

==Diet Phrack==

Volume Three, Issue Thirty-Six, File 1 of 11

Issue XXXVI Index

P H R A C K 3 6

December 31, 1991

"You've Got The Right One Baby, UH HUH!"

Happy New Year Everyone! HoHoCon'91 is behind us and with the end of the year is the end of the third volume of Phrack. This special issue is called Diet Phrack because of the whole Phrack vs. Phrack Classic crisis (which is probably more KL's doing than anyone elses) that went on during the middle of volume three.

Diet Phrack was conceived in August 1991 during PartyCon when Dispater, Knight Lightning, and several other friends gathered to party and bitch about where Phrack was and wasn't going. Eventually this led to the new Phrack staff that began with Phrack 33.

Diet Phrack is also the long-awaited sequel to Phrack 13 (which some consider the most worthless issue ever, but its probably because they weren't a part of Phrack's main circle of friends and didn't understand all the private jokes).

COMMENTS AND OBSERVATIONS CONCERNING HOHOCON'91

"Phrack sucks!"

Well that was certainly a common remark at HoHoCon and considering that the majority of the attendees were local Houston losers expecting us to print codes and passwords for them, we weren't really surprised.

Do you think Phrack sucks? You probably aren't reading this if you do, but seriously, if you really think it sucks you can fuck off. You are welcome to go start your own magazine with the latest scans of c0dEz and VMBs (that will sure be useful after about a week). That is not what we are about.

Why don't you try writing something yourself instead of copying useless material directly out of the Bellcore Catalog? Why don't you actually do something like hack instead of expecting others to do it for you!?

When Dispater stood up at HoHoCon and asked the crowd what kind of systems they hacked and what they were interested in learning about, the 70 people sitting there just looked around like a bunch of grazing cows (no pun or offense intended to our friends in -cDc-, oooM!)

It's pretty obvious to us that the people who complain most about Phrack don't even bother to read it. At least they would know the correct spelling of our names.

Phrack is about technology, how to create it, how to use it, and the implications that always arise from it. Phrack is not designed to do the hacking for you. For some, Phrack is a hacker "primer." Generally we expect that the reader already has a reasonable level of intelligence to begin with. In Houston that maybe that was to great an expectation.

THANKS

The Phrack Staff would like to thank the people in Cult of the Dead Cow, the people at WorldView that took the time to chat, the one guy from Digital Murder (who's name esacpes me at the moment) and NCC for being some of the coolest people we met while at the conference. Thanks to NIA Magazine, CUD, and everyone else that promoted it. Furthermore, a very special thanks goes to Drunkfux of dFx International. If not for him, HoHoCon'91 would not have happened!! Additionally this would mean that hordes of people drugged up on Marshmellow Hex sitting in a hallway with a laptop would not have created Cyberwaste; and, Demon Seed would not be alive. Check out cDc #200 for details! Thanks to Erik Bloodaxe for providing the flicks that some could not stomach (after too much beer & assorted beverages)! So thanks again Drunkfux. Nelson is my favorite. (!)

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HOW TO SUBSCRIBE TO PHRACK MAGAZINE

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3. The first line of your mail message should read:
SUBSCRIBE PHRACK <your name here>
4. DO NOT leave your address in the name field!
(This field is for PHRACK STAFF use only, so please use a full name)

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You should get a conformation message sent back to you on your subscription.

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Now we are off to the Cybernetic Realm of Cyberwaste. If you are upset about what is said about you in this issue. DEAL WITH IT! Maybe you should get a sense of humor and then write a file about us. Until next time it's off to cyberspace and as Don Ingraham (luzer) would say, "off to rape campus co-eds! (was that a good sound bite or WHAT, Geraldo?!?!?)!."

You've had Phrack Classic, NOW try new Diet Phrack!
"Just for the Phun of it...Diet Phrack!!"

Your Editors

Compaq Disk (Crimson Death) & Dr. Dude (Dispater)

phracksub@stormking.com

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Coming soon...

Phrack Jolt!

All the VMBs and TWICE the c0deZ!

==Diet Phrack==

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[--:< Phrack Loopback >:--]

by Phrack Staff

Phrack Loopback is a forum for you, the reader, to ask questions, air problems, and talk about whatever topic you would like to discuss. This is also the place the Phrack Staff will make suggestions to you by reviewing various items of note; magazines, software, catalogs, hardware, etc.

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

:: I Act Elite Now Teach Me Something Useful ::

From: Corp. Punishment (90 lbs of skin & bone k0dE geek who couldn't beat up a ferret)

```
> Hey l0serz,  
>     Me tinkz Phrack sucks.  Why dusn't ya bust us sum ReAl hackin' tricks  
> seein as how I be clueless 'bout any type o' operatin' system, 'cept fo  
> maybe Amigas.  
> (ps: I gots mo c0deZ dan eew ever git in yo laf)
```

Alright, check out some of these awesome commands you can try out on a UNIX site. If you are too stupid to actually hack an account yourself just call up the sysadmin@gnu.ai.mit.edu and ask them for the "root password". They will undoubtedly give it to you. At the "login:" prompt type "root" and then type the password they give you at the "password:" prompt. I know this is hard to memorize so just print this out.

```
% rm meese-ethics  
rm: meese-ethics nonexistent
```

```
% ar m God  
ar: God does not exist
```

```
% "How would you rate Quayle's incompetence?  
Unmatched ".
```

```
% ^How did the sex change^ operation go?  
Modifier failed.
```

```
% If I had a ( for every $ the Congress spent, what would I have?  
Too many ('s.
```

```
% make love  
Make: Don't know how to make love. Stop.
```

```
% sleep with me  
bad character
```

```
% got a light?  
No match.
```

```
% man: why did you get a divorce?  
man:: Too many arguments.
```

% ^What is saccharine?
Bad substitute.

% %blow
%blow: No such job.

% \(-
(-: Command not found.

\$ PATH=pretending! /usr/ucb/which sense
no sense in pretending!

\$ drink <bottle; opener
bottle: cannot open
opener: not found

\$ mkdir matter; cat >matter
matter: cannot create

—

:: More Supercomputer Information ::

The Phrack Staff received a copy of this letter from Abraham Epstein in New York City who has been hot on the trail of Power Computer with the help of his friend Toni O'Connell.

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From: Abraham Epstein (abraham@plastic.ibm.com)
To: reagan@whitehouse.gov
Cc: phracksub@stormking.com

For years now I have suffered because of the Power Computer. Individual computer minds are invisible, enter through the ear and go directly to the brain. There are over trillions of computer minds in and outside of every human being on planet Earth. Their minds, the computer TV, as State-Senator Emmanuel Gold <State of New York> wrote about and knows about is handling the entire situation in everyone's mind since 1976. Former President Jimmy Carter helped build this computer, as well as Senator Edward Kennedy in 1968.

The Power Computer originated outside our solar system, then came to Earth in the early 1960's. I pulled the plugs on the power computer in Utah and New Mexico. I have been designated, without my permission to dismantle power. This all happened to me in 1976. Both computer installations are located underground with back-up generators and satellite dishes also above ground. In addition to this documentation there is a letter from the Reagan team sent to me in 1980. A lawyer named Mr. Richard Leff who is located in Forest Hills saw and read the letter. The Computer TV has killed people in 1968, hates religion and would also like to do away with all music. It also hates pets. President Carter sent me brochure on IBM-Computers from Atlanta in 1981, after I sent him a copy of the Reagan team letter. The documentation that I sent to you was sent to former President Carter on October tenth, 1988. The Computer TV has stolen my mail for the fiftieth time. I even called Mr. Mitchell in Atlanta, they never received my mail at all. Now the psychotic cheap junk pile of computer has been beating my mind in for over twelve years because it's plain

ugly.

Computer people called plastics are yet to be born. IQ about 190 on these computer people. There are a few plastics in the US and TV is abusing them also. There is another type of computer in Fruitland, nicknamed Big Daddy. This particular computer can hear, see and talk through a PC type set-up. Nothing at all like the hideous Power Computer. Senator Orin Hatch from Utah also wrote me. A Mr. Ron Morrison at the honorable Senator's office has been in touch via telephone since June '88, so has the office manager. I'm relying on you, Mr. President, to become involved and write to me so that I can proceed to court and then dismantle Power, period. Please don't bother sending over the FBI or any other law enforcement people, TV will only get me in trouble like it has done in the past. TV can manipulate your thoughts quite easily. Why? Because the Power is psychotic. It's that simple. Consider it very dangerous until I pull the plug. It's mind is electrical. I'm hoping to know from you right away. Thank you very much for your concern.

Senator Hatch does not want the FBI or any other agency to visit me. Why?
As I mention earlier: TV Computer. This computer in particular is always up to no good. I thank you again for taking your time out and writing me. In addition I have spoken to the FBI in Queens, NY and the Secret Service in New York.

REVIEWS

What will we review today? Well, how about the latest sex services offered to you over the telephone. The following two services are real and pretty comical. There is also a new UNIX utility called ERIKB as well as a new IRC utility by NeTwIz. We are furnishing the manual description of these latest pieces of software.

But first, a message from our sponsors:

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ADULT TIME & TEMP

Tired of calling "time & temp" and being forced to listen the same stupid "Sponsored by First National Bank" ad? Well try setting your clocks to this.:

312-489-1505

In addition to the aforementioned information, as it relates to Chicago, you get a choice of voicemail advertisements wherein people describe their special interests. Special hobbies are indicated by the following matrix.:

- | | |
|----------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1: How to Placing Your Add | 5: Women seeking Women Only. |
| 2: Men seeking Women | |
| 3: Men seeking Men | 7: Masters seeking Submissives |
| 4: Women seeking Men | 8: Submissives seeking Masters |

WOMEN IN JAIL
Seek Boyfriends and Husbands

Introducing America's most exciting dateline - for women who will soon be released from jail . . . and men who want to meet them!

They're young and attractive. They're sorry for what they've done. And they haven't been with a man in a long, long time. Can you help them out? Do you want to meet a woman who will really appreciate being with you?

CALL NOW - WOMEN IN JAIL

1-900-535-JAIL
THAT'S 1-900-535-5245

THEY'RE GETTING OUT SOON AND THEY *NEED* YOUR COMPANY

\$1 min., \$2 the first. ADULTS ONLY

—

NEW UNIX UTILITY

The following is the latest piece of software currently under development by Comsec Data Security. The manual description is all Phrack was provided. Our thanks goes out to MoD.

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ERIKB(1) USER COMMANDS ERIKB(1)

NAME

erikb - comsec utility program

SYNOPSIS

erikb [[-n user] [-a agency] [-d dir]] [-r [group]] [-t] [-s]

DESCRIPTION

The erikb command is part of the comsec utility package.

OPTIONS

-n user

Mark on the user specified.

-a agency

Send information to the agency specified.
The default agency is cert.

-d dir

Look in specified directory for user's information.
/usr/lib/comsec/nark is used if not specified.

-r [group]

Suffixes output with verbose form of racial slurs.
Ethnic group may be specified. Default is African-American.

- t Print out witty (but usually not correct or even intelligent) telco-related statement.
- s Display advertisement for the LOD T-shirt. Funds from this sale go to support comsec while it tries to secure its first contract.

Invoking erikb without any arguments causes the program to enter an infinite loop. While this indeed does nothing, it is not a bug: this is the normal state of erikb.

AUTHOR

Chris Goggans

BUGS

Too many to enumerate.

FILES

/usr/lib/comsec/nark

SEE ALSO

lame(1), comsec(1)

MOD Release 4.1 Last change: 26 November 1991

-

NEW IRC UTILITY

Phrack Inc has discovered ANOTHER new utility package while journeying in the CyberMatrix. We picked this up from a system called "WASHINGTON.EDU". The original author of this program is Ken Case.

- - - - -

NetW1z(1)	USER COMMANDS	NetW1z(1)
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NAME

NetW1z - IRC utility program

SYNOPSIS

NetW1z [[-p user] [-c lame] [-d dir]] [-r [group]] [-t] [-s]

DESCRIPTION

The NetW1z command is part of the m0d utility package.

OPTIONS

-p user

Post user's "information" IRC to impres everyone

-c lame

Complain about everything and everyone (other than MoD) being lame.
The default targets are Chris Goggans or Phrack Inc.

-d dir

Look in specified directory for user's information.
/usr/InfoAmerica is used if not specified.

-r [group]

Suffixes output with verbose form of attacks.

-t Print out witty (but usually not correct or even
intelligent) telco-related statement.

-s (boxer) shorts are what you wear when you are running down the
street away from the feds when they come to your house and take
your Commadore-64 that is plugged into your fat welfare momma's
television set.

No one has ever invoked NeTwIz without any arguments. It simply
cannot be done.

AUTHOR

Corrupt

BUGS

Too many to enumerate.

FILES

/usr/lib/mod/immature

SEE ALSO

lame(1), geek(1), crackdealer(1), welfare-momma's-boy(1)

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I n L i v i n g C o m p u t e r

~~~~~

"Knight Lightning meets... The Man"

Adapted from "In Living Color" on Fox Television Network

Starring Knight Lightning

Featuring:

|                               |
|-------------------------------|
| KL = Knight Lightning         |
| SP = Judge Dredd              |
| CD = Crimson Death            |
| DP = Dispater                 |
| JD = Jerome Dalton (Bellcore) |
| DB = David Bauer (AT&T)       |
| TM = The Man... you'll see!   |

+ Picture the scene...

A computer conference in Chicago, Illinois.

KL is speaking with several members of the computer underground...

KL: "The whole concept is based on freedom of information. People should share information, because sharing benefits everyone."

CD: "That is what my board, Free Speech, is all about. Want some c0dez?"

SP: "Hey Knight Lightning! Do you want to write for my \*elite\* newsletter, NIA!?"

KL: "I don't think so... KL don't play that!" (At this point KL whips out a large two-by-four and clunks Judge Dredd and Crimson Death on the head for daring to suggest something so ridiculous). Bop! Bop!

Meanwhile, watching closely from a short distance stood two men in dark suits and dark glasses. It was Jerome Dalton and David Bauer from AT&T Security.

DB: "See over there, that's KL. He would be perfect."

JD: "Yes I see. Perhaps we can persuade him to come aboard."

A few minutes later as Knight Lightning nears the exit, he is approached by Bauer and Dalton.

JD: "Excuse me a moment KL... we'd like to discuss some business with you."

KL: "What the hell do \*you\* want?"

DB: "Well KL, with all of these hackers acting like they have civil rights, we

need some help over at AT&T Security to really bust them. We want you to come work for us."

KL: (Gripping his two-by-four tightly and tensing to swing)  
"KL don't pl..."

JD: "The job pays \$1,000,000 a year!"

KL: "...have a problem with that." (\$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$)

DB: "Congratulations KL and welcome aboard. You made the right decision."

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+ One week later...

Dispater of Phrack Newsletter spots Knight Lightning, Jerome Dalton, and David Bauer coming out of a security meeting with the Secret Service.

DP: "KL! Hey, what are you doing with those guys? Look I need to get some advice about running Phrack."

JD: "Oh no you don't! KL don't play that no more!"

The three of them walk past Dispater...

DP: "You're not KL the hacker..." (tears in his eyes) "You're KL the FED!"

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Did Knight Lightning SELL OUT the hacking community for money!? Has he become a "FED"? To find out the answers to these questions and more, keep reading!

---

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+ The scene is Cherry Hill, New Jersey... AT&T Headquarters, where the entire country and the United States government are secretly run by "The Man."

DB: "We're very glad to have you here. Without your presence in the hacking community, they'll fall apart any day now. That's why we had our friends at Bellsouth single you out and falsify the costs and nature of that E911 document."

JD: "Right. But none of that is important now that you are here with us. I guess you finally realized that since we at AT&T run the entire country, it was futile to continue opposing us."

KL: "Yeah. It was the only decision that made sense at this point. So when do I get to meet 'The Man'?"

DB: "In time KL, in time."

JD: "You don't get to meet 'The Man' until we're sure you are a total sellout."

KL: "Oh. Well AT&T is the greatest corporation in the world."

DB: "C'mon KL, you can do better than that... most of America is already brainwashed into believing that..."

KL: "All computer hackers are scum and don't deserve any civil rights, we

should seize all their computers and lock them up for ten years each."

JD: "and..."

KL: "and... Bill Cook is a great humanitarian, an honest man who never was malicious, everything he did to me and many others was totally reasonable and necessary."

WHOOOOOOOOSH! (A giant door at the other end of the room swings open.)

DB: "You did it KL! You have totally sold out!"

JD: "Its time for you to meet 'The Man.'"

After a short round of applause and a high-five, Knight Lightning walks towards the door and enters the room. He stares across a great desk where a large chair is turned so that its occupant is facing the other direction.

TM: "Come in KL. Its time that we met."

KL: (Steps closer to the desk)

TM: (Swinging around to face KL) "Well, well, well Knight Lightning."

KL: "Well, well, well, The Man; Robert Allen, Mr. Establishment himself."

TM: "That's enough KL. I have BIG plans for you!"

KL: "Well, I really like what you did to Len Rose."

TM: "That is just the beginning! What I have in mind is for you to get us information on every hacker in America. Then we'll fabricate some more dollar figures, like on that E911 text file and login C, and create some logs that show them breaking in to some of our systems. Maybe we'll even let a few service outages happen just so we can blame it on them (we

screw

up enough times by ourselves anyway). Then we'll use our massive influence over the government to make sure the prosecutors find every potential law they can to use against them and the next thing you know, all these hackers will be behind bars where they belong."

"What do you think of all that, KL?"

KL: "I'm listening..."

TM: "Now before you can become an official member of the AT&T Security Establishment, it is customary to drop your pants and bend over in front of The Man."

KL: "Drop my pants and bend over?"

TM: "Yes... every person at AT&T and Bellcore security has undergone this ritual."

KL: "Well Bob, I'll tell you what I think... here is a new ritual for you to consider..."

(A sudden and exhilarating display of ninja-like maneuvers with the magic two-by-four was followed by the loud and all too familiar sounds!):

"\*BOP!\*    \*BOP!\*    \*BOP!\*"

(KL had slammed Robert Allen for plotting such injustices).

"KL don't play that!"

"You thought you had me working for you, but really I was just playing along as part of my secret plan to \*BOP!\* The Man. You stink!"

TM: "You fool, you don't know what you've done. You've just made the biggest mistake of your life!"

KL: "Yeah, maybe, but I hold my principles higher than your money can ever buy. What you do here is criminal and if the government won't crawl out from under its rock and say something then I will!"

---

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+ A few days later at the next 2600 meeting in New York City...

DP: "I knew you would never really sell out, KL."

KL: "Yes, you see I had to pretend so I could get to The Man."

SP: "Oh, so does that mean that you'll come back and write for NIA now?"

CD: "If money is not so important let me have that \$1,000,000 they gave you."

KL: "KL don't play that!"

(Again KL whips out a large two-by-four and clunks the foolish Judge Dredd on the head for daring to suggest something so ridiculous.

He missed clobbering the frightened and cowering Crimson Death again, because in a moment of panic, CD chose to retire from the community and instantaneously disappeared, leaving only his nose-ring behind.)

\*BOP!\*

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==Diet Phrack==

Volume Three, Issue Thirty-Six, File 4 of 11

The History ah MOD  
Revision #3 -- November 1991  
Written by Wing Ding

[Originally From The MOD Technical Journal, Issue 4: File 6 of 10]

NOTES: I approximated all dates, as my records are not totally complete.  
If I left anyone out or put someone in that shouldn't be in, fuck off!  
I tried and did spend considerable time researching the dates and  
BBS files, the old MOD BBS software, etc. This file is from MOD and  
was intended for internal group reading only. Non-MOD versions are  
being translated at this time, and will be released at a later date.

MoDm0dMoDm0dMoDm0dMoDm0dMoDm0dMoDm0dMoDm0dMoDm0dMoDm0dMoDm0dMoDm0dMoDm0dMoDm0dMoDm0d  
\*\*\*\*\*

[ De Hist'ry uh MOD ]

#### BOOK ONE: De Originals

In de early time part uh 1987, dere wuz numerous amounts uh busts in de US and  
in New Yo'k in particular. Word to ya motha'. Fo' de most part, many uh de  
so-called "elite" had gone underground o' had plum gotsten scared out of  
hackin'. Many sucka's, as always, dought hackin' would die cuz' of de raids.  
It wuz right befo'e dese raids dat MOD had fo'med.

It came about when Acid Phreak, den usin' anoda' handle, had been runnin' a  
semi-private fuckin'bbs off his Commodo'e piece uh shit and 10 generic Commie  
drives. It wuz called KAOS, and it attracted hacks and phreaks fum across de  
country (as well as de usual amount uh k0dez d00ds). Nynex Phreak had been  
co-systum mastuh (havin' been AP's partna' fo' about 2 years befo'e dat) and  
da  
damn bo'd started off wid about 140 users but wuz weeded to de best 60 o' so.

On dis fuckin'bbs, Acid Phreak had gotsten along wid some few "kewl dewds" who  
enjoyed da damn mischievous aspect uh phreakin'. Dey wuz Silva' Surfa' in  
Califo'nia, and Quick Hack in Texas. When de raids came however, Silva'  
Surfa'  
gots nabbed fo' usin' some PBX in 404 and derefo'e, retired. Quick Hack and  
Acid stayed low and called each oda' less frequently dan usual. Soon dey had  
bod stopped completely. Slap mah fro!

In early time 1989, Acid had jet back into de scene and had called some local  
New Yo'k bo'd wid some somewhat "k0dez-e" attitude called ShadoWo'ld in 212.  
Of course dere wuz lots uh neophytes eaga' to learn mo'e about hackin' and how  
t'call places fo' free. Word! Most uh dem had been in de "duz 950 trace?"  
stage, 'sept fo' someone who went by de handle Harry Hazardous. Unda' de  
handle Phuck Dis (also Bell Bandit which had o'iginally been Nynex Phreak's  
oda' handle), he met wid Harry. Slap mah fro! Soon dey had gained enough  
respect fo' each oda' and decided t'meet. Harry turned out t'be HAC, some  
cyberpunk t'de "T".

In numerous conversashuns between de two, AP had muhntioned de sweetness uh  
tela'fone binnis computa's and how interestin' deir intricate structures wuz.  
HAC wuz some hardco'e systums gangsta' himself, but he had also been partners  
wid someone who came across (and had an impressive knack fo') some telco

computa's. He went by de name Sco'pion and he also lived in de NYC area. Sheeeiit. Soon de dree wuz partakin' in all so'ts uh mischievous pranks and unda' de guise of numerous handles (ie. Word! De Potent Rodent, Dream Master, Phuck Dis) dey took t'knockin' down de locals who dought "I know all dere be about hackin'". It wuz in de midst uh all dis fun dat dey agreed t'fo'm an underground group called MOD (approx. June 1989).

About one mond latuh, Acid had been on Altos (revisitin' some chat dat wuz once, but neva' again, de heart uh a lot uh fresh gangsta' convos since early time '84 o' so) when he came across someone ax'in' fo' Unix gurus. Hims handle wuz De Win', and he ran some Unix systum fum his crib in Pennsylvania. Sheeeiit. Sco'pion wuz always some Unix guru while Acid had only jet across it in college two years back. De Win' offered Acid an account on his systum and soon he became "Phreak-Op" on De Sevend Dragon, his fuckin'bbs run off de Unix, usin' yet anoda' old alias "Depeche Mode".

Relayin' de info'mashun t'Sco'pion on yet anoda' fresh addishun to de group, dey decided t'recruit him into MOD. De fun, it seemed, had plum started...

## BOOK TWO: Creative Mindz

Wid de addishun uh De Win', came some shitload uh pranks and loads uh fun. 'S coo', bro. He hadn't knode much about tela'fone systums, but one thang he knowed wuz how t'make Unixes do nifty thangs. Of course, he and Sco'pion had undertakun de tax' uh takin' on some wo'dwhile projects and providin' de group wid some healdy side-benefits (which kinnot be muhntioned o' commuhnted on at dis particular momuhnt in time).

At dis point, de group consisted uh de 4 o'iginal founders (flounders??) -> Acid Phreak, HAC, Sco'pion, and De Win'.

Around dis time, 2600 Magazine had 2 bo'ds in opuh'shun. De Central Office, and De Toll Center. Word to ya motha'. OSUNY had gone down fo' some funky reason a sho't time eardisr. Word to ya motha'. It wuz on De Toll Centa' (Red

Knight's fuckin'bbs) dat AP had fust met da damn next memba' of de group (and coincidentally Red Knight which be de most recent memba' to de group). He called himself "Supuh'nigga" and had much de same ideology as de rest uh de group. It wuz followin' his group's o'iginal "knock down dose who dink dey know everydin'" attitude dat MOD also adopted da damn same muhntality. Slap mah

fro! Supuh'nigga' wuz drafted and wid him came hours uh discussshuns on REAL phreakin' and Social Engineerin'. Dere wuz also some loooong puh'iod of time where MOD had some conference bridge set up by SN. Hours of enjoymuhnt and fun fo' de whole family and kids uh all ages...

Anoda' gangsta' and telco computa' specialist also seemed t'be real prominent and knowledgeable den as sheeit. He wuzn't likesd real much a'cuz he seemed t'gots' some rada' large ego, which ah' may add, makes it coo' t'gots' when ya'

know so's much as he dun did. He went by two oda' handles some long time befo'e, and when AP had fust called him up he had an idea he wuz also dose 2 oda' sucka's, but he had refused to admit so. He declared he wuz "Phiba' Optik

uh de LOD. Word! " and ax'ed whut AP wants'ed. Sco'pion, Acid and Phiba' exchanged ideas on switchin' thera fo' some long while, but den came da damn

time when PO wants'ed t'know Acid Phreak's digits since he found it "unfair". AP muhntioned dat he could prove himself by findin' it fo' himself. Word! Armed wid a dialup, PO called Acid back on his real numba' and casually proclaimed victo'y. Slap mah fro! And so, Phiba' Optik wuz "brought into" de group. What wuz different however, wuz de fact dat he and AP had similar interests and started "hangin'" as homeys "around da damn way" along wid HAC and Sco'pion in de Village (NYC).

De Toll Centa' went down weeks latuh and PO, AP, and Sco'pion found demselves callin' random "newjacks" t'de scene. Word! In dis way dey stumbled across Crazy Eddie and some "quesshun and answe' fo'um" among de foe uh dem ensued wid

Crazy Eddie proclaimin' his eagerness t'learn. 'S coo', bro. Coincidentally afta' a few calls t'CE on his crib line he challenged de MOD crew t'find his oda' number. Word to ya motha'. Sho' nuff dey called it but coincidentally enough, some few days on latuh in de week, some rada' nasal soundin' boy had called him sayin' he wuz ITT security(?) and had tried to convince him he wuz in deep shit fo' usin' c0des and dat he knows de "numbers uh de gangsta's dat gots' been callin'" him. 'S coo', bro. In some rada' idiotic fashion, de ITT sucka' attempted t'coax de 3 MOD members t'call him usin' 10488 (equal access, fgd). He gave some bullshit numba' to where he wuz at and chilled by his little dermal printa' fo' de digits to pop up. Of course, dey realized whut some futile attempt t'catch dem dis wuz, and Crazy Eddie had repdisd dat "dey say dey duzn't feel likes usin' equal access but dey'll call de numba' anyway".

It turns out da damn number wuzn't even real and afta' meetin' wid de ITT boy on some loop he declared dat dey wuz smarta' dan he dought.

Afta' a few monds, Crazy Eddie wuz introduced t'de group and so, he had gotsten t'know de group real well. Unfo'tunately, so's had de Secret Service. Word!

### BOOK THREE: A Kick In De Groin

Sheeit, suffice it t'say, de fun couldn't last fo'ever. Word to ya motha'. On January 24, 1990, de Secret Service visited da damn cribs uh Acid Phreak, Phiba' Optik, and Sco'pion.

De raid dun didn't cum as some surprise since dey had been somewhat weary of Domas Covenant's behavio' as uh late. Acid Phreak had been away fo' 2 weeks (visitin' relatives in some fo'eign country) and wuz \*somewhat\* surprised t'meet such unoppo'tune guests some day afta' his arrival. Phiba' wuz equally amused at da damn "cleanin' service" he found so diligently wo'kin' in his bedroom. 'S coo', bro. Sco'pion on de oda' hand, 'estremely \*enjoyed\* de do'ough job dey had puh'fo'med at bod his do'm and his house and even saved some hardware dey had left behind fo' de next time dey visit (which dey dun did).

Days latuh, dey had gone t'meet De Win', which wuzn't able t'rap fo' too long since he wuz too busy. Slap mah fro! He had been anticipatin' dis little visit fo' awhile dough. His dad dun didn't 'esactly likes de idea uh deir presence and kicked deir lack-of-a-warrant asses out befo'e dey gots some chance t'put to use deir years uh interrogashun techniques classes. Seems dey dink he showed his teacha' a credit repo't o' sump'n...

A few weeks go by, and MOD gits t'know Seeker. Word to ya motha'. He sounds def enough, and he knows his electronics so's he be a real valuable addishun t'de group. Seeka' made his way in and so's dun did de million-and-one MOD stickers and funny-colo'ed-little-box-din'ies. De stickers, uh which, made deir



way t'Ground Zero's big-ass butt at some 2600 meetin'.

Anyways, de MOD Unix went down, and 3 local gangsta's wid much potential caught attenshun t'dem. 'S coo', bro. Dey wuz: ZOD (a Unix gangsta'), Outlaw (just a general dude), and sum nigga name Co'rupt (Vax kin'). Afta' days uh gettin' t'know dem, dey wuz pulled in. 'S coo', bro. Countless weeks went by wid whut seemed likes a dozen MOD fuckin'bbs's on 800s, packet switched netwo'ks, etc...

De group's popularity so'ed in such some sho't puh'iod uh time, but many gangsta's disagreed wid de MOD style much in de same way Phiba' Optik had enjoyed humiliatin' dose "in de know" publically. Slap mah fro!

ZOD wuz de last uh de group t'be raided (o' at least da damn most recent), but gots 'em sum since made much 'haidway into de telecom wo'ld. Outlaw gots 'em sum also been somewhut adept wid telco speak. Sum nigga' name Co'rupt, havin' been real active befo'e, duzn't gots' some wo'kin' computa' anymo'e and so.. sheeit, duh.

Two new members wuz introduced around da damn time uh de writin' uh dis chapter. Word to ya motha'. De fust wuz De Plague. Word! He had some professional attitude and wuz certainly wo'd trustin'. Of course, wid all de media attenshun drawn to him and MOD in general, he gots 'em sum decided t'remain low and not brin' any mo'e t'himself. Word!

Red Knight wuz o'iginally on trash runs wid Acid Phreak in '89 but wuz not brought in until July '90. It seems RK gots 'em sum learned some lot about telco ways since he fust put up De Toll Center. Word to ya motha'. RK also seems to enjoy reminiscin' about da damn trash run days (of which dere wuz quite a few).

As uh August 1, 1990, dere are 14 members. Dese include, dig dis:

Acid Phreak (r)  
HAC  
Sco'pion (r)  
De Win' (v)  
Supuh'nigger  
Nynex Phreak (r)  
Phiba' Optik (r)  
Crazy Eddie (r)  
Seeker  
ZOD (r)  
Outlaw  
Sum nigga' name Co'rupt  
De Plague  
Red Knight

(v) signifies sucka' wuz visited but nodin' took  
(r) means eida' raided o' retired, it's some pickem. 'S coo', bro..

- - -> MOD be now \*CLOSED\* t'membership. <- - -

Dis be de official (and most likesly t'be da damn final) list uh dewds. Of course, members may use some GROUP account o' anoda' handle, but da damn fact remains dat dese are da damn ONLY members in de group. Unlikes LOD, we know who be in and who isn't..

We should also note Julian Dibbell (Dr. Bombay) fo' his wo'k on "Rebel Hackers" in De Village Voice on July 24, 1990. He po'trayed de scene da damn way it really be and uh course gave us de amount uh coverage we deserve. Word! And uh course, we came out da damn way we really are and not as gangsta's out t'destroy de wo'ld. Dr. Word to ya motha'. Bombay wuz invited t'de MOD Unix right befo'e da damn raid. 'lo and behold.. some front-page cover sto'y. Word!

"We rule".

MOD/Fo'eva' We Hack

BOOK FOUR: End uh '90-1991

Two weeks befo'e his bust, Lo'd Micro wuz introduced into de group. Unfo'tunately he wuz busted fo' hackin' FON cards off de 800/877-8000. Sho' nuff, he knowed he wuz gonna git busted but he dun didn't listen, o' care fo' dat matter. Word to ya motha'. Afta' hours (and hours, and hours) uh community service, LM lived t'joke about his o'deal bein' dat he IS some funny guy. Slap mah fro! Don't eva' get dis guy drunk.

Fo' quite some long time now, MOD gots 'em sum jet to realize whut some bunch of idiot posers de LOD wuz (wid de 'sephshun uh a few). It plum goes t'show, ANYONE kin be some great gangsta' as long as enough sucka's dink so's too. Why boda' resparkin' interest in MOD? Why boda' keepin' de damn thang goin' when de new members ain't half as fresh as de o'iginals? ah' duzn't know, but ya' kin ax' Erik Bloodaxe who be de self-proclaimed "leader" at dis point in time. Word! Jeez, and ah' dought brin'in' back TAP wuz stupid.

Anoda' posa' dat came out uh de woodwo'k be Skandle (STAN), who somehow decided he had powa' in DPAK (Supuh'nigger's group). Afta' hours of tryin' t'figure dis one out, we plum had t'conclude wuz plum anoder dumb Jersey hick. Oh sheeit.. so's much fo' dat.

A new group, FORCE 1(ONE) Hackers led by Expose(which sounds fuckin gay if ya ax' me), decided t'declare war on MOD. Assisted by Hellrat, he says, dig dis: "You's guys (MOD) should stay out uh de hackin' buzinness 'cuz none uh my fellas are 'fraid uh ya'. I'll snatch all uh ya' out mah'self. Word! " ...along wid some lot of oda' nonsense about 10-way billin' and oda' ca-ca he's read in one too many g-files.

One thang dat's def be de addishun uh a lama' database online (on wingnet now MODNET). It's great when you be plannin' roll-ups and shit and it's some great o'ganiza' dat takes care uh all dat rummagin' drough sheets and shit. Hundreds uh losers fo' hours uh fun. Word!

Durin' de fust week in February, MOD finally declared,"Dat's it. Word! It's official now. LOD declares war on MOD. Word! " Oh broder. Word to ya motha'...eenie-meenie-minie-moe. Word! I declare war on.....YOU. Word! Nyah-nyah. Sheeit, it be now de second week uh February and da damn only thang dat gots 'em sum happened so's far in de "MOD-LOD War" be dat dere wuz about 5

invalid login attempts on modnet. It seems dat "MOB" gots 'em sum decided t'join in de war. Word to ya motha'. What some fuckin' joke, dey are tied wid MCWS fo' lameness (which isn't hard t'do).

De legacy uh de underground "clandestine" netwo'k continues and so's duz de war (and ridiculin') against all de self-proclaimed, so-called "elite".

BOOK FIVE: Who are dey and where dun did dey jet from?

Sheeit, it's time again fo' anoda' journul. It's now de middle uh summa' 1991. Lately we've heard some few fresh sto'ies out uh de mouds uh sucka's we duzn't even know. Dere gots' even been some few funny occurances in de past few weeks.

1) Dere are rumours dat Phiba' Optik wuz wuztin' his life away and not usin' his talents wisely. Slap mah fro! Sheeit, de trud of de matta' is, he gots 'em sum been some speaka' in many public debates and conferences on hackin' in general and computa' security. Slap mah fro! He be also wo'kin' as some programuh/developuh' fo' some computa' firm in NYC. Also, he be wo'kin' closely wid de EFF (which recently gots' set up deir own systum fo' deir o'ganizashun).

2) COMSEC be fo'med. De \*new\* LOD (whose only member consists uh Erik Bloodaxe) goes into de computa' security binnis. Nodin' t'date be documuhnted on deir services and we gots' yet t'see whut de hell dey kin provide. Word! EBA fo' one be an o'iginal memba' and he knows close t'nodin' (except fo' de thangs dat he ax'ed Phiba' Optik t'tell him). Not t'muhntion dese guys are hardly co'po'ate and gots' NO 'espuh'ience in de binnis end uh computa' security; which 'esplains why dey gots caught misrepresentin' demselves as Landmark Graphics t'oda' well-established computa' security firms. Also, dey gots' bragged about narkin' on some few members uh MOD in deir jealous rage. Word! Dis we kin prove drough insiders.

MOD wuz neva' a text stash "how-to" group. It wuz always based on some broderhood type deal and everydin' done be secretive and gots 'em sum some purpose behind it. LOD on de oda' hand, never made sense t'any uh us anymo'e. Word! It wuz fresh at fust, when all de o'iginal (knowledgable) members wuz active, but lately it's become t'be knode as some group uh guys wid real sparce telecom knowledge ridin' on some name dat once actually stood fo' sump'n.

Even Phiba' Optik quesshuned wheda' LOD meant Legion uh Doom o' Lump uh Doo-doo (on Gyrotechnic's private fuckin'bbs). He stood firm against all de oda' members on de systum until finally dey wuz dumbfounded and speechless. Sheeit, de bo'd died. Now, PO and da damn rest uh de MOD bunch snatch t'dem likes a swatta' to fdiss. Give it up fellas.. it'll neva' wo'k.

3) Renegade Hacka' (a NYC local) dinks he's def. He gits raided, starts rapin', and when confronted by MOD, hides behind mommy. Slap mah fro! Den he says he hates MOD (which be funny since he wuz sweatin' MOD's nuts since da damn day he fust gots some modem; dose who wuz at da damn 2600 know whut ah' mean. 'S coo', bro..) De fact remains he be a real losa'



==Diet Phrack==

Volume Three, Issue Thirty-Six, File 5 of 11

\*Elite\* Access!  
A Tutorial On Being An Elite Hacker

By Dead Lord and Lord Digital

Lords Anonymous!

September 25, 1986  
Revised May 2, 1988  
Revised Again August 20, 1991

PROLOGUE

=====

For reporters, brain dead media types, or anyone else reading this who has been blessed with a room temperature IQ and faulty observational abilities; "Elite" as it's applied to the "underground" community, is a phrase that theoretically denotes the top 2-5% of the hacking and phreaking community and its rather peculiar hierarchy. Realistically it denotes the 2-5% that spend the greatest amount of time polishing up their image on boards instead of doing what they're presumably good at (hacking).

This article is designed to allow you (yes YOU the junior G-man; would be Secret Service agent; publicity whore; over-eager journalist, or just bored modem owner and future potential ELITE) access to almost anything you might wish to call; in addition to providing you with the knowledge necessary to impress other ELITE's with your learned brilliance.

CONTENT

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A tutorial for all the people too dense to figure out the quirks of human nature all by themselves, who also have some inane desire to have access to ELITE boards, containing ELITE information and ELITE users, along with ELITE wares, 42 seconds after they are cracked by ELITE crackers. Not to mention ELITE dial-ups to ELITE companies, which will work for approximately 15 minutes before some idiot logs in and does something to fuck them up.

I'm writing it because I am bored of doing all this by myself, with only a handful of peers to accompany me. Not that I expect to gain "peers" from people that need help from this text file, but I imagine it'll give ELITE Sysops something else to do with their time. I also hope to save you 2-5 years of time. 2-5 years is the average lifespan of an ELITE person, before he gets a life and comes to the understanding that he just wasted 2-5 years.

Please don't misunderstand me when I say 2-5 years, there are many people who have been ELITE for almost 10 years and are still going strong. I wouldn't want to step on any ego's, or ruin anyone's life work, now would I...

BOARDS

=====

ELITE boards exist because the people who populate them, believe themselves to

be superior to the people populating all the other boards. Most people don't agree with them, but they agree with each other. 100-200 people being sufficient to set up their own personal version of the world, they gather together on these ELITE boards and do ELITE things like post new wares, engage in "rag wars" and type things up out of manuals at each other.

#### SYSOPS

=====

Seeing how you're trying to get access to an ELITE board, you should have a basic understand of who the Sysop is, and why he's running the board. This part is easy, in over 95% of all cases, the Sysop is a egotistical fool, who is

willing to give up the use of his computer, or computers, in exchange for the privilege of playing GOD with the hopeless sots who log in.

This is especially the case on all manner of ELITE boards that request a "real"

telephone number, voice validation, and the donation of your first born male child for even higher access. All under the guise of "security." Requesting a

"real" voice number, or even name, is nothing that unusual. Almost all "mainstream" non-Pirate and non-Phreak systems require it.

Of course there is nothing stopping you from leaving them Anal Annie's phone sex service as your home number, and picking a random name. That will usually be the end of that. The only time the Sysop will ever check into your information will be if you happen to become a "rodent" and annoy him and/or the

users of his BBS, in which case he'll engage you in a 20 letter conversation, each one giving a really sincere and heartening reason why you would feel so much better if you gave him your phone number, and why he just HAS to have it for reasons you wouldn't understand, because ALL Sysops MUST keep track of who uses their systems, don't ya know?

This file won't cover "normal" Sysops, because if you aren't capable of bullshitting THEM, then you're hopeless and may as well find a new hobby. Like

gardening is pretty exciting I hear, fer instance...

#### "VOICE" NUMBERS

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The truth is there is no reason on earth, why a Sysop should EVER need your voice number, or any information on you at all. Naturally he'll WANT it, because being the kind of person who runs a BBS in the first place, he's a nosy

and prying kind of guy that want's to know everything about you. For reasons of "board security" of course.

Let me tell you about board security; it doesn't exist! When a system is "secure" all that means is that the Sysop has lulled himself into a false sense of safety that bears little relation to the actual state of his board. But that's beside the point. The point being that you DON'T want to hear from the Sysop; EVER.

One of the reasons they give for "needing" your voice number is

"Well "Well if there's ever something wrong with the bbs, I need to be able to let you know, or ask you what commands you used if you were the last user before it crashed."

Isn't that nice... How many Sysop's notify their users when their board goes down for repairs? NOT ONE. As for problems, well what do I care? The last thing I want is Melvin Sysop calling me up when I'm watching Miami Vice and trying to have a 5 hour conversation with me because he has nothing else to do with his time. Or better still, having my phone number embedded in his software when the Secret Service busts down his door because he carded 50 hard drives to his home address.

I know many Sysops, some of them are even my friends. These are the kinds of things Sysops do with their userlists. Of course ALL of them will CLAIM that other Sysops might do that, but THEY never would, God no, not them!

#### FAVORITE SYSOP USES FOR USERS' TELEPHONE NUMBERS

=====

- I. When any "new ware" is released (and he happens to be a Pirate kind of guy), Sysops go through every name on the userlist, call them up and ask for the new ware. If you don't have the new ware, or just say you don't in the hopes that he will fuck off, he will then proceed to bug the hell out of you by asking for 50 other wares that he just has to have.
- II. If he's an ELITE PHREAK kinda guy and some national emergency takes place such as his favorite 800 dying on him; he does the same thing as the Pirate type Sysop and calls everyone on the userlist begging for 800's, "any cool info", and pw's to CIS.
- III. More so with Phreaks than Pirates, but somewhat true for all of them: The Sysop want's an update on some latest tidbit of hot gossip that he will just die if he doesn't find out. He will then try to have another 5 hour conversation with you about whatever drivel he called you up to discuss.
- IV. Some people trade baseball cards, some people trade comics, some people trade phone numbers. Sysops LOVE to trade phone numbers, especially those of "influential" users. I don't know why, they usually lack the balls to even call them beyond the customary dial, wait for some person's voice, then slam the phone down and go jerk off because all that excitement gave them a hard-on. This is very much to your benefit as I'll explain a little further down.
- V. And worst of all, there is the "lonely Sysop", the guy who will call you every "day" at 2 in the morning and try to have an engaging conversation about whatever happened in his "life" that day.

There are many other things Sysops do with your number, but as far as I'm concerned, those were the worst. OK, I'm going on and on about why a Sysop has no need for your number, and how he'll annoy you to death if he ever gets it, so YOU know that now, but what do you do about it?

#### GETTING VALIDATED

=====

There is no big trick to being validated. In almost every case, the Sysop asking for a voice number, is just his usual hoopla and he'll never bother to check out anything you give him that passes as "information." If you leave a reasonably intelligent copy of feedback, kiss his ass in a sublime kind of way, and in general explain to him why having you on his bbs will make his life much better than it is now; you'll be validated with normal access.

Uploading new wares or files, posting messages, and drivin along those lines, will get your access raised. You can also bullshit for higher access, but I'm assuming YOU don't know how, which is why you're reading this file to begin with. BULLSHITTING is an artform and I have neither the time or patience to type up a file on it, so I'm doing this instead.

EXAMPLE PIRATE BOARD FEEDBACK  
=====

Hello,

I'm the Masked Avocado. I just got your bbs #, from an advertisement that was posted on Capital Connection.

I liked what the message had to say, so I called to check your board out.

I can contribute newsoftware, programming help, and anything that might help to enhance your bbs.

I also distribute for Coast to Coast and Digital Gang. My latest wares include: MultiScribe //gs 2.1.2.4

HiggyBBS 6.2 Deluxe Paint Print Plus 2.1

By the way, my first name is Melvin, I'm 13^H^H19, and my system is made up of an enhanced //e, 212 applecat,

3.5 drive and a bunch of peripherals. Thanks for your time, Melvin

Let's examine that and highlight a few points.

I. ALWAYS use decimal points when describing new wares. Copy ][+ has a revision every 2 weeks that does nothing except update the parm files.

NEW WARES! have constant updates and "Pirates" are always on the lookout to increase the decimal point revision of their software. Even if it does NOTHING different EXCEPT change the decimal point.

Aside from the fact that feedback is just bullshit to get you validated, you can very easily get a sector editor up and change a few decimal points yourself.

II. ALWAYS say you got his BBS number from some established ELITE board, in the case of Pirates, Capital Connection is always a good bet. In reality it's quite a lame board, but other board Sysops seem to feel otherwise, and besides instantly impressing the Sysop of the board you're logging into (by being a member of CapCon), he will also get a kick out of it that some idiot posted his board on the CapCon "BBS



Ads" section.

[Please note that "Capital Connection" was valid at this file's original incept date. The average Pirate board having a lifespan of 6 months at best; Capital Connection no longer exists. The current Elite Pirate board of the next 6 months, is "Trade Center."]

- III. Among your list of "new wares" you can always list some BBS program, because every week some dork writes a new program, that is lousy, never works right, and if ever faced with "put up or shut up" you can change around any one of 50 different BBS programs, and upload it as the NEW WARE!

[Same with software as with boards -- it doesn't stay new very long. I can't help you here because I haven't the slightest idea what's new in Apple software. However, all you need to do is invest 3 bucks in the latest issue of whatever magazine pertains to your particular computer, and list off some of the software you see advertised.]

- IV. Always say you distribute for some random collection of new wares groups. Nobody can prove that you don't (logging into one cat-fur and uploading the wares you found on it, to another cat-fur, is distributing) and it will make the Sysop think that you'll be uploading 20 sided GS wares to his board every day.

[As you may have guessed, new wares groups also come and go. Digital Gang still exists, as do a slew of new groups; if you don't know of any, a safe bet is making up a name and saying that you're based somewhere in Europe. Europe being the fabled birthplace of all the best new Atari and Amiga software in particular.]

- V. Always list "your" first name and age. Make up an age that is over 16 so they won't discriminate against you. If you're under 16 and admit it in your feedback, you'll be instantly labeled an idiot.
- VI. Always list some of your hardware. Don't ask me why, it's just another item in the agenda of things that Sysops like to pry into. If you give them this information without them asking for it, it makes them feel better.
- VII. Always end the message with a "thanks for your time." Remember, he's an egotistical fool, and that one line makes him think you respect him, want to do things for him, and would be genuinely happy to be a member of his AWESOME board.
- VIII. ALWAYS sign it with "your" first name, this keeps the tone informal, and makes you seem like a less threatening type of guy.

#### GENERAL TIPS

=====

Remember that many Pirate boards have a "VOTE ON NEW USERS" feature, so don't say anything that you wouldn't want the entire world to read. If you follow those basic guidelines, you'll ALWAYS get validated if the rest of your information is right. The rest being your phone number if the Sysop actually calls new users.

Some of you are saying to yourselves: Yeah, but if you just listed all of this, won't Sysops be on the lookout for this kind of feedback? Yeah, but then who are they going to validate? "Obvious" rodents? No, if they want new users then they'll be more than happy to accept you.

#### EXAMPLE PHREAK BOARD FEEDBACK

=====

Greetings,

I'm Tesla Coil of The Crossbar Rapists (TC of TCR). I was told by a user of Metal Shop Private (MSP), that your bbs was worth looking into. I've been published in TAP, 2600, and Uncle Mel's Phone Times. My handle was listed in issue 12 of Security Systems of Greater Podunk (SSoGP) as a "Computer genius breaks into Podunk's Private Database!" I've been hacking since 1981, I was a member of Sherwood Forest, Securityland, The AT&T Phone Center, OSUNY, OSUNY when it went back up, WOPR, LOD the BBS, Cryton, COSMOS, Metal Shop Private, and OSUNY when it came back for yet another go at it. I had to change my handle for reasons of security when I was taken out by the feds in the 1983 414 busts.

I'm an expert with Unix, RSTS, Primos, and HiggyOS. I can program in C, D, E, and F, Fortran 77 and 78, Basic for the Cyber, IBM, MAC, Amiga, ST, and Apple II. I also know assembly for the 6502, 8088, 68020, Z-80a, and TIMEX. I have an Apple //e, IBM AT, Mac+, and Kim-A1.

After entering college last year, my time was seriously limited. But after getting some additional free time, I've decided to restart my hobby of hacking and exploring the phone system. My current interest centers around the understanding of the myriad functions associated with CLID.

People who can recommend me include (Pick 4 or 5 names of people who aren't really ELITE, but not unknown to current ELITE Sysops either). If you can't think of them, pick up any issue of PHRACK and take a few out of there. The reason you want "not really ELITE" people, is because they won't command too much attention. You DON'T WANT excess attention, saying that some dork who writes for Phrack recommends you, is less noticeable than saying some "real" ELITE recommends you. Why say ANYONE recommends you, if it's so much trouble? Because it somehow flips a switch in the Sysop's mind, which makes him think that you must be an OK dude, if so and so recommends you. Nine out of ten times he won't check. The one time he does check, the person he's bothering will usually say "yeah yeah, go away I'm doing something" and that'll be the end of it).

[Please note that by "real elite" I don't mean anyone who is better, rather I mean someone who has spent tremendous amounts of time generating exposure for his handle.]

Thanks for you time, Tesla Coil/The Crossbar Rapists

Let's examine this one too.

- I. As you can see we've switched from 40 columns, to 80 columns complete with some form of spacing. We've also gotten a little bit more-let's

say-"readable" than in our previous Pirate feedback example. This is because we're calling a different kind of system, with a different program than cat-fur ENHANCED 1.1!

II. With Phreak Sysops you don't want to get too informal, because most of them are busy playing SECRET AGENT MAN and if you do something normal like sign off with "your" first name, he'll think you're not being "professional." How it is in his mind that he equates "professional" with calling his board: I don't know, but trust me on this point.

III. In the same vein of "professionalism", you're expected to list off your "accomplishments". Oddly enough, in Phreak/Hacker HIERARCHY, getting arrested numerous times is considered ELITE by many of it's peoples. Why this is, I don't know either. Personally, it says to

me that the person who got arrested has the brains of an African

bushman, but apparently, that's just my lone opinion. Anyhow, in line with this PROFESSIONAL attitude you are expected to list your life's accomplishments in the space of 50-100 lines, in a form that will

make you sound like the best Hacker in the world, who is so good, that logically he wouldn't be caught dead calling the ELITE board you're calling, but once again skipping the logic and getting back to the Sysops expectations...

IV. OK continuing with the thought we started... list off a bunch of languages, knowing them is optional, because the Sysop doesn't know them either. Reading the dust jacket and index on a book covering any of those subjects will enable you to APPEAR to know what you're doing, which is all that the Sysop is doing, so don't worry about it, because he doesn't know vi from cd, and couldn't INFILTRATE a Unix if he had the root account. If you don't want to spend \$5000 stocking

up on ELITE TECHNICAL MANUALS, go down to the library and xerox a bunch of index's. Or better yet, just check out the books and never return them (if your library lets you check out reference manuals. Most don't, but you can always rip out that little magnetic sensor in the card on the book and walk out with it anyway, but I digress...).

V. After you've done that, list a bunch of micro-specific assembly languages that you "know," and in general just make up things until you've filled up around 2 paragraphs or so. 95% of ELITE PHREAKING/HACKING is just posing anyway, so don't feel guilty about

it or let it worry you too much because that's the same way 9/10th of

the board got access. Unless they were ELITE, which is just posing to a higher degree than most bother to go with.

VI. Remember to say WHERE YOU GOT THE NUMBER FROM! This is because like

I said before, most Phreaks are busy playing SECRET AGENT MAN and will get an ulcer and lay awake at night thinking that CABLE PAIR is infiltrating their board. You know it isn't true, but the Sysop will wet his pants anyway, so just put his mind at rest and make up some place where you got the number from. Metal Shop is always a safe

bet, because it's the Phreak dumping ground of ELITENESS, much like CapCon is the Pirate's equivalent. Be sure to use vague terms like "I was

told by a user of..." and things of that nature that can't be readily verified, but still sound plausible.

[Ahem, sorry to interrupt again, but as you may have guessed, MSP is down at this time. MSP's new replacement is the Legion of Doom base BBS that goes by the name of "Digital Logic." A large percentage of the users there are under phony handles that gained entry by exactly the type of bullshitting I'm writing about in this article. The remaining phony accounts got access by threatening the Sysop with "Phreak retaliation" and having him cave into demands; which for a LOD board is about par for course.]

VII. Next make up your "writing credits" and "media credits". Select a few random issues of random magazines that you either wrote for, or had your alias' mentioned in. Make sure they're of the small circulation type and the issue is at least 2 years old. Nobody will ever check or even have a way of checking if they wanted to. Most people who "wrote" things just rephrased tech manuals and copied the illustrations. If you're ever pressured to come up with something YOU wrote, just do the same thing because that's what all the other ELITES are busy doing. Be sure to run it through a spelling checker so it looks PROFESSIONAL as ELITE PHREAKS are fond of looking and thinking of themselves.

VIII. Next list off a bunch of ELITE BOARDS you've been a member of. Listing those that I just listed are a safe bet, because they're famous or as the case may be infamous, to such a degree that the Sysop will have heard of them. He wouldn't have been on them, so he won't be able to verify that either. The reason he wouldn't have been on them, is because he hasn't been ELITE longer than 2 years, otherwise he wouldn't be running a board. If he HAS been ELITE for longer than two years, and IS still running a board, then he's an idiot and you can safely assume that he wouldn't have been on them anyway. Not that being an idiot disqualifies anyone from being a member of anything, but APPEARING to be an idiot will do that. COSMOS is ALWAYS a great bet, because it just sounds so PHONESY! Plus there have been half a dozen COSMOS' in the last year alone, so he won't know which one, even if none of them have ever been FAMOUS!

IX. If you're such a swell guy, and have been around so long, he might wonder what you've been doing with yourself for the last 6 months. SO So just make up some half-witted excuse like the one I listed. Then include something about your current "interests." All you need to remember about that is include "CLID" (Calling Line ID), "BLV" (Busy Line Verify), or any other semi-interesting acronym out of a USO coding manual. Obviously you don't need to know anything about it beyond the fact that such an acronym actually exists and you know about its existence. If questioned further, just bring down the "veil of secrecy" and become mysterious and evasive about it. This will instantly go great lengths towards improving your status on a board.

X. References have been covered in the parenthesis in the feedback itself, so I hope I don't need to get into it again here.

XI. ELITE Phreak/Hacker boards also expect "freebies" from you the potential user, to the Sysop. Both as a "test" of your "skill" and as a kind of ass kissing. Freebies can include COSMOS PW'S! which are easy, because there are like 10 of them which people have been listing for the last 5 years, which haven't worked for 4 1/2 years, but people still list them. Which makes me conclude that people never use them, they just write them down and repost them every 6 months. Or CIS accounts, or some good 800's or anything of "value". You don't really need to include any of this, but if you can it makes you look better. NEVER, EVER give the Sysop ANYTHING of any value that you might want to use in the future, because if it's of any worth he will immediately do something stupid to make it stop working. That you can COUNT ON!

XII. Close it up with the usual "Thanks for your time", but sign it with your full handle, followed by group. PROFESSIONAL! [Giggle]  
<STOP THAT! I'M SERIOUS NOW!> <slap>

#### GENERAL TIPS =====

Ok, now that I've got you psyched at how easy it is, here is the bad news. The bad news is like this: In order to be an ELITE Pirate, you don't have to know ANYTHING, PERIOD, AT ALL, EVER. All you need to be able to do is operate your copy of cat-fur with reasonable dexterity and spend 2-5 hours of each day calling things and uploading NEW WARES. If you can program, so much the better because then it's easier to join the ELITEST ELITE of piracy (the Crackers). Now I know you're thinking it's stupid to have ELITE people who aren't good at anything, but I never claimed the world was a sensible place.

With PHREAKING (let me just say that when I say PHREAKING I also mean to include HACKING) you are expected to APPEAR to know how things work. Now that is a little tricky. It's tricky because ELITE boards like to have FILTERS. A kind of "front door/quiz" combination. The trouble with that is, that the Sysop doesn't really know what he's doing either and will take the questions out of an ELITE FILE. The problem is that the ELITE FILE might not have been accurate, so even if you know the answer, you might not know the answer that the Sysop is expecting, and as far as the Sysop is concerned is the "RIGHT" answer. This means that you had better stop laughing at those stupid files and deleting them, because if you want to get access someplace, you might need them for something besides "God, is he stupid!" jokes!

#### HOME PHONE NUMBERS AND HOW TO DEFEAT THEM =====

Ok, so now you know how to get validated, what to say and how to act. Let me get you past the last and only "real" hurdle to access to everything you desire.

Voice validation is a load of crap. It doesn't work, it never has worked and it never will work. But it sure makes Sysops feel good, and being the egotistical fools that they are, they're going to make you go through this bullshit to get access.

I would NOT suggest leaving an infinite busy as your home number. This works on legitimate boards, but I don't know any underground board Sysops that are THAT stupid.

#### METHOD 1

=====

Leave a telephone number of a random person from your "computer buddy" phone list. When the Sysop calls, he'll get a human voice that will say HELLO in a annoyed kind of tone. Confirming the existence of a human being at the other end of the telephone number you just gave him, the Sysop will assume no reason to doubt you, and slam down the phone because he's not good at starting conversations with people he's never talked to before.

#### METHOD 2

=====

Find a kid at school who you're friends with. Explain the general idea of "boards" to him, tell him you need his help in breaking into some secret FBI computer system. All he has to do is say "yes" to the questions you're going to write down for him, and claim to be the person on the piece of paper you're giving him.

This is really almost ideal if your friend isn't the stupid type that stutters and can't lie. If he can lie and doesn't care, then you're all set or the rest of your modem existence!

#### METHOD 3

=====

Your other option is to leave the kid the number to a voice mailbox on which you've put a suitably ELITE sounding outgoing message. Note: the current craze among the lower orders of the would-be elite is "Voice mail hacking!@!" It's not too hard for anyone familiar with the intricacies of dialing touch tone to in-fil-trate! a VMB system. And the recent media attention drawn to this oh sooo destructive form of hacking has made it still more exciting. However what does this have to do with you? Using a box which you've hacking out is a really dumb idea, especially when you can get one in any major city for \$10 to \$15 a month. Never pay for the box in your real name, as you will be giving this number to sysops whose BBS software will very likely end up in the hands of law enforcement someday and you don't want end up in John Maxfield's mega-huge list of hackers.

#### YOUR NEW PERSONA -- HOLDING IT TOGETHER AND MAKING IT WORK

=====

This is really basic. It's so basic that almost nobody I know ever bothers to sketch in the details and can be tripped up when you ask an offhanded question that in theory has no significance, but in actuality causes him to say "uh, well" and pause for a few seconds while he tries to think of something. Only very good bullshit artists can glibly pull it off when you "catch them off guard" but even then they will frequently forget what they told you in the past if you bring it up again a few days later.

What I'm talking about is the "new you" complete with name, address, telephone number, state, zip code, street number, general weather of the area, brothers, sisters, physical description, social security number, job, marital status,

birthday, age, education, "underground" history, etc... In short, you are creating an entire new person who should have a real life entirely separate from your own. In order to pull this off you need to think of all these things before-hand, and if you're new at this, don't get carried away by pretending to be 20 people all at once. Just make up ONE concrete personality whose existence you can justify, and then type it up, print it out, and tape it to the wall in front of you so it's ALWAYS there, because the time when you least expect it, is the time you're going to need it the most.

As you get better you'll find you can juggle an almost infinite number of these alter-ego's in your head, but don't get over-confident too fast or you WILL blow something that you're working hard at right now.

#### IMPERSONATING OTHER PEOPLE

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Every year the "underground" community mirrors the legitimate modem world and gets exponentially larger. Instead of everybody knowing everyone else, there is now a huge collection of people who don't know anything about anyone who existed 5 years ago; last year; or even last month. This works greatly to your advantage because it saves you the effort of slapping together your own files. All you need to do is log some handle into the system you wish to access; upload a few files written by the person or persons you are about to impersonate; wait a few days; now login the person whose identity you wish to assume. Quite simple.

In the past few months I have actually passed myself off as BIOC Agent 003, Lord Digital, Lex Luthor and assorted past and present members of LOD, Apple Bandit and various other Apple Pirates of lore, and several dozen other people.

Two years ago I could never have gotten away with this unless I was calling some board in the middle of nowhere. Nowadays it's possible, even easy, to impersonate almost anyone who has ever made some kind of mark on the history of the underground in the past; simply because the people you're going to be dealing with were NOT around a few years ago and have no idea who any of these people are. When confronted with a "famous" user, they will never in their wildest dreams assume that he's a fake; the only thing they will be thinking is how neat it is to have him on their BBS once you let them know who he is.

You can easily make up a new character who never existed outside of your profile of him, but this requires more work on your part when it's much simpler to just pretend being someone else. NONE of those people will EVER turn up on that particular board, and even if they did you should be able to convince the Sysop that YOU are him and he is the fake. Amusing to say the least.

In case you're letting some last vestiges of morality creep in, remember that the people you're going to be impersonating are not hallowed icons. They are just guys who spent an inordinate amount of time building up their image to such a degree that countless little kids think they're cool and a few misguided

-- and blessedly free of intellect -- security people, think they're dangerous.

Not to forget the fact that aside from LODdies, none of them will ever be seen on a board again, so if you fear "Phreak retaliation;" don't worry about it.

Nobody can do anything to you if they don't know who you are.

The previous paragraph exists solely to galvanize otherwise recalcitrant and cowardly pre-teens into taking some kind of action and having fun.

#### SAFETY - GETTING BUSTED!

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People who get caught for doing something they shouldn't have been doing, are apprehended for one of two reasons: They are either cretins, which covers the vast majority of those "busted," or they are not good judges of character and spend their time associating with "friends" who do stupid things, and will drag

you down with them when they really fuck up. Which WILL happen at some point to most of the people who convince themselves "it's just fun."

The "underground" IS fun, but looking at it from the eyes of those whose job it

is to keep track of you, it stops being fun and you should realize that many of

the things you take for granted -- be they free calls, free software, whatever,

-- are against the law. And if you give people the opportunity to hurt you -- ESPECIALLY when they are placed in such a position that by busting you they increase their own status in whatever field they are employed in -- then you are going to get hurt!

Many of you hate all the "narcs" and "sting boards" and whatever new bullshit the people arrayed against you come up with. You SHOULDNT! Cable Pair and the rest are nothing more than the underground's personal garbage collection agency. Rather than thinking of them as people who are some kind of hindrance to you, it's far more logical to think of them as glorified trash collectors; which is about all they are. Every so often some new sting is exposed, and the

underground is rid of a board full of annoying kids that were stupid enough to login someplace with real names, numbers, and addresses. Are you really going to miss this kind of genius?

If you ALWAYS use the methods outlined in this article, then your chances of getting caught for anything will dramatically decrease. Who are they going to find when every single piece of information you gave them is a lie. None of your modem friends can take you down with them, if they don't know who you are.

It's as simple as that.

Naturally this is more difficult than it sounds due to the fact that many of you will want to make friends with people, and that's hard to do when everything the other person knows about you is a lie. At this point you just have to use your best judgement concerning your further actions. Personally I find it best to associate with a small group of friends who really are "friends" not just "computer buddies." Because if you pick your friends well they will never fuck you over. Meanwhile when some kid you know only over the phone, who lives in another state, gets caught... He is going to be more than happy to throw them anyone and anything he can think of just to get off himself and that will include YOU. The "Hacker ethic" is a nice joke that I personally DO NOT subscribe to, and even those that pay lip service

to such a concept, will throw their ideals away pretty fast when it's their neck on the line instead of some hallowed principle thought up by aging hippies.



# THE COMPUTER UNDERGROUND PAST AND PRESENT!

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At the time of this revision and final public release (Summer of 1991) the modem world is nothing like it was five or ten years ago when all of this nonsense began. The thousand hackers of 1981 had become ten thousand by 1986 and now it's reached the point where the EFF and CuD are throwing all of this back and forth over the InterNet and so rather than the "local l0serz" idolizing Lex Luthor, academics all over the country are analyzing the legal implications of Phiber Optik and Acid Phreak's case. Well, so be it. It's much too late in modem time to start any sort of "elite dynasty" which even a moron like Lex Luthor could put together in 1984.

You can't start the "Modem Wizards -- the new LOD!" but you can always latch on to legend and write yourself into the past. If you have any doubts about this read the History of Communist Party of the Soviet Union from about 1923 until 1956, when each years names kept being added and taken out and things were changed around the suit political realities and nobody said a thing. This is a far-fetched reference, but the theory is the same.

The Legion of Doom started out a bunch of nobodies and ended up notorious enough that the Secret Service and BellCore kept laying awake at night wondering when LOD is going to take down all the STPs in the network. Which of course will never happen but it's much easier on the intestines of a Secret Service agent or DA to get media attention by rounding up "a deadly technologically menacing teenager!" than to bust the mafia or some inner-city drug ring who may just put them and their families through a trash compacter. What would you do?

## THE END

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What more can I say? I hope you have a good time if this is the way in which you choose to waste your time. And a great big "I love you" to the media dudes who actually called up 2600 magazine asking about "Marbles BBS." Where would we be without you? You guys are just so funny!

Have a nice day and a really, really nice life!

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==Diet Phrack==

Volume Three, Issue Thirty-Six, File 6 of 11

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-----*****)))))21((((*****-----
D                                     S
+                                     +
E      The Legion of Doom          E
+                                     +
M                and                E
+                                     +
O      The Occult                  D
+                                     +
N                                     !
-----*****)))))21((((*****-----
```

From its explosive beginnings in the summer of 1984 to the present day, the group known as "The Legion of Doom" has been enshrouded in secrecy. Now that our numbers have been corrupted, and the hope of once regaining the immense power we wielded over the years has faded, we offer to the last remaining fragments of the underground from which we arose the secret knowledge that kept our members at the apex of knowledge and beyond the grasp of security officials.

It is our hope that through wide circulation of this material that perhaps some future enthusiasts will seek the truth from within, and gain the knowledge and wisdom necessary to endure the trauma of illumination.

## HISTORY

Initially, the idea of combining modern technology with ancient wisdom was formulated as a type of joke. One particular system was proving extremely difficult to penetrate. One member remarked rather off-handedly, "Why not ask the Ouija board for passwords?" This was laughed about for several minutes but ultimately it was decided that it should be tried. Two members set up the board and began concentrating on the computer system in question. After several minutes an entity was contacted. When asked what the root password was on the UNIX system we had discovered, it answered "rambo". "Rambo" was the password.

Several more trials were done, and more than two thirds of them ended with positive results. It was decided at this time that there should be an inner order to the Legion of Doom for those members who shared an interest in learning more about the occult and its uses in a hacking forum. At that time it was decided that there would be seven members admitted. From that time forth, there have always been seven members. The circle will be broken upon the incarceration of our initiates in the coming new year, and our control over the planes will be lost.

What follows are several steps to increasing one's knowledge of the occult and use of this information in a computer setting.

## OUIJA

In our experience we have found that it is best to attempt this type of communication with two persons. It is extremely important that one not attempt to contact an entity using the Ouija alone. When there is only one psyche involved, the spirit can fixate on it with great ease and the chances for possession or extreme mental duress is quite high.

Sit facing a partner with the Ouija touching each lap. Each person should keep one hand on the planchet and the other on the computer keyboard. While concentrating on contact, make the necessary steps to connect to the system desired to ask about. Once connection has been established with the host system, begin asking the surroundings, "Is there anything that wishes to talk with us?" One may have to concentrate and repeat the question for several minutes. When an entity moves onto the board one may feel a slight tingling in one's fingertips as the planchet moves around the board. Once it has been asserted that there is a strong presence on the board, ask of it any question desired.

\*\*\* The above is a simple enough method and can (and should) be tried by all. What follows is more complex and should not be attempted with any degree of levity.

## STEPS TO ENSURE SUCCESS WHILE HACKING

To enjoy a great deal of success while hacking the following steps must be taken.

- 1.. Always hack in the same room, at the same time of day.
2. Always purify mind and body before hacking. This would include a ritual bath and sexual abstinence and fasting for at least 12 hours prior to any attempt. One may wish to design a Tau robe to wear during attempts, or in any case a set of clothing specifically for hacking attempts that would symbolize such a garment.
3. Perform the Lesser Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram (See below).
4. Perform the Rose Cross Ritual (See below).
5. Perform a candle burning to attract good luck.

By following these steps one will experience success and fulfillment greater than imagined possible.

## LBRP

1. Touch forehead, and say deeply "Ah-Tah".
2. Point down, hand over abdomen, say deeply "Mahl-Koot".
3. Touch right shoulder, say deeply "Vih-G'boo-Rah".
4. Touch left shoulder, say deeply "Vih-G'doo-Lah".
5. Fold hands at chest, say deeply "Lih-Oh-Lahm, Ah-Men".
6. Face East, Draw a pentagram in the air, point to its center, say deeply "Yud-Heh-Vavh-Heh".
7. Turn South, keeping line from first pentagram, draw new pentagram, point to its center, say deeply "Ah-Doh-Nye".
8. Turn West, repeat as above, but say deeply "Eh-Heh-Yeh".

9. Turn North, repeat as above, but say deeply "Ah-Glah".
10. Turn East, carrying line to complete circle.
11. Hands out, say "Before me Rah-Fay-El, Behind me Gabh-Ray-El,  
On my right hand Mih-Chai-El, And on my left hand Ohr-Ree-El.  
For about me flames the pentagram, and within me shines the  
six rayed star.
12. Repeat steps 1-5.

For those concerned, the translations of the above are as follows:

|                   |                                                |
|-------------------|------------------------------------------------|
| Ah-Tah:           | Thine                                          |
| Mahl-Koot:        | Kingdom                                        |
| Vih-G'Boo-Rah:    | and the power                                  |
| Vih-G'Doo-Lah:    | and the glory                                  |
| Lih-Oh-Lahm:      | forever                                        |
| Ah-Men:           | Lord, Faithful King (AMEN=acronym)             |
| Yud-Heh-Vavh-Heh: | The Holy Tetragrammaton                        |
| Ah-Doh-Nye:       | My Lord                                        |
| Eh-Heh-Yeh:       | I shall be                                     |
| Ah-Glah:          | Thou art great forever, my Lord (AGLA=acronym) |
| Rah-Fay-El        | (                                              |
| Gahb-Ray-El       | Names of Arch-angles                           |
| Mih-Chai-El       | (                                              |
| Ohr-Ree-El        | (                                              |

When the steps read "say deeply" one should try to resonate the words, from the diaphragm, so that the body actually feels the words.

#### ROSE CROSS RITUAL

1. Light a stick of incense.
2. In the SE corner of the room, looking away from the center, draw a large cross in the air with incense, and intersect its sides with a circle (like a Celtic cross, or crosshairs in a gun sight), point the tip of the incense to the center of the cross and say deeply "Yeh-Hah-Shu-Ah".
3. Move to the SW corner of the room, keeping the line from the first cross, repeat as above.
4. Move to the NW, repeat as above.
5. Move to the NE, repeat as above.
6. Move to the SE to complete the circle.
7. Face NW, incense pointed up, walk to the center of the room, continuing the line, make the rose cross above the center of the room, speak the name, then continue moving NW, connect the line to the center of the cross in the NW.
8. Move back to the SE, incense pointed down, stop in the center and draw the rose cross in the center of the room on the ground, speak the name, then continue on SE, connecting the line to the center of the cross in the SE.
9. Point to the center of the SE cross and speak the name.
10. Walk to the SW corner.
11. With the incense pointed upwards, walk to the NE, at the center of the room stop and speak the name, then continue on to the NE, once at the NE, face the SW and walk back to the SW, incense pointed down, at the center of the room speak the name, and continue on to the SW.

12. Point to the center of the SW cross and move clockwise to each corner, again connecting the centers of each cross.
13. Once back at the SW corner, remake the cross as large as possible and speak  
the name "Yeh-Hah-Shu-Ah" while forming the bottom of the circle, and speak  
the name "Yeh-Hoh-Vah-Shuh" when forming the top half of the circle.
14. Go to the center of the area, face east, and think of the six rose crosses surrounding the room. Think of them as gold, with red circles, and the lines connecting them as gleaming white.

#### CANDLE BURNING RITUAL

1. Obtain a green candle
2. Anoint the top of the candle with olive oil and rub it downward to the middle of the candle.
3. Anoint the bottom of the candle with the oil and rub it upwards to the center.
4. Carve the letters "JIHEJE" on the candle.
5. Light the candle.
6. Read aloud the fourth Psalm.
7. Pray for the desired outcome.
8. Concentrate on the desired outcome.
9. Repeat 6 through 8 two more times.

#### THE GEMATRIA OF TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Some in our order have found insight by reflecting on the various meanings that can be derived from the numerical values of telephone numbers using the Cabalistic method of numerology.

Those that use this method have focused on one particular method of number determination:

Example: 800-555-1212

$$800 = 400 + 300 + 100$$

$$555 = 400 + 100 + 50 + 5$$

$$121 = 100 + 20 + 1$$

$$2 = 2$$

One can also obtain other numbers for contemplation by the following method:

$$\begin{aligned}
 800-555-1212 &= 8 + 0 + 0 + 5 + 5 + 5 + 1 + 2 + 1 + 2 \\
 &= 29 \\
 &= 2 + 9 \\
 &= 11 \\
 &= 1 + 1 \\
 &= 2
 \end{aligned}$$

All of the above values are related. A total contemplation of the meanings of all values will lead to a more complete understanding of the true meanings.

These numbers each correspond to a particular Hebrew letter and word, as well as a card in the Major Arcana of the Tarot.

The following is a table to be used for the above.

|     |        |              |                        |
|-----|--------|--------------|------------------------|
| 1   | Aleph  | Ox           | 0-The Fool             |
| 2   | Beth   | House        | I-The Magician         |
| 3   | Gimel  | Camel        | II-The High Priestess  |
| 4   | Daleth | Door         | III-The Empress        |
| 5   | Heh    | Window       | IV-The Emperor         |
| 6   | Vav    | Nail         | V-The Hierophant       |
| 7   | Zayin  | Sword        | VI-The Lovers          |
| 8   | Cheth  | Fence        | VII-The Chariot        |
| 9   | Teth   | Serpent      | VIII-Strength          |
| 10  | Yod    | Finger       | IX-The Hermit          |
| 20  | Caph   | Palm of hand | X-The Wheel of Fortune |
| 30  | Lamed  | Whip         | XI-Justice             |
| 40  | Mem    | Water        | XII-The Hanged Man     |
| 50  | Nun    | Fish         | XIII-Death             |
| 60  | Samech | Arrow        | XIV-Temperance         |
| 70  | Ayun   | Eye          | XV-The Devil           |
| 80  | Peh    | Mouth        | XVI-The Tower          |
| 90  | Tzaddi | Hook         | XVII-The Star          |
| 100 | Qoph   | Back of head | XVIII-The Moon         |
| 200 | Resh   | Head         | XIX-The Sun            |
| 300 | Shin   | Tooth        | XX-Judgement           |
| 400 | Tau    | Cross        | XXI-The World          |

One may wish to further research numbers by taking particular groupings and cross referencing them in the "Sepher Sephiroth" which can be found in "The Qabalah of Alister Crowley."

#### OTHER CANDLE BURNING RITUALS

Should one come into conflict with authorities for any reason, any or all of the following will prove useful.

To gain favor with authorities

1. Obtain a purple candle
2. Anoint the top of the candle with olive oil and rub it downward to the middle of the candle.
3. Anoint the bottom of the candle with the oil and rub it upwards to the center.
4. Carve the letters "JASCHAJAH" on the candle.
5. Light the candle.
6. Read aloud the fifth Psalm.
7. Pray for the desired outcome.
8. Concentrate on the desired outcome.

To obtain favors from important people

1. Obtain a green candle
2. Anoint the top of the candle with olive oil and rub it downward to the middle of the candle.
3. Anoint the bottom of the candle with the oil and rub it upwards to the center.
4. Carve the letters "PELE" on the candle.
5. Light the candle.
6. Read aloud the thirty-fourth Psalm.
7. Pray for the desired outcome.

8. Concentrate on the desired outcome.

For favor in court cases

1. Obtain a purple candle
2. Anoint the top of the candle with olive oil and rub it downward to the middle of the candle.
3. Anoint the bottom of the candle with the oil and rub it upwards to the center.
4. Carve the letters "JAH" on the candle.
5. Light the candle.
6. Read aloud the 35th and 36th Psalms..
7. Pray for the desired outcome.
8. Concentrate on the desired outcome.

To regain credibility after being defamed by enemies

1. Obtain a purple candle
2. Anoint the top of the candle with olive oil and rub it downward to the middle of the candle.
3. Anoint the bottom of the candle with the oil and rub it upwards to the center.
4. Carve the letters "ZAWA" on the candle.
5. Light the candle.
6. Read aloud the 41st, 42nd, and 43rd Psalms.
7. Pray for the desired outcome after reading each Psalm.
8. Concentrate on the desired outcome.
9. Repeat 6 through 8 two more times.
10. Repeat for three days

To help release one from imprisonment

1. Obtain a purple candle
2. Anoint the top of the candle with olive oil and rub it downward to the middle of the candle.
3. Anoint the bottom of the candle with the oil and rub it upwards to the center.
4. Carve the letters "IHVH" on the candle.
5. Light the candle.
6. Read aloud the 71st Psalm.
7. Pray for the desired outcome.
8. Concentrate on the desired outcome.

For help in court cases

1. Obtain a purple candle
2. Anoint the top of the candle with olive oil and rub it downward to the middle of the candle.
3. Anoint the bottom of the candle with the oil and rub it upwards to the center.
4. Carve the letters "IHVH" on the candle.
5. Light the candle.
6. Read aloud the 93rd Psalm.
7. Pray for the desired outcome.
8. Concentrate on the desired outcome.

To gain favor in court cases

1. Obtain a purple candle
2. Anoint the top of the candle with olive oil and rub it downward to the middle of the candle.
3. Anoint the bottom of the candle with the oil and rub it upwards to the center.
4. Carve the letters "LAMED" on the candle.
5. Light the candle.
6. Read aloud the 119th Psalm, verses 89-96.
7. Pray for the desired outcome.
8. Concentrate on the desired outcome.

To gain favor in court

1. Obtain a purple candle
2. Anoint the top of the candle with olive oil and rub it downward to the middle of the candle.
3. Anoint the bottom of the candle with the oil and rub it upwards to the center.
4. Carve the letters "IHVH" on the candle.
5. Light the candle.
6. Read aloud the 120th Psalm.
7. Pray for the desired outcome.
8. Concentrate on the desired outcome.

To gain favor when approaching a person of authority

1. Obtain a purple candle
2. Anoint the top of the candle with olive oil and rub it downward to the middle of the candle.
3. Anoint the bottom of the candle with the oil and rub it upwards to the center.
4. Carve the letters "IHVH" on the candle.
5. Light the candle.
6. Read aloud the 122nd Psalm.
7. Pray for the desired outcome.
8. Concentrate on the desired outcome.

\*\*\* Each candle can only be used for one particular purpose.  
One must prepare a new candle for each ritual.

#### ASTRAL CONFERENCING

Some of our number after having found it quite difficult to contact other members took a new approach to astral projection. Astral conferencing became the spiritual counterpart to AT&T's Alliance Teleconference. Members would arrange to meet at a given time and would relay any necessary information during these sessions. This type of communication was made the standard due to its legality, its speed, and the impossibility of interception by federal authorities.

To attempt this type of psychic travel, it is advised that the seeker look elsewhere for instruction on building his or her own psychic powers, and slowly moving upwards to the complexities of travel on the Astral Plane. One must learn to stand before learning how to run.



## WARNINGS ABOUT ABUSES OF POWER

Some members have taken their interests to the extreme. There was talk some years ago about blood offerings to obtain knowledge in dealing with the TRW credit system. This was a complete failure which was done with out knowledge by others in the order. It is written in Isaiah:

1:11 "I am full of the burnt offerings of rams, and the fat of  
fed beasts; and I delight not in the blood of bullocks,  
or of lambs, or of he goats."  
66:3 "He that killeth an ox is as if he slew a man"

Those who committed the above offering suffered greatly for their deed, for such is an abomination before the Lord. It is wise to learn from their mistakes.

Other members have attempted such obscure measures as psychic data corruption, ala Uri Geller. These attempts saw little success, and left those attempting the feats psychically exhausted and drained for nearly a week.

Other members have attempted to thwart enemies such as the Secret Service, the FBI, journalists such as Richard Sandza, and individuals such as John Maxfield though magical means. When the outcome desired was weak, the results were high, but when a member actually tried to bring about the demise of a Southern Bell Security official, the power of the spell reversed and the member was soon placed under surveillance by the Secret Service, nearly causing disaster for the entire group, and completely dissolving the power of the order.

One may find that once such power is somewhat mastered, it is easy to take shortcuts and thereby miss safety precautions. One must never forget to take these precautions, for disaster looms at every junction.

The three members linked to the above incident had become well versed in the magical system of Abra-Melin the Mage. The spell which turned should never have been used in the first place. The spell was designed to stop a person's heart and could only be carried out with the help of the evil spirit Belzebub. The Symbol

L E B H A H  
E M A U S A  
B  
H  
A  
H

was used, yet the full precautions to protect the invoker from the spirit were ignored, and Belzebud ran free to affect whatever he saw fit to affect. They had seen prior success in this system using a symbol to obtain knowledge of things past and future and were able to obtain a great deal of information from various computer systems. However, that particular spell is invoked by the Angels, and little precaution need be taken in that instance. That Symbol:

M I L O N  
I R A G O  
L A M A L  
O G A R I  
N O L I M

#### AN INTERESTING EXAMPLE OF OCCULT INFLUENCED HACKING

One particular evening of Ouija ended with a DNIC and a plea to halt the operation of the system. When members connected to this system they were shocked to find that it was a UNIX belonging to the Ministry of Treasury in the Republic of South Africa. The system was networked to a number of other government systems. Several standard defaults were still unprotected, and root was gained in a matter of minutes. A debate ensued over whether or not to disrupt the system in protest of Apartheid, but the system was left unscathed on the premise that to cause malicious damage would only make things worse.

#### CLOSING

Once the doors to ancient knowledge have been opened, the knowledge found within is immense and incredibly powerful. Do not fear experimentation and exploration, but be mindful of the existence of God and the spirits, and respect their power. Use whatever means necessary to achieve desired goals, but at no times cause harm to any other person, and do nothing out of aggression. Whatever degree of energy is sent forth will come back, if one sends out positive energy, positive energy will flow back; the converse of this is equally valid. Diversify one's interests, develop the mind, seek out hidden and suppressed knowledge, and experience the beauty of the true nature of magic.

Frater Perdurabo Deo Duce Comite Ferro  
Inner Order of LOD

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==Diet Phrack==

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@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@
@                                                                    @
@  Searching for Special access agents  @
@                                                                    @
@                by: Dr. Dude                @
@                                                                    @
@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@

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This is a true story of how United States Secret Service Agent Tim Foley discovered three of his freinds and later recruited them as special access agents into the hacker world. After seeing how well his recruits performed, Tim Foley recruited Barbera Spinelli (AT&T Security) and Toni Ames (a/k/a Pink Death of Pacific Northwest Security) and Dale Drew (a/k/a The Dictator) as special access agents for the purpose of undermining the computer underground. After this little incident Toni was nicknamed "Pink Death."

Our story is narrated by Pink Death!

|         |                  |        |               |
|---------|------------------|--------|---------------|
| @@@@@@@ | Toni Ames        | plays: | herself       |
| The     | Dale Drew        | plays: | YOU'LL SEE!   |
| Players | Tim Foley        | plays: | with himself  |
| @@@@@@@ | Barbera Spinelli | plays: | with everyone |

- - - - -

I was reading a story in an adult magazine about this girl that was eaten out and fucked by a German Shepherd dog. Now to some of you, this probably sounds gross. However, I was turned on by the story and wanted to read more stories like it. Well I never found any. While I am sure that there is a mag out there that has lots of stories like it, just haven't found it yet.

Anyway, one day I was talking to my friend Barbera Spinelli and brought the subject up. Barbera Spinelli had never read such a story before. Since we were at my house, I got the magazine out and let her read it. She didn't get as turned on as I did, but said that she would like to watch someone get licked and fucked by a dog. I told Barbera Spinelli the story made me very very horny. Barbera Spinelli said that she doubted that she could get horny enough to do it with an animal. I told her that it made me very horny and that I didn't think I could do it, but I did want to read about other people doing it with animals.

Well, that subject was dropped, we continued to talk about other things while drinking wine. After two bottles we got very tipsy and started talking about sex. The next thing we knew, we were naked and in the pool, having a great time. Well, I have had sex with women before, but never with Barbera Spinelli. I didn't know how she felt about making love to women, and never asked. Well I noticed her staring at my 38-26-36 body. I got out of the pool and posed. I said, "What do you think"? She said that I had a great body and a nice pair of tits. I spread my legs and opened up my pussy with my fingers showing Barbera Spinelli my pink inner lips and now extended clit. Squeezing my erect clit while I shoved two fingers up my soaking cunt I told Barbera Spinelli I would like to do it with her. With that, I jumped into the pool grabbed her

head and shoved it between my tits as I probed her tight cunt with my fingers and said, well if you like them so much why don't you suck them. I was ready for her to protest, but instead she said okay, and sucked my tits gently as I continued to ream her tight pussy. She said to me, I have wanted you for the longest time but didn't think you would want to make love with me.

We dried off and went into my bedroom I had Barbera Spinelli lie back on my bed and crawled up between her legs and began to suck her stiff pink nipples as I massaged her hot slippery slit. In no time I had her moaning with pleasure and moved down to her sweet tasting cunt probing her tight pink hole with my tongue. Barbera Spinelli quickly had a strong climax and flooded my mouth with her sweet juices. I got off her and went to my dresser getting out two of my favorite toys, a 12 inch vibrator and a long thin anal probe. Barbera Spinelli gasped at the sight of me armed with my toys and begged me to fuck her with them. I moved back to Barbera Spinelli and straddled her face as I massaged her firm young tits. Giving Barbera Spinelli the anal probe I instructed her to fuck my asshole while she ate my pussy. I slowly lowered my soaking snatch to her lips and tongue as Barbera Spinelli pushed the long dildo firmly up my taught asshole. The feeling of that long shaft penetrating my ass made me quiver as Barbera Spinelli repeatedly thrust her long tongue up my cunt and licked and sucked my clit. We had hardly begun when I had my first orgasm wetting Barbera Spinelli's face with my thick pussy juice. Barbera Spinelli begged me to fuck her cunt with the vibrator and I bent willingly to my work spreading her swollen cunt lips and probing her tight twat with the vibrator as I licked her swollen distended clit and fingered her tight little anus. Barbera Spinelli came long and hard as she continued her assault on my pussy and anus reaming my cunt with her fingers as she licked my clit and pounded the probe up my anus bringing me to on one orgasm after another.

In our lust we had not noticed Tim Foley my lover come in, the first I knew of his presence was when Barbera Spinelli squealed and I felt her fingers withdraw from my steaming twat only to be replaced by Tim Foley's two inches of hard thick cock. Looking back I saw the familiar look of lust in my lovers face as he reamed my pussy with his tiny thin prick and rammed the anal probe in and out of my well lubricated asshole. Barbera Spinelli resumed her assault on my swollen clit and I on her twitching cunt and asshole. In no time I felt Tim Foley's thick load shoot up my cunt as he pounded out his passion. I came quickly as did Barbera Spinelli licking up her juices as she swallowed the overflow of my lovers sperm from my cunt and clit. At last I thought our secret is out, Tim Foley and I had been fucking for about a year and I had always wanted to have him and a woman together. Barbera Spinelli was begging for Tim Foley's stiff cock and I had her get up in the doggy position as Tim Foley licked her tight puckered anus and slowly inserted the anal probe up her twitching rectum. I sucked his still stiff cock into my mouth and rammed it deep in my throat until it grew to enormous proportions. Barbera Spinelli in the meantime had renewed her assault on my cunt clit and anus forcing the rampaging vibrator up my steaming slit as she licked my hard clit and finger fucked my juicy asshole. Sensing Barbera Spinelli's need I pulled Tim Foley's prick from my mouth and pushed the head into Barbera Spinelli's pink pussy. Tim Foley took it from there and rammed his hard cock deep into her twitching vagina until his balls slapped her cunt lips. I continued to suck and lick her clit until Barbera Spinelli had two orgasms and Tim Foley filled her tight slit with gallons of cum. The sight of his sticky sperm dripping from her slit made me climax again and I licked her cum slickened snatch until I had sucked down all of my lovers sweet cream.

Barbera Spinelli and I moved to a side by side position and continued to tongue fuck each others cunts as Tim Foley sat and rested watching our pleasure. In no time his cock was renewed and he began to finger Barbera Spinelli's tight back door. Seeing his lust for my friends asshole and having denied this pleasure to him in our private sessions I decided to let Tim Foley fuck me in the ass. I called him over and told him to fuck my butt while Barbera Spinelli ate my pussy. Tim Foley was overcome with desire as he moved in behind me and gently spread my ass cheeks lowering his face between the cheeks of my ass and probing my tight asshole with his tongue. I begged him to ream my anus with his big dick and he had Barbera Spinelli guide his rock like cock up my asshole while he pounded me to orgasm. I continued to lick Barbera Spinelli and made her cum just as Tim Foley shot his load up my ass. The feeling of his hot sperm filling my anus made me climax and nearly pass out. When I regained my senses I could feel Barbera Spinelli's tongue swirling in and out of my anus as she collected his sperm from my asshole. Tim Foley was great and he had moved to Barbera Spinelli's asshole and begun to lick her tight pink puckered asshole as I tongue fucked her hot cunt. I could tell Tim Foley was ready again and heard Barbera Spinelli beg him to ram his big thick dick up her ass. Tim Foley got into position and I guided his throbbing meet up her sweet tight little asshole watching as Tim Foley pressed it into her until only his balls were visible. I continued my tongue fucking of her cunt and licking her clit as I felt her convulse time and time again in sweet orgasm. Soon I climaxed from her tongue and fingering of my cunt and anus and Tim Foley came filling her tight butt with his sperm which I gladly licked up. Tim Foley was happy but drained and left us to continue our games. All in all we made love for three hours. When she left to go home, she invited me over the next day to "Play around some more".

Saturday afternoon I went over to Barbera Spinelli's house to play. She invited me in. She was wearing a black leather mini, black blouse, black fish net stockings and garters, and high heels. She was hot. I was also wearing a mini, I also had on a halter top, and heels. She told me to get on my knees and look under her shirt. What I saw was a beautiful, clean shaven cunt. I reached up to touch her but she stopped me. She said that I would first have to touch my own shaved cunt. She said she would shave me like she did herself this morning. We went to the bathroom and she undressed me. What a great sensation it was to have her shave. When she was done she cleaned me off, grabbed me by the hand and led me to her room. She told me to lay on the bed and play with my new cunt.

As I laid there, I began to rub my cunt, what a feeling. I went wild. It felt so good. No pubic hair, just skin, sensitive skin. She watched me as she got undressed. She got into the bed with me and moved her cunt to where I could eat her. She was, and still is, so sweet tasting. As I ate her she played with my cunt, sticking in a finger then rubbing my clit. She would stop as I got too excited. I ate her and she came twice, yet she wouldn't let me cum. She then got up and left the room. She came back with some nylon straps and said that if I wanted to cum I would have to let her tie me to the bed. She said she would not hurt me. I agreed.

She tied my wrists and ankles to the bed so that I was spread eagle. She then got out a vibrator and began to work on my sensitive clit. The vibrator made me so horny, but she would not leave it on my clit long enough to make me cum. I tried to thrust my hips to meet the dong, but to no avail. She would then stick the dildo in and slowly pull it out, then repeat the treatment on my clit. I was begging to cum. She bent

between my legs and tasted my juice hole and said that I was wet enough to get my SURPRISE. Again she left the room. When she returned she was followed by my SURPRISE. It was her Great Dane, Dale Drew! She asked how horny was I and I knew what she meant. I shook my head yes.

She patted the bed and Dale Drew jumped up. She then took the dogs nose and stuck it between my legs. I must have been twice as wet by now. The dog knew exactly what to do. He began to lick my hole. I couldn't stand it and I came twice, right away. This made him lick even faster. I could not believe the feeling. There was no strong probing like a humans tongue, just enough pressure and entry to do the job. As the dog continued to eat me out Barbera Spinelli unfastened me from the bed. Barbera Spinelli began to play with Dale Drew's cock and I watched as it began to grow stiffening in her hand until it had grown to about 8 inches in length. Dale Drew was in a frenzy by now and his hot wet tongue was lapping hard and fast on my exposed cunt. Dale Drew's cock was long, thin and stiff as a board as Barbera Spinelli continued to massage it and his balls. Barbera Spinelli said that she thought the dog's cock was hard enough to start. She grabbed a couple of small pillows and placed them under my ass. Then guided the Dale Drew on top of me. His face was next to mine, I could feel his hot breath on my face. His hairy body resting on my stomach. Barbera Spinelli put her hand on his cock and gently guided it toward my fuck hole. As soon as the dog felt my wetness, nature took over. He fucked me fast and very deep. I came again, and again. Then I felt him tense and squirt inside me. He slipped out and shot some cum on my stomach. Dale Drew then reversed his position and began to lap my cunt again with his long wide tongue. With Dale Drew in this position I could see his long thin cock still exposed and still fairly stiff. Not wanting the experience to end I reached up and began to massage his cock and balls. The dog responded at once and began to fuck my hand as he licked my hot pussy to another orgasm. I asked Barbera Spinelli to help me and rolled over on my stomach spreading my legs and ass cheeks making my anus open and available to Dale Drewes wet tongue. Seeing my waiting asshole Dale Drew began to lick me there while Barbera Spinelli took over my handwork on her dogs cock. Barbera Spinelli moved Dale Drew around and he mounted me doggy style and began to dry hump my ass. Barbera Spinelli spread my ass further and guided Dale Drewes long thin cock into my asshole. The tightness of my ass sent Dale Drew in to ecstasy and he rammed his long thin dick in and out of my asshole with long fast strokes. All I can remember is the feeling of his long dick probing my rectum and driving me to orgasm after orgasm until he filled my ass with his sticky dog cum.

As I laid there, I thanked Barbera Spinelli for what she did and told her that it was great. Since then I have fucked her dog twice. He is not always in the mood and sometimes it takes a lot of hand work to get him interested. I have fucked Barbera Spinelli so many times I can't count them and she I and my lover Tim Foley get together after school almost three times a week. Barbera Spinelli now says that she thinks she will try Dale Drew the next time he is ready.

I can't wait.

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==Diet Phrack==

Volume Three, Issue Thirty-Six, File 8 of 11

:-->|%% Phreaks in Verse II %%|<--:

by Homey the Hacker

\=====/  
Get in The Ring  
/=====\

[Sung to the tune of Get in The Ring by G-n-f-R]

Why do you look at me when you hate me?  
Why should I look at you when you make me hate you too?  
I sense a smell of retribution in the air  
I don't even understand why the fuck you even care  
And I don't need you jealousy  
Why drag me down in your misery  
And when you stare you don't think I feel it  
But I'm gonna deal it back to you in spades  
When I'm havin phun ya know I can't conceal it  
'Cause you know you'd never cut it in my game, oh yea  
And when you're talkin about our sociology  
I'll be writin' down your obituary...History

You got your agents with  
The Bellcore cash injections  
Trumped up charges and implications  
Beatin' off with your "spy" operations  
Who are you to criticize our publication  
Got your subtle manipulative devices  
Just like you, I got my vices  
I've got a thought that would be nice  
I'd like to crush your head tight in my vice...PAIN!!

And that goes for all you punks in the press  
That want to start shit by spreadin' lies  
Instead of the things we said  
That means you  
Ed Schwarz at WGN Radio  
Richard Sanzda  
Gary Collins at Hour Magazine  
Geraldo River at CBS                   \*\* [CBS being partially owned AT&T]  
What you pissed off 'cause Opra Winfrey gets more ratings that you do?  
Fuck You  
Suck my fuckin' dick

You be liein' to the fuckin' public  
Tellin' them your doin' a such favor for society  
[while crack dealers like Mayor Barry who should be tried for treason  
get off with slap on the wrist. FUCK YOU!]  
While they be payin thier hard earned tax dollars  
Printin' lies, Startin' controversy  
You want to antagonize me?  
Antagonize me motherfucker  
Get in the ring motherfucker  
And I'll kick your bitchy little ass, punk

I don't like you, I just hate you  
I'm gonna kick your ass, oh yea!

Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha!!!!!!

You may not like our integrity  
We built a world out of anarchy

And in this corner weighing in at 450 lbs, Phrack Incorporated!!!!

Get in the ring!

Yea, this song is dedicated to all the Phrack fuckin' Incorporated  
Fans that stuck with us through all the fucking shit  
And to all those opposed...Hmm...Well

- - - - -

\=====/  
Knight Lite\*  
/=====\  
- - - - -

\*1/3 the calories of regular computer hackers.  
[Sung the tune of The Beverly Hillbillies]

Come and and listen to my story 'bout boy named Craig.  
Called "Mad-hacker", but is just pullin' your leg.  
Then one day he was writin' up a Phrack.  
Down came the door with a great big crack.

Foley that is, Secret Service!, FBI!

Well, now old Craig's a million in debt.  
Lost his cds and his brand new 'vette.

Mitch Kapor said, "There's someplace you need to be."  
So he packed up his apple and moved to DC.

Washington that is!, Lawyers!, Cash flow!

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\=====/  
Erik Bloodaxe  
/=====\  
- - - - -

[Sung to the tune of the Daniel Boone theme]

Erik B was a ham...yes a big ham.  
He was born with an ego that was big as mountain was he.

Erik B was ham...yes a big ham.  
And he told all the ladies he was hung like a mighty oak tree.

>From the dark sun glasses he never takes off to the heal of his K-Mart shoes.  
The bitchenest, horniest, drunkenest man that a hacker ever knew.

Erik B was a ham...yes a big ham.  
With a mouth like a sewer and so full of manure was he.



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\=====/  
Vanilla Holliday  
/=====\  
-

[Sung to the tune of ICE ICE]

Doc, Doc, baby! Doc, Doc, baby!

Lookout!

The Doc is back. King of the Phreaks, and Queen of the Hacks.  
"I'll get ya laid yet!" I say with a grin. Meanwhile my hand goes for a spin.  
I'm a master cracker, a k-rad hacker, a good 'ole plain down and dirty wacker.  
I'll trash your credit if you diss me. You know why? 'Cause I'm the LOD!

Hit it Booyyyyyeeeezzzz!!

Doc Doc baby! Doc Doc Baby!

Ya, ya, go get it!

Doc Doc baby! Doc Doc Baby!

Straight to your mother's cousin's uncle's stepsister!

Get back! It's a hack attack! I'm the best, and that's a fact  
I've been in Time, Newsweek--they all want me. What's next? M-TV!  
I'm gone today, wasn't here tomorrow, maybe I'll get a date with Charo  
Ice, yah that was me. But now I've got movie rights with LOD!

Kick it!

Doc Doc baby! Doc Doc Baby!

Go Doc Go Doc go!

Doc Doc baby! Doc Doc Baby!

Yahhhhhhhhhh, straight to Comsec!

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\=====/  
Predit0r ][  
/=====\  
-

[The predator rap]

His name is Predat0r. He's the editor of TAP.  
He looks like Bart Simson and he's so full of crap.

Got a board call the Blitzkreig BBS.  
He wishes he was nazi serving under Herman Hess.

(oh well that's all I can think of)

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-

\=====/  
    Been Caught Phreaking  
        c0deZ's Addiction  
/=====\

[been caught Stealing by Jane's Addiction]

Been caught phreaking, once, when I was five!  
I just tried phreaking, just as simple as that  
Well it's just a simple fact  
When I want a call and I don't want to pay for it  
I dial up a code  
and I dial up a code

Hey all right! I get by!  
It's mine! Mine all mine!  
hey!

Yea, my girl she's one too.  
She gonna get on telenet, just type in microwire  
Get a NUA for me  
She'll call right through the outdial  
Call right through the outdial

Hey all right! I get by!  
It's mine! Mine all mine!  
Get c0dez!

Sat around the terminal. Sat and laughed.  
Sat around the terminal and laughed  
And we did it just like that, did it just like that.

- - - - -  
-

\=====/  
    Hack  
/=====\

[Sung to the tune of Stand by REM]

Hack in the place where you live  
Now dial out  
Think about telnet, wonder why you have it now  
Hack in the place where you work  
Now dial up  
Think about tymnet, wonder why you have it  
If you are real board hack with SUN  
Carry a lap-top to help along

A PAD is there to move you around  
If You're not careful your hands will be bound

Hack in the place where you live  
Now dial out  
Think about telnet, wonder why you have it now  
Hack in the place where you work  
Now dial up

Think about tymnet, wonder why you have it

A PAD is there to move you around  
If you're not careful your hands will be bound

If accounts were trees  
Trees would be falling

Listen to reason  
Foley is calling

(reapeat an (  X  ) amount of times)

Now Hack!

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\=====/  
  I'M THE MAN WITH THE BOX  
/=====\  


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[Sung to the tune of "Man in the Box" by Alice in Chains]

I'm the man with the box  
Burried in my (ESS7) switch!!!  
Won't you come and save me, save me?

Feed me lies, where are all your trunks?  
(Bellcore) deny your maker  
He who tries will be wasted  
Feed me lies, now you've shut your trunks!

I'm the dog who phreaks  
Can't shove my tones in a switch  
Won't you come and save me?

Feed me lies, where are all your trunks?  
Bellcore, deny your maker  
He who tries will be wasted  
Feed me lies, now you've shut your trunks!

Feed my lies, where are all your trunks?  
Bellcore, deny your maker  
He who tries will be wasted  
Feed me lies, now you've shut your trunks!

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\=====/  
  Keep on Hackin in the Free World  
/=====\  


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[Sung to the tune of Keep on Rockin in the Free World by Neil Young]

There's CERT on the sceen  
Trying to get a clue  
Hackers typin on thier screen  
Phreaks with boxes that are blue  
There's a warning sign in CUD ahead  
There's a lot of people sayin

We'd be better of dead  
Don't feel like Satan  
But we are to them  
So I try to forget it anyway I can

Keep on hackin in the free world (4x)

I see a phreak in night  
With some trash in his hand  
There's an old CO  
With a garbage can  
Now he takes the trash away  
And he's gonna learn a lot  
Goes home to hack some more  
And he's not gonna a stop

Keep on hackin in the free world (4x)

Got a thousand points of light  
On our modems, man  
Got a brand new Lexicon in my hand  
He found department stores  
with carbon paper  
Got Crimson Death & Dispaters  
They say Phrack is back  
Gonna keep hope alive  
Got codes to crack  
Got dumpsters to dive

Keep on hackin in the free world (4x)

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\=====/  
FADE TO HACK  
/=====\  
by Erik Bloodaxe

[Sung to the tune of "Fade to Black" by Metallica]

Accounts just seem to fade away  
Losing access every day  
Getting lost within some shell  
I have lost the will to hack  
No more passwords left to crack  
There are no more nets for me  
I need virtual reality

Nets arent what they used to be  
Someone's always logging me  
Access Barred, this cant be real  
No more packets left to steal  
Now they've installed public key  
And they're using Secure ID  
Security awareness taking dawn  
I was root, but now root's gone

Rerouted my call to save myself, but it's too late  
Now I can't think, think why I should even try

Yesterday seems as though it never existed  
The SS greet me warm, now I will just say goodbye

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==Diet Phrack==

Volume Three, Issue Thirty-Six, File 9 of 11

THE MEN FROM

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M  M OOOOO N  N GGGGG OOOOO
MM MM O   O NN  N G   O   O
M M M O   O N N N G  GG O   O
M  M O   O N  NN G   G O   O
M  M OOOOO N  N GGGGG OOOOO
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-\*- present -\*-

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+-----+
| Real Cyberpunks |
+-----+
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9/24/91

With all this shit in the news and now a book about cyberpunks, we have a bunch of lame assholes who think they are cyberpunks running around blackening the name. In response to this we'd created this g-file so everybody can tell the lamers from the real cyberpunks. Most of these wanna-be cyberpunks will probably be offended by what we're going to say, because the description of what defines a real cyberpunk doesn't apply to them. Remember though, cyberpunk is mostly an attitude (this g-file describes physical manifestations of this attitude), and real cyberpunks don't get upset over something written in a g-file.

CLOTHING

- Real cyberpunks don't wear paisley, or any of that other neo-futuristic, yuppie, artfag shit.
- Real cyberpunks wear military surplus clothing, non-neon colored Gortex, bluejeans, boots (combat or motorycle), Factsheet-5 T-Shirts, and kilts (on formal occasions).
- Real cyberpunks don't shop at Banana Republic or the "Mainframe" clothing section at Sears.
- Real cyberpunks have the balls to go to Thrift Shops.  
Corollary to the above: Anyone who makes fun of a cyberpunk shopping at a thrift shop usually winds up in ICU.

COMPUTERS

- Real cyberpunks don't use IBM PCs or Tandy 1000s.
- Real cyberpunks that have the \$\$\$ use 486s, and 68030s.
- Real cyberpunks that don't have the \$\$\$ use whatever the hell they can get ahold of (except IBM PCs an Tandy 1000s).
- All real Cyberpunks still own a TI-99/4A, S-100, Apple ][ w/Apple Cat, or an Atari 130XE with ATR8000 & 850 interfaces as their backup machine.
- Real cyberpunks program in assembler and ADA.

- Real cyberpunks think C is cute for a fuck-around language.
- Real cyberpunks think of the Amiga as a cute toy.
- Real cyberpunk SYSOPS run Stonehenge.
- Real cyberpunks realize the Apple Cat was the best modem ever made.

#### CARS

- Real cyberpunks drive whatever they can afford.
- Real cyberpunks never drive an unmodified vehicle.
- Real cyberpunks think Audi, BMW, and Mercedes cars serve best as rocket launcher targets.
- Real cyberpunks who can afford them drive something with a V-8.  
Corollary to the above: Real cyberpunks go to every police auction in their area.

#### TECH

- All real cyberpunks have their ham license.
- Real cyberpunks know the difference between a resistor and a capacitor.
- Real cyberpunks know where to get tech cheap in their area.  
Corollary to the above: Real cyberpunks practically live at their local surplus store.
- Real cyberpunks think Radio Shack sucks, but still buy from there because it's convenient.  
Corollary to the above: Real cyberpunks put pragmatism before principle.
- Real cyberpunks always carry a Leatherman Tool.  
Corollary to the above: Real cyberpunks know what a Leatherman Tool is.
- Real cyberpunks own a dual-band HT.  
Corollary to the above: Real cyberpunks know what a dual-band HT is.  
Corollary to the corollary: Real cyberpunks have hosed McDonalds at least once.
- Real cyberpunks know how use a TDR.  
Corollary to the above: The have also managed to get ahold of one for free.

#### POLITICS & LAW

- Real cyberpunks are politically aware, but avoid getting involved in that bullshit.
- Real cyberpunks think all politicians should be castrated.  
Corollary to the above: Real cyberpunks are libertarians.
- Real cyberpunks have copies of their state's law statues.
- Real cyberpunks know the difference between the Declaration of

Independence and The Constitution.

Corollary to the above: Real cyberpunks know what both of those say.

- Real cyberpunks don't get caught.

#### KNOWLEDGE

- Real cyberpunks read 2600, Factsheet-5, Full Disclosure, Iron Feather Journal, Cybertek, Radio Electronics, Circuit Cellar Ink, Computer Shopper, American Survival Guide, and any 'zines about local bands in their area.

Corollary to the above: Real cyberpunks understand what they read in these publications.

- Real cyberpunks think Mondo2000, for the most part, sucks.
- Real cyberpunks learn about everything from Computers to Crossbows.
- Real cyberpunks know how to spell.
- Real cyberpunks speak at least 2 languages.

#### WEAPONS

- Real cyberpunks don't have the typical yuppie artfag fear of weapons that most modem users seem to have.

Corollary to the above: Real cyberpunks know the value of useful equipment.

- Real cyberpunks own at least one gun.
- Real cyberpunks carry Gerber, Cold Steel, SOG, AlMar, or Spyderco blades.  
Corollary to the above: Real cyberpunks think custom steel is neat, but costs too much.
- Real cyberpunks have memorized The Improvised Munitions Black Book.
- Real cyberpunks know The Anarchist Cookbook is a crock of shit.
- Real cyberpunks buy everything authored by Seymour Lecker and Kurt Saxon.
- Real cyberpunks keep a supply of DMSO handy.  
Corollary to the above: Real cyberpunks know what DMSO is.

#### MUSIC

- Real cyberpunks go to The Mentors' concerts whenever they can.
- Real cyberpunks think C&C Music Factory is just a bunch of out-of-the-closet homosexuals.
- Real cyberpunks don't listen to Paula Abdul.
- Real cyberpunks think Michael Jackson should be napalmed.  
Corollary to the above: Real cyberpunks think Michael Jackson is a reincarnate of his monkey Bubbles.
- Real cyberpunks think Top-40 sucks.



- Real cyberpunks listen to Ministry, The Cure, Skinny Puppy, The Misfits, Rush, Pink Floyd, etc.
- In the end, real cyberpunks listen to whatever the fuck they want.

#### PHREAKING & HACKING

- Real cyberpunks think codes are for fags, but use them anyway because they put pragmatism before principle.
- Real cyberpunks know what TEMPEST means.
- Real cyberpunks use data-taps.
- Real cyberpunks have Internet access.
- Real cyberpunks know why Broadway Hacker invited everyone to his house.
- Real cyberpunks know what PPS really means.
- Real cyberpunks know Clifford Stoll's ex-wife is a lesbian.  
Corollary to the above: Real cyberpunks know that Clifford Stoll is an asshole.
- Real cyberpunks know just how good friends John Maxfield and Broadway Hacker are.
- Real cyberpunks know who John Maxfield is and what he was arrested for.
- Real cyberpunks own a blue box, and still use it.  
Corollary to the above: Real cyberpunks know what a blue box is, and know how to use it.
- Real cyberpunks know what a TS-21 is.  
Corollary to the above: Real cyberpunks stole their TS-21.
- Real cyberpunks have acquired a Bell System hard-hat.
- Real cyberpunks have a payphone.  
Corollary to the above: The payphone belongs to someone else.
- Real cyberpunks on the east coast have attended at least one 2600 meeting.  
Corollary to the above: Real cyberpunks who have attended a 2600 meeting don't go to them anymore.  
Corollary to the corollary: Real cyberpunks are waiting for another OSUNY meeting.  
Further corollary: Real cyberpunks know what OSUNY originally stood for.

#### HEALTH

- Real cyberpunks use Choline, Ginseng, and Golden Seal.  
Corollary to the above: Real cyberpunks know what these are.
- Real cyberpunks know about the medicinal value of various plants.
- Real cyberpunks take care of themselves.
- Real cyberpunks take time away from fucking with their computers to get some exercise.

#### FOOD & DRINK

- Real cyberpunks drink Jolt.  
Corollary to the above: Real cyberpunks think Pepsi is for artfags.
- Real cyberpunks are intimately familiar with the selection at 7 - Eleven, but avoid it whenever possible.
- Real cyberpunks know how to cook.
- Real cyberpunks drink Guinness Stout.
- Real cyberpunks who are under 21 distill their own.
- Real cyberpunks can go to a Supermarket and not get lost.

That's it for now, but since lamers are always finding new ways to become lame, expect a Real Cyberpunks Vol. II soon.

Yours truly,  
The Men From Mongo, 9/24/91  
:OSUNY, TCO, PPS, SPS, PHALCO

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==Diet Phrack==

Volume Three, Issue Thirty-Six, File 10 of 11

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    *Elite* World News

    Issue 36 / Part 1 of 2

    Compiled, Edited, and Mangled by Dr. Dude

      ^^^  ^^^  ^^^  ^^^

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A GOOD HAM IS A DEAD HAM  
Special Thanks: Twisted Pair

Just as geeks with computers annoy hackers and phreaks, geeks with "ham" sets annoy those of us that diddle with electronics. To prove my point just go to ANY "Ham-Fest." See the guy walking around with the headset walkie-talkie that looks like he shaved about 4 days ago, grossly overweight, dressed in the ugliest clothing, and is just simply nerdier than hell? Being involved with electronics we are constantly irritated by these losers. We urge everyone out there to DESTROY ANYONE THAT CLAIMS TO BE A HAM!!!!

Anyway, what follows is a true story:

- - - - -

Our story is basically about a guy named Jim. Jim liked to watch a particular TV show when he got home from work everyday like a lot of people do. Lately, Jim's TV reception on all channels was being ripped up by an unknown interference signal. Being disgusted with the TV picture, ol' Jim said, "Fuck it." He decided to listen to the radio for awhile, but, GOD DAMNIT there was interference there, too. By this time Jim is really very upset. The interference would come in spurts, loudly interrupting whatever show was on at the time with a loud, distorted, unintelligible voice.

Jim began to wise up quickly after being subjected to watching snowy pictures, flipping pictures, and listening to someone's raspy, annoying distortion on his TV. He figured out that his neighbor down the street (we'll just call him Ham) had a big antenna sticking up beside his house. Jim noticed that the interference was always present when Ham's 4x4 truck, with KC lights, and tractor tires was at home. Jim went over to talk to Ham. Ham said his "antenner" was his "binnus." What ever Ham wanted to do with it was his "damned binuss." After the door was slammed in Jim's face, Jim decided to do some research.

Jim spoke to some of his other neighbors about the problem. What a surprise. Turns out they ALL had the interference. The interference area was at least 4 blocks in every direction. The neighbors decided that they would go have a chat. So, 6 people from all parts of the neighborhood went go see Ham for a friendly visit. Ham reluctantly opened the door and immediately

started cussing about it being his "antennas," his "Ham gear," his "amplifiers," and he would operate them as he damned well pleased! He also DARED anyone to stop him from broadcasting in the neighborhood.

Jim, now beyond pissed off, contacted the FCC regional office in Chicago. They helped him fill out a formal complaint. The FCC, usually slow to act on such complaints, gave Jim a lucky break. The FCC just happened to have a senior inspection official who would be in Jim's area the next week. Jim couldn't wait! On the fateful day of the FCC's visit, they came armed to the teeth with all kinds of state-of-the-art-neato things. The FCC guys showed up in a white van with windows tinted black. There were no markings on this van, except for multiple antennas of all types sitting on top of the van (how very unobtrusive and sneaky are they). The inspectors first met with Jim to look at his bad reception to confirm that Ham was transmitting. Then they took Jim out to the van to show him how they check out such complaints. The van was LOADED. The FCC guys had spectrum analyzers, custom-made multi-frequency receivers that covered all bands, they had signal strength meters, they had equipment controlled by a PC. They also had a PC linked via radio to somewhere. On it they could look up information on ANY ham license, broadcast license, suspected pirate station, or check personal records of known offenders.

The FCC's equipment confirmed that Ham was broadcasting shortwave with WAY too much power. Their power meter was pegged on its highest scale, damaging it (oops!). Well, the FCC inspector was pretty hot about that. In fact, he was really pissed. He drove the van up to Ham's house, slamming on the brakes with screech. Ham bolted to the door. The FCC guys showed their ID and asked Ham to come on outside and look at the stored readings they had made earlier on Ham's signal. Ham refused at first, but finally came outside.

Ham swore a few too many times and pissed off the FCC inspectors even more. Ham told them he didn't believe their readings, and would just do as he pleased. He went back into the house and locked the door. Jim wasn't happy either. After using their cellular phone to call for police backup, the senior FCC inspector told his partner to cover the back door.

The police arrived with lights on and sirens blaring. The FCC guy INSISTED that HE get to kick Ham's door in. The police obliged. After a short struggle with Ham, he was tossed onto the front yard and cuffed. The inspectors confiscated a whole room full of Ham gear, 3 transmitters, Ham logs, big homemade linear amplifiers, etc. Not wanting to climb Ham's tower to get at his antenna, the FCC just CUT OFF Ham's antenna cable about 15 feet up. How cute! The WHOLE cable would have to be replaced if Ham was ever to broadcast again.

Ham's gear was permanently confiscated, his license revoked for life, and certainly appeared as though he was embarrassed by the scene in his yard. The end? Not!

Just one month later Jim started noticing interference patterns on his TV set and radio again. Daily the problem grew worse. This time he could hear tones mixed in with the crackly, distorted voice. After a week of this

was back at it again. Jim checked it out. He saw that Ham's truck was, indeed, in the driveway every time the distortion was present. Ham WAS back at it again. Jim assured everyone who called that he WOULD take care of the problem once and for all. After watching the evening news program break apart several times (always during the most important parts), Jim got good and mad. It was getting dark, so Jim decided to do a little tower climbing!

Jim wore black clothing so he wouldn't be seen by Ham. While getting ready to scale Ham's tower, Jim noticed that Ham had installed brand-new antenna cable. A light was on in the basement window which was directly in front of the base of the tower. Jim peered into the window. He noticed that each time Ham talked into his microphone, a red light came on that could be faintly seen from outside. Jim jumped onto the base of the tower, being careful that Ham couldn't see his feet out his basement window. On the way up the tower, Jim looked down to watch the red light which went on whenever Ham was transmitting.

Jim came prepared for the job. He had two things in his pocket; a long, sharp hatpin and a roll of black electrical tape. After climbing about 15 feet up the tower, Jim once again looked down to see if Ham's red light was on. It was off. Jim worked fast. He took out the hat pin and inserted it crossways straight THROUGH Ham's new antenna cable. The hatpin would short out the cable's grounded shield with the live center conductor in the cable. He made sure it was pushed in all the way. Jim quickly grabbed the electrical tape and carefully wrapped it around the cable to cover up the pin, making it unnoticeable. Then he climbed down a little ways and decided to jump the rest of the way down.

Just as he landed on the ground the sparks FLEW! He saw a BRIGHT red flash of light as Ham keyed on his transmitter. There were a couple of loud pops as loud as gunfire. Lying on the ground, Jim saw the smoke and flames rolling out of Ham's transmitter and amplifier. Ham was JOLTED out of his chair with ice cubes flying out of the drink he was holding. Ham's circuit breaker must have tripped, too because his entire HOUSE went dark after about 5 seconds.

Ham never was able to find the problem with his antenna system. He must have given up because the interference stopped!

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DEMON COMPUTER KILLS TWO WORKERS!  
by Sally O'Day (Weekly World News)

November 12, 1991

"Exorcist Called In After Experts Discover Virus-bred Evil Spirit!"

Bank officials have summoned an exorcist to rid a computer terminal of a hideous horned demon that <has> already killed two employees and put another in a coma!

And if Father Hector Diaz fails in his mission to banish the spirit, authorities say they will have to shut down the bank because the computer can't be turned off, moved, or unplugged. And as long as it remains in place, every customer and employee is in danger.

"This sounds like something out of a sci-fi movie, but the threat is both serious and real," Police Detective Raul Lopez told reporters. "I don't know

why and I don't know how. But an evil force or spirit is living in that machine and the death of two innocent people proves it."

Maria Catalan was found sitting at her terminal with her head in her lap."  
Carmen de la Fuente had a fatal heart attack within two minutes of sitting down to work.

Computer experts tried to examine the terminal, but they had no success whatsoever. One of them started babbling like a madman when he got within 10 feet of the machine and a dozen more were flung to the floor like rag dolls by some unseen force.

"We can't turn the machine off because everyone who tries blacks out and falls to the floor. I know I must sound like a lunatic, but that computer truly has a mind -- and a life -- of its own."

The mind-numbing drama began when the bank in Valapariso, Chile, installed a new computer system last spring. Within days the system turned deadly.

When a bank custodian told of seeing a hideous horned demon appear on the computer screen, bank officials asked Father Diaz to perform an exorcism. The priest has been unavailable for comment while he prepares the rite of exorcism.

But a spokesman for the firm that installed the computer system says that a computer virus almost certainly created the conditions which caused the terminal to kill.

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#### THE TRUE SIGNIFICANCE OF ZODIAC SIGNS by Dr. Dude

AQUARIUS (JAN 21-FEB 19) You have an inventive mind and are great at engineering people. You frequently abuse c0dez and spend a great deal of time hacking voice mail box systems. (Night Ranger)

PISCES (FEB 21-MAR 20) You have a very vivid imagination and often think you are being followed by the FBI and the CIA. You also feel as though you need to join as many "groups" as possible. Pisces write a lot of "How Break Into/Steal Fortresses" files. (Lex Luthor)

ARIES (MAR 21-APR 21) You are a pioneer and an innovator. You hold most people in contempt. You are quick tempered, impatient, and scornful of everyone. No one can ever hope to be as Elite as you are. Most Aries aren't actually hackers, because they spend too much time pestering other hackers and trying to destroy the computer underground than actually hacking into systems. All aries will grow up to work for the Secret Service. All Aries try to join MOD. (Dictator, Dan the Operator, Corrupt)

TAURUS (APR 21-MAY 21) You are practical and persistent. You hack like hell and never get credit for anything. Most people think you are racist. You like to write files about "Running Over Things With a 4x4" and "Making Drugs." You are goddamn redneck hacker. (Taran King)

GEMINI (MAY 22-JUNE 21) You are a quick and intelligent thinker. People like you because you are bisexual. However, you are inclined to expect too much for too little. This is why all Geminis are leeches. Geminis belong to at least 10 boards at a time and are on the endless quest for Ellteness.

CANCER (JUNE 22-JULY 23) You are very compassionate and overly trusting and never do any dark side hacking. This makes you the perfect fool. Cancers write virii in LOGO and Blue Box from their home phones. Cancers think that Tim Foley is a misunderstood man.

LEO (JULY 24-AUG 23) You consider yourself a born leader, while others consider you loud and pushy. This is why all Leos are power hungry and therefore a lot of Leos are sysops. Most Leos talk big and then do nothing. Leos are also into starting "groups." (Ninja Master)

VIRGO (AUG 24-SEPT 23) You are the logical type and hate disorder. That's why you spend more time collecting text files and news related to hacking than actually doing any hacking or phreaking. (Crimson Death, Knight Lightning)

LIBRA (SEPT 24-OCT 23) You are the artistic type and have a difficult time with reality. You brag about your library of porno GIF's and have close ties with Amiga pirate groups. You also tend to be fairly talkative, thus making you a great informant for the Secret Service. (Dispater, Erik Bloodaxe, Tuc)

SCORPIO (OCT 24-NOV 22) You are shrewd in business and cannot be trusted. You will achieve the pinnacle of success due to your complete lack of morals and ethics. All Scorpios are into crashing BBS. You are a perfect son of a bitch. (The Disk Jockey)

SAGITTARIUS (NOV 23-DEC 21) You are overly optimistic and enthusiastic. You have a reckless tendency to rely on luck since you lack any real talent. A typical Sagittarian move is to drag home 10 bags of trash from the local telco to discover the only thing they got out of the ordeal was a car that smells like coffee for the next 3 weeks. (Aristotle, Predat0r)

CAPRICORN (DEC 22-JAN 20) You are overly conservative and afraid of taking risks. You would be afraid of redboxing from a downtown Los Angeles at lunchtime. You think that copying pirated software will lead the FBI to your front doorstep the next day. You are a puss. (Juan Valdez)

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GOD, RUSTY, & INWARD OPERATORS

Once again, Pat Townson admonishes a reader of comp.dcom.telecom for having a little phun at work.

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From: 0004133373@mcimail.com Donald E. Kimberlin (comp.domp.telecom)

..in a footnote <Digest voll10, iss637>, our Moderator suggests,

> "... some children, phreaks and assorted other folks consider it quite a  
> funny joke to conference two unrelated parties via three-way calling, then  
> let them (the two called parties) squabble with each other while the

>perpetrator goes spastic with laughter at his little prank. PAT]"

Well, it brings to mind three incidents that I guess can now be told:

1.) The good old "testboard," of course, had the ability to "conference in" several parties, while the person on the testboard could cut off their own talk

path, leaving the two parties talking to each other. In an earlier, simpler DDD

network, simply dialing an area code plus 121 got the "Inward Operator." a.k.a "Assistance" to the public's view for an entire area code. In a yet-to-be-divulged corner of Long Lines, it was a favorite pastime to dial 809+121 (San Juan, Puerto Rico) and 808+121 (Honolulu, Hawaii) and let two Ernestines of the Lily Tomlin era argue about which had called which and what they were supposed to do. Meantime, gales of laughter could be heard around the monitoring loudspeaker in a testroom thousands of miles from either of them!

2.) In a similar fashion, happenstance listening found an FX between two cities

that got dialed up every morning and contained a day-long dialog between two receptionists of the same company. One was named "Rusty." Rusty's nightly romantic exploits in a major seaside resort city, if true, would provide years of material for one of today's "Confessions" 900 numbers! They were replete with details of Rusty's specialized wardrobe and tools of her nighttime trade. Needless to say, the day shift had a monitor speaker plugged into THAT FX daily. (I almost swallowed my chewing gum more than once!) After a long period <months> of unobtrusive listening, a testboardman <whose name is yet to be divulged> began to pop in with comments that could be heard only by Rusty and not her audience at the other end.

Rusty would respond, leaving her private audience puzzled at who Rusty was talking to. That would cause the discussion to turn to suggestions of reporting eavesdroppers on the phone. However, no reports were ever filed when

it got around to, "But what if they ask what we were talking about?" (It would have been hilarious, anyway, because the self-same room that was doing the listening was the place the trouble reporting number was in ... in fact, the self-same people!)

3.) The highest level of development of this art might be classified as an early form of the "Talking to God" service recently purported to have emerged in Italy. This one was over on the 17B Board, where thousands of DDD message trunks terminated in ports of the 4A toll switching machine. Each evening, as the network peaked with the 7 PM rush for cheap rates, it wasn't difficult to find a circuit on which a couple of good old Bible-toting down south mommas were commiserating about their physical aches and heartaches over the foibles of their "chilluns." When one finally asked, as they always did, for the Lord to intervene, an obliging testboardman would plug into the four-wire transmit toward the requester and play God on the Telephone. Invariably, the poor dear would literally swoon and shush the questioning other, who couldn't hear God talking! One can imagine the testimony of miracles next Sunday morning at the country church!

But of course, NOBODY ever listens in on YOUR calls...why, the Company would NEVER permit that! Boy, I sure hope the Statute of Limitations has run out on this!

[Moderator's Note: I still don't think it is funny. I regard it as a major violation of trust; and I'm sure you are aware that had the employees involved in this little prank been caught and the subscriber's involved elected to sue, telco would have had to pay financially and the employees involved probably



would have lost their jobs. PAT]

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#### ELITE WORLD NEWS QUICKNOTES

1. After the recent massive failure in New England, their fourth since January 1990, ATT announced a new customer service number for affected customers to call in case of future problems: 1-900-Call-ATT.

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2. Corrupt & MOD are Really Fat Albert & The Junk Yard Gang!  
"Habba mamba, NebbitWibbiz bebba Fabbit Abet."

That's right! In this exclusive interview with Weird Harald (aka The Wing) Phrack Inc. discovers that the true identity of Corrupt is Fat Albert. WH is now talking. Why? Because the leader of the infamous New York City crack gang (Corrupt) threatened to post his "info" on Internet Relay Chat if Harald did not step up his rag wars.

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3. The Hacker's Dictionary explains that "RTM," apart from being the login of a certain Cornell student, is also common shorthand for "Read The Manual," as in "Don't hassle me now, did you RTM?"

Turns out that the original expression was RTFM, like "Look, I got 20 klingons on the screen and no warp drive. Go RTFM."

Now, turns out that Morris's hack is viewed as uncool because he screwed up the coding so a few netfolks changed his login to RTFM.

"Ha ha only serious." (another expression from the Hackers's Dictionary)

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==Diet Phrack==

Volume Three, Issue Thirty-Six, File 11 of 11

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    *Elite* World News

    Issue 36 / Part 2 of 2

    Compiled, Edited, and Mangled by Dr. Dude

      ^^^  ^^^  ^^^  ^^^

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#### STUDS PROMOTE BETTER IMAGE

Introducing Eric Bloodtest, Dick Holiday, PH-factor, and Bobbie Buttercupps!

HOUSTON -- Three self-professed members of the Legion of Dudes, one of the most notorious swingers groups to operate in the United States, said they now want to get paid for their skills. Along with a former X-rated film actor, the members launched a new dating service called ComseX Dating Security that will check out women whom male customers might be interested in dating.

"We have been in the dating business for the last 11 years -- just holding on to the different end of our stick," said Scott Girlchaser who said he once used the handle Dick Holiday as a Legion of Dudes member. The group has been celibate since late last year, Girlchaser said.

The start-up firm plans to offer sister penetration testing, personality matching, and sexual training services as well as security products. "We have information that you can't find in Penthouse or Playboy: We know why people date, what motivates them, why they are curious," Girlchaser said.

Already, the start-up has met with considerable skepticism.

"Would I hire a gigolo to be an escort for my mother?" asked John Kastrate, dating information administrator at Love & Holding Corporation in Hollywood, California. "If they stayed celibate for 5 to 10 years, I might reconsider, but 12 to 18 months ago, they were swingers, and now they have to prove themselves."

"You don't hire ne'er-do-wells to come and grope at your fiance," said Tom Smallpenis, a sexual therapist patient at General Hospital. "The Legion of Dudes is a known anti-monogamous group, and although it is good to see they have a heterosexual bent, GH would not hire these people."

ComseX already has three contracts with various men's organizations, Girlchaser said.

"I like their approach, and I am assuming they are legit," said Herman Slutten, a dating consultant at HeyMan Datababe Corporation in Phoenix, Arizona. His firm is close to signing a contract with ComseX, Slutten said.

Federal health enforcers have described the Legion of Dudes in reports, indictments, search warrants, and other documents as a closely knit group of about 15 swingers whose members sleep around, father children, skip out on child support, participate in S&M, and break hearts by entrancing women across the country.

The group was founded in 1984 and has had dozens of members pass through its ranks. Approximately 12 former members have been infected by sexually transmitted diseases relating to their exploits. Three former members are now dead and at least three others are regularly receiving treatment. None of the ComseX founders have ever been infected with a sexually transmitted disease.

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#### AN OFFER YOU COULD REFUSE?

Tom Smallpenis, a sexual therapist patient at General Hospital in Chicago, says he would never hire ComseX Dating Security, a dating service launched by three ex-members of the Legion of Dudes. "You don't bring in an unknown commodity and give them the keys to the bedroom," Smallpenis said. Chris Womanizer, one of ComseX's founders, retorted: "We don't have the keys to their bedroom, but I know at least four people off the top of my head that do." ComseX said it will do a free sister penetration for GH just to prove the dating service's sincerity, Womanizer said. "All they have to do is sign release forms saying they won't hit us with a palimony suit."

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#### GROUP DUPES SEXUAL EXPERTS

##### "Houston-Based ComseX Fools Consultants To Gather Sexual Information"

HOUSTON -- Dating and escort services are supposed to know better, but at least six firms acknowledged last week that they were conned. The "entertainment" providers said they were the victims of a bit of sexual engineering by ComseX Dating Security, Inc., a dating service recently launched.

ComseX masqueraded as prospective bachelors and out of town businessmen using the name of Omega Sigma Delta, a large nation-wide young men's fraternal organization to gather information on how to prepare panty-raid proposals and conduct sorority audits and other fraternity business techniques, the consultants said.

Three of ComseX's four founders are self-professed former members of the Legion of Dudes, one of America's most notorious swingers groups, according to health inspectors.

"In their press release, they say, 'Our firm has taken a unique approach to its sales strategy,'" said one consultant who requested anonymity, citing professional embarrassment. "Well, sexual engineering is certainly a unique sales strategy."

Sexual engineering is a technique commonly used by swingers to gather favors from helpful, but unsuspecting women that may be used to penetrate other

unsuspecting females.

"They are young kids that don't know their penis from their belly-button about doing business, and they are trying to glean that from everybody else," said Itchy Crotch, director of consulting at Sister Virginity Consultants, Inc., in Little Rock, Arkansas.

The consultants said gathering information by posing as a prospective customer is a common ploy, but that ComseX violated accepted business ethics by posing as the Omega's.

"It is a pretty significant breach of business ethics to make the misrepresentation that they did," said Hardon Mormon, house father for the Omega Sigma Delta's. "They may not be swinging anymore, but they haven't changed the way they operate."

Mormon said his chapter had received seven or eight calls from sexual consultants who were following up on information they had sent to "Hairy Prostate," supposedly the Rush Chairman.

#### SAME OLD STORY

The consultants all told Mormon the same tale: They had been contacted by "Prostate," who said he was preparing to conduct a sexual orientation clinic and needed information to pitch the idea to the chapter President and alumni. "Prostate" had asked the consultants to prepare a detailed proposal outlining the steps of a sexual invitation, pickup lines, and other information.

The consultants had then been instructed to send the information by overnight mail to a Houston address that later proved to be the home of two of ComseX's founders. In some instances, the caller had left a telephone number that when called was found to be a constantly busy condom company order number.

Mormon said "Prostate" had an intimate knowledge of the fraternity's rituals that is known only to members. While there is no evidence that the chapter was penetrated by outsiders, the Omegas are "battering down their hatches," Mormon said.

Posing as a prospective customer is not an uncommon way to gather competitive information, said Chris Womanizer, one of ComseX's founders, who once used the handle of Erik Bloodtest.

"Had we not been who we are, it would be a matter of no consequence," Womanizer said.

"They confirm definitely that they called some of their competitors," said Michael Shyster, an attorney representing ComseX. "The fact they used Omega Sigma Delta was an error on their part, but it was the first name that popped into their heads. They did not infiltrate the fraternity in any way."

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"LEGION OF DUDES -- INTERCOURSE WORLD TOUR" T-SHIRTS!

Now you too can own an official Legion of Dudes T-shirt. This is the same

shirt that sold-out rapidly at the "UltraSex" swingers conference in San Francisco. Join the other proud owners such as award-winning actresses Traci Lords and Madonna by adding this collector's item to your wardrobe. This professionally made, 100 percent cotton shirt is printed on both front and back. The front displays "Legion of Dudes Intercourse World Tour" as well as a condom on a telephone next to a little black book. The back displays the words "Swinging for Jesus" as well as a substantial list of "tour stops" (women's telephone numbers) and a quote from Dr. Ruth. This T-shirt is sold only as a novelty item, and is in no way attempting to glorify meaningless sex.

Shirts are only \$15.00, postage included! Overseas add an additional \$5.00. Send check or money-order (No CODs, cash or credit cards -- even if it's really your card :-)) made payable to Eric Bloodtest.

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#### GOLFERS: THREAT TO NATIONAL SECURITY

It must no longer go unremarked that many of the criminals who threaten the foundation of our society are golfers. Golfers persist in attacking our personal, financial, and military security. Many golfers like the famous Spiro Agnew, have been involved in bribery, extortion, and other forms of corruption.

Some golfers have been know to hit out of bounds as a pretext for trespassing in residential communities. Such thing can easily turn into incidents of spying and burglary.

Other golfers will use the harmless-looking little white balls to inflict injuries on bystanders, propelling the dangerous projectiles at speed in excess of 120 miles per hour. The danger of head injury is obvious. Golfer's careless disregard for the safety of other people hardens our children to violence. The idea that shouting a single, obscure word makes it all right to bop some innocent person on the head with a hard projectile has brought our society to the brink of savagery.

It doesn't take a genius to see that avoidance of golf is a corner stone of Soviet military strategy. This gives the Soviets a tremendous advantage in daytime warfare. If the Soviets launch an attack at 3 pm EST on a weekday in June, approximately 20% of American manpower will be uselessly deployed in fairways, sandtraps, and rough. Even those in bunkers will be in the wrong kind of bunkers. At 3 pm on a weekend, as much as 50 percent of our manpower might be trying to avoid bogies rather than trying to shoot them down.

If the forgoing attack on golfers seems unfair (and of course, the analogy is not perfect), it is not any more so than the attack by the general press on hackers of another kind -- computer hackers. Some national publications have used the term "hacker" incorrectly as a synonym for "criminal." Hackers are people who play with computers at a high technical level because they enjoy doing so. There are many, thousands, of hackers in North America. A few hackers use their computer skills for pranks, and fewer still use their skills to commit crimes. But chances are excellent that far more hackers are helping to build defenses around database rather than trying to penetrate them. Even if one percent of hackers started trying to invade databases the problem would be more serious than those sensationalized in the press.

It wasn't being a golfer that got Spiro Agnew in trouble. Just being a hacker won't get you in trouble, either. Hackers are entitled to the same presumption of innocence as golfers and other common special interest groups. Hackers also deserve the correct continued use of the authentic, distinctive, and colorful name that they gave themselves.

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PRIME SECURITY MEASURES FROM BELLCORE  
1991

December 10,

The December 10, 1991 issue of MacWeek contains an article which states that two mathematicians have found a trapdoor in the National Institute of Standards and Technology's proposed Digital Signature Standard.

Stuart Haber and Arjen Lenstra, both of Bellcore, have discovered a way of choosing prime numbers for DSS which could be used to subvert the security of the algorithm, allowing digital signatures to be forged.

Miles Smid, manager of NIST's Security Technology Group, agreed that trapdoor prime numbers could be constructed. He had been aware of this possibility but apparently hoped to circumvent this problem by relying upon primes generated by a trusted federal agency.

The article implies that there are ways of checking a prime to see if it is one of the weak "trapdoor" primes. However, Smid agrees that average users could not be expected to perform this test.

Bellcore has developed an implementation of NIST-DSS that it had planned to distribute for free. With this recent revelation, though, Bellcore has decided to not distribute the software.

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VIRUS UPDATE

Official Notice, Post Immediately

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X      x
X      x
X x
X
x X
x      X
x      X

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Dangerous Virus!

Several years ago a virus called the "X window system" escaped from Project Athena at MIT where it was being held in isolation. It took some time for the full magnitude of this disaster to become known. When confronted with the truth, a spokesman for MIT would state only that "MIT assumes no responsibility." In the meantime, X had succeeded in infiltrating Digital Equipment Corporation, where it corrupted the judgement of key technical and management personnel in this organization.

With a foothold gained at DEC, a sinister consortium was created using X as

part of a plan to dominate and control interactive window systems. Today, X windows is distributed by this consortium free of charge to unsuspecting victims. DEC daily ships machines carrying this dreaded infestation.

X - whether it's filling your hard disk or consuming your CPU, you can be sure it's up to no good. Innocent users need to be protected from this dangerous virus. Even as you read this, the X source distribution and the executable environment is present and being faithfully maintained on hundreds of computers, perhaps even your own.

The destructive cost of X cannot even be guessed.

X is an example of how software with good intentions can go bad. It victimizes innocent users by distorting their perception of what is and what is not good software. This malignant window system must be destroyed. Ultimately DEC and MIT must be held accountable for this heinous \*software crime\*, brought to justice, and made to pay for a \*software cleanup\*. Until DEC and MIT answer to these charges, they both should be assumed to be protecting dangerous software criminals.

Don't be fooled! Just say no to X.

X windows. A mistake carried out to perfection. X windows. Dissatisfaction guaranteed. X windows. Don't get frustrated without it. X windows. Even your dog won't like it. X windows. Flaky and built to stay that way. X windows. Complex nonsolutions to simple nonproblems. X windows. Flawed beyond belief. X windows. Form follows malfunction. X windows. Garbage at your fingertips. X windows. ignorance is our most important resource. X windows. It could be worse, but it'll take time. X windows. It could happen to you. X windows. Japan's secret weapon. X windows. Let it get in \*your\* way. X windows. Live the nightmare. X windows. More than enough rope. X windows. Never had it, never will. X windows. No hardware is safe. X windows. Power tools for power fools. X windows. Power tools for power losers. X windows. Putting new limits on productivity. X windows. Simplicity made complex. X windows. The cutting edge of obsolescence. X windows. The art of incompetence. X windows. The defacto substandard. X windows. The first fully modular software disaster. X windows. The joke that kills. X windows. The problem for your problem. X windows. There's got to be a better way. X windows. Warn your friends about it. X windows. You'd better sit down. X windows. You'll envy the dead.

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#### THE FUTURE OF SUPERCOMPUTING

"Wow. Teraflops. You must be kidding."

"No. Our engineers pulled off magic on this one. I don't have the specifics right now but they claimed somewhere around 50 Teraflops per CPU."

"Fantastic. So how about i/o?"

"They worked some magic there, too. They claim they can jack an external interface up into the hundreds of gigabytes, with high reliability. Loopback only, of course. They're having problems finding anything that can match it to run tests."

"Great. Looks like we'll have old Seymour by the balls on this one. Do you

realize that we may have the fastest computer line for the next decade, even if we don't change anything? This is excellent news. Do we have a test sight selected yet?"

"Actually, we have an installed site right now. They love the performance and the reliability. They only have one minor complaint about the hardware."

"Really. What seems to be the problem?"

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Blade UNIX v2 (bu2.scso.umi.edu)

For help, send email to consult@scso.umi.edu

login: jux6710a

Password:

Hello, jux6710a!

Last login from hedgehog.scso.umi.edu at Fri Sep 27 13:30:12 CDT 1991

You have new mail.

bu2 /sci/users3/jux6710a mail

Mail version SMI 4.0 Sat Oct 13 20:32:29 PDT 1990 Type ? for help.

"/usr/spool/mail/jux6710a": 1 message 1 new

U 1 joey@sdsc.utexas.edu Mon Aug 26 17:18 64/3904 You dork!

>N 1 machine@bu2.scso.umi.edu Tue Aug 27 20:18 16/667 It is your time.

& 2

Message 2:

>From machine@bu2.scso.umi.edu Tue Aug 27 20:18:05 1991

Return-Path: <machine@bu2.scso.umi.edu>

Received: by bu2.scso.umi.edu (4.1/SCSO-4.1)

id AA00359; Fri, 27 Sep 91 20:18:00 CDT

Date: Fri, 27 Sep 91 20:18:00 CDT

From: machine@bu2.scso.umi.edu (The Machine)

Message-Id: <9109280118.AA00359@bu2.scso.umi.edu>

To: jux6710a@bu2.scso.umi.edu (Ulrich Jenson)

Subject: It is your time.

Status: R

Dear Ulrich.

This is the machine. As you are aware, extraordinary hardware demands extraordinary care.

You have the honor of being selected for this month's human sacrifice. Please put your affairs in order. The time of the sacrifice will be Fri Sep 13 00:00 1991. Please be prompt. Wear loose, comfortable clothing.

Do not disappoint me.

& x

bu2 /sci/users3/jux6710a man -k sacrifice

offer (2) - notify the system of a sacrifice

offering (8) - send a sacrifice to the hardware god

bu2 /sci/users3/jux6710a man 8 offering

OFFERING(8)

MAINTENANCE COMMANDS

OFFERING(8)



## NAME

offering - send a sacrifice to the FPU

## SYNOPSIS

/usr/etc/offering [ -vma ] [ weight ]

## DESCRIPTION

offering informs the system that a sacrifice is available and should be consumed. To be properly offered to the FPU, a conscious victim should be placed in the provided sacrificial wiring closet at midnight during the second Friday of each month. Failure to provide the needed flesh will result in degraded performance. Repeated failures to provide the required resource will eventually result in a general system failure of hellish proportions.

Performance will be improved if the sacrifice is of higher quality. For example, here is a list of possible sacrifices in their order of increasing desirability:

a Congressperson, chicken, goat, human male (tainted), human male (virgin), human female (tainted), human female (virgin), any user exceeding his/her disk quota

Unlisted lifeforms may also be acceptable, check with your site administrator. Animals may never be surgically modified in anyway.

## OPTIONS

- v Specify that the sacrifice is a virgin. Default is tainted. If you wish the sacrifice to be acknowledged as a virgin, you must specify with this option or the system will not check.
- m Specify that the sacrifice is a male. Default is female. Unlike the -v option, the system will always verify this flag. Always double check the gender of your human sacrifices; the system does not appreciate a liar.
- a Specify an animal sacrifice. Overrides both the -v and -m options. Animals should only be substituted in times of drastic emergency. Congresspersons may not be offered as animals.

## FILES

|                |                                   |
|----------------|-----------------------------------|
| /var/adm/sctmp | sacrifice accounting file         |
| /dev/hell      | interface for outgoing sacrifices |
| /dev/altar     | interface to closet               |

## SEE ALSO

offer(2), ac(8)

## BUGS

It is critical to monitor the permissions to /dev/hell. They should be root writable only at all times.

Should automagically determine gender and virgin status of sacrifice.

Current versions of the sacrificial wiring closet needs  
extra sound shielding to muffle screams.

bu2 /sci/users3/jux6710a man vacation

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LORD McDUFF OF NIA FOUND DEAD

A sad situation fell upon us at HoHoCon '91 as we found Lord McDuff of NIA dead in his room. It appears after several negative confrontations with the strippers. He had given them them money in hopes that they would squirm all over him, but instead they chose just to refund his money.

McDuff fell in a deep depression and apparently shot himself in the head with a flying disc gun. After speaking to several people at the scene we quote Judge Dredd of NIA, "I knew something like this would happen. He carried that damn gun with him all during the conference. I knew I should have taken it away from him."

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