It appears as if someone has just left, or perhaps as if someone is about to arrive. In the center of the table sits a coffee service: a stainless-steel carafe, ceramic creamer, and sugar bowl. Their rounded white forms match the plates and bowls set for three people—perhaps the owner of the house and two guests. But what is missing is all the sensory information one might associate with a moment like this: the sound of coffee percolating, the shuffling of bare feet, the hoarse murmuring of adults using their voices for the first time after waking up. In the absence of this information, Nora Wendl is currently an Associate Professor of Architecture at the University of New Mexico and Executive Editor of the Journal of Architectural Education. Her work, across scales and media, investigates the occlusions of architectural historiography using methods involving image, text, narrative, performance, and exhibition. She has published widely and her exhibition work—from films to installations—has been supported by grants and residencies made possible by the Graham Foundation for Advanced Studies in the Fine Arts, the Santa Fe Art Institute, and the National Trust for Historic Preservation, among other institutions. Wendl holds B. Arch. and M. Arch. degrees from Iowa State University, where she was also the Pearl Hogrefe Fellow in Creative Writing. She has taught architecture studio, theory, and writing courses at universities across the United States since 2008. E-Mail: nwendl@unm.edu

Fig. 01
Edith Farnsworth, Reconsidered, Farnsworth House (Plano, Illinois, 1951). Contemporary table, designed in 1952 by Florence Knoll. Place settings of Russel Wright’s “Casual” line for Iroquois China Co. (c. 1951) and his “Pinch” flatware for Hull (c. 1952), loaned by Manitoga/The Russel Wright Design Center.
one's imagination fills in the gaps with personal memories brought to mind by such objects: at the back of the tongue, the slightly bitter taste of the morning’s first sip of coffee, in one’s ear, perhaps a memory of a quiet conversation over breakfast in a space less beautiful than this one, but no less inviting. In this silence, one has space to remember and to invent (fig. 01).

This essay is written around this moment. From March 2020 to December 2021, the interior of the all-glass Dr. Edith Farnsworth House, designed by Ludwig Mies van der Rohe and located in Plano, Illinois, United States, is furnished as it was during the three-year period between 1951, when Dr. Farnsworth moved into the weekend house upon its completion, and 1954, when a flood destroyed the interior furnishings and original silk curtains. This is a significant, if temporary, shift toward interpreting the actual, lived history of the house for public audiences. From the time that it was first opened to the public after Peter Palumbo purchased the house in the 1970s to the most recent tour season ending in December 2019, the house was not staged as it was originally inhabited, but instead as the architect imagined it in exhibited drawings and models: full of furniture that he designed in the 1920s for houses and pavilions in Europe (fig. 02). Now, in place of Barcelona chairs, ottomans, and glass-topped tables, the house holds re-creations of the furniture Dr. Farnsworth selected for this house from the woman-owned Chicago furniture store Baldwin Kingrey: modern pieces by Bruno Mathsson, Jens Risom, Florence Knoll, and others (fig. 03).

This temporary exhibition at the Farnsworth House is one facet of a nationwide institutional initiative by the National Trust for Historic Preservation (NTHP) called “Her Turn: A Campaign for Where Women Made History.” Timed to coincide with the one-hundredth anniversary of the Nineteenth Amendment, which, in practice, gave only white American women the right to vote, this year-long campaign is intended to “give voice to the stories of American women, while broadening our community of donors and activists championing women’s places.” According to the calculations of the NTHP, eight percent of the sites on the National Register of Historic Places represent women, and for “Her Turn” five of them, including the Farnsworth House, have planned “original exhibitions and interpretations focused on women’s history and innovation”: during the “Year of Edith,” the NTHP states, “at the iconic Farnsworth House, we will re-cast the
property’s interpretation to focus on Edith Farnsworth, who commissioned the revolutionary residence, but whose story is often secondary to that of its architect, Mies van der Rohe.4

But telling Farnsworth’s history or, as the National Trust for Historic Preservation has framed it, Farnsworth’s “story,” is not as simple as bringing her narrative to the foreground while allowing Mies van der Rohe’s to recede. This is due in part to the fact that Farnsworth’s “story” has been so heavily constructed over time and is so rooted in a heteronormative narrative of her supposed romance with and eventual rejection by the architect that the history of the house in the popular press is one of “Sex and Real Estate”: a “juicy tale” of a rumored relationship between the client and the architect.5 This received history is the result of decades of work by architectural historians –Franz Schulze, Maritz Vandenberg, and others– to make Farnsworth into a character, one who fits into a plotline that favors her “justified” disappearance from the house and the discourse of architectural history. This narrative normalizes the idea that Mies van der Rohe “used” Dr. Farnsworth to achieve the Farnsworth House—a private commission he desperately needed in order to establish his career in the United States—and that Dr. Farnsworth, in turn, did not hire Mies van der Rohe merely to build a house, but instead “expected the architect to go along with” it.6 After the house had been completed, this received narrative assumes that Farnsworth was “jilted,” and that she sought revenge on the architect in the courtroom with legal wrangling that continued for several years. Over time, this narrative became so compelling that it even informed, until recently, the film shown in the Visitor’s Center at the Farnsworth House, in which not an historian, but a playwright, is consulted as an expert witness on whether or not the client and architect were lovers: “Oh, I think so,” the playwright responds. “What could be more exciting? Here is this famous architect, and he is building a house just for you!”7

This awkward answer is underscored by the fact that, in the film, its host and the playwright are standing at odd angles around a bed that Farnsworth never slept in, one designed by Dirk Lohan, Mies van der Rohe's
grandson⁴ (fig. 04). It is notable that the only furniture besides Mies van der Rohe's that was allowed in the house during a typical tour season is furniture designed for the house by his grandson, Lohan, thus establishing a patrilineal legacy that extends from the building envelope to the interior furnishings. The installation of this non-descript furniture was the final erasure of Dr. Farnsworth's occupation of the house, and evidence that, from an institutional perspective, it has been a focus of the NTHP in the past to present the legacy of the architect, rather than the lived history of the house.

This may be due to the characterization, within architectural history, of Dr. Farnsworth as "vengeful," and an interpretation of her inhabitation of the house as evidence of that—indeed, even though she was the owner of the house, historians have occasionally described the time she occupied it as if it had been illegal or informal: "[she] remained in the house for nearly two decades," writes Franz Schulze, "at one point even striking an uncompromisingly proprietary position toward it."⁹ The historian is apparently shocked that the woman who owned the house would continue to live in it. Dr. Farnsworth would drive to the house from her primary residence in Chicago, making the sixty-mile journey on Wednesdays and weekends for nearly twenty years. Over time, she made pragmatic alterations to the...
house that made it comfortable for her as she aged. An avid reader, she installed bookshelves, attaching them to the central core, moved in an overstuffed couch and large sculptures (one, in particular, of a horse), and after the raw silk curtains were destroyed in the 1954 flood, she had roller blinds installed all the way around the perimeter for privacy. Photographs of these phases of the Farnsworth House are rarely published. A building’s inhabitation becomes its history: one to be either embraced or erased.

From the moment that Dr. Farnsworth took ownership of the structure in 1951 and began furnishing it, Mies van der Rohe fought for it: he fought to furnish it, fought to control how it was depicted in the architectural press and, when he realized he could not control this, fought to seize the property. The Farnsworth House, as Dr. Farnsworth understood it, was to be “the prototype of new and important elements in American architecture,” and she wanted to furnish it that way. Farnsworth had placed just a few pieces of her own furniture in the house when the photographer William Hedrich arrived to photograph it for its first review in *Architectural Forum*. She had not granted explicit permission for this, but was instead informed of the photo shoot in a letter from Douglas Haskell, the editor of the journal, who explained to her that “[w]e realize that undergoing architectural photography can be as heroic as undergoing a major operation. We just hope this won’t phase you.” Making it evident that her consent was not actually necessary, Haskell sent carbon copies of the letter to both Mies van der Rohe and Hedrich, the photographer. There was therefore nothing for her to do, but wait for the inevitable, uncomfortable event.

In these photographs, which were published in the October 1951 issue of *Architectural Forum*, the house is painfully empty. Leading the review is a photograph showing the west elevation of the house, its glass door standing open and two lightweight wood chairs positioned to the right of the entrance, facing an otherwise empty space. On the next page, we see chairs by Jens Risom and an ashtray standing next to a Florence Knoll table supporting a bouquet of wildflowers. The window-walls frame a view of wild, uncut meadow grass. At the bottom of this photograph, just a sliver of the bed can be seen – her mattress, which she had placed directly on the floor (fig. 05) – the rest of it cropped out. On the right, barely visible and half-cropped out of the photograph, Dr. Farnsworth’s poodle waits with her nose pressed against the glass door, staring directly at the camera: the only indication in these photographs that Dr. Farnsworth must be here somewhere.

Confirming Dr. Farnsworth’s tenuous inhabitation of her house, she was served a summons to court on an August afternoon not long after the photo shoot. From this summons, she learned that Mies van der Rohe was suing her for her failure to pay one final electrician’s fee amounting to $3,673.09 (fig. 06). In addition to this, the architect had a mechanic’s lien put on the house. Should she fail to furnish the $3,673.09, plus the architect’s fees as contractor and architect – fees not covered by any contract and amounting to around $30,000 – she would lose her entire $70,000 investment and the house and property would be transferred to Mies van der Rohe if it could not be sold:

“...[I]n case of sale and failure to redeem therefrom, the defendant and all claiming through or under her since commencement hereof, [shall] be forever barred and foreclosed of all right of redemption therein, and that plaintiff [shall] have such other and further relief in the premises as equity may require.”
"It certainly is a pity," she reported the bailiff saying when he delivered the summons. "As long as I'm here, Doctor, do you mind if I have a look around? I've heard so much about this house— it sure is unusual." By the time the photographs were published with the first review of the structure in October 1951, depositions of witnesses for van der Rohe vs. Farnsworth had already begun. One can imagine how depressing it must have been for Dr. Farnsworth to come home from her deposition to see the photographs of her sparsely-furnished weekend house splashed across...
the pages of Architectural Forum, along with disparaging descriptions characterizing her as a “temporary tenant,”15 and the house as a “glass prism”16 “addressed directly to the spirit.”17 The house would continue to exist, generation after generation, the review stated, “long after such striking clients as Dr. Edith Farnsworth are gone.”18 Here, for the first time, we see the institutional narrative that the house is a timeless and universal truth, and Dr. Farnsworth is merely a temporary and all-too-human inconvenience.

Dr. Farnsworth had little faith in the justice system’s ability to rectify any of this. “The fate of a witness in a court of law,” she would write in her memoirs, “depends largely upon the identification which he is able to set up in the minds of the personnel therein, not only the judge and the attorneys, but the bailiffs, the court secretary, even the janitors.”19 Even Farnsworth, herself on trial, imagined a male, universal subject on the witness stand. Next to this comment in her memoirs, she expands a bit further: “I suppose that the contemporary notion of ‘credibility’ would replace the older concept of truthfulness.”20 She knew that what would be on trial was her credibility, not truth. And even as a physician and researcher renowned for her work, she knew that she was at a disadvantage due to her gender. At the same time, this trial was her sole opportunity to retain ownership of the structure.

II.

This was not a typical jury trial. In place of a jury, the judge relied on the findings of a Master in Chancery—that is, a judge with trial experience, who would listen to all the witnesses, write a set of findings, and deliver them to the judge, who would then ultimately render a decision. It is worth noting that this was a method for legal proceedings that was developed in England and used there to settle the estates of infants and the insane. In this case, the judge who was supposed to render his decision in 1953 never did so. He instead retired, and the resolution of this case, which had begun in 1951, continued to hang in the balance. Farnsworth and Mies van der Rohe waited another two years to learn who would win: whether the architect would be awarded the unpaid electrical bill for $3,673.09 (plus 6% interest dating back to the completion of work, on March 29, 1951), as well as the contractor’s fee he proposed of $15,000, and his design fee of $12,000 (minus the $2,500 she had paid) plus interest—as outlined in a complaint filed on July 13, 1951; or whether Farnsworth would be awarded the $30,372.10 that she had countersued for in her counter-complaint—the difference between what she had paid, $70,372.10, and what she had claimed he promised the house would cost, $40,000.21 At nearly 4,000 pages, the trial transcript of van der Rohe vs. Farnsworth was so lengthy that when the case was reassigned to a Judge Abrahamson in 1955, he refused to read it. Instead, he brought the plaintiff and the defendant into his office, asked if they had a contract between them that would substantiate the fees, learned that they did not, and said that the two sides would have to settle: Farnsworth wrote a check for $2,500. Without a contract in place, the transcript was completely meaningless in a court of law. With respect to the institutionalized legacy of Mies van der Rohe, however, the transcript is precious: the closest document to “truth” that one might find, since both the architect and the client had spoken under oath.

When I was conducting this research in 2014, Architect X held the only copy of this transcript. After a year of email correspondence, he allowed me to sit in his living room in Mies van der Rohe’s 860–880 Lake Shore Drive Apartments to view the document. He
permitted me to share space with it, to read it, and had even taken the
time to select the passages he thought I might want to read. I was allowed
to take notes, but not to photograph any of the thousands of pages that
littered the table in front of me. I sifted fruitlessly through the pages for
hours as the shadows on Lake Shore Drive lengthened.

After years of follow-up emails with Architect X, including a
sequence of messages copied to a representative of Mies van der Rohe’s
estate—who wanted to be sure I was not looking for scintillating details to
reanimate the rumor that the architect and Farnsworth had been lovers—they agreed that I could hire a document scanning company to scan the
entire transcript. With one caveat: I was not to share the contents of this
document with anyone, nor was I to distribute it on the internet. After a se-
ries of complicated requests in connection with a legal contract enforcing
my compliance, desire for the contract was dropped and two vague warn-
ings were expressed in its place: “I know you’ll conduct yourself profession-
ally,” and “guard everything appropriately, and all will be well.”22
What was I guarding? In the email exchange, it became clear that what mattered most to my correspondents was the institutional memory of Mies van der Rohe: I had to state my purposes for wanting to view this document many times, in writing, and pledge fealty to the architect's integrity—promising that I had no interest in bringing to light a possible romance between the architect and the client (as so many previous historians have speculated). It became clear that in the eyes of those who held the document, I represented a potential breach—to put this primary source in my hands was to give me a wealth of ingredients for any history I might create based on it.

If history is a narration of the events of the past constructed based on the historian’s relation to primary sources, how can any history be narrated, or constructed in the first place, if the historian cannot transmit this knowledge, if, due to their position as a potential “other”—as represented by their gender, class, race, or any other status deviating from a perceived neutral, white male norm—they must instead be a vault? How will we author history if the terms of our engagement with primary artifacts are institutionally defined—in this case, not by a specific institution (as the transcript was, and still is, held solely at a private residence), but by the very institution of patriarchal power, which in this case is not overtly violent, but softly so: two men telling one woman to follow their instructions, and... all will be well”?

During a two-month residency at the Santa Fe Art Institute, I redacted this document. A filmmaker and close friend documented my performance of this act: nearly 4,000 pages blacked out with redaction pens, my hands burying the meaning of them. Rather than wallowing in the silence of the vague threats I had received, I decided to perform the meaning and burden of them, the exhausting and mind-numbing work of covering up, covering for, of creating a black box of institutional silence (figs. 07, 08, 09). In the twenty-first century, redaction has emerged in the most heartbreaking ways: the redacted body-cam footage that American police released after the murder of George Floyd, and, before that, U.S. Attorney General William Barr’s redacting of the “Mueller Report,” or “Report on the Investigation into Russian Interference in the 2016 Presidential Election.” As a result of redaction, abuses of power remain private, not public. And yet, redaction is the final effort of an institution to cover its tracks: it acknowledges both the violence of silencing and the existence of crimes and indiscretions that the institution must bury in order to retain its power, its coherence.

III.

The redacted van der Rohe vs. Farnsworth transcript sits in a box next to my desk. It and the current exhibition at the Farnsworth House are twins, both part of the same approximate timeline. The lawsuit began the moment Dr. Farnsworth took (tentative) ownership of the house in 1951, and, by 1954, a flood had swept away or destroyed all of the furniture—just a year before Farnsworth learned that she would be able to keep the house. We have re-installed re-creations of that lost furniture in the house for the exhibition Edith Farnsworth, Reconsidered. It is a temporary installation, one that will eventually be removed and replaced once again by the architect’s furniture for the typical tour season that follows. As harsh as this redaction seems, it suggests a subtle movement forward. After all, there has been a cultural shift from simply speaking for Dr. Farnsworth
Warped and spongy lay the winter ice upon the river
And stale was the snow from February's gales.
The fields were seamed with bitter slush
And here and there the brown clay, the tarnished tuft
Emerged.

Clouds sank to the very surface of the highroad
And, lower still, to the very margins of the river,
Veiling a breeze without direction.

There was no light.

How is one to travel through a country without landmarks,
Toward a destination so attenuated
As nearly to be forgotten?

There is a row of posts, but not a fence and
Not a field.

Now looms the shadow of a maple tree, without a landscape.

On the right you see a mailbox--Hoskins is the name
--And soon another, with the name J. Humphrey.

No farmhouse is there to be seen;

For the names, no bearer.

Emerging from obscurity below,

Proceeding toward impending sky above,
A string of yearling heifers walks,
Their protopathic instincts more than ours secure
To find the path, sure-footed, among the unrelated
landmarks
to acknowledging that she had things to say, that she had a way of life that unfolded in the Farnsworth House that can be revealed, if only to be covered up again.

When performed by an institution, the redaction of documents or histories is a form of silencing that is both an acknowledgement and an omission—it is an act designed to protect the institution, but it also acknowledges that institution's vulnerability. The act of redaction does not prevent, but only forestalls the inevitable leak, the "loss of vital matter from the inside," in the words of Mary Douglas, when talking about the breaching of social and institutional boundaries. Redaction, after all, shows us where structural weaknesses lie. Sherry B. Ortner warns that "the borders of certain kinds of strongly bounded groups, and strongly fortified identities"—think, here, of institutionalized architectural history and its interpretations—"are similarly fraught with danger; violation of those boundaries will tend to provoke strong, and sometimes, violent reactions."25

The ends to which institutions will go to protect their narratives are surprising, if not violent. Near the end of her life, during her retirement in Italy, Dr. Farnsworth received a visit there from John Maxon, the vice president for collections and exhibitions at the Chicago Art Institute. Maxon offered to be her literary executor. In a letter to her sister, Dr. Farnsworth explains that he had expressed the wish to modify her memoirs to show a reconciliation between "a great architect and a great client."26 His visit was, she wrote, the "height of ghoulishness,"27 and she rejected the notion of allowing Maxon to modify her accounts of her lived experience. This anecdote, as told to her sister, should serve as a reminder that while it is possible for an institution to redact statements, or evidence, or individual voices, it cannot redact forces, nor can it protect itself against them. It is perhaps no coincidence that Dr. Farnsworth's "turn" happened in 2020, in the midst of a larger wave of women around the world demanding social, political, and cultural acknowledgement and justice, that she had her “turn” within the context of the global gravity of #metoo and other feminist movements.

This exhibition opened, and will close, in a moment of uncertainty equal to that of the period of time in which Dr. Farnsworth initially inhabited the Farnsworth House—not knowing if her time there would be permanent or temporary. It opened in March 2020, when the United States declared a state of emergency in response to the coronavirus pandemic, and sat empty for months, a space with no audience, a space out of time, as if waiting for Dr. Farnsworth to return. It is now open, as the United States lurches into a new, post-pandemic "normal." On a reproduction of her desk, we have placed a series of poems she authored during her occupation of the house (fig. 10). In the poem "February Thaw," Dr. Farnsworth asks the following question:

"How is one to travel through a country without landmarks
Toward a destination so attenuated
As nearly to be forgotten?"

Farnsworth is referring to her drives from Chicago to Plano in the early springtime, along highways and fields covered in a blinding white blanket of snow that makes it difficult for her to see her way forward. But she begins to notice tufts of grass and patches of earth showing through the snow and chooses these as her landmarks. Slowly, surely, she finds her way home. RA
Acknowledgments

I owe the deepest thanks and gratitude to Scott Mehaffey, Director of the Farnsworth House and curator of the exhibition Edith Farnsworth, Reconsidered, for his collaboration and leadership over the past several years to expand the interpretations of the history of the Farnsworth House to include Dr. Farnsworth’s legacy. Without his insight, initiative, and relentless work, the exhibition Edith Farnsworth, Reconsidered would not have become possible.

01. The website of the National Trust for Historic Preservation includes a page dedicated to this initiative: “Where Women Made History”; https://savingplaces.org/womens-history#.YHZSri2z10I (accessed February 16, 2021).


03. Ibid.

04. Ibid. Additionally, I worked alongside Scott Mehaffey, the Director of the Farnsworth House, and the Chicago-based architect Rob Kleinschmidt, offering my historical perspective on Dr. Farnsworth, who I have been researching and studying since 2003.

05. NORWICH, William, “Sex and Real Estate,” in New York Times Style Magazine, June 1, 2003. This characterization of the history of the house continues to inform the cultural imagination of Dr. Farnsworth, regardless of the fact that several authors, including Alice T. Friedman, Paul B. Preciado, and I have written at length about the structural misogyny threaded through this architectural history.

06. Editor’s reply to the letter by Mary Z. Valatka of Abington, Massachusetts, in Newsweek (September 29, 1969), with the headline “House Yes, Architect No.”

07. The Farnsworth House orientation video shown in the Visitor’s Center prior to tours until 2019. Archived at Farnsworth House Sarah J. Hahn Resource Center, Plano, Illinois.


09. Ibid., p. 20.

10. Ibid.

11. Letter from Douglas Haskell, Architectural Editor of Architectural Forum: The Magazine of Building, to Dr. Edith Farnsworth, Canadian Centre for Architecture. The letter is erroneously dated August 7, 1941. The chronology of the house’s construction would suggest that this letter was written on August 7, 1951.


17. Ibid.

18. Ibid., p. 160.


20. Ibid.


22. E-mail exchange between the author and Architect X, October to December 2014.

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