



10. Origami Deutschland-Treffen 1998 in Freising

Bericht von Angelika Stolze-Caster

10. Treffen von Origami Deutschland vom 11.06. - 14.06.1998 im Kardinal Döpfner-Haus auf dem Domberg in Freising

Ehrengäste



Thoki Yenn /
Dänemark



John Montroll /
USA



David Brill /
England



Philip Noble /
England



Kunihiro Kasahara /
Japan



Eric Joisel /
Frankreich



Vincent Floderer /
Frankreich

- Donnerstag, 11.6.98, 15 Uhr, Ankunft in Freising. Nach mehrmaliger Umrundung des Domberges - das dauert ja fast länger als die Fahrt von Bonn nach Freising, finden wir dann doch noch das Schlupfloch zum Kardinal-Döpfner-Haus. Wie gut, daß wir vorgewarnt waren dank der allgemeinen Infos und vielen Dank auch für den Hinweis, daß wir den Parkschein besser nicht verfallen sollten.
- Nachdem ich das Betthupferl aus der liebevoll gefalteten Schachtel gleich aufgegessen habe, mache ich mich pünktlich um 16 Uhr auf in den Roten Saal. Neben mir geht ein freundlicher Herr, der mich strahlend anlächelt und ich frage ihn: "Bist Du jemand, den ich kennen sollte, oder bist Du ein nobody wie ich?" Er grinst, dreht sich leicht um und ich lese sein Namensschild - David Brill. Volltreffer. Ich erzähle ihm, daß ich mal in Sheffield gewohnt habe und schon werde ich Nick Robinson aus Sheffield vorgestellt. Oops, da bin ich ja schon mittendrin in der Origamiwelt, hatte ich wirklich Angst, daß ich hier niemanden kenne und keiner mit mir spricht?
- Der rote Saal erweist sich als stilvolles Ambiente mit Parkett und Kristalllüster. Etwas mißtrauisch betrachte ich den aparten Blumenschmuck, sind die nun echt, oder waren hier schon die Falter am Werk? Nein, sie sind echt und weitere Kunstwerke dieser Art finden sich im ganzen Haus und tragen zur freundlichen Atmosphäre bei.

- Ihr Schöpfer, Herr Neidinger von der Freisinger Fachschule für Blumenkunst hat außerdem zwei junge japanische Musiker mitgebracht, die mit Fagott und Flügel für die musikalische Untermalung sorgen. Paulo begrüßt uns herzlich und in seiner gleichermaßen launigen wie dankenswerterweise kurzen Rede macht der Kreisheimatpfleger Rudolf Goerge darauf aufmerksam, daß es viel mehr Falter gibt als wir denken. Schließlich hat jeder schon öfter einen Brief gefaltet, um ihn in den Umschlag zu stecken.
- Dann knallen die Sektkorken und geht es jetzt los? Nein, erst Abendessen. Schon da wird klar, daß das 10. Internationale Treffen von Origami Deutschland seinen Namen wirklich verdient. Um mich herum ist ein wirkliches Sprachenbabel. Irgendwann später erwähnt Paulo, daß sich 17 Nationen versammelt haben und auch an unserem Tisch spannt sich der Bogen von Peter Mielke aus Canada über Phillip Noble aus Schottland bis nach Deutschland, wobei wir die Entfernungen, die mancher deutsche Teilnehmer zurückgelegt hat, bescheiden verschweigen.
- Nach dem Abendessen schaue ich mir erst einmal die Ausstellung "Himmel und Hölle" an. Wahrlich ein passender Name - himmlisch und unglaublich ist, was man alles aus einem Stück Papier machen kann und höllisch peinlich wäre es mir gewesen, wenn ich meine bescheidenen Versuche dort ausgestellt hätte. Dazu muß ich aber anmerken, daß dieses Gefühl im Laufe des Treffens verschwand.
- Paulo schrieb im "*der falter*" Nr. 24, daß Lillian Oppenheimer den Grundstein gelegt hat für Origami als Fest für die Sinne und das Herz und als Beitrag für Frieden und Verständnis unter den Menschen aller Herren Länder. Und so habe ich es auch empfunden. Ich finde es toll, Leute kennengelernt zu haben, deren Namen mir geläufig waren von ihren Büchern und Artikeln und die ich von Bilder her kannte, aber am meisten beeindruckt hat mich der selbstverständliche und freundschaftliche Umgang aller miteinander.
- Doch zurück zur Ausstellung. Eric Joisels Arbeiten fallen mir gleich als erstes auf. Welch eine Bandbreite von dem Schuppentier über die Igel bis hin zu den unglaublichen Masken. Obwohl Eric uns am nächsten Tag die Herstellung dieser Masken auf der Bühne demonstriert und alles ganz einfach aussieht - man braucht nur ein Stück Papier und ein Glas Wasser, habe ich es zu Hause nicht nachvollziehen können. Ich bin nur furchtbar naß dabei geworden. Was habe ich falsch gemacht, Eric?
- Die Bandbreite der Objekte ist unglaublich - von Vincent Floderers eßbar aussehenden Pilzen über modulares Origami, Kinderbücher, David Brills Rudermannschaft bis hin zu Kunihiko Kasaharas Pandabären und Doris Lauingers Rosen. Anschließend falte ich in der Aula was das Zeug, oder in diesem Fall das Papier hält, bis ich gegen Mitternacht ziemlich erschöpft in mein Bett sinke. Doch soviel geballter Kreativität kann ich mich auch im Schlaf nicht entziehen. Ich falte im Traum weiter.
- Und auch am nächsten Morgen wird erst einmal gefaltet. Paul Slaters originelle Kissing Lips machen in den nächsten Tagen noch an vielen Tischen die Runde. Anschließend folgt unter David Brills brillanter Conference und Edwin Corries kompetenter Übersetzung die Modellbesprechung, die abends nach dem Jubiläumsdinner fortgesetzt wird.
- Wir sind alle ein wenig faul vom guten Essen, doch Vincent Floderers mitreißende, ja, man muß schon sagen Show, bei der er uns die Herstellung seiner Papierpilze beibringt, reißt uns sprichwörtlich von den Stühlen, denn das Ganze endet mit einer Prozession von der vierten Etage ins Erdgeschoß zum Goldfischbrunnen. Dort hinterlassen wir einen ziemlich nassen Fußboden und ein paar sehr verstörte Goldfische, aber wir sind stolze Besitzer eines mehr oder weniger echt aussehenden Pilzes.
- Während einige Leute jetzt erst richtig munter werden - wie machen diese Franzosen und Italiener das nur? -- verläßt mich nach der Aufführung von Anna Barbara und Andreas Rähmis Buchfaltung die Kondition. Ich schaue mir noch kurz ein paar Bücher an, die ich in Silkes wohlsortierter Bücherstube gekauft habe. Grinsend schlafe ich ein, denn ich denke an den jungen Mann, der rechts den Arm voller Bücher und links den Arm voller Papier durch den Raum ging und ständig murmelte: "Ich kaufe nichts". Auch ich bin den Versuchungen gründlich erlegen.

- Am Samstagmorgen mache ich einen Blitzbesuch in der Freisinger Innenstadt. Natürlich werde ich naß. Dann geht es weiter mit falten, falten, falten, Vorträgen, Vorführungen, Workshops, Videos ... Warum kann ich bloß nicht an mehreren Stellen gleichzeitig sein?
- Wir lassen auch endlich die 100 Ballons für Lillian Oppenheimer anlässlich ihres 100. Geburtstages fliegen, da es ausnahmsweise mal nicht regnet. Es folgt das obligatorische Gruppenfoto.
- Abends wieder Programm. Es beginnt mit Vladimir Chernov und Leonid Fedorovich, die 3 Tage von Rußland mit dem Bus unterwegs waren. Sie haben ihre Marionetten mitgebracht - aus Holz, Metall und natürlich aus Papier und liefern uns eine temperamentvolle Show, die damit endet, daß viele Zuschauer mit den Marionetten tanzen. Und weiter geht der Spass, z. B. mit dem Versuch, eine Person zu finden, die man nicht kennt, nach der Beschreibung von jemandem, der diese Person meistens auch nicht kennt. Doch es klappt und schnell finden sich auf der Bühne 5 Paare wieder - Gabriele und ich gehören dazu. Der Versuch, gemeinsam einen Kranich zu falten, wenn der eine Partner nur die rechte Hand benutzen darf und der andere nur die linke, löst ein Riesengelächter aus. Elfie und Doris machen das Rennen und wir landen abgeschlagen auf dem vierten Platz, doch es hat Spaß gemacht.
- Höhepunkt des Abends ist der Turmbauwettbewerb. 5 Falterkoryphäen bekommen je 5 Helfer und 200 Blatt Schreibmaschinenpapier zugeteilt und müssen in 30 Minuten einen Turm bauen. Es gewinnt das Team mit dem höchsten Turm, Bedingung ist, daß er eine Minute frei stehen bleibt. Das Team mit Klaus-Dieter Ennen und Nick Robinson gewinnt knapp, die Stimmung ist phantastisch. Und ich fange schon wieder an, müde zu werden. Wie machen ... (s.o)
- Irgendwann werde ich so gegen 4 Uhr morgens wach und höre immer noch Gesprächsfetzen und Gelächter aus der Aula am anderen Ende des Flures und bin ganz neidisch auf die Kondition.
- Am Sonntagmorgen heißt es Abschiednehmen, der Weg nach Bonn ist weit. Bis Hildesheim ist es ja nur ein Jahr und ich werde jetzt erst einmal die vielen Modelle üben, die ich gelernt habe.
- Vielen Dank an Silke und Paulo und ihre unermüdlichen Helfer, die viele Mühe hat sich gelohnt, es war einfach toll! Und ganz sicher haben unser Verein und das Treffen in Freising dazu beigetragen, Freundschaft und Frieden im Sinne Lillian Oppenheimers zu verbreiten.

Angelika Stolze-Caster

Bericht von David Lister

- It is always a delight to visit the old cathedral city of Freising which clusters round the foot of a steeply sided mountain called the Domberg. The top is crowned by the Dom or cathedral, which is quite plain outside, but a richly ornate confection of Bavarian Rococo inside. The town is gracious and full of old buildings jostling with smart modern shops. A wonderful old hotel, the Bayerischer Hof stands in the main street, a welcome hospice, where I, and several other paperfolders stayed both before and after the Convention. Behind the main street there are fascinating alleyways to explore, along one of which, called Fischergasse, flows a clear stream, racing to join the main River Isar at the other side of the Domberg. Paulo Mulatinho and Silke Schröder, the founders of Origami Deutschland live in Mittlerer Graben, another a narrow alley near the centre of the city and it is always exciting to climb the stairs to their apartment, to visit their magical origami world and to discover who might be visiting them from the wider world of Origami.
- I arrived at Munich airport via Amsterdam at about 11 pm on Wednesday, 10th June 1998 and was met by my Heinz Strobl, a former president of Origami Deutschland and a genius at folding paper strips. David Brill arrived from Manchester at almost the same time on another flight. To our great pleasure,

Heinz had brought with him, to greet us, Thoki Yenn, from Denmark, who had arrived earlier. We had not seen Thoki since the meeting at Otsu in Japan in December 1994 and it was wonderful to see him again, full of life as ever. The airport is only about five miles outside Freising and Heinz soon drove us to the Bayerischer Hof for the night. Dave and I decided it was not yet time for bed and went out to find a cafe, still open just across the road., where we sat drinking and talking until the waitress started lifting the chairs on to the tables.

- The next morning, Dave Brill and I met for breakfast and were pleased to be joined by Eric Joisel and Vincent Floderer, the origami sculptors from Paris. Then Kunihiro Kasahara from Japan joined us. Already, the convention had begun.

- The convention was to be held at Kardinal-Döpfner-Haus, formerly a convent, but now a church conference centre on the top of the Domberg and next to the Dom itself. We were relieved when Eric offered to carry our luggage up the steep hill in his car. The convention was not due to start until 4 o'clock that afternoon and Thoki and I decided to visit the cafe across the road to talk. He is a man of fascinating ideas and our conversation ranged not only over the many years we have known each other and about origami in its many aspects, but also touched Pythagorean mathematics, the pyramids, chaos, folding the Silver Rectangle and countless other subjects which hover round the central one of paperfolding. We continued talking so long that we stayed for lunch, before indulging ourselves still further by finding a taxi to take us up the steep, twisting roads to Kardinal-Döpfner-Haus.

- At the gatehouse a lady handed to us the keys to our rooms and we crossed the square courtyard to the entrance and then took the lift to our rooms. In the foyer, there was a small fountain playing into a pool with goldfish. Although called a "house" it was really a fine hotel and I was impressed by the way it had been refitted with marble stairs and beautiful woodwork; everything done to the highest standard. Every room had its own bathroom with a shower. And in Germany, the showers always work!

- During the afternoon, I took a look at the room where Silke Schröder, in her guise as bookseller, and proprietor of the Viereck Verlag (for legal reasons kept separate from Origami Deutschland) had set out books and origami paper for sale. A splendid collection, with many new books, most of which I already knew about from Origami-L. One of the most interesting was Tomoko Fuse's new book of Masks. There was also a book by Paulo Mulatinho: "Origami, Neue Ideen".

- On the floor above, people were setting out their pieces for the exhibition. With masks by Eric Joisel, and also his fantastic pangolin, paper mushrooms and other strange creations by Vincent Floderer and a paper menagerie by John Montroll, and a collection of folds by Sebastian Kirsch, most of whose room was already filled with very impressive exhibits. There was also a display of fascinating pop ups by Ramin Razani, the Iranian who now lives in Italy. Gradually the exhibition overflowed the room and extended the whole way along a corridor as exhibitors arrived and displayed their creations. Apart from the incomparable Paris Origami, it was one of the finest exhibitions of paperfolding I have ever seen.

- The convention opened at four o'clock with a general gathering in the Kardinal-Döpfner-Saal, an ornate room decorated in dark red for formal receptions. We were entertained to music played on piano and bassoon by two young Japanese men. Most unusual, I thought. Then Paulo gave an introductory speech (in German, of course, so it went over my head). This was followed by the formal opening speech by Rudolf Goerge, who is the head of the local district administration. He has, himself, made a study of folded baptismal certificates, so he is knowledgeable about Origami. Then the white German wine flowed, the ice melted and the convivial weekend began. Old friends greeted each other and new friendships were made. I found myself talking to one of the Russian visitors whom I had never met before. Before long it was time for dinner in the large dining room. Inevitably, in Germany, the food was excellent. Wine, beer and soft drinks were available at very moderate cost. As always, eating together encouraged the fellowship.

- The next morning I visited Silke's bookshop as soon as it was opened and bought the books I had set

my eyes on earlier, just in case they should all be bought up before I got to them.. But I needn't have worried: there were ample supplies of everything. There were, however, only specimen copies of Tomoko Fuse's new book, "Fabulous Origami Boxes" and of Fumio Inoue's "Origami Dream" no. 5. I made a note to obtain them later.

- Traditionally, German Conventions have been organized on the basis of unorganised, spontaneous group folding at separated tables. This is at the opposite pole from the highly organised New York conventions. Two years ago, at Berlin, however, a limited amount of planning was introduced and this year this was extended. Spontaneous folding continued at about eight tables in the general meeting hall, but each day a printed programme was issued listing what particular teachers would be doing, both at specified tables in the general hall and also in separate rooms. This was an excellent compromise and I found it a great improvement. My only complaint was my usual one that so much was going on that I could only attend a fraction of the sessions.
- A feature of British Origami Society conventions has been Dave Brill's now traditional review of the exhibited models, and he was invited to do the same for Origami Deutschland with the aid as translator of Edwin Corrie, an Englishman, who lives near Munich. The exhibition was too big for a complete review, so selected models were brought into the main hall to be discussed from the stage. I found that this helped to concentrate on the significant models, and was an improvement on the exhaustive British system. On the other hand, beginners' models tended to be overlooked.
- The guests of honour were Thoki Yenn and John Montroll. Thoki's formal contribution was an entertaining talk exploring the relationship of paperfolding to chaos theory, mysticism, yantras and symbols. His thesis was that some folds resonate with an inherent pattern within our minds. I found it very stimulating, not so much for Thoki's conclusions as for the suggestive ideas he put forward.
- John Montroll had already visited Europe twice before this year, at Paris Origami and at the French (MFPP) Convention at Sevres near Paris in May. He had a fine exhibition of his work and gave a teaching session which, to my great regret, I didn't manage to attend.
- However, with so many of the world's leading folders present, the distinction between guests of honour and ordinary visitors was very narrow. Kunihiro Kasahara had an exhibition of his models and gave a very interesting talk on many aspects of regular polyhedra. I hope that he will be able to publish it. John Smith taught his dancing lady, Eric Joisel had a teaching session: not of one of his masks, but of one of his famous rats. His fellow compatriot and origami sculptor, Vincent Floderer treated us to the amazing experience of mushroom folding and at one stage everyone trooped downstairs to the goldfish fountain in the foyer, to immerse in it our crumpled papers before final modelling. I inspected the goldfish the next day to assure myself that they had not been harmed.
- One of the nicest touches was attached to the group photograph, which had to be postponed several times because of the rain. Paulo had procured a large bunch of helium-filled red balloons and everyone was asked to fold a model and attach it to a balloon. After the photograph, we released the balloons one-by-one, in celebration of Lillian Oppenheimer's 100th birthday next October. We were told not to release them all together because it might confuse the radar at the nearby airport. I was a joyful occasion. Paulo met Lillian on a visit to New York and he was devoted to her.
- After the Otsu meeting in Japan in 1994, Paulo and Silke had been very honoured to meet the veteran folder and Buddhist priest, Kosho Uchiyama. At Paris Origami Yoshihide Momotani told us that that Kosho had died only a week previously, on 15th March, so Silke asked me to mark the occasion by giving a short talk about him. I traced his style of folding from that of his father Michio and his grandmother, who was a lady-in-waiting to a noble family and who folded in the style of the Kayaragusa. It was interesting to do the research, and to discover that in Kosho, we had a link with the earlier days of paperfolding in Japan. I may post my talk to Origami-L.

- Paperfolders include people of very diverse and unexpected skills. One delight was provided by Vladimir Chernov, from Saratov in the Volga region of Russia and a friend of Sergei Afonkin. He had brought with him a collection of marionettes, which he brought to life to music played on a tape recorder by his friend, Leonid Fedorovich. A series of long-legged spiders, crocodiles, small dogs and dolls, in turn entertained us, terrified us and amused us. The last puppet was a seductive young lady, who bopped around and in the end had the audience rising to join in an exuberant dance on the floor. And all due to the art of suggestion!
- On Sunday morning we were treated to another very different entertainment, which also had little to do with origami, except in the way that it created very much from very little. Philip Noble is best known as the creator of the three-dimensional Flexicube folded from a single strip of paper. He is an Anglican priest in Scotland who is also a clown and very successfully uses his clowning skills to preach the gospel. He gave us a demonstration of string figures, about which he is an expert and told the story of the Prodigal Frog illustrated by a string figure played between his fingers and toes. His final story was fascinatingly told in American Indian sign language, a moving story told in beautifully explicit hand actions. Only half realising it we were being given a sermon and there is no wonder that back in Scotland, Philip leads a very successful and lively parish.
- Many were the tributes paid at the Convention to Paulo and Silke both publically and in private. The amount of work they do, both visibly and in the background is incredible. But it is the warmth of their enthusiasm that captivates everyone and brings them back to the German Convention year after year. Every person is made to feel a special guest. Out of some hundred or more people attending, we counted people from fifteen countries (seventeen if England, Scotland and Wales are counted separately).
- People began to depart on Sunday afternoon, but as usual, some remained behind and on Sunday evening those of us who remained were taken for our meal to a typical German "Brauhaus", (literally a brewhouse, but really a sort of restaurant) which has become a feature of German Conventions. Thoki Yenn treated us to a demonstration of his paper-cut animals and his scuttling mouse folded from his handkerchief. We had a riotous time. We performed the colourful firework routine that was taught to us some years ago by the Spanish folders and then Eric Joisel, egged on by Vincent Floderer, revealed yet another of his talents when he enacted an unlikely fight between an Indian brave and a hippopotamus. I counted that out of 17 people sitting round the table there were no less than seven nationalities!
- For me, the Convention was not quite over. I stayed in Freising for two more days, and on the Tuesday Paulo took me and Kunihiko Kasahara and Paulo's daughter Raphaella (who is studying German in Munich before returning to Brazil) to Nuremburg, one hundred miles up the autobahn, to see the folded paper soldiers dating from about 1820 in Children's Museum at the the German National Museum. We managed to take photos of the paper soldiers, although flash wasn't permitted. Most were mounted soldiers with the horse and its rider folded from one piece of paper in a style pajarita folding. Afterwards, we saw part of Nuremburg and its ancient walls, before returning to Freising.
- The next morning I travelled by train to stay in the fine old town of Munich to see some of its sights that I had missed on earlier visits. They included the Deutsches Museum, which is one of the world's great science museums (the section on computers particularly caught my interest) and the vast romantic Nymphenburg Palace built in the Rococo style of the 18th Century. What I found most attractive, however, was the Amalienburg, a miniature palace, which is an exquisite rococo gem built in the grounds of the larger palace.
- On my last evening I went to the theatre to enjoy a performance of authentic flamenco played by a troupe of singers, dancers and guitarists led by Paco Pena, the great Spanish flamenco guitarist. Then early the next morning I dragged my luggage, now overweight with books, to the S-Bahn station to catch the train back to the airport and home. From every point of view, it had been an enjoyable and

rewarding stay and I send my thanks and best wishes to Origami Deutschland and my hopes that they will continue to flourish in the future.

David Lister