

## //An Experiment in Tachyonic Nonsense

*Subatomic penetration, rapid fire through your skull[...] Oh shit I'm feeling it*

Substance is a form of retrocausal teleplexic-bootstrapping through bradyonic reality, a coagulation of rest mass laden particles, cognitive reality, or the ontic. Supersubstance, or the ontological, is a tachyonic platform which emulates the ontic through particular articulations of imaginary values set to -1.

Properly speaking, the tachyonic does not appear in the present. The tachyonic presents itself as a leaving from and a coming to; it approaches from the future, and flees to the past, but only manifests in the moment as absolute void: *Out of the blue, in through the back / Door coming through like 'Fuck, what was that?'*

The luxon does not serve as the highest metaphysical limit. That without rest mass only stands as the curtain past which the imaginary pulls the strings, *How we creep without showing you jack*. The constant ( $c$ ), as the realm of the objects without rest mass, is nothing more than an opaque epistemological film coating the ontic – *Shit from below* – it is not the key to our salvation, it hides nothing more or less than knowledge: *give a shit if you know / Cause even if you did, bet you'd keep coming back*. Dick, Burroughs, and Land were well aware of  $c$  as an internal obfuscation on behalf of the HSS.

The differentiation of these objects exists strictly in the realm of intensity. That which has extension is bradyonic, and that which is bradyonic requires an infinite amount of energy to reach  $c$ .

The luxonic is the strata of flow. The bradyonic is the guts of the machine, all its breaks and operations. The tachyonic is the platform which inputs the flows and hosts within it the whole of machinic production: *as we tap energy from everything on and off the map*.

Bradyon = (rest mass  $> 0$ )

Luxon = (rest mass = 0)

Tachyon = (imaginary mass (rest mass  $< 0$ ))

Land defines teleoplexy as self-reinforcing cybernetic intensification, a technological oscillation through machinic selection-processes operating by stages of exponential compression (accelerationism). Accelerationism is contingent on a “teleoplexic thing”, the platform of the tachyonic in-itself (or the Lorentz-violating oscillations of tachyons).

The hyperstition of modern culture is wrapped in the double-bind of cybernetics (coded  $\kappa$ ), and Capital. Bradyontics, tachyontical, luxim, Kaptial; *Take shit where it ain't never been / Fuck what you thought could not comprehend*. Tachyons approach from the future (which, as Hegel has it, were present at the beginning all along). Tachyons only acquire reality outside of  $c$ , that being the future and the past. Because of the negated rest mass of the tachyonic, a loss of energy can only result in acceleration.

Fiber optic telemeta-interfaces flash neural patterns of: ‘fuck your ‘bitions’ scrawled across bulletproof glass with hot pink neon paint and it blinks with the contact of an inparticular firebomb; you click mute and navigate yourself to the iHarem to unwind. Kaptial softens the edges, pushes criminality, war, and terrorism further into the anonymity of cyberspace, *Criminal level crunk lightning storm*.

As contemporary physics battles its aversion to imaginary numbers... *What we dig up from the core / Of all that they forgot ever was / Militant march of this war...* Kazynscian neoprimitivism comes from the future: *Takyon / setting off Unabombs inside your dome*; backwards-turning is death, and it was a part of the project from the beginning.

The immolation of heterogenous elements within ontic reality scales with deterritorialization and decentralized-warfare – religion, philosophy, literature, art, and love recoil from the fangs and retreat into the market – *That shit is dead, can't nobody get / With that shit gets dial toned*. Tachyonic anti-telephonic symbols interface with neural desire networking, fostering praxial accumulation along unconscious wetware programming and memetic response vectors.

Causal loops are plotted along Minkowski diagrams and forgotten. If the future was canceled, why were we left to qualiate the ruins? Are we special – or especially abandoned? Commodity exchange (M-C-M) proliferates  $K$  under  $c$ . Human progress has always been an illusion, dosed on the progress of another. Turn on, plug in, upload.

*Give it up, bitch, you know this is it / Get with this or get left cause it's on*