

About a year ago give or take, I woke up and thought “if I wanted to, I could... write more.”

And so, on an arbitrary day in September, I started a Substack (having seen enough peers and folks admire on the app to think that they had course corrected from their old ways [they had not, which is why we're not on Buttondown]) where I wrote.

The rules for what I wrote in the beginning were simple. Once a week, write something. Write anything. Tangentially related to media because one of my more universal and persistent self identifiers is “having a taste in media that's epicurean to the point of indiscriminate.” But the goal was simply to write. With intentional, but necessarily aim. To revel in the act of.

About a month later, I started a side bet to the side bet. Paraluman. That has run its course for me and will in due run its course for you dear reader over time.

Months after that I started my first series of Matching Media Media. Months after that, I started doing video. Months after that, I became enamored with playlists. So now, there is a cadence. A schedule. And no one to really hold me accountable except myself, but that's fine. This blog disguised as a newsletter is for me and my friends are allowed to watch me meander in all the myraid of ways.

In many ways, my life has not changed at all. In even more ways, my life has changed dramatically. Life is inherently full of contradictions like this.

And in the chaos of it, we find a pattern. And right now, that pattern won't change until it does. But having this space has been beneficial to me and I foresee it continuing to be beneficial, so we'll keep this vigil, we'll burn this midnight oil, and we'll figure it all out as we go.

And I suppose the only way to end a year anniversary is with a highlight list because I think there is indeed some stuff to highlight...