



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 1/100th, 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."