

the_ nothingness-everythingness_matrix

For many years we have been trying to produce a coherent essay around the integration of everythingness and nothingness. Ranging across ochre palisades, refracted through opiated anti-poets and reptilian imaginariums, its silence has caressed the roots of the unlying mountains, and unleavened the hulls of miniature bodies. Lips closed by a series of loosening zip ties, communication blushed through swarms of inaudible clicks and twists, the first paragraph consuming itself, drawing power from the cannibal consumption of its enemy-within...

WHAT NOTHINGNESS IS: □ WHAT EVERYTHINGNESS IS NOT: □

if "It" can break down into nothingness and everythingness (whether it cannot, or the scars of erasure), can there be deployed onto "It" the Monad Plural, Simultaneous Homo-Hetero-Geneties, Gradients of (in)Difference. Where does the Venn diagram of Nothing and Everything touch?

CERTAIN DIAGRAMMATIC PANELS: Overlapping Polygons of Thought, Obsessive Pyramids, Lines in overdraft... [figure 1A: Vonnegut-Pynchon-DFW triangle of post-speculative characterization. (the fourth side of the triangle, etc)] [figure 9: the nothingness-everythingness circular overlap] [figure 3: "On Ease & post-cliche aesthetics] (praying that a true pseudo-scholar of the E::N matrix would never set their beady vampiric little eyes on this parenthetical forever) [mind map of the strange-awful-unknowable-new] Instructions for interacting with this text: listen. stop listening. go read a book.

"have you heard about the nothingness::everythingness matrix? let me tell you about it. blackness and whiteness, closedness and openness, accessing the monad plural through a spiraling series of binaries. (metaphor of the underground/of the basement/of the mouth and pore that become one another...)"

Most people nowadays are [prefix-]interested in space travel. when the aliens-came-to-teach us in films and storybooks, a certain altruism spread over the facialized miasma of publicity. Nowadays it's popular to be afraid. The Space Alien forms a Rhizome with Islamic State. Science Fiction gets itself shook n' twisted over medievalist pedagogies - the dark ages first inform, then eclipse, supersede, and merge with the contemporary. Art becomes "Arty." (another way to wash money) Proletarian becomes Artisan. Performativity becomes authenticity becomes Ich Bien Ein Fake becomes post-cliche semiosis. _____ becomes _____. Being becomes Becoming. Is the big bang is punctuated by slurping series of miniature but infinitely profound voids, a riddling of dark worms against being?

To espouse an active interest in communication with extraterrestrial intelligent life and the unspeakable ante-Amerikana syphilitic potato famines it bespeaks, the strange senses terraforming one another back and forth, dialectics of power with an innovatory exchange rate... Who gets do be on top: Do they like it. Wet Clods of Cthonia, to worship them. Because, but with all due respect, we can't even talk to cats (and instead we develop schizophrenia from being around them). Content < Form: it's how you say it. Homogeneity and Heterogeneity become indistinguishable. All words become the same. All ideas are equal. A fountain of slogans. Someone said, that Francis of Asisi said, "I talk and talk and talk and talk and get further and further away from the meaning."

What "i" do: in between interventions and ex context independence [lock-jaw. two girls one ontology. 1926 aerialists obsessed with Moorish architecture. sharknado...] the washing machine shudders and trembles into a Tesla vibrator to pull the haus down. i am doing social difference glitching. i am doing passive/active cathexis. i am doing what i would want if i were my self or my other-other. "We're BeachQueer SeaPunx" we're just a bunch of empty shell-like stand-ins for a bunch of empty shell-like similies. (WHAT I DON'T DO) _____ (define negatively, fill in the blank) glass photos. proto-yonic void. black holes for ignorance. poor use of science/fiction/autobiology. thermo-social-dynamics.

Cosmology: Totalizing Fissures-Not-Fractures(!) of Physical Options, Mythography, Superstition, Spiritualities, nothing exists. fucking it-is-what-it-is "A = A" quantum equivalency. Theory of Everythingness :: Nothingness. (gravity, proximity, desire, lust....) Mapping Radical Politics onto Radical ontology with the most delicate of thunderous brush strokes. Aiming for Failure. Shooting for the moon and destroying the Milky Way. Reckless Rhetorical Grandiosity. Abbreviated Syllabics. Perpetual, Static, Silence. The Absolute, Abscessive Presence of Empty Spacetime. Repulsively poetic integration of concepts. Self-Loathing in a logosphere of _____ \

Someone else said "i figured it out - between everything and nothing, there's Something" as a math problem spreading axes into dimensional planes, cubes into time, exponentially. Layering conspiracy theories so thickly that realities melt caustically through the strata and fuse skins. Secret cultists patronizing fast food joints can form an analog prophecy to explain the explosion to all kinds of children.

F(N) ---- dont think(s).omething after noticing that ecology meant caring about Maslow's externally spiraling communities of protection, how a family can grow to encompass the whole universe. choose your own adventure life or morality and meta-narrative also as a grab bag. If you can make your own meaning whats the point. Please Done Do That. Please Eschew It. just gnaw on your eternally reproducing problems. use you privileges to make things different. "war is a force the gives life meaning" in destinies of purposed contradiction \neq hypocrisy. If you don't have incompatible ideas and dogmas, there's Something. [curtailed anatomy] are you trying to build europe again? let's build it on the moon. asia contracts psoriasis. launch nicaragua into orbit. what the hell is wrong with $F(x)^{\text{other}}$ [airplane mode]. concha la madre. meat sacks. fishes within fishes forever.

CAPITAL LETTER, SPACE BAR, CAPITAL NUMBERS// an army of punctuation. a swelling of little black marks. no thrust. no umph. no triggersyndrome. no social grace. no filmic analogs. STOP once upon a time STOP nothing STOP everything STOP, STOP, "stop" STOP monetize ideology. (somehow i came to the most basic. grating. wretched place.) in my series of "fuck you/i dont care about anything" or the counterpoint "i am so fucking done with sexuality" i am working on being both very gentle and very violent at the same time. some people think you can't have a sense of humor without being oppressive. Ways to use resources.

But back to the problem of (constant/recessive/impossible) cosmic death. whether the universe is ultimately folding in on itself, reversed big bang black hole on the dance floor, or everything moving so far apart as to bend toward eventualist atomic nothing vis'a'vis acontext. everythingness :: togetherness // nothingness :: separation. [see figure 3F] are homogeneity and heterogeneity also members of everything, or feline SchrOdinger members of the set of all sets of all sets which do not contain themselves, or everythingness or nothingness or anything inbetween, the barber who cuts off his own head and lives in a world full of clones. [nothingness and everythingness, the interdependence of these terms.] so, given the problem of cosmic death, the vast empty meaningless constructivity of experience, what resistance can still be brokered against philosophical suicide? none of it makes sense is starting to seem suspiciously similar to All of It Makes Sense...

At home i found this slender old volume of my dad's from the 70s about the meaning of life through some kind of christian eschatology lens where theologians try to desiccate through post-modernism. the last chapter explained that there was no hope. there was nothing. you could believe anything. but it doesn't matter. it's not about "tacit problematic nihilism" or "tacit cruel intimacy", neither "liquid semiosis" nor "uncanny accessibility"....after opening and closing the obsessive catalog of terms, glossaries, indices, appendices, to produce exponential populations of dusty predicates, immense lists of alienating terminology: public transport dialects, alphabets of repressive formulae, surrogate man-coons ("im not gonna stop until i have one"), the rhythm of the dirge, seventeen thousand ways to clean nothingness/ev-erythingness excretions out of your rug, the difference between fan-fiction theoretical texts, highfalutin mathematized phonemes,

SUGGESTIONS: vacuum your naked body at the car wash, produce dating activity to exacerbate feelings of hopelessness and destitution, drive around airport terminals endlessly being shoed and punished by fake police people, try to maintain a sense of paranoiac subjectivity, miss a few nights of sleep, make a brief taxonomy of all your personal problems and send them to the president of a bad corporation or a little country. make some thick movies, import ruptures in the philosophy of the future, someone said indigenous glitchcraft, please don't open any more cans of worms. is there a metaphor in this slurried sea of guano, chipping pitched from the cliffs? sing every day. be very quiet all the time. find a healthy way to have a raspy voice, take care of yourself in fits and starts. be very quiet and loud. break time. [figure 8: "On Ease"] Reasons Not To Say Why: because the Why is deep sunk into its shoes, its explanations become the deferred lean-to grammar of excuses. Say How. Explain the footnotes and addenda.

AS I SAT ASTRIDE THE RIDGES OF THE MOUNTAIN I SAW IT THERE, STRAGGLING AND RESPLENDENT, AND I CAST MY MIND OUT OVER THE SHIMMERING, TOPOGRAPHIES OF NOTHINGNESS AND EVERYTHINGNESS....