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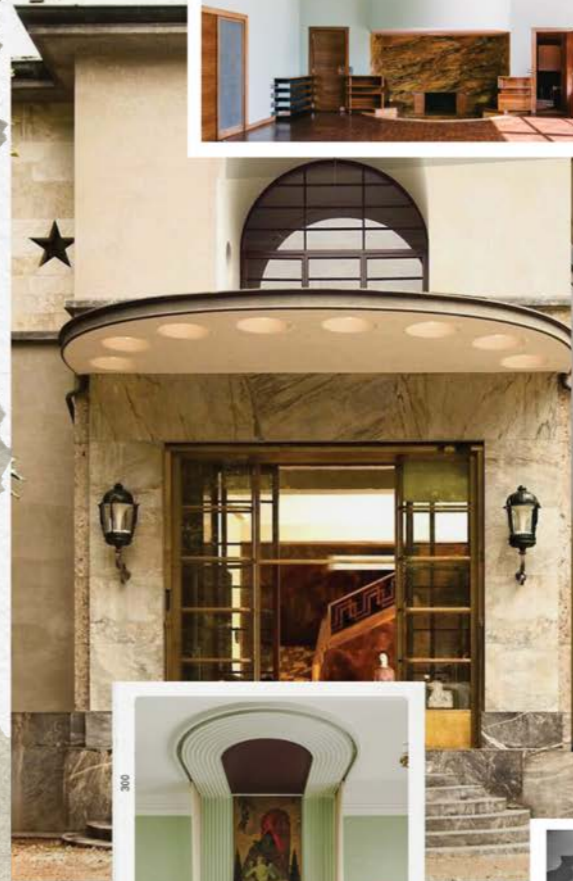
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**THE ARTISAN
UNDERGROUND**

NATALIE ALDRIDGE



CONTRAST OF MODERNITY INFUSED
WITH NOSTALGIA.

WAR AND ECONOMIC
FLUCTUATION.

DYNAMIC AND PLAYFUL IRONY.

CASE STUDY FOR THE
EVOLUTION OF ARTISTIC MOVEMENTS.

GESAMTKUNSTWERK.

CRAFTSMANSHIP AND THE NATURAL WORLD.

IMPORTANCE OF BEAUTY.

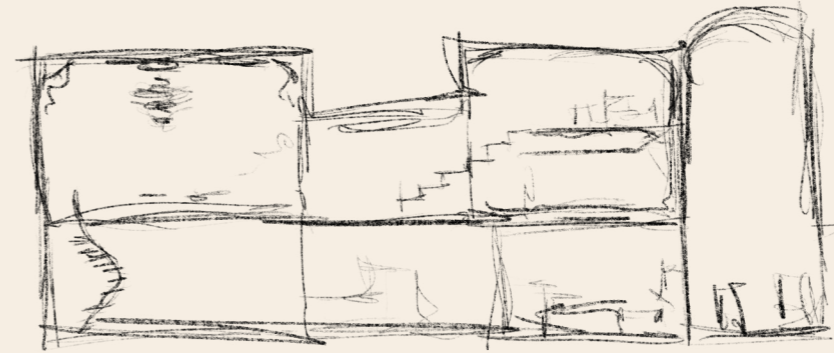
THE ATELIER

A TRADITIONAL ATELIER IS MORE THAN JUST A WORKSPACE. IT'S A SANCTUARY OF CRAFTSMANSHIP, WHERE MAKING IS AS MUCH ABOUT SKILL AS IT IS ABOUT SOUL. SHAPED BY MENTORSHIP AND STEEPED IN RITUAL, IT'S WHERE TECHNIQUE MEETS IMAGINATION, AND BEAUTY EMERGES THROUGH INTENTION, PATIENCE, AND THE SUBTLE ELEGANCE OF THE HANDMADE.



ATELIER SPACES

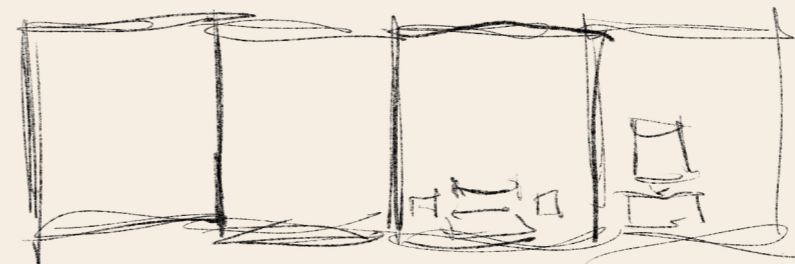
exist within the context of "the ruin"



Both open and smaller closed spaces for work to occur.

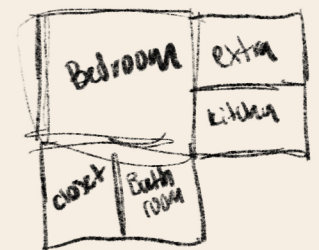
Different spaces for different craft.

RESIDENCES



Above the atelier spaces, much more uniform and designed for the artisans to live in

- small apartments
- bathroom
- bedroom
- kitchen
- closet / extra



PUBLIC

potential of commercial space on ground floor as the "ruin" evolves





FRONT ROW: SABINE VESPER (WOOD WORKER), LEONTINE FLUERMONT (FINE ARTIST), LUCIAN NOCTURNE (MARBLE SCULPTOR).
TOP ROW: HUGO LARKSPUR (PLASTER ARTISAN), ANOUK SAINT CLAIR (METALSMITH), PEREGRINE DEVEREAUX (FURNITURE MAKER).

MANIFESTO

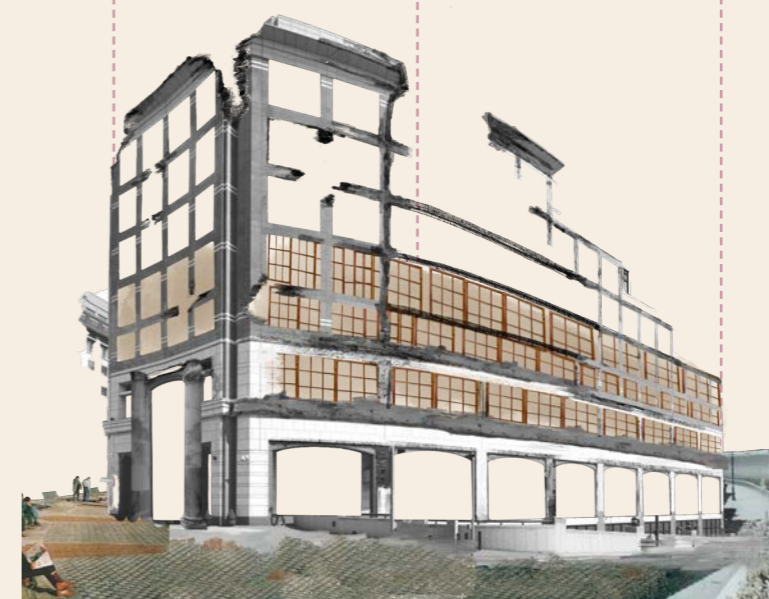
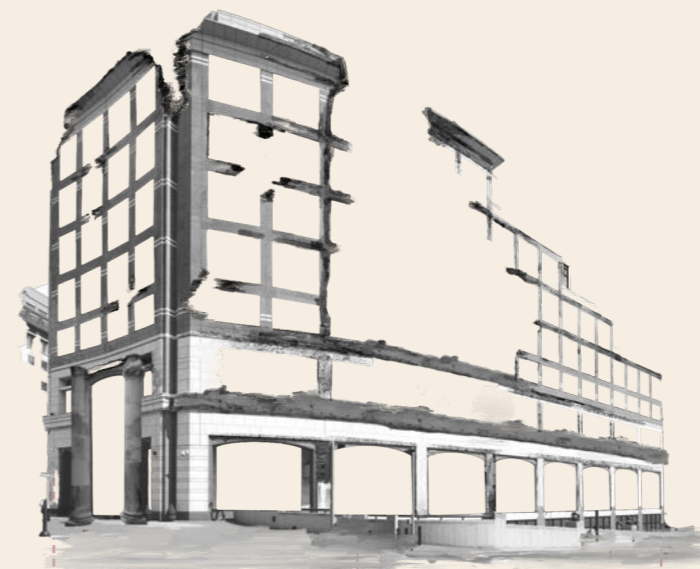
THE YEAR IS 2062. LONDON HAS BEEN RESHAPED BY THE RELENTLESS RISE OF AI, THE COLLAPSE OF FINANCIAL INSTITUTIONS, AND THE SKY-HIGH SURGE IN HOUSING COSTS. IN THE WAKE OF THESE CHANGES, SIX BOHEMIAN ARTISANS, MASTERS OF THEIR RESPECTIVE CRAFTS, SET OUT WITH ONE SINGULAR MISSION: TO RESTORE BEAUTY AND TO CRAFTSMANSHIP TO A WORLD THAT HAD ALL BUT FORGOTTEN IT.

THEY BECAME THE ARTISAN UNDERGROUND, A COLLECTIVE BORN FROM THE NEED TO FIGHT AGAINST THE STERILE WORLD THAT HAD TAKEN OVER. THEIR JOURNEY LED THEM TO THE NOW-FORGOTTEN CANARY WHARF, A ONCE-GLITTERING HUB OF MODERNITY REDUCED TO A GHOST OF ITS FORMER SELF.

AT ITS HEART, THEY DISCOVERED 15 WEST FERRY CIRCUS, A SKELETAL REMNANT OF A BYGONE ERA. WHILE OTHERS SAW DECAY, THEY SAW POSSIBILITY. THEY CLAIMED THE RUIN, CREATING THEIR ATELIERS AND HOMES WITHIN AND FROM ITS CRUMBLING WALLS, CRAFTING A NEW SPACE FROM ITS FADED FRAME.

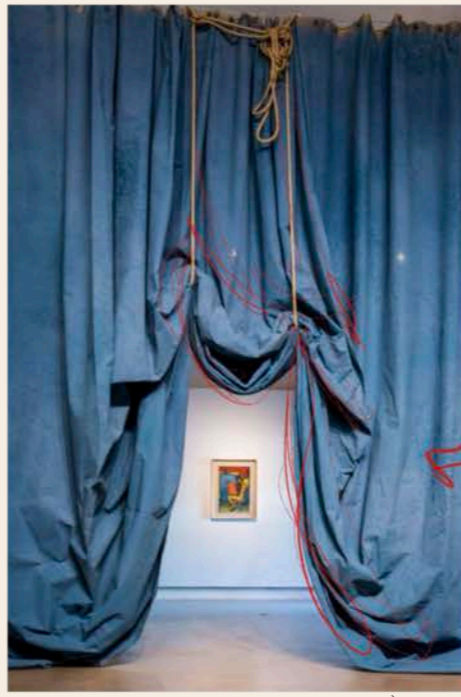
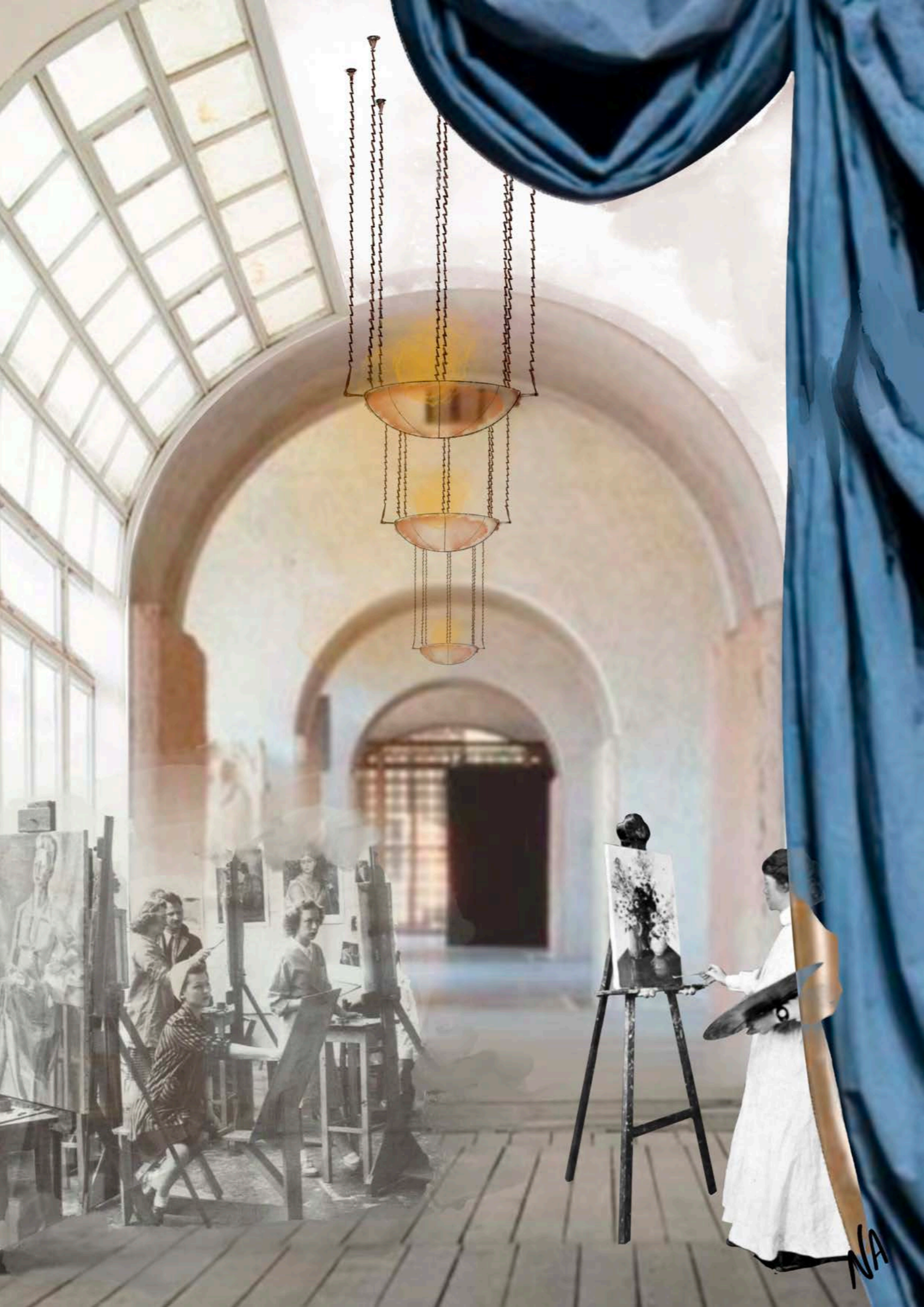
TOGETHER, UNDER ONE ROOF, THEY FORGED A NEW WAY FORWARD. 15 WEST FERRY CIRCUS GREW FROM RUIN TO A LIVING MANIFESTO FOR THE IMPORTANCE OF BEAUTY, AND THE LOST ART OF CRAFTSMANSHIP.

THE RUIN





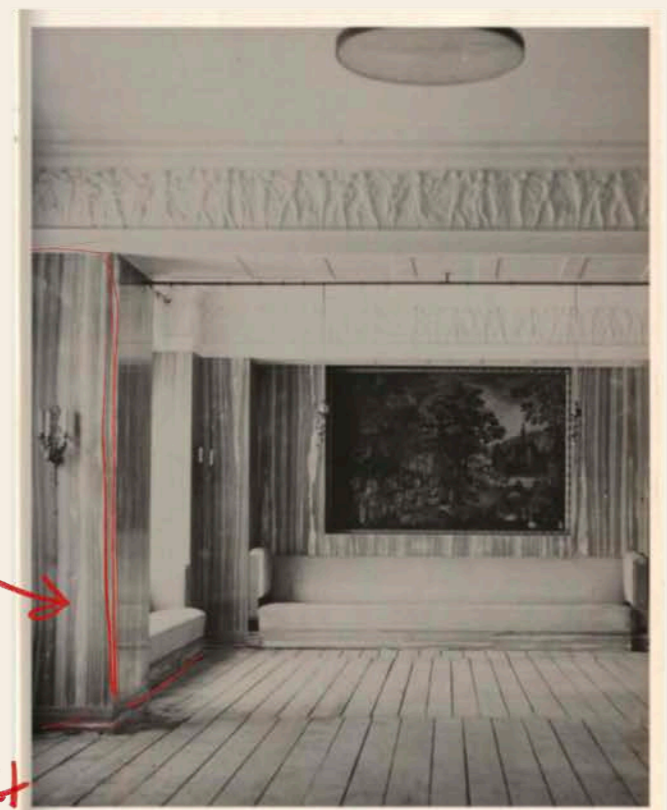
THE RUIN FINAL ITERATION



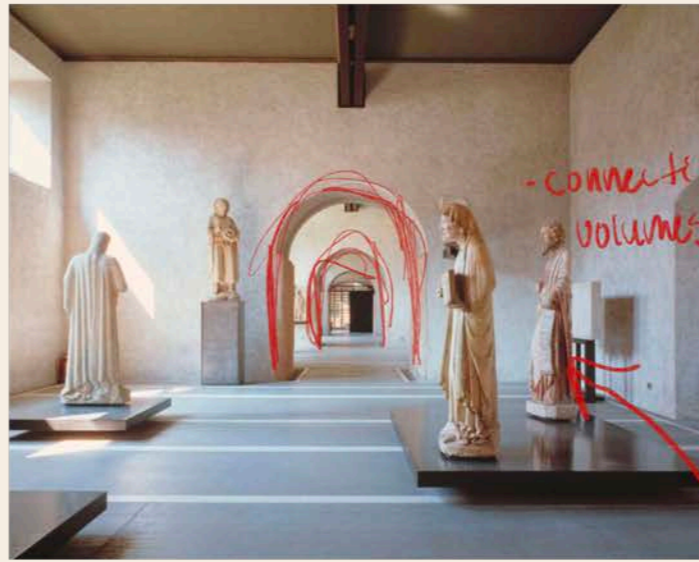
- ILLUSION
- MYSTERY
- DIVISION OF SPACE
- MATERIAL JOX.

SOFT V.
HARD SURFACE

• CREATION OF VOLUME THROUGH ARCHES



• FOUND WOOD FLOORS



- connecting volumes



Leontine Fleurmont
FINE ARTIST

potential students or guests?



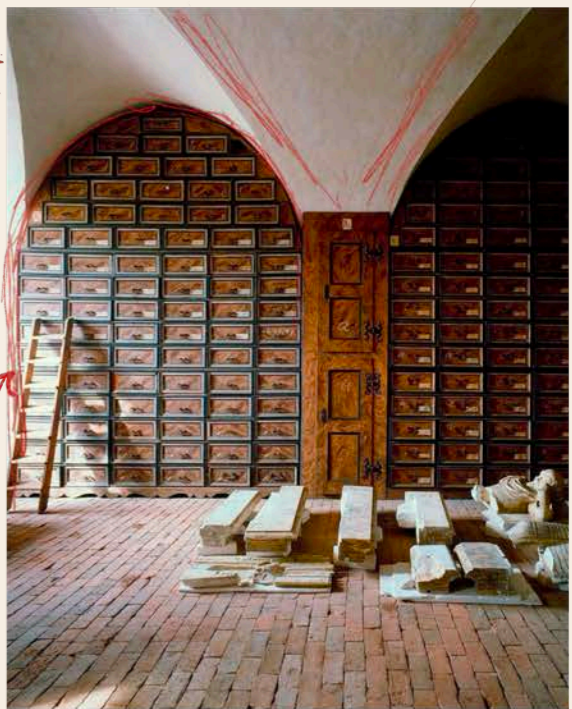
WINDOWS TO BRING IN LIGHT FOR PAINTING

NA



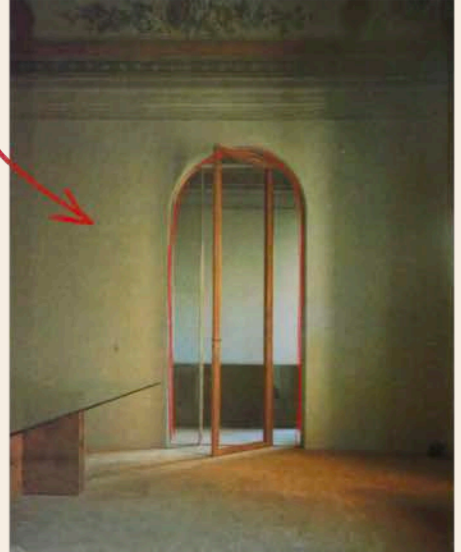
• STORAGE AS AN ACT OF BEAUTY NOT JUST FUNCTION

• FOUND MATERIAL FROM SITE AND ELSEWHERE

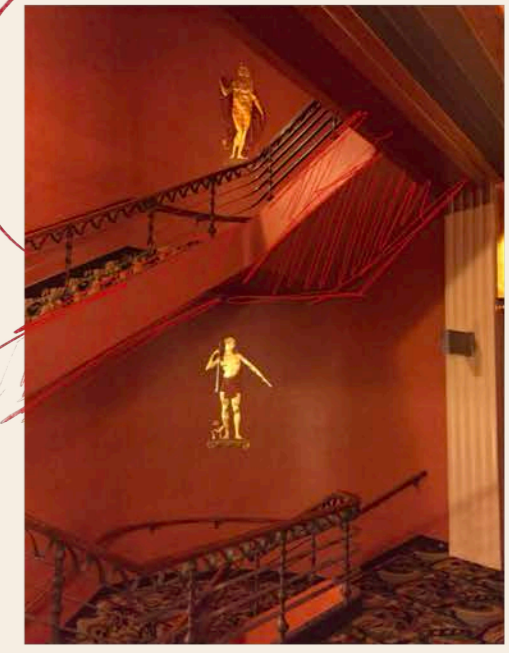


• ARCH CONDITION IN DIFFERENT CONTEXT

• Space for artisans to build, add to, express, etc within atelier spaces
 • Building upon the building itself



• STAIRCASE CONDITIONS TO REACH ATELIER SPACES
 • NAVIGATION WITHIN THE "RUIN"



NA



• ARCH CONDITION WITH DRAPERY ELEMENT



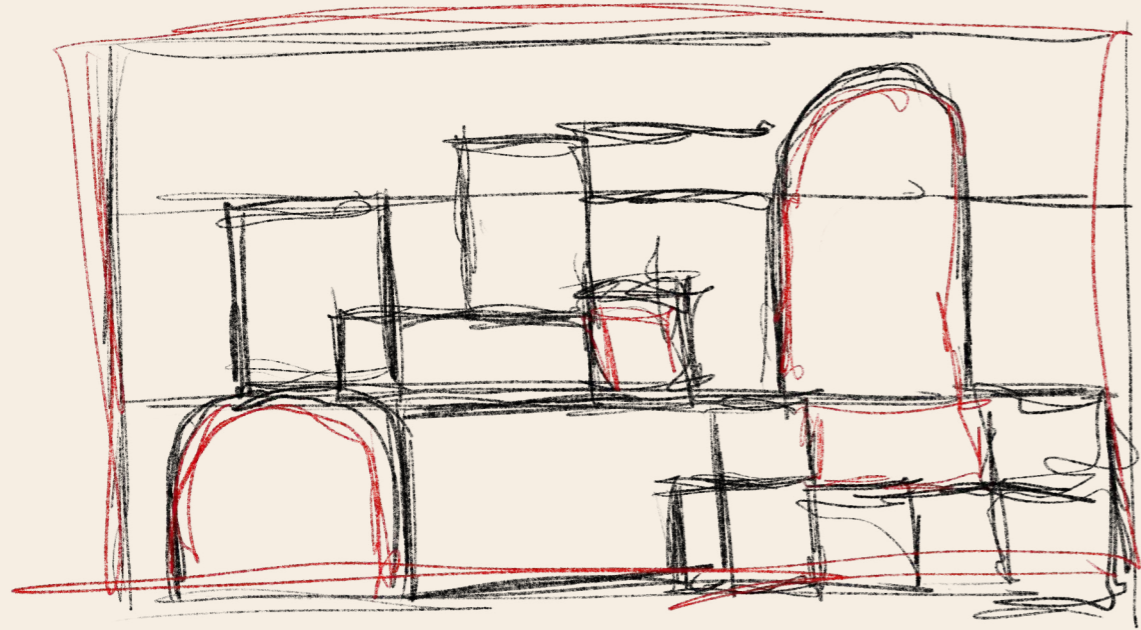
THRESHOLD JUXTAPOSITION

Sabine Vesper

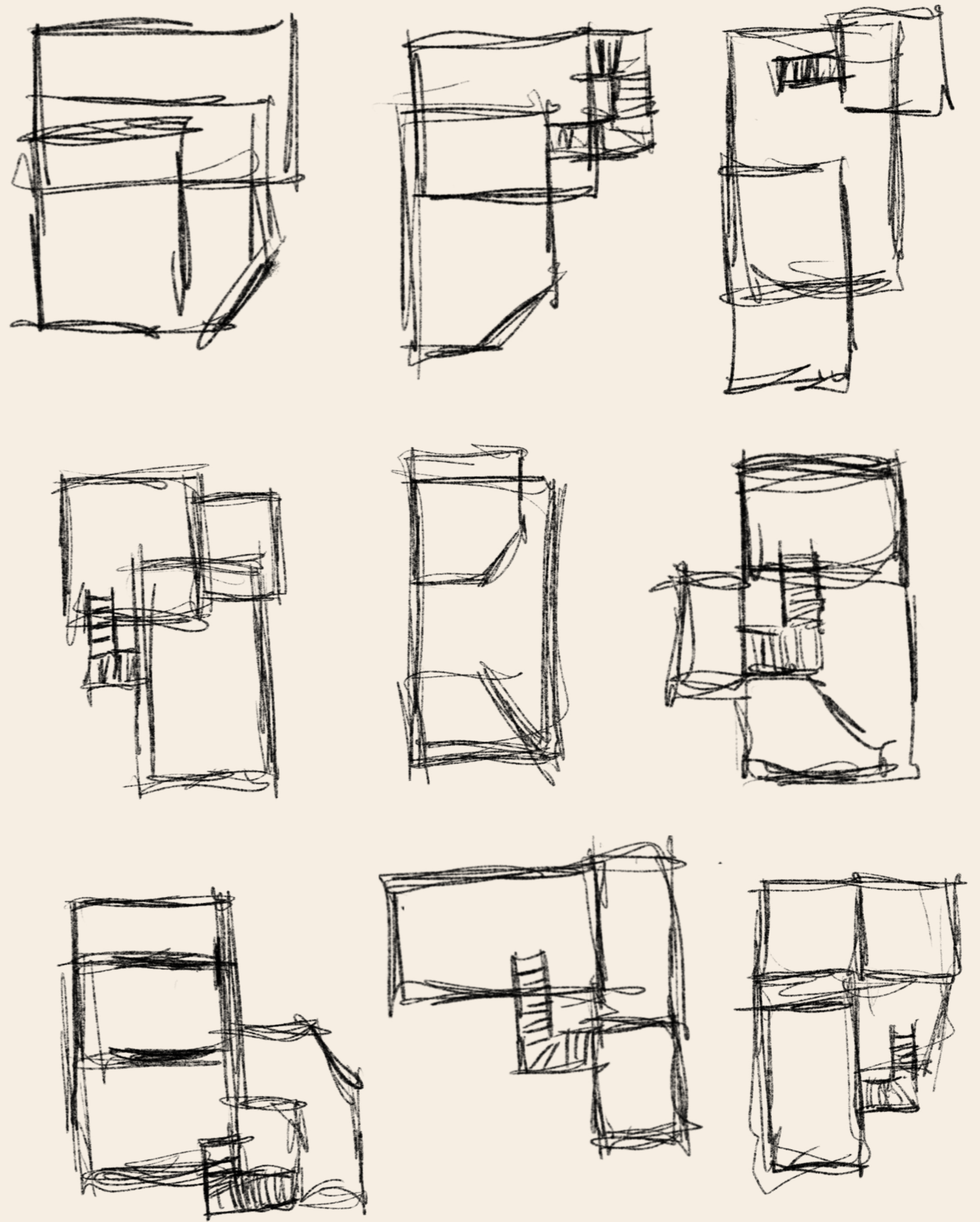
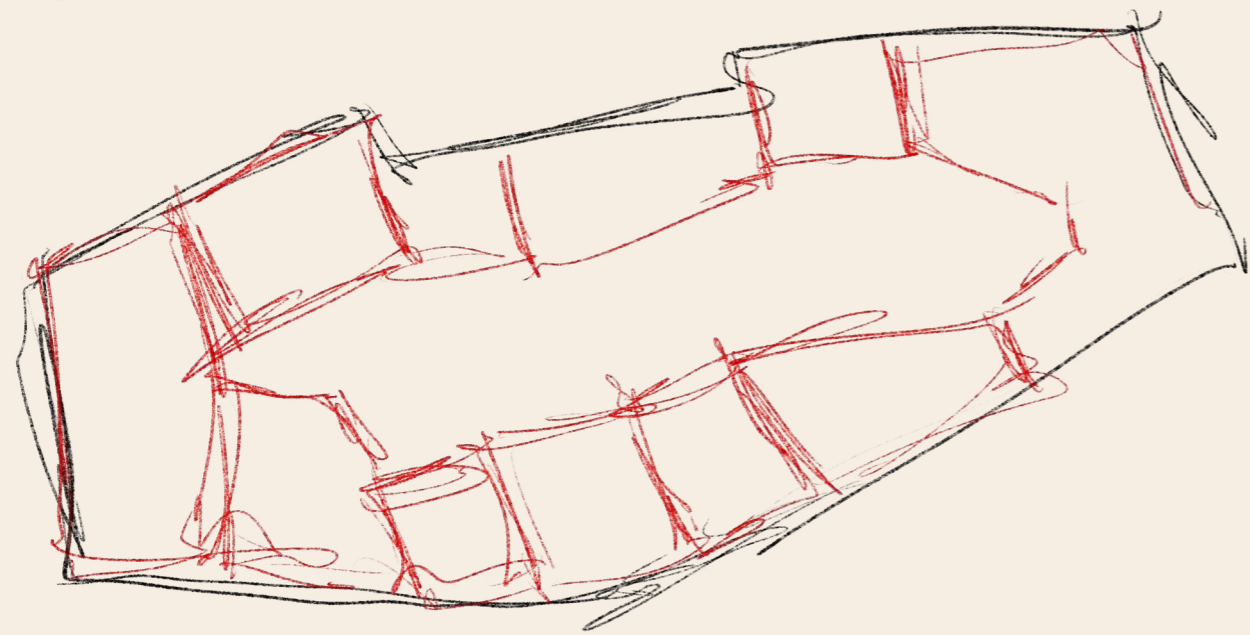


ORGANIC MESS

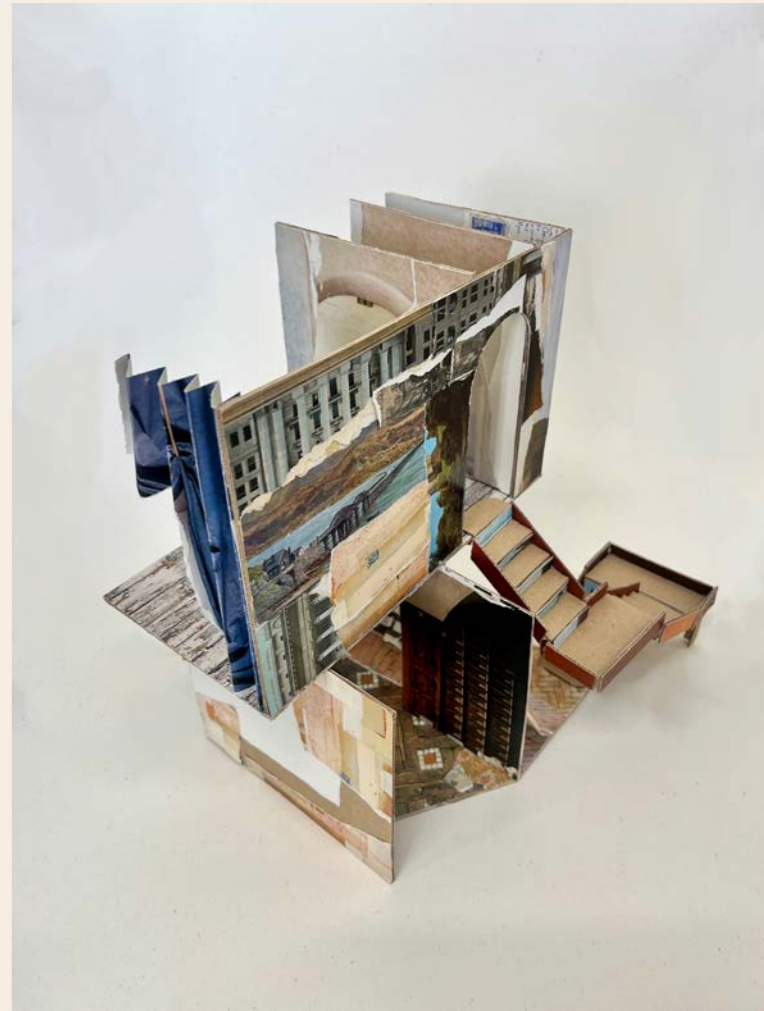
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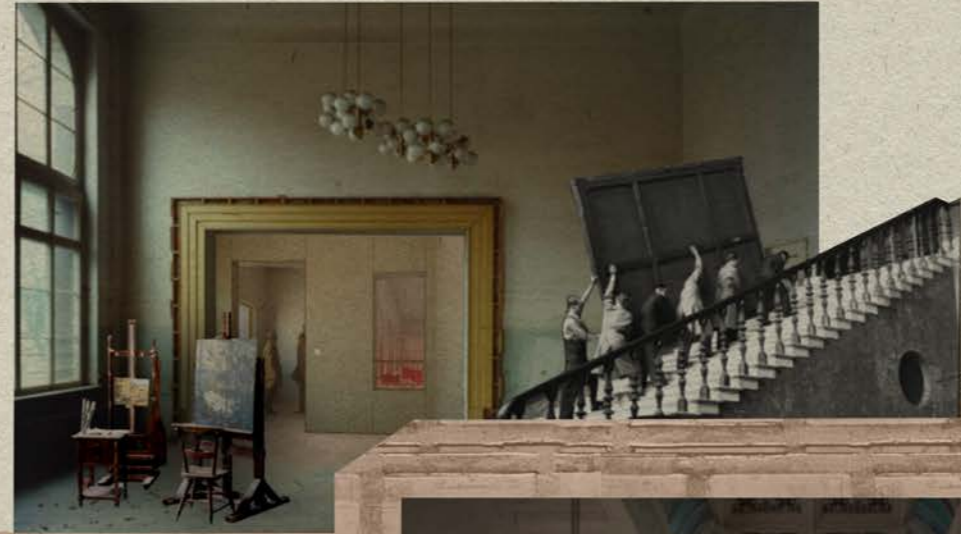
Existing floor plates as a
template for rebuilding
manipulated space in order to
create atelier spaces



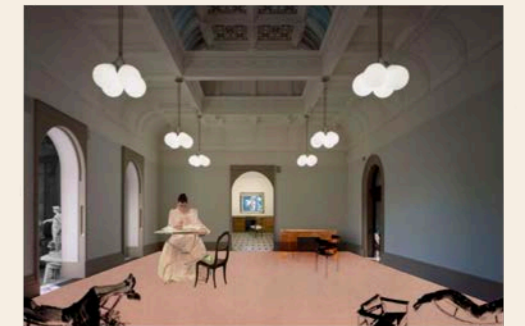
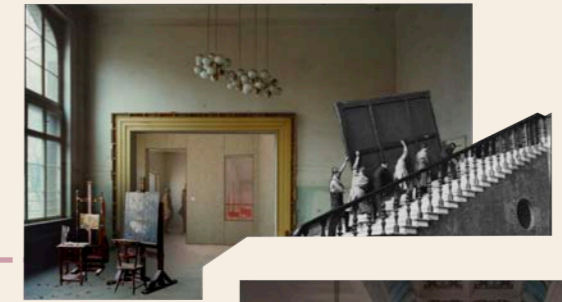
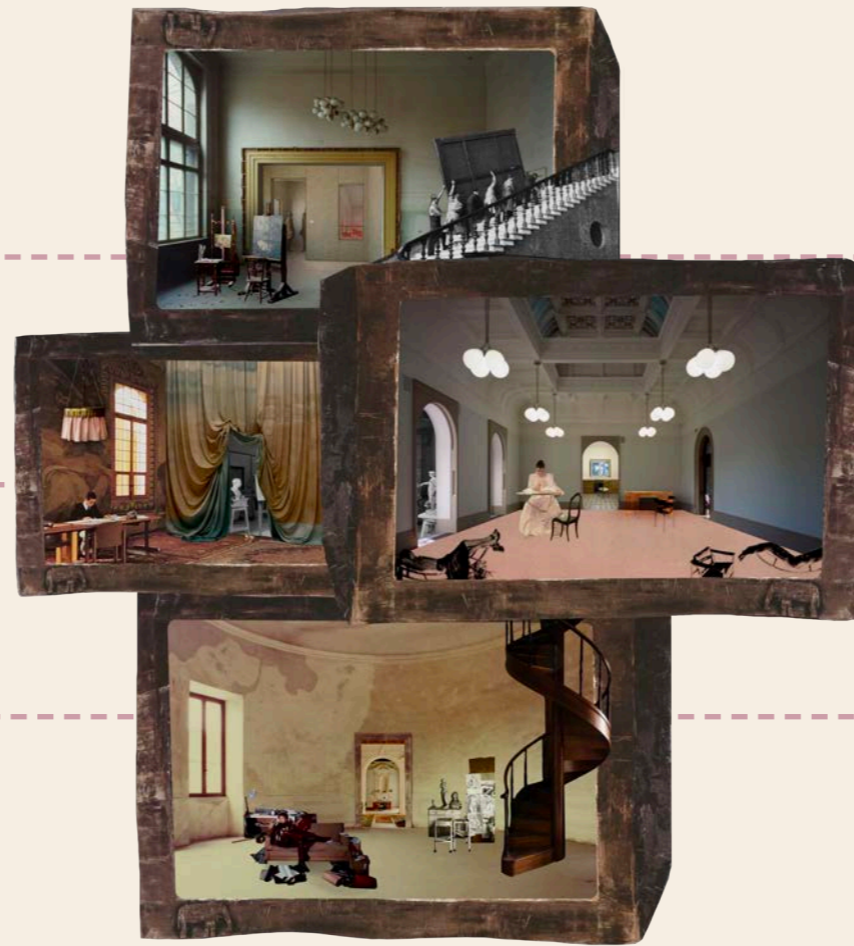
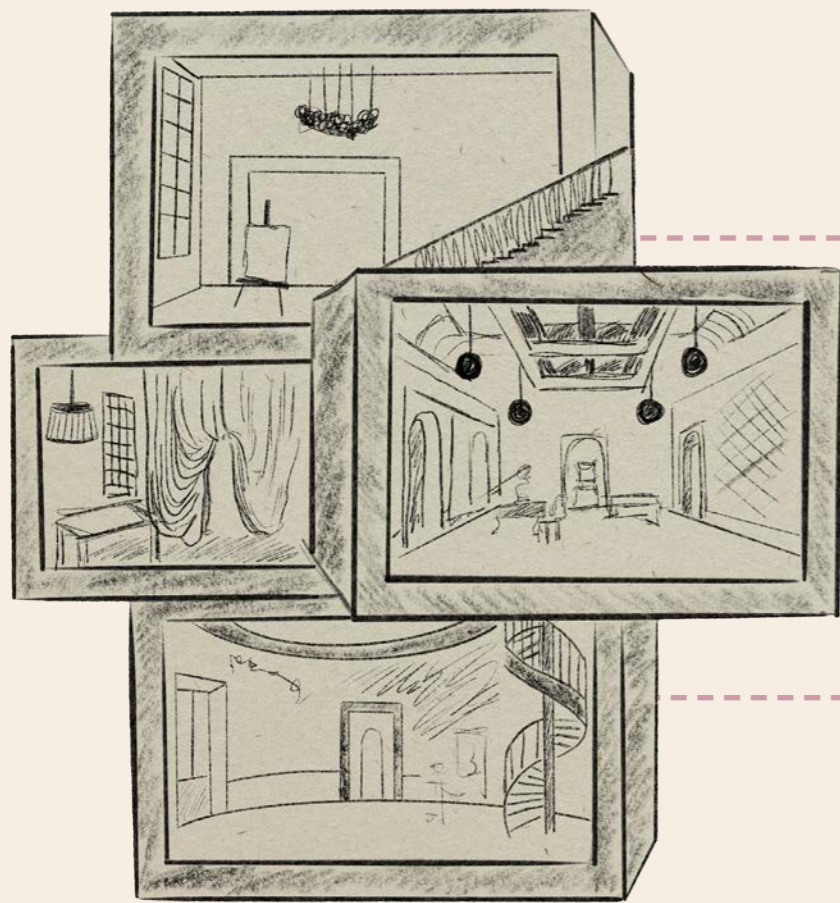




THE
ABSTRACTED
SECTION



NA



PORTRAIT OF AN ARTISAN

OFFICE MEMORANDUM

Leontine Fluermont

Age: 35

Nationality: French

Discipline: Fine Artist

Based in: Between London and Marrakech

Affiliation: Founding member, The Artisan Underground



After formal training at the École des Beaux Arts in Paris, Leontine fled the suffocating weight of academic precision. She drifted eastward, trading oil paints for pigment powders and discipline for intuition. In Japan, she learned restraint. In India, devotion. But it was Marrakech that fed her bohemian spirit.

There, in a rented riad draped in textiles and moonlight, she fell in love with color, with contradiction, with imperfection.

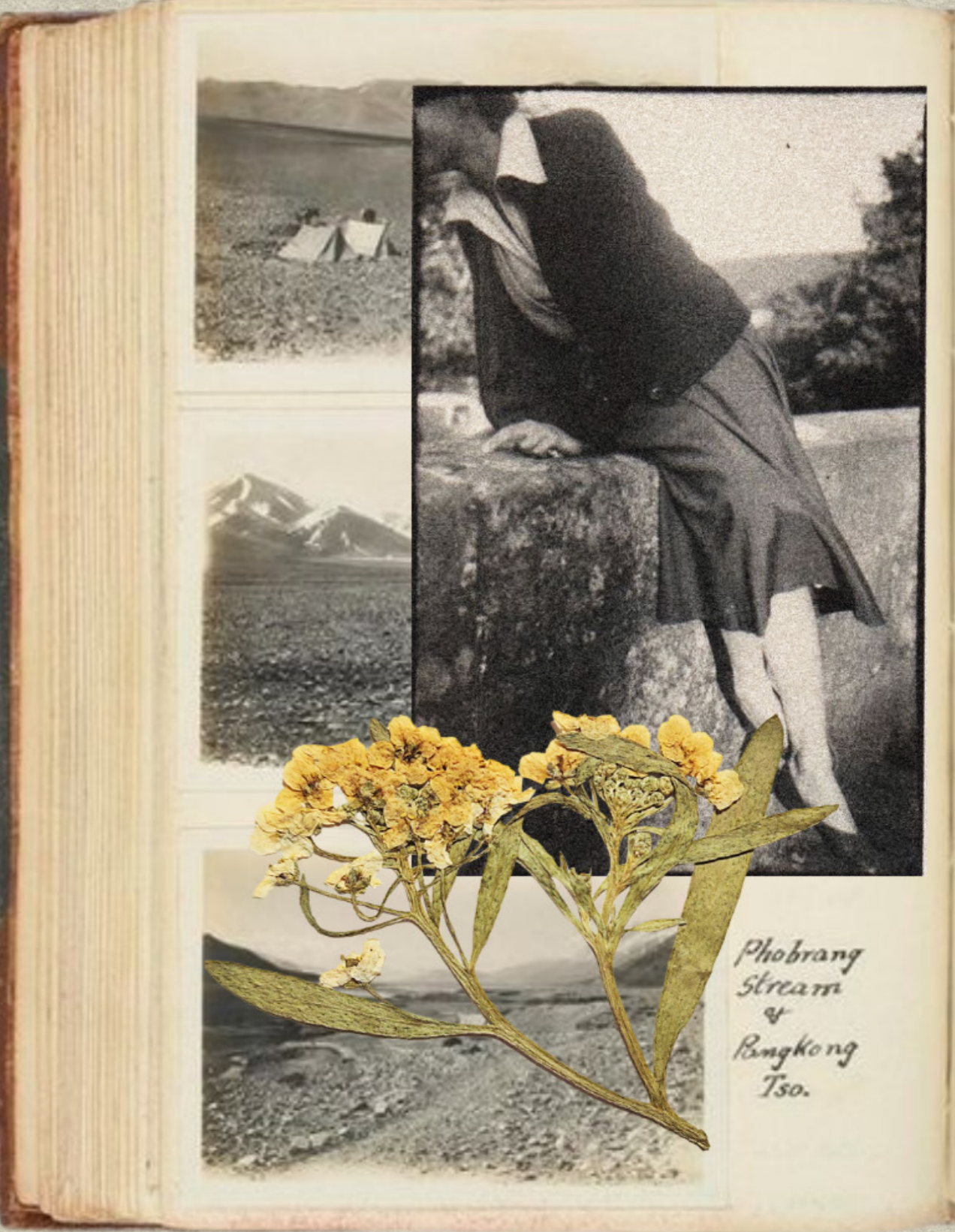
She spent her days wandering the souks, collecting hand-cut tiles, oxidized mirrors, scraps of velvet, old postcards, and anything that bore the mark of time. These relics became part of her language. Layered, worn, dusted with memory, they found their way into her work. Her studio practice grew obsessive and ritualistic. She wasn't painting about something so much as through something.

When she arrived in London, she brought the dust of Marrakech with her. Her work earned quiet attention in a few galleries. Enough to get by, but never quite enough to matter. Then came the collapse. The rise of AI, extreme economic shifts, skyrocketing rents, shuttered institutions, and vanished patrons, turned the city into a playground for the algorithmically optimized. Leontine, like so many others, was quietly discarded by the very world that once pursued her.

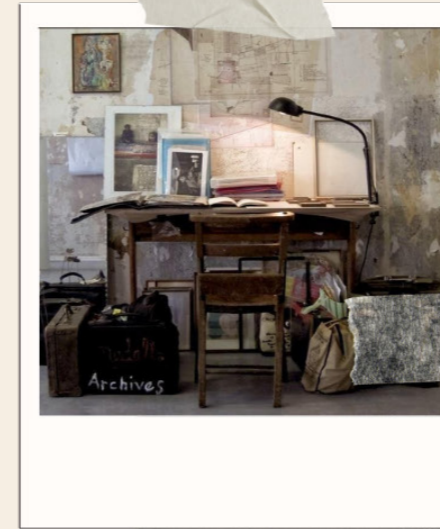
She was one of the first to speak out and to act. Alongside a handful of kindred spirits, she helped form what would become the Artisan Underground. Not out of hope, but out of defiance. Beauty, she believed, was a necessity.

Within the crumbling walls of 15 West Ferry Circus, she claimed a forgotten room on the top floor. She rebuilt it herself. She fabricated moldings, restored the windows to let the light pour in, and even carved out a skylight. She furnished the space with her belongings: her phonograph, her cigarettes, her collection of timeworn objects, and of course, her paints.

The studio became her sanctuary. But her true home remains that suspended moment just before the brush touches canvas.

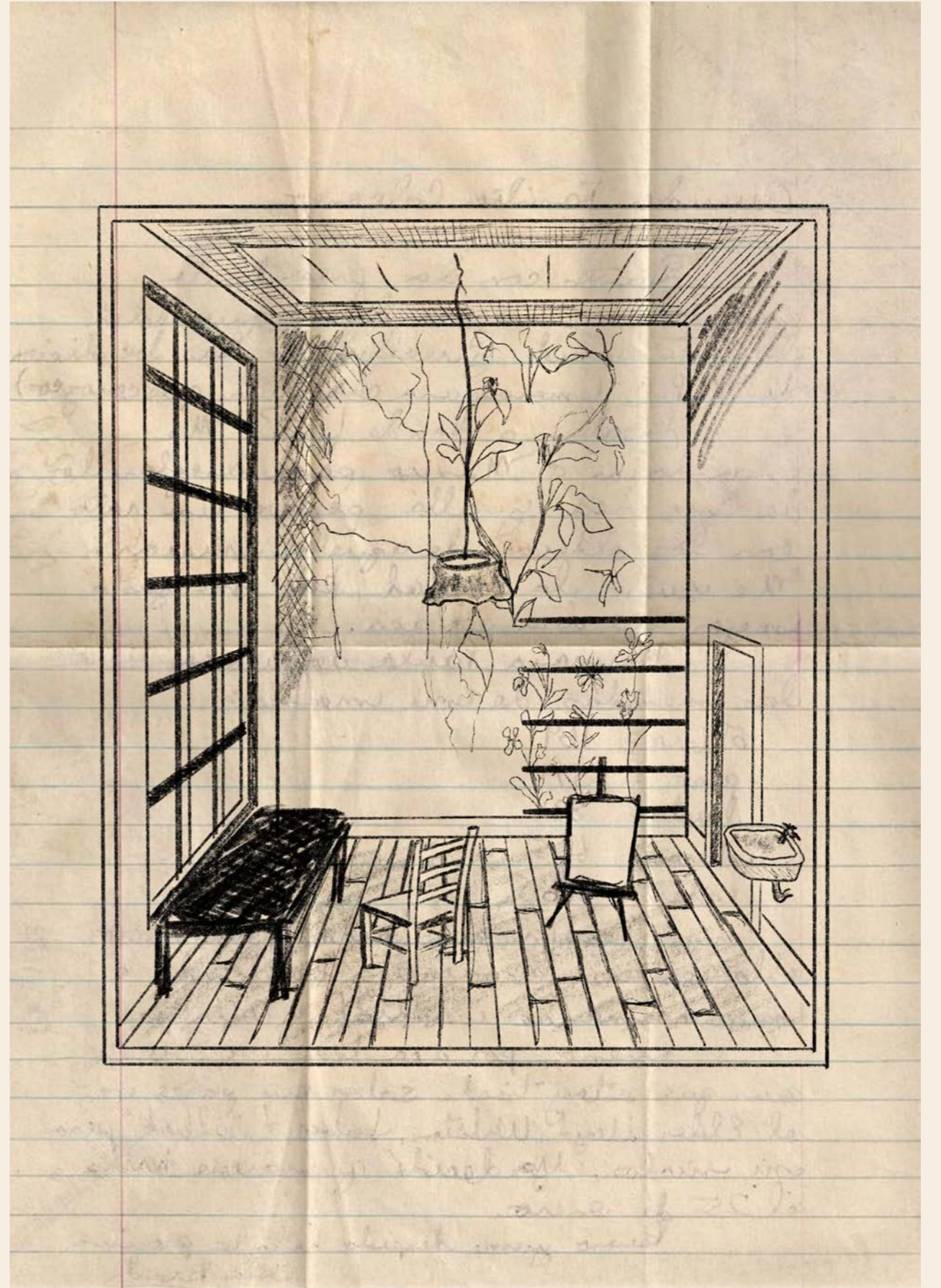


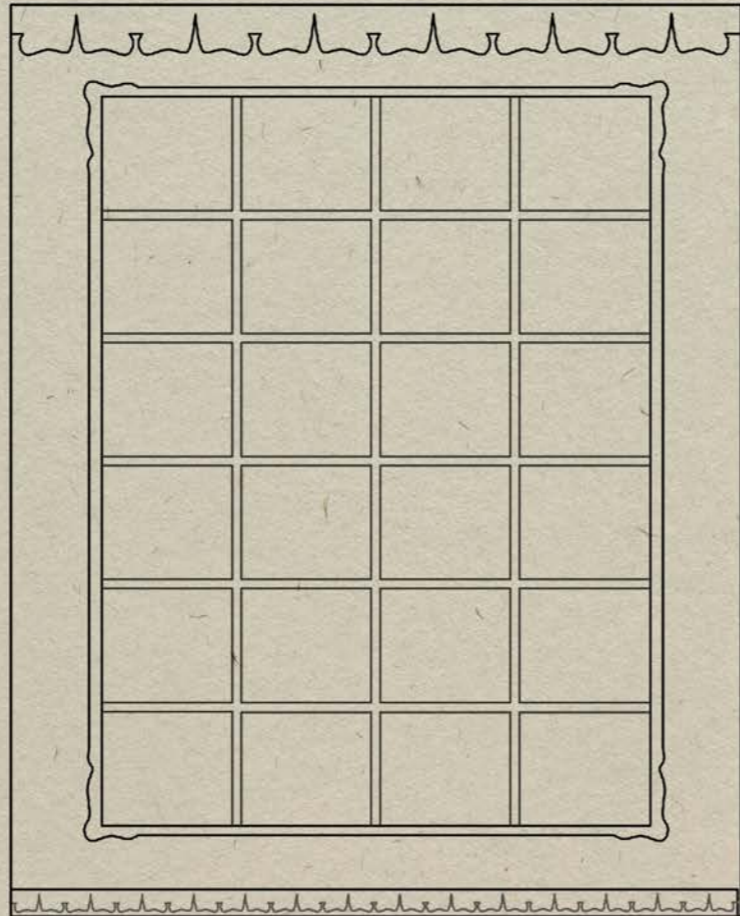
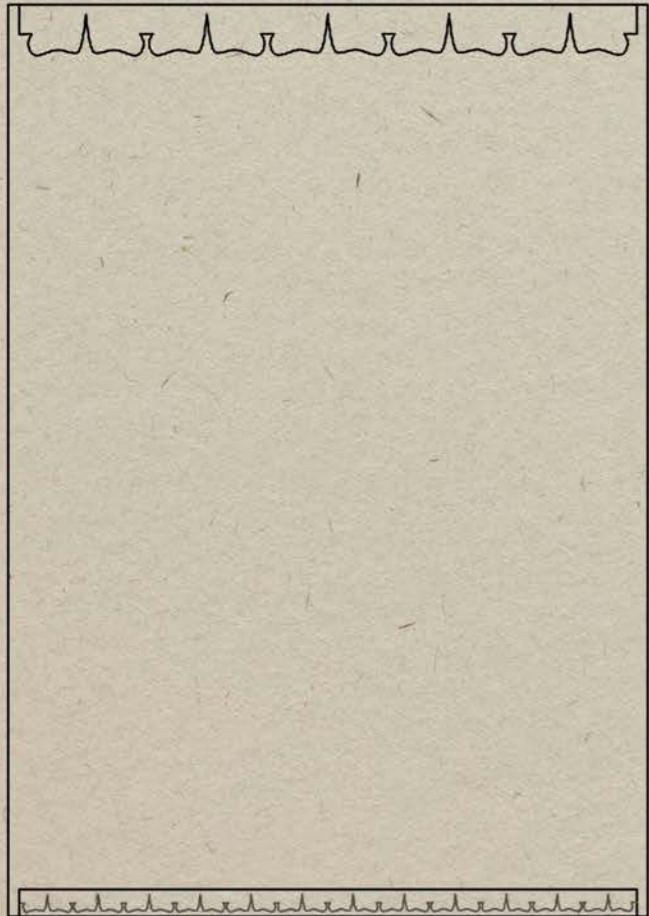
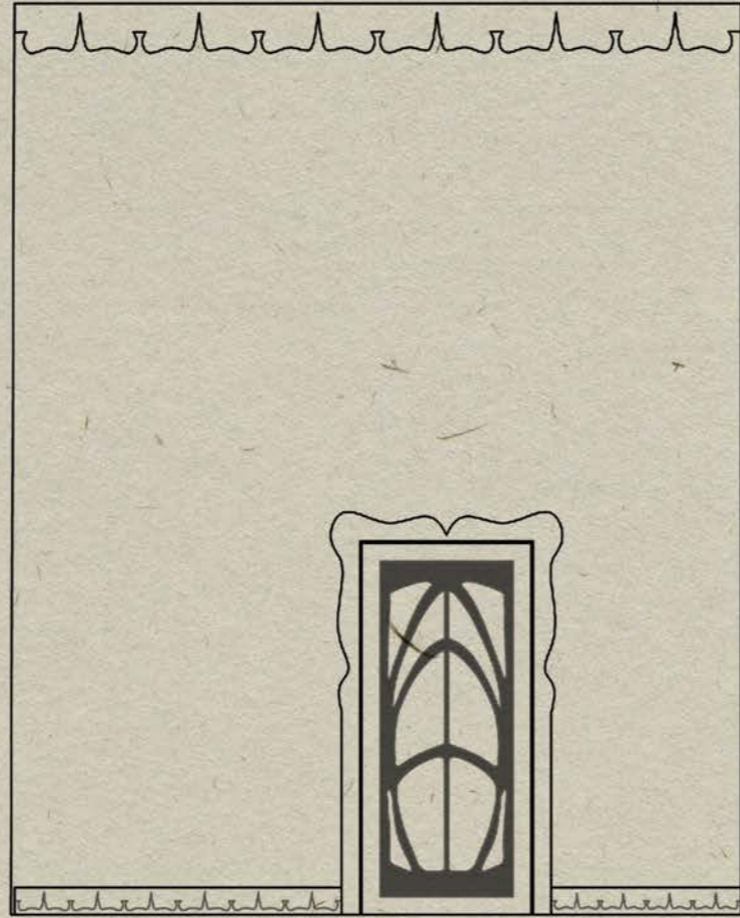
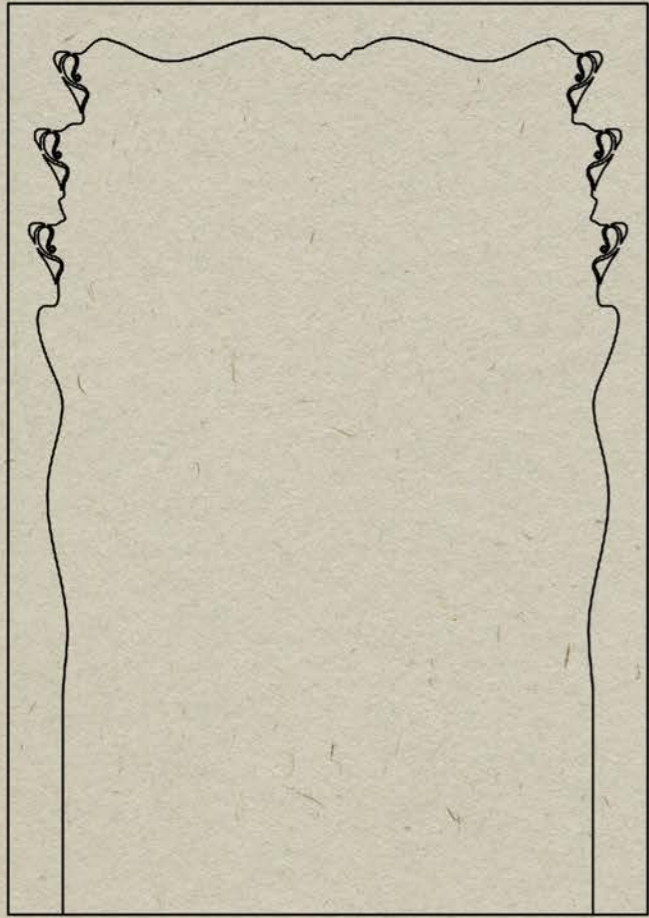
LEONTINE'S STUDIO



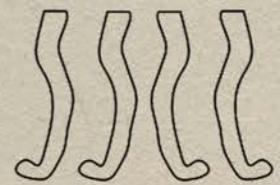
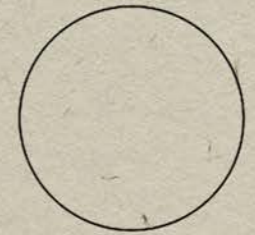
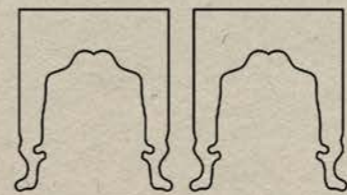
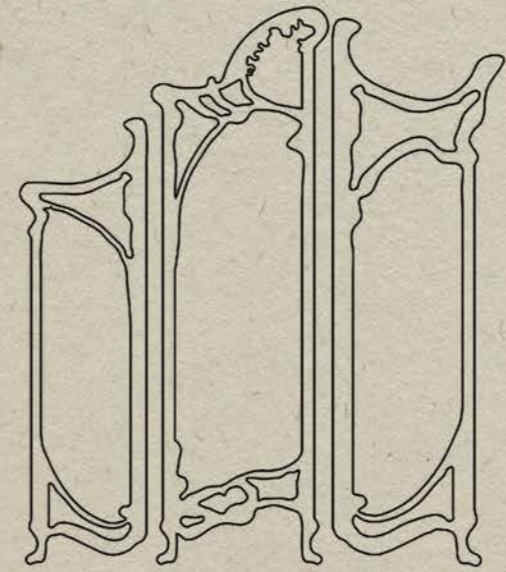
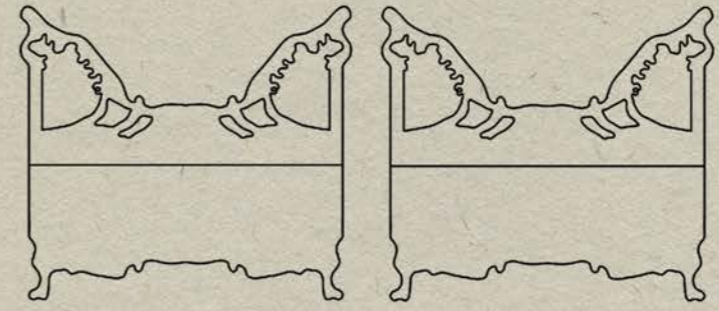


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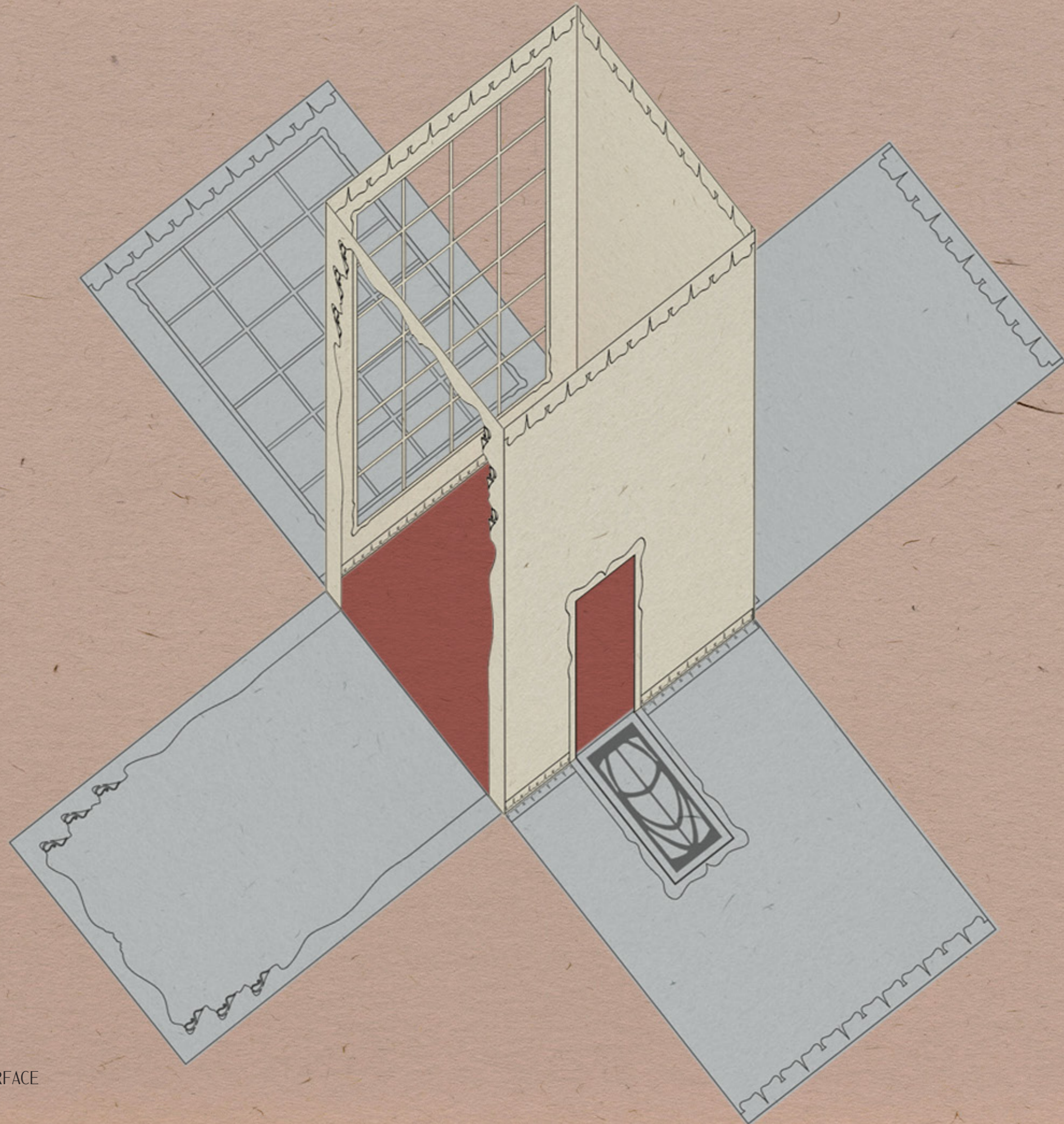




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THE DEVELOPED SURFACE







THE ARTISAN UNDERGROUND

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