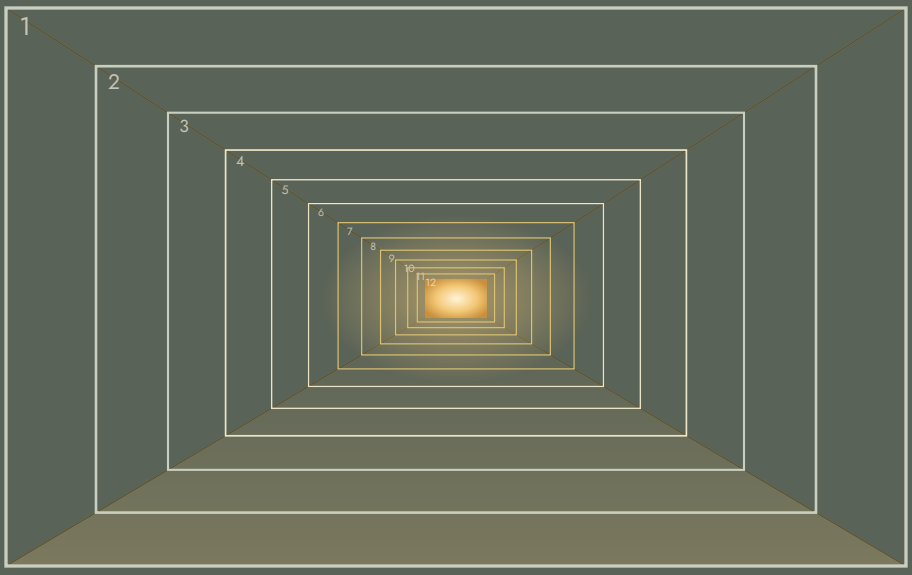


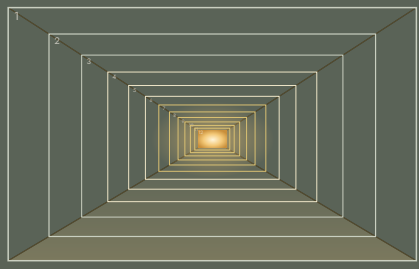
THE NEXT FRAME

The Practice of Living Life on Purpose

SCOTT STOJETZ

CONTENTS

TWELVE FRAMES



PART I · THE JACKET PART II · THE DIAMOND PART III · THE STEP

DEDICATION INTRODUCTION THE PRACTICES AT A GLANCE ABOUT THE AUTHOR

PART I THE JACKET

1 **The Performance**
Most of the world is performing. The stage is not a life. Take off the jacket.

2 **The Oscillation**
The world will not stop. There is no settling dust. When you are purely aware, you have nothing to fear.

3 **The Ignorance**
You can kill a lie. You cannot kill the truth. Lose the ignorance.

PART II THE DIAMOND

4 **Self-Knowledge**
Who are you? How do you behave? Will you change it, or not?

5 **Self-Conviction**
Win the match before you walk on. The eye of the tiger, with humility.

6 **The Circle of Self-Trust**
At the end of any day, your agency and your process. That is the ground.

PART III THE STEP

7 **Pivoting**
The frame changes. The core does not. Pivot.

8 **Never Be the Devil's Doormat**
Kind is the default. Kind is not unlimited. Never be the devil's doormat.

9 **The Step Room**
Who steps with you? Who are you carrying? Who are you leaving behind?

10 **The Weave**
Four threads in every decision. Personal. Social. Spiritual. Emotional. Woven, or unraveling.

11 **The Cost**
The truth costs. Pay it. It is the only bill that leaves you richer.

12 **Step**
The practices become one motion. Through the frame, in truth. Step.



Written in honor of

ROBERT JOSEPH STOJETZ

my dad — the kind and loving man
who taught me to see through the tiger's eye

THE NEXT FRAME

INTRODUCTION

WHY THIS BOOK EXISTS

It is 3 a.m., and you are lying on your back, staring at the ceiling.

The house is quiet, but you are not. Somewhere out in your life a storm is turning — the job, the marriage, the diagnosis, the conversation, the thing — and tomorrow (today, technically) holds a decision you have been circling for weeks. The dark is where the storm finally caught you. Your heart is running faster than a resting man's should. Your mind is running scenarios like a war room. And the ceiling has no answers on it, and you keep checking it anyway — in stress, in worry, in that quiet anguish nobody at tomorrow's meeting will ever see.

Hold that ceiling. I want you to remember exactly how it feels, because at the very end of this book, you and I are going to lie down on that same bed one more time — and I promise you, the view will be different. Everything between here and there exists to change what you see when you look up.

Now let me tell you why I am the one making that promise.

At eighteen years old, in the middle of what everyone around me would have called a charmed young life, I realized I was a performer in a world of performers. That realization planted an anxiety in me that I carried for three decades. So I know exactly what it costs to look like you are winning on the outside while you suffer on the inside — because I did it at the highest level, for decades, without the language to name what was happening to me.

This book exists because of one thing: intentional behavior change.

Not inspiration. Not affirmation. Not another framework for understanding why you are the way you are. Intentional behavior change — the deliberate, examined, repeatable act of finding what is wrong in your own behavior, fixing it, and stepping forward as someone slightly truer than you were yesterday. That is the entire subject of this book. It is, I have come to believe, the entire subject of a human life.

Now, I know that is probably not what you came here carrying. Almost nobody picks up a book like this one because they woke up wanting to change their behavior. They pick it up because something hurts — quietly or loudly, lately or for as long as they can remember. If that is you, I want you to know that I see exactly what you walked in with, because I walked in with it too.

The suffering is real — I will never pretend otherwise. Look up and look around: we are the most informed, most credentialed, most connected generation of humans who have ever lived, and we are anxious, exhausted, resentful, and performing for each other around the clock. We suffer in traffic and in boardrooms, in marriages and in mirrors, in the feed at midnight and in the parking lot before the meeting. I have stood inside that suffering for fifty-six years — carried my own share of it through storms I will tell you about in these pages, plainly and in total honesty — and I have watched it take dear friends, family members, leaders above me and peers beside me. The suffering is real, and my commitment to helping you out of it is the reason I write at all.

But here is what nobody in our whole loud, credentialed culture will say plainly: the suffering is not the problem. The suffering is the read-out. It is the dashboard light, and we live in a culture that has become expert at describing the light — analyzing the light, medicating the light, building online communities around the light — while almost no one opens the hood. The problem is behavior: unexamined, inherited, automatic behavior, running your one life on scripts you never chose and mostly cannot see. And the fix — the only fix that has ever worked, the fix every wisdom tradition on earth converges on — is intentional behavior change. Find it. Fix it. Step through. Serve the world with what you learned.

That is what the next frame is. Not a mindset, not a mantra — a method. It rests on one foundation: everything that has already happened to you is information. Nothing more. When you take the emotion out of the reading, the past stops being a wound and becomes data — and a person who can read their own life that clearly can do what most people never learn to do: meet every situation, take what it teaches, set it down, and step through into the next frame clean. Frame by frame. On purpose. Behavior by behavior, until the changing itself becomes your culture — the culture of one examined life, replacing the culture of performance you were dressed in before you were old enough to choose it.

Nobody taught you this. That is not your fault, and it is not an accident. You were handed scripts for everything that feeds the performance — competing,

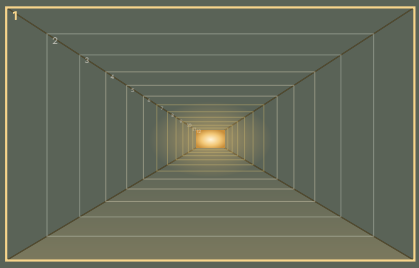
comparing, acquiring, appearing — and no script at all for the only skill that matters: how to examine your own behavior, govern your own reactions, and change what needs changing while the game is still being played. You will not find that skill on the feed, in a seminar, or in someone else's story. It is built, not found. This book teaches you how to build it.

I am not a guru, a sage, or a saint. I am a common man who suffered in the ways you are suffering, found the old ways through it, and did the work — and I am still in the work, every single day, inside the same frames I am asking you to step through. This book keeps the covenant my books have always kept: no fluff, no performance, no promise without its price. Every chapter names what its change costs before it names what the change gives, and every chapter ends with a practice you can run tomorrow morning. It is meant to be used, marked up, and returned to — the way you return to anything you are trying to make a way of life.

The suffering is real. The fix is behavior. And the way through is one honest frame at a time — starting with the jacket you were dressed in before you were old enough to choose it.

Turn the page and I will show you.

↑ CONTENTS



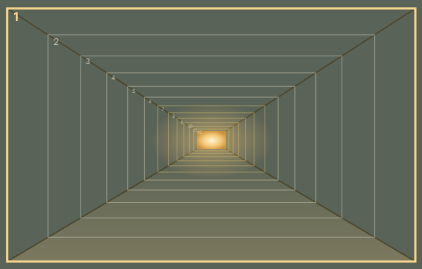
PART I · CHAPTERS 1–3

THE JACKET

1 **The Performance**

2 **The Oscillation**

3 **The Ignorance**



PART I · THE JACKET · CHAPTER ONE

THE PERFORMANCE

Most of the world is performing. The stage is not a life. Take off the jacket.

THE HALLWAY

I went to a private Catholic high school in northeast Ohio. The girls all wore the same uniform. The boys wore whatever the dress code allowed — which meant the boys wore whatever their families could afford.

Think about what that one decision did. In one half of the hallway, comparison was switched off. In the other half, it was switched on. Same building, same age, same kids — and every morning, one half of us walked into a ledger. Who has more. Whose shoes, whose jacket, whose watch. Who is more. Nobody said it out loud. Nobody had to. A fifteen-year-old learns to read a hallway the way an accountant reads a balance sheet, and he learns it in about a week.

Here is the part that matters: nobody taught us what to do with that. Not one adult in that building — good people, most of them — sat us down and said, you are about to spend your life inside comparison and competition, and here is how a person behaves inside it without being eaten by it. That class did not exist. It still doesn't. We were handed the ledger and told, in a thousand unspoken ways, to win it.

So we did what untaught kids do. We performed.

I did more than perform. I won. My senior year, my classmates voted me best dressed — and I earned it, because I had been studying that hallway for four years and dressing this body for the ledger every single morning. I cared how I looked. I cared how I was perceived — the physique, the clothes on it, the whole presentation. And when I look back at that award now, I want to be sick, because I can finally read what it was: a trophy for external validation. Thank God my name is also up on a wall in the wrestling room — so my only legacy at that school is not Best Dressed Clown. I was not dressing myself. I was dressing the jacket. I could not have told you what external validation was — I would not learn the term for another twenty-five years. But at seventeen, I could already win at it. That is what an untaught kid inside the machine looks like: fluent in a game he cannot name.

And here is the saddest part of it, the part it took me forty years to say out loud: I never felt like enough. I was popular. I was inside the "in crowd" — and I put that in quotes on purpose, because from the inside, belonging to it felt like a stress and a struggle the whole time. I was trying too hard, and some part of me knew it.

But some part of me knew something else, too, and I owe that part the record. The pure awareness was already in me. Weak — faint as a pilot light — but there. Spiritually, none of us is different from any other; we are all the same underneath. But I always knew I carried a different sense of awareness — I simply had no way to express it, because no one had ever taught me how. It would be decades before a teacher finally did; the old saying is true, and the teacher arrives when you are ready. Still, I always had it, and I always knew, somewhere under the confusion, that there was a different way, that validation was supposed to come from the inside. The mat taught me that. My father's visualization taught me that — you win the match within yourself before you ever walk out. So I was a kid living two educations at once: the hallway was teaching me to please the crowd, and the mat was teaching me to build from within. And for the next several decades I stayed confused about which one actually builds a person — the inside, or the room. If you are honest with yourself, you have been living inside the same confusion. Most of the world is. This book is the end of it.

I want you to find your version of that hallway before this chapter is over, because you had one. Everyone did. The hallway is where the jacket goes on.

THE INHERITED JACKET

But if I am honest — and this book only works if I am — the jacket was handed to me before I ever walked into that hallway.

I grew up in an upper-middle-class household, five kids, good and loving parents. And running through that house, the way it runs through millions of houses, was a quiet instruction that nobody ever said plainly: look better, be better, appear better. Be the solid family. Be the sharp, well-mannered, well-spoken kids. Project it. In the cultures many of us grew up in — and the organized ones are especially good at this — the family itself is a performance, dressed and staged for an audience of other families doing exactly the same thing.

I am not blaming my parents, and I want to be plain about why: transmission is not malice. They were never taught either. They handed me the jacket the way their parents handed it to them, with love in their hands the whole time. That is how inheritance works. In an earlier book I wrote about the inherited ego — the self you were given before you could choose one. The jacket is what the inherited ego wears out of the house. You did not pick your first one. Somebody dressed you in it. The choosing only becomes possible on the day you finally see it.

THE WORLD STAGE

Now widen the lens, because the hallway never ends. It just changes buildings.

Here is the greatest thing I have learned in fifty-six years of living, and I have stood in enough storms to have earned the sentence: the vast majority of the people in this world are performing. They are performing on the world stage — at work, at home, online, at the gym, in the pews, at the reunion. They are not living in truth. They are managing an image of a life, for an audience that is too busy managing its own image to actually watch.

And life is not a performance. Life is a grand experience — a grand experience of human evolution, yours to join, and to share your humanity inside. The moment you actually see that, and I mean see it all the way down, everything changes. Not improves. Changes.

There is an old teaching, older than this country by thousands of years, that says it plainly: live your own purpose, your own truth, your own path — even imperfectly — or you will end up living someone else's. Read that again,

because it is not poetry. It is mechanics. If you do not figure out what is yours — your purpose, your truth, your process — you will live a life scripted by other people. Your parents' script. The culture's script. The feed's script. You will be a character in somebody else's story and you will call it your personality.

That is what a performer is. Not a liar, exactly. A reader of lines he never wrote.

If you're not a student of life, you are a pawn of life. Life will professor you either way — it never stops teaching. The only question is whether you enroll. The student examines the hallway. The pawn just keeps walking it, ledger open, running lines.

THE MANAGER

Let me tell you what performing cost me, from the inside, because the odds are good it is costing you the same thing and you have gotten too used to it to notice.

At eighteen I was performing at a high level everywhere a kid could perform. Athletics. School. Every social room I walked into. From the outside I was the last kid anyone would worry about. And somewhere in that year it landed on me — not as a thought, as a weight — that I was a performer in a world of performers. That the whole thing was staged, and I was staged with it.

What that realization planted in me was anxiety. Not a rough month of it. Three decades of it.

For a high performer, anxiety is a razor's edge you walk moment to moment — self-destruction on one side, and on the other a ridiculous, exhausting management of your own behavior that keeps the numbers up and gets you through the day. And when you are in the thick of it, here is the trap: you know something is happening, but you go immune to it. It is heavy in the substratum — down where you don't look — but on the surface you just keep fighting through it, surviving it, calling it your normal. You make the anxiety the weather. And nobody thinks to come in from the weather.

What you are actually doing — and it took me decades and a practice to see this — is building an ego whose job is to manage the anxiety for you. Think about that. The anxiety hires a manager. The manager behaves for you, performs for you, keeps the operation running — precisely so you never have to examine your own behavior. And you couldn't have examined it anyway, because no one ever taught you how. You can only do what your conditioning allows, and my

conditioning allowed exactly one move: perform at the highest level on the outside, and on the inside compare myself against every man in every room, and manage how I looked in rooms I hadn't even walked into yet.

I pre-read every room of my life for three decades. It was a long-running, weighted anchor on my peace of mind.

And here is the machinery underneath it, which I could not see for decades: I have never liked the spotlight. Never wanted to be the center of attention — as a young man that was fear and anxiety talking, though the years and the practice have since turned it into something better: humility, grace, a working dispassion. But look at what the performance culture does — it puts you in the spotlight. And look at what I did — I volunteered. When you dress your ego up to win best dressed, you are purposely putting yourself on display. I was setting myself up to be anxious, climbing every morning onto the exact stage I dreaded. That is the loop the jacket runs, and you should read it slowly: the jacket chases validation into the spotlight; the spotlight feeds the anxiety; the anxiety hires more management; the manager performs harder — and the performing brings more spotlight. Nobody can break that loop for you from the outside, because from the outside it looks like winning — and that is the paradox nobody says out loud: the overcomparative, overcompetitive culture rewards the spotlight. The pedestal is a spotlight. In a performance culture, anxiety itself is rewarded — we pay people to stand in the exact place that is making them sick, and we call the payment success.

The mat was the counter-proof, though I couldn't read it then. I excelled there too — three years of varsity, a senior-year run to the state tournament through the toughest district and the toughest regional the state of Ohio has ever put up. I met my goal. But that excellence ran on different fuel entirely: faith, a coach, an internal fire, self-discipline. I enjoyed the winning, and I enjoyed the newspaper clippings — who doesn't — but the mat never needed the spotlight, and neither did I when I was on it. Two kinds of excellence, side by side in the same kid: one fed by the spotlight, one fed by the fire. Only one of them was making me anxious. It took me most of a lifetime to understand why.

A TOUGH KID

Now here is the complication, and I owe you the truth of it, because it is the part of this story that most books like this one leave out.

The reason I could carry that anchor for three decades is that I was built to carry weight. I grew up in discipline. I wrestled, and I was mentored on the mat by the greatest teacher of my life, a man who taught me how to stand in a storm before I knew what a storm was. I learned to behave through pressure. I learned to suffer through social stress I did not understand — because I was a tough kid, and toughness was the one tool I had.

That toughness saved me. I want that on the record. It carried me through rooms and years that break people.

And that same toughness kept the jacket on me for three extra decades. Because a kid who can carry the anchor never has to ask why he is carrying it. Survival tools postpone the reckoning. If you are proud of your toughness — and most high performers are, it may be the thing you are proudest of — I need you to hear this one clean: the strength that gets you through the storm is not the same as the clarity that gets you out of it. One is a tool. The other is a build. I had the tool. The build came much later.

[] SURVIVING IS NOT STEPPING

So let me give you the distinction this whole book stands on.

From eighteen until deep into my thirties, I survived my life. I survived the anxiety with no tools but toughness. I survived a first marriage that was lost to my wife's addiction — a fight I stood in for eight years, trying everything I knew to save her from it — and the wreckage that followed — years I will walk you through later in this book, plainly and without drama, because they are curriculum, not credentials. Through all of it I performed magnificently and white-knuckled everything underneath. I was a survivor. Say that word without any sweetness: a survivor is a man getting hit by his life and staying upright. That is worth something. It is not the same as living.

Now the other side. A year ago — after sixteen years of deliberate self-work, after the build — I was fired while I was the number-one producing rep in the entire world at what I did, over unfounded nonsense, while doing everything clean. I stepped through it with ease. Read that sentence against the three decades of anxiety and understand what it means. Not numb. Not tough. At ease — clear, calm, already moving. I built a company in the next nine months. And when that company was detonated by a partner who quit on me and four good employees by email — five of us, left in the lurch — the worst personal transgression of my adult life, and recent enough that the ground is still warm

— I stepped through that too. I protected my people, folded the thing down with my integrity intact, and started again. I am writing this book from inside that step.

Same man. Same world. Same kind of storms. The difference is the build. You can only step through the frames of your life — with clarity, with honesty, with your integrity intact — if you have self-control, self-discipline, discriminating intelligence, and self-conviction. You have to be a built person to live frame by frame. Unbuilt, you are doing what I did for three decades and what most of the world is doing right now: performing on the surface, and surviving underneath.

Surviving is the jacket's version of living. It is also the best the jacket can ever offer you. The jacket promises safety; it only ever delivers survival.

WINDOW DRESSING

Step back far enough and you can see the machine that makes it all run.

American culture is built on window dressing, not essence. We are a culture of information — memorize more, recall it faster, stack credentials to the ceiling — and not a culture of discriminating knowledge, the kind that can tell the real from the unreal. We are a culture that is window dressed. We are not a culture that is essentially whole. We teach our children everything except the one science that would save them: how to study their own behavior. What a reaction is. What a response is. What a pause is worth. How a mood is made. We have entire academic departments called behavioral science, and we graduate eighteen-year-olds who cannot sit alone with their own minds for ten minutes. Society is a science that almost no one studies — and then we wonder why society behaves the way it does.

And into that vacuum pours the pressure — from home: be the great family, project the great kids; from the world: outperform, outgain, out-scheme, get yours and then get more. The engine's cruelest gear is that the ledger pays — promotion, status, the feed's applause — so the machine feeds itself, generation after generation, hallway after hallway.

I was a product of that machine like every other American kid. Information stacked on information, pointed at outperforming everyone around me, chasing kudos and status in the friend circle, the social circle, the business circle — external validation all the way down. Never once realizing that the entire scoreboard was false. Not exaggerated. False.

And I will tell you what the machine does to its best players, because I watched it happen at point-blank range for thirty years. It costs people their integrity. I watched it take dear friends. I watched it take members of my own family. I watched it take leaders above me and peers beside me — good people, ground down into conditional ethics one small expensive moment at a time. The toxicity of social pressure, and the misunderstanding of external validation, will run a person into mental games of selfishness — self-serving natures that eclipse their integrity entirely. I have watched that eclipse take people I love. So have you. And it drives its winners into holes. I have had quarters — multimillion-dollar, career-best, standing-ovation quarters — that left me so worn thin, so scraped out, that I sat in the middle of my own triumph on the edge of depression. Performance does that. The win is supposed to fix the feeling. Every high performer reading this knows it never does. If you do not understand these dynamics, performance will run you straight into the ground with a trophy in your hands.

That is the world stage. That is what it charges. Now let me show you the other way.

[] PERFORMANCE AND EXPERIENCE

Everything false that I have described — the jacket, the manager, the window dressing — is the ego and the person wrapped around it. That is who the performer actually is. Not a behavior you do sometimes. A constructed persona, built by conditioning, maintained by pressure, wearing your name.

And underneath it, in you, in every human being who has ever lived, there is something the whole apparatus was built on top of: pure awareness. An essential, calm self — awareness with nothing on it. There is nothing more valuable a person can hold; it is the greatest wealth and the richest of riches any human being can acquire, and later in this book I will give it the image it deserves: a diamond no one can mine but you. For now, we will call it what it is. For now you only need to know two things about it. First: it is untouchable. It cannot be moved by praise or blame, by the room, by the ledger — nothing the stage does can reach it. Second: you cannot perform your way to it. Performance is for an audience, and pure awareness has none. The only way to it is through experience — through actually living your life instead of staging it, examining your own behavior instead of outsourcing it to the manager, and taking up the old, codified, time-tested ways — they have been written down in every form a human can consume — that calm a mind all the way down to zero.

The calm mind is the ready mind. The calm mind is the empty mind — ready to express its humanity without pretense, to thrive in society and in nature fearlessly, because of truth and integrity found. That is where this book is taking you. This chapter only asks for the first move: learn to catch the performer.

Start with these three tells, and start with yourself, because a next frame person always starts with the mirror. You are performing when you are acting something you do not feel — the outside running a program the inside never signed. You are performing when your warmth has a hook in it — when the charm is running an extraction, pulling something from someone. And you are performing when you champion something your own moral agency objects to — when the room overrules the agent, and you go along, and you know. Any one of the three means the jacket is on and working. All three at once means the jacket is running your life.

Here is one more way to know a performer, and it may be the most reliable tell of all: a performer cannot have a clearing conversation. Their ego will not allow it — will not allow them to be wrong, and will not allow them to be criticized. So when the honest, difficult conversation finally comes for them, they perform their way out of it. They manipulate it soft. They charm it sideways. They make it "not difficult" — and nothing gets cleared. I have had this done to me, to my face, by someone I loved like a brother. And I will tell you what I learned standing in it: when you step back without emotion and watch — from the purity of awareness we have been talking about — you see the performance the way you would see a movie. Scene by scene. Frame by frame. Nothing can trick a man or woman of pure awareness. Nothing.

Catch it without hatred. The performer in you was built by an untaught kid under pressure, doing his best with what he was handed. Your anxiety, if you carry it, was never a defect. It was the correct response of an unequipped human being to a machine designed to produce performers. You do not owe that kid shame. You owe him an education — the one nobody gave him. That is what the rest of this book is.

WHAT IT COSTS, AND WHAT IT TRADES

Every chapter in this book will deal with you straight on this, so let us start as we mean to continue: the change this chapter asks of you has a price, and I will not pretend otherwise.

Catching your own performance takes humility, and humility is expensive for people like us. It takes introspection that the manager will fight, because examination is the one thing the manager was built to prevent. And it will cost you out in the world, where the games run all day outside your front door: when you stop playing, the players will misunderstand you. Count on it. Some will mock what they cannot read. The feed will not reward your truth — morals do not trend, and they are never going to. Do not look for recognition. That instruction is not a consolation prize; it is a practice. Do the work, and keep doing the work.

And here is what I want you to do with the misunderstanding, because tolerance is not enough: lean into it. Learn to enjoy it. Not with arrogance — arrogance is just the jacket changing colors — but with the quiet ease of a person who finally knows what is real and what is not. You will see who is playing. You will see who is performing. You will move through it and around it, and when something needs checking you will check it cleanly, because you are becoming a next frame person and that is what we do.

The trade is larger than the bill. You finally know when you are performing — which means, for the first time in your life, you can go the other way. The razor's edge widens into ground you can stand on. And the environment around you gets lighter. That is not a metaphor. Walk into your home, your team, your friendships without the jacket, and feel what happens to the room. You make it lighter for yourself and for every single person you engage, because a person who is not performing gives everyone else permission to stop. One person experiencing life, in a room full of performers, changes the room. That was true in my hallway forty years ago. It is true in yours tonight.

[ ] THE CUE

When you feel a room pulling you into character, stop. Don't judge it — read it. You were dressed in the jacket before you were old enough to choose it, and the room is asking you to wear it now. Take one breath and ask the only question this chapter exists to teach: am I performing, or am I experiencing? Then take the jacket off and meet the moment as yourself. Life is not a performance. Join it.

[ ] THE PRACTICE — CATCH THE PERFORMER

You don't take the jacket off in a day. You catch it, one room at a time, until the catching becomes the way you move. Run these.

Run the three tells. A few times a day, check: am I acting something I don't feel? Am I being warm to extract something? Am I championing something my own agency objects to? Any yes means the jacket is on and working. Name it in the moment, without heat, and set it down.

Catch the pre-read. The performance starts before the room does — managing how you'll look before you've even walked in. When you catch yourself dressing for a room in your head, that's the tell. Once a day, walk into a room as yourself and nothing else.

Watch the win. After your next victory, examine honestly how you feel. If the win leaves you worn thin and strangely empty, you performed for it — the win didn't fail you; the jacket did. An experienced win fills you. A performed one bills you.

Trace the script. Once a week, take one of your own behaviors and ask whose it is. Where did it come from — your choosing, or your conditioning: the house you grew up in, the feed, the room? If you can't find the moment you chose it, you probably didn't. That is the difference between default and design.

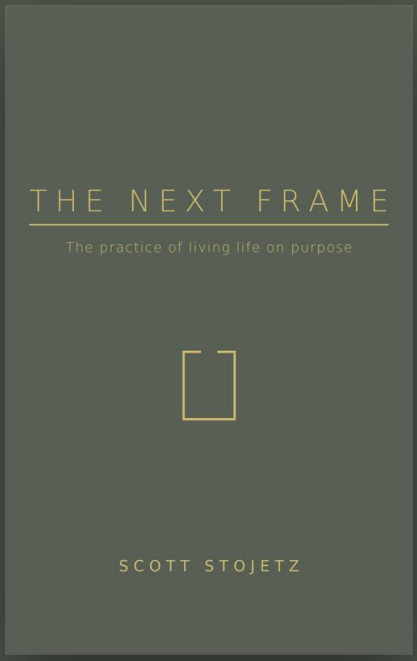
Study one exchange a day. Pick a single interaction and walk it back without emotion. Did two people meet, or did two performances trade? Were you seen — or was the persona? Society is a science. Study it, starting with your own behavior in it.

Make one room lighter. Enter, ask, listen, and leave without positioning yourself once. Feel what a room does when nobody is on stage. That lightness is the trade this whole chapter is offering — for you, and for everyone you engage.

You cannot perform your way to pure awareness. You reach it by experience — and the experience begins the moment you catch the performer and choose the person.

One more thing before we move, because I owe you the truth about what happens next. Catching the performer will steady you — and then life will keep coming anyway. The world does not slow down because you took the jacket off. It oscillates. It moves and moves and moves, a million miles an hour, and it will not stop for your progress. Most people spend their whole lives waiting for it to settle — for the dust of their life to finally land — and the dust never lands. It never will. What you can do, what a next frame person learns to do, is settle yourself inside a world that won't. That is where we go next.

↑ CONTENTS



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