

Designers die twice!

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Generally speaking, death of the author is a term in hermeneutics, while design is a practical field. When someone hammers a nail into the wall to hang a picture, nobody interprets the nail, the hammer or the act of hammering. Nobody spends time on interpretation, they rather prefer using other tools, another hammer or another nail. It is probable that sometimes they imprecate the producer. So the one who is cursed is the producer, not the designer who has had the idea of producing these tools. Actually, designers are amongst the most anonymous people all over the globe. Their share in either the responsibility, profit, and people's curse is not that much. In fact, we are talking about a great unwillingness.

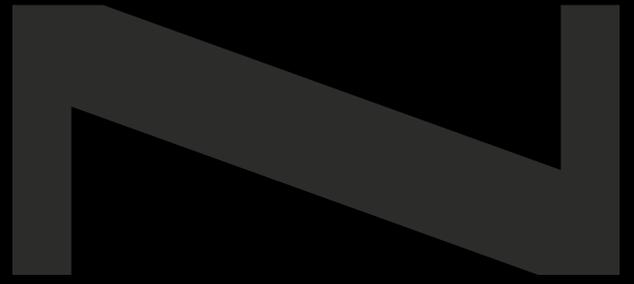
It was a designer who thought of cosmopolis for the first time, but it was a capitalist who started building it. Designers bear a heavier responsibility. But since they don't possess or choose the capital or the profit, they are almost marginalized just like dead bodies. They are neither questioned nor remembered, as if they are exempted from punishment and of course, praise. This is the first time that a designer dies. Death will rescue an individual from punishment while it deprives them from any type of praise. However, the designers accept this fate. Actually, it is an unwritten agreement that a designer signs to neglect any praise or punishment. Designers are anonymous knights that throw out the baby with the bathwater, probably because they have to. In any case, they are dead. Anyways, as the Persian poet, Sa'di says: "dead is the one who hasn't been remembered well". As mentioned above, the designers don't die only once, as they are damned by the Greek gods, even worse than Sisyphus's case.

They have to keep on working even after death because there are many people out there who need lots of hammers, chairs, signs and boards. They hide in their studios thinking and sketching just like some anonymous knights. Of course they can at least wear whatever they want and listen to a piece of music. This isn't the divine grace of the Greek cursing gods, it is rather a matter of chicness in twenty first century. Nevertheless, the designer turns into another person during a design process just like actors who perform on a stage without any audiences. Is that a curse or a blessing? The designers take the hammers and hammer the nails into the walls. Their hands are hurt by the nails. They shout and decide to add some change to the nails. So they pick their pencils again. Put band aid on their hands to mitigate its pain. In fact, the professional designers commit suicide so that their audience could survive. They kill themselves. They are their own murderers. Everybody die once while the designers die more than once. They are the walking deads of this world. As soon as a designer becomes a designer he will die. Designing is a career of death and transforming to another body. To be a designer means to hammer with the hands of "the other", to get lost with the eyes of "the other", to drink water with the mouth of the other, and to sit on a chair instead of the other. This is exactly the quality that gives the designers a sense of distinction. The designers are anonymous knights who are doomed to anonymity. Forget about a few famous designers, as they are exceptional.

The magazine you read, the glass you hold, the pen you use to write, the picture you look at, the traffic light, and every other things are the end results of a designer's thoughts. Designers do not interpret anyone. Also, nobody interprets them or their works. The designer think out our problems so that whenever we find a closed door, we can open it more easily without even thinking about them. They help us to pull the chairs and sit on them holding a hot drink in our hands while they do their best to accelerate the world's affairs. Their marginalization as well as the interpreters' indifference and sometimes even the rightness of the designs often make the designers' good works taken for granted.

Yes, the designers die twice. Once when they are emancipated from any praise or punishment, and once when they live the others' lives. The signature of the designers we sometimes see on the book covers, packages, cloths labels, boxes or somewhere else is actually like an epitaph on a tombstone, as if they have designed their epitaphs themselves. When a design passes the production stage and enters the market, it become independent of

its designer. Just like when we appreciate a pilot for a flight not the anonymous designer who has designed the plane. In fact, we thank a person who hasn't built the plane. So the plane producers will die twice as well.



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