



# My work is in the toilet.

**Really ... I'm not kidding. Here's what happened ...**

Moving ... you know it's high on the list of life's stressful events. Moving an architect out of an office he's been in for 20+ years – that's gotta be higher yet! For me, the thrill of occupying a space that I was able to shape from the ground up, was tempered by the burden of decades of accumulation.

Looked at en masse, it's just a bunch of *stuff*. But I found as I picked things up and examined them, there were **memories** and **meanings** that made it hard to shrug and just turn away. After dragging my feet a while, I finally dove into the four legal size 4-drawer file cabinets that were filled with notes, clippings, articles and data, each bit of which had been dutifully logged in, cataloged, and assigned to my elaborate personal filing system – envisioned as particularly precious at some imagined future time, perhaps when my harried days would open up, leaving swaths of time to be filled with reflection and writing.



20++ years of *nurturing that delusion*, all to be faced in one fell swoop – **ouch!** On days when I felt particularly resolute, I would dive in for hours at a time, discarding huge chunks of that past at a swath. I found myself, at times, confused and saddened contemplating the decades of hours spent gathering, now matched by more hours discarding.

I did come upon some sense of pride in taking that massive bulk and distilling it by a factor of 1/100<sup>th</sup>, to an essence perhaps more sweet in its intensity. Less ... *is* more...

The day of the move, in packing things up, I was shocked at the volume created by the framed work on the walls. Each piece had been created with considerable pride (and expense), as projects were published or recognized – an effort almost unnoticed when spread over so many years. But now, as a sea of boxes, these framed memories had become *BIG*. I was determined to not merely recreate the 'old walls' in my new digs, so I left those pictures languishing for over a year, waiting for an *intentional flash* as to what role they should play in my new environs.

After moving, every time I ran into these pieces – stashed in an out of the way corner - I grimaced. I couldn't possibly throw them away! While they were just debris to someone else, for me they mapped a huge swath of work. Yet ... they were so connected to the past as to seem, now, *inappropriate* as key parts of my new environment. I had grown to enjoy the fresh crispness of blank walls and well-placed, intentional art. What to do ... *what to do?*

In the interest of environmental sensitivity, could I somehow recycle these elements and assign them to some higher purpose? I wandered the office on occasional evenings, trying to envision them here or there. The result of that thoughtfulness was the surprising decision that seemed to make itself: **the rightful place for them was in the toilet.**

**Really.**

They would there be, after all, a textured backdrop for a private space - somehow it seems like the right thing to do.

I embrace humility and new beginnings. I welcome humor and self-reflection. I strive to reinvent and transform tired assumptions and old presumptions. I push against the inertia of constraints of dusty context ... and yet ... I feel and see the incredible values in connections to what was, and those places and things that remind me on occasion of where *I* was and how *I got here*. These thoughts ... led my work to the toilet.



It's ok ... after all ... I believe Eckhart Tolle ...

**“The insanity of the collective egoic mind, amplified by science and technology, is rapidly taking our species to the brink of disaster. Evolve or die: that is our only choice now.”**