



Erik aged three at the Schützenfest fair in Stadthagen. Like all men he bears a wooden rifle and a top hat to commemorate the defense of the city by the people's militia against the Napoleonic army.

»I never had a plan – at least, not one that was longer than two hours.«
Erik Spiekermann's childhood and youth, and the years before MetaDesign

By Isabelle Erler

In the black-and-white photo Erik is three years old. He stands on sandy ground; in the background are some cobblestones and part of a tree trunk to the right. He wears lederhosen, a traditional jacket, sandals, and knee-length socks that have slipped down a little. On his head, sunk deep into his neck, is a top hat far too big for him. Erik's round face peers out from underneath it. His big eyes gaze with fascination through strong-looking metal-framed glasses at something in the distance. He carries a pointy piece of wood on his left shoulder. Erik clutches it with both hands, but it looks as though he has forgotten about it; what he sees is too fascinating. His mouth is agape, as though he were on the verge of excitedly saying something about what he has discovered.