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**A
mega-zine
About
Vaporwave,
Love, life, poems
And capitalism.**

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Chapter 1: VAPORWAVE, Music from the dystopian future

Vaporwave is something hard to explain, but if you mention it on the internet, I'm sure someone will know what you're talking about.

Vaporwave is something really similar to other genres of electronic music, yet has that feel of being something different, beautiful. Some of its most recognizable pieces are for example floral shoppe:



Cover of Floral shoppe, produced by underground artist, Vektroid.

That absolute banger of an album is treated as an icon of the true vaporwave music era. Later, it was only getting better. Hits like 84' dreamin or, one of my favorites, simpsonwave 1995. Artists who are known for vaporwave are like internet demi-gods. Someone you V I B E to.

Experiencing a fucked-up version of the past is dual to creating art that purports to be one thing but is, in fact, a fucked-up version of the past. Since the primary experience of our youth is being forced to experience a fucked-up version of the past designed for psychological exploitation and crowd control, our art is a reflection of our reality. All children emulate their parents. If the essence of modernism is fucking up the past for fun and profit, then vaporwave is the self awareness of a generation of artists who put this into practice. This all got started with Adam Harper, a writer who made a mixtape, completely misunderstanding that he was covering the art of the mixtape since it was absurd to call it "mixtapewave", which is exactly what vaporwave really is if we called things by their real names. And then Ramona shook hands by responding IN WRITING --- responding in kind. So this was the basis of the accidental formation of the art of mixtape-criticism. Which, when you call it by that name, sounds absurd and impossible to take seriously. But when you call it "vaporwave", the reactor goes critical..the point of vaporwave isn't that the past has been fucked up and that somehow this demands a response but that when you're listening to a good mixtape IT BLOWS YOUR FUCKING MIND AND YOU DON'T CARE WHERE THE MUSIC CAME FROM and you get to use this cool new word.

Vaporwave and EDM manifest as "psychological pornography". They are a-historical insofar as they are more concerned with the latest technology in psychoacoustics / nostalgia-surfing and the trends of fashion than with the narrative threads of history. You are concerned with nostalgia because art is compelling and has spiritual qualities that move the mind. Nostalgia is useful for its psychological qualities. It is a narcotic.

"Vaporwave is the opium of the classes" --Marl Karx

End of chapter 1

Chapter 2: Love, or should we cancel valentine's day?

So, it is now after Valentine's Day. Some of you may have had a night to remember, while others had a night they wish to forget. Or, like me, you had a night just like any other night, preceded by a day like any other day. As a perpetual single person, and professional third, fifth and even seventh wheel, my opinions on Valentine's Day may not be what you would expect.

I don't love it, I'll say that right now, but I by no means hate it either. I don't really have an issue with couples celebrating together, as long as they are not groping in my general vicinity. If you are in love, you go be in love, and I will sit here with my book and tea and ignore you as I would on any other day. I try my best not to be one of those bitter lonely people, but sometimes it does sneak out.

I work in a chocolate store, and Valentine's Day week does not really bring out the best in me or my customers, causing me to now equate the holiday with high stress levels, working overtime and insane customer requests.

A little down over the prospect of another Valentine's Day alone and feeling in need of some words of wisdom, I decided to Google my favourite eccentric philosopher, Slavoj Žižek, and see what he thinks about love. The first hit that came up was entitled, "Slavoj Žižek: Love is Evil." Go on . . .

As I watched the short clip, shifted through all of the mixed metaphors and scientific comparisons, one line really caught my attention. "The only way to counteract [a cosmic imbalance] is to assume the mistake and go to the end, and we have a name for this: it's called love." He goes on to explain that he is disgusted with universal love and that he does not like the world, that reality is stupid and he does not care about it.

Love, to him, is a violent thing. Love is not "I love you all"; we pick and choose and say I love you more than I love anything else. And all too often, when we love somebody, we don't accept him or her as what the person truly is. We accept them as this person that fits our fantasy. We wrongly identify him or her, which is why, when we realize that we were wrong, love can quickly turn into violence.

Žižek states, "There is nothing more dangerous, more lethal for the loved person than to be loved, as it were, for not what he or she is, but for fitting the ideal." And in that formal sense, love is evil. Now, I'm not sure if I'm willing to go quite that far, but I can see where he is coming from. On a similar wave, Žižek's most famous quote about love: "The one measure of true love is you can insult the other," follows his violent

theme by insisting that when true love is present, you can say horrible things and will still be able to have the relationship recover from it.

His theories don't always pertain to violence but also the much more subdued topic of distance. In a talk given at Columbia University in New York City, Žižek made the point that everyone is so scared to just say how they feel that hardly anyone even says "I love you" anymore, but instead they distance themselves by saying things like "as a poet once said, 'I love you.'" I would even push that further and say that, in our generation, even admitting openly to liking someone becomes a distant act.

We try and say it without actually saying the words "I like you," and we play the game because it's what we think we're supposed to do. This is something that I would desperately love to move away from; the distance and vagueness we use in the way we communicate with each other is a buffer so that no one ever has to put themselves on the line, out there for all to judge.

In the words of Žižek, "We believe that if we were to put the words 'I love you' directly, it would mean too much." We did that to ourselves, those words don't have to mean too much.

After scanning all these theories, I'm not sure if Žižek was the best person to look to for love advice, but he does make some valid, if not convoluted points. Love is important, and evil, and violent, and distant and tricky. Most of all, love is completely dependent on the persons involved and how much they are willing to invest in it. For Žižek, love is all consuming and violent, and for me, it's something much less abrasive. Whatever it means to you, love is something we all need and we all crave, but keep in mind that Valentine's Day is only one day. It's the other 364 that make all the difference, be it toward finding love or sustaining it.

End of chapter 2

Chapter 3: Is life worth living?

Life isn't worth living at all.

We are self-replicating bio-robots; lumps of self-aware meat hung on a rack of bones slowly decaying until we die and rot in a grave/crematorium.

All we are here to do is consume and reproduce more copies of ourselves, the rest is just drama created by a CULTure/society. It's just - Eat, sleep, shit, work, chase trivial crude, animalistic desires and then die.

Once our brain rots we won't even remember any of this nonsense so it will be as if we never even existed. The sad reality is, there is no "positive", there is only the elimination of the negatives. (Negatives instilled by life) E.g - we are hungry, we need food - we are lonely, we crave companionship - we have needs/desires, we seek fulfilment - we are sick/ill, we seek relief/aid. Once one removes all cobwebs of delusion they can see the silliness

of life; a bunch of animals eating each other. Things only get worse in time, such as nursing homes, dementia, cancer

etc. Also, your better not having kids and making more victims to suffer this slaughterhouse of an existence. All you can

do is try and "enjoy" your own life the best you can without causing harm to others and that's about it...but if we we're

logical and had no emotional bias we would probably realize it is best to terminate ourselves as soon as possible.

Let me tell you a story.

A very old woman was lying on her bed.
Weakness and age had taken away all her strength.
Ate food mostly one time, sometimes a little bit in night as well.
There was no one to take good care of her.
Spent hours remembering God and doing meditation every day.
Going to toilet was also a very tough task for her.
Used to recite stories to her little great grand child in night.
Those were the only few moments of fun, laughter and happiness for her.
He was the only child of the family living with her.
Husband died a decade ago along with most of her siblings and other close relatives.
Every morning she woke up early to enjoy the view of trees with birds chirping from the little window
besides her bed.
The boring, dull, meaningless life continued day after day.
One morning, as the dusk was giving way to dawn, fresh breeze was flowing inside and outside the house,
little birds had started chirping.
The old woman woke up.
She wanted to freshen up but no one was awake to help her, she was trying to not release her urine in her clothes.
Suddenly her husband entered through the window.
He looked younger than when he died.
She could see through his body.
He held her hands and said-
"Come Sunita, I have come to set you free, let's go to a better place, this life and body has nothing more to offer you"
She wasn't surprised, just smiled seeing him and said-
Come now, let life continue without you, you are only a burden for yourself and others."
Finally she went away in deep pain, as her old and weak body lay down lifeless waiting for her dear kid to cry for days to come.
Doesn't this story appear unrelated to the question?
It isn't!

A 90 year old woman, who had lost all her loved ones, her original family, didn't have the power to get up
and freshen herself, couldn't walk, there was no luxury, no success, no failure, no hope, no charm, no responsibility in life, still found a reason to live for a few more days.
Then why can't you and me find worth in our lives where there is still so much to do and see?

Even if you love one person by heart, their happiness is enough to make your life worth living.
Stop calculating the worth of your life, it is much more worthy and useful than a dead body.
If you genuinely find reasons to live, you won't get anytime to think about death!

Oh my god, it's gonna be one of these. Anyway, end of chapter 3.



Chapter 4: WTF is poetry?

Expressing ourselves in the daily routine can be challenging, once we have to commit to a schedule, dress in a certain way ruled by someone else, do what we are told to, and spend a lot of energy and time doing something to receive money to sustain ourselves. In this routine, it's clear that it's hard to find time for art and self expression. To produce art, it's not like doing a task, where you can just open a laptop and start working. There is an entire psychological exercise and mood that needs to be achieved in order to connect to yourself and truly take out your feelings and put in the outside world in form of writing, sounds, visually, and any other kind of art.

I started writing poems by accident. Even though I didn't even know how to write a poem in terms of structure and rhymes, I just started writing them because so much was going on in my life at that time that I had to put it out of my mind to understand it better! I believe I chose poems instead of texts because in a poem you don't have to commit to a certain word in its literal meaning, and I feel like I don't have enough words in my vocabulary to express all my feelings, so the literal meaning could transmit a distortion of what I was actually feeling.

Poems exist to listen without your ears, but with your heart. What makes your heart beat faster, what makes you drop tears, what fuels you. We change our mood multiple times in a single day, and most of the times we don't even stop to pay attention in that transitions of feelings, what happened that made you feel that way, and can you even control it?

Writing a poem is just being a little bit generous to yourself, giving you time and attention, so that your soul can speak what you have been hiding from yourself. Once you listen, you are able to express it in any shape of art.

You've been listening the world a lot. Now it's time to listen to the most important person on it.

I FUCKING HATE POETRY.!

Capitalism is B U L L S H I T

To be honest it isn't because without it, this thing wouldn't exist.
Vaporwave generally makes fun of capitalism, and the idea behind it.
And that's all about this one, folks. Capitalism is boring.

I would want to introduce you to a challenge.
Try Wavism. Become an internet Demi-god.
Vibe. Feel love. Despair. Sadness.
Throw away unneeded things and fake friends.
Tell your feelings.
Don't be scared.
Give yourself some time and think it over.
Become a W A V E in the universe.
Dive into insanity, like I did.
I don't care anymore.
Life lost it's taste.
It's not the same.

Thanks.