

Margin:
A Journal of Design
Collaboration and
Experimentation
Vol / 01

A project of White Matter
Studio Collaborative
www.wearewhitematter.com



margin

m

ol. 1 issue

v

inside

01

o

outside

MARGIN
v 01
inside_outside

contributions by:
TANIA ALLEN
DAVID BIRGE
BROOKE CHORNYAK
CHRISTOPHER CHORNYAK
MARIA ETKIND
REBECCA TEGTMEYER
LAUREN WAUGH
ERIN WHITE

Tania Allen and Brooke Chornyak, editors



margin

vol. 1

inside

/

outside

the collaborative system

Contributions were developed based on the theme. They were written, visual, or typographic studies. Alternative explorations were also excepted.

Entries were submitted to us via email.

They were then passed along to other contributors to create a companion piece. If the piece was writing, another contributor was asked to create imagery for it, if it was a series of images, they were asked to create a written piece to accompany it, and so forth.

margin

the idea behind this journal

Margin is a experimental online and limited edition print journal devised with the intention of exploring what it means to collaborate in our transient digital environment. Participants interested in contributing to the journal "inside_outside" submitted work in the form of writing, image creation or typographic explorations. Accepted contributions were then passed along to other members for imagery, writing or design.

The journals theme "inside_outside" granted an open, broad spectrum of interpretations, from literal to suggestive. Submissions examined a range of complex issues such as relationships between spaces and individuals transition, or the many tensions and challenges designers face operating inside and outside of a community simultaneously. Creators also generated content which considered and inspected points of view on cultural, familial, political, private, and public spaces or present and past narratives. As explorers of the world, their curiosity drove this creative endeavor.

The established collaborative system intended to provide the conditions for surprise and chance in an environment of control. The process hopefully prompted participants to consider and reflect on ownership and individuality when creating works.

margin

words from the editors

The idea for this journal began as an effort to extend an aspect of our graduate experience — one that we felt was genuinely collaborative in nature. We were interested in continuing our education together, exploring various perspectives and methods, and building on our own and others work to challenge our conception of design.

We were at points questioning, surprised and thrilled by what we saw in the process. How we read our own work and others work was (not surprisingly) up for interpretation. Pieces that we thought were clear and provocative to others were murky and vague. We thought we would be impartial and open to these interpretations but found at points that we were not. In the end, this exercise was as much about ownership of material — and most importantly letting go of that ownership — as it was about creating a publication for distribution.

In asking people to contribute we wanted to relinquish control of the design process as well as the final artifact allowing ourselves to be surprised. We were surprised and delighted in numerous ways—we had to take into consideration that we were asking people with lives and ups and downs to take the time to contribute to a project that was, in some ways, dictated for them. Some did, some didn't, some partially, some fully. Nonetheless the experiment was a formation of dialogue between the initial contributions and the responses to them — to have that dialogue be at points anonymous and at points include the designers voice.

That was a balancing act of extremes.

As designers we are often fixated on concepts attached to a design or idea. This prevents us from seeing the alternatives because that idea originated with us. At the same time we must be able to visualize problems from several viewpoints, to allow for multiple interpretations, know that what we are saying is not necessarily what others are hearing and be okay with that (or at least learn from it.) This is especially true in this day when we are not the creators of our designs but often the creators of conditions for our designs to exist. We must let go of any preconceptions and learn to appreciate what others do with our work is often more interesting that what we would have done with it (or more often than not, thought of doing but then for any number of reasons, not...)

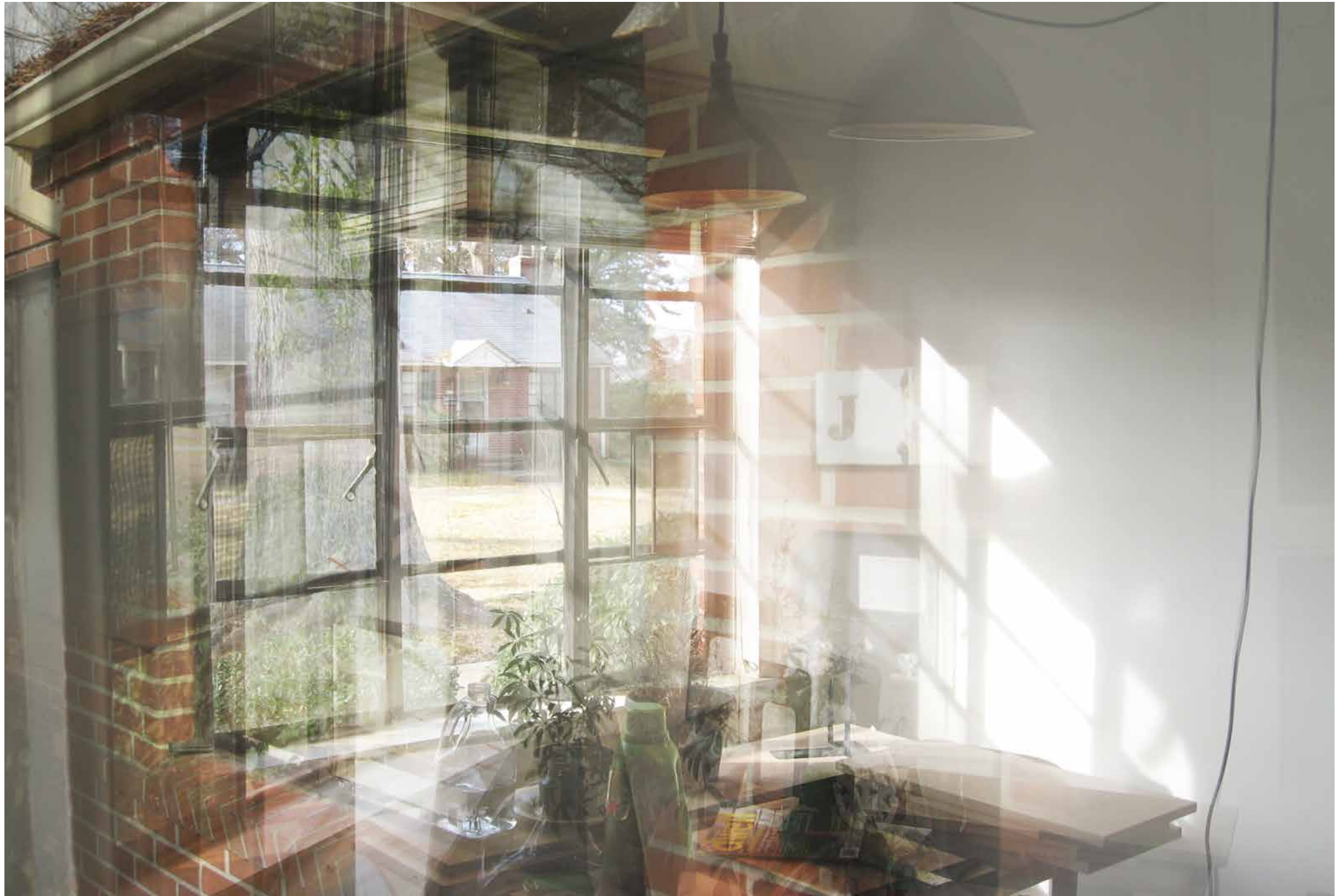
Edward DeBono said, “You cannot dig another hole by digging the same hole deeper.” We ended up somewhere new and unexpected, but not without some heavy digging out.



margin
submission
david birge

/

response
tania allen





[an excerpt from]
 salman rushdie, **SHAME**

On one occasion he lost his way completely and ran
 wildly about like a time-traveller who has lost his
 magic capsule and fears he will never

EMERGE

from the disintegrating history of race—and came to a dead stop,
 staring in horror at a ROOM WHOSE

OUTER WALL

had been partly demolished by great, thick, water-seeking tree-roots.
 He was perhaps ten years old when he had this first glimpse of the
 unfettered outside world.

*a history in the
 making, one that
 was meant to be.*

He had only to walk through

THE SHATTERED WALL

—]

*there is a comfort in not
 extending beyond your
 boundaries, for you cannot
 fail at what was never
 imagined to be.*

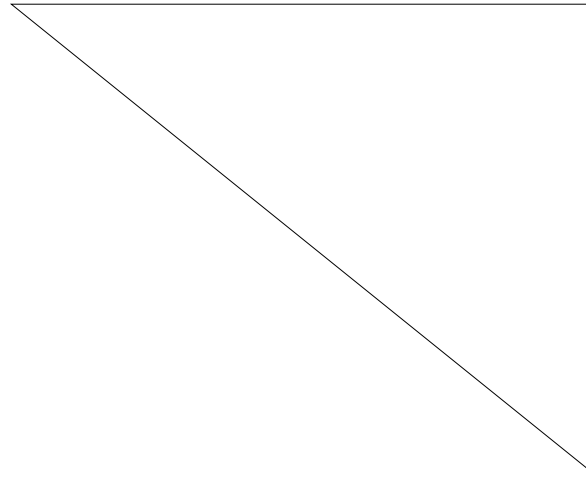
—but the gift had been sprung upon him without sufficient warning, and,
 taken unawares by the shocking promise of the dawn light

STREAMING THROUGH THE HOLE,
 he turned tail and fled, his terror leading him blindly back to his own —

— COMFORTING, COMFORTABLE ROOM.

but, what fun is that?

*red: annotations are
 reflections on design
 and process.*



margin

submission

tania allen

/

response

maria etkind

kelleen, pheonix



susan, st. louis



rebecca, michigan



kelly, raleigh



brooke, richmond



carin + dan, boston



AMERICANS EAT OUT OF A BOX EVERYDAY (STOP) SET
YOUR FRIDGE TO 40 DEGREES FARENHEIT 4 DEGREES
CELSIUS OR COLDER — THE COLD HELPS SLOW THE
GROWTH OF GERMS (STOP) I NEED A VACATION
(STOP) ROTTING WASTE (STOP) I REALLY DON'T
EAT THAT MUCH (STOP) EGGS OVER EASY, THAT'S
WHAT'S FOR DINNER, HONEY (STOP) ONE DAY HE
WILL COOK (STOP) 7PM TIME TO ORDER SOME PHO



(stop)

margin

submission

maria etkind

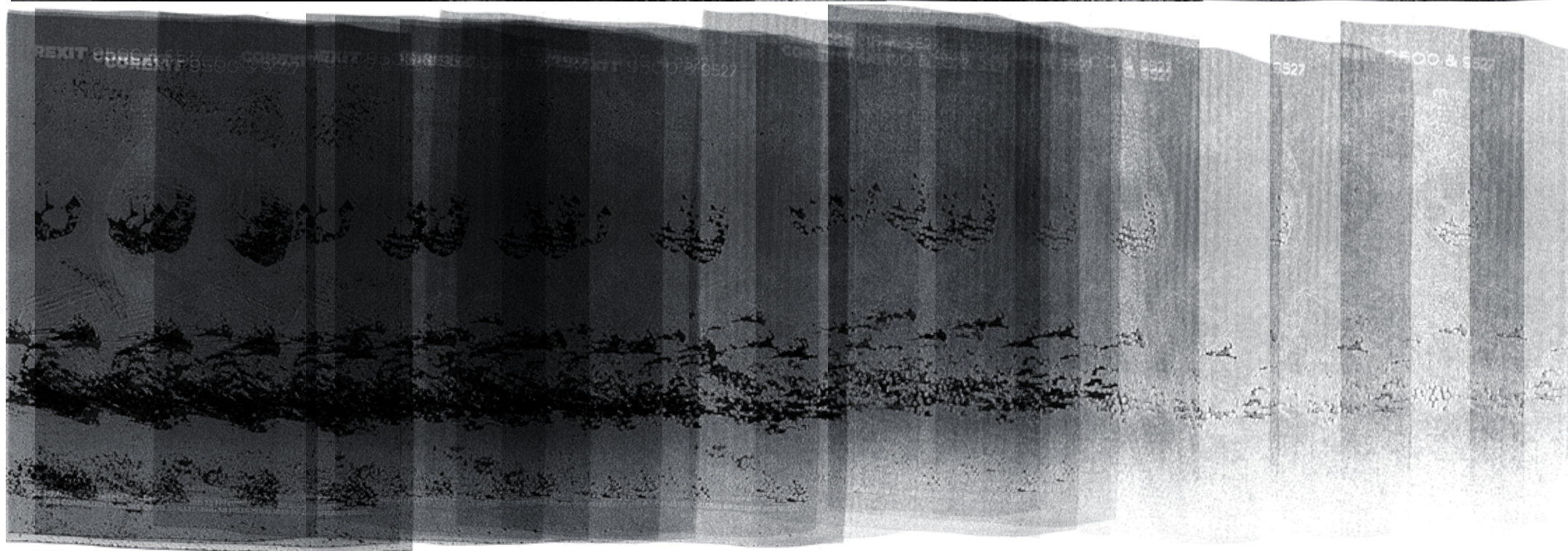
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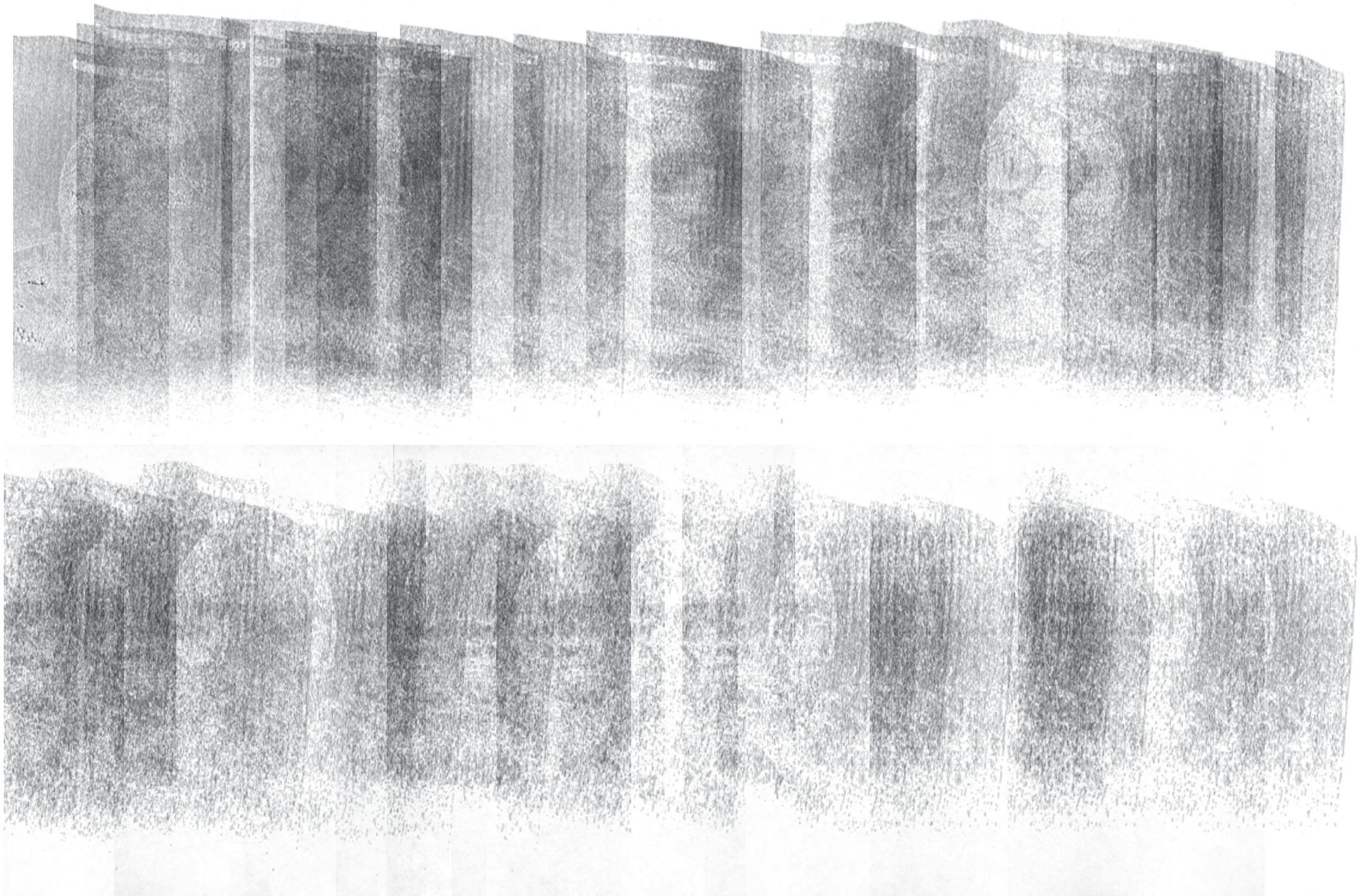
response

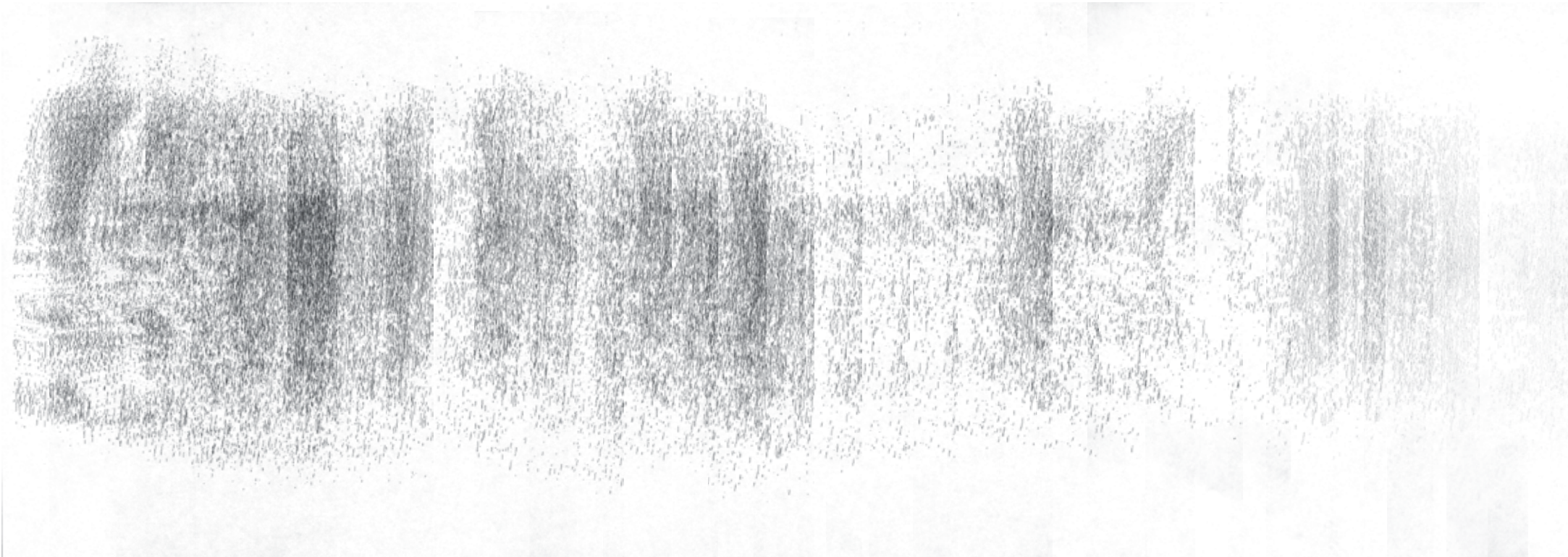
brooke chornyak











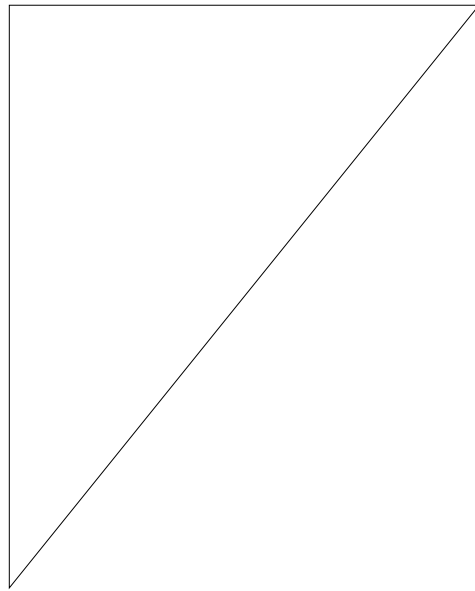
the lowdown, the dope, the dirt, the inside story, the scoop

a stream of statistics, knowledge, instruction, directives, commands

facts and figures one after another after another after another

currents and floods of direction, counsel, mandates, orientations

a continuous flow of details, particulars, a cascade, a surge, a torrent, pouring out and pouring from, unending



margin

submission

brooke chornyak

/

response

david birge



to be in a place - richmond, virginia

*back door, 13 west leigh street
home, and metal work detail*



oregon hill, sun setting



stairs, w. catherine street



jackson ward, north adams street



pink baptist church, leigh street



*newbury neck road peninsula a good
summer swimming spot*

to be of a place - ellsworth/portland, maine



anna's newbury street apartment, shared with landlords allison and rush brown. rush has a small ceramics studio in the basement of the house and places several ceramic heads of the same face with different expressions on the ground in the courtyard before anna's front door.



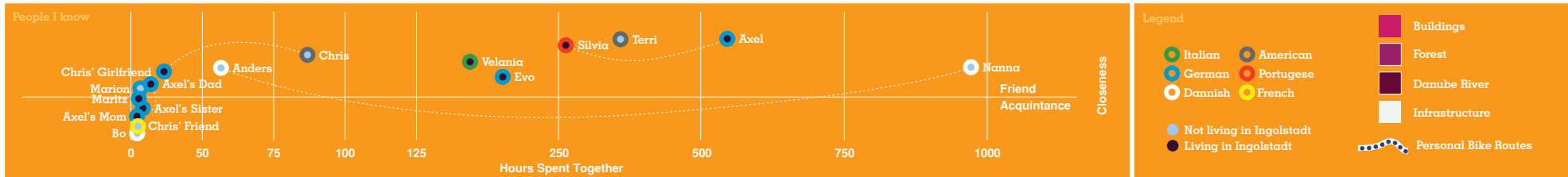
tyler, dominique, adelyn and hudson blackburn's hillis street duplex. the tenants on the first floor, sue, dale and their dog teddy have live in this house for more than twenty years.



we moved to three spring house lane from nine lafayette street in nineteen ninety four. the house is situated on a dead end street in what use to be farmland and an apple orchard. the apples were identified as an older variety, wolf river, a large sized cooking apple that is sweet and gets better with the fall frost.



colonel john black once owned this land and house adjacent to my home. once home to three generations of the black family, it's now a museum, gardens, a park and a community gathering space. our dog, rusty, used to love his daily walks/runs here, getting muddy in the little pasture pond and chasing squirrels.



- Personal Items**
- Bicycle (borrowed)
 - MacBook Pro 17"
 - iPhone 4
 - Easting Animals (Zafra-Froer)
The Analysis of Mind (Russell)
Freedom (Franzen)
Robinson Crusoe (Defoe)
Straight Man (Russo)
The Pale King (Wallace)
 - (3) New Yorkers
(2) Harper's
 - (10) shirts
 - (8) t-shirts
 - (4) shorts

INGOLSTADT Germany



TIMELINE

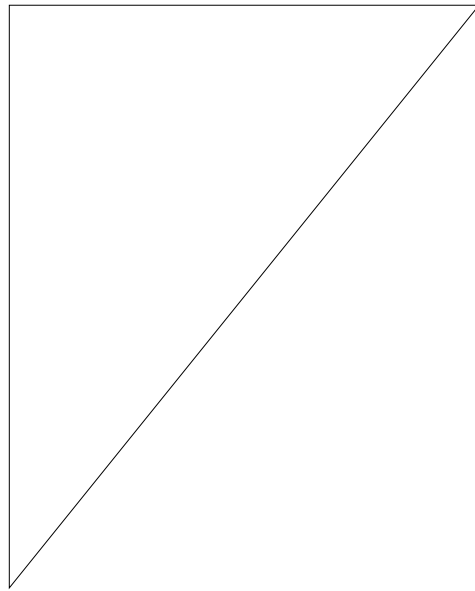
- January** Decide to quite job in Durham, NC
- March** Asked to participate in architecture competition by old boss
- April 30** Last day of work in Durham
- May 5** Flight from Boston to London to Copenhagen (visit friends)
- May 9** Flight from Copenhagen to Munich and bus to Ingolstadt
- May 10- June 30** Competition
- August 6** Return flight to Boston

DATA

- FOUNDED** 806
- POPULATION** 125,000
- DENSITY** 940/km²
- AREA** 133 km²
- UNEMPLOYMENT** 4%

FACTS

The Illuminata (featured in The Da Vinci Code) founded in late 18th century. Ingolstadt is the setting for the novel Frankenstein by Mary Shelley. The headquarters and factory for Audi is in North Ingolstadt (Audi employs 35% of the city) Only German city un-breached by Swedish invasion in 1600 German Beer Purity Laws written in Ingolstadt in 1516 by the Duke of Bavaria Bavarian law dictates that stores close by 8PM and close on Sundays Bavarians are nice, and they like to be barefoot



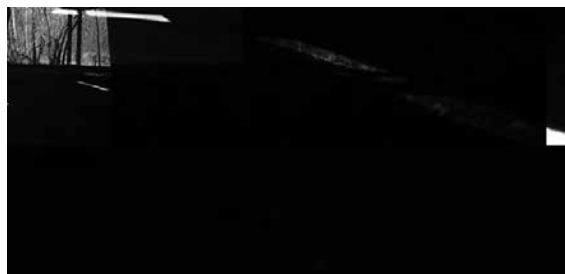
margin
submission
erin white
/
response
christopher chornyak

inside outside dialogues

imagine a house in a field. inside the house is a small table set for dinner. the house is you and the field is the whole world. it stretches to the horizon in every direction. it is a field of grass, emerald, rippling, long waves of breeze

(
 what are you doing *go back to sleep* what are you doing
)

i'm in i don't believe you. i'm in. whatever. look listen to me i said i'm in i said. i'm in really so, now, just like that then. why do you do this? what do you expect me to think? haven't you looked around? you don't see how - you think i don't - that's right i don't. look around. am i missing something? tell me what i'm missing? there's nothing here there's sand. there's sand. there's sky. that's it. that's all. there's no direction, no paths, not a tree. no rocks. sand but what does that have to do with it? everything i don't see how you could? it has everything to do with it i don't see it you never even tried why do you say that? you always say that do you remember last night? last night? you don't remember you said . . . i said you'd have to decide and you said you couldn't but that was last night that's what i'm trying to say. just because we wake up here - so what if we woke up here? you never decided you never actually made a decision i'm not - there's nothing else here but there's us whatever there's us. doesn't that count? and why would you bring up last night? you know how frightened i was. sometimes i think you do it on purpose why were you so scared? like you are trying to push me away when - we were safe and protected last night - so why was i so frightened then? you were safe with me it was something about that place . . . the cave something wasn't right in there it was safe and dry. there was nothing to be scared about but i was anyway i know so why remind me about it? tomorrow will be better



(
 he sat alone at the table on the sidewalk watching the cars easing past in the sunday morning sunlight
 and i walked past also wondering if he saw me and if someday my dreams and his would coincide but
 maybe he could have been anyone
)

i should fix this chair it's not too bad yet i think just some glue should fix it. i don't want the rocker to
 come off it's nice what is? to sit here on the porch yes i might have to go in the morning yes but for now
 - it's nice yes we could go out tonight? or not we could stay together tonight? i mean . . . tomorrow?
 maybe after? i just thought . . . i think i'll have to go in the morning yes but what did you mean? i'll
 miss you when you go we could stay together? i thought . . . oh we've been here before and . . . here?
 and i was thinking . . . something's different now? maybe yes you made a decision? something has
 changed? yes
 from before? from before.

(
 there was a day i remember looking out the window at the sunrise over the river unable to touch it or
 tell anyone of it. later they moved me onto a cold metal table and left the room. he was the only one that
 always came back but i always argued with him. or it was both of us.
)

you would be lonely without me i think i'm lonely with you would you be both? they overlap maybe
 both with me and not with me? can they overlap? but you would be lonely always then? i could get
 away from being lonely nothing has changed it doesn't need to
 you will be lonely when i go don't go then. i don't want you to go you can't have both have you seen
 how blue the sky is today? you always . . . i hadn't noticed. it is blue it is beautiful you're crying nothing
 has changed i'll stay

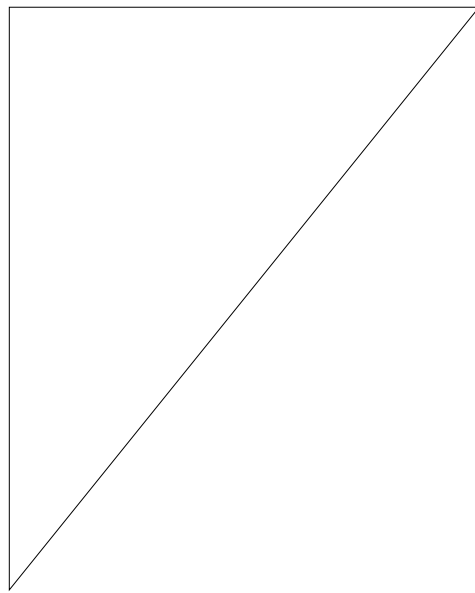
(
 we went to dinner with friends tonight. he talked about things that did not interest me
)

i have a recurring dream *tell me* i had it again last night *a nightmare?*



there are fields of tall green grass waving in the wind. there is a small wood house in the middle of the fields. pale curtains blow in and out of the open windows. you have been on the porch but i don't see you. in the kitchen a table is set for dinner but i can't tell how many places are set. but other than that i can't get inside the house. *what do you feel when you wake up?* guilty and hopeful *both?* i like that i feel you in my dream. that part is new





margin
submission
christopher chornyak
/
response
erin white

***the absolute and imperative necessity
of getting in to get out***

I have long believed it is necessary to go deep into one's self, one's soul and psyche in order to begin to fathom what is going on all around you. Not knowing how and why you perceive the world as you do is at the least ignorant and at the worst dangerous.

Furthermore it is only by having some idea of who you are and why you are that the other becomes available to you. How else can you distinguish that which is other and that which is simply projection? So, if you want to get out you have to get in.

A warning, however, there is a danger in this quest to get in. What can begin as a noble and well-intended journey to the far reaches of your mind can quickly turn into a self-indulgent exercise that can be dominated by narcissism or self-loathing, and oftentimes both. It is best to travel deliberately and patiently, not in haste, using disciplines that employ the wisdom of sages past and present. Best of all, use your own good instincts and question everyone and everything. Especially question everyone or anything that claims itself as an authority. If it can't take your question it can't be authentic and authenticity is the name of the game.

Art, in all its myriad forms and yet to be incarnations, has got to be one of, if not the most, powerful disciplines for getting into one's self and recognizing the other in its true form. Art has the power to engage the whole spectrum of human being, indeed, maybe even of all creation.

What a sad testament to our culture that one of the first public education programs we cut to balance a school budget is art—as if it is superfluous, a nice extra but not needed for the real world. How ironic because without the blessing of art we are and will be truly fucked.

We've got to get in to get out. Becoming human, that is being increasingly aware so that we are capable of compassion (literally, feeling with the other) and love depends on it. You have to get in to get out so that it becomes increasingly clear what you have been created and gifted to do. This is excellent for you, and your excellence is very good for everyone and everything else. We have to get in to get out, as a community to realize that it's not a dream but our imagination, to which there is no limit and which is the first step in the process of creation. This is excellent for us, and our excellence is very good for the whole universe.

*“the carpet
crawlers heed
their callers you
gotta get in to
get out...”*
– the carpet crawlers
genesis 1974



“Not knowing how and why you perceive the world as you do is at the least ignorant and at the worst dangerous.”

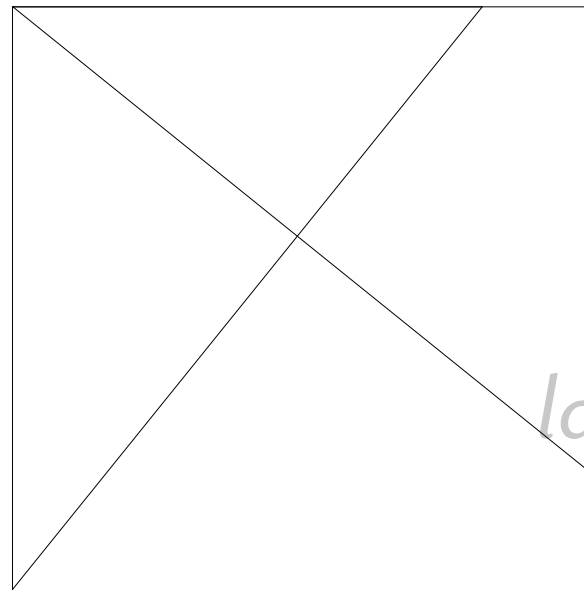
- christopher chornyak

THESE ARE NOT BUTTERFLIES.

margin

submission

rebecca tegtmeyer



/

response

lauren waugh

career transitions in design

Some career transitions evolve naturally, others take a while to settle, if they settle at all. In the beginnings of my career as a designer I moved from student to professional quite easily. It is one transition that happened smoothly. My move from an “outsider” to the profession to an “insider” happened at a corporate entry level. Once the newness wore off and the realization that there were levels within the corporate context kicked in, I was faced with wanting to move from just being a designer into a “creative-decision-maker.” Being a designer was essentially an “outsider” role in my particular situation. For 8 years I strived to meet a goal of becoming an “insider” to the upper-management creative doings. Once I was part of the “insider” decision making process I surprised myself by beginning to question the next transition.

As I looked to my future, I realized I didn't want to continue the progression I had begun. I started asking myself questions such as, "Is this all there is to design? Is this the relationship I want with design?" and finally, "Why am I a designer?" I learned I had hit a “period of plateau” a common point in most designers' careers that is reached after four or five years

*“Not in his goals but in
his transitions is man great”* —Ralph Waldo Emerson

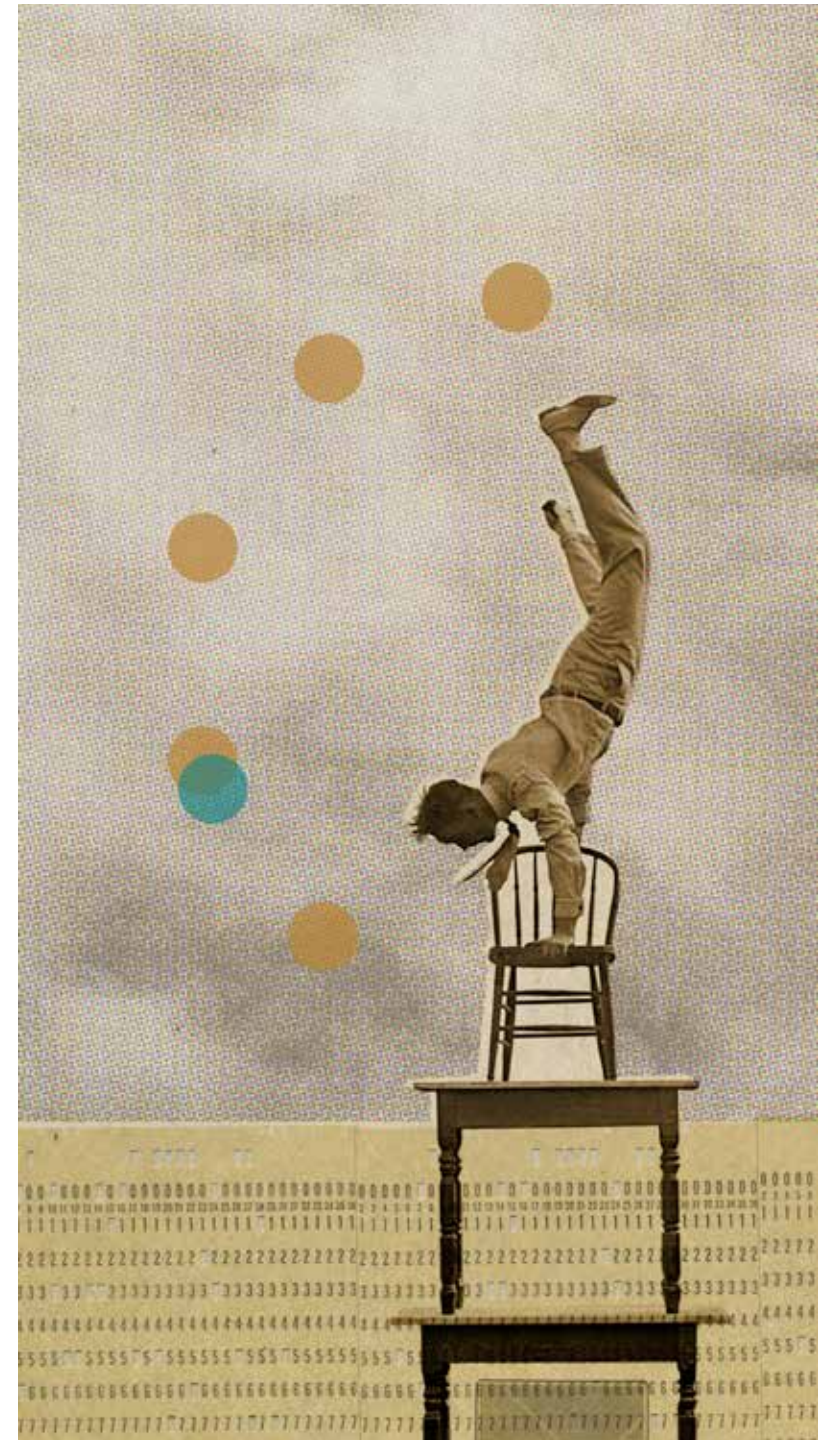
in the profession. Sharon Helmer Poggenpohl discusses this plateau in her article “Plain Talk about Learning and a Life-in Design.” She says, “Some [designers] will work through this circumstance, some will change jobs as a means to reinvigorate their growth, and some will leave the field altogether. Others will seek out a graduate program in design.” I decided to go with the latter approach and consider looking into graduate design programs. I found this approach more invigorating than trying to reach yet another step on the corporate ladder.

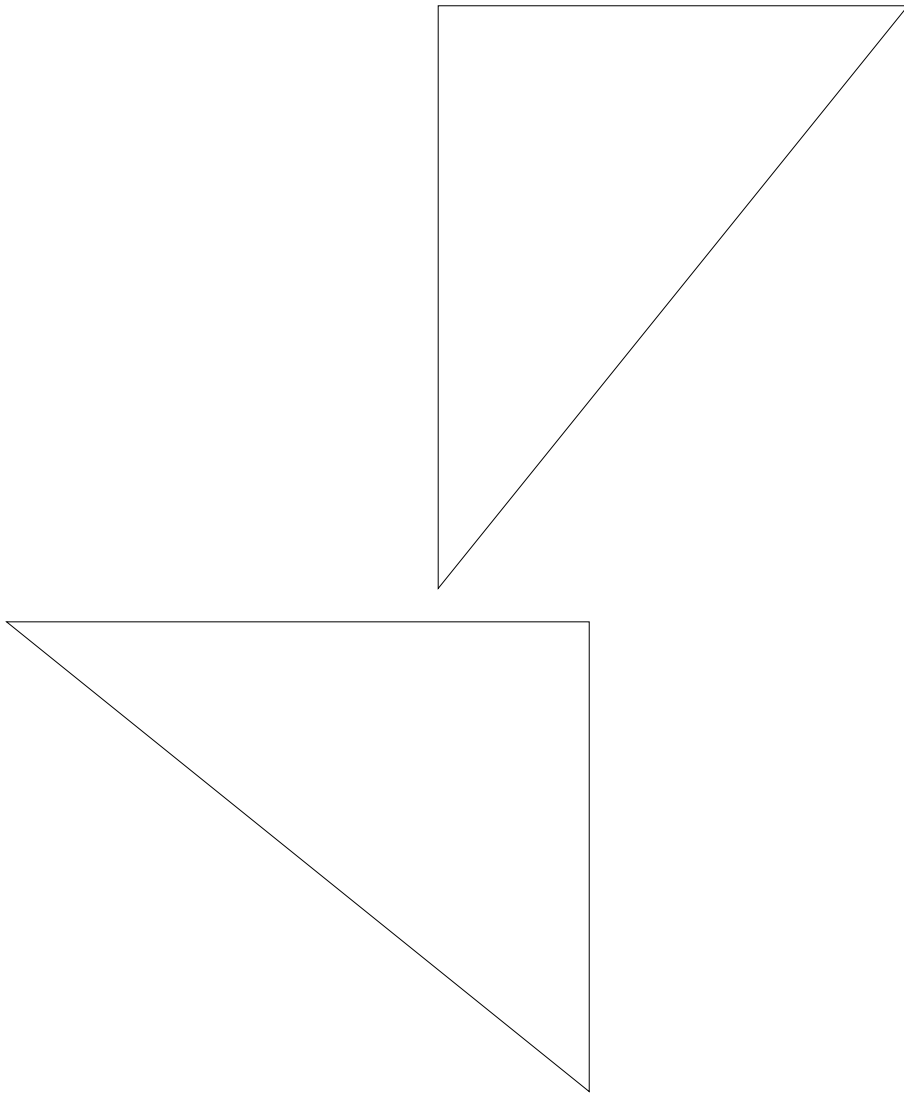
I knew graduate school could lead me into a different career path within the profession of design. It was at this time of questioning my next transition that I also started teaching as an adjunct at my undergraduate alma mater. The teaching experience enabled me to work with design in a different capacity other than in the corporate context. Now I had found myself working with design and people. I was by no means an expert at design, or teaching for that matter. Of course I had been a student, but being the responsible person in the room for 20+ students' knowledge of design was a challenge I wasn't prepared for. I began to identify myself as being an “outsider” in academics, and more specifically, design education. I felt I was merely “pretending” to be a teacher at this point and I knew I needed to be part of a graduate program that eased me into the “inside” of design education.

I wasn't completely prepared for this next transition I had been stirring up. Looking back, there was no way to really prepare myself for the graduate experience. During the entire 2 years of graduate school I was an "outsider." My peers were from different backgrounds, my professors were from different planets, the smart ones, and the discussions of design forced me to look at design as I never had before. I was in awe of the intelligence that surrounded me. It was like learning a new language or visiting a foreign country for the first time. With each semester I became a step closer to being an insider, a real graduate student. In this case I didn't feel like an "insider" until my thesis was presented and signed by my committee members. I was beginning to see a pattern that when a transition is completed or at least successful, then one becomes an "insider."

Having identified a pattern I would have thought the next transition into full-time teaching would have been easier. I encountered a different set of challenges I hadn't faced previously. The most difficult has been to find out where I fit within the greater academic community and finding ways to bring design into other disciplines. The other difficulty has been the constant questioning or reinvention of my approach to educating students about design. In many ways I still felt like I was "pretending" to be a teacher. At what point was I going to be a comfortable "insider" as a design educator?

Now I begin to question if it is ever possible to become an "insider" to the design profession or design education? Probably not as that is the beauty of design. The needs, wants, and roles of design are constantly changing and evolving with technology and culture. All of us are just "outsiders" trying to get "inside" of design long enough to define a problem and suggest a solution to better our culture. Once we get "in" there is a shift that occurs and we are once again on the "outside." I've come to a personal understanding that being an "outsider" is what fuels my motivation to get "in" and I'm okay with that.





margin

submission

lauren waugh

/

response

rebecca tegtmeyer

Put Dixie Chicks CD in Discman.

Adjust headphones.

Push play.

Settle onto stool.

Check watch.

Place handle in bottom.

Place roller in top.

Stomp on peddle.

Pull out new brayer.

Throw in bucket.

600 more to go.

Place handle in bottom.

Place roller in top.

Stomp on peddle.

Pull out new brayer.

Throw in bucket.

599 more to go.

Glance to the left.

White-haired women sort x-acto blades.

They talk about their grandkids.

They talk about handguns.

Adjust pillow under ass.

Place roller in top.

Oops- bad roller.

Throw to discard pile.

Place new roller in top.

Stomp on peddle.

Pull out new brayer.

Throw in bucket. 597 more to go.

Turn up volume on Discman.

Place handle in bottom.

Place roller in top.

Stomp on peddle.

Pull out new brayer.

Throw in bucket.

598 more to go.

Pray for lunch bell.

Place handle in bottom.

Wait—handguns?

Turn down volume on Discman.

Scoot stool over.

Place roller in top.

Stomp on peddle.

Pull out new brayer.

Throw

in

bucket.

596

m

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g

o

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Margin: An experimental design journal

c. 2012

Thanks to the contributors for your time, effort and patience in this endeavor. We hope it was worth the effort, because we couldn't have done it without you!