

ERIC CHYOU

MASTER OF SCIENCE  
IN ADVANCED  
ARCHITECTURAL  
DESIGN 2022

GSAAP

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

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(ERIC CHYOU & YI LIANG)

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(ERIC CHYOU)

## I. "COMMON AIR ZONE"

FALL '21  
NAHYUN HWANG  
ERIC & YI LIANG

### WHAT IS "COMMON AIR ZONE" ABOUT?

WE LOOKED INTO THE INEQUALITY IN URBAN AIR. NEW DELHI IN INDIA IS ONE OF THE MOST POLLUTED CITIES IN THE WORLD. EVERY WINTER, HEAVY SMOG COVERS THE CITY. THE INEQUALITY TO THE EXPOSURE OF POLLUTED AIR DATED BACK TO COLONIAL LEGACY FROM BRITISH INDIA. IN THE EARLY 1800S, THE BRITISH MILITARY SET UP HILL STATIONS ON MOUNTAINS TO SEPARATE THEMSELVES FROM THE GROUND MIASMA. IN CENTRAL NEW DELHI, THIS AREA, CALLED LUTYEN'S BUNGALOW ZONE, THE LBZ, WAS DESIGNED DURING THE COLONIAL ERA EXCLUSIVELY FOR BRITISH BUNGALOWS. THE "EXCLUSIVE AIR" ALSO REFLECTS IN TODAY'S LIFE. UNDER THE POLLUTED AIR, RICH KIDS LIVE IN AN ENCLOSED ENVIRONMENT THAT'S PROTECTED BY THE BEST AIR PURIFIERS, FROM HOME TO CAR TO SCHOOL. MEANWHILE, POOR KIDS HAVE TO ENDURE THE BAD OPEN AIR ALL THE TIME. THE OPEN AIR SCHOOL, WHICH WAS A POSITIVE PEDAGOGICAL TOOL IN WESTERN CONTEXT, NOW BECOMES DETRIMENTAL.

AS OPPOSED TO THE CENTRALIZED, EXCLUSIVE LUTYEN'S BUNGALOW ZONE, WE PROPOSED COMMUNITY-BASED, DISTRIBUTED CIVIC INFRASTRUCTURES, TO DEFINE NEW DELHI'S COMMON AIR ZONE. PROGRAMS ARE BASED ON THE EXISTING INITIATIVES IN THE COMMUNITY. INCLUDING AIR INK LAB, WHICH COLLECTS EXHAUST AND TURNS IT INTO INK; PHYTOREMEDIATION, WHICH USES PLANTS TO CLEAN AIR; ALGAE COMPANY, WHICH GROWS AND HARVEST ALGAE. AIR BECOMES A CATALYST FOR CONNECTING DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE COMMUNITY. INSTEAD OF MONOFUNCTIONAL INFRASTRUCTURE, WE ARE COUPLING UP PROGRAMS TO PROVIDE SERVICE AND CIVIC SPACE SIMULTANEOUSLY.



### Trapped by Air

1

Open air is not always safe and clean. In 2016, a thick, acid smog has settled over New Delhi, a combination of smoke from burning crops in surrounding agricultural states, fireworks on the Hindu festival of Diwali, dust and vehicle emissions. Little wind added worsened the situation and the cloud of pollutants was just going around. There was "widespread coughing" among students and faculty members. Keeping children at home reduces their level of activity and lessens their exposure to air pollution, especially in areas where vehicle emissions are at their highest. The air quality inside a house often was not much better than outside, unless doors and windows were closed and sealed.

Burning Paddy  
New Delhi, India  
2016  
The New York Times



### Open Air as A Pedagogical Tool

3

Jos Bedaux came up with a solution of his own open air school. Classrooms that could be completely opened on two sides and where, between the classrooms, classes could also be taught completely uncovered. The classrooms were placed on one side of a long corridor and on the other side were rooms for support facilities. On top of this corridor with facilities over the entire length, an empty space with a lean-to, under which the children could sleep in the open air at lunchtime. The porous space between enclosed spaces expresses the idea of open air as a pedagogical tool. Students exhibit both inside and outside of the walls.

Open Air School  
Gooite, the Netherlands  
Architect: Jos Bedaux  
1962-1968



### Disappearing Playgrounds

2

The Dutch Structuralist architect Aldo van Eyck left his mark in Amsterdam – not only in the form of buildings but also, perhaps surprisingly, in the form of urban playgrounds. Over the course of his career he created a network of more than 700 playgrounds throughout the capital. Today, only a handful of these remain intact. His playgrounds are rapidly disappearing and a new type of play equipment is taking over. Bright colours, plastic structures and animal-shaped elements seem to have set the tone, leaving little room for the imagination of the children using them. The architect realized the importance of open air and public spaces. But the urban planners, parents and designers are still trying to figure out the limit of designing open air areas.

Amsterdam Playgrounds  
Amsterdam  
Aldo van Eyck  
1947-1976



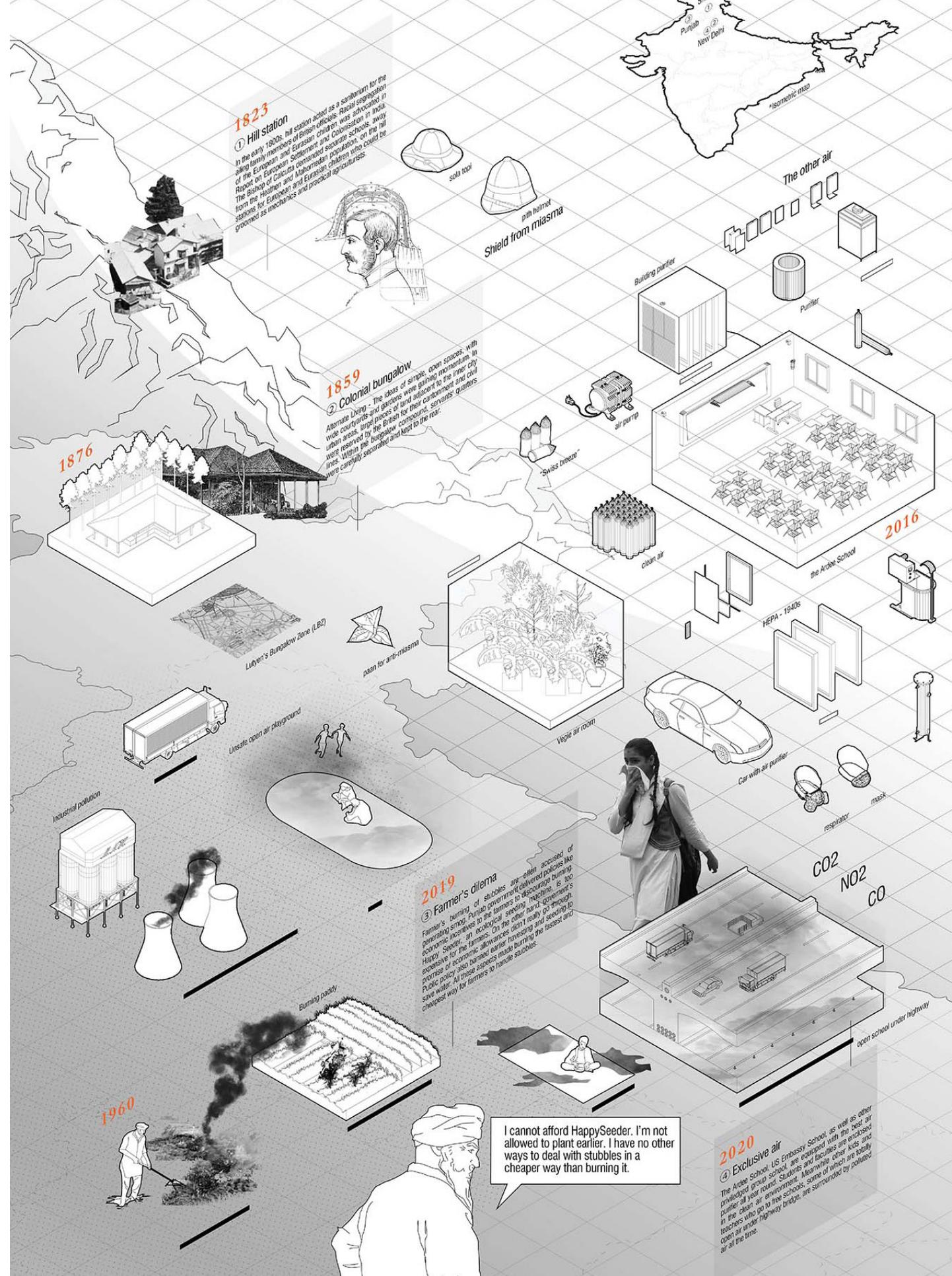
### Forced to be Open Air

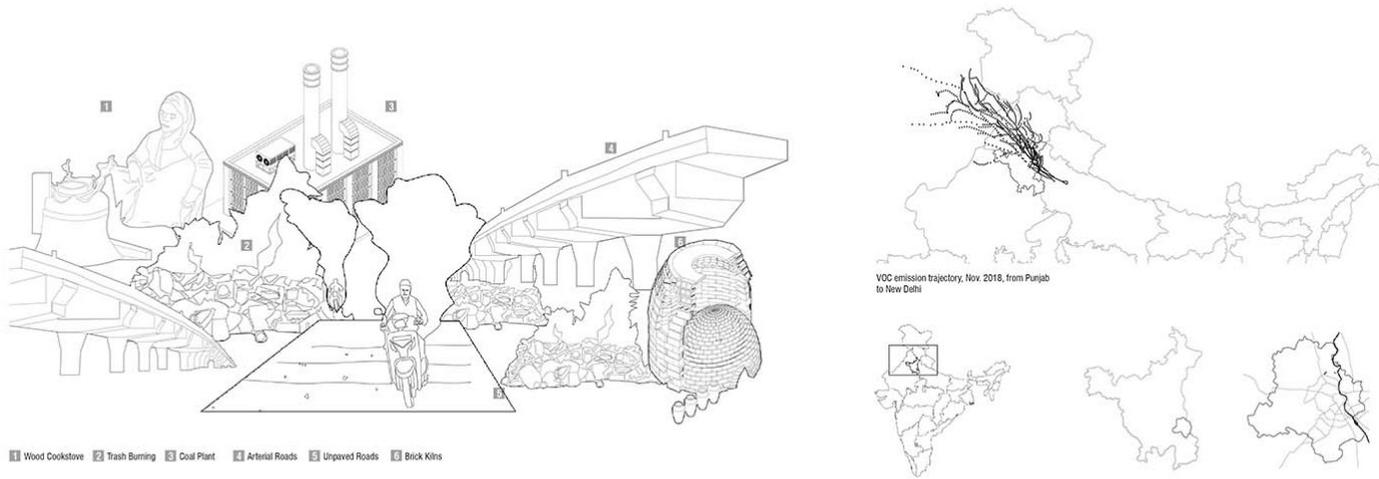
4

Air pollution killed more Indians last year than any other risk factor, and Delhi is among the most polluted cities in the country. But the burden is unequally shared.

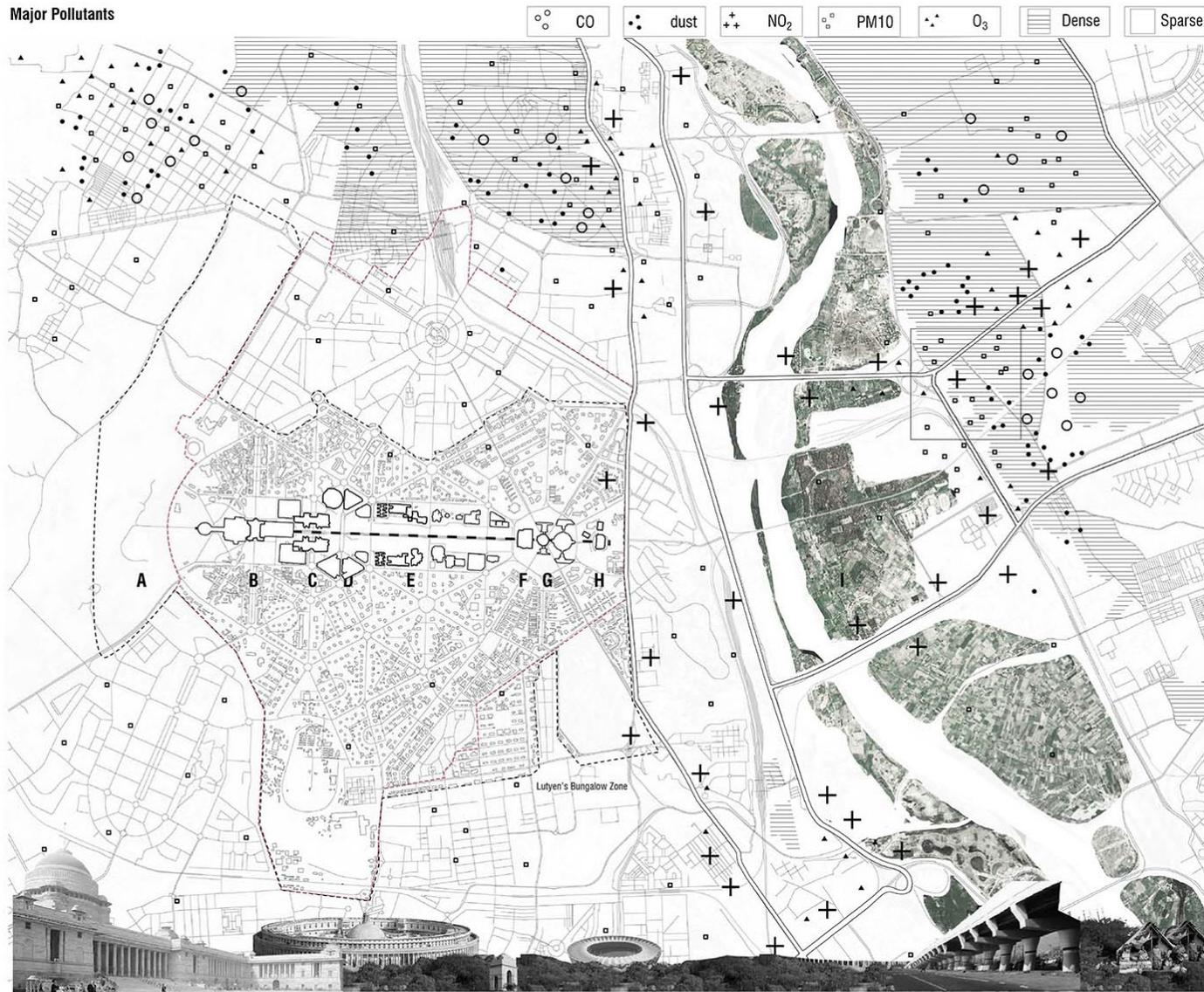
Children from poor families in Delhi spend more of their lives outdoors. Their families are more likely to use wood-burning stoves, which create soot. They can't afford the air filters that have become ubiquitous in middle-class homes. And often, they don't even think much about air pollution, because they face more pressing threats, like running out of food.

New Delhi, India  
East District, New Delhi  
2013 - Current





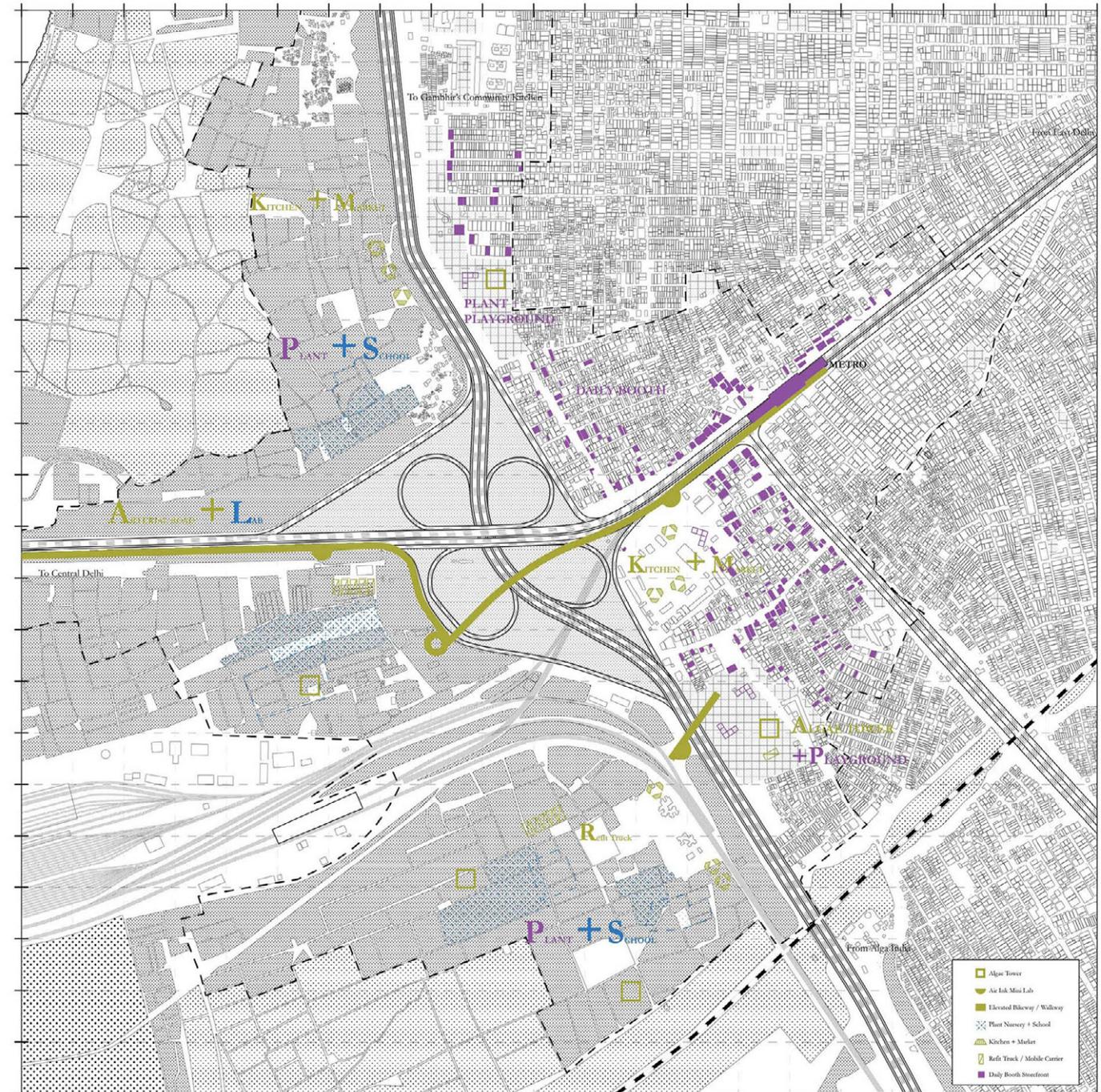
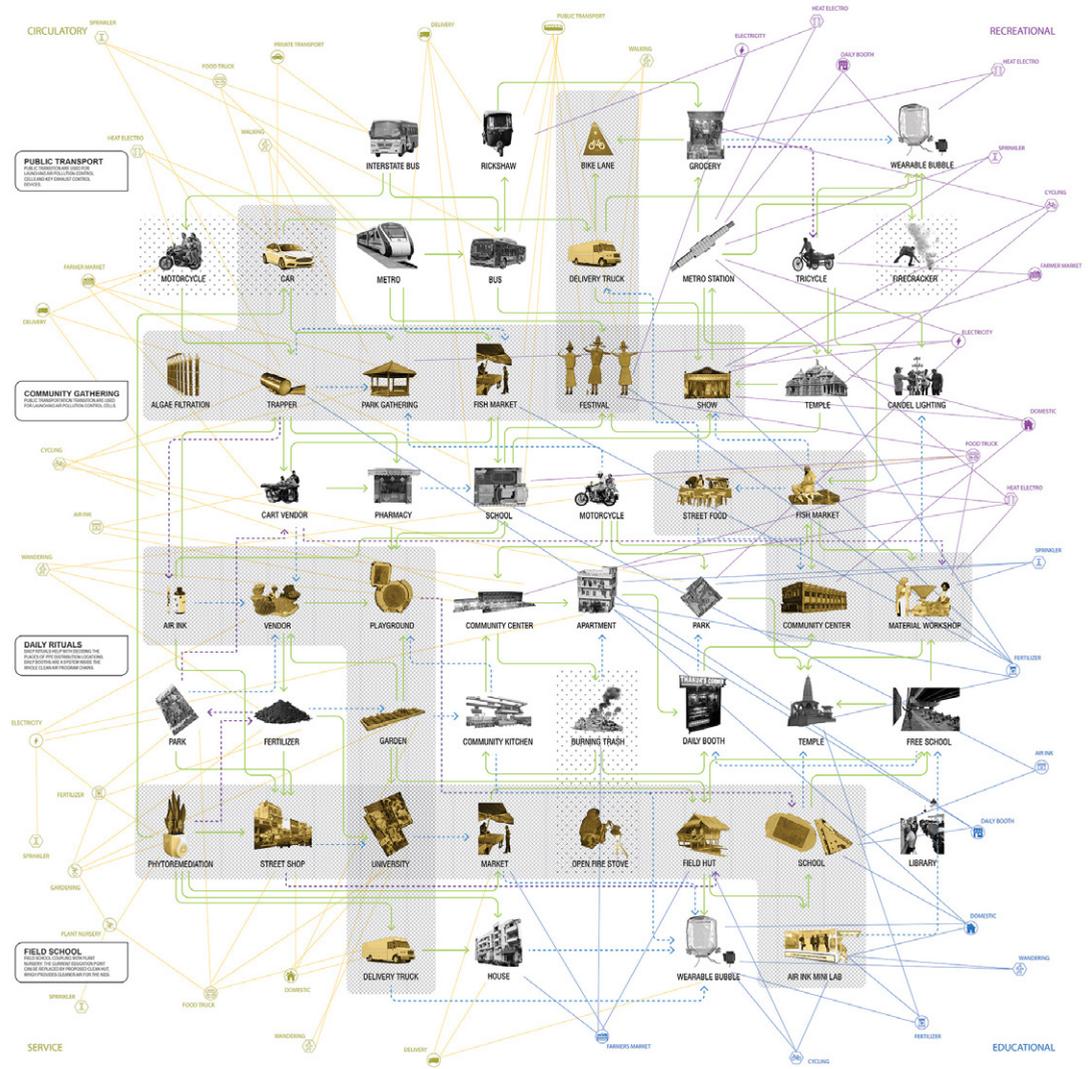
Major Pollutants



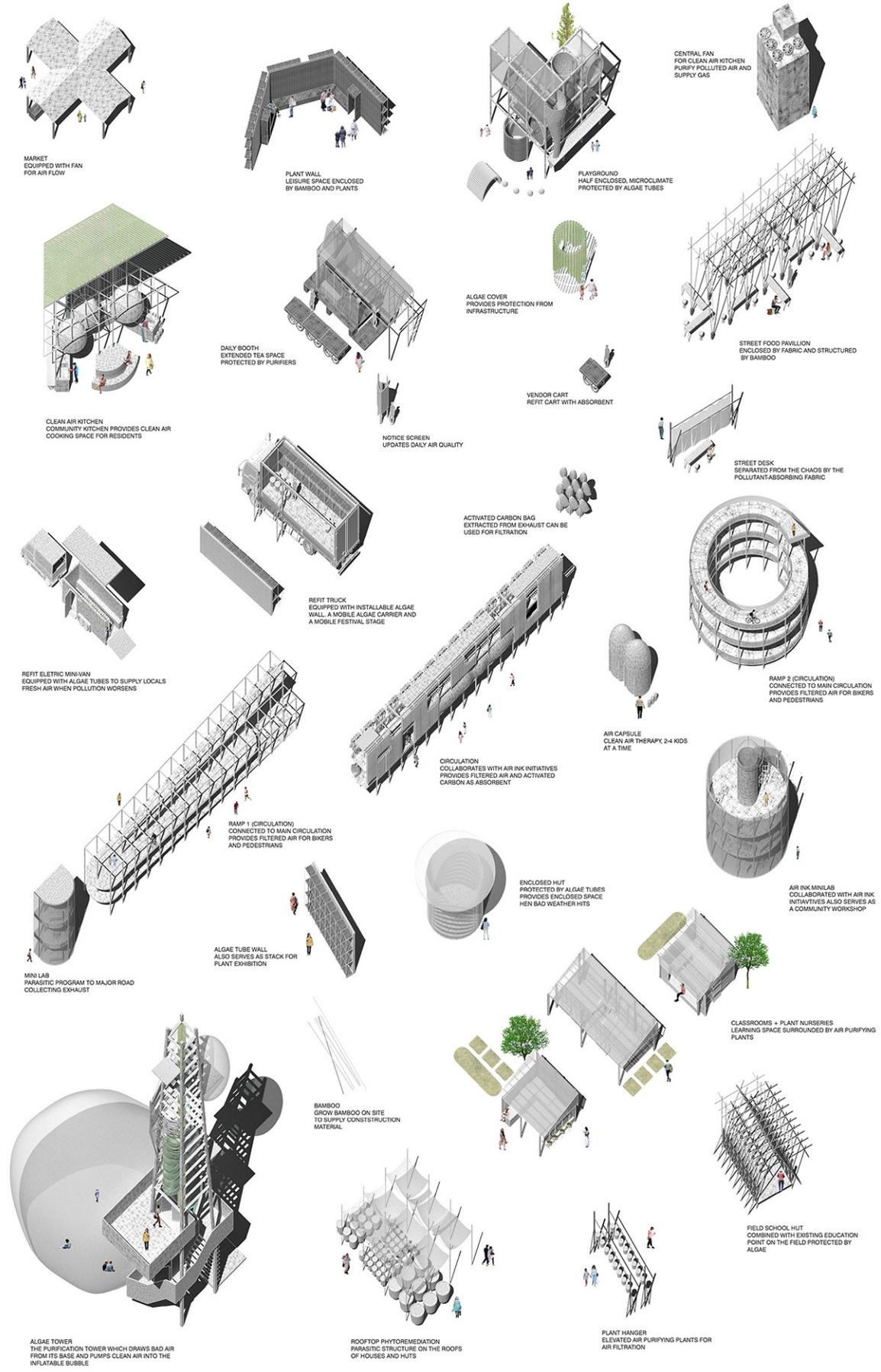
Central Vista

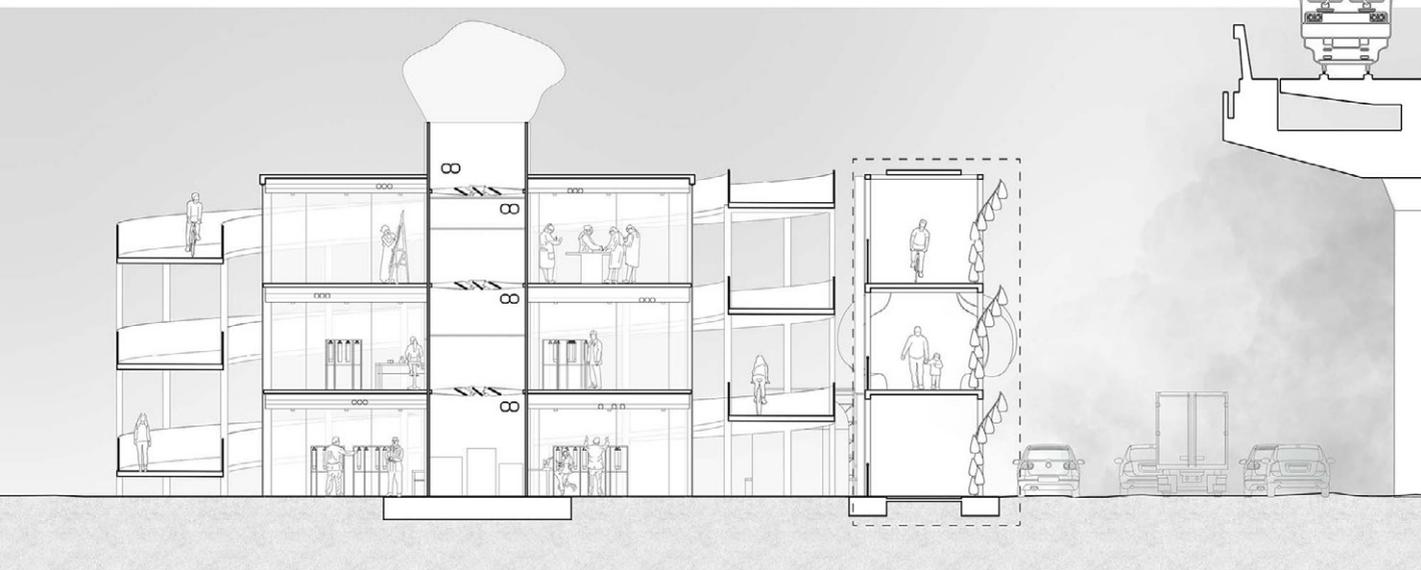
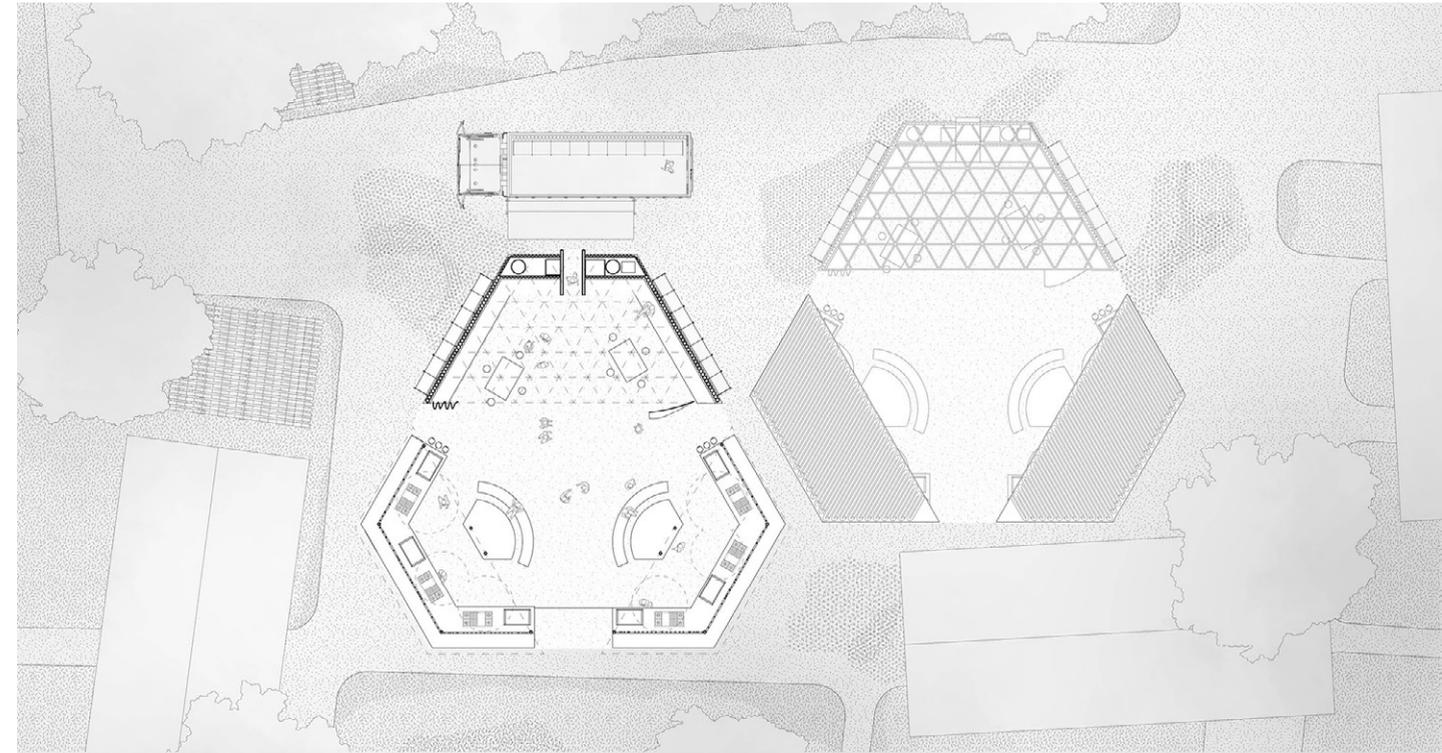
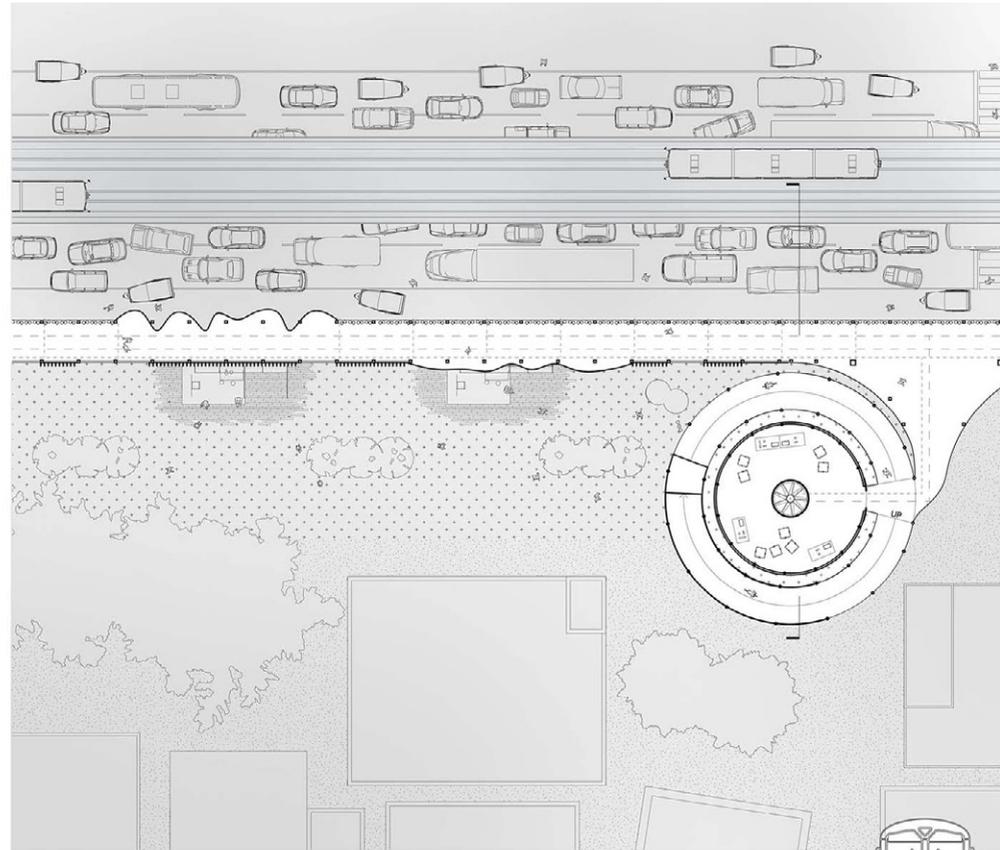
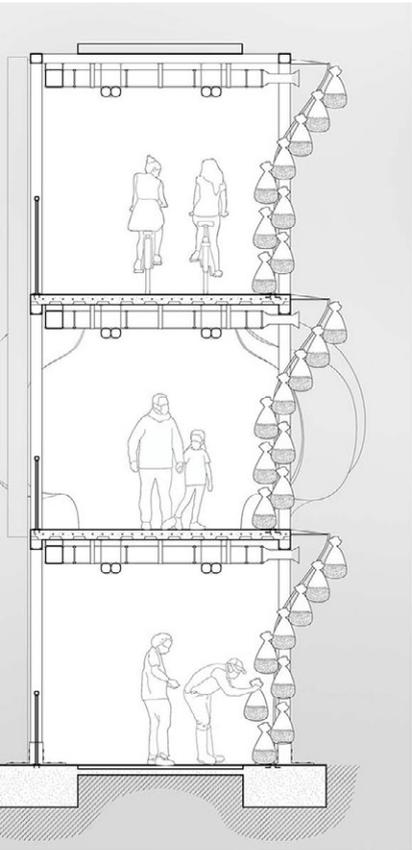
The Imperial Axis

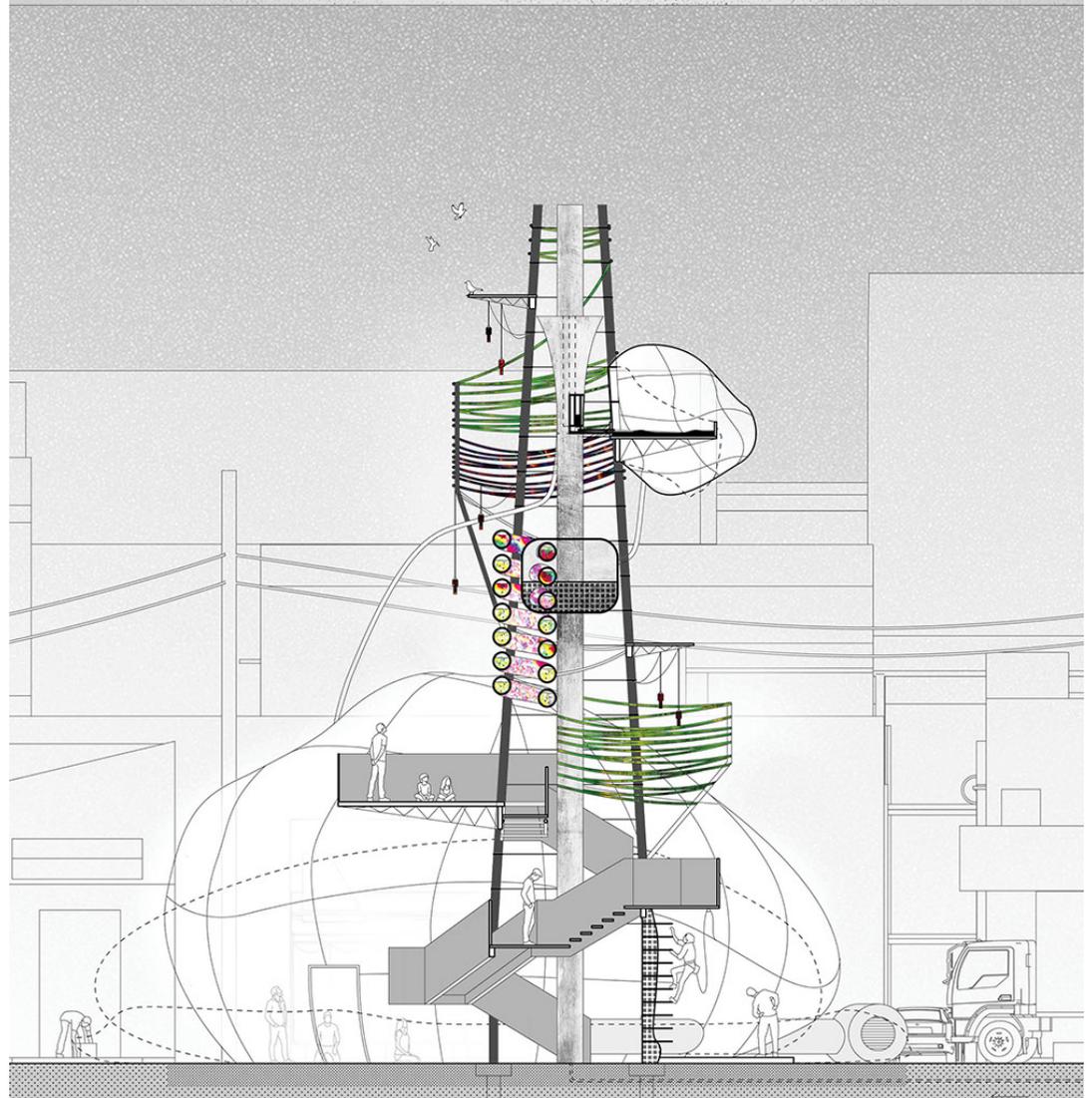
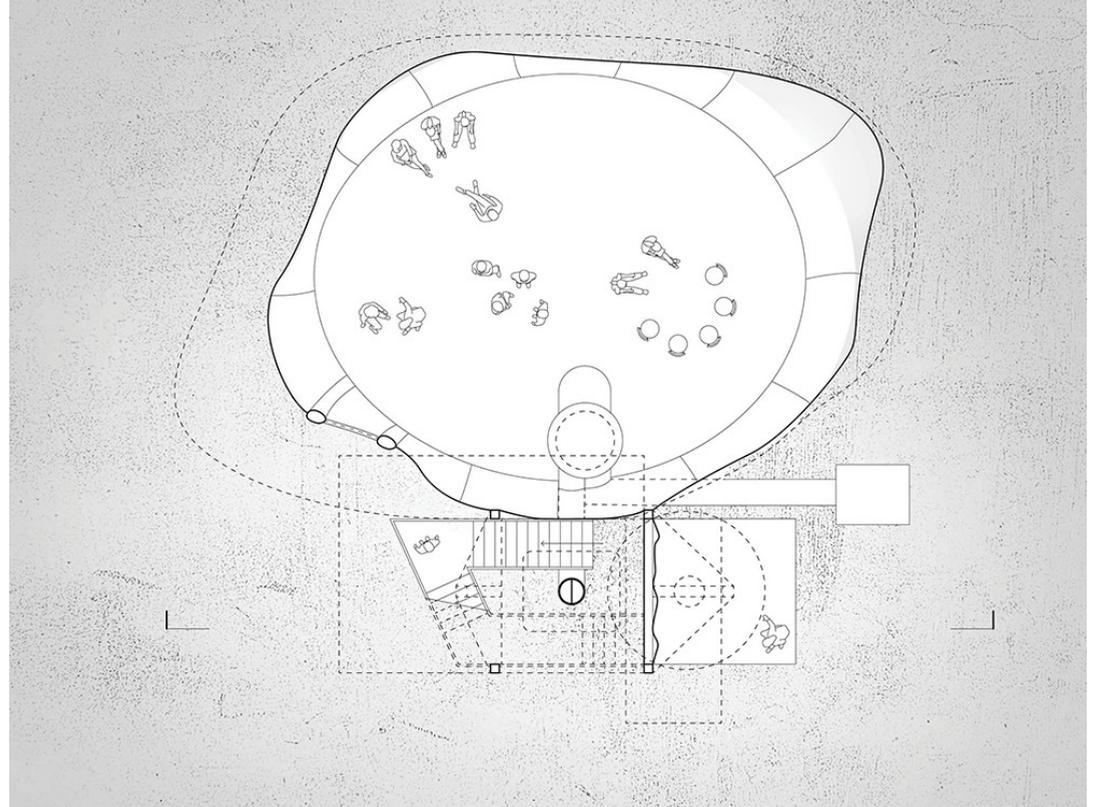
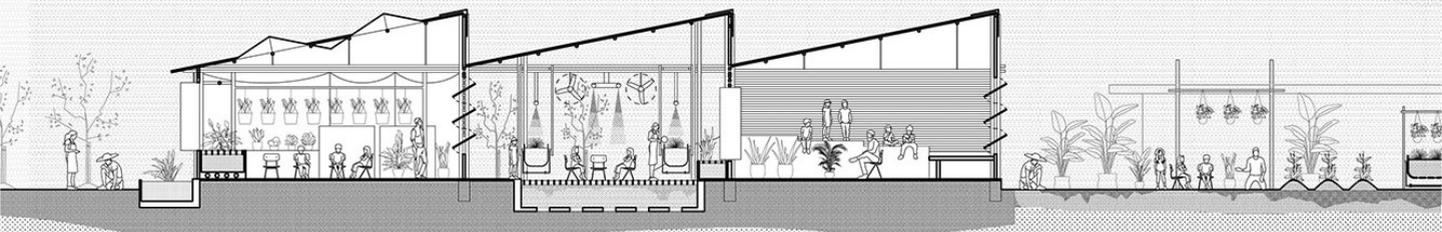
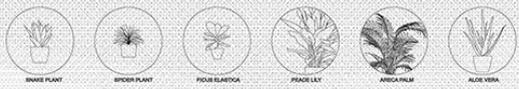
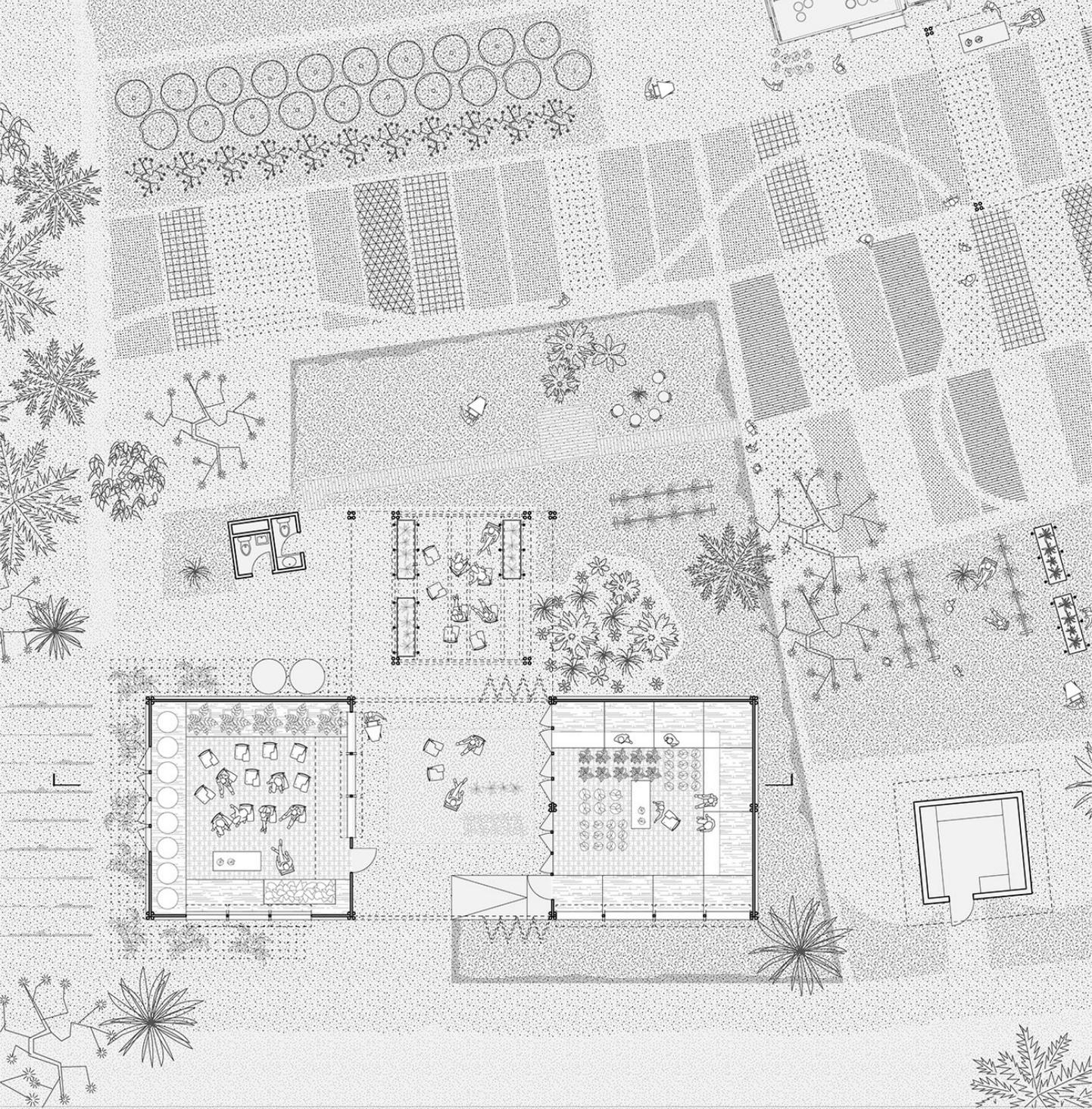




DELHI'S COMMON AIR ZONE







## II. "HouseFail"

SUMMER '21  
DAN WOOD

WHAT IS "HOUSEFAIL" ABOUT?

I UTILIZED TECHNIQUES OF LOOKING INWARD TO UNLOCK CREATIVE POTENTIAL IN THE DESIGN OF PRIVATE HOUSE: AN EXPERIMENTAL HOUSE. I ATTEMPTED TO MOVE BEYOND THE "DREAM HOUSE" TO ONE THAT EMBODIES A BROADER RANGE OF SUBCONSCIOUS ACTIONS, DESIRES, EMOTIONS, GESTURE, ELEMENTS. I WAS PREPARED TO EMBARK ON A JOURNEY THAT MAY FAIL. I EXPLORED THE ESSENCE OF THE CREATIVE ACT, WITH ITS ORIGINS IN THE OFTEN HIDDEN "INNER CHILD" WHO IS NOT AFRAID TO DO OR SAY THINGS THAT MIGHT BE CONSIDERED UGLY OR UNCONVENTIONAL OR EVEN FOOLISH.

"DON'T BE AFRAID TO SHOW YOURSELF FOOLISH; WE MUST HAVE FREEDOM OF THINKING, AND ONLY HE IS AN EMANCIPATED THINKER WHO IS NOT AFRAID TO WRITE [DESIGN] FOOLISH THINGS." - CHEKHOV

INSPIRATIONAL POEM

DO NOT GO GENTLE INTO THAT GOOD NIGHT,  
OLD AGE SHOULD BURN AND RAVE AT CLOSE OF DAY;  
RAGE, RAGE AGAINST THE DYING OF THE LIGHT.

THOUGH WISE MEN AT THEIR END KNOW DARK IS RIGHT,  
BECAUSE THEIR WORDS HAD FORKED NO LIGHTNING THEY  
DO NOT GO GENTLE INTO THAT GOOD NIGHT.

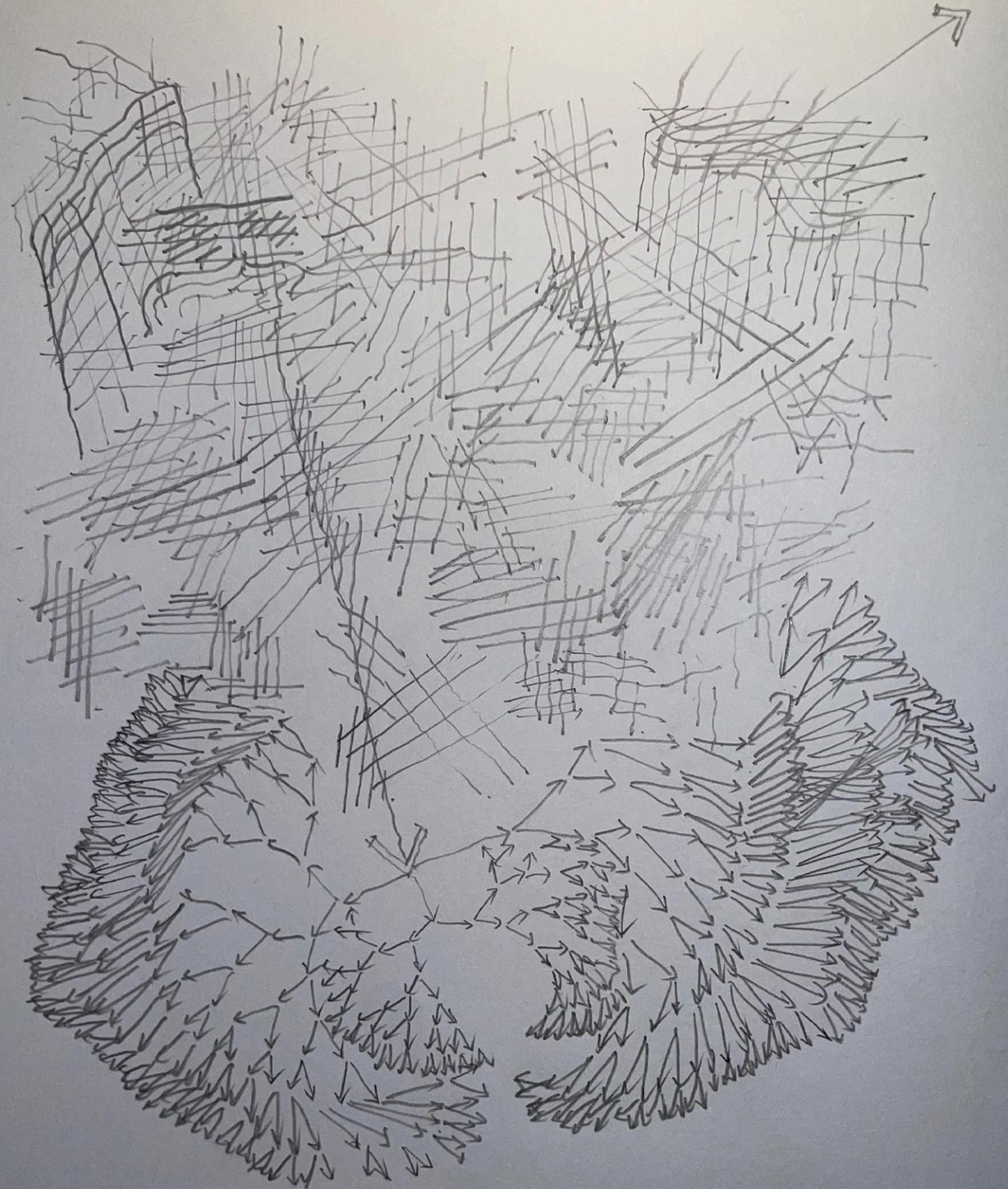
GOOD MEN, THE LAST WAVE BY, CRYING HOW BRIGHT  
THEIR FRAIL DEEDS MIGHT HAVE DANCED IN A GREEN BAY,  
RAGE, RAGE AGAINST THE DYING OF THE LIGHT.

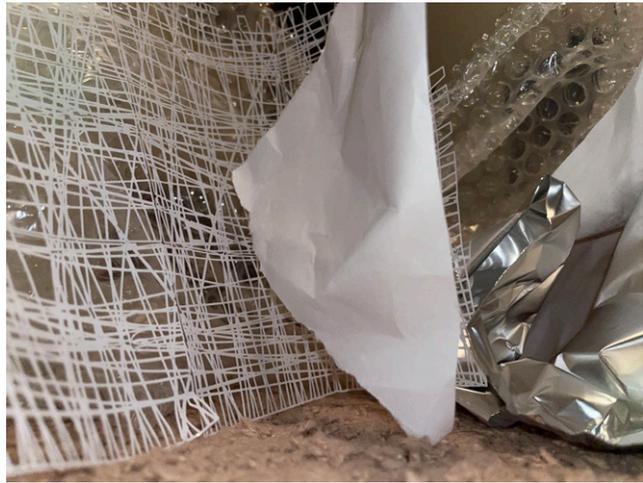
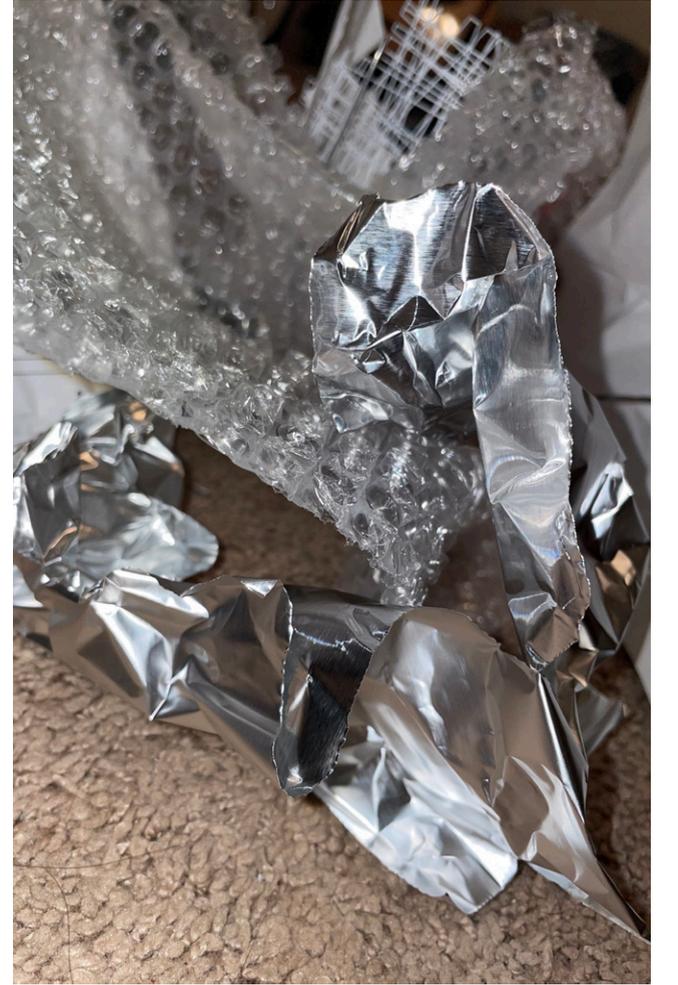
WILD MEN WHO CAUGHT AND SANG THE SUN IN FLIGHT,  
AND LEARN, TOO LATE, THEY GRIEVED IT ON ITS WAY,  
DO NOT GO GENTLE INTO THAT GOOD NIGHT.

GRAVE MEN, NEAR DEATH, WHO SEE WITH BLINDING SIGHT  
BLIND EYES COULD BLAZE LIKE METEORS AND BE GAY,  
RAGE, RAGE AGAINST THE DYING OF THE LIGHT.

AND YOU, MY FATHER, THERE ON THE SAD HEIGHT,  
CURSE, BLESS, ME NOW WITH YOUR FIERCE TEARS, I PRAY.  
DO NOT GO GENTLE INTO THAT GOOD NIGHT.  
RAGE, RAGE AGAINST THE DYING OF THE LIGHT.

-DYLAN THOMAS







PLAN 1



PLAN 2



SECTION 1



SECTION 2

— paper  
— wrap  
— foil  
-- print



## MY FEELINGS AND EMOTIONS

**FOCUSED:** A SPACE FOR FEELING CONCENTRATION OF SELF AND CONTROL/MANIPULATION OF SELF.

**LONELY:** A SPACE THAT COULD GIVE ME ISOLATION FROM OUTSIDE INFLUENCE.

**DELIRIOUS:** A SPACE ADDRESSES FULL OUTSIDE INFLUENCE, INDULGENCE OF THE "HIDDEN"

**RAGE:** A SPACE RELEASES STRESS AND UNJUST.

**SORROWFUL:** A SPACE THAT GIVES ME A SENSE OF SORROW.

**BLESSED:** A SPACE THAT GIVES ME THE ENERGY TO APPRECIATE.

**EUPHORIC:** A SPACE THAT I COULD DO OR FEEL THE ENERGY OF BEING ECSTATIC.

**SERENE:** A SPACE THAT HELPS ME CONNECT WITH THE UNIVERSE/THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

**WEEPY:** A SPACE THAT COMFORTS ME IN RELEASE OF SORROW.

**COMPOSED:** A SPACE THAT GIVES ME SENSE OF LOGIC AND SYNTHESIS OF SELF.

**EXHILARATED:** A SPACE THAT INDULGES ME WITH SOCIAL RE-CONNECTION.

## MY ACTIVITIES

SLEEPING AND DREAMING

LEARNING FOR SERENITY

LEARNING FOR KNOWING

EXECUTION OF CULINARY (MULTI-CULTURAL)

RESTING AND SELF-REFLECTING

DIGITAL ART APPRECIATION

MUSIC APPRECIATION AND DANCING

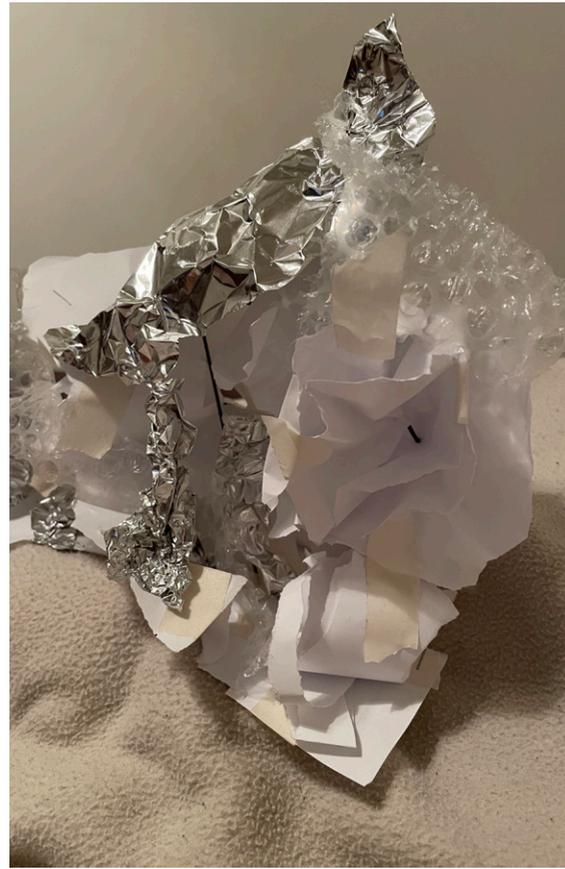
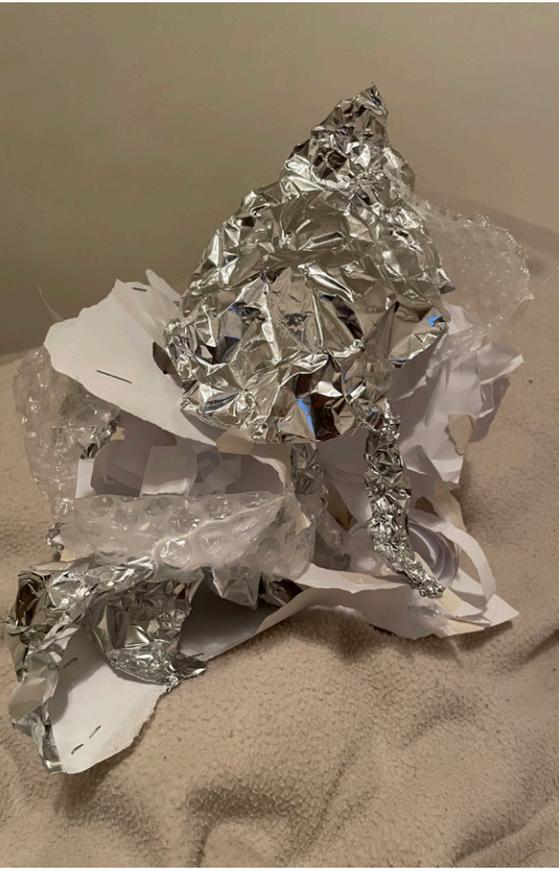
KARAOKE AND MUSIC APPRECIATION

INNOVATIVE CREATING/MANUFACTURING

WALKING AND TALKING

INTIMATE PHYSICAL INTERACTION

INTENSE PHYSICAL TRAINING

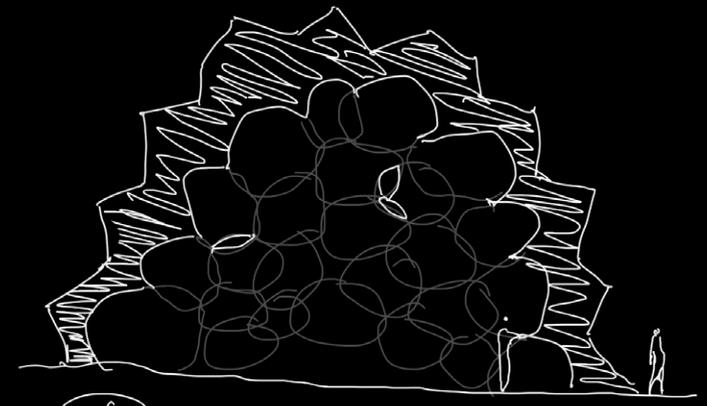




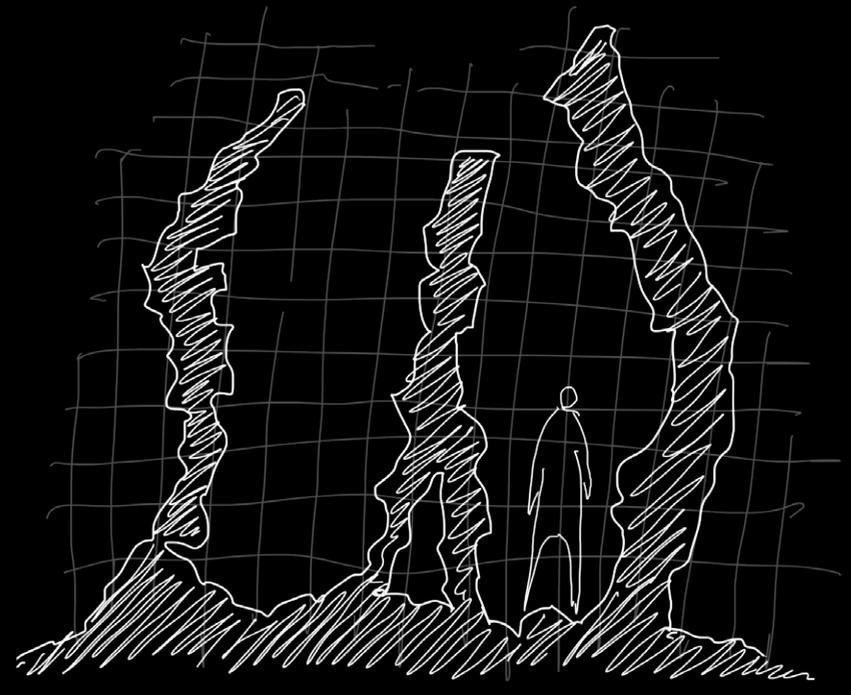
*Exhilarated*



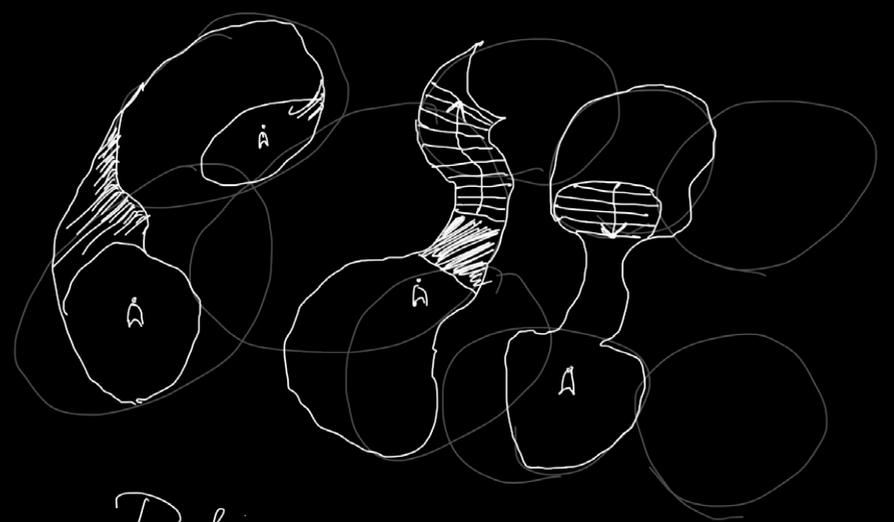
*Sorrowful*



*Rage*



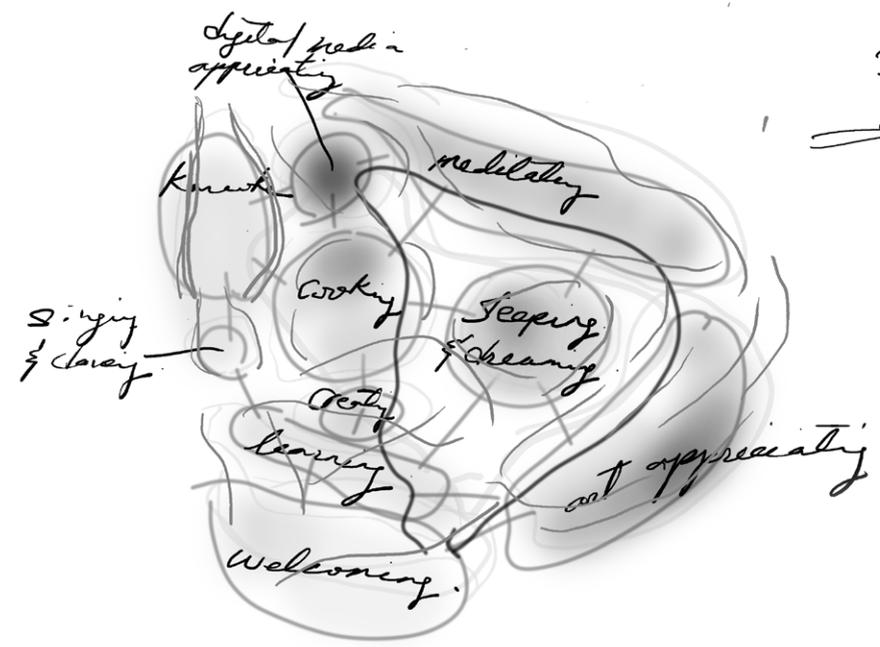
*Weepy*



*Delirious*

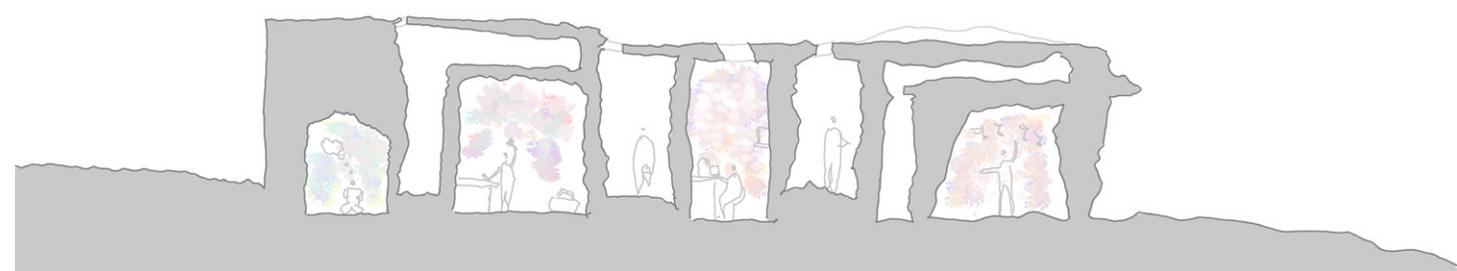
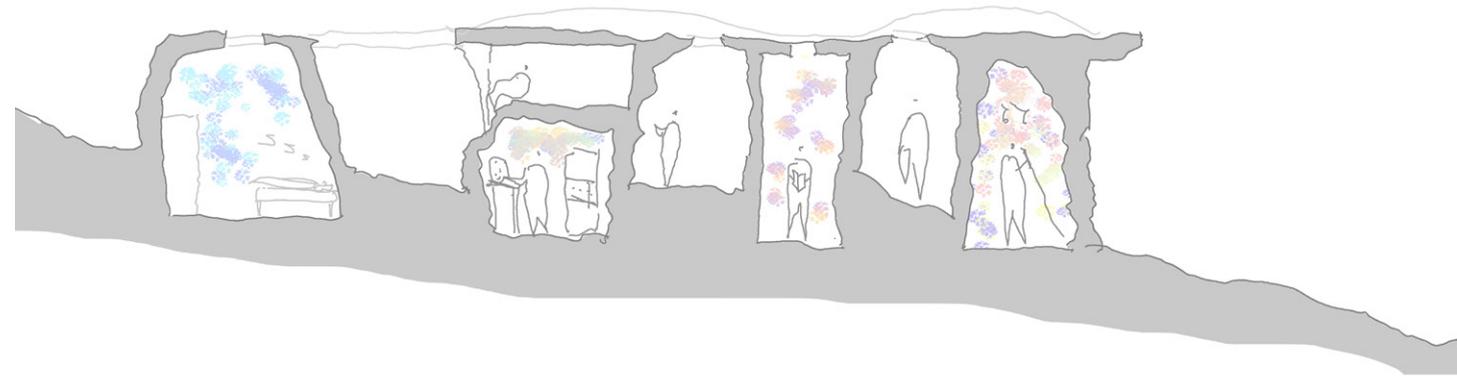


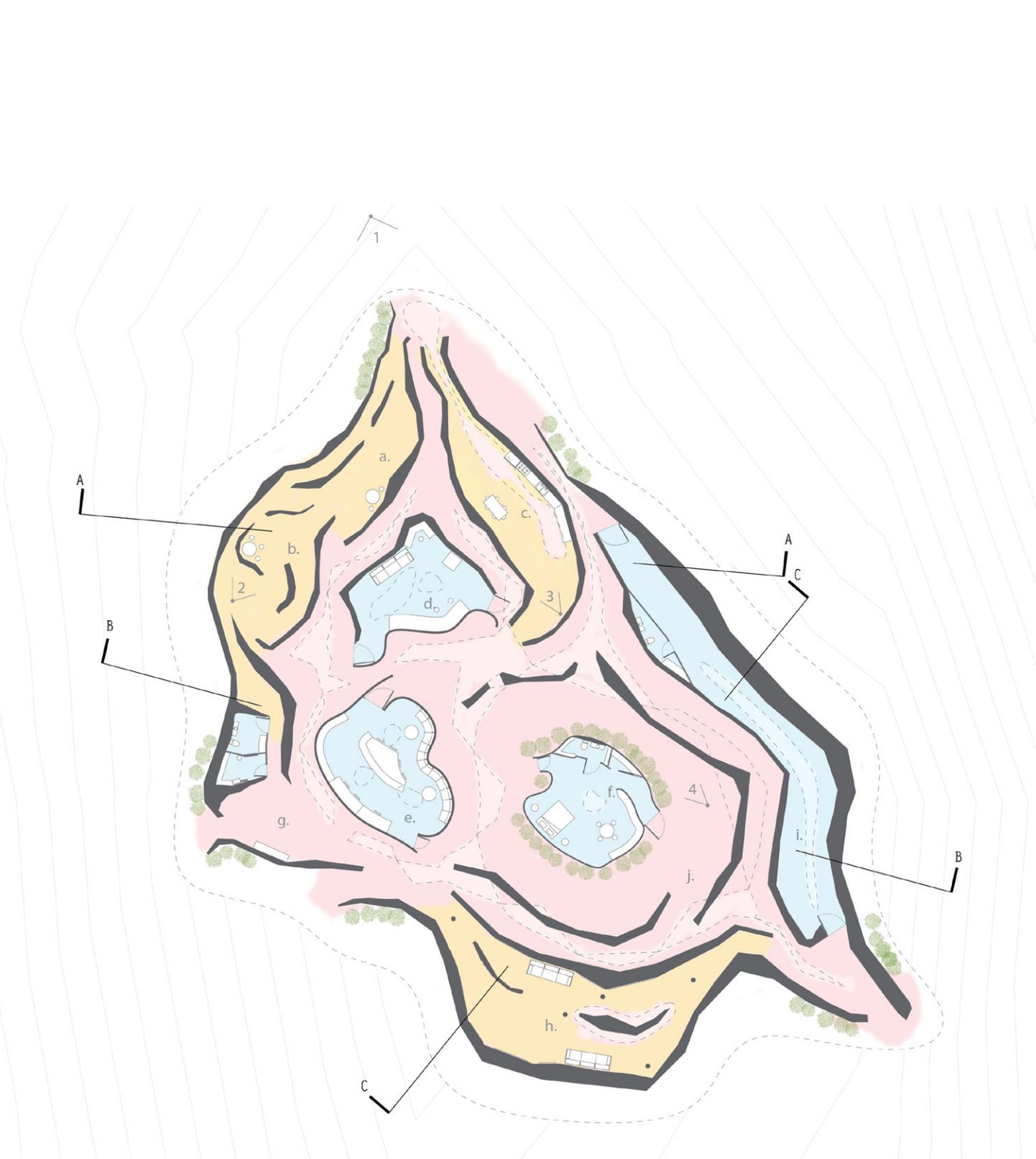
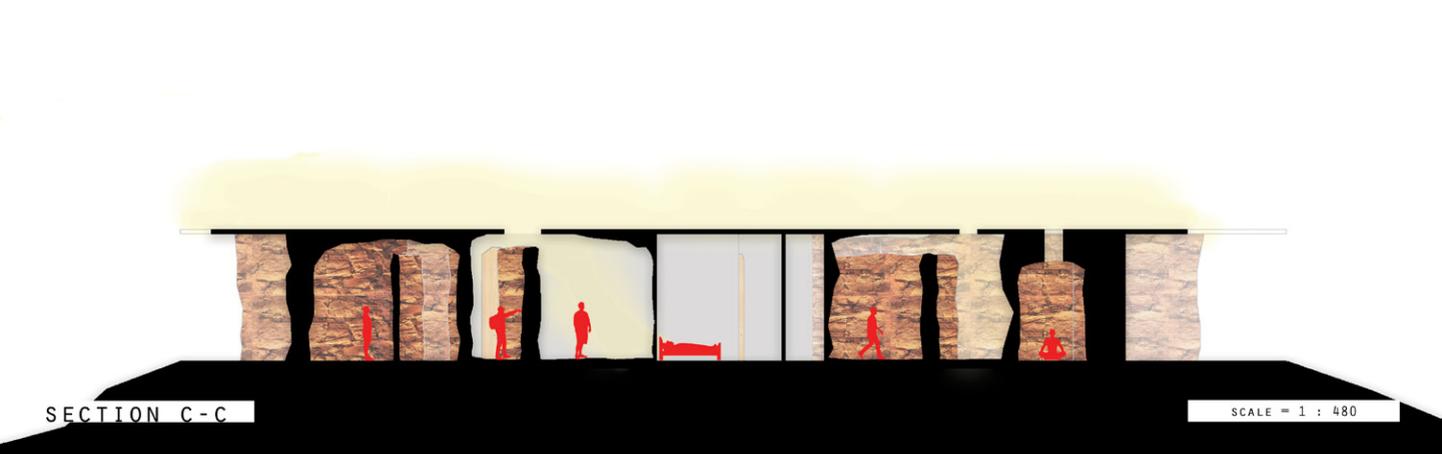
BORREGO SPRING, SAN DIEGO, CA



# Programming

personal  
↓  
public space





- a. KARAOKE-ING
- b. DANCING
- c. COOKING
- d. MAKING/CREATING
- e. LEARNING
- f. SLEEPING/DREAMING
- g. REFLECTING
- h. APPRECIATING
- i. MEDITATING
- j. WALKING

- MOODS:
- INTROVERT
  - SEMI
  - EXTROVERT



SCALE = 1 : 240



### III. **"My Book"**

SPRING '22  
ADA TOLLA & GIUSEPPE LIGNANO

WHAT IS "MY BOOK" ABOUT?

THIS BOOK IS ME, MYSELF. IT IS CONSISTED OF FOUR PARTS OF MY BODY: HEAD, HANDS, TORSO AND LEGS. THESE FOUR PARTS EACH MANIFESTS A SPIRITUAL PART, MY IDENTIFY, OF ME THROUGH DIFFERENT MATERIALS: PLASTIC, WOOD, METAL AND FABRIC. THESE FOUR OBJECTS THEN WERE ASSEMBLED INTO A TOTEM, AN ABOMINATION, OF ME. THROUGH "MAKING", THERE'S SO MUCH I'VE LEARNED ABOUT MYSELF AND I KNOW MORE WOULD COME. AND IN THE OUTRO OF "MY BOOK" I'VE COME TO AN UNDERSTANDING...

My Book



WHO THE FUCK IS "I"?

I AM A TROUBLED, WEIRD MAN WHO DOES NOT TAKE GOOD CARE OF MY BODY AND MIND. AND I HAVE ALWAYS BELIEVED THAT LOOKING INTO THE NEGATIVES MIGHT HELP BRING OUT THE POSITIVES SINCE NEGATIVES DEFINE THE POSITIVES AND INVERSE. OR IS THAT JUST AN **ENTRAPMENT** OF **SELF-PITY** OR **SELF-LOATHE**? AM I DEFINED BY THOSE BINARY FORCES? I TAKE GREAT EFFORTS TO UNDERSTAND AND AM TAKEN GREAT EFFORTS TO BE UNDERSTOOD, INTER AND INTRA-PERSONALLY.

THE STRINGS OF RECOLLECTIONS OF EXPERIENCES AND ASSOCIATIONS OF THINGS FOLDED AND WINDED AGAINST THEMSELVES, (CON-VOLVERE) **CONVOLUTED. CONTRADICTIONS** AND **DEPARTURES** OF LINEAR REASONING ARE OMNIPRESENT THROUGHOUT MY LIFE. **EVISцерATING** AND **INVERTING** WHAT HIDES INSIDE FOR EXAMINATION IN HOPES TO LIBERATE AND FORM A FURTHER UNDERSTANDING OF MYSELF THROUGH THESE TWO DEEP STRUCTURES/THEMES PUPPETEERING ME: NEGATIVES AND POSITIVES. AND I AM THE SETTLEMENT OF THE COLLISION BETWEEN THESE TWO FORCES.

BEING PASSIVE, AVOIDING CONFRONTATION, HAVING FALSE SENSE OF FALSE PRIDE ARE I, DISTASTEFULLY. BEING PERPETUALLY **RECEPTIVE** AGAINST **INTRUSIVE** FORCES/IDEAS. AND LET THOSE REMNANT SCARS/REGRETS SLOWLY **TORTURE** ME, AND **EAT AWAY** MY INSIDE. FORMING WHAT I AM TODAY, AN **ABOMINATION. INSIDIIOUSLY SUCCUMBING** TO INTRUSIONS, I AM FILLED WITH **ANXIETY** OVER WHAT IS UN-KNOWN/COMING, NOT EVER KNOWING IF THERE IS A LIBERATION FROM THIS **PRECARIOUS** STATE OF MIND THAT CONNIVES WITHIN MY OWN DYSTOPIA, A SELF INFLICTED **HELLHOLE**.

THOUGH THIS LOATHSOME GARGOYLE, WHO BURNS IN HELL, SECRETLY YEARNS FOR HEAVEN. **BIZARRE** COUNTER-BALANCING OF **WEIRD** SOURCES OF PLEASURES. **YEARNINGS** OF RETURNING TO MOTHER'S BOSOM, ORAL PLEASURE. **LIKING** OF DISPLACING SUBJECTS/OBJECTS AT LESS THAN APPROPRIATE LOCATIONS, SENSUAL PLEASURE. WHAT CONDUIT SUPPOSEDLY GOES IN MAY GO IN, WHAT CONDUIT SUPPOSEDLY GOES OUT MAY GO IN AS WELL. MAYBE THESE MANIFESTATIONS OF AT TIMES MISPLACEMENTS AND DISPLACEMENTS OF APPROPRIATE-NESS REFLECT THE CONFLICTS OF THE INSIDES. "AS BELOW SO ABOVE". MAYBE THESE BIZARRE ACTS/OPERATIONS WOULD REVIVIFY THE CONVOLUTION OF MY WEIRD EXPERIENCES , FEELINGS, MIND, ASSOCIATIONS OF THINGS THAT LAY DORMANT AND PURPOSEFULLY IGNORED.

AND THESE OBJECTS, THE CONSTITUENTS, OF ABOMINATION ARE I.

HEAD



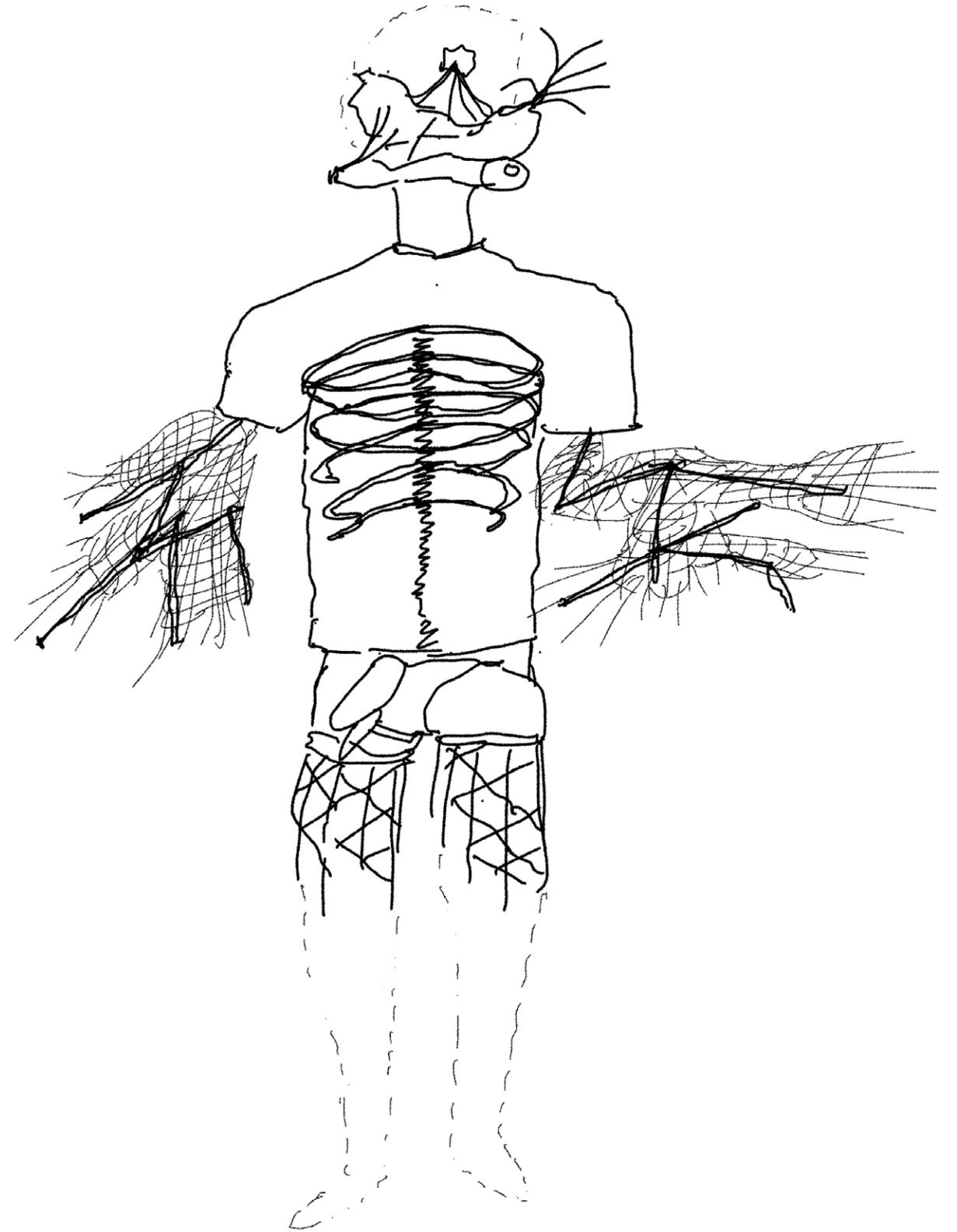
TORSO



HANDS



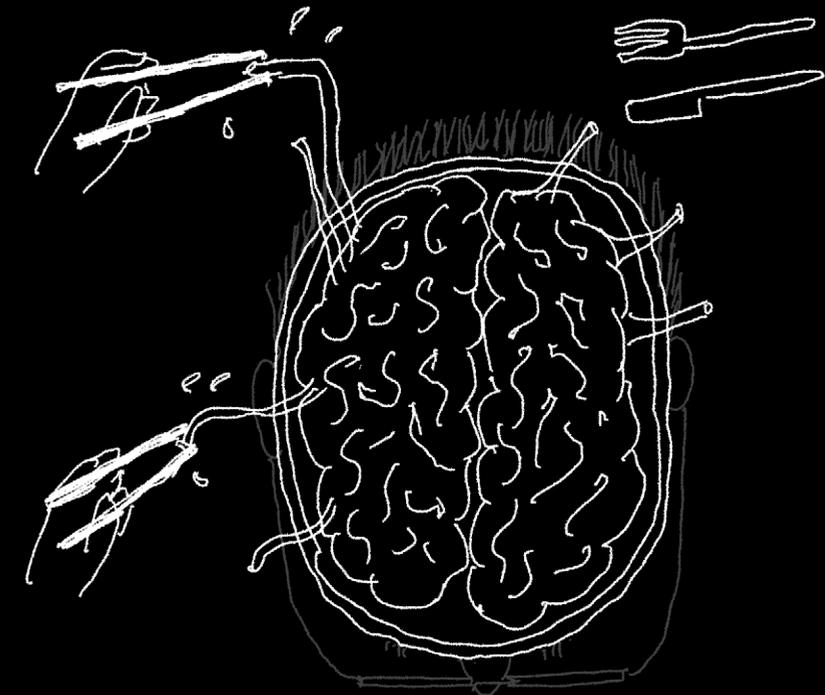
LEGS



# HEAD

\ 'hed \

Noun: a person's mental ability : mind or intellect



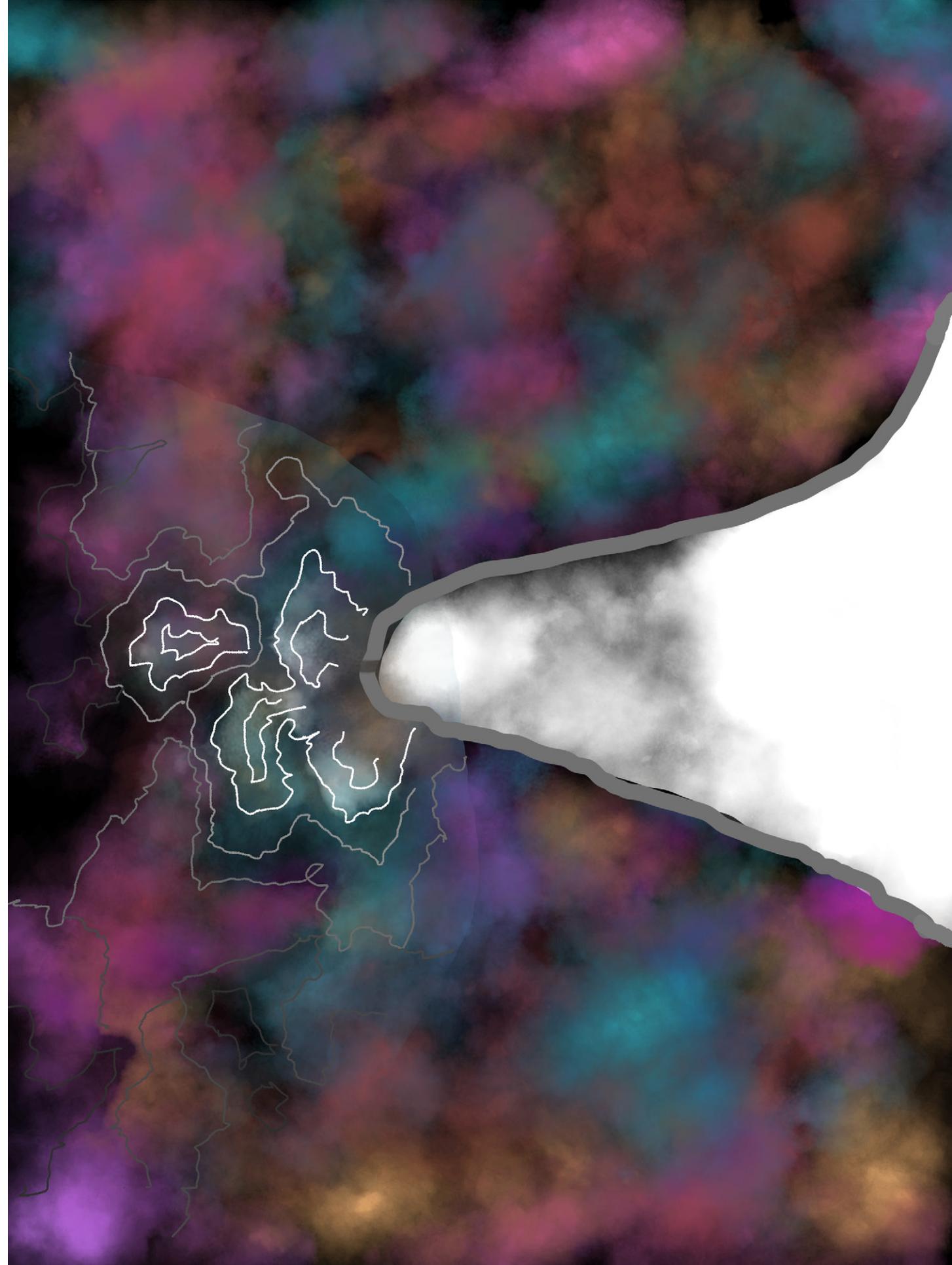
noodles?  
brain?  
noodle brain?

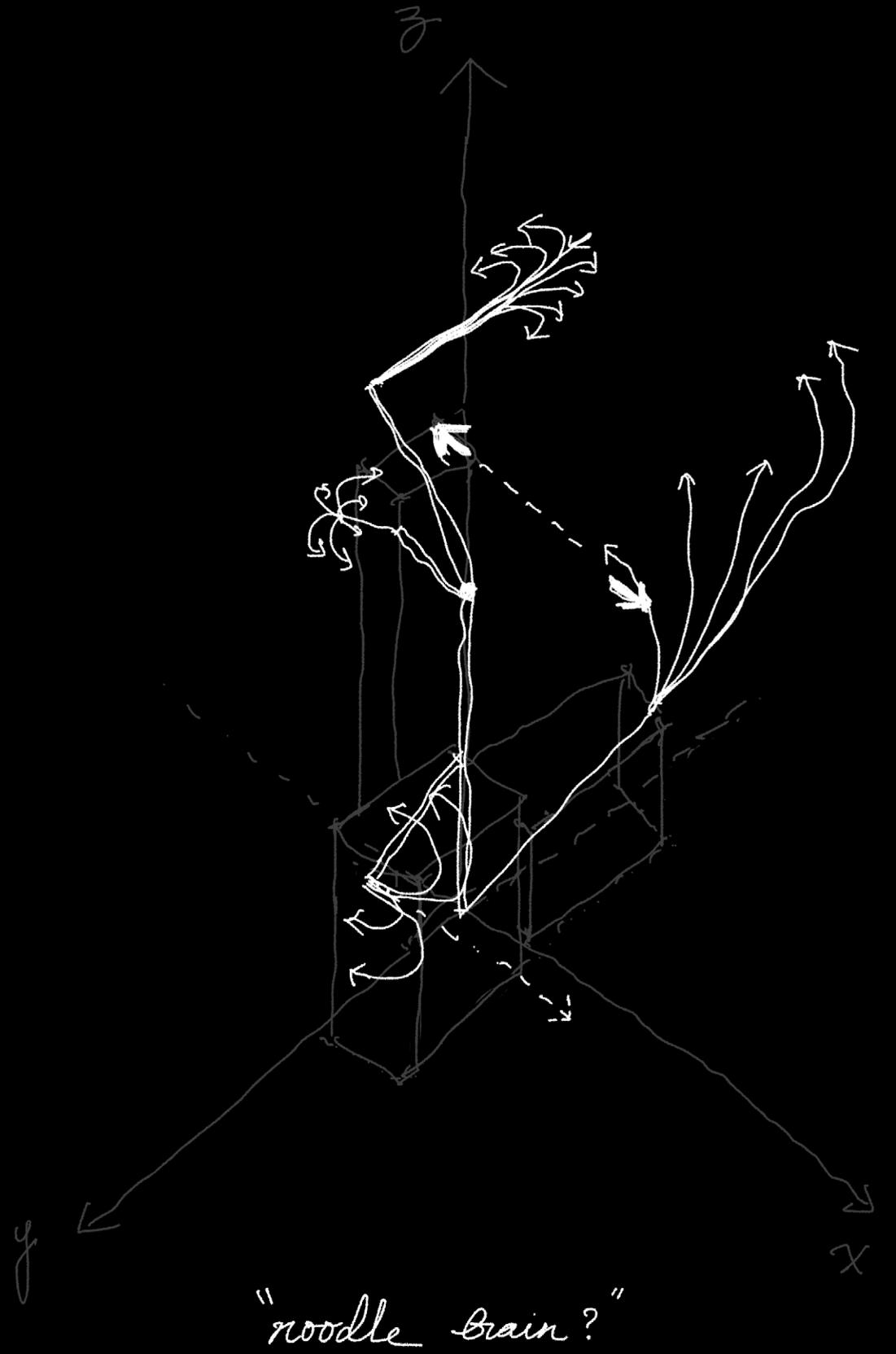
IMPULSE:

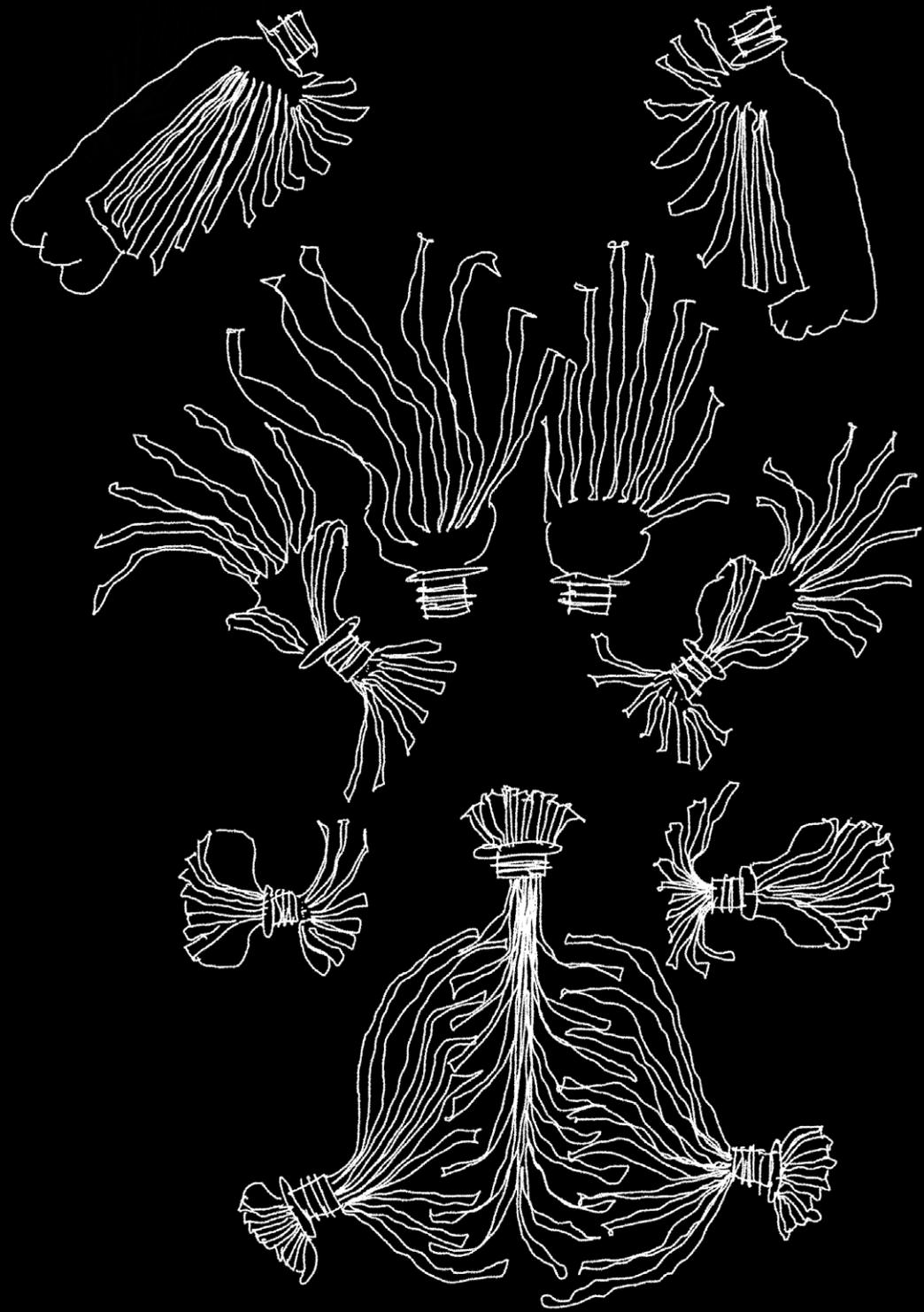
SEEING THE COCA-COLA BOTTLE AS ONE OF THE PUPPETEERING INSTITUTIONAL POWER STRUCTURE/EXTERNAL FORCES OF ME, I WANT TO DECONSTRUCT IT.

INTERPRETATION:

HEAD/MIND(IDENTITY), ARGUABLY THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF THE BODY, IS FORMED BY THE INTERACTION BETWEEN INVASIVE STIMULANTS AND A RECEPTIVE RESILIENCE. THEY COMPLETE EACH OTHER. THE REMNANT OF THE INVASIVE FORCE CAN BE TRACED EVEN WITHOUT THE PRESENCE OF THE FORCE. SCARING/TRAUMATIZING THE MIND TURNS INTO "TRAUM"/DREAM OR MEMORY CONSTITUTING THE MIND.







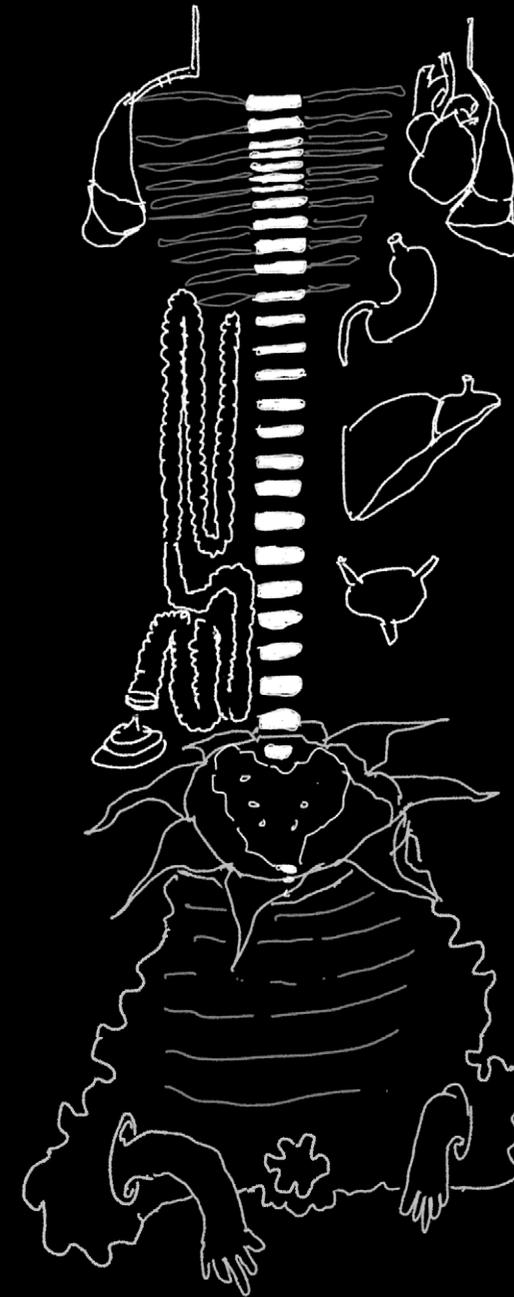
*"Tormented Brain"*



# TORSO

\ 'tor-sō \

Noun: : the human body apart from the head, neck, arms, and legs : the human trunk



"What're you hiding underneath?"

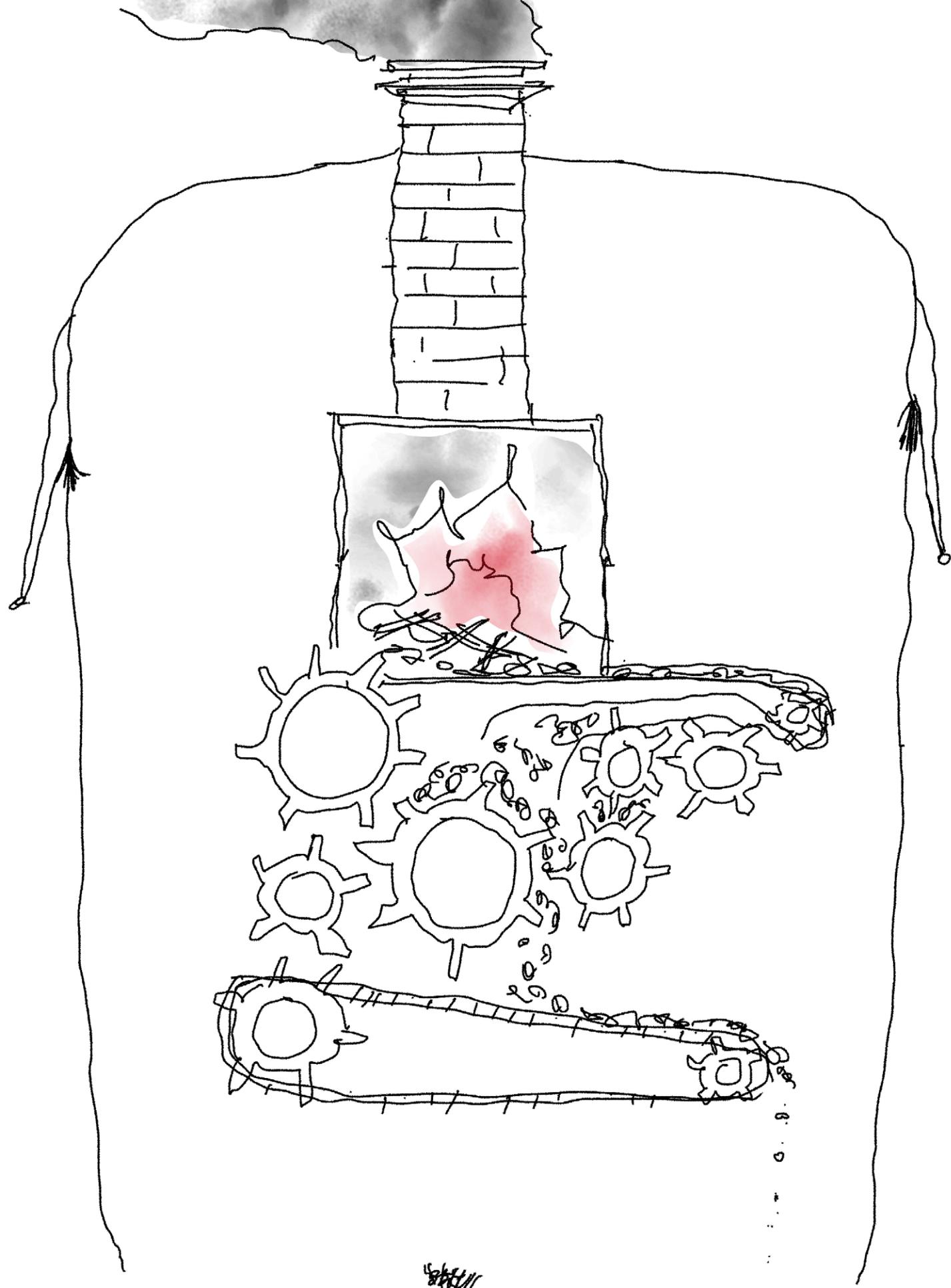
"What'd ya mean?"

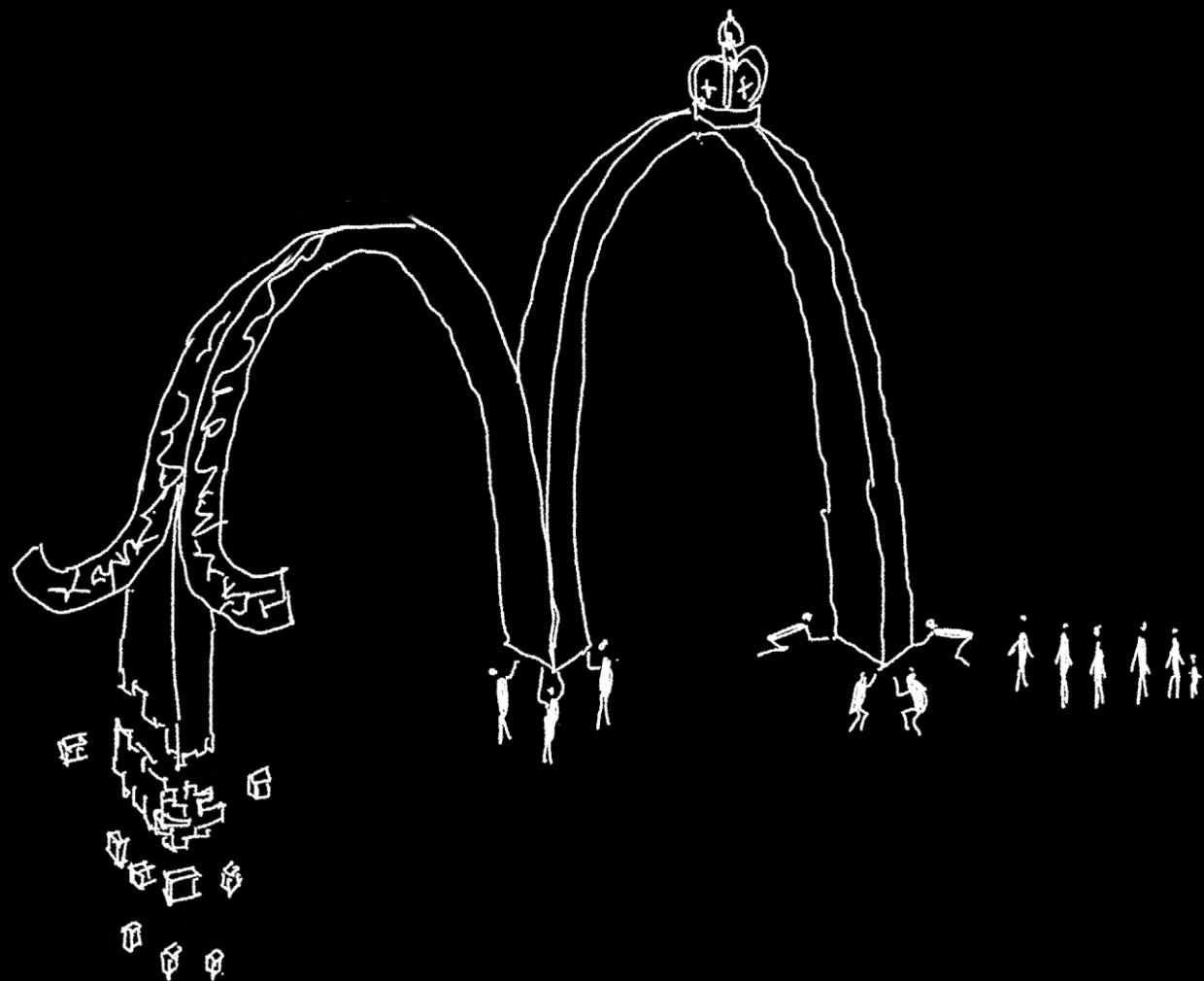
IMPULSE:

E-VISCERATING (EXAMINING) AND ONE OF THE DEEP STRUCTURES/EXTERNAL FORCES (MCDONALD'S BAG). INVERTING AND E-VISCERATING THE BAG TO DECONSTRUCT WHAT IT WAS.

INTERPRETATION:

THE INSTITUTION/BAG IS PROCEDURALLY INVERTED STEP-BY-STEP. TO PREVENT RIPPING THE BAG, FIRST THE BAG NEEDS TO BE SQUEEZED HARD AND SOFTENED INTO A FABRIC-LIKE BALL. I USED MY HANDS TO PULL THE BAGS FROM THE INSIDE OUT LIKE HOW ONE WOULD E-VISCERATE (TAKING OUT ORGANS) ORGANS OUT OF A CHICKEN. THEN THE PROCEDURES ARE PRESENTED AND EXAMINED.



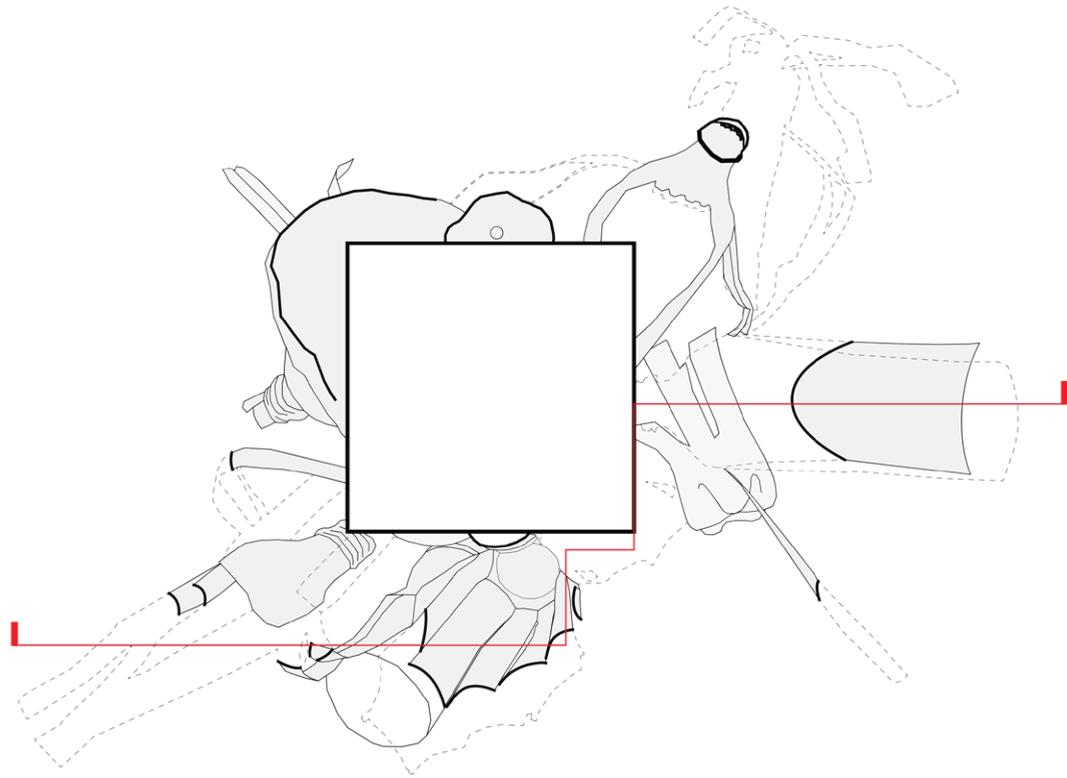


"Reconstructing Institution"

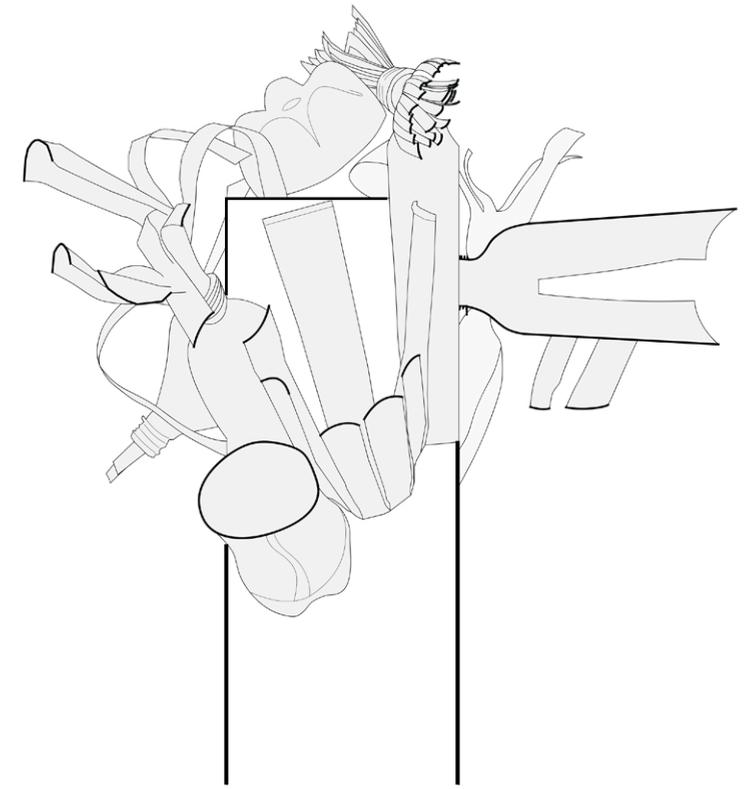




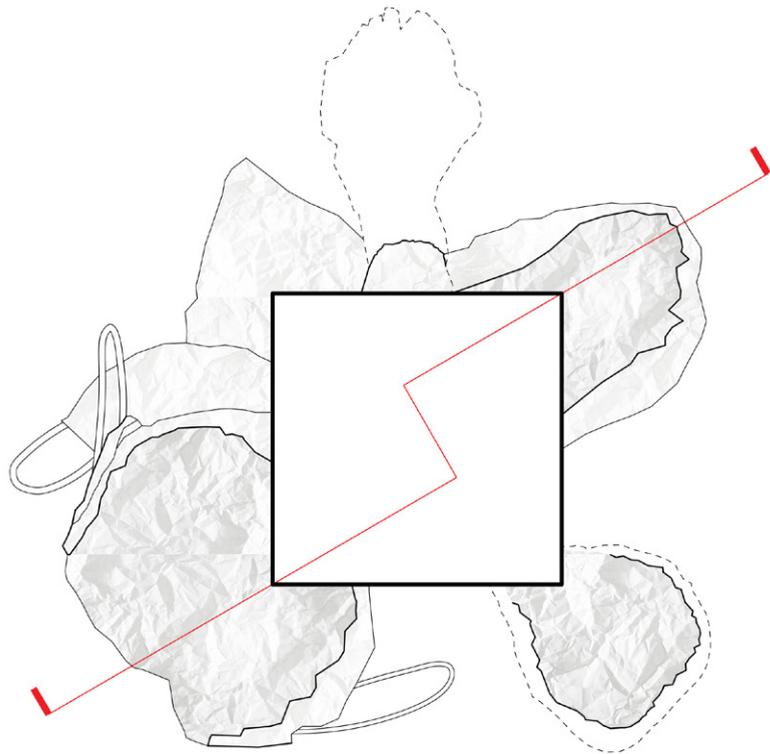
"Eviscerating"



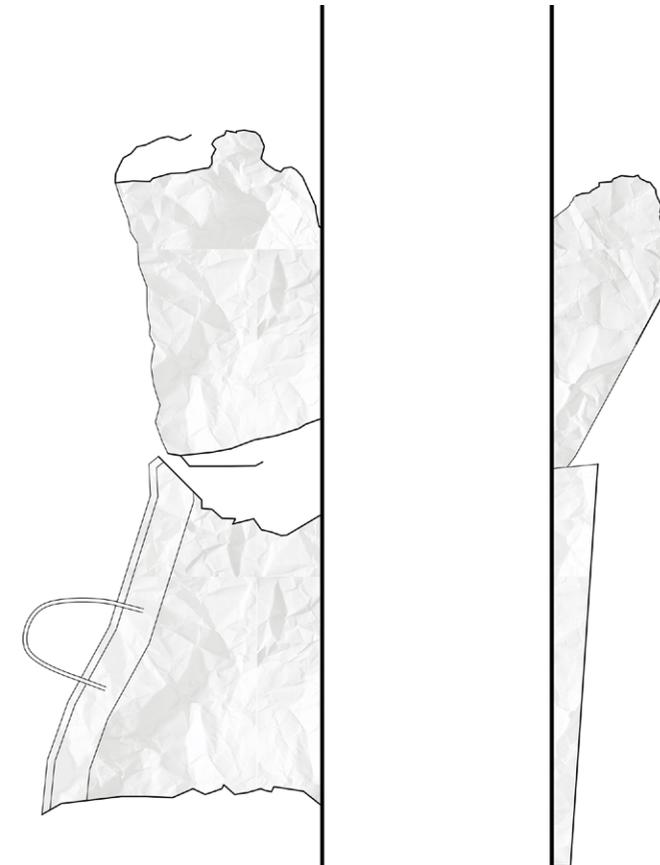
PLAN HEAD



SECTION HEAD



PLAN TORSO



SECTION TORSO

# HANDS

\ 'hands \

Noun: : used in reference to the power to direct something



*omg! It's "dis-fingered"!*

IMPULSE:

FINDING COMFORT/JUSTIFICATION WITH CARESSING AND MOUTHING (SUCTION?) ON SHARP OBJECT (THAT OF HAND) TO COUNTER-BALANCE THE ANXIETY OF THE UNKNOWN/COMING.

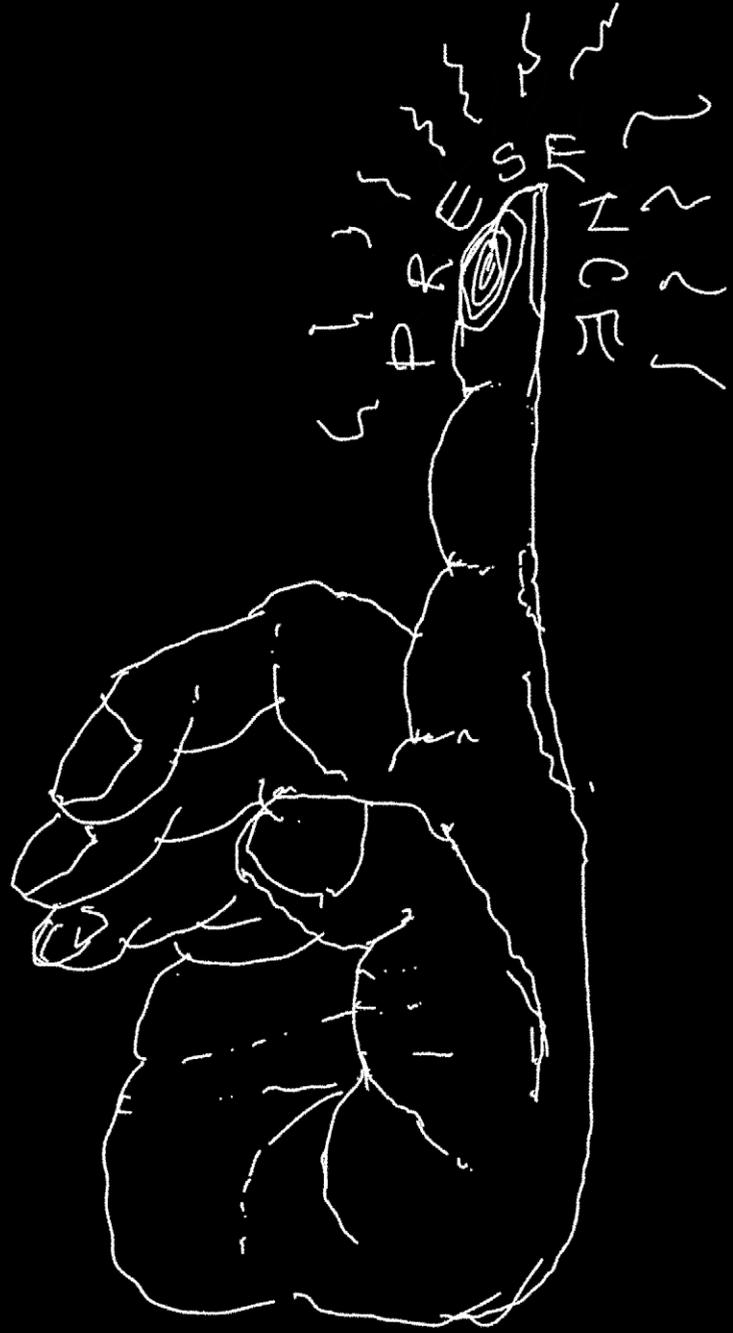
INTERPRETATION:

THE OUT-REACHING WIRE MESH SUB-STRUCTURES HAVE CAPTURED THE SENSE OF ANXIETY OF THE UNKNOWN. THE OBJECTS WOULD COMMUNICATE THEIR "COMFORT" BY THE COUNTER BALANCE, THE ANXIETY. THAT COMFORT WAS COMMUNICATED THROUGH THE "PODS" INSTEAD.

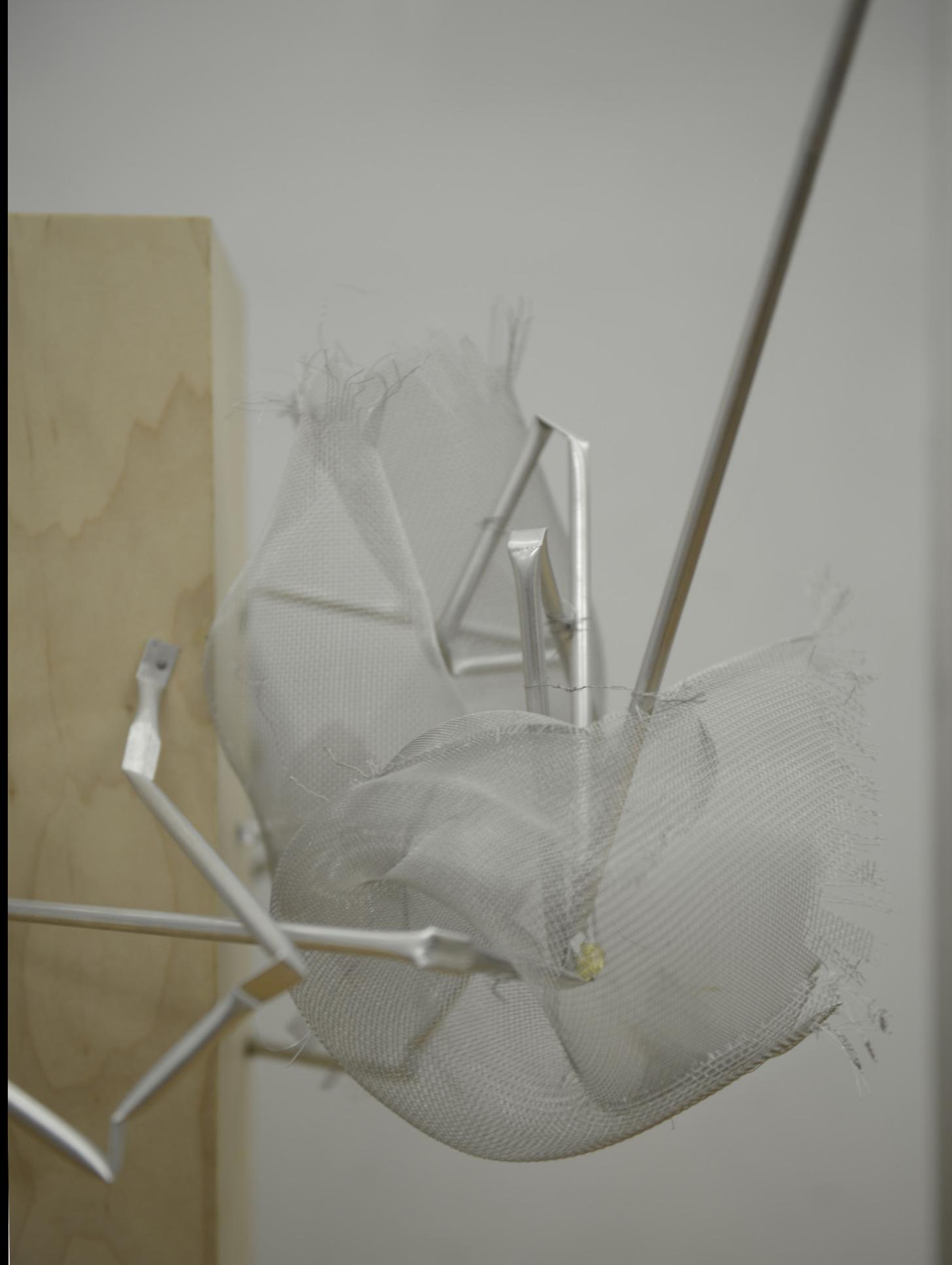
THE AUXILIARY OBJECTS (LEFT HANDS) AS IT SERVES AS A SUPPLEMENT TO THE FIRST OBJECT AND GIVES A SENSE OF JEALOUSY TOWARDS THE FIRST.

THESE METALS HANDS EACH REPRESENT SOMETHING THAT ARE IMPORTANT TO ME: PRESENCE, RECEPTIVENESS, AUXILIARY, AND TORMENT.





"I goint therefore I am."



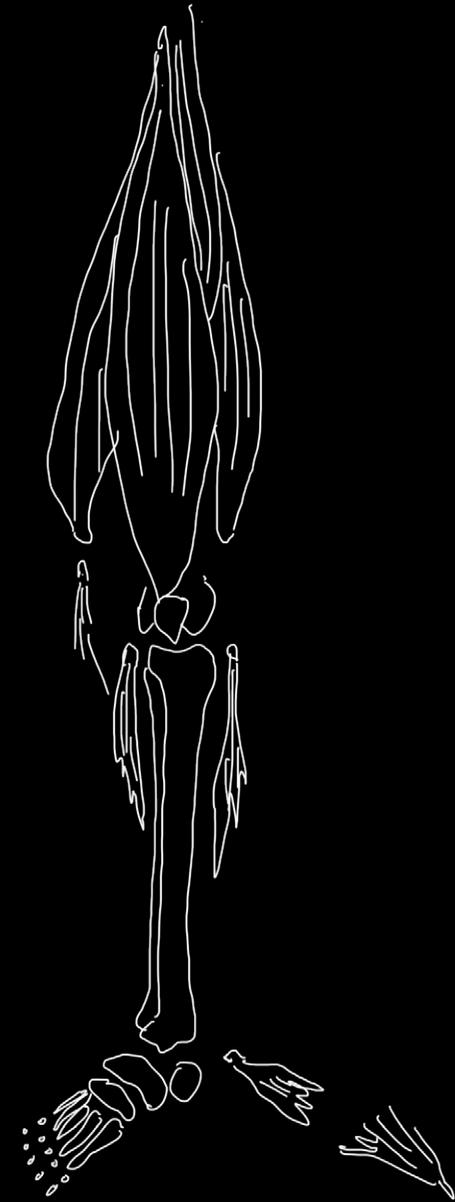


*"Auxillary Left Hand"*

# LEGS

\ 'leg \

Noun: : a branch or part of an object or system



*The limb that's easily forgotten?*

IMPULSE:

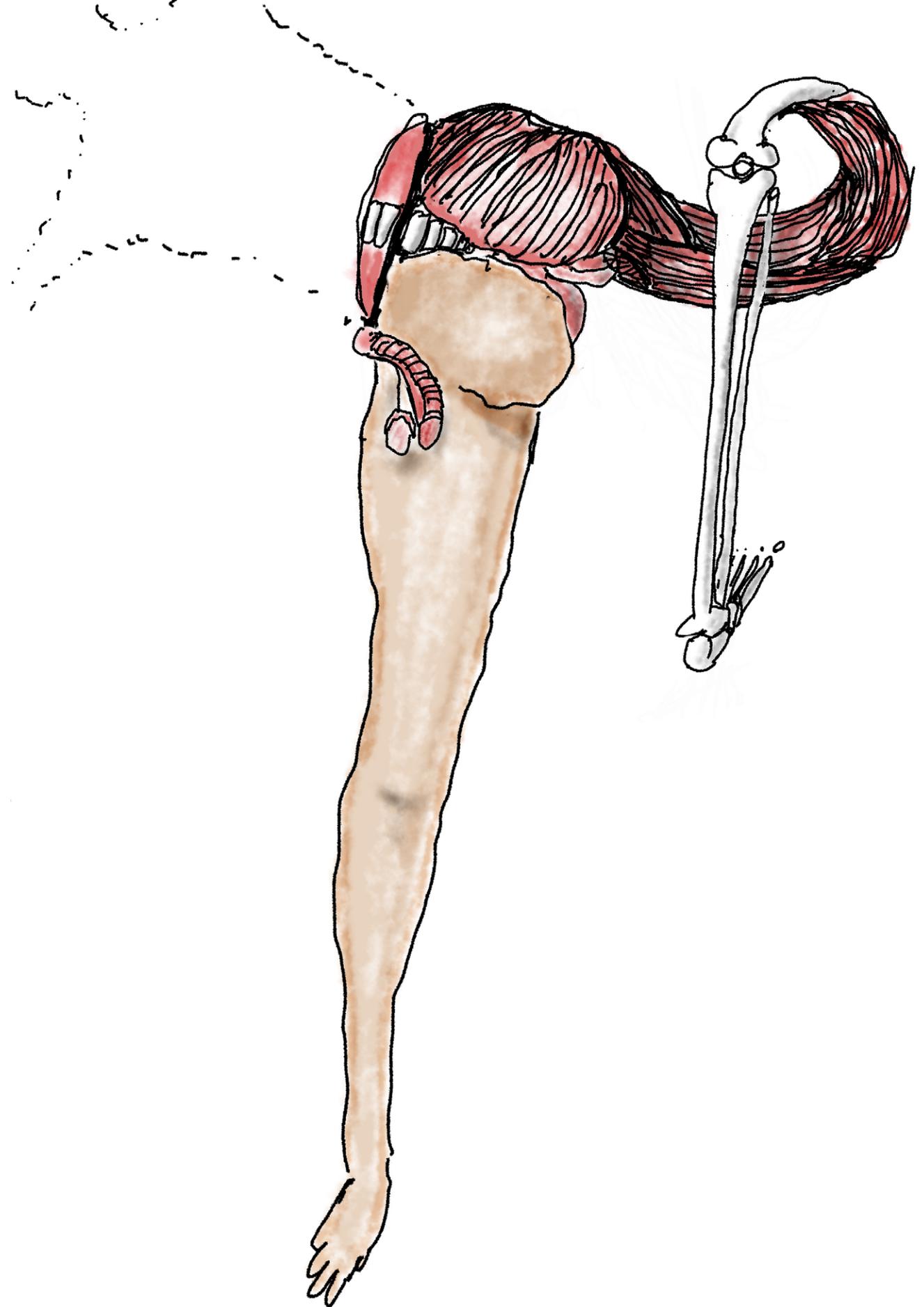
LOOKING AT FABRIC, I FEEL LIKE THEY WANT TO STAND UP. SOMETHING THAT IS AGREEING TO GRAVITY WANTS TO RESIST THE DECADENCE AND ERECT ITSELF AND DO AND MAKE AND BE. DOES THE INVERT OF LEGS DEFINE WHAT LEGS ARE

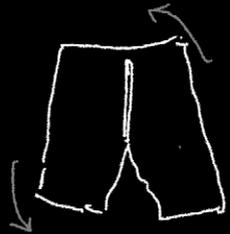
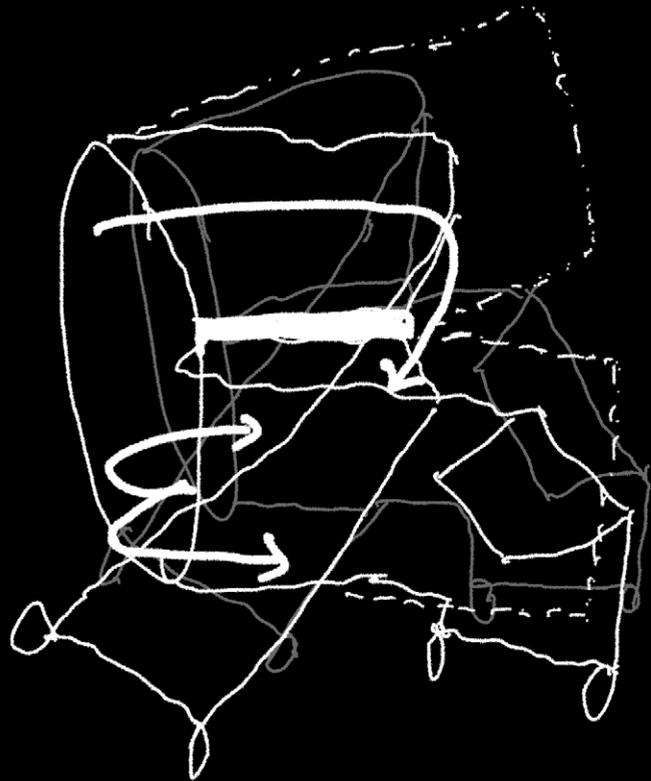
OPERATIONS: ROTATE, INVERT, TWIST, MISPLACE LEG SPACES.

INTERPRETATION:

BY MISPLACING/TORTURING THE PANTS FABRIC, IN ORDER TO KNOW WHAT IT IS TO EXIST.

FABRIC RESISTS CHANGES, AGREES TO GRAVITY. SERIES OF TORTURING/ OPERATIONS MAKE IT COME ALIVE AND GO AND BE, AND THERE'S ALWAYS THAT HINTING DRIVE OF SEX LYING AROUND ANY MOTIVES.





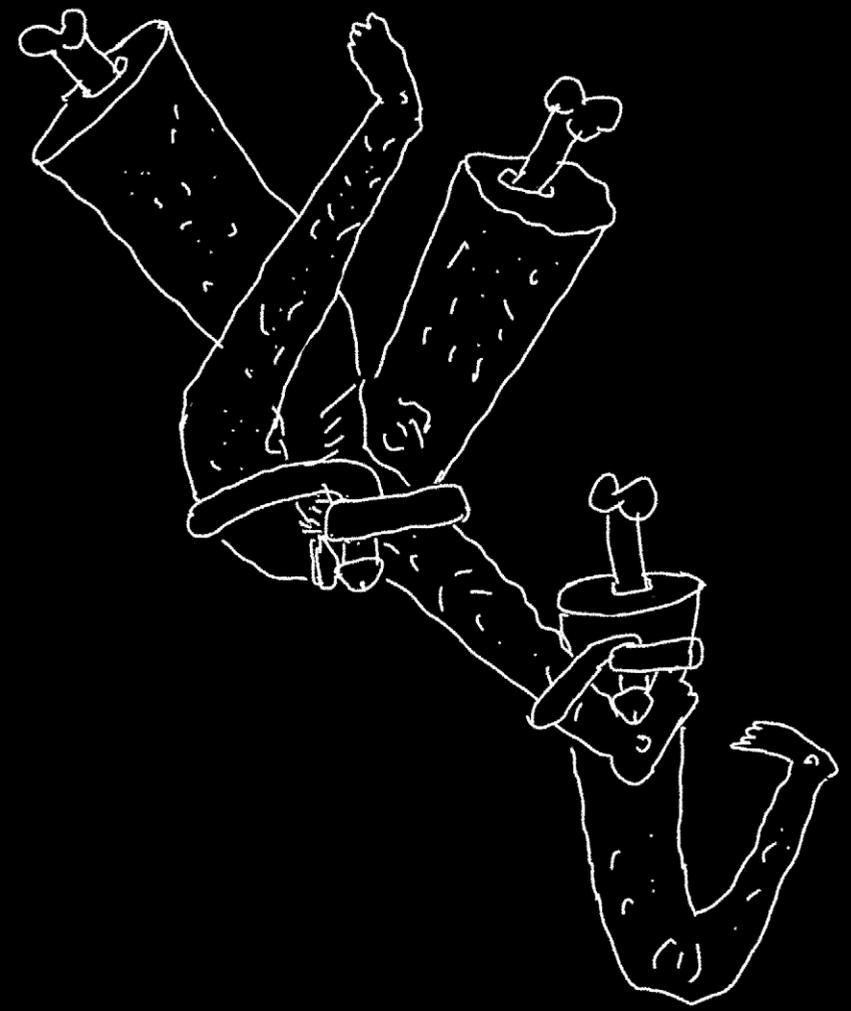
↙  
*anchor point*



*cut lines*

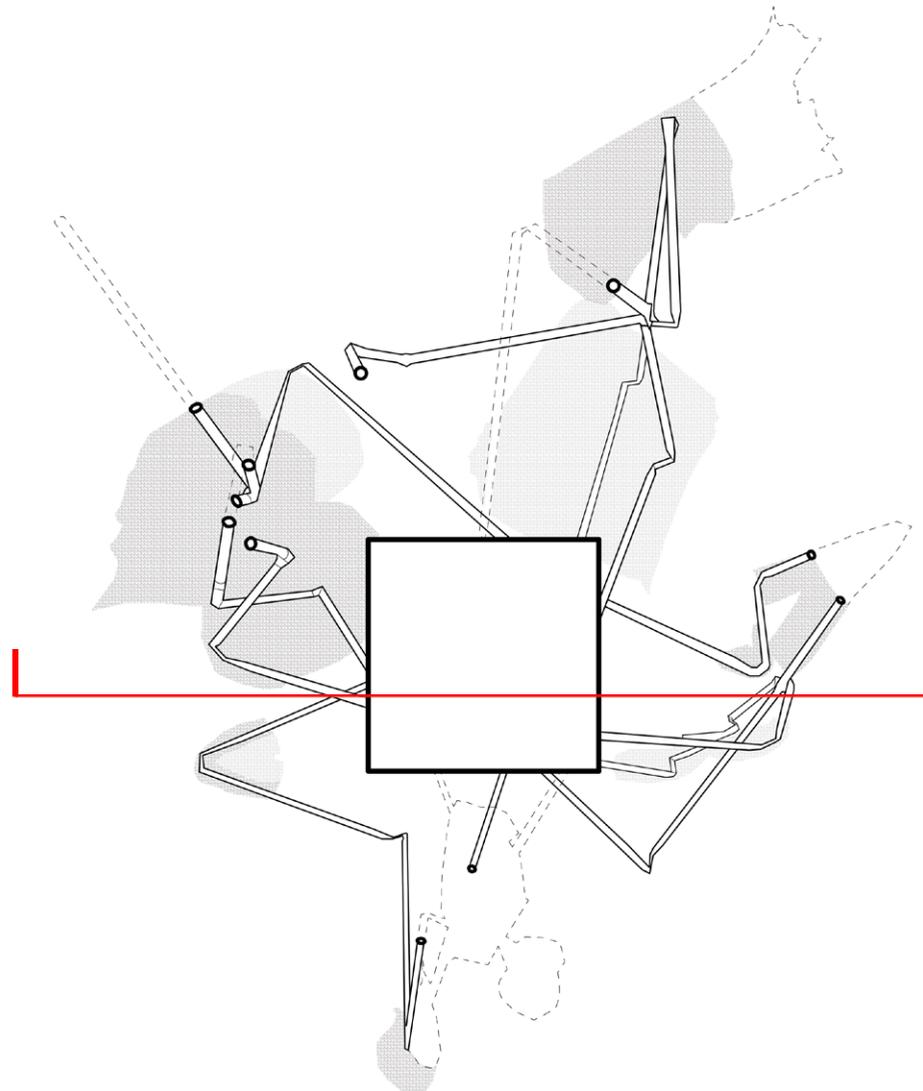
“ an Abomination ”



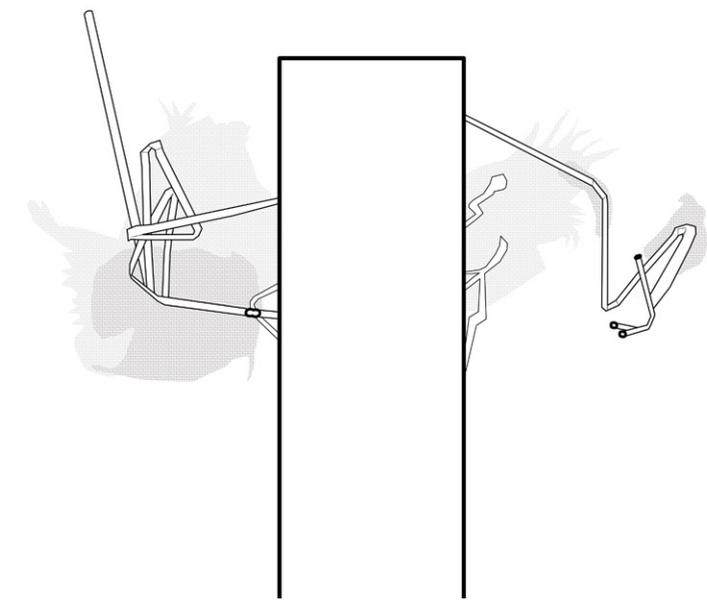


"Sexual Frustration"

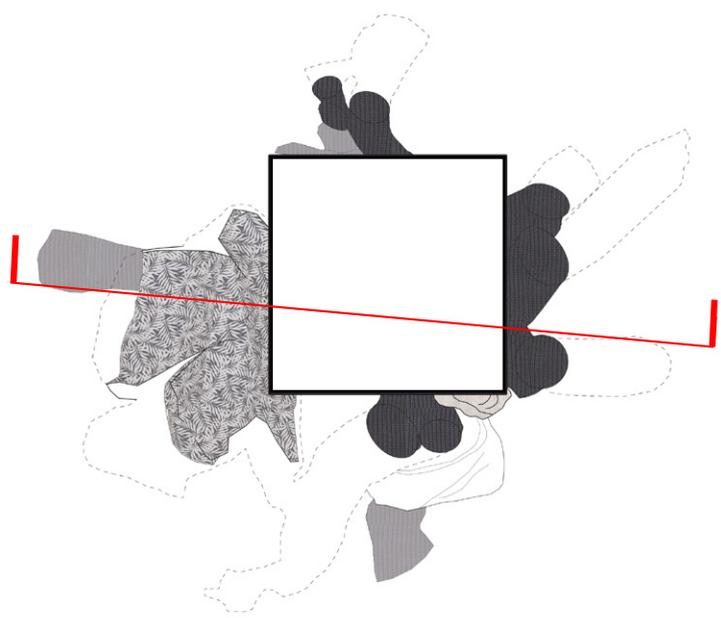




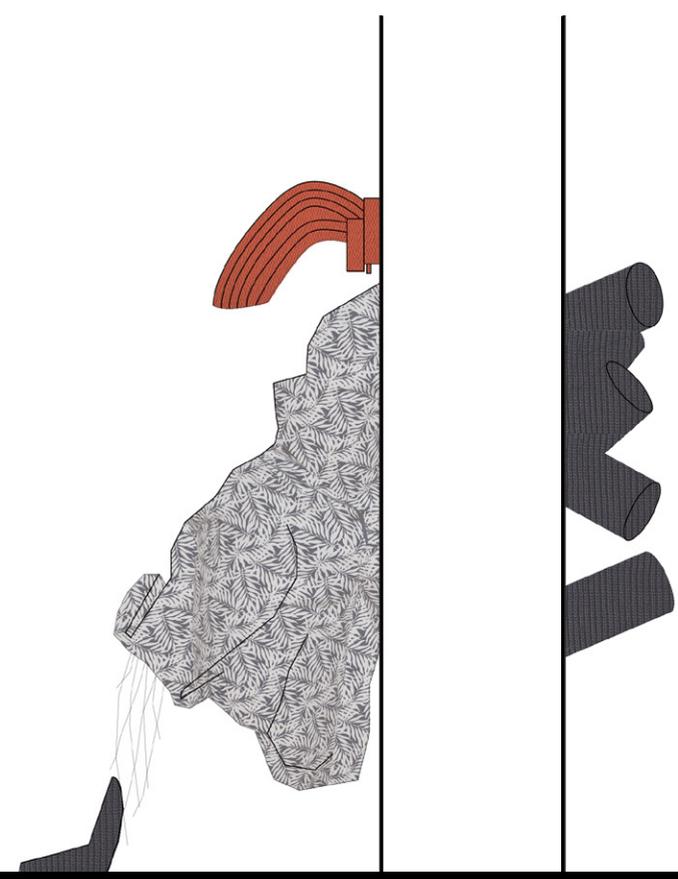
PLAN HANDS



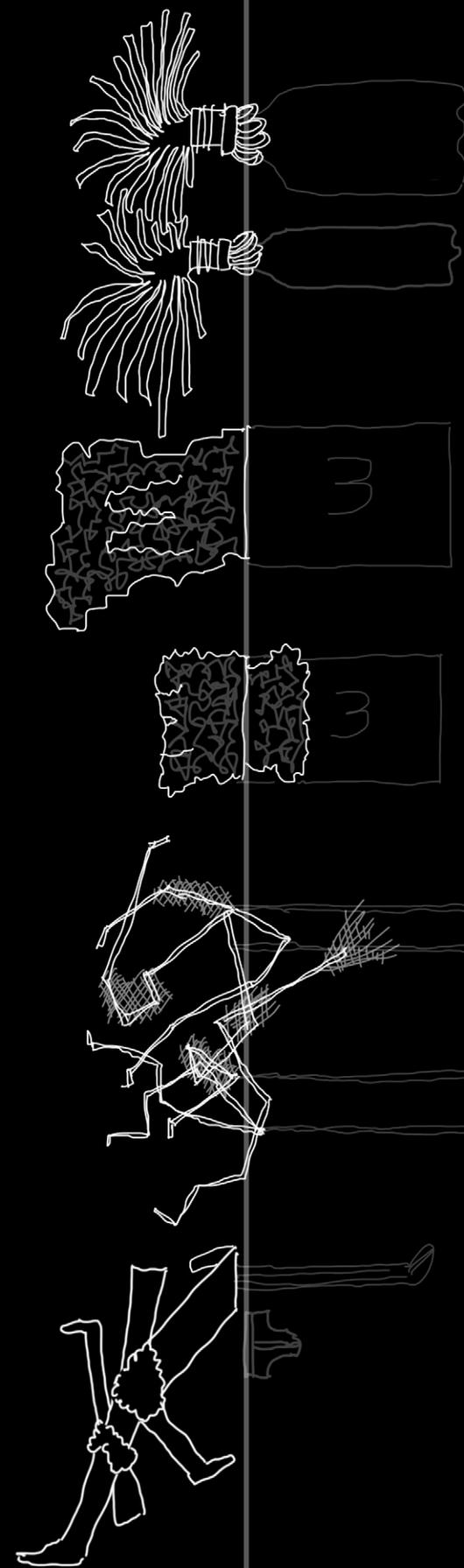
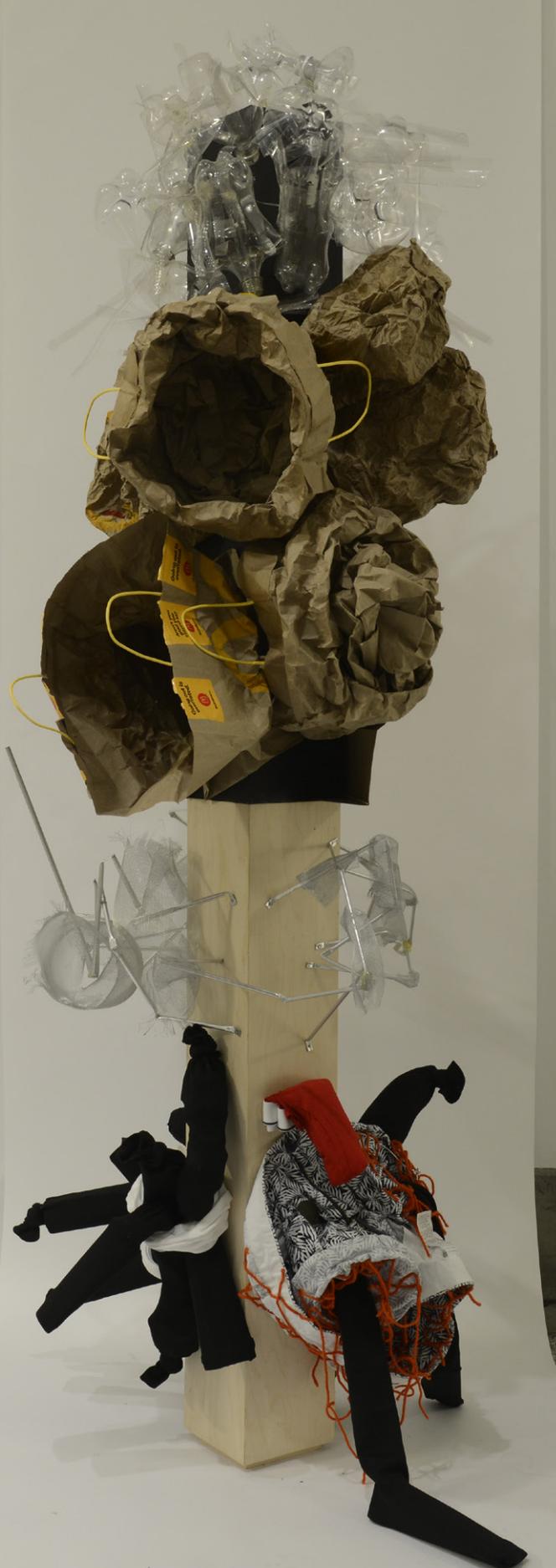
SECTION HANDS



PLAN LEGS



SECTION LEGS



A single object can represent me and neither can many. There's absolutely nothing that these physically represent me. Therefore I'm producing these "squiggly" lines that haphazardly represent me. It took a lot of courage to produce these images though most are still left out, not everyone is interested in my story. So, I'm leaving these squiggly lines as a piece of forensic evidence. Like I always believe and said "as above so below", it will be evident to some to tell me apart by reading into my writing or rather hand-writing. On this journey of self-defining/finding path without an end, so far, nothing could better represent me neither these abominations/objects but their processes and my words.

"Me? Eric Chyou"

I GUESSING LOOKING AT/FOR THE NEGATIVES DOES REQUIRE ONE TO LOOK ALSO AT/FOR THE POSITIVES. THROUGHOUT THIS SHORT JOURNEY OF SELF-SEEKING, THOUGH ONE'D SPEND ONE'S WHOLE LIFE CHASING THIS UNKNOWN QUESTION, THERE IS NO ANSWER BUT ONLY TRYING TO KNOW BETTER. BEING AN ADULT IS JUST LESS OF CULTURALLY BEING A BABY/TEENAGE, THERE IS NO ABSOLUTE CUT-OFF LINE FOR ADULTHOOD. WE AS HUMAN, I SUPPOSE, STRUGGLE TO DEFINE WHO WE TRULY ARE. "WHY" IS ONE OF THE MOST SOPHISTICATED QUESTION THERE IS TO BE ANSWERED. I GUESS LEARNING TO BE AND LOVE MYSELF, LOOKING BEYOND THAT WHICH ARE KEEPING ME BEHIND AND DOWN, WOULD MAKE MY LIFE A BIT EASIER. LIFE IS TOO SHORT TO BE SPENT MOURNING THE PAST. OR MAYBE THESE ARE JUST ME BEING TIRED OF CHASING AND EXCUSES THAT I USE TO AVOID TRULY REALIZING MYSELF TO THE FULLEST. OR MAYBE THIS IS JUST HUMANITY. I DO NOT KNOW.

MY STRUGGLE OF THIS CONSTANT INDECISIVENESS UNDER THE BOMBARDMENT OF SOME BIPOLAR FORCES WILL CONTINUE OR MAYBE IT'S POINTLESS SINCE TO A CERTAIN DEGREE WE AS HUMAN ARE ALL THE SAME OR MAYBE NOT. I DO NOT KNOW. HOWEVER, UNDOUBTEDLY MY STRUGGLE WILL CONTINUE AND SO WILL MY SELF-SEEKING JOURNEY UNTIL I CEASE TO EXIST OR UNTIL THE ABSOLUTE OBLIVION.

"TO KNOW THYSELF IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM." - SOCRATES.  
"HMM, REALLY?..." - ERIC CHYOU



