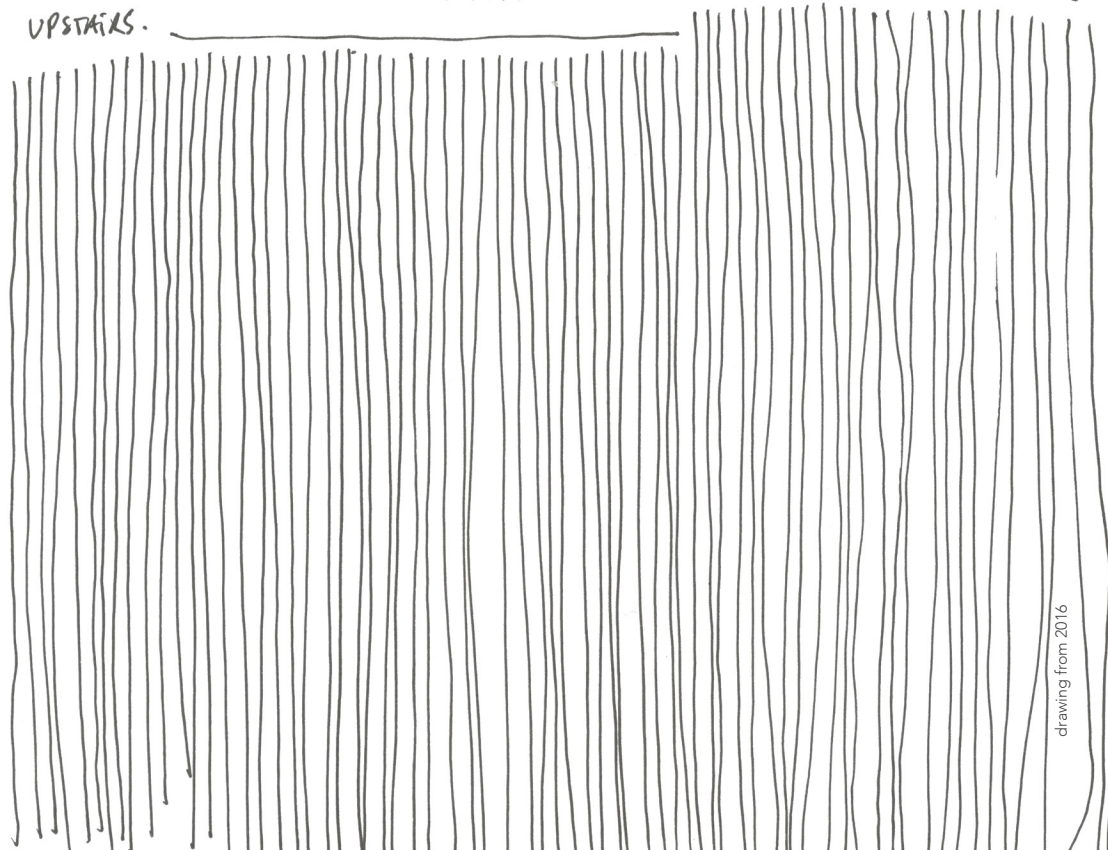






THE WEATHER DOWNSTAIRS AND THE WEATHER UPSTAIRS.



left (behind)

Tonic sets a challenge. We offer contributors a base to stimulate their thoughts and start a discussion on a particular theme. For each issue, a letter, an image, a quote or a box is delivered. Here, the responses are pieced together.

For this issue, clippings of unforgotten-forgotten landscapes were placed in an envelope for contributors to explore.



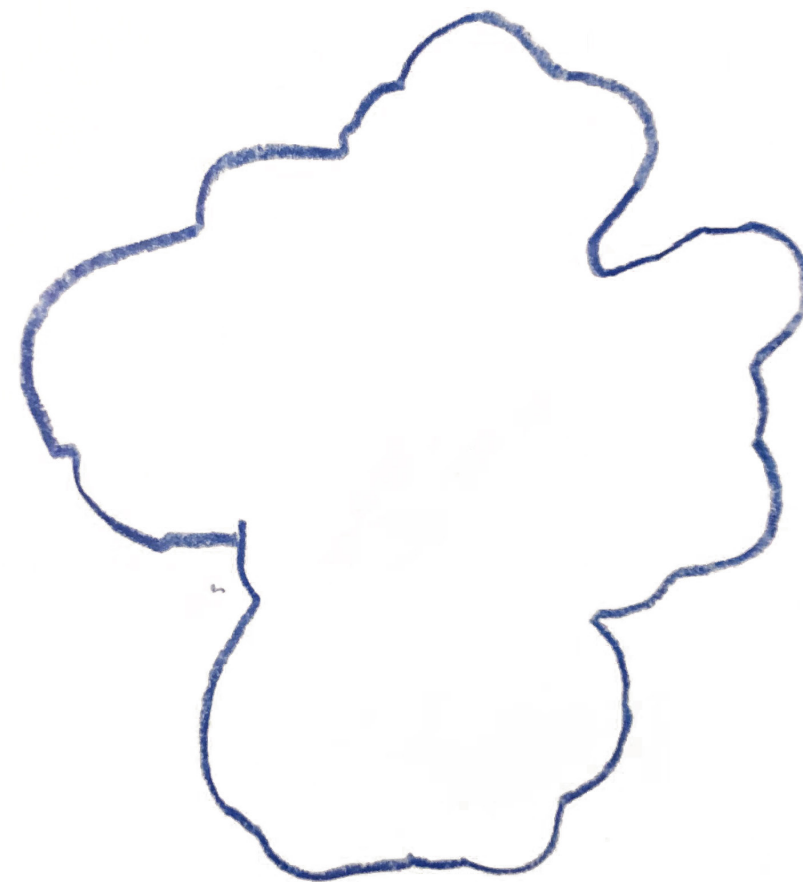
I pick up a piece of chalk and on an uneven gravelled surface draw a line. It isn't straight, neither is it vertical or horizontal. The surface undulates like a pathway through a desert. The destination of the line could be Las Vegas, Cairo, or Casablanca; but alas it is not. In my own mind they connect the wastelands, mining towns, centres of manufacturing, post-industrial landscapes, obsolete infrastructure, and suburban utopia. These are the spaces behind spaces which are in between. Each a unique departure point, an area beyond what is visible or familiar, where the chalk and dust fade into one another.

... where the chalk and dust fade into one another.



TOBIAS HARVEY | Orford Ness: exploring Britain's secret military hinterland, 2018

photograph sourced from thespaces.com



drawing from October 2022

ceramic flower vase

Some of our greatest thoughts, discoveries, and creative wanderings happen on the periphery, when we move from the dense middle or centre to the edge.

Being on the fringe is not unusual or uncommon. Our minds relish the opportunity to question what is normal, and how our rational behaviour has become the construct for everyday life. It is usually here - or the spaces in-between - whether physical, theoretical, or emotional - where we encounter experiences which are less familiar, and attitudes that are different to our own.

The psychological component of our human behaviour is affected by place, and thus place affected by people. Native American Apache claim wisdom *sits in places*. Places are formed by the people who make them, and no outlying settlement is too remote that its evolution has not been informed by its surroundings.

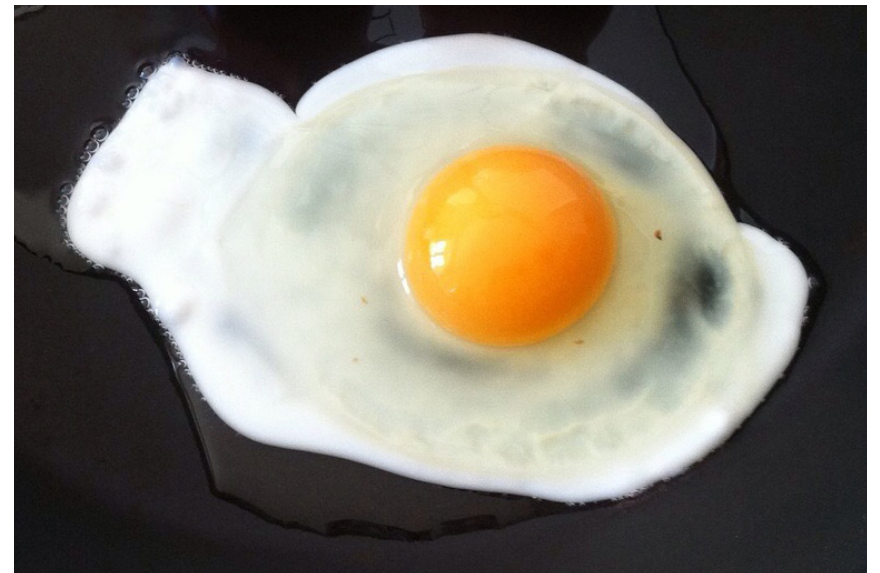
It is seeing which establishes our place in the surrounding world; we explain that world with words, but words can never undo the fact that we are surrounded by it. The relation between what we see and what we know is never settled.

John Berger

How and what we see in our world, is so often framed by the routes we chose to walk, the patterns of our behaviour, and the moments of pause along the way. We wander, wonder, and drift in order to arouse our senses, uncover new interests, and document places and spaces where we interact.

We inhabit space in-between a micro and macro scale, where looking down or raising our head up continues to broaden our perspectives, inviting endless opportunities, to extend vision, dream big - beyond the everyday, across seas and mountains, and into the stars.

With every map there are edges; borders between the known and unknown. Some edges of Medieval and Renaissance maps depict monsters with blank spaces labelled *terra incognita*. The more curious, the more our imagination travels to the edges where knowledge is developed and shared. Even with the most detailed of map, we still experience blind spots, arrive at spaces unfamiliar, and reorientate ourselves continually. Up close a shoreline, mountainside, forest edge, may surprise when compared with a paper (or digital) representation.



photograph taken December 2022

egg yolk

Our exploration of spaces involves the in-between, overlaps between known and unknown, with constant orientation and reorientation. The physical and abstract space of the mind responds to the body's navigation and perception of terrain. A lot is happening, plenty of interplay between psychological and physical processes. It's like simultaneous centrifugal and centripetal forces.

There are insightful and playful ways to navigate these environmental surroundings. Guy Debord defined psychogeography as *the study of the precise laws and specific effects of the geographical environment, consciously organized or not, on the emotions and behavior of individuals*. The application and interpretation of the philosophy of Baudelaire and Benjamin was articulated in reading the urbanism affecting people, time, space, place, and the expression of any moment. But we should not examine *psychogeography* solely as a term of urbanity, but as a tool for understanding our feelings and behaviours in relation to any of the places and spaces we occupy, and consciously or unconsciously travel through.

Life is surrounded by a penumbra of associations, echoes and remembrance that extend into the unknown. From this perspective our consciousness and understanding is a fragile web of tenuous filaments often expanding, but sadly, sometimes shrinking. It seems a consensus among neuroscientists that our conscious awareness is the mere tip of an iceberg of non-conscious processing.

We could think of walking like Robert Macfarlane, *enabling sight and thought rather than encouraging retreat and escape; paths as offering not only means of traversing space, but also feeling, being and knowing*. Where our state of being between two points allows our thoughts and emotions an opportunity to mix, interact, reconfigure and combine with new impressions.

Through the defined journeys along our lifeline, it is important to explore the edge and spaces in-between. Our physical, psychological, and emotional relationships with people and places are ever evolving and never settled or absolute. Often we are unaware of subtle influences and the delicate shift in our thoughts and perception. All the more reason to remain open and alert as we move forward, or look at what may be behind.

WALKING ITSELF IS THE
INTENTIONAL ACT CLOSEST TO
THE UNWILLED RHYTHMS OF THE
BODY, TO BREATHING AND THE
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BUT THOUGHTS, EXPERIENCES,
ARRIVALS



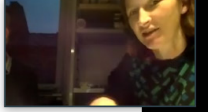
MAŁGORZATA MIRGA-TAS | *Re-enchanting the World*, Venice Biennale, 2022

photograph taken November 2022

lecture by Jan de Vylder & Inge Vinck for AF 100 Day Studio, August 2020



On Boredom, Peripheries & So On



*POINT A CONCEPTUAL CAMERA
AT THE CITY, YOU FIND IT IS AN
ELUSIVE THING. VARY THE FOCAL
LENGTH AND DETAIL COMES
AT THE EXPENSE OF THE WIDER
WHOLE...*

Where does the city stop? At the first farm? Golf course? Waste ground?
Sewage works?

Where does the city start to stop? In the rampant Buddleia of the railway siding?
At the tidal creek? Outside the ring road (but which one)? At the watershed?

How does the city remember where it used to stop but no longer does? How
can we notice the city wall that is no longer there? Or see past the remnant that
is preserved as a pathetic vestige?

Where does the city even start?

Does the city ever stop?

Where does the city fall apart under the weight of its own contradictions?

Multiple Choice: Select one of the following answers:

- a) Halfway between the centre and the edge.
- b) Houndsditch
- c) Tothill Fields – ‘the Campus Martius of Blackguardism’
- d) Deptford Creek
- e) Burgess Park
- f) Vauxhall – Nine Elms
- g) The River Lea
- h) Campo Vaccino
- i) The Zone (Celine and Atget, but Tarkovsky would do)
- j) La Bièvre
- k) El Llobregat
- l) Monte Testaccio
- m) About 20 seconds into the Sopranos opening sequence
- n) All of the above
- o) None of the above

Point a conceptual camera at the city, you find it is an elusive thing. Vary the focal length and detail comes at the expense of the wider whole; slow the shutter speed to see the hardware more clearly and the moving bodies and machines dissolve into a blur of limbs and lines.

Perhaps we could look past the more obvious surface phenomena - the concentrations of buildings, the mass movements of people, the sprawling strands of infrastructures - and look to two sorts of territory. Firstly those that the city depends on and commands, even beyond their administrative boundaries: the container-ports and logistics warehouses which supply them, the shallow seas and low-lying fields that feed them, the landfills and sewage works that receive their waste. Secondly, the territories within their boundaries which escape or resist control: the hills and forests, the marshes, tidal mudflats, and rivers that weave through.

As our cities have grown and merged, these two territories, the controlled and the unruly have become more and more entwined, to the point that the untamed relies on the obedient for protection. For example, marshy ground, long left uninhabited, by this very fact attracts linear infrastructures of transport and energy, and the depots and compounds that serve them. The appropriated slices of land barrier and buffer the remaining wild landscape.

Within the neat, aggressive demarcation of urban territory, water is the element that most tenaciously resists subdivision. However diverse their catchments, different streams converge and merge. The River Lea that now runs through East London for centuries formed the boundary of the city.

Its contribution to London's drinking water is, sensibly, drawn from outside the city's boundaries, carried by open aqueduct to the chain of reservoirs that fill most of the floodplain for ten kilometres from the old Lee Enfield rifle works down to Walthamstow Marshes. The feeble gradient, small catchment and high incidence of market gardening to the north of the city (look out for the expanse of greenhouses next time you land at Stansted) draws out so much water that

the river would apparently be barely a trickle without external assistance. It is topped up by the (filtered and treated) outflow from Deephams sewage works, situated between the outer ring motorway and the middle ring that binds the suburban belt around the city.

In a typical overlay of infrastructure on topography, this middle ring, the North Circular, runs in the shallow depression of the Pymmes Brook. As a result, when road and stream part ways, the watercourse has acquired a high concentration of oil, tyre particles, and heavy metals. Marshalled through Tottenham Marshes in a concrete culvert to prevent the accumulation of further pollutants, it is also fenced in to protect us from accidental contact with its many and varied toxins. Nonetheless, it discharges at Tottenham Lock into the main course of the river; the toxic silt was dredged some years ago to give the eels a more sporting chance.

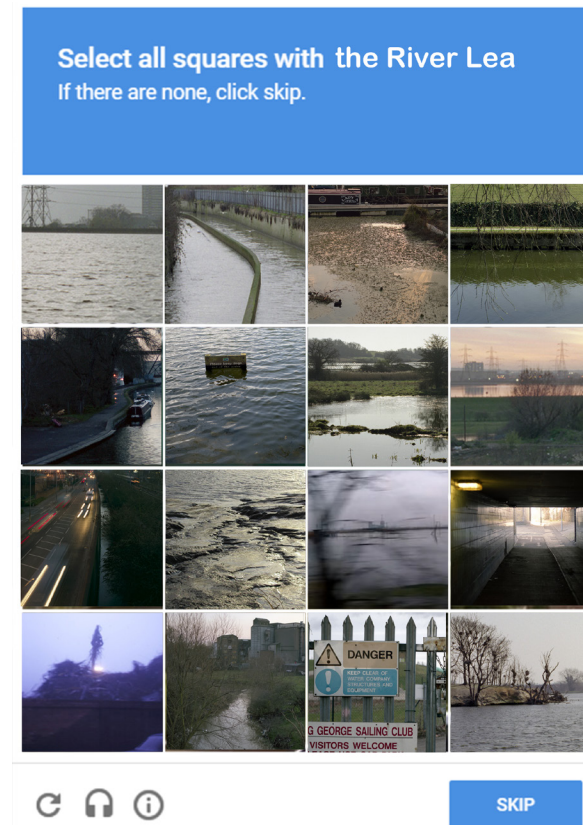
This is the point where clean and dirty water, purity and danger, come closest. A mere hundred metres further east, the Coppermill Stream links the ten basins of Walthamstow Reservoirs, fed by the Lea but topped up for good measure by the western Thames, through a tunnel from Hampton. The wooded artificial islands of the earlier reservoirs are ideal habitat for herons, whose young are therefore safe from predation - but not from competition. Cormorants, whose coastal marine habitat is also under pressure, also nest here, attracted by the small fry with which the reservoirs are stocked for sports fishing; they plunder these stocks, all the while encasing their island perch in acid guano, slowly killing its vegetation. The early 20th century Lockwood Reservoir is embanked several storeys above the floodplain and is dramatically open, a first expanse of horizon in the city, with a few solitary carp, now giant, to outwit ambitious anglers. Look on a map and you'll see a meandering dotted line divide it lengthways. An absurdity or a folly? The latter: it straddles the loop of the old main course of the river - an expedient but short-sighted measure, requiring the construction of the concrete Flood Relief Channel to intercept storm waters that would otherwise have been collected by the river and its floodplain.

As London has spread and shifted over the last couple of hundred years, its administrators have periodically had to face up to the challenge: how to stop the city choking on its own waste? To this end, Bazalgette commandeered the line of the Hackney Brook for his diagonal interceptor, the Northern Outfall Sewer, before bridging it across the Lea, the Pudding Mill Channel, the Waterworks and City Mill Rivers. Gravity driven, this solution relies on pumping at Abbey Mills to lift the effluent back to the top of another gradient before the long run across the Plaistow flats to the Thames at Beckton - at the time far beyond the city limits. This pumped node seems to be a weak point in the network, as it is here that periodic storm sewage discharges are made into the Channelsea River, the truncated eastern branch of the tidal Lea. Which is presumably why the interceptor itself requires an interceptor, the Tideway tunnel, a concrete river below the River Thames, one again terminating at Beckton.

In short, there are many River Leas - almost as many as the streets and urbanised villages it passes through. And yet these rivers, or the liquid they carry, are all one and the same – Heraclitus called it right. The Bievre, Senne and Emscher, the Po, Kaystros and Sumida are also, by extension, River Leas - dirty urban rivers, exploited and neglected at the same time. However much we command, direct and cajole these streams and torrents into canals and culverts; however predictably - now increasingly unpredictably - the rain falls, filters and flows, their movement is inherently unrulable, unruly. Seen through the murky, running lens of its water, the city never ends, and so therefore our collective impacts are without limit, all the way to the bottom of the Mariana Trench. Utterly dependent on them as we are, these unruly and unlimited urban waters would make a good starting point for reconsidering the city - a watery foundation.

n) 10 marks

Illustration by William Mann; photographs mostly by Philipp Ebeling, with thanks and apologies



I'm not a robot

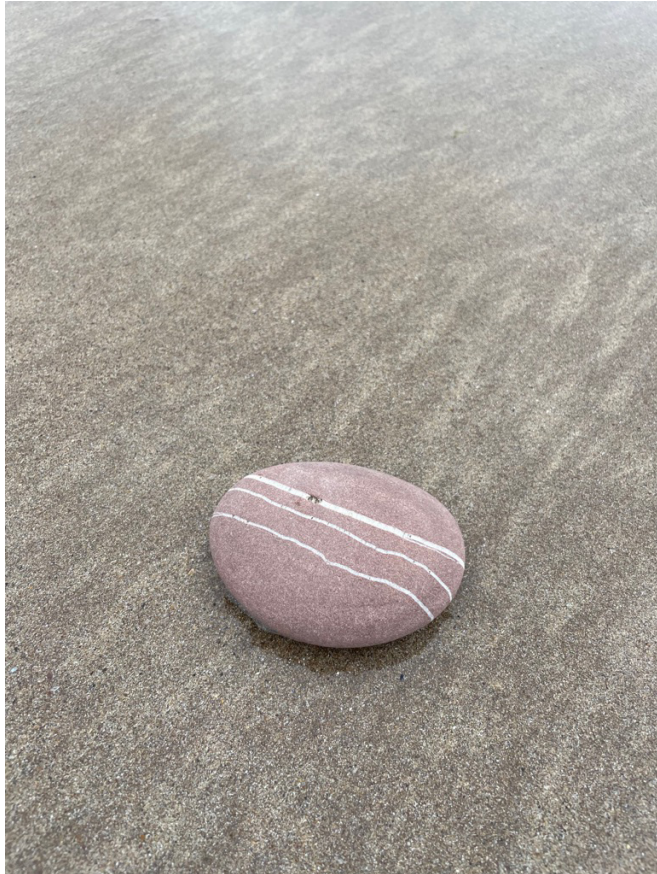


on the left, screenshot of Salinas de Rio Major from google earth
on the right, still from Mon Oncle (1958) by Jacques Tati



Paris banlieues

Connecting Lines



draw it on the rock

photograph taken August 2022

Cities, places and spaces,

(and everything in

are intersected, connected,

between)

Lines that can be travelled along;

roads, paths, lanes, alleys, edges.

What is it that characterises these connecting lines?

If we ignore their arbitrary use as methods of organisation or categorisation,

then perhaps

they are synonymous with

journeys

to a specific somewhere,

to a destination.

The *road* to *Somewhere*.

Departure and Destination

A starting point.

An end point.

And the line in between.

How do we know these connecting lines?

What significance do they play in our understanding of connected space?

The act of naming these connecting lines - toponymy,

but what determines their name?

Their point of departure

or their destination?

It is neither straight

nor vertical or horizontal

but passes through x, y and z.

So what of the places in between?

In many cases this depends on where you start.

The road *through Somewhere*.

Way Finding

The road leading to Edinburgh

Is it where you start or where you end up?

If the road from Glasgow to Edinburgh is Edinburgh Road,
and the road from Edinburgh to Glasgow isn't Glasgow Road

then

have these way finding tools established a hierarchy of destinations.

They name where you are travelling to,

not where you are starting from.

.from starting are you where not

Edinburgh Road to Edinburgh

*The road leading to Edinburgh.
Farewell to wherever you started.*

Informal naming

At school in northern England,

cross-country runs through the fells and valleys of the Dales

were named

Smelly Farm,

The Lost Shoe

Lapaca Farm,

Pepperpot and

The Vet Run.

They were not named after a destination,
but were known

by

places

we

through

the

ran

and by the people that had run there before us.

Collectively known as the run that
had taken her shoe.

~~The City~~ *Place as a didactic Instrument*

What does the naming of our connecting lines teach us?

Can they tell us of

Somewhere

any longer?

Or are these names cold remnants of a time when we travelled to a single *Somewhere*

A

Somewhere

we no longer travel to.

How will our connecting lines be named from now on?

The

Somewhere.



outside

photograph taken December 2022



photograph taken October 2022

inside

It is inevitable to gradually become closed.

Seiichi Shirai

As an architect coming towards the end of my contribution to life and architecture a kind invitation to respond to a provocative text causes deep reflection, bordering on sleep. To think about spaces and places which lie to the side.....left behind, opens up many thoughts, recalls places, people and experiences all interconnected in some complex, constantly shifting web or constellation. This text is a string of images and texts that initially sprung to my mind. If I wait however these thoughts will be replaced by different ones that too were left behind, that lie to the side, waiting to be remembered, to be brought back into a conversation or influence an idea.

(...)

dealing with the moment and dealing with past moments, pulling past moments into a single line, past moments yes and present obligations, the present moment and its obligations, the present moment and its obligations, the present moment and its invitation.

drawing all things together in a single line, a line of writing, of drawing, line of a bow pulled across the line of a string, line of march, line of life, line of white thread pulled from a spool

pulling things into line, pulling wandering things together in a single direction, a single flow, as brooks find their way to a stream streams to a river and river to sea¹

(...)

Robert Lax

Life and career are on the face of it linear. There is a beginning and an end. There is inevitable physical decline from youth to decrepitude, the body goes from strength to weakness while the mind continues to fill with experiences, thoughts and ideas. The body follows the main stream on a relentless predictable course whereas the curious, active mind bathes in the eddies, relishing the places and spaces, architects and artists, that are out of time, unrecognized, neglected, left behind. Places of shade, hesitancy and doubt that is where the creative mind finds sustenance. These places apart, out of the mainstream, wait patiently for anyone who is willing to pause and look. Moments that are ready to be remembered, to be conscripted yet again for active duty. Robert Lax the great minimalist American poet took himself to a Greek island to wait. He stated *put yourself in a place where grace can flow to you.*

The idea of waiting is important

Moises Puente

To write a text is an abstract exercise, an attempt, a struggle to order your thoughts. Entropy, disorder, randomness and uncertainty is the natural order of things, to write is to try and create a moment of clarity.

Without anyone to care for it architecture always turns to decay, turns into an abandoned garden. And even with the upmost care there is no escaping our living spaces, our own bodies, turning into an abandoned garden. There is no one who can indefinitely maintain physical life, physical space.

Is the abandoned garden the ultimate destiny of all manmade architecture?

Decay and vitality.²

Hu Fang

Hu Fang goes on to talk of the weeds and plants. How they are *completely oblivious to fatigue*. They take over, creating a wonderful constantly changing, evolving scene. No space is actually forgotten. Nature is constantly on the move taking advantage of any and all situations, witness Chernobyl. Richard Mabey in his seminal book *the Unofficial Countryside³* alerts us to the profusion and unfettered febrile opportunism of the Hu Fang's abandoned garden, the railway sidings, the sewage works and the abandoned industrial sites. Rather than see these spaces as lost or forgotten we should see them as being released to take on another state. Can we who are concerned with notions of progress, order and design learn to embrace the contingent, the incomplete? Can we welcome the disorder of everyday life?

Streets, squares, railway embankments, canals, lanes, arcades, parks, architecture, all space we experience is metaphorically left behind, waiting to be seen afresh by the older you. A visit to a building that once brilliantly focused the mind's eye fades through time, obscured by new experiences and enthusiasms. However on stumbling across an old image or through deep reflection on a project in hand it can once again light up your imagination.

The path through the wood we explored as a child, slipping, sliding through the undergrowth, the smell and taste of leaf mould, sitting hidden

¹ Sigurd Hauff, *A Line in Three Circles, The Inner Biography of Robert Lax*, Waitawhile, 2007

² Hu Fang, *Towards a Non intentional Space Vol 1*, Koenig Books, The Pavilion, 2016

³ Richard Mabey, *Unofficial Countryside*, Little Toller Books, 2010, originally published 1973

in the *room* below the rhododendron canopy was left behind as an adolescent oblivious to space, alert only to self and as a young man focused on career and status only to be rediscovered as an older man, in measured steps and pauses, a moment to look, even occasionally to see, to stop and smell, to wander with no aim but simply to be in that place once more.

To think of places left behind is akin to recognising architects who lie out of the mainstream, masters such as Sigurd Lewerentz, now in the spotlight once in the shadows similarly Seichi Shirai said by Arata Isozaki to be *crouching in the darkness*. Think too of buildings bypassed by fashion but brought back to the edge of recognition Golconde Pondicherry by Antonin Raymond and George Nakashima by a book or Corte di Cadore by Edoardo Gellner with Carlo Scarpa who was lifted from relative obscurity to the world stage after his death. We each privately celebrate architects removed from what constitutes the mainstream my list would include Johan Celsing, Dom Hans Van der Laan, Marie Jose van Hee, Marusa Zorec, Francesca Torzo, Anne Holtrop.

Each new magazine, web post, each new building is overtaken by the next one, work is cast aside as yesterday's news. Great works are great works, their influence and contribution do not fade. We can think differently, more intelligently, we could act more slowly.

*I realise while often happy and often cheerful,
I'm always sad.*

Fernando Pessoa

I recognise myself in that statement. It also reveals a spatial characteristic of spaces that for me have a deep resonance. Spaces that are in essence sad, silent, expectant, waiting to be filled with laughter and song, for a fleeting moment, only to retreat back to a state of stillness.

If we stay quiet other voices come forward. We can dispel others by being loud ourselves.

Dan Fox

A trip to the Graubünden many years ago left behind a few notes in a journal. Later still they become an essay in a book, *Stravaigers*⁴. Now once more they are read and the mind recalls those moments.



Day 21718

Rising quickly up the valley of the river Ticino Peter Markli's Museum La Congiunta, at Giornico slips into view, an austere composition of long concrete cuboids set on a green field at the edge of the village, sitting above stepped vine terraces, bounded by road and rail. No reception, no café. No shopping opportunity. No staff, only art set in raw architectural space. Top lit nave like spaces contain the bronzes of Hans Josephson, a long term collaborator of Markli.

above,

PETER MARKLI | Museum La Congiunta
MILLER & MARANTA | Old Hospice St Gotthard



Onto the bealach of san Gottardo, overnight at the Miller and Maranta hostel: steeply pitched zinc roof, snow in tatters, motorbikes and alpine chough heel in the cold winds that scour this high pass even in summer, inside all pine panelling, black bead and boiled eggs.

⁴ Stravaigers, Graubünden : a reflection Neil Gillespie, a sleeper publication



Day 21719

A tear shaped chapel sits above the village of Sumvitg, a shingle clad pine cone, finely wrought, the floor creaks as you pass into the suspended hollowness of its framed interior. Zumthor, the shaman, creates a fragile sound box while outside, sun, the sound of cow bells and the high pitched vibrations of insects.

above,

PETER ZUMTHOR | Chapel of Saint Benedict
MIES VAN DER ROHE | Neue Nationalgalerie
ÁLVARO SIZA | Casa de Chã da Boa Nova

all photographs by Neil Gillespie

Melancholy is one of the pleasures of the North.
Peter Davidson

The hollowness of the Zumthor chapel, not apparent from photographs, rendered the space more magical, more fragile, more poignant coupled to an understanding that the new chapel replaced an older one swept away by an avalanche. I connected strongly to the emptiness which bordered on melancholy. On further reflection I see these spaces as platforms from which to act, from which to think. As architects we create platforms and canopies on and under which lives are played out. I now think of other platforms that inspired stillness.

The great canopied platform of Mies van der Rohe's Neue Nationalgalerie of 1968, a gridded roof equal in all directions atop an elemental, massive stone socle. A structure, along with Scharoun's neighbouring masterpieces, that is concerned with culture as a critical force at the centre of a once divided city and nation. A raised position from which to consider the broken territory of Potsdamer Platz and the events that shaped a whole continent.

A raised position from which to consider the broken territory of Potsdamer Platz and the events that shaped a whole continent.

The terraces of Alvaro Siza's Boa Nova Tea House of 1963, lie under a grey sky, vulnerable to storm and tide. The sloping tiled roofs comfort the diners as they look out from this exposed coast. There is a sense of longing, of imagining the new world across the expanse of the Atlantic Ocean.

A sequence of canopies by Sigurd Lewerentz, who actively sought out the shadows in life and in his architecture, eloquently and silently frame death and grieving. In the Chapel of St Knut and St Gertrude, Malmo Eastern Cemetery, 1943, flowers are placed directly on the ground almost shockingly revealing their own fragility while adding to the poignancy created by the directness of the architecture.

At the flower kiosk, Malmo Eastern Cemetery 1969, by an 84 year old Sigurd Lewerentz, his last building, a copper roof slips to shelter, tend and elevate the flowers on sale that will in turn be offered so frankly in celebration.

The new crematorium, The Woodland Cemetery, Stockholm, 2013 by Johan Celsing beautifully, simply shelters the waiting mourning parties under a brick clad roof and platform. This elemental space looks out to a forest and a sense of the beyond.

A conversation can create that place apart as was the case on a small museum project in Kilmartin and a discussion with archaeologist Aaron Watson. Aaron effortlessly moves from talking about real space, the landscape of rock and sea, to recorded academic findings that centre on the quartz fragments that litter the sites of cup and ring markings to speculative thinking and imaginative space.

He conjures up a moment that literally illuminates the imagination. He invites us to imagine a West coast of Scotland evening, thousands of years ago, the sun is setting over that layered coast line. A tribe gathers on a hillside around a rock, a figure steps forward, quartz rock in hand, strikes the hard

sedimentary rock, rock on rock, shards of quartz fly into the darkened sky. Quartz is triboluminescent, it glows when struck. The cup and ring markings are suddenly brought to life. They take on the prospect of being the result of a performance, a firework display. Immediately the scene is animated with people.

This conversation causes an effect, an eddy out of the flow of the design. The image of the interior of our museum proposal now attempts to introduce the figure into the architecture. The shadowed main space is inhabited by two "figures". The T column recalls Lewerentz and St Peter's chapel and the idea of the human being at the centre while the circular window, now sadly deleted from the project, represented the living being, standing alone, looking out to the landscape.

I accompanied the internationally respected but nationally neglected artist Alan Johnston, to Japan over twenty years ago. We visited a critical star in Alan's constellation of references, the garden in the 500 years old Jyoe-ji Temple, Yamaguchi by the artist monk Sesshu, a moment of enlightenment peace. Many years later I still recall that visit now with a heightened awareness of nature as a force, the forest edge creeping towards the garden, waiting, the idea of the sublime, the terror of the shadow, the antithesis of the Horror vacui of Neil Gunn's Highland Space.

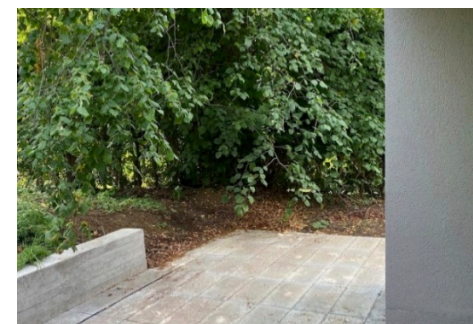
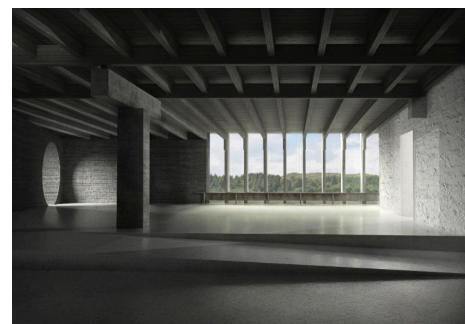
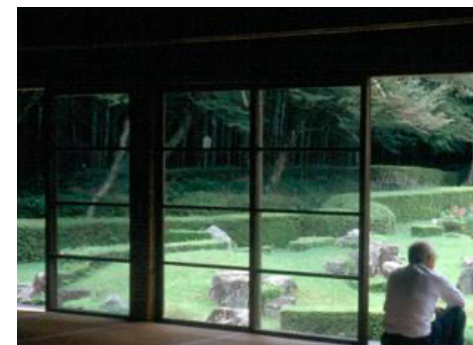
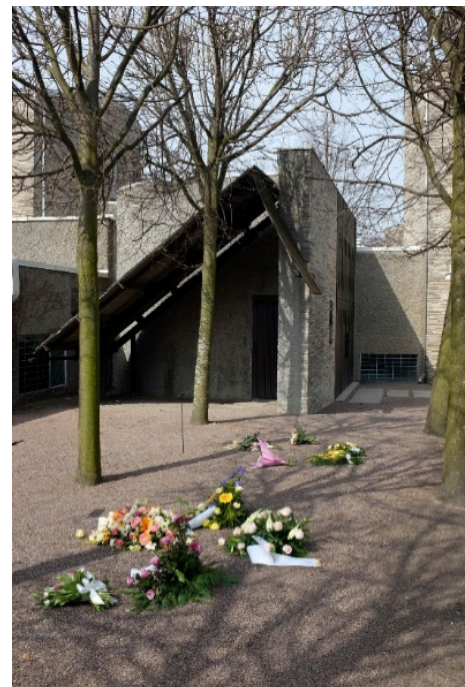
Recently we made a house with a terrace for Alan, the void between Edinburgh and Yamaguchi dissolves and that space opens up again.

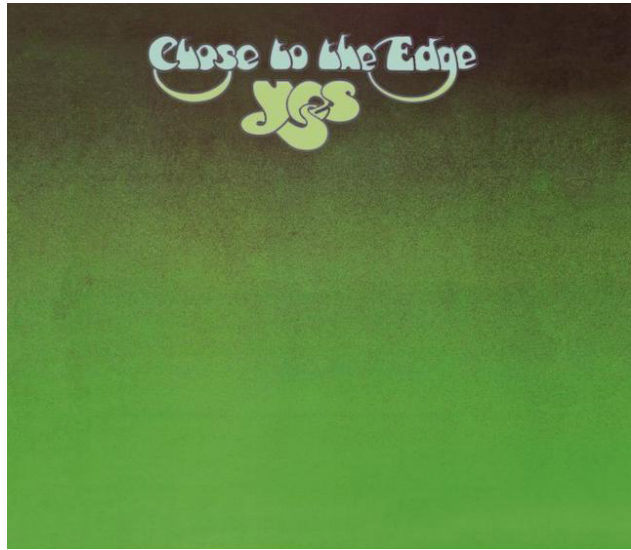
Something left not quite finished is very appealing, a gesture towards the future

Yoshida Kenko

on the right, from top to bottom

SIGURD LEWERENTZ | Chapel of St. Gertrud and St. Knut & Malmö Eastern Cemetery
JOHAN CELSING | new Crematorium at The Woodland Cemetery, Stockholm
REIACH AND HALL | quartz rock in small museum project, Kilmartin
Alan Johnston in the Jyoe-ji Temple, Yamaguchi
REIACH AND HALL | House for Alan



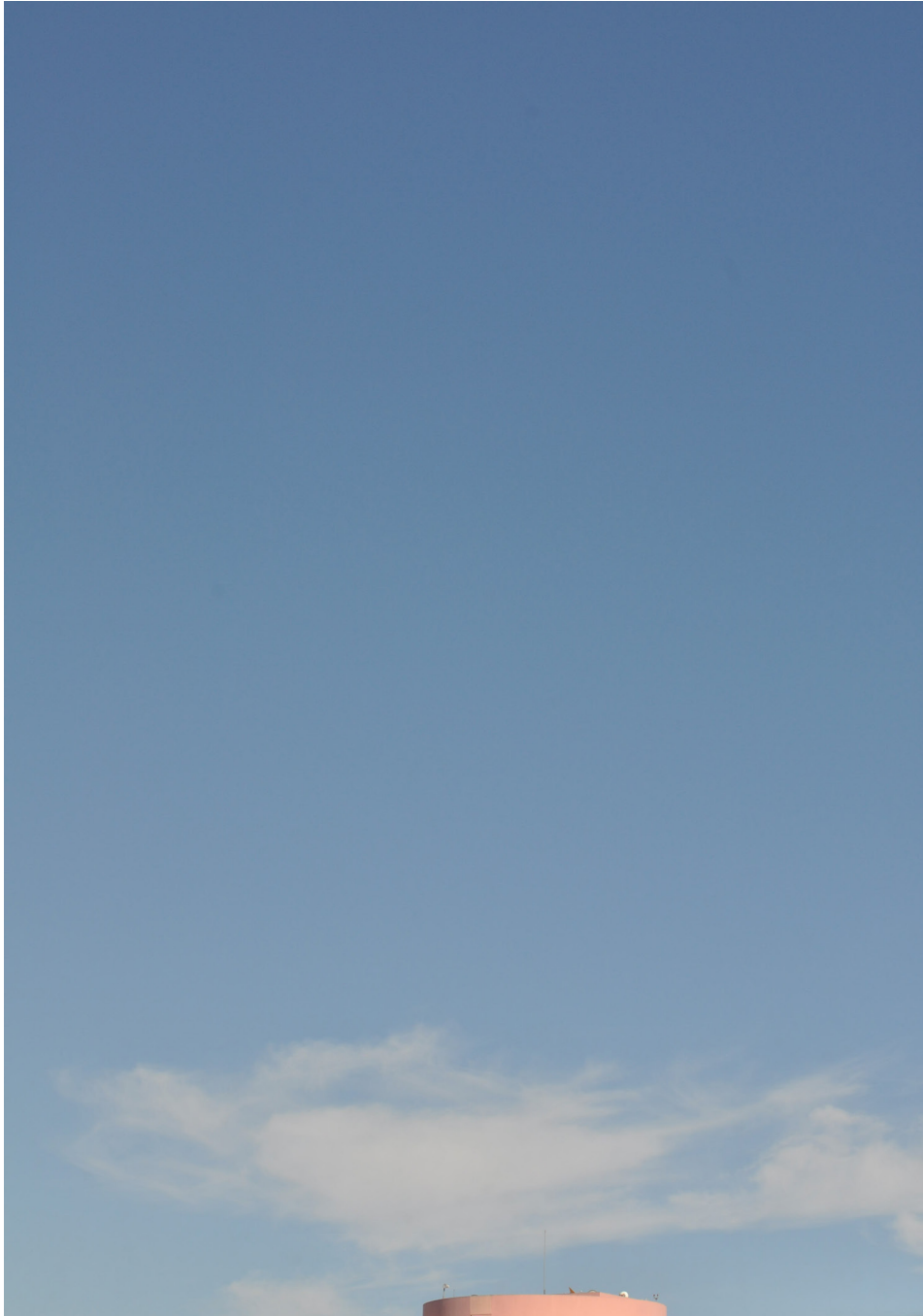


YES | *Close to the Edge*, 1972



MICHELANGELO ANTONIONI | still from *Red Desert*, 1964

album cover sourced from yesworld.com



the sky above Lisbon

photograph taken July 2011



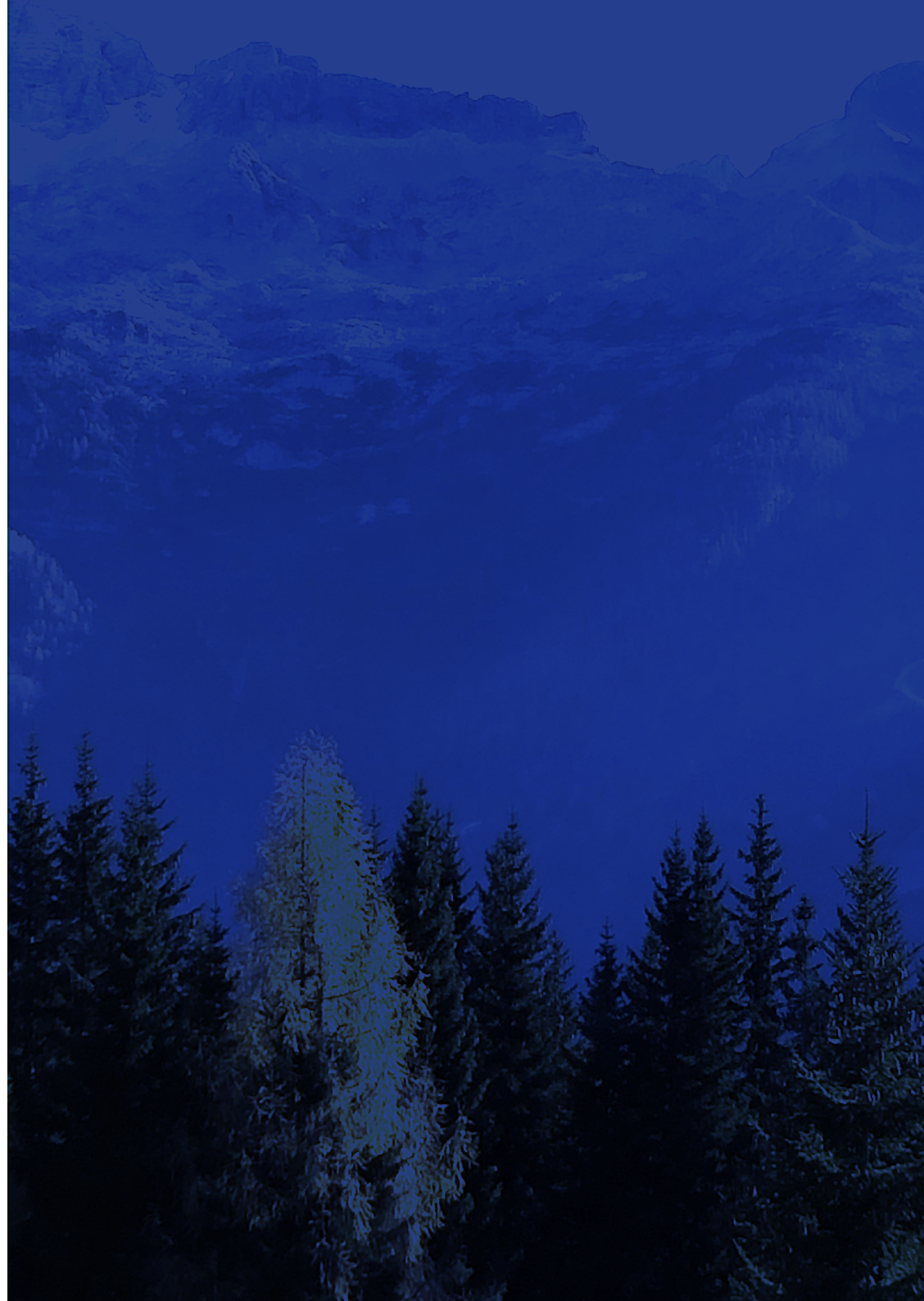
still from *The Sopranos* Opening Credits (1999) by David Chase
still from *Stalker* (1979) by Andrei Tarkovsky



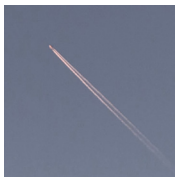


Paris, Texas

on the left, still from Paris, Texas (1984) by Wim Wenders
on the right, photograph taken November 2022



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