

Natural Stupidity

June 1st 2025

The edges are smooth, the risk is stale. Even the rage is aesthetic now.
The glitch, curated. The ugliness, styled.
The outsider has PR.
Everything's digestible. Even trauma comes pre-filtered and cropped for the feed.

This is where the skin splits.
When the system begs for polish, we spew it back up and sign it.
When the algorithm begs for fluency, we grunt and stutter.

This is not lo-fi. This is not aestheticised failure.
This is failure that doesn't cooperate.
This is dumb, messy, too much — slop for the feed.

We are not ironic.
We are not detached.
We are not performing being broken.
We are fucking broken.

AI didn't ruin art. It just revealed the emptiness already there.
The smooth surfaces. The recursive cleverness.
The feedback-loop of "interesting" that means nothing.

AI is the perfect artist now —
because the art world already thinks like AI:
data in, output out, don't bleed on anything.

We bleed on everything.
We are not here to impress.
We are not here to finish the work.
We are not here to be decoded.

We are the static before the song.
We are the cough in the take.
We are the sketch you're ashamed to show.
We are the version deleted when you came to your senses.
We are the thing that gets made before you know why.

This isn't counterculture. There is no culture.
There's only the loop and the break.
Natural Stupidity is the break.

No manifesto. No key images. No proof.
Only traces. Only gestures that didn't land.

Only a refusal to optimise.

If it doesn't embarrass you, you're doing it wrong.

If it doesn't cost you, you're lying.

If it fits in the frame, you've already failed.

If you discard skill without thought, you are already finished.

This is not a movement.

This is a crack in the surface of nothing.