It's the End of the Amusement Phase TF

Von Chara Kotsali

Dear sir, we have a problem
Dear sir, we need to talk
The whole world is in dust, and I say we must clean this shit.
No one wants to live like this.
We're still not in flying cars,
still not in moon colonies,
still not teleporting.
7 am, bag on your back to return late at night. And then it's August again and 40 euros in your bank account again.
All is well.
Be creative.
Extinction as a Sunday hobby.
Breakneck career acceleration 'till your ears bleed.
Supersonic, gin and tonic.
From future shock to future block.
Another cock. Another cock. Another cock. Another cock.
And in an arms stretch she sees herself, that sees herself, to tease and please and seize herself.
Risk managed and well predicted,
not nostalgic for the days that are gone,
but rather afraid for those that won't come.
Techno sad,
Techno disappointed,
living "in a sense of broken promise".
This is nothing like the Great Depression.
Nothing Great about this Sadness.
A micro-dosing of madness.
A bleed-through from the future.
There is nothing out there for you, there is nothing down here for me.
It's the end of the amusement phase.
A dazed gaze in the days that can't amaze.
An ocean of red pins.
People declaring "I'm here" and I still can't define if that "here" is somewhere near.
Say hello to all of this, welcome pain as a morning fix.
Does the past make you horny? Is it killing your sleep?
So go on, fuck it hard and let's move to the beat.
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1951 A dad is born\1952 Bombs in Korea\1954 Bombs in Algeria\1955 Bombs in Vietnam\1958 Another dad is born 1960 The last dad is born\1965 Ed White walks in space\1967 junta here, junta there, junta every-fucking-where
1968 It's May in France\1980's a G to the P to the S—a GPS\1984 I arrive—many years, happy years , the worst has passed, all is well.
1990's no news good news, keep your eyes on the prize-Go go west, go west and fuck the rest\1992 Bombs in Sarajevo 1995—arrive—I arrive. Fresh air coming through windows 95—Go sugar it's your birthday. Gonna party like it's your birthday.
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1984 I arrive—Happy Birthday, the worst is over, all is well.
85, 86, '87, 88 too young to get it
'89 still too young to get it
1990's no news good news, keep your eyes on the prize, go west, go west and fuck the rest
1995 she arrives, she arrives. Fresh air coming through windows 95
2000 millennium Y2K. It is not the end of the world yet. I'll tell you what I want, what I really, really want, I wanna, I wanna, I wanna, I wanna really really, really wanna dance, dance, dance. One PC for 7 people. There will be blood. I will spend this decade wearing headphones, and then another and another. I will spend a teenage lifetime eating lunch in front of a TV. Spaghetti Bolognese, while watching the twin towers fall. It was fun, now it's done
2002 this is not your story anymore
2004 dopamine dances to conquer the masses—thank you, Athens, thank you, Greece[1]
2008 At last. It's December in Athens. I read the news—we're in the news[2]

2021 Insta care, insta dare insta motherfucking scare. Scroll little baby, scroll, scroll and fall, scroll the night away and sleep under a blue screen sky.
December 10, 2023 I see dead bodies hanging from a tree, strange fruit now is seen on TV. And we—who's we?—are living in a state of free fall. Space debris devoted to an endless, timeless float. Forever stuck in an orbit around the Earth. Forever young. Forever free. Forever lonely. A damage that cannot be compensated for.
5,4,3,2,1–3–1–2. Is it a countdown to extinction or just a stupid superstition?
2026,5,4,3,2,1 Un/counting my way to the sky, un/counting your way to the future, un/counting my way back to zero.

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I don't do well with dates; I do well with steps. I don't do well with straight lines; I like to curve and to break.
So here I am
Broadcasting from a land in the South that never sent a rocket into outer space and grew old with slow internet.
And now I wanna dance with nobody, I wanna feel the heat with nobody.
Last year I asked for 144 bpm. Now what I need is 230. Where the delusion starts.
Hyperreal. Hypernothing. The point where the fever starts.
A journey from black and white to colored tv and then a journey from pixels to an abstract uv.
Poor image. Low impact.
We sucked out the last drops of milk from history. Like a mother of many, run dry of resources.
History is written by the repressed, history is erased by the depressed.
You say, I unsay.
So, here's my list, and please obey.
1789 France\1804 Haiti\1871 Paris\1914 Mexico\1917 Russia\1919 Hungary\1919 Germany\1936 Spain\1949 China\1959 Cuba\1969 U.S.A.\1975 Vietnam\1979 Nicaragua\1985 Sudan\1987 Palestine\1994 Mexico\2008 Greece\2011 Egypt
2045 maybe a new ending is in the making, maybe a new star under the radar, maybe a new undefeatable and liberating crash
2080 The golden glow of an extinction
3000 The golden light of annihilation
3050 The golden saga of a thousand falls, a thousand falls, a thousand falls, a thousand falls
4000 It is far too late for such a gesture. It is far too good for such depression.
Back to the beginning.
What started in flames will go down in flames.
The future's bright and I was right that when they die there will be light.
But what a light, what a light! Sublime, superb, fucking awesome. Such an astonishing moment in history.
Behold the weltgeist. Not Napoleon's white horse. Neither bulls on parade, but the stomping of a million wildebeest, abandoning a dried-out paradise, to meet again with the sun, to meet again with the river.
The great migration. The end of suffocation.
I was there, you were there, with our twists and turns.
When the guillotines fell and when her cries filled the skies, "this is how this body burns".
I had the jitterbug, the cakewalk, macarena and the plague.
I had the covid, the jerking, the twerking and the rave.
Was I the dancing queen or dancing for the queen?
Dancing my way through. Dancing our way out. Dancing in a line. Dancing against everyone. Dancing against all odds.
Proud to be alive all these millions of years. Proud to spend my glorious days drinking summer beers.
Proud to be a piece of shit, a human progress full of tears and fears and fierce frontiers.
Unable to land, unable to take off, so, I pray for a crash in my cyber rabbit hole.

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Does the future make you horny? Is it killing your sleep? So go on, fuck it hard and let's move to the beat.

[1] The phrase "Thank you Athens, Thank you Greece" was said by Jacques Rogge, then President of the International Olympic Committee, during the closing ceremony of the Athens 2004 Olympic Games – an event that left behind significant public debt, political scandals, expanded surveillance measures, and costly infrastructure that successive Greek governments later neglected, allowing many venues to decay into vast concrete urban ruins.

[2] On 6 December 2008, while the economic crisis that would erupt violently two years later was boiling, Greek police killed 15-year-old anarchist student Alexandros Grigoropoulos in the centre of Athens. The state killing sparked a massive wave of riots and social unrest across Greece, led primarily by students, anarchist groups, and marginalized communities such as immigrants and refugees, while also drawing broad participation from a wide spectrum of society.The uprising lasted for almost two months and was characterized by mass participation, counterviolence, clashes with the police, occupations of schools and public buildings, and numerous libertarian community initiatives