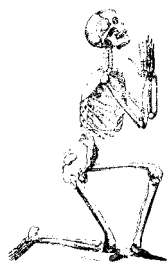


# Zen



PGP Key registered  
with the NSA.

*If you can't trust the NSA, who can you  
trust?*



# Anarchy

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*I've learned more than you'll ever know...*

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# Editorial

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The revolution is over and we lost. We were suckered once again. Jonny Lydon is running a gas station in Des Moines. Darby Crash opened a health resort just outside of Phoenix, and Morrissey is working for Hallmark.

There is a point in your life where you just kind of wake up and go, "Oh FUCK!"

There's a new radio station that bills itself as "the station for the rest of us". What it really is, is an oldies station that plays new wave from the eighties.

I always used to wonder how the people who listened to do-wop and all the motown stuff could stand to listen to it after 30-40 years. Now I think I realize the sad truth. Media moguls force you to grow up. Personally I think they all ought to be shot.

I'm nowhere ready to "grow up," and I'll be damned if some fuck off in a three piece suit can dictate when that happens, but at the same time I'm not going to totally hold on to the memories of my childhood either. I've still got some lives to ruin out there. Believe me...

But, life goes on, doesn't it? It always does. And just when you think you've hit rock bottom there's always someone there to tell you that there's lower yet to go.

Now don't get me wrong. I've had some time to reassess my life and it's mental and spiritual direction. No there's a word I bet you never thought I'd use, right? Spiritual? No not in the normal sense, but in the sociological, anthropological sense. The day I find religion, I'll kill myself and go have a long talk with whatever deity is in charge...

No, I'm sort of at the point where I'm feeling rather like Lestat in one of Rice's vampire books. I want to just lay down and sleep for 100 years and see if anything im-

proves by the time I wake up.

I'm not holding my breath...

I know this issue has taken a long time to finish, but I've been in a sort of a mental funk, so writing hasn't been the primary thing on my mind.

The expatriates are dead. I had to bury them. They were beginning to smell. They're all at that age where they had to have a mid-life crisis. All except for Mr. Eternity, who is about 15 years away from that, if ever...

Me, however, I'm back, yet again with new and renewed energy.

Well I thought they were dead and I should bury them, when along comes the Muse and the Triple Agent. Now those of you who know me are probably going to think this is sacrilege, but for the first time in recorded history I'm bringing

two, yes two, women (*Oh shit, now we'll have to start wearing pants... Ed.*) in to the circle of the Expatriates. The Baron and the General can go get fucked as far as I'm concerned. They fucked up their own lives and they deserve what they get.

Mr. Eternity turned me on to a nifty thing called ICQ and I've had some of my faith in the youth of America restored to a certain point. I've had the opportunity to talk to some wonderfully intelligent women - something I wouldn't have thought possible even a few months ago - and I'm starting to wonder if I'm just too hard on the populace at large?

Time will tell, but I'm betting not, and from some of the people I've talked to, they don't think so either...

ICQ me at 20908129  
I may even chat  
with you...



# Random



# Thoughts

I just saw an ad for Pictionary proclaiming, with what appeared to be great glee, that Christopher Darden is going to be one of the guest artists. Neat-o! Does this mean that O.J. Simpson is going to be on Love Connection some time soon? Lance Ito on Jeopardy? Marcia Clark at a Bikini contest? *Let's hope she waxes first.* The list goes on...

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For all of you out there who believe in your religion: What kind of pagan ritual would involve cannibalism? For example eating the body and drinking the blood of your savior? Here's a hint: It's not Satanism. Give up? It's Christianity! And they call us non-believers pagans...

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Does anyone really read Rolling Stone anymore? I mean hasn't it's time passed? Maybe they should rename it Rolling Snore..

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I just saw an ad for Wal Mart and their falling prices. It seems that Wal Mart is ripping off the public at large. I mean if they keep dropping prices, why would you bother going in until they hit rock bottom. As an

aside, could you be convicted of shoplifting at Wal Mart? I mean if they keep dropping prices, eventually everything will be free. Would be thieves be aware...

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## Hematuria Haiku

Clinton's bent weenie  
Marv Albert's Member goes up  
Trading Underwear

*Hey, I'll try anything at least once.  
More if it's annoying...*

---

When the Jones-Clinton Lawsuit goes to trial, who's going to get Clinton standing at attention. I mean we all know that Hillary doesn't raise the flag anymore. And since *Hail to the Chief* probably won't do it either, maybe we can have the court play *Shake Your Groove Thing*...

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I had the opportunity to go up to a Coast Guard station the other day and met an extremely cute Coast Guard officer. Now that got me to thinking: Do women in the military wear exciting lingere under their uniforms? Is Victoria's Secret standard

issue for the armed services? And why do so many women who go in to the military look like dykes?

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If you were the President of the United States and someone accused you of improperly raising funds and violating campaign finance laws, wouldn't you do everything in your power to have an investigation to prove your innocence? At least if you were innocent...

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Do vegetarians perform cunnilingus or fellatio? Or do they have to do it to vegetables?

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Does Louis Farakhan eat white bread, or does he only eat wheat bread? Or rye bread?

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# Resurrection and Death

## Bauhaus in San Francisco

August 18, 1998

It's kind of a weird feeling when a band that you've seen three of the four members perform in a different incarnation gets back to do a "pay the rent" tour.

I'd seen Love and Rockets quite a few years ago when the Baron was doing his gig as a bouncer at a little shit hole of a night club in Santa Clara - a town that lives in the shadow of itself. Love and Rockets was definitely trying to capitalize on the success that they enjoyed while being Bauhaus. The real weird thing is that both Daniel Ash and David J looked about the same at the reunion show as they did when they were in Love and Rockets.

I managed to get "the best tickets available," according to the fuckwad on the other end of the phone when I ordered them. Sometimes I think that these trained monkey rejects just spin a big wheel and randomly place you wherever the wheel lands. Last row in the Warfield Theater isn't the best tickets at all.

Well, I did get them, and I guess that's all that really counts. Since Mr. Eternity is now working in the outskirts of the shit hole of Silicon Valley, he and the possibly future Mrs. Eternity and I were off to see Bauhaus. I say possibly future, because only I know the future and it scares the living fuck out of me, so I'm remaining quiet...

Besides, if I told them what their future was, what fun would life be? Better to fuck up your life on your own...

The first dilemma of course, is what the fuck do you wear to a Bauhaus concert when your travelling

mates are 14+ years younger than you? You don't want to look like a fucking chaperone. I decided on a lovely black shirt, new 501's ( unfortunately blue - couldn't find black ones at Sears and I was in a hurry ), a black and white checked jacket, a cross made of horseshoe nails that I used to wear as a satanic cross in High School (that's a story for another time ) and my creepers. Anyone who was in the punk movement that's over the age of 30 should remember creepers. For the kids, they're pointy toed shoes with a crepe sole. Mine are black with white tops - sort of ska like, but I've seen them with leopard, in colors, etc...

Of course the cross would have set off this whole outfit. I would have been like the defrocked priest going to a goth show, but I never did find the fucking cross. I tore the garage apart for 2 ½ hours, but I still came up empty handed. Oh well...

So I go to work that morning and of course I forget the tickets that I leave in plain sight on the table by the door. Fortunately Mrs. Zen is kind of like a secretary when it comes to this kind of stuff, so no problem there. The other thing I forgot was black fucking socks. Now I refuse to wear white socks with anything but tennis shoes, so I was trying to escape from the office all day long to get some black socks. No luck. So, at 5:00, I'm off to the local discount clothing store up the street, or Safeway failing that, for black fucking socks. \$2.00 later, I'm on my way back to the office to get changed. Of course if I had to buy socks at Safeway it would have made a much better story, but you get what you get. Deal with it...

Well, the Eternities weren't coming until around 6:00

so I had to kill a while on the net, but I won't bore you with that. So I'm reading some crap on the net when the phone rings and Mr. Eternity lets me know that there's no parking on the street so he can't park. I look out the window and the whole fucking street is clear, so I think he's lost his fucking mind. Well, for some reason he parked on the same side of the street as my office, but when I went downstairs to meet them, they were across the street. Maybe they have an affinity for crosswalks...

Oh well, off to dinner. Being this was the first time I had met the possibly future Mrs. Eternity, I tried to be on my best behavior. Of course that lasted about 10 minutes...

Don't ever eat at Mel's diner without cash. The useless shitheels don't take plastic. Even Johnny fucking Rocket's takes plastic! So after a decent burger and shake it's off to the ATM for more cash only to discover that the damn theater takes plastic. Boy times have changed. So with a quick whip of the plastic I'm now the proud owner of a (another) Bauhaus t-shirt and a tour sticker. Only \$28.00 poorer, we went off to find our seats.

After about an hour of music that was nothing even remotely goth, although I guess I should be glad it wasn't zydeco or something along those lines, the band came on.

The first song was well performed. All you saw were David J, Daniel Ash and Kevin Haskins performing while Peter Murphy was doing the song via a TV remote that stood about 5 feet in the air. It was rather well done. The lighting made him look like Uncle Fester after going through an extreme Weight Watchers regiment. The fact that it was in black and white made it especially well done.

Unfortunately the show seemed to go downhill a bit from there. Until the encores, it seemed to be the Peter Murphy show only. Both Mr. Eternity and I agreed that we could see why the band broke up.

Peter Murphy looked like, from my vantage point

anyway, a cross between Peter Gabriel and Kevin Spacey from the movie *Seven* and he was doing moves that would have made Michael Jackson jealous. Beyond the second number it was kind of boring. I mean you had the usual singer holds out his hand to touch the audience routine. Whee. We've seen that a million times. I really expected more.

I do have to say that of all the members of Bauhaus, I have to give the most credit to Kevin Haskins. He kept the whole show going the whole night. He is the real soul of Bauhaus. It was interesting to see how he achieved the thumping beat on the different songs. Daniel Ash looked like Bono's younger wanna be brother when he came out with the top hat on. And David J hasn't changed his sunglasses in 15 years...

All in all, I wasn't expecting a whole lot, as I wasn't when the Baron and I saw the Sex Pistols, so I wasn't really disappointed. The crowd was even tame as far as I was concerned. However there was one pearl necklace candidate: a short haired blonde - not natural of course - wearing a velvet bustier and a long black dress. Of course you can't do a whole lot of chick scamming when your buddy is with his girlfriend, but...

Now after two pages, you're probably wondering about the title of this: Resurrection and Death. Well resurrection is the name of the tour. That's pretty self explanatory. Death is what I feel after going to these reunion shows. It's like a small piece of my childhood dies.

My guess is that the Clash are going to be the next band to reform and tour, but I really don't know how much of my memories I want to kill off. Now if the Jam got back together that would be different.

Here's hoping...

Epilogue: I wore the t-shirt I bought at the concert today. You really start to feel old when the clerks at the store don't even recognize the fact that you've got a rock and roll t-shirt on...

# The eXpatriat Files

*Ever wondered what happened to that wacky group of guys known as the expatriates of the eighties? Wonder no more. For your pleasure, some rare photos and an update...*



**The Baron** - officially expelled September 1996 for the Expatriates. Haven't heard from him in over two years now, and don't care if he's live or dead. Probably still in his dead end job...

**The Rabbi** (*Picture unavailable*) - lost but found in Santa Cruz, California. Still looks like Jesus - hasn't cut his hair or trimmed what he tries to pass off for a beard, but after two years I did manage to track him down. Freaked him out a bit, but I think he's got his life on the right track again.

**Mr. Eternity** (*Picture unavailable*) - my latest running mate. Rides shotgun through various adventures and basically keeps me honest. I keep trying to corrupt him however...

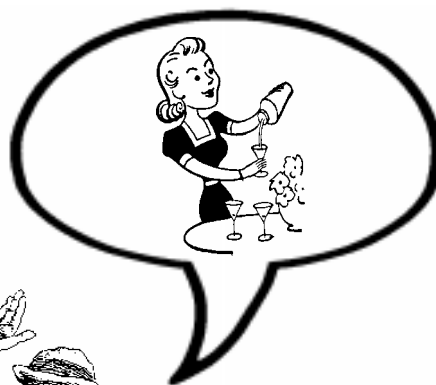


**The General** - always the snappy dresser, he managed to find a woman to marry him, even though we all warned him about her - she relied on self help books. Officially expelled October 1996 after I got an announcement they eloped in Reno. He got what he deserved. If you marry for pussy, you get pussy whipped...

**The Director** (*Picture unavailable*) - last I heard, still causing trouble in Tokyo. Haven't heard from him lately, so I don't know if he's alive or dead...

And the newest characters: **The Muse** ( who I hope to convince to be Mistress of Education and the Arts in my dictatorship ), **The Triple Agent** ( who I haven't figured out where to place her ), and **The Mechanic** ( who is an old running mate from long ago ) who I have as my personal bodyguard.





## THE CASE AGAINST WOMEN



## *The Case for Women*

**BY THE PROFESSOR**

***By The Mechanic***

I don't hate women. Let me make that point perfectly clear right now. At least not all of them. However, the Mechanic is an idiot.

There are a few women that I don't have a problem with. There's my wife, the Muse, the Triple Agent and a few select others that I adore, but the rest can be divided up in to four distinct categories:

1. The kind of women you look at from a distance because they're just plain beautiful. These are the kind you aren't ever going to stand a chance of bedding anyway, so they go in to the fantasy file.
2. The kind you fuck and toss. These are the most expendable type around. These can be type 1 women, but they're the sluttier ones...
3. The kind that are just plain bitchy. You all know some of these. Even if you licked their ass clean with a 24 karat gold tongue, they still wouldn't be satisfied...
4. The ugly ones. No explanation necessary...

The point is that women are almost an unnecessary part of the modern world. The only real function that at least 10 percent of the women today are good for is breeding. 10 to 15 percent more might be worth looking at

When the Professor told me that he was going to write an article called The Case Against Women, I laughed so hard, that beer almost flew out my nose. I figured that his saccharine martinis had finally affected his brain. He assured me that he was deadly serious, and the martinis have no effect on his neural synapses - his words, not mine.

Personally, I don't understand what he has against women, not that he does, but then again, I don't understand how he can drink what he calls the saccharine martini. As far as women, I know that he's been called misogynistic, but he thinks he's right.

So there we were, sitting around that night, me taking easy draws off a Heinekin and smoking my Marlboro's while he was sipping those god awful martinis, and smoking what can only be described as the strangest looking cigar I have ever seen, but that's another story in itself - or so I was told.

Like I said, I laughed so hard when he told me this, I asked him, "Like you haven't gotten yourself in enough trouble already with women?" His reply was nothing short of an extension of a single digit, and a broad grin. "If I really cared about the human race, and women in particular, do you think I'd do half the things I do?" He said.

naked, but that's about all. The rest could just be disposed of and no one would ever really know. Or care for that matter.

Show me 10 20th century women that know how to cook, sew or even iron. I dare you. They don't exist. Sewing is an art that is lost to all but a few mid-western women, cooking is a nonexistent skill, and ironing they will tell you is not necessary - there's a dry cleaner in the neighborhood...

Like I said, The Mechanic is an idiot. He's obviously still in love with the infernal creatures. I guess there's no hope for him.

Me, I'm a crusty old fucker who's had it with all the game playing, the batting of the eyes, and all that other crap that we have to put up with, otherwise we get the "You just don't understand me anymore," kind of bullshit that they love to pull.

The Mechanic seems to think that women let us be the way we are. I've got news for him" Men are Men! There is no way that any guy, except for Mr. Eternity, is going to worry about a few empty pizza boxes and beer bottles stacked up in the kitchen, or a pile of clothing on the floor...

What we need to do is keep a few of each around and get rid of the rest. Maybe about 40 or 50 beautiful women to just admire - preferably with low IQs just in case...

We'd need at least 200 to fuck and toss, so that we don't get bored, but I guess we could mix in the 40 or 50 above. 30 or so for general breeding purposes, and just get rid of the rest...

Now in all fairness, I do have to say that since Mr. Eternity turned me on to ICQ, my opinion has changed, albeit slightly, but a little. I've met some very nice women on there that have been really screwed by some people that I'd break their knee caps in a second ( Yes, Muse, you and Bubbles... ) however, I've also found some of the most boring and stupid people that aren't going to last through the next evolutionary process...

No loss as far as I'm concerned...

I've known the Professor since High School. He thinks of the human race, sort of the same way that Scientists develop a numbness toward laboratory rats. But this? I thought he's really gone off the deep end this time, however it's a funny idea. I mean the case against women? How much more misogynistic can you get?

Me, I like women, and not just the way the Professor does. Women are good for more than just cooking, doing your laundry and all that. I've known quite a few sensitive, intelligent women over the years. They usually just get screwed over by men that are looking for "Kleenex women".

I've never understood why women let guys get away with half of what they do. I've seen the Professor downright insult women and they get off on it. Now if I tried that I'd be slapped so hard I'd drop my beer. I don't understand why they let men act like such pigs. Maybe we do just because they let us. I don't know. If I did, I'd write the next great self help book.

Women are extraordinary creatures. There is nothing more beautiful in the world than waking up with a woman next to you cradled in your arms feeling. The softness of their skin, inhaling their sweet scent. It's the most intoxicating thing in the world. I just don't understand what the Professor has against them.

Women have all the grace and beauty that God left out of men. A woman can walk down the street and stop traffic, while a man can walk down the street and walk in to traffic. Women can bring a man's life to a standstill with a smile, a wink or a pout. There's just a natural beauty to women that men can only appreciate, but never conquer.

I think that's what the Professor has against women. He can't conquer them. He claims to understand them, but I doubt it. I've been around a few years myself and I barely understand them.

Without women, men would run around and do nothing. They give us something to look forward to and a reason to get out of bed in the morning besides Starbucks.



# Things I've learned on my way to dying...



I'll save you a ton on money on books of philosophy and self help.  
Just read this and accept it as the gospel truth...

***Always over estimate your enemies in any kind of dispute*** - I can't stress enough that in any kind of aggravated action, be it legal or otherwise, always assume that your enemy is smarter than you. This way you always are ready for any contingency.

***No matter how much you think you know about any given subject, you've only scratched the surface...***

***The more you ignore people, the more interesting they think you are*** - This I've actually proved on more than one occasion. One night long ago the Baron and I were in a now defunct night club in San Francisco. We were posing as photographers for a punk magazine ***Anarchy International***. Remember this was 1979 or 1980 so we thought we were real cool. He, being the outgoing type, hit on a couple of chicks and was out dancing with one while I was left to make small talk with her friend. The more I ignored her, the more interested she was in me, but when I tried to talk to her, she wasn't interested at all. Not that I really cared that much...

***Concern yourself with what you can change and don't bother with what you can't.*** The obvious corollary to this is that most stuff you can't change anyway...

***There is one person for every other person in the world*** - kind of the soulmate theory, but I've always maintained that I couldn't stand to be with most people for more than about 10 minutes total, so I figured if anyone ever rated a weekend, I'd marry her - and I did.

***When you travel, try not to take any kind of camera*** - I know this sounds kind of odd, but I've found that if you bring a camera, you spend more of your time looking for pictures rather than looking at where you are. If you absolutely must bring a camera, go to your destination twice - the first time without one and the second time with one. Unless of course you're going to the clothing optional beaches in Denmark or France. And if you are, I want copies of the pictures...

***Religion is nothing more than propped up mythology*** - If you haven't figured out this by now, you're fucked. All real power comes from inside you. Not by praying to some idiot that was stupid enough to get nailed to a wooden cross and come back three days later. Shit, even Penn and Teller do better parlor tricks than Jesus ever did.

The only true showing of faith I've ever been moved by outside of Thailand are the shrines in the Swiss Alps. Nothing more than a simple cross on a hillside trail. There's something very refreshing and honest about that.



# End Page

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Justice  
for all

