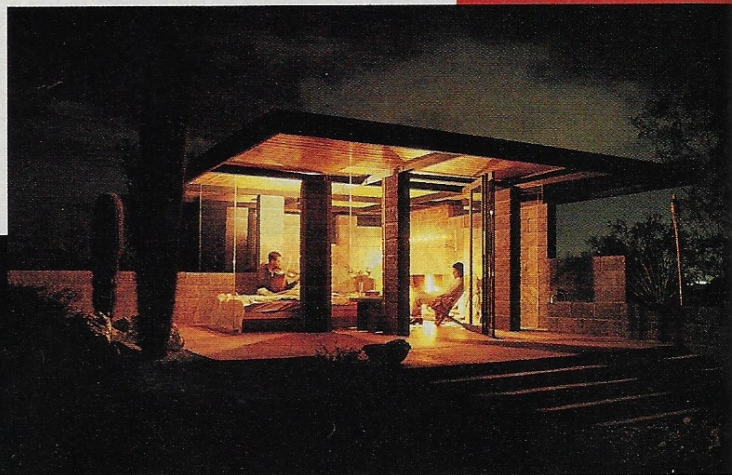




The smell of baking bread fills the kitchen at Taliesin West. In the next room an apprentice designs at a computer, a copy of *Portable Thoreau* at his side. Outside, a Samoyed named Rebar snoozes on a terrace while several students, tools in hand, swarm over a roof in need of repair. Someone asks a strapping 19-year-old if he'll be around later. "Oh, sure," he says, grinning, "I'll be here for the next seven years." Though a generation has passed since Wright's death, his spirit is everywhere at Taliesin: in the low-lying stone-and-redwood buildings that seem to grow out of the desert, in the portrait of the master on prominent display in the drafting room. But the heart of Wright's legacy is the fellowship—some 60 architects, teachers, apprentices, archivists and spouses who work and live on the grounds. Many have spent their entire adult lives here, housed in small apartments and paid a modest stipend. (John Rattenbury came to Taliesin at 21; his wife, Kay, who died last year, arrived at 16 and became an interior designer and Olgivanna's trusted aide.) The students continue to come from all over the world, gamely sleeping in spartan dwellings and eager to follow Wright's dictum "Learning by doing." Meals are communal, chores are shared. All this togetherness, the residents feel, brings out the best in them and in their work. Says Rattenbury: "You can't design a building that's better than you are." ➤➤➤

New apprentices sleep in tents scattered on Taliesin West's 500 acres. Nature, Wright believed, was the best teacher of architecture.



Entertainment is self-made at Taliesin. Right: A third-year student plays the violin in his shelter, which has no water or electricity.