



...meichirix umbarigaisch
umbarrigash Butz der verfluchte
Hund. Heute Nacht Warburg
gehst du übers Dach...



...meine liebe kleine Tasche,
arme kleine Tasche, das soll nicht
sein, he he he, warum ne pavax
navirtivit. Embden...



verteufeltes Biest, gemeiner
Verräter. Schwester, Schwester,
wo ist die Schwester, gutes...



... kostbares Wasser, aufmachen,
nein, warum ne, warum
meischirix die Schwester...

Pati's invitation came to me by *sms*: "tomorrow (Thursday 2/9) I am having the one-day exhibit: 'I still have the best basketball card collection at Uranienborg school, what do you have?' at Gallery RDR [...] find you way to the Sailor's school. If you don't know your way from there, give me a ring".

Of course, I had to phone him. There is not Gallery RDR on the regular net. Perhaps on the *dark web*, but I wouldn't know. He told me to retrace my steps downhill and top at a speed-limit sign (40km/hour). When I got to the road-sign he was there waiting for me. Patí, smiling with this entire body.

"Climb the fence, and follow me..." he said. So, I did; after having securely locked my bike to the Munch-railing. The slope was steep to the point of offering a poor grip for our shoes. Eventually, a track appeared with the looks of a *path* that had been used a long time ago. Like 60 years, or so.

Around a clearing in the woods a small and lively crowd was seated in a circle, stone-built with care around a centre and with a fire-place/oven, at its perimeter. The situation reminded me of a Sufi story I read many years ago, in which *heaven* and *hell* outwardly coincide. A difference in *attitude*, mainly.

Was this the exhibit? The introduction to the small crowd was so brief that I couldn't determine whether they were people or angels. I am not the first to think along such lines, evidently: Samuel Beckett made Dante's *Divina Commedia* his companion in life and work. And Patí is of Italian descent.

After some matters had been cleared with a huge fighting dog, he said to me: "the exhibit is over here." We came to an entrance adorned with pretty mainstream graffiti—a graphic genre rubbing off onto the kind of place we entered: are these Patí's? Are these the basketball cards he wrote about?

The horse-shoe shaped junk-years corridor that made up the entrance, eventually opened unto a vaulted bunker. A rough version of Emmanuel Vigeland's mausoleum (a sculptural hide-out in Grimelundsveien open 12:00-16:00 on Sundays). Candles were used to light the exhibition.

Patí told me I could use my mobile torch-light, if I wanted. I preferred to look into the obscurity through the lens of my iPhone camera. At the time, I was not sure about what I was seeing. Only that it made me happy, in a sense that I had not experienced for quite a while. What is more: I believed in it.

I tried to make sense of this breakthrough into my nausea related to the queries I think that we should do in design. That is, moving one step *up-stream* of what we have known as design, to query the renaissance notion of design (Giorgio Vassari) as a dynamic principle of all creative process.

Let me explain: I attach an importance to this *potentially* healing moment to my presence on an *excavation site* (rather than an exhibit), where two queries are taking on at the same time: the query to identify a target, and the query to define an attitude, jointly teasing out aspects of the site.