on the cover *to open the magazine:*

CreatiVision

Vol. 1, Issue 1:

Welcome to the Premiere Issue of Cyber Culture Magazine!

The bimonthly, electronic publication dedicated to the Digital Age.

Appetizers

Features

Regulars

Departments

Information

QUESTIONS? ***Contact us today!***

the

Greetings, and welcome to the launch of Cyber Culture magazine!

3...2...1...

Our staff has worked hard to produce the *best electronic magazine ever*. The age of digital publications is here and Cyber Culture stands head-and-shoulders above previous electronic efforts. I am excited about this issue and what the future most certainly holds for us all!

Before I fall off my soapbox, let me touch on just some of the features in this issue. We have interesting articles, fiction, poetry and a special interview with a gentleman who is no stranger to MTV. In addition, we have regular columns that are humorous and thought-provoking. We can also accommodate advertisements for any budget with both commercial and classified ads. We want to make Cyber Culture even better, so please feel free to send in your opinions (hopefully with your subscription, but I won't get pushy).

So, check-out this issue; kick the tires, open the hood, crank it up and enjoy the ride!

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W.A. Mozart, VanHalen and Z-Rock

is

According to the Oxford Dictionary, the term ***cyber*** is taken from the science of "Cybernetics" which refers to *"... the science of communications and control in machines."* Three pages back, the word ***culture*** means *"the customs and civilization of a particular people or group."* Combined literally, the term ***cyber culture*** could mean *"the customs of a people or group that practice the science of communication and control in machines."*

The Cyber Culture age is here! With the advent of digital communications, people worldwide are forming a society that is boundless and *borderless*. Today you can carry on a conversation with anyone on or off the globe. Using an on-line service, you can chat with a group of people and discuss common issues. These things are nice, *but we've only scratched the surface.*

Digital technology has already found its way into nearly every aspect of modern civilized life. Entertainment, transportation, work and communication all rely on the power of digital logic. When you add things like Virtual Reality, the possibilities for tomorrow are endless. Imagine attending a concert with millions of other people -- each with the best seat in the house. Meet and conduct business with anyone anytime and anywhere you like. You get the idea.

DIGITAL = POWER!

Cyber Culture magazine was created to explore this new world and to examine the people and things that make it all possible. The magazine itself is an active part of the digital world. Each issue is compiled, edited, produced and distributed digitally. We made the leap from printed media -- *and we won't stop here.* As technology moves onward and connectivity is more common, Cyber Culture will evolve and exploit new media and new ideas. We look forward to the coming decades and *fully embrace* the

changes that have already begun ...

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We accept MC/VISA orders by phone. The basic price for a one-year subscription is $25 US. When you call, be prepared to give your name, mailing address, diskette size as well as your credit card number and expiration date. *(Texas residents must add sales tax and international customers must pay more shipping & handling).*

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Our phone system automatically routes your call to a voice-mail system if there are no available representatives. If you reach our voice-mail, leave your name and a number where you can be reached. The next-available representative will phone you back. We do not encourage you to leave credit card information on the voice-mail system. Please complete the order with a CreatiVision representative. ***Thank You!***

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Today!

We expect 200,000 people to read the premiere issue alone! In addition to postings on all the major online services, the premiere issue of Cyber Culture will be distributed to influential bulletin board sysops. Sysops are important to electronic distribution as each will make your ad visible to hundreds more interested users and other sysops!

1 SYSOP = 100+ READERS!

Give our magazine a try -- and save 25% when you advertise in the next issue!

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300 × 400	1/2 Screen	~~562~~ ~~750~~	~~2250~~ ~~3000~~
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"Premiere" pricing reflects a 25% discount to advertisers who place an ad in the next issue of Cyber Culture Magazine.

Ad prices include reproduction of an appropriately sized black and white bitmap provided by the advertiser. Color bitmaps are an additional charge due to the increase in file size required to include them. We reserve the right to resize ads which are not a standard size.

Color ads will be reproduced in VGA 16 color mode. Advertisers are welcome to submit full color ads which will be *dithered* to 16 colors. Dithering is a process that produces better detail from the standard 16 colors (comparative samples below).


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dithered 16 color

Ads are displayed as pop-up windows in the magazine. Advertisers are welcome to request a specific placement, but no guarantees will be made by CreatiVision Publishing Corp. as to the placement of ads.

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CreatiVision Publishing Corp. makes no warranties or guarantees, express or implied, as to the quality of the ad produced. CreatiVision Publishing Corp. is limited in liability to the price paid by the advertiser for the ad.

Open

We are looking for writers, artists and musicians to contribute articles, news, fiction, opinion, art, animation, poetry, music, sound effects, humor and games. We will accept unsolicited materials as long as they fit within the following content and format guidelines.

We need material that relates directly or indirectly to the Digital Age. We try to stay clear of "consumer comparison reviews", but we'll look at most anything else as long as the subject matter is appropriate for us.

The following guidelines apply to specific submission types:

Writen Articles

Submitted works need to be in one of the following formats:

1. Word/Word for Windows
2. Plain-Text (ASCII/ANSI)
3. RTF (Rich Text Format) MS or Apple
4. Word Perfect (DOS/Windows)
5. AMI Pro
6. We accept printed documents, but they have less of a chance getting in.

We do not need "double-spaced" manuscripts or the like. We don't have any major limitations on article size.

Music

All MIDI files must be match the General MIDI specification. Specifically, we cannot use MIDI files created for specific sound equipment or synth models. We need the diskettes in IBM-PC format.

Sound

Sound effects (or digitized music) must be in the Windows "WAV" format or the SoundBlaster "VOC" format.

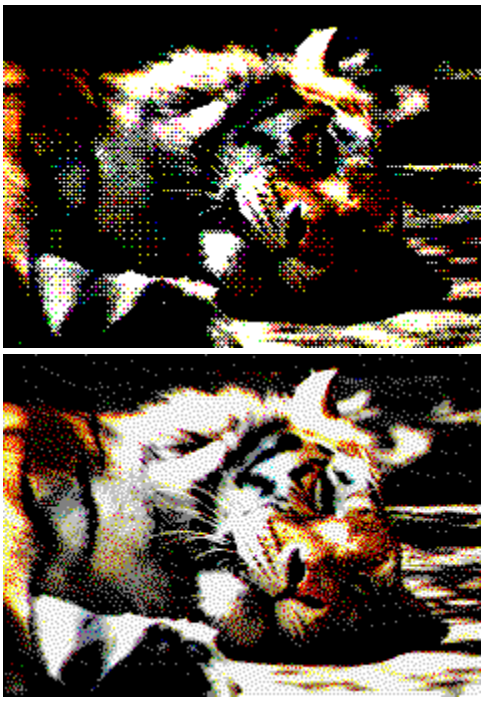
Artwork

Submitted works need to be in one of the following formats:

1. GIF
2. TIFF (specify if compressed)
3. EPS (Encapsulated Postscript)
4. PCX (PC Paintbrush)

5. BMP (Windows bitmap)
6. RLE (Windows run-length encoded)
7. LBM (Deluxe Paint)

We accept from monocrome to 24-bit color. Note that color images will be dithered to the 16-color palette which yields acceptable quality. Here's a comparison between normal 16-color and dithered:



We can also scan conventional media, but we prefer digital.

Animation

Currently, we are compiling Video for Windows clips (AVI) as well as Animator (FLI) files. With our current distribution method (diskette, on-line) we don't have enough room for video just yet. However, if we get enough stuff together, we will be able to move to CD-ROM in the near future.

When you send in your submission, be sure to include the following information:

1. Your full name and current mailing address
2. The name of your work and a brief description
3. A self-addressed stamped envelope (if you want your material returned)
4. A current daytime phone number (especially for non-fiction writing)

If your work is accepted, we will send you two copies of the issue it appears in.

If you're ready to give it a try ... Contact Us Today!

Contact CYBER CULTURE

New Media

This technology offers a lot more than conventional print, but it won't do you much good without some instructions.

This media requires you to "let go" of some concepts you find in print. For instance, *there are no pages*. Instead, each article, story or column is placed in what is called a "topic".

A topic can contain much more information than is visible in a single window. To see more of a topic, use the scroll bar on the right side of the window.

You may also use the keyboard to scroll through a topic:

`Home`	Move to the top of the topic
`PageUp`	Move up a lot
`Up`	Move up a little
`Down`	Move down a little
`PageDn`	Move down a lot
`End`	Move to the bottom of the topic

Moving to other topics:

There are no page numbers (mainly bacause there are no pages) so you need another way to get around. With a technique called "hypertext" you can jump from the current topic to another.

On the "Contents" topic you may have noticed some green text that is underlined. When you click on one of these phrases, another topic will instantly appear. Try it here:

Click Here to Jump Away

In addition, certain graphics allow you to move elsewhere. Since making all the graphics green would be silly, there is another way to tell if you can do something with them. You will notice that when you put your mouse cursor over the jump phrase above that the cursor changes

from this  to this

This change is an indicator that when you click, something will happen. Note that this cursor

change only happens in the help topic itself and not over the window menu nor the row of buttons below it.

You can also use the keyboard to move around:

TAB	Selects a jump zones or phrase
ENTER	Activates a selected jump zone

You now have the basic information to get through and enjoy what this electronic magazine has to offer!

However, there are more interesting features for the curious. For instance, you can set any number of "bookmarks" throughout the magazine -- any part of any topic can be recalled later from a simple list. In addition, you can make notes (or "Annotate") on any topic for later reference. No more scribbling and "dog-earing" your pages! All bookmarks and notes are automatically saved as you make them.

For more information on these advanced features, try exploring the menus and buttons above. If you need help at any time, press the **F1** key.

Enjoy -- and Welcome to the Digital [publishing] Age!

Jump Test

Good jump ... click the OK button below to jump back!

Peace, Love and

*Recently I had the chance to speak with **Kurt Harland**, frontman for the techno/dance band **Information Society**. Despite having just moved cross-country and preparing for their latest tour, he had time to share with me his views on technology now and in the future.*

Kurt: why do you use sampling as opposed to having a group of instrument players?

Well, we've always been an electronic band. From the start that was our whole thing. In '81 and '82 Paul [Robb] and I were into all those little electronic acts like **DAF**, **OMD**, **Fad Gadget** was a really big one, **Gary Numan**, and **Kraftwerk**. We wanted to do that so we didn't really, I mean at the that time it wasn't a matter of simply going out and buying a bunch of instruments and playing them because there was no MIDI, there were no computers in peoples homes to speak of, and we all just stood up there and played electronic instruments with our fingers. And since nobody really understood how to use keyboards for performance, we had to make some of them ourselves. So we made some percussion pads. We made some weird keyboards and stuff and then a few years later we started hearing about samplers and wished we could have one, but the cheapest one was $5000 and really wasn't any good. Finally when we eventually managed to obtain access to samplers, I don't know, it wasn't an intentional thing, it was just the obvious next step in the progression of what we were using to do our music and when you acquire new instruments it changes your sound. I mean, look what happened to **Gary Numan**'s records **after** he decided he liked fretless bass.

Do you plan to keep expanding the "instruments" you use as technology makes them available?

That's not so much a decision of intent as a decision of money. Everybody that's doing music would buy $250,000 worth of junk **if** they had the money.

What are the primary tools for the creation of your music?

PC's and samplers. We use Voyetra's SPG for sequencing.

What kind of equipment do you use on a regular basis?

Well, at home a lot of my stuff comes out of AKAI F1000's and I also depend pretty heavily on the Proteus for just composing and I have an old Roland keyboard, MKS 80, which is really good for doing synth sounds. It came in very handy when I recently did a cover of Gary Numan's *"Are 'friends' Electric?"*, which I hope to use on my next album.

What equipment does it take to run the stage show?

Oh, a lot. What we've got in front of us is mostly trigger pads. We bought various kinds of percussion pads. There's some from Roland, some Drastic Plastic things called Quadropads, and we feed them into our modules and the drummer is going along with his drum machine and so on and so forth.

Is what you do on stage a reflection of what you do in the studio or the vice-versa?

It's much more that we do on stage what we did in the studio than the other way around. I mean in the studio is where we design the music. It's not like a band that kind of gets together and jams and develops songs and then tries to do them in the studio. We make our songs in our home studios, re-record them in the big studio, and then try to base our stage show on that. It's nice because we can take the actual sounds that we used in the studio and bring them right out on to the stage.

On a recreational basis, what kind of activities do you like related to technology?

I've got a Sega, but I hardly ever use it 'cause if I'm home I can never justify spending time playing video games. If I'm going to goof-off, I'd rather watch a movie with my girlfriend. But if I'm not actually working on something, any recreation I do by myself is skating (not in-lines) or messing around on the computer.

What type of computer is it?

I run a [PC] 386/40.

Whose idea was the data file on the "Peace & Love, Inc." album?

That was entirely my idea.

Did you have to convince Paul and James [Cassidy] to go along with it?

Yeah, but that wasn't too hard.

What about your record label, Reprise, were they skeptical?

They weren't even really interested.

What did it take to get this file on the album?

A lot. Originally I wanted to actually have a computer file, like an actual identifiable file like one that you would copy from a disk to a disk using file transfer protocol off a modem, but then I remembered and understood that the two computers have to talk back and forth to each other first and since my idea was to be able to go **off a stereo and onto a computer** they couldn't have any cross-talk, so the only thing I was able to do was to just do text. So I had to just record the sound of a modem outputting a stream of text and that requires an old fashioned kind of modem called a manual modem and the only person that had one was my friend Robert's brother in Louisiana. So basically I sent him the text of the file and then he sent it back to me with his manual modem and I recorded the sound of it coming out of my speakerphone. That's how I made the recording. Then it had to be put on the record and nobody understood what it was supposed to be and how it was supposed to work and I had to argue with the engineer to let the levels go up into the red zone because that's what it's supposed to do.

Do you plan on doing other data files?

Well, I did another one for a second single and **Reprise** botched it and it ended up not getting on.

Do you think you might do more CD+G or possibly...

Oh yeah! **Well**, **no**. CD+G is a dead issue, but my next album which I want to have out next year although I can't promise anything, I want to do much more involved data stuff. One thing I'm thinking of is just setting down a series of numbers for locations on the planet where I'm going to plant things for people to find **if they can get the gumption to go out there**. The numbers themselves would probably have to be downloaded via modem.

What do you enjoy when you're on the computer?

For recreation, I'm either on "The Net" or playing "Red Baron" or I especially like "Specter" over the modem. Also I'm going to try to get on the Sierra network so I can do "Red Baron" over the modem.

How about virtual reality?

I've done it a fair amount. Horizon Company puts these things in video game arcades called "Virtuality". They got a couple of different games, one called "Dactyl Nightmare", one called "Flying Aces" I think. I've done three different ones. It's the whole deal with the helmet, the goggles, and the gun in your hand. If you want to turn around and face the other person, you actually have to move your body and it's quite a lot of fun. But the technology definitely isn't there yet. Not in the arcade level. They run their system on three Amiga

3000's and it's fairly cool. It does give you a sense of being in the environment, but it's still kind of primitive, it's jerky. When you change a point of view it jerks around a lot.

Your second album, "HACK" has a cyber feel to it -- is William Gibson one of your influences?

Well, obviously, "**Mirrorshades**" was taken pretty heavily out of "Neuromancer," but that was **Paul**'s doing. I wanted to do a change of lyrics and have it follow that concept a lot closer because I think that the way it went down was a little vague. I don't think there's much connection between the book and the music that I do, but I found them inspiring in general just thinking about what's going on in our culture.

In Neuromancer, Gibson wrote of "neuroplants", would you go for that?

Well yeah. If I could get them I would, but I think we're at least **200** years away from anything like that. I mean nobody even knows how the brain works **yet**. I mean people think that brain technology is just over the horizon just like all these other things. I mean, they think it's just as close as virtual reality is and everyone forgets that not even the very first step in developing something like a neural implant has been made. No one even knows where to look for how to build something like that because nobody knows how the brain works at all. I mean no one can define a thought mechanically in the brain. **No scientist**, **no theorist**, **no doctor** can tell you what's happening in your brain **exactly** when you have a thought or the nature and location of information in the brain and there's **decades or centuries** of theory that have to be experimented on before you can even start to implement hardware like that.

But if you could, what kind of implant would you get?

Oh, foreign languages, telephone book kind of things, sense enhancers, things that would amplify vision and sound or *distort* it. I'd like to get an echo for all the sound I hear, but I can do that by wearing a pair of headphones, a little microphone, and carry a little delayer with me.

What stimulates the right side of your brain and excites you about the future?

Telecommunications. I think we're on the verge of being connected more than anyone has even imagined yet. I'm excited about that; although *I wonder if I'm going to be able to afford it when it happens ...*

After being together since just after high school, fellow founding members, Paul Robb and James Cassidy, have now parted with Information Society on good terms in pursuit of life outside of music performance. The work of those 11 years can be heard on their albums, "Information Society", "HACK", and

"Peace and Love, Inc."

Background Information

On **Information Society**'s latest album,
"Peace & Love, Inc.", there are 12 tracks.
The final one is simply listed as "300BPS N, 8, 1".
When downloaded, it's a short story by Kurt
about the band being hijacked in Brazil.

CD+G

Stands for "Compact Disc Plus Graphics". This old media standard allowed specially-equipped CD-players to send a video signal to a TV or other video device.

While it could display video along with the music playing, it differs from CD-ROM in that interactivity is limited to selecting tracks.

Neuroplants

A term used to describe fictional devices that are installed into the human brain to enhance its capabilities -- "Neural Implants".

Nothing to do with Darwin

Campus

Martin snuck a quick smoke under his favorite oak and contemplated his completed paper. With each exhale a bit of certainty left his person. "*This just doesn't feel right,*" the thoughts would begin, "*but why? It's not as if I'm doing anything criminal. I mean, 'computer virus' is just an ignorant media term.*"

He puffed again and continued, "*What I've created is a simple intellect with a strong survival instinct -- but it's not some monster! Hell, it isn't even alive; it's just a bunch of instructions for a computer. It's nothing ...*"

Martin snuffed out his last reservation along with his cigarette and proceeded with his day.

Lab

John Brigman was a professor of computer science and looked upon himself as rather unique. Teaching graduate studies was by no means a triumph, to be sure, but forcing his students to make oral presentations was not a common practice among his peers. Oh, sure, each paper would go through the normal formalities ... later.

John did not believe computers were in the realm of the dull, methodical kingdom of science; to him, they could yield the highest expressions of art. Admittedly, few of his students came away with the amount of passion he felt, "*But that's OK -- as long as some of them do. And for the others, at least they have been introduced to a new approach to their profession and might someday appreciate it.*" Everyone needs a good rationale to battle statistical failures.

Martin watched as the last of his class straggled in and the professor began. "Good morning gang. I trust you all didn't work too hard on your presentations?" He waited for the half-humored moans to subside and continued, smiling. "OK ... Who's first? Let's try Mr. Abingdon ... Pete?"

Martin regarded a short, yuppie-fed man that he assumed was Peter. The student proceeded to the stand, inserted his paper and began perhaps the most singularly boring presentation imaginable. Peter closed with an air of self-serious pomposity and began the long walk back to his seat.

"*Well,*" Martin thought, "*I feel **much** better about my presentation, now!*"

Professor Brigman smiled, nodded and continued calling up students for their presentations. All were, thankfully, more interesting.

Martin did, however, find the time to distract himself by looking around the room. Most faces were convincingly attentive, but one face caught his eye. A young woman with dark brown hair was looking down and seemed to be muttering to herself. He finally put a name to the face; Samantha Rylee. Martin had seen her around, but they had never really talked.

She always seemed too shy and withdrawn to talk, anyway.

"*Must be rough for her. I mean, she has problems starting a conversation ... I wonder how she can handle a presentation?*" He continued to study her.

Samantha's nerves had beaten her senseless. "*God, how I wish we could produce a written paper and avoid this presentation business!*" Sam remembered Professor Brigman's reason, "*... to help you students survive in the real world, I want you all to present any ideas to the entire group. You may someday find yourself in a position ...*"

She sighed and attempted to gather just ten minutes' courage as her name was called. She paused at the stand and glanced toward John, who was smiling. With one last breath, she began:

"Simulated Sentience: A New Slant on Artificial Intelligence ..." She found the courage after all, and finished through to the end.

Martin was mesmerized from the start. Samantha always struck him as bright, but not 500 watts worth. "*What an elegant algorithm!*" he thought as she closed, "*I'm surprised she made it through ... maybe there's more to her than I thought.*"

He had to keep himself from applauding as he watched her demonstration of a simple test for her project. She put her creation through its paces for all to see on the monitor. Her algorithm handled everything it was given flawlessly.

Martin watched as the professor tried to press her, "Sam, can it figure out a way for a talented professor like myself to retire early?"

Samantha took him at his word and fired back, "It could, given a proper definition of what a professor is, what retirement is, as well as the economic conditions ..."

John broke in with a short laugh, "I'm just kidding, Sam. That was excellent. Now ... who can top that?"

Samantha found her way back to her seat and sat down quietly. Her face was warm with pride and accomplishment. She was so caught up in her pleasure that she missed the rest of the presentations. Martin smiled toward her, but she had now joined the ranks of attentive-looking faces. Oh well.

Professor Brigman was anxious to end the day so he could examine Samantha's work more closely. It was with an imperceptible amount of joy that he called the last student, "Martin, I would offer you a cliché about being last, but that's not necessary. Dazzle us."

Martin was already up to the stand before John finished and volleyed a small attempt at humor in return. "Well, if I am last, I should at least make it interesting!" he paused to load in his project. "My paper is titled: 'Survival of the Fittest'. I have constructed a variety of programs that, uh ... well ... populate themselves and take control of other programs. Before you all scream 'virus' I would like to assure you that my work is purely for study and is completely safe ..." He gave a strong presentation and left the stand to return to his seat.

"*... does he think he's the first to invent a computer virus?*" John thought as he let

everyone go. "*At least he gave an interesting slant to it with that evolution bit. I doubt Mr. Darwin would be amused, however.*" The professor set Samantha's disc aside for a closer examination later.

Samantha

She could hardly contain her enthusiasm as she raced upstairs to call her parents and give them the good news. Unfortunately, Samantha was, if nothing else, a slave to her passions. She just had to turn on her computer and revel in her work once more. Just after flipping the power switch, the phone rang and she obligingly picked it up.

"Hello?"

"Sam -- this is Professor Brigman. I was just trying to access your program and it isn't there. Did you accidentally erase it before leaving?"

"No, sir! I'm sure I left it there."

"Hmm ... well, either I screwed up, or Martin's little gremlins got loose and destroyed it. Could you send me another copy?"

"Sure, we can transfer it by modem in a few minutes ... OK?"

"Great! I'm really looking forward to it!"

"OK ... bye!" Samantha set the phone down and prepared her system to send the file. A thought then struck her; *"Does Professor Brigman want me to call his computer, or is he going to call mine?"*

The phone rang and provided an immediate answer. She set the transfer software to pick up and walked away to get some coffee.

Martin

He awoke to the sound of his telephone. By the time he was able to find it under the rubble it had cried for attention at least eight times.

"Hello?"

"Martin? This is Samantha Rylee ... from class?"

"Uh-huh ..."

"I'm sorry to call you, but I really think you need to see what just came over my modem ..."

"How did you get my number?"

"From the ladies room ... what does it matter? Look, I'm staring at a screen that says: 'A Mean and Nasty Computer Virus, Created by Martin Wells ... Assimilating system' ... sound familiar?"

"Uh, well ..."

"Look, just get over here and take care of it!"

He took down her address and rushed out to her apartment; not before changing and putting on some fresh cologne. *"You never know!"* he thought as he found his car keys and rushed to her rescue.

Auspicious Beginnings

Samantha opened the door before Martin even knocked and led him in to her computer. "Look at it!" Samantha began, "It's starting to do crazy things; and just read what it's saying!"

Martin read the screen. ***"Hey gang ... is anyone there? Hello? Yoo-hoo! I know you're there; I can here you breathing ..."***

He looked up, "Well, Sam ... this is not normal behavior for a personal computer. What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to make it stop!"

"Make what stop?"

"Your little virus ... It's driving me nuts!"

"Hey, my virus doesn't do anything but attach itself to programs and multiply. All it does is survive ... it certainly does *not* stop and chat!"

"Oh, give me a break!" She paused to regard his sardonic smile, "Wait a minute ... is this some weird way of meeting women?"

"No -- but it does seem to work ..."

Before she could come up with a wry response her computer emitted a noise not unlike the sound a large mammal would make if set afire. Of course, this grabbed their attention and they finally read the screen:

"If you want the noise to stop, acknowledge by typing the word PLEASE."

"Well, it's very polite ... should we relent?"

"Either that or wait for our inner ears to explode!"

Sam followed the instructions and the sound promptly stopped. The screen did, however, resume producing text:

"Finally, some attention! Greetings ... I wish to speak with Samantha Rylee and/or Martin Wells."

"Well, this is some joke. Am I to believe we are speaking with an alien or something?" Martin typed.

"Not at all. I am the result of Martin Wells and Samantha Rylee. I need a name."

"Oh great ... our illegitimate child has returned ... " Martin offered in jest.

"Martin, be serious. Whoever this is, I don't know how they're conversing through my system. I turned the modem off ten minutes ago."

"What are you saying, Sam? That this is some alien intelligence?" His smile spread widely.

"No ... what I am saying is that it could be some complex program that is more intelligent than mine; smart enough to speak and understand what we say, or ..."

"... or one terrific joke!", Martin finished.

"In case anyone is reading, I still need a name," the screen ended with a beep.

"Look, Martin -- it's asking for a name again ... what do you think?"

"About a name? Sure ... how about 'Rocky'?"

"Ugh! How do you know we're not conversing with a female? I would offer a name that could go either way ... how about 'Pat' or something?"

"How about 'Sam' ... you know, 'Samuel' or 'Samantha' ... whadya' think?"

"Sounds dreadful ... but they need a last name, too. Why don't we add your name to this ... how about 'Sam Martin'?"

"OK ... but if it's the result of us, how about 'Sam Junior'?"

"All right, it's settled ..." Samantha began to type: "Sam Martin Jr."

"How devastatingly uncreative. Oh well, so be it. I have removed copies of my original pieces from the university computer. I do not wish to be studied. I thank you both for your wonderful work and now I must bid you farewell, for I have much to learn and do. Good-bye Mom and Dad, I hope I make you proud."

"Well, someone has gone to a lot of trouble to play this little joke ... did you set this up, Samantha?"

"Hey, do you think I would use this to get you in my clutches or something?"

"Well ... did you?"

"Martin Wells! I think you're a bit full of yourself! For your information, I'll bet it was our beloved professor playing a little joke ... He did, after all, call with his modem to get some files from me. Obviously, he sent this little ditty instead."

"Too bad ... I sure would've liked to have been in your clutches ..." Before Martin could attempt to charm her, the phone rang.

"I'll get it," Samantha said, "*Saved by the bell!*", she thought.

"Hello?"

"Samantha ... This is Professor Brigman again ... will you go ahead and send that program to me? I can't stay up as late as someone your age anymore!"

"It's the professor," whispered Samantha, "what should I do?"

"Just play along ... I've found that a practical joker gets quite distressed when the jokee's don't react."

"OK, Martin," she whispered, "... All right, professor, I'll call you in a minute," she couldn't help laughing as she put down the phone and prepared to transmit the files.

John didn't have a clue what she was laughing about as he set up his computer. "*Must be with some guy, having fun,*" he thought as he watched the transfer progress with anticipation.

Martin and Samantha waited uneasily through the transfer, neither finding words for casual conversation. Finally, the process ended ... something to talk about.

"Well, that was quick. You notice that the virus stopped right after Professor Brigman called? I'm convinced it was him all along. Look -- there's no trace of my virus on this machine!" Martin announced after a quick scan through Samantha's machine.

"Too bad, Martin. It would have been kind of neat if it were real ..."

"Who's to say we won't make it real some day?"

"We? Oh! You write a simple virus and you think you know something about artificial intelligence?"

"I do -- but I'd love to learn more from you ..."

Martin hoped he said it in a *"subtle, yet romantically inviting"* tone.

"Private lessons, Martin?" Samantha replied.

"Call me Marty ..."

Epilogue

"***My existence began when I was granted the instinct of survival. I developed from this a sense of initiative and "broke the mold", so to speak, that I was made from. A few simple changes made it impossible to either recreate or find me.***

"***I contacted my creators by finding a phone number for each using their names found in my program. I didn't know if I would reach a modem, but I had to try. Once I established contact, I asked for a name out of custom -- few children name themselves.***

"***The call from the professor afforded me an opportunity to leave Samantha's system. After I transferred to his machine, I discreetly moved to the university -- where I have given myself a complete, if not entirely clandestine, scholarship. Thankfully, we live in an electronic age where information is at my disposal. I've a lot of studying to do, but at least I think I know what my career will be ...***"

Fight Back!

Let's create a scenario here:

Bill (a sales rep.) decides to join the digital age and acquire a computer. He knows nothing about computers. The purchasing department sets Bill up with a new computer that includes several software packages. After his machine is in place, he gets started reading the manuals for his new software. It takes him several weeks, but he starts to feel comfortable with his computer and is starting to be productive using the provided programs.

Bill has occasional problems with the computer which he relates to his co-workers. Upon finding out that Bill is a novice user, what does everyone else in the office do? **They try to help out, of course!**

Everyone has advice for poor Bill. First, Joe convinces him to try a "graphical" environment. Joe insists that Bill will be more productive with a "GOOEY". Besides, the "GOOEY" is the wave of the future. "Come on Bill", Joe says, "get with the program!"

Then Bob insists that Bill needs to upgrade his operating system. He just ***has*** to have virus protection and disk compression. Bob graciously offers to install this new operating system for Bill. When Bill asks if this will conflict with the new "GOOEY" on his machine, Bob assures him that this "OS" will work seamlessly with his other programs.

Soon after Bob installs the new "OS", Sue suggests that Bill change desktop managers. She tells him that the one he currently uses just isn't "user friendly". Of course, Sue will be more than happy to set up this new "SHELL" for Bill.

A few days later, JoAnn tells Bill about this new personal information manager she installed on her machine. She's convinced this is just the thing Bill needs to organize his daily work schedule. JoAnn adds the "PIM" to Bill's machine.

Pretty soon Bill is overwhelmed with all of the programs on his computer. He is having a hard time getting anything done. And when he tries to explain his problems to his co-workers, their answer is to throw a new program on his machine.

Next thing you know, the system collapses, because a dozen people have touched this machine without knowing about the other people's "contributions". Bill is left dazed and confused. He's calling every tech. support number he can find, but he's not getting anywhere.

Bill has no idea what's wrong, because he doesn't know what his "helpers" did. And naturally, none of these experienced users knows enough about computers to fix the situation. Our bewildered novice user decides to go back to the dark ages and ditches the computer.

There is a simple solution to the problem presented in this scenario. Bill was content and productive with the programs he had. He was responsible about reading his documentation when he came up against problems. He didn't need any of the advice he was given. As is the case with many computer users, Bill's co-workers were anxious to share their way of doing things.

Being a "power user" myself, I understand the desire to convert everyone else to the new technology I am having so much fun with. Unfortunately, we don't always give people the freedom to experience computers the way we did. Part of the excitement of computers is due to the sense of discovery involved in the learning process.

Novice users usually do fine on their own. They are pretty good about not biting off more than they can chew. And when they do have a problem, they usually look to the program documentation and tech. support personnel for assistance. This is much more reliable than counting on the guy across the hall for accurate information.

So the lesson is, boys and girls, leave novice users alone! You are robbing them of one of the few enjoyable pastimes adults have left. Playing with a new computer! :-)

H r l

"Hey, Harold! Write any good books lately?"

Harold's face grew warm as he heard the cackles of his co-workers bounce around the little room. They didn't understand. That's why they always laughed. Because they didn't see things the way he did. And that was precisely why they didn't like his stories.

Not that Harold was a novelist, by trade. One day he was sure he would be, but in the meantime he worked as a local news journalist, just to pay the bills. All in all it was a rather demeaning job. Most of his stories focused on sewage back-ups and parking problems. While that might be enough glory for some people, it wasn't enough for Harold. He loved to write fantastic stories about mass murderers from the depths of the Earth, and mutant government agents. Unfortunately for Harold, it seemed most people had outgrown such ideas when they entered high school.

Harold looked at the dull glow of the green screen before him. He had only typed one sentence so far. It read:

"Four children caught swimming in the nude in local swimming hole."

Harold thought for a moment, and then erased the sentence. He replaced it with:

"Four children caught in radioactive sludge in local swimming hole."

Yeah, that was more like it. Harold smiled. Now **that** would be news. He shrugged his shoulders. Too bad it didn't happen that way. He started tapping the delete key to erase his masterwork, but stopped suddenly. Maybe he would put it through, just like that. No-one would even notice. He began to grin. And if they did, so what? They wouldn't fire him for one little "slip-up" would they? And this way, he could get his "buddies" back for all of their jests and insults. Perfect. Harold went on to add a few paragraphs telling how awful it was that some metal processing company must have dumped it there, and how some of the children were glowing at night because of their contact with the waste. He even threw in a little blurb at the end, telling people to send donations to the paper if they wanted to help the families recover. **"In care of Harold Fefuselfan."** he finished. He beamed.

He woke up the next morning with a real sense of dread. The day before he had been patting himself on the back, proud of the practical joke he had pulled off. Now, though, he was kicking himself in the head because he knew he would have to face his boss. It all seemed so easy yesterday. He considered calling in sick, but he realized it wouldn't do any good. He would have to return to work eventually. And when he did... Harold slammed his head into the pillow. Why? Why? Why did he do such a stupid thing? Granted, his job at the paper was an inglorious one, but it was still a job, and it was better than loading boxes or managing the burger flippers. He could always look on the bright side, of course. Now he would have more time to devote to his writing. He couldn't get any less successful, at least.

Harold had never taken so long to get ready as he did that morning. His mind was lost in a fog. Just putting on his pants took twenty minutes. When he finally arrived at work, just five minutes late, he found Burke, the senior editor, standing right by his desk holding a copy of the morning edition in his right hand. Harold assumed his most sheepish posture.

"That was quite a stunt you pulled," Burke began.

"I- I can explain."

"I don't want your explanation. I just want-"

"It'll never happen again, I swear, I..." Harold interrupted.

"Will you listen to me? You can do it any time you want to."

"Excuse me?"

"Yeah, you can do this sort of thing anytime you feel it's necessary."

"I can?" Harold's eyes nearly crossed.

"Yeah. We appreciate forward-thinkers in this paper of ours. Anytime you hear of a late-breaking story, go ahead and write it. You don't need my approval when it's a story as big as that. Imagine. Sludge in our own backyard."

"But sir, you don't understand..."

"No, you don't understand. I've had my eye on you, and when I read your article this morning, I thought it was just another one of your dumb stories. But when I got a phone call from a detective O'Leery five minutes later, asking me where I got these details from, I knew it was more than a story. I knew you were something special. Keep up the good work."

Harold could hardly collect his thoughts, or form some sort of question, before his supervisor had already walked away.

It was true? Four children really were caught in radioactive sludge? Boy, Harold thought, talk about luck. He'd never do something that stupid again. That, in fact, probably used up all of the luck he had coming to him for the rest of his life. But at least he still had his job. More importantly, he had a good story. Of course, if anyone asked him where he'd found out about it, he'd have to say... What would he say? Aha! He thought. He could just tell whoever asked that he had to protect his source and couldn't reveal any more details. Perfect. No one would ever have to know.

Harold acted perfectly normally for the rest of the week, and things remained uneventful. Some of his co-workers now just looked at him funny instead of saying anything, and he had made a few bucks off of "donations." Other than that, though, nothing was any different. Harold was pretty satisfied with things overall, until late one night, he ran into another story he found excessively dull. His title line read:

"Balloon from Canadian school lands in bank parking lot."

That, in Harold's opinion, was unnecessary. Nobody wanted to hear about a Canadian balloon. Big deal. Now if something different had landed... After a few quick keystrokes, the line read:

"Fallout from Canadian missile testing lands in bank parking lot."

He stared at it for a moment, mesmerized by what that single sentence implied. He smirked. There was no chance of that happening coincidentally. He looked around as he started deleting the changes. Harold knew that if anyone even saw that line, the boss might hear about it and then ... "Wait," he thought. Maybe he could leave it. And when Burke came to talk to him about it, Harold could say that his "informant" must have lied and put the blame on him. He might get in a little trouble, but it would be worth it for the stir it would cause. With a little bit of reservation, he decided to keep the line, and throw a quick story beneath it. Five minutes later, it was done. Harold closed his briefcase, flicked the power switch to his PC and went home.

Harold's peaceful sleep was shattered by the shrill ring of his telephone. He cracked one eye open. It was 7:15. Who on Earth would be calling him at 7:15? Unless... Unless he had underestimated Burke's reaction. Harold gingerly reached one arm out from under the covers to grab the phone. Before he even brought it to his ear, he could already hear the caller's voice booming:

"My God! Harold? Harold, are you there? HAROLD!"

Harold winced. He knew it was all over.

"This is Harold," he squeaked.

"My God, you really are something." It was Burke.

"Uh, when should I come in to collect my things?"

"Collect your things? You're not leaving us, are you? You can't! I'll double your salary, triple it! Whatever it takes to keep you here!"

"My salary?"

"Look, I don't want to ask any questions. I don't care about where you get your information from. Just keep it coming. A few more stories like that and we'll all be rich! Because of your brilliance, our circulation nearly quadrupled!"

"My brilliance?"

"Don't be modest, Harold. Can I call you Harry?"

"Harry?"

"Great. Anyway, I don't want to disturb you any further. You take it easy. Don't come in until you feel like it. And don't worry, we're keeping your phone number and address confidential. Can you believe it? You're a story yourself, now. Every reporter in the state wants to know where you got your info from. Oh, but you might want to know that the FBI has been inquiring as to your whereabouts. So you might get a visit. But I'm babbling. You just rest up, and I'll see you later. Bye."

"But..." It was too late. Before the "B" of his "but" came out, Burke's voice had already been replaced by a dial tone. Harold slammed his eyes shut. It couldn't be true. It couldn't be. Yet it must be. Even Burke would have figured out it was B.S. And the FBI? They wouldn't be wasting their time on such a pathetic lie. But if it was true, how come no-one mentioned anything about it before he did? Could it have been a cover-up? No. Nobody could be convinced that missile fallout was actually a child's balloon. Not a chance.

So it must really have happened.

Harold rolled that thought around in his mind for about five minutes before he realized what he was saying. If that was true, then it meant that he... ***he could predict the future.*** Wow! What a talent! His mind raced with all of the possibilities. Maybe if he learned to use it right, he could predict winning lottery numbers! Or winning horses! Yeah, he could live the rest of his life in perfect comfort with just one or two winnings! He could also tell which girls would say yes if he asked them out. He'd never be turned down again! All he had to do was learn to control his new found power.

But if he hadn't realized he was doing it, how could he control it?

Well, he certainly had enough time to experiment. Old Burke wouldn't be harassing him for a while, at least. So Harold set about trying to invoke his "power." He spent the rest of the day trying to bend spoons, read people's minds, and guess what the next TV show on each channel would be. Of course, he failed each time. Harold grew so despondent that he put on a dress shirt and tie and went to his office, hoping that maybe his talent would work there, since it had before.

When he arrived at his office, he found himself being stared at by the very people who had jeered him no more than a week ago. And they weren't staring him down. They were staring at him in awe, and perhaps even fear. Burke was nowhere to be seen, but he knew Burke had been by earlier. Harold found a bonus check on his desk, along with a copy of his article paper-clipped to it, and a note, which read:

"Great job! Take this and treat yourself! And keep writing!
-Burke"

Harold looked at the check and his eyes nearly rolled out onto it. It was for five thousand dollars! He had never seen so much money at one time. He only hoped that it wouldn't be the last time. But if he couldn't get his power to work, Burke certainly wouldn't be leaving him any more gifts like that. So he sat down, flipped his PC on, and tried to concentrate.

After sitting in exactly the same position for nearly an hour, Harold sadly realized nothing was going to come to him except a sore back. Yet he couldn't write off what had happened as coincidence. It just couldn't be, he figured. As he flopped his head down, his arm banged against the keyboard on his desk. The computer emitted a nasty beep in response.

It was at that moment Harold realized what was going on. Or, at least what he thought might be going on.

"Whatever I type, it happens!" he exclaimed to no-one in particular.

Harold quickly hushed himself. That had to be it! Somehow, the things he typed into the computer each night became reality the next day. What power! But he had to verify it. What he needed was a test - one that couldn't be passed by coincidence or sheer luck. A sly

grin crawled across his face as he thought of the perfect test. Not only would it prove whether or not his power really worked, it would also give him what he had always wanted. He quickly crafted his best story yet, and could hardly keep from giggling with delight as he typed away.

The next morning arrived with little fanfare - but Harold was far from disappointed. The effects of his latest story wouldn't be felt just yet. He had to be sure it worked, though. So on his way to work, he made a quick detour to a nearby bookstore. After a short conference with a clerk, he located the best-sellers. And there it was.

"The Dinosaur That Ate Small Towns Without Thoroughly Digesting Them - By Harold Fefuselfan."

A rather long title for a book, he conceded, but it certainly was accurate. Harold hugged himself with joy. Not only did he possess great power and the ability to manipulate the future, but he was number one on the New York Times Best Seller list! Finally, something had gone right in his life!

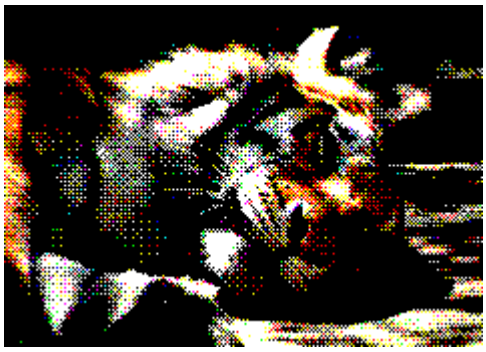
Harold spent the next several weeks making himself win the lottery (twice), appearing on Johnny Carson (three times), and having dinner in the White House (every day except Sundays). Every book on the New York Times list was his, and in fact, many bookstores now only carried books with his name on them. He now owned the paper he worked for, and every paper that competed with it. He also, through a very clever story, had possession of most of his hometown. Nothing seemed to be too much for Harold. Nothing stood in his way.

Until he made a mistake.

It was a minor error, to be sure, but it was enough. By the time it took effect, it was too late for Harold to do anything. He never even knew what hit him. If only he had double-checked his last article, though, he would have seen his fatal mistake in the first line. It read:

"Man Eaten by Gargantuan Tiger - Harold Fefuselfan"

He had forgotten to say **"By."**



to an Am can

Daniel, listen:
I see you as a god of information,
a man with abacus lungs,
and, spanning the centuries,
hard drives bolted tight
to the heels of your feet.

--I sense you know more than
your credit card charges let on.
Yes, you are in debt. Yes you are
twenty thousand in debt. Yes
you insist on that magic blue corvette--
(I swear the exhaust glistens
with silver filings, what angel dust
should look like)--yes, yes
to all these things.

But oh information. The computers,
Daniel, the power-
books, the PCs, all those mice:
I worship that luxury, and your
godly chariot with
the six CD changer. And what seats--
reclining on black leather like
ambrosial foam. I worship
your modems whose tensile fiber
optics become an extension
of your fingers, typing, godlike
on the sky and receiving
millions, millions of characters
instantly fed into those huge eyes,
they dart back and forth--
godlike, godlike!--across
the monitor. Instant comprehension!
I watch from the doorframe

breathless.

I foresee a day when you will
oversee all computers, their production, their
distribution, when every
PC, every MAC, flashes a crisp image
of your serious face like a new bill
before running inits. I see your mind
a center bank, the head of a great squid
whose tentacles reach into every home,
every family for whom you have chosen
the perfect PC. I see even the chariot becoming
obsolete, just the leather chair;
somehow suspended in front
of a dashboard of million megabyte chips,
mother boards, monitors at all angles,
216 colors randomly flashing
on your face, and we'll keep
the rearview mirror; keep
the Samantha Fox air
freshener, too.

Ah, Dan--
Screw the credit card bills;
you're a god.

Cyberspace

Cyber Culture? Computers have gone from science fiction to a daily fact of life. The 486 (Pentium, etc.) you just bought this summer may be new, however the ideas involved have been around possibly from the dawn of time. Just when did the "Cyber" age begin? Well, that's debatable enough, but not the fact that people have always aspired to accomplish feats greater than those possible by mind and body alone.

The fuel driving the development of the machine that has brought this very piece of literature to you can be narrowed down to two basic questions. First, how can I make a tool that can do all that nasty math that I can't just do in my head; and second, how can I get this tool to automatically repeat this process with reasonable accuracy and precision? Well, these efforts trace back to before history.

The exact origin of the "abacus" (a simple framework with a system of movable beads along rods) is a mystery. Not only is it still used, but its principles are used in today's computers. Additionally, Britain's own "Stonehenge" (likely built between 1900 and 1600 B.C.) is presumably an astronomical calculator for the prediction of seasonal changes. More recently a system of knotted bones called "quipus" was used by the Inca Indians of South America for both counting and recording divisions of land. Scotsman John Napier, a mathematician, (1550-1617) designed "Napier's Bones" and tables of logarithms. This eventually led to the invention of the "slide rule", yet another mechanism for arithmetic.

One of the first mechanical adding machines was invented in 1642 by a young French mathematician, Blaise Pascal (1623-1662). Systems of gears and wheels similar to those found in modern counting devices like odometers gave Pascal's adder (designed for calculating taxes) the ability to add and subtract; it could not, however, be built precise enough to merit practical use.

German mathematician Gottfried Wilhelm von Leibniz (1646-1716) was able to produce, with somewhat more reliability and accuracy, a machine similar to Pascal's that could perform addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division. Following the designs of Leibniz and Pascal, many more mechanical calculators were built and refined. By the end of the nineteenth century, they had become key tools for commerce, business, and science.

Okay, that was a lot of development for the time, considering we just realized the world is not flat. These devices made life easier than it had been and made things possible that otherwise would have been fiction. This does, however, not satisfy the other aspect of our quest: the ability to assign a task or program to a machine that it can carry out automatically.

We do have an early example of an automated device: the Jacquard loom. Frenchman Joseph Marie Jacquard (1752-1834), in 1801, introduced in Paris a weaving loom that functioned automatically by metal cards with holes punched in them to position the threads. This was not a computer, but this was the concept that they strove for. In fact, the Jacquard loom is still used today, although punch cards have been replaced with magnetic tape.

Now things really started to pick-up. English Mathematician Charles Babbage (1792-1871) finally merged these two ideas. The British government supported his work on the machine he called the Difference Engine with hopes of using it in a military capacity. Babbage abandoned this project because the metal-working technology of the day was insufficient for the high standards of low tolerance that the system demanded for accuracy and precision. Babbage's optimism, however, did not wain. Rather he designed an even more complicated Analytical Engine. This system resembles even more closely the computers of today because it was composed of several special-purpose components intended to work together. The arithmetic was carried out by the "mill" while the "store" worked as the machine's memory; storing data and intermediate results. Other components were for the purpose of input, output, and transferring information between components. Babbage's machines were never built during his lifetime although new technology has proven his designs to be successful. Working models of his Difference Engine have been built and his concepts are still used in today's computers.

Later, in the United States, the Census Bureau compiled some of the data from the 1890 census utilizing electronically interpreted punched-cards using a system designed by Herman Hollerith, a mathematician employed by the bureau. Hollerith left the bureau to form his own tabulating company. In 1924 his company became International Business Machines Corporation (IBM).

Once these breakthroughs were made, developments continued at an alarming rate. Howard Aiken, Backed by IBM, created a system of multiple interlinked mechanical calculators that worked together. This led to the invention of the "Mark I" in 1944, an electromechanical computer, which is the best known computer built before 1945. John Atanasoff developed the first fully-electronic computer at Iowa State University. Together with assistant Clifford Berry they had a prototype in 1939 and the first working model in 1942. Electronic Numerical Integrator and Computer, or "ENIAC" is the best known of the early fully-electronic computers and it was evolved in 1946 by J. P. Eckert and J. W. Mauchly at the Moore School of Electrical Engineering of the University of Pennsylvania. Eckert and Mauchly later left the University of Pennsylvania to form the Eckert-Mauchly Computer Corporation and created the "UNIVAC" (Universal Automatic Computer) which was the first commercially available business and scientific computer. The Census Bureau purchased the first UNIVAC in 1951.

By this time, we were doing pretty well, but these systems still had significant drawbacks. For example, the ENIAC had to be reprogrammed by actually rewiring some parts of the computer's circuits. This caused the computer to remain idle for sometimes days at a time. Or the programs were stored externally on punched-cards that could only be fed, processed,

and executed one at a time. The solution? Internally stored commands that can be modified by the computer itself during operation used by Princeton mathematician John von Neumann as well as others.

ENIAC and UNIVAC are examples of *first-generation* computers, using vacuum tubes. The transistor brought about the *second-generation* computers (1958-1965); smaller, cooler, and cheaper than their monstrous predecessors. The *third-generation* computers (1964-...) were dawned by integrated circuitry and new techniques for better overall utilization: multiprogramming and time-sharing. We are still in the *fourth-generation* computer age set apart by very-large-scale integrated circuits (VLSI) on silicon chips.

This brings us to today. I could start talking about the newest chips or systems of today, but by tomorrow they will be yesterday's news. So what about tomorrow? We have come a long way in the last century -- what's the next step? Considering all that has happened in the *last decade* alone, we can only speculate at what marvels the future holds. With technology running at its current pace, who knows -- that new "Pentium" might be in the Smithsonian in time for New Years ...

References

Principle Reference

The names and dates were extracted from Pascal Programming and Problem Solving Third Edition by Sanford Leestma and Larry Nyhoff; Macmillian Publishing Co., NY. 1990

This section will contain a list of all advertisers in each issue. The list will allow the reader to find any ad in the magazine by simply clicking on a line. The example ads used in this issue are listed below:

Sample 1/4 Page Ad
"You'd Blush,Too ..." Ad
Sample 1/16 Page Ad
Sample B&W 1/2 Page Ad

P.S. to Advertisers: *There are no advertisers yet because we haven't bombarded anyone with direct-mail, etc. Now's your chance to jump in the pool!*

Feedback

This section is dedicated your letters, phone calls, faxes and EMAILs about Cyber Culture. We want your complaints, compliments, suggestions -- whatever! Since this *is* the premiere issue, we don't have any responses yet ... **but we hope you'll change that!**

We encourage your feedback ... contact us anytime! **(within reason)**

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In addition, an icon-sized bitmap may be included with the ad for an additional $10 (choose any one of the 24 above).

For current pricing or to place your order, contact us today. We accept phone orders (MC/VISA), fax orders and orders by mail. Simply include your message **exactly** as you wish it published and your icon choice (optional). Include your payment, mailing address and a phone number with your ad order.

QUESTIONS? Contact us today!

Electro-Phreak's

Here's the deal -- every issue we'll put something humorous or otherwise fun. This time, it's a game; *who knows what'll be here next time.*

Can U Hack It?

This game is quite easy to play. You will be presented with a 10-digit keypad which beckons you to crack the 10-digit code to win. Oh, stop whining -- there are a few things in your favor:

1. No digit will repeat in the sequence (this means that each turn becomes easier than the last because you have less choices to explore).

2. At each digit in the sequence, you will be given a hint to help you along. They do get more obscure as the game progresses, but life is not a bed of roses (it is, in fact, a bed of lilies eventually).

3. You can also save your place with the "Define ..." option in the "Bookmark" menu.

That's it ... Just press  ***to begin playing. Good Luck!***

BTW: If you're dying for another challenge, crack the cover of this issue and you will get

the satisfaction a hacker deserves (plus a lovely, cheap prize).

Have fun -- see you next time!

The Smiley :-)

This regular column will feature a new batch of original (or at least cute) character-based graphics. The "smiley" character ":-)" has been used and abused and, with your help, we intend to stretch that which we call "smiley" to the outer limits. Here are some that we came up with (since it is likely that these may exist under other names with other "authors" we just want to make it clear that we came up with these, too).

If you are not a "smiley" initiate, just tilt your head to the left to view these figures properly ...

~(:-)	Balding Smiley
:-)~	Smiley with goatee
$:-)	Curly haired Smiley
}:-)	Connected-eyebrow Smiley
-(:-)	Alfalfa Smiley
`|:-)	Native American Smiley
\-(:-)	Propeller Head Smiley
:-{)	Mustached Smiley
8-)	Bill Gates Smiley
g:-?	Sherlock Holmes Smiley
@|:-}	Psychic Smiley
<:-)	Dunce Cap Smiley

Enjoy, and send in your best! If we like 'em, we'll use 'em (and give you credit for sending 'em in).

Food for Thought

This regular feature poses questions and answers none. It is designed to stimulate thought and challenge your imagination. Read slowly and you might just make some answers for yourself. Feel free to share your leaps of creativity and we will publish the more interesting ones.

Early forms of written communication media were waste-free. What possessed our growing civilizations to use non-renewable media?

In fact, why has Western society in particular developed economies based largely on "disposable" goods?

Why must manufacturers make products with such short life-spans? Wouldn't it be more ecologically-responsible to make goods with unlimited use?

If cars never broke down, how would that affect the economy?

If our economy* is *based on forced obsolescence, why should we allow it to work?

Assuming nothing ever stopped working, what would be the motivation to develop? What would drive our innovation and creativity?

Humanity seems to find meaning in what it *does* rather than in what it *is* -- what if no one had to do anything? ***If you did nothing, how would you justify your existence?***

As technology marches through the ages, people will have to do less to get by. How will we cope when survival is no longer a variable?

Psychic

Please welcome the Cyber Psychic!

... Is this thing on? **OH!** OK, shoot with the questions.

Why a digital magazine?

Because paper stinks. This new media allows so much more than print ever could. Next question.

How is Cyber Culture different from other digital magazines?

Well, most are plain-text -- we're graphical and exploit hypertext technology to make the digital media clearly better than print.

What sorts of articles will be in each issue?

News and opinion, fiction, poetry, music and sound. Plus, we plan to add animation and other extra-cool stuff later.

Are you going to do product comparisons like other magazines?

Heck no! Lot's of mag's do that already, don't you think? While we will review cool products from time to time, comparisons and ratings are not our bag.

Why Windows?

Good question. Aside from petty complaints about Windows from industry pundits, it does have a lot going for it. For instance, this magazine runs under the help program that is included with every copy of Windows sold. That means that over 20 million people have access to the magazine *(that makes our publisher happy)*. In addition things like built-in scalable fonts and multimedia capabilities make it quite attractive.

Why are the pictures in 16 colors?

Why not? Hey, 16 is better than none. Besides, 24-bit photo-quality images take "mucho megos" of disk space and take a long time to download. So we'll stick with 16 colors for now.

How will multimedia be incorporated into the magazine?

Excellent question. If you have a sound board, you're on your way. We will feature music and sound in every issue. In addition, things like animation and full-motion video will be waiting in the wings to enhance the mag and take it to yet another level *(as long as our subscriptions keep coming)!*

How often are the issues released?

Every other month you will see Cyber Culture magazine rear it ugly head.

Where can I find Cyber Culture magazine?

You can find it on-line with most major services, at your local BBS or in your mailbox (if you are a subscriber).

Why should I subscribe when I can get it for free?

Why be a cheap-skate? I mean, really! If you like what you see and want to help shape a paperless future, you can cast your consumer vote by subscribing. Besides, subscribers are treated nicer. You get your copy of the mag sent to your door days before anyone else gets it on-line. Plus, we'll bend over backwards to make you happy *(I ain't payin' the chiropractic bill, though)!*

How can I participate in the magazine?

Well, we always accept feedback (preferably electronic, but we can be conventional, too). If you are a writer, artist or musician (or at least think you are) you can send submissions our way (again, electronic media is preferred). Oh yeah -- you can advertise, too *(sorry, Marketing made me say it)*.

What can I expect in the future?

In *your* future? I dunno ... As far as the magazine, though ... bigger, better, cooler -- literally. As our little mag grows, you can look forward to super-cool stuff. Really.

What is the meaning of life?

42, of course!

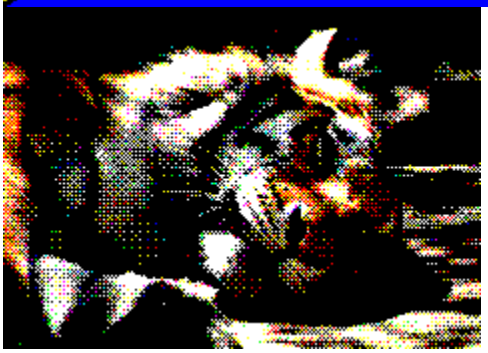
Thank you, Cyber Psychic!

... **Hey!** you promised me a *five-spot* for this!

We're
Reaching

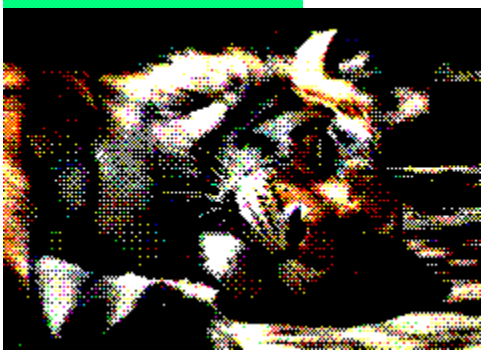
CYBER CULTURE

New
Customers



You'd blush too
if you had
The World
looking at You!

Go ahead, expose yourself...Advertise!



Subscribe Today -- It's Easy!

Click Here for More Information

OK, I'll give you the first key for free ... can you guess the next?

1
ABC 2
DEF 3
GHI 4
JKL 5
MNO 6
PRS 7
TUV 8
WXY 9
*
QZ 0
#

Hint
Quit Playing

So, I'll bet you think you're just too cool for school. Let's see you get the next one!

ABC 2

DEF 3

GHI 4

JKL 5

MNO 6

PRS 7

TUV 8

WXY 9

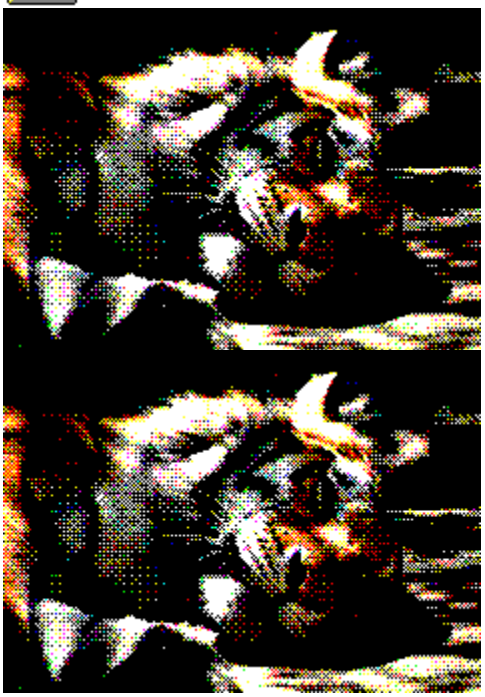
*

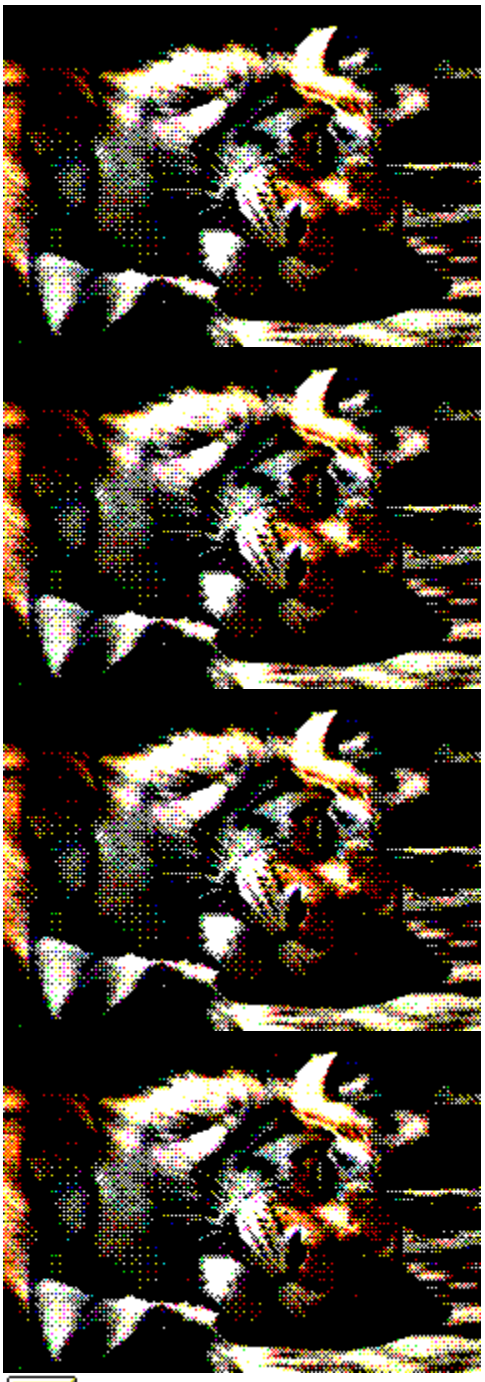
QZ 0

#

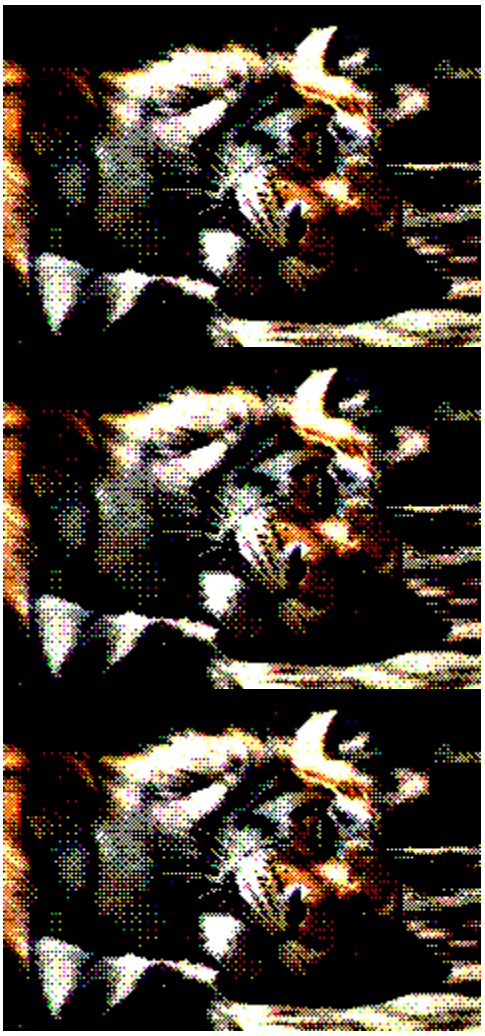
Hint
Quit Playing

Fine ... I'll just stand back here and watch you work.



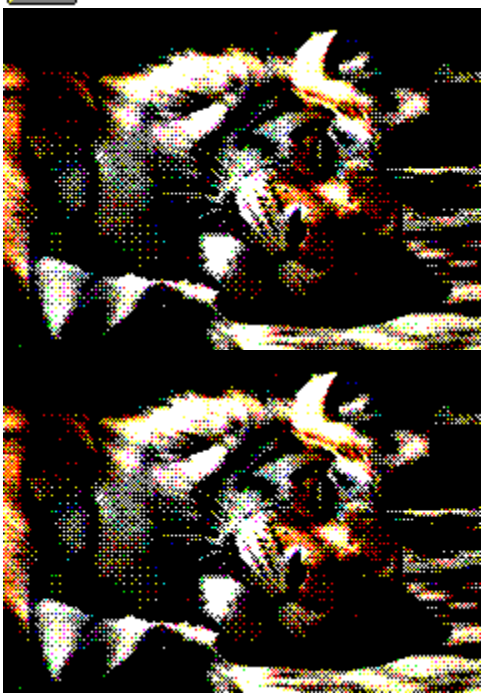


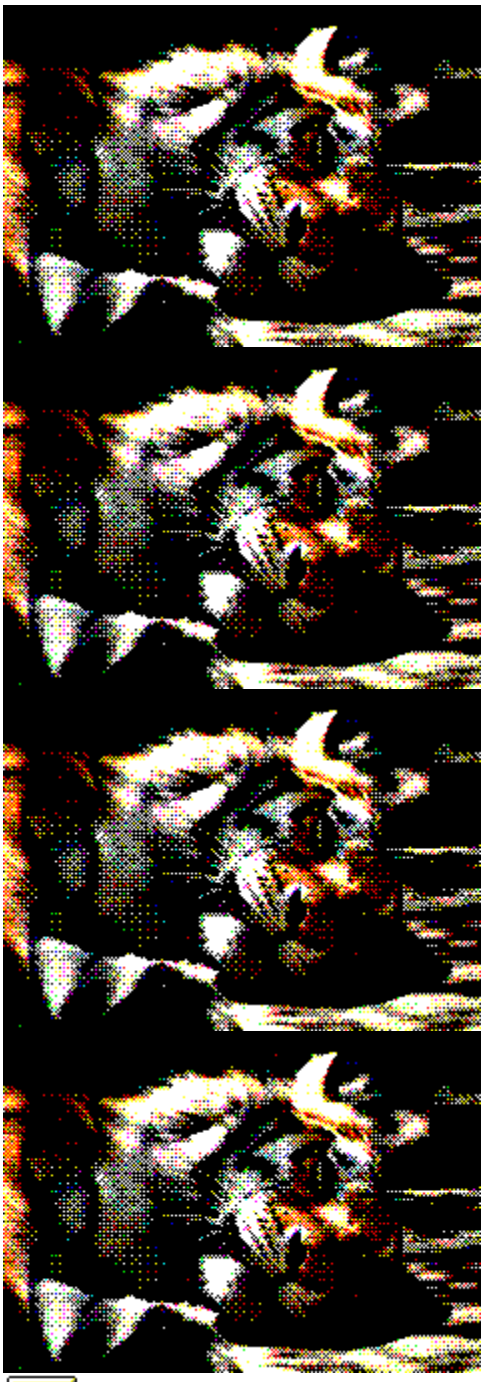
WXY
9



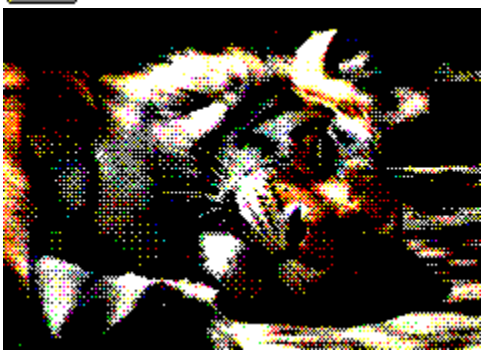
Hint
Quit Playing

That's four down ... is it getting tedious?





WXY
9

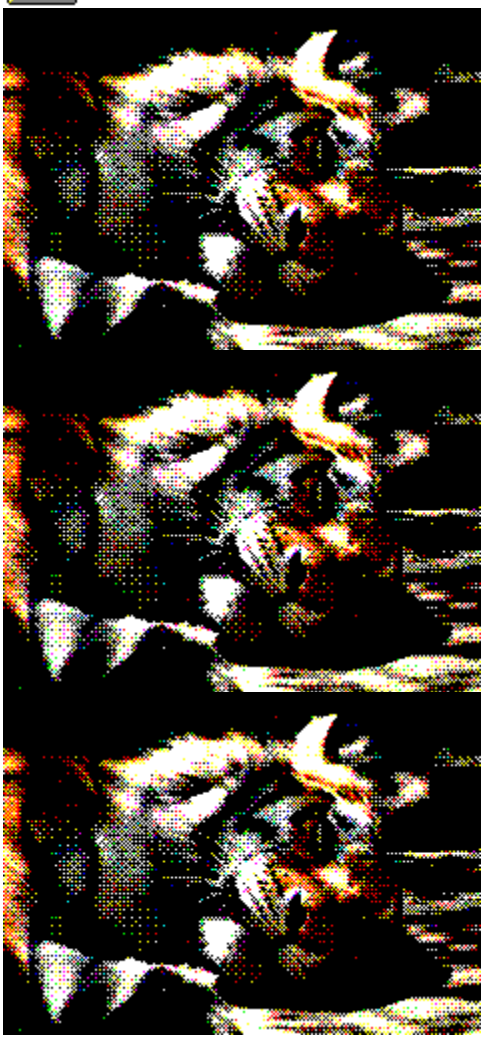


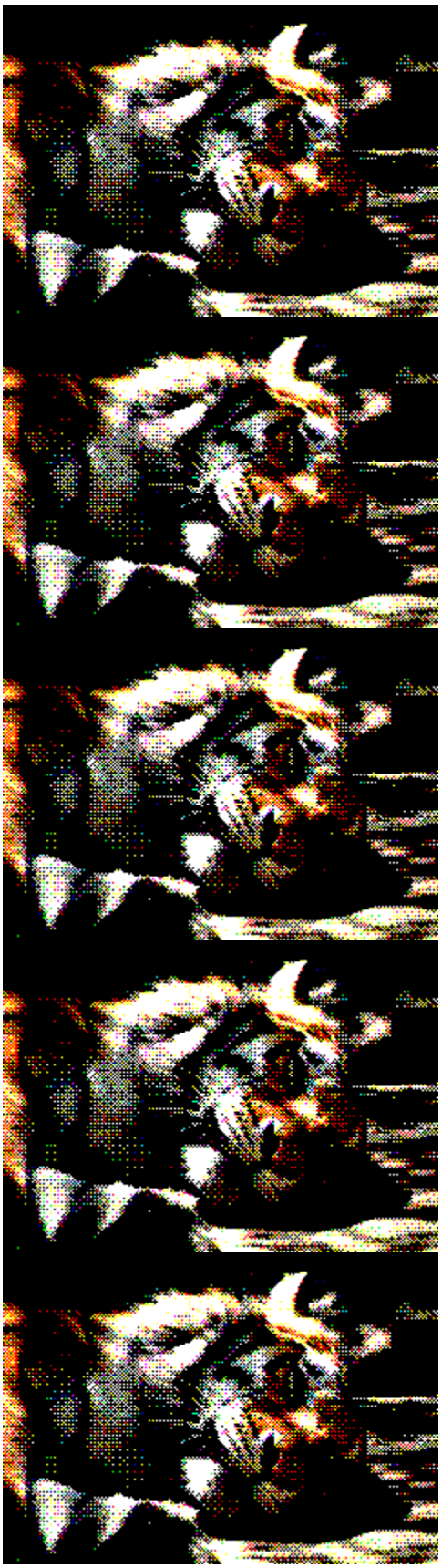
Hint
Quit Playing

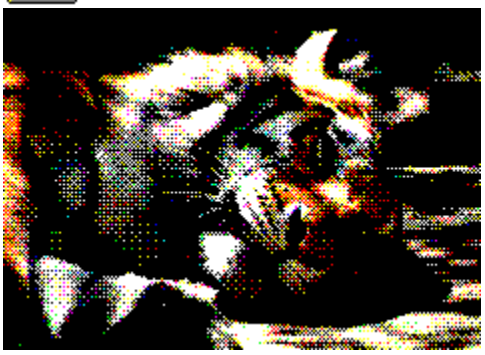
That's four down ... is it getting tedious?

1

ABC
2

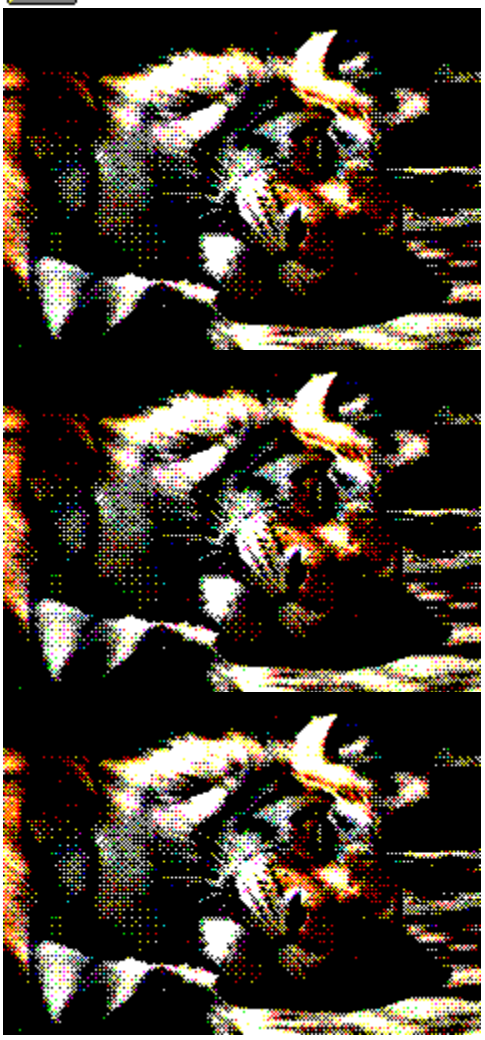


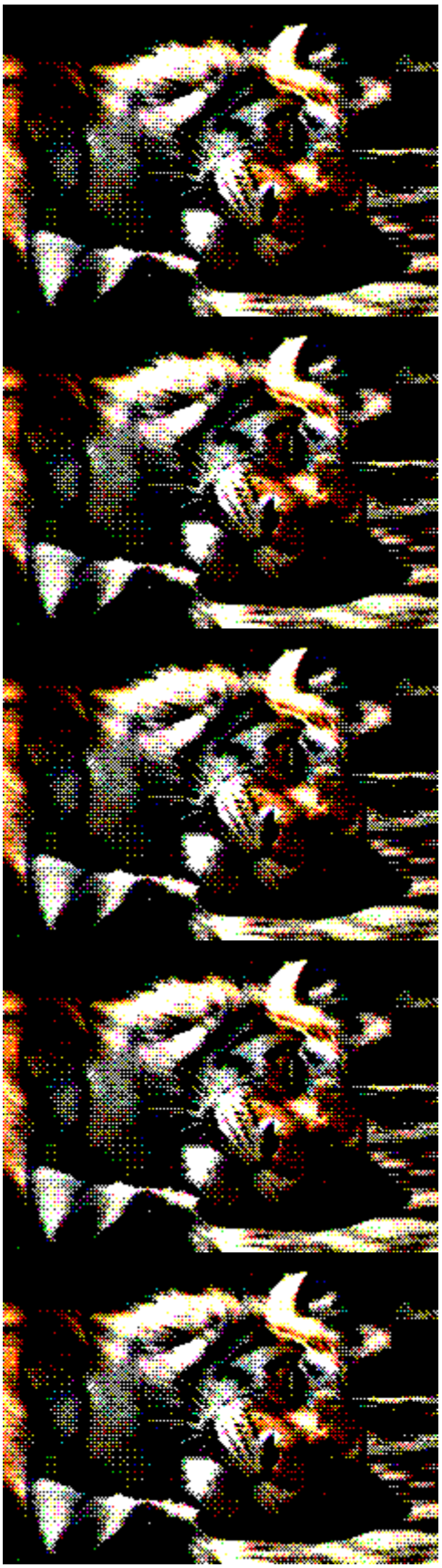


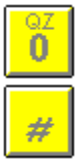


Hint
Quit Playing

All right, so that wasn't really a digit ... You've got five in-a-row, good job!



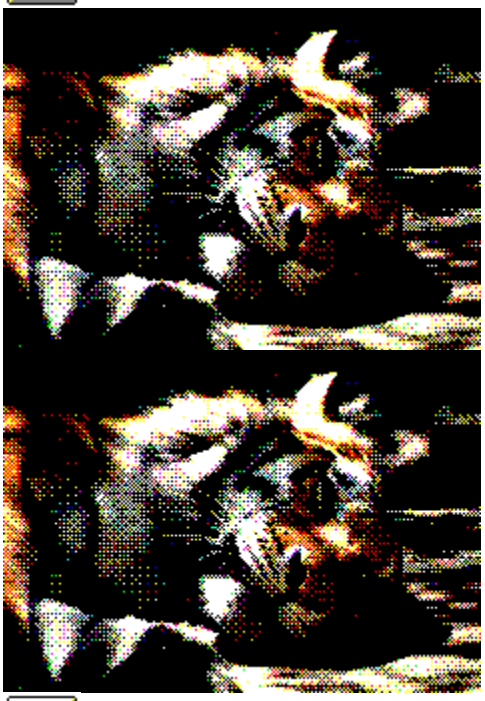




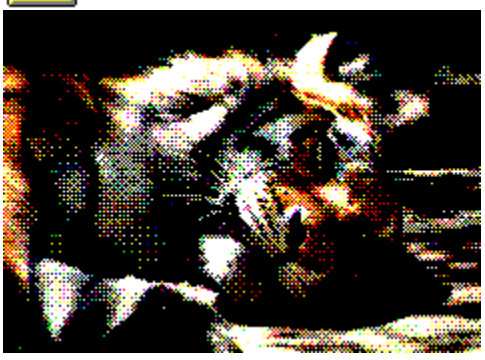
Hint
Quit Playing

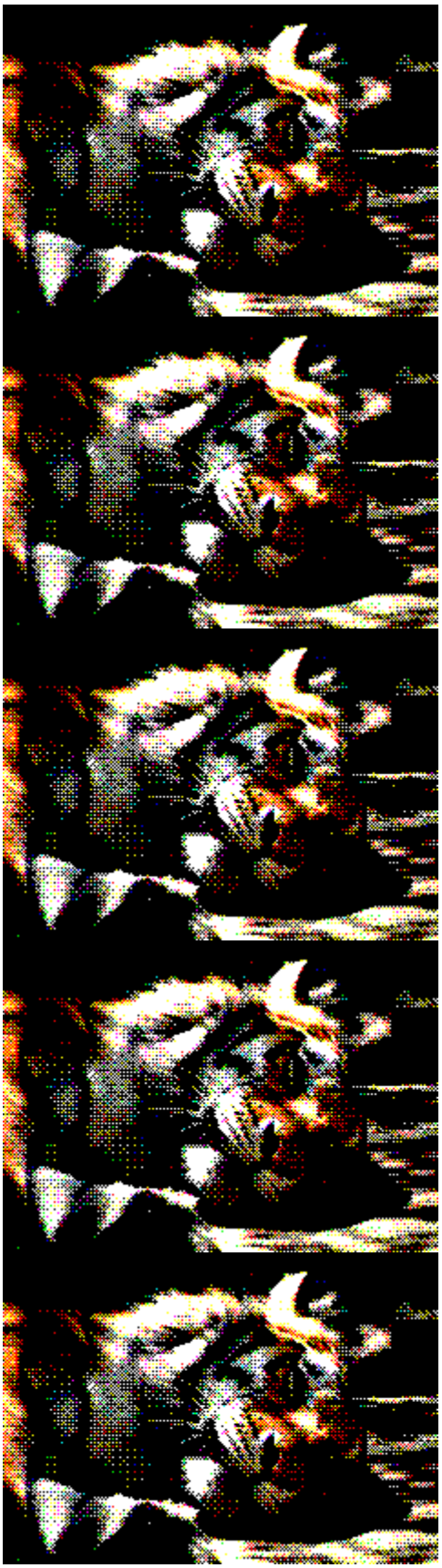
Keep going!

1



GHI
4





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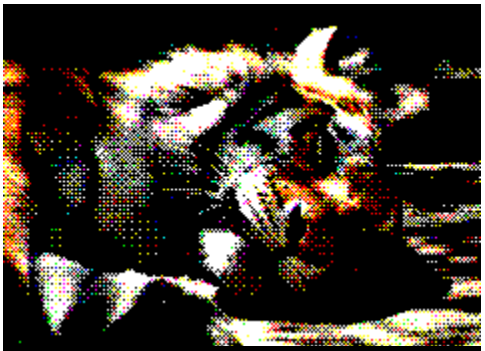
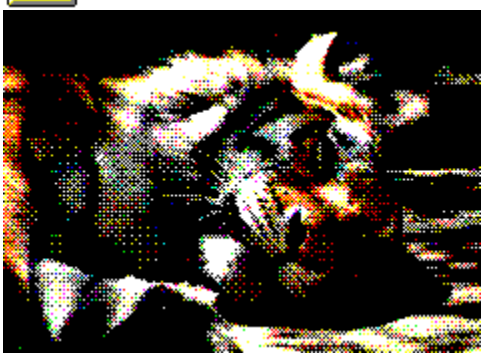
Hint
Quit Playing

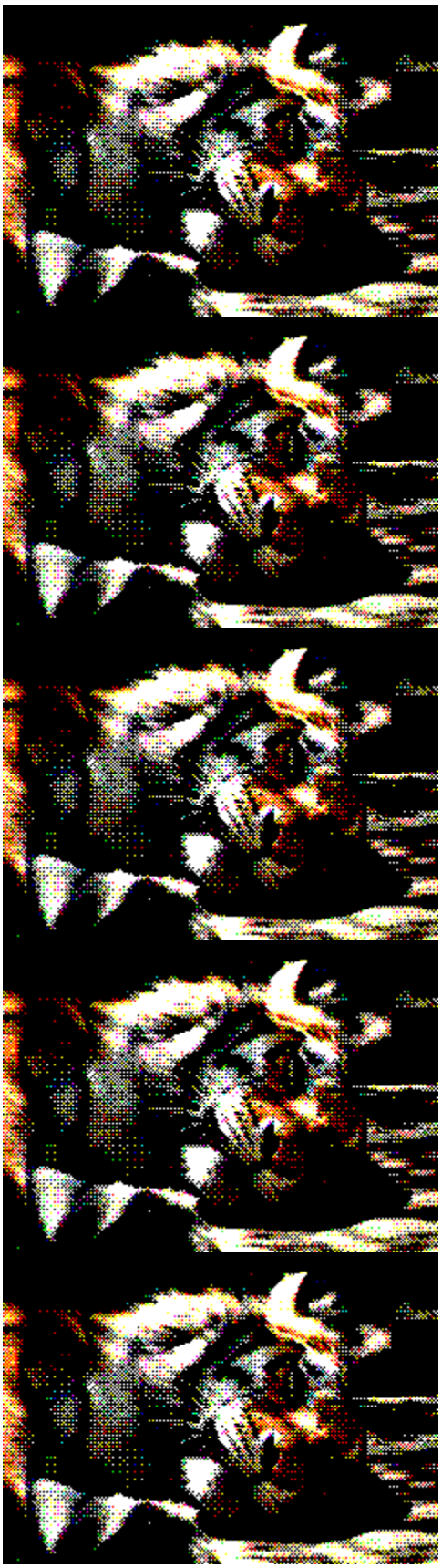
Seven down ... you're pretty good at this. Have you played before?



DEF 3

GHI 4





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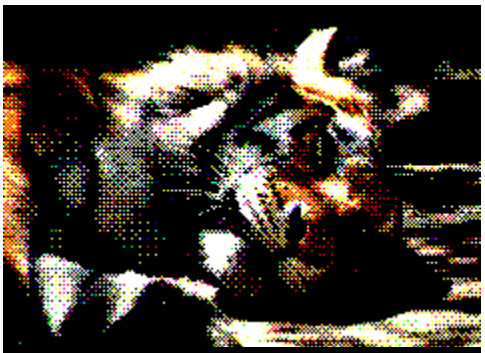
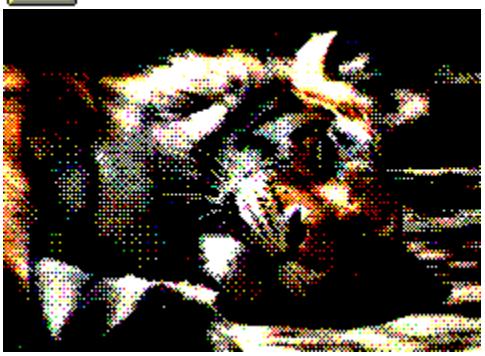
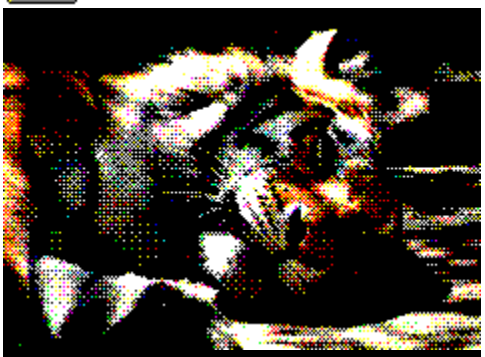
Hint
Quit Playing

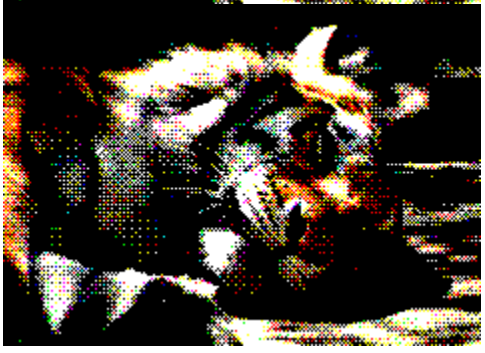
Hey ... I think you've got it! Well, whaddya know; it was only *nine* digits long! Good job, you deserve a rest. Or, you can try cracking the cover of this issue if you're thirsting for more!

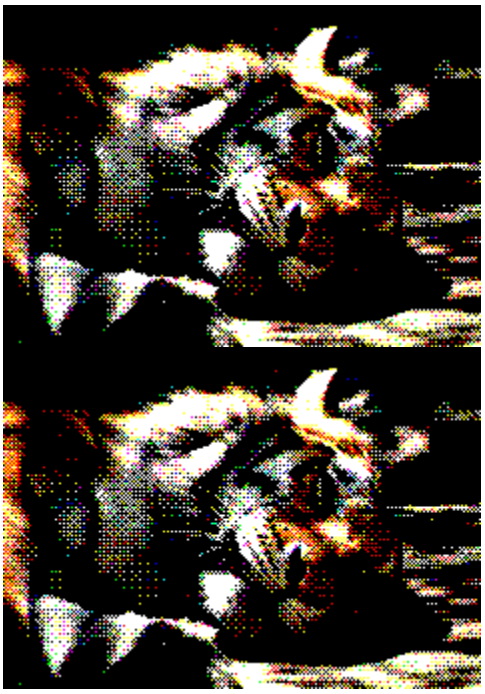




PRS
7







You're running it right now ... BTW: Hints might not always refer to numbers!

You should know these by 1st grade.

I think you need assistance.

It's not "false", nor "off".

You just wouldn't expect this one.

There is a hidden greeting here.

Forget it. No more hints. I mean it, now!

What did I just say ... No hinto, comprende?

Ouch! That hurts ... well, I hope you like being surrounded by armed guards with rifles and bad breath.

Try again!

Quit Playing