

tidy line

fall 2024

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11 SEPTEMBER 2024

this semester i would like to establish a practice of 20 minute tidying upon return from my day as a way to reintegrate myself with my space. in addition, i would like to learn some new tools (html, rhino, etc) as a method of record keeping and/or to support the intervention.

it has been 19 1/2 hours since my initial intervention. i am sitting at my dining table and somehow, in the 9 hours i've been awake things have yet again leaked from their rightful spaces. however, in this brief period, my attitude has changed: the things strewn about feel less like a mess and more like an invitation to my return this evening.

yesterday's objects were largely new items that replaced old ones. this is not the case today. in my sightline the currently misplaced items are: a mug, a vacuum flask, a perfume bottle, a wallet, three cat toys, two blankets, a pair of socks, house slippers, a book, a magazine, two pens, a pair of headphones, a baseball cap, a shoe horn, a tuft of cat hair, a silicone bag, eight folders, two pillows, a paper cup, a napkin. in turn each item represents a previous action: this morning's tea, yesterday's tea, many spritzes, a walk and return, little running, a season change, a change of day, a shower, a new excitement, jon's work, jon's ride, jon's walk, new boots, a cat fight, yesterday's lunch, anticipated papers, a nap, mid-morning tea, a spill.

these items are not only evidence of how i experience time passing but also affirm my identity and my history. this occurs in a small way when orienting myself amongst a singular external reflection (read: object) but the result of a collection supports my sense of belonging.

i am home now. i arrived moments ago and was briefly affected by the state of the vestibule and amongst other things strewn about. my current state limits my ability to be anything more than an observer. disorder is a history of action. in this case it feels more like a history of inaction. things not returned to their rightful homes creates a thin layer of chaos atop varied

surfaces. despite my discomfort it seems to be the preference of the cats and other inhabitants of the house.

earlier today, in reflection and imagination, i figured i would be more affected by the chaos on the way out the door than the way in. it's not the case. the way in and the way out are the same. they are similarly affected by the permeable boundary that is the vestibule. the vestibule is not just a location in space. additionally it is a location in time. the intro and outro. amongst other things, it most often serves as a place for me to become something other than what i just was.

i tidied up from 7:23-8:15 pm. i started when i spilt no more than 2 ounces of water on the leather cushion next to me at the time. water with lemon. i went to get a towel. there was a scattering of unintended objects on every raised surface in the kitchen. i became distracted and minorly overwhelmed. i began to tend to other things. as i find most of the time, i end up tidying in a path. usually the path it's either the path which i enter or depart. the horseshoe of my apartment. it goes: vestibule, living room, dining table, kitchen, bathroom. or the inverse. if the vestibule or the bathroom are not addressed from the beginning they typically will not get treated with the same respect as the other areas.

i began by lighting two candles, whose wax is nearly finished, 6 inches below the narrow mouth with a stick of woodless sandalwood incense. i returned the candles to their natural position and placed the incense in it's holder and began.

in a somewhat particular order, i replaced the empty container of soy milk from the cabinet to the fridge and beside it's empty space placed rice cakes, debugged five items (one of which i wrapped in the receipt and rubber band to be returned) and the remainder went into the bathroom...

i am tempted to catalog each action i did. in fact, i previously accounted for at least thirty minutes of my time. i took longer to write it all out than it did for me

to complete the various tasks. i've omitted it for the time being as i realized my process of tidying consists of lots of things moving in and out from new to old places and back again. from container to container. from outside container to inside container. just as i did today: from home to subway to subway to campus to bathroom to class to studio to bathroom to subway to park to shop to shop to dinner to subway to subway to shop to back home again. considering this, it is no wonder tidying serves as an unwinding. it is a microcosm of the previous nine hours. it serves as an integrative action, bridging outside with in, much like the vestibule.

i want to find my attention. it might be easier to be home to see where my attention ends up. a lot of the time it ends up on cleaning. or at least lately, when i come home my time seems to be focused of maintaining a certain understanding of my space. maybe this is interesting.

how can this be manipulated? slow down. an action hasn't even been made yet, just observing. imagine walking in. somehow i imagine the mess more so on the way out than the way in. as i close my eyes, i see myself heading for the door. there is an urgency in arrival. the entrance becomes a throughway. immediately after entering there is an expectation that something else will follow. the process of arrival is transitory.

this set up is both intentional and structural. the vestibule serves as a resting stop. allowing for what was outside to stay isolated to this area and for my innerness to arrive inside. each space dictates its use, most of the time. however most others are multi-use. the vestibule is the in-between space i was observing last night in someways. well what do i want to learn about it? again slow down. observe. from afar.

also interesting is this projection i am experiencing. sitting in studio, writing, walking through the space mentally. sitting here physically. how much of my time is in fact exploring a place that i am not currently. moments ago, i was thinking about when i will go home. will i go downtown first? where downtown will

i go? will i take the subway to christopher st. then imagining the photo my mom sent of the man standing next to that stop two weeks ago. this is the most recent iteration i can hold of that space in my mind.

of course i am also here now. observing the computer, writing. overhearing other people's conversations. the sound also dictates space—especially that which i cannot see in my periphery. it confirms that the space is larger than my isolated visual field when my head is in a fixed position. and now i am amplifying this experience. not allowing myself to look beyond the boundaries of the computer but still try to gather an understanding, remotely. it's limiting. it becomes distracting. in my attempt to be fully focused in the presence of external stimulus, i became distracted.

what if i attempt to understand spaces in a non visual way. what other senses provide an understanding of my surroundings? i think of the difference in meditating with the magnetic timer on the i beam next to me vs when i play the track playing from the speaker in the other room. for the latter, time then exists in the other room. the space in which i meditate then becomes isolated. and for the former, there is an implied urgency. i have not taken the time to set up my phone, or i feel that i don't have the full 20 minutes to meditate, or as of late i decide i don't want to look at my phone until i've meditated.

back to space, back to this internal understanding, back to this tracing and mapping. this tracing and mapping often happens while meditating too. sometimes in the physical realm and other times in the emotional realm. a stroll of sorts. do these imagined spatial interactions prepare me? if so how? and if not how? for one, they can absolutely be the focus of my anxieties.

perhaps related, is a desire to get shit done. there is a handful of half-finished house projects that are waiting for me free them from the burden of space. these 'sites' are multi-month bus stops for objects, projects, interests etc. at first their presence is apparent and rather quickly they embed themselves into the

fabric of my space. not quite being taken for granted, but like a bit of dried sauce on a napkin. it can be abraded with a fingernail and yet somehow the action of erasure only further embeds the material into the object—ultimately joining them as one.

what happens here? the beginning has a positive intention, in fact the positive intention still remains but the attention has subsided. it has succumbed to its surroundings—on my watch. slowly, these well intentioned actions become shame stations. reminders of my inability, of my distraction, of my lack of desire or interest. often times, these stations are containers of relative refuse. not quite ‘trash’ but neither are these _____ (the inverse of trash).

12 SEPTEMBER 2024

goal craft a more relaxing environment and invitation to wind down. affordance turn off the lights and light candles while tidying.

jon and i tidied at the same time while conversing. this was the most enjoyable of them all. as we were speaking of our days the sorting of objects became both physical and conversational. it became a moment of connection with him and reconnection with myself and home.

13 SEPTEMBER 2024

i tidied in the dark

14 SEPTEMBER 2024

tidied

15 SEPTEMBER 2024

for today’s intervention i set a timer for 15 minutes. the boundary of time made me more productive and more focused though the experience of it was less enjoyable, the result was just as satisfying. i tidied for longer than 15 minutes, in fact it was for nearly 30. i

found myself anxious, attempting to do everything within the bounds of the timer. i was more activated after doing it than i was before. i wouldn’t define this as particularly unenjoyable, but it wasn’t pleasant either. considering that my goal is to wind down and reconnect with myself and my space i would say that this is counter productive. this practice, at least for today, distanced me from myself and made me feel like a worker in my home.

16 SEPTEMBER 2024

i have cleaned everyday since i established my practice but i have not journaled about it thoroughly each day. there have been a few days when i have been tired and tidying is the farthest thing from what i would like to do. yet i do it. the appreciation usually comes the following day, it doesn’t feel like a particular glory at the time of execution.

i find that what i’m often looking for is a sense of calmness through tidying, that turning off the lights may be of benefit and choosing then to tidy by candlelight. of course this practically makes it more difficult—but it makes it more enjoyable and furthers the intimacy of the action as well as the initial intention.

as for now, there is a smattering of things i would like to tidy: an empty cup of tea, a book on the floor, various papers on the table, cat ear cleaner by the record player, a reusable bag on the counter, spritzing water for plants, dishes, reorienting the chairs, a lone shirt, writing utensils, yoga blocks, computer charger, cat toy, nasal spray, spare glasses, extra blanket, two pillows, foot wakers, bread pans, reusable bag from today’s bread, today’s notebook.

naming these items in succession feels both over- and underwhelming. i’m sure i will end up tidying more than this. i wonder if going in with a plan can also be considered an affordance...it is worth considering.

tomorrow i can turn off the lights. perhaps i'll do the candle thing tonight too though.

i cleaned for about 30 minutes by candlelight with a bit of music. while practically, cleaning with the lights off is likely to limit the affordance of the action, which of course it did—particularly when sweeping the kitchen—it did enhance the purpose of the activity, to calm down, reset, unwind, etc. the inability to see fully the dishes i was washing afforded me to pay even closer attention, to handle the objects with care and to confuse the lid from a cat food can with the end of a kiwifruit.

it afforded a curiosity not towards the objects themselves as much as it afforded the ability to slow down. the music is likely to be influential as well—I've been listening to emahoy tsegué-maryam guèbrou. overall i would call the intervention largely successful.

it may also be noted, that i didn't fully complete the list, i have yet to: move the spritzing bottle, the computer charger, foot wakers, nor today's bread bag. though additionally, i tidied: the vestibule, the countertops, the dining table, the coffee table, the vestibule. swept the kitchen and litter box areas. brushed my teeth, washed my face, and prepared myself for bed.

as i mentioned before, listing out the things i wanted to do made me feel overwhelmed initially. midway through cleaning, however, i found myself comfortably reminded by my desires and the preemptive list actually grounded my actions.

17 SEPTEMBER 2024

yesterday went well. i am tired and i'm going to go again now with the same interventions. music, candles, lights off.

things to be tidied: towel, pillows, computer case, computer, tea pot, papers, dishes, mousepad, wallet,

park water for freezing, shoes, food bag for tomorrow, kitchen counter, mouse instructions, clothing.

i did the things, it went quickly. i forgot to put the towel and book actually. i see it now that i'm sitting. i will do it when i get up. even though i'm tired, doing it was a nice way to wind down and also prepare for tomorrow. i feel like i didn't do that as much as i could have last night and felt the effects this morning.

18 SEPTEMBER 2024

in hindsight, perhaps the most successful part of the intervention of monday and tuesday was noting what needed to be tidied before hand, despite it not being the intended goal. i tacked it on yesterday after doing it on monday as a way to gear up to complete the action. it gave me a sense of purpose whilst navigating the space. it also took me out of the typical horseshoe habit of bathroom, kitchen, living room, dining room, vestibule (or the inverse).

in previous iterations of tidying it was aimless and would take longer than this rather efficient method of identifying what needs to be done.

in reflection, i just realized that the initial list making in both instances was done while the lights were still on. this is important because it give me a moment to survey the space. the survey and understanding of what needs to be done is most easily accomplished when the visual field is accessible. this coupled with taking action in the dark makes for a much more productive and enjoyable experience.

i'm writing here something completely unrelated. i don't expect anyone to read all of what i've written. considering this is an exercise in attention i wonder if anyone will notice. if you do, say something?

it is best understood when compared to last 10 or 13 september, both of which were done in the dark. both of which were pleasurable. there is a particular

enjoyment that occurs while navigating a space in a colorless void. one could say it affords relaxation. anyways, those two previous iterations while enjoyable were more based in spatial exploration where as listing defines the parameters and anchors the process.

19 SEPTEMBER 2024

i am tired from a long day and have been avoiding sleep, it's 9pm now and probably a good time to wind down. i'm going to note what needs to be tidied before doing 15 minutes of work, tidying, then shower, then sleep.

to be tidied: empty bottle, vitamin c, new book, tissues, paper towels, break down boxes, clear out bag for tomorrow, reset pillows, clean cat food and water bowls, socks.

20 SEPTEMBER 2024

an intention-less un-affordance this evening. i feel under the weather. after 2+ hours of commuting, orientation, laundry, acupuncture, laundry again, and some work i am absolutely wiped. i feel emotionally and physically unmotivated. in fact i feel restrained, i stopped myself from doing the dishes so i could write about it first. so i could do it intentionally. isn't that something. in a way, that implies that i am more committed to the practice of the intention than the action itself. well to continue the practice in the face of discomfort, the things to be tidied are:

pants on the chair, teacup, glass, wrapper, hair clip, book, towel, tissues, make bed, laundry bags, wash dishes, pantry groceries, spray bottle, kitchen towels, sweet potatoes, duvet cover, duvet, cat bowls (food & water)

i'm thinking about how this action of tidying is an invitation to lead me through the main arteries of my apartment. how could this movement be recorded? i find myself focusing using the items as landmarks for

my movement. i am noticing now that the majority of tidying exists in moving back and forth between things. i become beholden to the current and correct location of the items.

21 SEPTEMBER 2024

to be tidied: socks, towel, earphones, water, book, fuzz, nut butters, vitamin c, supplements, papers, paper bag, box, jar, bottle, duvet, pillows, sweater, book, computers, plastic bag, chair cushions, chair placement, lights, candle, dishes

i see that normally when i start a list it's not a chaotic looking bouncing from place to place but i mentally gather the objects in their already designated areas. typically starting with what's closest to me: socks, towel, earphones, water, book, fuzz. straight ahead (from surface towards floor) : nut butters, vitamin c, supplements, papers, paper bag. in the distance to my right: box, jar, bottle, duvet. pillows are actually next to me but the duvet reminded me of the pillows being adjusted since technically they are behind me at the moment. this remembrance reoriented me to things i had previously glossed over or were occluded by my computer: book, computer. back to the distance: plastic bag, sweater. to my left: chair cushions → reminded me of the chair to my right which needs adjusting as well. general space: lights. unattended space: candle. completely out of view: dishes.

22 SEPTEMBER 2024

lots more things to take care of today, the collection of objects are reflective of how much time i spent at home today. especially in comparison to other days as of late. i touched many things today. i cooked, i worked, i read, i drew, i sliced, i labeled, i vacuumed, i washed.

and now things to tend to: my book, open drawer, spare glasses, laundry bag (i didn't take care of that last night), replug cat pheromones—living room, replug

cat pheromones bedroom, label maker by books, t-shirt on body, aluminum foil experiment somewhere safe, recycle votive holder, clean counter tops, replace pencil, put away kicker, replace chair, move glasses shammy, paper on the floor, wooden bowl of pegs, clear off secondary kitchen counter, wipe off stove.

the easiest things to tend to are the things within my view from the couch. there are things in the kitchen i can't see well, especially since i am not wearing my glasses. i am similarly having a hard time imagining what is out of place around the corner, on that counter, i have an idea: a small box of small staples, eight push pins in a narrow container, a roll of kraft tape, a magazine, a piece of mail, a new pen. time to check.

i missed: a small spritzing bottle of water, a tube of hand cream, a spare spray, probiotics, toner, a roll of orange velcro, a sleeve of cough drops

23 SEPTEMBER 2024

i just created a track for myself. i have yet to veer from it. it made it nearly impossible for me to get my computer just now. i had to reach and lean—in the making of the track i hadn't accommodated for that which i might need.

i intentionally set it prior to list making as i didn't want to intentionally make it easier for myself. the parameter for the line, i must continue from end to end on the line. no turning back unless at a terminus, of which there are two. one by the door and one by the couch. i will take pictures of the line after i finish tidying as i am currently seated on the couch, my feet atop the terminus. the line is structured as follows: couch, off rug, around chair, past book shelf, hard right left table, and another, straight, looped around the counter, pass other half of bookshelf, back around the couch-facing side of the table, gentle left into the vestibule, ends approximately 2 feet from the front door.

to tidy: papers on dining table, mouse pad (this will be a difficult reach), notebook, tape dispenser, paper model, book on table, book on couch, magazine on counter, ipad keyboard, bread bag, pill case, scarf and hat, towel (this might only be possible if i am lying on the floor), olfa knife in bag (remove packaging and bring to respective bins), fill mason jar with laundry sanitizer, sweep kitchen, move old litter box to bring to street.

i cannot tidy anything in the bathroom nor bedroom, i did not make a path for them, luckily the only thing i see in the bathroom that needs tending to is the shower curtain, which i might be able to manage if i lie on the floor beside the cat water bowl.

additionally, this time i am going to time myself

track one done in 5 min 33 sec. i actually got far more done than i expected. some of which wasn't include in the initial list. i removed the book and notebook from my bag and replaced them to their area (albeit on my knees). i recycled the model. moved the tape dispenser. filled the jar. moved the litter box. moved the magazine, and book on couch. i tried to move the ipad keyboard and with a gentle toss completely missed the intended surface.

since i could only go in one direction per track, i found myself carrying far more in one go than i normally do.

still to be done: mouse pad, papers on table, red notebook, book on table (will stay), bread bag, pill case, scarf and hat, towel, olfa knife & packaging, sweep kitchen.

this time took longer, 8 min 32 sec. i found myself a lot more aware of trying to do as much as i could in one go. i had to hold objects for a lot longer in order to bring them to their correct point. for nearly the entire walk i was balancing a bowl of mostly eaten cat food atop a mouse pad atop a book. i nearly turned around

in the vestibule but stopped myself and resorted to skillfully tossing the olfa a few inches of its typical spot.

in the course i gave myself, i included quite a few hard turns, two that i wrote of initially and was aware of. but almost every other, unless sufficiently elongated heightened my attention to my feet and the odd placement. for the most part i am walking along the line one foot in front of the other. unless i am paused, intersecting the line perpendicularly.

i thought i would be able to reach the bathroom but as soon as i passed in on the first round it was pretty certainly out of reach. perhaps this round i'll give a go at the things that are out of reach and dishes too, which will be odd standing at least a foot and a half from the sink.

otherwise, i tidied: papers on the table, mouse pad, cat food (in compost, bowl is still on counter), snack bag and trash contents, filled tomorrow's supplements, olfa, book on the table (now on the coffee table). i forgot the pill case in my bag and to sweep.

so this round: start by adjusting the towel, move the cat bowl into the sink and attempt to wash dishes,* grab the pill case, sweep, try moving the shower curtain.*perhaps worth noting: i just closed my eyes to imagine myself navigating the path to make sure i'm doing this in the most efficient way.

that was the longest yet: 11 min 57 sec. i successfully completed most things with the addition of moving the ipad keyboard and mousepad onto their correct shelves and with the exception of fully adjusting the shower curtain (i was able to close it with ~6 in of shower still exposed). it was a real feat to move the curtain, i had only a single toe on the line and could barely reach the curtain as i splayed myself across the bathroom floor. that action along with the dishwashing highlighted my height. to wash the dishes, i leant my elbows on the lip of the sink and bent myself in an L

shape. while not terribly uncomfortable, i found myself feeling grateful to all the other times i choose to wash dishes standing upright.

all i initially wished to tidy and more have been completed and rather successfully i would say. the entire experience was enjoyable, i am unsure of how much to attribute to the novelty of abiding by a line. i'm fairly certain, however, i will not frequently choose to attempt to adjust the shower curtain while belly-down and pulling myself in either direction. though there is a particular enjoyment of rolling on the floor that i don't often do and this situation invited a new interaction with the ground.

the central most interaction of space was the ping-ponging between termini. doing so forced me to pay more attention to the order in which i completed tasks and even when i did i ended up holding a whole suite of things with me along the way. aside from the last go, i would estimate i spent no less than 85% of the time with an object in hand.

24 SEPTEMBER 2024

i'm beyond tired and feel i can only do one track. one back one forth, so two. i will clear out my bag and prepare somewhat for tomorrow. it's nearly 1230 and it feels absurd to do it in this manner. what if i didn't do it perfectly but just did something?

to be tidied: water bottle, towel, bags, pants, charge phone, recycle tissue box.

i forgot to time myself but i think it's about 14 minutes. in addition to the list, i did the dishes. i started writing at 1216 and did so for not more than two minutes. a small goal felt easy enough and i did it, while still following the line.

25 SEPTEMBER 2024

26 SEPTEMBER 2024

yesterday was the first day i didn't tidy. i worked late and didn't get home until 1 am. it's crumbly to give an excuse and not worth it. ultimately, it didn't happen. i am having more feelings about this than i expected. it's just past 1130 now, i got home an hour and a half ago, i started tidying because things were amess. then came to the computer to continue but ultimately paused now for a good while. i feel a bit ashamed that i didn't do it yesterday. not so much in the context of the class (though partly) but even more that it has become a routine that incites a grounding at the end of the day—even when rooted in the absurdity of the tidy line. in this case, breaking a promise to myself feels like a small failure and makes me slightly unmotivated to continue. just the right time to keep going.

to be tidied: water bottle, books, new tissue box, chips, glass on table, sauce on table, charge phones, move cat food, wash dishes, take herbs, clear counters, chocolate, put away herbs, pillows, things in my bag.

i noticed that the past two times were the only times that i checked back to the list. i did so after i finished the track and returned to the computer. aside from those two days, every day since i have pursued this action i missed something. i did not take the time to take note of it as i ended my computer time as i held the mental image of the list in my head—though apparently not all that effectively.

i just tidied, i spent a lot of time on dishes and veered from the line. as i am tired i am finding some justification of rule bending. i feel less committed to following the exact order of the process despite being pleased with its outcome.

to my surprise i completed all of the tasks without referring back to the list.

i wonder if there is a relationship between these two things: in a lack of accurate execution, do i make up

for it by paying better attention to the task at hand? does it help with the rules are slightly bent? does it accommodate a personalized attention? how to emotions affect attention? which kinds of attentions are cultivated within varying emotional landscapes?

27 SEPTEMBER 2024

so tired i'm not feeling capable of much. i think only once, maybe twice before have i decided to not tidy everything that i can think of. today it will just be a walk and a wash. i would like to wash my glass and otherwise go to sleep. to clarify;

to be tidied: water glass

28 SEPTEMBER 2024

a good deal of things to tidy. i couldn't do much yesterday and i'm feeling the consequences now. feeling generally discouraged at the moment or in other words—tired.

to be tidied: cup, bowl, socks, sweater, t shirt, laundry, cough drops, boxes in vestibule, sunscreen, things from work, fix pillows on chair, fix pillows on couch, wrapper, towel, make bed, glasses, dishes, cat water, books, pheromones, cat toys, paper bag.

something just occurred to me while tidying (cup, bowl, socks, sweater, t shirt, cough drops, boxes, sunscreen, pillows on couch and chairs, wrapper, towel, glasses, dishes, books, cat toys and the paper bag): i can alter this line. today is day 6 of this practice. each day, after i tidied that which bordered the line, there was either more to tend to that was not done or was completed after. the things that cannot presently be tended to online are: laundry bags, socks, t shirt, sweaters, cough drops, pheromones. i stepped offline to put away cat toys and my computer which i then immediately reopened after this realization.

i adjusted the tidy line with lines that would be helpful in order of highest to lowest priority. (1) A access to duane's food bowl—it needn't extend deep into the room, just enough for access; (2) B access to the closet — the deeper the better but at the very least the line would go deep enough for me to be able to place things on the usm or around the bend of the wall; (3) C access to the bathroom—this could be just to the threshold, i have long arms; (4) D access to the computer table; (5) E access to my class notebooks and materials.

as i listed the items above, i changed a few things around imagining what would make the most of my tidying experience. where i would not have to extend myself as i did on monday and tuesday. i chose not to include the toilet room, as i thought of it i realized that this line is an indicator of work and focus. i tend to myself before and after but very rarely during, despite it being a relaxing activity most of the time...these are all things to take into consideration for tomorrow's session.

29 SEPTEMBER 2024

of course it is just my luck that i have already tidied the thing that the top priority line would be laid for. nonetheless i will add it along the way. there isn't too much to be tidied now, so it goes often on the day when i'm home for a while. perhaps i will opt instead for a closet or computer line instead of the cat bowl one. this line will also be dictated by the amount of tape i have, which is not much. yesterday when i made the diagram, the priority was reflected purely by the circumstances. the order today has changed. today's priority is (1) D, (2) B, (3) C, (4) E, (5) A. i will wait at least one more day and average the priority before laying the line.

to be tidied: bag elements sprawled on the table, sweatshirt, esp32, books, notebooks, pillow, folder, pen, highlighter, receipt, aloe vera, matches, label maker, back up disk, get reading from printer.

30 SEPTEMBER 2024

the top priority of the tidy line is the same today as it was yesterday (D-access to the computer table). it is genuinely needed today in order to complete a good deal of tidying. i started to leave stuff in that area—a place that is usually consistent with it's objects. i wonder if the anticipation of a sprawl allowed the perceived possibility of expansion. it could also be that i was rushed this morning and tried to do more things than i normally do. either way, i would like to tend to it. and the fact that it presented itself as top priority two days in a row warrants enough merit for me to execute it this evening. since d-line is an appendix, i'm not sure how i'm going to approach it in terms of movement. it will not be a part of the track like the other singular piece.

maybe it serves as an option rather than the track. maybe i have to use it to determine it's use.

to be tidied: 3 books, a tissue, tissue box, box cutter, mousepad, ESP32 & box, ipad, hard drive, water glass, dishes, charge headphones, toilet paper box, cereal box, new highlighters, turn off light by sewing machine (this is not on the track), move fabric, move computer charger, charge computer, charge phone, move glasses, wash dishes.

i'll start with the tape and then proceed. i laid the tape which is four feet shy of its intended terminus. today i will have to live with that. i also realized that this placement of the line is naturally an endpoint. i will start the tidy line as i have and instead of returning to my current position as i normally do, i will have the option for the journey to end there instead.

1 OCTOBER 2024

i photographed the line earlier today. considering it was rather difficult to assemble the first time around, i added colored dots in three varieties (yellow, green, blue) in a repeating pattern to help me construct the

line more accurately and efficiently. i felt like a giant building a miniature village as i walked along it. i measured the space between each dot as one foot in front of the other (or perpendicular at corners and curves). i am curious to see if the dots will hold any importance as i navigate the line this evening. i am out of tape and feel stubborn enough that i will not use any another material, width, nor color of tape to extend the line in a desired direction. until i acquire the right one, i am stuck with my path.

it worked well yesterday, granted it was three feet short from a comfortable reach, i managed to tidy that surface in the allotted space. as for today, there are some new things out that i've yet to decide what to do with—specifically a projector. there's a fair amount of dishes and for the first time i am thinking it would be nice to be assisted in my endeavors.

to be tidied: food bag in bag, water bottle, glasses, fabric, paper bag, projector, phone, bag, dishes.

2 OCTOBER 2024

it's 20 minutes until 1 and i'm so tired. i don't have much in me—just washing dishes and a quick preparation for tomorrow. luckily there's not a ton to be done either. the vestibule could really use a tending to but while i want to say that's not going to happen.

to be tidied: dishes, things from bag

3 OCTOBER 2024

this is the earliest i've started tidying since i began this practice. it's not even 8:15 yet. i suppose that's good because there's actually a lot to tidy. it's an interesting dynamic that tidying provides. especially the past few days, i've been really tired when it comes time to do it—in part in service of my wakeful, presumably energized self tomorrow. it suggests that i'm saving my 'good energy' for something more important than cleaning.

for the first time since i began listing the items, i'm going to have it serve as a guide today. the goal is not so much to have everything back in its place as much as to feel like things are tidied enough.

i am curious as to what this threshold is and at what point i could reasonably stop and be satisfied. i assume it would occur far sooner than i imagine—in fact, i could not tidy at all. that's an experiment for another day. that's an action that if done in a certain way would perhaps require more attention than tidying. similarly, i'm curious as to how it would feel to abandon the line and return just to the list, or the initial iteration of the project: tidying in the dark. all things to perhaps give a shot...

there are a few things that are off of the tidy line today and they're all serviced by the same un-added line. part of me hesitates though, i like the circumambulatory nature of the track and if anything, at this moment, i'm tempted to remove the addition to the computer.

to be tidied: glass, label maker, phone, mini stapler, cat treats, bowl, scarf, bag, power supply, napkin, paper bags, plastic bag, towel, cat bed, cat carrier, vacuum, laundry bag, laundry detergent, package, dishes, little rod's birthday present, extension cord, computer charger, cat cone, notebooks, water bottle, alcohol wipes, tissues

4 OCTOBER 2024

one day i will go to sleep at a decent hour again, but not tonight. i am not doing what i said i would do yesterday. though as i wrote that i forgot what it was that i said i would do. i just reread saying that i would not clean. while that does sound tempting it might be more tempting for tomorrow considering i have work in the morning and it is likely to make my life easier if things are tidied up. i'm okay with that for tonight. luckily it doesn't feel wildly messy by any means. just a few things on the table and some dishes mainly.

i realize i also didn't report back to what i did yesterday. i can clarify now—it may also be worth noting that i think this is the first time i am reflecting on the quality of my previous actions. anyways, i tidied the glass, label maker, phone, stapler, cat treats (though they are out again), bowl (also out again), scarf, bag (i forget which), power supply, napkin, paper bags, plastic bag, towel, cat bed, cat carrier, vacuum, laundry bag (somewhat the laundry is still in there, though it's moved out the common space), laundry detergent, package, dishes, computer charger, notebooks, water bottle, alcohol wipes and tissues

i didn't move: little rod's present nor the extension cord

as for today, to be tidied: cadaqués book, jon's book, mouse, computer (maybe the first time i've noted since recording that it is an object to tend to), glass, bottle, back up drive, water bottle, bread in bag, bag on counter, jacket, dishes.

that feels like plenty for now especially considering it's nearly 12:30

5 OCTOBER 2024

surveying the land from a different position than normally. i am midday between either ends of the tidy line. i was thinking something earlier that was interesting about all of this and of course now i forgot. it was something to do with forming attention. well it's gone now and all i can hope is that 1) it comes back 2) i make note of it when it does.

sitting in a different position affords me a different understanding of the space. i am far less concerned with the kitchen, because i cannot see it unless i turn my head, and when i do the wall behind me largely occludes it and the lights in there are off so it would take a combination of squinting and peering in order to achieve an understanding of that space.

i'm going to try to capture the shadow of my thought, it feels like it's floating. i think it might have come to me while watching ways of seeing. i'm actually not going to try. i'm going to tidy.

to be tidied: cat treats, computer, mouse, phone, socks, water bottle, note book, box cutter, bag, dishes, towel, extension cord

something new about sitting in the middle of the line: i get to choose my direction. in starting at the couch, it's rare i bring more than a glass with me to the kitchen. i am far more in the center of it now. the commute to the kitchen is much shorter though that also means i have less time to mentally prepare myself for my arrival and my actions.

6 OCTOBER 2024

in the interest of time, i am tidying earlier than i usually do—5 hours earlier than yesterday. it's 7:30 and i just finished dinner. there's something inconvenient about doing it at this time since i am not 'done for the night.' i am not sure what i'll displace after i tidy—if anything, or if it will make me more inclined to tidy up immediately after i complete an action. we'll see. there's actually not too much to tidy either since i finished the dishes after i ate. maybe i will do this i two parts actually—but write both now. it's more likely than not, when round two comes that something will be different but i will try my best to anticipate what that is.

to be tidied now: tape, measuring tape, my book, jon's book, my sweater, heating pad, put broken glass bag in the trash, wipe down tape, move cough drops, cat toys, duane's cone, gather notebook & pens for tomorrow.

to be tidied later tonight: computer, mouse, water glass, put away dishes, wash any remaining dishes, jon's water bottle, his dishes from work, his backpack

7 OCTOBER 2024

yet another position. this time facing the couch i normally write from. from this view the apartment is the cleanest...most everything that i would tidy is behind me and that which is in the foreground is occluded by my computer. i will pivot my body to accommodate and figure out what it need to do. hopefully not too much as i'm tired and feeling unwell.

additionally i am thinking about how a motor can be integrated into my practice and how coding something could affect my attention. this isn't with a motor... but what if i made a website where people could tidy my line online? objects could be dragged and dropped to the location desired by the user. i like the idea of using a motor as a timer, though maybe that's too basic.

well the basics of a stepper motor according to youtube: it converts electrical energy into mechanical movement. the motor contains 200 steps. what if i translated each motor step into a physical step whilst cleaning? meaning my rhythm was dictated by the motor. can the motors movement become randomized? how can the motor dictate my actions? how can we participate together? how can it shape my attention and i its? if its attention is largely shaped by me, how could it largely shape my attention on its own? i think in that case, it's good to have someone else intervene, for someone else to be able to control the motor. what is the use in someone else controlling the motor though? what if it were to knock something over. i think that's great actually.

say a perpendicular arm is attached to the motor and there is an arrangement of objects surrounding it, similarly to the way the counter was used in the java tutorials, someone online could press a button and advance the motor one step. it could be that the button could only be pressed so many times by one person, so then it requires a collection of attention from others...

to be tidied: pillows, books, light upstairs, water glass, papers, folder, cutting mat, dishes, cat cone, charge phone, turn off lights, put computer and mouse away.

8 OCTOBER 2024

i forgot to make note of this yesterday and the day before: i did my inventory from two different positions both days. sunday at the dining table and yesterday at the chair that faces the window. both afforded me a different perspective on tidying as my view was different than normally. what i listed to tidy was based mostly on memory and less on visual input than normally. though usually, when i am writing from where i am now, i cannot see most of the kitchen clearly so the kitchen is based on memory—but that's not the case for most other areas of along the tidy line. the other thing: since i didn't start from the normal position, i found myself not abiding by the line. sunday night i tried to but i was disoriented as to when and where i should designate the beginning, which direction to start, etc. yesterday i completely forgot to do it—granted i was feeling ill but i didn't even try to follow it. i'm having trouble articulating what i find interesting about this in a succinct way. i think what i'm trying to say is that in someways the start is the scaffolding for my attention. i tidied in a somewhat careless way, even though i set out with a plan i did not follow through in the way i normally do. i bobbed from thing to thing.

i made a sketch of the object, with one arm and a four glass set up. the arm is made of cork so, presumably a single step of the arm would not break the glass. in fact it might make a nice sound. i'm not sure how to shape cork like that now that i think about it, nor do i know where i could get some, nor if i'm particularly interested in breaking things just for the sake of it... the cups actually don't need to be glass, they could be metal or plastic. i quite like the idea of using a metal cup. i just changed that in the rhino file.

for the first time i am noticing that my computer could use some tidying up. the apartment isn't so bad. most of the tidying is concentrated to the dining table at the moment. there is maybe one thing on the kitchen counter that i'd like to put away but i'm having a hard time seeing it.

to be tidied: earphones, glass, mug, cup, glass, clothes, notebook, spritz bottle, motor, paper towel, mouse, papers, clothing, dishes.

9 OCTOBER 2024

10 OCTOBER 2024

i didn't tidy yesterday and i'm rather tired and don't want to tidy so much now either. for the first time in a while—if not ever, i am writing the inventory with most of the lights off. it makes it hard to see most things, there are a few things i can remember that i want to tidy so the end of the list is from memory.

to be tidied visible: pillows, belt, laundry, glass, computers, delicates. dishes, glasses, sweaters, paper towel.

11 OCTOBER 2024

choosing not to tidy on the line again. i am tired and not feeling well and it's late. and how crumbly it is to be full of excuses...it's been a hard day and i suppose i feel like i'm the only one to administer sympathy at the moment. so somehow i think tidying outside of the line will help. but actually maybe that's precisely what i need. it is not often that i write all that needs to be tidied and don't complete it. i could just mention everything and do what suits me. i think i'll do that—routines are important. i have noticed i have become less attentive while cleaning since abandoning the line for the past couple of days. granted there are other circumstances that have influenced my attention. though it is interesting to see how the line actually creates a channel for my attention to notice where it

ebbs and flows. well it's decided i'm walking the line. i'm writing standing over my computer right now, not at the couch as i typically am when writing. my view is changed but i am close enough to begin the line at its start.

to be tidied: book, pillows, candle, vestibule, glass, tea

12 OCTOBER 2024

i'm writing this before i'm even considering tidying. i just want to take a break from my other writing. things are messy and i'm really hoping that i can get in some proper cleaning time tomorrow not just the daily tidying i've been doing. i hadn't really considered how that's changed my relationship to cleaning until just now, actually. i have been doing less 'big cleans' where i vacuum or end up going for a couple of hours. i miss it now that i think about it. i could technically justify doing that one of these days as part of this...that would be nice. anyways, i was wanting to say that these tidies end up keeping most things pretty clean but there end up being a couple things that i don't tend to (namely the vestibule) and it has gotten kind of overrun with things and is not at all an inviting place to enter lately. another option to try this week could be isolated area cleaning. rather than going for a little bit of everything, i could say i will clean everything within somewhat predefined areas. i quite like that. i could even do it in addition to the regular tidying. or i could do it and not write about it as well. it is kind of funny how now i'm almost inclined to write when i clean. i've began to convolute the two actions. it's a new feeling to have tidying feel like such a verbal endeavor. prior to this experiment, most of the time, tidying and cleaning felt like resorting the things in my mind's eye—a perception puzzle. a time where i could exist without language. and now the two have been inextricably linked. there is a practiced remembrance of the items, their names, their patterns, their current and intended location. in some ways there is still a largely non verbalized part—that is kind of what is represented by the path—but also the

naming of the objects. while not noted when i list them, the list itself serves more of an action map than anything else. perhaps that also what words are for all along, to bring us to another place, a place closer to ourselves or closer to one another...

to be tidied: three books, empty bottle, tissues, glass, cup, big glass, saffron, computer, saffron pills, dishes

13 OCTOBER 2024

after being on the computer all day, i want to make this quick. despite being on it all day, the apartment is still, somehow messy...weird

to be tidied: pillows, glasses, phones, paper bag, plastic bag, tissues, paper, notebook, books, wallet, supplements, can, present, cat collar, tennis ball, dishes, bag, blankets, computer charger

14 OCTOBER 2024

amazingly i kept the apartment pretty clean today and i have to tidy very little. really it's just the drawing supplies surrounding me.

to be tidied: tissues, notebooks, drawing pad, syllabus, drawing, conte, pasta marker, pencils, pen, phone, id card, glass, mouse

15 OCTOBER 2024

it's quite early. it's not even 9 yet...i'm really tired. jon's been gone since yesterday morning and i realize now how much my cleaning is often after him. well more likely than not it's a compounded effort. if a few things are already out of place, i feel less responsible to take initiative to clean up my stuff, maybe? i'm not sure. but right now there's three things on the table that need to be put away, soba cha to be composted, and a few dishes to be washed. otherwise everything is cleaned.

i have also observed the past couple of days that my attention feels less spritely, it could be that my nervous system is resetting after the past couple of weeks, but maybe there's something to the sense that when there is more chaos, when things feel tenuous, there's an urgency. the urgency has been lost yesterday and today. it could also be a trauma response of sorts—which feels weird to write about here but it's relevant considering the attention is my practice. and my attention has been turned towards somewhat dire circumstances.

i completely forgot to write about the fact that i have not been tidying on the line either. i have been living on it though. i find myself walking along it, especially in the morning. it's a nice guide when half awake. i'm having an interesting feeling now—one i'm hesitant to admit, i feel worried that my attention hasn't been enough this past week. rather than delve into shame, etc, i think what is worth noticing is that attention is a somewhat finite resource. there are varying degrees of attention and especially for the past three days i feel that i'm giving close to my minimum in terms of tidying and my max everywhere else. maybe it's not quite that actually and it's more that my reservoirs have been depleted. it's not so much that i'm having trouble replenishing them as much as it takes time for them to be restored.

it's been nearly an hour since i started writing. i think i started at 8:34 pm and now it's 9:24. i almost hesitate for that to be the case since both of those numbers end in 4 and there's something off putting about arriving there twice. it almost feels like i made it up. for all i know i did, regardless, it's my perception of time.

yesterday i forgot to write about my big clean—it was in the middle of the day though—and i think that's maybe the only time it can exist. this practice that i've established feels inextricably linked to the night and it feels important that i don't move beyond a certain kind of task. yesterday around 2 pm i cleaned the litter boxes, vacuumed, wiped down surfaces, took out the

garbage, recycling, and eventually compost. i took the fan out of the bedroom. i did dishes and put old ones away. i cleaned out the fridge thoroughly. there's something about these tasks that feel not like they take so much attention as much as they do energy.

as i wrote that last sentence, it also occurred to me that this habit, more than anything, is a vehicle for me to explore my attention. this was probably the goal all along and somehow it's just hitting me now. but the creation of a habit lends itself to a new set of observational parameters. now is as good of a time as any to reflect on how i've related to my attention then.

just now, i wrote "i should clarify that the goal was not to alter my attention as much as it is to notice and observe it," of course, i went back first and typed "just now, i wrote" after i actually wrote the thing, but i digress...there was a fear in writing that initially that my goal shouldn't be to alter my attention, as if my attention is a precious resource (which it is), but there is also an implication i am sensing where i am relinquishing responsibility for my attention. that i do not want to be the one who is altering it...as if it were my goal to protect and explore it but altering and exploiting is something that i outsource—something that i do not take responsibility for. even though most of the time, my sustained attention is held within something that i choose to do. in part, 'zoning out,' requires at first some level of intention.

i notice that i keep going back and forth between intention and attention, nearly the same word, hold the first two letters. i looked it up, etymologically speaking, intention arrived first in the 13th century and attention in the 14th. they are both derived the root *tendere* meaning to stretch. that's quite a beautiful analogy. to imagine both attention and intention as tensile. as a swatch of fabric, it can be oriented to be pulled on the edge or on the bias, and after an extended time under tension, it's likely to change its shape. though it can return to its original

when washed and dried. that's exactly what i'll go for, a wash and dry of myself and my dishes.

that makes me consider, since i have started this practice, it is always based in objects. i have not once—to my knowledge said i need to tidy myself. despite being the vehicle i've nearly left myself out of the practice. well today i will add myself to the list.

speaking of both at- and intention, it's interesting how i respond to myself sometimes thinking i've done wrong and that's what motivates me to make a change despite not having fully explored something. for example, i say that i've not added myself to the list, yet i often try to break down the tasks into smaller pieces as to not overwhelm myself. i'm quick to identify my actions as incorrect or stupid but slow to recognize just what it is i'm doing for myself a lot of the time. this fear is actually a huge part of my attention. i spoke to this earlier and glazed over it out of fear and embarrassment, but the truth is, after a long time of feeling so incredibly incapable i am afraid of myself. my fear of what i am capable of (or more accurately how low my capacity can go), motivates me to do better. to not let myself fall into that place again. this isn't my drive at all times—mostly at the worst, at best i feel freed to and engaged in what i am doing. but when i do not, this is the feeling that comes.

this is also precisely why i have adopted a variety of habits, routines, etc. this is why i have adopted this routine, in fact. at first, i was worried that being away from home so much would leave me feeling untethered or placeless. the amazing thing is that the inverse is true. being away from home has brought me closer to parts of myself that had long been dormant. that this practice of attention is almost more to serve as a reminder of what i have just come from.

to be tidied: glass, teapot, cup, dishes, cat food, me

16 OCTOBER 2024

17 OCTOBER 2024

18 OCTOBER 2024

19 OCTOBER 2024

20 OCTOBER 2024

i have not written in many days and i thought at first that it would be a relief, in part it was, but i have missed it. i have missed the grounding aspect of caring for myself and my space especially when things have been as turbulent as they have. it is hard though when i feel unwell. when the mess is all mine. it's not too bad now [there should be a soo to so in the same way there is a too to to]. tomorrow i may have to leave a little earlier and i would like things to be in order by the time i go. i didn't get food this weekend so i will not have things to bring with me as i normally would. i should go to the grocery store tomorrow.

in the absence of my practice, i am noticing the excitement for lack of caring for myself or how quickly i give the excuse that i am not worth it or it should not be my priority. this can be exactly my priority. it is the prioritization of myself that will likely help me feel reintegrated. i hesitated to write what i did, but i think it's important. i was similarly learning earlier today about the physiological affects on attention when the nervous system enters a sympathetic state.

anyways, as to the things that need to be tidied. it's not too much and i don't have to do it all. i definitely want to do the dishes and litter though. this will be the first time since i started writing here that i am doing the litter (though i have done it other days this week). i didn't include it as a task, perhaps because i am still sticking pretty close to the line.

to be tidied: dishes, litter box, ipad, shoes, notebook for tomorrow, blanket, towel, heating pad, shower, brush teeth.

21 OCTOBER 2024

feeling a bit unsure of my idea that i proposed for last week and i'd like to make a change—but to what i'm not yet sure. i do have all of this writing. it feels like a shame to separate all of this from what i've been making. i'm sure there is a way to integrate what i've been working on with whatever is to come next. i am not wild about the idea of knocking things over and even less wild about the idea of broken glass. i want to make something that brings all of this together. my practice has been tidying but it has just as much been reflecting. my attention is actually not so much on the tidying as it is the writing and the tidying is just a reason to write. an action to graft my attention to.

if i were to continue with the idea of grafting where would that bring me? writing has afforded me the opportunity to explore my space in a new way, my explore my attention in a new way. i am tempted to argue that i've distanced myself from my space by doing what i've not but that's just not true. the tidy line was by far the most successful aspect of this work so far. it both changed and spoke to how i do and have navigated tidying in my house. i think that it's best if the line remains integral to this project. i do still like the idea of making an interactive website. though the following idea would be pretty counter productive: a website or piece of code that produces what i should clean based on what i have previously cleaned. that's not quite it. it feels one note-ish. i know i can do better.

how do i bring someone into my space? how do i involve the viewer with the process? how do i engage someone else to clean? or to begin, how do i motivate myself to clean when i don't want to? i tell myself that it will be better when it's done. i motivate myself by writing. by reengaging with myself. i'm not so much looking to automate this process as i am to create a mode of engagement. i also do not necessarily need to involve technology.

i am imagining that there is a channel build upon my line. i'm not sure for what purpose. or maybe a small car? now that i think about it, what the line really afforded me was a new relationship to paths, especially new ones. for a few weeks my tidying was limited to space and i yearned to expand—though at the same time expansion, when enacted, was unenjoyable. i think i might be missing the point almost. that a path is an act of place-making in and of itself. how do i play with the line? what else can happen here? what does it mean to ping pong back and forth between two points? what is the significance of the beginning and the end being the same location?

now that i think about it, my way to school is the same. the more i do it, the more i perfect the route. out the door, up freeman, left on mcguinness, angled street to the bridge, right side, pass a few people, left off the bridge (if desperate straight and then a right to pee then back to the path), down the stairs, through the first turnstile, down the middle stairs, to the third arch, to the subway car just to the left, stand at the door (or sit if desperate), up the right side of the stairs, turn, up the ramp, up the stairs, to the right beside the stairs between two columns, sit, out the door, up the stairs, don't touch the stile if its busy and let the people around me move it, up the stairs, get my id, through security (hello, hello), straight, traverse the stairs at an angle (two stairs at a time leading with my left foot), either way around the bushes (usually to the right on the way there), then to my respective class.

if i have spent so much time perfecting a routine, why should i choose to abandon it. perhaps because the fun is actually in perfecting it? taking the novelty away makes it slightly less exciting. well, i haven't perfected my way back yet. the subway riding is sloppier and i don't line myself up with the right staircases. anyways, i think the path aspect is perhaps the most interesting part—not so much the tidying of it, even though i enjoy the act and the result. the tidy line is ultimately what has changed my relationship to space the most. that is not worth throwing away.

i wonder how this could be translated? is there some way to link my actions with, say, drawing? or is there somehow that a code could visualize an input that i put in? the truth is, i have been translating it, this whole time, through writing. though how do i translate it visually? i started by photographing the line. how do i link this all together though? how do i make something functional?

i'm going to let it simmer and start tidying since i feel like i kind of lost myself this evening and am hoping that a good night's sleep will reset me.

to be tidied: cat clippers, syllabus, napkins, papers, phone, things duane knocked over, scarf, dishes, laundry, laundry bags, cat litter, teeth brushing.

22 OCTOBER 2024

right now is the first time since the first week that i am not writing something at home. it is a different experience reflect upon home and my very much home-based practice while not present in the physical sense. i am coming back to try and figure out what to do about this work. i really don't want to abandon the line and i'm struggling how to further develop it. i am looking at the image of it—tidy line ii, from 10/2— i could make a series of drawings or rubbings that help me engage with the floor. i think this is a good starting point. i think the cork knocker while funny is disjointed from the rest of my practice. i think this could also be an interesting translation of how to understand space. i think the biggest thing is that i need to move out of the i think phase and just do something. though i won't be able to do anything until tonight, at least i will no what it is i need to do.

now that i'm thinking about it, the cork knocker is somewhat interesting considering that it creates a level of unpredictability as to what i will need to clean. there is also an urgency that is created with glass. maybe i shouldn't be so quick to knock it.

i'm home now, sitting at the table. going to move to the couch so i can assess the lay of the land. i'm at the couch now. it's wild, actually, how it is the same space used between those two sentences yet the position is so vastly different. that there is such a physical distinction between the two places yet the words still remain next to one another, for sake of clarity. what if it were "going to move to the couch so i can assess the lay of the land. i'm at the couch now," that feels far more fitting. similarly, there are only two lines between "...knock it." and "i'm home now," yet there is almost 10 hours between those two statements, yet they appear right next to one another. there is a great homogeneity created with writing. in the 12,150 words written in this document thus far, there are few that stray stylistically. the uniformity can veil difference, it can hinder an audience from entering at any specific point, especially when presented in such quantities. similarly, it creates a foundation. a flatness, especially when printed on multiple 11" x 17" sheets as they have been for the past 6 weeks.

this foundation is not dissimilar to the floor which i just spent a good time on, rubbing charcoal across 12 pages. the uniformity of the floor creates space for all of the other things to exist. not to say this writing doesn't exist, of course it does, but in most classes it doesn't exist for itself. it exists through me. it reinforces what i am saying, not necessarily in content —i presume most people aren't reading it, but rather in quantity. in turn, when i share my work in class, my voice exists as the tidy line that i have walked on for many nights now. the path is an explanation. the path is a guide. and now the path will dictate what i do.

to be tidied: paper, computer case, headphones, notebooks for tomorrow, incense, glass, cat brush, dishes, tissues, litter, shower, brush teeth.

i realize part of the discomfort in listening myself as something to be tidied or tended to is not just about my being grouped with inanimate objects, as much as it is doings things offline. i have a similar feeling when

mentioning incense and litter. all those tasks are ones that feel superfluous and almost as its not fare to include them. i wonder what other minutiae i would include if i thought something happening off the tidy line was just as important...

23 OCTOBER 2024

the line rubbings are successful in two main respects thus far. the drawings are representative of the actual scale. similarly, since the line is narrow, it is transportable and can be deployed easily. i wonder then if i could make this into an accordion book? or a series of books that recreate the path. i would have to figure out how translate the bends into a paper model. though it could also be interesting to display it straight. what kind of distance is traversed when navigating curvature? more likely, this is something i could just do for the next week to see how it goes, then figure out if and how i would want to develop it further.

though a shortcoming of this idea is that it doesn't necessarily engage my attention as much as it is a visualization of the attentional practice i've been developing. i'm struggling with finding a way that integrates my attentional practice with an engaging medium. maybe it could be game? something similar to hopscotch or twister in scale? could it be a set of instructions for implementation elsewhere? in addition, could there be a fillable form? could it be a means of categorizing other people's experience with tidying? a tidy (on)line? could it be interactive? as in other people would be able to tidy what other people write? almost like fridge magnets but grouping like with like? or something of the sorts...

ideally this would integrate coding in some kind of way—i'm just struggling to find the bridge. what i do know, however, is that i would most definitely like to incorporate a website that involves the user in some kind of tidying and/or untidying.

i'm home now, i haven't totally cemented on my idea just yet but i'm excited for what will come. dan and i

discussed how this practice has established a hypothetical space and how the act of planning makes the action easier. we also talked about the idea of making a piece that is transportable. how can this practice be brought elsewhere? i'm so tired now and i have to get up early as per usual so quickly i'll list out the good stuff.

to be tidied: tissue, computer, dishes, litter, container. me.

24 OCTOBER 2024

amazingly not much has to be cleaned tonight, i suppose that is the benefit of being out of the house for 16 hours.

to be tidied: water bottle, cat food, cat litter, me.

25 OCTOBER 2024

there's a lot to be done today. it's kind of late and the lights are off and it's not particularly encouraging though i'm pretty certain it will make my morning easier tomorrow. i wonder what would make it easier for me now. i imagine that altering my focus while doing it would help—as in listening to music or a podcast. i think the best thing will just be to get into it.

to be tidied: bowl, glasses, napkins, tissues, dishes, potatoes, water bottle, me, litter, computer

26 OCTOBER 2024

i had really good attention at work both today and yesterday but once i've been home i've been so tired and not capable of nearly as much as i'd like—really at all. it's frustrating. i would like to return to my habit of getting things done. i have volunteering early-ish in the morning. it's nearly 11:15 and i should go to sleep. i will try to read a bit before sleeping to try and accomplish one thing for school, aside from this. i could use some water too. that's probably not helping

my focus, i forget to drink water as frequently when it gets colder and when it's warmer, honestly. i'm at the point where i'm so thirsty that i'm not. every night before i do this i forget that i have to do litter. it usually is the thing that kind of sends me over the edge. the thing that i told myself is not mine to do. my remembering of it breeds a little bit of frustration everyday yet the action is simple and quick and usually doesn't possess such a charge. i would like to look up how to make an accordion book. i would also like to be home by like 6 tomorrow. this way i can get ~4 hours of work before and ~4 hours after. this might be the first time when i am writing about what i want to do tomorrow related outside of this practice. today's log feels out of place in regard to the set of all other writings and simultaneously very true to myself in this moment. i don't feel like i tried to write anything outside of where i am right now. at first there was an inkling of a feeling like what i'm writing is not good, or that this was not the right kind of attention, but it's also an honest picture of where i am at without trying to shape my focus. it is a shadow, not a spotlight.

to be tidied: tissue box, water bottle, dishes, litter, headphones, computer, me.

i always put myself last in the list, or second to last. as i am writing the list i am scanning the room for what needs to be tidied from farthest to nearest and in proximity to the line. the bathroom does not exist on the line and therefore comes as offline. the closing task.

27 OCTOBER 2024

it's crazy late but i got really into writing and so i went with it. it's almost 230 and i'm not sure how much i feel like cleaning. at the very least, i'll wash the two dishes i have then get my papers and notebook ready for tomorrow and put them in my bag.

to be tidied: glass, tissues, teeth, litter

28 OCTOBER 2024

i walked the line in four different ways this evening. one time oriented towards each direction of the my walls. meaning there was a lot of walking backwards and sideways. i also danced along the line for one run. all of this was interesting and really just got me thinking a whole lot about tunnel vision. this line i've been following creates a tunnel anywhere. a path. kind of what i wrote about last week and i'm not quite sure how to elaborate on it. but i feel like i'm close to its translation. it will be good to do some writing tomorrow earlier—i'm really tired after a long day and kind of feel like there's almost nothing helpful i can do for myself in this state anymore.

though i'm going to try, even if only briefly. i looked across my apartment, figuring out things i plan on cleaning. step 1: scanning. step 2: identify. step 3: schedule. step 4: commit. step 5: enact. scan, identify, schedule, commit, enact. into the search bar, i type sisse (which was autocorrected to since) and it suggested that i look at the definition of discernment. that word is accurate, especially without the -ment. this practice is one rooted in perceiving, picking out, detecting, surveilling, and controlling. scan, identify, schedule, commit, enact and perceive, pick out, detect, surveil, control. i have to sleep now, i'm rather delirious.

to be tidied: dishes, bottle from bag, litter, teeth, water glass

29 OCTOBER 2024

it's pretty late again and i look forward to the day when i sleep at a consistent hour, preferably before midnight. but that's not tonight, it's 2 past 2 and there's a decent amount to tidy. after my conversation with little rod this evening, i realize how much i have felt like tidying & cleaning are my job. it is funny that i chose it for this project. funny in the sense that it almost makes it seems like an attempt to make it

novel. which it has. it has given me a purpose to not feel resentful when i do a task that jon rarely takes care of. this is probably to personal for here but more likely than not, no one actually reads this, except me.

i was just thinking of other ways to inhabit/share this focus could be through some kind of website/app where the user can put the objects away according to the lists from each day written. at this point i'm not getting great work in, i just need to sleep.

to be tidied: water glass, sweater, laundry, dishes, towels, computer, teeth, candle

30 OCTOBER 2024

i am so tired and don't really feel capable. i think i will make a quick drawing and then call it a night. i have to do a few dishes. i'm really almost falling asleep in this chair.

to be tidied: dishes, water bottle, me

31 OCTOBER 2024

1 NOVEMBER 2024

notes for today are in recollection of yesterday which i don't really want to be doing. i did clean but i didn't log it at the time of.

i tidied: dishes, me

2 NOVEMBER 2024

julia is here and i am tired and i tidied most things already. i need to turn off the light and blow out the candle. i already washed up. that's all.

to be tidied: light, candle

3 NOVEMBER 2024

it's absurdly late. the clock switched on my computer and my phone, so in this reality it is 2:31 am but pretty much everywhere else in the apartment it's 3:31 am give or take a few minutes. i was writing an essay since 10:30 pm, which was going well, but i've barely moved since then. i got up from my chair and turned right back around realizing i hadn't done this yet. so here i am. i'm not going to do a major sweep by any means but i will get it somewhat under control.

to be tidied: phone, books, tissue, headphones, dishes, bags, teeth, face

4 NOVEMBER 2024

i'm so tired and it's been a hard day and luckily there's not too much to clean but i'm having a hard time imagining getting anything done other than sleeping. i will do that after i briefly tidy.

to be tidied: phone, bowl, heating pad, me

5 NOVEMBER 2024

yet again i'm really tired. today was another hard day and it's really discouraging. it was election day on top of this. i did a good amount of cleaning during the day luckily which means there's not a ton to do now. just some dishes and tidying the table really. i am going to try to get up earlier enough so i can tend to things around the apartment. or i could just do them now.

i'm fairly certain i figured out my project—but with the whole hard day thing i don't really feel all that positive about anything i do or even believe in myself to think. who would've known i am so [easily] impacted.

anyways, i am thinking to create a line that uses 3+ pulleys and a motor to guide a string through space. the string may or may not be as long as the one that i

have in my house. if it is not the same length i will alternate the code so every 103 ft 10 in it goes the opposite direction—just like i do what i do the tidy line. my other idea was kind of shite and it's so frustrating to be so let down by my brain. i'm really fading quickly here speaking of.

tomorrow i also have the presentation on quantum physics which is pretty exciting and i should met with mariam or danielle or something. it really sucks.

to be tidied: dishes, glass, clear table, teeth. lights, phone

6 NOVEMBER 2024

i have thirty minutes before a lecture and it does feel like the world is ending a little bit and perhaps the biggest thing from all of this practice is the ability to notice when my attention simply isn't here. there is an opacity to it today that is almost impossible to penetrate and it's hard to not turn that into self-destruction. it's an awful cycle and i feel so non-deserving to be here. yet i am here. i am stopped on the mezzanine between the third and fourth floor of avery. it's 5 minutes past 1 pm, meaning that everyone is buzzing around. somehow my stillness exacerbating my state of aloneness and i can't imagine how this will ever be remedied. of course this is such a basic feeling to have and i am not the first, nor will i be the last, but it's the only thing i seem to be able to feel. like the world is rushing and thrashing around me and i am somehow incapable of everything.

i'd rather this not become a self-fulfilling prophecy and do something. and not make this whole experience null and void. that is up to me. so that means that i should do something for tonight and something for tomorrow that maintains my momentum. what that is i'm not sure. i might need to talk to someone to get out everything else that is going on. or i just pigeonhole and get shit done. i wonder if i can force a corner. if i can make today worthwhile for

myself. better yet i should probably go downstairs. i can keep going there.

i'm down here now and it's less pleasant. it's louder. there are more people the chair is less comfortable and there's no way to see outside. everything feels hard right now and i am so annoyed that this is my reality. and yet i don't know how to refocus. perhaps mainly because what i am trying to redirect my attention from is fear and that's a nearly impossible task. maybe it's better then to think about how i can ground and calm myself then let the focus follow. i will start by finishing my orange. i finished my orange and food is important even when i want to act like it's not. i am going to go to the bathroom then to the lecture. i hope it's great.

i tidied: dishes

7 NOVEMBER 2024

the lecture got rescheduled yesterday so hopefully it's great in a couple of weeks. today was shitty. it was really hard. as was yesterday. i am hoping to feel okay soon. there's not a ton to tidy thank goodness, i'm so tired and would love to sleep before midnight.

to be tidied: dishes, litter, blanket, pillows

8 NOVEMBER 2024

9 NOVEMBER 2024

i tidied last night but didn't write it down because it was so late. i did the dishes and that was about it. as for tonight, i already cleaned up after cooking so the big part is done. i still have to scoop litter and wash two glasses. but otherwise things are all in their place.

to be tidied: dishes, two glasses

10 NOVEMBER 2024

i started tidying and didn't write. so here i am completing the cycle. i already did the litter. i have been wonderfully distracted by music today. the fog has lifted slightly and i feel like the future will be exciting. the immediate future included. a few dishes to do and to tidy myself for tomorrow. i could stand to get my notebook ready as well. to notice how my attention has shifted as well, i don't feel quite as stuck as i did last week. it's not so much that my attention is impenetrable as much as i feel a bit out to lunch. that being said, it feels a lot easier to navigate the world feeling a little bit stupid in comparison to feeling like everything is about to end. well, not too much more to say now. i think i'll get to tidying then sleep...

first though, i moved my computer charger a couple days ago so i could work at the dining table and that has completely changed my relationship with the room interestingly, and therefore the line as well. it encompasses me as i sit here. a boundary can be walked along or it can protect.

i am also realizing i forgot to test out the pulleys. i'll do that tomorrow. i'm going to set a reminder because i'm feeling a bit forgetful.

to be tidied: dishes, couch, notebook for tomorrow, charge phone, myself

11 NOVEMBER 2024

it started as a fine day and as i anticipated, it soured. i am really struggling to focus and it makes me so sad on top of everything else. i just wish i could get myself together in a way where i could at the very least not feel bad all of the time. that would be great. i don't feel insightful about attention. i don't feel like much of anything. i don't feel like tidying nor working. i could really use a hug. i guess having all of this writing actually is a chronology of attention. just one that i really don't want to be writing. this is not the reality that i wish to be in—which only makes all of this harder. i'm cold and tired and that's probably not

helping much of anything else either. i need to make significant work for thursday and for wednesday too. i want to write things here that are not meant to be written here mainly because i am already writing and i've kind of dropped my journaling practice. i would really like to get back to that. i would really like for so many things to be different but the truth of the matter is things are how they are right now and i can spend time feeling sad, which i definitely will but there are also things within my control and i would like to focus on that.

i just finished a 3d model for this class and i'm hoping that it will work as a pulley advancer to attach to the motor. it's a start... the apartment feels kind of messy, there's lots of little things all around but i don't know. i feel like i keep forgetting what i'm going to say or think and it makes me feel so dumb. my eye has been twitching. it was just now. that certainly refocuses me. i'm like really quite tired and think it would be a nice thing to take care of for myself. i would like to schedule volunteering for this week. it looks like it's all booked up for a long time. maybe i can do more north brooklyn angels then. i just felt bad because i said i would be back. which i will be. i would like to be at least.

it's interesting and perhaps sad to see the dwindling nature of my writing since the beginning of the semester. it is particularly visible over the past few weeks.

to be tidied: glass, phone, tissues, mouse, clothing, laundry, pillows, heating pad, blanket, cat bowls, cat litter, me

12 NOVEMBER 2024

just a quick one because i am tired and i still want to shower and get everything ready for tomorrow. i put a string that crosses part of the line at eye level we'll see how that goes. i am rather tempted to fill the page so when i print this out tomorrow its not half-assed.

though filling the page might suggest that something is in fact half asses but some of the best writing i've done for this project is in relation to just needing to get some words out. though maybe i'll have that happen tomorrow because i just want to get to sleep as soon as possible now.

to be tidied: water glass, dishes, water bottle from bag, magnesium, heating pad, id, headphones, yarns, mini olfa in my bag, shower, teeth.

13 NOVEMBER 2024

i already tidied because i got home late at 12:30 and now it's nearly 3 but i am feeling really good. i turned a corner project wise and am now pumped for all that's going down. on another note today in class something interesting happened. as i was going to present my project, i decided to unravel the yarn. everyone held a piece and i tied the two ends together to create a loop as we passed it around nearly everyone's attention was refocused and engaged. as dan described it, this intervention was 90% attention, 10% material. i think it is interesting to involve people in the work. how often are interventions, experiences, visualizations, etc. all rooted in the theoretical realm. to see people, to hold people in space is what interests me most—at least in regards to this project. well i am really tired now and want to say more but as i type it's becoming more and more delirious and my spelling is getting worse as is my typing. i am tired and excited.

14 NOVEMBER 2024

[i didn't tidy]

15 NOVEMBER 2024

[i tidied: me]

16 NOVEMBER 2024

i haven't written about tidying for the past couple of days even though i did tidy. all days except yesterday. i think yesterday was the first day throughout this whole process where i didn't write about nor tidy. i left dishes in the sink last night that i ended up washing this morning. now i'm wondering was it last night or thursday that i did that. it was thursday actually. last night i didn't write but i did tidy before i left so when i came home the only thing to tidy was me. i just made a note of that on the previous days. it's nearly 10:30 pm (it's 10:23) and i just realized something. for the past hour or so, i have been trying to gather my thoughts so my day runs smoothly tomorrow. this aspect of the project has been just as much as a tidier as everything else i've been doing. this writing and being aware of my space is in effect a tidying of my attention. there are some days where i leave things strewn about—both emotionally and physically. this trail of words that i have left behind may not have the same circularity as the line but it does the same, it is a back and forth across the page which helps me center myself at the end of the day. super. well i'm honestly not in the mood to tidy very much. i am currently on the couch with a blanket across my lap and a heating pad wrapped around my shoulders. it is cold anywhere but here and i'm tempted to stay exactly where i am aside from the fact that i am thirsty and would really love some water. i will warm the water while i tidy so when the tidying is done the water will be ready.

17 NOVEMBER 2024

i'm not sure how much i have to say. usually that's when i write the most. the place is kind of messy and not feeling totally like mine. that's because it's not though and maybe i don't need to get into all of that right now, but i'd be lying if i said it wasn't influencing me. i expressed that today to him—this weird in between of having the vestiges of our relationship everywhere whilst also feeling like this is the third most permanent sense of home i've had in my life and the first as an adult. similarly it's frightening to

imagine leaving it all, so soon after this and feeling like everything is up in the air in the future in a way that it hasn't been in a long time and i have a hard time remembering all of the instances where that was a positive thing, that turned out for the better. it could be that this instance is one where i have a new shot to prove it to myself—at least that's what it's feeling like.

well now i'm feeling distracted in a way mostly that i don't want to share, as this project's front facing aspect is coming to a close. i all of a sudden have a feeling that my words are not so much mine any more. that maybe someday you, whoever you are, will be reading this. as i sit here on my couch at 11:44 pm. my apartment is 64 degrees and i have a heating pad on my shoulders. there are lots of things i want cleaned and yet very little i want to touch. most of the lights are on and despite it being late it feels like it could just as well be 5 pm. the heating pad is at 137 degrees and is warming my upper body. i have a blanket on my shoulders as well. 64 degrees shouldn't feel as cold as it does now, but it probably has something to do with the fact that i left the window open because the humidifier is broken and i haven't bought a new pump for it.

this is the second time in this practice that i am writing specifically for someone else to read now. the first time was earlier and if you didn't see it, it's up to you to find it. and if you've gotten this far, i hope you have found something worthwhile. it feels rather intimate to write like this, to simultaneously write to you, but the only you i can imagine, really, is an extension of myself. for you are probably too far away to talk to about all of this. or maybe i am—too far away from this practice, from this writing. when this is printed or displayed on a website, it will similarly be far away from me. it will no longer be an editable file but a quiescent article. perhaps i can think of it not so much an ending nor a beginning but an expression of where this is now. or rather where this is in two or three days time. there is an oddity to producing

something after so much rearranging. maybe that is what producing ends up being a lot of the time, in fact, a rearranging parts of that are already here... though producing may differ from cleaning in the sense that producing may require putting one thing in a new place.

i listened to an interview with david abram last night and this morning and now i'm having a difficult time writing all of a sudden. i'll take it as a transition to doing, despite the fact that i am bundled and attached to the wall by a seven foot cord.

to be tidied: tea cup, teapot, ipad, bag, kitchen towel, dishes, glass, cat litter, all of me

18 NOVEMBER 2024

it's not that late yet but i am anticipating a late night as i would like to finish this paper that's due tomorrow before i go to sleep. i also was not working for the past little while so i thought this could be a nice bridge. i am sitting at the dining table at the chair on the left, looking towards the windows, it's night out. the air is crisp again and my feet are cold in the thin socks i am wearing. my calves are on the table and i'm a foot and a half out from the table's edge. shona's paws are draped over my left calf and i don't normally write from this position.

i'm usually on the couch. with all but one or two lights off. it's nice to tidy in the dark. it's a good entrance to the evening. the apartment feels sloppy again, just as it did yesterday. i expect to not do a thorough clean until this final is over in a week from today. i am feeling nervous about working and doubting myself as per usual—which is why it is probably just best to start on something.

there are all sorts of things on the table. the semblance of order is slowly slipping, i say this almost jokingly as the items that are not local to the table are few: a tissue, a cream, an ointment, a passport, a notebook,

two pieces of paper. though this is something i felt a bit yesterday also—a feeling that nothing is in its right place because the place of all of this feels like it's on the verge of changing. few items hold onto their feeling of place. this feels kind of bizarre considering it's often how i orient myself. it's interesting that all of this happens now, with this practice as an alternate lens of observation. there's no need to hypothesize as to how i would feel if the circumstances were different, i guess what i am wanting to say is that i am grateful for this practice. for the attention i have gathered, the curiosity it has incited, and routine it has crafted.

to be tidied: tissue, cat clippers, water glass, notebook, things from bag, cat litter, dishes, me

19 NOVEMBER 2024

it's really late and i'm really tired and this feels a bit like a crummy way to end this whole practice but it's honest at the very least. it's just past 2:30 and i just finished writing my paper. the apartment isn't that messy because i've barely left this chair since i got home. there are a couple things to tend to however. one of which is bringing this whole practice from my computer to a physical object. so here we go.

to be tidied: tissue, wallet, phone, tube, notebook, string, this object, tea bottle, dishes, cat litter, teeth, face

20 NOVEMBER 2024

i thought yesterday was my last one and here i am again, thank goodness. i am to construct an attentional theory. to think on my relationship to attention.

through this process my attention has become material, multi dimensional in a way i'd not previously observed. crafting a space that is a place of intention and an action has allowed me to observe both simultaneously.

okay got side tracked and starting again:

through the combination of writing and tidying, i have began to craft a space which does not exist in the tangible sense. i have entered my attention.

gosh it's really late now and i'm so tired again. i need to write a little bit more for my other thing before i tidying and then go to sleep and wake up early.

to be tidied: dishes

21 NOVEMBER 2024

22 NOVEMBER 2024

23 NOVEMBER 2024

25 NOVEMBER 2024

26 NOVEMBER 2024

27 NOVEMBER 2024

28 NOVEMBER 2024

29 NOVEMBER 2024

30 NOVEMBER 2024

1 DECEMBER 2024

it's been a while since i've written. the week before last was almost too busy to handle and then this past week was busy too. i have thought about writing the past couple nights but haven't. the worst part perhaps is that the apartment is slowly becoming a mess. the dining table has been covered in a not so thin veil of objects. they usually rotate, aside from two insurance documents that i'm not really sure where to place.

i started feeling kind of depressed and so i thought it's good to return to a practice. i'm sitting on top of the

line, on a chair, at the table. the couch where i used to write most of the time is covered in sheepskin and the table where i would normally put my feet up has a pad of tracing paper and a roll of muslin on it that makes me feel out of place.

the table in front of me is in front of me. my computer is not atop it, instead it is on my lap, my right leg is crossed over my left and my left shoulder blade is gently pressed against the wall. my head is not on top of my shoulders. it is slightly forward and my whole body is slightly twisted or cocked in a casual way, where i almost feel like a piece of fabric draped against some surfaces.

the computer is occluding some of the messiness of the table. mainly the cutting mat. i'm not sure what else is behind and i'll wait to look. there's not a lot to do, in fact it would probably all go pretty quickly, especially if i use making rice as my time constraint.

i drank coffee yesterday for the first time in a long time and it tasted good so i made it again today, maybe that is what's throwing me off. it tasted good again today too. somehow today feels reminiscent of providence. in my apartment on armstrong, the first winter there. when the only heater we had was the one in the stove and everywhere was cold. there was something okay about being cold in such a small space though, the ceilings were so low and i felt almost at one with the elements. i feel similarly now but slightly more removed. a bit disintegrated. today, it feels as if the wind were inside and there's no use in pumping up the heat because that's just hot wind.

to be tidied: olfa, paper, dot liner, checkbook, coasters, nail polish, nail file, hand cream, paper pads, notebook holder, yarn, herbs, colostrum, cork, muslin, paper, dishes, water bottle sleeve, lint roller, pins, napkin, bag, towel, coffee.

2 DECEMBER 2024

3 DECEMBER 2024

4 DECEMBER 2024

i'm really tired and having a hard time letting myself go to bed without doing something worthwhile. so i am going to do this. plus because i've not been doing this practice well, it has gotten messy. there's lots that i'd like to take care of and maybe i'll write about all of it and then just do some of it.

to be tidied: bags, bag contents, water bottles, dishes, model, phone, hat, herbs, note book.

5 DECEMBER 2024

6 DECEMBER 2024

7 DECEMBER 2024

8 DECEMBER 2024

yesterday i noticed something. it was late at night and i had began to clean after sitting here, where i am now, on the couch. i had essentially enacted the process that i've been developing just without writing. i took a moment to mentally gather what i wanted to tidy from afar and did it. though it wasn't in the immediate conscious thought like what i am experiencing now. currently i am within an awareness that i would attribute to the front of brain. it takes work, especially because i am tired, to concentrate my experience into words—especially an experience where i was fully on autopilot.

i think that perhaps this is the essence of creating a habit. initially it takes a good deal of work to cultivate the pattern to pay attention to its intricacies and then all of a sudden, it's a part of my life. it might not be as precise as it once was but at the same time it is more easily accessible, more easily integrated.

there is a simplicity in surrendering to the nature of a habit. it is, perhaps, an even harder thing to attend to

as it becomes more familiar, now that i think about it. i wonder then how this practice can evolve considering that.

if anything it is probably just the time to continue going. it is a new edge of something then. an edge of boredom maybe. i'm on the edge of sleep now, it's nearly 1:20 and i would love to go to bed.

9 DECEMBER 2024

i guess i didn't clean yesterday. well i did, i just didn't say what i did. i don't remember everything but i'm certain i washed the dishes. it got late again tonight, later than yesterday. it's 1:47 am now. the day and the night have passed so quickly. there's a good amount to be cleaned but i'm cold and so that is making it harder to get myself moving though i'm certain it will help.

i have a feeling being as tired as i am will make all of this take longer than it would have had i done it four hours ago. the heat is on now and maybe it's a good time to get going.

to be tidied: passport, phone, bandaid, hair clip, nail polish, bowl, dishes, small paper box, pan on the stove, lights, turn on heating pad, charge phone, litter box.

10 DECEMBER 2024

i am taking a pause from working on my presentation right now because my focus is feeling scattered and i figured what's better than to enter exactly into the practice which i am attempting to describe and contextualize. perhaps this goes without saying, but this practice has provided to me an opportunity to shift my attention and reflect.

though i do notice that this discombobulating feeling does arise when things are askew, as they are right now. the surfaces are covered and i feel like that's the inside of my brain right now. lightly dusted in a

variety of things that belong in different places—so much so that the function of the object, in this case the table, is not fully functional as such. of course, this is an exaggeration. i suppose that's another reason i do what i do. having things tidied does make it easier for me to think, because naturally when i am mid-thought and my eyes wander elsewhere, if where they go has something of (dis)interest i'm sure to get distracted.

for example, i am sitting at the dining room table now, in the chair i normally do. now that i am writing i am noticing that i haven't sat in any other chair at the table in many months, if not a year. anyways, the other night i filed and painted my nails, i left the required items out on the coffee table along with a pair of headphones. duane has proceeded to knock off one bottle of nail polish and the headphones. the nail polish is directly below the lamp and it's glass bottle and metal handle reflects the light in a way that when my eyes glaze over the space, almost every time i think about moving it. but then i don't. it's far from enough from the line that i don't consider it a part of my path. and that goes for almost any- and everything else within my sight line.

i started writing out the actions that objects remind me of, but it briefly felt too intimate. it gave them an aliveness that they don't possess when all in order with one another. they became animated, i suppose. in that sense, the intimacy of this project has been confined to my experiences with my surroundings. i do not write of what needs to go where and how it sits in it's designated spot. i do not talk about how many things i hold in one run around the track, which is usually a lot. i don't talk about the smell of the litter box when i scoop it, nor the feeling of the match barely burning my finger if i light a candle. mainly in part because all of this comes after i start writing.

the writing is a way for me to (re)enter my own space without imagining the implications of another. even in the two or three other moments it has happened in

writing, it changes my experience with my attention. it quietly becomes ones with another. either another person, another moment, another object, etc. and it is through this relationship that i can recognize myself.

i am going to get to tidying now, even though i am getting rather excited by writing. there's a lot to be tidied and i'm not sure if i will do it now or closer when i go to bed, or maybe both—which is not something i do often. perhaps never wrote about it even, if i did. anyways...

to be tidied: passport, box, charge computer, charge phone, envelope, scarf, box, spam card, cat box, toothbrush heads, esp32s, nail polish, dishes, sweaters, hard drive, sheepskin, headphones, me

11 DECEMBER 2024

i tidied almost everything in my list last night. that which i didn't is mostly isolated to the dining table. i've had a hard time keeping up there and yet it is one of the places i feel the most effected by. i didn't get the nail polish bottle on the floor nor the coffee table either.

my computer's clock has not been working for the past five or so days. so my sense of time is continually disrupted. the only time i'm certain to trust its accuracy is right after i've set it. since it gets stuck it the past, i most often have a feeling of being late.

this is the first time in this process in which i've written about the state of my computer. tidying never applies to the chaos that is located within this space. maybe because my attention when i write most often oscillates between my computer my surroundings. maybe because there's almost no physicality to tidying a screen. the movements are isolated and the focus is largely internal in the sense that the user has a sense of where items are saved within their own space—and that's not something that may not be easily accessible to an outsider... nothing to be tidied until tonight.