

FANTASIES

Apocalypse!



A RANT MEDIA
PUBLICATION

MOSUL, IRAQ. PHOTO BY: CHRONIC



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

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LETTER from the EDITOR

by alienbinary

I started PA1N something like two years ago, mostly because I wanted to strike back at the world, and I didn't know how, or who to hit. I was angry, I was full of hate, and I knew that there were others, millions of others just like me, full of this passionate anger, this seething hate, who wanted to be heard. There are millions, no, infinitesimal types of pain in this world, and almost all of them go unacknowledged. And for precisely this reason, I created a forum where people

could have a voice, and say what they felt, feel what others had to say, and if I remember correctly, I urged everyone to scream from the rooftops to be heard. Now the rooftops are just secondary, we have coming fast upon us a line of T-Shirts, all thanks to my partner in thought crime, mephyt, who has taken it upon himself to go above and beyond anything I ever expected anyone to do with this project, and to own it, and to take it to another level. Now PA1N isn't a four letter

word I write on my knuckles to reconfirm to the world that I'm not one of the teeming masses, it's a solid force, and it's growing faster and stronger than I could ever have imagined.

We are now an army, of sorts. We don't (well not all of us, at least, save for mephyt) run around armed with guns, but with sharper minds. We train not because we have to fight an enemy, but because we believe in the betterment of ourselves for the purpose of the betterment of ourselves. We read books that are deemed unsavory, because if we don't, no one will, and someone must carry the knowledge. We listen to music that's not recognized by the popular media because we know that the popular media is all pap. We are creating our own sets of moral codes and values that we can live up to and live by, so that we can look into the mirror every fucking day and not want to break the glass at what we see. We are warriors of a spiritual battle, and now we find eachother.

I know that what I'm writing here is going to be regarded by many as self-indulgent, maybe a little narcissistic, or perhaps too idealistic. That's fine, but remember that you're only throwing rocks because you are too weak to build something. That's what this project, this force, this whatever it has become is all about: building something out of the wreckage of our dead and dying cultures.

In this issue, we have a variety of different writers, different perspectives, different methods of fighting back. But the common thread is that none of these articles is about lying down and allowing ourselves to be trampled on. I have often wondered what this project will bring me, in terms of reactions. Allow me to dispell any fear. I mean no harm. Everything in this magazine, everything PAIN does, is done not because we want to hurt humanity, but because we want to be a part of the solution that helps humanity

heal itself. The epidemic of apathetic apoplectic sycophantic morons who invade every aspect of our life is an infection that can be cured. It must be treated with the utmost degree of defiance. To idly watch when another human being is being hurt for no reason is not just wrong, it's inhuman. This is at the same time a separation from the rest of humanity, and a rejoining of humanity. But make no mistakes. I only want a part of the portions of humanity that are interested in a solution that will make things better. You can keep your greed, your indignation, your pop culture, your violence, your hatred, your self-justifying bullshit slogans, you can have them. The world we are working for has no need for these things. Many of you will consider this magazine to be too left wing or too right wing, too activist. Well, remember that you either have an opinion or you don't. You either do something or you don't. You can live your whole life in a perpetual state of non-

movement and no progress, but I more than wouldn't recommend it. I would suggest a life of apathy is not worth living. Even a life of misery and agony is preferable to a life where there is no purpose. If you don't have a purpose, you're misinformed. Just because you don't conform to the standards that are outlined by our corporate owned media, doesn't mean you don't belong. It means you belong with the rest of us. Those of us who have become tired of watching the world be led further down a path of destruction, and further astray by corporations and overzealous leaders. This is a project about self-worth. That is to say, this is a place to make the things you feel into something greater. You may not agree with what I have to say, but I seem to have your attention. ✱



LETTER from the CO-EDITOR


[by mephyt]

When I first started contributing to pain over ten issues ago, I didn't quite know what I was getting into. I went from a "Guest Writer" to Co-Editor in the span of about 6 months, learning more about the way that the 'zine actually worked and how it was being engineered into a stronger entity. We had all the parts that we'd needed, good contributors, heavy content, and a team dedicated to bringing out issue after issue. I knew then that we were producing an assault vehicle designed specifically to get inside your head, and show you little pieces of our own minds. Pain has always excelled at this, and while my own writing tends to not focus on the more technical side of things, but rather the raw emotion and reflection which we often don't feel the urge to consider beyond the immediate. I feel that I've helped to engineer this beast a small amount in my own ways.

Upon the debut of this new release, we'll be cresting a digital landmark, issue 16. For me, this is the point at which we can finally be regarded as something more than just a curiosity or a novelty to the passers-by. We have reinvented ourselves over and over again, expanding into new and different territories, becoming something not quite what we had originally planned, but something more in-depth, more cultured, and better able to capture the essence of society and spit it back out in a digest form.

I hope that you will find this, issue 16, to hold to the same caliber as you've come to expect from us over time. A new writer or two, some things that we've pulled out of the closet, and of course, all the new content you can handle.

Closing this letter, I'd like to thank everyone who has helped us so far, and those that will continue to help us in the future. It's greatly appreciated, because without the hosts, writers, and the people that actually read this thing, we wouldn't be anywhere. I honestly hope that I'll be able to thank all of you guys and some more new faces in another year, then two, then three years down the line.

We'd started out trying to build a steamroller, and somehow we've ended up with a juggernaut... 

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Indian Summer by alienbinary

For reasons that I'm not completely sure of, there are a number of people out there that have an interest in what I do on a daily basis. Although I would suggest that there are much more important, more interesting and ultimately, more productive things to keep track of, I'll update you as best I can. What I write here is a conglomeration of thoughts and ideas that surface as I'm entering the second week of the first semester of my last year at college. This sounds much more confusing than it actually is. Simply put, I'm a senior, and it's the fall semester. Things that began over three years ago are now drawing to a close, and like the onset of dusk, there's an electricity in the air. I have the potential to do great things with this year. I have equal potential to squander my time, ruin my life, and destroy everything I've worked for. We always have the choice to do this, never let anyone tell you different.

Human beings are as capable and gifted at destruction-- particularly self-destruction-- as any species the world has ever seen or known. We can take the most amazing, fantastic, divine things and smash them into the ground like a cigarette butt. The cigarette itself proves just this. If you have the chance, learn about the human body. Learn everything you can, and I mean everything. Read Gray's Anatomy, read the US Army medical guides, read biology books. Whether you like it or not, the best we can tell, this is how the body works. If we trust the new religion, science, then we are faced with the conclusion that the pursuit of knowledge about the mind and the body is the pursuit of divinity itself. Therefore, the destruction of mind and body is a terrible and noble pursuit all the same. I stray from the point.

In Taoism, many people will tell you that the past is no longer important, save what you can learn from it. Likewise, the future is equally unimportant because it simply hasn't happened yet. If you spend all your time trying to determine the course of the future by dwelling on the past, you'll

miss what's going on right around you, and ultimately, miss the present. I've often wondered if

Human beings are as capable and gifted at destruction-- particularly self-destruction-- as any species the world has ever seen or known.

the root of that word, "present", isn't a double entendre.

I cannot predict the future, and I don't care to. I'm just surprised I'm still around at all.

It's a summer breeze in this room. A coax cable is snaking around the floor, into the old walls of my new house. For the next year, this is where I'll live. For better

or for worse, this is my new home. I'm in my friend's room, it might as well be the living room. I feel like I'm on the verge of something new, something solid, something that will determine the direction of my life. Sometimes you have to drop everything that makes you comfortable to find real peace. Drop out of the world of superficiality, throw away all your designer clothes. Burn the comfort zone to the ground.

The dorm is an old farmhouse, musty, with that odor of pesticide permeating from the rug. I made a choice to try something different. Fuck air conditioning, fuck the central heating, fuck proper insulation, even. This is life, not a luxury spa. The room I've moved into is perfect. The floorboards in my walk in closet look like they were assembled by felling a white picket fence over the ceiling studs. But I love it. I hung a ten dollar desk lamp from the wooden bar on which the more civilized hang their coats. In my time at college, I've learned that smearing amber resin on the metal makes the aged sap melt and steam into the air. In a residency where they ban incense or scented candles, this sort of thing is indispensable. Don't discount the power of baking soda either. For more home remedies, go the fuck somewhere else. Moving on.

As I've said, it's my last year of undergrad, and I'm learning how to live again. The ceiling has permanent stains from who knows what kind of water damage. The winter last year was so bad, the people who lived here couldn't get out for over a day. I know this because I walked across campus in ice treads to help uncover my friend's car. At the time, I thought I wouldn't ever be able to stand anything but new buildings. Everything shiny. Then I grew up.

Most of this summer, I've been working and training. I've been taking kung fu, tai chi, san shou, anything I can.

Sixteen hours a week, for two and a half months. I feel a little guilty that I haven't been going as frequently as I did this summer, but I have classes and other nonsense in the way. I'll worry about it later, or maybe I'll just skip worrying about it completely. I don't need to. If I let it, everything will just make sense. At least, I hope so. In kung fu, when we spar, the instructor always reminds me to relax. Even if I'm being attacked, I should stay calm. By observing the flow of movement, I can best make the right decisions to survive. No matter what your stance on combat is, you should see the merit in this advice.

From where I sit, I can see the suite I lived in last fall. Some of you might recall reading frantic entries about this very period of time. For those of you who sent me worried emails or, as was

Sometimes you have to drop everything that makes you comfortable to find real peace.

sometimes the case, called me in the middle of the night to make sure I was okay, thank you.

Looking at the suites, I remember those months so well, so strong, so vividly. This time last year, I was contemplating banging my head against the wall until my head spattered all over the air-conditioned room. I can't express how bizarre it is to see that room from my new perch, on the porch of my new house. Last year, I wanted out as soon as humanly or otherwise possible. I wanted to drop out immediately. Those people, the people I used to live with, they wanted that too. Funny how things worked out. I'm not sure, but I imagine that life for them worked out quite differently than anything they have could have possibly predicted. For myself, at least, I'm still in college. I'm almost done, and I'm at a place that looks like it has seen better days; in fact, though, it hasn't.

I'm not sure how I know, but this

year is going to be different. I feel it in the classroom, I feel it in my rickety run-down apartment, I feel it in my bones. Like I said, you have to drop a match or two or four hundred on that comfort zone before you can really find home.

The room is humid, despite the window fan with it's built in thermostat. It's hot, despite the vornado fan pushing barrel fulls of cool air into the room. My room smells like a spice drawer. It's a mixture of herbal remedies from India, China, Japan and a couple from North America. I may be sacrificing some things, but I like to control the way things smell. We're all allowed to have our quirks.

I went grocery shopping; sage, Cinnamon, mint leaves, and who knows what else. These I packaged in black cloth, twist tied them at the top like some punk rock DIY potpourri, and slung the hemp roped cords I fashioned around their necks over a hook above my bed. The smell of fungicide, pesticide, and quite possibly suicide is almost gone now. You have to die before you can begin to live. It seems out of order, but it's not. How can I perport to be alive and active in life if I don't actually know what the alternative is? There's a famous line, I think it was Stanley Kubrick's "Full Metal Jacket,":

"The dead only know one thing. It is better to be alive."

Life starts fresh every time you hit bottom. No one will ever prop you up in the interim. You can shove a bo staff up your ass and plant it in the ground, but a well manicured, prefectly positioned corpse will never be as powerfull a sight as a human being learning to stand on their own two legs. You have to learn to stand, true, but likewise, you have to learn to fall. The one is no less important than the other.

* * *

I write this from the Captain's apartment, which is impressively nice, for a college room and board. I have a Buckler's next to me, which I bought after damn near having a fist fight with the asshole at the liquor store. Wiley's take on the really local liquor store is that they're a bunch of assholes, which means we should frequent a different establishment. Instead, we went to a much, much more eccentric establishment where we were lovingly referred to as "these douchebags." Fun fact, actually: I don't drink. Buckler is a mediocre non-alcoholic beer from Holland, supposedly. Strange how they assume when marketing such things as being from any country but Germany or Ireland should draw our attention and cash.

This whole debacle happened because Wiley needed money.

So we left the house when it was actually still light out, hopped in the Wiley mobile, a blue mustang with an alpine stereo system hidden in the glove compartment. In the back, we threw a few bucks worth of bottles and cans to get the deposit money. First, we entered stop and shop which had two broken machines. Actually, originally, only one was broken, which was the plastic one, but this lasted about two and a half minutes until wiley started trying to feed plastic into the machine clearly marked as "cans only." In the process of trying to get our few bucks worth of change from the store, the Captain starts dumpster diving in the boxes next to us. We took about a 12 pack worth of Pab't's Blue Ribbon cans, a twelve of corona, and a couple of cases of newcastle empties. You laugh at us now, but money is tight around here, even for the employed such as myself.

Since Lank's (the inferior liquor store) won't take the newcastle bottles, Wiley and I head on down to Richard's. Just a thought, why do almost all liquor stores names contain an apostrophe? Nevermind.

So Richard's was much nicer, and sported a fine selection of booze and cigars. I was reasonably impressed. Grabbing a six pack of the Buckler, I decided to do something completely out of line, and actually pay for the merchandise. The guy looks me up and down, and says, I shit you not:

"I need to see both you and your little friend's IDs."

"Sure. No problem." I grabbed my ratty police wallet out from my back pocket, tossed a state issue ID card and a student ID with my date of birth on it, and looked up as if to ask "yeah, but how much is it?," this being the natural next step of a transaction.

"We don't take those." The clerk says, pointing to my state ID.

"Pardon?"

"You need a liquor ID, and besides, I need your friend's ID too."

Capt. Wiley wanders over, and hands the man his passport, which he carries everywhere for the sole purpose of buying beer. Wiley's got an out of state license from a state no one ever believes is legit. The man looks at the photo, looks at Wiley, looks at the photo, and says "got a backup ID?"

"No problem. Here's my license."

The man takes about two minutes to decide. Then, as if it was still an issue, turns to me, and says "you need a liquor ID." To which I almost replied that we had already been over this.

"It's non-alcoholic, man. Do you really care?"

"It's non-alcoholic?"

"Yes."

"Hrmm." This poses much more of an ethical dilemma than before, apparently. I've somehow complicated the matter because I neither drink alcohol nor drive a car. §

**"We don't take those."
The clerk says, pointing
to my state ID.**

POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

[BY WHITEOPS]



YOU ARE MURDERING THE PLANET, AND SO AM I. WE ARE FUCKING DESTROYING IT, IN POINT OF FACT. OUR GREED AND AVARICE CAUSE US TO ENVISION THE LAND AS MULTIPLE LAYERS OF INCOME INSTEAD OF THE FOUNDATION UPON WHICH OUR LIVES REST. THE GREEN OF TREES AND GRASS IS SEEN AS THE GREEN OF CURRENCY, AND A REDUNDANT CYCLE OF GREEN FOR GREEN DANCES TO ITS OWN NIHILISTIC DIRGE. WE SPEND BILLIONS OF DOLLARS EVERY YEAR TO CLEAR TREES AND THEN PLANT MORE, REMOVE GRASS AND PLANT MORE, AND BLOCK OUT THE SUN THAT BOTH SUSTAINS OUR PLANET AND IRRITATES OUR SENSIBILITIES. WE FILL WHAT IS LEFT WITH THE REFUSE AND FLOTSAM OF OUR DECADENT, CARELESS AND CORRUPT SOCIETY, WITHOUT A CARE FOR WHERE IT LEADS US.

Every stage of this process requires some means of energy, be it electricity, fuels, hamsters on wheels, or whatever. Each of these forms of energy requires us to both pull natural elements out of the earth, and dump the toxic results right back again, and each step of that process requires more of the oil and gas to both extract and dispose of these elements. The really fucking stupid thing about this is that everything that we dump into the ground is usable; instead we put it out of site like that old slice of pizza under your bed.

On the other hand, it is a well known theory in the scientific community that you cannot destroy or create matter, you can only combine or separate those base elements to make better, or deadlier substances. In fact, everything that is spewed into our atmosphere, dumped into our water, or buried under our planet's crust came from the earth. This means that we are not outputting anything that we did not get from the earth in the first place; however we need to look at those combinations of materials and how it affects our environment.

We all know this. We also all know that it is killing us. Increases in cancer, emphysema, skin conditions, migraines and a host of other conditions stem from what we do with the raw materials that we convert, be it poisoning the land and the water, or depleting the protective barrier that filters deadly ultra-violet radiation from our atmosphere.

I'll admit it, I drive an SUV. I manage 18 locations with over 200 computers, I feel justified that I require the room to haul computers and cabling, and that I purchased a second hand vehicle with a small engine for a truck, it's just a 3 litre V6 so it is good on gas. At the same time it is a truck, and as such uses more fuel than, say, a Smart Car. I will admit, however, that on a day to day basis I am more concerned with what I pay to put into the vehicle, not the price that we

People are far more concerned with how nice their lawn is, for example, than they are about what bio hazardous chemicals they put on it.

will all have to pay in the future. I am not alone in this, people are far more concerned with how nice their lawn is, for example, than they are about what bio hazardous chemicals they put on it, so what we need to do is give them something that will not significantly alter what they do, but let them do it cheaper and easier.

There is hope, however, and it is up to us as to how we are going to manage it. We have within our reach several new technologies and discoveries that could save the planet, in fact even improve it. So why don't we use this technology?

Well, I have a few thoughts on that. Of course greed is the primary factor, but I think a fear of change, laziness and the crushing grip of existing industry are playing a heavy role. As we know the big corporations like the oil and gas industry control the government by funding their campaigns, and politicians care for little but the vote, so convincing our society to embrace newer forms of energy will be a hard battle, but one I believe we can ultimately win. The biggest challenges in this fight will be education and price. If we can make the power cheaper, more readily available, and safer than what exists now, I think we can make things happen. People don't care if new tech is good for the earth, most people think that their small contribution to the problem is nothing, and that nothing they do will change things. By playing to their greed by offering them something cheaper, and working with their intrinsic laziness by making things easier to

use, we could pull the cities away from their addiction to fossil fuels. If we build enough interest in cleaner forms of energy we can wipe out corrupt groups like OPEC and the big utility companies.

Here are a few examples of some solutions that already exist.

Hydrogen:

I am sure that everyone has heard for years about how hydrogen is the fuel of the future. Everyone in the alternative fuels industry is excited about the potential for hydrogen, and there have been some rather dramatic advances in the extraction and storage of this remarkable form of energy.

First off, hydrogen is everywhere. It is the most common element in our universe. In fact, the sun works using a hydrogen based thermonuclear reaction to give us heat and light. It is in our water, our air, in the fuel that we burn and most of the objects we possess. We are surrounded by and drenched in it every moment of every day, and it can be used to power the entire planet with no pollution. The only 2 by-products of hydrogen combustion or a catalyst based reaction are hot water and power, be that in the form of torque or electricity. Current vehicles can run on hydrogen with little to no modification, and we have had the technology to extract it for decades.

There are several problems with hydrogen that are preventing us from taking advantage of it though. Hydrogen is a gas when stored at room temperature, and takes a lot of energy to compress into a liquid. In its liquid state it is highly volatile, and therefore hard to store. What many people don't know, however, is that by simply compressing hydrogen into a container filled with boron, commonly known as Borax (yes, the soap), it binds to become sodium borohydride, each molecule of boron holding 4 molecules of hydrogen. This allows for a much higher concentration of hydrogen per litre, and becomes highly stable. You

can dump the borohydride powder on the ground and hit it with a blow torch with no noticeable results.

Another problem is extracting the existing hydrogen from its current state, mainly in water. Currently the best way to do this is with electricity, but this presents the challenge of expending energy in order to get energy back, and so where does that power come from? Using sources of power like wind, solar, hydro, and other clean power methods we can extract it for storage, and keep it for times when the sun is down, the wind has stopped, and the rivers are frozen over. We would have a reliable, clean, and inexpensive source of fuel.

But Hydrogen may not be the ultimate answer, at least not on its own.

Quantum dot photovoltaic (PV) solar cells:

A new form of solar collection is coming to the fore. PV cells up until now have been very expensive and have represented a high cost per watt. Materials are hard to get, maintain, and find room for. Using first-generation solar cells cost roughly ten times that of burning fossil fuels per watt, since they operated at a 33% efficiency and cost so damn much.

Quantum dots, or nanocrystals, aim to change all of that. Nanotech researchers have created a way to combine nanoscopic crystals capable of converting light to electricity in multiple sizes in order to take advantage of the full spectrum of light. This gives the material upwards of a 65% efficiency rate and can be used in almost any material. One major use would be in asphalt, or cement, in order to turn roads and concrete buildings into solar collection units. As well it can be used in roof shingles, and other materials. This would be a massive amount of power generation taking up real estate that would still be usable. In fact if Britain replaced all of its roads and roofing with quantum dot PV cells they would

collect enough energy to meet the current power needs of the country.

Oh and did I mention? They are very cheap to build. I have no prices at the moment, but I have been told that they are much cheaper than the solar cells on the market now.

Please see:

<http://www.renewableenergyaccess.com/rea/news/story?id=30843> for more information.

Catalytic Depolymerization:

Biodiesel is a promising new technology that already has some use in our society. Cleaner fuels made from biological components like corn are already being sold in some gas stations. A new form of processing was introduced this year, however, that looks like it will revolutionize the industry.

Catalytic depolymerization is a process that takes any organic substance, plastic, plant and animal life, animal waste, tires, and many other substances and converts them into pure hydrocarbons and base elements. In other words, plunk one of these bad boys into the middle of a landfill and push all the shit into the machine. Out comes pure, clean diesel and base elements like gold, silver, iron etc.

Another use for this technology would be to tack the machine onto a water purification facility, pump all waste water into the machine and extract, you guessed it, diesel fuel and pure water from the mix.

If the entire US used these units and processed all of its waste per year, it would output almost the same amount of fuel that the country demands. This would remove their dependence on foreign oil, and would remove the need to bomb the living shit out of people in the "dust bowl". Of course I am sure they would find some other reason to do it.

These units are also nice and small, and cheap to get. One unit can output 500

Don't let the oil companies rape the earth, just to turn around and rape their customers too.

Litres per hour, and costs a measly 5 million to build. Anything that we now dump can be made into energy, so we have no reason to cover it up anymore.

If you don't want to use biodiesel you can convert that to hydrogen very easily as well. Biodiesel is simply a hydrocarbon, and you can extract the hydrogen from that and have carbon left over. The carbon can then be sold for use in carbon paper, water filtration, gas masks, and tons of other applications.

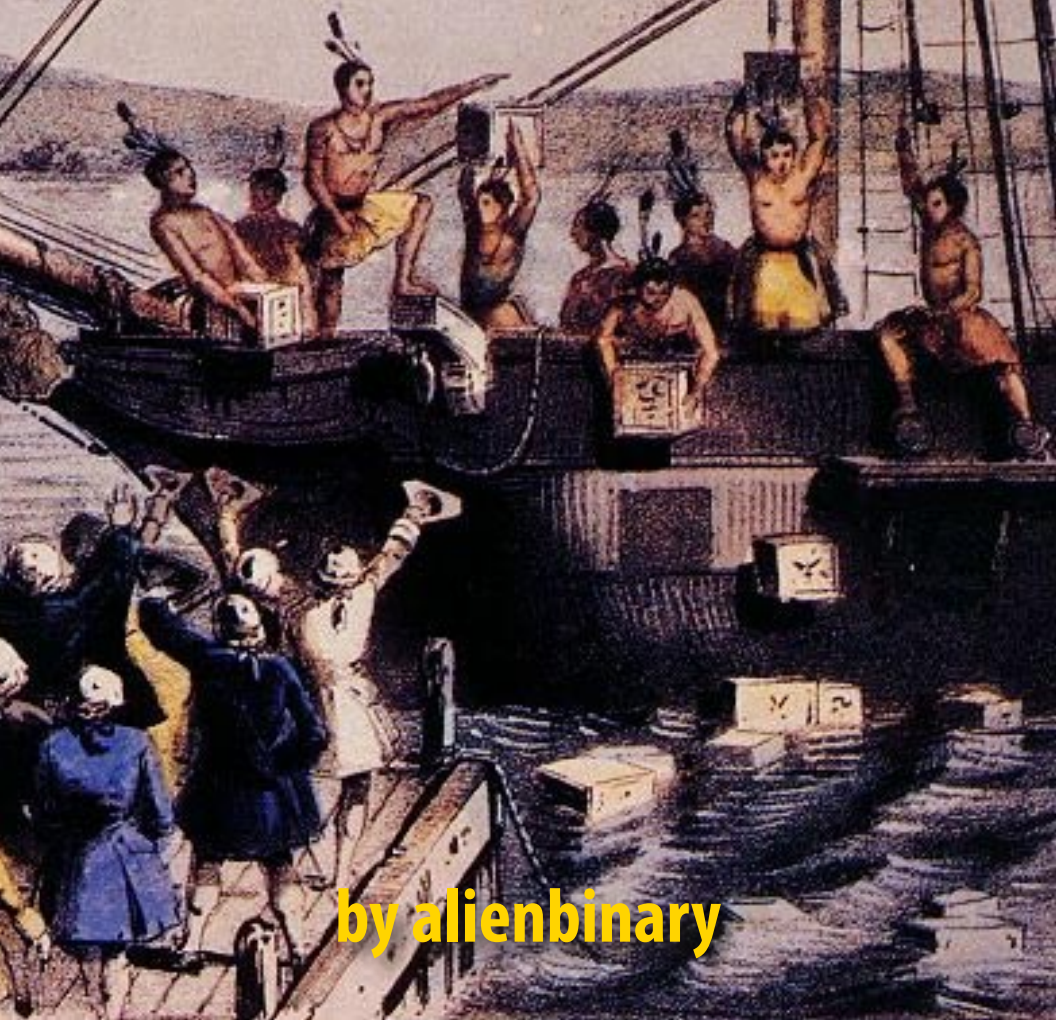
Please read

<http://www.transgasindustry.ru/diz2.shtml> for information on this process.

So let's do the math here, we have a fuel that burns completely clean, a solar cell that can power an entire country cheaply, and a chemical process that takes the shit that we dump and turns it into fuel and several elements that can be used in manufacturing. Why the hell are we not using them? Our future can be bright and clean, our power cheap and limitless, and our collective guilty conscious wiped clean, so who's on board?

Write your mayor, congressman, any political party member you can find and tell them to look into this. Lobby for change, make it known. Join an alternative fuel group in your area. We can make a huge difference if we just try, and that is why we are all here reading this magazine. Don't let the oil companies rape the earth, just to turn around and rape their customers too. This is OUR world, and energy should not be plentiful only to the people with money. Power should be free or cheap for all, especially if it does not hurt the environment. 🙏

Time for Another Boston Tea Party



by alienbinary

A lot of our readers wonder why I do what I do, that is to say, why I run this project, and why I dump everything I have into it. The truth is, I have to, it's the thing that keeps me going. It's a lot like a perpetual motion machine, in the sense that my movement keeps the zine going, and the zine keeps me going. See, there's a lot to the ability to freely express yourself than simply the opportunity to scream "fuck" whenever one pleases.

In Boston, the Massachusetts Bay Transportation Authority, or MBTA for short, issues licenses for vendors and performers to hock their wares on blankets or small poker tables set up in convenient spots. Little placards on the wall denote the area which are specifically designated for "performance area" along with a warning to anyone who might choose to just freely express themselves without such a permit, which reads something like "only valid permit holders allowed."

Although I've never looked into getting a permit to perform or sell goods on the train, I have a feeling that almost no one actually pays this fee, as it seems a little bit overbearing to prohibit free market on the public transportation. Maybe I'm too libertarian, who knows. Regardless, I was at the Hynes ICA stop, which is a few blocks away from the Prudential Center and the convention center of the same name. After statistical analysis, the FBI and Department of Homeland Security and whomever else was in on the project determined that the Prudential was a likely target for terrorism, and therefore any dissident activity in the area is ill advised. A homeless man whom I've written about before explained the best way to tell an undercover officer by the way they walk. He said if you notice the way people hold their arms, you'll get a feeling for what's a casual walk, what's a defensive walk, a brisk walk, all of these are civilian, he said. The man with one arm a couple inches away from his side, uneven to the other arm, has his hand cocked over a pistol. There isn't always a gun there, he explained, but it's force of habit. He used to work in private security, as well as municipal security force. It's a hard habit to break, he explained.

Whether or not this is true, around any major holiday or gathering, heavily armed officers from private security forces patrol the streets with high caliber pistols, standing erect and watching for anything out of the ordinary. Their jobs, I assume, are mostly to watch, and to establish a police presence. But every once in a while, they do something that sort of makes me wonder. Boston's a

very, very liberal town, you can sort of get that idea from the Boston Tea Party, which, for the record, I still think is a neat peice of American History. Notable publically active citizens of Massachusetts include Noam Chomsky, the MIT professor who's well known for his documentation of the seizure of American Media and Culture, as well as his run for president that made so much noise, it was mentioned in Jello Biafra's Keynote address during H2K2, the Hackers of Planet Earth conference. It was from this address that he derived the theme of his newest spoken word album, "Become the media."

Other notable political figures include none other than John Fitzgerald Kennedy, Jr., the Thirty Fifth President of the United States of America, whose principles and unyielding vigilance in office earned him his other famous notable role, specifically, as the White House web site points out, that of the youngest president ever to be assassinated. And still, it was through Boston that Paul Revere rode, crying his famous, and somewhat

The man with one arm a couple inches away from his side, uneven to the other arm, has his hand cocked over a pistol. There isn't always a gun there, he explained, but it's force of habit.

silly line "the redcoats are coming." Henry David Thoreau, one of my personal heroes, lived in nearby Walden pond. Well not in it, but near it. It was there, in a musty log cabin, that he composed one of the most important peices of political dissident doctrine of modern times: "On the Duty of Civil Disobedience," an essay that would move not only Martin Luther King, Jr., but Mohatma Ghandi as well.

And with such a wealth of resources, such a tremendous display of political conviction, we seem to have allowed ourselves to be weakened by the passing of time.

As I mentioned, this is all directed at one particular event, rather than a brief history of New England's political figures. This particular event concerns two men who were making enough noise to be noticed, but not enough noise to be taken seriously.

They had set up a small table, onto which they piled stacks of papers and information leaflets. Sandwich board signs proclaimed the reason for their presence. To my knowledge, no one was being harassed. On the table, they had magazine clippings, "Federalist" newspapers, dissident materials of all sorts, full length books, and colorful signs depicting the sins of the leaders of the United States of America. It was very left wing stuff, although it had that strange odor of right wing organization. I decided to talk to them because I felt that someone ought to. Strangely enough, and this is certainly worth mentioning, they were also announcing a party to commemorate the indictment of Tom DeLay. This last part, I thought was really, really funny. It seems so Soviet Russia to celebrate the fall of one's own political leaders. Then again, as Jello Biafra asked once, how much different are we from the evil empire we've grown to fear, even long after it's collapse?

Usually, I stay clear of these sorts of demonstrators.

It was very left wing stuff, although it had that strange odor of right wing organization. I decided to talk to them because I felt that someone ought to.

They draw attention, and they usually do so in front of cameras. I knew the area well enough that there was an ATM machine with a security camera that would catch all in the peripheral, and I wasn't keen on being photographed. If you think we still live in a free country, you obviously haven't been paying attention.

Regardless of what I believe about the organization behind this impromptu booth, whose name I'll withhold so as not to detract from my focus, I do believe that these people had every right as Americans to do what they were doing. I passed them twice, it should be noted, before on a third time, I approached them. Never once was I harassed or asked for money. All the materials I received, I received for free (oblivious to the five dollar suggested contribution notice on one of the magazines.) On the third pass, when I went to talk to them, I was not rained on with political rhetoric, not even haranged for

not jumping in on their cause, as some groups whose methods I disagree with are want to do. Instead, I was given a handshake, a slight bow of the head in courtesy and an introduction: one person to another. The man with whom I had direct contact with was warm, and not in a creepy way. He was genuinely excited about what he had to show me, and tremendously pleased to see someone as young as he had clearly mistaken me for, take an active interest in world politics.

He asked me if I was familiar with the political figure they were representing, to which I honestly replied "no", as I hadn't the faintest idea. I was wary of the man, as photographs showed him with charts of Louisiana in what looked like a doppler radar, near a podium, suggesting that he was, like many thousands of politicians, capitalizing on the Hurricane to attack the President. Still, it never hurts to learn, so I had my best bullshit detectors going, as I listened to what he had to say. I began stuffing the materials he handed me into my backpack, as an MBTA Police Officer approached the booth.

"I said now. When I tell you to leave, you leave. Get out of here."

"Sir, we weren't harassing anyone, this young man--"

"Did you hear what I said?"

"Yes sir. Sorry, he approached us, we were just giving him some literature, we'll be on our way. Sorry, sir."

"I want you to pack up your gear and leave, and don't come back." Warned the officer, unnecessarily. To my knowledge, they never gave this much trouble to the religious cults when they set up shop in that spot.

I looked at the officer, and blinked twice, before I realized that I wasn't in any trouble, although I caught an awful glare from the man as I walked away. By the time I had descended the steps to enter the platform, the booth had been dismantled. ◊

LUCID

[by mephyt]

The tears start to roll down her face again, the dirty black pools of eyeliner leaving black scars as they slowly trickle down the sides of her cheeks. It's expected at this point, and it kills me inside. There is nothing I can do and I can't tell if I'm the cause anymore. It's almost a lost cause.

I can see the moonlight starting to come over the crest of the hills, penetrating the canopy of needles. My breath is irregular, and the light crunching sounds under my feet tell me it's sometime around late summer. A small breeze blows and makes me tighten my jacket to my sides instinctively. I'm not completely sure where we are, but it doesn't really matter.

My sense of overwhelming easiness is almost uncomfortable to her, I can tell. Her steps are short and choppy, too unnatural for this night. We are heading towards the nearest opening to get a better look at the skies. The light that does get through is guiding our steps, welcoming us forward into the clearing we both know lays ahead. A million times I've been here, but never before can I remember it being quite this tranquil. It almost seems to be the type of peaceful that can shatter like glass in an instant, but it's more liquid than that. It's much less uninviting than that, but it seems almost too picture perfect. One would expect to see wolves walking this path, darting along the path in search of something that is unseen. I suppose there may be one or two out tonight anyways. It would only be fitting.

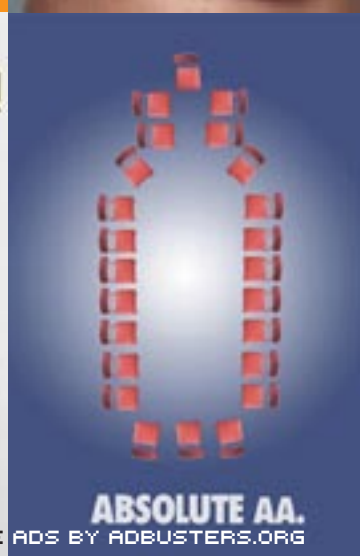
I fell a bit behind her taking it all in. She's probably about a minute ahead of me now, but it doesn't really mean anything in the end. This is the perfect night to walk this way. Another breeze blows by and makes me almost start picking up my pace, but I slow down more and let it gently go by me. I wonder how she is holding up, on her own for the moment. She's used to being on her own in a sense though, so I doubt this really is all that different to her. Maybe she finds some small amount of comfort in it?

She's already reached the clearing by the time I get there. The moonlight illuminates her face as she cranes her head towards the massive body floating in the distance, it's pull almost visible on her. I also approach and look up into it. It's vast emptiness seems to have drawn us both in and for that one moment we're perfectly together. We're united in this thing as we should be, held together by the soft glow. Our eyes meet, and I see the stains on her skin, more pronounced as they began to dry. I reach out my hand to wipe the corners of her eyes but I can't reach her. She's a million miles away now and I begin to wake from my dreams.

I know that she has those dirty little rivulets running down her face again, the dirty black pools forming and running down her cheeks. I can almost expect it, and it kills me. ∞



**The War
for the
Inside of
My Head**
by alienbinary



Consumer driven culture. It used to be such a dirty word, but it was up until recently, something I was able to control. Just as a fasting person can change the types of foods and liquids they take into their bodies, we used to be able to filter our desires and wants into the realistic and the extravagant.

Advertising has become so obscenely pervasive these days, it's impossible to avoid. At the movie theaters, in the bathrooms of public transportation, on the side of subway cars, hanging from giant steel beams: advertising. The war for the hearts and minds of everyone on the planet. I used to look at this, and be so disgusted. I remember one day, I realized that I was collecting advertisements, not just magazine clippings. A lot of people

collect them, it's the most successful advertising campaign, arguably, in history. You know which one. Absolut Vodka. Absolut dominated the market for the longest time, perhaps they still do. Something about the advertisements conveyed so little about the actual drink, that children were allowed to collect them in scrapbooks. What well-meaning, right-minded adult allows their 15 year old to post vodka ads all over their bedrooms? The answer is, actually, a lot of them. When I stopped collecting the ads, I had something close to maybe one hundred of them, mostly mint condition, some were extremely rare. I didn't even drink when I began my collection. I had stopped drinking two years before I stopped collecting the ads. Why the fuck was I collecting them?

The answer is actually much more

surprising: graphic design has become such an accepted art form, that well composed advertisements, regardless of the product, are considered works of art. I don't know exactly what they call them, but there's an award, much like the Emmy or the Oscar for advertising. It's kind of twisted when you think about it.

A quick search on google or amazon for "absolut book" will pop up a rather ungainly sized art book, high-gloss, extremely expensive, detailing the reasonably interesting history of the advertising campaign. But you know what's really fucking strange? People buy these books. They aren't cheap either. Wireless devices are now equipped with bluetooth capabilities that can send and receive

Advertising has become so obscenely pervasive these days, it's impossible to avoid.

advertisements. As if a shout across the hall wouldn't suffice, now you can beam propaghanda to eachother. It's getting more pervasive, though. Much more.

If you call information now, you get the option of looking up movie showtimes, hearing announcements, and a handful of advertisements. You can't actually turn off this feature, and they added this on as if they were doing us a favor. Do you want this? Wasn't it easier before you had to actually ask to get to the operator? Has anyone else started to experience that feeling of contamination, like there's way too much, too fast?

The things we want, the things we own, the things we want to own, the lines on what make these things what they are have become so far blurred, so insidious, it's hard to remember where our thoughts and desires

originated. Ask yourself, did you want a car before you watched that movie? Was it a good movie? Was there a lot of product placement? There probably was. Does your car work? I don't even have one, and I don't watch television, but I can even tell you that I've had the sudden burning desire to upgrade the engine block, install a hot new stereo, and get a custom paint job... on what car?

Do you realize that advertisements have the ability to make you want things that have nothing to do with you? Have you ever noticed that you probably have some sort of opinion on products that you've never used? Consider for a moment, what your basic needs are. If you want a list of what you really need, I'd suggest you look up an army issue guide on hygiene. I know it's somewhat fascist, and a little wierd that the army wants to teach you how to shave and properly brush your teeth, but I have yet to hear of product placement in the department of defense publications. I'm sure it's happening though. Regardless, if you are the average post-pubescent male, you require a toothbrush, toothpaste, dental floss, bar soap, a razor, shaving cream, shampoo... and oh, wow, that's it. Everything else you think you need is entirely peripheral.

Still, I good and guarantee you that a large number of you reading this article are guilty of having a bottle of aerosol Axe or some other spray on deoderant, which, although it's great at depleting the ozone layer, is really still no more scientifically proven to be effective than your own human perspiration. As far

as a know, they haven't put pheremones in deoderant. Something to watch for. And still, I digress.

Advertising, and this clusterfuck consumer culture we live in has us so harshly distracted. The average attention span is dropping, and I don't think this is just a statistic drug companies use to market ritalin and it's derivatives. It's not an unlikely hypothesis that in fact, the supersaturation with what all this extra sensory pollution is driving the average attention span straight the fuck down.

I want to know why I make the decisions I make. I want to know that what I buy, is what I need. I want to know that your opinion on what I need and what I should have for a job, or if I should even have a job - I want those to stay with you. Big business be warned. There is only so much we can tolerate. I can see no reason why we shouldn't be allowed, as consumers, as human beings, to fight back for our headspace. Start small. Take the labels off of your clothing. Take the logos off your shoes.

Tear the ads off your walls. Stop worrying about name brand things. These companies only have the power to forcefeed us this garbage if we give them our money. The less money you give to the machine, the less it can ultimately do to you. Don't let your money finance the war against your own mind. Just a thought. †

Do you realize that advertisements have the ability to make you want things that have nothing to do with you?

Cybudic Philosophy

Part 2

by Sean Kennedy, TFM

Edited by Bland Inquisitor

The ultimate authority is force. Anyone who does not believe that power ultimately comes from violence needs to look at history. The problem that exists in running a violently enforced government is that the people rise against it quickly, and unless it is completely ruthless, it will be overthrown. North American society doesn't like to think of itself as a warlord state, so rather than beat the populace into submission with a stick, and the governments have no problem whatsoever doing just that, the populace is controlled by manipulation of their desires.

With the police and military standing guard to prevent the bloodbath of anarchy, money is power to the policy makers in North American society, as it currently exists. There are sub-cultures and movements that tote influence as power as well as information, but the bottom line comes down to cash. Hard currency is what matters to everyone from the CEO's in the glass towers to the hooker on the corner. Those who have neither the might of violence, nor the influence of cash, have very little power.

Understanding this, it should then be logical that every man, woman, and child in North America should be hoarding cash and stocking up on high-powered weapons, yet they are not. Instead they are going farther and farther into debt while living in fear of conflict. How did this happen? The answer lies in the manipulation of what we perceive as needs. Understanding the three human motivating directives and our capability for conflict is crucial. Every human being has the same basic needs, and each of these needs open the gateway for the companies that are willing to do whatever it takes to make a dollar. Do not confuse human needs with our combative nature or our core human urges. Our human

needs make up the territory, our core human urges are the compass and the reality triangle makes up the forces that affect our compass.

Food

The first need is the biological need. Our bodies need food, air, and water to survive, as well as myriad other biological necessities. One would think then that all humans should be concerned with making sure that they get enough to eat and that it is the best quality of food to sustain life. Every man woman and child should be concerned with a healthy diet and exercise, yet we are not. We have a fast food culture dying of obesity and diseases, which we bring on ourselves. How did this happen? Basic business teaches that wherever there is a desire there is a capability to make a profit. Not so long ago, people were concerned with healthy living and farmers were making good money at what they did. But it was some very clever entrepreneurs that discovered the power of convenience. Convenience directly influences the directive, the basic human urge to avoid discomfort. Why cook when you can eat out for just a few cents more? There is no bother for shopping, no labor of cooking, and it gives the individual more time to do other things. Once this principle was realized in our culture, humans, being the fiendishly cutthroat and inventive creatures that we are, came up with more and more ways to compete in the food industry. It has gone so far now that convenience rather than the need for healthy living is what drives our basic biological needs.

Those companies that got good at making food convenient no matter what became the corporate giants with the golden arches and plastic wrapped synthetic food that appeals only to our

hedonistically twisted sense of taste. They have been around so long now that we have accepted them as part of our world, one of the pillars of our reality. Imagine there's no fast food (its easy if you try), do you feel a sense of loss? Why? Because fast food has become imbedded in our modern minds a convenient source to make hunger pain stop, yet we know that just about all fast food varies from being only malnourishing to downright toxic. We pay for our convenience with our money and our blood, and as the corporations grow to meet the demand, we pay with the life of our planet. We will pay, because we need the food and the corporations have us at their mercy.

Safety

The desire for personal safety stems again from our urge to avoid discomfort. The need for safety is overpowered by our biological needs, so after we get some air water and food, we want to make sure no one is trying to kill us in nasty ways. The desire for safety opens many avenues for profit by appealing to our basic urges.

Commercials tell us that if we don't take our medicine we will get sick and die. Insurance salesmen tell us that if we do not have the proper coverage, we won't be able to afford medicine. In order to have the proper medical coverage, you had better have a good job or you won't make enough money or have the right benefits. If you don't have the right kind of vehicle to protect your family, you won't survive the ever increasingly violent streets to even get to your job. Oh, and let's not forget how unspeakable it would be for our nation to run out of fuel to power our paranoid tanks, so you better get ready for war. This is the culture of fear. It can easily be seen whenever you watch the news, and you will watch the

Imagine there's no fast food (its easy if you try), do you feel a sense of loss? Why?

news because if you don't what you don't know could kill you. Breeding fear is an easy and effective way to manipulate the masses who have become so shell shocked by the media it's a wonder we leave our alarmed, window-barred houses even with our pistols, mace, stun-guns, body armor, and personal alarms.

What?! You don't have that? Aren't you afraid of what could happen? Living in fear has become the norm.

Shelter

A place to hang our hat and sleep out of the rain after being fed and escaping the raiding hordes comes in handy. The place that you live has always been a source for status in our culture. Whether it is in government sponsored housing or a mansion has some significance on the kind of person that you are viewed to be.

In fact some would say that someone from the bad side of town is expected to act a certain way, as though your zip code were a way to know your own values and needs. When you are poor it is your urge to avoid discomfort and financial reality that governs where you live.

Every city in North America is teaming with slumlords who will take their fellow man's cash like some kind of pimp. The rich can live anywhere they want, any way they want, and so it is the urge to be great that takes over and makes them "keep up with the Joneses" with everything from hedge trimmers to sprinklers. If you drive through any suburb on the continent you will see the tribal status of our society in action.

To be homeless on this continent is the black mark.

Instead of feathers in the headband it's the kind of car in the driveway. Instead of the necklace of bones, it's what private school your children got to, or their grade point average. While we no longer have warriors who kill enemy tribesmen and paint themselves with their blood, we do have sports athletes who don the armor and do combat in our modern arenas from frenzied screaming that would rival ancient Rome.

When WC Fields leading lady May West said, "buy dirt" she was dead on. Real estate remains one of the most solid investments for those who can afford it, but what about the "have nots?" If we continue on the path we are currently on, whole slum cities will be created and people will build shanty-cities at the dump, more than the communities that already exist.

To be homeless on this continent is the black mark. We have grown so accustomed to our fellow man being destitute we offer the ultimate insult of ignoring them when we here them calling for change as they sit on the sidewalk. Where are your so-called principals of decency and character now Mr. Habitually-Highly-Effective Executive? They're looking at the sidewalk, hoping that the bum will bother someone else.

"Well?! What are we supposed to do? We can't help all of these people and most of them are crazy or drug addicts anyway!"

There is no magic bullet to solve the homeless problem, it took a long time to screw the world up as badly as we did, and it will take awhile to fix it; but Cybudo is the way it can be fixed.

Whole businesses are made based on the human need for social interaction. Humans are not solitary creatures, we crave attention, and even if it's bad we will accept it because it is part of our basic human needs. The nightclubs around the world know of this need only too well. The bars play off the urge to be great and especially the sexual urge to make their money. It is the human need for social interaction that creates status. If you put ten people in a room after two hours a leader of some type will have shown themselves especially if the group is put under any pressure.

There are those humans that are solitary loners, but even they have one or two friends that they speak with and if they don't they invent them. The longer an individual spends alone the more his need for interaction warps his or her personality. One only needs to be familiar with the concept of cabin fever or being bushed to see the truth of this.

The Business market uses this need for social interaction as their playing field. This is where all status is born, and the sick drama of what are society has become gets played out. This is where the clothes you wear the spouse you have, the shoes you wear or how you speak can make or break you in these social circles. But make no mistake, No one in the social circle actually sets and standards, it's the perception of particular subcultures values that shape what is "hot or not". So where do we get these ideas from? Magazines, television, radio, film, and all the Corpolitical media that has found its way into our lives show us what to be and where to buy it.

No one knows what is cool, they're told what is cool, and this truth is the key to every market that doesn't cater to essential human needs.

Clothing

Clothing and fashion must not be confused. Clothing is a necessity for survival when away from warmer climates; fashion is a method of achieving status in a culture gone mad. Whole books could be written on clothing, on how the quality of clothes has improved steadily up until the 1970's, and then all of a sudden it changed to where the price point no longer equaled the value of the product purchased. This has degraded to a point in our society where we have massive corporations paying children, who work as slaves, pennies an hour to produce T-shirts that will cost over U.S. \$300. This is ridiculous. There is no rational expiation for why this occurs except for status and the programmed sense of value that we as a society put on name brands. There are exceptions to the rule, there are those tailors who still make a shirt worth a couple of hundred dollars but they are a dying breed, being extinguished by the massive drive towards cheap labor and mass production.

There are many reasons for this. There is the media's constant bombardment that appeals to both our sexual urge and our fear (fear of rejection); and there is the tried and true phrase "the clothes make the man." The most perfect examples of how this twisted sense of status called "fashion": has warped us as people can be seen in elementary school yards. Children whose families cannot afford what is late and great that year are ostracized, ridiculed and beaten. This by itself is deeply disturbing, but the damage goes further with nine-year-old girls having eating disorders, and age of active sexuality gradually increasing.

Some may say that children learn from adults, that they pick up these habits from mommy and daddy, but this is wrong. The fact is that there are whole

The longer an individual spends alone the more his need for interaction warps his or her personality.

companies who pay well-educated teams hundreds of thousands of dollars, and then invest millions more into the billion-dollar industry that the Corporalities see in children. There are very few regulations and absolutely no moral safeguards against letting children form unrealistic expectations about society, their own bodies, and status. Children are stupid, they need to be taught everything and have no basic knowledge other than the three urges and the default process of the consciousness key. Through educating the children, the Corporality is creating the next generation of consumers that will be completely dependent on material goods and services to maintain every part of their lives. Children do not learn from adults; children become adults, and we all know the deep-rooted damage that is done carries over into maturity.

The ultimate insult, the undeniable evidence of Corporality programming of our minds, are the second hand stores. Unless it is part of a particular subculture, shopping at second hand clothing stores is viewed as being one step above homelessness. Second hand stores are (gasp!) cheap, and that have all the filthy and perverted connotations that are implied. The fact that there is nothing wrong with the clothing in these stores, in fact that it is the same clothing, means nothing! It's true the members of society who have begun shopping at these stores out of necessity, but in their heart of hearts given the choice they would buy new and avoid the quiet

This has degraded to a point in out society where we have massive corporations paying children, who work as slaves, pennies an hour to produce T-shirts that will cost over U.S. \$300. This is ridiculous.

shame associated with wearing other peoples clothing (whatever the hell that means). The preference of third world slave labor over second hand stores has made our society into first-rate morons and everyone a fashion victim.

Because the family unit has dissolved, due to labor needs, there is not a way to stop the constant programming of our children in the modern age unless extreme steps are taken, and the act of taking these steps are guaranteed to ostracize the child and the parents from society. Fighting against the need for social acceptance and all three of the primary urges therefore makes it so undesirable to leave our consumer cages we let our children be twisted into the warped humans we have become.

Transportation

Few things are a more obvious example of mental programming than the bizarre sense of sexuality that has become associated with cars. There is nothing sexual about a car, a man is not less a man because he does not own a truck, no one is a superior human because they own a German automobile, and psychosis of sport utility vehicles is a whole topic unto itself. These points are obvious, and yet we as a society have come to accept them as fact. It's the "new" virus that feeds the consumer driven free market that the media has to instill in us all. Who cares if the car is poorly made, its only 10,000 dollars and so it's disposable!

We all have the desire to own a brand new car, to be the first to break vehicles virginity and be its only lover, we won't let others drive our cars because of the invasion that another would have in our intimate relationship between tons of steel and glass assembled by robots and is completely without consciousness. In fact, the way that some people are about their car actually fits the textbook description of a psychosis, yet it is accepted as commonplace.

Humans have always had the desire for stimulus, for excitement that translates directly into the sexual urge. Speed requires power and power makes us great. The same could be said for the cost of a vehicle, an expensive vehicle means money, and money means power. Woe is the poor slob who must buy a used vehicle, and now must deal with all the problems that come with it. This somehow doesn't fall back on the car's manufacturers as a problem due to lack of quality, instead its somehow the fault of the person buying it because they should know better or perhaps "they don't make enough money."

Car manufacturers are focused on the primary urges that drive humans. Each car commercial panders to the sexual urge, the urge to be great, or the desire for comfort, depending on the product, and now uses terror tactics to make sure you buy them. (Isn't your car safe?) All the while the technology exists to make cleaner running cars, in fact cars that can run on water can be built yet are not. More than this, there is no reason why we do not do what Europe has done and use our technology to make a cheap clean version of public transportation that makes cars obsolete. Yet busses are called "loser cruisers", and to not own your own vehicle remains a mark on us like some strange declaration of disease.

Self-confidence

At one time our self-confidence was a quality instilled in us by our parents. The perception of how you see yourself and your own self worth is determined by yourself in relation to your environment and therefore has to come from an external source. Again, because of the dissolution of the family unit and the installation of television to be our mother and father, it is from television that our self-confidence and self-esteem are given to us. Unlike parents who should teach that a child is loved unconditionally and that they are good people unconditionally, the television teaches that as long as we measure up, stay in step, buy the right things, dream the right way, smell the right way, look the right way, drive the right car, we might just do ok in life (and hey, try to have some fun once in awhile.) it also teaches us that if we do not meet the criteria we will be shunned by our peers. We have invented universal classifications for those who do not stay in step with the Corpolitical march of death. We call them nerds, weirdoes, geeks, freaks, or the now more politically correct term “different” as though we should all somehow be the same. Parents choose names of their children considering how the other kids will ridicule them for it, and from the time they enter the education assembly line until they are spit out of university tens of thousands of dollars in debt, the need to comply with others need or face excommunication is drilled into us.

Now that people have become so psychologically unbalanced due to the pressure of constantly trying to measure up, we have created yet another market to exploit in psychotropic drugs that can help us cope with our hellish lives. If your world is horrible and you feel like there is no hope for you, that's not healthy!

Our society has become one that feeds on itself through the physical and psychological sickness of our peers.

(No kidding.) But rather than change you life in a core way, rather than alter you perception of the world and changes your vales and needs through the consciousness key, we are going to dope you up so you can drift along smiling nonstop as you live your life in the lie of a drug, at the very least you will be quiet and wont disturb the other prisoners.

Self-confidence and self-esteem have become billion dollar industries to the drug companies, medical professionals, book publishers, and churches. Like so many other problems that have created a need (and therefore a market), and therefore have no desire to fix these problems. Our society has become one that feeds on itself through the physical and psychological sickness of our peers. From the cradle to the grave we have medication to help us cope with the designed self-consciousness we have been force-fed.

The need to mate

The sexual urge is instilled in us on a biological level so that we can propagate the species. Whether homosexual or heterosexual, the desire to physically be with another is instilled in us at a genetic level. This need to mate is exploited and twisted by each market that can utilize it no matter how far the stretch (cars are a perfect example).

Our body tells us that we need to be sexually active, but it is through the mind that the goals and desires of that sexual interaction take form. Whether it's a man with a cheerleader fetish, a woman

Commercials for all manner of products... all try to tie into the sexual drive because they know it is a core component of humanity.

who wants a teenage boy, or a person sexually attracted to trees, the desire to be sexual is the same, yet it is the mind that alters the drive. Sexual drive is not a simple thing. There are many factors that influence it. It is difficult to create a product that will be stimulating to the point of climax for all humans, but it is relatively easy to tie into a sense of erotica. Commercials for all manner of products, from jeans, cars, and computers to perfume, soap, and coffee all try to tie into the sexual drive because they know it is a core component of humanity.

The Corpolitical takes this aspect of us in everything they do, but there are industries that have made this itself its only product. This is the dark side of the travel industry, a place that can send you to a country that, no matter what your sexual desire is, it can be satisfied in one such industry. Whorehouses and brothels are other examples of the billion-dollar sex trade, and something that was at one time sacred can be bought and sold like toilet paper.

The sex trade itself is not a professional or an acceptable thing. The concept of a call girl in an evening gown sipping champagne and dispensing an evening of passion is a romantic notion, and I'm sure the reality has existed of that very thing, but the large majority of sex trade workers do it out of necessity to reach a goal. Some use it to get through school, or perhaps care for their families, but a large percentage do it because they have become twisted by society either through drug use or the

bizarre concept of a racy lifestyle that they have lowered themselves to this. As a man writing this, I cannot help but have a male perspective, but for anyone sex is a deeply personal, spiritual act whether one admits it or not. That is not to say that it should be locked behind closed doors and only experienced by married heterosexuals, but it should not be treated like a dirty, worthless, or shameful thing.

Aside from the degenerate market that is the sex trade (and that fact some use relative morality to say its not degenerative is a testament to itself) every Corpolitical power tries to tie into that drive. Next time you watch any commercial or see any advertisement, look at the image and ask yourself "what are they really selling here?"

Meaning in life

Possibly the most neglected and confusing need in the human is the need for meaning in their lives. This is not a simple thing, yet others would seek to make it that way. (I live to shop/surf/drive fast/ play hockey...etc.). Humanity has searched for meaning in their lives ever since there bellies were full and they had time to think creatively. The search for meaning is the curse of consciousness, and the Corpolitical soon exploits it. The search for meaning in life is the thing that guides so many when their other needs are met. And those who are able to meet all the needs but this one are, by default, wealthy individuals. The Corpoliticals that prey on these consumers are churches and motivational speakers who teach fulfillment through teamwork and participation in what they call community.

The concept of getting personal fulfillment out of volunteering time to help charities is both ludicrous and insulting. If you were bored and unhappy,

and I asked you to give me a ride to work everyday because I did not have a car, would that actually be fulfilling to you? No of course not, but it would provide me with a source of transportation and you with a square peg to jam into the round hole in this area of your life.

Yet the market exists and from this the consumers are farmed. Modern day evangelists that call themselves motivational speakers teach a bizarre concept of “Ideal Worship”, where consumers are motivated to believe in themselves, and that through charity, and ever increasing work with others around them they will somehow be fulfilled no matter what it is that they do.

This is an amazing tool that the Roman Catholic Church has proved works for the last two thousand years. Lets make our workplace a religion and our prayers in the morning will be whispers in the mirror that tell us we are happy in our lives. We take notes mentally and physically in our constant search to better improve ourselves to fit into Corppolitical designed ideals of what Ideal employee's should be.

This has gone so far as to today we will ask someone “What do you do?” and judge them by the response, despite the obvious madness of the question. What you do for employment has absolutely no bearing on whom you are as a person, yet in our constant struggle for castes and classes we use this to judge our peers.

To prove the insanity and insidious depravity of these multi thousand dollar charging charlatans, imagine one of them trying to teach sweatshop workers to awaken the giant within themselves, or teaching poverty stricken North Americans the habits of highly effective people. The truth is no matter how much you actualize or visualize, you still have to eat and survive, and these techniques are merely brain washing for a culture

Your basic biological human needs are exploited so that the Corppoliticals can grow in wealth and power and leave you broken and lost, playing with toys while medicated.

that has lost touch with who they truly are.

These Conmen who sell their Corppolitical fulfillment snake oil are perfectly aware of the consciousness key and how it can be used to affect the way we live. They teach that you shouldn't hate or despair about your Job, BECOME your job! That way you will at last be at peace with yourself. What?! You can't do that? Well here, take these drugs to numb your senses and go beg for forgiveness from god at our multimillion-dollar church institution, but be sure to pay for your absolution you worthless cur.

A diamond means forever, as long as I have my mocha.

It doesn't make a lot of sense does it?

Your basic biological human needs are exploited so that the Corppoliticals can grow in wealth and power and leave you broken and lost, playing with toys while medicated. The multinational Corppoliticals with the most power cater to these basic human needs yet still there are others (coffee giants, jewelers) who create need through marketing and addiction. What this has brought us to a financial anarchist state, where no one is in ultimate control except for the mega-corporations battling amongst themselves for our souls. Unless we can stop this, unless we can take back the control of our lives and our society, we will die. ▣


```
// Quick Data Destruction
//
// The Unduhtakuh
//
// http://pam.rantmedia.ca/
```

Darik's Boot and Nuke (DBAN) sure is nice. Pop in a floppy or a CD, boot or re-boot, and the data on any attached mass storage device becomes amazingly unrecoverable. Nice.

Nice, and unfortunately, a little slow. Even if a computer begins in the off state, DBAN is not instant. If undesirables wish to speak with you, i.e. ramming down your door, and you are exploring technology with your computer, you'll ideally want to issue a single command that immediately makes it more difficult for your private data to fall into the wrong hands.

This article shows one such method using free software on a free operating system. It may not be your particular flavor of a free operating system - you'll survive. If you use non-free software, pay or pirate I guess. Our journey begins with one of the wonders of Linux...

Linux has a powerful facility called the virtual console (VC). Virtual consoles, or TTYs, can be accessed by pressing Ctrl+Alt+F# from X, where # is one of six consoles available, or simply Alt+F# if already at a console. F7 returns you to your comfortable GUI.

The usefulness of VCs becomes rapidly apparent. It's often much faster to Ctrl+Alt+F2 to an already logged in session than to deal with a clunky pointing device. This aids quick data destruction.

Commercial data destruction tools are

available for purchase. That is not the Wog way. Using a free utility called wipe, and other standard Linux utilities, a simple script is created that will destroy sensitive data upon command. Begin to create this capability by installing wipe. Because Linux is much easier to use than certain non-free operating systems, a single command obtains and installs this utility:

```
# apt-get install wipe
```

Next, author a simple bash script that performs the desired destruction when a specific emergency command is given:

```
#!/bin/bash

/usr/bin/wipe -frsdnkz -l1 -x3 -p1 /root

/usr/bin/wipe -frsdnkz -l1 -x3 -p1 /home/user

/bin/cp -fp /etc/init.d/halt.em /etc/init.d/halt && \

/sbin/shutdown -h now
```

This script wipes the entire /root and home (~) directories, where sensitive data most likely exists, and then calls a special halt command that will be discussed shortly. Some sane values are used for wipe, and it is left to the user to weigh security against expediency.

When a Linux box is shut down, the /etc/init.d/halt command is called from the appropriate runlevel scripts. It performs various actions, such as unmounting filesystems and killing processes. We will modify halt to overwrite the swap partition with random data. Again, the balance of time and security is left to the user.

Backup /etc/init.d/halt for posterity.

```
# cp -p /etc/init.d/halt /etc/init.d/halt.Orig
```

Make another copy to edit called `halt.em` - 'em' for emergency.

```
# cp -p /etc/init.d/halt /etc/init.d/halt.em
```

Edit `halt.em` and add the following line after the `swapoff` command:

```
/bin/dd if=/dev/urandom of=/dev/hda#
```

Again, # is the partition number for swap. `cat /proc/swaps` if you don't know the partition number for swap. This will write random data to the swap partition and overwrite the swap signature.

Let's put it all together.

Name the above bash script 'em', make sure it's owned by root with perms of 700, and place it in `/sbin`. Use `visudo` to give your regular user the ability to run the script with the following command. Fill in user and host as appropriate.

```
user host=/sbin/em
```

Now create a simple script in the user's path that runs `em` with a simplified command. Make sure it's owned by the user and has perms of 700.

```
#!/bin/bash
/usr/bin/sudo /sbin/em
```

Verify that the user can run the `em` script.

```
$ sudo -l
```

The last piece brings us full circle. Keep a specific virtual console logged in at all times that your computer is on. Start

using a VC regularly and see how fast you can hit `Ctrl+Alt+F2` and enter commands. You could speed up destruction with `NOPASSWD` in `sudoers`, but then one of your buddies may humourously 'em' your box for you.

This article is not about hiding illegal activities. It's about privacy. This article is not about inducing fear. It should induce action. Such simple steps must be taken by Wogs, and the underlying ideals spread to others. Let them know that they don't have to consume to use technology. Let them know that they can have privacy and security. Then let them make their own decisions.

Appendix - Recovery

Boot into single user mode or use a virtual console:

```
# mkdir /root
# mkdir /home/user
# chown user:group /home/user
# mkswap /dev/hda#
# swapon /dev/hda#
```

Welcome to Iraq!



by alienbinary

photo by Chronic

To the reader:

To speak about wartime is to put words to something that's not easily vocalized. When I saw the pictures here by Chronic, my stomach dropped and my spine went cold. I can't say for sure how I feel about these pictures, except that they have power. They have dangerous power. The doll's head reminds me of an exercise in child psychology, used in trauma assessment. Broken down, the procedure is like this: the therapist hands the child a doll, and the child is told to do to the doll what happened, if anything, to them. The therapist often leaves the room, and then returns in a little while. This is used most in assessing trauma caused by violation, such as domestic abuse, sexual predation, rape, and assault. The doll is a physical record of what the child remembers, and the results are disturbing, just to say a little.

See, many people who undergo experiences beyond their comprehension or control become mute about their experiences. Using an intermediary source, like a child's doll, is a way for the kid to explain the horror without having to live through the traumatic event again by saying the words they are often ashamed to say.

I think of this, because simply put, war is fucked up. I will admit to never having served in the armed forces, but I have the utmost respect for those who have. I've given a lot of thought to the idea however, and I'm still not ruling out a career in the military, but there are things I cannot foresee an easy answer to with this conflict. To me, the doll is a representation of just how far the human psyche can be pulled and discomobulated until it's hardly reminiscent of it's former self. The soldiers out there dying in the desert, serving in the sandbox and manning the ships, they're lives and minds are going to pay a price that can never be measured in wealth or oil, it can't be repaired with any cosmetic surgery or covered up with any designer drugs. These are scars that will haunt them for their entire lives. And still, they go on, some have a choice, some don't. Mitch Albom wrote a great bit about that in his novel "the Five People You Meet in Heaven," which I would highly recommend.

Moving on, I can foresee another generation, scarred for someone else's avarice, to meet the agenda of some super powerful select few. It turns my stomach and my heart bleeds, and it bleeds for both sides. Important to know about these images, is that the only thing known to me about them is that they arrived from Iraq. I do not know how the doll's head got on the poll, or the cat attached to the humvee. I don't know the circumstances or the people involved. I only know that these pictures were given to me, or rather, to CaponeX, and when I saw them, I didn't know how to respond for a long time. I think you, the reader, will need time to digest them as well. Please do. As I write this



in January of 2006, there are still a great, great many men and women putting their lives on the line to defend American freedom, at the cost of their own. Their sacrifice is nothing short of noble, and I thank people like Chronic, for serving to defend us all. I urge the rest of you to keep a few things in mind:

What you see on television is not the only picture. What you hear on the news is not the whole story. What you think you know about violence is only the beginning. What you read about war is often just numbers. These are real lives on both sides. These are people with aspirations beyond their rifles. As a society, we must consider just how dependent we are on our way of life, where we guzzle gasoline and waste petroleum, take toxic pills, etc, before we will put a stop to the bloodshed that is happening BECAUSE of these dependencies. I'm no better than any other person. I still enjoy the luxuries of being an American, and I am grateful for that. Although I fear for my First Amendment rights, especially on this topic, with this issue, I don't believe I'm abusing them, I believe that I am exercising them to the best of my ability, in a form of dissent that is patriotic and productive. The pictures are not here to shock you, they're here to shake you out of your indifference. Whether you like it or not, there are still soldiers in Afghanistan, Iraq, Iran, Saudi Arabia, Japan, Guam, Korea, Hawaii... the list goes on...

No matter how many times you hear about the advances in our "fight against terror", don't forget the terror that is being wrought upon our fellow Americans and others in this struggle for what ultimately looks like the fate of freedom itself.

Please keep an open mind to soldiers, please keep an open mind to protestor's as well. Although the latter of the two camps seems to be a little bit nervewracking (especially on the east coast, they are very adamant about what they beleive, which is understandable), both sides have something to say. The thing is, a soldier doesn't have a choice in his duty. Remember that a soldier is someone who has forsaken their freedom, ideally, so that one day, both you, me and this unknown soldier might enjoy these freedoms. Many of them signed up with the military under circumstances that almost equal economic slavery. Most of them cannot afford higher education without the assistance of the GI Bill. The service was a way to make a positive change in their lives. They didn't start this war, and I'm not sure they'll end it either. This war will only end when we start to change how we live and act in order to change the way the world is run. We must not be sucked into apathy, because this is our world, whether you like it or not. We may not have made this mess, but we still have to try and clean it up.

With that, thank you for reading this, and please take a moment to meditate, pray, give positive wishes, whatever it is that you do for those you want positive things to happen to, and do it for our men and women in uniform, and everyone else who puts their lives on the line for freedom. Sometimes the cost is so great, it's invisible. ≡

SWIMMING THROUGH THE ETHER

by alienbinary

THE SONG “TERRORIST” BY STROMKERN IS ON THE STEREO. I’M CREEPING around the network here on campus, exploring all the new features I could, theoretically exploit, if I were so inclined. With the beat, my fingers hit the keys in succession, sending commands to printer queues, network hubs, routers, whatever I can get my grubby digital hands on. It’s times like this that I’m the most at home with myself. I take great care not to disturb the computers or the files of any insecured machines, only to explore and learn about them. While others on this campus sleep, I on the other hand, play hide and seek with every switch for the next five miles. I’m tired, it’s late, and I feel amazing.

The search for a sense of community is a lifelong pursuit. We are always looking for someone to get to understand, or a philosophy to adhere to. This is human nature. In the age of digitization, everything becomes at once less personal and infinitely more personal. The members of the house I’m living in right now have chosen to share their music for streaming, and I, in the spirit of community, have followed suit. Music is a universal language, it’s an icebreaker. By sharing the sounds that move each of us in important ways, we open ourselves up to each other, without having to take the plunge and risk it all. I’m not sure that this is a good thing, but it beats the alternative. At least I know that someone in this apartment building or house has good taste in music. He also should secure his printer port, but that’s a completely different story.

I'VE SEEN YOUR
WORLD, AND IT
LARGELY BORES ME.

Some of you out there might fear this the most. You are afraid of me, or you hate me, and blame me for all of your problems. That's because you don't understand me, and you don't want to. The internet and the communities that have formed around the internet are vastly about learning and understanding. We accept new members with the open arms of a master to a new student or apprentice. Contrary to what you write in your newspapers, we are not terrorists. We are not criminals, we aren't even bad people. That, I suppose, depends on whomever it is that you apply this particular elegy to, but in general this is the case. You blame us for your computer viruses, you panic and yell at me when your outdated windows computer crashes and your files are eaten like candy by a fat man who's just come off a diet, but you never actually listen to the suggestions I have for you.

You like me better as an enemy.

No wonder people have such trouble finding peace in this world, or finding out who they are. Children are forbidden to explore. The streets are more violent everyday, but you and your stupid mass media have villified the right to protect oneself, and innocent people suffer the consequence of your ignorance. The few, like myself, that take combat training, are met with adversity and scorn. You think I'm either a lunatic, or that I'm trying to be the next ninja turtle. I can't promise that I'm not a little crazy, but I can assure you, I'm not trying to invent a persona to impress you.

I've seen your world, and it largely bores me. Instead, I see the world that you have created that you don't even acknowledge. I'm the keeper of this network, but you might never see my actions. You'll never know when I remove a harmful program from the network, or patch up a flaw. You don't want me here. But you can't really stop me, now can you?

Am I challenging you? Perhaps. But not in the way that you might think. I'm challenging you to understand me, to think outside of the box, with your head out of your ass, and ask yourselves questions like: who do you turn to

when something doesn't work right? Usually, it's me. Then ask yourself: how do I know how the problem can be resolved? The answer should be obvious by now. I learned from exploring this underground world we as humans have created with our technology. By hopping from workgroups to printer shares to hypertext transfer daemons, I'm able to glide through the internet and immerse myself in what is really a truly spiritual environment.

So while you scorn me, I'll be learning more and more about the way that your world works. The more I learn, the better a world I can help build. But you wouldn't be interested in that, would you. You only want to see what shiny new things we can do for you. And this is where community comes back. I am one person, but we are many, and growing in ranks. We are not organized as you claim, like some fascist regime, but communal. Our goal is simple. To provide the world with a means to interact with one another for positive means in a way that has only recently been realized, and is always being developed.

Call me what you want. I'm a fan of the word hacker, but you'll probably just label me a terrorist or a criminal like the media. When the shit gets rough though, at least I can immerse myself in knowledge, not drown my shitty life in Jack Daniels. Just something to think about. ☘



Driving home from an all night coffee bar one night, my friend turns to me and asks me to write for this online e-zine called "Pain". Right from the starting line I was more than a little apprehensive about the endeavor. First off, most e-zines are a pathetic excuse for true literature. Any syphilitic retard with a keyboard and a computer can send in their random opinion of asinine and pointless topics. Then tout their ideas as if God himself had granted them sovereign domain on whatever topic is currently causing their medication to work overtime. If your opinion truly had any more value than the perspiration currently forming on your furrowed and neanderthalic brow, you would be writing in the Journal of Medicine and have a ridiculous number of random letters and titles after your name; not writing for a periodical whose only requirement for submission is your ability to suppress the urge to fling your own fecal matter at your mother as she visits you in your "tomb of power." This, coincidentally, happens to be located entirely in her basement. Plus has anyone really read some of the submissions that have been put on this e-zine? Most on them are so terrible that it goes beyond the realm of natural thought to try and express the violence I want to visit to some of these whiny assholes.

Irony:
Part of a
Healthy
Diet
by SixSkullRevolver

In case anyone was unclear on the concept: life is not fair. In fact if it weren't for bad luck I wouldn't have any luck at all. I understand that your mommy or daddy might have called you names, touched you in the bikini area, or even beat you like a hippie at a metal concert; but fucking shut up, grow up, and get on with your life! Nobody has a good childhood and mine sucked worse than most, but I have never once used that as an excuse for anything. I am not even going to mention why it sucked because honestly it is not any of your damn business. I look around and I see two kinds of people: those

that are weak and want to stay weak and those that are weak but are trying to become stronger. The meek may very well inherit the earth, but the strong will seize upon them and take the earth for themselves. If all you are going to do is whine then join some hippie, tree hugging, dirt licking commune and have group hugs to mellow your vibe. Those of us left in the real world will try and make ourselves better and stronger while your weakness cripples you to the point of being afraid to hurt flies, "because they are living things as well." Bullshit, the whole world is based on the survival of the fittest. Adapt or die. At the very least stop breeding so we can stop so we can eventual weed your sick and filthy genes out of the genetic lottery. I think that now I am talking more to those damn emo kids that listen to the generic shit rock with which they pollute my air. I am talking about the "daddy never loved me and now that makes me deep and pensive. Do girls like me now?" This music is personified in such shit mongering bands as Yellowcard, Taking Back Sunday, and Thursday. Just because you dress like your motor skills have taken a temporary vacation and you carry a journal does not make you cool, intellectually deep, or attractive. It makes you a narcissistic ass that is buying into the same shit as everyone else. Congratulations, you have sacrificed true individuality and beauty for a fashionable alienation from society.

For these kinds of people it is not about being really unique but simply trying to fit in with the "outcasts." All of this is based on a fashionable

alienation from everything but the bullshit to which they cling. Nothing is original anymore. Punk is dead and its replacement has been castrated. The Bad Brains, The Misfits, and Operation Ivy have been replaced by such homogenous and bland talent - and I use the term very loosely - as Sum 41, Blink 182, and Good Charlotte. The entire "goth" scene has turned away from its original innovation. Now it has become little more than a fashion show, which is no different than the culture that they supposedly are protesting. These are the kind of people that read Johnny the Homicidal Maniac and think that this makes them elitist. The true irony of this is the comic itself is a satirical socio-political commentary on the goth community and society at large. I'll slow it down a bit for those Goths out there who are having trouble understanding the previous statement: Johnen is making fun of you because you are fucking handicapped! Then there are the neo-hippies. I have only one thing to say to them: shut up, no one cares, take a bath, you fucking reek like dirt and ass. The revolution is dead and you lost. The concept of free love and peace brought us nothing but AIDS and George W. Bush. Dammit! Grow up and start living the harsh reality of the present. When you start doing that then maybe you fashion victims will actually start making a difference. Oh, as a small digression in this haranguing rant: those hippies who are in it just for the fashion of sandals, hemp clothing, and the marijuana; I am going to carve my name on the inside of your mother's



uterus while she is forced to fellate a rabid badger. Then I am going to force your father to rape the family cat while I video tape it so I can show your grand parents.

Well to wrap up this little rant I would just like to say that no one is original. Everything has been done before and it has been done better. Everything is simply a re-hash of something that came before it. That also includes this rant. But to be fair I must state that there very well could be people out there who do choose substance over style and function over form. However, I feel that those people will see this paper for what it really is: an exercise in irony. But just because the paper is ironic from beginning to end, does not make what was said any less valid. We all need to grow up and get on with our damn lives. Shut up and start a fucking revolution you sons of bitches! The preceding message was brought to you by the letter V, for Virus; a virus that infects your brain. Infection is salvation!

[mephyt's afterthoughts: This article was written by a very, VERY intelligent individual who fully supports everything that he says, with a healthy dose of sarcasm. The shock value that this particular piece happens to have was intended to compliment the actual content he'd written around it, not to hold the article together. It has never been the position of PAIN to simply post things for the pure sake of shocking or offending our readers, but at the same time we do feel that we hold a certain responsibility to show you different perspectives on things as they become apparent to us. We sincerely hope that you were able to see the value of the article that we did.]

Floating

Through

Oblivion

by mephyt

I find myself day to day doing the same mindless actions. Another blog entry here, an off color comment in IRC there. All of it is incredibly and increasingly repititious, yet I can't seem to break the cycle that seems to consume my life.

Of course, I do deviate from the basic things I have described above, but they tend to be only slight deviations, and usually not worth more than a backwards glance in the mirror. They consist of trips out to local spots to talk to people I really don't care to know much more than I already do, and to do the same things I've done for years now. The deviations are there, but as I've said, they really aren't much more than distractions from the wheel I run day to day, week to week, and year to year. There must be some way out of the cage I've built for myself.

When I was younger than I am now, and slightly less in tune with how things actually work in the world, I'd convinced myself that I'd never be sitting up on the net at 2am looking for some way to improve the quality of my life and writing about it. In retrospect, I should have known that this was coming. I was never really all that "popular" in school, mainly because I never really cared to know more people than I had to. I regret this sometimes, as I now find myself lonely and wanting with no way out of the hole I've dug myself. If only we could tell ourselves what we've learned in years of experience, but alas, we cannot.

The cycle of things in one's life becomes more evident as time goes on. We all eventually settle into a pattern, or a rut, as I now view it. It seems as if I'm missing out on

some bigger thing that most other people seem to be clued into long ago, and can't help but want to fight it. This daily grind is killing me, one second at a time. I don't want to live as the same person I am now, and I can't stand the thought of dying as I currently live, alone and regretting the present and future.

With the coming and going of seasons, I can almost predict where I will be and what I will do. During the winter, I tend to retreat into my own little hole, finding solitude in crowded rooms somehow. There is always some way to make an escape, and while I don't think this is a fully conscious effort, I can't help but look at the situation and wish that I had more intestinal fortitude to just break the chain of events that happens consistently. In the spring, I'll start to emerge from my shell, get out more. I become more outgoing, nearly obnoxious at times in an effort to make up for lost time. The summer will see me level out, and fall will show my decline again. The pattern is painfully obvious to me, and those around me. How to go about changing a cyclical pattern eludes me thus far...

The reason why I've titled this as I have, is actually somewhat more obvious than I'd originally intended. The word floating means you don't really have much control over where you go, you are more or less moving with the pull of the tides. This is the way I feel often when this pattern becomes more apparent. Going through something, in this context, means that I am just passing through it, not really collecting anything from it, but bidding my time, waiting to get through. Seems to be almost a waste, as nearly anything can be learned in any situation. And the reference to oblivion is as basic as I could get. In all of its simplicity, Oblivion is nothing. It is a void, an absence of anything. I find myself in this mood, this space, more than I'd care to admit. It almost physically hurts to be in this area of thought for such long periods, but at the same time, the pain is so dull that I can barely feel anything at all. That is where the real issue comes from. The void of thought, the void of interaction, and most of all, the void of life.

I can't help but wonder when I will break this cycle of floating along through oblivion like a ship in the storm. My ship is already broken and battered, but nothing can happen to get to safe harbor until the captain can take control. This is probably the hardest part of fixing the problem in the first place, taking control of it. I don't know that you would describe this all as depression, or just lunacy, but it is an issue that I have to resolve. From what is happening with me right now though, I may not have to face it alone for once.

Today could be the changing point though, just as yesterday could have been, and tomorrow will never be. •

1990年11月



outro

by alienbinary

Another issue zipped up tight, shrinkwrapped and ready to hit the web. Get your greedy fingers all over this one, it's got a lot, or should I say a gob of good stuff. First of all, I want to thank everyone who participated in the t-shirt contest, all designs were awesome, and if PA1N was actually a funded operation, then I'd have all the shirts made and given out, especially to the people who have contributed.

It's amazing to look at what has become an actual movement on the internet and in meatspace, with friends who I've known for years now finally coming together, figuring out that we have an option of whether or not we want to be forced the rhetoric, and doing something about the problems in our world as we see them. Nemisis, Mephyt, m0laria, and myself are all contributing to the folding@home project, which is attempting to find a cure for some of the more devastating neurological disorders in medicine. On a personal note, my inspiration to start up the old f@h client again was after someone close to me died from one of the diseases that the project may potentially find a cure for. It's easy to find the hardships and the cracks in the road when you're tooling on down life's path, but it's a matter of perspective how you use these hardships. If it weren't for the way I grew up, I wouldn't care about how our children are treated. If it weren't for the way I see the world, I wouldn't want to see the world be a better place to live in. If it weren't for my having lost hope, only to find a little bit of it on the web, I would never have started PA1N. This magazine, this project, it's about more than just geek chic, politics, emo rants, coding and all the other fun shit we throw in here. In truth, this whole project is about finding a new way to look at the world and a new way to approach it.

You can, if you choose, fall victim to the modern mass media onslaught, and never feel satisfied with anything. You can chase money all your life and never find it because it's ultimately not a rational thing to chase. War may seem like a good idea to you until you actually fight one, and starving yourself may seem logical until you find yourself in a doctor's office wondering why the man in the coat is telling you about the different aspects of eating and image disorders, and how they effect us. A misconception is that I claim

to have a hard life, and I would like to dispell that. I have a life, and that's the most specific I choose to be about it. Life is exactly what you make of it. At the time of me writing this, I'm almost finished earning my Bachelor of Arts in Creative Writing, from which I will be drawing upon to teach. I want to teach, because I beleive that knowledge, like the knowledge in this magazine and in the rant community and the hacker community at large is important, vital even, for the survival of our species.

Some of you might not understand why I choose to "allow" certain articles and turn down others. I have to say, mephyt and myself talk about this a lot. Why would I, for example, want sixskullrevolver's piece which more or less attacks the very thing I do? The answer is that I beleive that satire, well placed, properly utilized, has everything to teach us. If you don't beleive me, perhaps you should brush up on your literature. A long time ago (a couple hundred years or more) Jonathon Swift wrote "A Modest Proposal" and published it as a potential solution to the poverty issue in ireland. The solution, which involved the cannibalization of infants, was so outlandish, that it knocked people out of their cozy little bubbles and into the world around them. Swift was arguing that we must, as a people, recognize that until you address the issue of human dignity and survival, nothing else matters. To Swift, the British Parliament was full of it, and he said so by writing his proposal as one might draft a legitimate proposal to parliament, with facts and figures. He had a lot to say. Unfortunately, no one paid enough attention, and the potato famine happened several decades later (or perhaps a hundred plus years later, I'm not good with dates and events when it's late and I have a cold, as is my current predicament.) If people had listened to the warnings behind the jokes, perhaps it could have been avoided. So therefore, jest is not only important, it's absolutely necessary. If we can't look at ourselves and laugh, we are well and truly fucked.

As for the many other contributions that are in this magazine and all the contributions that have been made and will be made, they all have merit, and I encourage you to read them with care. You may not agree with what we have to say, but we're going to say it anyways, so it might not hurt to listen. You might, if you aren't careful, even learn something. ✨

DONT BE
PLAYIN LIKE
4 SOME
NINJA



“...and a Happy New Year.”