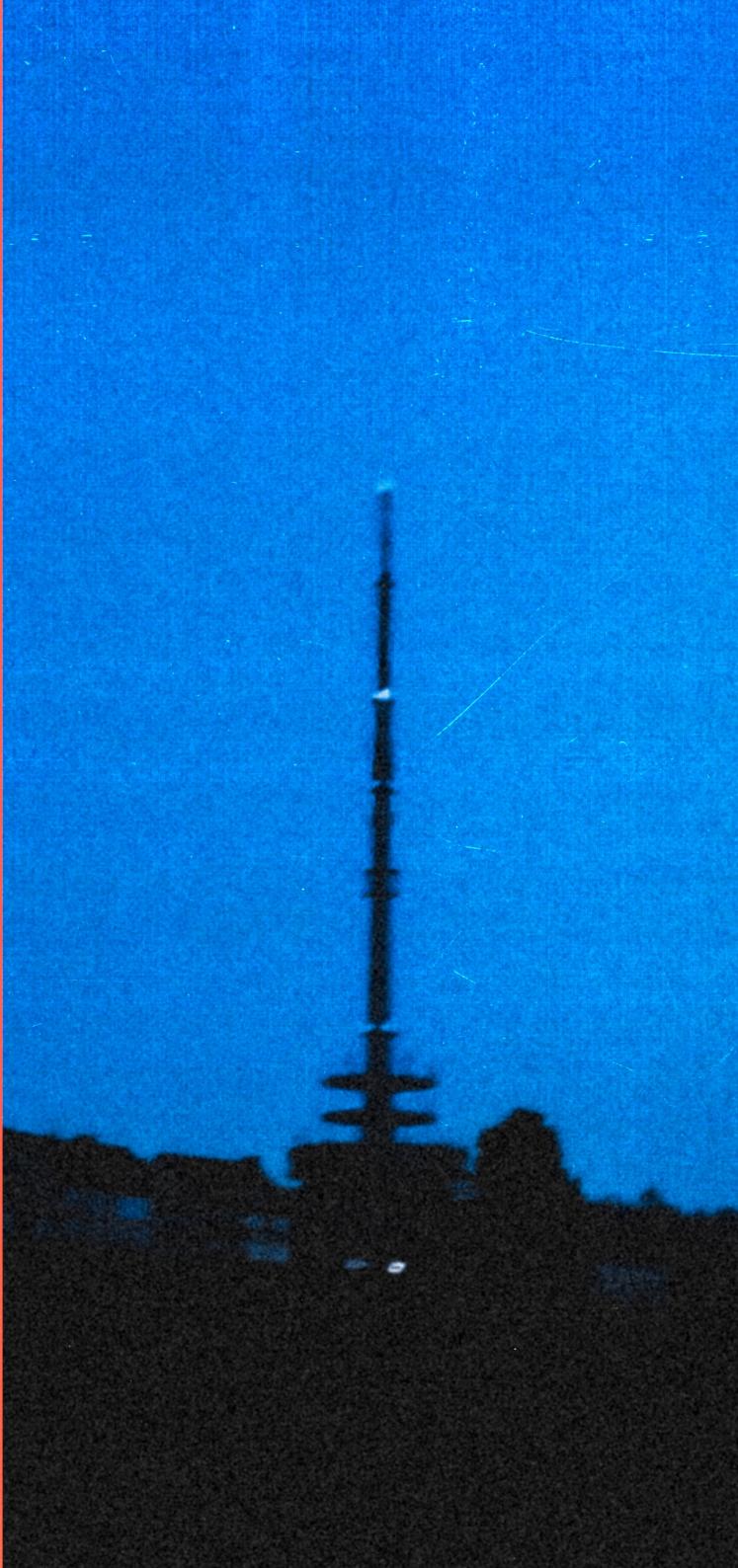
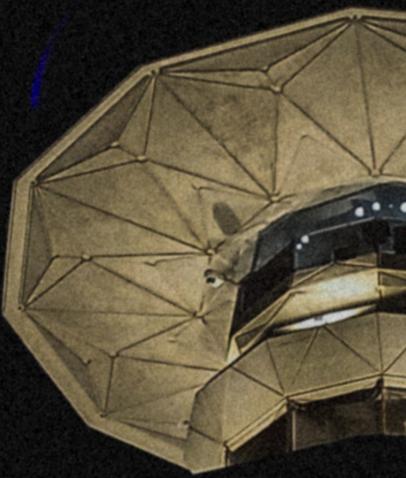


# ANTENNA.FEED

A Community Log of Intercepted Broadcasts  
Curated by COMMON ALEX

MMXXV





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Be at ease.

What does it take to overcome your past troubles?

heck is a subsidiary of Freshwater Media.

heck  
[h3ck.bandcamp.com](https://h3ck.bandcamp.com)

## **THE MOTHERBOARD'S DYING BREATH**

**IN THE CENTER OF A NEON SQUARE SITS A MONOLITH WIRED FROM THE CEILING AND WALLS  
MILES AWAY FROM THE VISION OF THE SURROUNDING CROWD GATHERED AROUND.**

**THEIR EYES VOID OF EMOTION AS THE MOTHERBOARD'S PULSE SEIZES EVERY SUDDEN SECOND  
BENEATH THEIR FEET.**

**THEY KNOW THEIR TIME IS LIMITED AND COME TO TERMS WITH THEIR DEATH, EMBRACING  
AND CELEBRATING LIFE AS THE PULSE CONTINUES TO SLOW.**

**FROM WHAT WAS A SHORT QUICK BEATING EVERY SECOND BECAME A LONG FOGHORN  
BREATH.**

**AND THEN NOTHING...**

**IT WAS GONE. THE PEOPLE, THE MAZE OF WIRES, AND THE MONOLITH.  
GONE.**

**Yedd**  
[yedd.bandcamp.com](http://yedd.bandcamp.com)

The year is 1997. It's a dreary school morning just like any other.

Your mom dropped you off early, same as always despite the thunderstorm raging outside. As you make your way into the cafeteria, shaking the water off of your backpack, you spot your best buddy at the usual lunch table. He looks up, makes eye contact, and cracks a devious smile. He has it. Forgetting about how wet you are, you rush over to the table and sit down beside him.

"Show me."

"Oh, whatever could you possibly be referring to?"

"Come on, man, just show me the goods."

"Boo, no sense of fun." He's still got the shit-eating grin on his face.

With a flourish, he opens the backpack sitting on his lap. At the top of a pile of unfinished homework, there sits an unassuming, if battered, VHS tape, with a written label that says "math lessons" in a handwriting you don't recognize.

"Unbelievable. I didn't think it was real."

Neither of you have to say anything else— the legend is already burned into both of your brains: in 1979, one of the first students attending this school with a VCR at home managed to copy several porn films onto a VHS off of pay-per-view channels. He was eventually caught by his parents, but not before successfully trading the tape off to a fellow classmate. Ever since then, the tape has been trading hands between students, with each adding new content as they are able, with your friend allegedly coming into possession of it some months back from a graduating senior on the baseball team. Truthfully, you didn't believe him.

"You owe me bigtime."

"Yeah, yeah, I got the goods." You pull a pair of pantyhose out of your own backpack, desperately pushing the memory of how you got it out of your head.

"Very good show, sir," your friend says in a mock British accent as he hands you the tape.

"You know the rule."

The rest of the day is a blur, until, finally, it's 12:30 in the morning, and the whole house is asleep. Aside from you. You sneak past your parents' room and downstairs into the finished basement, where you carefully slip the VHS into your own VCR.

Welcome to...



100% PURE  
SIGNAL  
SLEAZE!

# PREMIUM CHANNELS

范東尼

TUNE IN NOW!\*

\*\$3.99 a minute. Must be over 18 (21 in some territories).

PREMIUM CHANNELS

[premiumchannels.bandcamp.com](http://premiumchannels.bandcamp.com)

# 冷凍死体

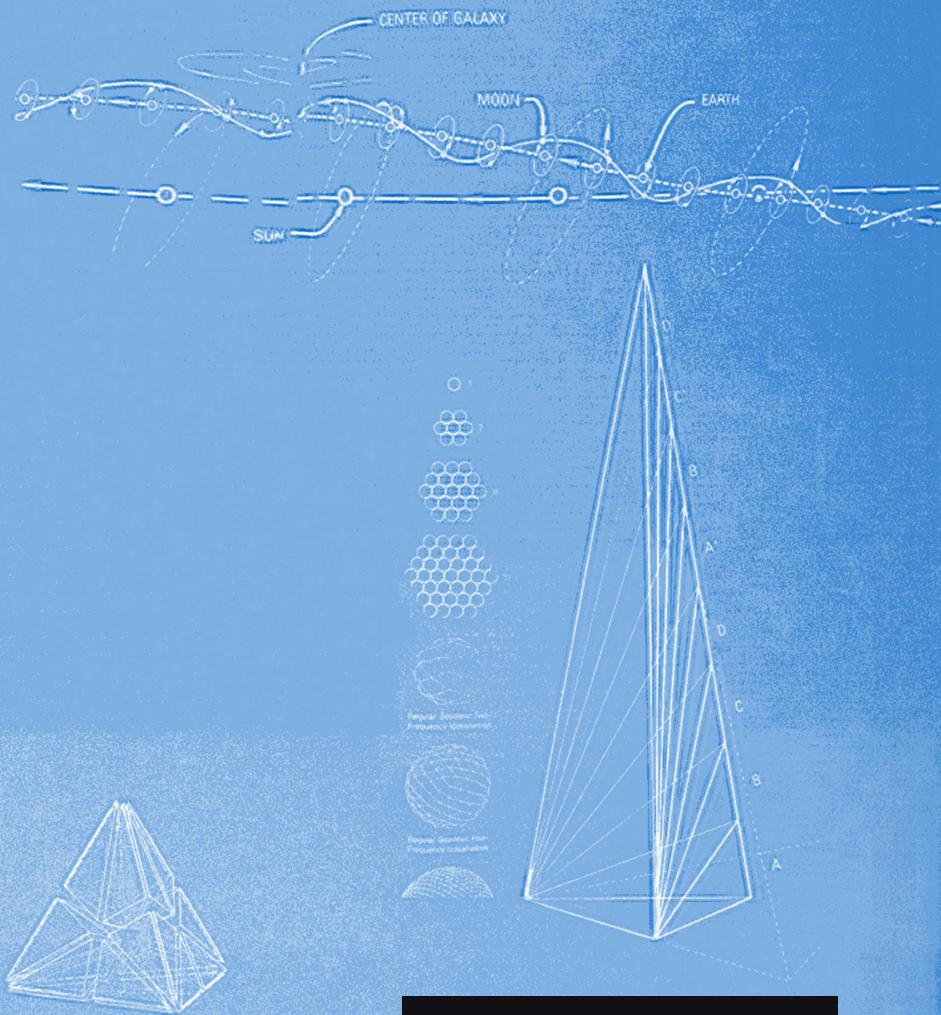


見捨てられた。なぜこんな目に遭わせてしまったのだろう？ 雪の中でゆっくりと血を流している。抱きしめて。雪は痛みを麻痺させてくれるけれど、あなたはまだ私の心を苦しめている。どうか安らかに眠らせて。



- 雪の中で血を流して死ぬ
- 彼らは静かに私に話しかける
- なぜ記憶から消すことができないのでしょうか？
- 大気による死
- 凍結細胞



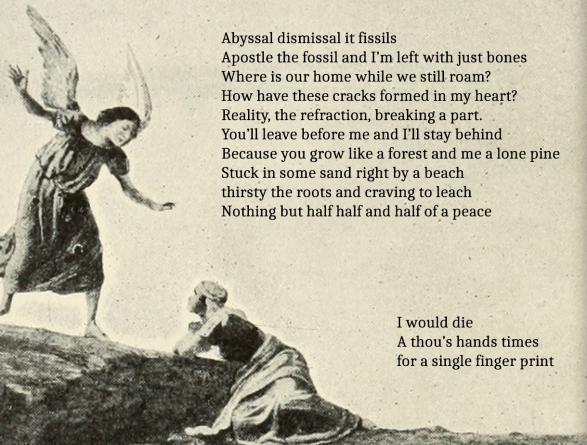


**ΣΥΣΤΗΜΑ**  
everythingandmore.bandcamp.com



Sunday, Feb 23rd 2025

When I thought about my life I used to think of it as ending. To me, I envisioned the credits rolling after a movie, and I'm sitting around in an empty theater. Now I understand that those credits were not for my life, but for my childhood. I grieved accordingly. Now my life has started. I am an adult. Possibilities are infinite. Living has just begun.



I would die  
A thou's hands times  
for a single finger print



12

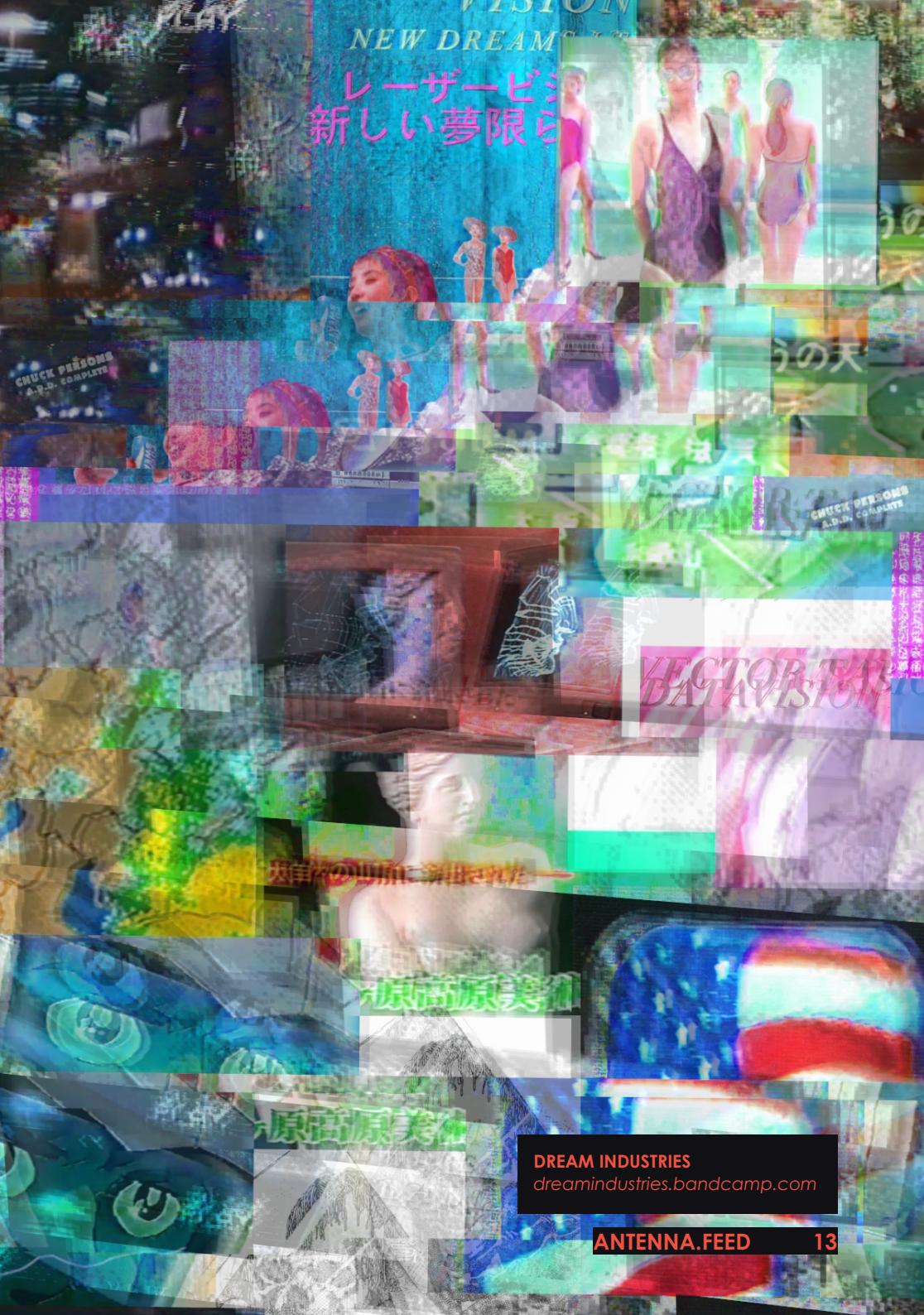
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**Robustom**

[robustom.bandcamp.com](http://robustom.bandcamp.com)





DREAM INDUSTRIES  
[dreamindustries.bandcamp.com](http://dreamindustries.bandcamp.com)

*Smart  
Spiral*

*Smart  
Diamond*

*Meeting the promise  
and keeping the promise*

*Smart Spiral  
... and Diamond*



**experience solitude**  
[experience-solitude.bandcamp.com](http://experience-solitude.bandcamp.com)

## The Listening Station

He is slouching in the darkest corner of the living room with his back to me, as always. He is speaking on the radio. A bright light from a makeshift office lamp casts a dingy halo around him, as he's slowly twisting knobs and flipping switches on machines whose names or purposes I never really knew. And truth be told, I never bothered, 'cause I was too repulsed by them. It's the noise; it always has been. It's the white noise between analog frequencies, picked up by these heavy, migraine-inducing machines. It always sounded like something cursed out there, scattering in abstract signals carried on the airwaves, making their way in and out of this living room (or his "station" as he referred to it).

Contrary to what my father would've told you, it was never more than a hobby. The clue really is in the name: amateur radio. He always had an incomprehensible fascination with new gadgets, even if my childhood was marked by a constant ten-year-difference in technological leaps behind the rest of my classmates. My father carried this fascination for new tech through everything, but only to himself. He would buy another hissing monster to speak to other weirdos in Alaska or New South Wales, one at a time of course, while he only ever graced my brother and me with a used PS1 console that had a kitsch Lara Croft sticker on it. In 2009. Just a side note: I'm not complaining, I played the shit out of it. Still, I hoped I'd maybe catch up with my friends and stop rocking a Panasonic flip phone with an antenna sticking out when the iPhone came out.

His way of life trickled down to everything in the house and shaped my childhood. He would be far behind the curve, and so would the rest of the family, yet he was fine with whatever felt familiar to him. Anything "modern" or "complicated" (such as the "revolutionary" idea of two-way communication) was far beyond his controlling grasp. I remember him fighting with my mother about how he took better care of his machines than his kids. It might've been the only real two-way communication I ever caught him having, and it was just screaming or making threats to her. But one time was different. This time, he said it bluntly: he cared for them so much more than us because they never let him down. The bitterness felt even bigger than the disrespect. These noisy boxes were the refuge of a man scared of anyone and anything that would not go his way. That's why his amateur radio hobby never faded. And that's why I found myself being jealous of those

imposingly high antennas and overpriced walkie-talkies that consumed all the attention and care I needed from him.

The last time I saw my father was three days before he passed. Nobody took care of him in the hospital, and I was in a constant struggle to make out the words coming out of his mouth. He was drained yet panicked. I grieved the time that had slipped through our hands and tried my best to comfort him. He was isolated, but not on his terms anymore. Though he mumbled frantically, nothing ever came close to a coherent sentence. Any connection that was left there was lost. We were closer than ever and there was nothing left to say. It didn't matter whether we were next to each other or on opposing ends of a vast network of signal repeaters. Next time I saw him, he was dressed to the nines in a box. His tombstone had his amateur radio callsign engraved on it, courtesy of my brother. It was a sad last sign-off to another "could've-been-better" relationship.

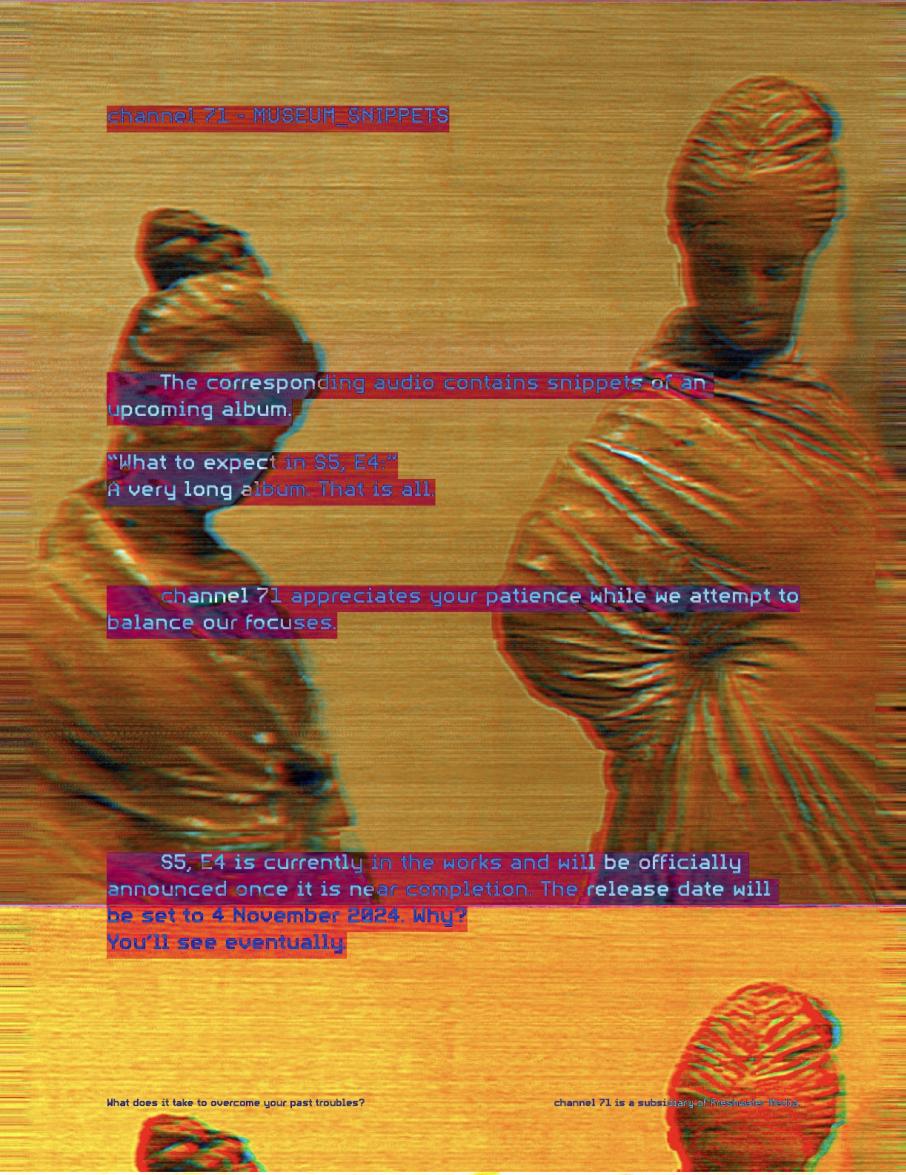
Nowadays I visit my mom's house and skip the living room completely. It's dumb, but I can't stop thinking of the hissing in the corner. As if the white noise might return if I stood where he stood. I know, deep down I know that there's no "station" here anymore. There's no one to pick up any signal. No message to send and no call sign to broadcast or log. The sole reminders of his presence are these unused machines covered in dust and a lonely antenna sticking out of the building's roof. Cold and slowly decaying, they stand as cruel symbols of something that needed to be said but never was.

My brother's trying to sell the equipment online. I don't care, really. I wish those monsters and their screeches could travel the world again, like their owner's voice used to. I wish someone out there could pick up their waves and respond. I know I can't. I don't believe I ever could, to be honest.

Thank you dad. Fuck you dad. Bye dad.

This is my sign-off.

COMMON ALEX  
commonalex.com



channel 71 - MUSEUM\_SNIPPETS

The corresponding audio contains snippets of an upcoming album.

"What to expect in S5, E4:"  
A very long album. That is all.

channel 71 appreciates your patience while we attempt to balance our focuses.

S5, E4 is currently in the works and will be officially announced once it is near completion. The release date will be set to 4 November 2024. Why?  
You'll see eventually.

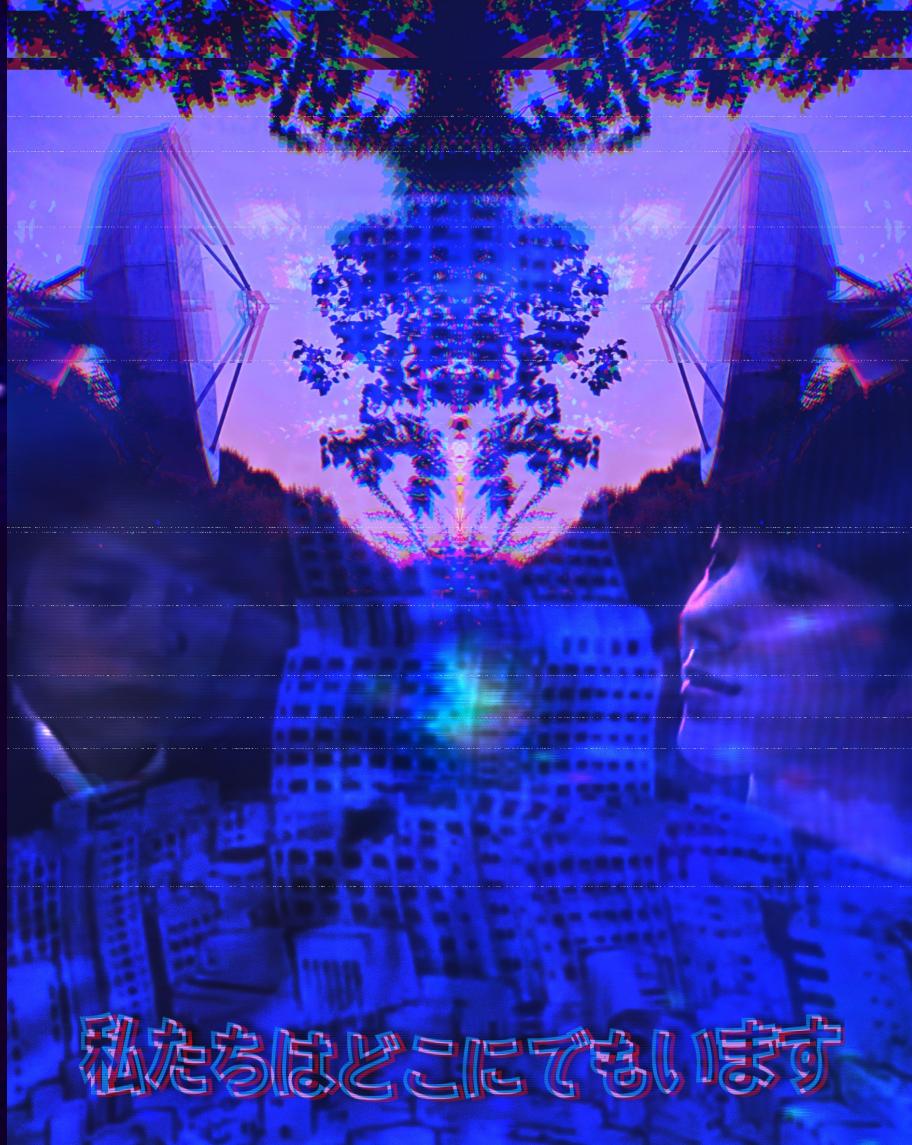
What does it take to overcome your past troubles?

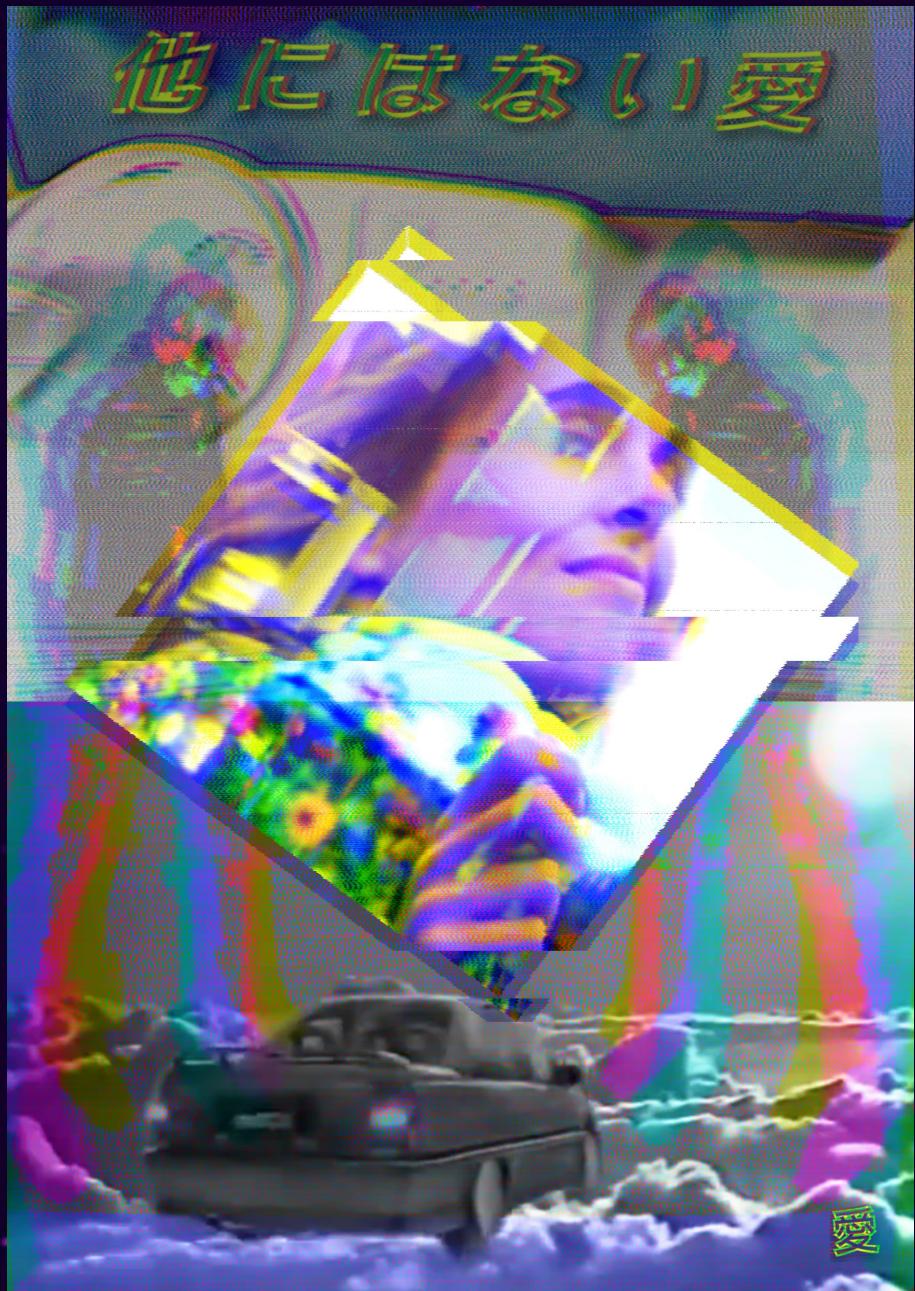
channel 71 is a subsidiary of Freshmaster Media.



channel 71  
[ch71.bandcamp.com](http://ch71.bandcamp.com)

愛





t e p h c o . 愛  
[tephco.bandcamp.com](http://tephco.bandcamp.com)





R850  
[ragnarok8.bandcamp.com](https://ragnarok8.bandcamp.com)

march 4th,



we ran over fields off the road



red soil under torn skies



laughing our heads off



in a pair of dirty school shoes



washing up on the rivers headed south



back home to the strait of johor



wet, tattered, and bruised



but floating on the surface together



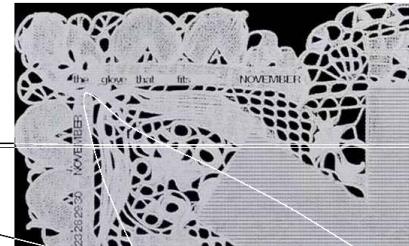
weightless, mirrored, synchronised



i lovetheworld ilove

the sun andmy friends

andsports



love you always

Would you like to contribute a story



[REDACTED],  
the stink of moist soil, sunbleached,  
[REDACTED] the columns of charred bark —

I'd seen this exact moment many times,

[REDACTED] like a daydream, [REDACTED]  
white horse in the field. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] sharp and cle[REDACTED]  
the

"The horse is dead," [REDACTED]  
with the smell of de[REDACTED]

"I wish they could forget [REDACTED]

"Nobody loved

[REDACTED] the sun emblazoned your  
with gold, [REDACTED]

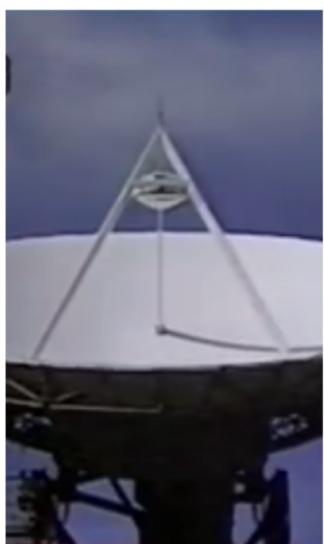
[REDACTED] when you're gone,  
[REDACTED] hangs on utility poles  
[REDACTED] their morning  
[REDACTED] the warmth of  
[REDACTED] spring smells just as

luci  
sheezy.art/dreamlandd

ANTENNA.FEED

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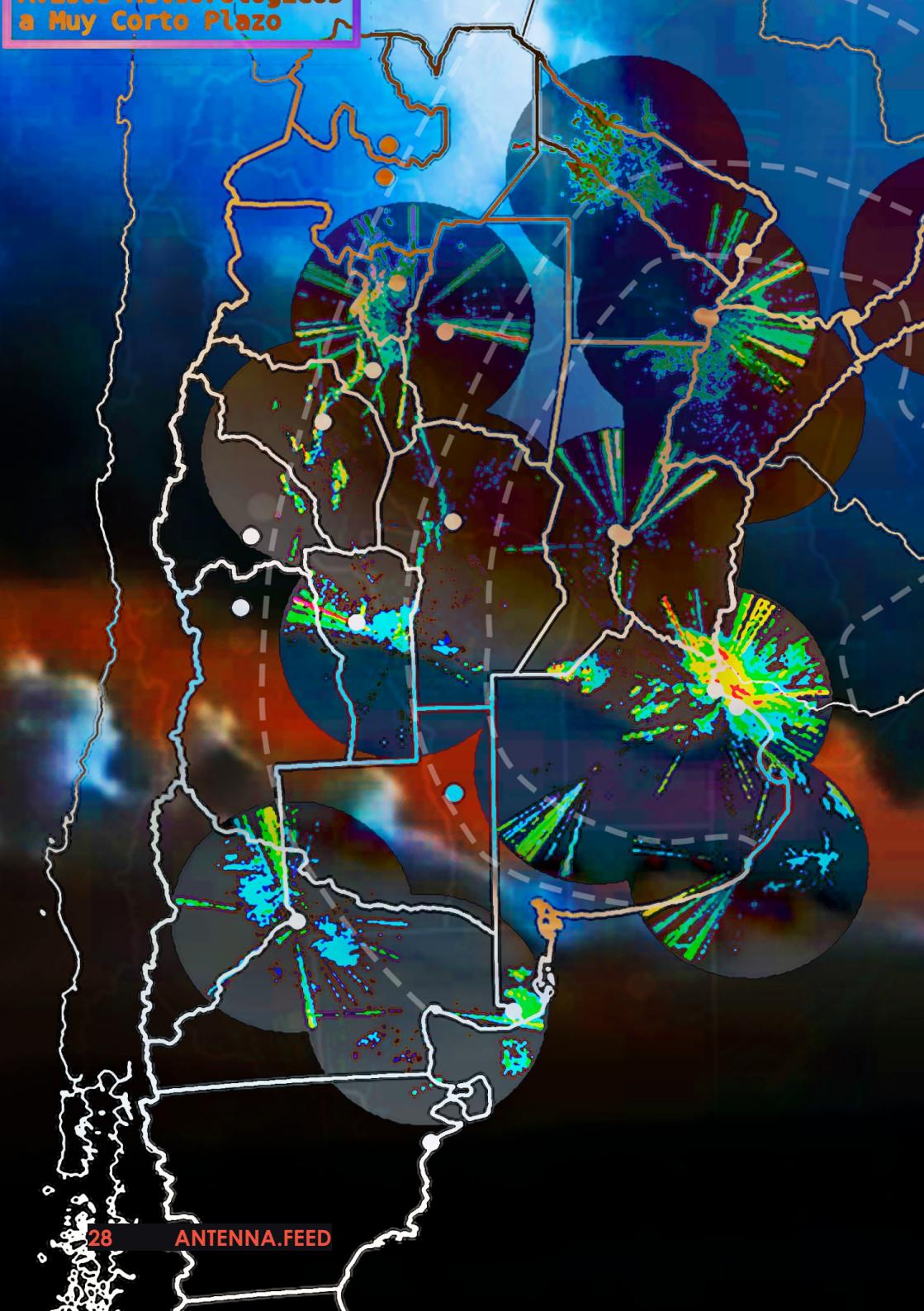


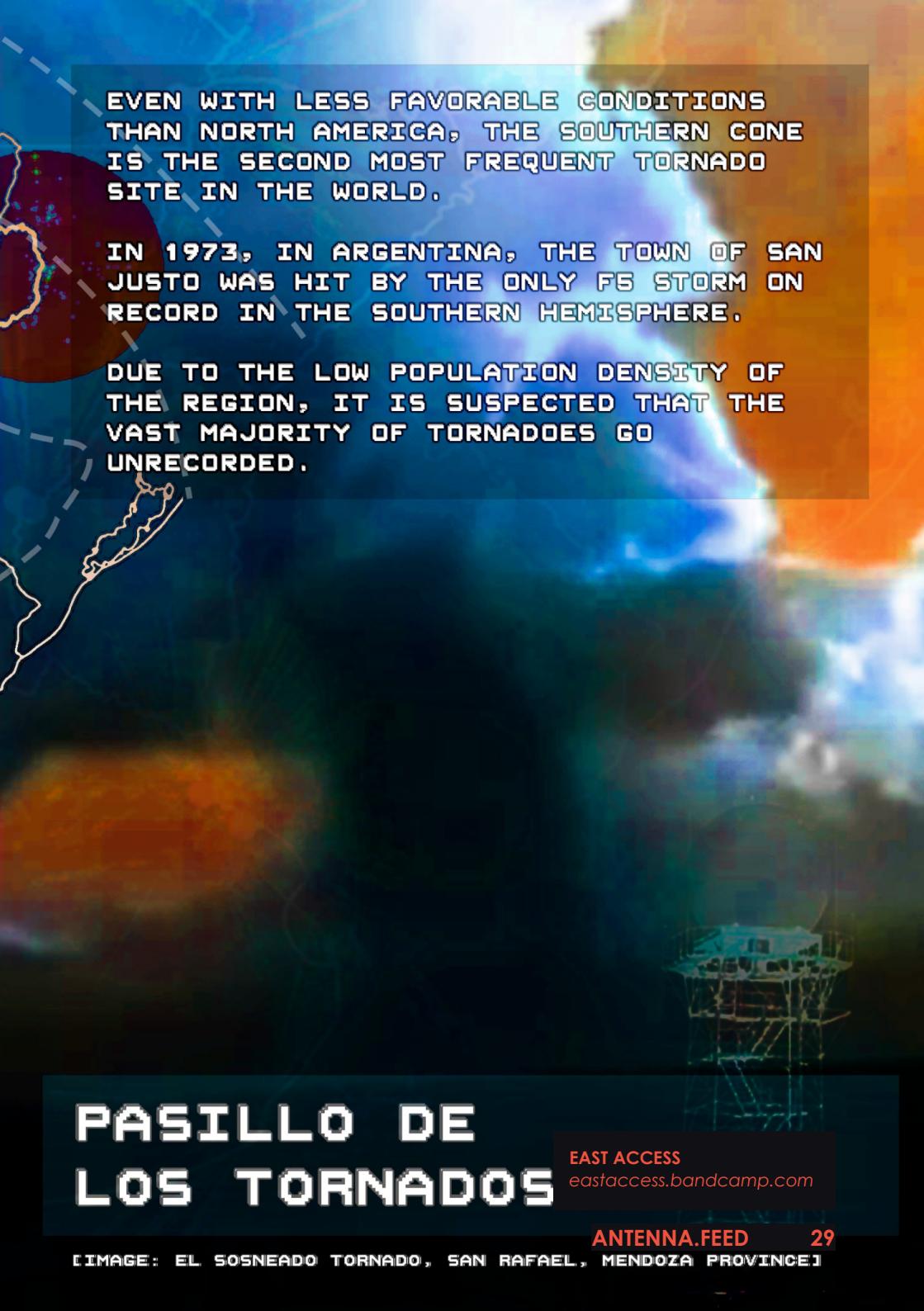




You're here in search of something. You're here to find the forgotten. The unusable, the wasted, the abandoned. And maybe, those who feed themselves from the spoils of the literal world, behind the back of the relentless cure for thought. You're here for signs. Those which talk behind the revealed that revolves like orgasms on tidal waves for the easy eyes. Don't ask which are the signals, what you're going to find, what you're looking for specifically. That's your journey into the abyssal, on the nocturne aurora, in the knowledge of masks. Rehearse your best functional day and make your way in the stampede of the explicit, the structured chaos of the superficial, the feast of the irate instincts. Weariness and overstimulation, two sides of the only coin with which the literal world pays salaries. But if you're here is because you've chosen poverty over the luxury of an exotic silk mind. So, disguise yourself in irony, chat in metaphors, cry in reverse, dance on new symbols. Say hello to the signs that talk in deafening silences of knowledge for curious ears. There is nothing else but understanding what the intentions sounds are saying to you, so wave hello to the personal signals, DNA of souls in layers, fictitious names without any face but the construction of something new made with the historic ruins of the literal world, fingerprints shaped like ostracism's arpeggios. Signs, yes.

What signs do you think you will find me with?





EVEN WITH LESS FAVORABLE CONDITIONS THAN NORTH AMERICA, THE SOUTHERN CONE IS THE SECOND MOST FREQUENT TORNADO SITE IN THE WORLD.

IN 1973, IN ARGENTINA, THE TOWN OF SAN JUSTO WAS HIT BY THE ONLY F5 STORM ON RECORD IN THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE.

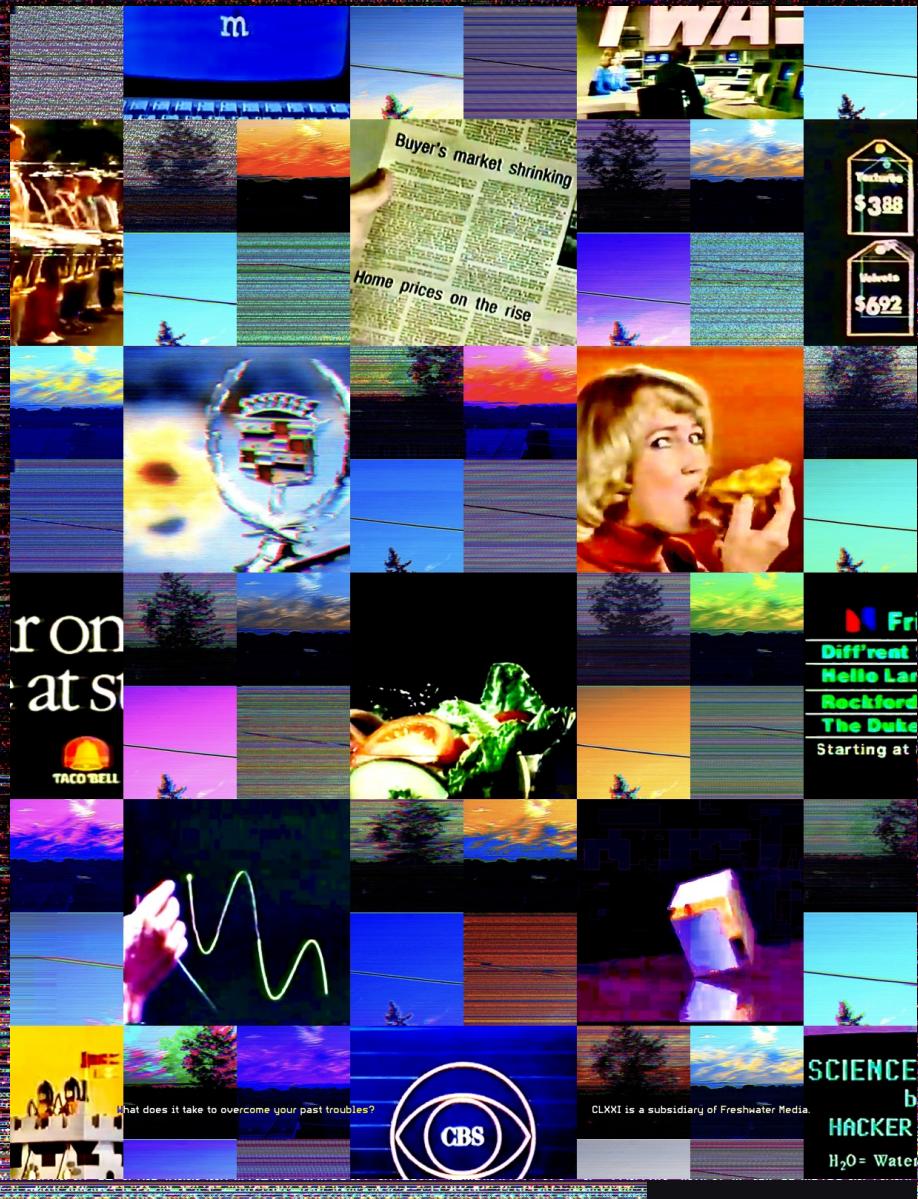
DUE TO THE LOW POPULATION DENSITY OF THE REGION, IT IS SUSPECTED THAT THE VAST MAJORITY OF TORNADOES GO UNRECORDED.

## PASILLO DE LOS TORNADOS

EAST ACCESS  
[eastaccess.bandcamp.com](http://eastaccess.bandcamp.com)

ANTENNA.FEED 29

[IMAGE: EL SOSNEADO TORNADO, SAN RAFAEL, MENDOZA PROVINCE]



# **Block Monday**

**Exchanging stocks,  
Businessmen hold conferences with many clocks,  
The air is filled with the smell of ink,  
You can hear the cries of many men,  
Computers computing in sync,  
The value of a stock soars like a wren,  
Then dives like a bird of prey,  
Wall Street is jittery,  
As crashes can happen any day,  
But from the outside it looks all glittery**

colortrak 二千  
[colortraknichi.bandcamp.com](http://colortraknichi.bandcamp.com)



# ANTENNA.FEED

WFWM #0041

The Signalwave Zine Compilation

Curated by COMMON ALEX

Distributed by Freshwater Media



## Featuring:

COMMON ALEX

DREAM INDUSTRIES

EVERYTHING

Liminal Winter

teph co. 愛

colortrak 二千

R850

experience solitude

CLXXI

LAPA

heck

Robustum

PREMIUM CHANNELS

EAST ACCESS

International Telecom

channel 71

Yedd

## Want to be part of Freshwater Media's catalog?

Scan the QR code on the bottom left for more details!

## Accepted genres & moods:

- ALL vaporwave (eccojams, slushwave, signalwave, barberbeats, etc.)  
(Can also be sample-free!)
- Synthwave
- Chillwave
- Lo-fi beats
- Ambient
- Field recordings & ambience
- Liminal, nostalgic, dreamcore, or weirdcore
- Other plunderphonics



Submission  
form:

We can also press physical media for your demo(s)!

See our  
catalog:



Inquire here:



See our merch:





A collection of intimate broadcasts sent by prominent artists of the Signalwave community during the Spring from rooftops, bedrooms, and dormant satellites that drift quietly through space.

This is **ANTENNA.FEED**.

Transmitted in 2025.

Featuring:

**DREAM INDUSTRIES**

**luci**

**experience solitude**

**Yedd**

**colortrak二千**

**International Telecom**

**Robustom**

**t e p h c o . 爰**

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**channel 71**

**R85O**

**PREMIUM CHANNELS**

**heck**

**ΣVΣRYTHING**

**Liminal Winter**

**EAST ACCESS**

**CLXII**



Bundled with an exclusive compilation made by the contributing artists.

