

# PAIN

14

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



A **RANT**MEDIA  
PUBLICATION

Brought to you by the disturbed minds of:

Editor in Chief	alienbinary
Co-Editor, Co-Founder	Turnspike
Co-Editor	Mephyt
Deputy Co-Editor	angel ice
Editor	Nemisis
Editor	Red Dragon
Literary Sniper	RumblingSky
Spacemonkey Number One	Pyromancer
Editor	Manuel O'Kelly
Editor	Kello
Contributor	greynin
Contributor	Artemis
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Follow the...	White Rabbit
Bandwidth Warlord	Cheezi
alien's muse	aliabuse
Contributor	Pinion_Blue
Decker Correspondent	The Unduhtakuh
Graphic Designer	CaponeX
New Writer!@	Capt. Wiley
Shouts:	CaponeX, RikkiRocket
	and of course, Cimmerian
	thanks for the site!

"You think you know violence,  
you think you know pain? Do you?  
Well guess again."

-- Blood for Blood

alienbinary:	alienbinary@spfd2600.org
	alienbinary@gmail.com
Turnspike:	turnspike@spfd2600.org
mephyt:	mephyt@nocturnalradio.com

<http://www.rantradio.com/rr-industrial128.pls>  
<http://www.rantradio.com/rr-industrial124.pls>  
<http://www.rantradio.com/rr-punk128.pls>  
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"We don't need to try to change the world, only our perception of its boundaries."

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# letter from the editor

## [alienbinary]

It's been a long time. It's always a long time, though. It must be worth it, however, because you're reading this. When I started PAIN, I thought it would be fun, but kind of a bitch to do. When I published the second issue, I was beginning to come to the conclusion that it was an awesome rush, but a horrible pain in my ass. Now, as I write the introduction to volume number 14, I have no idea what to make of this project. The last issue was one that I feared would be the last for a while. Work, school, life, and even death (not my own, of course), all of these things were taking up every possible second of my so-called spare time.

Still, I travelled across the country, I took pictures of graffiti, I liberated mall kiosks and photographed it, but most of all, I wrote. I've been working on a book, a memoir-style manuscript, which only recently has breached 100 pages. If you ever want the mental shit kicked out of you, I suggest trying to write a book, but that's off the subject. The thing is, no matter how involved my life became, no matter what cropped up in the everyday grind, I could never shake the feeling that there were legions of readers who I was letting down, people who had shown me respect, just for speaking my mind. I had created a forum for the progression and protection of the freedom of speech and of the press; but I wasn't saying anything on my soapbox. Reams of printouts have covered every inch of this apartment, so much so, that I had to buy a roll-out crate from Staples, the office supply store. Once the crate was full, which took maybe fifteen minutes of sorting, I had to shred old proofs of my manuscript for hours and hours on end. I filled seven garbage bags with shredded paper. It was utterly bizarre. When I had finished, I had to fix my vacuum, because the dust was so thick.

All the while, my photodiary was growing, and the days were passing since the last publication. I began to feel like I was distancing myself from the part of me that so many people know, and a few people even respect. Borrowing from Tang Soo Do, the phrase "Always finish what you start" kept popping into mind. I saw this in print a month and a half ago, while Green Fairy was teaching a group of white belts how to spar.

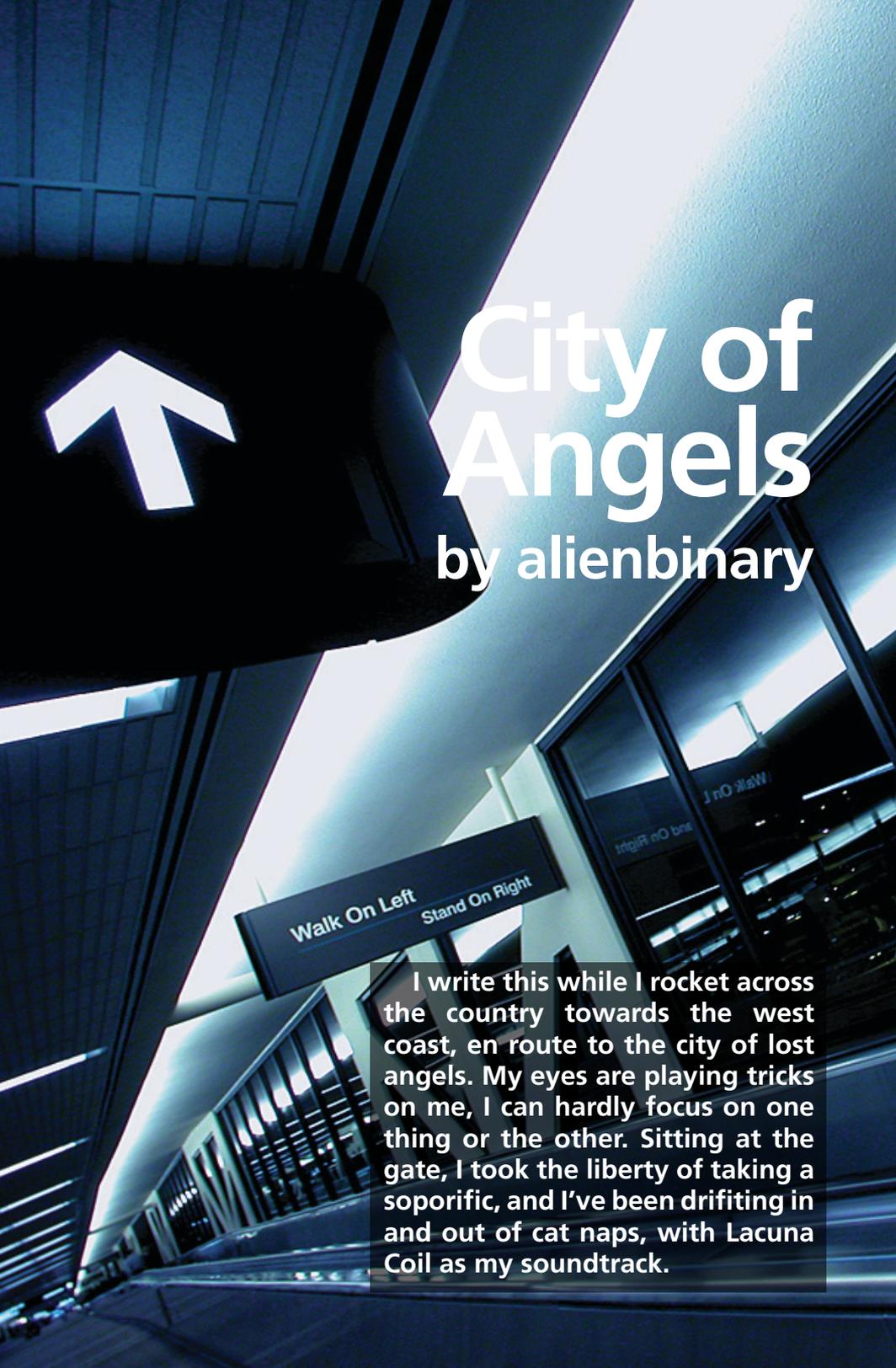
As I flipped through her manual, I saw this quote and felt a pang of emptiness inside. It's not that I want to "finish" PAiN, that's not necessarily what the creed means. Instead, I must continue what I have begun. Never before have I been involved with a zine that has lasted so long, and crossed so many boundaries. Never before have I felt so completely that what I was doing was going somewhere. So why had I stopped? Where had my energy gone?

Mephyt, one of the driving forces behind the newer faces of PAiN was fearful before that I was going to burn myself out. I thought this was ridiculous. I thrived on the edge, I lived at that mental state where only caffeine and adrenaline pump in your veins, and all you do is push and push.

Then I got hit over the head repeatedly with moment-to-moment experience that left me staggering, trying to catch my breath. Life doesn't "throw curveballs" as some people say, it just occasionally beats the ever loving shit out of you for no particular reason, sometimes over and over, just to make sure you get the point. When you get smacked hard by life and it's cruelty, you have to take a serious inventory of your own life. You have to determine what matters and what simply doesn't. Discard the things and habits that do nothing for you. Shirk off any ideals that you do not truly believe. Snap into line soldier, then break out, and see the rigid masses, obediently awaiting their fate. Do not become a part of that.

If what I'm writing makes sense to you, then I am truly glad, but if you're mystified by what I'm saying, you aren't completely alone, either. I'm still confused. I don't intend to wait for everything to be crystal clear. I have a strange feeling that when everything becomes crystal clear, I'll be too late to actually accomplish anything. For now, I'm operating on the faith that what I believe is right, is in fact right, and that I have a responsibility to maintain this forum for the free speech and free thoughts of our community. I hope you enjoy issue number fourteen.

- April 17th, 2005.



# City of Angels

by alienbinary

I write this while I rocket across the country towards the west coast, en route to the city of lost angels. My eyes are playing tricks on me, I can hardly focus on one thing or the other. Sitting at the gate, I took the liberty of taking a soporific, and I've been drifting in and out of cat naps, with Lacuna Coil as my soundtrack.

I've never exactly been sure why, but I always felt that airports were evil places. Standing, or rather, hopping, to the security checkpoint, I began to get the idea. For a moment, let's deconstruct the airline industry and look at it for what it really is: a monopoly. If you want to fly, or more importantly, find it necessary to do so, you have to rely on someone else's business to get you from point a to point b. The skies are zoned, remember? Ever since the cold war, or probably long before that, the actual space above the so-called "land of the free" has been marked with flight patterns and no-fly zones and all sorts of stupid jargon. For this reason, it's the consumer who must pay an exorbitant fee to have, what has now become, a public lesson in humiliation.

There was a young girl, or rather, young woman, in the line parallel to the checkpoint I was in, and her prada and burberry outfit somehow set off the screening devices. I watched, hobbling on my stockinged feet, holding my iBook unsleaved, my backpack, police wallet with photo ID card, and Bates combat boots, as this poor girl was told to take off each peice of clothing she had. This isn't to say that she had to come down to nude, or even her underwear, but I imagine that when the TSA agent snapped on those latex gloves and laughed at the poor girl who was struggling with her platform shoes, they weren't doing so at a tasteful, harmless joke.

"No rockstars today. Take those belts off," bellowed a pissed of Transportation Safety Administration agent to the crowd. He continued with a short explanation. "No shakira belts with those studs" (at which he made a sweeping gesture around his midsection) no cute vests, leather coats, boots, shoes of any type-- YOU!-- what

are you waiting for? Permission? Take off your coat,” screamed the rent-a-cop.

I thought briefly that this poor thirty something year old moron with the metal detecting wand and the laminant badge and no sense of humor or compassion had probably suffered some severe neglect as a child, or perhaps he was never invited to play kickball. Maybe he just liked tripping on power. As I neared the mouth of the x-ray machine and the metal screener, I put my Bates Enforcers in a bin, along with my iBook and my backpack, three for three, and sent them through. At this point, I lost track of what happened to the girl I was watching.

The security guard was visibly irritated with me, I could tell. I'm travelling from BOS (Logan International Airport) to LAX (Los Angeles International Airport). I wasn't exactly worried, I knew how to take off my gear in less than a minute, and I was already aware of the rules. Nothing to yell at me for, tough guy.

I reached the gate where I took the soporific, and mulled around a bit on the iBook. Tired of this quick, I walked around, observing all the various agencies present. State Police, private security, TSA, NTSB, FAA, and probably one or two FBI agents were walking around. How fun, I thought, to live in a police state. On the upside, if I needed a colonoscopy, they would probably have obliged. I wonder, and this isn't in any way intended as a slight, mind you, but sheer curiosity, if TSA agents have to take any rudimentary proctology, for search and seizure practices. It would at least explain the sour expressions they all wear.

At the newstand, I looked for something, anything, even an issue of WIRED to keep me entertained, but to

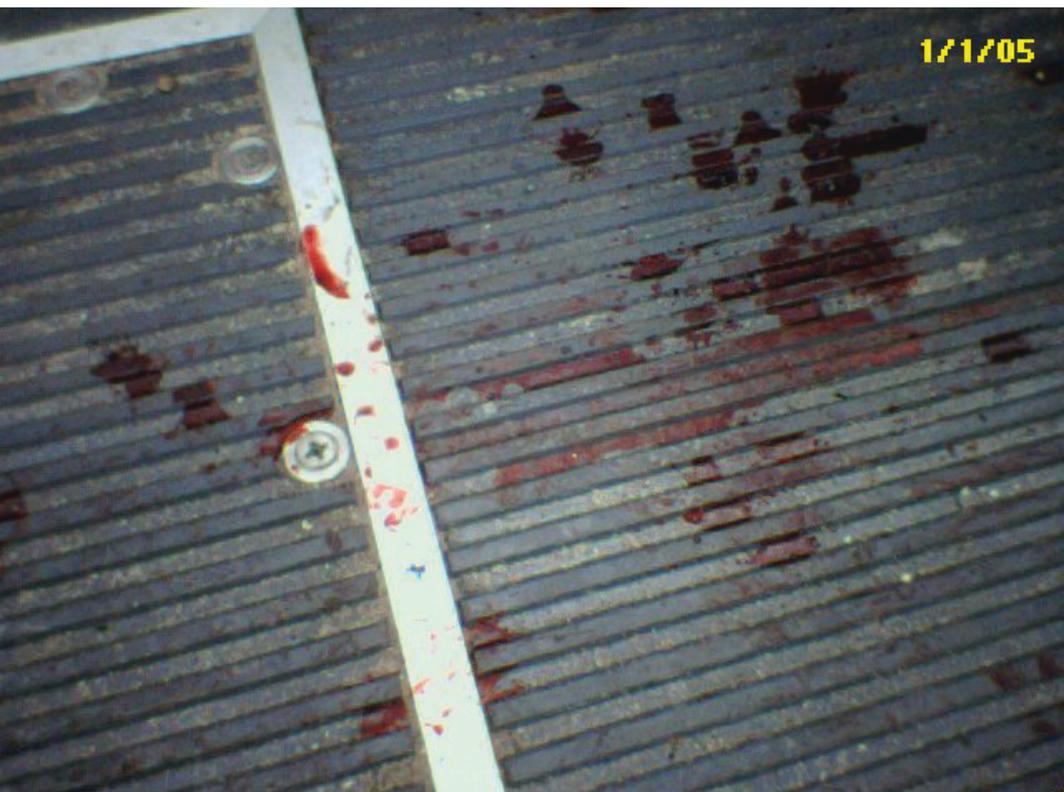
no avail. Instead, I looked at the prices of some of the merchandise. A neat experiment, for those of you interested in the study of culture shock, would be to go to a seven-eleven, buy about five small items you could also buy at a newstand, and record the price. Try the same thing at an airport, and you'll find that the dollar either dropped one hundred fifty times in value while you were walking to the gate, or everything is worth a fortune once it's been smuggled past security. This sort of thinking makes me wonder about another curiosity: why the fuck do they take nail clippers? And when they do, why can you then buy them just after you get through security? If you ask me, it's a marketing scam powered by homeland security. The number of nailclippers sold at airports worldwide, daily, must be astronomical.

Right now, I'm trying desperately to stay awake. Pyromancer and myself spent the entire night up studying for his abnormal psych midterm, which he then slept through anyways. (Regrettably, this is indeed, completely askew from the point.) I'm afraid that if I fall asleep, someone will steal my shit. I'm also afraid that if they don't steal my shit, I won't remember it when I deboard the plane. Having everything from walking to taking a leak mandated by two little backlit icons is infantilizing at best. Whoever came up with the "don't smoke" light and the "fasten seatbelt" light obviously wouldn't object to a traffic guard at every other square in the sidewalk. I'm about 10-30,000 feet above the ground, and I want to take a walk. I wonder if they have parachutes on board.

Because of the obscene number of times that the servers that host the various images that comprise the loki archives have been moved or replaced, I've been wary of actually posting another archive. Still, I've been carrying my Palm camera with me everywhere anyway, and over the last I don't know how many months, I've gathered some of the most bizarre, fascinating and downright frightening images. As we settle into the new SPFD2600 servers, I'll try and link up the old images, at last the ones that I can find. In the meantime, enjoy some of the newest eye candy.

## RETURN OF THE LOKI ARCHIVES

BY ALIENBINARY



↑ **Title:** "First Stabbing of the New Year"

**Photographer:** alienbinary

**Subject:** I was sitting with my buddy on the train in Boston, tired and worn out, about to meet up with Nemesis whom we had left at the party. Halfway through the train ride, I noticed that there was what looked an awful lot like a "splatter pattern" all over the floor. A lot of people mark the first events of the New Year, so I thought, at the time, I should mark the first violent crime scene I should stumble upon.

4/10/05

IN MEMORY OF  
THE RAMOLINO FAMILY  
AND ALL THE INNOCENT PEOPLE  
KILLED IN RWANDA AFRICA  
IN 1994  
DONATED BY SAIC ENGINEERING, INC

↑ **Title:** Rwanda or Bust

**Photographer:** alienbinary

**Subject:** I was walking with someone through a park with old mills and wildlife, that sort of thing, when I stopped to read the inscription on what was either a headstone or a “what you are seeing is...” sort of thing. Much to my surprise, and leading to chills down my spine, I came across a memorial for the victims of the Rwandan Genocide.



←

**Title:** Liberation

**Photographer:** alienbinary

**Subject:** This is a photograph I took after rooting a computer in a Best Buy. I set the screen saver for a one minute interval, and changed the screensaver to a marquee that said “You are not a slave to your wallet. Fight corporate rule.” instead. I think the salesperson was about to make a sale when they both stopped, and stared at the screen, dumbstruck. I whispered to my companions “this is the time to LEAVE,” and walked briskly out the door.



**Title:** Cathode Ray Trash

**Photographer:** alienbinary

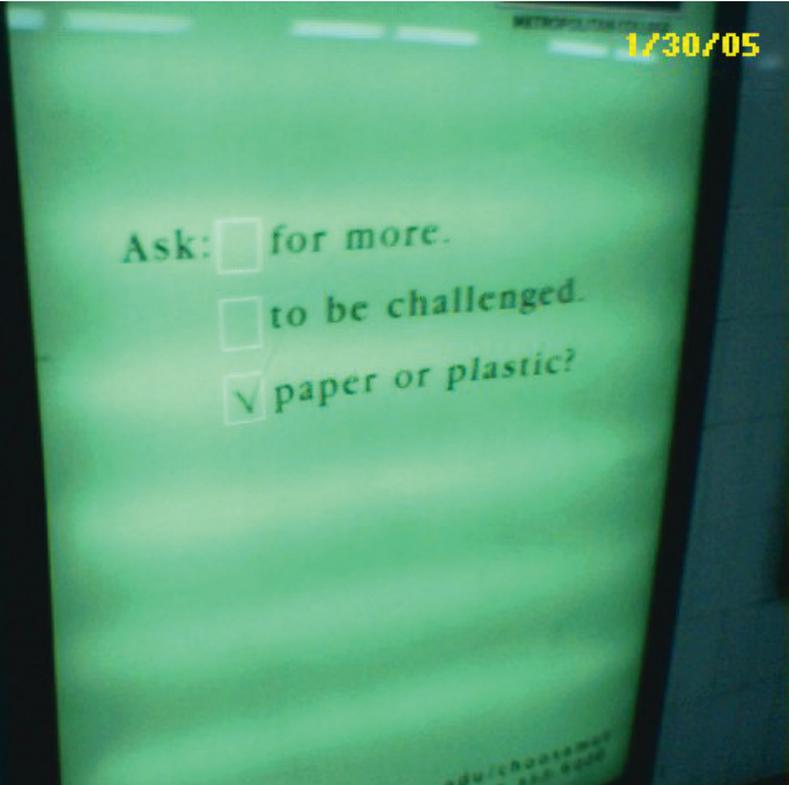
**Subject:** This is one of the oldest television sets I've ever seen in my life. I kept passing it on the way to get coffee in the morning, during spring break, and finally I decided that I needed a picture of it. Something about seeing the idiot box all broken down and busted made me feel warm inside.



**Title:** That's Just Funny

**Photographer:** alienbinary

**Subject:** I'm always pleased to see advertisements creatively defiled. This particular ad shows a series of check boxes. What you can't tell from the picture, however, is that the checkmark for "paper or plastic?" is actually drawn in with a large permanent marker, as if some graffiti artist was doing his grocery list in Copley Square.



Thanks to Rikkirocket for this:

# PAIN

THE OFFICIAL RANTMEDIA ZINE



THIS IS NOW A WORLD OF PAIN.

THE COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD ARE PLAGUED WITH DYING AND DISEMBOWELED ECONOMIES, AS PEOPLE STARVE ONLY MILES FROM THE WEALTHIEST MEN EVER KNOWN.

THE PLANET SHUDDERS EVERY SECOND AS WE RACE HEADLONG TOWARD ITS ULTIMATE -- AND THEREFORE OUR OWN -- DESTRUCTION.

NO ONE ASKED ME IF I WANTED TO FUND GENOCIDE. NO PANEL OR CENSUS TOLD ME MY TAXES WOULD FUND BIOWEAPONS, NUCLEAR HOLOCAUST, OR EVEN THE VERY AGENCIES THAT MIGHT SEEK TO SILENCE ME.

NO ONE ASKED YOU EITHER. WE HAVE BEEN BOUGHT AND SOLD, OUR RIGHTS HAVE BEEN WRITTEN OFF AS A CASUALTY OF A WAR.

[HTTP:// PAIN.RANTMEDIA.CA](http://pain.rantmedia.ca)

Contrary to popular belief, it's incredibly easy to solve a Rubik's cube. Now, I know you're thinking hey, what an asshole. I've never solved one, and this fucking punk's going to babble about his mensa sized IQ. Not today, sweetheart.

I have no idea why I bought the Rubik's cube in the first place. I had a sudden craving to own one, and there was an educational toy shop right near the pharmacy. I stopped in and asked the clerk behind the desk if they had any of the rubik's cubes in stock. Surprisingly, she knew off the top of her head that there was one left and handed it over. This was an official cube, I should add. Complete with display packaging, cube stand and seven step cheat sheet to the prescribed solution, this was the wonderpackage for anyone who wanted to follow directions. I fucking hate following directions, it's one of the few male traits I hold on to vigorously.

Twisting and turning the little bastard for hours on end, I've almost driven myself nuts with the thing. I kept trying to solve it according to the method explained. According to the book, there was only one way to do it, and it would require hundreds of twists and turns. A single wrong turn and the whole puzzle was scrambled. To me, this was not what I was looking for. What kind of brain teaser doesn't tell you all the directions? Did you know that certain colors have to be bordering other colors in order for it to work? Did you know that there is literally only one possible solution, according to the Rubik's puzzle company to the cube? Did you know that they're completely wrong?

Around one fifteen in the morning, I decided that it would be a prudent idea to throw the cube at the wall. No sooner had I let go, than the entire cube was flying back at me, block by block. It was one of the most deeply satisfying sounds that I have ever heard. Opening my engineer's junk drawer, I withdrew a bottle of crazy glue, crushed some ice, poured a cup of ice water, and settled down to REALLY solve the cube. About twenty minutes after I had given the cube it's first flying lesson, I had gathered up all the peices, put them in the right order, cracked the color code, and then crazy glued the fucker tight. Sitting near me, to the left, is a perfectly solved Rubik's cube. As a hacker, I don't call this cheating, I call this thinking outside the box.



Moving out of an apartment or dorm room has become a sort of art form for me, after the 6 or so years that I've been doing it. Believe it or not, there's an actual methodology to this, a careful plan that has to be followed. The reason for this is almost totally unrelated to the action itself. I follow this routine so that I don't have to think about the fact that I'm actually moving

again. Sometimes I feel like there isn't a place I should really call home, but a short list of places that I stay with some frequency, even if it is only seasonal. I have a hard time pinpointing what is actually "home" for me. I just refer to places by their actual locations. Boston, Milton, etc. Whenever I move out of a room, I have to tear down walls of things that have been taped up. However long I've been staying at a particular place, that's how old these memories are. In high school, when I used to take apart my dorm rooms to move to another building, or when I finally moved out, I found posters for bands that I didn't even like behind layer after layer of useless trash that was pinned up over it.

Among the supplies I bought, there are two types of whiteout - or correction fluid if you want to be an asshole about it - colgate toothpaste, razorblades, paper towels, compressed air and a

4-pack of sponges. As far as the whiteout goes, I was hoping for Liquid paper's Papermate line, because they come in something like 8 or 10 different shades of white, gray and off-white, but I can't be picky at a drugstore. Instead, I had to settle for quick-dry and smooth application. The whiteout is for all the paint that's been stripped off during the course of the year. Being the kind of person to throw things, I've compiled a host of pock marks and divots in the concrete and drywall.

The way it works, you take the razor blade and carefully scrape off any of the double sided tape or foam mounting squares and empty them into the basket. Every once in a while, you'll pull out a hook or a thumbtack, in it's place will be a blemish on the wall. Fill these holes up with toothpaste, apply liberally, swear it a little around the sides. Let this dry for a few hours, you can put a lamp on it if you want to expedite the process. When the toothpaste dries, it will harden, which is perfect. Take your razorblade, and lightly, LIGHTLY, scrape



## Streams of nsciousness

by alienbinary

over the hole. This will shave off any excess. Let this completely dry, and if you can find paint or correction fluid that matches the color of the wall, put a small coating over it. Last year, or perhaps the year before, I was still an art student, so I mixed something like fifteen tubes of acrylic paint on a palette, and worked it into a perfect match for the paint on the wall. The thing is, even though it looked great when I moved out, the acrylic won't last long. It's already probably peeling where I've used it to cover holes in the wall. I used to have a bad habit of throwing xacto knives like shuriken at the characters on my posters. My aim is now impeccable, though.

This year, I don't have enough paint, and I'm out of acrylic gel medium, so I'll have to make it work with two types of liquid paper. Then again, I suppose I'll discuss damages versus breach of contract, since I wasn't supposed to be in a dorm room this year at all, but had to leave my on-campus apartment midsemester, last semester. I have a feeling that they might be more lenient if I bring that up.

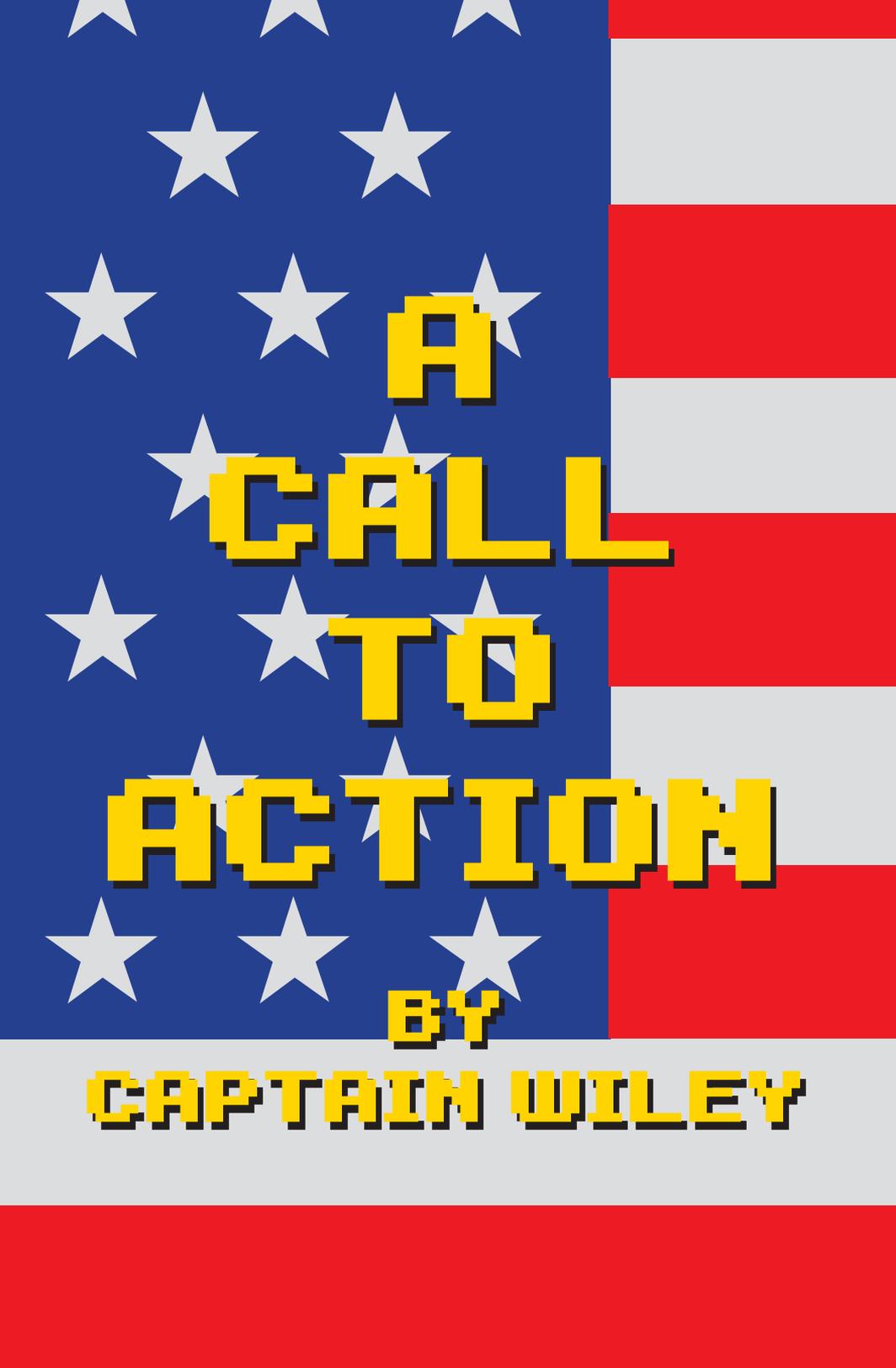
The thing is, I can't do anything without being reminded of the wierd shit that occurred over the last I don't know how many months here at school. I can identify most of the damage and pin it to a particular event, and the recollections make me tired, they even make me physically sick sometimes. I hope you learned something about quick fixer-uppers for your own apartments, because I don't feel like writing about this anymore. This last year has hit me like a jackhammer.

\* \* \*

It's summer now, sort of. You wouldn't know this by the weather, only by the date. Actually, I'm not sure if May counts as spring or summer, somebody email me with the answer, that would be awesome. Regardless, I'm freshly moved back into my temporary living quarters for the summer, four months or so, and already I'm making mental lists of all the things I have to do before such and such occassion. Mother's Day is tomorrow, there's a birthday coming up real fast, and I need a second job. All the same, however, there's another list that keeps growing and growing, things I'd like to do, but haven't had the chance.

If I had enough money, I think it would be absolutely fantastic to rent a billboard on the side of the road - preferably a main highway like Route 128 - and put in large block print "ignore the other billboards," or something to that effect. Just imagine what you could do with the ones that have animations.





**A  
CALL  
TO  
ACTION**

**BY**

**CAPTAIN WILEY**

Note from ab: Capt. Wiley is a good friend of mine, one whose writing I came across completely by accident. It was while listening to him read the rough draft, or proof, of this manuscript, that I decided to make a move. During the reading, I turned to angel ice, who was also present, and told her quite simply that I "want that peice." While I may not agree with all of the Captain's statements, I certainly respect the voice and the vindictiveness with which he writes. Since initally introducing Capt. to PA1N, he's been actively helping out with other things as well, including finding research data for "Stratification Nation." Read this with an open mind, and remember that this magazine is about the preservation of the freedom of speech, above all things. While you or I may not agree with everything said here, we must fight for his right to say it.

☆☆☆

There was once a time when we were all citizens of a State. This Citizenship, this identity has been taken from us. To be a citizen of a State provided background, and gave individual identity. You are no longer a citizen of your State, you are a citizen of the United States of America. Our true citizenship has been stolen, and replaced with something not of our own creation.

**THE STATE  
IS MORE  
IMPORTANT  
THAN THE  
UNION**

As we were founded on individualism, and on individual State power, originally each state was empowered. The modern centralized government destroys the ideals that our nation was founded upon; the State is more important than the Union. Individual liberties are the responsibility of the people in a community, then the town/city, then the county, and then the State, the responsibility falls lastly upon the federal government. The States have not decided to have their power taken away, nor have the individuals. The self empowered federal government has acted as a thief in the night. The Civil war ended the abominable institution of slavery; unfortunately it settled the dispute over states rights. Fortunately most overbearing federal interference has only occurred when issues of slavery and racism, have warranted just federal involvement. Today will the federal government put its hand into State affairs?

The federal government, Republican, or Democrat has no authority to grant, or take away marriage rights. This is an issue on the individual level, and it barely stretches out into the community level; it certainly has no place to be decided on a federal level. You may choose to hate homosexuality, that is your personal right, but by denying the right of union between any two people, you are choosing to hate the foundation of our country. Medical marijuana, even casual marijuana usage may soon be ruled upon by the United States Supreme Court. When did the states give the federal courts the power to control what individuals do with their body, in their own home, on their own property? Will we see a day when abortion rights are further restricted, or even expunged? In all scientific and moral fairness the act of aborting a fetus is taking human life. The decision to take this life falls upon an individual, this individual is the sole carrier of the burden of the decision, not any government entity. To help clarify this point, reverse the act, a government entity, or law requiring a fetus to be aborted! This would surely offend and horrify everyone, so why does the converse, restricted individual right not offend? To further illustrate my point, there have been government mandated abortions within the last century. This has fortunately stopped, but nonetheless happened, which brings me to my next point. Is the United States federal government tyrannical, no it is not. Is the United States federal government tyrannical? No it is not.

**OUR COUNTRY IS  
IN DANGER, OUR  
POPULATION IS  
SEPARATING.**

Let me quote the founding document of our wonderful country for more insight. "We hold these truths to be self evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these rights are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their

just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.” This is a message to us, now from our founding fathers, that cannot be ignored. I am not suggesting that we overthrow the government, or that our Union be disbanded. I suggest rational change to lessen the grip of power that the federal government has tightened upon us. Look back upon Jefferson’s great words “All men are created equal.” Our country is in danger, our population is separating. When I look around I do not see a homogenous America, I do not see Dr. Kings united nation that he spoke of over forty years ago. I see a nation divided on more levels than the tallest of

**TO BE WITHOUT  
A HOME IS TO BE  
WITHOUT DIGNITY,  
AND NO AMERICAN  
DESERVES THAT.**

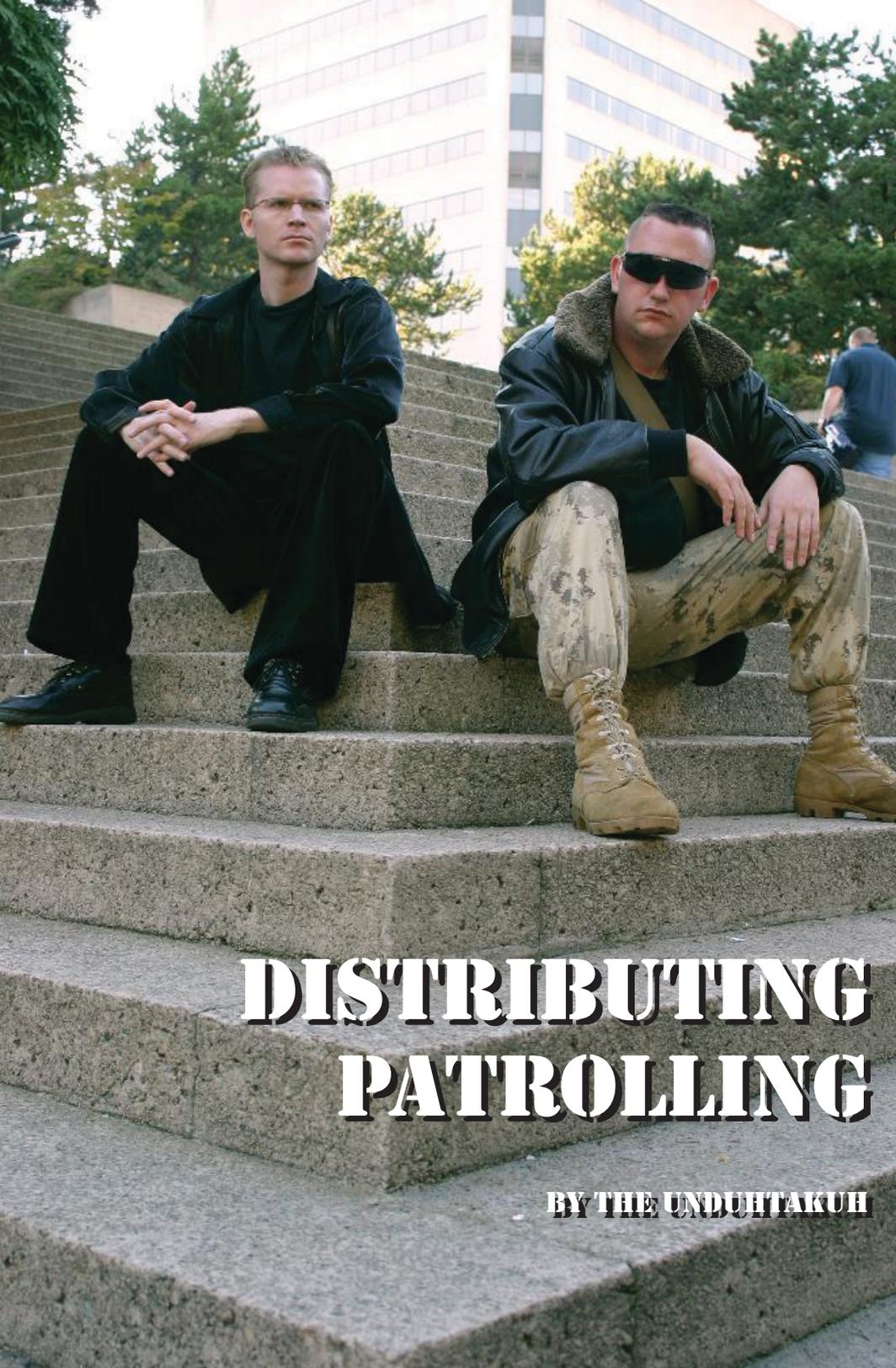
sky scrapers; rich-poor, black-white, English-Spanish, Democrat-Republican, city and rural, powerful and weak. If all are created equal, as they surely are, then ALL must be treated as

equals. If a large population of our country does not speak English, then we need to reach out and understand them, and help them to understand us, otherwise we are building a barrier between individuals, and through misunderstanding comes discrimination. Why is it today that the number of people living in poverty is rising in our country, while corporations and their heads are making more and more? There is a crisis of homelessness in America, a crisis that has no voice, and cannot be heard. This is the United States of America, the greatest country on the face of the planet, no one living in this country deserves to be living on the street. To be without a home is to be without dignity, and no American deserves that. If all are created equal, then all must be equal. It is the responsibility of concerned citizens, as members of communities to give our voices

to those that have none. "...among these rights are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" This grasps the core of the problem that we face today.

These great words are being conveniently ignored; individual, personal liberties and freedoms are being restricted, taken away, and not granted. I do not suggest anarchy, or on an individual level that one be so open minded that their brain falls out; I suggest order, freedom, and personal liberty. "...that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men". Our government was created to ensure our personal freedoms, individual rights, now it appears to exist to deny and limit them. There has been a clear reversal of the government, which we created, role in this country. "deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." We all hold the power to take and give power to the government, because it's power resides in us. If the government is acting unjustly, then the people have the right and the responsibility to take some of the control back. " That whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to abolish it, and to institute new government". Unless our federal government resists necessary change, then there is no need to abolish it, and form a new system. What needs to happen now is a movement to re-empower the States of our Union, and let them decide what is best for the citizens of their States. We cannot allow our federal government to continue on the path towards control of our personal lives; totalitarianism. It is necessary for us to be preemptive in our action, to prevent a government that in the future will possess more control than it already has. A call to civic responsibility is needed, a call for political awareness, and a call to action.

**UNLESS OUR FEDERAL  
GOVERNMENT RESISTS  
NECESSARY CHANGE,  
THEN THERE IS NO NEED  
TO ABOLISH IT**



# **DISTRIBUTING PATROLLING**

**BY THE UNDUHTAKUH**

Patrolling with Sean Kennedy is independent media with a worthy message. Available via BitTorrent, if episodes of Patrolling stay stuck on a computer that message cannot spread. Exhibiting Patrolling via the God Box guarantees increased impact compared to viewing Sean and Cimm's message on a diminutive monitor. Also, the technological "wow" factor and portability possibilities of displaying Patrolling full-screen on a PDA is attention-getting at the least.

This article discusses ways to distribute Patrolling and provides technical alternatives for maximum portability. Free software is used throughout - some as in speech, all as in beer. Note that the author uses Linux and does not own a DVD burner. These things do not limit possibilities. In fact, quite the opposite. Inexpensive CD-RW drives and media, as well as a free operating system, expand the availability of distribution technology.

Downloaded episodes of Patrolling are a prerequisite. The author prefers `btdownloadcurses.py`, and the Internet Archive downloads are always an option.

Probably the most portable format for Patrolling is Video Compact Disc (VCD). It is safe to say that VCDs play universally in DVD players and personal computers. Some gaming consoles can also play VCDs with additional hardware. Again, the media itself is inexpensive and the ease of which one can produce a VCD from an AVI makes this format ideal. Super VideoCD (SVCD) is also an option. SVCDs have higher resolution than VCDs, but playback is limited to a smaller list of DVD players and personal computers.

The biggest advantage of Patrolling on VCD is the impact of display on a television. The viewing area is most likely larger - more visual impact. And the pure fact that Sean is on "Television" gives him legitimacy in the eyes of the Norms.

The simplest way to convert AVIs on Linux is to use two programs: `tovid` and `vcdimager`. `tovid` is a series of scripts "designed to make VCD, SVCD, and DVD authoring a little less painful." Available at <http://tovid.sourceforge.net/>, installation is straightforward with only a few common dependencies. `vcdimager`, available at <http://www.vcdimager.org/>, creates the final CD images from the `tovid`-created MPEGs. With those images, the only need is some burning software to master the disc - <http://www.k3b.org/>.

To simplify explanation, a Perl script is provided that, when placed in the directory of the high-quality Patrolling AVIs, verifies the necessary programs, converts the AVIs to MPEGs and creates the BIN/CUE images needed for burning and subsequent distribution.

```

#!/usr/bin/perl -w

# patrolling.pl
#
# By The Unduhtakuh for PA1N
#
# Put patrolling.pl in the directory of the
# AVIS you want to convert and issue the
# following command:
#
# perl patrolling.pl -[vs]
#
# -v = VCD
# -s = SVCD

use strict;

# Check for format switch
print ">>> Use -v for VCD or -s for SVCD...\n" and exit
  unless defined(my $format = shift);

# Check for tovid and vcdimager
my $tovid = `whereis tovid`;
my (undef, $loc_of_tovid) = split(/: /, $tovid);
defined($loc_of_tovid) ? print "Good, tovid found: $loc_of_tovid" :
  (print ">>> tovid not found; exiting...\n" and exit);
my $vcdi = `whereis vcdimager`;
my (undef, $loc_of_vcdi) = split(/: /, $vcdi);
defined($loc_of_vcdi) ? print "Good, vcdimager found: $loc_of_vcdi"
  :
  (print ">>> vcdimager not found; exiting...\n" and exit);

# Glob files
my @files = <*>;

# Convert files
foreach my $file(@files) {
  if ($file =~ /\w+\.avi/) {
    my ($prefix, undef) = split(/\.\/, $file);
    if ($format =~ /-v/i) {
      system("tovid -vcd $file $prefix && vcdimager -c $prefix.cue -b
        $prefix.bin $prefix.mpg");
    }
    elsif ($format =~ /-s/i) {
      system("tovid -svcd $file $prefix && vcdimager -t svcd -c $pre-
        fix.cue -b
        $prefix.bin $prefix.mpg");
    }
    else {
      print ">>> Incompatible format switch.\n";
      print ">>> Use -v for VCD or -s for SVCD...\n";
      exit;
    }
  }
  else {
    print ">>> $file not AVI: skipping...\n";
  }
}

# Print closing message
print " * Finished * \n";

```

Using K3B, click Tools -> CD -> Burn Bin/Cue Image... and select the episode you would like to burn. Burn the disc and distribute freely. Menus and multiple episode discs are exercises left to the reader.

*(Author's Note: I find that one episode is perfect for exposure - bite-sized chunk that leaves the viewer wanting more. I also find, given the demographic within which I reside, Episode VII is the most fun/effective.)*

Many companies make PDAs available to their employees. And these very PDAs are becoming more and more capable every day. The dominant assistant is the Pocket PC, running Windows Mobile. Using such a device and some quality free software can create an ultra-mobile platform for spreading the word of the WOGs.

Download BetaPlayer, an extremely capable media player for Pocket PC and Windows Mobile devices, at <http://www.pdagold.com/software/detail.asp?s=498>. Install. Now with the low quality (in resolution only) versions of Patrolling, click File.. -> Open File... to play the video. Click the playing video itself to utilize full-screen landscape mode.

The small versions of Patrolling work perfectly with QVGA screens as is. The unexposed are also instantly drawn to hand-held video. Note that full-screen video drains batteries at an increased rate, and removable memory is beneficial if not necessary.

These two methods take Patrolling off the PC and into a broader world. There are still many methods available to distribute Patrolling, on and off the PC. DVDs are an obvious method - playable DVDs or a single DVD with every AVI. USB thumb drives are inexpensive enough to carry a few eps with you everywhere you go. Even the audio could be ripped to a portable MP3 player.

Why go through so much trouble to distribute an "indy media" TV show? The work to convert or transfer files and go out of your way and share them is negligible to the work that Sean and Cimmerian put into media that actually informs, nay, teaches, and can literally change lives. "Sean's just some geardo." No. Look beyond the gear and WOG cut. He teaches us to think for ourselves. To prepare and strengthen ourselves. To utilize our strengths to better the Community.

The word Community is not used lightly, by Sean or by the author. Real Community is essential in the corporate-controlled world in which we live. Whether it's online or not. And if we as WOGs can grow this Community, or at the very least, share information that can help any in need, then we must. Distribute Patrolling with Sean Kennedy. At the very least, you'll entertain someone.

# **Grab Your Towel: A Tribute to Douglas Adams**



**by alienbinary**

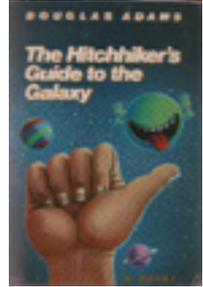
*Intro to GYT: "The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy" was released in theatres only a few weeks ago at the time of this peice. I went to see it, and brough Green Fairy along for the ride. I told her that, under no uncertain circumstances, I would have to stop talking to her if she didn't like it. This warning turned out to be unnecessary, as she almost pissed herself laughing fifteen minutes into the film. When the end credits rolled around, I stayed for a minute, and to my utter surprise, the words "For Douglas" were displayed briefly. It felt only fitting that he should get this credit. I thought, however, about how much his work influenced me, and even the internet. To this day, I still have his obituary cut out, in one of my filing cabinets. The internet seemed to move sluggishly that day, having lost one of it's major contributors. In honor of the new movie, I've decided to write a dedication to the man who contributed the most to my obsession with the written word.*

- alienbinary

**"I love deadlines. I like the  
whooshing sound they make as  
they fly by."**

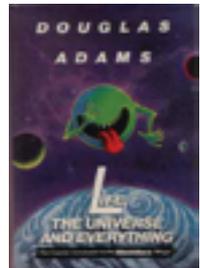
— Douglas Adams

WHEN I WAS FIRST INTRODUCED TO THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE series, I was blown away, absolutely and utterly enthralled. As a kid who never really felt that he belonged any one place, the idea that one day I might be able to get off of earth without dying first was an utterly fantastic and thoroughly comforting idea. I must have read the first book in fifth grade, because I remember stealing one of my mother's dish towels, and keeping it in a satchel I had purchased army/navy for twelve bucks. For those of you unfamiliar with the THHGTTG series, one of the first things you learn is that the towel is one of the single most useful inventions in the universe.



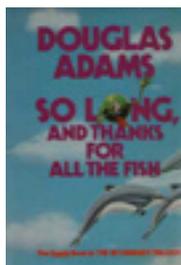
Travelling through Scotland, listening to the audiobook of the second novel in the series, I felt like I was in my own private show. The book was read by the author, Adams' exquisitely British accent lending extra charm to the jokes, and making every reference to something British a lot easier to identify with as a blundering American. My obsession with 'the Guide' was shared by more than just myself. On the internet, and on message boards, the pantheon of characters were reborn, as their names became the origin of pseudonyms for many famous and infamous hackers.

*Phrack Magazine*, recently retired from it's longtime reign as one of the most influential and important electronic magazines in the history of hackerdom, for example, had in it's earlier years an anarchist cookbook style columnist going by the name "Zaphod Beeblebrox." Later on, another editor/columnist would author "portable bluebox plans" under the pseudonym "Ford Prefect."



A simple Google query for "by Arthur Dent" (quotations included in search string,) reveals a staggering 4,530 hits. Arthur Dent is the name of the main character in the Hitchhiker's Guide series.

Those who were around for Altavista's short reign as one of the top search engines might remember the introduction of the Babelfish applet. This is available at: <http://babelfish.altavista.com/>. The



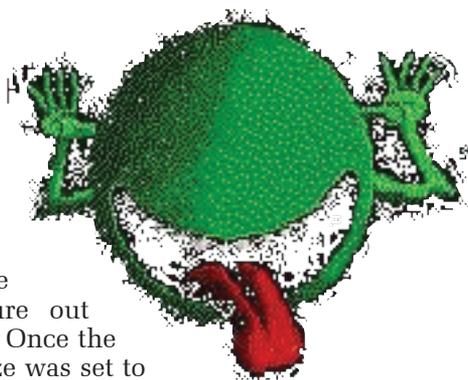
“Babelfish,” another of Adams’ creations, was a fish that, when inserted into the ear, would translate auditory stimuli into a language that the host could understand. Conversely, the developers at Altavista coded an applet that would allow someone to translate a page from any language into another language, making the navigation of the internet easier and friendlier for anyone, no matter where they came from.

This also, as any 2600 Magazine reader knows, has been a portal for defeating child-proofing programs. By using babelfish as a buffer, any site can be viewed.

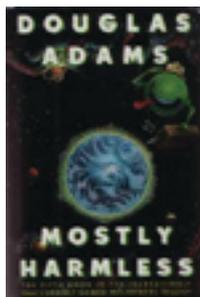
The user has to translate the page into, say, German, then take the resulting URL and feed that into the translator, to translate from German to English. (English -> German, German -> English), the result will appear as a temp page on altavista’s babelfish servers, and the url appears nonthreatening to such nonsense as “Cybersitter” or whatever the newest and most worthless internet lockdown suite is called.

Those of you who are old enough to remember the days when Firstclass Client was a popular Bulletin Board System, might recall the settings file titled “outer limits.” Many variations of this settings file changed the splash screen to the famous green ball, sticking out its tongue, a signature of the THHGTTG series.

Even when the splash screen was changed, the icon stayed in the settings file for a long time, in addition to which, some Macintosh Hacker determined that using a program called Pict2ASCII and a staggering amount of patience, would allow them to insert images into their emails on the client message board. You can probably figure out what image was popularly used. Once the image was colorized, the font size was set to the lowest possible number, making the ascii art appear as a graphic, instead. This was a literal bitmap. The creator of such an image had to spend a stupid amount of time, and wouldn’t you know it, the tongue was one of the first images ported over.



The number “42”, given by the computer “Deep Thought” (see: first novel in series) earned its place as the “meaning of life.” More than once, coders implemented subroutines in message servers that would translate the number forty-two into its alleged meaning. I can’t recall which, but I believe there was a search engine that did this as well.



Adams' himself was not completely alien to the world of technology, either. His last book, last since it was published posthumously, was titled "The Salmon of Doubt" (for reasons unknown) and compiled from several different harddrives, after a close friend of Adams' finally managed to break into his computer files after his death. A chapter in the book, titled "Little Dongly Things" (Adams, 111) will probably speak to any techie in the world, as it deals with the author's profound hatred of the closet full of ac adapters that he has aquired over the years, every time he purchased a new peice of hardware. In this strangely unique essay, he offers a solution that seemed to have predicted the coming of Firewire cables, for his call for universalizing the cables using in electronics has come closer now to fruition.

With all this said, I would like to dedicate this issue of PA1N Magazine to a childhood hero of mine, whose bestselling novel is now a motion picture (much better than the BBC version done ages ago,) which was also dedicated to him. For all that Douglas did for the internet, it's only fair we offer something back.

*In Memorium:  
Douglas Adams  
1952-2001*

For More information, see:

<http://www.douglasadams.com/dna/bio.html>

[http://www.quotationspage.com/quotes/Douglas\\_Adams](http://www.quotationspage.com/quotes/Douglas_Adams)



# Utilitarianist

by mephyt

**Some strange road, twisting and bending... What is this place and why is it so familiar? Almost like I've been told about it before.**

**Who do you want me to be?  
What do you need me to become?**

These questions, like so many others as similar and more or less vague plague my mind and set my self-awareness in some strange state of confusion. I never thought in my most silent and private moments I would seriously ask myself anything along those lines. It seemed like I would be betraying some important confidence, some unspoken agreement understood by no one but the people who made it in the first place. Like if I had somehow violated this sacred trust, it could be the end of a world, or my world at the least.

**“Light another cigarette. It’s the only companionship you’ll need on this journey.” Not that I really have any other choice in it right now. “Take another hit and keep on moving.” Stagnation is the only real cause for loneliness anyways.**

Why the question in the first place? Maybe it spawned of some strange thoughts breeding in a forgotten recess of my psyche. Thoughts of this nature often are the most dangerous kind, attempting to defeat a basic sense of self-preservation. Perhaps I’ve gotten that wrong too though. Maybe the want to be companion to others, being surrounded by those of the same mindset is even more basic and important. To survive, sometimes you may have to cut off your own leg. A trapped animal will do it, what’s the difference? Sacrificing a part to save the rest. It’s all just a matter of basic math. You choose to allow the less important to go to let the rest continue on. Brutal, but it seems to be the only way sometimes. Do what you have to, just keep moving.

**The longer you keep moving the less the beginning of the journey seems to matter. Sometimes you have to concentrate for a few minutes just to remember why you left in the first place. Hell, now the destination doesn’t seem to matter at all. I just wish I knew where the fuck it all started.**

Like many other individuals, I would assume, Life has its own twists and turns and they end up being less than fortunate. These things rip and tear at you, eventually scraping away at some shell you built up over time, ultimately ripping into the fragile flesh and skin encased within. You look down to see the damage and realize upon further inspection that your own hand caused the damage. The healing process requires that you die, if in only small increments at a time. The weakest parts of you, the vulnerabilities even if only perceived must cease to be. The festering necrotic parts; the things that make you who you are become scarred over. They heal and are visually gone. Only the memory of it must remain. We destroy parts and pieces of ourselves so we can blend into the crowd, so we can be like those other scarred and grey entities walking the streets. Expressionless and emotionless, in suit and tie, we think we can rule everything, but we can’t even take our own minds into our realm of control.

**We destroy parts and pieces of ourselves so we can blend into the crowd**

Featureless terrain is really all I can see around me at this point. The numbers of feet that have walked this path seem to have left most of this place trampled. What the hell kind of person would want to waste their time on such an expressionless road? Some great adventure...

Really, when you think about it, the entire thing about survival isn't really about living. It's about damage control, being a respectable slave

**“The entire thing about survival isn't really about living. It's about damage control”**

to expectations it's needing to feel like you have some exterior reason to keep going. Keep giving your time and energy and love and hate and actually be committed to all of it. To loathe and detest and to lie about your differences. It's not even you in the end that ends up with friends. It's some

some grey and anonymous individual who gets to socialize with others like them. You didn't stop when you creased your armor, or when you drew that first beautiful drop of blood. You let yourself keep going until you lay on the ground, cold earth touching skin, a horrid crimson mess spreading around you. You didn't stop until the one who started lay lifeless on stone and dirt. You didn't survive, you died there. You betrayed yourself. Now, maybe that suit will fit.



# Stratification Nation

by alienbinary

There's a statistic that states if a person, starting at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, walks for either 8 miles or 8 minutes, I can't remember which, in any direction, then they will find themselves in some of the roughest ghettos, the poorest neighborhoods in the country. Everytime there's an election, I tell people that, just so they understand why I could give less than a damn about who's in office. It's important to understand that it has nothing to do with not being politically active, but the opposite. The truth is, sometimes the politics have nothing to do with the policitians. Real politics happen everywhere. Everything begins somewhere else, before it hits capitol hill...

-----

The following excerpt is transcribed from lined paper I used to take notes for a class in Contemporary Art History.

-----

Next to the galleries where the wealthy play, the Pine Street Inn sits in shambles. I ducked out of my college art field trip group to grab something to eat, or find a place that sold something for my chapped lips, one bleeding on the bottom. I had temporarily stemmed the flow with gum arabica from my dentine ice.

A one-eighty degree turn, and I was no longer looking into the blue mirror designer lenses of my friend, but locked eyes instead for a powerful moment with a man who just ate for the first time in a week. In a span of two infinitely long minutes, he spoke through his eyes and told me his story.

Don't go this way, his eyes warned.

I involuntarily nodded, and turned around to survey the landscape for a different side street.

I cut through the private property of parking lot of the upscale southie apartment complex and emerged next to a gentleman's club for people who had never been gentle and could hardly meet my definition of "man." Another hard right pointed me towards a throng of working class heroes, construction men making an attempt at an honest dollar, and I dropped clutch on my oversized engineer's keyring, and pulled the polarized lenses over my screaming eyes. I pushed through the mass of people, some wandering, some lost, some insane, and found myself reading the enveloped being devoured my the workment.

They opened their paystubs, a man sliced his finger, already stained from a day and an half's worth of hard work. He was so quick, not a drop of his working-class blood stained his meager check. He couldn't pay the rent again. His wife and his two grown children would be dissappointed in him again, and then all thoughts of the man dissolved, my hands and stance droppped back into city posture; half defense, half nonchalante.

A police officer, underpaid and under appreciated took note of my Smith and Wesson SWAT watch. I had fifteen or twenty minutes before I would be back on the bus.

Hypoglycemia gripped me, my vision blurred and for once I could feel how tired I really was. I was then, and only then, for that infinitely brief moment in time that I belonged among the city's bustling and hustling throngs.

I felt beaten, as if hit repeatedly by the reality of a life governed by man-made watches and contrived schedules.

Blood for Blood, soundtrack to south boston surged into my brain, and I pulled on the door of the franchise donut shop,

the local pub of the South Boston working man. On the way out, clutching my coffee and muffin, I stuffed a dollar into the tip jar.

I would hate to have her job, I thought to myself.

-----

For those of you that would like to do something about the poverty line inside the United States, I suggest you get educated first. The statistic about going 8 blocks from the whitehouse is hard to find, I can't find it as of the time that I write this article, but I would suggest starting with the United States Census Bureau Website, and Department of Housing and Health and Human Services. If you're unaware of just how bad the problem is, do some basic math in your head. Realize that if the Bureau reports a twenty percent of citizens are living below the poverty line, that's 20 in 100, which is 1 in 5. This is outrageous in the same country where many people have more than two cars, the interior of one of which is superior to the living conditions of anyone below the poverty line.

I don't suggest that you run out and give all your possessions and clothes away, or join the Salvation Army. I suggest you get just a little bit indignant that your fellow human beings are living like this, and let the indignation ferment. If you can't find it in yourself to feel compassion or indignation at the living conditions of these people, I suggest you spend a couple of nights sleeping on the sidewalk. If this doesn't change your mind, email me at alienbinary@gmail.com, and I'll cook up a new exercise specially made for you.

Some Links About the 8 miles or blocks from the whitehouse statement, courtesy of Captain Wiley.

<http://www.innercity.org/columbiaheights/newspaper/police.html>  
<http://www.disastercenter.com/crime/dccrime.htm>  
<http://www.policyreview.org/spring95/murphth.html>

# The New Virus

by Nemisis

The mass marketing of point and click technology has created a virus that propagates on bulletin boards, web sites, and blogs, in IRC channels, and through instant messages and e-mail. This virus and the vicious cycle it generates threatens to engulf the world of hacking like a 1200 baud strain of Ebola. Snake-like it slithers into memory infecting others with every message posted and e-mail sent. It is immune to virus scanners, and invisible to spyware detectors. You can't find it in your system registry, and a full reformat of your hard drive will do nothing to slow it's spread.

It is intellectual black ice poisoning the mind, destroying creativity, and breeding contempt. It started in the 1990's when computers gradually became more accessible and easier to use. Gone were the days you were labeled a geek for being able to type with more then two fingers.

No longer did you need large manuals, oversized glasses, and bad acne to learn how to use a word processor. Large scale instant messaging services have replaced real time, real world conversation. These days instead of learning how to ride a bicycle, kids are learning how to navigate web sites. Instead of learning how to drive, they're learning how to code. In place of learning how to use the libraries card catalog, they're learning how to conduct research using Google.

The Internet has depersonalized society. Things you wouldn't even attempt to do in the real world are done daily on the net. There's a lot less anxiety involved in carding a piece of hardware from Best Buy's web site then in walking into the store with a stolen credit card. Things you

wouldn't dream of saying to someone in real life fly across the net like an electrical current through water. This is how the virus started. Through easy to use technology and depersonalized communication. The Internet was created as a means of sharing information. The virus is attacking the foundation, the very concept of the Internet. It's a distributed denial of service attack against the very thing the Internet was created to proliferate. Information.

Somewhere along the line the majority of people 'in the know' got sick of answering questions and sharing knowledge. They became jaded and fed up with the influx of people searching for answers. The mass exodus from reality to Cyberspace occurred when computers no longer required a four year degree to understand. The 'elite' recoiled from their duty as educators and retreated to their strong holds, content with there own skills and fame. People who tried to learn by asking questions of those they regarded as smarter were told to go read a book or flamed for having the audacity to ask such simple questions. In the empty space left by the withdrawal of the would be key holders and data brokers, the virus has grown. It's fueled by hoards of under educated cattle that have deluded themselves into believing they're shepards. Infected, these cattle wage virtual wars on message boards and in IRC channels. Verbal skirmishers who attempt to hide there lack of wisdom behind facades of egotism and malice. The lack of patience and warmth by a group of well read educators has spawned a corrupt cycle of do unto others as others have done onto you.

The source code for this virus contains a string of thirteen words that are both the viruses function and the key to it's propagation.

"Act as others have acted before you. Contempt for those who know less."

# Apple's iTunes Explored



by alienbinary

## Part One: I only asked for the single.

Here are a couple of quick hacks regarding Apple's iTunes software that I've noticed that seem to boggle my mind at how little thought companies sometimes put into really anything when it comes to security.

Note, iTunes is XML based, and therefore, a link to the music store's catalog will launch iTunes, if it is installed on your computer. The URLs are here for factual purposes, so you can see the way Apple Computer has meshed XML and Hypertext into a new form of interface, in which audio, video and news all converge into a new protocol, hybridized web pages whose sole purpose is to interface with peripherals like the iPod.

The 'phobos' server and the WebObjects suite contains the data for Apple's interactive pages, including cover art and the XML indices and paths to each song. WebObjects was Apples suite introduced when the homepage.mac.com idea came out years ago which offered 10 MBs of free space and an email addy for any mac user. Because this was a bleeding-edge

interface based primarily on XML and experimental `"/bin/"` directories, `"/etc/cgi-bin/"` was in many ways replaced with different paths, but similar execution syntax. For example, as you'll see in a moment, the command:

```
"/cgi-bin/search?query= " has become:  
"/WebObjects/MZStore.woa/wa/viewAlbum?playlistId="
```

The catalog is divided up as such:

**[root > genre > Artist Name > Album > song title]**

I was reading the RSS feed from apple on the top 100 albums of 2005 (incidentally, I didn't even know there WERE 100 albums in 2005,) when I saw that the 'Garden State' (2004) soundtrack came out. In a pinnacle scene in the movie, Natalie Portman's character hands the protagonist her headphones, and insists that he listens to a song by The Shins, called "New Slang." The album is listed here:

```
http://phobos.apple.com/WebObjects/MZStore.woa/wa/viewAlbum?playlistId  
=20170807&originStoreFront=143441
```

Or, if you'd rather navigate yourself, the path is:

**[HOME > Soundtrack > Garden State > Garden State (soundtrack) ]**

Incidentally, there are different types of payment options for Apple's music store. In addition to all the different things assigned already by DRM encoding, albums may be purchased for the standard \$9.99 USD, or you can buy the song for \$0.99 USD, or ninety nine cents. However, there are certain times when a song is the only good song on the album, or it's longer than the others. (think Orbital's "The Box [complete version]"). Lately, Apple has been under pressure from the Recording Industry to make the entire album sell, and therefore there are "album only" songs, which means you have to pay the whole ten, or however much it costs just to get the one or two singles you want. In the case of The Shin's "New Slang," you had to buy the album for the song... unless...

However, the navigate buttons which appear as arrows, are spaced in the browser, such that if you like a song, an artist an album or a genre, you can jump to that directory in the music store, and 'phobos' or webobjects or whatever will render a quick search query page for you. Note, I'm not trying to teach you how to reverse engineer the apple store, so don't get the wrong idea. But it is important that people who are unfamiliar with the software see the irony in how when I click on the arrow pointing to The Shins, I get this URL:

```
http://phobos.apple.com/WebObjects/MZStore.woa/wa/viewAlbum?playlistid=3271807
```

which brings us to the artist's directory in the Apple music store. Once again, if you'd rather, the path is:

**[HOME > Alternative > The Shins > Oh, Inverted World]**

In this case, "New Slang" was listed for ninety nine cent download, and as far as I can tell, it's the same song. Did it work? You betcha. Arguably this is just a neat trick, but I'd say it's a damn neat trick if you don't have much money to spend. If the music industry insists on having people pay at least a dollar a song, they shouldn't expect that people will pay for each song on the album, if they don't want it. It's important to note too, that most of the soundtrack sucked in my personal opinion, so if I actually bought the whole thing, I'd be so peeved at myself, that I'd probably boycott the store for a while.

## Part Two: Which song did I buy?

If you haven't noticed, Apple isn't a company that's big on the use of the word "Fuck" publically. Like every other online store, they choose to obfuscate the seven dirty words with asterisks. I've had a song called "Fuck the Pain Away" by an all girl electronica group called "Peaches" stuck in my head all day long for absolutely no reason whatsoever. Since Apple has begun adding more and more artists, it's easy to find a lot of bands you wouldn't expect in their catalog. Nonetheless, the song title comes up as "F\*\*k the Pain Away," as you would expect. However, in this particular instance, I chose to purchase the song, so as to get it out of my head, and at least into my iPod, where I had considerably more control over it's playback.

Apple's authentication is incredibly well done. The first stage displays the message "Purchasing song..." at which point you're prompted for the account specific email address and your password. Once both computers (client and host) have established that verification is successful, the dialog changes to "Downloading Song..." This works, however, as a sort of carding mechanism, I just noticed.

So I clicked "Buy Song" and the first dialog is "Purchasing F\*\*k the Pain Away..." at which I was prompted for manual authentication. After the authentication was complete, and only after the server had verified that I was the intended user, the dialog changed to "Downloading..." but the title changed. This time, it was the non pg-13 version "Download Fuck the Pain Away..."

Incidentally, the default for any song is the cleaner, or newer version. I tried the query:

**"Search Music Store: nine inch nails"**

to which I was given the results of about 12 NIN albums. It should be noted that Nine Inch Nails has so many fucking albums, I'd be amazed if they had them all, but what is amazing, is that two separate versions of "Broken" came up, nothing indicating whether one was explicit and one clean, just that one was a partial album, the other the full album. Here's what's odd: The release date for Broken is given as Copyright 1992, while the full album for download is given as release date: March 23, 2004. The partial album, the one released September 18, 1992, is missing certain tracks. Here's a track listing:

**Full Album: March 23, 2004**

1. Pinion
2. Wish
3. Last
4. Help Me I Am in Hell
5. Happiness in Slavery
6. Gave Up
7. Physical (You're So)
8. Suck

**Partial Album: September 18, 1992**

1. Pinion
2. Wish
3. Last
4. Help Me I Am in Hell
5. Happiness in Slavery
6. Gave Up

What's even more peculiar, is that the first release should by all accounts be the unadulterated version. Instead, consumers have no way of knowing which is closest to the original. Although I'm a huge fan of the "digital music revolution," this is a time when I would say that you're best off buying the album used, with cover art, and ripping it yourself. As I own Broken legitimately in physical form, I can say for certain that it rips just fine on a G4 in both the Mac Classic and MacOS X/FreeBSD operating systems.

## Part Three: We're Living in Amerika

According to a friend of mine, Rammstein's "Amerika" video off of their new album "Reise, Reise" is a top video among rotation on MTV2 in France, yet Universal Records executives were extremely hesitant to release the video, especially before election. As a more subtle form of censorship, the United States music video playing stations largely ignored the German industrial act, and almost acted as if the new album didn't exist. So much for the freedom to criticize America, criticism and debate being you know, only ESSENTIAL to the idea of democracy itself.. Regardless, around the time of Apple's famous super bowl stunt with Green Day's rendition of "I fought the Law" and the free song giveaway with Pepsi, they began experimenting with incorporating the ability to play music videos through the iTunes software, via the store server.

Being the pioneers of Quicktime, Apple has always had the upper hand in this sort of technology, with of course the exception of Nullsoft, who kick ass and take names for a living, but that's besides the point.

A little browsing, and you might be surprised to find out how much is available on iTunes, due to it's place as a global market,

targeting the world economy, not just the American music industry. Much to my surprise, Apple actually hosts a high resolution full version of “Amerika” for free.

### [HOME / Rock / Rammstein / Video]

Apparently at least some people working at Apple believe in the free marketplace of ideas.

Incidentally, I should also explain how to extract the URL (Universal Resource Locator address from an iTunes feed. Since streaming video is hidden, due to fear of piracy, there’s not always a way to find the URL without a little imagination, so here’s a trick in case you want to link to a friend:

The packet sniffer I’m going to use for this tutorial is Stairways Software’s Interarchy, previously known as Anarchie, a full fledged FTP, SFTP client and internet toolkit.

1. Open interarchy, and under the “File” Menu, there’s a subcategory for “NET”, select Net, and then select “Traffic...”
2. Select which network interface you are using, I’ll use my configuration as a model.

**en0 = Built in or Primary Ethernet Card (NIC)**  
**en1 = Secondary TCP connection, WiFi (Apple’s Airport)**  
**ppp0 = Modem/PPPoE**  
**lo0 = loopback**

Note: This is an apple configuration. Otherwise, it might look more like eth0 or eth1. This depends on the software and the distribution of the operating system you are using.

3. Check TCP, UDP in the checkboxes, then select “Automatic”
4. Set your interval for “Once now” and hit “Start”.

5. Select a video or song title, and the referral URL in the stream capture will identify the location on the server. The “X-Server” flag will denote the actual IP address or DNS of the server itself. Put them together, and you can enter the URL into any web browser, and it will launch iTunes, subsequently launching the video.

## Part Four: The Apple-ization of the Recording Industry

### 4a. Free Singles

As with the physical, tangible music industry, the giving away of up and coming artists has become a common practice in digital downloads. At the time of this writing, the following single is being offered for free:

```
http://phobos.apple.com/WebObjects/MZStore.woa/wa/viewAlbum?ign-  
lr=Brick-br_PL_Kaiser%2BChiefs_1%2BExpect%2Ba%2BRiot%2B-%2BSingle  
%2Bof%2Bthe%2BWeek_041905&playlistId=57637207
```

*(Upon publication, this will no longer be a free download, just a warning.)*

Past free downloads have included Paris Texas, Foo Fighters, Ms. Triniti, Spymob, and even once, Green Day.

### 4b. Monopoly, anyone?

Apple Computer's music store is not just limited to the things you can purchase physically at a record store. For reasons that I'm not entirely clear on, AOL/Time Warner has made a deal with the Cupertino based hardware/software giant, and many of the top downloads are from in-studio recordings at the AOL/TW studios. This is why under "album", many ID3 tags feature "Sessions @ AOL" instead of the album from which the single originates.

Likewise, Apple Stores, characterized by a stunning amount of white paint and iPod sales, have been transformed into digital audio studios, either to promote iPod sales, awareness of the iTunes music store, or to insert themselves into popular culture as focal points of new music. If I remember correctly, Apple Computer hosted a free concert of the rock band "Thrice," whose single "the artist in the ambulance" earned the band a permanent place on MTV/MT2, at their Times Square location in New York City.

If you miss the actual concert, that's fine with the company. In a week, customers are able to actually purchase the recorded sessions for a price the same as the sessions@AOL recordings.

However, Apple has not completely dominated the industry. A quick look at Billboard magazine will reveal digital download sales that are not present in the ever-expanding catalogue of possible purchases. Having had less luck requesting a specific duet with Amy Lee, I remembered

that Sony Music holds the contract with the band Evanescence. While this is mere speculation, one should recall that SONY and iRiver put an enormous amount of stake in the success of the new Napster 2.0. Since I don't have a napster account, I haven't had the opportunity to check, but I believe that it's very possible that the Evanescence catalogue will be there, should someone choose to look. An article in WIRED Magazine revealed that one of the top accessories for developers in Microsoft's Windows Digital Media Group is an iPod. It doesn't take an economist or industry analyst to figure out that there's a gang war going on in corporate cyberspace.

Article from WIRED, originally posted on [www.spfd2600.org](http://www.spfd2600.org) by Turnspike Online - <http://wired-vig.wired.com/news/mac/0,2125,66460,00.html>

As an old-school Mac hacker, from the time of HackAddict and BadMoon Industries, I've watched MS and Apple throw shit at each other for a long time. This time however, the pot is completely calling the kettle (I hate that expression.) Microsoft CEO, Steve Ballmer, lovingly referred to by the UK's The Register IT News department, claims that apple's iPod is a tool for piracy. The shit smearing campaign is available for a good laugh here, as well.

Article from the Register UK Online  
[http://www.theregister.co.uk/2004/10/04/ballmer\\_ipod\\_thieves/](http://www.theregister.co.uk/2004/10/04/ballmer_ipod_thieves/)

These are hollow words coming from a company that reportedly packaged Word with pirated copywritten fonts in last year's release.

## Part Five: Skip the news.

For those of you who, like myself, abhor the television, you don't have to watch the idiot box to see the idiots at the political debates, or even, if you are so inclined, hear a sports broadcast. The Presidential debates, the inauguration, both the Republican and Democratic National Conventions, and even the superbowl are available online for free to subscribers of Apple's iTunes music store. A couple of indexes are in order.

[HOME / Audiobooks / News]

Note, however, that all downloads will be watermarked digitally with Apple's DRM encoding, which we all know is a pain in the ass.

## Part Six: Have a ball.

I was debating whether or not to pursue this topic in an article for PA1N, mostly because of copyright issues, but also because there is a vast collection of iTunes uncovered books out there. The information here is from personal experience, recorded for the amusement of our readers. If you have any feedback, or know of any neat hacks for the avid iPod/iTunes user, please don't hesitate to contact me at: alienbinary@gmail.com.

### Interesting links related to Apple's iTunes and iPod:

#### **Hack your iPod**

<http://www.ipodhack.com/>

#### **Apple's iTunes Music Store Front End**

<http://www.apple.com/itunes/store/>

#### **Alternate Music Store Front End**

<http://www.dailytunes.com/>

**A Hatred  
Like  
No Other**

**by alienbinary**

**"You call me antisocial,  
well you're fucking right.  
I hate this whole motherfucking world,  
and everything in sight."**

**- Blood for Blood,  
'Some Kind of Hate'**

It's hard not to hate people, sometimes. It's hard not to loathe the entire world for some of the things I see and read about in my daily life. As a Gender Studies minor, which deals with the issue of domestic violence, psychosexual criminology, sexuality and prejudice, I find that some of my research reveals things about humanity that I cannot find a reason to justify, nor would I look for one.

I met a kid once whose "mother" had boiled his hand because she had lost her vial of crack cocaine. He had the most astonishing eyes, the most sincere look, and the biggest bite. His temper would switch on like a light, triggered by unseen forces, ready to blow away anyone in its path. He was a whirling dervish, a devil in a small child's body, who spat and hissed, growled and bit. His life, at the age of something from three to five years old, was utterly horrendous. The scars on his arms made me dry heave when I first saw them. Afterwards, I felt this intense anxiety, a deep loathing, a need to break something or someone. Later I realized that my balled fist desired to make sudden impact with the person who'd done this, preferably in the face, and preferably to be removed, only to bring the other arm around, to choke the wasted life out of them. This is a hatred like no other, a hatred that is so consuming, so powerful, so complete, that it rips you apart and leaves you screaming naked on the floor.

I finished a small thesis paper the other day, about sexual assault on college campuses and the number of rapes that occur daily. I accessed the Lexis-Nexis online Legal Library for court rulings, case files and dockets. I read hundreds of pages of the most twisted, demented shit that you can't ever possibly concoct in your mind. This was evil, put down on paper, then digitized, and downloaded at a few bucks a hit. These were federal records of crimes that went against everything a human being should stand for. Working late into the night, I would often find myself unconsciously flicking my drop-point, or polishing my boots to a parade gloss, maybe throwing spikes or knives into the furniture, as I read the reams of paper.

After I turned the paper in, my mind screamed for something to do. What, after all, can I possibly do in this world if there is so much to hate? I found the answer in the question itself. Why would I hate these people? What had they done to me? These people had hurt others, ones who could not defend themselves. They had exercised their ability to dehumanize another human being, just so that they might feel more in control of something. They had taken what wasn't theirs to take. But from whom? I didn't know the victims. But this

isn't true. Everyone reading this knows someone who has been raped, sexually assaulted, abused, etc. The statistics are so high, that a person who hadn't faced these speedbumps either first hand or through a friend, would be a rarity. Purity and sanctity have been irreparable trodden upon.

**"If these hands COULD kill,  
they would cleanse the world  
with it's own BLOOD."**

**- Shai Hulud  
'A Profound Hatred of Man'**

I wake up sweating some nights, tempted to enlist in the police force, to track these bastards down. Other nights I stay up all night, wondering who on campus is in need of help. I care because I have been where they are. I have lost my hope and dignity. I have it back, and no one's taking it away, but I will never forget the years I spent without hope, without dignity, without the desire to live.

What do we do, as members of a community that goes by a warrior ideal, in which we defend that which is right and get between harm and the harmless? Can we save the world? I have no idea. Probably not. Even so, there are admittedly vast swatches of Earth I have no interest in saving, because I know nothing about them. I only know that in my life, when I see something terrible, I feel a blood boiling urge to make it right.

Those of you reading this are probably wondering why the fuck I'm writing about "doing the right thing", as if this is something new, extraordinary or groundbreaking. I'm doing this because I want those of you with the same sickly feeling of hate inside to know that you are not alone. There are other people like you, or at least, with similar experiences, who want just as badly to stop the pain, to make the world a better place, or at the very least, to paint the walls with the blood of the wicked. But this isn't the way. The way has something to do with understanding. Understand that no one is perfect, and some are incredibly imperfect. Know that the right thing is rarely the pleasant thing. Know that you are sacrificing yourself for something, anything, just to feel a part of a solution. Know that the hatred will subside when you can remember how to take joy in the new lives you give to the people you take out of their bad situations. While none of us can play God, and I would recommend against it if anyone could, we have the power to alter the world according to the things that we believe need to be fixed. Become a part of the solution.

When the revolution comes around, the people who are making you suffer now will pay. They will, one way or another, atone for their inhumanity. Only after that can we speculate on how the world really should be; and after this, we might begin to rebuild the world, according to our ideals.

# News From Holland

alienbinary and Correspondent

I was having a conversation with a reader from Holland a few weeks back, and it occurred to me during the conversation that the things I was finding out from this individual were so far from what we, in North America, read in the mainstream media, that it's a little bit beyond ridiculous. After hearing about everything from the European Union to the legalization of Marijuana back to the French and their defiance in general, I realized that this is the sort of thing that never gets reported. So, I thought I would include the conversation as an example of why we, as hackers, have to open and expand our worlds to people all over the globe, only then can we start to create a real global community.

— alienbinary

**Note:** This conversation has been edited from it's original format in the MacOSX AIM rich text format. The conversation lasted from timestamp: (1:56:40 PM) to timestamp: (2:27:30 PM). Portions of the conversation have been removed, and the name will be changed so that his ICQ account isn't bombarded with junk.

**Note:** 55555555 is not the actual ICQ number of the person I was talking to. That should be kind of obvious.

```
55555555 : YES
55555555 : I so need to talk to you
alienolotry : do you?
55555555 : yeah, I don't think you remember me :)
alienolotry : I can't remember numbers that well
55555555 : I was a guy that added you one day and talked to you
              about literature a bit and told you I read your
              journal quite a lot
alienolotry : ahh
alienolotry : you told me to read house of leaves
55555555 : did you? ;)
alienolotry : I've been up to my elbows in work
55555555 : ah, I think I'll know if you do, it captivated me
              forever
alienolotry : I saw it the other day in a bookstore, and I was
              tempted, but I have a pile of books to get through
              first
55555555 : hehe
55555555 : I am going to read Electric Ants and the other
              classics ;)
55555555 : never had the chance to read them
alienolotry : electric ants?
```

5555555 : Ermm... there was this documentary on 'the first science fiction writer', I think.. Dick?

alienolotry : philip k dick

5555555 : yeah

5555555 : you read in your journal about blade runner originally being named why do Androids dream of Electric Sheep

alienolotry : "do androids dream of electric sheep?" was the title

5555555 : lol

alienolotry : yeah

alienolotry : there you go.

5555555 : :)

5555555 : how have you been?

alienolotry : up and down. increasingly so in both directions

alienolotry : I feel kind of.. disjointed

5555555 : hrm..

5555555 : are you still with Sara?

alienolotry : no..

alienolotry : been a long time since that.

5555555 : ah, okay, sorry if I am intruding or anything, I am just curious

alienolotry : it's fine.

alienolotry : sorry, I was ordering a pizza

5555555 : haha

5555555 : Americans and pizza ;)

5555555 : you eat 56 million per year

alienolotry : do we?

5555555 : no, wait, produce...

alienolotry : wait, you're in germany, right?

5555555 : A tad to the west

5555555 : the place with liberal attitude of drugs

alienolotry : amsterdam?

5555555 : I wish ;)

5555555 : to the north

alienolotry : I'm HORRID at geography

5555555 : haha, no problem

5555555 : Holland is so tiny

5555555 : I wouldn't know Liechtenstein either

5555555 : or Vatican City

alienolotry : there's a city called "Liechtenstein?" that explains why spell check always fucked up my papers when I was writing about the artist.

5555555 : ha, it's a city, which was bombarded a real country later, and then expanded their borders in the rearrangements (about 1980 - end of communism)

5555555 : now it's as big as Lithuania

5555555 : but I bet that's not too familiar either

5555555 : ;)

alienolotry : which isn't that big, either, though  
5555555 : extremely small  
5555555 : anyway, we are on the brink of huge things in this  
small place  
5555555 : good and bad.  
alienolotry : see, that phrase "war is how americans learn  
geography" isn't entirely true.  
alienolotry : oh, what's going on where you are?  
5555555 : well - we in Holland are going to file a suit against  
the state of the Netherlands tomorrow to go into  
total legalisation of drugs. The biggest players in  
the jurisdictional force are playing with the pro-  
party, and most politicians see it as a good  
development.  
5555555 : So, that is cool - the war on drugs is idiotic.  
alienolotry : let's pretend I'm a stupid american for a minute..  
the pro-party?  
5555555 : sorry, my english sucks at the moment  
alienolotry : it's probably not your english  
5555555 : It's more like the elite of the judges, lawyers,  
enternees, are  
pro-legalisation  
alienolotry : one sec, is it okay if I publish this conversation?  
don't ask why, I just think it's fascinating to see  
how little we know in our corner of the world here  
5555555 : no problem  
5555555 : I find it equally fascinating  
5555555 : I am studying America as a phenomenon.  
5555555 : anyway, on to the bad shit in our country  
alienolotry : so the pro-party is an aristocracy, sort of?  
5555555 : Europe's Coucil is going to decide whether we  
need software patents or not. Considering their  
knowledge on that topic, I think they are going to  
succumb to pressure from software giants.  
alienolotry : I take it you don't think they know a whole lot on  
the subject..  
5555555 : yeah  
5555555 : and on the pro partt  
5555555 : \*party  
5555555 : I tried to explain that important (influential)  
people are going to support legalising drugs, there  
is no such thing as a pro-party, I kind of made the  
word up to explain that they were pro  
5555555 : pro-legalising  
alienolotry : that makes sense, a conjunction. works for me  
5555555 : okay  
alienolotry : but wait, the legalization of drugs and the  
software giants.. what do they have to do with one

another?

5555555 : one development is good, the other not

5555555 : ;)

alienolotry : so on the one hand, people are getting the freedom to get high, but they're going to lose any freedom regarding the use and abuse of tech?

5555555 : indeed, which leads to us having legal acid but no shit to enjoy it ;)

5555555 : well, we will see, legalisation is, of course, based on regulative intent

alienolotry : haha

alienolotry : regulative intent. Dude, your english is better than most native born americans or british people.

5555555 : ha, I tent to read English books and I need to be able to communicate with you AND I read your journal, it had so many complex words I could make up a special dictionary to tell people shit they won't understand.

5555555 : \*tend

5555555 : so, there is a clue in all of this

5555555 : In the middle there is another issue in Europe...

5555555 : European Constitution

5555555 : will we, as a European Union vote for a constitution for the union instead of for separate countries.

5555555 : which will slow trends in politics and corrupt/extremist politicians to simply change the constitution of a big nation by getting the most votes.

5555555 : but it might also enfore software patents, OR legal drug regulation

alienolotry : so the EU is getting more power?

5555555 : if we vote for it

5555555 : France, set to vote on the 31st of May, is currently mostly against the idea

5555555 : which will stop the plan in it's tracks since France is one of the biggest nations in Europe

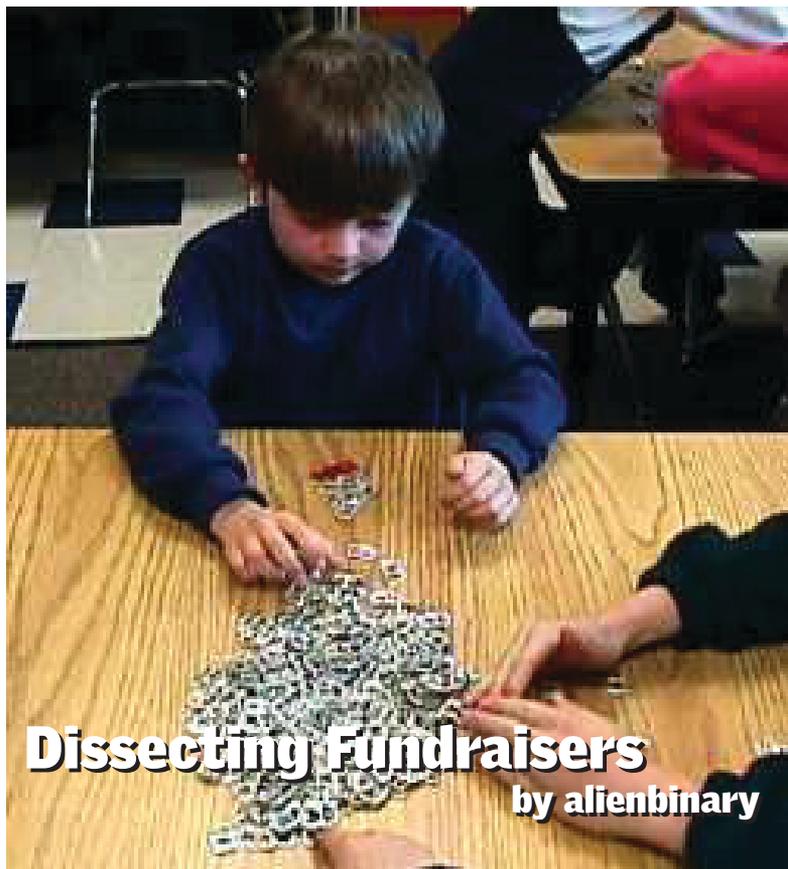
alienolotry : aren't they typically against the grain?

5555555 : yes :) indeed

5555555 : and now the president tries to get the media circus going, he gets even LESS popularity

5555555 : peculiar people, French

alienolotry : you should take a cab around paris sometime. that's an interesting experience..



## Dissecting Fundraisers

by alienbinary

### Part One: Introduction.

This started as something that was more or less word-vomited onto the screen. Every once in a while (more often than I'd really like, actually.) I'll have a particularly bad day when things seem more than a little bit hopeless.

The truth is, I'm not, as I might appear in a lot of my writings, full of hatred for the human race. I love people, that's why I do what I do. The world is a tremendous place, or at least, has the potential to be. I AM one of those people who stops as much as possible to give change to the homeless, I AM one of those suckers who gives a dollar to the kid running around selling candy bars to raise money for his little league baseball team. I AM the kind of person that wonders why other people don't seem to care.

This article, therefore, is separated into three distinct parts. The first, as you might have figured out, is the introduction, this pile of text right in front of you. The second is what I wrote a month or so ago when I had been having the sort of day that might lead to premature baldness. I was angry, disgusted and I

wanted to do something, but I couldn't. Everywhere I went was a picture of this little girl, adorable, really, but ultimately, doomed. Greed is a twenty-four hour a day problem that people with diseases such as this little girl face, because they have to try and get past the greedy bastards who come in their way of a cure. The third part of this will be a "one month later" sort of deal. In the time since I wrote this incredibly volatile, potentially offensive, and certainly aggressive second part, a lot has happened that turned my eye and made me think better about the people around me. I'm not above admitting that I do often think pessimistically by nature. Sadly, pessimism seems to be keeping me alive. Parts two and three are both interesting case studies on how abstract the problem and solution relationship has become. All the same, I salute anyone who is on the side of doing the right thing, so by no means do I intend to insult the participants in this fundraiser.

## Part Two

I've been passing this sign every day for the past few days. Yet another fundraiser involving soda can tabs. I never got this, what the fuck do they do with the tabs once they collect a bunch? It's not exactly penicillin, after all. Anyway, I decided to read the sign on the way back from dropping someone off at their dorm. According to the sign, a girl named Athena was suffering from an incredibly complicated named disease, the treatment for which was some outrageous price. Seeing as I've been really sick lately, I've been a little loopy, and not exactly putting things together, so I didn't think much more of it until I reached my own little apartment in the dorm, at which point the punk rock do-it-yourself hacktivist part of my brain started to get incredibly angry.

Let's recap the story I told you with a couple of extra details. The sponsor of this particular fundraiser is Fox 25, aka Fox News. Apparently, FOX decided that it was a worthy cause to spread the word about. But wait, isn't Rupert Murdoch fucking LOADED? Can't he afford to pay for the little girl's therapy out of the bills in his daily use wallet alone? Yes, yes he can. In fact, almost everyone anchoring at FOX news makes enough money to be able to pay for this girl's therapy. But is that a reason to be mad at them? I dunno.

What about the fact that this medicine costs some ungodly amount of money, yet it's imperative to save a girl's life. This, to me, is a whole lot more fucked up than an apathetic mega monopoly owner not showing mercy. After all, who the fuck decided that this treatment should cost this much money? The drug companies, not the media, although I'd love to blame them too. Why do the drug companies charge so much money for this, you might ask? Because they can, that's the really sick part. They charge this much because they can. If the patient won't cough up the money, the patient won't get their medicine. If they don't get the treatment they need, they fucking die. Simply put, a cure is discovered for some horrendous pediatric degenerative disorder which is lethal. It's patented

before the information or studies are made public, and the drug goes on the market after it's approval from the Food and Drug Administration. Since there aren't enough people with this particular disease to constitute a large enough group of people to be concerned about, the company figures that it can do as it damn well pleases without having to answer to anyone.

So the drug hits the market with a whopping ransom price tag of something like USD\$500,000. This is, of course, a figure I chose off the top of my head, but you get the point. Sadly, treatments like this are oftentimes even more expensive and harder to obtain. Administering and creating the tools to administer the treatments are relatively inexpensive processes. Are you beginning to see where I'm going with this?

Back to this little girl Athena. I know absolutely nothing about her, and if she passed away, I'll be the first to admit that unless someone actually called me up on the phone and told me to read the obituary, I would never know it. I'm angry on her behalf, however, because this poor girl's life depends on how much alcohol and soda pop my dorm can consume in as little time as possible. While my neighbors are getting hammered, each round will constitute another donation (if they can remember to take the tabs off.) Every time I wake up late for class and have a Dr. Pepper for breakfast, this is another donation. But why? Why should a girl's life depend on the drinking habits of my fellow dormmates? The answer is greed.

I considered for a moment, that there might be a possibility that the soda can tabs are used as markers. Some rich person makes a pledge possibly to donate five cents a tab, and it's a gesture. That's not it. So... they recycle them? Actually, yes. I did a google search for "soda can tabs fundraiser" and came up with a hit from, of all places, the Ronald McDonald house of Las Vegas. According to this website, the soda can tabs are made of higher quality aluminum than the rest of the can. The tabs are actually worth more than the can itself, according to the Ronald McDonald house, but I have no idea as to whether that's accurate or not. I thought this was an ingenious idea, but then I realized another flaw. This time, it was much, much closer to home.

There's a red plastic cup with a picture of Athena on the door of my RA's room. There are only two can tabs in there at the moment. I know where the other tab came from, because I happened to put it there myself, the night before. Coupled with the one I was adding, it seemed that it was only me who even bothered to read the flyer. Now don't get me wrong, I don't expect everyone to run out and read every flyer and fill every collection bin, but I'm surprised that no one gave a damn, out of the hundreds of students in this building.

Can I really indict Murdoch or the drug companies? It seems that no one else gives a damn either. Internet, I'm asking you to consider whether or

not you really want to be a member of the human race. Right about now, I'd be happy to count myself in pretty much any other category, because I'm so disgusted. From the news agency using the little girl's plight as a public relations campaign to the execs who won't donate, all the way to the headquarters of every major pharmaceutical company and back into my own fucking dorm, apathy is a universal trend. This is the real fucking tragedy if you ask me. If you can't be bothered to make what little difference you can in the world, then don't bother getting out of bed in the morning, because you're just taking up space.

## Part Three: One Month Later

In the days that passed after I wrote the flaming peice of industrial grade irritation, I was surprised and somewhat proven wrong in my assessment that no one was actually paying attention. Actually, a week or two after I sat down to initially write the incendiary second part of this article, I passed the red cup again, and out of habit I looked in, only to be shocked at how the number of tabs had multiplied at least fifteen times over.

By the end of the semester, as I do indeed write this after the school semester has ended, and I am no longer in the dormitory that spurned this article, the cup was between halfway and three quarters of the way full of tabs. While this may not seem like a lot, and certainly no matter how much the redeem value is, it won't make much of a dent in the girl's therapy costs, it shows that people had been stockpiling the tabs, or perhaps they finally woke up and realized that they were doing the wrong thing.

When you work in activism for a while, it's hard not to get cynical. Every so often, however, it's great to be proven wrong, to be shown that there is hope. You can come away from this peice thinking that I've wasted your time, which I don't doubt you will for a second, or you can come to the conclusion that in only a month's time, I went soft on you. But in actuality, I realized that there was nothing I could actually do to change the ways of the people I was criticizing, and that perhaps I should focus more on the things that were in my power to change. While I busied myself with that, other people seemed to get busy trying their hand at saving a little girl's life. No matter how you look at it, that is commendable.

**alienbinary, May 8, 2005**

# ●uttro

(by alienbinary)

Man oh man, I never thought I would have occasion to write an outro for an issue of PALN that was greater than 9. This seems wierd, I suppose, if you haven't been in the online underground publishing scene for as long as I have. Electronic Zines come and go, and it's often a crapshoot to see just how long a particular project will last. Still, this magazine, this PALN, is going to continue as long as people continue to read it. I love writing this, I really do. What's frightening, however, is that this is only a fraction of what I write in total. Between this, school, and a book I've been writing for the past half a year, I'm pushing something like 200 pages a month. This, as you can imagine, gets to be a bit much. All the same, I wouldn't have it any other way.

As it is, I'm writing this outro on Mother's Day, another holiday invented by my arch enemies at Hallmark-- I won't get into that. It's actually kind of before the day, since it's 2:56 AM, which is way before any mother's day sort of celebration might occur. And I can't sleep. This should shock those of you who know me, not in the least. Even so, it's not the usually insomnia. I have valerian root tea, zolpiderm tartrate (ambien) and all the usual devices to assist me in my initial descent, but I'm wide awake. I'm most wide awake, I think, because I have about two or three days before the official release of this issue, and that makes me feel all kinds of warm, fuzzy, tingly, and crazy.

This time around, Unduhtakuh downright scared me with his unending knowledge of the ins and outs of personal computers. Bro, you are one talented motherfucker. I have no idea where you came from, or why you beleive in this zine as much as you do, but thank God. You make me look good. If anyone tries the Perl script he wrote, please contact me at alienbinary@gmail.com and let me know how it went. I'd love feedback. I may be a perlmonkey too, but holy shit is it hard to dissect something as involved as a VCD authoring program. At least, it is for me. I'll stop digging myself into a hole now.

Captain Wiley's article is the first of many, I hope. While he touched on issues that neither mephyt nor I ever expected (or at least, I never expected to...), I found the writing so fucking potent, that I knew it would add intelligent discourse to a magazine that often goes into tirades about miscellaneous junk that, while interesting, isn't always what needs to be said. Every once in a while, someone will send something in, usually political, that will knock me off my feet and put the spark back in my eyes. When a peice like that crosses my inbox, I feel challenged to make the rest of the issue just as good. It's a barometer for me, sort of quality control.

As for the Loki Archives, I'll be working with Turnspike, who has thankfully already resurrected some of the old images, on creating a permanent home for them. I'm considering purchasing a .mac account, as it is, but I'm not exactly rolling in money. Although there may seem to be no rhyme or reason to the archives this time around, I think

the images are still worth a look. Sometimes, as a former photographer and current artist, I'll come across something that I think has to be captured on film or at least digitally. Think of the Loki Archives as a visual diary, a journal in which we can record, as a community, the changing world around us.

As for the dedication to Douglas Adams, one of the greatest writers of all time, I can think of no better person than he to take the limelight during an issue that I particularly feel proud of. For everything he did in his short life for the internet, we at PAiN say thank you.

So, as you see, PAiN Magazine isn't going anywhere. We're still here, still writing, still hacking, still watching, still recording. The revolution's just getting started, boys and girls.

- alienbinary



[ kill your television ]



“This PAIN is going to continue  
as long as people continue to  
read it.”