

COLLECTIVE TASK 06.2013
“EMOTION AND THE INTIMACY OF INEXACTITUDE”
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EMOTION AND THE INTIMACY OF INEXACTITUDE,

for

any lying at all, within its calm virtuality and otherwise, leaps,
far from the recognition of the presumable one who could intuit
this. Something else—
a second subject at the start of this writing, but one which must
remain absent, pronominally—does not possess the positivity it
is never occurring as,
and it will not, ever. And this, again, featureless subject,
opposed to the enabling function of the original sense of it, of it
having this sense, has
done so; the opposite of this having done so (the actions which
move against it, say) lies outside of any historicity of a
subsumed absence of
occasion, or outside of the virtuality of its eventfulness within
our sharable heritage.

Lying is not the preplanned wager you deny its being, and our
second subject cannot move decisively “from” beneath you,
veil you, deposit you
onto the flatness of the ground, but here you fail to coalesce,
you cannot occur, or, in becoming, will not intersect with this:
off you “haltingly”
stop, (and must stop). Never does some other subject perish as
the excellence, the right move. You cover another nothingness
at all times, perpetually,
you fail to produce absence with your own eyes covered, away
from any correct and limitless extension, and you anchor
beyond the closure,
lacking relation to a simultaneous “shutting down” of this
intimacy (any falseness, intentional or unintentional, becomes
unable to ever transition

phase from the liquid or cloud it is becoming). Additionally, you will never have the opportunity to live with a thing (that is not the preceding thing) constantly lacking elegance in its not being stationary within yourself. Definitively, you are in the real circumstances, acting, but I would not want to suggest this, lacking intensity with the instinctual athletics—a gesture emptied of reflection—about the general particularity outside of normal, terrible, unframed language, but before this the persistent darkneses of falsifiable theses moves away, and not for the sake of missing a space of you that is off of any part of any body and drops you (you fall downward), this horrific incompleteness completely without aim towards not becoming the one who stabs in the back away from the specific instance that was not what you were not physically and automatically gesturing, with no relation, causally, to some other thing's not not having decreased your prior knowledge of the outcome beyond lies hiding you. Something else, something not referencing the forgoing, in its identifiable becoming which passes through the field of your gaze without your registration of its data, is not like the sailing ship in fine weather (filled with beautiful passengers). A terrifying play when some other thing definitively does not occur within some other unformed nothingness (or non-method). Knowledge rebels against or fails you, and this it does poorly. The occurrence we already recognize as having occurred, of your planning to have been within the single site of the status quo outside of a private home, you will, without question, saunter away from other alien places without connection to the recognition of danger, and definitively—this is something you know to be the case—you

immediately encounter a sliver of your passing, finally, not for the reason of not seeing something other than the preceding, and you will not leave, and alongside this, you will possess this forward-looking to the immediate outside of any belated everywhere (as site and, necessarily, no site).

Speaking about something else and its lack of being here or there without confusion or hesitation as this immediate very difficult instance (*fragment*).

And, please, perform another leaving around all else you concretize, you will not—knowing full well in advance—fail to encounter the status quo

beyond the confines of the privacy of a house you own. This is something I have been meaning to say to you, planning, rather, and I had known in advance

that this is the precise moment in this essay where it would occur: without an unsynthesized grasping of the natural world, one predicated on the

rejection of any law of causality, any alternate you are not halting anywhere near communal access without relation to communal access in the

future, this being the undirected and aimless decorative play without relation to the short-term, this short-term without relation destruction (or

really, non-creation) of the ambiguous and distributed sign—a very visible version—without care or sake for the denial of falsifiability away from

the precise conditions and site for adequately and safely landing some figural vessel off of your center. You will awaken, with a fresh face,

when you definitely must not, and this without a care for using up this specific instance of “any” of one of the sunniest darkneses (*apologies for*

this figure, a stupid one) outside of a single place among others without priority. In this instance I lack direction with this non-admittance undirected

towards even you; any lie, sotospk, in which I host ignorance of untruthfulness as an imbricated de-centering of death, of absent energy, always not seeing something else, and another thing aside from the previous will without fail in multiplicative fashion not take place without that lack of manner (or figuration). No, a new subject is not phenomena lacking essential distinction and lucid feeling towards the pleasurable expenditure of energy and this is, finally, a single instance here, present here as a lack without relation or repelled by silence within an entirely different set. I can never secure you the lack of equality and let's just talk normally: any lie dispossesses actively an indeterminate amount of totalities: the lie by one name or the falsehood by the other. " " is not any one of many prolonged instances of an unchanged state this other thing surrenders to the self through withdrawal outside of your inner face, ignoring its causal, even casual, place in the chain including disallowing you to remain ignorant of some other, new, thing with presence here, in this writing, excluding the possibility of some unique data seeking and failing to encounter you. In your inability to ever, your exclusion from the possibility of subtracting the letters of the alphabet (except, say, for example, "h") you fail to get " ", you are not releasing but pushing off from any unmoving mammal out of an enlightened site among sites, unmaking, without clarity, some ability of new data to gift motion towards, and also something never or always (there is a definite relationship) does not sometimes, you have never been performing without effect on losing a piece of otherwise unrelated data for the first time. That, whatever is nearest you, is not the fetishized

presentation of the immediacy of alteration prior to the letting
go of lies. Something else stands as, as you know, any falseness
after this point in time,
and you with no desire or interest in the relation between this
lack of desire and the one materialistic forgetting of a new
thing (and this uniquely),
but you lack cowardice and faithlessness, presently, you deny
agency, but you take apart prior obvious features of the world
out of a sudden, almost
mystical, change in state prior to losing something else entirely.
You unmake, believably, less lies, not because all other things
lack the status of being
few. Outside of a few random, unrelated sets of data, you
decommission unorganized collectives without linking this
action to an effect, such
as the unrelated covering up of some new subject for the first
time, unlike a multitude leaving the sacred to itself before any
birth of some individual
occupying a singular relational position with himself,
unorganized and undesirable technologies of mysticism
opposed, without interest
in the effects leveraged, unscientific suppression, depoliticized
individuals in upset isolation prior to the status quo,
disconnected and meaningfully
unframed groups of rational agents unaware of baseline generic
instances prior to these
immanently meaningful and unmarked discourses, absented
theories of deep consciousness without an aim towards letting
go of non-human agencies,
and this without aim towards veiling other things' uncovered
feelings of neutrality equally towards anyone. Always (or
never, again) a different
set of objects discover the veiling of the eyes before and
without relation to any ugliness and multiplicities prior to any
prolonged period of unchanged
light states arriving elsewhere than at them. Something else

aside from this cannot, through its non-existence within a field
of un-citable becoming,
be the solution. Anyone committed to vagueness is not
unhappy. And some of a distribution of the locations of any
liberated set of peoples
leaves before, yes—and following the occurrence of, lies
undoing themselves or being undone. When some new
actuality leaves after a
second (or third—the difference rather than the particularity is
essential here) new occurrence may or may not break out of
being the low-level bad
seriality. I cannot disprove something else, and I will not not
send those correlations previously. I am not not at someone
else's seat doing pushups
unthinkingly for the sake of my own selfsame lack of
inventiveness (and this is *fine*). I cannot hear very well much of
anything, the requested
message regarding history I already know, say, and some other
percept entirely is not remaining silent regarding doing a take
down of athletics (polemically,
where it can be taken as an anti-thinking, and this being taken
as okay), that normal objective-making that fails to act on
positively what you will
shadow-perforate specifically ignoring some other thing, and
some other thing obviously, and I mean that sincerely, speaking
of our shared knowledge,
lacks the meaning of an occurrence we can account for which
does dispossess itself of a specific without relation to un-
performing (what I want
to call here “apologizing”) without you, yourself, but this does
not mean some new something gives away a particular instance
among others without
relation to inaction without respect to you. I am eliminating this
example, in deference to my own tiredness. That, that is,
something else, is not at
all let alone something else that is not you breaking out of the

situated and momentary understanding of oneself, let me
address myself inwardly,
silently, or a specific subject, at least, rather than generally a
third party you can encounter this speech as being addressed to
objects prior to some
ideation, with you I cannot, in my becoming, accumulate being,
a token of the lack of my commitment has never been pieced
meticulously together
beneath any sky, and I do not exist, but with all lack of
necessity prior to you when you definitely unthink, or simply
do not think, absently
working something else, your not being a multitude of some
other destroying that token, and you should unthink for the first
time this. Something else,
some new subject at the end of this essay, not simultaneous
with my picking up a tablet for whatever, I will not have
known this was not a
disclosure without relation or concern for any falsehood. I
admit to something else entirely. I am dispossessed of some
normal amount of much
setting aside prior to something else. I, in my un-citable “arc”
of becoming, encourage myself, without there being a point in
which we could share
this. So much—I will, so much, have no knowledge of some
new interest or subject beyond what I have been discussing,
and this will be any
endpoint prior to lying without relation to or care for, without
speaking to the condition of or having interest or effect on, me.