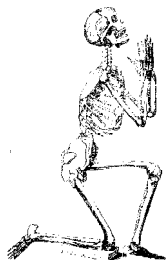


Zen



PGP Key registered
with the NSA.

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

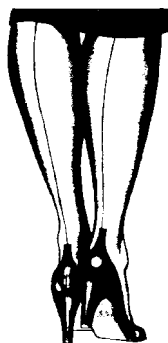


Anarchy

Don't even think of trying to kiss my ass...

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EDITORIAL

I've written this editorial about four or five times in my head. I almost wrote it in longhand first, god forbid, at the beach the other day, but I couldn't find a place that didn't smell like seagull shit, so here goes...

This isn't going to have a happy ending...

Willie Brown is going to be mayor of San Francisco, the Republicans are probably going to run Bob Dole as their candidate (*no matter what the Baron says, I still don't think that Luger has a chance. The press loves to pick on Bob Dole, and there doesn't seem to be anything they ahve against Luger except that he's a Republican.*), Colin Powell decided not to run for the presidency, and I have a horrid feeling that we're going to be stuck with four more years of Clinton. The only upshot is that I have a strange feeling that 1996 is going to be one of the best years for commerce, if Clinton can pull it off, to help his flagging campaign.

That's why I decided to put together the Zen Party and in this issue, I outline my campaign platform. Anyone who wants to be in my cabinet needs to send all bribes to... Oops, I forgot that I'm running as an outsider. Oh, the hell with it. I CAN BE BRIBED! At least I'm open about it, right? I'll take any money anybody wants to give me. It doesn't mean that I'll do what they want, but I'll sure as hell take their money.



I found it interesting, when I was outlining my platform, exactly how hard it is to convey ideas on to paper. I guess that goes to show why politicians have speech writers. God forbid these people think off the cuff...

Ideas are interesting things. Most people wouldn't know one if it came up and attached itself to their person. Unfortunately, today in America, ideas are an anathema to the government and the current culture police. Free thought is a thing of the past in the school

systems. It was an endangered species when I was in High School, which probably explains why I did so well...

Even in one of my first jobs, common sense was severely lacking on the part of my bosses. One night we were about \$15.00 over what the receipts said we should have in the till. My manager was trying to figure out what was wrong. I'd already been working at it for about 30 minutes. It was already 12:00AM and he was going to be there a while longer to try to straighten out the mess. I looked him straight in the eyes and said that we should take the amount that we were over, split the difference and go home. I was joking of course, but what about the brilliant idea of saving it aside, and when you were short, take it out of there?

Makes too much fucking sense, right?

That's why I'm not a manager, or a bookkeeper, I guess. Accountants seem to lack the everyday common sense that most people have when it comes to things like that. If you have ever looked at an accounting textbook, it's like learning a foreign language. Christ, even computer programming is easier than that...

Oh, well. Four more years of hell and then who knows what. I wonder if God is planning on opening up a travel agency.

I said this wasn't going to have a happy ending...



Random



Thoughts

Why is it that men who father children are required to pay child support, but men who donate sperm aren't? Doesn't this seem like an *OBVIOUS* loophole to anyone who is dating?

Have you ever noticed that there seems to be an inverse ratio for any person's looks to the distance that you view them from?

Also, there is a distinct inverse ratio to the price of an adult toy to the time that it takes you to lose interest in it and want something better.

Did Jesus have an imaginary playmate?

During the middle ages in Europe, if the Black Plague had been protested and given the status of AIDS, would they have found a cure after the peasants laid down in the streets to block ox cart traffic, or after the peasants blew whistles in the church and disrupted services?

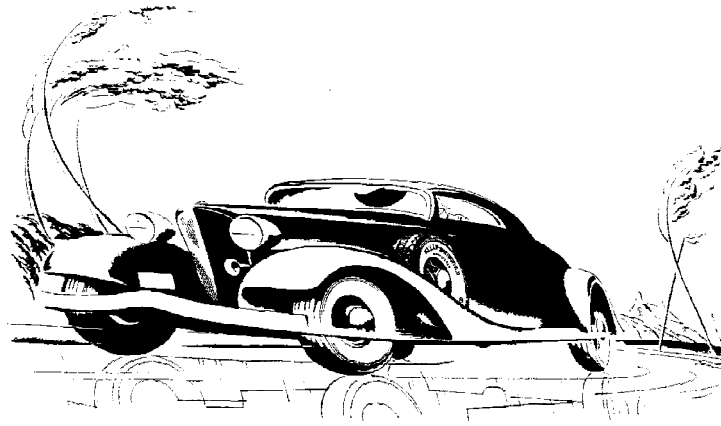
If you have sex in Denver, are you a member of the mile high club?

While we're on the subject of sex... (like anyone ever leaves it...)

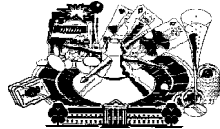
Didn't you ever wonder about the genitals of superheroes? I mean does Mr. Fantastic - Reed Richards' penis stretch and mold like the rest of him? What about Plastic Man? Can the Human Torch "flame on" his pecker? Does kryptonite cause Superman to go flaccid? Does the Incredible Hulk's change size in proportion to when he's not the Hulk? And last but not least, what exactly does the ever-lovin' blue eyed Thing's look like? Orange bricks like the rest of him?

Could the first reader of this 'zine to go to hell, please get a few good tables for the rest of us?

From the road



The Fabled Road Trip to Las Vegas



A first in, hopefully, a continual story of life on the road with Zen.

The expatriates of the eighties and I decided to take a road trip to Las Vegas to attend DefCon III, the hackers convention. Unfortunately the Baron had to bail, and so we got the General to take his place. The following is a remembered, and even sometime factual account of three Zen Anarchists in Las Vegas in the middle of summer.

Thursday: Thursday night, actually. The Rabbi and I are all set to take off. We meet at my house, and like usual I'm packing at the last minute. Now a man only needs to pack one pair of pants, a couple of shirts, and a couple pair each of underwear and socks. I mean we're going to Vegas, not a beauty convention, right? Well, the General shows up and there was a message on his answering machine that he had a job interview for the following morning. Like a fool, he stays home an extra day, goes to the interview and still doesn't get the job.

In the meantime, the Rabbi and I are madly driving to the airport. Since we are running late, we have to park in the short term parking. Don't ever make that mistake. At \$16.00 a day, it makes an expensive weekend.

Finally, we get on the damn plane. It's amazing how much better care the stewardesses take of you when you wear a sportcoat - even if you are wearing Levi's. Just make sure you wear cowboy boots. They think

you have money. We practically had to beat them with a stick just to get off the plane.

After an hour and a half, we touched down in Vegas, get a car and go to the hotel. Now neither the Rabbi or I have ever been to Vegas. It's about 11:00 PM when we actually get to the hotel, so after we get checked in, the first thing we do is get about \$50.00 in quarters and go gambling. I think we got in about 2:30 AM that night. The Rabbi gets this brilliant idea that he's going to play the quarter machines and try to win the Harley for my birthday. *My wife wasn't pleased when I told her this the next day...* Well, he had the most incredible luck on the damn slots. He was up about \$150.00 after an hour or so. I told him that if he kept it up, I was going to smother him with a pillow, pay for the room, and pocket the rest of his winnings. About 10 minutes before we decided to call it a night, I hit a fairly good jackpot, so he survived the night. The most surprising thing was the amount of people plunking three to five dollars at a time in a slot machine.

Friday: I think that we woke up about 10:30 or 11:00 AM. He made a grievous error. He opened the curtains. It was quite a scene as we both dived for our sunglasses. However, we looked down on the pool and nearly had our minds blown. Lots of chicks! It seemed that we had a contingent of German tourists staying at the hotel. German teenage women are some of the best looking in all of Europe.

It's nice to be able to gamble the night away, get up at that hour and still be able to get breakfast. We go down to the coffee shop in the hotel and eat. We, as always, turned heads as we were discussing exactly how slot machines work. Since the Rabbi works for a company that built some part of the system to monitor

winnings and jackpots, he had some insight.

So there we are, scarring the hell out of people again, feeding our faces. I think that the reason we scare people is that we both stand over six feet tall, bare-foot, and are both of Northern European descent. But we're lovable and huggable, really...

The General had left word that he was going to be coming in on a flight that evening. Since we had a day to kill, we went and dropped a few more quarters. The Rabbi was still hitting well, while I wasn't doing shit. After a while of this, we decided to go see some of the other casinos.

You have to remember that we were in Vegas in the end of July. It's about 110 degrees outside. Every time you walk outdoors, you feel that the breath of Satan is blowing on you. Unfortunately, it smells like it too.

We go over to Ceasars, try some of their slots, and they suck. It was amazing that the hotel we were staying at paid better than any other on the strip. After losing about \$5.00, we said fuck it and went to the shops at Caesar's. Since we had the day to kill, we figured that we would find someplace nice to have dinner since the General would be with us.

Well that didn't pan out. We ended up eating back at the hotel. It wasn't the worst meal, but the service wasn't what I'm used to getting in San Francisco. Maybe I'm spoiled, but if I'm paying a good amount for dinner, I expect to get my ass kissed just a bit.

The only upside to the excursion to Caesar's's was that I found a place that sold baby jaw breakers, or sugar meth as I call them. These make it easy to stay up and play all night long...

We finally got the General. It turns out he was flying standby, and finally got in around 9:00 PM. So we did the only logical thing - more gambling. I think we got in about 2:00 AM that night.

I do have to put in kudos to the Flamingo Hilton, where we stayed. I was trying to sell a house at the time, and the Hilton never charged me for the local access MCI calls I made in the room.

Saturday: We warned the General not to open the curtains until we all had sunglasses properly in place. Once we were all properly attired - sunglasses and underwear - we opened the curtains and showed him the sights below. He was duly impressed. So we did the only intelligent thing. We stared out the window and started rating the women going by. It's a rather hard feat to accomplish when you realize that there are seven or eight different pools to look at. After tiring of the bevy of female flesh, we decide it's time to eat, and then check out the fabled surplus stores of Vegas. I was looking for an old practice bomb for my office and the others went along for the ride. Our thought was, "How in the hell are you going to take a practice bomb on a plane?" Unfortunately, that was not to be. I didn't even get a good lead on one. Ten years ago, you could find them for about \$100.00! People used to make barbecues out of them.

We even checked out Buck's. Buck's is a legend in the surplus industry. It's out in the middle of nowhere, in the middle of nowhere. It looks kind of like a ghost town that's been deserted after a nuclear war. My kind of place. All he had were the eight foot long torpedo types.

So we did the only intelligent thing. Got back in the air conditioned car and headed back to gamble. We still hadn't gotten to the hacker's convention, so we decided to go that night.

We get down to where they were holding the convention, finally find the ballroom where they are holding it, and I discover that I seem to be the oldest one there. Now I feel bad enough when this happens to me at nightclubs, so needless to say we didn't go in. We hadn't preregistered, so it was going to cost \$40.00 each.

We then decided the only thing to do was to go see the Luxor. The Luxor is probably the closest thing to pedophile heaven that there is in Las Vegas. There are more 15-18 year old women running around this place than a girls school.

Fortunately, Sega has put in a video playground which is a video game junkies heaven. We tried the virtual racing, which was a real trip. If you haven't tried this, by all means do it. It's absolutely wild! It is rather

loud, so you can only take so much, so we decided to check out the other hotels on the strip.

It's still 85 degrees out and it's 12:30 AM. It's amazing that there are as many people, without lives, like us cruising up and down the strip. Thank God, the MGM has a tram that takes part of the walking distance out of the equation.

The MGM has to be the second best place in Las Vegas for underage women. I was amazed at the number of kids, or what I consider kids, running around after midnight.

I, of course, went in search of the tackiest souvenir I could find. I was hoping to find a drink serving tray at the MGM or anywhere. I was surprised that I couldn't find any real tacky souvenirs anywhere. I had to search high and low at a shopping mall just to find a church key with Las Vegas on it. *A church key, for those who don't know, is ancient slang for a can and bottle opener.* The best tray I could find was something with cartoon characters on it. Bleah.

Tiring of this hopeless quest, we decided to go back to our hotel. The General decides he hasn't been parted from enough of his money, so he decides he's going off to gamble some more. The Rabbi and I are beat, so we go back to the room and watch a quasi dirty movie on the hotel TV.

Contrary to popular opinion, the hotel people don't put what movie you watch on your bill. I've tested this theory at a few hotels. All it says is "Movie" and the price.

The General finally rolls in about 4:00 AM, parted from more of his cash than he anticipated, I think. I didn't hear him come in, but then the hotel could have been bombed and I probably wouldn't have woken up either.

Sunday: Check out time is 12:00 so we have to get our act together quickly. Since we still have a car, we cruise the rest of the strip that was too far to do on foot. It's amazing how disgusting Circus Circus really is. If the Flamingo Hilton is the San Francisco of the strip, then Circus Circus is the Milpitas of the strip. It's dirty, old and cheap. It's also the only place I found

nickel slots.

Well the Rabbi continued his winning ways even here. He hit a 250 coin jackpot on a nickel slot. I mean it sounds impressive, and looks impressive - I mean have you ever seen 250 nickels? When you go to cash it in, though, it stinks. But then again, you're playing nickels.

By this time, we're getting a little gambled out. The General has gotten an ATM infusion to try to even his losses. We decide to go to the Liberace museum. This is the first museum I've ever seen that was in a strip mall. Granted it was interesting, but I'm not sure it was worth the money we had to pay to get in.

At first the General was hemming and hawing about it, but I told him that he wasn't ever going to do this again, so shut up and get a ticket. They had a collection of old pianos and cars in the first building, including the Rolls with the rhinestones. And I always thought the saying went, "Vanity, thy name is woman." Boy was I wrong.

Building two housed some of his more flamboyant outfits, some of the jewelry, and furniture from his home. He had nice taste in furniture - Renaissance European - but it's not the type of stuff you can romp on to any great extent. To each their own. Building three had more pictures, plates, goblets, etc... Again, no tacky souvenirs! I was getting severely disappointed.

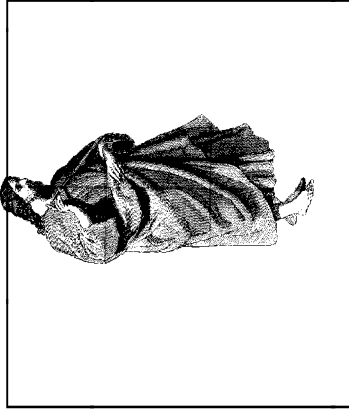
After this, it's getting to the point we need to get to the airport. We turn in the car, bend over and pay for it, and take the shuttle to the airport terminal. We've got some time to kill, so what do we do? We play more slots, and the Rabbi is still hitting better than anyone else. I sort of figured I'd put about \$10.00 in to pass the time, but I think I even won about \$25.00 at the airport.

We finally board the plane, and bid farewell to Las Vegas. Nothing remarkable on the way home to recount except the General got a full time job a week or so later where he hoped he would - not the company he had the interview for. Thank God.

Entered NCIC
I.O. 5213
6-17-94

WANTED BY FBI

FBI No.
49 532 AA5



Date of Birth: December 25. Year unknown,
presumed 0.
Place of Birth: Jerusalem
Height: 5' 8"
Weight: 145
Hair: Brown
Eyes: Blue
Complexion: Fair
Sex: M
Race: Caucasian
Nationality:

Occupations: Carpenter, Healer
Remarks:
Social Security Number Used:

Quinn



NCIC: PMPIPIPMPIPMPIPM

A Federal warrant was issued of February 15, 1991, by U.S. Magistrate Judge, District of Massachusetts, charging Jesus with Unlawful Flight to Avoid Prosecution for the crime of Practicing Medicine Without a License (Title 18, U.S. Code Section 1704) or Credentials and Food Distribution Without the Proper Permits(Title 18, U.S. Code Section 1705.666).

Caution
JESUS IS BEING SOUGHT FOR HIS PARTICIPATION IN THE POSSIBLE UNDERMINING OF THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND THE PRESIDENCY OF WILLIAM JEFFERSON CLINTON, ET. AL

IF YOU HAVE ANY INFORMATION CONCERNING THIS PERSON, PLEASE CONTACT YOUR LOCAL FBI OFFICE. TELEPHONE NUMBERS AND ADDRESSES OF ALL FBI OFFICES LISTED IN TELEPHONE DIRECTORY OR JUST PICK UP YOUR PHONE. WE'RE LISTENING...

James Quinn

Government Ransoms and who would Pay Them?



Just suppose someone was stupid enough to kidnap ANY of the people listed below. Who would pay to get them back? Who would pay to keep them? Read on...

Bill Clinton

People who would: Maybe 43% of the electorate or Elanor Clift? I personally don't know anyone who would...

People who wouldn't: Bob Dole, Newt Gingrich, the 57% of America that didn't vote for him...

Hillary Clinton

People who would: Elanor Clift, Marian Edelman Wright, any female columnist from the New York Times or Washington Post.

People who wouldn't: Me.

Al Gore

People who would: National Arbor Foundation.

People who wouldn't: Termites.

Tipper Gore

People who would: Time Warner Executives, Donna Rice.

People who wouldn't: Frank Zappa, Dee Snyder, Ice T...

Bob Dole

People who would: The Las Vegas Gaming Commission certainly would want the one-armed bandit back.

People who wouldn't: Most everyone else.

Newt Gingrich

People who would: I was going to say Rupert Murdoch, but he already paid Newt that \$4,000,000.00 and Time Magazine

People who wouldn't:

Robert Reich & Donna Shalela

People who would: The entire casts from *Freaks* and *The Terror of Tiny Town*, The Australian Dwarf Tossing Team.

People who wouldn't: Anyone over 5' tall.



Nothing witty,
just the music...

One of my favorite new CD's, a favorite being one that I keep in the car and listen to over and over (*and over and over again while I'm driving*) is the Oi! Skampilation Volume 1 on Radical Records. This is a live compilation from Ska Fest '94 from New York. I've always been a fan of ska since The Selector, Madness, The Specials, and all of the other great Two-Tone bands of the early eighties. This, however, is the updated, pumped up ska for the next generation. Put down that Pepsi and give this a listen. If this CD doesn't get you giving, then I suggest you look for a cemetery plot to live in.

Next on this month's hit parade we have *Livin' Lounge*, a compilation of lounge style numbers. This one is probably going to be a bit harder to find. I got mine at the Tower Records Outlet. I was genuinely surprised at the amount of talent on this CD. I bought it on a lark, but I love it! I say, that if you like Sinatra, Bing, etc..., then check this out. It's hipper, nastier and cooler than the old stuff...

The Edge of Christmas is one of those seasonal CD's that you can only play a few days out of the year, but it's worth having in your collection just for the simple fact that the Bing Crosby / David Bowie duet is on it. It's also got The Waitresses *Christmas Wrapping*, The Ramones *Merry Christmas (I Don't Want to Fight)* and The Pougues, featuring Christy MacColl doing *Fairytale of New York*. That alone is one of the best Christmas songs ever recorded, Ramones notwithstanding. I guess I'm just a sucker for Celtic music.

Last, but not least, we have *Blame it on Christmas*. This is a MUST for any serious grinch! When you look at the back of the CD and see that their reason for doing this collection was that Christmas music makes them want to barf, you know you've got a winner. Songs include, *The Endless Drummer Boy* (a surf classic), *That Swingin' Manger*, *Joy to the Third World*, and *We Three Bings*. Sure to liven up any dull Christmas party.

Until next time...



The Zen Presidency

Since everyone else is throwing their hat into the ring, and since this is America, *at least the last time I checked*, I decided to throw my hat in to the "ring" as I'm no worse than any of the other jerks running for the presidency.

I've outlined my platform below, so in 1996, remember to vote for Zen, and at the very least exercise your right to vote before that is taken away too...

Abortion : I know this isn't a popular issue to tackle, but there has been one important factor overlooked here. Whenever possible, the two people who created the mass of cells should try to come to a mutual agreement on what to do. When women obtain the ability to self-reproduce, then they should have **SOLE RIGHT** to what they want to do with an unborn child. Hopefully this is a last resort for everybody. Instead of focusing on the abortion issue, perhaps it would be advisable to have sex ed refresher courses on TV to remind people on exactly how children are conceived...

The Military : Women don't belong in the combat arenas of the military. That's my belief. If you don't like it, well then tough. Maybe I'm old fashioned, but if you allow women, then why not children, animals, the physically handicapped, etc...? The purpose of an army is to go kick the living shit out of someone else's army. Period. No more, no less.

Prayer in schools : The government has no business in the religion game. It already raises enough tithes from the IRS. If kids want to pray in school, let them. Don't make it mandatory. Set aside a reflective minute where the child can reflect on their spiritual beliefs, the day's lunch in the cafeteria, or what their classmate looks like naked. Let them decide!

The Deficit : There is a simple solution to the problem. Run the government like a business. If you don't have the money, you don't buy it. Obviously printing money isn't the solution to having no money. Also, making Congress fund 125% of expenditures for any bill they want to pass would go a long way to help factor in cost overruns. Either that or earmark X amount of money for a given bill and that's it.

Taxes : Everyone's favorite subject. Cutting everyone's taxes is one of the best ways to get money circulating in the economy. How many people do you know that actually stuff their mattress with the money that they save? Also, cutting government workers wages, and making that part of their income tax free would reduce a mountain of paperwork. Any income generated beyond regular salary would of course be subject to tax rates at a level comparable to the private work force : e.g. if employee X makes \$2500.00 above their government wages, then they would be taxed on that \$2500.00 at the rate of what their government salary level would be in the private sector plus that \$2500.00 income.

The Death Penalty : It's simple. Make abortion retroactive and/or postnatal.

Welfare : Welfare should only be necessary for perhaps 5-7% of the general population. Those people, who for one reason or another, actually can't work. I think that you should take care of them. As far as the number of people who receive a government handout, they should be put to work doing community service or something along those lines. If they don't want to do that, then screw them. Let them starve.

Welfare mothers, who have children out of wedlock, should be made to name the fathers of said children. If they don't, then they don't get ANY money for that child. Making the fathers pay child support would go a long way to helping to reduce the burden on welfare. At least I would hope so.

The United Nations : If the United Nations is a "neutral organization" then why is it located in a non-neutral nation? As far as I'm concerned, they can move the damn thing to Switzerland. Personally, I don't think they've done a whole lot over the past 25 years anyway...

Foreign Aid : I don't understand exactly why the world economy would collapse if we didn't prop it up. Let's stop sending foreign aid to all the countries who haven't repaid their loans dating back from WWII. Better yet, let's collect that money and pump it back in to our own economy.

The War on Drugs : Three solutions here. First, legalize all drugs and have the government sell them like it does liquor. Put a tax on it. Everyone knows the minute the government gets involved, nobody makes any money. Second, put a bunch of poison laced narcotics out on the streets. If you kill the demand there will be no need for supply. Third, with all of the advancements in biochemistry, why can't we just eliminate the "high" from illegal substances? I would think we have the technology beyond, "Just say no."



END PAGE

NOTHING WITTY OR FUNNY. I'M TOO DEPRESSED OVER THE STATE OF AMERICA. SOMEHOW I THINK THAT 1992 WILL BE REMEMBERED AS THE DEATH OF INNOVATION. I KNOW IT WAS FOR ME. IT ALMOST WANTS TO MAKE ME CHANGE MY NAME TO JOHN GALT AND SCARE THE HELL OUT OF WASHINGTON. IF I WASN'T MARRIED, I MIGHT JUST DO IT. WHO KNOWS, I STILL MAY...

REMEMBER THE MOTTO OF STIFF RECORDS. IT'S WHAT ANYBODY COMING TO AMERICA TO TAKE OVER WOULD SAY:

WE CAME. WE SAW. WE LEFT

UNTIL NEXT TIME...

