

Beach life



The great British beach is for so many of us soaked with memories and meanings, of family, fun and promise. A few short weeks a year it comes to life and fizzes with inter-generational sound and life. For the rest of the year it is a strange slightly haunted, often desolate, frequently tacky, but strangely beautiful place. They are urban but also natural, real and a little surreal, sometimes thriving but more often just hanging in there. They are quintessential public space. Some will live and some will die. Do we choose beach life?

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