

This is our high street

OUR TOWN is a pretty ordinary place... converted villas as shops

each generation has plugged... into the system of streets and building lines... by habit... prolonging such a system

CHEEK-BY-JOWL... the Edwardian stone with the Victorian remnant... with the odd piece of MODERNE

and inevitably... a point back IMPLANTED



THINGS START HAPPENING... a walkabout deck

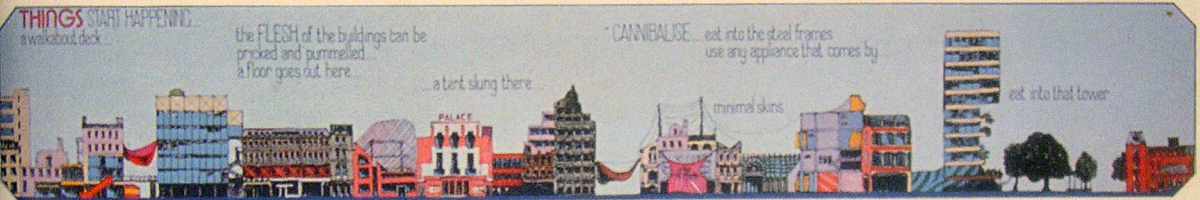
the FLESH of the buildings can be proked and pummelled... a floor goes out here

...a tent slung there

"CANNIBALISE" eat into the steel frames use any appliance that comes by

minimal skins

eat into that tower

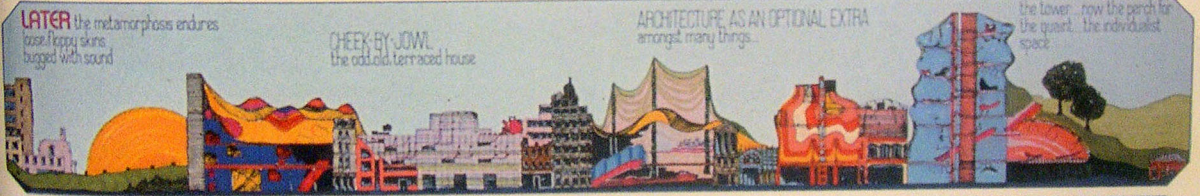


LATER the metamorphosis endures loose floppy skins bugged with sound

CHEEK-BY-JOWL the odd old terraced house

ARCHITECTURE AS AN OPTIONAL EXTRA amongst many things...

the tower... now the perch for the quart... the individualist space



WHERE? MIGHT IT LEAD which is building and which is growth?

architecture as indulgence, as revival, as nostalgia

butterfly home/vers

