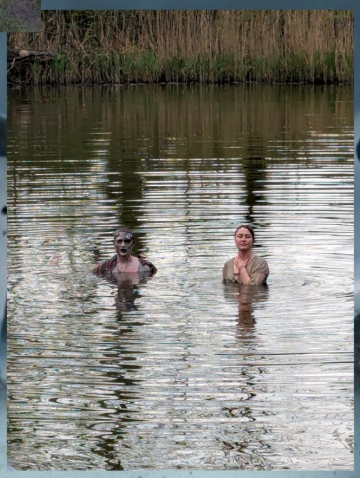
Marina's Zombie Film

Watching Marina film her zombie movie was incredible. I felt like such a dweeb on set—everything was so professional while I just stood around uselessly. Meanwhile, Marina was commanding the set with total confidence, throwing herself into a freezing lake again and again, and even telling the security she'd hired to piss off when they were telling her she was getting hypothermia. I couldn't have been prouder, and the crew was clearly just as in awe of her.

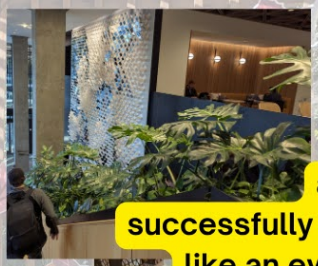
marina's zombie bite



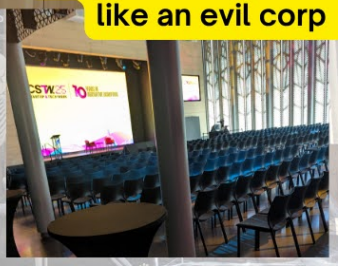
stopped off at the south mimms batteries
Open Energi optimise on the way home.

DC Tech Week Day 2

Off to Arlington today for day 2. I find it pretty charmless compared to DC but they take their halloween decoration seriously and the Amazon offices are Deus ex. Giving out a "we are hip, cool and definitely not your corporate overlords" vibe. The breakfast is better and so are the startups but we all got shuffled into a giant conference hall where Amazon's policy maker was so unbearably cringe my ass touched the velvet before I escaped to explore more of Arlington. I am unbearably tired. After the wedding this weekend I'm putting myself in a self-induced coma.



amazon successfully looking like an evil corp

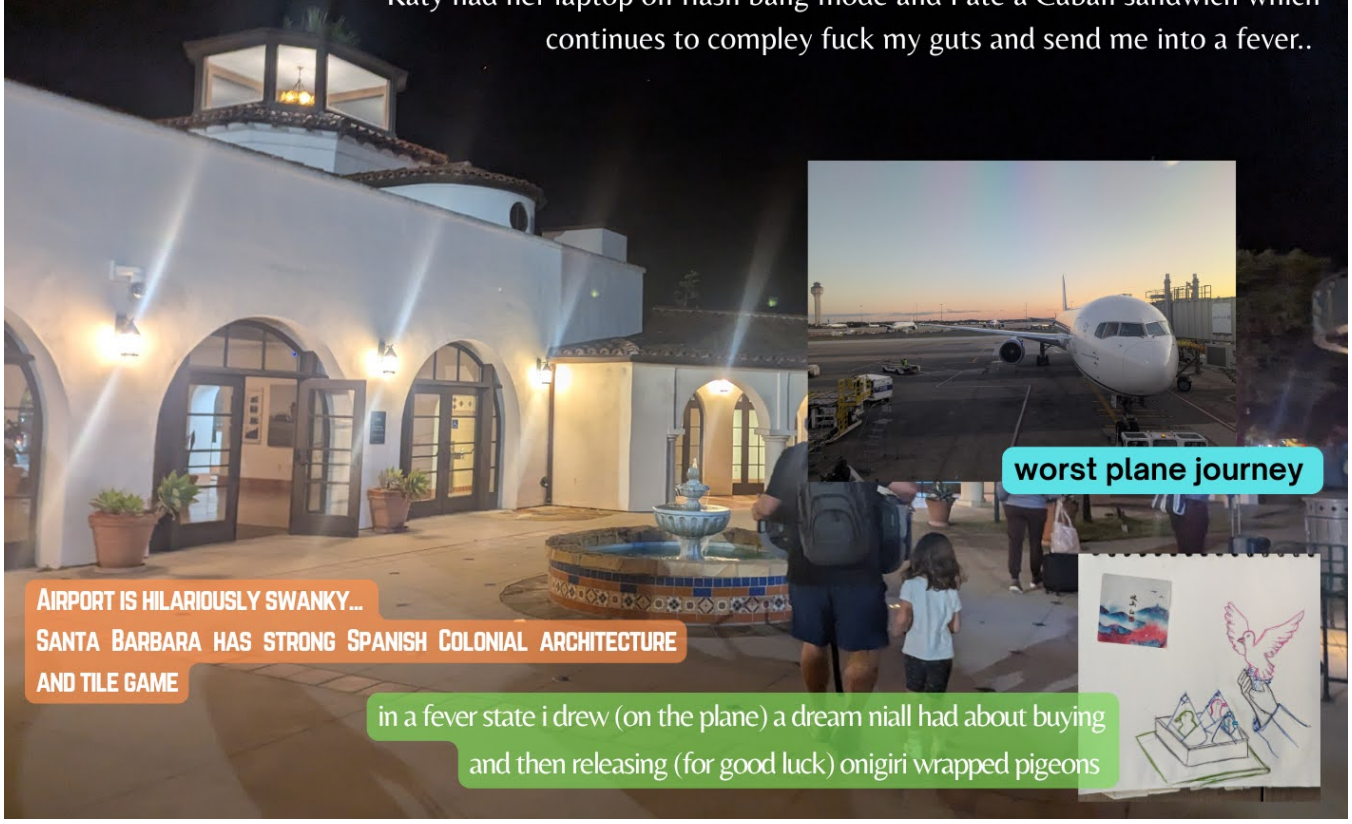


Met some good leads including a guy from Civic DC, a guy responsible for flow batteries and some women making an app for cancer. Not hearing back from any of them has been a bit crap but it's only been two days...

Flying to Santa Barbra

I pride myself on being a stoic traveller but the flight to Santa Barbara sucked. Katy had her laptop on flash bang mode and I ate a Cuban sandwich which continues to compley fuck my guts and send me into a fever..

worst plane journey

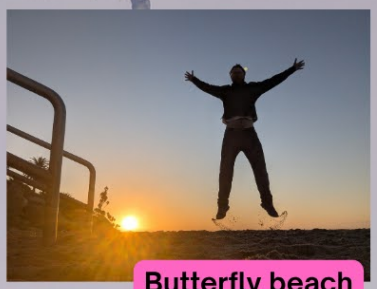


Airport is hilariously swanky...
Santa Barbara has strong Spanish Colonial architecture and tile game

in a fever state i drew (on the plane) a dream niall had about buying and then releasing (for good luck) onigiri wrapped pigeons

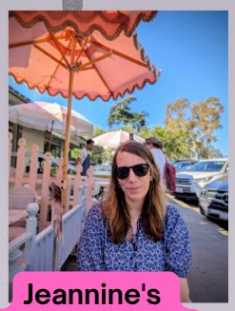
Santa Barbara

Montecito is pretty rad. I'm still on UK hours, so I went to the beach for sunrise and had a stroll down Butterfly Beach. As for the town — it's basically a single high street with an impressive number of liquor stores sitting between bougie, Greek-coloured boutique shops selling expensive nothings. It's got that rich, slightly arrogant Hamptons vibe — but more charming. Also, thank the Lord there's a CVS. It feels like the only store that sells anything of substance. I love CVS; I've even signed up to be part of its exclusive savers club.



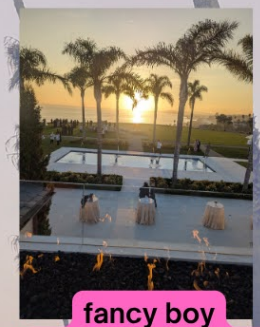
Butterfly beach

Day before the wedding: we're conveyed to the fanciest house in the universe. There's a bloody polo ring in the back garden, behind a football-field-sized pool. I don't understand Wagyu sausage rolls. I got stuck talking to some deranged Aussie who was trying to explain the dangers of "the Jewish state" and its control over Wikipedia. Despite tux day being tomorrow, everyone showed up in one — except for Tommy Chong from Cheech & Chong, who arrived in a racing driver's boiler suit plastered with 420 marijuana sponsors. I've talked myself into either becoming an introvert or developing autism, because my charisma is gone. Non-existent. Got the first shuttle home and slept for 12 hours.



Jeannine's Bakery & Cafe

Wedding day: went out for some very good Mexican food. The great thing about America is you get one extra takeaway meal for every two. The wedding was incredibly fancy. It was baking hot, but I was doing better socially and somewhat coherent. I'll never understand the Australian need to drink out of a shoe. Katy was walking around with an entire mini bottle of vodka. I can't put into words how extravagant the venue was.



fancy boy wedding location

Next morning: waking up was rough because everything smelled of cigars. Went to CVS (my safe haven) to get Katy four drinks for her recovery. Then we both went to the Rosewood for an excellent breakfast — followed by more drinks. I did my best socialising, then left to bike around Santa Barbara (*which actually feels a real town unlike Montecito which feels like a fake high street)*, following the coast and climbing way up above the town. Finished the day going to a great Lebanese restaurant called Zaytoon with Jake, Jamie and Sabrina (with firepits on the table) followed by an English pub.

Final day: Great hike with Jake and Sabrina.

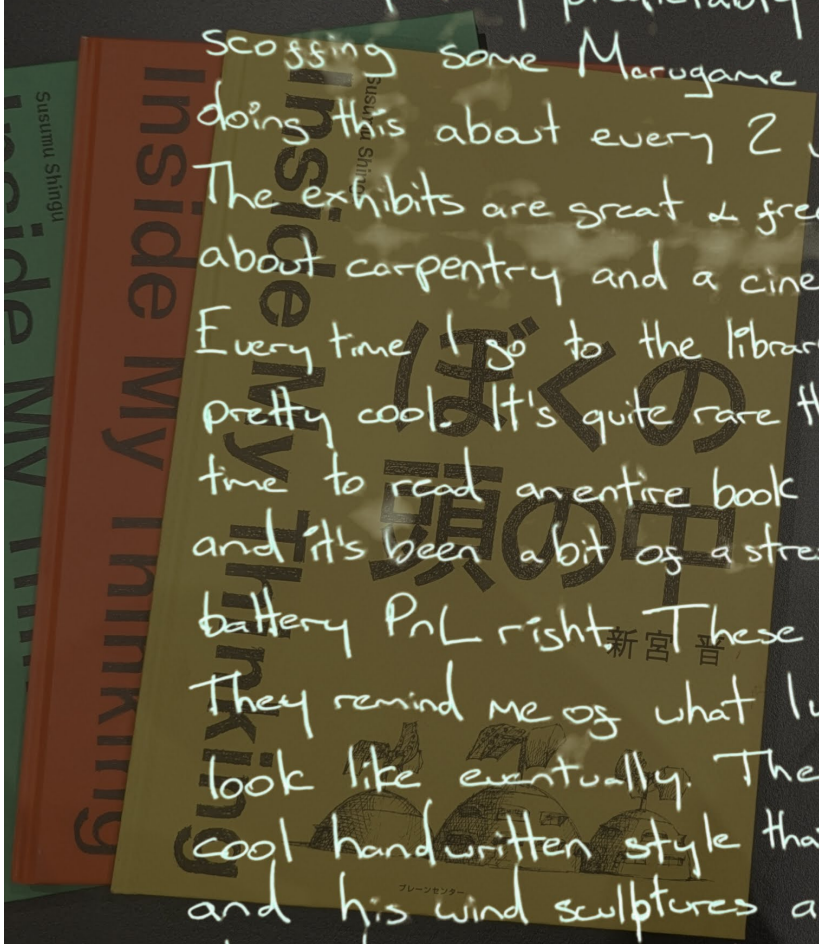
At the wedding

breakfast with jazz band at the Rosewood

can't take amazing wild flowers on plane

7th May

Tried to explore what I thought a new area of London but ended up being a really terrible way to cycle to Hammersmith. Ended up very predictably at Japan House after scoffing some Marugame noodles. I end up doing this about every 2 weeks. I love Japan House. The exhibits are great & free! There's one on now about carpentry and a cinema that plays sumo. Every time I go to the library there, I find something pretty cool. It's quite rare that I allow myself the time to read an entire book but I'm leaving BP soon and it's been a bit of a stressful morning getting battery PnL right. These books are so cool! They remind me of what I want these journals to look like eventually. The artist writes in a cool handwritten style that I've tried to emulate. and his wind sculptures are amazing. Though; it made me realise: I should write about three years worth of material before thinking about hardback. I should make comics for the annuals.



RAVES iS A BAD WORD WE DO REGULAR OUTDOOR PARTiES AT HACKNEY MARSHES. I USUALLY SNEAK MYSELF THE BEST SPOTS TO DJ. THE FIRST TiME WE THREW THEM (EPPiNG FOREST) WE GOT SHUT DOWN AND THE POLiCE REALLY DiDN'T LiKE iT WHEN I PUT THE THEME FROM THE BiLL ON. THEY ARE EXCELLENT FUN iF NOT THEY DRAG WAY TO LONG iNTO THE WEE HOURS LiKE 8/9AM. ONE TiME GARBAGE MEN ROCKED UP iN THE MORNiNG.

I WENT TOTALLY SOBER LAST TiME AS I HAD TO DO THE LATE SHiFT. MADE ESPRESSO MARTiNiS BEHiND THE DECK AND PROBABLY WAS MY FAVE.

All the walks in Wembley are great. storage locker (see previous page) is next to Brentford Reservoir where I did my duck-filled morning set.

Raving with the swans

Chalkhill has a rad BMX track next to a super lame one for scooters.

hardore bmx track

softboy scooter track

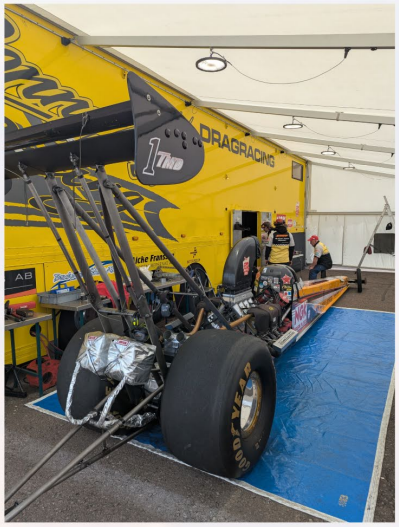
Chalkhill park observations near wembley park
Standing stones that videogames have taught me if rotate in particular way a boss will spawn in the amphitheatre.

Meatballs at the large ikea. Best thing about it: **the plant shop**.
Too bad I can't get any. Filled up on meatballs for the party later.
Had a drunken yell at Ximin for getting too political - I can't imagine this will get any better in DC.

Plant shop

Miles away from any train station. Had to walk to Park Station which was packed full of sardines villa fans.

Santa Pod Drag Racing



Dad's friend Mark very kindly brought us tickets to Santa Pod drag racing, which is a little more glamorous than it sounds. I thought it was going to be like a RuPaul affair, but it’s literally just a field with a strip on it. It’s so chaotic—you can just walk around the pits and chat with the mechanics.

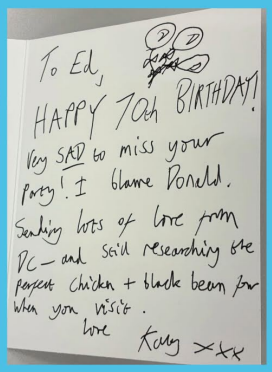
I cannot explain how loud the jet-powered drags are. The sound alone shakes you like a dog. It eventually, and quite disappointingly, got rained off, but still: a very unique experience.

One of the best bits, aside from the racing, was a stunt show. A car went up on two wheels around the rink, a monster truck jumped over a bunch of cars, and my favorite was all the motorcyclists doing burnouts. Dad and I probably lost about four years inhaling all the burnt rubber.

I've come across some unfortunate and objectively unfair news and I'm trying to do my best to not let it ruin my weekend. Wanted to go home and die under a rock last night but I've gone for a bike ride to calm myself down. Which is quite easy to do in Margate. It's a special place even if it's full of some of the worst looking sunbathers of all time. I'm particularly fond of the turner contemporary gallery which had an excellent exhibit in it about protests. Reminds me there's more @ stake in life than a wedding speech. Although, I am hoping to make some more considerate friends in DC. Also enjoyed the concept of Hirameki clouds that I've try my hand at for the background of this page.

Dad's 70th

someone from Washington DC
misses you.



KATY'S CARD

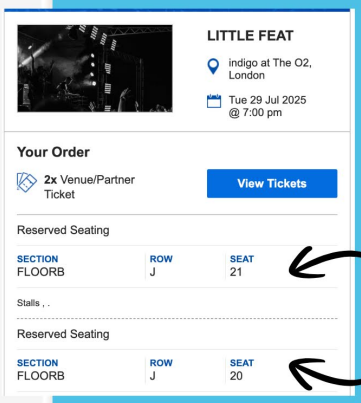
MY SPEECH

DAD IS LIKE A WISE OWL — STOIC, THOUGHTFUL, PATIENT, FORGIVING... ESPECIALLY WHEN I ACCIDENTALLY BOOK A BIKE TRIP WITH RUBY OVER HIS BIRTHDAY AND THIS FATHER DAYS WAS STOLEN BY NEW KITTENS.

HE'S THE KIND OF PERSON WHO DOESN'T NEED TO SAY MUCH TO BE HEARD. HIS PRESENCE IS CALM AND STEADY — UNLESS YOUR AN INANIMATE OBJECT HE'S ACCIDENTALLY KNOCKED OVER IN WHICH CASE HE SAYS BOLLOCKS AND THEN HE VIGOROUSLY RUBS TWIGLETS FROM HIS TROUSERS. HE'S GOT IMPECCABLE TASTE IN STYLE BECAUSE MADDY AND MARINA KEEP GIVING HIM THE BEST SHIRTS, HE'S GOT AN INCREDIBLE TASTE IN MOVIES AND TV BECAUSE HIS SON'S A MASSIVE NERD AND HE'S GOT AN INCREDIBLE OF FAMILY AND FRIENDS - MOST OF WHO ARE HERE TODAY.

I'M CONSTANTLY INSPIRED BY HIM, HIS GENEROSITY, HIS ABILITY TO EAT-LESS ENDLESS CHICKEN AND BLACK BEAN, THE FACT THAT I CAN TALK TO HIM ABOUT ANYTHING.

DAD REALLY ADMIRES JACK REACHER BUT HAVING WATCHED THE TWO AMAZON SERIES AND READ KILLING FLOOR. I GOTTA TELL YOU DAD. JACK DOESN'T HAVEN'T SHIT ON YOU.



VERY CLOSE TO FRONT

Review Blue Prince®

I've been recommending Blue Prince to literally anyone who mentions a word that remotely sounds like "gaming" over the last two months. It's like Myst meets Outer Wilds—you're stuck in a looping mansion run, constantly under-resourced, slowly learning what to do next each loop.

It's a brilliant concept - you draft rooms as you go, under a fake-stressful 50-day time limit (which you be completely ignored). The game rewards weird experimentation—some of my best moments came from thinking "can I actually do this?" and then realizing... yeah, somehow, not really. The catch is the payoff is often just another puzzle, which is so kind of them.

I don't love the roguelite elements—RNG sometimes ruins runs. Resource management is a bit of a pain early on. Some puzzles are more annoying than clever. Also referring to screenshots on the steam deck is a total pain.

There's a kind of anti-government lore thread running behind the gameplay, but its very hard to follow given the disjointed nature of the rooms. My main source of joy is busy sprinting through wings of the mansion, praying for a key item and then sprinting back to the entrance for more keys. This game has great vibes. I lost nights to "just one more run," and hitting the credits was actually a relief. (though people say getting to credits is just the tutorial). I also picked this game up in the middle of moving which really only compounded the packing stress. I even started dreaming in draft.

Despite the random deaths, it's one of the most original, addicting games I've played in years. 9/10.

A LOT OF THESE TYPES OF THINGS WERE CREATED

BOOKS FINISHED RECENTLY

Ed described Andy McNab as the only author whose books you find left behind at the free libraries in train stations. I felt obliged not only to keep the book but also to read it, since Tim very kindly got it signed. It was terrible. The main big bad was built up and then killed off-screen (off-page?). I've never come across such poor writing—it genuinely feels like McNab has never stepped into a conflict—and it was all bookended with a rushed ending. I don't know what I expected, given that I was embarrassed to read this one on a train. The only two good bits: one of the main characters is Russian, the other protagonist shoots his CO (though, for some reason, he's forgiven) and the videogame adapted it well by effectively ignoring this book.

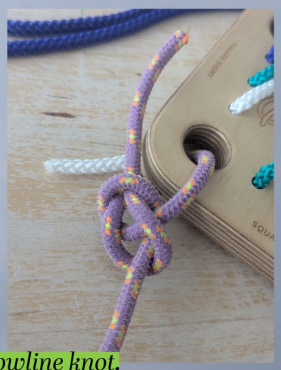
Guns of the South

Wow—what a story. It feels like it came out of nowhere, but the twists are so well done. Even with such a bombastic premise, it's told with real authenticity and care. I'm not sure I connected as much with the part that wasn't based on Robert Lee, but it was still such a good read overall.

Findhorn

The Findhorn community seems like it's just come out of a messy divorce. The locals keep saying how much the politics drains them, which feels so odd because the place is beyond peaceful, and its population a bunch of semi-demented crusties who sing to Mother Gaia every morning. I mean, a community resident set fire to the main sanctuary hall and then turned himself in to the police. So, like tomorrow's forecasted storm that's meant to ravage the perfect weather, I guess there's a lot under the surface a tourist like me doesn't appreciate.

painted with minstrel blood CLASSIC FINDHORN.



My bowline knot.

Meanwhile, I've been learning to sail. Jibing and tacking—I'm beginning to get it. I'll need some more practice on Luke's boat. Saw Emily and Luke, gave Samuel and Jasper some presents that got them overexcited and ended up with them giving each other nosebleeds. Did yoga by the beach and joined a community pizza party—Mum thought all her neighbours were too old.

This is a guy called Sandro and he is awesome look how well he's captured mum's eye. I did a shite drawing of him drawing mum.

dad drove into a ditch on the first day

EDINBRUGH

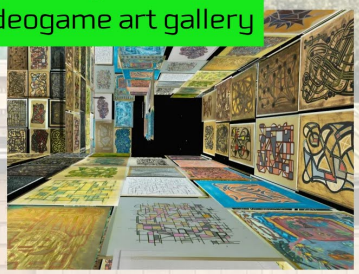
I seem completely incapable of catching a way up. I didn't check in in time for the EasyJet and then I just straight up missed my coach while looking for jobs. I know there's something not right in the mother ship but this is taking the cake.

Anyway, I got here (coach, not bad at all) for a lot more money than it should have. Via Glasgow - a couple of days ago Spider-Man was being filmed because it looks like New York and some of the streets I went down. It really does.

(background)
people watching bagpipe version of Sérgio Mendes' bossa nova samba on the bag pipes

Edinburgh is a good vibe if not way too busy during The Fringe. Had some spare time but I waited for checkin so I went to go see Superman excellent film 7.5/10. Had a lot of heart.

Sam Kissajukian's videogame art gallery



Katy's got us a room for the 2 days at the 5* Sheraton Grand. Sauna and pool was great went in 3 times. Went to see 300 paintings which wae exacts good - v inspired to do more abstract painting on cardboard. But not as good as my sister's show they absolutely nailed it this year. I couldn't be prouder.

girls absolutely killing it

A PHYSICAL RELATIONSHIP WITH ANXIETY

FEELS LIKE A SHORTNESS OF BREATH. AS IF MY STERNUM IS TRYING TO JUMP OUT OF MY CHEST. A SLIGHT NUMBNESS BETWEEN THE JOINTS.

AN EMOTIONAL RELATIONSHIP WITH ANXIETY. IT'S SOMETHING I'M VERY EMBARRASSED BY. I DON'T GET IT OFTEN BUT WHEN I DO I WANT TO STAY IN BED UNTIL IT PASSES. DURING THESE PERIODS I OFTEN BECOME AFRAID OF GOING OUTSIDE.

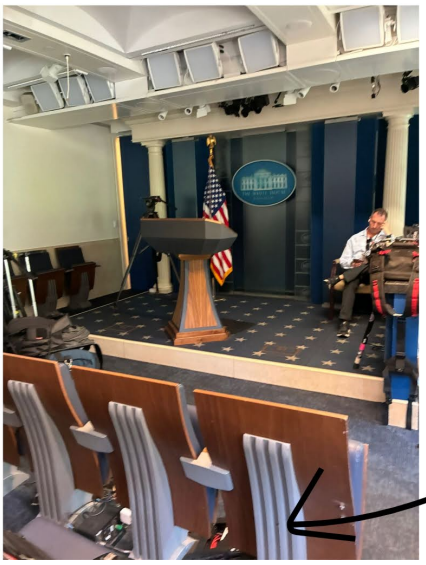
I FEEL ANXIETY WHEN I THINK ABOUT D.C. ALL THE UNKNOWNS. WHAT IF I CAN NEVER GET A JOB. WHAT IF THE FLAT DOESN'T SELL. LOTS OF WHAT IFS THAT ARE OUTSIDE OF MY CONTROL. I KNOW I SHOULDN'T PICK AT MENTAL SCABS AND THERE THINGS ARE LARGELY OUTSIDE OF MY CONTROL BUT I STILL FEEL ITS GRIP OF DESPAIR WHEN I'M FEELING VUNERABLE LIKE TODAY.

While I do think London has got everything anyone could ever want and more. I do feel like the city has stalled recently. Like it's lost it's taken a wrong path and got lost. Like it's lost it's edge. it's colour more gray. It's people more helpless. The sky more oppressive. Less things to do. Less excitement. I love London, I will never not be proud to call it home but I do feel like it's a good time to take a break from it.

not dinky

All this talk of **DC**, *and I can't leave out the real reason I'm going — and why I love it so much. Katy is absolutely* **bossing** *it in DC. She's found an amazing flat we've nicknamed Dinky, and although she's often working until 3am and* **works harder** *than anyone (I've ever known) it pays off — people at the Times* **love her** *even if (as Fraser says she has to play 6d chess). She even got to meet President Trump in Glasgow (photo to sensitive even for private journal). She's also being* **extremely** *generous and super supportive while I find my find my feet.*

Here are some of my favourite photos of her.



should have said "Balls in our court"

front row seats

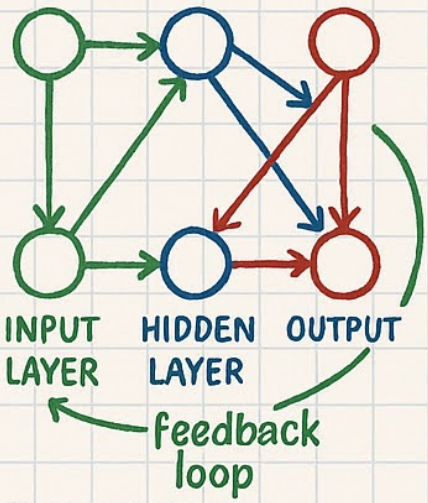
MACHINE LEARNING FEED DATA AND MACHINE GIVES ME A CONCEPT.

SUPERVISED LEARNING TUNES THE DATA.

DEEP LEARNING DATA INPUT AND IT COMES WITH ITS OWN CONCLUSIONS AND RELATIONSHIPS.

IF I THINK ABOUT EVENT TINDER I'M AT THE MACHINE LEARNING PHASE AND

FEED FORWARD NETWORK
- INPUT TO OUTPUT
WITH A FEEDBACK LOOP



BACK PROPAGATION ALGORITHM (BPA)
- EACH NODE COMMUNICATES TO THE HIDDEN LAYER AND BPA DETERMINES WHICH PATH IS CORRECT AND ASSIGNS WEIGHT TO THAT PATH.

THIS IS SORT OF HOW A NEURAL NETWORK WORKS

WHERE A NODE IN EVENT TINDER IS LIKE IMAGE, TITLE, URL ETC

CONVOLUTION NEURAL NETWORK CLASSIFICATION DECISIONS. START CREATING MULTIPLE HIDDEN LAYERS
- FOR IMAGE PROCESSING HIDDEN LAYERS COULD BE COLOR, EDGES, ASPECTS IN THE PHOTO.

OTHER EXAMPLES. SPEECH RECOGNITION, NATURAL LANGUAGE PROCESSING AND FOR EVENT TINDER RECOMMENDATION LAYER

For prosperity this is all the leaving messages from OE.
Will be missed it! And very happy that Alex is my replacement.

Max,

I'm sorry you have to leave us but I would personally like to thank you for everything you have done in the 2 years you have been with us, you have transformed myOE and contributed elsewhere to the platform and helped OE continue to be a success, you are a loved and valued member of the team and will be hugely missed.

Best of luck stateside and don't be a stranger.

Sayōnara, soshite kōun o inorimasu
James

Max,
Thanks for being so supportive and welcoming when I joined OE.
Have an amazing time in DC - I hear americans love BBQs!
Hope to see you soon,
Sophie

Carter, Sophie and I

Max,
It's been great working with you – your creativity, dedication and humour will definitely be missed.
Best of luck in your adventure ahead. Keep in touch, and don't forget us when you're coding under the stars and stripes!
Carter

Max, sorry you're leaving buddy. I'll miss having you around! Thank you for all your great contributions, from your work on the OE frontend to your heroics on the volleyball court! It's been a pleasure and I wish you all the best for your new adventures across the atlantic.
Tim

Max,
I wish you all the best for the future. It has been a pleasure to work with you. I will never forget you getting the bonus points at the Taskmaster event in Cambridge! Good luck in all that you do.

Best,
Ricky

MAX
Been great working with you, sorry you are leaving, best of luck for the future.
Gary

Max,
All the best to you and your wife State side! I'm sure you will have a great time out there. Thanks for brining myOE to life!
Andy Mills

Dear Max,

It's been great to have your enthusiasm in the office. I will mainly miss your volleyball skills and very grateful I got to witness your incredible shot. Best of luck in DC.
Anantavira

Really sorry to see you go Max!

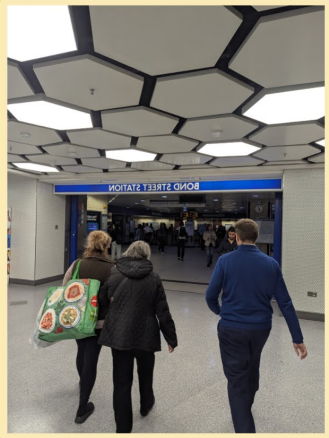
You should be really proud of your achievements at OE and BP, I think we're going to miss you a great deal. I wish you every success in the future and I hope you enjoy living in the US!

Gary N

WORKING IN BOND STREET

The FRF offices are in Bond Street. I've always enjoyed the winding streets off the chaos that is Oxford Street. It reminds me of Shibuya. Funky winding paths just off the hell that is Oxford Street – it's Dickensian gloss (cobbled streets with boutique shops that house blisteringly expensive products – as much as I would love to review the £35 jade green tea).

The area is undoubtedly pretty. Even if it contains the same Canary Wharf office drones that will happily queue for 40 mins for a Salad Kitchen lunch. The area is more yummy mummy than CW – I'm over hearing Francesca's Paris itinerary with Charles as I write. Fiona's work is on an 18th-century Jack the Ripper-esque alley (now he has to get groomed at Ted Baker and switch his mutton diet for empanadas).



Buying a smartwatch was a fantastic idea. Spending all of my time instead of appreciating the greenery of Hyde Park, watching the little slider try to fill 12,000 steps. I'll actually get off of trains at wrong stations to complete that magic number. I also am really on watching Japanese listening videos. Watching a soft-spoken Fumi climb castles and try out mikan juice in Matsubara.

BOND STREET STATION

Future Resilience FORUM

WORK IN PROGRESS
DONATED TO THE
WOOD WORKING SHOP

Goodbye Britain

As the town fades out of view.
I dream one last of you.
proud to call you friend.
But to build a new things must ends.

I feel like I am totally out of my depth again.
But I got a wild sense of adventure and I am taking the shot.
Today.
I am bundle of nerves.
Today.
I am all spun out.
Today.
I know I'm making the best.
Today.
I'm scared as hell.

Think about the ones i loved.
As i pass the clouds from above.
As the pale blue dot spins on.
I listen to a new life song.

Again I have no idea what I am talking about.
But my mind and mouth are moving with some kind of noise.

One more time.
I'm counting my breaths.
Today.
I'm figuring it out.
Today.
I'm rolling the dice.
Today.
I'm having one last try.

Stepping into unknown.
My heart it graons.
It fights the urge to stay.
As i fly further away.

WHAT ON EARTH AM I READING?!

These are song lyrics for an album I'll be making out in d.c.