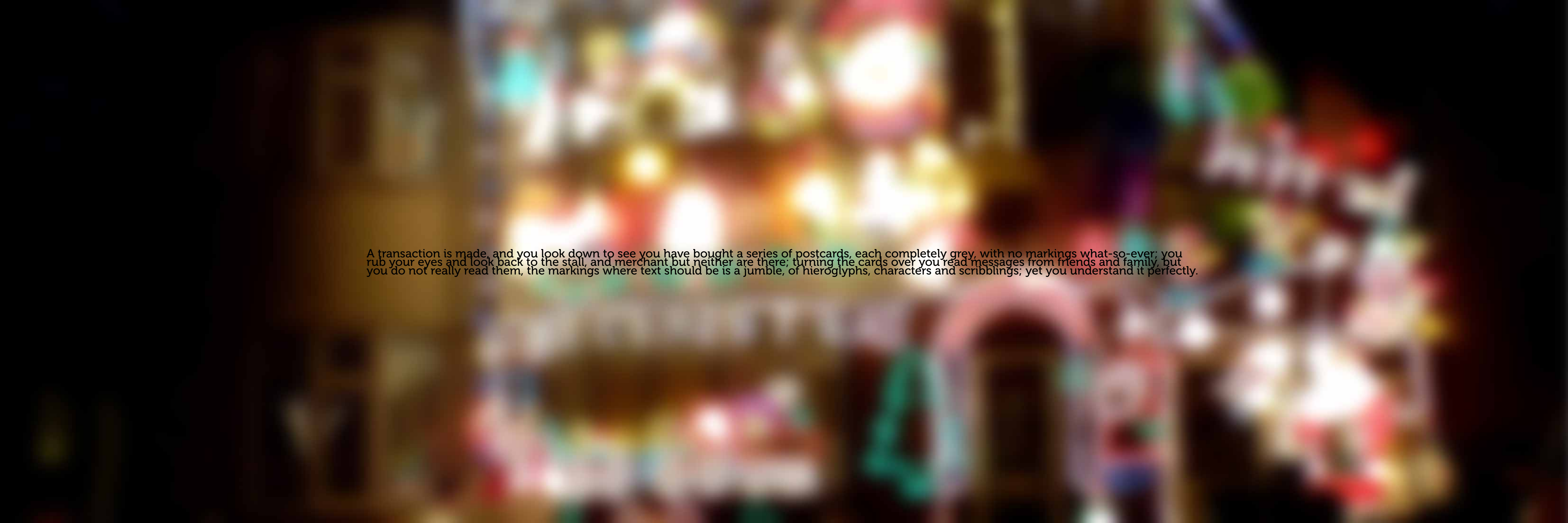


A blurry, warm-toned photograph of a person in a dark jacket walking through a narrow, brightly lit hallway or tunnel. The person is centered in the frame, moving away from the viewer. The walls are a light, golden-brown color, and a bright light source is visible at the end of the hallway, creating a strong lens flare and illuminating the scene. The overall atmosphere is one of movement and a sense of being in a unique, perhaps underground, location.

Four tube stops along you come to the market village of Cumberland. A place that is not part of any ordinary map, and to the visitor this fact seems wholly strange, as the road bustle and markets heave with goods from all over the world, chinese pears, okra, Mediterranean fish, and exotic plants from Cuba, and South America.


You journey through these busy streets, and carnival atmosphere, noticing every cobble, and paving stone beneath your feet, the detail of the drains, the moss that grows along the gutters; as you look up, there are people hanging their washing out from their windows across the streets, and calling to each other whilst smoking on their balconies; looking further up wisps of clouds pass by in the cooling breeze that you did not notice before.

Your name resonates from a stall that you recognise from a time you vaguely remember; a merchant standing behind the counter calls you over, but you do not notice what he is saying; the words make sense, and you can reply, but without thinking about your answers.



A transaction is made, and you look down to see you have bought a series of postcards, each completely grey, with no markings what-so-ever; you rub your eyes and look back to the stall, and merchant but neither are there; turning the cards over you read messages from friends and family, but you do not really read them, the markings where text should be is a jumble, of hieroglyphs, characters and scribbles; yet you understand it perfectly.

Turning the cards back to see the grey pictures again, you see a landscape photo of a small fishing town in the south of France on one, on another, a map of Brazil with points marked in biro, this brings a smile to your face, as memories flow back to a time when you had been to somewhere like the photo of the fishing village, and travelled around similar parts of Brazil. Setting the postcards in your bag, you look around for the people that came with you on the tube, but you can only catch glimpses of them through the crowd, and feel re-assured that they are having as good a time as you.



This is Cumberdale, a vague town, on the edge of your memory, that exists only because of your past thoughts and projections onto Cumberdale. It has no striking memories of its own, but instead brings ideas back into semi-focus. Upon leaving Cumberdale, no-one recounts the tale of the village, but rather their thoughts throughout the day, and how it made them feel.

1.

Leaving there and proceeding for three days toward the east, you reach Diomira, a city with sixty silver domes, bronze statues of all the gods, streets paved with lead, a crystal theatre, a golden cock that crows each morning on a tower. All these beauties will already be familiar to the visitor, who has seen them also in other cities. But the special quality of this city for the man who arrives there on a September evening, when the days are growing shorter and the multicoloured lamps are lighted all at once at the doors of the food stalls and from a terrace a woman's voice cries ooh!, is that he feels envy toward those who now believe they have once before lived an evening identical to this and think they were happy, that time.

2.

When a man rides a long time through wild regions he feels the desire for a city. Finally he comes to Isidora, a city where buildings have spiral staircases encrusted with spiral seashells, where perfect telescopes and violins are made, where a foreigner hesitating between two women always encounters a third, where cockfights degenerate into bloody brawls among the bettors. He was thinking of all these things when he desired a city. Isidora, therefore, is the city of his dreams: with one difference. The dreamed-of city contained him as a young man; he arrives at Isidora in his old age. In the square there is a wall where the old men sit and watch the young go by; he is seated in a row with them. Desires are already memories.

3.

In vain great-hearted Kublai, shall I attempt to describe Zaira, city of bastions. I could tell you how many steps make up the streets rising like stairways, and the degree of the arcades' curves, and what kind of zinc scales cover the roofs; but I already know this would be the same as telling you nothing. The city does not consist of this, but of relationships between the measurements of its space and the events of its past: the height of a lamppost and the distance from the ground of a hanged usurper's swaying feet; the line strung from the lamppost to the railing opposite and the festoons that decorate the course of the queen's nuptial procession; the height of that railing and the leap the adulterer who climbed over it at dawn; the tilt of the guttering and a cat's progress along it as he slips into the same window; the firing range of a gunboat which has suddenly appeared beyond the cape and the bomb that destroys the guttering; the rips in the fish net and the three old men seated on the dock mending nets and telling each other for the hundredth time the story of the gunboat and the usurper, who some say was the queen's illegitimate son, abandoned in his swaddling clothes there on the dock.

As this wave from memories flows in, the city soaks it up like a sponge and expands. A description of Zaira as it is today should contain all Zaira's past. The city, however, does not tell its past, but contains it like the lines of a hand, written in the corners of the street, the gratings of the windows, the banisters of the steps, the antennae of the lightning rods, the poles of the flags, every segment marked in turn with scratches, indentations, scrolls.

4.

Beyond six rivers and three mountain ranges rises Zora, a city that no one, having seen it, can forget. But not because, like other memorable cities, it leaves an unusual image in your recollections. Zora has the quality of remaining in your memory point by point, in its succession of streets, of houses along the streets, and of doors and windows in the houses, though nothing in them possesses a special beauty or rarity. Zora's secret lies in the way your gaze runs over patterns following one another as in a musical score where not a note can be altered or displaced. The man who knows by heart how Zora is made, if he is unable to sleep at night, can imagine he is walking along the streets and he remembers the order by which the copper clock follows the barber's striped awning, then the fountain with the nine jets, the astronomer's glass tower, the melon vendor's kiosk, the statue of the hermit and the lion, the Turkish bath, the cafe at the corner, the alley that leads to the harbour. This city which cannot be expunged from the mind is like an armature, a honeycomb in whose cells each of us can place the things he wants to remember: names of famous men, virtues, numbers, vegetable and mineral classifications, dates of battles, constellations, parts of speech. Between each idea and each point of the itinerary and affinity or a contrast can be established, serving as an immediate aid to memory. So the world's most learned men are those who have memorised Zora.

But in vain I set out to visit the city: forced to remain motionless and always the same, in order to be more easily remembered, Zora has languished, disintegrated, disappeared. The earth has forgotten her.

5.

In Maurilia, the traveller is invited to visit the city and, at the same time, to examine old postcards that show it as it used to be: the same identical square with a hen in the place of a bus station, a bandstand in the place of the overpass, two young ladies with white parasols in the place of the munitions factory. If the traveler does not wish to disappoint the inhabitants, he must praise the postcard city and prefer it to the present one, though he must be careful to contain his regret at the changes within definite limits: admitting that the magnificence and prosperity of the metropolis Maurilia, when compared to the old, provincial Maurilia, cannot compensate for a certain lost grace, which, however, can be appreciated only now in the old postcards, whereas before, when the provincial Maurilia was before one's eyes, one saw absolutely nothing graceful and would see it even less today, if Maurilia had remained unchanged; and in any case the metropolis has the added attraction that, through what it has become, one can look back with nostalgia at what it was.

Beware of saying to them that sometimes different cities follow one another on the same site and under the same name, born and dying without knowing one another, without communication among themselves. At time even the names of inhabitants remain the same, and their voices' accent, and also features of the faces; but the gods who live beneath names and above places have gone off without a word and outsiders have settled in their place. It is pointless to ask whether the new ones are better or worse than the old, since there is no connection between them, just as the old postcards do not depict Maurilia as it was, but a different city which, was called Maurilia, like this one sit and watch the young go by; he is seated in a row with them. Desires are already memories. long time through wild regions he feels the desire for a city. Finally he comes to Isidora, a city where buildings have spiral staircases encrusted with spiral seashells, where perfect telescopes and violins are made, where a foreigner hesitating between two women always encounters a third, where cockfights degenerate into bloody brawls among the bettors. He was thinking of all these things when he desired a city. Isidora, therefore, is the city of his dreams: with one difference. The dreamed-of city contained him as a young man; he arrives at Isidora in his old age. In the square there is a wall where the old men sit and watch the young go by; he is seated in a row with them. Desires are already memories.



Domestic Study



S1 Kitchen, Washing-up



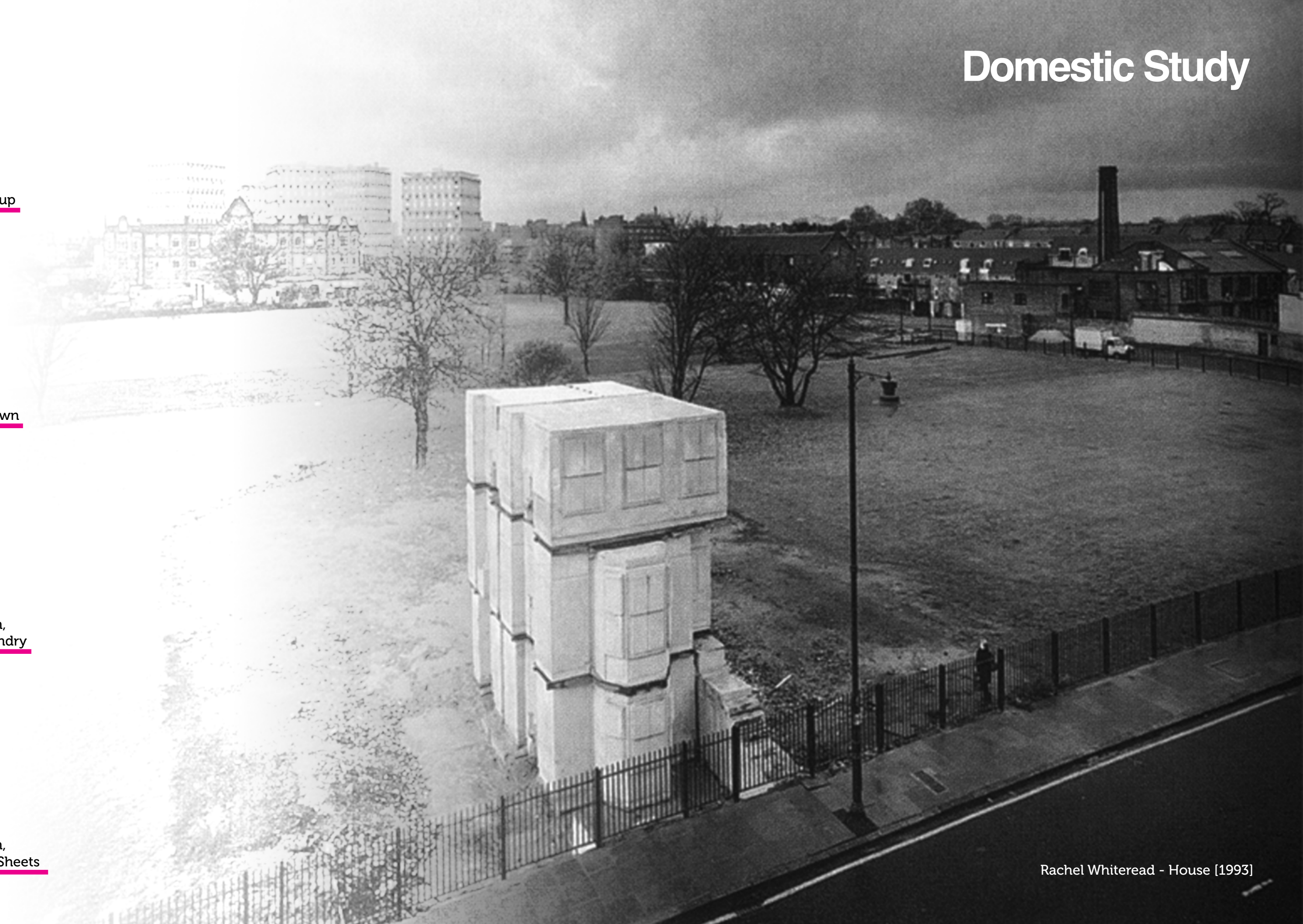
S2 Kitchen, Wipe-down

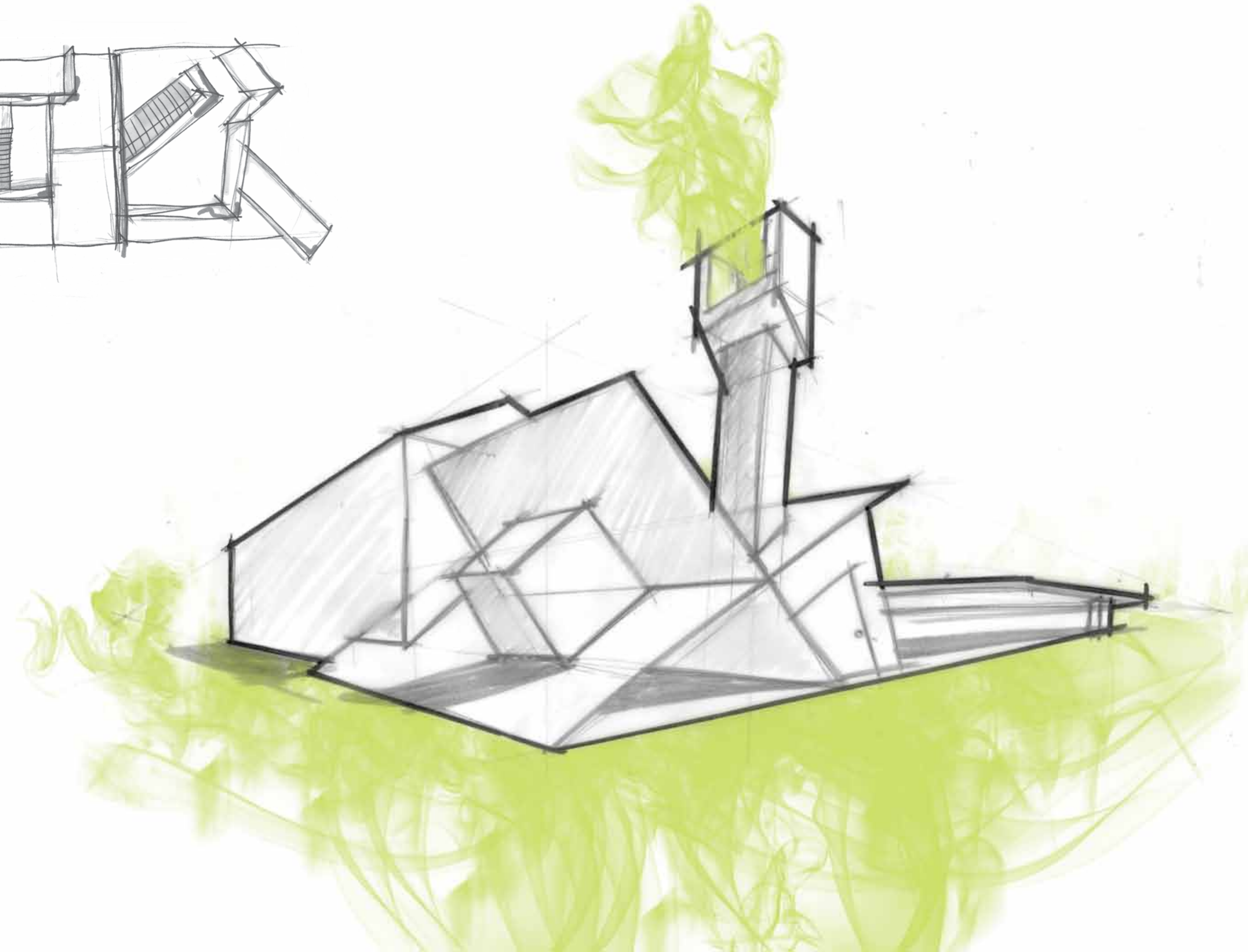
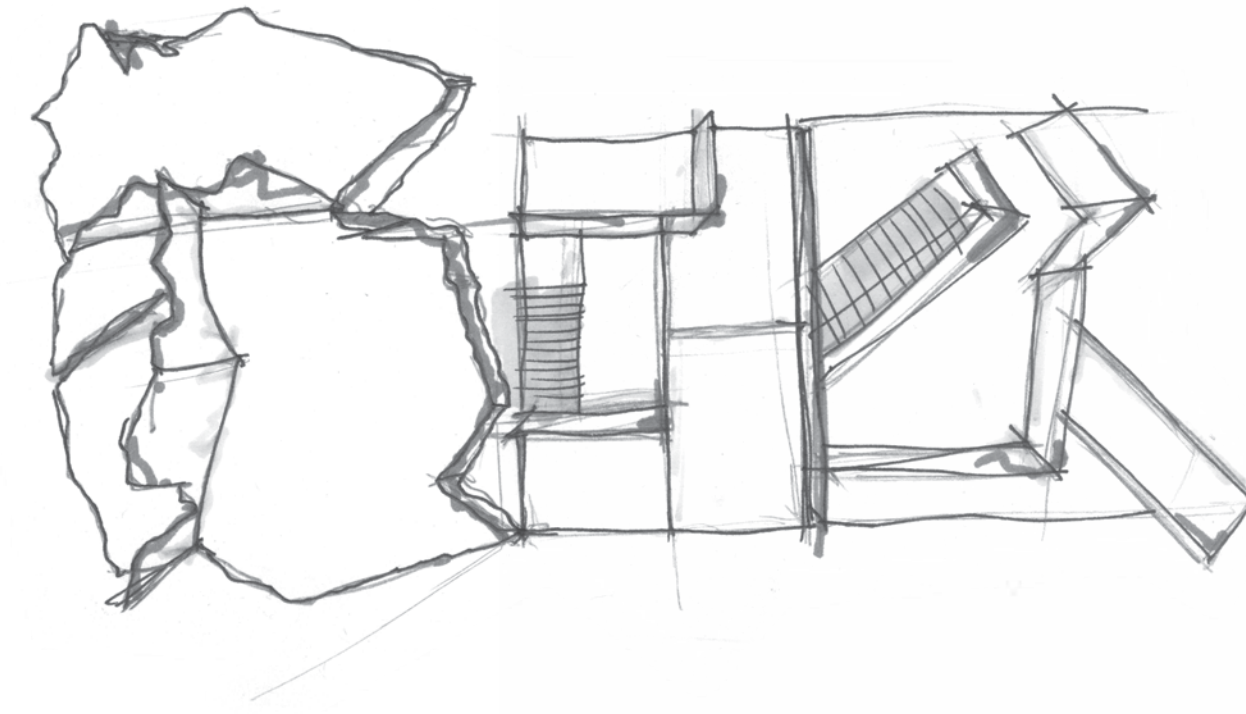
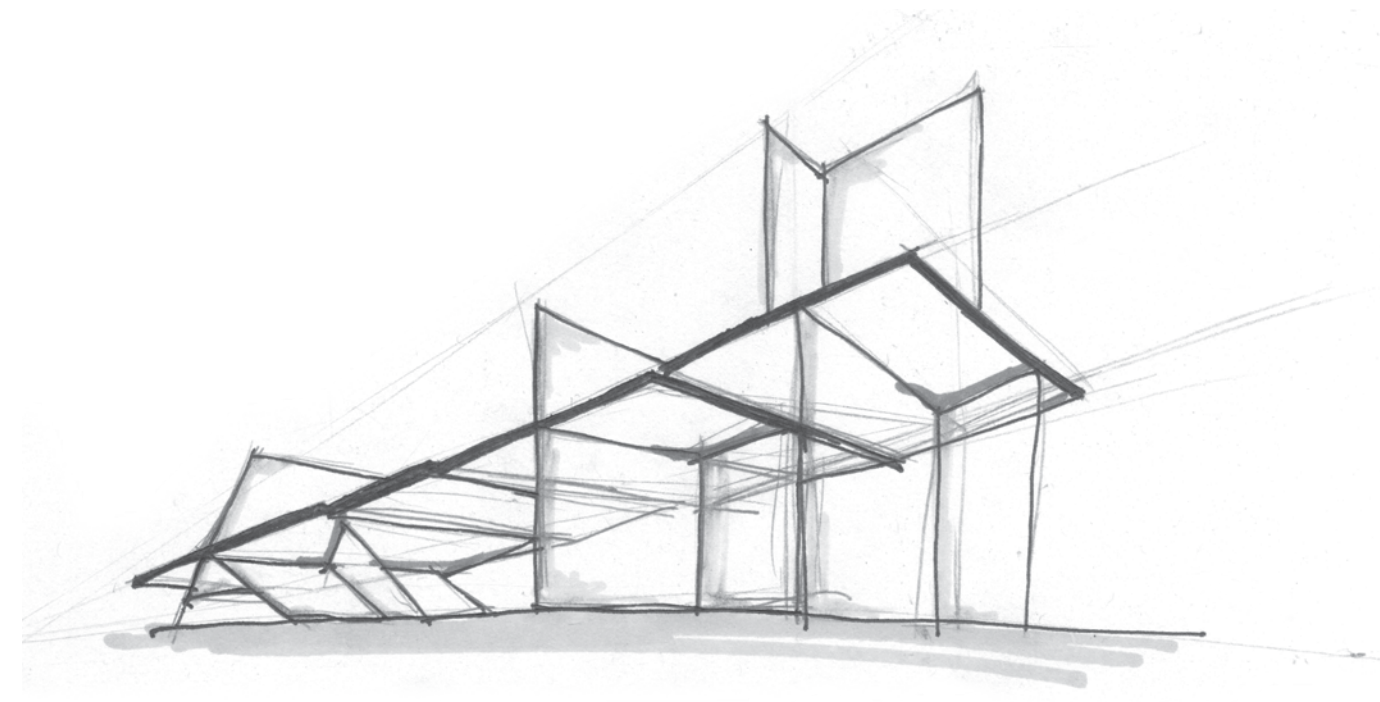


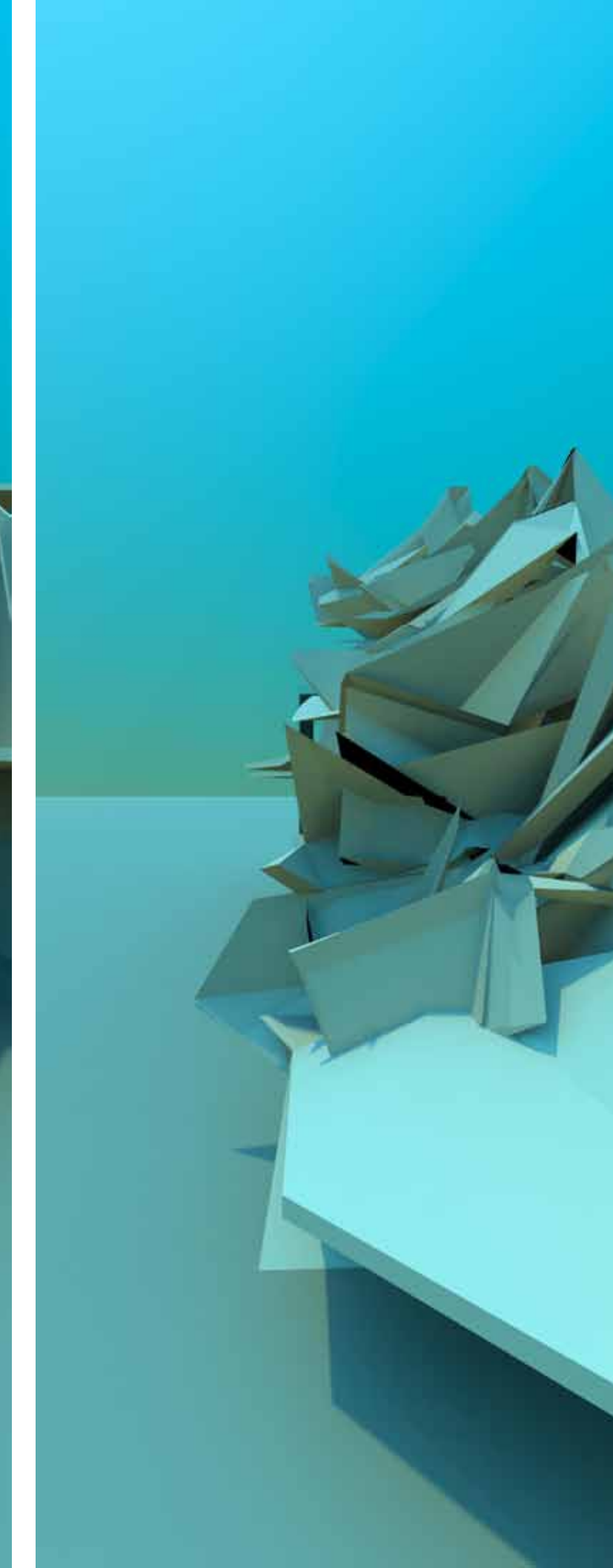
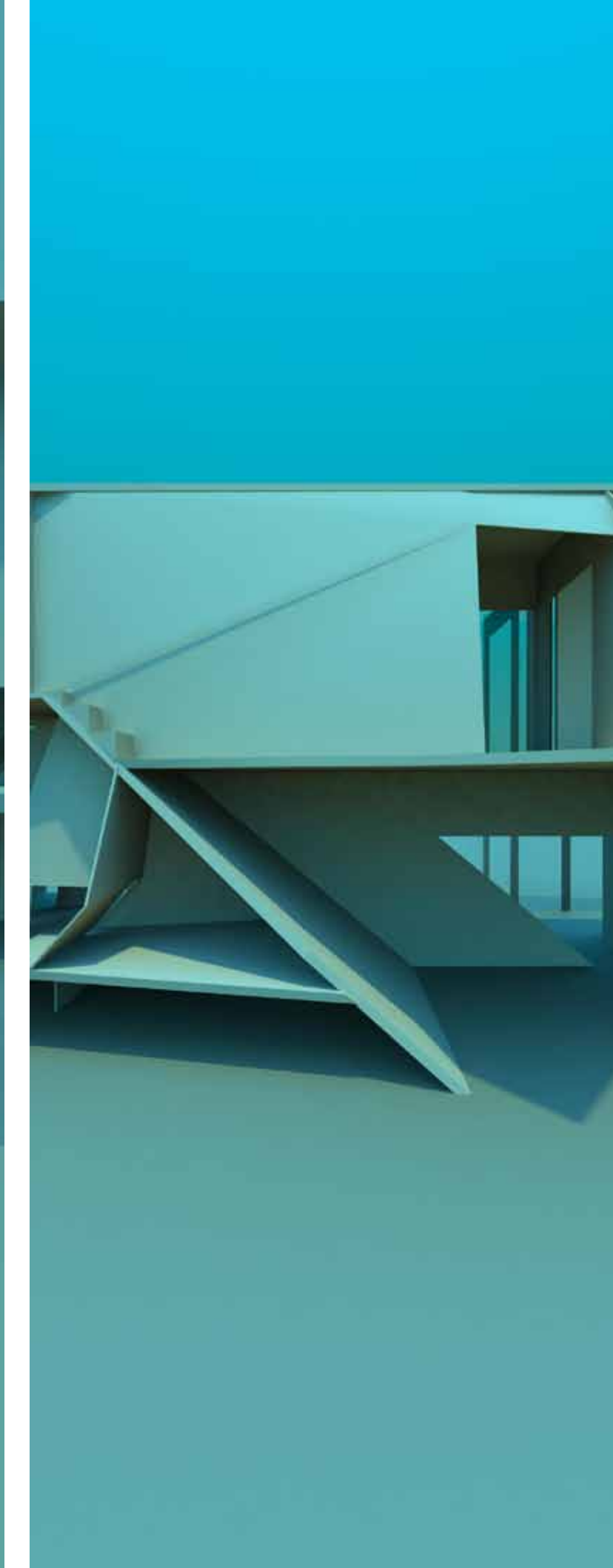
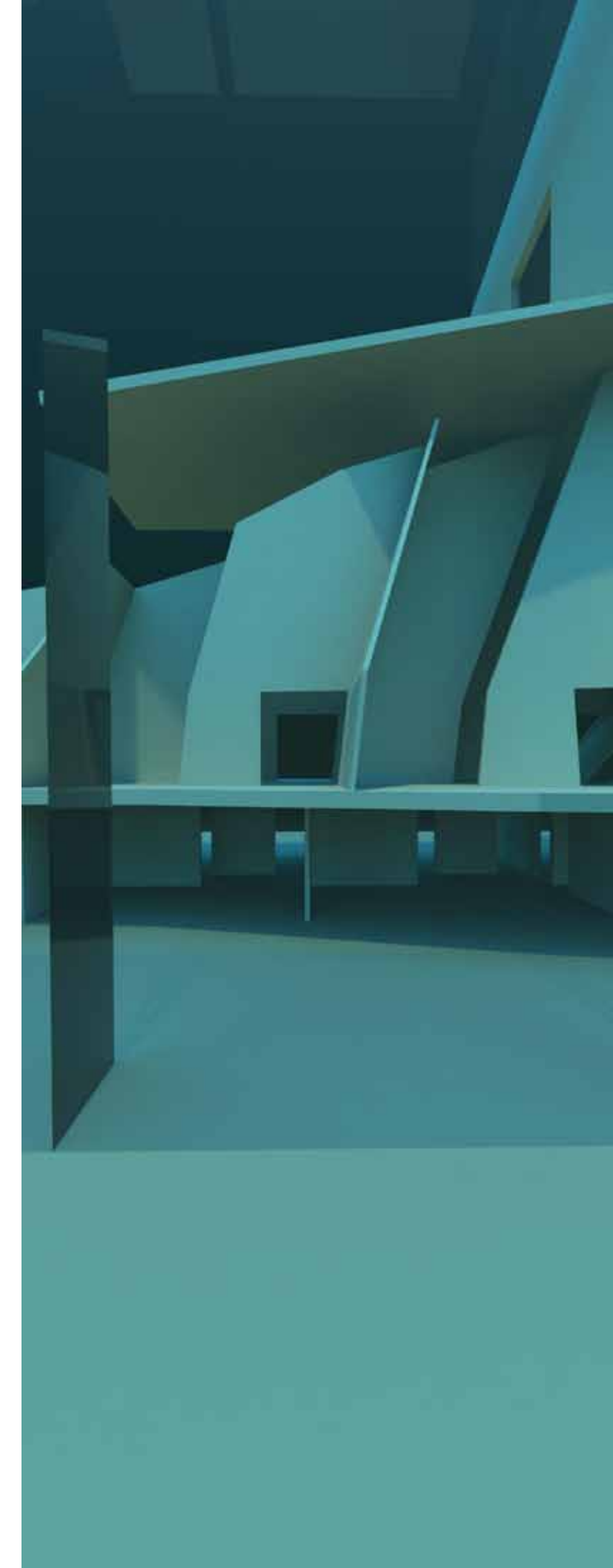
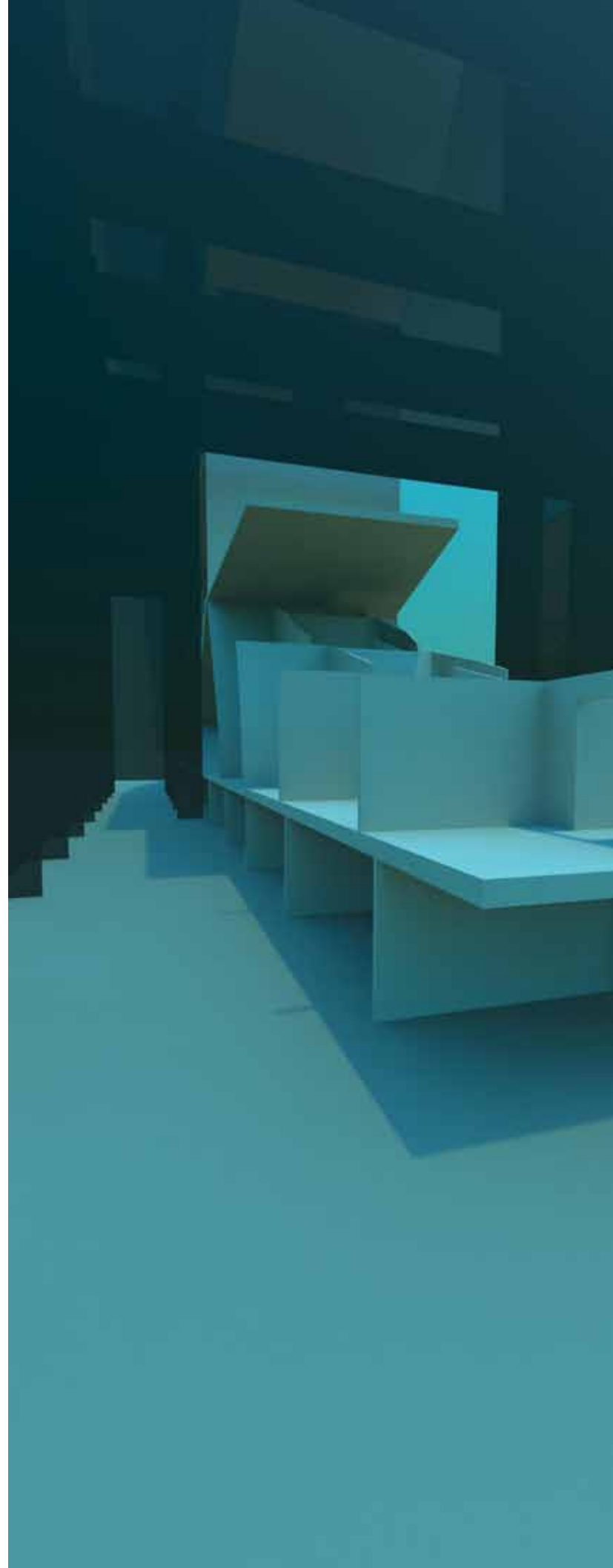
S3 Bedroom, Sort Laundry



S4 Bedroom, Change Sheets







event |r'vent|
noun

a thing that happens, esp. one of importance : *the media's focus on events in the Middle East.*

- a planned public or social occasion : *events to raise money for charity.*
- each of several particular contests making up a sports competition : *a star sprinter in the 100- and 200-meter events.*
- Physics a single occurrence of a process, e.g., the ionization of one atom.

PHRASES

in any event (or **at all events**) whatever happens or may have happened : *in any event, there was one promise the trickster did keep.*

in the event chiefly Brit. as it turns (or turned) out : *he was sent on this important and, in the event, quite fruitless mission.*

in the event of — if — happens : *this will reduce the chance of serious injury in the event of an accident.*

in the event that if; should it happen that : *in the event that an attack is launched, the defenders will have been significantly weakened by air attacks.*

in that event if that happens : *in that event, the US would incline toward a lifting of the arms embargo.*

DERIVATIVES

eventless adjective

eventlessness noun

ORIGIN late 16th cent.: from Latin *eventus*, from *evenire* ‘result, happen,’ from *e-* (variant of *ex-*) ‘out of’ + *venire* ‘come.’

EVENT

choice |tʃɔɪs|
noun

an act of selecting or making a decision when faced with two or more possibilities : *the choice between good and evil.*

- the right or ability to make, or possibility of making, such a selection : *I had to do it, I had no choice.*
- a range of possibilities from which one or more may be selected : *you can have a sofa made to order in a choice of over forty fabrics.*
- a course of action, thing, or person that is selected or decided upon : *this CD drive is the perfect choice for your computer.*

adjective

1 (esp. of food) of very good quality : *he picked some choice early plums.*

2 (of words, phrases, or language) rude and abusive : *he had a few choice words at his command.*

PHRASES

by choice of one's own volition.

of choice selected as one's favorite or the best : *champagne was his drink of choice.*

of one's choice that one chooses or has chosen : *the college of her choice.*

DERIVATIVES

choicely adverb

choiceness noun

ORIGIN Middle English : from Old French *chois*, from *choisir* ‘choose,’ of Germanic origin and related to choose .

Passing Through



An initial study into the deconstruction of moments experienced by Victoria Tower Gardens. Focusing on the interactions between four stereotypes of people: police, protestors, ministers of Parliament, & tourists.

plan |plan|
noun

- 1** a detailed proposal for doing or achieving something : *the UN peace plan.*
 - [with adj.] a scheme for the regular payment of contributions toward a pension, savings account, or insurance policy : *a personal pension plan.*
- 2** (*usu. plans*) an intention or decision about what one is going to do : *I have no plans to retire.*
 - a fairly large-scale map of a town or district : *a street plan.*
- 3** a detailed diagram, drawing, or program, in particular
 - a drawing or diagram made by projection on a horizontal plane, esp. one showing the layout of a building or one floor of a building. Compare with elevation (sense 1).
 - a diagram showing how something will be arranged : *look at the seating plan.*

verb (**planned**, **planning**) [trans.]
1 decide on and arrange in advance : *they were planning a trip to Egypt* | [with infinitive] *he plans to fly on Wednesday* | [intrans.] *we plan on getting married in the near future*. See note at intend .
2 design or make a plan of (something to be made or built) : *they were planning a garden*.

PHRASES
someone's (or **the best plan**) a person's (or the) most sensible course of action.
go according to plan happen as one arranged or intended.
plan of action (or **attack**) an organized program of measures to be taken in order to achieve a goal.

ORIGIN late 17th cent.: from French, from earlier *plant* ‘ground plan, plane surface,’ influenced in sense by Italian *pianta* ‘plan of building.’ Compare with plant .

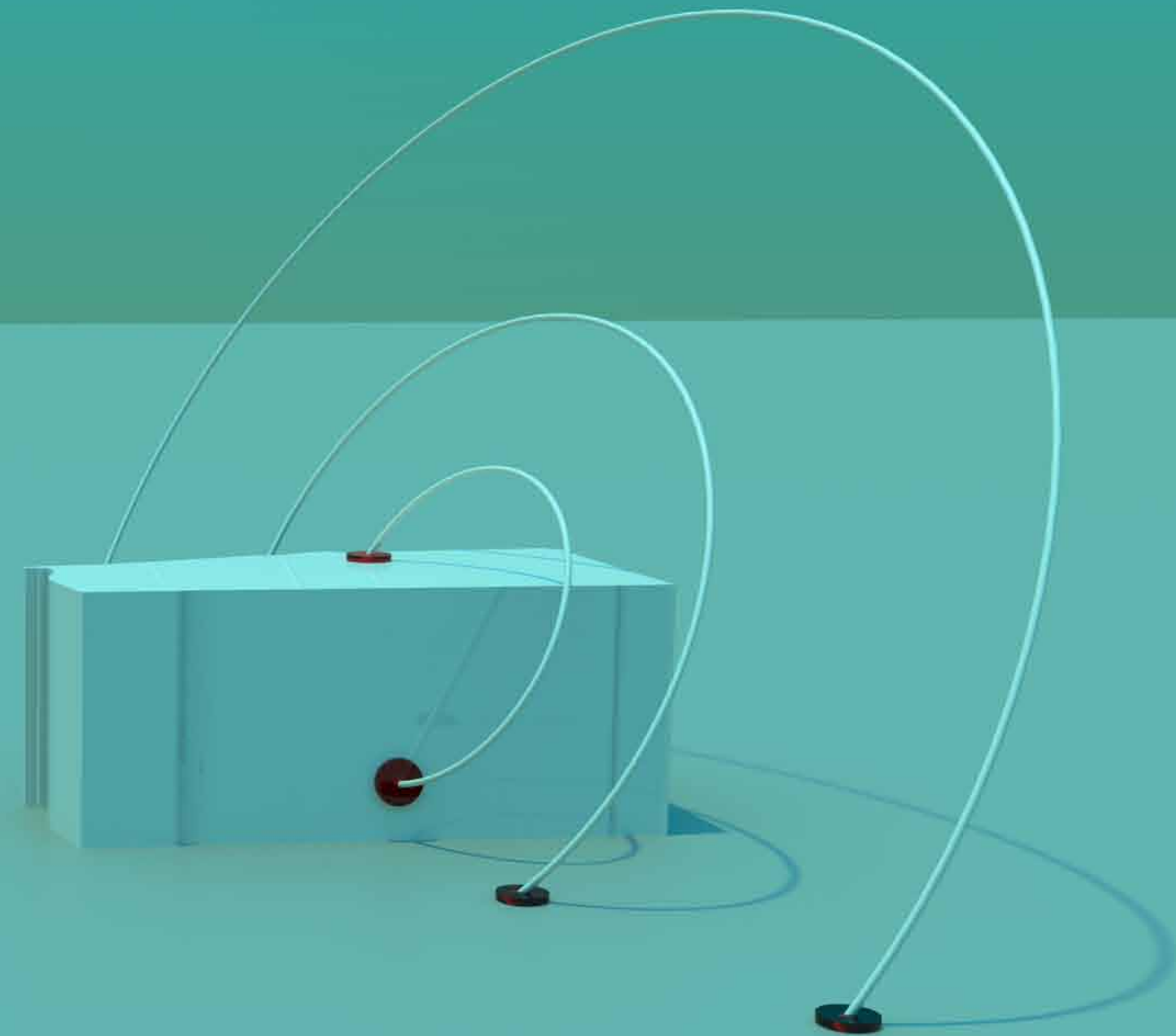
section |ˈseɪkʃ(ə)n|
noun

- 1** any of the more or less distinct parts into which something is or may be divided or from which it is made up : *arrange orange sections on a platter*. See note at fragment .
 - a relatively distinct part of a book, newspaper, statute, or other document.
 - a measure of land, equal to one square mile.
 - a particular district of a town.
- 2** a distinct group within a larger body of people or things : *the children's section of the library*.
 - a group of players of a family of instruments within an orchestra : *the brass section*.
 - [in names] a larger body of people or things : *the children's section of the library*.
 - a subdivision of students who are part of a larger course but are taught separately : *graduate students lead discussion sections for professors' lecture courses*.
 - Biology a secondary taxonomic category, esp. a subgenus.
- 3** the cutting of a solid by or along a plane.
 - the shape resulting from cutting a solid along a plane.
 - a representation of the internal structure of something as if it has been cut through vertically or horizontally.
 - Surgery a separation by cutting.
 - Biology a thin slice of plant or animal tissue prepared for microscopic examination.

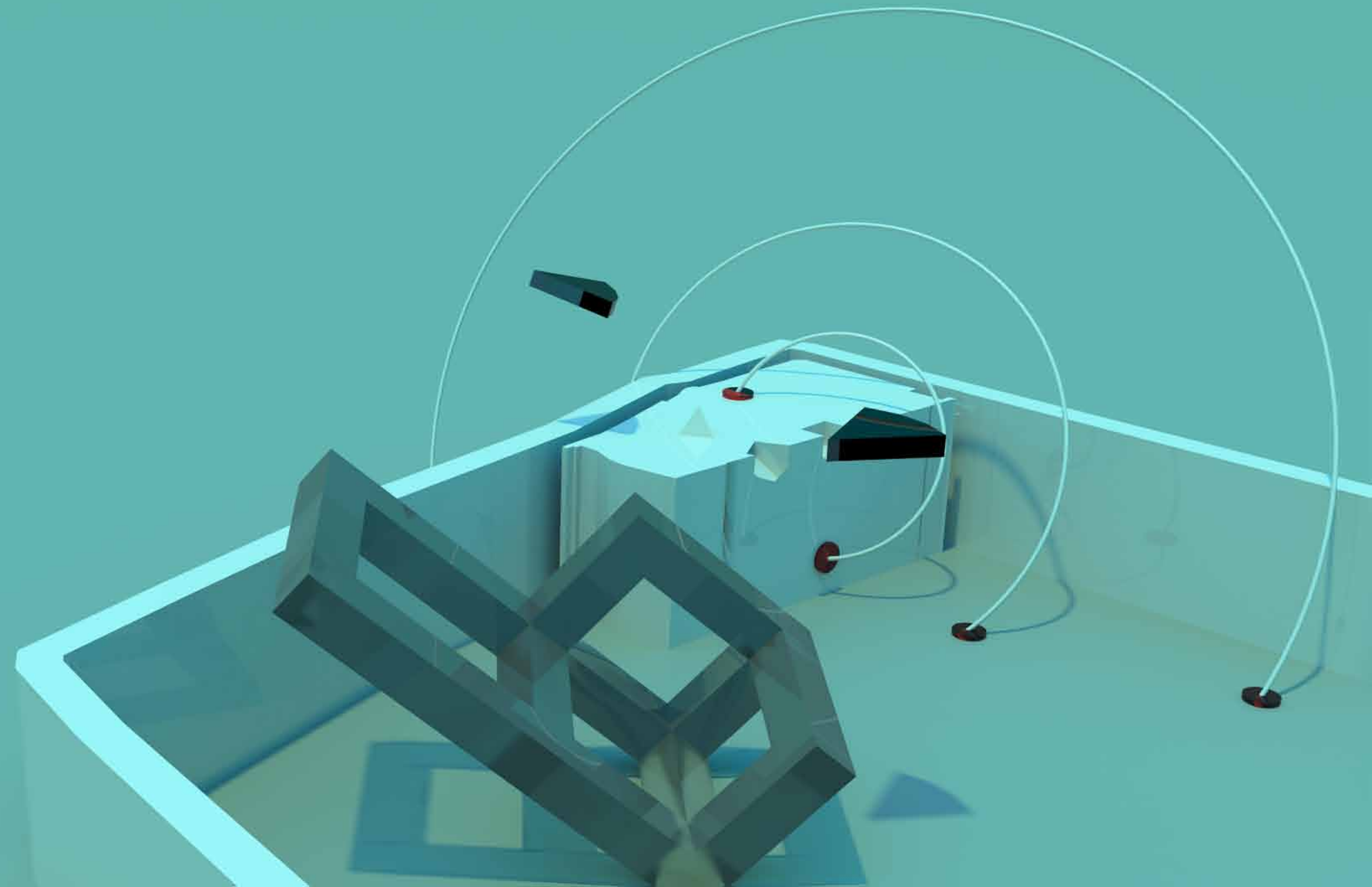
verb [trans.]
divide into sections : *she began to section the grapefruit*.
(section something off) separate an area from a larger one : *parts of the curved balcony had been sectioned off with wrought-iron grilles*.
• Biology cut (animal or plant tissue) into thin slices for microscopic examination.
• Surgery divide by cutting : *it is common veterinary practice to section the nerves to the hoof of a limping horse*.

DERIVATIVES
sectioned adjective [often in combination] : *a square-sectioned iron peg*
ORIGIN late Middle English (as a noun): from French *section* or Latin *sectio*(-ō-), from *secare* ‘to cut.’ The verb dates from 17th cent.

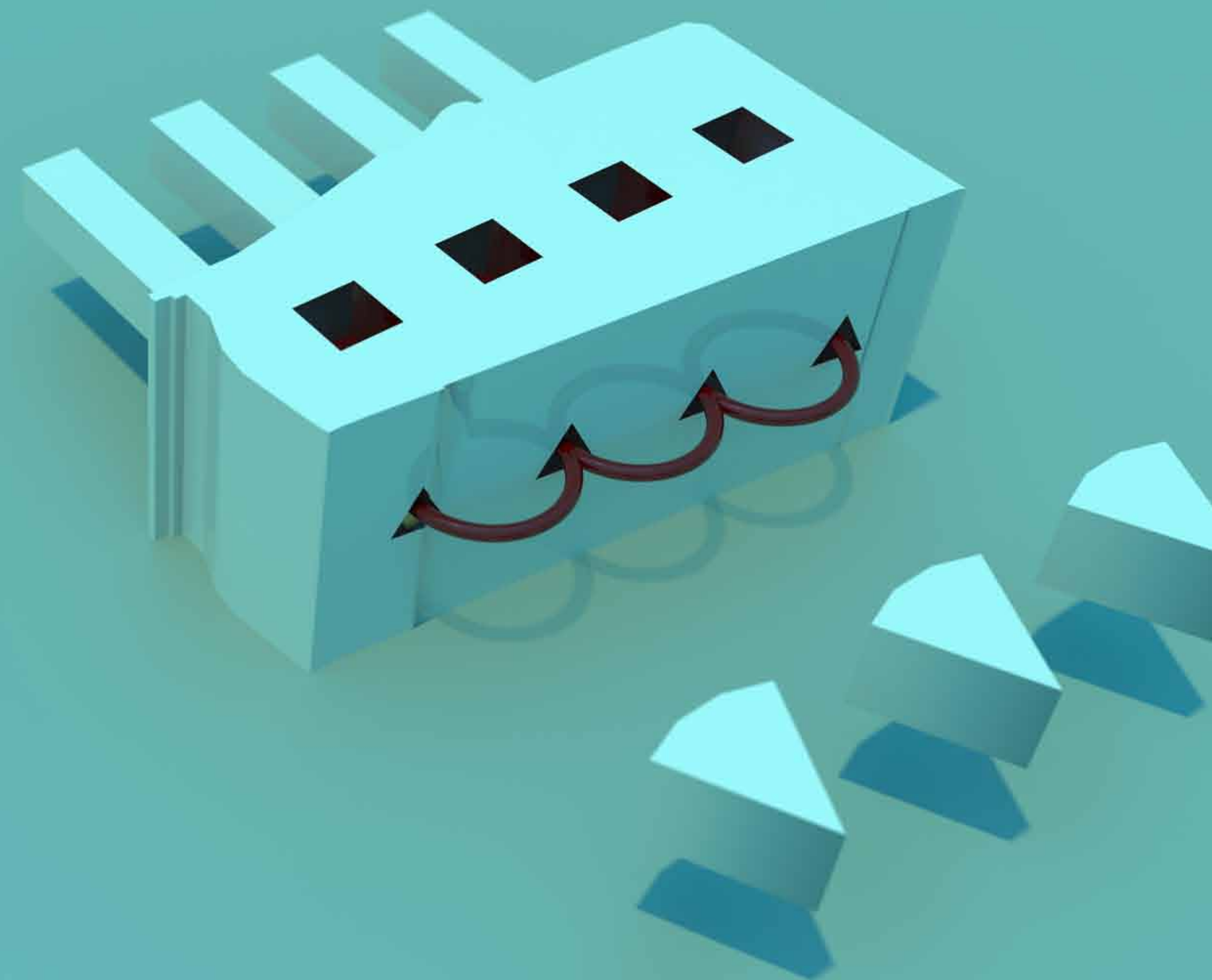
Focus on the interaction between the rings of influence of protestors and police zoning.



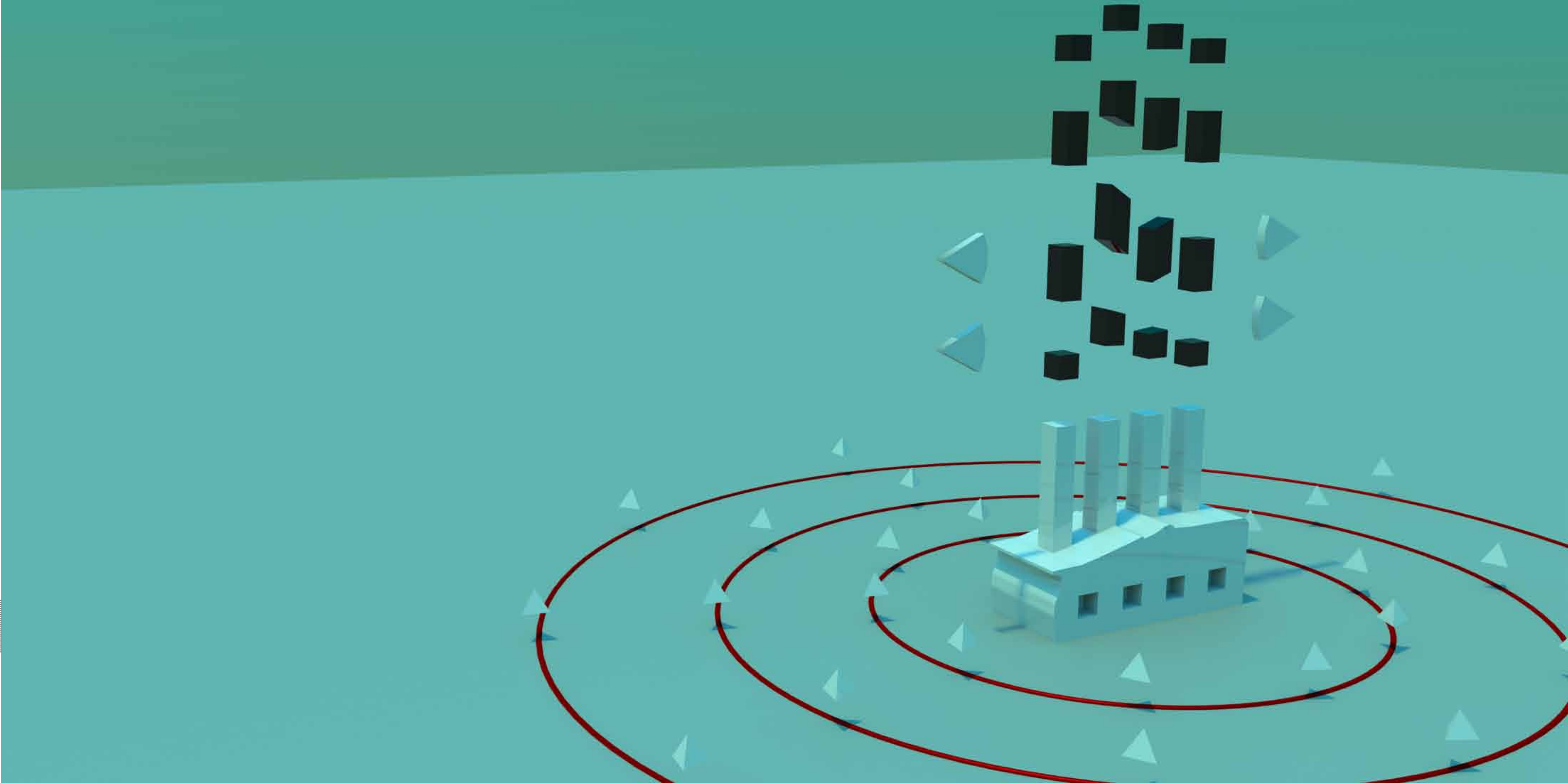
Police zone is being worn away, a new barrier is placed, MP system exposed with a few watching on.



MP system is penetrated, and leaving traces of their actions. Looking for a way out.



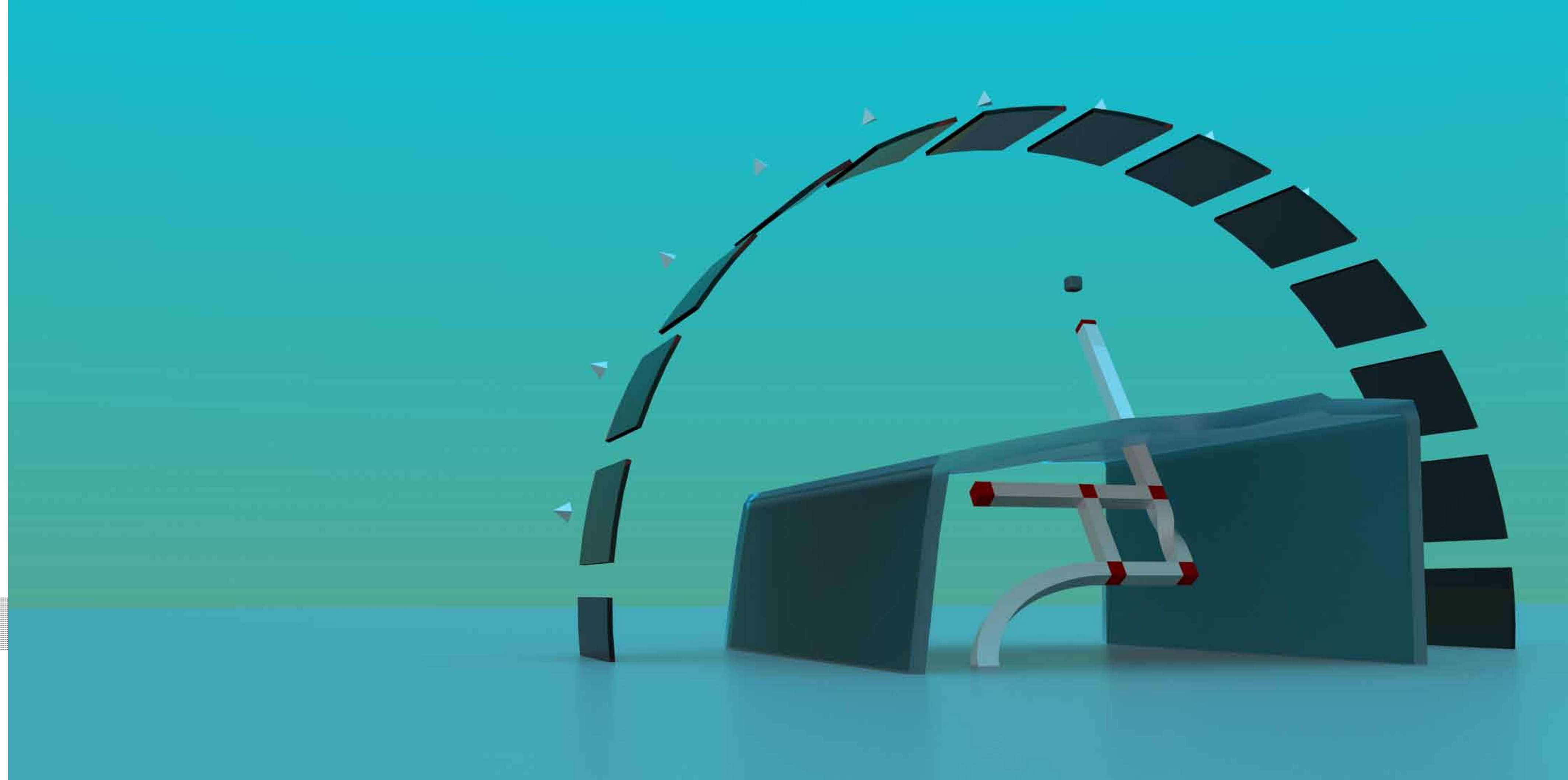
Many protestors setting up rings of influence, and a structured screening system. The factory is breaking.



The inverse of the police zoning has created 'routes' out that are being targeted by protestors. The interaction is being distorted.

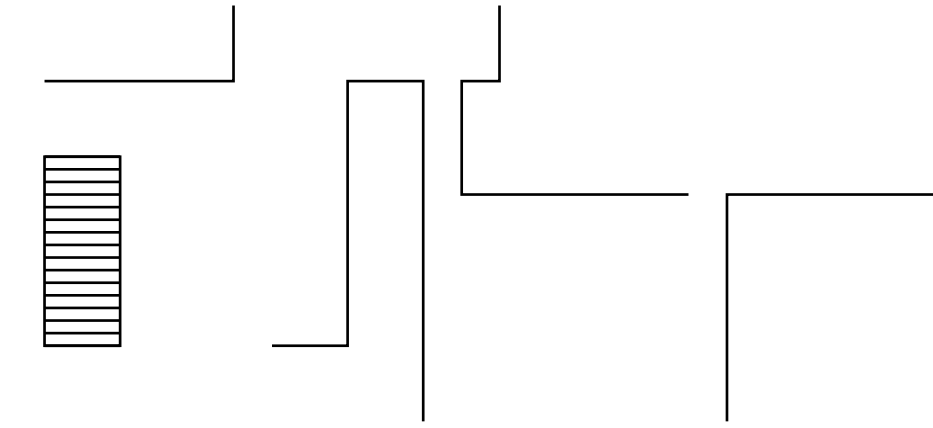
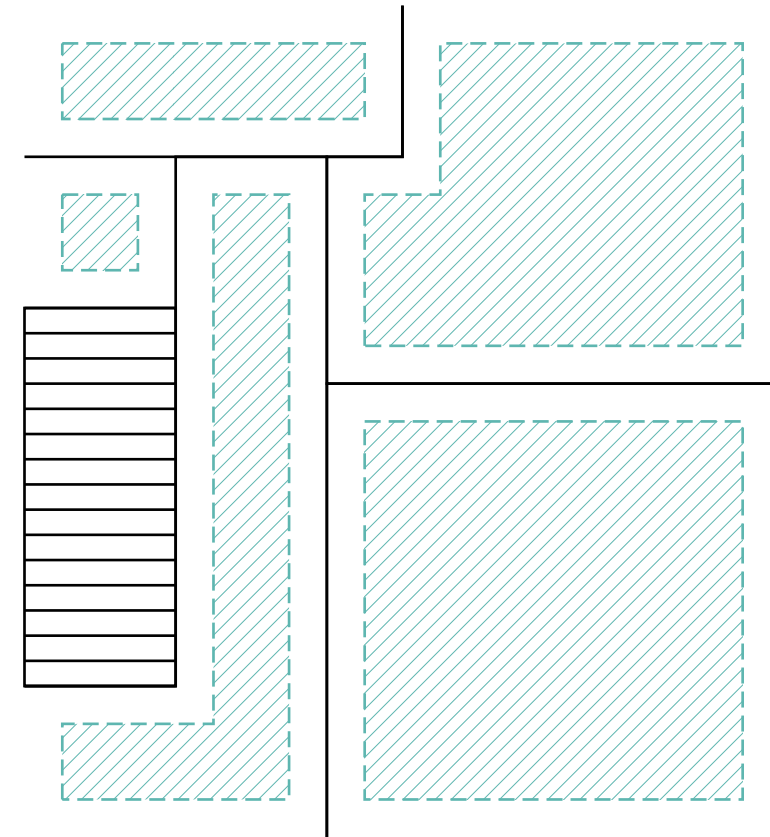
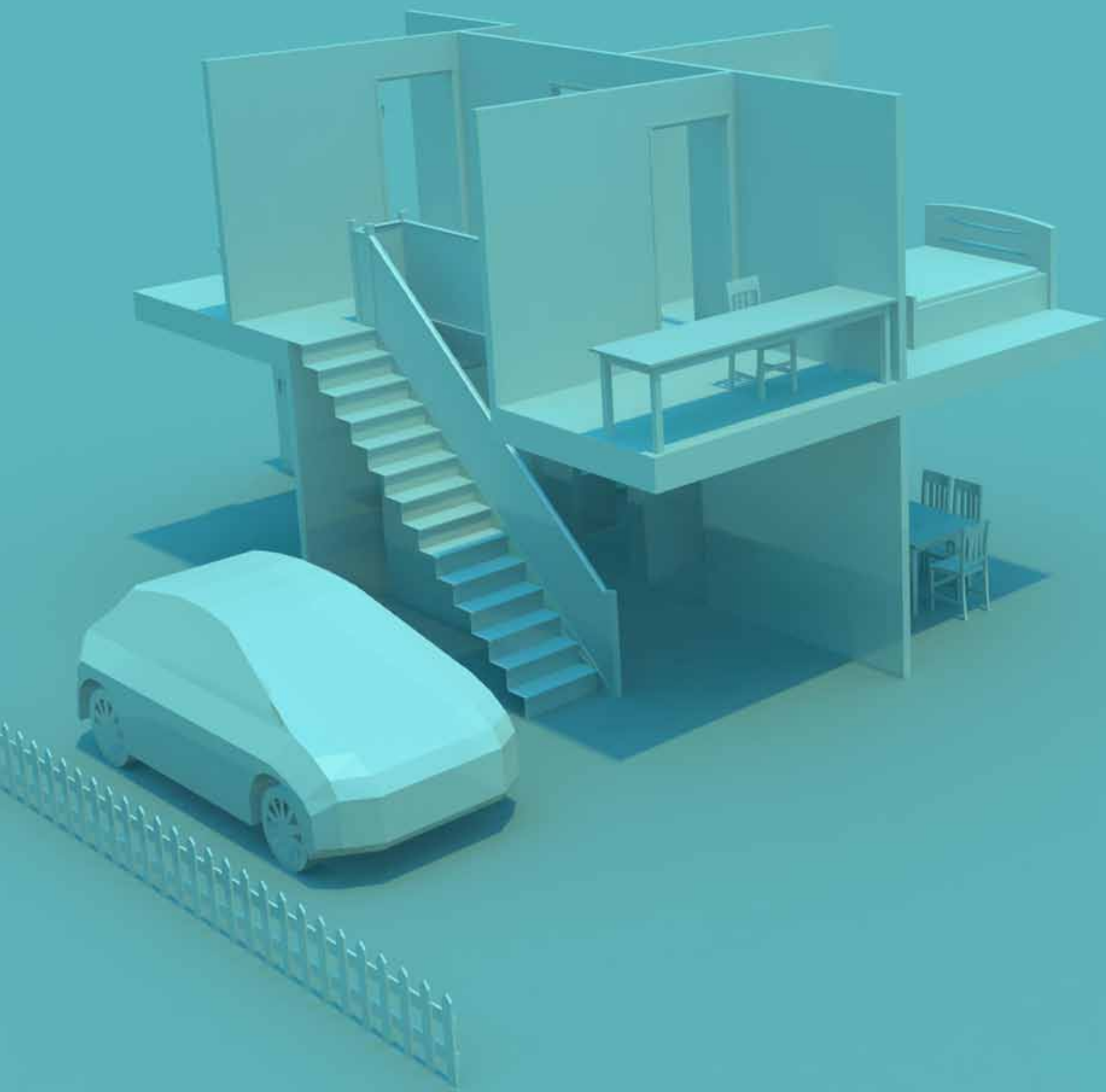


The second barrier is penetrated, but to escape the MP's must change their appearance. Scrutinised activities.

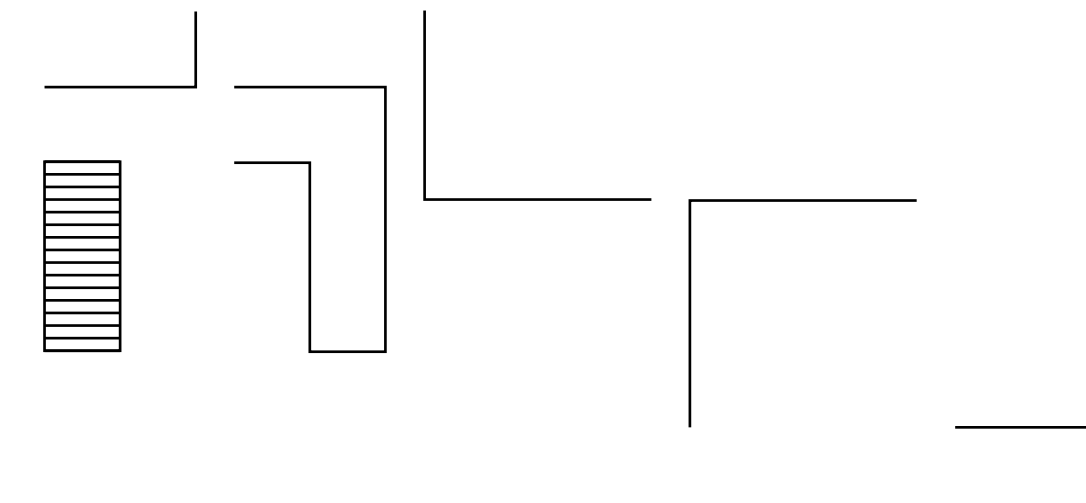
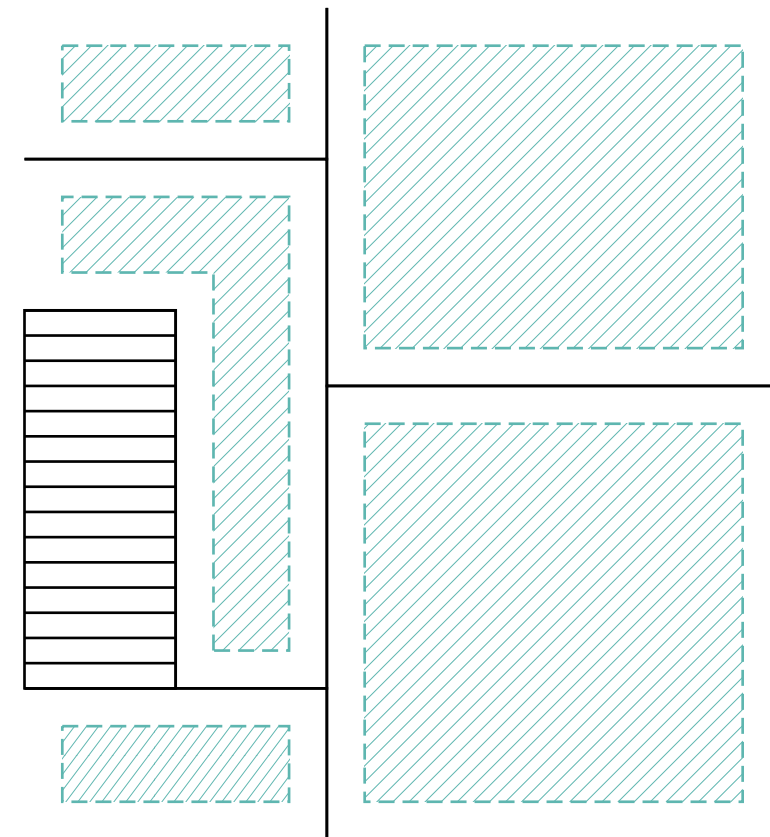


Domestic Template

Dismantling the template into it's separate elements.

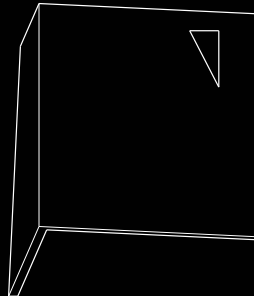


Ground Consisting of 6 spaces; 1 shared.
Kitchen, Living, Dining, Hall, Cupboard, Stairs

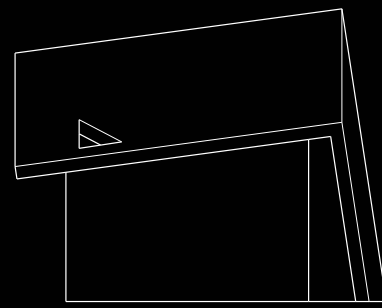


Upper Consisting of 6 spaces; 1 shared.
Bathroom, Bedroom x2, Study, Landing, Stairs

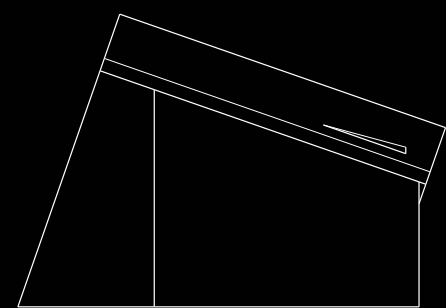
Broken Chords Can Sing A Little



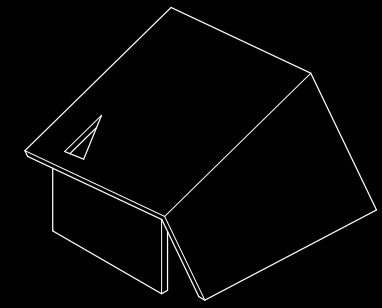
Plan



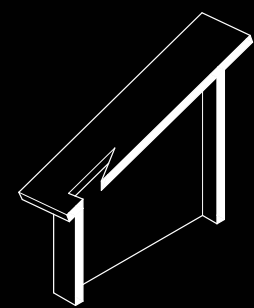
Front Elevation



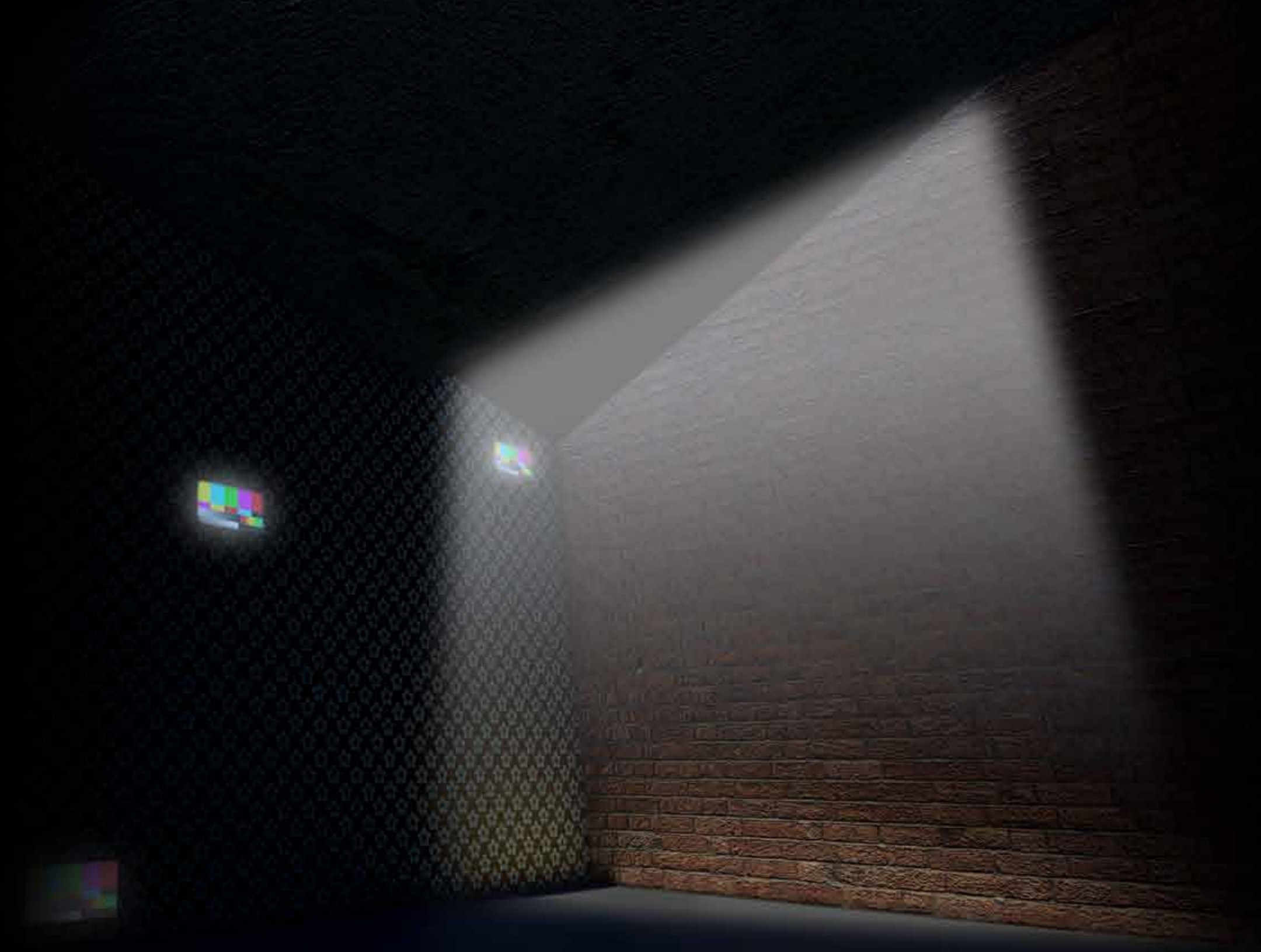
Side Elevation



Isometric

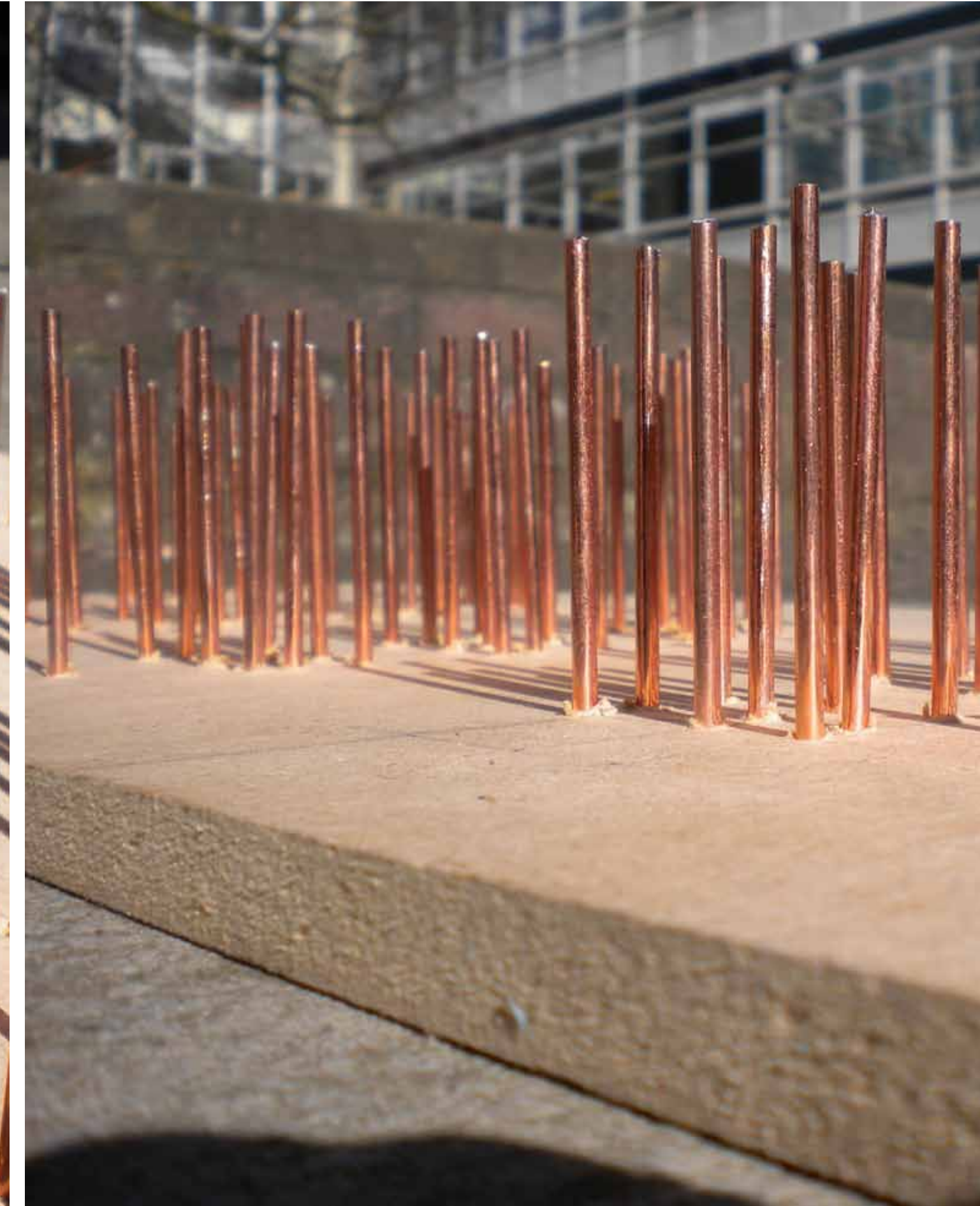
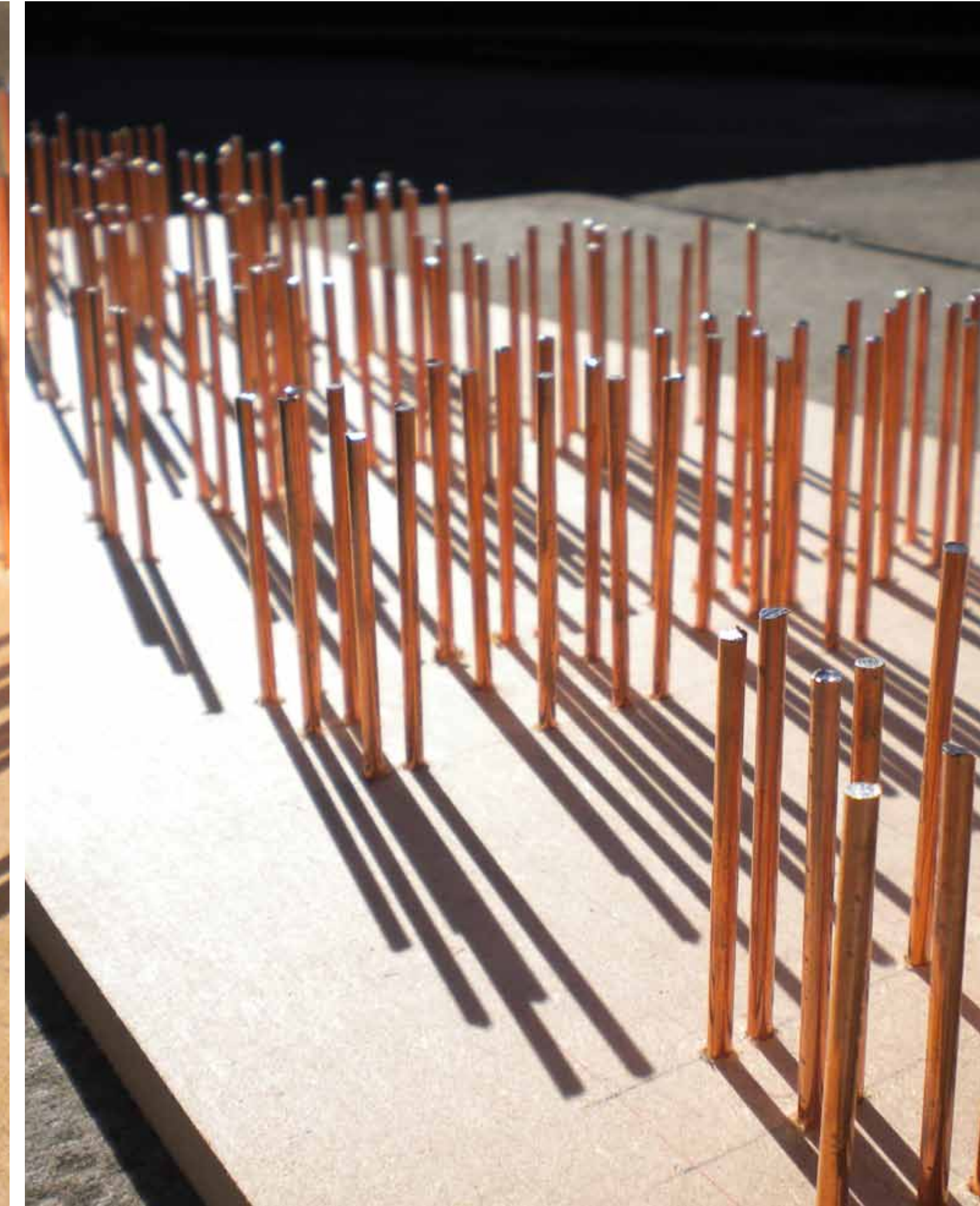
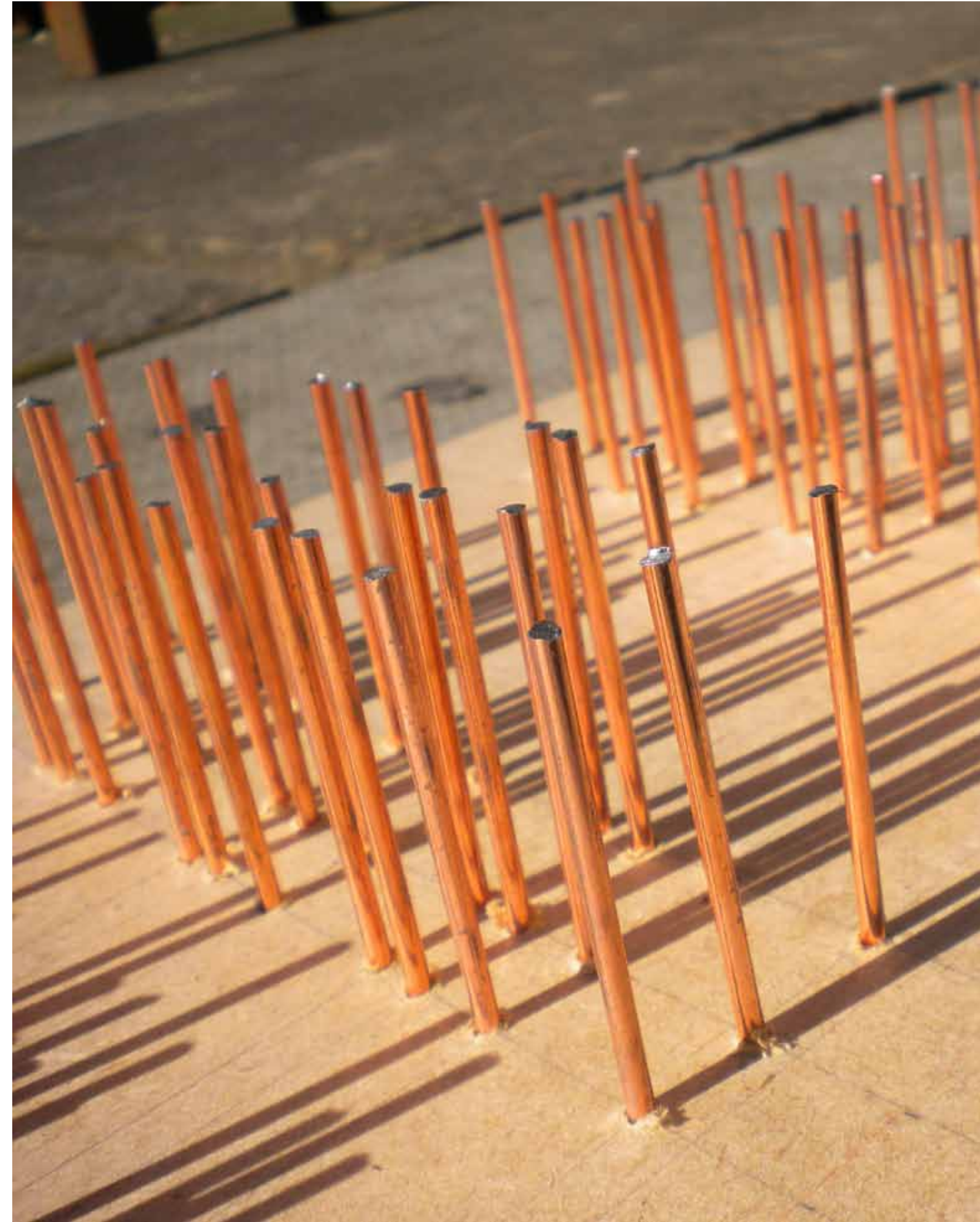
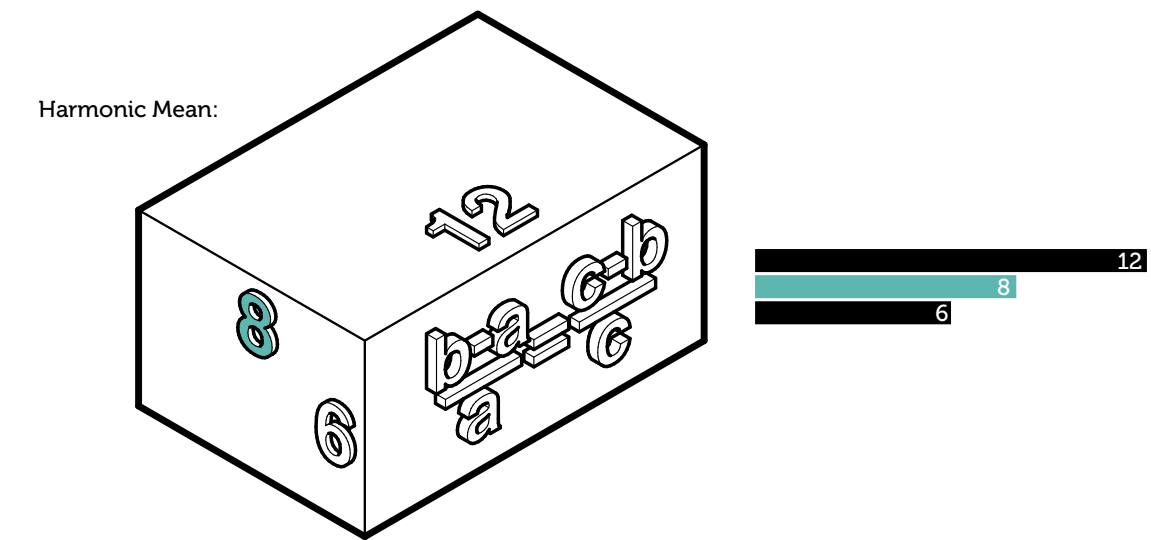
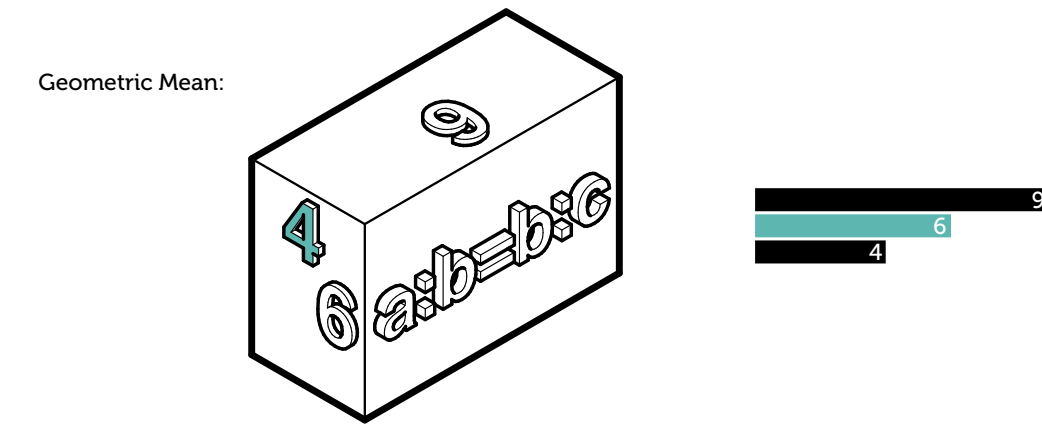
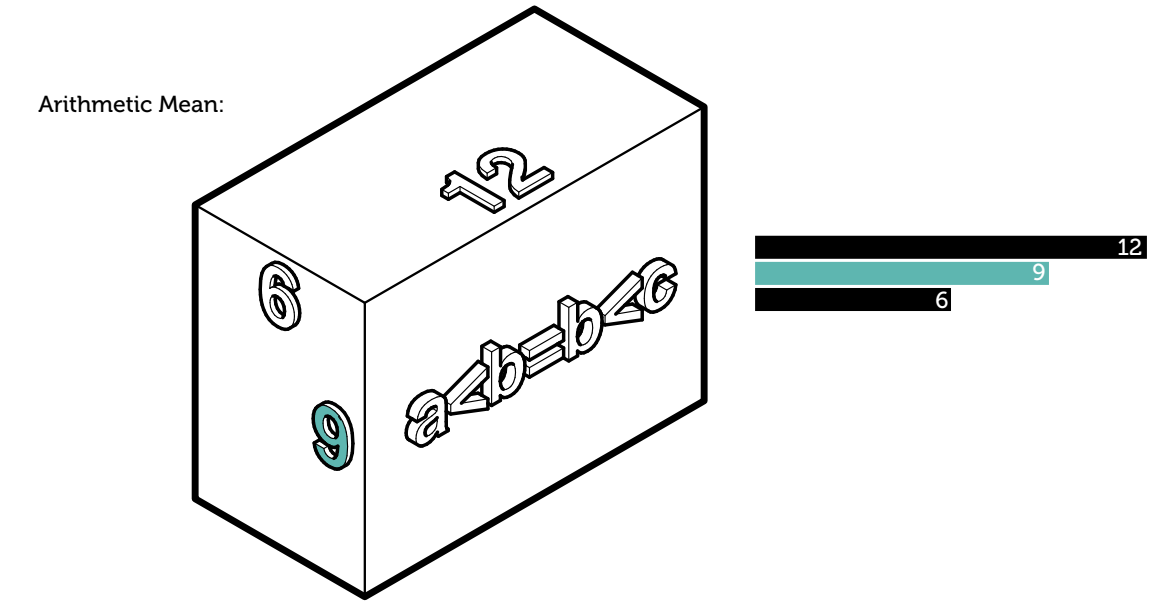


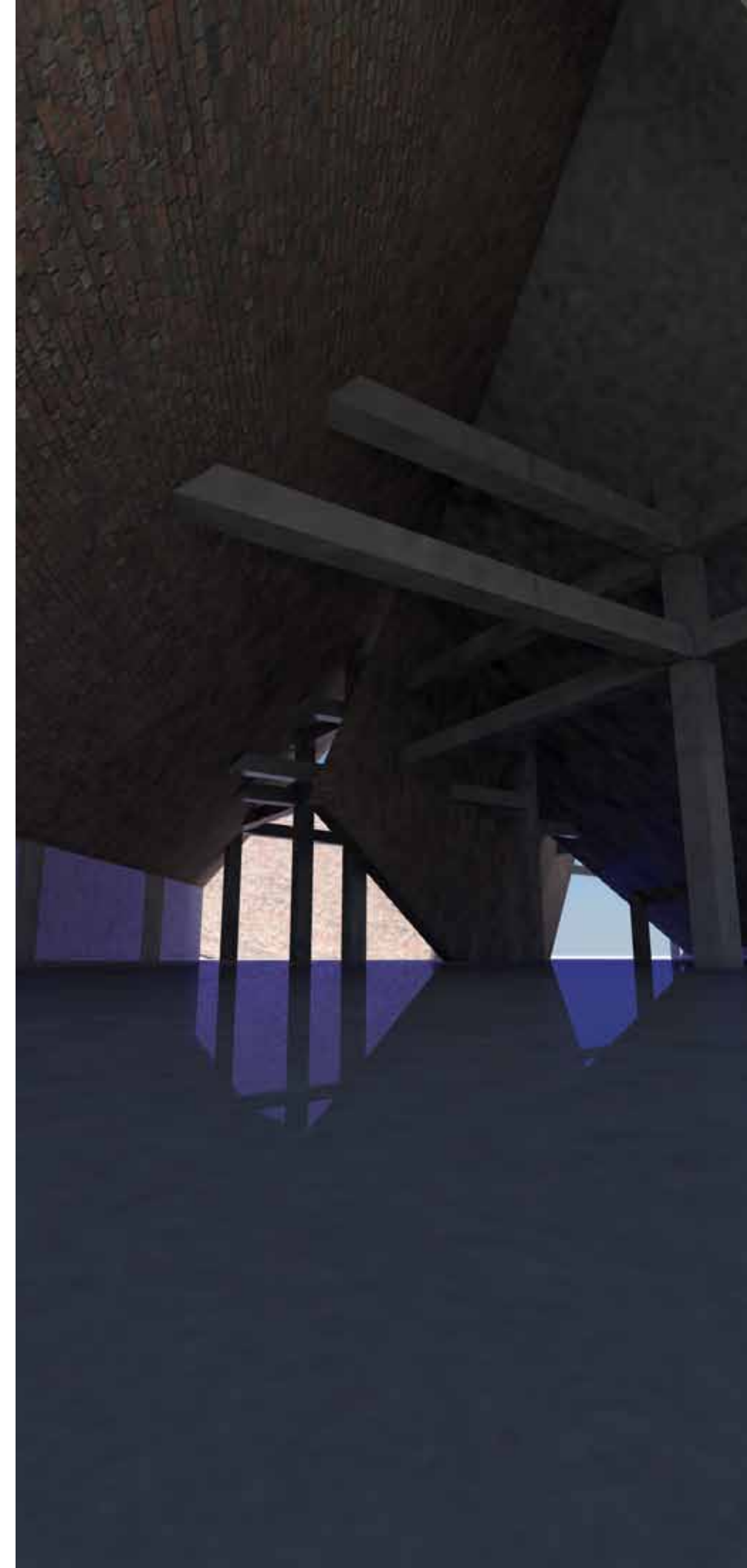
Isometric Section

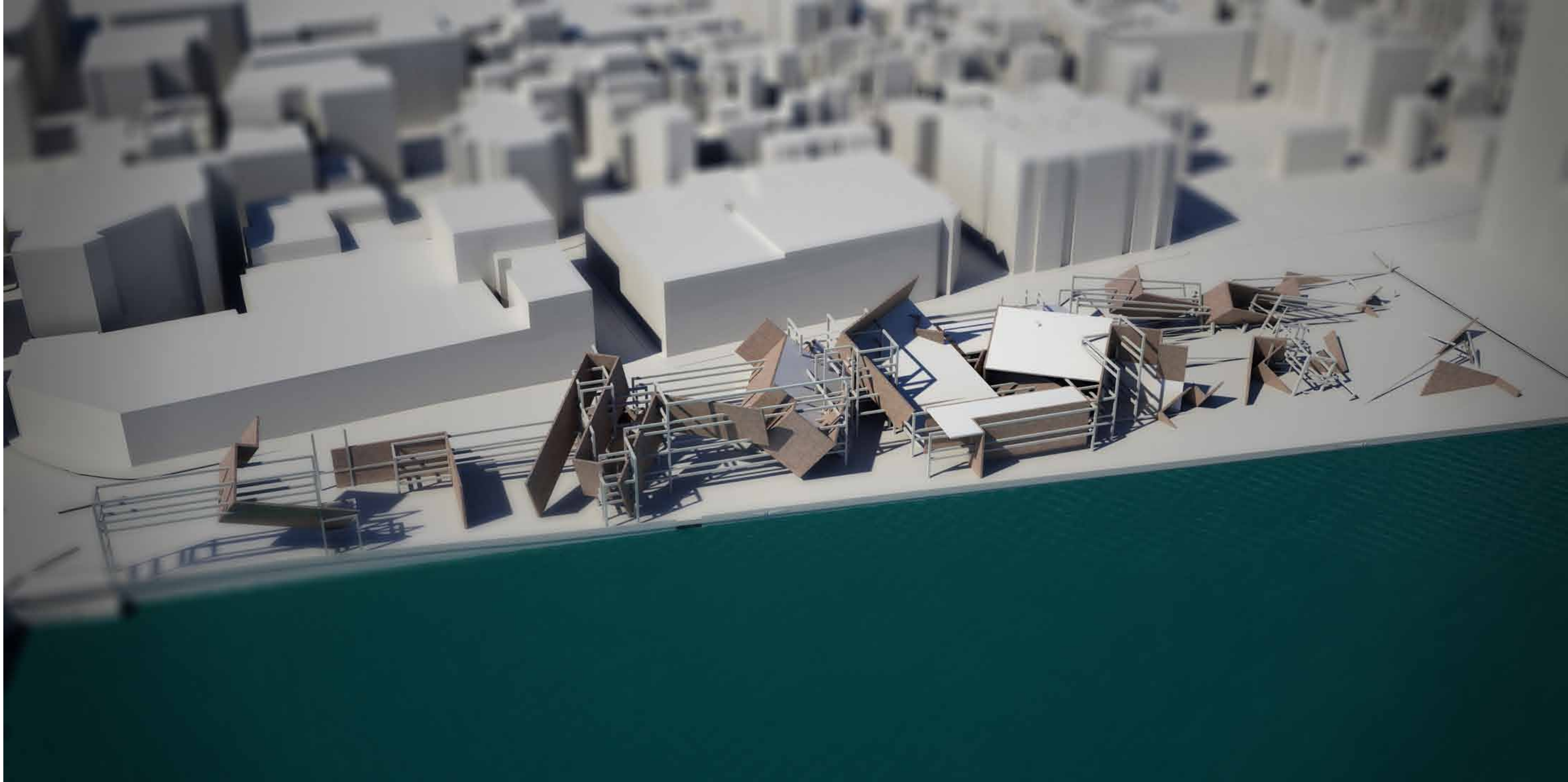


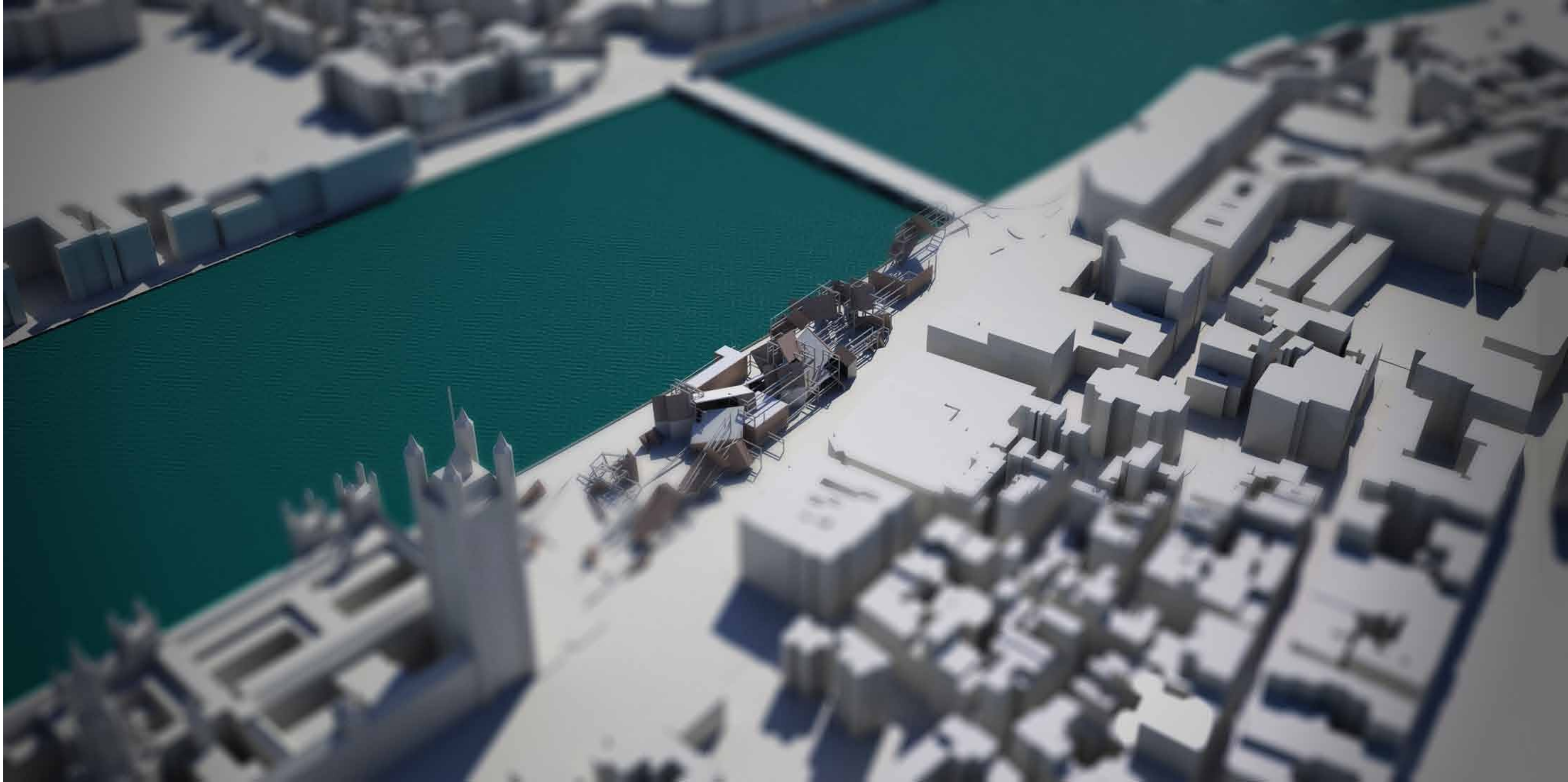
Palladio's Rules

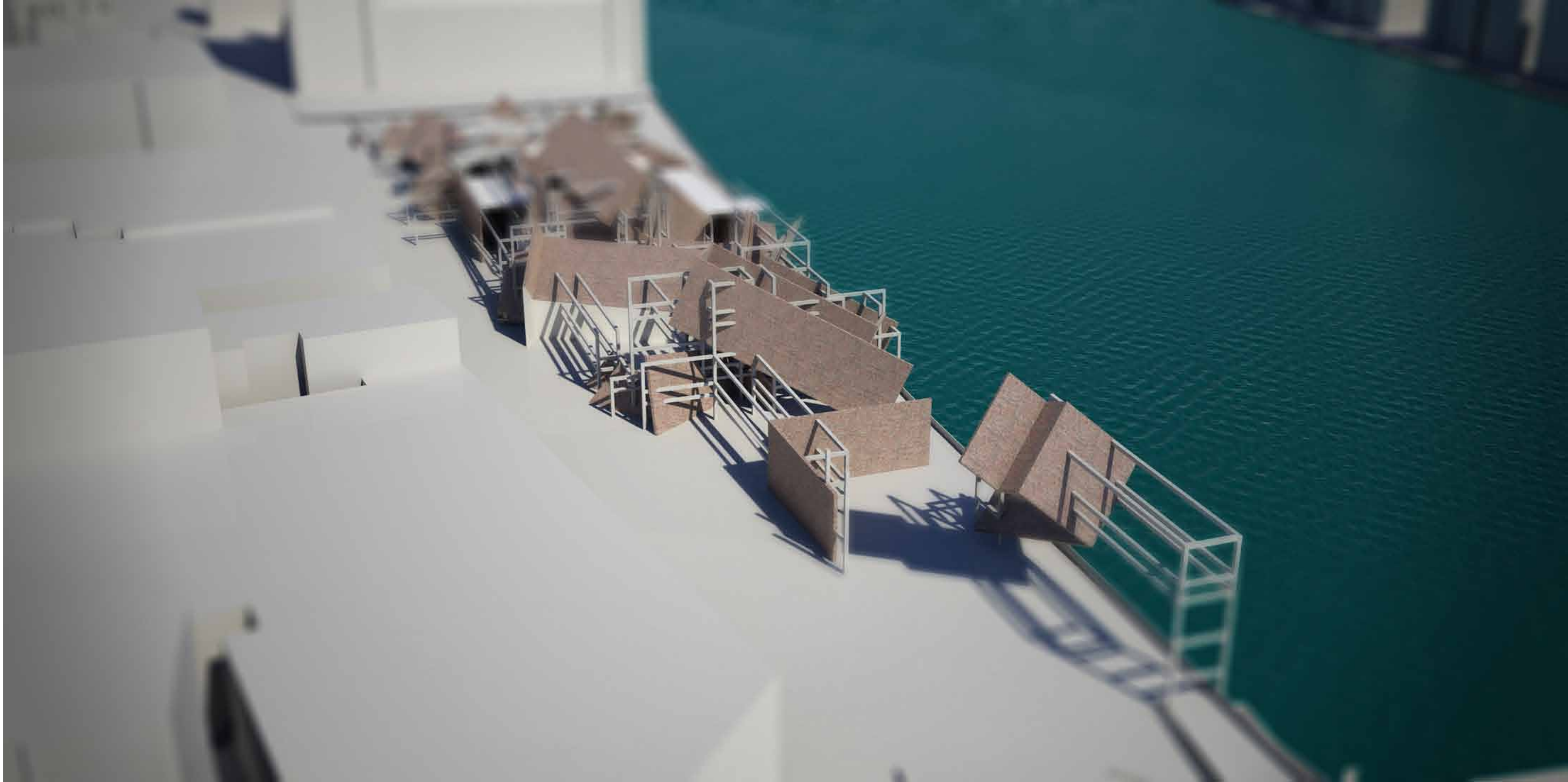
Understanding the three rules of means.

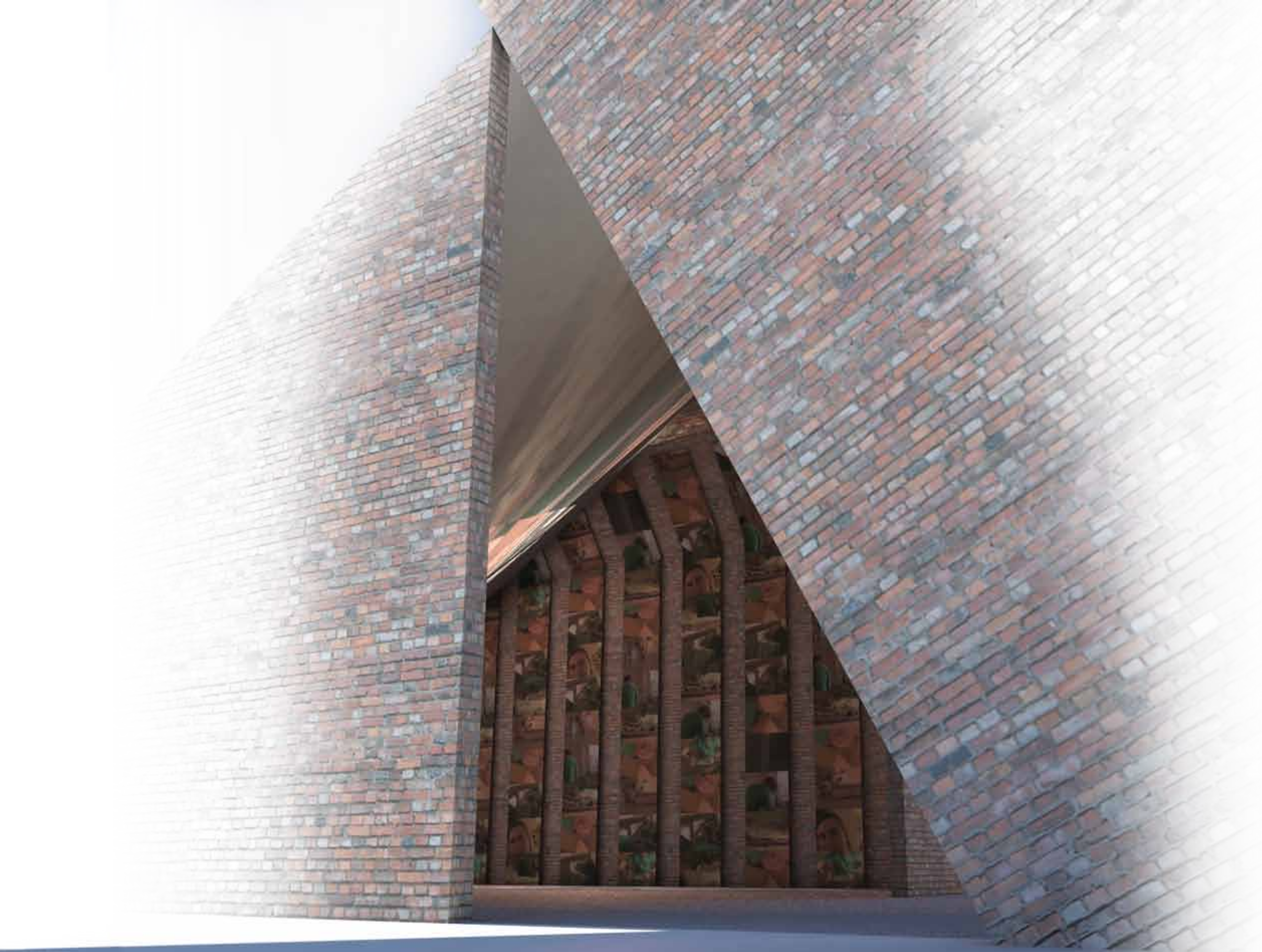












Augmented Template -

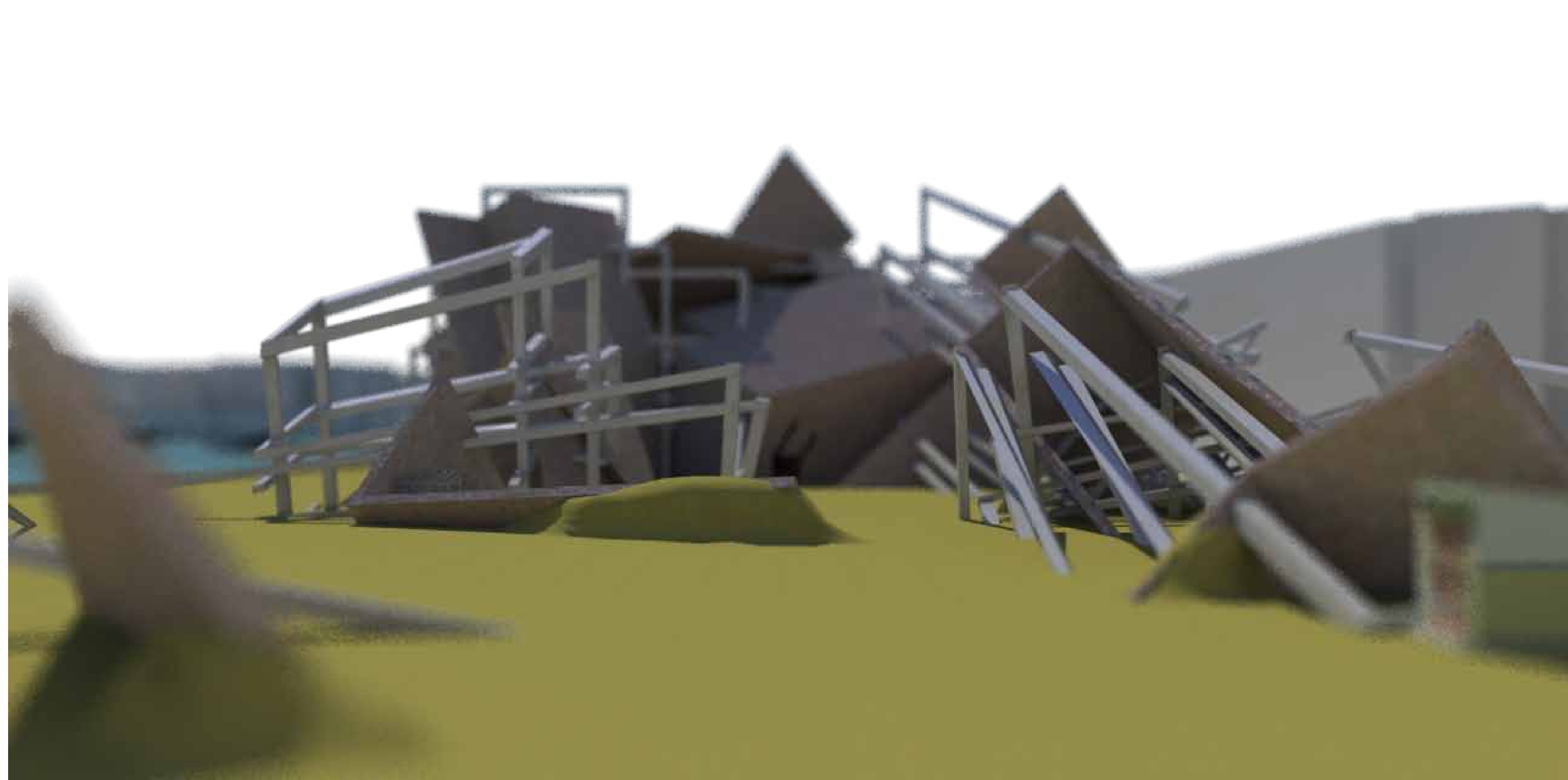
Taking the 'standard' domestic template and altering it to the point where it becomes unrecognisable. The use of reclaimed bricks brings embodied history to the space.

Dynamic Space -

A community based on the submission of personal photos and videos. The ever changing neighborhood can be observed for an extended time, or just as passing through. Like watching out of your window at the world, or walking past someone's house and catching a glimpse of the inside.

Gathering Pieces







**PAGE RESERVED FOR DIAGRAMATIC PLANS AND
AREA HIERACHY**

