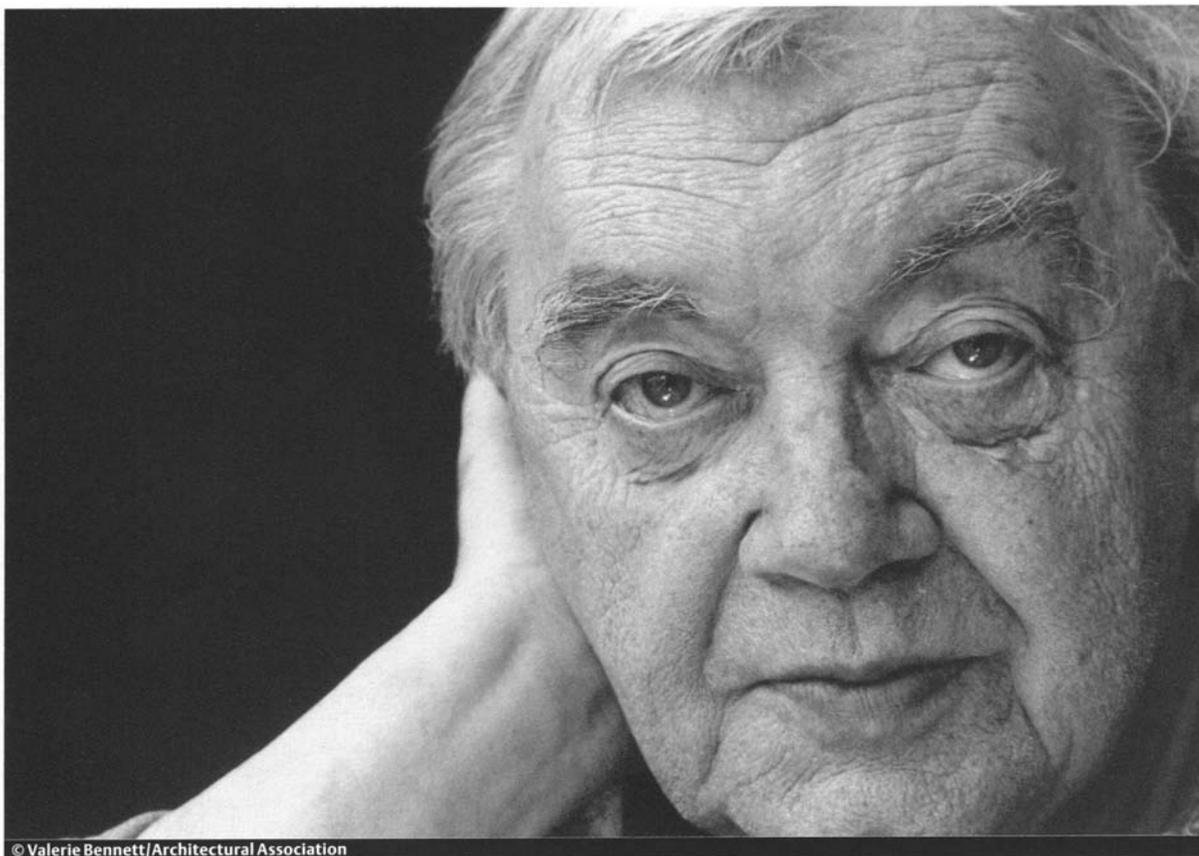


Colin Rowe:

1920–1999



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Profoundly gifted as both a studio teacher and a scholar, Colin Rowe's erudition was legendary, his insights extraordinary, his influence immense. James Stirling was just one, if perhaps the most distinguished, of his many students. But perhaps his greatest significance is, as Robert Maxwell suggests, the fact that he 'established a crucial continuity in architectural culture'. He is remembered here by Maxwell, John Sergeant, Peter Carl and Leon Satkowski. Also reproduced is a perspective of the building designed by Colin Rowe and Brian Richards during their first visit to North America.

Colin Rowe was an architect who made his mark through his ideas and writings rather than his built work. In 1995 he was awarded the Royal Institute of British Architects' Gold Medal, only the second scholar in the twentieth century to receive the honour.

From the beginning, he seems to have inhabited an ideal landscape, that landscape where thought and feeling combine in an event. It is as if he faced the world the way the figures do in a Claude Lorrain painting, overwhelmed by the architectural constructions, yet not

intimidated by them. His observations were best heard in front of the evidence, and, since his subject was architecture, that meant walking.

There was a period when the coincidence of Colin Rowe and Henry-Russell Hitchcock meant prolonged walks through the city of London, extending into the small hours, examining the evidence as it presented itself to the eye. This immediacy had a lot to do with Rowe's appeal, and it is represented in both his writing and lecturing style as a

characteristically conversational tone, as with most of the essays in his book *As I was Saying* (1995). Rowe could force a photograph to give up its hidden qualities, to move before one's very eyes.

Colin Rowe was born in 1920 in Yorkshire, at Rotherham, but his accent was metropolitan. He won a scholarship to Liverpool University in 1939 to study at the School of Architecture, graduating in 1946 following war service. He continued his studies at the Warburg Institute in London under Rudolf Wittkower – his thesis was on the theoretical drawings of Inigo Jones – and spent a year on a Smith-Mundt/Fulbright Scholarship at Yale, studying with Henry-Russell Hitchcock.

As a contemporary of Rowe's at Liverpool University I succumbed to his charm at once, and found it difficult to throw it off. After he was invalided out of the Parachute Regiment in 1944 with a broken back we were students together, and after I returned from war service in India he was lecturing at the university and was my tutor for thesis. He was and remained my mentor, the one who awakened me, as so many others, to the excitement of the idea built.

Rowe was attracted by the openness of American society (he became an American citizen in 1984), and by the extraordinary effect this freer horizon had on architectural models imported from Europe. After his year at Yale, he travelled in the United States, working on a number of architectural projects before accepting a post in 1953 at the University of Texas at Austin.

During only five semesters when he taught there he not only revolutionized the teaching of architectural design by bringing in European models, but he alerted Americans to their own heritage by his praise for the city of Lockhart in Texas and generally, by pointing to the dynamic quality of American settlements, and the American revitalization of the Classical. It was his peculiar virtue to be able to imbue the present moment of creation with an excitement derived from past moments of creation, and students were often sent to the library to check out a plan of a Palladian villa before drawing up their plan for a secondary school.

Between 1958 and 1962 Rowe was a lecturer at Cambridge University, where among other things he

became adviser to Peter Eisenman and encouraged him to study Terragni. Rowe's enthusiasm for the inherent contradictions within Italian Mannerism, allied to frequent trips to Italy, created something of a legend, and when he came to inhabit the Palazzo Massimi, during a spell running the Rome programme of Cornell University, it seemed perfectly appropriate, a personal apotheosis, even though his rooms were in the attic. From that eyrie he could hear the footsteps of the last scion of the family promenading in the *salone*. The Italian inheritance seemed like a prolonged and radiant sunset. Some warmth from Italian art may also have promoted his long friendship with the New York architect Judy de Maio.

Where Rowe had found Austin disruptive, he found Cambridge exasperating. In 1962 he returned to America, and from then on taught at Cornell University, except for prolonged visits to Italy which, by his own admission, made him more or less *italianizzato*. At Cornell his influence was directed at city planning, not in the direction of management, but of exploring that margin where city form and architectural form act together to create a sense of place and occasion. The current movement in new urban design is a direct result of the enthusiasm he inspired. In his half-basement room at Cornell, hemmed in by seemingly eternal snows, he confirmed his opinions through the books that surrounded him, and his erudition was based on an unerring sense of character, and hence of provenance.

Rowe will be remembered for his conversations as much as for his writings, which nevertheless, through the good offices of his editor, Alex Caragonne, form in the end a considerable corpus, committed to paper only in his final years. His life was bent on the discoveries that come only through close reading; he did not pursue a career.

A master of hermeneutics, he thought nothing of cultural studies and preferred to ignore 'the whole semiology thing'. His first essay, 'The Mathematics of the Ideal Villa' (first published in *The Architectural Review*, 1947), was in some ways his best, but all his essays were tremendous in showing how modern architecture can be understood through the subtleties of form that it employs. In this way

he established a crucial continuity in architectural culture.

ROBERT MAXWELL

Colin Frederick Rowe, architectural educator and critic: born Rotherham, Yorkshire, 27 March 1920; Lecturer, University of Texas, Austin, 1953–56; Lecturer, University of Cambridge, 1958–62; Professor of Architecture, Graduate School of Architecture and Urban Design, Cornell University, 1962–85; Andrew Dickson White Professor in Architecture, 1985–90 (Emeritus); died Washington DC 5 November 1999

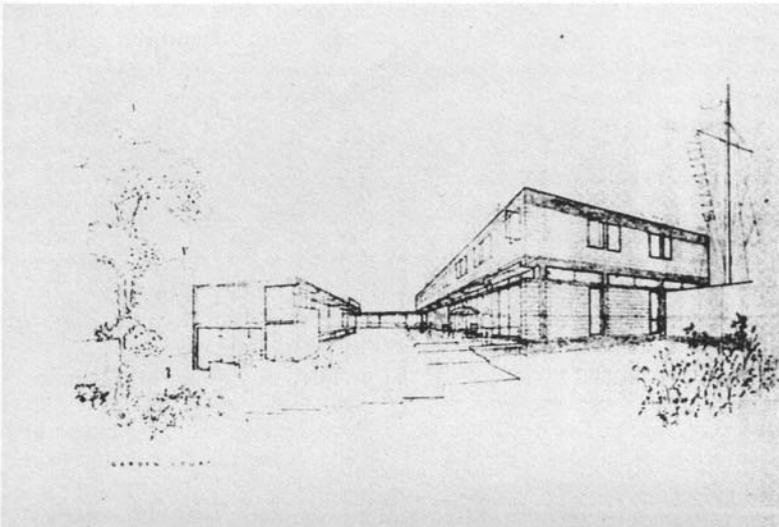
(Reprinted with the consent of The Editor, *The Independent* – in which it was published on 8 December 1999)

Scrutinizing buildings like a text

It was probably October 1958: 5 or 6 p.m., pitch dark, freezing cold with folds of damp fog wrapping themselves round Cambridge's yellow streetlights. It was my first tutorial session with Colin. I had just come from rowing on the river. The flat was in a college house near Magdalene (the curved-wall end flat in the 1930s Causewayside block of general memory was yet to be). He greeted me, wearing white shorts, perhaps a white tennis shirt, and barefoot. The temperature inside was tropical. There was a chrome Pither stove which he tended religiously, maintaining the conditions of a sauna.

I was shell-shocked. Nothing in my small life had prepared me for this. Colin must have got me over my embarrassment and started the conversation, but I cannot remember it. Nothing was said about supervisions¹ but I was to see him every week until my fifth year when he abruptly disappeared, to be replaced by Jim Stirling. Of course I assumed that he had had this role for aeons, but in truth it was probably one of his own first supervisions.

What we embarked on was a close interrogation of the *Oeuvres Complètes* of Le Corbusier. With Colin I mentally crawled through every centimetre of the villas of the '20s and '30s. We did this through photographs, plans and sections and the paintings, which he compared more with those of Léger than Ozenfant, Corb's fellow Purist. The material we had was grey, or black and white photographs, and showed buildings to my eyes of such alien boxiness that I dared say nothing. But so well did Colin do



Proposed Sailors' Home, Vancouver, designed by Colin Rowe and Brian Richards, 1952–53 for Sharp, Thomson, Berwick and Platt. Perspective of Garden Court. This building was later built in slightly modified form as the Blue Cross Seamen's Institute. (Collection Brian Hemingway Architect Ltd.)

his work that I became myself a proselytizer, until that is, my own first exposure to the Villa Savoie.

Today's wealth of analysis, of Curtis, of von Moos, of a dozen more, was all in Colin's head; he was writing it, or laying its foundations. With hindsight, it was a huge privilege to be working with just him, and the *Oeuvres* in all their didactic freshness. There were numerous deviations from our road, many far above my head, and all I now realize following some current or recent Rowe work. For example he had a passion for Mannerism, and I remember writing my only essay for him, trying to wring something cosmic from my analysis of Parmegiano's *Madonna del Collo Lungo*. However, what was ostensibly a taste for Giulio Romano, turned out I think to be a more general predilection for the warping and subversion of given rules (Laurenziana Library stair-lobby, Florence). Indeed I suspect that in the clubby workings of those days this more general trait may have brought about his departure.²

In design, the given rule was Modernism, Corbu's *Maison Domino*, and he would grind the wall-free column grid into our skulls. He never tired of drilling this into our overlays or our sketchbooks: he did it in that quivering, intense way with a stub of pencil pushed round and round so hard that it often went right through the paper or left an indelible mark on the board beneath. Once he felt that he was understood he would urge its

subversion, but the problem was how, not just for me, but also I think, for him. He did not or could not draw, and words were his guide. He spoke frequently of the Polish School at Liverpool,³ among their number had evidently been an individual who could achieve this alchemy; near-symmetries were set up, but broken, and by so doing, ambiguities introduced. My friend Sumet Jumsai showed him plans of Thai and Indian temple complexes and Colin was silent. I like to think that his later American students translated the challenge into complete work, but this may have been wrecked on the rather littoral reefs of early Michael Graves or all Richard Meier.

My closest contact with Colin in the studio was in second and fourth years. First year studio had been firmly and refreshingly run by Sandy Wilson, so imagine our reaction to the amazing combination of Colin and Peter Bicknell⁴ as joint second year masters. Colin started us off with a block planning project – a shopping centre, bank, perhaps a library, complex along the south side of a large open green space in the city, Parker's Piece. I did this well and seemed to go up in his estimation. He also seemed to enjoy my interpretation of our next project, Dons' Housing for Peterhouse. The brief called for accommodation for a number of couples without children, and I assumed that this was because they were old rather than young, and disposed them into a severe, asymmetrical group of mastabas,

in effect a funerary complex.

Colin encouraged individual struggle for vocabulary at a time when the school was overwhelmingly Brutalist in expression and I suspect that this catholic attitude showed in our design examinations.⁵ It would be fascinating to exhume that work, but it was probably destroyed. In third year Peter Eisenman appeared as Colin's PhD student⁶ and our last contact was during fourth year while I was involved in a gigantic housing project. He helped me find the context for my fifth year project: the Cadogan Estate in Knightsbridge, where the leases were about to fall in.⁷ It was salutary to complete it without him.

Colin showed us how to scrutinize buildings like a text; his scholarship was erudite and breathtaking for us and he won our admiration. It was good that so many of us were there at the RIBA to witness him receiving the Gold Medal.

JOHN SERGEANT

Notes

1. A supervisor at Cambridge is appointed by a Director of Studies, her/himself being responsible to the College of the student, not the Department of the University. To this day I do not know what Colin's role was: he never told me, and I remember no supervisions with anyone else. Universal practice was 'learn as you go'.
2. There was a student legend that the Cambridge Senior Common Rooms had been set aflutter by Colin's MA ceremony (this honorary degree is conferred on all non-Cambridge lecturers in order to enable them to 'belong'). On being introduced to the Congregation, in Latin, Colin had seemingly failed to walk across the Senate House to kneel before the Vice Chancellor, but had crawled as before an Eastern potentate to finally end up prostrate with his head on the cushion. There was even a version, which went on, that so encumbered with scarlet and ermine was the VC that he could not lay his hands upon Colin's, which were fluttering at his feet (the correct position being clasped in prayer, a quaint medieval memory). So bulldogs (non-academic University servants with great boots and legendary running powers deputed by Proctors to catch any student not wearing a gown on the streets by night) were dispatched to elevate him for this purpose. However

these gentlemen were themselves either carrying an axe, or chained to a copy of the Statutes. So, all in all, his Degree induction was less solemn than the norm. Even if it was untrue this story was for us bound into Colin's mystique.

3. At that time, the Liverpool University School of Architecture where Colin studied and later taught was, together with the Architectural Association, the leading British architecture school. During Colin's time in Liverpool, the Polish School, made up of exiled staff and students, was established there and operated parallel to its English host.
4. Peter Bicknell was the architect for the 1930s Fen Court at Peterhouse and lectured on British Architecture. We thought him past the best of his powers and knew nothing of his polymath nature. He was an authority on J. M. W. Turner and the Picturesque and his annual firework parties were apparently a local sensation.
5. These took the form of brief and site given cold, and designed and drawn up in the examination room; six hours or one day for first year, two days for second and three days for third. I suspect that today's students would be distraught at the prospect, with no opportunity to seek a tutor's opinion. They should be revived.
6. Peter set us a sketch design for a pedestrian bridge over the M1 motorway and came over like a football coach: 'You gotta work like hell'.
7. On our walks in west London a bump in the road would identify a building campaign or change of titled estate. He knew every event, every date, acquisition by marriage or inheritance. The streets spoke with him.

The gossip nature of these footnotes has been intentional, and tries to echo the endless sub-texts and anecdotes of our mentor, without perhaps his occasional waspishness, nor, of course, his virtuosic sentence structure. J. S.

A distant recollection

Colin Rowe was always a fairly remote figure – even when we worked together briefly, I gave him less than he gave me. Perhaps this was more common than others who worked with him longer led me to suspect; but none of these earned specific annoyance in print ... a matter of personal regret, therefore. However, the remoteness itself had many levels which

required several years to understand.

Architecture at Princeton in the late '60s was dominated by Le Corbusier and Colin Rowe. Their physical absence – Le Corbusier had died the previous year and Rowe was teaching at Cornell – allowed them to mingle as one authoritative voice. My teachers at that time included Peter Eisenman and Anthony Vidler, both Rowe students at Cambridge, as well as Anthony Eardley and Michael Graves, both close adherents of Rowe's interpretation of architecture. Ken Frampton was a more independent member of this circle; but even Emilio Ambasz, who arrived from Argentina as a proselyte of Semiotics, was responsible for assembling a samizdat collection of Rowe's articles nearly 15 years before the publication of *Mathematics of an Ideal Villa and Other Essays*. Eisenman concentrated upon the formalistic side of Rowe's interests, Vidler upon the political side and Graves the architectural synthesis of Le Corbusier, Cubism and Terragni. Rowe was the spiritual, largely legendary, centre of this triangular division of a fairly comprehensive approach to architecture and its possibilities.

The importance of Rowe's concern for decorum eluded us at that time. Where, for example, we indulged in elaborate analyses of a recently completed addition to the Institute for Advanced Study, Rowe asked simply, 'Can you imagine Einstein having to work here?' Nor did we strive to link this question of decorum to Rowe's argument, which had the strange quality of deploying examples from history as if they were his own works. In many senses they were, since his interpretations were unlike those of conventional architectural history or the pronouncements of architects themselves. However, the effect was to make him transparent for the history of which he spoke, a history which only came through him. The uniqueness was enhanced by his manner. By comparison with my American colleagues, Colin spoke, or rather declaimed, like the House of Lords, or R. H. Tawney, and his intense eyes always seemed to be focused somewhere beyond immediate circumstances. Once heard, one could not forget the voice; and he wrote as he spoke.

Rowe's arguments were always aimed at current practice and understanding – he seemed to

operate in an eternal present more nuanced and relevant than that of Giedion. It was possible to travel from Italian Mannerism via Letarouilly to Le Corbusier and Terragni without pause. Even when the argument was concerned to demonstrate the great difference between the richness of Mannerist architecture and urbanism by comparison with the present, the argument itself depended upon the intrinsic properties of the architecture. Born out of Rowe's remarkable powers of observation, such demonstrations paradoxically made it possible for students to be far more attentive to architectural physiognomy than to the culture which the architecture seemed so effectively to embody. Emblematic in this respect was his aperçu that the Unité d'Habitation was effectively cast from the mould of Vasari's Uffizi. Everything that needed to be said about the urban discontinuity and the architectural continuity seemed to reside in that pair of slides. Correlatively, the cultural integrity and richness of present proposals depended upon a fastidious attention to a particular physiognomic complexity that possessed its highest horizon in the issue by which Rowe attained his ultimate remoteness – phenomenal transparency.

The formalism which supported such exercises did not become apparent until the appearance, in the early '70s, of a counter-argument launched by Robert Venturi and Vincent Scully at Yale. They deployed similar means – readings of plan-configuration, architectural physiognomy and iconography – to reach cultural ends opposite to those of Rowe. What was known on the East Coast of America as the battle of the Whites and the Greys effectively summarized the instability of formal argument – the accusations of 'elitism' levelled at Rowe came from a species of populism made safe for university consumption. However, the conflict had the effect of displacing attention from the means to the cultural content, and it was on this that Tafuri pounced shortly afterwards in his article 'L'architecture dans le boudoir'.

At this time, American architectural debate was divided roughly between the massive industrial icons of Kevin Roche, a revived International Style, the small town iconography of Venturi and the typology emerging from

the Fifteenth Triennale. In 1977, Michael Graves arranged that I work with Judy Di Maio and, later, Stephen Peterson, assisting Rowe on his portion of the Nollí Plan (the Forum, Palatine, Aventine and Celio) for the *Roma Interrotta* exhibition. I was extremely surprised to discover that Rowe intended to pursue this exercise in re-opening a dialogue with tradition by adopting a scenario in which Napoleon's son – the Roi de Rome – inhabited a renovated Palatine Palace, and by developing our contribution strictly within those historical circumstances. I was even more surprised to discover that all the formal apparatus that had been transmitted to me by his students was, for Rowe himself, only the visual support for an elaborately detailed cultural vision, for which the *Roma Interrotta* contribution was a minor manifesto. The most significant memory of the event was Rowe devouring in an afternoon an entire roll of yellow-trace in re-drawings of the urban lay-out, all the while accompanying his efforts with a running commentary upon the presumed inhabitants and their disposition in the plan. Princes, princesses, nobles, courtiers and members of every other level of society were summoned as if they were known to him personally and were very much alive. This was – and still is – utterly unique in my experience: as if Baedeker and Goethe of the *Italian Journey* had taken up a felt-tip pen and were recalling the town from which they had come for the benefit of a contemporary American audience.

Indeed, I was so perplexed by the historicism that I missed the point. Moreover, I think the historicistic and iconographic excesses of the immediately ensuing Post-Modernism have contributed to a general missing of the point, particularly since much of its imagery seemed so similar to Rowe's. From the early essay, 'Lockhart, Texas', through *Collage City* to *The Architecture of Good Intentions* (each separated by 20 years), Rowe's affirmation of nineteenth-century towns and architecture was only partly concerned with spatial sophistication or even the details of planning, ornament and furniture which so obviously absorbed his consummate depth of perception and passion. All this was the scenography of a society dependent

upon individual strength of character, depth of commitment, profound sensitivity, and a wit occasionally touching on the violent (neither, therefore, the mono-cultures of early Modernism nor a vacuous pluralistic polyculturalism). The 'aristocratic' content of this society had little to do with birthright and far more to do with a moral or political imagination, integrity and generosity of understanding.

What Athens or Rome had been to earlier generations, the nineteenth-century European city was for Rowe, useful particularly since it required less of an exercise in translation for present consumption. It was not 'laid up in heaven' but, like his conception of utopia, a 'tragic' manifestation of human possibilities in this world. Unable to find a setting suitable for Einstein in even the best Modernist architecture, he resorted to, for example, Early Romantic Munich as an approximate paradigm. The 'problem of conscience which no responsible person can evade' (*The Architecture of Good Intentions*) is intrinsically remote from everyday needs and desires. It is a matter of cultural imagination, and resides in its freedom. If this, ultimately, is the source of Rowe's remoteness, it is also so remote from present architectural or cultural preoccupations as to pass unrecognized. Of Rowe's rich legacy, however, it deserves to be recalled first.

PETER CARL

Looking with Colin

In his writings and teaching, Colin Rowe fundamentally altered our understanding of modern architecture by demonstrating its relationship to the world of ideas. Although this notion is considered self-evident by many architects, it is not universally embraced by historians of art and architecture. In part this is due to a misunderstanding by those who saw his writings as an apology for a kind of formalism while ignoring his readings of Modernism's historical, ideological and aesthetic roots. In part this is also due to Colin's generosity in sharing ideas with friends and colleagues before their (often much-belated) appearance in print. But most of all, Colin's historical method – if he can be said to have one – combined aspects of formal study, literary biography and political history, the

history of ideas, and his own experiences. This form of speculation ran against the current of Germanic positivism, still the prevailing ideology in the study of architectural history.

This can be illustrated by Colin's sometimes tenuous relationship with Rudolf Wittkower, his first and major teacher. Colin frequently remarked that *The Mathematics of the Ideal Villa* and *Mannerism and Modern Architecture* were not well received by Wittkower, though both were close to his mentor's interests both in and out of print. There were suggestions that the articles involved the misuse of historical concepts and their evidence was wrong. Presumably Colin's historical career would be best served by a strong dose of that German elixir, archival research. Although the relationship between the two men remained cordial, Colin was miffed when he was not invited to contribute to the Wittkower *Festschrift*.

The architectural essay rather than the scholarly book or article was Colin's preferred literary form. For this task he was self-taught but remarkably well prepared. Blessed with a prodigious memory, he could recite long passages from poets as diverse as Shakespeare and Byron, or historians as dissimilar as Mary McCarthy and Henri Focillon. His personal library was extensive and reflected his catholic taste for Serlio or Scamozzi in their original editions, the collected works of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the diaries of James Lees-Milne, or the biographies of the notable families of Europe and America. Colin took particular delight in reciting the family trees of royalty, and when Princess Diana died, all work stopped because friends continually telephoned for his prediction on the future of the House of Windsor.

Colin's fondness for the minutiae of interpersonal relationships allowed him to detect subtleties of wit and (sometimes biting) humour. As an outsider to the rarefied world of art history, Colin had little patience for the attribution of late medieval paintings and once described Hitchcock's unfinished PhD dissertation as the 'designated pursuit of Merovingian bric-a-brac'. About Minneapolis he remarked how skyways could be anchored by an upper level hotel lobby at one end and the ladies' lingerie section of a department store on the other.

On the other hand, Colin observed that in Charlotte irony had become a tragedy; here skyways were an agent of racial segregation, with black on the street and whites in the passageways above.

Above all, Colin recognized the mythic dimension of writing history and was not above creating a good myth just when one was required. The classic example is, of course, the fictitious late Father Vincent Mulcahy, S.J., invented by Colin for the *Roma Interrotta* exhibition in 1978. Even though fake scholarship was in keeping with the idea of the exhibit, there were unintended consequences of the spoof. It surprised Colin how many readers thought that the yarn was genuine, and discretion prevents me from revealing the name of a noted historian of Roman urbanism who, knowing my ties to Colin, wanted to borrow my copy of Father Mulcahy's magisterial achievement, the catalogue to *Rome: the Lost and Unknown City*.

When infirmities confined Colin to his Washington apartment, his appetite for reading increased, as evidenced by the heavy cartons of books that would arrive with regularity every several weeks. Although he never consciously attempted to keep up with 'the literature', friends would bring him books by Richard Sennett or Henri Lefebvre, usually for their mutual provocation. *The New York Review of Books* and Book Review Section of the Sunday *New York Times* were inexhaustible resources for conversation. Even if Colin read widely, he was disarmingly candid about his lack of interest in specific areas, most notably in ancient and medieval art and architecture.

Colin's writings and teaching were the consequences of the authors whom he read with admiration. His respect for Karl Popper and Isaiah Berlin is well-known, but none mattered more to him than Bernard Berenson. Although Colin appreciated Berenson's perceptive observations and frequently quoted BB in his writing, I suspect that his respect for the Renaissance art connoisseur and passionate defender of Western culture went deeper. The core of the admiration lay in Berenson's capacity for the sustained visual study of paintings and the emphasis on their intrinsic values. To claim that Berenson's aesthetics influenced Colin's concept of modern architecture would be a

gross exaggeration. Admittedly, the influence of Berenson is indirect and reached Colin through S. J. Freedberg's *Painting of the High Renaissance in Rome and Florence*. Still, something of Berenson's concept of tactile values underlies the *Transparency* articles and those that deal with Italian subjects. Rightfully Colin never took up Berenson's case for 'life enhancing' qualities of art, which he must have considered overly utopian.

Colin's last years vacillated between self-imposed isolation and the legendary admiration that consumed Berenson throughout his long life. To me, the accounts of Colin's drives into the Virginia countryside recalled descriptions of Berenson's *giri* to Assisi and Vallombrosa in the last years of his life, though without BB's enfeeblement. Even more so than his house in Ithaca, the apartment in Washington became his own I Tatti, an exile's habitable museum and library with its own stream of guests. Here the collective efforts of former students brought an order to Colin's affairs that Signor Gioffredi did for Berenson. In an irony of biblical proportions, two sisters, each named Mary, cared for Colin's personal needs at the Kennedy-Warren with the same care that Nello and Liliana did for BB at I Tatti.

'You must look, look, and look until you are blind with looking', Berenson was reputed to have said, 'and out of blindness will come illumination.' All of us who have looked with Colin are the better for it.

LEON SATKOWSKI

Robert Maxwell is Emeritus Professor of Architecture at Princeton University

John Sergeant practises in England and Spain

Peter Carl is a Lecturer at the University of Cambridge

Leon Satkowski teaches architectural history at the University of Minnesota and studied with Colin Rowe at Cornell. He was working with Rowe at the time of his death on a book surveying sixteenth-century architecture in Italy

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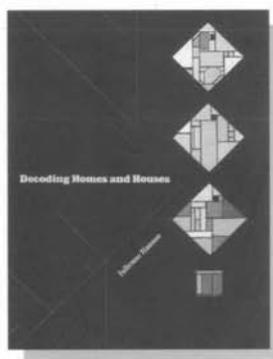
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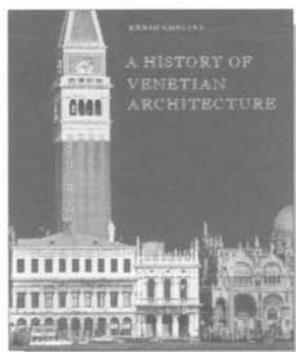
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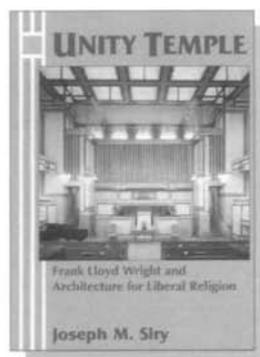
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