“How do you document real life”: A tale of RENT, Floppies, and Digital Forensics

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MY ROLE IS DIGITAL MEDIA CURATION.

AM I SUPPOSED TO KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?

HA HA! I LOOK DOWN ON YOU FOR NOT UNDERSTANDING MY TRENDY JARGON.

YOUR IGNORANCE IS ON DISPLAY FOR ALL TO SEE!

LEAVE THIS MEETING NOW! YOU ARE NOT WORTHY!

MAYBE YOU COULD JUST TELL US WHAT CURATION MEANS.

FINE. LET'S TRY THAT.

IT MEANS UM... UM... IS IT TOO LATE FOR ME TO OVERLOOK YOUR IGNORANCE AND MOVE ON?
Turning the Pages of the Archimedes Palimpsest (youtube)
A mighty scourge to东亚 unworthy the head of a civilized nation:
he has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian
sweeney, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of
all ages, sexes & conditions of existence.
He has incited treacherous insurrections of our fellow-citizens with the
allurements of fortune, & the seductions of our prosperity.
he has sought to divide us against human nature itself, working at its most va.
our fellow-citizens,
our fellow-citizens
our fellow-citizens
our fellow-subjects.
Howard Ashman’s Disks at the Library of Congress
> dd if=/dev/fd0 of=./disk53.dmg
*TEXT uses a file type that is blocked from opening in this version.

To help secure your computer, some file types are blocked from opening when you double-click the file or drag the file to the Microsoft Word icon. If you trust that this file is secure, you can open the file by clicking Open on the File menu.

Learn more about blocked file types

OK
(The wind blows out all the candles in the loft)

ROGER
THAT WAS MY LAST MATCH

MIMI
WAIT. OUR EYES’LL ADJUST. LUCKY THE MOON’S OUT

ROGER
IT’S NOT THE MOONLIGHT-
THERE’S A GAP STORE FOUR BLOCKS AWAY

MIMI
BAH HUMBUG
BAH HUMBUG

(SHE places her hand under his, pretending to do it by mistake)

ROGER
COLD HANDS

MIMI
YOURS TOO.
BIG. LIKE MY STEPFATHER’S
YOU WANNA DANCE

ROGER
WITH YOU?

MIMI
NO- WITH MY STEPFATHER

ROGER
I’M ROGER

MIMI
THEY CALL ME MIMI
ROGER
THAT WAS MY LAST MATCH

MIMI
OUR EYES’LL ADJUST. THANK GOD FOR THE MOON

ROGER
MAYBE IT’S NOT THE MOON AT ALL
I HEAR SPIKE LEE’S SHOOTING DOWN THE STREET

MIMI

BAH HUMBUG

(SHE places her hand under his, pretending to do it by mistake. THEY give up on the search and begin to stand, still holding hands.)

ROGER

COLD HANDS

MIMI

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(HE discreetly blows out the candle and places the bag in his pocket.

MIMI
WHAT'D YOU TO WITH THE CANDLE?

(The wind blows out all the candles in the loft)

ROGER
THAT WAS MY LAST MATCH

MIMI
OUR EYES'LL ADJUST. THANK GOD FOR THE MOON

ROGER
MAYBE IT'S NOT THE MOON AT ALL

I HEAR SPIKE LEE'S SHOOTING DOWN THE STREET
LIGHT MY CANDLE

Jonathan Larson C. 1993

what you forgot
you're shiver ing
and I'm just a little weak on my feet
nothing, your hair in the moonlight
you look familiar
can't eat much today at least the room stop'd spinning
anyway what?
nothing, your smile reminded me!
always remind people of who is she?
Her name was