AGGRESSION

"Humans will always find a way back to true art."

-Aleksander Balkanski



HUSTLE

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AGGRESSION

MANIFESTO

AGGRESSION IS ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL FORCES SHAPING HUMAN CULTURE.
IT APPEARS AS AMBITION, ANGER, URGENCY, TENSION.
IT PUSHES PEOPLE TO COMPETE, TO PRODUCE, TO MOVE FORWARD.
AGGRESSION FEELS ALIVE.

IT CREATES MOTION.
IT CREATES CONFLICT.
IT CREATES MEANING.

THAT IS WHY IT IS ADDICTIVE.
BUT WHEN AGGRESSION BECOMES CONSTANT,
SOMETHING ELSE DISAPPEARS. **CLARITY.**
IN A WORLD FILLED WITH PRESSURE, OUTRAGE, AND COMPETITION,
PEOPLE REACT FASTER THAN THEY THINK.
THEY SPEAK LOUDER,
BUT UNDERSTAND LESS.

AGGRESSION EXISTS TO EXAMINE THAT CONDITION.
THIS MAGAZINE EXPLORES THE SYSTEMS THAT AMPLIFY TENSION
NOT TO CELEBRATE THEM,
BUT TO UNDERSTAND HOW THEY SHAPE US.
BECAUSE WHEN PEOPLE ARE CONSUMED BY AGGRESSION,
CLEAR THOUGHT BECOMES DIFFICULT.
AGGRESSION ASKS FOR THE OPPOSITE.

LESS NOISE.
MORE THINKING.



Hustle culture has poisoned art.







Hustle culture is taking a massive priority in people's lives. It dictates everything from our online presence to the way we talk about culture, art, life, love, and most importantly, work. The beliefs of this movement are centred around endless work, performative busyness, and maximising every single minute of the day. Its motto is that "the grind never sleeps," but if I'm being completely honest, humans do, and so do artists. By trying to turn the creative mind into a corporate assembly line, this movement has created a deeply fake environment. I don't believe that everyone caught up in this culture actually enjoys it. People are faking everything. The way they dress, their interests, and especially how busy they are. It is all an illusion, but this false way of life has officially bled into the world of art. While "poser" artists have been around forever, it is clear that even genuine creators are now getting trapped in the relentless cycle of the hustle.

Hustle culture has poisoned art because people who are not artists tried to profit off of it. The very same corporations and individuals who promote the hustler lifestyle tried to drag art into their machine. As we established, their motto is that the grind never stops. But that is simply not how art works. Sure, we hear artists talk about the hard work and sleepless nights they spend creating and mastering their projects. Yet that is not the same empty environment hustle culture provides. An artist gets satisfaction from the process itself, whereas a corporate worker only gets it from the reward afterward.

Before artists are done with a project, they have looked at it from at least three different points of view, and five more after it is finished. I don't believe most people take the time to do that when consuming art. And that is exactly why quite a lot of artists gatekeep nowadays. They are not doing it for the reasons people did in the past. Before, people gatekept because they were elitist. In their minds, if you did not have the money or status, you could not understand art. But today, in a world where art is accessible to everyone in so many different ways, most choose to be ignorant. Gatekeeping has become a modern way to preserve art from people trying to scribble all over it.

To many, an artist is like a loaf of bread, because they consume the art and immediately want more. People listen to a new album and instantly demand another one, or finish a fashion show and immediately wonder, "What's next?" A new film, a new album, a play... wait, I might have overdone it with the play a little, but you get the point. They are always wondering what's next. How about we start soaking in the art instead? That could actually make a change.



But to me, an artist is like a loaf of bread for a different reason. Every time they make something, a piece of themself is given away to those who choose to indulge. To make good bread, it takes a long time. Modern society has a massive problem with that. People do not want something beautiful and tasteful anymore, they just want something quick. Even though the fulfillment does not last long, they keep coming back over and over again, demanding more. We can sit around and blame big corporations and their marketing strategies for the way culture is shaped all day long, and they certainly deserve it, but society still plays a massive part in this cycle.
Another crucial element to look at from a business perspective is the overwhelming amount of competition in the modern art market. The reality is that most artists simply do not know how to sell their work. Before, creators had professional managers, agents, and gallery owners who handled the commercial side for them. Today, however, with the immense freedom offered by the internet, selling is something everyone is expected to do on their own. This shift has hyper-inflated the competition. Before this digital boom, the race was about who could make better art, but now it has devolved into a race of who can sell it faster. This mindset absolutely abolishes the meaning of making art in the first place, and that is exactly what happens when creators get completely swallowed by hustle culture. Hustle culture tells you that every second you breathe, you should be doing something productive, and tragically, a lot of young people take this as advice, when they should not be taking notes from corporate influencers who are not even in the same sphere of work. An artist can learn and grow even during the time deemed as wasteful.
Another problem is the mass disorientation and inconsistency among young creators. Many tend to start a new project today and completely abandon it tomorrow. This does not happen because the project became boring, but because they suddenly view it as unimportant or meaningless. I want to ask them: by whose standards is it meaningless? Hustle culture brings exactly this type of toxic thought process, where if something is not instantly seen or praised, it is deemed worthless. The logic is that if others do not see your success and your prizes, then your work does not matter. Young artists look at their screens and think, "If they don't double-tap and praise my work, is it really worth it?" History is filled with great work from terrific artists who were never recognized during their lifetimes.



I truly believe that if something ultimately kills art, it will not be AI. It will be creators listening to advice from Silicon Valley tech bros and random people on the internet. Yes, art can be a business, but it stops being a successful one the moment you sacrifice quality for content.

I do not think that hustle culture will stay in the art world for a long time. To quote and slightly paraphrase Alexander Balkanski, the special guest interviewed for this issue, humans will always find a way back to true art.

Of course, I cannot talk about the future of creativity without mentioning artificial intelligence. We all know it poses a threat, but it will not permanently take the jobs of real artists. It will never truly replace screenwriters, musicians, painters, or sculptors. Every single attempt I have seen of AI trying to make art is just its calculation of what it thinks humans want to see, and it is not good precisely because it is way too perfect. When you look at an AI painting, every stroke is too precise and every color is too bright, yet the soul of the piece remains completely dull.

I am fully aware that some artists and hobbyists use AI to cut corners, but those people do not love what they do, and I believe they deserve to lose their jobs, not to the machine but to humans. Tools do not replace the human touch. We have paintbrushes, but artists still use their fingers to smudge the canvas. We have typewriters and computers, but writers still prefer the feel of paper. Most importantly, while machines strive for flawless formulas, humans love art because of its flaws.As cliché as it might sound, we truly love things because of their imperfections, whether we find those imperfections in ourselves or in the art we choose to consume.





THE INTERVIEW

Is hustle culture erasing real art?






In fact, I can count the examples

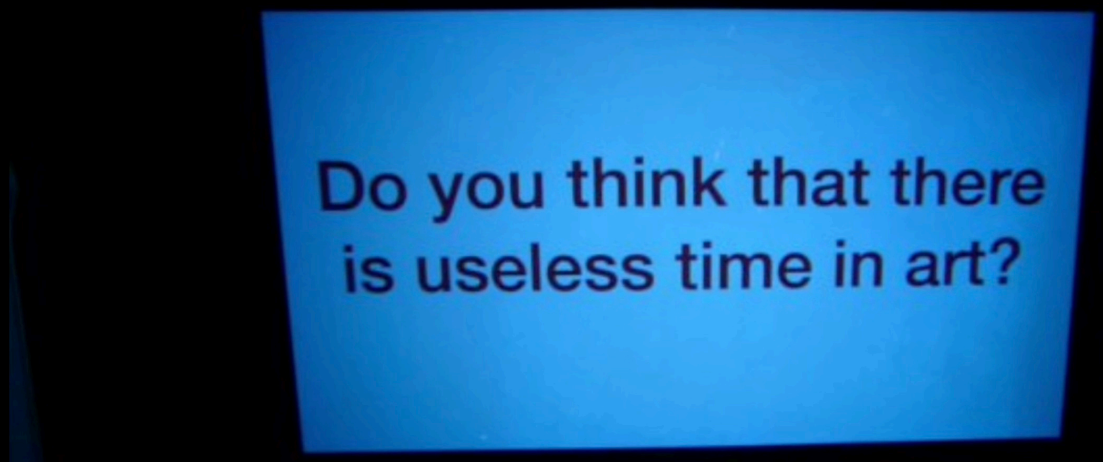

of real art on the fingers of both hands,


since,


my definition of art is


a completely pure form


of expressing feelings and emotions.


Do you think that there
is useless time in art?


I am of the opinion that unnecessary
time in art


does not exist.


The creation of something is an
extremely long process,

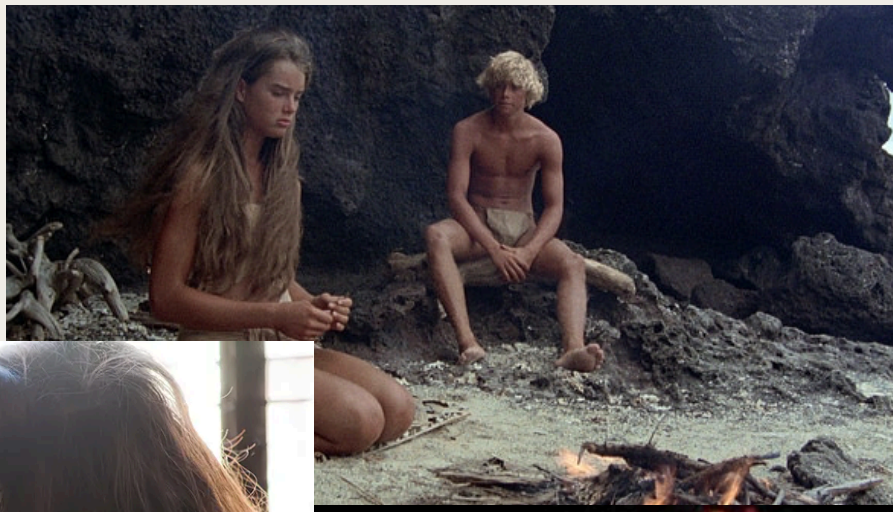

which I guess most people have been
through


at least once.

RECOMMENDATIONS

Film recommendations — Childhood

Art reaches you before you're even equipped to analyse it, and it stays. This issue's recommendations are connected to the start of the love I personally have for art. These are some films I watched during my childhood that changed the way I view the world.











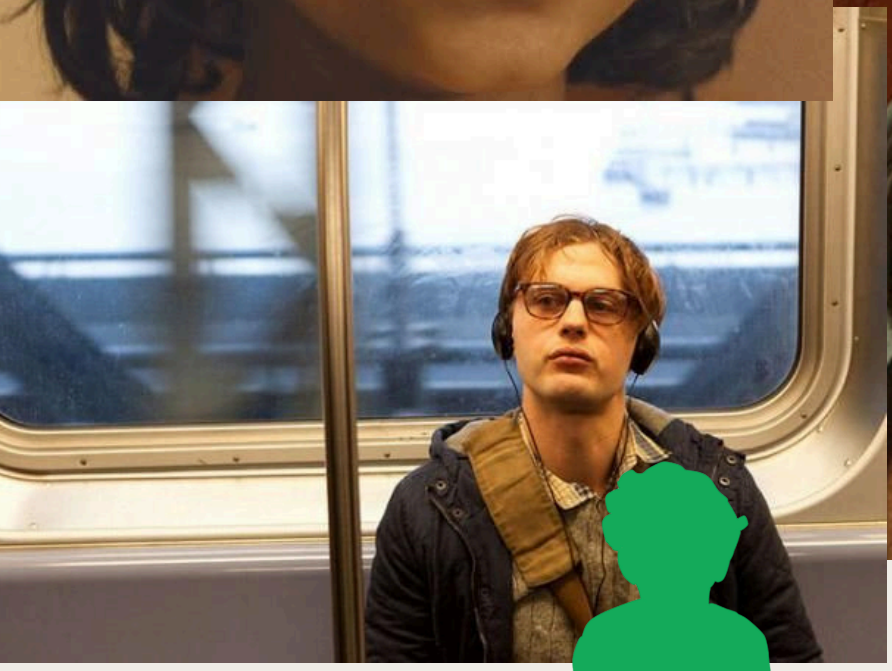
I Origins.

A scientist obsessed with the human eye loses his wife, then starts finding hers reflected back in strangers' irises. This film made me realise that loss isn't permanent. If you lose someone you love, you'll see them everywhere, in everything.









The Blue Lagoon.

Two children shipwrecked on a tropical island, growing up with no one but each other and the sea. This is my earliest memory of ever watching a film. I remember being mesmerised by the colours and the aesthetic of the whole thing. I haven't watched it in a long time and I prefer not to, so I don't ruin my perception of it. That's another beauty of art: perception. It varies, it can be misinterpreted, but even in its misunderstanding it's still quite inspirational.









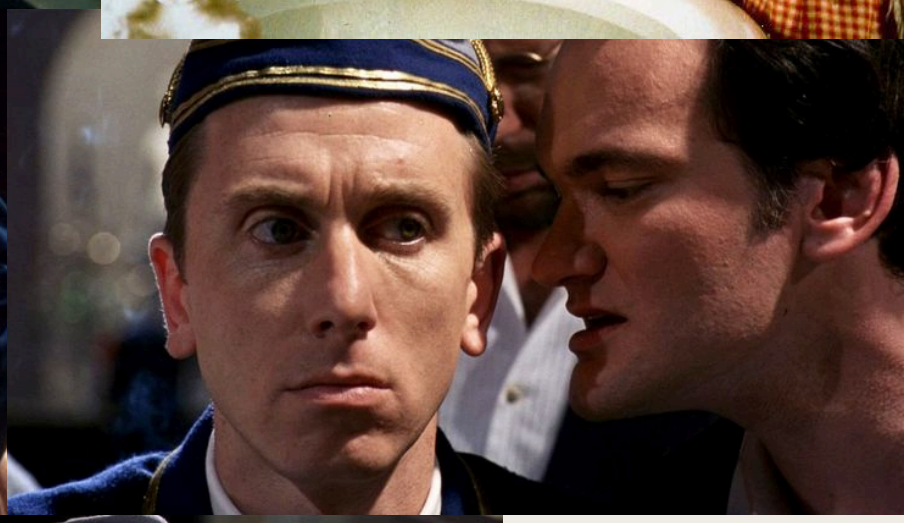
Four Rooms.

A hotel bellhop stumbles through four unhinged rooms on New Year's Eve, each one stranger than the last. It's also a memory from watching it as a small child, but it made me realise how incredibly weird and different the world around us can be.







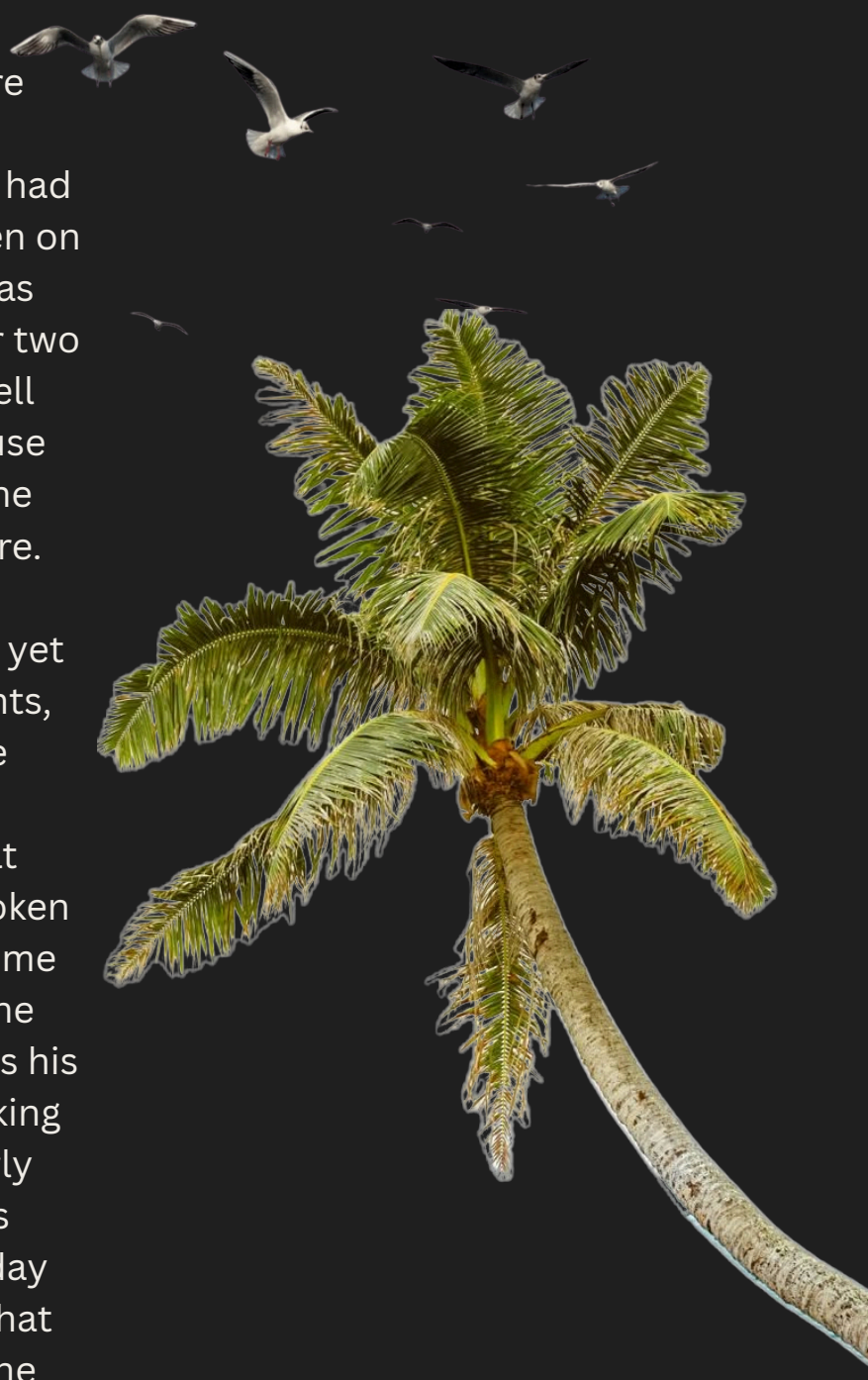




Story Time

A Cat's Memory

We had stayed at the beach for three nights now, and I had no idea if we were going to go home anytime soon. My brother had not returned, and neither had my father's sanity. We sat in the kitchen on the second floor. I felt as if my body was giving up. My father kept me awake for two days straight. My father started to smell rotten. I still don't know if it was because of the alcohol he drank or the rot on the inside. His eyes were not mean anymore. They hadn't been since Christopher disappeared. Now they were tired and yet so terrified. He rarely spoke his thoughts, but now it was just watching me all the time. I was sad for my brother's disappearance, but I was more angry at him for leaving me alone. I had not spoken to my mother yet because he forbade me from doing so. Neither had he called the police. He said that if my brother drops his pride, he will come back. But now, looking back, he was not only scared but utterly embarrassed by the fact that his son is lost. I wanted to go shower later that day because I smelled of smoke so much that it made me gag. He didn't even open the windows, as if the secret of his son's mislaying would find a way to reach the ears of the world.



"I'm going to shower," I said very calmly. He raised his head from the table and gave me permission with a slight wave of his fingers. I went to my room. The smell of cigarettes was too strong even there, so I opened the window, then grabbed some clothes for my suitcase. I had packed it the day of his disappearance. I didn't want to unpack it yet. I went downstairs to the bathroom there because the one upstairs had not been repaired yet. I mean, I don't even remember it ever working. My father's room was on the first floor. I haven't gone there since I was eleven. The bathroom was nice. It was a light blue with some green mosaic ornaments. I remember Christopher and me washing our feet from the beach here, and our mother would always yell at us for it. The water always took time to heat, but when it does, it burns, and you have to play quite the game with the tap. I finally did the trick, and the water was flowing. I took off my clothes, and it felt like my skin was falling off. I thought that I might be getting sick. I hadn't eaten or slept in a few days. That might've been the reason, and the search my father and I had done for the past two nights in the pouring rain. I felt like lying down, but I knew I couldn't.

I stepped under the water and felt just as bad as I had before. Every place I touched as I washed felt like it was bruised. I gave up on soap and just let the water wander on my skin, as if I were a piece with the water. I heard a loud bang from above. My eyes shot up. I was so, so unsettled. I could only tremble and breathe loudly. I heard loud steps walking down the stairs. I had no idea what he had done. Those same steps stopped at my door. I could see the shadow from the lower cracks of the door. He stayed there for a minute. I knew it was a minute because I counted my heartbeat. He just left. I stopped the water and stepped out of the shower.



By the Bay (Poetry Cycle)

The Prison of Whispers

It was too loud to ignore, and too raw to condone.
It could have been the mind, the water, or any other thing, blamelessly accused of a crime my soul has committed.

When I'm in the prison of whispers, I promise to think of the night of infinite wisdom.

No matter who saw us, no matter who ignored us, and no matter those who spoke of us.







But we will have to go. I will run until I find a hole of despair, and you will hide in hope to see my light again.

Don't give up just yet. Take me out of that hole again.

Dust me off and make me surrender. Because my heart, oh, so true to your light, will pull you in time after time.

Next issue



A Cat's Memory
Part Two

Second poem
from By the Bay

Radical Ronnie



AGGRESSION

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