

Reset Me, Baby, One More Time

A journal note on Codex resets, human rate limits, usage percentages and why the reset became part of the work.

DRAFT PREVIEW DENNIS HEDEGREEN JOURNAL DRAFT-LOCAL

[HTTPS://HEDEGREENRESEARCH.COM/ARTICLES/RESET-ME-BABY-ONE-MORE-TIME/](https://hedegreenresearch.com/articles/reset-me-baby-one-more-time/)

Codex got a reset.

I could use one too.

I have not published an article since August 3.

Not because there was nothing to write.

Because the work had become paced by resets.

There is a strange dignity problem in saying that out loud. A software rate limit is easy to understand. A human rate limit is harder. You can point to the counter on the machine and say: there, that is why the work stopped.

It is harder to point to rent, sleep, energy, email, job search and pride, and say: there, that is why the human system slowed down.

The old article was called I Need Tokens, Baby. Tokens Is What I Need.

That was the immediate version of the problem. I had built a workflow that depended on a loop: think, talk to the machine, get pressure, adjust, write, publish. Then Codex ran dry.

The article was almost comic because the interruption was so specific. The collaborator did not disagree with me. It did not forget the project. It did not reject the premise.

It reached the meter.

This time the joke is larger.

There is now a website for this: codex-resets.com (<https://codex-resets.com/>).

Not for the weather.

Not for the stock market.

For whether the tokens have returned.

That is funny until it becomes accurate. When people begin tracking resets, reset is no longer a hidden implementation detail. It has entered the working day. It becomes something people wait for, plan around, joke about, curse, refresh, and treat as a small act of mercy from the infrastructure.

I can now look at a usage indicator and feel my working day change.

67% remaining.

That is not a paragraph about software anymore. That is a weather report for the work.

Enough left to keep going.

Not enough to stop paying attention.

That is not only a complaint about limits. Compute is real. Electricity is real. Infrastructure is real. I have written enough about power budgets to know that the machine is not made of vibes.

But the human side is also real.

When AI becomes part of the work surface, access becomes part of the work. Not in the abstract. In the morning. In the rent week. In the email tab. In the awkward little moment where you are trying to find funding, jobs, or some place where the work you already do might actually belong.

I downgraded from ChatGPT Pro to Plus because rent is not an abstract denominator.

Then I started writing to people.

Not exactly job applications. Not exactly funding applications. More like attempts to find the place where the work I already do might become useful enough to survive.

I connected my private Gmail to ChatGPT for the first time.

Not as a productivity flex.

Because I was trying to keep the thing alive.

The machine helped me write outreach emails.

Then the workflow sent some of them more than once.

If you are one of the people who received the same message twice, I am sorry. It was not intentional, and it was not a new outreach strategy. It was a workflow mistake made while I was testing the exact toolchain I am writing about here.

I decided not to send a separate apology email, because at some point the apology becomes another message in the inbox. So I am putting it here instead, where the mistake belongs: inside the record of the system that produced it.

This is one of the small humiliations of trying to rebuild a working life in public and in real time. The machine does not only extend you. Sometimes it extends the awkward part too.

So a new rule appeared:

the machine has to embarrass itself in my inbox before it is allowed to embarrass me in someone else's.

That is a workflow improvement.

It is also a pretty accurate description of the whole project.

Hedegreen Research is not an institution with a funding department, a communications person, a research assistant, and a clean line between private life and public output.

It is one person, a website, a terminal, a growing number of projects that became necessary once the questions were followed far enough, and an unreasonable dependency on whether the thinking machine is currently allowed to keep thinking with me.

At some point the most honest application I could write was to myself:

Dear Hedegreen Research,

I would like to apply for the position of person who apparently already works here.

I can offer research without a guaranteed place to land, prototypes built because the problem demanded them, and documentation of things that should have been simple.

I do not expect salary at the current time, since the finance department also appears to be me.

That is a joke.

Mostly.

The reset came.

The tokens returned before the rest of the system did.

And while the public surface looked quiet, part of the work had moved underneath: into the tools that are supposed to make the next tools possible.

So I am writing this as a note from the edge of the workflow. Not because the problem is solved, but because the interruption itself is now part of the material.

AI work is not only limited by intelligence.

It is limited by access.

By continuity.

By context.

By money.

By the body.

By whether the human can reset too.

Reset me, baby, one more time.

RELATION MEMORY

RETURNS TO [I Need Tokens, Baby. Tokens Is What I Need.](#) · Returns to the original token-limit interruption after reset culture and the wider human workflow became visible.

CONTINUES [Ideas Are Not Safe Inside The Window](#) · Continues the older warning that work must leave temporary chat windows if it is going to survive.

SETS UP [Publishing Became a Command](#) · The reset problem points back to publishing and tool-building as working infrastructure.

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