

A strange sequence of events happened to me. In August 2020 I went to Sintra, outside Lisbon, Portugal to visit the Inverted Tower, a circular well-like manmade hole 100 feet deep with a spiral stone staircase descending to a mosaic floor at the bottom. And then in late June, 2021 I was on a retreat in Scotland and mentioned the tower in conversation. I don't remember exactly the context in which it came up but I think it was to do with when something is made conscious it often becomes its opposite. The week after, on my return to London I was told the leases had been terminated on my writing studio and I had to get out the next day and that G had left the arts charity that had secured, run and built the studios in the old o Weekend Television Studios, a24storey tower on ~London's South Bank

'She is shocked. Call her when you can - she wants to talk more' I got message on my phone after I had sent a picture of the inverted tower in Sintra, which was forwarded to her. She had been helping run the studios for an arts charity in the tower bang in the middle of town but, after a dream in which I played a crucial part, she had resigned and severed links to the organisation that she had started and seemed to be the leading light and left to Mexico. Her leaving and the manner in which the studios ended was abrupt. We (c.100 various artists - photographers writers, musicians, sculptors) had signed leases for 3 years for studio space and were barely 5 months in. The property company that owned this block had ordered everyone to leave the building before they demolished and redeveloped. Ostensibly. Thats what we had been told. It will probably lie empty for months. But the owners just wanted us out. Don't know what had been going on. I didn't want to know.

I sat in my 12th floor studio, pondering what to do. My eyrie looking out the window at the Thames below, knowing this was one of the last times I would see this big central London view. Maybe one of the last times anyone would see this view. I could stay in there and try and find the truth but I don't care. I had no power in the situation and didn't want any. My energy is limited. My health was fragile. My priorities lay elsewhere, but the uncanny story of the inverted tower and its resonances needs to be aired.

I don't know how to tell this story - It is fragmentary incomplete - how the inverted towers came up in conversation at Chisholm during a conversation and I remembered how we went to Sintra in August and searched for the inverted tower, what is the meaning of the inverted tower?

Things becoming their opposites, up becomes down, male becomes female,(?) but the imagery of tower becoming a hole. What had been tower a shining beacon of creative energy became a black hole devouring those around it. And I was there in Gabriella's dream apparently dream I had become some kind of talisman for Proposition Studios and those around on the South Bank, my presence there was important. Maybe I did have some power in the situation but as has become my way, I was unaware of it, have chosen not to use it or become conscious of it but dream images seem to float unowned and accrete around the consciousness of those involved in intense situations...

... As an event it happens in a strange land between circumstance and coincidence the powerful notion of the Inverted Tower and the extraordinary image of the Quinta da Regalia, Sintra is arguably well lodged in the collective consciousness, yet the collision in time of me mentioning it in Chisholm and then G's dream and the leaving of the LWT tower is difficult to explain away rationally. I cease to need explanations for synchronous events, there was a sense of inevitability about it. It was weird the way it happened but I am no longer surprised. After a succession of weird coincidences and happenstances in my life over the past few years this was just yet another... strange surprises become expected through repetition, but I want to spend sometime unpicking the Inverted Tower. I have no expectations of conclusions but I hear its resonances reverberating.