



BUILDERS

of the Pacific Coast

Lloyd Kahn



Introduction

IT'S A LAND OF BLUE AND GREEN: the blue of the water — ocean, bays, estuaries, inlets, rivers, and creeks; the green of the trees — cedar, fir, hemlock, balsam, alder, and spruce, all fed by abundant rainfall; it's along the Pacific Coast of North America, from San Francisco up to Vancouver Island, British Columbia. It's in this relatively small geographical area that I discovered most of the buildings in this book.

In 2005, a year after publishing *Home Work: Handbuilt Shelter*, I set out to do a book titled *Builders*, covering carpenters in the U.S. and Canada. I started by shooting photos in Colorado, Vermont, and Northern California. Next I headed up the Pacific coast to British Columbia. For years people had been telling me about builders in this area. One person said to me, "You don't have any builders in *Home Work* like these guys," and that got my attention. Plus an old friend, artist and sailor of the seas, Godfrey Stephens (*see pp. 100–09*), kept emailing that I had to see the builders of Vancouver Island and surrounding islands.

In July, 2005, I took off in my truck, heading north along the coast. In Northern California I photographed Tony Anderson's mountain homestead, next the rammed-earth house and farm of Greg and Margie Smith. Then on up to Canada.

First stop was Godfrey's house in Victoria, where he was having a "Summer Artists' Gathering" party. He introduced me to people who in turn gave me additional names and addresses of island builders. After a few days in Victoria, I headed north on Vancouver Island, following these leads. One builder would refer me to another, and so on.

I was astounded at the quality of design, imagination, and craftsmanship in this part of the world. It was apparent there could be a book on this area alone.

Over a two-year period, I made four trips, with cameras and notebooks, of about three weeks each, shooting these photos and talking to these builders. I expanded the territory to include the coast down to San Francisco.

Specific locations are usually not given here, in order to preserve homeowners' privacy. Suffice to say, it's a coastal marine environment, latitudes 37 to 49 degrees, with boats everywhere. Many of these buildings could be reached only by water. You get to the islands on ferries.

Due to high rainfall and fast-growing forests, there's a large amount of wood available for building. Its abundance (although more so 30 years ago than today) has given many of these builders the material and inspiration to create these structures. A lot of the wood used in these buildings came off the beach, or at least from very close by.

About 80% of the builders in this book are Canadian. Some are Americans who emigrated to Canada to avoid being drafted for the war in Vietnam.

Many of these buildings were built in the '70s and '80s, some in the '60s, a singular period in North American history. This group of builders, the *Whole Earth Catalog* guys, were acting out their dreams. You could live on very little money, land was cheap, building codes few. It was a period likely to never be duplicated, a 20- to 30-year span of inspiration and freedom, and of spirit made manifest in a number of handmade homes.



Much of this, by the way, was green building 30 to 40 years before it became Green Building. Using natural and sustainable materials. Practicality. Small-scale technology. Power from sun, wind, and water where possible. Fitting buildings into natural surroundings. Working with one's hands.

I grew up on the Pacific Coast, so I felt at home in this region. Not only was the territory familiar, but here were people who shared many of my interests: building, growing food, fishing, using natural materials, renewable energy, doing as much for yourself as possible, treating nature with respect, beachcombing — to name a few. I had a wonderful time. I camped out on beaches, in the woods, or in my truck, sometimes staying with the builders or in motels. The food was consistently great and I made a lot of new friends. Each trip was an adventure.

And an amazing thing unfolded as I traveled: time after time, builders would tell me that this or that building was inspired by our 1973 book *Shelter*. In fact, just about every builder I ran across was familiar with the book. Wow! I had no idea. This added a new dimension to *this* book.

A lot of my coverage occurred by chance. I followed up on referrals, people were around or they weren't, houses were accessible, or not. I'd see buildings while driving down the road. There's a great deal of randomness here. It wasn't tightly planned and it's not comprehensive, even for this small area.

"Why these buildings?" People often ask me this. Here's what I look for:

- How does the building look in the landscape? Does it fit in?
- How does it work? Is it practical? (Well, not always!)
- Are the building materials sustainable? Local?
- What do the materials look like? How do they function? How are they to live with?
- The aesthetics — how does it feel inside?
- Craftsmanship — how well are things put together?
- And, of course: joy, wit, and harmony of design and construction.



My road rig: a 2003 stick-shift, four-cylinder, four-wheel-drive Toyota Tacoma truck with camper shell (see p. 252 for details).

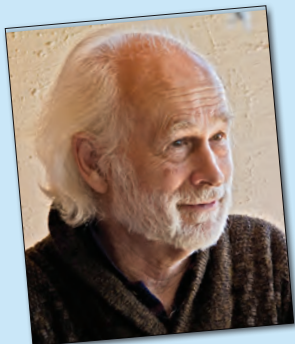
On the Road: I love going down new roads, hunting for buildings. As I drive, I'm constantly thinking about showing people what I find, a habit that started with a high school journalism class, and continued when I ran an Air Force newspaper for two years, then kicked into high gear, years later, working on the *Whole Earth Catalog*. I ended up being a compulsive communicator. It's the journalism bug: I no sooner discover something wonderful than I want to show everyone what I've found. It gives me a purpose, a focus. It makes traveling more fun.

So come along and ride shotgun with me, going down these roads, riding the ferries, walking the beaches, talking to these builders, and seeing their creations. Here's what I found in my travels to this land of blue and green, of water and wood.

A handwritten signature in black ink, consisting of a stylized 'Q' followed by a vertical line and a small flourish.

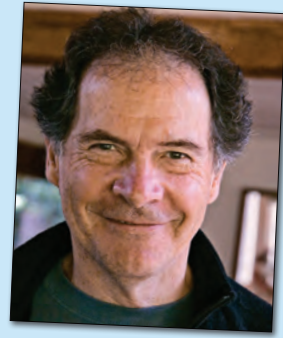
I camped on this beach (on a small island) several times. I went out on the reef at low tide early one morning and found oysters everywhere (beyond the commercially staked-out beds). I gathered a bunch and barbecued them on a fire that night, along with a baked potato cooked in the coals, and a couple of BC beers. For dessert: wild blackberries with cream and raw sugar. Then sat around the driftwood fire, watching the stars, with the moon reflected on the water.

The Builders



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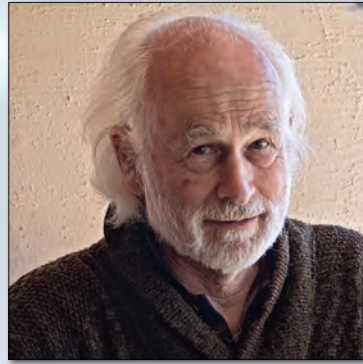


Lloyd House



BY THE TIME I SAW LLOYD House's "Leaf House" (see pp. 18–19), then the sauna he built, I realized he was the builder of my dreams. He did things I'd never seen a builder do. He was tuned deeply into his materials and surroundings, and there was joy and wit in addition to master craftsmanship. Here was a builder able to carry through on his own designs to the last detail. His creations took my breath away. When I came upon the sauna (see pp. 24–27), I was stunned.

By the time I met him, I'd seen a number of his buildings. I didn't know what to expect. I gathered from people that he had his own unique way of looking at the world. And there was the slightly cosmic fact that when I find the *numero uno* builder in all my years of photographing houses, his name is not only Lloyd, but Lloyd House (the latter his family name).



"I was a builder from the time I could hammer a nail."

By then he was living in Courtenay on the main island, and I met him for breakfast at a cafe on a sunny morning. We sat down, and he said he was going to talk about himself in the third person, so he'd be telling me his story objectively. Uh, well, OK. He had a pile of photos, and started in: "He started working as a carpenter in Vancouver in 1952..." "He came out to the small island in 1967 and started working, etc..." This wasn't without its amusement, as when I'd ask, "Well, what did you — I mean, what did *he* do next..."

That was the first of a number of times we got together, later at his cliffside house facing the ocean on the west side of Vancouver Island. I'd spend the night (after getting there by boat) and we'd have meals together and sit at his circular table overlooking the sea and talk about

his work and how I was going to present it in this book. We'd read what I'd written and then kick things around. He's two years older than me, and we've got the same pre-television born-in-the-30s background. A couple of old guys. A lot of his talk was abstract and philosophical. He didn't talk about the practicalities of design and construction, but rather the processes and the insights that contributed to his creations (in bold and quotes on the following pages). Out of our many conversations I concluded that the most important thing to Lloyd, in all his work, in all his creativity, was — if you'll pardon the expression — *love*. Love for people, love for beauty, love for wood, love for life. It's obvious, as you can see in these pages.

Lloyd grew up on the seashore in West Vancouver. He eventually began discussing his experiences in the first person: "When

I was four years old, I was fascinated with my father's saw. It had a beautiful patina. I couldn't reach it and my dad wouldn't let me have it. The power of tools. It sparked my interest. My first building project was when my folks gave me a bunch of short ends of 2×3's. They told me to make a lion's cage, so I did. After that I made a series of forts, then hideaways and habitats in the woods. I was a builder from the time I could hammer a nail."

"One day after I graduated from high school, I was hitchhiking and got picked up by a builder, and that got me into the trade. I eventually ended up working on high-end houses, but soon realized that the architect was in it for his reputation, the contractor and carpenters were in it for the money, and no one cared about the owners' dreams. It got so that I hated getting up in the morning. I loved building,

but was burned out on industrialized housing. So I took a job working on a forestry boat."

In 1966, Lloyd was offered a job by a Tyrolean ski club building a lodge at Whistler Mountain, BC. He took the job, designed the lodge, and then led the 110 members of the club in its construction. "They were butchers and bakers and candlestick makers, by and large, including a few carpenters, of course. It was wonderful working with those people." The lodge was post and beam in construction, with plaster over lath on the walls. It was 30' × 60' in size, with a 26' × 30' side wing that slept 40 people (*see p. 177*).

In 1967, he "dropped out," and moved to a small island in the Strait of Georgia. At that time, there were a lot of "... radical people exploring creativity." On the next 36 pages are some of Lloyd's creations.



Rivers House

LLOYD BUILT THIS HOUSE FOR Bill and Sheila Rivers on a small island in a cove of West Vancouver in 1972. Lloyd's condition for taking the job was that the owners wouldn't come to the job while the job was in progress,

and they were limited to three visits. "It saves the owners a lot of grief. That way they don't need to ride the roller coaster of a creative process — sweating out the accidents or second-guessing the mistakes."



Bill sitting in living room, which looks out on the water and mainland



*“Optimally a home
does not separate
people from the
world they live in.
It’s all so simple.”*



LLOYD HOUSE



*The doorway:
"Bo Helliwel found a huge log on the beach, and said, 'You better come and look at it, Lloyd.' We went to the beach and cut the doorway in the log. Then we split it in half, brought the two halves to the site, and put them back together. This was the first thing that was put up. A local said, at the time, 'We're all on a journey and nobody knows where we're going.'"*

Hornby Island Community Center

LLOYD: "I don't really consider it my work, since so many people were involved. It was a true community effort. As it happened I held a pivotal position as lead hand on the job. We had the finest kind of cooperation imaginable; it had a lot to do with the cultural ambience of the times. The community was blossoming. I feel privileged to have been where so much good will was focused."

There were no grants. "If there had been grant money, it would have taken the life out of the project, compliances and all that." There were no building permits, no building inspectors, and "... this allowed the community to act spontaneously, creatively." Michael McNamara was the coordinator.

With regard to the unusual exterior siding: "When we got to the siding we were nearly out of money. So we got scrap logs and cut log rounds on the bias 4 inches thick."



Center hub:
'56 Ford
truck tire



Stove by Tim Biggins

Stefan's House

WHEN I WALKED DOWN THE DIRT ROAD AND FIRST saw it, my heart almost stopped. It was perfect. Everything was working in harmony: design, siting, materials, craftsmanship, details. I hadn't met Lloyd yet, but I felt I knew him. His spirit was present in this building. It was a concerto.

Down a grassy road on a small island, Stefan Doll's house sits on the edge of a marsh. Lloyd built it for him in 1985, with the provision that Stefan not come to the building site until Lloyd was finished.

"Stefan asked me for an artful dwelling, whether he was aware of it or not. I did my best to give him just that. Art being, for me, everything in its proper place."

The quotes in large text on the next five pages are things Lloyd said to me over the course of our conversations, and which seemed to me to apply particularly to this house.



Bruno Atkey



The Wild Coast

GODFREY STEPHENS (see pp. 100–09) kept telling me I had to meet a west coast builder named Bruno. He's "the ultimate guy," said Godfrey. I headed out to Bruno's cabin on the southern coast of Vancouver Island on my way back to California after two weeks of shooting photos. Bruno's got a shake-roofed cabin on a 150-foot vertical cliff overlooking a surf break. I didn't even know there was surf this far north (typical insular California thinking). Moreover, it turns out (talking to others) that he's a legendary surfer on Vancouver Island, as is his buddy Wayne Vliet (see p. 98); they were the first serious surfers in this part of the world in the '70s. (There's even an "Atkey's Reef" surf spot.)

Bruno (aka Bruce) Atkey is a big, strong guy: barrel-chested, 220 pounds of muscle, a man's man, a builders' builder. He's specialized in building cabins in remote places, getting there by sea, always using wood on the site or from the beach. He's built a variety of loading carts and ramps for getting wood from sea to shore.

Bruno spent his first 15 years in Saskatchewan, "...a big dry ocean of

prairies." He moved to Victoria when he was 15 and after high school, became a "...rednecked, beer-drinking logger." Pretty soon, though, the free spirit of the '60s moved north from San Francisco, and he started living on the beach at Wreck Bay; he sold shakes split from driftwood, did shake roofs ("...we were hippie shakers"), and built cabins out of beach wood. (He was known as Bruce in those days.) He had a 4-wheel cart with pneumatic tires for moving wood on the beach. He also had a surfboard business, would drive to California in a VW truck, buy all the surfboards he could find for under \$50, and sell them back in BC. In 1972, he took off with six other people in a flotilla of boats, sailing along the coast. "We would come into shore and unload our tools, froes (for splitting shakes), beans and rice, start building paths from the beach into the woods, and building cabins."

"I didn't have any money. All I had were dreams, eh?"

He then built a cabin and shop on a remote beach and lived there for 10 years. "Keep doing what you love," he says. The only



access was by sea (25 miles); he had a 16-foot centerboard clinker sailboat with a 10 hp motor. For food there were homegrown vegetables and fish from the sea. Some years he fished for herring. "You could fish for one month and make enough to live on for a year."

Over the years he's built houses, lodges, cabins, shops, houseboats, and surfers' shacks up and down the coast, with his trademark signature hand-split cedar framing and sheathing. In his yard there's a 32-foot steel twin-keel sailboat he's building from scratch. He's even welded up a miniature stainless steel wood stove.

This guy can do anything: wood, metal, stone, design, construction — inaccessible sites a specialty. All his work is soulful; the places he's built *feel* good. He shows me a scrapbook with photos of his earlier work, then asks if I want to take a 50-mile boat trip north of Tofino on my next trip, to see his work (and go surfing). Do I!



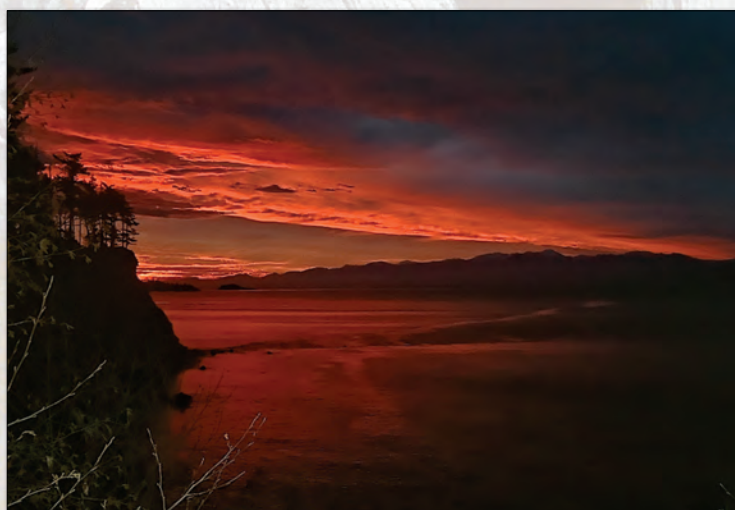
Below: This log washed up on the beach below Bruno's house recently. Here he levers the log up off the rocks, cuts it into two-foot bolts, and then with A-frame and block-and-tackle, hauls them up the cliff, where he split them into shakes. I'm about to bring them down to my place in Northern California, to replace the 35-year-old shakes on my tower.





Bruno surfing on a remote beach. Surfing Journal once said: "Bruno Atkey discovered more wilderness surfing breaks in British Columbia than anyone else."

"I didn't have any money. All I had were dreams, eh?"



Bruno has more fun than just about anyone I know. He never lets work interfere with surfing. Yesterday I talked to him on the phone and he told me he'd just been surfing, it was freezing cold, with snow (middle of winter), and he'd built a big fire on the beach, got warmed up, and then hit the surf—which he said was big.



50 Miles on the Sea

IN OCTOBER 2005, I MEET BRUNO IN TOFINO. We set off for points north in his boat. His friend Wayne Vliet comes along for the surf, and to take a break from work. It's immediately apparent these guys know what they're doing. You've got to be competent in this part of the world; the ocean brooks few mistakes. Food, gas, orange windbreaker flotation suits (\$300 each), placement of surfboards, ice chest, fishing rods, tools. Navigating the coast, where wind and waves and tides are constantly changing, is not for dilettantes.

After 40 or so miles we head into a remote cove to hang out with Bruno and Wayne's friends Dave and Diane. Dave and family get to town in a tough, fast little aluminum boat. Dave is a 100% Hesquiat native. He told me how he occasionally gets salmon: From the window of his house, he'll see a bald eagle grab a salmon where the creek comes into the ocean. He'll wait until the eagle has gutted the fish, then run out and chase it off, and have fresh (gutted) salmon.

Up the coast a few miles is a surf spot and we head there in Bruno's boat. Dave's 22-year-old son Jeff comes with us and Bruno lets him pilot the boat. We pull into a channel and throw out an anchor. Surf is six- to eight-foot walls, it's sunny. We're the only guys there. Bruno rips his clothes off, gets into his wet suit and is in the water ten minutes before Wayne and me. I look over and he's riding a wave with his hand jammed into it. It's the best surf I've had in years; I'm having a fiendishly good time. When we're through we paddle back over to the boat and head back to Dave's house for a meal. Oh yes.



Wayne Vliet



Razor-sharp knife in homemade case; he uses it to start fires on beach by peeling off slivers of cedar driftwood.



In the woods by the surf spot, Bruno says, "Hey Jeff, why don't we build a little surf shack here?" and he starts wrestling logs around.



Homemade drum

Jeff and Bruno on reef



Bruno's '79 GMC van, 4-speed with granny tranny and rear-end positraction on a homebuilt ¾-ton suspension. Motor is 292 long-stroke, single barrel carburetor, manual choke.



Loaded up for trip north; surfboards not loaded yet

Fixing a Deck

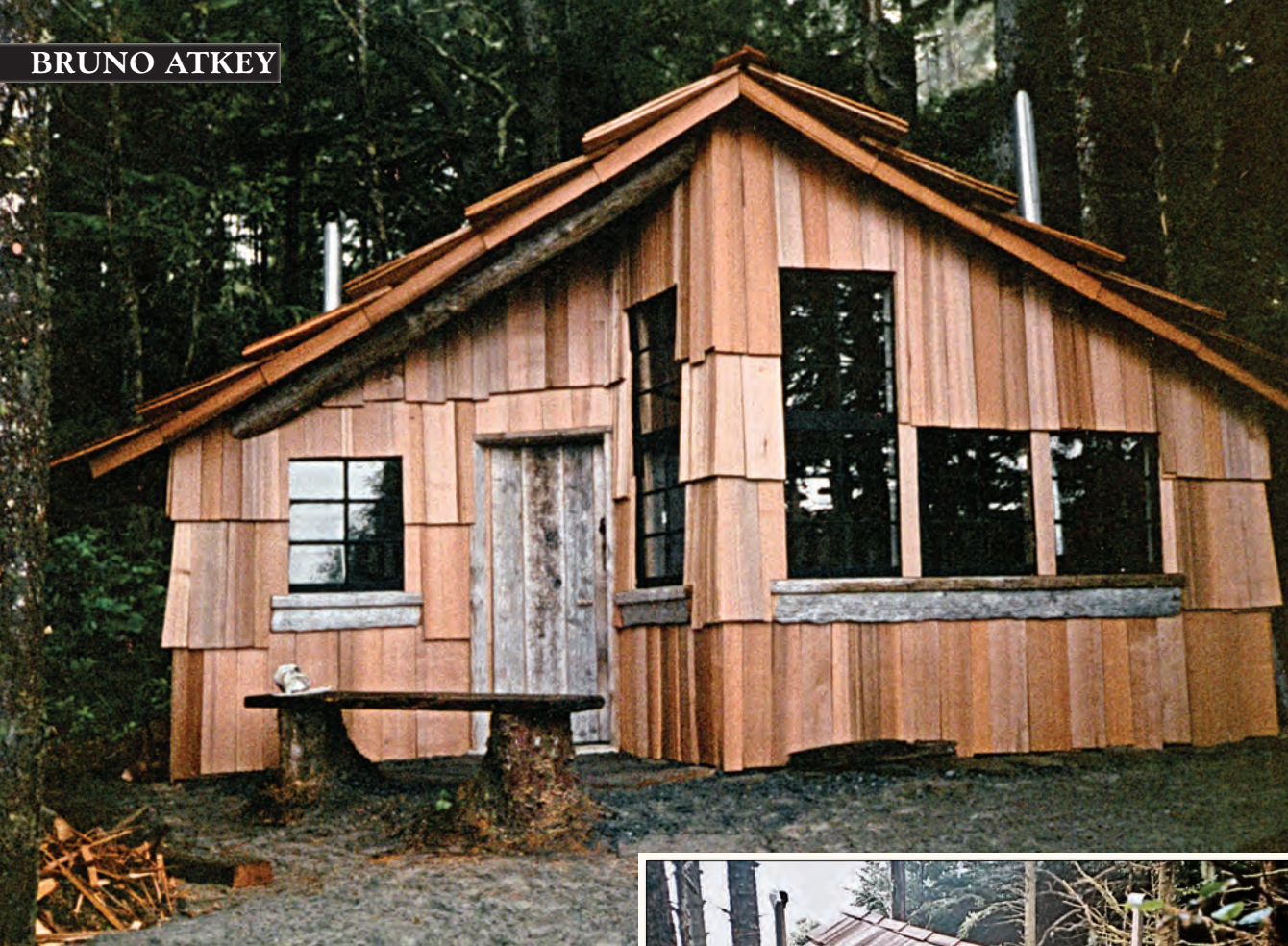
This is typical of Wayne and Bruno: They notice that the deck on the house next to Dave's is sagging. They scrounge lumber (driftwood), jack up the deck, replace the rotted post, and the deck looks spiffy. These two are always looking at ways to fix things, how to build whatever needs building. They eye every piece of wood on the beach for its usefulness. Like all builders, they're interested in how things connect. They're comfortable working on a big scale; they move heavy, heavy objects. I mention Bruno's strength to Wayne one day and he says, "He's an ox."

They know how to use pulleys, levers, cables, and incline planes. It would never occur to me to try lifting objects this big. It's a valuable skill, like a language not many people speak.

On this trip we continue up the coast to Cougar Annie's Garden (see pp. 78–81).



Bench made by sawing curved piece of driftwood in half



Seaside Cabin

THIS WILDERNESS SEASIDE CABIN IS 43 miles from the nearest road and is on a westernmost point of land on the ocean side of Vancouver Island. It is 20' x 24' and framed entirely with beach wood. All the wall and roof sheathing boards are split from cedar on the site, as is the roofing, which is 3' long, 1" thick shakes. It was built in 1987.



Above, and below right, exterior when first finished



*Under construction*

Long House

BRUNO BUILT THIS 30' BY 50' BUILDING ON A remote beach belonging to the Hesquiat tribe of British Columbia in 1999. It's used in a "rediscovery" program, and now run by the Hooksum Outdoor School (www.HooksumSchool.com), which educates young First Nations people about their history and heritage. The entire building was framed with beachcombed logs — posts, beams, and purlins. Roofing is 3' long split cedar shakes, and siding is also split cedar — 1×12s and 1×15s six to twelve feet long(!). His crew was mostly from the Hesquiat tribe.



*When the building was first finished, the chief, the chief's wife, and everyone who worked on the building brushed cedar branches against the framing timbers and walls, to show respect for the cedar tree and "... to give the building good spirit." The floor, as in *The Wreckage* (see p. 88–89), consists of log rounds infilled with 4" of sand and gravel.*

Ruby Lake Resort



THIS AMPHITHEATER, WITH A LIVE TREE at its center, is at the Ruby Lake Resort on the Sunshine Coast of British Columbia (www.RubyLakeResort.com). It was built by Kelly Barabash, and obviously inspired by

Peter Schmidt's gazebo (*previous four pages*). The two front posts, one fir, the other hemlock, were salvaged from the nearby Powell River. Kelly, a carpenter, welder, and mechanic, has built a number of sawmills

and these days runs a sawmill in Port Melon, BC. He has built movie sets, including three Viking ships (one 80 feet long) and a four-story log lodge for the movie *The 13th Warrior* ("Awful movie," says Kelly).



Rails and stairs by Brian Horback



Aldo Cogrossi



One night in the restaurant at the resort I met Brian Horback, a carpenter. Speaking about our 1973 book *Shelter*, Brian said, "I've carried your book through relationships and fires the last 30-odd years; it's in tatters! I look at it and it takes me back to the '60s. I get goose bumps." He went on to talk about working with Aldo Cogrossi, chef and one of the owners of the resort: "It's great to be a carpenter, but when you have a wood freak for a boss, it's heaven. I'd say, 'I need a piece of wood 6 feet long and shaped like a W, or a piece 11 feet long with a big hook on the end,' and he'd go find them."



Kelly Barabash

"I look at Shelter and it takes me back to the '60s. I get goose bumps."



During construction



There's a hot water heater outside the caravan, an outdoor bathtub, and a composting toilet. Simple!

Maggie's Caravan

DEAN BUILT HIS WIFE MAGGIE'S caravan the same way as his house — except with L-angle steel, rather than steel tubes. It's 8' x 20'. The floor is built with 2-inch tubes. If you put an axle on it, you could tow it. Plywood walls and roof, attached to the steel by welding nails to the steel frame. This is a brilliant technique for attaching wood to metal. Low tech. Low cost.

Once the steel frame is in place, you clamp the plywood in place, and then drive nails through the plywood, running alongside the steel beam. The nail head catches on the wood. Then from underneath you spot-weld each nail to the steel with a wire-fed welder (see drawing opposite page).

He was inspired by Lloyd House's caravans (see pp. 20–21 and 32–33), the idea of light coming in from up high.

There's a hot water heater outside the caravan, an outdoor bathtub, and a composting toilet. Simple!



Peter Marshall



Denman Island sandstone and red cedar shakes

IT TOOK PETER MARSHALL eight years to build his elegant post-and-beam island house. He did all the work himself. For the posts and beams he cut the trees on his own land, peeled the bark, and milled them with an Alaska Mill (a device that allows you to mill lumber with a chainsaw). For the smaller framing members he used lumber from a local mill.

There's a sod roof. I asked him what was under the sod and he said he applied a "torch-down" membrane to the roof

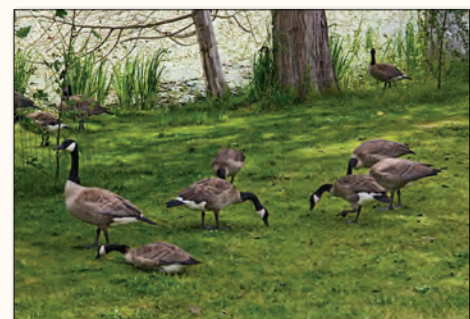
sheathing, using big rolls and a flamethrower. The heat makes the membrane stick to the roof sheathing. There are a lot of sod roofs in this area and it seems most of them have a torch-down membrane for waterproofing. (My first building had a sod roof in the early '60s. In those days I put a three-ply mopped hot tar roof under the sod, with about 3 inches of gravel on top of that for drainage; the torch-down stuff seems like a big improvement.)

The house is immaculate. Everything is done with fine craftsmanship and an eye to detail.

Peter is in his early 60s and looks 10 years younger. He works as a landscaper and loves to work in the garden. His building projects are ongoing and he says, "I'll be building 'til I die." His wife, Doreen Tetz, is the country doctor on their island.



Small building on another part of property



Canada geese grazing on front lawn



Fresh-baked bread and an apple pie were cooling on the counter the day I visited.



Aga stove, the "... heart of our kitchen and home"



Walls finished with two coats of water-wash pigments



Old roll-top tub set in concrete enclosure



Exterior finish in traditional cedar shakes



All floors are acid-etched concrete.

Cordwood Cabin



GARY AND MARLENE COOPER BUILT THIS lovely cordwood cabin on a small BC island in the '90s. All the cordwood came off the beach. "I wanted it to be salty," says Gary. They used the book *Cordwood Building: The State of the Art*, by Rob Roy, as well as a video from Roy's Earthwood Building School website (www.CordwoodMasonry.com). It's a double wall technique consisting of inner and outer walls, each 4" thick, of mortar and wood blocks, with an insulating cavity in between filled with cedar sawdust created when cutting the blocks. Gary added a small amount of hot lime to the sawdust to discourage bugs, and adds that cordwood construction "... is high labor."



Tony Anderson



“We both did everything.”

TONY AND JULIE ANDERSON bought 150 acres of California coastal land in 1990 and built a house together. “We both did everything,” says Tony. They moved onto the land in a tent and worked on their house for about six months, and then moved in while it was still unfinished. Tony: “Finish work goes on forever.”

I mentioned to Tony the fact that many, if not most, couples I’ve seen who build a house together, break up. The stress is just too great; it’s invariably the most difficult thing either of them have ever done, and personal relationships often aren’t up to the strain. “Some days Julie would get so discouraged from bending nails (hammering them into used Douglas fir), she’d cry.” But they both hung in there, with the house and with each other, and the result is one of those once-in-a-lifetime homes shaped by idealism and tempered by the learn-it-as-you-go process. (Owner-builders get more professional if they stay in the building trades, but their first homes usually have a charm that doesn’t get duplicated in future projects.) The result here is a rare little home nestled on a hillside looking out to the blue ocean.

The Andersons kept it small. Tony says “I like to have a roof I can touch, with low eaves—I’m not Wilt Chamberlain.” They poured the foundation with concrete hand-mixed in a wheelbarrow. Tony drew up plans, but no building inspectors were involved. They bought a big load of local lumber (full-dimension, meaning a 2 × 4 is two by four inches, not 1½ by 3½ inches). Some of their friends from the city came to help with the framing. One of them asked Tony for a saw to make a cut, and when Tony handed him a handsaw, “...he looked at me, and I said, ‘Yeah, no electricity.’”

The Andersons bought the land from Albert and Laura Saijo, artists from the San Francisco area who had moved there seven years earlier. Two interesting things happened involving the sale of the land. First, the Saijos left their little cabin as is, not moving anything out. Included was what Tony’s friend Jim Macey called “the quintessential beatnik library.” (See p. 224.) Secondly, a few weeks after a price had been agreed on, the Saijos came to see Tony and Julie and said to them, “We’ve talked it over and we think the price is too high.” And in the spirit of the ’60s, they lowered the purchase price!



Louie Frazier



MY FRIEND LOUIE WAS the featured builder in our 2004 book *Home Work: Handbuilt Shelter*. Like all creative builders, Louie never stops building, and since he is in the territory covered in this book, I thought I'd show you some new photos of his work.



Louie's cabin is across a river from the road. It's in a sunny meadow on the edge of a redwood forest. It's post-and-beam construction, with siding horizontal 2" x 10" boards that fit into slots on the posts. To get there in winter months, Louie (and guests) cross the river in a boson's chair on a 500-foot cable, powered by gravity (see below).



Louie recently rebuilt the takeoff platforms on both sides of the river.



Louie coming in for a landing



Homemade pipe looks like an ancient Inuit Indian relic.



Stool seat is foam rubber covered with piece of old carpet. Fastened underneath with upholstery tacks



A Coastal Odyssey

- 1200 images of builders and their creations along the Pacific Coast of North America •
- Stunning designs •
- Innovative structures •
- Local materials •
- Fine craftsmanship •
- Form plus function •

Builders of the Pacific Coast continues Shelter's series of highly illustrated books on building and design. Author Lloyd Kahn (*Shelter*, 1973; and *Home Work*, 2004) traveled along the Pacific Coast over a two-year period, shooting photos and interviewing builders, and found a rich culture of innovative design and artistic creativity. Many of these creations are success stories of '60s and '70s *Whole Earth*-consciousness. Dreams became reality. Here, for the first time, are builders from this land of blue and green, of ocean and forest: the builders of the Pacific Coast.



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