

# Teodor Cristian Matei

A London-based junior designer with two years of experience and a BA (Hons) in Graphic and Digital Design from the University of Greenwich.

Passionate about branding, typography, advertising, communication, 3D design, and everything in between. Also intrigued by design systems, their implementation in human-centered design, and their use in co-design methodologies.

Professional experiences include collaborating with the University of Greenwich in partnership with Social Work England, Greenwich Students' Union, and Design Dynamo; a student and alumni led enterprise, We Design For The Community programme; an initiative supported by the Mayor of London. Additionally, my undergraduate final project has been recognised and featured on the Romanian Design Week website.

# Blox

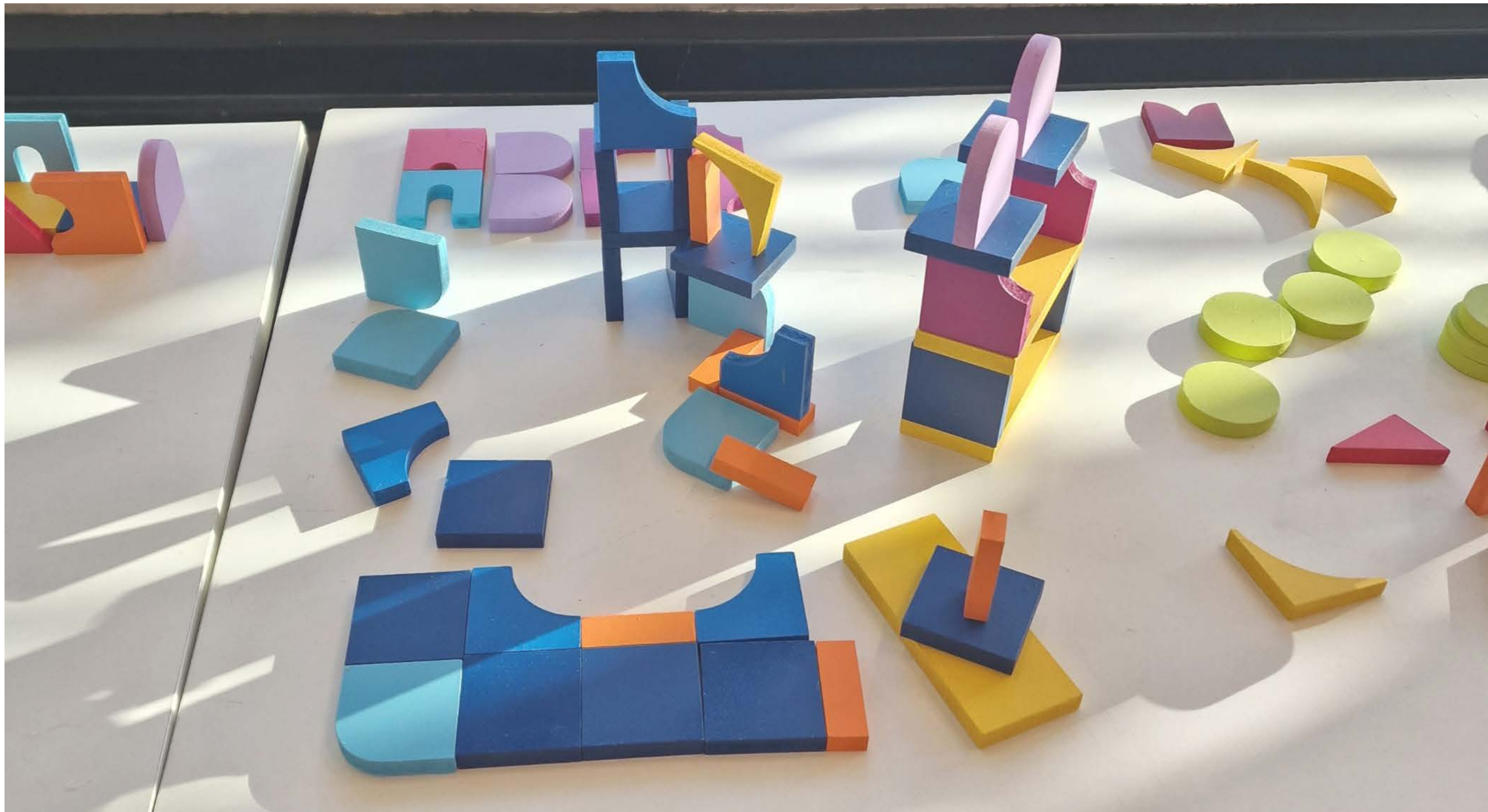
The conceptual foundation of Blox lies in its unique approach to incorporating typography into a tactile gaming experience. Blox transforms abstract typographic principles into concrete, interactive challenges by utilising geometric shapes. Players manipulate these shapes to create patterns, and explore the relationships between different forms while gaining a deeper understanding of typographic design.

A key source of inspiration for Blox is Johanna Drucker's work, "Graphesis: The Visual Form of Knowledge Production." Drucker argues that all visual language systems can be reduced to basic geometric forms—circles, triangles, squares, and arches. This perspective informed the development of Blox, guiding me to distil complex typographic concepts into simple, manipulable shapes.

Exhibition Design  
Product Design  
Design System  
Typography









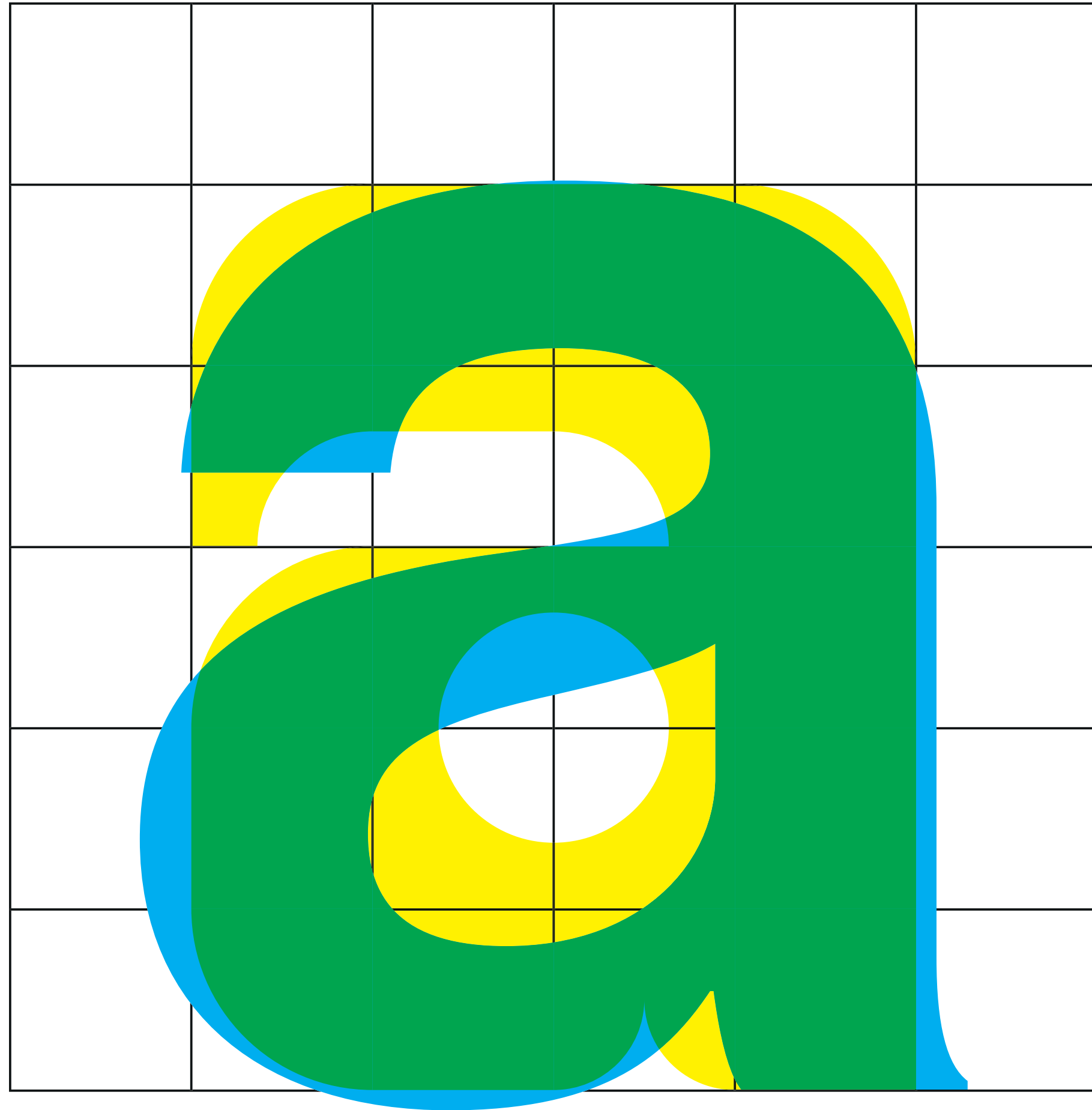
## Research

*"Everyone is an artist. The potential for creativity resides within each of us, waiting to be discovered."*  
– László Moholy-Nagy

Laszlo Moholy-Nagy's "Vision in Motion" has greatly inspired my project, providing profound insights into the human creative spirit. It reinforces the belief that everyone possesses a natural inclination towards creativity and imagination. This universal truth has been ingrained in human DNA, enabling us to receive sensory experiences, think critically, and express ourselves. I believe creativity itself is a language that allows us to express ourselves as effectively as written or spoken words.

It is important to understand the commonalities of this language, transcending cultural backgrounds. Johanna Drucker's "Graphesis: The Visual Form of Knowledge Production" explains that visual knowledge is codified when graphic forms, such as triangles, squares, circles, and arcs, are described in drawings and texts. Visual systems are not just tools for designers; they are inherent in our human nature, helping us make sense of the world.

Drawing inspiration from artists like Wassily Kandinsky, who created visual systems to convey emotions through colours and shapes, I explored the potential of design systems and symbolism in my project. Incorporating the concept of play, I researched similar projects that served as valuable sources to ground my own exploration of creating a visual language that effectively communicates and evokes emotions.

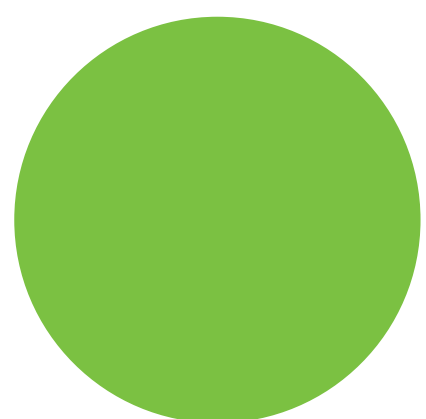
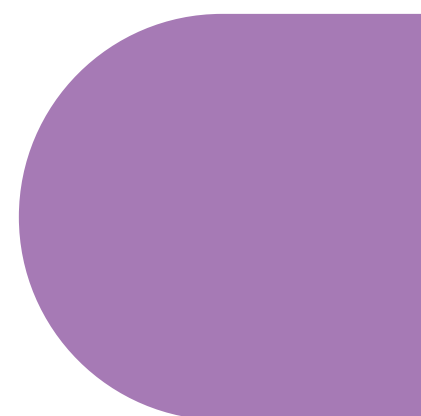
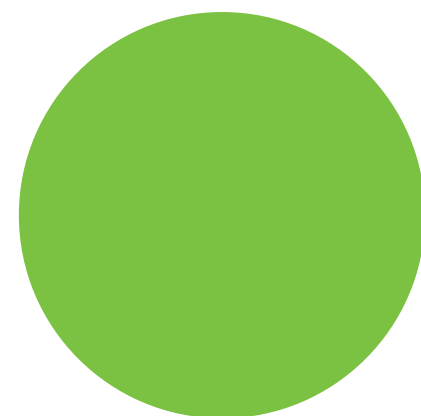
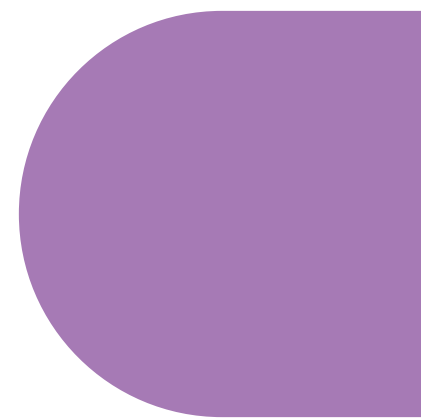
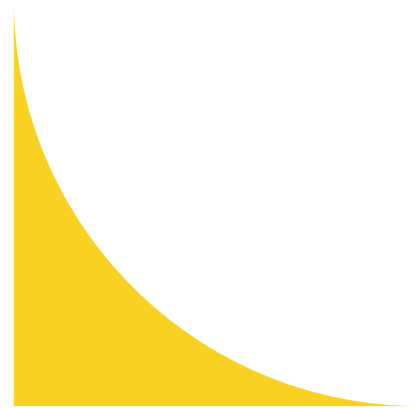
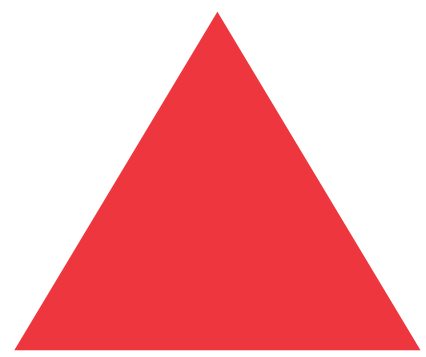


By analysing and deconstructing letters, I discovered abstract shapes with distinct features reminiscent of the original letters. These shapes became the foundation for a game I created. I arranged selected letters from the alphabet (a, b, e, g, k, n, p, r, s, and x) in a 6x6 grid, utilising the Neue Haas Grotesk Bold font to enhance their aesthetic appeal.

Through this process, I identified unique aspects and characteristics of these letters, which served as the basis for developing a systematic approach. This system can be utilised in various ways, such as designing new fonts or creating different shapes that actively engage and stimulate creativity. The exploration of these letter forms and their subsequent transformation into abstract shapes opened up possibilities for novel design expressions.

This endeavour aimed to inspire and encourage innovative thinking, ultimately fostering creativity through the playful interaction with the established shapes system.







APPRESENT

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# Blox – TCM Baton

## Typography

The creation of TCM Baton is deeply rooted in the inspiration I drew from Blox, a unique visual system renowned for its distinct and striking aesthetic. Blox's design principles provided a foundation upon which I developed TCM Baton, infusing the typeface with a sense of structured yet dynamic visual appeal.

TCM Baton is not just a typeface; it is my experimental journey into the world of typography. Designed to embody the essence of Blox, TCM Baton defies conventional typographic norms. It is a condensed display typeface, characterised by its unique look and feel.

**Beston**

**UN**

**U**

**Bucharest**

**London**

**Belgrade**

**Stockholm**

fffff

mgstt



# Pi value

3.141592653589793238462  
643383279582884197

funky wizards jolt nymphs  
by vexing their lazy  
boxed glyphs

Pack my box with  
five dozen liquor jugs

AaBbCcDdEeFfGgHh

IiJjKkLlMmNnOoPp

QqRrSsTtUuVvWw

XxYyZz0123456789

# Crime and punishment

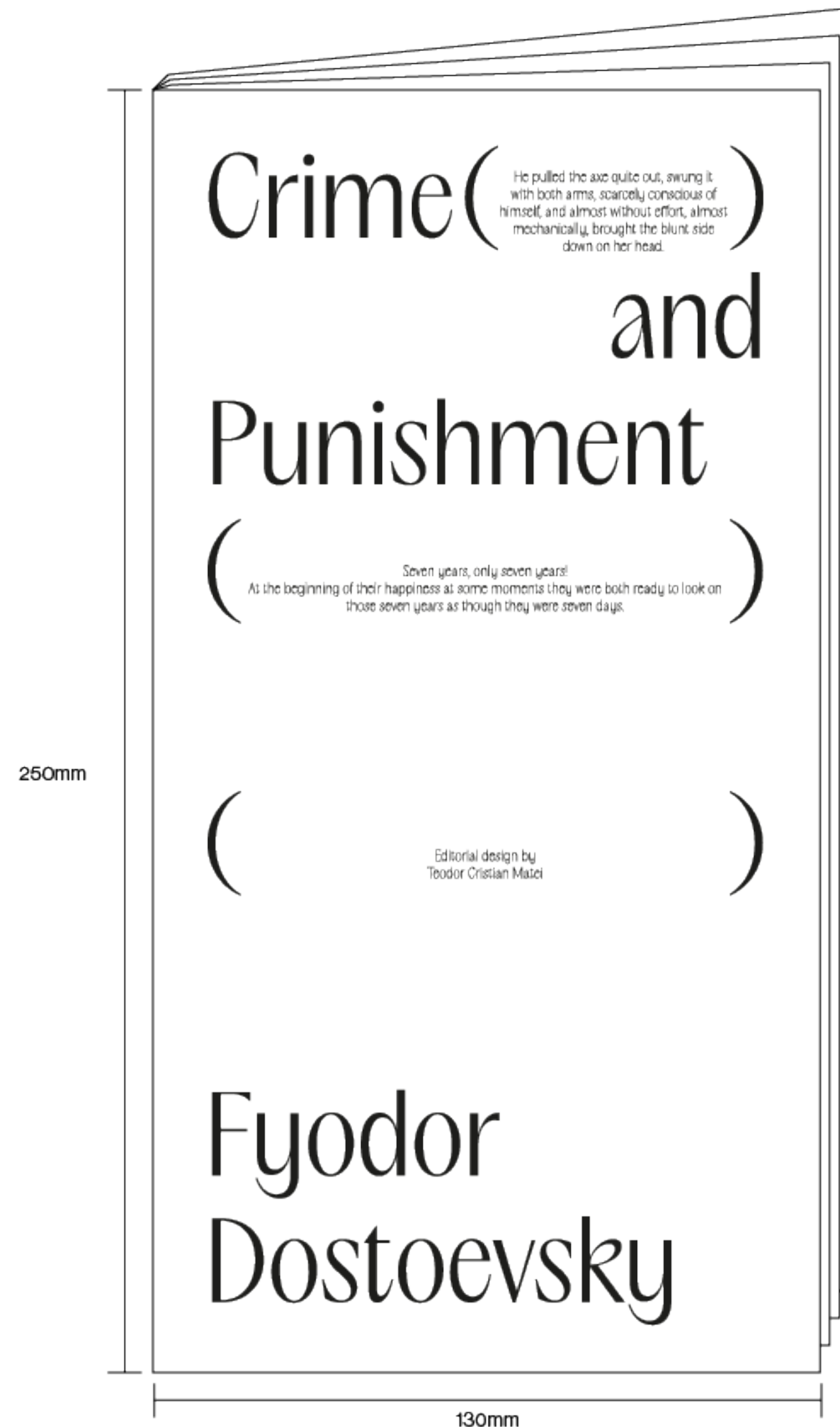
The typographic treatment of this version of Dostoevsky's Crime and Punishment reflects Heidegger's existential philosophy. By analysing the varying positioning of the characters in the text, the project suggests that the layout symbolises different modes of existence (Dasein) and the characters' relationship to the world.

Dostoevsky's exploration of moral and existential dilemmas anticipates Heidegger's later philosophical inquiries into authenticity and being. This project connects their ideas, proposing that the main character's prominent placement on the page mirrors his direct confrontation with existence, aligning with Heidegger's concepts of being-in-the-world. In the novel's final chapter, a shift to a more traditional layout represents the main character's journey toward self-discovery and reconciliation with his existence.

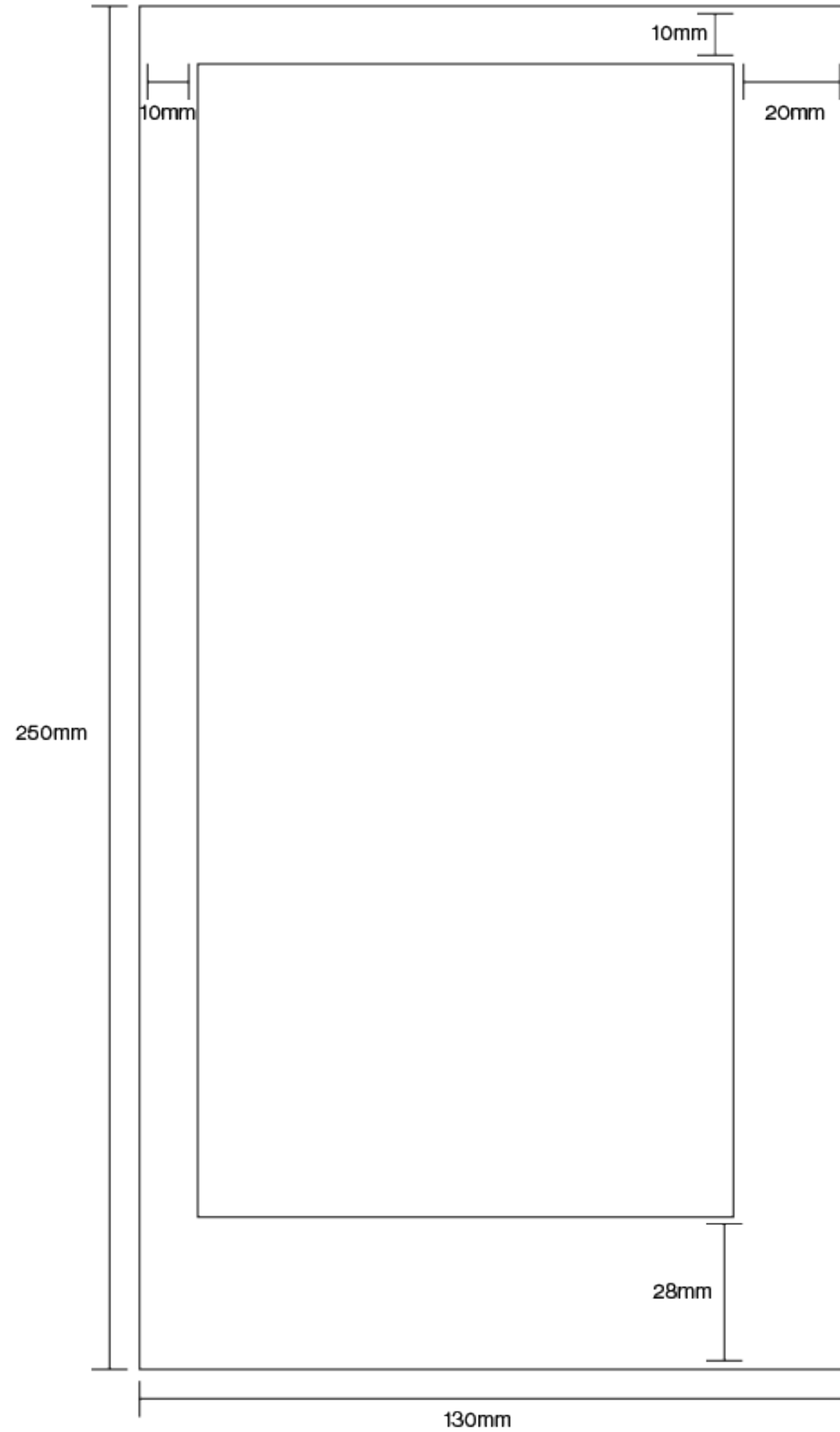
# Crime) and ( Punishment )

He pulled the axe quite out, swung it with both arms, scarcely conscious of himself, and almost without effort, almost mechanically, brought the blunt side down on her head.

At the beginning of their happiness at some moments they were both ready to look on those seven years as though they were seven days.  
Seven years, only seven years!



The book's dimensions of 130mm x 250mm are deliberately chosen to reflect the main character's perception of himself as exceptional and distinct from society. Just as Raskolnikov views himself as set apart due to his philosophical and moral struggles, the unconventional size of the book mirrors this sense of uniqueness. The taller, narrower format allows the book to stand out visually on a shelf, symbolising Raskolnikov's heightened, yet isolated, confrontation with existence—a physical embodiment of his belief in being set apart from others.



The page margins are crafted to enhance the book's distinctiveness. The narrow top and outside margins create a sleek, modern look, while the wider inside and bottom margins ensure the content feels spacious and considered. This design choice, like the book's unconventional dimensions, reinforces the idea of standing out visually and conceptually. The layout not only draws attention but also gives a sense of balance, further highlighting the uniqueness of the text and its main character.

*"A rouble and a half, and interest in  
advance, if you like!"*

*"A rouble and a half!"*

cried the young man.

*"Please yourself"*

and the old woman handed him back  
the watch.

The young man took it, and was so angry that he was on the point  
of going away; but checked himself at once, remembering that there  
was nowhere else he could go, and that he had had another object  
also in coming.

*"Hand it over,"*

he said roughly.

The old woman fumbled in her pocket for her keys, and disappeared  
behind the curtain into the other room. The young man, left  
standing alone in the middle of the room, listened inquisitively,  
thinking. He could hear her unlocking the chest of drawers.

*"It must be the top drawer,"*

he reflected.

*"So she carries the keys in a pocket on  
the right. All in one bunch on a steel  
ring. And there's one key there, three  
times as big as all the others, with deep  
notches; that can't be the key of the chest  
of drawers... then there must be some  
other chest or strong-box... that's worth  
knowing. Strong-boxes always have keys  
like that... but how degrading it all is."*

The old woman came back.

The omnipresent narrator is presented in a frontal position, symbolising a broad, objective view of the narrative. This reflects the narrator's comprehensive awareness and control over the plot and characters.

The main character, is asserting his presence in the world, standing out, or confronting existence more directly. This reflect the idea of Dasein as a being that is aware of and engaged with its own existence.

Other characters, are seen from the perspective of the main character as being less "present" or less significant in the existential sense. They could be perceived as more embedded in the world, less distinct, or less self-aware.

The scenic director role is represented by more indented text, offering detailed, intimate insights into the characters' internal states and struggles, and guiding small actions within the narrative.



## Chapter 1

On an exceptionally hot evening early in July a young man came out of the garret in which he lodged in S. Place and walked slowly, as though in hesitation, towards K. bridge.

He had successfully avoided meeting his landlady on the staircase. His garret was under the roof of a high, five-storied house and was more like a cupboard than a room. The landlady who provided him with garret, dinners, and attendance, lived on the floor below, and every time he went out he was obliged to pass her kitchen, the door of which invariably stood open. And each time he passed, the young man had a sick, frightened feeling, which made him scowl and feel ashamed. He was hopelessly in debt to his landlady, and was afraid of meeting her.

This was not because he was cowardly and abject, quite the contrary; but for some time past he had been in an overstrained irritable condition, verging on hypochondria. He had become so completely absorbed in himself, and isolated from his fellows that he dreaded meeting, not only his landlady, but anyone at all. He was crushed by poverty, but the anxieties of his position had of late ceased to weigh upon him. He had given up attending to matters of practical importance; he had lost all desire to do so. Nothing that any landlady could do had a real terror for him. But to be stopped on the stairs, to be forced to listen to her trivial, irrelevant gossip, to pestering demands for payment, threats and complaints, and to rack his brains for excuses, to prevaricate, to lie—no, rather than that, he would creep down the stairs like a cat and slip out unseen.

This evening, however, on coming out into the street, he became acutely aware of his fears.

*"I want to attempt a thing like that and am frightened by these trifles."*

he thought, with an odd smile.

*Hm... yes, all is in a man's hands and he lets it all slip from cowardice, that's an axiom. It would be interesting to know what it is men are most afraid of. Taking a new step, uttering a new word is what they fear most... But I am talking too much. It's because I chatter that I do nothing. Or perhaps it is that I chatter because I do nothing. I've learned to chatter this last month, lying for days together in my den thinking... of Jack the Giant-killer. Why am I going there now? Am I capable of that? Is that serious? It is not serious at all. It's simply a fantasy to amuse myself; a plaything! Yes, maybe it is a plaything."*

The heat in the street was terrible; and the airlessness, the bustle and the plaster, scaffolding, bricks, and dust all about him, and that special Petersburg stench, so familiar to all who are unable to get out of town in summer—all worked painfully upon the young man's already overwrought nerves. The insufferable stench from the pot-houses, which are particularly numerous in that part of the town, and the drunken men whom he met continually, although it was a working day, completed the revolting misery of the picture. An expression of the profoundest disgust gleamed for a moment in the young man's refined face. He was, by the way, exceptionally handsome, above the average in height, slim, well-built, with beautiful dark eyes and dark brown hair. Soon he sank into deep thought, or more accurately speaking into a complete blankness of mind; he walked along not observing what was about him and not caring to observe it. From time to time, he would mutter something, from the habit of talking to himself, to which he had just confessed. At these moments he would become conscious that his ideas were sometimes in a tangle and that he was very weak; for two days he had scarcely tasted food.

He was so badly dressed that even a man accustomed to shabbiness would have been ashamed to be seen in the street in such rags. In that quarter of the town, however, scarcely any shortcoming in dress would have created surprise. Owing to the proximity of the Hay Market, the number of establishments of bad character, the preponderance of the trading and working class population

she kept coughing, but did not close the door. The youngest child, a girl of six, was asleep, sitting curled up on the floor with her head on the sofa. A boy a year older stood crying and shaking in the corner, probably he had just had a beating. Beside him stood a girl of nine years old, tall and thin, wearing a thin and ragged chemise with an ancient cashmere pelisse flung over her bare shoulders, long outgrown and barely reaching her knees. Her arm, as thin as a stick, was round her brother's neck. She was trying to comfort him, whispering something to him, and doing all she could to keep him from whimpering again. At the same time her large dark eyes, which looked larger still from the thinness of her frightened face, were watching her mother with alarm. Marmeladov did not enter the door, but dropped on his knees in the very doorway, pushing Raskolnikov in front of him. The woman seeing a stranger stopped indifferently facing him, coming to herself for a moment and apparently wondering what he had come for. But evidently she decided that he was going into the next room, as he had to pass through hers to get there. Taking no further notice of him, she walked towards the outer door to close it and uttered a sudden scream on seeing her husband on his knees in the doorway.

*"Ah!"*

she cried out in a frenzy,

*"he has come back! The criminal! the monster!... And where is the money? What's in your pocket, show me! And your clothes are all different! Where are your clothes? Where is the money! Speak!"*

And she fell to searching him. Marmeladov submissively and obediently held up both arms to facilitate the search. Not a farthing was there.

*"Where is the money?"*

she cried

*"Mercy on us, can he have drunk it all? There were twelve silver roubles left in the chest!"*

and in a fury she seized him by the hair and dragged him into the room.

Marmeladov seconded her efforts by meekly crawling along on his knees.

*"And this is a consolation to me! This does not hurt me, but is a positive consolation, ho-nou-red sir,"*

he called out, shaken to and fro by his hair and even once striking the ground with his forehead.

The child asleep on the floor woke up, and began to cry. The boy in the corner losing all control began trembling and screaming and rushed to his sister in violent terror, almost in a fit. The eldest girl was shaking like a leaf.

*"He's drunk it! he's drunk it all,"*

the poor woman screamed in despair

*"and his clothes are gone! And they are hungry, hungry!"*

and wringing her hands she pointed to the children.

*"Oh, accursed life! And you, are you not ashamed?"*

she pounced all at once upon Raskolnikov

*"from the tavern! Have you been drinking with him? You have been drinking with him, too! Go away!"*

The young man was hastening away without uttering a word. The inner door was thrown wide open and inquisitive faces were peering in at it. Coarse laughing faces with pipes and cigarettes and heads wearing caps thrust themselves in at the doorway. Further in could be seen figures in dressing gowns flung open, in costumes

He scowled.

*"To the police? What does she want?"*

*"You don't pay her money and you won't turn out of the room. That's what she wants, to be sure."*

*"The devil, that's the last straw."*

he muttered, grinding his teeth,

*"no, that would not suit me... just now. She is a fool."*

he added aloud.

*"I'll go and talk to her to-day."*

*"Fool she is and no mistake, just as I am. But why, if you are so clever, do you lie here like a sack and have nothing to show for it? One time you used to go out, you say, to teach children. But why is it you do nothing now?"*

*"I am doing..."*

Raskolnikov began sullenly and reluctantly.

*"What are you doing?"*

*"Work..."*

*"What sort of work?"*

*"I am thinking."*

he answered seriously after a pause.

Nastasya was overcome with a fit of laughter. She was given to laughter and when anything amused her, she laughed inaudibly, quivering and shaking all over till she felt ill.

*"And have you made much money by your thinking?"*

she managed to articulate at last.

*"One can't go out to give lessons without boots. And I'm sick of it."*

*"Don't quarrel with your bread and butter."*

*"They pay so little for lessons. What's the use of a few coppers?"*

he answered, reluctantly, as though replying to his own thought.

*"And you want to get a fortune all at once?"*

He looked at her strangely.

*"Yes, I want a fortune."*

he answered firmly, after a brief pause.

*"Don't be in such a hurry, you quite frighten me! Shall I get you the loaf or not?"*

*"As you please."*

*"Ah, I forgot! A letter came for you yesterday when you were out."*

*"A letter? for me! from whom?"*

*"I can't say. I gave three copecks of my own to the postman for it. Will you pay me back?"*

*"Then bring it to me, for God's sake, bring it."*

minute later the letter was brought him. That was it: from his mother, from the province of R——. He turned pale when he took

## Chapter 4

His mother's letter had been a torture to him, but as regards the chief fact in it, he had felt not one moment's hesitation, even whilst he was reading the letter. The essential question was settled, and irrevocably settled, in his mind:

*"Never such a marriage while I am alive and Mr. Luzhin be damned!"*

*"The thing is perfectly clear."*

he muttered to himself, with a malignant smile anticipating the triumph of his decision.

*"No, mother, no, Dounia, you won't deceive me! and then they apologise for not asking my advice and for taking the decision without me! I dare say! They imagine it is arranged now and can't be broken off; but we will see whether it can or not! A magnificent excuse: Pyotr Petrovitch is such a busy man that even his wedding has to be in post-haste, almost by express. No, Dounia, I see it all and I know what you want to say to me, and I know too what you were thinking about, when you walked up and down all night, and what your prayers were like before the Holy Mother of Kazan who stands in mother's bedroom. Bitter is the ascent to Golgotha... Hm... so it is finally settled; you have determined to marry a sensible business man, Avdotya Romanovna, one who has a fortune (has already made his fortune, that is so much more solid and impressive), a man who holds two government posts and who shares the ideas of our most rising generation, as mother writes, and who seems to be kind, as Dounia herself observes. That seems beats everything! And that very Dounia for that very 'seems' is marrying him! Splendid! splendid!"*

*"... But I should like to know why mother has written to me about 'our most rising generation'? Simply as a descriptive touch, or with the idea of prepossessing me in favour of Mr. Luzhin? Oh, the cunning of them! I should like to know one thing more: how far they were open with one another that day and night and all this time since? Was it all put into words, or did both understand that they had the same thing at heart and in their minds, so that there was no need to speak of it aloud, and better not to speak of it. Most likely it was partly like that, from mother's letter it's evident: he struck her as rude a little, and mother in her simplicity took her observations to Dounia. And she was sure to be vexed and 'answered her angrily.' I should think so! Who would not be angered when it was quite clear without any naïve questions and when it was understood that it was useless to discuss it. And why does she write to me, 'love Dounia, Rodya, and she loves you more than herself? Has she a secret conscience-prick at sacrificing her daughter to her son? You are our one comfort, you are everything to us.' Oh, mother!"*

His bitterness grew more and more intense, and if he had happened to meet Mr. Luzhin at the moment, he might have murdered him.

Siberia. On the banks of a broad solitary river stands a town, one of the administrative centres of Russia; in the town there is a fortress, in the fortress there is a prison. In the prison the second-class convict Rodion Raskolnikov has been confined for nine months. Almost a year and a half has passed since his crime.

There had been little difficulty about his trial. The criminal adhered exactly, firmly, and clearly to his statement. He did not confuse nor misrepresent the facts, nor soften them in his own interest, nor omit the smallest detail. He explained every incident of the murder, the secret of the pledge (the piece of wood with a strip of metal) which was found in the murdered woman's hand.

He described minutely how he had taken her keys, what they were like, as well as the chest and its contents; he explained the mystery of Lizaveta's murder; described how Koch and, after him, the student knocked, and repeated all they had said to one another; how he afterwards had run downstairs and heard Nikolay and Dmitri shouting; how he had hidden in the empty flat and afterwards gone home. He ended by indicating the stone in the yard off the Voznesensky Prospect under which the purse and the trinkets were found. The whole thing, in fact, was perfectly clear. The lawyers and the judges were very much struck, among other things, by the fact that he had hidden the trinkets and the purse under a stone, without making use of them, and that, what was more, he did not now remember what the trinkets were like, or even how many there were. The fact that he had never opened the purse and did not even know how much was in it seemed incredible. There turned out to be in the purse three hundred and seventeen roubles and sixty copecks. From being so long under the stone, some of the most valuable notes lying uppermost had suffered from the damp. They were a long while trying to discover why the accused man should tell a lie about this, when about everything else he had made a truthful and straightforward confession. Finally some of the lawyers more versed in psychology admitted that it was possible he had really not looked into the purse, and so didn't know what was in it when he hid it under the stone. But they immediately drew the deduction that the crime could only have been committed through temporary mental derangement, through homicidal mania, without object or the pursuit of gain. This fell in with the most recent fashionable theory of temporary insanity, so often applied in our days in criminal cases. Moreover Raskolnikov's hypochondriacal condition was proved by many witnesses.

by Dr. Zossimov, his former fellow students, his landlady and her servant. All this pointed strongly to the conclusion that Raskolnikov was not quite like an ordinary murderer and robber, but that there was another element in the case.

To the intense annoyance of those who maintained this opinion, the criminal scarcely attempted to defend himself. To the decisive question as to what motive impelled him to the murder and the robbery, he answered very clearly with the coarsest frankness that the cause was his miserable position, his poverty and helplessness, and his desire to provide for his first steps in life by the help of the three thousand roubles he had reckoned on finding. He had been led to the murder through his shallow and cowardly nature, exasperated moreover by privation and failure. To the question what led him to confess, he answered that it was his heartfelt repentance. All this was almost coarse...

The sentence however was more merciful than could have been expected, perhaps partly because the criminal had not tried to justify himself, but had rather shown a desire to exaggerate his guilt.

All the strange and peculiar circumstances of the crime were taken into consideration. There could be no doubt of the abnormal and poverty-stricken condition of the criminal at the time. The fact that he had made no use of what he had stolen was put down partly to the effect of remorse, partly to his abnormal mental condition at the time of the crime. Incidentally the murder of Lizaveta served indeed to confirm the last hypothesis: a man commits two murders and forgets that the door is open! Finally, the confession, at the very moment when the case was hopelessly muddled by the false evidence given by Nikolay through melancholy and fanaticism, and when, moreover, there were no proofs against the real criminal, no suspicions even (Porfiry Petrovitch fully kept his word)—all this did much to soften the sentence. Other circumstances, too, in the prisoner's favour came out quite unexpectedly. Razumihin somehow discovered and proved that while Raskolnikov was at the university he had helped a poor consumptive fellow student and had spent his last penny on supporting him for six months, and when this student died, leaving a decrepit old father whom he had maintained almost from his thirteenth year, Raskolnikov had got the old man into a hospital and paid for his funeral when he died. Raskolnikov's landlady bore witness, too, that when they had lived in another

At least he might have found relief in raging at his stupidity, as he had raged at the grotesque blunders that had brought him to prison. But now in prison, in freedom, he thought over and criticised all his actions again and by no means found them so blundering and so grotesque as they had seemed at the fatal time.

"In what way," he asked himself, "was my theory stupider than others that have swarmed and clashed from the beginning of the world? One has only to look at the thing quite independently, broadly, and uninfluenced by commonplace ideas, and my idea will by no means seem so... strange. Oh, sceptics and halfpenny philosophers, why do you halt half-way!"

"Why does my action strike them as so horrible?" he said to himself. "Is it because it was a crime? What is meant by crime? My conscience is at rest. Of course, it was a legal crime, of course, the letter of the law was broken and blood was shed. Well, punish me for the letter of the law... and that's enough. Of course, in that case many of the benefactors of mankind who snatched power for themselves instead of inheriting it ought to have been punished at their first steps. But those men succeeded and so they were right, and I didn't, and so I had no right to have taken that step."

It was only in that that he recognised his criminality, only in the fact that he had been unsuccessful and had confessed it.

He suffered too from the question: why had he not killed himself? Why had he stood looking at the river and preferred to confess? Was the desire to live so strong and was it so hard to overcome it? Had not Svidrigailov overcome it, although he was afraid of death?

In misery he asked himself this question, and could not understand that, at the very time he had been standing looking into the river, he had perhaps been dimly conscious of the fundamental falsity in himself and his convictions. He didn't understand that that consciousness might be the promise of a future crisis, of a new view of life and of his future resurrection.

He preferred to attribute it to the dead weight of instinct which he could not step over, again through weakness and meanness. He looked at his fellow prisoners and was amazed to see how they all loved life and prized it. It seemed to him that they loved and valued life more in prison than in freedom. What terrible agonies and privations some of them, the tramps for instance,

had endured! Could they care so much for a ray of sunshine, for the primeval forest, the cold spring hidden away in some unseen spot, which the tramp had marked three years before, and longed to see again, as he might to see his sweetheart, dreaming of the green grass round it and the bird singing in the bush? As he went on he saw still more inexplicable examples.

In prison, of course, there was a great deal he did not see and did not want to see; he lived as it were with downcast eyes. It was loathsome and unbearable for him to look. But in the end there was much that surprised him and he began, as it were involuntarily, to notice much that he had not suspected before. What surprised him most of all was the terrible impossible gulf that lay between him and all the rest. They seemed to be a different species, and he looked at them and they at him with distrust and hostility. He felt and knew the reasons of his isolation, but he would never have admitted till then that those reasons were so deep and strong. There were some Polish exiles, political prisoners, among them. They simply looked down upon all the rest as ignorant churls; but Raskolnikov could not look upon them like that. He saw that these ignorant men were in many respects far wiser than the Poles. There were some Russians who were just as contemptuous, a former officer and two seminarists. Raskolnikov saw their mistake as clearly. He was disliked and avoided by everyone; they even began to hate him at last—why, he could not tell. Men who had been far more guilty despised and laughed at his crime.

"You're a gentleman," they used to say. "You shouldn't hack about with an axe; that's not a gentleman's work."

The second week in Lent, his turn came to take the sacrament with his gang. He went to church and prayed with the others. A quarrel broke out one day, he did not know how. All fell on him at once in a fury.

"You're an infidel! You don't believe in God," they shouted. "You ought to be killed."

He had never talked to them about God nor his belief, but they wanted to kill him as an infidel. He said nothing. One of the prisoners rushed at him in a perfect frenzy. Raskolnikov awaited him calmly and silently; his eyebrows did not quiver, his face did not flinch. The guard succeeded in intervening between him and

...with  
...of flannel rag,  
...her shoulders,  
...woman coughed and  
...all must have looked at her  
...a gleam of mistrust came into  
...  
...I came here a  
the young man made haste to mutter, with  
a half bow, remembering that he ought to be  
more polite.  
"I remember, my good sir, I remember  
quite well your coming here."  
the old woman said distinctly, still keeping  
her inquiring eyes on his face.  
"And here... I am again on the same errand,"  
Raskolnikov continued, a little disconcerted  
and surprised at the old woman's mistrust.  
"Perhaps she is always like that though,  
only I did not notice it the other time."

...light with an uneasy feeling.  
...as though hesitating; then stepped on one  
...so the door of the room, she said, letting her  
...front of her.  
"Step in, my good sir."  
The little room into which the young man walked, with yellow  
paper on the walls, geraniums and muslin curtains in the windows,  
was brightly lighted up at that moment by the setting sun.  
"So the sun will shine like this then too!"  
flashed as it were by chance through  
Raskolnikov's mind, and with a rapid glance  
he scanned everything in the room, trying  
as far as possible to notice and remember its  
arrangement.

But there was nothing special in the room. The furniture, all  
very old and of yellow wood, consisted of a sofa with a huge bent  
wooden back, an oval table in front of the sofa, a dressing-table  
with a looking-glass fixed on it between the windows, chairs along  
the walls and two or three half-penny prints in their frames,  
representing German damsels with birds in their hands—that  
was all. In the corner a light was burning before a small ikon.  
Everything was very clean; the floor and the furniture were  
brightly polished, everything shone.

"Lizaveta's work,"  
thought the young man.  
There was not a speck of dust to be seen in the whole flat.  
"It's in the houses of spiteful old widows  
that one finds such cleanliness,"  
Raskolnikov thought again, and he stole a  
curious glance at the cotton curtain over  
the door leading into another tiny room, in  
which stood the old woman's bed and chest

Crim  
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# Moments we have left

The Doomsday Clock is a powerful symbol of the threat of global catastrophe and the urgency of taking action to prevent it. This graphic design project aims to visually showcase the timeline of the clock, using bold typography, striking black and white images, and a striking orange colour palette. The use of orange highlights the urgency of the situation and the need for immediate action, while the black and white images emphasise the stark reality of the threat. The bold typography not only captures attention but also conveys the gravity of the situation, driving home the message that the clock is ticking and time is running out. This design project aims to raise awareness and drive action, through a compelling visual representation of the Doomsday Clock timeline.

## The Doomsday Clock

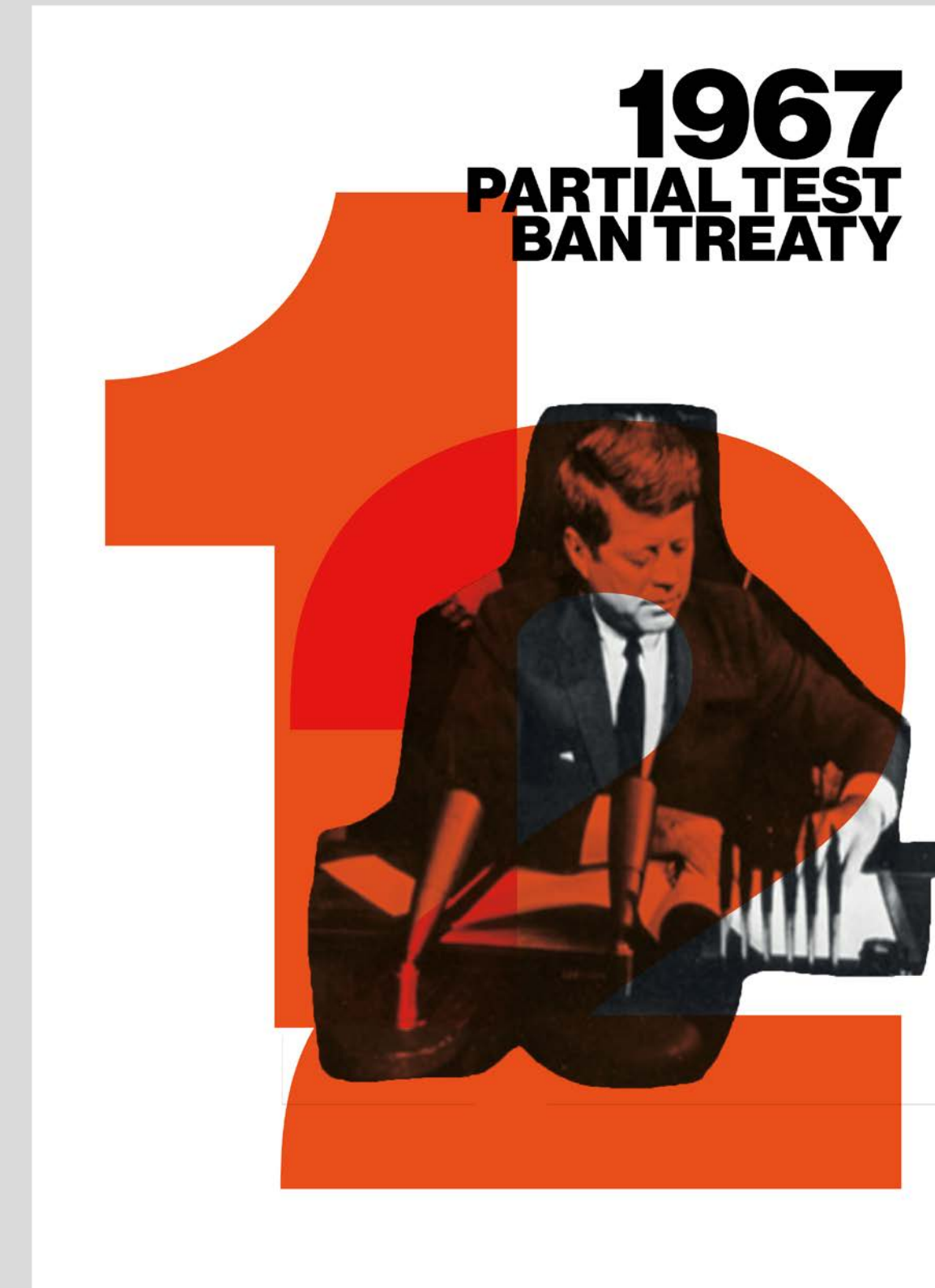
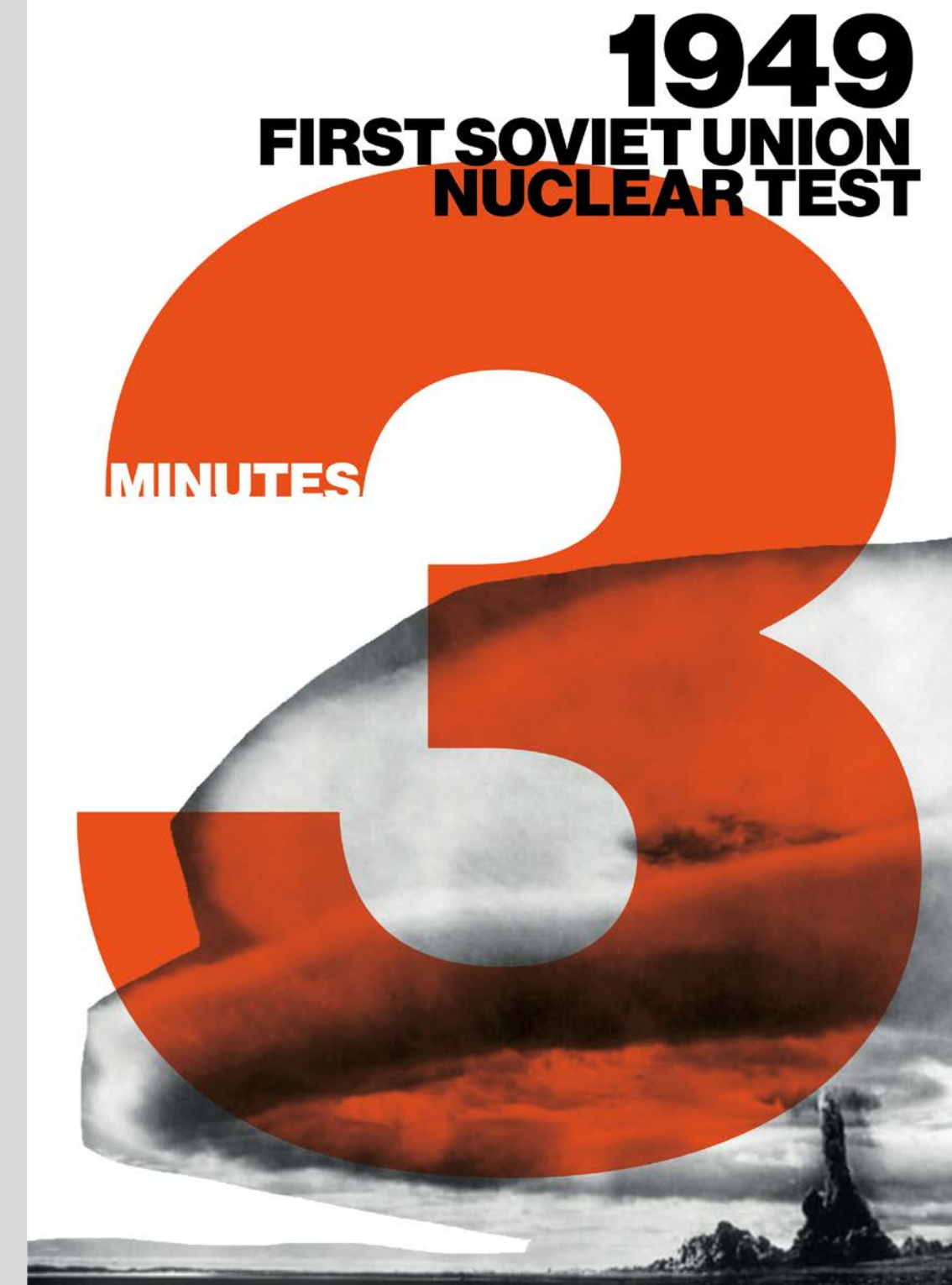
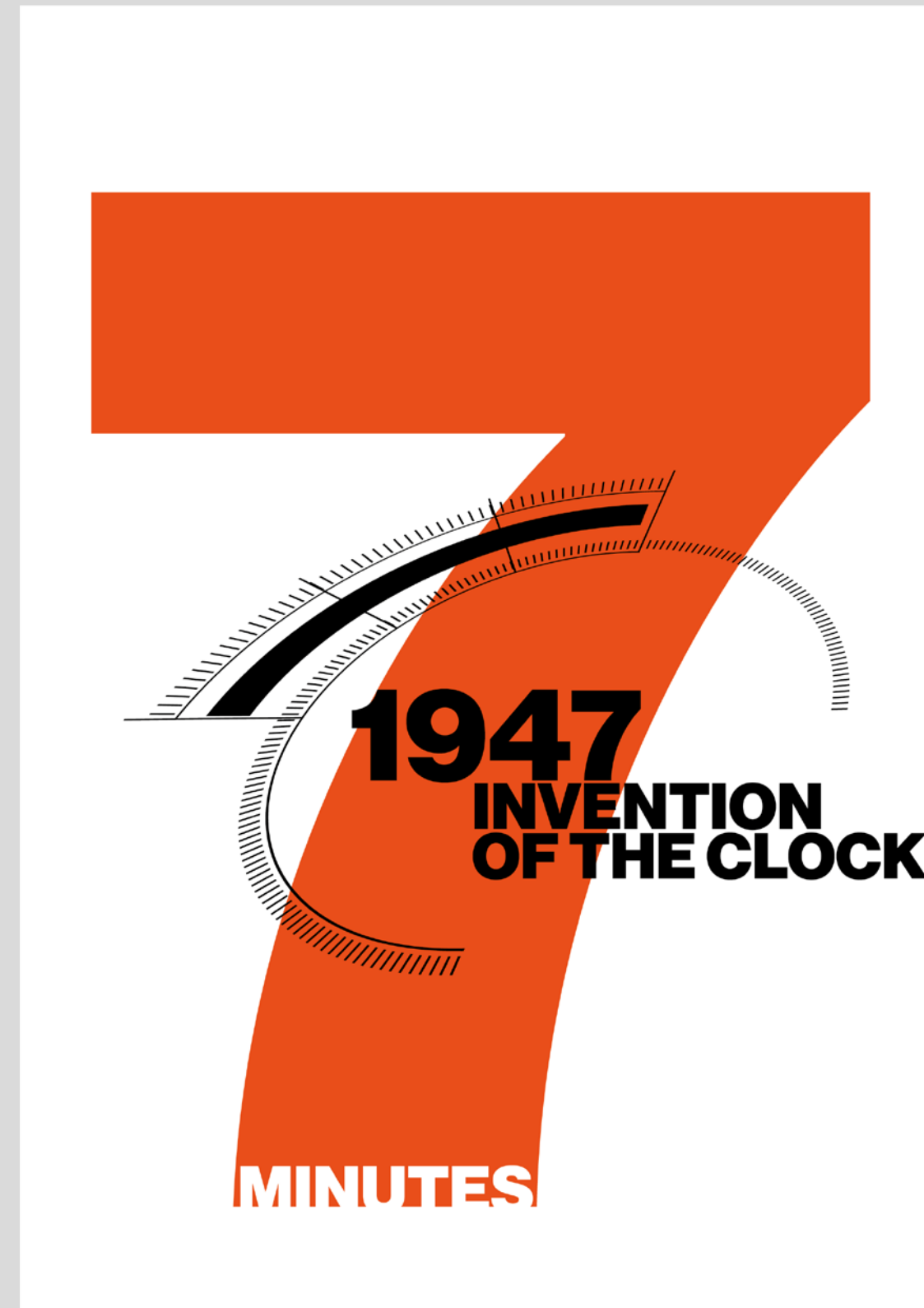
Founded in 1945 by University of Chicago scientists who had helped develop the first atomic weapons in the Manhattan Project, the Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists created the Doomsday Clock two years later, using the imagery of apocalypse (midnight) and the contemporary idiom of nuclear explosion (countdown to zero) to convey threats to humanity and the planet.

The decision to move (or to leave in place) the minute hand of the Doomsday Clock is made every year by the Bulletin's Science and Security Board in consultation with its Board of Sponsors, which includes 13 Nobel laureates. The Clock has become a universally recognized indicator of the world's vulnerability to catastrophe from nuclear weapons, climate change, and disruptive technologies in other domains.

## The moments we have left

In this book, I am trying to create a timeline of the midnight causing events depicting the minutes left on said dates. As the world slowly but surely is on a path of its own perish, it is our duty as citizens of this planet to act as its guardians instead of just simple occupants. For too long we've been fed bread and entertained by this democratic glasnost circus. This booklet won't eradicate hunger, won't stop the greed of a few, won't make the justice less blind of the injustices happening daily, probably won't change a simple thing.

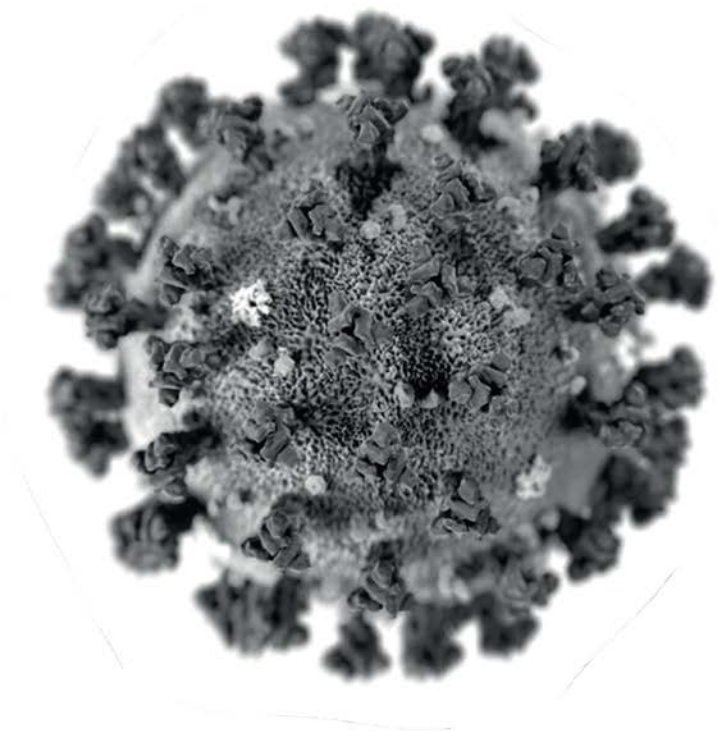
But, what will you change in the moments we have left?



**2020**

**100**  
seconds to midnight

**2020**  
SARS-CoV-2  
cases  
**85.2m**  
deaths  
**1.85m**



**2020**  
NUCLEAR WEAPONS

**103**  
Nuclear war heads missing  
or stolen from US military  
as 2016



**2020**  
INCREASING CORRUPTION  
IN GOVERNMENTAL BODIES

**2,750t**  
of chemicals exploded  
in the city of Beirut



*'I'm sorry, but I don't want to be an emperor. That's not my business. I don't want to rule or conquer anyone. I should like to help everyone, if possible, Jew, Gentile, black man, white. We all want to help one another. Human beings are like that. We want to live by each other's happiness - not by each other's misery. We don't want to hate and despise one another. In this world there is room for everyone. And the good earth is rich and can provide for everyone. The way of life can be free and beautiful, but we have lost the way.*

*Greed has poisoned men's souls, has barricaded the world with hate, has goose-stepped us into misery and bloodshed. We have developed speed, but we have shut ourselves in. Machinery that gives abundance has left us in want. Our knowledge has made us cynical. Our cleverness, hard and unkind. We think too much and feel too little. More than machinery we need humanity. More than cleverness we need kindness and gentleness. Without these qualities, life will be violent and all will be lost....*

*The aeroplane and the radio have brought us closer together. The very nature of these inventions cries out for the goodness in men - cries out for universal brotherhood - for the unity of us all. Even now my voice is reaching millions throughout the world - millions of despairing men, women, and little children - victims of a system that makes men torture and imprison innocent people.'*

**Charlie Chaplin – 'The great dictator' 1940**



**The Doomsday Clock**

Founded in 1945 by University of Chicago scientists who had just helped develop the first atomic weapons, the Bulletin of Atomic Scientists created the Doomsday Clock every year since, with the imagery of apocalyptic (midnight) and the contemporary ideas of nuclear weapons (hour hand) to point to every 5 minutes to humanity and the planet.

The decision to name for to be in the Doomsday Clock is made every year by the Bulletin of Atomic Scientists and Security Branch consultation with its Board of Directors, which includes 18 Nobel laureates. The Clock has become a universally recognized indicator of the world's vulnerability to catastrophic technological weapons, climate change, and disruptive technologies in other domains.

**The moments we have left**

In this book, I am trying to create a timeline of the moments we have left to live. It is not a list of things to do, but a list of things to see. It is not a list of things to do, but a list of things to see. It is not a list of things to do, but a list of things to see.

**The moments we have left**

INFORMATIVE BOOKLET ABOUT DOOMSDAY CLOCK AND ITS TIMELINE

**1947**  
INVENTION OF THE CLOCK

MINUTES

**1949**  
FIRST SOVIET UNION NUCLEAR TEST

**3**  
MINUTES

**1967**  
PARTIAL TEST BAN TREATY

**1**  
MINUTES

**1991**  
STRATEGIC ARMY REDUCTION TREATY

**1**  
MINUTES

**1998**  
INDIA AND PAKISTAN START NUCLEAR TESTING

**9**  
MINUTES

**2002**  
US WITHDRAW FROM THE ANTI-BALISTIC MISSILE TREATY AFTER THE 9/11

**7**  
MINUTES

**2007**  
NORTH KOREA STARTS NUCLEAR TESTING

**5**  
MINUTES

**2015**  
LACK OF CLIMATE CHANGE

**3**  
MINUTES

**2018**  
DONALD J. TRUMP

**2**  
MINUTES

**2020**

**100**  
seconds to midnight

**2020**  
SARS-CoV-2 cases  
**85.2m** deaths  
**1.85m**

**2020**  
INCREASING CORRUPTION IN GOVERNMENTAL BODIES

**2,750t** of chimáls exploded in the city of Beirut

**2020**  
INCREASING TENSIONS AMONG STATES

Iranian military destroys **US** base

**2020**  
WARS IN AFRICA

**25** active wars in Africa

**2020**  
BIG CLIMATE CHANGE PROBLEMS

**18.6m** hectares of land was on fire in Australia

**2020**  
CYBER ATTACKS

**18,000** US companies affected by a single hack including parts of the US government

**2020**  
NUCLEAR WEAPONS

**103** Nuclear war heads missing or stolen from US military as 2016

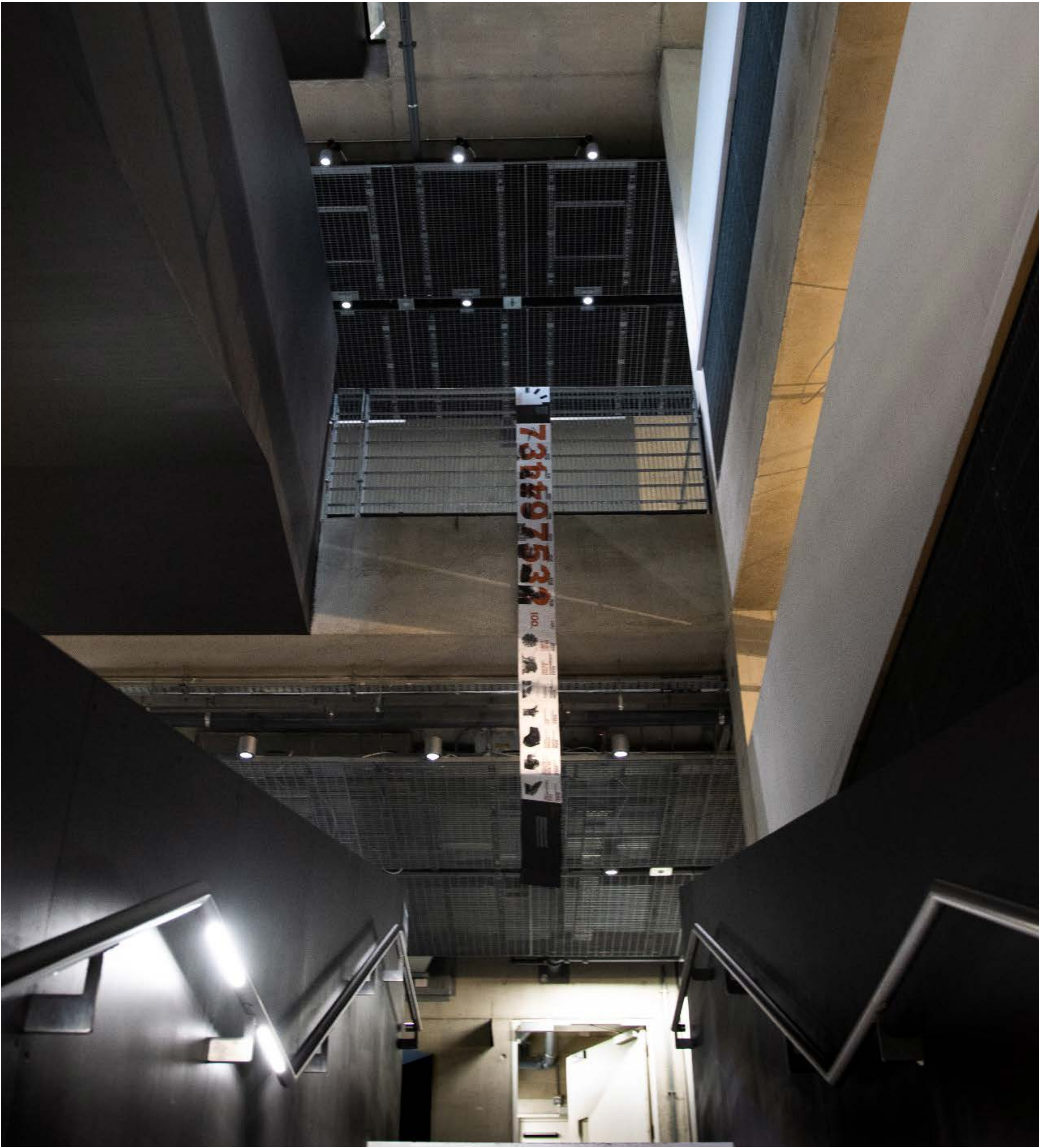
**The world around us is changing.**

**So, we must change us well in order to protect our home.**

*The world is not a machine. It is a living organism. It is not a machine that can be fixed. It is a living organism that can be healed. It is not a machine that can be destroyed. It is a living organism that can be reborn.*

**Charlie Chaplin - "The Great Dictator" 1940**

*...We have a right to be free. We have a right to be happy. We have a right to be free. We have a right to be happy. We have a right to be free. We have a right to be happy.*

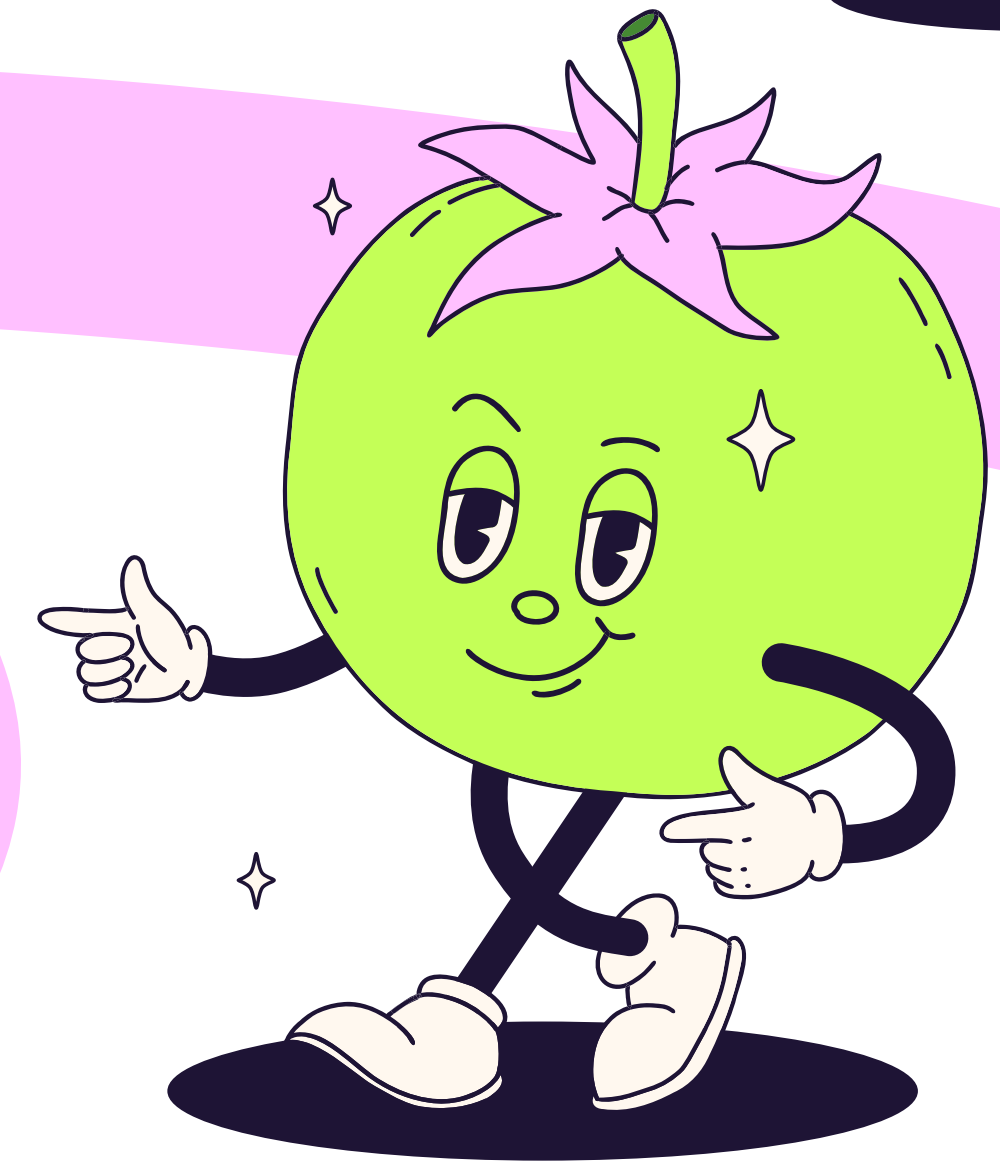
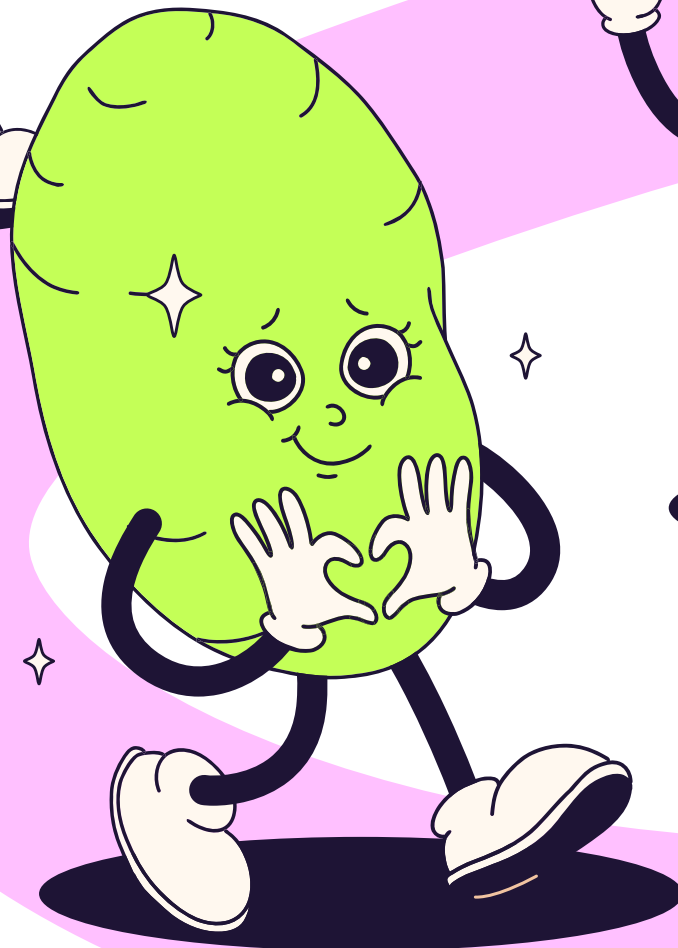
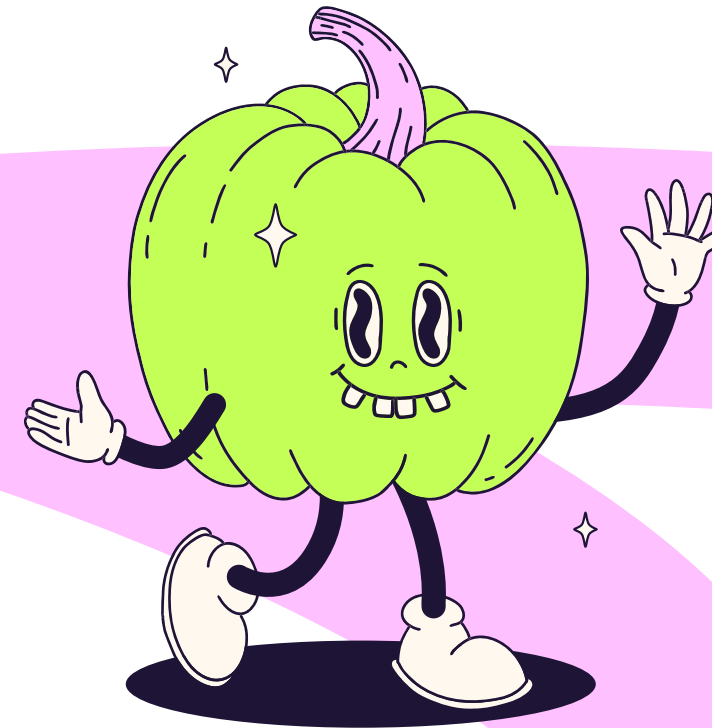
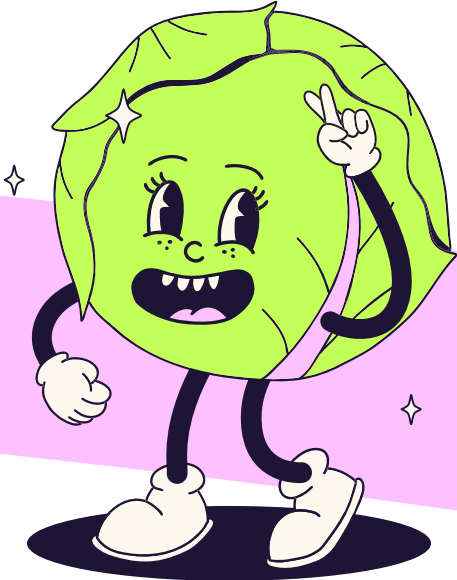


# Picky Biters

Picky Biters is a weekly meal prep service that offers vegetarian and vegan options, prioritising locally sourced ingredients. The app doubles as a community recipe hub, enabling users to create delicious dishes at home.

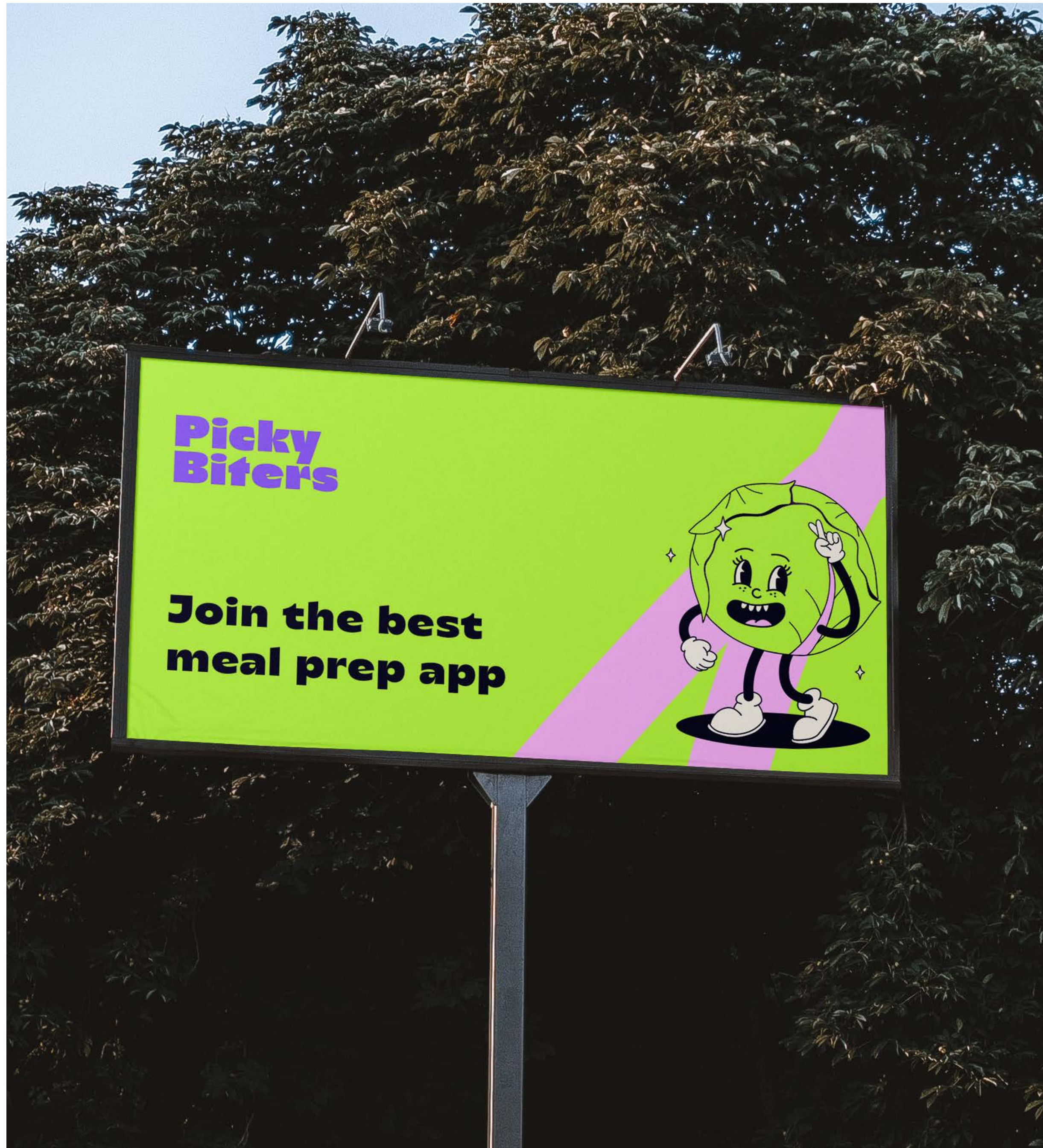
The brand incorporates friendly and fun illustrations that help create a connection among all picky food lovers, particularly targeting young adults and adults who are passionate about food and eating local. These playful visuals add a sense of enjoyment and approachability, encouraging users to engage with the community. Picky Biters fosters a vibrant environment where members can share their culinary creations, discover new and exciting recipes, and experiment with different flavours. By bringing together a diverse group of food enthusiasts, the brand aims to inspire creativity in the kitchen and build a supportive network for those passionate about plant-based eating.

# Picky Biters



# Transforma sans

**a b c d e f g h i j**  
**k l m n o p q r s**  
**t u v w x y z**





## Join us today

Why Choose Our App? We've got your back when it comes to delicious plant-powered meals. Our curated recipes, delivered straight to your inbox every week, take the guesswork out of cooking. No more staring at an empty fridge wondering what to make! Plus, our supportive community of foodies will inspire you to create wholesome dishes that align with your values.

Ready to transform your kitchen routine?

**Apply**

## Best picks

**Mushroom Risotto**  
Savor the rich, creamy Arborio rice infused with the deep, earthy flavors of sautéed mushrooms...

**Hearty Beans Soup**  
Dive into a bowl of rich, flavorful goodness, packed with a medley of tender beans, fresh vegetabl...

**Avocado Toast**  
Enjoy the creamy, buttery texture of ripe avocados spread over perfectly toasted artisan bread...

**Tofu salad**  
Enjoy a vibrant mix of crisp greens, fresh vegetables, and protein-rich tofu, all tossed...

**Creamy tomato soup**  
Craving comfort? Look no further! Our creamy tomato soup is like a warm hug on a chilly day...

**Vegan Tofu Tortilla**  
Our vegan tofu tortilla wraps are a symphony of textures and flavors. Picture this: baked savory tofu...

**View all**

## Everything fresh and local

Our app brings you farm-to-table goodness! Every ingredient is sourced locally, ensuring freshness and supporting our community. From vibrant veggies to artisanal bread, taste the difference that local makes.

Join us on this culinary journey!

## Profile

**Teodor Cristian Matei**

**Joined:**  
15 Feb 2020

You have supported <b>12</b> local farms.	Recipes posted <b>8</b>	Saved recipes <b>53</b>
<b>Your plan:</b> Teo's picks	Edit	New
<b>Plan your delivery:</b> Wed., 6-9pm	Edit	Set pick-up
Reminder: <b>on</b>		

Recipe

Rating: 4,7/5



Mark

This mushroom risotto turned out amazing! Even my non-vegan friends couldn't believe it was dairy-free. The flavors are so rich and creamy!



Mel

I was skeptical about a vegan risotto, but this recipe exceeded all my expectations. So creamy and flavorful! The mix of garlic and mushrooms is divine.

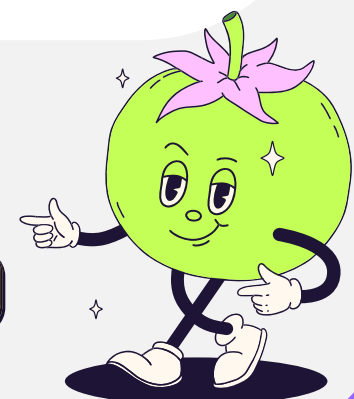


Terry

I swapped the vegetable broth for mushroom broth, and it made the dish even more flavorful. This is now my go-to risotto recipe. Thanks for sharing!



Share this recipe



Mushroom Risotto

For the Risotto:

- 1 Tbsp Olive Oil
- 1 Medium Onion White, Yellow or Brown, Chopped
- 5 cups (480g) Cremini Mushrooms (Sliced)\*
- 1 Tbsp Crushed Garlic
- 1 and 1/2 cups (300g) Risotto (Arborio) Rice
- 6 cups Vegetable Stock Divided\*
- 2 Tbsp Vegan Butter
- Sea Salt to taste
- Black Pepper to taste

For Serving (Optional):

- Fresh Chopped Parsley
- Ground Black Pepper
- Vegan Parmesan Cheese

Nutrition

Serving: 1 Serve  
 Calories: 396kcal  
 Carbohydrates: 69.3g  
 Protein: 9.9g  
 Fat: 9.2g

Saturated Fat: 1.8g  
 Sodium: 1219mg  
 Fiber: 4.6g  
 Sugar: 3.3g

Instructions

- Add the olive oil to a pot with the chopped onion and sauté on medium high for a couple of minutes until softened.

Add image

Add name +

Ingredients +

Nutrition +

Nutrition Calculator +

Instructions +

Other +

Not sure how to start?



Check out the blog for tips and tricks to enhance your recipe. You can also learn how the nutritional calculator works.

Read more





# Kokett

“Kokett” is a unique and inviting restaurant designed to serve as a “third place” – a home away from home where people gather beyond their usual spaces of work and home. The name “Kokett,” derived from the word “coquette,” suggests a playful, flirtatious energy that entices guests to linger and connect with the space. This charm contrasts with the restaurant’s minimalism in its design, creating an engaging balance of warmth and industrial aesthetics.

The flirtation implied in the name “Kokett” parallels how the design interacts with guests: the space is stripped back and minimal, yet it subtly invites intimacy, conversation, and connection. Just as coquetry plays with attention and attraction, the design engages through its simplicity, offering guests a blank canvas where the focus shifts from the decor to the human interactions it facilitates.

**KOKETT**





**ROKETT**





**KORRETT**

# KOKETT

## Red Wines

**Cabernet Sauvignon, Napa Valley, USA**  
E12/glass | E45/bottle

**Pinot Noir, Burgundy, France**  
E14/glass | E50/bottle

**Malbec, Mendoza, Argentina**  
E11/glass | E40/bottle

**Shiraz, Barossa Valley, Australia**  
E10/glass | E48/bottle

## White Wines

**Merlot, Bordeaux, France**  
E10/glass | E38/bottle

**Chardonnay, Burgundy, France**  
E11/glass | E40/bottle

**Sauvignon Blanc, Loire Valley, France**  
E9/glass | E36/bottle

**Riesling, Mosel, Germany**  
E10/glass | E40/bottle

**Pied de Grin, Alto Adige, Italy**  
E13/glass | E48/bottle

**Chenin Blanc, Vouvray, France**  
E11/glass | E42/bottle

**Albariño, Rias Baixas, Spain**  
E10/glass | E40/bottle

# KOKETT

## Bites

**Mini Anchoa Toasts with Radish & Chive Flakes 12€**  
Crispy bread topped with anchovies, radish, and chives.

**Spicy Pulled Pork Sliders with Pickled Onions 15€**  
Slow-cooked pork with tangy pickled onions on brioche.

**Crispy Halloumi Fries with Pomegranate Seeds 12€**  
Crispy halloumi cheese fries with fresh pomegranate seeds.

**Charred Broccoli with Lemon Tahini Dressing 10€**  
Roasted broccoli with creamy tahini dressing and lemon.

**Grilled Chicken Skewers with Sofry Sauce 10€**  
Marinated chicken skewers with a tangy sofry sauce.

**Salt & Pepper Squid with Lime Aioli 10€**  
Crispy squid with a zesty lime aioli.

**Chorizo & Sweet Potato Croquettes with Smoky Paprika Dip 11€**  
Crispy chorizo and sweet potato croquettes with a smoky dip.

**Potato Bravas with Garlic Aioli & Spicy Tomato Sauce 10€**  
Crispy potato bravas with garlic aioli and spicy tomato sauce.

# KOKETT

## Special Menu

**Pork Fillet in Cherry Sauce with Yellow Carrot Purée**  
Tender pork fillet with a rich cherry reduction, served with creamy yellow carrot purée and seasonal vegetables.

**Seared Scallops with Pea & Mint Coulis**  
Two seared scallops with a fresh pea and mint coulis.

**Venison Loin with Juniper Berry Jus and Wild Mushroom Risotto**  
Tender venison loin with a juniper berry jus and a creamy wild mushroom risotto.

**Roasted Butternut Squash Soup with Sage Cream**  
Creamy roasted butternut squash soup topped with a sage cream.

**Chocolate Fondant with Raspberry Coulis**  
A rich chocolate fondant served with a fresh raspberry coulis.



# KOKETT

## Red Wines

### Cabernet Sauvignon, Napa Valley, USA

Full-bodied with rich flavors of blackberry, cassis, and subtle oak notes.

£12/glass | £45/bottle

### Pinot Noir, Burgundy, France

Elegant and smooth with red cherry, raspberry, and earthy undertones.

£14/glass | £50/bottle

### Malbec, Mendoza, Argentina

Bold and robust with dark fruit flavors, hints of chocolate, and a velvety finish.

£11/glass | £40/bottle

### Shiraz, Barossa Valley, Australia

Spicy and full-bodied with notes of plum, black pepper, and smoked meat.

£13/glass | £48/bottle

### Merlot, Bordeaux, France

Smooth and medium-bodied with flavors of plum, black cherry, and mocha.

£10/glass | £38/bottle

### Zinfandel, Sonoma County, USA

Rich and fruity with blackberry, anise, and a hint of spice.

£12/glass | £42/bottle

### Tempranillo, Rioja, Spain

Medium-bodied with flavors of red berries, tobacco, and vanilla.

£11/glass | £40/bottle

### Grenache, Priorat, Spain

Juicy and vibrant with strawberry, raspberry, and subtle herbal notes.

£13/glass | £46/bottle

## White Wines

### Chardonnay, Burgundy, France

Rich and buttery with notes of apple, pear, and a hint of vanilla.

£11/glass | £40/bottle

### Sauvignon Blanc, Loire Valley, France

Crisp and refreshing with citrus, green apple, and grassy undertones.

£9/glass | £35/bottle

### Riesling, Mosel, Germany

Aromatic and balanced with flavors of peach, apricot, and a touch of minerality.

£10/glass | £38/bottle

### Pinot Grigio, Alto Adige, Italy

Light and zesty with notes of lemon, lime, and green pear.

£8/glass | £32/bottle

### Viognie

Floral and aromatic with notes of honeysuckle and peach.

£14/glass

### Gewürztraminer, France

Fragrant and spicy with notes of ginger, pepper, and citrus.

£12/glass

### Chenin Blanc, France

Versatile and elegant with notes of honey, apple, and pear.

£11/glass

### Albariño, Spain

Fresh and vibrant with notes of saline minerality and citrus.

Price: £

# KOKETT

## Bites

### Mini Avocado Toasts with Radish & Chilli Flakes 12£

Smashed avocado on sourdough crostinis, topped with thinly sliced radishes and chilli flakes.

### Spicy Pulled Pork Sliders with Pickled Onions 15£

Soft brioche buns stuffed with spicy pulled pork, tangy pickled onions, and chipotle mayo.

### Crispy Halloumi Bites with Pomegranate Seeds 12£

Fried halloumi cubes with a drizzle of honey and sprinkled with fresh pomegranate seeds.

### Charred Broccoli with Lemon Tahini Dressing 10£

Roasted charred broccoli drizzled with creamy lemon tahini sauce and toasted sesame seeds.

### Grilled Chicken Skewers with Satay Sauce 13£

Marinated chicken skewers served with rich peanut satay sauce and lime wedges.

### Salt & Pepper Squid with Lime Aioli 18£

Crispy fried squid tossed in salt and pepper seasoning, served with zesty lime aioli.

### Chorizo & Sweet Potato Croquettes with Smoked Paprika Dip 11£

Crunchy croquettes filled with chorizo and sweet potato, served with smoked paprika dip.

### Patatas Bravas with Garlic Aioli & Spicy Tomato Sauce

Crispy potatoes topped with spicy tomato sauce and a dollop of garlic aioli.

# KOKETT

## Special Menu

### Pork Fillet in Cherry Sauce with Yellow Carrot Purée

Tender pork fillet served with a rich cherry reduction, paired with creamy yellow carrot purée and sautéed asparagus for a vibrant balance of flavors.

### Seared Scallops with Pea & Mint Coulis

Freshly seared scallops served on a bed of velvety pea and mint coulis, garnished with microgreens and a light drizzle of lemon-infused olive oil.

### Venison Loin with Juniper Berry Jus and Wild Mushroom Risotto

Succulent venison loin, seared and served with a juniper berry jus, accompanied by a luxurious wild mushroom risotto and roasted root vegetables.

### Roasted Butternut Squash Soup with Sage Cream

Silky smooth roasted butternut squash soup, finished with a swirl of sage-infused cream and crunchy pumpkin seed topping.

### Chocolate Fondant with Raspberry Coulis

A decadent chocolate fondant with a molten center, served with tangy raspberry coulis and a side of vanilla bean ice cream.



**KOKETT**

