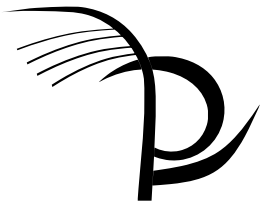


MEIKE LEGÈNE



How to tell the difference between a report, a manifesto and a fairy tale?

Possible response: the first treats of what was, the second of what will be and the third of what never has been.

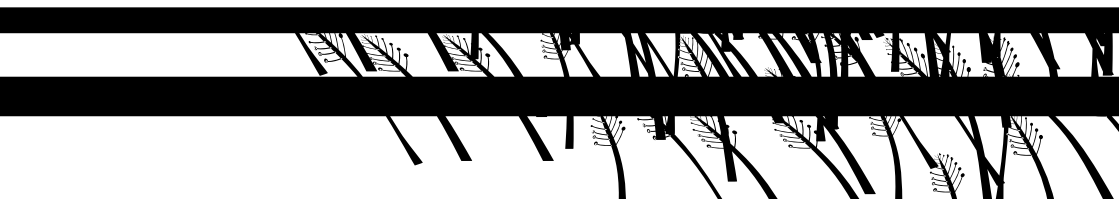
Yet this response would itself be equal parts report, manifesto and fairy tale, as is any story.

THE VIEW

THE WOLF

—

About the narrator



## THE VIEW

The view started to unfold on a particular morning during the years that men slept until a few hours after sunrise, in order to avoid the most severe frost, and because of that the streets, each with rows of trees on the side, remained empty all the way up to the City squares. On such a morning it was hard to predict that at half past seven sharp an animal species – the human – would start to move in a very specific pattern, as if they were following a choreography. It seemed more likely it would always remain like this: the roads meaningless, the houses no more than piles of stone and reeds. None of the sleeping humans knew how insecure their survival was during these hours. When eventually the first humans would break the silence by yawning and blinking their eyes, they would not know that it was mostly the rhythm, which kept itself going rather than being driven by the will-power of men, that induced the humans to rise from their beds and enter the world in the way the sun had done so a few hours before: like a natural phenomenon.

But now, in an outlying area along the Lane, the mechanism of the view had started to move, and the view was unfolding. The energy came from the people living on the Lane who were currently sleeping more deeply, a sleep full of concentrated dreams, than they had done for years, causing an overload of energy entering the pipework in between the houses and leading to the underground mechanism of the view across the street; the people on the Lane however did not have much technical knowledge, and they did not know of the mechanics that connected their dreams during the night directly to the view. When one of



the women looked out of her window, the view had stretched from one meadow to a vast landscape with many rows of trees that continued up to the horizon, which was so broad it couldn't be seen in a single glimpse; the woman turned her head and bumped into the glass in doing so, and then, paying no attention to the cold, she went outside, and in the street, under the frost covered trees, she met her neighbor who was looking intensely at the view, his eyes never resting on a single point but taking in the many directions. They greet each other with a surprised overtone as to let each other know they had come outside for the same reason, but could not quite grasp this reason themselves. The sky seemed lighter to the left and a blurred line above the horizon gave the impression that snow was falling over there, but above them the sky was only light grey.

More people came outside; they all stood together in a group, none of them felt the urge to discover the view by taking a walk through it; most of them were silent, as to express a common question mark, but the longer they were facing the view, the more they could feel, instinctively, how this view responded to a feeling of desire each of them had felt, but had been unable to express before.

They had all seen the common activities decrease, and some had said to themselves that 'there just isn't enough time for it anymore', and 'time is moving faster than it used to, there seem to be less hours in a day', and some others had explained the situation by thinking that 'in the old times it was only necessary to do certain things together, but today we can all manage alone'.

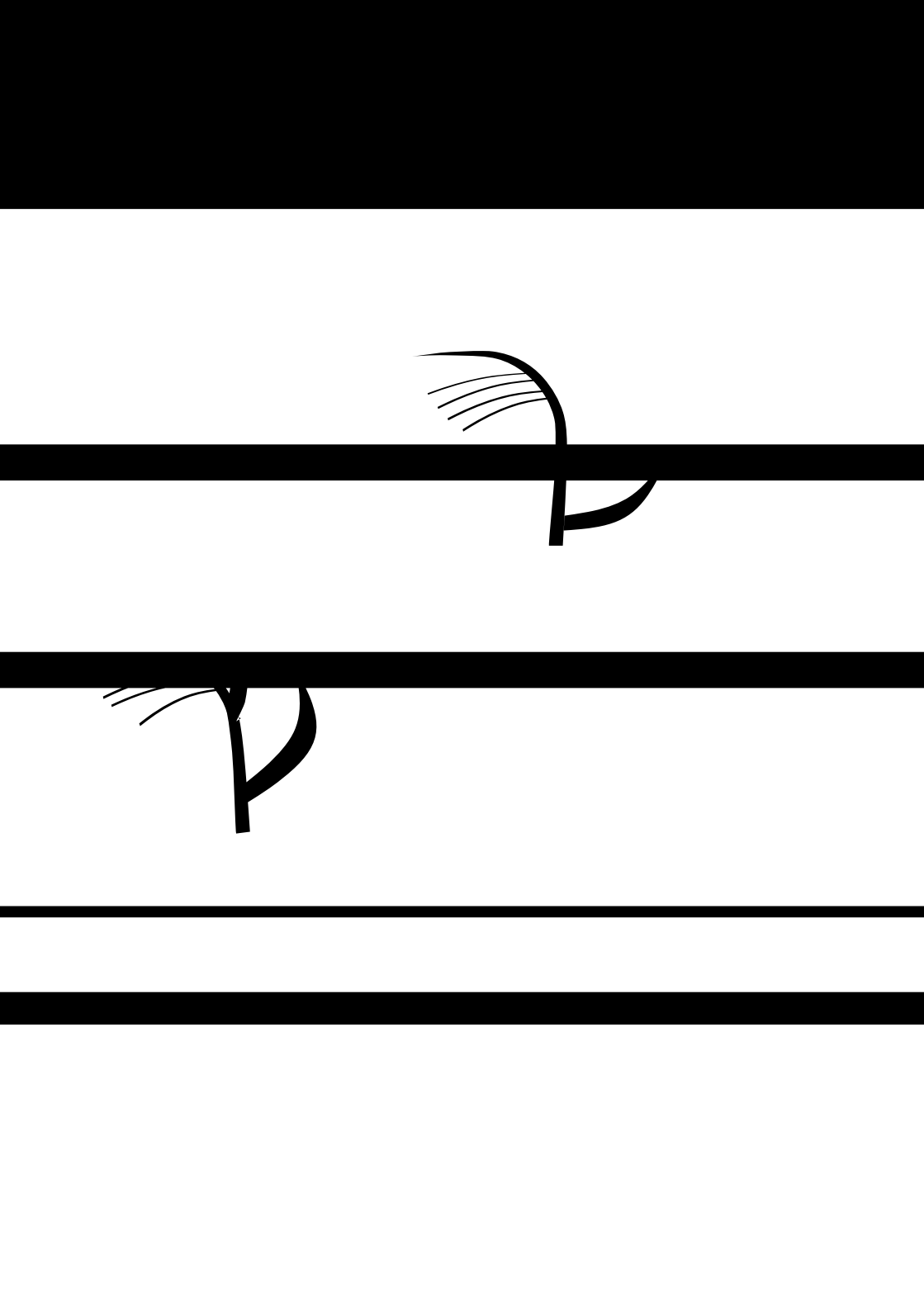
However, this new view was of such a scale and





surpassed all possibilities to overlook it in a single glimpse – every look at it seemed to exclude something, there was a constant surprise of uncovered details and new sights – that from that day the people of the Lane came together every evening, before it would get dark, to build a fire and follow the gaze of one another, and as they pointed, the distant places grew in their minds to the tangibility of an actual place, of which they could tell stories they ‘remembered to have heard somewhere’ or about places where ‘a historic event happened, hundreds of years ago’ or about sights they ‘had visited once as a child.’

At night everyone slept more deeply than before, and the depth of their sleep generated more energy for the view to expand, and when, after a few years, it could not expand any further, a row of huge objects appeared next to the Lane, each object facing one of the houses. When the people noticed this in the morning, they spent the rest of the day looking at the objects, investigating their form, which was complex and hard to grasp at first sight, and discussing how every object matched the shape of the house it faced without copying it, and at the same time pointed at different directions in the landscape and in that way forming an extension of it. By their form the objects even suggested movement, ‘of the wind that blows over the landscape’ or ‘of the tail of an animal dragging a train through it’, other objects seemed ‘jumping from bigger to smaller parts like a gaze from close to afar’ and others looked ‘as if a walk was lifted out of the landscape and formed into a compact ball’. In the meantime rumours had reached the press in the City, about the ‘very special events’ that had



taken place and 'could mean something for the future of the entire country', so the first journalists started to arrive at the Lane – but what they saw was no more than a group of 'weirdos' who were most concentratedly and almost devotedly looking at a row of 'horribly bizarre' objects that looked like 'cold machines, except that they seemed to have no use at all'.

They tried to ask the people of the Lane who made the objects, but no clear answer came. The people seemed unable to speak and communicated by 'unintelligible' pointing gestures, nodding, meaningful looks and sometimes sudden laughter. Only a few moments words were heard, but according to the journalists the people were 'speaking in tongues'. In the evening the people of the Lane were surprised by their own disappointment about not being understood – they had expected their Lane to become a popular and frequently visited place. Every other possibility was instinctively felt as a great injustice.

In the following months there was more talking on the Lane, as people tried to describe the objects. It had to be 'ancient forms' as they 'appeared to the first humans' – the forms were still 'pure' and with a high level of 'directness', which made it plausible that 'all other, more disharmonious shapes, which have dominated us for such a long time now, put us at a greater distance from where we come from, and in fact alienate us from ourselves'.

Some time passed before new rumours reached the City, and this time scientists were sent to the Lane to listen to the theories, which they quickly saw to be 'nonsense'.

This judgement made the people on the Lane feel

