

NOTHING



THE MYSTERY OF NOTHING

IN THE BEST OF

ALL POSSIBLE WORLDS

NOTHING + NOTHING = NO SOME THING



I hear the trumpets announcing Professor Pangloss's return from nowhere bringing nothing back with him. (A Grand Fan Fair)

Alas! None could see him, he was not there.

Pangloss looked into the mirror and saw that he was inside out.



Can you imagine that you are a nothing?

What would Wittgenstein say?

Pangloss thought, can the hole inside Cunégonde's ring be still considered something and nothing simultaneously when she puts it on her finger?



Is zero the sum total of all possible worlds or just ONE?

If a tall wallflower devoured a piece of pizza in a hole in the wall of the Pisa tower, would she get heartburn?

Is life the absence of death only here? And is death a presence somewhere else too?



When my Van Eyck book fell
on my foot I yelled “Van Eeeek!”

If a deaf florist fell in the forest
would he make a sound?

If nothing is going right why
should one assume something
must go wrong at the same time?



Why is not now then when only
in Westphalia?

Suddenly, yesterday again!

In a parallel universe could
something be naught and then
ought not be never?

Ask Candide.

How to measure pleasure?



We had never seen so much such
and such.

If Candide and Cunégonde
collided would there be an
annihilation like matter and
antimatter?

Are all nothings the same
nothing, or are there more
than one kind of nothing?



Does nothing come in chocolate
or vanilla?

If something is the best of all
possible things, is nothing still
the worst of all possible things
in the best of all possible worlds?

If nothing grows in my garden,
will something still grow in my
heart?





To be or not to be? Maybe.

