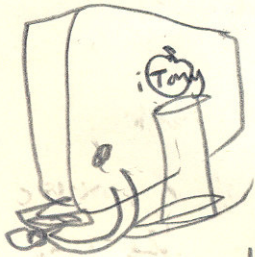


Tony died on Thursday morning. I spent this morning clearing his desk. Carefully crafted pencil sketches on tracing paper, Louis Kahn books, pens recently used to stir coffee and strange looking tools. It was both bitterly painful and surprisingly amusing. His ability to make me laugh goes on.



You've met Tony. His presence can be felt throughout the entries in this journal. Sometimes with direct reference, sometimes as a mouthpiece for his words but often simply as the source or seed for an idea that became an entry in time. I owe him many, many things and if you've enjoyed any writing here in the past, so do you.

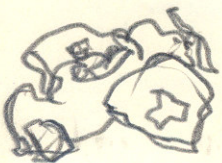


For 8 years he's been my boss, tutor, mentor, inspiration and close friend. So much of my music collection is born of a conversation about music with Tony.

①

Many of my books were his recommendation; some of them — from Cedric Price biographies to the poetry of William Blake — belonged to him but he happily gave them away. I have a kite that he made himself, donated to me so that I may use it as a pattern to construct my own. My iPod shuffle setting won't let me forget him. This morning it was Robert Wyatt, this evening it was Jungo Rheinhardt. He taught me about the craft of David Gilman, he dragged me, embarrassingly late, to an appreciation of Brian Eno.

This evening I read a Maurice Sendak book to my children at bedtime. I was mid-way through it (Mickey had just made his plane of bread dough) when I remembered Tony had recommended it to me. He used to read it to his children.



Rollled up at the back of his desk was the first project