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KurzGeschichten
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An idea becomes alive on paper. Once there was a thought, now there is ... well, what is actually there now?

White was there in the beginning

White will be there in the end

Let's start with the beginning:

"But I don't want to go among mad people," Alice remarked.

"Oh, you can't help that," said the Cat: "we're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad."

"How do you know I'm mad?" said Alice.

"You must be," said the Cat, "or you wouldn't have come here."

(Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, Chapter 6)

I like inspiration. I like creativeness. I like the bombardment of visual stimuli. I like visual noise.

I like being inspired. I like being creative. I like to bombard others with visual'ness. I like visual silence. I dislike interior design.

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Where would I rather be than in a place where I can be? A place where I can leave my marks, where I can exist in and around a haze of visual'ness. A place where everyone else is "mad" with something personal?

Developing an idea into another idea is a creative journey. I stopped at several exits along the track, but have not yet settled for the final destination. I looked into other creative concepts and decided to borrow what I liked, to dismiss what I thought wouldn't work, and to judge.

Judgement – for own ideas and the ones of others.