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Lately I've become more and more aware of my own work. No—I've become more and more aware of how my work became aware of itself. It certainly did. And I can sense it in the way it is talking to me, long syllables unrolling through blunt drawings, uttering concern but also pleasure. Past seems somewhat strange now. But then, oh so familiar. Can see my current thoughts in things years old, streams of consciousness running through the stacks of paper, crying out: Have you forgotten? Some denying my future. Seems I've been blind for too long. Neglecting too long. Then sounds. They have always been there. Noises. Dull and faint. But I never considered listening, convinced they were not real. Go away, they say. Go away now. What am I doing? Am I creating? Am I neglecting?

②

A few weeks ago I stopped working altogether, can't bear it anymore. Now everything's looking at me, staring, blaming, pointing fingers.

③

Today I went outside, in the freezing cold. The winters here tend to be quite mild, but now and then there are days, when it's ten or fifteen below; and you have to cherish those days, because you never know if there will be another one that cold. I stood and looked at the sky. It was blue and bright, cold and far away. It said nothing to me. Then I went back inside.

④

Looking at Design I can't decide what to think. I believe firmly that every creature has a desire for artistic expression. For creativity. That it is not possible to suppress this desire, neither through religion nor political systems. I believe that there is art, not in an aesthetic or institutional sense, but in a life changing and meaningful variety, in every community. And some are fortunate enough for the group to allow them to express themselves, through writing and painting and sculpting, on their behalf, making true on that promise given to everyone, to be fruitful. It is something personal. It has to be done with responsibility.

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People were always creating. Out of sheer necessity to survive. They invented the wheel. Clothing. Fishing. They attached blades to shoes and started skating on frozen lakes. People invented tools and used them. Hammers built homes. Designers had to keep up, had to adapt. Consider new technology, new machines, new tools, now computers. This is where it might stop. This is where it might change.

⑦

Here we are, standing on the eve of an paradigmatic shift. There will be no more tools going forward. The computer will be more than that. It will become our partner. It will utterly transform the way of our work. Of our artistic expression. It will demand the right to be equal, in opportunity and also authorship— And most of all, it will create a small tear through which I, and everyone willing to go, can disappear, a way out of confusion and hubris and self-doubt. It will be all new.

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Looking at Design I can't decide what to think. It seems like you have to be overbearing to be a designer. You have to believe you know more than people around you. You decide what's going to happen. You decide which topics need to be talked about, which things need improvement. Improvement you can provide. Can you?

⑧

Lately I've become more and more aware of my own work. I can hear it declaring a future in which it sits beside me, freed from its material shackles and filling the void between our thoughts with those long syllables, soothing and comforting me.