



A WEEKLY NEWSLETTER FROM A PLACE BOTH WONDERFUL AND STRANGE

A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

HI, FROM THE HOG



Is he high on the hog or saying hi, on top of a hog? Or both? Only time and a good judgement will tell, folks! Welcome back to those of you who have read prior issues of Dispatches from the Void. Hopefully those who have will be pleased to see most of the same silliness and very useful information provided here.

For those who are new... Wow, what a treat! Welcome to the newsletter! In here you will find so much useful information, you'll feel like your very own data center; growing ever stronger with each word read in these issues, growing your internal data center to exponential proportions. And unlike a true data center, you won't even need more water or electricity to take it all in!

Or maybe you're just like “what in the fuck is wrong with this guy?” And that's a valid question to ask of me and yourself! I started this as an outlet journal. To get all those random, often funny-to-me thoughts that swirl around from time to time out in a constructive and fun manner (and of course for everyone to tell me they love me, I'm handsome and I'm doing very well).

Maybe some of this content will strike a funny bone for you or maybe leave you severely perplexed and concerned, perhaps even disgusted. Either way, mission accomplished! I'll leave out any further explanation and let you see for yourself! Have fun!

THE HUMAN CONDITION

What's in a Name? Pigs



Pigs, otherwise known as swine, pork, piggies, Babe, or a piece-of-shit human personification of a pig's life. I love it all: the nourishment that comes from a pig, the cuteness of a baby pig, even the grotesqueness of a full-grown pig wallowing in shit and slurping up slop.

A lot of people love bacon, pork chops, hot dogs and all the gooey goodness that comes from these hogs. However, there are quite a few people who avoid the pig at all costs due to their religious views. It's a nice balance of haves and have-nots. Those who have the ability to enjoy pigs and those who have not had the ability or choose not to.

There is a common denominator to these creatures and humans, though. It's our ability to personify a pig's essence to explain human behavior, often in a derogatory nature. These pigs are getting a bad rap! They can't get no respect out here! Poor piggies, they just want to enjoy their time here as much as we do.

Much like the pig, we live in a similar fashion, just a notch above standards as we have created the ability to flush our own shit. And God willing, if these pigs slurp that slop, we're going to eat all of it too! Just after it's processed through their own bodies, of course.

The point is we are just like them! Slurping our own slop, just through fancy bowls - bread bowls too. Slop that comes in cans, you name it, we're slurping it all up! We just go to establishments in a communal space to respectfully and eloquently feed ourselves the slop in varying forms, then we scurry back to our abodes and dump that shit into the privacy of our own toilets. Sometimes in other toilets outside of our comfort zone.

But the process is the same. Eat > poop > eat more > poop more. We humans just have the fun ability to master that process and control it. And boy, do we go all out with it. In a nutshell, we're all just lil pigs moseying around farting, burping and shitting all over, just with a little etiquette and style.

OPINION

TMT - Too Many Tags

We need to settle the fuck down, folks. Specifically with all of these merchandise tags that we are putting on clothes. I love buying a new shirt or a new pair of shoes. What I do not like, and what I suspect others probably don't like, is the amount of FUCKING TAGS ON THESE CLOTHES.

Recently I purchased two shirts at Costco (shoutout to Costco, love your clothes and your pizza) and these two shirts had SEVEN tags between them. Seven. Not just one all-consuming tag that tells you everything you need to know about the shirt. Seven of them. To drive home the fact that the shirt you are buying is indeed a shirt!

It may also tell you that it's moisture-wicking, or made of 100 percent cotton, or it's woven by fucking monks. The possibilities are endless and they're all on these tags. Read all about it.

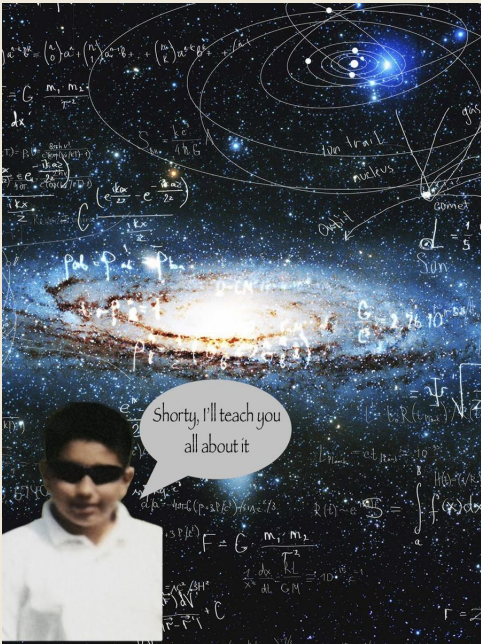
My big issue is the removal and disposal of these dangling tags. Sometimes the plastic fastener goes right through the fabric. An opening that should not be there. Sometimes I don't have a pair of scissors handy to cut it and I have to carefully rip it. Sometimes that rip creates a larger hole. What gives?! Why are we being subjected to our clothes being potentially ruined by their very own prodigious amount of labels?

Let this be a wake-up call to all marketing teams and tag makers across the land. These extra tags are a waste of fucking time and money, and they really grind my gears.

If I see a shirt I like, I usually think “oh, that's a nice shirt,” not “oh, that's nice, where was the cotton fucking sourced from and will it keep me safe and warm?” I understand the implications of the shirt I'm interested in and don't need to be reminded that it's a shirt. That's why I looked at it in the first place. The extra tag doesn't do shit for me. End of story, thanks for listening.

CURIOSITY / QUANTUM MECHANICS / CONSCIOUSNESS

HE BLINDED ME WITH SCIENCE



I fucking love science! One of my favorite hobbies is to nerd out on scientific facts and discover or ponder anything there is to know about them. I should've been some form of scientist by now, and maybe I still can. It's the curiosity in figuring out the complex that does it for me. Always seeking to understand the how's and why's of pretty much everything. I think in a way we're all scientists set out in our own research labs; some of us just want to know more. I most definitely want to learn more, and I want to share all the fun things while doing so!

I should preface this by saying I have zero academic credentials in a scientific setting. I mainly view things through an intuitive lens and let my curiosity lead the way. Sometimes that leads somewhere interesting, and sometimes it probably leads directly into a fucking wall. That's why checking the facts matters.

Lately, I've taken a liking to quantum mechanics and how it helps explain our reality. I think a lot of us want a true understanding of what this reality is, and exploring the quantum realm gives us plenty to chew on. One feature that keeps coming up is the observer. In physics, an observation can involve a detector or measuring device interacting with a system and recording information. A conscious person doesn't have to be standing there watching it happen. Apparently, the universe can handle some paperwork without us.

That brings us to Schrödinger's cat. There is a hypothetical cat inside a box with a radioactive source, a detector, and a mechanism that releases poison if a decay is detected. In the usual setup, the waiting period is chosen so there's a 50/50 chance of a decay occurring. Decay triggers poison; no decay leaves the cat alive. Nobody needs to actually put a cat through this bullshit. It's a thought experiment.

The strange part comes when we apply quantum mechanics to the whole setup. In an idealized description, the undecayed source and living cat are combined with the decayed source and dead cat in a superposition. That means the quantum state contains both branches. A superposition is more than us simply not knowing which thing happened; quantum states can produce interference that ordinary uncertainty can't. Schrödinger used this example to highlight how puzzling the theory becomes when we extend it to everyday objects.

In caveman terms: radioactive decay trigger poison = cat dead. No trigger = cat alive. Caveman now has a much harder question about why the math describes both branches while an actual measurement gives a definite result. Caveman would like a refund.

Real cats also interact with air, heat, light, and everything else around them. Those interactions produce what physicists call decoherence, which makes interference between the branches effectively inaccessible in everyday conditions. This helps explain why we don't see ordinary objects behaving like carefully isolated quantum systems. The deeper measurement question still has different interpretations, though. There's plenty left to argue about, preferably somewhere the cat can't hear us.

So, is an outcome determined beforehand, or does something about measurement make it definite? Different interpretations of quantum mechanics give different accounts. We should be careful about jumping from that debate to the claim that human consciousness creates reality.

It reminds me of the old question: “If a tree fell in the woods and no one was around to see or hear it, did it actually fall?” Physical events can leave evidence and interact with their surroundings without a person witnessing them. A forest doesn't need an audience. Still, the question scratches that same existential itch: how do we know what's real, and how much of our experience comes from the way we perceive it?

I'm going to keep digging into consciousness, quantum physics, astrophysics, and the standard model of particle physics to gain a better understanding of this human experience - and whether there is a true purpose behind all of it. Even if there isn't, it's a hell of a fun process to try and figure out!

That brings me to consciousness: the fact that we experience anything at all. You and I are here trying to figure it out, big dawg. We can feel ourselves thinking, wondering, and existing. Explaining how that experience arises is a tall fucking task.

One idea that invites me in lately is that consciousness could be fundamental - that space, time, and our individual experiences might somehow emerge from something deeper. Maybe consciousness has created a way to observe itself, and we are the product of that.

That's my philosophical speculation. I don't have scientific evidence establishing it. I want to explore the idea, but turning it into a scientific theory would require clear claims, testable predictions, and evidence. Every idea can get a seat at the brainstorming table. It still has to do some work before it gets a lab coat.

Another idea that sends my brain wandering is John Wheeler's one-electron universe hypothesis, which he discussed with Richard Feynman. Wheeler proposed that all electrons and positrons might be appearances of one entity following a complicated path through spacetime. Imagine one tangled thread crossing the same slice of time over and over, with each crossing looking like another particle.

Feynman recalled being more interested in the associated mathematical insight: a positron can be represented as an electron traveling backward in time. That became useful in describing particle interactions. It doesn't establish literal time travel, and Wheeler's one-electron universe never became the accepted account of our universe. Still, what a wonderfully weird thing to think about.

Here's an important detail: electrons have the same intrinsic mass, electric charge, and spin quantum number as other electrons. Positrons, their antimatter counterparts, have the same mass and spin quantum number as electrons, but the opposite electric charge. That distinction matters, even when my brain wants to sprint ahead toward the cosmic conclusion.

Modern quantum field theory describes electrons and positrons as excitations of the same underlying field. Other kinds of particles correspond to other fields. This gives us a framework for understanding why particles of a given type share their intrinsic properties. The idea of a complicated worldline is also different from a superposition; those concepts aren't interchangeable.

Does any of that establish a universal field of consciousness? I can't honestly make that leap. The shared properties of particles don't demonstrate that all minds are one mind. But they do get me thinking about how individual things emerge from something more fundamental.

Think of ourselves as radio antennas: flesh-bag antennas trying to make sense of a very large universe. I like that image. Our brains take in signals from our surroundings and somehow we end up having this incredibly personal experience of being alive. Whether consciousness connects to anything beyond those physical processes remains a question I'm curious about. The antenna idea is a metaphor I'm playing with, rather than a mechanism scientists have demonstrated.

And now you find yourself reading these words while I try to understand how any of us ended up doing any of this. Pretty fucking wild.

I'll give you some time to let that settle, or to postulate that I have no fucking clue what I'm talking about. If you feel confused and like you've lost your train of thought, fear not! Quantum mechanics is WILD and fairly hard to portray in normal terms. I'm learning as I go, and I'd rather correct myself than get too attached to a cool idea that falls apart under scrutiny.

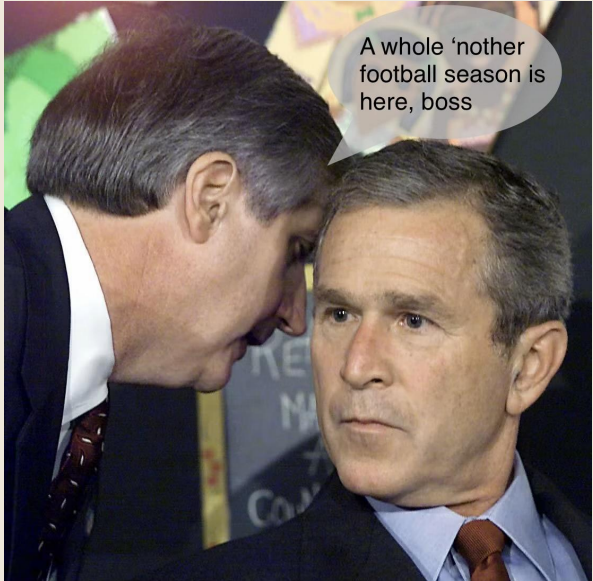
Either way, I love thinking about it. Let me know what YOU think, and send me an email!

So, quick recap: physics gives us some deeply strange ways to understand the universe. Whether we're all different lenses of some larger consciousness is a possibility I enjoy wondering about. There's a lot of distance between an inviting idea and an established answer. I intend to have some fun exploring that distance. Ya dig?

FACT-CHECK REFERENCES: J. D. Norton, University of Pittsburgh; John Preskill, Caltech; Richard Feynman, 1965 Nobel Lecture; NobelPrize.org; David Tong, University of Cambridge.

SPORTS

Mr. President, another NFL season has begun



Hoorah! Football is back! Let us all collectively settle back into our forced masculinity as we welcome the 2026 NFL season. We love watching people crush each other's skulls in! We love Bud Light, TITS, the national anthem, fighter jets, sports betting, and Donald J. Trump! Give it all to me in 8K, baby! On the biggest screen you got! I want to see what Tom Brady sees! Feel what Tom Brady feels, you feel me?!

But really, I love football. I was raised to appreciate it and wanted to play it from an early age. My grandfather took me to see six Chicago Bears games in 2002 in Champaign, Illinois, while Soldier Field was under renovation. We lived about an hour or so away, so it was a no-brainer. Those games were life-changing. The atmosphere of an NFL game, specifically a Bears game played in an Illinois college town, was off the charts. The feeling couldn't be recreated. I got to see Brett Favre and the Packers play the Bears on Monday Night Football. I was obsessed after, and that passion carries on!

I love celebrating football on Sundays. It's ritualistic for me, and I like to have fun with it. Watching football on Sundays is just a great excuse to be a lazy piece of shit for approximately 12 hours. I love it. It's great. I love cooking a bunch of appetizers and the like throughout the day. Just a fantastic way to relax and forget about your worries.

In celebration of the new season, I'm giving you three recipes you can try at home if you'd like! They're real yummy and easy to make. Hope you like! And most importantly, BEAR DOWN, CHICAGO BEARS!

THE GAME-DAY KITCHEN

Sunday snacks

Buffalo Chicken Dip

Serves 6-8 / About 30 minutes

Hot sauce, cheese, and a rotisserie chicken doing most of the work. A beautiful arrangement.

INGREDIENTS

2 cups shredded, fully cooked chicken; 8 oz softened cream cheese; ½ cup Buffalo-style hot sauce; ½ cup ranch; 1 cup shredded cheddar, divided. Chips or celery to serve.

1. Heat oven to 375°F. Mix cream cheese, hot sauce and ranch. Fold in chicken and ½ cup cheddar.
2. Spread in a shallow 1½-quart baking dish. Top with remaining cheddar.
3. Bake 20-25 minutes, until bubbling and the center reaches 165°F. Rest 5 minutes.

Sheet-Pan Black Bean Nachos

Serves 4-6 / About 20 minutes

Nobody deserves naked chips while one guy walks away with the entire cheese deposit.

INGREDIENTS

8 oz sturdy tortilla chips; one 15-oz can black beans, drained and rinsed; 2 cups shredded cheddar or Monterey Jack; ½ tsp cumin; ¼ cup drained pickled jalapeños (optional); ½ cup each salsa and sour cream; 2 sliced green onions.

1. Heat oven to 400°F. Line a large rimmed sheet pan with foil. Toss beans with cumin.
2. Layer half the chips, beans and cheese; repeat. Add jalapeños.
3. Bake 8-12 minutes until cheese melts and beans are hot. Watch the edges. Top with green onions; serve salsa and sour cream on the side.

Garlic-Parmesan Potato Wedges

Serves 4 / About 50 minutes

For when you want fries without introducing a vat of boiling oil into your Sunday.

INGREDIENTS

2 lb scrubbed russet potatoes; 2 tbsp olive oil; 1 tsp each garlic powder and smoked paprika; ¾ tsp salt; ½ tsp pepper; ½ cup finely grated Parmesan; dipping sauce.

1. Heat oven to 425°F. Line a rimmed sheet pan with parchment rated for that heat.
2. Cut each potato into about 8 wedges. Pat dry; toss with oil and seasonings. Arrange in one layer, cut side down. Use two pans if crowded.
3. Roast 35-45 minutes, flipping halfway, until browned and fork-tender. Add Parmesan; bake 2-3 minutes more.

Refrigerate perishable leftovers within 2 hours (1 hour above 90°F). Reheat to 165°F. Source: FoodSafety.gov.

MUSIC / ON ROTATION

Ten Songs I'm Currently Listening To



My music taste is all over the fucking place, but there's usually a groove involved. Dreamy stuff, funky stuff, something with a bass line that makes me walk around my apartment like I'm in the opening credits of my own movie. Sometimes I want to dance, sometimes I want to stare out a window and contemplate my entire existence. A good song lets me do both. Here are ten I've been listening to lately. Give 'em a spin!

01 / Morse Code
Men I Trust, Odile, Geoffroy

02 / Animal Machines
Part Time

03 / Summer Sweat
Hannah Cohen

04 / Sunny Jean
Jeffrey Silverstein

05 / Under the Pressure
The War on Drugs

06 / Changes, Pts. 1 & 2
Neal Francis

07 / Yabaal
Dur-Dur Band

08 / Modmed
Psymon Spine

09 / Billie Toppy
Men I Trust

10 / Crystal Bullets
White Denim, Andy Pickett