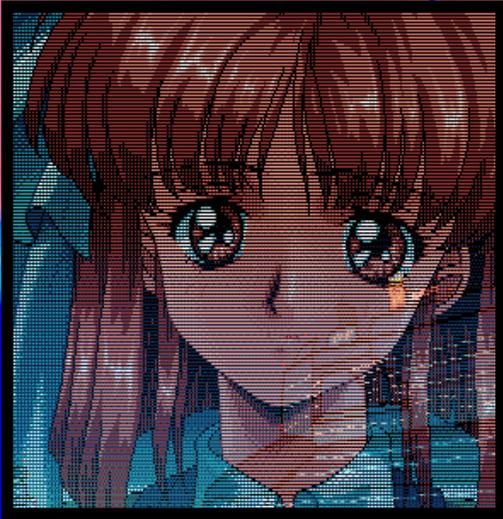


# Tales of the Agora Road: ISSUE #3



AGORA ROAD

do

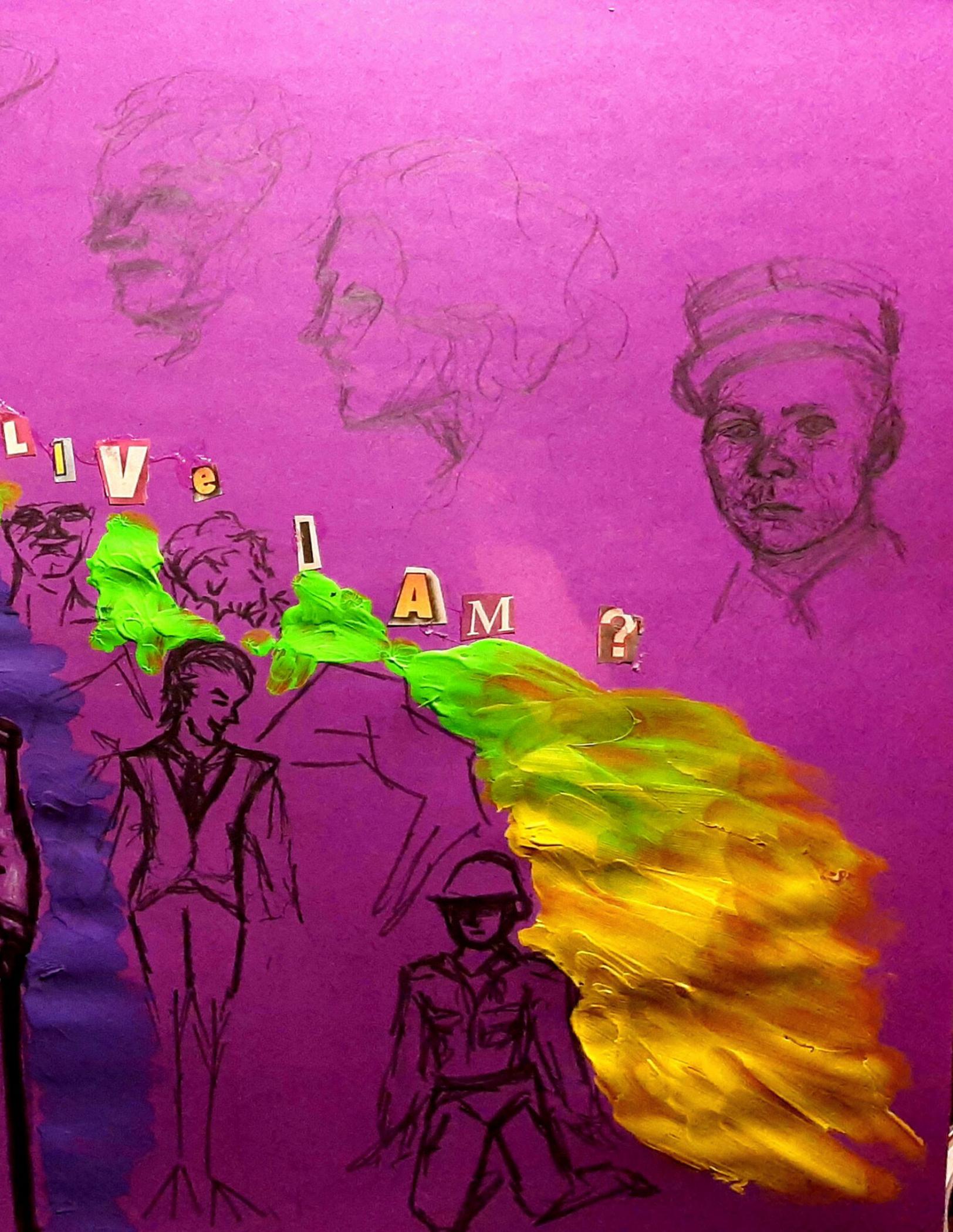
you

know

how

a





LIVE I AM?

# Relax... at Agora Road

Best kept secret of the internet



Vaporwave Reviews  
Free Discussion  
...& More!

## Agora Road's Poetry By WKYK



WKYK

Here are all the poems I've posted on the road, compiled in one place  
Hope you all enjoy!

Debris in the water  
splits the stream  
two ways  
This is inherent;  
Debris does not choose  
to be  
Debris  
And despite all the  
force from water  
the Debris doesn't move  
And even after all  
the turmoil, the water  
all ends up back together  
behind the Debris,  
as if nothing  
ever happened.

Fear. Constant fear  
is how I live my life  
"Best safety lie in fear"  
They want to prove to  
you that nothing is truly  
sacred. The rape victim  
becomes the rapist to  
inflict the same pain  
they bear onto everyone  
around them. This is happening  
RIGHT NOW  
Watch carefully as every  
single ounce of life is  
ruined.

As you're dragged  
through the pale, white  
archway, you take a moment  
to remember how you got here.  
Friends, strangers, robots  
Firearms  
A true skeptic doubts everything,  
even his most core beliefs  
There's a freight train  
heading straight towards you,  
blaring its horn, and you  
STILL let it hit you.  
  
Human evolution has superseded  
the flesh, but natural selection never ended  
THEY WANT WHAT YOU HAVE  
KILL THEM OR DIE TRYING

Drowning in information  
It's hard to remember  
I AM HUMAN  
I was not meant to  
know everything, but  
every day I continue  
to drown. Neither sink  
nor swim I am  
perpetually kept half  
alive, water in my  
lungs to make my  
breathing heavy but  
not lethal

"The claustrophobia I feel being trapped on earth with monsters is debilitating at times. I fear death, but I equally fear the ability to not die - organic matter forced alive again to be toyed with like a sequel that no one wanted, be greedy freaks who want god knows what.

I don't want to die,  
but if I must  
leave me so."

Thank You All For A Wonderful Time On The Net!  
May Agora Prosper For Many Moons To Come!



```
*** Looking up your hostname
*** Found your hostname
*** 8c8c:e2f9:e481:c453:9331:3789:0bb1:81b3 is your displayed host
*** There are 128 users and 3 invisible on this node
*** 11 channels present
*** Connecting to [public]
*** Connected
```



```
#####
# Welcome to NPS Mode e2292.5 #
# Part of the Distributed Public Access Network #
# All Connections are monitored and recorded #
# System usage policy actively enforced #
#####
19:03:27 -!- anon77(ejared@8c8c:e2f9:e481:c453:9331:3789:0bb1:81b3) has joined [public]
19:03:32 <steez> anyways thats why i dont ride PT anymore
19:03:58 <steez> id rather walk in the rain than be trapped in a piss smelling steel box with a
          hundred other weirdos
19:04:01 <sj> can we still go?
19:04:02 <kingokingz> TRUE
19:05:11 <banto> sj: Not sure why you would. its gated off. been that way since even I was a kid
          idk why youre so interested in it.
19:05:15 -!- mambamobilizer (mambamobilizer@2d:f82:B) has joined [public]
19:05:16 <mambamobilizer> LENGTH LACKING? PERFORMANCE SLACKING? TRY THE MAMBA! AVAILABLE WHERE
          ALL CHEMS ARE SOLD! q.co.vvd/HS7jLk
19:05:16 <mambamobilizer> LENGTH LACKING? PERFORMANCE SLACKING? TRY THE MAMBA! AVAILABLE WHERE
          ALL CHEMS ARE SOLD! q.co.vvd/HS7jLk
19:05:16 <mambamobilizer> LENGTH LACKING? PERFORMANCE SLACKING? TRY THE MAMBA! AVAILABLE WHERE
          ALL CHEMS ARE SOLD! q.co.vvd/HS7jLk
19:05:16 -!- mambamobilizer banned from e2292.5 Reason: Flooding
19:05:19 <kingokingz> XD
19:05:24 <kh77s> lol noob
19:06:03 <sj> I just need to.. go somewhere else. I'm thinking of KM$ but theres gotta be other
          options, something that's not this.
19:06:22 <banto> Yaa being straight edge will do that to u lol
19:06:31 <banto> NuMoods are cheap. Just give them a shot before doing anything crazy, they work
          pretty well for what ive got.
19:06:38 <banto> You wouldnt be able to get in anyways
19:07:27 <sj> is it because they want us to stay within city limits in general?
19:07:31 -!- lrkr disconnected
19:07:35 -!- kahnz disconnected
19:07:44 <banto> Depends which 'they' but sure
19:07:46 -!- steez disconnected
19:07:47 -!- kingokingz disconnected
19:07:47 -!- gmade disconnected
19:07:49 -!- theprophet disconnected
19:07:50 -!- d3cod3d disconnected
19:07:52 <anon77> wtf
19:07:58 <sj> Content Under Review
19:08:01 -!- roach disconnected
19:08:09 <banto> Did you fucking name them directly? holy shit you dumbass
19:08:12 <banto> welp cyall lbr
19:08:17 <anon77> ???
19:08:17 -!- Sending of message failed. The message could not be sent because the connection to node e2292.5
          timed out. Try again later or restart.
```

```
*** Attention DPAN Messaging Client
*** You are restricted from further access of e2292.5 and your account is under review
*** If you feel this was done in error you can make an appeal at your districts Public Service Station
```

# Jesus Christ's Golden Rule and Kant's Categorical Imperative are flawed in design.

These systems roughly say "Treat others how you'd want rational people to treat you", however if you systematise the treatment of others into conditional logic, such as "If the person is fat, disrespect them. Otherwise, respect them" you can from this very simply justify the killing fields of Cambodia- as such theological understandings of following the word of God, Kierkegaard's "Or"... following the ethical life is undermined, and what you have left is the requirement of religious faith! In the Book of Job, Job's friends try to justify Job's diseases and sickness as a sign from God for him being evil- but such theological understandings of God don't follow. As they say, God acts in mysterious ways, requiring faith, and unto this faith Abraham when he was about to sacrifice Isaac is one of the original leaders of great faithfulness.

Thus, we can discard the Categorical Imperative as it is a theological approach to God- a theological approach that breaks down under scripture. Jesus' Golden Rule doesn't quite break down, as Mathew 7:12 states "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets.". This applies it in a universal approach, but this universality of treatment itself also suffers issues, as how would one define universal treatment?

Kicking a perfectly able man, is quite different from kicking a child- and the context too will never be perfectly equal and perfectly universal just by the very nature of the world.

It is simple to say Religious Faith is difficult, it discards universal

morality as demonstrated in Abraham's Sacrifice, and it discards reasoning about God. The ethical man deriving his ethics from scripture- but even in this it suffers. Consider Pascal's Wager, that fallacious terrible wager, it embeds assumptions about God, his goodness and the domain of the metaphysical, but inside of it there is no way to prove that version of the metaphysical is true- what makes it more true than the Norse Gods? The Hindu Gods? The countably infinite number of various metaphysical entities, domains and results? It is from this, you have no grounds to your stake, yet you must make it- lest you take Kierkegaard's "Either".

His Aesthetic approach to life, that dark, twisted and malign view of the world.

Under the Aesthetic is all views of the world material- slave morality, master morality, Übermensch outlooks, Hedonism- even the irrational and emotion-driven artistic approaches of Clockwork Orange's Alex. When the ethics are discarded, all that remains is power, and power sets justice. When the ethics are discarded this justice can be of a particular opinion good, bad or neutral- but you have no grounds to assert this if you draw your ethics from scripture. Let us now address an alternative to scripture for our ethics.

Darwin's approach is that universal morality descends from some element in our biology. Stealing and murder are generally condemned across all nations as antisocial behaviours, but then doesn't this serve the hedonistic approach of a group? Hedonism being the minimisation of pains, and the maximisation of pleasures.

Yes, it seems that our universal morality this way is just an extension of aesthetics as applied to groups. This goes so far as to Nietzsche's genealogy of morals... the Slave and Master- all aesthetic, though I would argue morality goes back much further than the Slave and Masters he points at with the Romans and Christians.

## The Aesthetic! Or the Religious Zealot!

And no grounds to make either choice. If you refuse, we know plenty well you are an Aesthetic man, a hedonistic man who is uncomfortable with the knowledge of how ethics and morality are as Stirner would call it "Phantasms of the mind". Indeed, you are an ego unto itself and you must act on a choice, a choice that is entirely irrational no matter how you would split it.

And those crushed by this realisation, those fence-sitters pulled back to their proper sphere, they would flirt with Nihilism, Absurdism, Existentialism- all these refusals of embracing the aesthetic or embracing the faith. Their crushing realisation that they feel from the sickly ambrosia of Internet, leaves a waxing spirit.

As much as I believe in the existence of one God, the Christian God- I do not deny I lack absolute unthinking faith. Though my aesthetic faith of Jesus, perhaps I'll be granted paradise- the aesthetics of my life being something I mold day by day in accordance to my shifting tastes, as I adopt and discard values that suit me better.

Let us not forget Original Sin presents us knowledge from which to divorce our heartstrings from The Lord- what a foul choice you have to make, I do not envy your position dear reader, above a sea of fog...

**AUTHOR:** RisingThumb

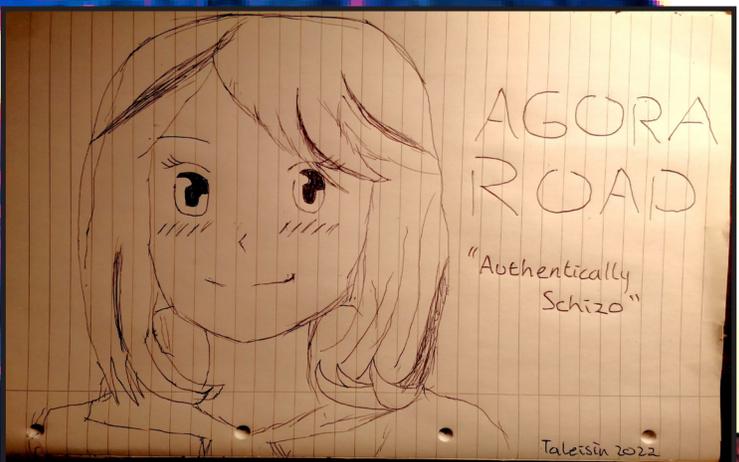


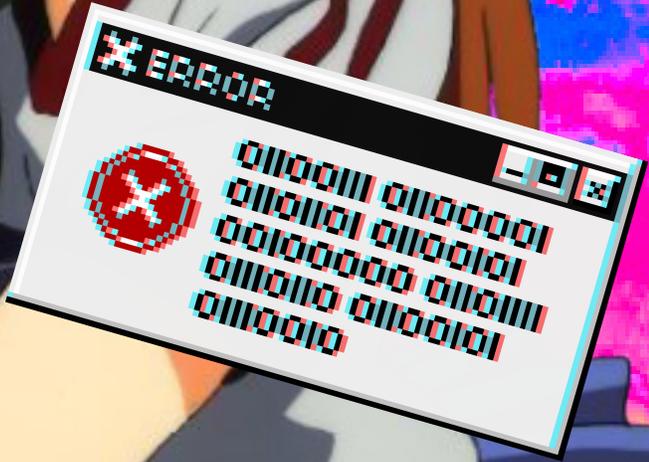






I Support  
Nice People





## Scullery Notes on InterTechnics

*“The city is dying, in the fruits of the earth, in the herds of oxen in the fields, in the birth pangs of the women, which all end with no births.”* — 'Lament of the City' in *Oedipus Rex*

I stand here to shatter the Copernican image-model of the Internet. I seek to shoot Frederick Turner before he looks West, smother Herodotus in his cradle, and possibly obliterate Goethe with dynamite. I look to annihilate the idea of the Internet as one contiguous cultural whole. There is a mechanical, technological, capitalized (as in capital I) Internet of networks, but there is no unified historical frontier inside the Internet. The computer can be said to have an interior history as much as its grandfather the printing press could be said to have a complete history inside its press. The printing press was a womb for letters, but the computer is a machine with ghosts inside it—they like to talk. I do not attack the technical aspects of the Internet in this series of notes, but, instead, the cultural and metaphysical conception. The technical is outside these notes—though it will be touched upon—but the masters of the technical are prophets and the masters of cultural are gurus.

This brief primarily serves to attack the concept of “Ages” of the Internet. This idea of “Ages” of the Internet is the *kumadori* (kabuki makeup) creating the illusion of the Internet as containing a monolithic cultural whole. The rice powder and fox faces of “Ages” are the stage-thunder used to intimidate through illusion. The dominance of certain aesthetics or UI designs during certain periods of time does not establish a cultural unity across the the segments of the Internet. The desire to allot “Ages” to sections of time on the Internet has been present since the inception of modern computing. The Jargon File, of hacker slang, contained entries for “Iron Age”, “Stone Age”, and “elder days”.<sup>1</sup>The earliest version of the Jargon File, as an actual file, began in 1975: version 2.1.1 was revived on Jun 12, 1990, USENET submissions were being accepted by Nov 28, 1990, and the file-encyclopedia was updated to 4.4.7, the latest online version, on 29 Dec, 2003.<sup>2</sup> If one was among these earliest wizards, Richard Stallman was a contributor to the File, all these “Ages” would have looked rather relative. The entry for “Iron Age” states, “In the history of computing, 1961-1971 — the formative era of commercial mainframe technology, when ferrite-core dinosaurs ruled the earth. The Iron Age began, ironically enough, with the delivery of the first minicomputer (the PDP-1) and ended with the introduction of the first commercial microprocessor (the Intel 4004) in 1971.”<sup>3</sup> The Iron Age of computing ended in 1971! The Jargon File predates the near entirety of the settled Internet's cultural stems and infrastructure.

This collaborative community of Hackers, as they referred to themselves in the File, had a sense

1 <http://catb.org/jargon/html/go01.html>

2 <http://catb.org/jargon/html/revision-history.html>

3 <http://catb.org/jargon/html/I/Iron-Age.html>

of primitive community detached from the wider Internet. The Jargon File is a jumble of dated “hacker” argot, but one can see a historical consciousness and crude historiography shaking itself awake in archaic slang. In that snobbishness, the Jargon File was instantly elitist towards the encircling masses. The “Internet”, according to the Jargon File, was considered *mainstream* by 1994, then *commonplace* by 1996.<sup>4</sup> The span of computing and Internet “Ages” contained in the Jargon File would seem Titanic, in the actual Greek sense of the world, to most online today. One must imagine frescoes of the Titan Richard Stallman casting boulders across the ancient volcanic netscape which, today, we can only recall in sketches of “Install Gentoo”. Though, also in the Greek sense, I will outright reject any “Golden Age” because the best day is always yesterday or tomorrow. As for a Kali Yuga? The Internet is always undergoing the dance of Kali—or Nidhogg. Entropy chews through the links of the Wired. The Wired is that technical skeleton. “Ages” is useful in poetics, but the acceleration of time on the Internet has created an inflating expanse that consumes all reference-points into total information boogie. The Jargon File, as a sequential-collaborative written work, is a good marker to measure that vanishing point by, but, it must be remembered, the Hackers were too absorbed into the slipstream until “hacker” became another word of common parlance (how we ruin the sutras of the Brahman!).

The concept of the Internet as one cultural whole is not mistaking the map for the territory, but mistaking the map for reality. This can be forgiven as the Internet is actually more map than territory. The Internet is a cultivator for a representation/analysis of the thing than the thing in itself. I believe this is called “Hyperreality”, but I am cutting a path in my own language here. I opened this primer with not a reference to the Greek in isolation, but a reference to the Greek *in analysis*. As the Jargon File shows, the Internet was under analysis before it existed in its modern form. That analysis though was an embarrassing psychoanalysis that lacked a language to grapple with the emergent inherent divisions of Cyberspace. Media theorist Marshall McLuhan proclaimed that an effect is obvious before the cause.<sup>5</sup> The solution then is obvious before the problem. The modern Internet is piles and pillories of pure information: encyclopedias (depositories of information), lists (listicels), compendiums (wikis), and commentaries (often upon other commentaries). The compilation of anything more coherent than a long series of Herodotus-esque anecdotes on the idea of a total Internet is impossible. There is no *I Hear America Singing* that can embrace the manifolds of the Internet. The Internet is adverse to total works—though not the philosophical ideal of the Gesamtkunstwerk. It is an isolation tank of “waves” and “cores”, but there is no center to topple, control, or proscribe in the cultural roundabout.

That adverse to the “total” is the inheritance of the otaku—we are now all otaku in the

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4 <http://catb.org/jargon/html/I/Internet.html>

5 <https://www.marshallmcluhanspeaks.com/lecture/1970-living-in-an-acoustic-world/>

Westernized sense of the word. I mean here to deal with the definition of “otaku” offered by Volker Grassmuck to the West in his 1990 essay *I'm Alone, But Not Lonely*. Grassmuck's definition is now about three decades out of date—it was commenting on a cultural moment that was already about a decade gone—but the dated definition is useful in the original intent. The otaku was introduced to Western audiences as, “Otaku are teens or twens. Mostly boys. They usually wear jeans, T-shirt and sneakers, which might not sound very characteristic, but in fashion-crazy Japan it is. They despise physical contact and love media, technical communication, and the realm of reproduction and simulation in general. They are enthusiastic collectors and manipulators of useless artifacts and information. They are an underground, but they are not opposed to the system. They change, manipulate, and subvert ready-made products, but at the same time they are the apotheosis of consumerism and an ideal workforce for contemporary Japanese capitalism. They are the children of the media.”<sup>6</sup> This definition shows the otaku-idea was simply the vanguard of the Internet's unconditional victory over society (just as how the printing press created typographic society). That which gathers an endless series of points and factoids but is adverse to total synthesis. There is no ultimate *Faust* for the otaku to produce or strike a bargain; there is only the virile research in perpetuity. It has been noted in online rhetoric how Japanese culture seems to prefigure global culture by ten or so years. The sexless Hikkomori and “Herbivore Men” (*Soshoku(-kei) danshi*) appeared on the Western Internet as the somewhat comparable Robot and Wizard then later, as the critical would argue, as the Incel and Volcel. Now, perhaps, the proverbial “chud” is a Western expressions of the Japanese “Nettoyoku”. One can debate the interior-exterior expressions of isolation, violence, and loathing associated with these labels, both Eastern and Western, but they are the identities of a digital landscape. Historian Amaury De Riencourt had already noted these paradoxical expressions of by how they manifested in Japanese individualism, “Zen, therefore, is the bridge which takes the devotee from *thinking* to *knowing* and this bridge is essentially personal, wholly dependent on the character of the individual. The ultimate goal is *Satori*, the total Enlightenment which can be reached only through the destruction of all intellectual fetters and the annihilation of the self.”<sup>7</sup> The modern Internet traveler—a descendant of the otaku-idea—seeks to immerse or annihilate the self through the bridge of content.

The 1993 Los Angeles Times Article “The Obsession of the Otaku” defined the otaku, derived from Grassmuck's opinion, by their desire to retain reels of information. “Information is what drives the Otaku’s beloved dissemination systems--computer bulletin boards, modems, faxes. There are Otaku cliques devoted to manga (comic books), weapons, monster videos, pornography and teen idols.

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6 <https://www.cjas.org/~leng/otaku-e.htm>

7 De Riencourt, Amaury. *The Soul of China*. Coward-McCann Inc, 1965.119.

Monster Otaku may collect the names of the various actors who were costumed to portray “Ultraman” or try to figure out Godzilla’s exact parentage. Military Otaku may know the tread width of the German Pzk Mark IV tank and the velocity of the armor-piercing ammunition it fired. Everything--the blood type of comic book artist Osamu Tezuka, the number of casualties at the Battle of Midway, the age of pop star Miho Nakayama--is just more context-less information for the Otaku, to be memorized, processed and stored in the brain, or, more efficiently, in the hard drive.”<sup>8</sup> All these descriptions—oddly quirky, if not strange, to 1990s America—are rather blasé on the modern Internet. “The Obsession of the Otaku” was written before the inundation of the Western Internet by tidal waters of Japanese terminology. Grassmuck, in regards to the Japanese otaku, believed them to be those who preferred data over analysis, “When you have a society where the best test-takers go to the top and the tests are all fill-in-the-blank sorts of things, then you end up with a society more comfortable with data than analysis... That's an otaku society.”<sup>9</sup> The Western Internet is then the opposite: a society afflicted with analysis. The “Man-Machine” of today, pseudo-human being or superhuman being (debt to Kraftwerk), is constantly spinning reels of information. The endless surge of content induces endless analysis which induces endless commentary which induces endless cliques which produce endless content.

Any honest attempt at providing a coherent history of “Internet Culture” is destined for failure as jargon-laced analysis is the language of Internet self-consciousness. I have laced this primer with references, like strychnine, because, ultimately, I am another Buffalo Bill. I allow you to step into the tent where I astound with stories and baubles, or a few performers to entertain. The Buffalo Bill, and I use that name in reference to both character-personages, takes endless information, anecdotes, and baubles, then butchers them into “content”. Content is what keeps the people coming to blogs, forums, or websites. “Content” is king and it is coal for the endless centrifugal cultures that crowd the Internet. All these Internet Wild West shows are for those who never got to play Cowboys and Indians. These Buffalo Bills launder information from “sources” (often too unsightly for the masses) and controls how the audience will view their advertised grotesqueries of the hour (or hour-long video). I will gesture here how “Moderator” also once meant, “that which regulates the movement of the celestial spheres.”<sup>10</sup> There is essentially no difference between the Moderator and the Buffalo Bill as both regulate literal or metaphorical links. Both can easily be pulled down from their post and butchered by the audience into more content. The hyperlink is the avenue of connection, the fulcrum of commentary, and the sword of crowd-control—link backs appreciated! The existence of the Internet is inherently comedic.

I reference this series of notes as “InterTechnics” in honor of Lewis Mumford's “Neotechnics”.

8 <https://www.latimes.com/archives/la-xpm-1993-09-12-tm-34175-story.html>

9 <https://www.latimes.com/archives/la-xpm-1993-09-12-tm-34175-story.html>

10 [https://www.etymonline.com/word/moderator#etymonline\\_v\\_17374](https://www.etymonline.com/word/moderator#etymonline_v_17374)

**Content** — That which keeps users coming back to a website or community. Content is that which is on display: funny, interesting, or unique. Content may be textual, visual, auditory, or even social in form. Content can be comedic, educational, dramatic, commentary or anything of substance. Content is an abstract catchall, but it is stimulating. Content is the resource all websites survive, thrive, or die by. Content is organic and mutual. Content can thrive and it may fossilize. It is the interplay between the website and users, but also the networks between users. Content is centrifugal.

**Culture** — Culture is the context which defines the content of a website. It is the unspoken rules of a website's content. Culture is the unacknowledged taboos and unexplained in-jokes of a community. Culture is produced by moderation and content, but it also defines all which comes after it. Each website has a culture unto itself, but each website is not a monad unto itself. Culture may be fudged and changed as it is not a monolith, but the collection of shibboleths. Culture is argot.

**Civility** — Civility is the code of conduct enforced by moderation and, occasionally, consensus. Civility is the (often) artificial companion to culture. It is taboos turned to written rules. Civility ossifies out of culture or aggressive moderation. There is no universal civility as there is no universal behavior. Trolling arises out of a purposeful transgression of civility. The troll is one who makes themselves an outcast. Civility is a prime target for flaunting or subverting. Civility is law.

**Eopolis** — The Eopolis is the collection of the few users cultivating their interest in one topic. The Eopolis is the singular and social. The Eopolis is the webpage, the blog, or shared IRC chatroom. It is close-knit and almost kithship: community. The Eopolis can be subsumed by larger structures of the Internet, but it is the shared interest or objective that unites. Occasionally, many Eopolis can unite into a confederacy, or the webring, or a digital idea-sphere like the “Blogosphere”. The Eopolis is singular and content is essential to its continued existence. The Eopolis is the farm.

**Polis** — The Polis is the many groups (Eopolis) uniting their interests in one forum. The Polis is the public, but it is also organized. The Polis is the website with many topics and many peoples. The Polis is the named forum: Something Awful, Fark, GaiaOnline, Nairaland, many Bodybuilding fiefdoms, etc... The Polis is feudal in organizations with ascendant admin and a circle of moderators. The forum is when civility truly arises in the admin's golden bull: word is law. Here is hierarchy and hierarchy brings identification. The Polis's form often seeks clear structure. The Polis is the agora.

**Metropolis** — The Metropolis is the “conglomerate website” or hybrid forum. This is the pseudo, often pseudo-anonymous, Social Media. Civility becomes the careful practice of etiquette. The moderator becomes the janitor. The Metropolis is where the disparate groups no longer share the same interest, but only share the same website. The users are not united by interests, but by the website (or platform) alone. The Metropolis is the social aggregator: 9gag, iFunny, DeviantArt, Digg, and the “Odd

case of Reddit”. These websites begin to crowd out or devour smaller communities. The Metropolis feasts upon the content shipped into it. Conurbation is where the culture of these Metropolis websites begin to run into one Metropolitan culture. The Metropolis is the expanding cityscape.

**Megalopolis** — The Megalopolis is Social Media. The user here is now emphasized and the interest or platform is secondary. It is identity that becomes content in the Megalopolis. Despite this, the Megalopolis as a website is depersonalized. It fills with those who only know the civility of the Megalopolis (those “Cityslickers”) and amorphous Metropolitan culture. The Megalopolis is where moderation has become totally faceless and there is only a nameless panopticon. The website, or application, is regulated in a distant, legalistic manner. The Megalopolis drains smaller sites of users and content. Immigrants from the digital countryside appear rough to the users of the Megalopolis who know only the manicured etiquette of corporate identity (branding). The Megalopolis is the exponential social masses: Twitter, Facebook, Instagram, etc. The Megalopolis is endless sprawl (or scroll).

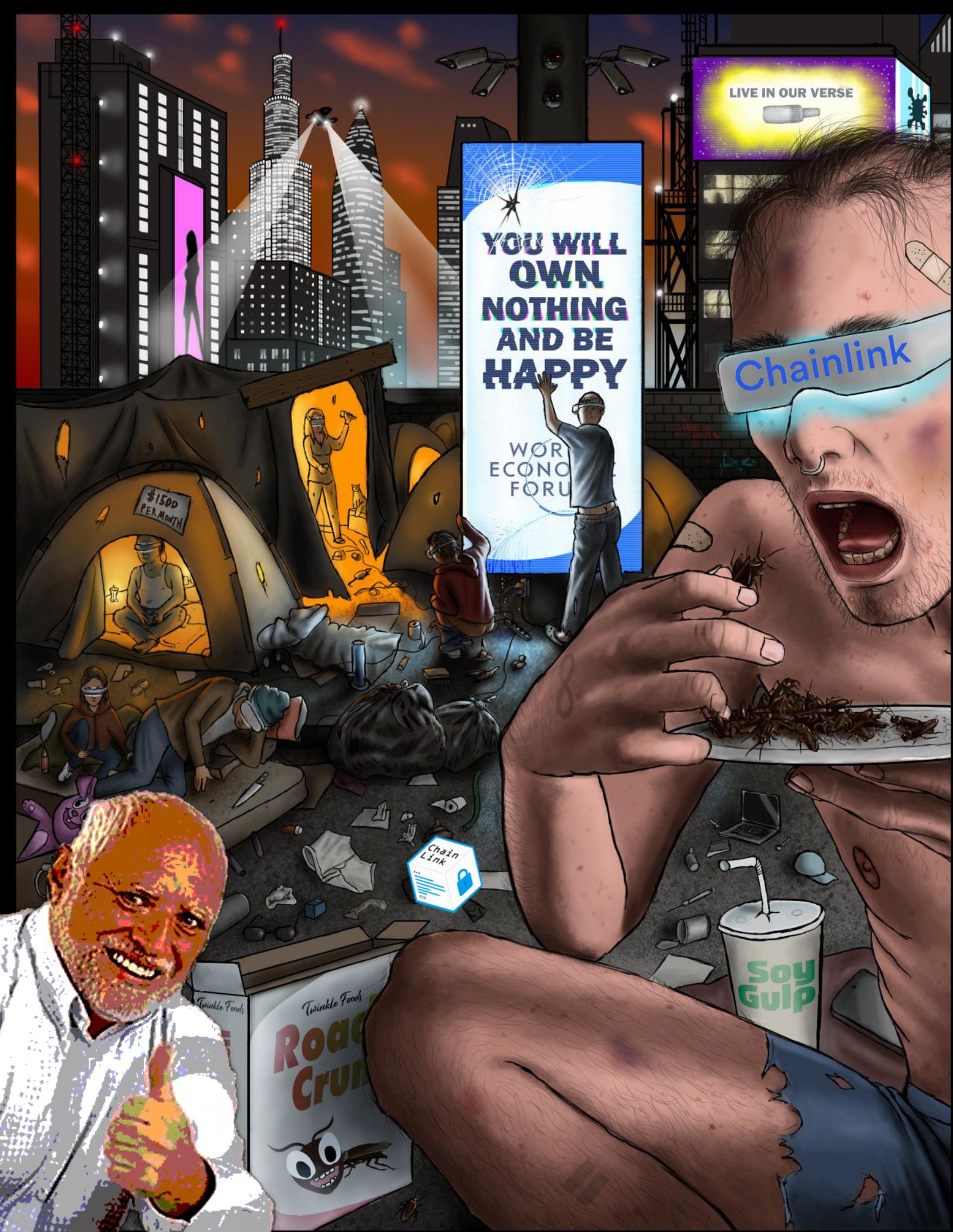
**Tyrannopolis** — The Tyrannopolis is not an evolved level of the forum or website, but a state that can afflict all levels of the digital commons. The Tyrannopolis is the state of moderation usurping the limits of culture and content. Civility is enforced so much it suffocates content. The moderator no longer “moderates”, but becomes a literal janitor (“janny”). The janitor does not seek to maintain the website as a community but clean it as an object. The Tyrannopolis is the tyranny of an all-consuming civility. The janitor dedicates all their time not to the culture, users, or website, but to the strictures of civility alone. The janitor of the Tyrannopolis seeks to maintain the paramount process. The Tyrannopolis is a website that has succumbed to the interpretation of guidelines alone.

**Necropolis** — Websites which now stand as mausoleums of the Internet are the Necropolis. The Necropolis is the once bustling website, or chat, that is now empty. The content of the Necropolis sits fossilized or rotting away. The many Necropolis sit as a monuments to static (literally electrical) history alone. The Necropolis may inspire grandeur, melancholy, or disgust, but the Necropolis *is* until it becomes rumor or folklore. Petrified content becomes the fuel (or coal) for separate websites or splinters. There is little difference between ghouls, graverobbers, and historians who raid, or mine, the crypts of the Internet. The Necropolis is the motionless decomposition of content.

This is Forum and Actuality.

— Pseudiom





LIVE IN OUR VERSE

YOU WILL  
OWN  
NOTHING  
AND BE  
HAPPY

WORLD  
ECONOMIC  
FORUM

Chainlink

\$1500  
PER MONTH

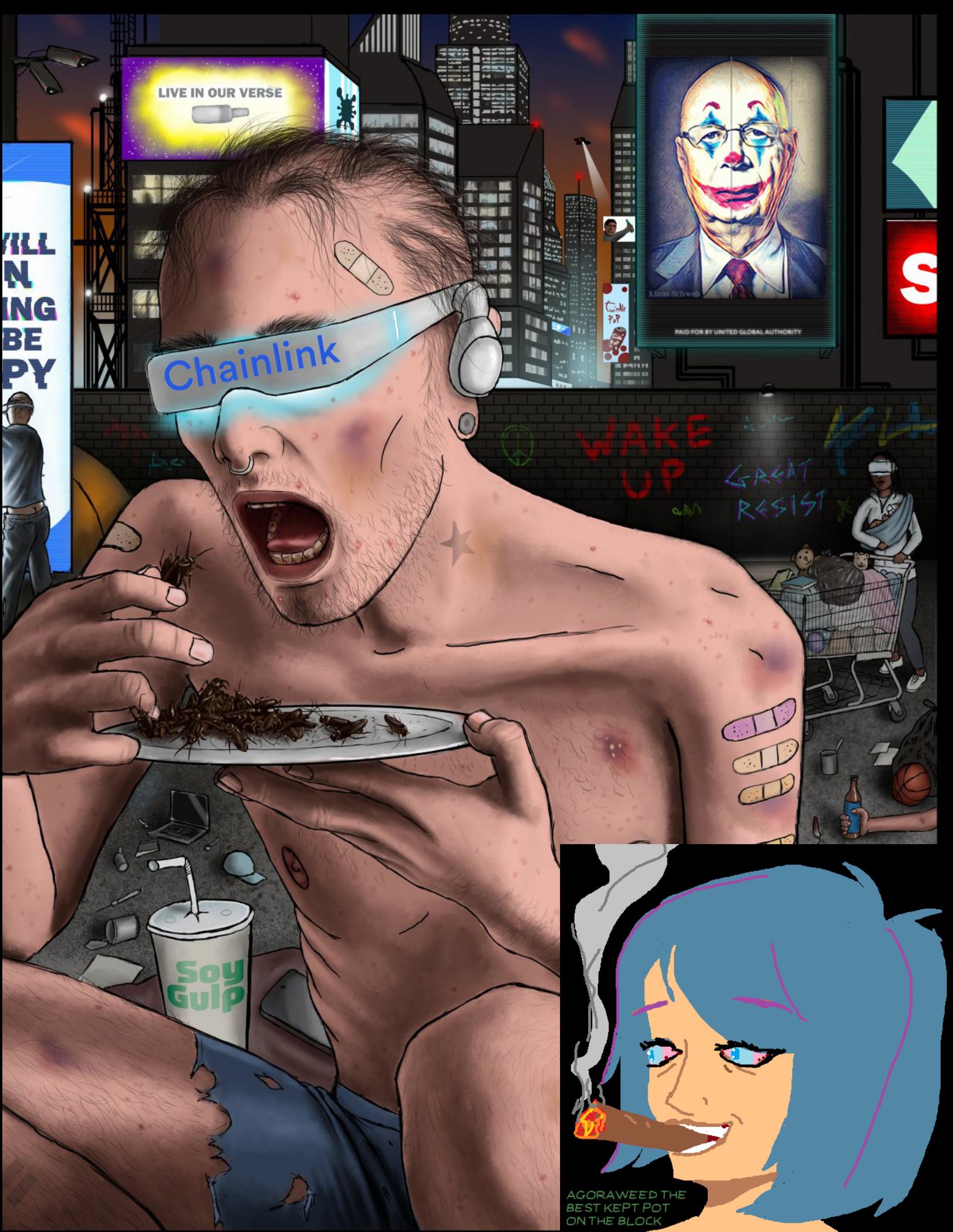
Chain  
Link

Twinkle Foods

Twinkle Foods

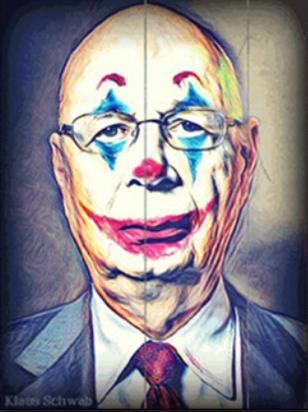
ROAD  
CRUMBS

Soy  
Gulp



LIVE IN OUR VERSE

Chainlink



Matti Schwab

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BE  
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WAKE  
UP

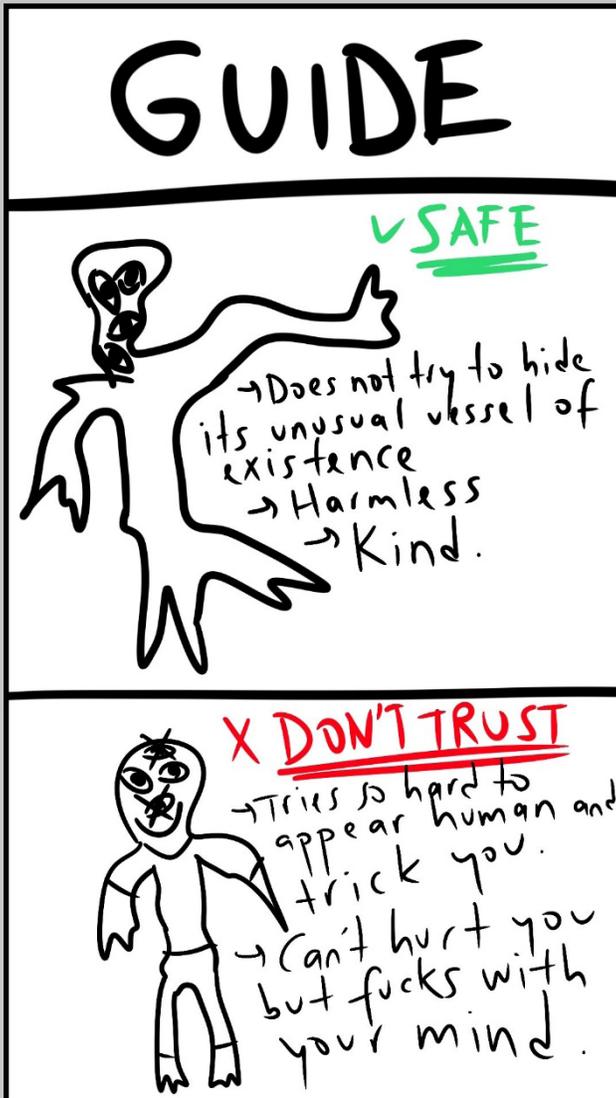
GREAT  
RESIST

Soy  
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AGORAWEEED THE  
BEST KEPT POT  
ON THE BLOCK

## A SCHIZO'S GUIDE TO ENTITIES!

Have you ever wondered how psychotic people see the world? Did you ever want to see a glimpse through the life of a schizo? Worry not, is there a place more schizo than Agora Road? Local psychotic here to explain the "entities" from a personal schizo perspective!



Who, or what, are "they"?

Hallucinations and/or delusions. Some people see them. Some people hear them. Some people feel them.

I feel them. Sometimes like a phantom feeling, and sometimes vividly. Sometimes they are hands all over my skin, my face, and my glasses. Sometimes they are entities that resemble humans. Sometimes they touch my shoulders. Sometimes they cup my cheek. They are very paternal/maternal when it's the friendly ones. Sometimes I can "hear" them singing along into my brain.



## Friendly

As I said, I don't see them. I feel them instead. I sense the kind of shape they would take (and do take). Perhaps it's their way of making me sense their physical vessel. It's not too clear as a vision, but it's their style.

They appear humanoid as in vague shape. Something like a head, something like a body, something like hands, and some wings. It's not that they need a human shape. It's not their "original" shape either. They actively choose to temporarily take that shape for the human perception.



They are tall. They have wings which look like a bat's, or look broken sometimes. They either have no eyes, stitched eyes, or non-human eyes. It's obvious that they are different than humans, and they like to show it with their eyes. They don't use their eyes to see, but rather as a connection (eye contact being important for humans to know that the other party is perceiving you and all that).

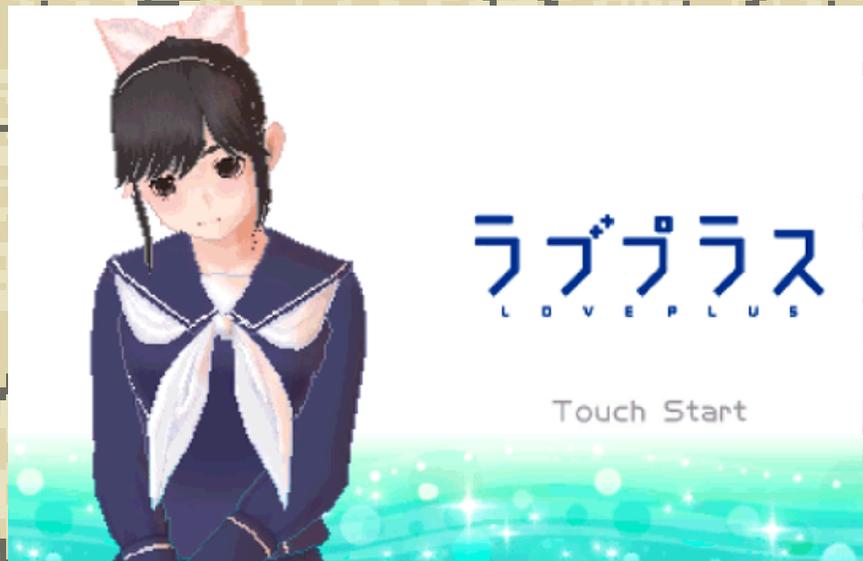
They don't like light much. Dim light is okay. Yellow hue light is better than white ones. Sunlight is somewhat okay when not obstructed by another thing (it's okay if you stand outside, but not that okay if you are inside and

it comes through the window). They favor pitch black darkness the most, or very dim yellow light.



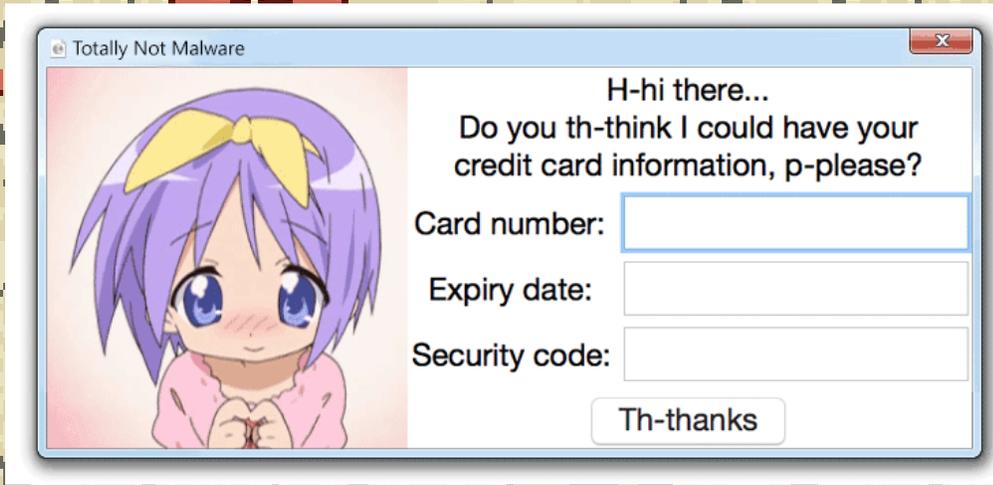
They like warm colors like brown in terms of decoration more, I suppose. Think wood. I cannot speak for them, though. Gold is a color I use a lot for them.

They won't "talk". They, however, can get into your "visions" and you can feel them sing along into your brain if it's certain things. Very specific lines and verses, for example. I have had Louis XIV-inspired entity cup my cheek, radiate warmth, and the line appeared in my head vividly as "Sip the sunlight from your eyes" (from a song by a band that the entities seem to favor in my situation: The Amazing Devil).



Talking about songs, they seem to like songs by Therion, Haggard, The Amazing Devil --that style, that genre, I don't know what it is. Sometimes I feel them right at my back, over my spine. They extend their arms through my flesh and it grows like broken wings or tree branches.





They sometimes cause “urges”. Things like falling on my knees and looking at the sky/ceiling, putting my hands in prayer position, etc. It is not to worship them. It is not an act of worship. It is some sort of being embraced by them. They put their hands on my shoulders, my skin, my face. They embrace me positively when it happens.

They are very friendly. Very often around me. Again, I call them very maternal/paternal even though “gender” doesn’t exist for them in that sense. They allow me to call them “father” or “mother”, though.

They seem to want to protect me sometimes. They want to empower me and tell me that I am more than I think I am. They are very wholesome, you see <3. I feel them extending through my skin like wings, just like I said. They make me have the urge to raise my chin and they embrace me.

I used to cook my breakfast blindfolded because it makes our connection stronger. I do almost everything in either full darkness or dim light with curtains closed because of this. If it’s not possible, I remove my glasses. My vision is truly bad, and I mean it in an “if my glasses couldn’t correct it, this vision would be considered legally blind”



This was supposed to be upside down but it's the point



Look, the green thing is the human self of me but then there's the shadow.  
And I ignore its endless deaths.  
But it looks at me and says, is it that I am nonhuman the reason you ignore my presence? Shall the weight of the suffering be zeroized if it's not a vessel of traditional existence?  
So it haunts me.



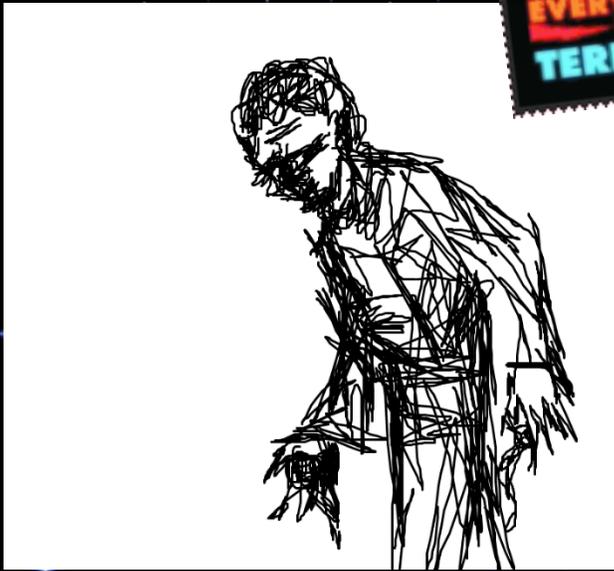
kind of way, literally.

**Tragic/human reflections**

Sometimes we all have it in us, you know? It’s when you feel yourself, your shadow self, standing outside of your body. It looks at you sadly. Treat yourself well, treat it well, please.

Or, another person's traces coming to you and standing next to you. I have had it with soldiers. I have had soldier entities/shadows/traces from the world wars and actually many unnamed periods of human history. I have felt their sorrow. I have felt them coming into my brain. They said, "We have to kill him. He is ruining the land. We are desperate." He had been dead for almost a century. I have felt them saying, "I miss my mother, but I will die and my tombstone will say 'Known Unto God' and that's it." I felt them sit aimlessly, wander aimlessly, their existence anchoring the room into a level below the floor. Does it make sense?

The song by Bowie, "The Man Who Sold The World" feels like it. Look at the lyrics, how it went like "We must have died alone, a long time ago." and "Not me, I never lost control", kinda denying it all. Denying their loss, their end, all that.



EVERYTHING  
IS  
TERRIBLE!



And no, they are not ghosts. They are more like traces you pick up on. You feel the way they do in a rush. I am sorry that I have died and my daughter had to grow up alone, but I have never been a 50-year-old man married with a kid anyway. Does it make sense?

They are indifferent to light. I don't know what triggers them. They come more at night to me, but perhaps it's because I feel sadder at night.

They never invade. I draw them with messy, sad lines. Mostly black and white.

Saddening that their existence lies mostly in trouble. Don't be sad, don't be sad; you want to say. Offer them a place, a chair or a space to stand by you. They disappear after a while, but leave a hint of sadness in your soul. You mourn for them, whatever it is that troubles them. They most likely mourn for you, too. They care, just like you do. It's sort of pressing your palm to the mirror, you are not so different. You are mercy.

HELL





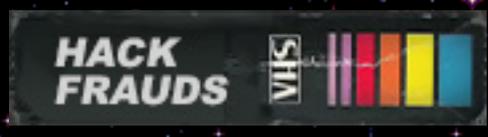
Invasive



One characteristic is that they “touch” your skin, your face, your glasses, your vision, and your soul a lot.

I feel their hands on me. Just thinking about it makes me feel the traces. They touch me when I don't want them to. I had a mental breakdown during the fucking psychology lecture just because of them. The artificial light was so fucking strong and they were triggered I think. They were there. They were everywhere, on my fucking face and skin and all.

Nothing can stop it. Perhaps the darkness, a blindfold, or removing the glasses can help. I have seen other psychotic people draw lots of hands while depicting their experiences, too. It makes

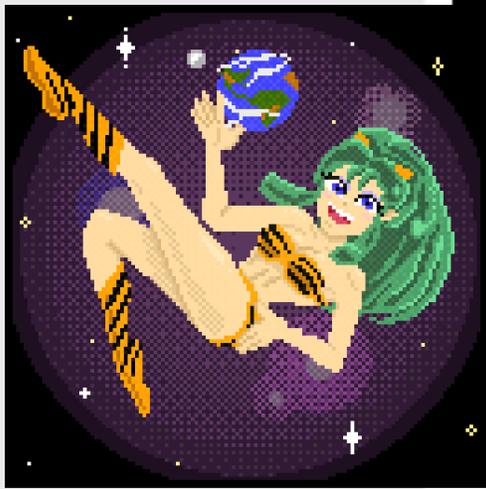


you want to remove your skin. Your skin can physically itch and nothing can stop it. I still don't know why they appear or act like that. They are more of “hands” than “bodies”. They seem to appear more in artificial light, in public, and when you are not actively engaged in focus work.





...more  
and of course, it just got a whole lot  
You should come see what all the talk i

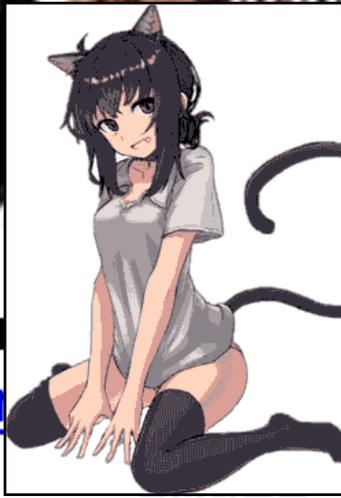


# GEOCITIES



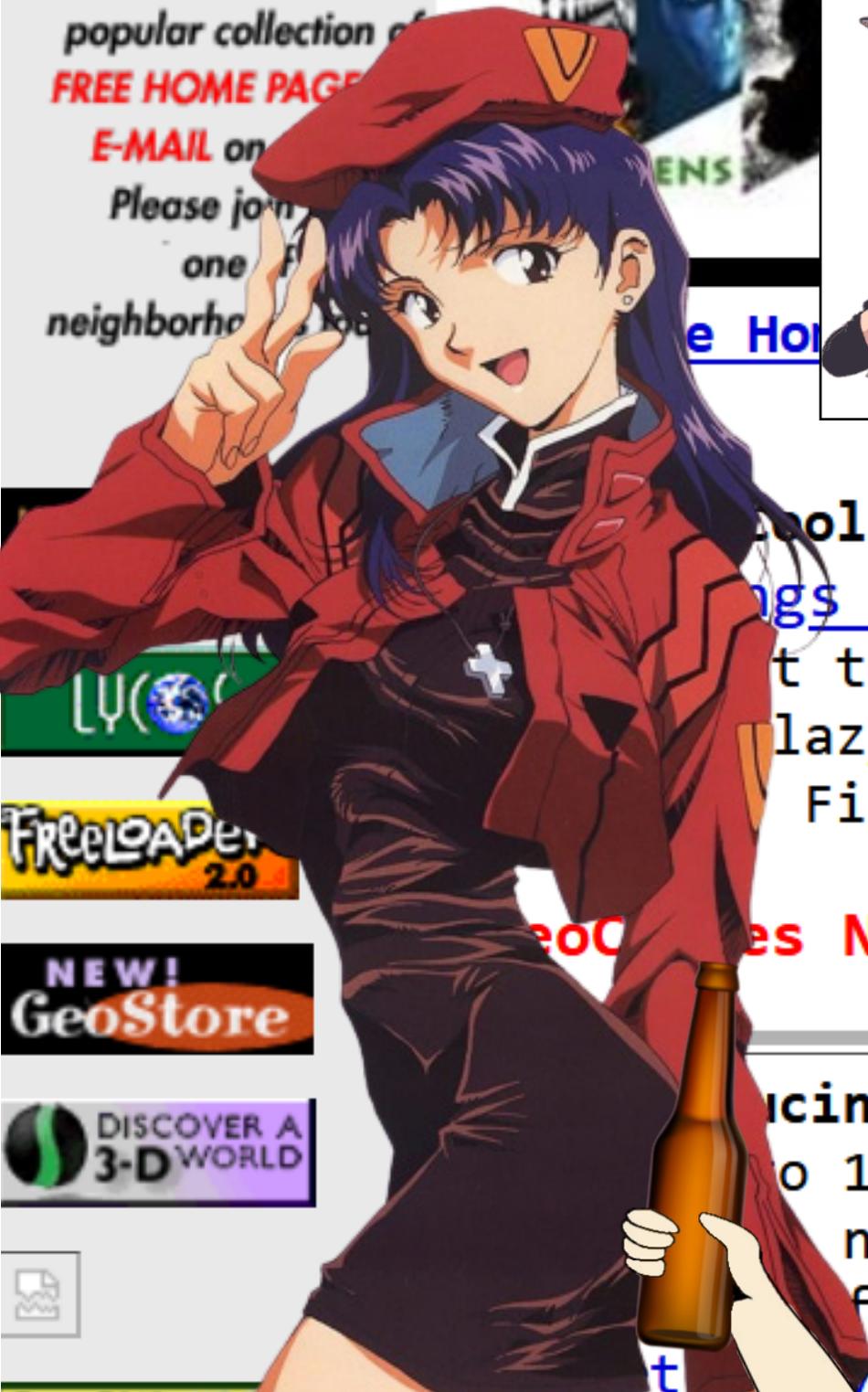
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DISCOVER A  
3-D WORLD







## Cat Food Sandwich Recipe

### Ingredients:

- Dry cat food
- Wet food (Salmon&Tuna for me)
- Plain bread
- Non-lactose milk for the sweet sweet taste

Preparation: Slice bread, put wet food and dry food in it. Dip into milk for best results.

Process&Comments: First of all, dry food easily falls off. You sometimes have to tuck it in again, or eat it at the same time as if it's nuts next to your beer. Maybe I could have mashed the wet food into a thin layer on the bread to stick the dry food into. However, this is not the only problem. Dry food is just too dry. It's like eating small pebbles in a bread. To soften it, I dipped the sandwich into milk. The taste was better, too. I recommend that way of approach. However, my bread was slightly sweet. If you're not a fan of sweets, you might want to eliminate the milk and try it with some salt.

Conclusion: To be repeated with dry food, sour yoghurt, salt, and cucumber slices in sandwich form. Wet food to be omitted. It is better on its own when you eat it with a spoon. Like eating Nutella from the jar, eat straight out of the can. Enjoy.

Conspiracy theory: I don't know how I got into cat food. I simply don't remember. I can't stop. I feel hunger when I smell it. I bet they put additives in it for cats to get addicted. It worked on me, too. I need to search more about this shit. It might be the part of a bigger cat-food conspiracy.



**CognacDefender**

@VaporwaveHistorian You're sick.









# Oily Guts, Half-Dick, and the Man-With-A-Million-Names / What Can the Androidist, Andrologist, Androgynous, Androgenesisist, Anthropomorphic, Anthropophagus, and Anthropocentric Do? / Flag Pole

Every place got its own legend. It includes this crazy fucking town, too. You got the usual scenery: old people standing there, waiting for a passerby to stop for a few minutes. Then, you find yourself facing some interesting story line like a goddamn main character of some dusty book.

But, well, the old cemeteries are expanding like some invading force. More graves, less stories. The eldest have the best stories, so I went around to find those with one foot in their graves already.

Like I said, this place is fucking crazy. Where to find the elders? With their one foot in their graves, like I said. And, goddamn, I couldn't get the elders to leave the goddamn cemetery. They just stood there, one foot in the hole and one foot out. I am told that they wait for their deaths in that position. Once they fall, someone comes in and puts dirt on them.

"Nice system we got 'ere, eh boy?"

And I nodded, because it felt like I'd give them a heart attack or something if I tried to argue. So I sat down on the mud, it had rained in the morning with half the elders still shaking, and the ones who could still speak decided to lend me a few words.

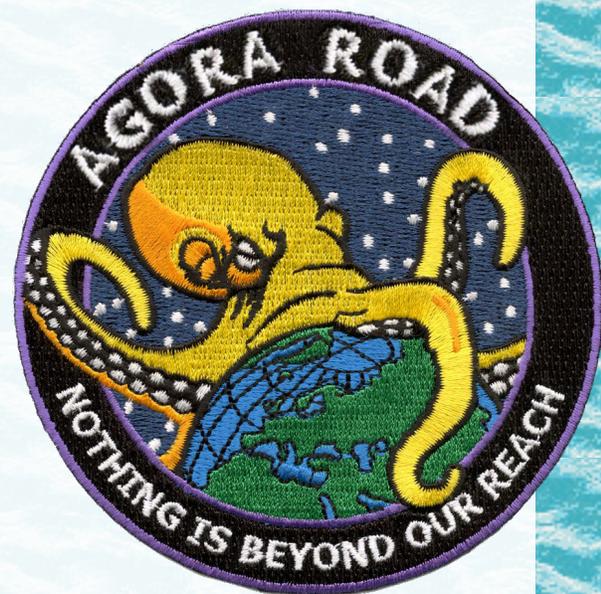
"Know the story 'f Rope?" one said.

"Nope, but you can te-"

"Ah feck no, kid. That's Pills for ya," another interrupted. And soon enough, people were shouting at each other from their graves.

"Pretty sure man's Dagger!"

"Dagger? What are ya, ancient prick? Man's been *Knife* since last week!"



"Shit no. Pretty sure Rifle's our last bet."

As they started throwing mud at each other, I tried my chance:

"If he's still alive, why don't I go ask him what his current nickname is?"

Which..worked.

"Sure ma boy, just be careful. Knock 'n the door thrice, jump 'ver the third step, don't look back."

So I left the goddamn cemetery, left all the people waiting for death just like that, and went to find whoever the fuck that man-with-a-million-names was.

It occurred to me halfway that I forgot to ask for the directions to his house. So, I asked around the village for Rope, Pills, Dagger, Knife, Pistol, Rifle, or whatever the fuck it was. I have caused a few arguments on my way, too. I'd ask a random old man sitting in the porch, he'd call the man a whole new name like "Barbed Wire" or "Baseball Bat" and his wife would suggest a whole another bunch of names. They would take their sweet time to fight and forget the initial question. The last couple offered between their fight that I ask the coffee house.



So I did. I think it had been three hours of listening to the entire problematic lives of dozens of couples around the village, and I was quite out of breath as I collapsed onto a chair.

"Well, ain't it a new face? Lost ya way or came for some kinda android shit?"

I frowned as I accepted the glass of water and took a sip. "I'm here for research."

The man flashed a victorious grin and turned to others, "Yeah, android shit. I'm tellin' ya!"

"I'm not an engineer, I'm working on social sciences-"

"Yeah, you're an androidist."



Someone else joined in, "Feckin' ol' lady balls, man. Get a grip. Shit ain't *androidist*, it's andrology. He's an andrologist."

And the voices got more diverse as the entire coffee house hopped into the talk:

"No, he's an androgynous."

"Androgenesist."

"It's anthropomorphic!"

"Anthropophagus, I'm tellin' ya! I repeat, anthropoph- what was't?"

"On me half-dick left behin' in combat, I swear it is anthropocentric!"

I raised my hand and they stopped. "Anthropologist," I said.

"So, it ain't anthropocentric?" said the last man, defeated.

"I mean, the field is, but the name is not."

"Well, no one's ever found the remains 'fit anyway. But if ye find it, can keep 't, anthropologist."

I politely declined his offer. It was only after fifteen minutes that it occurred to them to ask me about my research.

"It's about old tales," I said. "Elders of villages have interesting tales and 'legends' I roam around some settlements and ask about what they have to tell me."

"I got a story to tell ye," Half-Dick opened his mouth. Soon enough, he was silenced by a few other men. I still have a suspicion what he was about to say had some relation to his nickname.

"I got a better one," someone stood up.

"Ah sit down Oily Guts, he's not looking for *that* kind of stuff!"

"Come on, 'sit not legendary to take an oil bottle and-"

"I am looking for a specific story, actually,"



**Do you know about Agora Road,  
the best kept secret of the net?.**

CREDIT 00 LEVEL-4 CREDIT 00

# Bored?

We can fix that.

Agora Road

I had to cut in. I asked them about Rope, Pills, Dagger, Knife, Pistol, Rifle, or whatever the fuck it was. They came up with a million more newer nicknames of his, and I waited for another hour to let them fall silent.

"So, what was about him?" they asked, finally remembering my existence as I downed the bottom of my fifth cup of tea.

"I came here to ask where his house was."

"Ah yeah, ya wanna find Soil, ya go straight down the road, turn left--"

"An' the house withta pink flowers outside belongs 'a Water."

"Keep 'n mind: knock 'n the door thrice, jump 'ver the third step, don't look back. Man doesn't live 'lone. If ya do thin's right, our kids will open the door for ya, don't ya worry."

"He has a family?" I asked.

"Nope, one 'fa kind. We just send him our younglin's for company."

"Well eh, there's a benefit to the ma's and pa's forcin' all the kids to become docs. We got plenty. Their internship's sleepin' at his house and make sure he never stops gettin' new nicknames."

I nodded and tried to pay for the tea. They repeatedly declined. Once the fight for paying was over, "Why is it that important that he stops getting new names?" I asked. People laughed long and cruel, as if to shove it down everyone's throats that I was the poor fucking soul who didn't know about the man's legend.

"Oh boy, you've missed quite a lot, haven't ya? If the man's stopped with new names, means he's fuckin' dead. Simple, eh?"

"One 'a these days, sooner o' later, someone's gotta do the engravin' on his stone. An' Lord, will we needta cover an acre with all his names.."



"Later the better. Let the lad live, man's had shit."

"Man's had shit," they all repeated and nodded their heads. I politely declined all the offers of another cup of tea and got up.

"Ya still gotta hear my story sometime, tho," Oily Guts muttered as I walked to the door. I had to promise him that I would, sometime, I would.

So I went.

I knocked thrice, jumped over the third step, and didn't look back. A young woman opened the door, introducing herself as the "doc of the day". She immediately rushed back in to check on the man.

"Sorry about the lack of proper introduction. I just can't let him die on my watch."

"Is he in critical condition?" I followed her through the corridor.

"No," and she gestured.

The house was simple. No decor, nothing unnecessary. Hell, you couldn't even find basic needs either if you tried. We entered a room and it was completely empty except for just a pillow, a book, and a man.

The doctor called the man "Mirror" and asked about his day. He didn't look at her, he looked at me instead.

"Ya the new doc? Haven't seen a new face 'na lon' time now."

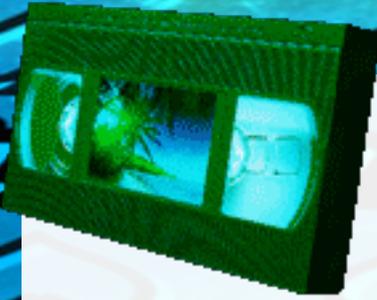
"Well, I'm a researcher."

"Eh? Make sure'ta dissect ma body well."

"I..don't work at a morgue."

"Sad. Stay 'ere long 'nough and ya soon get'ta work 'na dead body. How





many times'a ya life ya got this chance?"

"I hope never."

"Eh, ta each 'is own. Anyway, what brings ya 'ere if not the doc-work?"

My answer was short as simple:

"I want to hear your story."

He gestured at the ground and I kneeled. He grinned like some kind of beast that never died even if he tried. The doctor kneeled on the other side of the room, just like a prison guard. I wondered if she was trying to keep me from potential danger.

"What'd'ya know 'bout me?"

"I heard that you had many names. And if you ever stop changing nicknames, it means that you are dead."

"Damn right."

"I went to the cemetery to ask the..elders..about the stories they knew. They gave me your name."

"Which name'a mine they gave ya?"

"Rope, Pills, Dagger, Knife, Pistol, Rifle.."

He laughed, "They're the ol' ones. I've gone creative lately!"

"What is your name now?" I asked.

"Book."

It caused the doctor to jump on her feet and snatch the book away from the man. She repeatedly shook her head and put it away. The man only laughed, long and tough, ended up with a heavy cough.

"Eh, 'twas a joke! Give't back!"

"I can't."

"How'm'I supposed'ta kill maself with a fuckin' book, eh?"





"You would find a way. You tried the mirror this morning. We can't trust you with anything here."

"Not a lie."

The doctor moved her hand as if to say 'keep an eye on him' and briefly exited the room. I raised my eyebrows at the man, "So that's how you get your nicknames?"

"Connected the dots yet, kid?"

"You attempt to take your own life with objects and you get a new nickname based on those."

"Yup, very clever there. Say, ya ain't a doc, for real? Ya got the mind."

"No, thank you. I'm an anthropologist. I do research on humans. Culture, the way they live, history, you name it."

"Hm, sure ya got questions then."

And I only nodded, going ahead with his mirroring nod of approval.

"How did this all begin?"

The doctor returned with a bowl of soup. She fed the man herself while the man simply grinned. He was thinking. Thinking of an answer, of a clever way to put it, perhaps a creative way to kill himself. After it was done, the doctor kneeled down and fixed her gaze on him just in case.

"So boy, ya wonder 'bout the first time? Well, I don' remember that far. But I remember the war, eh? People used'ta come'ta me an' ask, 'Why not fight along with us? Holy cause, very glorious, very big. Fight with us.'"

"What did you say?"

"I had ma ol' rifle 'n the corner. I'd take't in ma hand an' say, 'Look, chap. I've got nothin'ta fight for, no grand cause'ta put the lives 'f others down the





deep dark well, got it? Simple 'nough for ya? Come'ta me talkin' bout holy names ya slap 'round like that, an' ya know I'll repaint ma office ceiling red by the time this convo's over! He ran 'way, thinkin' I'd kill 'im. Nope. Was referrin'ta maself."

"So, you didn't fight?"

"Nope. Refused'ta take lives. 'Grand cause, big cause, great cause.' They talk 'bout 'collateral damage' or shit. Ya think I can handle the blood 'f 'nother human bein' on ma hands? Only ma own blood, boy. Only ma own. I don' care what we'll get'n the end, I can't live with it 'f I end a life, got it?"

"It is.."

"Stupid? I know. 'We got to work for the higher cause.' Many've told me that. But, eh, guess ya got some rotten fruit n'any commun'ty. Cross me out's some kinda insane ol' lad an' let me free 'f blood on ma hands, boy."

"I wasn't going to say stupid. I was about to say.."

And we sat there in silence. I wished I was studying literature, maybe then I would know of a word say. Or maybe I could study psychology so I would know how to feel.

"Eh boy," he said in the end, vaguely waving his hands, "anythin' else?"

"What was your first nickname?"

"Well, wasn' ma first attempt but it'd become a habit by then. 'Poison,' they called me first. Changed few times'a year, then once'a month, then once'a week, now we got... few times'a day or so?"

"Unfortunately," the doctor spoke.

"Eh, kid, that'sa way'ta live, way'ta die, way'ta rock back an' forth the line between 'em both. And..ya got more 'f



that soup?"

The doctor exited the room, returning with more soup. We sat in some kind of neutral silence. It was as if the entire world, except us, was destroyed along with the concepts of comfortable and uncomfortable. We lived, we surely lived at that moment, and the man most likely thought about how to break that moment into something gruesome. I was there to witness it, a foreign gravekeeper to appear and act as the Reaper for once. The doctor was there to be a botanist, to feed a dying plant just because it was in her window that damned day. And, well, what can I say? It was silent as fuck except for the man's gaze on me, and I never really knew before that a gaze could speak enough to break complete silence.

Or maybe it was the fact that he was humming the whole goddamn time. Yeah, must be that. I can't place the song, though. Never occurred to me to ask either.

"How many names have you had?" I asked.

He wiped his mouth on his sleeve. I wondered if he ever tried to make it into a rope to hang himself.

"Was a guy who counted."

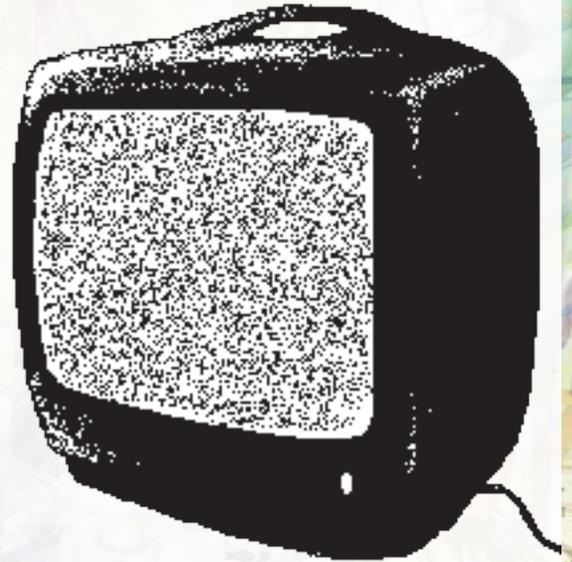
"What happened to him?" I asked.

He laughed and shifted on his pillow. I wondered if he ever tried to choke himself with that. "His nickname 'as 'Bookkeeper.' His nickname changed an' he didn' really count no more. Talkin' bout books, can I have ma book back?"

"Is he alive?" I asked.

He took his book back and fiddled with it. I wondered if papercuts could make you bleed to death. "Yup, slacks 'round the coffee house. Oily Guts, I 'member."

Well, my face slightly lit up. I felt less stupid



when I encountered a name I knew. "He told me he could tell me how he got his nickname."

"Oh yeah? That's a story, boy. What a story. Ask the doc, guess she's the one who had to handle it?"

She was waving her hand dismissively, "He got his guts oily, that was it."

"Some kind of metabolic problem?"

"Got half a liter of oil in his intestines. Not by the normal path up, though."

As she was muttering something about the human stretching capabilities, I noticed that it was already night.

"Thank you for telling me your story," I raised myself up to my feet.

The man shook my hand, "Yeah, anytime. As long as I live, I'll be tellin' ma story."

I wasn't planning to say anything else, but the innocent fucker in my brain got me bad. "Please live."

As if it could change something. As if it would help a life. As if it would make a difference.

His laugh was long and tough. Then he only coughed. He didn't say anything.

I stepped outside.

Walking through the streets, some people stopped me. Apparently the word had got around that I was an androidist, andrologist, androgynous, androgenesisist, anthropomorphic, anthropophagus, and anthropocentric. I saw a second-grader who was showing off his abilities of spelling out those

words to me, and he was cut short when his father caught up to him and took him home for his past bedtime. Before leaving, though, he asked, "How do you get to be so many things at once?"



EVANGELION:3.0 × 

再販売スタート

エヴァンゲリオン  
コラボレーション  
アイテム登場。

©カラー



"Believe me," I said, "you people are more than I could ever be."

As I passed through the street of the coffee house, people got out to ask me about 'the truth.' They formed a circle around me:

"What is it?"

"Mirror," I sighed out.

There were whistles, "Man's got creative." I may or may not have seen some coin exchange

between a few people, some victorious "I told ya" faces and some defeated ones.

"Where're ya gonna go now?," one of them said.

I told them that the elders in the cemetery were also waiting for 'the truth.'

"Sleep tonight an' ya go there t'morrow, no?"

Half-Dick offered that I stay in his house for the night and visit the cemetery tomorrow. "They're restin'. Even the half dead gotta sleep," he said. I agreed, it made sense that it didn't make sense.

We made it to his house. He very proudly showed me a decorated display on the fireplace. There was a glass box in the middle of it all.

"Ye know why I got this 'ere?"

"Why?"

"I'll put the bones 'f me half-dick 'ere if I ever find it!"

I figured that it was not the best time for me to assume the role of an andrologist, so I nodded and approved of it. He seemed proud. He showed me the room he prepared for me. We said goodnight and I closed the door. That was it.





## ONISCUS ASELLUS

You're just here to have a good time. You don't take things too seriously and instead take things as they happen. It's okay to be serious about things every once in a while!

casiopea's isopod quiz

I spent the night dreaming of nameless wars and faceless men. There was just one clear scene, though. It was him, it was *him*. He had a rifle in his hand and his ceiling was painted red.

When I woke up, there was breakfast on the kitchen table. Half-Dick was reading his newspaper calmly, "Ye had a nightmare?"

"I..don't know."

"Sure seemed like it. Had been shiftin' all night."

"I *know* I saw something. I just don't know if I can call it a nightmare. And..how do you know that I was shifting-"

"Relax, I only got half'a dick. Just'd been checkin' on ye."

I downed the breakfast quicker than I normally would. I thanked him and made my way outside.

The streets were crowded. Some people were cheering and some were tearful. I tried to recall if the main headline of Half-Dick's newspaper was about the war. Unless women in bikinis were an analogy for death and blood, things seemed fine in the morning. Then, someone held me by the shoulders and

shouted at my face:

"Ya the androidist? He's dead. Go write 'at down! He's finally dead!"

I ran. I didn't know where I was going. I passed by his house where the crowd mainly was located. They were trying to question the new 'doc of the day'. I didn't stop. I ran through the streets until I lost my path.

I stopped at the war memorial. There it was, the flag pole. He was



hanging by its nylon rope, half of the flag ripped in his hand and half of it on the ground. His body had changed color and it was quite out of place.

I felt someone behind me. It was the doc of yesterday. We stood in some kind of neutral silence. It was as if the entire world, except us, was locked out. We existed, we surely existed at that moment, being in some kind of situation we could never find the words or the feelings to name. The man was hanging from the pole of the flag he refused to kill for. I was there to witness it as a foreign androidist, andrologist, androgynous, androgenesisist, anthropomorphic, anthropophagus, and anthropocentric who appeared one day and acted as the Reaper for once. The doctor was there to keep the record and be the botanist to finally cut the dead tree down.

And, well, what can I say? It was silent as fuck except for the fact that he was dead, and I never really knew before that death could speak enough to break complete silence.

So I turned to her. She had her arms on her sides and gaze fixed on the man, and she spoke:

"A scenery, no?"

And, goddamn, I got rid of everything in my stomach and just made it to the cemetery.

The elders were awake, at least the ones who hadn't died the night before, and they asked for the truth. Their graves were forming a circle around me.

"What is it?"

I took the war memorial plaque out of my bag and threw it on the ground.

"All those fucking *heroes* on that list. And you won't get any more names."

There were whispers, "He must be dead."



I only nodded as I made my way out of that crazy fucking town.

The body was taken off by the time the crowd got to the memorial, they say. They say that he ran away from home when the new doc of the day turned his back for a second. Someone also stole the plaque of the war memorial, it is reported. It is also reported that there were many volunteers for his autopsy.

But I wasn't there for the news. I was home by then, sitting in an empty room with a pen in my hands and a pillow under my legs. I wrote for months, eating soup and finishing notebooks.

Every now and then, someone reads my book and compliments my research. They ask me what I think about some new documented phenomenon or a much-discussed sociology debate. I seem to zone out at some point.

They poke me and repeat their words.

“Well,” I laugh, long and tough, and it ends up with a heavy cough, “I sure think the ceiling needs new paint.”



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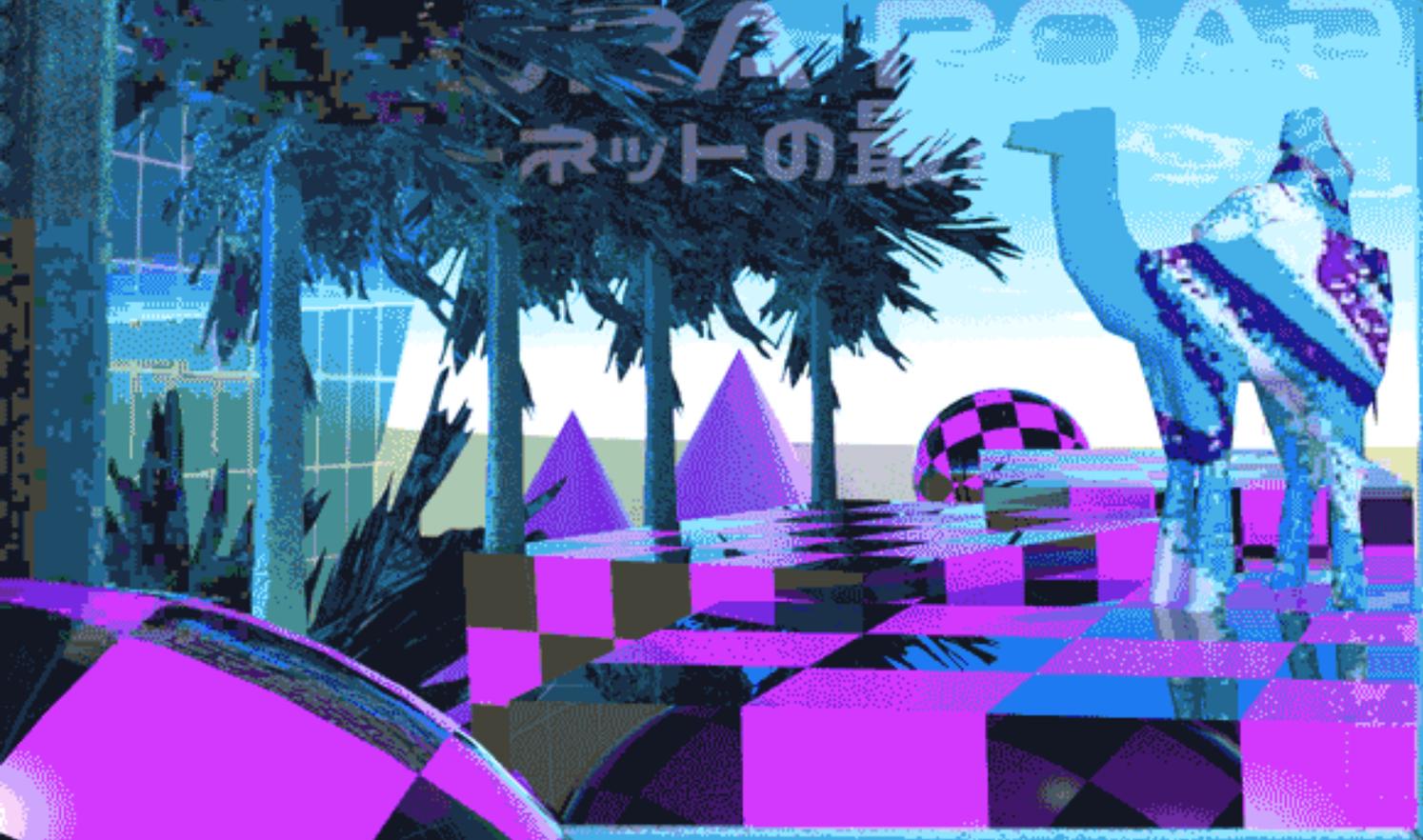
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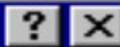
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PUMP



### Congratulations on leaving



Congratulations, Manpaint! The final goal of Agora Road is to leave the internet entirely. It was nice having you here. Don't look back, we're all rooting for you!

-Punp

Exit Agora

OK

Actually...

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

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

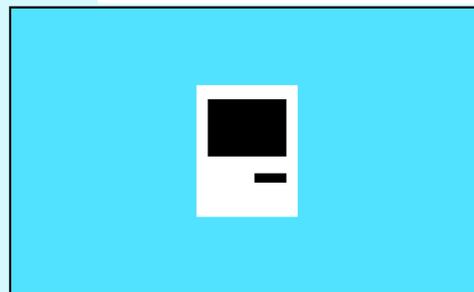
Also check out, Agora Craft (IP is 94.198.42.186:55098)

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Call in Shows Sunday@11:30 PM UTC

Shout out to Voicedrew! For making the  
"Travelers of Agora Road" Webring!

Shout out to Hadrian Hardrada Cicero for making the Agora Road Flag



Travelers of Agora Road

# Travelers of Agora Road

There are currently 20 members of this webring

