



The Debate  
was a Vomit

議論は吐き気を催す  
ようなものだった

In the far reaches of YouTube  
The emergence of new micro-genres  
Of media art  
Oddly aesthetic  
Located at the vertices of random graphs  
And small-world networks  
Created by random clicks  
Achieved through constant random  
searches  
Vaporwave  
Invariably, you'll find it  
Floral Shoppe  
Macintosh Plus  
リサフランク 420 / 現代のコンピュー  
– Diana Ross slowed down –

Elevator music  
The exaltation of failure  
The aesthetics of Windows 95  
Casual statues and public domain stuff  
Disrespect for copyright

Surreal yuppies  
Vaporwave devotees  
Boast with pride  
Their refined and sophisticated sense  
Aesthetic

Are you a surrealistic yuppie?  
If you are, then pay attention  
Because this may be your last 美的. ■

In the silence of the internet  
An unpredictable flow of emotions  
Subjectives  
Has led us, oddly enough  
To an artistic syncretism

Webpunk movements  
New glitch art and witch house artists  
Incorporating seapunk iconography  
And Unicode characters  
Vaporwave aesthetics  
Permeating the underground  
Plunderphonics, vaporwave, lo-fi,  
synthpop, and electrotrash musics  
Stuffing SoundCloud and Bandcamp

– would also bog down Myspace if it wasn't dead –

Syncretism in the alternative literature  
And net-poetry  
In interactive online environments  
Of alternative teenagers  
Wearing post-punk revival outfits  
Twitter and Instagram's micro-celebrities

Shattering of the aesthetics?  
Aesthetics of the future?  
Or just a mistaken aesthetic? ■

I have a fatalistic feeling  
That I feel when I wake up in the morning  
Something like:  
“*Think of something ultramodern,  
quickly!*”

Well, this should be my first task  
To be solved early in the morning

Even constantly looking for  
Lofty things  
Even constantly trying to think of  
Something *ultramodern*  
It always escapes me  
Just because of smalls and unintelligibles

## Nuances of my thinking

The *ultramodern* is on my mind

Something really advanced

On the verge of thinking

However, this impression soon disappears

Leaving only the memory of the sensation

About the *ultramodern*

I'm sure there is an algorithm

Able to lead us to the so anticipated

*Ultramodern Art.* ■

Šipříčný

The crucifixion will come

I'm feeling the anguish

I'm feeling the dark

Emptiness

Darkness

And they say they will crucify

Someday in this spring...

Until the end of this spring...

I will wait. ■

Critical life

chaotic  $\text{m}^{\text{ə}}\text{n}^{\text{d}}$ /

daylight depressing me

I'm awake and sad

anxious; uncertainties

I fill my blood with sugar  
to get numb...

I'm sleepy now

Nightmare:

bloody sexual assault. ■

In the fall

In the ~~forest~~

Death star

I was waiting for you

in the dark...

Death star

Goddess of ~~in/exis/ten/ce~~

Come back to the nothing...

I'm feeling nothing now. ■

So worried about Wiccan cults  
modern witchcraft  
digital aliens &  
biological androids...

I can't  
believe  
people still  
care  
about  
baroque  
architecture. ■

Tonight  
in this  
Greater Sabbat  
I just wish  
a supermodern  
punk-goth  
*transfiguration.* ■

Advise:

wear

weird

clothes.

Warning:

wear dictated clothes

wear fashion clothes

such a

self-destructive

behavior. ■

Pale skin

skinny legs

pink hair

~~awkward movements~~

I don't eat so as not to waste time.

one more confession:

I hate Byronism...

Lord Byron

a great vagabond...

(nowadays he'd be a huge pothead.) ■

How can you eat  
The innocent Flesh  
And Get  
Happy  
When  
Someone  
Die?

You shed his blood  
You destroyed his memory  
And now  
he is in your memory... ■

It's weird to think about  
what people are thinking.

we would never know  
because  
thoughts  
are quite  
*involuntary*  
and volatile... ■

I just feel that  
I can't fit in anywhere

social life  
seems  
so boring  
that I can't believe  
that people  
live  
in  
this  
way. ■

I could build  
a death machine  
or carry out an evil plan  
to dominate the world...

but I think  
I'm going to  
keep lying  
on the couch  
and  
watch  
something  
stupid  
as  
fuck. ■

Resting on the couch  
watching TV is  
**so 2004...**

and I really  
don't know  
how to explain  
why I have this  
odd  
impression. ■

I have some impressions  
about internet  
specially  
about Twitter  
Tumblr  
and Myspace

a vibrant  
nostalgic feeling  
blending with  
void and  
regret. ■

I won't abandon  
my childish behavior  
even though  
if I got tetanus  
or  
mumps  
...  
and  
die. ■

Leave the apartment quickly  
with a bowl of porridge.

Is this  
a sort of  
modern witchcraft? ■

How would you feel  
If I got malaria  
and  
die? ■

There is a magical thing  
about lying on the couch  
and doing nothing  
the entire day.

this is the goal  
of everyone's life.  
probably not  
but it's cool  
to think so.  
(the secret plan of God) ■

My darkest years  
of emptiness  
and immature thoughts  
... wait

whatever  
I can't remember  
almost anything  
anyway. ■

It's sad  
to have become a  
biblioklept  
in college  
and have  
ended up  
hanging out  
with  
nauseant  
people. ■

It's been  
so hard  
these days  
to produce  
artwork  
that really  
worth it  
rather than  
be a complete garbage  
or pathetic and corny  
piece of pseudo-art. ■

Everything  
I want in this life  
is to have a  
transparent soul  
and  
reach the  
*Full Existence.* ■

I can't deal with my emotions

...

whatever

I can always buy

a lot of *candies*

and watch Gilmore Girls

deal with it. ■

