

we worked on together - a housing competition in Tewkesbury. I was reminded of the first time I impressed ^{him} with my abilities. Not for architecture, rather my ability to recite Monty Python's Philosophers song word for word. In time our conversations would be littered with British comedy quotes ... "I'm playing all the right notes, just not necessarily in the right order.", "I have nothing against your left leg.", "If we were lucky.", "Four candles?" Together we found a love for language and word play.

The Tewkesbury housing competition looks as fresh today as it did eight years ago. Just before he fell ill we got to collaborate again on a competition. The Brighton West pier proposal fell into place effortlessly after a month or so of conversation (which probably only amounted to about 10 minutes of actual words) consisting of pitching semi-complete thoughts and sentences at each other, knowing the other could finish them off. I hope we win.

At around the same time we were faced with a tricky design problem during a meeting. We went at it simultaneously and to my surprise I saw the solution before him. I'd never done that before. It's possible I'd never have done it again. We'll never know, but there was a moment's silence and a look exchanged that represented the zenith in a teacher/student relationship. It takes a great teacher to embrace that moment. He was clearly delighted.

I'm clinging to that thought as I face the prospect of trying to fill his shoes as a senior member of Axis Design Collective.

Goodbye Tony. I'll miss your Christmas renditions of Stanley Holloway mandogues, I'll miss the stories about the latest MG car you sing a handedly stripped and