

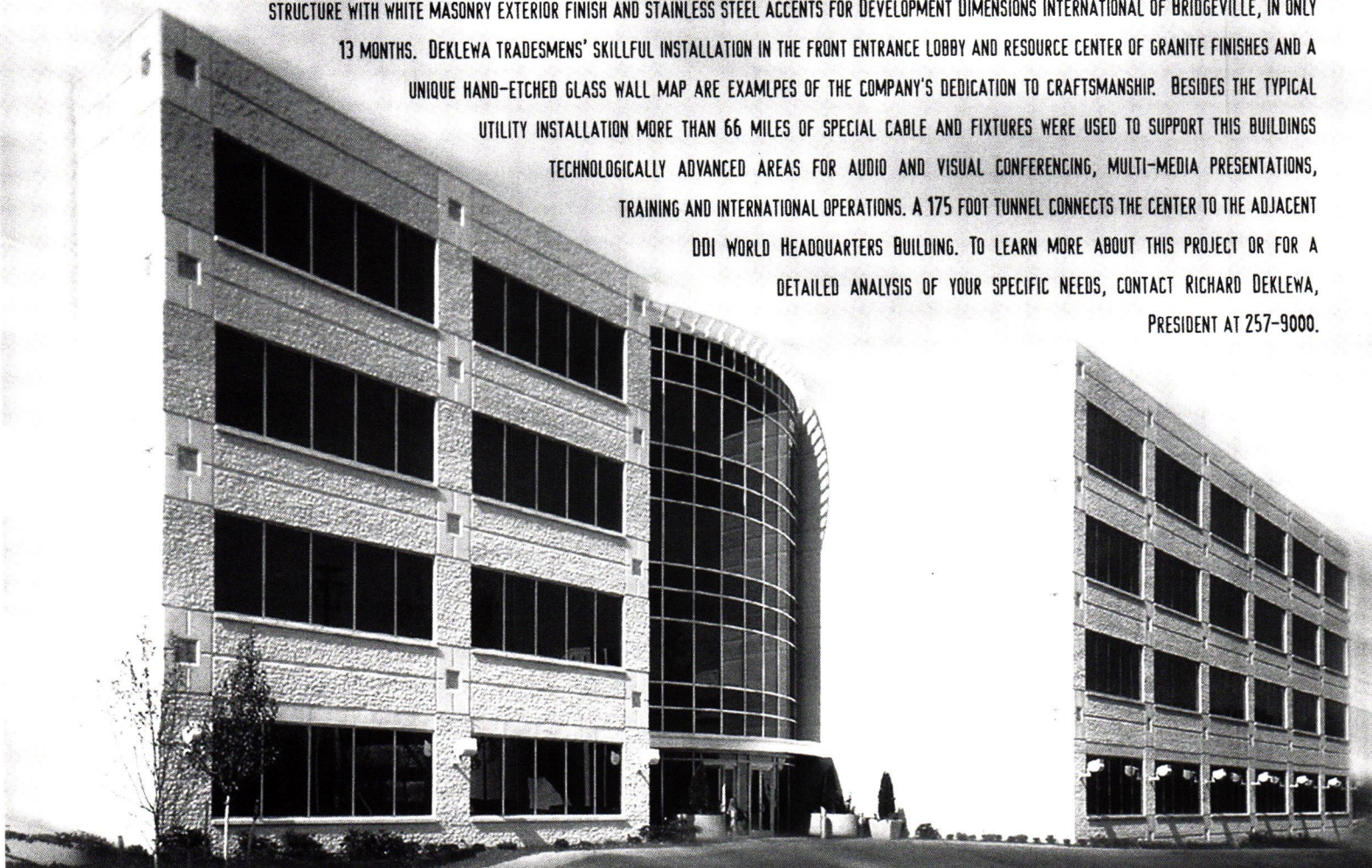
C O L U M N S





DEKLEWA DEVELOPS A NEW DIMENSION

THE RECENT COMPLETION BY JOHN DEKLEWA & SONS, INC. OF THE NEW CENTER FOR ADVANCED LEARNING AND ASSESSMENT TECHNOLOGY SIGNALS ANOTHER MILESTONE IN THE CONSTRUCTION FIRM'S LONG HISTORY OF PROJECTS FOR HIGH PROFILE CLIENTS. DEKLEWA CONTRACTORS ERECTED THIS "STATE OF THE ART" FOUR STORY STEEL FRAME STRUCTURE WITH WHITE MASONRY EXTERIOR FINISH AND STAINLESS STEEL ACCENTS FOR DEVELOPMENT DIMENSIONS INTERNATIONAL OF BRIDGEVILLE, IN ONLY 13 MONTHS. DEKLEWA TRADESMEN'S SKILLFUL INSTALLATION IN THE FRONT ENTRANCE LOBBY AND RESOURCE CENTER OF GRANITE FINISHES AND A UNIQUE HAND-ETCHED GLASS WALL MAP ARE EXAMPLES OF THE COMPANY'S DEDICATION TO CRAFTSMANSHIP. BESIDES THE TYPICAL UTILITY INSTALLATION MORE THAN 66 MILES OF SPECIAL CABLE AND FIXTURES WERE USED TO SUPPORT THIS BUILDING'S TECHNOLOGICALLY ADVANCED AREAS FOR AUDIO AND VISUAL CONFERENCING, MULTI-MEDIA PRESENTATIONS, TRAINING AND INTERNATIONAL OPERATIONS. A 175 FOOT TUNNEL CONNECTS THE CENTER TO THE ADJACENT DDI WORLD HEADQUARTERS BUILDING. TO LEARN MORE ABOUT THIS PROJECT OR FOR A DETAILED ANALYSIS OF YOUR SPECIFIC NEEDS, CONTACT RICHARD DEKLEWA, PRESIDENT AT 257-9000.



Project Architect: Johnson/Schmidt & Associates

JOHN DEKLEWA & SONS, INC.

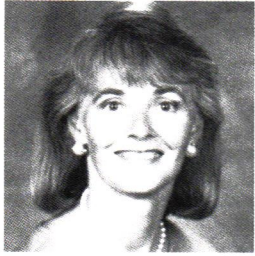
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GENERAL CONTRACTORS BUILDING SUCCESS

How Public A Life?

by Cheryl Towers

A recent *New York Times* article



“Scientists look for the right question to ask. Writers construct the story that makes the point. Architects define the problem to create a solution.”

by Susan Jacoby transported me back to my favorite public space — Grand Central Station. She reminded me of the wonderful astronomical ceiling above the main concourse, and the catacombs below that shelter the Oyster Bar and amuse visitors with their ability to transfer even a whisper from one side of the arch to the other. Above all, she reminded me of the fascination of simply sitting and watching thousands of people and their stories as they pass through. “Watching the pass” is a time honored European activity, and one we should all indulge in more often. For me, historic train stations are the ultimate public space where the community of man flows endlessly through, yet at a pace that’s still human.

Pittsburgh has its share of public spaces. Those that are literally “public” — e.g. owned by the government such as the Allegheny County Courthouse — draw people for their symbolism, making them especially attractive as locations for everything from art exhibits to religious displays to Klan rallies. Government thus struggles to balance ownership by the community with the responsibility to protect varying viewpoints.

Private public spaces, if you’ll allow that conundrum, if such spaces are at all worthy, are quickly appropriated by the community. Early reactions to PPG Plaza were that it was cold and far too pristine. Now that tables and chairs have sprouted and events allowed in, it’s become community — not corporate — space.

Once I started musing about public spaces, thinking about other applications of “public” wasn’t far behind. Zoning, for instance, assumes that a community has a right to define how private land is used, since that affects all of us. Public involvement assumes that the public — or, as some like to say, stakeholders — have a right to a voice in government decisions about development where tax dollars are involved.

Maybe because I’ve done a fair amount of facilitation, this doesn’t seem like a big leap, although apparently it is for some. A developer once angrily said to a group I was leading, “Easy for you to say, it’s not your money!” He was dead wrong. It was their money. It was their tax dollars that were going to subsidize his company’s tax relief. It was their tax dollars that were going to build and maintain new access roads. It was their tax dollars that were going to be used to figure out what to do with his development down the road when it was no longer viable. And above all, they were going to have to live with the results.

The narrowing of public and private is very confusing. Computers have made it almost impossible for us to keep a zone of privacy around personal information. People bare their souls on television to Jerry Springer. College students set up video cameras in their dorm rooms so that we can share every fascinating moment of their egocentric lives via the Internet. People even get married to people on television whom they’ve never met before, resembling other more ancient forms of commerce, but less private.

All of this is to say that we don’t seem to know when to engage in public discourse and when to shut up. Or, even more sadly, when to *invite* public discourse, understanding that it can be healthy. Like they say about democracy, it’s messy, expensive and time consuming, but beats anything else.

Scientists look for the right question to ask. Writers construct the story that makes the point. Architects define the problem to create a solution. Can we to encourage politicians to really listen to the public as they exert leadership, and not just to the noisiest, angriest, best funded segment, but to all of us for whom *public* equals *community*?

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AIA Pittsburgh serves 12 Western Pennsylvania counties as the local component of the American Institute of Architects and AIA Pennsylvania. The objective of AIA Pittsburgh is to improve, for society, the quality of the built environment by further raising the standards of architectural education, training and practice; fostering design excellence; and promoting the value of architectural services to the public. AIA membership is open to all registered architects, architectural interns, and a limited number of professionals in supporting fields.

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With Honors

by Anne J. Swager, Hon. AIA

As my mother will be glad to tell you,

I was the closest thing to a black sheep that my family ever had. Fortunately, I haven't become what many predicted. I spent so much time in the hall during grammar school that I can still remember the colors, the layout and the look as if I were there just yesterday. Although I'm sure there were many days that my mother wished she could trade me in on a new model, she always stuck by me. Mom attributed my behavior lapses to my teachers, the boring schoolwork and the lack of supervision. My father was less sanguine. Always the example of incredible self-discipline, a daughter that wouldn't toe the line wasn't in his game plan. The sexism of the 60's and my mother's divine intervention are probably all that saved me from military school. In an effort to straighten me out, Dad pushed for me to attend an all women's college. I went along with the idea and was thrilled to find that my school was hardly the cloistered atmosphere for which he had undoubtedly hoped. I had a blast, and as a sophomore was awarded the only honor I received during college: admission to ADA in my first year of eligibility. Given the family nature of this publication, I can't reveal the true meaning of the acronym. I can sum it up by saying it was an honor reserved for the most fun loving, funny and outrageous students. Dad was not amused.

One busy December day, Ed Shriver popped into my office and told me rather somberly that he had to talk to me. True to form, I was sure I was in trouble. While I had no idea what I had done, my stomach churned. He announced that AIA was awarding me honorary membership. I knew he was wrong. I hadn't been with the AIA the requisite 10 years. Ed's answer was that I would be by the time the award became final in May. I told him I hadn't applied and gone through the rigorous procedure. He and a number of others had done it for me. When it dawned on me that this

wasn't a joke, my eyes teared up. Knowing that public displays of emotion are never welcome in the corporate world, I kicked him out of my office. I was too touched to take it all in, and I admit that I spent most of the afternoon fighting tears. Obviously, I just haven't had enough practice to blithely accept an honor such as this.

You see, being made an honorary one of you is a huge deal to me. While I can't interpret a blueprint nor translate measurements in my mind to a realistic field condition, I do understand why design counts. I "get" why the way a place looks and functions can determine its future, whether it's a building or a city. I can't, but I appreciate that you can and that your doodles are often transformed into marvelous structures. When I can rely on one of you to explain why quality architecture is worth the time and the money, I do. When I can't, I struggle to express what I've learned adequately, let alone eloquently, all to try over and over to make it easier for you to practice what you do so well. I've always thought it enough of an honor to have the opportunity to represent a profession that is held in such high esteem and with whom I enjoy working so much. I was wrong. Being honored by you makes even the bad days fly by more quickly.

When I worked for Mellon Bank, I always got performance reviews that touted my skills but at the same time noted that I just didn't "fit in." Being told that not only do I do a good job but also hey, we're going to make you a member of the club, is better than money or chocolate. Thanks to all of you for being a great chapter that makes my effort shine. Thanks to Ed and all of his helpers for making sure the rest of the world knows how great AIA Pittsburgh is, and by the way, that their Executive Director isn't half-bad either.

Mom and Dad... does this get me off the hook?



*Being honored by you
makes even the bad days
fly by more quickly.*

