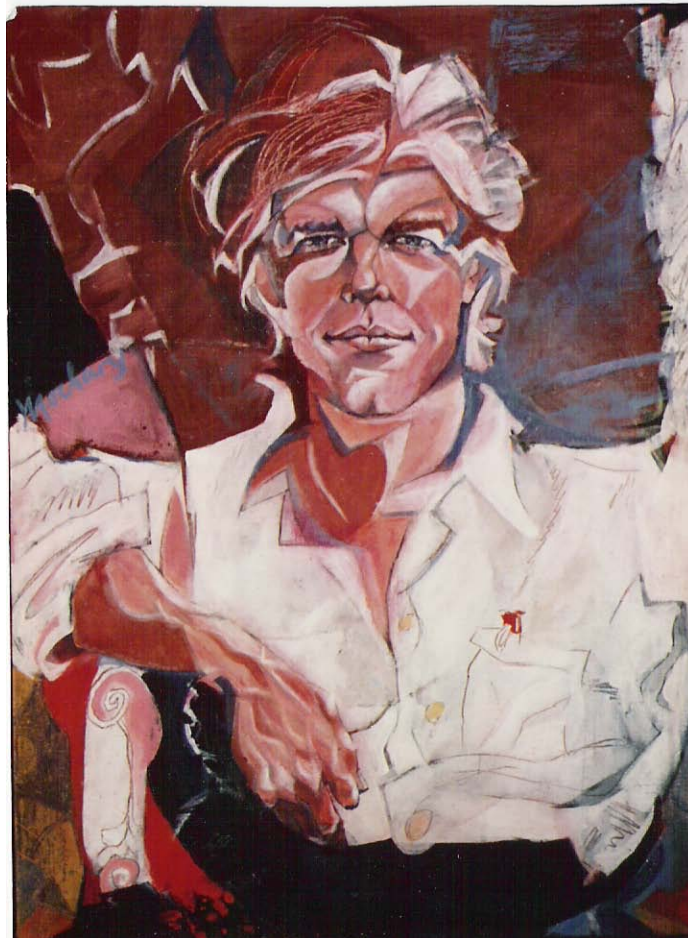


THE "*BEST*" OF FRIENDS

PETER HOYT DOMINICK



Roland Kochary '64

1941 -2009

"The Wanderings of Oisín"

We rode in sorrow, with strong hounds three,
Bran, Sgeolan, and Lomair,
On a morning misty and mild and fair.
The mist-drops hung on the fragrant trees,
And in the blossoms hung the bees.
We rode in sadness above Lough Lean,
For our best were dead on Gavra's green

W.B. Yeats

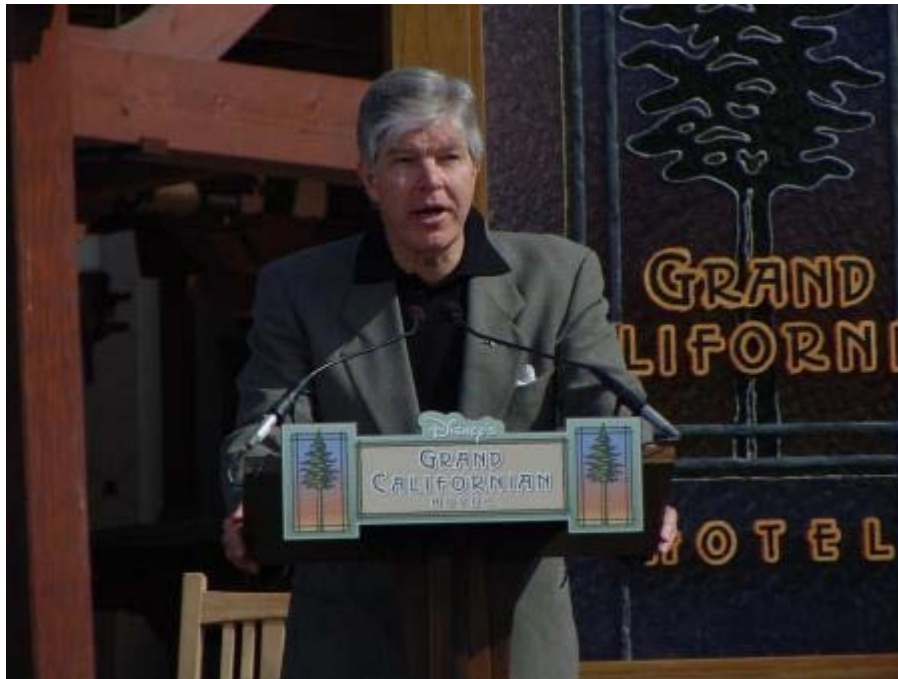
Peter Dominic was a man of great passions, principle among them were:

His children:

Peter loved his children without reservation, the transcendent **Philae**, and the extraordinary **James**;

Architecture:

“Midway in my first and only Atlantic Ocean sea crossing, I questioned how as an architect could I resolve the conflict between man’s art and nature’s art; a naïve but earnest introspection by a young Western outdoorsman studying an urban science. Six days on the deck of a great ship, having seen no other sign of man’s endeavors, increased my sense of impotence in contrast to the power of the ocean, which much like my Rocky Mountains, seemed to be an unsurpassable force. Then on the horizon, cutting cleanly through the waves, a full-sailed clippership hove into view. As our wakes crossed, I realized, in a simple cathartic moment, that Architecture was the landscape of man, the landscape of the mind, and that done well, done respectfully and thoughtfully, my chosen life’s endeavor could co-exist and take sustenance from nature without fear.” PHD



Philae Dominick (Peter’s wife):

“I fell in love with her the moment I saw her”

“We met skiing, courted on horseback in the wilds of Wyoming and got engaged on a fishing trip in Maine.”

Often wrong never in doubt

A man of strong opinions, Peter was proud to adhere to his Godfather's family motto "Often Wrong Never in Doubt." Peter needed a strong woman as a counterweight to his personality. Philae was the perfect match she was the love of his life. Their relationship is well described in this poem by **William Butler Yeats** Peter alluded to in his last entry in our Class Reunion Book.

The Song of Wandering Aengus

I WENT out to the hazel wood,
Because a fire was in my head,
And cut and peeled a hazel wand,
And hooked a berry to a thread;
And when white moths were on the wing, ⁵
And moth-like stars were flickering out,
I dropped the berry in a stream
And caught a little silver trout.

When I had laid it on the floor ¹⁰
I went to blow the fire a-flame,
But something rustled on the floor,
And someone called me by my name:
It had become a glimmering girl
With apple blossom in her hair
Who called me by my name and ran ¹⁵
And faded through the brightening air.

Though I am old with wandering
Through hollow lands and hilly lands,
I will find out where she has gone,
And kiss her lips and take her hands; ²⁰
And walk among long dappled grass,
And pluck till time and times are done,
The silver apples of the moon,
The golden apples of the sun

I am Frank O. Gehry and You are not

When Peter and his partners were forming 4240, I was asked to join them in a "visioning charette." We were to envision how the new firm would be positioned in the profession, how it would be presented, and how it might perform in a design competition. In a mock competition, I was asked to emulate FOG (Frank Gehry Architects). Our little team came into the room and was asked how we distinguished ourselves from the competition. "Easily" I said. "I.... am Frank O. Gehry and You....arenot."

Peter was a great adventurer. He spent an inordinate amount of time treading the diaphanous line between adventure and catastrophe. No one took fuller advantage of the opportunities provided by his time on this planet no one traveled more, had greater love for nature, enthusiasm for its planets, or a greater love of life.

No one could have survived so long without a direct connection with the Man Upstairs.

When I think of Peter, I wonder how one of our adventures did not end badly. I took comfort in imagining of the two of us arriving at the Pearly Gates knowing that he was welcome..

I was confident that St. Peter on seeing Peter Dominick would greet him with a smile, nod kindly as one is wont when meeting high spirited but well intentioned boys, and say “So *You* Are Peter Dominick...

