

Archie: Robert Costa

Meet Archibald "Archie" Flemington, the most flamboyant architect you'd ever have the pleasure, or misfortune, of meeting. Archie is a man of many hats, quite literally. Whether it's a fedora, a beret, or a sombrero, he has a hat for every building design. His large collection of bow ties, each capable of spinning, squirting water or lighting up with garish neon. His architectural style is as loud as his wardrobe, and just like his neon pink suits, his buildings are impossible to ignore. He believes that architecture should be more than just functional but also as impractical as possible. Taking inspiration from Monty Python, his designs often include elements like slides instead of stairs, a moat around a suburban house filled with piranha or spinning saw blades at the end of an entry conveyor belt. Some call his work eccentric, others call it insane, but no one can deny that Archie Flemington's creations are anything but boring and life-threatening. Who can deny his flamboyance in ordering a pizza directly from Italy, air-freighted and hand-delivered by a Mafia don to a client who specifically noted their love of Naples? Archie himself lived in a house on the outskirts of Sydney, made of paper-mâché and filled with white carpets, walls of strips of polythene, and goose feathers glued to the walls. A roof of gold anodised aluminium covered the sunken lounge, a feature he loved in every home he designed, could be flooded, and mock sea battles would happen at the touch of a button. He recalled the day when a German U-boat infiltrated his lounge, taking immediate action and launching a counter-strike with an entire fleet of naval vessels, including a Belgian Sub destroyer. The sub was ultimately destroyed. The crew were rescued, taken, and fed McDonald's from the nearest drive-through. Some preferred KFC, but it wasn't available locally. Archie received the Legion of Honour medal from the French president because that was the only one he could receive. Archie sank back into his over-upholstered chair and smiled. The story was going to be about a cat, a toaster, and a pair of pink flamingo lawn ornaments. The details were hazy, much like the smoke that filled the room, but he knew he needed to be more flamboyant. Architects have a reputation to

uphold! Archie giggled in his stoned state, serving as the perfect punchline to his nonsensical tale.

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