

## 1 Manufacturing Knowledge in the Age of Pervasive Forgetting

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Whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must be silent.

Ludwig Wittgenstein *Tractatus*  
What goes on in my head doesn't interest me. I want to touch  
... or at least see.

Auguste Renoir

Distinguished colleagues and dear friends,

when I tell you that "something is rotten in the state of Denmark,"<sup>2</sup> I can assume that you all know that I am quoting Marcellus from Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, a fictional character in a fictional drama in which the talk of Denmark does not refer to the actual country or kingdom of

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<sup>1</sup>This is the abridged version of a work in progress, as presented at the conference on *Knowledge, Research and Education*, held at the National Technical Library in Prague, September 9-10, 2010. Please do not quote, duplicate or otherwise mutilate without the author's permission.

<sup>2</sup> W. Shakespeare, *Hamlet. Act i. Sc. 4.*

Denmark. I may be alluding to the original play but more likely you accept my usage idiomatically and have heard it as it is commonly used to describe a worrisome state of affairs. What you are not sure of and hope to hear from me is what it is exactly that am I so concerned about. You bring a knowledge to the expression that is not contained in it alone. In that case you understand my quote in its metaphorical sense and know exactly what I mean. When we lack this knowledge or forget it, our reading of the text is impoverished. So what is the actual object of my scorn? In gist, I am concerned that the fundamentals of knowledge have become increasingly based in what we could call a document-culture and that this near obsession with 'data wealth' comes at a not so hidden cost: the degradation of memory to a matter of storage, of knowledge to the power of search engines and that, as a consequence, we are perpetuating a culture of forgetting.

First, allow me to emphasize what an honor it is to be invited to this anniversary event. The reasons are many and among them is a very personal one. I had grown up in this neighborhood, this very place is full of memories: What could be more fun after a long drawn out winter than attending St. Mathew's Fair that was held in the space now occupied by the newer buildings of this campus. I rode the ferris wheel, watched others hit the bull's eye at the shooting gallery, got scared enough inside the Devil's Mill and returned home, in bliss, my hands and face sticky from cotton candy, the rest of me covered in mud. Right up the street is where I walked back from high school, argued with my first girlfriend, hang out with my best friend. I recall with fondness dropping in on George Standard, a professor of chemical engineering, whose lab was in the building right across from this one. I owe him and my brother Joe, himself a graduate of CVUT, my own lifelong interest in the philosophy of science.

There is much to celebrate with the arrival of this magnificent library building on the campus of The Czech Technical University and of Institute of Chemical Technology. It's place in the promotion and preservation of scientific knowledge is both physical and logical. We may wish to think of university libraries as their institution's heart. I prefer to think of them as sophisticated joints: they are strong because they are articulate. A venerable institution with an

interesting history that reflects the history of this land as much as it speaks to the history of science and technology, now joins the two institutions of higher education with equally variegated and no less distinguished pasts. Decreed by Emperor Joseph in 1707 - as a matter of fact, the two were originally one - it is among the oldest polytechnic universities in the world. Fortuitously perhaps, both the library and the university had their home in the *Klementinum*.

### **A case for the missing exo-document**

Consider now what I have just told you. First, I shared some personal memories. Things I know because I am personally acquainted with them. Now you know them, if not as well. Next I gave you my opinion on the place of libraries in a university setting, it is debatable but, as a proposition, it is self contained. Finally, I noted some historical trivia. The last I know because I looked it up in an 'on-line' document. At this very moment, all three are documented as and because I just stated them. But initially, there are significant differences between the three. The first, the personal note, cannot reflect in full the original experience, even if I turned it into a thousand page novel. The lived is gone. The second is complete, for the said and the thought or one, the third is also complete in so far as it aims to present facts but incomplete in so far as there is always more historical facts that could elaborate on it.

All of us here are well educated and most if not all of what we know comes from our ability to "look things up." And it is the double sense of the term 'ability' - as it is implied in the previous sentence - that we should keep in mind: that we are capable, have the skills and that it is possible. Clearly, knowledge - even the simplest proposition - is a realized potential. But not all that can be known can be later "looked up." Not so much because the matters of fact had not been or have not yet been noted but rather because they simply cannot be had. My childhood memories are an example of that, not for faulty memory or because the experience was private (subjective.) Rather, as some analytic philosophers would have you know, because not all that we know is describable such that it can be then recovered. And yet, conversely, even that which I



learned, let us say, by reading “about” it, implies the perceptual act of ‘knowledge by acquaintance’ or, simply, that it is first ‘lived’. Of course, this complicates matters quite significantly. Not only is it the case that what I lived through is already a matter of for-knowledge, an apperception, in which I bring to a situation a complex of possible understandings of what is going on, and what, if any of this understanding is convertible to description. But additionally, this very ability to engage in the secondary act, of ‘reading’ such descriptions must also involve the same ‘lived’ through act, really an art, of making knowledge, of actualizing the potential as we saw in my use of the quote from *Hamlet*. You do not need to be formally educated to know how to practice these skills. They are mundane and part and parcel of what we anthropologists call ‘culture.’

You can call it a *habitus* or just think of it as ‘skill.’ Either way, it is a kind of knowledge only a fragment of which is document convertible, be it described, depicted or recorded. It is the sort of knowledge that is lived -- embodied, emplaced or endured. Significantly, all of it can be passed on! By acquaintance only! You have to learn how to ride a horse by riding a horse, not from a manual, and study with a master violinist to acquire the knowledge skills of a virtuoso. Through apprenticeship or by “figuring it out.” Of course, some of what I figure out and make my own - such as how to setup and run a particular physics experiment - I can document (for others to look up and figure out), but not all... and so on, *ad infinitum*. Master cooks and bakers, like great artists and alchemists, have all known for millennia that their skills are potentially their secrets. It is this kind of secret knowledge that is the object of desire and the subject of envy and fear. Perhaps you admire Rembrandt’s paintings, you may actually own one and could have commissioned your own portrait, but you cannot own Rembrandt’s talent nor could he have given it to you. I am originally trained as a fine art photographer and I had the good fortune of getting to know the great Czech photographer Josef Sudek. I would hang around and watch as he trained his eye on something I didn’t see. We sat on a bench together by the Singing Fountain in the summer residence of Queen Anne. He was not a talkative man. I asked for advice. He offered an old Latin adage: “Rush slowly, young man, rush slowly” (*pospíchaj pomalu, mladej pane*,

*pospíchaj pomalu.*) It took me years to figure out what all he could have meant. It took me even longer to realize that he didn't tell me more not because he was holding something back but, rather, because there was not much for him to tell. The many things he knew that made him who he was as a person and as an artist, were not for him to discuss for the simple reason that he didn't know them as 'sayables' either. They were 'doables,' actualized by his mind's eye and the fingers of his left hand (he lost his right arm in the trenches of World War I.)

My argument so far has been a characteristically Wittgensteinian one, so well paraphrased by his friend, the Cambridge mathematician Frank Ramsey "What we can't say we can't say, and we can't whistle it either." I bring these issues up because I believe that they are important to our missions as professors, scientists and librarians and not that difficult to appreciate. My idea here is to bring some badly needed awareness of the complexities and potential pitfalls of working with documents. Is claiming that a piece of rock, a leaf or body fluid contain information to be mined the same as making such a claim about a text, an image or piece of music? I am equally befuddled by models that equate culture with text as I am by our lackadaisical obsession with "reading the DNA." Everyone I know pictures the DNA as a double helix while readily admitting that no one has seen the DNA with their "naked eye." The DNA is a 3D structural model of a chemical formula. This is a common epistemological problem (with a long history) akin to thinking of God as having a white beard while recognizing that 'He' is nowhere to be seen. Is the world a document? If you accept the above discussion of the types of knowledge and the limits of document convertibility then, I ask us all, what about the unsaid? What are we forgetting? Is there a missing exo-document?

### **A case for the forgotten exo-document**

If my concern so far was focused on questioning the relationship between the document and reality as a complicating factor in the relationship between information and knowledge, then, in my next section I want to voice my concern that our document-culture involves a perilous



enterprise that contributes significantly, in the words of Paul Connorton, to “how modernity forgets.”

A recent headline in *The New York Times* reads “The web means the end of forgetting.” The article draws attention to the exponential increase in our inability to forget things because so much of what we do - from financial transactions through social interaction, scientific research and education, news and entertainment to organizational management and personal scheduling - takes places electronically, depends on digital memory and is, *ipso facto* potentially not erasable. I hesitate to conclude that ‘it’ is therefore ‘unforgettable’ but I will not pursue that play on words here. Ironically, it is not the case that we are less forgetful. In fact, those of us who are forgetful are only more so as we depend on devices to help us increase and then manage our multi-tasked lives. Rather, the point is, that the overwhelmingly digitized environment is turning much of our life into an indelible document that is, to be sure, further searchable. Whereby lies another set of issues (e.g., privacy and property) that have become even more difficult to resolve without generating more digital trace marks. I suppose the idea is increased efficiency. I suppose there’s lots of money to be made or at least saved, as always, but I have yet to hear anybody tell me how much happier they are for all of this. Instead, we talk about the vacation away from it all as we continue to marvel and play with our I-phone, depend on the GPS and feel uncomfortable out of WiFi or 3G range.

But the document-culture draws on parallels with our increasingly problematical ecology: from expanding deserts to devastating floods, we have moved from making lots of (often questionable) knowledge out of a dearth of information to a post-modern culture awash in information out of which only a proportionally small percentage of genuinely original knowledge is produced. I don’t think I am alone in arguing that the increase in the amount and accessibility of data does not itself guarantee better knowledge. It may enable it but it may also disable it. You can drown someone just as efficiently as you can starve them!

And so it is that I wish to counter the common-sense view exemplified by *The New York Times* article. Our insistence on memory, on life mediated by the reproducible record, comes at a

loss - of memory and bodies of knowledge - of epidemic proportions. I propose to you the possibility that for every measurable increase in the speed and spread of IT efficiency there is an immeasurable loss of undocumented knowledge.

You need not be a biologist, cultural anthropologist or an economist to be aware of the enormity of change in the ways that we inhabit our world since our species dawn. Our tool making abilities have increased significantly our adaptive abilities and the complexities of culture and social organization. But harnessing energy costs energy and the increased sophistication has come at the cost as well: decreased diversity and increased inequality. All this is well known. We have finally become concerned with the loss of biological diversity and the over exploitation of natural resources. It is a serious issue. And it is not just a matter of health, sustainable development and, with the real possibility of global warming, environmental disasters that only reinforce the many human, economic and political problems. The fact of the matter is, that with every lost species - documented or not - we loose another possible source of knowledge. With each indigenous language lost, a whole possible world has disappeared. The indigenous knowledge and its taxonomies, theories, practices, poetic language, a way of life. It is our loss. There are fewer and fewer people that live within one 'place/horizon' they would call "home" during their lifetime and fewer and fewer 'place/horizons' that are not dramatically altered more than once within an individual's living memory. The amount of people "on the move" has been steadily rising since the latter part of the 19th century, with the industrial revolution and the development of transportation technologies, but in the past few decades we have seen a dramatic increase of human migration on a global scale. There is not a part of the world that is not implicated in this process. The reasons are many, including business and tourism, but the majority is involuntary displacement of populations running away from political, economic, and ecological disasters. Each individual's dislocation marks a rupture in lived, useful knowledge only a fragment of which can be taken along, reconstructed, converted to a new life or turned into nostalgia. On the other, leisurely side of things, I do not for a moment believe that the tourist industry - a major source of GDP for many countries - is very good at or even aimed



at manufacturing knowledge. Here learning about / visiting 'other' places is but thinly disguised merchandising that empties out whole neighborhoods in the name of invented traditions or real-estate development with little concern for the loss of the once embedded social networks and knowledge-by-acquaintance. We seem to be devoting increasing amounts of time in producing and consuming our lives and those of others as perfectly focused and color saturated photo images soon available in 3D.

But the large scale phenomena that stare us in the face as news-worthy tragedies "at a distance" (until the day that they touch our own lives) are, in fact, mimicked at the mundane level in the lives of most of us. If you accept the argument presented above regarding the inherent capabilities and limitations of different expressive forms to the effect that much of our knowledge exists prior to and remains, nonconvertible, as 'outside' of the document (the exo-document), while all knowledge, whether or not it is document based, presumes cultural embedding or, if you will, ability to make and have sense, then you may ask yourself the question that has been at the center of humanity's inquisitiveness for millennia: what is that knowledge that remains silent? A matter of interest to aesthetics, metaphysics, semantics or theology for sure, but my concern here is more pedestrian, a scholar's call for an engaged epistemological environmentalism. The question for us (the scholars and pedagogues, librarians, IT specialists and archivists) to raise is the contributing affect the rapidly expanding document-culture may have on the loss of this kind knowledge, on a culture of forgetting and complacency that goes along with it. How are we to respond?

There is more to making strudel than can be captured in the most detailed recipe and accompanying images, more to our sense of time passing than is definable by clocks and calendars and certainly more to our sense of place than can be measured or mapped. Our knowledge of ourselves and others, the manner in which we know and go about being is 'embodied,' 'endured,' and 'emplaced,' and, as suggested earlier, it is the flip side rather than separate from learning. But how much of that embedded knowledge have we placed aside (forgotten) as we have entrusted our lives to that part of our knowledge that is convertible? And



when does it matter? I am somewhat less concerned that it is harder and harder to find someone who can make real strudel from scratch - after all, most artists buy their paints in tubes. What does concern me is that there are fewer and fewer doctors who know to examine you through extensive palpation. Most of what they know about you, and entrust as the more objective, comes not through direct observation and the knowledge that is, literally, at the "tip of their fingers," but from lab tests and imaging technologies involving complex data manipulation that conforms to certain methodologies and standards of measurement. This approach has revolutionized health care. It has extended longevity and improved the quality of life. But we all know that it has its many flaws. If progress in medicine is directly related to scientific research which rests its unquestionable success with the Cartesian model of verifiability in which secondary qualities (sight, touch, etc.) are reduced to primary qualities (numbers) and therefore to standards of measurement, then health care delivery extends this model to the patient's bedside. A person's illness is reconstructed as a token of a type, as the extension of a document. The complaints come in a variety of forms: wrong diagnoses, unwarranted side effects, botched surgeries, the feeling of being ignored or dismissed altogether. I would not be here, if it wasn't for the incredible advances of modern medicine but I have also been the victim of the other side of the equation and it is only because I have actively and systematically sought out alternative approaches to health care, ones that are based in a model of wellness that works with embodied knowledge, that I have been able to sustain a quality of life well outside of complete misery.

The recent proliferation of GPS devices offers another example of possible loss of knowledge. I do not own a GPS but I certainly benefit from the precision instrument. From improved ambulance service to bypassing a traffic jam on the way to the airport. But I do not want to lose the possibility of getting lost, of discovering new places by chance, of exploring and seeing and, most importantly, internalizing my whereabouts, a memorization that is the result of a repeated "moving through" that is endured and emplaced and thus embodied. This pointing out and moving embeds the stories told, that refer us to ourselves and others, to places. We all know this, but we need to be reminded that while we need the metric system to

build our house we inhabit not a house but a home. And if we keep razing buildings and neighborhoods in the name of modernization we need also to stop and consider what undocumented-able knowledge we are taking down with it.

I currently use three computers that are in my own possession (not counting the one at the university.) One desk top and two laptops. Then again, that's not accurate enough if I include the laptop that my mother stopped using and which I use for my music system (the record and tape players are in the closet.) But, now that I think of it, there are three more desk tops, in various other closets, also out of use and accumulating dust. I am either too busy to pitch them or concerned that I don't because on one I can run 'dos' and the other has a diskette and zip drive. A sad commentary about consumerism indeed and an even sadder one on the rapid and costly turnover of technologies - a familiar problem to universities and libraries - driven as much by business savvy as by anything else. Of course, it is a vicious circle with fundamental cultural values - such as those of ever increasing precision, speed and scope - at its core. But the point of my example here is a different one. Even if these devices work, I would not know how to use them. I long forgot what is on them and I wouldn't know if I have the manual to go with them. All that lost knowledge was once "at the tip of my fingers." It has been forgotten, replaced by a new embodied ability to use my current computers. And I dread the time when I will be convinced to get really excited by the latest device with bazillion applets I didn't know I could need. Because I do not wish to face yet another learning curve so I can gain intuitive command, the exo-documented, embodied knowledge necessary to actually use the device rather than study it. If our landscape or cityscape changed at a pace that makes biographical sense, then I can accommodate, I can reset my sense of belonging, of recognition. I may wax nostalgic, find the new look irritating, but I have time to embody, emplace and endure again. If you raze a whole village (Lidice) or neighborhood (in Beijing just a few months ago) literally overnight, you have razed my soul, displaced a people and discarded an unknown amount of exo-document knowledge. And if this takes place all around us most of the time, how can you expect to grow up playing with imaginary characters in the sidewalk mud over several years as I once did in the



place I now stand. Does the sense of home really have to be a never ending series of disruptions. I am talking pace! If I can tell you exactly what I was doing a week ago or year ago because I can look it up on my Blackberry but I have trouble recalling what all I did yesterday because I spent most of it multitasking, then I must conclude that “there is something rotten in the state of Denmark.” It is not only that our sense of ‘present’ is shorter, if more precise, or that space has been contracted by the increased speed of transportation and communication as many cultural historians have been suggesting. It is also that our document-culture draws our attention away from recognizing the kinds and amount of forgetting involved in these ceaseless conversions to automation, documentation and upgrading, and at what cost. To our pocket books, to the actual manufacturing of knowledge and to the quality of life. Indeed, document conversions may be inconspicuous, but rare they are certainly not.

There is a long and well established history of research on aspects of culture that involve working primarily with embedded, particularly embodied knowledge. Religious and secular rituals are first to come to mind and, by extension, all performing arts depend on it. But it is easy to set these aside precisely because they are obvious and marked as ‘symbolic action’ that stands apart from the mundane. In the time left, I wish to share one of many examples that is not primarily performative (though they certainly can be) before I conclude.

It concerns the culture of food and eating. It is worth considering how much of it is an extension of document conversion and how much knowledge has been lost. It is now widely accepted that the revolution in agribusiness and the food industry, the industrialization of communal eating and the gradual transformation of house work, especially the kitchen, in the spirit of Fordism over the past century, is a very problematic one. The loss of nutritional and taste quality of the produce, the health hazards of mass food production are some of the many issues widely discussed.

I cannot tell you at what point a food morphed into an edible document, the way a physics experiment is designed and, later, its industrial counterpart, but there is no doubt in my mind that there is a useful distinction to be drawn between a chicken bought from the farmer, and



a frozen chicken breast vacuum packed and labeled with detailed nutritional information, legal protections and cooking instructions and, on the other end of the spectrum, an energy bar, a snack scientifically designed around nutritional value alone. It is manufactured and marketed with me in mind, a member of the appropriate educated class who is expected to know and care enough a) about all the proper nutrients my body needs, b) that supermarket beef patties are tasteless, lacking in nutrients, laced with antibiotics and the wrong fat, and, therefore, c) that I need to consume supplements and eat protein health bars since I have no time and no one to sit down to have lunch with.

In a NYRB article on the rising "food movement" Michael Pollan reminds the reader of a few facts about American food consumption that, not so long ago, would be unquestionably considered the story of success only. That is not the case anymore, nor is it the case for the U.S. alone. "Americans have not had to think very hard about where their food comes from, or what it is doing to the planet, their bodies, on their society," he writes and notes that a very small percentage of our income is spent on food, around 10%, and, on average, about half an hour a day is spent on preparing the food, including cleanup. Our supermarkets are filled with products most of which have been transported from all corners of the world and many of which are either industrially processed or the results of food science innovation. About 17,000 new food products arrive on shelves every year "and in the freezer case you can find 'home meal replacements' in every conceivable ethnic stripe, demanding nothing of the eater than opening the package and waiting for the microwave to chirp." (June 10, 2010: 31) How much less time do we spend eating? We are all familiar with the fast food culture, it has taken over the globe as the sign of post-modernity like a virus. McDonalds, KFC, etc....

There is a counter culture of food production and consumption a foot. And it is gaining magnitude as it is also gaining respect. Against 'fast food' we have the 'slow-food.' This movement - started in Italy by Carlo Petrini - as well as other efforts to promote local produce use in a community based sustainable and healthy agriculture production is a very promising change. What is so interesting about the 'slow-food' movement is, as the name suggests, its

advocacy of a more complete knowledge of the food chain, at a slow pace (enduring), locally sustained (emplaced) and, most importantly to my argument, in knowing how to cook the complete mea, embodied. But how do you learn to make your own *svíčková*? A cookbook will not do. And here lies the irony: the skill of your grandmother, perhaps passed down from her mother, and then mostly forgotten, your son and daughter can learn, during their leisure time, as upper middle class gourmands who can afford this newly acquired mark of social distinction and political correctness. Mind you, I am a big advocate of a slow-food movement (or, for that matter, any other kinds of slowness) but I cannot resist the sly observation that what we had thrown out with the bath water we can now purchase, that is if you can afford it. We have recognized the importance of knowledge acquired through acquaintance (the exo-document) only to commodify it.

### **Conclusion**

Just to be clear, and to avoid likely confusion, I must begin my conclusion first by elucidating what it is I am not saying. I do not for a moment believe that the answer to our civilization's ills is to drop everything, especially if it is based on IT, and return to the bucolic life of the noble savage. I am not maintaining that we are turning into robots, or, most importantly for the present context, that the library-information services we can offer today are fundamentally flawed as is their place in the manufacturing of knowledge through research and education. The issue is not whether we are somehow less embodied, enplaced and enduring but rather how. If we are so smart then certainly awareness of what it is we are doing is part of the picture. If I know that there is much more to knowledge than what is document convertible, that those other ways of knowing are essential to our manner of being (call them 'existential' and 'aesthetic') but, equally, also part and parcel of truth bearing propositional knowledge that is document convertible, then it behooves me to pay much more attention to it, to its preservation



and usage. I believe that the awareness of the complexities of living in a document drive culture should be part of the training of every librarian.

Since formal education, especially higher education that forms the bedrock of scientific knowledge and technology lies at the center of this enterprise, I think that we must take responsibility for maintaining a better appreciation for the other side of the picture. Environmental literacy is not only about the biosphere or sustainable development, it is about literacy itself. My argument was this: In our quest after knowledge and the power that comes with it - to paraphrase the motto of CVUT - we also increased our reverence for the document. We speak of the information age, obsess about digitization and converting the networked world into a global archive. We place our bets on sophisticated search engines, massive memory storage, speed and mobility of access. Yet we confuse knowledge technologies with the technologies of knowing. Most importantly we forget. And, as I tried to point out, we do so twice: First, that not all knowing is document convertible while the ability to manufacture document based knowledge requires embedded, exo-document ways of knowing and, second, with the increased proliferation of IT in every day life and, more importantly, the rapid turnover of devices (migration), mostly market driven, we are drawn to a sense of present that demands a rapid exchange of one skill for another. Speaking of efficiency, I often wonder how much more time we are spending 'fine-tuning' our devices, upgrading them and our own skills in a life of perpetual learning curves and manuals that we don't even bother reading, as we discard the skills we acquired only a year ago. The very opposite is the case for the skills I need in my darkroom photo print making. I have spent many years honing them with 'upgrades' that I chose to consider at a much slower, barely perceptible pace and always within the standards I am used to working with.

This is why I am a firm advocate of the liberal arts education model in the university environment. Two of its features stand out: First, its emphasis is on acquiring skills through a critical engagement with the materials: the ability to read, write, listen and speak with a proficiency that is the skill comparable to any art. It does not come easy but ages well through



practice and, most importantly, demands a reflexive awareness of one's place in the discipline of choice and of the discipline's place in the universe of knowledge. Second, the learning takes place in a 'face-to-face' environment that is engaging, demanding and supportive. The knowledge potential of a document is directly dependent on knowledge that remains outside of the document, what I have here called the 'exo-documents.' What we can learn in the classroom, the lab or the field, with others and our mentors cannot be gleaned from the document alone, if anything it is its necessary precursor. Embodied knowledge is a socially and culturally embedded knowledge. It is so much of who we are and it is available, by acquaintance! We have embraced the fantastic potential that the digital environment offers education and research and we have come to realize the importance that the library and technology services play in the process. We need to embrace, safeguard and promote with equal vehemence the complex art of learning *in situ* and at a pace that is the opposite of defragmented and perpetually interrupted world in which we are beginning to live and learn how to forget. I am not a great admirer of judging academics by the impact factor of their scholarly output, especially when there is as much pressure on quantity as there is on the alleged quality. I will have more respect for this benchmark when we give as much weight to mentoring as we do to getting grants or acquiring patents. Have we not written a paper if not a book when we have worked successfully in imparting our knowledge skills to our students?

Finally, it is the library as building, so beautifully exemplified by the new NTK, in which people can meet in order to meet as well as to study, where we want to be and not where we must be, that offers us the possibility of manufacturing knowledge that is sustainable and standing opposed to our age of pervasive forgetting. In the words of Josef Sudek "*pospichej pomalu mladej pane, pospichej pomalu.*"

Thank you!