

FAITH

17





*"We don't need to try
to change the world,
only our perception
of its boundaries."*

table of discontent

Letter from the Editor	alienbinary	17.2
Letter from the Co-Editor	mephyt	17.3
A New Way Of Life	mephyt	17.4
Social Vampirism	Richard Muir	17.6
Assassin	NinjaLlama	17.8
'stober'	mephyt	17.12
A chat with Nemesis	alienbinary	17.16
pa1n Investigates: Scientology	mOlaria	17.18
#ranradio sociology	mOlaria	17.24
Where are we going?	Nemesis	17.26
Adult and Dating Sites:		
Membership Loopholes	Kabiri Jester	17.28
A Touch of Madness	Zen Hammer	17.32
Beware the Blue Girl	Misery Rose	17.33
Advertising Gone So Horribly Awry	alienbinary	17.35
HOW TO: Media	BlackLastic	17.37
The Loki Archives:	NinjaLlama, CaponeX	
A Grafitti Photo Essay	and alienbinary	17.40
Colophon	CaponeX	17.42
Websites That Cause		
Internal Bleeding	alienbinary	17.43

EDITOR IN CHIEF

ALIENBINARY

CO-EDITOR

MEPHYT

GRAPHICAL EDITOR

CAPONEX

CO-FOUNDER

TURNSPIKE

EDITOR

NEMISIS

EDITOR

THE UNDUHTAKUH

EDITOR

RED DRAGON

INTERNATIONAL SECRET

CAPT. WILEY

AGENT

CAPONEX

WEBNINJA

RUMBLINGSKY

LITERARY SNIPER

MANUEL O'KELLY

EDITOR

KELLO

CONTRIBUTOR

MISERY ROSE

CONTRIBUTOR

NINJALLAMA

FOLLOW THE...

WHITE RABBIT

SPACEMONKEY

PYROMANCER

BANDWIDTH WARLORD

CHEEZI

LOKI PROJECT

CAPONEX

HOSTING, DISTRO AND

NEMISIS

OTHER HELP:

NINJALLAMA

ALIENBINARY

MEPHYT

CIMMERIAN

RIKKIROCKET

CRAZY_Ivan

MEGAPROGMAN

AS SEEN ON THESE LOVELY DISTRO SITES:

HTTP://WWW.PAIN.ORG/ =OR=

HTTP://WWW.PAIN.NET/

HTTP://MEGAPROGMAN.NET/PAIN/

HTTP://PAIN.RANTMEDIA.CA/

HTTP://WWW.SPF02600.ORG/

HTTP://WWW.NEMISIS.NET/

HTTP://WWW.TEXTFILES.COM/

HTTP://WWW.RANTMEDIA.CA/

CONTACTING PAIN:

GENERAL INFO: PAINMAGE@YAHOO.CA

ALIENBINARY: ALIENBINARY@PAIN.ORG

MEPHYT: MEPHYTE@PAIN.ORG

CAPONEX: CAPONEX@PAIN.ORG

[OR, IF YOU WANT, TRY YELLING RE-
ALLY LOUDLY IN A HEAVILY POPULAT-
ED AREA.]

HTTP://WWW.RANTRADIO.COM/RR-INDUSTRIAL128.PLS

HTTP://WWW.RANTRADIO.COM/RR-INDUSTRIAL24.PLS

HTTP://WWW.RANTRADIO.COM/RR-FUNK128.PLS

HTTP://WWW.RANTRADIO.COM/RR-TALK64.PLS

HTTP://WWW.RANTRADIO.COM/RR-TALK24.PLS

HTTP://WWW.NOCTURNALRADIO.COM/LISTEN.PLS

WWW.RANTRADIO.COM

WWW.NOCTURNALRADIO.COM

WWW.RANTMEDIA.CA



A letter from the editor by **alienbinary**

Sitting at a Burger King, nothing to do but think. I'm alone with my thoughts again. They're always there, but they come out at times like this. I'm concerned, but about what, exactly, I don't really know. I left my computer at the house. I've been away from it for a couple of days. I'm nervous about what I'll find there.

My girlfriend's working. She hates it here. I don't blame her. I don't think I could ever stick it out and do her job. I have enough on my plate already, without worrying about customers who think they're better than me because I'm wearing a uniform. The corporation is cracking down on employees out of uniform. She had to consider if her black shoes were appropriate for work when she was getting out of the car. This appalled me.

A company determines that they can pay a minimum per hour, and still be fully staffed. The economy plummets, and jobs are more scarce than ever. The company executives greedily start to drill into the morale of their employees, knowing that without a job, the employees are in trouble. The board pressures the franchise. The department of labor looks at this as undeserving of their attention. The administration distracts them, while the board creates new, sadistic rules to crack down on the morale of the employees, enforcing only

regulations that destroy a worker's sense of self worth. The work force accepts their fate.

When morale is down, the only impact is on the worker. A depressed worker can only try and work harder to get the company off their backs. The company learns it has complete control. They exploit this control for their own avaricious purposes.

The economy stays depressed, as companies overwork their employees, learning to run steadily with less workers. Cost of running a business decreases, but the money remains out of the hands of the working class.

The wealthy get wealthier.

The elite remain clueless, as their sadistic subordinates further learn to exploit the weaknesses of their staff.

The economy remains to suffer, while cost of living increases. Wages remain stagnant. Any push to legislate a higher minimum wage is crushed by politicians with their hands too deep in big industry to allow such a move. Those that support workers rights have their campaign funding attacked.

The few legislators with their constituents in mind are again crushed back. Congress remains silent. The workers see that their voice is not heard by the house, and never makes it to the floor. They learn to stay silent and stay victim.

Karl Marx becomes a prophet. Profit becomes religion. And still, the workers suffer. The only form of unity allowed is uniformity. Compliance becomes complacence.

They learn to wear the uniforms that advertise for the very people who exploit them. The rest of us learn silence. Those of us who know this struggle is happening become hateful and withdrawn.

We forget how to fight.

All over a pair of shoes. Somewhere, a fat bald man pops viagra, grabs his trophy wife and counts the bills in his wallet. As he sits in the limousine, he unaware or unaffected by the fact that people just like me want to skin him alive. I want to tattoo his company logo above his left breast, right over his cold dark heart.

I stay angry because I don't remember how to fight back. □

ONCE AGAIN, I FIND MYSELF SITTING IN A COFFEE SHOP WHEN I SHOULD BE TRYING TO SLEEP.

It's one of those long days that I can't really remember a beginning to and don't see an end in sight to either. I woke up far too late this afternoon for it to be an entire day, and I don't honestly think I'll be able to fall asleep after I suck another cup of this rot-gut coffee down. Another reason for an ulcer I suppose.

A couple minutes ago I saw a girl walk in who I can only remember by face and a night long ago. Nothing all that crazy, I saw her reading one of her pieces at a poetry reading a while back. It feels almost like a lifetime. The work was very unpolished, although I'm guessing that it was intended from what I know about her. Seems like one of those things that certain people strive for, a horribly unpolished look that was

I saw that night and every time thereafter has been something different though. It carried over to her physically as well. Even the way she walks, pretty crazy.

That is what pa1n is really about. It's about killing your demons. It's about killing them with thought, knowledge, introspection, and whatever else our devilish little minds can concoct. It's about being able to keep going one more day at a time and not giving up. It's about taking the gun out of your mouth and using it to protect yourself instead. We like to think that we can help be one of the factors responsible for each of your evolutions into something more than just cattle. We like to think that we can help change your perception of reality in our own little way.

This is actually an issue of new beginnings and anniversaries as well. I'm taking this moment to say that we have started working on a sideproject called "pa1nthology", a collection of short stories

letter from the co-editor

meticulously prepared. Regardless of that though, it wasn't bad. It was presented as well as I think any others read their works that night. I almost feel like she had reached me for a moment during it as well. The mark of someone who knows what they are doing, or beginners luck, either way, it worked. I watched her literally cry on stage trying to get through the work or presenting it to us. Breaking down, tears and all, she couldn't have been any stronger at that moment.

In her moments of tearful defiance over some demon in her past, she'd managed to come out so far past and ahead of what she'd been destined for. If she'd been like any of the other people down at that room that night, I could have predicted her a bleak future with an eerie accuracy. For some reason though, something inside of her snapped and she ended up breaking free of it all, if only for that one moment in time. That was enough though. I'd seen her before then, very plain, frail, common. What

and the like that we'd like to put in front of you for your reading dissection. It's also a bit of a landmark for me, as this will be the 10th issue that I've been a part of pa1n (I didn't write for issue 7, so I've missed ONE since my first contribution, gimme a break). In that time, I went from a lowly "Guest Writer" to co-editor under alienbinary. I've gone through about 3 lifetimes worth of experiences and seen him do the same, if not more. Additionally, the pa1n t-shirt project, my responsibility/idea is temporarily on hold due to financial constraints, but you can bet your ass that I'll have that taken care of lickety-split and we'll give you poor shirtless bastards something to cover your inhuman looking nipples with. Oh, and we also have our own version of "poster girl" that we'll be addressing, so keep reading if you want to see what we've cooked up for you.

Without further delay, I give you a new world of PA1N. ☐

A New Way

by mephyt

After some serious caffeine intake and a number of nights without any amount of significant sleep, I've come to an amazing conclusion. Not that I couldn't have come to this on my own while thinking clearly, but I think that the strange brain chemistry that I have going on at the current point in time lends itself to being slightly more willing and able to think "outside" the box or whatever other over-used device you prefer to use. Piracy is a lifestyle, just like any other subkulture.

Now, don't get me wrong, other subkultures have their own philosophy and mindset that's slightly more distinguished, but pirates tend to have a certain respect and disdain for each other that unites them more than any group of punks ever could have been. Really, think about it. Punks as a whole never really went on trial, they never saw the point to actually finding a way within the system to really co-exist. Piracy is coming to the point that it's impossible to really get away from. Whether you rip movies, music, reverse engineer apps, or simply

reap the benefits of it all in a grand-scale fashion, piracy brings us together in a community. We depend on each other equally.

For those of you who do the "hard core" cracking and whatever else to provide a distribution, I don't want to set you off. Trust me, your part in this is very vital. It's just as vital as the people who take advantage of your skills and actually download your releases and distribute them among others in this far-reaching community. Supply is demand, and vice-versa. Truly an example of a communist community that actually works, imho.

So, you consider piracy to be a horrible activity. Yeah, those bastards that take money out of the mouths of starving artists and programmers. Poor them! It's not like they have the ability to subsist on their chosen profession in the older more traditional (and successful) methods. Live performance is a thing of the past! We can't expect the "creative minds" to endure such rigors. After all, how can a band you

y of Life



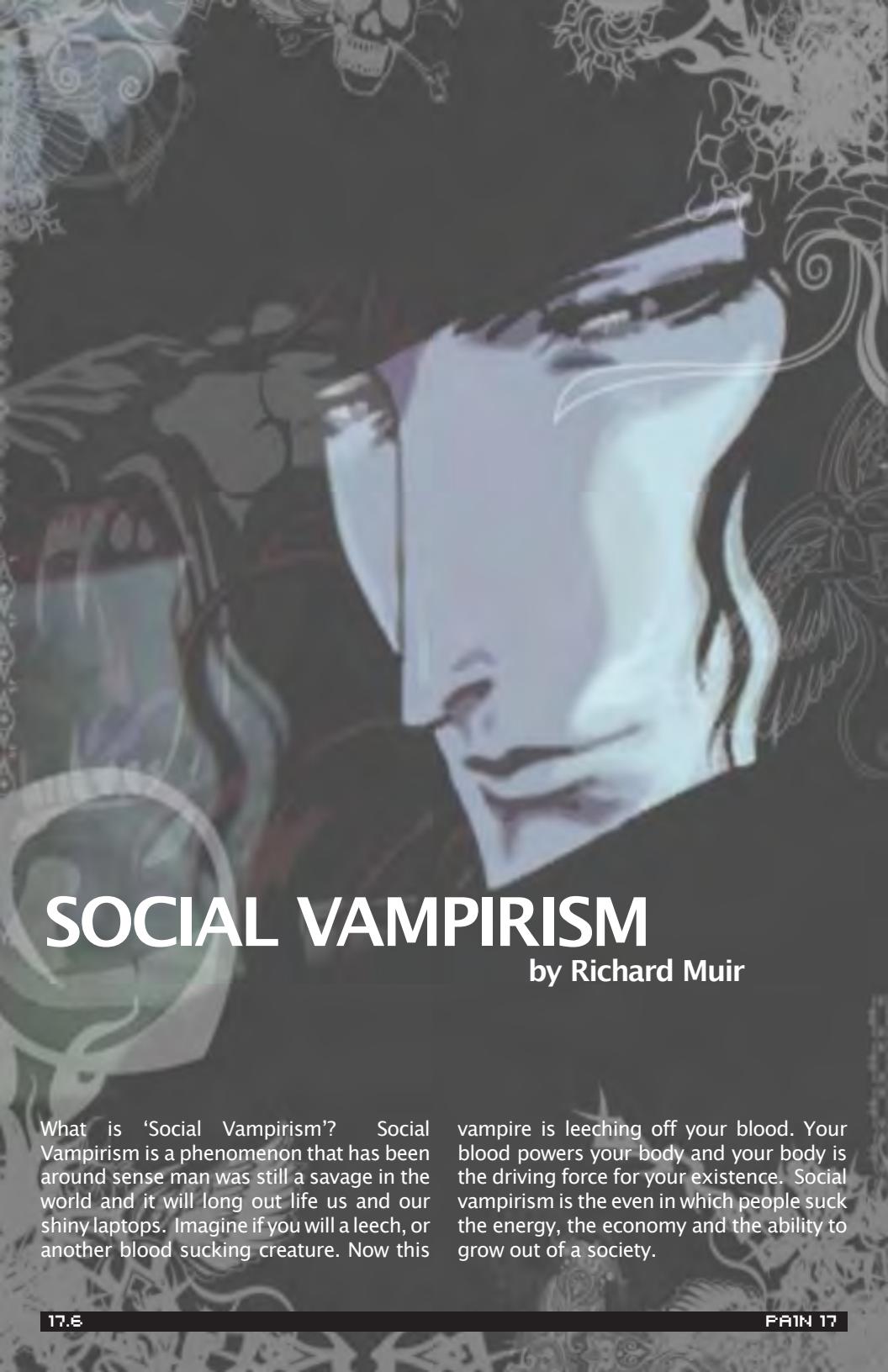
enjoy survive if you download the ONE fucking song they did 5 years ago that they are still attempting to pull royalties from? I'm an idealist, perhaps. You can't really expect me to support someone living off ONE successful move they made in their entire lives. Fairness aside, it's kind of a pipe dream.

The majority of computer users that I've ever spoken with have downloaded music, software, movies, games, books, images, or any other random types of media that were copywritten. Whether it was an application that magically didn't "expire" as it was supposed to (yeah, you bitches still using winzip), or if it was a photograph of a painting you took to Kinkos and had reprinted to hang because it was either cost-prohibitive or simply unattainable. You too have engaged in a heinous and criminal act that is punishable by fines, prison time, blah blah, fucking blah.

Try this on for size. Regardless of the measure put into place by whatever company, there will

ALWAYS be a way to circumvent the protection they designed. It might take a minute, but you can rest assured that piracy is alive and well. Underground communities of old-school (and nearly untraceable) disk exchanges, torrenting, simple FTP and HTTP downloads, and the ever popular p2p systems will make sure of it. Alternative sources of data and information will prevail.

Before I get sued, I'd like to mention that I do fully support purchasing applications that you use and enjoy, supporting the artists that you listen to, or even going to see a movie you absolutely love while its in theatres. Go to an art exhibit or a museum to see these priceless works that you will never be able to afford in a lifetime. Support the creative force that actually makes this shit. If we don't at all, we don't really show that we care enough to have it continue. ☐



SOCIAL VAMPIRISM

by Richard Muir

What is 'Social Vampirism'? Social Vampirism is a phenomenon that has been around since man was still a savage in the world and it will long out live us and our shiny laptops. Imagine if you will a leech, or another blood sucking creature. Now this

vampire is leeching off your blood. Your blood powers your body and your body is the driving force for your existence. Social vampirism is the even in which people suck the energy, the economy and the ability to grow out of a society.

So who are these Vampires? The Social Vampire appears in many forms, most commonly the elderly. These particular elderly drain the economy because of the support we have to give them for their lives to be extended an extra sad and depressing decade. They feed off our energy by grasping us in a choke hold of guilt for not caring about those who came before and died in a war they won't talk about. And of course the views and beliefs of the elderly are not ones that move forward but are ones that are cemented in a foundation of faith and what they deserved and the way it was. I don't know about those who are reading this but I don't long for the days of DOS that have long passed.

They feed off our energy by grasping us in a choke hold of guilt for not caring about those who came before and died in a war they won't talk about.

Another blood sucker in disguise is the homeless. "Spare some change? God bless you." My change I never thought was worth a blessing from the gods let alone the god of homelessness. The homeless of our generation seem unstoppable and seem to boom when school is out. The new punk idea of being homeless for the summer and the "Fuck working at McMookie's" idea have given us new breed of vampires. Youth who will gladly accept quarters from an executive for washing his car window, but aren't willing to clean his toilet for 7.45 an hour. These people are there to steal your hard earned cash by tearing at your human compassion.

Is there more social vampires? Yes, there are social vampires, living in their parents basements who refuse to

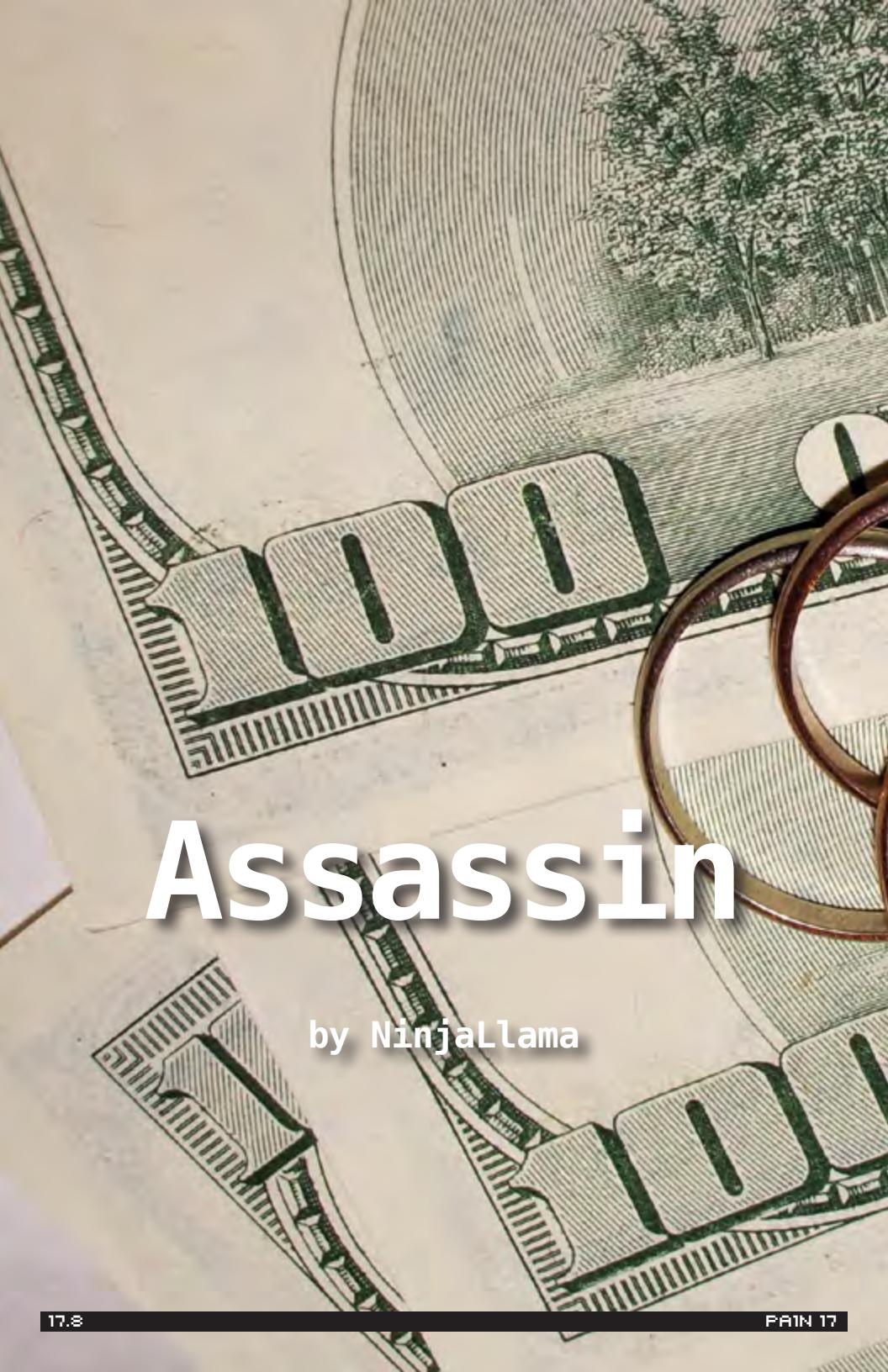
do anything with their life or thief who steals from lower middle class families. But the more you look for vampires the more distrusting you become of your fellow man. There are truly elderly people who've accepted their death and don't want help from anyone. Or the homeless man with a guitar who will gladly sing for an hour so fifty cents. There is no exact way to destroy social vampirism. The welfare mother will raise her kids to understand how she can get more money by having more kids. And the neighbor who steals your cable will let his kids no, it's just T.V.

Education and the need to better ourselves is the only stake that will crush this vampire. Until we can inspire our youth to live a life of achievement and self betterment all we can do is be mind full to keep our crosses on hand and have holy water on standby in squirt guns.

Social vampire notes

- ▶ Homeless people with facial tattoos look like Chakotay from Voyager.
- ▶ People with \$100 garrison boots, \$50 red dye hair jobs and a mohawk don't deserve anything.
- ▶ A lot of street punks are skin heads. Facial piercing are sign of where your money is going.
- ▶ Grandma left your birthday card a little light this year.
- ▶ Squeegee kids defecate in the bucket their squeegees are in.
- ▶ If you don't donate money to PA1N you're a media vampire!





Assassin

by NinjaLlama

PREFACE

This world was born to corruption.

2009: Several major corporations fuse together to create the world's largest monopoly, called Sterlacom. With their near limitless purchasing power, they have bought and created a new branch of government. The United States High Government is signed into being with the purpose of monitoring and supporting the cities and people of the United States.

At least, that's what we're told.

However, the United States High Government, or USHG, is run by politicians who are not so much as elected as they are bought. Sterlacom now owns it's own branch of government, which is completely under their control.

The USHG has branches in every major US city.

In the election debates of 2012, the candidates are nothing more than purchased actors, and in a massive on-line CNN interview, neither candidate knows where Spain is. It is the most controversial, debated on and voted on election in history.

Daniel Allan Downing is elected as the 48th President of the United States. He has never served any time in any branch of government before. He doesn't even have a college degree.

In the first month of his term, President Downing signs a bill that makes the USHG the most

powerful government agency ever. The House and Senate, which are brimming with Sterlacom's purchased politicians, accepts the bill.

The USHG is the most powerful entity in the world. Sterlacom controls more of the United States and it's government than the White House does.

2014: Crime is running rampant. Sterlacom has set it's sights on world domination. The USHG's original purpose of protecting the peoples of the United States has been abandoned.

Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II,

**In the election debates of 2012,
the candidates are nothing more
than purchased actors, and in a
massive on-line CNN interview, neither
candidate knows where Spain is.**

dies at age 88 and Charles is named succesor to the throne. In an odd twist of fate, the entire royal family is killed in a plane "accident". A month later, the Prime Minister of Canada and the President of Mexico have also mysteriously died.

The world news groups are nearly silent about the events. Sterlacom buys their silence in the matters. Without the news to inform the people of these events, over half of the world remains unaware of the deaths.

Virtual unknowns worm their way into leading the now leaderless

countries, including the monarchy of England, which has been nearly wiped out in an odd string of deaths. The unknowns are homeless men Sterlacom picked from the streets. They become the image of the new leaders, but are powerless and in essence, mute.

2015: Sterlacom owns four countries.

The CHG, EHG and MHG are created in their respectful countries. Again, the news is silent about such a coincidence. President Downing claims that an agreement was made between ambassadors from each country to create High Governments to lead to a more unified world. In a surprising move, the United States, Mexico and Canada agree to become one country, yet retain their names. The Allies of North America, or ANA, is formed.

The peoples of ANA are pushed to the wayside. The life expectancy has begun to slip backwards.

2016: England and ANA declare war on North Korea, Japan and China. Fearing war being waged against them as well, France, Germany and most of Europe side with England and ANA. Even Switzerland comes out of it's neutrality.

To fuel the great war machine, laws for air quality, worker's hours and wage, deforestation, oil drilling and mining are relinquished. Acid rain is more common than non-acidic rain. The air becomes too toxic to breathe in some areas of the world.

Government social security and healthcare no longer exist. Quality of life has become so

poor, that 2018 is the first year in which the world's populous begins to decline.

President Downing is re-elected. But less than half of ANA is even aware the election is taking place. The election was more of a charade than anything; a facade given to the people to make them believe they're still in control.

Downing's opponent, James Underwood, barely speaks a word during the debates. Underwood is murdered shortly after the election on December 27th, 2018. Sterlacom funded the assassination.

At the cry from the people to

**To fuel the great
war machine,
laws for air
quality, worker's
hours and wage,
deforestation, oil
drilling and mining
are relinquished.**

make life more tolerable, drugs are not only legalized, but are government distributed. Sterlacom agrees that it would help silence the people and keep them placated. The cheapest drug to manufacture, and the one the government gives as hand outs is known as DR-118.

DR-118 is more than three-quarters rat poison. Death by DR-118 "overdosing" is the leading cause of death in the world. It surpasses the AIDS epidemic still running rampant.

Those who haven't overdosed or killed themselves by some other means form an underground

resistance to Sterlacom and the USHG of ANA. They call themselves the Civil Injustice Brigade (CIB). The CIB have found a Sterlacom insider, Darian Fedkevich, who privately funds them for the sake of attempting to overthrow them and create his own empire. The CIB is only happy to get what weapons and funds it can get.

However, those are just the bottom seventy-five percent of the world's population. The upper quarter still lead relatively normal, if not lavish, lives. Business now circulates around war as Sterlacom's empire grows.

Phoenix's resident oil tycoon, Ted Noble, is one of the wealthiest men in ANA. He has employed his own militaristic brigade of soldiers to protect him, called The Nobles. However, with the money The Nobles themselves acquire, they buy their own people. The Nobles become an aristocratic, pompous society.

Ted Noble is murdered in his home on August 9th, 2019.

The Nobles now control most of Phoenix. They begin to employ freelance assassins, terrorists, bounty hunters and contract killers to keep the CIB's rebellion at bay.

Battles are fought daily in the streets by people trying to get food or water that isn't spoiled. Rain water is useless because of the air quality. The police are paid off to let the riots and fights run rampant. The news rarely reports on any sort of disruption of the peace. Most of the factories that supply World War III are run by machine, so

a manned work force is no longer needed.

Most of the world knows nothing but fighting and starvation, while parts of it knows nothing but seven course meals and an afternoon of polo.

War rages on in the world outside of ANA as Sterlacom's attempt at domination continues. Soldiers fight continuously, though most begin to forget why. The death toll of WWIII is "unknown". Not because no one bothered to count, but to keep the people ignorant.

But I'm not fighting in the war.

At the cry from the people to make life more tolerable, drugs are not only legalized, but are government distributed. Sterlacom agrees that it would help silence the people and keep them placated.

I make my living in Phoenix as a hired assassin. I'm the most sought after, well paid killer in ANA.

2020: Sterlacom's reign has thrust its people into a Hell we believe to be the beginning of the end. Sterlacom was our Apocalypse, but with no savior in sight. ☠

I'VE BEEN TRYING TO THINK OF A WORD ALL NIGHT NOW THAT WOULD BE SUITABLE TO DESCRIBE THE CURRENT EMOTION AND GENERAL MOOD I'VE BEEN IN SINCE THE BEGINNING OF THE NIGHT YESTERDAY.

Melancholy is close, but not quite it. The only way to really describe it that I can think of would be to talk about the physical equivalent in terms of ailments of the flesh, rather than those of the mind. A sinking feeling in your stomach, that makes you feel almost like a hollow shell, empty and devoid of life. The way your eyes feel after you've been up all night in an incredibly smoky room, dried out and almost itchy. The way that the end of long sleeves and sweaters feel after they have been rained on, sending shivers and chills up your entire body when they rub on your wrists. I suppose just some small general discomfort that isn't intolerable, but simply there as a reminder that something isn't

quite right with the world directly around you. While I suppose that I could go on all night about the way it feels, maybe I've started to paint clear enough of a picture to give you an idea of how my last few days

have gone, and possibly how the next few days are going to go.

I would guess that to give you a better idea of how I'm feeling right now, it may help to explain the events of the last twenty-four hours, at the least. My evening started sometime around nine p.m. on New Year's Eve. I wasn't in the best mood then, and now I'm confused as to why I really left the house in the first place. Not having slept or eaten really through the course of the last few days, I was somewhat tired, very hungry, and incredibly agitated. I generally don't consider these to be "good" states to be trying to go out and celebrate in, but for whatever reason, it didn't seem to stop



'stober'

by mephyt

me from leaving the residence I'm staying at to go in search of some small group of people to have a drink with and bring in the New Year.

To make a very long story short, I ended up about forty miles away from where I began without a complete recollection of how I'd ended up getting there. The place where I finally set down for the evening was run down at best. A pathetic excuse for a squat with the only real benefit being that it held some of the heat in, blocked most of the wind, and wasn't on fire (though the latter was a possibility at any point). The occupants were in about the same condition. A fair number of them were tall and pale. White as ghosts and about as substantial. They walked like I would expect old skeletons to walk, slowly and clumsily, one awkward limb drifting in front of the other. I suppose that's what ten years of hard heroin abuse will do to someone. When someone has been in rehab more times than I've been on a plane, it's a sickening thought.

The entire scene was like something out of a nightmare, flashing lights and strange people milling about. Loud punk music coming from one room that was really a walkway with two boarded up doors, and incredibly loud dance rave music coming from the garage. I would guess the neighbors moved away, died, or lost their hearing years before this night. Many of the windows had been blacked out or covered to some extent. I would quickly learn why. The carpeting, or what was left of it, was in horrid condition. It was rotting away with stains of various chemical concoctions and vomit in various spots. Over all though, there was some type of strange comfort to it. Some strange spirit that the house had developed that I found intriguing to an extent. I still can't

THEY WALKED LIKE I WOULD EXPECT OLD SKELETONS TO WALK, SLOWLY AND CLUMSILY, ONE AWKWARD LIMB DRIFTING IN FRONT OF THE OTHER.

quite get this spirit out of my head, out of my soul. It's been wearing on me for three days now.

As I'd mentioned, the windows were blacked out. This isn't a complete surprise in some places where you'd expect to see bats and other nocturnal creatures, but in this place the nocturnal creatures were human (at one point). This dwelling had become a place for many people to do illicit substances. A drug house. Not quite as low grade as the generic crack house that you envision in the inner city, but it was working its way there. The neighborhood was old, but more or less a good one. There was very little crime and it seemed to be friendly enough. No one in the house really bothered to lock the doors, but I would also like to point out there was always someone awake who was sober(ish). I found that the loud noises coming from the garage were a small rave, complete with live DJ and tables. The room full of punk music was a couple sober people and others that were working towards sober. The living room off to the side though, that was where I would find my obsessions for the evening.

When I was much younger, I'd had the great idea that substance abuse was a worthwhile activity, and while I now consider much of that time to be a reasonably useless past time, I decided to try it once again. The genre for the evening was hallucinogens and psychadelics, as it was decided this place could be a potentially interesting environment (first mistake). I'm not going to go into specifics as to what I did or whether or not it was a standard street cut of whatever bullshit or some rare refined "thing" you only find in one particular jungle on the planet

growing exactly four feet from the waterline on a single river that runs uphill. It is more or less irrelevant. We had a group of people though, four in total as I recall. There was myself, a longtime friend, and two girls who I'd never before met. They seemed innocent enough and more than small enough to control if there was a negative reaction. So, we went into a room, three of us were in and the fourth decided to just watch, fair enough, at least she was smart about it. The lines were cut, done, and all we had to do was wait.

The lines were rather small, and after about two hours, we found ourselves to be coming down. I never like this part. This is the end of the world for me, and the reason that I'd gotten clean in the first place. I can easily control myself and say 'no' when asked if I want things when I'm sober. I can turn down just about anything. I don't have a problem up until I end up coming down off something. This is about the time I started berating my friend for more. He's a pushover, and I knew that eventually he'd get frustrated and give. It only took me about twenty minutes. In another five, I was cutting new lines for myself, the girl who sat out the first time, and another friend of mine who wanted to experiment. The girl got a small line, as she was just a tiny individual. My friend got a normal size. And I did everything that was left in the bag. I didn't honestly think that there was that much. I really

didn't. But like all mistakes, you never really know how bad it was up until the point that something breaks. This time it was my mind.

A perfect moment of clarity. The knowledge, complete and pure, that you've come to the point of overdosing and there is no way of bringing yourself down. My entire world was melting, literally. I had to just keep it together though. I had to find a dark room to wait it off. I couldn't let the other two people know how bad it was. I was supposed to be taking care of them. How do you take care of someone when you can't walk, stand, or even speak? This night was going to go from not so good to worse very quickly, and there was nothing I could do but sit along for the ride and hope we didn't wreck too badly.

As you probably guessed, I survived just fine. A few terrifying hours later and I was more or less intact, except for my mind. The house had let me live for the moment. I tried to sober up in the living room next to the girl, and we talked for most of the night. She was short, as I'd said, and wasn't really all that attractive. She was incredibly cute. She was unbelievably cute. Almost indescribably. Her mannerisms, general appearance, speech patterns; she was just cute. I don't really know of how else to describe it. We got along very well



even. Considering we shared nothing in common and I'm usually a volatile person (to say the least) this was surprising to me. Even now, her voice is echoing through my head, telling me little things about her life.

Surprisingly, she was a very heavy user of a number of things. Most of them were just basics that you could find floating around in any high school, but some were a bit more exotic. This I found to be very interesting in and of itself alone. She also knew that every time she cut a line, booted up, smoked, or insufflated something she was only speeding the inevitable. It was well on its way to destroying her body and her life. A somewhat common burn-out that you see among such circles. There is always someone that can't handle the stress of being 'normal'. The other part of it doesn't fit though with that basic picture. The generic addict doesn't see the problem as actually hurting them because they're too fixated on maintaining their supply. She knew what it was doing to her. She fully saw and understood the risk of it and where it was going. She put out her cigarette at that point and changed the topic a bit.

A whole month of being sober. She just wanted to be herself for a month. She went on to explain to me that she'd been 'stober' at best for the last while. How she couldn't

remember how she was off drugs. Someone who had grown so used to substance abuse that they didn't remember waking up without some type of after effect. She explained to me that being 'stober' was simply suffering the after effects of the substances they'd done. It could be equated to the Thorazine shuffle effect. Walking around in a haze even after the initial high had long gone. This effect can last for hours or even days after the actual substance has left your body. It is a lasting reminder of the price that one pays to experience something out of the ordinary for a moment in time.

Usually I like to try to add in a poignant ending that can wrap it all up in a word or two. I like to be able to say "this is the moral of the story" and be done with it. In this case though, there really isn't anything that you really can say that makes it good or bad or anything other than some shade of gray. I've been told that you can live to be one-hundred and never actually live a day in your life, or you can die at twenty and live every second. Regardless of how you look at it, and whether or not you consider what we did to be an act of living, survival, or just something in the middle, it's a situation and an experience that will be forever confusing to many, and inspiring to fewer. The only real thing I can do now is sit back and reflect on that night and try to figure it out for myself. ☐



x Nemisis x2 (1:16:29 AM): whatsup
alienolotry (1:17:21 AM): I honestly forget what I was goin gto ask you, but it had something to do with pa1n
x Nemisis x2 (1:17:33 AM): hehe
x Nemisis x2 (1:17:42 AM): what are you up to friday i got the day off
alienolotry (1:19:17 AM): kristin asked the same thing
x Nemisis x2 (1:19:26 AM): ah
alienolotry (1:19:35 AM): look, I got a question for you
alienolotry (1:19:44 AM): and I want you to think real hard about it
alienolotry (1:22:37 AM): in the 1930s and 1940s, germans were using soap that was rumored, and later proven to have been rendered from the fat of the jews. Today, everything we buy in a store is cheaper because someone works so hard, it literally kills them. The price of a whopper is low because burger king offers no health insurance, which puts the life expectancy of a worker at a significantly lower rate, something like "walking dead." Computer manufacturers are making their breadboards in mexico, very little safety equipment, and generations of women are going blind. If you can't work in mexico for your food, you starve. So are we any better, as americans, than the germans were?
alienolotry (1:23:28 AM): everything that we consume is knee deep in blood
alienolotry (1:24:11 AM): Everyone knows that clothing, no matter who sells it, is made in sweatshops by little children sold into slavery as workers by their parents
x Nemisis x2 (1:24:16 AM): hmm, def a tough question.
alienolotry (1:24:38 AM): WE KNOW THIS yet we wear these clothes. If a child does a bad job stitching, they're beaten.
alienolotry (1:25:08 AM): you were right when you said that the world was heading for a cataclysm, but I think you missed it when you looked at where it would come from.
alienolotry (1:26:30 AM): According to time magazine, 1 in 3 students in America will drop out of High School. That puts the nation at a trend of only 60% with a high school diploma. Since only a small portion of high schoolers go on to college, this means that it must be an incredibly small number indeed who have college degrees

Send



x Nemisis x2 (1:26:49 AM): yeah, i read that ariticle
alienolotry (1:27:22 AM): in a few years, this means that we'll have a legit caste system like india did. Our entire culture has become an amalgamation of everything that was ever wrong in other societies that fell.
alienolotry (1:28:29 AM): And to top it all off, religious groups are now dominating state matters, making this a theocracy. In a theocracy, the chance of warfare increases, and more people die. And why do we cheer this on? Because we're deaf dumb and blind to the fact that we are living in a cess pool.

x Nemisis x2 (1:28:48 AM): yeah i agree.

alienolotry (1:28:51 AM): ...but no matter how much I write about it, no matter how much we shout, people are NOT listening

alienolotry (1:29:12 AM): nemi, these are the new dark ages.

alienolotry (1:29:48 AM): Let me show you some other things that point to this

alienolotry (1:31:05 AM): According to the national weather service, this whole week, including the day of my graduation, will be wet and cold. Very cold. Well, last year at this time, it was 60 degrees on a cold day. Our seasons are now stretched into bi-yearly. It's as if we have seasons that take half a year to complete

alienolotry (1:31:43 AM): which means that the environmental or geological and meteorological year has now doubled, while the passage of time stays stagnant.

alienolotry (1:31:48 AM): our world is dying.

x Nemisis x2 (1:32:35 AM): it's some fucked up shit man

alienolotry (1:33:25 AM): So what do we do? We create bigger SUVs to protect ourselves from the elements. We put filtration in our water to filter out any possible infection. We burn our trash, we wage war for resources. And we put entertainment news on the news instead of current events.

alienolotry (1:33:39 AM): There. That's the message of pain 17.

alienolotry (1:33:52 AM): I just wrote it on the fly. I call it "we're fucked"

x Nemisis x2 (1:34:25 AM): heheh heh

x Nemisis x2 (1:34:35 AM): i agree.

Send



PAIN INVESTIGATES: SCIENTOLOGY

by m0laria

Scientologists in Russia. Taken from the Scientology propaganda site <http://www.scientologytoday.org/>.

Once again I have decided to investigate the Church of Scientology not only because I consider it a greedy, UFO death cult, but because I simply had nothing better to do on a Saturday afternoon. This adventure begins

with a phone call to what appeared to be a regular church of Scientology but was in fact a warehouse in which "Scientology Materials" were stored. My friend, let's say his name was John, found the number via Google as it was not listed on the official Scientology online church locator. He called and was immediately asked how we found this number. We both laughed because we were sitting right there looking at the Google search results displaying the address and number of this warehouse. My friend

told the guy who answered that it must be listed and he was again surprised at this. Well this warehouse guy ended up being a big talker so we decided to take advantage of that and get as much information as we could

It looked to be some sort of old school or small motel type structure. Either that or it was a very, very old church of Scientology.

although it was mostly stuff we already knew. John asked about Tom Cruise and the warehouse guy said that even he wouldn't want to be as hardcore into Scientology as him. This guy just kept talking and talking and telling us all about L. Ron Hubbard and the Church so eventually John just had to tell him he needed to go, but asked if there was an actual Church of Scientology open today near him. There was, and we found it on Google. Time for the real fun.

My initial reaction upon arriving at this CoS was, "Wow, this place is a compound.", which it most certainly was. We parked across the street, ironically next to a Christian church, so they couldn't write down our license plate number or something and then proceeded to walk around the complex. The land itself looked a little under an acre, mostly parking lot surrounding the actual center, which surrounded an inner courtyard and one central building. As we walked around I noticed that the parking lot was full of cars of mixed value; some nice, some run down. The complex's exterior was extremely worn. It looked to be some sort of old school or small motel type structure. Either that or it was a very, very old church of Scientology. We noticed that a huge sign was on the wall out front that read "NOW HIRING See Receptionist". I figured that I would probably ask about that to gauge their reaction towards potential applicants.

We entered the building and before we could even make it to the front desk we were greeted with a question by the receptionist, "Are you Hoolio?". To which we replied no, as neither of us was "Hoolio". Unfortunately the thought of pretending to be Hoolio entered my mind only after we had already said no.



The Church of Scientology in Paris. The BBC reports that the French government is seeking to ban Scientology as it accuses the organization of "engaging in mental manipulation."

What appeared to be the largest 'classroom' there was filled with about 10 foldable tables, book cases, and a large wall mounted flat screen TV. Pairs of "Students" and "Teachers" (she called them "counselors") sat across from each other with large books open having some sort of study session.

My thoughts on this strange greeting were that they are somewhat detached from the norms of acceptable societal interaction. She offered us some papers to fill out basic information on and to get us bottled water and refreshments. I figured I'd just sue them if the water was poisoned or drugged so I accepted it. The front office was about 30×30 feet with a few smaller rooms off to the side for introductory meetings and whatnot. Once we were done filling out the papers she asked us if we had taken the

test and if we wanted to take it. We declined taking the test and said that we lived in the area (we didn't, relatively speaking) and wondered if we could just have a tour of this place because we drive by it sometimes and were wondering what goes on in it. She said sure but wanted to sit us down first to explain the whole Scientology thing.

This is essentially what she said. The mind is divided into two parts: the Analytical Mind, and the Reactive Mind. The analytical mind



A Scientologist shows off the organizational chart to prospective members. Taken from <http://www.scientology-orangecounty.org>

is the part of your mind that is conscious and actively making decisions whereas the reactive mind is passive until your analytical mind thinks of a negative event, or similar event, to one stored in your reactive mind. The reactive mind being a sort of "negative feelings sponge" that sucks up everything around you at the time the negative event occurred and remembers it perfectly. This means that anytime you ever have had an "unwanted emotion" it was caused because the reactive mind has taken control of you at that point in time you thought the similar bad thought. Right. I simply kept nodding my head and saying "yea" as if I understood what she was talking about. I wasn't about to ask questions like, "What part of the brain is this "reactive mind" located in? How does it store memories perfectly? What if I've never had any, or very few, bad events in my life in the first place?" etc. Obviously to the seasoned scientologist these would be non-issues because of their belief in body thetans and past lives, that is, one is born with all the bad memories of a multitude of past lives already. We also have little body

thetans hovering around us causing more bad things to happen. But I digress. While she was explaining the Reactive mind and Analytical mind she started drawing on a piece of what paper. She drew two big circles for the two parts of the mind, analytical and reactive, and then drew lots of little circles in the reactive mind for each memory I guess, then wrote some stuff on the bottom I didn't really understand. So now that we were all indoctrinated and ready to get some self-help improvement it came time again to get offered the test. We respectively declined the test and said we were just more interested in having a tour of the facility. Now the fun begins!

We pass through the front office into the central courtyard. There is a small central building and a large stone waterfall dumping into a small pond with murky water. The exterior of the main square building is lined with windows facing into the courtyard so we can see people studying on tables. She starts talking to us but my focus is diverted away from her into the "classrooms". What appeared to be the largest "classroom" there was filled with about 10 foldable tables, book cases, and

"This is a self correcting facility. We are so beyond firing people. If someone is teaching a class or someone learned something wrong, then we can correct the mistake we made. We have the technology to correct people."

a large wall mounted flat screen TV. Pairs of "Students" and "Teachers" (she called them "counselors") sat across from each other with large books open having some sort of study session. It all looked fairly normal except for the fact that everyone inside the classroom was now staring or glancing at me and John. The receptionist lady mentioned something about the Theater they had there, that it was a place that people liked to go and watch videos in by L. Ron Hubbard. She said something like "L. Ron Hubbard" made a lot of videos.

After that awkward period of standing in front of the classroom we walked by yet another classroom. This one seemed more serious though as no one was looking up from their studying. It also must have been a library of some sorts as there were a lot more cases of books. Actually I can't remember if it was rows of book cases or actually just walls inside, but either way it looked weird. Also, some of the tables had a bunch of E-meters sitting out not actually in use so I asked her, "What are those electric looking things?" (I of course already knew very well what an E-meter was). She said that was an E-meter and she would show one to us up front later. Wow, I was surprised she would actually show us one. I'll finally get to test out the fabled e-meter!

For now we continued the tour. The next point of interest was a small room in which two standing men wearing headphones were watching a video. It wasn't until the next day I realized what I'd seen on the video. The clip was of a man standing on a silver, shiny bridge in space, or at least I assume it was space as there were several, maybe 6, earth-like planets hovering around in the distance. If I recall correctly the sun, or some star, was rising behind the man in the video who was holding his arms at his hips, elbows out, posture erect as if he had just woken up and was ready to conquer the world. The two guys watching the video were just looking at each other smiling and nodding like "Yea, wow, this is going to be cool!". I realized this must have been a video about "the Bridge to OT3" at which point a Scientology's has "cleared" his reactive mind, and bank account. I also wonder if that video was only suppose to be shown to advanced members or if it was just some introductory sample video.

Next! Continuing on the tour we pass by a wall that has all the ranks of the scientologists at this particular center.



An orange e-meter.

Firstly I found it odd that this information would be posted on a wall outside on apparently plastic designed to be outside. Secondly I was amazed at the structure of the organization itself. It was divided into maybe 9 colored subsections, and each subsection was further divided into two or three sections. She was the leader of the subsection to the far right, I didn't remember her OT rank though but I'm assuming it was fairly high as only 1 person was above her at this facility. The most notable of the primary group of subsections was the Department of Corrections, something that my friend immediately noticed and asked about. The receptionist lady's almost exact words were, "This is a self correcting facility. We are so beyond firing people. If someone is teaching a class or someone learned something wrong, then we can correct the mistake we made. We have the technology to correct people." Yea, they apparently have the "technology" to correct people and thus never have to fire an employee. This would probably be a good time to ask about that job, sounds like a great employer with real good job security! The thought of being "corrected" for hours and hours by an auditor prying into the deepest, most personal information I have sickens me. I did ask if they were hiring, and she quickly stopped, looked at me and asked, "Are you looking for a job?" To which I replied, "Uh oh, no, I was just wondering uh yea.". It seemed as if she would have hired me right on the spot. Then



Xenu, anti-Scientologist tagging, found in Paris, France. Picture taken from: <http://home.online.no/~heldal/blogmedia/2006/05/xenu-tagging-found-in-paris.html>

she said something about them expanding into a "Building 3x this size.". She didn't say "three times", no, she said "three x". We both asked "Huh what?" and then she said "Oh, three times". Another demonstrating point that scientologists are detached from society. I question whether or not this place is actually being built, or if she just said that to make it sound like they were expanding so I could get a job for sure.

Onward we go. We passed by their Purification center in which there were two treadmills and a cabinet full of vitamin bottles. There were some specially packaged vitamins up top too. We asked her about the vitamins and she said she would talk to a nutritionist before taking something. This was either a good sign, or a bad sign because this "nutritionist" may have been a scientologist nutritionist.

Nearing the end of the tour we passed by the final, but surely the greatest room apparently located at every single church of scientology in the world. The room was pristine, each item in it carefully placed and polished. It was as if a 3-D picture of an office had been taken and then replicated into real world objects. To my right was a massive desk on which a planning calendar, stacks of papers, and assorted writing devices were displayed about not quite randomly but as if they had been simply left out after a hard days work. Across from the desk was a smaller table. On this table was a bright orange E-meter, perhaps it was one of the original ones or was simply modeled after the color of the original ones. To the right of the smaller desk was a book case filled with large books, like law books. I couldn't really see the titles of them. Do you know who's office this was yet? I'll tell you. This office belonged to none other

than L. Ron Hubbard himself. That's right. The deceased, or rather "transcended to another galaxy for further studying" L. Ron Hubbard has an office at every Church of Scientology "just in case he decided to visit". Why would L. Ron Hubbard decide to visit Church of Scientology's, even little podunk ones in Nebraska? I could think of a few reasons. Perhaps it was designed to create a false sense of hope that some day your spiritual leader will come to visit you. Or maybe he just wanted a place to crash when he stopped in for a quick fuck. Oh yes, spiritual enlightenment comes in many ways. Either way, I am certain that the poor drones of Scientology await the return of their Master with every bit of hope and desperation as those who await the second coming Christ or the apocalypse. Perhaps even more so.

Finally the tour was done and we went back up to the main room where we talked a little bit more and then she went and got her E-meter. From what I can tell an E-meter is essentially a device that*maybe*measures some sort of electrical impulse in the body, or measures the amount of sweat on the hands or something. Basically something that somehow fluctuates a little bit based on anxiety. According to

Scientologists it is reading your reactive mind to detect unwanted emotions. Right. So anyway John goes first and as soon as he grabs the E-meter handles it starts bouncing all around. She adjusts it a bit so that it stabilizes and then tells him to think about people and relationships in his life. After about 3 seconds the needle jumped maybe 5 millimeters then went back down and she quickly said "What was that, what did you think right there?!" and John laughed as he said, "I didn't even

think of anything yet. I was thinking of thinking of something.". She just said "Oh. Well lets try again.". So she did it again and this time when it jumped he had thought of girlfriends. She said that she would have gone into that more if they were doing a real session. Now it was my turn. I decided that I was going to test the "accuracy" of the e-meter reading my thoughts so right away I started thinking about the most anxiety producing thing I could, trying to get my hands sweaty and my heart rate up a bit. I kept track of the transition of each thought as she was taking time to adjust it, and then when it was ready I made sure to note the timing that the needle moved and the timing of a thought transition in my head. I was thinking about the fact I increased my hours from 32 to 40 at work. The needle came to rest, then bounced a little bit, then went back down. It of course had no direct correlation with a specific thought change in my head. I think that if I just sat there once she adjusted it that it would have bounced up and down randomly for a

while. The magic of the E-meter has been demystified.

Perhaps it was designed to create a false sense of hope that some day your spiritual leader will come to visit you. Or maybe he just wanted a place to crash when he stopped in for a quick fuck.

After that she tried one more time to get us to take the test so we just took it with us and said we'd bring it back in when we were done. Then we quickly

walked out of the building then ran across the street. We figured that basically the E-meter was a form of cold reading, similar to that of people who claim they talk to the dead or palm readers. I can see how people would believe them now, thinking that someone was actually reading your mind and that you could essentially read the mind of others! Well, that's all this time folks. As always visit my good friends at www.Xenu.net. ☮

#ranradio sociology

as logged by m0laria

* calypso has joined #ranradio
* Cow sets mode: +v calypso
<m0laria> word
<calypso> A friend approached me with a question last night that's been bugging me. The problem as he explained it was that education isn't as valued as it once was. Most people, especially the younger generation, simply do not care to broaden their knowledge base, and to make matters worse, even fewer care much for politics and policy. So, politics and education go hand in hand. One cannot have one without the other. What would make a good catalyst to make people care about education?
<TechPeps> this is weird http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jH4JwzEpkIA
<Turrelle> calypso, make it cheaper
<Turrelle> you people don't think much about it because it's out of their grasp
<Turrelle> if you get student loans, you'll be in debt for life
<Turrelle> it keeps getting more and more expensive every year
<m0laria> sweet i figured it out
<Turrelle> it's not in the reach of the general public. Only those with money who can afford it can go
<m0laria> this girl at my work is working 7 days a week to pay off student loans
<m0laria> she just go her bachelors
<m0laria> nuts man
<Warthor> well these trades day is the way to go, people are short of them and you make good money for hands on work where you can own your own business
<Turrelle> Pi, Apoc, sNake, Mephft, Cimm, anyone available to voice and add someone to auto voice please?
<calypso> Turrelle, see that's the thing. How do we get it cheaper? If it continues this way, do you believe it will turn out to become Marx's proletariat vs. the bourgeois?
<Turrelle> I don't know, but I know that in sweden or switzerland or holland or something, all that education is free, it's paid for by the government as a service offered to their people to take advantage of if they wish
<Turrelle> i don't know what marx's proletariat vs. the bourgeois is
<m0laria> what's the bourgeois?
<calypso> Its basically the haves vs. the have-nots.
<m0laria> sh
<m0laria> *ah
<Turrelle> oh ok
<m0laria> it already is
<calypso> The haves are the bourgeois.
<Turrelle> k
<calypso> Well, I'd say its getting there.
<m0laria> the separation between the poor and rich, in america, increasing is pretty much a sociological fact
<Warthor> yeah i heard a recent number on that it was unbelievable
<m0laria> we have the super rich and the super poor now
* Turrelle pokes Apoc
<m0laria> fun stuff
<calypso> Warthor, is that what we're reduced to? Being someone else's tool? What happened to creating?
* Turrelle pokes piro
* Crux_Terminus doesn't get poked
<Turrelle> cause you ain't got ops, sweetheart
<Turrelle> i'm looking for an op atm
<Turrelle> :)

<Turrelle> but I still love you Nolan :;

<Crux_Terminus> :D

<calypso> Don't get me wrong, knowing trades is fantastic, but to limit yourself is absurd.

<calypso> absurd

<sNake> in here

<sNake> msg me

* sNake sets mode: +v Saves_The_Day

<Saves_The_Day> Thanks

* LurkerMerc has joined #ranradio

<calypso> m0laria, how can we stop that? Is asking for even the slightest bit of equality (a middle class) too much of a far-flung utopia?

<m0laria> i honestly don't know

* Meizano has quit IRC (Ping timeout)
<m0laria> i think we should move towards socialism
<Saves_The_Day> That's a bad idea

* Meizano has joined #ranradio

<m0laria> why

* Warthor has quit IRC (Ping timeout)

<m0laria> if we had the money

<m0laria> which we don't

<m0laria> obviously

<m0laria> well

<Turrelle> I need a command to make Cow voice people

<m0laria> we just don't have it in the right areas

* Turrelle nods

<m0laria> turrelle, its called ~op =D

<Turrelle> i know, jackass

<Turrelle> lol

<Crux_Terminus> negative

<Turrelle> but Piro used to have logserv set up <Cerulean> my command is "Snake go voice someone in the channel"

<Turrelle> so that if you knew the code, you could make it voice people

<m0laria> haha

<Cerulean> ops dammit now you all know i'm trolling

<Turrelle> troll

* Cerulean skulks away

<Turrelle> LOL

<m0laria> tr01

<Turrelle> <3 Karly

<Crux_Terminus> that only ops the person using the command if they have the privs

* LurkerMerc has quit IRC (Quit: Signed off)

<Saves_The_Day> meh I gotta go to bed, thanks for your help

<calypso> Socialism, as I believe, still limits one to what the state mandates.

* Warthor has joined #ranradio

* Cow sets mode: +v Warthor

* Saves_The_Day has quit IRC (Quit:)

<Turrelle> no, piro used to have logserv set with a command for people who had HIS autorization to voice people

<m0laria> ok..

<calypso> so you want the benefits of socialism without the state?

<Turrelle> logserv is the shit, man

<m0laria> ah

<calypso> It takes the same individual problem and recycles it into the group's problem

<m0laria> but it is the states problem

<m0laria> already

<m0laria> why not fix it at the state level?

<Turrelle> cause see Nolan, logserv had ops, so you could command it to voice :)

<calypso> m0laria, I'm honestly not sure if I believe in states. If two people can hardly get along, what makes you think an entire state can come together under the same umbrella of values?

<m0laria> ah

<m0laria> oh i agree

<calypso> Then again, I'm not saying I totally agree with anarch

<m0laria> im just looking at what is actually feasibly accomplishable without a revolution

<m0laria> know i'm sayin'?

<m0laria> states aren't going away anytime soon

<m0laria> there's like 50 of them

<calypso> Even with a revolution, then what? We might just be fucked, to say the least. :)

<calypso> lol 50

<m0laria> heh

<m0laria> ya iuno dude

<m0laria> personally i like to teach myself, to better myself

<m0laria> i don't know how to instill that feeling into other people

<m0laria> learning for the sake of learning

<m0laria> getting a good job is a nice byproduct of that

<calypso> I agree wholeheartedly.

<Turrelle> amen m0l

<Warthor> i like hands on learning, so if i want to learn something ill go do it

<m0laria> but i must say some people can't do that, or can barely do that. like if you are already in a position where you are a waitress with kids

<m0laria> supporting a familly

<m0laria> not that you CANT, but that it would be harder

<Warthor> mhhmm

<m0laria> and that is where i think the state can help out

<m0laria> and should.'

<m0laria> or someone

<alienbinary> huh.

<alienbinary> <http://go.reuters.com/newsArticle.jhtml?type=oddlyEnoughNews&storyID=11332694&src=rss/oddlyEnoughNews>

<m0laria> =\

-> <alienbinary> hey

<calypso> But then you have the problem of people aspiring to teach of the welfare system.

Then taxes have to be raised, and more bureaucracy put in place.

<m0laria> ya i say fuck welfare

<m0laria> its like some half ass attempt at socialism

<m0laria> that just ends up getting abused, and relied upon

<alienbinary> I dunno about that. some people need it

<Warthor> yeah welfare is essential for such a large country

<m0laria> yea, but 2nd and 3rd generations on it?

<calypso> alienbinary, true. Some do need it. But what about those that entirely depend on it for their entire life (i.e. vegetables)?

<Cerulean> OOB picking up his welfare check in a limo

<m0laria> its hard to say honestly

<m0laria> i don't want to put peopl on the streets who need it

<alienbinary> m0l you're looking at a social problem by the outcome of a solution

<m0laria> hm

<m0laria> ya

<Warthor> well theres many services that are provided for the country that are abused

<alienbinary> cerulean: OOB proved that the social security administration is full of shit, that's all.

<Warthor> just gotta deal with it

<calypso> Should we cap the guys that slow us down (mentally disabled that will obviously never contribute)?

<alienbinary> no.

<m0laria> eugenics ftw!

<m0laria> jk

<m0laria> we can't go Hitler

* CaponeX has joined #ranradio

<alienbinary> I've been going through a nervous breakdown lately, so if we were like that, I'd be

biofuel.

* Cow sets mode: +o CaponeX

* Cow sets mode: +v CaponeX

<m0laria> =\

<alienbinary> cappy!

<calypso> Why not? The resources directed could be redirected toward something else. (I don't get me wrong, I'm undecided on this issue just poking for answers)

<m0laria> speaking of capping people

<m0laria> calypso, because who gets to determine who is retarded enough to be eliminated? calypso is clever, m-l, clever. :P

* CaponeX violates alienbinary.

<alienbinary> err *m0p

<alienbinary> err m0l

<CaponeX> bb1

<m0laria> do we start aborting babies who have the genetic potential for retardation?

<alienbinary> neverfuckingmind

* Anorexicpillow has quit IRC (Quit: "seans never actually seen the show survivor but heres his rant on it")

<m0laria> cakie i mean

<m0laria> if we're serious about, we should do that

<m0laria> the question is

<m0laria> where do you draw the line

<Warthor> no mentally handicapped people should be capped, then it'll be like the movie cube

<alienbinary> that's the funniest fucking sign off message I've ever seen

<calypso> m0laria, I submit that if the person if OBVIOUSLY never going to contribute, then maybe...
but for ANY ambiguity, then absolutely not.

<m0laria> lol

<m0laria> so we have the Board of Eugenics

<m0laria> =P

<calypso> Basically lol

<alienbinary> calypso, I tell you what, did you grow up with enough money to have food to eat?

<m0laria> or Ministry of Purification

<calypso> But like I said, I'm still undecided.

<calypso> alienbinary, I'm still here.

<alienbinary> okay, did you have the money from the government or from your parent's jobs?

<m0laria> my rib cage is pretty deformed, im a potential candidate for elimination =(

<calypso> I'm not a troll, I promise. lol.

<m0laria> Just having open discussion.

<m0laria> i know

<calypso> Parents.

<alienbinary> do you know the population count currently? also the rate of inflation and the unemployment rate?

<alienbinary> you can find them on the cia-worldfactbook

<alienbinary> I'm getting somewhere with this

<calypso> I'm listening. :)

<alienbinary> I'm finishing a thesis on this anyway

<MrEcho> m0o

<alienbinary> I just gave a speech on a different aspect of sociology, actually

<TechPeps> I admit I have ssi, from my disabilities that I have but, I use it for food, medical

cal and other things... but from what I make at my job I spend on what I like spend it on

<TechPepsi> I heard people whom had wellfair that hates it but some likes it

<Molalaria> see being on welfare, and hating "welfare" is dumb imo

<TechPepsi> yeah but a will to survive

<TechPepsi> I know one thing, is. I will earn my way for food

<Molalaria> isnt welfare suppose to be temporary?

<Alienbinary> anyway, here's the deal, read this first. <http://www.odci.gov/cia/publications/factbook/geos/us.htm>

<TechPepsi> for the time being

<TechPepsi> there is so many thingsd in my county that is welfare-ish

<Alienbinary> go to section titled "people"

<Calypso> Roger.

<Molalaria> wow

<Molalaria> 97% literacy rate

<Molalaria> thats nuts

<Calypso> brb heating up food. :P

<Molalaria> hrm from 1999 tho

<Alienbinary> you might notice something fucked up right off the bat, that for example

<Alienbinary> which is completely wrong though

<Molalaria> how is that possible

<Molalaria> ya

<Alienbinary> it's not

<Molalaria> ok

<Alienbinary> lemme find a better source

* MaryRebelledVirgin has joined #nranradio

* Cow sets mode: +vo MaryRebelledVirgin

<Molalaria> maybe it is

<Alienbinary> okay, well, we found the two stats I needed

* Cow sets mode: +vvv MaryRebelledVirgin

Meizano nNake

<Alienbinary> 295,734,134 (July 2005 est.) = population of the united states

<Warthor> oh damn

<Alienbinary> 5.1% = unemployment rate of the united states

<Warthor> its hard to solve a problem with such a large population

<Alienbinary> would anyone care to tell me how many people are unemployed in numbers, please?

<Molalaria> 295,734,134 x .05?

<Molalaria> questioning my math

<Molalaria> 14,786,706 people

<Alienbinary> over 14 million people then?

<Molalaria> yeah

<Alienbinary> okay, can I ask you a question?

<Alienbinary> do you think they all chose that?

<Molalaria> nope

<Alienbinary> okay, lemme show you another stat

<Molalaria> is my math right? lol damn, that's so much

<Alienbinary> population below poverty line = 12%

<Molalaria> ah

<Calypso> oh sorry back. *reads*

<Alienbinary> lemme tell you what the poverty line is defined as in the US; if a woman has six kids, and she makes under 18,000 a year, she's below the poverty line.

<Molalaria> wow

<Alienbinary> can I ask you a question?

<Alienbinary> how much money does that afford each child?

<Molalaria> thats 35 million

<Alienbinary> now you're starting to get it, bro.

<Molalaria> divided by 7 thats 2500

<Calypso> ouch.

<Molalaria> if all the money went to a person

<Molalaria> so really

<Calypso> Note to self: Stay in school and don't ever have kids.

<Molalaria> take off what, 3,000 for rent etc.?

<Alienbinary> do you know how much I spend in a month?

<Molalaria> nope

<Molalaria> oh wiat

<Molalaria> that's a YEAR

<EvilSpork> more for rent

<Alienbinary> NOW YOU GET IT

<EvilSpork> utilities and shit

<Molalaria> holy fuck

<Alienbinary> that's not enough to buy a fucking twinkie if you want a place to live

<Calypso> A lot of low income housing is free.

<Molalaria> but still

<Calypso> Minus the phone and cable, of course.

<Molalaria> can you live off 2500 a year?

<Molalaria> reasonably

<Molalaria> in a city

<Alienbinary> calypso, could you live off 2500 a year?

<Meizano> I'd doubt that.

<Alienbinary> m01's getting my point

<Calypso> alienbinary, only if I had my BOB. ;)

<AfricanLoveTurtle> i think you mean 25,000 not 2,500

<AfricanLoveTurtle> if you only make 2,500 a year something is seriously wrong

<Meizano> Cheapest rent I've seen here is 180/mo, not including utilities, food, etc.

<Molalaria> alt you missed the convo

<Molalaria> read up

<AfricanLoveTurtle> no way

<Molalaria> its 18,000 divided by 7

<AfricanLoveTurtle> i'm not reading past the buffer

<AfricanLoveTurtle> oh little kids

<AfricanLoveTurtle> and stuff

<Molalaria> yea

<Molalaria> so 2500 each kid

<AfricanLoveTurtle> if you kill the kids and eat them you spend less and get free food for like a week

<Alienbinary> yeah, yeah, the johnathan swift solution

<Molalaria> cheapest rent where i live is \$500

<Alienbinary> a modest proposal."

<Molalaria> that's for a fucking ROOM

<Molalaria> maybe \$400 for a piece of shit

<Alienbinary> regardless, the point is, our other social institutions have fucked up somewhere for people to make this little money on SALARY, correct?

<Molalaria> yea

<Molalaria> so this means 35 million people are living on ~2500 a year

<Warthor> so basically your saying that the cost of living and how much you make isn't equal any more?

<Molalaria> pretty much

<Alienbinary> sort of. it's a rough estimate

<Alienbinary> Warthor, it's nothing even close

<Molalaria> i literally have to leave California to live on my own

* Cerulean has left #nranradio

<Molalaria> to have some chance at a house

<Calypso> What's to stop people from saying, "OK, forget it," and going back to nature... go into the deep woods and live off the land?

<Molalaria> you cant

<Calypso> #f1

<Calypso> why not?

<Molalaria> water is poisoned

<Calypso> What? You drink water everyday.

<Mindwarp> Land ownership would be one reason

<Alienbinary> you can't live on the cost of living. I'm supporting so many friends, illegally too, because I'm allowing them to sleep in my apartment.

<Calypso> its less polluted in the deep woods.

<Molalaria> weh ya

<Meizano> I rarely drink water.

<Calypso> mind warp, uninhabited land.

<Mindwarp> get off my land! *BANG*

<Warthor> everyday needs, living processes have been advanced, so if you still want a normal life you can't civilization

<Alienbinary> calypso, the main reason being, IT'S AGAINST THE LAW TO GO AGAINST THE GRAIN.

<Molalaria> ya actually #f1 is a park ranger will be like "wtf?"

<Molalaria> and arrest your ass

<Mindwarp> where is all this this unhabited AND UNOWNED land you speak of?

<Warthor> lol yeah

<Molalaria> canada?

<Turrelle> yar

<Calypso> alienbinary, as if they'd ever find you. People go on hunting trips all the time. Think of it as an extended, permanent hunting trip. ;)

<Turrelle> tons of it

<Mindwarp> when people with enough money can own hundreds of times the land they can actually use

<Molalaria> lets invade'

<Warthor> canada is all owned

<Calypso> molaria, deeper woods.

<Turrelle> Canada has tons of crown land

<Mindwarp> if not private, than state ownership

<Molalaria> there are no deeper woods =>

<Turrelle> which can be leased very cheaply from the government

<Alienbinary> calypso, can you see single mothers living off of that?

<Mindwarp> then*

<Turrelle> just fyi :)

<Calypso> alienbinary, touche.

<Molalaria> heh ya

<Molalaria> you need a tribe

<Calypso> But on an individual level...

<Molalaria> we're not trying to solve an individual problem tho =P

<Mindwarp> yeah, so you're saying i can lease a bunch of land from the govt and do whatever the fuck i want on it, establish my own laws etc

<Mindwarp> right.

<Mindwarp> that worked really well for the last people who tried

<Calypso> Dick Proenneke from Alone in the Wilderness (PBS) did it.

<Calypso> lease?

<Calypso> no.

<Calypso> Just go there.

<Mindwarp> calypso: responding to Turrelle on that one

<Alienbinary> calypso, who the FUCK is going to arrest PBS?

<Calypso> alienbinary, he didn't work for PBS.

<Mindwarp> but of course it doesn't matter whether you lease or not

<Calypso> alienbinary, please do some research on Dick Proenneke first.

<Turrelle> calypso, they fly over land all the time to see if there are buildings on land owned by crown that is not supposed to be there

<Turrelle> so go ahead and live, don't build any shelters

<Turrelle> lol

<Molalaria> yea

<Turrelle> unless they can't be seen from the air

<Molalaria> helicopters patrol

<Calypso> Rarely.

<Molalaria> uh

<Calypso> I'm talking DEEP wooded areas,

<Mindwarp> there were people already doing what you're suggesting on this continent and they were wiped away, their claim to the land dismissed with some bullshit legalise

<Turrelle> and planes run lines regularly

<Turrelle> I know what you're talking, but I'm in forestry, I know what kinds of things they do out there :)

<Molalaria> ya turrelle knows

<Molalaria> i agree

<Calypso> If one wanted to disappear, one can do it.

<Alienbinary> okay, calypso, he's living off a government GRANT

<Molalaria> its just not an option, either for the individual or the family group

<Turrelle> you'd have to dig something underground, and hope that they don't use the infrared cams

<Alienbinary> I'm looking at a national parks service website

<Turrelle> cause they have scans that can tell the difference between one plant's heat signature and another, so they know what kind of plants are growing down there

<Turrelle> they would see anything that gave off any heat underground

<Turrelle> d

<Molalaria> crazy'

<Alienbinary> we're looking at people the government forgot about.

<Turrelle> oh I know you could do it

<Turrelle> it would just be on a limited timeframe

<Molalaria> eventually you'd caught, no matter what, right?

<Turrelle> noms

<Calypso> Even if* it was a limited time frame, it'd be something,

<Molalaria> unless you had insider info on plane routes and moved around heh

<Turrelle> would just lease some land ;)

<Alienbinary> molaria, I gotta go, email me this chat transcript at some point?

<Turrelle> yer talking a few hundred bucks a year

<Molalaria> fo sh

<Molalaria> o

<Alienbinary> peace out.

<Calypso> And what's the penalty? A fine? Just go back into the woods.

<Molalaria> peace

<Turrelle> later binary

<Calypso> Later alienbinary

<Alienbinary> later all

<Turrelle> dunno calypso

<Turrelle> good question

<Turrelle> jailtime? LOL

<Turrelle> squatting on government land

<Turrelle> I dunno penalties

<Calypso> I doubt the govt would really care in the middle of say, Alaska.

<Calypso> I mean, come on.

<Calypso> The Smoky Mountains, hell yes they'd care.

<Calypso> But in the middle of the absolute boondocks... come on.

<Mindwarp> the entire american continent was "the middle of the absolute boondocks" until some people from far away started caring.

<Molalaria> hey do you log turrelle?

<Turrelle> I dunno

<Molalaria> anyone log?

<Calypso> Enable logging in your IRC client.

<Calypso> Anyway. Good debate. Take care.

<Molalaria> ya i want tood um this whole chat into a txt file, but mirc wont let my copy multiple pages

<Calypso> calypso has left #nranradio buffer (Leaving)

End of #nranradio buffer Sun Feb 26 20:44:38 2006



Where are we going?

by Nemesis

What happens when a species as a whole manages to extend its life expectancy well beyond what nature intended? You get the human race. We simply are not supposed to live as long as we do. We accomplish it through a mix-mash of techniques; hygiene, a balanced diet, surgery, low risk employment, heat, air-conditioning, and medical research are a few in a long list of activities whose main purpose is to extend human life. Learning is a main part of this. The longer you live, the more you can learn. With more learning comes the possibility that you will accomplish more in your tenure on this planet. No matter how incredibly brilliant a person is, it still takes them some amount of time to learn something new and build on that.

Take math as an example. Most people grow up learning math in school. As the years progress the math gets more and more advanced. In days past children only received a cursory education, enough to allow them to help their parents out in whatever profession their parents, parents had chosen. With the advent of advanced technology, and the increase in population, it was possible for children to attend school longer, and therefore learn more and more advanced topics.

With more advanced students exiting the schools, more advanced technology began to appear in the world as these students applied the skills they learned in their years of school toward solving the problems of the day. With more people able to spend more time learning, more advanced forms of medicine began appearing, giving humans an extention on the time they were expected and welcomed to live. With more

time on the planet, and more and more treatments for the disease that deteriorate the mind at higher ages, more people are able to spend more time researching, and developing, and learning, and inventing.

The geniuses of the world are living longer.

They are living longer and spending more time doing the things that good natured geniuses do. Examining and correcting the worlds problems. It's a cycle. You live longer, learn more, contribute more, so the next generation can live even LONGER, and spend more of THEIR time learning, and contributing. Where does it stop? When will we hit the existential brick wall of mortality going full throttle and shatter this cycle into a million fragmented dreams?

It might never happen, if our technology continues to advance in the same way that it has. If our life expectancy continues to rise. When we perfect human cloning, and learn to accelerate growth, and burn brain patterns into the minds of clones, enabling learning in a flash of high powered laser light. We completely erase the need to spend years in school studying, and replace it with the memories and combined learned skills of the worlds greatest minds.

This isn't so far away that it should seem like fiction. Some day it will be possible to download your mind into a computer or waiting clone, extending your life indefinitely. We won't need to cure all diseases, though surely we will continue the attempt. If a person gets terminally ill, and has sufficient wealth, they will simply

need to transfer their mind into a new host, and continue what they're doing before the illness.

Over population will become an exponential problem. While Researchers and Scientists turn their attention toward the stars, and attempt to solve this problem in a rational way, Governments around the world will impose their own solution on the teeming masses. While the population grows, the global pie that everyone fights for a slice of, will remain stagnant. Never growing, never expanding, perhaps contracting.

If you consider criminals to be a percent of the global population, then their numbers will grow as the population grows. Governments will impose stricter punishments for crimes committed in an attempt to scare the masses into submission. Capital Punishment will become a public event, and it will happen increasingly often. Population Control laws will be proposed, ratified, and imposed as they have already been in some parts of the world.

Eventually our race will spread among the stars and the cycle will begin again. Though this time, the starting point will be much closer to the endpoint than before. However, if we learn from our mistakes, if we don't censor our history and lie to and disillusion our children, the end point may be something much more spectacular, something no one can predict or foresee, something our species will never see coming. ☐



Adult and Dating Sites: Membership Loopholes

by Kabiri Jester

**Sign Up now
FOR FREE!**

Ok, not all too sure if this has been sent in as of yet, or if anyone has even thought of this, but here goes anyway. I recently made a mistake on an account on www.meonyou.com, and labeled my "Gender" as female looking for men. Much to my dismay I started getting untold amount of e-mail from guys all over, many woman and also couples. At first I was concerned that I had selected my sexual persuasion as Gay, then I noticed that the search engine kept triggering searches for Woman clients or users. Suddenly I noticed something, else, If My account

was set to being masculine, I was extremely limited on what I could do, access or even often times see as in the case with www.meonyou.com. With me on you Males are required to be paying members of a whopping \$24 a month just to enlarge thumb nails, Reply to e-mails, or even send "icebreakers". In fact to do anything but browse accounts requires full or partial account membership. While being female Grants you immediate automatic account versatility, often account option and in many cases means and ways to gain free "Tokens" or account credit by doing simple

crap like writing and maintaining a web log or “Blog”, Uploading picture, Video, Voice, having the option of chat and so on. In fact most sites it turn out encourage Woman to be Members in any means necessary so as to attract more Male clients willing to foolishly pay for such exorbitant prices.

The beauty of this, is that 90% of the sites out there don't bother to check or even verify, and many wont change your account if you even ask them to. I found out when I asked

Sex search.com to change me back to male, I was told to delete my account and re-register. Thus meaning that if you have 2 or more accounts you can easily have a basic account to Attract people with and a secondary to send people messages and IMs and what not. Heck if you have an account on www.sexsearch.com they give you access to their “Gold room” which has Adult entertainment like Video games, Movies, Pictures, Live cams,.. and so on. Honestly being female is a blessing, while being male is a curse as far as these sites go. So far in the last 2 years of doing this, I've had 2 problems:

1. The server in question often times will only accept one active account at a time per specific

IP, thus meaning that Uploading files, Sending messages or even editing accounts can very quickly and quite easily have error or transference problems and even strangely mix data, lose data or even cause many strange side effects like having access to all areas with both accounts, but not having the ability to access either accounts profile as is the case with both of my www.sexsearch.com profiles. Also, often accessing accounts when both are open can result in having

90% of the sites out there don't bother to check or even verify [your gender]

to often re-type login and pass code every time you want to access the site. You have to pay very close attention to which account your in, as many times over which ever account you logged into first will lock to your IP Until that account is logged out. Thus meaning that if you want to access your email in your basic account, I suggest you load your Advanced full access account first, then load the basic, this way if anything goes awry the system will default back to your advanced and often give you options in other accounts because the sever is set to access your advanced account. I've found that accessing the basic account and getting all the info you need, Copy it, Paste it to

word or a text editor, then close it and load the advanced account and do searches based off of the data you have, tends to be the best trick and is probably the best

repetitive and generic as though their comments seem to be similar to 10 other accounts who all live in the same area and have the same or similar look and even tag lines then theirs probably a good chance that its an admin account. Also many of these site, www.meonyou.com, and www.sexsearch.com, will send you fake messages from other users pretending to be interested in you. Many are hard to tell, but usually if an



The screenshot shows the homepage of Me on You. At the top, there's a banner for "Adult Personals". Below it, there are three user profiles: "mary1973, 33" (looking for a man), "Calmstaylor, 32" (someone who is open-minded), and "jasonwilliams003, 28" (faithful, caring, loving). A large blue button at the bottom left says "Sign Up now FOR FREE!". On the right side, there's a "Members Login" form and a "Quick Search" sidebar with dropdown menus for gender (Man/Woman), age range (18-99), location (United States, Any), and interests (1-on-1 Relationship, Discreet Relationship, Group Sex, Photo Exchange, Cybersex). There are also sections for "Looking For" and "Living In". Several messages from users like "Josh T, California" and "Lenny M, Texas" are displayed.

idea as far as security and site data transference is concerned. As far as www.meonyou.com is concerned, they usually send you semi detailed emails from other accounts with quite an extensive source of information making it very easy to simply have open a page in you email and do your searches from their.

2. Many sites will have admins pretending to be real people. Usually if the Profile looks very professional or ironically very

interested person isn't interested once you reply or if you get a message from an admin after sending a reply then you know what to look for in the future. Usually though the Profiles are pretty obvious as many of the Photo's will look like professional Porn stars or Models. The Picture tends to be extremely crisp, and look like its on a stage or Studio. If you find one of these or any Profile that questionable, look into the back ground and see if there is anything that look like a

prop, or if the lighting is focused on the Model in question. If the answer is yes, then there is a good chance that either that person is a model that a simple search or profile check usually tells you that, or they're an admin. If they're an admin, avoid the account or reply cautiously.

3. Many site only give you search results based on either (A) Your profile settings, or (B) search parameters that you set each time you search. So often even though you may be searching for a specific Profile, Often times based on Account settings, or general search settings a certain Profile may not show up because your settings be it Your account or the setting of the general search engine may not match. If this happens, Keep tinkering with it until you get the right settings and the profile your looking for, or as a last result load the Account you got the info from and try from their. Though be forewarned, Many Sites wont allow Basic account to even do basic searches. Many accounts only let you build an account, and many wont even let you check your email.. so you have to kind of be tricky and figure out ways to access your basic account from other accounts. The solution as always is to keep plugging away till you get the right combination.

Verified Sites that I've found that have this loop hole:

www.meonyou.com

Requires a separate email address per account

www.sexsearch.com

Requires a Valid email address, but they can be the same

www.okcupid.com

No specific Specifications found

www.truematch.com

No specific Specifications found

www.tickle.com

Only certain types of accounts seem to have this loop hole

If you find more sites with bigger and better loop holes find me and message me at any of these sites under the Profile Names of "Kabiri Jester / Kabiri Dalihab / or Gods Joke" ↗

A Touch of Madness

by Zen Hammer

Ever imagine what that would be like? If the whole world touched madness...

Around you men and women tear out their eyes and sew their mouths shut, in fear of seeing too much, or being heard.

The sun hardened, bleached, and eventually broken sidewalks comfort your boots.

Darkness lurks 4 hours away, as the orange sun finishes its arc over the little piece of the world you can see all around you. The chatters and squeaks of insects can be heard inside the sewn up mouths of the people who pass beside you, feeling the fronts of the buildings to know where they are.

And then the sun falls down, extinguished by the ocean off the coast.

The blind mute zombies that stumble and rot in the streets are no longer your worries.

Towers of concrete loom over you in the darkness, powerless, negative caves rising into the dank air, and in the distance ahead of you, a large animal rustles in a dented garbage can. What was once a man, but now only resembles masochistic lust rises up in front of you, its mangled long limbs extending fully, body hair matted, dreadlocked and stinking with filth. He turns his head towards you, and looks like he's smiling.

But he isn't smiling, he just has no cheeks, and his teeth are filed to points. His dreadlocked filth matted beard acts like a screen door to his mouth.

Suddenly, dozens of people step out of the shadows and begin walking along the streets bustling by you, and he towers over them. Their shoes rap against the sidewalk in an unorganized static noise. They knock you over, stepping on you; a fractured wrist, a broken rib...

And then they stop, dead in their tracks.

The static noise has gone, and a roar has taken its place.

The shrieking roar beats into you, clutching your heart and shaking it back and forth inside your chest, setting your bones on fire.

The people disappear, back into the darkness.

"Der Faulewolf" has spoken. □

Beware the Blue Girl

by Misery Rose

MY FEET WERE BLUE TODAY.

Literally. Blue. Not aqua, or pink, or even sun burnt red. They were blue. They even had little white strap marks of non-blueness from where my flip flops were covering them. It was kind of poetic- in a creepy way. Though instead of memorializing this funny moment and taking a picture, mom made me sit on the edge of the tub and we scrubbed them clean. Mostly. I think there's still a tinge of blue around my ankles and toes.

Pay attention to overspray! and for future reference, flip flops are not the best attire while spraypainting, even though they seem insignificant enough to get covered in paint and not matter- in the end, you'll realize that though it's ok that the flops have paint on them, it is not ok that your feet have paint on them.

Especially blue paint. It will stain your tub, and then you'll have to wash that too. So what starts as a motivated project ends up as yet another mess that you'll have to clean.

Overspray is on my hands too, but this is black flecks, not blue- I guess the blue washed off. It's so minimal it almost looks like a tan. But this is bad light, so it may be painfully noticeable come better lighting. If I can't get it off by tomorrow Maria and La will get to laugh about it. I'm sure that's worth something.

So much for my new milkcrate shelves— I'll finish them eventually, just not in flip flops—and I'll find gloves next time too. I thought I was smart. I wore my art smock, and I did have a mask, but the mask didn't do much—though I'd still rather wear one than not.

I've learned several things while trying to undertake the monstrous task of organizing everything in my room now that I'm home from college for the summer:

First, and perhaps most important: spraypainting, though fun, takes more prior planning than "hey it's actually nice out today, why don't I go out to the garage and paint these milkcrates." proper attention must be placed to eye, mouth and nose coverings, hair management, footwear, and clothing choice.

Secondly: trying to clean your room while moving more junk in makes cleanup a lot harder. Multiply that cleanup by some large number if you're trying to smush college effects in with your home effects. It's like cramming 6 rooms into one. Yes six. No, that's not a typo. Consider this, a college room is not only your bedroom, but it also contains many of your toiletries, your cooking supplies, your entertainment center, and your dining products. Now, each of those points generally constitutes the need for a separate room in most houses. Therefore, a bedroom, living room, dining room, kitchen, and bathroom would generally contain the same mess held in your dorm room. As I am a college student, I still live at home during the summer and thus each of those other rooms must be crammed into my bedroom at home until it's time to go back to school. Therefore, the extra 5 rooms are now crammed into my one bedroom and that makes six rooms in the space of one. Now, my home bedroom is not small, but it has a lot of junk in it. When I try to cram more

junk in there it's not a pretty sight. I now feel the urge to just throw everything out and start over—but I'm almost done, so doing that now would be a huge waste of time.

Third: things get messier before they get neater. I understand this. I really do. I mean, if you're trying to make room to fit more into a small space, you're going to have to take things out and rearrange. Unfortunately, taking things out makes more of a mess and until you find places to put them, it can get really frustrating to look around and see even more of a mess than you started with.

Lastly: throwing things out will not kill you. I'm a packrat. I'll admit it. I know I don't need all the stuff I have, but there's memories that I just won't let go of sometimes. with all this cleaning I've finally realized that if I find something and can't remember the last time I needed it, then there's a pretty good chance that I can throw it out and it won't matter. For the things I can't get rid of, I'm going to resort to scrapbooking. Lame, I know—but it'll at least compact a lot of the things that I can't make myself throw out.

I don't know what all of this means. My lessons may seem simple, but I feel like they've taken me all of my life to finally learn. As a person who prides herself on enjoying learning new things from others, I guess I've just proved that there's only so much that I'll learn from those around me. Perhaps it's time for me to learn some things for myself. ☐

Advertising Gone So Horribly Awry by alienbinary

This morning I was so groggy, the only thing I could actually focus on was that I had new body wash to use. It was AXE desert... something. In the shower, I fiddled with the bottle, noticed the gorgeous packaging and rubbed the blue dots of whatever the fuck they use as an exfoliant into my skin. As I was turning the water off, an OCD thought popped into my head, intrusive as they come. I thought to myself "what if I was in one big axe commercial?"

The whole thing is really ridiculous, and it's funny to you, I'm sure, but to me, it was horrid. Granted, I know that it's an irrational thought caused by a chemical imbalance, or whatever, and I was overthinking it since I'm a professional science writer on the subject of anxiety disorders. Really though, there was something more.

As the day went on, every label on every piece of junk that I own became offensive. My wretched headache didn't help and the pervasive thoughts of shooting myself were overpowering. Problems with seeing my girlfriend further prolonged this uneasiness. I wrote into the #ranradio IRC "/me wants to bang his head against the wall until he can fiddle with his own gray matter". Apanthropy welcomed me to "his point of view". I think that's when I realized that the whole fucking world needs an awful big kick in the junk. And I mean it too. It's currently August as I write this, and every other lawn is peppered with these obnoxious signs telling you that you should vote for some criminal as your state representative. Not one of these signs gives a single reason why. Not even a "...because he's a nice guy." I know nothing about these candidates except that their masturbatory signs are

taking up valuable space in my line of sight. If I owned a paintball gun, I think I'd redecorate the town, and sanitize the signs.

And still, the thought of being in one big commercial, persisted. I realized finally that it was alarming to have the irrational thought, but the rational thought, that we are, in a sense, always acting as billboards for big business is nauseating. Get your logos off my t-shirts. Get your mascots out of my fist's range. I'm tired of being force-fed name brands. It's a sad state of affairs when a small town starts to look like fucking Las Vegas.

What do we gain from this madness? There are actual superbowl commercial hall of fames, and fan sites dedicated to favorite advertisements. The debasement of humanity is one of the most thriving industries, so powerful in such a short time that it even has lobbyists in the senate and petitioning the supreme court for the right to spam junk mail both physically and electronically. Google, once the world's greatest playground for hackers is a big ass classifieds section, and they make little effort to disguise it. Whether a hit or query in a search string is relevant can actually be affected by how much money the person running the website can pay Google. When Google has become all about money, it's not far from the syndication of the church or the salvation army starting to ambulance chase.

Money is not the root of all evil. It's the root of all disgust and repulse. Look around your room. If you happen to have a poster or ad clipped out from a magazine on your wall, then fuck you. Don't you realize that there was

a time when people took pride in who they were, not who they pay? Put your wallet in the blender. Give away one personal possession a day.

I mean this too. I've been cleaning out my place and I've given away loads of stuff, things I don't use, that I bought for reasons that are now horribly unclear. I gave them to people who appreciated them, and now I have less to distract me. A paper shredder is one of the best appliances I have because I can just toss my mail and most of the commercial magazines into it. Whenever a new credit card comes in the mail, I have a special place for that too. It goes in a loading tray and gets cut to shit like the garbage scam it is.

So this weird rant, this strange semi hysterical rant was borne from an actual anxiety attack, but has evolved to a sort of revelation: we are all constantly being force-fed advertising, yes, but like an infant, a lot of us are missing our mouths and wearing the mashed peas on our shirts. See if you made a mess. Is there a logo there? If so, wash up and get a bib. This world is ugly enough without all this name brand garbage. Another thing, don't promote things, by saying how good they are. Say how much less horrid they are than others. Linguistically, this improves your chances of avoiding an accidental advertisement.

So the question remains. Does big business have us doing the advertising for them? I think they might. ☐

YOU TURN YOUR TELEVISION ON AND what's the first thing you watch? Personally I turn right to the cartoons, but the bulk of Americans tend to watch the news, press, the media. These people are scared, they are scared if they are going to miss something, I understand this, you suppose to be scared about how things are going nowadays but why? Why are you scare? You could say that you're scared because the terrorist are still out there, or the bird flu is getting up in numbers, or even the ozone is being destroyed by everything that isn't good. Sadly, these reasons are seldom

ever the reason people watch the news, they don't care for the birds flu, they don't care for the ozone or terrorist, now you're wondering "what could possibly be the reason BlackLastic? What could get millions of Americans to torture themselves each day?" well there are 4 reasons in fact, as listed below:

1. Curiosity killed the cat, and satisfaction brought him back, just to be killed again by his curious nature. Yeah I admit I made that last part up but it's true, people get curious throwing all safety out of the window just so they can get



palm **HOW TO: MEDIA**
by BLACKLOSTIC



that feeling out of the air. They do this so they can also fit in everyday life, you wouldn't believe the faces I get when I ask things like "who's my chemical romance?" and "wait they have a show that has people trapped on an island, don't you mean survivor?" I don't have that curious feeling, I don't think I can have it because I simply don't care how the world is going, because based on the history of media it most likely isn't true. This media is the same one that had a radio casting of an alien attack which actually tricked people into rioting the radio station. This is the type of stuff that actually scares me, but you never heard about it on the media and that is taking what is said on television, heard on radio,

and read in newspapers seriously. Ignorance, it's the act of just not knowing, kind of like curiosity but not. It's just not knowing, you don't even tend to want to know or a lot of the time you don't know what you don't know. Yeah it's confusing but just remember, this is one of the most powerful tools the media uses to get you to sit there on your couch and watch the news each and every day. They play on the fact that no one knows everything, you are not even curious, just you have thins feeling of not knowing something. Curiosity is different only in the fact



that you know a little of something, you want to know more about this issue. Ignorance kind of pounces you, you never see that story coming and you're curiosity kicks in, "what about this issue" you tell yourself and it's just a bastard cycle they know and has proven over and over to be true.



2. Good news is one of the best things you can see on the news right? I know I would love to see good news, but I hate to be the one to bust your bubble but it isn't going to happen.

The Iraq war is the worst example of this, you always hear about bombs blowing up, and then they have the beheadings, and the kidnappings. Yes the news has that talk about how other new stations never tell about hospitals being built but that never makes the major news, why? Well it's simple that makes you happy and happy makes you not so curious, it lets you relax and you just don't want to know anything bad, so curiosity is gone, ignorance is fulfilled with lack of curiosity. Sadly, this cannot be allowed or all the news channels would go under, so bad news is



but not enough for you to get so sad you turn it off and do something zany like...read a book. Bad news can be anything based on your own opinion, abortion laws for instance, some are for abortion, others against it. So if the news reports something like anti-abortion laws, it makes some people mad and some happy. So the mad people watch more hoping to get some information, and happy people do the same, both are enemies and the news plays off this to get them both interested in the report so maybe they can get a heads up on what the other is thinking. ☐



brought a lot more so you can have the questions of what is going to happen next and if you could help stop it.

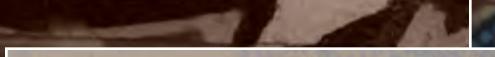
3. Bad news is the kind of news that makes all news work, and since there isn't that much different types of news, bad news is pretty much the only thing to choose from. There is distraction news, "UH OH A MOOSE IS LOOSE IN <insert small town here>" then they lead into bad news trying to get you into the news

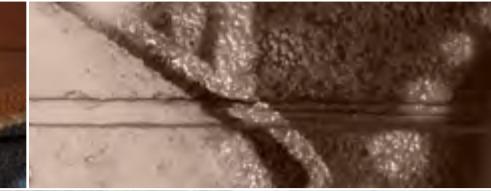
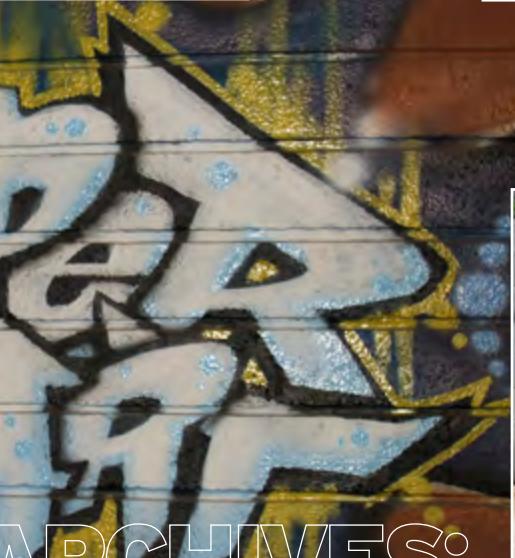




THE LOKI A GRAFFITI P

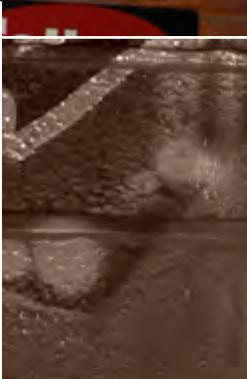
Photos by NinjaLlama, C





ARCHIVES: PHOTO ESSAY

SaponeX and alienbinary



COLOPHON

by CaponeX

PA1N Magazine Issue 17 – Summer 2006

PA1N is a quarterly magazine covering, exploring and blurring the lines between the worlds of counterculture, technology and fiction.

PA1N is produced in Adobe InDesign CS2 and output to Portable Document Format (PDF) 1.5 (a.k.a. Adobe Reader 6 format).

Our logo is set in kroeger 05_53.

Some of the other fonts found in this issue include:

Akzidenz Grotesk Condensed

Adobe Garamond Pro

Bitstream Vera Sans Mono

Calibri

Cambria

Futura

Interstate

ITC Garamond

Keedy Sans

UNDA Outline

Verdana

Some of the music playing on my trusty iPod that contributed to the design of this issue:

The Cramps

The Creatures

Depeche Mode

Dropkick Murphys

The Evinrudes

Future Sound of London

Garbage

Joy Division

Junkie XL

Massive Attack

Me First and the Gimme Gimmes

My Life with the Thrill Kill Kult

The Pixies

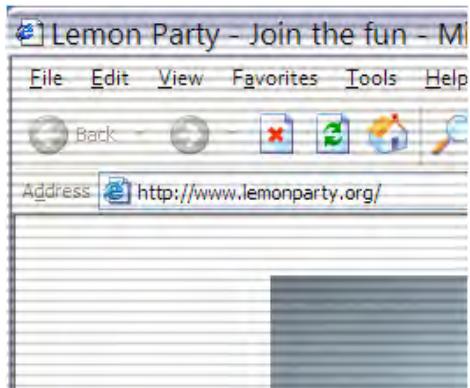
The Smiths

Underworld

Visit our website at <http://www.pa1n.org> for past issues, photos, our new community forum, and much more.

Give the gift of PA1N to others. Feel free to print and distribute this 'zine. Please do not sell it to others (with the sole exception to cover your cost of printing).





Websites that Cause Internal Bleeding

by alienbinary

It had been only a day or two or three since mephyt, quite inebriated, donated our new home on the internet, www.paln.org and www.paln.net, officially taking us to a new level of badassness. It had been only two days since CaponeX threw together a MamboServer site that makes anything you've ever seen look like garbage because he's just that talented, and now Apoc goes and posts the following suggestion after he realized he couldn't knock me out of my own IRC channel:

"22:09 <+Apoc> what if I randomly redirect users to lemonparty.org rather than paln
22:09 <+Apoc> would that be funny?"

So, like an idiot, I opened up safari and loaded lemonparty.org, expecting to find, at the very least, some harmless and defunct political party parody. Instead, I was greeted with the image of three elderly men sodomizing and blowing each other. What this has to do with lemons and parties, I don't know, but I assured Apoc that no, it certainly would not be funny, and that it would actually be quite disgusting. So, being the little bastard we love so much, he suggested an alternative.

"22:11 <+Apoc> what about to meatspin.com?"

This wasn't any better either. To the tune of "you spin me right round baby" is an image of what appears to be yet more anal sex, except this time, the person being sodomized has a visible bikini line which makes you wonder about a lot of things, not excluding why you're still looking at the site. A counter at the bottom goes up every time the top person's torso rotates a full 360 degrees, and appears to be gauging how much torture you can put your eyes through without closing the window. I don't suggest this site either, for the record.

When he posted yet another link, this time he added the hypertext part, making it a clickable URL in the IRC window, so, like an idiot, I clicked on it. This was by far, the nastiest picture or collection of pictures or whatever exactly it is that I was looking at for all of half a second before closing the window and screaming at Apoc, who was by now, quite pleased with himself.

And this brings me to what I consider to be a very valid question: why the fuck do these sites exist on the internet? Do they serve a purpose? Are they actually the kind of useless garbage SixSkullRevolver was talking about in issue 16? Is this what needs to go? I'm not sure I disagree. Being able to post a javascript counter and an animated gif of a man screwing another one while playing an otherwise harmless song is not talent, it's ridiculous. The fact that people have the money for these domains and the time to take pictures of themselves doing such activities as, well, several men engaging in oral sex, is beyond me. It's no wonder people want to check what their children are looking at. I'd be worried to. If I had a kid, and he got the idea that this sort of website was acceptable behavior from a functioning human being with an intact cerebral cortex, I think I'd have to shoot him.

Whatever happened to those websites that everyone knew about that were just fun? You know the kind a mean. There was one website where you could see an image of jesus wink at you. It was funny, heretical, and for reasons I'm not entirely clear on, rather funny.

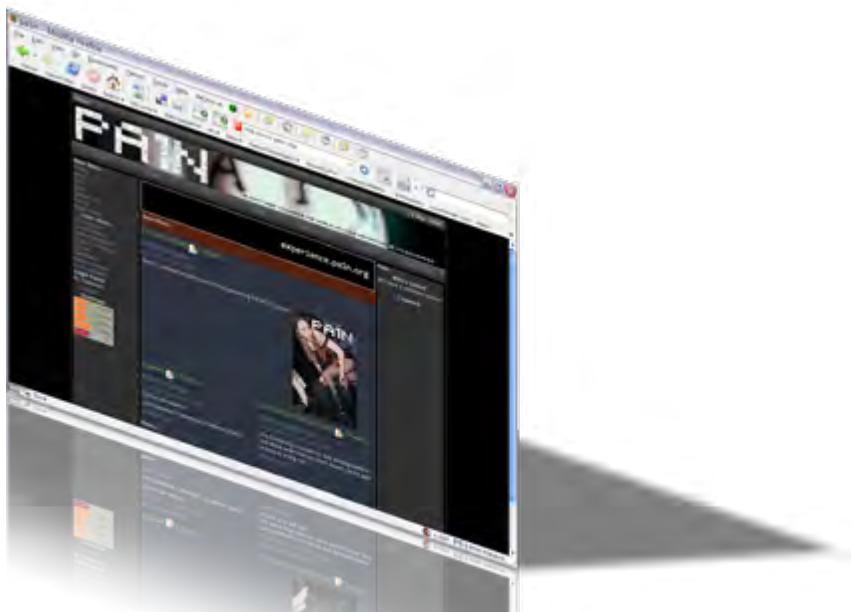
I blame hamster dance. You all know what I'm talking about. Some stupid fucking hamster dancing on a website with loud high pitched pseudovocals. This became the object of way too much publicity. It was used as the original "look what you can do with the internet and too much free time" page. But at least if someone sent you that link, you knew what you were getting into, and you could avoid it, and suggest they go try and fix a toaster while taking a bath. These though, these pages just crawl out of nowhere except college dormrooms and obscure russian chatrooms. They seem to sort of create themselves, there's no one entity responsible, they just happen. And we, the rest of the world, suffer as a result of someone not getting enough oxygen to the brain.

Take rotten.com for example. I had a friend who loved that site because he was heavy into the "wanna see something gross" idea. One day he called me over to check something out, and there was a picture, allegedly stolen from

a medical examiner's file, of a partially cannibalized human corpse. Not only was this grotesque, it was just a little distasteful. First of all, if that image was really the property of a medical examiner investigating a human cannibalism case, then this is not something that should be shot around college dorm rooms via AIM, but should remain in the case file, so the man who took the photograph can do his job and move on. After all, if you got literally chewed up and were laying dead on a slab, would you want someone selling that picture to a shock happy website for fifteen dollars a pop? I'd like to think you wouldn't. Second, is there really a market for these sites? Are we that starved of excitement as human beings that we have reverted to the infantile "wanna see something gross" phase? If we have, then our society has just taken several steps and a nosedive in the wrong direction.

I'm not a fan of censorship, and I'm acutely aware of the fact that many would seek to silence PAIN for it's involvement with subjects that others would like to see suppressed, but I believe there's merit to what we do. If not, then I'm just biased so it's irrelevant. Regardless, I'm not suggesting that these sites need to be taken down, but that we need to seriously reconsider where humanity is going when such a pastime as making a page depicting geriatric fellatio and a chatroom to boot is an everyday occurrence. People are starving, we're at war with god knows how many countries, AIDS is not going anywhere despite what people seem to want to believe, and still, some people just do nothing but produce this garbage all day. And where does it go? College. It ends up in every other dorm room, where one person says to his or her roommate "look at this" without warning, causing yet another person to lose their lunch or dinner. Not cool. Not necessary.

That's all I really have to say about it. I feel much better now. □



VISUALIZE THE PAIN

www.pain.org

- > ISSUE ARCHIVES
- > LOKI ARCHIVES
- > COMMUNITY DISCUSSION



(see you soon)