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Who dwells in the secret space?

Aaahh! Don't move, you're squashing me... Ow! My leg's gone to sleep...

After several failed attempts to break free one from another, someone realised that if they all turned together  
in the same direction, the linen strips they were tied up in would begin to unravel. Turn, turn... and turn... that's it!

You've lost a lot of weight! – said one.  
I'm hungry, I feel empty – said another.

They looked around and saw some beautiful  
animal-shaped jars which contained their remains.

With this perhaps we might be whole – they wondered.

Without thinking twice, they opened the funeral jars  
and began filling one another up quite randomly,  
until each of them had a brain once more.



3000 years had passed since Anubis carried out the collective  
embalming of our friends. Finally the court of souls granted them the  
passport to their new life.

They remembered that fatal day on which the sun set and they no  
longer felt ticklish. But nothing of the world they knew remained.  
Only ideas traversed time.

The planet they previously inhabited was no longer the same.  
Men forgot their gods and cut themselves off from the sky and its  
constellations.

Now Egypt was a watery world from which a host of islands emerged.

Now a little more alert, they went outside and scaled the golden summit of the pyramid.  
From there they discovered their new reality.

Hapi, the god of the Nile, had flooded the desert with silt in order to create great wealth – they thought.

Hoping that the wind might once again caress their skin, our princes began their expedition across the world,  
aboard a papyrus ship, which would lead them to knowing these new and mysterious islands.

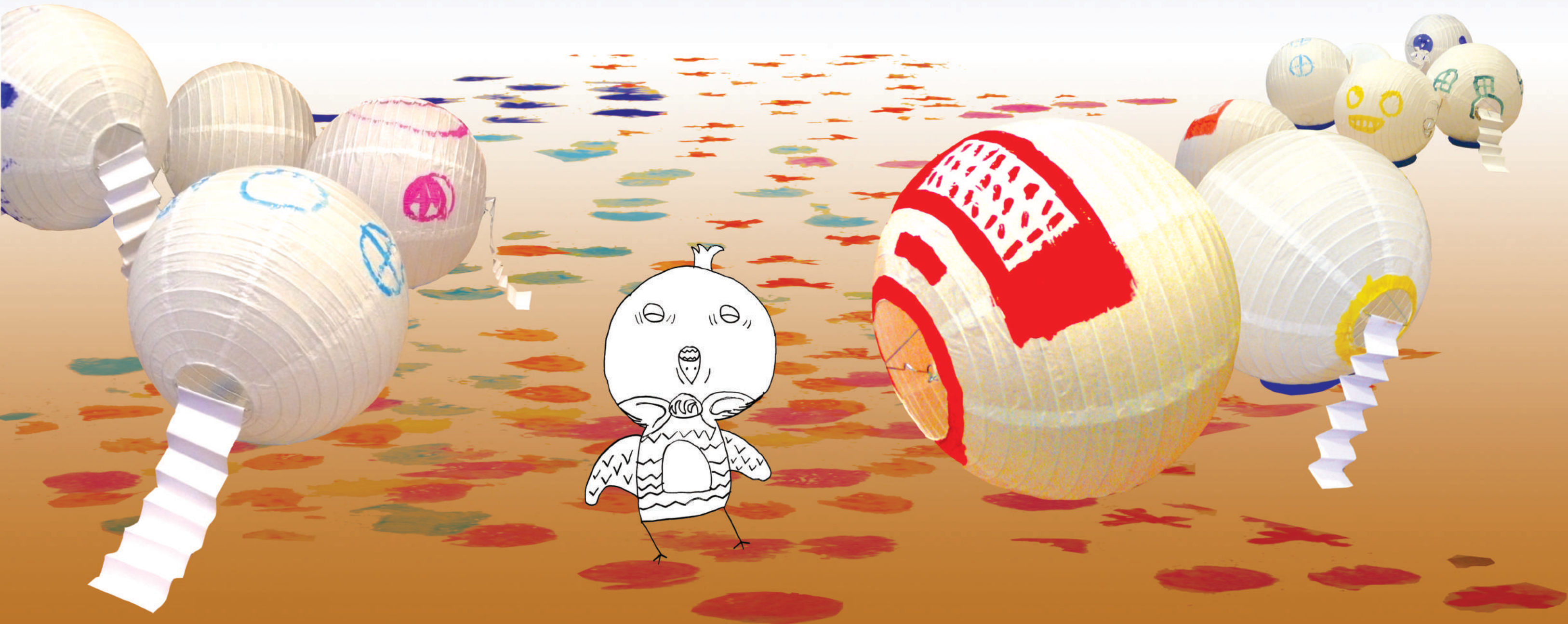


Guided by the stars, they again took an old route that led to the ancient field of tributes, and at once a swallow came to perch on the ship's bow. They all foresaw the immediate arrival of the sun. The little swallow told them of the new cosmos, of how they now lived in great spheres in which the vegetation was lush and the animals lived together in peace, as in a utopia.

Who thought of the idea? – asked one of them.

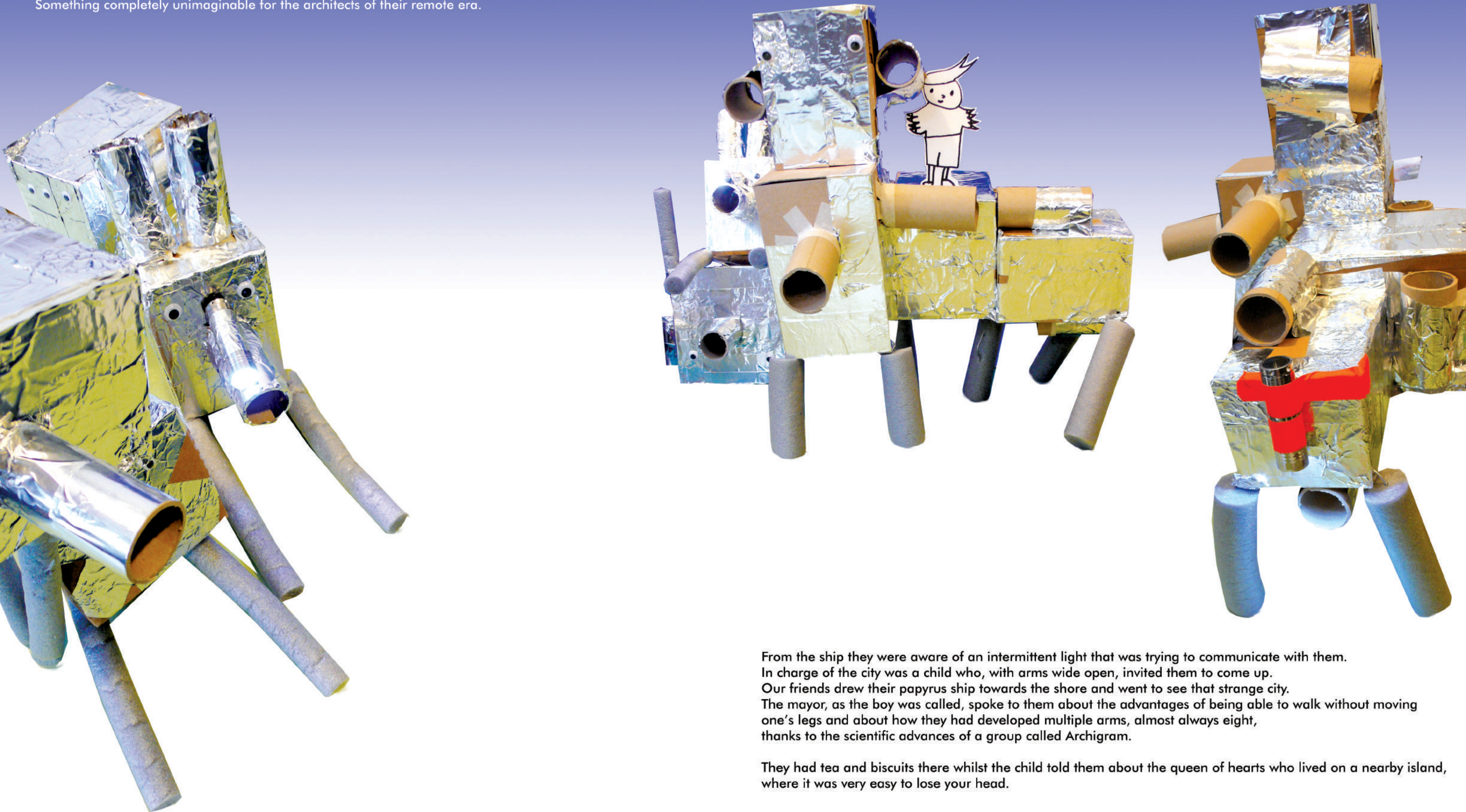
We don't know him, but it seems like it was an architect who came from the north called Rem Koolhaas, whose dream was to convert the desert sand into an oasis of harmony and peace – replied the swallow.

Satisfied with the reply, our travellers ceremoniously saluted the rest of the flock from the deck and carried on eagerly in search of other islands.





What happened next stirred up their restless spirits. In the distance, like something out of a dream, they saw some strange steel blocks, shining like the morning, walking through the deserts. It was a walking city. Something completely unimaginable for the architects of their remote era.



From the ship they were aware of an intermittent light that was trying to communicate with them. In charge of the city was a child who, with arms wide open, invited them to come up. Our friends drew their papyrus ship towards the shore and went to see that strange city. The mayor, as the boy was called, spoke to them about the advantages of being able to walk without moving one's legs and about how they had developed multiple arms, almost always eight, thanks to the scientific advances of a group called Archigram.

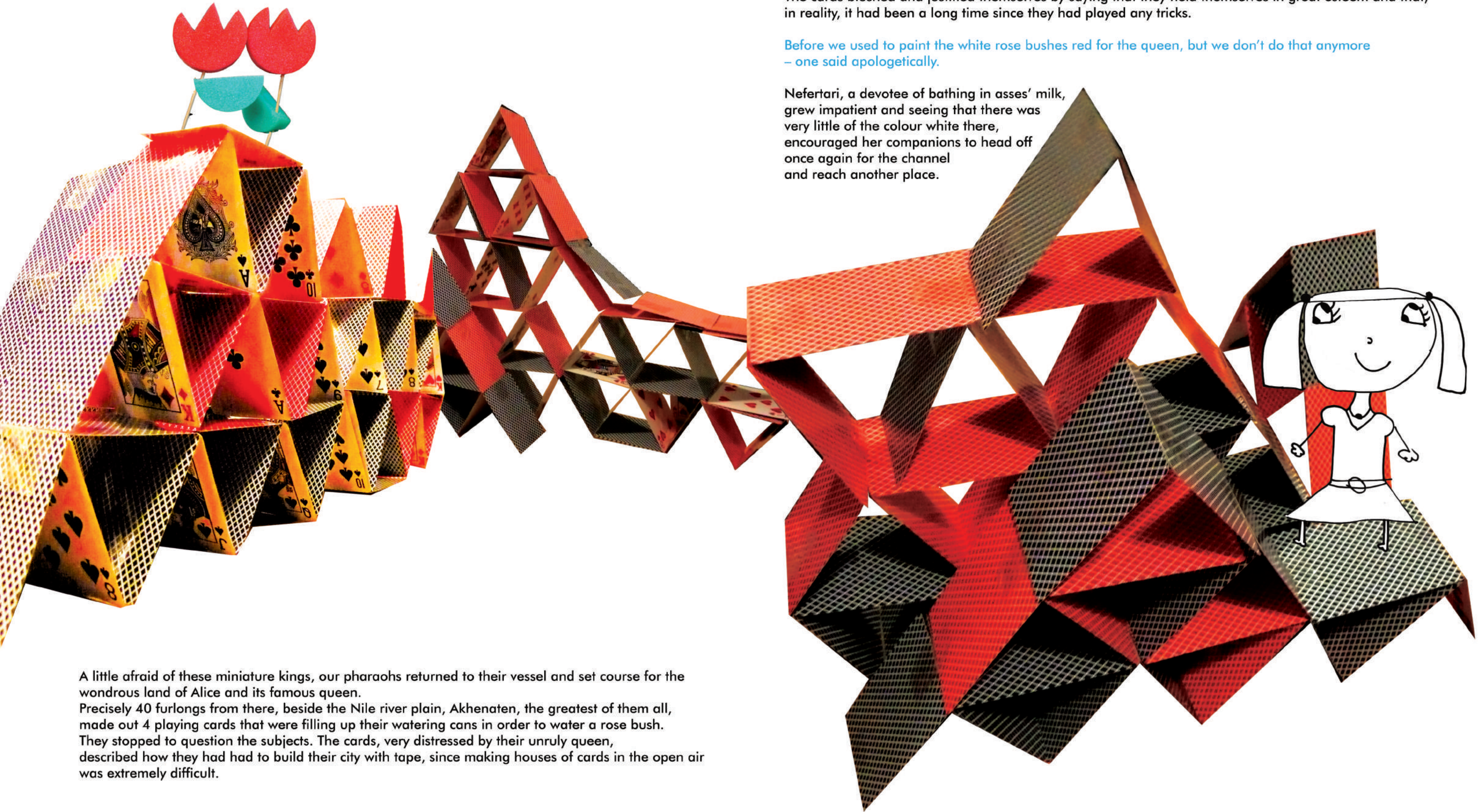
They had tea and biscuits there whilst the child told them about the queen of hearts who lived on a nearby island, where it was very easy to lose your head.



Surprised and a little dismayed by the current building methods, they warned the cards of their impudence and foresaw for them a trial by the souls, in which their small hearts would weigh heavy, balancing them out with good actions. And nothing good would come of all that stuff about taping together the house of cards! The cards blushed and justified themselves by saying that they held themselves in great esteem and that, in reality, it had been a long time since they had played any tricks.

Before we used to paint the white rose bushes red for the queen, but we don't do that anymore – one said apologetically.

Nefertari, a devotee of bathing in asses' milk, grew impatient and seeing that there was very little of the colour white there, encouraged her companions to head off once again for the channel and reach another place.



A little afraid of these miniature kings, our pharaohs returned to their vessel and set course for the wondrous land of Alice and its famous queen. Precisely 40 furlongs from there, beside the Nile river plain, Akhenaten, the greatest of them all, made out 4 playing cards that were filling up their watering cans in order to water a rose bush. They stopped to question the subjects. The cards, very distressed by their unruly queen, described how they had had to build their city with tape, since making houses of cards in the open air was extremely difficult.





That's how they came across the last island in the archipelago. The paper city rose up from the ruins of an ancient metropolis. Here, its inhabitants building as much of their most intimate desires as they wished. As you can imagine, our pharaohs were happy to find a city made entirely out of paper. After disembarking their vessel, a boy called Papun told them about Yona Friedman, the architect who laid the first roll of paper and whose dwelling they could still visit today. The house was clean, and inside the pleasant smell of paper enveloped everything.

Papun encouraged them to stay a while for shelter in the structure since, in the city of paper, it almost always used to rain ink and occasionally confetti.

They gratefully went into the structure and began to build their lives once more, and to draw like they always had on the walls. Very soon, they forgot all about the old Egyptian architecture which required such effort, sweat and blood, and that is how they began to imagine new utopias.



## ISLANDS OF UTOPIA

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(1.) En el silencio de la oscura pirámide por primera vez en mucho tiempo se escuchan extraños sonidos humanos, ¿quién habita el espacio secreto?

*Aaahh!, no te muevas, me estás aplastando..., ay!!, se me ha dormido una pierna...*

Tras varios intentos fallidos de soltarse unos de otros, a alguien se le ocurrió que si giraban todos a la vez en el mismo sentido, la cinta de lino que les entrelazaba empezaría a desenrollarse. Vuelta, vuelta... y vuelta... ya está!

*¡Has adelgazado mucho!.- Dijo uno.*

*Tengo hambre, me siento vacío.- Dijo otro.*

Miraron a su alrededor y vieron unos bellos frascos con formas animales que contenían sus partes perdidas.

*Con esto tal vez podamos completarnos.- dudaron.*

Sin pensárselo dos veces, abrieron los frascos funerarios y unos a otros fueron rellenándose sin mucho criterio, hasta que cada uno tuvo de nuevo un cerebro.

3000 años pasaron desde que Anubis realizó el embalsamiento colectivo de nuestros amigos. Por fin el tribunal de las almas les concedió el pasaporte a su nueva vida. Ellos recordaban aquel día funesto en el que el sol se apagó, y dejaron de sentir las cosquillas.

Pero nada del mundo que ellos conocían permaneció en pie. Tan solo las ideas atravesaron el tiempo. El planeta que antes habitaban, ya no era el mismo. Los hombres olvidaron a sus dioses y se desconectaron del cielo y sus constelaciones. Ahora Egipto era un mundo de agua donde emergían multitud de islas.

Ya un poco más despiertos, salieron al exterior y subieron a la cúspide dorada de la pirámide. Desde allí, descubrieron su nueva realidad.

*Hapy, el dios del Nilo, había inundado el desierto de limos para generar grandes riquezas.- pensaron.*

Con ganas de que el viento acariciase de nuevo su piel, nuestros príncipes comenzaron su expedición por el mundo, abordo de un papiro, que les llevaría a conocer esas nuevas y misteriosas islas.

(2.) Guiados por las estrellas, retomaron una vieja ruta que conducía al antiguo campo de las ofrendas, y enseguida una golondrina se poso en la proa del barco. Todos presintieron la llegada inminente del sol. La pequeña golondrina les habló del nuevo cosmos, de cómo ahora, vivían en grandes esferas, donde la vegetación era espléndida, y los animales convivían en paz, como en una utopía.

*¿A quién se le ocurrió la idea?.- preguntó uno.*

*Nosotros no le conocimos, pero parece ser que fue un arquitecto venido del norte, llamado Rem Koolhaas, cuyo sueño era convertir la arena del desierto en un oasis de armonía y paz.- contestó la golondrina.*



Satisfechos con la respuesta, nuestros viajeros saludaron ceremoniosamente desde cubierta al resto de la bandada y continuaron ilusionados en busca de otras islas.

(3.) Lo que aconteció despues, removi6 sus inquietos espíritus. A lo lejos, como salido de un sueño, vieron unas extrañas moles de acero, brillantes como la mañana, caminando por los desiertos. Era una ciudad andante (Walking city). Sin duda algo inimaginable para los arquitectos de su época remota.

Desde el barco, percibieron una luz intermitente que intentaba comunicarse con ellos. Al mando de la ciudad, había un niño que de brazos abiertos, invitaba a que subiesen.

Nuestros amigos arrimaron su papiro en la orilla y fueron a ver esa curiosa ciudad.

El alcalde, así se hacía llamar el muchacho, les habló de las bondades de poder caminar sin mover las piernas y de cómo habían desarrollado multiples brazos, casi siempre ocho, gracias a los avances científicos de un grupo llamando Archigram.

Allí tomaron un té con pastas, mientras el niño les hablaba de la reina de corazones que habitaba en una isla cercana, donde era muy fácil perder la cabeza.

(4.) Poco temerosos de estos pequeños reyezuelos, nuestros faraones volvieron a su embarcación y pusieron rumbo al maravilloso país de Alicia y su famosa reina.

Efectivamente a unos 40 estadios de allí, junto a la vega del Nilo, Akenatón, el más mayor de todos, distinguió a 4 pequeños naipes que llenaban sus regaderas para dar de beber a un rosal.

Se detuvieron para interrogar a los súbditos. Estos, muy afligidos por su díscola reina, contaron cómo hubieron de construir su ciudad con celo, pues hacer castillos de naipes a cielo abierto era sumamente difícil.

Sorprendidos y un tanto disgustados por los métodos constructivos actuales, advirtieron a los naipes, de la temeridad que estaban cometiendo y les anticiparon el juicio de las almas, donde precisamente pesarían sus pequeños corazones, balanzándolos con sus buenas acciones. Y eso de poner celo a la construcción del castillo, inada tenía de bueno!

Los naipes se sonrojaron como rosas rojas y se justificaron diciendo que tenían mucho aprecio a sus cabezas y que en realidad llevaban mucho tiempo sin hacer trampas.

Hace tiempo pintábamos con de color rojo los rosales blancos para la reina, pero ahora ya no lo hacemos.- Se disculpó uno.

Nefertari, amiga de los baños de leche de burra, se impacientó, y viendo que allí el color blanco era escaso, animó a sus compañeros a remontar de nuevo el cauce y alcanzar otro lugar.

(5.) Así fue como lograron encontrar la última isla del archipiélago. Sobre las ruinas de una antigua urbe, se elevaba la ciudad de papel. En ella, sus habitantes construían a voluntad sus deseos más íntimos. Como podéis imaginar, nuestros faraones encontraron de buen agrado una ciudad enteramente de papel. Al descender de la nave, un niño llamado Papún les habló de Yona Friedman, el arquitecto que puso el primer rollo de papel y cuyo habitáculo, todavía hoy podían visitar. La casa era limpia, y en su interior el agradable olor a papel lo invadía todo.

Papún les animó a permanecer un tiempo a resguardo en la estructura, pues, en la ciudad de papel, casi siempre solía llover tinta y ocasionalmente confeti.

Ellos agradecidos, se introdujeron en la estructura y comenzaron a construir sus vidas de nuevo, y a dibujar como siempre en las paredes. Enseguida, se olvidaron de la vieja arquitectura egipcia, que tanto esfuerzo, sudor y sangre requería, y empezaron así, a imaginar nuevas utopías.



## TEAM INFO

Island of Utopia has been created by the following team:

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- > Maushaus: Anabel Varona & Carlos Arruti
- > Luis Urbaneja

Models and drawings:

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  - Martina Braceras, 10
  - Inge Bernal, 9
  - Jon Urbaneja, 8
  - Berta Gáñez, 7
  - Alejandro Echeverria 8
  - Andrea Arruti, 8

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