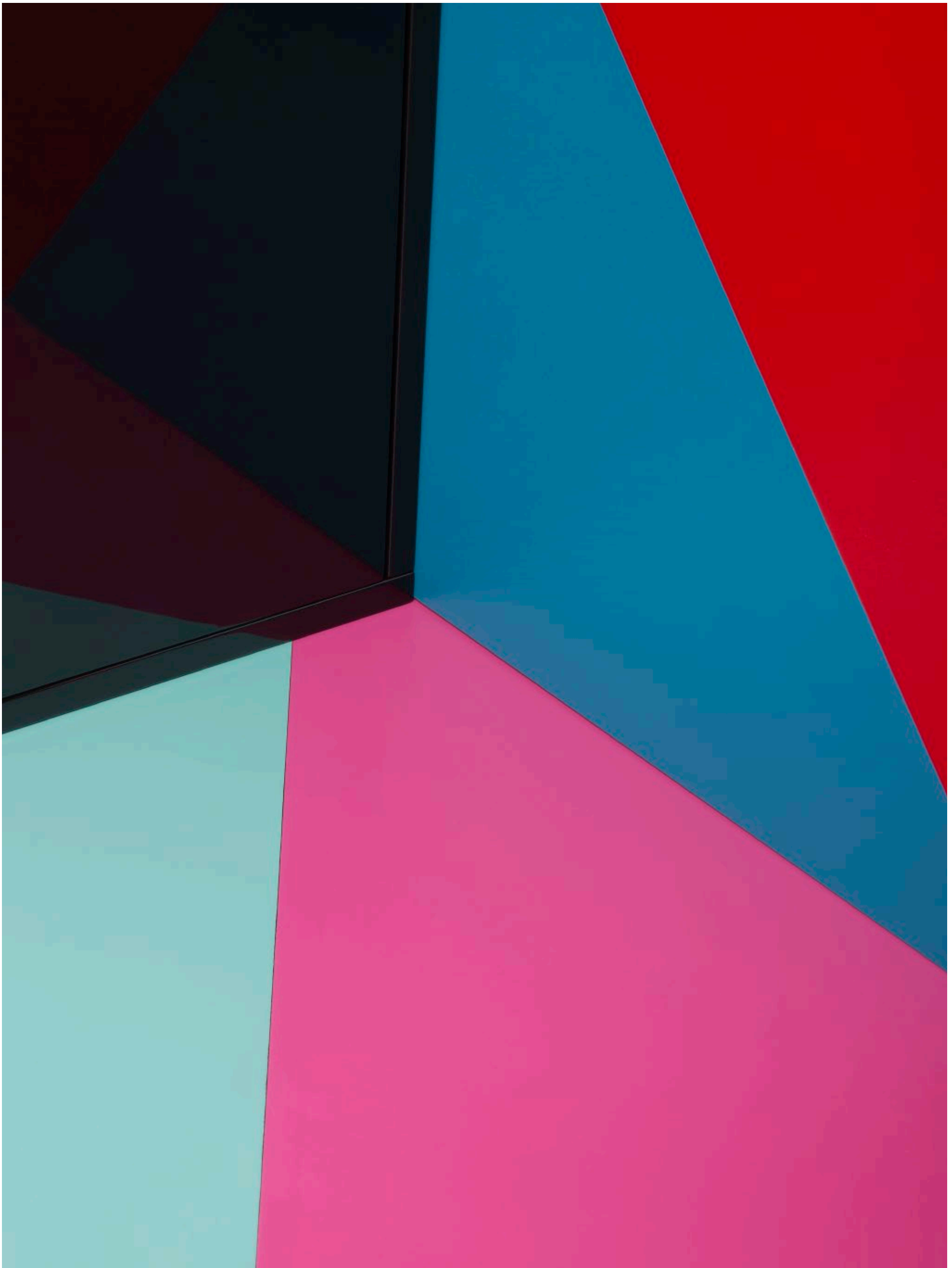


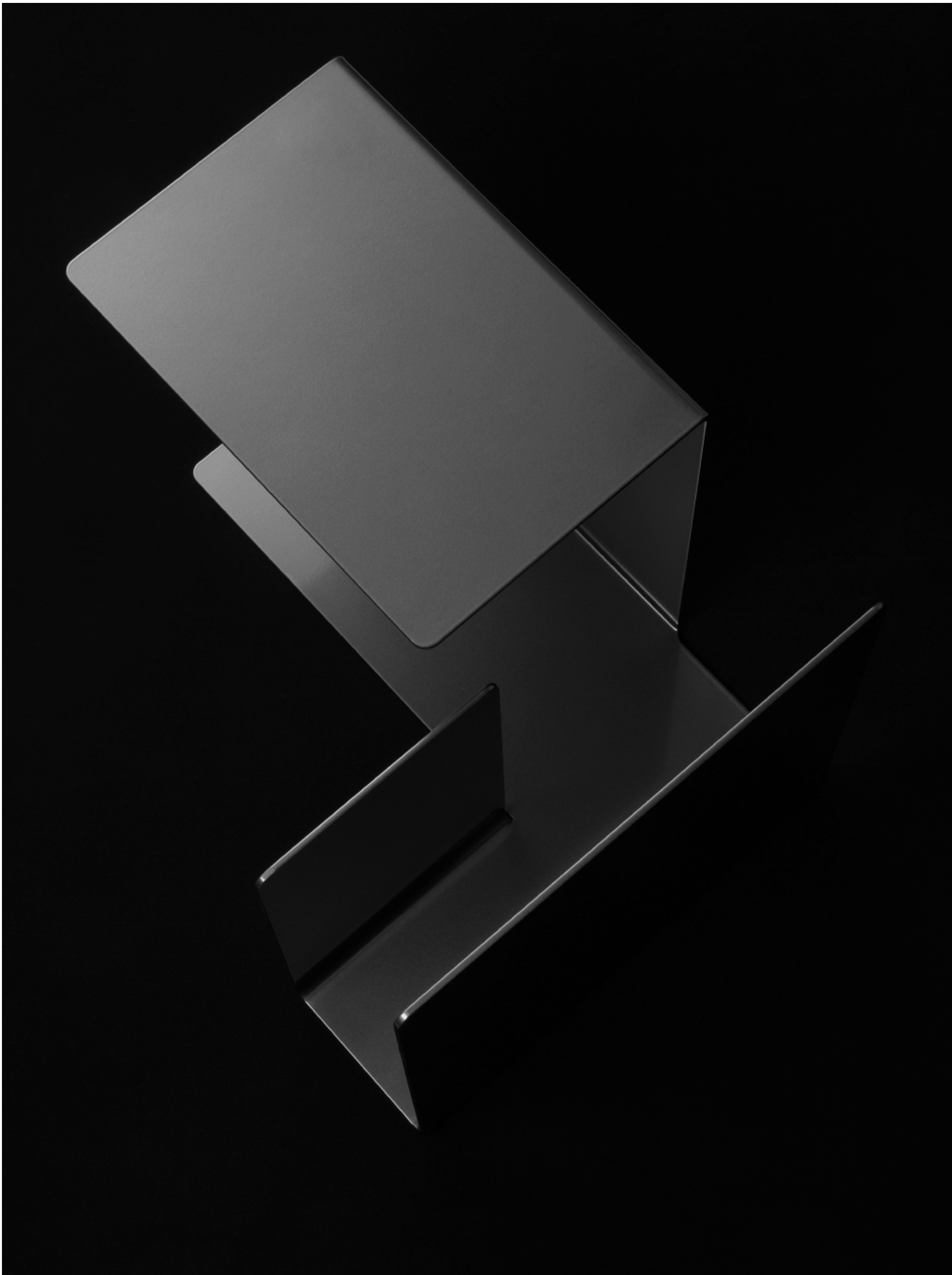
**25 YEARS
GRGIC
FOR
CLASSICON**

**25 YEARS
GRCIC
FOR
CLASSICON**

**PHOTOGRAPHED BY
SHIRANA SHAHBAZI**

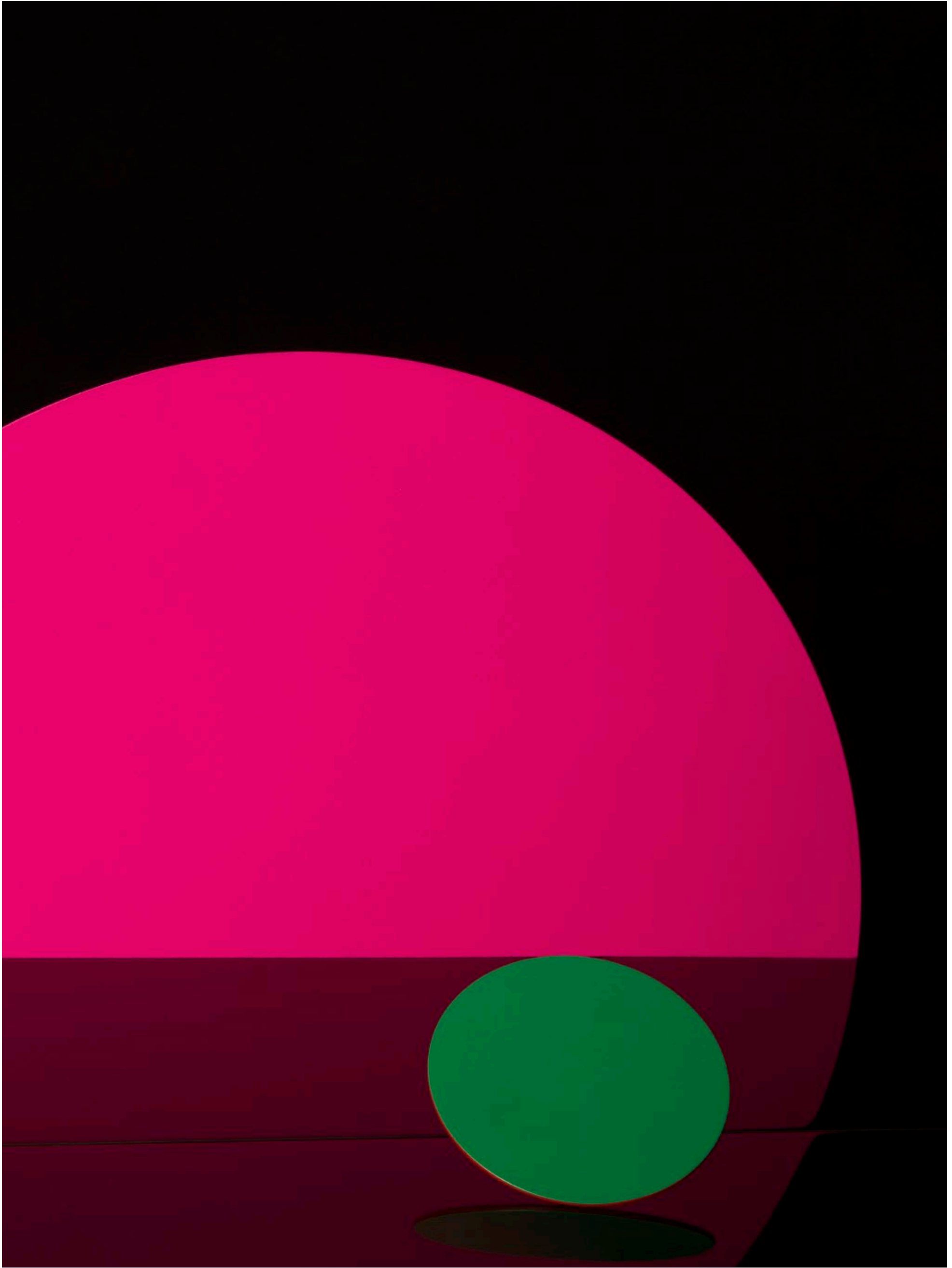
ClassiCon













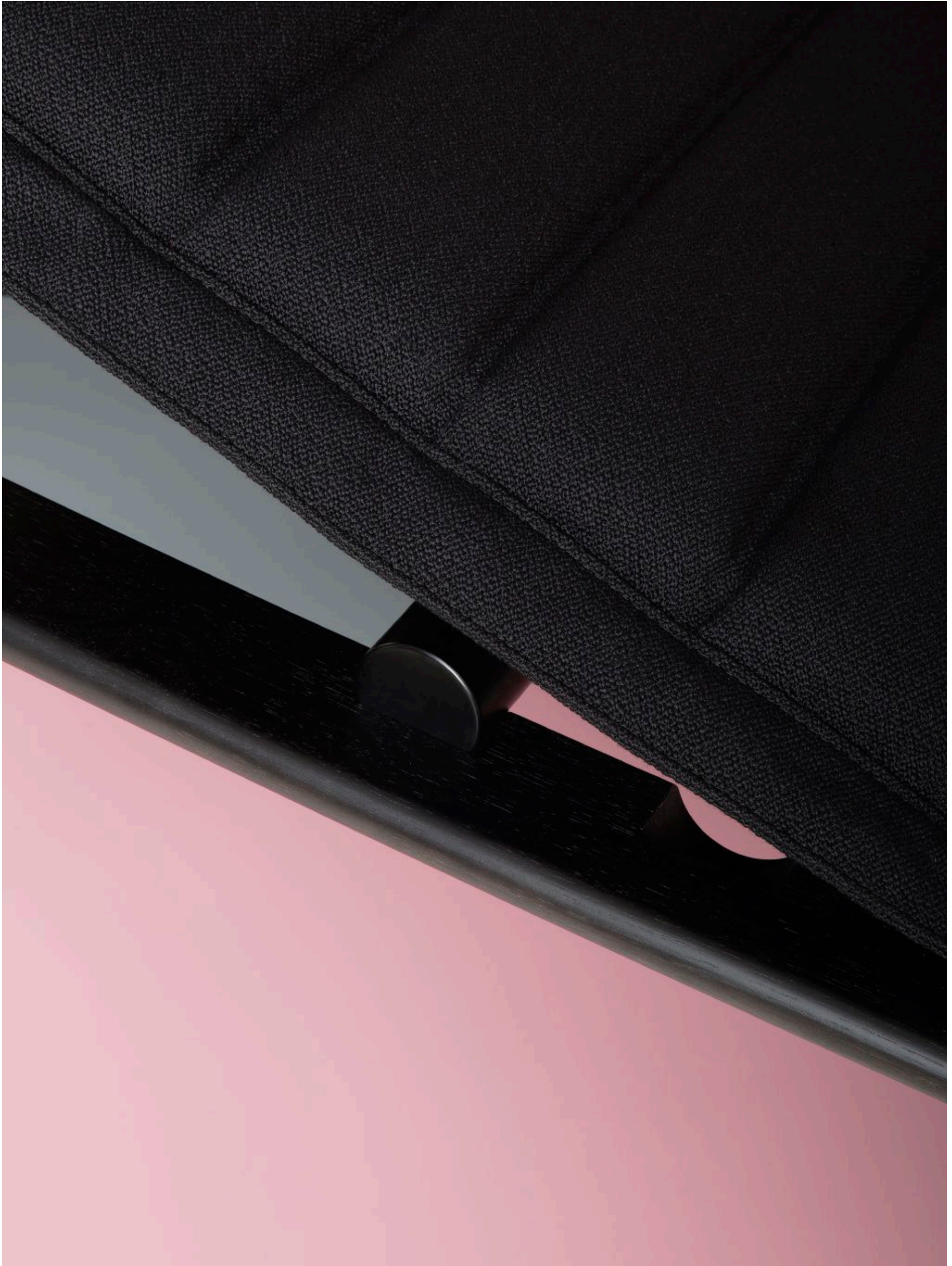


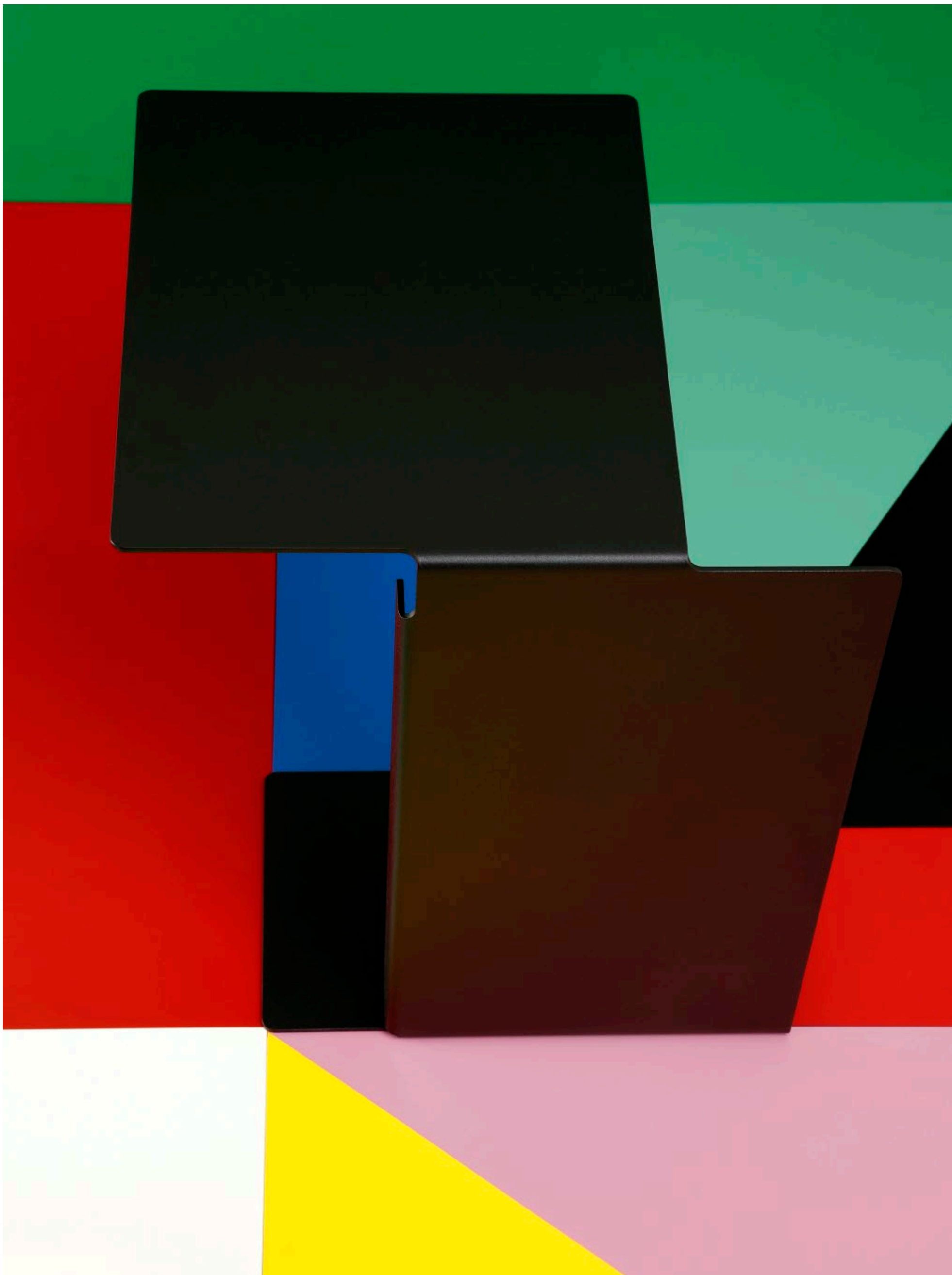


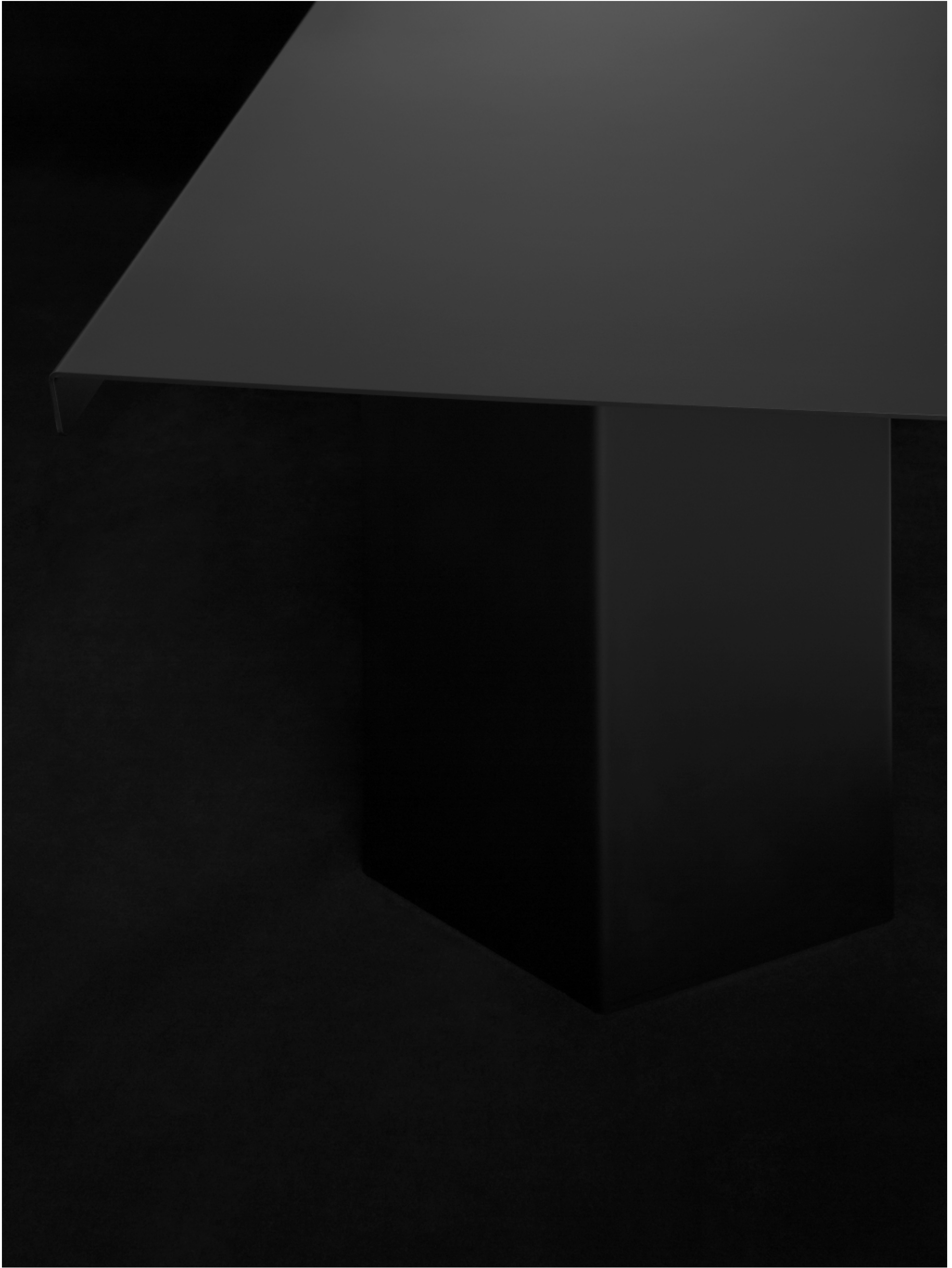


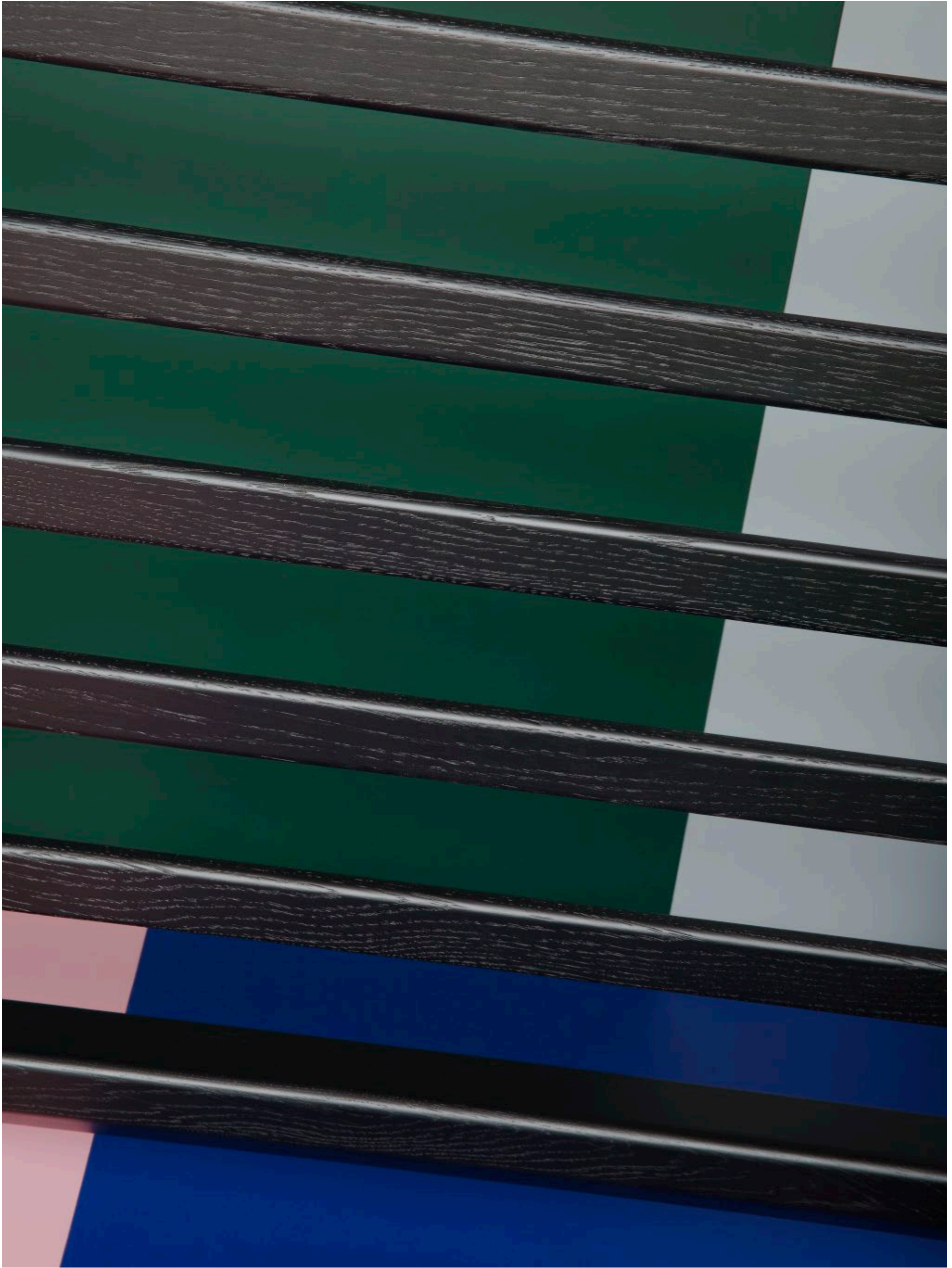










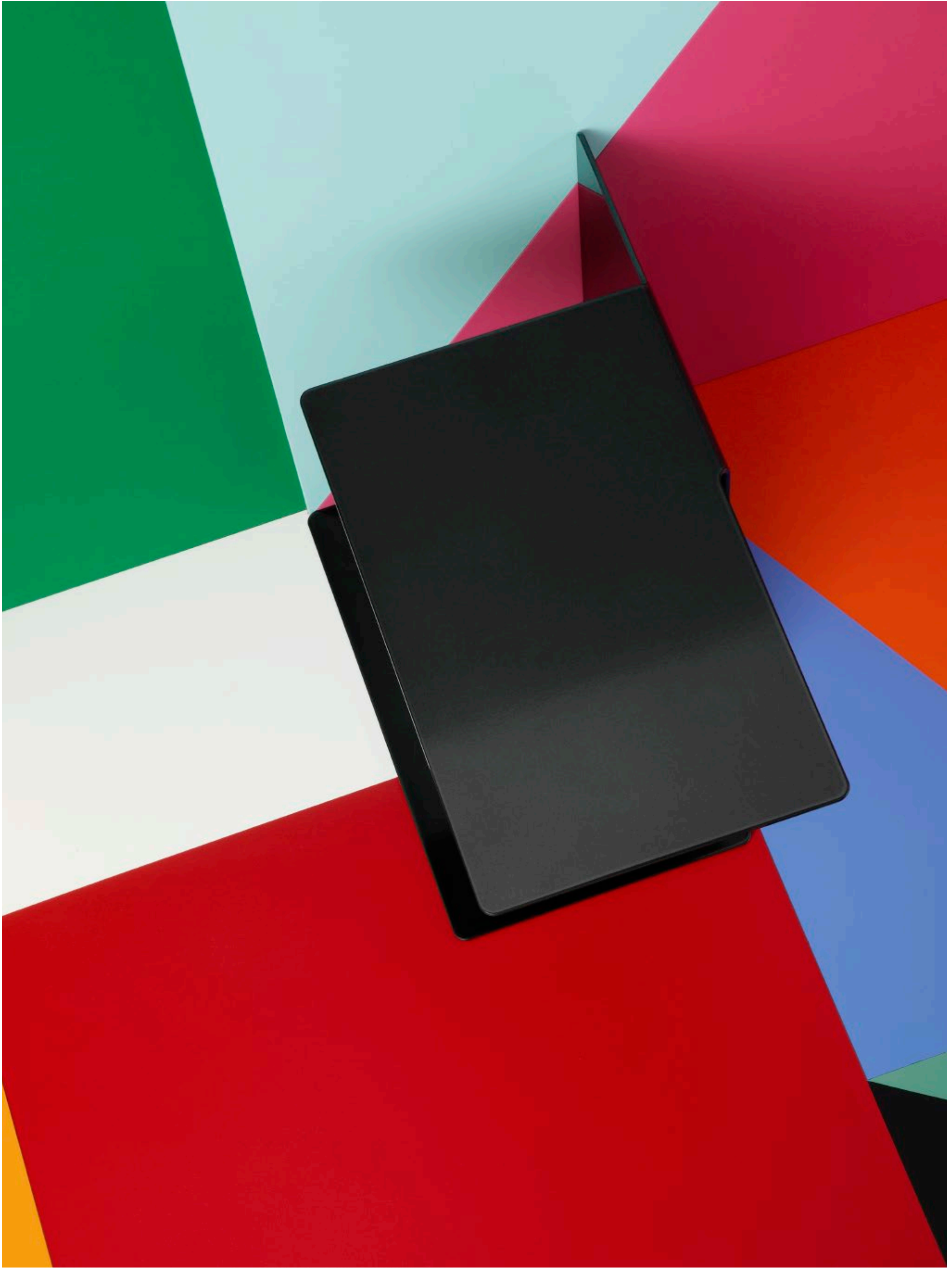




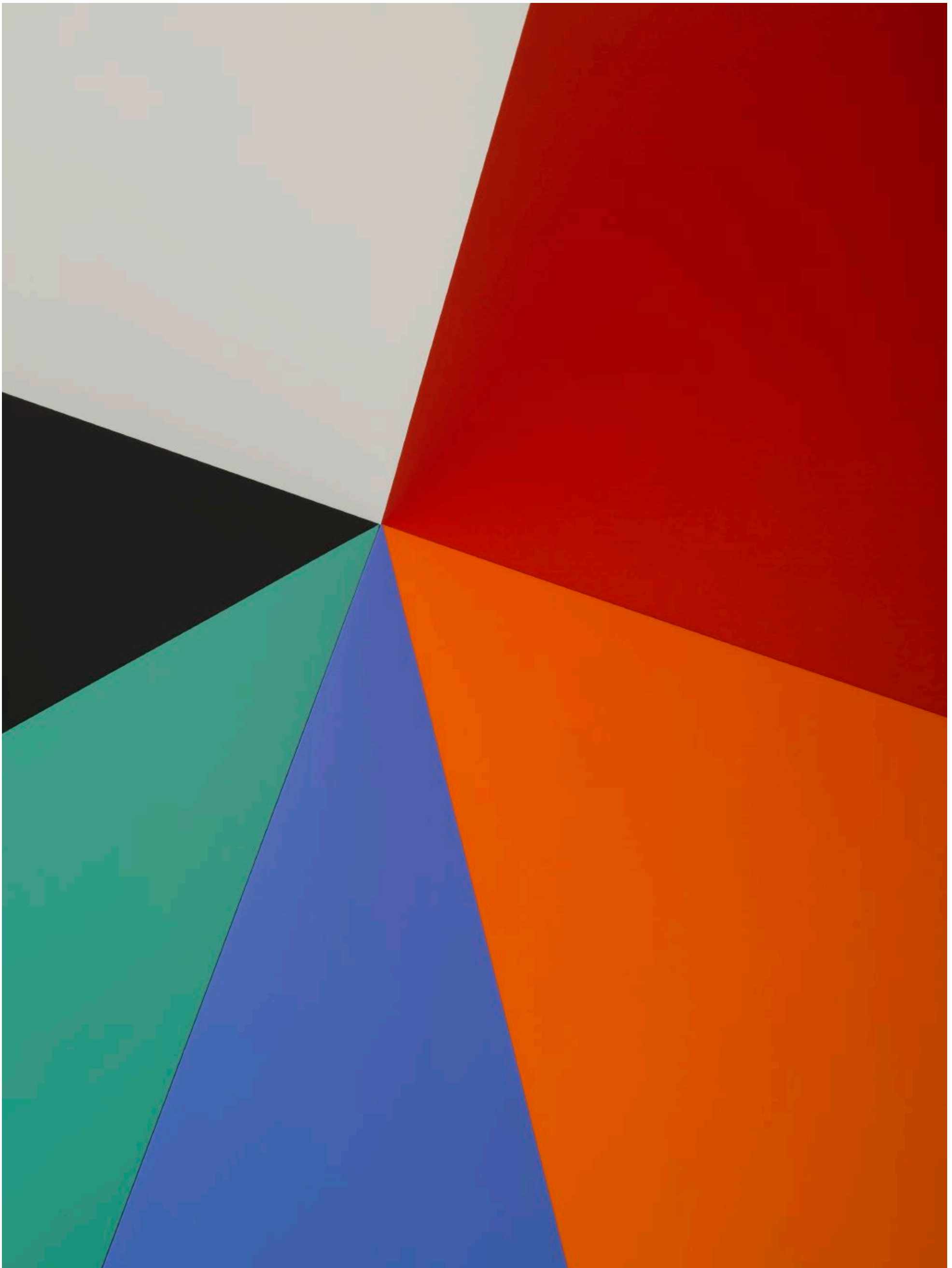












LIFE'S NOT A SONG

BY ECKHART NICKEL

I spy with my little eye something black. –
No, you're kidding me. Everything in here is black. – Of course,
we're sitting in the dark. – So don't do that to me. –
And why not? We have to do something. – Agreed, but...
By the way, it was you who said, "let's go in, that looks interesting". –
And so it was, wouldn't you say? – Yeah, OK, right.
Let's just say, "it sounded interesting". There was this typical
wall of party noise, other voices, glasses echoing, speakers, a bass. –
The key stimuli. Things that make your heart beat faster. –
We used to call it His Master's Voice. –
Because there is no way around it? –
No, but we should have left as there was no door to see. –
Only this cryptic sentence on the wall:
The old way out is now the new way in. – It was you who said,
"let's go around the corner, this is not an exit". –
And I was right, no? – Given. But it was so spooky,
if only we had left right at that point. –
Go home? – Just think about it. Let imagination do the trick.
We did not need to know. – Know what? – Whatever.
What was going on. – And do you know? – No. – See? –
I don't see anything. All I see is... – You're such a worrywart.
Don't paint it black.
How we found our way in was pure fun. A challenge.
To take just any door around the corner to the left. – That was
crazy! – And the first one was the right one.
Come on, that's cool. – I did not want to enter. –
That's so lame of you to say. – But that's what I felt. –
Can you feel it? – What? – I mean the song: "Can you feel it?" –
That one, yes. They played it before we got in. –
That could have been their message to us right away.
Reach out and touch, as it is dark. – I could not see a thing.
I thought I had blacked out the moment that I entered.

All music stopped and the lights went off. –
Like a *musical journey*, only in the dark. I guess it was a trick.
There is this new colour, you know? – Tell me. –
It is so black that everything you paint just disappears. They call it
“Vantablack”. – Like Pidgin-English “I want-a black-a colour to
paint-a my room”? – Ha, yes, you got it.
It is said to be the blackest material ever created by man. –
And you say that’s why it is so dark in here? –
Maybe, I don’t know. Just thinking out loud. This colour is said to
absorb all light around it. – You mean, creating a black hole? –
Well, it takes away any spatial sense so it actually completely
swallows a whole dimension. – In the flat field.
As we did not see a thing, we had to feel our way in. – Like playing
that game, blind man’s buff. – Someone seems to have turned
off the lights when the music was over. – And no one was there. –
I wish I knew where all the people we heard from above went. –
Maybe they were never here. And the sound was played from a tape
to lure us in. – Who is “they”? –
I don’t know yet. Wait. We’ll see. – But I don’t see a thing.
Do you know what we’d be looking at if we were able to see? –
Something must be in here, because you can hear it when you
move around. – You mean you feel it, when you walk into it. –
You’re so funny.
No, what I’m talking about is called echolocation. –
That sounds great, but you too almost fell, I heard it. –
No, I let myself fall into something, it’s true. The moment I started
walking backwards as I reached a wall going ahead. –
Yeah, move your head and, ah, your ass will follow, so to speak. –
No, I actually did not fall, I just sat down, as this was,
well, some sort of chair, but with a different angle to the back
that raised no questions for me, just a comfortable place for my
posture to relax in. –
Sounds good to me. – But wait, that wasn’t all. – Go on. –
The surface was true velvet, soft as hell. – Oh. Good for you.
I hung on to another kind of thing. And mine was high. –
On hope I guess? – I had high hopes indeed, since when I bumped
into this box on legs it seemed to have spiritual content. –
Oh, a bar? – Almost. I tried to open it and it turned out to be a
secretary of some sort. A desk. – A table for black mail. –
That’s the spirit. – But lost the feeling.
I agree. – It was a thing you would expect in a monastery, so regal
and astute. – I’ve been waiting for a guide to come along. –

To take you by your hand? Come on. Life's not a song. –
But we need guidance telling us right from wrong and dark from
light. If we don't want to lose sight of the important things to see,
we have to focus. – Concentrate. To figure out our way
through here. – So, first of all, I walk into this lower metal plate. –
Just like the step of an ascending staircase.
Whereas, when I felt the shape of this it was too thin. – Right at the
entrance, no? – Exactly. And quite cold. And kind of geometric.
Some sort of thing you can put stuff on. – A table! It's a message.
Maybe we have to think in much simpler terms.
Now I get it. – What? – They want to tell us something, and:
with every thing. – Tables are turned? – The wishing table.
Wait, now did you hear that? – Yes, what was it? Did you laugh? –
No, that's not me. I thought it came from you.
*A very low source of warm light is slowly illuminating the room,
like dawn coming up on the horizon.*
What is this? – What ... is this?
*A piece of music starts to play, first very low, as if heard from far away,
then increasingly louder, a high-pitched voice is singing: "25 years".*
Do you see what I see? – I actually don't believe this. –
I spy with my little eye something black and: dancing! –
The table's on the dance floor.
*The high-pitched voice is singing again, backed by an electronic, industrial
beat: "Don't leave me in the corner, don't leave me in the darkness".*
It's furniture in motion. And the noise we heard before,
THIS is the voice we heard before, straight from above. – I've never
seen a thing like that before. – So now you see it, now you don't. –
It disappears within the colours on the walls.
The shapes are like a prism through the atmosphere. They change.
"25 Years" is repeated multiple times in the background.
*The furniture is moving around, while the two men, both with their hair
slicked back, one in grey, one in black, stand in the middle and stare
at the spectacle with an amazed gaze, marvelling at the scene, obviously
puzzled by what is going on around them. They seem to remember
something and grab a poster out of one of the travel bags they carry.*
A sign is rolled out on the wall: "25 Years Grcic for ClassiCon".
How long have we been here? – Way too long. – I need a rest. –
So take the daybed and lay down. – I will. – There, there. –
That's nice, relax. – I will. *And as they, totally enchanted, look at the
moving furniture, the singing voice is giving them advice:*
*"Can't take it with you when you go". ...***LIFE'S NOT A SONG**

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ClassiCon

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