



Among all abound of colorful and attracting posters, this piece airs a hint of a solitary place of refuge, a silent island, where I linger a while and ease. Standing there, admiring, my mind slowly drifts off in contemplation. I wonder what is that strikes me so much? What is **Tschicholds perfection** all about?

The circle being cut by a thin black line reminds me of a sunset. A sunset as a sort of homage perhaps, to all the “Konstruktivisten”, Tschichold was highly inspired by. This poster reveals a wonderful play between two main forces of graphic design: The geometrical power of the **constructivistic ideology** melted together with the great calm and stability of Tschicholds re-affiliated classical taste. That’s what I am looking at. And perhaps this is what perfection is all about? About combining two opposites in a *mélange*, in which they seem to be just one beautiful completion...

I guess, that, no matter where his development was leading Tschichold to, these days, he still was an admirer of the **Russian vigor**. For them, he composed a totally different piece to all the precedents and the following once.

Still, gazing at that somehow picturesque poster, I cannot help thinking about the striking resemblance to **Zen calligraphy**; such as the reduction to a single line cutting one strong elementary form, a circle to synthesize to a perfectly canopied composition. Every element posed in the ultimate place on the sheet, reminding a mathematical equation and still emanating such strong poetry and lightness, as if this would be the only way of creation and no other. I have to smile at myself. Funnily enough, my reaction on contemplation this poster, (considering the Zen meditation) seems just the appropriate thing to do.

I turn away from that poster, trying to concentrate on the other work hanging around me in the hall. It is quite impossible. I’m so happy to have found something, which touches me so much. Actually even apart from our assignment we’ve been given this day at the museum. (I’m always thankful for finding things that move me. It gives me the feeling of being alive. Such a little obsession.) I have the poster still vivid in my head. This tender mint, pistachio colors remains in me like a fresh taste.