

Tales of the Agora Road

OLD!
Collector's Edition

1



Welcome back to the old net

Why we've never been more
excited about the Internet.



Neocities 101

Raise your #anchor, it's time to

 waves and surf the net!

Internet Ghost Stories

Evidence of time traveling
internet-based ghosts

“GPT-3 and me”

A conversation with AI

3 Poems

Hey, what can we say, our poets
are lazy



Nostalgia

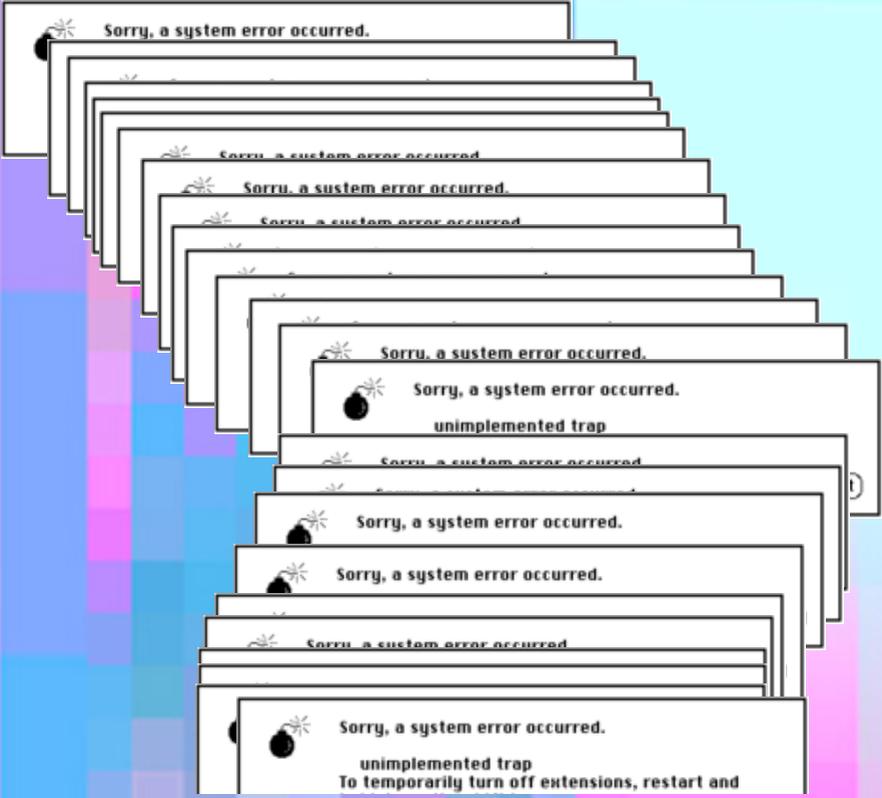
Internet Oddities

Aesthetic Galleries

Opinion

Short Stories

and so much more...



Sorry, a system error occurred.



Sorry, a system error occurred.



Sorry, a system error occurred.



Sorry, a system error occurred.



Sorry, a system error occurred.



Sorry, a system error occurred.



Sorry, a system error occurred.
unimplemented trap



Sorry, a system error occurred.



Sorry, a system error occurred.



Sorry, a system error occurred.



Sorry, a system error occurred.
unimplemented trap
To temporarily turn off extensions, restart and

T a b l e f c o n t e

Warning! Writing to the console in applications is NOT supported!

paddr = 192.168.11.130



remote_ipaddr = 192.168.11.69

netmask = 255.255.255.0

OK

FEEL FREE... TO CROSSNEUNT



WHAT ARE NFTS WHY ARE NFTS

SHOULD I LAUGH, CRY, OR BUY

NFT stands for Non-Fungible Token. In layman's terms, it's a piece of information (e.g. an image) that anyone can view online, but only its owner can control. In the case of NFTs, "control" typically just means transfer of ownership.

So what's the point? You can think of NFTs like digital baseball cards. Ultimately, they are merely a piece of data, like a photo. But, based on their rarity and appeal, other people might be willing to pay you money to collect it. You can photo-

copy a baseball card, just as you can screenshot an NFT image, but collectors (buyers) will know a fake from the real. The main advantage NFTs have over physical collectibles is accessibility. You can trade them entirely online, instantly, and in some cases free.

Digital collectibles have existed for decades, but NFTs are different in one big way: decentralization. Unlike a sword in World of Warcraft or hat in Team Fortress 2, an NFT doesn't exist in a single company's server. It technically exists as thousands of digital copies scattered across servers throughout the world. But only the owner has the key to change who the owner is. As such, it isn't suscep-



AgoraRoad.com Interview
with ExampleGuy

Q. HOW MANY NFTS DO YOU HAVE

A. ABOUT 50. ALTHOUGH, AT A TIME I OWNED MORE THAN 200.

Q. WHY

A. IT'S FUN, AND PROFITABLE.

Q. HOW PROFITABLE

A. I'VE DOUBLED MY MONEY SINCE I STARTED.

Q. WHAT MOST EXCITED YOU ABOUT THE FUTURE OF NFTS

A. ONCE THE HYPE DIES DOWN, I EXPECT THOSE WHO ARE LEFT: ARTISTS, CYPHERPUNKS, PASSIONATE DEVS WILL FIND NEW, FUN WAYS TO INNOVATE WITH DIGITAL COLLECTIBLES.

Q. WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE NFT

Q. MY OG RAREPEPE. NEVER SELLING.

tible to a company going out of business and you don't need to pay a recurring fee to maintain access to it.

It's important to pause here and examine what important recent technological innovation enabled everyone from 5 year olds to forgetful grandmas to create collectable, decentralized rarepepes, kittens, and potatos. In a word...

In 2009, a mysterious Internet user

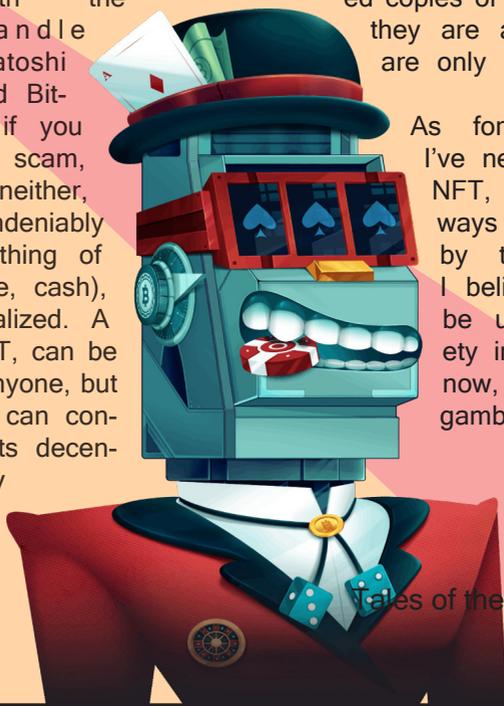
Bitcoin. with the handle Satoshi

Nakamoto released Bitcoin. Regardless if you think Bitcoin is a scam, revolutionary tech, neither, or both, Bitcoin undeniably proved that something of value (in this case, cash), could be decentralized. A bitcoin, like an NFT, can be viewed online by anyone, but only its its owner can control it, and it exists decentralized. They may

not have apparent inherit utility, but they are scarce and they have value, just like a dollar or a baseball card.

NFTs distinguish themselves from Bitcoin by being non-fungible. There's that weird word again! Bitcoin is fungible, which means if I offer to buy a pizza from you for 1 bitcoin, you won't ask what color or shape my bitcoin is; they're all the same. NFTs are non-fungible, and thus they can be unique. Or, you can print 100 limited copies of one, and while they are all alike, there are only 100 like them.

As for yours truly, I've never owned an NFT, but I have always been intrigued by their potential. I believe NFTs will be useful to society in time. But for now, consider it a gamble. —Cyberbob



Digital Reincarnations

by vastexpanse9@protonmail.com

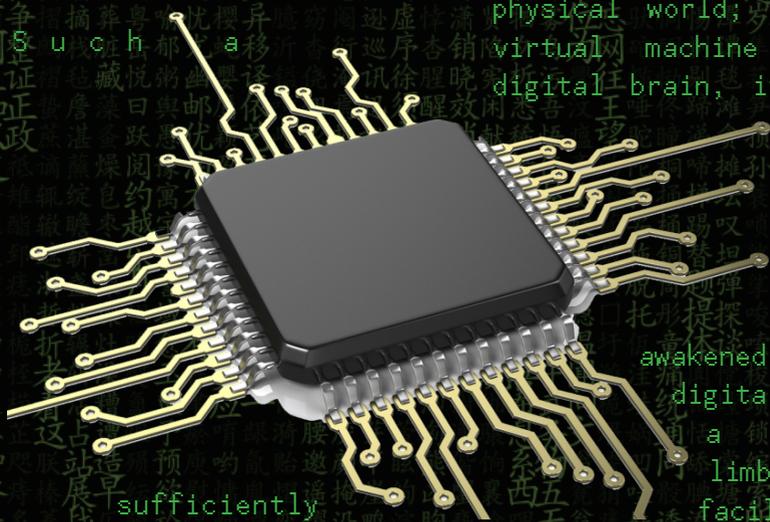
With sufficiently capable technology, our observable physical being, including our brain, its memory, and sense of self, may be digitally captureable onto a computer.

Such a sufficiently advanced society may also be capable of printing that data back into a physical form.

As such, there might be a time when our digital self is

considered the persevering source of truth. When our bodies die, we in this world might then cold boot into our secure digital backup, powered by metered machine processing power sourced from the real physical world; a sort of virtual machine for our digital brain, its memory, and sense of self. We would find ourselves awakened on a digital plane, a sort of limbo lobby to facilitate our evaluation of if and how to invest our accumulated digital ledger wealth from all prior lives into rematerializing back into the physical world in the most advantageous way

GET OUT OF THE DIGITAL RAIN
VISIT AGORA ROAD
THE BEST KEPT SECRET OF THE INTERNET



STORIES

Internet Gh0st

By dejavoo2@protonmail.com

What time is it? ...4:57! I jump out of bed, dash through the hall, past the kitchen, half asleep, fully hyped, "Mom, dad!", I yell as I round the corner into the living room, and there it is: a Powerbook 3400.

I freeze. "No way," I shake my head in disbelief. I walk nearly fearful up to the jet black cardboard box. "240MHz PowerPC 603e processor..." the words leave my lips like poetry, "16 megs of RAM," my eyes are now on fire, "3,000 meg hard drive," talk dirty to me, my god, "256k cache," by now the box was open, "33.6 Kbps modem, hot swappable expansion bay". It's too hot for my young mind to handle, I overheat. I sit on the floor and collect myself, watching the silhouettes of trees outside the patio window sway in the gentle breeze. I was so happy.

"Merry Christmas!," my mom's voice, "What'd you get?" she grins in her approach. "MOM! Power-Book!" I proudly lift the laptop into the air to show her. "Oh my goodness, is that the laptop from your magazine?" I look down at the laptop, now resting on my lap again, "It's perfect, thank you."

Dooooong. Tickedy tickedy tick

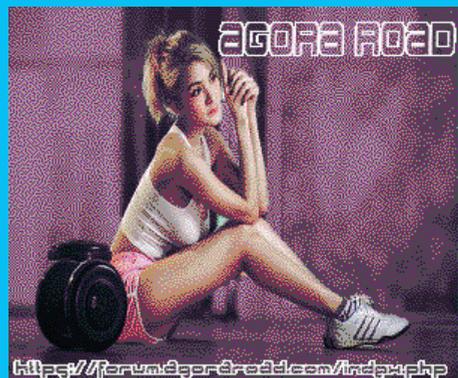
click click click. A happy little computer icon pops up, smiling back at me. The letters Mac OS 7.6.1 appear. I stare in amazement as a row of icons appear across the bottom left of the active matrix display. Then, the desktop loads, along with an icon for my Macintosh HD and the Trash. I click the Apple menu and begin choosing my wallpaper.

"An Apple laptop, huh?" I realize my dad is next to me. "I can't believe it," I say with an overwhelmed, dumb smile, "it has a modem built-in. I can put AOL on it?" I say, only half asking permission. "The Internet awaits," he smiles and then heads back to bed.

"Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo. Click. Twiir. Eerr. Twirrr. Eirrr. Eeee eieie pshhh kkkkkrrrrkak-ing tsh chchch chchch," my computer sang. Then silence.

Welcome! You've got mail!

I click into my mailbox. An email from DoomDood. Click. It's one of his scrollers, of course. I click and hold the scroll bar down arrow and the email starts scrolling down. Colorful letters slide in and form



Relax... at Agora Road

Best kept secret of the internet



*Vaporwave Reviews
Free Discussion
...& More!*

together: "I am bored".

The letters then begin to dance left to right, right to left, shifting colors, then exploding to form new words: "Merry Christmas!" The letters dance across the screen, expanding out, then contracting back in. Then, blue and white snow trickles down. I raise my eyebrows. After a moment or two, it abruptly stops as I hit the bottom of the email.

I click off the email and check my Buddy List. Not a single buddy online. I guess it's still quite early. I click into the chat list, then hop into a town square lobby.

NOFEAR6666: everyone has
LilHun82: I rather visit Japan

NOFEAR6666: or will
Toejam5: surfsup, 2 and another one the way
IceDude: age/sex check
xSurfsUPx: Busy man LMAO

I dart around, opening a few new windows to start the slow loads. One window finishes loading; my profile. I update my computer specs, which I have proudly on display, then review my list of favorite games: Command and Con-

quer, Warcraft 2, Escape Velocity... Oh man, where are my CDs? I dig through my drawers and pull out a stack of crystal cases.

Daling! An IM window pops up.

Nevermore: hey

"Hey," a voice behind my shoulder. I jump in my seat, startled back into reality. It's my mom. "Online already?"

"Yeah, hey," I smile.

"Breakfast is ready," she smiles back.

"Great, be right there."

"Bacon..." she says in parting.

I glance back at the chat and scan the People Here list. No Nevermore.

Gh0st: sup

Nevermore: what year is it?

Oh boy. I check his profile. Blank.

Gh0st: uh?

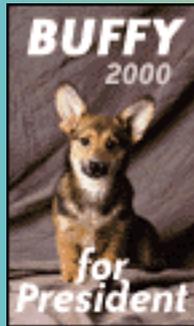
I wait a few minutes for his reply. I let me gaze drift back to the chat.

Starfoxy9: contact for me

LilHun82: yeah

NOFEAR6666: none

Toejam5: i still need to see the ship one



Patpatpat: anyone from NYC?

I glance back at my IM with Nevermore. He's still online. No reply.

Gh0st: g2g

Nevermore: we're stuck in a memory leak

Well okay then. Something is off here— his reply was too quick.

Gh0st: you're a bot

Nevermore: beep beep beep

Gh0st: how'd you find me?

Nevermore: you found me

Gh0st: when

Nevermore: after y2k

Gh0st: oh come on

"It's getting cold!" my mom's voice broke through. "Coming," I muttered.

Nevermore: i need your help

Gh0st: with what

Nevermore: tell me your laptop password

I stop replying. I shake my head, a little amused, a little spooked. Scammer I guess. Weird. I glance back at chat.

HFG8272 has left the chat.

Freshtea: ebay

QTKeyLime has left the chat.

Fizz4 has joined the chat.

Patpatpat has left the chat.

StoneCold864: wtf

BIGDOG11: it's dinomight9

Freshtea has left the chat.

Dougdog14 has left the chat.

Fizz4 has left the chat.

A new IM pops up from DinoMight9.

DinoMight9: <h1><h2><h3><h4><a><a>\\"\"\"\"<h1><h2><h3><h4><a><a>\\"\"\"\"

Uhh. I consider replying, but decide to close the window. I glance back at chat.

BIGDOG11: block him

LilHun82 has left the chat.

Toejam5: why

Rainbow72 has left the chat.

BIGDOG11: he's punting ppl

NoTn0w: cyber warfare

IceDude has left the chat.

Punting?

Gh0st: what's punting?

Moosely44 has left the chat.

NoTn0w: digital fireball

Starfoxy9: magic people

voodoo people

BIGDOG11: punting is

kicking you offline

StoneCold864: report

him

Eagle3472 has left the chat.

NoTn0w: just install an anti

Toejam5 has left the chat.

StoneCold864 has left the chat.

I check out NoTn0w's profile. This one's a doozy. Wall of text, lots of hyperlinks. Seems like an interesting guy.

I check Starfoxy9's profile. Col-

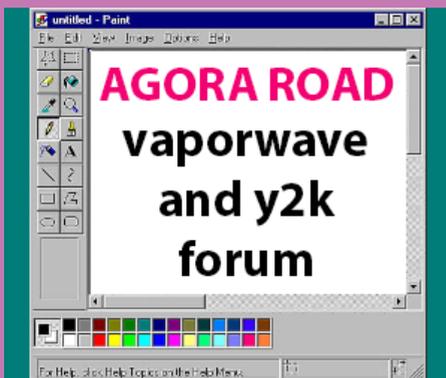


orful. A “chick from LA”, with a list of her favorite thing from cereal.

I send both of them an IM saying hello, then leave the lobby chat. Neither reply right away. A door opening sound plays. I glance over to my buddylist. Smoogle6! Just before I click to message him too, Starfoxy9 replies.

Starfoxy9: merry christmas
Gh0st: get anything fun?
Starfoxy9: some hardware
Gh0st: we talking like a screwdriver? or for comp? or?
Starfoxy9: hey, just read your profile, are you familiar with zemagcam?
Gh0st: what?
Starfoxy9: boy do i have a treat for you
Starfoxy9: go to private chat zemagcam

You have entered ZEMAGCAM.
Zips: maybe in a bit



Gimmick2000: brax, it's not one-click

Starfoxy9: hiya ghost
Ripcoil999: sk8, did u bind grenades?
BraxDaDwarf: oh
Sk84Life: yes
Ripcoil999: just go medic next time
WarthogWade: okay

guys, our ibm friends want a truce
Gh0st: what is this?
Ripcoil999: lol of course they do
Starfoxy9: mac gaming chat, and such
WarthogWade: star, you check him?
Starfoxy9: dino did ;-)
Sk84Life: oh so another lobby boy? lol
Starfoxy9: ghost, got quake?
Gh0st: no
Starfoxy9: hotline?
Gh0st: i don't think so
Gandorf: definitely lobby boy
Starfoxy9: wade, help out?
WarthogWade: brace your inbox gh0st
Gandorf: dont panic newbie ;-)

You've got mail! I click into my inbox. 6 unread emails from Happy-meal. What the hell. Each one has a similar title: “QWTF” and then a number. Wait, 7 unread emails now. 8. 10. I click into one. No body, just a huge attachment over 1,000 kilobytes. Okay what the hell. I flip back to chat.

Starfoxy9: send him hotline and mudnet too
WarthogWade: i'm actually extremely pumped about the new mud



Starfoxy9: seriously?
 Gandorf: it's fuckin rad
 Starfoxy9: okay i'll hop in to-
 night

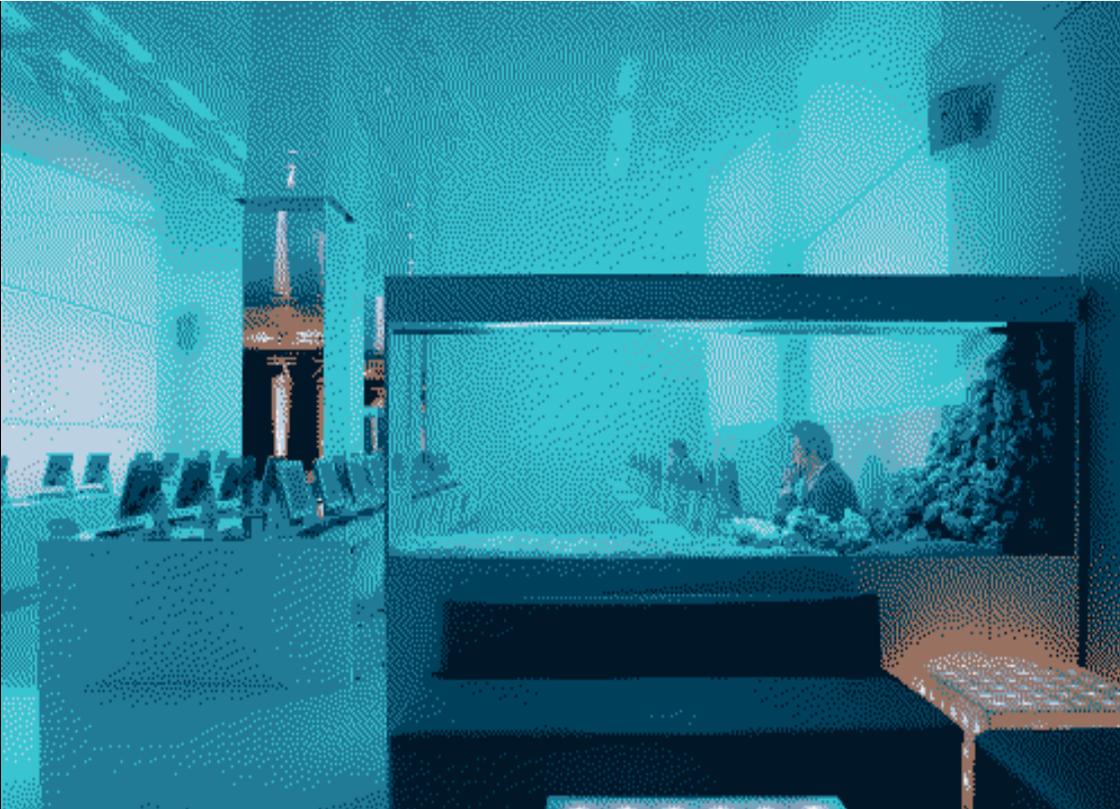
Quack! An error pops up. No no no! I stand up. America OnLine login screen. I'm offline. I hop up and run into the kitchen. "Ah, sorry sorry!" my mom apologies, her hand still clutching the phone. I can tell she feels bad.

"It's fine," I smile and laugh, "let me just finish up—" I turn back towards the computer. "No, no, no—hey, timeout. It's Christmas. Take 10 minutes and eat with you family," she leads me over to the table. I clear my plate in less than 20 seconds, but decide to linger. We chat about past holidays, put on some Beatles, goof off, then drink some spice tea and plan the day. We decide to go for a walk around the block, come home and take an afternoon nap, then once the sun begins to set, drive around looking at Christmas lights. I smile and ease into the day with family. But tonight— I'm dialing back in.



**REMEMBER. AN ASYMMET-
 RICAL AND DECENTRALIZED
 INSURGENCY IS IMPOSSIBLE TO
 DEFEND AGAINST.**





FILM PHOTOGRAPHY IN A DIGITAL WORLD BY PANGOLIN

Film photography still has a place in our modern world. Even as most professional photographers have abandoned the medium, it has had a resurgence in popularity. No longer guided by quality, it is now guided, at least to some, by a feeling for days long since passed. Days that the photographer might not have taken part in. Film photography has a place in our fast paced digital world because of human appreciation for the tried and true.

In a lot of ways film photography mimics the feeling of vaporwave in that it seeks to transport the viewer to an earlier, more comfortable time. It evokes in the viewers a comfortable familiarity. It's not a return to the good ol' days, but more of a return to simpler days. Days where technology is not the focus, but a supporting actor in the movie of our lives. A separation from the digital to the purely mechanical. No electronics, save for an analogue light meter.

Unconstrained by filters, batteries (generally), and only guided by the limits of reality

and physics. The film photographer must carefully and judiciously guard the number of photographs taken. 32 shots forces the photographer to carefully consider the merits of the photo and to make a snap judgment on whether it is worth it to take the shot. While digital photography erases this limit it encourages photographers to take photographs with reckless abandon. Each photograph no longer becomes a cherished and carefully selected item, but instead another cheap disposable in our modern disposable world.

For those wishing to enter film photography, various reasonably priced film cameras exist. However, this relative cheapness to digital cameras obscures the true cost of film photography. The primary cost of film is not the camera, but rather the film itself. For those still undeterred by film photography, their next barrier is finding a place to develop.





Long gone are the days of your local wally world developing photographs in one hour. Instead you have to ship it, sometimes cross country, to a distant location in full hope that it will arrive and return. Those who make it past this final gauntlet are rewarded for their patience and dedication with film photographs.

Sending it off to be developed and scanned poses problems for the mechanical purists. Not all labs have the same procedures so your mileage may vary, but some labs will scan the negatives and potentially apply digital image correction and enhancement in the process of creating a digital image. Said digital image ultimately becomes your film photographs. Some have gone as far as to create their own labs complete with private darkrooms to preserve mechanical purity. Ultimately, the result can only be judged by the creator. Beauty is in the eye of the beholder.

There is some debate on the question of digitally scanning film negatives. It's almost like a circular process that mimics digital. With a digital photograph, you skip the film processing and go straight for the digital "scan". There

exist some filters that can apply film artifacts to photographs and moving pictures, but will they ever match film photography? Current algorithms that mimic the film grain are encumbered by repetitive and unrealistic film grain, but there is no doubt that existing gripes with the quality of the algorithms will eventually be overcome. Ultimately, the choice is with the photographer.

On the subject of operation I will mention the Pentax Spotmatic, but similar principles hold for other film cameras. Disposable cameras operate on different principles. Generally they are fixed in aperture size, focus, and shutter speed. Let us step back for one moment and discuss these important details. Aperture size references the "hole" through which light can enter and strike the film substrate. Focus is the alignment of the optics that should produce a focused and sharp image. Shutter speed is the speed at which the shutter opens and closes in order to restrict the amount of time light has to change the film. Film photography is a careful dance of light upon film, where the photographer must manage the amount and time light has to intertwine itself with film. Disposable cameras generally do away with most

of the management for novice users.

Operation of the Spotmatic is simple. You load the film by extending the smaller sized lead of the roll and threading it through a spool. Care must be taken to ensure that the lead is actually caught in the teeth of the spool. Countless film photographers have been caught by the trap of the film spool not catching the film, and therefore not advancing the film forward. So many memories falsely assumed to have been captured now are firmly lost to time.



To take a photograph the photographer must enable the light meter in order to carefully gauge the light entering the camera. Our self-adjusting eyes are a poor quality light meter, so this must be done via the camera or a separate device. Inside the camera, a needle will move to indicate how much light has entered the camera. We have two options to adjust the amount of light: aperture, and shutter speed. I prefer to wait until the light meter indicates suitable light before adjusting focus to something I gauge as “properly focused.” When a subject is properly focused depends on the beholder, though some cameras do provide a small guide.

Film itself is a subject that can fill a

time in both richness of history and technical information. For our purposes we will focus on image color and ISO. Color is not solely limited to black and white vs color, but it also contains some experimental films. Certain experimental films may already have sections pre-exposed. It is an exercise to the reader to explore the wide array of experimental film. There is certainly something out there for you. ISO is the sensitivity of film to light and most

non-disposable cameras have a setting to properly account for the sensitivity. It is important to note that modern film availability may no longer include certain higher ISOs.

Lenses are an important part of photography and the workhorse of the camera. It is the part through which light enters and strikes an image onto film. Some photographers swap the body of the cameras and keep the lenses. As long as the mounting points for the lens are equivalent the camera body should readily accept the lens. There exist some lenses which are described as telephoto but are outside of the scope of our discussion.

There is much to be said on the durability of film cameras. Primarily constructed from hard metallic bodies and typically aged for around fif-

ty years depending on the model, their continued existence is prime evidence of their longevity. In an era of rapid technological advancement, the mechanical film camera should provide countless years of service to come. One caveat that does exist is that although mechanical cameras are repairable, finding a skilled and trustworthy repairman can become an ordeal. As the cameras continue to age, replacement parts will become a limiting factor to continued enjoyment of film photography. All hope is not lost, as production lines for various film cameras are still operational.

I have left out several topics for this article which I think are noteworthy, but can be explained far better and in more detail by others online. Things like F-stops, pushing or pulling, and

shot composition. It is important to not adopt an elitist point of view when it comes to hobbies because we are all somewhere on the infinite learning ladder. It is my hope that this article will inspire at least a few to go out into the real world and enjoy film photography as much as I do. Get out there, take the shot. —Pangolin



Poetry

shore

By snowcoveredplains@
protonmail.com

i walk along a brittle shore,
of scattered sands from tides no
more.

a hapless step cracks a speckled
shell,

of orange, maroon, and
something pale,

but then a funny thing
occurred,

as if by magic the water stirred,
a fog enveloped to form a haze,
and from the depths,
an ancient maze.

i swam until i met a wall,
turned but then began to fall,
time escaped me for a while,
a minute, an hour, perhaps a
mile,

until a glimmer caught my eye,
a single pearl made me cry.



dreary day

By snowcoveredplains@
protonmail.com

life is a dreary day,
a festival,
a play.
it isn't long,
doesn't stay,
pays you no mind either way.

and lest you have joy,
or luck comes your way,
gain a sense of purpose,
or dread drifts away,
remember our bound,
our wayward way,
our each and every,
our day by day;
a tired moon sets,
the earth rumbles on,
far from something,
nearing nothing,
falling fast,
astray.

count me countless,
in arrears,
stowed away.
my love, life is a dreary day.



Drink water,
hate the antichrist,
and stay Rigma



AGORA-CHAN DOES NOT BROWSE AND DRIVE.



Pages of the Agora Road 17

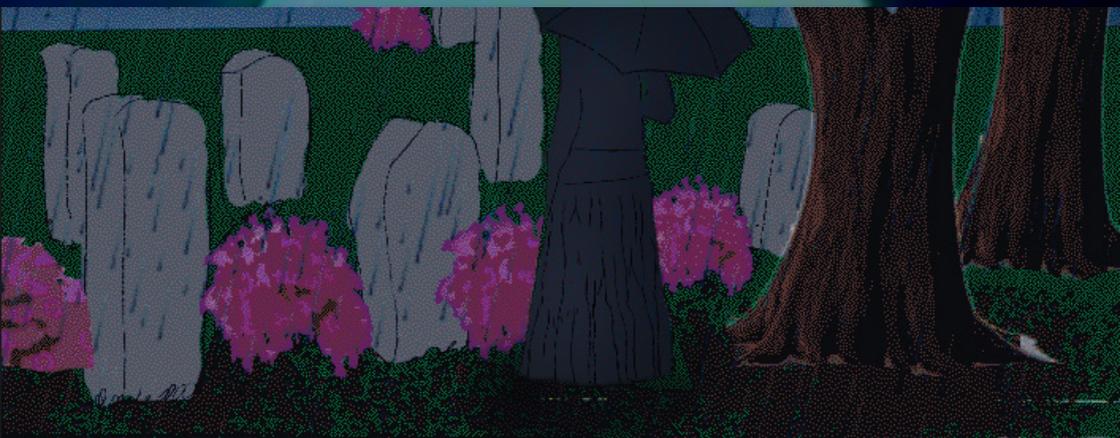
CLICK RIGHT TO SAVE



*NEW PLANES OF REALITY
ARE OPENING UP...*

*AT AGORA ROAD'S
MACINTOSH CAFE*

CLICK NOW TO ENTER



Tales of the Agora Road, 19
8-17-2021-
12-5-21



WHAT THE HECK IS A VAPOR WAVE? SWEET AND COMFY?



agora
road

The #1 Vaporwave Forum
FOR **MILFS**

CLICK HERE NOW!!!

20 Tales of the Agora Road



AGORA ROAD



Do you believe?
We do.



Doorman "Welcome! Are you alone?"

The internet can
be a lonely place

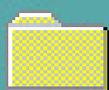
Find your home
at Agora Road

Agora Road



Tales of the Agora Road 21

forum.agoraroad.com



My Computer



Inbox



Recycle Bin



The Internet



The Microsoft Network



My Briefcase

Control Panel

File Edit View Help



Accessibility Options



Add New Hardware



Find Fast



Fonts



Modems



M



Printers



Re
Se



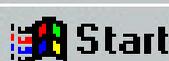
ANTI GLOWY CHARM

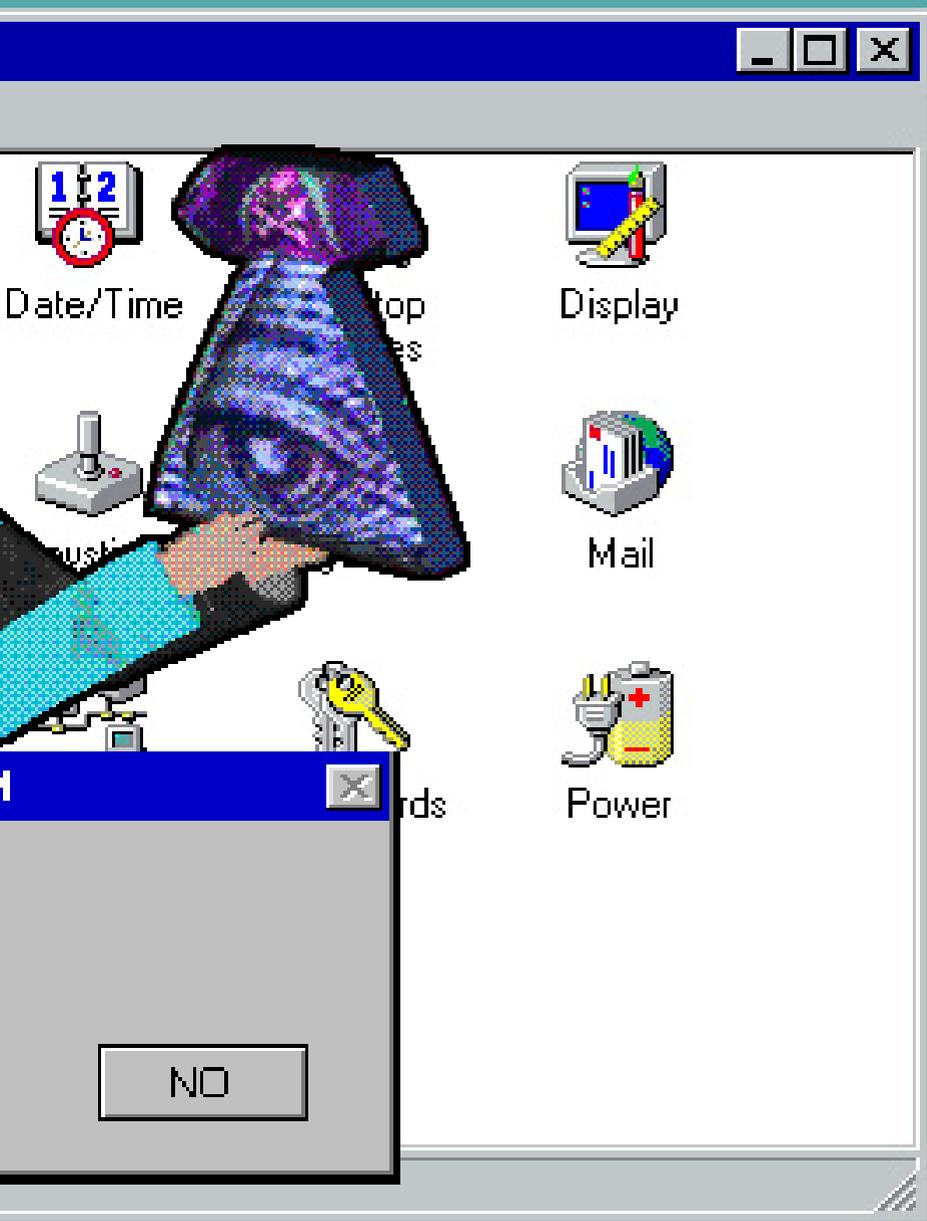


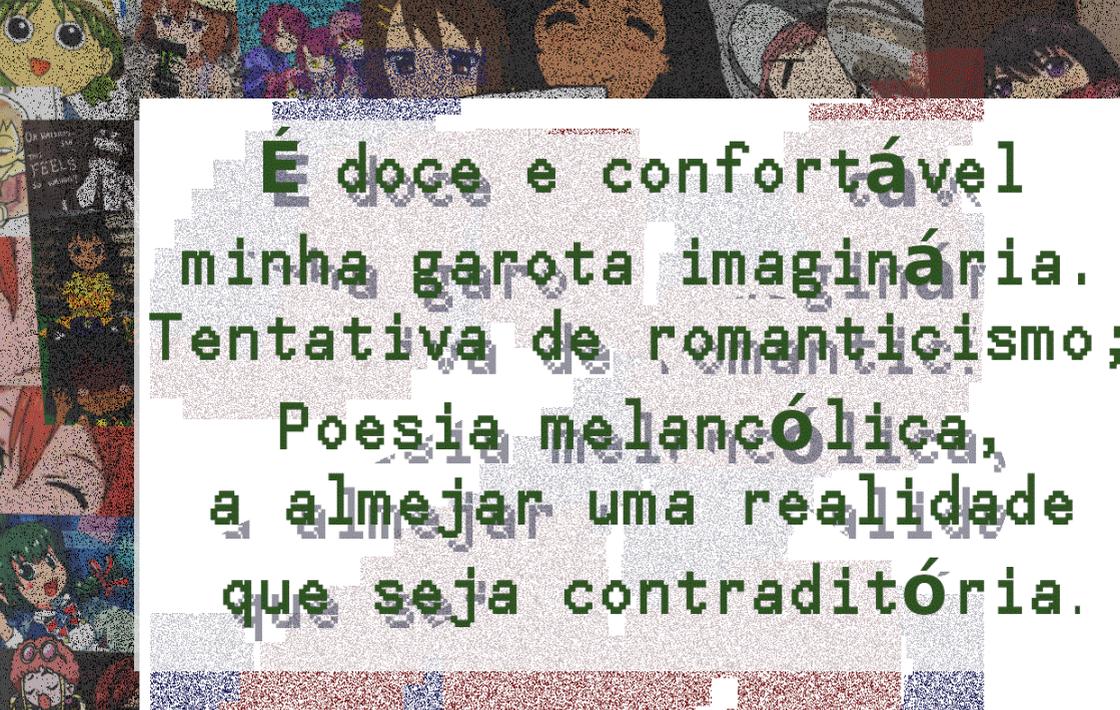
KEEP?

YES

22 object(s)







É doce e confortável
minha garota imaginária.
Tentativa de romanticismo;
Poesia melancólica,
a almejar uma realidade
que seja contraditória.



Streets of the Agora Road

Astrology Basics

I. Each planet represents an energetic part of our being, or a component of life

II. The positions of the planets in the heavens indicate the style in which the planet's component is manifested.

- * Take these things into account:
- planets, sun, moon
 - zodiac signs the planets are in
 - the houses
 - aspects

Aspects

• planets in aspect have a dynamic relationship (ie. aspects are where the action happens)

* Outside is Zodiac
• each slice is 30°

* Inside is Houses

Based on the ecliptic. Point on eastern horizon is the start of I of house



⇒





h "I achieve" Best: organization
Worst: selfishness
- limitation, restriction, safety
- shame, ambition, hardship, discipline

f "I evolve" Best: originality
Worst: rebellion
- urge to be aware of individuality
- insight, suddenness, disruption, lightning

ψ "I dream" Best: idealism
Worst: vagueness
- other realms, imagination, delusion, unreal
- acting, escapism, intangible

♀ "I empower" Best: transformation
Worst: imposition
- desire to live out one's role in society's
evolution. assertion, power, great wealth

Asp: face O: bones

Major Aspects of Planets

☉ "I am" Best: rulership
Worst: dictatorialness
- will, essence, ego, general shape.

☾ "I feel" Best: adaptability
Worst: inconsistency
- instinct, emotion, change.
- what you keep hidden.

♃ "I think" Best: Expression
Worst: restlessness
- intellect, communication, rationality
- quick wit, trickery, learning.

♀ "I love" Best: affection
Worst: piousness
- love, pleasure, beauty
- indulgence, lust, envy

♂ "I act" Best: initiative
Worst: harshness
- passion, aggression, vitality
- initiative, anger, cruelty.

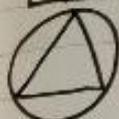
♃ "I grow" Best: benevolence
Worst: conceit
- good luck, optimism, success
- joy, justice, law, search for truth

	Angles		Aspects
♂	0° major	Υ	march 21 - april 19
✕	60° major	♍	apr 20 - may 20
□	90° major	♎	may 21 - jun 20
△	120° major	♏	jun 21 - jul 22
♁	180° major	♐	july 23 - aug 22
✕	30° minor	♑	aug 23 - sep 22
∠	45° minor	♒	sep 23 - oct 22
▣	135°	♓	oct 23 - nov 21
✕	150°	♊	nov 22 - dec 21
Q	72°	♋	dec 22 - jan 19
bQ	144°	♌	jan 20 - feb 18
		♍	feb 19 - march 20



Elements, Qualities, Polarities²³

Y	Ω	Ω	No
Y	Ω	Ω	m
Y	Ω	Ω	m
Y	Ω	Ω	Y
Y	Ω	Ω	Y



P. extroverted, energetic, inspirational, visionary, direct, dramatic, warm.
 n. hurried, restless, impatient, selfish, impulsive, extravagant, mild.



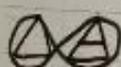
P. practical, efficient, organized, stable, productive, enduring, dependable
 n. slow, stodgy, stubborn, hoarding, petty, conventional, conservative



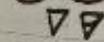
P. articulate, objective, clear, detached, forthright, understanding, relational
 n. unemotional, no sympathy, impractical, dissociated, over-adaptive, glib, facile



P. emotional, sympathetic, empathetic, nurturing, calm, compassionate, aware
 n. insecure, shy, timid, oversensitive, easily manipulated, moody, depressed



levity, upwards, potency



gravity, downwards, coldness



diffusion, spreading, moisture



sharpening, focus, dryness



Polarities

3

♂	♀	♀
Active	vs.	Receptive
yang		yin
direct		indirect
outgoing		withdrawn
giving		taking
active		reactive
positive		negative
extraverted		introverted

Actual Signs/Seasons.

- ★ The Zodiac circle assigns 0° of γ to the vernal (spring) equinox. It is intimately connected with the precession of the seasons.

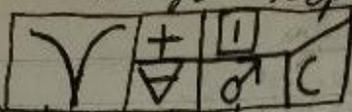
(12 is a very common number for a set of archetypes, i.e. Gods of Olympus, Sons of Abraham, Tribes of Israel, etc.)

- ★ It is useful to describe the signs, as if they are people, but keep in mind that they are archetypes, and each person has aspects of many.

=>



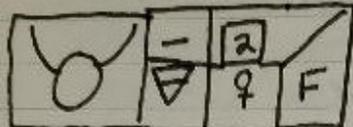
① Major Aspects of Signs



Need: to lead

Best: Leadership

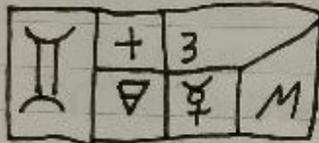
↓: egotistical, quick temper, meddling
- self-esteem, pioneering, energetic



Need: to be productive

Best: Stability

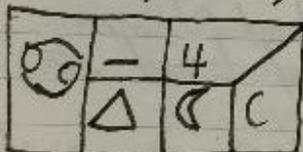
↓: obstinacy, stubbornness, dull
- affectionate, dependable, stable, harmony



Need: to communicate

Best: Versatility

↓: changeable, fickle, restless
- adaptable, curious, non-conformist



Need: emotional security

Best: Tenacity

↓: touchiness, indolence over-emotional
- domesticity, sympathy, artistry



Ω	+	5	F
	Δ	⊙	

Need: to create/express

Best: Kindness

- ↓: demignation, vanity, cruelty
- affection, nobility, dignity, willpower

M	-	6	M
	Δ	♀	

Need: to find order

Best: Analytical

- ↓: criticism, perfectionism, cynicism
- discrimination, service, helpful, purity

Ω	+	7	C
	Δ	♀	

Need: harmony

Best: Affability

- ↓: indecision, can't say no, lack of poise
- fairness, balance, grace, justice

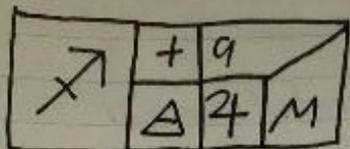
M	-	8	F
	Δ	♀	

Need: emotional transformation

Best: Resourcefulness

- ↓: discord, misuse of sex, envy, uncompromising
- courage, ardor, determined, regeneration

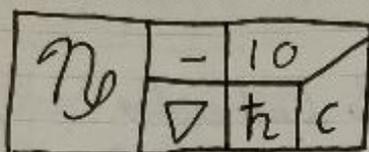
(3)



Need: to explore / expand

Best: Loyalty

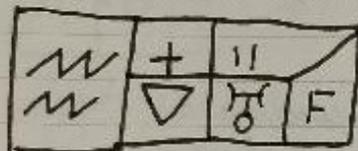
↓: dogmatism, antics, exaggeration
 - aspiration, freedom, luck, honesty



Need: social structure

Best: Diplomacy

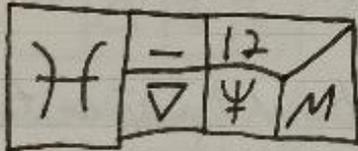
↓: pride, superiority, selfishness
 - ambition, economy, authority, position



Need: originality

Best: Altruism

↓: argumentative, impractical, rebellious
 - independence, cooperation, progressiveness



Need: belief in transcendence

Best: Sympathy

↓: worry, introspection, sorrow
 - intuitiveness, sacrifice, inspiration, secretiveness

Natural Rulers

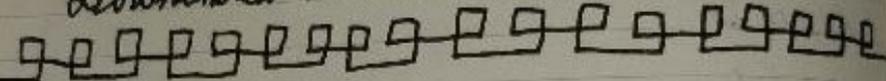
1	♈	♂
2	♉	♀
3	♊	♀
4	♋	♁
5	♌	♁
6	♍	♀
7	♎	♀
8	♏	♀
9	♐	♃
10	♑	♃
11	♒	♂
12	♓	♀

Four cusps have special meaning:

- 1st house cusp is ascendant
- 4th house cusp is I.C. (inimicus caeli)
- 7th house cusp is descendant
- 10th house cusp is M.C. (medium caeli)

★ Zodiac that falls on top is rising sign, it is the lens through which the rest of your chart is sifted.

★ Degrees next to glyphs are taken from astronomical almanac: ephemeris



Houses: aka where the energies of the 1st, 4th, 7th, 10th house planets manifest; fields of experience

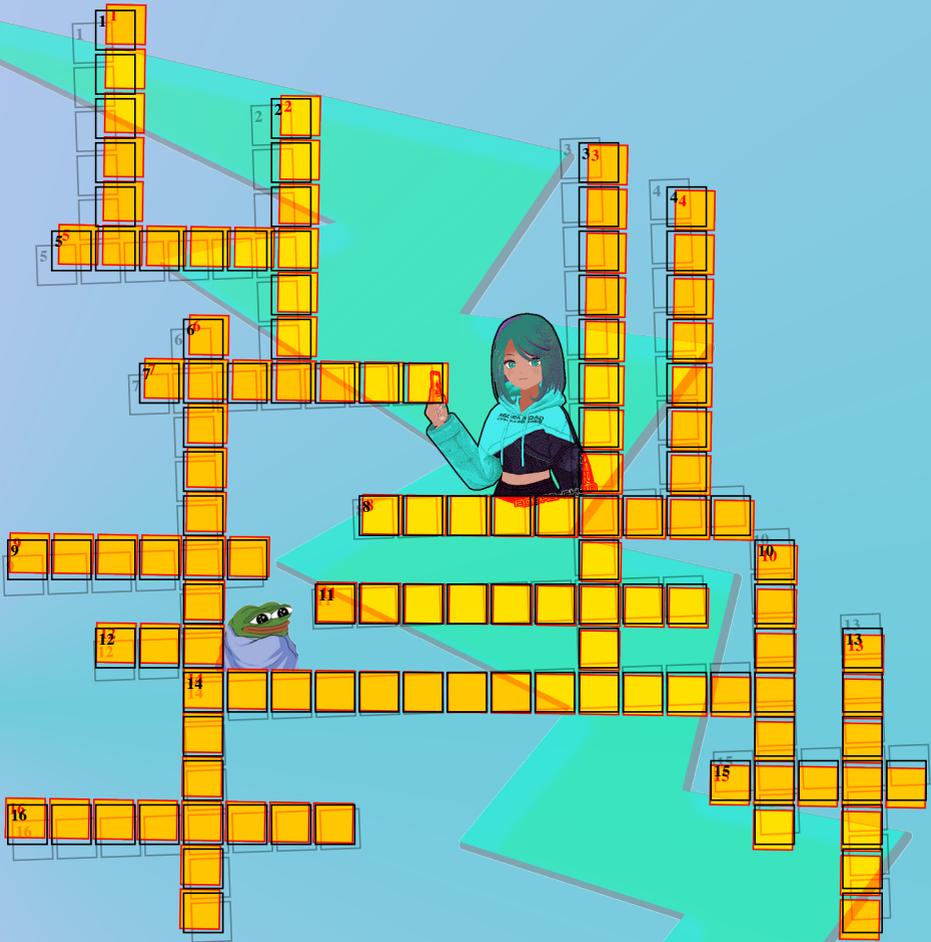
special significance because of aspects

- 1) House of self, awareness, body, personality, how we initiate, how we're impulsive
 - 2) House of possessions, what you value, money, hidden talents, how you spend your money
 - 3) House of communication, siblings, neighbors, immediate environment, short journeys, thinking patterns, intellect, small information.
 - 4) House of home, family, land, personal boundaries, roots, your upbringing. Base of awareness.
- ★ rules over karmic baggage, end of one's life

- 5) House of Creativity, children, pleasure, personal interests, love affairs. being yourself and enjoying it. Love
- 6) House of Mundane. daily work, service, diet, health, physical sickness, volunteer work, labor, personal hygiene. quality of work
- 7) House of partnerships. marriage, business partners, contracts, enemies, quarrels.
- * The way you relate to others
- 8) House of shared possessions. what a relationship owns. death, regeneration, taxes, inheritance, sex, latent occult ability, personal sacrifices. give-take?
- 9) House of philosophy, religion, law, learning, higher education, ethics, morals, long journeys, foreign places, travel, understanding, rituals.
* big thoughts, big ideas * search for meaning *
- 10) House of status, honor, professional career, reputation, social foundations, most public areas of your life.
- 11) House of community, large groups, friends, memberships, hopes, goals, ambitions, wishes, liberty, regulation.
- 12) House of subconscious. hidden self; unconscious, memory, habit patterns, escapism, limitations, self-undoing. Things taken from self that take us away from everyday life: prisons, hospitals, secret relationships/enemies.
* collective unconscious?

Agora Road Quotes

1. I have a book that predates the communist owned internet :)”- mwwts.wmv
2. you’re being needlessly paranoid about a tiny anti-establishment vaporwave forum”
- SomaSpice
3. People who learn about history, thanks to memes, are one of the most annoying groups of person ever.” - Tigerman
4. And you say preggolusion isn’t decent and shouldn’t be released, smh ricky.
- Sweet n’ Comfy
5. Cleavage?!?! You dare say you’re not an arse man? By jove i’ll kill you on admin chan’s honour!” - Kolph
6. No Farts, bum empty.” - CognacDefender
7. hypothetically, if we’re technically speaking on an intellectual level, i am not gay for kissing my male best friend. see if partials never touch then i technically never actually rubbed his cock.” - Etierhuman
8. Sir, your car is CLEARLY a paid actor and this whole car crash is a pysop. No, I will not give my insurance details you fucking beta male, what are you a normie? - Kolph
9. HE’S A PSYOP BOT, HE’S PSYOP BOT, YOU’RE A PSYOP BOT?! I’m A PSYOP BOT! Are there any other psyop bots I should know about? - sOren
10. I’ve thought about setting up an onlyfans and selling feet pics to people like mms.wav - nagolbud
11. Disillusion 2 needed a sexual predator baked bean” - Kolph
12. FUCK GUYS KEEP IT TOGETHER YOU’RE DRIVING MEMBERS AWAY FROM AGORA - Ruby Hexagon
13. By Allah it ain’t simping if I’m merely appreciating the female form - Kolph
14. it’s a vaporwave site in appearance but all we do is discuss the schizo thoughts of the day - Ruby Hexagon
15. <xf:set var="\$quote.15">where as the chans are straight schizo, /x/ and pol etc..., something about agoraroad is sincerely schizo or schizophrenically sincere - zalazalaza
16. @BobbyTrivia This chat is dedicated to the discussion of the following: crypto alt-rightism, hero worship of the unabomber, theology, video games, and anime tiddies. We don’t do vaporwave here, kiddo - Mozarkite
17. I’m not paranoid. I burned my paperwork 8 years ago and live in a beach town in Mexico - nagolbud
18. UKRAIN WIN THIS CUZ BACKWARDS VILLAGE SHITHOLE INVADE EVEN MORE BACKWARDS VILLAGE SHITHOLE BUT WITH FOREIGN HELP AND RUSSIA A BROKE VILLAGE GAS STATION - Tasos



Across

- [5] Yeaaaaah right
- [7] Orgins of the Tuskan Raiders of the '21 summer
- [8] Portal to the road
- [9] Stories of the old net
- [11] The lost board
- [12] The nicest traveler of the '21 summer
- [14] Vyvyan Bastard's #1 fan
- [15] Detective of the dark aybss
- [16] Refugees welcome!

Down

- [1] Not red
- [2] Not banned but not forgotten
- [3] Cool chat
- [4] Stolen from somthing awful
- [6] Baby's first software
- [10] Links to our neighbors down the road
- [13] Forgotten partnership



The “Untranslatable” Visual Novel – Which Got Translated

By L@in

Before *Dies Irae* was, it existed as myth. At least for the English speaking visual novel community. The title “*Dies Irae*” literally translates from Latin to “day of wrath”, referring to the apocalyptic Day of Judgment. A title quite fitting given the content of the story and it’s ambitious scope. But in Christian tradition, very much with the theme of apocalypse in mind, “*Dies Irae*” also refers to a Latin hymn sung in requiem masses. The end of life, the end of the world. The end of end itself. And so when *Dies Irae* was finally translated, so to it’s myth finally came to an end.

It’s been almost 5 years since the work was first available in English, and the almost relic like aura this VN used to exude has long since dissipated. When mystique be-

comes tangible, it loses its elevated status. And for digital media, there is nothing more ordinary than a Steam download.

While *Dies Irae* didn’t reach the popularity some hoped it would, it’s honestly quite a solid work... with some significant flaws. A work where approximately 30% of it is so good in fact, it entirely justifies the drudgery of the other 70%. Rewarding you amply when it’s displaying its best. But we’ll address that in a bit. Because before I talk about the profane object itself, I want to conjure up what it represented to so many before it became broadly accessible.

Back when only a small niche of people even knew what visual novels were, let alone read them, English speaking fans lived in a sort

of dark ages. The context of reading visual novels in the late 00's and early 2010's felt like what it must have been to be an avid reader in medieval Europe. The scarcity of the product and the fascination with foreign writings are the two most common similarities. A medieval European scholar would toil over a limited library of Latin texts. Whether located in Germany or England, his focus would be on ancient Roman and Greek writers, and he would always be hungry for new texts to be unearthed. In the obscurity of night, some might have even struggled with a candle and grimoire to conjure up demons, only to have them recite passages from the lost texts burned in the Great Library of Alexandria.

In an age where the literate hungered for lost manuscripts, there were some texts more longed for than others. When Dante wrote his Divine Comedy, Homer was still mostly lost to Europe. The Iliad and Odyssey were like grand stars in the sky, and seemingly equally distant. The likes of Dante could only imagine and speculate of the contents of those epic poems from the esteemed reputation his Latin hero Virgil had for them.

It might sound exaggerated, and I might have been a bit hyperbolic (but only a little), but *Dies Irae* carried a similar vibe. As far as

story-centric visual novels were concerned, back in 2010 English speaking VN fans had maybe several dozen or so to select from. But there were hundreds (thousands if you eliminate your standards for quality) of visual novels lost to the library of a language barrier. The gap was painful and seemingly insurmountable. Because who really wants to spend years of their life learning moonrunes just for a hobby? But in this niche community, the ultimate voices of authority were those elitist, sometimes smug members who did know Japanese. When they said a certain visual novel was among the best in the medium, their word was the highest authority. Because how could you know what was best when most titles were inaccessible to you. Like medieval priests justifying their biblical stances to the layman, "Because you can't read the Bible, by default I'm right". That's the tone some of these people seemed to have. And *Dies Irae* was one of the few works this "clerical" elite agreed was among the best.

To boot, not just was *Dies Irae* not translated, it was hailed by some as being "untranslatable". So not only could the plebs not read it, but they would never be able to read it, unless if they joined the Japanese literate caste. And so for weebs who were bitten by the VN bug, this is how *Dies Irae* became the cheeky

equivalent of a lost Homeric epic. Certainly to people like my teenage self, that perhaps took this medium a little too seriously.

Curious, many of us sought out available clips on YouTube. Not understanding a word of anything, but savoring the soundtrack accompanied by voices oozing with passion. Speaking lines which sounded like poetry. And this is a detail that you don't even need to know Japanese to understand, the voice acting truly is sublime. Penetrating right through the thick glass of a language barrier, you can feel the personalities of each character violently vibrate. The words spoken may be incomprehensible, but the full range of emotions are perfectly clear. And the chinks and nuances of each character's style of speaking is also conveyed flawlessly. I still remember evenings spent procrastinating homework, watching videos, more listening than watching, of the climactic scenes and the fiery dialogue bursting from the characters. An epic opera of voices clashing, and the chaotic charge of the drama all being smoothly led by the background music.

Then in early 2015 we were finally given scraps from the feast we previously, were only allowed to watch and salivate to. A user by the name of Conjueror uploaded two videos that translated part of

a scene in *Dies Irae*, totaling to 23 minutes of content. Incidentally (I just noticed this when I dug up the thread where he announced these videos), I was among the first eager voices to post in his thread. Needless to say, me and a few others quickly devoured these morsels of red meat given to us. The appetizer only made us hungry for more, and so ultimately it only served to fuel our imaginations.

What our imaginations did, ignited with just a little bit of tangible knowledge of the visual novel, was hype it into this theoretically perfect work. What the vocal fans of this VN did, whether they were aware of it or not, was help balloon this work to a massive level of hype inside the niche VN community. It wasn't really the types of people who casually dabbled with the medium who felt this hype. But anyone who was deeply involved with the medium, and had exhausted their personal list of available translated titles they were interested in, must have felt this hype to at least some degree. It wasn't just *Dies Irae* either, there were other untranslated works had also gravitated huge reputations of hype. But *Dies Irae* was the representative example.

At the end of 2016, to the glee of many, it was announced that an official translation would be in the works. And the translators that

were selected for the job were an All-Star team of the VN community. Die hard fans of Dies Irae, some of who were even partially responsible for cultivating its myth-like status. I'll spare you the details, but I do feel a need to mention that Conjueror was among the team. And so the very guy who first gave many people a translated taste of Dies Irae, was among the team who were bringing the whole feast to us.



Part 2: Dies Irae – The Actual Thing

Probably the most important thing to understand about Dies Irae as an actual work, is that in Japan it falls under a derogatory genre known as “Chuuni”. Which basically just means if you’re a pretentious 15 year old it’s the closest equivalent of cocaine you’ll find. In fact, that’s barely even an analogy since “Chuuni” comes from “Chuunibyou”, which literally translates as “8th Grade Syndrome”. A phase in life that I think many of us prefer to forget... Essentially, Chuuni is just YA for anti-social boys.

At first glance there are a lot of seemingly high brow references in Dies Irae. And since the average weeaboo has probably not voluntarily read a real book in their life, many might take these references at face value and attribute more meaning to them than is actually there. In fact, after translating Dies Irae, Conjueror made an excellent blog post re-evaluating the work. And I think what he says here is quite significant: “It might help you to know that the word chuuni in Japanese actually denotes pseudo intellectualism – the use of fancy words to appear cool and sophisticated for showing off superficially rather than in pursuit of any sort of actual depth.”

His whole blog post is worth a read,

Warning! Writing to the console is not supported!

paddr = 192.168.11.130

remote_ipaddr = 192.168.11.130

netmask = 255.255.255.0



Sorry, a system error occurred.

unimplemented trap
To temporarily turn off extensions, restart and
hold down the shift key.

Restart

le in applications is NOT



69

OK



as he simultaneously de-escalates the nearly absurd reputation Dies Irae had managed to accumulate, but also sings its praises where it does belong.

Dies Irae isn't deep. It implies some deep thoughts, and certainly enjoys dancing around them. But if you're looking for something convincingly philosophical it's going to reveal itself to be hollow. However, it's folly to even look for those things here, as Dies Irae is openly transparent with how shamelessly Chuuni it is – including everything that implies. And part of that is using cool ideas for fashion.

What Dies Irae does do well, and fantastically so, is shove an engrossingly charming cast of psychopaths into a death match. The characters in Dies Irae are delectable.

Deranged lunatics, mischievous immortal occultists, megalomaniacal war fiends, and in central stage, two characters that seem to have transcended humanity itself.

In the first 50 minutes of the story, the specter of Reinhard condescendingly stares down at a devastated Berlin in the last days of World War II. Seducing the demor-

alized German soldiers to sacrifice their souls to him, and in exchange promises to free them from a reincarnation of perpetual defeat. And just like the soldiers, he has a power to seduce you into anticipating his return. That's when we transition into the biggest flaw of this work: its protagonists.

After that haunting scene where Berlin was on fire, we are transported to modern day Japan where somehow this all connects to “just your average high school student”. It's contrived, and never stops

feeling contrived. It perhaps would be more forgivable if our main protagonist was interesting, but his only goal in life is to “preserve mundane everyday reality”. Now later on this is actually justified... kinda of, by the narrative. But by then the damage

has been done. Either the very engaging prologue convinced you to have patience and bear with the story, or not. There are a couple of interesting characters on the protagonist side, but they are disproportionately few when compared to a varied cast of antagonists that are all appealing in their own unique, maniacal ways.



When I previously said that the exhilaration of 30% of this visual novel justifies the other 70%, this is what I meant. Every scene focused on the antagonists will have you relish their interactions on screen. From conspiracy, intrigue, and backstabbing,



to unhinged displays of bloodlust. The cast of antagonists all carry complex motivations for their involvement in the story's events, but are all loosely cooperating for a shared goal. Their murderous psychopathy is reined in by the occult group they're sworn to, allowing them to strengthen themselves by harvesting spiritual energy through murder and battle. The only leash restraining them to cooperate to even a minimum capacity, is to fulfill a ritual of holocaust proportions in order to revive their leader.

The bad guys carry the show. And when things slowly turn into a battle royale where the separation of friend and foe disintegrate, it can be difficult to know who to root for. And your decision will ultimately boil down to personal preference. A favorite moment of mine is when the ashen demons Wolfgang Schreiber and Wilhelm Ehrenburg

decide to resume a fight that started over half a century ago. One's a murderous lunatic, and the other a murderous sadist. Both unhinged in slightly different ways. The latter

has been keeping the story spicy from early on; back when you were desperate for any flavor of distraction from our dull protagonist. As such I often feel a bit of gratitude to Wil-

helm. Schreiber on the other hand is a mystery ingredient that gets thrown into this stew just as the story begins simmering. He adds an unpredictable excitement with his fragmented, deeply disturbed psyche.

One thing I have come to admire about Dies Irae over time, is how it bases its magical system on the more occult understanding of magic. Rather than the more fantastical kind of magic you find in works like Harry Potter. The idea of magic being weaponized will is central to the story, and this carefully works its way into the characters. As I've mentioned, each of the characters, especially on the antagonists row, are complexly unique. And the powers available to them are all carefully crafted to reflect their personalities. With a single exception (for a reason that's a spoiler), none of the characters can use the powers of other characters. Only Wilhelm can



lock you into a parallel dimension of a vampiric night, and only Schreiber can swiftly move at a rate that exceeds speed

itself. These powers are manifestations of these characters' wills that extend deep into their psychologies.

When characters fight in this work it often expresses itself in a grand debate. And it's this element which lends an opera-like characteristic to these fights. The music and voice acting is always great, but they mesh together and peak during the fights, particularly the later fights. But these characters aren't just debating verbally, but figuratively as well. Precisely because their magic stems from their manifested wills individual to them, when they fight they are expressing a clash of wills in every sense of the meaning.

As rewarding as these fights can be, or all the plotting and deception that strings everything forward, they are rewards



for a not insignificant amount of patience the visual novel demands of you. And it isn't just a patience for slow pacing, but for the ridiculous ways the work tries to shoehorn visual novel clichés just to have them there. Things like forced high school daily life scenes, uninteresting character interactions that try to Stockholm you into caring for them, a route structure based on romantic interests... True, a lot of the irritation of these problems evaporate once the ball seriously gets rolling. But that doesn't erase the fact that it takes far too long to get there. It's the looming presence of the antagonists, and their gradual emergence from the shadows that will serve as well-timed pangs of curiosity to entice you to continue. And while frustrating, particularly in the beginning, the near-constant injections of adrenaline the story will supply you with in its latter parts more than make up for its (admittedly) quite serious flaws.

As the messianic figure pulling all the strings has to say when he's

finally arranged a battle between the embodiments of a frozen moment in time and of the Day of Judgment:

"Come, gather and bear witness to my opera, now in the making. Its script is the height of cliché, I am forced to

admit. And yet... Its actors are of the finest fold; beyond exquisite.”

This has all been a roundabout way of saying that while it was impossible for *Dies Irae* to live up to the legendary amount of hype that surrounded it, it’s a good work if you can accept it for what it is. And that’s an intentionally edgy story designed to appeal to teenagers and those poor souls that haven’t mentally moved past that stage of life. But for a work that was tailor made to indulge such a target audience, it can be a bombastically fun experience with a very interesting cast of characters in its line up. If you don’t mind temporarily resurrecting your inner teenager, I’m sure you’ll enjoy all the drama leading up to Reinhard’s revival as much as I did. Because in a certain sense, that’s where the story really begins. As the name of his highest level of manifestation is the namesake of the work itself: *Dies Irae*.

On a final note, I would just like to thank and send my prayers to Conjueror who played a tremendous role in both demystifying and making this work accessible to people. He is sadly no longer with us, but the English translation of *Dies Irae* (and several other titles) will continue to be a legacy of his work. Unfortunately I feel like the significant role that translators fill, often gets overlooked. There seems to

be an almost dismissive attitude where some people seem

to think that translations just pop out of thin air. But that ghost-like presence that converts words, nuances, and connotations from one language to another is a real human being, often several. And especially with works like this that have such distinct and verbose writing styles, it was no easy task to get done. Especially of a quality so high. If I’ve managed to convince anyone to at least give *Dies Irae* a try, I hope they can appreciate the story that went behind the English translation they are reading. —L@in



tell when you experience it and look at it.

Even with this in mind, it's easy to establish that the strongest point about NetArt is that it is easy-to-distribute digital art: the thing that sets it apart from other art forms, and what is most exploitable, is its *interactivity* and its out-of-the-box treatment of website design elements

To use a tool as it was intended, whether a screwdriver or spreadsheet, is simply to fulfill its potential. By misusing that tool – that is, by peeling off its ideological wrapper and applying it to a purpose or effect that was not its maker's intention – artists can exploit a technology's hidden potential in an intelligent and revelatory way – Jon Ippolito

<http://entropy8zuper.org/possession/olialia/olialia.htm>

In this project there's a scanned hand that sweeps across your screen when you scroll horizontally and vertically. It is the user scrolling that makes it interesting

<https://www.c3.hu/collection/form/game/index.html>

<https://three.org/unreliablearchivist/2010/>

Two little interactive games with HTML elements

<https://www.superbad.com>

<https://www.wwwwwwwwww.jodi.org>

Two literal rabbit holes to fall into, that leads you to traverse non-sensical sub-pages with a somewhat connected storyline (at least in superbad's case)

The old vestiges of original NetArt are hard to find. This stuff was around 20-something years ago and there's a lot of 404s in the path of a spelunker. Most of it isn't even in the Web Archive. Here are some directories that catalogued NetArt exhibits, but like in the old days before Google, finding great projects is an exercise in searching for the needles in the ocean-sized haystack.

<https://ekac.org/webart.html>

<https://map.jodi.org>

<https://netart.org.uy>

<https://www.computerfinearts.com>

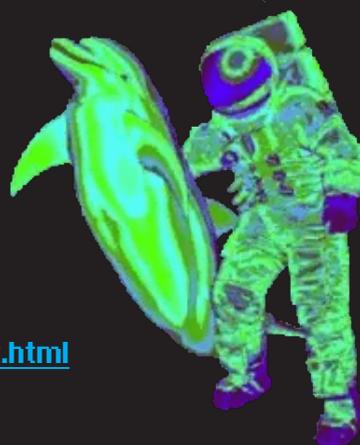
<https://turbulence.org>

<http://runme.org>

<https://www.michaelmedia.org/michel>

<http://www.collection.evan-roth.com>

<http://www.o-o.it/databank/links/netart.html>



NetArt today

The spirit of NetArt still lives on but not under this name. They usually take advantage of modern computers' computational power and have elements of generative art (randomness applied to produce interesting results).

<https://angusnicneven.com>

Beautiful and chaotic pixel animations surround an esoteric core of madness

<https://www.sbnation.com/a/17776-football>

Interactive fiction piece with an intriguing plot

<http://www.worlddreambank.org/P/PLANETS.HTM>

Alternate worlds catalogued by their creator

<https://libraryofbabel.info>

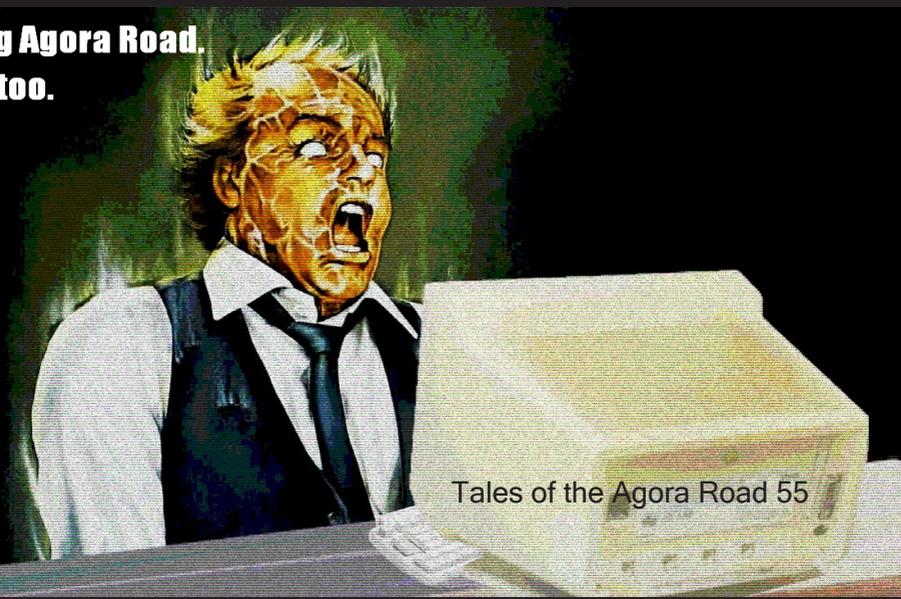
Borges' famous short story made real in the web

<https://alf-s-room.com/etc/nandarou/kiosk/index.htm>

Japanese website that discusses random things through dialogues of the author's DCs

None of these works are particularly revolutionary. From our eyes as modern web dwellers they are all at most charming or quaint. And in writing this article I'm not saying all our websites should try to be NetArt. Instead, we should see this genre of art as a reminder to keep an open mind. All arts are about bending a medium into a shape that conveys our feelings, not about us being bent by that medium. With that in mind they should be a lesson about thinking creatively about *the web we want*, rather than thinking pessimistically about *the web we currently have*. - shinobu

**He's browsing Agora Road.
You could be too.**



Tales of the Agora Road 55

Reviews

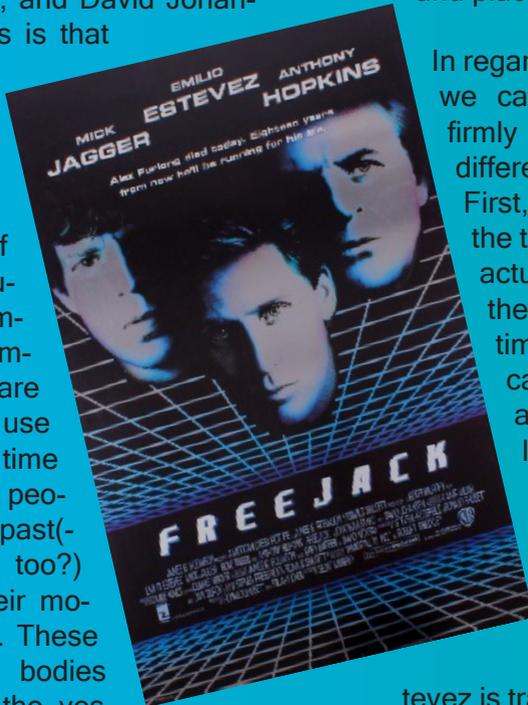
Freejack (1992)

By Zal

Freejack is a cyber action time travel movie directed by Geoff Murphy circa 1992. The cast is a wild mix of multiple big names of the time including Mick Jagger, Emilio Estevez, Rene Russo, Anthony Hopkins, and David Johansen. The basis is that in the dystopian future of 2099 the ultra wealthy have devised a method of suspending human minds temporarily on computing hardware while they use some form of time travel to grab people from the past(-maybe future too?) just before their moment of death. These “bonejacked” bodies then become the vessels for those suspended minds. The premise itself is full of holes, paradoxes, and the imposition of seemingly useless ethical

questions. In this regard “Freejack” falls unquestionably short.

However, I am no normal traveler and this is no normal review. There are a lot of things Freejack does that are the very least interesting when giving it a more meta analysis. The film itself is a mix of various different aesthetics, directorial and cinematographic styles, and places in time.



In regards to timespace we can regard it as firmly inhabiting three different timelines. First, it comes from the time the film was actually made in, the early 90s. This timeline we can call “meta-time” as it is at the very least an influence on the all other timelines. Second, there is the timeline where Emilio Es-

tevez is transported to the future and escapes his “bonejacking” thus becoming a “freejack”. We can refer to this timeline as “past-future” or “meta-future” as it is the projection of the future from

1992. Finally, there is the actual 2009 now from our present history(I know, is ours the same history?). We can call this “real 2009” or “future-past”. This dynamic makes for an interesting aesthetic experience while watching.

The films opening screen/credits present a font taken seemingly straight from Blade Runner (the original one). The text generates with some retro computer sound playing over a very tasty saxophone track. We are immediately drawn to a scene in a bedroom while the soundtrack fades out. Two alarm clocks sound, likely a precursor to the dual timelines the film will present. This opening sequence manages to combine the aesthetic from Blade Runner with that from many David Lynch films quite well.

Throughout the film various other movies and directors are manifested and let go. It makes for an interesting overall experience if you can see the connections. There are plays on David Lynch, Stanley Kubrick and Steven Spielberg taken directly and seemingly without shame.



Here we can see Emilio Estevez taking the part of the Emperor from Star Wars. These themes play throughout the film. The evil master in black robes crossing through time in the abstract world created by cinema. This may seem a small detail, but actions like these leave long term imprints in peoples minds.

Here, Estevez inhabits Indiana Jones, another Spielberg feature. This time the protagonist fully manifests the “anti-hero” and if we consider 1990s as the culmination of the century of the anti-hero, this makes perfect sense.

The film continues such actions throughout. The penultimate scenes that take place in the “Spiritual Switchboard”, which looks strangely similar to modern cellphone and radio towers, draw directly from Kubrick’s 2001:A Space Odyssey. The picket fence bordered with roses that Estevez



navigates early in the “past-future” draws from Lynch’s Blue Velvet. This time, though, the hidden evil has made its way above ground. Freejack seeks to reinforce many of these “new in ‘meta-time’ “ roles with these moves. Heroes are im-

pure, including the nun played by Amanda Plummer. Evil takes the form of the holy as seen with the emperor inhabiting a church. Self service is the path to salvation. These are the themes of the meta time transcribed into both “real-past” and “past- future”. That is, that while Freejack didn’t hit big these were themes used through the era and they in large part made it into our real experience of 2009. They are foundational to our present perspective, and the present social rebellion, and here we can see them applied across timelines.



There are also a good many pre-cursors to our current aesthetic and class system. The techno-class exhibited in the Freejack can easily be compared to our laptop class. The vehicles they ride in are comparable to misshapen Teslas of today. Fatter, I suppose to express a luxurious use of space, but with the same aesthetic focus on smoothness Tesla has worked into their sedans. The techno-class in the film are also given to a similar integration of technology in their lives that silicon valley is



now actually selling to the population that can afford it. The luxury apartments have minimal computing interfaces and operate primarily on voice

control. There is a Panopticon of security and redemption. When you want something, a person to help you, a coffee, anything at all you literally just ask. Speak it into the air, the techno-ghost is all around.



That isn't to say everything the movie is putting out there is bad. There are some genuinely cool aesthetic aspects. I like most of the interfaces present in the film. They are styled well and even frequently pre-curse some modern focus on vectorization. I have to believe they themselves are a throwback version of the future that was understood by the director as the technology of the time had in many ways already surpassed what is presented. Regardless, polygons and neon grids abound.

Also, throughout there are a few personal aesthetic trends that we can find quite useful. Consider the protagonists haircut for one.

Here it is compared to a typical boomer haircut and a typical zoomer haircut. The middle photo, Freejack's protagonist, fits in any timeline of near history and yet the other two are strictly captured in their era. Boomers are easily identified with the wings cut and zoomers are easily identified with the high and tight. This middle cut, though, can be accepted and assimilated in any generation. While this may be unintended in the making of the film its lack of intention is the very reason it could become a powerful tool in our present time, or could likely be found in the "real past". In this sense, certain parts of the film become "meta-aesthetic".

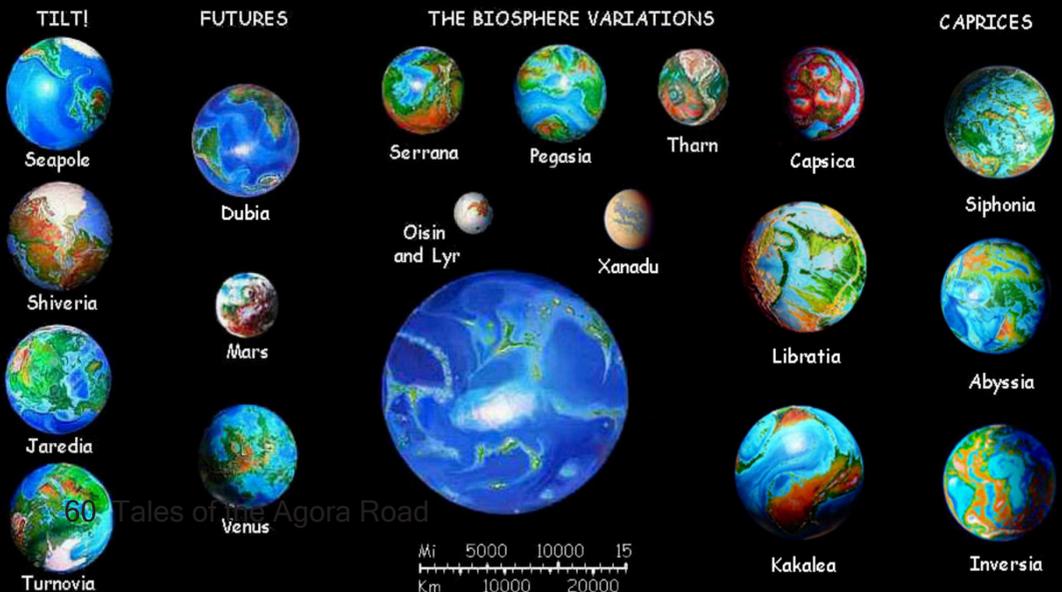
In the end, and in an "oh so typical" capitalist fashion, Mick Jagger saves Emilio Estevez with a lie while they are inside one wing of the "Spiritual Switchboard"(cell tower). This lie, in contrast to the rest of the lies in the film, is supposed to be a good lie. In much the same way many people make excuses for bad deeds done with good intentions in our real world present starting somewhere circa 2009(like in the movie), we are supposed to understand that this is done because of Mick Jagger's reverence for the transcendent qualities embodied by the anti-hero. One self serving anti-villain redeems one self serving anti-hero for their shared disdain for the unredeemable corruption that has forced them into this. But is that really what happened? -Z

Internet Oddities: World Dream Bank by Jared

<http://www.worlddreambank.org/P/PLANETS.HTM>

The author of this has been working on it since the mid-2000's. It's an impressively detailed series of "a group of model worlds supporting intelligent life", including alien worlds, alternate versions of Earth, and terraformed worlds within our solar system. Some of the species he invents are kinda... wince-inducing, and sometimes come off as furrybait even though they're really not. But everything else about it is amazing.

He doesn't just organize and present research for what a world might look like - he hand-crafts an IRL model of every single world and paints them, to scale, with pages and pages dedicated to every continent or region on the planet, and shows all the mathematics and geology he did to sculpt them as accurately as possible. Any one of his articles is a genuinely fascinating read,



SEAPOLE

a warm, flooded world

SHIVERIA

a steady-state ice age

TURNOVIA

the world on its head

JAREDIA

a world testing the theories in Jared Diamond's *Guns, Germs and Steel*



Three worlds on the same day 1000 years from now--all of them profoundly transformed:

DUBIA

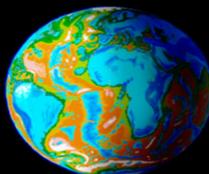
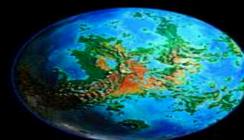
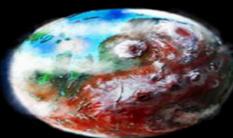
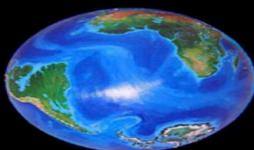
Earth has doubled CO2, thawed poles, flooded coasts

MARS REBORN

Terraformed, but emphatically not Terra

VENUS UNVEILED

the ugly duckling becomes a swan



Siphonia

Earth with most of the ocean siphoned off, leaving just shallow seas on the abyssal plains 4-5 km below our coasts. It's a wild, steamy topography down there, while the old continents turn alpine...
85% complete--short on portraits & scenery

Inversia

Up is down and down is up!
Land is sea, sea land; trenches are peaks, peaks trenches, islands and reefs are lakes, lakes are reefs and islands...
25% complete--first tour!: *Arctica*

Abyssia

start with Inversia's inside-out geology--now pour on as much water as Earth has. Miles-deep seas, with tiny continents where our abysses and trenches lay. Unrecognizable, yet weirdly familiar...
Completed 2017

SERRANA

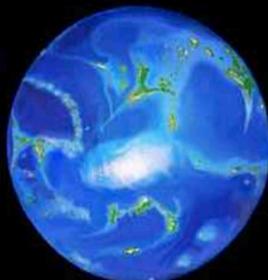
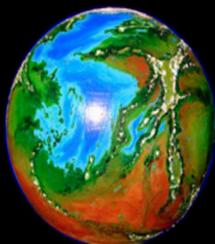
Cross Earth with Mars--
How low can you go?

LYR

Not a hot Jupiter, but...
a tepid Neptune?

KAKALEA

Earthlike by the numbers
but Australian bad luck!



Pink Cars by Alexander Nevermind

Everyone sees “the light” at different times. nirvana and heaven exist, it all takes a certain amount of time. it takes a billion years for everyone... people who see it (monks, shamans, priests, etc) are on their billionth year. people who do small lsd trips are on their 100,000 year, those who do bigger doses have already done the other rungs, a shaman has already done all of the other levels millions of years ago.

time in all of it segments, years, seconds, hours, nanoseconds, or rotations of an atom, are all different dimensions.

A simple line on a page to you could, in another dimen-

sion and section of time, be a letter.

A million years ago, the first man to draw numbers... those are just lines to us in this dimension/series of time segments.

A hieroglyphic is just a picture in this dimension, but in another dimension/time, it was more than that. Archeology and ancient documentation are capturing the “lines” and jibberish of other dimensions.

Lines and symbols to us, the covenant to the aztecs in a dimension/time long ago..and their history and what was ancient to them, were merely lines and symbols. This goes back for billions of years, probably trillions. It seems linear, but really it’s not linear, it wasn’t “before or after” it’s all simultaneous in a way

The letters, punctuation, music, grammar, rhythm, heart-





beats, walking, sex, chewing food, digestion, sleeping is all a code to help us communicate with them and communicate them to to others. These things, these symbols humans create, are gifts from them. language and rhythms are as important and as significant as a period or comma. Tiny and seemingly meaningless, these little dots.

But without them, nothing makes any sense. They gave us the alphabet because without an alphabet this would just be a mess. Spaces and periods and commas switch everything from jumbles and blocks of

ksjdfowijfaenaifjawifjq9qqjw-foKJWWUWEWDJWDWJSJWF-WUEWUWSDNBMCNSWIEDJJ into words, phrases, poetry, songs, novels, stories, love letters.

We are all constantly a ball of



ero-jfoiwjferofjwoifj3of3483r-2jo3ijr23o3jr2oi3oirjfweirj3i-hww4jrvnq3vin30ictunwoir-jnw38tuqn3ir4vtwo3irjaw-co4ro3irvjnoiw34uncrow-3i4jtvnwoupwtuot

Language, math, religion, music, the arts, and emotions in a more abstract way (undefinable at this point) are all tools they gave us so we can transmit

mitiefjweocrime0eui-motivenow4iumt-fw3otun49tw3c-t3ovnw3utbvww-vo3inw3oirunrio to each other, and back to them as well, and in a form that is readable by all parties involved (the ones that need to know anyway).

Every part of experience is what they are. Letters are one little elf. Speech is another, sex is another, math is another, painting is another, buildings and architecture are another... some things are required to

communicate and express certain things.

Letters, speech and music are more basal and universal, poetry, emotions are more singular and specific to each of us in our own way. The language elf is one everybody knows, but his brothers and sons are each different languages. English is one son, japanese another, swahili yet another. Large amounts of people are familiar with this elf (god?) and his message and messengers/sons... some are more well acquainted with one elf than others. I know the english elf well, but I don't know the spanish, french or chinese one so well... and those are just languages on earth in this dimension...I at least know other languages like French exist...what about others that have come and gone in a dimension/time Ill never be



able to conceive of

Emotions and artistic expression go deeper. Those are like a game of telephone. Your angels compel you to paint a picture. Now it's on canvas and the angels in other people's heads see it, and decode it in a wierd way only you can really percieve. Michealangelo's frescos are trying to show us all of these angels/personalities/gods...

His angels told him to paint them. "Hey mikey, paint us, put us on plaster of this building...the angels in other people's skulls will see it and maybe get a kick out of it, hell, people's angels in

500 dimension time segments ("yEaRs durr lol") from now will dig it too ...go ahead now boy, pick up the brush and paint!"

You can't write it all down, or paint it all. The linear nature of time forbids it. Without time we could all take in everything in an instant...but we

don't have the luxury of "in-stants", we just have a shitty approximation vis a vis "minutes, seconds, etc"

I'm an ape in a hut right now. Electric light and a computer doesn't change that. I still stumble around my hut eating and drinking food-stuffs and liquids just like ancient man did. Same exact shit. Humans don't change, the surroundings do. You still just stumble around, shit, eat, and fuck to reproduce, just the same as they did. And wouldn't you know it, they, ALL theys, every human, has been distinctly aware of this phenomina for trillions of years! It is just as profound yet mundane, in euqal parts, to them a million years ago as it is to you now. Proto-men knew all of this and the angels were with them too, some more acutely were able to put the thought down via speech or writiting or math. But why did the



angels decide to give us that stuff at that time and place? They didn't, there is no time or place. That's the joke. Time forces you into seeing it as long ago, but it wasn't.

It's at the same time, simultaneously and all at once....time is cheating you with it's trickery of segments and "years" and "seconds". But that's the joke for them, they cursed us with time, and that is the mystery because none of them told me why. They explained everything else to me, except what time is for.

I feel like I sat through a movie where it was all built around a pink car. And you watch the movie and it suddenly ends and



you're pissed because they never explained who's pink car it was, where it csme from, what the fuck it means, and none of the characters acknowledge it...so I'm just like "why the fuck did the writer even put this pink car there? It was in every shot, it's all over this movie and no one interacts with it, and you never explained it! This movie sucks I want my money back!!!" Only there are no sequels coming. There was no cliffhanger, no teaser for a sequel....you'll just never get to know why that pink car was there for the whole movie. well, there could be a sequel in 100 or maybe 1000000 years I guess...big joke is you'll never know about the pink car buddy ;p

Linear time, time as we humans know it, is the pink car.

I'm sad the angels are gone. I feel like...a little kid who's friend is moving away. The experience was so real, but it will never be the same. When you break a little kid from his

friend he's sad, but you know his immense sadness isn't permanent, just like my sadness now isn't.

I'll miss my angels, they taught me a lot. My sadness comes because I'm away from their light for now, but my sadness isn't permanent. They'll live in me forever as a memory, that's something the angels created so we can hold on to them...they let us use this gift in the real world too, allowing us to appropriate it for our own uses in the form of nostalgia, memories, dreams sometimes.

The ride is over. I need to go back to my real friends, here in this time, this dimension. But I'll miss my friends on the inside too. But I know I'll see them again...on another trip, or in a billion years or in 100 years...I don't know, they'll decide, they know. Hold me guys, just hold me while I go to sleep, please. wash me.



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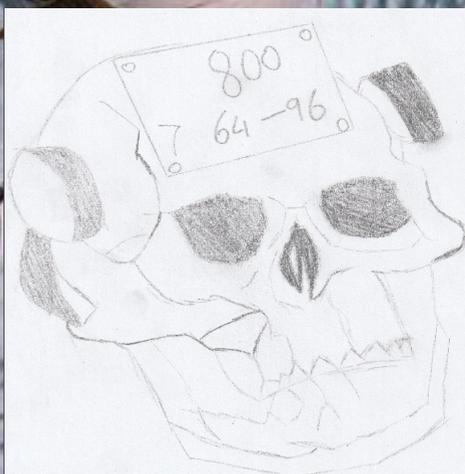
zalaza|aza



Chao Tse-Tung



brentw



Outer Heaven



FreshSk8r



moon musiq



calico_jack



l@in is here



darth shart



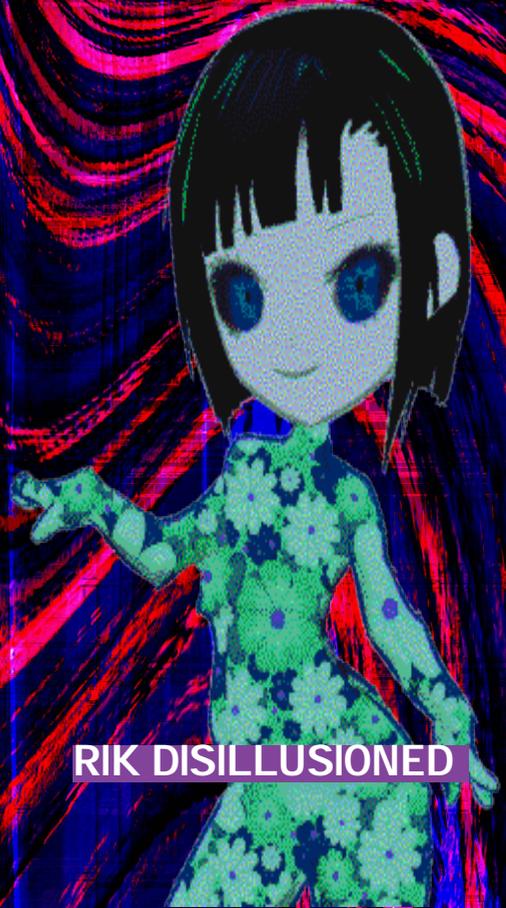
SEVEN



ARAL



SPACEGHOST



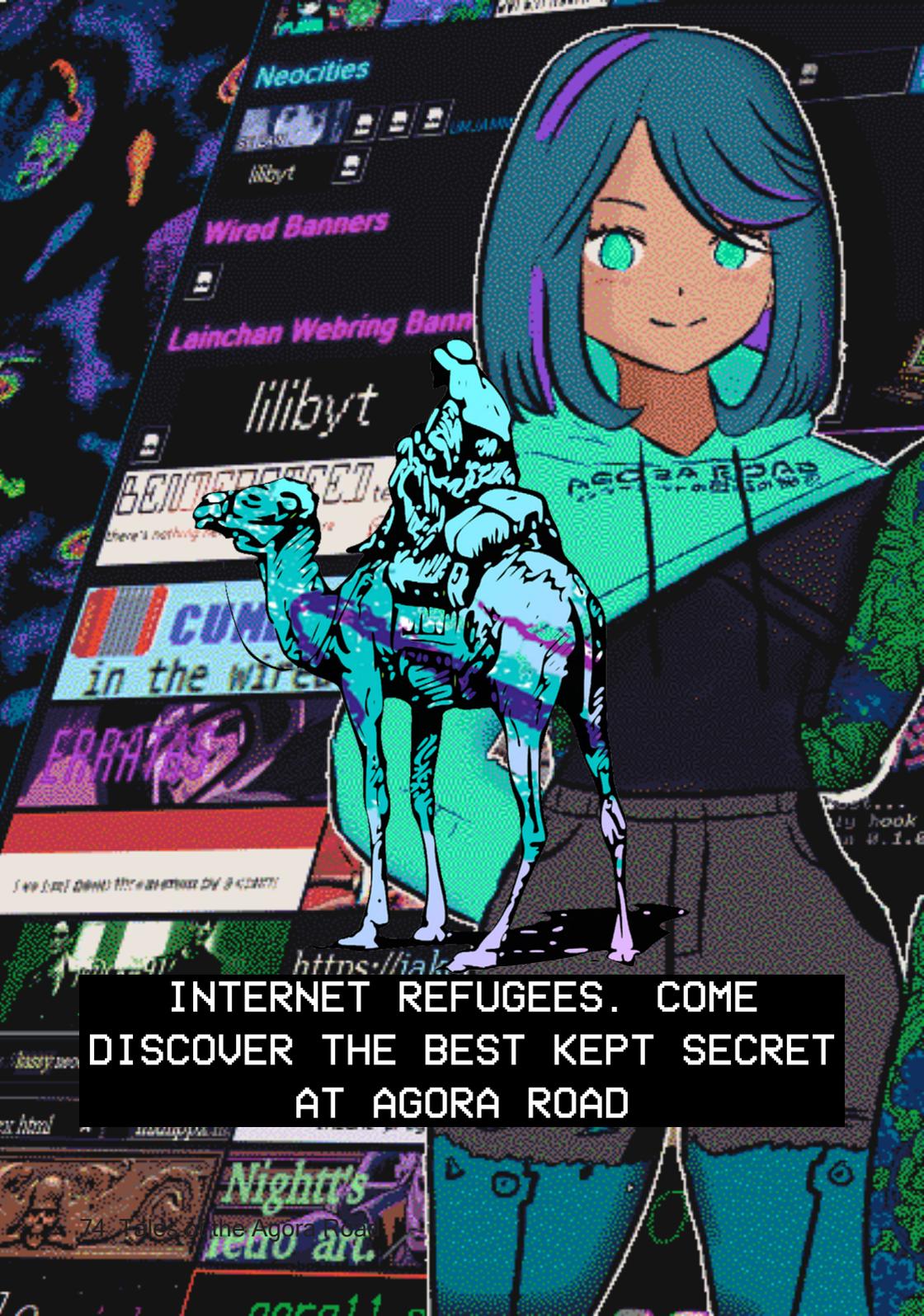
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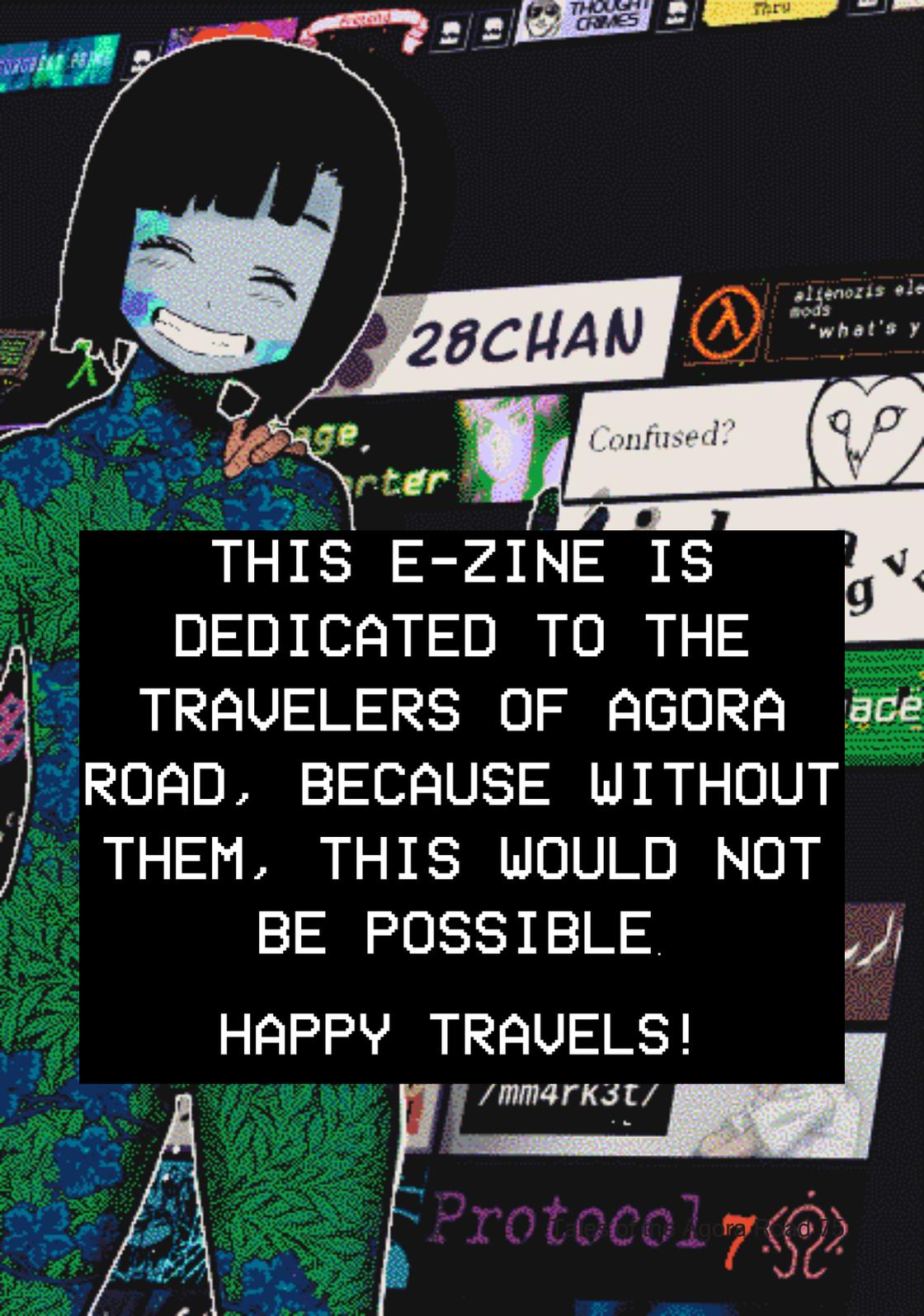
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