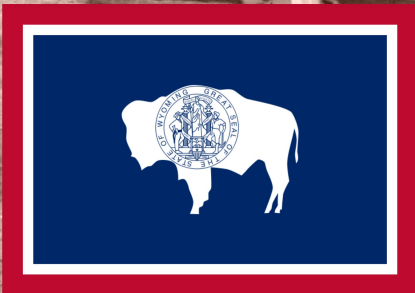


#28

by Ticom







#28, by Ticom

"Not all who wander, are lost."

28Jul2018

ticom@unseen.is

c/o boxholder

PO Box 1351

Riverton, WY 82501

*"Do not go where the path may lead, go
instead where there is no path and leave a
trail."*

- Ralph Waldo Emerson

*"No man can cut out new paths in company. He
does that alone."*

- Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr.

It has been almost five years since I've released an issue of (Cybertek) The Cyberpunk Technicial Journal or The Dystonaut. I guess it's time for another. Welcome to Issue #28. As you've noticed, the mailing address is now a good 2100 miles away from where it was when I last published. My previous web sites and email addresses are no longer in existence. The current web site is located at <http://oberonswest.wordpress.com/>, and I can be reached via email at ticom@unseen.is. If you want to call and just say "Hi" one night, my Google Voice number is 406-578-4266. That especially applies if you used to be a Cybertek reader back in the day.

I published the first Issue of Cybertek 28 years ago, and coincidentally the next issue number would have been #28. The number also has personal significance. After using the names Cybertek (or Cybertech after getting the letter from that lawyer representing the now defunct Cybertek corporation whose purchaser still owns the trademark): The

Cyberpunk Technical Journal, Dystonaut, Pine Tree Journal, Technical Intelligence Communications, Basement Techie, et al I just decided to name this one "#28." If I do another zine it's even money whether it'll be called "Issue #29", or "#28 - Issue 2." I'm burnt from trying to figure out a good name for the eclectic zine I've been cranking out for almost three decades, when all I really want to do is live long, prosper, and write. Time for a reboot.

*"He was born in the summer of his 27th year
Coming home to a place he'd never been
before*

*He left yesterday behind him, you might say
he was born again*

You might say he found a key for every door

*And they say that he got crazy once and he
tried to touch the sun*

And he lost a friend but kept his memory"

- John Denver, Rocky Mountain High

Other than the fact that I was almost thirty years older than the person in John Denver's song, it's a pretty accurate depiction of what happened when I moved out this way three years ago. I understand why Galt's Gulch was placed in Colorado, the Man In the High Castle lived in Cheyenne, and why Ernest Hemingway came out here to write A Farewell To Arms. I now also understand the divide between those who live on the coasts versus those who live in "flyover country." After residing in both, I much prefer the latter, but it takes a certain person to live out here.

This issue was started December 16th, 2017 as Issue #3 of The Outland. It was originally typed on a Smith Corona Silent manual typewriter. Free where you can find it. Correspondence welcome via email address ticom@unseen.is, or via snail-mail to Tom F., PO Box 1351, Riverton, WY 82501. The Outland is my

intermittent print newsletter on tekhnology, dystonautics (navigating a dystopia), living in god's country, aka Wyoming, observations on life, Agent T.W. Lee's (of Interzone Intelligence {I²}) polemic, and whatever else strikes my fancy. If anyone reading this is so moved to contribute, your submissions are more than welcome, but my advice is to find your own voice, pick up an old typewriter at a tag sale or wherever, and create your own thing like this one. You can then either transcribe or scan it to the Internet. Not all who wander are lost. #28 may very well be my last electronic zine for a while, but The Outland will continue in the old-skool snail-mail 'zine tradition.

The FCC back in December released a decision that by all accounts eliminated Net Neutrality in the US. I'm still cranking out The Outland as a condensed version of this zine to a select group of people via Uncle Sam's Pet Snails. If you're interested send me your mail-drop info along with a couple bucks or a SASE for postage to my PO Box. Issue #3 will be released in the near future. So, those of you astute folks who get The Outland need not worry.

Out here in the high desert I have one (1) ISP that charges you almost \$200 a month to put a microwave dish on your roof for InterNET service. Most of the time, no really some of the time, I can get a 3G connection of my once-smart phone that's in the throes of Alzheimers because it's more than a couple years old and therefore approaching obsolescence in in the eyes of Verizon. Meanwhile, I can crank out polemic on a decades-old **manual** typewriter that gives me less hassle than any InterNET consumption device. If I want to know what's going on in the world, I've got a police scanner and AM/FM/Shortwave radio. Anyway, it's not likely to happen with the way the majority of people are these days, but if the elimination of Net Neutrality causes people to go explore the real world more often, then

it would be a good thing. There is a reason they use the words NET and WEB to describe it, folks.

Lisa Ahne in Oregon, who publishes the excellent Dwelling Portably and Ab, (send a few bucks to POB 181, Alesa, OR 97324) mentioned in recent correspondence about the difficulty getting ribbons to keep typewriters going. I get mine from Around The Office - <http://www.aroundtheoffice.com/> - 1-800-816-6855 - 913-384-4646. email: info@execuline.com. I've gotten ribbons for my Smith-Coronas and Remington-Rand typewriters from them.

So if you want to get an instrument of your own, and start generating polemic or whatever, ask your (great-)grandparents if they have one. If they grew up from the 1950s to the late 1980s they probably do, and I bet it's up in an attic, basement, or closet somewhere. It'll probably need a cleaning and maybe a new ribbon, but that's no big deal. One thing you definitely should get is Richard Polt's book, The Typewriter Revolution. It's a must-have for typewriter owners these days, practical, and a good source of inspiration no matter who you are or what you're doing with your instrument. You could get it on Amazon, but you're better off (for many reasons) checking out your local (independent) bookstore for a copy first. Here in Wyoming, the independents in both Casper and Jackson had it the last time I visited. My (pretty good) independent, Meadowlark Books in Riverton does mostly used books, but they are happy to order any new book for you.

If your (great-)grandparents don't have one they can give you, then you'll have to find one. My first typewriter was an electric Olivetti that I had to retire because replacement ribbon cartridges were no longer being made for it. I then got my first manual typewriter, a Smith Corona Galaxie II, from an antique store for \$30. That's the most I ever spent on one. Subsequent acquisitions since then have all cost under \$20, and often under \$10 from tag sales,

auctions, and estate sales. Those are the places I would check first. Antique stores are another good venue, but then expect to pay \$20-\$30 or more for one. If you live in a more upscale/urban locale, you can expect to pay way more for one due to the increased interest in typewriters from hipster/artist types. Out here in the middle of god's country, there is less demand, and any homestead that has been around a while probably possesses one. Every auction I've been to out here, and every estate sale, has had a typewriter offered for sale at it. Smith-Coronas seem to be popular out here among regular folk, and old businesses preferred Royals and Remington-Rands. If the place has been around for a real long time, you might even come across an old Underwood.

I was visiting one of the local dollar stores a few weeks ago, and found a pretty good Sci-Fi compilation in the book selection. It was published in 2014, so it's not that old. The title is Hieroglyph: Stories & Visions For A Better Future. It contains stories from Cory Doctrow, Neal Stephenson, Bruce Sterling, David Brin, and a few other well-known Sci-Fi authors. After the glut of dystopian fiction novels that are popular with the "prepper" set, Hieroglyph was amazingly refreshing. This wasn't the first time I found a good read at the dollar store.

May 28, 2018

Time flies when you're busy. School, work, and family have kept the Smith Corona in its case under the desk, and this issue in limbo. CONgress is looking to restore Net Neutrality, my phone's case of Alzheimers is getting worse, and the instrument is still cranking along without need of electricity or InterNET connectivity. Got a glass of Riesling on one side of my trusty Smith Corona, a .45 on the other, and my 1980s vintage multi-band portable radio is cranking out a steady stream of classic rock from KFCW 93.1 MHz. FM, "They're not chicken." This writer is ready to deal with errant muses, obnoxious

literary critics, overly frisky mugwumps, door-to-door religion salesmen, alien abductions, power outages, and clowns singing show tunes.

What inspires you? For me, the first time was with maps and geography. The second time was a hundred-odd acres of woods on the side of a hill, and old Boy Scout Fieldbook, and Secrets of the Ninja by one Ashida Kim. After that, a shortwave radio and a Timex/Sinclair 1000 personal computer. Now I'm inspired, I guess, by the mountains, high desert, Muir, Abbey, Polt, Burroughs, Gibson, Thoreau, and an old Smith Corona. Might be a few other influences in there as well. One never knows when The Shape will appear, reach out, and inspire you. It's all good, but you have to be strong!

I heard one of my favorite authors, William Gibson, is coming out with a new novel, Agency. I'm still only about a third of the way through his previous novel The Peripheral. Despite that, the next time I get to one of the independents in Casper or Jackson I'll buy his latest. Yes, I know I can order it off Amazon and have it in a couple days. That's not as fun as visiting a real physical bookstore, and browsing the shelves to see what other unknown gems are out there. That's how I found Report On Planet Three and Other Speculations and The Wander Society, among other gems. Tear down your walled gardens and embrace the wild woods. It'll do you a world of good.

While I do maintain a few WEBSites on the InterNET where my work appears, none of them are as cool as typing out polemic on an old Smith Corona or Remington-Rand, making photocopies, and sending them out with a stamp and a prayer, maybe an offering to Legba if that's your thing. My observation of the InterNET being a walled garden of an echo chamber had received yet another validation upon visiting the "Gab" social media site. Gab is online methadone for those who are on the nominal "right" side of the artificial political spectrum. Now whenever I hear

the term "free speech online". I automatically substitute the terms "walled garden" and "echo chamber." Most people who spend an inordinate of time on social media sites, regardless of their social and political affiliation, are actually afraid of free speech because they are under the impression that listening to opposing viewpoints will will somehow brainwash them. Funny that, I just finished taking some environmental-type classes this past year, and had the opportunity to interact with a wonderful bunch of young people, including an Earth First sympathizer, not get brainwashed, have some really good discussions with them, part as friends, and go shooting with two of them. Maybe Agent T.W. Lee was on to something when he picked up those two hitchhikers in his "Road Trip" story.

It is rather sad that phone companies have all but killed payphone service, especially out here where cell phone service flat-out sucks, and it is cheaper to keep a damn cell phone (\$30/month Verizon prepaid) than get a POTS landline. Is it really cheaper though? Figure a family of four, two adults and two teenagers. \$30 a month x 4 = \$120 a month plus taxes and tarrifs. My last Centurylink bill was around \$90 total, so it's not really cheaper. Add a data plan and Verizon is now \$50/month per phone. We have two ISPs out here, and both provide service via a microwave link. Internet with VoIP will set you back about \$200/month. There are more options if you live in (or possibly close to) one of the cities. You



can then get ADSL or a cable TV modem. Living in an incorporated area, yet alone an actual fuckin' city, is not an option for yours truly, and I suspect many of you readers would also like to get out of the proverbial dodge for whatever reason(s).

Agent T.W. Lee sends...

It seems that all agents wind up working at the Magilla Mart at least once in their career. A known fact that they like to become door greeters so they can roll craps dice to see which customers they bug for the mugwumps to come take. I² has gotten a lot of fresh meat that way. Other agents go work in the back where it's a little more private. One of Magilla Mart's founders was in Army Intelligence during the war. It shows today in little odd quirks.

Best prank I ever saw was when Tommy Hawk HERFed a Magilla Mart POS network and slipped a mickey to the tech when he came into town the night before. Then impersonated said tech, went in and slapped a rogue 802.11 AP on their intranet. Took him a few hours of sniffing, but he got in. Found their database was running SQL and a couple commands later changed the prices on everything in electronics to 69 cents. Turns out Magilla Mart screwed him on a consulting job. Took them a whole hour to notice, and by then all the prices went back to normal. In the meantime, the local I² cell went and bought all the 69 cent PCs for a Beowulf Cluster. The hapless tech got fired. Turns out Tommy Hawk had a grudge against him since high school.

Listening to Tommy Hawk and Joshua Tower talk about the old days and the Psychedelic Wars is often funny. To hear them talk, you'd learn that C and Assembler are good for doing things, but if you want to play god you use Fortran, Lisp, Forth, and Ada. And then there was the time that piece of self-replicating code breached the LAN and went exploring.

Now old Hank Frost was a good console cowboy, a deck rider of the highest order. Ran an info guild on the northern quadrant of BAMA. Lost his edge after his first heart attack when they put him on the machine for surgery. Started recruiting scene whores and impersonating females online. Guild fell apart and he finally stroked out for the last time. Died a blind and dumb asshole in a hospice bed. Before his descent he built up a pretty decent Beowulf Cluster out of a bunch of x86 machines. I bet you'd find pieces of it at the local pawn shops, or maybe Goodwill.

Gomi no sensi. Master of junk. A lot of us, often not having two nickels to rub together for research expenses, went this route. Work with whatever you can beg, borrow, scrounge and do amazing shit with it. Rescue a few old x86 machines out of a dumpster, and make a Beowulf cluster out of it. Find an old VT100 terminal and modem on a back shelf in a dusty storeroom. Been there so long it's often forgotten and won't be missed. Offer on a slow day to clean out the old junk, and walk past your car on the way to the dumpster, or find that Joe went and threw everything out in that room yesterday, and go dumpster diving. Find a piece of old computing iron at a yard sale for \$10, in the original box with manuals. Snag curbside electronics the night before trash day, and gut the useful parts out of them. It's all good.

The best gomi no sensi the author ever had the privilege to meet and learn from was a dude who'll I'll call Wildman Dave out of respect for his privacy, being that he's still a very active hacker, working on stuff from A to Z in his basement lab. Met him through a mutual friend a tad over 27 years ago. Ran a Commodore 64 and Sinclairs as his computing iron. Master scrounger. One of the best teknomancers Interzone Intelligence has ever known.

Wildman Dave's lab takes up about 250 square feet in his basement. Most of one wall is a workbench

he made out of salvaged 2x4s and 4x4s. His go-to tools are hanging up, and the less-used ones stay in a big old 1960s wintage multi-draw tool box. Most of his hand tools date from the 1940s to 1960s, and I credit him with my fondness for the the older tools. His "loaners" are a tool box full of inexpensive hand tools of Chinese manufacture, since it is a statistical certainty that they will get lost or broken. An old multi-band radio (usually turned to the local AM talk station) and TV (usually on Discovery Channel) bring information from the outside world. The author has to admit, outside of his own lab, Wildman Dave's lab was one of the most comfortable places to hang out and work in. A World War II vintage Atlas (Shrugged?;-) drill press takes up a corner. Another corner has a bunch of fish tanks full of guppies and aquatic plants. One of his many hobbies. He finds the tanks on curbside during trash day. Makes his own aerator filters out of dollar store plastic containers and toilet paper rolls. Works perfect. The water is pet store or Chinese restaurant aquarium grade clear. Ninety percent of what he works with either comes out of a dollar store, or is either surplus, scrap, salvage, or the previous owners' "junk." A real-life example of William Gibson's Dog Solitude.

Meanwhile, back in Interzone..

REPORT OF AGENT T.W. LEE
INTERZONE INTELLIGENCE

A courier stopped by a few days ago. It wasn't the usual one, arriving in the middle of a storm, screaming about goddamn mugwumps, and drinking all of our best whiskey. This one was a lady, and a good-looking one at that. She was hauling a load of what we call "shithouse fixtures," assorted fiddley bits of random useful stuff that came from one of our caches back east. The author has been in this new sector for three years now, but the reassignment was kinda sudden, and he didn't have quite enough time to

get all the caches moved. This isn't necessarily a bad thing. Left-behind caches are usually passed along to another agent in the area. For example, an agent who still runs an Apple //e and lives in the vicinity of 41.42701N 73.67507W might find a nearby cache of 6502 attack code that has not seen the light of day in 30 years. Another cache of supplies belonging to an abandoned research lab is rumored to still be at 41.7018N 73.0584W. That last one is likely to be flooded if the power connection was discovered and disconnected, but the area is rarely visited by mundanes. Oh well, no longer the author's sector, and a return trip in the near future is very unlikely. You know, since the author is tossing out geo-coordinates right now, here's one that is known to be still good: 41deg54min54.2secN 73deg59min25.1secW. The author misses that place, and wishes there was one like it out here.

The author had a chat with retired Interzone Agent Tommy Hawk not too long ago. Youngest veteran of the Psychedelic Wars, he is. Wrote code so beautiful you could frame it and hang it in an art gallery. Turns out there were a few prospective agents who wanted to ask him some advice as to where they should start. He got his start back in the 8-bit dayz, and has run a plethora of different computin' iron since then. T.H. is mostly off the grid these days. A lot of the old-school agents, both active and retired, are off the grid these days. That should tell you something. Since his cabin runs exclusively off twelve volts DC, he's been hacking on a Raspberry Pi running FreeBSD. A lot of operatives like that Berkley Distro for some reason. The author has yet to find out why, even after getting them drunk. The same operatives also like the Arduino as a prototyping platform.

The Pi runs on a USB power supply and uses either an old-school NTSC composite display or the newer HDMI. Both displays have 12V options available

to them. The whole system doesn't take up a lot of space, or require a lot of juice to run. The author can't find fault with the recommendation.

UPDATE: Raspberry Pi 3 has been spotted for under \$40 retail at the Target department store chain. Perfect location for an untraceable cash purchase.

END REPORT

AGENT T.W. LEE

INTERZONE INTELLIGENCE

TLALCLATLAN

Some days, are better than others.
Some days, give us their worst.
Best we can do, is keep on driving.
Keep on driving, until we find our way home.

-
Cruised through the rain, rolled into Salina.
A warm room and clean bed, at the Super-8.

-
I keep saying it's the last time I'll do this.
Then the money comes in, and I'm on the road.
Texas, Oklahoma, Washington, and Wisconsin
The miles add up, and take their toll.
A TSA agent diagnosed my arthritis.
I guess those scanners are good for something,
after all.
That's what I got, for three days in Seattle.
I suppose it could have been worse.
The plants in Texas, tried to kill me.
But the folks down there, were very cool.

Words Of Advice For Young (and Not-So Young) People

Leave the city. Leave the suburbs. Find yourself a few acres in the high desert or mountains, a former farm with a few serviceable outbuildings, and a good junkpile. You'll be using it to keep things serviceable. Tools, a truck, and an eye for

things you can recycle and re-purpose will become your most valuable possessions. Locate every antique store, junk shop, trading post, and used bookstore within driving distance, and visit them once a week. They will become your #1 source for stuff you'll need. Build up your library. Build bookshelves, and fill them. Read a lot. You'll thank yourself later. Spend less time on the Internet. If you have not read any Kerouac, Emerson, Whitman, Muir, Burroughs, or Thoreau within the past year, you need to disconnect from the Internet for a while, hit your local used bookstore with \$20, and pick up a few of their works. Then take your hand tools, some scrap wood, and build a bookshelf to store your beginning library. Now go fill the bookshelf with other books. The science, nature, and DIY sections are a good place to look.

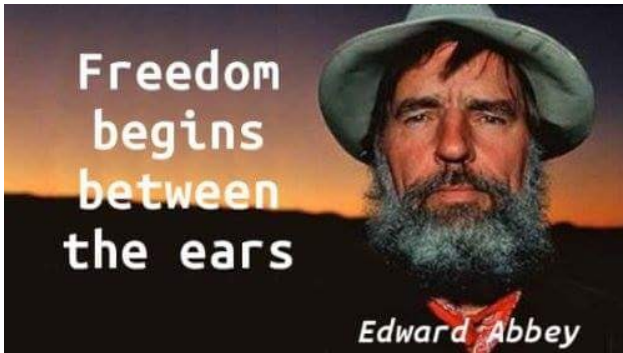
Shitcan your email, and give notice on your social media. Hit up your sources for a used manual typewriter, get some nice stationary (I like Brookfield Correspondence.), and a PO Box if you want more privacy. Have a thesaurus and a college dictionary. Actually WRITE to friends and family. If they care, they too will disconnect and interact via the ways of an earlier, and perhaps better in some regards, era. Instead of wasting your time with fake

Internet "satirical" news stories, get yourself a battery-operated AM/FM/Shortwave multiband radio, preferably an older one you can fix if it breaks. You will find decent news and music stations if you spend a little time tuning through the bands. Right now I'm listening to 1140 KHz. KZMQ in Greybull, Wyoming. I'm in their "fringe" daytime coverage



area, but this little Grundig AM loop antenna brings it right in. I found it one clearance at Radio Shack. The radio itself is a 1960s Arvin from an antiques flea market. It was retrofitted to run off a few AA batteries. I could lose power, and all I'd have to do is fire up a battery or oil lamp when it gets dark out. The Arvin Radio and my trusty Remington-Rand Quiet-Rite will keep plugging along. A solar-powered battery charger and spare set of rechargeable batteries could keep the Arvin running practically forever.

A writer named Mulfinger provides a handbook on building a place where one can live and conduct research away from the prying eyes of syphilization. Remote, beautiful locations. "Extreme rural." Analog. LO-TEK. Seeking the Shape. Higher consciousness buzzing like the neon sign in a Chinese restaurant. Take some DMAE, and call me in the morning. Roll out of bed, nootropic withdrawal pinprick right behind the retinas. Grind the dark powder, and place it in the basket. For best results, use something made from painted enamel over gas or wood heat. They come in Red, Blue, and Green. All colors work equally well. Add organic H²O right out of the ground. None of that bottled yuppie piss you pay waaay too much for at the supermarket. Apply fire. Both wood and gas work well. In a few minutes you will see the goodness bubbling up in that clear knob on top. It is done. Purity of essence.

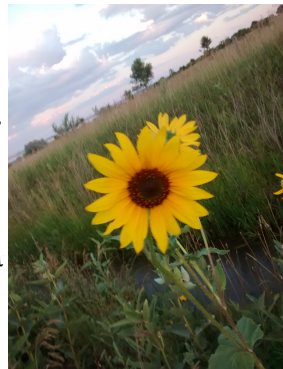


Send no clone.



Send no clone... That pretty much sums it up. It's a Wednesday night, and Verizon Wireless has decided that Internet is not needed in the basin this evening. And you know what? It isn't. I don't need the Internet to hear the owls and cranes next door, or see the crescent moon reflecting in the lake that's just down the hill from me. I don't need the Internet to sit and write. It would be a distraction. I didn't need the Internet to go take a walk down in the BOR land next door, and do a little amateur photography.

I could drop \$200 a month for the local ISP to put a microwave dish on my roof, but to put it in perspective that's more than 3x what I paid for my latest ham rig, and a little more than $\frac{1}{2}$ the cost of a nice 9mm Beretta 92FS down at the local pawn shop. \$200 will get you a nice lomography¹ camera and enough ISO400 35mm film to keep you taking pictures for a good while. \$200 will take your loved-one and you on a nice day or possibly weekend trip somewhere for a time you'll always remember. Now multiply that \$200.00 times twelve... \$2400 buys a hell of a nice tinker's lab. Especially if you followed my advice and checked the alternative sources.



26JUL2018 - Fremont County, Wyoming

Visited the local library a few days ago, and borrowed the following books:
Cowboy Poetry: A Gathering, edited by Hal Cannon
Cache Hunting, by H. Glenn Carson
The Best of Woodsmoke, compiled by Richard L. Jamison

1 Google it.

Woodcraft and Indian Lore, by Ernest Thompson Seton
NOLS Wilderness Wisdom, edited by John Gookin
Native American Hunting, Fighting, and Survival Tools,
by Monte Burch

Rustic Retreats, by David & Jeanie Stiles

None of these are recently published, and I suspect some of out of print. I'm sure they could be found on Amazon. I was just walking around the stacks, and these were the first seven that caught my eye. There were a few others as well, and unless someone else borrows them, they'll be waiting for me when I return. Reviews will be posted on my blog, or maybe in The Outland, when I finish reading them.

During my last trip to Billings, Montana I was disappointed to learn that my closest NTE Electronic Component distributor, Big Larry's Electronics (which was also a Radio Shack franchise), is going out of business. I also recently discovered that the excellent Ra-Elco Electronics in Salt Lake City had suffered a massive fire and burned to the ground last June. Right now it is uncertain if they will reopen, but their impressive collection of NOS electronic components from a previous era is no more and impossible to replace. If you know of any old-skool walk-in electronics places in the United States, especially the Rocky Mountain or Northwest regions, please contact me with the information.

Some retail store chains including Target and Barnes & Noble have been carrying Maker-type stuff such as the Raspberry Pi computers and robotics kits. I have been having moderate success salvaging discrete components out of decommissioned late-model industrial electronics and older (pre-2000) consumer electronics devices. Take a walk around your neighborhood the night before trash day if you live in an area with municipal trash service. Also, dumpster dive industrial parks if you live someplace where it is legal to do so. Look for places that are shutting down. Let people you know you are re-

purposing old tek, and you will get more shit than you can use. Make sure you have a way to dispose of the excess and unusable donations, because you will want to never turn down a donation from someone who was nice enough to think about you.

You can also make a lot of your own electronic components from scratch, especially harder-to-get items like inductor coils and large variable capacitors. The two books to get on doing this are The Voice Of The Crystal and Instruments of Amplification, both by H.P. Friedrichs. Read The Voice Of The Crystal first. My day job has these small printers that use 4 inch wide rolls of paper. The spool that the paper is rolled on is 4 inches wide by about $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch in diameter, made of plastic. I grabbed a few out of the garbage to see how well they would work for inductor coils.

I had a conversation a couple weeks ago with my day job's boss, who is about 10 years older than me. He is a digital electronics guy, but his father was a ham radio operator, and he told me that they used to make galena for crystal detectors by heating lead and sulfur with a blowtorch. H.P. Friedrichs tells you how to do it in Instruments of Amplification, by the way. You need lead, sulfur, and a tiny bit of silver to make galena, and the process does not work all the time, but the components and tools to do this are easily and cheaply acquired. It's something you're gonna want to do outside, and in a spot that won't catch fire.

This is real-deal gomi-no-sensi hi/lo-tek stuff, and it's pretty cool to pick up signals from the aether with something you made from "junk" pieces and some basic tools.

Have you done any cool tek stuff lately? Send me an email or a snail-mail letter and let me know. Pix or it didn't happen. I'll put it in the next issue of whatever.

What's the frequency, Kenneth?

The following frequency ranges have been known to have "interesting" activity on them.

KHz:

1600-1800	3400-3500	4000-4100
4438-4750	5060-5950	6525-7000
7300-8195	8815-9500	9775-11650
11975-12330	13360-13600	13800-14000
14335-14990	15010-15100	15600-17550
17900-18500	18900-19990	20900-21000
21850-22000	22855-24890	25010-25070
25110-26960	27410-28000	29700-30000

MHz:

30.00-30.51	32.00-33.00	34.00-35.00
36.00-37.00	38.00-39.00	40.00-42.00
46.60-47.00	49.66-50.00	54.00-60.00
136.00-144.00	148.00-150.08	157.04-157.19
162.02-174.00		

Reference: "Do It Yourself COMINT", by Harry Caul in the October, 1983 Issue of the now defunct Popular Communications Magazine. Back when it was run by Tom Kneitel and had cool articles in it.

U.S. Marine Corps

Commercial Off The Shelf SIGINT Equipment

AOR

AR-2002, AR-2500, AR-2515, AR-3000

Icom

IC-R71A, IC-R7000, IC-R9000

Sony

ICF-PRO80

Reference: MCRP 2-10A.1, Signals Intelligence





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