



**What**

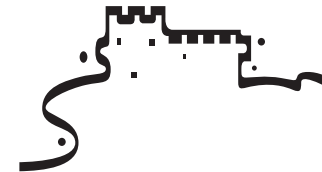
**You**

**Crave**

**Bauer Verlag**

What You Crave





*b*



*actorum memores simul affectamus agenda*



♦♦ I waked one morning at the beginning of last June from a dream, of which all I could recover was, that I had thought myself in an ancient castle (a very natural dream for a head filled like mine with Gothic story) and that on the uppermost banister of a great staircase I saw a gigantic hand in armour. In the evening I sat down and began to write, without knowing in the least what I intended to say or relate. The work grew on my hands, and I grew fond of it - add that I was very glad to think of anything rather than politics - in short I was so engrossed in my tale, which I completed in less than two months, that one evening I wrote from the time I had drunk my tea, about six o'clock, till half an hour after one in the morning, when my hand and fingers were so weary, that I could not hold the pen to finish the sentence, but left Matilda and Isabella talking, in the middle of a paragraph."

## The Castle of Otranto

(...)Manfred, Prince of Otranto, had one son and one daughter: the latter, a most beautiful virgin, aged eighteen, was called Matilda. Conrad, the son, was three years younger, a homely youth, sickly, and of no promising disposition; yet he was the darling of his father, who never showed any symptoms of affection to Matilda. Manfred had contracted a marriage for his son with the Marquis of Vicenza's daughter, Isabel-la; and she had already been delivered by her guardians into the hands of Manfred, that he might celebrate the wedding as soon as Conrad's infirm state of health would permit.

Manfred's impatience for this ceremonial was remarked by his family and neighbours. The former, indeed, apprehending the severity of their Prince's disposition, did not dare to utter their surmises on this precipitation. Hippolita, his wife, an amiable lady, did sometimes venture to represent the danger of marrying their only son so early, considering his great youth, and greater infirmities; but she never received any other answer than reflections on her own sterility, who had given him but one heir. His tenants and subjects were less cautious in their discourses. They attributed this hasty wedding to the Prince's dread of seeing accomplished an ancient prophecy, which was said to have pronounced that



the castle and lordship of Otranto "should pass from the present family, whenever the real owner should be grown too large to inhabit it." It was difficult to make any sense of this prophecy; and still less easy to conceive what it had to do with the marriage in question. Yet these mysteries, or contradictions, did not make the populace adhere the less to their opinion.



Young Conrad's birthday was fixed for his espousals. The company was assembled in the chapel of the Castle, and everything ready for beginning the divine office, when Conrad himself was missing. Manfred, impatient of the least delay, and who had not observed his son retire, despatched one of his attendants to summon the young Prince. The servant, who had not stayed long enough to have crossed the court to Conrad's apartment, came running back breathless, in a frantic manner, his eyes staring, and foaming at the mouth. He said nothing, but pointed to the court.(...)

*Horace Walpole*

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d

The gothic had a false start with Latrobe, but generally received little attention during most of the federal period; the public simply did not display enough interest in the style to make it worthwhile for an architect to specialize in it.

The many books on Medieval buildings flowing from England at the beginning of the century provided sound information on Gothic design, but served more to nourish and antiquarian appetites than to influence public taste. (...)

Sir Walter Scott's novels, with their vivid historical narrative, heroic characters and detailed description of gothic buildings, electrified American imagination and opened American eyes to Medieval pageantry and color.(..)

The rapid changes brought about in American life in the 1820s and '30s by industrialization, urban growth, and technolog-

ical advance had an overwhelming effect on the national psyche. The new republic came to yearn for a stability of history and tradition that seemed somehow lacking.

Alienated from the mother country by the Revolution and the War of 1812, Americans were seeking elsewhere for an historic identity.

Scott's famous House, Abbotsford, which between 1811 and 1823 grew, under his supervision, from a small farmhouse into a baronial castle, greatly stimulated the fashion for living in a Romantic setting permeated with a sense of history.(...)

Abbotsford became widely known in America. Descriptions of it greatly contributed to dissatisfaction with the chaste Greek Revival and created a longing for the evocative charms of the gothic. This demand was met by such architects as A. J. Davis, Minard Lafever(q.v.), (and critics as A. J. Downing) who unhesitatingly switched the style of much of their output from Greek to Gothic as clients began to demand Tudor towers rather than porticoed temples, and by scores of carpenters and masons, who in the 1830s and '40s spread their naïve and delightful interpretation of the Gothic style across America.

*Loth & Trousdale Sandler, Jr.*



f

**W**enn das Haus in sein Wesen kommt, so geht der Zimmermann hinaus, und zwar darum, weil der Zimmermann nicht ganz und gar die Ursache des Hauses ist, sondern er nimmt die Materie von der Natur. *Meister Eckhardt*

**M**ayor Harrauld is building an extensive Castle (by A. J. Davis) on the lot attached to his present residence on Golden Hill.- It will be of the Gothic order, fronting about 76 feet and extending back about 100 feet and there are to be towers an what nots. The main tower will be some 60 feet height.- The building, which is to be brick with stucco, will be completed by another summer. It will make a very handsome appearance. *Republican Standard*





Billy Ingram & Walter Anderson

Musical score for Billy Ingram & Walter Anderson. The score is written for piano (pp) and features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody consists of a series of eighth notes, with a 2x repeat sign above the first two measures. The bass line consists of a series of eighth notes, with a 4x repeat sign above the first four measures, a 2x repeat sign above the next two measures, and a 3x repeat sign above the final three measures. The piece concludes with a *poco rit.* marking.



Andrew Jackson Downing

Musical score for Andrew Jackson Downing. The score is written for piano (p) and features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody consists of a series of eighth notes, with a 2x repeat sign above the first two measures, a 4x repeat sign above the next two measures, and a 2x repeat sign above the final two measures. The bass line consists of a series of eighth notes, with a 4x repeat sign above the first four measures, a 2x repeat sign above the next two measures, and a 4x repeat sign above the final two measures. The piece is divided into two sections, labeled 1 and 2, with a repeat sign at the end of section 2.

Meister Eckhart

Musical score for Meister Eckhart. The score is written for piano (pp) and features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody consists of a series of eighth notes, with a 2x repeat sign above the first two measures, a 4x repeat sign above the next two measures, and a 2x repeat sign above the final two measures. The bass line consists of a series of eighth notes, with a 4x repeat sign above the first four measures, a 2x repeat sign above the next two measures, and a 3x repeat sign above the final three measures. The piece concludes with a *poco rit.* marking.



Fifteen years ago there was but one relating to a house in the country. It must be a Grecian temple. Whether twentee feet or hundred feet front, it must have its columns and portico. There might be comfortable rooms behind them or not; that was a matter wich the severe taste of the classical builder could not stoop to consider. The roof might be so flat, that there was no space for comfortable servants bedrooms, or the attic so hot that the second story was uninhabitable in a midsummer's day. But of what consequence was that, if the portico was copied from the Temple of Theseus, or the columns were miniature imitations in wood of thoso of Jupiter Olympus? We have made a great step onward in that short fifteen years. There is, to be sure, a fashion

Now in building houses in the country- almost as prevalent an despotic as its

pseudo-classical predecessor, but it is a far more rational and sensible one, and though likely to produce the same unsatisfactory effect of all other fashions- that is to substitute sameness and monotony for tasteful individuality- yet we gladly accept it as the next step onward.

We allude, of course, to the Gothic or English Cottage, with steep roofs and high gables-just now the ambition of almost every person building in the country. There are indeed, few things so beautiful as a cottage of this kind, well designed and tastefully placed. There is nothing all the world over, so truly rural and unmistakable country-like as this very cottage, which has been developed in so much perfection (..) in the English Landscape. And for this reason, because it is essentially rural and country-like, we gladly welcome its general naturalization (with the needful variation of the veranda, demanded by our climate), as the type of most of our country dwellings. But it is time to enter a protest against the absolute and indiscriminate employment of Gothic cottage in every site(..).

*J. A. Downing*





## Auf einer Burg

Eingeschlafen auf der Lauer  
Oben ist der alte Ritter;  
Drüber gehen Regenschauer,  
Und der Wald rauscht durch das Gitter.

Eingewachsen Bart und Haare,  
Und versteinert Brust und Krause,  
Sitzt er viele hundert Jahre  
Oben in der stillen Klause.

Draußen ist es still und friedlich,  
Alle sind ins Tal gezogen,  
Waldesvögel einsam singen  
In den leeren Fensterbogen.

Eine Hochzeit fährt da unten  
Auf dem Rhein im Sonnenscheine,  
Musikanten spielen munter,  
Und die schöne Braut die weinet.



## In a castle

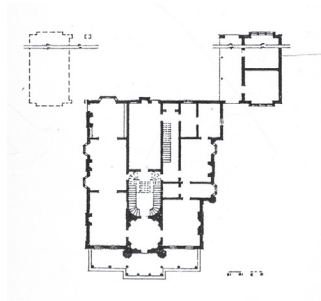
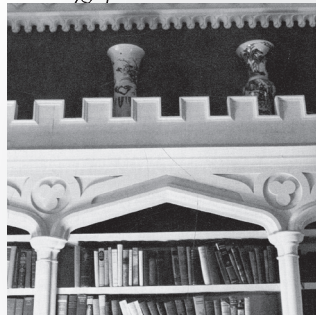
Asleep on his watch  
up there is the old knight;  
above move rainshowers,  
and the wood rustles through the grill.

Beard and hair grown into one,  
chest and ruff have turned to stone;  
he sits for many hundreds of years  
above in his silent den.

Outside it is quiet and peaceful:  
all have taken to the valley;  
woodbirds sing  
alone in the empty arching windows.

A wedding passes by below  
on the Rhine, in the sunlight:  
musicians play gaily  
and the fair bride - she weeps.

*Joseph Freiherr von Eichendorff*



When Charles Bruce built Staunton Hill in 1848 the “superior” Greek had been supplanted by the gothic as fashions darling, although just ten years before, his brother James built Berry Hill, Halifax County, in the purest of Greek Revival. The disparate styles of these two family mansions exemplify the abrupt change in American taste. Bruce commissioned *William W. Boyington* to design his house, and departed on a Grand Tour.

Eighteen months later, with a new bright, he moved into his new mansion.

Staunton Hill with its accented entrance and center hall, and a range of rooms of either side, avoids the asymmetrical messiness that characterized many of the later gothic houses.

The exterior is much in the castellated style, but a domestic touch is introduced in the elegant piazza of grey Italian marble

wich contrasts with the somewhat severe stuccoed walls.

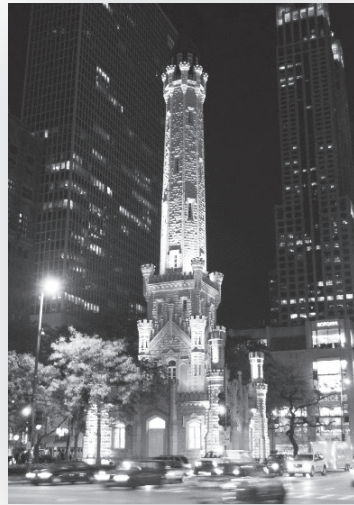
He also erected the Chicago Water Tower in 1869 made of yellow limestone. It belongs to the few buildings which survived the Great Fire from 1871. He was commissioned to integrate the water pump station inconspicuously in a new building. It turned out to be a Neo-Gothic castle with turrets and battlements, ridiculed by the public.

*Loth & Trousdale Sandler, Jr.*

10

Oscar Wilde said the Chicago Water Tower looked like “a castellated monstrosity with pepper boxes stuck all over it,” although he did admire the arrangement and movement of the pumping machinery inside.

“Mr. Wilde,” said the reporter, “are you aware that you wounded the pride of our best citizens by referring slightly to our water-tower?” “I can’t help that. It’s really too absurd. If you build a water-tower, why don’t you build it for water and make a simple structure of it, instead of building it like a castle, where one expects to see mailed knights peering out of every part. It seems a shame to me that the citizens of Chicago have spent so much money on buildings with such an unsatisfactory result from an architectural point of view. Your city looks positively dreary to me.” and the esthete closed his eyes as if to shut out the view of



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k

a flat across the street.

*The Chicago Tribune*

The tower has undergone two renovations. The first took place during a three-year period, 1913–1916. At that time many of the limestone blocks were replaced. The second renovation occurred in 1978. This renovation consisted mostly of interior changes with only minor changes made to the exterior of the building. The Water Tower’s castle-like style inspired the design of many White Castle restaurant buildings. The first White Castle building measured 28 feet (8.5 m) by 28 feet (8.5 m) and was made to resemble the Chicago Water Tower, with octagonal buttresses, crenelated towers, and a parapet wall.



11

Substance for a writer consists not merely of those realities he thinks he discovers; it consists even more of those realities which have been made available to him by the literature and idioms of his own day and by the images that still have vitality in the literature of the past. Stylistically, a writer can express his feeling about this substance either by imitation, if it sits well with him, or by parody, if it doesn’t.

*Richard Poirier*



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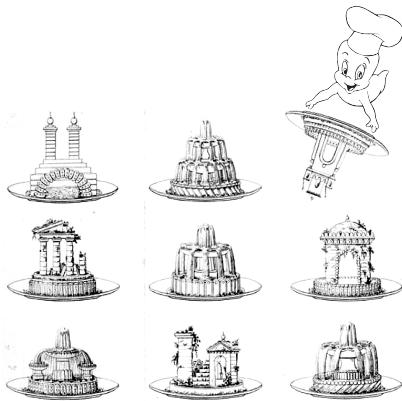
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12

**T**he city in the sea

No rays from the holy heaven come down  
On the long night-time of that town;  
But light from out the lurid sea  
Streams up the turrets silently —  
Gleams up the pinnacles far and free —  
Up domes — up spires — up kingly halls —  
Up fanes — up Babylon-like walls —  
Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers  
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers —  
Up many and many a marvellous shrine  
Whose wreathed friezes intertwine  
The viol, the violet, and the vine.

*E. A. Poe*



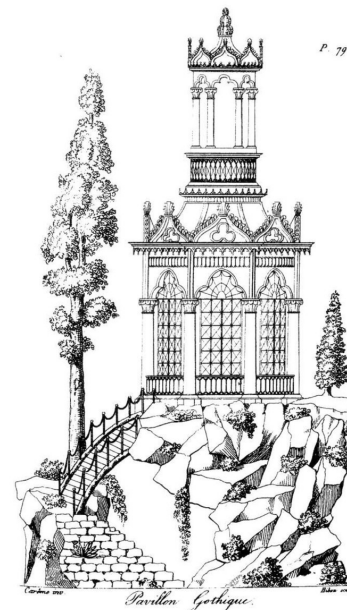
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Consider, for example, his extraordinary “moss-decorated grotto,” Marie-Antoine Careme described in his *Le Pâtissier Parisien*: “The effect of this large centerpiece is very picturesque. It is round in shape and has four arcades. It is made of hard sweetmeat à la reine, which must also be glazed: one part with rose-colored sugar, one with caramelized sugar, and the rest with lump sugar to which you add saffron; but in removing the hard sweetmeats from the saucepan, you form groups from five to eight and from ten to twelve, over which you sprinkle coarse sugar and chopped pistachios. The rock forms four arcades, which are made up of ring biscuits of almond puff pastry (which you powder with fine sugar sifted through silk). You simply line up these ring biscuits without attaching them at the vertical joints, which in no time produces a nice ridge of rocks.

13

q

Le pâtissier pittoresque



You surround it with meringues glazed and garnished with vanilla cream. The pedestal is made of German waffles; the garnish is Genoese pastries in rings, studded with sugar pearls. The bower is crowned with a small waterfall in silvery spun sugar.”<sup>3</sup> This miniature landscape certainly bears comparison with the Grotte de Thétis in the gardens of Versailles, or the blue grotto at Linderhof created for the mad King Ludwig of Bavaria.

The styles of caremes piece montees was coherent with the landscape aesthetics of the epoch, based in the intricate aesthetic conditions of neo classicism linked to the effects of the purely pitoresque; there was no allusiveness, no symbolism, no sublimine.

Carême, the architectural autodidact whom one gastronome referred to as “the Palladio of cuisine,” spent untold hours studying drawing, architecture, and garden design (notably works on garden follies) at the Cabinet des Estampes of the Bibliothèque Nationale (Royale) in Paris. This is attested to by his volumes *Le Pâtissier Pittoresque* (1815) and *Le Pâtissier Royal Parisien* (1815), where it is evident that his inspiration was both classical and romantic, though his classicism syncretically responded to the aesthetics of many civilizations. His spun sugar creations in the forms of pavilions, rotundas, temples, towers, fortresses, mills, hermitages, and



ruins of all sorts, were created in a great diversity of styles: Italian, Turkish, Islamic, Russian, Polish, Venetian, Chinese, Irish, Gallic, Egyptian, and so forth. All this was finally combined in an imaginative mélange whose results would transgress the historical limits of both architecture and cuisine. This conflation of styles and epochs is, in the case of both Landscape architect and pastry chef, a fantasized, stylized reduction of historical detail to imaginative decorative fancy.

*Allen S. Weiss*

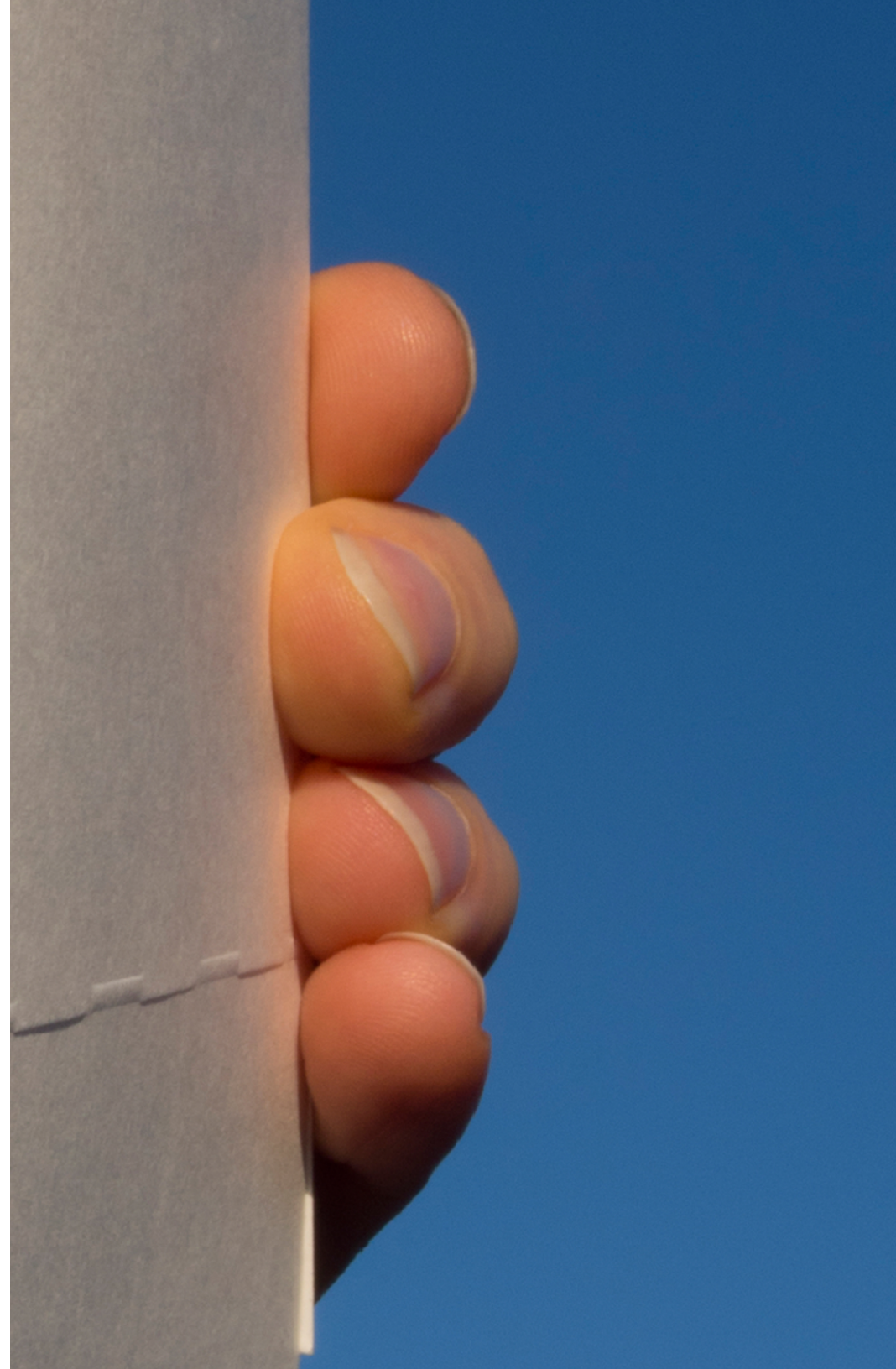
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Just as an analysis of the structure of a Gothic cathedral need not include a debate on the morality of medieval religion, so Las Vegas's values are not questioned here. The morality of commercial advertising, gambling interests, and the competitive instinct is not at issue here, although indeed, we believe it should be in an architect's broader, synthetic tasks of which an analysis such as this is but one aspect. The analysis of a drive-in church in this context would match that of a drive-in restaurant, because this is a study of method, not content. Analysis of one of the architectural variables in isolation from the others is a respectable scientific and humanistic activity, so long as all are resynthesized in design.

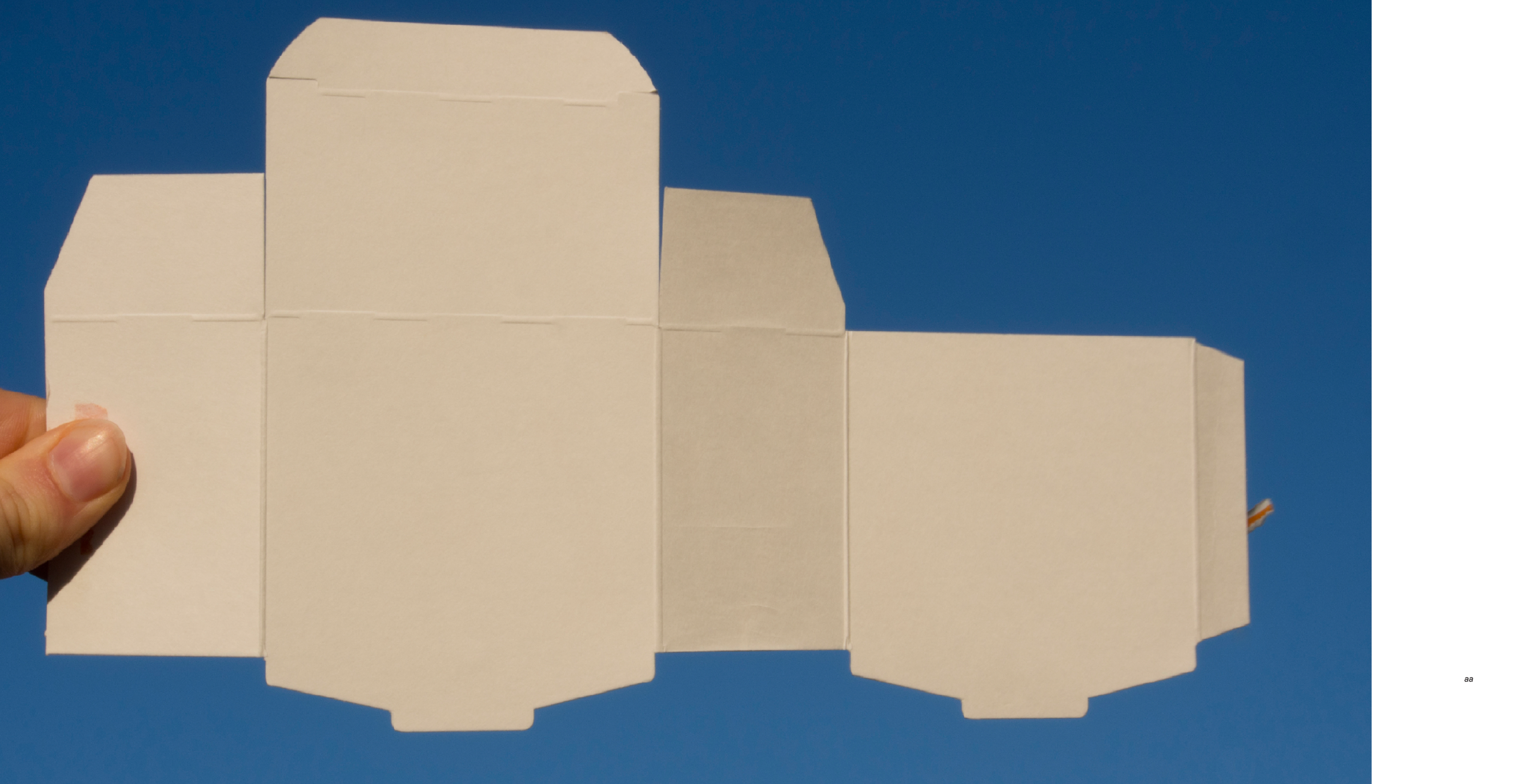
*Robert Venturi*



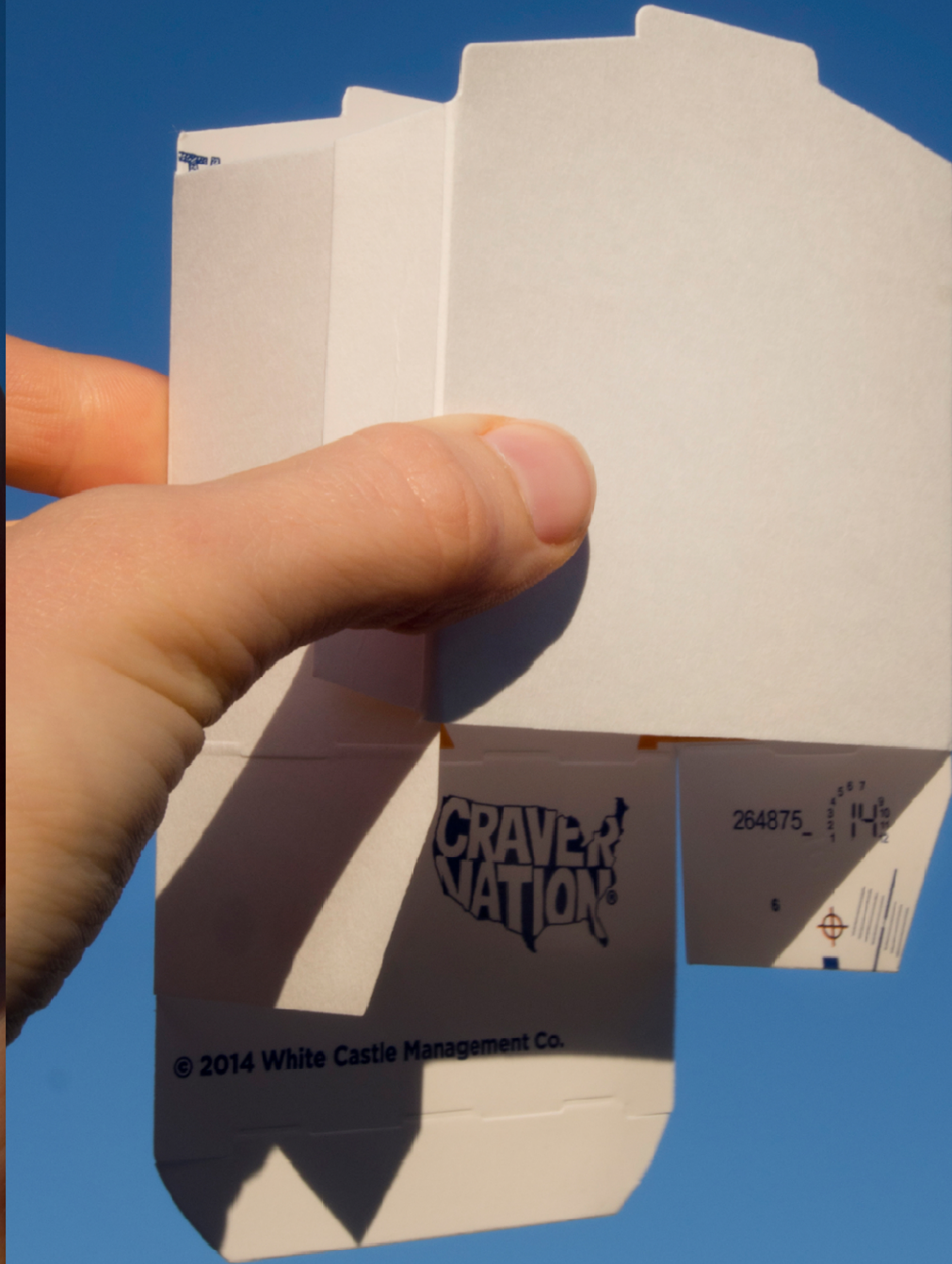
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## Der Sandmann

(...)At about this time the four lucky persons thought of going to the estate. It was noon and they were walking in the streets of the city, where they had made several purchases. The high steeple of the town-hall was already casting its gigantic shadow over the market-place.

'Oh,' said Clara, 'let us climb it once more and look out at the distant mountains!'

No sooner said than done. Nathaniel and Clara both ascended the steps, the mother returned home with the servant, and Lothaire, who was not inclined to clamber up so many stairs, chose to remain below. The two lovers stood arm-in-arm on the highest gallery of the tower, and looked down upon the misty forests, behind which



the blue mountains rose like a gigantic city. 'Look there at that curious little grey bush,' said Clara. 'It actually looks as if it were striding towards us.'

Nathaniel mechanically put his hand into his breast pocket - he found Coppola's telescope, and pointed it to one side. Clara was in the way of the glass. His pulse and veins leapt convulsively. Pale as death, he stared at Clara, soon streams of fire flashed and glared from his rolling eyes, he roared frightfully, like a hunted beast. Then he sprang high into the air and punctuating his words with horrible laughter, he shrieked out in a piercing tone, 'Spin round, wooden doll! - spin round!'

Then seizing Clara with immense force, he tried to hurl her down, but with the desperate strength of one battling against death she clutched the railings. Lothaire heard the' raging of the madman -he heard Clara's shriek of agony - fearful forebodings darted through his mind, he ran up, the door to the second flight was fastened, Clara's shrieks became louder and still louder. Frantic with rage and anxiety, he threw himself against the door, which finally burst open. Clara's voice was becoming weaker and weaker. 'Help - help save me!' With these words the voice seemed to die on the air.

'She is gone - murdered by that madman!' cried Lothaire.

The door of the gallery was also closed, but despair gave him a giant's strength,



and he burst it from the hinges. Heavens! Grasped by the mad Nathaniel, Clara was hanging in the air over the gallery - with one hand only she still held one of the iron railings. Quick as lightning, Lothaire caught his sister and drew her in, at the same moment striking the madman in the face with his clenched fist to such effect that he reeled and let go his prey. Lothaire ran down with his fainting sister in his arms. She was saved. Nathaniel went raging about the gallery, leaping high in the air and crying, 'Circle of fire'spin round! spin round!'

The people collected at the sound of his wild shrieks and among them, prominent for his gigantic stature, was the advocate Coppelius, who had just come to the town, and was proceeding straight to the market-place. Some wished to climb up and secure the madman, but Coppelius only laughed, saying, 'Ha, ha - just wait - he will soon come down of his own accord,' and looked up like the rest Nathaniel suddenly stood still as if petrified.

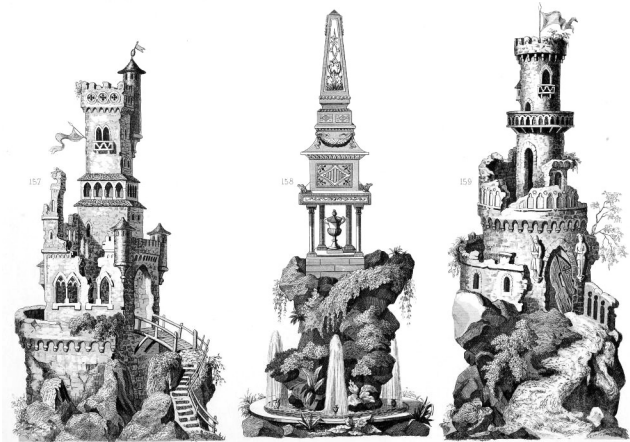
Then, perceiving Coppelius, he stooped down, and yelled out, 'Ah, pretty eyes - pretty eyes!' with which he sprang over the railing.

When Nathaniel lay on the stone pavement with his head shattered, Coppelius had disappeared in the crowd.

Many years afterwards it is said that Clara was seen in a remote spot, sitting hand in hand with a kind-looking man before the

door of a country house, while two lively boys played before her. From this it may be inferred that she at last found a quiet domestic happiness suitable to her serene and cheerful nature, a happiness which the morbid Nathaniel would never have given her.

*E.T.A. Hoffmann*



1 White Castle managers have a booklet of heavy-stock, cream-colored paper. On the cover a seal reads: *actorum memores simul affectamus agenda*, Latin for “mindful of things that have taken place, at the same time we strive after things yet to be done.” Above that is something a bit less academic: “All this from a 5-cent hamburger!”

2 Horace Walpole later, on *TCoO*

3 Beginning of Horace Walpoles, *The Castle of Otranto*, Thomas Lownds, 1764, London, initiating the genre of the “Gothic Novel”. Name of the first edition *The Castle of Otranto, A Story. Translated by William Marshal, Gent. From the Original Italian of Onuphrio Muralto, Canon of the Church of St. Nicholas at Otranto*.

4 The Only Proper Style : *Gothic Architecture in America*, Calder Loth & Julius Trousdale Sadler, Jr, New York Graphic Society, 1975, Boston; from: *The Herald of Romance*, P.42-43.

5 From *Meister Eckharts mystische Schriften*, Übertragen von Gustav Landauer, Karl Schnabel, Berlin, 1903.

6 On the Harral-Wheeler House, build by A. j. Davis (1803-1892), *Republican Standard*, 1846.

7 *Rural Essayes*, Andrew Jackson Downing, George P. Putnam And Company, New York, 1853, from: *A Few words on Rural Architecture*, July, 1850, P. 207.

8 Joseph Freiherr von Eichendorff, from the collection *Wanderlieder*, 1837, written 1810-12.

9 The Only Proper Style : *Gothic Architecture in America*, Calder Loth & Julius Trousdale Sadler, Jr, New York Graphic Society, 1975, Boston; from: *Mid Century Houses*, P.76-77

10 Free after The Chicago Tribune, February 15, 1882

11 Richard Poirier, *T. S. Eliot and the Literature of Waste*, P. 21, The New Republic, 1967.

12 Edgar Allen Poes *The City in the Sea*, 1845, American Review; earlier published as *The Doomed City* in 1832.

13 Allen S. Weiss, *Unnatural Horizons- Paradox & Contradiction in Landscape Architecture, In Praise of Anachronism*, P. 129, 1998, Princeton Architectural Press, New York.

14 Robert Venturi, *Learning from Las Vegas*. P. 6, MIT Press, 1977.

15 From Ernst Theodor Amadeus Hoffmanns, *Der Sandmann*, End, 1815, from *Die Nachtstücke (The Night Pieces)* published in *Der Realschulbuchhandlung*, Berlin, 1817.

aaa Hans Henning Korb, White Castle Chorals, 2014

aa Marie - Luise Marchand, *Craver Nation*, 2014

a *Isola di Loreto*, Neo Gothic Castle, 25050 Monte isola BS, Italy.

b Part of the old White Castle Logo from 1982.

c Abandoned and repurposed White Castle as *S. Adams Rips*, Detroit, MI.

d Abandoned and repurposed White Castle in Indianapolis.

e Abbotsford, Sir Walter Scott's Scottish Estate in Melrose, Roxburghshire TD6 9BQ, United Kingdom.

f Harral-Wheeler House, by A.J. Davis, Bridgeport, CT.

g Abandoned and repurposed White Castle in Germantown, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania (Car Repair).

h *Thomas Cole, A View near Tivoli (Morning)*, 1832, Oil on canvas; 14 3/4 x 23 1/8 in. (37.5 x 58.7 cm), *Rogers Fund*, 1903 (03.27).

i *Codpiece of Henry VIII , Ceremonial Armor*, Tower of London.

j *Staunton Hill*, Caharlottle County, Virginia, 1848. River front,, detail of the bookcase, and plan, from: The Only Proper Style : *Gothic Architecture in America*, Calder Loth & Julius Trousdale Sadler, Jr, New York Graphic Society, 1975, Boston.

k *Chicago Water Tower*, build in 1869 by William W. Boyington, Water Tower Place, 835 N Michigan Ave, Chicago, IL.

l A White Castle in the 1930s in Chicago was fabricated for mobility. It could be erected and, if needed, disassembled and erected again at a different location. Metal channels hold white porcelain paneling. Fabricated by the Porcelain Steel Buildings (PSB) Co. in Columbus, Ohio.

m *A fire next to a White Castle in Detroit in 2011*.

n *Shot during a train ride to Beacon*, 2014, *The Bannerman Castle , Abandoned military surplus warehouse/ residencial building built between 1901 and 1918*

*Pollepel Island, off NY 9-D, Fishkill, New York*.

o *Thomas Cole, Ruined Castle by the Bay*, 1832, Drawing, Photo ©2014, Detroit Institute of Arts.

p *Antonin Careme, one of his drawings*.

q *Antonin Careme, Pavillon Gothique, Le Patissier pittoresque*, 1915, Paris

r Abandoned and repurposed White Castle in Detroit, MI

s Robert Venturi, Scott Brown and associates, inc., *Learning from Las Vegas*, 1968, Photograph courtesy of Venturi, Brown and associates, inc..

t *Antonin Careme, Grosse Piece Monte de Buffets de XIXE Siecle*.

u *White Castle Restaurant*, 3953 Packard Road, Pittsfield Township, MI.

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What You Crave

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Max Eulitz, Richard Eß

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