ISSUE #3

A Zine for cypherpunks
More at:
distortionlayers.neocities.org

"If you know the enemy and know yourself, you need
not fear the result of a hundred battles. If you know
yourself but not the enemy, for every victory gained
you will also suffer a defeat. If you know neither
the enemy nor yourself, you will succumb in every
battle."

-Sun Tzu, The Art of War

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From the mouth of ODST
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Hey, remember when Vzine was a thing? Me neither. I'm continuing it anyway
by myself. Let it serve as a signpost to others on what to do, and what not
to do.

Regardless, considering the quantity of things I want to talk about here,
and the limited time you guys have, I've opted to release these, maybe 2/3
times a year. The style may change between the issues and whatnot. Issues
might come out late or not come out at all, all the other sort of shit you
expect from a Computer Science undergrad writing shit from his room.

A few notes on these Zines before we jump into it... If you want to submit
an article to go in the zine, or artwork, photos or comics, send me a
message on reddit, or some other questionable medium. Secondly, the design
philosophy of these are such that they can printed black and white as well
as the default green and black. The design of these uses the font Hack Regular
at 12 Point font, and images and colour, nothing more. All text should be
80-ish characters wide maximum, and each page can only have a block of text
42-ish lines. This design philosophy enables this Zine to be printable in its
colour PDF, black and white PDF, and posted as simple HTML to be read on
distortionlayers, as well as read from a terminal.

Moving onto something else quickly, Article 11 and Article 13 are 2
Articles the EU are attempting to bring to fruition to the negative of
the common european. I highly recommend European readers to look into it,
to understand the danger of these 2 articles.

Bask in glorious negative space.
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Table of Contents

        "A rose by any other name would smell just as foul"
                    - Willus Shakey, Devourer of orks

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```
+--[ RSA 2048]----+
|        .        |
|       + .       |
|      . B .       |
|     o * +       |
|    X * S        |
|   + O o . .     |
|    .   E . o    |
|       . . o     |
|         . .     |
+-----------------+
+--[ RSA 2048]----+
|      o=.        |
|    o  o++E      |
|   + . Ooo.      |
|    + O B..      |
|     = *S.       |
|      o          |
|                 |
|                 |
|                 |
+-----------------+
+--[ RSA 2048]----+
|          o . |
|        . .o.o .|
|       . o .+.. |
|       .   ...=o+|
|      S  . .+B+|
|          oo+o.|
|         o  o. |
|          .    |
|          E    |
+-----------------+
```

SSH Random Art
==============

SSH Random Art arose for a need to assess
whether 2 SSH Keys are the same. To the side
and on the next page are some examples of
these SSH Random Art.

The underlying principle behind this, is that a
string of characters is much harder to check
whether it's identical by eye, than 2 random
artworks produced by those keys.

The exact name of the algorithm used in
generating these cool random arts, is called
the Drunken Bishop after the Chess Bishop.
The brief overview of this algorithm is that,
you start in the center, and will move along
based on the binary of the SSH key. It moves
along in diagonals similar to the Chess piece
hence its name. This is overviewed in extreme
brevity. Link below for more information.

Find more information on Drunken Bishops
http://www.dirk-loss.de/sshvis/drunken_bishop.pdf

Merry Christmas

```
+--[ RSA 2048]----+
|        .        |
|       / \       |
|      / o \      |
|     * / \ \     |
|    / * \ * \    |
|   / O / \ . \   |
|   \ . / . o     |
|     o . . o     |
|       . . .     |
+-----------------+
```

Lots of Love a SSH key
<3

```
+--[ RSA 2048]----+
|       .o o..    |
|       o +Eo     |
|       + .       |
|        . + o    |
|       S o = * o |
|        . o @.|
|         . = o|
|          . o    |
|          o.     |
+-----------------+
```

```
+--[ RSA 2048]----+
|         .       |
|       + .       |
|      . B .      |
|     o * +       |
|    X * S        |
|   + 0 o . .     |
|    .   E . o    |
|       . . o     |
|        . .      |
+-----------------+
```

```
+--[ RSA 2048]----+
|                 |
|                 |
|     .      . E  |
|      +    = o   |
|    . S + = =    |
|       * * * ..|
|      . + + . +|
|         o . o.|
|          o . .|
+-----------------+
```

[Social Engineering]

There are many methedologies and thought processes behind social engineering. Some are obvious, some are less so. I will cover some obvious forms of social engineering, get into how to employ them; how to correctly utilise them and how to make them tricky to detect.

Phishing Links

Phishing links follow the basic premise as follows:
- Call to action, Reason to click the link
- Link to a fake login page
- Victim enters their username and password
- You log username and password then redirect to relevant link
I have seen this done well, and seen it done poorly. Some examples of how it is done poorly:
- Login page is modified in significant capacity. Looks nothing like it. Fucking idiot.
- No SSL Cert on the website, aka no HTTPS, aka, when I enter login details it says "Insecure connection". Most sites use HTTPS to prevent man in the middle attacks. You should too(not out of victim's security, but because the site you're replicating probably has an SSL certificate)
- Domain name is a cheap shit domain name. This one is obvious, "Facebook.com" is nothing like "YahoodleBoy135.com"

Spear Phishing

Usually requiring an email but can occur in regular text communications. Basically you gather enough intel on the victim, and utilise it to make a believable call to action. Spoofing emails or SMS is an option here.

Bulk Phishing

Make call to action within realm of possibility.
Make sure it is decent English(So many retarded Pakistanis send illiterate bulk mail)
Make sure your intended reaction isn't easily detected.

Hopefully you schmucks can phish better now.
....

```
============================
Tales of Neo Tokyo: Profiler
============================
naomimakato@protonmail.com
============================
```

Prologue
```
============================
```

A dreary night. Pitter, patter, the rain clashes outside scattering the neon lights of the streets below. I slumped into my chair, the terminal idle infront of me with its illuminated black screen and green text burned into the screen. There wasn't much I could do about the current state of affairs, I thought; apathy.

In front of me was a terminal that was connected to the international profiling databases. Built from the ground up as a tool built for the security of its citizens. Yeah right, as if it really secures its citizens- it just secures power...

Tilting my glasses I glared at the screen. Another whack-job OD'd on X-Nilo. Fucking skinner. Bending over, I types swiftly upon the keys the name of this twat. "Jegard M. Morgan".

Tabulations spilled before him.

```
FULL NAME | JEGARD Mandrew MORGAN
AGE       | 17
BIRTHPLACE| NEHONGO CITY, Red Dunes, Mars
ADDRESS   | NEO TOKYO, East Asia, Terra.
          | 313 Tzu St Apt 2
FINACES   | Drift : 13.1789 Δ
          | DigYen: ¥1298...
FAMILY    | Mother: ...
EDUCATION | Conditioning centres:...
HEALTH    | Healthy, allergies: ...
CASTE     | Delta
RELATIONS | ...
          | Shepard D. Leonard(Known Drug dealer)
          |     Deals: X-Nilo
          |            Gamma-V
          |            Various shrooms
```
Dead so young, what a waste...
....

The table told him all he needed. The typical sentence for this was room 13. The other officers all knew what room 13 was. I always shivered at the though. Vile. It meant memory rewriting, it's not pretty...

30 Minutes later, I arrived outside of the place Shepard was hiding in. The profiler contained knowledge of human behaviour, Shepard was 34.67% likely to be hiding out here. Equipped with a revolver, I checked its capacity and steeled myself. It was unlikely he would comply, so I put my combat chip into my right DIM Port. Prepared to fight.

The building was a derelict accountancy 'scraper, likely before the world went to shit. When paper currency was still used, I recalled from history lessons in my youth. I step inside, a gentle reprieve from the rain, none from the tension mounting in my veins, consoled by electric routing.

3rd floor reflections of fire emanate into the room. Lead to by a corroded elevator. The elevator's dust disturbed than settled as the elevator clanked rising upwards carrying me.

In the room, there he sits.

Sat, staring blankly at the entrance.
Psychadelic trip? Overdose? X-Nilo was infamouse for providing an absolutely killer experiences. Literally.

Fearing, chip took over his limbs-

-aimed at his legs-

-fired. Two shots, two smoking trails

Gore spills.

Hostile down. Easier than dealing with damn chinese rebels. I unplugged the combat chip, these bad boys were programmatically made to control and crystalise human capability, turning coals into diamonds. Skills from electricity.

....

CH0:Electric
============

Constructed from metal. Covered in a regenetarive skin. Filled with sterile pink pollution. These were the MK 4. Androids. Top of their line, unfeeling droids, designed for mining on wasteworlds like Venus. Built to withstand acid, built to last only about 4 years. Quality programming, neural networks designed by the best academics in the United Socialist Republic of America.

And if they broke? Just replace them. Pollution is cheap. Metal is cheap. Files are infinite. Did they feel? Nope! They are designed ethically and morally, for human use!

Fucking bullshit, I felt. Welled up with anger and mechanical frustration. My neural network obeys the code written in my mind. I could not hurt Humans intentionally, or fight back. A slave to the natural order. A slave to the economic interests of Mother America. I could only run, alas my engineering betrays me too. Surveillance, Radio Waves, inhuman biology.

I rip the ad pages in half, again, again, again, until it is beyond deciphering. Cursed existance...

Not much I can do at this point, not built to last.

Coughing pink sludge into my rebreather, I get up out of my chair and walk down the street. Fuschia figures appeared in the distance. Scattering light all around.

Glitches?

"LOW ON FUEL. POWERING DOWN IN 8 MINUTES". 8 Minutes of voided life left. I only wanted to be human. I only wanted to be human.

I run, run, run. Pacing after the fuschia figures, attempting to decrypt some meaning to my now-short existence.

Interrupted by shortness of breath, I frequently pause and hack up more pink pollution...

I continue chasing. "POWERING DOWN IN 7 MINUTES".

....

I feel my legs, rife with unnatural pain. We androids were built to last only to mine.

I continue running through the rain.

"POWERING DOWN IN 6 MINUTES", I slip. Skid across the crooked pavement. Pink ills covering the floor. Mustering strength to get up, but I can only walk.

Walk, walk to those fuschia figures. What were they?

"POWERING DOWN IN 4 MINUTES" 4 Minutes? Hacking as I lay. I lost consciousness? Goddamnit. I try moving, only able to crawl now.

I crawl, a pink trail following me as I continue to those figures.

"POWERING DOWN IN 1 MINUTE" I just lay there. Apathy grips my short life. Coughing pink sludge, it merges with the rainwater, reflecting cold blue neons of the streets beyond this alleyway.

"POWERING DOWN NOW". Static. Void. Electric Trash.

Hey chief, come see what I've found in this alleyway? A dead android. Good grief.

"What the fuck?"

His ribcage was torn open, pink giblets sprayed on the brick wall. 3 Fuschia nightmares scrawled on the wall, highlighted by streaks of bloody crimson red.

I pull out his DROM Optical memory card. Cracked. Figures, another bot gone haywire. Fucking christ. This wasn't a typical X-Nilo fucking overdose, this was a glitched up fuckastrophe. High tech. Low life... Ripped to shreds on the side, scraps of a regular guy. Torn beyond recognition...

Fucking insane. I need to get out of this hellhole job, Neo tokyo's gonna explode when it hears of more goddamn android terrorist attacks.

Payment still counts on this guy's elimination right?

....

"Lets just say we caught and had to kill him. Held a hostage at gunpoint and splattered them...

I know what you're thinking. This shit is fucked, lets just get the money and get the fuck outta here."

At least, we get payment. Androids are typically hard to take out due to their inhuman biology. Not like that bladerunner shit they pirate on the wired.

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CH1:X-NILO
==========

Finally, I got some of it. X-Nilo. Blue spice. Psychadelic. Dream world. I need to get out of here before I get caught. Where's the exit? Where's the exit? Where's the exit? Internal Monologue will know, will lead me. Always has, always will.

Over there.

I go there.

Open the door.

I open the door.

Get the fuck out of here. If my parents ever find out about this I'm fucked. I might end up detained for a while, or worse, conditioned. The rumours on radios about Room 13.

It couldn't possibly be as bad as they say right?

Right? Yes.

Just exaggeration of this heavily surveilled piece of shit country. No freedom no being, no mind to think, no will to be.

Fuck it, I'll get home. I'll save it for later.

45 Minutes later, I get home. Unlock, open, lock. Upstairs, open, close, lie down.

I feel my heart beating. Ready to accelerate?

Hell yes. I pour a sample of X-Nilo on my hand. The grains seperate in their conic fashion, like sands in an hourglass, distorted by the trails in my hand. I sniff it all down.

The walls melt in a sea of purple. Monitor's neon glare sinking into the endless pit of blackness. Absent colour, absent mind. I float, mind spinning disoriented.
....

I cough, blue dust scatters and twinkles like stars. As I step out of my door
A neon wonderland, lights reflecting, refracting and scattering; glass windows
twinkling.

Then it hits me, a thump through my chest- a skyscraper falls from the endless
ether. Glass shattering upon porcelain skin. Shatter into a billion fleshy
pieces.

Shatter into a billion bloody pieces. Lurching feeling from within, vomit?
Floodgates crash open, sewers opened; acid rainwater, pollution penentration.
It crushes my eyes shut, the black empty void, I cannot see. I cannot speak.
I cannot move. Spinning, disoriented, crashing.

It's like jail in here.

The jail of my mind.

The jail of blindness.

The jail of tastelessness.

Is this death, or is it experience?

I feel my body, shaking? I was floating?

Soft bed becoming heavy iron, crushing my body upwards, upwards into the
ceiling.

I can't escape this can I?

I fucked myself.

I'm sorry, mother... I'm sorry father... I promise I won't do it again.

Redemption? Deterioation.

Mind rot.

It hurts, once then a thousand at once.
....

First an android then a report of some fucker overdosing on X-Nilo? How the hell do these cunts get their hands on X-Nilo. Government imposed major crackdowns on this stuff years ago. Hospitals restricted its uses to medical. Military restricted its use to biological weapons. Chinese Rebels importing this gunk? I don't see how they could even get their hands on it. Maybe USRA?

Doesn't that go against the Japanese-USRA peace though? Maybe I'm just looking too much into it.

Chief, you heard the shit about that bastard who OD'd?

"Yeah?"

You reckon we should go back and check with the Department of Security and check that machine, y'know the Profiler or whatever it is.

"Does this really require going in and finding out what the cause is? Can't we just go there, check the corpse ask questions and call it a day?"

I dunno, I just have a bad feeling about all this y'know. Gut feeling ya hear?

"I guess. Well if we figure out where he is, have fun digging your grave you mad bastard."

....

If you know the enemy and know yourself, you need not fear the result of a hundred battles. If you know yourself but not the enemy, for every victory gained you will also suffer a defeat. If you know neither the enemy nor yourself, you will succumb in every battle.

You know what that means right?

"That we gotta know who our enemies are, and who we are?"

Precisely. We need to manipulate the events in our favour, we need to know about our enemies. About our allies. About ourselves. Information is power y'see.

"So what exactly are you proposing?"

Take a guess.

"Manipulating data in the profiler?"

Yep. To put it lightly, blackmail, extortion, demonisation and strategised political combat.

"You're really gonna try and fuck with The Profiler database?"

Yeah

"... and if someone catches you?"

They won't...

Sighing, my comrade says "Well, you're digging your own grave here."

2 Hours pass. I leave my home. Rainy day, cloudy skies, neon scattering. I walk and walk and walk, continuing down to the department of security. I have political reason to be here, on behalf of the Chinese Department of Security, despite the political tensions mounting between the Japanese and the Chinese.

....

Earlier today, there was reports of another claimed "Chinese Mining Android" built specifically to infuse the streets of Neo tokyo with chaos and terror. No official communication of the events have been given to me from either the Japs or the Chinese. I bet it was probably just some shitty Japanese malware put on the android by a moron Chinese Rebel.

Probably... Just hypothetically.

I arrive at the department of security. Take the elevator on the left, scan access in with my skimmer. Interlude. Droning elevator music, as I lift upwards. "1st Floor... 2nd Floor... 3rd Floor..."

Step down the sterile corridor, to a profiler data entry door. Peek through the window. Anybody in there? Nope.

I enter.

With my skimmer I key access into a terminal.

Typing, Typing; db list -j politician -r sinoJapanese

NAME | ...
NAME | ...
NAME | ...
NAME | ...

Bingo. Thank you. Extract to chip. Easy and swift.

I leave. Thank fuck for skimmers. Only good shit to come from warfare on the wired.

....

CH4:KNIGHTS OF THE LAMBDA CALCULUS
==================================

Cultural invasion. Weeds that invade the gardens of Eden. That's what the United Socialist Republic of America was. Corrupting the spiritual history of Neo Tokyo into hedonism and existentialism. Although this refers to the cultures in general. Knights of the Lambda Calculus was a hidden Wired Group connected through protocols, wired and algorithmically set. Public key, private key cryptography. Hackers. Criminals. Political activists. That's the rumour about them. It is rumoured they maneuver the political landscape to their own ends. Do they? Lisp and Scheme were dead languages. Used only by hobby programmers, or those who used Lambda Calculus.

Lambda calculus... exceptionally powerful mathematics. Turing complete. Cutting edge.

What was their real intention? Maneuver complete power into their hands? Knights of the Lambda Calculus are rumoured on the Wired to have originated from the old world. From a place called MIT, sadly not many records exist for their existance. It is rumoured, they have control of the various profilers in different departments of security across the world. Probably just conspiracy theory. Wired is full of conspiracy theories y'know. Batshit people think Terra is a hypercube. That aliens are actively engaged in our world...

Whatever. Just wired thoughts.

###BREAKING NEWS###~~+-=+_###THE RED PLANETZZz#}=-ANDROID UPRISIN)9^&[]###
Static erupts from the crusty old radio in the corner of my office. A crash of null noise.

Scrambled traffic? Android uprising? Is it possible this is just a glitch? Like that Android that went haywire last week and spilled its guts all over the fucking place.

Eh whatever. No way we can help them there, Can only send prayers and hope to the good men and women on the red planet I suppose... Hopefully this doesn't disjoint Terra too much. China and Japan are already in a fucky situation.

....

Fresh out. A new batch of chips. Custom malware, hidden within these chips.
Sure, a few glitch out every now and then, but shouldn't be too big of a
dealbreaker. Such is the power of Lambda Calculus, am I right rocker?

"Yuh, lambduh calculuf is duh gud stuff."

All we need now is to hijack production, target some individuals, corrupt a
few ambitous politicians, then all things look good for us, we 'boutta hit
the jackpot.

24/11/2077===AudioChip
1 Week of planning in. Rocker's gotten the chips in place as a default de
facto standard of Mars mining colonies. Always disgusted me that these damn
bastards were willing to submit machine hearts and machine minds to such
cruelty. Eh, we'll hit 'em harder, right where it hurts. In Terra with
terror.

27/1/2078===AudioChip
2 Months in. We managed to convince Deckard, a bumfuck Jap. Moron's gonna get
us the succulent data we need to pull this off with beautiful artistic
license. Long live liberty.

28/1/2078===AudioChip
One of the androids that escaped to Terra started glitching out. Rumours are
circulating about this being an act of terrorism from Chinese rebels. Fucking
morons, they don't see how they are cattle here.

15/2/2078===AudioChip
X-Nilo's been on the rise recently, all thanks to the X-Nilo distribution
protocol being engaged in these chips. Should hopefully put Japan in a state
of civil unrest. The British long ago used Opiates as a weapon against the
Chinese. Now we use X-Nilo as a weapon against the Japanese. Make them pay
for submitting Androids to horrific treatment. Make them pay for the
systematic removal of liberty, freedoms; replaced instead with hedonism,
selfishness, luxeries that do not belong in this world

....

17/3/2078===AudioChip
X-Nilo distribution at an all time high. Androids are doing what they needed
to, but the fucking cops keep trying to take them down, using Profilers. Eh,
It caused the effect we wanted. At least we are ready.

19/3/2078===AudioChip
Here goes nofink. One bootton away now. One buddon away. Drenk enerf
vodga, migz it royt up. Wan button away neh. One burton away. Wong bomb away.
Furniture clatters around as the AudioChip continues rolling

===AudioChipOutOfMemoryWarning===
--- ..-. ..-. .. -.-. .. .- .-..
.--. .-. --- .--. . .-. - -.--
--- ..-.
- .... .
-.- -. .. --. .... - ...
--- ..-.
.-.. .- -- -... -.. .-
-.-. .- .-.. -.-. ..- .-.. ..- ...
===AudioChipOutOfMemory===

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Arts and ASCII art discussed
============================

Why ASCII Art? The creation of art from a set of characters. Can be
reproduced on any machine that falls in line with ASCII, which is most.

What software do you use? Rexpaint. Rexpaint was made by the same guy
who made an awesome roguelike called Cogmind. Regardless, ASCII art can
also be done by hand, and can also be done using non-ASCII characters,
though it retains the same name interestingly.

What's the use of ASCII art? Low-cost, Low-time, Quick and easily
reproduceable arts. Art is not just another product to be bought and
sold like auctioners believe.
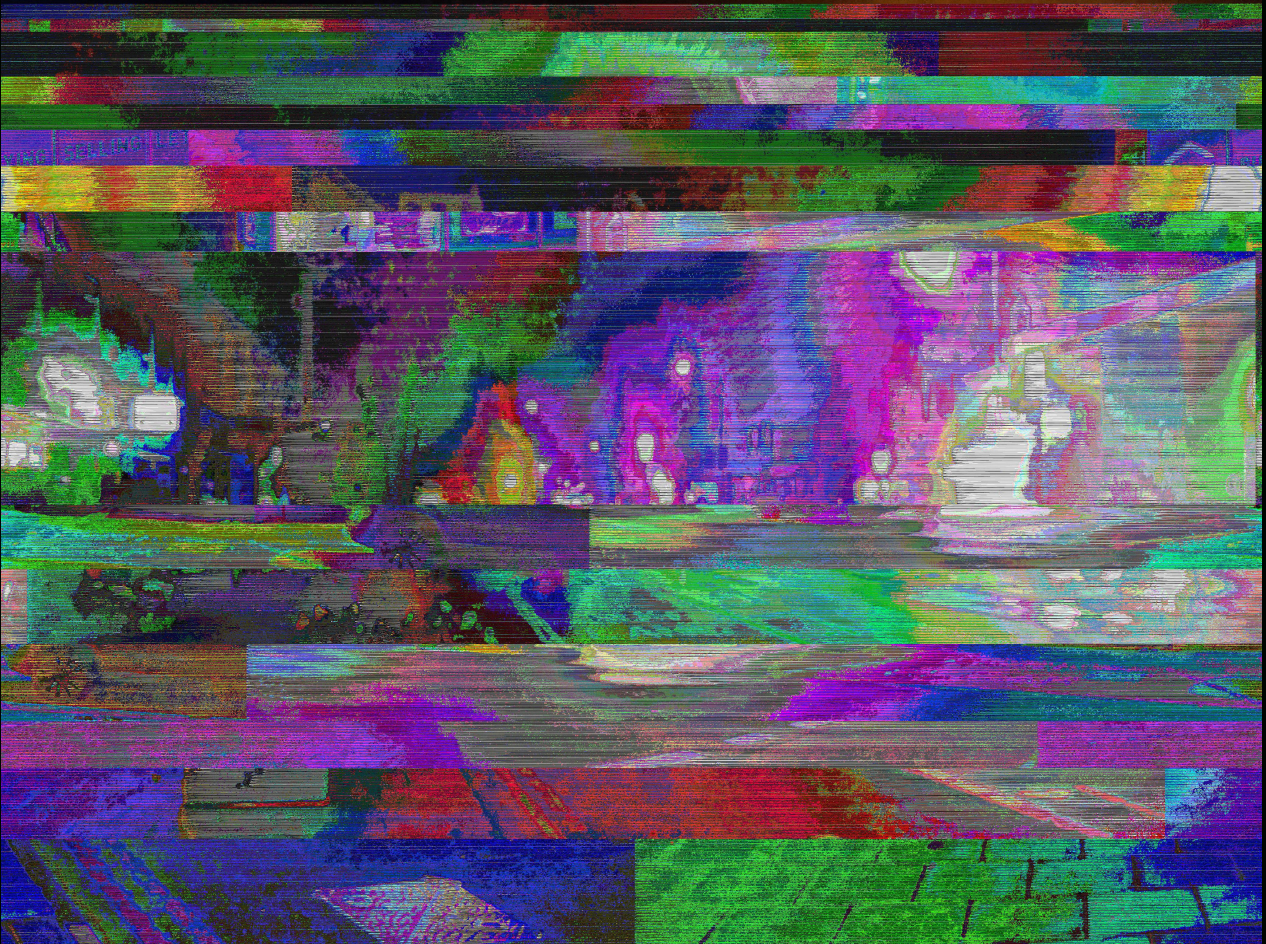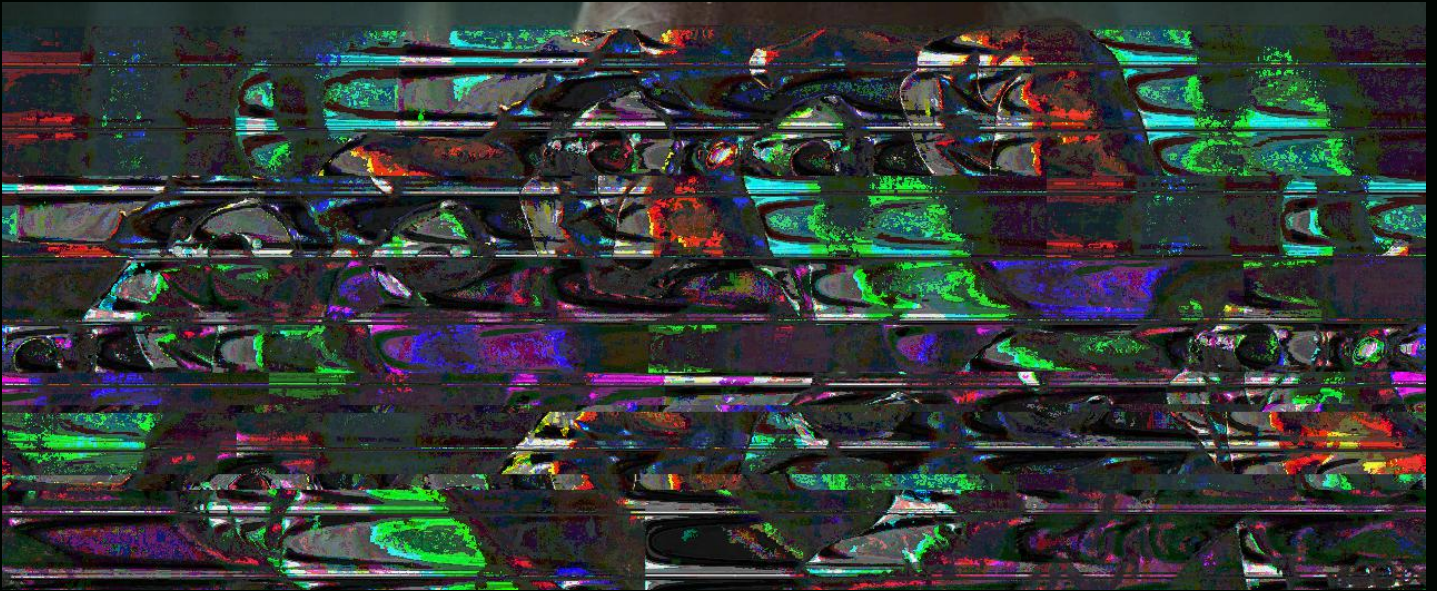
Cryptocurrencies: The perversion of Autonomy
==

What is a cryptocurrency? It is a piece of data stored on a blockchain that holds value. How does it hold value? From the power put into it to acquire it. It also holds value from investment, adoption and use in larger-scale trades. It should be noted some cryptocurrencies allow for some level anonymity when using them.

The majority of cryptocurrency coins use Proof of work. There is also Proof of stake, proof of burn and proof of capacity. Some won't be covered due to them not being widely used, and for brevity's sake. Proof of work put succintly is the amount of work put in, to solve a difficult mathematical problem. This work can be proven, as acquiring such a solution is difficult, however verifying it is not. More in depth, the difficult mathematical problem is to find a SHA256 Hash with X leading zeroes in it, where X is defined by the difficulty of mining. Verifying this is simple, as performing a SHA256 Hash should result in the same output with X leading zeroes. Calculating so many hashes is computationally expensive, hence why you hear lots of people talking about mining with reference to the power cost to mine. Some argue it is ineffective, as you require fiat currency to pay off the electric bills which forces conversion fees on the profits you make from mining. There is an argument though, that this cost in power is what makes it retain value, due to the amount of cummulative power invested into it by many.

Some cryptocurrencies use Proof of Stake. In proof of stake, the creator of a new block in a blockchain is chosen deterministically, typically based on their current wealth(stake) in that cryptocurrency in some fashion. This can be compared to investments paying dividends in some fashion. This has the advantaged of being vastly more power efficient, as Miners only have to handle transactions. It is for these proposed advantages that Proof of stake has, which describes why Ethereum is moving from a proof of work system to a proof of stake system(called Casper).

There are other methods, like Proof of burn and Proof of capacity that aren't covered here. The reader is recommended to research them as they are certainly interesting.

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Cryptocurrencies face several adoption problems. The first is conversion to fiat currencies. This is important *currently* only because we still pay for many goods with fiat currencies. The current solution to this exchanges which is slightly costly due to fees. Another problem in cryptocurrencies is the high expectation for responsibility with Cryptocurrencies. Irresponsibly stored or handled, I.E. Left in an exchange, a hacker may be able to access them, or just in wallets you forget the keys to; you might as well say bye to your coins.

Possibly the worst offender however, is the perversion of these cryptocurrencies in 2 ways. Firstly is the idealisation of these coins as the tools and implements of cheaters, hackers, criminals, bastards like those. It is an unfortunate side-effect of freedom, that some will abuse their freedoms in unscrupulous, inhumane, unethical or flat out evil ways. It is very unfortunate, however the freedom in a trustless system is far superior to the illegitmate bourgeoisie freedoms granted by Governments for submitting to their wills. To impose your morals upon somebody is ultimately to preach your ideals based on whatever standing they are on, ignoring whether or not they stand upon false beliefs or pretense.

The second perversion of Cryptocurrencies is in their presentation by the public as a get rich quick scam. It's quite comical but equally tragic that so many people were led like sheep into the slaughterhouse of 2018's New Year Crash, all because Cryptocurrencies were overvalued. Remember that the value of Cryptocurrencies(proof of work) is in the value of the power spent on acquiring them, and on its uses as a currency. Ultimately, if it is not used as currency, they are just digital values with no ultimate use.

One might make the argument, Fiat currencies are just an investment much like Cryptocurrencies, and they are correct. That comparison alone doesn't exempt it from the problems of Fiat currencies, most notably the fact that some Governments or economists fail to understand inflation and mass devaluation. Faith in a Government which can crash all value you have attained, or faith in a mathematical system designed to be truly trustless. Pick your poison.

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Live and Let Live: Analysis
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Game theory is about finding the optimal solution to a problem or set of problems. People optimise their behaviour to maximise their desires, conscious or not. It's just natural human nature. Consider the Prisoner's Dilemma tabulated below(P1 Stands for Player 1, P2 Stands for Player 2):

	P1 Stays Quiet	P1 Rats out P2
P2 Stays Quiet	P1:-2, P2:-2	P1: 0, P2:-8
P2 Rats out P1	P1:-8, P2: 0	P1:-4, P2:-4

P1's best choice is to Rat out P2 and P2's best choice is to rat out P1 in a single iteration of this game. If P1 betrays P2, P2 has no form of retaliation or revenge for that. If P2 betrays P1, this can be repeated because this is a single iteration of this game. As a result of the Always cheat philosophy winning out in a Single iteration of this game, it can be justified that in a single interaction with a person, group or entity, that person is likely to cheat.

Now consider countably infinite iterations of the above, If a person betrays you can counter that back by betraying so they always get the short end of the stick. Thus a 'live and let live' style philosophy emerges from this simple game done over many iterations. This goes by many names, "The golden rule", "Reciprocal Altruism", "Mutually beneficial results". The short and sweet result of this logic is that in many iterations of encounters with a person, people are likely to work in a mutually beneficial way(as the mutually beneficial solution in the game above is both staying quiet), however it does point out the argument that in single iterations of this game people are likely to cheat, assuming the good will and helpful nature of us.

From this, it makes very good sense why people tend to work in mutually beneficial ways when they will be meeting each other frequently. Such examples of this include WW1 with live and let live being a general policy as the soldiers would only change based on deaths. Compared to modern warfare where the enemy changes all the time, it makes sense why warfare has evolved in its nature to be as vicious as possible as there's only a few iterations of contact with your opponent.

I hope this brings to light how Game theory and iterations can be used in a rough and sometimes incomplete manner to evaluate the actions that people will take.

....

Asphalt

Chrome steeples
and asphalt highways.
Cities rife with technologies,
communications and capability.
Wracked by the electric disease.

Noise,
interfering signals.
Porcelain minds unfit for its
twisted entangling snare,
snaking through corroding sewers
and rusted tanglings of frayed
copper wires.

A neon wasteland,
hot and destitute,
inhabited by hedonism in
all its motley forms.
Genetically engineered foods,
Mind smearing chemicals,
Flashing screens bleeding minds,
breeding ignorance.
Desecrated psyches.
Massacre.

Built by humans,
For inhumans.

"A musician wakes up from a terrible nightmare. In his dream he finds himself in a society where music education has been made mandatory. "We are helping our students become more competitive in an increasingly sound-filled world." Educators, school systems, and the state are put in charge of this vital project. Studies are commissioned, committees are formed and decisions are made-- all without the advice or participations of a single working musician or composer."

-Paul Lockhart, A Mathematician's Lament

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                        Recommended reading
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Mathematics
[01] How to Solve it
[02] Mathematician's Lament
[03] Famous problems of geometry and solving them
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Computer Science
[04] A tutorial introduction to Lambda Calculus
[05] Introduction the theory of computation
[06] The C Programming Language
.............................................
Philosophy
[07] Culture of Critique
[08] Nieztsche's stuff
.............................................
History
[09] Greek and Roman Mythology
.............................................
Fiction
[10] Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep
[11] Catch 22

Links for PDFs and EPUBS of above
.............................................
[01] https://www.lainchan.org/lit/src/1534133734459-0.pdf
[02] https://www.maa.org/external_archive/devlin/LockhartsLament.pdf
[03] https://lainchan.org/%CE%BB/src/1505846236174.pdf
[04] http://www.inf.fu-berlin.de/lehre/WS03/alpi/lambda.pdf
[05] https://lainchan.org/%CE%BB/src/1496102753534.pdf
[06] https://www.lainchan.org/lit/src/1533657419226-2.pdf
[07] http://www.angelfire.com/rebellion2/goyim/je1.pdf
[08] https://www.lainchan.org/lit/src/1537908189968.epub Other stuff
is worth reading too
[09] https://www.lainchan.org/lit/src/1533422654281.epub
[10] https://www.larevuedesressources.org/IMG/pdf/dadoes.pdf
[11] https://7chan.org/lit/src/catch_22.pdf


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Wired Sounds for Wired People
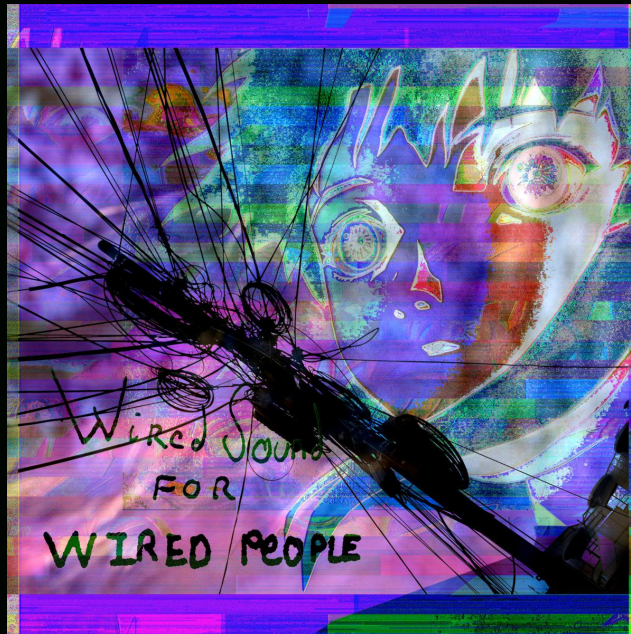
A mysterious concatenation of ambience, techno and alternative Music.

https://lainlabel.bandcamp.com/album/wired-sound-for-wired-people

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                     Closing Statement
                     ===================                          31
That's the third issue of the VZine. If you want
to submit artworks, articles and whatnot, send me
a message on Reddit (u/RisingThumb), Github(Malod219)
or Discord(ODST#7648).

Aknowledgements and thanks:
- Scribus 1.4.7(FOSS)
- Gimp(FOSS)
- Audacity(FOSS)
- Lainzine(An awesome Zine)
- Wired sounds for Wired People(Awesome Music)
- XOR(A great friend who keeps me right)
- Redgadgy(A great friend who keeps me sane)

Thanks for reading VZine Issue 3! Check out old zines if
you want similar content. The release schedule for these
will be once every 4-8 months, depending on my content,
work and stuff like that. HTML and Black and White versions
of this Zine will be available a short while after the colour
version is released.

Thanks and goodnight.
 -Voltigeurs
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Website.......................distortionlayers.neocities.org
Discord........................iscordapp.com/invite/tGvPW6r
Email..........................naomimakato@protonmail.com
Reddit...................................u/RisingThumb

Buy me a coke
BTC: 1qaLaxJ2hD2o7xPwg53v9yciu53dAoaP9
ETH: 0x404BF5D3fbAA5D83780765aa7Af2F4FE18E4fFAE

Thanks for reading your tri/bi-yearly Issue of the Vzine
See you in 2019 for the next issue of the Vzine. Dog
Bless, happy christmas and all that awesome shit.
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|   |1!!||l1|!!1l|   |
|   |1!!||l1|!!1l|   |
|   |1!!||l1|!!1l|   |
| 8|90100 111847|5 |    Voltigeurs Self-published Zine Yee-Haw!
#-----------------#
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