

PathTiles

A collection of patterns and stories

Diploma Rita Andrulyte

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Movement is a performance, something momentous becoming invisible and elusive as soon as it is complete. Afterward, only the memories of what we experienced while moving remain. Using GPS data, *PathTiles* is capturing these valuable moments of individual experiences and transferring them into the physical world of the visible and tactile, creating a deeper relationship between person and object.

Within these pages, you'll discover a collection of patterns and stories that illustrate the connection between movement and memory. Each pattern represents a journey, a moment in time knitted into a fabric. Whether it's a daily commute, a cherished hike, or a transformative adventure, these patterns contain the essence of personal experience.

The stories that accompany these patterns offer a glimpse into the hearts and minds of the travelers. They tell of the emotions evoked by landscapes, the lessons learned along the way and the power of the journey to shape our lives.

As you explore this booklet, I invite you to remember your own paths – both the ones you take every day and the extraordinary journeys that shaped the person you are now. Imagine the patterns they might create, the stories they might tell. *PathTiles* is an invitation to celebrate the beauty of mobility, to cherish the memories knitted in the fleeting moments, and to reflect on the power of the journey.

Is there a path you'd like to turn into a pattern?

You can use the *PathTiles* website to guide you through the process.



PEACE MEMORIAL PARK - MIYAJIMA (JP)

Miki Feller

The boat took us from Peace Memorial Park to Miyajima Island. We sat on the right side of the boat and I looked out the window at the waves. At some point I noticed a small island (in my memory it looks like a rock with a tree).

At the front, a video was playing on a TV the whole trip, reporting on the region and now dealing with the small island. According to the video, a legend played out there, which was about a father and his son: The father was disappointed by his son all his life, because he always did the opposite of what he told him. So the father asked the son to bury him on the small island after his death, in the hope that the son would do it completely differently.

But when the father died, the son regretted having always disappointed him so much. In fact, this time he fulfilled his father's wish and buried him on the small island. So it came to pass, if I remember correctly, that the son disappointed his father to the end.





ŠADŽIŪNAI (LT) - HÜTTENFELD (DE)

Viktorija Cibulskaitė

This journey has literally changed my life, maybe even twice.

18 years ago, I moved from Lithuania to Germany with my mother and my little brother. With only a few bags, we got on a bus and about 24 hours later a new life began. Since we came from a very small village in the south of Lithuania, Germany was an entirely new world for us. A few weeks later, still in the midst of culture shock, the school year began - without us being able to speak a single word of German. I went to sixth grade, my brother to first.

Today, 18 years later, I still live in Germany with my family. I speak German without an accent. Three years ago I graduated with a master's degree in biology as the best student in my year. I have a good job and a standard of living that I could only dream of in Lithuania.

... and despite all that, after all these years, my heart belongs to Lithuania. The next big journey of life will probably lead back to my roots.

GARE DE L'EST - GARE SAINT-LAZARE PARIS (FR)

Ella Seiterle

I grew up in Heidelberg, then moved to Caen in Normandy, only to return to Heidelberg and finally study in Karlsruhe. I attended seven different schools and lived in countless apartments, first with both parents, then only with my mother, then only with my father, then without parents. And yet, during all this time, one route in my life has remained constant: the change of train station between Paris Saint-Lazare and Gare de l'Est.

A compulsory stop that I could not avoid, if I wanted to see my family, I had to change stations in Paris.

Nothing unusual, whoever wants to travel in France must often change stations in Paris, and yet it was always like a break in this train journey, a short moment where I had to take action to continue the trip. An opportunity to change languages, to slip into the other identity, the reminder that home will never be in just one place.

I moved to Vienna, Austria this year,
and the train still arrives at Paris Gare de l'Est.



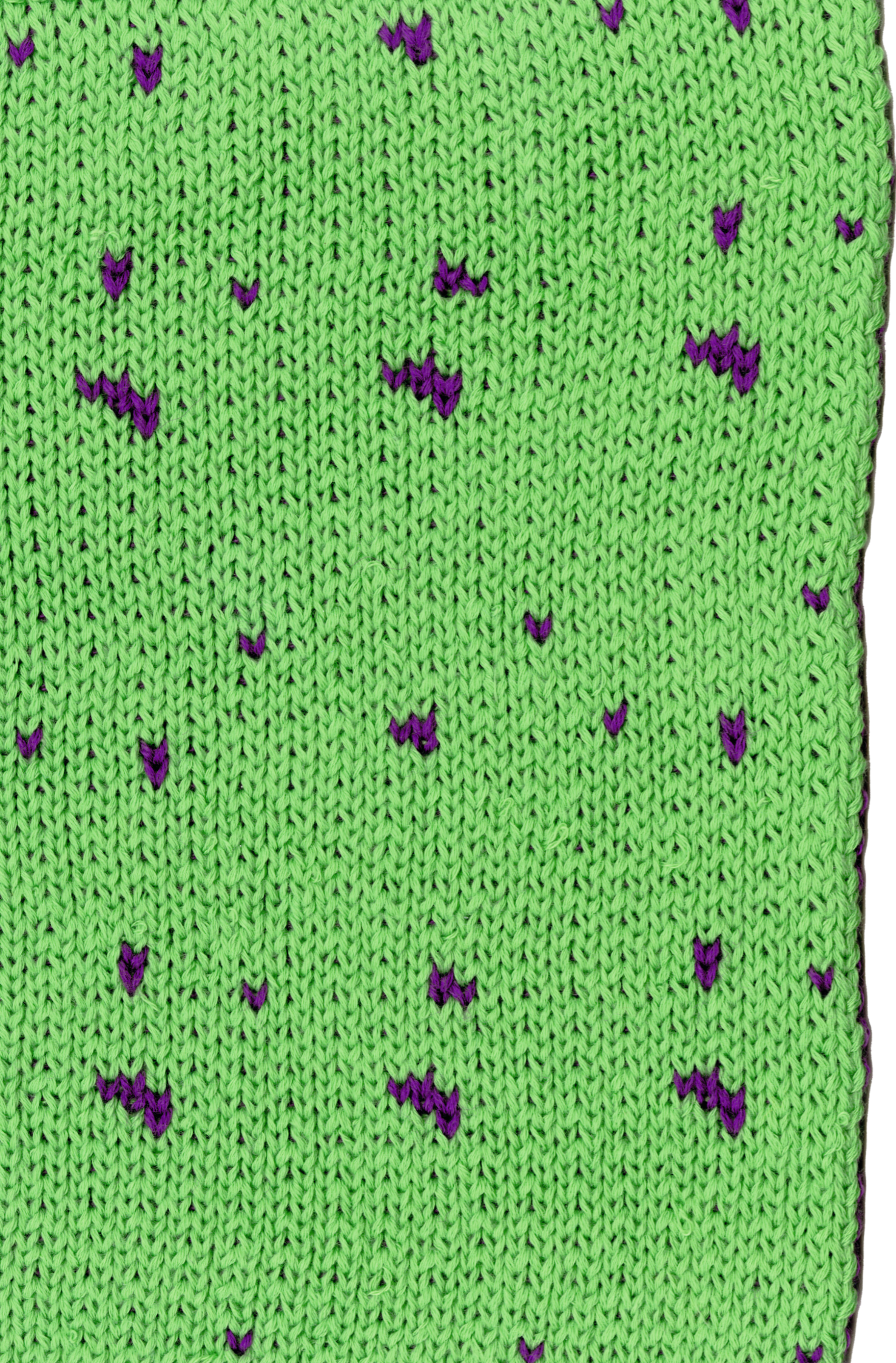
URBINO - ASSISI (IT)

Franz Moser

Gubbio and Piccione. It is a four-day journey organized and walked in a group with friends and acquaintances from school days. Despite the religious framework, it is still a journey for different people regardless of their faith. With a weekend before and after, it is a very pleasant balance between nostalgic school trip feeling, deep and not so deep conversations with all sorts of different people and plenty of opportunity to slow down and focus on yourself. For me, this time with sometimes quiet, thoughtful and sometimes cheerful, loud phases is an ideal balance to everyday life and one of the many interpretations of the word "break".

It is precisely this ambivalence between peaceful and restless circumstances that gives the journey a special value, as the relaxation of a lunch break in sunshine and singing after a cold and adverse march allows for much more self-reflective experiences than any wellness holiday could for me.





A WALK IN THE OBERWALD (DE)

Melanie Wisser

Setting out for a stroll through the Oberwald forest in Karlsruhe while tracking our GPS data on our phones, our mission was simple: find wild garlic. Yet, this elusive plant proved to be quite the master of disguise. Our search came up empty, leaving us on the verge of giving up. Just as hope was fading, a sudden, potent aroma filled the air. And there it was, growing right next to the small brook: wild garlic, a fortunate discovery that lifted our spirits. But that wasn't all; we also stumbled upon deadnettle nearby.

Gathering both, we returned home to concoct a delightful dinner from nature's bounty. With wild garlic pesto pasta adorned with deadnettle flowers, our meal was not only delicious but also packed with health benefits. Wild garlic, boasting more vitamin C than an orange, offered antibacterial, anti-inflammatory, and immune-boosting properties. And let's not forget the deadnettle, renowned in naturopathy for its ability to address respiratory, skin, and digestive issues, among others.

Nature's offerings never cease to amaze us!
Be grateful for it!



LEVERKUSEN (DE) - BANBURY (GB)

Tjark Schönfeld

In 2000, I left Germany (Leverkusen) early in the morning to study in Great Britain. I arrived at my destination (Banbury) late in the afternoon. I lived there for 3 years and met my current wife.

My car was packed with everything imaginable, so I didn't see much. It happened during an oil crisis when gas stations had hardly any gasoline. I got lost because my directions were very rudimentary and there were no „smart phones“ yet. There are a few more anecdotes to tell about what happened on the way, and over the years I have repeatedly shared excerpts of this, for me, life-changing experience with others.

I stayed in GB for a whole 23 years, founded my family there, lived and worked as a teacher.



PHUKET - BANGKOK (THA)

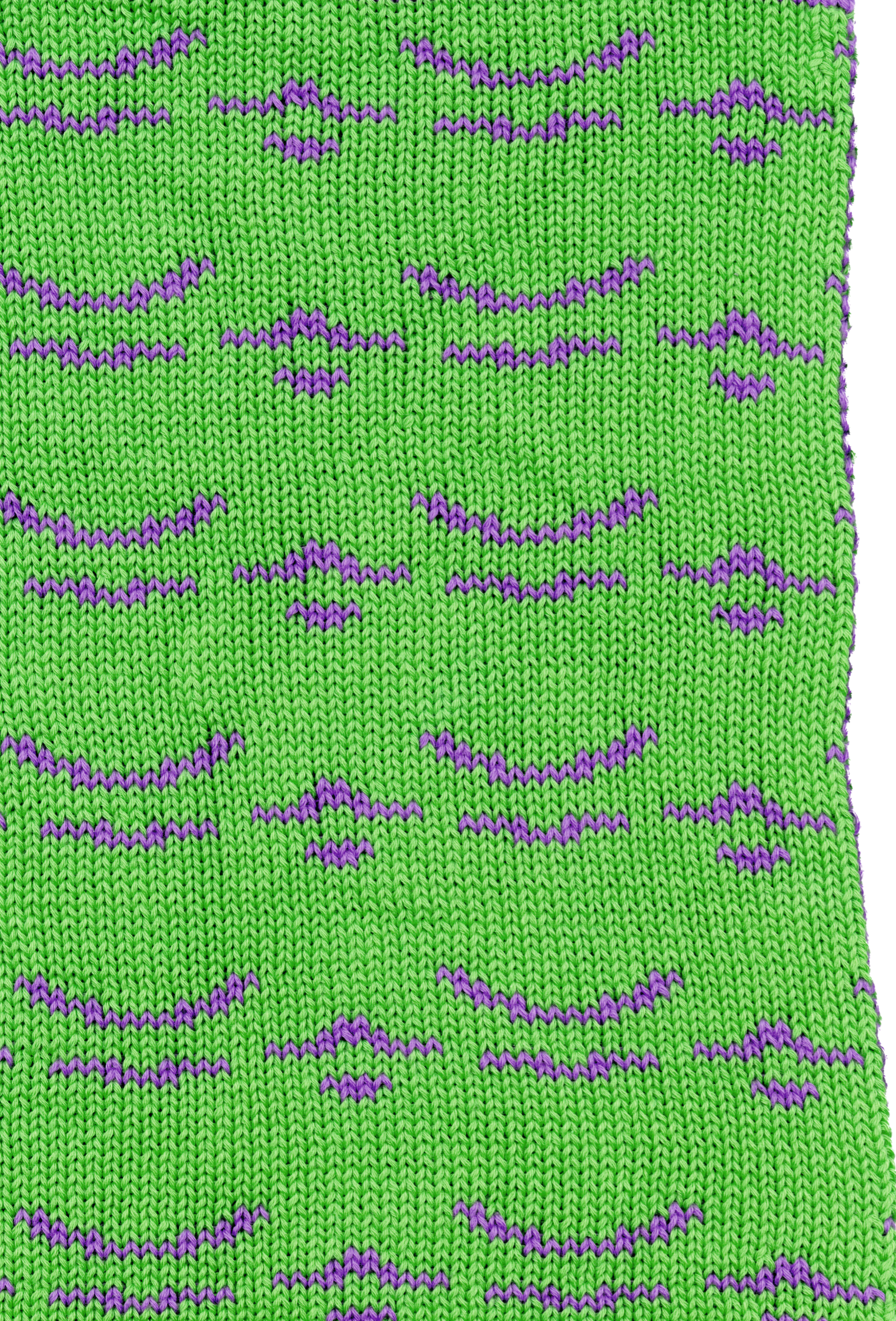
Anne Scriba

In the spring of 2023, my mother asked me out of the blue if I would like to travel with her to Thailand for a few weeks over Christmas and New Year's Eve. I was surprised but very happy and immediately agreed - We had never taken a longer trip together before.

And I never really perceived my mother as being very keen to travel outside of Europe. She told me about a trip to Morocco, shortly after graduating from high school, and I remember that when I was little she went to Egypt with a friend for a few weeks. So it promised to be a bit of an adventure, also because I myself have only rarely flown long distances.

The pattern emerged from our route, starting in Phuket, via a national park and along the Andaman coast towards Bangkok, from where our flight back to Germany took off after three weeks. And in retrospect, we actually had an exciting and beautiful time! Of course there was also the occasional conflict, for example about whether it was too dangerous for me to drive a moped without a license...

But I am grateful that our relationship allows for such an intensive time together and I would do it again anytime.

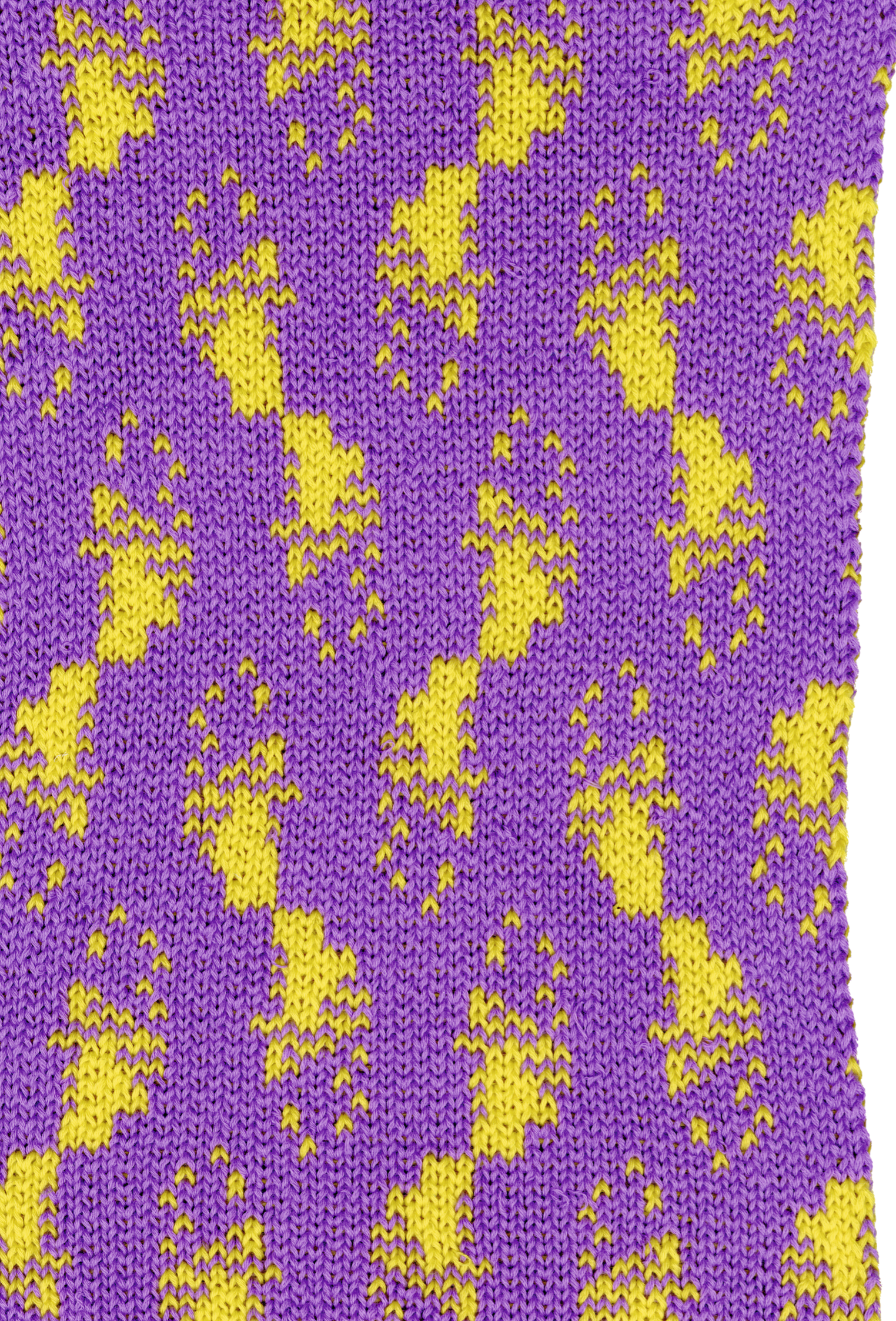


ZIEGELHAUSEN - COLOGNE (DE)

Henrik Jentzsch

The route from Ziegelhausen to Cologne was my almost weekly journey for about three years to my girlfriend, who was doing her bachelor's degree there. Although it was a long-distance relationship, we could spend 4 to 5 days together every week.

On Thursday after the last lecture, I would always go straight to the A5, no matter the weather. With a bit of luck, I would be in Holweide two and a half hours later and could spend the rest of the week with her in her shared flat. The way back on Monday morning was the same. So on Mondays I usually came directly from Cologne to the first lecture.



ROUNDTRIP FERNSTEINSEE (AT)

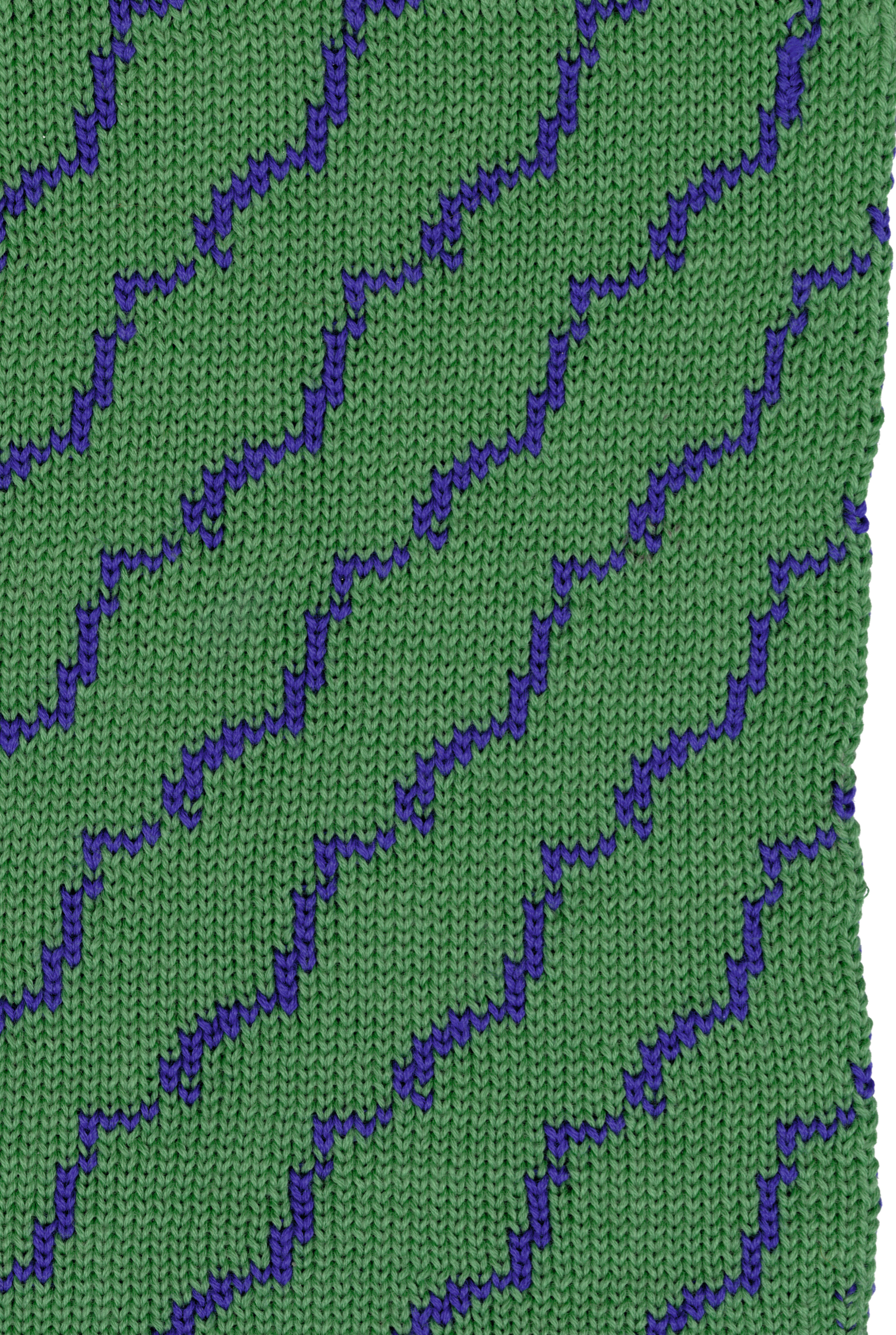
Alina Bastian

On a hot summer day in the mountains, surrounded by a backdrop of lush green and bright blue sky, we spent an unforgettable day at the lake. The two of us explored the crystal clear water on a paddleboard. Gently we glided along the shore and to the small, enchanted islands, accompanied only by the gentle lapping of the water and the cheerful chirping of the birds. Every now and then the muffled mooing of cows pierced the peaceful silence.

The underwater world revealed itself in all its glory:

Sunken trees, overgrown with algae, created a fascinating underwater landscape. On a tiny island we took a break in the hammock before refreshing ourselves with a jump into the lake. The ice-cold water made us freeze for a moment, but the warming sun welcomed us back with open arms, and we enjoyed every moment to the fullest.

We will always look back with joy on this day in the untouched beauty of nature and the unbridled heat of the air as well as the harsh coldness of the water.

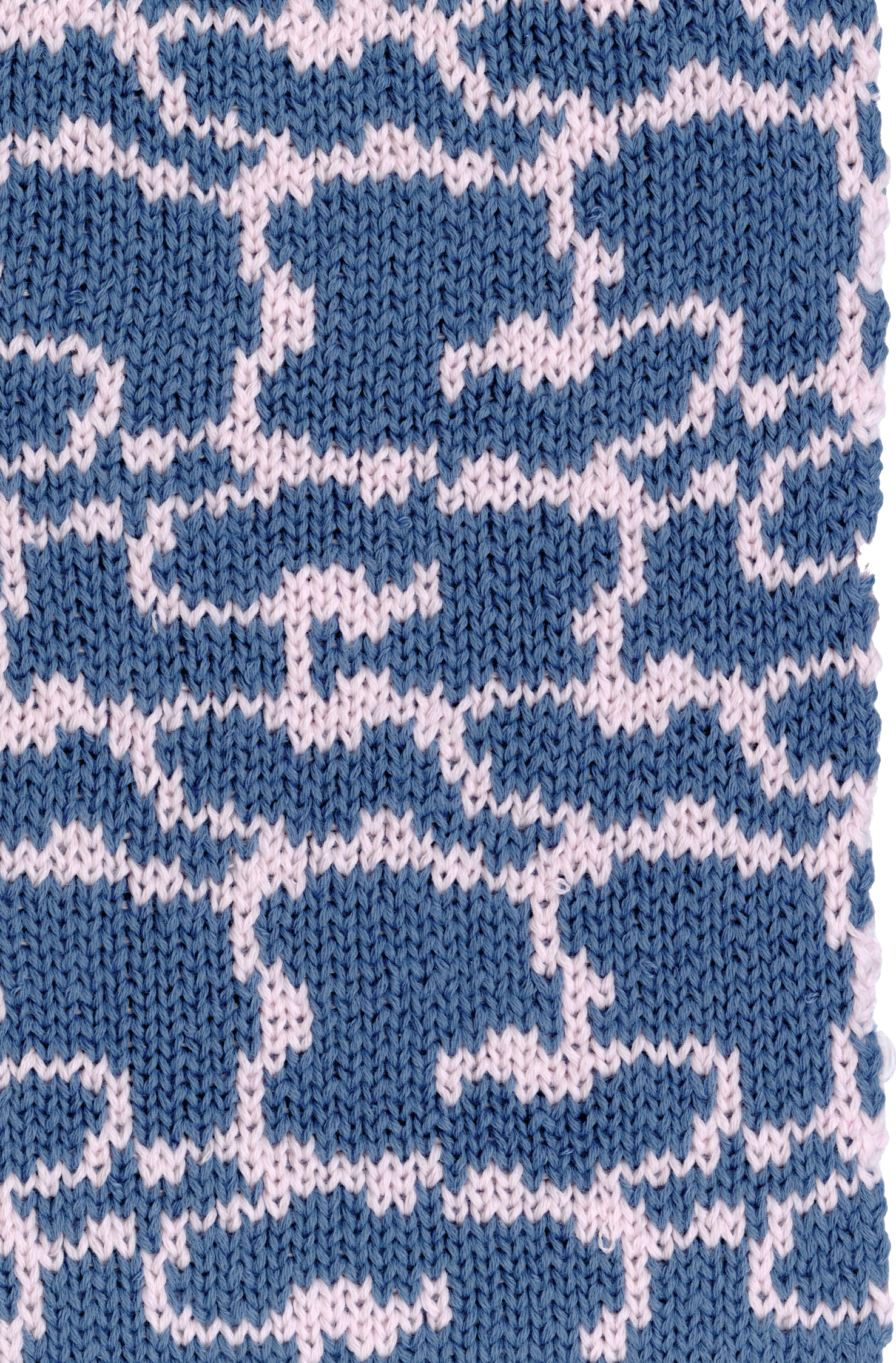


KUPPENHEIM - RASTATT (DE)

Lea Schnurr

Trading the city for the countryside, I left behind a lot of connections: friends, family, the buzz of cafes, and laughter in beer gardens. These places were connected by bike paths, my constant companions throughout life.

Now, in my new home, distances are either walkable or require the car. Yet, there's one route I conquer by bike: a perfectly paved path that winds through the village, past horse paddocks and vegetable fields. It cuts through the forest alongside the canal, weaving between allotment gardens with their tempting beer gardens and past the swimming pool. This path unfailingly leads me to someone special, someone who makes time fly. And as I cycle home I enjoy the peaceful silence I know I made the right choice.



KARLSRUHE (DE) - BRUSSELS (BE)

Laurine Haller

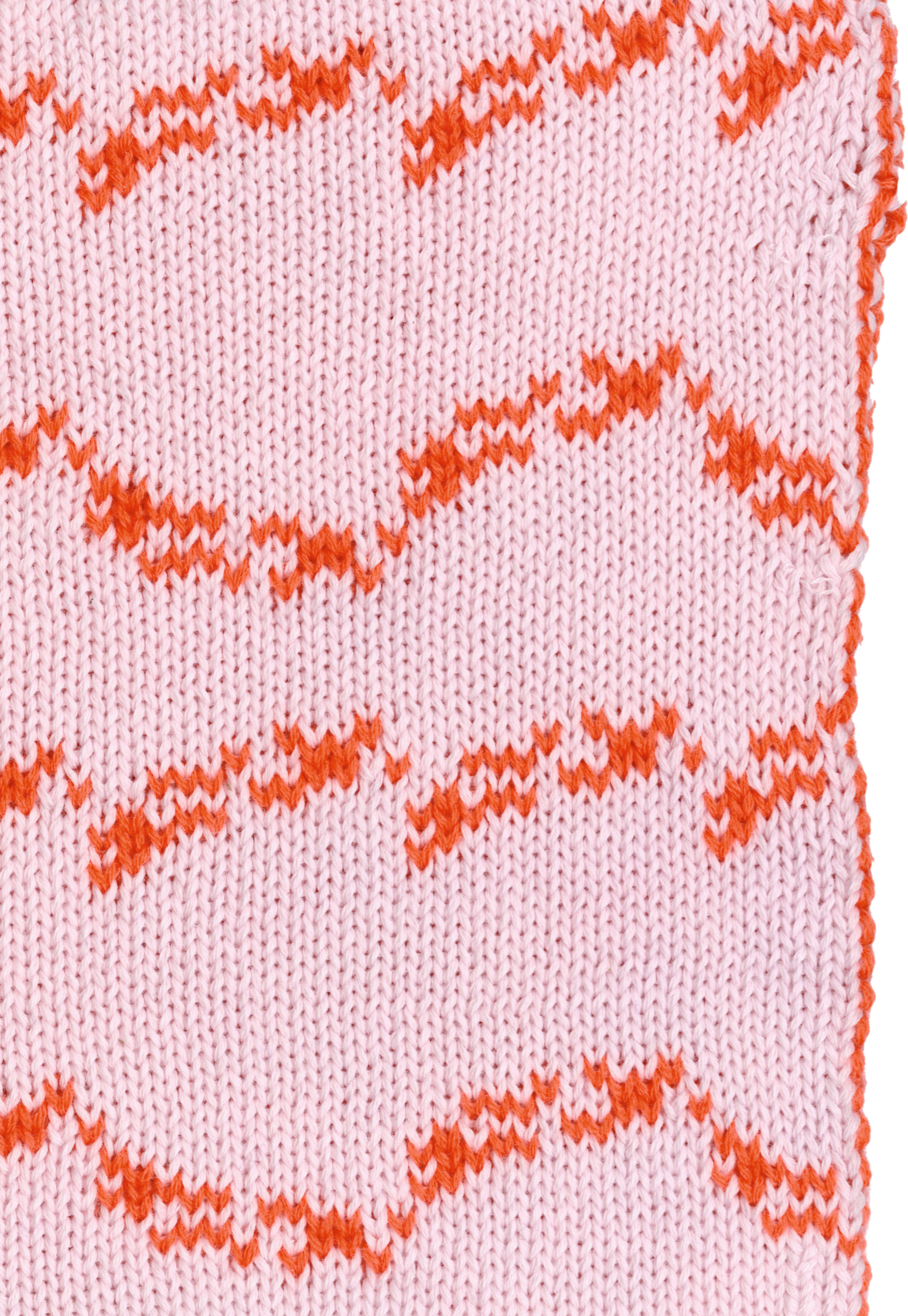
In February 2021, during the lockdown due to the coronavirus pandemic, I decided to go on my semester abroad, contrary to the opinion of many others. I wanted to get out of my routine everyday life in Karlsruhe and try something new. With an XXL suitcase, I set off for Brussels on the ICE 913 train.

The route goes through Mannheim, Frankfurt Airport, and then Cologne Central Station as a layover. I have a 38-minute layover at Cologne station and plan to eat a currywurst for lunch.

From Cologne, I continue via Aachen, Liege, Bruxelles-Nord, and Bruxelles-Midi. I live in the Forest district, 10 minutes by train from Bruxelles-Midi. Exhausted from the journey but impressed by the Art Nouveau houses, I walk down Bd Guillaume von Haelen to house number 132. Once in my new room, I enjoy the view of the Parc du Forest.

I lived in Brussels for a year and learned to appreciate and love the openness of the people, the liveliness, and creativity of the city. I met my boyfriend there and have since traveled the Karlsruhe/Brussels route and back 72 times. The acquaintances I made on these trips remain in my memory to this day.

I will be moving to Brussels next month.



BAD DÜRKHEIM (DE)

Nina Eberle

On my second day of school, I walked to school with other children for the first time. It was late summer 1999, I was six years old, had straw-blond hair with tails, and wore a Mickey Mouse backpack. I was late, and the other children were already waiting. Faces in the dim morning light, older than me, cooler. I didn't know anyone. Nevertheless, they took me in.

In their care, I felt like I was on an adventure.

The path led through the small town to the center, lined with wineries. Aromas streamed from the cellar windows: earthy, musty, damp, woody, rough, smooth, flowery, dusty. In an ancient building with an overgrown garden, wooden barrels were made for the wineries. There was always a fire burning there, and the smoke spread over the neighborhood.

The school, late classicist and impressive, radiated the aura of an old building. As a child, I understood the age of the house as a deep network of woven memories and experiences. The entrance portal with a huge white ball lamp, through which the children pushed. The ancient wooden handrails, polished smooth by thousands of children's hands. The worn sand stone steps leading to my classroom on the fourth floor. It had something comforting, something to lean on, but just as often something oppressive and cold.



VIENNA (AT) - KARLSRUHE (DE)

Erik Grunder

The train journey from Vienna to Karlsruhe gives me mixed feelings. It's the trip that often feels endless, but I take it with excitement for what's to come. However, it's also the route that leads up to our time together and announces the goodbye that follows. It's the journey I'd love to make as often as possible, but also the one I'd rather never have to take.

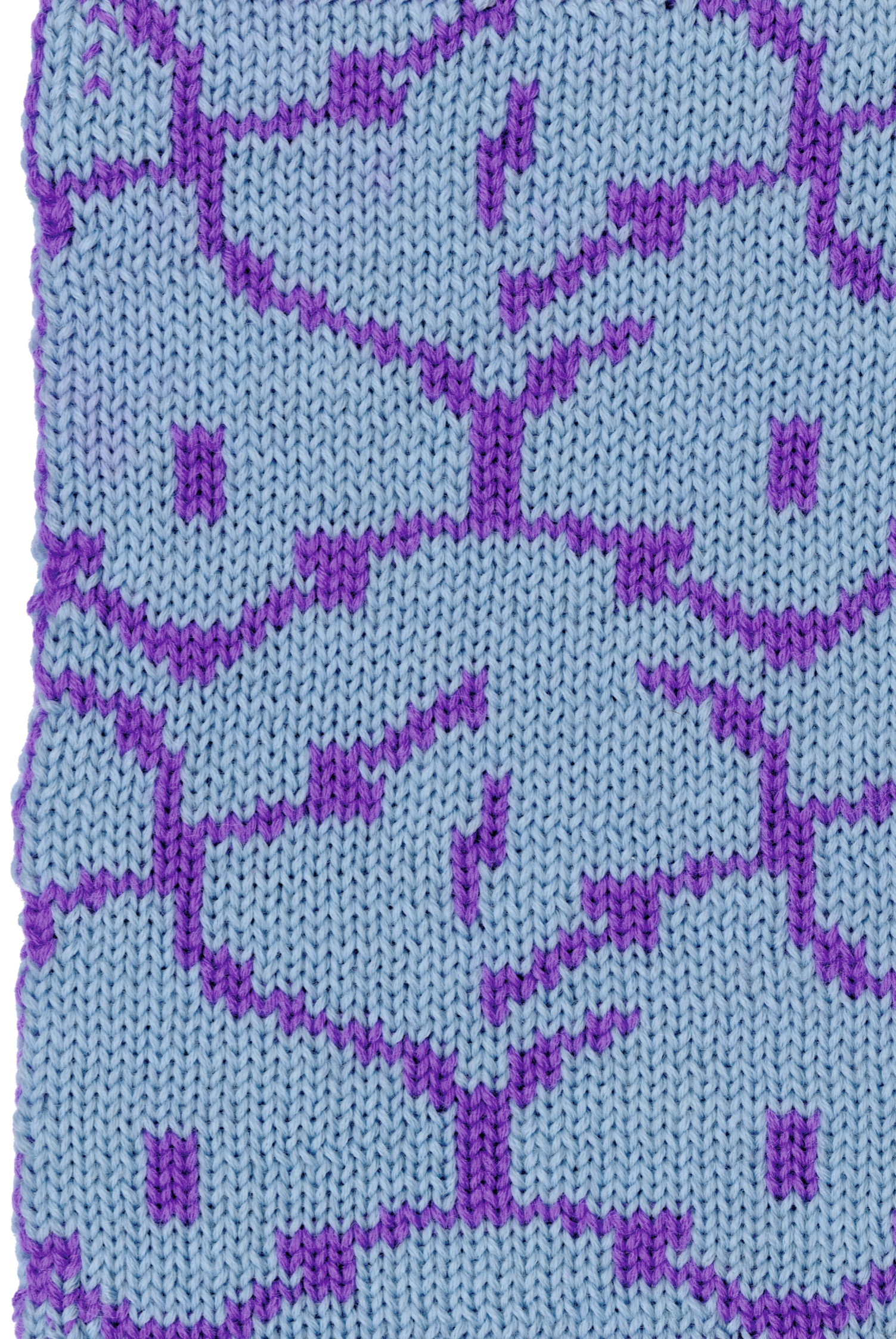
It is the 742 kilometers that separate me from her.

CAPE REINGA - DUNEDIN (NZ)

Maryte Collard

I live in Lithuania, the country where I was born and grew up. Since I was a child I have dreamt about traveling the world. Finally my dreams came true and I was able to visit many countries. One of my favorite trips was the trip to New Zealand, the country that, to compare to Lithuania, lies exactly on the opposite spot of the globe. Getting there wasn't easy but it was worth it. I fell in love with everything: people and nature. I traveled from the northernmost point of Cape Reinga on the North Island to the city of Dunedin on the South Island, many times crossing the country from West to East and back. I heard many stories about the history of native Maori people and the legends they carried from generation to generation. I walked in a rainforest admiring silver ferns, and on the snow-covered mountains. I looked for amazing birds, like kiwis that only walk at night, and albatrosses that call New Zealand their home.

The pattern created from my travels in New Zealand really reflects on my experiences and will always remind me about that amazing country.



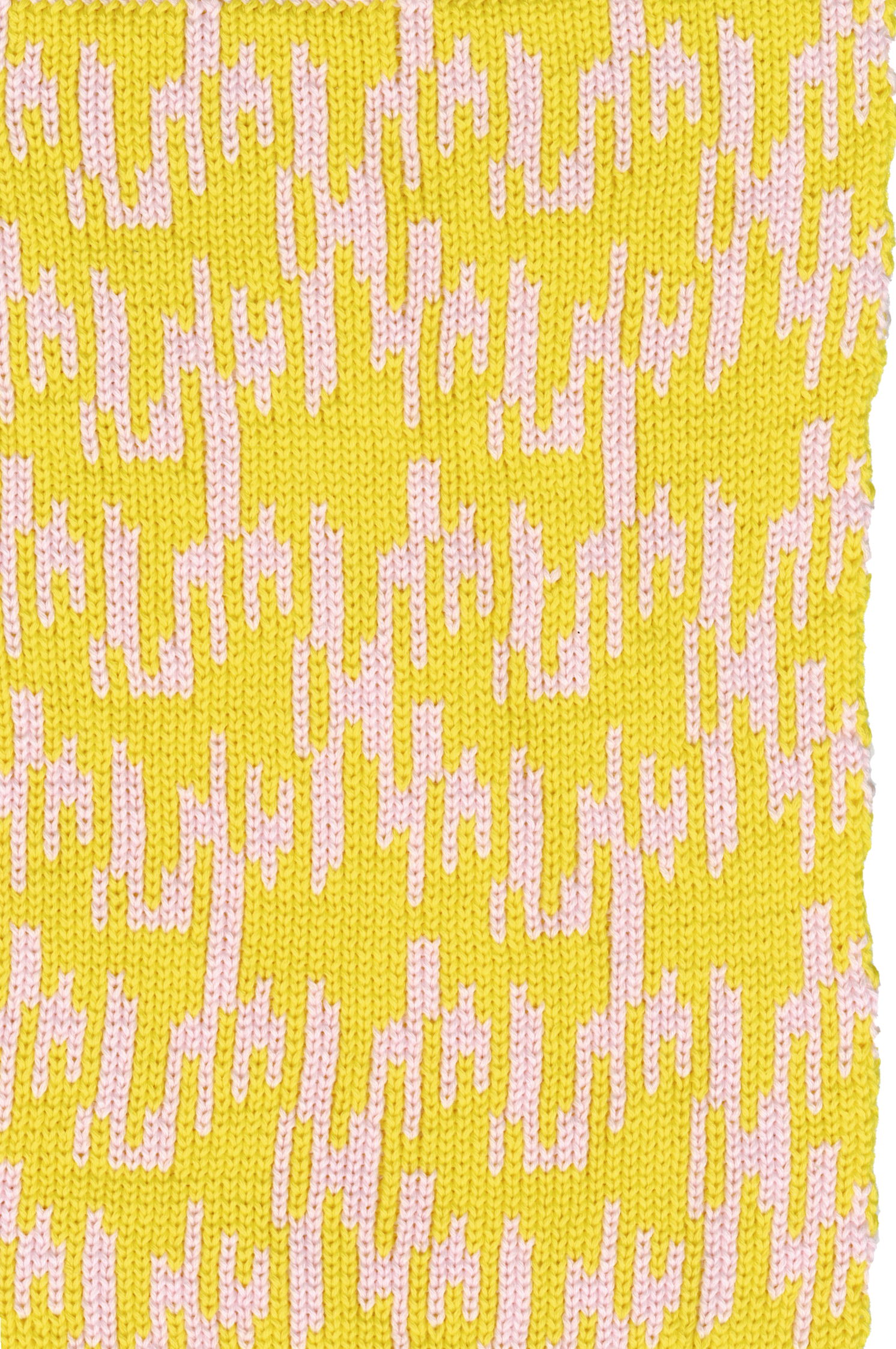
HEIDELBERG (DE) - NORMANDY (FR)

Paula Maestrali

As a child of a bilingual family, the drive from Heidelberg, the city where I grew up, to Normandy, the region where my father comes from, was always also a journey from one half of my identity to the other. I spent most of each year in Germany, in German schools and later at German universities. But the drive to Normandy was and still is the perfect introduction to a completely different everyday life, with different impressions and experiences.

Over the years, the route has become very familiar to me, I have probably stopped at least once at every rest stop between Heidelberg and Saint André. The eight hours fly by every time.





KARLSRUHE (DE) - VIENNA (AT)

Amelie Poxleitner

In 2022, my time in Vienna began with an internship at a small design studio in the center of the first district. I lived there for a whole year and Vienna immediately captured a firm place in my heart. Despite my experiences with various relocations,

I never felt as much at home anywhere else.

The attitude to life in Vienna is characterized by southern European lightness, coupled with an inviting coffee house culture. The cultural offer is unique and as a creative person the city is simply brimming with inspiration.

Since I moved back to Karlsruhe, every time I think of Vienna a feeling of longing overcomes me. But I know that my path will eventually lead me back to this wonderful city. Vienna will always have a special place in my heart, and I look forward to living there again one day.

BIO DESIGN LAB HFG KARLSRUHE (DE)

Julia Ihls

Open the combination lock

- set up the workstation
 - empty the trash can
 - answer emails
 - meeting
 - coffee break
- bbb call
- answer emails
 - sort material
 - lunch break
 - make arrangements with colleagues in the house
- prepare projects
 - write texts
 - pack up your backpack: everyday life in the Bio Design Lab at HfG Karlsruhe is diverse and yet often surprisingly monotonous. Behind the supposed work with living or regenerative materials, dressed in white lab coats, most of the time is digital PC work, sitting at the laboratory table. Preparing projects or email arrangements with colleagues
- while raw materials often have long supply chains behind them, their processing and administration often requires short distances. Sometimes just the length of a keyboard or a mouse pointer.



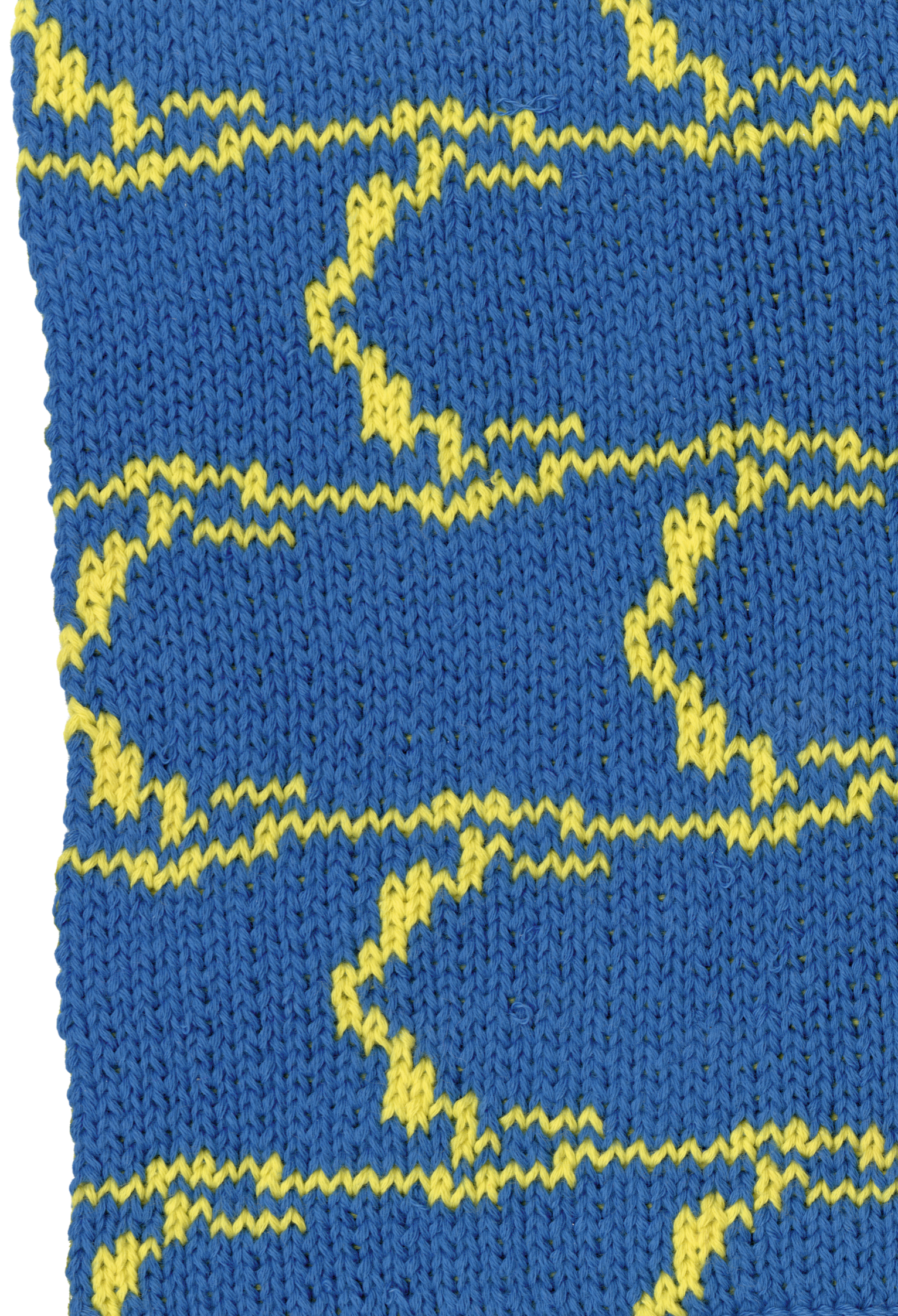
FOLLOWING THE TAL PIPELINE

Lukas Klein

Ever since I learned that the Karlsruhe oil refinery, in my own hometown, marks the end of a journey for 40 million tons of crude oil each year, I've been thinking about a journey following its path. Starting in Karlsruhe the pipeline runs through Germany to Ingolstadt, then turns south, past Munich before crossing into Austria at Kitzbühel. It passes the Alps through two tunnels and emerges in Italy to reach Trieste - where the large oil tankers from the Arab states come ashore.

This constant, invisible flow of a substance - seemingly omnipresent - makes my journey both exciting and unsettling.

It feels like I'm chasing something I won't even find at the journey's end in Trieste. Only fragments - forest clearings, concrete, steel structures, the occasional sign - mark the way.





NOREIKIŠKĖS (LT) - THEILHEIM (DE)

Rita Andrulyte

When I was 8 years old we moved from Lithuania to Germany. I remember my parents packing our car full of stuff. We only had a small car, and with my brother, there were four of us, so space was limited. But I really wanted to take my turtle pouf with me. I loved this old thing so much, but my parents told me there was no way it would fit in the car. After crying for a while, my parents convinced me that nobody would throw it away and that I could leave it with my grandparents.

I'd be able to play with the turtle whenever we came to visit.

The next time I saw the turtle pouf, maybe half a year later, it seemed so small to me. While I grew, the turtle appeared to shrink. Over distance, it didn't feel so important anymore.

The turtle is only a childhood memory now, living somewhere in my grandparents' basement.

Do you have a journey in mind?

Why not create your own unique pattern from coordinates!

IMPRESSUM

PathTiles is a diploma project developed by Rita Andrulyte at University of Arts and Design Karlsruhe, April 2024. This booklet is a companion piece to *PathTiles*, featuring a collection of stories and patterns created by 19 contributors.

All fabrics are knitted with domestic knitting machines by Rita Andrulyte, specifically with a Brother KH 930 and an Empisal Knitmaster 360.

The *PathTiles* website is coded by Rita Andrulyte.

THANKS

My sincerest thanks to everyone who contributed stories and patterns, including Alina Bastian, Viktorija Cibulskaitė, Maryte Collard, Nina Eberle, Miki Feller, Erik Grunder, Laurine Haller, Julia Ihls, Henrik Jentzsch, Lukas Klein, Paula Maestrali, Franz Moser, Amelie Poxleitner, Lea Schnurr, Tjark Schönfeld, Anne Scriba, Ella Seiterle and Melanie Wisser.

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