



intraphysicum
apocrypha

INTRAST PHYSI CUM APOC RYPHA



"Our unflinching serenity: summer burning bright,
cool mountain shadow, quiet snowy night."

1111.111.1111111.11.1.1.111.1.1

I guess I'll include an anecdote here in place of a formal citation. Our story starts standard enough; I was at a raging casual kickback sitting cross-legged at the table, guests around me imbibing, when a firm knock record scratch interrupts the music. Cops come tearing through the space like a coastal storm, screaming, "We know what you are all doing! Put down the paraphernalia, lay it out on the table so we can take photos. We need your ID's too! Come on let's go!" Here I am, sitting there like a buffoon, dressed as Kramer from Seinfeld, arms folded and already consoling myself with the pure absurdity the situation. Just as a colossal earthquake of stress rocks my feet, I am struck by a lightning bolt of brilliance. While the cops are caught up harassing the other members of the party, they fail to notice as I calmly exit the apartment, call the elevator, walk out the building, and stroll home smoking a cigar. Just like that: I'm gone.

11.1.111.1111

Printed in Providence, Rhode Island. Yuck!

111

apply@planck.us
www.planck.us

"A stroke of theory so sweet and so pure that
every fiber of being sings it's truth"

"The true nature of reality is chaos and the creative force of the
universe comes our immersion within the chaos without fear of it"

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Planck 

Work Hard, Be Kind.

Tara, Garth, Sidney
Garth, Sidney, Tara
Sidney, Tara, Garth

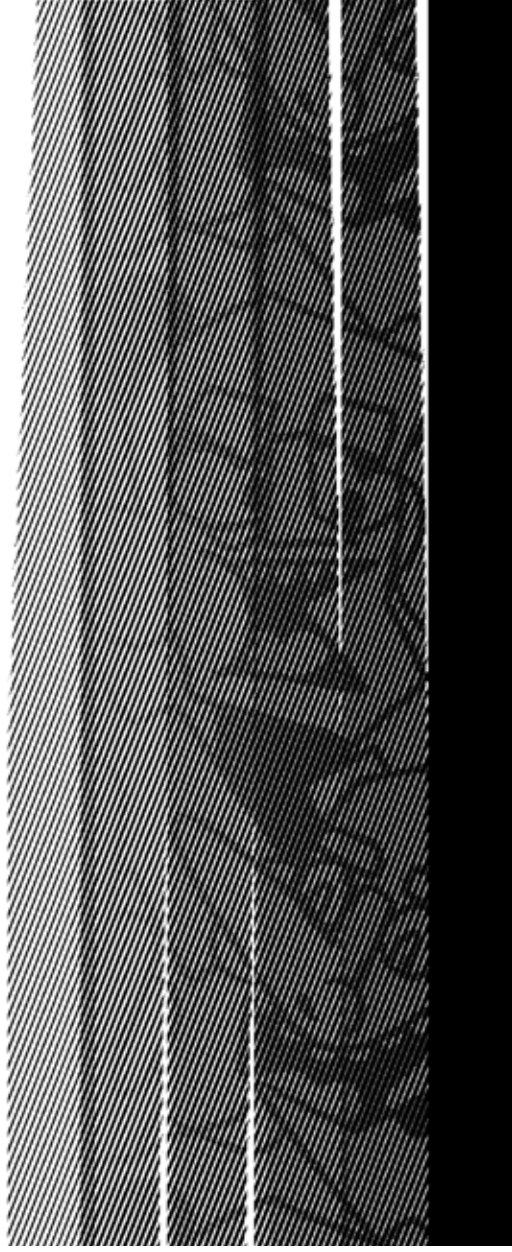
Auzzie, Jack, Kiwi
Jack, Kiwi, Auzzie
Kiwi, Auzzie, Jack

I love you all,
so much, forever.

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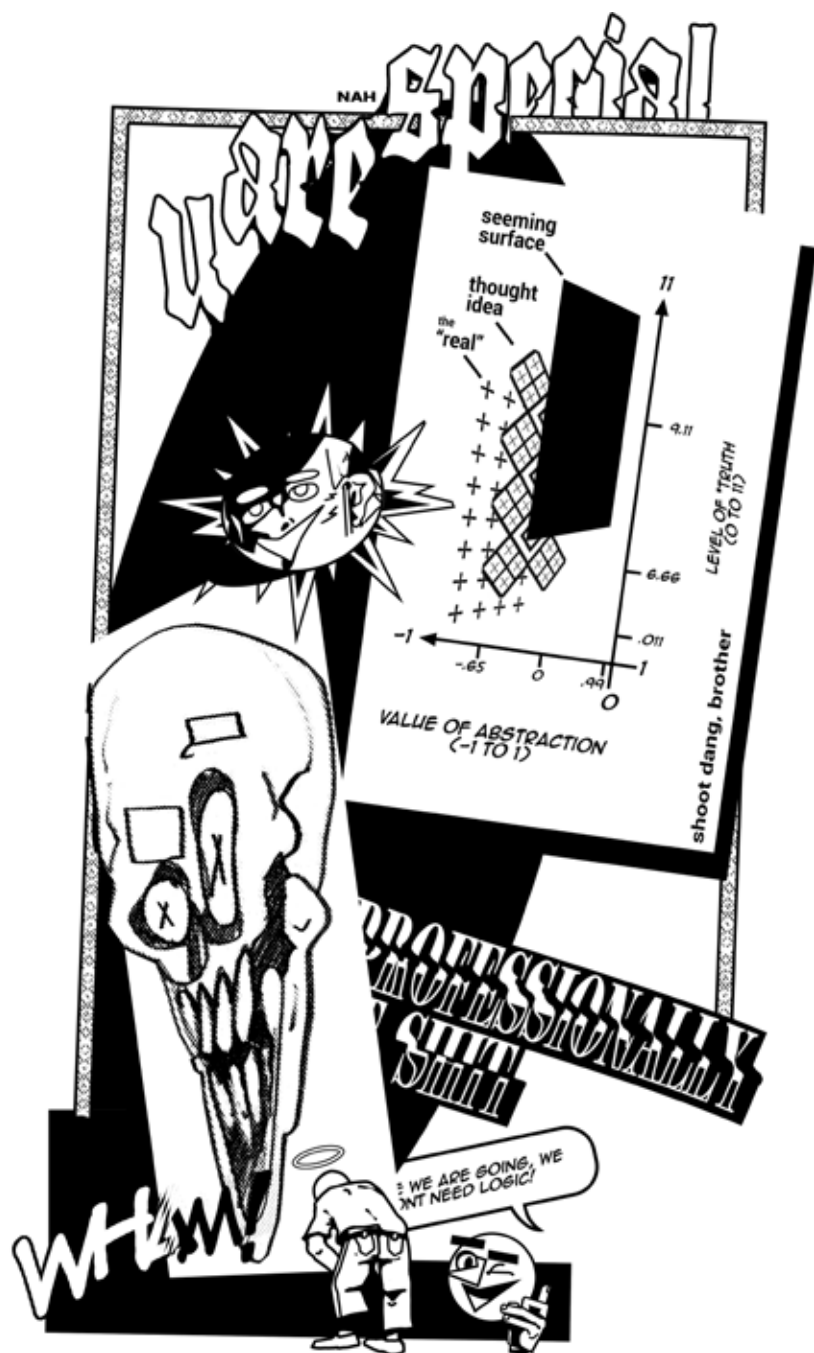
ENGLISH (US)

SUBSTRATE f^{-1}

***PRE
FACE***

f⁻¹

VI KEY TO LIFE 0.1 one (1) single hour of researching something on the Internet.



“At any street corner the feeling of absurdity can strike any man in the face.” ¹

“Life is pure absurdity.” ²

9/26/18

Portent: a master-work of schizo ramblings, me playing a character, Latent content, a collection of my quasi-religious musings bound into A book form, genius as martyr, 11 chapters, calculated, obsessive. Near insane ramblings with select passages of edited material Countering complete garbled nonsense. A slew of my narratively Knotted journal writings bound into a compendium. Text heavy, Isolated illustrations, avant-design. Portions of actual wisdom Selectively underscore 10 layers of abstract garbage. The book is:

- a surface, a SEEMING relentless barrage of introspective theory.
- However, upon further examination, it is bunk.
- Post-Internet, psycho-kinetic hell future.

11/18/18

The thingness inside of the thing, a meta-meditative text teaching the reader how to tune out the overwhelming chatter of both the world and the self's mind by smothering the reader in distilled psychic carnage. Spiritual trial by fire. Defeat this book, defeat yourself, march confident into the future born anew. Anti-bodhisattva, ChaosPlanck. Above all else, a truly religious, holy, text. Zen-anarchism Blend-Tec™ blended with a thoroughly scattered mind. A communiqué from void

¹ Albert Camus, *The Myth of Sisyphus* (New York: Vintage Books, 2018), 10-11.

² Kels. "HOW TO SHAKE OFF SHADY VIBES RADICAL SELF LOVE STYLES. DAY #17" The Radical Self Love Project. <https://radicalselflove333.wordpress.com/tag/breathing/> (November 23rd, 2018)

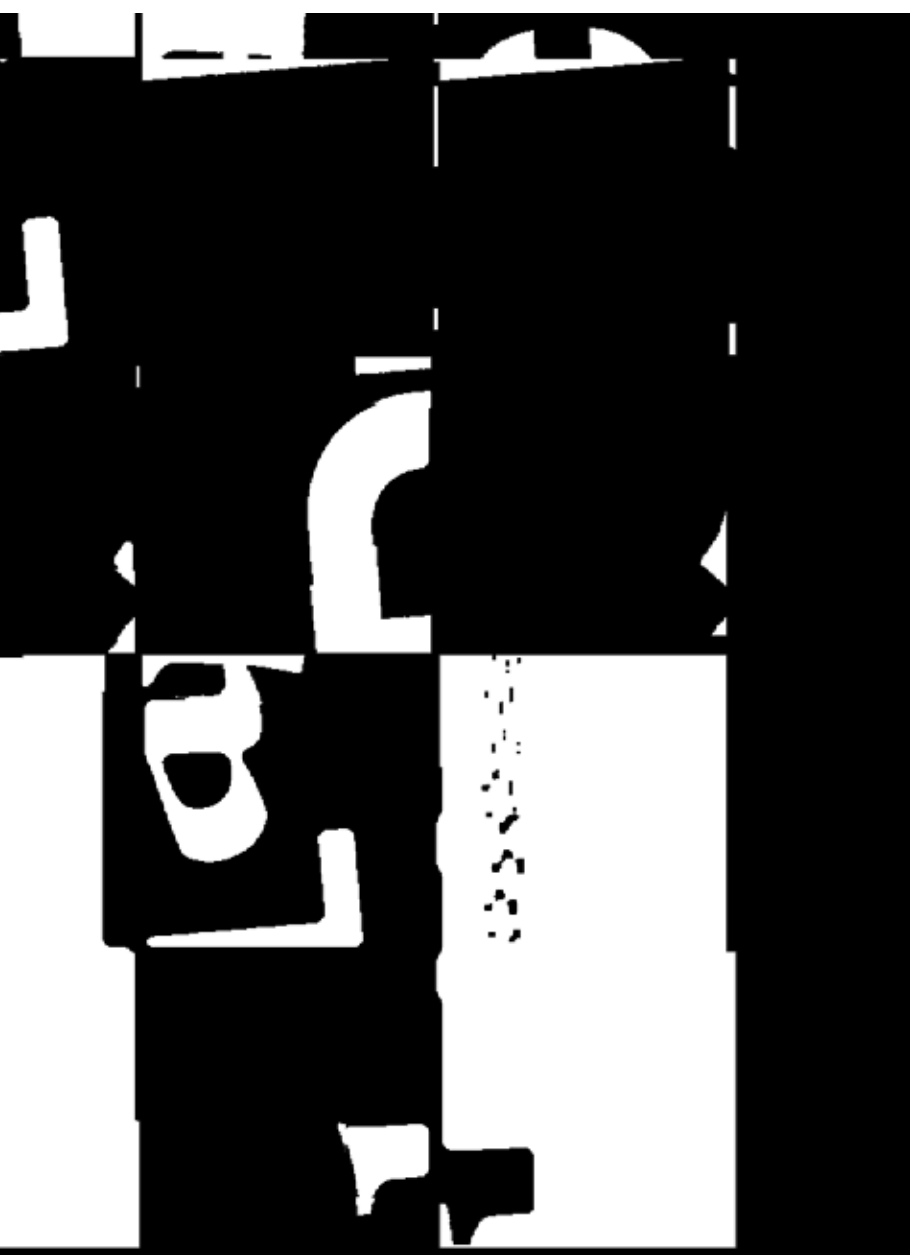


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offending command: image





Blank

SEMIOTIC
PLANCK
THEORY

SUBSTRATE 1.....	The Sign
SUBSTRATE 2.....	The Signifier
SUBSTRATE 3.....	The Signified

SENSE IMAGE 1.1 Park City, Utah

04



SUBSTRATE 1

THE SIGN

1

**“Meanwhile , the sun and
the clear pebbles of the rain
are moving across the landscapes,
over the prairies and the deep trees,
the mountains and the rivers.”³**

1.0 What is PLANCK?

*What isn't Planck?*⁴ Planck is media, happy bright colors and drawings of cute dogs. Planck is apolitical situations, a lazy underbelly of apathetic youth, a burning consulate of entitled bourgeois. Planck is "brick meet face". Planck is anti-capitalist, anti-reason, anti-anti. (Planck is not DADA, any perceived similarities drawn to DADA are superfluous). Planck is future, memory, the now-ness of both, never; Planck is everywhere. Planck is literally inside of its symbol, and the Planck symbol is inside of Planck. Planck is _____.

³ Mary Oliver, “Wild Geese”, in *Dream Work* (New York: The Atlantic Press, 1986).

⁴ Lame answer. Straight up.

1.11 The Feeling

The referent for the Planck symbol, our rallying cry, the central axiom of this entire operation, is beyond experience and sensation; it emerges from the fabric of interleaving memories, vibrating wholeness beyond the "individual".

Canonically, it is *like* riding home from a track meet that was held in a neighboring town. You are half-dead from running your guts out. You and the team squish into the bus, legs hanging into the aisles, head's pressed against the low ceiling. Clawing for a place in the conversation of the back, you are yelling and telling a story to the team. That girl in your creative writing class buzzes your phone. Your heart leaps, the world is full. The seams of this place swell with love and promise.

"Since I Left You" by The Avalanches ⁵

Like a walk in the dead of winter. Smog slowly creeps over the walls of the valley. In the burning smoke of day, it's just you and your dog. Your body is broken, but you find energy in the enthusiasm of your pet. Crawling

to the top of a hill you are compelled to stoop, winded, in the snow and sit on a damp rock. Silently, you stop and absorb the teachings of the wind. There, from the motion of the sun setting behind the towering landscape, you receive a lesson immemorial. In the cold, a singing hum; the music of this world swallows you.

It is *like* hugging someone once dear for the last time. As they cry into your shoulder, mourning your death already, you have no words but, "That's it". In a torn up way, this phrase echoes into chaos, a monk bent over, cloaked in a worn sweat-shirt. You stand and gaze beyond each other, now strangers hoping to forget.

In each of these _____, a licking flame, a burning embodiment of Planck. I lived every one of these moments, and while I had no enlightened words at the time, I felt a grand stirring. Now, overcome with presentness, I exist within and above each of these memories more full and whole than before.

Our logo, the Planck symbol, encloses this causal unity. A moment of bliss, perfectly eclipsed by itself. After that bus ride, the girl on my phone broke

⁵ The Avalanches, "Since I Left You," track #1 on *Since I Left You*, Modular Recordings, 2000, Vinyl.

my heart. Months after that walk, my dog's vocal cords shut on themselves. Without fail, the whipping cane of history, after each moment, corrects one's temporary joy with harrowing hurt. Outside and inside these memories, no grief, no sorrow, no elation, no joy, only and always _____.

The Planck symbol is dim twilight air and summer dusk. It's your childhood bedroom, suffused with the chirping sounds of crickets. Someone is calling you downstairs. Your body is worn but it's a comfortable tired. There is sense of promise hanging in the air and everything feels quintessentially okay; perfectly contented in itself. A full-bodied memory, singing its true song. These unremembered gut feelings, a calm burning in my chest. I lament all the tantalizingly beautiful ways I used to feel.

1.2 Just Before

Tangible sense occasions, in our abstract understanding, fold and nest into each-other. Above all, however, an echoing beat; sunset. This phenomena is sacred and not bound to contemporaneity. It is the dwindling spark of day giving way to the dead of unforgiving night. A super-sensory locus

of peace. Here, the ephemeral butts rudely against the infinite. It rests inside of the flickering moment between the cinders of work and the finalitude of rest. This daily ritual is remarkably trite, subtly lurid.

The shawl of the day scrapes this earth in one rippling band of forever continuity. Day turns to night into day then night again. At this romantic precipice, the mind-self humbly sits in awe as the sunset scorches the earth with indistinguishable uniqueness. As one single, bittersweet day, bound in grains of sand, trickles and collects; a tiny victory boasting in the face of void's alizarin glare.

Through some transitive cosmic property of being, we may receive PLANCK in the form of twilight, but its exact nature is impossible to distinguish. What is most crucial to understand is NOT the object and its relationship to the perceiver, its origin, thematic content, or spiritual punch. All these properties flow behind the thing like wispy vapor trails. Look instead at the present of the _____, not its ghost nor proximal future, but the here-nowness of memory.

1.33 *Knowing

In the course of this discussion, I aim to differentiate between knowing and *knowing.

The * asterisk turns our eye to an expanded interpretation of the word. "Knowing" is: facts, dates, places, "things" (exact meanings, concepts, chess pieces, a thin surface of reality). "*Knowing", much like "knowing", is holding these corporeal concepts in your mind's eye free from linguistic determinism.

"Knowing" is phenomenologically receiving one's experience. *Knowing is nomenologically receiving it.

Purgatory is worse than Hell. One HAS to feel with the whole body to sense the truth. A small, cowering child inside the mind *knows, don't bring pride with you, the not-knowing tells you how to *know. Unemotionally confronting the surface of truth, this *knowing is a stark realization whispered in silence.

I know: "I am going to die!" Don't let the chatter of the world bend you. Wisdom builds and grows over time until you *know.

We have invested so much in our fake world, faithful to a copy of a copy of a copy. Tear this down and start from scratch.

Ah! Now we have a new drawing born from with the feeling of the last, guiding our hand. We can thus render more truthfully, more cleanly, more carved into truth's actual face. Transcending this hollow pantomime, we exhaust every novel on novels about our legends and tall tails.

The human is infallibly fallible. The mind is the maker! And the body the partner, the other half, the "dominant other". To *know is to feel with all your heart, sometimes the knowing is false, we aren't perfect, life is slowly coming to terms with truth. Not seeing your face for what you want, but for who you are.

Making peace with that we cannot change, courageous to alter that which we can. We all know who we should be, but the world clouds this pure judgment. We want to be better, motivated by biological, sociological, phenomenological, etc. needs, but at our core we *know what *better feels like and we should always strive towards our intuition.

Slowly, *like* collecting grains of sand, we sweep each day into glass jars, planning to repair the scar of the Grand Canyon.

**Un-know
what you think
you know,**

**Relearn to use the hands of the spirit to access
that which is felt, echoed, definitively *known.**

**Come to
everything as
cleanly as possible,**

**throw out the old garbage: it's nothing but train-
ing wheels meant to safely deliver you to sexual
maturity then drop you off in the desert. Defy the
flesh, see beyond the heuristic, ascend.**



THE SIGN- IFIER



[On Salt Lake City] “The whole city has the transparency and supernatural, otherworldly cleanness of a thing from outer space. A symmetrical, luminous, overpowering abstraction.” ⁶

The symbol, the mark, the Thing, is big, bad, loud and punchy. Looming and ominous, it is a foreign obelisk, a felt presence. Devoid of statement, it screams silence defiantly. There is an obvious interior logic to its stoic straight lines and strong slash, but the choices can't be readily understood. Only the fact of its existence. Brand identity is one of the more potent forces at work in this great big yarn ball of capitalist excess. Why not brand an ideology? Why can't "engagement" be a formal concern right up there with sound logic of argument? For this reason, a unifying symbol is as potent as a unifying body of ideals, and though some great master work of a trickster, the Planck symbol fell into Reason's lap.

6 Jean Baudrillard, *America* (New York: Verso, 1999), 2.

2.1 Genesis

The Planck symbol has been scrawled, scripted, fit tightly, hung loosely, strung, slammed, and shot. Within a visual context, the Planck symbol is as versatile as duct tape. Interwoven into the literal and conceptual fabric of this body of ideology. The Planck length, or the smallest length of real space before reality breaks down into the confusing realm of quantum mechanics. Beyond this unit of measurement, Planck itself. Up here on planet earth, "Planck" sounds interesting on the tongue. It breathes an aura of a foreign power, but remember that Planck is a mousetrap, fearfully alluring from afar.

A symbol held together by threatening tension. Our corporate logo describes the "universal identity". Rendered in stoic, straight lines, in the same way that the Christian cross and Dharma wheel have visual formal presence and a real world parallel. In my experience as an artist, the symbol was, at its most basic, an effective way of signing the works within and on top of the art. We can understand it better through the framework of art as "network of planes of existence" (the Grid).

2.2 Grid Theory

1 . The first is the realm of the art, its imagined rules and tenets, it's "formal" character, emotional and psychological presence.

2 . Next, a layer of abstraction which acts as meta-commentary on the artwork below. This second layer sees to distort and decipher the layer before it, contextualizing the artwork within the schema of its own interior "academic" seeming critique. Often, this layer presents a pessimistic approach, violently deconstructing the art. It threatens to send the entire imagined universe of the piece into disarray. While this layer utilizes commentary on the first, it interacts with the art's imagined world and the rules of the artwork itself.

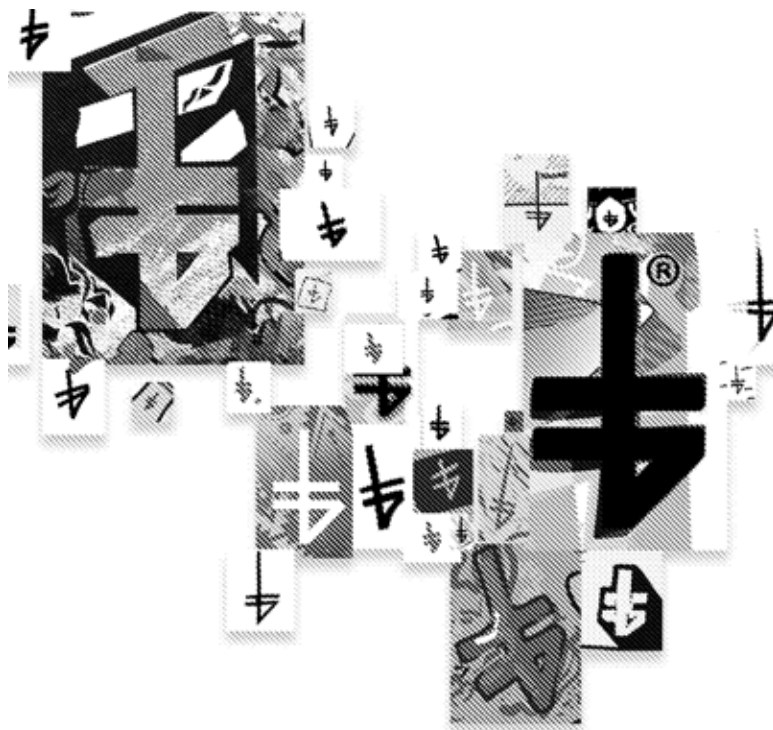
3 . Finally, a layer of complete 2D abstraction which settles the tension between the 1st and 2nd layer, resolving both. In the same way that the HUD in a video game acts as a bridge between the player and the game-world, so too does this final layer of abstraction bridge the realm of the art and the viewer; the glass lid to the diorama.

2.3 "A" Okay

Now that we can step back from the work, we perceive the art as bundled chaos enclosed totally by itself. The Planck symbol can then be understood as an affirmative thumbs up. A stamp of approval which ensures the layer it is located on confirms some meager form of personal, academic, or ontological poignancy. Otherwise, it might be a sarcastic nod or a parody

of excitement, describing unrest and dislike for the ways the work fails to capture previously discussed qualities. Above and beyond a "signature", but direct engagement with the art.

The mark is a statement of identity which can fit both within and on top of the art. Without fail, the last element I work in to the piece is usually the Planck symbol. It's appearance may be greatly altered: distorted with perspective, drawn in a more primitive way, incomplete



COLLAGE 2.2 The Planck symbol and its many incarnations

in some respect, blended into the background, or standing in the foreground. While there are millions of ways to describe the symbol, its recognizability remains constant. In this way, the multiplicity of ways of representing the symbol assist with it's omnipotent effect.

2.4 Fantastical

Inside the imagined reality of my art exists an alternate world history. Here, a varied pantheon of strange looking Gods preside over the many alien landscapes. This realm is dictated by a number of signs and symbols which mature as the universe itself matures. At the core of this reality is a god of life bringing the world into existence and then billions of years later, a god of death consumes the reality and the cycle starts anew, with fresh gods created, or old ones recycled. With each repetition, the way the symbols mature over time remains the same, and the same similar forms and aesthetic ideas show themselves again.

To explain further, in the infancy of the universe, the symbols are dominated by straight lines and simple grammar. These are the elder gods, and present a dualistic purpose as the god is in the

sign and the sign is in the god. As the universe grows older and more developed, intelligent life springs up and begins to encounter and summon these great gods of creation. The symbols develop complex curves and start to form words or statements. Further still, after civilization progresses rapidly, the signs and symbols inherit a mathematical quality, reducing the depicted god into a physical constant, describing an inherited understanding of the world.

My symbol fits into the early schema of symbol making, as it is one of the pillar symbols of the universe and arguably one of the longest lasting.

Graphically, there are 3 elements at work, a vertical line communicating chaos, a horizontal line showing power which when laid over by chaos is thus denied, and a triangle formed in tandem with power which illustrates logic bundled with power. In summation: chaos defying power and logic. Thus, the final meaning produced is something very similar to "Illusion". In an advanced lexicon, it means "hollow" or "civilization".

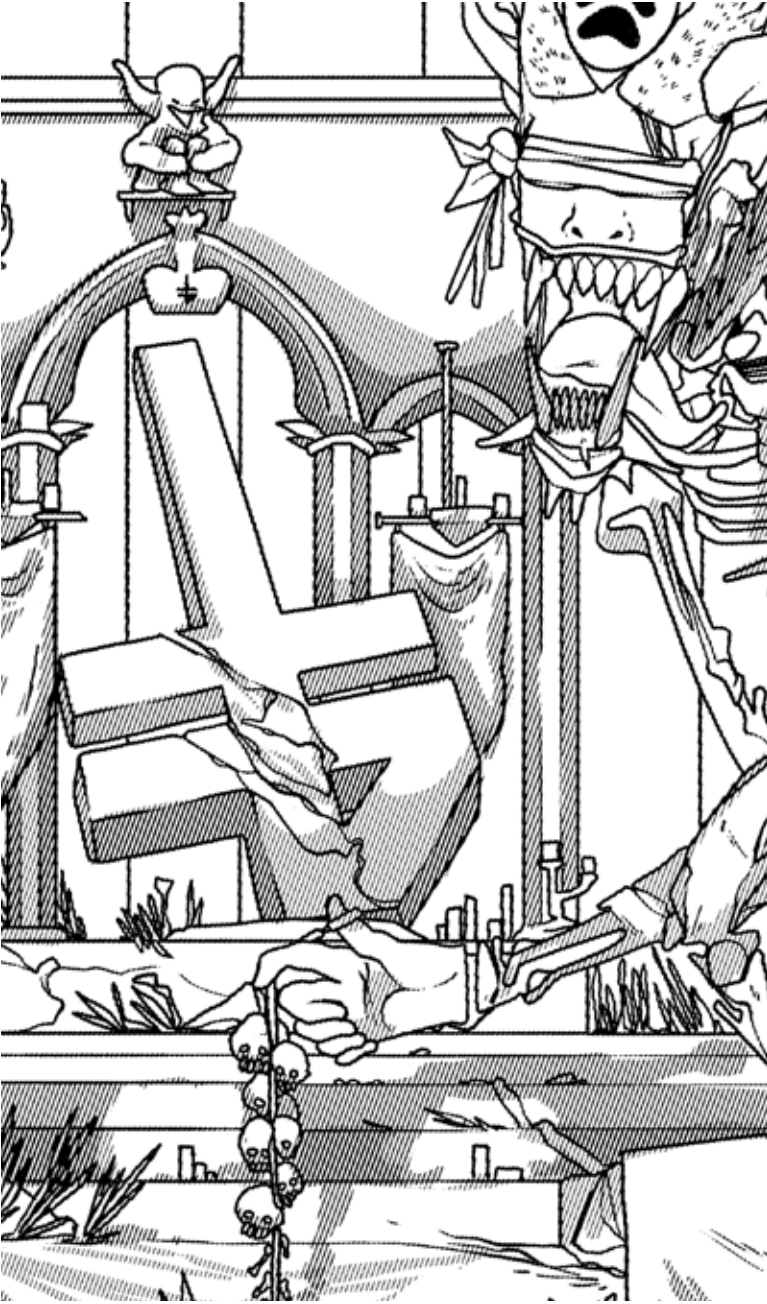


FIGURE 2.3 Image dated roughly to 35,000 AU (antique univers-repetitions)



ILLO 2.4 Remember me, and my memories

2.5 **Actuality**

Ultimately, I urge you to ignore the entirety of this substrate.

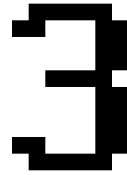
Today's landscape, the emergent spirit, the zeitgeist, is arguably pretty, ornamental art which does little to investigate the viewer more than it does to appeal to baser pleasures. The Planck symbol is antithetical to the intense barrage of visual imagery that we are assaulted with on a daily basis. Our phones rain hellfire notifications day in day out, TV advertisements blare at us with bizarre quips and quick flashes of color, the very walls of our cities are themselves towering, unsure conglomerates of dense graphical language. In this way, we walk through life numb to the most intense and powerful forms of visual communication: the sign, the symbol, the character which distills reality into a knowable 2D form. Civilization has lost its way in a sea of imagery. We haven't quite drowned yet, but the waters are rising and the world is feeling more and more like an unrecognizable hell-scape. Wake up to your grim reality, Art must become hazardous.

Inside of our way of thinking, these ideas repeat themselves again and again. We aren't going to take it, the impetus to resist is not even there, there is simply nothing. Understand that the world is a dingy, flawed place, then move beyond. Walk inside the world within the world, and you find that all gallery's are frames of art inside themselves. I give you this information to test your might, in spite of where the symbol came from, feel its cosmic reverberation where it stands not where it was! The symbol's history is inconsequential, it is meaningless, stupidly so. But at a certain point, break down this world enough, and you are left with pitiful dancing points of space, cosmic puppets. Throw away the trash, kill your darlings, move on into the interminable future.

**words are false,
silence is true.**



THE SIGN- IFIED



When opening this hefty red novel, the emblazoned symbol beaming from the front, one of the first questions which might arise in your mind is “what kind of person made this thing?” If your line of questioning when approaching this object echoes this prediction, then that makes an equally befuddled author and reader! I think this very same thought in my head every day. Going down to the water, glancing at its lapping surface, I perceive a grimacing ⁷ reflection: and while I can brush my hand across the waves my hands feel nothing. My very sight tears itself through this world: all that falls in my shadow melts away. There is a gossamer veil of a man, but only ever a half existence which is quarter there. Reality warps around my face, like the event horizon of a black hole. I question who I am everyday. I sit there and try and nail down the truth of myself which moves around me like a rodent.

7 Scarred like a dog, war wounds from an ongoing battle with alcohol.

3.1 "The Avalanches" Concept

We get rid of time and set up in this big, circular beach house with a terrace running all the way around it. As the last rays of sun trip over the sea, people come pouring in by the boat-full, laughing and dancing. It's like a symphony swelling up with new melodies, glittering and shaking as the place gets more and more crowded. The world swirls with gaiety as more and more friends show up, but there's no sense of the place getting narrower or hotter. All we ever do, really, is dance. There's one wide, rippling sheet of us, and there's only motion and color forever. I am everyone in those boats and I am everyone in this house and I am the shaking of the bass and the smile on your lips and the gulls in the clean air.

3.2 "So Me Now You" Concept

A body of work often contains a number of symmetrical ideas; similar compositions which recur again and again. Through methodical carving, each work whittles away at the truest expression of an idea, however lost in corporeality. This truth: an asymptote. Art always approaches what *needs* to be said but never reaches it. "So me, now you" acknowledges this struggle. It is a unanswerable debt, an un-asked assumption, like holding the door for a stranger or a small stone flung into expansive nothing. Its an optimistic phrase, hope that once all the bad ideas have been cut out, better ones can grow taller and stronger from their waste.

3.33 "The Mountain" Concept

A conflicted young person seeks meaning and truth in their life. Others tell them that at the top of the farthest mountain they will be filled with psychic energy and all will make sense. The person goes to a wise sage who nods and speaks, "Yes, you are correct. But first you must also count each step up the mountain, only then can you attain enlightenment." They begin the trek at the base of the mountain counting each step till they come to a farmer tending his grass. The farmer spits and yells, "Yes, you are right. But you also have take a stone from the base of the mountain to the very

peak and place it down, only then can you know truth." The person man walks up the trail, counting his steps, holding a stone close to their heart. After some time, the person passes a fellow hiker headed in the opposite direction. The hiker sits and takes out a snack, sipping a splash of water before wheezing, "Yes, you are absolutely on the money. I too sought enlightenment at the top of the mountain. It was only then after sitting cross legged and resting my hands at my stomach was I allowed to channel the awesome energy of transcendence." The person takes off more impassioned than before. After a grueling scramble, they reach the peak. They walked well over 10,000 steps carrying a heavy stone along the whole way. Finally, they sit down to focus. Nothing. No psychic energy, no answers, no sense of being, no enlightenment. Only the soft calling of birds and the calm lapping of time.

3.4 "Ponderosa" Concept

There! Hanging in the shallow rock,
 shadows of night's blueness.
 A new dawn smothers these stones like heaven.
 Thundering over the yawning Ponderosas,
 the day quivers in the softly burning air;
 the vibrancy of each moment.
 Birds chatter with their beaks. Mountains roll onto their backs.
 Soaked in languid tiredness, the leaves buzz
 a melodic resonance.
 Here, cloudless morning remade anew.
 The day listens to the sand,
 grasps the earth, then races forward,
 raking the land over and over;
 one wide rippling sheet of forever continuity.
 Underneath, the world turn dark then bright,
 then absolute stillness.
 A new day screams, "to have never not been!"
 as tiny, growing saplings refuse to kneel.

3.55 Truth

Ceaselessly confronted with my own inhumanity, I lose my material self like a leaf in the wind. Sometimes a tribe of aboriginals molests the controls, surprised and frightened by the piercing lights. I snoop underneath my 2D skin only to spy a deep chasm and my mind-self standing at the helm, chucking down coins and bits of earth.

Somewhere inside, I can feel an interior “me”. He sits sunk into an English club chair, lounging lackadaisically. After days, months, weeks roll away, at once, he jolts back into his body and exclaims, with pained, hollow eyes, how absurdly melancholy this whole situation appears, how layered in misery, how dim an outlook. He shouts back, “You’ve driven yourself into a corner! It might be as simple as turning around, it is not too late!” Unfortunately, this mind map of the inside is non-euclidean, the turning corners are corners in themselves, reality is a collapsible thing propping its own self. Logically, I understand that there is an “outside me” and he has errands to go to, rushing here and there like the rabbit from that Lewis Carroll

book. Experientially, I observe his general, buzzing malaise, a humdrum burning in his scalp. Pragmatically, I can sense a great stirring of fear: a fear that I am fake, a fear that my sensitive cold teeth are actually ravaged by cavities, a fear I have a truly broken mask, a fear of the tunnel of my own mind, and a fear that all these beautiful memories will fade. This heavy weight is an Olympic atlas stone crushing my conscience.

Mostly, I am afraid that I will commandeer this sad and unexploded interior suffering right until the grave. In desperation, I come to others and they tell me the same things: Eat, sleep, talk, dial down the alcohol, dial down the caffeine, and abstain from drugs. I have dialed up and down around every one of these qualities, and I can’t seem to find any conclusive answers! Its infuriating in an existentially hollow way! Here I am, a scared child, groping at the world’s hidden hands in hopes of a modicum of comfort. I whisper, in the truest words I can muster, how I burn heavy under all this weight, how I hold the sky from the earth only for the world to turn and poke my ribs, stick my kidneys with twigs, laugh as it tells me, “Your burden is light as a feather!”

3.111 Impasse

If you believe all this, lean into these fears, listen passively to the police of your mind as they cane you into submission, the last and only person to blame is yourself. No one survives these “thousand natural shocks”. Allow the world to cement you in place and the motion of the wind and the whipping waters of time, over eons, will grind even the strongest stone into sand. In spite of that, spitting in that’s face, I could never be what they made me to be. No amount of bending and shaping will ever change me. Cut me down, yoke me cold, mill and mutilate, slice thin veneers, boil and glue them together, press them into a mold and trim to size. In the end you will have nothing: Planck means nothing, the symbol means nothing. I escape like a thief in the night, my masterwork trick has played itself clean. I spoke “No” right in their face, I denied every second of conditioning of my life. I threw sand in their eyes, and shouted, “No”. Even after they took my toys, broke them at my heels, and expected me to kneel, I sneered at them with a bastard eye, and sternly screamed, “No”.

Who am I? No one, not a one, none. Through the void we slowly unravel the truth of the self. Pass through the thin veil of the soul and allow the person you once hoped to be wither and die. Abandoning these material things, we move through this world as light as air, as clean and fresh and free as we were promised. I ask, will you go your whole life saying “maybe”, saying “perhaps”, hoping and wishing on whim, on fate, on destiny, on the chaotic forces of the world? Or will you deny all that, will you finally be:

**“A MAN THAT
SAYS NO.”**

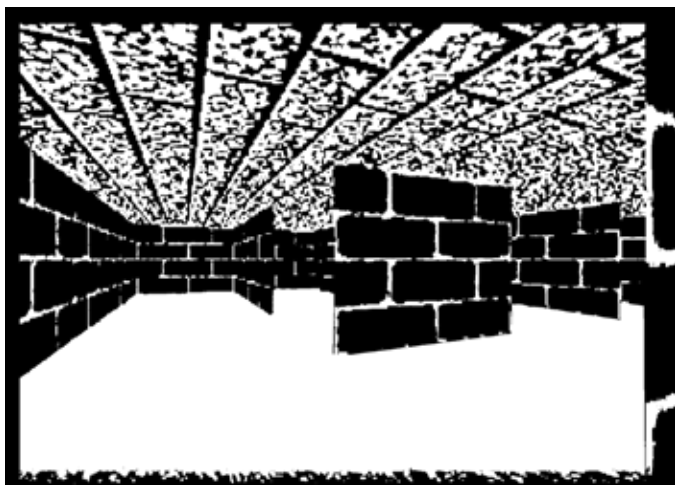
3.6 "Cyber.Nihilist" Concept

In the ruddy, dirt marked reflection of your Pro-Real HX1 reality (lens), the sky blankets the earth in a hazy mist of dried blood twilight. Rain comes down in thick smatterings; lucid whispers of fog creep softly. You're eco-foraging through the hyperwastes of New Yorke Prime™. Pin pricks of neuronet "like storms" linger in your awareness. Stumbling through the afterglow of a dopamine Mind/drip™, You are huffing

Soft-nGlow™ detergent when you spot her/ze/zim. What a small and pitiful thing, indescribably lost in xer own rudimentary logic. You could be mass searching a million different keywords in your mind right now, but the only one you can think of is zirs.



FIGURE 3.2 An alone wolf is a dead wolf.



WINDOWS XP 3.3 Infinite Maze Theory, also a PC screen-saver.



how to disappear|

how to design a book

how to draw a mountain

how to derive an equation

THE
THREE
CARDINAL
FEARS

- SUBSTRATE 4.....Time
- SUBSTRATE 5.....Reality
- SUBSTRATE 6.....Nothingness

You are sitting in you dorm, head awake,
looking up at the ceiling, when you get a
text from an old friend.

>call

K, gramps, no one calls anymore. You answer
their text with a friendly, "hello!"

>ask how they are

They go on a long tirade about
Senior year or something.

They are confused about their identity,

>text "I am just as confused"

They respond back, enlivened by this
shared existential line of questioning.
Eventually the conversation goes toward
the future.

>text "'not sure"

They say you should take a year off, go
travel, learn somethings about the world.

**

NOLS QUESTLINE

yes or no ?

**

>...

>...

>...

>yes

NOLS is a non-profit outdoor education school based in the United States. Students dedicate themselves to teaching environmental ethics, technical outdoor skills, wilderness medicine, risk management and judgment. (Your) course will consist of 80 straight days spent with some "real characters".

4 weeks backpacking
4 weeks climbing
3 weeks canoing
3 weeks backpacking, again.

We are really vague about the specifics of what you are going to be doing with us, so fill in the blanks with your mind :)

still wanna do this quest-line?
yes or no ?

>no
too bad, you already put in your deposit.
weeeeeeeeeeee NOLS time, bucko!
strap in! fun ride! strap in!!

>Back out
Too late!
At first it is pure hell, but then slowly, something magical starts to form.

*The BRAPP BOYS EMERGE, an elite squadroon.
Comprised of CAM, MICHAEL, OLIVER, and YOU.*

TIME



4

SUBSTRATE 4

**IT'S HYPER
VIETNAM
IN MY HEAD:
BOMB-HOLE
ON TOP OF
BOMB-HOLE
ON TOP OF
BOMB-HOLE,
ALL THE WAY
DOWN!**

When I am in motion and not thinking about it, I feel okay, but then it is hard to remember how I felt this morning, or yesterday, so I am making this log of my emotion. A weird wonderful wild journey! Had this insane idea when I was in the shower that I had been living I exactly like I had been the past two days last summer for the whole time! How many countless showers and days wasted I spent, how much time forgotten then! What was I doing, where was I going, strange! It was all too much,

life, didn't feel that way at the time, perhaps it did, so hard to sort out in my mind, I can't begin to fathom what is going on, Where does the time go indeed. Sure, there is no point, I'm fine with that. Just want to feel okay. If that means "deluding myself" or "playing the game", whatever, I'm fine with that. Loneliness is a tough thing to bear, I am committed to staying here so I should make it easier to be here. You can chip stone away from marble, but you can't re-attach the fragments back onto the

Time passes so slowly! Every day the same.

I had to sit and stare into my hands, listen to the sound of the water. I had just been washing my face in mountain streams, lying in dewy grass and moon pressed sand, in the enduring darkness of the desert. Now I am back home and it feels so foreign, I have moved on. I realize that this feeling of doom is not always, there has been days and days of feeling okay, living for the company of my family and the small things in

whole. To lose is better than to gain! Time goes by slowly, then all at once. Enough killing time. I've been doing a lot of living though, and that is just alright. This whole living thing isn't too hard, it isn't too bad either. I can keep rolling like this. Wow! It is 1:40 am and I just took a shower, the last couple days have really been getting to me with all this time business, I must be tired or not quite sure, woke up from a nap and felt like my sleeping

self had been once again towing the line of breaking into those mind-chilling thoughts of the true nature of reality, I am wide awake and feeling that same cracked out feeling that I knew too well, this falls again into my line of questioning of whether it is better to have something to occupy your mind's secondary worrying function such as hangover, stimulant etc, otherwise the unmasked self seems to wander, at least in my understanding, at this idea of time and just wanting it to be dark again and going to bed, I have been in this place before, the last few days have been a lot of that, leaning into time once again, I have been trying to understand the phenomenon, it seems like you only gain some perspective once you stop and give yourself a moment, forces outside of your control prompt a change rather than the change coming from within, summer of fun has been off to a decent start, again I am aware of the rules of the human games, I see my endgame, the branching points I have been testing prove illusive once again, once I am in my own place and have my truck it will be much easier, at this point I am killing time, shouldn't let myself get too comfortable, the slipping is starting in my mind

once again, remember those dreams you had? Escaping to the wild, those are still there, just buried within the comfort. I will have these brief scorching thought trains of "Why is any of this important, what are you doing, another 80 years of this?" but those thoughts die quickly, see if you have superficial worries and don't allow the body to slow down for too long these profound worries sitting at the bottom of the barrel, the dredge of worry, you feel a lot better, having ANYTHING to do gets your mind off those baser questions, including and most importantly the biggest unsolvable quandary which is simply "why?", this transforms, necessarily, into worrying about the minutia of the thing, the details of the day to day, not simply the whole questioning of the existence of the thing, again slow down and the body starts to fill in, you remember you are watching a movie, the crowd fills your awareness, stupid to think that a part of me believes that I am somehow above or outside the human follies, sure I have plenty of my own, some are certainly manufactured, I just see the mechanisms behind the things around me and see them for what they are, I have plenty more time to kill, efficiently, I

am an expert at this, give me the next 5 years, hard time. A feeling of no concept of time. Imagining memories and feeling from past and knowing you lived them and seeing yourself in the moment faced against the memory of the moment itself, the real and the manufactured version of the past you have no access to and will never be able to relive. Knowing you lived it and now you are not, so close yet so far away. Soon I will be 70 and reflecting on this very night will narrow my focus and collapse the two times. Feeling like my steps are slowing to an infinitely slow pace, like I am dividing my trip by half every time I take a step, asymptote. Lots of emotions surrounding past loves welling up, too much emotion to bare. No sense of here or there or now or then, de-realized. It's late again, but I'm in this perpetual state of where the frick was I? Memory is so strange, keep having this twinge of I wish I lived more in that moment. At the time you think nothing of it, this is normal, boring, then in retrospect it is quintessentially the past, a perfect frame of a moment your heart so badly wants to jump into, maybe this is the tragedy, only feeling the trueness of the moment long

after it has passed. Just like that, time's up. You ***, work, work, I mean it, stop reflexively thinking about worrying about time and counting time and thinking about how it slows and shrinks and how much time you have left, just live the day to maximize time! For ___ sakes, love today! If you want to kill time actually get stuff done. Remembering heart fluttering of being in love, and solid warmth in chest of sleeping next to someone like it's normal, man that's nice get after that.

**For us, every day
is a slow crawl on
hands and knees.**

Looking back the world shudders with the enormous distance we have crossed, how swiftly we fly over the valleys, crossing whole mountains in an easy glide. Strange, our face a mouse, our back a bird. Both and none, life's a slow and boring game. Whether you like it or not time is going to move forward, and fast, getting stuck in the moments between moments and feeling dread is a good way to feel bad. Look back and it all moved so quick, and in this way the past transforms such that the truth of it is your perception. Life is like hiking a foggy trail; you can only see immediate back and immediate

forward. The be whole is what we desire most to become at the present moment, pursue that image and it changes with time, we pursue an ever changing ideal, an unfixed point, a mirage, there is no content, there is no "okay" there is only discomfort, a tiny glimmer of hope, then nothing at all, we are given a glimpse at ecstasy only when we have forgotten the definition of the word, when we have no way to categorize the experience as it is given to us. Then as we gradually relearn what it meant, we stamp out that glimmer, pound it flat like sheet metal, work and twist until we have a LITERAL thing that is a horrible simulacrum of the real. I remembered I remembered, thus I cannot forget. Only in forgetting are we free, but we cannot know we are free; we "know" freedom when we are confined, we "know" confinement when we are free. I count the seconds, I turn the clocks toward the wall a coward hoping time doesn't find me here, I remember that

I have forgotten time and the cycle renews itself. These things repeat in my head, infinite. Anxiety riddled brain, seeing the patterns everywhere (this is the beast as he speaks, telling us to shush, lest his breathing be heard over the loud humming chatter of my mouth) Stop for a moment between my gasping breaths, bemoaning all the reasons why "here" is bad, I see the beast grows from something much

**WORK
DONE
TODAY,
WE CARRY
FOREVER.
REMAKE
TODAY,
REMAKE
FUTURE**

larger, I cannot yet put my finger on it, a sinister looming presence I can yet only grasp at the corner of its shadow. I am followed, the beast draws closer, it wants my mask to crack, [I will it not, I will it not. I will it not. I know I'm not always thinking this way but it's hard, this thing attacks me and makes me think that I am and always in this mode, but surely my time working, however tough, allowed for time to bleed fast. Killing time is not staring at a wall, it's the work, the doing that which keeps the body moving. Plan is get the degree and make the biggest mark I can, either personally or professionally, to have never not been! Matters to me, this it matters so much! Keep catalogue of my thinking, I'll be okay and it will just hit me with this no you won't escape end self now kind of thing which sucks, then I get to a space like here and all that time compresses and I go oh that didn't take long, which is it? Clearly it felt like forever, not it feels easy! The goal is to get to the next day, in this way we gnaw at the future, annihilate it bit by bit, just why is time going to slow! I reckon because I want to be done, demanding a lot of time to think about it, I'm watching the microwave. I remember, **scared animal** naked and shaking in the corner, stripped

down to the most essential worries of self, rebuild and move past, efface the fire of fear, always changing and warping, life is not always this, not even mostly, sure the zoom out is tough, the whole nothingness, don't think too hard, there is always later, just because you spent so much time in the pit doesn't necessitate putting yourself back in, appreciate the perspective and move forward, don't stay wound so tightly. That's a top level domain issue, there's the ceaseless procession of time above that, forever and ever and an ever expanding universe. That's silly though, below that is our debased bullshit culture. A mass shit eating contest, pigs in our own slop, we've got the excess of modernity, predatory companies warring it's own people, government (too much to talk about am I right people!) then there's me, got no friends, no reasonable way of finding any new people, lonely boy (or girl) **drinking to kill time**. I've gotten drunk almost every night for the past month and a half. I hit myself with a hammer, put holes in the walls and stare into the shadow self, then I see other people and it's get high and play Final Fantasy and giggle. Always this low, boneheaded giggle. That's talking to people nowadays. I

sound so melodramatic but life's an infinite prison, solve these problems and there are 20 more at your feet. I sincerely believe, call me cringe or melodramatic or any other disparaging quote of the day, but I really believe the solution is to escape! Get out into the world free from anything else, free from whatever "they" want you to do. Gonna get in my truck and drive through the night, stare into the most beautiful sunrise of my life! A life wasted is killing your self in slow motion! Gone by like hell, so slow and cognizant of time because not doing much and a lot of down time gives too much area to think and psyche self out, love my family, just need to get out and be on my own it's time. My brain is fucking warped no wonder alcohol makes things easier to deal with because my focus can't be trained on one issue for longer than two seconds. Everything feels like I'm experiencing it for the first time like I don't know what is going on this is insane. There is no escaping this, no longer fulfilled by the aim of escaping, out into a field of nothing, back home in Utah there is nothing for you, no friends, no fulfillment, only the remote idea of a beautiful future and its dangling possibility. You can't run away from this, you've dredged the bottom of the barrel,

underneath those worries and anxieties, underneath tiredness, or drunkenness, recovering or intoxicated. Underneath workload and forgotten glances, your outside self or inner, there's

**empty nothing,
a chest breaking
nothing, a pain dull
and constant.**

Pull the covers off, fight the confusion and fog, you'll find empty air, a demand to keep shouldering this pain, and a prayer to stop. Brief moments of lucidity, what the frick did I do last summer, I was there...

But was a typical day like?

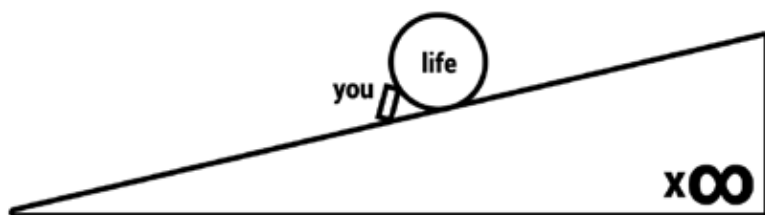
What did I fill my time up with?

How did I let all that time slip away?

What is happening

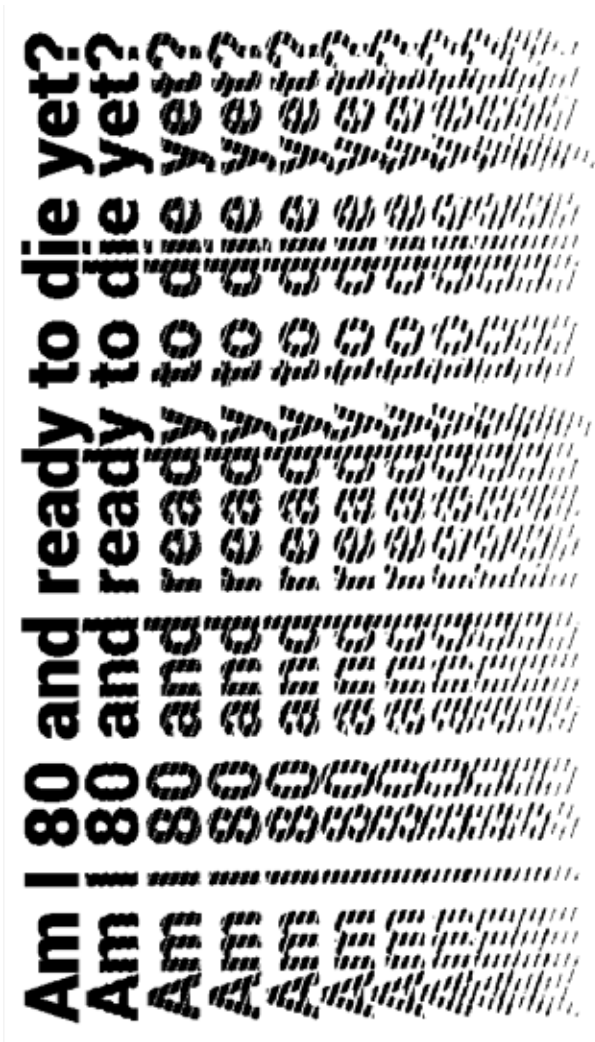
?

I PICTURE
SISYPHUS AT
HIGH NOON,
BAKING
FOREVER IN
THE CRUSHING
MIDDAY SUN.

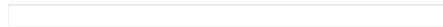
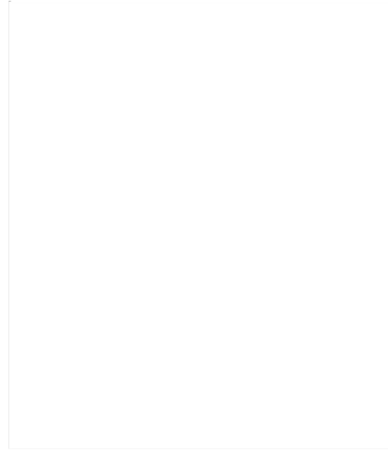


GRAPH 4.2 Weeeeeeee! Again, again, again!
(Right) **PAINTING 4.3** Sisyphus is probably in the desert too.





MIND-MAP 4.1 "Cool, it's 9:11 pm! Only two more hours till I get to go back to bed."



TIME

REALITY

XLII





STICKER 5.1 If you don't know the difference between "your" and "you're"
your a f'cking idiot

XLIII

"I envy the shit out of people that believe [life is] a certain way. I don't know what the fuck is going on. The best wager to me has always been the Socratic one. You ask people who seem to think it's a certain way why they think that. And invariably you find that they come up against foundational leaps of faith-- axioms that their whole certain way presupposes. [...] I have no idea what the hell is going on in the world, in my life, in what anything means, or what I'm supposed to do." ⁸

5.1 Now

We exist in the all-encompassing present, an orphan of a misremembered past pursuing misaligned goals. We never get what we had, because it never existed, Always in search a the long dead dragon.

I am my wit's end here folks! We're all living in the eternal moment of now, the life is just two moments, the "right before" and the "death moment!" A breath of air and then it's infinite void! That's a top level domain issue, there's the ceaseless procession of time above that, forever and ever and an ever expanding universe.

That's silly though, below that is our debased culture. A mass slop eating contest, pigs in our own mess, we've got the excess of modernity, predatory companies warring it's own people, government (too much to talk about am I right people!) then there's me, got no friends, no reasonable way of finding any new people, lonely boy (or girl) drinking to kill time. I've gotten drunk almost every night for the past month and a half. I hit myself with a hammer, put holes in the walls and stare into the shadow self, then I see other people and it's get high and play Final Fantasy and giggle. Always this low, boneheaded giggle. That's talking to people nowadays.

I sound so melodramatic but life's an infinite prison, solve these problems and there are 20 more at your feet, but there are no problems, only the idea of the "problem itself". Try and solve reality, work myself raw, redline my mind for months and months watching and ques-

⁸ John Maus. "John Maus" by Jenn Pelly. *Pitchfork*, August, 2012.

tioning. I catch myself burning up from this infinite busy work of the mind, and for a glorious second I am truly free. A stress dream and fat cup of coffee later and I am pacing around my condemnable apartment tearing my hair out at the thought of the thought itself. No wonder I sincerely hate myself. The inside self sits there and dreams up new and absurd ways to beleaguer me with all this mind-numbing busy work. I am a slave to number-crunching, forever working out solutions to the problems caused by other equally ignorant solutions.

5.55 **Frame/Gallery**

Facets of this "modern" life can indeed be critically understood, at least in a two dimensional way. In our bodies, we see the greater ghost of the world as a series of interconnected frames and gallery's of reference. In the context of this book, frames are pretend scenarios, artificial situations, pictures of continuity controlled by fantasy. Ultimately, frames are an object in service of a larger reality.

As we step outside the frame, back from the wall, and look around: We can understand the gallery as a castle, a body of paradigms, unbreakable rules under which frames operate. Gallery's

are established spaces inside of which a frame has logical meaning, abstract the frame beyond the gallery and they loose something material. The gallery is the pretend. Examples:

Gallery: World
Frame: School

—zoom in—

Gallery: School
Frame : Student

—zoom in—

Gallery: Student
Frame: Math

Take Math and bring it into the universe, it transforms above the false constructions that one took to it when it was within the context of school. Not because math itself changed, but the circumstances surrounding it morphed. The most important distinction to understand in the gallery frame paradigm is that inside of the the gallery, you don't "see" or remember the patrons sipping their wine and milling around, or the quality of the light, whether the floors are hardwood or concrete, you see only the art glowing bright in awareness. Always keep salient that our understanding of the world and its seeming rules are parsed through layers upon layers of abstraction, inside of the galleries nested within gallery frames of the mind, the consequences feel dire and

the stakes are never higher. Far too often, we lose ourselves in this artifice without ever shoving it into the dirt and telling it what it is: immaterial.

Planck is a pin-prick of true understanding that we carry with us, when the imaginary claws of the world tighten down, its important to disturb the dream within a dream and drag yourself back into a higher state above the parade of the Mask, and above the pantomime of our social beings. Here, we know in our heart that each and every frightening demon mask hides a weak, embarrassed smile.

In order to free us from this jostling roller coaster, we have to operate *tactically*. Try to shove off the layers and layers of jackets restricting your movement, all you get is more and more the feeling that your situation is truly unsolvable. Take each jacket off one by one! You were never in any real danger!

Santa Claus ceases to be real the day we speak it so. You killed him! He once had jolly clothes and a bright smile, cheeks choked cherry red and full of uncompromising altruism. You murdered him in cold blood. One may find that our own seeming finite sphere of influence has infinite volume. We can move mountains inside

our minds if we believe it so. But, approach a mountain, and see if your expectation is correct. The world responds with tangible reminders of our limitedness. Up there, inside the brain, a vast infinity of possibility, you need only look inside. Do not be afraid of the “cool loneliness of Zen”. Sit with yourself until you are okay with being alone, until your back no longer aches, your feet no longer feel tired, not because they don’t literally feel tired or you have gone numb to the suffering, but because your awareness transcends location. The Awareness transcends thought, transcends, pain and anger, into the greatest and smallest frame of all, the frame of the self. You, me, them, us, am/are Planck and “you” are Planck. “We” are not all Planck only in our-togetherness. This quality of the whole is bunk. In unity with the empty _____ of Planck, we construct an architecture of truth.

That is great, that is great! Man is at home with homelessness in himself, where does that leave you, infinitely satisfied with nothing?! Great, lets all be agents of nothing!

Zen is passivity. Zen cannot answer to post-modernity, it is and was a problem that could never be grasped, if you want to back out of “the system” first

we back out of the system within the system. How can one on the left hand represent a complete agent of self-resolution at peace with nothing, then on the other be a good "agent of capitalism", a good son, a good friend. Zen says, kill "friend, kill "son" kill "agent", you should just be you. Great! But what do I tangibly do! Part of the solution means removing yourself from this role within the role. Recognize first that you are "on the mountain", you are in fact inside of a scenario of your own creation. These frames are brain heuristics and nothing more. As Tiqqun gives us, no dramatic break away gesture can cure us from this moment, it takes strategy. Slowly and effortlessly remove yourself from this world while still maintaining its ritual, but for you the ritual now means nothing. Keep this until you have enough clout to become king then disappear. The world asks you to shackle yourself, slowly over time, family and job and school, responsibility. Silently fulfill these responsibilities, when life asks you to update your subscription, deny it! Sit and say no. At once vanish. Take away your hat, and coat and shoes and wear nothing, then slowly over time we give you your self back. The parts that you truly want. Not parts which

fulfills a note about your being, or "feel right". After being broken down, when you have nothing, your hand will effortlessly grasp at a direction. Regardless of your hunger, regardless of your pain, regardless of how you feel. Follow it.



PIXEL 5.2 Planck is a band-aid.



XLVIII

YIP HOO YIP HOO
H H H K I I K
U U U U U U U

TYPE 5.3 Utahans have a creative way around swearing. I remember using "crab-grass" instead of "crap" as a kid, which is a whole can of worms in itself.

REALITY

The slowly lapping waters of the Rio Grande
slosh against the walls of your canoe.

>look for others
Cam is paddling lazily in his boat,
he begins to cackle.

>say 'hello'
You nod your head in his direction.
Cam madly paddles towards you.
He shouts, 'Hey, buddy!'

>wave paddle
Cam waves his paddle back at me. Twirling
it in a circle formation, he mimes the sign
for 'eddyng out'.

>say 'whoop, whoop'
You scream out loud, Cam shouts too
'Chaos Chaos!'

>start discussion
You begin ranting angrily. Cam laughs
'Follow your own advice, dude.
Do what they want you to do,
Think what you want to think.'

>agree
Your boat comes to an Eddy, You tie
up your boats and sit under the
canegrass, settling into a sleep.
>get up from nap
You were on the floor of your old

dorm room, you can feel the soft glow of the interior light and the hum of the speaker bass. The world twirls and rocks around you.

>stand up
You can't stand up, you are too drunk. You kick a stack of cans. The time is 7:00am.

>call dad
he doesn't answer

>call mom
she doesn't answer

>call Cam
they don't answer

>wait
...
..
.

NOTHINGNESS



SUBSTRATE 6

53

**"What the fuck is going on?
Our thoughts are stupid from the city sun
And I think I lost my mouth again." ⁹**

6.11 1:11 pm

The masked nothing, wearing the faces of all other fears. In a literal way, the fear doesn't exist. No real world parallel exists from which the fear stems. Anyone trying to claim that ascending is staring into the face of god, perceiving true fear, they are lying! It is simply not true. You stare at the masked fear and you stare at a mirror, a reflection of a reflection, you get nothing. The masked bloom energy, the fear of fear itself. It is a room in the mind where we are terrified of what we might find, to ascend is to know about the room and to simply put it out of reach, to dare not to think, even to illuminate or teach. I once knew the things that vacated here, the room layout, and the questions spoken in my ear. But soon I realized, the desert vultures spoke the nothing of Time, the Universe, Culture's cloak. But to all I need listen, not their squawking beaks, was the passing of the air, the sun, the weeks. We can never comprehend that great big mask, for the mere act of peaking underneath is a god-like task. When given a true look at nothingness's maw, we cannot possibly comprehend the simplest answer of all.

_____.

⁹ John Maus, "Mental Breakdown," track #14 on *I Want To Live!* Demonstration Bootleg, 2003, CD-R.

6.2 Big Brother

This "nothing" is like when you were a child, and approach the room of friend's big brother. Compelled by forces beyond your self, you walk towards the liminal space of the door frame frightened by the room's strange posters, unsettling music, drawn blinds and the possibility of confronting this unruly and chaotic half-way adult. You don't yet understand him. The imagined idea of the big-brother is uncomprehendingly grotesque. Every facet of this space seems hazardous to your conception of normalcy, designed to antagonize your naive modality. Man fears that which he doesn't understand. In this way, the final fear, the greatest fear of all is: a fear of death, a fear of after-death, a fear of the UNKNOWN.

6.33 11/19/18

This lived trauma is one which should never should be experienced. No work can escape its maw, stare at the face of true fear and you both do and do not see its actual face. I can provide symptoms, it is a head chilling cold feeling on the brain, hands numb and weak,

the self echoing into itself and away from you face, I used to be implored to revisit that room again and again in fear of what I might find but defiant to finally reach inside, morbidly curious. It destroyed me, for a long time, absolutely destroyed, and this same fear echoed into everything. I lost the world around me, because I was simply trying to puzzle back together the exploded bits of myself. I saw, and saw again, and was compelled to see and see. The maw of the beast swallowed me, only through ignorance could I conquer anything. Only through forgetting the self, allowing a small chunk of me to disappear was I able to escape. That is not to say that the not-whole quality of my soul didn't have consequences, quite the opposite. Chuck a rock into a the wood-chipper and the whole thing clunks to a halt. I have stared at the mirror, I have stared beyond, I think I have, I *know I might have. Humans are not perfect, not

**Don't
think
about it,**

infallible, we are not gods, not celestial beings, nor anything bigger than who we are. We are petty, angry, competitive, defiant. We lust, we hate, we love, we respect, we wander, we yell, we ache, we cry, we celebrate, we parade. We feel here, we feel yesterday, we feel tomorrow. You want a real tangible answer for us humans?

Don't think about it, put it away, delight in your own ignorance. OFTEN THE WORST POSSIBLE THING YOU CAN DO IS THINK. Never forget about the door, it might come back as something strange you can't already recognize. It's there, but you don't have to go there, you don't have to even touch it. But it's there, you just don't care nor mind. Not everything is deadly serious, not even the masked fear. I don't know, just move on.

Man believes that he can dream of infinity, convinced that his mind can somehow conjure up an answer to the greatest question. Through our fallible nature, we metastasize a false yet infallible reality. An "experience" that is artificially constructed, yes, but to our individual sensory perception feels eerily close to truth. A concrete object like a mind, a concept of man, when subjected to both the nominal feeling of infinity

and the simultaneous incorrect/correct mind-construction of the idea of infinity DESTROYS ALL.

Man can never truly *know ____, yet we vehemently submit we can, and in this way the act of convincing eclipses the real and allows one to authentically experience a *knowing event. Back and forth.

**a rapid vacillation of
the mind, cooling,
heating, cooling until
the basin of man
shatters, like glass...**

Inside Planck, we observe infinity, remark on its passing, holding it in awareness long enough to allow us to appreciate finitude. The masked fear touches our shoulder like a caring lover, then wisps away into pure theory. We acknowledge we are afraid, we are humbled in this fear's presence, but it does not command our attention.

The masked nothing basks in infernal darkness and orders us to run fool's errands. Demanding that we mull over the infinity of detail inside the infinity of objects in an infinite nesting doll. Riddles comprised of sets of all sets of sets themselves.

We CAN force ourselves to like, but we CAN NOT force ourselves to love

6.4 Parable

"Here," the beast speaks in a low grumble which sends cold shivers through the spirit itself.

"I want you to tell me exactly what is *inside* of this rock," it says.

"Can I chip it?" I reply.

"No."

"Can I guess?" I scream back.

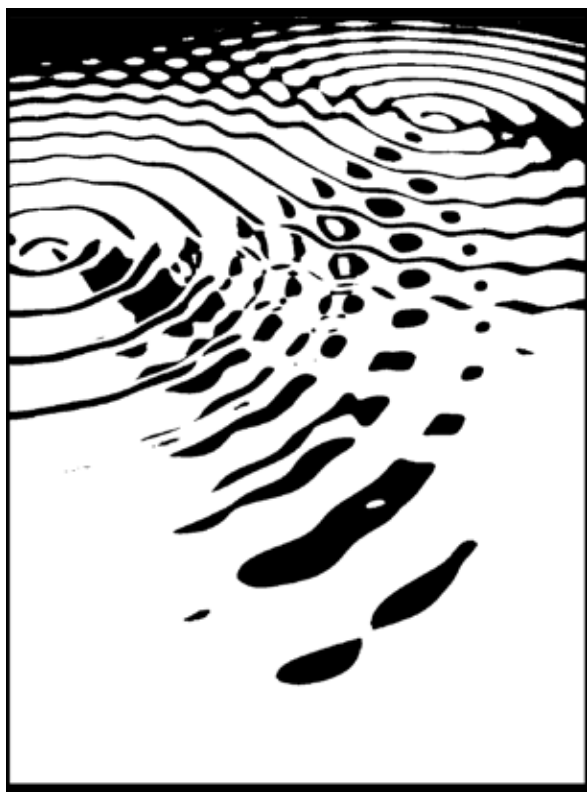
"No, you tell me the exact invisible configuration of this rock underneath its hyper-flat surface.

"What about peeling the rock?"

The beast smiles, goading, then rattles, "Tough! You must reveal this to me in words, without interacting with the rock, without manipulating it. No chipping, no peeling.

Crippled, I announce, "Impossible!" I look again and the rock in my hand is a mountain. Back and forth, the mountain is a newborn star, is a beer bottle, a indeterminate surface, nothing itself.

Drop-kick the rock out a window.



MEMORY 6.X Echo-echo-cho-ho-o

REFLECT ON:
the **Mask,**
the **Monster,**
the **Nothing Itself**



DRUGS!

ANTIPATHETIC DEFENSE INSTINCTS

SUBSTRATE 7.....Retaliate

SUBSTRATE 8.....Conform

SUBSTRATE 9.....Teach

As you lay there, head throbbing, you can't help but imagine what it would be like to run away into the desert

>get up

Okay, jeez, you finally get up and pack your bags, then walk out the door towards a bus stop.

>throw up

Why would you do that? You walk to the bus stop, at war with yourself, here in the mind, a battle between two unseen figures. You get onto the bus.

>play music

You put in your headphones, this music annoys you.

>pick different song

Yep, same thing, bud. Heard this a million times, it's pretty annoying too!

>watch videos

Eh, better save your battery, gotta show the TSA your boarding pass on your phone.

>get off bus

You get off the bus and approach TSA. There is a bald man, belly erupting out of his shorts. He is yelling things in rhyme.

>shout "I'm hijacking this whole deal!"

-GAME OVER-

>...

You get off the bus and approach TSA.
There is a bald man, belly erupting
out of his shorts. He is yelling things
in rhyme.

>strip naked

-GAME OVER-

>...

You get off the bus and approach TSA.
There is a bald man, belly erupting
out of his shorts. He is yelling things
in rhyme.

>wait

Finally, you chose to do the SENSIBLE
thing and just wait like a normal person.
You get through security and go to the gate.

>drink coffee

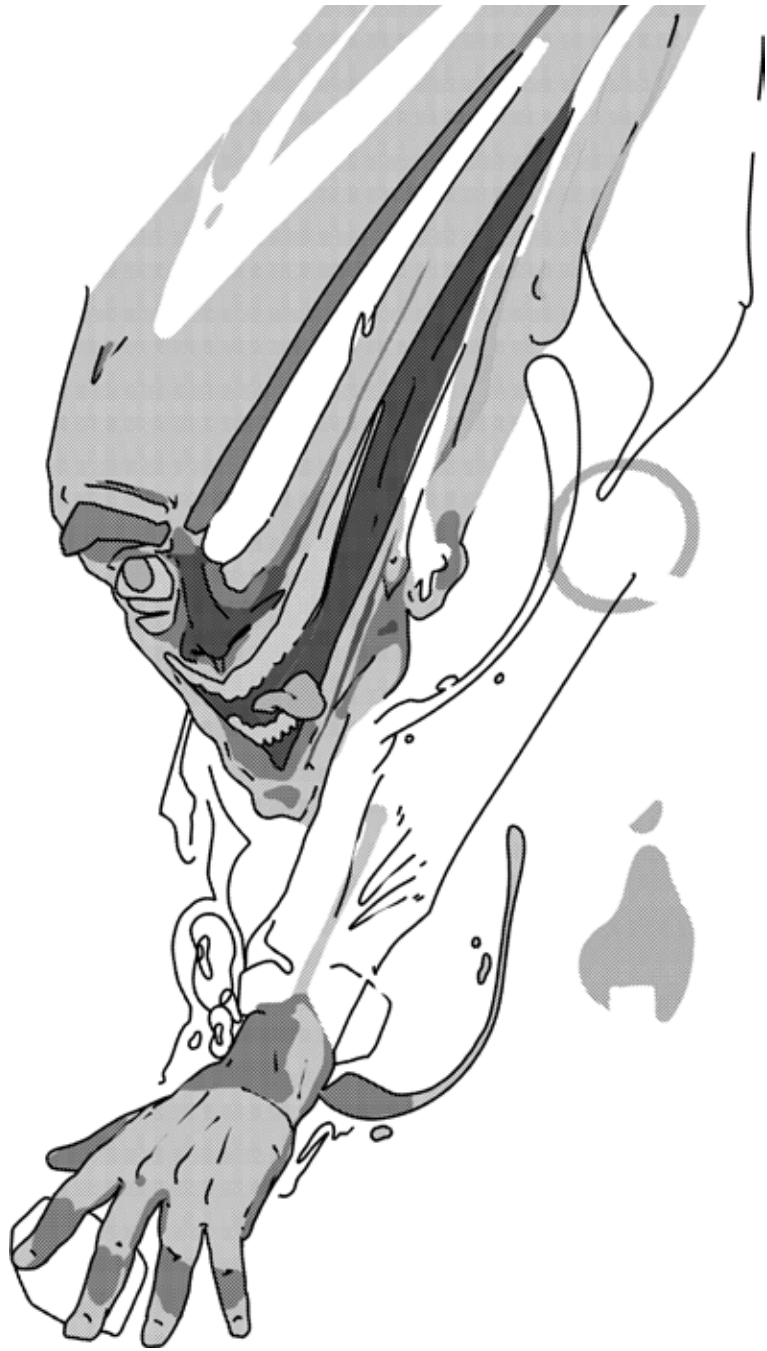
Oof, wrong choice, bucko. Coffee starts
bringing THE FEAR.

fear

fear

fear

?fall asleep



SUBSTRATE 5

RETAL IATE



“We evolve in a space that is entirely sectioned off and policed [...] and what’s terrible about this gridding, this occupation, is that the submission it demands of us is nothing that we could rebel against with some definitive break-away gesture, but something that we can only deal with strategically” ¹⁰

It’s an instant pain reaction, can’t let the body get too acclimated to feeling alright. Small, pointless human things, feel and feel and feel. I am suffused by the world around me, it greets me like a soft pillow. Out in the tireless cold and gritty earth, the world turns away, in solemnity, consigning itself outside your reach. Once I’ve conquered the death lurches and ceaseless swaying of my anxious mind, I can look to cleaner problems. Until then, I’m locked into a one of those circus roller coasters they have at your yearly State Fare, except I can’t figure how to get off, and its slowly accelerating from 20 mph to Mach 9.

I woke up from a dream where I was endlessly trudging over an obstacle course of trash which steadily grew, over time, into a pile of human fat, and bones, infested with maggots and flies, and I couldn’t get an of it off my feet. Stress dreams on top of stress dreams, I usually wake up and feel like I smoked a pack of Newports.

Melancholy and absurd, yesterday I heard someone outside my door walking upstairs, and I confusingly thought, for a split moment, it was my father coming to yell at me to go to bed. I miss him.

¹⁰ Tiquun, “Bloom Theory,” The Anarchist Library, retrieved on May 29, 2010, <https://theanarchistlibrary.org/library/tiquun-bloom-theory>.

7.2 MO

Spinning, always spinning, the world is spinning and you are still. "I'm nothing. I am dust." I scream over and over into the phone before raising it above my head and throwing it as hard as I can into the ground. Every so often, you have to rattle the bars of "The Cage", even though you know they won't budge, just to show whoever is watching that your hope cannot be crushed, that you will keep rolling on until the iron bars rot and the whole world withers into nothing. Time is just time, days are just days. You throw them away like loose slips of paper, "Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday." You are still screaming, "Its Wednesday and I am drunk and I hate myself."

Contemplating the empty dark, you start whipping your back. You hate yourself and you want to feel pain. Along a lonely stretch of road, a cold body paces. Amidst the grim aftermath of foot-traffic, the stillness embraces him like an old friend. It follows along, a lost dog. Everywhere emptiness rushes in and back out in waves of splendid release, taking the self from the body, then back again. What an

absurd and silly thing to be anything at all.

The wind is warm, and the world beams. I am on top of Mt. Wire, looking down at the city. My skin feels at home sifting through the grit and the stones in my hands. In a moment, I am infinite nothing, but for now I at least I feel the sun, and the wind. When I'm snuffed out, I doubt I'll find the swimming pool.

7.3 Unusual

Why am I impulsed to dissect being itself, to tear apart and analyze, to an absurd and paranoid degree, every mistimed breath, hazy gleam of thought-fog, twinge of rushing anxiety, and buzzing facial tick? I went on a date once and I couldn't stop noticing that they blinked their right eye out of time with the left, and my mind likened them to something from that monster show on Nick.¹¹

This story picks up at the feet at the next great American writer of our generation. As lurid and profound as the man swinging above, a manuscript of the greatest untold story yet. No wonder he had such a way with showcasing the beautiful side of life, sad people have a knack for that, they are constantly telling

11 Aaahh!!! Real Monsters (1994-1997)

themselves this sweet lie, over and over, seeing deeper and deeper the uncorrupted beauty in the world as everything else wilts and falls into blank nihilism. Rutted water, washed and dimly lit, what was once known as holy becomes lost and you have to look harder and harder to see a crack of light. I won't talk about his body, hanging off the balcony, or my body, gracing my hands, we are all him and he is us all.

“We’re all making castles in the sand, wonderful tapestries, an exquisite corpse. But is it meaningful? No. It’s dogs barking. It doesn’t mean anything beyond our yelping, at the pain of being alive.”¹²

Grabbing [redacted] to *Get Got*¹³, then having a man to man and telling him that she is cheating on him, knew I could hurt that dude. Multiple people coming to my aid, helping me out. I was puppeteering him.

You have to “prepare your body” for TSA. Agent points at earbud, “see this baby? 24/7 show tunes and disco piped in

directly to my skull, keeps me perked and ready to kick ass”.

The two people inside me warring, the shadow self I seem to be inhabiting, the real self shown to the world which people seem to enjoy.

7.4 WTFrick

The death moment, face getting ground into nothing, hitting a wall and blasting into nothing, disintegration, complete chaos, dissolve like video glitch smear but its your essence going into void.

Is this the way I am always feeling? Is it a permanent feeling to have this sort of fighting game of chicken, dancing between both wanting to die desperately and feeling alright?. Is it that I am not doing anything to string me along forward? Who am I, what is happening to me? Who is this person?

Many people aren't sure what to do with their hands all the time. I think it is quite simple! With feelings of inadequacy on the outside, we turn to the inside realm which is a dangerous echo-chamber of ideas. Either I am worried about the whole greater schema of being, or wor-

12 Pink, Ariel. "Ariel Pink: 'I'm not that guy everyone hates'". Interview by Rhik Samadder. *The Gaurdian*, November, 2014.

13 Death Grips, "Get Got," track #1 on *The Money Store* Epic, 2012, CD-R.





GRAPH 7.2 More death moment stuff and me yellin'

RETALIATE

ried about myself, or worried for society. Anxiety, seems to be the greater thing here. Distract your mind and relax. "I need to die".

Being alone creates those feelings, self isolation is terrible. Confidence, it matters. Find profound connections as opposed to just flagrant s. People fill you up and make you okay, still have problems and feel kind of bad but it's not earth shattering. Not this inability to continue feeling, just kind of shrug it off and move on feeling. Two levels of sad, ultimate sad, and surface level sort of sad. Just looked at a bunch of depressing anti-natalist posts on-line, a lot of people in my same boat, but it's not forever, I fill my time either way.

My fear is that the suffering is always, but is remembered as intermittent, a scared bug zapped again and again, but he recalls it as once, I'm making no sense.

My goal is to live, for my mother and father and sister, to keep going for them. That's the dream I've always sought after, to live so totally for another. Focus on what's in front of my eyes, focus on what I can see. I don't dream of being happy, I dream of all those emotions: sadness, grief, joy, anxiety, elation. The key is other people. Humans are creatures of simple necessity, we

need other people. I haven't been doing a whole lot to help that. Meet people, go out everyday and be around other people. Don't forget it! No more! No More! Hell feel like die, time warp always, minutes ticked by so slowly!

7.5 F*ckUWashU

Everywhere, pissing rain comes down in mountain phases. Already night, dark again. The streets are bloated, swelling with water and the pleasant meaningless of this place. Missouri. Misery. Old joke, but a good one! Leaning in my chair, I imagine myself falling backwards and racking my skull on the edge of the bed. Impulsively, I flinch the chair, laughing maniacally at my proximity to void.

Someone bursts in and shouts, "Can you turn that down?"

I wave my hands above my head. Half-joking, half-hurting, I yelp, "This is all I've got! In this whole world. It's all I have!"

Each moment swells forward, rippling into the future of the next (and the next, and the next. etc.) until the continuum of life vibrates into one-single discordant tone. My lips are pressed cool to something acrid and bubbly; it's still misting outside.

When time itself is the enemy, alcohol is a good friend. Lonely, I talk to myself, impersonating the backwards cap wearing, “who do you know here?”, frat star elite.

“Its chill, bro. We just, like, take these 18 year old girls, fresh out of home, and pump ‘em full of alcohol till we can take ‘em, consciously or not, back to ‘the castle’”.

Last week, I took a hammer and “half-pretended” to smash it into the wall, leaving a nice little ring. Tonight, tomorrow, next month. Maybe I’ll just go for a walk again and yell: yank the bars of the cage. Sometimes, if I rattle long and loud enough I get

**lost my
voice,
gotta
scream!**

a prod from the guards. Mostly though, its silence. For a brief second, I’m sure I can make out the silhouette of a mountain in the TV static sky.

7.6 Rat Brain

It’s a fools errand to attempt to explain this phenomenon of the inmate who are endlessly unhinged! How can we satiate a thirst we cannot see? Let’s first evaluate the seat of the issue. The emergent spirit of this “authentic experience” of living, to a diseased or otherwise trapped “rat brain”, offers NO reprieve from the barrage of violent, potentially dangerous thoughts which plague them. Propped by a dualistic fear and fetishization; absurd ways of coping with the fact of existence.

Mankind, Womankind, they-kind lives in a state of painful curiosity for the future and burning anguish for the present. Much of these reactions are perfectly normal and expected: by nature, we as humans are designed to make clear delineation in our mind between social or ethnic groups. This saves us time, energy, and resources, and has allowed civilization to flourish. In this way, the media has, by nature of the system, come to rely heavily on the narrative cruch of “us vs. them” ideology. How silly! This system has been designed to maximize advertising dollars; which means necessarily boosting viewer ship by all

methods at hand. The sharpest tool in this scenario is to abuse the tortured monkey our heads. To think that Coca Cola built their swollen, sugar saturated world dominion on the bodies of real human suffering and sorrow. Mickey mouse marches on the lame carcasses of tsunami victims, our shimmering glittery ad world is propped up by war, violence, and toil. Aggressive activities (think sports, shooting ranges, violent video games) are socially perceived as ways to “blow off steam”. At least, that is what the collective mind has convinced itself of. Psychologists have proven that this cultural perception of aggression is flawed, and that acting out aggressive tendencies only seems to increase these violent feelings. Add fuel to the flames of anger and they only grow higher. Ultimately, we are trapped by our own minds. We aren’t able to receive the perceived pleasure of acting out aggression and our innate desire to destroy remains planted in our brains. The tools which society has given us, and by extension the diseased rat brain are flawed, they will only add to the pure psychic anger.

There is a physical source of the anger: the presence of the us vs. them ideology, igno-

rance, stupidity, flatness. Then there is a perceived restriction on the mechanisms to release that anger. In desperation, the rat lashes out in a sudden and surprising manner, but this WILL NOT satiate the burning furnace of anger, only fuel it.

Unfortunately, the cycle now repeats. Stoked by forces inside and out which fan the burning heat. Anger begets anger, hate begets hate. The more food you order, the more you ate. You don’t quit smoking by ripping an entire pack. Sure you’ll hate them for a week but soon, oh boy, you’ll be back.

**anger
solves
nothing**

7.7 Newjack

I'm a God loving American.
 Head capped in forgetfulness.
 Shoes tied with careful goodbyes,
 ripped at the heels, and taped together.

I'm a simulacrum of cigarette ash and whiskey bottles,
 left out to rot in a rust-pitted sink.
 Too sexed up and dumb drunk,
 to waft away the acrid aluminum of the air.

I'm a scratch-board of broken phrases,
 dead language desperately beating its own malformed head.
 Underneath shaded sunglasses, weak eyes,
 a mirror of green hues infinity.

Perching my chin on sawdust arms,
 I circle an oval around the ring of an empty bottle mouth.
 In proud embarrassment, I'll smack my chest,
 rip sacredness out of your hands, and piss on it.

My head is an empty bucket,
 sloshing with lime-green delirium fuck-juice.
 I'm torn between an embodied ideal of a man,
 and a damp shirted reality.

We all learn to cope with the slow dying that comes from
 watching others live themselves more beautifully.

7.8 Hyper-Violent Death Mayhem

"Foot to the floor, full on accelerate into a concrete barrier!"

Post-orgasmo Cyberg-x-cosplay

"Eat shotgun!"

"It's a Saturday night, and as a cop that means picking up groceries on the government's dime and flooring it into minorities."

Android-o-sphere Neo-knuckledragger

"Mega-blast to kill"

Octo-hungarian Power-fister

"Those pedestrians? Take 'em out, highscore style."

"Jump headfirst into void!"

"Whoa, silly thought, what if I took this exacto blade and stuck it into my thigh!"

Plasti-alkinated Water Craver

"I hope ya'll keep living misery hell, always!"

Police-rationalist

"No, but like who do you know here?"

"Ur gonna want a take a right then go ahead and floor it into the back of that car! "

"Mach 9 to Death!"

"Oy! Cop coming through. Scooch over, trash."

Sewer Scowering Socio-garbage man

"A tastefully al dente death, firm enough to chew"

Clean Machine Fetishist

[Talking to a guy about to jump off a building] "Do a backflip!"

Best speeders on the highway: Cops.

"I'll wipe that smile off ur face with my gun"

"You deserve worse than inferno hell"

"Oh no, I'm on a strict gun diet!"

You are nothing but useless angst

See my Dodge Charger? I call it the people mover.

"People mover" as in it moves people out of the way. "Out of the way" as in sliding off my dash and onto the streets all bloody and bashed.

Life's hell, Hell's hell. Welcome to Hell Tube!

Proto-republican Enviro-gleaner

"Treat yourself! Take a scenic hike off a cliff"

And just a dash of meatgrinder max mutilation

"Oof, ouch, I'm hurtin. Brain fever, sepsis of the mind."

Burrito blanket cameo (Parker)

Anger is pure irrationality

>get up

You wake up under a yawning Ponderosa pine, Michael is swinging in his hammock, snoring loud like thunder.

>throw shoe

Your heavily reinforced hiking boot startles Michael, his snoring ceases for a second. It is the middle of the night, the moon beams, something in the distance yelps.

>go back to bed

You fall back asleep, then Maddie shocks you into daylight, "Mackay! I made you a birthday pancake!"

>eat pancake

It is a little under-cooked, but it is the thought that counts!

>look around

Cam, Michael, and Oliver are talking smack in the distance near your "sleep-zone".

>approach Crew

You burst into the conversation, they are bemoaning camp-life, celebrating their imminent return to civilization. Cam asks "What are you most excited for, back in the 'real world,' Mackee?"

>say "music"

Everyone agrees, music.

"Cut Your Bangs"

by Girl Pool

*

"Erotic City"

by Prince

*

→ "Keep Pushing on"

by John Maus

A beautiful song plays in your mind,

It repeats.

It feels incredible.

Cam says, "Yeah, man. I can't wait."



happy



CON FORM



"You're a dunce, and you deserve maximum whipping and ball torture before being jettisoned into space, a heap of trash sent to the sun to dissolve in cosmic radiation." ¹⁴

Never never, never! How many times can I rattle the cage and get no attention from the guards! All of you are NPCs, you are non player characters in an RPG of grand design, as stupid and trite as that sounds, I get it everyone has their own interior story which is lurid and flourishing and we have no access to all of this,

When I see you nodding your head back at me, I imagine pieces of dried rice inside of your bloated gourd dome rattling tacitly. Rat-eyed lame-brain

There is nothing behind those eyes. I'm staring at your empty storage container eyes, and there is no person buried in that soul. Master and Slave role-play just reminds me of how much people are pigs rolling in their own slop, you are all disgusting. Look at why most relationships are horribly abusive, the power dynamic unnecessarily imbalanced towards once party.

Ourselves, we are the prisoners of our own minds, the architects of our own misery, once you submit yourself to your own higher power, the power of yourself, you can move into a positive direction forward. I am not sure if this is a purely sociological phenomenon brought on by Christianity's conceptions of "original sin". The very notion that we are animals which need to be tended, that there needs to be a dominant other presiding above and directing us. In this way, Chris-

¹⁴ Sam Hyde, original source has since been deleted.

tian values assert GOD as the ultimate dominatrix, the man (woman // person) presiding above and deciding our wicked fate, whatever they/ze/he/she/xi decides.

Honestly, people would much rather be miserable than have to make decisions for themselves. They would rather submit themselves to the tumult of chaos than take a make an active decision in their own lives

8.1 PDGC's

As a collective, we are slaves to habit. There are whole lineages dating back thousands of years of simple minded worker bees. Those you most often interface with are the dominant decisions makers. BY VIRTUE OF OUR GENEOLGY¹⁵ personalities which are predisposed to making decisions. If there were too many proverbial cooks in the proverbial tribal kitchen nothing would get done and there would be a whole lot more interior warring! Over time the number of “proto-dominant genealogical configurations” (or PDGC's for short) diminishes and the world settles into a routine, the idiotic brain starved masses march behind the rallying call of another. The voices of the few are shouted out, the world returns to _____.

8.2 Portent

This is our destiny, to march, ceaselessly, into homogeny; to descend down the hill until the game of evolution has played itself thoroughly. When we are the exact same being doing the same things to the beat of the same moombahton rhythm. A dominant majority submits that we are on the precipice of the nuclear Armageddon! My friend, as a whole, we sit at the:

FARTHEST POSSIBLE POINT FROM ANNIHILATION

In our entire biological history! Hahaha, how ironic that the NPC herd proclaims, vividly, “I don’t have to do too well in school because we are all going to be trawling the apocalyptic wastes in a few years, hehehe”. You numb-skulls, strap in because the hyper-sameness

¹⁵ Seriously, this whole section was written out-right in a cracked out coffee state, I'm re-reading it and it's all such utter bull-crap.

of all of humanity stinks like a thick fog, descending on our reality like a calming blanket.

This brings me back to my original discussion, but first I will address some possible caveats to my theories. Humans are sociological animals! We are born blank slates with nothing impressed upon us yet, there is no “born type of person” because as children we are literally “no-one”. To that I cackle madly,

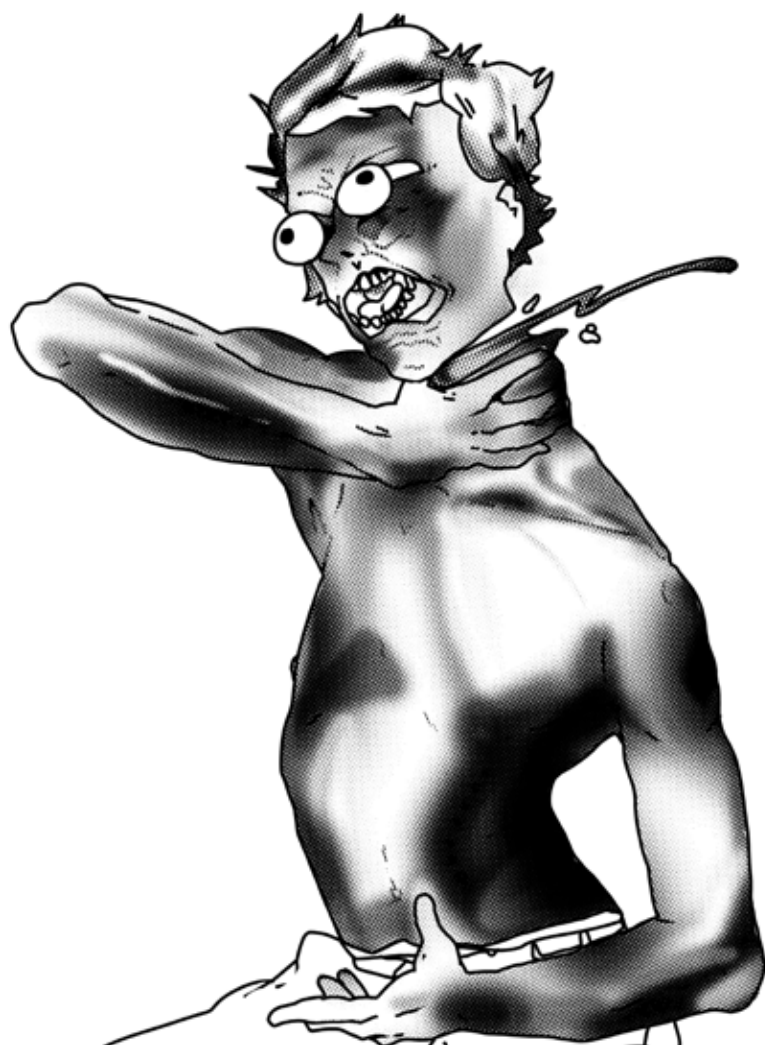
The point is, the EMERGENT SPIRIT of the issue, regardless of the mechanism in the world be it biological, sociological, phenomenological, is that there is a clear dichotomy between “serfs” and “nobility”. Some people are perfectly contented with four friends and a mediocre job, a routine, the “things that a person needs”. Then there are those infinitely displeased with this existence, perpetually groping at what could be in an uncompromising way. But you say, “Everyone is this way, even the “serfs”! All PDGCs are groping at the person they could be, as humans we are by nature dissatisfied with the here and now forever. Sure, sure, sure, have you every even talked to a serf? That is the thing,

They don't LITERALLY exist. You will never encounter a member of the stupid, ignorant, unwashed masses because they have no physical literal manifestation. By the totality, of the EMERGENT SPIRIT of their actions, a shadow class of pawns emerge.

8.3 Reality Tools

At times we assume the role of the serf, and at times we assume the role of the noble, but through the sum total of all of our complacent ignorance, we in create a shadow class of people who are there doing things moving boulders, making the world happen! Some people are serf most of the time, others noble most of the time. In this way, the dominant role defines a personality, while they are not designated one or they other, looking at a person in abstract they are “serf-leaning” or “noble-leaning”.

When talking about a group they become the role totally, thus you can call “them” by what they truly are. Again, most people out



EXCLAMATION 8.1 OOF! OUCH!

there are just idiots who honestly believe that life should be a hard, complicated, mess and that their individual suffering is deserved. To ASCEND is to deny the core axiomatic belief that life should be SUFFERING, who says? Buddha! But, by believing that life is suffering in the Buddhist tradition, this then absolves the person from the suffering, fading it into the static of existence.

Only through me, us, PLANCK we take an active role in attacking this suffering head-on. The spirit is the same, the result is the same, the hands of providence are different but the manifested destiny itself is the *same*.

8.4 Take It

Its 6:45 am. your disconsolate body riddled with ruffled sheets and sleepless crawl. Everywhere reality skitters back and forth, hot and arid. I want to hold and manipulate my own skull. What a strange thought! Someday the same curves I trace with my fingers will be as cold as stone, lifeless, absent. I will be washed from my own face, devoid and gaping. All these thoughts wash themselves like snow drifts through the empty expanse of my smile, teetering on collapse, beautifully resting in a moment that is completely ephemeral. Somewhere out in the incomprehensible dark, a man about the same as me wakes up, coughs, leans from his bed and contemplates the floor, laughing at the absurdity of his feet he says, "Lord you gave me nothing, and then you took it all away." I'm in hell, at least I am convinced this place is hell, or some other realms hell, or the hell was inside of me the only time. Its a dingy squalid room with one window. Should be spring time but a winter vortex has dusted snow over the quickly enlivening landscape, shifting it back into hibernation.

>reload save

...
...
...

You are standing at the top of the
Point St. Bridge, overlooking a misty
Providence, Rhode Island

Great! I am all the way back here again! Maybe my save was
deleted or something... I can never tell with this stupid game.

>run home,

You run back home, tired from already
running 5 miles. You twist an ankle

>run

Sorry, bud. Bad call. Your ankle is still
kind of weak from the last 75 times you
rolled it. You limp back to your
apartment. Nice digs!

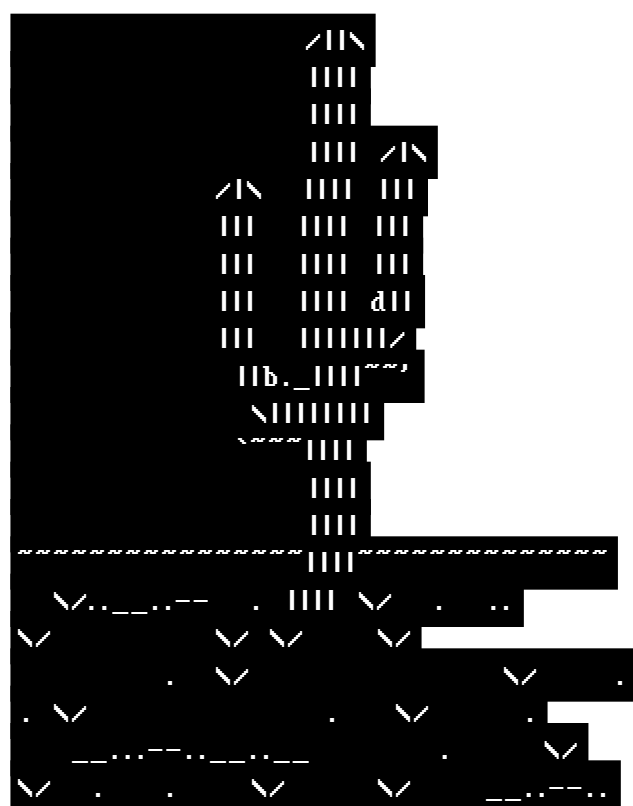
>drive to the desert

Hahaha. Your vision is fuzzy

>drive to the desert

Hahahaha, the feeling of being a kid in
the summer and feeling alien in your own
thoughts!

****something stirs in the darkness****



TEACH



9.1 The Min-Maximalist

This tendency of mine for the maximal+minimal, the epic tug and pull, the mundane and the holy together. Getting the most bang for the least buck. Walking the middle path between giving zero fricks and caring too much!

9.2 Sketchy Mental Work

Stay personable and attentive, make it easy to buy, certain types of people go for certain products, tell them about prices if they are looking, judge people by their appearance, don't rip the tags off, keep organized, attract their attention, keep it simple, stupid, but best stuff out there, can tell when people just interact and when they are going to buy, art cool look but not too edgy, seems edgy but not,

6 beers deep, feels like sober but not, world goes by little slower, okay! Doesn't mattEr, like kill yourself soon, who caress, background core forever, pussy, take empty glasses, by bye!

I like talking to people! Distract mind and feel okay. Make art and do thing, help self. Fill up time, music is great Art! Free time should be spent working and honing on craft. 3D and Design work are particularly compelling areas. I'm not so much a fun detail drawing person. Exploring. Wander. Get out of the house and find good places.



FIGURE 91: The infinite rolling slot-game of speech

Bike, run, drive. Investing in people, meeting new faces, going to clubs, going out to bars, talking with classmates, finding those profound communications. Feeling better, even after just one day of seeing Ryan, keep with this momentum. Stay off the computer. Have to propose an excuse for everything, actions can't be too transparent

Initial meeting is key; then maybe later let you hit, like a job interview, have to make sure you are up to snuff, actions are disguised, narrative that things sort of happened, not orchestrated. Put in the work then reap the benefits, motivated by male, text after. Pursue, see through the shit-tests

DIALED IN, THE KEY TO FEELING GOOD:

- 1. HOPE**
- 2. GRATITUDE**
- 3. GOOD PEOPLE**
- 4. GOOD HEALTH**
- 5. GOOD WEATHER**
- 6. BUSY**

Ratio of suffering to pleasure 1:4. Maintain this ratio, suffering is necessary and valid, need the payoff, can't asses value of life by modern conceptions. Don't pretend to know anything about clapping if you don't have hands

Thrive in lonely rest stops and long drives, long stretches

of lonesome road, wide open spaces, few people

Get to the moment and confronted with it's reality, I just go "ah f**k this isn't fun, let's get to the next thing", no but it got way better and I really did genuinely enjoy it, it was a great time

Humans need to live in a place where they are continually confronted with the impossible unknown

Mountains, ocean, expanding

"Man stuff" ask guys to do things, need positive way to blossom into more strong willed and better advocate for myself person, bullied by life

On rat dog youth

No drinking, at least no cope drinking. Make art for self, Remember and appreciate what you have, be confident and happy in the life you have carved

What a boring life: to not be addicted to anything. Summer of fun, haha, fall of alcoholism.

9.3 Texting

1. Starting out with a simple "Hey!" or compliment is okay, but you should be able to follow it up with a question or comment (pertaining to them) which naturally advances the conversation.
2. Don't be lewd or crude, keep it respectful. Don't immediately ask for sex, this might work but you will probably attract a deviant. (Hi, Ryan)
3. Don't ask too many intimate personal questions about their life, dreams, hobbies, etc. This will seem like a boring, tedious line of questioning that they would rather ignore than pursue.
4. Keep the tone of the conversation light and bubbly, always working towards going on a date or otherwise meeting outside.

9.4 Purpose

I dunno.¹⁶

9.5 Illustration Checklist

1. All parts contribute to the whole, no extraneous elements, no confusing side plots.
2. The composition highlights the subject (through its size, location, etc). The subject is prominent, foregrounded, or highlighted.
3. Always remember the rule of threes. Make sure there are three quantized elements to the composition: protagonist, antagonist, environment. Groups of objects should be three in number (unless you want to create a sense of unease or loss, in this case a group of 2 feels incomplete)
4. The image is an exquisite folding crane with all parts nested in each-other. Successful images are satisfying on a first read, and equally satisfying on a second read without muddling the meaning of the first.
5. Color scheme, temperature and hierarchy, reinforce the mood

¹⁶ A monk asked Master Chao-chou, "Has a dog the Buddha Nature or not?" Chao-chou said, "Mu!"

6 . Style suits medium, the style and medium don't betray each other (unless this tension highlights something about the subject). Authentic use of a medium means not making the art pretend to be anything it is not, while also highlighting the eccentricities of a medium.

7 . Relative level of detail is logically structured with respect to the visual, thematic, and stylistic hierarchy while also keeping the overall image visually unified. All parts speak the same visual vocabulary.

8 . It's not what is right, it's what looks right

9 . Style appropriately matches the mood of the content it accompanies. Hitting all the right notes

10 . Say something new, and say it in a new way. You can say something new in an old way, and something old in a new way, but never anything old in an old way. Why say anything at all.

11 . The image depicts a narrative of (usually) three parts. Most often, the narrative can be understood as "An x y-ing a z."

x = librarian | y = shushing | z = mime

x = mail-man | y = running from | z = a rabbid wolf

11A . The Image narrative:

a . Makes literal sense (if the image is a scene)

b . Makes metaphorical sense (if the image is a collage)

c . Readable at size

**Each rule should be considered, obeyed,
or tweaked with a unique solution.**

9.5A Helpful Tips

- 1 . Element of hand
- 2 . Limited color palette
- 3 . Subject is cool and different
- 4 . If you are playing stupid, you gotta wink and nod.
- 5 . The icon must be rendered clearly. Multiples should/could have far less detail as long as they are unified by color and/or silhouette.
- 6 . (Fore, middle, back)-ground!

9.5B Forbidden Territory

- 1 . No misnomers, no red herrings, no rubber ducks, no tangents. No boobs, booze, drugs.
- 2 . No representing metaphor in a literal context
- 3 . No playing stupid, this is a tricky tightrope and it is far too easy to be misconstrued as simple stupidity.
- 4 . No representing turn of phrase. Ex: “skeleton in a closet”, “tired as a dog”, “worker bee”.
- 5 . Don’t just show the article
- 6 . Goofy \neq fun, goofy cannot usually live in the same world as respectful, goofy negates artistry

**Humans need
three things:**

- 1. People**
- 2. Job**
- 3. Meaning**

You stare at a wall

>drink coffee

No, no! That brings The Fear

>drink alcohol?

You really sure? This action may corrupt your save.

>drink alcohol

I can't let you do that

>why not?

You can't get off that easily

>fine

You stare at a wall, play a game, then go outside to wander around for a minute in the darkness.

>call friend

Who?

>inventory

C1 Cool pink hat

{ } Cool red jacket

4- Cool looking earring

D D Cool white shoes

% Sweet lookin' bike

--Now that's a man!

>ride bike

What is the sound of one hand clapping?

>?

Wrong answer

>ride bike

What is life without progression?

>

No answer is still an answer

>leave me alone

Something stirs within you, a snarling thing

>search

Executing search:

...

.

.

Nothing found

Something yells, you hear a clattering of
pots in the kitchen, it's angry,

>look in the kitchen

Just empty air and You

>look underneath bed

Haha, classic, only dirt and You

>look inside

No "You", no "inside".

Just a subtle kind of soreness,
a pain dull and constant... †

MOVING ON

SUBSTRATE 10.....Prepare

SUBSTRATE 11.....Ascend





SUBSTRATE 10

PREPARE

10.1 _____ MANIFESTO

1 . Planck is a movement with no allegiance to any one prevailing ideology. Observe those attempts which came before and push ourselves into the tirelessly fearful future. Careful not to digest these past ideologies such that they become belief, see as profoundly surface as possible to maintain objectivity. We are the negative space formed between shadows. RADICAL SAMENESS.

2 . The Change is not organized. We are not a political situation. The individual is bound to themselves and themselves alone. Submit yourself to the absurdity of the duplicitous being and non-being of a higher power. Then, swiftly move back into one's life to begin to tackle earthly issues. Accepting this soul-tearing meaningless with the same objective subjectivity as before is to be truly "free".

3 . We act similar to a business, a bank, a sports team, (dare I say) a religion. Our creed communicates back-straightening and throat-clearing, acting with repose because we each represent something greater. We kill the cops of our mind, in their place an admiration of the vessel.

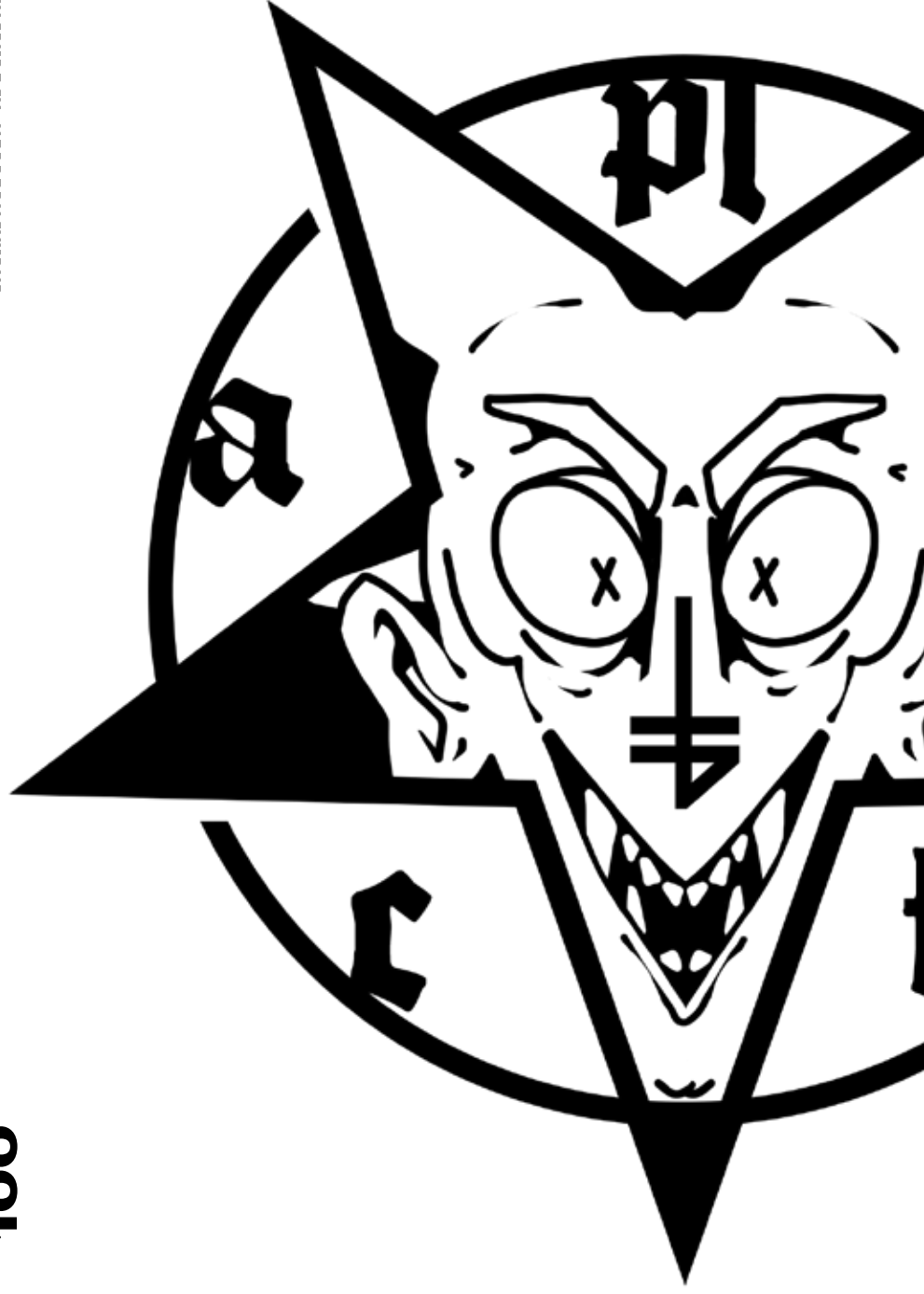
4 . We recognize the nested frames-gallery game of post-modernity. After pulling apart layers of your lives, we tag and document each, acknowledging the rules of the game, and plug in cheat codes to abuse the system.

5 . We simultaneously confront and reject humanness; beauty, love, numbness, etc, keeping each quality at arms reach: close enough to breath into, far enough to separate from our "selves".

6 . The Change cherishes the trueness of individual perception.

7 . Our very existence is predicated on flaw, winds of change blow from each valley of every musing, Change manifests in the coalescence of the disparity, humility, direness of the human condition.

8 . Do no harm. To give totally over to chaos and kill another is akin to killing one's own beautiful, unique expression of Planck.



10.2 **Caveat**

Or just forget all this made up junk, it's all garbage. You really think there is anything worthwhile in pursuing these lines of inquiries? I can't show you the way, surely not in 111 pages, but I tear away the gossamer veil and show you what true cold feels like. You think you want that? You don't, you don't. Jesus, if you WANT to feel this way, are compelled with some supernatural force to chase the tail of the dragon, you are already gone. All of this theory is a tightrope made of dental floss. You would have to be a god to walk my path and pursue it to it's logical end, then walk away, unscathed. Stare at the sun as long as you want, you'll never see it's real face; not with natural eyes, not with true vision. The longer you stare the more you damage your flesh and blood. If you were a child, say 7-8, and your father asked you to go over to the family car and swap a blown gasket in the engine, you wouldn't know where to start. Its a fools errand to figure any of this out, and it has destroyed me. Take my word, and throw this dangerous knife of thought into the trash!

SIGIL 10.1 The beast, personified in the literal "mark of the beast".



10.3 Finally, Something!

Phew, are the phonies gone?

This is the *monster*. It pokes holes, deduces, doubts, offers an addendum. Sometimes, you have to shut out the beast, tell him to shut the f*ck up. Most times you know the right thing, but sometimes you just *know.

This is how I beat the him, stuck by my guns and told the truth that I *knew, and that nothing else would sway me

3 months with my head down trying to outrun myself, the monster was with me the whole time and I had no clue! I finally caught him, took a breather , and realized a meta-pattern in my thinking: That which I was puzzling over was overloading my circuits. I threw in the problem of reality, of seeing the “true face” of this experience, literally digesting and mulling over de-realization and depersonalization itself! I was so close I kept letting it happen. “Mother-

fuck the fear is back” The more you look at reality, it’s like an eager dog fetching sticks and trash, the more you get stupid, ignorant answers! You want ascension? Nothing, its nothing. You’ll find it the top of the mountain, in the chorus of a beautiful song, in the arms of a loved, in your father’s hug and your mother’s smile. I can’t give you the answer, only questions to deduce the answer. Even then, there is no answer, not one that we can know. Only one that can be *known.

This feeling, a sweetly flickering flame in our chest that we have to keep burning. Follow this fire irregardless of anyone but yourself, follow the truth. When I got to the top of Pfeifferhorn, I half expected some psychic realization. No words came to me, only those of my own. I hear myself tell this same story, my big brother self chimed in and read to me. I couldn’t help but sit there like a lost child, just looking for someone. The answers cannot be pinned down in words, the answer comes to us as a feeling. I *knew that calm beautiful feeling of nothing, of the summer breeze, of togetherness, of belonging

Speak less Say More

10.4 Sad :(

Here, now, I am assaulted here by memories of the way I used to feel: Winter break last year, starting out at WashU, living in my dorm last year, rainy falling in love, NOLS, the first month back, wintersession, senior year, Libby, Camille, Eli, Ryan, spring break last year, coming home from the airport this year. So bittersweet.

When I was a kid, I was deathly afraid of the idea that: if I am reincarnated I might be a person who likes football.

Out there (*.*) is a parallel retarded universe where a man with spider robot tentacles for legs and a toy suit body with a time-trial helmet for a head saying, "Hey, did you get to quagsgar 5 during free period." There's a retarded universe where that's actually happening. One where infinite chain-saws kill a guy kneeling down around and around the globe. over and over.

It's a subtle sort of dull pain that sits in your stomach, heavy. Like hearing you father sigh out at the dinner table that he needs reading glasses because his food is blurry. And you're going back to a college you don't like, and the whole world starts

pressing in you slightly. And the girl you thought you loved is hooking up with other guys, and the friends you thought you had move further in space, and the world you thought would stay the same does, just the small tear you left slowly sews itself up. And all you dream about is going back there, but neither the present moment or the past are a comfortable place so you feel orphaned from both. The tears in your moms eyes as she says goodbye, and the temporary people in a temporary airport floating past your still body. Everything is hot, and it all feels the same. The world blurs together. Summer doesn't feel like summer, it feels like more time slipping carefully through your fingers. You can feel yourself as light as air, disappearing into the fabric of lost space. Your dog is getting older, he can't see as well. You missed it. It's just 4 years, it's just time. It's just the increasing entropy of everything around you till you are a tiny divorced speck.

**Calm, cool
demeanor.
Disciplined, but
a rebellious kid
on the inside.**

10.5 You Do Not Have to be Good

“On an impulse he switched out the light on his desk and sat in the hot darkness of his office; the cold air filled his lungs, and he leaned toward the open window. [...] Nothing moved upon the witness; it was a dead scene, which seemed to pull at him, to suck at this consciousness just as it pulled the sound from the air and buried it within a cold white softness. He felt himself pulled outward toward the whiteness, which spread as far as he could see, and which was a part of the darkness whom which it glowed, of the clear and cloudless sky without height or depth. For an instant he felt himself go out of the body that sat motionless before the window; and as he felt himself slip away, everything the flat whiteness the tress the tall columns, the night the far stars—seemed incredibly tiny and far away, as if they were dwindling to a nothingness. Then behind him a radiator clanked. He moved, and the scene became itself.”¹⁷

10.6 The ID

As she listened, a sickened kind of scowl came over her face, like she was about to vomit. These hollow scraps of words fell from the other girl’s mouth, like trash being jettisoned out of a vacation mariner; the winding cart-wheel of the other’s speech assaulted her in a visceral way.

10.7 World

Our contemporary reality itself is artifice, even this idea of “contemporaneity” is faulty invented in the 20th century, we prop up the world on ideas, rather than literal fact, we construct pretend sets of reality, rather than acknowledging what is in front of us, the heuristics which were given to help us understand the world better are failing us, the dash board of our minds are so full of dials and switches, bars and statistics,

¹⁷ John Williams, Stoner (New York: New York Review of Books, 1965), 180.

that it clouds the one thing we truly need to see, that which is in front of us.

Power has been transferred from brute showings of force to rehabilitations, of exploding the person and piecing them back. The police have been internalized, we punish ourself. Thus we crave punishment from others, literal real authentic punishment, that which we can feel that which can remind us of our person-hood, despite the alienation from our own bodies. This is the super-homosexual complex, the force of the father, the hand of the dominant other, a kind of embodied fear and elation at the shear power of another person (and by proxy our own potential power).

Desire for power has been obscured and reconfigured through a lifetime of conditioning, by manner of Biopower.

We are both jealous and disgusted by these illustrations of power; we are afraid of our own power, giving ourselves totally over to chaos, despite a small true voice in our mind telling us we can be more. This is also a friend or ally where there is nothing immediately sexual about the connection, but it does go close enough to the surface to almost touch it.

10.8 Decisions

Our death: the last ounce of power a man holds onto, he grimly grips his own ruin. When all choices are stripped from the man, when his own alienation from himself is too close to bear, this unmasked nothingness of true power presents the broken man with one masterful stroke to right his wrongs, when all of his life is taken from him, dressed by his neighbors, spoon fed like a child, served work on a platter so he may only sign and be given his pitiful earnings, the last and only thing standing between him and death is his will to breath and beat his heart. Throw us into a cold cellar, bind our hands, and watch as we sit and laugh. We snap our neck, through shear power of will, wilting into nothing. The Kindly Shepard, coos softly, I've given you everything and still you aren't happy, what more must I do? "My freedom! I want my freedom". "But I like you far too much, you're my favorite, I love you". "I respect you, but if you love me let me go". And this banter goes back and forth between mother and son, until at once the son disappears. Yell and you are the victim, deliver your death blow at night,

unseen. While you are denied the catharsis of spectacle, you are given the victory of freedom. This is our burden, the shuffling middle, enough to lacerate the heart, but not enough so we do more than cry softly. A great generational injustice is being carried out in front of us, in plain sight, you can hyper-watch it happen in real-time; every news-clip and tweet, video, song, email, text, down to every last byte. We are powerless. At the bottom of this powerlessness, complete and total power, freedom, Planck.

10.9 See

“You can only really liberate yourself from anything by reappropriating the thing you’re liberating yourself from.”¹⁸

In the above quote Tiqqun, French anarchist journal, details a method by which we remove ourselves from the grips of the modern cultural moment, the dead hands of capitalism, but this is a frame nested inside a gallery of grand design itself! To ascend: to acknowledge and take back the very thing in front of our eyes, reality itself!

See through this thing, the real and the hyper-real on top and every layer above and beyond for they are just layers in themselves. Then, vibrating above and beyond all that, a trueness burning bright, a day of summer from your past shimmering so cleanly that no one could ever blunt its luster, its the *feeling of the “girl”, it comes to you in silence, when your eager mind

**You
Already
said that!
Say some-
thing new.**

shuts the frick up, you hear it in the silence of swaying grass, you feel it in the chill of winter air meeting spring gusts, hear it in chorus of an exquisite song, its there. Heaven is Salt Lake City. Heaven is Great Barrington. Heaven is Sydney. Heaven is real, and it’s here on earth.

Stop trying to figure all this out
(waves hands around head)

¹⁸ Tiqqun, “Bloom Theory”.

Admit defeat, you are a finite being. Assume the role as prankster, but not as clown. You life has dignity, but you are anonymous, hold this meaning inside yourself and act as if no one is watching because they are not, the automatons police themselves. Will yourself out of existence, imagine yourself disappeared. Then, under cover of nothing, we move together.

“Without anyone noticing, Break ranks. NOW.”¹⁹

Even in the heaviest chains, in the thickest cell walls, If we are free in our minds, if we hold onto that flickering fire, we are always and forever free. We pursue this image of the dazzling future, not in want or in service, but in respect.



FEELING 10.2 This perpetual state of "what the F***?"

10.9 After word

“We can learn important lessons from those who gave gone before us and from scientific inquiries into the process of adaption. But, ultimately, each of us faces a unique configuration of challenges and a very personal responsibility for the choices we make in moving onward with our lives. We have only partial information, limited understanding, imperfect control. Yet the physical world and our social communities hold us responsible. Such is our shared existential predicament”²⁰

¹⁹ Ibid.

²⁰ Michael Mahoney, *Constructive Psychotherapy: a Practical Guide* (New York: The Guilford Press, 2003), 20.

Gnawing!

>give up
It gnaws stronger and stronger

>quit
A voice grows, a swelling rush of water,
Tidal currents pulling, dangerous riptide.

>quit
"Not so fast, bucko!"

>press B
the same

>press X
the same

>press RB
the same!

It's just the same canned responses! Again and again I keep getting the same seven-odd things. Oh, I totally forgot I was playing a video-game!

>perform magic
A gust of sparkly air

>sing a song
A beautifully wonderful song

>...



133 ? abba.mp3
03:34



ART
6 items



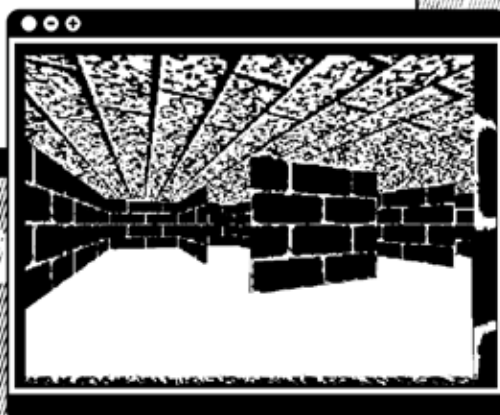
desktop.psd
10.4 mb

```
planck - bash

>perform magic
A gust of sparkly air

>sing a song
A beautifully wonderful song

Student_Mackay_Harc:~ planck$ > ...
```



ASCEND

122

by Mackay Hare

Noises emerge from galactic radio,
quantum flux traipses
and black holes rave,
all within the inky foam.

A grinding sine wave friction,
a beating sequence of frames
Chaos in waking dream.

Show your self its hands.
Look within and without: into the infinite.
Remark to yourself, how crushing this weight of 27,010
days bound in sand, then silently
remind yourself how to fall in love.

11.1

In the totality of my theoretical discussion in this codex, Zen has postured itself as an enduring antithetical response to my musings. I wish to clarify; I stand behind the Zen of the past. Eastern Zen Buddhist practice is virtually infallible. "Pop Culture" Zen, or "Western Zen" (what one might find after plugging "Zen" into Google), is the Zen I attack. This Zen is a slick package of ideological control for a population that has "risen above and beyond religion". A system of subjugation that has been commodified and bundled in a warm blanket of quiet indifference.

Here, I imagine the Shepard taking his flock out to pasture. One sheep stays. Delighted, the Shepard takes the black sheep ²¹ into a larger pasture where it roams, not too far, delighted in the mere idea of infinitude but nonetheless shackled to serve. If I could interface with the Zen of the past, I would perhaps feel a strong connection, but the only surface by which I approach this thing is mediated through the concealed spectacle of the media. The

²¹ Yeah yeah, likening absent-minded servitude to domesticated grazing animals is certainly not a novel revelation.

media disguises itself by propping up and puppeteering the mouths of “othered” outsider voices, and we see this diversity and are delighted in our “just world”. How do we not see this is another form of control, only by Proxy! The spectacle takes teachers of the “Quiet person” and puts them on display, “See! It says! If you don’t want to be a good sheep, at least be a good disciple of Zen!” Sheep, zen, sheep, zen, cow, dog, chicken, you are a servant that placates itself with self-infantilization. Ignorant like a child. Could the Buddha have dreamed a million hyper flat screens, portals into other separate zones of consciousness, or psychogenic substances which literally transfigure you into the state of ego death? I have met people who have tangibly experienced ego death and they are not wise, they are ignorant, stuck inside of their stories, their hymns and rituals, frozen inside their words.

We can feel Planck, we can convene with Planck, I can describe around it but never Planck itself. Planck is like [whatever], never Planck is _____. I just said it silently. The old Zen is one of rebellion, albeit quietly. Back when our civilization was a raucous child, Zen told us to be quiet and still to take the world

with a modicum of care. People dragged into the street to be hung and quartered, drunkards and skanks, stray dogs and tyrant kings, clanking cups, people as people true and true. Now, we are a world of tolerance, acceptance, measured action, one of measured bureaucracy. Sure, not everyone now lives a life devoid of activity, and back then more often than not people were peasant farmers doing the same things day in and day out. But we must look at how Zen described the issue. Today, I see a culture of control, of passivity. “Relinquish your guns because the Buddha said so, give up your arms to fight because Buddha said so. Pain, anger, and hate never righted a wrong”. But swift justice has. Bureaucracy is slow, government is slow, life is slow. Take time to smell the roses, sure.

Walk the middle path, eyes facing forward. Because while you are in your lodges, and your meditation retreats, sitting cross-legged at a river-bed like a fucking idiot, silent forces are out there in the world scheming to take away your land with a power far greater than violence, but the slow death of measured evil carried out by the hands of the many.

We must be measured and

slow, we must effortlessly pantomime the rituals of post-modernity, then when the other side shows vulnerability in the service of “good faith”, strike them down. We are taught to never jump into water with our dry clothes, the monkey brain says so, your mom says so. Swerve into oncoming traffic. Zen, like all human things, is a response, a silent response to not respond, to settle the self. Great! If I had twenty years and a beautiful hilltop I could entertain enlightenment and then slowly die a peaceful death. While I sit in my armchair and think think think think think, my Nirvana, the Great Salt Lake, is being slowly sucked away, choked with garbaged, rotted by blind ideology and “do-good”.

What now, Buddha? What do I do, when my sliver of peace is constantly molested by the world around me. When I try and sit and meditate on the unknown, and the world chucks rocks at my head. “Shut out the world, there is no world, there is no you, all things are hollow. Great, tell that to Orin Hatch, tell that to the refineries, tell that to George Soros. Buddha never could have predicated that when you Google search “Who runs the world” you get Beyonce. WHO CARES.

No wonder I have been fighting with a dancing devil of Buddhism, both loving and hating what he represents, I can never rest this idea of passivity, of being dog-fine with loneliness and just living in it. Eat when hungry, sleep when tired, text a friend when you feel like it? Walk the razor’s edge, yes, the middle path, yes, all that yes. But the Buddha of the past, the one we never talk about, is a trickster, a delighter in chaos and the absurd, a free agent allowed to interact with this world in a loving and playful way. Kill your masters, no masters, no gods. When the master comes in with a chair, kick it over, kill “chair”. Zen is a groundwork, build on that then forget it and move forward. There is so much that Zen cannot possibly answer to, because it is an old-codger that got everything right! It rested everything, except the future, except our moment here and now. No here, no now. Great, you tune out yourself, you tune out “friend” and “sun” and... then whats the fucking point, you might as well be dead. We are cursed by maybe... maybe there is an afterlife and maybe there is something better ahead and maybe there is a way that the world will right itself. Maybe! Maybe it won’t. Zen is a reac-

tion, the Zen I understand is a reaction. My spirit hands are reaching for a baseball bat, because a psychic war is raging. Zen says that rich and poor shouldn't matter, be happy with where you are, practice enlightenment. Tough when you are too poor to afford a rug to mediate on, and the world has brought you up in mediocrity. Your social capital is invested in comic books, action figures, fry cooking, texting, fast car racing. Where does that leave you? We let things go how they are going now, then welcome to hell! They won. The world will survive, the world will prosper, rich will prosper, and we will never be further from spiritual enlightenment, because our thoughts are so overburdened by the imaginary ideas, concepts grounded in nothing. Groceries and cooking and TV, and books, and kids, and cars, and bills, and job, and mountain, and hat, and textbook and thingness, and anti-thingness, and post-structuralism, and birthday-cake. Buddha says non-action, "the rightness or wrongness of an action centers around whether the action itself would bring about harm to self and/or others". Here Buddhism and De-ontological critical theory squarely but heads, what if securing a

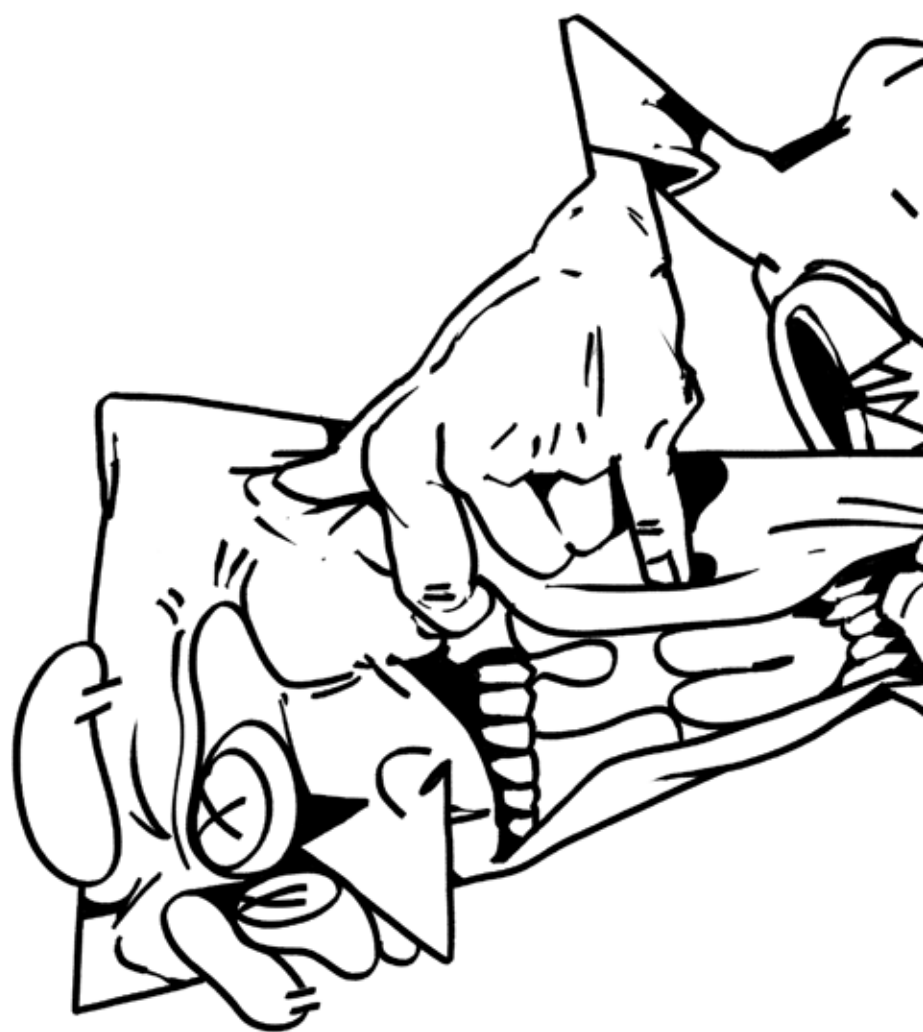
safe and prosperous future for the many predicates itself necessarily on harming the ruling class. I advocate no violence, instead, I advocate the planned and strategic undoing of a system. Imagine lounging here in the beautiful sunset, now imagine in this memory that the place you once thought holy is slowly being dissolved away with the smog of industry, molested over and over. Would you sit idly by? Buddha wouldn't. Eyes wide, he would scream, "We have to do something!"



ARCHIVE 11.1 It's just a rock.

116 **So, now what?**







A secret message codified in itself and encrypted twice.
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Planck $\frac{1}{7}$