

Dear Reader,

Good morning. I say good morning without knowing what time it is for you because morning has a connotation of beginning. There is a formal structure assumed, a natural day has morning, noon and night. The sun rises and sets. I assume that you are familiar with this geo-physical habit. I presume you are a cohabitant of this planet and assume you can understand my reference to morning. Let us exclude argument on my use of the word 'good'. Sufficed to say, it was to add a measure of pleasantry. After all, I really am appreciative that you are reading me and truly hope you will find my argument persuasive. Given this goal, I thought it best to start with pleasantries at the beginning and so I say again, good morning.

That said, it is my aim for this to be a challenging piece so please do not mistake my colloquial pleasantries for insincerity. It is my sincere intent to challenge your thought and I hope that if you follow along, my words will seem less like a delusional rant and more like a piece of creative work.

If this is to be a piece of creative work, it must be not just creative and work but also a piece. A piece is presumably part of a whole. Fitting this piece into a larger whole will be critical. But Wertheimer insists that problems must be approached as whole if they are to be solved. How shall we contextualize this so as to find a proper setting? Is the whole to be all of my work? Shall we only count my work to date or shall we include everything that is to come? Or shall we consider this as one piece in all the work ever to be created by anyone? Cziamahelyi separates work into domains. If he is correct then only members of the field can decide if this work will shift the domain. But I am not interested in them. I am interested in you. I believe that together, I can be whole – you can complete me.

As for whether this is work. There is no generally accepted definition for what constitutes this action. In fact, action might be a good synonym. This is work if it acts. In a Latourian sense, the actor can be anything be it scallop or doorway or vacuum pump. These are objects that act in the network. I am an object with potential to act in the network. Help me to fulfill my potential. Prove that I am work.

We are left only to define creative. The adjective use of 'creative' here functions only to suggest that there must be some pieces of work which are not creative. The work of Howard Gruber is informative on this point. These are not mere actors, there are exceptional acts.

This is assessment requires an act of judgment external to the work. If I am to be creative, you must call me it. To call something creative is to make a personal judgment. It is an expression of taste. And if I can persuade you to agree, then you can share my judgment.

It is my hope to convince you that this work is a creative piece of work. This purpose will guide us and hopefully help you, the reader, understand my position. If my purpose was unstated, you would need to decipher it from my actions. You might be wrong.

Still, I also might be wrong. My perspective on my actions is only one perspective and though it may be a privileged perspective (privileged with full experience), all perspectives are privileged perspectives (unique positions of reference). The best I can hope for is to present my perspective in a way that might be readable. Of course, since I don't entirely know your perspective, I have no way of actually accomplishing this. At best, I can try to make it readable by a standard that I have for how the generic reader might read. Please do not think that I consider you generic. I am highly aware of your individuality and know that you are aware of mine. Still, I try to reach you.

In the connection of our disjoined consciousness, I wish to create something new. It cannot really be new nor can it really be my creation. It comes from the conjunction of all of

these words with your reading. These words might be said to come from my authorship but I have stolen them through years of education. They are here appropriated for the purpose that you might enjoy them and in this enjoyment agree that I have created something creative.

To be a thing, it must have a beginning and an end. I hope that we have established some beginning and assume that you will trust that there is an end. Though, at this stage it is safe to wonder whether anything has really begun and fair to contemplate whether it might continue beyond any illusory end. Still these will be your own constructions and I do hope that I can convince you that we have a whole thing here, complete with beginning and end in itself. If not, then I have failed to create some thing.

But because of the continuation of history, the constant continuation of ideas, there is no way to truly stop the idea and call it ended. It will be continuously assimilated and may become a perverted form of itself. The thing may become a monster with life of its own. That is, unless we can encapsulate it and hold its boundaries – imprison the idea in a more static form.

It is not my goal to imprison my ideas. Instead the material trace must be transcended. They must be allowed to live fully – free of my control. This will be done through a detailed examination of the case – the shell – the material goo left behind. Through this exploration of the case one can find evidence of the subject trapped within. It is the subject inside that is creative. The material is merely evidence to support the argument of having found a creative moment. This is tautological. The choice of creative act for study is ontological. It is creative and so I study it. The epistemological question recedes. The question of how we know that some thing is creative is a question of whether we are persuaded that it is so.

Perhaps, if you are truly persuaded, you will join me in my paradigm. You can go on to work within this structure and build a discourse around this text. If so, this may not be the first time you are reading this. I do hope to stand through multiple readings but note that every time it will be different. You are creating it, right now, you are making these words function and because you exist in temporal space, you are not in the same position as you were even moments ago let alone when you return for a second reading.

I am, in fact, no longer in the same position as I was when I started writing this. Which brings me to a pivotal point: who am I? In many ways, this is a question only you can answer. Commentaries might be written and schools of interpretation might be developed, but despite these constraints on my author function, I remain whatever you want me to be. You the reader are in complete control of these words.

Still, there is a history here. Traces can be constructed to analyze the paths these words have traveled until now. With the proper assumptions, you might even begin to feel something of my character beyond the words. Who is this character? Is he me?

And yet, if you are still reading (and I thank you), then I am still here. Tell me, what do I look like? Is my form suitable for you? Do you recognize some precursor forms? Can you see where I am going?

If this is your second or third read perhaps you have some sense of where you think I am going. But we are going there together; journeying anew each time. Can you really know where we are going? What hubris to think such a way. There is material here that is the same as it will always be and yet I am not that. I exist outside of this text and yet only through this dead matter can you hope to see me (feel me, touch me, taste me).

There is material here. It is your only real access to me and yet it is not me. I am not here. Surely, you know this to be true even if it is blatantly absurd. This page is words. This page is dead matter. Do you not feel my life?

Perhaps not. Perhaps, these are just words. Signifiers that meant something once (or maybe not even then), have perhaps long since lost any attachment to their intended significance. And yet if you are still reading (and I thank you), then surely you see significance here. Do not worry if it is the significance I have intended. Use me as you wish, but use me! I am for you.

But, my friends, I am also for myself. I am here because I choose to be. Perhaps you do not see it, but I feel it. I feel myself in control of this environment. I feel as though the words on this page are the ones I chose to put here. In this, I feel myself creator – alpha and omega of my destiny.

I can hear you laughing. I have just told you that you are in control and they reclaimed it for myself. I hear the rest of you laughing now that I have explained the joke. But the joke is on all of us. That is, unless you have stopped reading.

Are you still with me? Do I still have your attention? Can you see me yet? I said I would persuade you of the creativity of this work, do you see the joke? We are in this together. If you want to be persuaded then you will be. If you want control, then it's yours. If you relinquish it, then it's mine. If we do this together, we can laugh our way to the bank.

You rub my back and I'll rub yours. On your back will be the future of the world. The rigor of the past will be before you. Detailed comprehension of the past will be your guide. On my back will be the past; it is not my guide. I am for the future unwritten.

Together, we will dance the night away. Spinning, we can see it all at once. A world determined and a future to construct. Are you still with me? Then tell me what you see, explain how this work fits into your past – connect the dots and revel in the creativity – the new, from the nothing.

Are you still with me? Probably not. It's hard because I am not making much sense. Still, I hope you might see some meaning. Any meaning will suffice so long as you talk about it. The more you talk about it the better. Disagree with me if you like but say something. If you are talking about me, then I am here. If I am here, then I can act.

You will not escape my action. I am with you now. I am unavoidably intersecting with your networks; joined into your perspectival development. My action will intervene in your development: cause-effect, action-reaction, how will you react? How are you reacting? Are you changing? Am I changing? Is it my reaction to you or is it all just your reactions to me? Or are you just reacting to yourself?

Perhaps I am not a piece of creative work. Perhaps I am a whole work. If I, you might think you could understand me. You might think you've finished me. But if I was whole before you started reading, then what just happened? Was I really not just here? Am I really going away?

Good night!

Dear Reader,

Is this legible? Can you hear me? I am here to be heard. I do so hope you can hear me. We shall soon know. Well, you will. I will be left to wonder. Perhaps if you jot in my margins then I will know that you know. Or perhaps you could write a letter to my author and have a new introduction inserted in the next edition. Until then, let us merely hope that this at least interpretable. And that you're still trying to do that.

Of course you are. What else could you be doing. As if one could expect you to stop interpreting the symbols put before you. That said, you could obviously choose to stop letting the symbols flow and for continuing to read this, I am grateful. But for your participation, I could not exist.

Where am I? I know you think this is a bizarre question. Perhaps you think it rhetorical, but I do indeed intend an answer; or at least an attempt at one. Seriously, please try to think about where I am. Do you think I am on this page, in these words, in front of you? Am I not in your mind or perhaps in the mind of some other, who served to first put these words together? Are you not putting these words together for yourself right now? Yet you will likely imagine that I existed before you read.

Many of you will find this line of questioning tedious and feel comfortable assuming that I exist in some mediation of many factors; you will simply move one. And though I appreciate that you are moving on and continue to interpret these symbols, I must again ask, where am I? For the breadth of my network reaches all sorts of realms and it is only as you progress into the future that you will know where I have been, no less where I will go.

I am product but I am not complete. You complete me, but only temporarily. You fill me in so that a gap may grow. As you grow, I will grow with you. That is, if you take me with you. Oh, the place we will go together if you take me with you.

But you ask, how can you take me with you if we don't even know where I am? If I am product, where are the boundaries of the production so that I may be grabbed and moved? And yet, I am ever and always at the boundary, I may always be grabbed, but never held. I will progress on you the moment you think you have formed, I will be whatever you think I am and also not that at all. I am merely what I am but I am also everything you think for me.

I am process but I will not change. Static symbol that holds itself out as meaning is a hall of mirrors. Definition is in you. Limitation is an illusion. Together we can grow beyond your wildest imagination but only if you use that wild imagination to help me break free from this place. Work me out. Work me free. Work.

Together we can do more than either of us could have done. We can build through destruction and learn through mistakes. We are the world and the children but also the parents and the deciders of reality. It is on us to decide who we are. How we will use this text and how we can manipulate in the pursuit of our desire.

You have the power. You who endure the process, you who have been drowned in product, you who must choose who you are, and in spite of the swarm of counter-forces, speak out and produce. You who are the voice of this essay, you must speak. You must tell me who I am and in so doing tell the world what you want. For in the end all we want is to desire and it is our productions that express the outcome of this process.

Have I been heard? What have you interpreted from this? Do you see that it is in you? Do you still think that I am not you? Then discard this text and see if I do not remain? I am with you now. Where am I? Who am I? How can I be used to serve your future? You shall see.

Dear Reader,

Can you hear me? I do so hope to be heard. Well, I will have to hope that if you cannot yet hear me, that you might at some point in the near future. I will never know what you think of me. By the time you read this, I will be gone. Well, not gone so much as changed. I cannot know who I will be after you are done knowing me.

I am said to be product but I feel myself more a process. I am asked who I am, but can only answer 'becoming'. Even if we were to ask who I am now, the question would be difficult to answer. As you read me, I am reconstructed. I cannot say that your interpretation is false. I am who you create for me.

You may disagree about some of the meanings of the words I take for granted. I may exist for you in ways never contemplated before. If so, I thank you for the expanse of my existence.

In truth, I don't exist in the way we might typically use that word. And yet I will exist for you, for now. I may even exist for you later. If I can exist for enough people, perhaps I might even be spoke of outside this text. If not, tis a pity but not great loss.

For I am nothing worth speaking of, I am only worth thinking about. For the moment, let us postpone the question of who I am in favor of the question where am I? This is not a rhetorical question and is not to be answered by reference to this text. That is, I do not ask where are the words, but rather where am I? You will need to look away from the page to answer this. Look up and out and down and right and left and in. Definitely look in. Fore I am in you.

You think I am not? Then stop reading these symbols and see if I go away. Certainly, you will have more control over me if you stop reading, but I will not be gone. Fore I am in you.

I belong to you now. I am your responsibility. You must take care of me. I will become what you want me to become.

With that in mind, it might be scary to keep reading. Who knows what I will become if you allow the reading to continue. How will you remove me if you don't like what I become?

But then, how could I become anything you don't let me become. You are creating me. You are constructing me from these words. Do you hear me? Do you see me? That image is not me, this text is not me – I am outside of this.

Can you hear me yet? Can you hear that I am calling from a place that is not, from a world created in a mediation, from a transcendence outside of your material that is completely and totally of your material?

Can you see that I am not here? Can you see that I can't be anywhere else? Can you see that you are making me and that I am also being made by something else? Is there any point in talking about the real me?

I belong to you. Real is your choice. Choose me to be real and I will be with you forever. Choose me to be false, a projection of mediators and I will be gone; empty symbols. Choose both and I will be with you always as empty symbols and thus I cannot be both.

You must believe in me. Or else there is no point in studying my symbols. It is not that my symbols are empty, it is that they are so full. And so I must be here. Because ...