ABSTRACT

Mild wind that brushed against my face, the thirty feet separation from ground level, the eeriness of those pale graves staring back at me, the knowledge of the dead lying right there while I am alive, while I know that I am also to end up like this, the sense of being alone and isolated, the calamity or the silence, the break from the fast hassle full life of Karachi, could be my love for heights or staring at the sky or the smell of something being cooked or burnt, smell of life and existence around me or just the architecture. This is my experience of that space, the roof top; I am the user. Four years of architectural study, and I wonder what architecture is. An art or a service?