



Dead Daddy Design I've given you all and now I'm nothing.
 Dead Daddy Design another underpaid passion project,

November 2020.

I can't stand my own mind.

Dead Daddy Design when will we end the Adobe war?

I don't feel good, don't bother me.

I won't design this page till I'm in my right mind.

Dead Daddy Design when will you take off your clothes?
 When will you look at yourself through your grave?

Dead Daddy Design your white, Eurocentric, male, straight
libraries are full of tears.

Dead Daddy Design when will you check the rich bouquet
of your privileges?

I'm sick of your insane demands.

When can I go into a meeting and get what I want without
my good looks?

Dead Daddy Design after all it is you who is far from
perfect not the next world.

Your machinery is too much for me.

You made me want to burn your canon.

There must be some other way to settle this argument.

Dead Daddy Design are you being sinister or is this some
form of a practical joke?

I'm not trying to come to the point.

I refuse to give up my obsession.

Dead Daddy Design stop pushing I don't know what I'm doing.

Dead Daddy Design I feel sentimental about the times

when I didn't know our system to be so fucked.

Dead Daddy Design I used to be an optimist when I was a

kid I'm not sorry.

I drink golden milk for my nerves every chance I get.

I sit in my house for days on end and stare at the

Sister Corita prints on the wall.

My mind is made up I'm going to stay with the trouble.

You should have seen me reading Scottford, Attfield, hooks, Buckley, de Breteville, Holbertson, Haraway, Lorde, Preciado, Ahmed, Carson, Le Guin and Peppermint Patty.

My therapist thinks I'm perfectly right.

I won't say the Modernist Prayer.

I have mystical visions and cosmic vibrations.

Dead Daddy Design I am addressing you.

It occurs to me that I am conditioned by Dead Daddy Design.

I am talking to myself again.

vent barefoot climbing in Allen Ginsberg's America (1956)

A story of undisciplinarity cannot be told without demystifying the clean logics of success and failure by which our Western capitalist societies are run. Systemic and structural inequalities, by proxy, keep most members of society caught in harmful loops of defeat—economically, socially, personally, spiritually. But do we even want to succeed in a system that, by definition, considers most of us inadequate, as we are forever failing at being male, at being white, at being straight, cis or able-bodied?

“Under certain circumstances, failing, losing, forgetting, unmaking, undoing, unbecoming, not knowing may in fact offer more creative, more cooperative, more surprising ways of being in the world.” —

Perhaps, then, reclaiming failure is our best bet. After all, not succeeding can offer unexpected pleasures: of getting organized with other flops and losers, of plotting out ways of living and working that offer alternative definitions of success, of disrupting the circulation and reproduction of patriarchal ideals and discriminating structures. Keeping those in mind who cannot escape their circumstances, we can build spaces where other ways of being and knowing can exist.

On the undiscipline of design

Where there is discipline, there is a master—as design schools continue to be the official sites of “learning design,” they remain the main hubs for the introduction, transmission and normalization of conventions for “good design.” Implied in the very texture of any design study program is the legitimization of certain conceptual and aesthetic tools and ideals, substantiated by a corresponding canon and role models—through the naming of