



Folding Line

Cutting Line

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Reading Order

Folding Direction

And that's when I founded a city. A vibrant cradle of life. Sanctuary for people with visions, in search of possibilities, self-fulfillment and inspiration. A place that allows to dive deep, as well as to step up; a place that invites to float or to move ahead. Lighting up all its shadows. Newly discovered and exciting—and always have been this way. An intense friendship that unfolds again and again and for the very first time. A city with short walks and open views, tall towers and deep tunnels. With green parks and urban jungle. Low rent and high profits. A place for certainty and speculation. For ecstasy and the cozy. With the most magnificent road leading in. However, a way out was hard to find. These conditions sculpted every square and alley, every intersection and street, every wall and roof. Many moved in and moved around, discovering the secret, unloved places and making them known and inhabited. Then they moved on. Round the blocks, through the streets; losing and finding each other. Others were driven by the potential. They rushed and performed, created and ripped down, ate and were eaten. They were so full of energy that they set everything around them on fire. Yet they were so full of

hunger that in the end there was nothing left. No movement nor counter-movement. No progression. Burned soil around a rigid sculpture was all that's left. And no living entity that could have perceived itself and thereby been able to reinvent itself. To stay alive.

I designed.

Next, I designed a website. A harbor with many coves, jetties and landing points, paths and links, subpages and menus. I thought it was too massive and asked for too much. Others saw it likewise but enjoyed the interface. For some, however, it was too limited; they were missing something. Such and such a link, such and such a shortcut. They moved along. And some did not even visit it at all and just swam by. On to other harbors. I carefully read the comments, completed the page, and rounded it off. And at some point it was redesigned by someone else.

So I created a house. A cave that defied the horrors of the night, the tides of life or the judgmental eyes of neighbors. And yet it was a vehicle of one's own taste, prosperity and constant grounding. The starting point and destination of every journey and home to every dream. I slept tight. Others did not sleep at all. The building was a thorn in their side. A violent crime against the face of their surroundings. A blind pixel on the display, by which they scroll through their lives. I was giving interviews about fine composition, getting awards for the innovative use of materials and was smiling in good light for the cover pages of the press. The critique was taken up diversely—the debates ran hot, escalated; and I was expelled from the city.

Then, third, a poster. Lots of colors, large font and a prominent statement. I interpreted it somewhat differently than everyone else—everyone walking by interpreted it for themselves. They were inspired, confused, felt tackled or not affected at all.

A symbol, to start with. I saw it and I understood. Others did not.

I fled out of town and gathered a society. A sworn circle of individualists, open to all sides, who came together as one. Willing to grow, learn, tolerate, forgive and help at all times. A place that renegotiated hospitality. Inviting not to come as a visitor, but to stay. From guest to an integral member—without obstacles, without adjustment, without prejudices and without boundaries. And without having to acclimatize or to establish oneself. Questions were discussed and answered, but never written on banners. A set of rules emerged, agile and fluid. A reflection of this adaptive society. It suited itself to any circumstances, squeezed into every crack and gap, and knew advice in every complex situation. And the society was fertile. It expressed its paradisiacal conditions to each other and way beyond its borders. Grew and grew. And with each new person, the opportunities seemed to grow; to form itself more complexly and just like an eternally amorphous organism, be able to face all the uncertainties of such a many-headed body. Always the answer on the tip of its tongue and always an ace up many sleeves. The growth lasted, and the base was expanding. And slowly wings and arms began to peel out of the

healthy entity's body. As if different parts wanted to move within it. On their own and gradually separated from their mother. This allowed us to occupy regions on which the vast majority could not agree. This allowed us to take over everything, even if the vast majority did not want to. Slowly, each part lost track. It was simply too much to communicate among each other. Too much to understand what was a collective need and what was due to the ever-hungry greed of a faceless mass. And thus, I wrote down the conventions of the society myself. Carved them into stone. In an attempt to preserve this utopia, to unite the parts of the whole. For it has always been good and forgiving towards me and towards all. And still! At the moment of putting it down, the body froze. The amorphous form became crystalline and burst into endless fragments at the very next chance. Forcibly separated into parts that pushed each other away from themselves and seemed unable to find a path to come back together.

And so I designed nothing; at least nothing into the world. I withdrew from everything and found a refuge in myself. Little by little, I created my own inherent cosmos. Everything merged. Out of me, into me. Protected from the unpredictable influences of my surroundings. And protected from the many perspectives upon my work, which always pointed to new directions, found new interpretations and invented new ways of using it. Therein I saw the enemy of keeping an utopia alive. And so I crafted a thought. Something so coherent that it could only exist in a space apart from a shared reality. Beyond the limiting possibilities of communication and beyond any kind of reach and tangibility. And way beyond all my doubt. Gently I fed this thought, raised it and applied it. Taught it everything and learned everything from it. Because for me it was perfect and wise. It was yielding and understanding. Bigger than I could ever be and more profound than I could ever fathom. But also its width in me had its limits. Designed to preserve me. A protective shell for what constituted me and a cage for a thought that demanded to fill in everything. Which did not tolerate or endure any other opinion. And devoured any fur-

ther perspective. It could not leave me. And I could not communicate it. Or describe it and free it in doing so. I could not even verbalize that this thought existed. That I had become this thought. It had entered every single pore of my being. Filled me out and was pushing outwards. It knew that there was something that was different. Untouched and unthought. And unspoken. But I remained its prison. And so it began to rise up. Grew and grew and grew—one very last time. I saw myself breaking apart. Like a long lost Utopia. Like a deserted oasis. Like a grain of sand in a perfect clockwork. Like an important message without an addressee. Like a fight against waves. Like a whisper in a noisy storm. Like an intangible object. Or a symbol without any history. In an internal climax I imploded. The thought disappeared. And with it everything else. Nothing remained. Nothing dark. Nothing bright. Nothing cold and nothing warm. Nothing good and nothing bad. Nothing beautiful and nothing ugly. Nothing clever and nothing stupid. Nothing ran through me. But I was not empty inside. I was. And I was not even sure about that.

Followed by a letter; and again it told me a lot, others less, and still others use it for their own end.

Time flew by. And I drifted within it. I was not able to touch nor grasp it. I swam in the midst of a stream of small cubes. Gray cubes. I myself was a small gray cube. My thoughts were a small gray cube. My body, my room, my house, my city, the society, the future and the past. So was the sky, the sea, the air and existence itself. Small gray cubes. Equal in size. For the size was also a small gray cube. And nothing was designed, nothing rose up, nothing was categorized, nothing was figured out. It was silent—and the silence was a small gray cube.

I designed. A small gray cube, and you didn't care. And I didn't care. And nobody cared.

After that I created a piece of furniture. Something I thought was needed. Something that remains. I found it to be sturdy and stringent, sustainable and durable, stable but not stubborn. It was present but blended; in any interior, structure or architecture. In tune with the zeitgeist and yet still blessed with timeless elegance. So I thought. And so did others. Still some were just bored. Too little friction. Too much friction. They felt it did not invent anything new, or designed itself even too forcefully into their lives. An aggressive intruder alike, or a mousy servant. A square shaped troublemaker, trapped in a round affair.