



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/p̄/r̄+ñ̄g~~

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... ■

