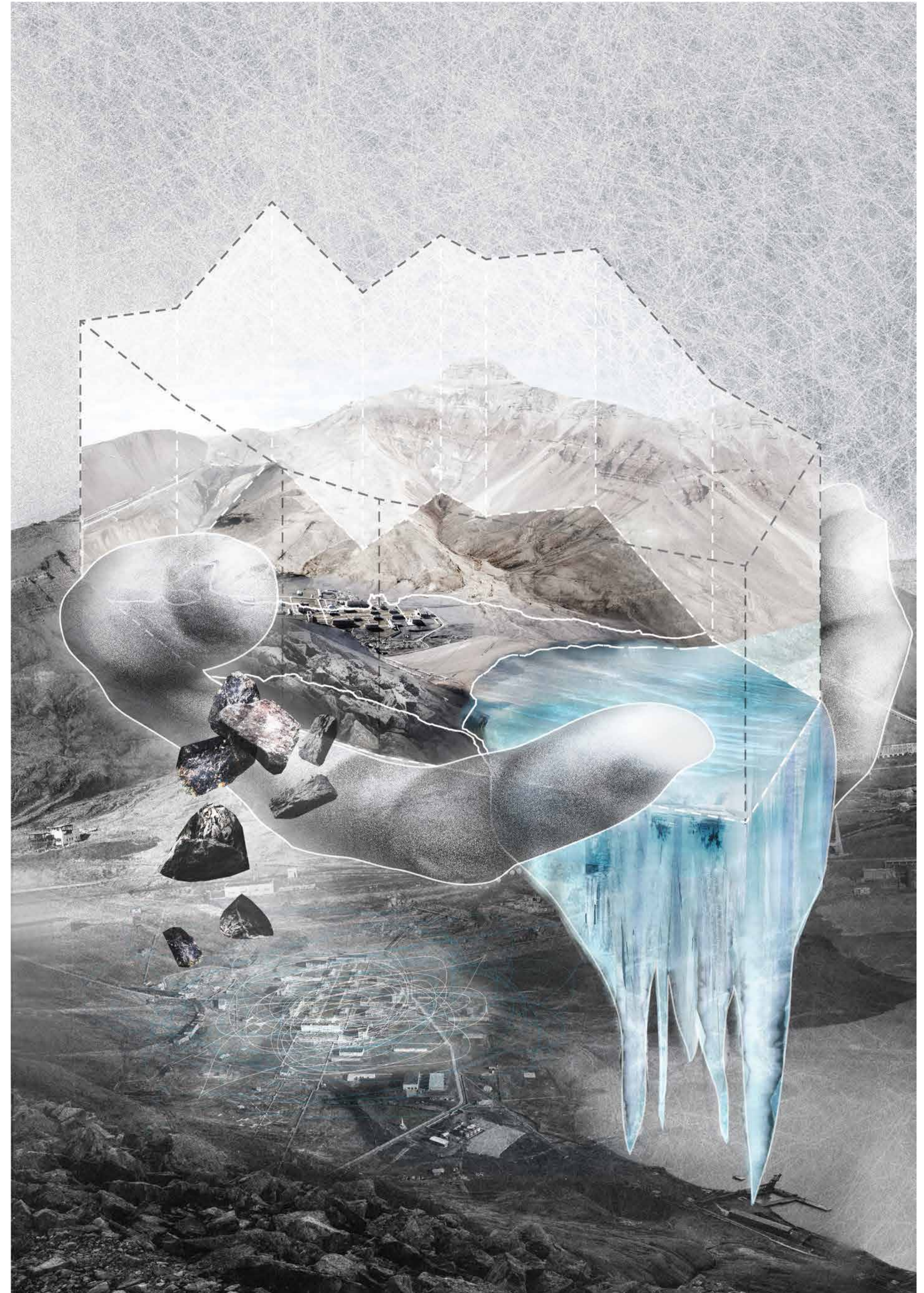
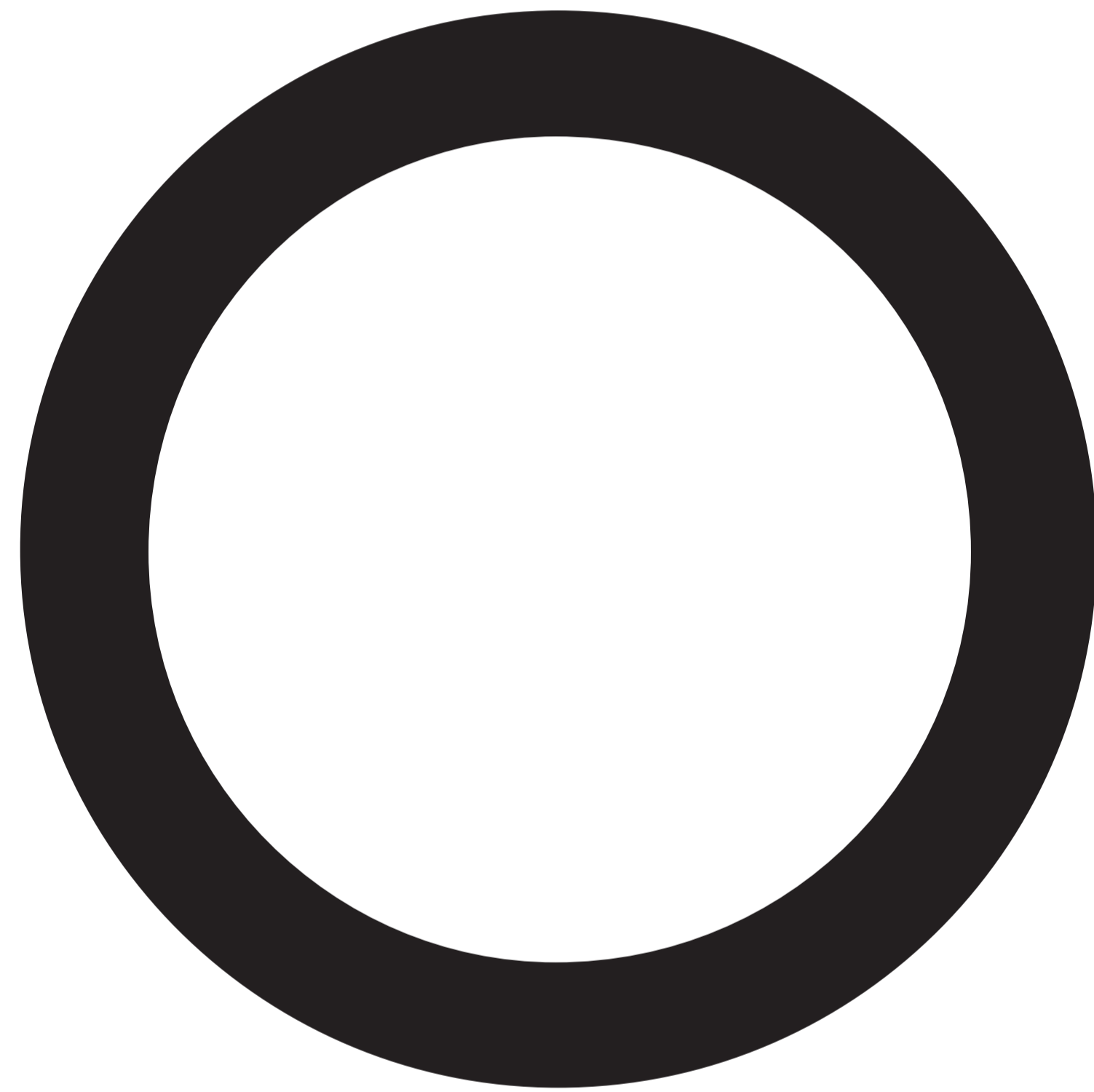


eye  
me





Preservation:

The longer we think about the word itself, the more irrational it becomes. Life in fact always creates a **circle** - each line has its end that keeps evolving to create another eventually ending path. In this circle, we - as designers and design consumers - develop our thoughts, bring them to life and use them until they break or sink into oblivion. But **what if we want to interrupt the circle** and we come with a weapon in the guise of preservation ?

When we travel we look through the camera lens, for a while our sight focuses on an image. The image, that after printed out, is a form of **preservation** for our memory. There is no emotion, no sense of dimension, no that moment. The architecture lives in a **circle** of nature. Just like Pyramiden. It withdraws during winter and shines with the sun. Retracts when the ice melt and becomes rough when the storm comes.

So

**What if we never interrupt the circle ?** We will hold it at bay and enjoy it until the circle encircle the wheel. With hands to touch the rough rocks of the shore, with nose to smell the crispness of the sea and with eyes to remember everything we've created and everything we have at the moment, because each one needs to be aware that - at the end - we all just blink.

space

nature

architecture

human

