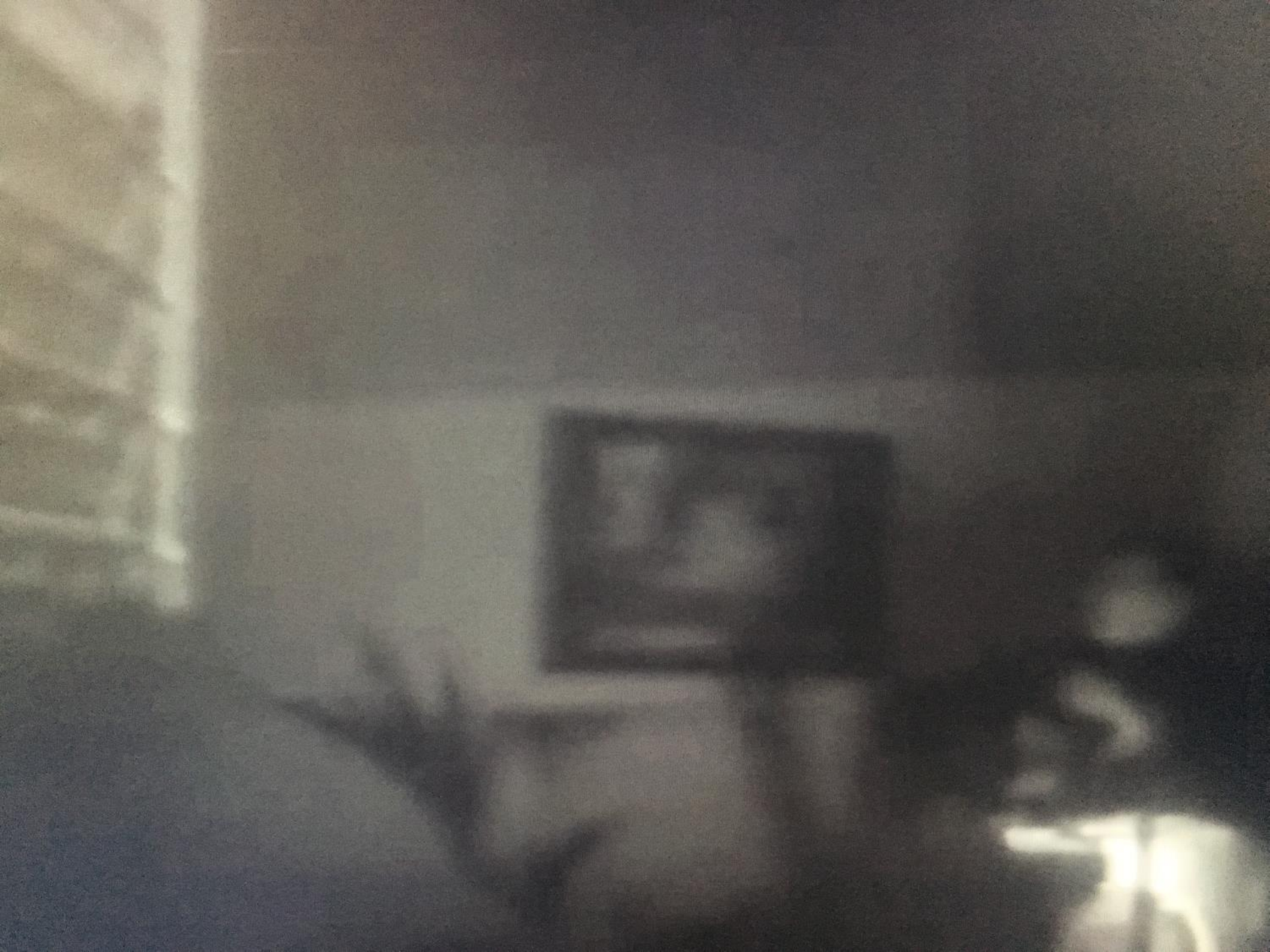
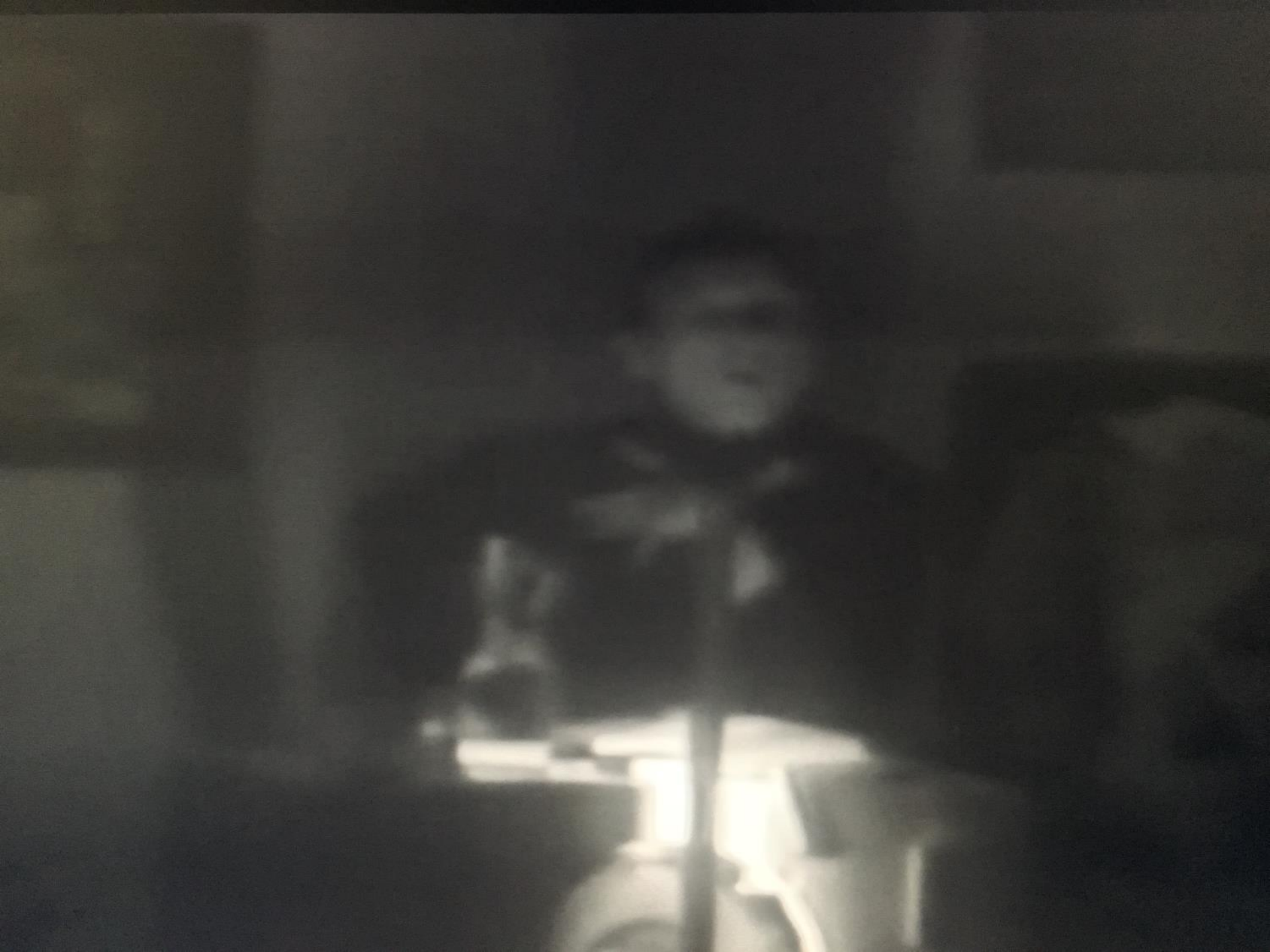




Hand Drawing
Patrick Lynch



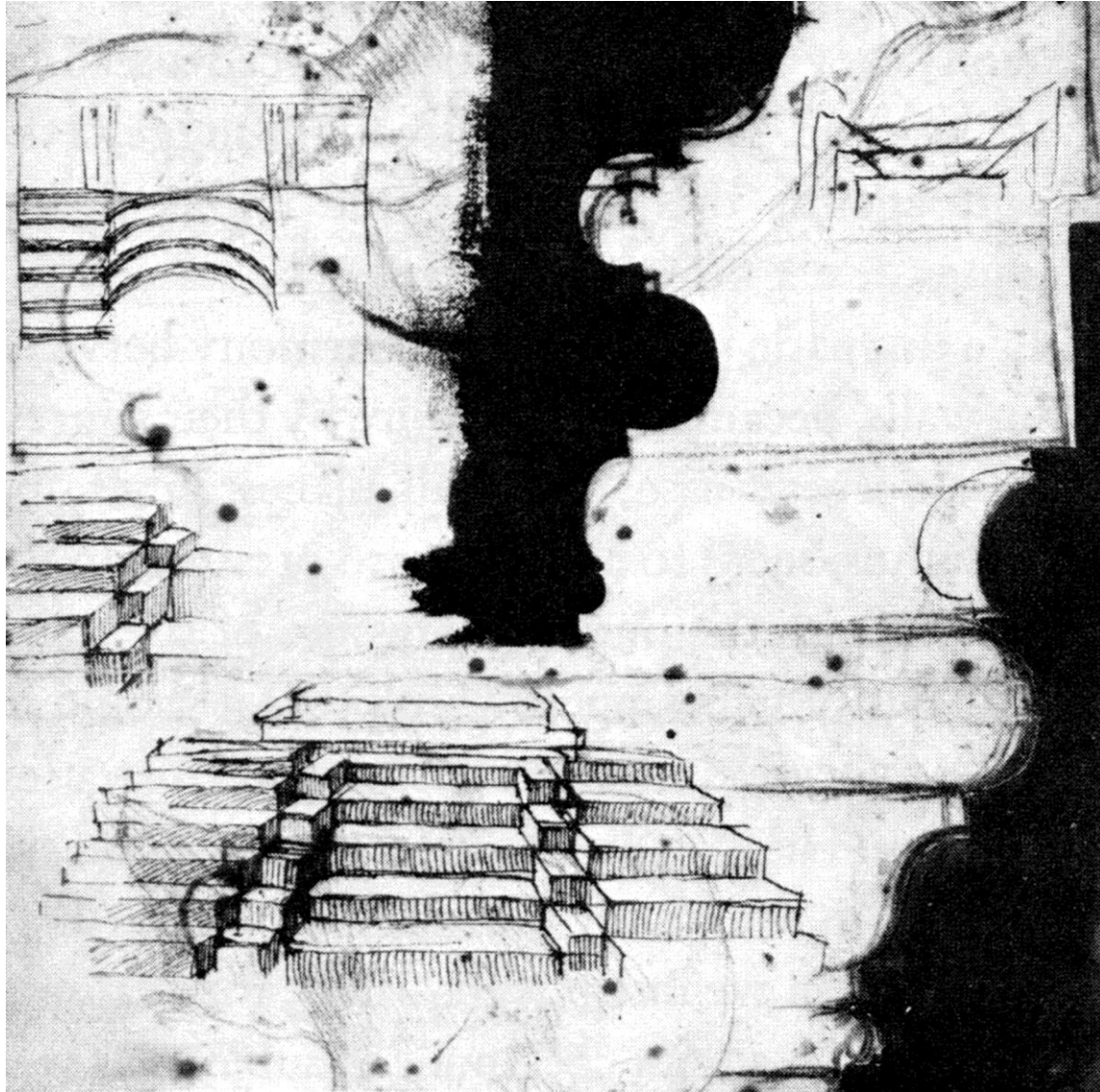


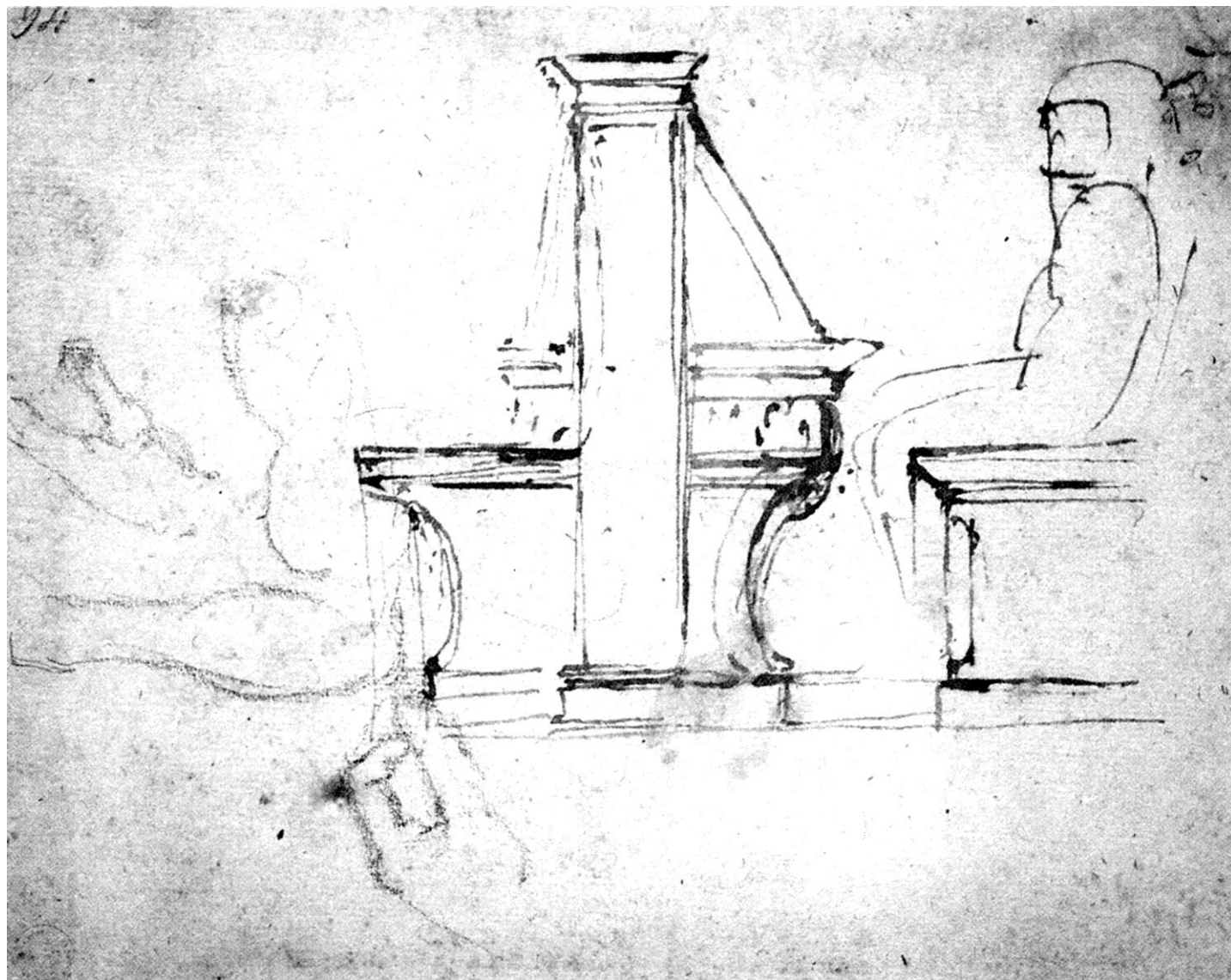




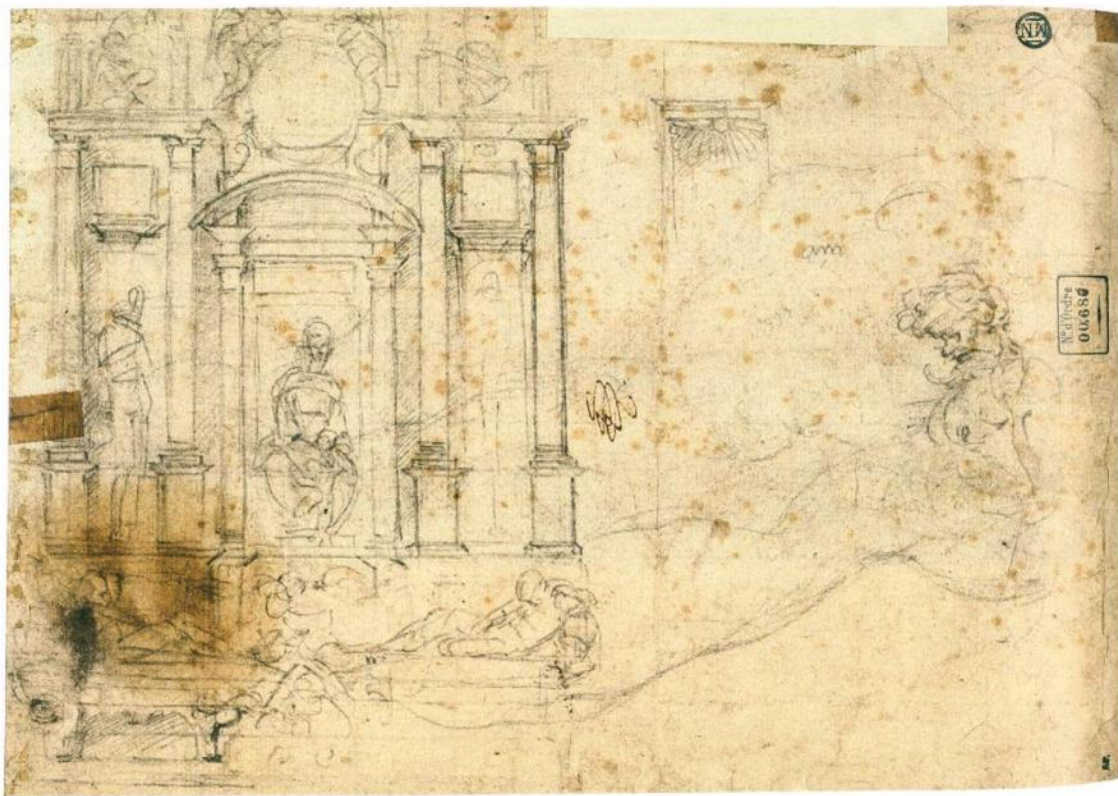






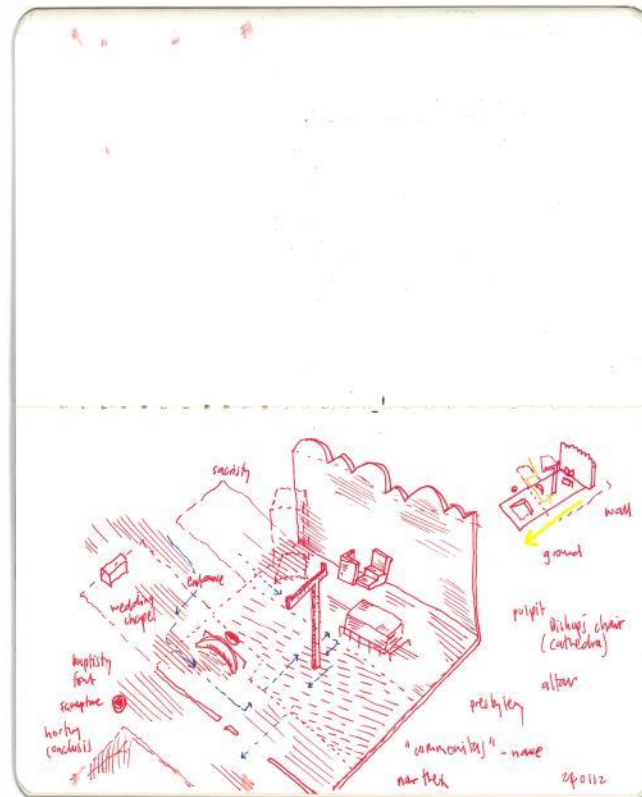
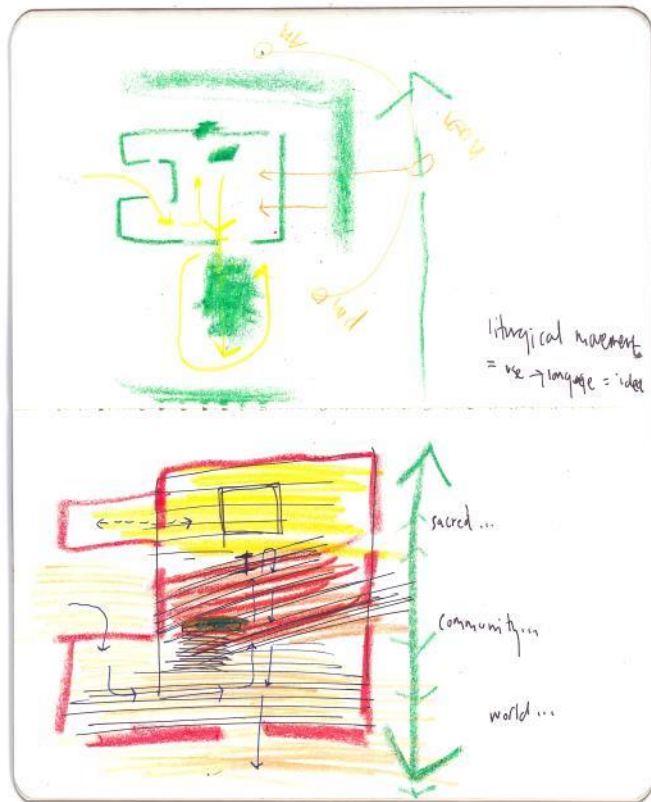


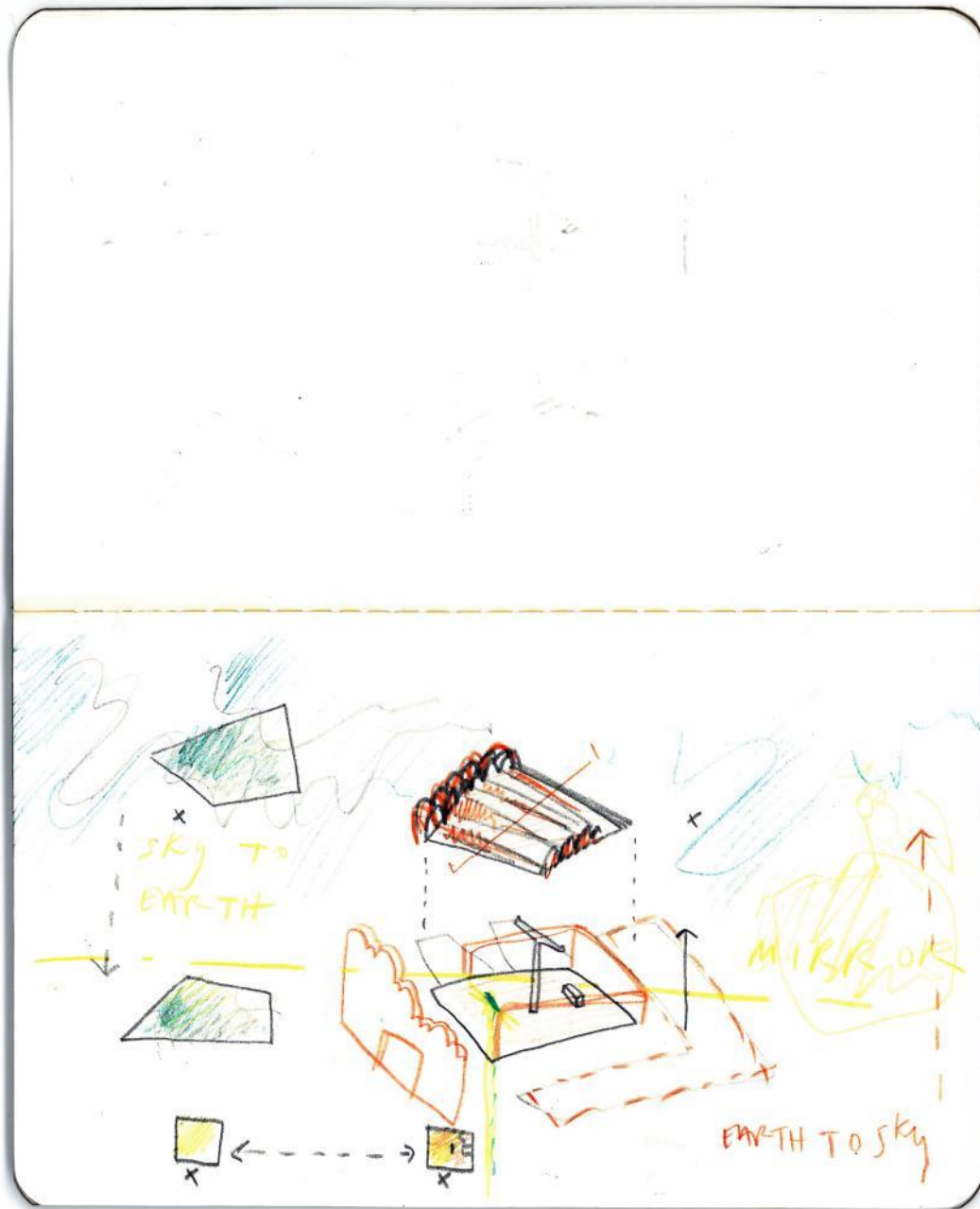


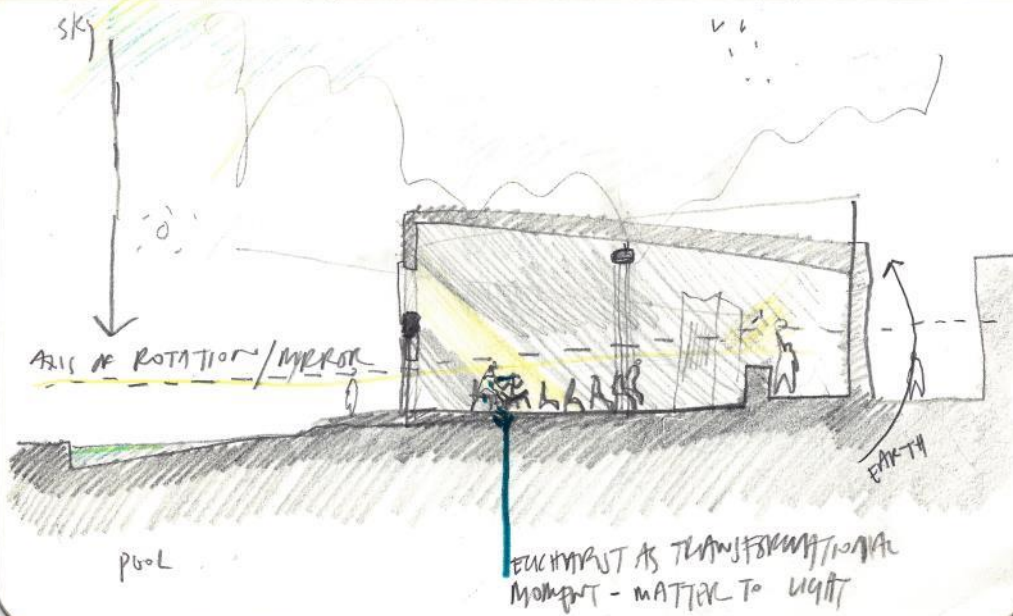


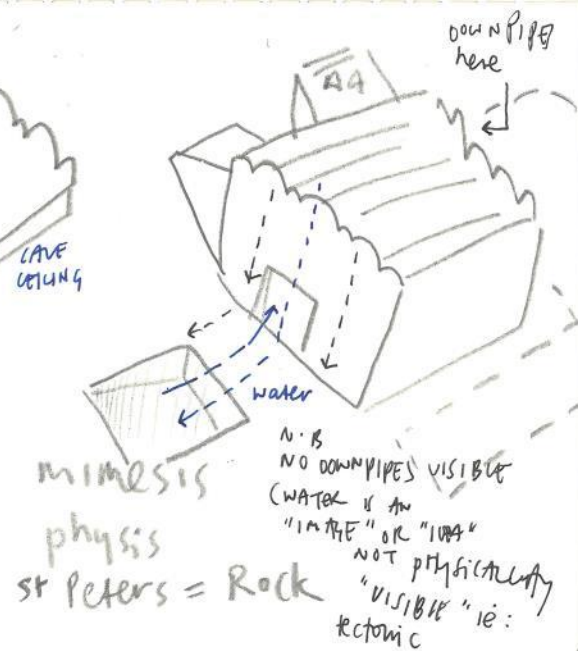
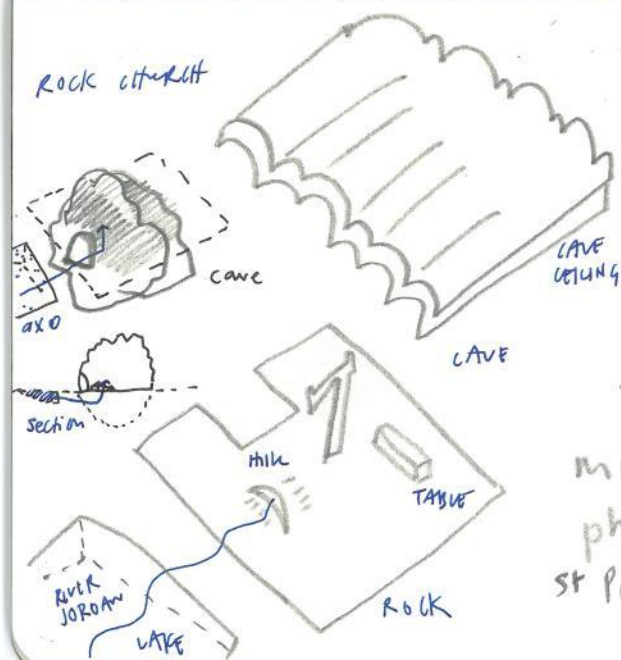














Civic Ground

Rhythmic Spatiality and the Communicative Movement
between Architecture, Sculpture and Site

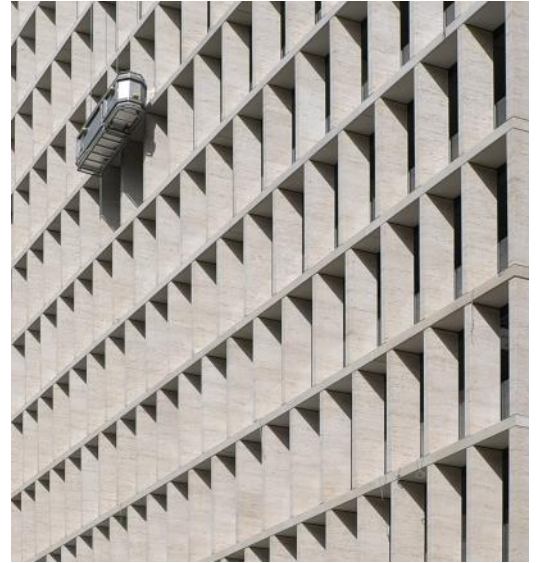
PATRICK LYNCH

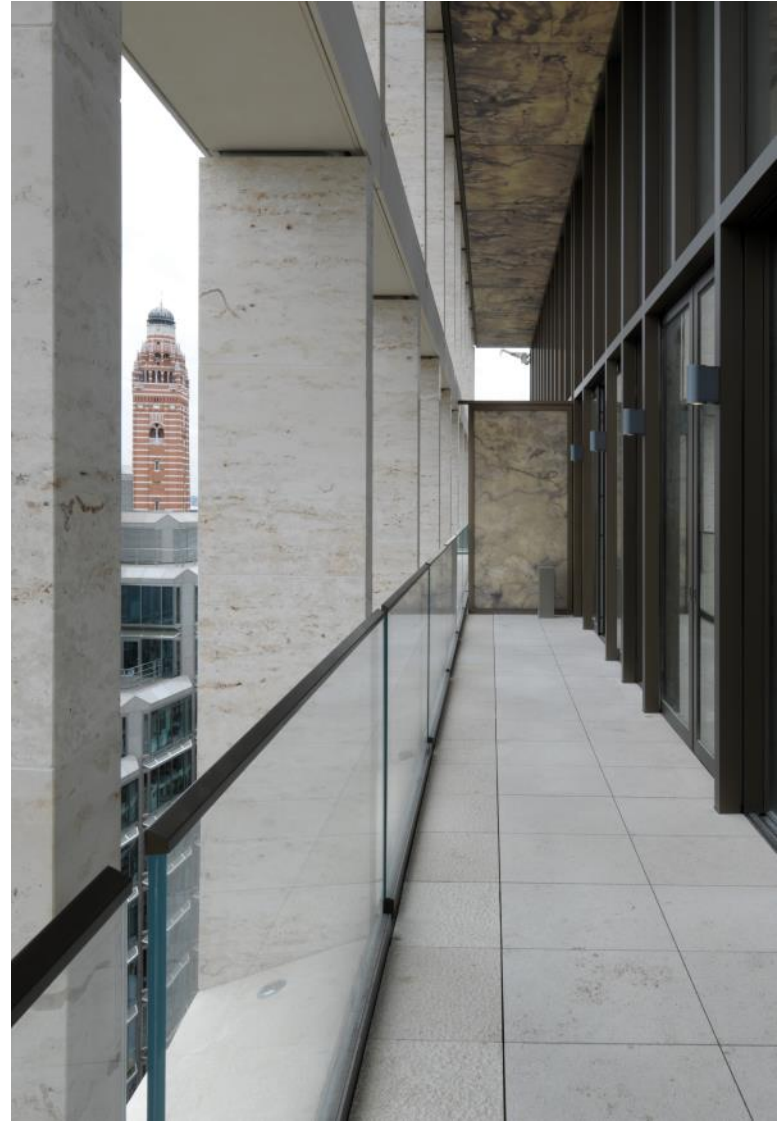


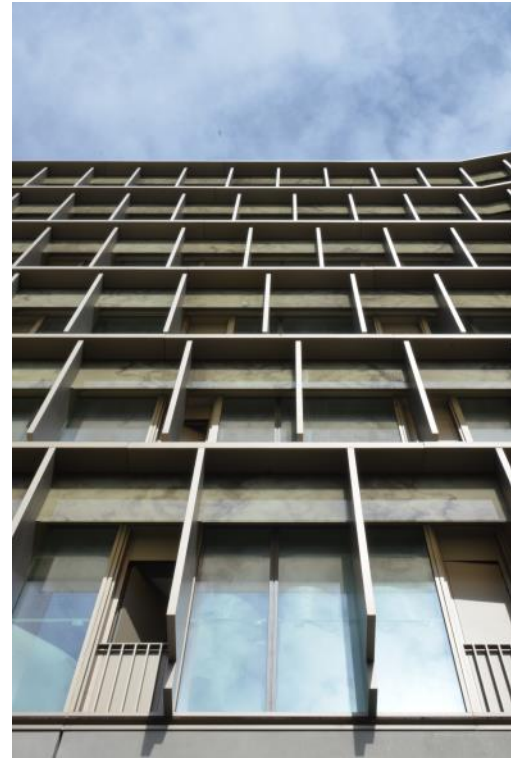


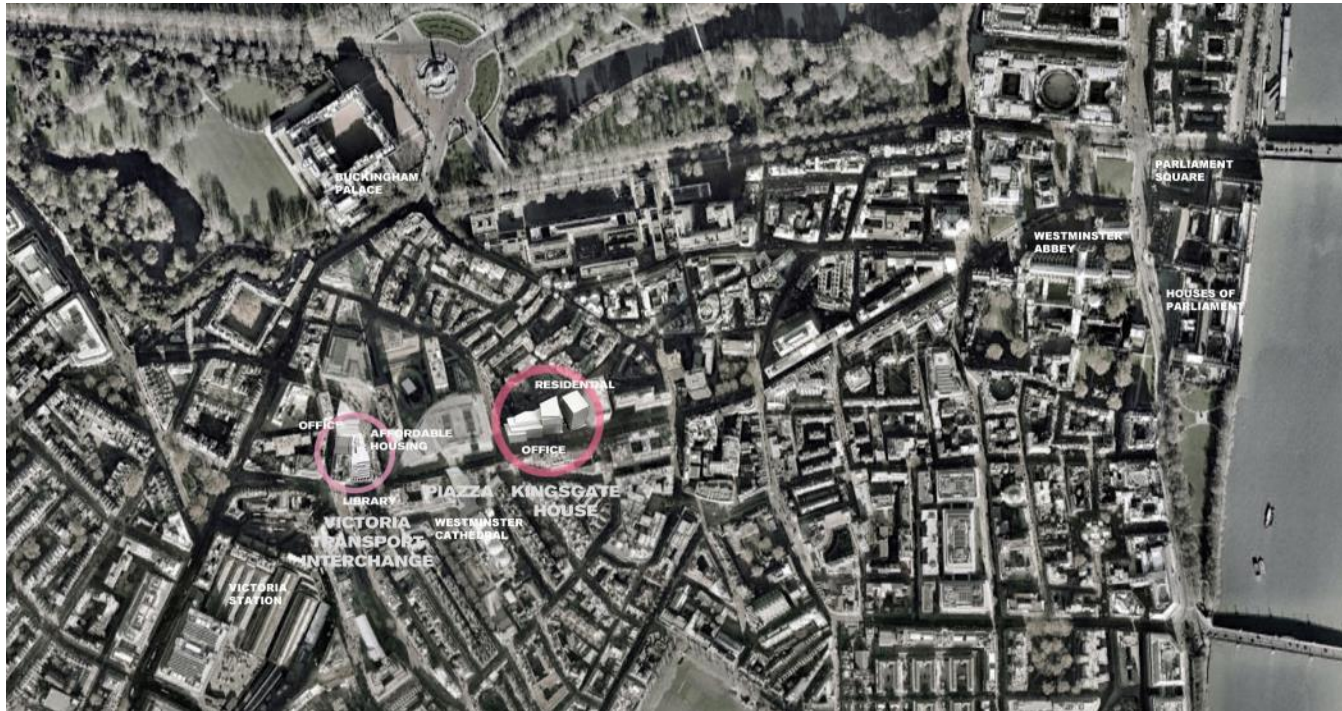














Key

- 1 Residential building by Benson and Forsyth
- 2 Office building by PLP
- 3 Office building by PLP
- 4 Office building by Lynch architects
- 5 Residential building by Lynch architects
- 6 Library by Lynch architects
- 7 Office building by PLP
- 8 Westminster Cathedral Piazza by Lynch architects
- 9 Office building by Lynch architects
- 10 Public spaces by Lynch architects and Vogt Landscape architects
- 11 Residential building by Lynch architects
- 12 Westminster City Hall
- 13 Westminster City School
- 14 St James Court Hotel
- 15 Wilcox Place
- 16 Westminster Cathedral
- 17 Victoria Train Station
- 18 Buckingham Palace Gardens











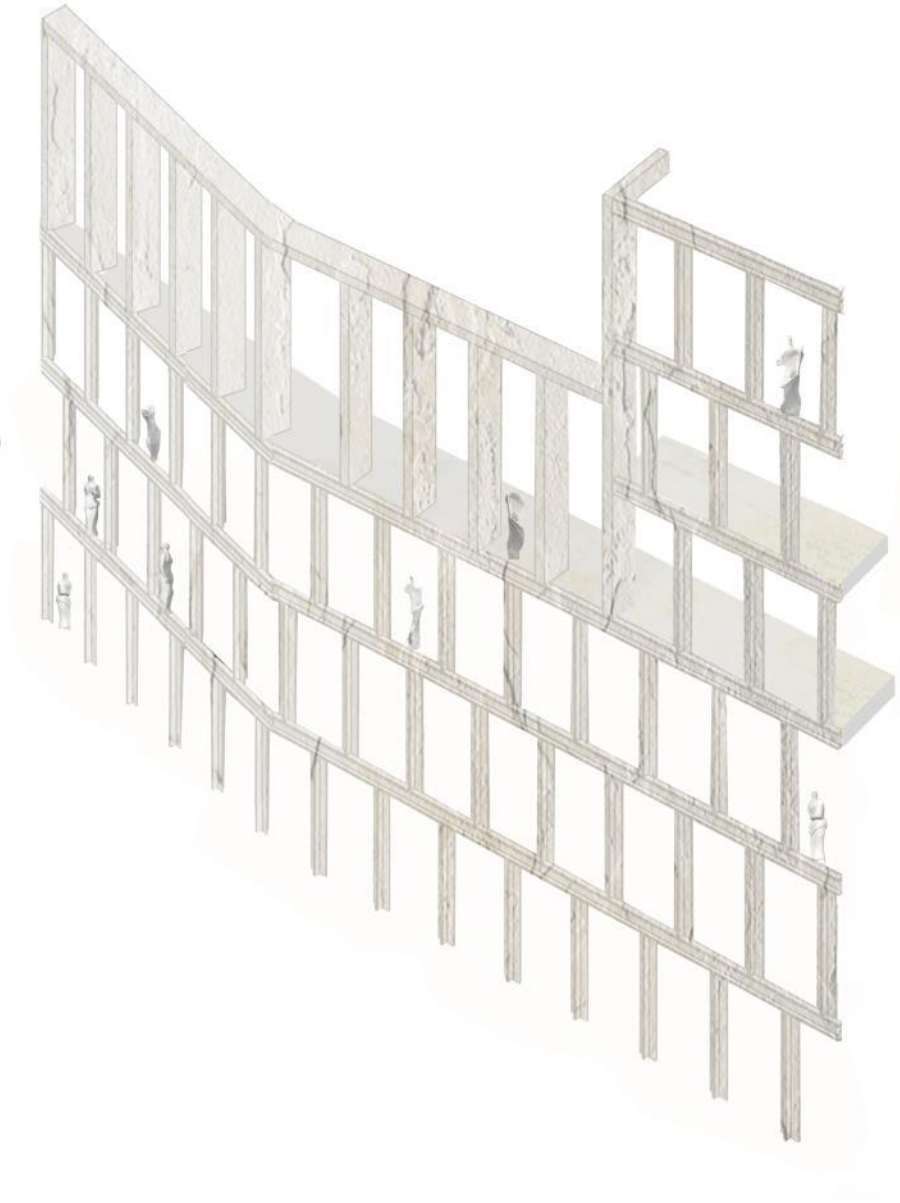






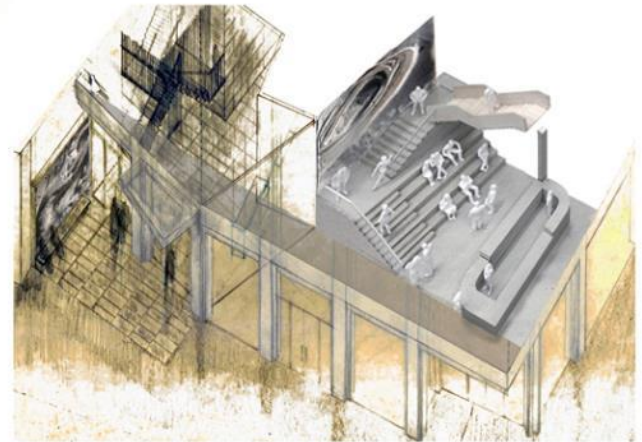
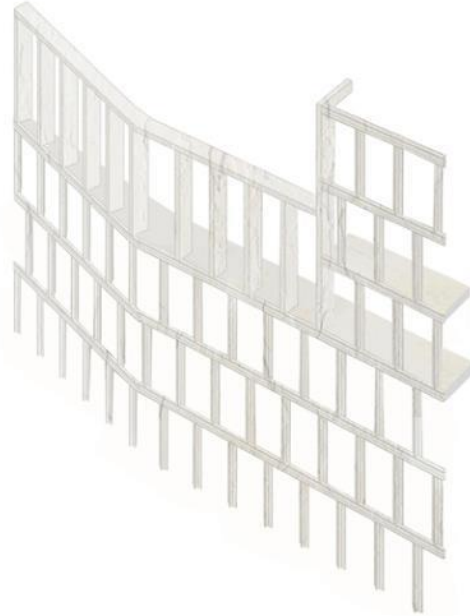




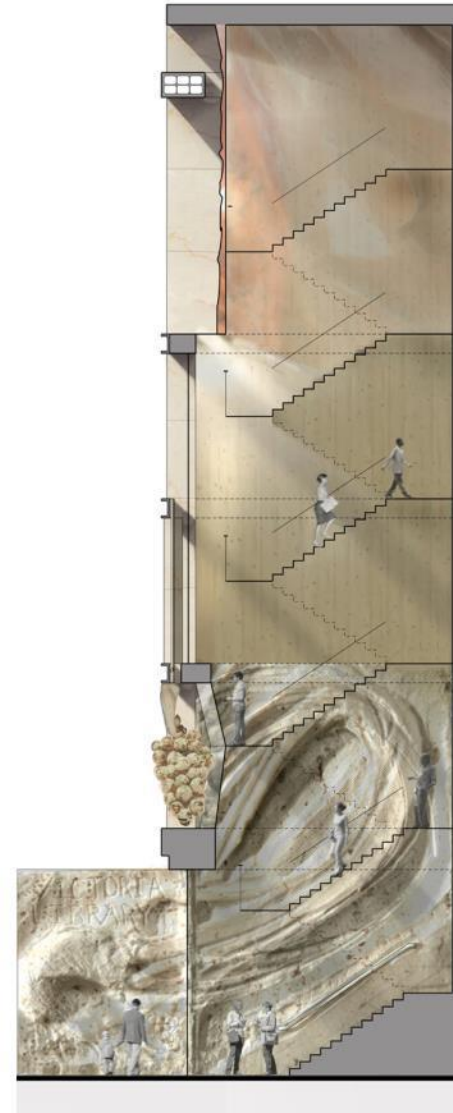
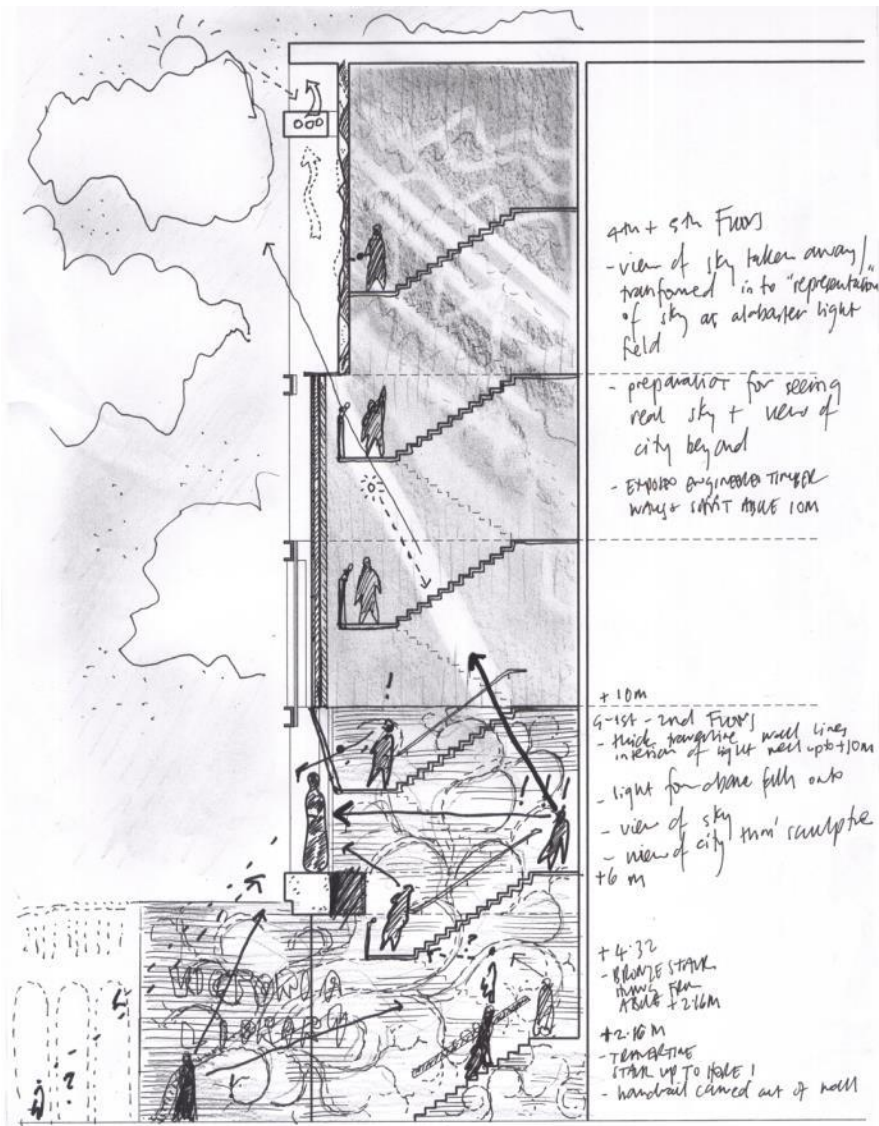




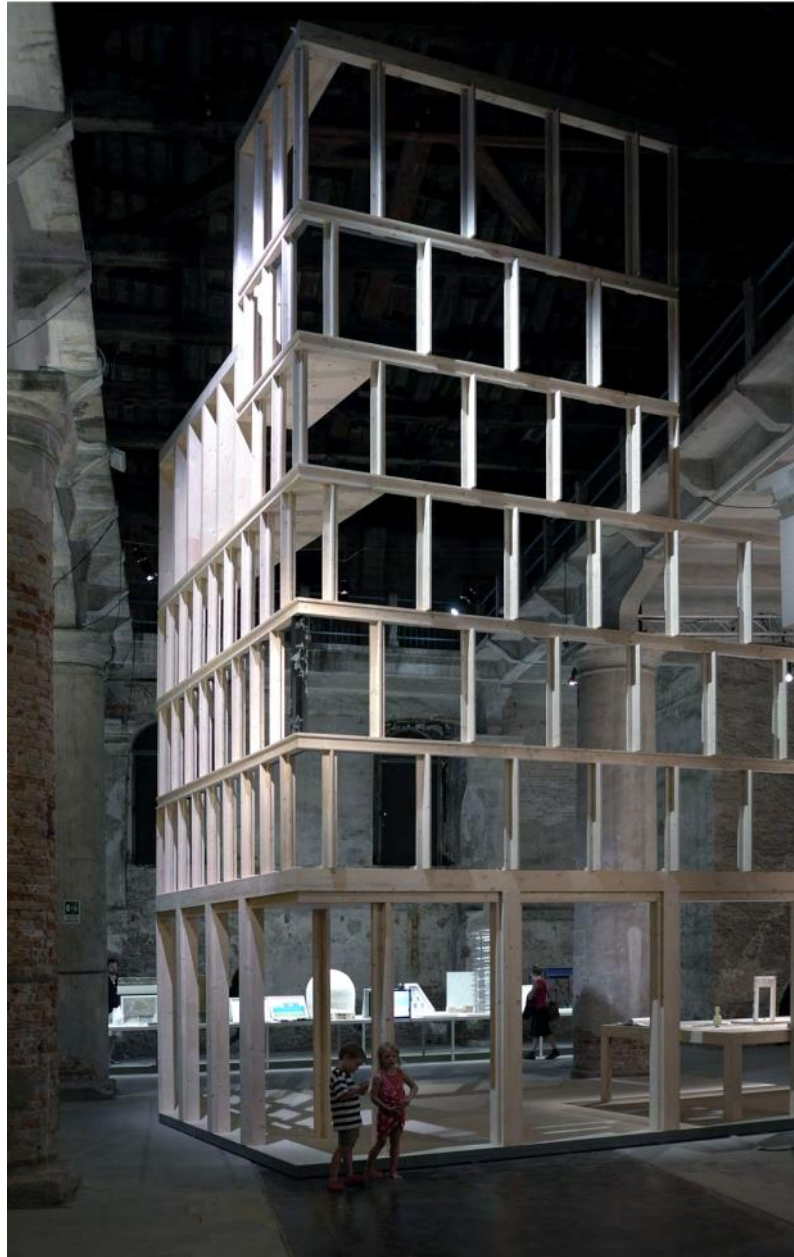
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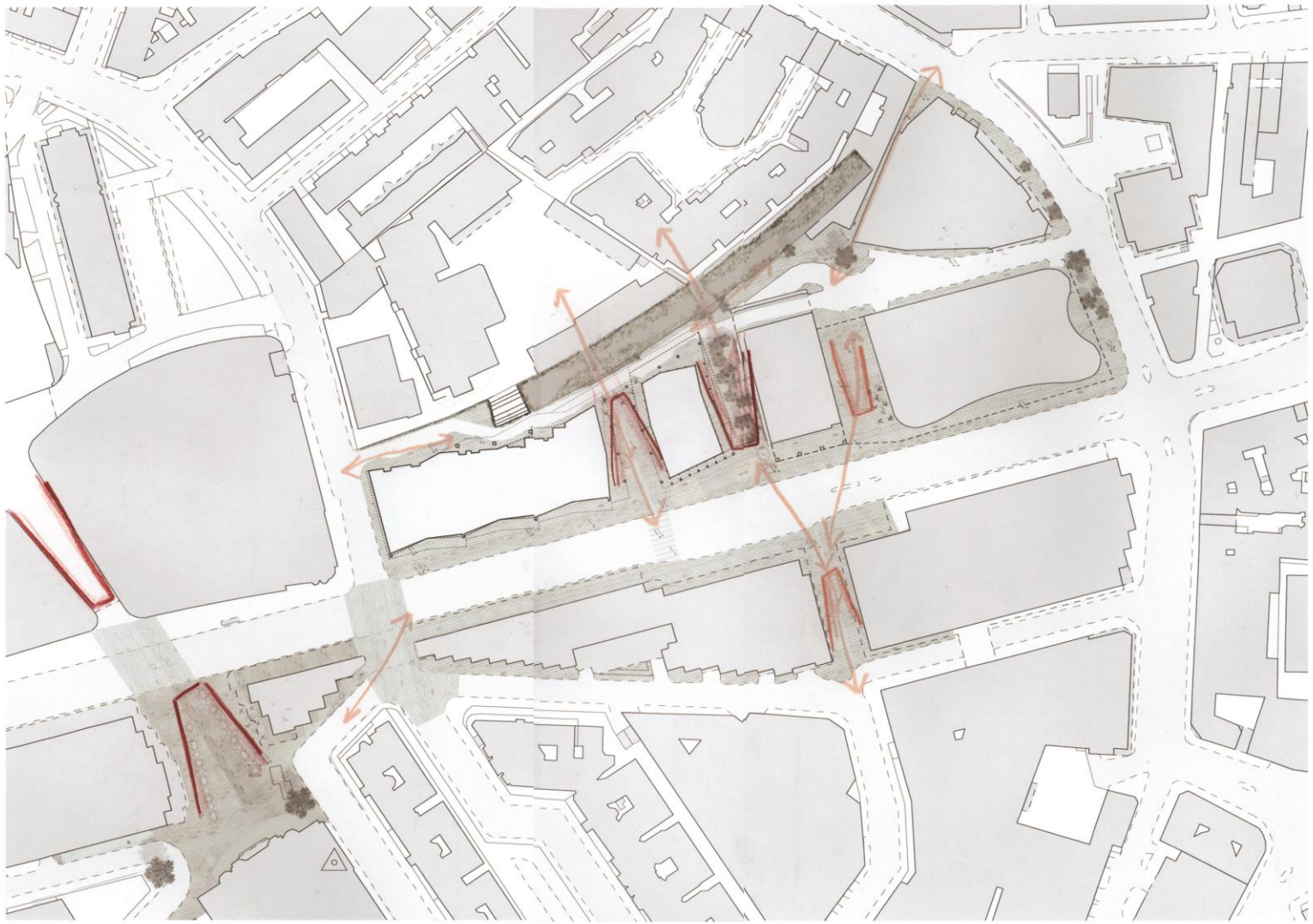








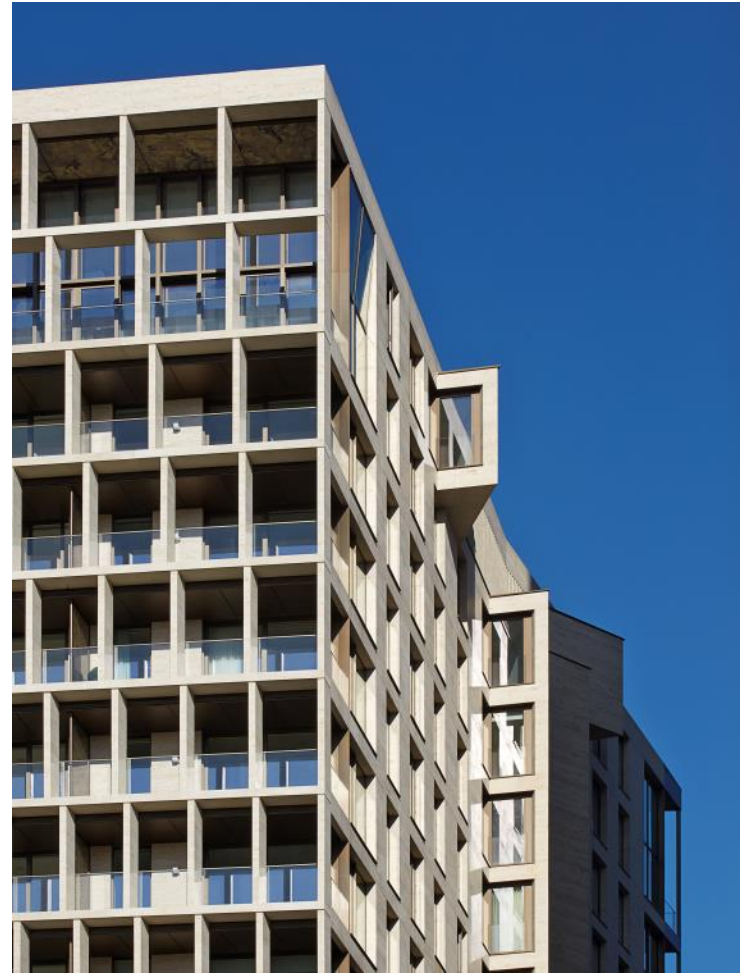
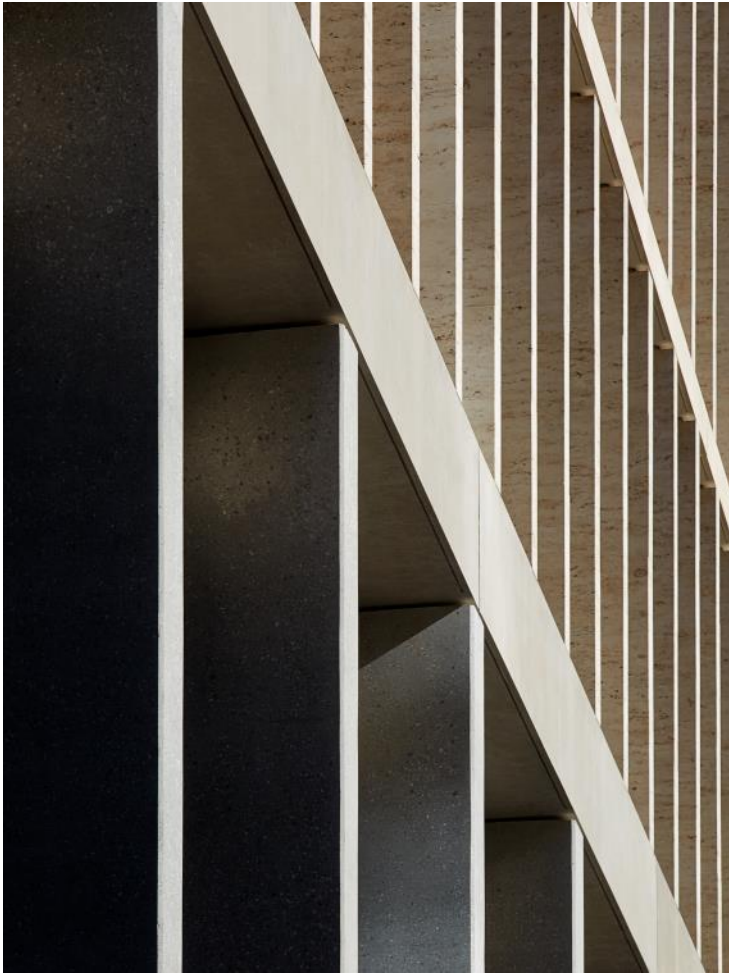




V A
RENEWING THE CITY
RENOVATIO URBIS
VICTORIA STREET SPACES
GENIUS LOCI





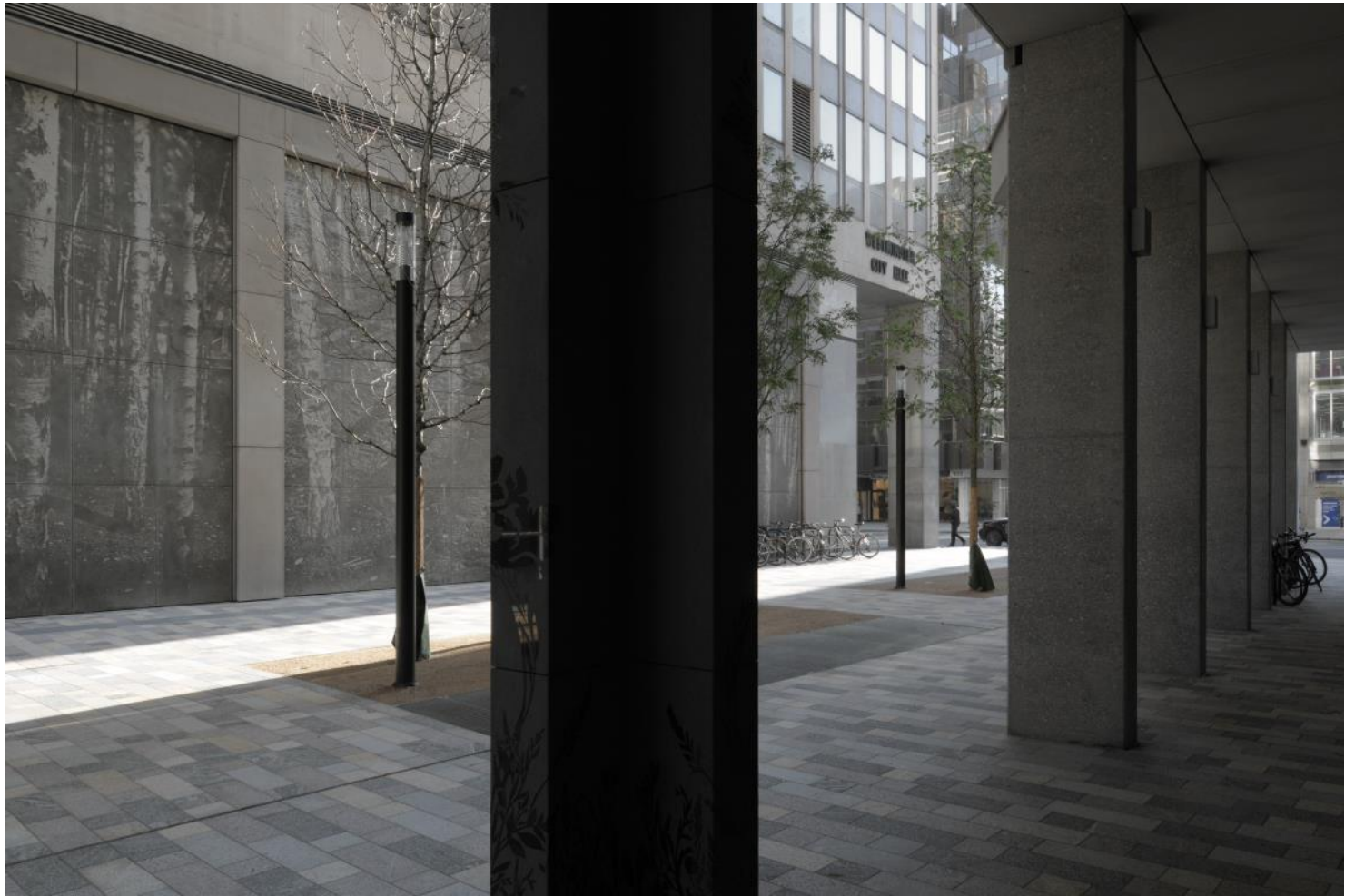




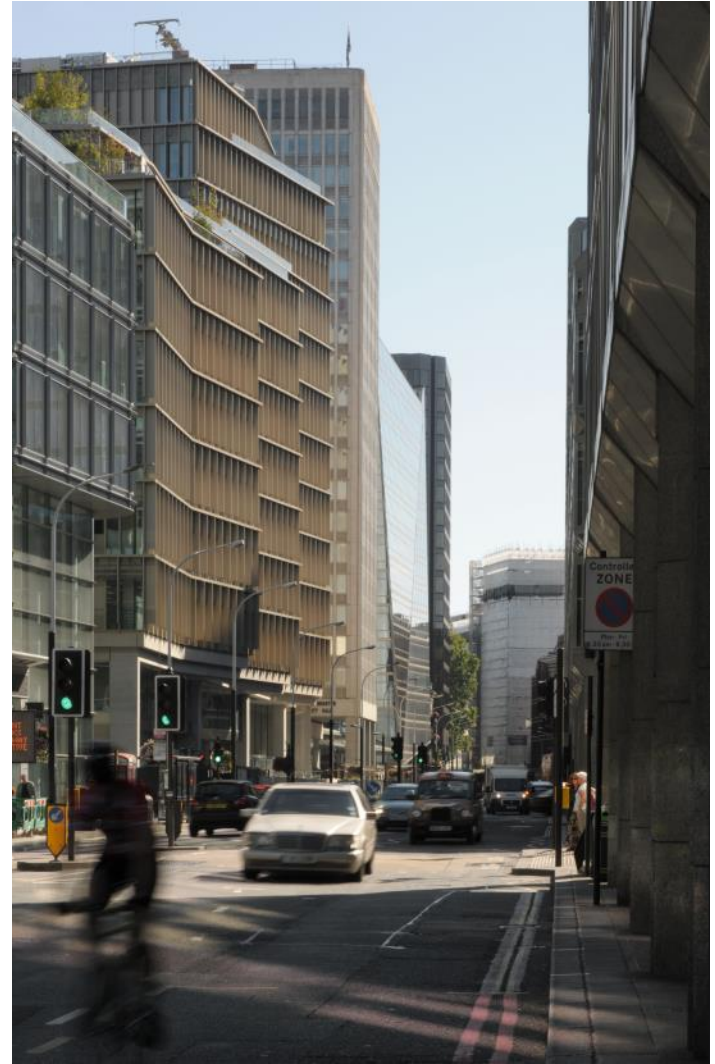












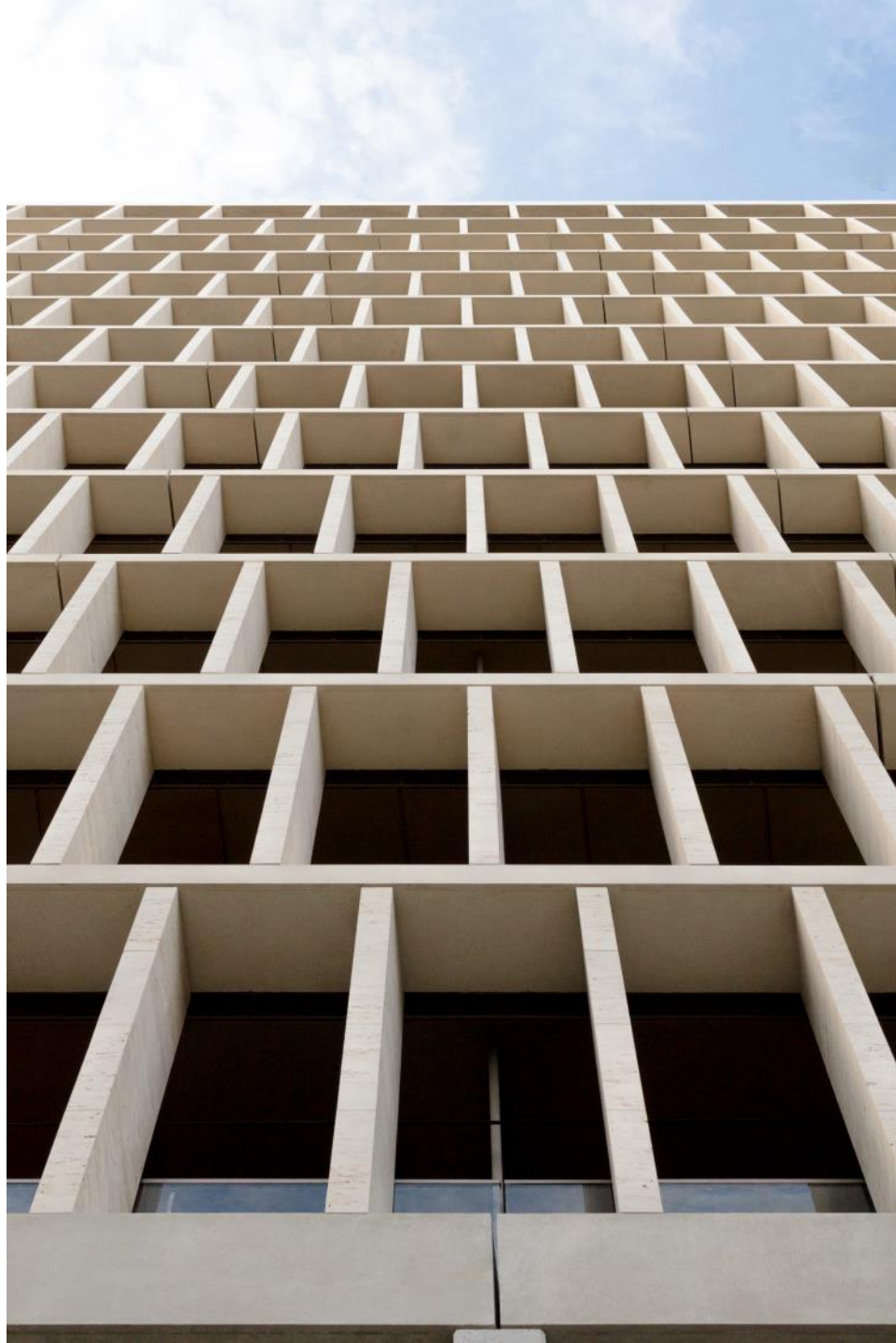






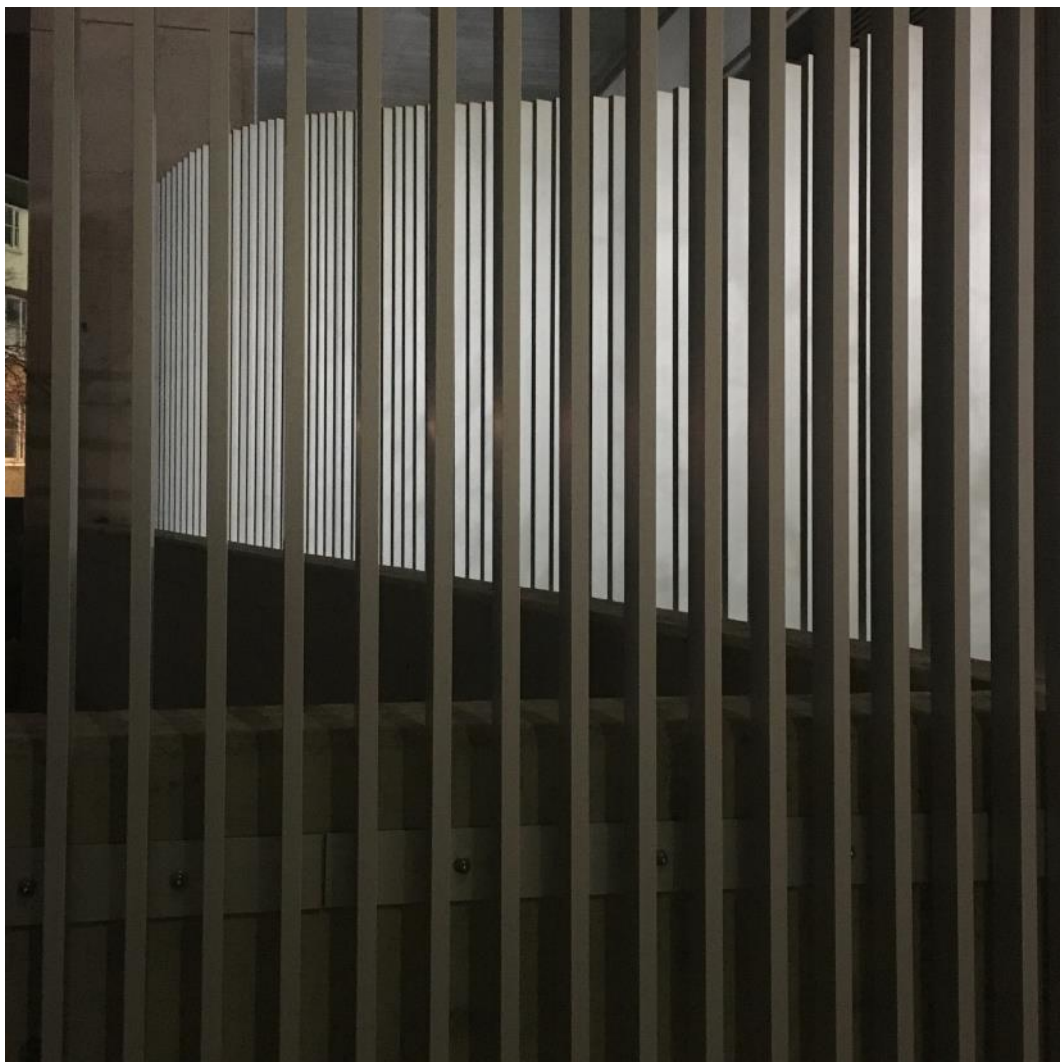
















Poetry

In the same way that the mindless diamond keeps
fire spark of the planet's early fires
trapped forever in its net of ice,
it's not love's later heat that poetry holds,
but the atom of the love that drew it forth
from the silence: so if the bright coal of his love
begins to smoulder, the poet hears his voice
suddenly forced, like a bar-room singer's – boastful
with his own huge feeling, or drowned by violins;
but if it yield a steadier light, he knows
the pure verse, when it finally comes, will sound
like a mountain spring, anonymous and serene
beneath the blue oblivious sky, the water
sings of nothing, not your name, not mine

António Machado (translated by Don Paterson)