

2023–2026



BENJAMIN

SPEARS

COLUMBIA
GSAPP

M.ARCH

01.

SELECTED
WORK

By Benjamin Spears in New York
Columbia GSAPP M.Arch 2026

+1 (850) 293 9297
bes2182@columbia.edu



02.

01
Enoura Observatory, Odawara
Kinne Travel, Spring 2026

02
Studio ADV VI Spring 2026
'Amor Mundi'
Jing Liu & Alessandra Cianchetta

CONTENT COURSE		PAGE
DINNER TABLE RITUAL	ADV VI STUDIO	4
ROADSIDE ARCHIVE	ADV V STUDIO	24
A SPACE FOR THE ARTWORK OF NATALIE EDGAR AND PHILIP PAVIA	ADV IV STUDIO	44
122 RENT-CONTROLLED APARTMENTS IN HARLEM	CORE III STUDIO	56
A BUILDING AS A DIGESTIVE SYSTEM	CORE II STUDIO	68
A NUDE BEACH FOR THE WEST VILLAGE	CORE I STUDIO	76
(A) FUN PALACE	ADR I	82
BOLD CHUNKY SANS-SERIF	MULTIGRAPHICS	86
A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE: SCENE THREE	GAP I	88
SPLITTING	GAP I	92
A GATHERING OF WOODEN JOINTS	1:1 FABRICATION	102



DINNER TABLE RITUAL

ADV VI SPRING 2026
‘AMOR MUNDI’
JING LIU &
ALESSANDRA CIANCHETTA

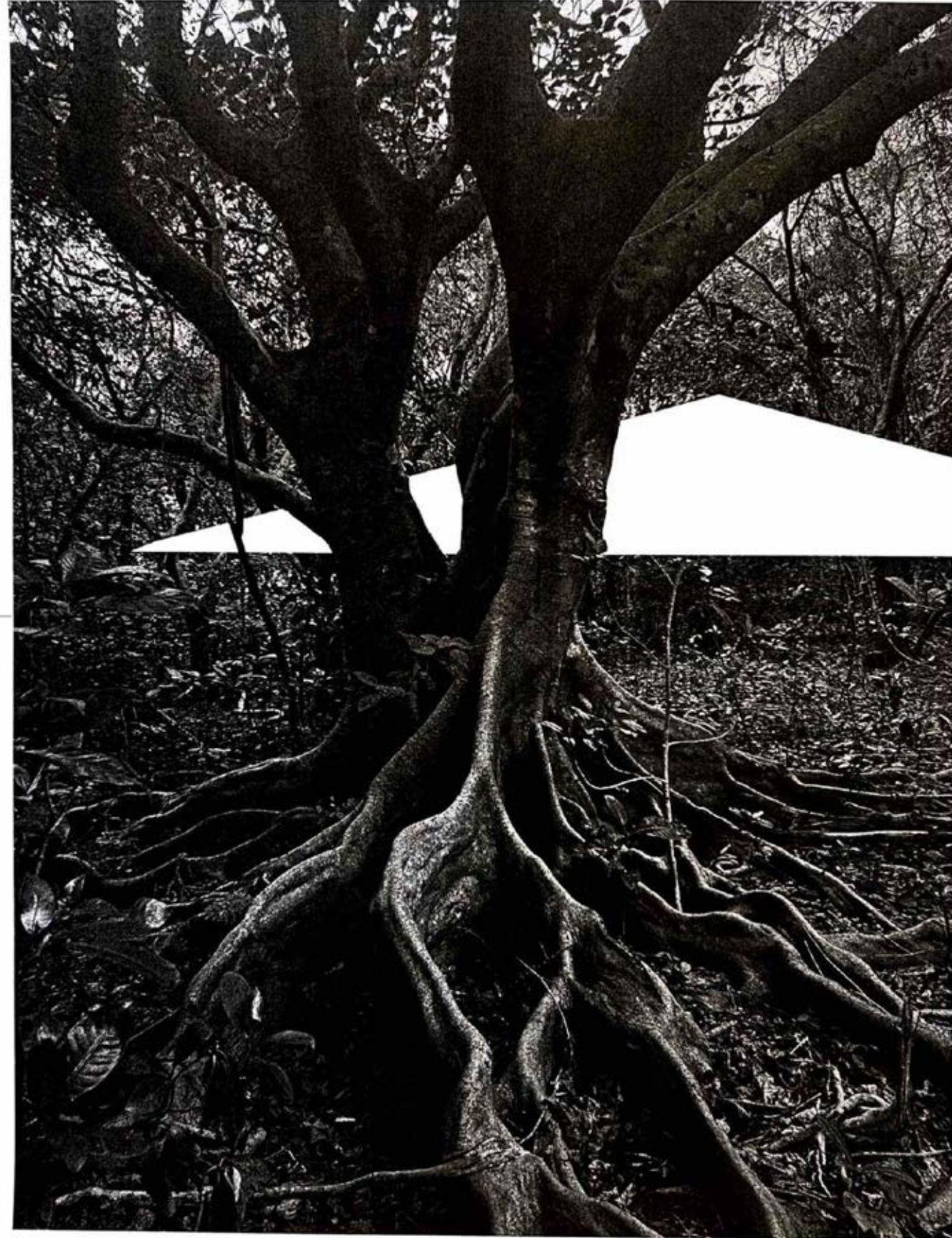
ISHIGAKI, OKINAWA
PREFECTURE, JAPAN

The Dinner Table is an opportunity to manifest a mode of social collectivity in a physical form- a place to gather on the island of Ishigaki for meals and to reinterpret the ‘table’ as a typology.

The dining table as a physical object- the surface on which to put ones elbows- grows and metastasizes from a piece of furniture into an architectonic form. A building that is 50% table. This somewhat outdoor surface is appended by a light, open kitchen / pantry / food preparation space. The language of a heavy concrete table as almost infrastructure with a light wooden semi conditioned space for cooking informed my language for the rest of the site- really heavy bits as infrastructure to intervene on the land, complementary and contrasting with really light bits to accommodate people and life.

The sibling to my kitchen- identical in form but with opposite material logic- is the second program for the site. If the meal on our dinner table is a quotidian production, the daily labor of cooking and providing from the kitchen, then the table itself and the other heavy bits of the plan can be made onsite, next door.



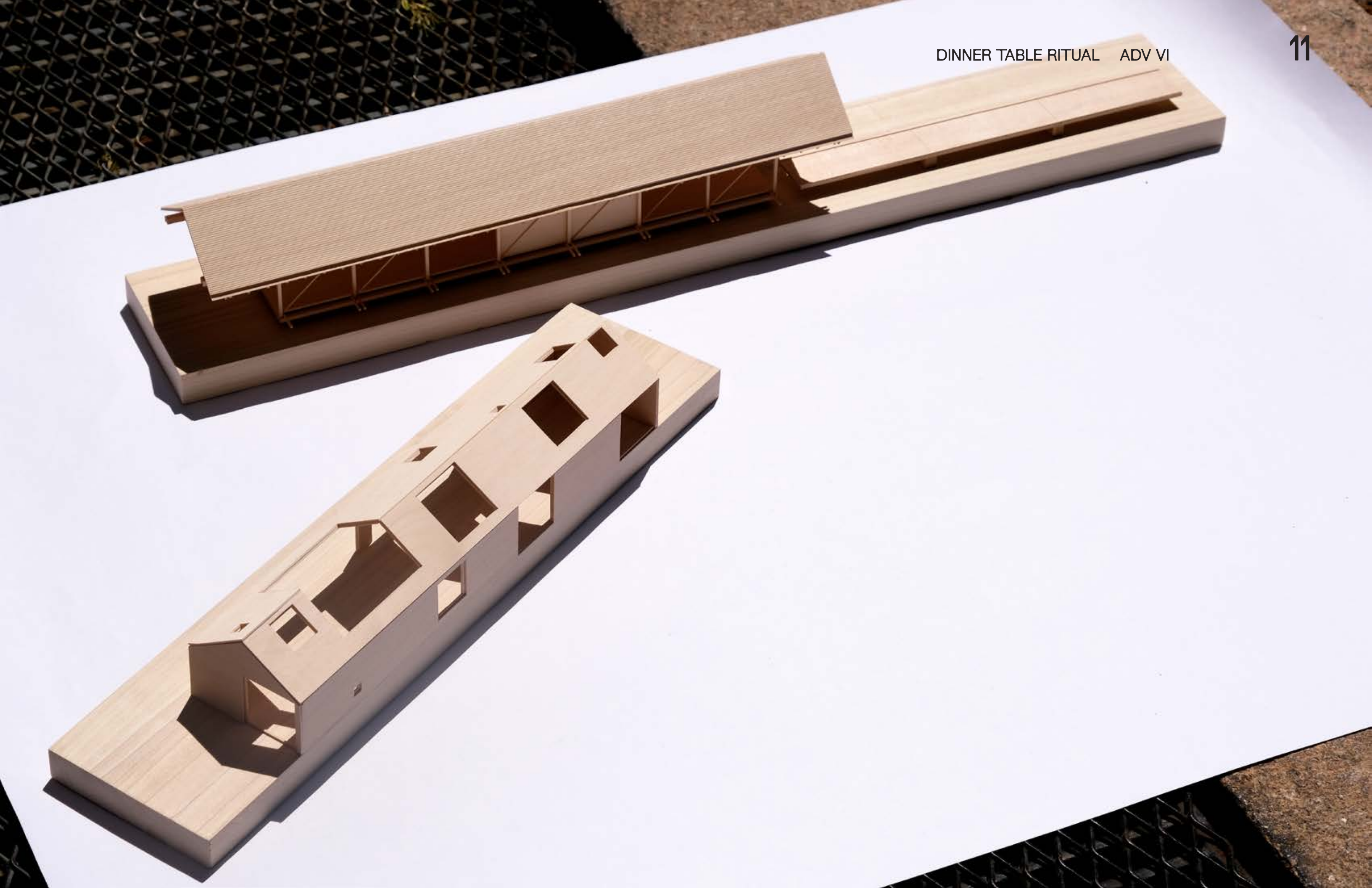


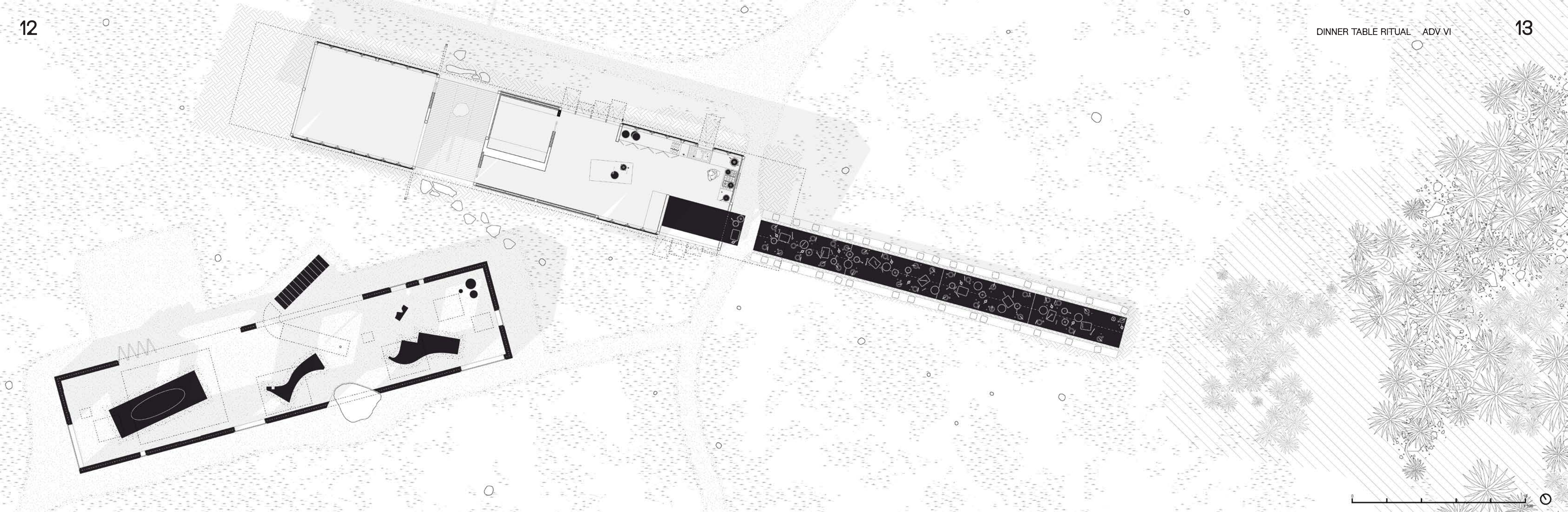
There is a density to the island of Ishigaki; a selective permeability. Light filters through the leaves of banyan trees. Movement through the nature at our site is slow, detoured.



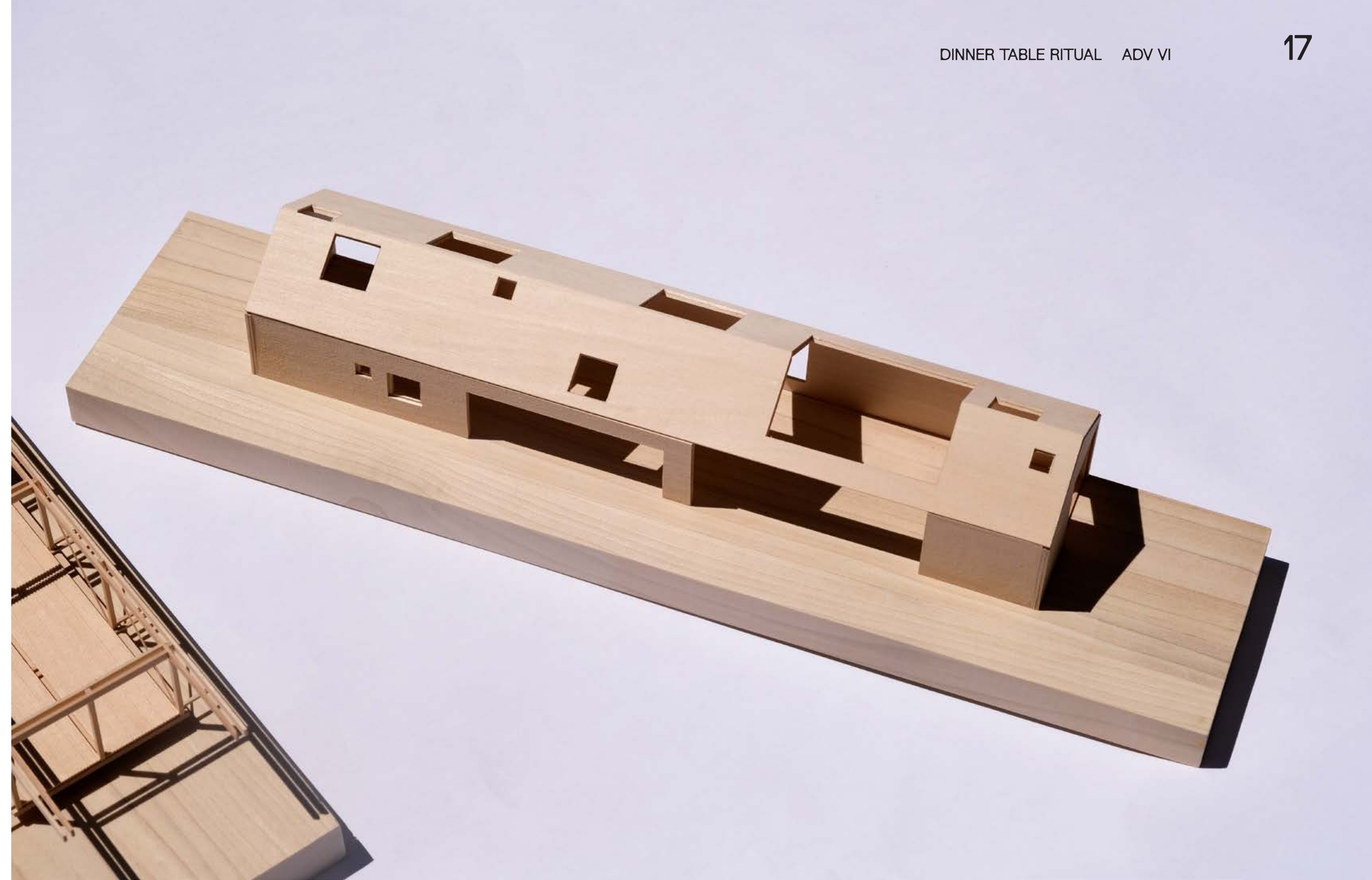


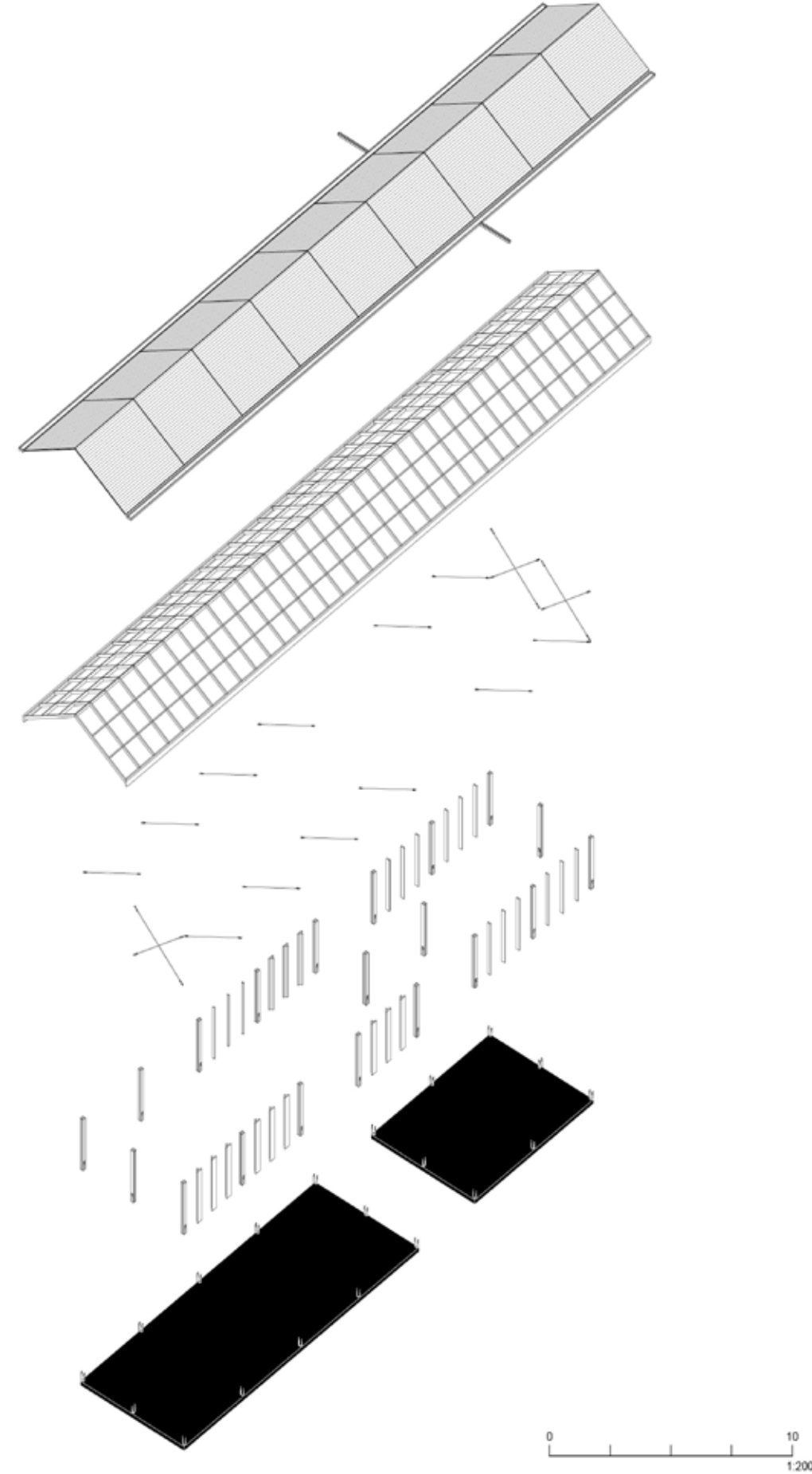
On our visit to the island, we built an intervention to frame the approach to a beautiful space on the site. We found that slow, deliberate movement with places to stop and listen to the wind felt right for the space.









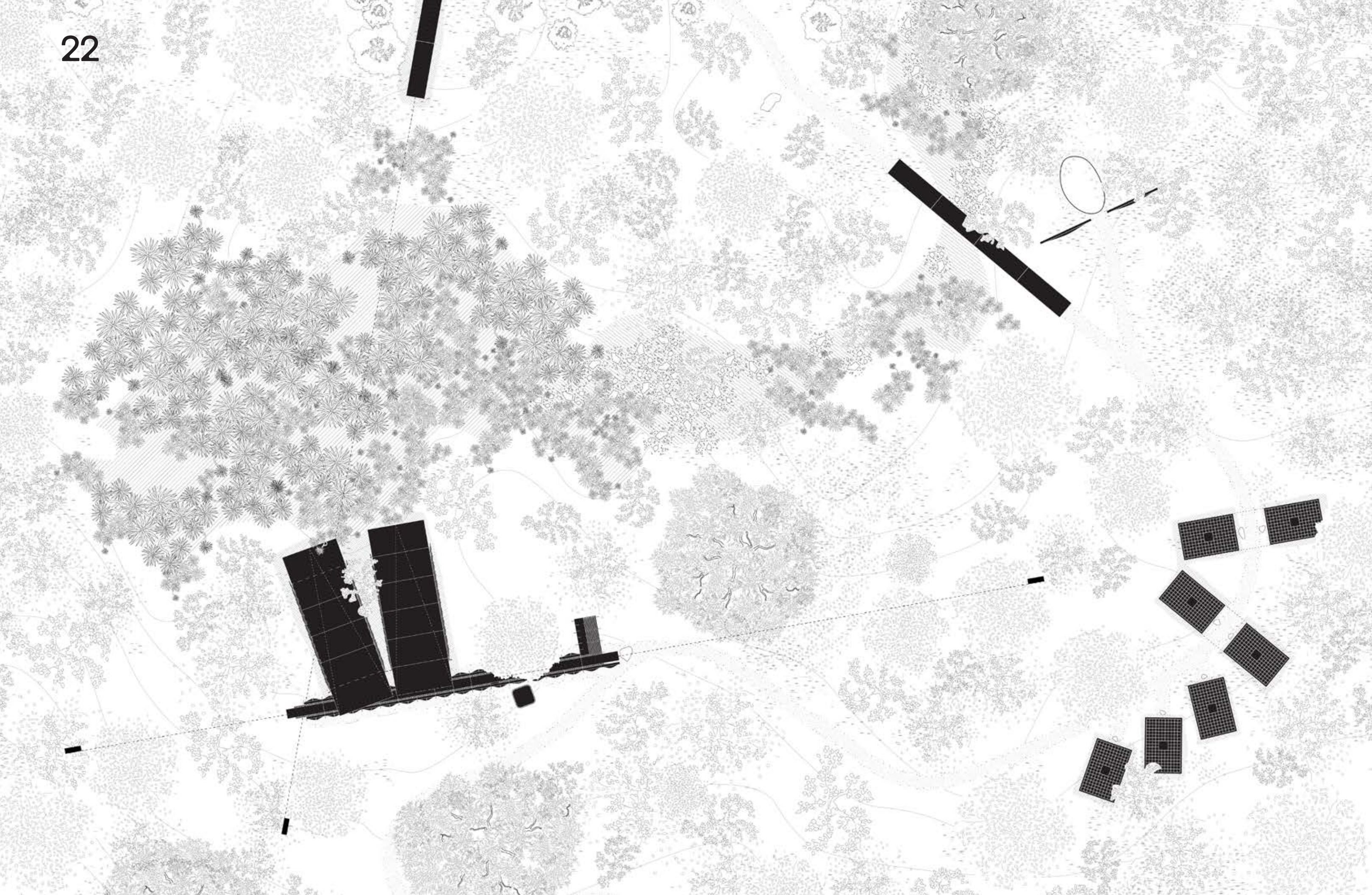


Two workshops, one for making dinner and the other for making the table. A space for casting concrete in sand, digging out formwork, throwing pottery, and making the building blocks of the rest of the site.

The dinner table was cast in the workshop; as well as the bridge crossing the stream, the foundations of the cabins further up the site, the walls of the bathhouse out of view from the road and behind the mangrove.





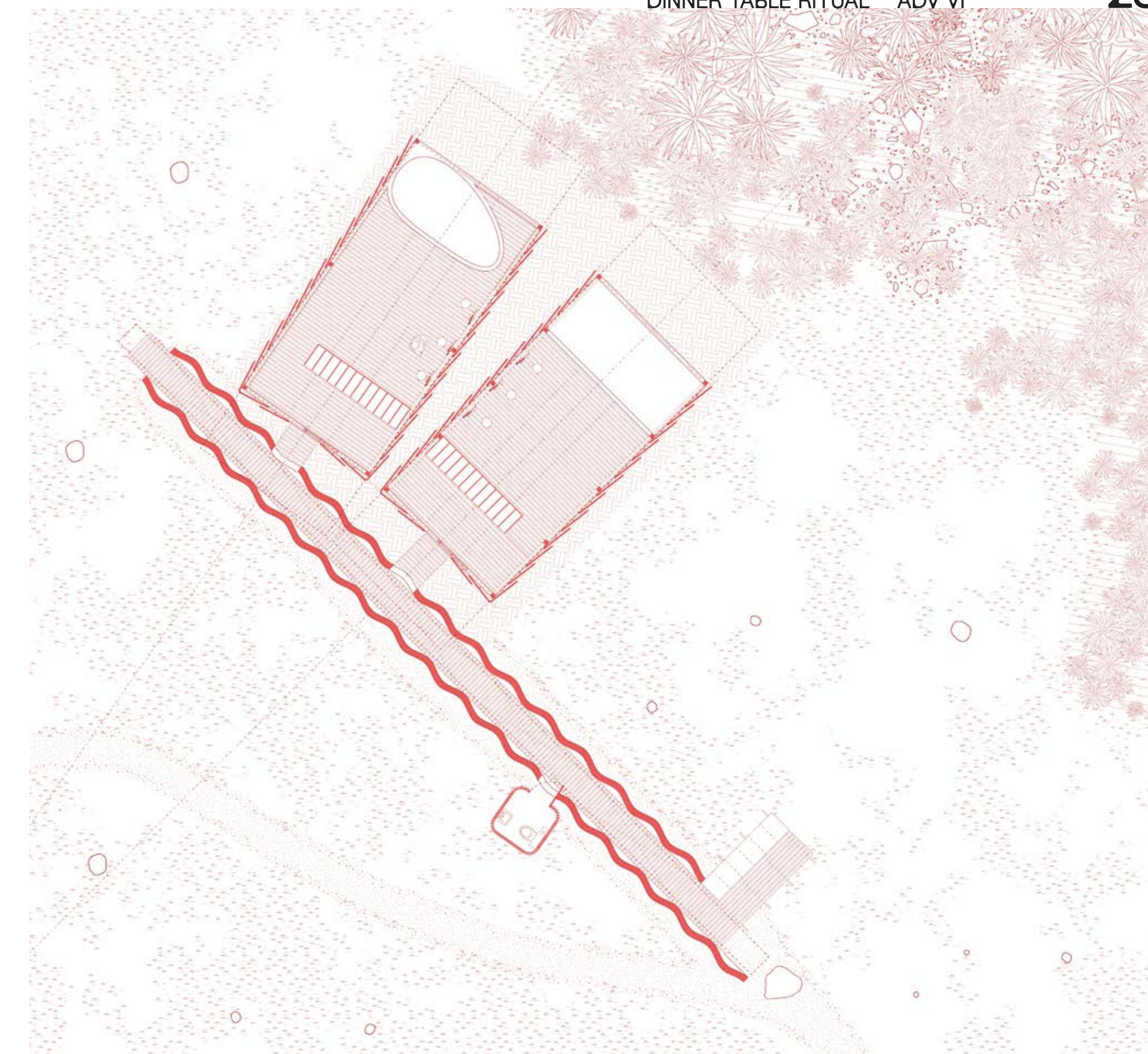


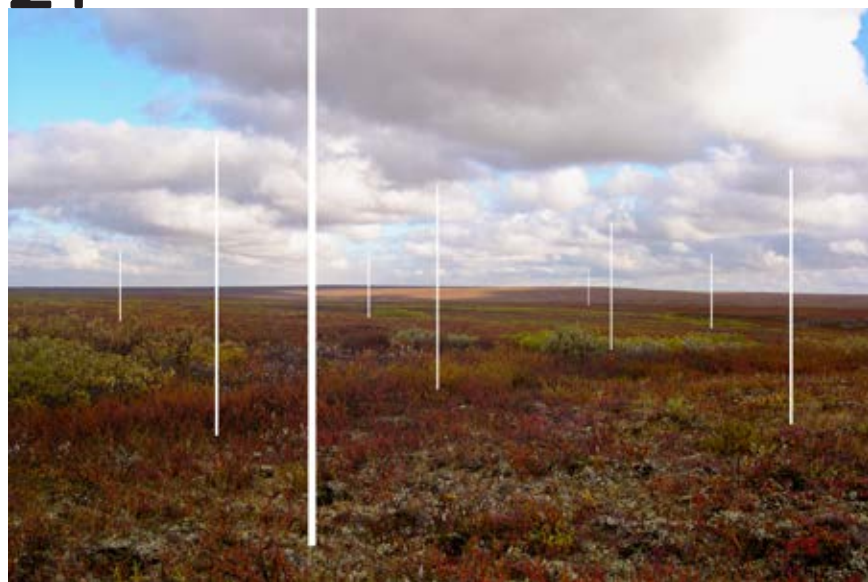
Movement from the road through the twin workshops across the streambed up into the site becomes more quiet, more private. Small, light spaces for residence built on concrete piers, around to the bathhouse.

The bath is heavy and light. Concrete modules half-dug into the ground support a raised walk between them, as an entrance sequence to get to the baths themselves.

Procession into the bath begins with the removal of shoes at the entrance. The long heavy hallway is a sort of preparation for the rightward turn into a wooden space, open out into the mangrove and adan trees. The thick vegetation filters eyesight and becomes a mode of privacy, even with a completely open wall. If work is done downsite, quiet reflection and presence with the landscape happens up here.

The dinner table is a table, it can also be a stage, a runway, or maybe bleachers. The ambiguity and scale of the form give it flexibility to accommodate the variability of daily life.





ROADSIDE ARCHIVE

ADV V FALL 2025
'MELTING ARCHIVES'
LESLIE GILL &
KHOI NGUYEN

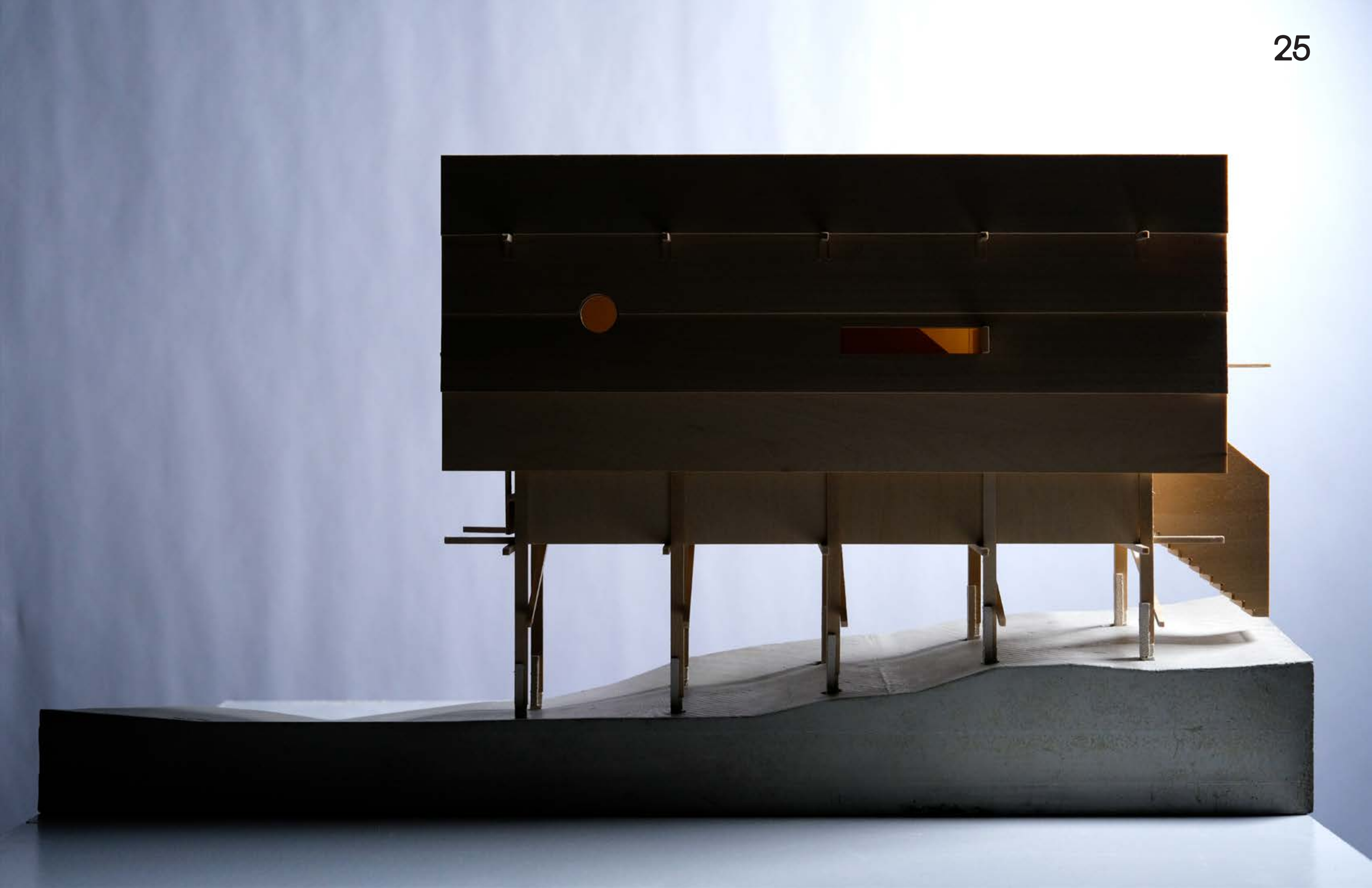
TUKTOYAKTUK,
NORTHWEST
TERRITORIES, CANADA

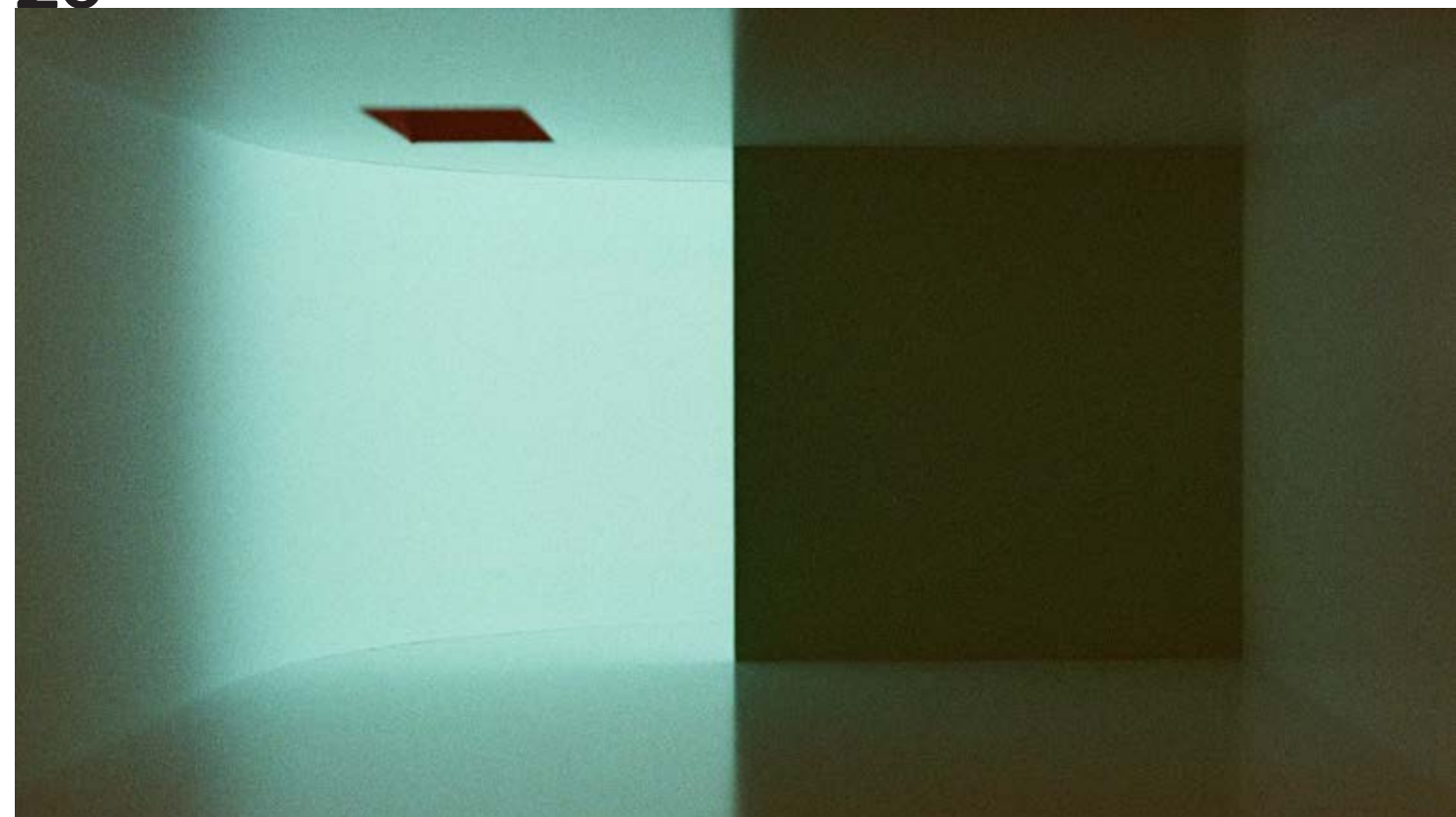
An outpost and an archive; a collector and a collection.

A little wooden shelter on precarious ground for a geologist and a photographer to document change in the 24-hour Arctic summer; the freezing and partial thawing and refreezing of the thin top layer of melted permafrost on which the ecosystem existentially depends. The geologist augurs soil cores every year from 99 points in the landscape; the photographer captures the tundra in situ, defined in its absence of verticality and the bisection of perspective into minutiae on the ground and infinity in the sky. Darkness becomes a commodity when the sun is out all day.

Then:

A roadside spectacle as a pause on the only highway to the Arctic Ocean in the world. An archive of the frozen dirt of the tundra, permafrost asserting its agency as a monumental form overhead rather than a passive condition underfoot. A long path out from the road into the landscape to a refrigerated excavation for (re) storing our permafrost cores back into the ground.





An exploration of hue and scale as defining depth and form in space.

Light as a field condition and light as an active subject: Mr. Red walking around in Blueville.

A way to visually situate an intervention within the wider landscape of a scaleless field, a precedent for the building itself.





0%



CHANGE IN
SHRUB COVER
PER DECADE
1984–2020

MACKENZIE RIVER DELTA
NORTHWEST TERRITORIES
CANADA

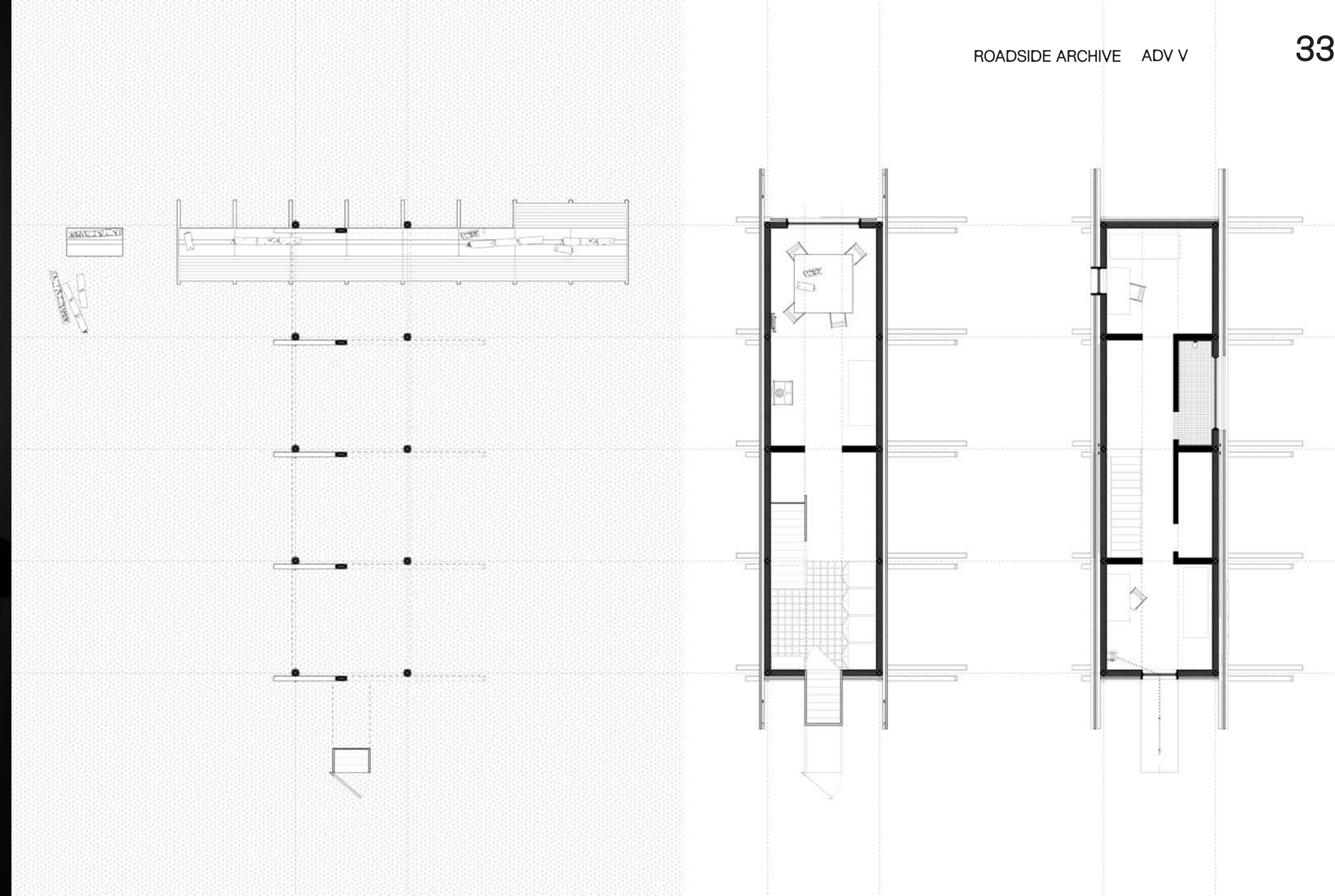
15 MI

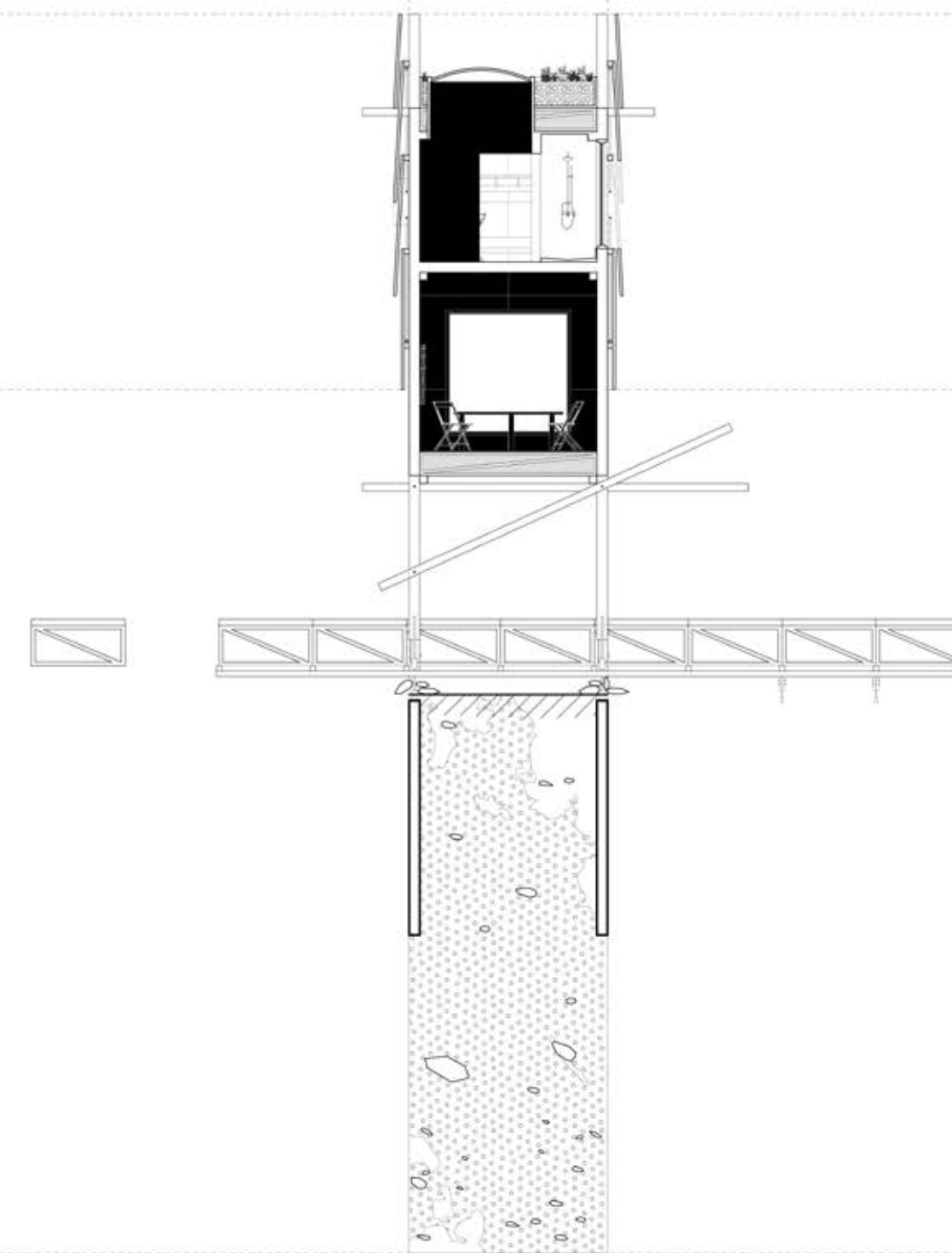
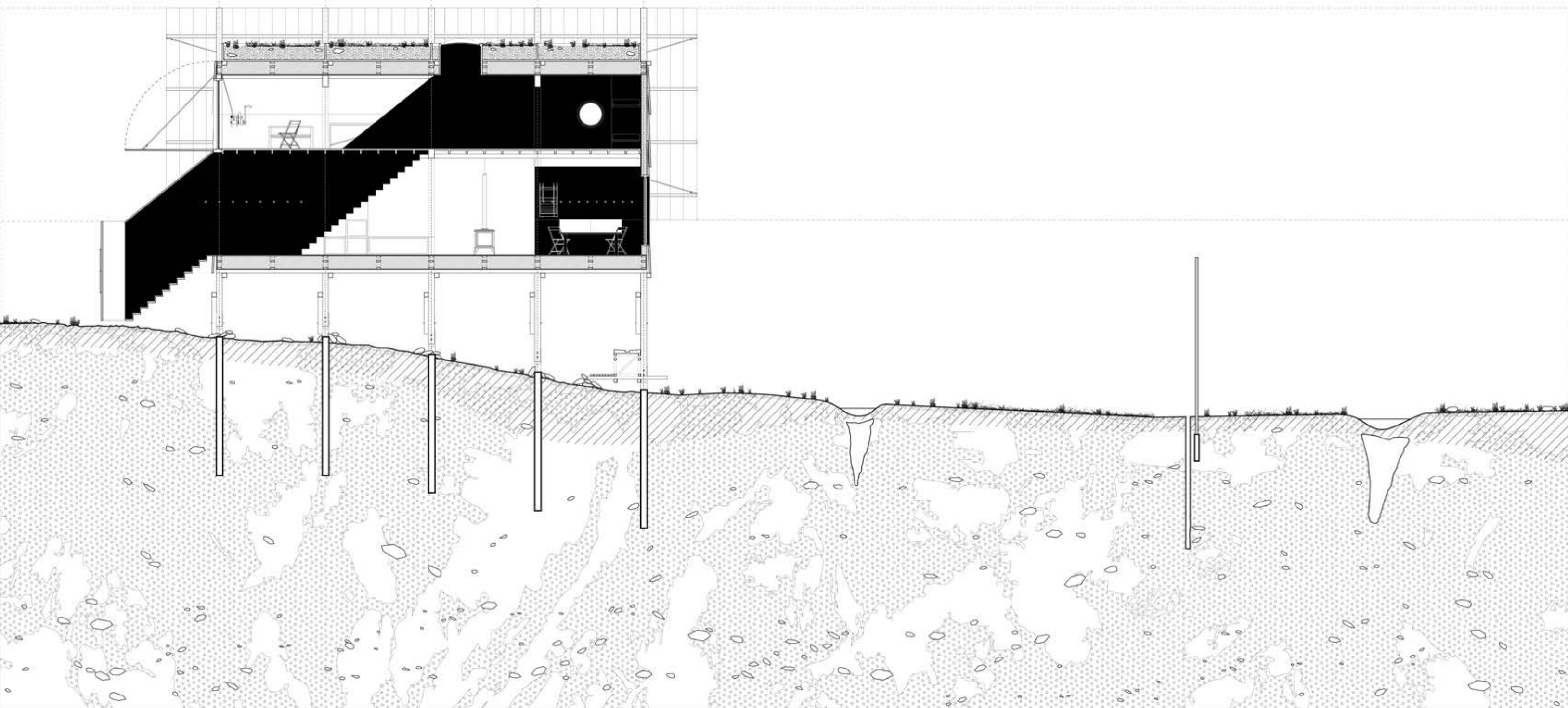


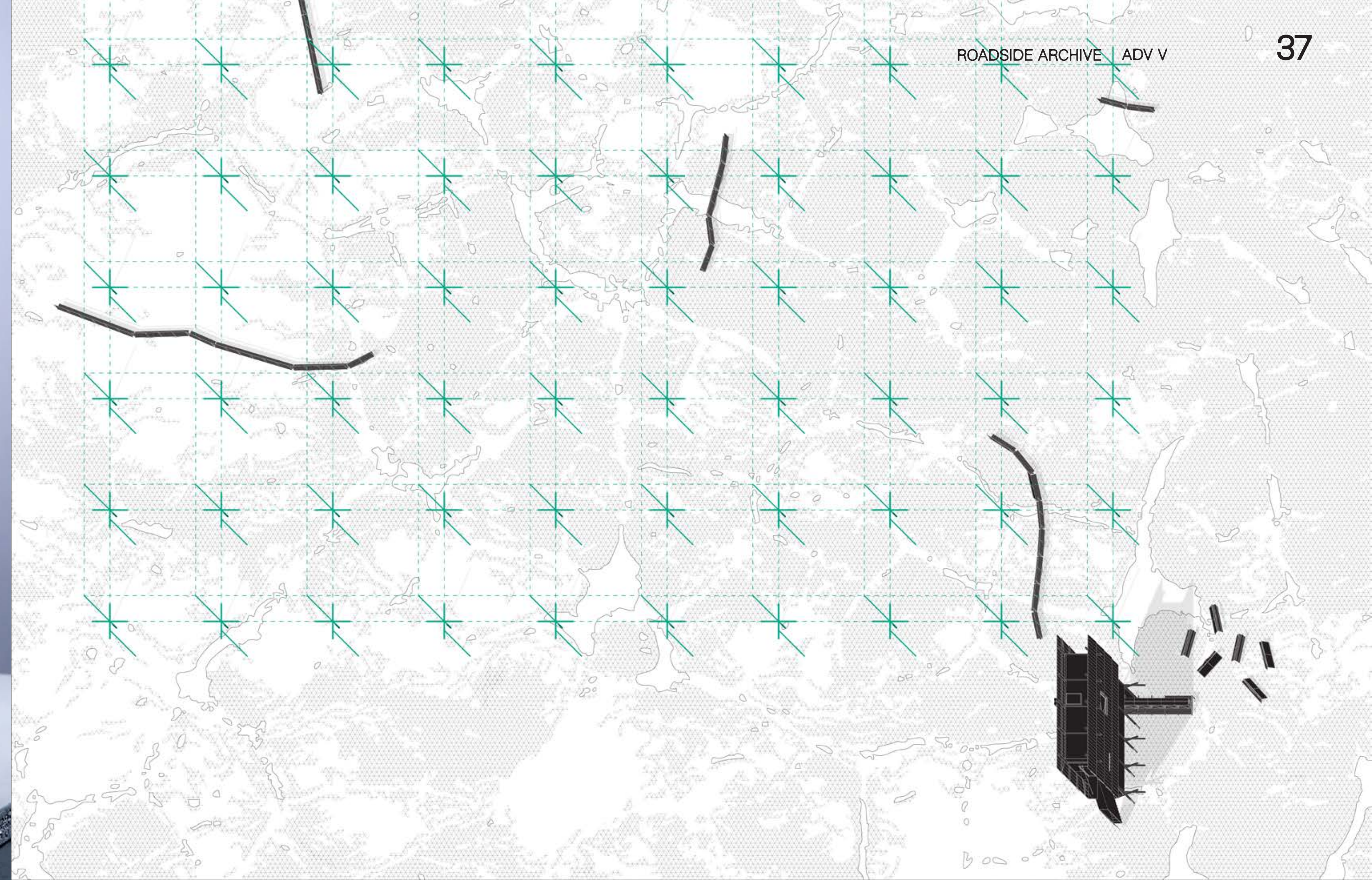
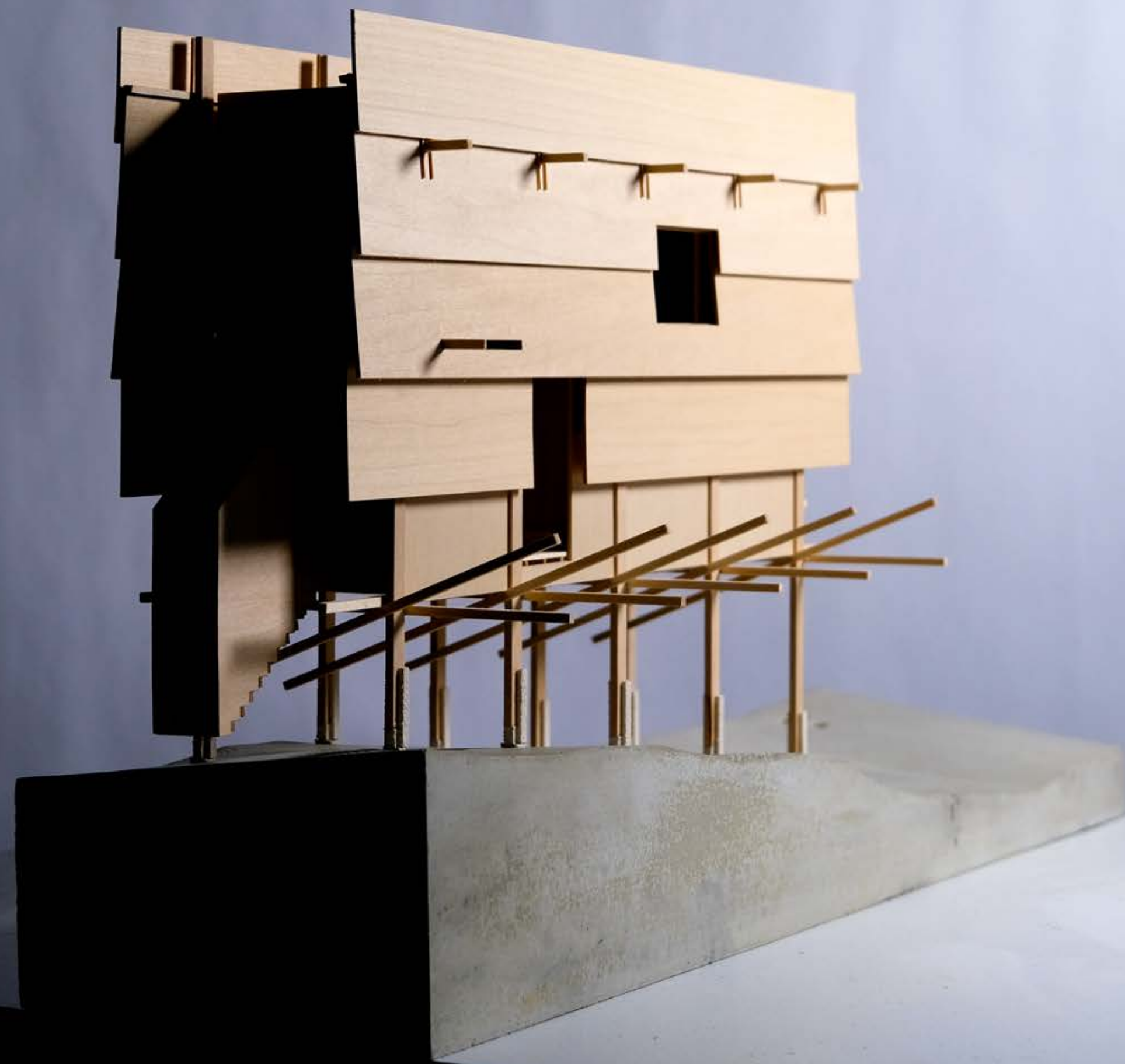
TUKTOYAKTUK



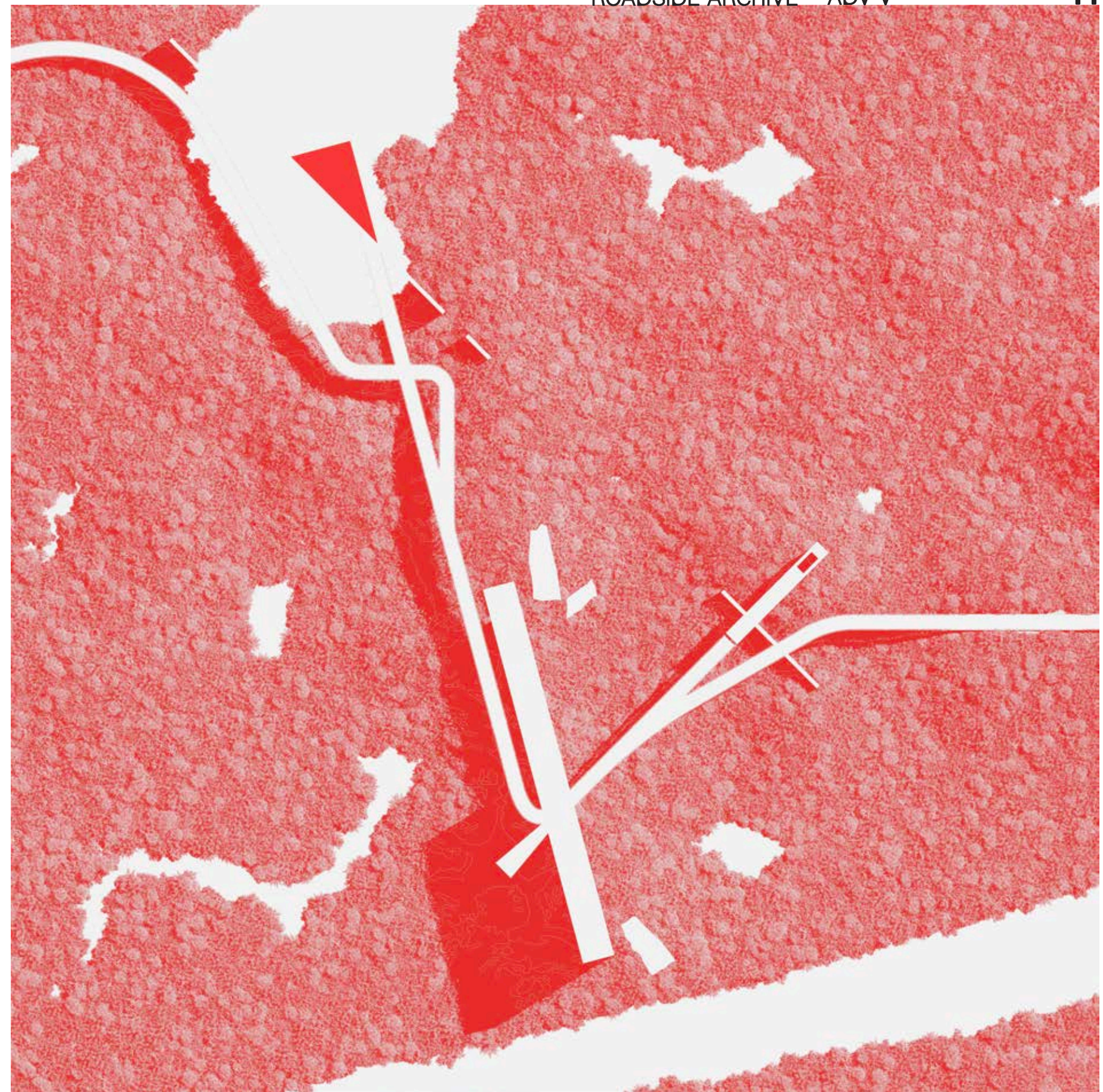
INUUVIK

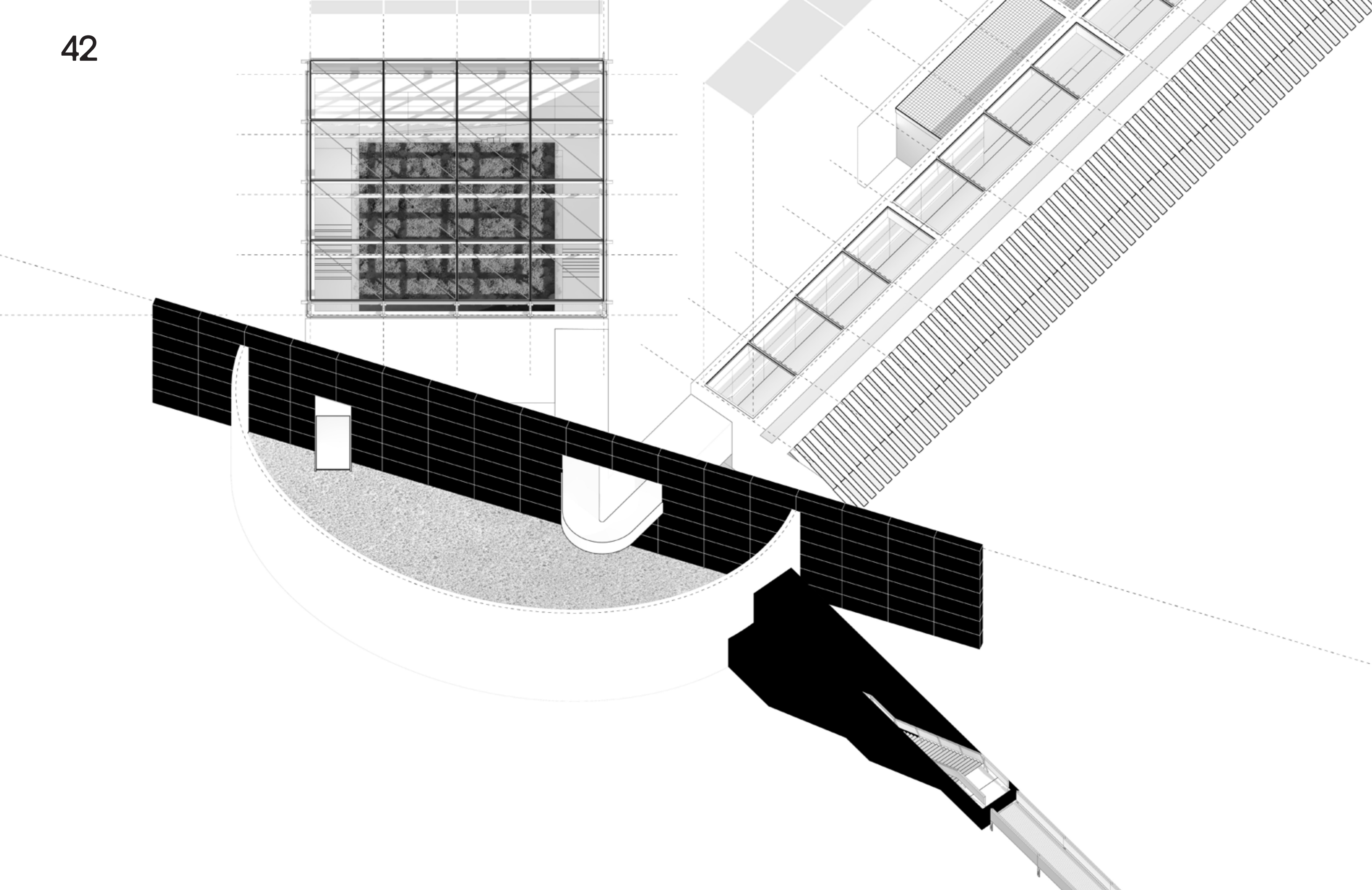


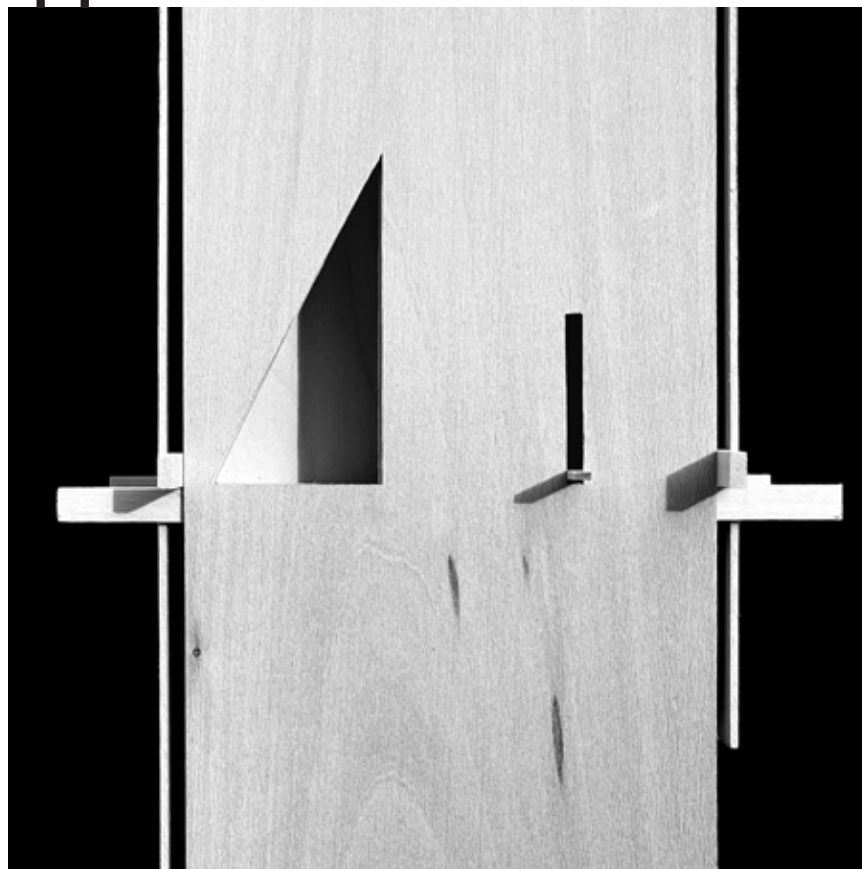












A SPACE FOR THE
ARTWORK OF NATALIE
EDGAR AND PHILIP PAVIA

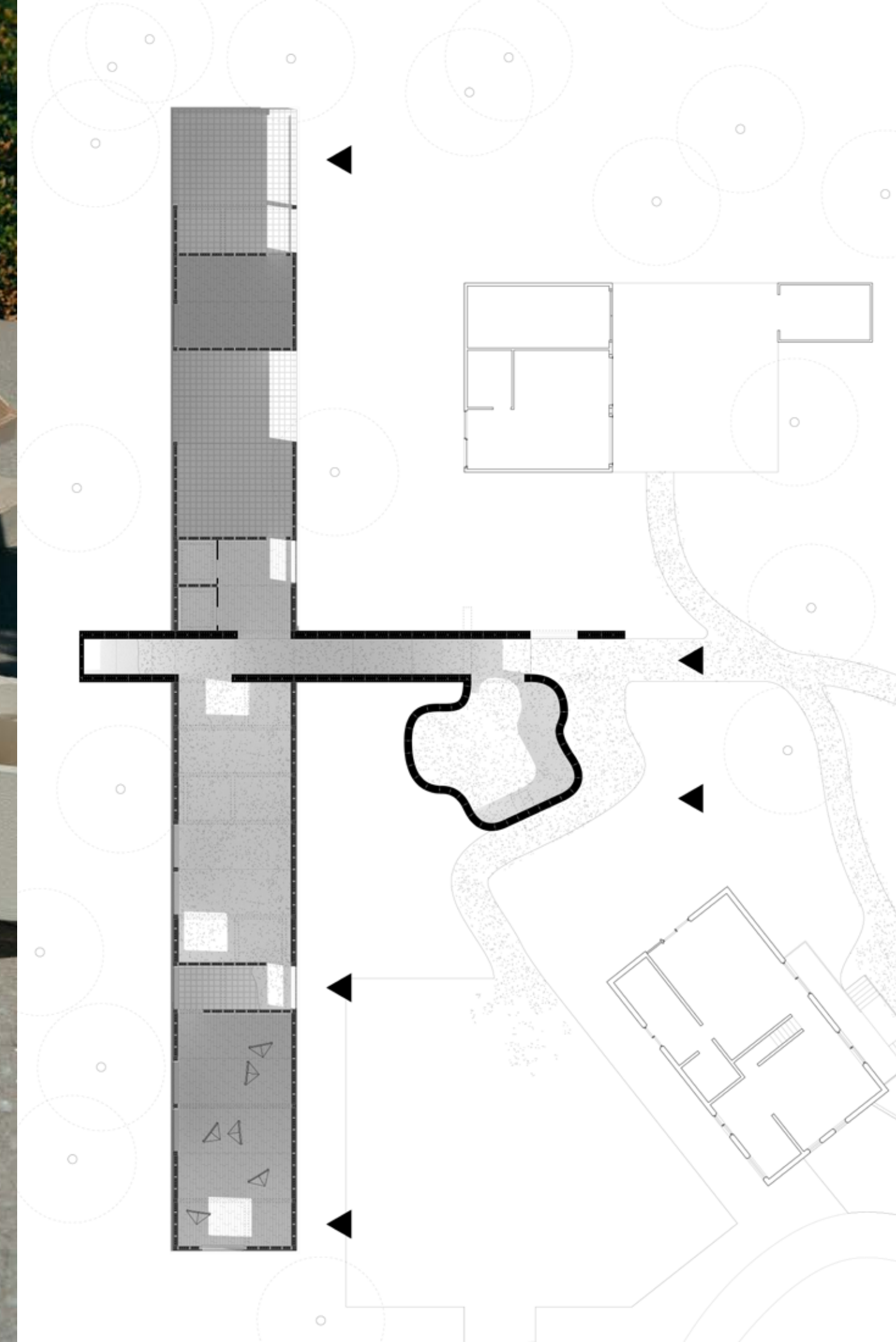
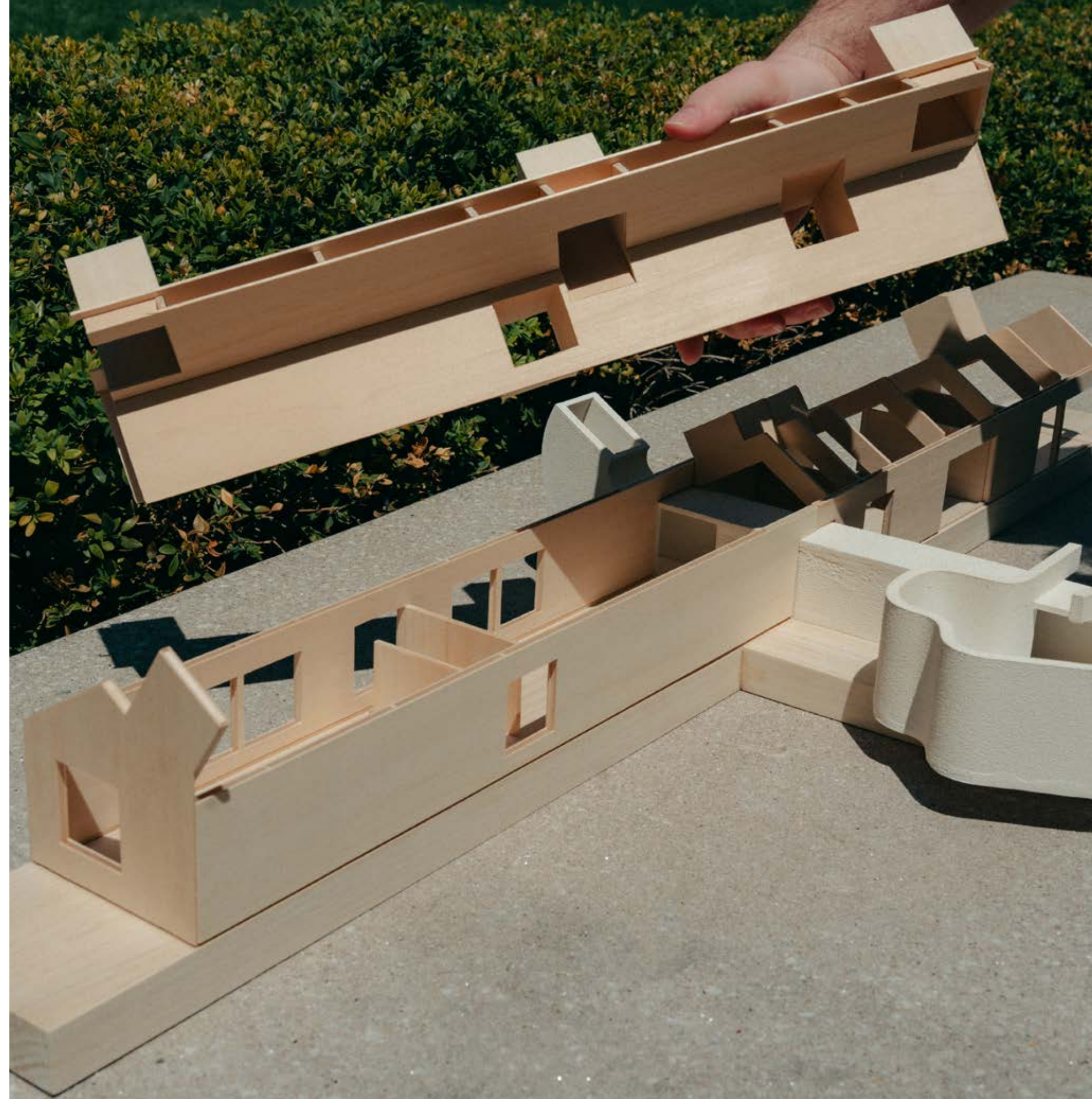
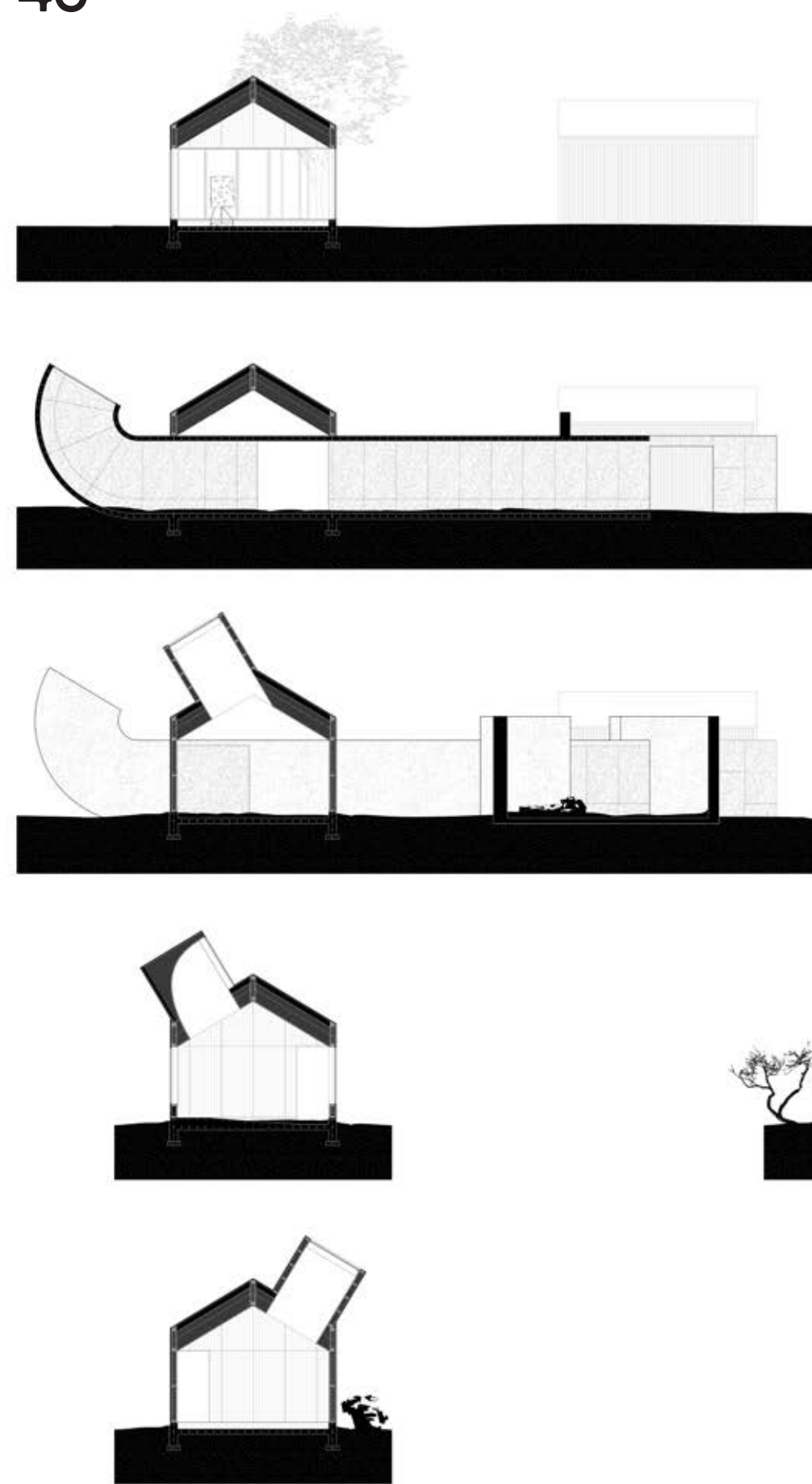
ADV IV SPRING 2025
'HARNESSING LIGHT'
BOB MARINO

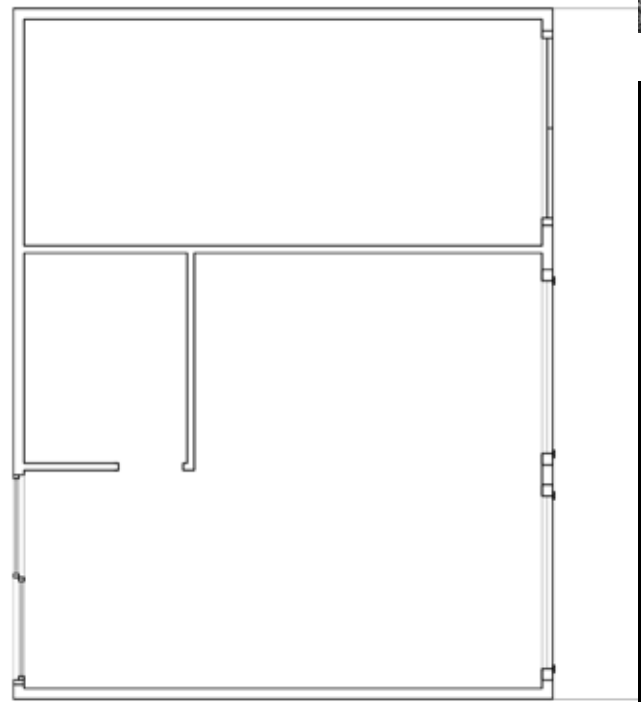
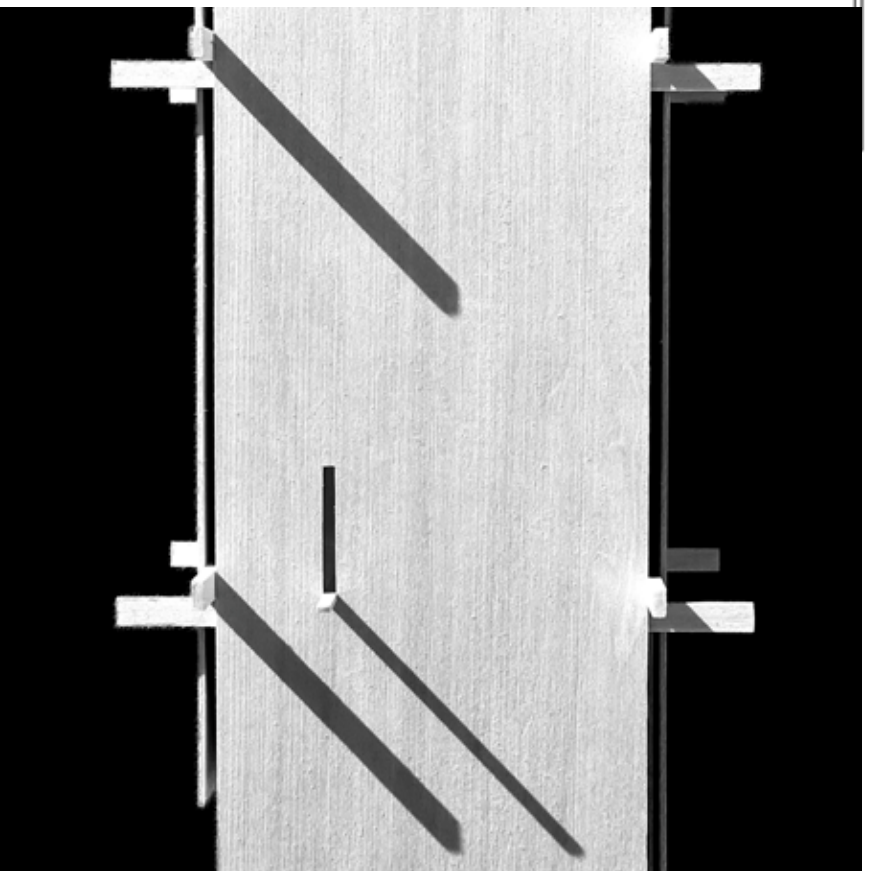
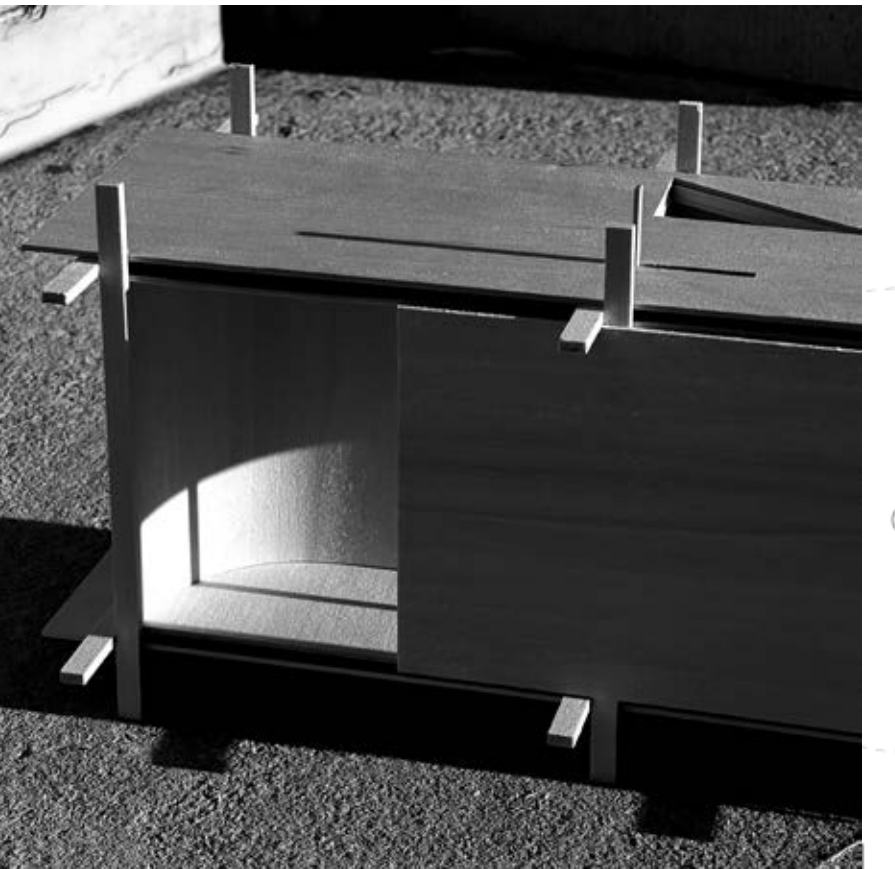
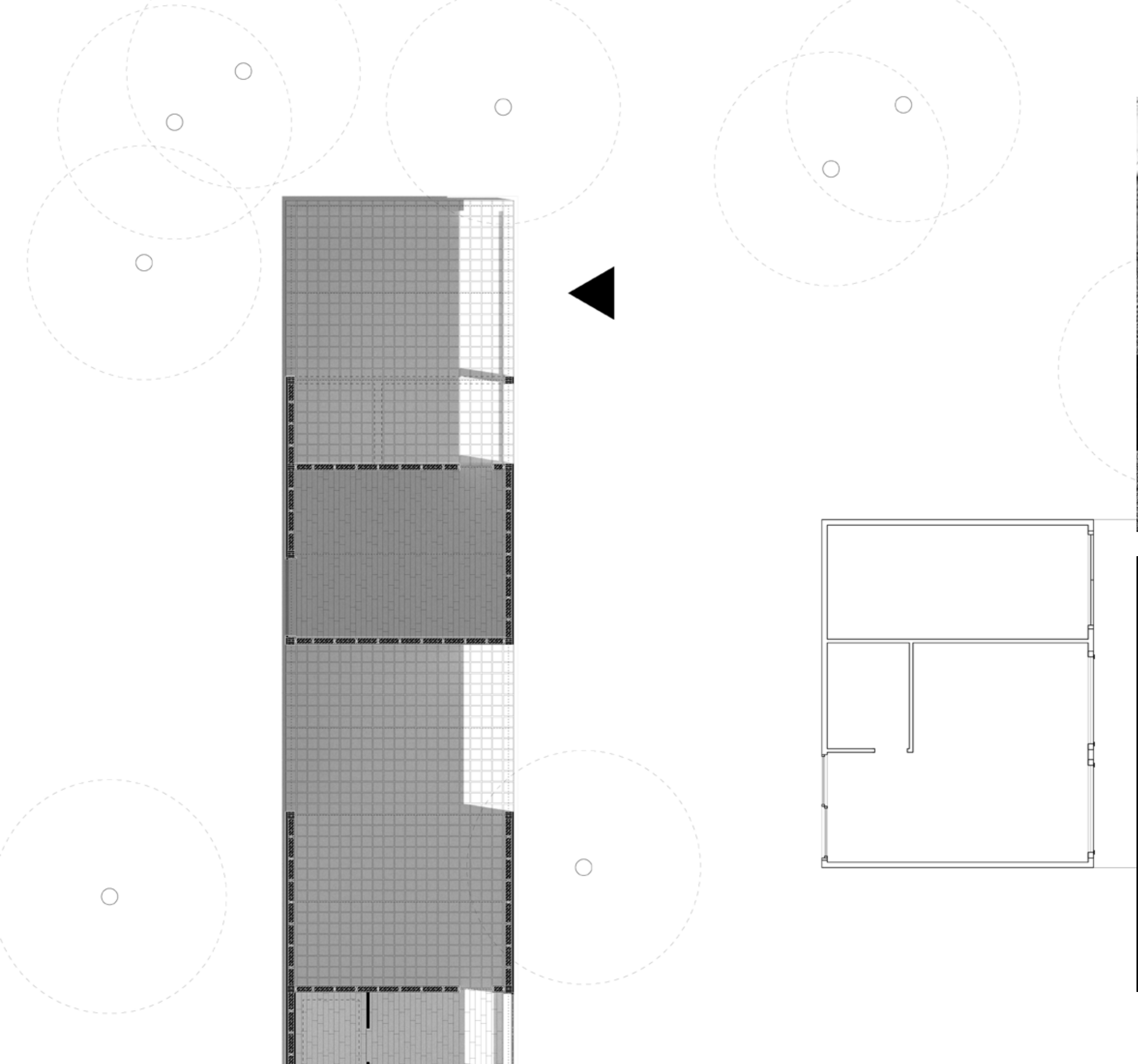
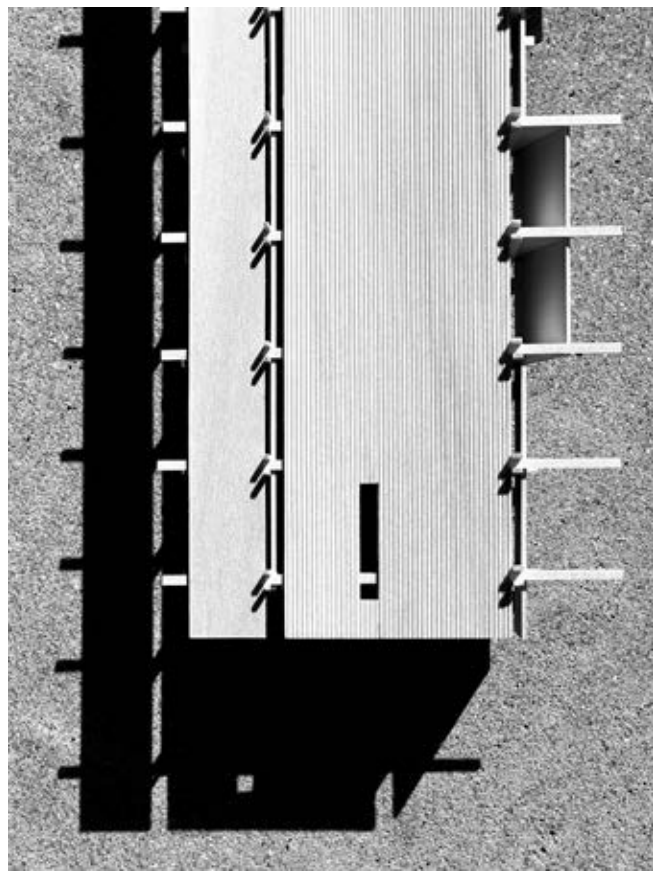
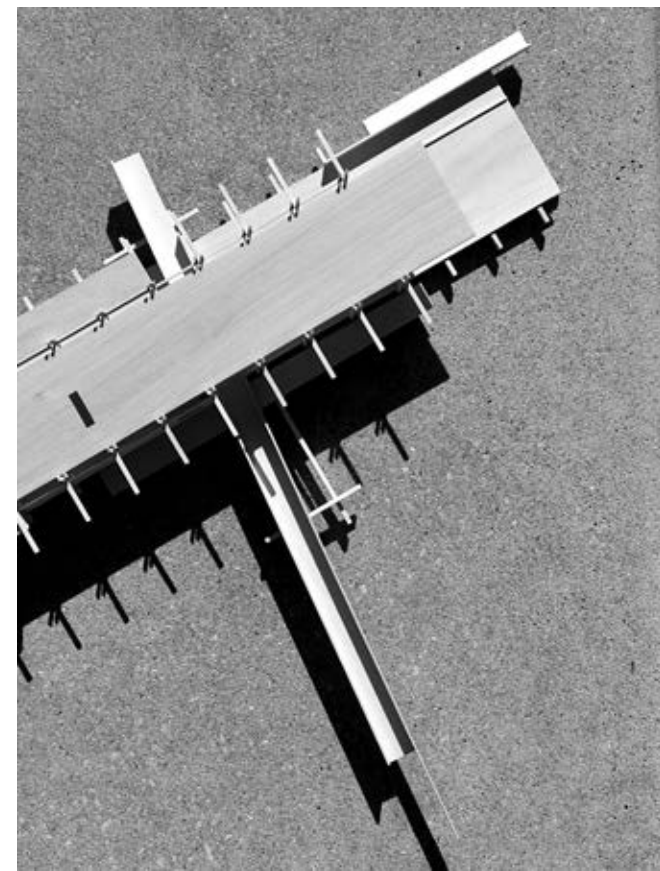
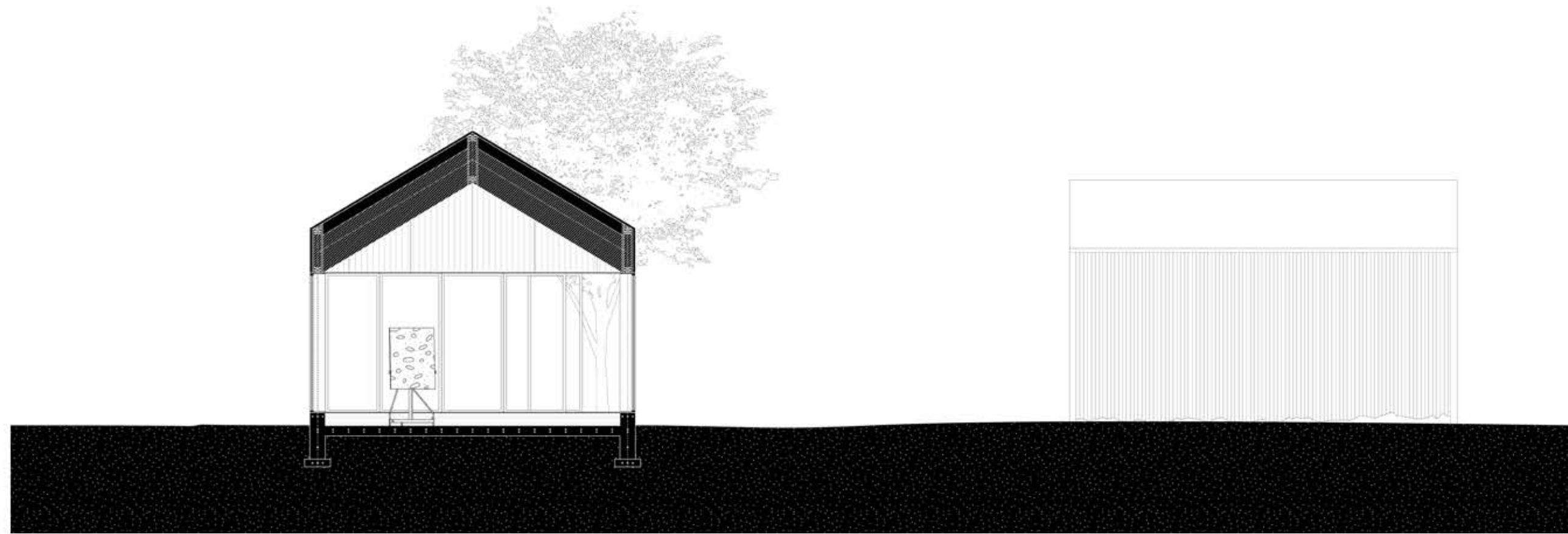
EASTHAMPTON, NY

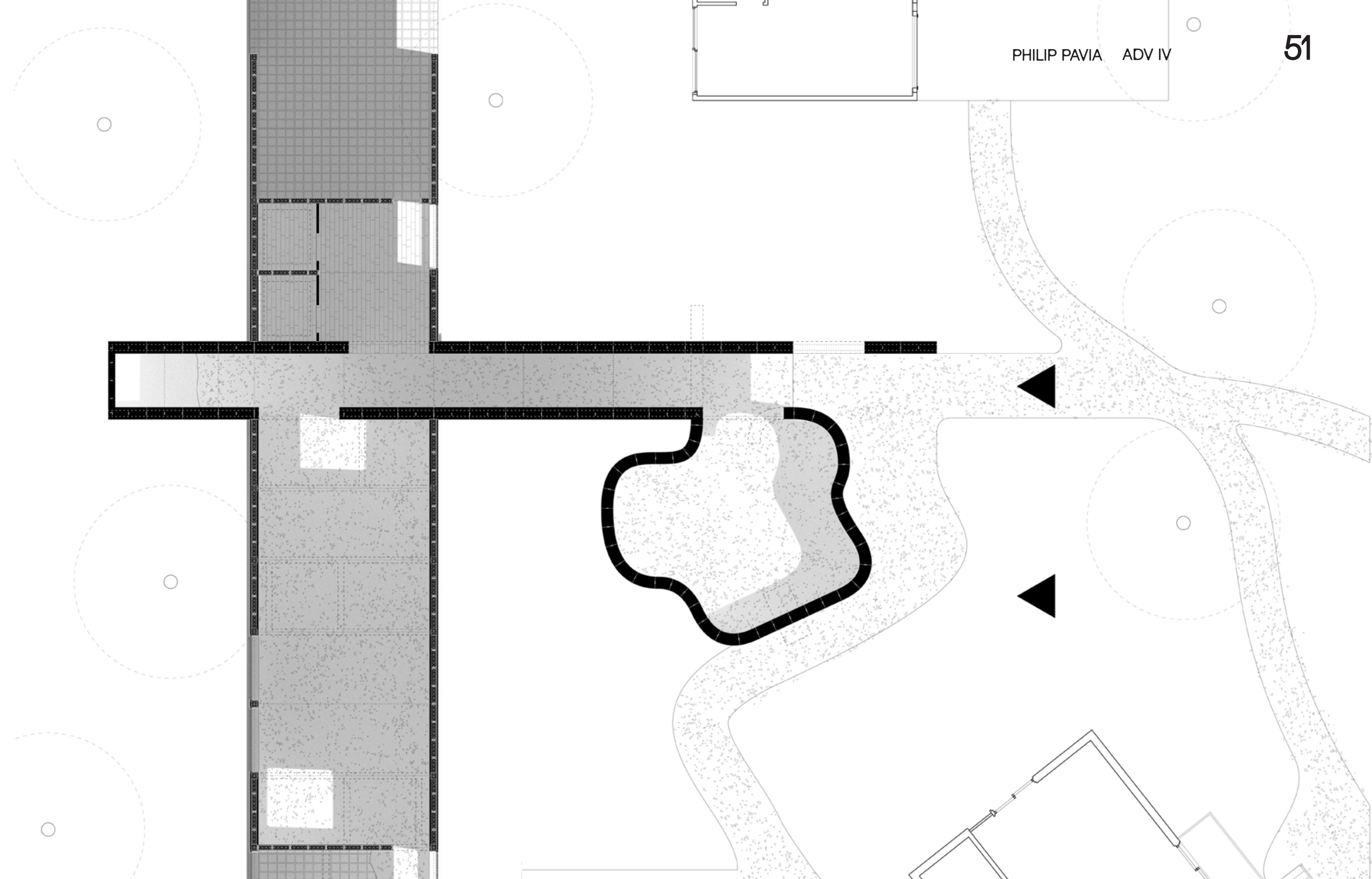
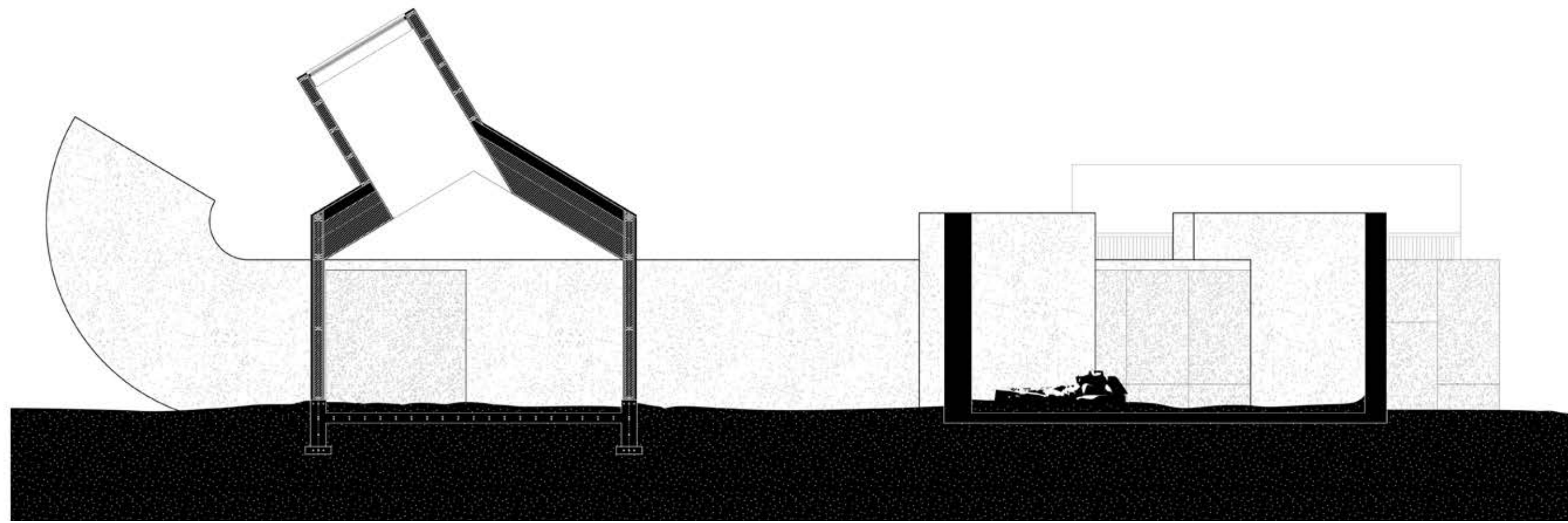
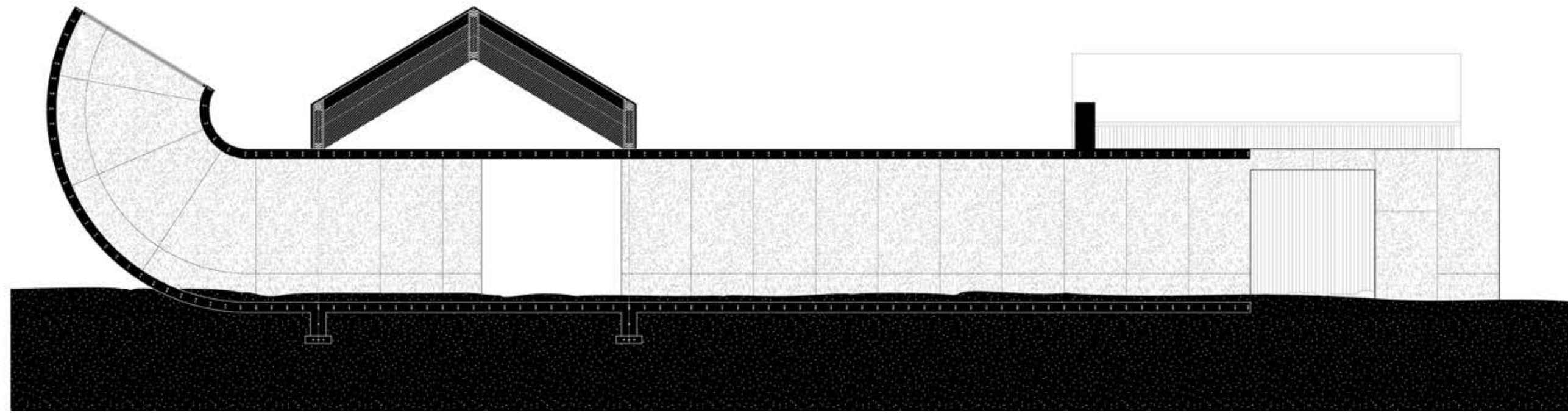
A long, cheap, light, wooden bar placed against a property line becomes a canvas for the site. A concrete clarinet-thing breaks the bar, to let light and air and people into the space. A hallway turns into a skylight. Transverse beams become light-gathering appendages.

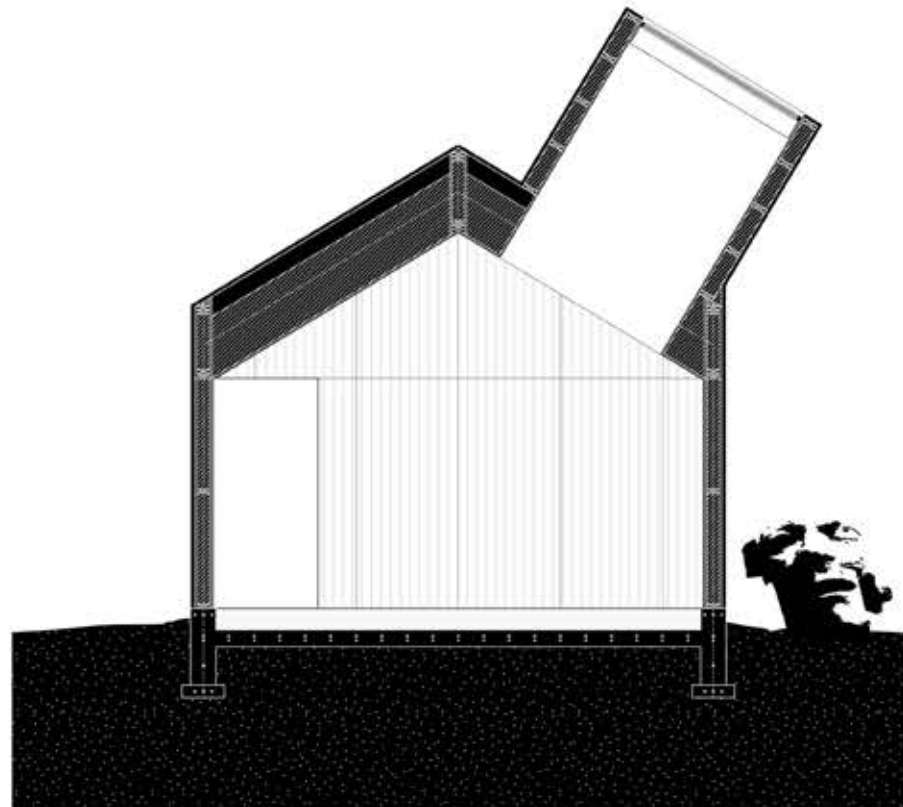
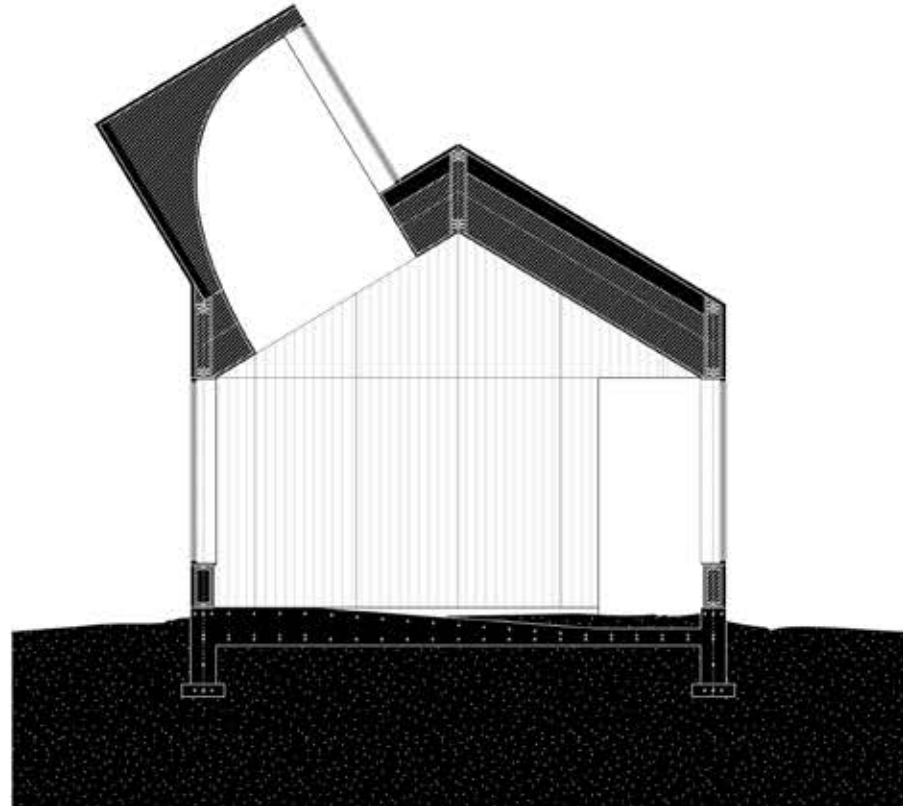
The sections are very simple as a diagram, almost naively simple, but the light monitors introduce some interesting assembly baggage; a pitched roof with a big box growing out of it.





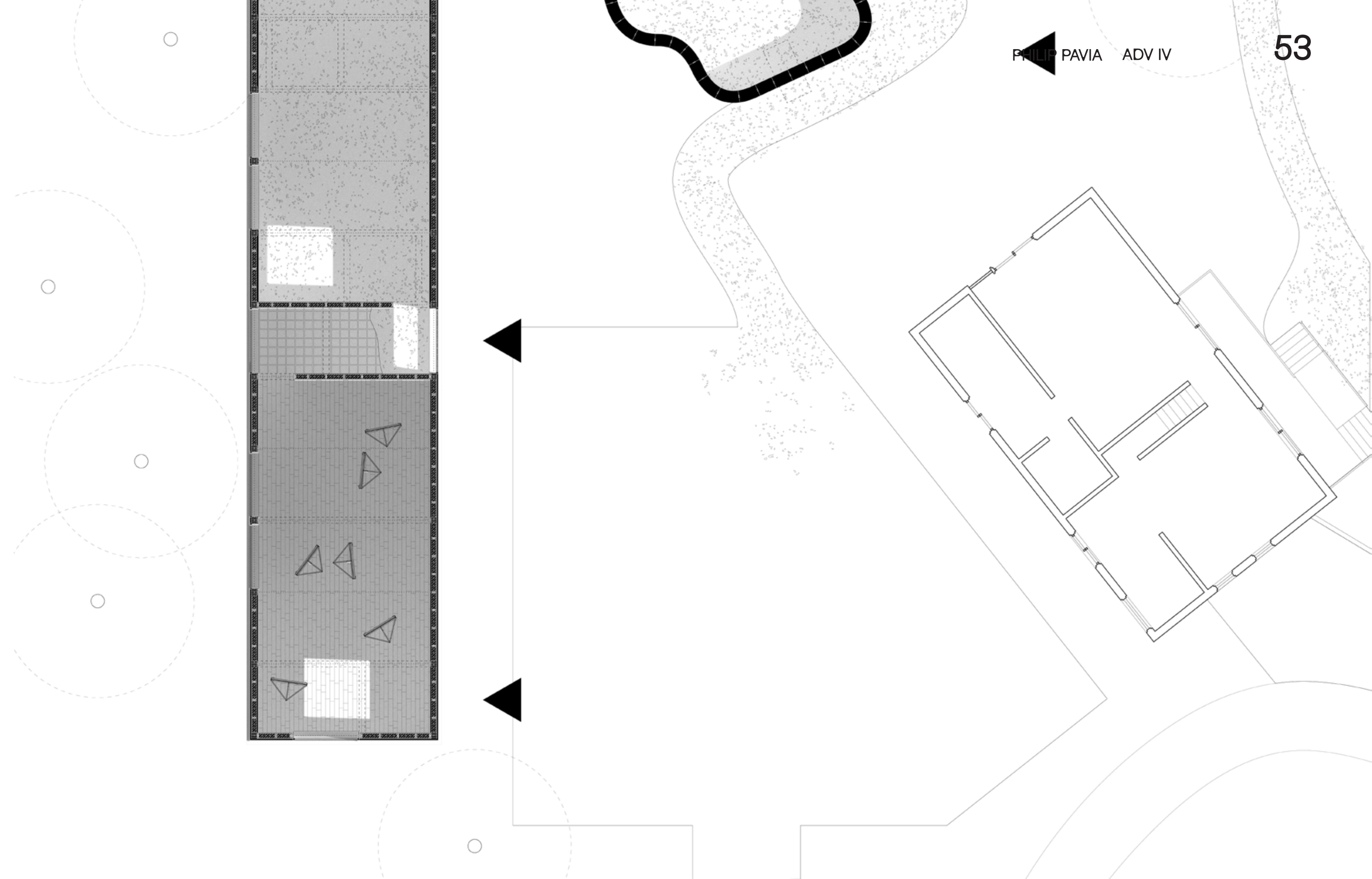


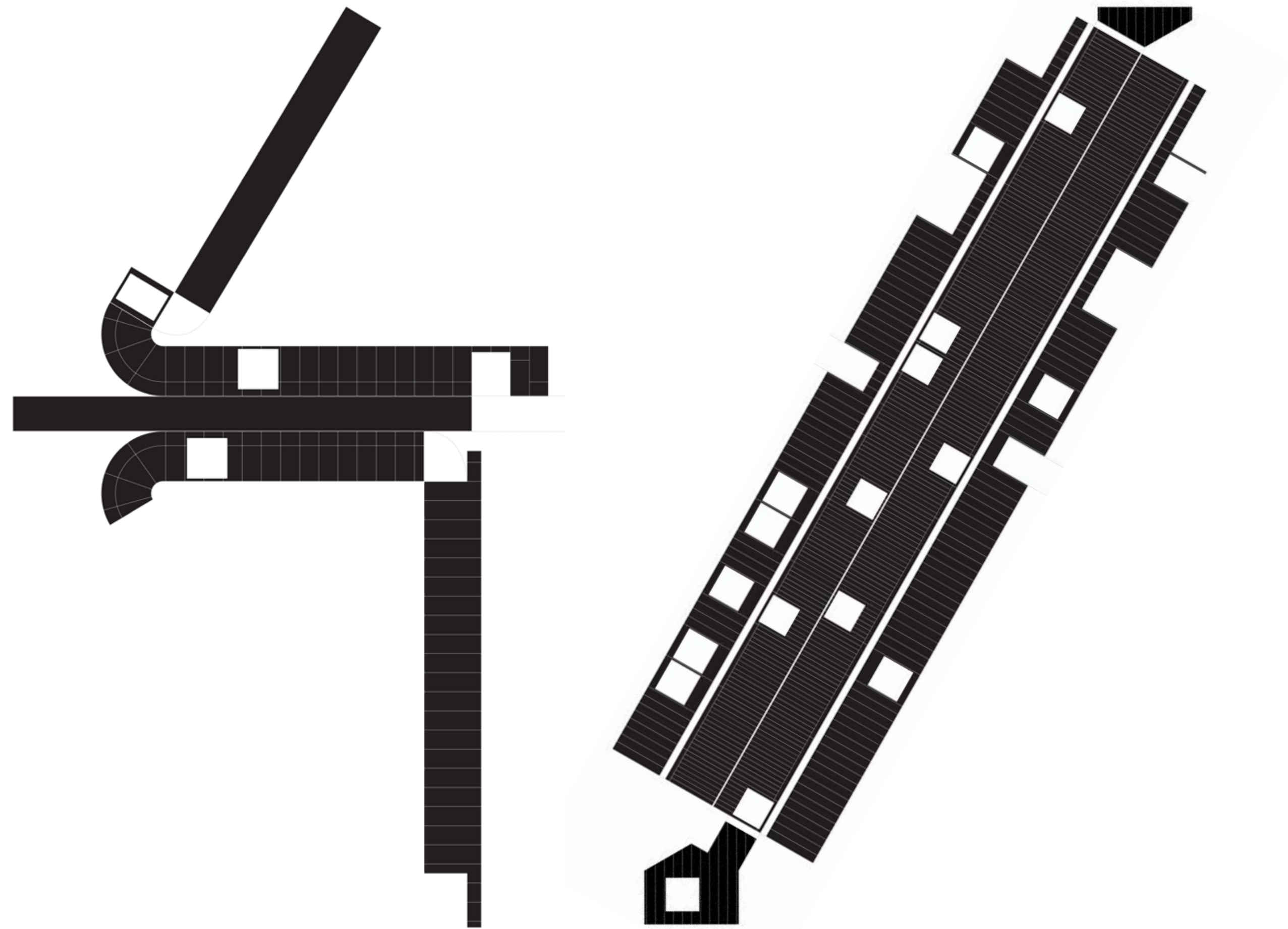




Two exhibit spaces—one for paintings, and one for sculptures. One climate controlled and one with sand instead of a floor. Philip Pavia was the first sculptor to omit the pedestal, both in his work and as a concept. His sculptures could sit in the sand, or maybe they rise from the sand—the ground as the anti-pedestal.

A third exhibit space is fully outdoors. Nothing but two horizons; edges between sand and rough concrete and then sky. An endless space for reflection or just sitting in a lawn chair. The marble sculpture facing you catches nice light in the afternoon sun.







122 RENT-CONTROLLED APARTMENTS IN HARLEM

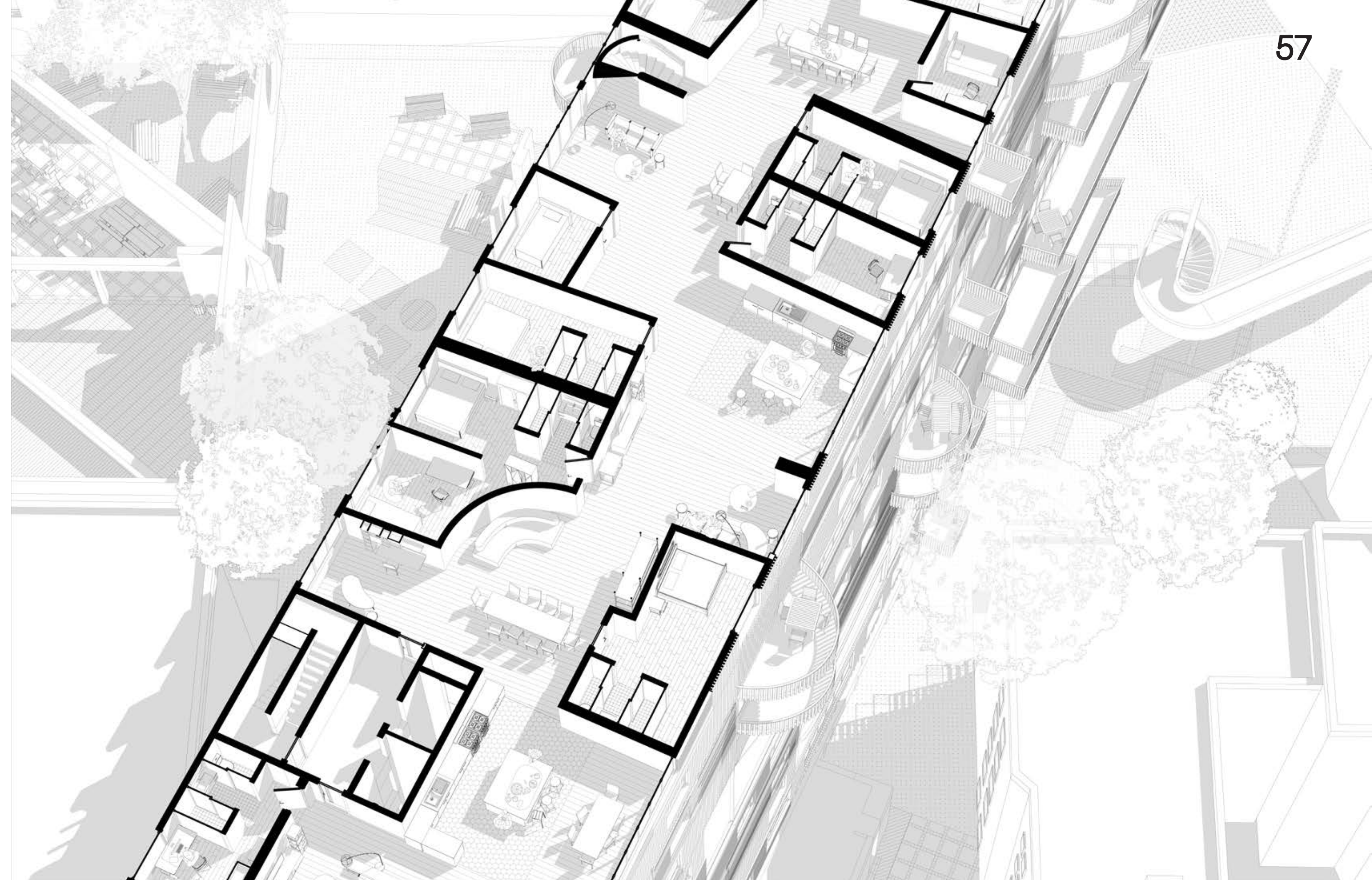
PARTNER-ANNIE AN

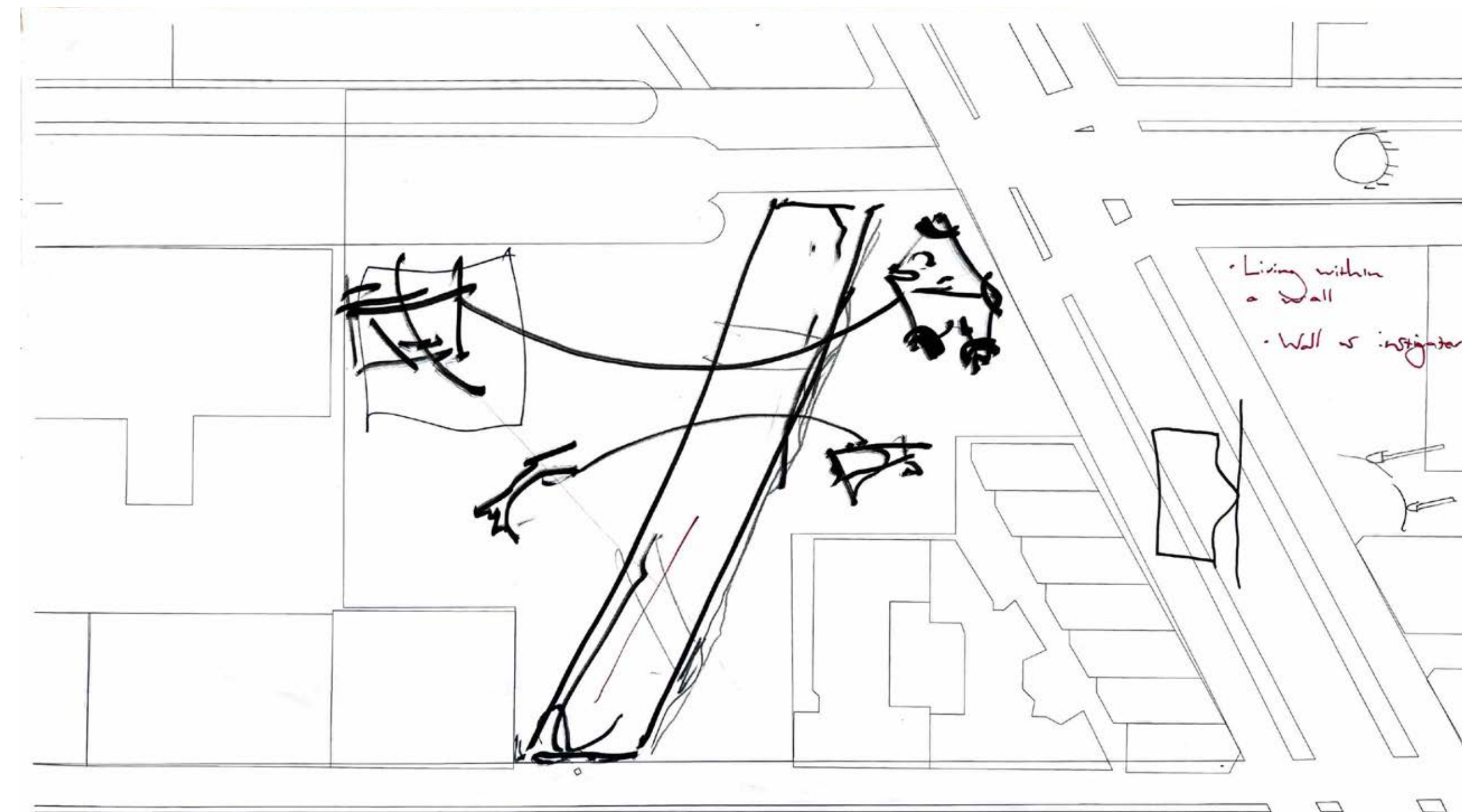
CORE III FALL 2024
HOUSING STUDIO
ERIC BUNGE

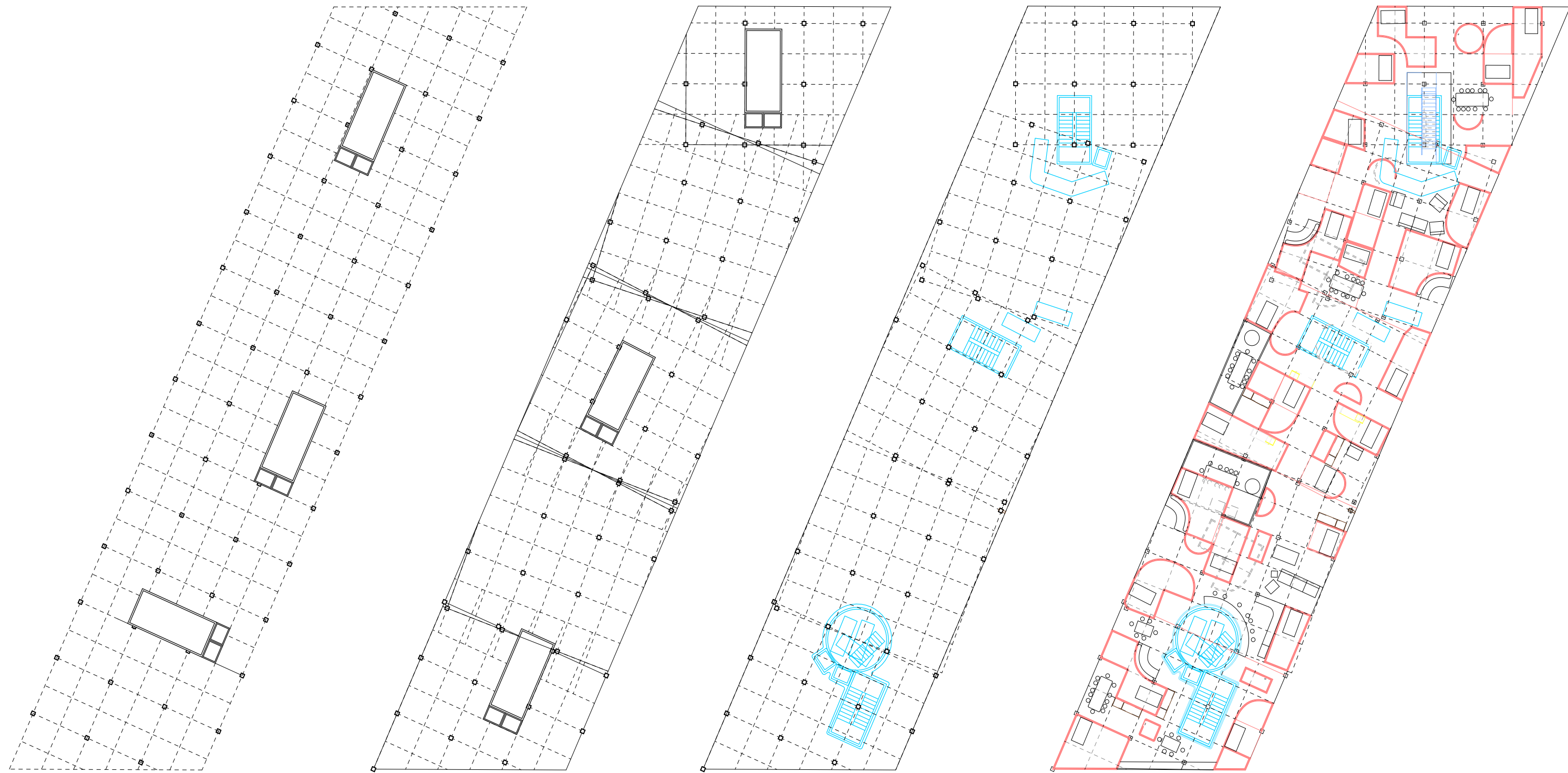
NEW YORK, NY

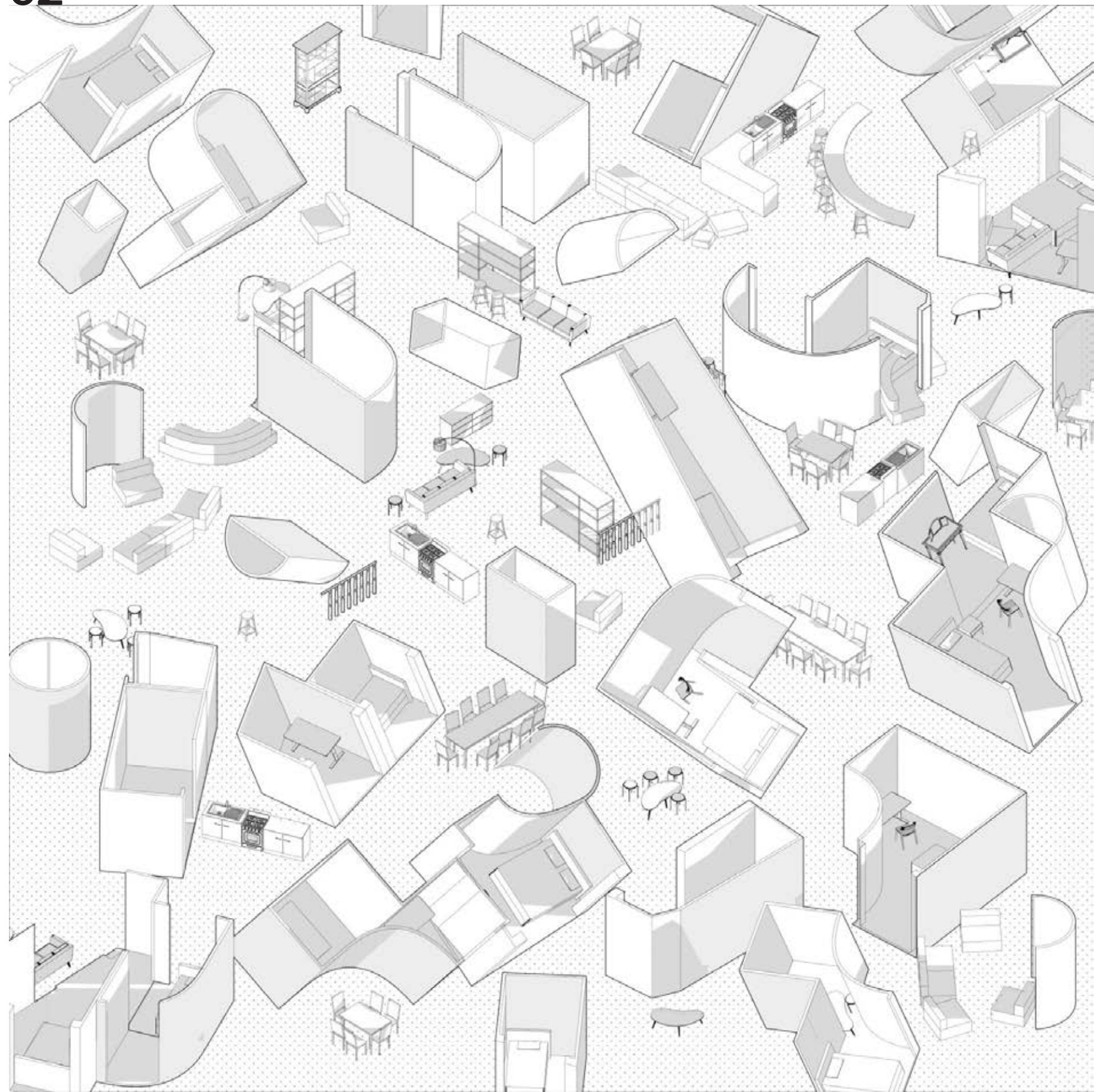
Housing in New York has a connotation – it looks and works a certain way. With 122 Rent Controlled Apartments we synthesize modern atomization in urban housing and the concept of multiscale community to try and escape the idea of housing as ‘unit’.

The demarcation of the line from the sphere of the domestic to the public is a shocking, violent change in scale from the two people you see everyday to the entire island of Manhattan. Abstract relationships to strangers at this city-scale cannot meaningfully define a domestic condition. Instead, we propose that the occupant experiences community in blurry, gradual scales - knowing intimately the three or four people with which they share a kitchen, hosting a dinner party for the 16 people living on the eighth floor with them, seeing around 70 of the residents that regularly attend weekly building-wide events, and serving the hundreds of hungry harlemites eating dinner next door at the communal kitchen.

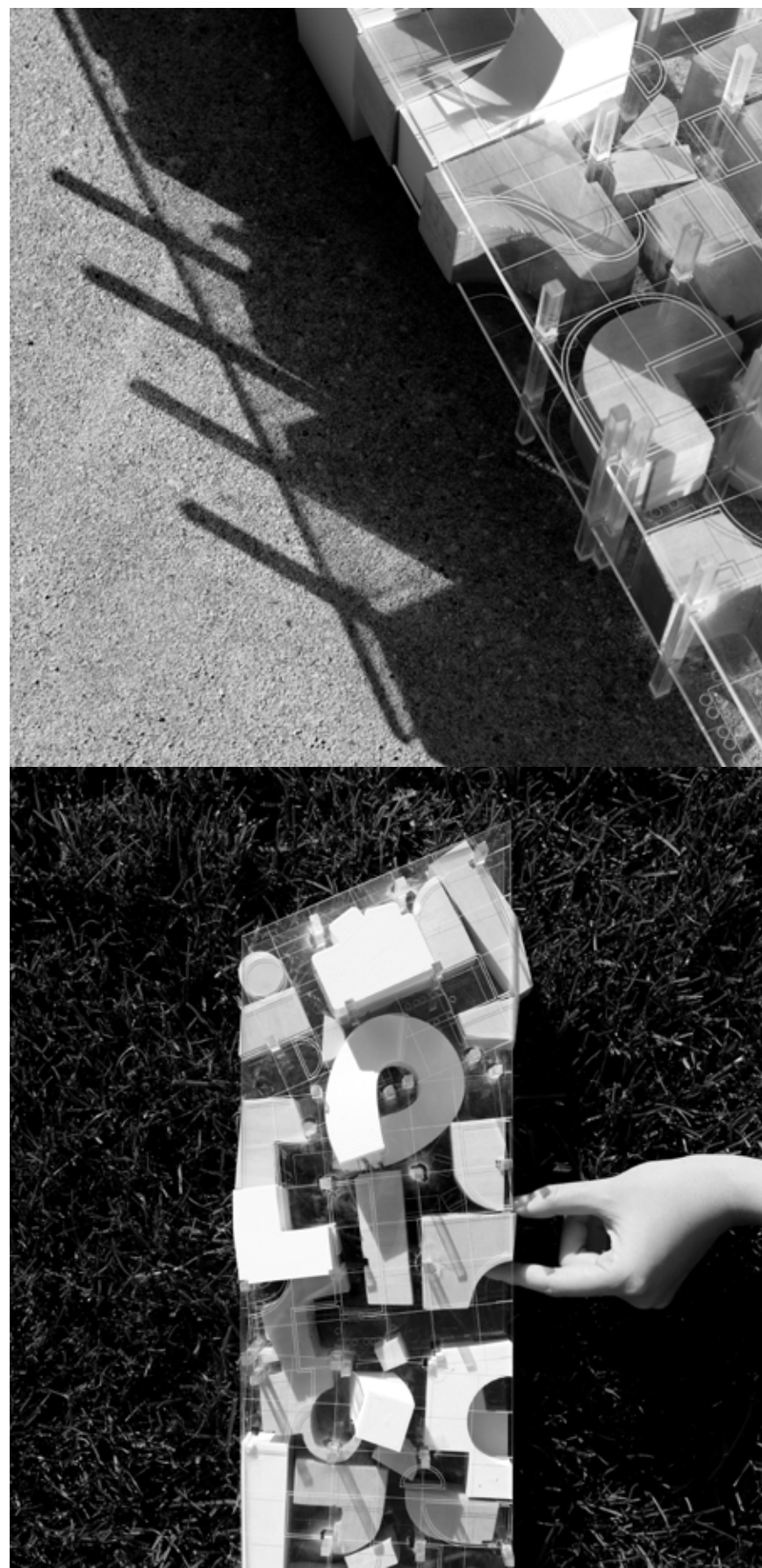
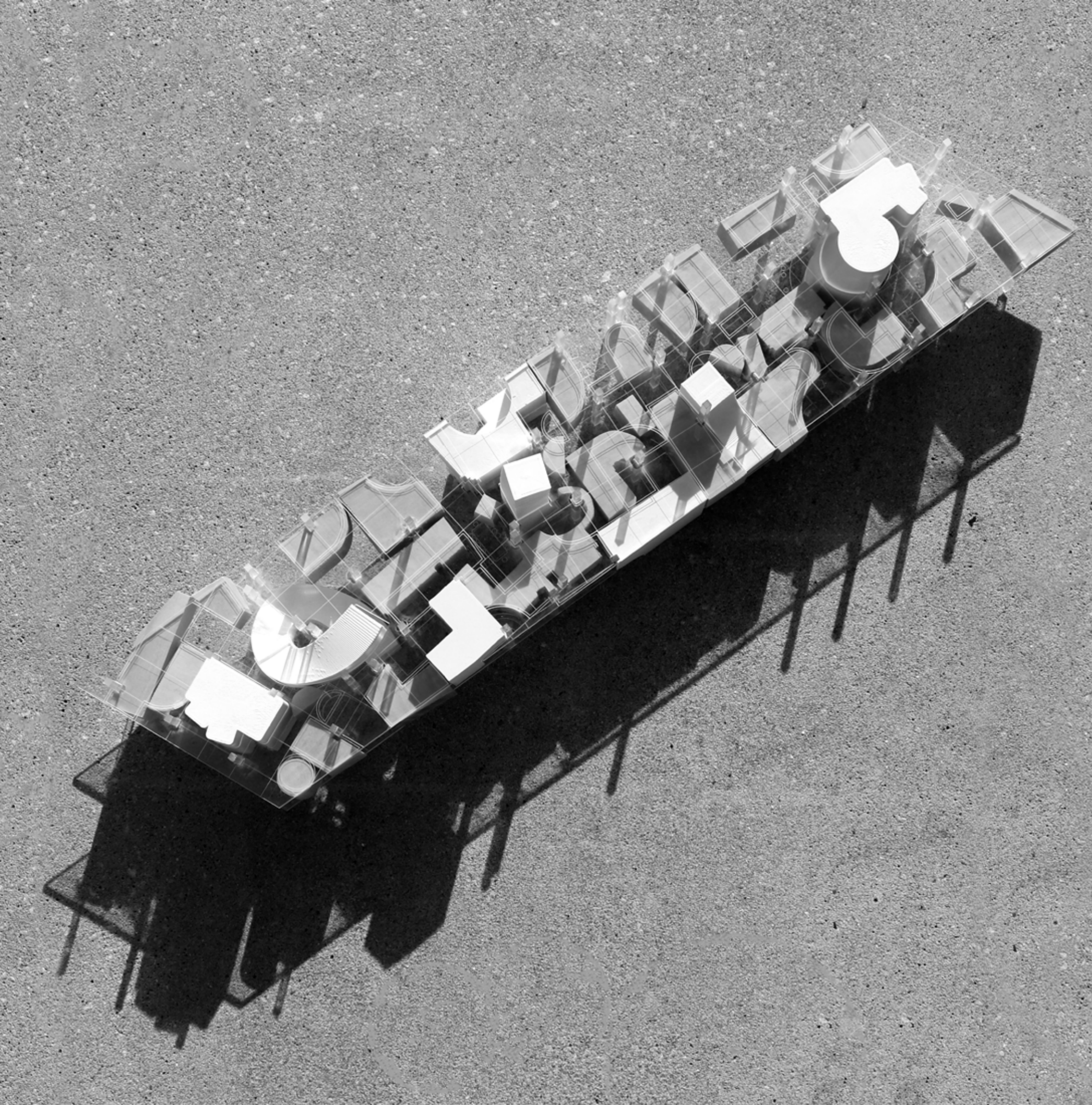




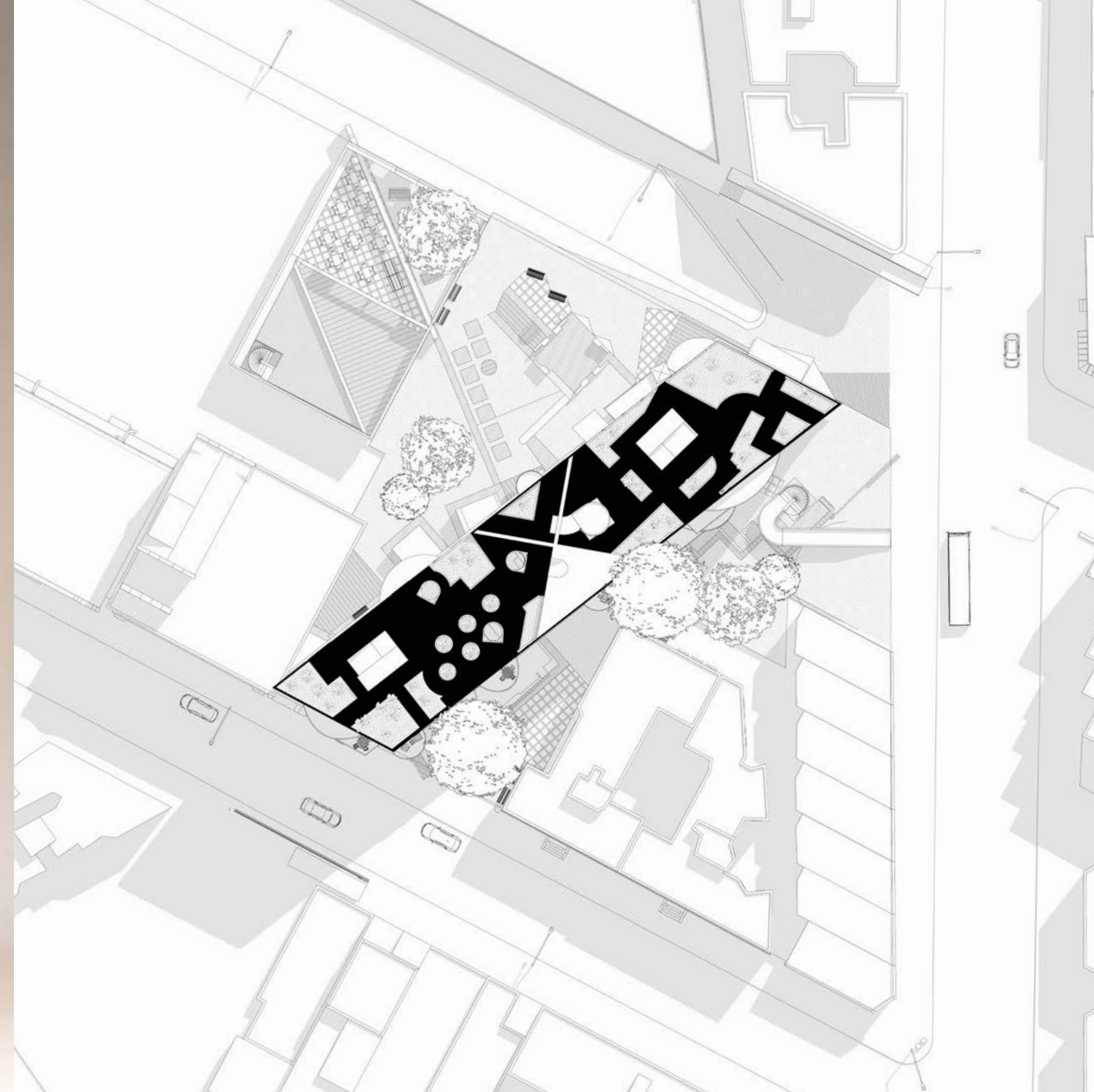




Housing as a collection of rooms.



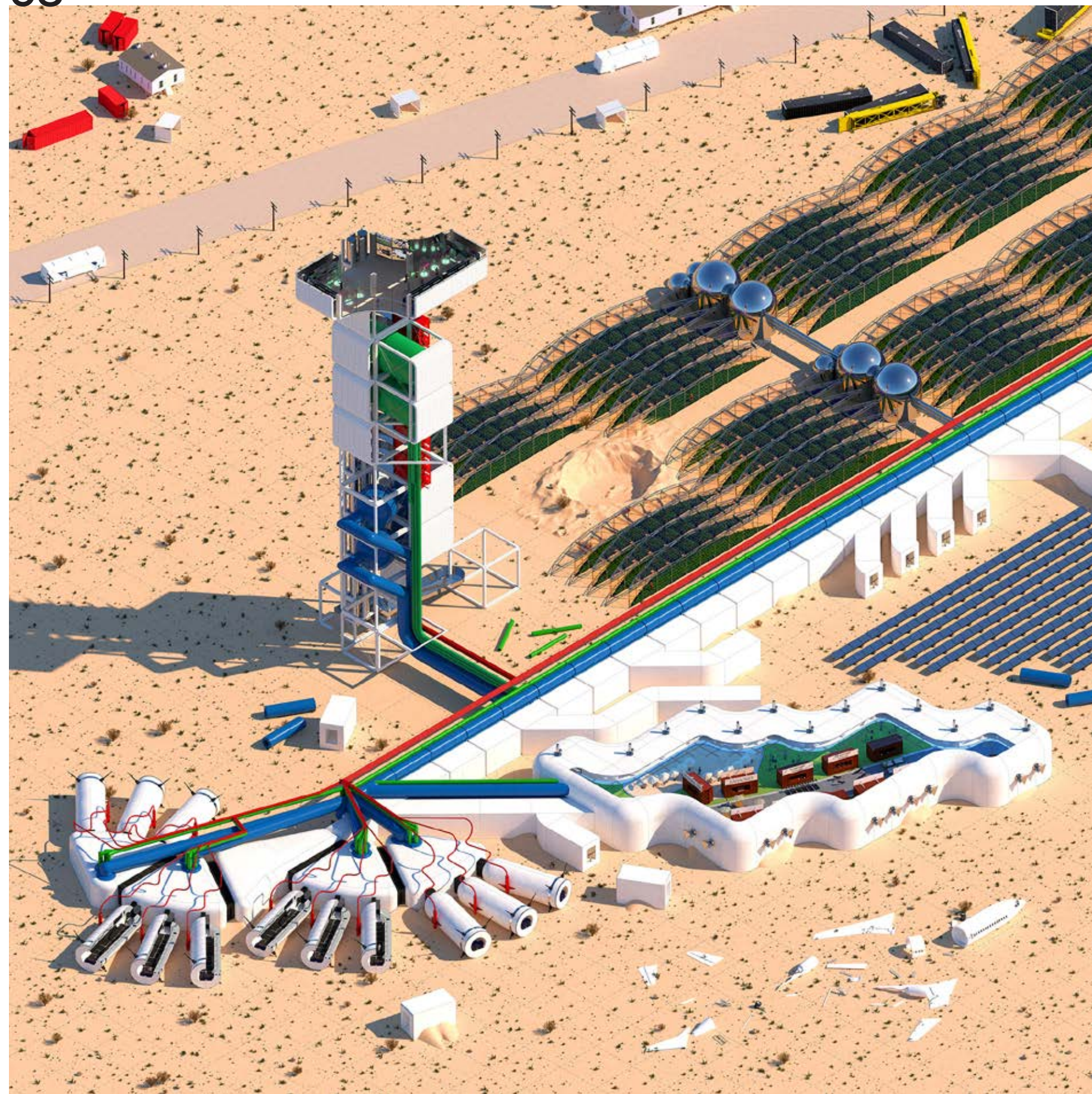




Housing as an additive, multiscale weaving of communities on a given site rather than the division of a number of individuals apart from each other. Armature at the element, building, and neighborhood scale become 3 different scales of community; the room, the group of rooms, the city block. Russian nesting dolls. A whole floor of the building is at once your own space, but not only your space. The idea of the unit is interrogated and sort of disassembled – it is a bed, but also a room, a floor, the whole building, the entire neighborhood.

Spaces understood as opposites begin to merge in the building as a vertical tapestry of different scaled rooms. The edges between private and public space, family-focused and social space, cultural and 'productive' space, leisure space and work space are no longer so conclusively drawn.

68



A BUILDING AS A DIGESTIVE SYSTEM

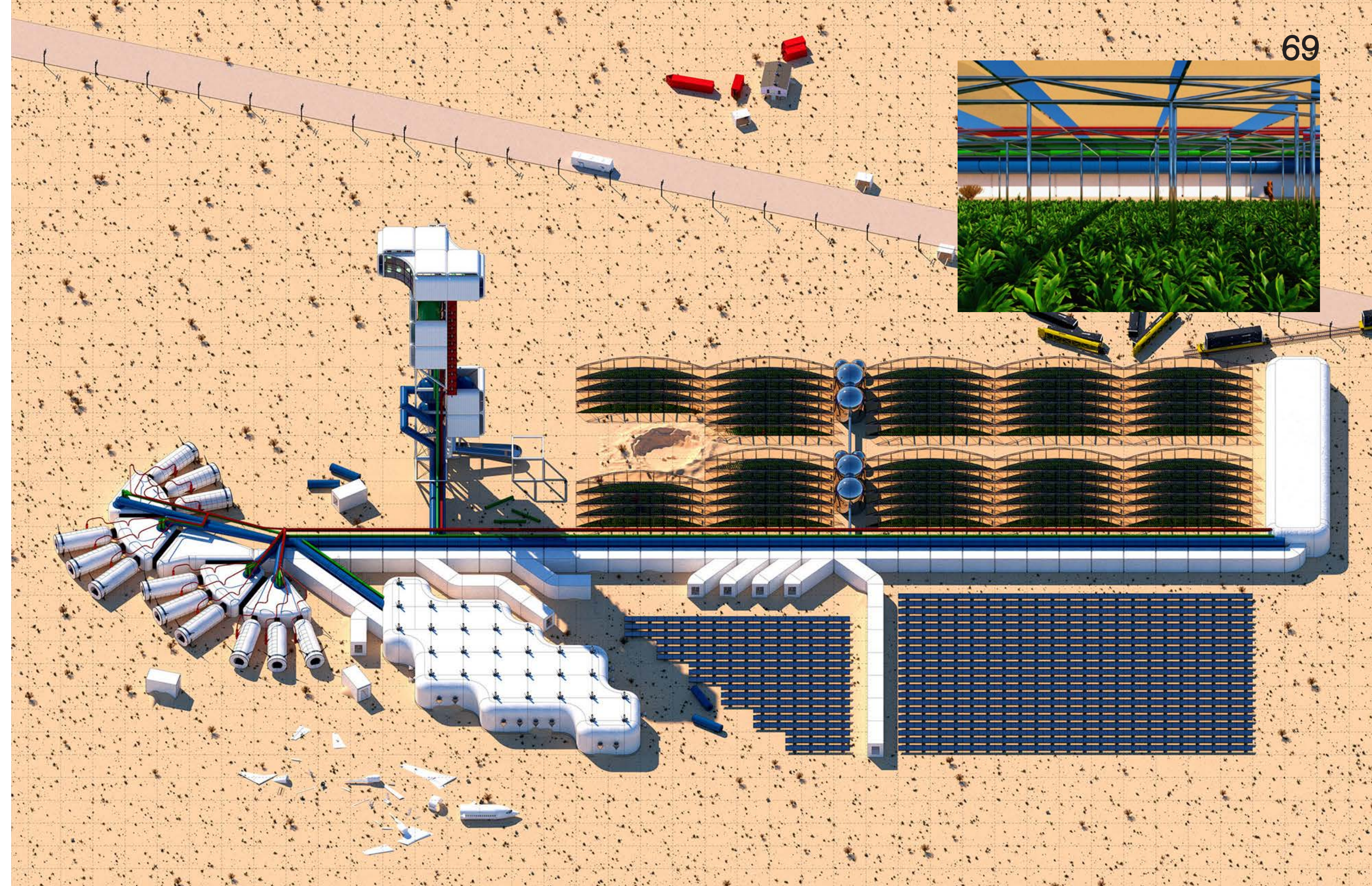
CORE II SPRING 2024
'DAMAGE CONTROL'
JARRETT LEY

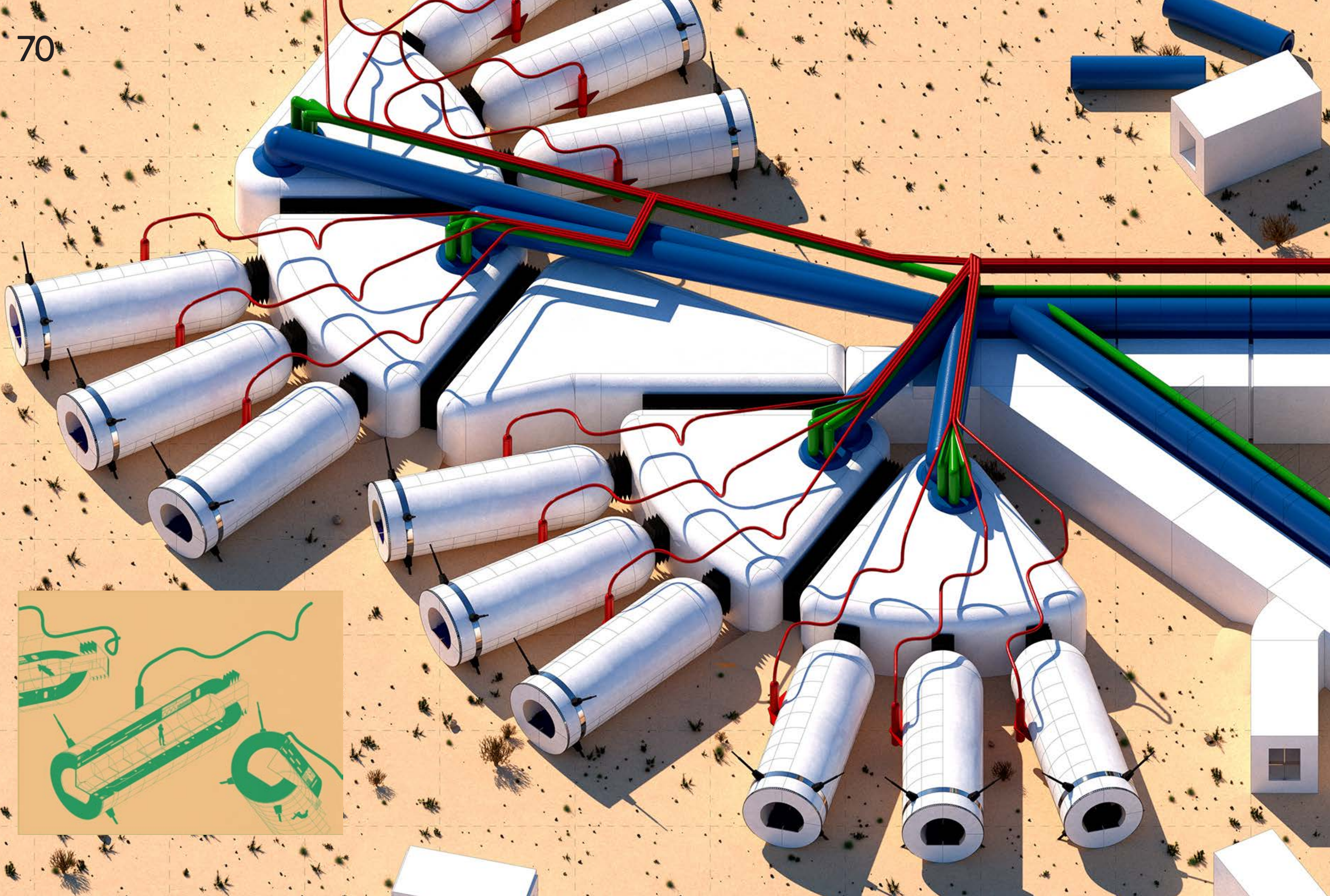
NEVADA NATIONAL
SECURITY SITE, NV

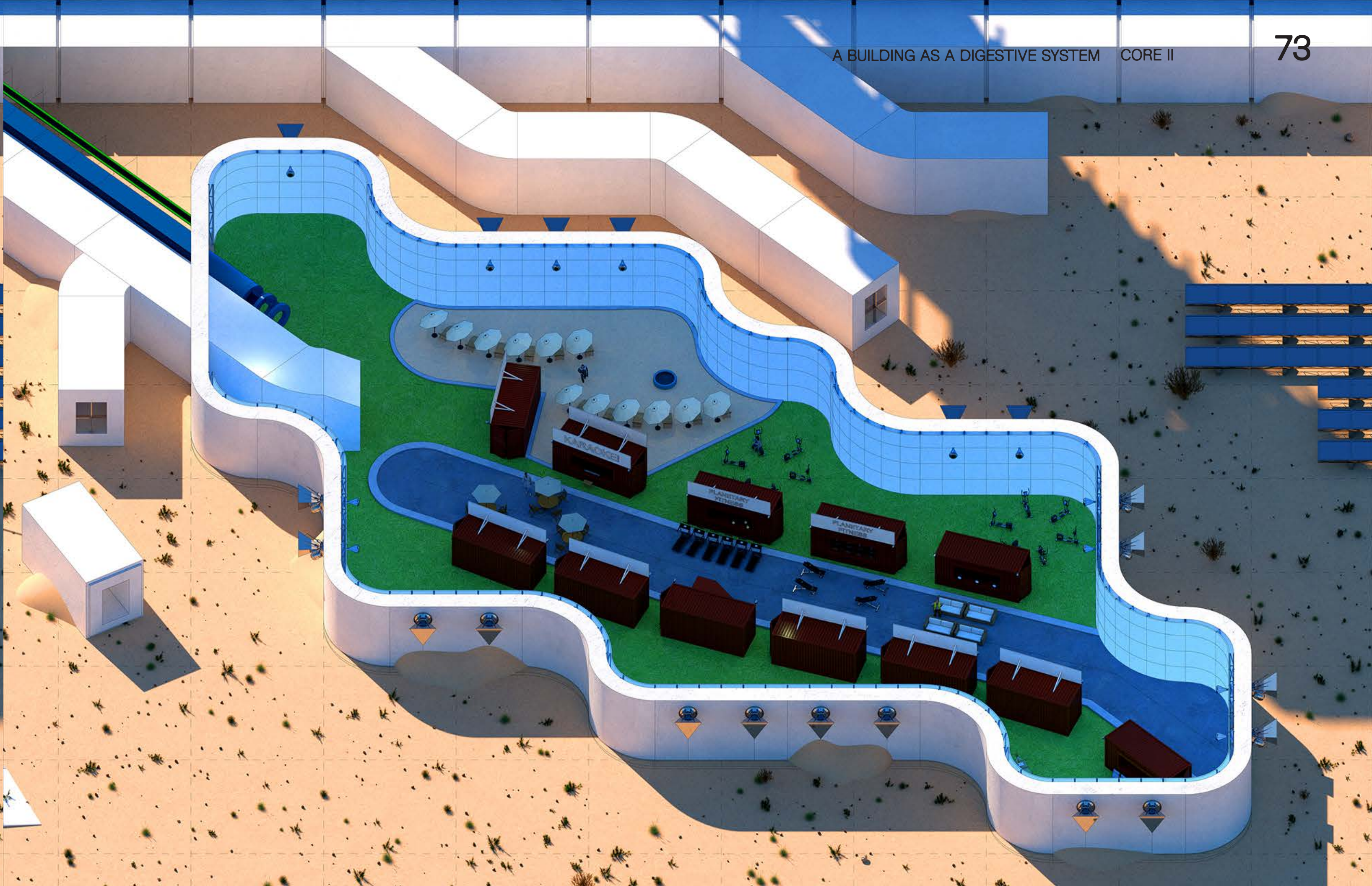
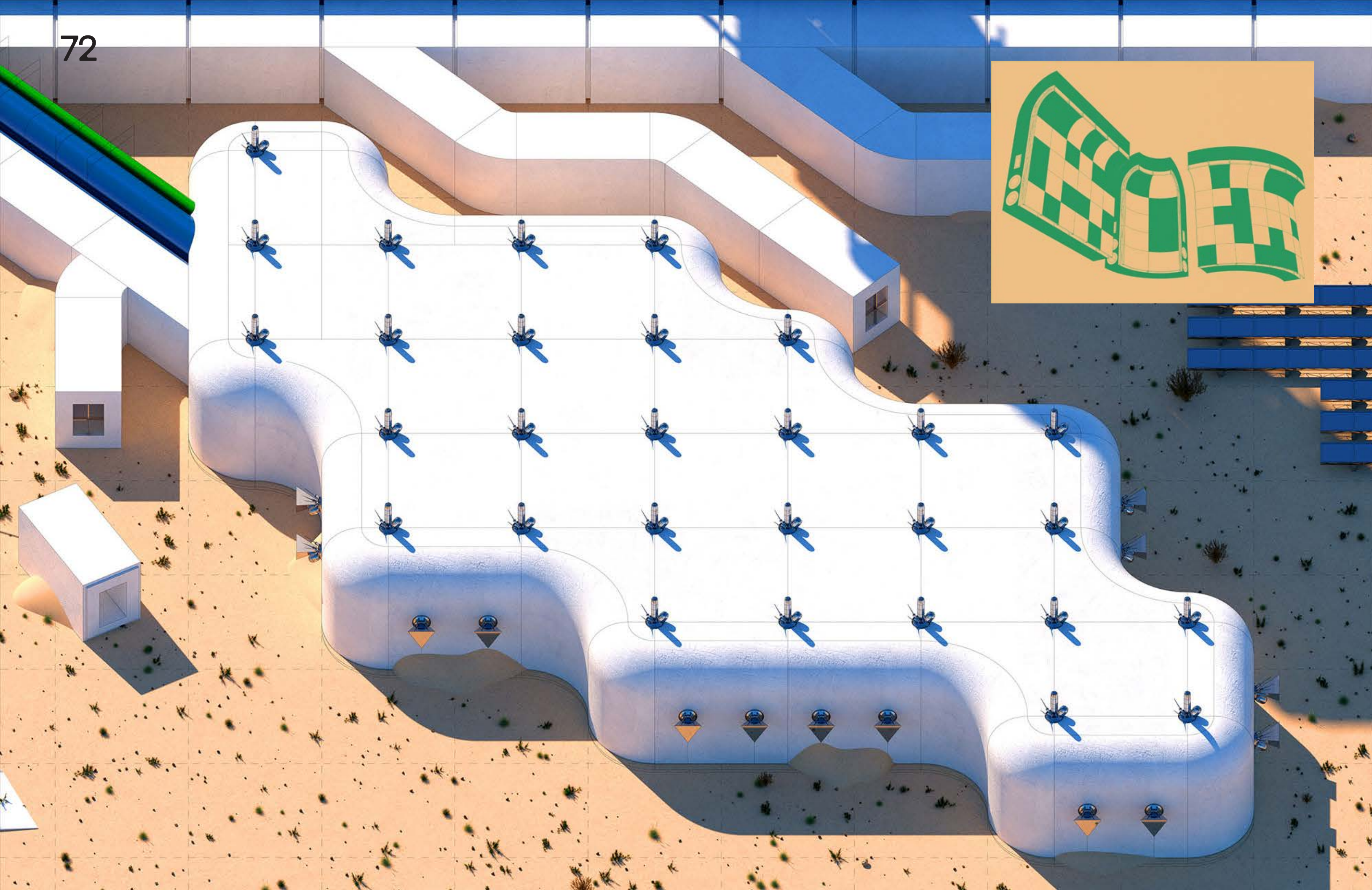
An observation and training apparatus for an interplanetary security regime. The Nevada Nuclear Test site is scarred and poisoned by decades of atomic bomb tests. 'Useful' damage. After 9/11, the American government begins training nuclear response counterterrorism personnel here due to the heightened radiation present in the soil. Useful, once again as a site of rehearsal for a nuclear disaster.

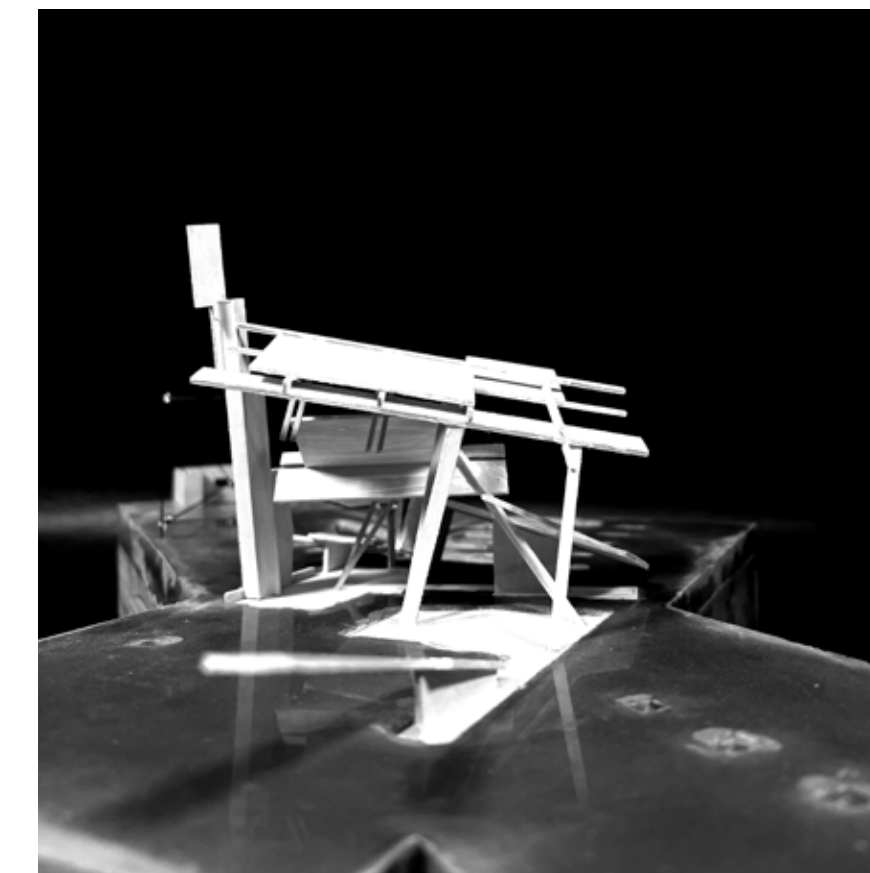
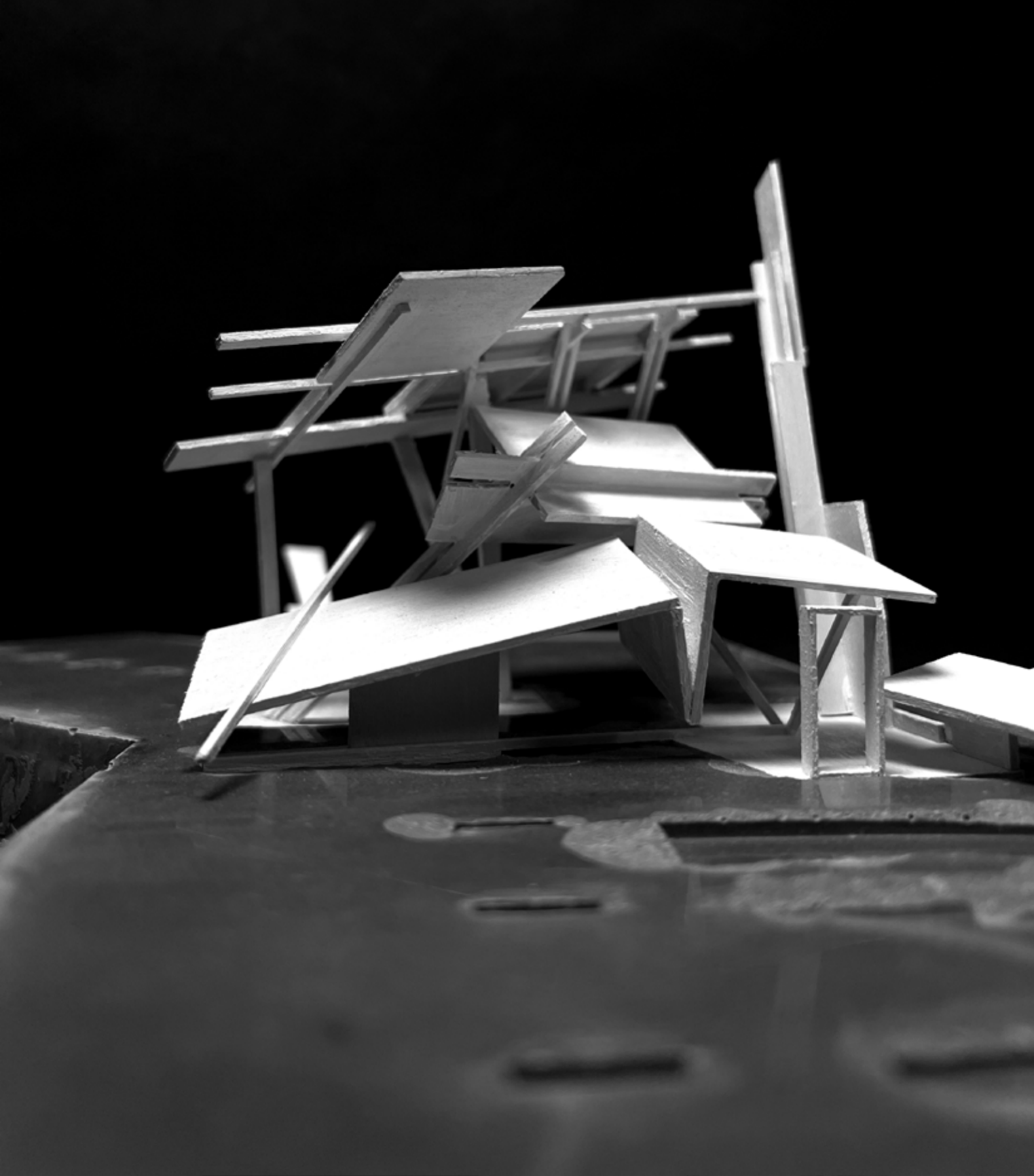
This proposal exists in the context of an inevitable expansion of the American security regime to other planets. The extremely unique, otherworldly conditions of the Nevada Test site make it ideal for simulating the environmental radiation levels found on Mars's surface. To examine the effects of radiation exposure in the human body, 12 participants live, work, eat, sleep, and shit inside the closely controlled and infinitely surveilled habitat. Produce grown directly in the soil of the site, irrigated and irradiated, acts as the interface between the body and the damage of the site. Earth, on Mars, in Nevada.

69









A split-second of the nuclear destruction of an American home— captured and distributed on film—and five decades of radiological contamination.

For the 1955 APPLE II nuclear test, the Atomic Energy Commission built Doom Town— a collection of buildings made to mimic an American community. The footage taken from this test is iconic today- showing houses and cars obliterated in an instant. Nuclear anxiety perpetuated by communication and media infrastructure poisoned entire generations of Americans. This semiotic damage— the explosive image measured in milliseconds— is contrasted with the lasting ecological effects of testing.

The Plutonium in the soil has a half-life of 24,400 years. This salted ground is the effect of the bomb, and the reason for the site's present use today - existing in perpetuity as a vestige of the first life of the site and acting as the interface between damage of the past and the present.



A NUDE BEACH FOR THE WEST VILLAGE

CORE I FALL 2023
 'FUGITIVE MOBILITIES'
 KEVIN HAI PHAM

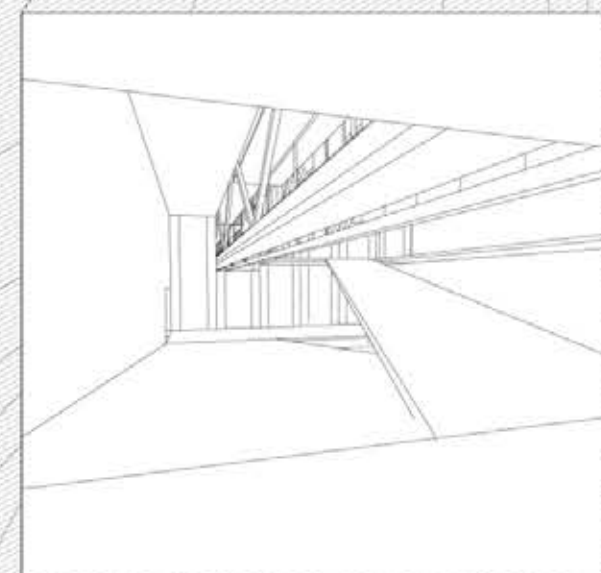
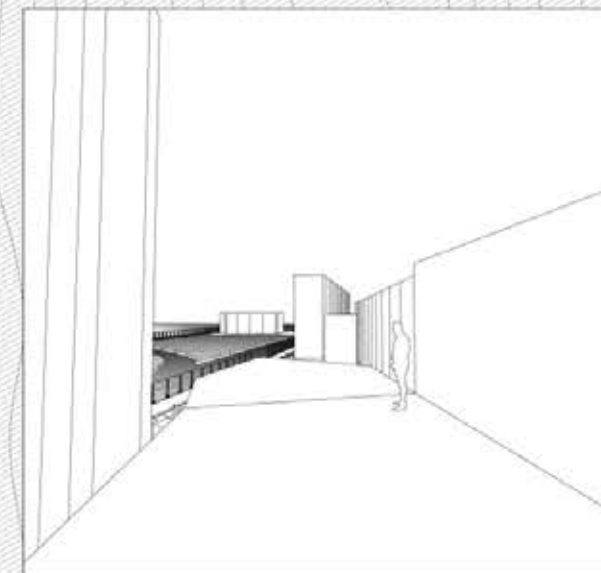
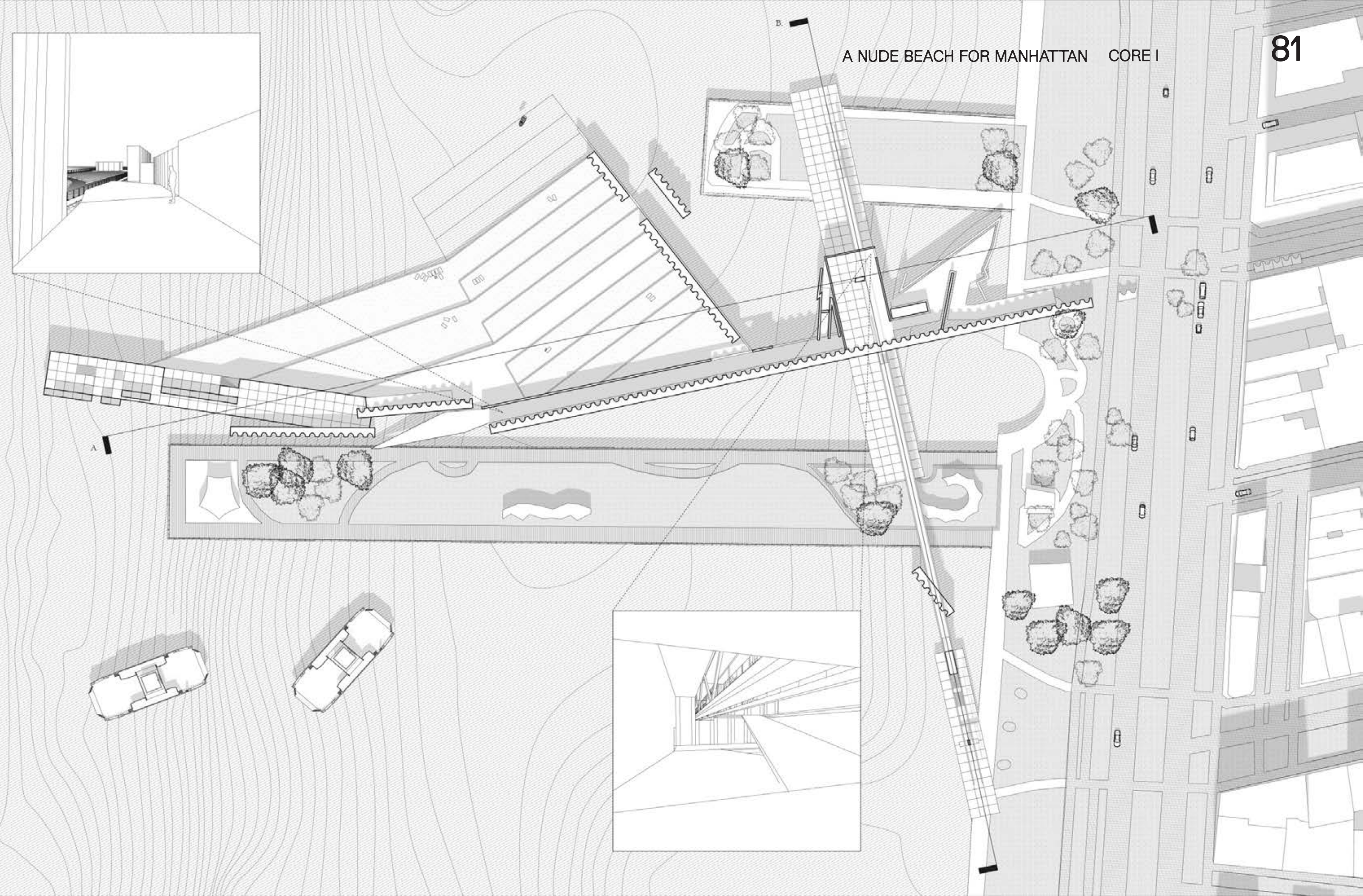
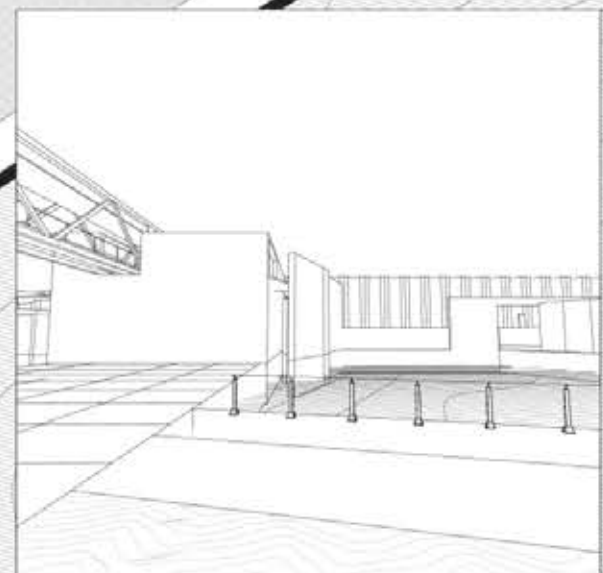
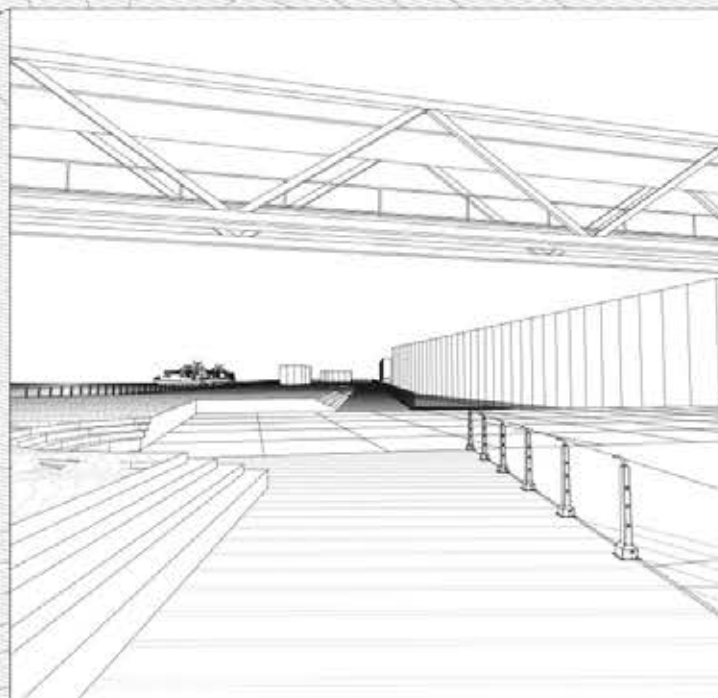
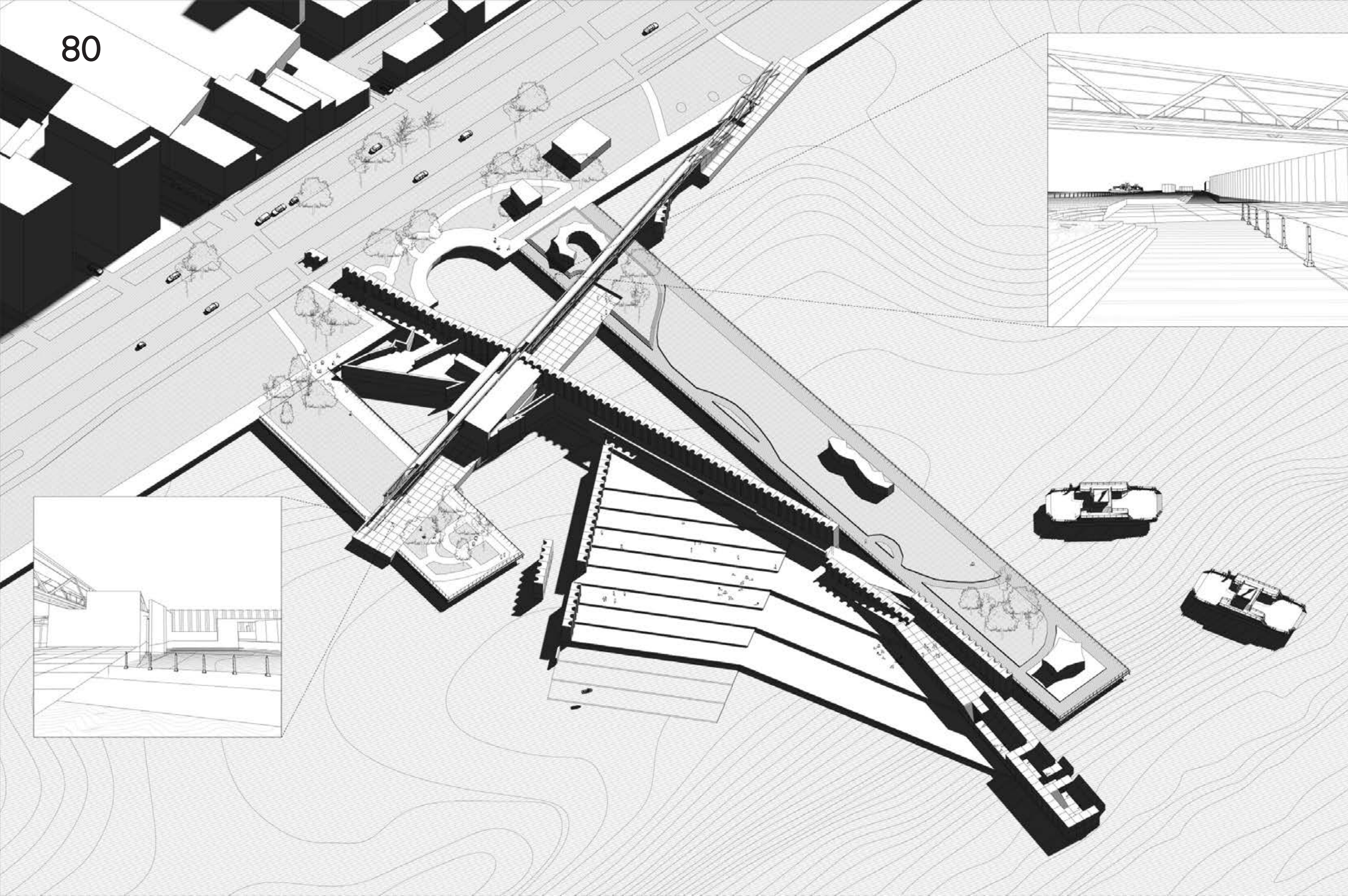
NEW YORK, NY

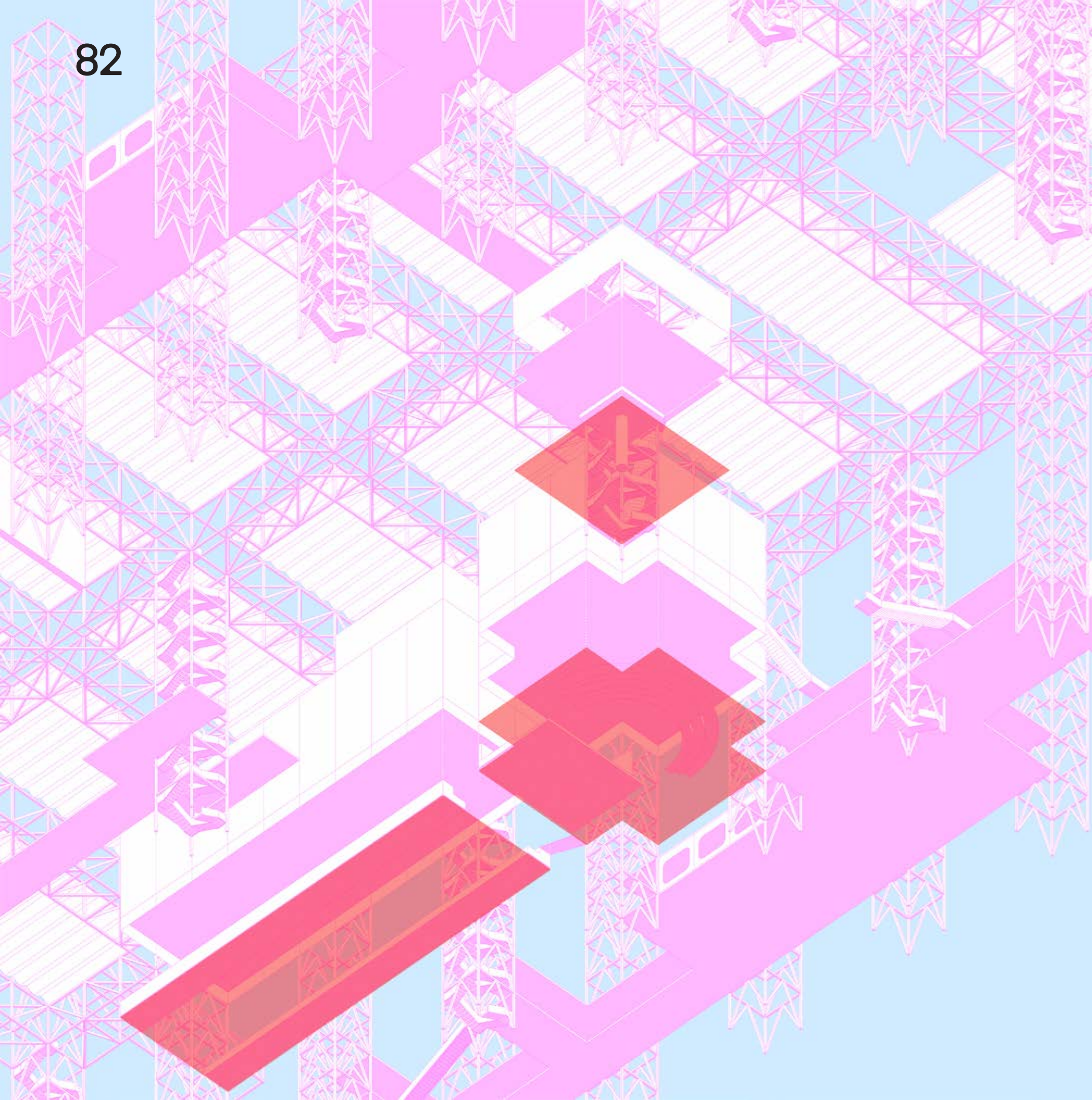
If you know you know. The space is for everyone, and for total bodily freedom. The anti-Gansevoort, the evil twin, a beach for a different kind of public. To put a nude beach in the middle of the most densely populated city in America, access and visibility become the defining problems.

The linear axis of Christopher Street splinters and turns, creating the beach and the walls that obscure it from view. The beach cannot be seen from Manhattan—the beach isn't a tourist stop. The act of walking into the space is a decision in itself, and the moment of discovery—turning the corner and discovering you've arrived at a nude beach—is the defining threshold of the proposal. The choice to enter, or to keep walking and exit directly onto Christopher Street pier.









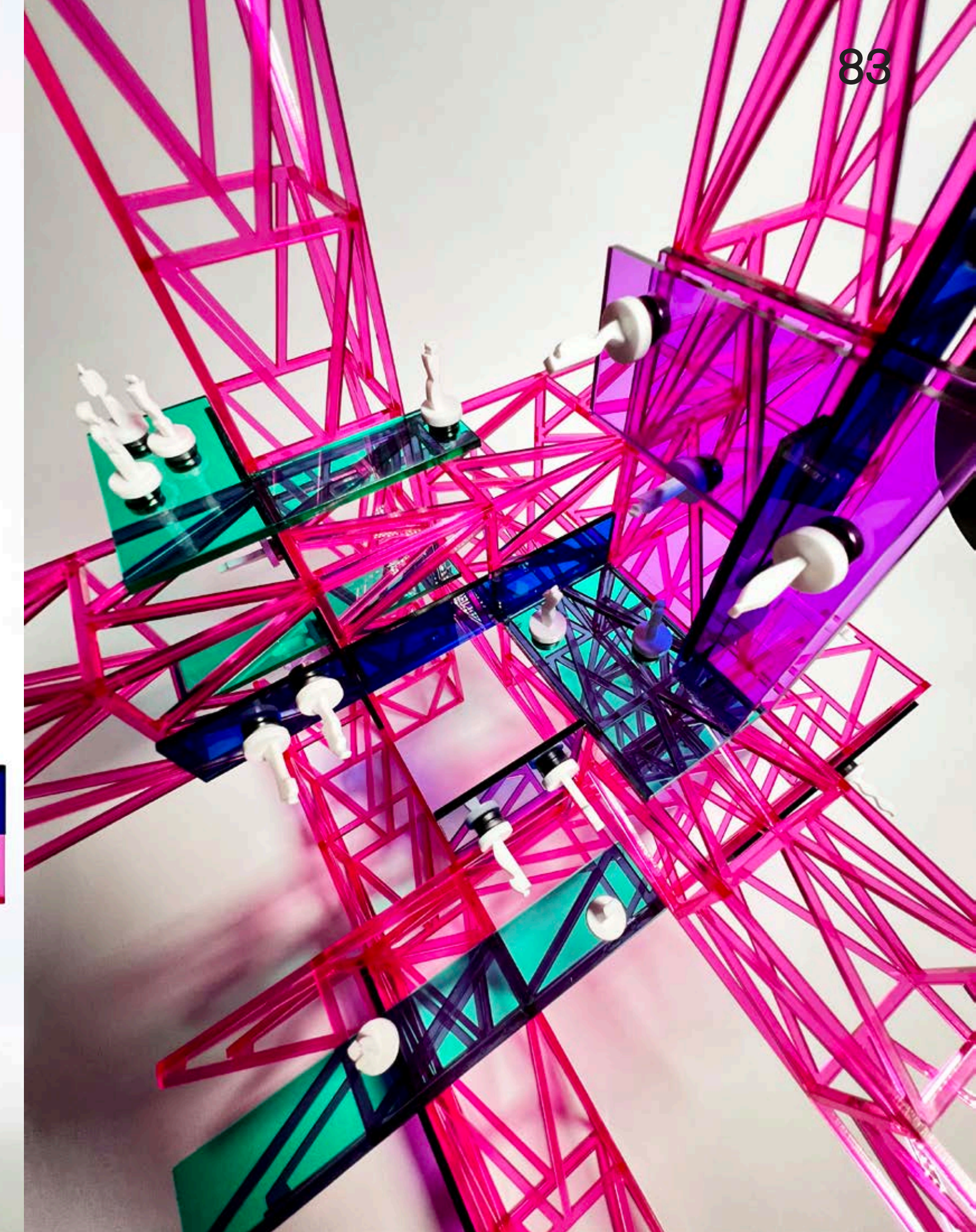
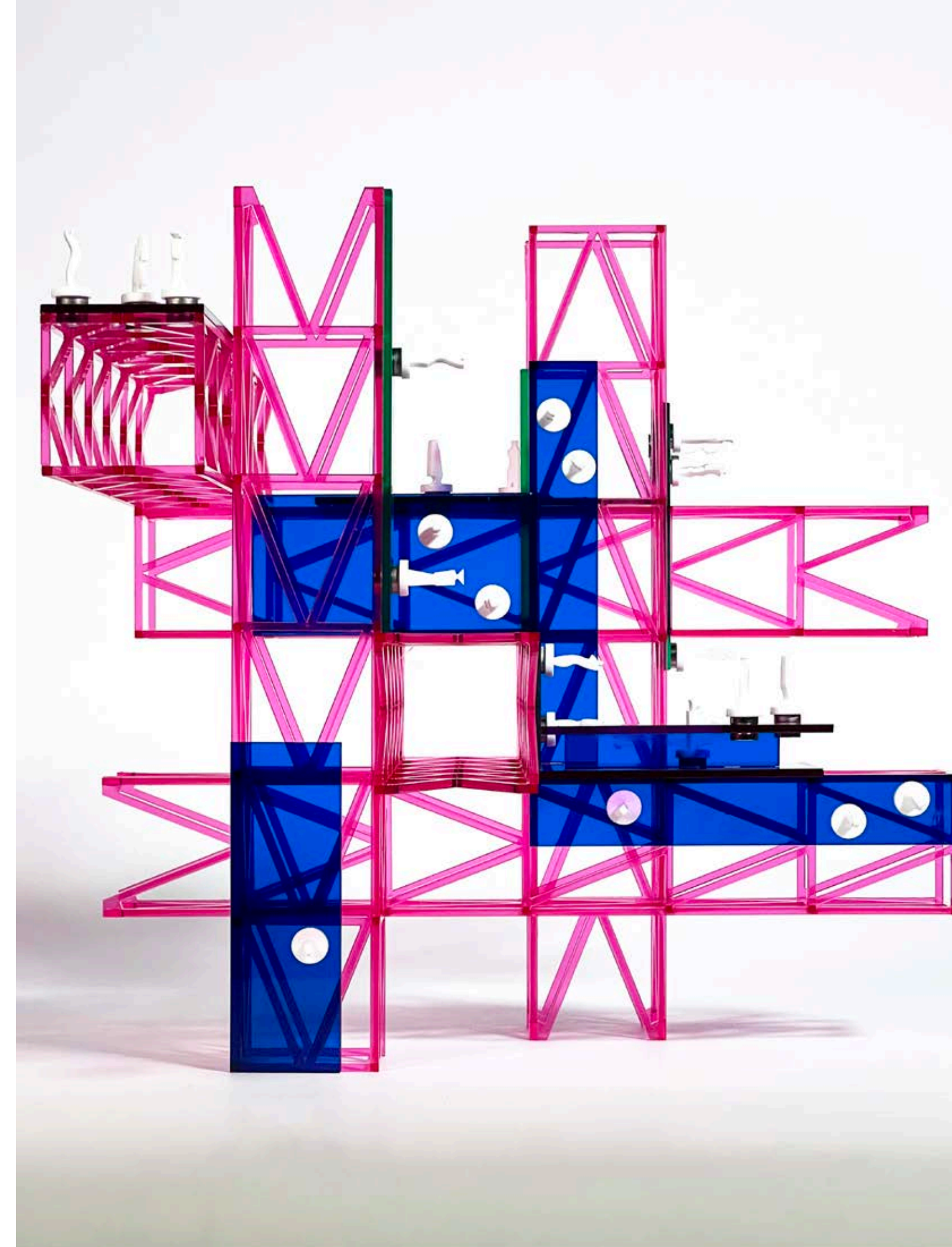
(A) FUN PALACE

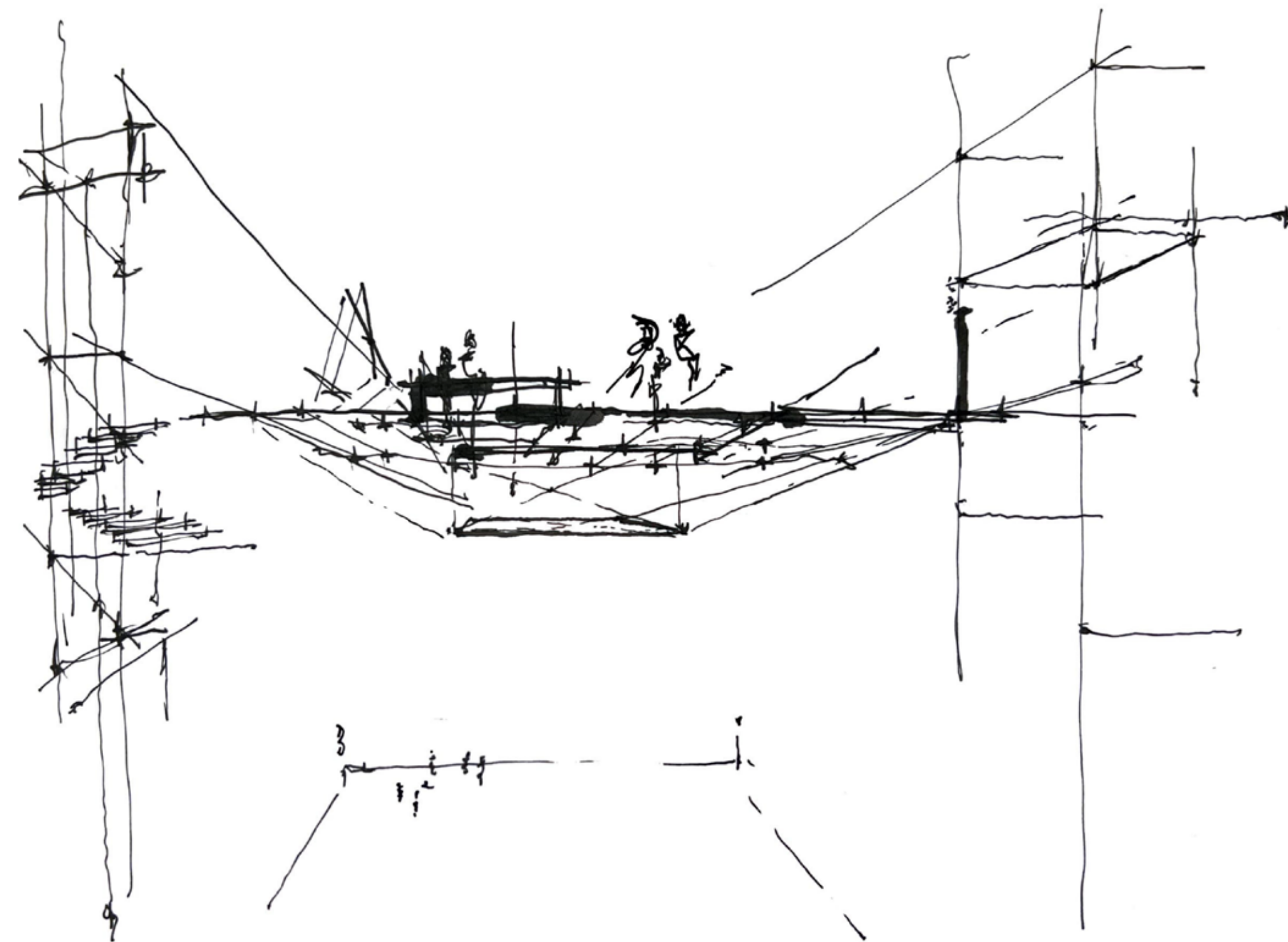
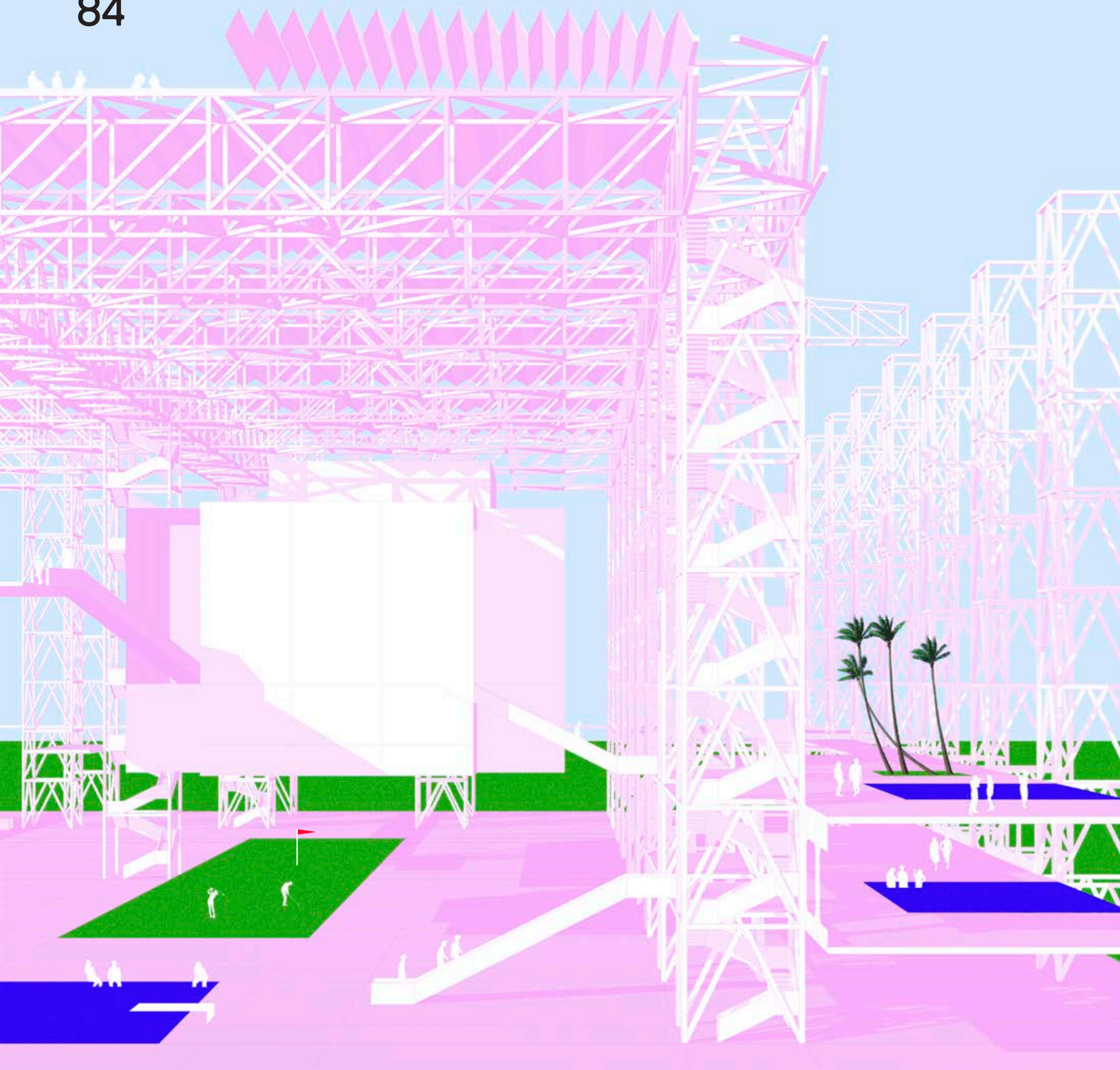
ARCHITECTURAL
DRAWING &
REPRESENTATION I
FALL 2023
ZACH WHITE

NEW YORK, NY

Cedric Price and Joan Littlewood's Fun Palace was never built. The architecture was never the important part – the space exists as a system or logic for play. An algorithmic scape defined by user input and embodied by infinite behavioral data collection. The Youtube algorithm.

Structure stretches infinitely across the field. Program plugs into this framework, a concert or a golf course or a pool party. The User wants leisure and relaxation, the system instantly recommends a tropical bubblegum afternoon. The infinite new best thing. The space is a toy for the world.





MULTIGRAPHICS &
REPRESENTATION
SPRING 2025
Wael Morcos

NEW YORK, NY

A font as a system instead of a font as a series of beautiful forms. I landed somewhere between the Swiss design school and British WWII London Underground posters. I wanted something idiosyncratic but not necessarily 'ornamented', and that's where the right-angle sort of antiserif ends on some of the letters came from. Ending a stroke with a square cap makes it feel like an object, a rune, and it was interesting trying to fit that language into a typeface that must read as a system to be successful.

How do you make selfish children play together?

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

A B C D E F G H I

619 10 60 547 25 40 624 25 60 652 40 60 527 25 60 527 25 40 643 25 60 618 60 60 60 231

J K L M N O P Q

595 40 60 599 10 60 527 25 60 673 60 60 618 60 40 657 40 60 536 25 40 668 40

R S T U V W X Y Z

60 596 10 25 623 40 10 462 10 40 646 40 10 621 10 25 726 25 25 590 25 10 548 10 25 484 25

01

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE – SCENE THREE

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

NARR. THE POKER NIGHT. There is a picture of Van Gogh's of a billiard-parlor at night. The kitchen now suggests that sort of lurid nocturnal brilliance, the raw colors of childhood's spectrum. Over the yellow linoleum of the kitchen table hangs an electric bulb with a vivid green glass shade.

NARR. The poker players – STANLEY, STEVE, MITCH and PABLO – wear colored shirts, solid blues, a purple, a red-and-white check, a light green, and they are men at the peak of their physical manhood, as coarse and direct and powerful as the primary colors. There are vivid slices of watermelon on the table, whiskey bottles and glasses. The bedroom is relatively dim with only the light that spills between the portieres and through the wide window on the street. For a moment, there is absorbed silence as a hand is dealt.

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE: SCENE THREE

GAP I: DESIGN +
TYPOGRAPHY
SPRING 2026
YOONJAI CHOI

NEW YORK, NY

A study in typesetting- long form text defined and adapted using only page composition. Tennessee Williams with a slick Swiss typeface.

Stage direction for the scene instead of art or a graphic for the cover. the image of the poker table and the green lamp and the crowded apartment are for you alone.

04



STEVE: Anything wild this hand?

PABLO: One-eyed jacks are wild.

STEVE: Give me two cards.

PABLO: You, Mitch?

MITCH: I'm out.

PABLO: One.

MITCH: Anyone want a shot?

STANLEY: Yeah. Me.

PABLO: Why don't somebody go to the Chinaman's and bring back a load of chop suey?

STANLEY: When I'm losing you want to eat! Ante up! Openers? Openers! Get y'r ass off the table, Mitch. Nothing belongs on a poker table but cards, chips and whiskey.

05

NARR. [He lurches up and tosses some watermelon rinds to the floor.]

MITCH: Kind of on your high horse, ain't you?

STANLEY: How many?

STEVE: Give me three.

STANLEY: One.

MITCH: I'm out again. I oughta go home pretty soon.

STANLEY: Shut up.

MITCH: I gotta sick mother. She don't go to sleep until I come in at night.

STANLEY: Then why don't you stay home with her?

MITCH: She says to go out, so I go, but I don't enjoy it. All the while I keep wondering how she is.

STANLEY: Aw, for the sake of Jesus, go home, then!

PABLO: What've you got?

STANLEY: Spade flush.

MITCH: You all are married. But I'll be alone when she goes.--I'm going to the bathroom.

STANLEY: Hurry back and we'll fix you a sugar-tit.

MITCH: Aw, go rut. [He crosses through the bedroom into the bathroom.]

STEVE: [dealing a hand]: Seven-card stud. [Telling his joke as he deals]

"This ole farmer is out in back of his house sittin' down th'owing corn to the chickens when all at once, he hears a loud cackle and this young hen comes lickety-split around

14

MITCH: Be glad to.

BLANCHE: I can't stand a naked light bulb, any more than I can a rude remark or a vulgar action.

MITCH: [adjusting the lantern] I guess we strike you as being a pretty rough bunch.

BLANCHE: I'm very adaptable--to circumstances.

MITCH: Well, that's a good thing to be. You are visiting Stanley and Stella?

BLANCHE: Stella hasn't been so well lately, and I came down to help her for a while. She's very run down.

MITCH: You're not--?

BLANCHE: Married? No, no. I'm an old maid schoolteacher!

MITCH: You may teach school but you're certainly not an old maid.

BLANCHE: Thank you, sir! I appreciate your gallantry!

MITCH: So you are in the teaching profession?

BLANCHE: Yes. Ah, yes...

MITCH: Grade school or high school or--

STANLEY: [bellowing] Mitch!

MITCH: Coming!

BLANCHE: Gracious, what lung-power!... I teach high school. In Laurel.

MITCH: What do you teach? What subject?

BLANCHE: Guess!

MITCH: I bet you teach art or music?

15

NARR. [BLANCHE laughs delicately]

MITCH: Of course I could be wrong. You might teach arithmetic.

BLANCHE: Never arithmetic, sir, never arithmetic!

[with a laugh] I don't even know my multiplication tables! No, I have the misfortune of being an English instructor. I attempt to instill a bunch of bobby-soxers and drug-store Romeos with reverence for Hawthorne and Whitman and Poe!

MITCH: I guess that some of them are more interested in other things.

BLANCHE: How very right you are! Their literary heritage is not what most of them treasure above all else! But they're sweet things! And in the spring, it's touching to notice them making their first discovery of love! As if nobody had ever known it before!

NARR. [The bathroom door opens and STELLA comes out. BLANCHE continues talking to Mitch.]

BLANCHE: Oh! Have you finished? Wait--I'll turn on the radio.

NARR. [She turns the knobs on the radio and it begins to play "Wien, Wien, nur du allein." BLANCHE waltzes to the music with romantic gestures. MITCH is delighted and moves in awkward imitation like a dancing bear.]

[STANLEY stalks fiercely through the portieres into the bedroom. He crosses to the small white radio and snatches it off the table. With a shouted oath, he tosses the instrument out the window.]

STELLA: Drunk--drunk--animal thing, you!

[She rushes through to the poker table]

All of you--please go home! If any of you have one spark of decency in you--

20

NARR. [The low-tone clarinet moans. The door upstairs opens again. STELLA slips down the rickety stairs in her robe. Her eyes are glistening with tears and her hair loose about her throat and shoulders. They stare at each other. Then they come together with low, animal moans. He falls to his knees on the steps and presses his face to her belly, curving a little with maternity. Her eyes go blind with tenderness as she catches his head and raises him level with her. He snatches the screen door open and lifts her off her feet and bears her into the dark flat.]

SCENE THREE

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE

GAP I: DESIGN +
TYPOGRAPHY
SPRING 2026
YOONJAI CHOI

NEW YORK, NY

Splicing a 1974 Gordon Matta–Clark interview about his Humphrey Street project, alongside images of his incisions, into a commercial home improvement magazine.

Two interpretations of domesticity, pulled uncomfortably close to one another. The home as a collection of products, marketed and sold, and the house as a physical thing that bears heavy symbolic weight in its constructed image.





LET'S JUST SHOP

\$ Use a distinctive tile shape to deliver instant character. Ashton Meadows by Studio McGee 6" Diamond Scallop in Fawn and Oxblood, \$20 per square foot. onnsnicks.com

\$\$\$ Turn the bath into a beauty hub with a vanity mirror built for your self-care routine. Sculpt Hanging Arch Lighted Mirror, \$2,329. robert.com



\$ Set a serene mood with this year's freshest neutral paint. Universal Khaki, priced per gallon, sherwin-williams.com

\$\$\$ Bring British charm to the kitchen with a furniture-inspired island. Morris 96" Worktable (top sold separately), from \$7,479. stofferhome.com



\$\$ Use petite flush mounts to bring elegance to the fifth wall. Melange Mini Monopoint in burnished brass, by Kelly Wearstler, \$549. visualcomfort.com

\$\$\$ Streamline a kitchen's countertop with an articulating faucet that can be mounted at a corner. Bilette Faucet in matte black with brushed nickel, \$1,196. kohler.com



\$\$\$ Upgrade your kitchen's efficiency with this matte finish induction cooktop and convection oven range. Platinum Series 36" Induction Range, from \$11,995. bluestarcooking.com



07

Perfect Composition

A nine-month transformation turned this 4,500-square-foot Toronto house into a forever home.



interior design: Cynthia Ferguson Designs
writer: Carisha Swanson / photographer: Lauren Miller

HOUSE BEAUTIFUL 27

LB: Yes, but your concern with architectural structure points to a completely different base of interests. It's not that you're using it as another kind of structure to make, say, a sculptural gesture.

GM: It's not a canvas, no. I'm dealing with architectural structure as a reality. I mean, there's something about the house which is very substantial, especially in terms of the environment in which it exists.... It's like juggling with syntax, or disintegrating some kind of established sequence of parts. In this particular case, the piece is a way of imposing a presence, an idea, it's a way to disorientation by using a clear and given system....

LB: Disorientation... yeah. But I mean, why do something to a building that's about to be demolished? There's something perversely lyrical about that.

GM: Actually, I find that whole aspect of it, the fact that the building is about to be demolished purely expedient. The only reason I'm dealing with those situations is because they're the ones that are available.

LB: So it's purely a pragmatic thing.

GM: I think basically.

LB: But aren't you partly drawn to something that's about to collapse?

GM: I don't know how romantic I feel about it. I feel very direct. It's just that the only situations that lend themselves to the kinds of things I do bring up romantic associations. But that's not my intention. I'd much sooner do something right across the street. I'd just as soon deal with something that's brand new, crisp, and not at all ready for the ax....

LB: Like a gallery building?

GM: Almost any space. Gallery buildings are probably less interesting in some ways because they have such special priorities and also because people go there with certain expectations. One aspect of buildings I've worked on which may be considered romantic is that they're in unexpected locations, but the unexpected is not dependent on the particular disintegrated quality that they have. Actually, I'm very glad that this building was less disintegrated than the ones I've dealt with before, that it had a clear structural continuity, and that I wasn't competing with erosion or prior collapse. The time of the building, the time in which it had been standing was very hard for me to reconstruct. There had obviously been people living there. That I liked. I liked the fact of its being occupied space and that I could only guess at what it had been like... I very willfully took out all traces of the occupants. There didn't seem to be any way of coping with mounds of debris.

LB: You threw them in the garden.

08



09





BOY'S ROOM
Ferguson paired wallpaper and headboard fabric in the same Kristy Stafford print to give the room a tailored look that will grow with its young owner. **Scene:** Schoolhouse. **Nightstand:** West Elm. **Rug:** Kravet. **Paint:** Blue Jean, Benjamin Moore.

10



ENTRY WAY
The wood paneling was original to the house—we kept it how we found it. Ford says: A mini gallery wall of oil paintings—one in a gilded frame—elevates the rustic finish from humble to dynamic.

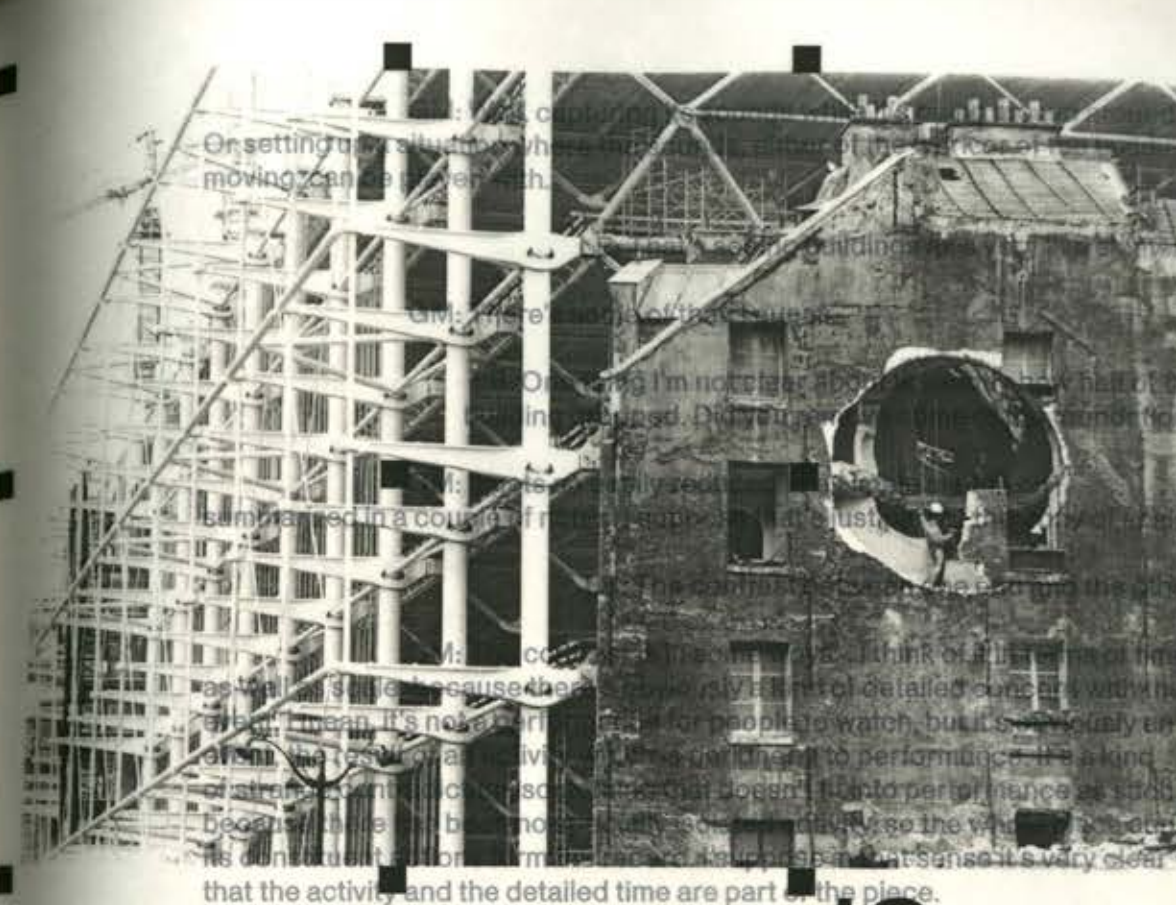


ENTRY WAY
The wood paneling was original to the house—we kept it how we found it. Ford says: A mini gallery wall of oil paintings—one in a gilded frame—elevates the rustic finish from humble to dynamic.

The biggest transformation, however, occurred in the kitchen. What was once tiny, dark, and closed off is now soulful and flooded with light. "We completely opened up the back and added an incredible glass wall looking straight out to the Texas countryside," Mitchell says. The vaulted ceiling only adds to the chapel-like feeling.

Though the property is a short-term rental, frequented by fans of the designers or attendees of Round Top's iconic fair, Ford and Mitchell intend for the house to make a

lasting impact on visitors. They want guests to feel like they're staying at a friend's, and return home inspired and creatively driven. When asked to describe the space, Ford says, "It's a patchwork of pieces that somehow found each other—leftover furniture, salvaged materials, odds and ends from old projects, all brought together to make something new." And, as anyone who has been to the Antiques Fair knows, that's also an apt description of what Round Top is all about. ■



LB: That's a nice way of putting it. What kinds of buildings did you grow up with?

GM: Very typical New York apartment buildings.

LB: Where?

GM: Actually, my first building wasn't so typical. It was a loft building very nearby here, although it's now been demolished. It was on La Guardia Place before NYU took over the whole area. That building was interesting because my earliest contacts with other people were not in the street, but from one window still to another, in that typical Italian way of hanging out your window.

LB: Across the lines of washing.

GM: Still pals. That's the way I made contact with a lot of people. There was even an older couple who remained friends of the family for years—they became friends because we—my twin brother and I—were always hanging out the windows and they were afraid. It's interesting, the space I remember most is not so much floors and shelter as openings onto other spaces and other people's realms... A window-punctuated world, right?

■ ■ ■

Let the Sun Shine in

A former weekend home gets reinterpreted for daily living, with natural light as the guiding force.

interior designer J. Patryce Design & Company
writer Jessica Cherner / photographer Tim Lenz

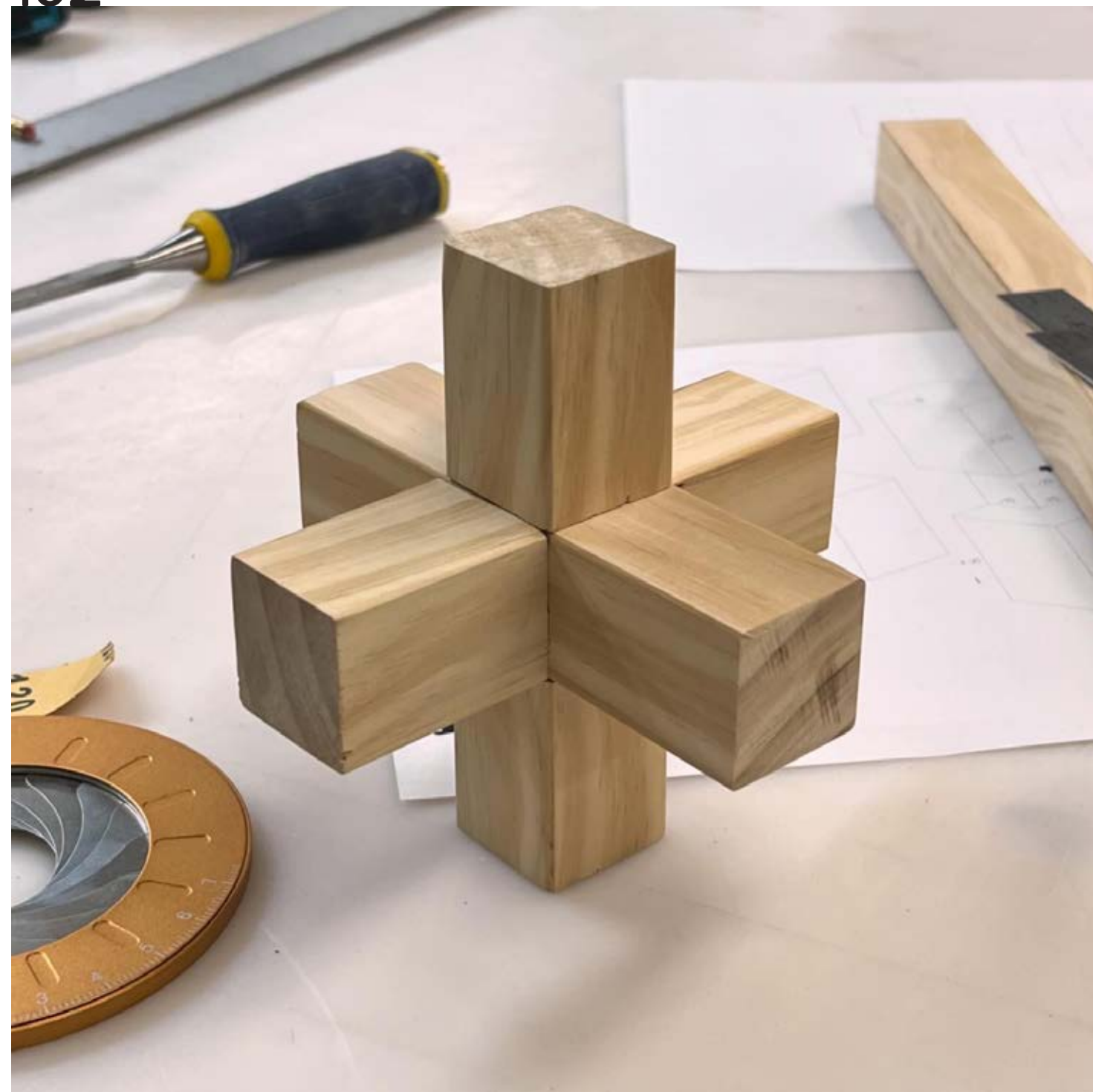
DINING ROOM
In this grand space, Joan Enger added coffered ceilings to "bring a sense of proportion" to the room. Table: custom. Chairs: Le Corbusier. Paint: Benjamin Moore. Pendants: Eero Saarinen. Area: vintage. Le Corbusier.

13

A Full Circle Moment

Some would have started over, but one family came around to rebuilding the home they already loved from the inside out.

interior designer Urbanology Designs / writer Carisha Swanson
photographers Frank Garnica and Matti Gresham



A GATHERING OF WOODEN JOINTS

PARTNER—ANNIE AN

1:1 CRAFTING AND
FABRICATION OF DETAILS
SPRING 2026
ZACHARY MULITAUAOPELE

NEW YORK, NY

Chidori joinery, where every member meets on the X, Y, and Z axis.

Maybe a table, or a shelf, or just a thing that can stand on its own.



