

The Dystonaut #5







What part of “**shall not be infringed**” do you not understand?



Who would have known that another issue of The Dystonaut would see the light of day? Well here it is. A lot of bullshit has been going on as of late, so I decided it was time to crank out another.

The UN-Constitution State

I'd like to start by congratulating the Governor and Legislature of Connecticut on their recent success towards sending the Nutmeg state further towards decay and collapse. Your recent anti-RKBA legislation has succeeded in the loss of thousands of jobs and tax income as gun-related businesses head towards better states, along with their employees and some of your state's productive citizens.

For those of you who don't wish to put up with Governor Malloy's tomfoolery, let me introduce you to a project and a place that would welcome you and your modern sporting rifles. It is called **The Free State Project**, you can find them at <http://www.freestateproject.org/>, and

the state is New Hampshire – The **Live Free or Die** state.

New Hampshire is very RKBA friendly, pro-liberty, pro-business, has no income tax, no sales tax, and less expensive property taxes than Connecticut. There's no good reason to stay in Connecticut, and by relocating to a state that would welcome you and your guns, you can help participate in conducting non-violent economic warfare against a group of socialists by denying them the fruits of your labor. Fuck you Malloy!



God created man.
Sam Colt made them
equal.

This Issue's Cover:

The cover photos in this issue are keeping in line with our usual dystopia and decay theme.

The front and back covers, and last page are of Union Station in Canaan, Connecticut. Union Station was the crossing of the Connecticut Western and Housatonic railroads. The Connecticut Western was abandoned starting in 1937, although some parts remained in service until much later. The Housatonic remains in service with a small amount of

freight and scenic tourist traffic. The station was home to an excellent restaurant known as Keilty's Depot until it was almost destroyed by arson in 2001. The station has since been rebuilt, and remains empty.

The second page pictures are of the remains of the Castle Bridge in Thomaston, Connecticut. This bridge was built in 1928 part of the original Rt. 8 before the construction of Thomaston Dam and relocation of the highway in the 1960s. In 1972, the Army Corps of Engineers blew the bridge. The area was home to the villages of Fluteville and Campville. They were rich in manufacturing, but these days Fluteville no longer exists, and Campville is nothing but an empty crossroads.

Getting Beaned In Boston

I had the pleasure of living in the Boston area for a year. It was an apartment right where Rt. 128 and the Mass Pike cross. My contingency bug-out plan involved a mountain bike, caches, and the mapping of evacuation routes via some old railroad right-of-ways that crossed Rt. 128 and the Charles River.

The caches have long since been recovered, and all I'm gonna say

is that if you look around the I-90 Corridor to I-495, there are a lot of interesting little places for someone who was interested in bugging out of Boston, and once you get past "Wooster", there's plenty of places to hide. I give your chances of not being among the first to be eaten somewhere around 20%, maybe 30% if you have a clue.

If you're a prepper type, you have no business living in a city. You have even less business living in a city like Boston. New Hampshire is an hour or so up the road. Move someplace where you can own whatever guns you want without a hassle, and not have 90% of the population think you're a terrorist because you're into preparedness.

Now that we've established I have little love for Massachusetts, and even less for the Boston area in particular, please Google "Star Simpson", "Peter Berdovsky", and "Sean Stevens". When one takes those charming debacles from 2007 into consideration, they should simply go through the indictment process with Tsarnaev, bring it to a trial, and if he's found guilty give him the death penalty. Regardless of the crimes he's alleged to have committed, and his guilt or innocence, we do have certain standards, and people have certain rights in this country. Other than that,

the only thing I'm gonna say is that all the guilty party in this case deserves is a bullet to the head with no other consideration whatsoever. Just like what you'd do with any other sick, rabid animal. If we keep sending these Jihadists off to see their 72 virgins as expediently as possible, eventually there won't be any left.

Home-School Now!

When I was a kid, one of my first chemistry experiments involved the mixing of two common household chemicals: baking soda and vinegar. The result is a foamy eruption from the generation of carbonic acid and its rapid breakdown into carbon dioxide and water. This is great for simulating a volcano as part of a science project. Just add some orange food coloring to the vinegar for a proper visual effect.

In a similar reaction, muriatic acid and aluminum foil will rapidly generate hydrogen gas when mixed together. Doing this in a sealed plastic bottle causes the cap to pop off with a satisfying “bang!” once the pressure hits a certain point. It'll also kill the section of the lawn you do this on, as grass doesn't react well to muriatic acid. Muriatic acid is also known as hydrochloric acid, and we all generate it in our stomachs as part of our body's digestive process.

It was an experiment with the later that resulted in the expulsion and arrest of Florida high school student Kiera Wilmont. The charges were later dropped, and she is off to Space Camp on a full scholarship, but the simple fact that she was expelled and arrested in the first place for popping the cap off a bottle with a little hydrogen gas is an indictment of our public school system, and an example of just how far down our society has slid.

In a normal sane society, her chemistry experiment would result in automatic placement in advanced classes, an internship in a research lab, and full court encouragement of her scientific curiosity. A healthy society does not expel and arrest students for chemistry experiments. It encourages them to experiment more.

Unfortunately, we live in a sick, twisted society that not only often degrades and persecutes our best and brightest, but also punishes those whose only crime is curiosity. One of the biggest perpetrators in this regard is the public school system. If only for this reason, parents who care about their children should remove them from public schools and either home-school them, or place them in an educational environment that is more conducive to learning.

Random Thoughts & Advice For Mad Scientists & Tinkers

Many experimenters start out with a multi-tool of some sort. The multi-tool of choice these days is the Leatherman or Gerber Multi-Plier, although I know a lot of retro old-school types who still carry Swiss Army Knives (SAK). The various "Tinker" and "Mechanic" models are very popular. I carry a Leatherman Wave, and while it's very handy riding on my belt I will grab a full-sized screwdriver or pliers when the opportunity presents itself. The SAKs and multi-tools are very convenient for field work, but aren't the equal of even a small tool kit. Since you are just beginning right now, you should get a small to medium sized tool box or tool bag, and begin to fill it with tools as you need them for various projects. Among those tools should be one of the less expensive multi-tools or SAKs. You can find the smaller Leatherman Tools for under \$30. A Victorinox Super Tinker SAK is about the same price. Get whatever you like. You should start with a decent set of regular and phillips screwdrivers, torx drivers, allen wrenches, assorted pliers (needlenose, slip-joint, and channel-lock), a pair of wire cutters

(diagonal cutters), wire strippers-crimpers, a ratchet wrench set with both metric and US sockets, a claw hammer, ball-pein hammer, some assorted vise-grips (at least a 10WR and 6LR), a 25-50 watt soldering iron, and a VOM (multimeter). All of this will fit in a medium-sized toolbox.



Along with your tool kit, you will need a space to do your work. My "workbench" is an old 4 1/2'x3' table in the corner of my den/library. Some shelves are attached to the walls above the bench, and my toolbox is sitting on top of a small 3-shelf bookcase next to the table. Before I moved upstairs I had a folding table in the basement that served as my work area, and before I found this old table I had made a small workbench out of a piece of plywood and 2x4s. Whatever works. You want your workspace to be in out of the way spot. The best would be an outbuilding on your proverbial "back forty", a basement, or a garage, but circumstances may not permit that. In that case, any out of the way corner

you can put a table a toolbox will do. You don't want to have to set up and break down your project every time you want to work on it, and you don't want muggles inadvertently messing your work up. In some instances, you won't want muggles stumbling across your work at all. Some of them can be less than understanding in regard to your tinkering and experimentation. Local hackerspaces can be useful if you are really limited in space and/or tool availability. Many I have visited were well equipped with nice electronic and machine shops, and had knowledgeable staff that were ready to help beginners. While eventually you'd like to get your own personal setup up and running, a good hackerspace can be a great help for the beginner.



The Raspberry Pi Computer

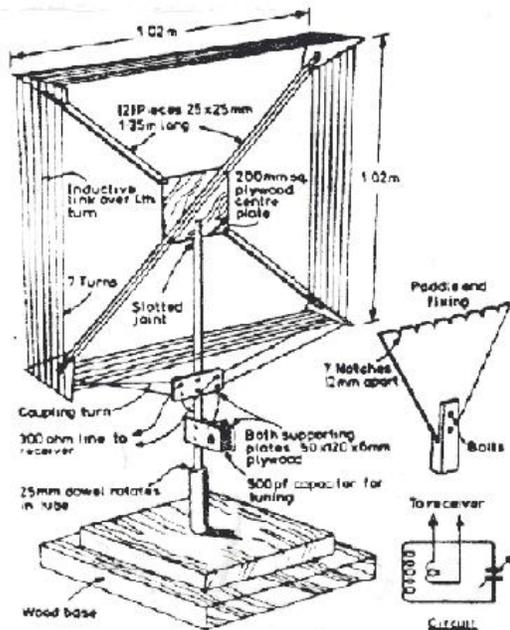
You will want a computer of your own. Using your parents' machine, especially if shared with your siblings, becomes a problem when you want to experiment or have thoughts you wish to keep to yourself.

Older computer hardware is available cheap from a number of sources. Load an open-source OS on it, and you are good to go. The ultimate hacking computer these days is this machine that fits in your hand called a "Raspberry Pi." Attach a USB keyboard. Use an old composite monitor or a video modulator and old TV set for the display. Load up a copy of Linux. You are ready to go! You can store your polemic on small solid state drives that you can hide anywhere. A copy of GnuPG helps keep your thoughts private in case someone stumbles across them. You don't want to wind up like Kiera Wilmot, but I digress. The 512 MB Raspberry Pi is only \$40, and is money well spent. The Pi comes with Python as a programming language. It too is open source. Finally, we have an experimenter's computer in the old-school tradition of the Apples, Ataris, Commodores, and Timex/Sinclairs we had as kids. They did rocket science with less powerful machines! One of the nicer things about the Pi is that it only needs 5 volts at 700mA over Micro USB to run. With a portable LCD TV, 12V 7AH gel-cell, and a voltage regulator you can have a nice off-grid system for your remote secret laboratory that'll run all night! Add a couple solar panels, and you wouldn't even have to go home to charge your batteries!

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While you're working in your secret laboratory, you'll want to keep a nominal ear on the outside world. Whether your choice of ear candy is Nights With Alice Cooper, or Coast to Coast AM, a small AM/FM radio can almost always be found on the shelf for a couple bucks at the local Goodwill. I've got this Radio Shack DX-375 "Voice Of the World" AM/SW/FM receiver that I bought on clearance 20 years ago for those boring night shifts as a security guard. With a Grundig Medium Wave loop antenna, also a clearance sale find from Rat Shack, I can pick up AM stations across the country. Late night Medium Wave listening is one of



those ways to find "a certain truth" as I have mentioned in previous rants. When you find yours, you can use the GnuPG software on your Raspberry Pi to keep it private.



Plying the electromagnetic aether looking for a certain truth is a pastime that many of us partake in, to the point where the pursuit of the almost fey wavelengths becomes an exclusive course of study. Should you start down along this path, consider yourself warned and welcomed!



Seriously though, you can't go wrong with starting out by discovering what AM broadcast and shortwave stations you can receive with simple cheap home-brew equipment like the galena detector shown above, built by yours truly.

Guns!

I used to be a gun fag¹, but lost that status when we moved into our current home and quadrupled the number of windows in our residence. The gun collection has since decreased over the past 12 years, but as time goes on I hope to once again achieve gun fag status. Then again, it's only a hobby and the composition of many collections often changes with the owner over time as their interests evolve.

Most guys I know keep a couple guns around for “just in case”. In many instances they get rid of them when they hook up with a hot piece of ass who doesn't like them, or at the very least stick them in the back of a closet where they collect dust and cat fur for years. Then you have the guys who like to go hunting, and the survivalist types who think they need close to military-grade firepower in order to survive the zombie apocalypse. Finally you have the gun collectors who are into the hobby for any number of reasons. Mine was an interest in military history and an appreciation of things mechanical, although admittedly they are handy to have around “just in case.”

1 An individual who owns a number of firearms in excess of the number of windows in their home.

Back when I wrote my last book², I gave some opinions on guns for the modern survivalist. Not a lot has changed in four years other than prices going up and availability going down. This article is a combination of some reminiscing about the more interesting and cooler guns I've owned, and some thoughts about gun acquisitions in the current hysteria.

The popular, ubiquitous and humble .22LR cartridge has been touted by many as one of the better survivalist cartridges out there. Indeed, you can carry a thousand rounds of the stuff in your backpack without even breaking a sweat, and until the recent panic, a couple hundred bucks in Federal Reserve Notes would get you a decent rifle and a really large quantity of ammo.

Rimfire cartridges are non-reloadable for the most part. The recent panic had many .22LR shooters hitting it hard. Right now .22LR is hard to come by and expensive. Bricks of ammo normally selling for ~\$20 each have been seen offered for prices approaching \$100. Those of us who've been at this a while have been slowly building up our stocks a box or brick at a time over the years, and can laugh at all the Johnny-come-latelies. I would expect that if the status-quo

2 You can download a copy of the book at: <http://www.sinister.com/ticom/prometheus.pdf>.

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remains the same, .22LR ammo would become cheap and available once again. However, recent events give me pause as to the actual real-world viability of .22LR in a long term grid down situation. Unless an easy method of reloading or small-scale manufacturing the stuff is developed, .22LR could go the same way as many other rimfire cartridges from the turn of the 20th Century. With that said, I've found that .22LR stores well in the long-term under semi-normal conditions so if you can find it and afford it you would be able to amass a lifetime supply of the stuff.



The first rifle I bought when I turned 18 was one of these AR-7s. Designed for use by downed aircrews, the entire rifle disassembles without any tools and fits in its buttstock. Mine functioned flawlessly with the regular magazines and liked CCI Stinger ammo the best. I soon discovered that the Ramline 25-round magazines sucked. I found the AR-7 to be minute of tin-can/squirrel accurate, which is more than adequate for a break-down .22 rifle you keep around for “just in case”.

This rifle fit in with all the other stuff in an overnight bag along with a couple boxes of ammo, and was a handy companion on road trips in states where it was legal to keep a disassembled rifle locked in your trunk. The AR-7 is still being made by Henry Arms, and I believe it's legal even in places like Connecticut, New York, and Massachusetts.



Back in the days when bulk boxes of 9mm Parabellum reloads were as cheap as .22s, this Cobray M11 carbine was a fun little bullet hose. Despite the crude sights, it was still plenty accurate at pistol caliber carbine ranges for ventilating cans and milk jugs. Much like the AR-7, it is a simple blowback design that digested cheap FMJ and lead round-nose rounds with good reliability. It was an inexpensive shooting piece for those who wanted something bigger than a .22 to play with that unfortunately fell victim to many states' stupid “assault weapons” laws. If you live in a free state, you can probably find one at a reasonable price and they are an enjoyable range piece.

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During World War II, the US made a single shot .45 pistol called **Liberators** for distribution to resistance forces in occupied Europe. The idea being that a partisan could trade an enemy soldier a .45 ACP round for his rifle.



I suppose this Cobray DD 2-shot .45 LC/.410 derringer would serve quite well as a modern-day Liberator pistol. Many people use these pistols as an inexpensive car-jacking deterrent, or for use against poisonous snakes while woods runnin' or working the farm. Interestingly enough, .410 shotgun shells continued to enjoy ready and inexpensive availability during the last panic.



Another war baby is the M1 Carbine. You could probably consider this one of the first PDWs as it was developed for use as a replacement for the pistol among support troops. It's compact and shoots a respectable cartridge for short-range defensive use. Due its compact size and easy

handling characteristics, it was also very popular among Special Forces. This was the weapon of choice for veteran NYPD Stakeout Squad officer Jim Cirillo, considered by many to be one of America's modern-day gunfighters. He loaded it with softpoint ammo, and said out of all the weapons he used, it had 100% one-shot stops. This is also one of those military magazine-fed semi-autos that manages to get past states' stupid "assault weapons" laws.



This one is a favorite of mine. In a similar vein to the M1 Carbine, albeit cowboy-style, the .357 Mag./38 S&W Marlin 1984 is another one of those handy pistol caliber carbines that is great for exploding gallon milk jugs and close range defensive engagements. Many individuals who carry .38/.357 revolvers as their go-to handgun like it because they only have to carry on cartridge. Of course, being a lever-action cowboy gun it's legal pretty much everywhere, including places like Massachusetts and Illinois.

Some guns are just so damn interesting that regardless of how practical they are, they call out your name and next thing you know there's one less space in the gun safe.

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Mauser and Spanish firearm fans will recognize this Destroyer Carbine in 9mm Largo. It's magazine-fed with a short, quick bolt throw, and another fun shooter. Unfortunately 9mm Largo ammo is not as common as some other rounds, but you can convert 9x23mm Winchester Magnum and .233 Remington brass to 9mm Largo and load your own.



Since I'm on the topic of Spanish guns, here's something a little more practical for the survivalist types, provided you can find one. It's a FR-8 Mauser in 7.62mm NATO. When Spain adopted the CETME assault rifle, they took their stock of large-ring Mausers and converted them to the FR-8 configuration for use by the Civil Guard and military trainees. It was also allegedly used by special operations forces due to its handy, compact design.

Fans of Jeff Cooper will recognize the FR-8 as the inspiration of the scout rifle concept he invented in the 1970s. They are pretty uncommon these days as people who buy them tend to hold onto them. Recoil with regular 7.62mm NATO

rounds is a bit stout, but if you reload (and you should), then it's an easy enough matter to make a load that doesn't kick as much. With that said, having shot both an FR-8 and a Savage Scout, I've found the FR-8 to have the milder recoil.



No talk about favorite guns would be complete without the old reliable poor man's standby, the “cop thirty-eight”. My favorite is the Smith & Wesson K-Frame that's been made since the early 1900s. Thousands of these became available as surplus when police departments upgraded to automatic pistols, and even today you can find one for a couple hundred bucks in a cop shop's safe that's been carried more than it's been fired. They are cheap, reliable, accurate, and fire a decent cartridge. What more can I say? If you want the top of the line in



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a vintage K-Frame Smith, keep your eyes open for a Model 13.

So now that I've reminisced over some favorite guns, what would I recommend giving the current situation? If you have the cash you can pretty much still find whatever you want, and there are plenty of gun store gurus out there who will be more than happy to engage in a cash for guns arrangement with you based on their recommendations.



Although they have doubled in price over the past few months, the surplus Russian Mosin-Nagant rifles are still a good bargain. Surplus ammo is still available in quantity. This gives you a decent .30 caliber class rifle you for hunting or defensive use. Grab one and a few cases of ammo soon as much like the surplus Mausers, Enfields, SKSes, and Garands they won't be commonly and cheaply available for long.



Shotguns and their ammo continued to be available during the recent panic because no one pays attention to them. With that said, everyone should have a couple of them as they are eminently useful

tools. Even Joe Biden recommends them! The differences between Mossberg, Remington, and Ithaca is the same as the differences between Ford, Chevy, and Dodge. They all work OK, and each has their aficionados. A 12 gauge loaded with 00-buckshot has a well-deserved reputation of being an effective stopper of home invasions and inducement towards finding religion.



A favorite among the more serious long-term grid down types, black powder firearms have been pretty much exempt from all the nonsense that's been going on. There are no Federal laws on antique (pre-1898) and muzzleloading firearms. They even get a free pass in states like Massachusetts. Anybody can make their own black powder, cast lead balls, and find Flint or Chert. Some people have also fabricated their own percussion caps. You can keep these classic smoke poles going in all but the absolute worst TEOTWAWKI scenarios. As a bonus, BP shooters often engage in cool historical reenactment events such as buckskinner's rendezvous where they practice useful primitive skills and have a general good time.

That's all for now! Maybe more later...

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*It's the end of the world as
we know it, and I feel fine.*
- R.E.M.

*In social affairs, I'm an
optimist. I really do believe
that our military-industrial
civilization will soon
collapse.*
- Edward Abbey



When I got involved in all this fun, those of us who bothered to attach a name to what we did called ourselves survivalists, or maybe survivor-types. We were a combination of woods-runners and lo-tek tinkerers that liked to stay away from "civilization", build things out of junk, shoot guns, and do similar stuff of that nature. Our patrons were writers like Kurt Saxon, Dean Ing, Robert Heinlein, and Mel Tappan. Some of us were worried about the Soviets. Most, if not all, of us made plans to deal with things like blizzards, hurricanes, blackouts, tornadoes, and other temporary inconveniences that happen in the course of a year in various parts of the country. Many of us saw the gradual decline of western civilization, and simply decided it was best if we lived our lives someplace as out-of-the-way as possible so as to avoid the worst of it if the balloon ever went up.

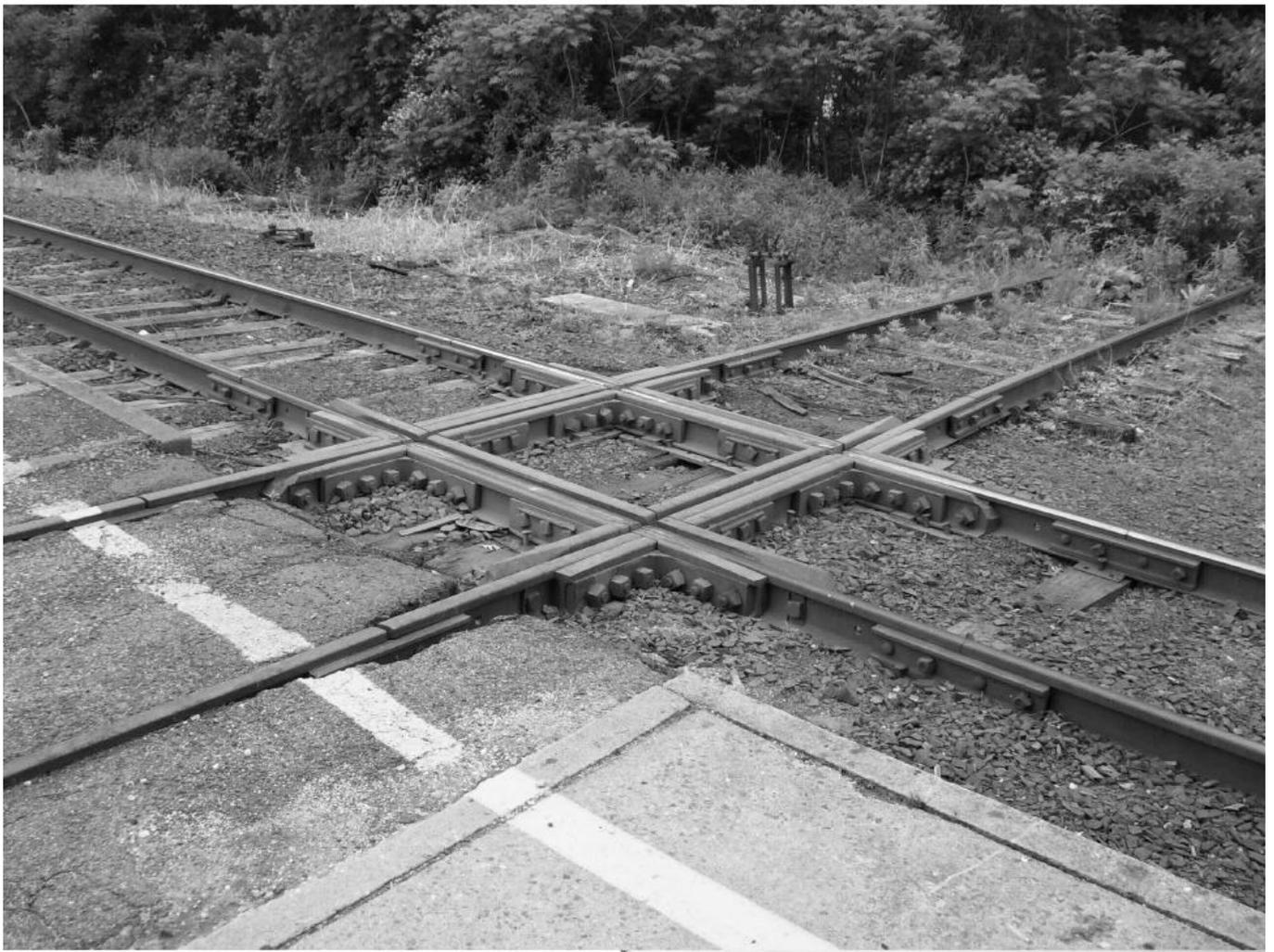
All the survivalist stuff we acquired and learned was basically ordinary stuff we enjoyed doing that we knew might be handy "just in

case." Our "survival knives and guns" were just what we used in the course of hunting, target shooting, camping, and woods-runnin'. "Survival fishing" was seeing how well you could do with the least amount of fishing tackle, and we all kept a rod and some lures/flyes handy to practice whenever we got a free moment. We all carried Swiss-Army knives and later Leatherman Tools and used them for anything and everything. Some of us played around with radios, or maybe small engines. Some of us liked to get our butts kicked in a dojo somewhere. A few of us got involved with a local SCA or mountain man reenactment group. All of these hobbies would have helped you out if the shit ever hit the fan, and would have left you with something useful to contribute if you survived long enough to start rebuilding.

I do believe this country is in decline. I have seen it over the past 30 years, and every year it gets worse. Eventually there's going to be one too many pieces of straw on the camel's back, and the camel is going to say "Fuck It!" Until then, do your best and enjoy the ride.



HATCHET AND KNIVES



CANAAN

