...Winter’s on the way, the empty chairs around me are increasing.
I’ve found a corner and I’m drinking coffee and smoking with face to
the sea, I could spend a whole life like this. If I haven’t done so already.
Between a wooden door faded from the sun and a spring of trembling
jasmine: that were I to lose one day, the whole humanity would seem
pointless to me, I’m serious, almost.
As, it’s just a question of nature here, which is more important for you
to contemplate rather than experience; nor even of tradition. It’s a
question of that deeper power of analogies that links the negligible
with the consequential, the crucial with the insignificant forming,
beneath the carved-up surface of phenomena, a firmer ground for me
to place my foot on — I nearly said my soul. It was in such a spirit that I
had once remarked that a landscape (topia) is not as some perceive
it, simply a mass of earth, plants and water, it is the projection of a
people’s soul on matter...”

Topoi. O. Connolly, Amsterdam: Harwood Academic Pub, 1999

Dedicated to Dalibor, mentor and friend, for whom the “reality” of Ar-
chitecture is not exhausted in its implemented form, but is also ad-
dressed to the spirituality of any act/project that refers to a world
beyond the senses, the world of the visible and the invisible at the
same time. Architecture as such, instead of monopolising reality, offers
itself as a reflection on the reality that is absent...

Athanasios Spantamidis, April 2016