

AVULSE[®]

AVS-001 | a digital
dispatch obsessed with
contemporary matter

AVULSE
/e'vals / verb
pull or tear away

What it means to be alive
in this world

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WHERE WE AT – NURTURE MUTANT HOPE

FEELINGS FEEL REAL
—Virgil Abloh, 2020

The German physicist and pioneer of quantum mechanics theory, Werner Heisenberg, believed we were destined to be out-weirded by reality, [1] and here we are: fire, rubble, clout. In times of extreme uncertainty, in which feelings obliterate facts, entertainment is everything, and everything is ending. The following musings are stirred by the fact we have collectively lost the plot. With this dystopian sermon, how can we pay tribute to invincible human imagination as the ultimate lust for life?

ACT 1_DEFINING THE PROBLEM

THE PERFECT STORM OF ATOMISED SUPERSONIC FUCKERY

The US president-elect unleashes crazed ideas to annex the Panama Canal and Greenland while turning Gaza into the Riviera of the Middle East, absent native folk. Meta goes MAGA and omits to fact-check as if what's real and what's not doesn't really matter. Does it? Diversity, Equity, and Inclusion departments are getting dissolved because of course. Oil and fossil fuel drills get more aggressive, supremacist propaganda is shoved down our throats, Elon Musk performs a Nazi salute on national television, and while protests in support of Palestinian liberation are deemed antisemitic, his rage-bait gimmicks are not. No policy, practice, or law protects anyone in opposition—an episode not even Black Mirror would have dared to master.

Transgender people are singled out as warfare in the game of inflammatory politics alongside migrants and aliens; sites of unfathomable destruction, rubble upon rubble, children sagging into death, starved, skin and bones—post-apocalyptic dystopian unrealness—keep descending upon our feed, and it dawns on me, it's not *post* anything, it's apocalypse forevermore. There is also Sudan, Congo, Haiti, and the like. There are people and places, it seems, we have collectively given up upon. What takes precedence and why? The excess of new and newer news comes so fast; the time is *a/ways* now, and what gets lost is what happened last week, last month, or the same morning. Covid who? Seems like centuries, only yesterday.

Technosis, ecocide, genocide—polycrisis at large. Berlin 2025 as if 1933. Oh, the humanity! Imperialist impulses, now combined with survivalism, we see not conquest but Rupture. Our planet is on fire; we vibe. But the world was always on fire; you just didn't know. Western civilization is a loaded gun pointed at the head of this planet, a perpetual boot in our face. And when was the world not at war? There has not been a minute of a day on this planet without war—life is violence. Our mere existence was birthed out of the looming gloom of death. [2] What I'm looking at, really, is innocence lost—a pulsating culmination, ready to implode.

ACT 2_MECHANISMS OF DISTRACTION

GENTLY, WITH A CHAINSAW

Where people fear books more than guns, Orwell meets Huxley, education is rendered obsolete, and the message is what you make of it. Regarding authoritarian rhetoric, there are four stages of ideological subversion to indoctrinate and weaken nations from within: demoralization, destabilization, crisis, and normalization. While we devour the horrors of humanity as content, amidst Balenciaga looks and Sufi poetry, we not only get desensitized but worse. We get accustomed. Steaming in the impending doom of our generation, we float like a wonton. It is so very, very dangerous, this normalization of the abnormal—between hoperot and sloptimism, fascistmaxxing numbing out our innermost.



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“We’re now deep into the terminal phase of democracy. This phase involves voting in leaders whose primary goal is to dismantle democracy.”—The Extreme Self by H.U. Obrist, D. Coupland, S. Basar

None of the absurdity is by chance, rather intentional provocation—a sideshow circus calamity. In an era when politics and spectacle are inextricably interwoven, the locus of wealth creation has shifted from actual products to attention as a commodity of its own merit. [3] The most entertaining outcome seems to be the most likely; the US president-elect’s inauguration perfectly encapsulates the same. A crescendo of vulture capitalism in its techno-necro phase; broliarchy’s disaster antics sprawling fear and frenzy.

In terms of energy marketing in today’s cultural-industrial complex, Trump and Musk are like Crocs, brat. They resurfaced with such gigantic clout-mass power that nothing seems to escape their gravitational pull. They manage to engross the unruly passions of the crowd, feeding on the sick thrill of our perverse pleasure, watching them absorb everything into their orbit like apex kites. Between the abject and the rousing, we only fuel the behemoth by sharing, seeding, being shocked and scandalized. The miscreation beast mining our attention in times when attention is arguably our most valuable asset. If you stopped keeping up with the Kardashians, there would be no Kardashians. The same goes for Ye, psychotic or not. Behold! Calm is a form of resistance.

ACT 3_THE CONSEQUENCES

WHAT IS LOST AND WHAT IS GAINED

It’s pathetic, really, the technocracy rule; not an anomaly but a summarization of our communal pathology. An impotent goo of inferiority complex, inadequacy, and unhinged impulse. Bloody steaks, Escalades, and Florida estates—power, dominance, nasty—so utterly and cowardly *lame*. What can be measured and monetized over what can not: private profit over public good, people, land. Aggression, surplus, and peak performativity over genuine selfhood, empathy, or even minimal human decency. Efficiency over dreamlike wonder that could be of greater use to our survival than the closing of deals. In the words of James Baldwin, “There is a reason, after all, some people wish to colonize the Moon while others dance before it as before an ancient friend.” [4]

“Outrage is fun. You appear virtuous for doing pretty much nothing. It’s like the Diet Coke of politics.”

—The Extreme Self by H.U. Obrist, D. Coupland, SS. Basar

Amidst this perpetual non-horizon emergency, the term-coiner extraordinaire Shumon Basar contributed a lead piece entitled “We’re in the Endcore Now” to a speculative newspaper, The Truthless Times. The print-digital was a component of the Miu Miu SS25 show held at the Palais d’Iéna with its adjacent exhibition, Tales and Tellers. “Endings unending as future moves to past [...] Endcore is a feature of a reality that feels less and less real. When change keeps changing and narratives keep collapsing, it brings about.” [5]

<Reality Lag>

The gnawing and exhausting impression that our understanding of what is real lags behind where actual reality is heading.

—We’re in the Endcore Now, Truthless Times

ACT 4_RESOLUTION

THE VOID IS FERTILE

The Wheel of Fortune keeps turning, and before the Renaissance, the Dark Ages reigned supreme. But rules don’t apply, and if we are to meet our critical moment in time, we need to face the fact that we’re up against forces unlike any before—end time fascism as darkly festive fatalism. [6] William Defoe walked the Miu Miu SS25 show, and “his character in Wild at Heart is one of those Lynchian personifications of seething human evil, like Frank and Bob [...] Endcore is steeped in ambient evil,” Basar observes. So, how does one fight ambient evil?

Epiphany strikes: there is intelligence that predates us all, and perhaps, it isn’t a coincidence the mad swirl of cosmic genius David Lynch left our realms at this time, in particular, to remind us of a little something called sublime eternal love. Via the Black Lodge towards higher consciousness. After all, one doesn’t get enlightened by staring at the light.



“Every transformation demands as its precondition ‘the ending of a world’—the collapse of an old philosophy of life.”—Carl Jung

Our systems aren't failing; they are working precisely as designed. Today's right-wing leaders are not just taking advantage of catastrophes, but simultaneously inciting them. Genocidal at their core, betraying our planet and its people, hellbent on sacrificing the world's precious resources and humanness at large. The evil is embodied—blatant and brazen—which allows us to finally see these systems for what they are, grinding us all to pieces. The narratives of the liberals and democracies have collapsed. Because the point of enlightenment isn't escaping our life but facing it fully, this collapse of stable perspectives could also signify new existential freedom. Progress isn't linear; steps backward are equally a part of the dance. And things will get a *lot* worse before they can get better—such are the laws of the Universe.

ACT 5_THE WAY FORWARD
THE WORLD IS EXACTLY AS YOU SEE IT BE

Last week, I sat on a couch in IKEA, crying. “We think by feeling. What is there to know?” [7] Feeding on infinite citations of Stoic philosophy spilling into my screen for hours and beyond, as refuge and respite, for the life of me, I could not remember why I was there to begin with. What are we doing, and does it really matter? These last months, I unraveled with anguish, abrasively and intrusively, into spaces of those closest to forgive. We are trapped in a bad mad mashup of every dystopia, parody, and sci-fi horror ever made—the Cube of multi-shifting Octavia E. Butler cum The Simpsons scenarios with the psychological thrill of The Sphere.

But nihilism bores me; it's uninspired and lazy. Despite all we know, *against* all we know, we start every day anew. It seems to me there is no greater testament to the powers of human imagination than the cartoonish absurdity of our reality—a satire that saw itself into existence. Look, part of the technique of disempowering people is making you feel helpless and hopeless, waiting for Great Men to come to your rescue. [8] *WRONG*. It's on you and me and all of us in unison. If we are both doomed and infinite, we better choose wisely. Like water, making its way through the cracks, not assertive but adjustable, the fluid force of our being discloses outward and onward paths. What is needed is hard work and delightful delusion.

In the words of Jack Self, the future must be seen as a positive project, [9] even if dark.

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r_01	P. B. Kavanagh x Dr. Sarah Pearson “An Atom Forged at the Center of a Star,” CODE, vol_03, 2024	r_04	James Baldwin, No Name in the Street, 1972	r_07	Theodore Roethke, “The Waking,” The Waking_Poems 1933-1953, 1953
r_02	Salomé Sibonex, “Where Does Your Ancient Anger Go?” This is Badland, vol_06, 2023	r_05	Shumon Basar, “We’re in the Endcore Now,” Truthless Times, MIUMIU SS25	r_08	Noam Chomsky, Understanding Power: The Indispensable Chomsky, 2002
r_03	Sam Venis, “American Politics Becomes Its Very Own Meme,” Spike online, Jan. 2025	r_06	Naomi Klein x Astra Taylor, “The Rise of End Times Fascism,” The Guardian, 2025	r_09	Jack Self, “Attitude as Form,” ALYX, 2018

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