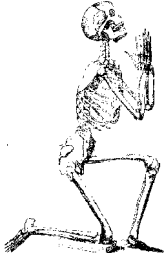


Zen

Volume 1
Issue 1



PGP Key registered
with the NSA.

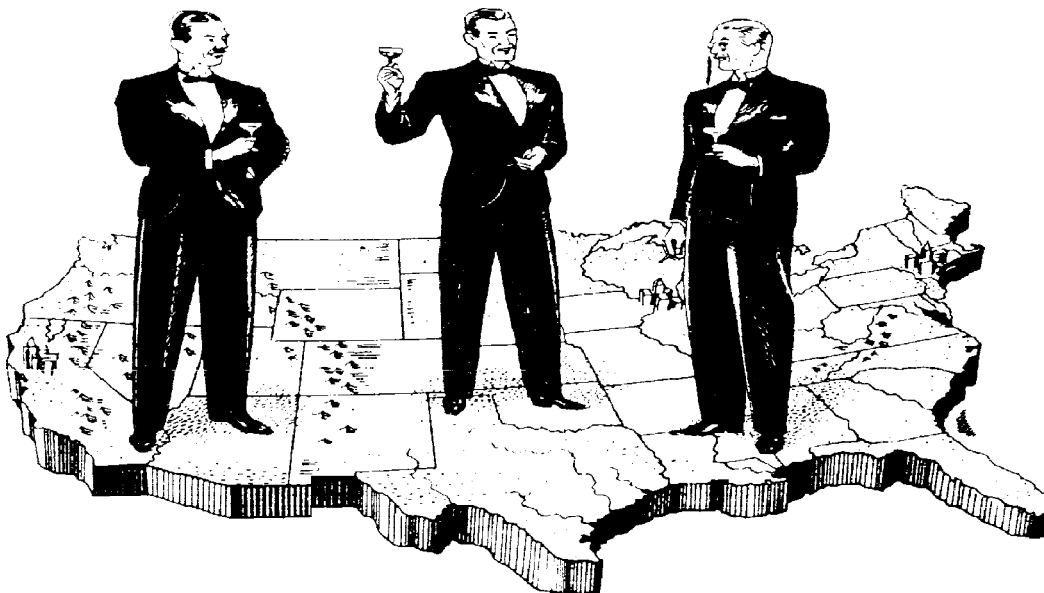


If you can't trust the NSA, who can you trust?

Anarchy

C o n t e n t s

Culture Watch — <i>Do clothes make the man, or do they need to fit first?</i>	3
Bill Clinton stars in: <i>"The man who would be president."</i>	4
Are there cows in your future?	5
Party Records – <i>music to drive by and drive your neighbors nuts...</i>	7



Editorial

Satire, along with reading, seems to be the bane of the twentieth century. Nowadays it's not fashionable to read unless it's how to program your VCR or something to that extent.

Worse still, if you have a problem, it's no longer fashionable to go up to a high tower with a gun and start having a clay pigeon shoot, no matter how much the people below deserve it.

However, with the advent of the personal computer, the gains made in telecommunications, and people with too much time on their hands, things like this will appear more and more...

This is my attempt at humor and personal therapy. I refuse to pay good money to a therapist when I can buy more computer equipment and jack in all over the world. God help the government with this free flow of information.

As I said, this is mainly for me and people who think like me. If you don't like it, then don't read it. There, I've said it. Now, if you like dark moods mixed with heavy satire, read on.

Constructive comments are welcome, although they may be ignored. I mean, come on. Do you really think that I'm going to listen too seriously?

Clip art in any form will and is greatly appreciated. Either post

them to alt.binaries.clip-art on Usenet or send them directly to dturner@crl.com. I regularly scan from a variety of sources, but I'm always looking for new stuff.

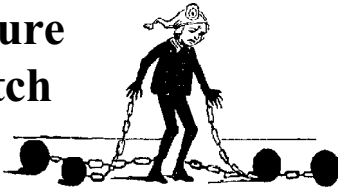
That's enough drivel for now, I have a life out there somewhere, but read on and be enlightened, confused, outraged, or whatever and thanks to the writings of Hunter S. Thompson for giving me that special dose of literary acid to create this...

an118926@anon.penet.fi





Culture Watch



Do clothes make the man, or do they need to fit first?

Going to church doesn't make you a Christian any more than going to the garage makes you a car. —

Laurence J. Peter

Do your clothes fit? Mine do, but I keep seeing these kids around wearing pants that look like they're big enough to fit two Sumo wrestlers, side by side. Just the other day I saw a kid with a shirt he had to have pulled out of his father's closet, because nobody in their right mind would wear a shirt fifteen sizes too big for them, would they? Where the hell do people buy these clothes Sumo-are-Us?

This phenomenon is not just limited to men, but includes women, people from other planets and rap singers, although rappers could possibly be considered to be in the prior category to begin with. Personally, I like my clothes to fit and if I want to see butt crack, I'll call the plumber and pay the

\$45.00 an hour for the very privilege.

I suppose it's cool to look like you rolled Willard Scott on his way to the 'ol fishing hole, make sure you get that baseball cap twisted at just the right offset to your face, usually 37 degrees north of center, but when you see crotches hanging down to a person's knees, you have to wonder if the government is conducting some secret experiment to enlarge male genitalia to the point where they need that extra ball room. We've all heard the stories of such infamous people as Long Dong Silver (Anita, brush the pubic hair off the Coke can for me would you?) But I guess since he was in the Disco era his pant of choice would have been Angel Flights. The truth in advertising idea would have been in full effect. I mean, how many porn movies have you seen where men actually wear underwear?

My other great bitch is this current trend, apparently known as the Cross Colors design, at least that's what I call it. While trying to strive to be anything but white, WASP children seem to be going out of their way to purchase clothing that looks like it is from a Brady Bunch garage sale.

I was having dinner in a

restaurant a few weeks ago with behold, there it was again! That damn Marsha Brady striped knit or double knit top (I have no idea what the fabric is/was, I'm not a fashion designer. So sue me.) With a pair of cut off Overalls. She looked to be a cross between Gidget comes out of Africa and Green Acres. All we were missing was the ghost of Malcom X dancing with Laura Ashley.

Apparently they came in to annoy a busboy who worked there. I guess the twirling of the lollipop was just a hint of what was not to come later for him that night. I mean they had their sucker already, didn't they?





Bill Clinton stars in:
**"The man who
 would be president."**

Bill Clinton – the name alone conjures up an image of Jimmy Carter with Jack Kennedy's hair and zipper problems. Don't get me wrong, just by that first sentence, I think that one on one Bill is probably a nice guy, but as commander in chief, he just plain sucks eggs.

I now that a lot of people love to point to Reagan and say that he was possibly the worst president of the twentieth century. Personally, I can think of at least one or two who would qualify further toward the top of the list before Reagan – FDR at the very least.

Reagan and Clinton do have one common ground. Reagan was an actor who became a politician. Clinton is a politician who tries to be an actor. Could we perhaps just give Bill an Oscar next year, let him have his 45 second acceptance speech and kick his sorry white ass back down to Little Rock? Can I see a show of hands here?

Where does the golden one get his self inflated opinion of moral superiority? From his wife? From George Stephonopolous? From the fact that he's surrounded by yes-men

and idiots? So he smokes pot and doesn't inhale. To me that says that he's an idiot to begin with. If you are going to smoke, you do have to inhale, but that's old news. This trust me because I'm only doing what's best for you garbage has got to go. I personally don't want Bill and Hillary to be my mommy and daddy. I'd rather work for my own money than go begging to them for a raise in my allowance.

Remember, Bill cries on television, so he must be sincere, right? Yeah, sure. How many times have you seen televangelists crying their eyes out because they need to raise another \$50,000.00 so that they can make the next payment on the 35 room mansion? This guy of the nineties stuff is just a load of crap. You don't see vice president Pinnochio pulling that kind of stuff. Bill probably never forgets to put the lid down too, since he's such a nineties kind of guy. Shit, if we wanted Alan Alda for president, doesn't he think that there would have been a vigorous write-in campaign to get him elected?

Then there is Hillary Rodan. Clinton (as she is affectionately referred to behind her back at the white house) who thinks that she is the re-incarnation of Jesus,

Buddha, Shiva, Ghandi, and the list goes on. Would someone take this lady down a peg, PLEASE! Her supporters rally around her with the usual comments like, 'You just cant stand a woman in power.. Sure I can, but usually I like them to be wearing Latex and I pay for their services. That arguement is hot air waiting to rise. Those people conveniently forget people like Jean Kirkpatrick and Margaret Thatcher jsut to name two. Sex has nothing to do with mental capicity, although some people seem to think it does.

Bill and Hillary may do more for the expatriate lifestyle than any other person in the history of the free world if they continue on their present course of inflated self riteousness and moral superiority. At least in Europe you know what percentage of your paycheck is going to taxes, most of it, but at least they are up front about it...





Are there COWS in your future?

I was going to actually finish up this issue until that pompous wicked witch of the east, who apparently was not ever killed off in *The Wizard of Oz*, held a press conference today about the whole Whitewater affair. When are these people going to realize that every time they open their mouths they look even stupider except to those brain dead hippies that still believe Jerry Garcia will continue to tour even after he looks worse than Kurt Cobain (not that he doesn't already)?

If you think that this is going to be another in a series of hit pieces on our Miss Eva, then put this fucking thing down right now!

By some odd chance that you are still reading this, you are either curious or not a Grateful Dead fan. Like someone once said, "I'll be grateful when they're dead." Now, onwards and somewhere...

Hillary decides to hold a press conference today. It probably had nothing to do with the fact that she had just received yet another new coiff, making her look even more like Dee Dee Meyers. Now apparently the national press thinks this is something of a big deal, since they ran a picture of her with the new doo a few days earlier. I guess she wanted to show the world, so what does the lat-

est witch of Washington DC do? She holds a press conference. No tea and cookies for this woman of the nineties.

Hillary has to learn one important thing. No matter how much you hate people, *NEVER LET IT SHOW - Especially on TV!*

This has to be Rule #1 in any political setting. Even if you are the first vegetarian president, you still go to the Beef Council dinner and choke down a piece of that tasty charred cow flesh. The contempt she seemed to be showing was remarkable. Either that, or she had just downed a handful of prozaic and was trying to stay coherent. The way her memory works, I think that Kitty Dukakis may be sending her some of that wonderful wood alcohol that she so enjoys.

Rule #2. If you make money, at least try to make it look like you did it yourself.

Wonder wench gets on TV and claims that she read the financial pages from the time she was a little girl. She's even now teaching Chelsea her special techniques. If she taught the nation, perhaps we could get those marvelous capital gains as well. OOPS! My mistake. Even though she researched the commodities market before she ventured into it, someone else made all her decisions for her.

Now I don't know about you, but I'm not going to waste all my time learning about how to do something and then let someone else do my thinking, unless of course they are going to make me untold amounts of money on a relatively small investment...

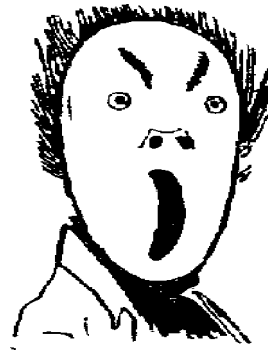
Rule #3. If you are going to lie about something, make sure you remember what you said so you can tell the same lie over and over again.

Every fucking day more revelations come out about what they did during the last fifteen years. Come on folks, just get it all out in the open and let it go. If you made money, wonderful - as long as it was made legally. If not then I guess you'll have to switch to being Republicans, right? As we all know, if there is money to be made illegally, you either have to be a drug dealer or a Republican. Just ask any Democrat - even Dan "I didn't lick all that many stamps" Rostenkowski. With Hillary's memory problems, I sure wouldn't want her as my lawyer. I have a funny feeling that if someone asked her what her name was 15 years ago, she couldn't remember that either.

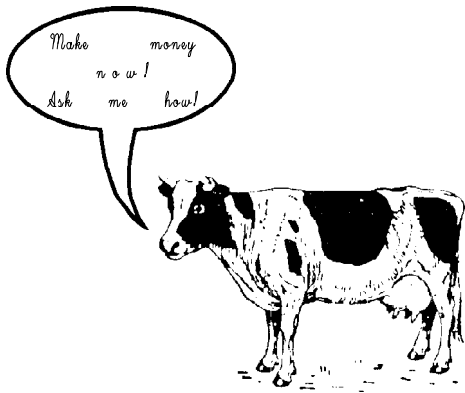
Rule #4. Your shit stinks just like everybody else's does.

It's self explanatory. If you don't get it, then go to the nearest bathroom,

stick your nose in a few toilets and eventually you will find inner peace and gain valuable insight or get a wet nose. At the very worst, you'll get a date you don't want or a job with the CIA...



Hillary's Coiff October 31, 1994



The rest of this page is intentionally left blank only for the simple reason that I never understood why people who print manuals told you this anyway. I mean if there's no writing on a page, don't you assume it's supposed to be blank?



Party Records

FOR ADULTS ONLY

or anyone else with a desire to drive to music...

The music here reflects my opinions on what to listen to while driving. If you don't drive, move on. If you do drive, don't speed unless you know for sure you won't get caught.
Caveat Emperor.

Rating based on 1 to 5



What to listen to if you like to drive fast:

Ministry - Psalm 69 -- Side 1



Probably the best music for driving fast since the Ramones came down the pike. Especially useful if you like driving in excess of 80 m.p.h. although I probably shouldn't advise this... Especially good for curing bad moods at high speeds.

Anything by the Ramones



That speaks for itself. Also to be included in this category: Butthole Surfers, The Dickies, etc...
Anything fast and loud done after 1978.

What **NOT** to listen to:

Morrisey / The Smiths



Unless you feel like driving off a cliff, melancholy music is not compatible with high speed driving.
Also anything by Edith Piaf.

Anything your wife or mother would listen to



Unless of course you're married to Shirley Mouldowney...

Music for that inbetween state

Roger Waters - Amused to Death



If you enjoyed his paranoid anti-Reagan ramblings over his last years with Pink Floyd this is a must.
Caveat: tends to put you in a slightly anti-social, anti-government, anti-everything mood - sometimes just what you need.

That's it for this time around. I don't know when the next issue will come about, it depends on what I find amusing and distressing in the world - which means it probably won't be long...

Thanks for reading!

