



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

A e s t h e t i c

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.*~~ ■

~~S̄/p/ŕ+ñg~~

The crucifixion will come

I'm feeling the ~~a~~ngu~~i~~sh

I'm feeling the dark

Empt~~i~~ne~~s~~s

Darkness

And they say they will crucify

Someday in this spring...

Until the end of this spring...

I will wait. ■

Critical life

chaotic ~~mind~~ ^{mind}

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 ~~fore~~st

Death star

I was waiting for you

in the dark...

Death star

Goddess of ~~in~~~~ex~~~~is~~~~t~~~~e~~~~n~~~~c~~~~e~~

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. ■

