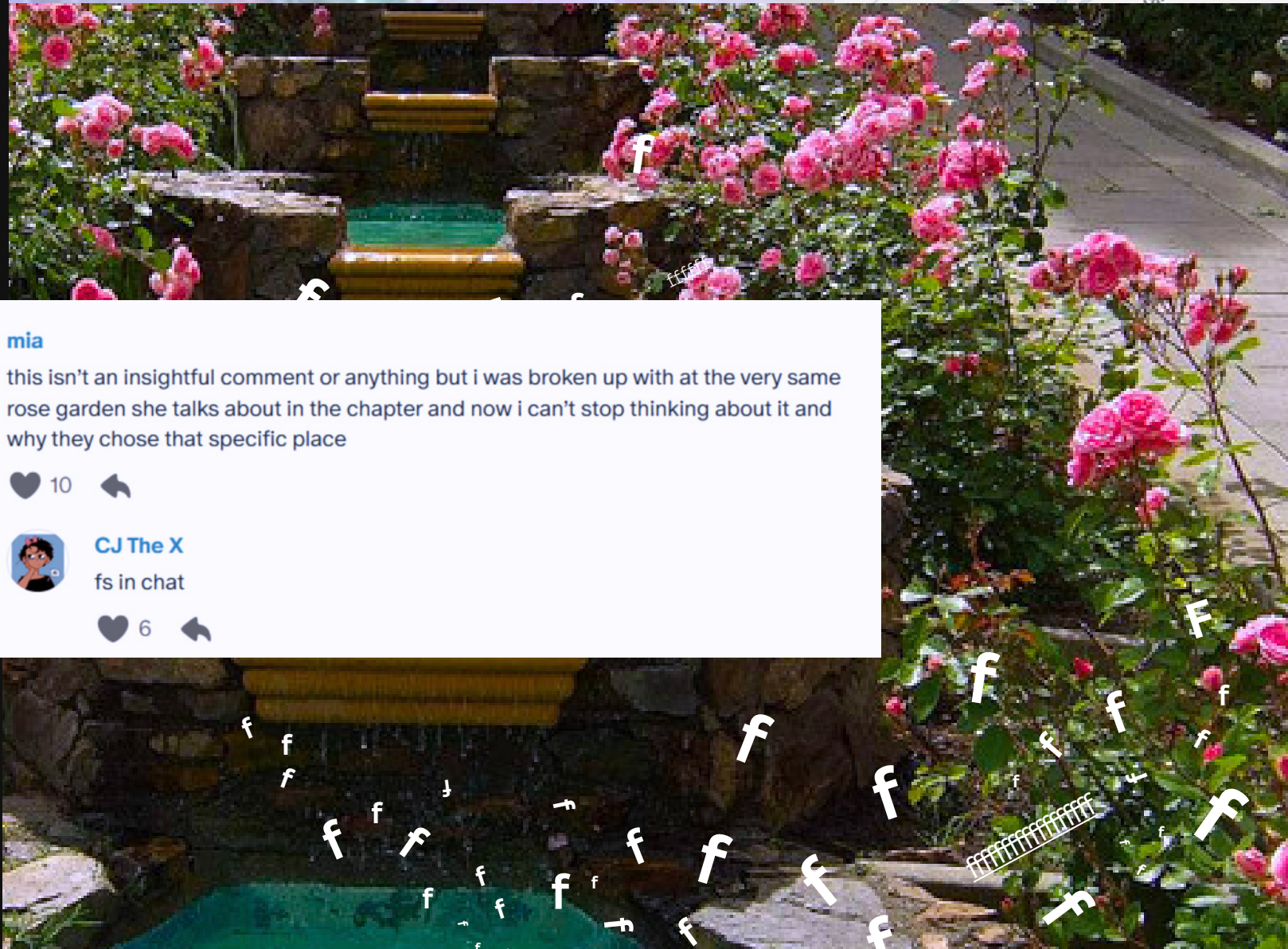


How to Do Nothing


a *Kill The Internet*
Book Report





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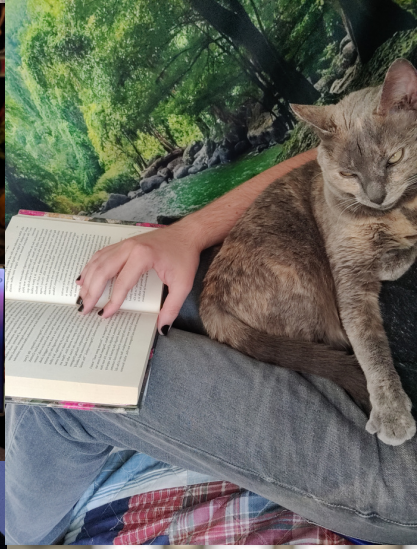
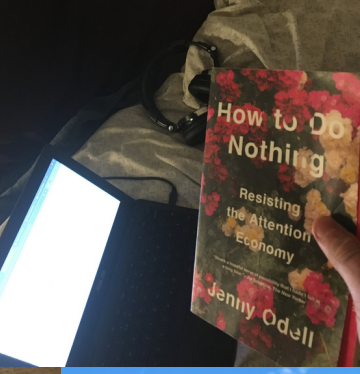
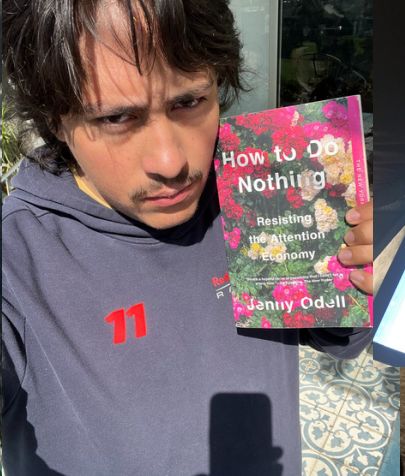
 **mia**
this isn't an insightful comment or anything but i was broken up with at the very same rose garden she talks about in the chapter and now i can't stop thinking about it and why they chose that specific place

 10 

 **CJ The X**
fs in chat

 6 

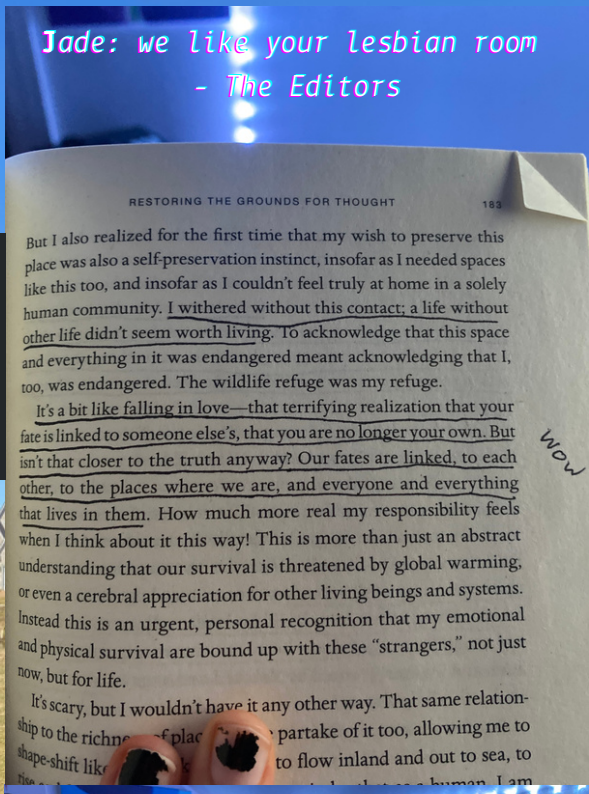






Lastly, I was struck by Odell's mention of the print in her apartment that reads "We're all here together, AND WE DON'T KNOW WHY." But I propose a modification:

"We're all here together, and we don't need to know why."



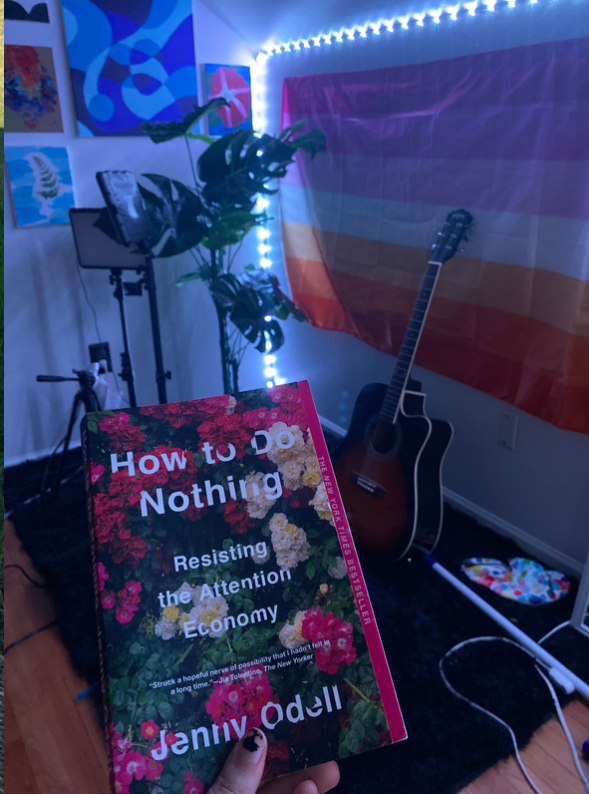
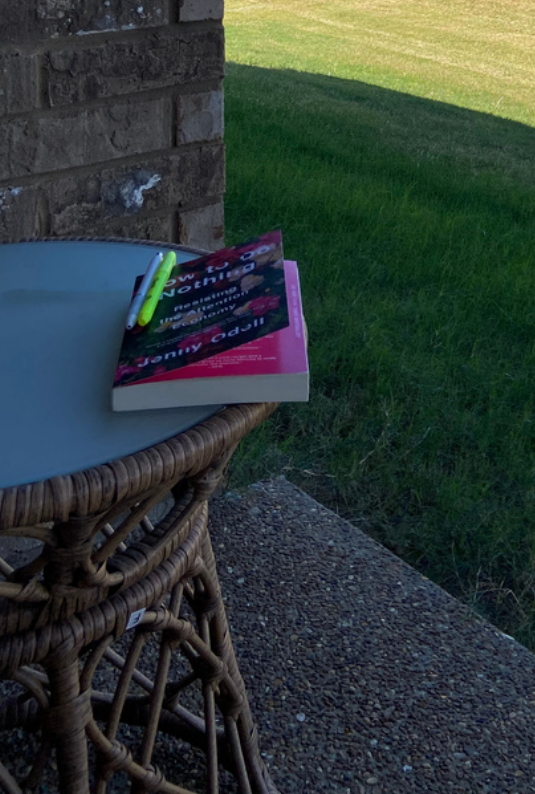
Jade: we like your lesbian room
- The Editors


RESTORING THE GROUNDS FOR THOUGHT 183

But I also realized for the first time that my wish to preserve this place was also a self-preservation instinct, insofar as I needed spaces like this too, and insofar as I couldn't feel truly at home in a solely human community. I withered without this contact; a life without other life didn't seem worth living. To acknowledge that this space and everything in it was endangered meant acknowledging that I, too, was endangered. The wildlife refuge was my refuge.

It's a bit like falling in love—that terrifying realization that your fate is linked to someone else's, that you are no longer your own. But isn't that closer to the truth anyway? Our fates are linked, to each other, to the places where we are, and everyone and everything that lives in them. How much more real my responsibility feels when I think about it this way! This is more than just an abstract understanding that our survival is threatened by global warming, or even a cerebral appreciation for other living beings and systems. Instead this is an urgent, personal recognition that my emotional and physical survival are bound up with these "strangers," not just now, but for life.

It's scary, but I wouldn't have it any other way. That same relationship to the richness of place I partake of it too, allowing me to shape-shift like a salmon to flow inland and out to sea, to rise and fall with the tides of the human. I am





mannnn the description of "observational eros" made me feel CRAZY like that's exactly it. there is such a deep joy in looking really really really closely at something and noticing smaller and smaller details. like have you ever picked up a pencil sharpener and held it under the light and noticed all the incredibly fine scratches in the plastic from use. or the particular patterns of graphite smudges. doing this is the best ever

funpocalyptic

I love this.

LIKE OLD SURVIVOR, you'll find that this book is a bit oddly shaped. The arguments and observations I'll make here are not neat, interlocking parts in a logical whole. Rather, I saw and experienced many things during the course of writing it—things that changed my mind and then changed it again, and which I folded in as I went.

Her talk about the granularity of perception of a certain thing (birdwatching) changing over time is real as fuck. One of the most rewarding aspects of learning a skill.

Being able to distinguish bird noises. Or chords. Or climbing holds. Or Textiles. A heightened awareness of the Thing You Are Trying To Perceive. Something you rarely get from the flat spaces that social media are.

Kill the Internet.

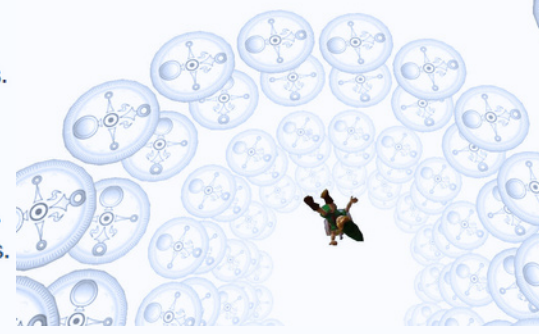
valentin



5



- Do I exercise? Subtract 60 minutes
- Clean the gross sink? Subtract 50 minutes because I cleaned the whole bathroom too.
- Take a walk? Subtract 30 minutes.
- Eat breakfast? Subtract 25 minutes.
- Answer texts? 25 minutes.
- Lunch? 25 minutes.
- Groceries? 70 minutes.
- Cook a healthy dinner? 49 minutes.
- Clean up after cooking? 35 minutes.
- Wash laundry? 10 minutes.
- Fold laundry? 20 minutes.
- Insert another dozen items just like this. Insert bathroom breaks and how long it takes to wake up from the second snooze and god knows what else.



It's gross, right? It's obsessive and gross to dole out my life in these minute-by-minute chunks like a budget, to always be on a hustle.

Maintenance is absolutely restorative, but I have to fight the idea that time spent on maintenance is a ledger and I'm subtracting something when I take care of myself. I left the list above semi-generic to be relatable, but that's not what life looks like for me right now. I just became a mom of two as of July. Today is my first day back at work. That list above doesn't begin to tap into the maintenance of caring for two small children and how that bulldozes everything else off of ledger.

Sarah Sarah



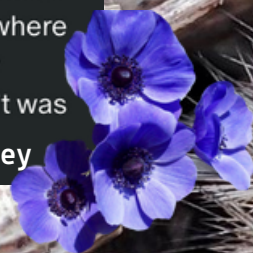
GOOD HEAVENS WOULD YOU LOOK AT THE TIME



and now a silly little anecdote

I went for a walk to the fields by my house yesterday to pick rosehips and hawthorns. I had picked a good amount and I was alone in this big field and the sun was shining and I just had this urge to lay down on the grass and literally do nothing. even though what I was doing was kind of a 'nothing' activity I realized I was constantly moving and it felt delightfully rebellious (to myself?) to just- stop. I laid down and just enjoyed the sensation of sunlight, of bird sounds and distant wind rumbling the trees, of not moving or trying or doing. I turned and watched a fuzzy caterpillar crawl by thinking, I never would have encountered him if I wasn't at the vantage point of grass. (It did cross my mind that this beats staring at a wall, though maybe they both have a similar intended outcome.) I was thinking back on the phrase '8 hours for what we will', where perhaps ideally that would be doing nothing but we're mostly scared so we busy ourselves to distract from the great big nothing. after a bit the clouds came and it was time to Do Something again and head home.

Halley





When I was in college, I took an hour every day to jog in a nearby park. The fresh air and trees had a way of always resetting me back to a very cheery, hopeful person that college tends to strip away from your soul when you're not looking. After a while, I learned that there was a particular time of day right before sunset where almost everyone left the park and several deer would come from the edge of the treeline to graze on the grass. I made a habit of slowing down to a gentle walk whenever I approached that section of the park to make sure not to startle the deer. At first, I tried to take pictures just to prove I wasn't making it up when I told my family about my jogging companions, but they never seemed to capture just how beautiful the moment was. Of course, that's because a picture is not the moment itself, but I was still a teenager, cut me some slack. Eventually I stopped reaching for my phone when I'd see them and I'd just stare instead. They would always regard me, at first with nervous tension, but after a while it seemed like they were more curious than afraid. One day in particular, it was raining hard, but I was still out on the trail, possibly even more energized than usual (I absolutely love walking in the rain despite how many times I've been told it will be the death of me). The first time I rounded the corner that led to their favorite grazing spot: nothing. I was slightly disappointed, but not particularly shocked. I'm pretty sure deer are smarter than I am; they know not to stand in the rain for no reason. But the second time around, I stopped walking entirely and just stared into the trees, hoping to get at least a glimpse. Just when I was turning to finish my last lap, I saw movement in the corner of my eye. The largest of the crew (I assume the mother considering her lack of antlers) ventured slowly out of the trees, staring in my eyes the whole time. We stared at each other for a minute as a few of her fawns came to watch me as well. For a long time we were all just wondering what it meant to be the other, and then I nodded their way and continued along the trail. A moment later, I heard branches snap, and when I turned back, they had vanished back into the woods. I think about that day a lot. When I tell people about my time in the park, they usually say something along the lines of, "How did you have so much time to do nothing? Didn't you have homework to do?" And I usually did. But being in that park, seeing those deer for the full beings they were, makes me feel like I spent the day on Earth. It's not for nothing.

Chandler

I borrowed a copy from my local library which had been lightly annotated, black pen no notes just underlines and asterisks.


The book had been returned that day, who knows if the last person was the one who marked the book but I won't let the truth get in the way of a good story so I choose to believe that hours apart we were reading the same text.

I found myself in conversation with this stranger I'll never meet, I'm currently compiling a list of what they underlined to see what their "top quotes" were vs mine as a fun little exercise.

Discussion as an act of distilling my thoughts was always invaluable to my overall enjoyment and understanding of a text. I haven't been able to do that in a really long time and this simple Other voice kind of gave that to me again.


Piper

I'm a very critical and picky person. I didn't realize how important it was to me to have people in my life that i kind of didn't want to be there. cjthex



The first time i met a digital friend in analog space we hugged each other for like 2 minutes, then just kind of desperately kept clutching each other's hands going "you're real!!! you're real?????" which seems to be a common experience with online-to-in-person meetings. The relationship we'd built wasn't necessarily less tangible for being formed in cyberspace, and sometimes it took years before we finally could meet together, but ultimately to be sustained it needed a mutual space to fucking cling to someone and feel a warm body hold your hand to say "i'm here, and so are you" annie liz

in summary i want to make friends with birds and know the names of all the trees i walk by every day and look really closely at bricks in the side of buildings and deeply understand the entire world in my immediate vicinity. and i'm loving this book reva



Since I only have a few hours of time everyday to do what I want to, I need to chose wisely how to spend it. What I (with Odells help) have landed on is just sitting, removing myself from my base instincts and everyday life motions and waiting. Doing Nothing. Then, after some minutes I get bored and then, a few minutes later Quality emerges. Something pulls me towards action. Always a particular action... reading, drawing, thinking or consuming media. But since I have spent time to Shift To Neutral my actions are much more purposeful than before.

Obviously this doesn't work every time, I am human after all, but it is a good practise, that I wouldn't have tried withou this book. And for that I am thankful.

valentin



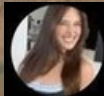
...opening blackberry—I look down at my phone and wonder if it isn't its own kind of sensory-deprivation chamber. That tiny, glowing world of

@shalvhemadison

We need to die!!
THE CASE FOR NOTHING 29

Certain people would like to use technology to live longer, or forever. Ironically, this desire perfectly illustrates the death drive at play in the "Manifesto of Maintenance Art" ("separation, individuality, Avant-Garde par excellence; to follow one's own path—do your own thing; dynamic change")³⁰. To such people I humbly propose a far more parsimonious way to live forever: to exit the trajectory of productive time, so that a single moment might open almost to infinity. As John Muir once said, "Longest is the life that





petra ☆
@yayodiary

stop normalizing the grind and normalize whatever this is





dilucseggs  . Creator

You're so entrenched in online discourse that it's starting to dilute your perception of what an actual problem is

1d Reply



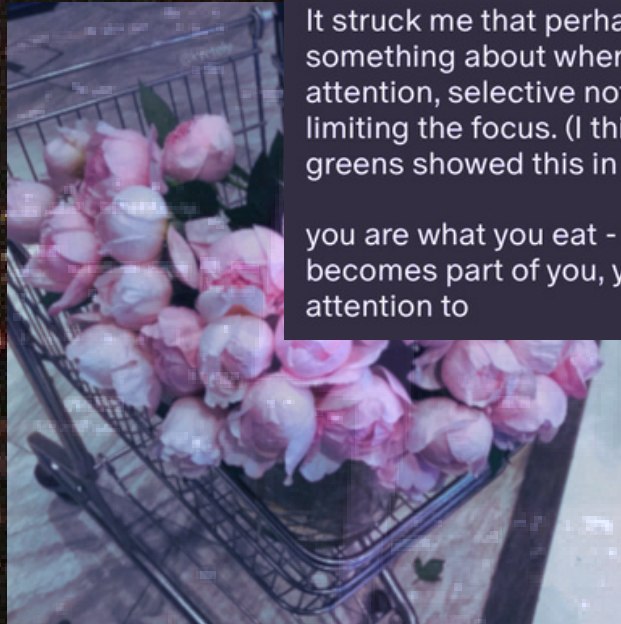
attention is a skill

Attention and intention has been at the forefront of my mind. I started taking medication for something between 'attention deficit' and hyperactivity. Maybe it's more about "misdirected" attention rather than a deficit. I'm trying to reach that equilibrium between my mind running too hot or too cold.

It struck me that perhaps the wording of the diagnosis is trying to say something about where I need to focus my efforts. Awareness, directing attention, selective noticing. Like birdwatching- heightened awareness by limiting the focus. (I think the first episode of the new season of big city greens showed this in a really cute way)

you are what you eat - what you consume - (media, art, experience) - it becomes part of you, your references, your lexicon- that which you give attention to

Halley



Hannah

Love and attention as a skill?

The way Odell talks about attention meaning to stretch toward, about how to stay attentive while keeping enough room for a true encounter to occur, and how this requires will, made me think of love.

My best definition of love is a mix of attention, trust, care and dedication. Once this came to my mind though, I got a little annoyed every time she dropped the word discipline. I get the impression of a worry that time and life will pass by if we don't practice paying attention. And yes, practicing attention is a good thing, if we're talking practice in the sense of living a practice, but not practicing a skill. I don't know, can you be good at paying attention and can you be good at love? It's a very uncomfortable question for me, which also makes me want to pry a little more. I mean you can practice patience and holding space for things you don't fully understand which are good tools for paying attention and in love. But I refuse to think that real attention or love can be rated in any way.

At the end of reading this book I don't want attention to be something new that I put on a pedestal and judge myself over. I want it to be a key to connection. I think that's what Odell wants too, so ultimately we land in the same boat. Still, I'm uncomfortable with discipline in this context, while I like the idea of remembering to practice attention, and I'm not entirely sure what the difference is. A morality dimension? Also, discipline makes it into a something rather than nothing. On the other hand, maybe I'm making something out of nothing, how often does the word come up?

Matthew M

Deeply appreciate and agree with your disagreement Samson. And at the same time I relate to Hannah's discomfort with this idea.

For me it's largely about the language. I find I feel an instinctual discomfort with using the language of "discipline" and "skills" to talk about interpersonal relationships, spirituality, and art. That's not because they aren't accurate words to use but because (for me) those words have had their connotations irreparably tainted by capitalist "productivity" shit. I can't help but hear the word "marketable" before the word "skills." Now maybe that's a me problem; I'm capable of noticing my emotional reaction to specific wording and reminding myself that Odell probably doesn't have that capitalistic connotation in mind when she talks about discipline. Maybe it's on the reader to like disambiguate the possible meanings of any word they're using.

But idk, is that feasible? I tend to think it's more the responsibility of an author (especially in non-fiction) to be clear about what they mean by using specific words. And for me Odell hasn't always been exceptionally clear with what exactly she means when she says discipline. Like, I completely agree that love SHOULD be thought of as a practice, a muscle that you have to consistently train, but if the words "discipline" and "skill" FEEL wrong to some portion of the audience, maybe other wording would be better.

Rather than "skill" which evokes a productivist or "gamey" framework that I don't fuck with, I think love is more accurately described as a craft or a practice or an art or a consistent priority. That's just me tho.

Samson the Ladle

I think I actually disagree quite strongly with your disagreement of love being a skill.

In my marriage, in parenting, even in learning to be an adult friend with adults, I am coming to learn more that being a good partner in those relationships does actually mean putting in work and dedicating myself to that craft. I think this stems primarily from my experience of love being a commitment, not a feeling or an emotion.

Take my daughter. I feel very much love for her, and yet all that emotion does nothing for me (or for her) if I lose my temper at her. If I fail to provide for her needs, it almost doesn't matter how much I love her - she's not experiencing the love, and therefore does it even exist?

Or in my friendships. I'm generally not quick to respond to texts, falling into the ADHD pattern of not replying for a week or so at a time, and then replying with way too much information. My friends are gracious to me, but especially at the beginning of a friendship, I have to be careful about it. It doesn't matter how much I want to be a friend or like their company, because if I don't show it, then my friendship doesn't really exist to them. And if my friendship doesn't exist to *my friend*, does it even really exist as friendship?

My own mother, who also has ADHD, doesn't really call or check in much. And I don't judge her for it, certainly I would be hypocritical if I did, but it has undoubtedly contributed to the distance in that relationship. I know she loves me, but she's really not the best at actually showing me that love. Functionally, at the end of it all, her lack of skill in loving is reducing the overall love experienced.

love is a skill?!

Nonetheless, I agree with many that Merton's stories was the most moving to me. In a way he did very much what Odell's dad did; feel the Ache, leave behind what he thought was the problem, discover the actual problem, and return to the world with newly discovered intention. It's not that the virtual or abstract does not exist or does not shape the world, but the world being shaped is still HERE right now, and it is worth your time. and attention.

annie liz

every morning

every morning

my husband and i wake up every morning and bring our coffee out to our garden and sit and talk for hours. every morning. it never gets old & we never run out of things to talk to. love him so much.

12:29 PM - Oct 21, 2022

every morning

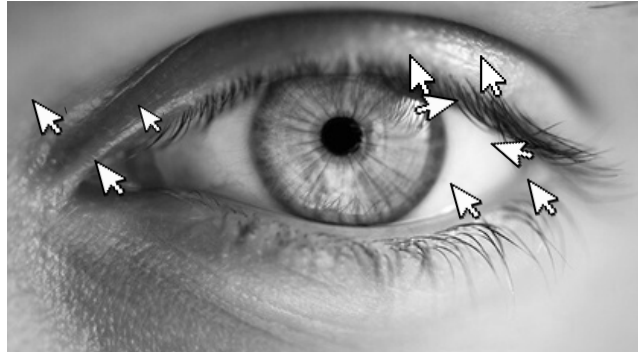
13.7K Quotes 317.1K Likes 12.3K Bookmarks

every morning

Everyone disliked that.

I think the question may not "where can I go to leave it all", but rather "what will I do when I go back?" I can escape to the north shore to do nothing, but how can I use that time to gather the tools necessary to make an impact upon my return as a teacher and a member of the community in which I live?

Caleb

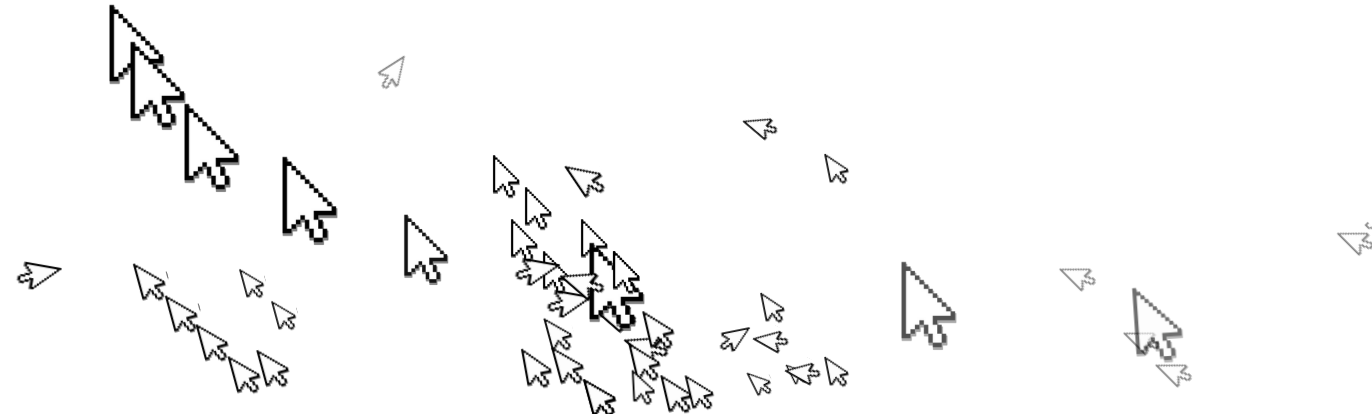
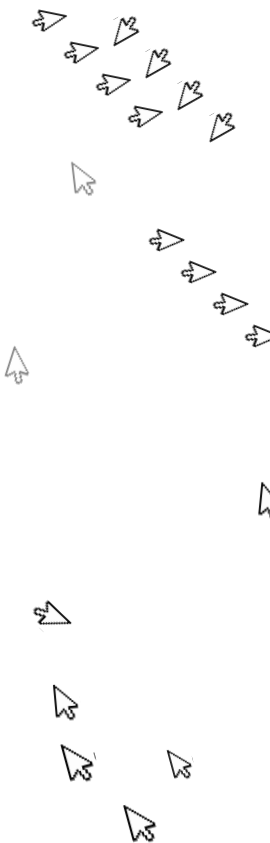


I thought the analysis of immediacy and political activism was really strong and potent.

weak ties- without a personal connection there is less motivation to do something about an issue in this sea of information overload. many of the things I care deeply about have their seeds in encounters, friendships, and experiences that happened in real life.

I have been thinking of this idea of "useless awareness"- I want to challenge the idea that simply being aware is politically valuable in and of itself. I find myself grappling with this question of how to not sink into hopelessness and disempowerment and I know I'm not the only one.

Halley



Third Space

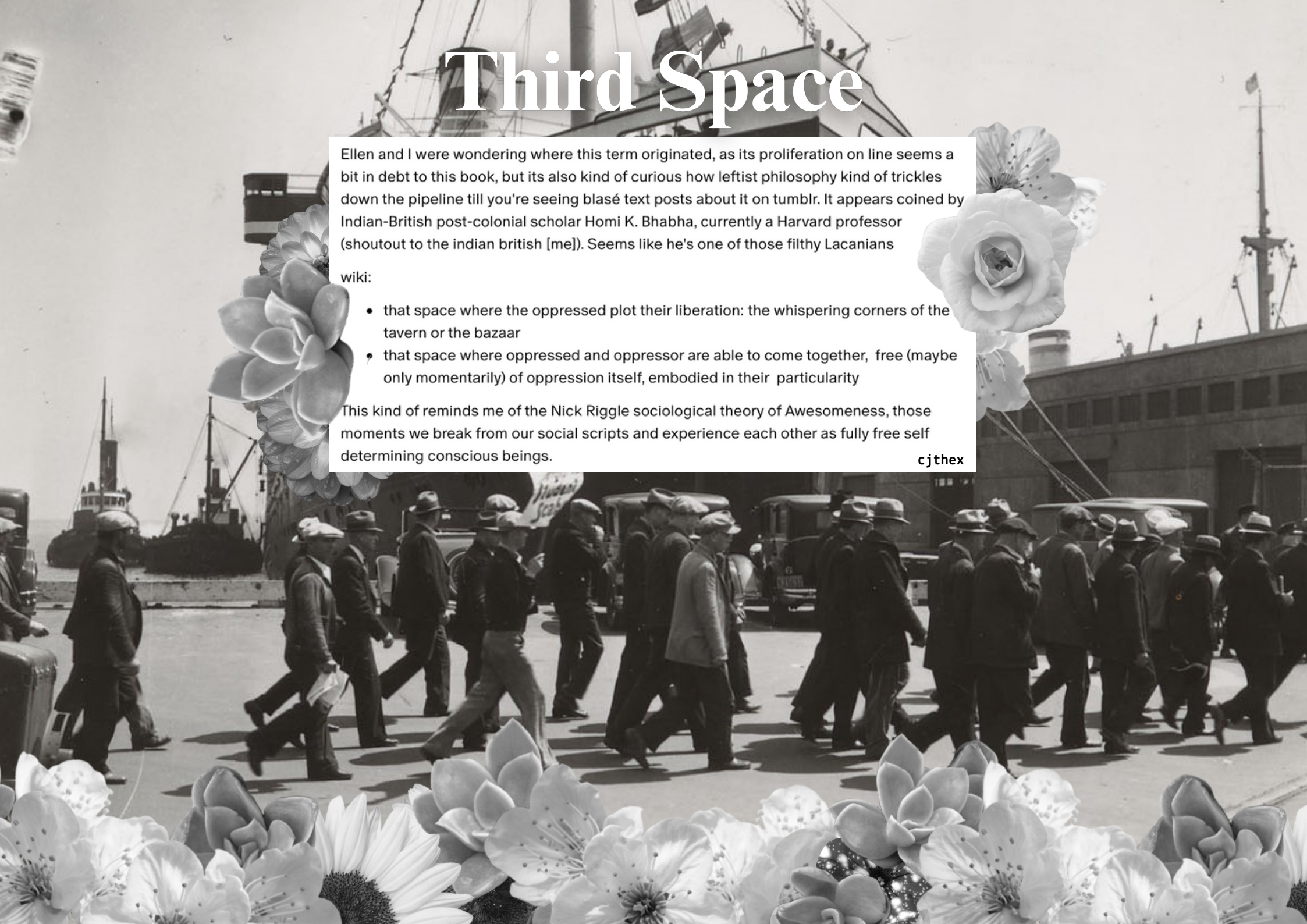
Ellen and I were wondering where this term originated, as its proliferation on line seems a bit in debt to this book, but its also kind of curious how leftist philosophy kind of trickles down the pipeline till you're seeing blasé text posts about it on tumblr. It appears coined by Indian-British post-colonial scholar Homi K. Bhabha, currently a Harvard professor (shoutout to the indian british [me]). Seems like he's one of those filthy Lacanians

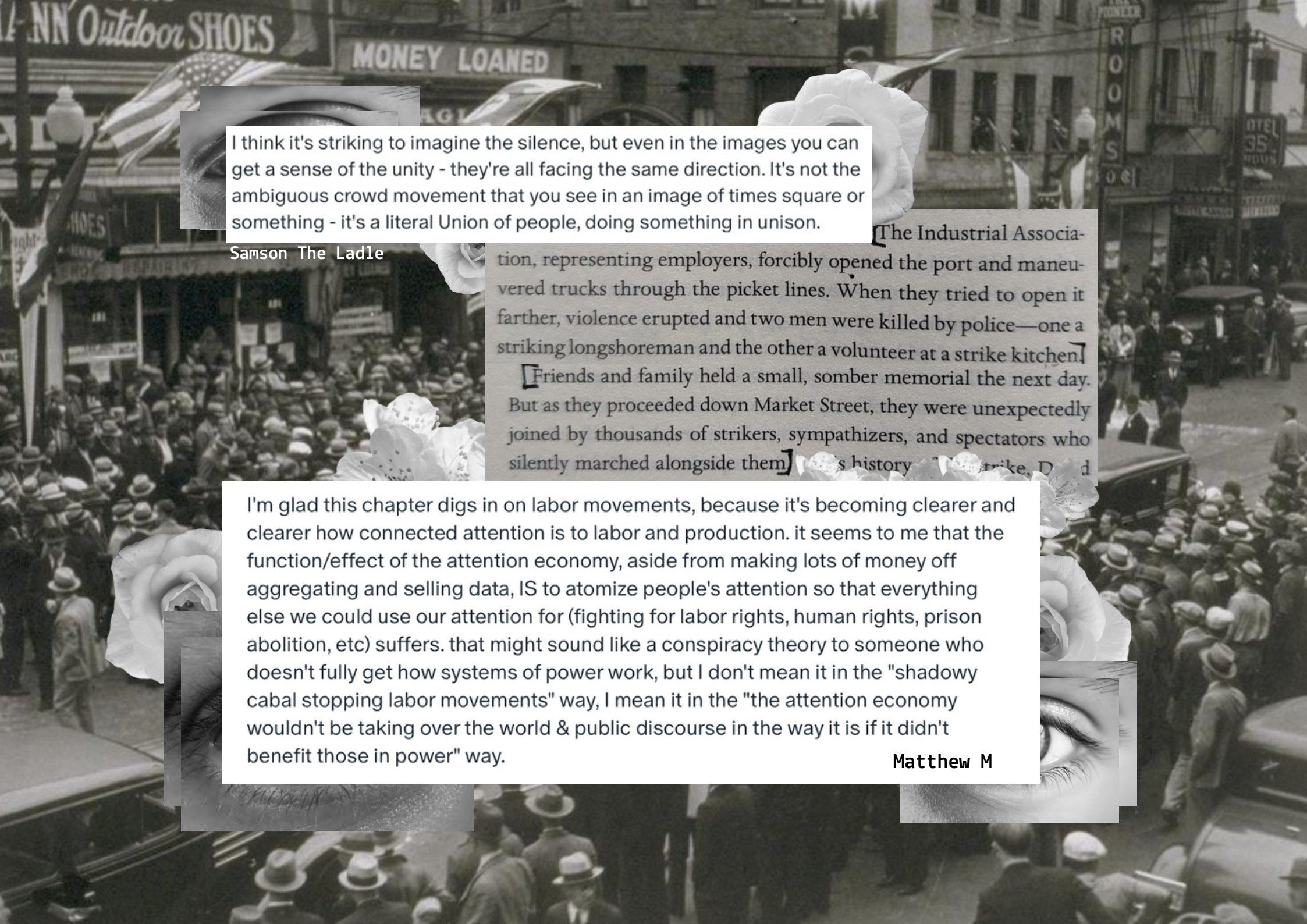
wiki:

- that space where the oppressed plot their liberation: the whispering corners of the tavern or the bazaar
- that space where oppressed and oppressor are able to come together, free (maybe only momentarily) of oppression itself, embodied in their particularity

This kind of reminds me of the Nick Riggle sociological theory of Awesomeness, those moments we break from our social scripts and experience each other as fully free self determining conscious beings.

cjthex






I think it's striking to imagine the silence, but even in the images you can get a sense of the unity - they're all facing the same direction. It's not the ambiguous crowd movement that you see in an image of times square or something - it's a literal Union of people, doing something in unison.

Samson The Ladle

[The Industrial Association, representing employers, forcibly opened the port and maneuvered trucks through the picket lines. When they tried to open it farther, violence erupted and two men were killed by police—one a striking longshoreman and the other a volunteer at a strike kitchen.]
[Friends and family held a small, somber memorial the next day. But as they proceeded down Market Street, they were unexpectedly joined by thousands of strikers, sympathizers, and spectators who silently marched alongside them.]

I'm glad this chapter digs in on labor movements, because it's becoming clearer and clearer how connected attention is to labor and production. it seems to me that the function/effect of the attention economy, aside from making lots of money off aggregating and selling data, IS to atomize people's attention so that everything else we could use our attention for (fighting for labor rights, human rights, prison abolition, etc) suffers. that might sound like a conspiracy theory to someone who doesn't fully get how systems of power work, but I don't mean it in the "shadowy cabal stopping labor movements" way, I mean it in the "the attention economy wouldn't be taking over the world & public discourse in the way it is if it didn't benefit those in power" way.

Matthew M



In all the different ways that social media can hamper effective progressive organization, the bit that really cut me was "passersby derailing the conversation with irrelevant information." In my experience trying to organize in unions or charitable organizations or engage in conversations online, this has been the most damaging thing

cjthex

"The 'schizoid' collective brain cannot act, only react blindly and in misaligned ways to a barrage of stimuli, mostly out of fear and anger"

Captures a very visceral feeling I (and probably a lot of people here at the weekly KTI summit) feel about online discourse.

Anyways, something I've often observed about myself in relation to the thought of protests is that I seem to be unable to meaningfully keep up with actual meaningful political action because I'm so wound up by random other stuff that I can't keep focus on it. This observation sometimes comes with the feeling that becoming politically active would necessitate something like me suddenly "seeing through the matrix" and just suddenly knowing how to do everything or (failing that me being overtaken by something like God. The San Francisco quote is partly resonant to me because it implies that something Good really can overtake people. Or maybe that Good is readably findable somehow

BrEaNs

I. IDEAS

A. The Death Instinct and the Life Instinct:

The Death Instinct: separation, individuality, Avant-Garde par excellence; to follow one's own path—do your own thing; dynamic change.

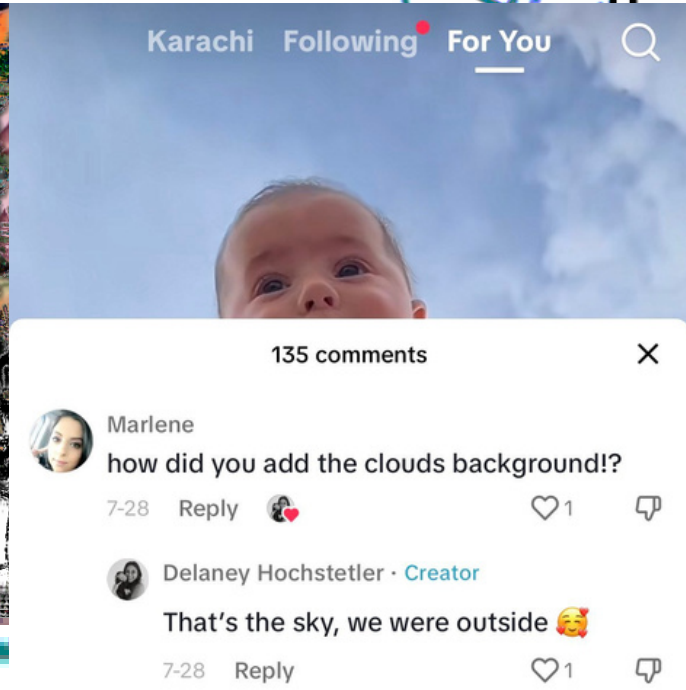
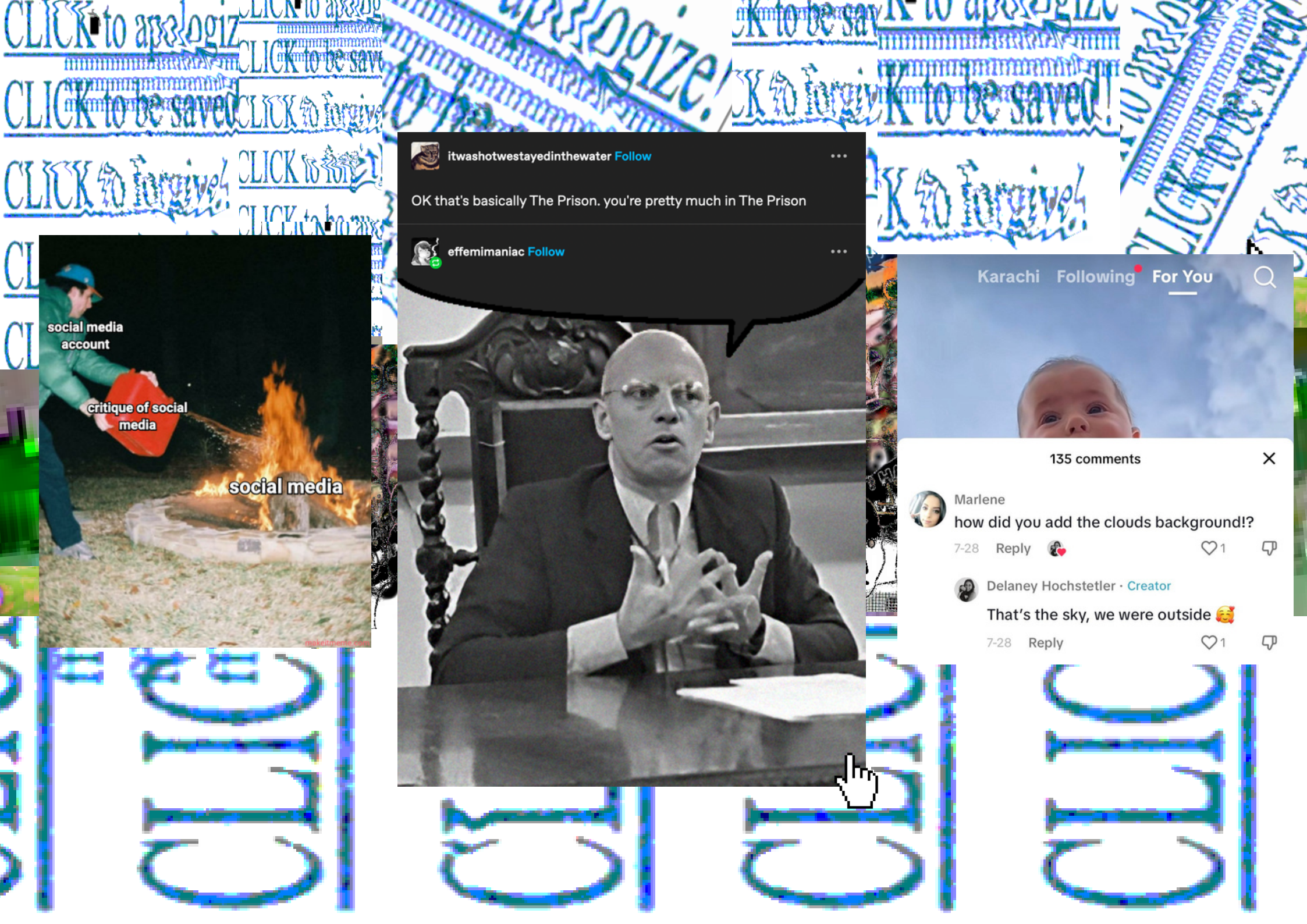
The Life Instinct: unification; the eternal return; the perpetuation and MAINTENANCE of the species; survival systems and operations, equilibrium.²⁶

I think the US commune history reflects a lesson of the strength of being driven by a desire FOR something rather than AGAINST something- the life instinct over the death instinct- that what binds people together and motivates them, the shared values, needs to be oriented towards a common goal. a common enemy or thing to oppose can be useful to rally people, but not to keep them together.

I share this feeling of it not being real enough. not satisfying. but I need it to be- I have to find a way to make it enough, because it's all I have with most of the people I care about, friends and family scattered across the world. all my best relationships have gone long distance. the internet promised to make it possible to stay connected and it seems to have that power. So unplugging to escape doesn't feel like an option. I feel like my task is, despite The Horrors™, how can I make it work for me?

Halley

uation and MAINTENANCE of the
and operations equilibrium 26



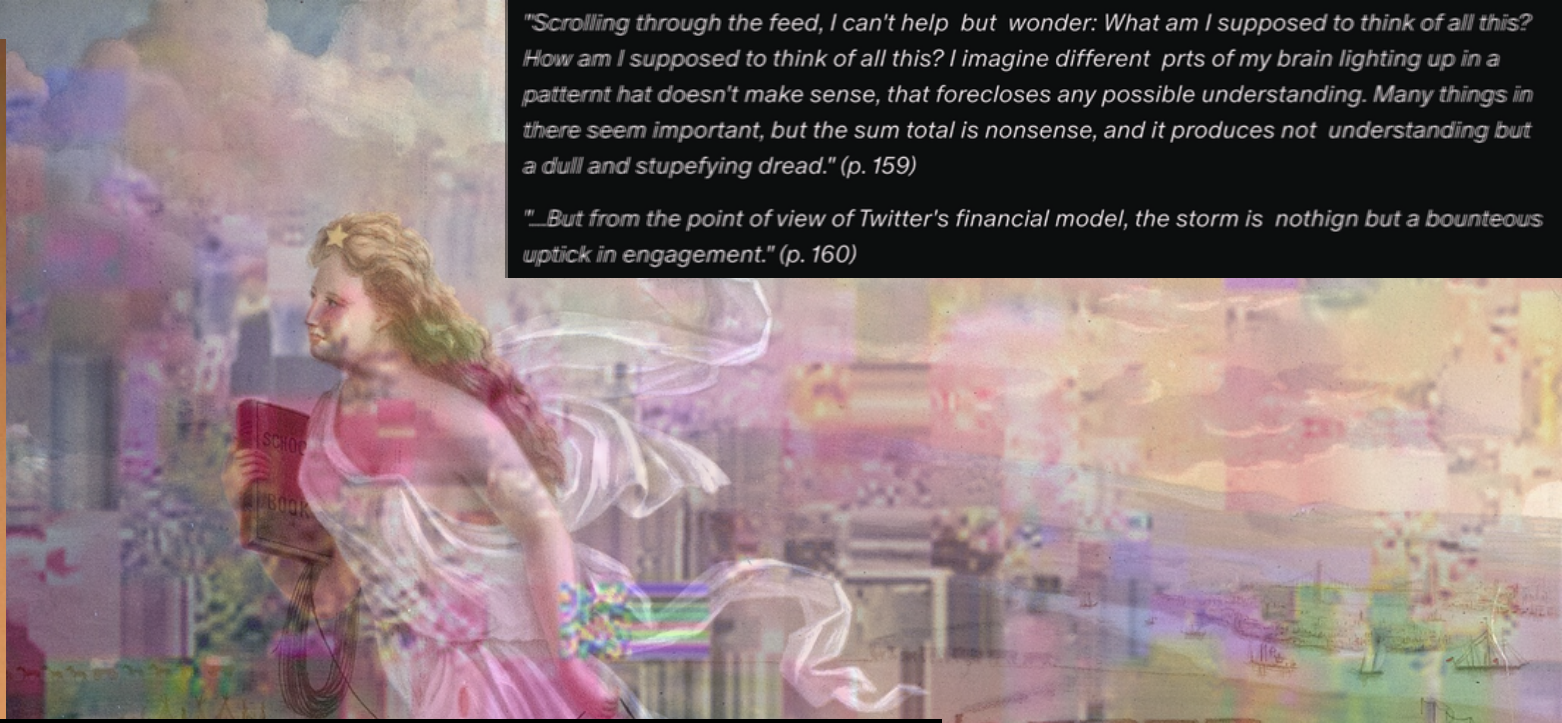
...at, both spatially and temporally.
 For example, let's take a look at my Twitter feed right now, as I'm sitting inside my studio in Oakland in the summer of 2018. Pressed up against each other in neat rectangles, I see the following:

- An article on Al Jazeera by a woman whose cousin was killed at school by ISIL
- An article about the Rohingya Muslims fleeing Myanmar last year
- An announcement that @dasharezone (a joke account) is selling new T-shirts
- Someone arguing for congestion pricing in Santa Monica, California
- Someone wishing happy birthday to former NASA worker Katherine Johnson
- A video of NBC announcing the death of Senator McCain and shortly afterward cutting to people dressed as dolphins appearing to masturbate onstage
- Photos of Yogi Bear mascot statues dumped in a forest
- A job alert for director of the landscape architecture program at Morgan State University
- An article on protests as the Pope visits Dublin
- A photo of a yet another fire erupting, this time in the Santa Ana Mountains
- Someone's data visualization of his daughter's sleeping habits during her first year
- A plug for someone's upcoming book about the anarchist scene in Chicago
- An Apple ad for Music Lab, starring Florence Welch

nightmare

Major
 ☆
 monkey

Everybody says that there is no censorship on the internet, or at least only in part. But that is not true. Online censorship is applied through the excess of banal content that distracts people from serious or collective issues.⁹



"Scrolling through the feed, I can't help but wonder: What am I supposed to think of all this? How am I supposed to think of all this? I imagine different parts of my brain lighting up in a pattern that doesn't make sense, that forecloses any possible understanding. Many things in there seem important, but the sum total is nonsense, and it produces not understanding but a dull and stupefying dread." (p. 159)

"...But from the point of view of Twitter's financial model, the storm is nothing but a bounteous uptick in engagement." (p. 160)

This is the information age. We are out of land to colonize, so we now operate in the colonization of minds. Billboards in your brain.

When the product is free, you are the product.

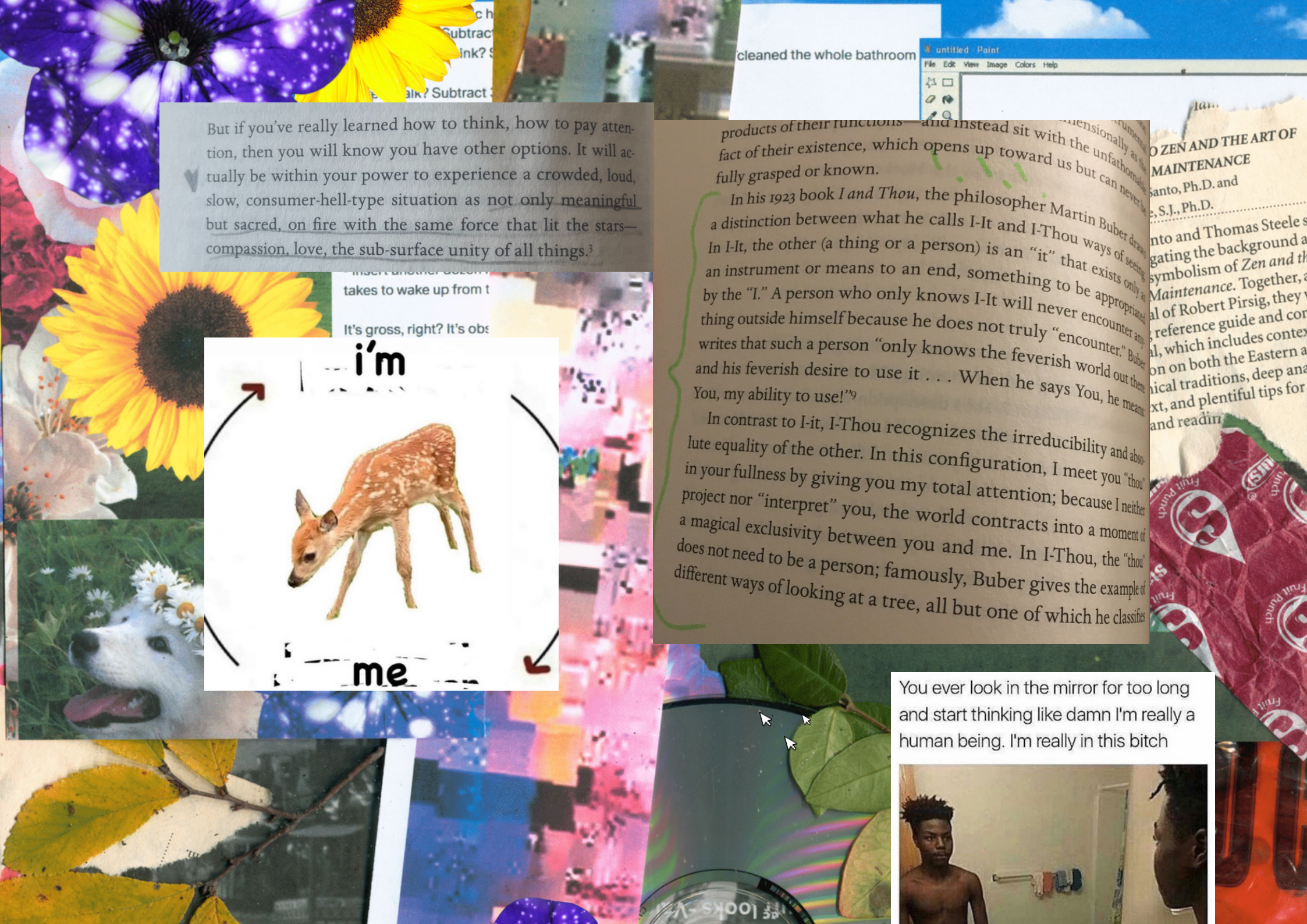
You are not a small part of this. This is about you. Your conscious experience is the coveted commodity.

Those aren't "Tweets", Those Are Your Thoughts
 CJ THE X
 MAY 18, 2023



Each meta-dunk zooms out further — actually it's *you* who is commodifying your intellect, and *me* who has the answers — as if we could reach some larger truth by dragging the net as wide as possible, dunking on every possible perspective until I guess God presses the intercom button and says, "I have a take."

The Discourse Age
 a study on bait and our compulsion to respond
 ELIZA MCLAMB
 JAN 8, 2024



cleaned the whole bathroom

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But if you've really learned how to think, how to pay attention, then you will know you have other options. It will actually be within your power to experience a crowded, loud, slow, consumer-hell-type situation as not only meaningful but sacred, on fire with the same force that lit the stars—compassion, love, the sub-surface unity of all things.³

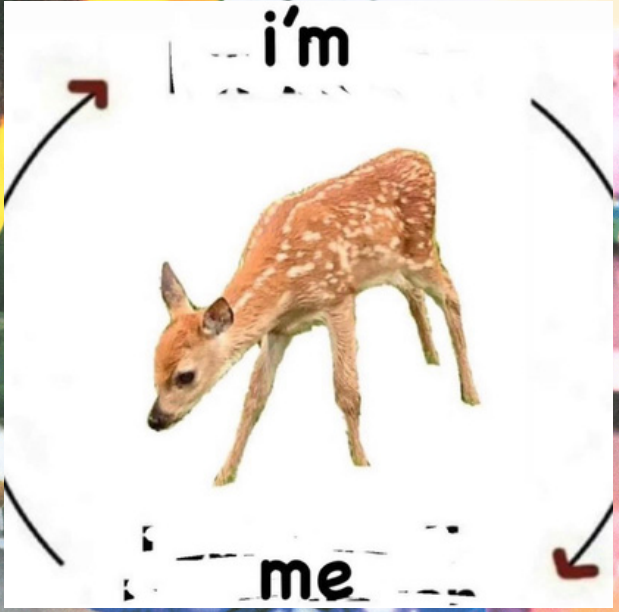
products of their functions—and instead sit with the fact of their existence, which opens up toward us but can never be fully grasped or known.

In his 1923 book *I and Thou*, the philosopher Martin Buber draws a distinction between what he calls I-It and I-Thou ways of seeing. In I-It, the other (a thing or a person) is an "it" that exists only as an instrument or means to an end, something to be appropriated by the "I." A person who only knows I-It will never encounter anything outside himself because he does not truly "encounter." Buber writes that such a person "only knows the feverish world out there and his feverish desire to use it . . . When he says You, he means You, my ability to use!"⁹

In contrast to I-it, I-Thou recognizes the irreducibility and absolute equality of the other. In this configuration, I meet you "thou" in your fullness by giving you my total attention; because I neither project nor "interpret" you, the world contracts into a moment of a magical exclusivity between you and me. In I-Thou, the "thou" does not need to be a person; famously, Buber gives the example of different ways of looking at a tree, all but one of which he classifies

ZEN AND THE ART OF MAINTENANCE
Santo, Ph.D. and
e, S.J., Ph.D.

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gating the background a
symbolism of Zen and th
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and readin



You ever look in the mirror for too long and start thinking like damn I'm really a human being. I'm really in this bitch



Halley wrote many words that made brain go ye

Chandler Sterling, Matthew M, and Valentin stood out to me as the ones contributing extensive thought-provoking comments on each post. I also looked forward to reading Samson the Ladle's stream-of-consciousness essays each time! s/o to xaris, ursula, breans, reva, ellen, cyberdeathrat, annabel, and annie liz for interesting comments as well.

I would like to nominate valentin! They articulated the essence of the chapters and the book very well, and I thought they engaged with the central ideas Odell puts forward in a thought-provoking and compassionate way. Also appreciate how they related the offerings of Odell to how they have affected them in their own life and how they approach things. One idea of theirs that really struck me was the idea that phones rob us of concluding our experiences, preventing us from cementing our experiences in a meaningful way. They also made me fascinated by BeReal. All in all they were a very grounding and reliable presence throughout the discussion threads. Thanks valentin!

funpocolytic and cyber.death.rat really blew me away this round.

I started dating someone with political organizing experience shortly after finishing the book, and lent her the book recently. She's taught me a lot about my state's government and I'm finally getting to know the place I moved back to better.

Anyone

cyber.death.rat

thanks for facilitating this community space! this was my first attempt at book club. i wanted to participate in the threads more but i got scared of sharing my thoughts, looking forward to trying again on the next one. u are all wonderful and it has been a joy to read through everyone's responses <3

It's a bit like falling in love—that terrifying realization that your fate is linked to someone else's, that you are no longer your own. But isn't that closer to the truth anyway? Our fates are linked, to each other, to the places where we are, and everyone and everything that lives in them. How much more real my responsibility feels

Samson the Ladle is the contributor I remember the most

RobinDH and Adison are two names that stand out to me!

I'm glad I have the book, but I'm a lot more glad for everything else.

This is a good book. Maybe even a great book. But a tremendous amount of the value I experienced with it was not contained within the book, or if it was I couldn't experience it without the work of many individual minds interfacing with the book and with each other.

Whether interpreting the existing text or adding to it with our own specific experiences and knowledge bases, we each and all created a luminous sphere of Art & Value surrounding this art object.

I'm glad I have the book, but I'm a lot more glad for everything else.

Olive Nicole's comment on the Chapter 2 thread haunted me the entire time I was reading. It makes me feel crazy. Huge shoutout.

Honestly anything Adison or Annie Liz says to another person is interesting, mostly because I feel like it's totally confusing and intriguing and I know I'm missing something and I feel like it's good but I can't receive it yet

Matthew M :)

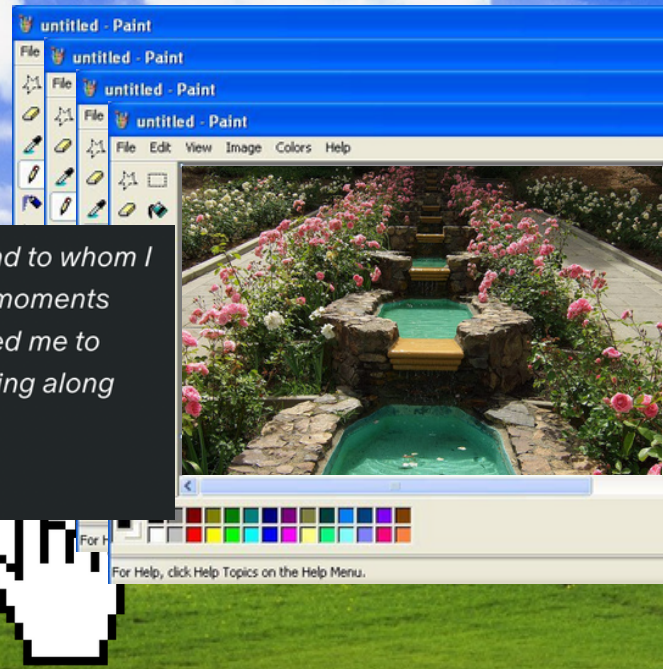
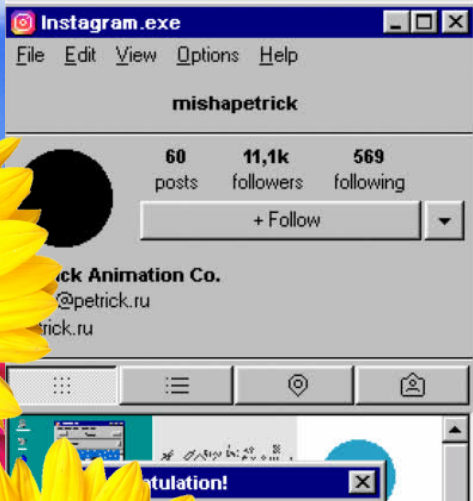
I really appreciated Matthew, Samson, and Hannah Jones discussion of discipline, love, and loving other people. There's something so beautiful about the process of learning to love someone, and to pull that process out and look at it, is to pay attention to how we love. The discussion centered around discipline, and whether or not it has a place in loving. And oh boy does it!

In the thread for chapter 4, I found Matthew M's reply to CJ and the subsequent exchange between Matthew M and RobinDH particularly interesting! Thought they navigated the issue of ethical coercion with great care and focus, especially their points about the individual versus collective scale and the necessary weight that should be afforded to both. Also in the chapter 4 thread, I really enjoyed the conversation between Hannah Jones, Samson the Ladle, and Matthew M. It was very cool to see them ironing out their own associations with specific words and how that shaped their responses.

I really liked all of Matthew M's contribution. Really well articulated and interesting.

the discussion about systemic design vs individual action was one of the most interesting discussions in this book club, and something I still think about and like to bring up in conversations. I thought Piper's comment about the annotations in their library book was quite charming, and had me reflecting on different ways of physically experiencing a book and what future readers may imagine. Chandler's comment in the intro post about haikus stuck with me and I've been more interested in them ever since!

This was my first book club and I had a great time. I'm excited to participate in future ones. :)))



"And from the point of view of myself, the person actually experiencing my life, and to whom I will ultimately answer when I die - I would know that I spent that day on Earth. In moments like this, even the question itself of the attention economy fades away. If you asked me to answer it, I might say - without lifting my eyes from the things growing and creeping along the ground - "I would prefer not to." (p. 185)

is it gay to say chills



I obviously like birds. – Jenny Odell

How To Do Nothing p. 155

Editors

end.



valentin he/him

resident sleepy european

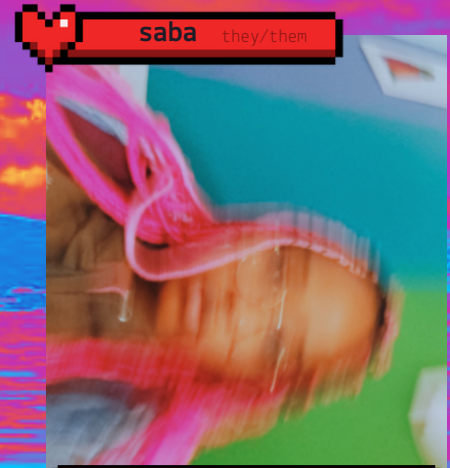


cjthex they/he

CHAR: 9000
ATK: 9000
DEF: 4

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saba they/them

high fidelity meme maelstrom
<https://sabafeleke.art>



annie liz she/her

fred sun, velma moon,
shaggy rising



adison they/them

ember burning. embodied

