



## NEVERLAND

Could collective imagination become one of the building blocks of our future?

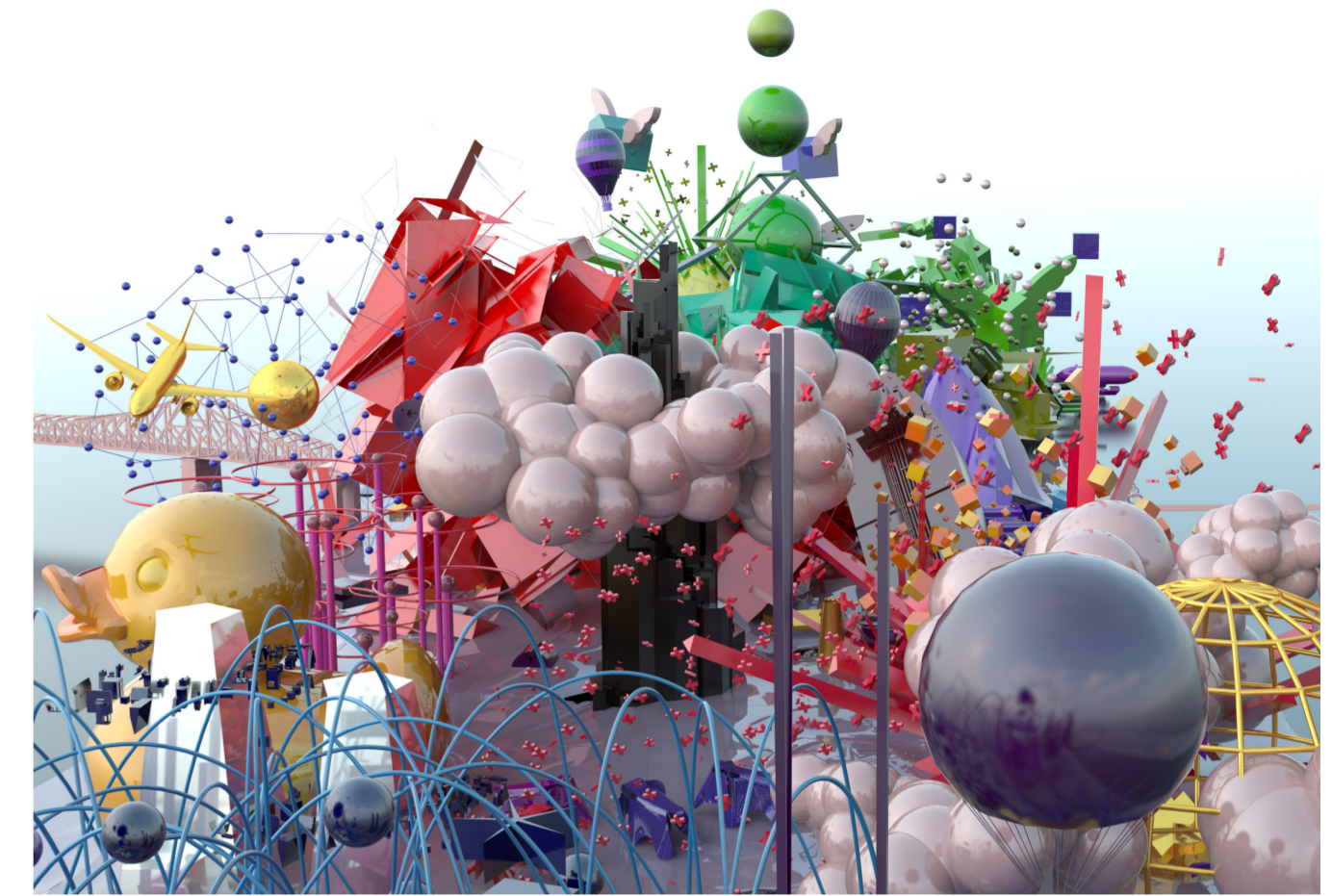
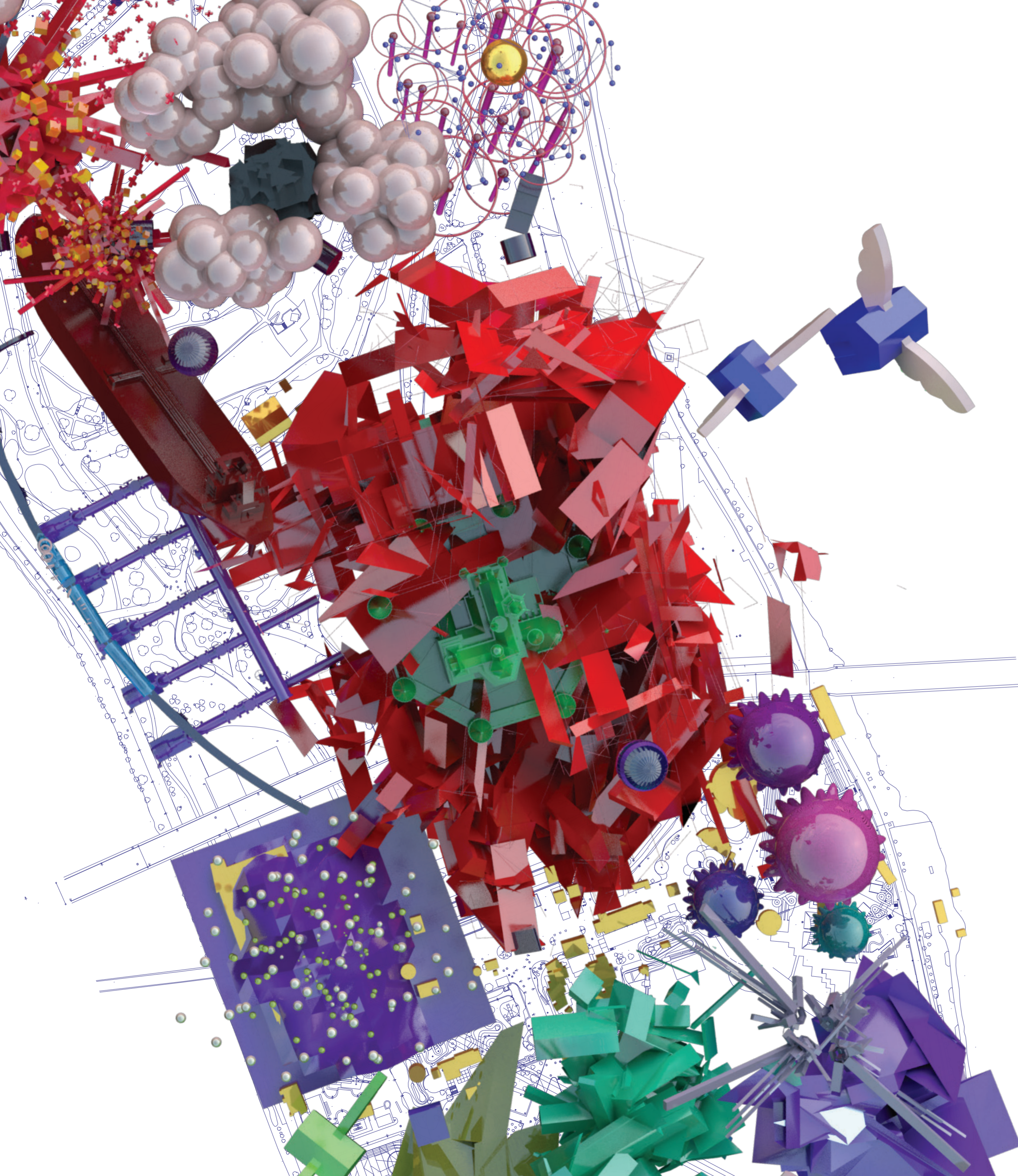
Imagine a place where your dreams become reality, a place where collective imagination becomes realized within ever shifting boundaries. The archipelago can become this dreamland – an island with the potential to foster freedom and enchantment.

Its potential lies in the imaginations of future generations – a Neverland. This Neverland is not in our reality; its place and time are ambiguous and in constant flux.

A land manipulated by the imagination of all creates this utopia of free, unconstrained thought. The reality of our world cannot penetrate the realism within our imaginations. As consequence, those who are unable to escape reality cannot submerge themselves within the transforming boundaries of Neverland.

The only inhabitants of this utopian paradise are the thoughts, dreams, and ideas of future generations. It remains untouched by human beings. Only the ruins of this archipelago remain. The current infrastructure acts as a reminder of the past; as such, it is blind to the ever-changing future of our Neverland. Only after fifty years can those whose imaginations shaped its landscape finally inhabit it.

To discover Neverland is to realize the imaginable.



trying to draw a map of a child's mind, which is not only confused, but keeps going round all the time. There are zigzag lines on it...and these are probably roads in the island; for the Neverland is always more or less island, with astonishing splashes of colour here and there, and coral reefs and rakish-looking craft in the offing, and savages and lonely liars...It would be an easy map if that were all; but there is also first day at school, religion, fathers, the Round Pond, needlework, murders, hangings, verbs that take the dative, chocolate-pudding day, getting into braces, say ninety-nine, three pence for pulling out your tooth yourself, and so on; and either these are part of the island, or they are another map showing through, and it is all rather confusing especially as nothing will stand still.

— Peter and Wendy, 73-74