

TEXAS ARCHITECT

JULY

1965

COVER

*Spaciousness, simplicity
and elegance
of form and materials
greet the residents
of LaQuinta Apartments.
Texas Architecture
1964 Award Winner,
designed by
Chris Carson,
Architect.*

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Don Edward Legge, A.I.A., Editor
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THE TEXAS ARCHITECT

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Texas stands today on the threshold of what can be a golden age of achievement in the shaping and re-shaping of our towns, cities and countryside to fulfill the highest aspirations of all our citizens.

Substantial straws in the cool, clear wind of intelligent foresight indicate significant steps toward providing the necessary tools for regional planning, water control and conservation, quality of design in our public buildings, excellence in education, and preservation of the best examples of the historic past. The 1965 Legislature and the Governor, with the help of able and public-spirited leaders in business, labor and the professions, have signalled a new surge forward for Texas in seeking quality to match its bigness.

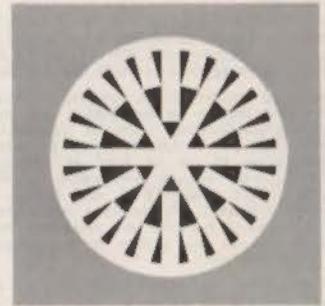
Some goals, such as excellence in education, have been rather well defined. Others, such as the character and livability of our urban communities, need to be brought clearly into focus. The architectural profession has a vital role to play in this endeavor.

It is commonly predicted that Texas will grow during the next twenty-five years from our present population of eleven million people to nearly twice that many. Tremendous growth appears certain. The option Texas has is whether this growth will be disorderly, expedient and uninspired; or will it be logical and wisely led, based on human needs and hopes, with due regard for future generations.

We have the materials, the machines and the multi-regional gifts of nature with which to work. What is needed is the setting of inspiring goals for a workable, livable and enjoyable physical environment in all its aspects and the mobilization of the best knowledge and talents to establish the guidelines for achievement.

GEORGE HARRELL FAIA

1965 AIA CONVENTION and the
XI PAN AMERICAN CONGRESS OF ARCHITECTS
JUNE 14-18, WASHINGTON, D.C.
FIRST PURVES MEMORIAL LECTURE
LEWIS MUMFORD



THE NEW WORLD PROMISE

On this occasion, The American Institute of Architects has seen fit to bestow on me a double honor: the inauguration of the Purves Memorial Lectures, and the privilege of addressing not only the members of the Institute, but the great body of Latin-American architects and planners whom I now meet face-to-face for the first time. Neither my delight nor my gratitude can be adequately expressed in words, for, if I may paraphrase Walt Whitman, "The best cannot be said: the best is that which must always be left unsaid."

In planning this event, it was emphasized that the theme of this conference, New World cities, referred to the geographic New World, the Western hemisphere, and not to the New World of science and technics which was opened up at the same moment in history. But with due respect to those who have properly sought to emphasize our territorial and historic unities, I find as a historian that it is impossible to separate these new worlds. The archetypal models for our mechanical new world were already in existence when Columbus set sail, and long before the massive industrial changes produced by steam, coal, and iron, they had wrought a far greater change, not just in the physical environment, but in the human mind.

In the very decade that the New World was officially discovered and claimed by European governments, the leading spirits of the time saw in both New Worlds the beginning of a great human transformation. It was in those terms that Poliziano, the great Florentine humanist, characterized the coming age, and a little later Campanella, the author of an early Utopia, full of prophetic inventions, observed in a letter to Galileo: "The novelties of ancient truths, of new worlds, new systems, new nations, are the beginning of a new era."

There were both positive and negative reasons for these New World hopes; and as to the latter, it was plain that Old World civilization had once more reached a terminus. That civilization, if viewed in the light of its actual performances—not its ideals or its pretensions—had proved incapable of further development on its original terms. All the magnificent achievements of Old World culture, in law and order, in art and architecture, in religion and abstract thought, had been fatally undermined and repeatedly destroyed by having been set from the beginning upon treacherous human foundations.

From the Pyramid Age on, every historic civilization had been based on a monopoly of power and authority by a self-appointed minority, who treated war, slavery, regimented labor, and class exploitation as the necessary price of man's higher development.

Despite repeated attempts to correct these chronic defects, the original pattern of the Old World order remained, in essentials, unchanged. Even the moral authority of the high religions after the Seventh Century B.C.—Buddhism, Judaism, Confucianism, Mazdaism, Christianity, Islam—had failed to re-establish civilization on a sounder basis. But at the close of the Middle Ages in Europe a new remedy suggested itself, one that physicians have often turned to in desperation when their usual treatments have failed: namely, a long ocean voyage and a complete change of scene. And in one mind after another, among both dreamers and practical men, the notion arose that a fresh start might be made by migrating to the Western hemisphere and beginning life all over again, exploring new habitats, making new choices, following new paths.

Looking backward, we can now see that the proposal to wipe the slate clean and begin afresh in the New World was based on an illusion, or rather, a series of illusions. As in the typical myth of Robinson Crusoe, survival in the New World was possible only if valuable lumber and tools could be salvaged from the European wreckage and used to shape the raw materials that here lay so abundantly at hand. But willy-nilly, the new settlers brought with them the very practices that for five thousand years had hampered human development—only to find that the same Old World institutions, slavery and war, were already entrenched here among the more civilized peoples, the Maya, the Aztecs, and the Peruvians. In the act of conquering the Americas, the invaders imposed their Old World vices, and in turn disdained and cast aside many precious cultural gifts that the New World actually offered. When Albrecht Durer beheld the marvellous works of art sent by Montezuma to Charles the Fifth, he wrote: "Never . . . have I seen anything that warmed my heart so much as these things." But as you know, it took four centuries before Durer's feeling about the indigenous art were generally shared.

The hostility that the European displayed toward the native cultures was carried over, at first, into his relation to the land: the immense open spaces of our continent and all its unexploited resources were treated as a

challenge to unrelenting war and conquest. In the act of conquering nature, our ancestors treated the land as contemptuously and brutally as they treated its original inhabitants, wiping out great animal species like the bison and the passenger pigeon, mining the soils instead of replenishing them, cutting down the primeval forests, even the great sequoias, and breaking open the prairie instead of setting part of this primeval landscape aside as a special New World gift that could never be replaced. We did not learn how precious that gift was until we had thrown it away.

Yet the hope first expressed in the sixteenth century was not without a genuine foundation. The New World expanded the human imagination. In its vastness and geographic variety, in its range of climates and physiographic profiles, in both its wild life and in the treasure-board of cultivated food plants and flowers that we owe solely to the original neolithic cultures, the New World was a land of promise, indeed a land of many promises, for both body and mind. Here was a natural abundance which promised to lift the curse of both slavery and poverty, even before the machine lightened the burden of purely physical toil. The belief that a better society would be possible in the New World stirred company after company of immigrants, from the Jesuits of Paraguay to the Pilgrims of Massachusetts. Thus, until almost the end of the nineteenth century, the secret name of the New World was Utopia.

This sense of continually unfolding human possibilities, which was evoked by the landscape of the New World gave a special lift to Thoreau's line: "Who would not rise to meet the expectation of the land?" That New World utopia took many forms; but by the nineteenth century it had come to rest on three implicit assumptions: first, the biological premise that man's life is closely attached to nature and can be lived fully only by entering into an understanding and loving partnership with nature. Second, the mechanical premise that the exploitation of non-human sources of energy, through science and invention, is essential toward increasing man's mastery over his physical environment, and to breaking down the purely physical barriers to further human cooperation and communication on a planetary scale. Finally, it rested on the human premise that the goods of every culture, both spiritual and material, must be offered freely to all its members, and eventually to all mankind.

All three of these assumptions, at least when taken to-

gether, were sound; and though we are still far from achieving them, they constitute what we may honestly call the New World promise. These three underlying beliefs were not explicitly formulated, and did not come fully into consciousness until the nineteenth century; in the end, though they modified Old World beliefs and institutions at many points, they never fully displaced them. Yet there was a moment, at least in my own country, and particularly in one region of that country, New England, when it seemed that the potentialities of the New World would actually be realized in every area of life, as one by one the Old World barriers between peoples and between economic classes were breaking down and a new aristocracy of the spirit, open to all men, was arising.

What Van Wyck Brooks called *The Flowering of New England* took place between 1820 and 1860; and it was then that the fresh experience of the New World at last took shape in the mind. This was a period when a Harvard graduate named Thoreau, who gained a living as a pencil maker and a surveyor, found the leisure to write his classic *Walden*; when a youthful sailor and farmer, Herman Melville, wrote the tragic epic of *Moby Dick*; when an unschooled woodchopper and country lawyer could become a national president whose moral insights and humanity were as profound as those of Marcus Aurelius. In an Emerson, a Whitman, a Lincoln, the New World north of the Rio Grande—I regret that I cannot speak with authority of the Southern parallels—produced its ultimate fruit, a New World personality.

Almost all that is truly original and humane in architecture and planning in the United States derives directly or indirectly from this brief period of integration. From Thoreau and Olmsted came our national parks and wild life reservations; from George Perkins Marsh, the author of *Man and Nature*, and Major Wesley Powell, came our conservation movement and our insights into natural and social ecology; from this common fund of ideas came the fresh forms of park, parkway, and park-like settings for cities, beginning in 1869 with Olmsted's Riverside and culminating, in 1929, in the Radburn plan of Henry Wright and Clarence Stein, with its equal respect for communal, mechanical, and biological needs. And from the same sources came the domestic architecture of H. H. Richardson, Frank Lloyd Wright, and Bernard Maybeck. A fresh feeling for Nature and for man's intercourse with Nature characterized these achievements.

What we have to explain to ourselves now, as we look around our New World cities and regions, is why, in spite of many brilliant single works, we have made such a mess and a muddle of our opportunities: why, with our increasing power to exploit natural resources and technological inventions, has there been such a loss of individuality and character in our urban environment: such a failure to conserve and utilize all the dazzling variety that nature, to begin with, offered us. Why were the old New England towns, even Greater Boston itself up to 1895, better urban forms than the latest Back Bay urban renewal projects? Why are those Latin-American cities that were built according to the Laws of the Indies, with their open plaza in the middle, still a more humane environment than, say, Brasilia? Did we promise too much for the future or did we forget too much of the past?

One naturally hesitates to give too simple an answer to these questions: but surely one of the obvious reasons for our failure is that we have been over-weighting the very component of the New World promise that the framers of this program sought to eliminate from this discussion: the New World of science and technics. Our leaders have been trying to create a substitute life out of the machine, and have subordinated the character of the landscape and the needs of its inhabitants to the dynamics of mass production and the exploitation of technological power, treated as if this were a valid human end in itself.

Now among North American scholars it is customary to smile patronizingly at the Romantic idea of believing that both wild nature and the cultivated countryside are essential backgrounds for human development. This bucolic idyll, as the apologists for Megalopolis like to call it, is supposed to contrast unfavorably with their own inverted romanticism of living, not according to nature, but according to the machine; and the machine-worshippers show their hatred of nature by turning every landscape into an urbanoid wasteland paved with multi-laned motorways, parking lots and clover-leaves, with rubbish dumps and motor car cemeteries, in which buildings, low and high, are thrown almost at random without respect to any human purpose except to absorb the products of an expanding economy, whose affluence so largely takes the form of organized waste.

Yet even these inverted romanticists cannot entirely ignore the older passion for nature which still survives as an essential part of our New World heritage; for they

have invented a prefabricated substitute for the wilderness or at least an equivalent for the hunter's campfire. That ancient paleolithic hearth has become a backyard picnic grill, where, surrounded by plastic vegetation, factory-processed frankfurters are broiled on an open fire, made with pressed charcoal eggs, brought to combustion point by an electric torch connected by wire to a distant socket, while the assembled company views, either on television or on a domestic motion picture screen, a travelogue through Yosemite or Yellowstone. Ah wilderness! For many of my countrymen, I fear, this is the ultimate terminus of the New World dream.

Against such a defective vision of life, a more organic view of man's place in nature, based on historic and prehistoric realities, has no need to bow respectfully, still less to blush in embarrassment. Those who belittle the importance of the natural landscape and the regional habitat overlook the fact that the discovery of the complex interrelationship of organisms, functions, and environments is one of the masterly achievements of modern biology: more significant for man's further development than the most spectacular flights of nuclear physics or computer technology. For the first time since the neolithic period, man has made a beginning of understanding the biological properties of a life-sustaining environment.

This insight into the realities of organic existence has opened up a true New World. One of the most important discoveries of biological science is that man's creativity is only a minute, specialized fraction of nature's immense creativity, and yet man's own ever increasing consciousness of nature's processes adds a fresh dimension to all natural events and makes his own cultural development a so-far ultimate term in a process that began many billions of years ago. The humblest living organism, we now know, is far more wonderful in its potentialities for growth and self-transformation than the most complex machine, since whatever seems lifelike in our mechanisms is a mere by-product of organic life and human culture.

But what, you may ask impatiently, has all this to do with our New World cities? And I answer: just to the extent that this consciousness of natural functions and human purposes is absent from their design, they are not yet New World cities, in any hopeful sense of the word. When an invading species upsets the ecological balance of a habitat, as the Canada thistle did when it invaded

the Argentine pampas, it often grows to gigantic proportions and curbs all other forms of growth. This is what is happening in our cities, now that one component of the New World promise, the machine, has become dominant, and has replaced human choice, variety, autonomy, and cultural complexity with its own kind of uniformity and automatism. The result is an urban environment that is both biologically and culturally deficient.

If we are to produce humanly adequate cities, we must critically appraise the results of this one-sided technical domination. What kind of half-baked science has gone into the design of motor cars, which bring into our cities lethal concentrations of the very chemicals that cause heart disease and cancer? What kind of half-baked urban planning has deliberately broken down our efficient many-sided transportation network, based on the pedestrian, the railroad, the motorbus, and the private motor car, in favor of a space-wasting, city-destroying system of monotransportation, based on the private motor car alone? These and many other features of our urban architecture are both technological and social absurdities. Only one thing need be said about such cities: those who have a free economic choice are constantly moving out of them—though they must sacrifice the social facilities of the city in order to ensure all-too-temporarily a better biological environment.

But a worse fate is in store, if we continue to let technological expansion to curb human purposes and flout essential human traditions. Anyone who wishes to know what lies ahead if the present tendencies continue, need only examine the mechanical labyrinths that the so-called advance guard of planners have been presenting as the "cities of the future." A few years ago, the Museum of Modern Art in New York held an exhibition of such work: and if the designs shown there had been called 'Prisons and Penal Colonies of the Future,' they would still have been monstrous. These ideal plans showed cities built under water, cities suspended in the air, cities burrowed underground, or cities covered by immense geodesic domes—all of them using the most extravagant kind of mechanical and electronic apparatus to achieve the smallest possible human benefit, under a system so tightly controlled that no individual alteration and no escape would be possible.

Is it not time that we asked ourselves whether total mechanical control and total uniformity are in any sense hu-

man ideals? Whether they are not in fact just the opposite of the original dream that lured daring men to the New World, in order to recapture some of the wild freedom of movement and choice that Old World civilization had harshly smothered? More than fifteen years ago, in an essay on the Social Effects of the Atom Bomb, I predicted that such dehumanized urban projects would be the inevitable response to the threat of nuclear extermination, unless the United States enlisted the help of all the nations of the world to protect mankind against the premature exploitation of nuclear power, before we had rebuilt the moral and political safeguards our own country had demolished. But I was not sufficiently foresighted to suppose that anyone would be so insane as to think underground cities were desirable, and would put them forth, even in fantasy, as the last word in urban progress. If this is all that is left of the New World dream, I would propose to head a movement back to the Stone Age, to begin all over again. There is still more promise of life in the images on the walls of the Altamira or Lascaux caves, than in these immature avant-garde designs, for all their air of scientific and technical sophistication.

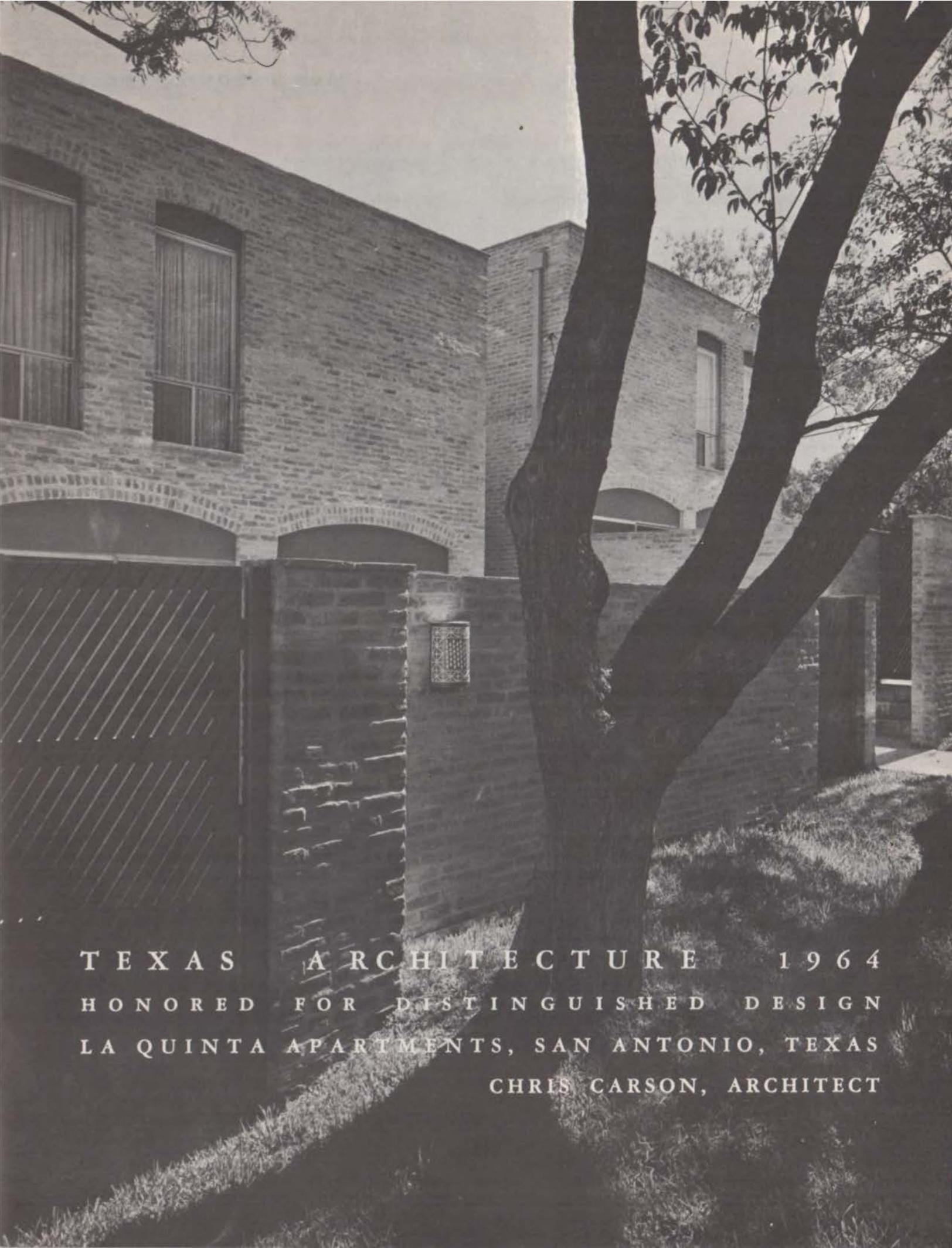
Now I cannot console you with the thought that this is just a fashionable aberration, which, like all fashions, will soon pass. For the fact is that cities designed to fit no human need except those that conform to the machine are precisely the kind that are favored by our financial, industrial, scientific, military, and educational experts—the new Pentagon of power—whose underdimensioned ideology now increasingly dominates our society. All that the planners who conform to these requirements are doing is to blow up into vast urbanoid mechanisms a variety of small scale models that are already in existence. Witness our underground rocket centers, our battery-chicken farms, our stratoliners, and increasingly our motor cars: they are all variations on the archetypal space capsule. And by necessity, a space capsule—a minimal environment permitting only a minimal life—is the precise antithesis of a rich, many-sided, exuberant, life-sustaining habitat, teeming with biological fulfillments and cultural possibilities.

Thus the mechanical New World to which we have increasingly committed ourselves, turns out when taken as our ultimate goal to be the chief enemy of the territorial and utopian New World that raised men's hopes to such a high pitch four centuries ago, so close does it come to

being the only religion we are prepared to make sacrifices for, that the most imaginative architect of our time, finally succumbed to it. He whose early work marvelously wrought into a unity the three aspects of the New World dream, the culture of the landscape, the free use of the machine, the full expression of the human personality, ended his life by designing the Machine Age equivalent of an Egyptian pyramid: a building a mile high, a kind of static space rocket. That design demolished in a single stroke all that was most deeply creative in his philosophy and his art. Thus mechanical triumphs that once seemed like an advancing wave of the future, now turn out to be a deadly undertow, dragging us back to the past.

But we are not doomed to sleep this nightmare out till its end: we have only to open our eyes to make it vanish. Life is real, life is earnest, and the space capsule is not its goal. In taking possession of the Western Hemisphere our ancestors mistakenly thought that they could trade time for space. All too eagerly, they turned their back on the past, so that they might make a fresh start; and too many thought not only that mechanical progress would be a positive aid to human improvement, which is true, but that the mechanical progress is the equivalent of human improvement—which turns out to be sheer nonsense. The time has come to restore man himself, once more, in all his cumulative historic richness, his regional individuality, his cultural complexity to the center of the picture, so that he may play his part once more as dramatist, scenic designer, actor, and spectator in the unfolding drama of life. And the cities we build must give all of their citizens, at every stage of their development, a role to play and a dialogue to participate in.

To achieve such cities, we must reverse the present order of our thinking, and restore those components of nature and culture that we have neglected in our one-sided preoccupation with financial profits, national aggrandizement, and mechanical power. In nature, we must safeguard what is left of our primeval inheritance: in our culture, we must emphasize continuity, as essential to all rational change; and in the depths of the individual soul, we must attempt to transcend the limitations of our time and our place by seeking what is eternal and divine—addressing ourselves to possibilities still unplumbed and to ideals that have still to emerge. There, and not through rocket trips into outer space, lies the New World that has still to be discovered and domesticated by the spirit of man.



TEXAS ARCHITECTURE 1964
HONORED FOR DISTINGUISHED DESIGN
LA QUINTA APARTMENTS, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS
CHRIS CARSON, ARCHITECT

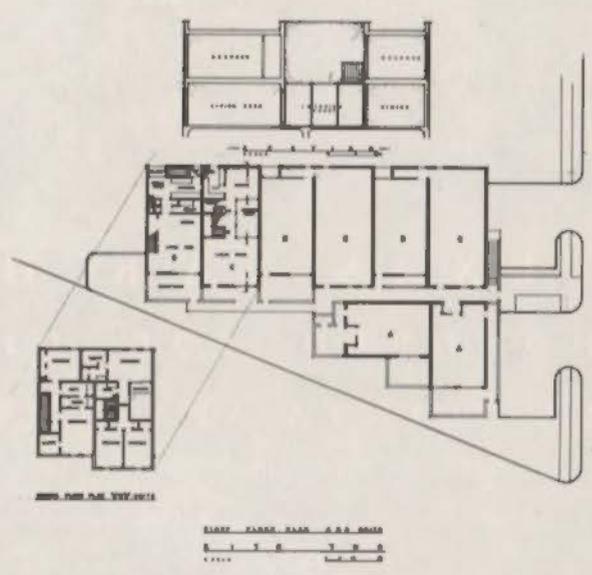
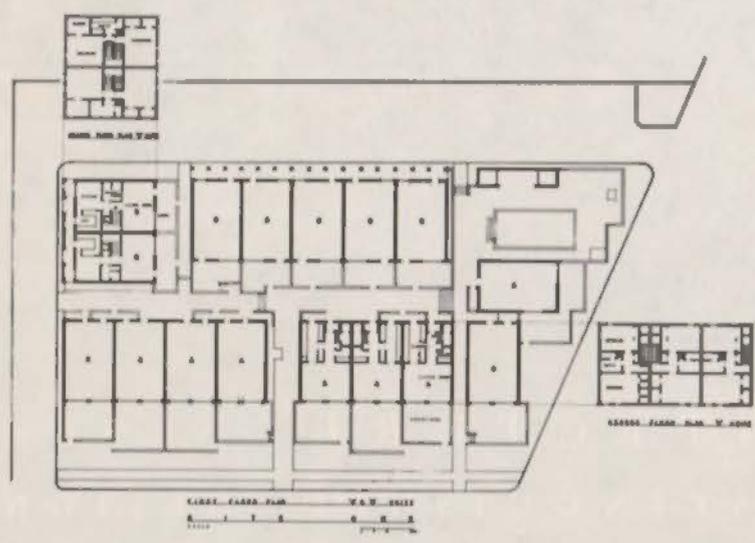
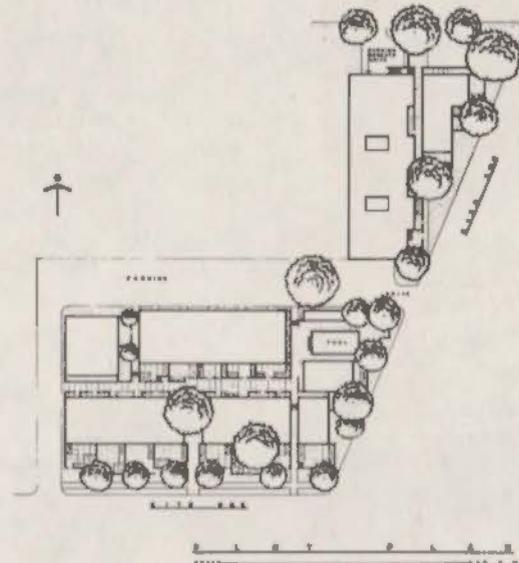
The site for this 24-unit town house apartment complex is a slightly sloping one and one-fourth acres in an old but well-kept residential area of large houses.

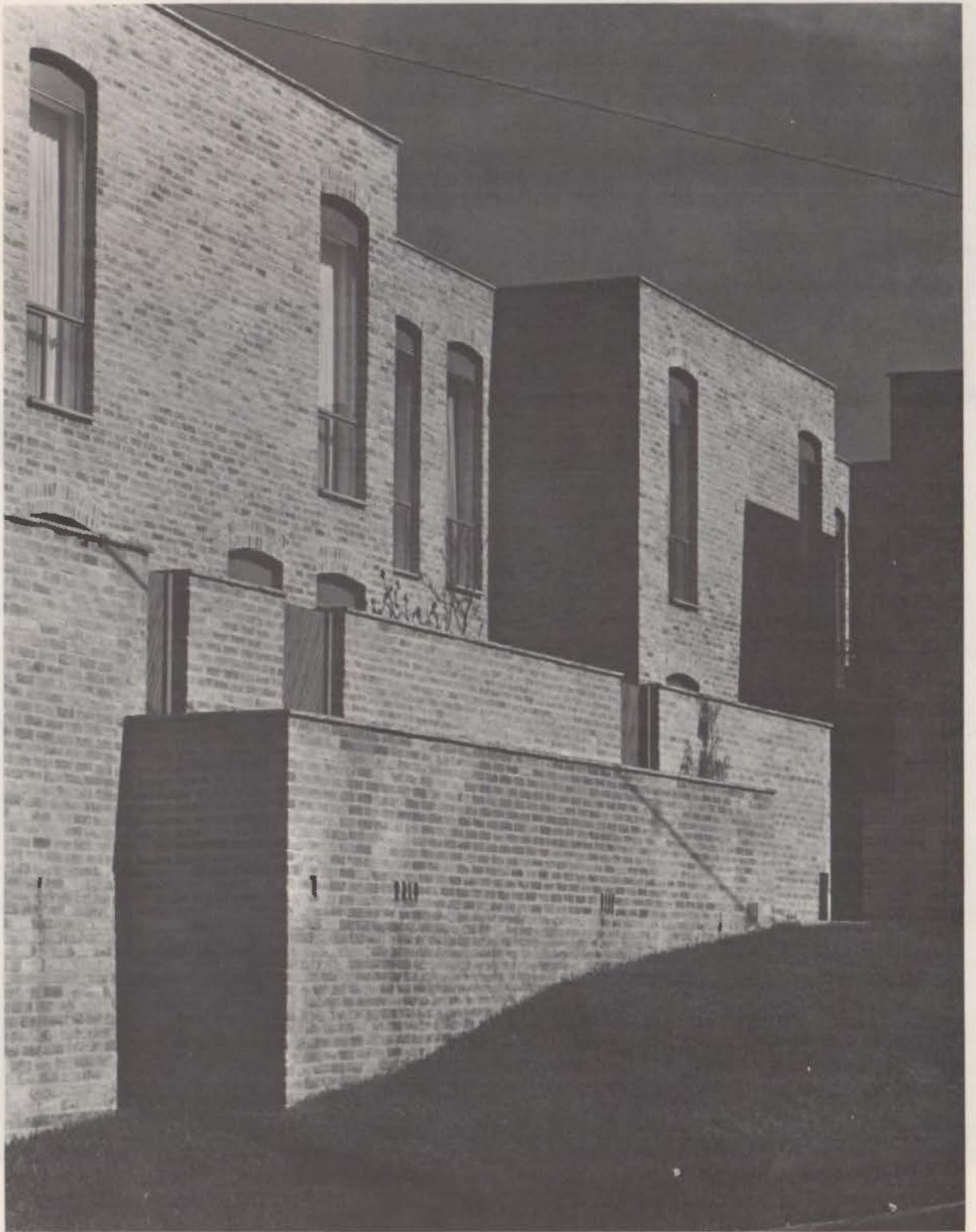
The apartments are divided into two complexes, one containing 16 two-bedroom units, the other an eight unit complex with two and three bedroom units.

By the use of a limited variety of materials and a repetitive system of brick arched openings for windows and doors, the apartments present a simple and uncomplicated view to the street.

Contrary to this, the central courtyard spaces between the apartments have a variety of arched sizes and heights which provide individuality to the various entrances to the apartments.

The materials used in this project are hand-made sand brick and stucco wall panels. Other materials used are cedar fences and gates, exposed aggregate and clay tile pavers.





The arched windows, brick and cedar unify the entire building and provide the residents a warm and personal atmosphere. The varied walls of the building and courts give an intimate feeling that is missing from the majority of the new massive block apartments.



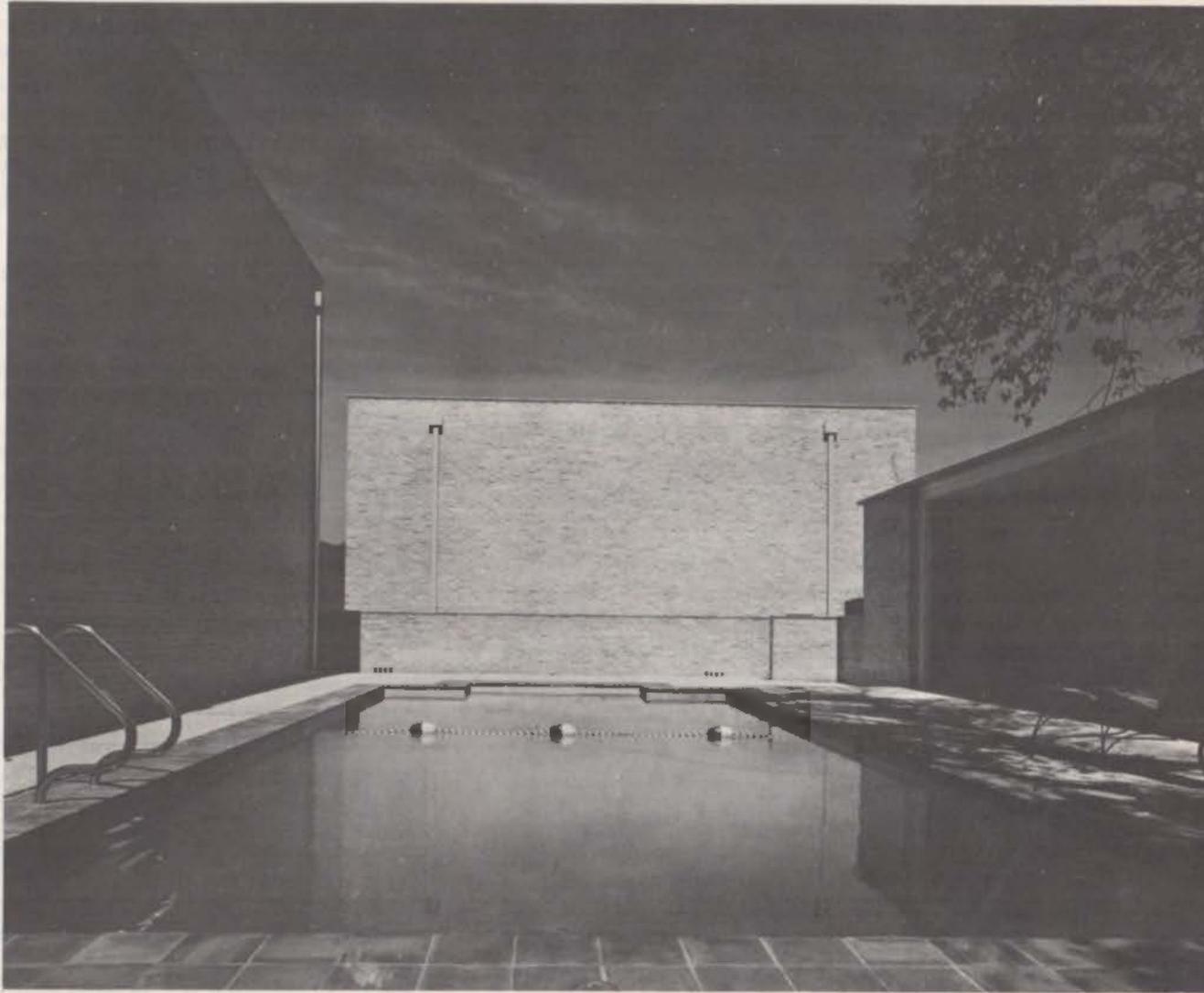
The owner wanted the residents to enjoy their "home". They experience the variety of the spaces but still enjoy the individuality of their own apartment. The waiting list for apartments will continue because they will never grow old and out of style.



APARTMENTS

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

CHRIS CARSON, ARCHITECT



It is easy to imagine enjoying the quiet and serenity of this pool court yard after a busy and taxing day at the office.

Photographs by Rondal Partridge

Excerpts from Remarks by Stewart L. Udall

*Secretary of the Interior, Before AIA Convention,
Pan American Congress, in Washington, D.C.*

WHEN President Johnson unveiled his Great Society concept a year ago the very first topic he discussed—the plight of our cities—put the architects of America in the forefront of his fight for a quality environment.

The President described the challenge with these words:

"In the remainder of this century urban population will double, city land will double, and we will have to build homes, highways and facilities equal to all those built since this country was first settled. So in the next 40 years we must rebuild the entire urban United States."

We have the materials and machines to rebuild the urban United States with style and distinction if the designers will only assert themselves and forge a new partnership with our public men and the enlightened leaders of industry. We have produced the panorama of disorder and blight that is modern America because our progress has been ill-planned, ill-executed and uninspired.

A great profession must now meet a new challenge with a new sense of public responsibility. We cannot build an enduring civilization unless our designs endure. We cannot fulfill what the President has called the "new conservation" unless you cast aside the self-imposed blinders that hinder you from thinking and planning for the community as a whole.

It is easy to recite the sins of the past. Shortsighted developers—with architects as their accomplices—have vandalized parts of our cities and wrecked the countryside. Some sections of our land do indeed qualify as "God's Own Junkyard." Many of our cities are little better than a mess.

However, one senses the stir of new impulses across the land. The first signs of an overdue renaissance have appeared. There are enough things to which we can point with pride that the honest optimists among us can cautiously use the magic word "renaissance" in our discussions.

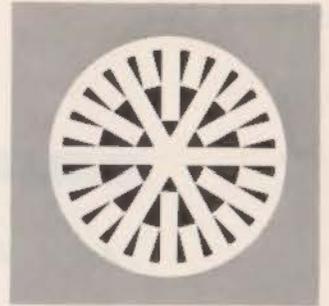
The rebuilding of the heart of such American cities as

Philadelphia, Rochester, Fresno, Cleveland and Baltimore by inspired teams of architects, politicians, and business executives has dramatically demonstrated what can be done to rescue and renew our cities. The bold "new town" of Reston building at the edge of our Nation's Capital is fresh evidence that a new, farsighted, breed of land developer is now appearing. Better yet, it is clear that the people appreciate and applaud these attractive new malls and handsome buildings. A new sense of esthetics shines through—and by the time Mrs. Johnson finishes her work, who knows, the beautiful grounds well may engulf everything before it.

Many business executives have already grasped the truth that a handsome building is the highest form of advertising. Many mayors and governors are beginning to sense that the people will support, and pay for, clean and spacious cities which add new dimensions to the environment. Those critics who have in the past written off the American people as boobs and Philistines have already been discredited—and each new architectural triumph must give them further pause.

The progress right here in the Washington area during the past three years has been astounding. The Reston experiment has begun, Eero Saarinen's exciting Dulles Airport (the only really efficient large airport in the world) has been completed. Ed Stone's graceful National Geographic Society Building gives new distinction to Washington's downtown skyline, the Pennsylvania Avenue plan is underway, the redesign of the national Mall has begun, and the National Cultural Center will soon be a reality. More important, many other major cities have similar achievements they can point to.

We have the means to add new dimensions of order and balance and beauty to the American scene if we but exert ourselves. This country has the wealth, the technology, the industrial skill to build a bright, new America. The overpowering issue at this point is whether we are wise enough to seize the opportunity before us, and your profession will do more to determine that answer than any other group in our land.



It is already clear, I think, that our success depends on the development by your profession of a new, and far broader, sense of responsibility towards the varied problems that beset our cities. The war on ugliness will not be won by the building of a few notable structures. It *will* be won if hundreds of local skirmishes where beauty is at stake are won. When one sees in community after community across the land winning most of the fights to put highways in the right place, to save historic buildings, to create new public open space, the tide will begin to turn. My fear is that most of these battles will not be won unless those best qualified to lead these fights—the architects—are in the forefront of the fight.

Four or five years ago an AIA President, Philip Will, claimed "man's total environment" as the province of the architect. This was a big, bold, and perhaps even belated claim—and the time has now come to take it with high seriousness. Commenting on American architecture, the late Eero Saarinen once said: "Our architecture is too humble. It should be prouder, more aggressive, much richer and larger than we see it today! So I say abandon your ruts of single-minded specialization, and speak out on the whole range of problems that trouble those Americans who want a quality environment. I can assure you the American people are ready to listen if you will speak, write, lecture and crusade.

You must also be good politicians, in the broadest sense of that word. You must establish a close and complete rapport with your related brother professions—the landscape architects, the planners and the engineers. You cannot do great works without them, nor they without you.

You must make close allies of political office-holders and business executives—the decision-makers. BUT do not use them as a smoke screen to hide your own lack of responsibility.

It is too easy to duck out of that, saying "We can't do anything about it; we can only work when they hire us." You can do your good work *all the time*. There are two

kinds of decision-makers: politicians and businessmen. Both are responsive to the final arbiter—the public. The gentlemen of your profession, by working with and through citizens' organizations, can inform and even arouse the public to the point of demanding a better environment, socially and visually. Most "solutions" being put forth today are mere palliatives. Our way of life needs *cures* for the deep-seated malaise that has overtaken our cities. We need and must demand true solutions to the incredible problem of city traffic—something as bold as that proposed by Colin Buchanan in his magnificent report on London. People want cleanliness, quiet, safety and other amenities of the good life. You can paint the picture of the city of the future; you can arouse people to demand from their decision-makers what they can and must have.

Every one of you can afford to assume some of the "magnificent arrogance" of your great late master, Frank Lloyd Wright. The American people, I'm sure, are ready to accept a dash of arrogance in their architects.

Don't worry about the public image of your profession and leave it to the public relations men. Essential as that profession is, it cannot do as much for you as you can do for yourselves. Let every architect do his part by *being*, in his own community, a public-spirited man of vision dedicated to the noblest ideals of his profession. Every planning commission and zoning board in the nation should have one, two, three volunteer architect members. The disciplined skills of the architect and his great versatility are needed at all levels of government. Don't wait to be hired, *give it*—and your profession will be repaid a thousandfold.

Never was the opportunity greater. The architect must ride on the current cultural boom!

In coming years, as Federal spending shifts from military to civilian needs—as we hope and pray it will—there will be a greater-than-ever need for professionals to guide and serve an aware and informed public; and to work

with industry when the time comes that government-sponsored research will be swung full-focus onto the civilian problems of transportation, pollution control, traffic control, renewal of cities, housing for the millions, etc.—the field is absolutely unlimited!

I am known as an apostle of conservation—but I want you gentlemen to know that to me true conservation applies not only to wilderness and waterfowl, but to all the works of a man as well. We must break down the artificial barrier which seems to exist between the works of nature and the works of man. *All* are God's handiwork.

You must use your tremendous influence as a profession and your great talents as designers to stop the destruction of the fine old buildings and the richly-textured neighborhoods of our cities only to be replaced with the latest fad in look-alike boxes. If you can't replace a building with something finer and more meaningful, convince your client that he should leave the old one alone—externally, at least. Fantastic? Utopian? Not at all—they've been doing it in Europe for generations, and millions of Americans, wearied of their own slick and shoddy cities, flock every year to see the cities of the old world.

Above all, let us set high goals worthy of the young civilizations of a young hemisphere. One of the most successful American Architects was a noble amateur, Thomas Jefferson. He spent his later years designing the building of his beloved University of Virginia. Jefferson's views about architecture, like all his views, were spacious; he saw the whole state of a culture reflected in its buildings, and mourned over buildings of no beauty or permanence as much as he rejoiced over those of great aesthetic and structural merit (he once described his feelings about a famous classical building, as like those of a lover toward his mistress).

Of similar mind was the great French architect Latrobe, one of the chief designers of the city of Washington, who might never have come to this country had it not been

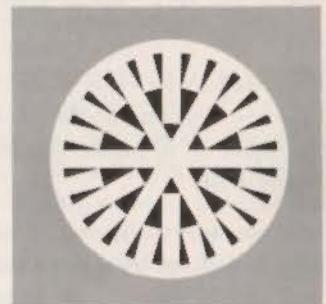
for Jefferson, and who in effect collaborated with Jefferson on the plans for the White House and the city itself. Here are his words about Jefferson as an architect:

"It is not flattery to say that you have planted the arts in your country. The works already erected in this city (Washington) are monuments of your judgment and your zeal and of your taste."

Jefferson's sense of the cultural importance of architecture is well reflected in this excerpt from his comments on the buildings of the University of Virginia:

"We owed it to do, not what was to perish with ourselves, but what would remain, to be respected and preserved thru other ages."

This, then, should be your motto and your goal, for if you follow Jefferson's philosophy your profession will make the highest contribution to the creation of the Great Society.



HARPER ADVANCED TO F.A.I.A.



Terrell Ray Harper of Dallas, is among 37 architects in the nation advanced to Fellowship in The American Institute of Architects.

The new Fellows bring the number of Institute members using the letters FAIA after their names—the initials of Fellowship—to 654, or only 3.8 per cent of the nearly 17,000 architects who are corporate AIA members.

Fellowship was formally conferred on the AIA's new elite during the annual banquet and ball climaxing the 97th annual convention of the AIA and the XI Pan American Congress of Architects. The joint convention/congress was held in Washington June 13-18.

Harper, 56, is a partner in the firm of Harper & Kemp, Architects, Dallas. He attended Texas A & M College. His Fellowship is in recognition of his service to the profession of architecture.

He has been extremely active in the affairs of the Dallas Chapter, AIA, since 1952, serving in numerous projects to improve the practice of architecture and the relations of architects

with other segments of the construction industry.

Harper has worked on the revision of AIA professional practice documents and is author of a chapter dealing with specifications in the AIA's "Architect's Handbook of Professional Practice."

He has served as chapter secretary, vice president and president, as a member of its Executive Committee and as chairman of its construction Industry Relations Committee.

Among buildings he has designed are the Great American Reserve Insurance Building, the Annie Webb Blanton School, Ridgewood Park Methodist Church, Dallas Country Club and the Livestock Coliseum, all in Dallas. He also designed the All Faith Chapel in Lone Star and the Laredo National Bank, Laredo.

He has been active in Dallas civic affairs, notably the United Fund, and has served in hospital and university fund campaigns. From 1958 to 1960 was a member of the Long Range Planning Committee, Greater Dallas Council of Churches.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF CIVILIZATION

CARL FEISS, F.A.I.A.

Before this distinguished assembly of many Americans of many nations, five men this afternoon have been assigned the audacious task of exploring the future of urban living—each in his own way. Each one of us will step out of the confinement of our personal capsule and walk for a moment into an infinity of space tethered to today's world only by the thin cord of our experience, propelled by the strength of our imagination, and steered with what wisdom we can muster. The purpose of this walk in space is to explore an infinity of worlds of fact and spirit. From such exploration with you perhaps we can join in making the plans for the consummate architecture of a future civilization the design of which will be so superb that no man will ever care to destroy it. The world is proud of its great ruins. The architecture of lost civilizations, the Machu Piccus and Chichen Itzas of every hemisphere and of every age in human time are silent witnesses to the long continuity of man's genius in building cities. But despite their beauty, their romance and their mystery, nothing can conceal their tragic failure. They failed to survive. For whatever the reason, they failed to survive.

We have inherited the genius of our long line of predecessors. We build bright and exciting cities. They could make beautiful and romantic ruins. Or there may be no ruins left and no archeologists and tourists to admire them. In either case we would have followed the fate of our predecessors. The ten thousand year tradition of the failures of living continuities must be stopped once and for all. Let us swear on those pitiful mementos of the past, the pyramids of the old and new worlds, that in the many thousands of years ahead, as they have stood

for thousands of years before us, they will never again witness the death of cities.

This must not be a vain and empty oath. Nor must it be based on the presumption that we the builder's of today's cities know better than the builders of the admired ruins how to solve the mystery of human frailty. But we must join with Pope John the XXIII and Mahatma Ghandi and our other great moral leaders of the modern world in the search for permanent world peace and man's equality, making us of those great continuities of human thought, based on compassion and hope, that have survived through the ages, in some cases better than cities themselves.

No city will ever be finer than its worst slum. Can we in good conscience take pride in our urban designs while our fellow citizens live hopelessly in filth and squalor in the core of urban places or on the steep hills or marshes of the suburbs, or in the villages of the country side? If our compassion is not aroused and if we do not take action to make our urban places now and in the future, suitable places for the best civilization man can conceive, then survival is only an atavistic animal impulse for many millions who must continue to equate suffering and life.

President Johnson said in his message to the Congress of the United States on March 2, 1965, "The modern city can be the most ruthless enemy of the good life, or it can be its servant. The choice is up to this generation of Americans."

While the choice is ours, how do we make it? And who makes it? The fact is that at the moment we are barely

able to convert our technical talents to human welfare. The experience of many people, generation after generation, is still so limited that the choice is just as apt to be an automobile as a good home, juke boxes rather than great books, the euphoria of the TV life against individual creativity.

But despite our social and mental lags, despite the dreadful shadow of atomic warfare, despite tragic conflict, riot and hatred throughout the world there are evidences of good choices being made of social and economic betterment that can be recorded, of better health programs and greater concern for human welfare. Every era has had its saints and we have had ours in Burma, the Congo and the Amazon. And we have had them in our cities and our rural areas. Up to World War II we had to rely largely on these exceptional individuals but today with the great United Nations efforts, the World Health Organization, the UNESCO, our Peace Corps, and large-scale private philanthropies, group efforts to meet the gigantic total problem of bettering the fortunes of man is beginning to become effective.

Our larger programs of foreign aid and local aid have as their targets the improvement of the general welfare. But there is still to be achieved the common cause for the good life by whatever definition.

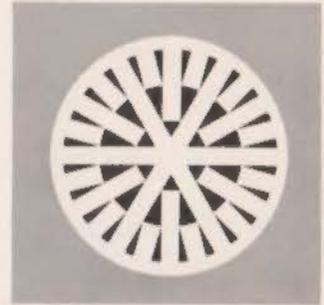
In our country there are fascinating shifts of popular interest to the new uses of new leisure. Our art museums are jammed with people over the weekends. Recently, I stood in line for an hour to get into Mr. Pereira's new Los Angeles County Art Museum. And as the weather permits, and wherever the waters or the hills are, the United States takes to its boats and its mobile camps.

Now we have become truly concerned with preserving our natural beauty and our historic heritage. The automobile has messed things up but it has also made many things possible that could never have been done before. We are just beginning to learn how to design with and for these new urges and opportunities.

But while these changes of interests are important, among many others, the exact means of converting space age technology to terrestrial betterment eludes us. The cities we have built are made up of millions of little cells of property and of buildings and the organisms created by groupings of the cells, these cities are formless, unhealthy, ugly and inefficient. By their very size they may be exciting but the cell structure has been proven inadequate for today's life and that of the future.

This may have been said countless times by countless people and must be repeated over and over again until it sinks into the mass of profound public indifference which is so thick and so inert that we have made almost no penetration. For it is now clear that to keep in phase because of population growth, technology, the peaceful revolutions of equality and resulting expanding human aspirations, improved public health, essential resources conservation including the elimination of land, water and air pollution and all the rest, a fundamental revolution in the uses of land and the design of buildings on land is inevitable.

Actually this land and building revolution has been developing slowly for some time. Air to breathe and water to drink have been public commodities since the cave-man. Land to stand on has been something else. We have never actually moved out of feudal tenure systems.



While I do not question man's right to own land, I thoroughly approve the principal of public regulations which control uses to which the land is put and the safety of what he builds on it. But clearly we have not gone far enough. The wholesale slaughter of the countryside in urban sprawl or suburbs in all of the Americas is the result of ownership gone wild. Generations ahead will suffer worse than we from this speculative and unplanned madness. The right to own and develop land must be considered a trusteeship of an irreplaceable commodity which no man can destroy with impunity. Penalties including confiscation are in order.

The urban design of all our futures must be realistic enough to take our current aberrations into account. But before we talk of our futures we must catch up with ourselves. We must achieve some order and some balance in the present. Let me give an example. We build magnificently engineered highways on which automobiles can be moved easily and swiftly. But these highways are no place for people. The destruction of people on highways throughout the world now approaches major war casualties on an annual basis. Based on the record, *all* highway and automotive engineering effort should be immediately directed to safety even if it means building no more roads or cars until the problem is solved. This is what I mean by getting into phase.

And so it must be with the comprehensive architecture of city buildings. We must build no more slums in or outside of cities. We must match housing needs with mounting population requirements and build clean new cities where essential as spill-overs from the old. Entire older cities must be cleaned up, preserving the worthwhile and creating beauty where it does not exist. The

task is gigantic, the tools primitive, the will is half-hearted, the responsibility is unassigned.

I say to you that since the responsibility is unassigned and the gauntlet has been thrown to the people of the United States by its President, that we the architects of our country must volunteer our training and experience to our cities, our states and our nation. We do not know all the answers to social, economic and physical planning problems but we are in the business of building well and beautifully and no one else can do better in this business. Our President is shortly calling more White House Conferences on the mounting problems of urban metropolitan affairs and other serious tasks confronting our domestic life. Our urban design talents are still to be exploited. We must learn what is needed to be done and enter the wide world of public responsibility. The *War On Urban Ugliness* is a fine first step and we will learn much in this series of battles. But the bed-rock problem of our cities is not just bad taste, it is bad building and badly placed buildings. Or, in other terms, it is our sad record of supplying basic human needs with the right kind of buildings in the right places. Look around your city if you need proof.

The President said that our choice is to make of the city either an enemy or a servant. I am sorry he used the word "servant". I would like to use the word "friend". Our cities must be friendly places. They must have gaiety, charm and warmth. They must be happy places for all people in which to conduct all their affairs. This will be accomplished only when we the architects, the specialists in urban design, join with all the arts and sciences to contribute our talents and our acumen to the future of our great democracy and its urban people.

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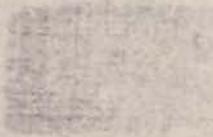
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