

(The One Word Manifesto)

Ueno, Tokyo 08.02.2020

Have we forgot?

Have we, have our streets, our houses, our stores -and its shelves- been colonized by replicas that echo what we seem to recall? Can we remember? Will we? Or are we mesmerized by nostalgia. Are we addicted to the new New Thing, some super scalable subscription that lives without gravity -born from smart skills-not love? Will we fake it until we break it? Can we survive without a legacy of our own? Can we exist with contemporary replacements -memories of what used to be -from the seventies, eighties, nineties?

Think are we suffering from an unparalleled and bottomless choice of Global Timezone-Free

Markets? Does doorstep delivery make us feel better about our convenience-obsessed-service-society? What is the net result of everything-faster? How do you really feel when you find a shortcut, the fastlane, another quickfix? And what are you really winning, when youre saving time?

What would happen if you could live in abundance, not scarcity, could rediscover things, places and people, that really matter to you? Women and men that make a difference to you, things that kindle you, places that will carry your memories forever. Items you would repair time and time again -and never replace. The joy of exuberance, matter that matters: a promise of the past sustained into the future.

How would it feel if you could learn something you can't google? Could you listen and learn from a master -slowly accepting there's something you don't know? To deeply understand from experience, not simply to acquire skills. To be a link in a longer chain -sprouting from tradition, to toolmaker, to maker, to master to... you? To be a part of this unbreakable bond, built to last longer than you.

Imagine what you would feel, when you grew up next to a tree that provided the wood for your table or know the neighbour that weaved the wool of your scarf and shook the hand that cut the glass you are holding? What if you could make a connection with the stuff that surrounds you, to know the roots of your utensils, instruments, your clothes and your furniture, to see the lineage in them?

Dream having a soft sweater for a sister or a big brother for a bike. Imagine your kitchen knife is your niece, your uncle this table -and the floor your favorite family? How would you be around them, when would you deem them irrelevant, old, or just not so nice anymore? Could you discard them? Throw them out? Things with a heart?

Remember when you made something -anything? Reminisce about the touch, the smell, feel how gravity made it real? Now, could you embrace your creativity, welcome your talent, prove your ability and re-engage with reality? Feel how that could bring you fulfillment, satisfaction and a sense of freedom? Awaken the maker in you? Every thing you own, eat or wear is touched by a human, one way or another. More human, more life, more love. Makers take pride in how their creations talk to you. From heart, to head, to hand, on to your heart.

What can you hear a maker say?

I made this. I am in it. I exist.

A testament from a maker

One of a kind

It matters

Origen.

