Figure 1. Process
I have to move again which means it's time to gather all my worldly possessions into a heap and burn them

there is too much knowledge in the world. the noblest pursuit is to burn a library, like a cleansing wildfire sweeping through a forest

pal... don't you remember me? :(( i'm your good friend and content provider

alright, you can take the punk from the cosmos but you can never take the cosmos from the punk

the writer's lie: "

you are sentenced to 10 years of hard emotional labor

me on the streets holding a cardboard sign that says "help me out... just want a warm fav tonight"
a world where every object is a continuous probability density function over the finite/infinite space of objects it could have been. the space of process.

when objects are combined their PDFs combine in some way, where the verb is a hyperverb redefined to operate not on objects but on PDFs

e.g. if "you" [put] a "fruit" in a "basket," the resulting system spans all fruits you could have picked, all ways you could have put a mango or an apple in a basket, and over all ways the basket would have been arranged beforehand

if "you" [write] a "book," well, [write] knows that "you" could have written many different books, and the "book" could have changed "you" in many ways

imagine what happens when two "people" [interact]--

challenge:
next time you make something, keep track of the undo-to-content ratio
I do something the long & boring way.

I tell myself it's meditative.

when when even I do something the long & boring way.

I tell myself it's meditative.
PROCESS COLOKY

OVER
PRINT
REGIST.
RATION
so much of research is just talking to myself

after all, when you learn something, the next step is “convince yourself”

i keep messing up the words solipsism and soliloquy

solipsism: “the view or theory that the self is all that can be known to exist.”

soliloquy: an act of speaking one’s thoughts aloud when by oneself
so my little sister likes to take my phone and scroll thru my camera roll. one time she held up my phone like "why's there a picture of you flexing in the mirror" and i was like NO... i was tryna draw someone's upper arm... and this was legitimately a weird reference selfie i had taken for this picture i was trying to draw. but i guess the damage is done.

i just scrolled thru my camera roll again and there are a lot of pictures of my disembodied hand in weird poses. good documentation of all the things i couldn't draw w/o help
several people are typing
It was hard to make stuff after I stopped painting and drawing. Instead I collect heuristics: “throw stuff on the wall and see what’s interesting,” “just follow your obsessions and trust that you’re obsessed for a reason.”

Everything is in search of letting the process take over: quiet moments in the night when you’re just trimming a hundred sheets of paper to bind a book, or dabbing paint out of faith and a feeling. No more and no less than process & production itself.