



SOME THOUGHTS ON MY OWN BEHALF.



WHEN THOUGHTS NO LONGER BELONG TO US

Nowadays, it is becoming increasingly noticeable
how naturally people utter words
that do not originate from themselves.
Quotes, headlines, formulas, theories—
a constant passing on of what has already been thought.

Sometimes it seems as if society consists of voices,
not people.
Like a big loop,
in which originality rarely appears
and when it does, it seems almost a little disturbing.

This has less to do with intelligence
than with the way we are socialized.



School, university, the world of work –
everything is based on reproducing what has already been thought.
Precisely, correctly, unassailably.
We learn early on:
What others have already said is right.
What has not yet found a known place is wrong.

This creates a culture
in which the ability to repeat is stronger
than the ability to perceive.
And in which the question of the origin of a thought
is often more uncomfortable than its content.

But somewhere between all the ready-made answers
there is another space—
a quiet, uncertain, but genuine one.

It is the space in which one's own thoughts arise.



Not the thought that has already been formulated,
not the thought that an author, a professor, or a medium has laid out,
but the thought that forms
because someone sees something that makes sense to them—
still unfinished, still uncertain,
but unique.

This space has become rare.
Not because people are incapable of thinking,
but because many aspects of our society
make it difficult for them to do so.

The media delivers ready-made opinions
that are louder than our own perceptions.
Politics works with familiar formulas,
even when their shelf life has long expired.
Public debates reward repetition
and punish hesitation.

However, independent thinking requires precisely what is in short
supply today:

Silence.
Time.

Permission not to have to respond immediately.
Courage not to know where a thought will lead.



There are people who hold many titles,
but whose words have little substance of their own—
because the titles give them the security
that their own thoughts may never have given them.

And there are people without titles
whose thoughts carry weight
because they come from their own depths
and not from the echo of someone else's canon.

You can't recognize these people by their degrees,
but by the way they look at things.
How they notice patterns before they are explained.
How they ask questions that no one has prepared.



Perhaps that is what our time is lacking:

Fewer votes,
more awareness.

Less repetition,
more sensitivity to what cannot yet be expressed in words.

Less fear of thinking something
that no one has thought before.

Because your own thoughts rarely start out clear.
They are quiet.
They hesitate.
They search for a place.

But if you allow it,
if you take it seriously,
then something emerges that is greater than knowledge:

Understanding develops.
And understanding gives rise to direction.

Perhaps that is the task that lies ahead of us:
No longer collecting answers,
but learning again
how a thought sounds
when it truly belongs to us.

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