

“Brother in Islam, Please Draw us a Mosque” Muslims in the West: A Personal Account

Gulzar Haider

“This House is our Mosque”

It was thirty years ago when I left the city of Shalimar Gardens, my childhood home, to get myself educated and price tagged by the advanced universities of America.¹ On my way there I prayed my first Friday in the West, in England in a small English house on a corner lot in Wimbledon. An old man who sensed the question in my eyes spoke to me: “You might not have seen anything like this, my son, but this house is our mosque, we pray here.”

The following Friday, I was at the old Georgian campus of the University of Illinois. About twenty of us prayed in the Faculty Club in the Union Building. We rearranged the furniture, spread rolls of green cloth at the appropriate skew angle, and listened to the sermon of Muhammad Abu Saleh, a mathematics student from Jordan, our “imam of the week”. As I was initiated into the community, I was also told that on the fifth Friday it would be my turn to deliver the sermon and lead the prayers.

Since we were few in number, representing different national origins, feeling alien and transient, that one hour of prayer so far away from our own mosques would linger on as a warm feeling for days. That Faculty Club was to become our surrogate mosque, more precisely our musalla, for many years to come.² Preparing my maiden sermon was much harder than all the assignments of graduate studies. I remember my recitation of those verses of the Quran wherein God affirms Abraham and Ishmael’s building a House for Him.³ Today I remember, with a touch of pleasant embarrassment, my audacity in proposing that hidden in the verse was the primordial covenant of architecture, that architecture was a sacred act when performed in the bounds of the commandments. And that, therefore, architecture could potentially be idolatrous when committed in defiance of the commandments.

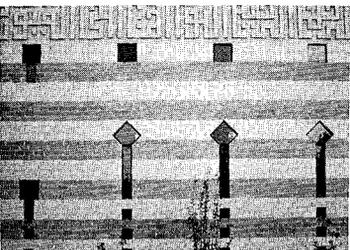
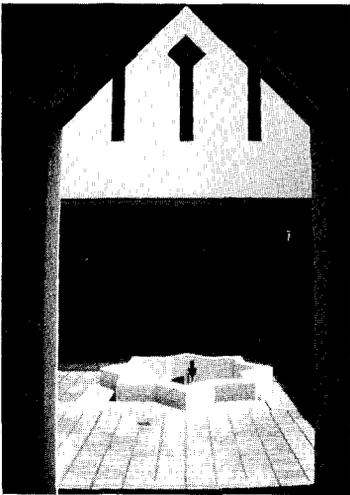
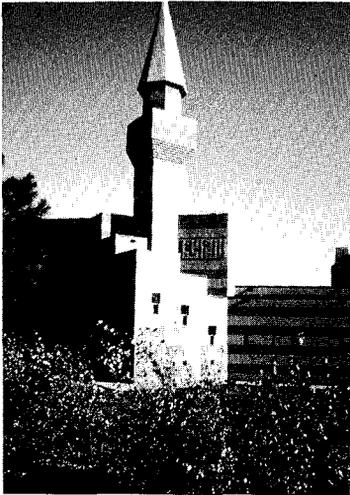
By 1963, a continental organization was founded at the University of Illinois, which came to be known as the MSA, Muslim Students Association of the U.S.A. and Canada. At its second convention I volunteered to speak about the architectural heritage of Muslims.

Like the first sermon this too was a painful experience. It also turned out to be the year when my studio tutor, through the recommendation of my history professor, gave me special permission to substitute one of my studio projects with the design of a mosque in North America. My total knowledge of the Muslim architectural tradition was based on my memories of Lahore, and my visual encounters with Pope’s *Survey of Persian Art and Architecture*.⁴ But who cared about tradition then. I had not travelled across the oceans only to recall my past. I was totally innocent even of the potential choice between the old and the new. Old was the “problem”, and solutions lay in the newness, the differentness in modernity. The shift of orientation of the Masjid-i-Shah against the great Maydan of Isfahan was posed as one of the problems that needed a new solution. It was a challenge to the ego of a young

designer who had come across the oceans, and was to show his professor that he was worthy of such a task.

I confronted the problem by eliminating it. My prayer hall was circular in plan: a symbol of “unity” and free from the demands of orientation. I solved the problem of columns by invoking the long span virtues of a single inverted thin shell dish. I took the pool from the courtyard, made it much larger, and let my mosque float in it like a lotus. Finally, I proposed a bridge that was symbolically the path from the worldly parking lot to the other-worldly prayer hall. And not being able to control my creative momentum, I cut a laser slice of space right through a transparent *mihrab* and ended it in the garden beyond. Perhaps the most daring gesture was to propose large-scale calligraphy on top of the dome. The idea was to let the modern man in flight look down and recognize that it was a contemporary mosque in the West. My professors rated this project excellent. Three decades later it is a touch embarrassing to confess, but perhaps forgivable, that I was fully convinced of my high grade. The project was kept for the departmental archives and I never saw it again. God is indeed Merciful to those who make innocent mistakes.

The next mosque design was in 1967-68, a joint project with another Muslim student. We entered the competition for the Grand National Mosque in Islamabad (now the well-known Faisal Mosque). I had already earned my bachelor’s degree in architecture from Illinois, and my partner had just come to America in pursuit of a master’s degree in architecture. The site and the beautiful surroundings, complex programme and grandiose scale convinced us that it called for an equally heroic design response. We thought it to be a sign of divine help when both of us independently converged on St. Mark’s Square in Venice as a source of inspiration. We were to do an Islamic “St. Mark’s”, not in the lagoon of Venice, but in the rolling foothills of Islamabad: a trapezoidal setting by three-sided educational blocks, a horizontal plaza with geometric stone patterns, and an artificially twisted entrance to create an element of surprise.⁵ The prayer hall was an oblique and truncated trapezium. The *mihrab* area was a round sculpted form inspired by Ronchamp. And to further avoid any remote chance that someone might mistake our building as “traditional”, we proposed a 400-foot high and 50-foot wide minaret-tower, visible from the peaks of Murree Hills. It was to be covered with turquoise glazed tiles, and to contain a library and a museum accessible in the same way as the Guggenheim Museum in New York. St. Mark’s, Ronchamp, Guggenheim, and a heavy dose of abstracted calligraphy; it was sure to win the hearts of any jury, we thought. We won nothing! And when we saw the winner, we were amazed at how any contemporary jury could select such a “traditional” scheme with four minarets. We convinced ourselves that the jury must have been a gathering of turbaned old men with white beards.⁶ That might give you an idea of how “modern” we were.



Exterior view (top), interior view (centre), detail of exterior brickwork and windows (above). The Islamic Centre, Arkansas State University, Jonesboro, Arkansas, U.S.A., completed 1984. Architect: Gulzar Haider Photographs: Courtesy of the architect

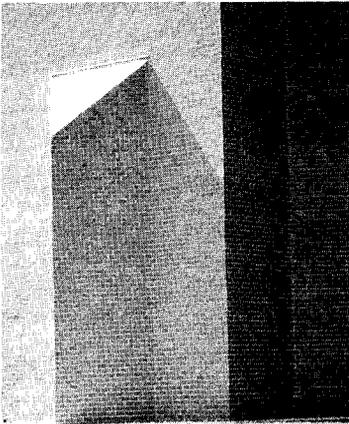
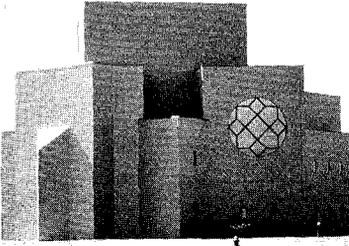
In 1969, after eight years of carefree life as a student, I suddenly found myself living North in Canada and a member of the capital's Muslim community. The city "mosque" consisted of two adjacent houses in a residential neighbourhood. Not very different from Wimbledon, eight years earlier. After the first Friday introductions, I was called, in the name of Islam, to a dinner-gathering by the president of Ottawa's Muslim Association.

"Brothers will welcome you, Inshallah," I was told in a commanding tone, "and you will play an important role in the great future of Muslims in the greater Ottawa-Hull area, Canada's Capital Region." I could not help feeling a sense of divine appointment. Eager and enthusiastic, I walked in with a sense of destiny and duty. By the end of the evening I was not only a member of the Ottawa mosque construction committee, I was also expected to perform a minor miracle of designing a mosque with infinite space and zero cost.⁷ That was the beginning of a relationship marked by extreme loyalty and utter frustration. Only a great sense of mission fuelled by faith in the unseen God or a rare kind of psychiatric condition could make one survive such a minefield of contradictory and even mutually exclusive positions on a unanimously felt need. It surprises me, and even worries me, that I survived that committee for sixteen months. The mosque was finally built six years later, but thank God I was not the designer.

There is, or has been, a committee like this in every Muslim urban population in North America. Having survived eight such committees in the past twenty years, I have started to feel like a worn-out sailor with many tales to tell. Suffice it to say, for the time being, that there are four domains in which I face most of my storms.

Firstly, there is the programmatic confrontation. From the grandiose schemes of a complete Islamic campus to a humble warehouse cleaned and fixed by weekend volunteers; from planting the seeds of a Muslim town in North America, on the model of the Prophet's Medina, to managing with a bare musalla and focusing on the Islamic upbringing of children, most clients go through the battle between their grand imaginations and harsh realities.

Secondly, there is the debate on the sources of funds: from total self-reliance and thus independence of the community from any external influences to the other extreme whereby communities, with pious declarations and coloured prospectuses under their arms, have wasted hard-earned money in chasing guilt-ridden princes and other rich nobility. In the mid-seventies the art of organized begging was perfected by expatriate Muslims based on the model of organized selling by the Americans. And, finally, there has never been a shortage of the die-hard believers pronouncing with religious zeal that "once the foundations are laid out God will send the money, in His own mysterious ways, for His new House in the western wasteland of non-believers." I have often wondered why God has to wait for foundations before putting His miracles in motion!



*Exterior view (top), the mihrab from the outside (above).
Mosque of the National Headquarters of the Islamic Society of North America (ISNA) in Plainfield, Indiana, U.S.A., completed 1983.
Architect: Gulzar Haider
Photographs: Courtesy of the architect*

Thirdly, and perhaps most crucially, there have been the opposing forces of voluntarism and professionalism. It is striking how a group of professionals, diligent and successful in their fields, turn into totally insensitive amateurs exploiting the professional services of those involved in designing and building monuments. Sincere and selfless, but mostly useless, people volunteer and ruin the projects. Classic cases include chemists turning into “after-five general contractors”, turbine experts becoming electrical consultants, transportation engineers offering to design structures, and everyone and their aunts and uncles producing architectural “designs” in ballpoint pen on scraps of ruled paper.⁸

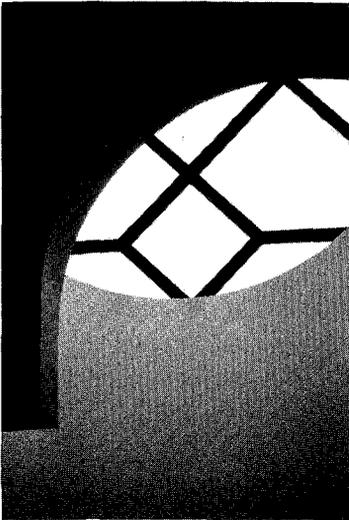
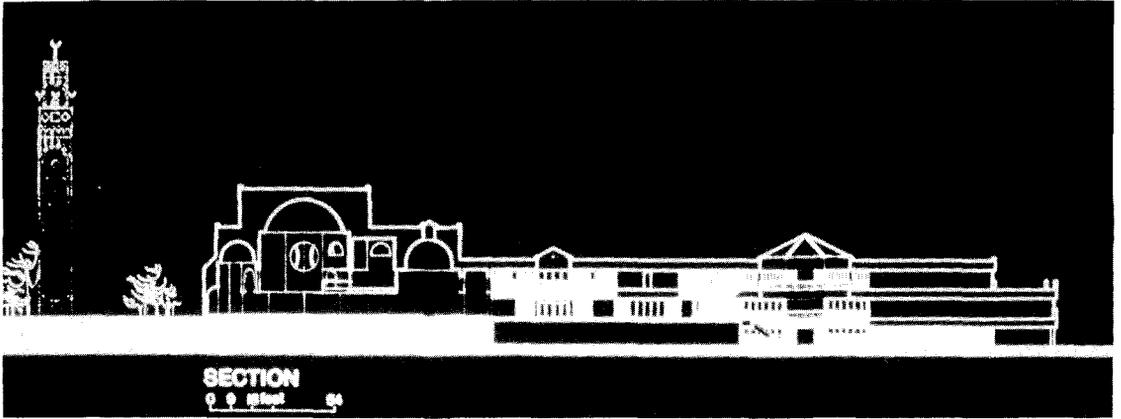
Lastly, there is the recurrent issue of architectural expressions. Nothing is more telling of the communal fragmentation of ideas and images than the kinds of mosques people carry in their minds. It is not easy to untangle the complex network of individual and collective memories of first-generation immigrants. Little wonder that whenever a Muslim bank or an airline publishes a calendar of mosques, their torn pages start to appear in the mosque committee meetings. I have also the unique honour of having received a childlike paste-up calendar made of cutouts collected by a member of the community who owns an auto-body repair shop.

There are generally two positions held by the protagonists of a mosque as an essential symbol of Islamic presence: one that wishes change through technology and modernity, and the other that aims for recognizable imagery. The first forms the majority and upholds change and adaptability as a strong formative force in all spheres of its newly adopted life in the non-Muslim West. And it is precisely this pursuit of novelty, as an end in itself, that has produced mosques with flying saucer domes and rocket minarets. The pursuit of a modern minaret is in itself indicative of the compulsion to seek change lest lack of change be taken as a sign of stagnation and cultural death.⁹

The demand for visual authenticity in the mosque, however, has intensified over the last decade. In the Western world it is not so much a new commitment to tradition but the result of emerging assertiveness of the Muslim community. Of course, the post-functional search for “meaning” and return of the “philosophical inquiry” through architecture have been timely for the emergent discourse on Islamic architecture. It is no longer a taboo, as it was in the sixties and early seventies, to be designing a place for religious worship and spiritual contemplation.

Now after this analytical digression allow me to return to my own journey.

A sabbatical in Saudi Arabia in 1977-78, accompanied by travels through Pakistan, Iran, and Turkey, lifted many veils and the landscape within started to clear. I saw the destructive and alienating forces of architecture in the name of development, progress, and civilizational fast-tracking. I also experienced the ecology of



Design project, longitudinal section (top), interior view (above).

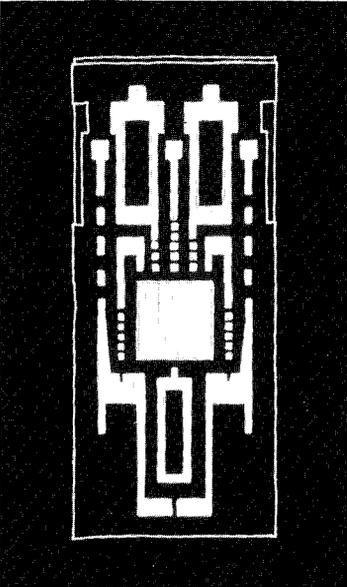
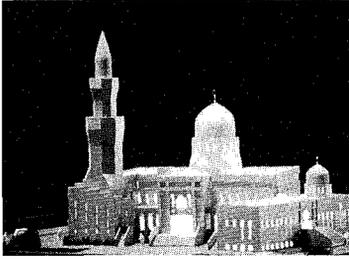
architecture, literature, belief, philosophy, commerce, culture, and craft. It dawned on me for the first time that architecture was a formative energy of culture rather than a mute expression of it. Since then I have become free of the disempowering absurdities of the fragmented selves of my clients. To me every client group brings with it an opportunity to learn, to unlearn, and through work, and much supplication, get closer, however slowly, to understanding the irreducibles of a mosque.

The first such opportunity came in 1979. The Muslim Student Association that we had started in 1963 was now sixteen years old. It had grown into the Islamic Society of North America (ISNA). Being invited to design the ISNA national headquarters mosque in Plainfield, Indiana, was an honour I received with much self-doubt. The emotion reminded me of the first Friday prayer that I had conducted in the Illinois Faculty Club. As before, it was my destiny to fulfil the covenant of the architect that I spoke of then. With Abraham's House for God I started my search for a place of prayer for those who, at home or in "occidental exile",¹⁰ turn their faces to the Blessed House in Mecca and recite:

*Lo I have turned my face
Firmly and truly
Towards Him who willed
The heavens and the earth
And never shall I assign
Partners to Him.¹¹*

I was also very intrigued by the Divine attributes of the Hidden and the Manifest.¹² And in all the beautiful names of God, I searched for a special wisdom to guide the designer who must create but not confront, offer but not attack, and express profoundness in a language understandable and pleasing to the listener.

I chose to distinguish the exterior from the interior. I chose to veil this mosque. As a designer I invoked the need for meaningful



General view (top), plan (above), dome, minaret and mihrab (below, right).

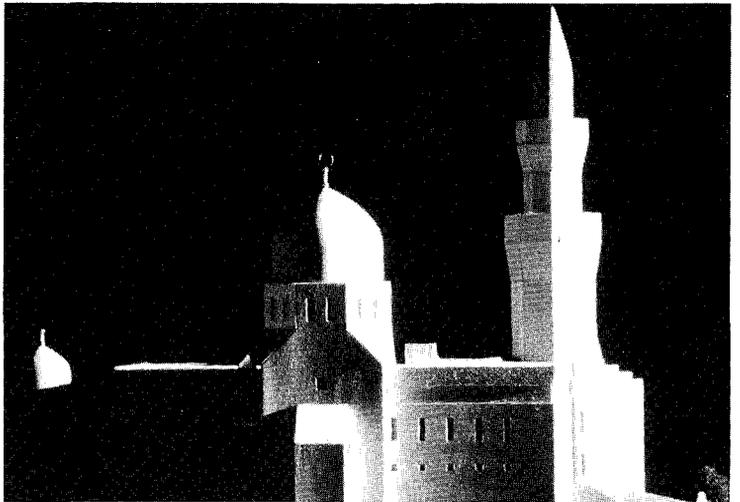
Bait-ul-Islam Mosque, Toronto, Canada. Model, Project design. Completion date: July 1991. Architect: Gulzar Haider Photographs: Courtesy of the architect

and purposeful dissimulation. I thought of my building as an oyster where the brilliance and the essence were in the interiority of space while the expressed form sought human ecological harmony and modesty, perhaps even anonymity, in its surroundings.

It was important for me, therefore, to study the image of Muslims that existed in the mind of the non-Muslim host society. Muslim reality during the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries was observed and projected through a series of many distorting prisms. There were paintings, romantic fictions, exotic travelogues, and, later, circuses, movies, movie theatres, magic potions, exotic foods, music, all capitalizing on the immediate expectations of magic fortunes and paradisaical sensuality. From Las Vegas and Atlantic City's "pleasures for sale" to Barnum and Bailey's "Greatest Show on Earth" to Shriner's "Temples", all exploited, with gluttonous appetite, the symbols associated with the Muslim past. Considering the perils of first impression misunderstanding, I chose to be "silent" on the overt expression of my mosque.

The project was built, has been used since 1982, and remains an enigma, especially to those Muslims who are used to seeing mosques and not praying in them. Those who have been inside are struck with the "mosqueness" of it all. It is fascinating that the clients who were very proud of this building a decade ago have now started to express what a Freudian might diagnose as "dome and minaret envy".

Almost ten years after the ISNA Mosque, I received another commission, this time from the Ahmadiyya Movement in Islam, to design for them the Canadian national headquarters mosque in Toronto. This community, declared out of Islamic bounds, suffering consequences that come with such "doctrinal eviction", and now immigrant in Canada and U.S.A., wanted all the architectural help to express their Islamic presence in Canada. Quite understandably,

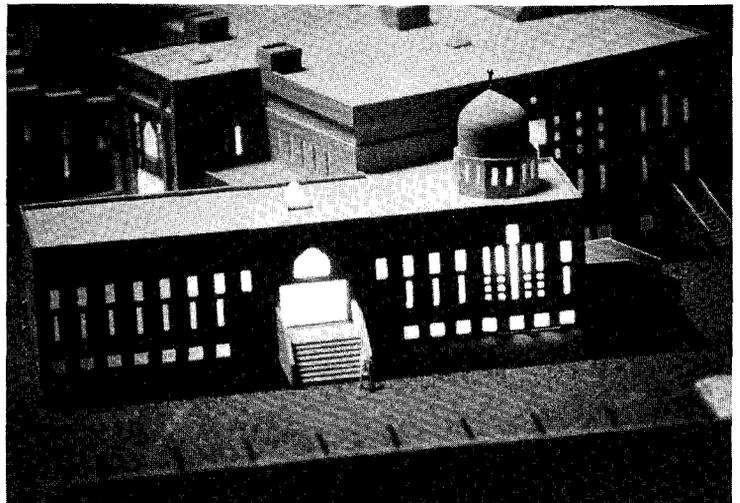


from their position, they chose to call this the Bait-ul-Islam, i.e., the ‘House of Islam’. The formative directive this time was the pronouncement, the assertion through architecture, rather than the anonymity through dissimulation.

The ten years between ISNA in Plainfield and Bait-ul-Islam in Toronto have also provided me with numerous pedagogical insights, the most crucial being the experience of getting to know another culture through the direct experience of its art, or ‘tactile knowledge’ as we ended up calling it. It was through the interpretative drawings of carpets, miniatures, and gardens, as well as the recitation of poetry (that accompanied miniatures), followed by the attempt to draw a synthesis of all these experiences, that Islamic culture came alive for many of my Canadian students. In reversing the process into the design of the Bait-ul-Islam, it has yielded results that cannot be fully expounded here. The building is under construction and scheduled to be opened for prayer on 5 July 1991.

Two more communities, Kingston and Miami, have entrusted me with the designs of their mosques. The client committee is still composed of the ‘magnificent seven’, only the name of the city keeps changing. Every design experience, however, ushers me into further realizations and questions. Twenty-five years after the first encounter, I had a chance to visit Wimbledon again. The house-mosque is now wrapped in white glazed tiles, there is an apology of an entrance arch, there are some green bands, and the roof has acquired a small dome and a minaret.

The original question still haunts me. If that old man was so profoundly confident of the identity of his mosque in Wimbledon, because the community prayed in it, what happened over the years? Why did they feel compelled to ‘Islamicize’ that English house by the stick-on signs?



Entrance façade

“Welcome, Brother Architect, to our Madhouse”

I have wandered far and wide in landscapes of the Muslim diaspora in search of opportunities to serve. With youthful idealism blunted, and time asserting its ruthless compulsion to move, I offer myself, with transparent eagerness, to design mosques for Muslims in the West. Repeatedly, I get seduced by the mosque committees promising me credit in the life “hereafter” and end up in painfully one-sided, almost exploitative, contracts in this life “here”. A scream remains muffled in my chest and I am afraid that if it ever escapes it will startle the angels.

As a designer meeting my clients, I find myself imprisoned in a cell with comatose imams, deaf firebrands, blind guides, and unemployable volunteers. With some strange resilience I have walked into many such cells across North America, but the same macabre actors are ahead of me to stage the same mad show all over again. It is my unique honour to introduce you to the “magnificent seven”, the perennial mosque committee, my predestined clients:

Ray Beshara is the owner of a Lebanese restaurant, an older person with tremendous energy and a forceful voice well trained in shouting at the cooks, waiters, and his family. He practises all these skills in our meetings.

Dr. Mohammed Noor is an ophthalmologist who married an American nurse. He is a self-acclaimed champion of commonsense and reduces any situation to three categories: terminal and hopeless; target for a surgical strike; or an illness existing entirely in the head.

Dr. Barkat Ali, professor of pure mathematics and an occasional poet, is a man of considerable inheritance from a family of enshrined saints, whose descendants, thanks to devout farmers, had become landed lords of rural India. He is a voice from another world and a distant time.

Qaid Ansari, is a civil engineer with a master’s degree in transportation planning. To him, a mosque is an accommodation and movement network problem and does not need an architect who is sure to disregard function, make woolly arguments about beauty, and render the project unaffordable.

Omar Muhtasib is a civil servant who lost his job in the recent government cuts. He presently earns his living by helping people do their tax returns. A man with a stern and serious look, he treats everybody as a potential thief until receipts are submitted and checked.

Mujahid Shirazi is a graduate student in electrical engineering. We all know of his academic difficulties, which for him is an expected suffering in the cause of Islam. To him all situations could be seen as just another example of post-colonial, geopolitical conspiracy against the Muslim *ummah*.

And finally there is *Al-Sheikh Abdussalaam Al-Azahari*, the imam of the community, whose services were donated by one of the Muslim embassies. A sleepy old man, gentle, courteous, and a religious

scholar of few words and, as some members suspect, fewer ideas. He is supposedly linked with some royalty and keeps the committee on its toes by occasionally hinting at a few millions in donation which could be released or held back on the basis of his comments on the good behaviour of the community.

It has taken a faith in the Unseen Divine to keep me alive through this minefield of contradictory and even mutually exclusive voices in an otherwise unanimous committee on the need for a mosque.

Assertions, Predictions, and Questions

- Architecture is simultaneously the story, the stage, and the choreography brought forth by the collective selfhood of an epoch to fulfil its innate drive to make itself known, experienced, and believed.
- Architecture, over a sustained duration of time, is one of the most helplessly candid expressions of culture. Culture is the overall description of those forces and patterns that aid, nourish, and discipline (i.e., cultivate) the individual towards a collective ideal rooted in an internally consistent world-view of society.
- Culture is what people believe. It is what they uphold as essential, valuable, and desirable and how they go about making choices and transactions. Culture encompasses the sources and methods of obtaining knowledge and the manner of its storage, dissemination, and utilization. It is the creative spirit of a people made manifest. In that sense it engulfs all the literary, visual, applied and performing arts, and crafts, folk ceremonies, rites, rituals, fables, legends and myths. In simpler terms the culture of a people is the system of behavioural patterns that lends it a unique identity.
- Architecture stands amongst, and resonates with, the primary instigators and formative forces of culture.
- Architecture is a legitimate medium of philosophical discourse and cultural contemplation. Le Corbusier's "Vers Une Architecture", Venturi's "Complexity and Contradiction", and Hassan Fathy's "Architecture for the Poor" are all architectural testaments posed in words and buildings.
- Culture is the critical protocol in architectural enterprise. No work of architecture can remain aloof from the cultural scrutiny of its own epoch. Nor can it escape the ongoing interpretation and assessment of evolving sensibilities of subsequent times. Lutyen's New Delhi of Imperial India, or Hassan Fathy's Gourna on the upper Nile; Frank Lloyd Wright's "Broadacre City", or Le Corbusier's Ville Radieuse; Shahjehan's Taj Mahal in the seventeenth century, or the Vietnam Memorial in Washington, D.C., Niemeyer's Brasilia, or Kahn's Dhaka Capitol, will never cease to inspire architectural questions rooted in cultural aspirations and appropriateness.

- Culture is the higher function of architecture. Rarely do buildings exist in physical isolation or cultural vacuum. If the city stands for the very being of civilization, buildings express discreet intentions towards becoming civilized.
- The global compression, made possible through electronic communications, poses the possibility of civilizational entropy, a grey, undifferentiated, culturally levelled existence. However, it also creates an unprecedented opportunity for refined intercultural differentiation, initiating an epoch of cultural diversity inherently resistant to fascistic outbreaks. Architecture as a major protagonist, as well as culture as a primary formative force of architecture, attains an urgency for those concerned about the future of civilization.
- Architectural “expressiveness” is an attribute of a living civilization: the maturation and harmony of cultures that share the grand views of existence and have resonant beliefs, myths, ethics, and aesthetics.
- Since the contemporary dominant civilization is not from within but from “without” Islam, any desire for “authentic” expressions of Islam remains almost a civilizational goal against which we ought to gauge our state of progress.
- Contemporary architects in pursuit of expressions of Islam in buildings face the challenge of recovering from recent history and discovering the future. To borrow Gaston Bachelard’s metaphor: both the cellar and the attic of mind will need a cleaning.¹³ It is in this sense that any “adaptive” approach to architecture should be seen with scepticism because it accepts “the present” as an acceptable starting point.
- Muslims in the non-Islamic West are undoubtedly grounded but not yet rooted. Theirs is a promising exile: a freedom of thought, action, and inquiry that is unknown in the contemporary Muslim world. They are challenged by a milieu that takes pride in oppositional provocations.
- Muslims in the West, especially the ones, who by passage of time, can break away from the inertial ties of national and ethnic prisons, will be the ones who will forge an Islamicity hitherto unexperienced.
- Muslims beyond the Muslim world will discover the essence of Islamic tradition by having the freedom to question the canons of traditional expression.
- Exile, both in the metaphysical and the psychological sense, is the initiation of poetic expression; a significant theme in Attar, Rumi, Jami, and mystical poets. One can safely infer that exile as a state of being, a perceived separation from the centre, will make the expressions of Islam more profound, be they in literature, music, art, or architecture.
- Muslim minorities in the non-Muslim world will ultimately realize that their history has put them in an arena somehow reminiscent of the Makkan period of the Prophet’s life (reminiscent, not

analogous). Their isolation will purify and strengthen their belief; it will refine their thought and make their tools precise. At an appropriate time they will start to send “expressive” postcards home, and there will begin another migration, not in space and time, but from a blindness of a certain kind to a clear vision of another, from spiritless materiality towards expressive spirituality.

Notes

1. Lahore is well known for such masterpieces of Islamic architecture as the Badshahi Mosque, Jhangir’s Tomb and Shalimar Gardens.
2. Musalla is a place of Salat (Muslim ritual prayer). Unlike the mosque, a musalla can be “rolled up” and “spread out” at another place. A mosque, once consecrated, cannot be sold or used for another function by the Muslims.
3. “Call to mind also when Abraham and Ishmael raised the foundations of the ‘House’ and (having done so), prayed: O Lord, accept this offering from us, it is Thou Who art All-Hearing, All-Knowing.” Quran, Chapter 2, verse 128.
4. A.U. Pope and P. Ackerman, eds., *A Survey of Persian Art and Architecture* (London: Oxford University Press).
5. By this time I had “discovered” the power of architecture to create “artificial surprise” and had started to cite the entrance of the Masjid-i-Shah of Isfahan as a prime example.
6. It was ten years later that I met Professor Aptullah Kuran, a member of the Islamabad mosque jury, and recognized the aberrant imaginations of my student days.
7. I use this phrase with fond memory of a great teacher, Robert LeRicolais, who, in expressing his ideal of structures, spoke of “infinite span zero mass”.
8. In my experience there has been one case where a person brought back from Pakistan a watercolour perspective of the mosque “donated” by his father’s eighty-year-old friend. A gentle suggestion that the proposed design was inappropriate for the site led to an admonition that I had shown cruelty to the pious offering of an old man who might soon meet God and register a complaint against me.
9. The rhetorical question of a “modern minaret”, to the best of my knowledge, was first raised by Professor William Porter at the Aga Khan seminar at Fez, Morocco.

10. The phrase is borrowed with respect and apology from the great Muslim sage Shihab al-Din Yahya al-Suhrawardi who spoke of *al-Ghubat al-Gharbiyya* (translated by H. Corbin and S.H. Nasr as “occidental exile”) as the state of soul separated from its divine origin. See S.H. Nasr, *Three Muslim Sages* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1964), pp. 64-68.

11. Quran, Chapter 6, verse 79.

12. *Al-Batin* (Hidden), *al-Zahir* (Manifest), two of the “Ninety-nine” *Asma’ al Husna* (Beautiful Names of God). Of much philosophical interest through Muslim history, the “Names” are sometimes proposed to be irreducible facets of the Divine Being which may reflect the seeker’s self to himself and thus make possible a gnosis, the cognizance of the destiny by the seeker’s soul. The two names *al-Batin* and *al-Zahir* are of special interest to architects in pursuit of the silent eloquence of space and the quintessential presence of form. For an initiation into the relationship between esoteric philosophy of Islam and its architectural expression, I am indebted to N. Ardalan and L. Bakhtiar, *Sense of Unity* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1973).

13. G. Bachelard, *Poetics of Space* (Boston: Beacon Press, 1964).