



KNOCKDOWN HOUSES

Several types of knockdown wood house from Java have been adopted in Bali. The smallest is called a *gladak*, and two larger varieties are the *joglo* and the *limasan*. Most are made from teak, and the roofing is usually either terracotta tiles or ironwood shingles (*sirap*). The trademark of the joglo is a tall central roof supported by four large central columns. Neither the limasan nor the gladak has central columns, so nearly all the interior space is usable. All these buildings are designed to be moved easily and have coded joins so that they can be erected quickly, with a minimum of mistakes. Some of the timbers are richly carved, particularly above the uprights of a joglo, but most are made from simple hewn timber.

The foundations are minimal, and as “traditional” homes they are subject to almost no building regulations, unlike concrete slab construction, so they have become more prevalent in the current real estate climate.

Bud Hart has built his home, Hartland, on the ridge of Sayan Terrace, outside Ubud. The buildings on the estate include a joglo and a modified gladak.

I don't know the definitions or categories of what is considered “sustainable” or “non-sustainable” material. For example, because Sumba stone is excavated within the country in order to clear

farmland, does that mean it's sustainable? Even though a fair amount of petrol is probably used to transport it to Bali? But I used every last piece of stone—for the retaining walls, steps, house walls, pool, etc. Even the broken stones, rubble, I pounded into powder and used for pigment in the polished cement walls and floors, and in the grouting. The buried teak logs from Java I used not only for the buildings, but for making all the furniture on-site, as well as shelves, switch plates, you name it.

I used earth from the land for mud walls and terracing for the organic vegetable gardens. I grew my own bamboo to be used later for fences and natural barriers. There are living fences from other plants and trees grown locally. I made tables from discarded tree stumps on the building site.

For me, sustainability started unconsciously, as a way of life in my cowboy childhood. I grew up in a sheep-trading and cattle-ranching family in southern Colorado in the 1950s—sheep drives to the high country, branding calves, round-ups, the whole works. We lived in an “off-the-grid” cabin during the long summers (before there was even a grid to be off of), with a windmill and natural springs for water, no electricity, no phone, an outhouse, a true ice-box, a wood-burning stove, recycled bunk beds (from train cars), Coleman lanterns, and candles. Our playhouse was a sheep camp. Our furniture was made from wagon wheels, and our decorations were found objects.

My dad used government subsidies to help pay for soil conservation and water systems to collect rainwater in ponds for the animals. We used the wool from some of the sheep to make blankets. A steer and a ewe were slaughtered each year and kept in the freezer to feed the family. The message was that you use what you have and take care of it so it'll last, whether it's topsoil or boots.

The message became conscious when I took a couple of ecology courses in college. Then I spent thirty years living in New York City, where there was no eco-anything. But when products came to market that were “eco-friendly,” I bought those, and I still loved wearing my lizard cowboy boots, repaired with gaffer tape.

I was much more concerned about the sustainability of human life during the holocaust of AIDS in the 1980s and into the early '90s. I was very engaged in that effort. First, take care of your own body and mind (psychoanalysis and yoga for me, the within and the without), and make your living space pleasant to yourself. Second, take care of the world you depend on, or there won't be any mind and body to take care of.

We live in an age of insecure and anxious attachment to both ourselves and the earth, which is reflecting back to us our own negligence as we sink into a quagmire of human suffering because of it. *As above, so below. As without, so within.*

Coming to Bali brought me full circle with nature again. As far as nature goes, it felt quite literally like coming home, albeit to a tropical version. Bali appealed to my memory of Colorado. Mount Batukaru to the north is like the San Juan Mountains near the ranch. The Ayung River below Hartland is like the Saint Charles River flowing through the canyon on Turtle Butte Ranch in Col-

orado. The vistas are similar—serene, gracious, composed, counterpointed with awesome storms that reveal the power of nature.

In my house, there isn't much that isn't wood and stone, not even much glass. All the water comes from natural springs. I have Wastewater Gardens to filter all gray water, and a composting and seedling house. The open floor plan lets wind ventilate the house; all standing water has been eliminated for mosquito control; and the swimming pool is in an area with no trees, to absorb sunlight and warm the water. (I often hear complaints that the pools are too cold at this higher altitude.) I explored a ram pump for bringing springwater up the ridge, but it was too steep.

I would advise future architects and designers to learn as much as you can about sustainable design in school and in the field, in the context of what you want to build and where. Learn the latest technological advances, and remember that it's your job to help the client realize his own dream within his budget—not your dream. Know the difference and respect it.

I draw inspiration from nature and the best influences in my own past, from Navajo rugs to mountains. Cultivating an attitude of appreciation and respect toward the environment leads to feelings of enjoyment and an overall sense of health and well-being.

I have sought comfort and contentment in simplicity, purity, and restraint, with an awareness that impermanence presides over all things. This provides a sense of timelessness, of presence.

The design corollary is to venerate and emulate the discreet, modest, and respectful. Appreciate and be sensitive to empty space. I escape the pressures of the material world by creating lightness in my home and gardens.

Did I make any blunders? I paid a lot for a house design that I ended up not building because it was too expensive. I tried to stick everything, and everything luxurious, into it. Carrara marble from Italy, bluestone from Europe, the whole structure in buried teak—a jewel box, really. So I scrapped that design, and ended up with a modest old joglo that was redesigned by Max Jencquel; we all agreed it was better than the jewel box.

Lesson learned: Calculate your budget first? Look before you leap? Don't let Mr. Fancy Pants make the decisions? Less is more?

Also, another one—before I ever moved to Bali, shortly after I bought the property, I tore down a big, ugly concrete house that was on the land where the joglo now stands—an impulsive action, really. Not long after, I suddenly realized I had no place to live and had just torn down a house. I couldn't believe how stupid that was.

Lesson learned: Use what you have, and don't act impulsively. Whatever you do, do it gently and with love, and only after forethought.

My design signature? I'll have to think about that, but my method was to collaborate with those who made the work I love, in a context that expresses who I am.

From the air, the island of Lombok, east of Bali, is green and mountainous, with new roads carved through the lush landscape. After landing, we head south to Mambo Sun, the home of Richard and Anjarini North-Lewis. We encounter open roads with no traffic, a refreshing change from Bali. The