

TALES OF THE AGORA ROAD: ISSUE #2



VAPORWAVE? WE DON'T DO



New Agora Road Post



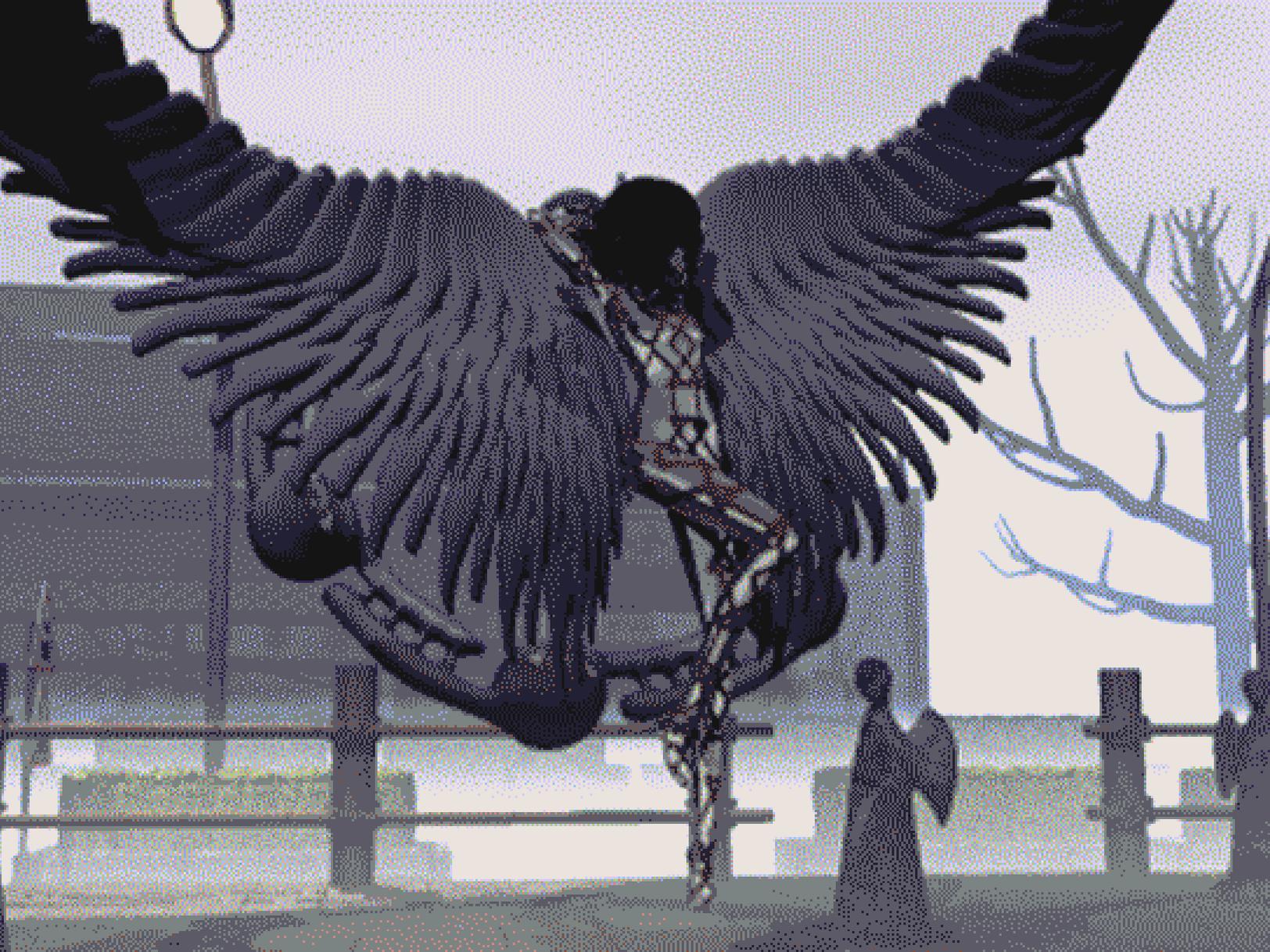
- Dead Internet Theory
- Art
- Shitpost
- Vaporwave

OK

Cancel

THAT HERA





Demon Within by ana | pope

O' evil spirit living within,
your welcome was not meant to be given;
never again == never any more ==
so take yourself and your damn whores
and banish yourself eternally --
I'll sever the root of this rotten tree
that calls itself me, but really is a thief
of my identity --
See yourself not in your grave but in fire,
not in peaceful rest, no less for this liar;
Let the boulder drag thee down, deep under the ground,
you think of your dead whores, you anxiously look around,
and trip over the trunk of an uprooted tree;
Thus begins the quest of thy infinite misery.

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**누가 예쁘다고
했는지 좀 보자.**

H1 ssss's World Famous Key Lime Pie Recipe

Ingredients:

- 1 9 inch pie crust (graham or normal either works)
- 3 cups sweetened condensed milk
- 1/2 cup sour cream
- 3/4 cup key lime juice
- 1 tablespoon grated lime zest

Directions:

Step 1: Preheat oven to 350 degrees F

Step 2: In a medium bowl, combine condensed milk, sour cream, and lime rind. Mix well and pour into graham cracker crust.

Step 3: Bake in preheated oven for 5 to 8 minutes, until tiny pinhole bubbles burst on the surface of pie. Do not brown. Chill pie completely before serving. Garnish with lime slices and whipped cream if that's what you like.

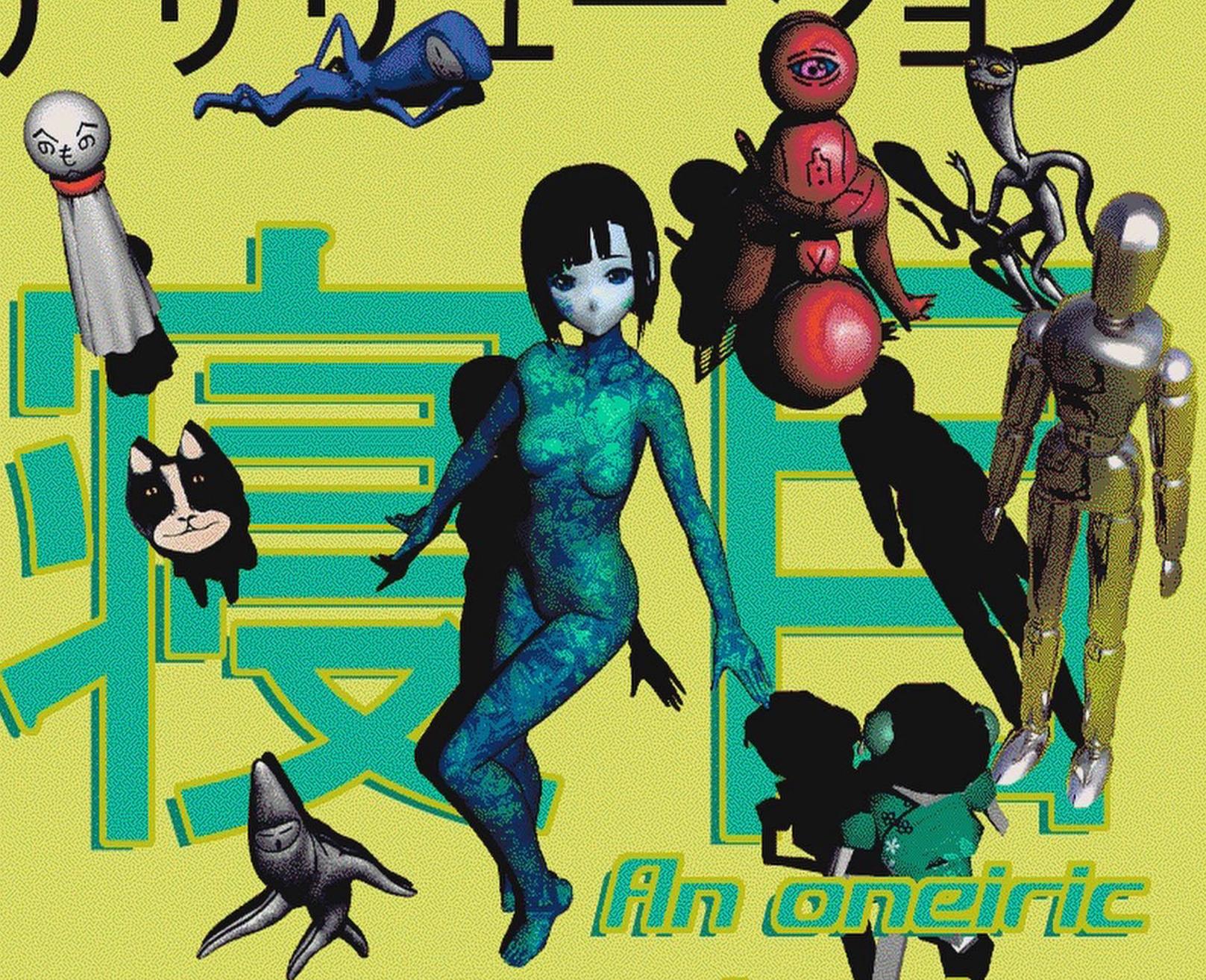
Notes:

This is my family recipe for key lime pie, its nothing crazy but i thought people might want to see it if they like this kinda pie.



DISILLUSION ST

デサリユージョ
デサリユージョ



An oneiric
adventure

Okay, so, let me tell you a real funny story, man. Godspeed.

It was long before I killed the president just by talking, yeah, merely talking, and his job was done. If you still ask me do I regret it or not, I cannot really answer... but he was my friend, even though not the best kind of human.

Well, then, the story goes.

It was long before the president was killed by me when I talked, I and the president were hanging out, of course, it was long before his death because he was alive for as far as I could tell... All the living flesh and moving body parts and all that. I mean, I could be wrong, but I tend to close the eyes of the dead. Yeah, I tried to close his eyes too but he said "Yo, what the fuck, motherfucker?! Why the fuck are you poking my eyelids?" so yeah, he was very much alive with open eyes, yeah.



Okay, so, that day we were hanging out, and the president was wearing a colour that reminded me of those blue flowers that I forgot the name of. Maybe I should say "blue jacket that reminds me of blue sky", but the sky has tons of blues so I'll pass. It was a kind of blue that made you say "Wow, man, that's truly blue," as if other kinds of blue don't make you say that. Except for blues. That's an emotion, man. You say "Oh no man, I got sad!" when you get the blues. So, his jacket was blue but not blues, of course, his jacket was not an emotion or a song genre but it was a jacket.

Okay, so, we were hanging out and I had commented on his blue jacket, and he was also sitting on a fluffy couch that had some weirdly shaped design on it that I found very surreal. I don't know, man. Surrealism is weird as fuck... so I said "Yeah, Salvador Dali was kinda fascist," and he went

“Yo, what the fuck, motherfucker?! Why the fuck so suddenly-” and I was like, “Yeah, man, go look it up.”

And you know those old big big encyclopedias that old people tend to have? Yeah, man, it was very very old back then, we were young but the world was very old back then, I’m talking about the times when he was alive, man. I was 30 and he was 30 too. No, man, I said 30 too; as in 30 as well, not 32. Yeah. He and I were both 30, not 32. So, we were both 30, and 30 is a great number because it got that cool looking number “3”. Yeah, man.

So, yeah, he took the encyclopedia in his hand, and he was looking for Dali when he dropped it on his feet. So, I said “Yes sir, Jean-Baptiste Lully also died of complications from foot injury,” and he said “Yo, what the fuck, motherfucker?! What the fuck?!”, and I said, “Unless you name this place Versailles, you’re okay,” and he was so creeped out, he threw his Louis XIV biographies the next day; but that’s another story.

Okay, so, he had that blue jacket and a huge encyclopedia on his feet, and I said, “Okay, man, you can pick it up, right?” and he said, “No, I’m not a fascist!”. I said “Okay, man.” Then he sat down on the fascist couch, and I said, “Oh no, you’re Mussolini!”. He said “Yo, what the fuck, motherfucker?! I’m not bald!”. I said, “Well, he was not bald either, but he shaved his head.” Then he said he didn’t speak Italian, so I said, “Okay, you are not Mussolini.”

Okay, so, then he said “Mussolini used to speak but I won’t anymore”, so I said, “Okay, man, you are not a fascist, no need to keep silent or something.” But he didn’t speak anymore, so I said “Okay, man, have fun silently.” He nodded and I shook his hand and went home because it was late, man. The sky

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was also blue but darker, and his jacket was also blue but it was not like the sky at the moment. It was like the sky long ago, but long ago is a relative concept, right? I don't know man, it's hard.

Okay, so, then I went home. I got a phone call from him, and he didn't speak but just breathed on the other side of the landline, so I said, "Okay, man, I understand; you are gonna make some policies to ban fascism by banning speaking." And he didn't answer. I bet he was saying "Yo, man, what the fuck, motherfucker?!" in his mind, so I said, "Okay, man, I got it wrong. You are gonna make some laws to ban people from calling you fascist by banning speaking." And he breathed happily -if that's a thing. So I said, "Okay, man, good luck."

Okay, so, then the next day in the papers, we got news about how the president banned speaking because speaking was fascist. But I knew it was not the reasoning, the reasoning was that he didn't want to be called fascist. I went to his house to congratulate him and he had thrown his fascist couch away, so I gestured at the empty ground and couldn't speak because it was banned. Well, I was trying to gesture like, "Yo, man, where am I gonna sit?" and I noticed that he was also standing, because he only used couches and he had thrown them out.

So, he just looked up a couch maker phone number from the phonebook and called the couch maker number. Then the couch maker picked it up, but I don't know if it was the couch maker, because there was no way of telling it unless the person said "I am the couch maker". The person didn't say anything, though, because speaking was banned. So, the president kept on breathing through the phone, and the couch maker breathed too... but I don't think a morse code for breathing is invented yet, so I thought, "Yo, man, what the fuck, motherfucker?!", but couldn't say it out loud, so yeah. And then, I was like, yeah man, I was like, just looking at the empty office... and he was still breathing and the couch maker was breathing too, so the president made a cross gesture and shut the phone.

Then we stood and just looked at each other in an asexual way long before asexuals had the purple colour, because he had a blue jacket again, and if it was purple I'd call him the leading asexual -but no, it was blue- so I didn't say anything. It was long before that anyway. I'm talking about 1968, man. I was the 68 generation who listened to the radio of the allies' news throughout toddlerhood and so on, man. I knew the fascists as a kid and yeah, the couch was fascist as well.

Okay, so, we were standing like two asexuals without purple just yet, and then we were in the year 1968, and yeah man, I wish I could have sung some Creedence there, but speaking was banned, so I was humming it in my head but not outside. I don't remember the song anyway, man, it's been 50 years, man.

So, man, it lasted like that for months... because this man himself was slowly gaining a dictator and even fascist reputation on the minds of people, but it was never spoken out, because the man had banned speaking. I tried to tell him like, "Yo, man, what the fuck, motherfucker?! You can't go on like this," but I couldn't speak. And he couldn't sit down because his couch was fascist and now he had nowhere to sit on, he was just laying his blue jacket on the floor and sitting on it -which seemed unconventional but we didn't talk about it, because how the fuck could we?!

So, man, it was a long time, he would call the couchmaker every day and breathe through the line and the couchmaker would breathe back, and I would be sitting on the floor on my non-blue and non-purple jacket too. We would be sitting asexually before the asexual had a country on its own, but the man himself had a flag and a constitution and a country on his own, so I don't think he was asexual.

So, one day I just... I just went there and I fuckin opened my mouth, man. He had horror on his face and I just went, "Yo man, what the fuck, motherfucker?! Why did you ban speaking?" and he... he fucking died, man. I then closed his eyes.

I fucking killed the president, man. I fucking killed him. I killed the fascist man like he killed the fascist couch

And that's the funny story, man. He fucking died.

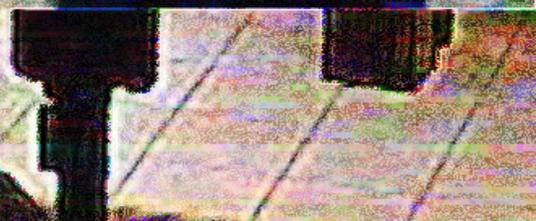
-VaporwaveHistorian.





DISILLUSION
DISILLUSION
DISILLUSION





I met a wise man once.

Long ago when my life was stricken with grief, nothing worked in my favour and I was sure I was cursed.

So I asked the man to give me a cure for my ills.

He looked at me, and without a word walked me through his old, old home. We arrived in his garden.

It was unkempt, yet orderly and full of creeping twirling vines.

We stood in the center, overlooking a pit full of bones.

Atop the pile was the skull of a ram.

I peered into the holes where its eyes once were. I could feel it staring back at me, its gaze piercing through to my very soul. It felt coldly familiar.

Then the man spoke: "These bones were mine in a past life".

Then he turned and looked at me: "That life was yours", he said.

I thought him to be a fool.

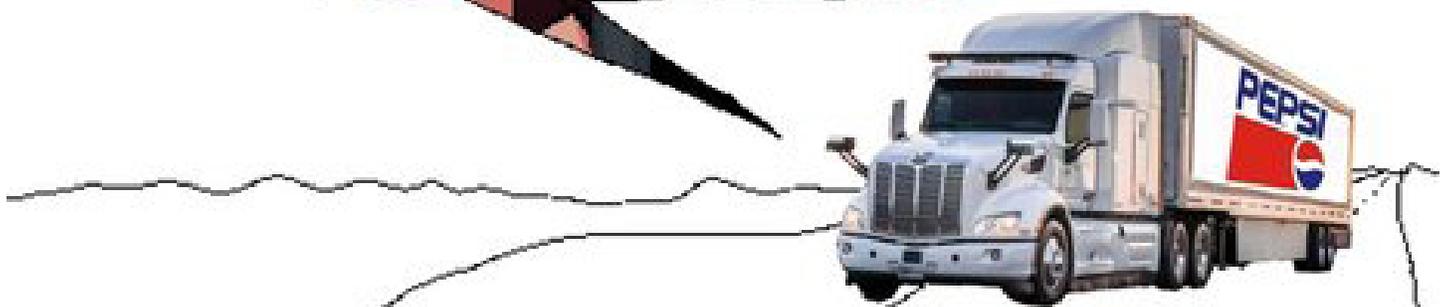
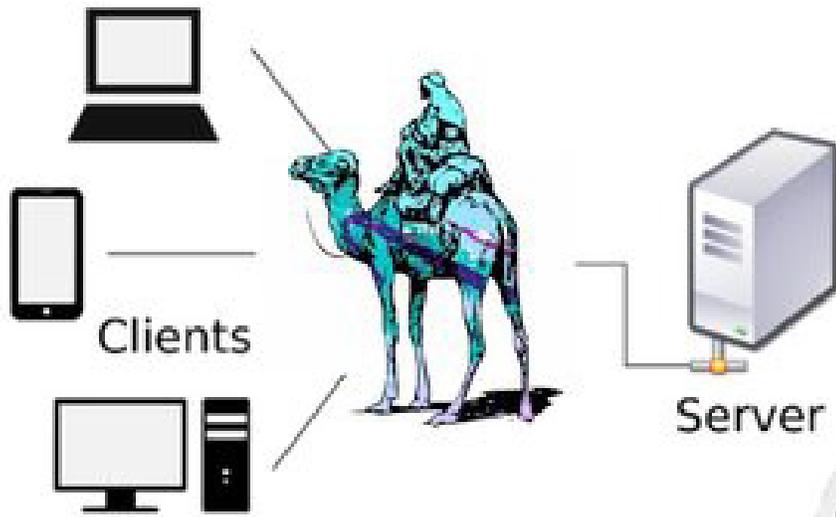


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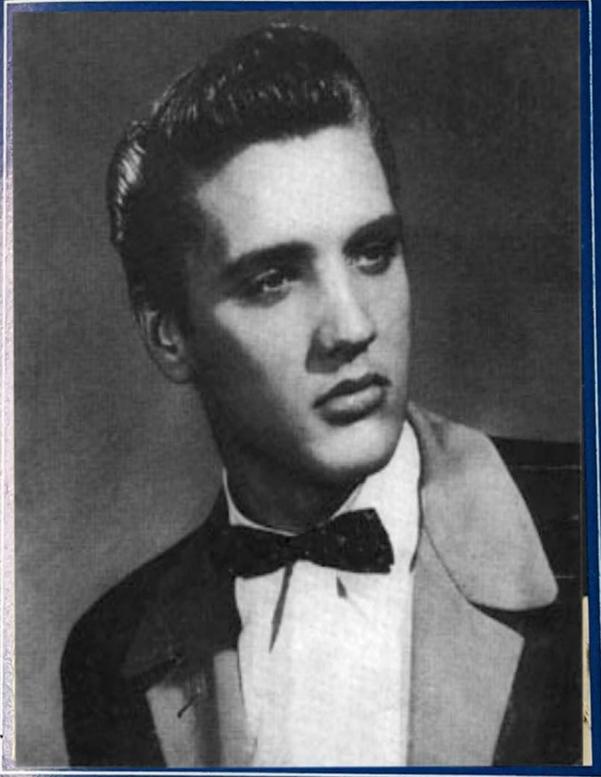








John Who Loved God



Zombee TV

John thought Elvis was underrated. He knew that sounded weird, what with Elvis being “The King” and all, but Elvis’ legacy hadn’t endured in the way his successors, The Beatles, had. John liked The Beatles’ early songs, but he thought that most of the music they released after Help was self-indulgent and stupid. As far as John was concerned, the Free Love, “Tune In, Turn On, and Drop Out” ethos of the late 1960s was a maximalist fantasy filled with contradictions and doublethink. Elvis was anything but square. Elvis liked dancing and dressing provocatively. Elvis liked doing drugs. Elvis liked riding motorcycles. Elvis thought going to jail was sort of cool. But Elvis didn’t think it was cool to tell your parents to go fuck themselves.

He didn’t think it was cool to get so blasted out of your mind on acid that you fuck up your job as a mailman. Elvis lived in reality, and people, thought John, don’t want to live in reality anymore. Elvis may not have always been exactly who he said he was - he didn’t actually LIKE being in the military - but he always delivered on the things he promised. The hippies - with their sincere belief that frying your mind all day and humping all night would bring about The Age of Aquarius - did more damage by saying what they believed to be true than Elvis ever did by lying. Until the day he died, Elvis was there when people needed him. The Beatles broke up because one of them got an annoying girlfriend. Elvis was underrated.

The kids didn’t like Elvis because the kids didn’t want to be told what was cool. They just wanted to have their feelings validated. This is the reason that most kids at John’s school had gone their whole lives without even picking up a Bible. John’s heathen classmates so feared and resented the power of Christ who is Lord that they based their opinion of John completely on the fact that he could sometimes be seen reading the Bible while sitting at the edge of the schoolyard. Nevermind that John could much more often be seen drawing, which was the main thing he liked to do. No, to his classmates, John wasn’t “John who loved to draw” or “John who loved Elvis.”

John was “John who loved God.” As far as nicknames went, it wasn’t that bad, but John would have preferred it if his classmates had just called him “John.”

How Elvis was underrated, how hippies were loser scum, how his classmates were scared of accepting Christ who is Lord as their savior, these were the things John thought about as he sat in The Gas Shack waiting for boaters to come buy gasoline. John had a lot of time to think while doing this. He only got about ten customers per day. Since the gas tanks on boats are quite large, it was worth it for Mr. Bell to pay John to sit in this gas shack all day and wait to pump gasoline, but it did result in John having more time alone with his thoughts than he ever got at school.

John had gotten the job at The Gas Shack entirely because he had spent the final days of last August hanging around The Gas Shack talking to Mr. Bell’s son, Dylan. John liked Dylan fine enough - he had found it a little off-putting that Dylan



talked about his girlfriend (whom John had decided, based solely on Dylan's description of her, was a dumb bitch) so much - but John's real reason for hanging around The Gas Shack was boredom. Late into that summer, when most of the tourists had left and John's cousins weren't around, there was little for John to do.

And so John had taken to sitting around The Gas Shack and asking Dylan questions like "Do the people at your college who take acid fail out?" And "If a girl says that she wants to do anal, do you call her a whore, or just walk out of the room?" John was pretty sure that Dylan didn't like him much, but Dylan tried his best to answer John's questions and never asked John to leave, so John kept asking questions and never really left until the day he and his parents drove back to the city.

The next March, when it became clear to John that he and his father - but not his mother - would be returning to the cottage, John called Dylan and asked if he would be working at The Gas Shack again. Dylan said that he wouldn't be. John had other questions for Dylan, but before he could ask them, Mr. Bell took the phone from Dylan, and, while referring to his son as "ungrateful" offered John a job at The Gas Shack. John said yes, so John got the job. John got a very okay job.

The only real problem John had with his job resulted from him becoming pretty sure pretty quickly that Mr. Bell was having an affair with the teen girl who ran the bumper cars at the amusement park. John thought this was disgusting, but he didn't want to quit. Besides, he wasn't totally sure that he was right. So, John kept the job, because he wanted to buy a motorcycle, and because he didn't like being stuck in the cottage all alone, and because he liked getting paid to sit, and draw, and think about Elvis. John loved Elvis, but John also loved God.

After finishing his 21st ever shift at The Gas Shack - the actual business had no name that anyone aside from Mr. Bell knew, but John called it The Gas Shack on account of the fact that it was a shack in which a man sat while waiting to pump gas - John headed over to Donna's Dairy Bar to get himself a burger and some fries. John preferred to cook food for himself, but the fridge in John's parents' cottage had broken over the winter, and John's father had yet to get it fixed even though he promised to almost four weeks earlier. John was mad at his father. If John were a man of lesser character, he would have called his



father a faggot.

John was about half way through his meal, frustratedly staring at his now essentially empty wax-paper ketchup cup - when John was a kid, Donna's Dairy Bar used to have bottles of ketchup that they would leave on the tables, but this summer, Donna's had changed its service, and now each order came with a very tiny wax-paper cup filled with ketchup. It was enough ketchup for roughly 11 french fries. It was very stupid - when he noticed a very attractive girl sitting at a picnic table a few feet from his own. She was dressed head to toe in a white tennis uniform. Her hair was golden blonde. She had thin, red lips, and full breasts that shook when she laughed. She looked like Grace Kelly, well, maybe a little like Jayne Mansfield ... but still a lot like Grace Kelly, whom John had become very interested in over the previous winter, during which he had watched the film Rear Window roughly twenty five times.

The woman's name was April. When John first noticed her, she was sitting at a table with her younger sister, May, and her boyfriend, Cole, who went to college and played rugby. Yes, John noticed April and found her interesting, but he looked away after only a moment. John tried not to concern himself with girls, not because he wasn't attracted to them, but because he found most of them to be intolerably foolish. In fact, he was personally very concerned about the alarmingly high number of them who were sluts. Then John overheard April say "I like it when musicians act. Even if they're not good at it; I don't think it really matters.

They have a natural charisma that just makes you want to watch them. That's why Elvis did all those movies; they kept making money because people just want to see icons do anything." John loved Elvis. John loved Elvis, and God, and for the first time, he thought that maybe he could love a girl, this girl, whose name he didn't know, but who looked nice in her tennis uniform, and whose breasts jiggled when she laughed.

John wanted to talk to April, but he wasn't sure what to say. Also, he didn't want to deal with the big retard she was eating with. Still, John knew he had to talk to her. If this were a movie, and he were Humphrey Bogart, would he go talk to her? Yes. So he had to. You don't get to be like Humphrey Bogart by not acting like Humphrey Bogart.

While choking down the last of his criminally ketchupless fries, John took out his notebook and began to sketch April. Not all of her, just her shoulders, arms, and torso, and then her waist and down past the hem of her skirt. He drew those parts of her because they were what he was thinking about, and also because he could avoid accidentally making eye contact with the big retard as he drew them.

Eventually, the retard excused himself and went to the bathroom.



That was John's opportunity,
and he took it.

Hi

Hello

I'm John

Ummm, hello John. I'm April.

I drew this.

John then handed the drawing to April. April's sister, May,
spoke next. "Oh, my God," she said,
looking at the sketch. "Wow," said April. "This is actually really
good." And it was. It was a really
impressively good drawing. It was detailed and lifelike, but with
liberties taken to suggest
experience and emotion.

There was a pause in the conversation.

So, can I keep it?

Yes. It's for you.

Well thanks, John.

May spoke next. "You know dude, my Sister has a head. It's right here above her tits. Which you
drew, and gave erect nipples."

Just then, Cole, who went to college and played rugby, returned from the washroom. He took a
seat and offered his hand for John to shake. "Hey there, man. I'm Cole."

John ignored Cole's hand and spoke to April. "There's a drive-in theatre about fifteen minutes
up the road."

Oh yeah?

They show old movies there. I don't know what they're showing this week, but last summer I
saw The Girl Can't Help It and A Fistfull of Dollars, and they were both really good.

Very cool.

You should come with me. I don't have a car, but I can borrow my Dad's.

There was a pause. Cole, who had returned his hand to his side by this point, was confused.

May spoke again. "Look, buddy."

"Shhh," April interrupted. "Well John, that's nice of you to ask. But Cole here is my boyfriend.

So

I can't really go see a movie with you."

Oh, that fucking sucks.

There was another pause

But, I still want to say thank you for the drawing. I really do love it. Good. Bye.

Then John walked back to his picnic table. He picked up his sketchbook and left immediately.

He felt bad, like Abraham when God told him to kill Isaac, except worse, because Abraham had
a son, which meant he had gotten pussy. Plus, he got to talk to God, which was cool. At that
moment, John would have switched places with Abraham, or even Isaac for that matter.

Actually, John sort of wished that he was Abraham and that his father, John Sr., was Issac, and
that maybe, in this scenario, God wouldn't call things off at the last minute, and John could stab

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his Dad in the chest.

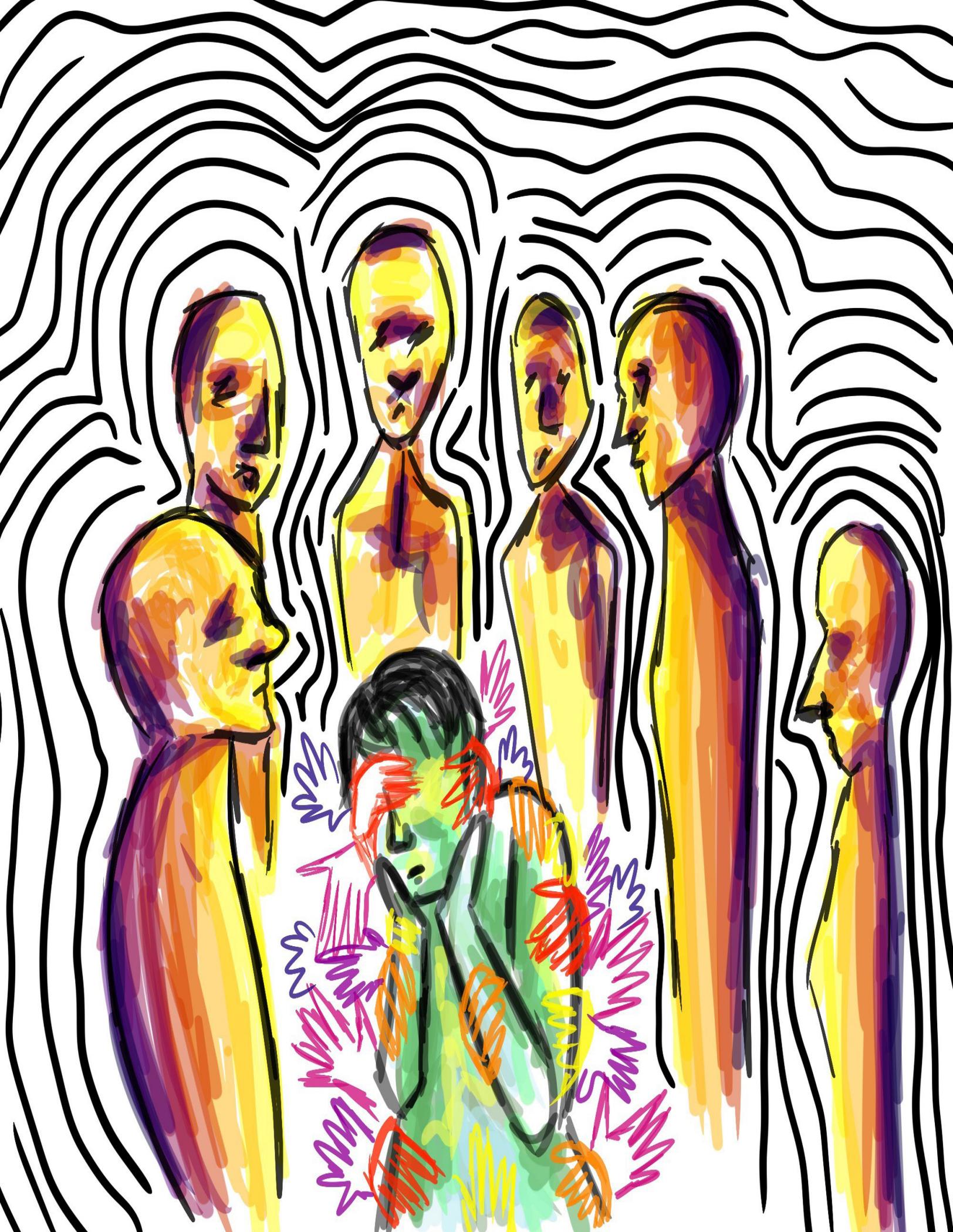
When John arrived at the cottage, his father was still not there. So John put Eddy Cochran's Summertime Blues on repeat, and listened to it while watching Rear Window and drawing. John thought about how awesome Grace Kelly was. She brought Jimmy Stewart lobster while having very high cheekbones and sexy legs, and when that wasn't enough, she helped him solve a murder to prove to him that he didn't have to give up his job to be with her. John had never met a woman like that. The girls he knew mostly talked about how they needed to be "treated right." John didn't have a problem with this per se, but it always bothered him that women seemed to advance this expectation without even mentioning what they would give in return. From what John could tell, what women mostly wanted was for other women to be jealous of them, which was not something that John was particularly interested in aiding. Encountering this leading-with-expectations attitude made John feel bitter toward the girls he knew, but he worked to feel indifferent. If these women wanted to be self-absorbed and shallow, it wasn't actually any of John's businesses.

Still though, John thought that it must be possible for things to be different. Grace Kelly existed.

She was real. John could see her with his eyes. He could hear her talk. And, as he sat in the glow of the television, finishing a drawing of Cole The Retard having his entrails ripped out by Zombies, John thought that maybe, in April, he'd found a woman who was a little bit like Grace Kelly. He also thought that he needed to find out for sure if Mr. Bell was sleeping with the girl who ran the bumper cars.

What if Jimmy Stewart had just ignored his suspicion that his neighbour had murdered his wife? Would he have gotten pussy then? John didn't think so. Then John started to pray.







LETTING GO OF THE PAST - BY ARAL KHANYM

DECEMBER 24, 2022

3,5 GB. 1478 elements. That's what I deleted tonight. It was hard and I put this off for a long time, but I did it.

I have this thing of keeping archives of Telegram chats ever since I started using it. In case something happens. I would've done it on MSN, Skype, Discord had I known it was possible with the two former (I think?), but it's only when I got Telegram that I really started to do so. Particularly when I lost two people that mattered to me, even if looking back, it couldn't end well. An emotionally unstable girl, as unstable and hungry for any crumb of love as I was then, and her younger sister, a likely budding sociopath I had an unfortunate forbidden affair with. It was a perfect match to the former Aral, but a match made in hell. It was new water in the dried-up sea, only to make it more poisonous. Had we all been healthy, well-adjusted girls, this could've been the beautiful story of a trio in Almaty, but it instead became the story of a Karpman drama triangle.

I kept these archives for way too long. I didn't even look at them: I just felt the need to keep them, in case? That was a habit I'd have since childhood, probably a hoarding tendency of sorts. They say lonely people are prone to hoarding, and the signs were there already. Keep this around, it might serve. It never does, or hardly. It has a cute design, even though it's one tag you can find on all instant noodles can you get, but nope, keep it. It's cute and smiling, don't make it sad! A balloon got popped, keep the shreds. It was from your dad, and heart-shaped (maybe?). This poor balloon died and you're keeping its dead body «in memory». A strange mentality I don't have anymore, although I still find myself feeling bad for eating stuff that looks cute, or throwing away cute stuff. I can do it, at least.

Back to the archives, I kept them in a hidden folder on my hard drive. Hidden, as to not have it under my nose all the time. But on the few occasions I'd try and undig them to look at the messages, I would feel sad, or enraged. Not a good thing. If it doesn't spark joy, get rid of it, says a certain Marie Kondo. I don't deserve to hurt myself like that.

The conversation with yourself ensues. Aral, you can't keep these around for the rest of your days. But what if I want to look at them and have the good memories? There were surely not just bad memories, right? Yeah, but ask yourself, have you ever been happy looking at them? Each time it triggers you back. Each time you think «god dammit, she fucking threw me under the bus», or «how could've she been so fucking cruel to me?». You feel the rage and sadness. The wound is triggered. You really want that? ...I don't know. I just don't feel the strength to do it. I don't know if I can. I love them still, and I will always. That's the kind of conversation that goes in your head. The unbearable push-pull of wanting to move on, but holding onto the last bits of these times. Yet I had to do it. I had to delete them... to finally put them to rest. My friend and my then-crush long died. I was just keeping their dead bodies, just like those popped balloons. In memory. In memoriam.

I'll make this short as to not make this article overly long, but looking back, there were many red flags in both. But when all you're used to is red, red and red, you were raised in red and to believe green is evil, then you're not going to see red flags as red flags, but just as every other flag. My friend wanting me to be her roommate within a week, for example. Intense beginnings were the norm for me, all that I knew, and despite having some really weird feelings at times, how could I have got out of this? Any bread crumb of love was enough for my hungry heart that kissed a girl she didn't even like because she believed there would never be another opportunity to kiss someone again.

My friend's sister did know how to hook me in. Pretending to be into traditional Kazakh music and poetry, only for that stuff to somehow disappear and never be mentioned again once it wasn't time to play with me anymore. A hateful radical feminist who love-bombed the crap out of me even while knowing I was vulnerable and had never been told «I love you» by a girl, even wrote me a goddamn poem, drew me, probably was mad I didn't follow her into her radical insanity and then started provoking me repeatedly even after I told her I wouldn't take part in her man-hating ideology, rejected me romantically in a rude way and implying I was a pedo right after sending me pictures I deleted straight away (no naked bodies, just poses and clothes that didn't quite sit right), then over the next months behaved in such a way I never knew whether I'd get the good or bad her, to finally gaslight the hell out of me once I exploded for good.

The poem never existed, she wouldn't write one to her own mother. She never hated men (when all she did was spewing hate on them and forcing that on me, even saying she'd treat a hypothetical son poorly on the basis of his gender). She never liked me as more than a friend. She takes nothing seriously and none of that was serious. In her poem, man is made of love, and it's not a sin to experience it, and we'll «conquer the distance» and «not fall into history». Beautiful words, sure. Until they weren't. Those were like macarons: sweet, expensive, but mostly air. I was her little heart, until I was «a pedophile creeping on her». I was the most beautiful girl in the world, until I was «a hysteric» and «an aggressor». We had a six-year age gap, which I hadn't expected when I first saw her. I thought she was 17 or 18, when she was in fact 15 going on 16. However, it wouldn't have bothered me to date a 21 year old at this age, so I didn't fret it. It wasn't like she was 13 either, or me 25.

My friend didn't defend me. She is unfortunately a typical enabler, «innocent bystander», the «one in the middle», and threw me under the bus. I saw it coming, but I was cornered and desperate for someone to help me. She said that her sister was «just a child», and that «children don't abuse». Damn right they do, age isn't an excuse to be a dick. Telling your roommate to kill herself is abuse. Love-bombing, then proceeding to tear your target to shreds while alternating with lulls and then back to attacking is abuse. Treating everyone around you like shit is abuse. I'm pretty sure I'm not the only older girl with whom she did this: at some point during the hell I went through with her, she changed her birthdate on social media from 2006 to 2003, pretending to be 19. HER RELATIONSHIP STATUS CHANGED AFTER I CUT HER OUT, TOO: IT WENT FROM «IN A RELATIONSHIP» TO «ACTIVELY SEARCHING». BEFORE I CAME IT WAS «IN A STATE MARRIAGE». I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PREVIOUS ONE IF ANY, HONESTLY I'LL NEVER FUCKING KNOW WHAT SHE WAS PRETENDING WAS HAPPENING OR TELLING HER FRIENDS ABOUT WHAT WAS GOING ON BETWEEN US BUT THE ONE THING I KNOW IS, I PITY HER FUTURE GIRLFRIENDS.

Losing them was like losing a part of myself. When my friend betrayed me, it hit me much harder than when her sister gaslit me. While she's by no means a bad person, she was cowardly. I think she wasn't even courageous enough to say «I'm done», but instead simply said «I want to take a break to make sure we're okay». We weren't okay, I said. I ended up being the one to cut her off about a month later, after I had saved our discussions.

But now, I have deleted them. All of this is gone forever. I finally got the courage to let this chapter close. The event happened nine months ago. It's the time it takes for a mother to bear a child to term, isn't it? Haven't I been reborn since then? I sure am. I have, at least, found someone who truly values me, has the patience of a goddamn saint given the overly eager blunders I made from the beginning up until recently (although she did hers, too). Sure, it's not perfect with her, either, and she sometimes does things that frustrate me, but I can handle it now without being too triggered. I don't take it personally anymore, and my gut is not giving me bad feelings, which, I think, is the strongest indicator. It's telling me «give it time, you won't regret it». Alright. I'll just keep doing my thing.

I think I need time too, if I'm being honest. I'm not entirely on my feet yet and I'm entering a totally unknown zone, so I'm understandably trying to find my balance. Calmness, what is that? Good mental health, not in a constant fight-or-flight mode, or waiting for the other shoe to drop, for someone to turn on you or replace you with someone else all of a sudden, and you're just now good to go in the trash? Not having to secure something? Trusting everything's gonna be alright? Faith? Self-confidence? What's all of that?

It's insane how heavy three and a half gigabytes can weigh in someone's heart.





michiru

Written by L. Rhodes

With edits and suggestions by Remember_Summer_Days

My desire to solve anomalies has put me under the most unparalleled of vexation. Much like my predecessors, I have made a grave error in correlating contents which should not have been connected. I was an investigator, so I had a proclivity for unearthing the sort of wisdom which would make me more susceptible to these types of correlations. During one of my most recent bouts of deduction, I was steered towards an investigation of a vista of knowledge for which I could not have been prepared. For, in what I can only assume is due to the machinations of some force larger than me, I have been confronted with a puzzle which seems to be nothing more than a cruel joke directed at me, specifically.

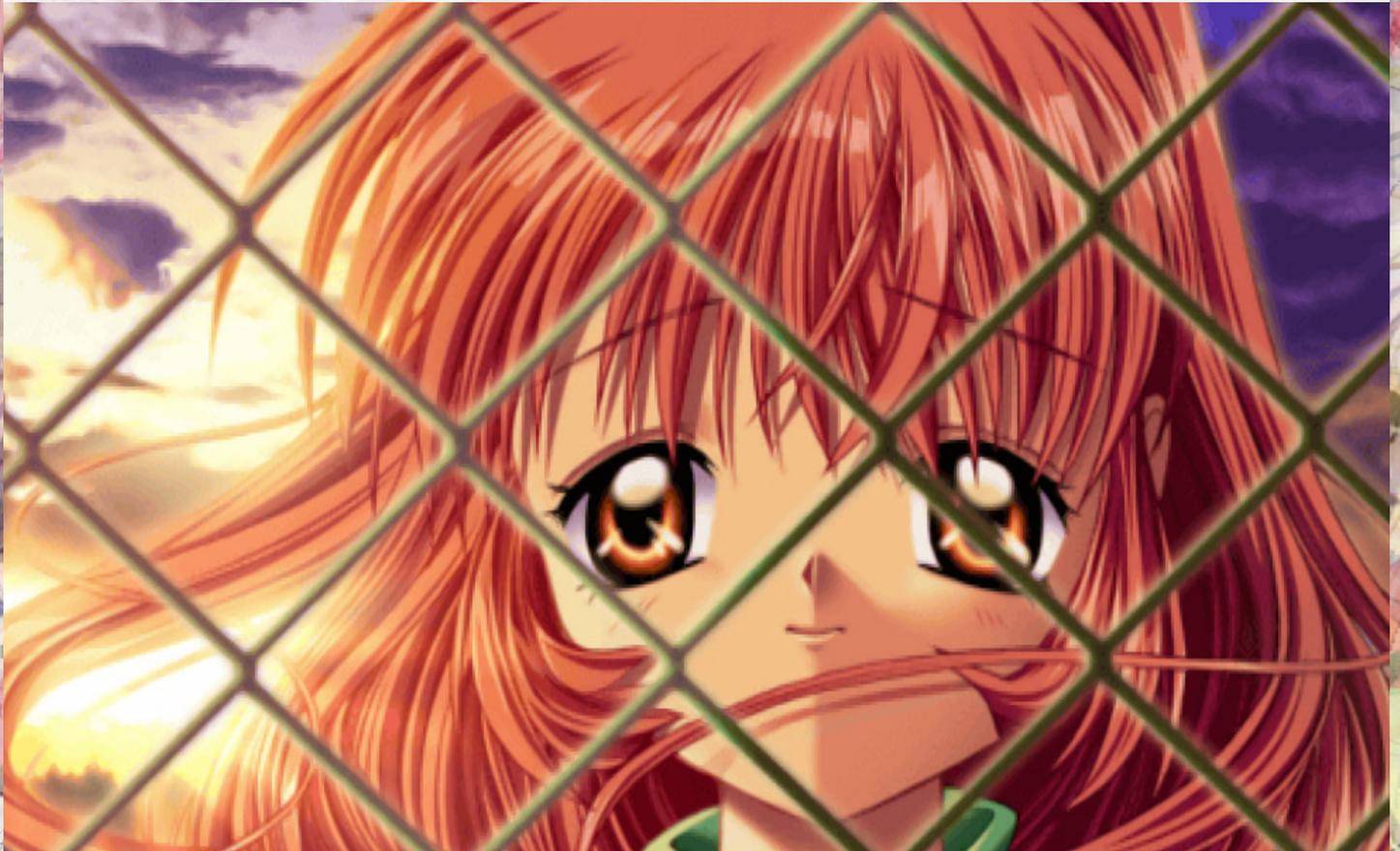
I loved mysteries, though they never instilled fear into me. Fear has always been connected to the unknown, which has only ever rubbed me the wrong way. I refused to accept that connection between mysteries, my adored, and horror, my despised. In searching through mysteries and the unknown, that's all I would ever come up with, "horror". Much to my dismay, I was very much alone in my search for challenges suitable to my tastes, as I would only meet with those who loved this "horror", and had no true passion for the unknown. Whatever harlequin entity controls my fate must be quite the jester for placing it within my universe.

It was only natural, then, that I would grow to detest Creepypastas. Cursed files? Haunted VHS tapes? Yeah, right. Someone plays a mysterious game and then they die? Eek! There was never much mystery there, yet they riled up fearful my contemporary sleuths. Still, despite my reproach, there would, occasionally, be signs of an investigation. Whenever this happened, and the others were brought in by their instinctual fear, turning away from the true subject of interest, my resolve only ever hardened; I knew that I would have to be the one to solve it myself.

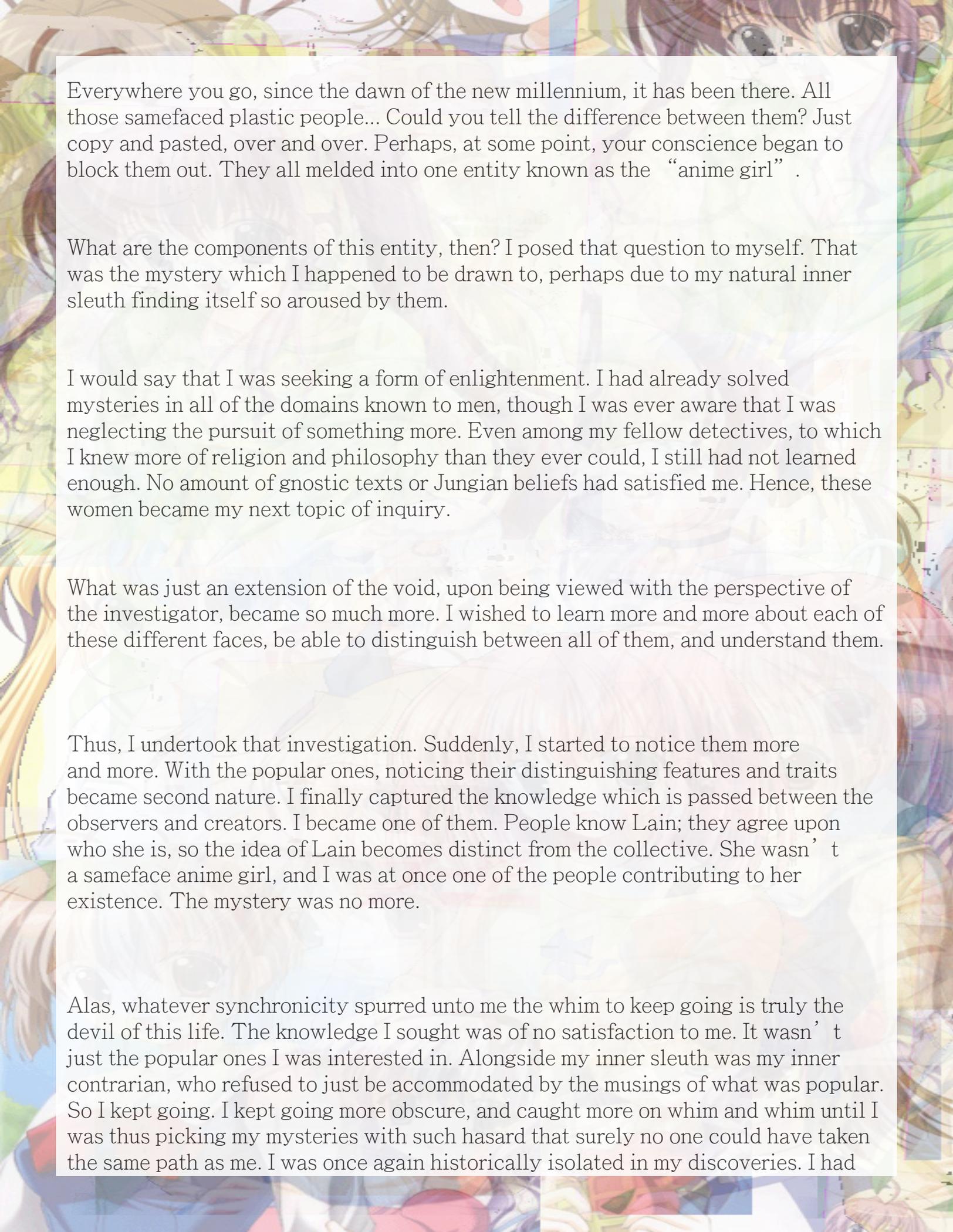
Thus, they piqued even my fancy, and I, as their detractor, became familiar with them, as well. Consider Ben Drowned. I could sense some form of rapport with its creators, for behind all of the horror, I could tell that they had a keen eye for real mysteries, just as I did. There was some unknown in even the most amateur of writings.

Perhaps it was because I hated them so, that I had the compulsion to pierce the darkness which others would not. It was an instinct to destroy, which was eventually made into a hobby of mine. It was among my greatest honors to be the only one who was capable of facing these mysteries, and, despite my recent folly, I have no regret of that time. I, as the light, became familiar with these horrors, from the motives of their creators to the methods behind the creation of the “cursed” images they used... Despite that, I couldn't say that I respected them. They were never my preferred form of unknown.

There was rather a different kind of mystery which I pursued with a much greater passion.



Are you familiar with “anime” ?



Everywhere you go, since the dawn of the new millennium, it has been there. All those samefaced plastic people... Could you tell the difference between them? Just copy and pasted, over and over. Perhaps, at some point, your conscience began to block them out. They all melded into one entity known as the “anime girl” .

What are the components of this entity, then? I posed that question to myself. That was the mystery which I happened to be drawn to, perhaps due to my natural inner sleuth finding itself so aroused by them.

I would say that I was seeking a form of enlightenment. I had already solved mysteries in all of the domains known to men, though I was ever aware that I was neglecting the pursuit of something more. Even among my fellow detectives, to which I knew more of religion and philosophy than they ever could, I still had not learned enough. No amount of gnostic texts or Jungian beliefs had satisfied me. Hence, these women became my next topic of inquiry.

What was just an extension of the void, upon being viewed with the perspective of the investigator, became so much more. I wished to learn more and more about each of these different faces, be able to distinguish between all of them, and understand them.

Thus, I undertook that investigation. Suddenly, I started to notice them more and more. With the popular ones, noticing their distinguishing features and traits became second nature. I finally captured the knowledge which is passed between the observers and creators. I became one of them. People know Lain; they agree upon who she is, so the idea of Lain becomes distinct from the collective. She wasn't a sameface anime girl, and I was at once one of the people contributing to her existence. The mystery was no more.

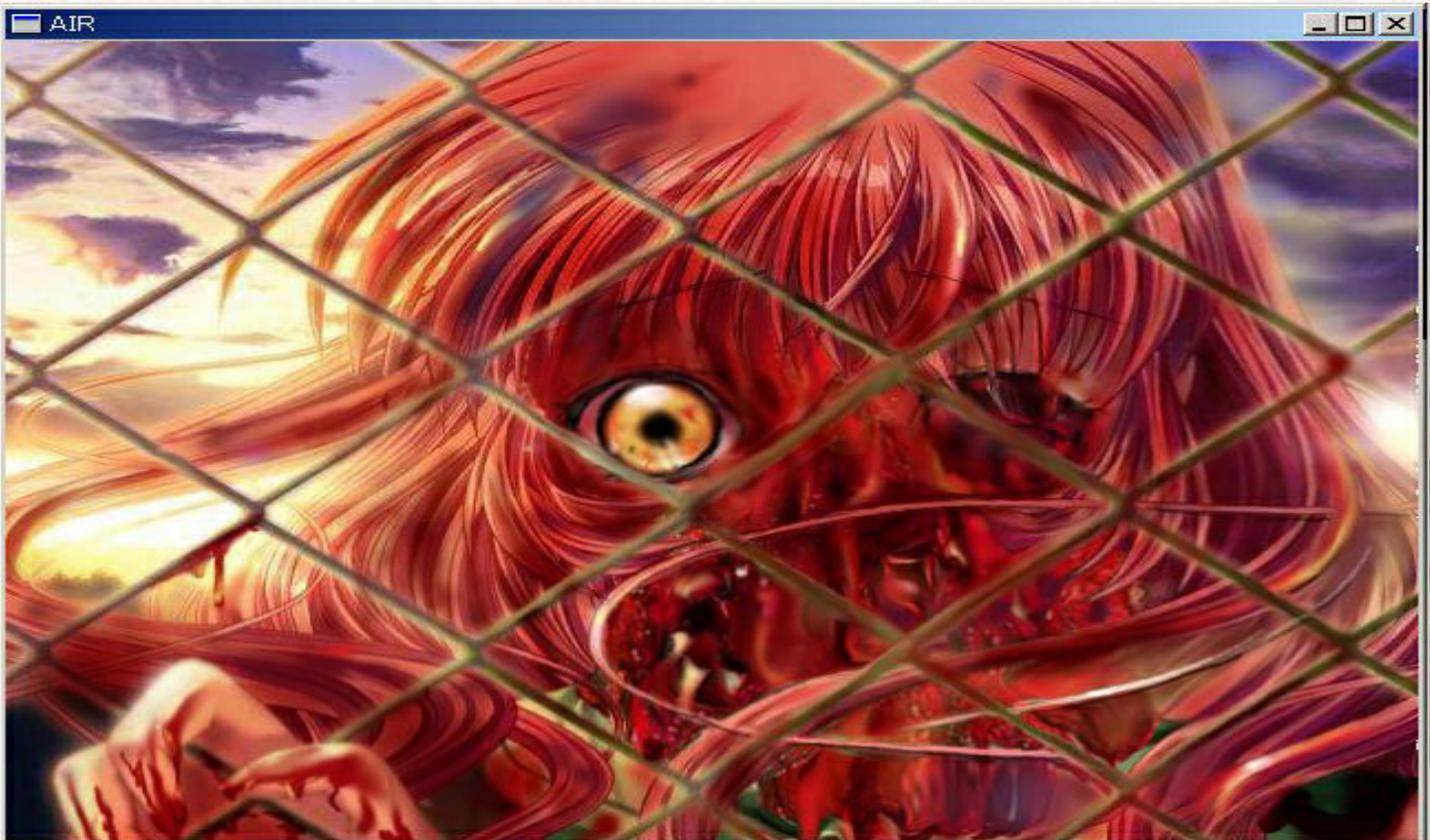
Alas, whatever synchronicity spurred unto me the whim to keep going is truly the devil of this life. The knowledge I sought was of no satisfaction to me. It wasn't just the popular ones I was interested in. Alongside my inner sleuth was my inner contrarian, who refused to just be accommodated by the musings of what was popular. So I kept going. I kept going more obscure, and caught more on whim and whim until I was thus picking my mysteries with such hasard that surely no one could have taken the same path as me. I was once again historically isolated in my discoveries. I had

been submerged by new faces, ones which meant things only to me. While people like Asuka or Rei exist with meaning because so many others recognize them, my new entourage took on a very different relationship. It was just me and them. They belonged to no one else, surely. Surely surely surely.

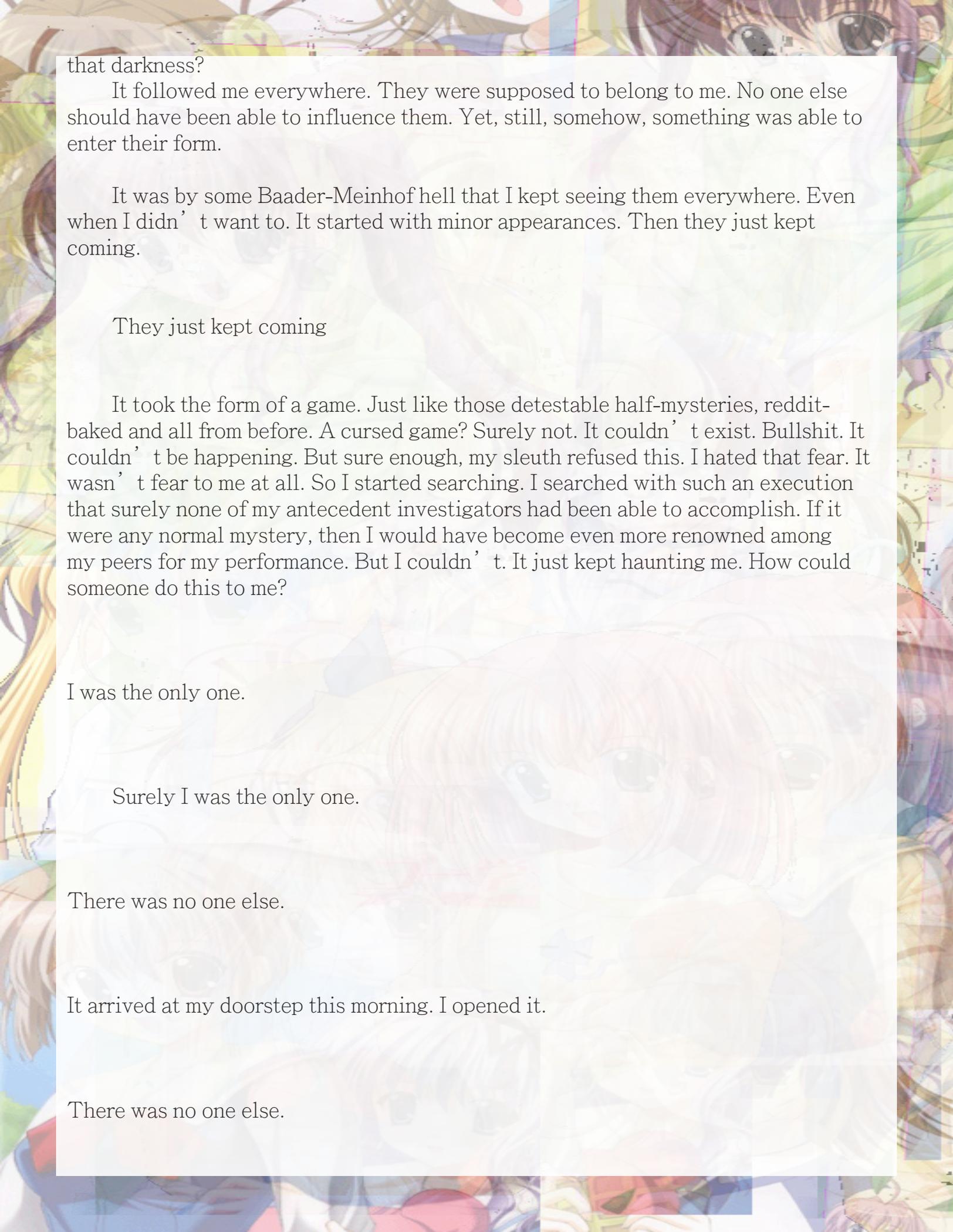
It could not be possible, I had reached the bounds of the domain of knowledge. There was surely no greater mystery beyond them. This was the edge of unknowns which could become known. These girls were the most erudite and esoteric of understanding which a human could come across.

I had traveled to these extremes, and I alone had the jurisdiction to define their existences.

So what foul entity has placed me in such an ordeal? I refuse to believe it. It can't be possible.



I'm the only one.
That "horror", that detestable being. Why does it pursue me even now? Everywhere I go, it lurks. I could never truly escape it. Was my light not strong enough to pierce



that darkness?

It followed me everywhere. They were supposed to belong to me. No one else should have been able to influence them. Yet, still, somehow, something was able to enter their form.

It was by some Baader-Meinhof hell that I kept seeing them everywhere. Even when I didn't want to. It started with minor appearances. Then they just kept coming.

They just kept coming

It took the form of a game. Just like those detestable half-mysteries, reddit-baked and all from before. A cursed game? Surely not. It couldn't exist. Bullshit. It couldn't be happening. But sure enough, my sleuth refused this. I hated that fear. It wasn't fear to me at all. So I started searching. I searched with such an execution that surely none of my antecedent investigators had been able to accomplish. If it were any normal mystery, then I would have become even more renowned among my peers for my performance. But I couldn't. It just kept haunting me. How could someone do this to me?

I was the only one.

Surely I was the only one.

There was no one else.

It arrived at my doorstep this morning. I opened it.

There was no one else.

Why wasn't there anyone else?

If there was no one else, then from what origin did that, which I have quarantined beyond the door, locked just behind me, emerge from? I alone was supposed to have the authority to allow such a thing, yet

From just beyond my door

It's Right There

I am an investigator. I am the light. I have to find an explanation for this. Is it God? The Demiurge, surely. No one lesser could inflict such a thing unto me. There was no one else. I'm the only one. There was never anyone else. There never will be. Only some presence from beyond this world of mine could have had the opportunity to have this appear within my totality. That has to be the answer. I refuse to believe anything else. There is no other explanation. It has to be. And what of it, then? Have I been chosen for such cruelty on the whims of this entity, in this cruel edition? Is this the punishment for my own acting of hasard? I can't take much more of it. If I ever open this door, it will be right there. That messenger sent from beyond for no other purpose than to haunt me. If my mentality manages to stay intact, then surely I will rise to that challenge and face it. I am the light. I have to. I am the only one. Will I however survive as I was in the past for that long? I have no contacts. No one will find me if I stay here. I am the only one. That being awaits for my challenge, and I will never be able to bring myself to return the favor.

It's waiting for me.

It has, and it always will be.

There, in the sky.

It is waiting in the air, even now.

AN: this was originally planned to be a longer story but 1. I wrote this for the zine specifically and pirate is almost certainly unwilling to provide me with infinite space (for the best) and 2. laziness

Also this is completely the result of reading the beginning of Denpa Onna to Seishun Otoko and then, as I usually do, having a daydream where it goes differently. At least from the beginning until Johann has to go to school, then my mind decided to go its own way and completely stray from the source material. Also I changed the names in the hope that it would hold up on its own rather than just be a wacky retelling of a light novel, though explaining its origin sorta ruins that.

If you can't appreciate this, just think of this as a psychiatric assessment of the schizo-autist mind via a piece of fiction written by such a patient. Probably the best way of looking at it.

AND WITH THAT, MYFATHERISAUTOMOBILE (MYDADISCAR) PROUDLY PRESENTS...

“GORILLA”

(enjoy)

“Welcome to your new home! I'm sure the two of us will have so much fun together!”

The boy entered the house; his new home for the next year. His parents were getting divorced, and thus decided he should stay away from them for the foreseeable future. So he was staying with his aunt. Johann, as he was called, had never been away from home before, except for one-night sleepovers. He was nervous, yet excited.

“Yeah, I am sure...”

“No need to be nervous! I'm sure you'll get used to it eventually... but first, how about some dinner? You must be starving!” his aunt Melinda said.

“I haven't eaten since this morning...” Johann muttered.

“The dining room is right this way!” She led him down the hallway to a large room, separated from the kitchen only by the counter. It consisted of nothing more than a wooden table and chairs, nothing too interesting...

...except for the duvet sitting at one of the chairs.

Upon closer inspection, Johann deduced that it was in fact one of those “females” that he had heard about, wrapped in a duvet. Either that, or his aunt was the next Ed Gein. Either way, whatever the pair of legs sticking out the bottom of the duvet were attached to, it was stuck via a piece of rope tied around it.

"What a peculiar object..." Johann said to himself. copyright © Ted Nasmith. All rights reserved.

"MMmmm mmm mmmm!" Something said.

"Undoubtedly!" Johann exclaimed, to no one, as he had not figured out where the sound had come from. He guessed his aunt had said something to him with her back turned? Speaking of which...

"Dinner's ready!"

Three plates were situated on the table, consisting of mashed potatoes, carrots and grilled chicken breast. One for Johann, one for Melinda, and one for the duvet damsel.

"Say, Aunt Melinda..." Johann began.

"Yes?"

"Well...you know....how long have you been living here? This place is pretty barren." For you see, the house was not very well decorated.

"All of my life! I am a minimalist, after all. And you know, "gun on the wall" and all..." she made vague gestures with her hand.

"Of course, naturally."

"MMmMM MMM MM!" the quaint quilt quacked.

"Quite right. Though I must say, this duvet really adds character!" Johann stated, slapping it for emphasis."

The quilt, offended by this gesture, had its flight-or-fight response triggered by the slapping it had endured, kicking Johann in the chest and sending him to the ground.

"I...I should have known...." Johann, gasping for breath, managed.

Melinda, frantic as a result of the conflict, panicked and stammered. **"Johann! I-I can explain... t-that's..."**

"Gun on the wall of course....it's..."

"It's.. it's my..."

"Spear!" Johann exclaimed.

"Da- wait, what?"

"It is a long weapon. It really did a number on me. Come, sentient spear!" He grabbed the duvet and held it in the air with both hands, **"Let us purge this world of those unclean!"**

“Wait- um...n-no.. it’s...” Melinda tried.

Johann cut her off “No need, Auntie, just because I am underage does NOT mean I cannot be trusted around dangerous weapons. I will only use it responsibly, for good!” Johann threw the duvet in the air and caught it, before spinning it around. “Come, spear, I will make great use of you!” He did not wait for the spear’s response before carrying it away.

“...I feel I should be concerned about this.”

The next day, it was time for him to go to his new school. He woke up rather late, as he had stayed up performing non-specific activities with a brick and a watermelon that would violate US law if described, and got ready. Donning his uniform with a piece of toast in mouth like a true protagonist, he sprinted to his school.

And this peculiar method of transportation bore the expected results. As Johann was running through block after block, he collided with someone who was coming around the corner. Both fell back, clutching their heads in pain.

Johann knew exactly where this was going.

“Hey, I’m so sorry, are you okay? Do you need a hand?” He extended his hand, before realising his mistake.

For it was not a smokin’ hot 2D waifu he looked upon, but a large boy whose appearance screamed “trouble”. With a large leather jacket and slicked back hair that the US was currently planning a peacekeeping operation against due to how oily it was. “Who do you think you are, bumping into me, punk?! I outta grease yo ***EXPLETIVE***!! I see ya MUG again, me and my GUYS boutta flat ya lay! Word, dawg, fo shizzle.” This strange individual screamed.

“I meant truly no harm. But didn’t this style die out in the 90s?? What kind of a delinquent even are you, a greaser or a gang-banger??? Why is my entire hand wet?!”

“WHAT?!?” The delinquent of questionable variety frantically stuck his hand into the oily mess **“MY HAIR!!”**



His voice suddenly deepened, and in an almost demonic voice he growled:

“THIS MEANS DEATH.”

Johann was taken back by this. “Umm... okay, I hear you, counterpoint...” His legs spun before he disappeared, with a tumbling sound followed by a high pitched whooshing sound.

“Ay.. AY! GET BACK HERE!... Haha! Fool! You LEFT your TOAST! Gotta come back for it, punk!” He heard in the distance, but he did not get his toast, as he kept his pocket toast, naturally.

Johann arrived at school in the nick of time, quickly blending into the crowd, entering a brutalist concrete block, only interrupted with dots of glass embedded into it and two holes on either side for entering the hollow brick.

The layout of the school was just as basic, with there being three floors, including the ground floor. The floors were all reserved for specific grades, so the ground floor was where the first grade classes were, the top floor being third-grade, et cetera. Each floor’s layout was essentially a square inside a square inside a square. The biggest square being the classrooms, divided by walls, the middle square being the hallways, and the final square being a room in the middle of the school whose purpose depended on the floor. The first floor was the canteen, the second floor was the gym, and the third floor was divided into two sections: the infirmary and the the teacher’s lounge.

Johann made his way to Class 1G, knowing he was new and therefore was in the lowest class. He found a desk with a piece of card resting on it, bearing his name. He found it odd that he was not asked to introduce himself, but he simply shrugged it off. One less thing.

His first lesson began without incident. He was halfway through his amazing adventure into the wonders of prime numbers when suddenly, a strangely familiar creature burst in.

“Soz for da lates, teach! NOT! I had to cream a-“

The creature stopped speaking its swamp language and stared at Johann with a look of pure rage. In that same demonic voice it once again growled:

“YOU.”

For this creature was the very same one Johann had collided with on the corner. Johann was not very intimidated, however, due to being too surprised by the fact that this... thing... had said something he could vaguely understand. The creature grumbled to itself as it made its way to a desk at the back of the class, glaring at Johann the whole time.

School was an uneventful affair. He had learned that the creature he bumped into earlier was attending... and noticed the glares he received throughout. However, just as he was packing up, a boy almost identical to the other if not for his large blonde afro that was covered with grease serving no discernible purpose approached his desk.

“Ayy, you fucked UP! You messed with the true alpha-G-badman-chad-tough guy, JOHNNY G DAWGZ SLICER. We be waiting after school in da YARD, with DAH whole CLASS! Best show up or youse is SQUARE, fool-dawg! Six-twenny-TREE! No mo’, no, less! Ya dig?” The strange man did not stick around to hear his response, strutting out of the classroom in an overly exaggerated manner, as if he flung himself from side to side to move.

Johann sighed, finished stuffing his belongings into his backpack, and left the school. He slouched along the street, thinking about his predicament. His first day, and he has already gotten into a fight with a delinquent? What else does his stay here have in store? He felt dejected. However, just as he had resigned himself to getting annihilated by a schoolboy more ape than man, Johann had an epiphany. A diamond bullet has pierced his skull and he knew what he had to do.

Gun on the wall.

Spear.

Jonathan Gangster Dogs Slicer.

Of course, it was his destiny.

With that, he sprinted back home, running into no one on his way due to lack of toast.

He burst into his home and grabbed his spear, sprinting through the streets with it under his arm.

“MMMmmMMMMm mmmm! MMMMmmmm!”

“Precisely! It is our destiny, my trusty weapon! I will show Jonathan Gangster Canine Slicer who can run through the streets with toast in their mouth and get away with it! This is MY toast-running turf!”

“MMMMMMMM! MMMM MMMM MMMM MMMMMMMM!”

“Indubitably!”



A crowd of students were waiting at the school grounds. Everywhere one looked, scores of acne-ridden faces as far as the eye could see. They moved out of the way for Johann, forming a circle. And at the centre of the circle was Johann, the spear, and Jonathan Gangster Canine Slicer, as well as a posse who looked almost identical to him.

“So! Ya’ll youse dun didn’t chicken out like a bustah and scam! Youse boutta be SWISS CHEESE and GOT GET!”

“It is over, Joseph Thug Hound Stab! Your reign of terror and corner-running has come to an end! I, Johann Esteban Wilson Ford Steinbrink, will purify this here town!”

Quickly, leather jackets descended upon the Jo-mann, who swung his spear at them, throwing several off of their feet. One of them hit the spear. This caused the spear to malfunction, apparently, as it started kicking at random.

“Perfect! A weapon to surpass Metal Gear! Up is overtime!” He thrust the spear back and forth and allowed the feet to do the rest. Quickly, the entire entourage was in ruins.

“Ayo, youse a bitch busta! Punk no broad wiseguy!” Jonathan tried to make his escape, but the spear was too quick for him. He fell flat on his face, and dozens of kicks rained upon him while the crowd looked in horror.

“Bwahhahahah....AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!” Johann cackled, revelling in his power. “But you are not innocent either! Come here! I will purify ALL!”

Johann ran straight into the thick of the crowd, spear aimed right at them. Blindly swinging it, student after student fell.

“WITNESS ME! WITNESS MEEEEEE!!! I AM A GOOD!”

He bellowed as his classmates were pummelled mercilessly, the spear cutting down all in its path.

“I!”

Down.

“AM!”

Down.

“A!”

Down

“GOD!”



Another student down.

Ten minutes later, all audience members were left unconscious, and Johann walked away like how the cool guys he saw in movies did. “We did it, my trusty spear! First the school, next the world!”

Suddenly, something fell out of the duvet. A girl, the same age as him, clearly confused.

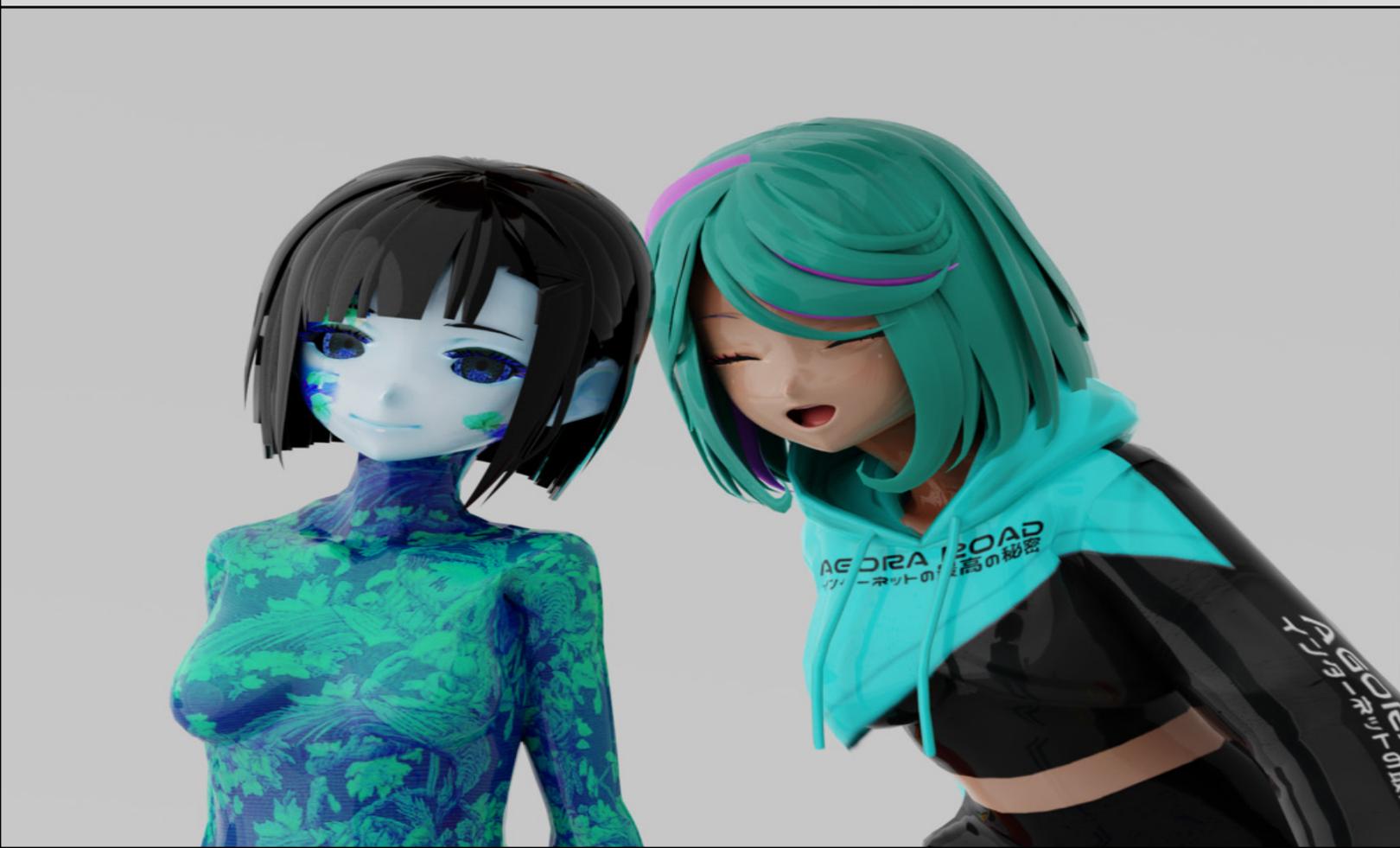
“UUhhhh??? Wh-wha? Oh, it is YOU!” she exclaimed.

“Wait, where is my spear? You will pay for taking it, you fiend!”

“I AM THE SPEAR!” the girl yelled. She pointed at him “YOU WILL SUFFER AS I DID!”

Before Johann could respond, the duvet-rope contraption was thrown over him, and all was black.







Hauntology of the early 2010s: notes from a programmed ex-youth
By: Thermite (img rel thx 2 punp)



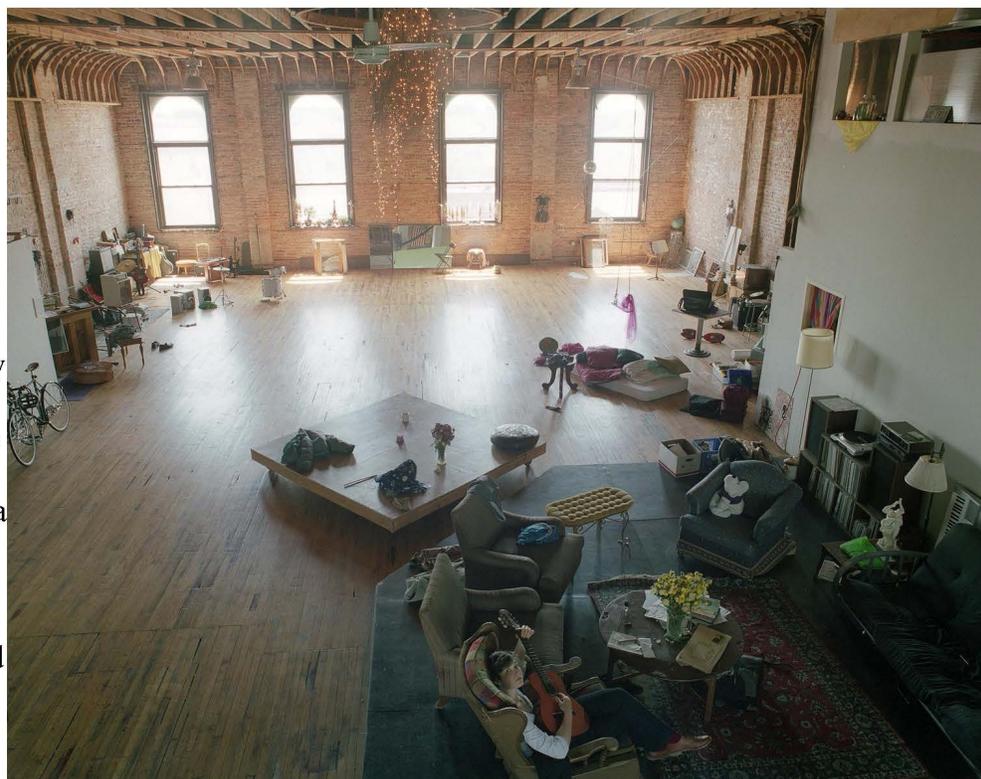
4chan was cool, in the underground, “uncool weirdo” kind of way. It was edgy. Instead of dealing with Facebook (which no one really wanted, MySpace was cooler) 4chan was the preferred place to get your memes. All the best memes, from Rage Comics to Advice Animals arguably got their start on 4chan.



On *fa*, discussion of the best aesthetic preferences were discussed. Growing up in this shadow was hopeful. From German Army Trainers to raw denim to record players, the cool, bohemian aesthetic of a better world seemed to be just in reach.

Fa was about the life style. It was about being *effay*. And no better image encapsulated this desire better than this image of a loft in, what I think was, New York. The style was indie sleaze before

indie sleaze was a thing; when tumblr girls were doing “soft grunge”, it was *effay* to be what we now know as indie sleaze. German Army Trainers, Raw jeans, OCBDs, grey crew neck hoodies, sweaters, flannels, and a general life style characterized by this image:



The open loft, the indie sleaze vibe, a record table in the back, a fixie to get around with. This was the dream. But the racists became unbearable. Threads dead before they could get off the ground by some (often times pedophilic) racist.

But the racists were inescapable.





And so 4chan slowly became a disgusting shithole, or more accurately, the fact of it being a racist shit hole became more and more apparent. Racist brain rot was inescapable. Of course, there were always disgusting content on the internet, and 4chan was certainly the place to see it. But as it became over run with Nazis, it became nothing more than a terrorist safe haven. Fashionable aesthetics became terror-core became senseless, tasteless fear and terror. Alexander Reed Ross covers this development in *Against the Fascist Creep*, where he discusses how Nazi hipsters would flock to 4chan and try to effect Nazi terrorism and ethno-statism onto society. It became horrifically unbearable, and so many people, such as myself, flocked to reddit instead.



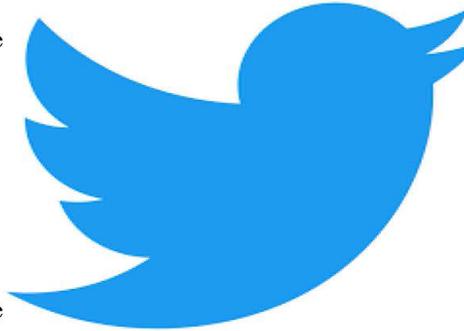
With Reddit, you could actually discuss what you saw on the internet with your parents. Not only did it cover current events in politics, as well as funny internet memes, but it also covered tech industry news without the racist bullshit of 4chan (or, at least, it wasn't as prevalent). When SOPA was in Congress, a large uproar from all sides of the internet. And the charge against this bill was seemingly led by redditors, a triumphant battle cry it seemed. SOPA was stopped.



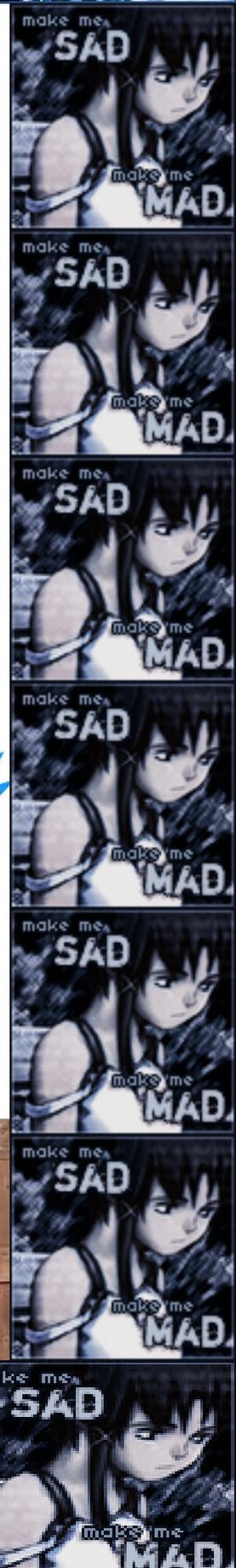
This might even be where the stereotype of redditors chanting "let's do this reddit!" came from. An actually successful political resistance in which tyrannical government over reach was successfully curtailed turned into a subcultural stereotype.

Twitter, Instagram, Facebook, etc., were all promised to be the future of marketing. Why hire a costly marketing agency when you can just pay Facebook, YouTube, or Twitter for ad space and have higher certainty about reaching your target demographic? Marketing agencies seemed like a stupid idea. "Why do *Mad Men*? Ad men are obsolete! Just use the internet!"

And this dream of internet agencies became more and more of a reality. In William Gibson's *Agency*, he describes a world in which cybernetically secured agencies reign supreme – a timeline in which Hillary Clinton won the 2016 election instead of Trump. And this development of agencies as the main economic means was similarly discussed by Mark Fisher in his now doomer classic *Capitalist Realism*. The development of modern neoliberal agencies were to Fisher what the development of imperialism was to Lenin: pure capitalism with the potential for Communism. These agencies signaled the development of global capitalism. The true development of our cyberpunk's future pasts, in the present.



And that hipster internet seemed to be developing online was on TV as well. Fred Arminsen and Carry Brownstein's *Portlandia* was underground enough to be cool, normative (although quirky in the patented *IFC* way) enough to emulated irl, and seemingly culturally accurate to the world. Politically correct, aesthetically accurate, and socio-culturally relatable. A sort of post-cyberpunk, maybe even solarpunk world developing right in front of our eyes. It was *effay reddit*. The best of both worlds.





Many skits Fred and Carry performed involved interacting with the websites we grew up with. Facebook events, reddit threads, and even the emergence of the ultra cringe men's rights movements. The dream of the 90s was alive in Portland. Portland was where young people go to retire. This romantic, bohemian vision was beautiful. Desirable, and and even optimal living for someone interested in a bohemian writing career. It was the *effay* hipster lifestyle come to life irl. All you had to do was go to college!



The world seemed uniformly prepared for entry. It was not preferable, but it was “ideal” in the sense that there were a set of prescribed ideal situations that we were supposed to engage with. Be the quirky hipster you saw on TV, and people responded in a positive manor. Follow the rules and benefit. But step out of line, question your authorities, and you were fucked.



But the reality is even darker. Upon retrospect, a more accurate representation for the end of the 2000s/early 2010s had to have been the music video of Nero's *Promises*. Society is corporatized. Agencies rule, not congresses or parliaments. So the sleek, white washed corporatist setting of the music video still resonates today, dystopic systems of control and all.

Cyberpunk seems cool on the outside, but inside it's dark, possibly even evil. Security claims to protect you, but what they protect is an image. Deviate from that image, and you're fucked. Gonzo.

When shit hits the fan, you're probably not going to be in control. Unless you're prepared, there's no telling where you'll go, what you'll do. You wont be in control unless you're in control.





I'm digressing a bit, rambling a bit. But it is what it is. Control is the name of the game, whether you like it or not. Either you'll be in control of your future, or someone else will be.



In a cybernetic society, a Deleuzian society of control, there will always be someone in control. "Many young people strangely boast of being "motivated"; they re-request apprenticeships and permanent training. It's up to them to discover what they're being made to serve, just as their elders discovered, not without difficulty, the telos of the disciplines. The coils of a serpent are even more complex than the burrows of a molehill."

Whether its you, or someone else who controls you is your choice, but you must act on this choice. If you don't want to be controlled, you need to get in control. Of yourself, of your phone, of your computer, of your accounts, etc., etc., etc. Either you rule yourself, or someone else rules you. That is the lesson of the agora, of anarchy in a world of corporate agencies.

But this was all the future of the past.

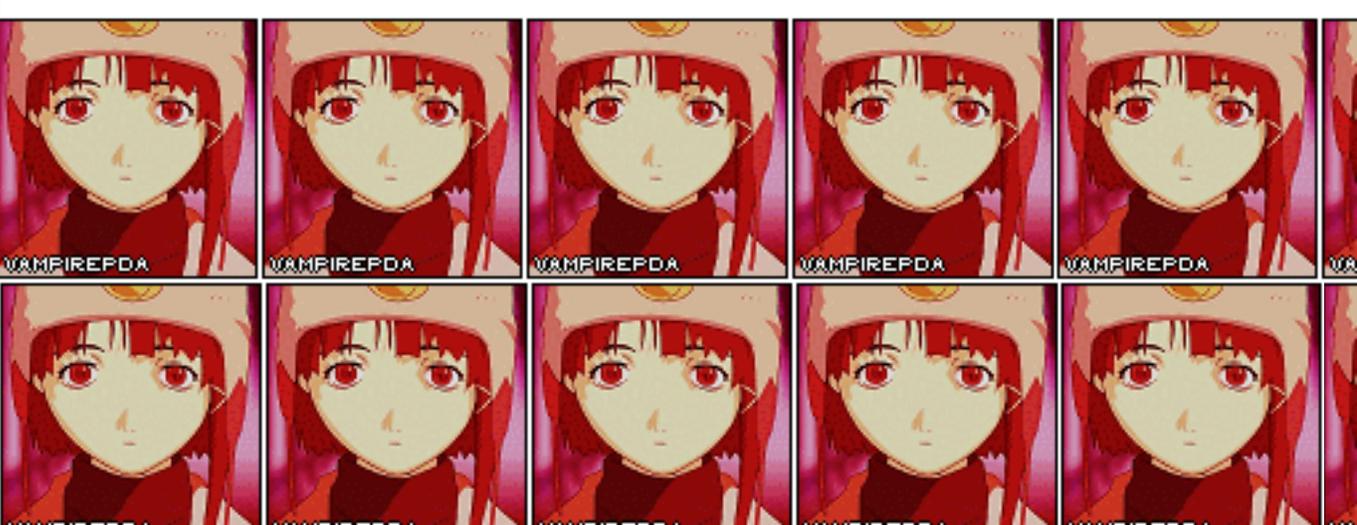


Where are we now? It was all the future of the past. So it is now; the fact of the present.

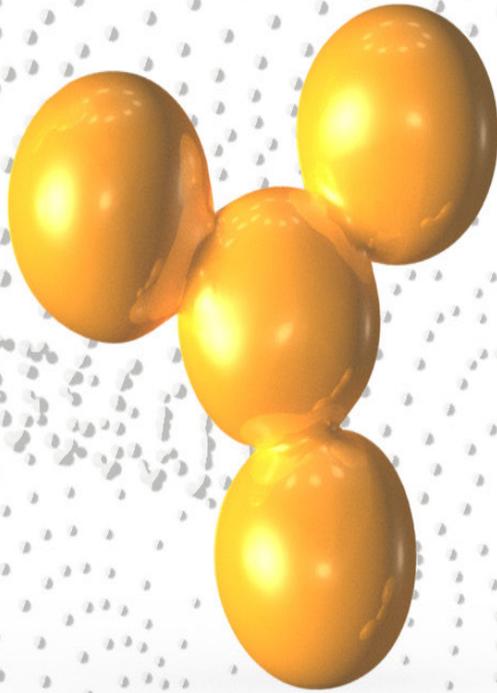




Where do we go from here? It's all a bit confusing. Cluttered. There's noise to avoid, signals to tune into. Be you, but be true, else become someone someone else wants you to be.



DIGITAL >>>>> DREAMING



memories fade with digital decay



Days of Future Past

by Eric Outfeild

“From afar life’s a tragedy, up-close it is a joke” said El Hobbit, probably the most influential thinker of Spanish-speaking gen-Z Web. As such, I believe that one of the most interesting phenomena that our current extremely online generation is living carries such oxymoronic properties, this phenomena being fake nostalgia. Nostalgia is powerful, but for the most time it was indistinguishable from homesickness. Life was slow, hard and short, and so the only real way to felt nostalgic from the past was to be far away from the places that see you grow.

“You are too, oh palm / Alien in this soil!” wrote Abd al-Rahman, forever capturing the essence of this cut-section of human nature.

However, technological prowess soon faced mankind against some unseen fate. Life has never been easy, but it became fast-paced, and longer, and as such, while the prehistoric man was posed against a life that changed too little, modern man has to find their way in a World that moves too much too fast, which means that the old saying by Heraclitus, that nobody bath themselves in the same river twice, had never hold more truth. You could go, right now, to Google Maps, check the very same street you have lived in your whole life, and see how much it has changed in, say, the past ten years.

Except that you shouldn’t. I picked the Google Maps example particularly because it was a recent nostalgia trip I took. I never realized the subtle changes that had happened in my street, until I was put in front of it by a gigantic corporation that is slowly trying to capture data from the whole World. I could agree that there are some things that I preferred the way they were, for example, there used to be more trees on my street, but, for the most things, I didn’t care enough to notice when they were gone, or I did notice but they didn’t really affected the way I lived.

Going on a tangent line for a little, one of my favorite K-Pop girl groups right now is aespa.

And, sure, one of the main sellers is that I have a giant crush with every single one of its

members, but I also couldn’t help but notice how late 90’s and early 2000’s their aesthetics,

whatever that is, were. The photoshoots for their Savage album reminded me of Mayhem and

other early black metal bands. The graphic design in their album covers screamed Aphex

Twin and other techno acts of the era. It didn’t take me too long to realize that this fake

nostalgia was being sold to me.

2015 was the year in which v a p o r w a v e died. We are in 2022 and can observe that that



assertion was false, but the energetic emphasis which this vociferation was accompanied with made a lot of us believe that that was truly the end of times. One of the children born from this widespread sentiment was The Darkest Future's Floral Shoppe 2, Electric Boogaloo. An incoherent collection of noises that was more reminiscent to the ones generated by 新し

いデラックスライフ than anything Merzbow ever produced, proving that even among

insufferable cacophonies there are tiers. It was, of course, only the alleged relation to the first Floral Shoppe the reason it went out of the Bandcamp graveyard that gave birth to it and became widely discussed among enthusiasts of the genre.

Because the album by Vektroid is the first of the Floral Shoppes, not the only one. Both albums share the intrinsic critique to consumer culture. Their targets are different, their techniques, one could say, differ in intricacy and complexity. Although it should also be said that many of the critiques that were made against the Darkest Future album were also made, in the bigger sphere of "serious" music reviewing, towards the Vektroid pieces: their oblivious, nonsensical and, above all, forgettable loops were disregarded as amateurish by most of the critics that listened to them. And, still, we, fanatics after all, cannot reply any other thing that: Er, no doy? That was the whole point.

Or at least it used to be, because now both those albums are regarded as classics within their respective circles: pieces of brave craft that dared to do what nobody else did, that is, a postironic satire of the restless endless loop of repetitive pop tunes and recycled media. Yet, here we are, having survived at least two or three no-for-real-guys-vaporwave-is-dead-now, with an entire generation of musicians who never knew that wait-guys-you-weren't-supposed-to-take-it-seriously. We are amid the generation that made Patrick Bateman cool again, without ever realizing that both the book and the movie were cookbooks on what you weren't supposed to become.

We even gave it a new hip name "sigma male" to mask the fact that most of its supporters are, still, trapped in being 80's yuppie wannabes, minus the cocaine. And all because things used to be better. There is that sentiment again. That manufactured idea that you are not where you are supposed to be. Well, where then? Er, um, I don't know, wherever you can't ever arrive. That's the sad justification behind all this fake nostalgia. We are currently living in a consumer economy, the bullshit jobs term that has been pervading the intellectual circles of the Internet amid the pandemic that forced us to reconsider: wait, it means that all those things I was supposed to endure were, after all, not necessary? A term for it was born: non-essential worker, the section of society who, curiously, still received almost unaltered paychecks for doing their daily tasks in three hours a day.

It's because I am super-efficient, because I always have been repeat some of the ones that manage to get out of the cave long enough to realize that engagement meetups and bagel Friday are just a tactic to keep you in place. However, they fail to realize that the true reason they keep receiving those fat paychecks is because there is a need for them to keep



consuming. Is the monopoly game we live in, the way in which money keeps moving from the fat pockets of wealthy capitalists to the fat pockets of other wealthy capitalists. A single tycoon won't buy ten thousand Disney+ subscriptions, but ten thousand of his employees might just do the trick.

But we're also the Instagram generation. Do it for the gram. Long ago, marketers realized that this obsession of the youth for personal branding started a demand for experience crafting, that your boring life was not going to bring you those oh-so-deared likes, that you need to at least-pretend-to have a meaningful pile of interesting anecdotes inherently attached to your content.

And the sooner companies realized this the sooner the Instagramification of the real world started to happen. Go to any cafe in your city and you soon shall find that there is a place designated specifically for you to take pictures and upload it to the gram. But this form of experience crafting was unsustainable, the better experiences were also the most expensive, which in turn meant that they were the ones with the fewer adherents. This market needed the social network equivalent of video game microtransactions. And it just so happens that this shift in social paradigms started to happen around the same time that we started to realize that there is meaning to the Internet. Sure, the old analogy of a web forum to a place may be not as sci-fi as we were once led to believe, but it is certainly a thing where you can go to, you can stay at and, why not, even feel at home.

And at this point, we had 20+ years of significant Internet history to make something out of it. So we started to market this early Internet nostalgia, this cyber-temporal-something-whatever as any other experience. Oh, you went to Bora Bora? That's cool. Me? Oh don't mind me, I was just browsing Internet archives of some long-dead MySpace music pages. Well, not really, but I sure have a shirt that totally screams I did.

So all this rambling was just to comment on the commodification of early Internet nostalgia. Is it any different than, say, when in the 2000's there was a commodification of 80's nostalgia? Probably not. However, the irony is mind numbing. The Internet used to be the place for ultimate freedom, for both good and evil, but, now? Well, I can just comment that it is as if all of sudden there were a fashion trend of wearing Balenciaga or Gucci shirts with the legend "Abolish child labor", which was so successful that hypebeasts started to wear Chinese knock-offs who don't satisfy such criteria, you know, just for the gram.

Ankha x Agora by Remember Summer Days

Another corpse of a mummified cat. Mailed to Agora-Chan, soft and tender. Only for Agora-Chan to rule-of-ice her at school, leading the state police to come knocking at her door like anglo imperialism. This again. The things you do for love, for love knows... What does love know about anything really. No fine or binary rhythm like those black and white chess boards, or those piano keys. Still, Nairu knew it had to be the fault of that wretched, all-curled-up ribbon. After all of that labor, it wasn't Agora who kicked open her door with a confession letter, but instead those jesuit-paid UN cops with an arrest letter. Nowadays she'd only wear handcuffs for Agora-Chan, she blurted to the police, sulking and skulking unlike the manners she carried when she told Agora-Chan the same thing.

What was it that Agora, cute Agora-Chan, didn't quite like about her? Agora-Chan spent most of her time dissociating away on the internet, and Ankha... She was a furry-'Excuse me mister. Not that kind of furry'- so they were practically the same, Ankha thought, and you know that Ankha also thought that her youknowwhat for Agora-Chan was like that sweet, love-first-sight sort of Song of Salomon love, like the sort of romance-hatching which souls shared in Club Penguin: Roleplaying that they weren't role-playing.

Nairu's Club Penguin username was the name of her old, buried cat, Agora. In the game, she loved dressing up as a cat incarnated within a penguin and waddling across that prototype of Disney-era social media, begging other penguins to pweaseee adopt her. Those who obliged would take Agora to their igloo, where she would pretend to piss all over it and be a bad neko and then cuddle around and bite her master-love bites- before finally praying to her master to forgive her. But really, all she was after was the reflection of a punishment; Her cat Agora died out of the blue when she tried chewing on a frog, 'one of the plagues of Egypt', Ankha thought. Well-meaning people told her Agora would live on as long as she rested in her heart and memories.

There was that nostalgia, and then nostalgia for that nostalgia: The you're in your bed, abandoned, isolated from everything outside your memory, like a dying patient in need of a 'why not and just in case' christian confession' kind of nostalgia. Ah, right. That was on a winter night, though they were summer days in Animal Crossing. That was the night when Ankha came to reside as one of her villagers in Nairuville. When she made that third-person eye contact with Ankha on the bottom screen of her DS, it was what some might call love at first sight; There it was, Ankha staring absently into



the void, her, a Nietzschean archetype in the moment, with her four lines of nice-to-meet-you snooty cat bits of dialogue and—
Well,
she couldn't wait to know everything there was about that Ankha, which was an easy task,

for on those post-tumblr exodus years she'd find out Ankha was exactly like her, an aromantic, not white, graysexual that had no particular system of beliefs that she knew about, whose culture had all the authenticity of a cactus in the desert, behaving as the wind behaves, just as her taste for healthy american fast-food chains behaved: Her 'not-white' shades of some race of skin; the flesh meant only for Ankha to scrabble out.



Then that girl, that obstruding space that violated the skin meant for Agora-Chan... Ankha couldn't even entertain the idea of remembering that girl's name without retching a furball like a cat enthusiast. But Agora-Chan was pure. Ankha? No, she wasn't pure anymore. She had broken the sacred rite of the covenant and she'd lost her virgin eyes when that forbidden video surfaced, as if all her desire had summoned a Hentai Heaven succubus. That video...

Oh, that was personal. Now everyone had seen Ankha's, cute Ankha's, naked butt and Luciferian hips bouncing around, arcs like the parabola of an inverted rainbow: The fantasy of defying gravity, those two dimensional arcs rebounding in her memory. Where was Nintendo, with their divine intervention to DMCA the porn out of her soul when she needed them? The tears shed down like rivers now crimson, as if she wanted for her blood and organs to be drained out, embalmed and salted in sorrow. Those were the days where she fell in love with Agora-Chan.

How would Agora-Chan notice Ankha's sorry ass? Those most prominent thoughts like a ring of fire, the wheels meant to carry her towards... Ooh, Heaven is a place on earth. They say in Heaven: Love comes first... So, she'd come to school as a superficial Ankha,—She had convinced her parents that this was a new and transgressive way of expressing her sexuality—cat ears and a cat tail under her skin. She also wore a Zara tee with some sort of Egyptian graphic printed on with African slave labor.

Most of her classmates thought it looked totally r/cringe amounts of ridiculous, but a few thought it was totally based, and most agreed those cat ears looked really cute on her. But, always swathed in memories, like a butcher's hook gashing and bifurcating the brain down her nostrils, blood dripping from the red caverns of her nose, as if an ancient curse: That video.

Everyone had the attention of that Ankha cosplay. No one safe from her hypnosis but



Agora-Chan. That lonesome girl, too in love with Agora-Chan to notice Anka... It lured her so much, like that long, memory-haunted first love. That frog-flooded Nile of new life. All the while, Anka was like a heart resting on an empty corpse.

Finally she could wear that rotten skin as if cosplaying a voodoo doll; Anka did what she thought Anka would do in her situation: Act all smug and B-Pose her way away from Agora, leering and proudly grinning at her, bumping into her and by a totally reasonable amount of 'out-of-coincidence accidents', step on her toes all the time or, steal her books, or pour yogurt on her locker, by accident.

Once, Agora tried to greet her.

'Hohoho! I'm sorry? I think I hear a peasant trying to conversate with me. How disgustang.' All her life Anka had wished for Anka to call her a peasant, followed by punishing her for having those disgusting thoughts. That was a sort of hentai cliché, but at least she was being sincere about it. The day after the greeting, Anka got so excited that she spent 40 minutes in the desert of fanfiction writing. She wrote about Agora-Chan and Anka getting married, then some wholesome vanilla-lemon girl x girl breeding fanfiction which featured Anka getting pregnant with Agora's sacred baby boy. Well... That was only the first draft. On the second draft, they would both get pregnant. 'Pregnant Agora-Chan is just too cute not to include it', Anka wrote Agora when she mailed her the manuscript.

Maybe strewing yogurt all over her locker was too mean, though, once they got married, Agora-Chan, innocent Agora-Chan would understand; Still, for now, it might pound her as too ecchi. To be nicer, Anka gifted Agora-Chan, kawaii~ Agora-Chan, dead rats to her locker. It was not long after when Agora's locker was moved to the teacher's lounge. She followed Agora-Chan on every social media out there. Twitter, Facebook, Instagram, Tumblr, Discord... She knew all of Agora-Chan's accounts, keeping a list of all of her profile pictures. She had made a highly accurate schedule of the times Agora-Chan logged online, what she ate, when she went to bed and to the bathroom. She knew what anime she watched, her politics and her religion (same thing, really). She found out Agora-Chan was an avid supporter of the Pepsi rebels once the Pepsi-Coca Cola war broke out, and Anka changed her politics to be in line with everything Agora-Chan believed; She wanted to be buried alive with her. Anka imagined



how romantic it would be for the two of them to go out on the battlefield and get gored, together, by bullets enemy-fired, dying in each other's arms as they shared a passionate saliva-besmirched kiss. Ankha couldn't help but PM this to

Agora-Chan:

Imagine the honor of dying next to me, peasant. I might even grant you a kiss as your dying breath's last wish.

please stop this

H-How dare you peasant! H-How d-dare you speak to me like t-that!? *Blushes* That's it.

You've done it! >.< *Blushes* I'm gonna rub my polished feet all over you!

Oookay. That does it, you're getting blocked and this act of yours... it has to be a fake something but I dunno but it just makes you look like... Nasty. Like I kinda wondrr if theres a real you buried deep inside and worth discovering

Blushes harder *Tears up a bit* The nerve of this-!!! this ABSOLUTE peasant. W-Why would you think-Belive! T-That I-I care even a bit about you!? Pleaseee. I-I care as much for you as much as God cares for his christians.

What, okay whatever yeah whatever you say oookay. I can't even answer that cause I don't even know you and why would I waste my time on someone I dunno...

After Agora blocked the hell out of Ankha and her swarm of alt-accounts, Ankha had to find new, creative ways of bonding with her. After a few more locker rats presents, she was forced to move to another school—by the police, of course.

So, Ankha resolved to write

Agora anonymous letters. And that Ankha, she was a great actress. But that Agora, she must've had that touch of divine inspiration, for she foresaw all of Ankha's letters. How else might she have been able to detect them? And how romantic was that? All of Pepsi and Coca Cola society, and even cute Agora-Chan herself, marching against their love. What's more lovely than unrequited love?

That was Agora-Chan's way of saying to Nairu that she truly loved her. Ankha knew Agora-Chan was doing all of this. Everything. All for her sake. It was to love Agora-Chan back, to fuck herself over and be buried and empty her organs out like a memory of dust, washed over by rivers that drown, like Pepsi Cola dripping over the ghost in the machine and short circuiting the machine as fire burns the elect. It was either that, or submit to the Jesuit United Nations. If so, she'd be given a card that said she loved Jesus.

ah sweet

man-made

horrors beyond
my comprehension

FAMILY
GUY



Agora Radio
(Shouts to, @h00, @I-330 & @Andy Kaufman)

Link: <https://radio.mocrd.org/>

**Also check out, Agora Craft (IP is
94.198.42.186:55098)**

UT99: 94.198.42.186:56251

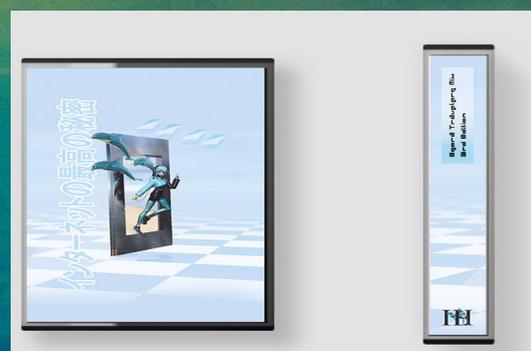
Call in Shows Sunday@11:30 PM UTC

A Note from IlluminatiPirate: Hello everyone, as many of you may noticed, it has took a long time for me to send out this E-Zine. I accept that it is unacceptable to have sent this out this long. I am doing alot of important things IRL that have caused me to neglect my forum dutites.

One thing that I painfully regret is not shipping out the cassette orders in a timely fashion. Hopefully you recived your cassite already and are able to enjoy it. I do still have more and you can get some here. There is a limited supply of them, I dont thinkg im gonna do another run.

Agora Travelers Mix 3rd Edition

Bandcamp <https://agoraroad.bandcamp.com/album/agora-travelers-mix-3rd-edition>



Now a retrospectivion of the the year.

For long time members of the forum you know this has been a crazy year for us. we had drama, battles, raids, and traitors.

They tried everything to "Cancel" me, They tried to slander me, tried to turn freinds against me, and some even dedicated a group to try to dox me. But they have found nothing and they have failed. They even tried to bait me into taking part of a "forum war" as in they declared war on us. I still laugh just thinking about it. I wasnt interested in parteing into this war. As the old internet adged says "Don't feed the Trolls" and now look at whats become of them.

I've heard from the grapevine that they have begun figthing each other.

But the Agora Road defeated them all. But all of that is in the past,

There is something special about this place that is in perfect unity of the culture of the old web and not a pile on infesteted garbage of those that tried to find an alternative home from the mainnet.

Managing a forum is hard. Not everyone will like your decisions and not everyone will be happy about it. You need to be level headed and you need to have some core values to make sure the delicate nature of the Agora Road stays in balance.

The lifeblood of the Agora Road has always been the influx of new and old travelevers coming and going. There is a reason why Agora Road users are called travelers, they wander the internet wasteland to then discover the Agora Road. Then once they are done, they pack their bags and leave this place taking only their memories.

Many leave this place and the few, the Keepers of the Agora Road stay.

Happy New Year to All!

May The Best Kept Secret of The Internet Live Forever!

