

# AVULSE®

AVS-000 | a digital  
dispatch obsessed with  
contemporary matter

AVULSE  
/ə'vʌls / verb  
pull or tear away

Because showing yourself  
vulnerable is the most contrarian  
position one can take

## COUNTERCOLLAPSOLOGY | A PLAYBOOK FOR CONFRONTATION AND CATCHING BREATH

"To wish to be against everything is to want the world to be bigger than all of it, disposed to dissolve rules and compromises in a gallon or a drop while an ocean of possibility rolls around us. No matter what you are supposed to do, you can prove the supposition wrong just by doing something else."

M. GREIF, AGAINST EVERYTHING

I was told never to start a sentence with a coordinating conjunction. [1] And I do. And how! Against the backdrop of our spatial finitude, fastened to appalling circumstances, these last years saw us storming, torches blazing, into the cocaine heartbeat of a world seemingly on the verge of collapse. The more gross the failures of society, the more tightly the self-absorbed escapist reflex clinches. Between steady horror and existential absurdity, our task at hand is to find ways to participate in this endgame gangbang, against everything and with love for all.

### SELF-AWARENESS AS AGENCY

"The future is dark, and it is the best a future can be, I think," noted Virginia Woolf once upon a time. It is a remarkable declaration, asserting that the unknown need not be turned into the known through false divination or the projection of facile narratives. We need not fill the gaps with armageddon propheteering, not even idealism. Her declaration celebrates uncertainty, willing to be uncertain even about her own assertion. [2] Beware! We know less when we erroneously think we know than when we recognize we don't.

Our generation isn't doomed; everyone likes to be excused like that. There is a sacred hum submerged in the undulations and sinuous drops of the transient now—between agony and transcendence. A negative space pulsating with potentiality from which life grows. In extreme devolution, we morph, mend, learn, and unlearn together. This is where we resist, persist, and plant golden eggs for the future. With an intelligence that is not artificial, but stunning and wild.

### VISION AND DESTINY

If you don't contradict yourself at least occasionally, your thinking isn't nearly complex enough. In biology, heart rate variability—nonlinear highs and lows—indicates a healthy person, whereas the most linear heart rate, a flat line, equals death. The notion speaks to the sensation of being "a semi-conscious cog in a vast celestial machinery spinning beyond our control and comprehension." [3] We are galactic geometry encoded in flesh, essential only in the way that a single gear holds its place in an endless engine of an infinite design.

Between the push and pull of energy and substance, in the greater scheme of things, we are insignificant. Here and now, between the shared and the individual, every move we make and the path we choose to take affect our inexplicably interwoven existence. How do we move beyond complacency and comfort to align action with belief? How do we pass judgment on what *is*, to unself, decenter and unite towards what *could* be? Chasing the apex of communal well-being, we seem to exist precisely because we cannot reach it. If we could get there, what would be the point of living?



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**DIMENSIONS IMPOSSIBLE**

r\_01 A coordinating conjunction is a conjunction that connects words, phrases, and clauses that are coordinate, aka equal to each other. There are 07 in total [for, and, nor, but, or, yet, so], and can be remembered using the acronym FANBOYS

r\_02 Rebecca Solnit "Woolf's Darkness: Embracing the Inexplicable," The New Yorker, 2014

r\_03 Patricia Bondesson Kavanagh "Upon the Heavens, a Coiling Body," CODE, vol\_03, 2024

Hope is not naive; it's tactical. Courage is contagious. Hope and courage can exist only where they are created—by madmen, rebels, hermits, heretics, thinkers, dreamers, and believers. Between gut and vibes, perhaps even between these lines, I try to argue for astonishment over irony and light over matter. Your anti-systemic disobedience is the life-blood of our redemption: dare to go where others won't and do what spooks the horses.

Through the gore, the surreal, and the sublime—reckoning with the forces that shape our collective tomorrow—we can fuel connection, stimulate the senses, and provoke an ever-evolving, illustrious spirit of reinvention and spite. Allowing obstacles to guide our way forward, beneath the fragmented face of this world over-ripe for extinction, the seeds of progressive change can begin to take root.

This is not a manifesto, but an aspiration. An assault against commodity, conformity, and convenience. Against inertia and into boundlessness. Against micro-trends and towards universal truths. Instead of easy answers, heavy tasks. To further life from the unlivable, we must insist on simultaneities, multitudes, and brutal contradictions—even mystery, if mystery is the ability to keep becoming and going beyond. Beyond the known, the given, and conceivable, to repatriate humans not to the Earth, but to the Cosmos. Besides, I was born for a zombie apocalypse, I think.

**T - HK**

