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We are seeking any faculty or students with an interest in the use of the iPad in academia regardless of whether or not you have used one before! The survey will take approximately 15 minutes to complete.

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This study has been approved by the Institutional Review Board at Texas Tech University.

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City and Countryside

The world is a glorious bounty. There is more food than can be eaten if we would limit our numbers to those who can be cherished, there are more beautiful girls than can be dreamed of, more children than we can love, more laughter than can be endured, more wisdom than can be absorbed. Canvas and pigments lie in wait, stone, wood and metal are ready for sculpture, random noise is latent for symphonies, sites are gravid for cities, institutions lie in the wings ready to solve our most intractable problems, parables of moving power remain unformulated and yet, the world is finally unknowable.

How can we reap this bounty? This book is a modest inquiry into this subject. It is my investigation into a design with nature: the place of nature in man's world, my search for a way of looking and a way of doing—a simple plan for man in nature. It submits the best evidence that I have been able to collect, but since evidence tends to be too cold I feel it more honest and revealing to speak first of those adventures which have left their mark and instigated this search.

I spent my childhood and adolescence squarely between two diametrically different environments, the poles of man and nature. Almost ten miles from my home lay the city of Glasgow, one of the most implacable testaments to the city of toil in all of Christendom, a memorial to an inordinate capacity to create ugliness, a sandstone excretion cemented with smoke and grime. Each night its pall on the eastern horizon was lit by the flames of the blast furnaces, a Turner fantasy made real.

To the west the lovely Firth of Clyde widened down its estuary to the Atlantic Ocean and the distant Paps of Jura. Due south lay the nearest town, Clydebank, birthplace of the Cunarders, Empress of Britain and Queen Mary, the giants of the British Navy, Hood and King George V. It could be seen as a distant forest of derricks, the raised hulls

of ships in the making, the separate plumes of factory chimneys silhouetted against the Renfrew Hills.

In the other direction, to the north, farmlands folded upward to the Old Kilpatrick Hills and beyond to the purple distance of the Campsies.

During all of my childhood and youth there were two clear paths from my home, the one penetrating further and further to the city and ending in Glasgow, the other moving deeper into the countryside to the final wilderness of the Western Highlands and Islands.

The road to Glasgow lay downhill, soon reaching the shipyards and the factories of the Clyde where men built their dreams and pride into ships. The road was an endless succession of four- and six-story tenements, once red, now black sandstone. From their roofs rose the gray green sulfur smoke of coal fires, little shops and corner pubs fronted the street for the full ten miles. Neither sunlight nor sociability ever redeemed this path. There was courage and kindliness enough but they were barely visible. Whatever pleasure might wait at the terminus, the route to Glasgow and much of the city was a no-place, despondent, dreary beyond description, grimy, gritty, squalid, enduringly ugly and dispiriting.

The other route was also learned incrementally; each year I walked out a few miles more. But the first adventures were near the doorstep. Heavy, fetlocked Clydesdales, brindled Ayrshire cows, wheat and barley fields which first flowered with crimson poppies or mustard, stables and byres, hawthorn hedges with brambles and wild roses.

The next realm was the Black Woods, not more than a mile away. Clay drumlins and small forests, meadows and marshes—the burn, never more than a foot deep, ten times as wide. Further yet was Craigallion Loch and the firepot where hikers and climbers met, the Devil's Pulpit and the Pots of Gartness where the salmon leapt, as far from my home as Glasgow was. Beyond lay Balmaha and Loch Lomond and then, much later in adolescence, Glencoe and Loch Rannoch, Lismore and Mull, Staffa and Iona, the Western Isles.

My experience of the city during this period was colored by the fact that the Depression of the thirties had made poverty pervasive and stripped the pride of many a man. But even in these sad times there were some splendid events, the circus in the Kelvin Hall, a procession of pipe bands, cheering a Scottish soccer victory with over a hundred thousand at Hampden and the great launches: the most memorable being the 534 that became the Queen Mary. As the ship slid down the stocks, the great chains raised a cloud of rust red smoke, became taut and whipped the anchoring tugs clear from the water and the leviathan slid into the Clyde. There were also theatres and dances, choir concerts, mornings spent drawing the sculpture in the Art Galleries, city lights reflected in wet pavements, departures from the great railway stations. But these, as I remember them, were interludes in a gray impression of gloom and dreary ugliness.

In contrast the other path was always exhilarating and joy could be found in quite small events, the certainty of a still trout seen in the shadow of a bridge, the salmon leaping or a stag glimpsed fleetingly, the lambing, climbing through the clouds to the sunlight above, a cap full of wild strawberries or blaeberries, men back from the Spanish Civil War at the firepot or a lift from an American tourist in a Packard convertible.

Now in spite of the excoriation of Glasgow this memoir is not the catalogue of an evolving prejudice in favor of the country and against cities. I knew Edinburgh well and was moved by both its medieval and 18th-century neighborhoods. No, this is a response to a simple choice between the environment of industrial toil which Glasgow represented and a beautiful countryside, both equally accessible. There are cities that produce more stimulus and delight than can be borne, but it is rare when they are products of the industrial revolution or its aftermath. I wish to bring alive the experiences which have nurtured my attitudes and bred my quest. It is certain that given my choices, I opted for the countryside, finding there more delight and challenge, meaning and rewards than I could elsewhere. Yet, I chose the city as my place of work, my professional challenge. If we can create the humane city, rather than the city of bondage to toil, then the choice of city or countryside will be between two excellences, each indispensable, each different, both complementary, both life-enhancing. Man in Nature.

When at the age of sixteen I found that there might be a possibility of spending a life giving to others the benison which nature gave to me, and that this was called landscape architecture, I accepted the opportunity with enthusiasm. Nobody needed this more than the inhabitants of the city of bondage to the machine. But the practice of this profession proved to be a thwarting experience. There were few who believed in the benison, few who believed in the importance of nature in man's world, few who would design with nature.

I have found that it has been my instincts that have directed my paths and that my reason is employed after the fact, to explain where I find myself. Hindsight discerns a common theme, astonishingly consistent.

I spent the autumn and winter of 1943 and the following spring as an officer with the 2nd Independent Parachute Brigade Group in Italy. The episode began badly with the sinking of the Abdiel, vanguard of the invasion at Taranto; this was followed by a period behind the lines as protector and repairer-in-chief of the great Acquedotto Pugliese and then declined into more normal

patterns in the winter battle of the Fiume Sangro which culminated in the bloody battle of Cassino.

The heart of this grim episode was spent in the great valley which runs from the Monte Maiella and the Gran Sasso d'Italia to the Adriatic. It was here that the allied offensive was halted by snow and mud and the battle settled into a pattern of patrols and skirmishes. The villages of Lama del Peligni, Poggiofiorito, Crechio, Arielli were progressively reduced to rubble by bombardment from the towering German positions in Guardiagrele and Orsogna, perched on the commanding escarpment.

The days were hideous with shelling, bombing and nebelwerfers, patrolling was conducted by night in the desperate flares of Verey pistols, in the pervasive smell of dead mules, chloride of lime and high explosives. Life was an incessant succession of small engagements, dead and wounded, shells, mines, barbed wire and shrapnel, machine gun and mortar, rifle, carbine and grenades. Through it all ran the manic stuttering of the mg34 and 42 and the conservative hammering of the British Bren. The few Italian civilians cowered in rubble basements, the combatants were barely distinguishable in muddy greatcoats; heroism was commonplace, the greatest virtue was the ability to endure.

Day after week after month it continued, no sleep by day, engagements by night, cold, wet and muddy, living in one and then another hole; the attrition became serious, "bomb happy" was a normal malaise, the ranks thinned, the time would surely come, it was ridiculous to expect to survive. But, unimaginably came the reprieve of two weeks' leave. I chose to spend this, not in the established leave centers of Naples, Bari or Brindisi, but at the Albergo Palumbo in Ravello, high on the Sorrento Penisula.

Here was peace absolute, the only noises were the sound of footsteps on the stone floors, the whispering of servants, the ringing of church bells, the calls of the street vendor. The smells were of baked bread, garlic and pasta. Near to the piazza was a garden. From this, perched on cliff edge, could be seen the glittering bay and Capri, the road snaking down the mountain to the coast, Amalfi and Positano, the Grotto Esmeralda. I sailed the bay in a Monotipo, long days tacking in the silence of small unthreatening noises, wind in the sails, waves on the hull.

This was the rural shires of Dunbarton and Argyll in Mediterranean guise. Here was equanimity and health.

After the war I spent four years at Harvard where I received assurances that I was a professional landscape architect and city planner. Immediately I returned to Scotland determined to practice my faith upon that environment of drudgery that is the Clydeside. I returned to my home for the first unhurried, nostalgic rediscovery of this land in over a decade. Nearest were the Black Woods, only a few square miles in area but of great richness—some low hills covered by forest, the burn, marshes with a native orchid, fields of buttercups, rock outcrops, some gorse, broom and heather, Scots Pine and larch, copses of beech edged with rowan and birch, thorns and laburnum, chest-high bracken. The burn had familiar stepping stones, overhangs where small trout and red-breasted minnows lived, shaded by reeds, osiers and willows. Whitewashed stone farmhouses sat squarely with their outbuildings and old trees marking the ridges.

Larks nested in the meadow, curlew in the plough, weasels, stoats and badgers lived in the hedgerows; there were red foxes, red squirrels and hedgehogs, grouse flew from heather underfoot. It was a myriad place. Its gem was Peel Glen, for most of the year an unremarkable woodland, mainly beech, deep shadowed and silent, but in Spring it was transformed. As you entered its shade there was no quick surprise—only slowly did the radiance of light from the carpet of bluebells enter and suffuse the consciousness. Cyclists from Glasgow gathered armfuls of these, strapped them to their carriers and left a trail of wilting beauty back to the city.

I came expecting to see it shrunken, for this is the lot of the place revisited, but not to find it obliterated. Yet the City of Glasgow had annexed this land and made it its own. Each hill had been bulldozed to fill a valley, the burn was buried in culverts, trees had been felled, farmhouses and smithy were demolished, every tree, shrub, marsh, rock, fern and orchid, every single vestige of that which had been, was gone. In their stead were uniform four-story walkup apartments, seventy feet face to face, seventy feet back to back, fifteen feet from gable to gable. The fronts were divided by an asphalt street lined with gaunt sodium lamps, the backs were stamped soil defined by drunken chestnut paling; drying green poles supported the sodden laundry.

The smear of Glasgow had moved out—taking much and destroying everything, it had given nothing. This was public investment for a perfectly necessary public purpose, accomplished in the name of architecture and planning. The reasons for living in this place were manifest. It held much, offered variety and delight. It could well have been marvelous but the results were otherwise.

Lark and curlew, grouse and thrush had gone, the caged canary and the budgerigar their mere replacements. No more fox and badger, squirrel and stoat, weasel and hedgehog but now only cat and dog, rats and mice, lice and fleas. The trout and minnow, newts and tadpoles, caddis and dragonfly are replaced by the goldfish alone; the glory of beech, pine, and larch, the rowan and laburnum, the fields of poppies and buttercups, the suffusion of the bluebell woods are irreplaceable—in the gardens are some

desultory lobelia and alyssum and sad, brave privet shoots. The burn is buried and water now is the gutter trickle and spit.

Now housing was urgently required and this was a fine place to build; some small perception, a minimal intelligence, a leavening of art could have made it enchanting. The place was complex, but it was made uniform. It had contained many delights, but these were obliterated. It has represented much that people had come far to seek, but this satisfaction to the spirit was denied to those who needed it most.

I was too late. Memory that had been pleasure was now a goad.

I returned to Scotland with some dreams, some parchments, a wife, son, and pulmonary tuberculosis. The Southfield Colony for Consumptives on the outskirts of Edinburgh became my hospital. This had once been a private house; the ward where I spent six sweating months must have been the living room. It had seven windows in front of which were as many beds. These windows were always open even when this produced snow for pillows on the beds. Fresh air, no matter how cold or wet, was basic to the cure. The windows were filthy. Dirty words of earlier times had been overlaid with layers of newer blasphemies.

Ceilings are important to a prostrate patient: these were of Italian plaster work, deeply configured, and in their recesses were dark spider webs with collections of flies. The entertainment of the place was to watch the blue tits fly into the room and gorge on these insects. Each morning a jolly fat slut came into the ward, threw handfuls of wet tea leaves upon the floor and brushed the dust into the air. There was no heat, patients gave their hot water bottles to their brave visitors who were threatened not only with tuberculosis but with chilblains.

The spirit of the place was acrid; the doctors lived in mutual dislike under a despotic chief, the staff were sad emblems of the nursing profession, filled with sullen animosity. There were enough patients in the place who had been there for a decade or more to infuse the sick with a quiet resignation. The sun never shone, the food was tepid and tasteless, there was little laughter and less hope.

At the end of six months in this pitiful Colony, I was a miserable, thin, sweating rag, dressed in discarded ill-fitting pajamas of unlikely hues, my bottom punctured to a colander. I sustained a small pocket of air suppressing the lung, stilling it to heal but this was not enough. While I was no longer infectious, elaborate and crippling surgery was thought necessary to provide a "cure."

Purely by accident I learned that beds in a Swiss sanatorium were maintained for British Parachutists. I enquired and found that I was eligible. It was possible to escape, and this I must, if only to survive and have the Southfield Colony for Consumptives gutted, its staff expelled and a new institution created, less demeaning to the human spirit.

The day of my escape finally arrived and for the first time in six months I washed and shaved myself, stood erect, dressed with care, and when this was finished I scrutinized myself to see whether the stigma of consumption was visible. I could not see it but wondered if others could. I felt a small movement in that shriveled prune that was my spirit. My luggage was packed, loaded on to a cab, not least a file of X-rays and a most dismal diagnosis and prognosis. I was very weak indeed.

The journey to London was without incident except that it was a wonder of freedom. From London to Dover the sun shone, it was May and the apple orchards were luminous with blossom. The Channel ferry was French; I had a lunch that wakened a dormant palate. A man can walk the deck of a steamer holding the handrail without being too conspicuous, and this I did, marveling at the women.

As soon as the train left Calais dinner was served, and I decided to invest the larger part of that sum which British travelers were then permitted to take abroad in a sumptuous meal. It was magnificent and I exulted over every single course and slept thereafter as I had not for six months.

At Lausanne the train again added a restaurant car, and to this I went in the morning for breakfast to expend the rest of my substance. I ate leisurely, savoring the coffee, one cup and another and yet one more as we passed Lake Léman, Chinon, the Dents du Midi, white houses in the sun, geraniums in flower boxes, and there was Aigle, my station. But my well-being was too recent and precious to be dissipated in a scramble for luggage so I stayed watching the platform recede as the train moved through the vineyard landscape of the Rhône Valley.

The return journey to Aigle was short but it offered the possibility to test a returning confidence in some tentative conversations. The funicular awaited at Aigle, ready to climb back from Spring back up to Winter. We left the vivid flower boxes, moved into the young leaves of the terraced vineyards, higher into the spring-lit meadows and fields of flowers—soon the scant patches of snow began to coalesce and the distant peaks were brilliant white against a winter sky beyond the dreams of Scotland.

At the summit was Leysin and the Hotel Bélvèdere commanding the village below, steep alpine meadows, Yvorne and the folded hills containing Lac Léman. The Dents du Midi shone, their peaks supported on cloud. I was examined immediately—temperature, pulse, blood sedimentation rate, the sad lung peered at through the fluoroscope. But now the record was different! In a short time I was advised that no surgery was contemplated; there were no

pleural effusions, blood and temperature were normal, my abandoned pneumothorax would be resuscitated, no confinement to bed was necessary. And so for six lovely months I walked and climbed, the Petite Tour, La Grande Crevasse, the Tour d'Aï, past the jangling cows to the summit, lying on shelves watching the eagles sail below, finding gentian and edelweiss, equanimity and health.

This is strong stuff—such an experience engraves the belief that sun and sea, orchards in bloom, mountains and snow, fields of flowers, speak to the spirit as well as the flesh, or at least they do to me. The instincts that had chosen the countryside over Glasgow and its entrails were only confirmed by this experience.

Every city has some testimony to perception, intelligence and art, there are oases of concern and creation. But that example which I cull from my experience is noteworthy because so much is accomplished by so little.

In Scotland when the temperature rises above 75 degrees there is talk of heat waves and the newspapers publish photographs of panting polar bear and disheveled penguins. Being of this lineage I found the American summer to be absolutely intolerable—yet it was on the hottest and most humid of days in 1949 that I found myself in New York examining at first hand those few emblems of a modern architecture which were thought in Cambridge at that time to be symbols of the salvation of the world.

My companions and I scrutinized the Museum of Modern Art garden, the United Nations and Lever House as well as other projects which almost acquired distinction and, by the end of the day we were footsore, tired, sweaty, grubby, crumpled and thirsty. We came to the last project, a brownstone conversion by Philip Johnson. We passed through the bland facade into a small vestibule and immediately left both heat and glare behind. We moved into a large and handsome living room, the end wall of glass subtending a small court defined by a guest wing. This was dominated by a pool with three stepping stones, a small fountain, a single aralia tree and on the white painted brick walls, a tendril of ivy. We stood on a narrow terrace beside the pool, savoring the silence, then discovering below it the small noises of the trickling fountain, drips and splashes, the rustle of the delicate aralia leaves, seeing the reticulated patterns in the pool, the dappled light. Here were these selfsame precious things, but consciously selected and arrayed, sun and shade, trees and water, the small sounds under silence. What enormous power was exerted by these few elements in this tiny space. They were not antagonistic to the city or to man but indispensable ingredients of a humane environment. Equanimity, health and introspection could live here.

These experiences are personal but far from unique. There are many people who look to nature for meaning and order, peace and tranquillity, introspection and stimulus. Many more look to nature and activity in the outdoors as the road to restoration and health. The best symbol of peace might better be the garden than the dove. But there are multitudes alive today for whom the cherished scene of their forefathers or their childhood has been defiled or obliterated in the name of progress. There is a smaller contingent who have seen areas redeemed by conscience and art.

We need nature as much in the city as in the countryside. In order to endure we must maintain the bounty of that great cornucopia which is our inheritance. It is clear that we must look deep to the values which we hold. These must be transformed if we are to reap the bounty and create that fine visage for the home of the brave and the land of the free. We need, not only a better view of man and nature, but a working method by which the least of us can ensure that the product of his works is not more despoliation.

It is not a choice of either the city or the countryside: both are essential, but today it is nature, beleaguered in the country, too scarce in the city which has become precious. I sit at home overlooking the lovely Cresheim Valley, the heart of the city only twenty minutes away, alert to see a deer, familiar with the red-tailed hawk who rules the scene, enamored of the red squirrels, the titmouse and chickadees, the purple finches, nuthatches and cardinals. Yet each year, responding to a deeper need, I leave this urban idyll for the remoter lands of lake and forest to be found in northern Canada or the other wilderness of the sea, rocks and beaches where the osprey patrols.

This book is a personal testament to the power and importance of sun, moon, and stars, the changing seasons, seedtime and harvest, clouds, rain and rivers, the oceans and the forests, the creatures and the herbs. They are with us now, co-tenants of the phenomenal universe, participating in that timeless yearning that is evolution, vivid expression of time past, essential partners in survival and with us now involved in the creation of the future.

Our eyes do not divide us from the world, but unite us with it. Let this be known to be true. Let us then abandon the simplicity of separation and give unity its due. Let us abandon the self-mutilation which has been our way and give expression to the potential harmony of man-nature. The world is abundant, we require only a deference born of understanding to fulfill man's promise. Man is that uniquely conscious creature who can perceive and express. He must become the steward of the biosphere. To do this he must design with nature.