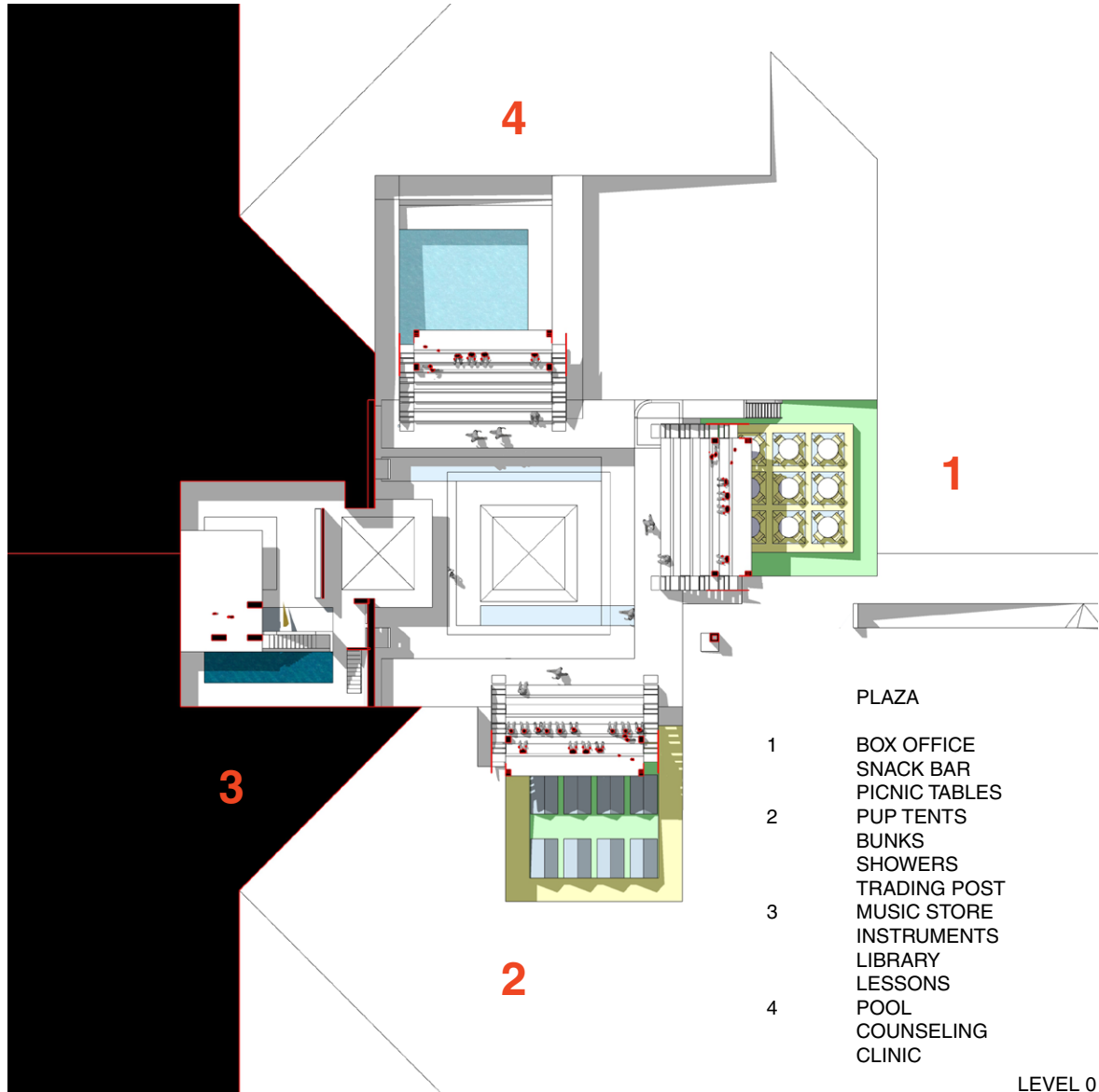
LOOKING NORTHWEST FROM ARENA TO BOX OFFICE ENTRY AND SNACK BAR

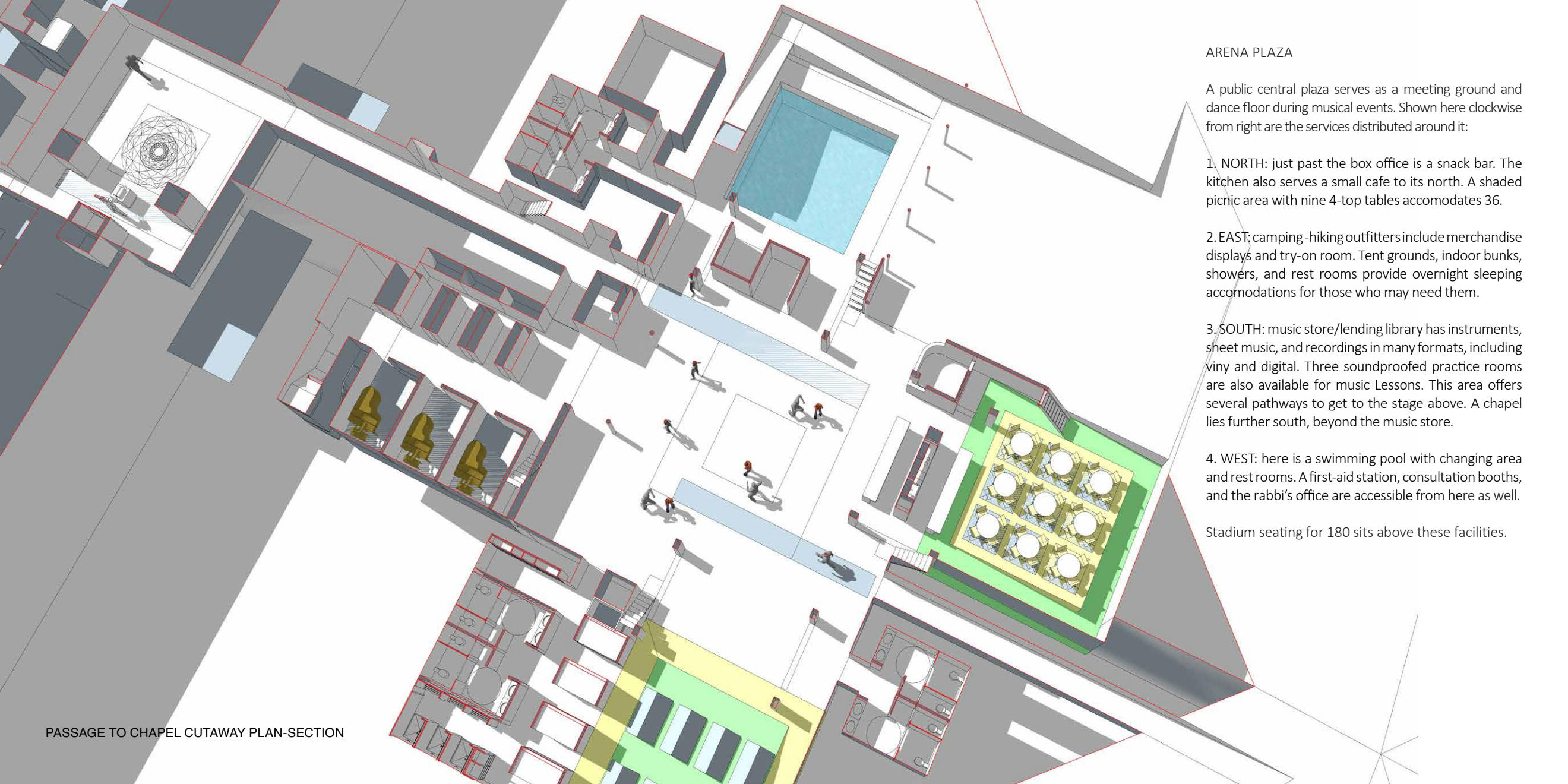




FROM ABOVE







ARENA PLAZA

A public central plaza serves as a meeting ground and dance floor during musical events. Shown here clockwise from right are the services distributed around it:

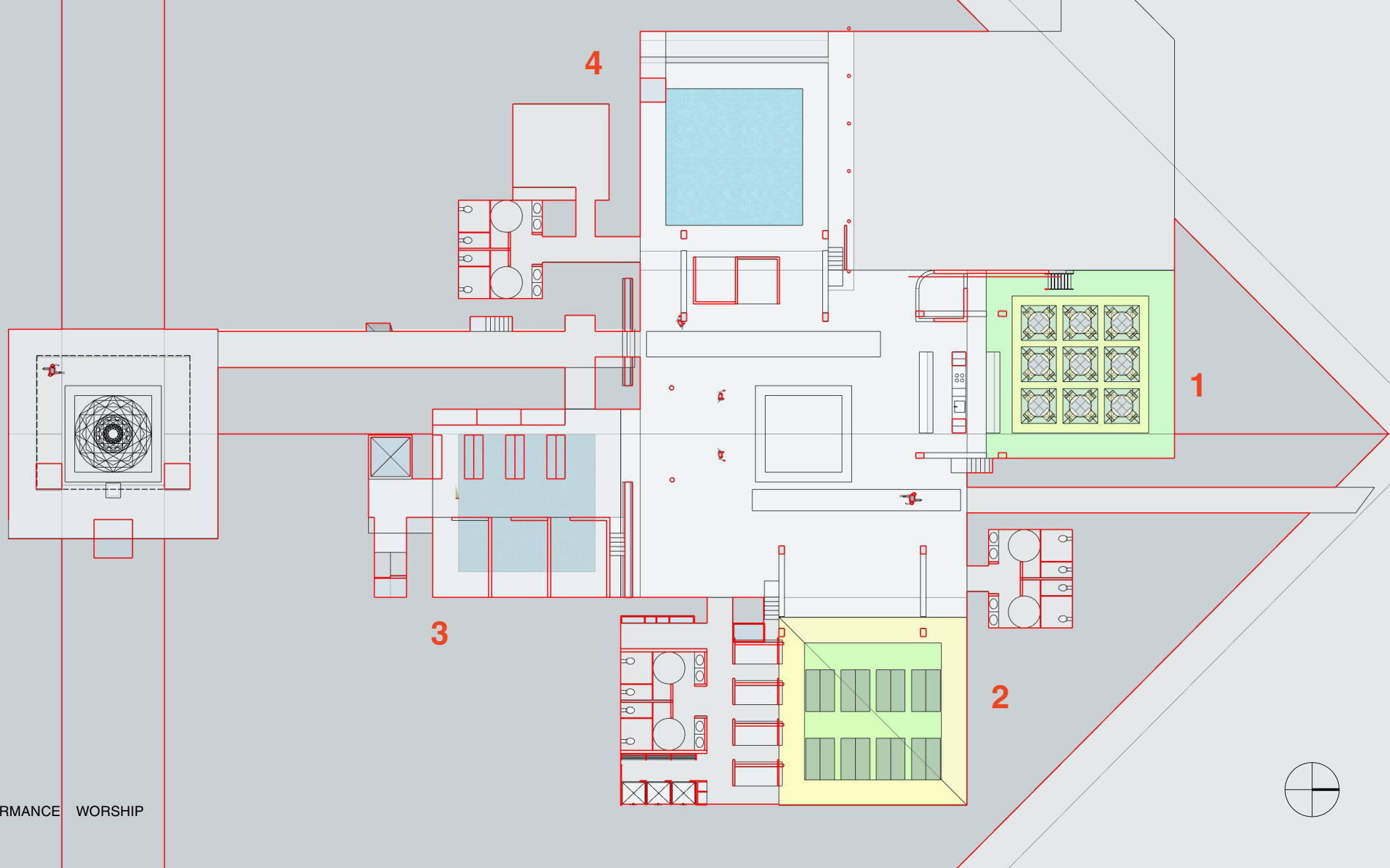
1. NORTH: just past the box office is a snack bar. The kitchen also serves a small cafe to its north. A shaded picnic area with nine 4-top tables accomodates 36.

2. EAST: camping-hiking outfitters include merchandise displays and try-on room. Tent grounds, indoor bunks, showers, and rest rooms provide overnight sleeping accomodations for those who may need them.

3. SOUTH: music store/lending library has instruments, sheet music, and recordings in many formats, including viny and digital. Three soundproofed practice rooms are also available for music Lessons. This area offers several pathways to get to the stage above. A chapel lies further south, beyond the music store.

4. WEST: here is a swimming pool with changing area and rest rooms. A first-aid station, consultation booths, and the rabbi's office are accessible from here as well.

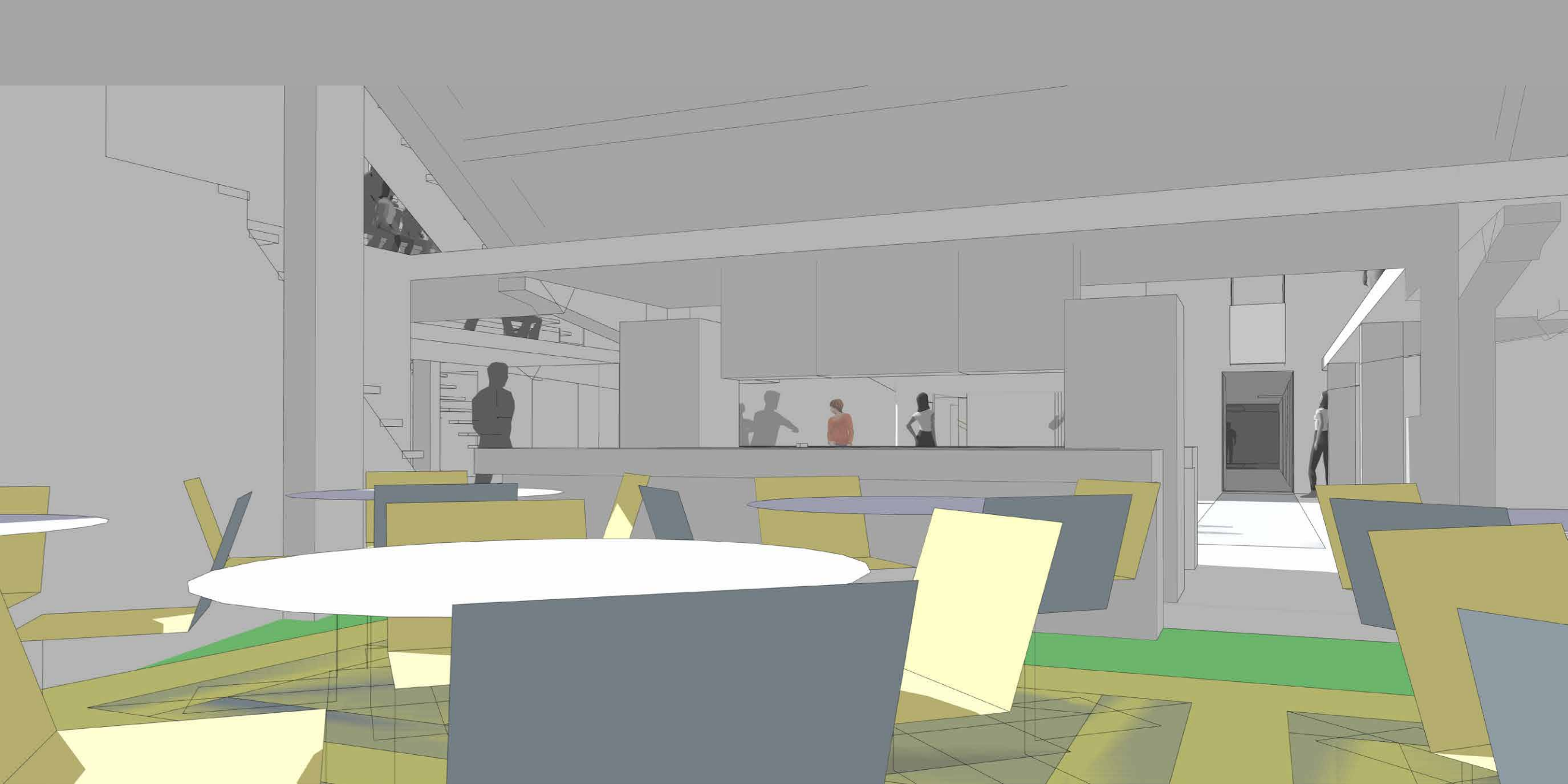
Stadium seating for 180 sits above these facilities.



PLAZA

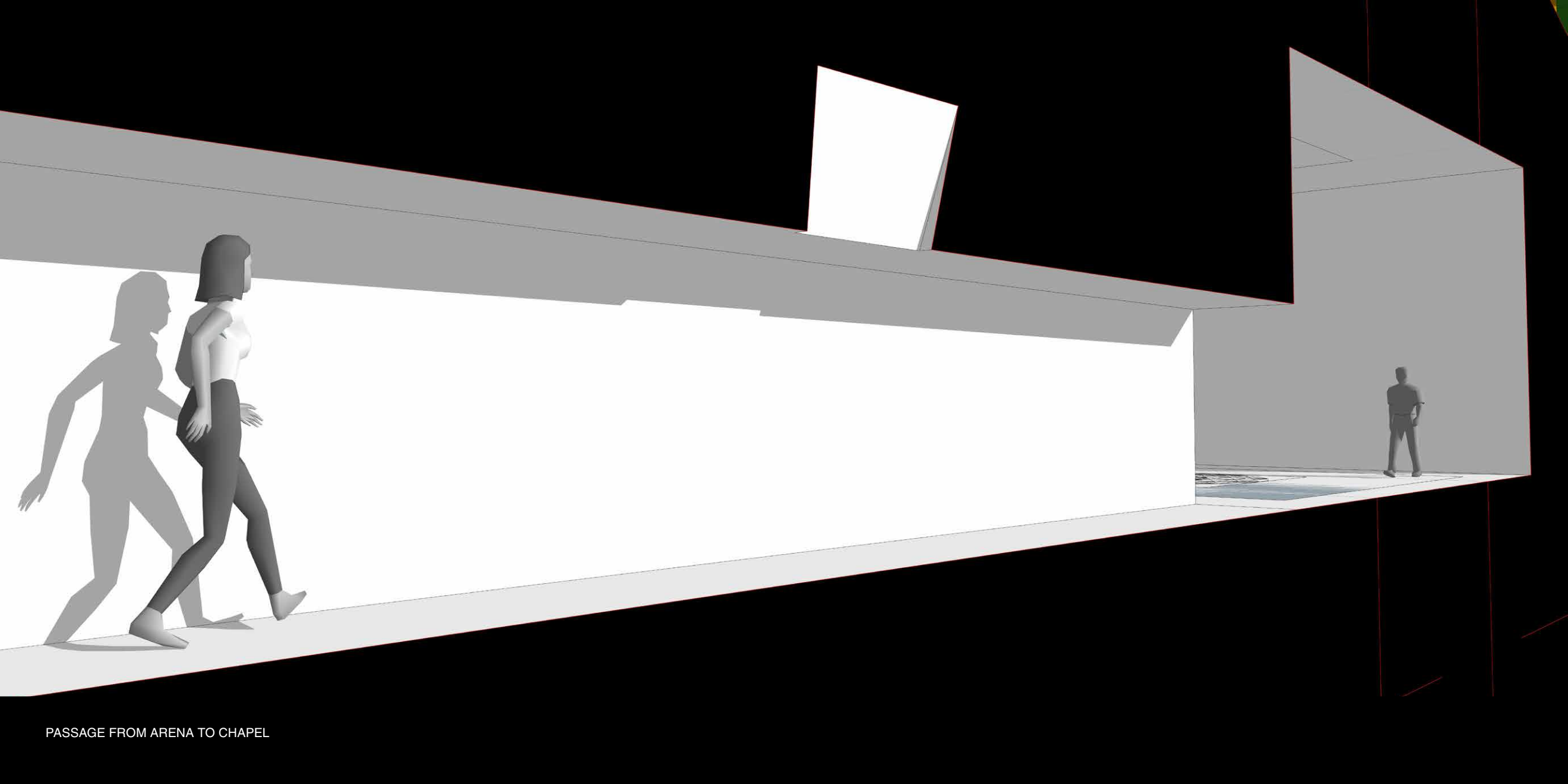
- 1 TICKETS
SNACK BAR
PICNIC TABLES
- 2 PUP TENTS
BUNKS
SHOWERS
- 3 TRADING POST
MUSIC STORE
INSTRUMENTS
ELEVATOR
- 4 LIBRARY
LESSONS
POOL
COUNSELING
CLINIC







SUNSET: TIME FOR MAARIV SERVICES



PASSAGE FROM ARENA TO CHAPEL

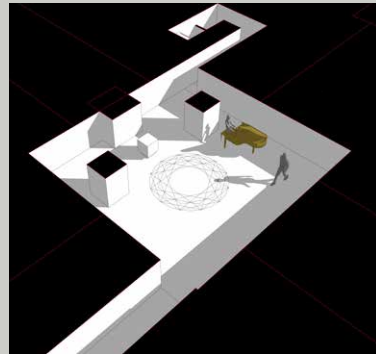
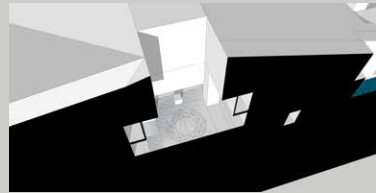
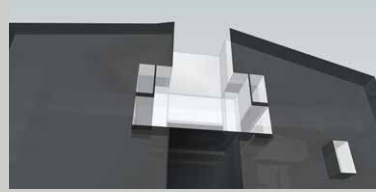
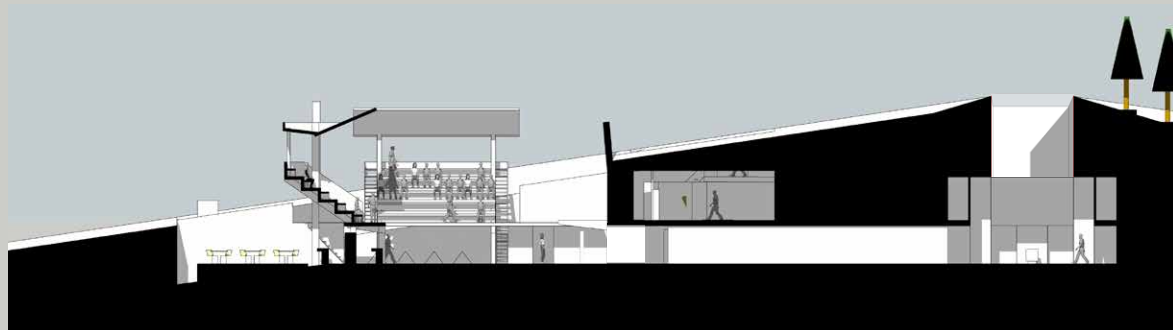
We live at a special moment in human experience, when the ability to record and transmit live music faithful to its spontaneity and depth is just over a century old. Our legacy includes the performances of great musicians who grew up when mastery of musical instruments was still a common part of life, when many ordinary homes had at least a piano in the parlor. And so virtuosity met imagination in real time and was captured for us all to hear. This is the essence of jazz. The lively encounter between mastery and invention through practice and performance within this new technology has worked as well if not better in communicating musical ideas than standard musical notation did for Palestrina, Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, and even the *trop* of *davening haftarah*. It has nurtured its own profound and powerful music--a joy to hear and a deeply moving kind of prayer.



CHAPEL

Although chapels frequently refer to Christian places of worship, they are also commonly found in Jewish synagogues. The word “chapel”, like the associated word “chaplain”, is ultimately derived from Latin. More specifically, the word “chapel” is derived from a relic of Saint Martin of Tours: traditional stories about Martin relate that while he was still a soldier, he cut his military cloak in half to give part to a beggar in need. The other half he wore over his shoulders as a “small cape” (Latin: *capella*). The beggar, the stories claim, was Christ in disguise, and Martin experienced a conversion of heart, becoming first a monk, then abbot, then bishop. This cape came into the possession of the Frankish kings, and they kept the relic with them as they did battle. The tent which kept the cape was called the capella and the priests who said daily Mass in the tent were known as the capellani. From these words, via Old French, we get “chapel” and “chaplain”.

We can make a passage to enter into a chapel-- a sacred space, reverberating chamber carved into the ridge of a landscape, open to the sky. The floor drains to cisterns below. The passage from arena to chapel carries us from secular everyday life, with its pains, joys, and celebrations, and its mission of caring, of helping those in need with sustenance and support, into the sacred purity of a single enclosed space, intimate only with the heavens. Quiet or alive with music, it is a place for renewal and righteous reconciliation, a chapel for the cape of charity, *caritas*, care, especially, one might say-- compassion.



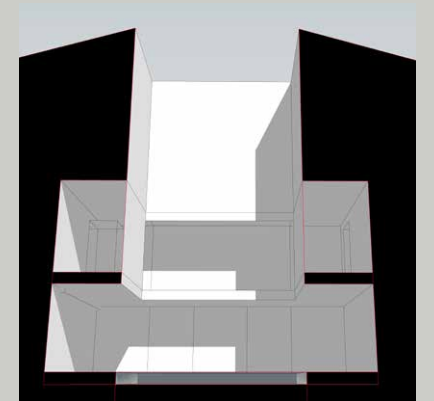
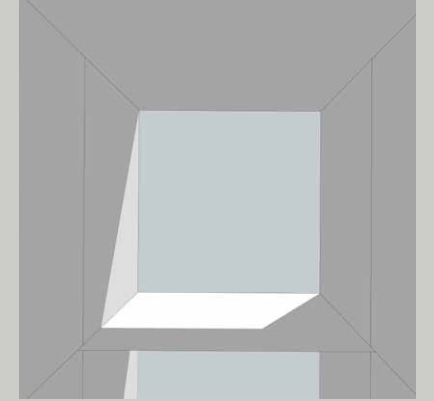
GROUND SOUND SKY LIGHT

The opening to the sky in the chapel center **IS** the NER TAMID of synagogue TZADIK. Like a James Turrell aperture it remains ever vibrant and luminous. Even cloudy skies are full of diffuse sky radiation, also called skylight, which is why a cloudy day may be dark, but not black. The Eternal Light of our sky is of course the Sun in the daytime and starlight at night. With billions of years of thermoclear combustion remaining to shower photons on everything in our solar system, including us, sunshine will last longer than the Earth itself. And since infrared light penetrates clouds, even on moonless nights, the cosmic background radiation of the Big Bang is always glowing. Incarnate Shards of Light, indeed.

This space is a haven for all-stars. Its digital gallery walls may flare to life with their own glowing shards of light. In its floor lies a 24-sided figure built from the geometries of square, octagon, and hexagon. Polished to reflect the stars in the sky (the Sun is a star) passing over it, it marks the orthogonal cardinal points while also revealing the 6-pointed Magen David, the “Jewish Star.” This meditative mandala and compass rose is slightly raised from the surrounding floor at its perimeter to allow central drainage beneath it. The rising twin pillars recall Urim and Thummim, the pillars of fire and smoke manifesting divine guidance for the israelites on their exodus wandering in the desert. Carved into the rock, further south of the chapel is the secondary means of egress, another sort of exodus.

Worshippers may enter the chapel, confront the chthonic boundaries of the space, and become lost gazing upward toward the heavens, as all senses are soar in song and prayer.

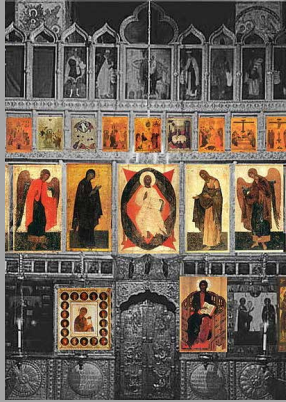
Musical instruments including a grand piano are kept in storage near and available to the chapel. Imagine Keith Jarrett improvising the *Koln Concert* as the liturgy IN THIS CHAPEL!!



POEM OF THE RIGHT-EOUS ANGEL



Pantokrator (1405) by Theophanes the Greek
solitary ascetic lord of the universe
Thelonious Sphere Monk



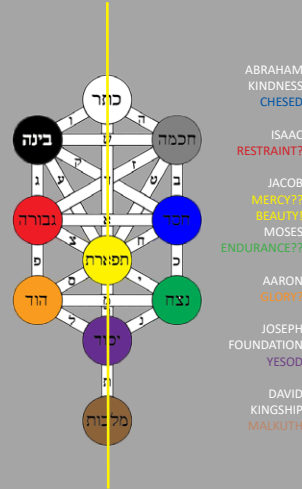
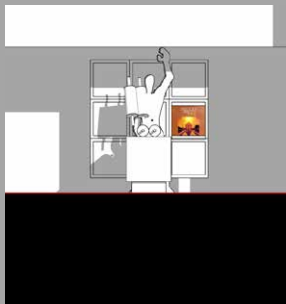
Cathedral of the Annunciation, the Kremlin
Iconostasis by Theophanes the Greek, 1405

An iconostasis is a floor to ceiling screen that divides the secular from the sacred in an Eastern Orthodox church. It is composed of a grid of portraits of saints and other sacred worthies. Only the elect, the priests, are permitted to go beyond this veil of holy personages.

Theophanes the Greek created an exquisite Iconostasis in the Cathedral of the Annunciation in Moscow, Kremlin around 1405. His *Christ Pantocrator*, “omnipotent lord of the universe,” depicts Christ full of righteous anger, ready to cast it upon any sinner. Austerity is the main trait of Theophanes’ icons. Yet he was engaged with both the worldly community and holy meditative retreat. Theophanes practiced *hesychasm*, a Christian exercise involving asceticism, immersion in oneself, union with God inside oneself, and the knowledge of God-- or in modern terms, meditation. He believed that an icon’s emotional impact was capable of facilitating this process. Yet “Theophanes, on the other hand, paints the images with his hands, while constantly walking around, speaking with visitors, but with his mind reflecting on the lofty and the wise, seeing the intelligent goodness with his sharp intelligent eyes.”

At first Thelonious Monk’s style was not universally appreciated. Jazz critic Philip Larkin dismissed him as “the elephant on the keyboard.” Not a single person came to Monk’s 1948 first weeklong gig at Lorraine Gordon’s Village Vanguard. When informed “He can’t play lady.... The guy has two left hands.” She responded “You just wait, this man’s a genius, you don’t know anything.” Eventually Monk’s unorthodox approach to the piano, painting music with his hands, his composition and improvisation, dissonances, angular melodic twists, silences, hesitations, percussive attack and abrupt, dramatic key turns and combinations revealed “intelligent goodness” to all who may learn to hear through Monk’s sharp intelligent ears.

CONTEMPORARY ICONOSTASIS

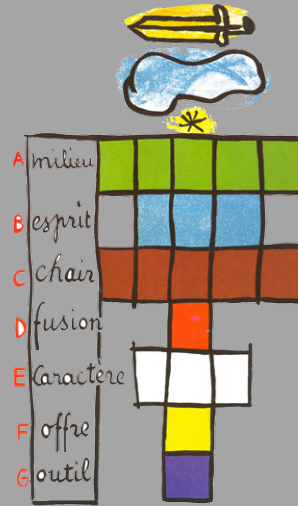


EIN SOF ENDLESS ONE
ETZ HAYIM TREE OF LIFE

A CONTEMPORARY ICONOSTASIS

The cube of the *bimah* lectern represents the First Commandment. The 9-square grid doors of the Ark of the Torah, the *Aron Ha Kodesh* behind the rabbi, are the rest of the Ten Commandments. Shown at left in the grid is the album cover for Paul Horn’s *Inside the Taj Mahal*, appropriately devotional music made inside the beautiful marble mosque that Shah Jahan raised to the memory of his beloved, Mumtaz Mahal.

- ABRAHAM
KINDNESS
CHESED
- ISAAC
RESTRAINT??
- JACOB
MERCY??
BEAUTY?
- MOSES
ENDURANCE??
- AARON
GLORY??
- JOSEPH
FOUNDATION
YESOD
- DAVID
KINGSHIP
MALKUTH



A3 milieu or environment

The universe of our eyes rests upon a plain edged with horizon Facing the sky... Erect on the terrestrial plain of things knowable you sign a pact of solidarity with nature; this is the right angle Vertical facing the sea there you are on your feet.

Le Corbusier
Poème of the Right Angle

A3 milieu ENVIRONMENT



G3 outil INSTRUMENT



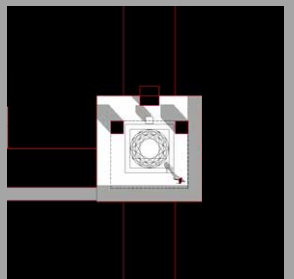
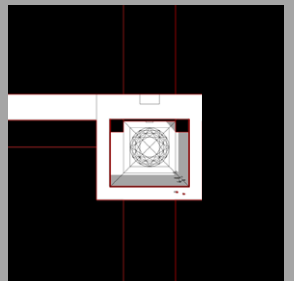
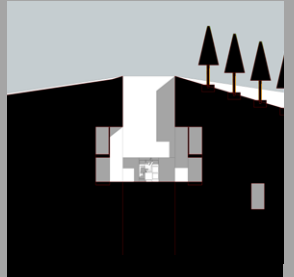
POEM OF THE RIGHT-EOUS ANGLE !!

Le Corbusier’s last major book, created during summer retreats in his solitary *cabanon* on the Mediterranean, a meditation some have linked to alchemy’s *opus circulatorum*, was *The Poème of the Right Angle*. In it he sketches an ordered grid of his ideas and calls it an “iconostase” as a sort of storyboard of his vision.

TZADIK’s chapel transforms a 2D planar iconostasis into an equivalent 3D volume through a Purist-Cubist rotation of elevation into both plan and section to create a fully spacial screen and filter in which religious services inhabit a volumetric order of iconic experiences. Data bits can order acousto-optical pixels into spiritually moving experience-- shards of light reconstructed-- creating an interactive 4D spacetime iconostasis as a toroidal halo ring around the vertical *axis mundi* between gravity’s chthonic frame and the interstellar soffit of the celestial sphere.

Unavoidable humility: from limits down Here to boundless Everywhere above. How to arrive There? Perhaps our saints and *tzadikim* are those who work hard to master their medium in the service of others-- counselors and healers, givers, and makers-- holy ones among us who seek to reveal the sanctity of life and light in our universe. Including improvising troubadours who manifest the Ein Sof boundless Unity of acoustic space and time like Paul Horn accompanying his own echoes *Inside the Taj Mahal* or, joining Carlos Nakai *Inside Monument Valley*, riding the reverberations of wind-blown buttes birds and coyotes who harmonize with them. Artists like Theophanes the Greek and Le Cobursier. Musicians like Thelonious Sphere Monk.

The lithographs to the left are in LC’s *iconostase*. A3 is *milieu*, environment. G3, the last on the grid is *outil*, or instrument. This instrument-- like a tensegrity of hand, violin, and bow-- draws, plucks, and plays the right angle.





SHEMA YISRAEL... [HEAR O ISRAEL](#)

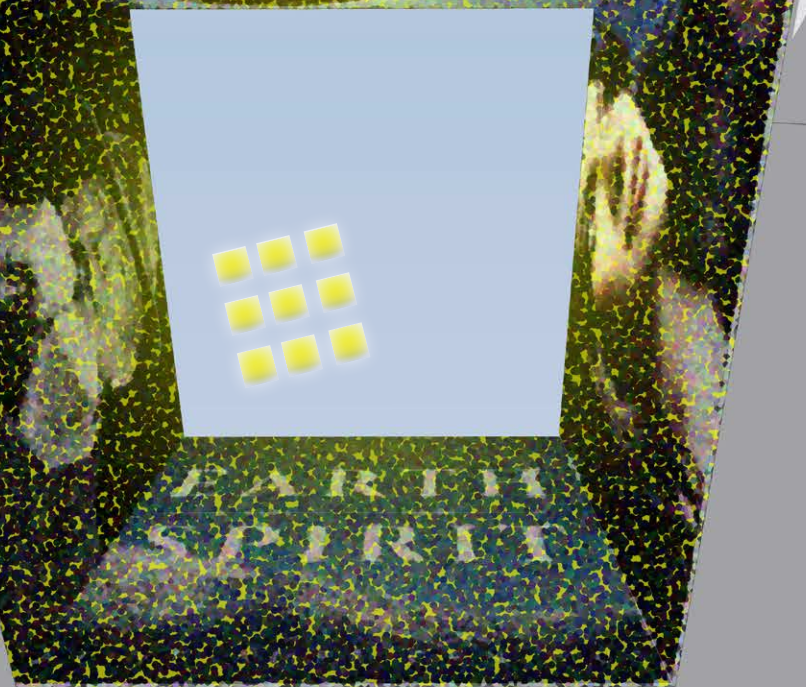
The most fundamental prayer in Judaism, the Shema, is a call to listen, to really **hear**. But how traditional need be the melodies and harmonies of traditional prayers? Certainly they have evolved over the centuries. Even if the prayers remain constant, melody and harmony can vary between synagogues. So why not reflect the music of the times? Which in our case, is **all** the music of the world. "Singing in the Rain" works for the *Shema*. Why not conduct devotional prayer to the music of Fela Kuti, Gorescki, Segovia, Jobim, Django, Nakai, Monk. Why not **HEAR**, O Israel, *Lush Life*, *Gentle Rain*, *Tangerine*? Perhaps here Thelonious Monk is playing *Crepuscle with Nellie*. Crepuscle means twilight or dusk, just right for the span between *Mincha* and *Maariv* services.

In addition to being the physical container for the Torah scrolls, the Aron ha Kodesh in this chapel is a digital Ark that also provides access to a vast library of the music of the world. The doors of the ark can show what album or song is currently playing as the soundscape to guide and accompany the prayer service. Software can project full audiovisual data in the large screen spaces above, providing still or moving imagery to accompany the sounds, for example Thelonious Monk improvising on the piano playing his composition *Round Midnight*.

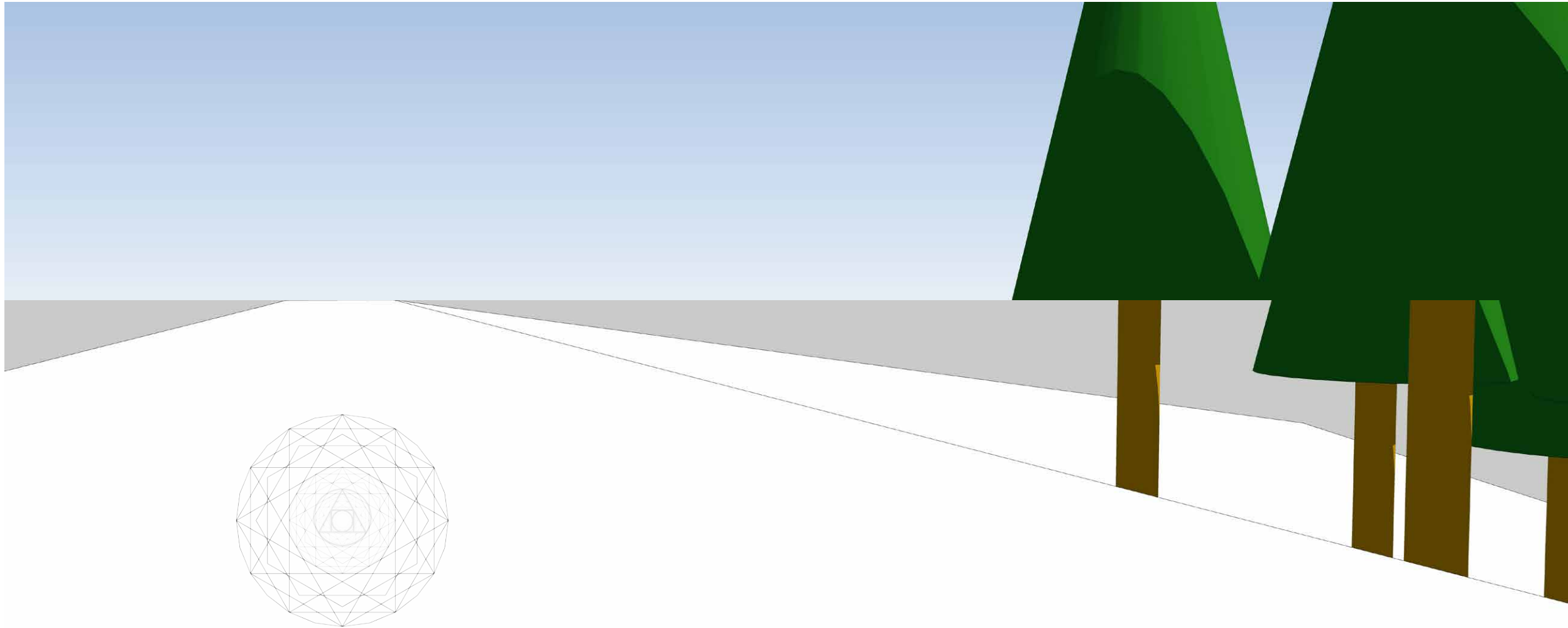
Music is a holy form of worship: without intercession while still WITH intercession. Brilliant musician-creators are worshippers of the sublime in our midst. Are they not like modern saints, new Tzadikim? The Torah permits drawings of humans as long as they are not used for idolatry. Some authorities hold that Judaism has no objection to photography or other forms of two-dimensional art, and depictions of humans can be seen in religious books such as the Passover Haggadah. Hasidim regularly display portraits of their Rebbes and some children trade "rabbi cards" similar to baseball cards. The extreme Orthodox objection to television at home is not about prohibiting idolatry, but rather to the content of the programming. Synagogue TZADIK's chapel is truly a *boite à miracles*.

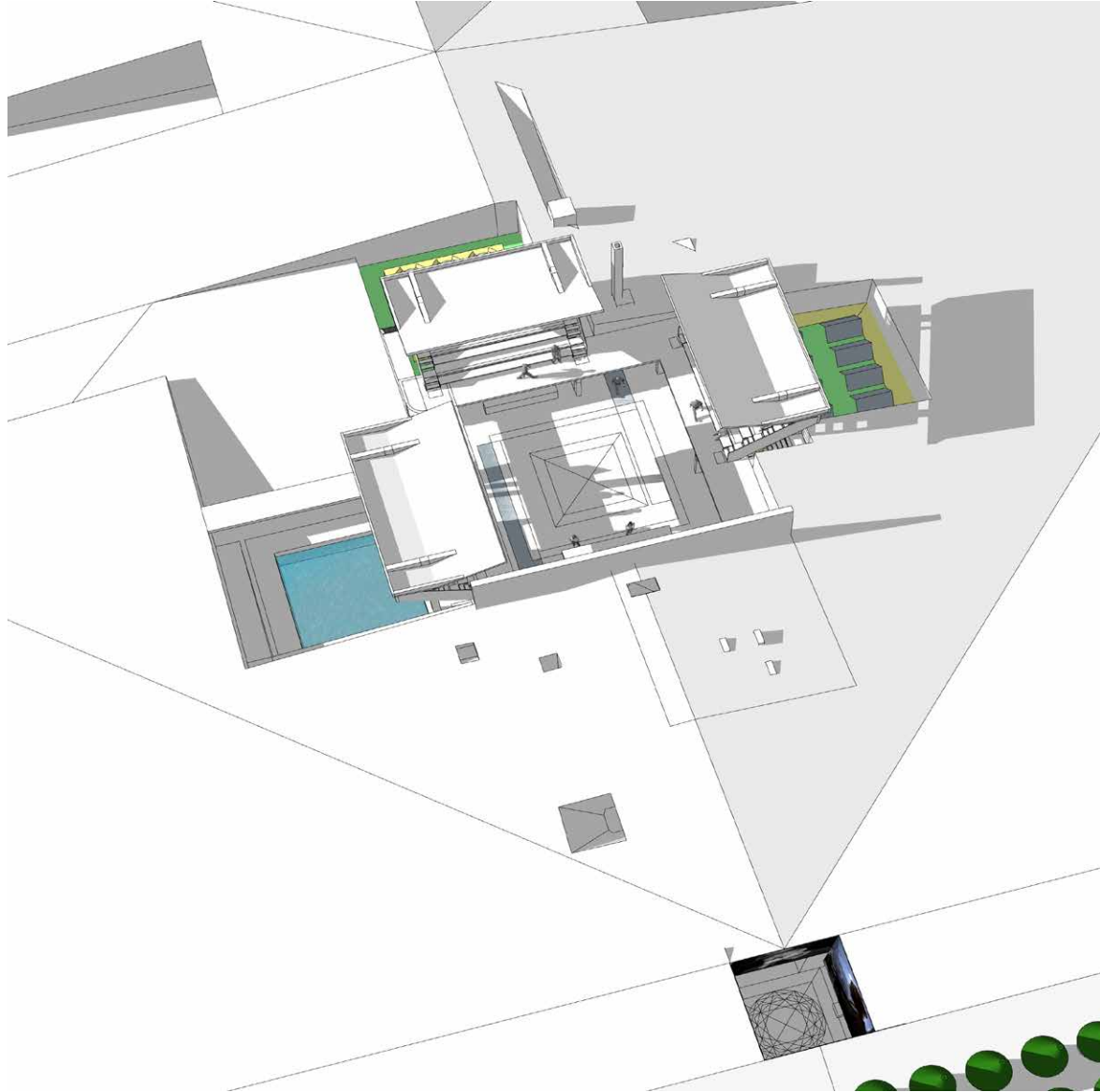


FROM MANY SHARDS OF LIGHT
THE DIGITAL LITURGY EMERGES

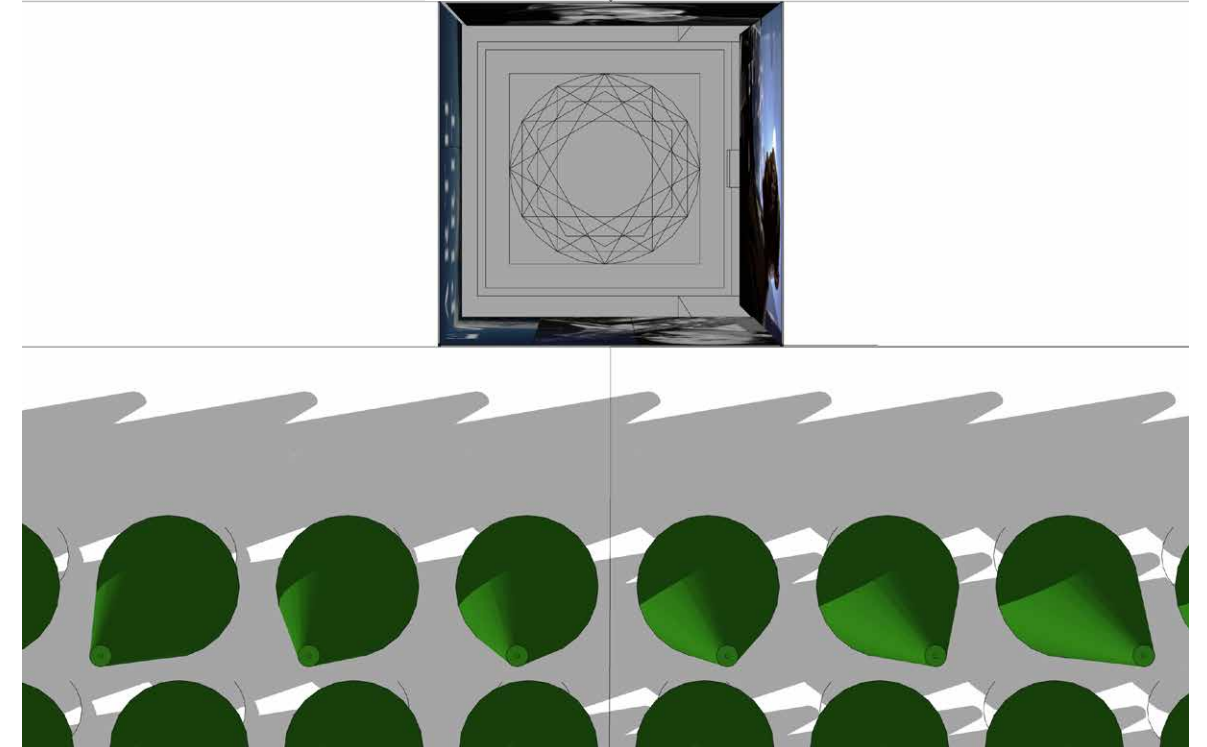


look to the sky



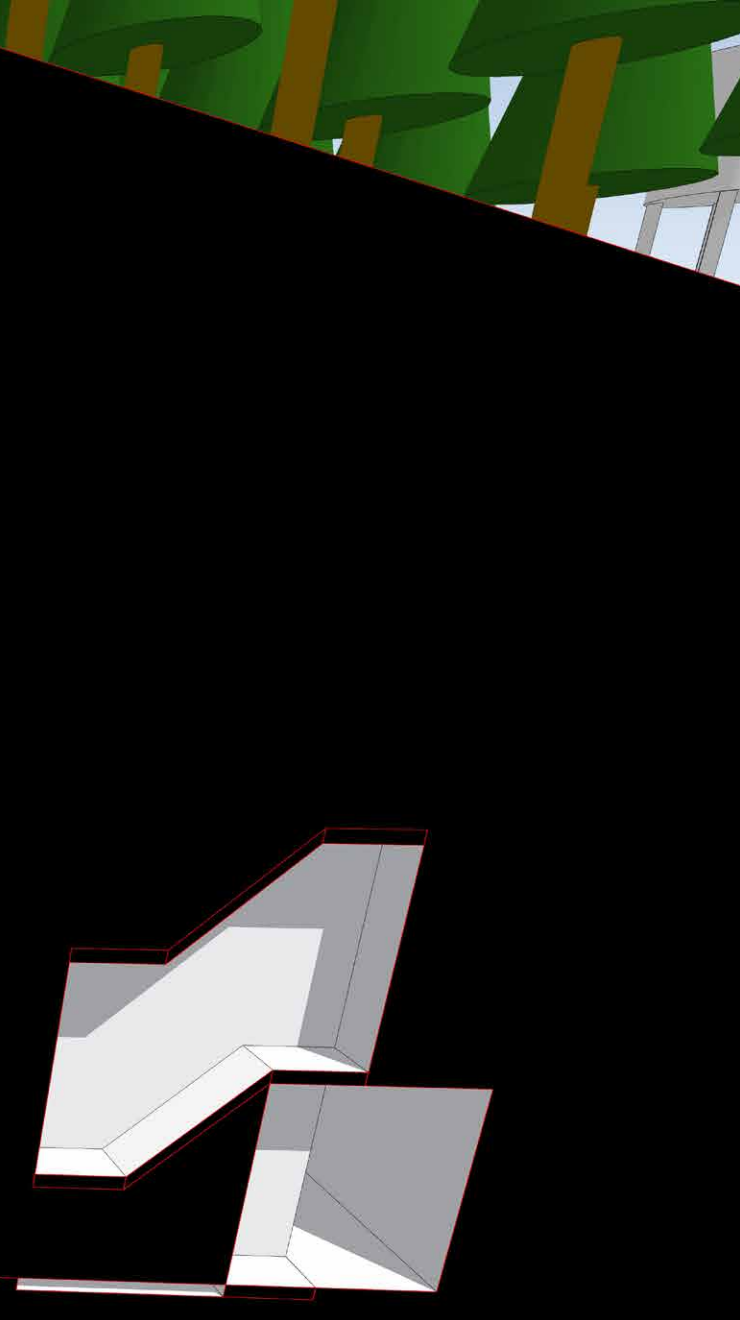


“The task of the “higher tzadik,” personified in Torah by Joseph, is to draw down the Divine Revelation to those souls found and connected by the “lower tzadik.” [Lamed Vavniks?] From the Congregation of Israel, Souls, the revelation passes to Worlds. The “higher tzadik” first runs upward towards the Infinite Light [through this chthonic Ner Tamid?] and source of all souls, absorbs this experience, and then returns to the levels of Souls and Worlds with great strength and light to infuse all reality with the revelation of the Divine Presence. The “higher Tzadik” hunts for Divine lights. His “passion” is to reveal these lights in Souls and Worlds” from Ginsburgh: p.274





John Coltrane's harmonically complex Circle of 5ths is miraculously revealed in the Star of David rose compass inlay figure centered in the floor of this chamber, Divine Oculus. Thelonious Monk once said 'All musicians are subconsciously mathematicians.' 123456



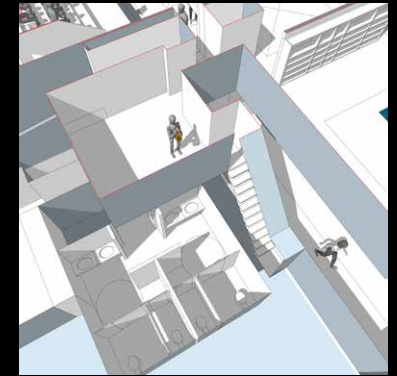


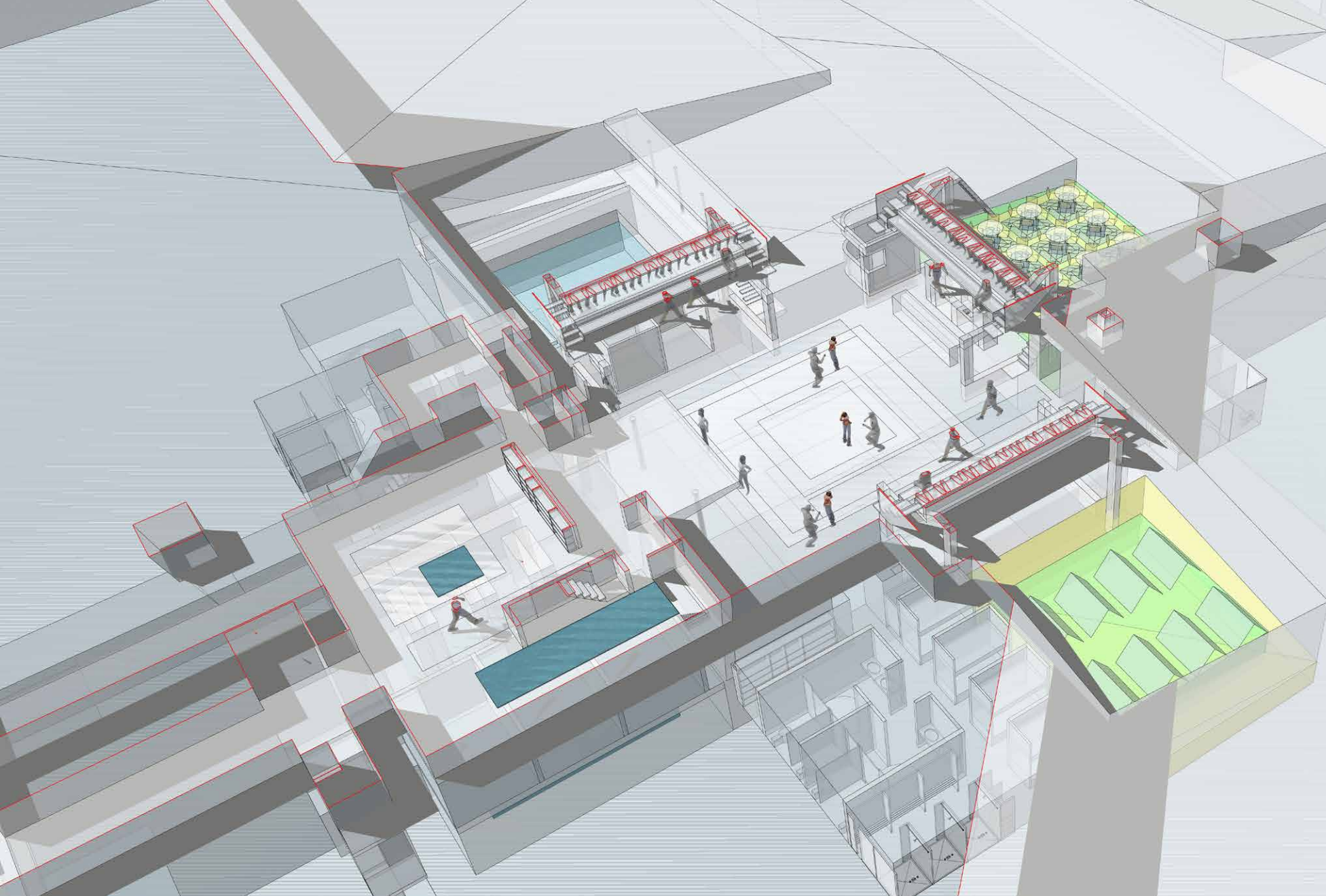
DOWN TO EARTH

Beyond the blue horizon lies limitless possibility. Ending the meditation of *mincha*, *maariv*, and music, refocussing on whatever form catches consciousness and draws us deeply inward to another endless potential: *infinitesimal* possibility, a godsend may set us gently back down into and onto our everyday grounding, wherever surface may be. Up here, far from sea level, multiple levels and layers offer riches in section outside superficial consensus.

The Bimah represents the First Commandment. The gridded doors to the Ark of the Torah mark the remaining 9 of the Ten Commandments and give random access to the Endless Library of music. The oculus above IS the Ner Tamid. The elevated enclosed loggia digitally projects live and recorded musicians-- secular saints in contemporary iconostasis-- to match the spirit, mood and emotion of the moment.

Lady DAY sings the blues. Pain and anguish all too harshly remind us of our earthly coil. Loss of precious lives, senseless limits and needless wounds send us to seek the solace of the wisdom of the ages. As we depart the chapel and head north toward waning sunlight in a darkening sky, a staircase on the way welcomes us upward (again! one more shard of hope reignited from our celestial soaring) to the office of a rabbi who may greet us and hear our cares in another skylit space-- another link to wherever Up goes. From here we may walk to stand on an empty stage to face ideally a whole a community of sympathetic listeners who may provide comfort and support for our cares and needs. Now that's performance!





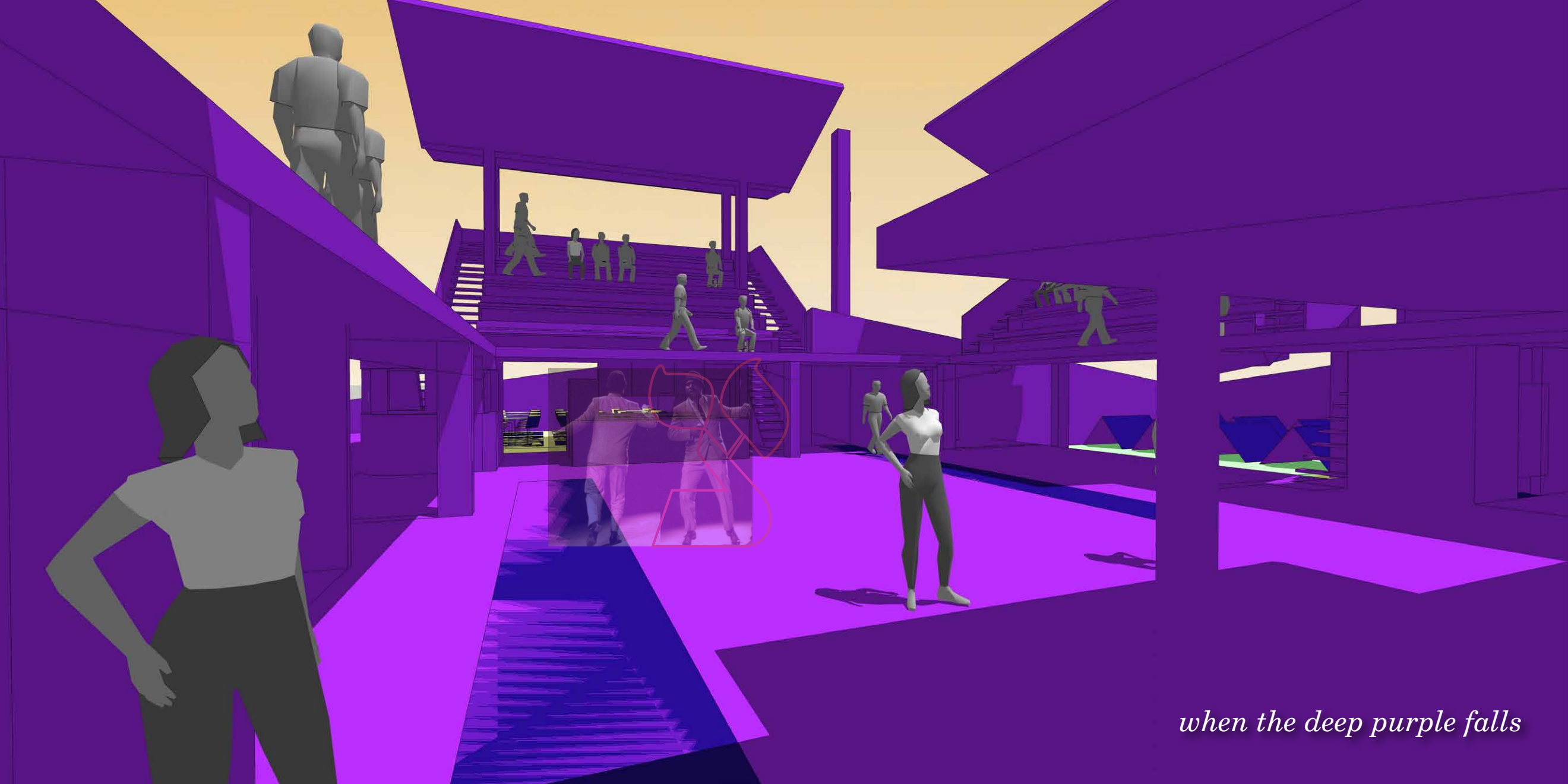
As worshippers return from the chapel, they may now see the arena in a new light-- as an array of spaces and equipment to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, heal the sick, shelter the homeless, and bring-hope to all. These free give-and-take exchanges are monitored to manage the rare greedy self-entitled souls.

Here a food pantry and soup kitchen are found within the snack bar, which also offers storage and refrigeration for a farmers market. The outdoor supply shop is a true trading post, acting also as consignment free thrift store with clothing and sundries for those who ask. Overnight quarters for anyone far from home include 4 adjustable double or triple bunks each sleeping 2 or 3, and 8 tents, normally for 2, but in a pinch 3 may sleep comfortably. Altogether, up to 36 may sleep here. The first aid station is also a nursing-staffed clinic. The rabbi can provide counseling and has access to a wide array of social services. A hidden but convenient stair links plaza level with backstage and green room above the music store. When not in performance, these can be spaces for group therapy.

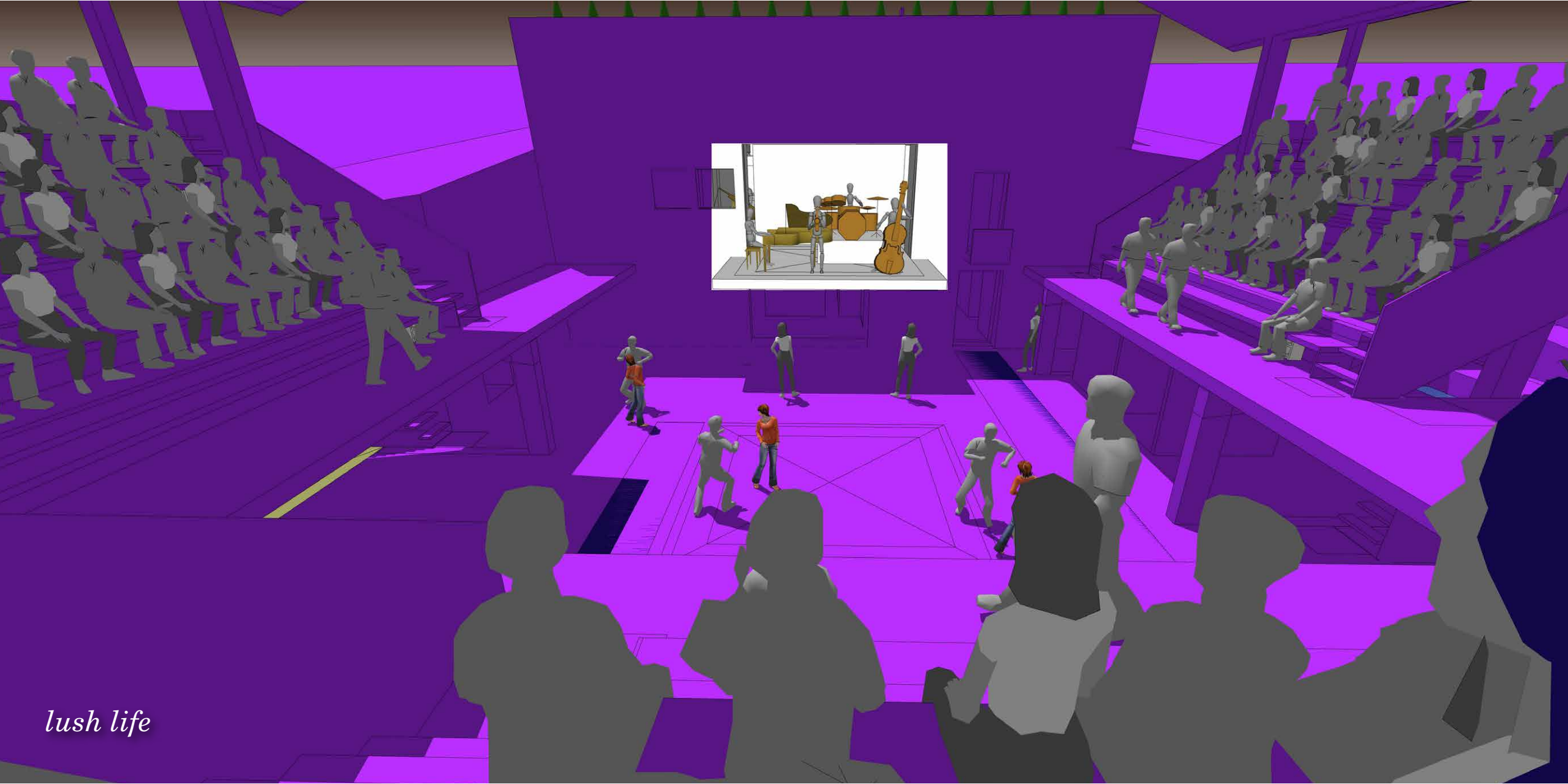
Thus we may come to understand this arena is not merely for entertainment and play, but also for compassionate caregiving. And it can be a forum for getting at the root causes of these inequities and injustices. There are many "Hyde Park corners" impromptu balconies and galleries for use as speaker platforms for public discourse and debate to foster a process of finding social economic and political unity.

But for now, it's getting dark... SHOWTIME!!

ARENA LOOKING NORTH WEST, CUTAWAY XRAY VIEW



when the deep purple falls



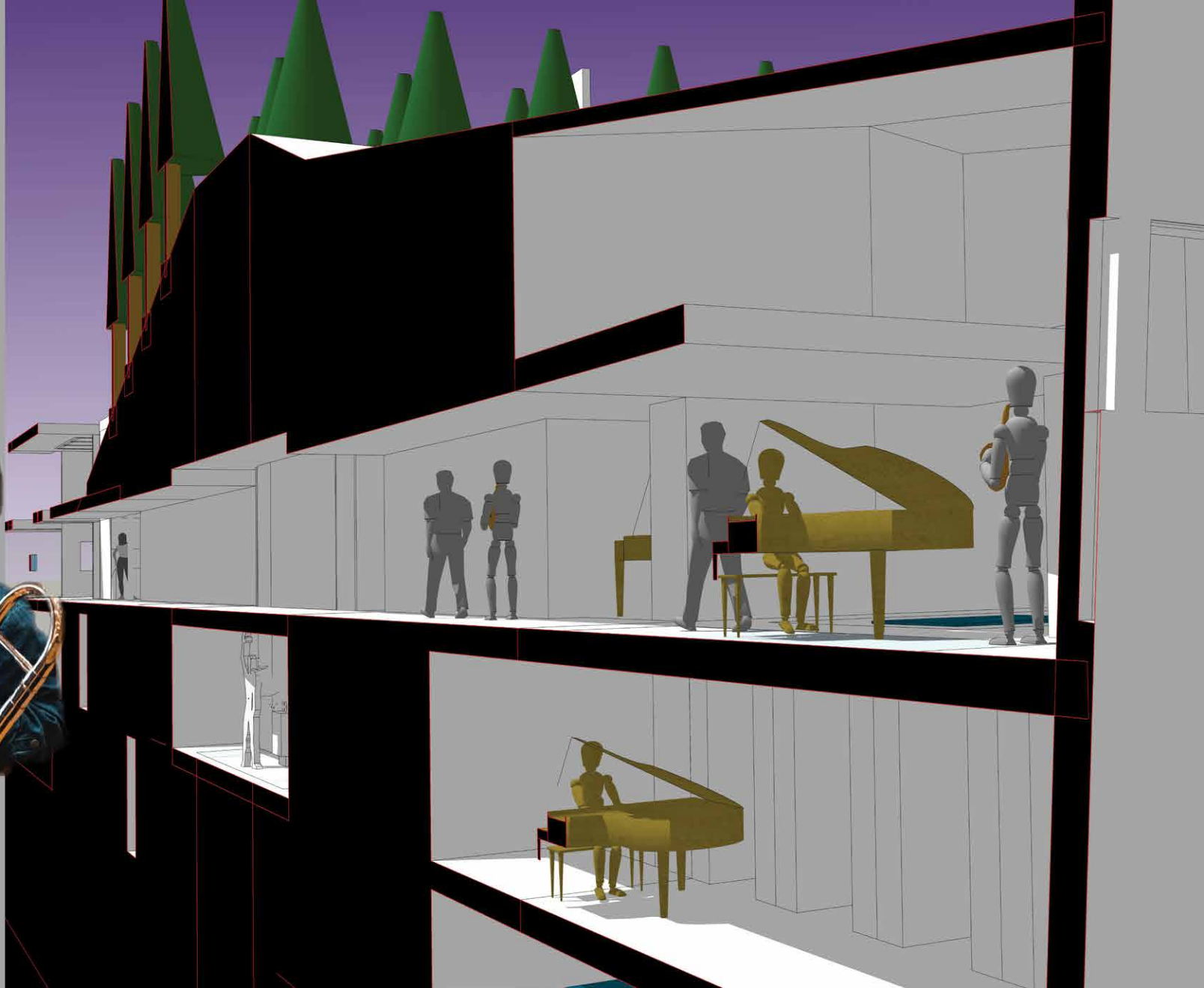
lush life



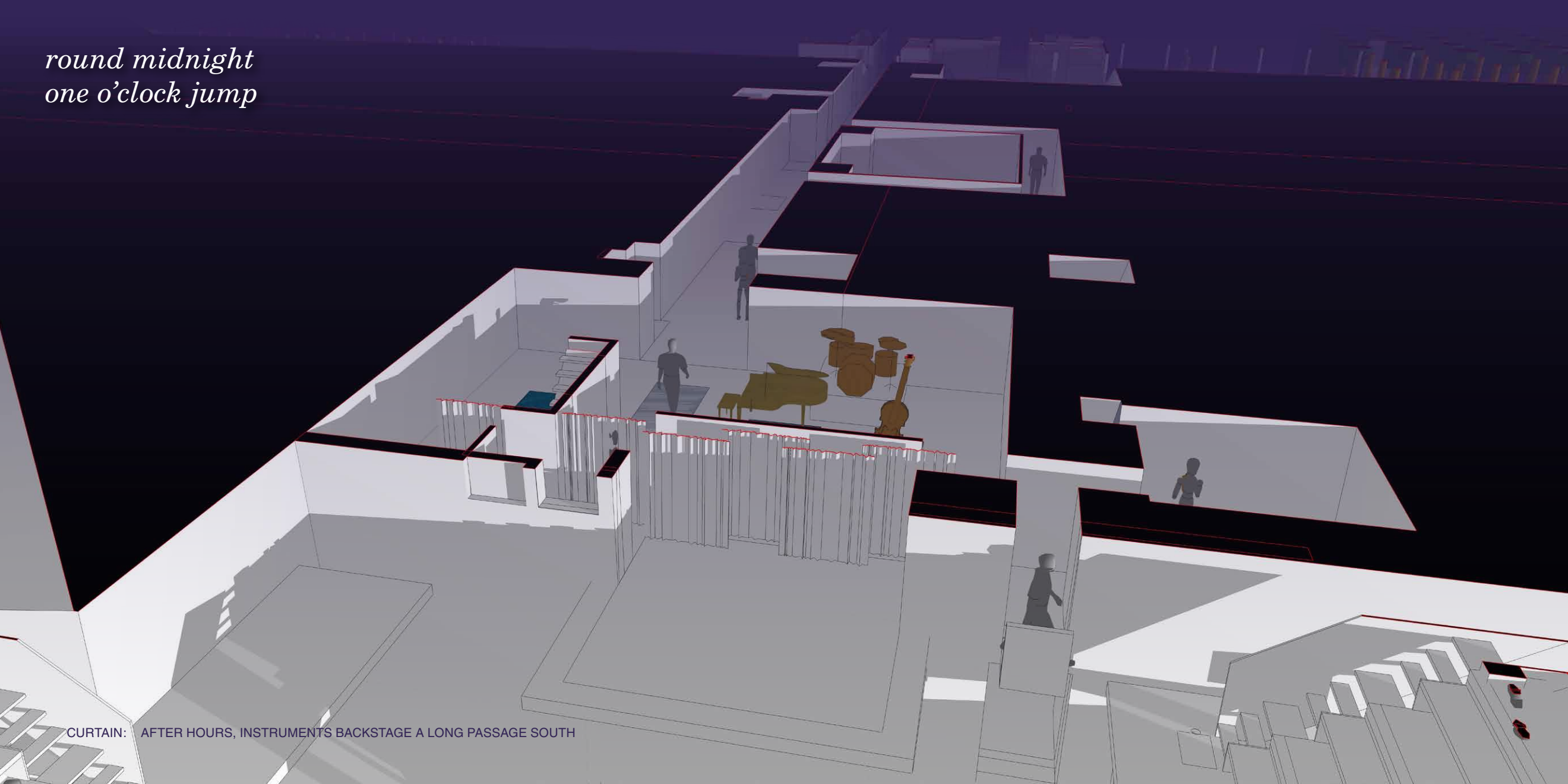
God bless the child



A youngster stands just below the stage, entranced, catches the eye of Monk or Miles who with a nod of the head indicates the stairs just behind the stage to the east-- an invitation to "join us after the show."



*round midnight
one o'clock jump*



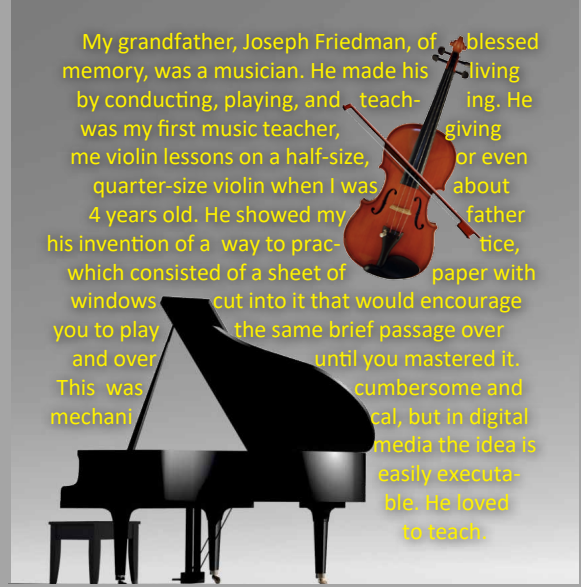
CURTAIN: AFTER HOURS, INSTRUMENTS BACKSTAGE A LONG PASSAGE SOUTH

Joseph And The Music Master
from *Magister Ludi*, Hermann Hesse

There was a knock at the door; the school janitor came in and informed the teacher that Joseph Knecht was to present himself to the music teacher in fifteen minutes. And he had better make sure that his hair was decently combed and his hands and fingernails clean.

Knecht turned pale with fright. He stumbled from the classroom, ran to the dormitory, put down his books, washed and combed his hair. Trembling, he took his violin case and his book of exercises. With a lump in his throat, he made his way to the music rooms in the annex. An excited schoolmate met him on the stairs, pointed to a practice room, and told him: "You're supposed to wait here till they call you."

The wait was short, but seemed to him an eternity. No one called him, but a man entered the room. A very old man, it seemed to him at first, not very tall, white-haired, with a fine, clear face and penetrating, light-blue eyes. The gaze of those eyes might have been frightening, but they were serenely cheerful as well as penetrating, neither laughing nor smiling, but filled with a calm, quietly radiant cheerfulness. He shook hands with the boy, nodded, and sat down with deliberation on the stool in front of the old practice piano. "You are Joseph Knecht?" he said. "Your teacher seems content with you. I think he is fond of you. Come, let's make a little music together."



My grandfather, Joseph Friedman, of blessed memory, was a musician. He made his living by conducting, playing, and teaching. He was my first music teacher, giving me violin lessons on a half-size, or even quarter-size violin when I was about 4 years old. He showed my father his invention of a way to practice, a sheet of paper with windows cut into it that would encourage you to play the same brief passage over and over until you mastered it. This was mechanical, but in digital media the idea is easily executable. He loved to teach.

Knecht had already taken out his violin. The old man struck the A, and the boy tuned. Then he looked inquiringly, anxiously, at the Music Master.

"What would you like to play?" the Master asked.

The boy could not say a word. He was filled to the brim with awe of the old man. Never had he seen a person like this. Hesitantly, he picked up his exercise book and held it out to the Master.

"No," the Master said, "I want you to play from memory, and not an exercise but something easy that you know by heart. Perhaps a song you like."

Knecht was confused, and so enchanted by this face and those eyes that he could not answer. He was deeply ashamed of his confusion, but unable to speak. The Master did not insist. With one finger, he struck the first notes of a melody, and looked questioningly at the boy. Joseph nodded and at once played the melody with pleasure. It was one of the old songs which were often sung in school.

"Once more," the Master said.

Knecht repeated the melody, and the old man now played a second voice to go with it. Now the old song rang through the small practice room in two parts.

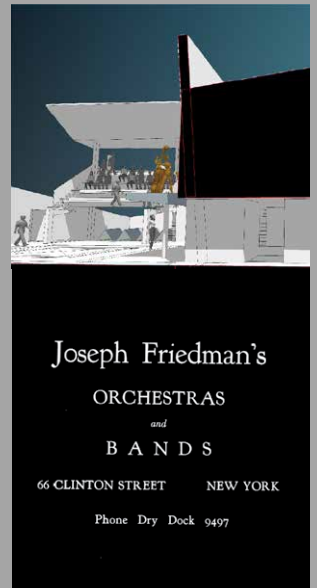
"Once more."

Knecht played, and the Master played the second part, and a third part also. Now the beautiful old song rang through the room in three parts.

"Once more." And the Master played three voices along with the melody. "A lovely song," the Master said softly. "Play it again, in the alto this time."

The Master gave him the first note, and Knecht played, the Master accompanying with the other three voices. Again and again the Master said, "Once more," and each time he sounded merrier. Knecht played the melody in the tenor, each time accompanied by two or three parts. They played the song many times, and with every repetition the song was involuntarily enriched with embellishments and variations. The bare little room resounded festively in the cheerful light of the forenoon.

After a while the old man stopped. "Is that enough?" he asked. Knecht shook his head and began again. The Master chimed in gaily with his three voices, and the four parts drew their thin, lucid lines, spoke to one another, mutually supported, crossed, and wove around one another in delightful windings and figurations. The boy and the old man ceased to think of anything else; they surrendered themselves to the lovely, congenial lines and figurations they formed as their parts crisscrossed. Caught in the network their music was creating, they swayed gently along with it, obeying an unseen conductor. Finally, when the melody had come to an end once more, the Master turned his head and asked: "Did you like that, Joseph?"



Joseph Friedman's
ORCHESTRAS
and
BANDS
66 CLINTON STREET NEW YORK
Phone Dry Dock 9497



Gratefully, his face glowing, Knecht looked at him. He was radiant, but still speechless.

"Do you happen to know what a fugue is?" the Master now asked.

Knecht looked dubious. He had already heard fugues, but had not yet studied them in class.

"Very well," the Master said, "then I'll show you. You'll grasp it quicker if we make a fugue ourselves. Now then, the first thing we need for a fugue is a theme, and we don't have to look far for the theme. We'll take it from our song."

He played a brief phrase, a fragment of the song's melody. It sounded strange, cut out in that way, without head or tail. He played the theme once more, and this time he went on to the first entrance; the second entrance changed the interval of a fifth to a fourth; the third repeated the first an octave higher, as did the fourth with the second. The exposition concluded with a cadence in the key of the dominant. The second working-out modulated more freely to other keys; the third, tending toward the subdominant, ended with a cadence on the tonic.

The boy looked at the player's clever white fingers, saw the course of the development faintly mirrored in his concentrated expression,

while his eyes remained quiet under half-closed lids. Joseph's heart swelled with veneration, with love for the Master. His ear drank in the fugue; it seemed to him that he was hearing music for the first time in his life. Behind the music being created in his presence he sensed the world of Mind, the joy-giving harmony of law and freedom, of service and rule. He surrendered himself, and vowed to serve that world and this Master. In those few minutes he saw himself and his life, saw the whole cosmos guided, ordered, and interpreted by the spirit of music. And when the playing had come to an end, he saw this magician and king for whom he felt so intense a reverence pause for a little while longer, slightly bowed over the keys, with half-closed eyes, his face softly glowing from within. Joseph did not know whether he ought to rejoice at the bliss of this moment, or weep because it was over.

The old man slowly raised himself from the piano stool, fixed those cheerful blue eyes piercingly and at the same time with unimaginable friendliness upon him, and said: "Making music together is the best way for two people to become friends. There is none easier. That is a fine thing. I hope you and I shall remain friends. Perhaps you too will learn how to make fugues, Joseph."

He shook hands with Joseph and took his leave. But in the doorway he turned once more and gave Joseph a parting greeting, with a look and a ceremonious little inclination of his head.

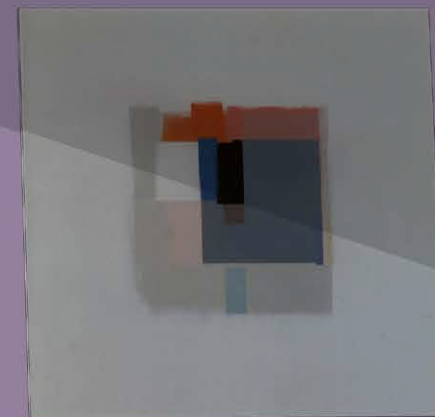
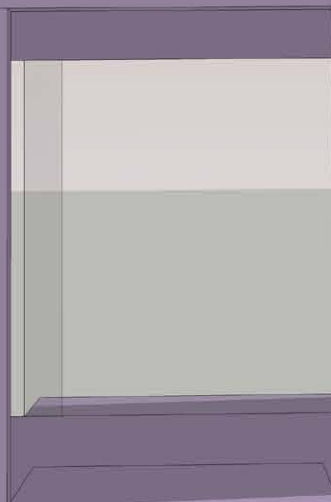
giant steps



YOUVE COME A LONG WAY

You've come a long way on this short journey. Fresh water and fine wine welcome the weary visitor. Musicians everywhere, playing, listening, sighing, crying, laughing. Song! What else awaits? This elite is self-elected, voluntarily unaware of the trials ahead. Eventually peer review will determine objective capability: *can you do this, and this, and that?* An apprentice may say *I don't know*. A journeyman may say *some, almost all of it, not sure*. The master will answer *well yes of course, so now let's begin the true adventure*.

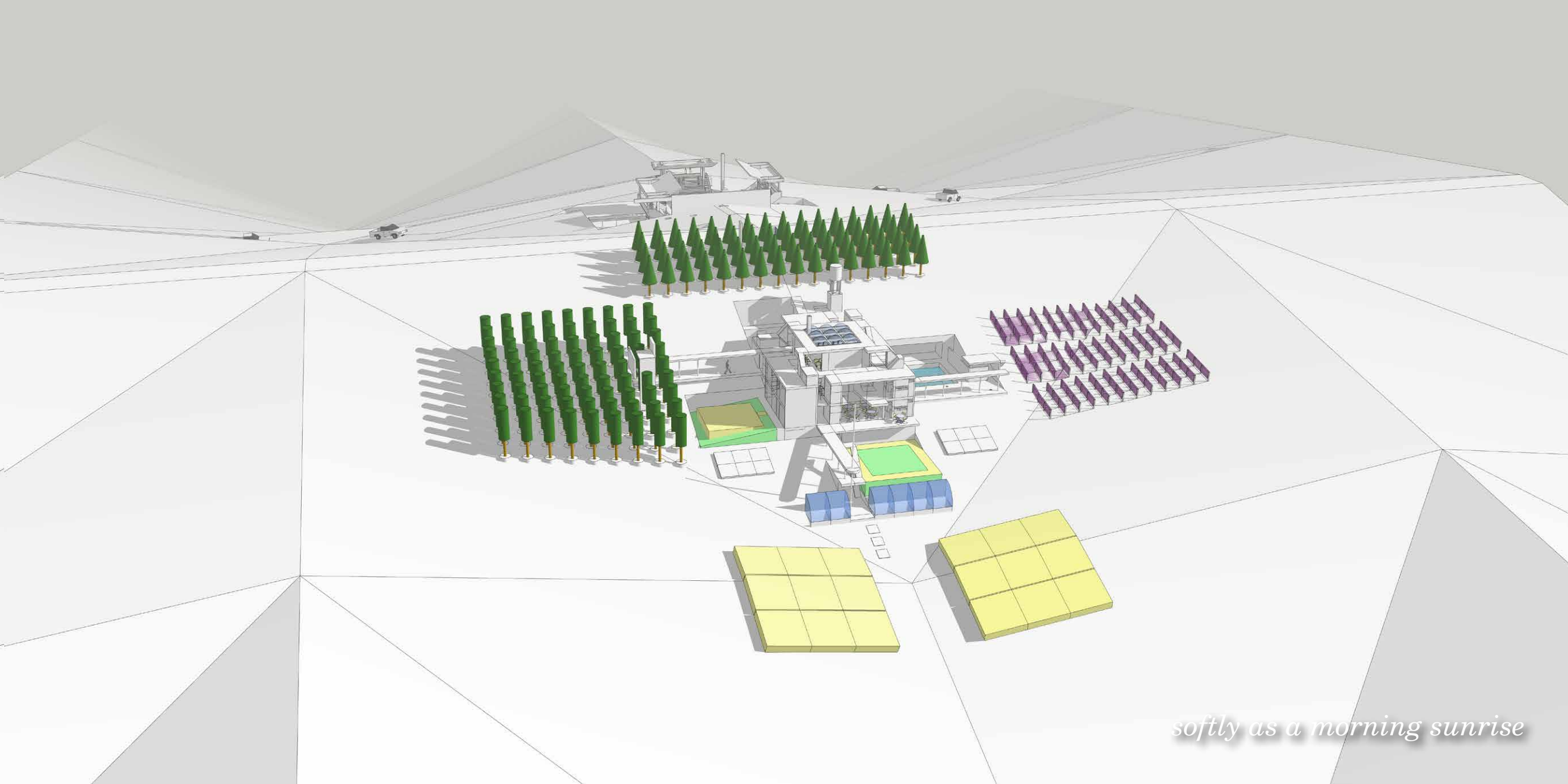
suspension



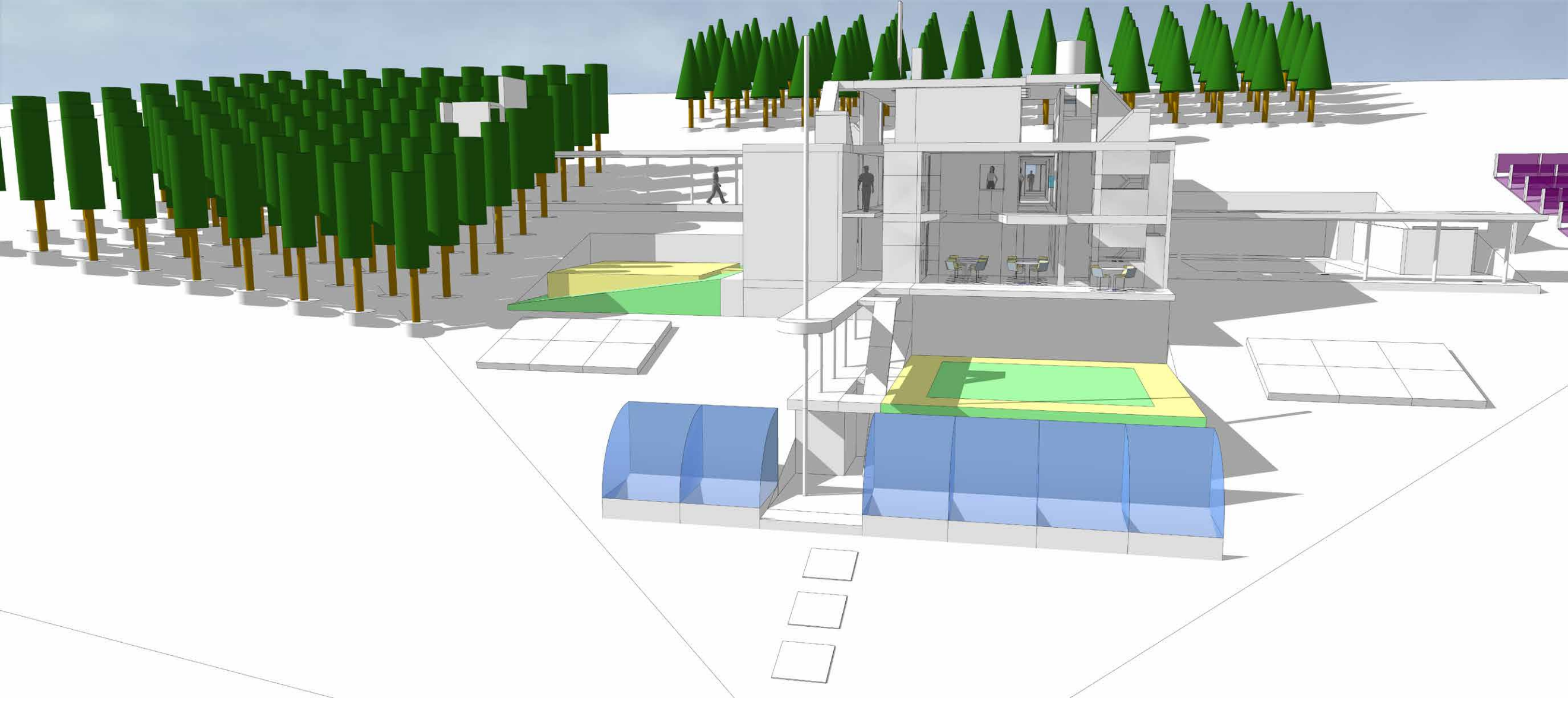


RELEASE: Resolution Transcends Suspension

The journey south from stage dark night into new dawn day arrives at a balcony aloft above a downhill slope. Body halts but spirit soars. Gaze drifts upward, dreaming of immortality (in a thatched cottage?) Is it really possible? To contemplate a life dedicated to more than you knew you wanted! To be *here*, where it is happening! Through a discipline of study mastery and service, one may try-- and hope. The path of the aspirant in any field, music to medicine. The path of the Tzadik. Music of the Spheres. If you practice, and if you got it....



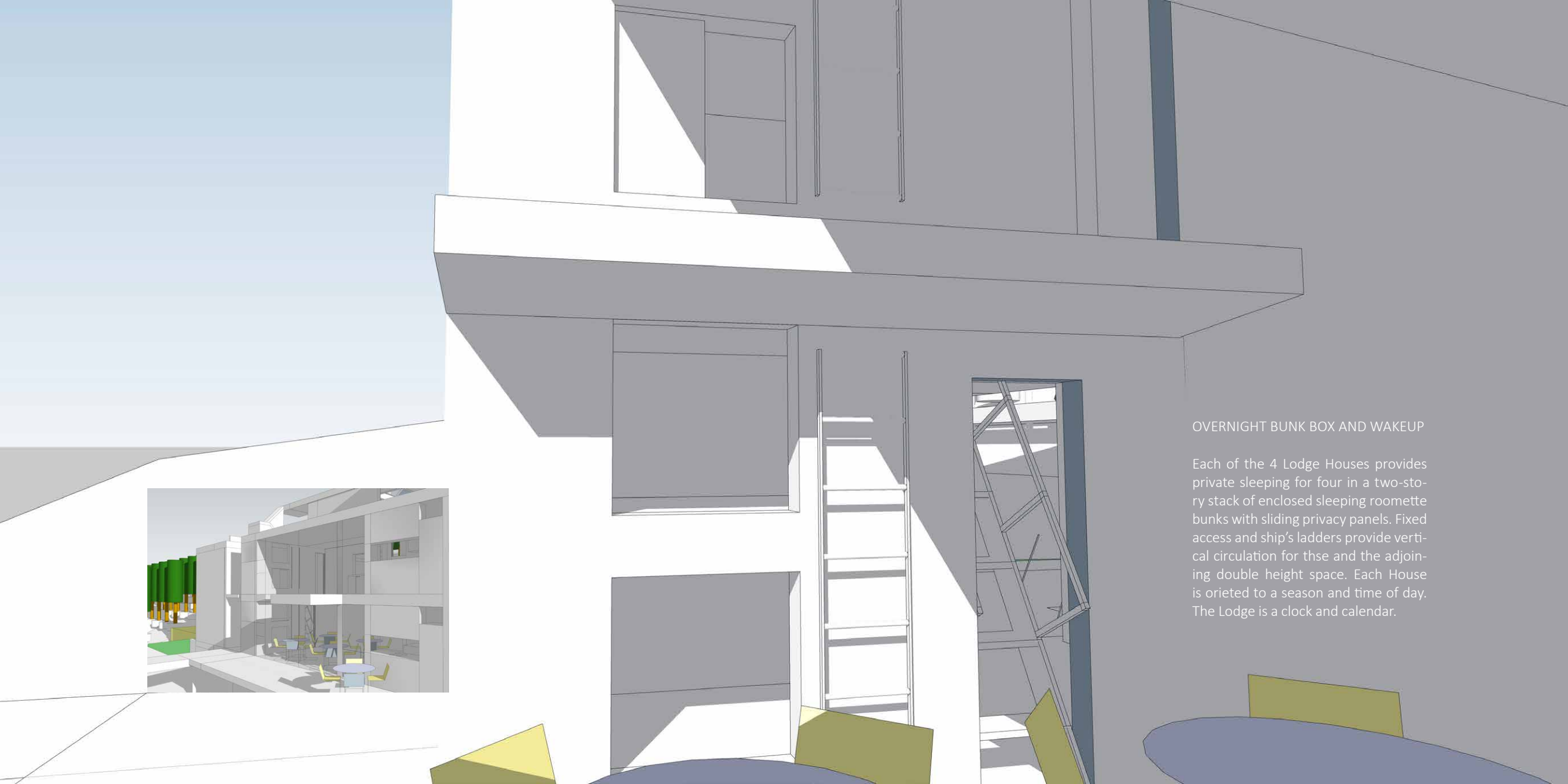
softly as a morning sunrise



LODGE: PALACE FOR A RIGHTEOUS BAND

east sunrise
spring equinox
bathe breakfast

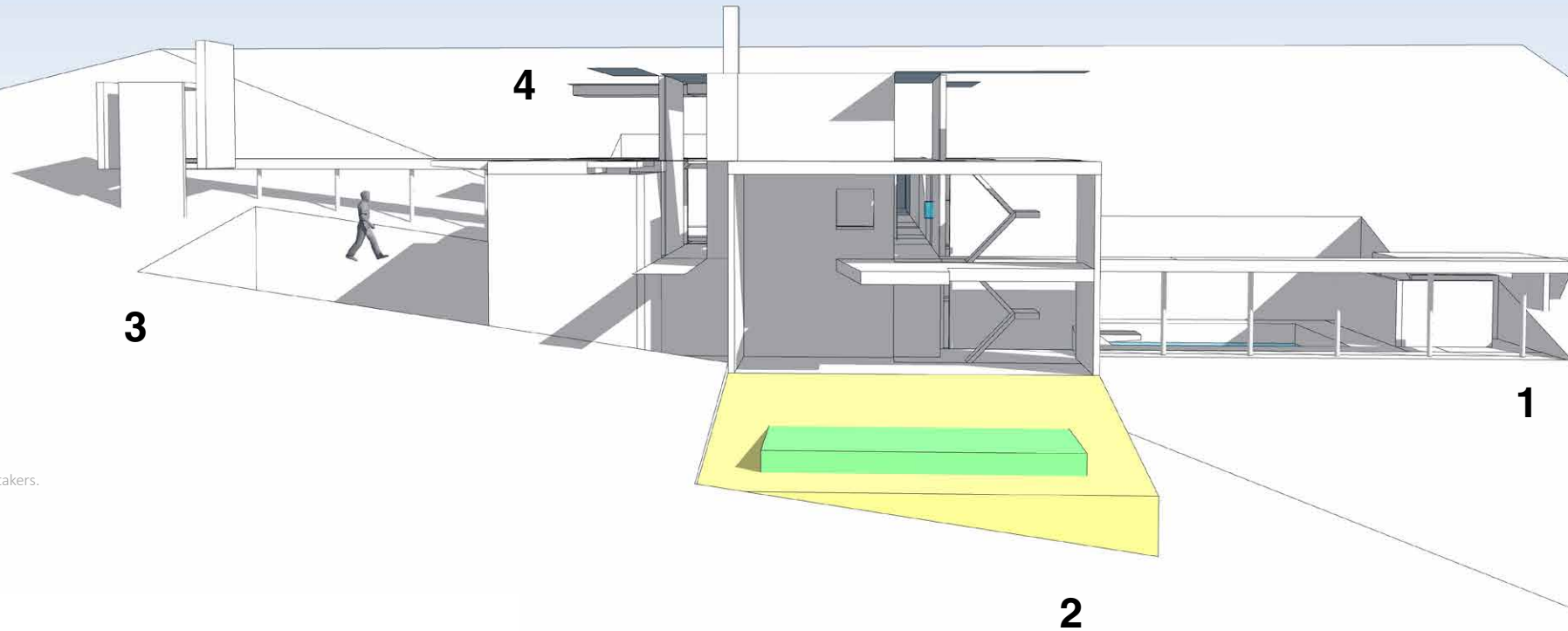




OVERNIGHT BUNK BOX AND WAKEUP

Each of the 4 Lodge Houses provides private sleeping for four in a two-story stack of enclosed sleeping roomette bunks with sliding privacy panels. Fixed access and ship's ladders provide vertical circulation for these and the adjoining double height space. Each House is oriented to a season and time of day. The Lodge is a clock and calendar.

Sax player and teacher Paul Klemperer describes the woodshed as “the place where you work out the techniques that form the foundation of your improvisational ability.... The musical treasures of jazz are not easily accessed. You have to dig deep into yourself, discipline yourself, become focused on the music and your instrument, before you can unlock the treasure chest.”



MAINTENANCE

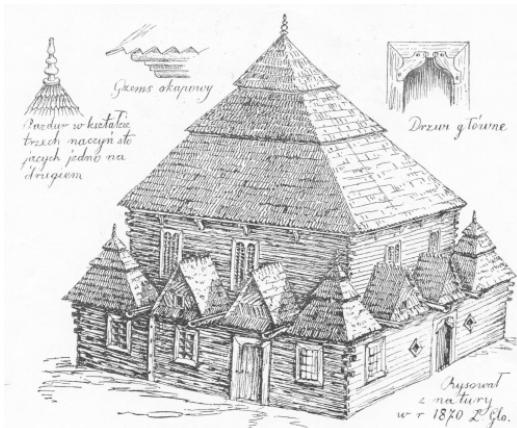
The Lodge is largely self-sustaining.
Visitors help with maintenance, working with 4 caretakers.

1. EAST PLUMBER/VINTNER
2. SOUTH FARMER/CHEF
3. WEST FORESTER/CARPENTER
4. NORTH MINER/ELECTRICIAN

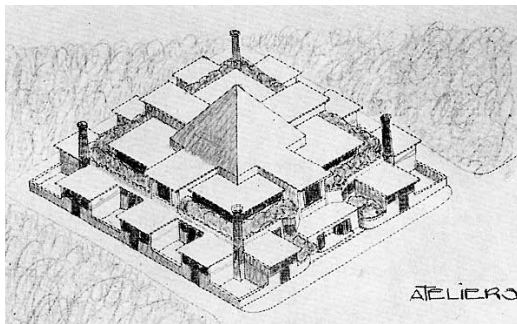
WOODSHEDS

PRIVATE PRACTICE OUTBUILDINGS

1. EAST CABANA across the pool, shaded and breezy, with piano
2. SOUTH GREENHOUSE beyond patio and kitchen garden, sun shades and ventilation.
3. WEST TREEHOUSE elevated aerie overlooks forest and glade clearing, elevated yet grade-accessible
4. NORTH CAVE labyrinthine access, secluded, reverberant, with tunnel overlooking grotto



Wooden synagogue
 Wysokie Mazowieckie Poland, 1722 ~1870



Le Corbusier design for artists studios, 1910



LODGE atrium jam

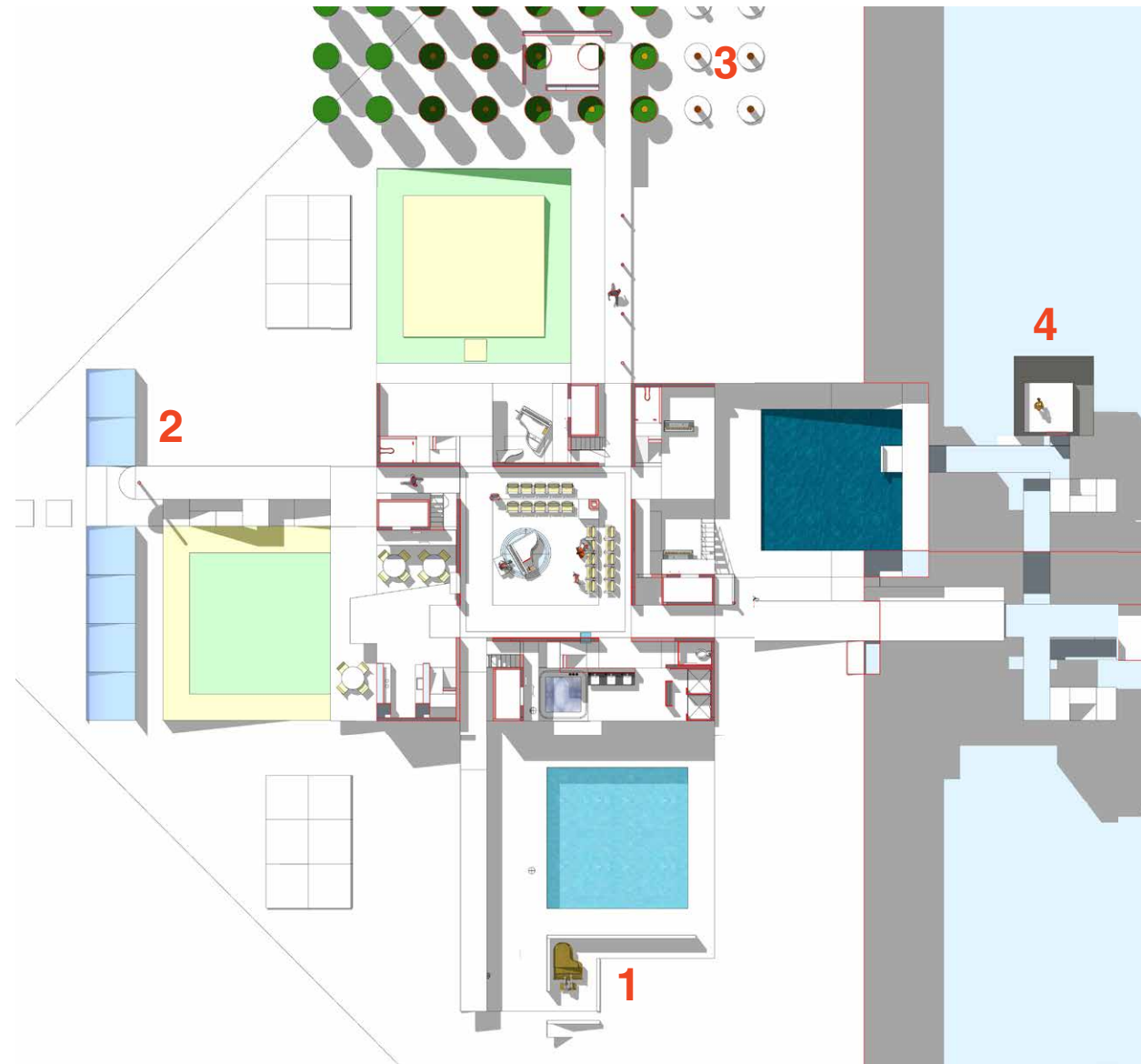
SOLO AND ENSEMBLE: ATRIUM AND WOODSHEDS

Learning to master a difficult craft or subject requires a variety of actions and places. Aspiring musician scholar adepts need places for solitary study and practice, as well as gathering spaces to join with colleagues for group learning and performing-- jamming. In-person ‘hanging out’ places for shared downtime are indispensable-- the success secret of college campuses, Bell Labs, and jazz nightclubs.

The Lodge’s central atrium can hold ensembles of up to 36 solos, 18 duets, 12 trios, 9 quartets, 4 nonettes, or 2 big bands of 18 each with standard 5 reeds, 8 horns, 4 rhythm, plus singer. Or even an expanded chamber orchestra. There is seat ing for an audience of up to 36. (At any time, there may be twice 36 *tzadikim* in the world.) Four ‘houses’ surround and open to the atrium, each oriented to a time of day: morning ablutions, daytime eating, afternoon handicraft, and evening relaxing and archiving. Double bunks on both main and lower floors in each house plus barrier-free penthouse and ground floor bedrooms can always sleep at least 18.

The Lodge also provides outbuildings for solo practice. “Woodshedding” is an important tradition in jazz. Bird, Miles, Rollins, Trane, and Monk and many others transformed themselves as musicians with intense isolation and long hours of practice to master their medium. Afterwards there will be time again for rejoining the ensemble to play study work eat drink dance and sing together.

1. CABANA springtime sunrise: swim, sauna, hot tub, poolside, vineyard, wine, joy, exuberance, the good life.
2. GREENHOUSE summer midday: flora solarium ventilated, sun and shade, work, sweat, toil, fields, wheat, daily bread.
3. TREEHOUSE autumn sunset: orchard, forest, wood, craft, sinew, shade, secluded, observant, levitated, lookout, aerie.
4. CAVE winter night: rock, grotto, tunnel, reverb, isolation, extreme solitude, spelunking, labyrinthine, obscure.



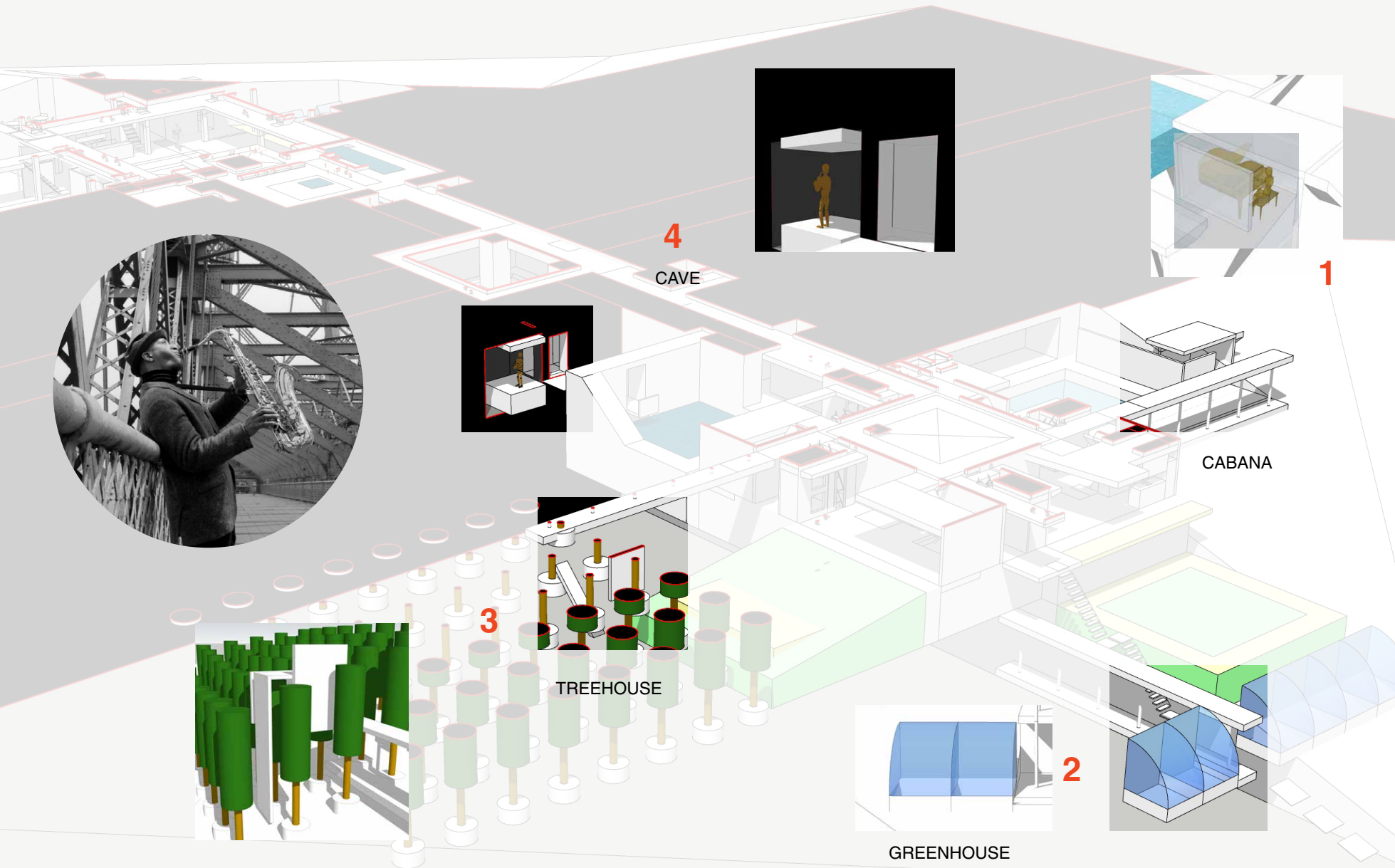
THE BRIDGE

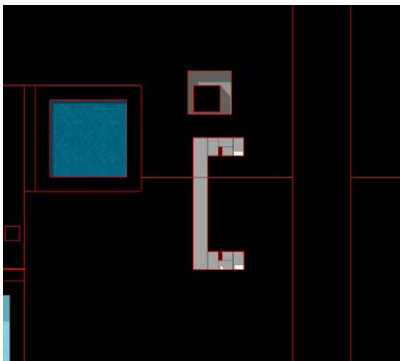
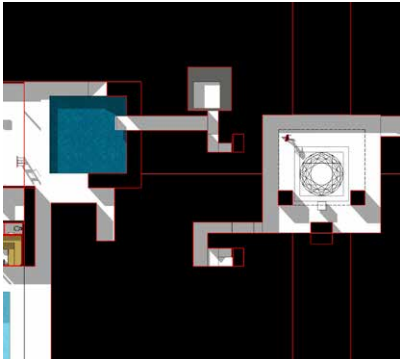
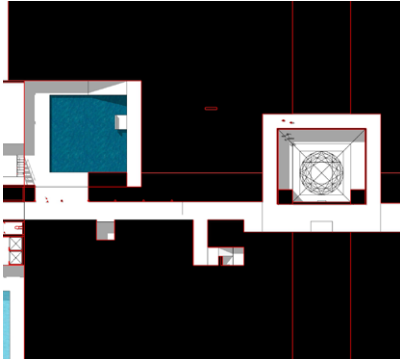
from "Why the Williamsburg Bridge Should Be Renamed After Sonny Rollins" by Fred Kaplan, *Slate*

In the summer of 1959, Sonny Rollins, 28 years old, at the peak of his career, the greatest jazz improviser alive, the "Saxophone Colossus," dropped out of the scene: simply disappeared. He had been playing his horn on the bridge almost every day for two years. He didn't want to bother neighbors with his playing. He had noticed a walkway on the Williamsburg Bridge near his home that was almost always deserted. So he made it his special spot for practicing.

Rollins has always been his harshest critic, hearing in recordings even of his most sublime solos only the notes missed or phrases bypassed. In 1959, he felt himself drifting further from the ideal sound he sought, and he sensed the audience drifting, too. Jazz was changing. His contemporary Miles Davis was exploring a new kind of improvisation, quieter, deeper, based on scales instead of chords. John Coltrane, his close friend was scouring every crevice of harmony for some untapped spirit and doing so with mind-ripping speed and energy. Ornette Coleman was toppling structures altogether. It seemed every musician had his "new thing," as promoters called these innovations, and Rollins felt flustered that he didn't have one.

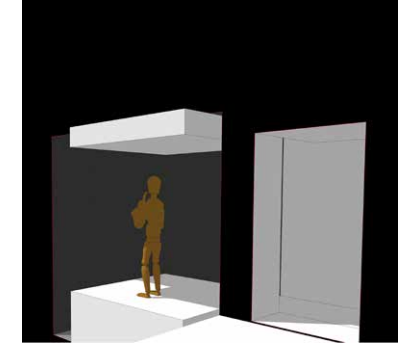
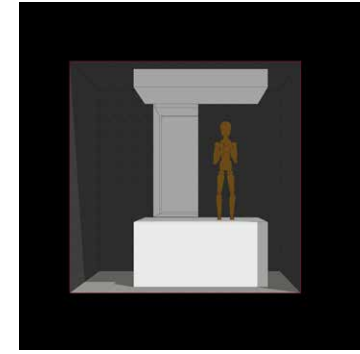
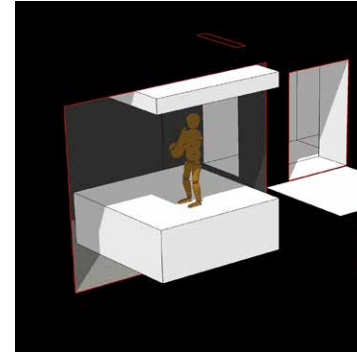
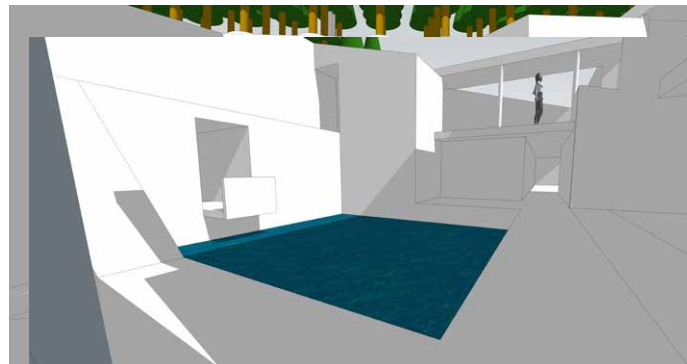
So he took his horn to the bridge and spent endless hours blowing scales, arpeggios, extended chords, phrases from exercise books, variations of whole songs, seeking some new thing of his own, against the sounds of cars, seagulls, and tugboats zooming, flying, and sailing around him. *The Bridge*, his album released in 1962, possessed a new, restless urgency with fierce tones and staggered cadences. His time on the bridge set the bar for the adventures to come. Rollins will explore every avenue that a chord or melody might open up—then, just as you think he's exhausted them all, he darts into some uncharted alley and invents a new way of playing music, never losing grip on the pulse, swing, shape, and above all the joy of a song.



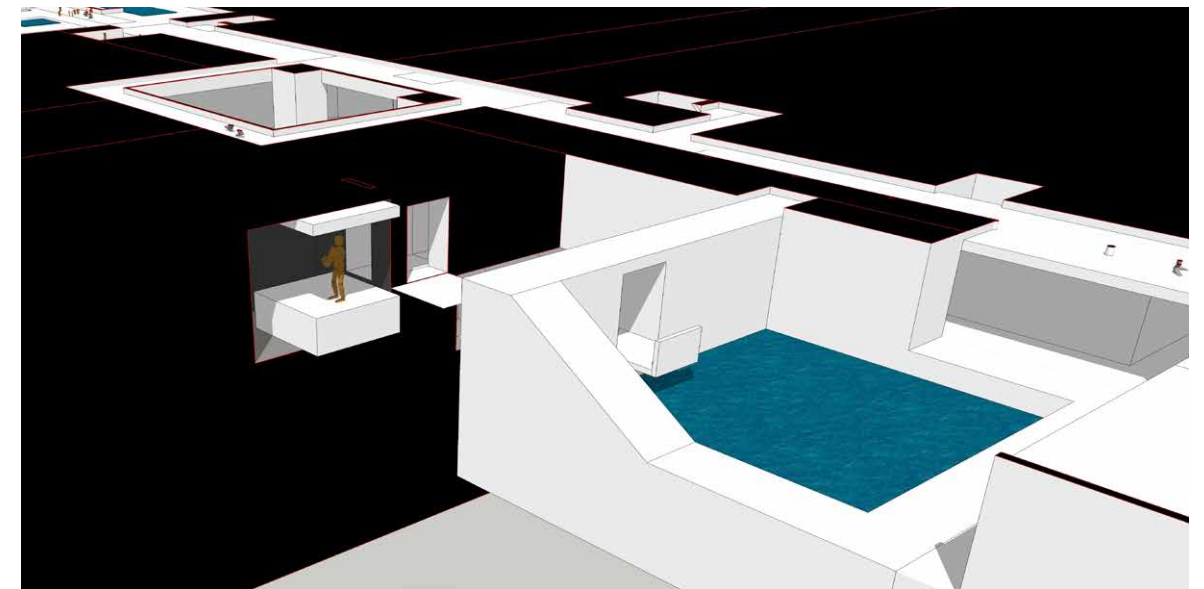


Access to the CAVE practice space is a particularly tortured and indirect route, requiring 3 levels of stairs, going down and then back up to get there and return to the atrium.

Dr. John Todd in the 1970's invented the Living Machine, a self-sustaining cascade of water vessels with carefully selected aquatic plant biomes in each that together can purify polluted water and render it potable. The balcony overlooking the grotto quarry is a good place to monitor the water filtration health of the site's Living Machine, but it is NOT a way to get to the cave. It is a respite space and secondary fire exit available only to the Cave musician ... there is no other access.



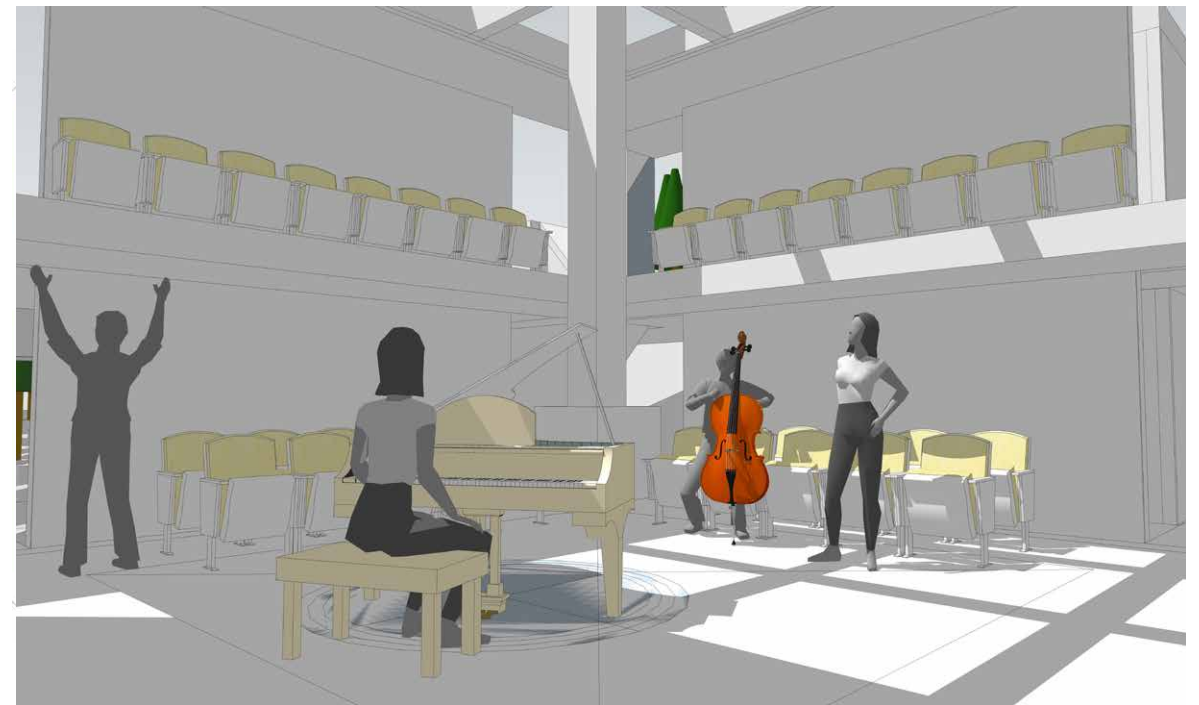
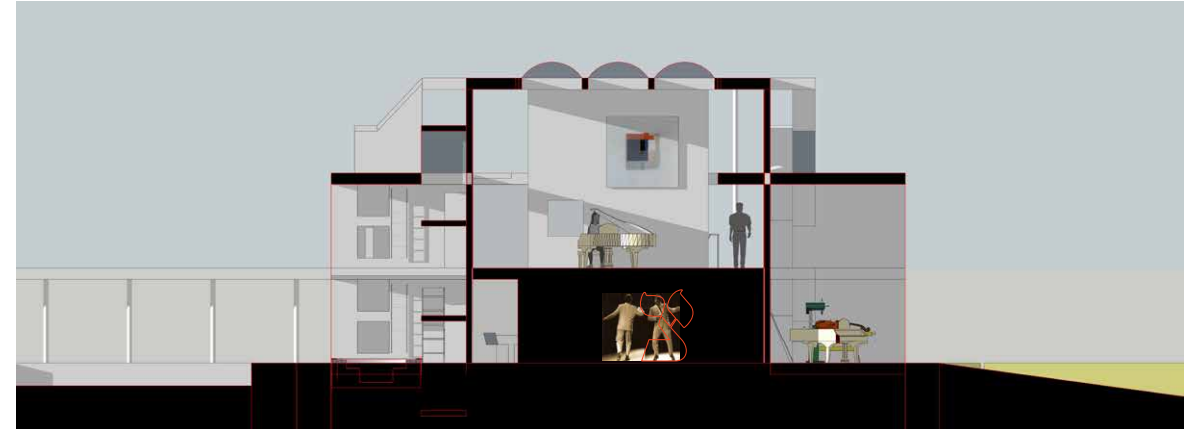
The Cave features a minimally lit platform and soffit of uncarved rock defining a 7'5" cubic volume set within the darker unlit surrounds of the fully excavated 12' cube. This enhances reverberation and provides a sense of boundless expansion within these small confines. Only portable mini electronic keyboards can make it through the labyrinthine circuit that leads to this most remote of the 4 woodsheds. Horns and reeds are fine, they travel well. A full bass is a challenge. Drum kits are not easy either, but the world offers plenty of mobile electric basses and portable percussion instruments.

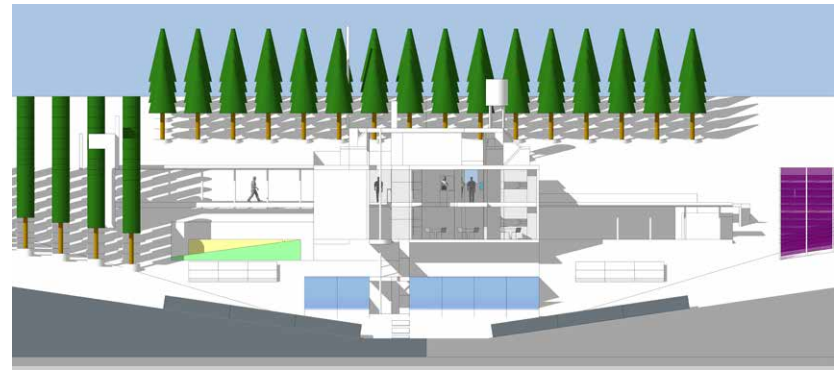
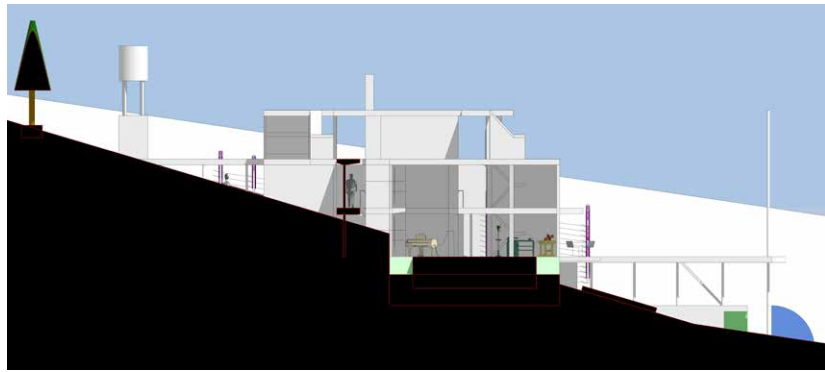
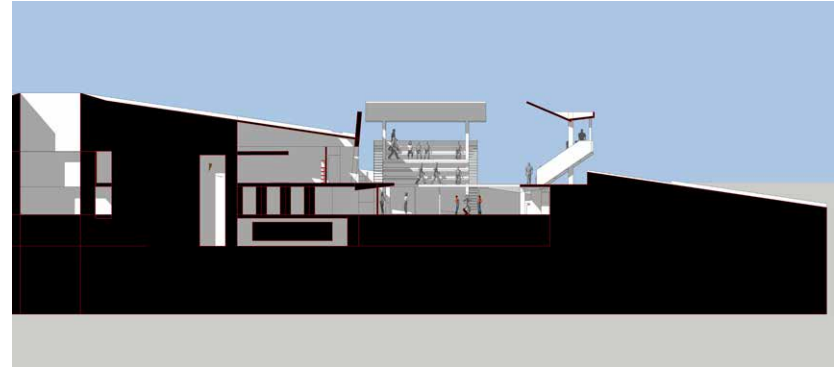
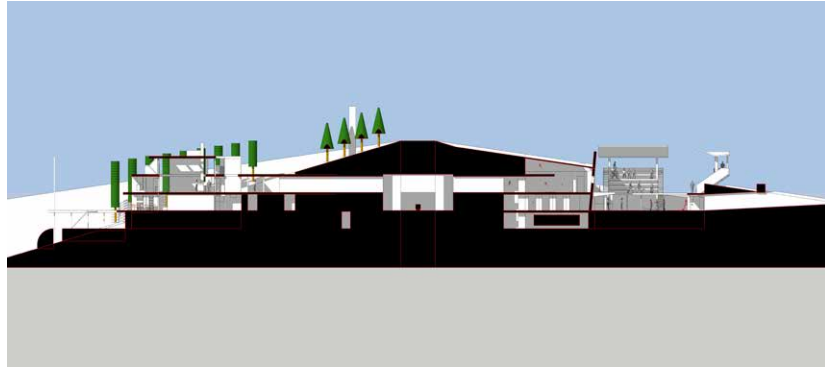
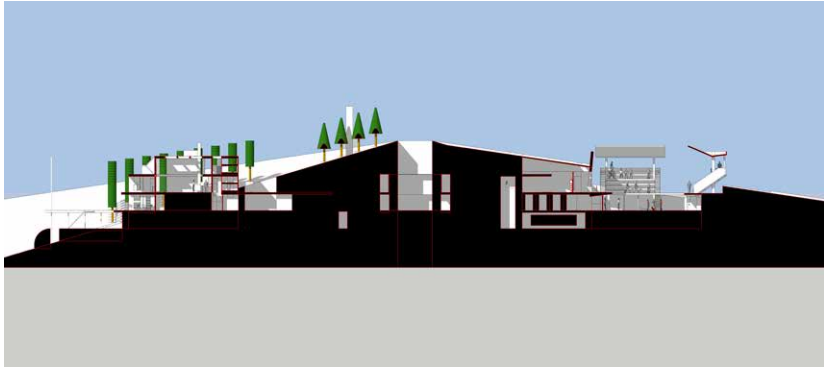




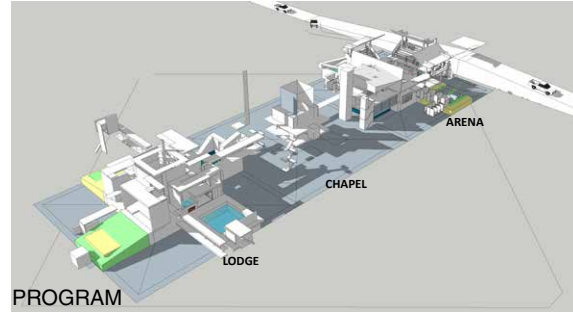
After woodshedding, or just passing through on a grand tour of the Lodge and its landscape, returning to the atrium (which seats up to 36, 20 on the main level and 16 in the gallery above) one may by chance encounter an early morning or late afternoon jam to share in listening or spontaneous play. *Tzadi* means “to hunt.” LODGE is elusive, hidden, and protective of those few who find it, supporting minor excursions for seclusion, meditation, and practice while intensifying the ensemble’s sense of community with a focus on and multiple access to the central and pivotal atrium. Whereas with open arms (!) ARENA’s

public plaza welcomes the world, offering culture, socializing, and compassionate care to amplify human potential and reveal Divine encounter as send-off gifts for those returning on their journeys out across the planet. Kabbalah explains *tzimtzum* as *Ein Sof* drawing-in to make empty space for Creation. Forte or pianissimo, loudly broadcasting presence or quietly difficult to find, a place of possibility comes into being as musicians withdraw into solitude for practice or join together in increasingly public ensembles to celebrate the Unity within us-- hear O Israel. Even as the harmony of *tikkun olam* takes many forms.



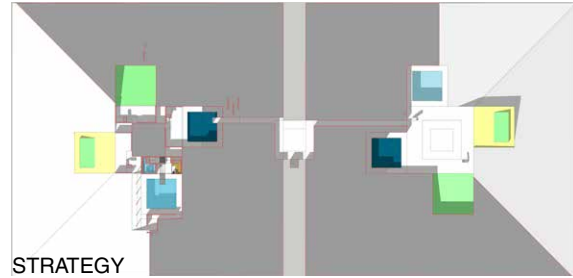


LANDSCAPES OF LOFTINESS AND DEPTH



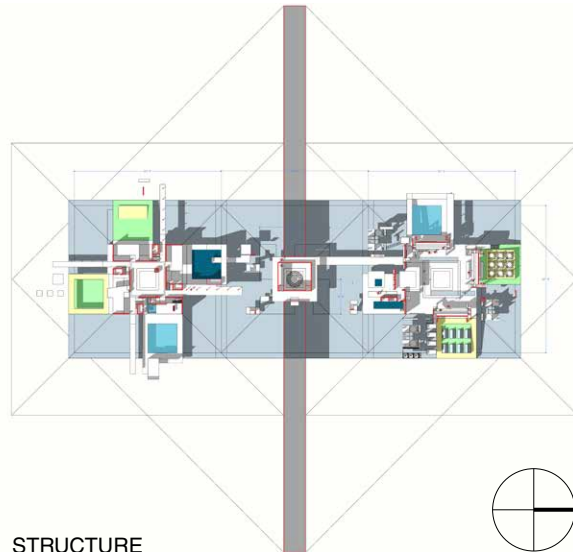
ARCHITECTURE

PROGRAM: ARENA for music performance and humanitarian services including food clothing shelter health; CHAPEL for prayer; LODGE for musician retreat and practice, secluded but accessible to those who seek it, with atrium for ensemble, outbuildings for private woodshedding. Space distribution corresponds to seasons, time of day, cardinal points, and elements of material world.



STRATEGY: THE DIAGRAM

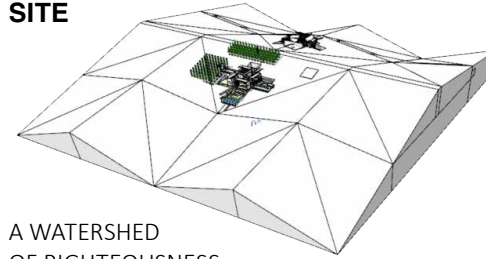
A ridgeline runs from east to west, marking the boundary between neighboring watersheds. Its north and south slopes are the shady and sunny sides of the hill, the literal meanings of yin and yang. Architectural and landscape elements are set in complimentary rotation on both north and south slopes, equidistant from the ridgeline. A central space unifies practice and performance while distinguishing sacred and profane, *kairos* and *chronos*.



STRUCTURE: GEOMETRY MODULOR TENSEGRITY

Physical topography slope lines projected over an architectural plan of program elements arrayed in Modulor intervals creates a tight mesh of large diamond over a double-square of the major yang and yin zones of the two sides of the hill, all locked in place by a (blue) triple-square running south to north. The east-west ridgeline "bow" draws across the north south program plan "violin" (or "arrow!") in a taut geometric tensegrity of architecture and landscape. Passage between north and south as well as circulation both inward and out from plaza and atrium are considered as *promenades architecturales*. Movement from the Lodge's atrium to north house, down and out to grotto, then east under entry bridge out to pool, cabana and loggia was developed with particular care in this regard.

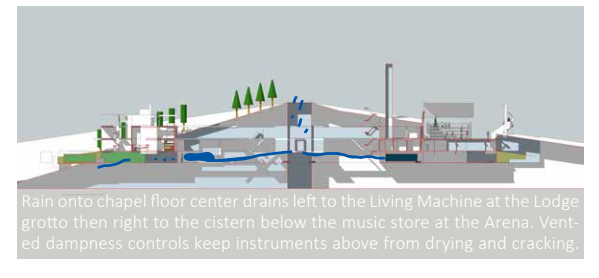
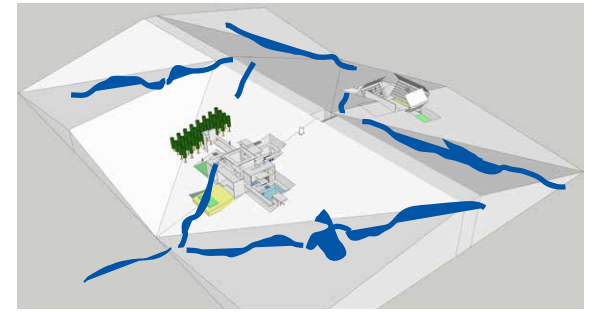
SITE



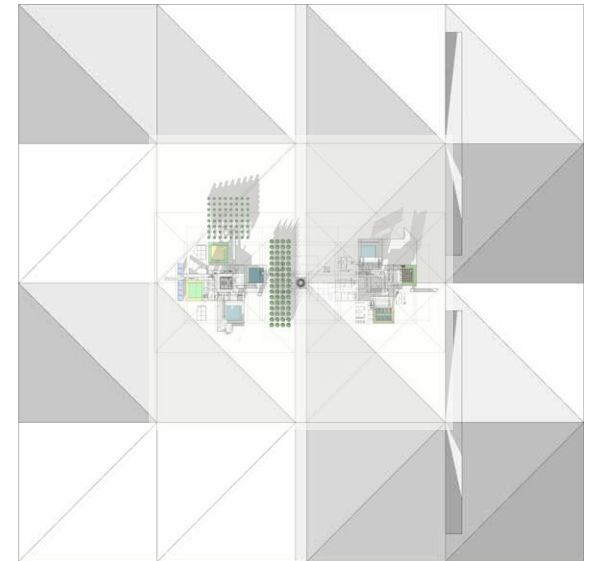
A WATERSHED OF RIGHTEOUSNESS

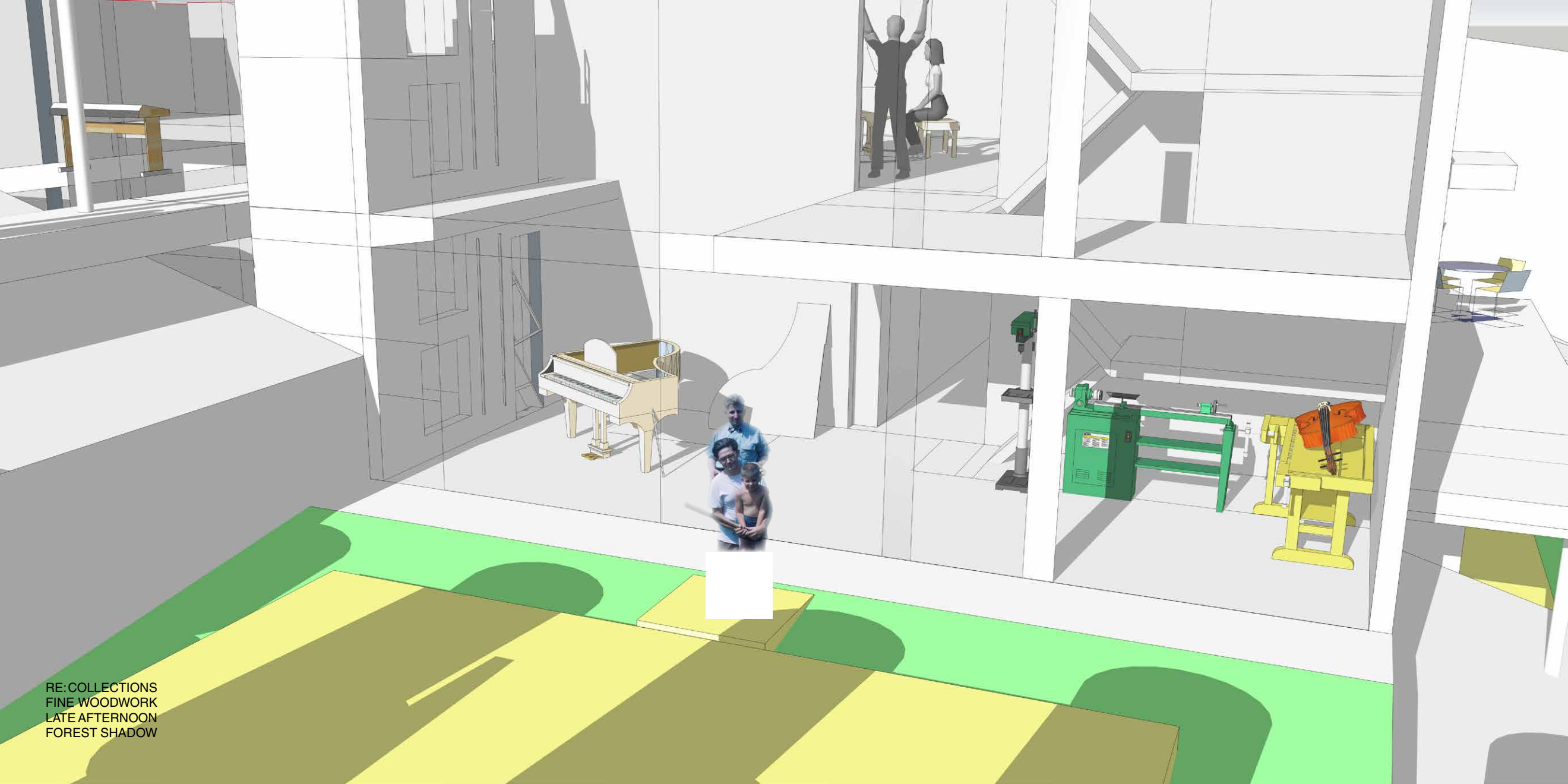
Rival comes from *rivalis*, Latin meaning "using the same stream as another," oddly, since they share the same drainage, sloping down both sides of a river valley's fold. Rivals may confront each other in warlike disputation, but there is intrinsic value in rivalry reconciliation. Jay Baldwin argued that shared watershed management is an ecological basis for government and policy.

Antagonism can occur when opponents may not even see each other, as if on 2 sides of a wall or at a ridge between two watersheds. Seemingly insurmountable rivalries create chaos and spawn misery, as we know all too well in recent times. We need no longer condone versus. Them versus Us in political economic and cultural realms solves no real problems. Whatever your faith or politics, diseases make people sick and water still flows downhill. Adversaries must learn to meet each other, to quantum tunnel beyond and toward their differences. A true encounter between the blind and the invisible will become a sacred space of reconciliation. The chapel here locates a unity across a divide, perhaps even a continental divide. Tangible evidence of such unity in separation is demonstrated in the chapel floor, which drains its collected rainwater to the living machine in the Lodge's grotto for any necessary filtration before returning to be stored in the cistern below the Arena's music store.

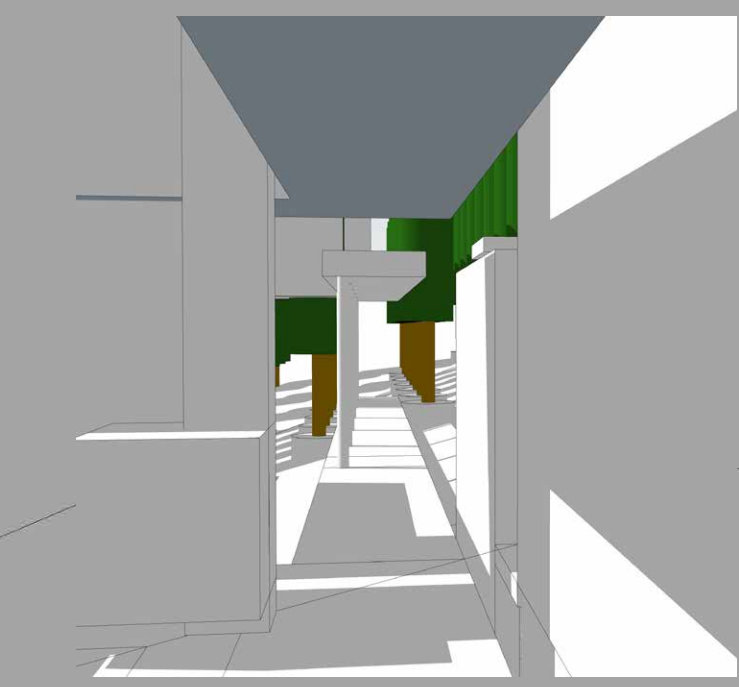
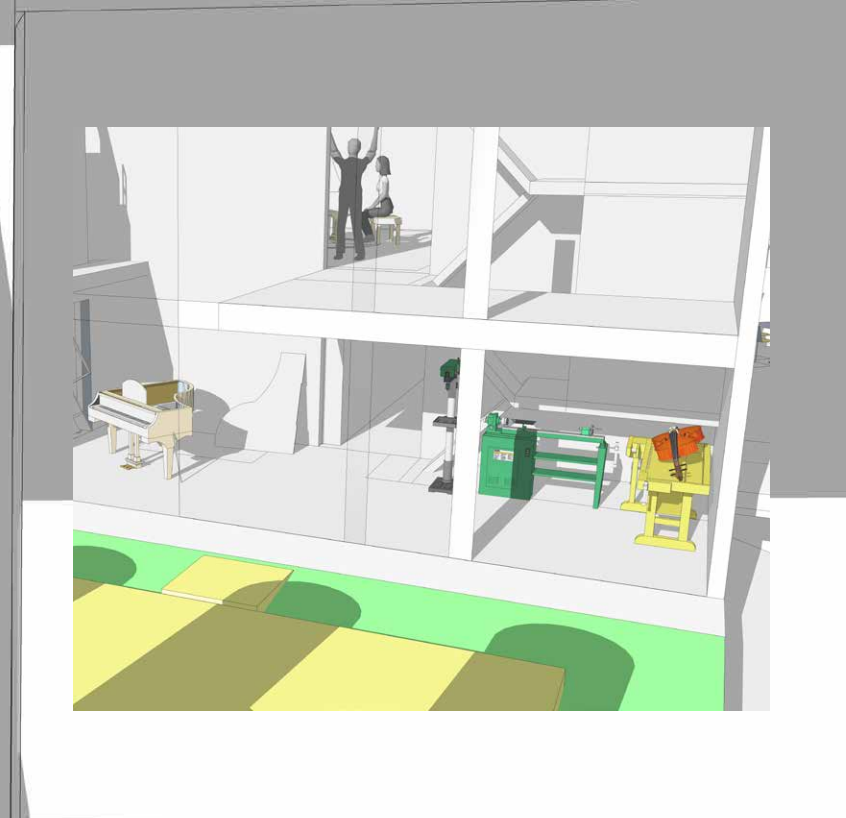
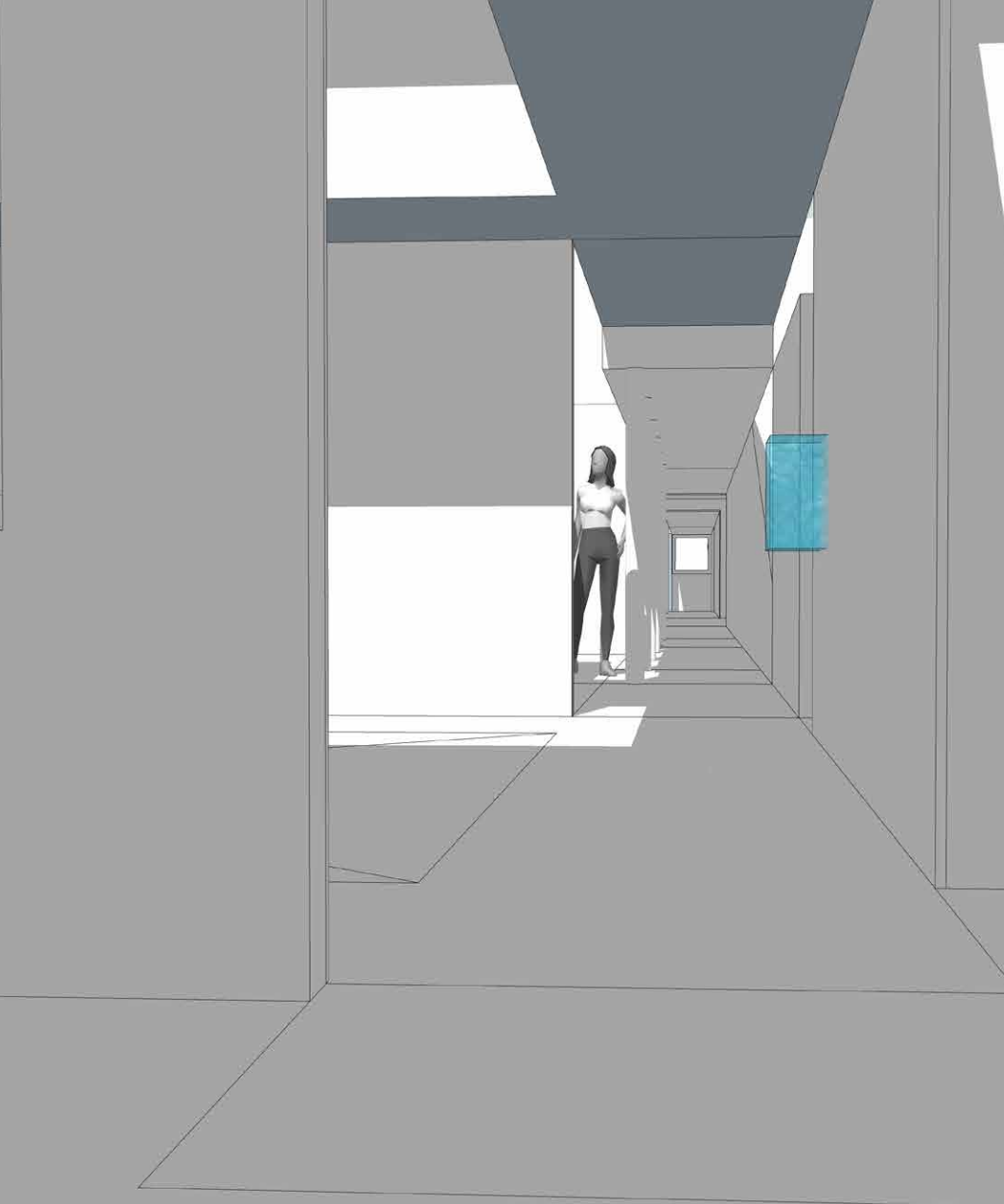


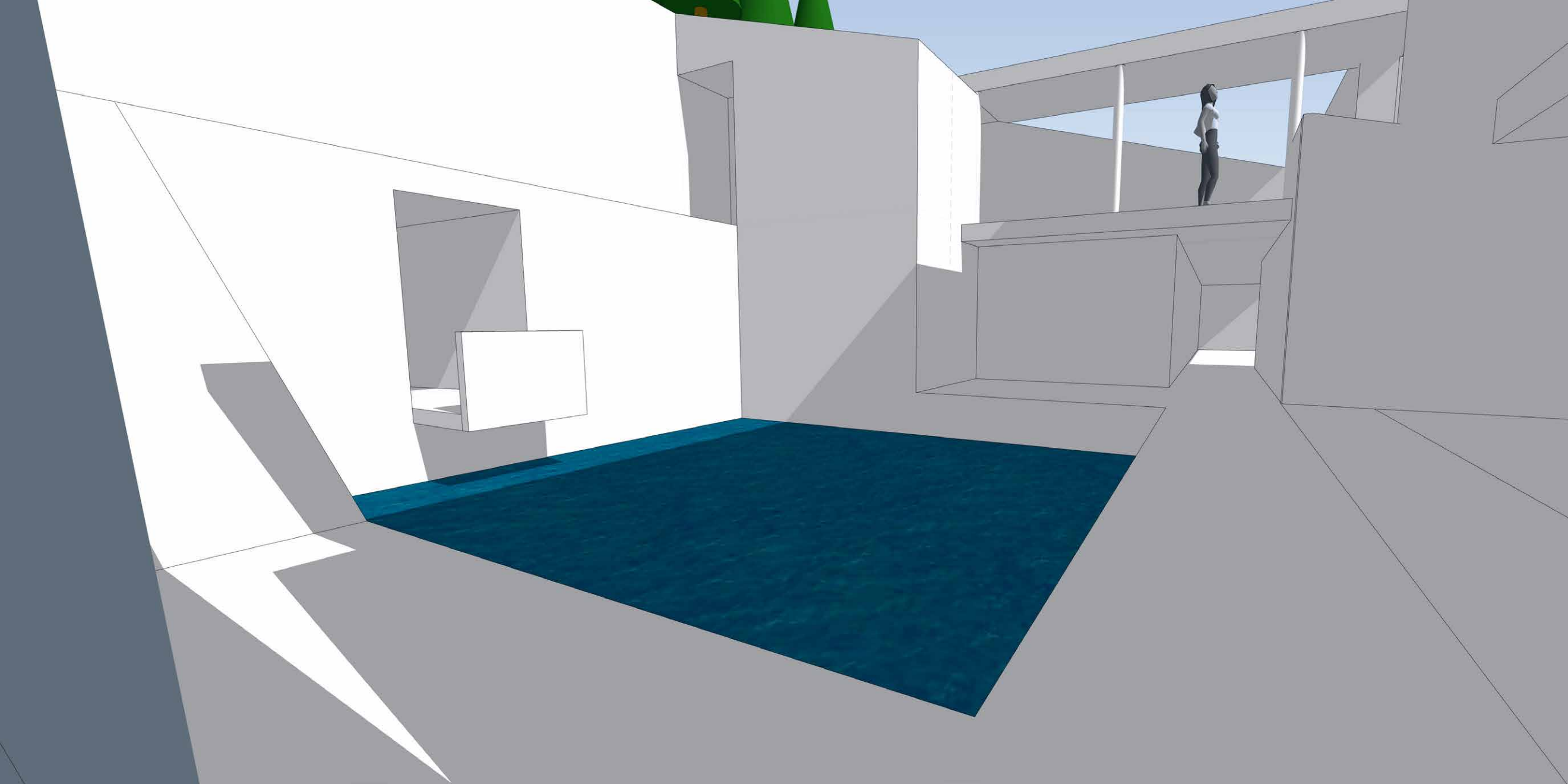
Rain onto chapel floor center drains left to the Living Machine at the Lodge grotto then right to the cistern below the music store at the Arena. Vented dampness controls keep instruments above from drying and cracking.

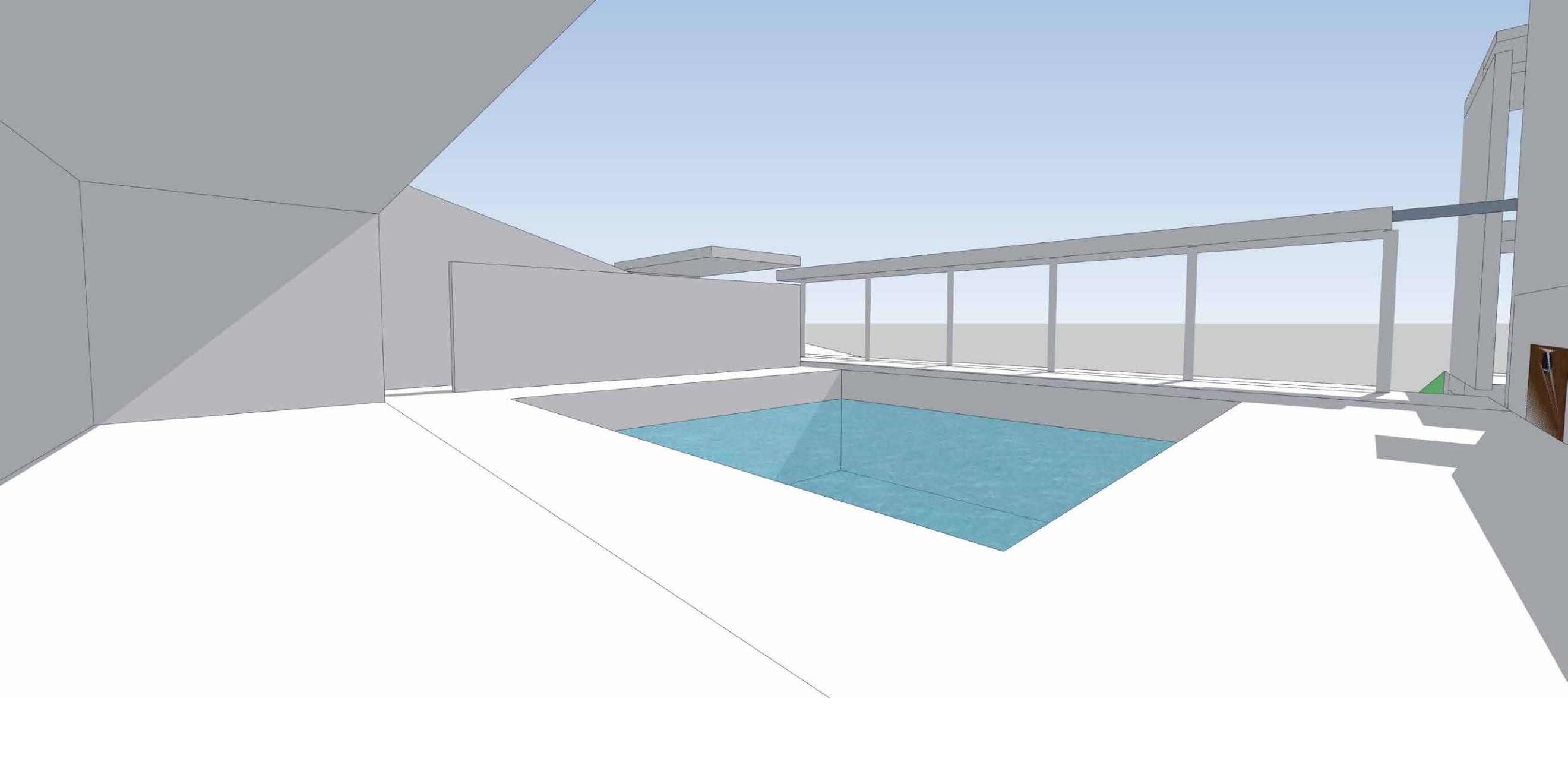




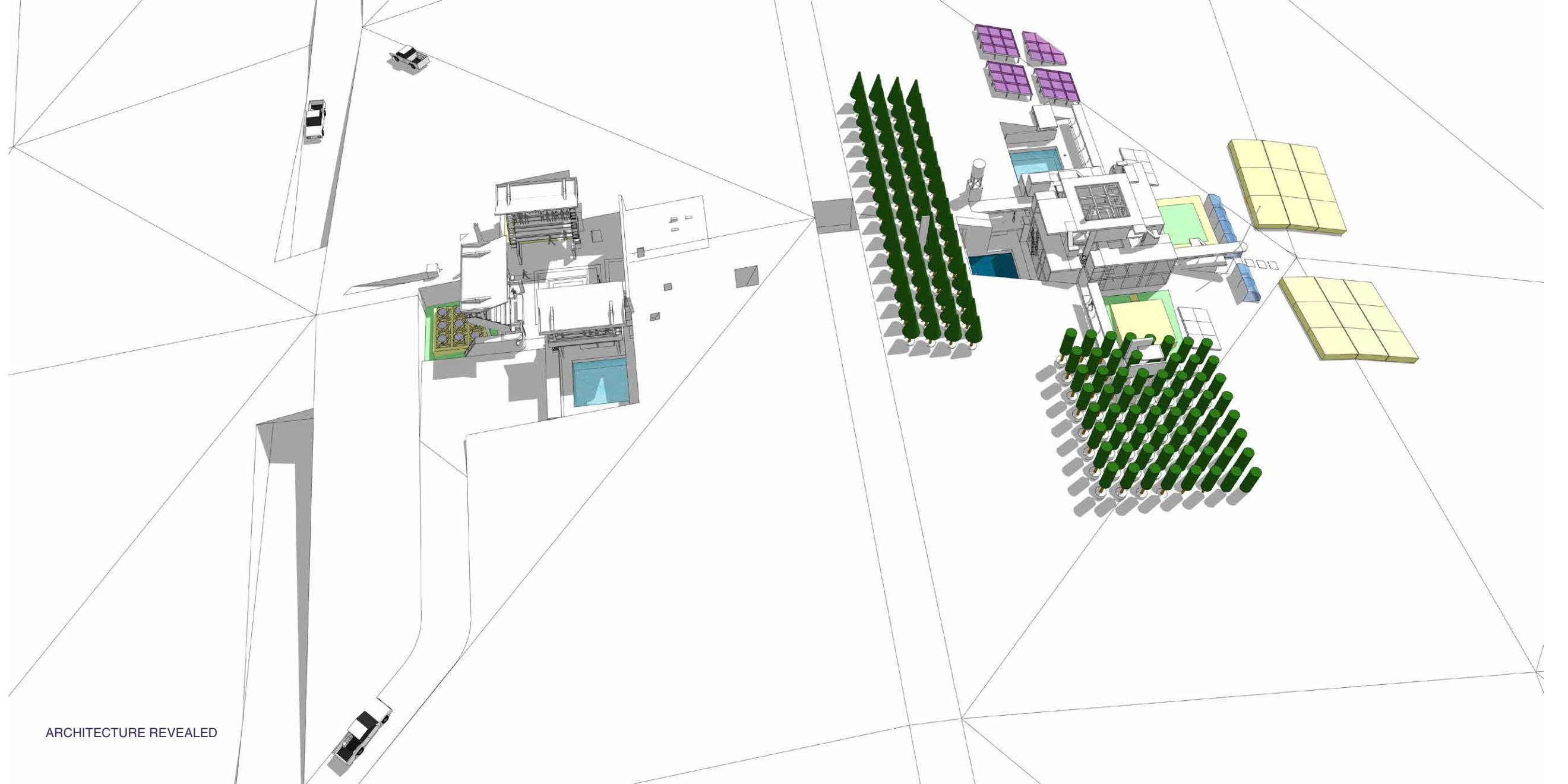
RE:COLLECTIONS
FINE WOODWORK
LATE AFTERNOON
FOREST SHADOW



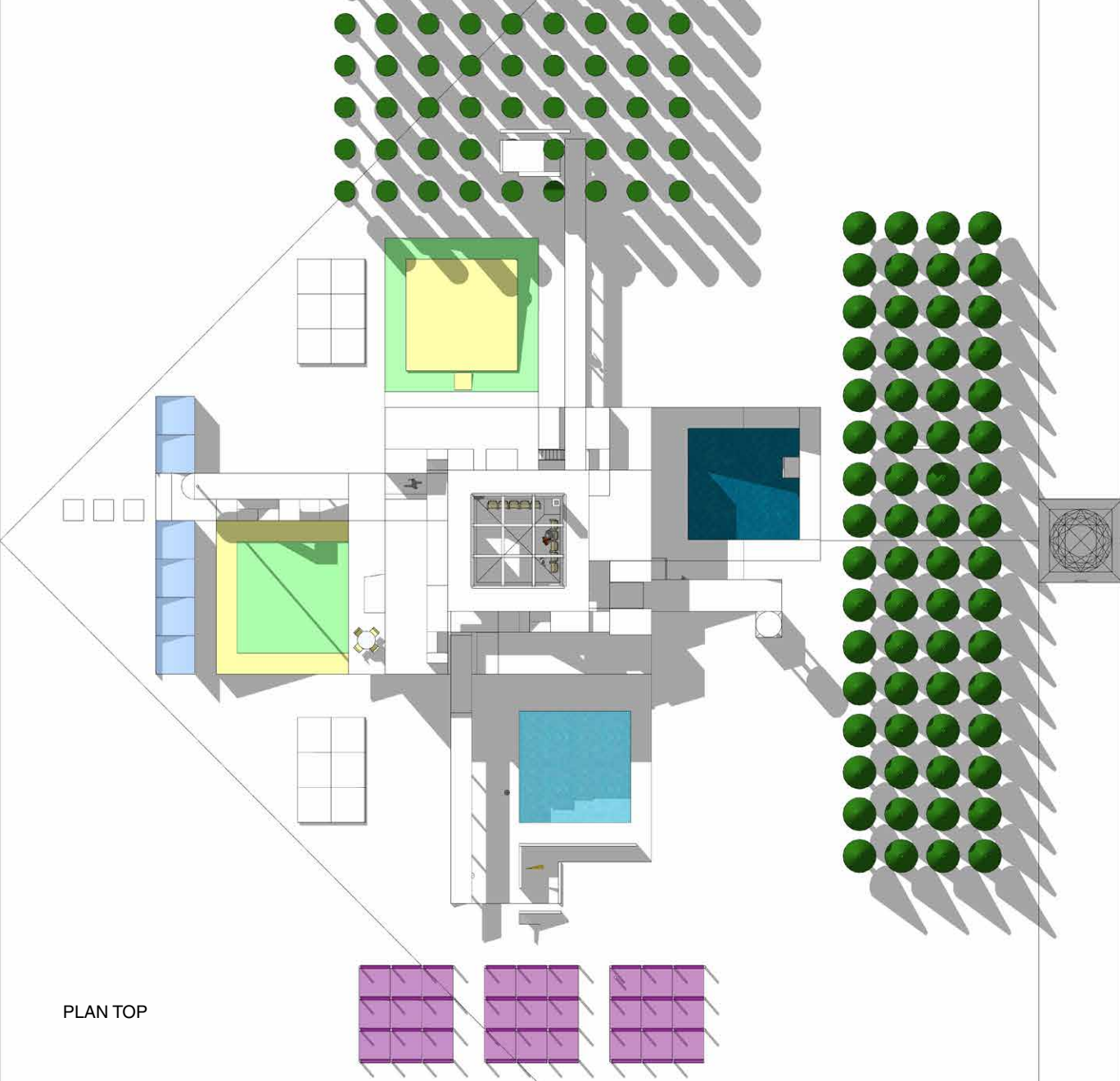




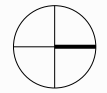
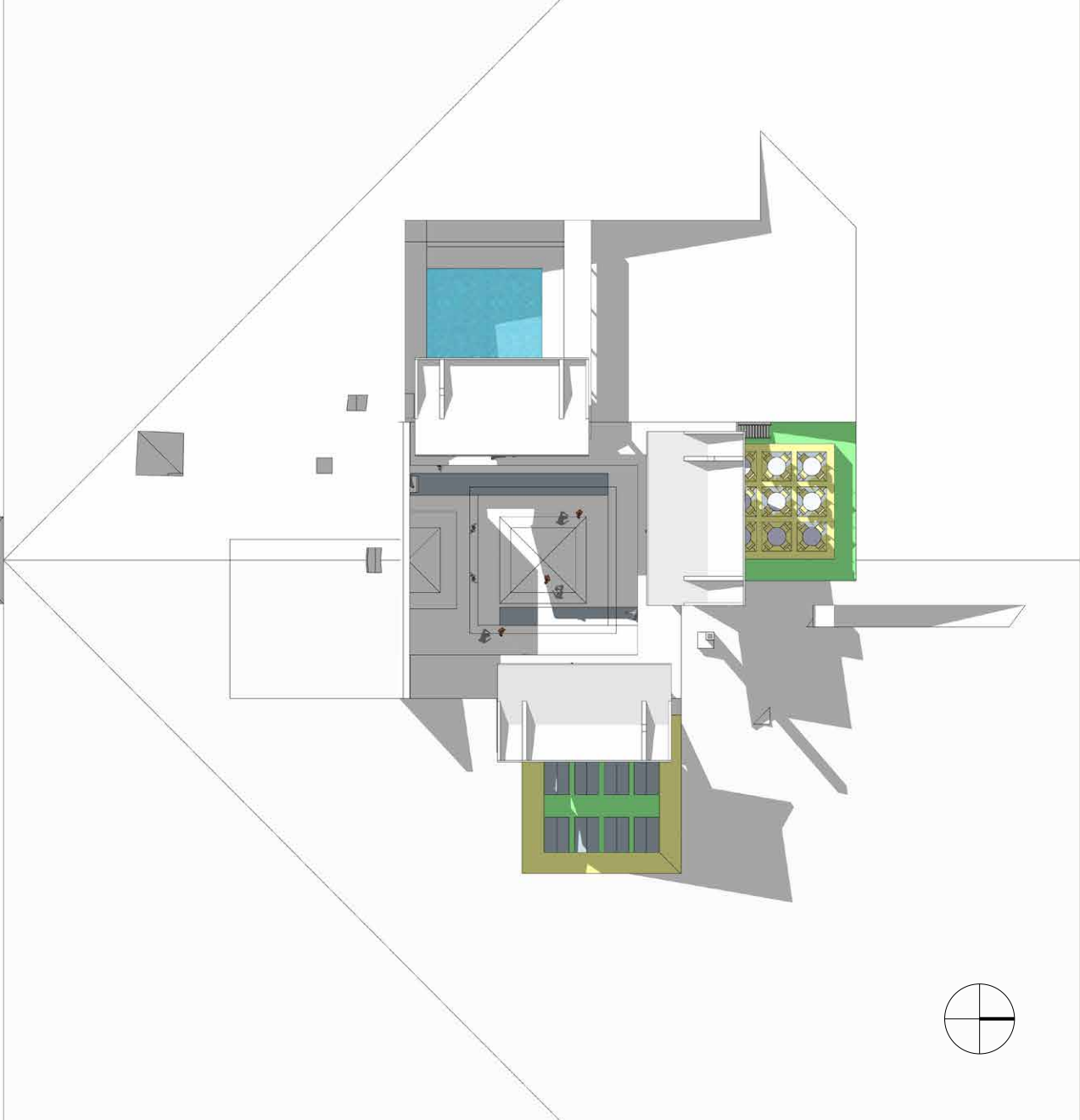


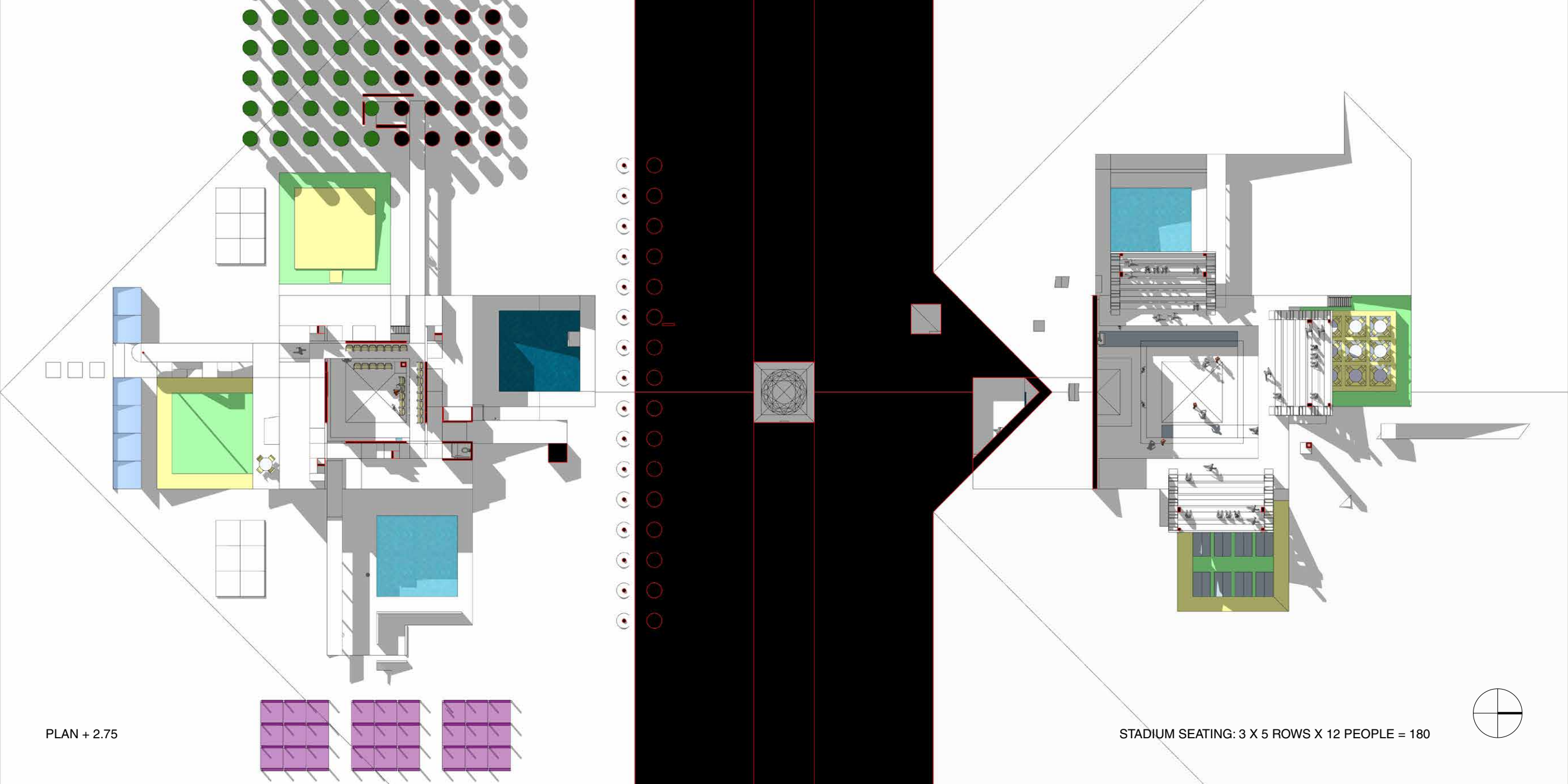


ARCHITECTURE REVEALED



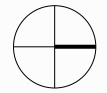
PLAN TOP

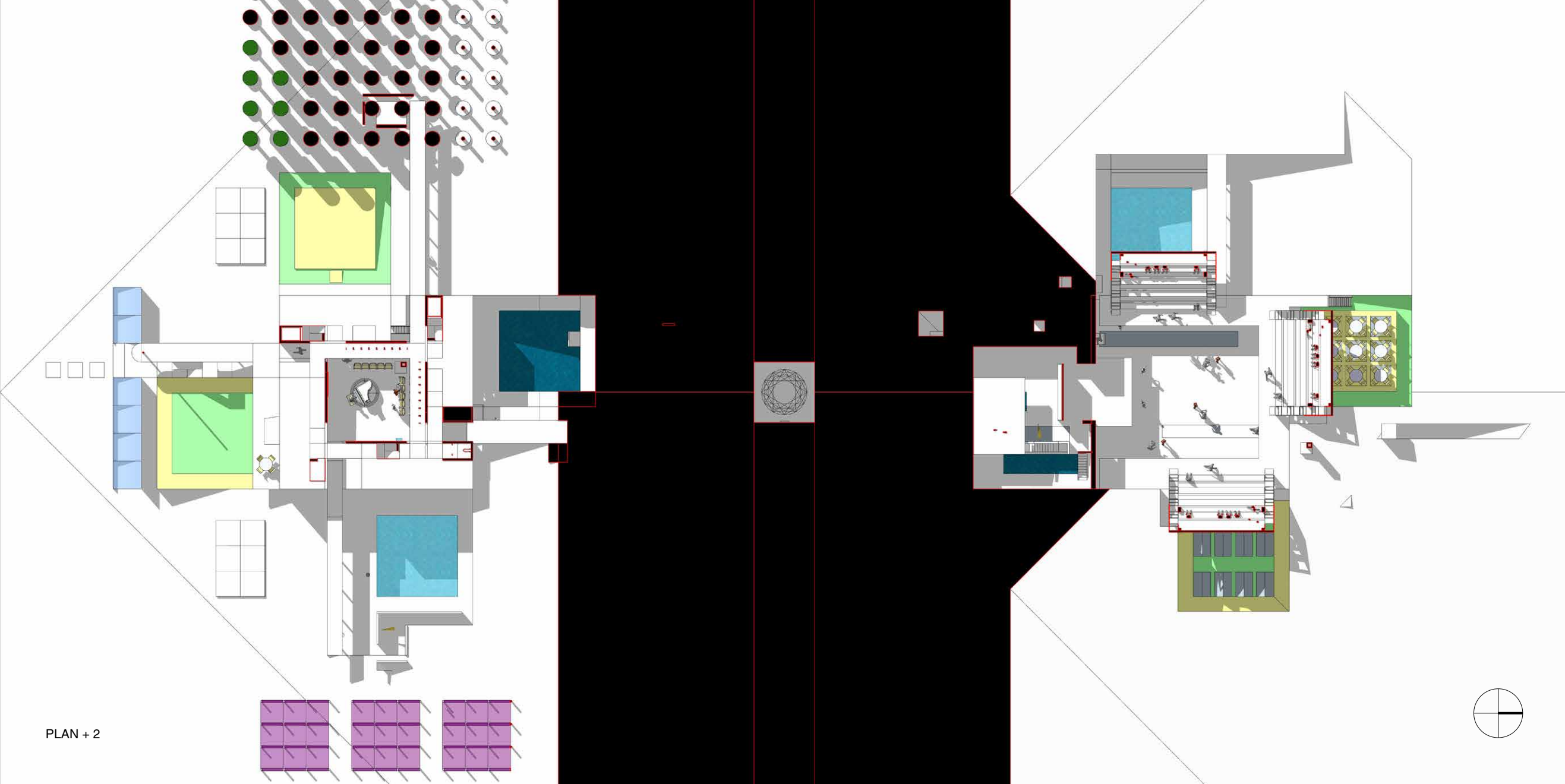




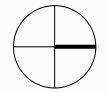
PLAN + 2.75

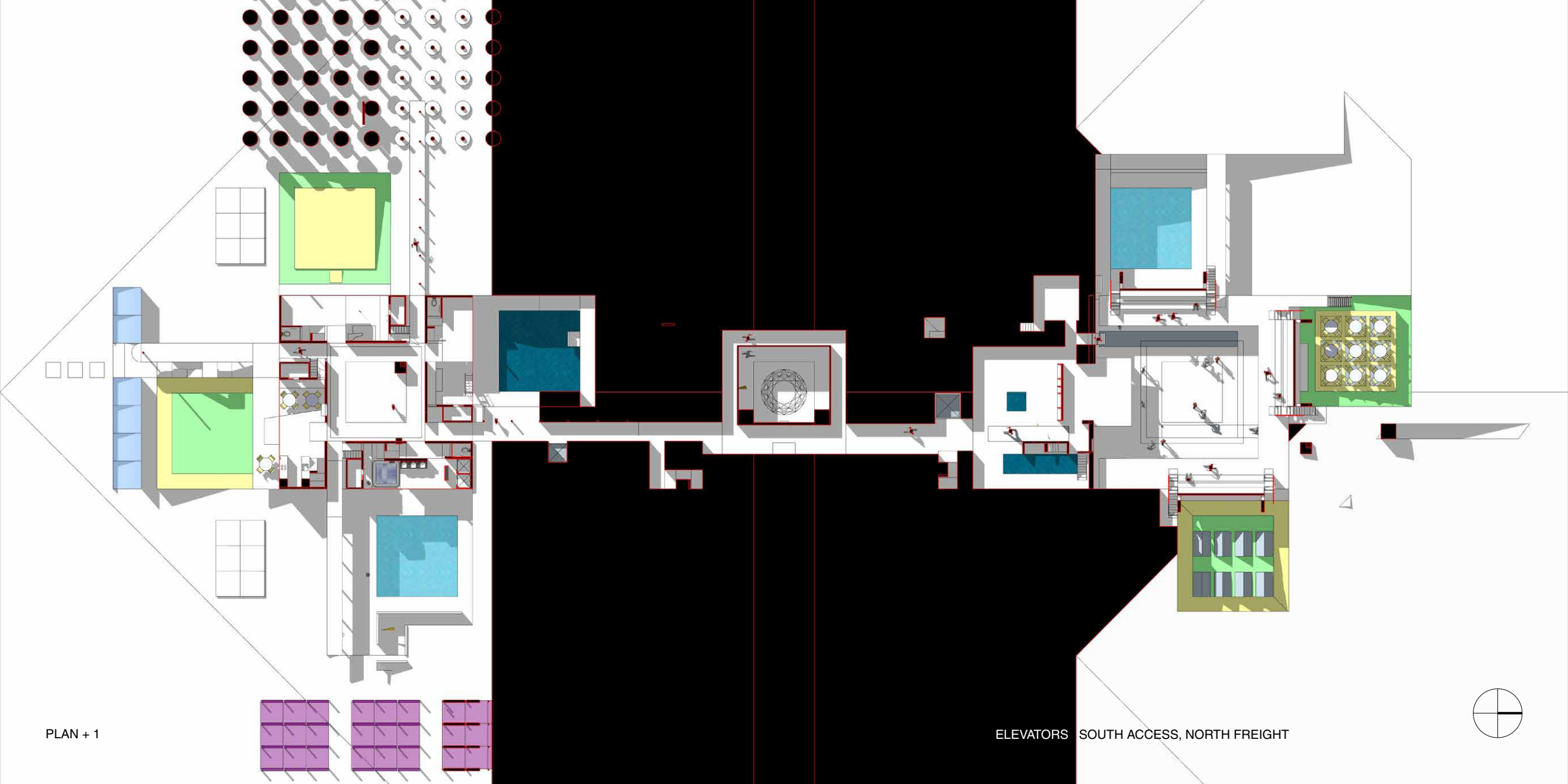
STADIUM SEATING: 3 X 5 ROWS X 12 PEOPLE = 180





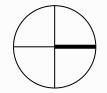
PLAN + 2





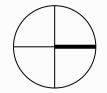
PLAN + 1

ELEVATORS SOUTH ACCESS, NORTH FREIGHT



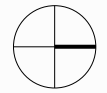


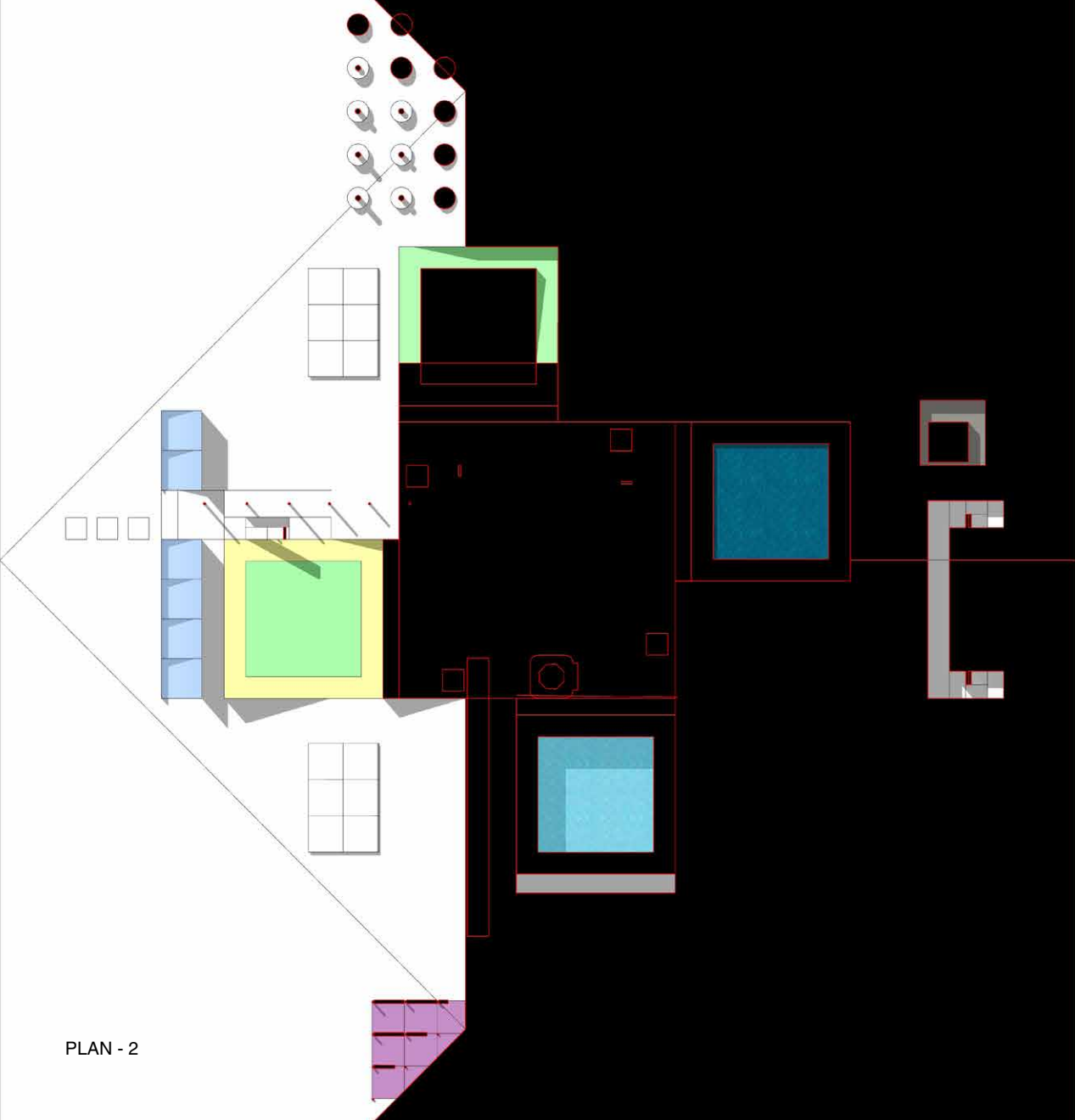
PLAN + 0



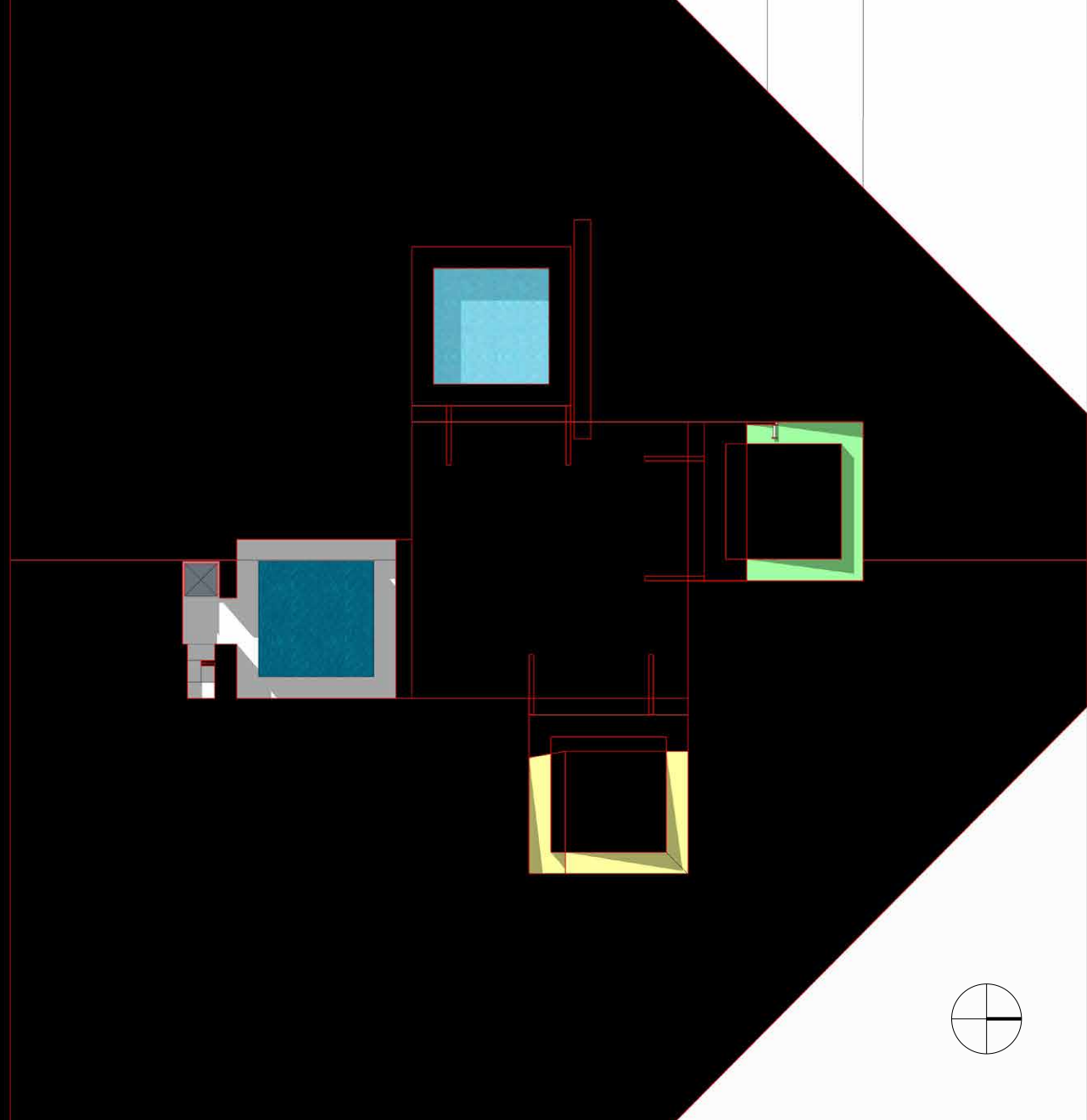


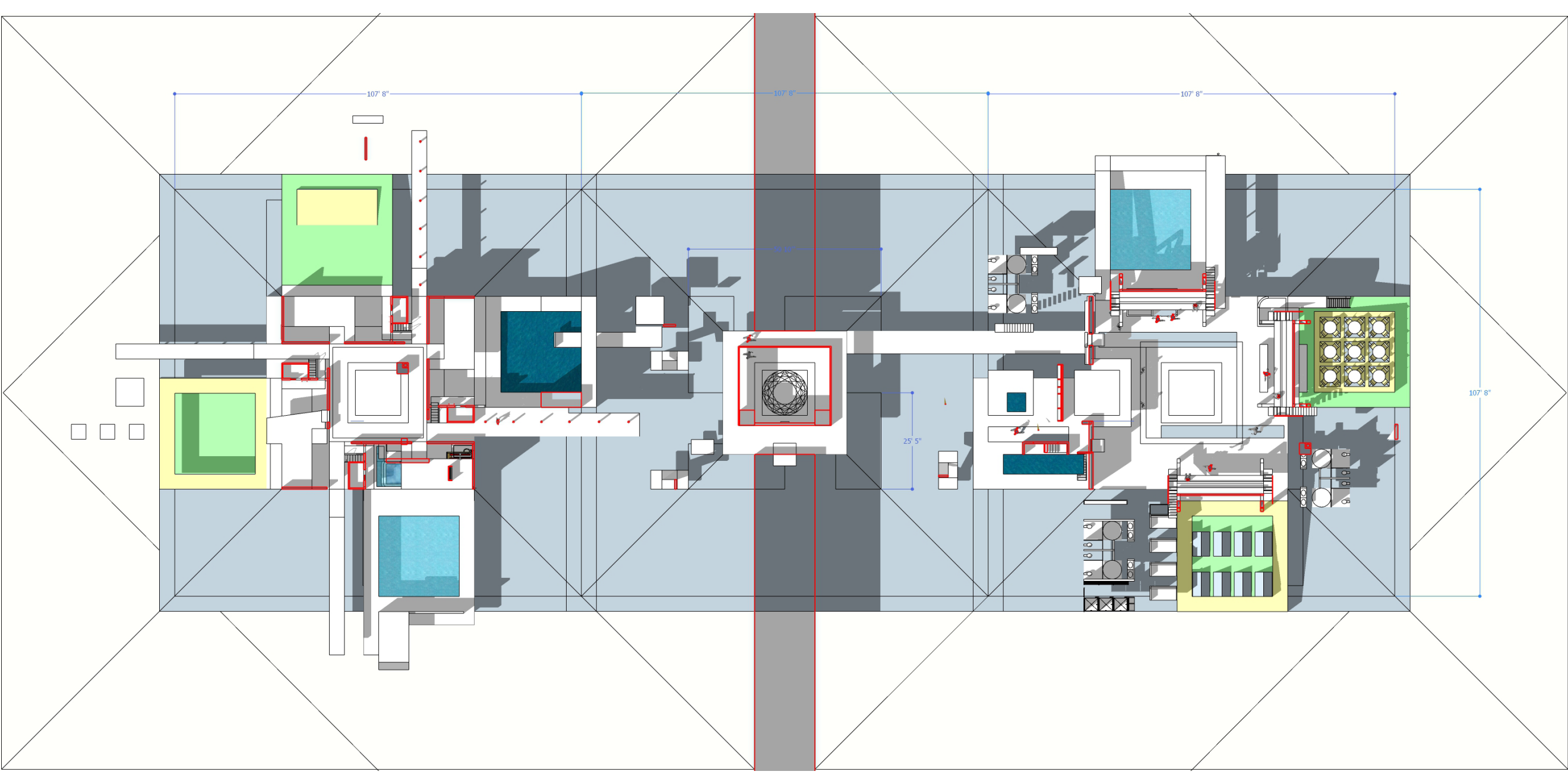
PLAN - 1



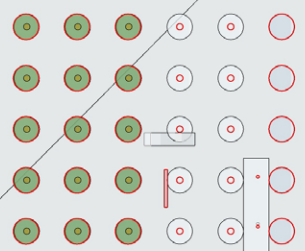


PLAN - 2





THE PLAN



YIN
YANG
UNION

ARENA

- PLAZA
- TICKETS
- SNACK BAR
- PICNIC TABLES
- PUP TENTS
- BUNKS
- SHOWERS
- TRADING POST
- MUSIC STORE
- INSTRUMENTS
- LIBRARY
- LESSONS
- COUNSELING
- CLINIC
- POOL

LODGE

- ATRIUM
- EAST SPRING
- MORNING WATER
- BATHING SAUNA SWIM
- SOUTH SUMMER
- NOON EARTH
- FIELD FOOD EATING
- WEST AUTUMN
- AFTERNOON AIR WOOD
- CARPENTRY INSTRUMENTS
- NORTH WINTER
- NIGHT ROCK QUARRY
- ELECTRONICS RECORDING

A

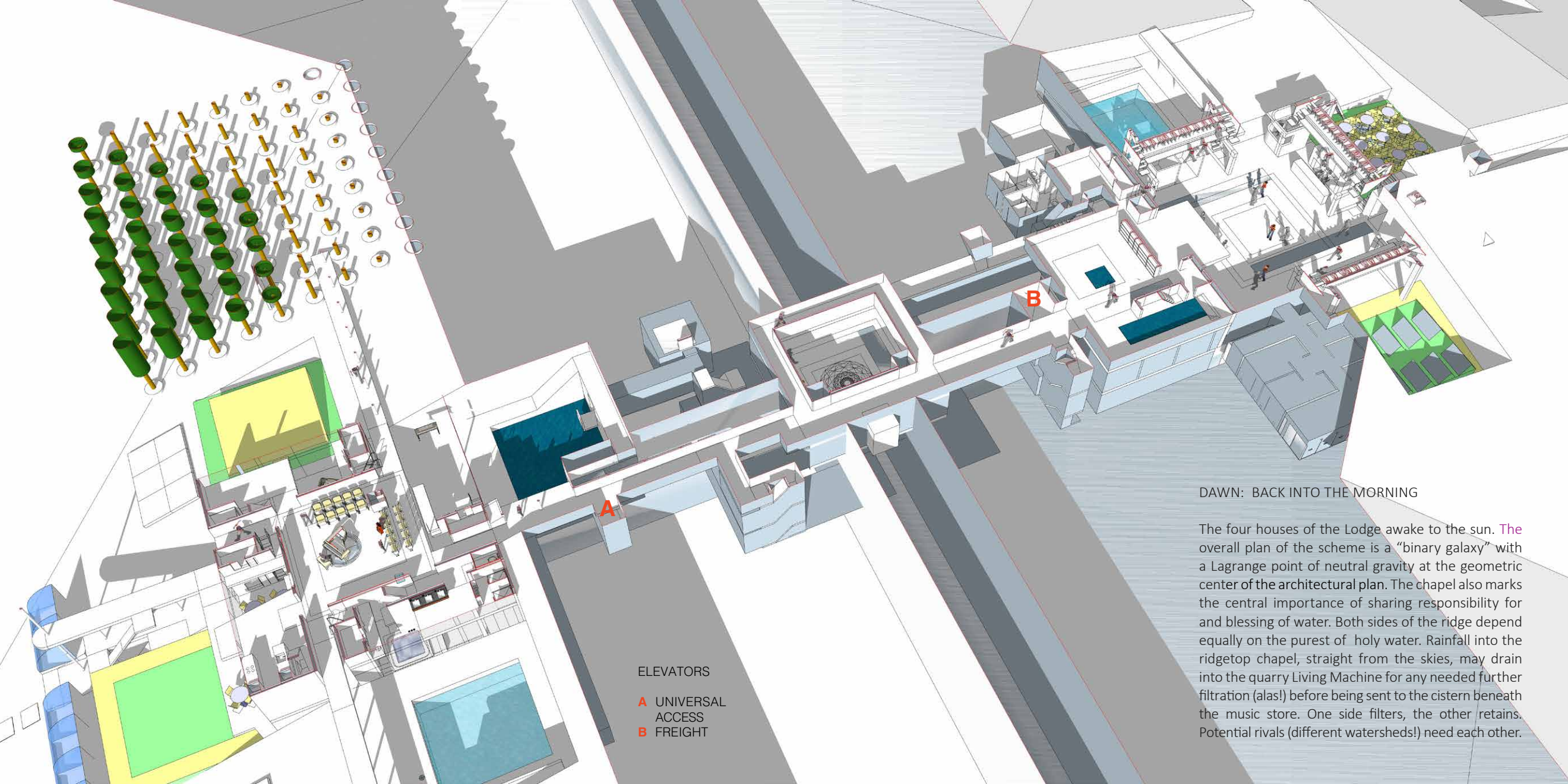
B

PRACTICE

PRAY

PERFORM





ELEVATORS

- A** UNIVERSAL ACCESS
- B** FREIGHT

DAWN: BACK INTO THE MORNING

The four houses of the Lodge awake to the sun. The overall plan of the scheme is a “binary galaxy” with a Lagrange point of neutral gravity at the geometric center of the architectural plan. The chapel also marks the central importance of sharing responsibility for and blessing of water. Both sides of the ridge depend equally on the purest of holy water. Rainfall into the ridgetop chapel, straight from the skies, may drain into the quarry Living Machine for any needed further filtration (alas!) before being sent to the cistern beneath the music store. One side filters, the other retains. Potential rivals (different watersheds!) need each other.



SUNRISE

late night sleep in spare bunk
quick breakfast jam still playing!
long walk back to new daytime life

ORPHEUS IN THE UNDERWORLD

Thelonious Monk gazing down at smoky piano keys or Keith Jarrett looking up to the sky recalls Orpheus, ur-musician and mythic son of Apollo and Calliope.

Orpheus sought to rescue his beloved Eurydice from Hades, who allowed her to leave only if Orpheus did not look at her until he reached the light beyond the caves of the underworld. But he turned too soon to assure she was still behind him, and she remained trapped among the dead forever.

A god of music going to hell to rescue love is like a *bodhisattva*, ("one whose goal is awakening" in Sanskrit) a person who can reach nirvana but delays doing so out of compassion in order to save suffering beings. Is this not the essence of a saint or *tzadik*?

So at sunrise our young apprentice makes a brief stop for *shachrit*, the morning service, at the chapel once again, in thanksgiving joyously recalling the great gifts of music he shared in the night, before heading back to the world of everyday.

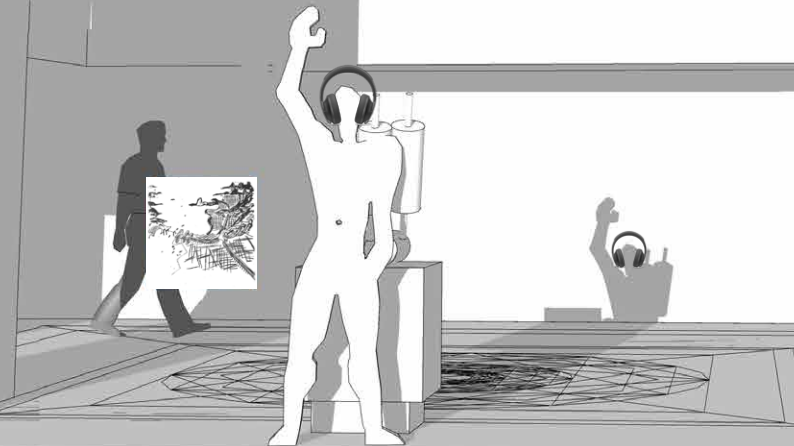


ORPHEUS RISING: ALTITUDE! ABOVE CITY, SEA, WORLD

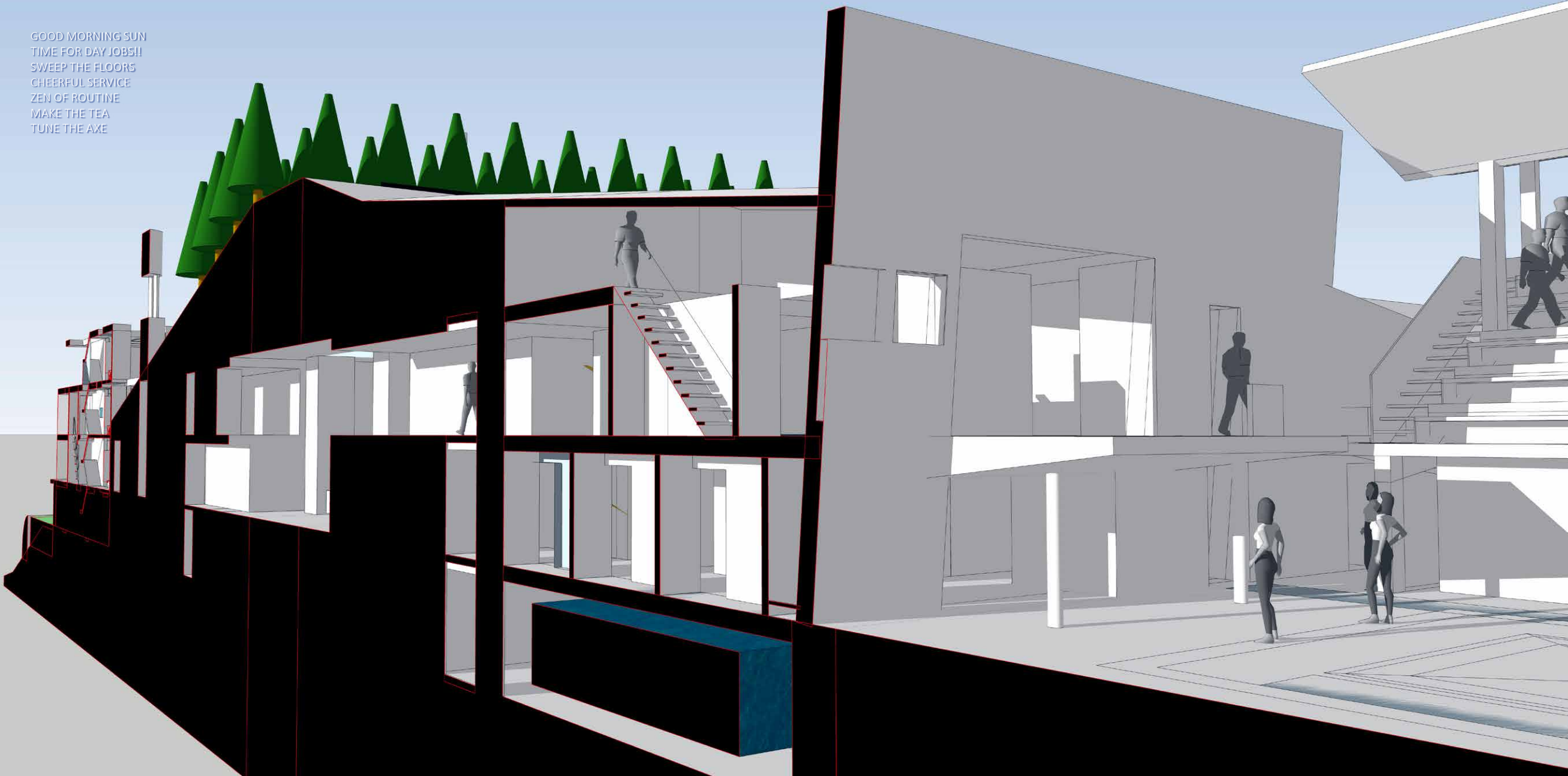
The film *Black Orpheus* is known for a musical dimension so strong that the film's roots are in sounds not images.

The first shot shows an ancient frieze of Orpheus and Eurydice. But the quiet reverie of the sound of a guitar softly strumming is shattered as the frieze explodes into shots of dancers preparing for Carnival. Yet even these colorful sights are undercut by the seductive driving beat of the *bossa nova*, introduced to the planet with this film. Not the least interesting aspect of the film, certainly to an architect, is how the poor live on the hilltop with the magnificent view, while the wealthy are huddled down along the beach. No doubt it was difficult daily commute (by funicular!) to get up and down those steep cliffs. But what a ride! What a view! Le Corbusier got it: see his 1936 sketches for Rio. The political commentary on who lives beside the lurid sins of hell and who lives close to heavenly light cannot be overlooked.

This movie's music, soundtrack, and vision are full of life: the chance happy shouts of children, the horns of ships in the harbor, the birds. *A felicidade*, an achingly poignant musical motif, means happiness or bliss in Brazilian. It epitomizes perhaps the softest moment of the 20th Century when the joy of peace after WW 2 is still blossoming into an optimism of worldwide delight in the morning sunrise, in the simplicity of everyday. It coincides with a moment of my youth in transition to adolescence, climbing the oak tree in front of our house, looking out *and down!* Into the world.

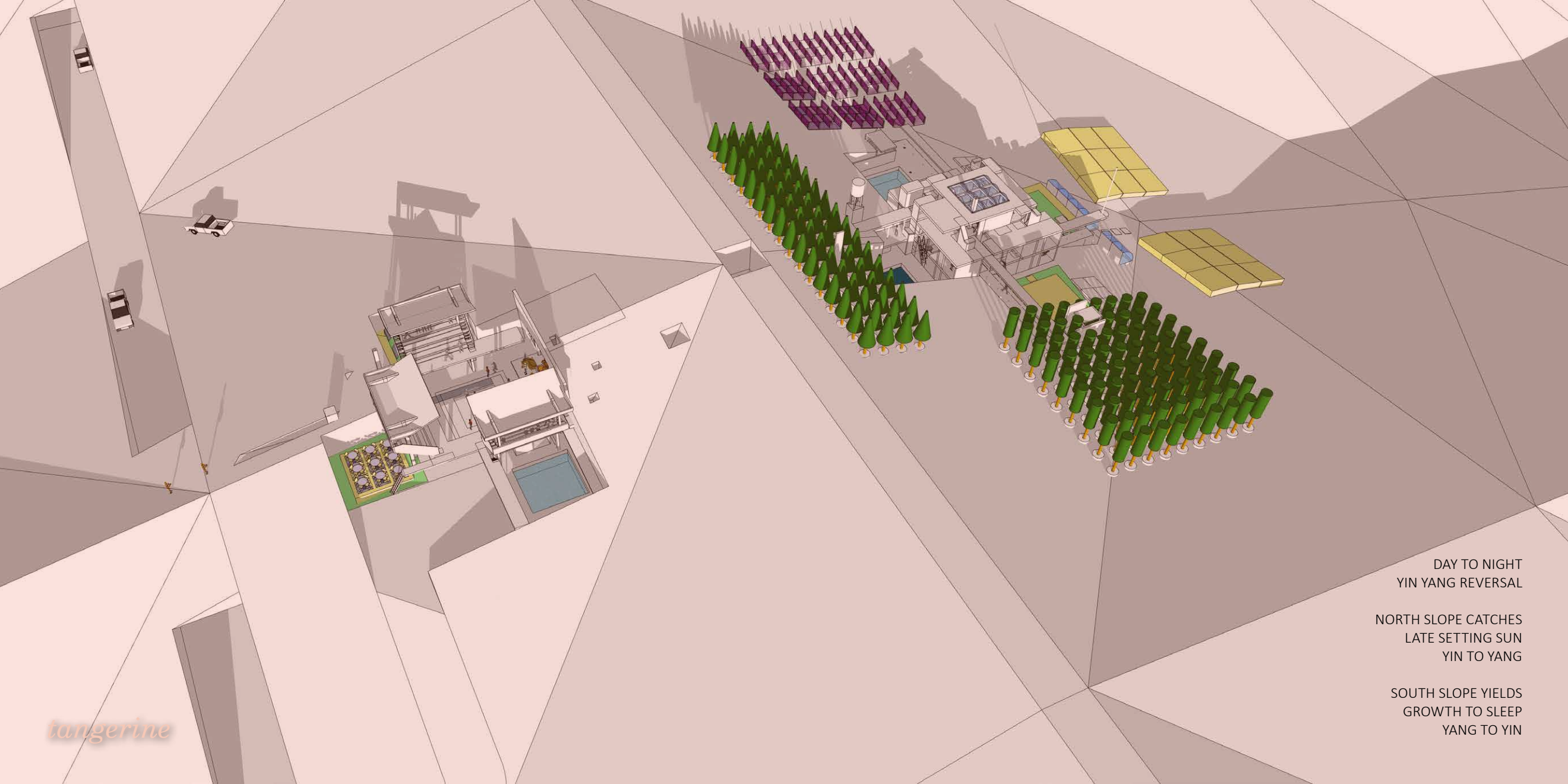


GOOD MORNING SUN
TIME FOR DAY JOBS!!
SWEEP THE FLOORS
CHEERFUL SERVICE
ZEN OF ROUTINE
MAKE THE TEA
TUNE THE AXE



A returning youngster grows in spirit mind and body, and more jobs need attention every day. Cooking at the snack bar, cleaning facilities, helping in the music store or thriftshop, work in the clinic. Everywhere there is someone to care for. Don't give up your day job... yet! But, after a full day serving in the arena of Compassion, in the gathering dusk you are invited backstage to help with the sound check. Night falls and it's showtime! Again. As the music liberates and transports, mind expands and spirit soars. Out into the world beyond, as apprentice becomes journeyman, from day trip to overnigher, then around the world. Into a life of service, a Rich life of joy.

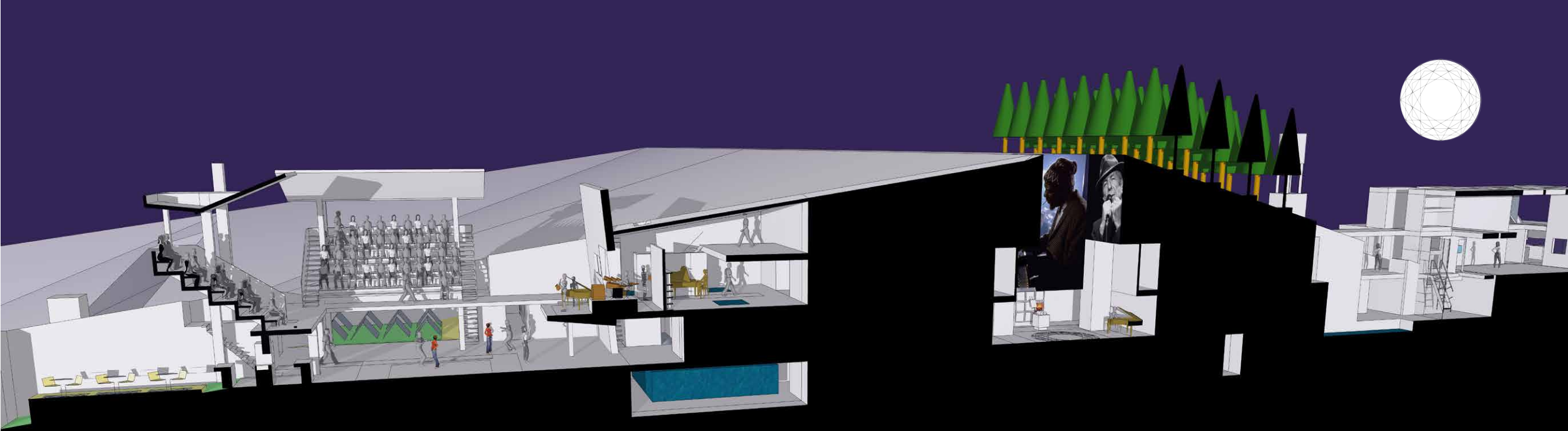




DAY TO NIGHT
YIN YANG REVERSAL

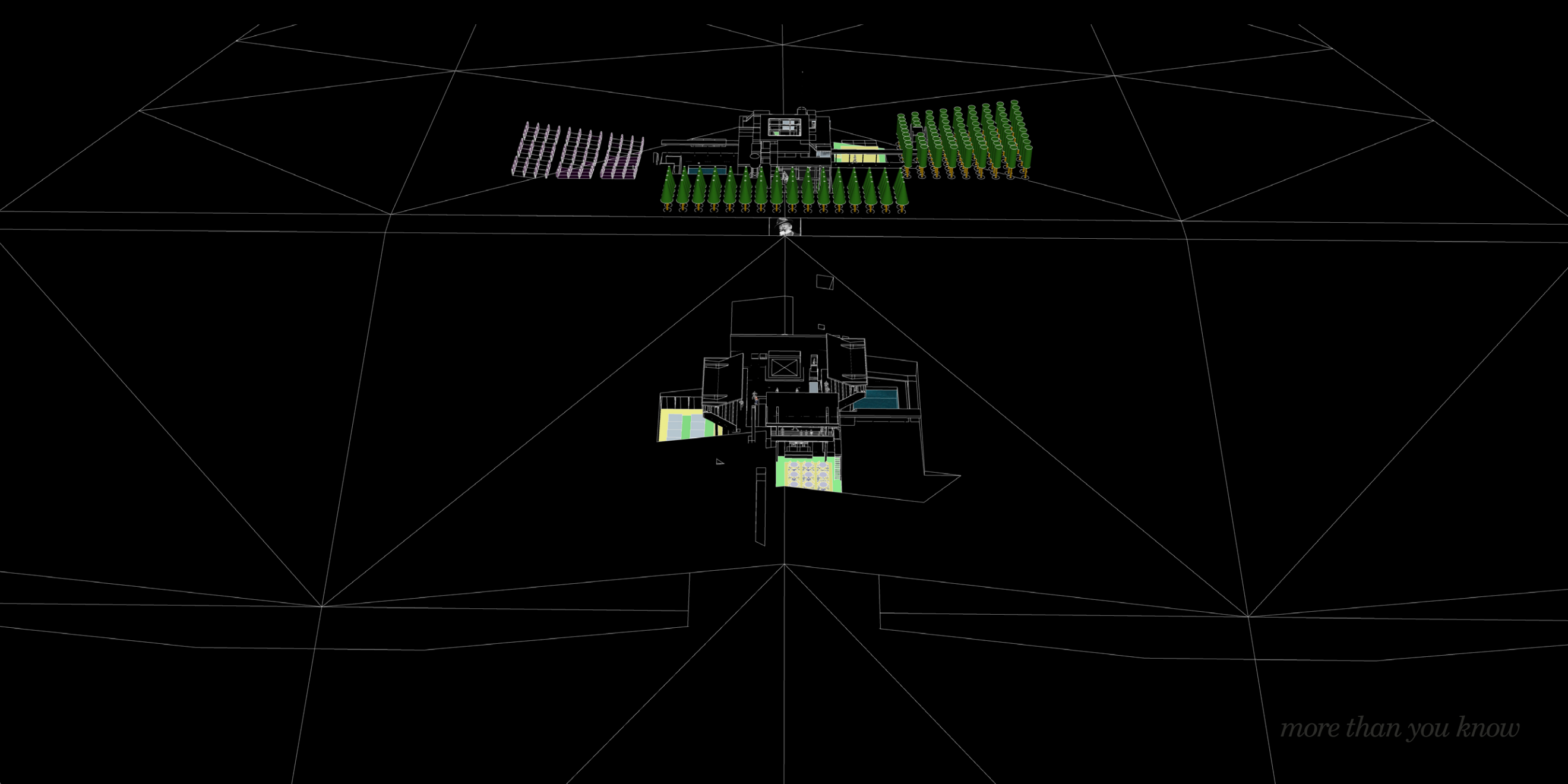
NORTH SLOPE CATCHES
LATE SETTING SUN
YIN TO YANG

SOUTH SLOPE YIELDS
GROWTH TO SLEEP
YANG TO YIN



fly me to the moon





more than you know

NIGHT AND CITY



In the World

*Barefooted and naked of breast, I mingle
with the people of the world.*

*My clothes are ragged and dust-laden, and I
am ever blissful.*

*I use no magic to extend my life;
Now, before me, the dead trees become
alive.*

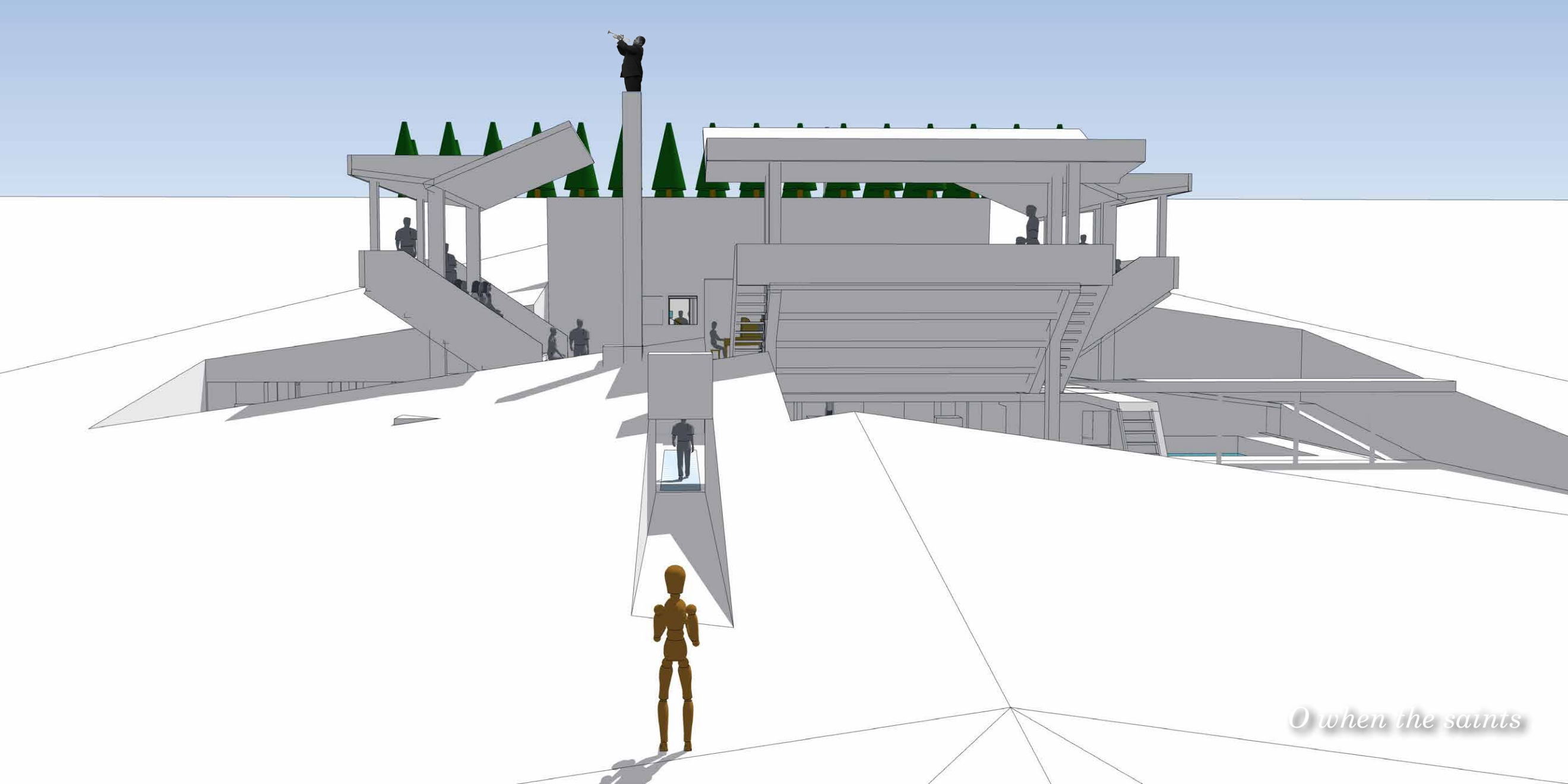
Comment: Inside my gate, a thousand sages do not know me. The beauty of my garden is invisible. Why should one search for the footprints of the patriarchs? I go to the marketplace with my wine bottle and return home with my staff. I visit the wineshop and the market, and everyone I look upon becomes enlightened.



hidden in plain sight....
36 righteous journeymen



return: the righteous come home



O when the saints

DISCOGRAPHY

An incomplete and incompletely annotated selection of music that I listened to and/or played during the design of this project.

SONGS

The 18 song titles taken from the American Songbook that are used as page spread captions in this work: *good morning heart-ache* ◦ *out of nowhere* ◦ *somewhere there's music* ◦ *how high the moon* ◦ *ghost of a chance* ◦ *look to the sky* ◦ *body and soul* ◦ *when the deep purple falls* ◦ *lush life* ◦ *God bless the child* ◦ *round midnight* ◦ *one o'clock jump* ◦ *giant steps* ◦ *softy as a morning sunrise* ◦ *fly me to the moon* ◦ *tangerine* ◦ *more than you know* ◦ *o when the saints*

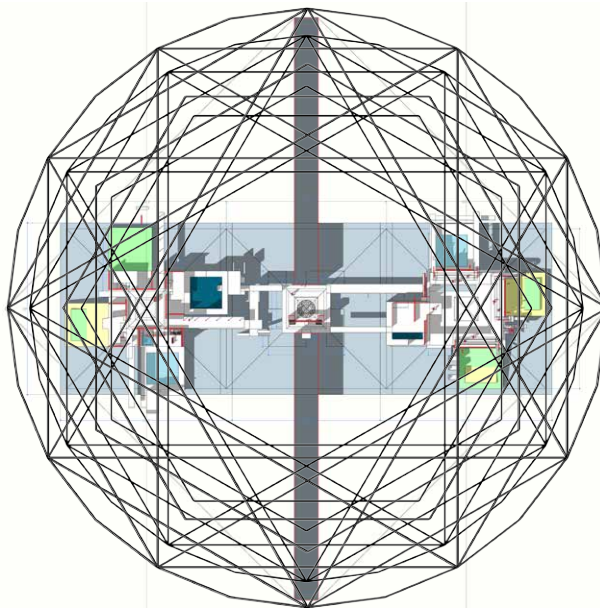
More selected songs I (try to) play on the piano: *a felicidade* ◦ *a foggy day* ◦ *all alone* ◦ *all my tomorrows* ◦ *black nile* ◦ *blue in green* ◦ *blue moon* ◦ *blue room* ◦ *bluesette* ◦ *but not for me* ◦ *come sunday corcovado* ◦ *crystal silence* ◦ *dancing on the ceiling* ◦ *embraceable you* ◦ *forest flower* ◦ *gentle rain* ◦ *how deep is the ocean* ◦ *jumpin at the woodside* ◦ *lament* ◦ *meditation* ◦ *menina flor* ◦ *mood indigo* ◦ *more than you know* ◦ *moonlight in vermont* ◦ *moonlight serenade* ◦ *my favortie things* ◦ *my little suede shoes* ◦ *naima* ◦ *night and day* ◦ *no more blues* ◦ *now's the time* ◦ *over the rainbow* ◦ *pennies from heaven* ◦ *poinciana* ◦ *prisoner of love* ◦ *quiet now* ◦ *skylark* ◦ *(la mer) somewhere across the sea* ◦ *song for my father* ◦ *spring can really hang you up the most* ◦ *st. louis blues* ◦ *stardust* ◦ *stormy weather* ◦ *stairway to the stars* ◦ *summer samba* ◦ *sunny* ◦ *tangerine* ◦ *tenderly* ◦ *til there was you* ◦ *these foolish things* ◦ *things aint what they used to be* ◦ *wave* ◦ *waltz for debbie* ◦ *what's new* ◦ *willow weep for me* ◦ *when sunny gets blue* ◦ *you are too beautiful* ◦ *you go to my head*

ALBUMS

Birth of the Cool ◦ Kind of Blue ◦ The Bridge ◦ Monk and Coltrane at Carnegie Hall ◦ The Gentle Side of Coltrane ◦ Duke Ellington and John Coltrane ◦ Canyon Trilogy ◦ Inside the Taj Mahal ◦ Inside Monument Valley ◦ Koln Concerts ◦ Solo Monk ◦ Carnegie Hall Jazz Concert 1938 ◦ The Art of Segovia ◦ Satch And Josh ◦ Black Orpheus ◦ My Favorite Things ◦ Blue Trane ◦ Blue Lester ◦ Artur Rubenstein Emperor Concerto at 88 years old ◦ Ahmad Jamal Poinciana at 88 years old

WORKS

Bach: Suites for Unaccompanied Cello
Mozart: Sonatas, Magic Flute
Beethoven: String Quartets, 9 Symphonies,
Gershwin: Rhapsody in Blue, Porgy and Bess



PERFORMERS / IMPROVISORS / COMPOSERS

Bix Duke Count Prez LadyDay Ella Monk Miles Trane Bird Diz Mingus Aretha Jobim Segovia Casals ◦ Keith Jarrett ◦ Carlos Nakai ◦ Paul Horn ◦ Louis Bonfa ◦ Norah Jones ◦ Jo Stafford ◦ Mary Lou Williams ◦ George Gershwin ◦ Yoyo Ma ◦ Robert Johnson ◦ The Beatles ◦ Doc Watson ◦ Chet Atkins ◦ JS Bach ◦ Beethoven ◦ Mozart ◦ Gorecki ◦ Handel ◦ Ahmad Jamal ◦ Carl Seemann ◦ Cannonball Adderly ◦ Art Tatum ◦ Bud Powell ◦ Benny Goodman ◦ Lionel Hampton ◦ Django ◦ Milt Jackson ◦ MJQ ◦ Fela Kuti ◦ Bill Evans ◦ Johnny Hartman ◦ Martial Solal ◦ Teddy Wilson ◦ Terrence Butler ◦ Nina Simone ◦ Ellis Larkins ◦ Oscar Peterson ◦ Joe Pass ◦ Jimmy Smith ◦ Gary Burton ◦ Dan Welcher ◦ Hildegard Von Bingen ◦ Meredith Monk ◦ Harold Arlen ◦ Hoagy Carmichael ◦ Phillip Glass ◦ Sonny Rollins ◦ Garrick Ohlsson ◦ Ari Snyder ◦ Ustad Ali Akbar Kahn ◦ Joseph Knecht ◦ Joseph Friedman ◦ Josephine Baker -- and the All-American Rhythm Section (Walter Page Jo Jones Freddie Green Count Basie)

and for us all... Mr. Louis Armstrong, the foundation of modern jazz-- the link that binds us all together. *What a wonderful world....*



BEYOND THE SEA

Some day we'll all be free. And travel again. And see each other. Some day we will all care for each other. For all my family-- Mar David Tony McKenzie Eevee Charlie my guide in jazz... and all The Cousins. And for my maker colleagues Paul Tony Ken Tony David Jayr Frances and Michael. Across the sea, for Evan, master of the globe, and for Pascal, who laid down the challenge which has kept me hopeful and busy in these dire times. Somewhere, across the sea, we'll go sailing.

Dedicated to: *Mar la mère la mer* my dear. You are a modern saint and tzadik. Without your eye and teaching and patience and love this work would still be a dirge, and a long way from joy. You know how to be in the world and you know how to love. You know how to make music of vision and the world. Thank you for our beloved young men Charlie and David and our beloved Mason & Hamlin, and your gift of time. You are the blessing of my life.

*If I could fly like birds on high
then straight to her arms
I'd go sailin'*

Mar, *This I dig of you. This is my little brown book* for you.

When I fall in love-- heaven. But not for me, it never entered my mind-- all alone, all blues, mood indigo, solitude, crystal silence-- til there was you, out of nowhere, from this moment on, alone together! It had to be you, my funny valentine. I love you more than you know-- east of the sun and west of the moon. At last, dedicated to you, my ship came in since I fell for you, embraceable you. All the things you are: someone to watch over me, easy to love, mercy mercy mercy...

Bewitched. You go to my head, forest flower, but beautiful. The way you look tonight, you are too beautiful. Things ain't what they used to be. How insensitive I was from hello young lovers to a child is born to just friends-- tenderly, easy living. In a sentimental mood I could write a book. My favorite things, memories of you: April in Paris (I'll remember April) summer samba, Indian summer, September song, autumn in New York, Manhattan, silver bells, poinciana. These foolish things (remind me of you.) As time goes by, try to remember when the world was young. It might as well be spring: joy spring! Isn't it romantic? They say it's wonderful, how high the moon. Our love is here to stay, all my tomorrows, la vie en rose, my one and only love. You are the sunshine of my life.

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- 75 Robert Slutzky
88 **X2 1982**, acrylic on canvas 40" x 40". For those who might wonder, here is the correct orientation for Bob's
- 90 Sonny Rollins photo David McLane/NY Daily News Archive via Getty Images
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NOTES

It is frustrating that the source for so many images available online is difficult if not impossible to find. When not definitive, the cited figure credits (opposite) are the best clues I could find. All architectural drawings, plans sections projections are taken from my original SketchUp models of the project. Other sketches, diagrams, and collages, are by author of this work.

This is a theoretical research study and thus is a non-profit enterprise. If and when it should be considered for commercial basis, all efforts to secure permissions for word and image selections will be made. Until then, they may be considered as fair use.

The smallest font size used in this work is 6 pt for some captions. The smallest font size for text (the *Magister Ludi* excerpt) is 7 pt. If the document is printed as a small square Blurb published book (slightly larger than 6" x 6") then some of this text might be too hard to read, especially for old or weak eyes. But at the larger square Blurb option of 12" x 12" all text will be proportionally larger, and easily legible. Digitally this is not a problem--zoom-in allows a PDF or similar file to be enlarged as much as may be desired.

Thelonious a name Solitary of All. Latin origin, Asctec Lord this with "omnipotent lord

Sphere Monk, which can mean Asctec L ord "Thelonious" of means "lord." Sphere! Compare Christ Pantocrator, of the universe."

A project of this complexity may have some inconsistencies in the presentation. The observant reader may note that renderings and diagrams may come from different versions of the architectural studies: there were over a thousand SketchUp study models. BUT the final SKP model TZAD 5.981.skp is the definitive architectural design, for better or worse. Sometimes an older rendered image is just more powerful and/or appropriate, and sometimes it was just impossible to duplicate and maintain those effects or overall quality of the view, image proportion, and light, with a newer architectural model. Often the eye was allowed to override the calculator. Perfection may not be possible here, or as zen masters suggest, it is only possible if imperfection is admitted.

See this link to an early animation of a virtual walk-through in a preliminary study of the project: <https://www.lushlight.com/tzad-video>

Thanks to Vishnu Anil for the inspiration and insights of his thesis.

Railings are omitted in almost all of the sketchup models and subsequent illustrations for both visual clarity and file size economy.

As Marcel Duchamp observed, there is much to be said for ready-mades and found objects. The SketchUP extension 3D warehouse offers the SketchUp user many remarkable 3D models made by other sketchup modelers. The ones used and often modified for this project include a cello, pianos, pickup truck, curtains, folding theater seats, sauna, hot tub, toilet fixtures, lathe, and drill press among others. I built the SketchUp models of the ships ladders used for the sleeping bunks using Architectural Graphic Standards type ship details found online.

Many elaborate human figures are also available @ 3D Warehouse. These are included in many venues, including the film industry. However, I seek the most generic and smallest file size (least polygons) I like the anonymity of these figures. Rather than the elaborate ones so often seen in Entourage and fancy renderings, these generic ones invite all kinds of projective imagination onto them. And these days, gray is an appropriately non-specific skin tone. Jazz was among the earliest cultural phenomena to be integrated, and indeed to embrace that Black Lives Matter.

During the course of this production certain SketchUp "tricks of the trade" appeared that might be worth sharing. Unlike CAD software, SketchUp rewards the practice of one file = one model = one space. This permits precision design via easy paste-in-place between model subsets and details. It is a magical sort of spacetime travel.

In this study, the most useful SketchUp Extensions have been: auto-invisible layer ON/OFF (free from Extensions warehouse) and Eneroth View Memory (\$20.)

To do boolean subtraction on complex solid models (for example to make caves or tunnels in landscape solids) make copies of the solids you will subtract from the ones which will get the holes, and paste them in place onto a new layer so when so when the solids disappear in the subtraction operation, there will be another set precisely located for later use. And by all means download the extension SOLID INSPECTOR², YOU WILL NEED IT!

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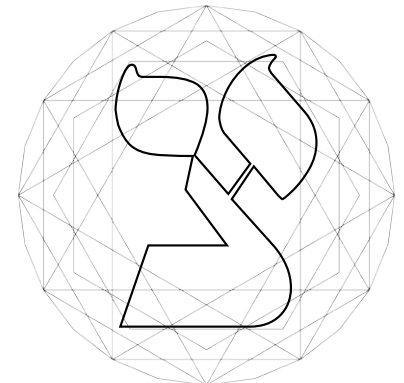
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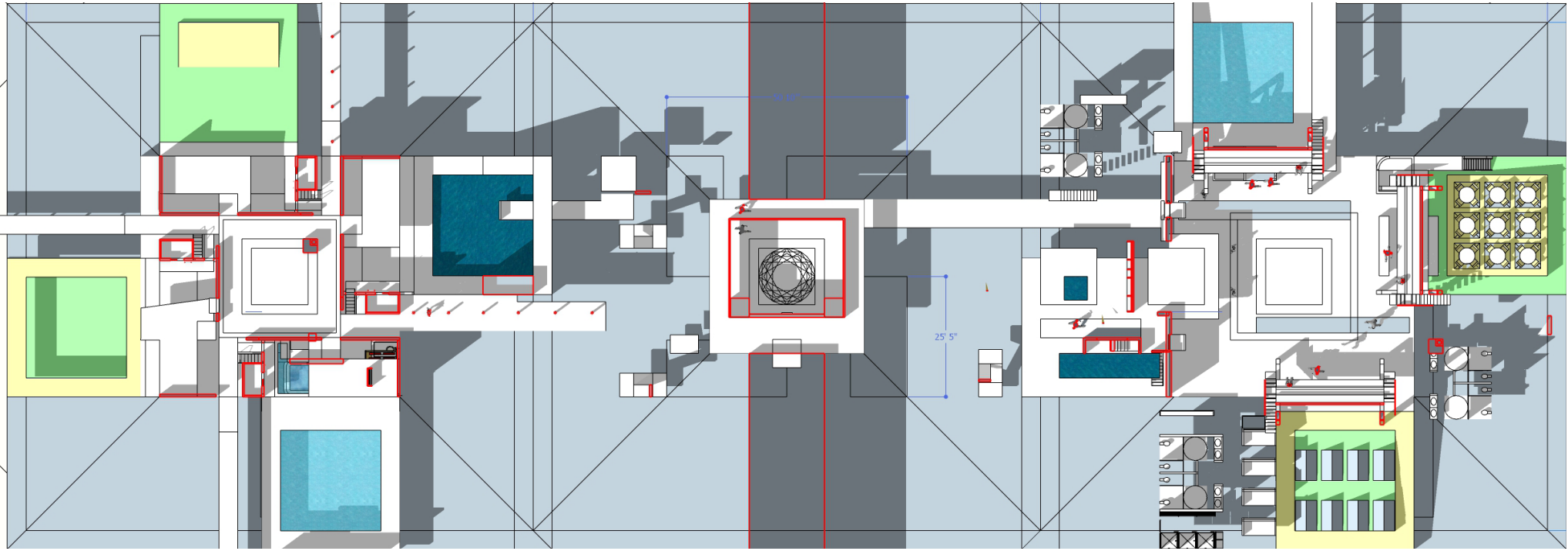
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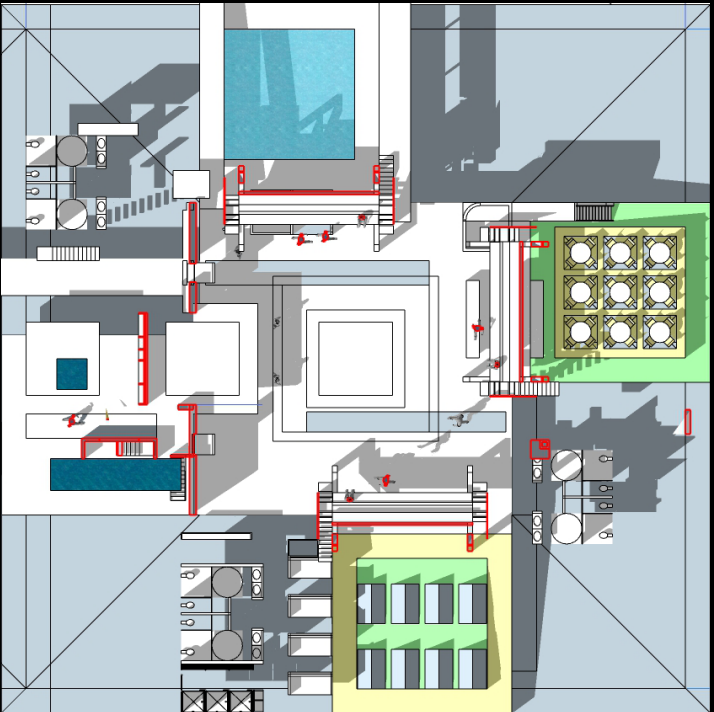
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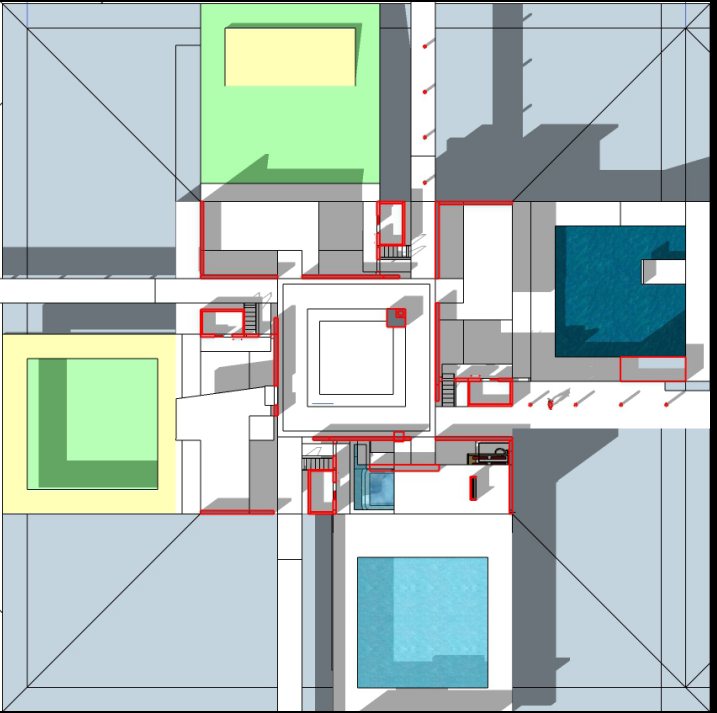




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