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brownstone penthouse duplex



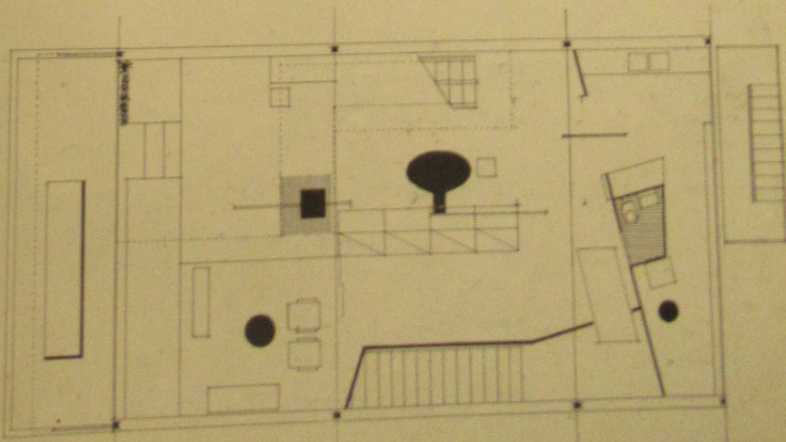
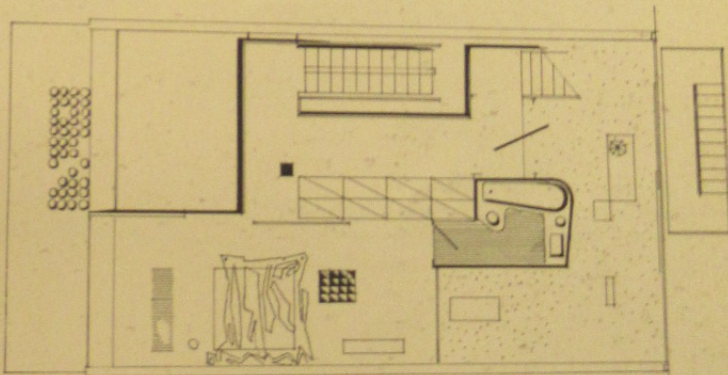
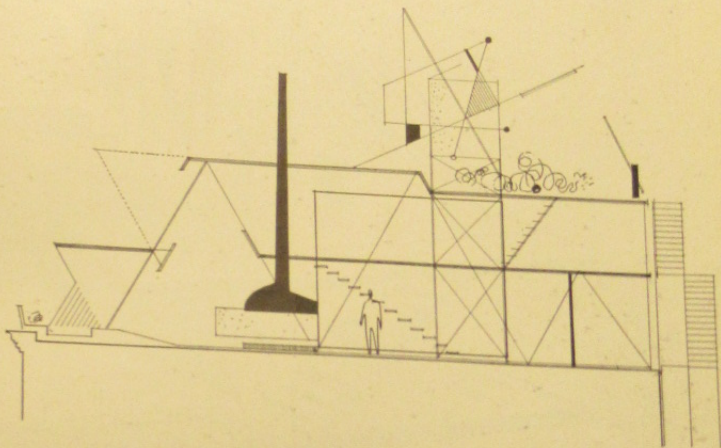
We have our sights on the future and shed no tears for the commuter sacrificing precious hours enroute to and from the Manhattan office where he collects a livelihood. His plight will be ended, and soon, by the helicopter. Architect Giurgola dedicates his project to an entirely different species of humanity: the New-Yorker-by-choice. The specimen for whom he provides a home-with-studio is a hard-pressed artist and family man of median income.

Observant enough to see even what is under his own and everyone else's nose, Giurgola has found a site on the unused roof of one of New York's ubiquitous brownstones—in the Village maybe, a step from Central Park, or in sight of a river girdling this magical and cramped island—but wherever it is, steeped in sights and sounds more indispensable to a true Gothamite than lungfuls of fresh suburban air.

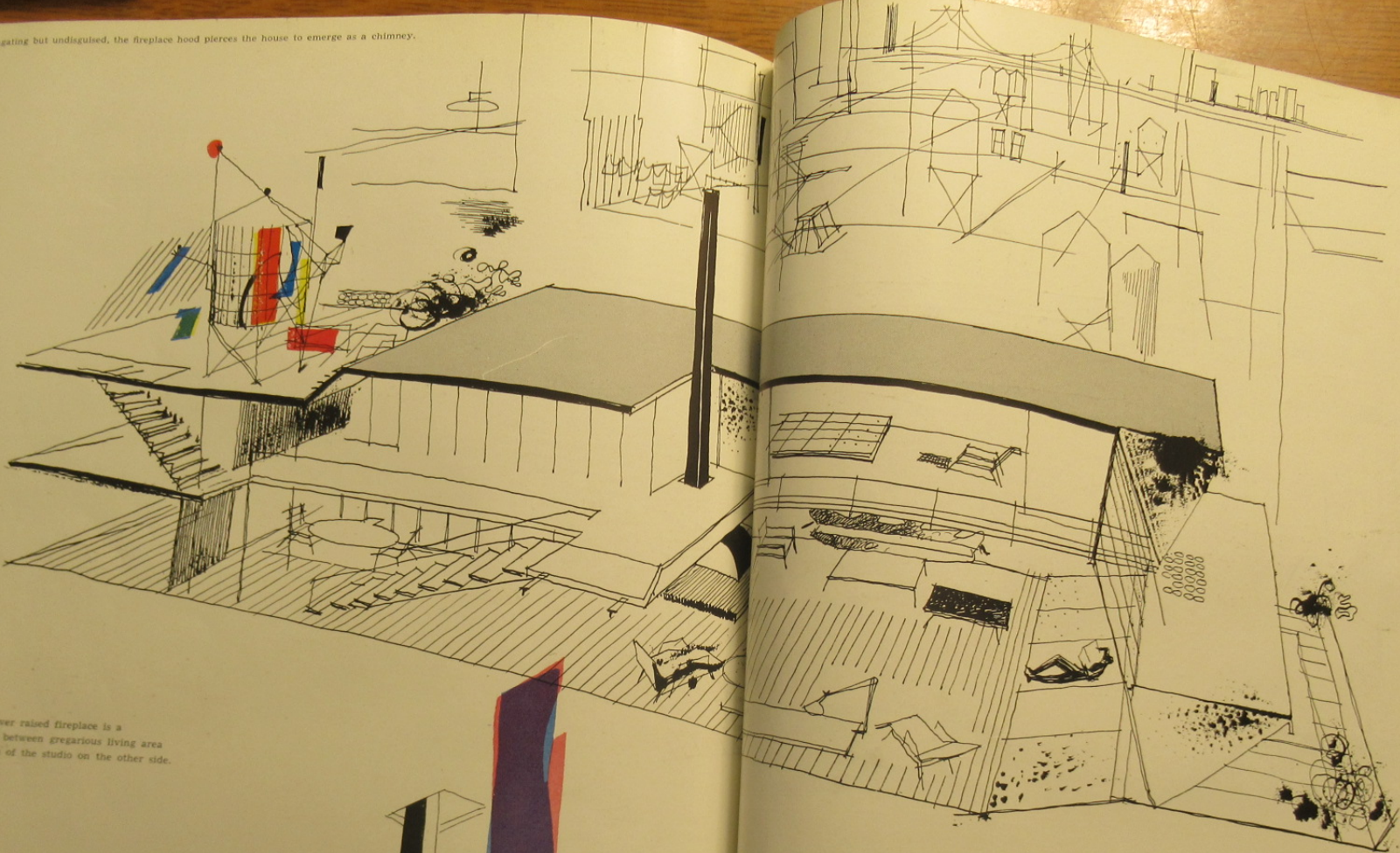
Not wasteful of the site, Giurgola adds on two stories, giving his client ample light and enough space, indoors and out, to stretch out in. But the sensations of exhilaration, luxury, intimacy, and playfulness, which are aroused by different and appropriate parts of this domicile, result from the organization rather than the total amounts of these elements.

The cross section shows how Giurgola exploits the slant of the steel beams to pour light into the two-story studio. Only token boundaries set it apart from the conversation and dining areas (to its right and behind it in lower plan), but actually the abrupt contrast between double and single-height ceilings is what differentiates areas on this open floor, dramatizing the airy voluminousness and orderliness of the studio, the sheltered coziness around it.

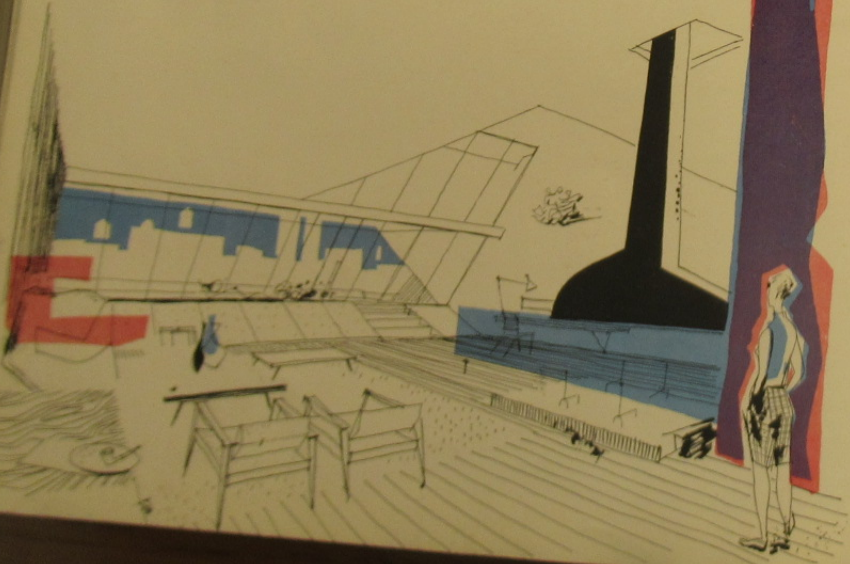
The bedroom window, over the conversation area, slants the opposite way; privacy here ranks above superabundant light. The awning at first floor level (middle plan) has clustered perforations to throw a sunbeam pattern on the terrace below. The nursery, separated from the parents' room by curtained glass, requires the least height; therefore its roof drops to pocket a second terrace protectively. The water tank above it, no longer an anonymous bulk, has been painted to the point of abstraction to become an artistic asset in the roovescape and an appropriate flag for a joyous household.—O. G.



Elongating but undisguised, the fireplace hood pierces the house to emerge as a chimney.



Sliding glass panel over raised fireplace is a psychological barrier between gregarious living area and the quiet heights of the studio on the other side.



Bedroom. The canopy floats diaphanously and even the colors melt. Beyond the curtainless glass wall is the nursery.





More comfortable than the divans Turks lined harems with is the window-length, mattress-padded ramp which breaks only at the terrace steps. It tempers both the austere studio and the formal living area with an invitation to come aside, dream awhile, and enjoy the view; to be indolent alone or at ease with friends, as New Yorkers at home should be.