

Def Con XX 2012

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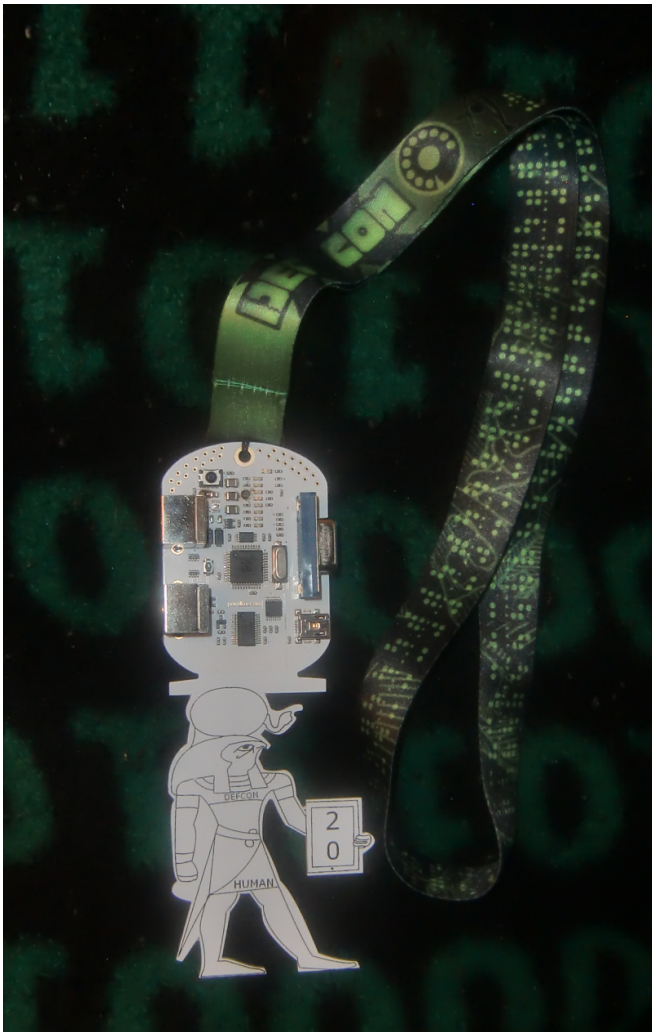
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Wednesday, July 25

AirportCon

And so it begins.

In sweltering heat.

I can smell the grapefruit in my black bag, sun cooked.

On the shuttle there are bronzed assholes in sunglasses, crocs and sandals. // (Oh, shush, they might be nice)

JC initials my boarding pass. Reads my shirt (Sad Robot) and smiles.

I fear for my modems after frumpy grouches about buzzcut's laptop

And surly yanks a wheeled carry on out of a plastic bin

But I pass through security relatively unmolested

At the airport the veil of time is thin

One minute I see a trip as it is ending and the next I see it begin.

There are slot machines in Vegas, I'll leave behind a raucous clang
In STL OTOH there's a white bread, white noise soft midwestern twang
Stress in the temples, groggy in the head
I want to relax, to sip some liquid bread

I wander up and down the concourse examining each face.
Who is really seeing and who is staring into space?
What is it that they want, what is it they are thinking?
The clipboard gives me an excuse to stare, to linger
Or maybe it's a childish grin and an absence of malice
Or maybe it's just my alien detachment that insulates me.

"How about we put on shine on them, cap'n?"
Shoeshine man asks the pilot
"Next time, fellas. I need you. I need you bad"

BudCon

I stop into the Budweiser Stadium Club (though I have no fondness for that brand of beer)
The bar also has Shock Top and Amber Bock (which is something I can stand)
I tell Dorothy what I want. An Amber Bock. Tall.
And bless her soul she manages to pour it.
"Did you say a tall, dear?" I nod.
"Amber Bock, babe?" I nod.
The complexity of the transaction of the glass
So flusters that it detaches me from me from the drink a while
I write about it a little bit and look at it teasingly with a smile on my face.
The situation is somewhat coarse beyond her delightful, eager, Kansas country charm.
My neighbor negotiates a sandwich. Roast beef. It is the only meat that they have.
He throws down the paper opened to the cross word, a handful of words filled in.
Not happy that a single beer set me back the better part of a twenty dollar bill
But I'm hardly round the first curve before I'm feeling rather changed.
I forgot both meals today, I believe. I do quick mental math on peanut butter crackers.
Neighbor to my left glances askew, busies herself with a phone.
Are we all so nervous in each others company (or is it just me)?
She chats with walrus mustache at the end of the bar, pack of Kools in his flannel pocket.
The phone autocorrected bat to bar in my message to my brother.
It's what I meant, but what must that cheeky phone think of me.
"Don't judge me, monkey"
Walrus has another one, a regular Bud.
The girl is on a second double and another single.
How does she seem so much more sober than I feel?

PGA sits next to me, orders a Bass. Looks a little like Bill Hicks.
I can't really see myself in the mirror, obscured by some Southern Comfort.
I wonder if I'm really here.
The ice spins as it melts quick while Dorothy prepares the Crown and Coke.
I've been sitting here three quarters of a page and I'm still a stranger to all.
Everything I write looks too visible. Every noise in the room too loud.
Does my intermittent context-less writing mark me as obtrusive?
I could blurt, I could easily blunder, but I'm a shrew drunk
So it's just some harmless ink I squirt. Lightning without thunder
Another beer? She asks me. No thanks. Have a good evening.
Curt, but not dismissive. (I said: Good Day, Sir)

The skin of the frog in the ad makes me giggle.
So does my grapefruit. Mushy and juicy.

The three people in the seat in front of me
Constant, incessant chatter.
Teacher, Father, Son.
Vegetarians, Bill Nye, Accents.
Somehow it's super grating. Wish I had my headphones.
Instead I bury myself in the Emperor of All Maladies (a biography of cancer)
And listen intently to the silence emanating from the two men sitting next to me
Read the white paper on "Comprehensive Molecular Characterization of Human & Rectal Cancer"
We arrive fifteen minutes early to hoots and hollers and 100 degree weather

Brother & co. pick me up and we head to Kyle's



We play some [Battletoads Double Dragon](#) (The SNES port). (It's one game, not two)
The game is brutal, we pull up a speed run on YouTube, then a funny one
Kyle plays League of Legends, gets killed by Dr. Zippy
Drinking Lucky Buddha in a green, Buddha bottle
And Devastator in an exploding ram

Thursday, July 26

LineCon

Up early and head over to the Rio for LineCon
They stack us up against the wall, 5 wide and hella long.
One Goon conversationally advises "LineCon keep to the wall"
Another shouting intensely, adamant. "Turn that camera off. Turn that fucking camera off" Nervous giggles.
Free Shrugs, talking headphones with a guy with a Djibouti shirt
Checking out the art hanging on the walls.
This one is called Faithful



Though as to the nature of that faith I dare not speculate

Things start moving reasonably quickly once reg actually opens.



Octopus is in a punchy mood. OMGWTFBBQ declares the fat grouper.





I pull out the mint tin for some caffeine. Diana takes a curry mint.
 "I feel like I have an Indian person in my mouth. I can't tell if I like it"

We see Claudus winding one way, while we're winding back.
 Short chat with a stranger that was looking for a Dave or Sara. "I'm a Dave."
 A quick hello to Jaku then we head off-campus for food and supplies.
 To China Town and Super Liquors where we buy a bottle of Alien Tequila
 "You picked a good one" The man with an eastern European accent informs us.

→ fucking play me off my balls' we have to get to goatse" Lost walks up w/ Tom Servo
 I have a band-aid on my Alien tequila
 Computers use binary. then I go over here & write some
 code & magic happens



Catching Def Con 101 here and there.

"Are there any children here? 'Cause there's gonna be a lot of fucking cursing"

Cerebral Source Code

"What's the best way to get traffic to my site with social networking?"

"Porn"

And plying strangers with alcohol is the way to make friends.

"You're not gnome, fuck you. Get off my stage"

It's a chugging contest at what is, ostensibly, an introduction to programming

"Python Fuckers" by King Tuna. Use it for sockets.

Talking about Eclipse (PyDev) "Jesus Christ. Java."

We defined a function... and this is super, super fuckin' small

Nobody can read this. Here's a video of a disco Jelly fish.

All my images are from 4chan (/b/). Where is Pedo Bear? I saw him earlier

The speakers already went through a bottle of Jameson.

"What are you laughing at?"

"I'm too drunk to type in my password"

"Fucking play me off my balls; we have to get to goatse"

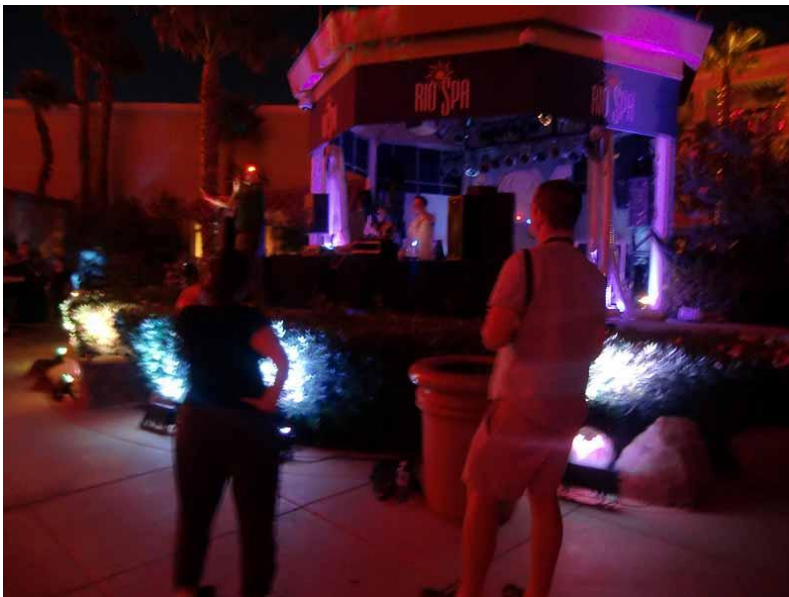
Lost walks up with Tom Servo

“Computers use binary” you regurgitate gleefully
“Then I go over here and write some C code and then magic happens”
SHODAN, vivisect, NESSUS, get free electronics from Lady Ada
“You can quote me on this: DNS is fundamentally broken”
“I want to learn to talk to as many things as possible”
A C64 emulator is pre-written for the badge
“And as we move to the cloud” (crowd groans)
“What do you think of the cloud?” “They’re pretty in the sky”
Dr. Tran on the benefits of lock picking: you can add “that’s what she said” after every sentence

At registration they mistook me for a different Dave Bennett (we’re everywhere)
He had two nights comped and a third for 27 dollars.
I smile and nod. Yes, that’s me.
Wait, wut?
I need a fourth night.
Oh, I see.

RapCon

Back out to the Asian district for food. Three chicken dishes at Kung Fu
Then back in time to see YT Cracker on stage. This excites me.
Felt a little weird explaining his moniker to my companions.
He’s got wire shark and late night coding in his flows
I am, in fact, rather gangster myself.
MC Frontalot is standing right over there.
He starts rapping and I’m drinking free-as-in beer.



An intimate little scene.
Mostly a studious detachment. But there’s a little bit of wiggle and waggle.



2129 A short chat with a couple from Seattle
that remember me from the line we didn't actually meet in
She has Cleopatra hair, a bohemian dress and an easy expository style.
We talk about the weather and trivial shit like insects. Feeding spiders.
When the fuck will I learn to properly participate in a conversation?



Dancing like a white robot
Graciously signed my RAM
After the show, a chance to chat
But my level six programmer character
Has four charisma and took the tongue tied flaw
Concentrating on maximizing intelligence & wisdom
And I'm quite quiet whilst the music is quite loud
The questions I prepared were on pen testing
I'm not equipped for this random encounter
Which is a pity because his lyrical wit fascinates me
And there's so much I'd like to glean.



I wander again through the Rio. I get caught up in the Mobile Disco.
I sit at the table and watch them solve problems.
And then I wander off again.



2237 This is an IR transmitter and this a receiver.

By the Mayan disk unraveling the mysteries of the badge.

Brother is "Slacker" I'm "Wallflower" and Diana is "Getting Around"

These are all valid characters for roman numerals, but in invalid order

Where are we going to find an Über badge?

That badge is still going berserk, he was flashed by a goon



Wandering through a cyberpunk wet dream.

2300 And I'm listening to Queen, but I don't know where I am.

I've been discussing my modem nunchucks with random nerds.

He loops one back on itself.

"There. That's how you keep the hacker trapped in your system."

Another drink. This tastes like... Tequila.

We're gonna need some more non-Tequila liquids.

Frontalot gets on stage with DualCore, Freestyling on 0-days

YT Cracker fails to join them up there. "Our handler let us off the chain"

“Drink all the booze, hack all the things”

I exchange a smile and nod with a dude I’m sure I met many years back.

Not sure if he remembers me at all.

~~We were both drunk.~~ //Overly obvious statement redacted

Talking Mystery Challenge with Steampunk glasses

“I totally just fed that guy misinformation”

re: one of the fake twitter accounts

The booze metabolizes, catalyzes conversation

While my shell is cracked, my shmooze is still broken

I’m in drunken speech mode: slow and slurring, not fast and precise

Too exhausted to talk too far beyond the same trivialities, can’t segue into substance

Hello. My name/handle is X. This is my Nth Def Con.

My favorite programming language is Y.

Need to grab some Zs.

Friday, July 27

1:03 a handshake and a promise “We’ll talk during Con”

To which I reply “cool, cool” but it’s a bigger event each year.

And any associate that gets into a cool party is beyond my reach

I’m a small fish in this big pond.



1:22 Track 4, techno music, dead electronics sitting in plastic jars
I hover, I float, I recently dropped a NoDoz, but my mental battery is dying
“It all went downhill since they got rid of the Star Trek Experience. This guy knows what I’m talking about”
“Don’t drink too much or do too much karaoke. You can die”
Start to wander back, pool side, but I’m told it’s closed
Lost wheels by with his cart, a menagerie.
I head back towards Ipanema.
They pull out some coke, glasses, and ice from a plastic bag
then out comes the massive bottle of Jack Daniels and I join the festivities.

HallwayCon



We have 3 people from the Chicago area and one from Wisconsin.
Detroit (who looks a bit like Linus Torvalds) has a Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy tattoo on his arm.
I'd like to believe that it's not temporary.
Red Beard shows up with the Bohr's model of Carbon and Silicon on his arms
We're catching people as they try to stumble to their room.
This is the crew from foofus.net. Have you heard of fgdump, medusa?
A speaker goon sets down the shot glass made from a 30mm depleted uranium round
"It gives you that glow"



Forehead Light is sloppy drunk. "He can't do a shot. He's a miner."

Pourer, far gone, turns to me. "I see you sitting there, all innocent"

Nursing my Jack and Coke ain't gonna cut it, must do a shot.

But Detroit has my back, "he already did one"

(Alcohol is like code. More is not always better.

The elegant solution is the minimum amount that allows one to function effectively socially.

Optimize having a good time, not being a drunken ass.)

Dark Tangent and his entourage gets caught in our net.

He does a shot and tells us about a couple of funny YouTube videos

[Read a fuckin' book](#) and [Snuggly the Security Bear](#) and [Happy in Paraguay](#)

Winn declines the drink, he lives too close to Jack for that shit.

We offered one to Jason Scott and his crew, but "I gotta keep my people sharp"

By 2:51 we're out of booze. A goon sucks on the empty bottle.

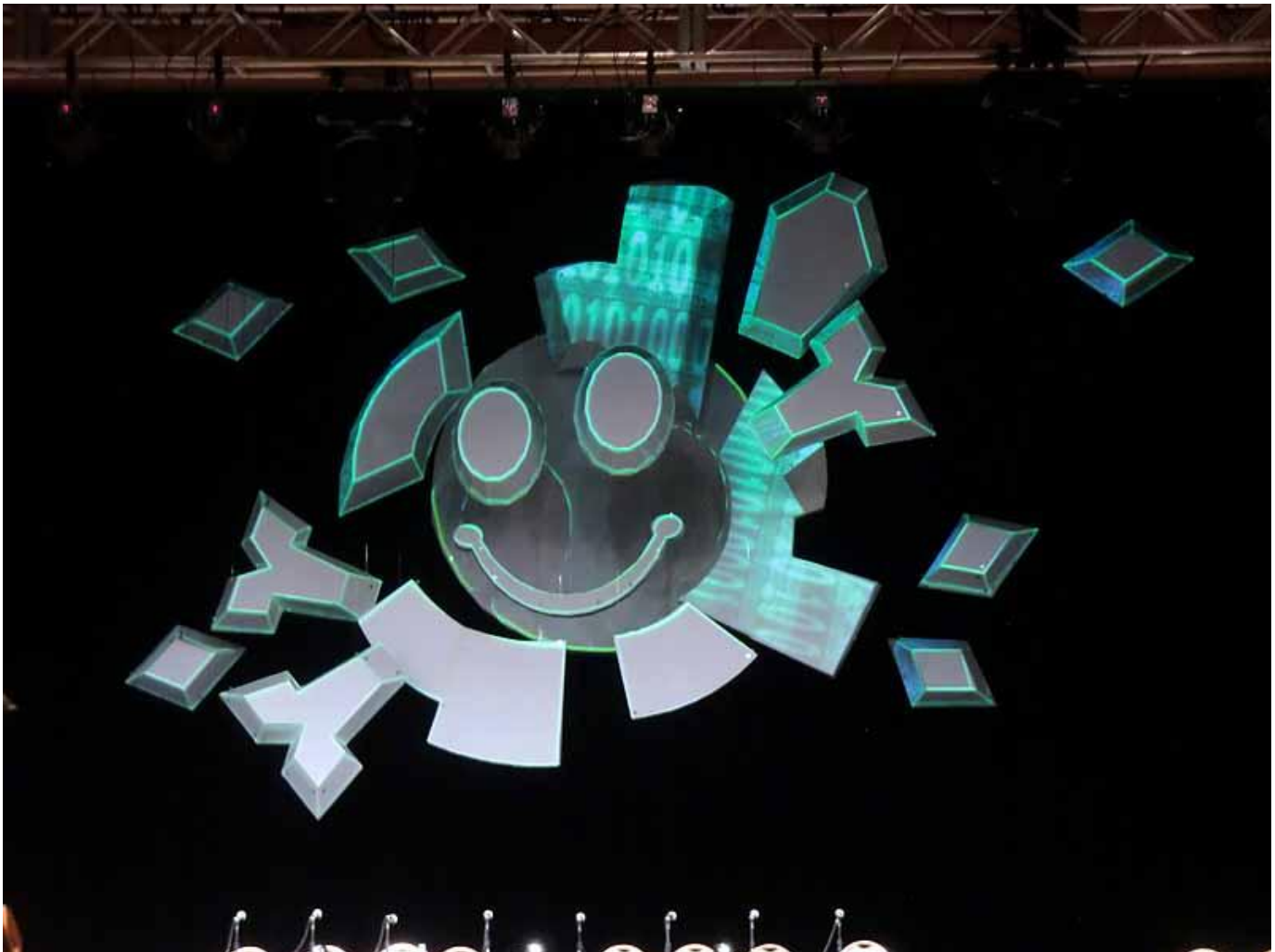
King Tuna stumbles by.

Swapping InfoSec Bon mots.
How much fun at DefCon? Lots.
3:00 I'm off to sleep.
But the sun betrays my intention.
I find myself awake before 7:00

Current status: Workin' the Con. Still need Vendor, Contest, Über
"First you get the hacksaw. Then you get the mustache. Then you get the women"
"O.K. That's a yellow card."

Three hours sleep, two meals, and now my one shower. I'm good.
Burger King for breakfast. I think that's David Copperfield behind the counter.

DefCon



Opening ceremonkeys. Technical difficulties. No projection. Just turn the laptop around.

Lost is dressed up like Dr. Forrester. Yay for MST3K.
8 cores, don't worry 'bout interrupts, because fuck you, I'm going to fire up another process.
"If you're too unobservant to notice then you deserve to be owned"
DEF CON documentary: A dinosaur singing Madonna.
It's looking pretty good so far.

Multitudinous face of hackerdom.
Dead Addict, Gale, Head of the NSA
Security looks nervous, like they expect something to happen.
But overall the vibe is fairly vacuous. Like, OMG. Tech is hard. "Cyber is a team sport" LOL

14:14 Wander through the vendor area. Same stuff, different year.
Into the contest room. Good size, good flow.
I like Schemaverse's new visualization.

DEF CON comedy jam. Jack Daniels in a pink tank top.
"Misogyny networks: our ports are always in promiscuous mode"
"Where's your beer?" Fosters (x2) asks me
"I had one earlier"
I feel so pretty. It rubs the waffle on its skin.
A man chugging maple syrup. "I can't swallow"
There is some confusion on the definition of fpeen.
"It's only illegal if you get caught"
If we can get \$100 in the next 30 seconds...
Skull and crossbone boxers.
"Donate your ass to science"



Dexter makes a \$50 donation to chop a grapefruit with a contraband sword
On a layer of plastic. This is too appropriate, pure serendipity itself.
"Begone evil temptress with beer and gun, there is hacking to do"
We played Mmm Bop on every bar in the network.
Then call up and ask why they are playing Hanson

I stop and chat with some blue badges playing with a toy
That seems to be called Kazoom. Looks like an eye popper with a plastic payload.
But we can't really get it to do anything fun. And yet we continue to play with it.
Where'd it come from? It was just sitting here? No wonder. It sucks.

I pour myself a red bull, blue gatorade, fresh squeezed grapefruit, alien tequila and strike out.
I am sly and shy, quiet, unremarkable. Not-a-hacker. I hope that admission means I'm not-a-poser.
Movie night hasn't started, behind schedule. Man on stage tells lame dead baby jokes to a handful of people.
We're told it will be five minutes before we're told something new. Yes, this is a snipe hunt.

19:25 Jaku slaps me in the face with a kangaroo nut sack. Sweet cuppin' cakes.

Goatse is being projected on the wall at CTF. More like WTF, amirite?
I hold the door for men carrying a case.
Thanks. The whisky comes first.

10,000 cent pyramid. Can't believe Alex Hutton didn't know Bawls or Schroedinger's Cat.
We cheer at Star Trek Hack or Crash, but then the category sucks. Mulligan.
Reigning champion Kaminsky loses his crown.
We transition into Hacker Jeopardy.
Red laser begets red, green, blue.
Don't cross the streams.
"That's the only orgy that's gonna happen all weekend at DEF CON"
If we're lucky.

Pulling two chairs apart is the start of an anarchy spree.
Cutting the tags off of mattresses we don't even own. "I'm a rebel, Dotty."
Another Daily Double. Don't Fuck It Up. Bad Kitty shows up.
I'm too new to the game to get nostalgic over this.
G. Mark and Winn's mom amuse me.
"When did Ozzy start making computers?"
Bruce Schneier and Neal Stephenson together again FTW. A wager of 42.

Joe Grand and Zoz standing in front of MC Frontalot.
Too much awesome for one room. I squee.
Truly exhausted, but finding a second wind.

People are moving in a manner that is almost indistinguishable from dancing.
I suspect there isn't enough booze in the casino to make me attempt it.
I typically know my limits.

Saturday, July 28

Friday night becomes Saturday morning.
00:30 Frontalot is wrapping up, my phone needs a charge.
The last song is your favorite: Goth Girls
"Tomorrow I promise I'll be drunk all day."

303Con

The Con is so large one becomes easily lost, flotsam, adrift.
Adjacent briefly, then never seen again. "Don't wander off, though"
I'm by the pool again, listening to a DJ, then wandering around.
Nabbed by a group enroute to 303, room 22001
"What are you writing?" Joy asks
"You look like you're checking things off a list"

The party has A, B, and C. That makes it a good one.
Now to find X, Y, and Z.
But I'm not overly analytic, methinks.
My process is a bit more organic than that.
But I respond vaguely, using my words to say nothing.
She calls me on my bullshit with insight and sharp observation.
Scanning my page for something to read aloud that isn't purely inane.
I panic. She sees through me. My mask is ineffective. Inwardly I cheer.
She hands me a Laughing Squid sticker and we talk, roughly, about identity.
She has a litany of names. Lewis Carroll and the mock turtle. A kindred spirit.
I don't need to use my real name and I don't need to use my handle.
I introduce myself as 'Poe, 'cause that's my Internet identity.
Depending on the situation, on what they say, on a whim
Did you say Joe? No. Poe. As in Edgar Allen? That's right.
And sometimes I'm Dave, because Daves fuckin' rock. That's a fact.
Is Dave McCoy here? No. He left with 4 roller derby girls.
He returns with a few in tow. Spiky, not nerdy.
For some of us the mask goes back on.
Chatting with Braedon. A student first-timer sporting a mohawk and a Newbie sticker from Newb
Humble and inquisitive, intense, intelligent. It's people like this that give me hope for the future.
Daniel. From Assurance.com.au, Cthuhlu company shirt and a beard.
I think that he looks older than me; but he is a few years my junior.
"I want to see a squirrel!" This exotic animal cannot be found in Australia or Las Vegas.
I explain how security is an afterthought in our company
And rather than being shamed (as I deserve) they smile and explain the plain truth:
That's the way it is nearly everywhere.
Pen' testing and location and education.



Blurry, blurry and I thought it was just me.

A rough and tumble reputation, but we're not focused on getting plastered.

I had a really good time. Words flow fast and easy here.

There's some moonshine 'round back, allegedly

Let's keep the conversations rather brilliant.

Thank you 303 for opening your room to me.

(A knock, a drunk, lying in the hall. We give them some water and send them along. Please don't die in here.)

Sitting on the floor with my brother, talking ATMs with a dude from England.

About the time he's hoping the cops don't come by while he's night time walking his home.

4:00 to bed, up just past 9:00 a decent block of sleep.

Catch a bit of talk on DCTV. "It's like an octopus riding a bicycle rather than a Ferrari"

Wander down, linger in the Vendor area, the Raspberry Pi sale unfortunately had to be cancelled. Sorry Rob.

Sync with the vendor from KoreLogic, talking about HashCat, the grand master

And cracking passwords via vis strings, patterns, and alignment.

Into a talk on cyborgs. Plasmids can be used to rewrite your genome.

Step 8: Support your local augmented.
Prepare for unforeseen consequences.
The RFID tag my brother implanted might give him cancer.
But everybody gets it if they live long enough.

Today is the 27th anniversary for Walrus Skull from foofus.net
He told his wife she could come to DefCon if she wore fishnets.
She declined.

With a \$20 TV tuner we're sniffing pager messages. Plumbers and Hospitals
"Definite HIPAA shit"

Speed talk in the lunch line. "Nice labcoat, or labcoat-like shirt"
\$8 for sushi, but the wasabi is nice and intense, like gasoline in my mouth.
Quick discussions in the smoker's area. A Canadian with Cthuhlu & DJ tattoos and the HashCat demigod.
I'm trying, testing waters. Toeing the fat gap between rejected and accepted.



13:00 Prototype this. Zoz managed to get a discussion of multithreaded programming on TV
Network execs don't know what a circuit board is
(It's that green thing inside your VCR that makes it work. Oh, I get it.)

The Get Up And Go. People on TV don't go to the bathroom,
And you can tell nerds built it since it sleeps just one at a time.

Chatting again with the smokers.

When communicating with the computer: scripting and programming, even the command line is a rich language
Whereas the GUI is pointing, gesturing, flailing. It's what you resort to in a foreign country
When you don't speak the tongue at all. Passable, but not terribly effective.
I meet another David and this one has the idea of a wooden trojan with an EMP inside.
Another one of those ideas that would sound better with 10 beers inside ya.
I'm introduced to Dead Addict, but sadly I'm not carrying a beer to share.

16:00 slip into Renderman's talk on airplanes
then to track two for a talk on anonymous
"I don't see how you can do Unix without a beard"

BeardCon

And then I head to beard contest, mk II.
And once again Diana makes it onto the Judges panel.
A screaming match with Mohawk Con on the age-old shave it vs. save it debate.

I down another beer, breathe into the breathalyzer and blow a Nyan Cat.





You will be surprised to learn that the beard trophy doesn't exist.
So beards have been affixed to more mundane trophies.
Ryan manages to win first place in the partial beard competition.
It's the full ensemble, the socks, the tape, the tie, the whole dapper get-up
A one-armed bandit, armed with ample wit. I appreciate the hand.
The winner of the fake beard category exhorts me to grow one.





Diana is in good with Jack Daniels and ends up as a contestant on 25k\$ pyramid
She actually did rather well. Doctors and What Happens in Vegas.
I'm eating the bribery peanuts she received. And we get the inside scoop on judging the contest.





I'm nuts for America

Hacker Jeopardy. Winn sounds run down.
A tie with all teams having zero points and [Neg9](#) wins with a SQL injection.
The whole affair finally concludes and we set out once again.



Joy says: This here is SmokerCon. Over there (in front of the speakers) is YellCon.
I travel back upstairs to our room. Ash and Pizza are there. Head out again.
To the remnants of Crash & Compile. Code Dice.
“The Korean, even the Ghost doesn’t know” //WTF?
“I don’t mean to alarm you, but you seem to have a few NICs hanging out”
“You mean, I’m not secure?”
“It’s a private line, so you’re probably OK”
Discussing CUDA vs Other GPU coding techniques.
In general, programmers suck at threads - does Illumina mean anything to you?
(Umm, Hell Ya!)

Sunday, July 29



00:41 Back in Track 1

Music thumps loud enough to physically move me. Lapels flap.

It's a place where you can be popular not despite being a nerd, but precisely because of it.

A random dude with a macbook sets my badge to strobe mode.

Show my ID to get into IOActive.

Once again the smell of cloves in the air (thank you)

And then I walk into a cloud of cigar smoke, which kills my <3

If I ever find myself in Vancouver (in a drunken haze)

I should head somewhere like StarBock and tell them I know someone named like Gareth.

And they'll let me in (for sure).

Debating theology with Fisher.

Randomness and design.

It's like Internet trolling.

Unconvincing all around, but it somehow remains remarkably congenial.

Random guy introduces me to two random girls.

"There. Now you know someone" he tells them

It hurts to be awake, but eyes can see in clarity

things that dreams can not
Knowledge creeps into my waiting ear.
SleepyCon is a game I can play any day of the year
The noise can find life beyond the shadow of a doubt
They are drunk, defences down so I inject them with my name
though in the harsh and blinding day they will find out that I am lame.

2:09 re-exit the pool area.
I live for the blur, the slurred speech
The whirlwind of "did that just happen?"
And "Oh no he di'nt"
Glottal stop me if you've heard this story before.
Alcohol makes me bold, but I'm still too small a font to be seen
But the cardinal rule "don't be a douche" is somehow magically sufficient.
"What're you writing about? How fucking hot that chick is?" (Shorts that short and heels that high)
Umm, no. Not really. Just a random subset of things that occur.
What happens in Vegas... I write down and carry home on my clipboard.
The documentary crew will capture what happens, but why can't I hold all these feels?
A wide and wild net of vibrant drunkenness. We've lost the VM running sanity and restraint.
Thanks to Utilikilts there are more boys in skirts than there are girls in total.
Another raspy smoker voice and an eager young baby face.
My neuro-transmitters are depleted like my uranium.
Waiting for rescue or an excuse to fall asleep.
Teasing out signal from a sea of noise
Why are you carrying citrus?
It's not a party unless it's a lemon party.

3:15 and hardly another drop of energy in me
Jackalope and company walking past
"Sometimes you find yourself in a kitchen full of raspberry jam, but it isn't a fetish.
This guy knows what I mean" Yup, I do.
There are strippers around, but who gives a damn
Until it's a shell or a myelin sheath. Straight brain-to-brain intercourse.
Is that a copy of Backtrack? Um, no. It's pr0n.

I stake out HallwayCon's table and a fishbowl full of Bailey's asks me:
"Are you writing a screenplay?" I nod. "Excellent"
Guy who looks like Dan Akroyd:
"What sort of notes are those? They look extensive. I'm gonna go fall down now. Good luck with that."

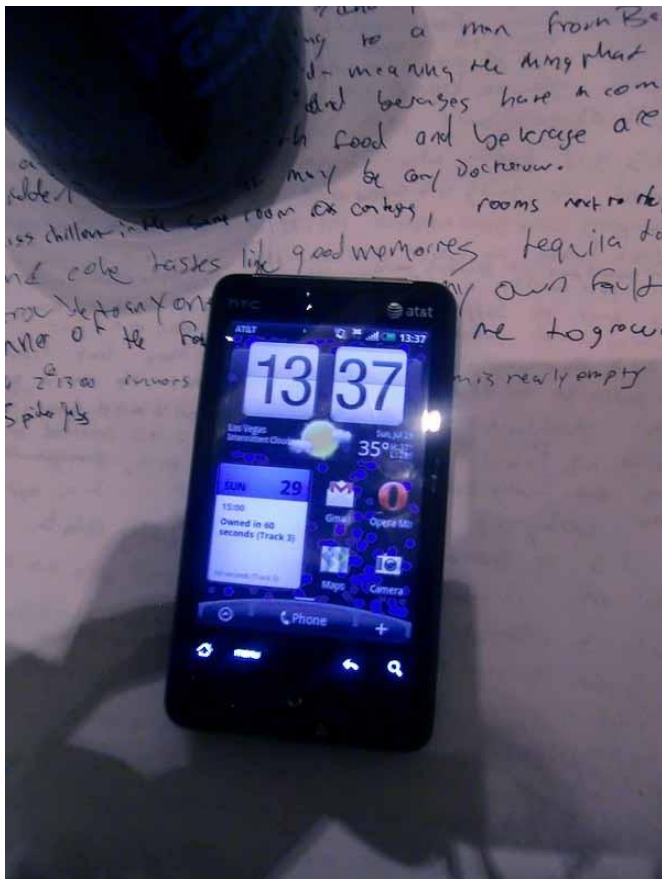
Up by 8:00 drinking Rehab, coming back to life.

You can step on DEF CON Rocks with your DEF CON socks.

Robots II "My aunt likes tongue" another statement that makes more sense with ten beers in ya.
"This is straight vodka."
If you're interested in making the world more awesome and full of robots talk to me in Q&A"
Like a nerdy Lenny Bruce.

Brain is fried behind eyes that are dried.
When a dude plunks down a stack of Psycho postcards (send one to your mom)
It gets me talking to a man from Bath
who lives in a house older than America (and it's not really considered very old)
Discussing differences not in words, but in phrases.
Momentarily means in-a-moment here and for-a-moment there.
"Table that" means ignore it here and address it there

Someone fixed the sign. Changing it from a bitwise and
Which means that the thing that is forbidden is what food and beverage have in common
To a logical or
Which means that both food and beverage are forbidden



It's elite o'clock.

Tequila tastes like trouble to everyone.

Rum and Coke tastes like good memories. Playing board games.
Jager is my own fault. New Years 1999.
Vodka I'm still on the fence about.
Gin tastes like sweet devil juice.



Hanging out in the Vendor area
With Claudus and his sweet blue / purple mohawk
Bruce Lee and a dirty sock are religious icons when mixed with stepper motors.
He's going rock climbing after this.
Leigh and Jolly and other random encounters.

A reprise of LineCon, but it starts off as ClusterFuckCon
The ceremony runs long despite its ruthless efficiency

Then some Zdob and WubbleU and food.



Yo Cuz, more thuggish than culinary.

They head off-campus and I go pool-side again.

"Are you writing words to this song? Awesome."

Wub wub wub.

Find Claudus again and rumors of a party in 811

I meet Luna the writer (I already read some of her stuff)

My Pilot G2 versus Neal Stephenson and Claudus' Fountain Pen Geeks

(If it exists there is a porn of it and a geekdom)

Diablo 3, Prey, and Pax.



11:15 is awfully early to be cut-off at the pool-side bar.
The L.A. version of Tommy D. is named Tim.
"We should have a DefCon poetry jam."
She tells me: "Women love to pee"
And "You can use that in your poetry"

VandalCon



We had one extra in our crowd, but he crazied off.
Head over to the Gold Coast, but security won't let us up into the room.
Turns out they're in front of T.G.I. Fridays anyways. "Sit right there, baby girl"
And this is VandalCon.
It all stems from a misunderstanding.
They started their journey in Singapore.
Where you can't own anything that looks like a gun.
Or porn. Needless to say Vandal is a criminal.
He arrives in this country understandably tired.
Didn't quite make it to the room before falling asleep.
My version of it is: I woke up in jail.
Their version of it...
Well, an altercation ensued.
It grows with each retelling. It has already been escalated to knives.
It'll be grenades and paratroopers by the end of the night.
His wife is Eris, of Scavenger Fame.
She has been yelling all con long.
Now sounds like a parrot: "Polly wanna cracker?"
From the tape on my glasses to the blue and orange shoe laces
My appearance is calculated nerdiness.
"You must get so much [female companionship] especially here."
"If you weren't married you'd carry him off and Grape Kool Aid him"
Except the Kool Aid was added afterwards. As was the "G"
Teach the controversy re: mermaids in the Bellagio fountain.
You get a wish granted if you catch one.
Drinking rounds of a tall blue-green liquid affectionately known as the Roofie Colada.
"Does this smell like chloroform to you?"
But he'll volunteer post haste, why waste the pharmaceuticals?
Toothpaste's tie ostensibly says "Ermahgerd" in binary or somesuch
"She's like a walking blender" "WTF did you mean by that?"
Toothpaste grabs my notes, gives them a quick audit.
The content is sanctioned, permission to continue.
"Go ahead and write that down"
"He's documentering the stupidity."
It's the salacious pansexual essence of late night debauchery.
Waiting on another round of refills. Getting frisky with the Biebs.



Sure, Bieber, you can borrow my badge. Someday you'll be as cool as me.

Army bluegrass & the
Vandal con is being documented since
this is Salinas pin serial essence of late night debauchery
"Psalom I wrote graveyard. I've seen everything" that wasn't what it looks like
I have a band-aid on my Justin Bieber
he's documenting the stupidity. bad touch, bad touch, show
me on the B&B where he touched you.
Midnight blues & the



We try to apologize to the waitress, at least a little bit.

"That wasn't what it looks like"

"It's OK I work graveyard. I've seen everything."

Though I'm quiet and tangential, she speaks to me directly.

I seem to be the most sober, "You're the designated driver, right?"

No ma'am, no one is driving. Another round of drinks?

I feel like I should be the chaperone

But I only observe

Cosmic Monkey StarWars Party.



Make a "V" with the glasses for VandalCon. Vivacious, vibrant, lascivious
Sword fights with the straws. This just got gayer than queer con.
The whole thing gets kinda out of control.
Bad touch, bad touch. I think I need an adult.
Show me on the Bieber where the bad man touched you.
Every so often his dead and piercing eyes catch yours from the corner of a drunken haze.
She got three red cards, but none of them were legit.
Shut up and let me tell you why.
Shut up and tell me if it was your friend that gave you the card or was it was a stranger.
Oh, just shut up.
At midnight we attempt to tweet its location.
Autocorrect wants to call it Vandal on. Goddammit, I can't argue with that.

Another round of paddling with the PVC.

The foam is sometimes the paddle, sometimes the handle

Another loud smack.

Oh yeah, that's a red card.

Scavenger hunt received a surfeit of red vines, but meets some resistance whilst distributing them.



Yeah. It's a lot like that.

Monday, July 30

BarCon

Early morning we say goodnight to VandalCon and head back to the Rio.

We're all introverts here, but we've been saving up conversational energy

So that we can play at being extroverts for the weekend.

"Let's go blow our meters out"

It's time to reach the limit break.

Back to the bar near the pool where a contingency of attendees have holed up.

Discussing the algorithm and the trigger which prompts the arrival of the singing girl.

Assuming it's proactive, to heat up a spot, rather than reactive, like a cocktail waitress would be.

Somewhat disappointed to learn she's just on a timer.

Sam from the Verge.com doesn't have a handle.

So we make his name a backronym.

We're chatting with someone who's been coming since DEF CON 4.

It has lost that youthful fun time core, but the DNA is still there.

After a brief hiatus I return to discussing biohacking with Sam.
Kevin and his lady friend sit at the bar, chatting with Lost's brother.
"I'll hand you this USB if you promise not to plug it into anything. Ever"
Someone stole Pedo Bear's head. "This is why we can't have nice things"
Turned around and it was gone. If you can't trust a hacker, who can you trust?
Rance (not Rants, he's clear on that point) is the very cool dude with the Red/Blue beard.
He's buying drinks for everyone.
Multiple dudes puking in the mens room.
Some young asshat seems to be instigating an altercation with a goon.
A bit of a misunderstanding, but he just can't/won't stop running his mouth.
The bear explains that the female was expecting fiduciary recompense for favors
and this, being an unacceptable outcome, he was compelled to politely extricate himself.
[OK, the sentiment was expressed rather more crudely than that]
There's a creepy woman lurking. Asks about the tape on my glasses.
I can't tell if she's trying to sell her affections or just desperate to share them.
She isn't pushing the hard sell, which one suspects she would need.
We circle the wagons to avoid her predatory stare.
"Where are you guys headed next?"
"Probably to bed."
5:40 back up in the room. There's a body on the couch. Probably Kyle.
9:30 and I'm awake. Kyle wants his complimentary breakfast.
D1: "This is Vegas; they don't give you anything for free... unless you're gambling"
D2: "You wanna bet? I'll give you that one for free."

SolderCon

I figure I'll just bat my eyes at someone at the hardware hacking village.
But we have a soldering iron right here. Plugged in and everything.
O.K. Teach me how to solder.
Alright, we'll solder Dave.
Hey, hey. Punctuation is important. You meant to say "We'll solder, Dave"
I contain no user-serviceable parts.
OK, we'll send you back to the manufacturer.





We drink some beer for breakfast to lighten the load back down to checkout
Remember that finding the optimal packing solution is NP-Hard so just use a heuristic
Chatting with hackers at the In-N-Out Burger.
Then to Kyle's for some more battleloads
That damn bird chastised us:
"The Dark Queen doesn't cheat. Try it again without the warps"
Oh, sure, I'll bite the bullet, give the Budweiser to the guy from STL
Watching British comedy. Mock the Week, 8 out of 10 cats.
Through airport security, again without incident.
I smell like sweat in Pink Squirrels.
I hear the word "hacker" then "computer sandwiches"
But the blonde in the sundress doesn't fit the stereotype
And her male companion has a Nike belt buckle. Methinks I misheard.

Chat with Chelle for a few minutes before she boards a plane for L.A.
See you all next year.