





"WE DON'T NEED TO TRY TO CHANGE THE WORLD,  
ONLY OUR PERCEPTION OF ITS BOUNDARIES."

# PAIN MAGAZINE

## ISSUE 15: UNSILENCED.

|                                 |                      |
|---------------------------------|----------------------|
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# Letter from the Editor by alienbinary

This issue marks a serious landmark in the history of the 'zine. Not only am I proud, as always, to bring another issue of PAIN Magazine to the eager masses, but I'm incredibly excited about the graphical layout that CaponeX has created for PDF, which will enable PAIN to be printer friendly, and allow more and more people to distribute the magazine as they wish. The first issue to go into PDF is issue 14, which was the latest

that CaponeX had to work with at the time he began his project. Chances are, the PDF version will be a later release, but no less anticipated. I'm more grateful than I can express, as well, that he has taken the time to put together a professional layout which enhances, not destroys, the feeling of the zine.

As for the writers, we are becoming a more diverse and committed group of reporters, editors, hacktivists, artists and writers every day. The skills brought to the table by each and every one of the dozens of contributors are staggering. From militaria to librarian, programmer to police officer, soldier to paramedic, there are no limits to the types of professions and training that makes up the demographic of our writers and our listeners.

**Free media and  
free speech are in  
jeopardy, sadly,  
more so than ever.**

As you know, RantMedia is our partner in thoughtcrime, and if you haven't been paying attention, RM has been exploding into new realms that weren't possible before. Sean's books are in print, Gimm's making everything into a DVD, and Newsreal has just become a hardcore news outlet for some estimated five thousand listeners a day. This is far and wide one of the most rewarding things I've been able to participate in for a long time.

Because of the communities that have formed, people are being turned on to PAIN by friends and co-workers, which makes our reader base so much broader and more interesting to hear from. Where I used to troll the IRC and ask if ANYBODY HAD READ ANY OF THE ISSUES, I now have to check all six or so email accounts that have been associated with the magazine in order to get just a portion of the feedback that is being sent my way by dedicated readers who beleive in the causes of free speech and free media. Free media and free speech are in jeopardy, sadly, more so than ever. People are afraid to speak their minds, afraid to be associated with the media, afraid to be known, even online. The corporate political media has vilified the hacking culture so much, that it's no longer considered even remotely safe to identify yourself as such, even in certain channels.

I would like to send an extra special thank you and fond farewell to Phrack Magazine which is closing it's doors after an incredibly long time, for being one of the most outstanding pioneers in electronic magazines. Phrack was, and always will be a landmark of the online culture, and will

not fade away, but be archived and preserved as one of the early bastions of free speech. Taran King and Knight Lightning suffered quite a bit financially and legally for their efforts, but phrack's editorship was passed to others who beleived in the dissemination of free information, and thus proved that free speech WAS at the core of what hacking is all about. The thirst for knowledge is a healthy, beautifull attribute, and it is so sad to see the corporate schools try and destroy this creativity and exploration in our children. Other writers, like the famed Eric Bloodaxe, the Leftist and the Mentor (whose article "The Hacker Manifesto", Phrack Issue #7 was even featured in the major motion picture "Hackers", 1995, by MGM) were inspirations (better or worse) for a whole new breed of writers: the electronic zine world. You can find more information at the Wikipedia article on phrack at: <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Phrack>, courtesy of Cimmerian. (on a side note, I, like SKTFM, often outsource my data to the most available person when I can't remember something. Many an episode of The SKTFM Radio Show contains a reference to the famous "Smokehouse! What's my address?" phonecall. In my case, it's "Meph, what am I doing, you know, in general?"")

With this issue, I also find myself proud to announce the open sourcing of even the most important and guarded of information. For a while now, I've wondered when Medical information would make it to the masses. While I don't by any means claim to be an authority on the subject of medicine, fortunately, someone in the readership is. With this issue, we usher in another kind of free information; info with the power to save lives. This is both exciting and imperative. While I would urge no person to base their actions solely on the text of an independent quasi-hacker zine, I think that it is only responsible to educate the world about how to best take care of themselves in a bad situation. The world is a scary place, and rather than allowing people to be frightened into a corner, I would prefer to arm them with the tools they need to be better equipped to handle life as it exists today. Having been certified by the American Red Cross a long time ago, I've long held the belief that everyone should get first responder training. It is my hope, that this series of basic texts on first aid and first responder training will encourage people to look into the very important fields of life saving techniques. As a counterculture, we must act as a positive alternative to the mass media and cultural norm. In order to remain positive, we must offer good, positive messages as well. While it is no less important to decry an increasingly censored world, it's absolutely fucking necessary that we also show that the world is manageable without being enslaved and ensnared by the corporate medical world. Ironically, this all came about when I asked if anyone knew how to make penicillin from breadmold, having come across quite a bit when I was house sitting.

I could very well go on and on about this issue and the many positive things that I see in the community at large, I will leave this introduction with the encouragement to keep it up. Only through unity, perserverance and idealism (that includes compassion), will we continue to grow.

Thanks for downloading this issue, and many thanks to every single person who has ever contributed so much as a kind word of encouragement, I give you PAiN Magazine, Issue Number 15.

[ A Letter From the Co-Editor: Turnspike ]

KISS. Keep It Simple Stupid. It's easier said than done. The problem with KISS, is that by the time you realize you need to keep it simple, you are buried under a ton of complications. This is my life. My resolution is to begin localizing my life. Stop using credit cards, use the money from the bank instead. Stop doing favors for national or regional groups, and do more for local groups. Say no to other people once in a while, when you have things to do in your own house. And most importantly, organize so there IS less to do in your own house.

My effort to KISS is mostly because it doesn't take much complication to stress me out, and when I stress out, I tend to shut down. Do nothing. Go AWOL. Depression anybody? Anxiety maybe? Well I will get that too straightened out with my doctor, but I know medication is a band-aid. What I need is to re-learn a few things, and start simple. This zine is one of those things that really stress me out. I am not a writer, I am a graphic artist, and even my art suffers under stress. For me, trying to write is a painful, over processed, chunk of shit that I have to somehow edit later to make it flow. Right now is probably the least painful time I have had writing for a long while, and it is mostly because I just had a huge blow-up with my girlfriend. I am very numb, and I have been typing ever since.

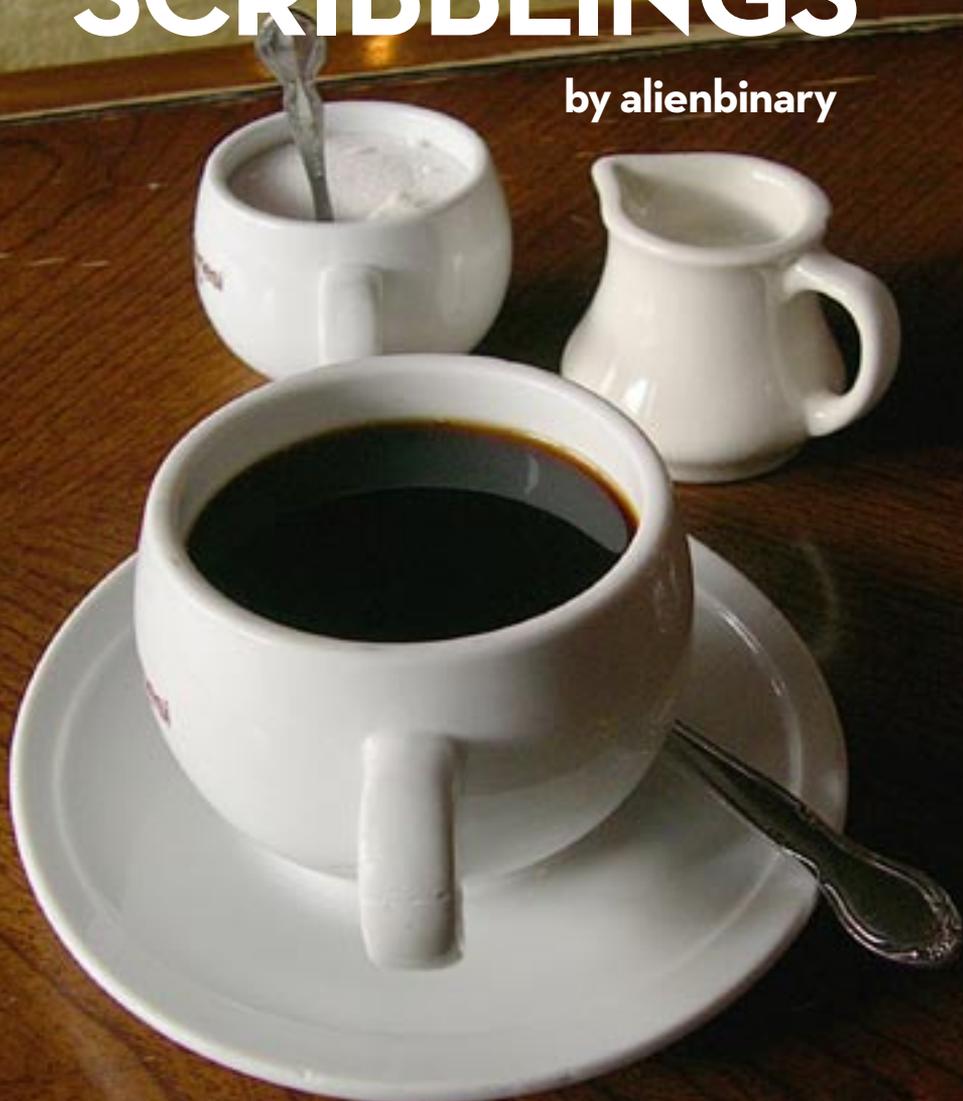
This being said, I can no longer help Alienbinary with PAIN anymore. I have to let it go. I have been absent from the RantRadio community for some time now, and I can really do this zine no justice. I do know however that in my absence, someone will pick up the slack and help AB take this zine to the next level. Alienbinary is a great treasure for any zine, and he has been supportive of me at every step. I wish I had the skills to give him the back-up he deserves.

I am very opinionated, and I still wish to contribute to PAIN when I find time, so you have not heard the last of me. Like a ghost, I will most likely not be around much, but eventually I will make my rounds and visit my old haunts. I wish PAIN, RantRadio, and all of our supporters the very best. Thanks for everything.

Turnspike

# COFFEESHOP SCRIBBLINGS

by alienbinary



I'm at a Starbucks. No don't snicker, I will hit you. Anyway, I'm at a Starbucks, typing on my sexy little iBook, wondering if anyone will ever read this drivel. Fifteen issues, that's a lot of text. Right now I'm just waiting for the Robitussin to quit making my nerves feel like gelatin. I feel like such a yuppy sometimes, an iced soy chai latte a foot away from the keyboard. ►

I spent the morning trying to ignore the sounds of construction wafting through the ventilation system. The wierd thing about an old house is that you can hear anything anywhere in the house, through the vents. For that very reason, I have fans going all the time, to dull the sounds that might otherwise escape my room. I've heard the word "exactly" about fifteen times in less than a minute. Adjacent to where I sit, a couple discusses bad literature, taking turns talking in spurts, while the other agrees wholeheartedly, listening not at all. They just got up and left. I don't think I'll miss them.

For reasons that are alien to me, corporate has decided that it would be a fine idea to play Salsa music over the loudspeakers, as if this wouldn't irritate the patrons. When I used to work here, they played the same things, they're all on cassette. Who the fuck plays tapes anymore? I remember I once put a tape adapter in the system, connected it to my ipod, and played Crystal Method over the speakers. I think the store was closed then, but I'm not sure. Who cares.

Now there's something that sounds like Theivery Corporation, but muted, on the stereo. It's relaxing, kinda chill. I have a feeling the lead barista here changed the tracks, she's incredibly cool. I sometimes wonder if I haven't seen her in Harvard Square, or maybe on Newbury. Her boots are up to her knees, Dr. Marten air soled boots. Black leather knee highs. Hot. Not to mention, I'm a sucker for the chic librarian glasses, or maybe secretary glasses, I can never remember style names. They're those glasses that have hard black frames, tight rectangles with barely noticeable curves and almost no modification in the lenses. They look great with pig tails, but that's not the point. I'm not sure, but I think she just switched it to Monty Python. Now it's bongos. Someone's having fun with the PA.

On my AIM screen, I'm trying to convince Artemis to come down to the starbucks I'm sitting in, because I know she's in the area. Trying to pin her attention down is like trying to catch a gypsy moth on acid without a net. She's easily one of the only people I know who designs their own buddy icons. Great. We just compared plans today. Tonight she has a date, I have group therapy. Being a counselor is a wierd thing. Not overly wierd, but just weird enough that nothing looks the same as it did when I was just a civilian. I look

## Trying to pin her attention down is like trying to catch a gypsy moth on acid without a net.

around the room-- any room in any city or state-- and I think to myself "I wonder how long that person has been doing cocaine...", it's sad. For fuck's sake, Artemis has taken to making songs out of what I type into the chat box. Great. It's a good thing neither of us work normal hours anymore.

I'm supposed to call Abby soon. Absynthe, that is. I've taken to calling Green Fairy Absynthe on account of the direct reference, and "Absynthe" is a more streamlined name. She could care less, as far as I know. I don't get the best reception in here, and I'm a little bit fucked for portability. My iBook is plugged in, and my iPod is charging off the lappy to boot. Something suddenly smells like antiseptic handwipes. It's that liquid talcum powder smell, horribly abrasive, makes your eyes itch. I hate that shit. I'm off for now.

Now that's interesting. According to iTunes, there's a "Black Music Month," which of

course, they're celebrating. I would think that was a rather sketchy thing to do, to ethnically categorize music. Yeah, there's klezmer and salsa, and those genres are almost exclusive, but I still wouldn't suggest a PR move like "latino and jewish music month." It seems like too much of a risk. I'd hate to be the person at Apple who can't say out loud that he doesn't like the music. He'd be run out of town on a rail if he voiced even his opinion.

Even better, there's now an "iTunes Essentials" "Dinner Party" Mix. That's just

## People must have some sort of trust for other tech junkies.

priceless. With the ease of digital downloads and point and click entertainment, you can be a masterfully elegant DJ at your own house or event for about twenty five dollars. Personally, I'd find it incredibly suspect if I went to more than one function where the playlists and play orders were too similar. Now I know what to expect, I suppose. Remind me to bring an mp3 player to any business functions I attend that are more formal than "come as you are."

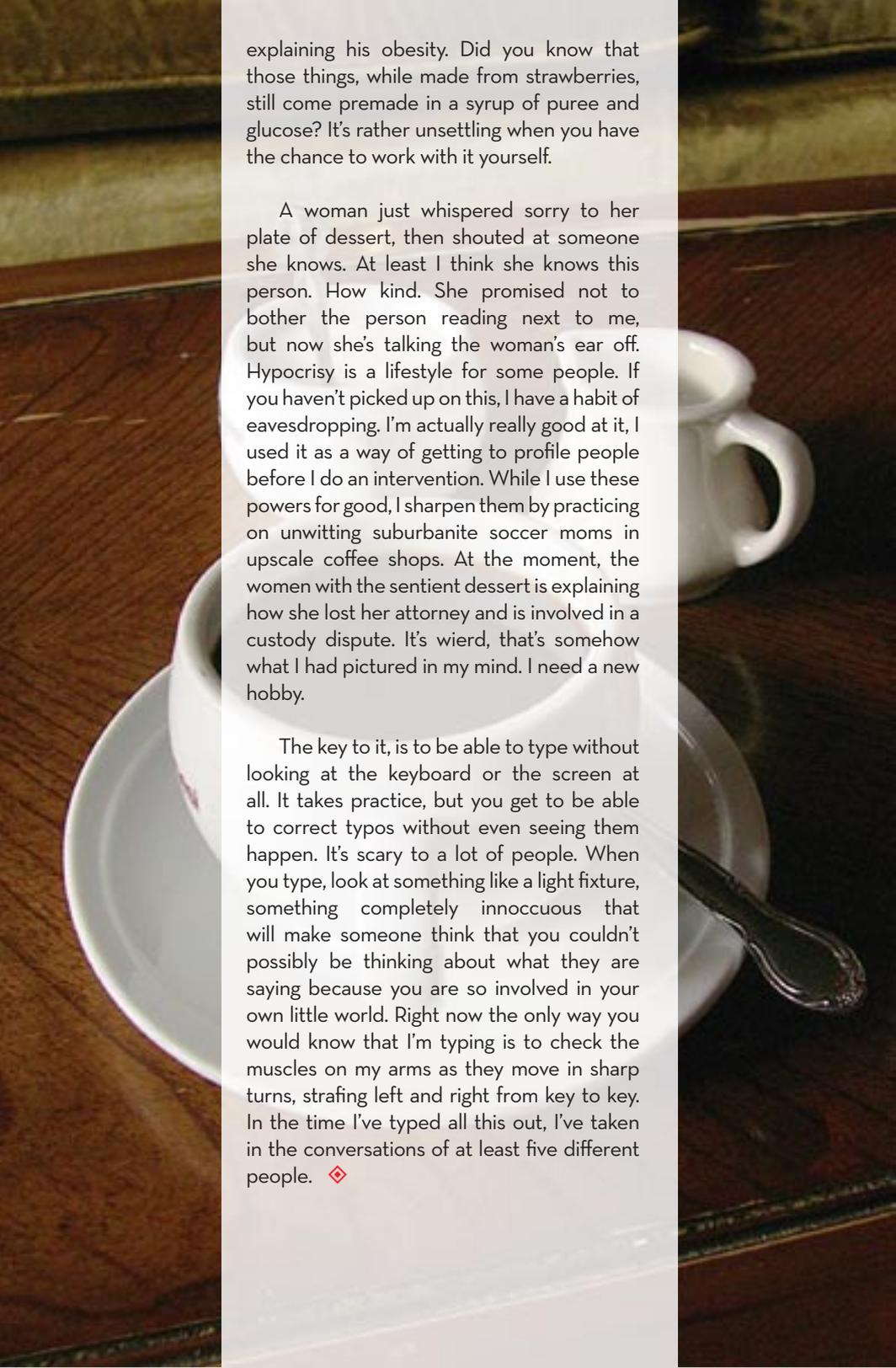
Artemis still hasn't shown up. This is looking like a wash. So much for the internet bringing people together. I'm just fucking with you, though. If the internet wasn't doing that, you wouldn't be reading this, now would you?

The sun hurts my eyes, even with sunglasses. I went outside for just ten or twenty minutes, and everything looks green to me now. Angel Ice is online, but seems to not want to talk to me. I don't feel particularly

popular right now. I came back inside because someone I thought I recognized, but couldn't place, who was fiddling around with a sony digicam, the kind I'd place in the multiple thousands of dollars bracket. The camera, I mean. It's amazing. People must have some sort of trust for other tech junkies. This girl just left her camera right next to my iBook, and ate her lunch several feet away. Maybe she figured that people would associate the DV cam with the iBook and assume that it might be hazardous to their health if they messed with the gear. Works for me. Artemis, Artemis, where the fuck art thou?

Digicam girl is packing up her stuff. Her boy toy is here, I wonder if she's even aware of the fact that the owner of the computer she moved- sorry, my train of thought just got completely derailed. I could swear the girl just said to her friend "that's awesome that your penis got that much bigger, though." Yeah, she most certainly did. On the way out, the boy coughed and said "penis" under his breath. How clever. Am I bitter? Maybe. I don't know what I'm bitter about, though, it's just a general irritation at the world. Some kid who is remarkably less aesthetically pleasing than the girl with the Sony DV cam has sat down in her place. He's airing out his shirt, as if tired with the heat. I wonder if he knows that the temperature dropped twenty degrees. Probably not. I can see red in the corners of his eyes and his hands are twitching. He's high.

Artemis will be here shortly, or at least that's what she says. She called to confirm that I was still here. Perplexed, I answered "yes" in haste, as I was suddenly aware that I hadn't moved for about an hour. Unfortunately someone has taken to playing motown music on the stereo. I have less than no interest in hearing this. The stoned kid in the seat across from the table I'm occupying is drinking a strawberries and cream blended drink,

A white ceramic coffee cup sits on a matching saucer, with a silver spoon resting on the saucer to the right. The set is placed on a dark, polished wooden table. The background is slightly blurred, showing more of the table and a hint of a wall.

explaining his obesity. Did you know that those things, while made from strawberries, still come premade in a syrup of puree and glucose? It's rather unsettling when you have the chance to work with it yourself.

A woman just whispered sorry to her plate of dessert, then shouted at someone she knows. At least I think she knows this person. How kind. She promised not to bother the person reading next to me, but now she's talking the woman's ear off. Hypocrisy is a lifestyle for some people. If you haven't picked up on this, I have a habit of eavesdropping. I'm actually really good at it, I used it as a way of getting to profile people before I do an intervention. While I use these powers for good, I sharpen them by practicing on unwitting suburbanite soccer moms in upscale coffee shops. At the moment, the woman with the sentient dessert is explaining how she lost her attorney and is involved in a custody dispute. It's wierd, that's somehow what I had pictured in my mind. I need a new hobby.

The key to it, is to be able to type without looking at the keyboard or the screen at all. It takes practice, but you get to be able to correct typos without even seeing them happen. It's scary to a lot of people. When you type, look at something like a light fixture, something completely innocuous that will make someone think that you couldn't possibly be thinking about what they are saying because you are so involved in your own little world. Right now the only way you would know that I'm typing is to check the muscles on my arms as they move in sharp turns, strafing left and right from key to key. In the time I've typed all this out, I've taken in the conversations of at least five different people. ♦

RETURN OF THE

# LOKI ARCHIVES

BY ALIENBINARY

It seems that everyone wants to put a computer in their appliances. Then it seems that the same people get confused, frustrated and all out of sorts when these computers break down. In my travels, I've come across some interesting solutions to the problems of dealing with poorly constructed technology in everyday life.

Other photographs in the archives include protest graffiti, or politically motivated graffiti. Often, these rogue artists cut out their designs on a series of stencils, then spraypainting the stenciled artwork onto buildings and cement, creating a sort of stamp out of paint. There are also photos included that just show how wierd our world is. These are meant, primarily, to make people think, but also sometimes to make them smile. Enjoy.

6/17/05



**“Nothing a Crowbar Can’t Solve”**

Photographer:  
alienbinary

Subject:  
vigilante customer support and an MBTA token vending machine.

**Comment:**

I've heard of violence erupting in New York over the trains running off schedule, and I've also seen in 2600 that the mass transit card has been hacked. In Boston, however, it seems that the old-fashioned way is still the favorite. Whoever did this little number on the token vending machine was really pissed off and probably very late to something important. I must admit, though, this certainly is one effective way to get your money back.





**“Subway Ad BIOS”**

Photographer:  
Dan

Submitted by:  
TechPepsi

Subject:  
An NYC digital ad

**Comment:**

This was sent to me by TechPepsi. The power and knowledgebase, resourcefulness, etc., of the rantmedia community always amazes me. This photograph was taken by TechPepsi’s friend Dan as he was about to enter the subway. It depicts a dynamic billboard in what is obviously a boot sequence. You can tell, because where there should be an image is the American Megatrends logo, a VGA components manufacturer.



**“Another poorly worded sign.”**

Photographer:  
alienbinary

Subject:  
A sign that was misleading

**Comment:**

This is kind of like a zen koan, where you look at it, and all you can wonder is “what comes next?” there are all these possible ways to complete the phrase, but it’s just there, cryptic. So in my mind, all the way to where I was going on the train, I kept thinking to myself “yeah, I intend to.” What’s interesting, is that the sticker wasn’t cut at all. I looked carefully, and there was no sign that someone had cut it with a razorblade or a knife to make it say what it said. Apparently, the stickers were printed with just the words “keep hands.” I might be the only one who finds this funny, but I figured I’d give it to Nemesis, and he was kind enough to throw it up on his site for you all.

**“Democracy Delivered.”**

Photographer:  
BigRedVanGogh

Submitted by:  
alienbinary

**Comment:**

This picture is a total community effort. I have to give a huge thanks to my buddy BigRedVanGogh for being six feet tall, and being able to take a good shot of this at night, with just my palm camera. We were walking around looking for a place to get something to drink, when we saw this. I was already really manic from having a bad day, which is why we were out around the prudential center taking photos in the middle of the fucking night in the first place. I think i've seen this image, but I'm not sure. Either way, seeing it emblazoned on a sticker in vinyl and slapped right on a utility in a major thoroughfare. Huge props to the lone artist.



“May Cause Cancer.”

Photographer:  
alienbinary

Comment:

In California, the state has become so overrun with lawsuits that every establishment is required to post a sign indicating the potential hazards of patronage to their establishment. This particular sign was found in the restaurant in a San Diego hotel. Thanks to Firehazard for pointing this out. Incidentally, as I was walking up the stairwell, signs indicated the dangers of second hand smoke that COULD potentially waft out of smoking rooms. Other stickers posted on street signs indicated that it was in fact, against the law to remove the signs and put them in your living room. The stickers went on to explain the purpose of traffic signs, as if this needed any explanation. Last time I checked, the sign was supposed to indicate all this information by default. Even more interesting, was a reward sticker on a Los Angeles Times vending machine that offered a hefty sum to anyone who caught a person taking more than one newspaper. California is a truly, truly wierd place. If you don't beleive me, look at the governor.

# WARNING

Chemicals Known To The State Of  
California To Cause Cancer, Or Birth  
Defects or Other Reproductive Harm  
May Be Present In Foods Or Beverages  
Sold Or Served Here.

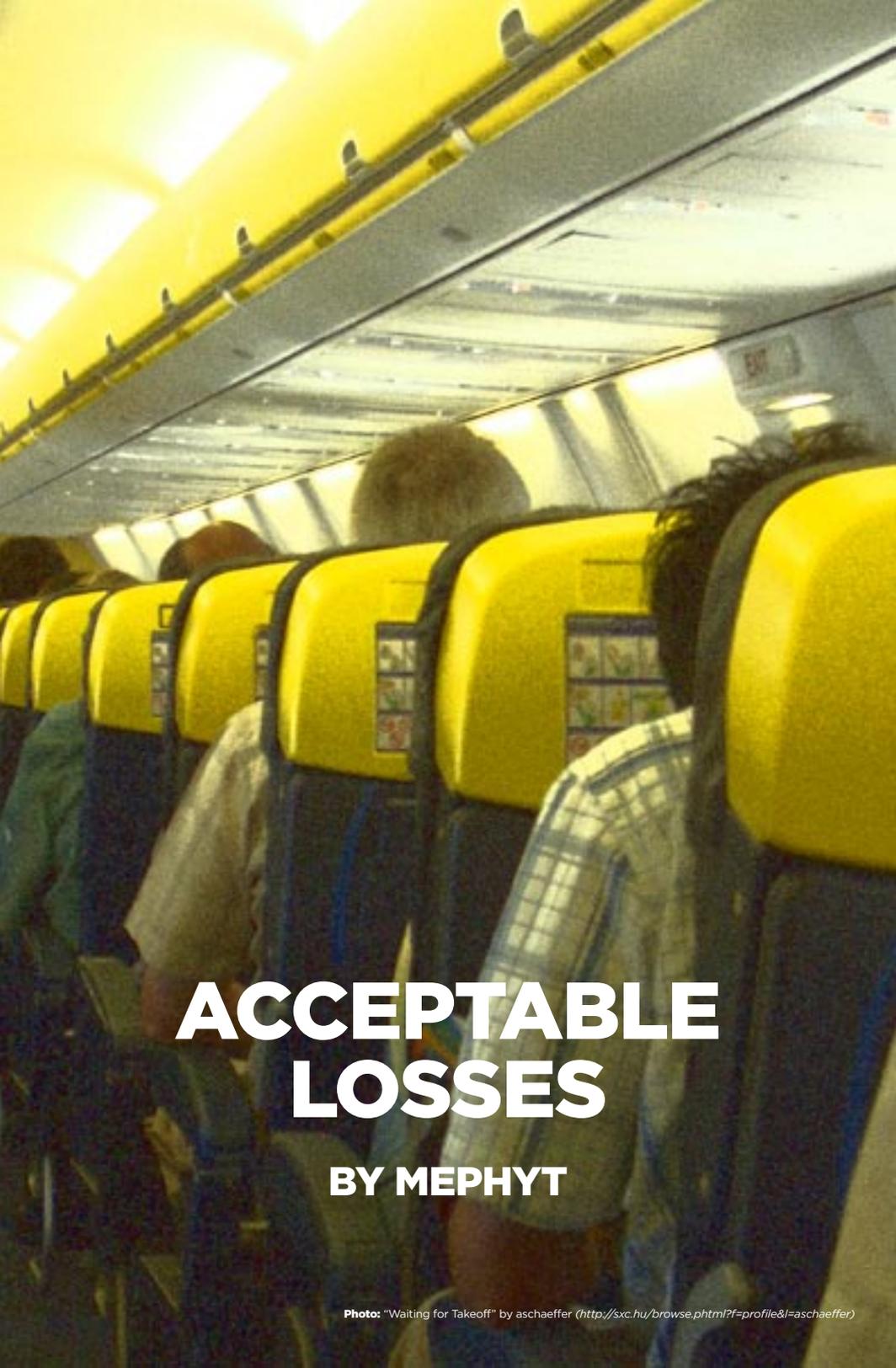
California Health and Safety Code Section 25249.6



**“More TV Bashing”**

Photographer:  
alienbinary

Comment: I just love when I see some anti-television propaganda. It makes me feel warm and fuzzy inside.

A photograph of an airplane cabin interior. The seats are yellow with blue accents. Passengers are visible, some looking out the windows. The lighting is warm and yellow. The text "ACCEPTABLE LOSSES" is overlaid in large white letters, and "BY MEPHYT" is overlaid in smaller white letters below it.

# ACCEPTABLE LOSSES

BY MEPHYT



For years, I have called myself a nomad. One who wanders the country side with every intent of seeing everything that could be seen. I have sacrificed all that I owned in possessions for things that I can survive on from one location to another. As time went on, my bonds to the place I could have once called home have all but snapped like an overweighted cable. It has been my destruction, and my saviour. I've been able to say that I've seen the deepest canyons, the tallest mountains. I've been in the widest rivers and the most expansive plains. The entire time that I've done this though, I've done it alone. In my own desperation for that one more sight, and that view from another step up, I wrote off all that I had and cast myself headlong into what I thought I needed to survive.

A long time ago, I boarded an airplane for the first time. It was just a simple trip to a large resort with my family, but it began a tradition that would last a lifetime. I could remember the time before takeoff. It was a large plane, larger than I would have expected to be able to break the bonds of gravity. At that time, I didn't understand as much about basic mechanics, so to me, it may as well have been magic. The roaring of the turbines as they began rotation and the strange wispy mist effect that you can observe as they are reaching such a speed as to begin thrusting the behemoth of a bird over ground. I was completely enchanted at being able to see the ground shrink beneath us and eventually disappear behind a veil of clouds. It was something I don't think I ever would have been able to dream of, even with a slightly over-active imagination. Being propelled through the air that first time wasn't nearly the most notable portion of the trip though, it was the idea that I would be in a new place. Somewhere I hadn't yet seen, and hadn't yet experienced. It was the beginning of the wanderlust.

Over the years, as I became more experienced in my travelling, the same joyful rush of emotions that I had that first time slowly subsided. As could be assumed, nothing can stay "new" for that long, and within a generous number of flights, I had become more comfortable in the role of a nomad. It had become second nature to leave everything that I had for the giddy rush of touchdown. The flight itself couldn't matter less, it was touching the ground that I craved. The approach over the area that I would be able to soon set foot on, then the departure from the craft as I

neared my goal and exited the terminal. It was an immature love that I had. Nonsensical at best, and still misunderstood as being more comfortable in the air, miles above the general populace and occasionally unseen in my quick passing. Looking back on it, I had started to develop the view that being separated from everything was a normal activity. I suppose we do make our own prisons in that respect.

Time passes, as do friends, family, and anything else that you may not care to invest in. By the time I was considered a fully privileged citizen in the US, I had more skymiles under my belt than the average business traveler. It was an addiction, and it took its toll. I had nearly cut off contact with my family, friends, and acquaintances. The general passers-by were just as close to me as they were. The difference being, the random person on the street could actually have a conversation with me face to face. The more I travelled and restarted my life, the farther gone I had become. With every location, I left a piece of myself splashed across the tarmac. My entire life had become devoted to getting the next rush of a landing. I had also started a change within myself, I had started looking for somewhere to "settle down". I hadn't really even realized it, but I knew it. It was becoming a goal, just as much as the average individual makes it their goal to take the next breath. They might not think about it, but when they don't have it, they tend to notice quickly and in a panic.

All in all, I had left everything I knew behind. I left it behind so I could find a perfect place. My own Eden. It would be where I could finally put down my roots and start my life. I could stop looking at the next destination and start looking at pioneering my future. Now, I've discovered something else that I'd neglected. Each and every piece and drop of myself that I'd been leaving behind were a part of me that never would make it there. It would be a piece of me that I'd just lost along the journey. A casualty of war, and at the time, an acceptable loss. Only now can I start seeing that this was my original sin. Even before I'd started it, I'd cut a piece of myself out. Every time I left a friend or forsaken my family as a burden I'd done it. Each time that I'd left a place with unfinished business, I'd done it. I've spent so much time looking for the gates to this perfect place, only to realize in the end that even if I could get in, the person that set out on this quest faded away long ago, torn apart by those roaring turbines and tires squealing across the landing strip. ▣

# My News

## *Mastering RSS Feeds*

By: *The Unduhtakuh*

News is so important. Watch "The Revolution Will Not Be Televised" if you doubt. Now qualify that. What news is worthy, if not essential, in a world such as today's? News Hour with Jim Leher. Democracy Now with Amy Goodman. News-Real with Sean Kennedy.

Good start. Other valuable news sources exist. BBC for example, produce worthy news and they have recently relaxed the licensing of their RSS feeds. What does this mean?

RSS means Really Simple Syndication. It's XML that can be used with additional, simple software to automate and aggregate daily news and weekly radio shows. Look for the little orange rectangle. BBC has two sets of RSS feeds - one for the United Kingdom and one for the world. Anyone can now use the content from these feeds on the website of their liking, barring hater-monger or other lower-life form sites.

What this means is that everyone is now empowered. Empowered? Yes.

What could be more powerful than the ability to create your own news feed?

No, you are not the reporter on the ground. You can though compile and accord quality news. More and open information is better. Worldly news at your fingertips is power.

When BBC allowed the world to use their content, the story made Slashdot and other informed news sites. This led me to a BBC forum where a gentleman posted his idea of a customizable aggregator. You want to see the top three Technology stories, the five latest Front Page stories, and the latest story from the Middle East? Done. You want to share it with the world? Done.

It is done in as much as you have everything you need to share essential information with others. It is there that

you must. It may be as simple as sharing a single story with a single friend, spreading the meme of open information about the world within which we live. Let's say you have the most popular blog in a particular corner of the Internet. You may now share information that is most pertinent and most important. However you do it is up to you. But it must be done.

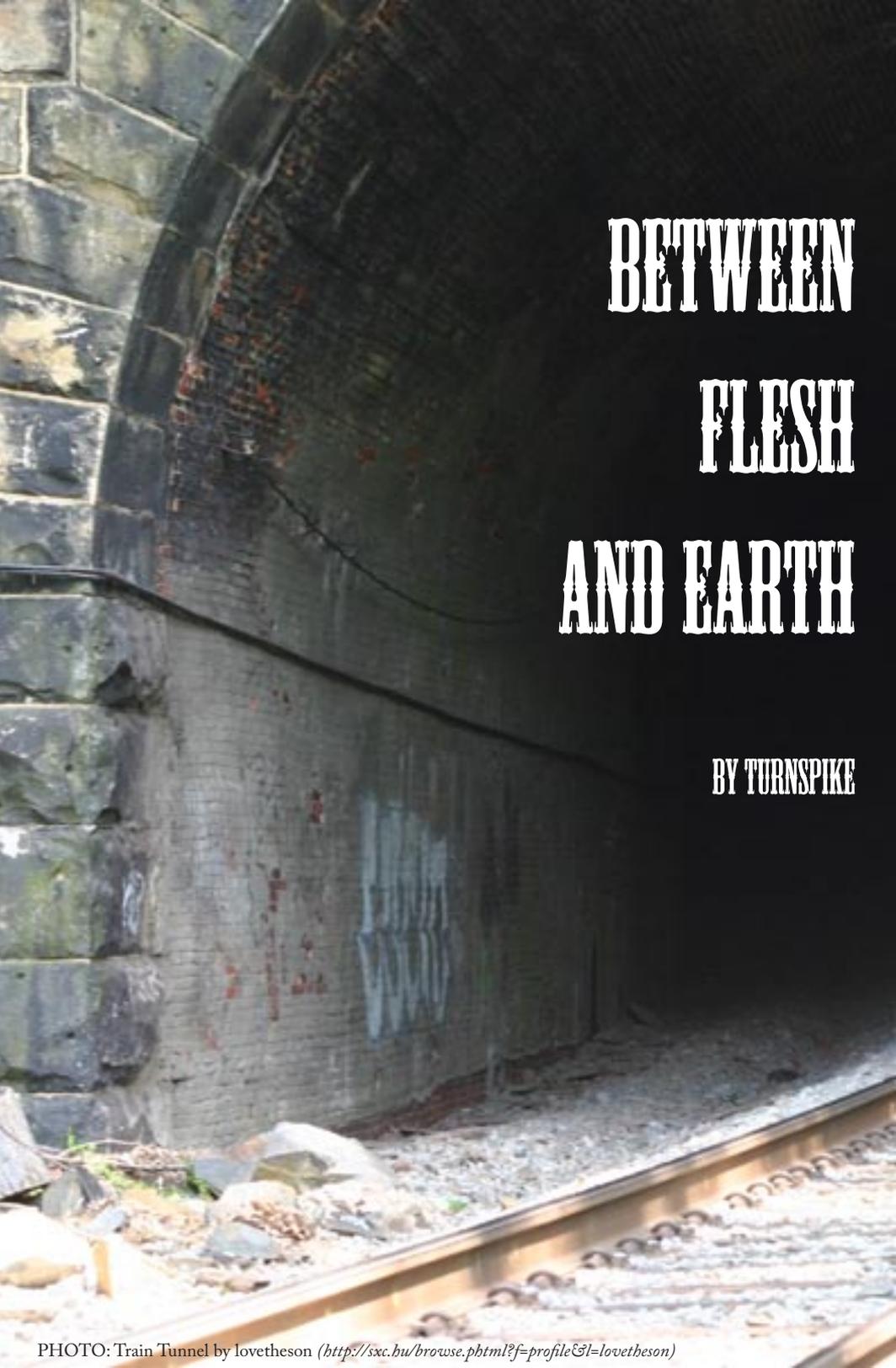
The forum post gave me an idea of a way I could do it. My way. I would write a Perl script that would take advantage of the Simple in RSS and present the news a user wanted in a simple way - a modest web page. I used XML::Simple and a web design from oswd.org, and this is what I came up with.

*Note from alienb: For reasons of space and the practicality of printing something like six pages of source code in one article, I've externalized the source code. I ask that anyone who distributes this magazine include the following files with it as well, so that they might have the complete article.*  
- alienbinary

*File Mirrors: [http://megaprogram.net/pa1n/downloads/rss\\_pa1n.zip](http://megaprogram.net/pa1n/downloads/rss_pa1n.zip)*

There is a CGI version. I decided to include the non-CGI version to make it accessible to those without web servers. If you have a web server, it's most likely you can convert it.

I did what I felt must be done. My way. Will anyone use it? Will anyone care? I don't know. All I know is that it is now easier for somebody, anybody, to get quality news and make it open information. Information that has the opposite effect of making you a submissive commodity. ▣

A photograph of a train tunnel. The left wall is made of large, dark grey stone blocks. The right wall is made of lighter-colored bricks. The floor is covered in gravel and has a set of train tracks running along it. The lighting is dramatic, with strong shadows and highlights.

# BETWEEN FLESH AND EARTH

BY TURNSPIKE

I HAD A LONG SERIES OF DREAMS WHEN I was a teenager, which put together made up an interesting story filled with symbolism about my views on life, my fears, etc. I am telling the story here in a condensed version, and I want to be careful not to over-interpret it. I tried to keep the important visual elements intact. I am telling this story third person, but in my dreams I was actually the object of the baron's rage. For the first time in print, I would like to tell you about the beginning of human flight:

This old baron he used to be, built railroads faster than anyone could have expected, and the leveraged his great stature and wealth to force the people to ride his trains. There were such a great number of the townsfolk working for him, depending on him for their living wage, that his livelihood became a great concern to everyone. At a glance, you would think he was well respected, but in truth, he was well feared.

Humans were never made to be pulled around in metal boxes, breathing diesel fumes from a monstrous engine violently pulsing in front of them. However, the baron's monopoly was very effective in bullying any competition out, and leaving commuters with just one choice. Just by chance, his greedy actions were just the push that human evolution needed to advance to a new level.

One fall afternoon, a young teenager was playing around a trainyard, balancing on the rails, and throwing chunks of flint against anything steel to watch the sparks

fly. He saw a very large piece of flint in the distant and excitedly ran after it. Mid-way he stumbled, and face first, he landed on the loose gravel...well almost. After a brief second of surprise, the teen opened his eyes to realize that he was floating just above the gravel. It was not something that just happened, it was something that he was making to happen, it was as laborious as a bird flapping it's wings, and he could feel the stress of this from behind his eyes. He held the hover for just a few seconds before planting his arms and legs to the ground and shaking off this amazing thing that had just happened to him.

Over the next few days, he found that he could duplicate the feat, and even propel himself forward with subtle body movements, similar to the way a fish moves. Evolution had flipped a switch, and now a human can fly.

The teen showed his friends his new ability and told them about the stress he felt between his eyes when he was flying. The others had never had this experience, but they did understand this stress he was talking about: they had just never associated the two. When they focused on the stress point and dove for the ground, they never kissed dirt, or piece of flint. And the exhaustion they experienced during their first attempt lessened after each flight.

The teenagers at the trainyard were trying to keep their flights secret for now, but several people observed them while passing by the trainyard, and news of this got to the baron

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just a few days later. At first, the baron laughed at the sheer absurdity of flying kids. But soon he was infuriated with the idea that, within the very near future, people may all be flying instead of riding his railroad.

The flying teens must be done away with to preserve the monopoly. In the barons mind, the freedom that flight may give the townfolk would destroy their lives by destroying the railroad, therefore eliminating their jobs. The baron honestly believed that the railroad must survive for the people to survive. This being true, those who know how to fly must be killed for the sake of the rest. From this time on, there began to be disappearances, and mysterious accidents, of certain teenagers in the township. One of the more memorable accidents were of a tanker car that 'derailed' from a hillside track, and rolled down the hill, smashing into a residential building, killing five people. Two teenagers inside were said to have played at the trainyard.

Despite the baron's feverish work to silence this new knowledge the teens were spreading among themselves, the secret was revealed to the general population in short time. The baron used his stature and wealth once again to inject propaganda among the people, telling them how harmful the freedom of flight is to their economy. He even manufactured statistics showing how the severe the risk of death is to those who try to fly. He even linked the stress behind the eyes that you feel when flying to life-threatening diseases. This effort solidified a loyal group devoted to the baron, many

poor, who had depended on him all of their lives for their meager yet steady wages, and not educated enough to see past his bias. This however, was not enough to keep the railroad intact. Passenger sales fell 73% the first year after the evolution. The people learned that new economies were born with the birth of human flight, and learned not to crutch on the dwindling railroad.

The stress of the bust of his railroad took a toll on the old baron, who died just two and a half years after the evolution. As per his request, he was laid to rest in a partially underground tomb at the trainyard, between two tracks. The entrance to the tomb was Romanesque and built with exquisite rose-colored marble. Through a large opening and down a short spiral of marble stairs is a large polished marble slab with the barons plastificated corpse. Mounted above his corpse, as if just lying on his lap, are two animatronic stone lambs. Each is carved by master craftsmen to move naturally and look

as fluffy as wool, yet their movements driven by large machinery violently pulsing below the tomb. So amazing are the animals, that a never-ending line of children stream into the tomb to see them, despite the corpse of the man who killed so many children a few years before, lying beneath the stone lambs. Stone lambs which are most commonly found on the graves of children. ■

**THE BARON HONESTLY  
BELIEVED THAT THE RAILROAD  
MUST SURVIVE FOR THE  
PEOPLE TO SURVIVE.**



# The Captain's Travel Logs

Editor's Note: When I first received an update on the Capt's trekking through Europe, I was quite surprised and caught off guard. Not because I didn't expect to hear from him, but because I didn't know he had gone anywhere in the first place. For some reason, travelogs have always been fascinating for me, and I was more interested in the small, sometimes incoherent or illegible correspondences than maybe I should have been. Somewhere between Rome and the Riviera, I asked Wiley if I might compile them for PA1N, to which he sent me a definitive yes. By the number of spelling errors, however, I'm not sure he was of legally sound mind and body, to do so. More to the point, he seemed shitfaced. Still, an okay is an okay when it comes to publishing. Cheers.

- alienbinary

I've preserved the actual spelling on several occasions.

I think it's funny.

May 24, 2005, Milan.

Hi, Im in Milan, It is very nice here, we are staying for in a hostel for the first time, usually it is cheaper to saty in a hotel, because we are 4 people. We have been hitching, and have been staying in people's homes, which has been very nice, the french have been great to us. this hostel is very interesting, very political, and very friendly. we are on our way to Rome we may take a train tomorrow, after rome, cinquetera which are five towns around the mediteranean that are good for backpacking.

later -Wiley

May 28, 2005, Rome.

Hello everybody, Im now in Rome, Ive been here for a couple of days, and it is very nice. I am stating just outside the city at a cmping place which is also very nice. We are heading out to Pompei in a day or

two. Rome is interesting because it has lots of ruins lying all over the place. Good food here too, we have switched from bread and cheese wine to cooking for ourselves because we have a camp site.... It is very, very hot here something like 27C probably like 85 or something I dont really know, I still cant believe I have only been here for 10 days, seems like a month. Bye

June 4, 2005, Italy.

Hello all, Im in the Cinque Terra in Italy, which are five towns along the mediteranean, the weather here is very nice. The Cinque Terra are these five little secluded towns in the Italian Riviera. The grow alot of lemons, Olives, and grapes for wine here. Yes the wine is very good here, but Italian beer is still quite awful. Emily, Will Meagan, and I have been camped at the same place for about 5 days now, so we have been able to cook some very delicious meals. I was swimming in a small village called Corniglia, and climbed up a cliff in the center of town which overlooked the water...

Will then then proceed to get an entire crowd of people to shout my name, until I jumped... yikes!! but what are best friends for.... it was very fun however. Lots of good hiking here, it is very picturesque, I would send some pictures, but they are not uploaded yet. We are on our way to Barcelona next (I think) We may even head down to Morocco soon, Meagan leaves in less than 2 wks, so then it down to only 3. Hope everybodys summers are going well

later -Wiley

June 8, 2005

Ciao, Im in Genoa Italy for the moment, we are taking a boat to Barcelona tomorrow that ought to be lots of fun. We are camping inside of a sign inside of a train station tunnel (actually its a movie poster for that new Ridley Scott film) we can fit all four of us underneath it... it ought to be quite an adventure, Will update more in Barcelona - Wiley

June 12, 2005

Hello everybody, Im in Barcelona. Spain is fun and less expensive than



Italy. Barcelona has some very interesting architecture from the modernist movement, most notably Antonio Gaudi. Barcelona is in Catalunya, a province in Spain that is very different from the rest of Spain, they even speak a different language Catalan. Catalunya also has a history of rebelling against Spain, a movement which is still active today. We visited the Picasso Museum today it has over 3600 of Picassos works. Meagan is leaving for Paris, and ultimately the US tomorrow evening. We are staying at an inexpensive campground that is very nice, and right on the beach. If it is nice tomorrow, we are going

to spend most of the day there. We tried some Absinthe the other day.....strong stuff, and not very good tasting, but I figured I ought to try it. I found a replacement for my traditional spanish wine satchel that I had bought a Wall Mart, and then had lost in the Cinque Terra. My new one has traditional Spanish artwork on it as well!! We will be heading down to Morroco soon, but will probably spend a week or two more in Spain. A drunken Morrocan offred us a place to stay in Fezz, or some town like that on the outskirts of Tanger. The Main strip in Barcelona is la ramblas there



are tons of people dressed up in costumes doing all sorts of crazy stuff for money. Hope all is well back in the US, and especially in the 603. Feel free to write back with an update or whatever. I will be in Barcelona for a few more days, but after that I may be ut of contact for a bit.

peace out - Wiley

June 13, 2005

Hello all,

I'm still in Barcelona, about to get a 3 course Indian meal for 4 Euro. It will be the first time I

have eaten out since Ive been here. Somehow our cooking supplies have almost entirely vanished. We were rescued from eating raw potatoes and eggs by some Danish biker women, who let us borrow there cooking stove. We havnt decided were we are going next, but we may head up to Basque Country before we head down to Morroco.

-Wiley

June 19, 2005

What it is my homies? Im In Vallencia spain, Ive been here a couple of days it is very hot. There is a huge market, Mercato Central in the middle of Vallencia we stayed at a Hostal (kinda a mix between a Hotel and a Hostel) in the center of town for 11.25 a peice a nice place too. Our group of 3 has grown to four, We a girl named Sarah in Tarragona and she has been traveling with us for a few days, and is going to stay with us untill Madrid, or maybe even Morroco. I had some Paella a la Valencia for Lunch, good stuff. Paella is the national dish of spain its this big rice dish with all sorts of stuff on top. Paella a la valencia has some vegetables, and chicken and rabbit. Only 30 and it was big enough for emily and it to split. We are going to leave for Madrid there are some Europe pictures up at <http://community.webshots.com/user/emmypeanutbutter>

Most of them are from Paris which is about 1 month ago, but is at least a start... enjoy

peace out -Wiley

June 22, 2005

Hello everybody, After staying in Vallencia (pronounced Ballenthia) for several days, we tried to get





“Guernica” is on display in the United Nation’s building (although it was covered up for Colin Powell’s speech regarding the Iraqi invasion of 2003. ) ]

June 30, 2005

Hi everybody, Im in Madrid, Ive got lots of crazy, crazy stories to tell about the Basque Country, and our travels down to madrid, but this

internet place is closing in 45 seconds, will write more later

July 2, 2005

Hi all, have I got some crazy stories, the last week and a half has been nuts!!! I forgot to tell you the story of trying to hitch out of Tarragona (just south of Barcelona) We werent able to get a ride, but some guy gave us a big chunk of hash... apparently it is sort of legal here. Unfortunately none of us wanted it, Sarah took a

a ride out of the city but it did not work. We then went to the bus station to get bus tickets to someplace between vallencia and Madrid, but only direct trips were available that night. So we kinda had a change of plans, and went way up to Bilboa which is in Basque Country. We are certainly NOT in Spain any more, everybody here speaks Eusketa, which is very unlike any other language, and is the oldest in Europe and all words in Spanish are spraypainted, or crossed out. Spanish buildings, ie bank of Spain are vandalized. They really do not consider themselves to be part of Spain at all! Right now im in Gernika (it may be spelled a bit different in English)

have to jet

-Wiley

[ editor’s note: I’m pretty sure the Capt’s referring to Guernica, the subject of one of Picasso’s most controversial and famous paintings;



little bit, but we gave the rest to some homeless people that I had met that were very nice. no ride, but free hash???? Our unexpected trip to Bilboa and basque country was awesome!!! We stayed at a campground near the beach about a 30 min train ride out of Bilboa in a town called Soppelana. We went to the Gugenheim in Bilboa, the bilduing was very large and nice but it did not have much in it. The only part that I found particularly interesting was the pop art area. They have a large Warhol, but Im not much of a fan of his stuff. The did however have two very large Lichtenstiens, and I love his stuff, so it was cool to finally see one. The better museum in the city was the Bilboa museum. They had a very nice temporary showing of Surrealist art (my favorite) and had a couple of Salvador Dali's and some tanguy Eves, and really displayed the whole surealist movement.



We were in Basque country during there celebraton of San Juan, they build HUGE bonfires, in our area just around the campsite we could have walked to like 20 in 5 min!!! Some guy that we met there, who was from Argentinia invited us to a bonfire party. It turns out that this was a party in this cove right on the water, with giant cliffs on all sides (expet the ocean side) we

had to walk to get there and it was crazy. there was a German hippy bar set up there, and probably like 200 people. They had a bunch of drummers, and traditional dancing, a very, very wild time.

There was a skateboard fest just south of bilboa that we went to because Will skateboards. I got the idea to set up a junk stand (I got the idea from homeless people in vallencia) anyway I found some very nice trash to sell, and set up shop. Buisness was slow.... we had some

leftover lettuce and mustard from lunch... so I tried to sell lettuce and Mustard. in spanish I would say lettuce and mustard, it has the flavor of the United States, 50 cents It didnt sell at all but I did meet a bunch of people as a result. I didnt sell anything, but the beer stand gave Will and I free beers for our efforts.

We decided to try hitching again, even though we

were unable to before, and it worked out very well!!!! Our first night we wound up in a small town, and befriended everybody at a local pub named txooxcht or something like that, in Basque it is the sound that Sidre makes when it is opened. The young people at the pub (who may have been the owners) gave us several rounds of drinks, and let us use there kitchen to cook our dinner. The offered us a place to



stay, but our tents were already up in a cow pasture. After that town we hitched up some mountains, and into the plains. Lately we have been getting good at finding free food. Outside most stores next to the garbage (and sometimes in it) is slightly expired food. We ran into the end of a market and ended up getting about ten peaches half of a kiwi, two VERY large melons, and about 15 peppers a bunch of a garlic and an onion for free. I suppose eating out of the trash means that we have all completely lost it, but it is really quite fine. Yesterday I found two heads of lettuce that only needed a little peeling. We slept in a sheep field that night.

The next day we ended up on a very small road (only 4 cars passed us) and had to walk 14 kilometers. That isn't a really long way, but without tons of water, and heavy packs the

distance was tough. Some people from the Basque country let us camp on their lawn, and even made us muffins in the morning!! The next day was even better. We got a ride from a man who owned a large wine cellar, David Moreno, and he gave us a private tour of his cellars, he had a lot of very nice wine! We hitched to a town that was in a valley, hard to describe but it was built into the mountains, pop. 200 in the summer, 40 in the winter. We got a ride out of there, but we ended up in the middle of this untraveled road, and hitched back, I believe we got a total of 8 rides that day.

The next day we hitched along the same road, it looks big on the map, but it actually goes down to a ONE LANE highway, it was very crazy. It was this road on the mountains with hairpin turns everywhere, the drivers just have to hope that

there is nobody around the corner!! it was a bit unnerving, but we made it. That night we made it very far to a city called Soria, accidentally in time for there San Juans festival!!! There festival was complete



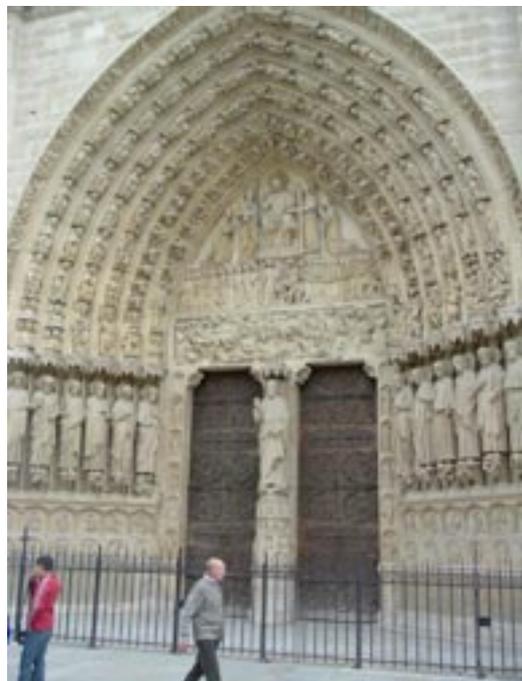
insanity!!! There was a parade of people drinking wine. Everybody, and there kids had huge cups of Kalimotxo (kalimoto) wich is red wine and coke. There were thousands of people, apparantly it is a really big deal, and people come from all around to go. There were people with wine satchels walking around, and in the parade, giving anybody who wanted wine.... wine... very interesting.

I have much more to write, but this is allready long enoug bye -Wiley

July 6, 2005

Hi everybody, Im in Cordoba spain. It is getting to be very hot here. It gets to be over 100F between 4-630. We are heading to Morroco tonight by bus/ferry. We are leaving the bus station here at 330 am tommorow and arriving in Tanger at around 10 am. We left Madrid a couple of days ago for Toledo. We stayed two nights in hostel (a hotel with a seperate bathroom, similiar to a pension room) that was

right in the middle of a giant gay and lesbian festival. Our area got very wild at night to say the least. On saturday night the people were partying outside when we woke up at 8!!! and lots of people too! I made \$60 profit from selling beer on the street by the drag queen stage, by selling 30 1 liter beers for \$3 a peice. They sold very well, and very quickly. We ate dinner each night in Madrid at this bar that advertised 1 Cana (a small on tap beer) and 7 tapas for \$1.10, very cheap! Tpas are are simply appetizers of some sort. some nights we would only get 5, one night we got 10....a very interesting place to say the least, and we finally got to eat out, well sort of.... We went to the Prado, and another art museum in Madrid our last day both were very nice, the other was the Raina Sophia wich had a large collection of Surrealist peices, and most famously Picassos Guernica. We went to Toledo the next day which was very nice!





Toledo was the Visigoth capitol of Spain, and was a very small, but very historic city. We able to go out to eat again, twice in one trip, wow! It was a several course meal for 7€ I got Paella Mixta (it had clams, artichoke hearts, other veggies, some rabbit, shrimp, and probably a bunch of other stuff too), for the second course I ordered chicken in an onion sauce with potatoes, then I got this very good spanish custard for desert, it also came with wine and bread, not bad for 7€ and it was quite good too. We ran into some spanish youth playing music in a basement, and hung out with them for several hours. I was able to talk almost the whole time in Spanish which is cool, because I did not know any before I came here. The next day we got a ride about 20 kilometers out of Toledo, and then even better a ride all the way to Cordoba, which was were we

were hoping to get in a couple of days. (about 350 kilometers) We stopped along the way at a famous church in a small town, and visited his family for an hour. Seeing a typical spanish house of the area was very nice. Cordoba is great, it is famous for its Mosque, which also has a cathedral built into it, both of which are very nice. The mosque is the most important Islamic site in the western world, and a pilgrimage for many people.

Morocco ought to be very interesting, I'm looking forward to it very much and can't wait to get there. bye -Wiley

July 17, 2005

Hello everybody, Morocco is amazing!

[I'm using a french keyboard which

is difficult to type fast on without making errors, so please forgive any]

We have been in Morocco for about ten days now and it has been a very wild time. We arrived in Tangier and immediately knew we were in a different world. As soon as we got off the ferry there were people hassling us for all sorts of things, pushy taxi drivers, vendors etc. One tour guide selling line to us was hire me so you won't have to deal with hiring a pushy tour guide! The dollar is pretty well up on the Duhram One dollar equals 10 DH so one DH is about ten cents US. Most things are dirt cheap here, but imported goods are obviously expensive. As we walked through Tangier we were hassled by all sorts of people to come into their shop, or follow them someplace to look at a hotel, to buy kif, etc. Kif is like hash or something I don't really know but many many people smoke it, especially in the north. We found a place to stay in Tangier for 50 DH a person, yeah (Dollars each). We left Tangier the next day for Tetouan. Tetouan had some nice parks, a very nice Medina, which is an old part of a city, that has long maze like passages, filled with markets and has no cars because the streets are too small. The people of Tetouan, and much of Morocco are fairly poor. They don't seem to have specified dumps here, so there is trash everywhere. In Tetouan one of these trash heaps was next to their casbah

and their cemetery, and had sheep grazing in it. From Tetouan we went on to Chefchaouen the same day. We ate lunch in the Medina in a filthy little restaurant that I'm sure no tourist had ever been into. It was in the Woodworking section of the Medina and the floor was covered in sawdust to keep it clean, I'm not sure that it helped! I speak enough French to get us around and order food. We had soup and bread for 5 dh a piece. The soup was delicious it was either a lentil or garbanzo base, flavoured with tahini a believe. When it is served the dump some olive oil in, and you scoop in your preferred amount of cumin and red pepper. I'm leaving Morocco today; so I will include some of the more sketchy stories.

On our way out of Tetouan we were approached by a man who asked us where we were going and where we are from [this happens about every three or four minutes] Who said there was a bus leaving soon to Chefchaouen he said it would be 45 for all of us, and I said 40 and he agreed. When we got into the bus



station, another non official began helping us find a bus. He said that there the next bus to Chefchoun left at 8 [it was about 2] and that the price was 50 Dh a person because it was a latter bus. He showed us the tourist information booth where we could leave our bags safely while we waited. We stood around for a minute, and then told the man that we would buy tickets later, as we had decided to go up to the real tourist office. Before we left the station I went back to the ticket selling booths to try to get more information. The man came running back to me and asked me if I thought he was lying to me, I said that I was just checking the times because we wanted to leave earlier. On our way up to the tourist office the man came back to us and suggested that we take a taxi about 300 Dh we said no, and continued walking, then he said that there was a Black Market Bus leaving RIGHT NOW for 30 Dh, two minutes later he told us it was an official government bus, by now we just wanted to get to the tourist office to get some real info, and told him to please leave, several times.....

He left and as we rounded the next corner the man who brought me to the bus station and his friend were there saying that there was a bus right now for 15 DH a price [which we knew was correct] so we decided to go, out of nowhere the other man comes running up to us screaming in Arabic and at this time I understood very little, and then yelled at us in English all sorts of things, including that he was going home to get his knife to stab us, and then he ran off. We quickly ran back to the terminal, and were allowed to buy bus tickets without interference. As we walked down to the bus terminal the other man

came back, yelling and screaming. At this point my knife was well clenched in my hand in preparedness to stab a man over a bus ticket..... we got to the bus, and then began all sorts of chaos!!!! The crazy guy is yelling in 5 languages at us, some people are trying to get money for our baggage, which as tourists is always more than it should be, and the bus driver is telling us to get on, and the friendly people are trying to barter for us, and I'm yelling at somebody, absolute chaos, over a bus ticket, but that's Morocco for you.

The busses are a little substandard to our conditions, but they are dirt cheap a 15DH ticket for a four hour ride is like paying a dollar fifty to get from New York to Boston. Most of the buses however are a bit sketchy, and Moroccan drivers are not very good. The bus that went to Chefchoun before us fell off the road and 45 people died, it was not a very pleasant thing to see, and compounded my anxiety of bad drivers (for those of you who don't know I don't like other people to drive me)

Chefchoun was beautiful all of the houses are painted in a blueish whitewash, some more darker than others. Chefchoun is in the Rif mountains, where the term Reefeer comes from because of all the marijuana grown there. The people in Chefchoun were much less pushy than Tanger, we were also able to find a very beautiful hotel in the Medina for 25 DH a person! There are many cafes in Morocco which serve this delicious mint tea that they load up with sugar, you can get a pot of it for about 6DH or a tall glass for 3 or 4. After we secured ourselves a hotel room, we looked around the beautiful



mountain town. We found a place to eat dinner at for 35DH a person for a menu complete first course, second course and desert. Although it does seem as if it would still have been cheaper to order a la carte.... There was a large 3 day festival going on in Chefchoun when we arrived and the main performance of the day was going on at about 9 or 10 we went down to a nearby cafe and drank tea while we waited. We talked to some locals and started up a game of Parchisi, they only play with one Die here for some reason, but the rules are fairly similar.

After we watched the concert which had 6 large cameras set up so it can be aired on television. Afterwards we hung out with all the Kif smokers on the roof of our hotel. Will tried some of the local product, not much though, and found it to be fairly good. It's been about as long as for

him as it has been for me since I've had anything about 4 or 5 years for him but he decided to try some of the world's best hash. It seems as if almost everybody in Chefchoun was there for the hash except us. Emily and I opted out on trying the goods however.

The next day we walked around Chefchoun. I almost bought a very cute baby goat for 200DH and that was before haggling! We walked around and looked at the cemeteries, the ruined mosque, which had a tower that was still standing that we could climb. Non-Muslims are not allowed in mosques. About 25 minutes hike past the mosque were the growing fields. Kif, Hash, and Marijuana all come from the same plant, and seeing giant fields of pot plants was amusing to say the least. At one of the larger fields there were kids

playing in it [yes we have pictures fo kids playing in pot fields]They wanted money to take pictures fo their fields though. A man came out, and asked us if we wanted to smoke some, but we declined. On our way back we at the first field a man came out of his shack and asked us if me if I would like to smoke some hash as a sample of his goods and buy some if I liked it, I told him that I didnt smoke kif, and after much discussion he whipped out his softball size ball of hash and broke me off a peice, maybe about a gram or something worth about 30 bucks in the us maybe more, but here maybe only 5dh, unfortunqtly I still have it more thqn a week later, and if Will or Emily wont smoke it Im going to give it to the people are staying with.

We stayed two nights in Chefchoun, and it has been one of my favorite places in Morroco, afterwards we went on to Fez. The Medina in Fez is very large, and a completly different world. Picture a large city with no cars or vehicles other than Donkeys or Mules, were everything is made by hand and people live the way the lived 600 yrs ago. We stayed on a poor familys roof in fez for 25 DH each a night. Terrace [roof] sleeping is very common here, and actually has many advantages over a room. 1 you can see the stars, 2 you wake up earlier, 3 it si much cooler than indoors, and you qre allowed to use the showers and bqthrooms. While in Fez I broke all the rules about what not to eat. I ate things, form places that Im sure would make most of you gag. I was going to try goats brain, but Will and emily talked me out of it. We ate lunch one day at a soup joint were the cook stirred the giant soup pot with a branch, not a stick, a full size branch!! We preffed to eat

in the non tourist areas, much much cheaper and better. for instance Harrina soup with bread was just 3 DH the eqivelent of 30 cents. The true medina was much more interesting too. You can pick your chicken and have it butcherd in 5 min... the sell whole side of beef, and there were also stores selling goat heads, many heads on display, non of it is by any means sanitary and covered in flys. But non of us got sic from the food there. I am sick now but from some fruit I ate a couple of days ago I think.

Im only half way done but I need to get some food, at the moment we are in Agadir, south of Casablanca staying with some nice people, we are leaving tonight for Spain to catch our flight on tuesday, we have 3 dazys of traveling in fornt of us.

-Wiley



# Another Stolen Thought by mephyt

*Written in a hotel room, somewhere in Seattle Washington. Composed the night before the release of PA1N 15.*

*Editor's Note: This is what I get for catching meph at a particularly bad time during a bender on the west coast. But I love it all the same. - alienb*

Tonight I've come to the conclusion that I've got nothing left to really write about. A lack of expression, interests or otherwise, my well seems to have dried up. In the past, I was able to draw off a number of experiences in my life that induced a state in which I could effectively (somewhat) communicate with the readers of this distribution. For the life of me, I no longer seem to have that same ability. It's almost as if when I gave you a taste of my mind, I'd given you a part of my soul that I no longer have access to. What I gave you were parts of myself that I can't quite piece back together anymore.

A single original thought is all I could ask for at this point. What cliché haven't I touched on yet? What popular thought haven't I gotten across in my own clumsy words yet? What topic have I not fumbled through like a drunken boy stuck in a man's body? The answer defies me. It maddens me to no end that I can't seem to come through to you with some joy of a submission that I will indefinitely hate. The reasoning, I'm not completely sure. I

feel completely lost in this right now. I know I must have something original, a new thought, an idea. Even a dream, would be something to start from. All my thoughts are just a rehash of something someone else already said. It's plagiarism in it's most vile form. Not only is it stealing the thoughts of another, it's taking those thoughts, and smearing them like blood across a wall. Primates have done better work with their own feces and at less of an expense in time.

It's never my goal to disappoint people, and when I do I can feel it. If I could see the looks in your eyes when you poured through an issue, only to stumble across my haphazard rantings and stories lacking continuity. I feel like I'm stealing from you. I'm leaving you with something that you won't love or hate, but something you'll forget in a moment. You will go from a piece by ab to mine, then on to whoever is next up in the line. The only attention it will really get is a sigh and a keystroke continuing on to the next piece. I don't want to feel like I'm wasting your time. I don't want to feel like I'm losing myself to this. I want to feel like at the end of my work I can say I love it, and you'll be able to say later on that you had a reaction to it. The problem is, no one has a reaction to an unsuccessful thief.

I've given to this publication my time and my energy, and will continue to do so for as long as I'm tolerated. I know that no one is going to be able to perfectly write a piece every time. I understand that I am no different than this. I just hoped to be better than the bottom of the barrel. I wanted to do something more impressive than just spit out acidic words and think they'll have some more in depth meaning than just a written headache. No matter how much I toil over this though, it never improves, and it never gets any better. I want to live up to any expectations that you could have for me, instead of continually feeling like I've once again let everyone down.

As I sit here tonight, the creativity and mood I usually have is completely gone. It's an empty void that I no longer seem to be able to fill with the words that once flowed endlessly. I've previously divulged my thoughts and moods to you, and left myself completely naked in front of you. I opened myself to the point that I nearly ripped open my own chest to show you what was inside. When I did that, I see now that parts of me may have just fallen to the ground like any other trash you might see laying along the side of the street. Among the rotting carcasses and broken bottles lay my thoughts and dreams.

# Cybudic Philosophy

By Sean Kennedy TFM  
Edited by Bland Inquisitor  
Article 1 of 5

**Cybudo is the philosophy. It is understanding the materialist nature of the corpolitical.**

**Cybudic, is the description of the philosophy applied.  
(ie: he /she is very Cybudic.)**

**The original text was going to be called the cybudocon  
(the book of Cybudo).**

## About the author

*"The artist must elect to fight for freedom or slavery. I have made my choice. I had no alternative."*

*- From the gravestone of Paul Robeson.*

It would seem that I am a paranoid antisocial Person.

### Paranoid

Paranoid personality disorder is characterized by a distrust of others and a constant suspicion that people around you have sinister motives. People with this disorder tend to have excessive trust in their own knowledge and abilities and usually avoid close relationships with others. They search for hidden meanings in everything and read hostile intentions into the actions of others. They are quick to challenge the loyalties of friends and loved ones and often appear cold and distant to others. They usually shift blame to others and tend to carry long grudges.

### Antisocial

A common misconception is that antisocial personality disorder refers to people who have poor social skills. The opposite is often the case. Instead, antisocial personality disorder is characterized by a lack of conscience. People with this disorder are prone to criminal behavior, believing that their victims are weak and deserving of being taken advantage of. They tend to lie and steal. Often, they are careless with money and take action without thinking about consequences. They are often aggressive and are much more concerned with their own needs than the needs of others.

My name is Sean Kennedy.

I am not a man who has had a great deal of post-secondary schooling. In fact, I have had NO university or college education of any kind. I was a latchkey kid, bullied in school, and constantly torn between my parents' multiple separations over my father's manic depression and my mother's singing and acting career. I kept a healthy buffer of fantasy role-playing games and science fiction between reality and myself; it kept my drug use to a minimum and let me speak with others in a similar situation.

Like the rest of my generation, I wasn't so much raised as distracted. I wanted to stand up and help people, as well as gain the respect and admiration of my peers. My television told me that the governments of the world were honest. My television told me that if I worked hard and had a strong moral character, I would be successful, just like those characters in my books. I believed in my television and decided I wanted to be a soldier. I tried to join the British, French and American armies to no avail, but finally the Canadian armed forces took me in.

I died in a tiny building called C-12 in 1994. A bigoted process of elimination killed me because I thought differently, because I didn't play hockey, because I was a nerd, a geek, a freak. For these reasons I was sentenced to death by mental degradation. I was reborn in a place called CFB Shilo; a horrible, desolate military base where rumors and wife-swapping lead to the highest suicide rate of any military base, and families were in a constant state of breakup. I went out of the frying pan and into the fire. From 1994-1997 I stayed on that base. An Olive

drab whore; I was too weak to be angry at first, but I grew stronger. I decided I would become a writer... a horror writer.

My passions for horror slowly drifted into alternative politics. Jello Biafra and Noam Chomsky became like gods to me. I vowed that after I outsold Stephen King, I would try to make a difference like they had. But still there was something not right...something was missing. So now I write viruses. I write viruses that affect the collective id of those who read in my native tongue of English.

***“Like the rest of my generation,  
I wasn’t so much raised as distracted.”***

But why, why would you care about my childhood? The fact a Dixieland Wiccan and an abusive, brain-damaged, newfie fan of Russian philosophy raised me might be entertaining, but not nearly amusing enough to invest pages of dialogue.

Everyone has a story to tell but no one really wants to hear it. We all fantasize about writing the memoirs of our life; dreaming about all the things we would love to do. We would talk about our ambitious dreams of sailing down the Amazon, about exploring the catacombs of Paris, about hunting Bigfoot with large-caliber firearms and state of the art night vision optics (good gen four stuff, none of that Russian crap). The truth, however, is that we can never tell those stories because they exist only as dreams.

This is my war, my fight to live those dreams. There are a billion logical and tranquilizing reasons why I shouldn’t try to find Bigfoot; and as many as I can think of I’m sure you can think of more, but the truth is this is what life is about. We are all dreaming of

being extraordinary, of being exceptional, yet no one has the intestinal fortitude, the guts, to really try and live the life we want instead of the lie they have given us.

You must be made aware that this text is not designed to enslave you in a cult (of any spelling variant).

If you downloaded this work, please read it before making the financial commitment to buy a copy of the Cybudic Philosophy. There is no secret information in the purchased copy; everything that you read here is printed there as well, including these words. Any works that claim to be of Cybudo MUST be available for free on the web, if they are not, then they are not works that Cybudo endorses.

My name is Sean Kennedy, and I am the open source celebrity that has created this “thing” that is Cybudo. I built it because someone is so desperately needed to stop the Corpolitical madness; yet no one else has stepped up to the task. So it is with great reservation that I step into the gladiatorial area to be a champion by default, but here goes something. This text is a creation of mine and mine alone, yet I have employed components, like building blocks, from different religions, philosophies, political parties, and even corporate motivational writings from around the world. This is cybudic Philosophy

I did not want to write these books. I had no desire to start a socio-political movement that would consume my life, but it seems that North American society is in desperate need of an alternative to the path of destruction that we are currently on. I believe Cybudo is the answer, and if someone has given you a copy of this text,



then someone else thinks it is the answer as well. Incidentally, they also think that you're rather bright and might enjoy this, so a "thank you" might be in order, whether you agree with these books or not.

As you have probably figured out by now, this is not a standard philosophy or political text. This isn't even particularly well written, but it is honest, and I hope it will be entertaining as well. This work is not for everyone. There will be those who call it a cult and claim that I am everything from a fascist to a Satanist and every other "-ist" in-between. To those people I smile, turn my back, and walk away. Not everyone you meet is going to be able to see the things the way that you do, and Cybudists do not push their ideas onto anyone.

If you disagree with Cybudo, that's fine; but don't try to kill me for it okay?

Great.

Cybudo could be called a faith, religion, philosophy, and / or a political party because it has components of each of these things. The most accurate way to describe Cybudo is as a lifestyle. The name Cybudo comes from the words "Cyber", which means to be part machine, and "Budo" meaning a warrior's code. Cybudo is the lifestyle for the warrior of today and tomorrow. It is a way for Cyberpunks to regroup and take control of the future for our world.

Technology is nothing more than the physical manifestation of will. We use it now, just as the stone, axe, and wheel were used in the creation of society. The computer, along with the myriad other advancements we humans have made in the last fifty years, must be utilized to command and shape our collective destinies. When you couple

applied technology with militant will, you have a very powerful combination indeed.

When people start talking about being militant, alarm bells start going off in people's heads. To be militant about something is not necessarily bad, you could be militant about getting your coffee in the morning, and in fact most people are. Being militant doesn't mean moving to the prairies and living in a bunker. It just means that you act with conviction and do not allow yourself to be swayed from your chosen path. Militant action is a lot like steel, just because steel is used to make weapons, does that make steel bad, of course not. Steel, like militant action, is a material whose judgment comes from how it is employed.

***“Technology is nothing more than the physical manifestation of will.”***

As I have said, the knowledge in Cybudo is not new, it is the application of knowledge that makes Cybudo unique. It is the militant nature of Cybudo, the conviction of the warrior coupled with the enhancement of technology, which will give us the strength to change our future.

After you have made your way through all seven books, and not one second before, you should then consider whether or not to purchase the cybudic Philosophy. By purchasing this book you are supporting the Cybudo movement and taking a stand against the madness that has consumed our world. Once we have sold ten thousand copies of this work we will be able to take the next step (we will talk about that later)

Books are funny things, they are a lecture you can walk out on, but cannot heckle in, and after you walk out you can come back any time and pick up where you left off. Everything that I write in these pages, every word I type I believe to be the absolute truth. My ideas are not based upon concepts or religious values, but the observation of history coupled with hard data. In this lecture, you may not understand everything the first time you hear it, but cybudic Philosophy will repeat itself as often as you like.

The unknown is uncomfortable. Humans are creatures of habit and routine. A dynamic future full of changes and mobility

exists, but it is destructive to our mentality. Cybudo is a philosophy that can help humanity embrace the future.

So if you're ready, if you're sick of being a victim of Corpolitical plotting, addicted to the things you hate; if you are terrified of the future, or worse: think that you haven't got one, then come with me my friend. I am prepared to show you how to live your life, your way.

My name is Sean Kennedy T.F.M.  
I am Patient Zero

*“Being militant doesn't mean moving to the prairies and living in a bunker. It just means that you act with conviction and do not allow yourself to be swayed from your chosen path.”*

## Chaos

*“When the state and big corporations allow and place incinerators in Black and Hispanic neighborhoods; when the worst and least nutritious foods are sold in food markets and bodegas; when trees are cut down and schools become mere training grounds for burgeoning rural prisons; when toxic images are pumped into young impressionable minds which glorify gangsters, pimping and mindlessly shaking boot; when racist twisted cops look at a man standing on a stoop and automatically see a suspect; when the State wages what is in fact an undeclared war on the poor, well, you have some serious sickness that needs to be resisted.”*

*– Mumia Abu-Jamal, journalist/political prisoner on death row, in a statement to the Million Family March, October 2000.*

Doug’s hands hurt a lot. They said that the treated lumber in the lumber run was harmless, they said you could drink the chemical it was treated with and it wouldn’t hurt you, but every time he got a splinter from the treated stuff, his hands felt swollen and itched all over. He tried not to think about it as he attempted to cover his section of the store. They were short staffed again and he was the only apron in the lumber run, building supply and millwork section. It was Thursday and it had already happened twice this week, this time made it the third.

He made just above minimum wage and by the time he finished his shift each day he was utterly exhausted. He had wanted to go back to school but with the way the moved the shifts around all he could ever plan for was work. He couldn’t say anything of course; the hardware mega-store got over fifty resume’s a day from people just like Doug who desperately needed a job. The turnover here was close to sixty percent every year, young kids who believed the dream of joining the team and had to quit or were “let go” after they couldn’t cope with the stress.

Doug had his secret weapon though tonight he would go home and smoke a big bowl

of the best weed in the state. He wasn’t a drug user, this was just self-medication. He couldn’t afford the Zanax or the Prozac, and natural was always better. His degree (Psychology major with a minor in psychology) cost him more money than he had ever made in his life, so payments, plus rent and food meant that things would be tight for a while. In the modern age of instant transactions and business at the speed of a thought, a while meant between five and eight years, but that’s okay, there were a lot of thirty year olds in university these days.

“Hey man.” Doug’s attention was snapped back into the lumber run by a large biker. He was built like a mammoth complete with the hair, and everywhere the hair was not, black leather and faded tattoos could be seen.

“Could you give me a hand with these treated four by four posts?”

“Oh, sure you bet.” He hadn’t finished the word bet when one of the store phones on his hip started to ring. There was a phone for millwork, building materials and lumber. But since he was the only one on he had all three tucked around his apron.

“Building materials, Doug speaking.” He answered the phone this way all day at work. His friends would phone him when he was off, and out of reflex, he answered his home phone the same way. The guy on the other end of the line wanted to know how he should be putting his driveway sealer down, and to make matters worse he was a slow talker.

He helped the biker load ten posts onto his cart and walked with him through the tills while still talking to the same guy on the phone. Both the other two phones on his hips had rung twice and stopped, only to be passed back to the switchboard operator, who promptly paged him over the store’s speakers; interrupting the soothing music pumped throughout the store. Sheryl, who did all the paging, spoke louder and slower with each repeated page, as though the other employee’s in the store spoke some foreign language and her patience was being tried.

After going through the tills, he walked with the biker out the huge lumber bay doors and into the sunlight. It stung his eyes but the fresh air felt good to breathe. He walked though the lot to the biker’s brand new Ford F-150 truck that was so black it looked wet. Doug finished his call with the driveway man as the last of the four by four treated lumber posts slid into the back of the perfect truck. He felt the pinch and sting of a sliver from the post catch the joint of his little finger and the itching began immediately.

As Doug tried with worn nails to pull the splinter out, the biker slammed the back of the truck and pulled a money role out of his pocket. At a guess Doug would say there was ten thousand dollars there in his thick gold ringed hands. He peeled off twenty bucks and handed it to Doug. Tips were illegal to take from customers because it promoted favoritism amongst employees towards the consumers, but Doug took the cash and smiled. He wasn’t sure if the biker was being kind or mocking as he said, “I guess you better get back to work.”



Lets start by dispensing a few myths about humans. There are those who believe that all humans have the essential knowledge of right and wrong, and that fair play and justice are part of our nature. Still others believe that integrity and honor are part

of our genetic makeup in some divine way. This is worse than inaccurate, it is a lie.

***“Humans, on the whole, are savage; combative beings that will do whatever it takes to reach their goals. This is our nature.”***

Humans, on the whole, are savage; combative beings that will do whatever it takes to reach

their goals. This is our nature. Concepts like fairness, justice and honesty are taught and are not part of human instinct. One only needs to look at nature to prove my point. Is it fair that the strongest black eagle chick kills and eats it’s siblings? Where is the justice for the young deer mercilessly ripped apart by wolves? Where is the honesty and

honor in a crocodile that ambushes the old water buffalo?

The truth is that we humans like to think we are better than the animal kingdom, but time and time again we show that we are not. Through genocide, war, crime, and hedonism we have shown constantly that an individual's morality is directly related to their political and economic status. Don't believe me? Imagine any major city in North America have the power and water cut off for seven days, where is the Honesty and the Justice then? Where is the greater human spirit? It's in the alleyway killing a family of five so that a family of four can live for two more days. Everyone likes to hide behind the lie of decency, but with only the gentlest push the mask falls away showing the true face of the human.

This truth about humanity is almost too horrible to admit, but whether you admit it or not, it doesn't change the fact that it is true. Some would speak of the divine and talk about our souls, and while it is true that there is the component of spirit in our bodies, decent faithful folk who believe in their god have killed as many if not more than the great heathen of unbelievers. So it begs the question, if we do not have natural values, what is it that gives us the ability to make decisions? What is our compass for intellectual thought?

There are two undeniable truths about the human race. The first is that everything each and every human being does, from the clothing they buy to the way the comb

their hair, every decision that we make is governed at the lowest level by only three urges: the urge to be great, the sexual urge, and the urge to avoid discomfort. Each urge trades its position of dominance within all of us depending on circumstances, but it is these three instincts that exist at the very core of our being.

It starts to get a little bit more complicated because the urge to be great is psychologically defined. Everyone has different ideas of what it means to be great, whether it means to be well liked, financially secure, famous, or what have you. Everyone's definition of what is great is different and largely governed by the company we keep and whatever

perceptions we have of greatness. A woman who seeks to be a great mother has the same urge as a stockbroker sweating for every dollar that he makes. The urges are the same, it is the definition of

greatness that changes within us all.

The same can be said for the sexual urge. The truth is that the company we keep and perceptions we gain of what is sexy. Looking down through history, what has been viewed as attractive qualities in men and women have changed drastically throughout the years, from one extreme to the next.

As well, the urge to avoid discomfort comes in many forms. From fear of cancer, to the aversion to physical labor and exercise; this same urge applies to those who although may be physically fit (what they define a factor in greatness) may not enjoy dealing

*“Imagine any major city in North America have the power and water cut off for seven days, where is the Honesty and the Justice then?”*

with mathematics or other more cerebral tasks. The fear and phobia of computers and new technology exhibited by some is a prime example of this comfort instinct.

No one is more aware of this than marketing companies. They cannot shift our desires, but they can change our definition of these desires and manipulate us that way. The idiocy of status comes from the urge for greatness, the urge to impress. Yet still the sexual urge is there as well as having high status in our society and culture (or subculture for that matter) makes us more desirable. To finish my point on this triangle, how many times have we heard of someone as being financially comfortable in status?

The subcultures in North America, although they do not have the same definition of greatness, are manipulated the same way. An activist that is on the news or persecuted by the state gains notoriety and status in his culture, as does a punk singer who leads his band on a "Who cares" Tour. The definition of status being "buying things you can't afford to impress those you do not like," applies to only one faction of North American culture. I assure you that although the punk subculture couldn't give a damn about expensive things, they still have this drive for greatness and status within their own culture.

If you look in your own life, no matter whom you are, you will see this truth in action. What is your favorite car? Why? Why would anything be preferable to you

over anything else? It is these urges that the media use to control North American culture.

The second undeniable truth about humans is that we are combative by nature; that is to say, each and every one of us likes to fight. Now there are those hippy vegetarian pacifists who would cast this book aside at this moment. They would say that they haven't got a violent bone in their bodies, and that they are dedicated to peace, nonviolence, and understanding in everything that they do. But what they fail to realize is that this act in itself is fighting... Fighting against violence. Again, as with our basic human urges, our definition of fighting not only changes, but also is manipulated by our perceptions and outside sources.

***"The second undeniable truth about humans is that we are combative by nature; that is to say, each and every one of us likes to fight."***

A man decides that he wishes to be a soldier. His urge to be great makes him desire this action and he feels superior

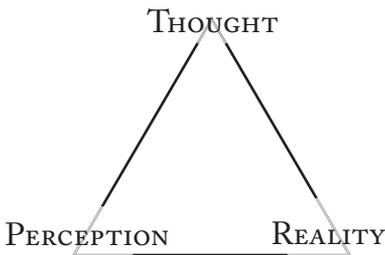
because he will be defeating others in physical combat. This feeds his sexual urge in how the soldier is viewed as a being of power, and therefore is desirable. These two urges, being fulfilled, place his urge to avoid discomfort in the background. (But I can tell you that this discomfort urge will be what the military uses to instill discipline in the man, and they are really good at it too.)

Another man wants to fight against all the disharmony and negativity in the world and strives to be at peace with all things. He will become a Vegan and stand against cruelty to all things. This man will fight more on a day-to-day basis than the soldier will,

but in a different way. He will fight with the strength of his conviction and in doing so fulfills the human need for combat. A woman may see this man and because he meets her perception of what is great she is attracted to him. With those same perceptions he is attracted to her and this fulfills the sexual urge and what could be more uncomfortable than physical combat? His urge against discomfort is fuelled as well.

Whether his lifestyle is chosen to get the “hippie chick”, to stand against violence, or to avoid battle depends on his dominant urge, but you can see how the theme of combat, even here, is so prevalent.

It is our perceptions that control our thoughts, and our thoughts control our reality as we choose to view it. Although I cannot think myself out of a tiger’s cage, whether I worship tigers or I am deathly afraid of them will govern my experience in that cage. Then again I suppose what the tiger thinks will greatly affect my perceptions as well.



Thought, perception, and reality are all deeply connected and influence each other. You cannot alter one without directly affecting the other two. This reality triangle is what controls our definitions of greatness, sexuality, and discomfort. It is the key to controlling the core urges of humans, and therefore, the key to

controlling humans themselves.

What about self-preservation? The truth is that self-preservation is hardly even a factor in humans, and this can be proven time and time again. People give and take their own lives all the time based on their urges and the reality triangle. Whether it is a monk who burns himself alive to protest violence or the soldier who goes over the top to greet death. The idea that “death is certain, life is not” is a mantra amongst some subcultures, while some Christian sects cannot wait to die so that they can be with god.

If self-preservation were stronger in humans we would not be killing each other in wars, poisoning our air and water, destroying our planet, or doing any of the things that are currently sending our culture towards destruction. It is not self preservation that makes us want to better our world, it is the urge against discomfort that make us hate the way we live and want to create something better.

The simplicity of the three urges and the triangle can be seen not only in North America, but also in every culture around the world. Unlike fluffy motivation books, these core concepts can be applied to everyone from the prostitutes of Thailand and the warlords of Africa, to the stockbrokers in New York and felons in the hardest of jails. This template of understanding allows us to understand how the human mind works. This template gives us the power to understand not only what we do, but also base reasoning of why we do it, and this same knowledge is taught in a far more cumbersome way to marketing executives and advertisers who get paid an exorbitant amount of money to alter your perceptions and make you their product. The job of advertising is to turn an independent human being into a controlled consumer. ▣

# Using Pipes with IPFW

by AfricanLoveTurtle

[ **Editor's note:** this tutorial, although useful for anyone, is actually written in the form of a tutorial for me specifically. The reason for this, is that I recently upgraded my old trusty iBook G3 to Mac OS X 10.4, also known as "Tiger." Tiger, like all distributions of osx is based on FreeBSD. ipfw is a UNIX utility that I wasn't aware of until I began talking to ALT about the capabilities of Tiger in the ranradio IRC channel. When he explained how ipfw and dumynet worked, I thought this was such a fascinating concept, I wanted to have an article on it. ipfw pipes are, as I found out, so simple to understand when you have a good tutorial, that ALT was able to teach me to understand the natural code in one fell swoop. I'm comfortable already, having gone from never having heard of ipfw to now, that I could, if I put my mind to it, utilize this technology. Such is the power of free media. – ab ]

## ## a quick note on ipfw

ipfw is (one of) the packet filters that FreeBSD uses. Apple has ported this to OS X note that the version of ipfw in 10.3 and 10.4 are not the same. 10.4 uses ipfw2 and is compiled with dumynet so you can use ipfw pipes 10.3 uses ipfw1 and is not compiled with dumynet so you can't use pipes this covers ipfw2 and pipes, the syntax for some things is different in ipfw1.

## ## A QUICK NOTE

I'm not sure if you know any unix commands to run on your mac but there are a few things you'll need to know network drivers will have names like lo0 (loop back device, 127.0.0.1/localhost) and the driver for your nic if you type ifconfig in the command prompt you'll see some output

```
lo0: flags=8049<UP,LOOPBACK,RUNNING,MULTICAST> mtu 16384
inet 127.0.0.1 netmask 0xff000000
inet6 ::1 prefixlen 128
inet6 fe80::1%lo0 prefixlen 64 scopeid 0x1
```

```
en0: flags=8863<UP,BROADCAST,SMART,RUNNING,SIMPLEX,MULTICAST> mtu
1500
inet6 fe80::211:24ff:fe74:a166%en0 prefixlen 64 scopeid 0x4
inet 216.89.228.114 netmask 0xfffffff8 broadcast xxx.xx.xxx.xxx
ether 00:11:24:74:a1:66
media: autoselect (100baseTX <full-duplex>) status: active
supported media: none autoselect
```

[ note: xxx.xx.xxx.xxx was ALT's IP. it contained numbers, you know, like an IP should. Just fill in the "x"s where you want. Use your imagination. – alienb ]

Your network card might be called something different, in the case of my Mac en0 is my network card.



Also, if you open the terminal you are logged in as a user. The only person that can manipulate ipfw rules is the user root. Root is the superuser in unix. You will need to either enable root (you can Google for how to do this in OS X) and then run the command 'su' to become root or type sudo before every command.

sudo is something used to give normal users root abilities, it is how osx authenticates stuff (it's also why anytime you change something in osx it asks for your users password)

The syntax would be like:

```
"sudo ipfw list"  
instead of      "ipfw list"
```

You'll want to learn some unix basics if you don't already have them before you try to change your ipfw rules.

## ## ON TO IPFW

ipfw list will display your current ruleset, here is an example:

```
1 allow ip from any to any  
65535 deny ip from any to any
```

Each rule gets a number, 1 - 65535. rules are processed in order, so for the example above, deny ip from any to any is never hit because everything stops at 1 rule. In the same example:

```
1 allow ip from any to any  
10 deny all from google.com to me  
65535 deny all from any to any
```

Rule 10 doesn't work because every packet matches rule 1 and stops there.

```
1 deny all from google.com to me  
2 allow ip from any to any  
65535 deny ip from any to any
```

Now this works, google.com is banned.

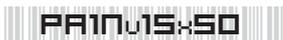
## ## RULE FORMAT

Here is an example of a rule:

```
ipfw add 10 deny tcp from 192.168.1.5 to me in via en0  
ipfw add (number) (accept/deny) (protocol) from (ip/hostname) to  
(ip/hostname) (in/out) via (device)
```

You can leave stuff out:

```
ipfw add 10 deny tcp from 192.168.1.5 to me in <-- that works  
ipfw add 10 deny tcp from 192.168.1.5 to me <-- that works too
```



## ## CAPPING TRAFFIC

In 10.4 you can use ipfw pipes (Not in 10.3).

Lets create a pipe with 50Kbyte/s of bandwidth.

```
ipfw pipe 1 config bw 50Kbyte/s
```

(note that pipes get numbers too, "ipfw pipe list" will display your pipes. The pipe number and rule number (ie; ipfw list / ipfw pipe list) have nothing to do with eachother, so ipfw rule #1 and ipfw pipe #1 have nothing to do with each other)

Then you create a rule that routes traffic through your 50K pipe. Here is an example:

```
ipfw pipe 1 config bw 50Kbyte/s  
ipfw add 1 pipe 1 tcp from porn.com to me in
```

This rule says add all traffic from porn.com to me should be sent through pipe 1.

NOTE: "me" is a keyword meaning any interface on the local machine.

Now you know how to use the basics of ipfw and ipfw pipes.

You can find any more specific questions you have on google. [ editor – just as you can find anything and more (see: answer to the meaning of life) on google.] Since you have a Mac you might want to read yourself a tutorial on unix like all the basic commands and stuff. You can install some unix utilities like trafshow to do things like monitor connections.

For instance, lets say you have dsl and you're sending someone a file. Now your dsl is slow as ASS cause you're using all your upload.

In this case, you could cap them at 15k/sec with ipfw pipes but you need to know their IP. How are you gonna get that? What if it's like an AIM buddy send or something?

The unix program trafshow will display all your connections sorted by what is using the most bandwidth. you could use that see who they are and get their ip.

A large, bold, red letter 'M' is centered on a dark gray background. The letter is solid red and has a classic, slightly stylized font. It is the largest element in the image.

**for Mature**

**by alienbinary**

A couple of weeks ago, I was at a large warehouse store whose name I won't mention out of common decency, when the self-service kiosk I was at chirped and hollered and a ridiculous flashing light went off saying that I was attempting to purchase an item that was age restricted. The item was a tube of Crazy Glue. A female employee who must have been about two or three years my junior came up with a swipe card, punched in her employee identification number, and asked me for age verification ID. At her flank, was her supervisor, a miserable woman of anywhere from age thirty to sixty five, who demanded my license. Not having a license to present her with, I instead held out my police wallet, which exposes my Mass ID, and says that yes, I am indeed 22. As she was turning to leave, I stopped her and asked "what was that all about?" to which she replied, "kids try and get high on it."

On my better judgement, I decided that this wouldn't be a good time to explain that actually the most common form of glue to huff or sniff was airplane glue, and that inhaling the fumes of crazy glue would only cause the nasal membranes to rupture, pouring hot syrupy blood all over the ugly tile floor. Instead, I told her that perhaps, just perhaps, this was going too far.

As a technical engineer at a radio station, I think I spend the majority of my budget on compressed air and things with razor blades in them. Removing credit card from wallet, I placed two three packs of carbon dioxide canisters on the conveyor belt, along with a couple of other items that would suggest I was either building a bomb, or that I was an engineer. The fact that my hoodie had "Engineering Department" written on the sleeve should have given away which one was actually the case, but sure enough, I was asked for identification. Hypothetically, I mused, what the fuck would someone do with six highly pressurized co2 cartridges, and no cracker. Either I owned the corresponding apparatus, a tool for blowing fine dust off of extremely sensitive equipment-- which

again would suggest that perhaps I was an engineer-- or perhaps I thought I could just puncture the top of the cartridges with a fucking safety pin and inhale the lethal gas as I yelled "my hand just got blown off."

Again, I showed my army surplus police wallet (which simply means this one has an ID display on the front, it's made of tactical nylon, and has a place for a badge) and held it in an upside down V-shape, exposing my mass ID. He was sorry for the inconvenience. I wonder what they would have asked for if I put down a set of xacto knives, a staple gun and a giant permanent marker. Sadly, I know what they would have done in this case, too. They would have asked for ID, for the marker. Do a google search for "Massachusetts bans sale of spraypaint to minors," and you'll get something like this:

[http://www.nograffiti.com/grafnews/6\\_04/Anti-graffiti%20movement%20gains%20momentum.htm](http://www.nograffiti.com/grafnews/6_04/Anti-graffiti%20movement%20gains%20momentum.htm)

I think it was Mayor Menino of Boston, but I'm not entirely sure, who decided that spraypaint, magic markers, airplane glue and lighter fluid was too much for anyone under the age of 18 years. Whoever it was, they're an asshole. Just as a sidenote, I wonder how many people know the many artists that got their starts locally by tagging buildings. If anyone isn't familiar with this, they should check out [www.artcrimes.org](http://www.artcrimes.org), and read about the world reknowned artist Keith Haring, whose rare biography is in my personal stash of books I won't part with. All the same, even that's not necessarily a justification, but this is: if I take a ballpoint pen, and jab it into your neck, bad things happen. Are we going to consider banning the sale of pens to minors? I can't hardly fucking wait.

My favorite, however, is the rating system. Thanks to Tipper Gore and her posse of "concerned parents," kids are safe from actually seeing anything that might entertain them. How thoughtful. But what do these ratings mean? What about

M for Mature, my absolute favorite of all the one letter ratings. Now how the fuck are clerks behind the counter supposed to decide if the person attempting to purchase a pornographic movie is mature? I know sixty year old men who giggle at the word erection, and I also know twelve year old girls who, unfortunately, don't. It seems that younger teens know more about sex and sexuality than adults do, and in a taboo society, it's not safe to freely discuss this sort of thing. This means that the kids have the information, but not necessarily the tools to know what to do with this information. Splendid strategy, guys. I have to hand it to the censors in this country. For a bunch of cowards, they still aren't squeamish when it comes to shooting themselves in the foot.

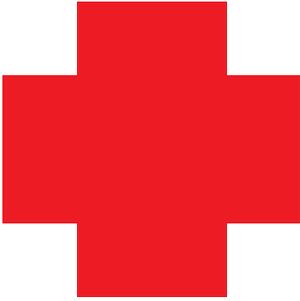
The ban on sexuality has gone so far in this country, even in what is known as one of the most liberal states in the union, that I saw an action figure in a store called "Newbury Comics" that had, among it's racks of McFarlane toys and whatnot, a couple of figures that had pink warning stickers saying "18 to purchase." On close examination of the box, Absynthe/Green Fairy read aloud: "with removable costume and anatomically correct parts." So yeah, sorry kids, if the superheroine is too sexy, you can't buy her action figure. But don't worry, you can buy the action figure of the "Texas Chainsaw Massacre"'s "Leatherface" anyway, complete with removable dead skin mask and serial murdering chainsaw. Or, if that doesn't suit you, you can buy an Adolph Hitler action figure, which I've seen, but only on rare occasions. How perfectly ironic that you can buy a doll of a fascist, but fascist laws won't let you buy what you probably want to purchase in the first place. Irony is everywhere. Can't you just taste it?

*"For a bunch of cowards, they still aren't squeamish when it comes to shooting themselves in the foot."*

So, now let's recap what's restricted: glue, spraypaint, markers, carbon dioxide (they know we exhale this shit, right?), lighter fluid, pornography and certain action figures which might teach impressionable children a proper lesson in anatomy. No wonder guys have such a hard time finding the clitoris during their first sexual encounters. Everyone's been trying to keep them from finding out just where it is! For fuck's sake, people, this has to be curtailed. Aren't you a little tired of having to wave ID everytime you need to take a piss? Actually, that's another of my favorite conundrums: say you're walking down a busy street. You're only 18, legal to smoke, but you can't drink. Fine.

All of a sudden, you have to take a leak, and the only things open for a solid three blocks in every direction are bars. You get to the door, wait your turn, and the bouncer asks for your ID card. You explain that you're terribly sorry but you just have to use the bathroom. You try giving him collateral. You try explaining that he can watch you (just not while you urinate). Basically, you try everything, and he says no. In a scenario like this-- which is one that I used to find myself in before I was of legal age to buy alcohol-- I advocate relieving yourself in public. If you get hassled, ask exactly what you were supposed to do.

One final thing needs to be mentioned, before this article is wrapped up. I used to smoke for an ungodly amount of time, and right before I quit, convenience stores started installing ID card readers. In case you're wondering, yes, these things do scan your name, and yes, they do often keep a record of your purchases. In a day and age where HMOs are using peoples vices against them and denying coverage, that's more than an invasion of privacy, that's a kick in the groin to freedom.



# Emergency First Aid Field Guide

by *Therma*

## Introduction

Greetings readers. My name is Therma, and what follows is the first of many lessons in emergency first aid. Before we begin, a few topics must be discussed. First of all, this information in no way gives you formal training in first aid, this information is to be used at your own risk, and you assume all responsibility for your actions resulting from this data. You must understand that you could possibly do more harm to a patient by taking action. I highly recommend that all readers further pursue formal training in the emergency field, you can do so by contacting your local hospital or fire department.

## A brief note on your source, myself.

I am a Firefighter/EMT (emergency medical technician) with several years of experience in the emergency field. I have been through numerous extensive training programs, granting me the knowledge to rescue and save the lives of others. This is more than a profession for me. The fact that I sacrifice my time, energy, and perhaps my life for the well being of others is what drives me. I believe that by selflessly offering myself as service to my fellow humans I am actually doing something progressive and positive on this earth. Why am I writing this article? Because I have sat back and read Pain since day one, and I have faith in the readers that this information will be put to good use. I believe in the sharing and distributing of knowledge, and feel as though it is my duty to share this information with the readers. This topic is too often overlooked by the masses. This topic is vital for every human to have a basic understanding of. So this is where we begin, at the basics. I will teach you the basics of first aid,

but take it upon yourself to seek further enrichment and training in this field. It is our duty to prepare ourselves for certain situations. When the shit hits the fan, you'll wish you or someone around you knew how to save a life.

## A brief note on legalities

No one likes to hear this stuff but I feel obligated to tell you. Any patient can refuse your care as a first aid provider. Before providing first aid care you must establish consent from the patient. There are two methods of receiving consent, given, and implied. Given consent can be a patient agreeing to your care, or making physical gestures suggesting they need your care. Implied

consent is achieved when a patient is unable to give consent due to the injury (i.e., patient is unconscious, or in an altered state of mind.) All of this may seem cloudy but you are protected very well by the 'Good Samaritan Laws', let me break it down for you. The Good Samaritan Laws state that any first aid provider acting in good faith, and making rational decisions to help another in need, is protected from any liability issues that may result from the situation. This means that if you provide care to a patient, and can prove you did so in a humane and decent way, it will be very difficult for some shit head to sue you. I suggest all readers familiarize themselves with the laws and statutes in their areas.

*Note: This information is true for the United States, I am unsure of the laws in other countries, please take it upon yourself to look into it. Lets get started.*



## Preface

As a first aid provider, you must always be mindful of your own personal safety. Before entering any first aid situation, always consider two things, scene safety and BSI (body substance isolation). Scene safety means just that. Make sure there is nothing that can turn you into a patient. In a car accident, make sure the car is secure, and not teetering over a cliff for example. When dealing with a patient who was shocked, don't even think of touching the patient unless you are certain that all of the energy is dissipated. If electrical wires are on a patient, car etc. don't waste your time trying to play hero, you will get shocked and it won't tickle. Beware of slippery ice, etc. Beware of environmental issues, and the weather. Use your head. Body substance isolation (BSI) is what protects you against blood born pathogens. You want hep. C? Didn't think so. Wear latex or latex free gloves whenever possible. If someone is suspected to have Tuberculosis get your hands on a HEPA mask, look it up, they're pretty cheap. Also consider heavy duty gloves and a rugged set of pants and long sleeve shirt to protect you. Safety glasses or even a helmet of sorts can't hurt either.

### Lesson One: Bleeding and blood loss

Blood is an essential part of a living human. In order for us to treat patients, we must first understand what blood is. Blood is what distributed oxygen and other nutrients to the cells in our body. Blood is composed of several parts. Red blood cells are the mechanism of distributing oxygen to your cells. The hemoglobin in your red blood cells has an affinity for oxygen, meaning it has a tendency to stick with the oxygen, thus allowing its transportation to your organs. Oxygen is provided from your lungs, and is traded for carbon dioxide. Thus, when we inhale oxygen, we exhale carbon dioxide. This process is called respiration. Cellular respiration, then, is the transfer of carbon dioxide for oxygen at the cellular level. Our blood also contains white blood cells, which are responsible for the removal of unwanted pathogens. Platelets are also found in our blood, and are responsible for the clotting of our blood. Clotting can be defined as the build up of Platelets, which forms a fibrous wall,

which slows or stops the effects of bleeding. A scab is an example of a clot. Plasma is another element in our blood and can be defined as a clear, water-like substance responsible for the fluidity of our blood, thus allowing its flow through blood vessels.

Blood is transported from the heart to the organs via arteries. This blood is oxygen rich and may appear to be a bright red color. Arteries are generally under higher pressure. Because of this, an arterial bleed might yield a spurting action. Arterial bleeds are generally more difficult to stop. The pulsing of the heart may be detected by placing your fingers over an artery (checking a pulse).

Blood is transported from the organs to the heart via veins. Veins carry oxygen-depleted blood, which may appear as a dark red or purple-ish color. Veins tend to be under lower pressures. Because of this, a venous bleed will produce an oozing action. Venous bleeds are generally easier to stop when compared to arterial bleeds.

**Before entering any first aid situation, always consider two things, scene safety and BSI (body substance isolation).**

Now that we are familiar with blood and how it is transported throughout the body, how do we stop a bleed? There are 4 steps to stopping a bleed. Follow these steps in order, and the bleed

should be stopped. When moving on to the next step, do not cease the actions of the previous step.

#### Step One: Apply direct pressure to the effected site.

This is vital because it forces a build up of blood in the area, thus allowing platelets to formulate. For minor cuts, flushing the area with water and a mild soap will help reduce infection. If it is a serious bleed don't waste your time cleaning it, stop the bleed. Drive the tips of your fingers into the wound using gauze pads, clean cloth, pieces of clothing, or other such absorbent materials to soak up the blood (make sure these are as clean as possible to avoid infection). Before you apply firm pressure, make sure there are no other injuries such as a broken bone beneath the bleed which may be compromised by the pressure. If blood soaks through your absorbent material, do not remove that material, this may

rip the clotting action of the blood apart, and your bleed will continue. Simply add more material on top of the blood-soaked ones.

**Step Two:** Elevate the effected site. Let the effects of gravity do their job to the injury. Think about it, the higher the wound is, the slower blood will travel because it is working uphill. When we say elevate, we mean elevate above the heart.

**Step Three:** Apply pressure to the nearest pressure point. This pressure point should be between the heart and the wound. Use this step only when treating for bleeds on upper and lower extremities. For upper extremities, apply pressure to the brachial artery (located on the inner portion of the upper arm, slightly below the arm pit. For lower extremities, apply pressure to the femoral artery (located on the inner portion of the thigh, slightly below the genitals. Now, from what you know about how blood travels im sure you can answer why this works. By pinching the artery to the nearest bone, we slow the movement of blood to the wound, reducing the effects of bleeding.

**Patients will scream, cry and make the situation very dramatic. Focus. Never care for a patient if you cannot ensure your personal safety.**

**Step Four:** Apply a tourniquet to the effected limb. Let me stress that this is the final step, and should only be used as a last resort in a dire situation. You must understand that if a tourniquet is applied anything below that point from the heart may have to be removed in the future. This method reduces blood flow to the area for an extended period of time, and cellular damage may occur because of this. Tourniquets can come in many forms. A large piece of cloth wrapped around the limb and tightened down by means of a stick-like object is a classic example of a tourniquet. Basically the more you twist the stick, the tighter it gets. A belt may be used as well. The concept of the tourniquet is simple. The pressure is applied above the wound, thus slowing or stopping blood flow to the wound. Never apply a tourniquet to the neck of your patient, for obvious reasons. After applying a

tourniquet, note the time it was applied and make sure you make it obvious that you did this, either expose it or write "tourniquet" on the patients forehead. The hospital staff will appreciate this information.

### **Shock:**

Perfusion can be defined as the systematic flow of blood through the body. Therefore, if someone has hypoperfusion (a.k.a. 'shock'), they do not have adequate blood flow. Hypoperfusion can be caused by many things, one of which is excessive blood loss (hypovolemia if you like big words). If you notice cool and clammy skin conditions, cold sweat, a weak pulse, nausea, altered mental status, slurred speak or other abnormal signs in a patient who hast lost blood, expect shock. This is a serious situation and must be compensated for immediately. To treat for shock elevate the legs, this will shunt blood from the not so vital organs (the lower extremities), to the vital organs in the torso, (heart, lungs, liver, kidneys etc.) and head (brain). If patient has broken bones in the leg(s), do not elevate, this will compromise the injuries to the leg. Keep your patient warm. The blood loss will compromise heat transfer in the body. Give your patient water or other fluids, warm them up in extreme cold conditions.

Do this only if patient has gag reflexes and can swallow. Monitor your patient closely and get them to advanced life support as soon as possible.

### **Conclusion:**

I guess the way to sum all of this up is use common sense. When you're in the shits, you will be very excited. Keep your head on, keep your cool and get to work. Patients will scream, cry and make the situation very dramatic. Focus. Never care for a patient if you cannot ensure your personal safety. Do not make yourself a patient as well. Remember, you are there to solve the problem, not to become apart of it. Use your resources, use people around you, use everything you can get your hands on, use your head! Hero mode tends to make us do stupid things at times, keep your head on. And as always, don't forget to dial 911, the sooner the better. ♦

# The Chemistry of My Mouthwash

by alienbinary

Introduction: "The Chemistry of My Mouthwash" is a group of blog entries that just sort of came together one day. The heading is a reference to a tangent I went on for a lot longer than one might consider reasonable or even necessary, regarding my question about mouthwash, or more particularly, the mouthwash I bought at the dentist's request. While I was waiting for my lips to become less puffed up and for the numbing sensation to go away, (since the lip was swollen and I couldn't feel it, I was afraid I might, you know, bite it off.) I began writing about what I knew and didn't know about the urban legend regarding a vast conspiracy to poison the drinking water that emerged when fluoride was first introduced into the American water supply in whatever year it was first introduced into the water supply. I thought the title was such a strange one, I decided to replace the original title, which had the word "blog" predictably in the heading, with the one it has now. Not all of this article is about fluoride, just a large portion. Although you, the reader, may come across parts in the mouthwash entry that look familiar, that's because a lot of it is simply regurgitated facts. There's nothing special about my little chemistry lesson, it's meant to entertain more than anything.

\* \* \*

At the moment, I'm trying to ignore the heavy taste of fluoride in my mouth, which is nothing if not pungent. I was at the dentist a few days ago, and the hygienist told me that she was just going to snap a few xrays of my jaw, to see if there are any problems with my teeth. Sure, I thought, no problem. Unlike a lot of people, who are horribly afraid of xrays because of the radiation, I'm a big fan. There are few things I like better than internal medicine, which is completely exploratory and one hundred percent non-invasive. The reason is simple, too: I like to see what I look like on the inside without having to undergo major surgery. I have a thing for bones and muscles, I think they're utterly fascinating, and as a slight egotist, I think that my bones and musculature are the most fascinating of all.

After she took the pictures, she made that same ticking of the tongue sound that all doctors, nurses, surgeons, and probably chiropractors make when they see something wrong that they don't know how to explain. She asked me if I could understand what I was looking at on the pictures, to which I explained, yes, I can interpret x-rays for the most part. I identified some basic defining features for her. She conceded that yes, I did in fact know what I was looking at. Pointing at one of my teeth on the digital rendering on her computer screen, near my lower right canine, which, I could see, was well on it's way to dissolving. "You need to brush along the gums, or your teeth are going to just fall out. This is some heavy damage," she said, sort of talking to herself, sort of talking to me. I replied "the decalcification on the lower jaw, you mean?" which elicited a surprised "yes. yes that's exactly what I meant.."

So, she gave me some options for preventative medicine that might strengthen my teeth, and wouldn't you know it, fluoride is still up and running strong. I bought this fourteen dollar mouth rinse (yeah, I know. Kind of pushing it for a jacked up listerine) and was told to use it everyday. After I use it, I can't eat drink or really do anything at all for an half an hour. She went over some orgo chemistry that I won't relate, but it explained how it worked, and so on.

And now here I am, killing time by writing about my trip to the dentist because I can't do anything until the damage from the dentist is repaired. What bothers me though, is that fluoride has a really dangerous, frightening past. According to some of the fringe groups on the internet, Fluoride was part of the final solution in Hitler's reign. First used in prison camps, it was one of the active ingredients in a compound toxin that would keep the prisoners docile.

Once again, this is all hearsay, since I have no hard evidence of this. Anyone with an FOIA (freedom of information act) document on the origins of fluoride medicinally should contact me at any of the email addresses I supply at the top of the zine.

Table salt, you'll recall, is potassium chloride, another completely harmless substance (unless you happen to be a mollusk) that we used every day, which is derived from two dangerous elements. Remember, we eat this shit, so it can't be all that bad. Regardless, you get table salt by combining Sodium, an element that, although when properly broken down into the right state is good for the human body, is also explosive when mixed with water. I'm beginning to feel like Morgan Freeman's character in "Batman Begins", trying to explain all this stuff knowing that the only people who will have any idea of what I'm talking about already know what I'm writing is true. [ Absynthe and I saw that movie the other day. Holy gothic cinematic orgasm, Batman. ]

So yeah, ab, back on track. Salt is made from sodium, and chlorine. Chlorine is one of the deadliest poisons known to mankind. But when combined, especially when iodine (see: iodized salt) is used as a catalyst, you get sodium chloride.

What's my point? If the nazis had put sodium fluoride in the drinking water, I would be much more nervous than I am now about the potential links of fluoride in the water and the nazi's delving into population control. Although it's a compelling idea, I don't think it was the plan of the US health department to make us all stupider than we already were.

"...I'm not actually saying this because I want people to act on it... no no no no, no, that's not why I'm saying this at all. Wait, yes it is. I believe in everything I say!"

-- Sean Kennedy, The Fucking Man

Anyone noticed that it's nearly impossible to find a job these days? Corporations are so guarded when it comes to their profit margins that they won't hire summer help, they won't hire for short periods of time, and if you suggest that you would require a little bit of flexibility in your schedule, they won't take you. In addition, companies don't just have the on-site managers make the decisions, they have someone in human resources who doesn't even care to be present for the interview decide whether you get the job or not. What about references, either?

Did you know that a lot of companies no longer find it acceptable to pick and choose whom to put down on your application as a previous employer? I was talking to someone the other day who said that even the service industry hires research companies to perform background checks. Using public tax records, the companies can infer whether or not you worked for a certain company. If you have a bad experience at one job, and we all do, this can completely fuck you in the end, regardless of who was to blame.

Oh, yeah, and supposedly the economy is up. I don't remember who said this, but more or less the reaction was "of course it's up. The companies are doing fine now that they cut millions of jobs." The worst part is, this sort of figure seems to work with the average person. Most people don't look into these things themselves, they assume that what they read is accurate. If someone on the business page says the secretary of the department of the treasury is looking hopeful about the economy, the American public sighs with relief. How high do you have to be to believe that our country isn't in recession?

Have you looked at gas prices? Have you noticed that even companies who used to be hailed for customer service are now derided for off-shoring their support staff to people in India who will work for a fraction of the wages

that the same job would earn in the United States? It's a fact that the self-checkout kiosks at supermarkets are an attempt to cut down on the number of necessary employees at any given location, but if you skip to the technology and business pages in your newspaper, you only read about them as amazing developments in business. They don't even fucking work, either. I almost got into a fistfight with a self-checkout machine at Home Depot because the stupid thing tried to tell me that I had put something else in the bag that I hadn't rung up. I wasn't even using a bag. And those digital voices, holy shit, those are creepy.

I was reading in Popular Science the other day about the pharmaceutical industry's solution to production costs. This is great. Now they've employed genetic engineers to create plants that will grow the necessary drugs for extraction. All I could think was "what happens if they show up on the grid in a place that isn't owned by the pharmacy? Does it join the ecosystem?" I tried to picture going through a field and picking prozac posies for the windowsill. Somehow this isn't a pleasing thought.

18:33 -!- punkofevil changed the topic of #ranradio to: .:www.ranradio.com:. | RR needs mirrors! <http://www.ranradio.com/contact.php> |[15:33] <alienbinary> ALT, from now on, you're in charge of my love life.

All in all, however, (several days later), that particular clip is from an IRC chat I was having in which AfricanLoveTurtle revealed that he had somehow managed to combine in one photograph a picture of a FreeBSD box and a very attractive girl, whose name will be withheld from this article, but I will say that she was flashing the camera and is a ranradio regular.

At the momemnt, my pillow smells like one particular girl. For those of you that haven't blown your sense of smell on cocaine, you know what I mean. Every guy and girl has a distinct smell, and when you combine this with someone you deeply care about, the smell becomes a powerfully seductive or pacifying one. I remember a long time ago, I hadn't slept in a week. Then she slept over, spent the night in my dorm room, and I felt peaceful as could be. That night, the smell lingered, and it was comforting, lulling me into safety.

It's true, incidentally, that a lot of people do this. As human beings, we have an animal attraction to our olfactory senses, and some scientists suggest that this is the most powerful for inducing memory. Whatever it is, I think if my car, apartment and office could smell like that, I'd have a hard time frowning. ♦

**one.**  
**words by starspider.**

One.

It always begins with one. One becomes two, becomes four, becomes eight; splitting its way into life. One molecule becomes two, and the world erupts into a blinding mass of...nothing.

One.

It's really easy to forget yourself. Time flickers and slips between one's fingers, one minute at a time, one life. One voice. One answer. It was entirely too easy to become part of the many, entirely too easy to forget that one is the first number, the beginning--creation; Far too simple to see that fine line as nothing more than nothing. Just one.

One life. One voice. One vote, one question, one lie, one laugh. Jane opened her eyes and looked over the rail. One. It was so easy to lose one in the throbbing press of humanity. It was so easy to forget that only one cancerous cell is needed to start the infection over again. So easy to forget that one man left standing can bring the whole house of cards down. She watched the flowing river of brightly lit humanity cascade across the bridge, headlights glistening in the rain. The cars looked like beetles, scurrying away from... from what? To where? Driven by blind herd mentality and animal urge. Her precious Humanity.

But it wasn't the flow she was needing to see. It was One. Her gaze, her impossibly sharp eyes, lit with the blazing fire granted from the Makers sifted through the crowd.

All it took was one and the infection blazed again.  
All it took was one, and the whole world died.

But it was only one world, wasn't it? Just one chance, just one place.  
What made it so damn special? It was hers. One.

High above the city she waited, watching, looking for the blazing,  
fevered thing she was meant to watch for. An entire life spent look-  
ing for just that one. Waiting for it.

Just one life.

But it was her life.

Her head turned away from the street for a moment (just one) and  
she took a look up at the pregnant moon.

Her life, her world. A bittersweet existence at best.

She tore her eyes from the blossoming moon and looked back to the  
throbbing, blistered city.

Humanity, the virus, could be checked easily by the Others. But it  
was the Shard, the free radical, the inoculated particle of cancerous  
flesh that she watched for. That she would spend her entire existence  
watching for.

Because all it took was one.

Just one.

A sacrifice easily made. Just one.

One within one within one, on to infinity. One so small that only one  
could see it.

Jane closed her eyes (both of them) and felt the burning tear (just  
one) roll down just one cheek. Just one.

Standing she took one step, and with one life, saved one world.

Just one.

[ originally posted on: <http://www.deviantart.com/view/7726074/> ]

# Changing of the Guard

by alienbinary

*“Even in a tough situation, we’ll be there with no hesitation, brotherhood’s our rule we cannot bend when you’re feeling too close to the bottom you know who it is you can count on, someone will pick you up again.”*

- Pennywise, “Bro Hymn”

As you have seen in Turnspike’s letter from the co-editor, Turnspike will be stepping down as the Co-Editor for PA1N Magazine. As a loyal friend, a smart and quite talented (although he doesn’t think so) co-editor, Turnspike has turned out to be more than anything I could have ever asked for in a co-founder for the magazine.

Initially, I was more worried about the text being polished and ready for publication than I was about distribution. When it came to distro, I realized that I had absolutely no idea what the fuck to do. Turnspike, however, along with the rest of the Springfield 2600 crowd provided webspace, email, hosting, and a place for the zine to flourish in it’s beginning stages. Without Turnspike, the first forum archives would have been rantmedia.

It was his enthusiasm that first brought me to ask Turnspike if he would help spearhead this fledgeling project. Turnspike’s fervent interest in all things associated with the freedom of the press assured me that I had a loyal, dedicated co-editor, and I was right. From his first article, Turnspike has shown a tremendous amount of insight, as well as resourcefulness. I am truly sad to see him step down, but his reasons, most of which are private, and will remain so, are more than concrete. Turnspike has given this a lot of thought for a long time, and is doing the hardest part of his job: admitting when sometimes it’s better for another person to take the helm.

Fortunately for me, Mephyt and Nemisis have been instrumental in getting this project going in the last few months. From this issue onward, Mephyt is my co-editor. This does not, however, mean that Turnspike is gone, as he made quite clear in his letter. Nonetheless, he will always be missed in his absence, and cherished in his presence. I look forward to seeing what Turnspike has to offer later on, when his environment is conducive to writing for the magazine. I know that without Turnspike, this project would have had a more than difficult time getting off the ground.

As I mentioned before, Nemisis and Mephyt are stepping up to the plate. Nemi has been incredible with hosting images, and I really truly look forward to the next article from him, although I can’t honestly say I know when that will be. However, you can thank Nemisis for the resurrection of the Project Loki Archives, and indeed you should.

Mephyt needs no introduction, he’s the nutjob we all know and love. As a partner in thought-crime, he’s second to none. For fuck’s sake, he even helped me choose my trusty Bates Enforcers, and, I’m not ashamed to admit it, taught me how to polish them. Because mephyt reminds me of myself in many peculiar ways, I find it easy to discuss things with him, and we see the same goal for the most part. PA1N is a community, a movement, born out of ranradio and the various subcultures that were born out of ranradio. Where other movements have been hierarchical, PA1N is not. I do not believe anyone to be superior or inferior (unless they’re just an asshole,) to anyone else. We are all fighting the same good fight.

As some older members of the PA1N Crew bow out for a while, new members join and the project grows. CaponeX, who I can’t say enough positive things about, has made PA1N a printable magazine. Even Cimmerian was ready to put it in ink when he first saw it. With the help of people like CaponeX and Mephyt, as well as the grounding nature of Nemisis, I no longer feel the stress of this project, but the exhilaration. People often ask me, “you run a magazine?” and then they ask “why?” “how?” “what’s it about?” The answer is, that this is about the world around us. Everyone has a voice, and it’s up to the community of the counterculture to provide this alternative media to combat the onslaught of mass media. Although the people who are on the front lines may sometimes take a breather, the movement itself never does. For as long as there is a problem, we will provide a solution.

That being said, thank you Turnspike. You’re always welcome to have a place in the pages of PA1N.

# Outtro

I'm writing this from the Logan International Airport, iBook on lap, watched by everyone. We are no longer "land of the free," nor "home of the brave." Instead, we have traded all of our freedoms, surrendered them for the illusion of security. Whatever happened to grabbing life by the balls? What happened to not being afraid? Fear is an animal instinct, and we have resorted to relying on this instinct alone.

PAIN Magazine has been a project of dedication to the freedom of speech and the first ammendment. At this time, when free speech is at it's most perilous, it's most important to continue to publish free media. In my carry-on bag is Sean's "The Bloodstained Rabbit," and an iPod full of subversive spoken word. I'm writing this from coach class cramped on an American Airlines flight, wondering how many people are assuming that I'm engaging in dangerous, illicit behavior.

I want thank everyone who contributed in any fashion to this, the fifteenth issue of PAIN Magazine. That includes writers, aditors, photographers, distributors, promotional people, web hosts and vigilantes. To everyone who gave me encouragement, especially Cimmerian, in this most recent issue, thank you. Megaprogman, I don't know what I'd do without you, thanks for the index page, you are, officially, the shit. Meph, you crazy motherfucker, keep calling me from wierd locales, I love it. I could go on and on, and that's my point.

The cyberculture is the last bastion of hope for the counter-culture, for those of us who chose to use our own minds and our own tools, our own intellects and cognition to guide us in our daily lives. The online culture of increasingly angry and disconcerted young people all the way to old schoolers, keeps our society in check. By publishing this magazine, by supporting free, independent music, art and books, you send a message that the corporate/political or "corpoltical" will NOT win. That is not to say that there aren't inherent dangers in what we do.

When Therma first approached me to do an online tutorial in basic emergency responder training, I was apprehensive. The legal repurcussions of publishing medical information for untrained professionals to use are staggering. This had me debating what

to do for a long time, until I realized that the information was so vital, and the message so pure, that there was no reason to be afraid. PALN and rantmedia are sources of important information, often, as Sean K calls it, "all the news you need, to stay alive."

When I was much younger, I was licensed by the American Red Cross in basic life-saving techniques. I still have that card somewhere, it's laminated in one of my police wallets. One of these days, I'd like to get it renewed. I believe that we have a responsibility to look after our own, to care for those that cannot help themselves. Many people have taken this sort of doctrine and bastardized it, misconstruing it to sound as if I'm advocating vigilante action and taking matters into the streets. Actually, what I mean is much more subversive. I mean that we should fight for our rights to be self-governing. Our methods should be more geared towards education and training. We must share information now more than ever before, we have to "become the media" that Jello Biafra talked about.

The Loki Archives have received a huge donation from Megaprogram, whose index of thumbnails is indispensable. While travelling through the IRC channels, trying to find good submissions for the Loki archives, it is so much easier to have a page to be able to point people to where they can see for themselves the type of photographs I'm looking for.

To be sure, people are starting to get excited. PALN has become an institution, a place for people to express themselves and share their knowledge. I have no hierarchy, no one is considered less important than another. Every time someone so much as suggests that they will write an article for me, I feel an overwhelming surge of gratitude.

And to you, the reader, thank you. Although it's likely that many of you who read this are not sure what to make of it, you have given free independent media a chance. When you realize that if nothing else, we're honest, you can understand the draw and the power of our goal. And to you, the loyal reader and fan, thank you too. It's your support and enthusiasm that has kept this project going. On behalf of all involved in PALN Magazine, thank you.

- alienbinary, 2005



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