

Somehow, hundreds of tons of iron, steel, concrete, brick, and sand make their way over a few of bridges, through some tunnels, and across streets overflowing with traffic and noise. What was a spot of open sky becomes an accumulation of machines, each one orchestrated to collaborate with the next in an elegant choreography of moving metal and heat. The thump of pile drivers is replaced by the swing of long cranes, and far above all of our heads, people come in and out of sight. They say what goes up must come down, but each act of demolition is met by an even more forceful act of growth. (Anonymous)

Part director, part subject, part plant, part stick, part dirt, part railroad, part cave painting, part war, part scratches, part record, part Hollywood, part nothing. Soon enough, the sky ends up in the ground and on the wall.

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