



The y in Linney.

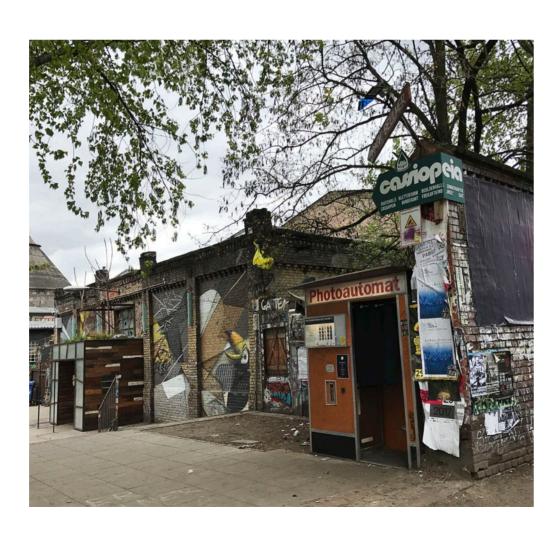
Welcome to y, a quarterly publication that asks 'why?', or perhaps 'why not?'

Working creatively at Linney means being innovative, inquisitive and challenging, whether that's on a commissioned project, or simply when we feel the urge to be experimental. We believe any subject can be explored in this way and this publication helps us to share some of our creative investigations and thoughts with you.

Curiosity keeps us asking why. You could say it puts the y in Linney.

Unless you adjust your gaze.

Step around the tourist traps.
Bypass the obvious. And behold the real life of real cities. That's how we like to look at the world.

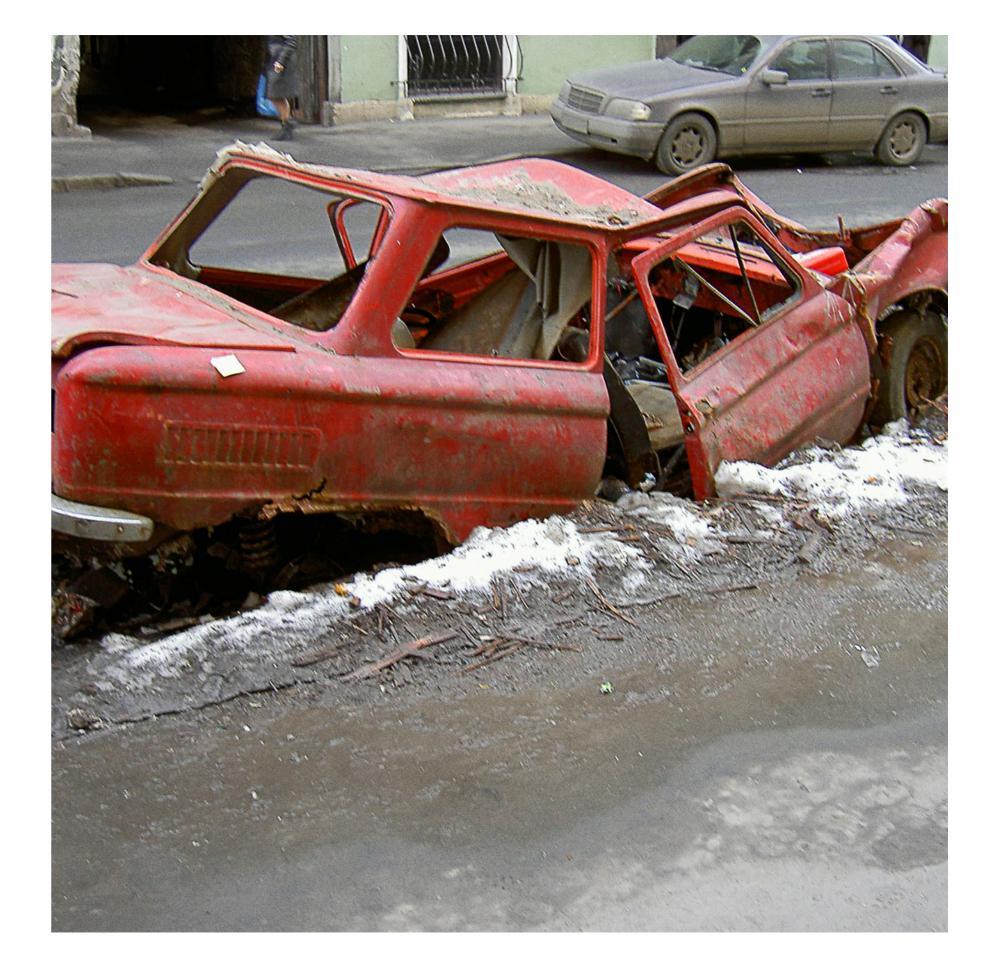


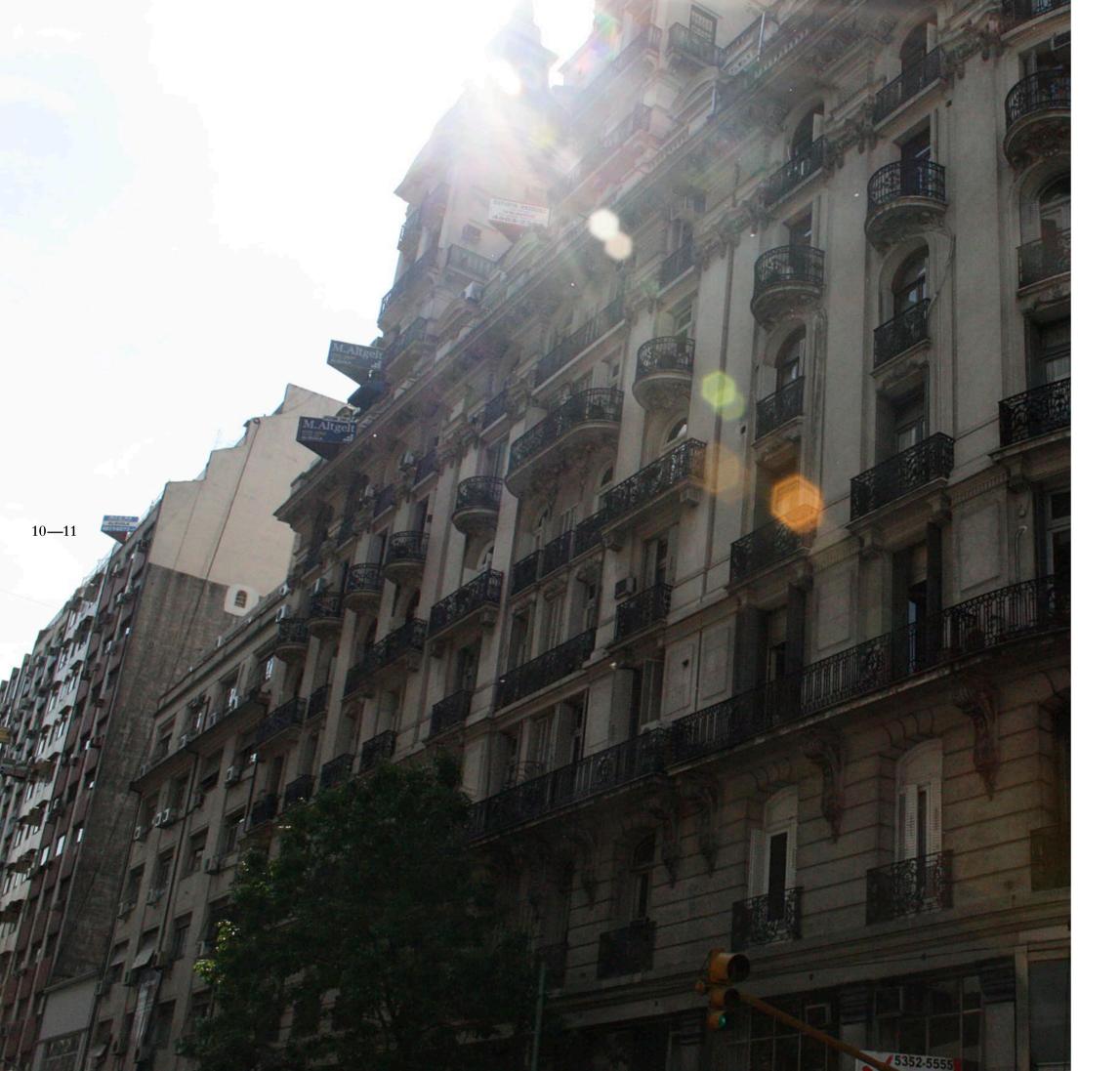






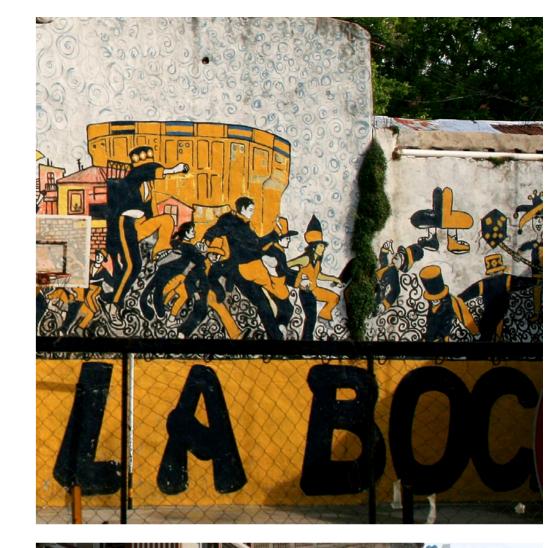






"The houses became more splendid and with this splendor was a haunted look, like the ghostly houses in Borges' stories. They were built in the French style and had gothic grille-work and balconies and bolted shutters. They were the color of a cobweb and just as fragileseeming and half-hidden by trees."

Paul Theroux, The Old Patagonian Express

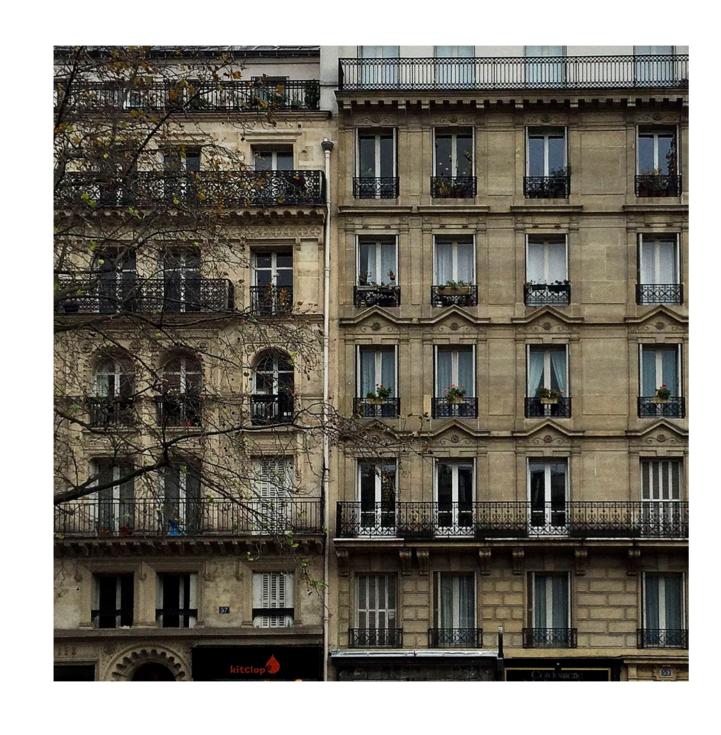




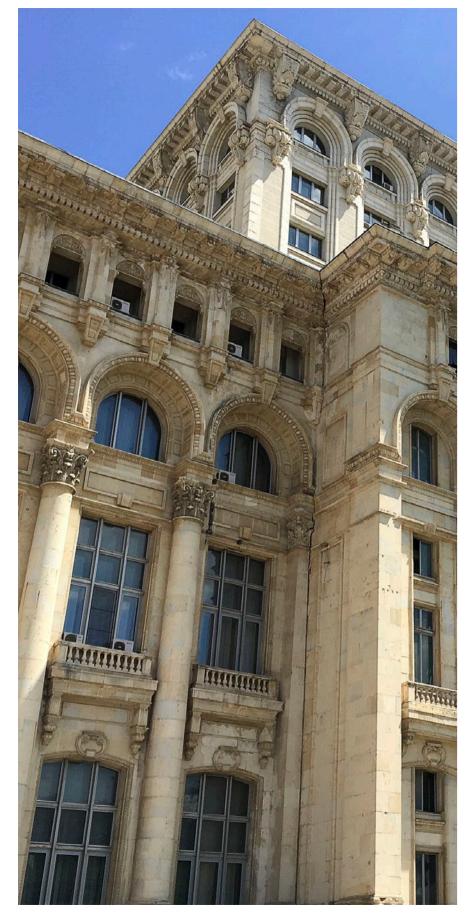


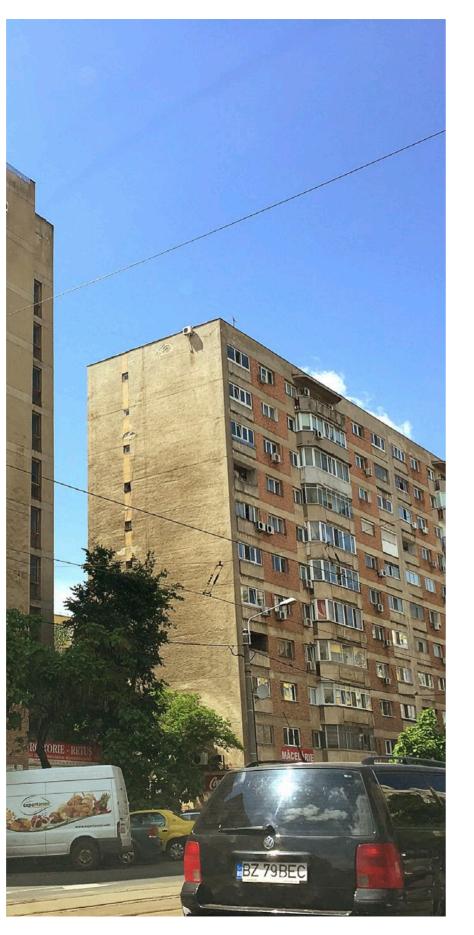














18—19





"A city is a place where there is no need to wait for next week to get the answer to a question, to taste the food of any country, to find new voices to listen to and familiar ones to listen to again."

Margaret Mead









"Every city has a sex and an age which have nothing to do with demography. Rome is feminine. So is Odessa.

London is a teenager, an urchin, and, in this, hasn't changed since the time of Dickens. Paris, I believe, is a man in his twenties in love with an older woman."

John Berger

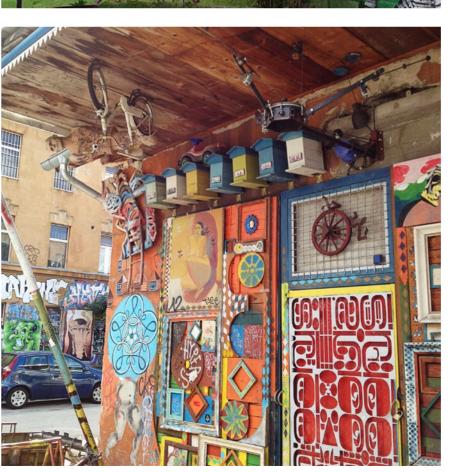












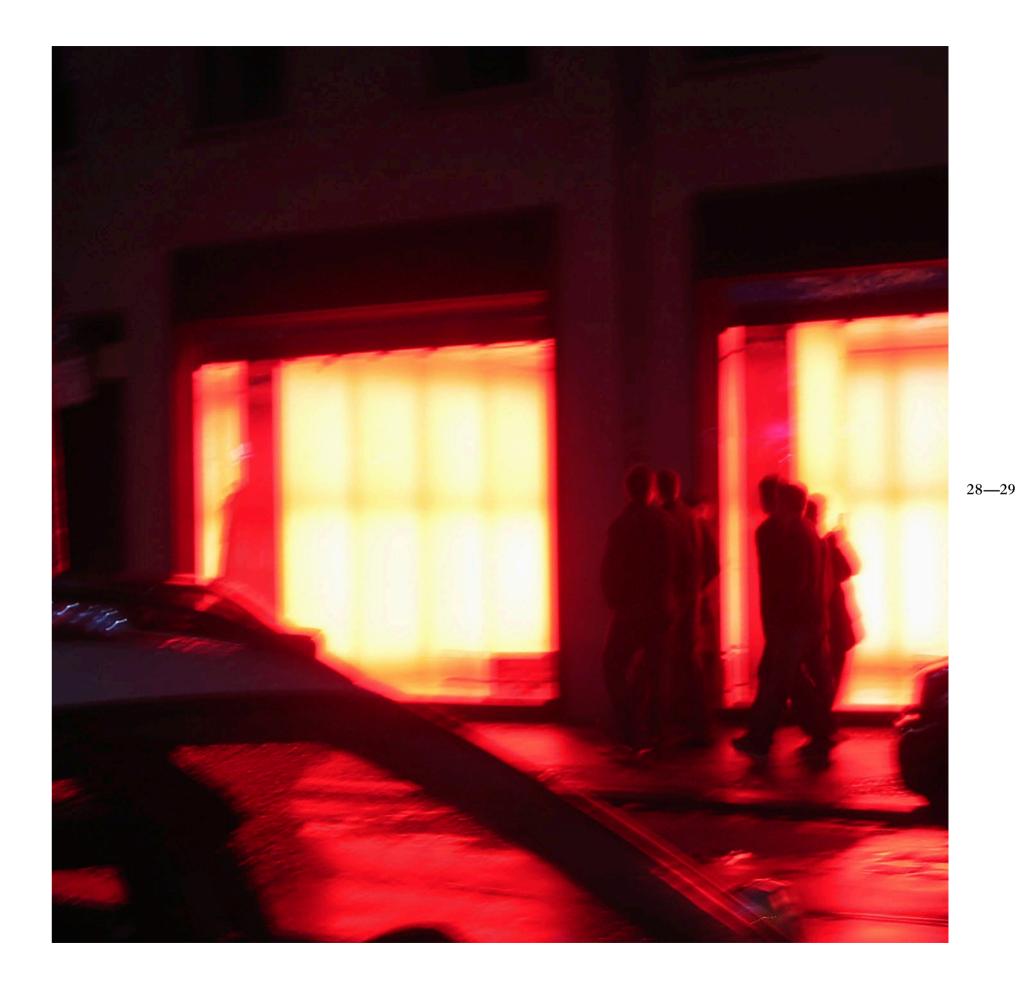


"I couldn't have written things like 'Low' and 'Heroes', those particular albums, if it hadn't have been for Berlin and the kind of atmosphere I felt there."

David Bowie

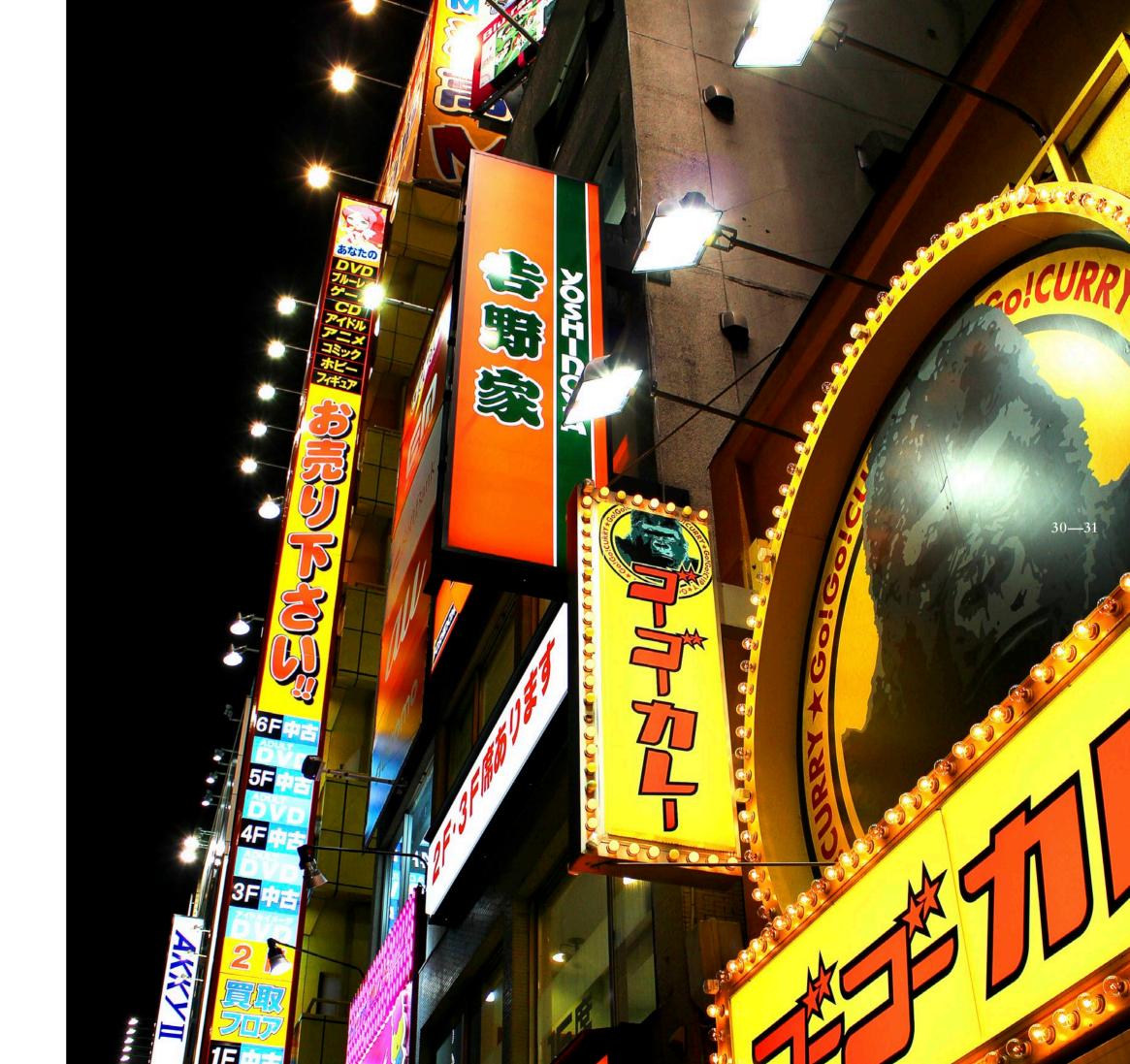






28—29





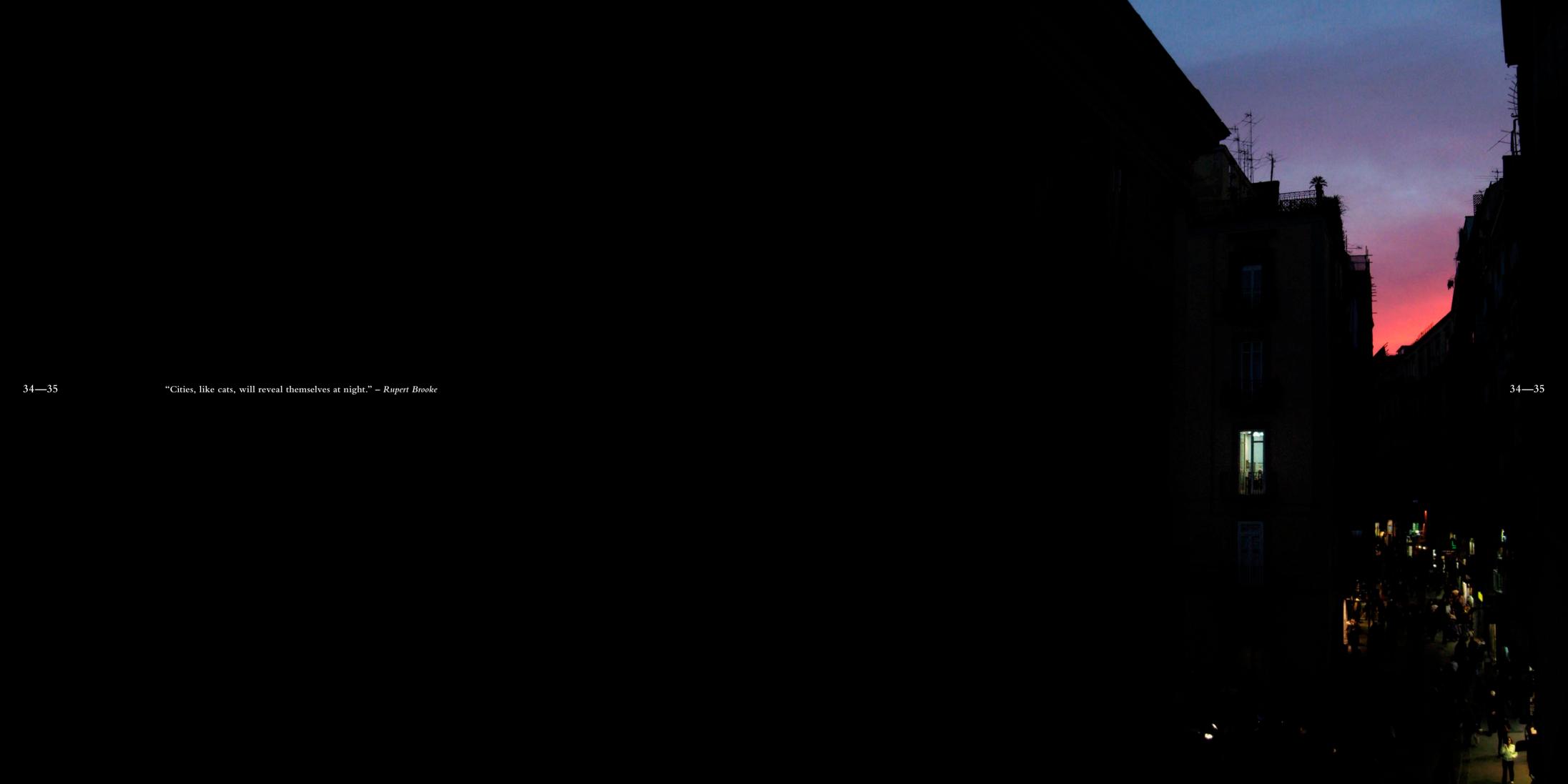


"What strange phenomena we find in a great city, all we need do is stroll about with our eyes open. Life swarms with innocent monsters."

Charles Baudelaire



32—33



LINNEY 🍥