



Land Values

Memories of 1976, and a time and place where I was seemingly free to play without worry of the influences or threats from adulthood or society.
This childhood paradise is where my value for land was formed.

Reflections on today, wondering whether a shift in time, place and society
can still present opportunities for a childhood paradise to be formed.
This place is where my relationship with and value for land continues.



Paradise was ...
lurking in the bushes



Paradise is ...



Paradise was ...
fetching supper



Paradise is ...



Paradise was ...
enjoying the public amenities



Paradise is ...



Paradise was ...
pond fishing



Paradise is ...



Paradise was ...
sliding down hills



Paradise is ...



Paradise was ...
following the right path



Paradise is ...



Paradise was ...
playing football



Paradise is ...



Paradise was ...
avoiding predators



Paradise is ...



Paradise was ...
being the cause of signs



Paradise is ...



Paradise was ...
finding a place to hide



Paradise is ...



Paradise was ...
being left alone



Paradise is ...



Paradise was ...
enjoying the fresh air



ah...

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Paradise is ...

Land Values

The value we have for land can have a significant influence on the argument for its conservation and is arguably determined by how each individual regards its importance to their way of life. The extremes of such values include those who regard land as a valuable resource which has to be exploited to support their needs, to those who would suggest that land has an inherent value of its own which society has no right to exploit.

My role in this conversation has been to investigate the implications that a change of time, place and society has had on my personal value for land. It does so by comparing the relationship I had with land around the Council estate in West Yorkshire where I grew up, with an area I have recently moved to in Glasgow some 40 years later.

Images of the Council estate describe ordinary places of a personal significance where I was free to play oblivious of the threat to this seemingly childhood paradise from adult or societal influences. This is where my value for land was formed. In Glasgow, I wandered around like a flaneur seeking out similar opportunities for engaging with these places whilst also contrasting the different influences and threats to such an engagement. I asked myself whether a similar childhood paradise could still be formed here, and also how this shift in time, place and society would affect my future engagement with land and alter my value for it.

The mundane reality presented by these photographs challenges the notion that a childhood paradise could be created in either of these places and whether a value for land formed from these locations could ever be significant enough to argue for its conservation. Personally, the relationship I have with land today is totally different from that I had 40 years ago, however, my value for it is undiminished, which I believe is due to the bond I formed from this imaginary childhood paradise.

